

**CAIUS MARIUS, THE
PLEBEIAN CONSUL: A
HISTORICAL TRAGEDY**

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Caius Marius, the Plebeian Consul: A Historical Tragedy by Thomas Doubleday

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THOMAS DOUBLEDAY

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BY



THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

LONDON:
JOHN MACRONE.

MDCCCXXXVI.

491.



CAIUS MARIUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAIUS MARIUS.

YOUNG MARIUS, *Son to Marius.*

VALERIUS, *a Youth, a Ward of Marius.*

SYLLA, *a Roman Patrician.*

TURBERO, *a Senator, Friend of Sylla, a Suitor of
Flavia.*

SATURNINUS, *a Tribune, a Friend of Marius.*

SULPICIUS, *a Friend of Marius.*

CTESIPHON, *a Greek Sophist, Tutor of Young Marius.*

LYGDAMIS, *a gigantic Gaulish Slave.*

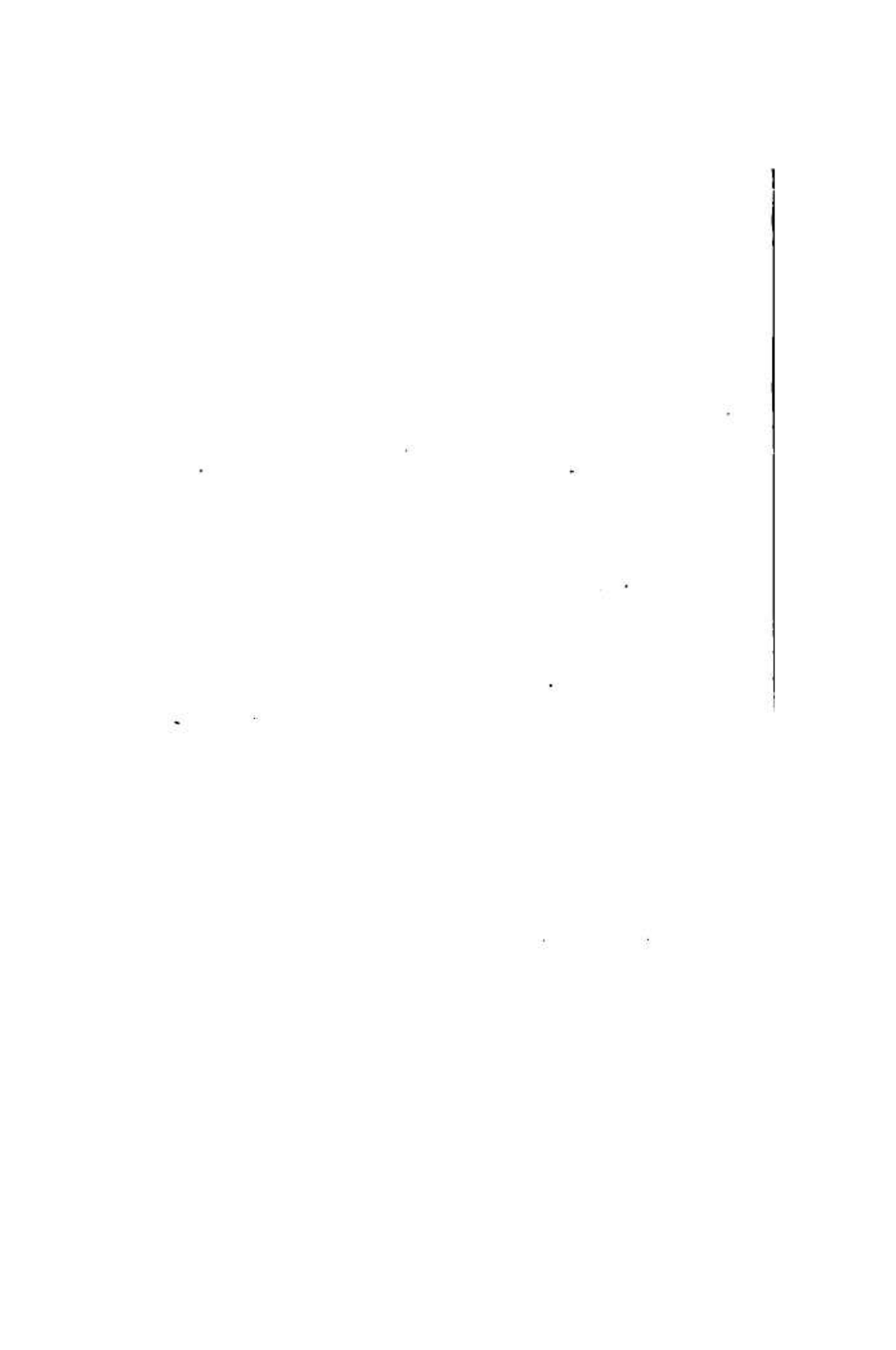
FLAVIA, *Niece to Sylla.*

CORNELIA, *a Noble Matron, Mother of Flavia.*

BARINE, *an old Female Attendant.*

Senators, Lictors, Soldiers, Magistrates, Citizens, &c.

*The Scene is alternately at Rome, at the Farm of
Marius, and at Carthage.*



PREFACE.

It is usual in cases of works like the following, to say a few words in the shape of Preface, nor has the Author any motive on the present occasion to tempt him to imagine this custom "more honoured in the breach than the observance."—Quite the contrary! He will only take the liberty of using the less usual form of the first person in preference to the third, as being less formal and infinitely more pleasant, when etiquette does not positively enjoin the contrary. In truth, the following Play was written in consequence of that upon which Master Barnardine, in "Measure for Measure," wisely declared, "he would not get up to be hanged;" that is to say, "upon persuasion." The manner of it was thus:—Happening, one day,

to be in conversation with an amiable and accomplished theatrical friend of mine, he, as he had often done before, took the trouble of strongly urging me to write a serious piece expressly for the stage, accompanying the recommendation, as a matter of course, with the various arguments, "*ad negotium*," and "*ad hominem*," usual on such occasions. My reply was, in substance, that I had too little affection for the mixture of sound, scenery, and extravagance, at present in vogue, supposing me even to have the power, to have the will to help to prolong, by any act of mine, the reign, even for a single day, of so much bad taste. My friend's rejoinder was singular. I was wrong, he argued, in supposing that a Play to be successful, even at present, must exclude either nature or poetry altogether, provided it possessed the requisite quantity of dramatic *action*, and that action were of the right sort. Construct a plot, said he, in such a manner that it shall contain a series of interesting incidents, forming a story so clear and palpable that if played in dumb shew an audience would understand it, and you may, provided only

you do not exceed a certain length, fill up this outline with any language, however poetical, which shall, at the same time, be subsidiary to the main events of the piece. That this is self-evident, he asserted, because, even setting down the dialogue as *nil*, if it be not positively absurd, the play will be understood by, and arrest the attention of, the spectators: and this he averred to be indubitably true of the older dramas, or at least of the most of them that retain possession of the stage,—of Shakspeare's especially, inasmuch as he had himself seen the experiment tried at Drury Lane Theatre, and thus much was actually proved to be the fact. *Macbeth*, the *Merchant of Venice*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, the *Orphan*, *Venice Preserved*, in short our best "acting plays" of the serious cast, I understood him to say, are all intelligible if played in dumb shew by good actors. In pure comedy much more must, of course, depend upon the wit and spirit of the dialogue, manners rather than passions being there represented; but if the principle be true of the one, it can hardly be totally the contrary as applied to the other, and, as