

**MEROETH, OR, "THE
SACRIFICE TO THE
NILE." A TRAGEDY**

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Meroth, Or, "The Sacrifice to the Nile." A Tragedy by Robert William Hume

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ROBERT WILLIAM HUME

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INTRODUCTION.

THE history of Egypt is an enigma, the solution of which has defied the labours of the historian, the deductions of the philosopher, and the researches of the antiquary. In the few records we have of the earlier stages of this once mighty nation, truth and fiction, the real and the fabulous, are so intermingled, that the "reflected light" of history serves not to develop, but only to gild, the prominent objects in the waste, to awaken and not satisfy our curiosity.

This remarkable people have, by their superhuman efforts, proved the truth of those witnesses who formerly testified to their ancient superiority. Their knowledge enabled them to contend with the prophet of Israel, who was versed in all their lore, and they only submitted when they recognized in the act of creation "the finger of God." The existing evidences of their ingenuity have baffled the skill and defied the competition of all subsequent ages. Measuring their power by the magnificent remains yet left of their labors, it would be difficult to limit, or even to conceive, the extent of their resources or the elevation of their genius.

The mind of the beholder is agitated with a variety of conflicting emotions whilst contemplating the hallowed ground which this venerable race once occupied. Joy and sorrow, hope and despair, pride and humiliation, attend her examination of the shining foot-prints of arts which have now departed, and sciences which are now unknown. If the majestic ruins which are strewn around her path awake a feeling allied to joy, it is with sorrow she beholds in such crumbling and mutilated wrecks the sole-surviving and transitory testimonials of temples which were once "wonders of the world." If gazing with delight on those triumphant trophies of the genius of man,—the star-pointed obelisks,—she feels elevated by hope: alas! how quickly is it succeeded by the depression of despair, as she vainly sighs for a solution of the inscriptions by which they are adorned. If, glowing with raptures indescribable, she contemplates, entranced, those noble specimens of victorious art,—the time-defying pyramids,—whose massive walls have repelled the ravages of desolation, the whirlwinds of war, the rust of decay, and on whose cloud-scattering peaks the storms of forty centuries have battered in vain; even on this summit of her pride, this pinnacle of her glory, she is compelled to bewail the loss of that empire, religion, and race, which has been swept from around their sites, whose records are useless, and whose language is forgotten.

It is in this whirlwind of the passions, this tempest of the soul, that the inspired poet can best display the power of his genius, and dispersing (like his fabulous deity, the Sun) the clouds of obscurity and doubt, expose that beautiful scenery to our view which has so long been hidden by the mists of time and the gloom of barbarism. Here it is, where the beams of a lively fancy would fill with their radiance those interstices which the light of history cannot supply, enabling us again to discover those heroes of their day,—those demigods of succeeding generations,—which still flit around the scenes of their triumphs, looming, like gigantic spectres, through the gaps of the ruins by which they are surrounded. Piercing the darkness which pervades the sites of their achievements, the rays of a glowing imagination would reanimate the laurels now idly fluttering in the blast of desolation, and again, as victors, exhibit to the world the shades of a Menes, a Pharaoh, and a Sesostris.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

MEROETH, Type of perverted knowledge, }
ARBACES, Friend of Meroth, } Chief Priests and Magi.
IRAD, opposed to Meroth, }
CALMAR, Pupil and Son of Meroth.
EUCLID, the Mathematician, an old Egyptian Noble.
TIGRANES and another, Sacrificers to the Temple.
ZADOK, an insane ruined Merchant, Brother to Meroth.
MENES,
PROLYCUS, } Egyptian voluptuaries.
PSOPHIS, }
ALCIBIADES, Captain of the Fleet, }
SOCRATES, Type of wisdom, } Grecians.
CRITO, an Officer, }
An Officer of Meroth's Guard.
A Deputation of starving Citizens.
Magi, Greek Sailors, Choristers, and Attendants.

WOMEN.

EUDORA, Daughter of Euclid.
LEIRA, her Friend.
A band of Maidens.

ASHTAROTH, Meroth's Familiar.
MOLOCH, the Demon.
Glory, a Female Emblem of.

Scene, MEMPHIS; Time, Eight Days.

Era, 404 B.C.

M E R O T H,

OR

THE SACRIFICE TO THE NILE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An Inn at MEMPHIS. The Nile seen through the Casement.

MENES, PSOPHIS, and PTOLYCCUS.

Voice without. Your dead! bring out your dead!

Ptol. What, another load? The pestilence must be sore in this quarter. Here, Psophis, here's a whet for your appetite; behold!

Psop. The wretches ought to be punished for carting the bodies by the inn. Pah! I smell the stench here.

Ptol. Better die now, Psophis, whilst the examiners are busy: your character will never pass muster unless you bribe the judges—or rather your friends, for should one witness be examined, you cannot fail being denied the rites of burial.

Psop. Cease your prate. What ships are those in the river, Menes?

Men. They are Grecian war galleys.

Psop. Who's their captain, have you heard?

Men. I have both heard and seen him—his name is Alcibiades.

Ptol. Ah! some black-looking cut-throat.

Men. You're wrong. He looks more like a Persian slave than a captain; but you can judge for yourself: here he comes, with old Euclid and another of the foreigners.

Psop. What a strange old man!

Ptol. They have a vanguard also—the madman Zadok—you forgot him in your list of wonders.

Psop. We'll have some sport with him. Here he comes, grumbling as usual.

(Enter ZADOK, muttering to himself.)

Zad. Two vessels lost, laden with Tyrian cloth Of dye unparalleled. What saith th' invoice? Spices of Ind, and jewels rich and rare, All swallowed up by the voracious sea. Oh! misery! I cannot face them: no!

Psop. How now, Zadok, dreaming again? Here, wake up: look at my hand.

Ptol. He ought to spell your fortune well, for his has gone the route yours appears to be going.

Psop. I spoke to a fool, Ptolemy, but I did not expect an answer from you.

Zad. My wife, too, dying! Oh, I shall go mad.

Psop. Nay, that's no journey for you, Zadok, you are so; but come, *(striking ZADOK,* tell my luck.

Zad. Why plague ye me? More pestilence! Ye Gods,

Egypt has fools to feed it.

Ptol. Now that's what I call a personal insult. Here, I'll ask his advice for you, Psophis. Our friend has lost his appetite: he expressed but now a wish for your advice, most learned doctor Zadok, to learn what diet, whet, or provocative might suffice to allay or remove his unfortunate malady.

Zad. He better knows than I. He's spending now,

In searching for the same, his heritage.
'Tis poverty he seeks; no spiced rich meats,
Dainty confections, heat-inspiring wines
Or distillations equal hunger's sauce.
And poverty and hunger are as twins,
Inseparable. Why, they make men wolves!

Nay, worse—wolves herd; but hunger breaks
all bonds,

And sates his cravings with a brother's flesh.
'Tis priceless, too; like sleep, it often spurns
Th' ambitious ruler or the purse-proud fool,
And finds sweet refuge with his meanest slave.
When poverty compels you to the dish—
The *beggar's dish*—of locusts, then you'll feast;
And sleep, which now you bribe on beds of
down,

Shall seal your eyes then on the temple's steps.
Ptol. He's awake now. Hark! how he
snarls! Where have you been, Zadok?

Zad. To see my gallant fleet arrive in port,
Gay streamers flaunting from their taper masts.
A noble fleet, laden with cutlery,
Choice cutlery; but it will take a mine!
'Twill ruin me to satisfy the hands.

Ptol. They're not your ships, they're war-
galleys, fool. Know you not a war-galley from a
merchantman?

Zad. Have I not lost three ships, three noble
ships,
Beautiful ships, the cruel pirates' prey?
But hark! I lade them now with swords and
spears.

Let them come on, I say, I fear them not.

Enter ALCIBIADES, SOCRATES, and EUCLID.

Alcib. This is an inn. What have we here?
a madman!

Why, surely, he is frantic.

Euc. Fear him not,
He is quite harmless, Alcibiades.
My daughter's favorite messenger. (*To Zadok.*)
Here, friend,

Eudora has a garncet made for you,
Zad. 'Tis like her goodness; but she needs
Far more than I do, Euclid. [it more,

Euc. Nay, not so;
She has sufficient, though the costly robes
You promised her are lost.

Zad. Sufficient, hah!
She will need armor, if you'd have her pass
Through this vile world unscathed. I saw it,
E'en in her hand; plain! oh! how plain it was.

Euc. What didst thou see? Here's money
—let us hear.

(*To Socrates*) I sometimes deem his prophecies
are true:

Poor man! his art has been right dearly bought.
In him you see a man who once was great—
The first of Memphian merchants. None more
rich

Or proud. To me it seems but yesterday
When he was all in all. He has twice held
Our honored seat of justice. Six years back—
No, by my word 'tis eight, for I then lost
My dearest wife—Meroth was in the city.
Some people fancied Zadok favored Meroth.
I heard it at our civic feast reported
That they were relatives. That self-same year
There was a famine also, I remember—

'Tis well he cannot—'twas his worst on earth!
It beggared him, and saw his family
Swept off by pestilence. He, too, was sick,
And from his bed arose a maniac!

The harshness of his fate his temper changed
From mild to stern, though to a favored few
He's docile as a child. Why, my Eudora
Frequent employs him, and he executes
With ludicrous importance her commands.
(*To Zadok.*) Come; let us hear it, friend.

Zad. Why, e'en an idiot might instruct ye,
Euclid!

Shame on your wisdom. Can ye not perceive
She is defenceless!—that the smallest thorn
On life's intricate path may lacerate
Her tender limbs? Teach her yourself, old man,
What sorrow is. The world's a schoolmaster
Too callous far for one so mild and good.

Teach her yourself, I say;—buy armor, man!
Soc. Poor man! His own experience speaks
He had no armor, and he feels for all [in this.
He fancies are exposed.

(*Socrates offers Zadok money, which he refuses.*)
Euc. Nay, he is proud;

He will accept it though. This gentleman
Requires your skill.

Soc. Pride in adversity,
Deep-rooted passion. He would seem to earn
Rather than to solicit. As a merchant
He still would sell his wares; nor seek for
Without conferring on his customer [wealth,
A just equivalent. 'Tis to his honor.

(*Socrates offers his hand to Zadok.*)
Zad. No! In your evil eye I'll read your acts.

Anger fierce is sparking there,
Pride and malice, but no fear!
There's a wrinkle lust hath ploughed;
Every passion there has glowed;
Not a virtue can I trace!

Away!—thine is a demon's face! [fool,
Alcib. True, as the Delphian oracle. Here,

Exert your power here. If I may judge
Your talent from the sample you have shewn,
Your searching scrutiny will find enough
To satirize in me. (*Zadok looks on Alcibiades.*)

Zad. Nature's built a palace fair,
Let nought evil enter there.
Eagle's eye and lion's heart;
Never from the truth depart.
Of ambition's lures beware,
For her crown's a crown of care.

Alcib. We have no crown in Athens. He has
My failings justly. But for Socrates! [judged
Why, he's as far from truth as earth from heav'n,
East from the west, or we from Syracuse.

Soc. Nay, say not so, for in my youth I had
Even those passions he so justly rates;
'Tis true philosophy has chastened them,—
At least, I trust so,—and though paid he scorned
To flatter me.

Alcib. That's a fair proof of madness.
Soc. Reason! dost thou not blush to hear
those words? (*To Zadok.*)

Thy virtue's rare; I'll double thy reward.

(*Socrates gives more money to Zadok.*)
Alcib. What! are you not content! The
character

Which he has drawn for you is surely worth
No more than you first paid. If he were sane,
He would deserve to lose his reason now
For what he spake of you. Nor do I doubt

But that such envious thoughts have drawn on
The vengeance of the Gods. [him

Soe. Were man to judge
And arbitrate betwix himself and heav'n,
Of all creation he would be the jest,
And in his abject wretchedness return
The inauspicious boom. And, though the Gods
May punish man's misdeeds, 'tis not for us
To shun the guilty, much less strive to hurt
The ever-dreaded bolt of mighty Jove.
No; we should rather those console on whom
His fury lights,—those who, as criminals,
Have suffered that which we ourselves deserve.
'Tis heav'n's to punish,—it is man's to pity.

Euc. You must not heed him; he is quite
insane,

Although sometimes his arrow hits the mark.
(*To Alcib.*) But this is your abode; though I
could wish

Your company to night. I'll introduce you.
This is a gentleman from Thebes, by name
Menes; and this is Ptoleucus—bless me!—
A little playful boy, and now a man—
Well, well, how time slips by! This, sir, is Pso-
Who understands full well the theory [phis,
Of life in Egypt, if I'm not mistaken.

Gentlemen, this is Alcibiades,—
My friend, the captain of the Grecian fleet.

Alcib. I think with one a prior right I claim,
A traveller's introduction.

Men. Sir, the same.
I beg to thank you for your courtesy

This morn, permitting me to view your ship.
Alcib. You were most welcome.

Euc. Well, farewell to-night.
To-morrow you will sojourn at my house.

[*Exeunt Euclid and Socrates, Zadok follows.*
(*He points towards Socrates as he exits.*)

Zad. That's a wrong invoice. Though the
ship is worn,

The cargo's precious. Oh! my brain! my
brain! [Exit *Zadok.*

(*Alcibiades retires with Menes.*)
Psop. I thought the Greeks were savages.

Ptol. They are so.
I'll bet my life he never tasted wine.

Psop. Stake something of more value; that's
To any but yourself. [no use

Ptol. Neither is yours. [rian,
Psop. Well, let us patronize the poor barba-
As he is Euclid's friend. And whilst he's here,
Shew him all courtesy.

Ptol. Well, well; agreed.

Enter Attendants with fruit, wine, &c.
Psop. This fruit is withered; for your
house's fame

I pray you bear it swiftly from my sight;
The smell too is infectious—odious,
Enough to breed a pestilence—on honor!

Ptol. Think you that we can patronize your
If thus you treat your guests? [inn

Psop. 'Tis dreadful!—see how ill those cates
are served!

Alcib. (aside.) What! are you there?
Ptol. 'Tis well we're here, he might impose
on you,

Most gracious Alcibiades; but we
Will see you 'tended even as ourselves.

Alcib. Boy! There are animals to which
this wine

Might be a luxury; with me 'tis useless.
Say, keep you swine in Egypt!

Atten. Sir, we do.
Alcib. Here, take it them; I'll
rob them not. [boy?

What better rhymes than wine and swine, my
If Circe's tale be true, both words and things
Rarely or never sundered. As you go,
Send me my servant hither. [*Exit Attendant.*

Psop. Truly, Menes,
These couches weary one; as hard and firm
As the foundation of a pyramid.

Would that I had my Tyrian ottoman
Filled with the feathers of Arabia's swans!

Alcib. Athenians use the cygnet's down
alone. [deemed you Greeks

Ptol. From what I've heard, I always
Denied yourselves life's delicate delights.

And lived—excuse the term—like wild barba-
rians.

Alcib. Why, in some parts, ('tis true they do
exist—

Not live—it is not life, but bare existence;
Wise men, you now would sooner die;) in
Sparta

They eat with zest what well-bred dogs would
But I am an Athenian. [snarl at.

Enter Grecian Sailor.
Go to my steward for some Chian wine,
And fetch my Persian wrapper, lined with
sables.

I would not let my monkey use this couch
Without some 'fence to guard him.

[*Exit Grecian Sailor.*
Psop. (Aside.) What think you of this
captain?

Ptol. (Aside.) He surpasses
The most fastidious of us, that's sure.

Alcib. Dear me! but this is horrible, in-
All. What? What? [deed!

(*Alcibiades throws the plate out of the
casement.*)

Alcib. An almond with a nauseous worm
enclosed!

Atten. (Aside.) He should be served by
squirrels if he wants

Trifles like that detected.
Alcib. (Attendant hands another plate.)

No! No more!

I'll wait for the arrival of the wine.
You'll taste in it the soul of Grecian grapes;
I trust 'twill suit your palate.

Men. Sir, for one
I thank you kindly, but must plead excuse—
It is my time for rest. [also mine.

Ptol. (Menes and Ptoleucus rise.) And
Psop. (Aside.) Nay, I'll off too. I'll not
be left alone,

Or I perchance might follow that poor plate
For some most slight offence. (*Psopis rises.*)

Alcib. (To Psopis.) What, you as well!
Nay, part not so.

Paop. 'Tis the third watch of night.

Alcib. Well, at the galleys then you'll test its merits.

[*Exitant Meno, Ptolemy, and Paopis.*
I would that Socrates had stayed. There were
No drug so potent as the sage advice
Which he would pour from his medicinal lips
To physic your complaint. I've heard him oft
Denounce as moral death, soft luxury,
Saying that her lost rotaries were men
Unworthy of a soul, since they neglected
The jewel for the mounting—gave the exterior
case

Their whole attention; whilst th' immortal gem,
The mind, was left unpolished. But I trust
I've read these dolls a lesson which they'll heed,
At least till I depart. I hold it wise
To look down fools with their own folly's eyes.

SCENE II.

*A Room in Euclid's House: a Flower-stand
before the Casement.*

Colmar solus tending the Flowers.

Col. Well, now my task is done, my labor's
o'er.

Task did I say? Oh! love! thy labor's bliss!
Thou art a master whom thy slaves adore,
A conqueror whose captives court their chains.
Thy prison is a grove, where blooming hang
(All glowing like the rosy tinted morn)
The blushing firstlings of life's earliest fruit.
Thy territories are enchanted grounds,
And amorous shepherds rove delighted there,
Spell-bound with joy. There, on soft sighs,
delight

Perfumes the fragrant airs, or melts in tears
Of speechless extacy, which, like pure dews,
Impregnate the rich ground; and bursting forth
In new and rare creations, seem to them
To gem this earth with hues surpassing heav'n's.
Ah! thou all-potent pow'r!—in every bud
Before my raptur'd eyes thou art enshrined.
Why reigns a charm inexplicable here?
Eudora's here; ye mirror her to me.
Her sunny smile I see in ye, which adds
New charms to nature's self. Ah! without her,
What unto me were Aden's emerald plains
Watered by living fountains? How can ye droop
When ye so often meet your mistress' face,
Blooming beneath her smile!—her joy-lit eye
Should, like the sun, strike life into the earth,
Revivifying all. The sterile land
Should in her presence teem; the rugged rock
For her should fringe his front with flow'rets
sweet;
And desert sands on roses bed her feet.

[*Exit Colmar.*

Enter EUCLID, ALCIBIADES, and SOCRATES.

Enc. Well, gentlemen, the palace-girdled
queen

Hath op'd her arms to you; I've shewn her glories!
What think you of them, worthy Socrates?

Soc. If stone could speak, your city were
immortal.

Enc. At least it speaks our labors.

Soc.

Add to that
Your genius—though your temples lack that
That excellence of finish, and of taste, [grace,
We Greeks so much admire. True, in size
They are colossal, and appear more like
The ancient labors of Titanian giants
Than works of men like us.

Alcib. They will outlive
Aught we can boast in Greece.

Soc. Not so, rash youth.

Have we not Marathon to herald us

To the remotest age?

Alcib. A barren plain!

Soc. No, sir, no barren plain. An altar, sir!

A mighty altar, where a hecatomb

Was offered at the shrine of Liberty.

Alcib. 'Tis where the Greeks, under Miltiades,

O'erthrew the Persian host—

Soc.

And taught the world

That wealth, and arms, and numbers, were no

shields

To shelter tyrants from the swords of freemen.

Enc. 'Tis not a work of art. You sacred

Will ever linger in its fruitful bed, [stream

E'en you'll admit, should Isis temple fall

And once again commingle with the dust.

Soc. What hallows it, that you thus term it

sacred?

Enc. It is the epithet all use. Osiris

Sands, through its means, the choicest blessings

to us.

Besides, our magi, learned and divine,

Have taught us it is holy.

Enter Messenger, who delivers a scroll to

ALCIBIADES and exit.

Soc. The priests, you mean.

Enc. Three now, the first of them, are in

the city.

Great Meroeth, first of these, is said to own

Attendants from the Gods.

Alcib. Of whom spoke you?

Enc. Of the lord Meroeth.

Alcib. Here's a scroll from him,

A courteous invitation; written, too,

In fairest Grecian characters. Perchance

'Twas an "attendant genius" who inscribed it.

[*Alcibiades hands the scroll to Socrates.*]

Soc. 'Tis general, and most courteously ex-

pressive.

[*To Euclid.*] Will you peruse, or are our cha-

to you a silent oracle? [fractures

Enc. Oh no!

I learned to read and to indite your language,

That I might study Thales of Miletus. [mind

Soc. What marble can endure with such a

The test of time? 'Tis well you mentioned him;

You struck upon a Grecian column there.

Enc. Compare our works of art with works

of art;

Say in what way your temples may compare

With ours in Egypt?

Soc. Why, in them, 'tis true
We must resign the palm to you for grandeur,
For yours are wonders.

Eud. Well, well, thanks for that.
If to my study you will follow me,
We'll there compare our sages.

Soc. Fairer far
Than earth may pile upon its fellow clay
The trophies of the mind. Th' inspired Homer,
Like his own Agamemnon, there commands:—
Father of history and foe of time!
Herodotus, who from oblivion's grasp [cay?
Hath plucked a thousand years—can these de-
Or who can doubt but that when Athens falls,
Solon will shine in gold!

SCENE III.

The same.

*Enter EUDORA and ALCIPTADES.**(Alciptades has the scroll.)*

Eud. I thank you for your gracious offer, sir;
Though truly fear forbids me to accept it.

Alcib. What do you fear? We Greeks scarce
know the term;

'Tis one we seldom use. But were you right,
(That is, should your surmise be verified,)
And this great magian will incline to shew
The mysteries of his art, be sure, for one,
That I will learn my fate.

Eud. Oh, tempt it not!
Leave that to heaven's cognizance alone.
I've heard most strange and awful words of
Meroth:

Nay, more; my father oft hath doubts expressed
That he his knowledge hath obtained by means
The most unholy. That the ministers
He owns are such—I almost dread to name—
Spirits of darkness! Do not seek, for who
Could gain aught good from evil ministers?

Alcib. You reason well; but though a fury
In horrid majesty to bar my way, [stood
If it were truth,—could I the future learn,
I'd brave her scourge to know it.

Eud. Hold, I pray!
But if you will on this adventure rush,
I have a holy HEBREW TALISMAN,
His pupil Calmar's gift. Around your neck
I pray you place it, and may Isis guard you!

Alcib. You will not, then, to this rich magian's
Methinks, if I were liable to fear [palace?
I should beseech your guard and guidance there
To awe inferior angels.

Eud. Your remark
On lighter themes with me might wake a smile,
But jesting suits not on such dang'rous ground:
I shall not go with you—but after—when—
I deem—but do not—do not tempt your fate
With that mysterious man. I see your eye
Ungallantly denies my first request—
But to resume; when you have seen your course,
I'll meet you at the palace.

Enter ZADOK unheard.

Zod. Hah! is it thus? No, no! ye gods, for-
bid it! [*Exit Alciptades.*

Zod. You love this man!

Eud. What, Zadok, are you there?

Zod. You love this man!

Eud. I love you Zadok, well;
See what I have for you.

(Gives Zadok a garment.)

Zod. Beware! beware!
I told you the truth. Nature has built a dome
A god might dwell in; but, Eudora, hark!
A ravenous wolf's its tenant.

Eud. Oh, hush! hush!
You must not speak so, Zadok, of your friends.

Zod. 'Tis true; I must speak truth; do not
believe!

You must not go, I say: I heard it all.

Eud. I would obey you willingly, if—

Zod. If he

Would not adventure; 'tis a just account!

Your blushes speak.

Eud. Zadok, you're most unkind.

Zod. No; not to you.

Eud. You are, but know it not.

I want your service now, to fetch for me
Some grain from Meroth's granaries.

Zod. Meroth's!

Eud. The palace granaries; you know them
well;

You are at home there; I've heard Calmar say
That all there's free to you.

Zod. Yes, all save him!

Eud. You must not speak 'gainst Meroth.
To you he is most kind. [*Calmar says*

Zod. A brother's love!

Eud. Nay, surely that you can't expect from

Zod. Why not? [*Meroth.*

Eud. Question me not, but leave

me, Zadok, now.

Below, the noontide meal for you is spread.

*[Exit Zadok.**(Eudora approaches a flower noticed by Alciptades.)*

Eud. That is his favorite. 'Tis purely blue;
But he's as false as shadows on the ware.

Shame on the thought! Truth's throned upon
his brow,

And honor decks his form with majesty.

You foolish heart, give o'er!—He loves you not.

But how is this! This fair acacia

Is propped anew; it must be Biara.

How oft I've told her, since she broke the lotus,

To leave them to my care—perhaps the maid

Here shews her sorrow in this kind attempt

To win my favor back. [*Exit Eudora.*

Re-enter ALCIPTADES holding the talisman.

Alcib. Is she not here?

Nay, then, I'll take the bauble; though the curse

Of Isis, or her blessing, weighs with me

Light as a feather on the northern blast.

Would that I could so self-deluded trust

This magian's boasted art! How more than slow

Time's lazy shade would o'er the dial crawl

Till I beheld my bold triumphant course.

For it must be triumphant—shall be bold—