

GOETHE'S
Iphigenia In Tauris

Translated by

ANNA SWANWICK

ARTHUR HINDS & CO.
4 COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK CITY

[1]

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

IPHIGENIA. THOAS, King of the Taurians.

ORESTES. PYLADES. ARKAS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Grove before the Temple of Diana.

IPHIGENIA.

Beneath your leafy gloom, ye waving boughs
Of this old, shady, consecrated grove,
As in the goddess' silent sanctuary,
With the same shudd'ring feeling forth I step,
As when I trod it first, nor ever here
Doth my unquiet spirit feel at home.
Long as the mighty will, to which I bow,
Hath kept me here conceal'd, still, as at first,
I feel myself a stranger. For the sea
Doth sever me, alas! from those I love,
And day by day upon the shore I stand,
My soul still seeking for the land of Greece.
But to my sighs, the hollow-sounding waves
Bring, save their own hoarse murmurs, no reply.
Alas for him! who friendless and alone,
Remote from parents and from brethren dwells;
From him grief snatches every coming joy
Ere it doth reach his lip. His restless thoughts
Revert for ever to his father's halls,
Where first to him the radiant sun unclos'd
The gates of heav'n; where closer, day by day,
Brothers and sisters, leagu'd in pastime sweet,
Around each other twin'd the bonds of love.
I will not judge the counsel of the gods;

[2]

Yet, truly, woman's lot doth merit pity.
Man rules alike at home and in the field,
Nor is in foreign climes without resource;
Possession gladdens him, him conquest crowns,
And him an honourable death awaits.
How circumscrib'd is woman's destiny!
Obedience to a harsh, imperious lord,
Her duty, and her comfort; sad her fate,
Whom hostile fortune drives to lands remote:
Thus I, by noble Thoas, am detain'd,

Bound with a heavy, though a sacred chain.
Oh! with what shame, Diana, I confess
That with repugnance I perform these rites
For thee, divine protectress! unto whom
I would in freedom dedicate my life.
In thee, Diana, I have always hop'd,
And still I hope in thee, who didst infold
Within the holy shelter of thine arm
The outcast daughter of the mighty king.
Daughter of Jove! hast thou from ruin'd Troy
Led back in triumph to his native land
The mighty man, whom thou didst sore afflict,
His daughter's life in sacrifice demanding,—
Hast thou for him, the godlike Agamemnon,
Who to thine altar led his darling child,
Preserv'd his wife, Electra, and his son.
His dearest treasures?—then at length restore
Thy suppliant also to her friends and home,
And save her, as thou once from death didst save,
So now, from living here, a second death.

SCENE II.
IPHIGENIA. ARKAS.

ARKAS.

The king hath sent me hither, and commands
To hail Diana's priestess. This the day,
On which for new and wonderful success,
Tauris her goddess thanks. The king and
host
Draw near,—I come to herald their approach.

[3]

IPHIGENIA.

We are prepar'd to give them worthy greeting;
Our goddess doth behold with
gracious eye
The welcome sacrifice from Thoas' hand.

ARKAS.

Oh, priestess, that thine eye more mildly beam'd,—Thou much-rever'd one,—that I found thy glance, O consecrated maid, more calm, more bright, To all a happy omen! Still doth grief, With gloom mysterious, shroud thy inner mind; Still, still, through many a year we wait in vain For one confiding utterance from thy breast. Long as I've known thee in this holy place, That look of thine hath ever made me shudder; And, as with iron bands, thy soul remains Lock'd in the deep recesses of thy breast.

IPHIGENIA.

As doth become the exile and the orphan.

ARKAS.

Dost thou then here seem exil'd and an orphan?

IPHIGENIA.

Can foreign scenes our fatherland replace?

ARKAS.

Thy fatherland is foreign now to thee.

IPHIGENIA.

Hence is it that my bleeding heart ne'er heals. In early youth, when first my soul, in love, Held father, mother, brethren fondly twin'd, A group of tender germs, in union sweet, We sprang in beauty from the parent stem, And heavenward grew. An unrelenting curse Then seiz'd and sever'd me from those I lov'd, And wrench'd with iron grasp the beautiful bands. It vanish'd then, the fairest charm of youth, The simple gladness of life's early dawn; Though sav'd, I was a shadow of myself, And life's fresh joyance bloom'd in me no more.

ARKAS.

If thus thou ever dost lament thy fate, I must accuse thee of ingratitude.

[4]

IPHIGENIA.

Thanks have you ever.

ARKAS.

Not the honest thanks Which prompt the heart to offices of love; The joyous glance, revealing to the host A grateful spirit, with its lot content. When thee a deep mysterious destiny Brought to this sacred fane, long years ago. To greet thee, as a treasure sent from heaven, With reverence and affection, Thoas came. Benign and friendly was this shore to thee, Which had before each stranger's heart appall'd, For,

till thy coming, none e'er trod our realm
But fell, according to an ancient rite,
A bloody victim at Diana's shrine.

IPHIGENIA.

Freely to breathe alone is not to live.
Say, is it life, within this holy fane,
Like a poor ghost around its sepulchre
To linger out my days? Or call you that
A life of conscious happiness and joy,
When every hour, dream'd listlessly away,
Leads to those dark and melancholy days,
Which the sad troop of the departed spend
In self-forgetfulness on Lethe's shore?
A useless life is but an early death;
This, woman's lot, is eminently mine.

ARKAS.

I can forgive, though I must needs deplore,
The noble pride which underrates itself
It robs thee of the happiness of life.
And hast thou, since thy coming here, done nought?
Who cheer'd the gloomy temper of the king?
Who hath with gentle eloquence annull'd,
From year to year, the usage of our sires,
By which, a victim at Diana's shrine,
Each stranger perish'd, thus from certain death
Sending so oft the rescued captive home?
Hath not Diana, harbouring no revenge
For this suspension of her bloody rites,

[5]

In richest measure heard thy gentle prayer?
On joyous pinions o'er the advancing
host, Doth not triumphant conquest proudly soar?
And feels not every one a happier
lot, Since Thoas, who so long hath guided us
With wisdom and with valour, sway'd by
thee, The joy of mild benignity approves,
Which leads him to relax the rigid claims
Of mute submission? Call thyself useless!
Thou, Thou, from whose being o'er a thousand
hearts, A healing balsam flows? when to a race.
To whom a god consign'd thee, thou
dost prove A fountain of perpetual happiness,
And from this dire inhospitable
shore Dost to the stranger grant a safe return?

IPHIGENIA.

The little done doth vanish to the mind,
Which forward sees how much remains to do.

ARKAS.

Him dost thou praise, who underrates his deeds?

IPHIGENIA.

Who estimates his deeds is justly blam'd.

ARKAS.

We blame alike, who proudly disregard
Their genuine merit, and who vainly prize
Their spurious worth too highly. Trust me, priestess,
And hearken to the counsel of a man
With honest zeal devoted to thy service:
When Thoas comes to-day to speak with thee,
Lend to his purpos'd words a gracious ear.

IPHIGENIA.

The well-intention'd counsel troubles me:
His offer studiously I've sought to shun.

ARKAS.

Thy duty and thy interest calmly weigh.
Since the king lost his son, he trusts but few,
Nor those as formerly. Each noble's son
He views with jealous eye as his successor;
He dreads a solitary, helpless age,
Or rash rebellion, or untimely death.
A Scythian studies not the rules of speech,

[6]

And least of all the king. He who is used
To act and to command, knows not the art,
From far, with subtle tact, to guide discourse
Through many windings to its destin'd goal.
Do not embarrass him with shy reserve
And studied misconception:
graciously,
And with submission, meet the royal wish.

IPHIGENIA.

Shall I then speed the doom that threatens me?

ARKAS.

His gracious offer canst thou call a threat?

IPHIGENIA.

'Tis the most terrible of all to me.

ARKAS.

For his affection grant him confidence.

IPHIGENIA.

If he will first redeem my soul from fear.

ARKAS.

Why dost thou hide from him thy origin?

IPHIGENIA.

A priestess secrecy doth well become.

ARKAS.

Nought to our monarch should a secret be; And, though he doth not seek to fathom
thine, His noble nature feels, ay, deeply feels, That studiously thou hid'st thyself from
him.

IPHIGENIA.

Displeasure doth he harbour 'gainst me, then?

ARKAS.

Almost it seems so. True, he speaks not of thee. But casual words have taught me that
the wish To call thee his hath firmly seiz'd his soul; Oh, do not leave the monarch to
himself! Lest his displeasure, rip'ning in his breast, Should work thee woe, so with
repentance thou Too late my faithful counsel shalt recall.

IPHIGENIA.

How! doth the monarch purpose what no man
Of noble mind, who loves his honest name,
Whose bosom reverence for the gods restrains,
Would ever think of? Will he force employ

[7]

To tear me from this consecrated fane? Then will I call the gods, and chiefly
thee, Diana, goddess resolute, to aid me; Thyself a virgin, thou'lt a virgin shield, And
succour to thy priestess gladly yield.

ARKAS.

Be tranquil! Passion, and youth's fiery blood Impel not Thoas rashly to commit
A deed so lawless. In his present mood, I fear from him another harsh resolve, Which (for his
soul is steadfast and unmov'd,) He then will execute without delay. Therefore I pray
thee, canst thou grant no more, At least be grateful—give thy confidence.

IPHIGENIA.

Oh tell me what is further known to thee.

ARKAS.

Learn it from him. I see the king approach; Thou honour'st him, and thy own heart will prompt thee To meet him kindly and with confidence. A noble man by woman's gentle word May oft be led.

IPHIGENIA, *alone.*

I see not how I can Follow the counsel of my faithful friend. But willingly the duty I perform Of giving thanks for benefits receiv'd, And much I wish that to the king my lips With truth could utter what would please his ear.

**SCENE III.
IPHIGENIA. THOAS.**

IPHIGENIA.

Her royal gifts the goddess shower on thee! Imparting conquest, wealth, and high renown, Dominion, and the welfare of thy house, With the fulfilment of each pious wish, That thou, who over numbers rul'st supreme, Thyself may'st be supreme in happiness!

[8]

THOAS.

Contented were I with my people's praise; My conquests others more than I enjoy. Oh! be he king or subject, he's most blest, Who in his home finds happiness and peace. Thou shar'dst my sorrow, when a hostile sword Tore from my side my last, my dearest son; Long as fierce vengeance occupied my heart, I did not feel my dwelling's dreary void; But now, returning home, my rage appeas'd, My foes defeated, and my son aveng'd, I find there nothing left to comfort me. The glad obedience, which I used to see Kindling in every eye, is smother'd now In discontent and gloom; each, pond'ring, weighs The changes which a future day may bring, And serves the childless king, because compell'd. To-day I come within this sacred fane, Which I have often enter'd to implore And thank the gods for conquest. In my breast I bear an old and fondly-cherish'd wish. To which methinks thou canst not be a stranger; Thee, maid, a blessing to myself and realm, I hope, as bride, to carry to my home.

IPHIGENIA.

Too great thine offer, king, to one unknown; Abash'd the fugitive before thee stands, Who on this shore sought only what thou gav'st, Safety and peace.

THOAS.

Thus still to shroud thyself
From me, as from the lowest, in the veil
Of mystery which
wrapp'd thy coming here,
Would in no country be deem'd just or right.
Strangers this
shore appall'd; 'twas so ordain'd
Alike by law and stern necessity.
From thee alone—a
kindly welcom'd guest,
Who hast enjoy'd each hallow'd privilege,
And spent thy days
in freedom unrestrain'd—
From thee I hop'd that confidence to gain
Which every
faithful host may justly claim.

[9]

IPHIGENIA.

If I conceal'd, O king, my name, my race,
'Twas fear that prompted me, and not
mistrust.
For didst thou know who stands before thee now,
And what accursed head
thy arm protects,
A shudd'ring horror would possess thy heart;
And, far from wishing
me to share thy throne,
Thou, ere the time appointed, from thy
realm
Wouldst [banish](#) me perchance, and thrust me forth,
Before a glad reunion with
my friends
And period to my wand'rings is ordain'd,
To meet that sorrow, which in
every clime,
With cold, inhospitable, fearful hand,
Awaits the outcast, exil'd from his
home.

THOAS.

Whate'er respecting thee the gods decree,
Whate'er their doom for thee and for thy
house,
Since thou hast dwelt amongst us, and enjoy'd
The privilege the pious stranger
claims,
To me hath fail'd no blessing sent from Heaven;
And to persuade me, that
protecting thee
I shield a guilty head, were hard indeed.

IPHIGENIA.

Thy bounty, not the guest, draws blessings down.

THOAS.

The kindness shown the wicked is not blest.
End then thy silence, priestess; not
unjust
Is he who doth demand it. In my hands
The goddess plac'd thee; thou hast
been to me
As sacred as to her, and her behest
Shall for the future also be my law.
If
thou canst hope in safety to return
Back to thy kindred, I renounce my claims:
But is
thy homeward path for ever clos'd—
Or doth thy race in hopeless exile rove,
Or lie
extinguish'd by some mighty woe—
Then may I claim thee by more laws than
one.
Speak openly, thou know'st I keep my word.

IPHIGENIA.

Its ancient bands reluctantly my tongue
Doth loose, a long-hid secret to divulge;

[10]

For once imparted, it resumes no more
The safe asylum of the inmost heart,
But thenceforth, as the powers above decree,
Doth work its ministry of weal or
woe. Attend! I issue from the Titan's race.

THOAS.

A word momentous calmly hast thou spoken.
Him nam'st thou ancestor whom all the
world knows as a sometime favourite of the gods?
Is it that Tantalus, whom Jove
himself drew to his council and his social board?
On whose experienc'd words, with
wisdom fraught, as on the language of an oracle,
E'en gods delighted hung?

IPHIGENIA.

'Tis even he; But gods should not hold intercourse with men
As with themselves. Too weak the human race,
Not to grow dizzy on unwonted heights. Ignoble was he not,
and no betrayer; To be the Thunderer's slave, he was too great:
To be his friend and comrade,—but a man. His crime was human,
and their doom severe; For poets sing, that treachery and pride
Did from Jove's table hurl him headlong down,
To grovel in the depths of Tartarus. Alas, and his whole race
their hate pursues.

THOAS.

Bear they their own guilt, or their ancestors'?

IPHIGENIA.

The Titan's mighty breast and nervous frame
Was his descendant's certain heritage;
But round their brow Jove forg'd a band of brass.
Wisdom and patience, prudence and restraint,
He from their gloomy, fearful eye conceal'd;
In them each passion grew to savage rage,
And headlong rush'd uncheck'd. The Titan's son,
The strong-will'd Pelops, won his beauteous bride,
Hippodamia, child of Cœnomaus,
Through treachery and murder; she ere long
Bore him two children, Atreus and Thyestes;

[11]

With envy they beheld the growing love
Their father cherish'd for a first-born
son sprung from another union. Bound by hate,
In secret they contrive their brother's

death. The sire, the crime imputing to his wife, With savage fury claim'd from her his child, And she in terror did destroy herself—

THOAS.

Thou'rt silent? Pause not in thy narrative! Do not repent thy confidence—say on!

IPHIGENIA.

How blest is he who his progenitors
With pride remembers, to the list'ner tells
The story of their greatness, of their deeds,
And, silently rejoicing, sees himself
Link'd to this goodly chain! For the same stock
Bears not the monster and the demigod:
A line, or good or evil, ushers in
The glory or the terror of the world.—
After the death of Pelops, his two sons
Rul'd o'er the city with divided sway.
But such an union could not long endure.
His brother's honour first Thyestes wounds.
In vengeance Atreus drove him from the realm.
Thyestes, planning horrors, long before
Had stealthily procur'd his brother's son,
Whom he in secret nurtur'd as his own.
Revenge and fury in his breast he pour'd,
Then to the royal city sent him forth,
That in his uncle he might slay his sire,
The meditated murder was disclos'd,
And by the king most cruelly aveng'd,
Who slaughter'd, as he thought, his brother's son.
Too late he learn'd whose dying tortures met
His drunken gaze; and seeking to assuage
The insatiate vengeance that possess'd his soul,
He plann'd a deed unheard of. He assum'd
A friendly tone, seem'd reconcil'd, pleas'd.
And lur'd his brother, with his children twain,
Back to his kingdom; these he seiz'd and slew;
Then plac'd the loathsome and abhorrent food

[12]

At his first meal before the unconscious sire. And when Thyestes had his hunger
still'd With his own flesh, a sadness seiz'd his soul; He for his children ask'd,—their
steps, their voice, Fancied he heard already at the door; And Atreus, grinning with
malicious joy, Threw in the members of the slaughter'd boys.—Shudd'ring, O king,
thou dost avert thy face: So did the sun his radiant visage hide, And swerve his chariot
from the eternal path. These, monarch, are thy priestess' ancestors, And many a
dreadful fate of mortal doom, And many a deed of the bewilder'd brain, Dark night
doth cover with her sable wing, Or shroud in gloomy twilight.

THOAS.

Hidden there Let them abide. A truce to horror now, And tell me by what miracle thou
sprang'st From race so savage.

IPHIGENIA.

Atreus' eldest son
Was Agamemnon; he, O king, my sire:
But I may say with truth, that, from a child,
In him the model of a perfect man
I witness'd ever. Clytemnestra bore
To him, myself, the firstling of their love,
Electra then. Peaceful the monarch rul'd,
And to the house of Tantalus was given
A long-withheld repose. A son alone
Was wanting to complete my parent's bliss;
Scarce was this wish fulfill'd, and young Orestes,
The household's darling, with his sisters grew,
When new misfortunes vex'd our ancient house.
To you hath come the rumour of the war,
Which, to avenge the fairest woman's wrongs,
The force united of the Grecian kings
Round Ilion's walls encamp'd. Whether the town
Was humbl'd, and achiev'd their great revenge
I have not heard. My father led the host
In Aulis vainly for a favouring gale

[13]

They waited; for, enrag'd against their chief, Diana stay'd their progress, and requir'd, Through Calchas' voice, the monarch's eldest daughter. They lur'd me with my mother to the camp, And at Diana's altar doom'd this head.—She was pleas'd, she did not wish my blood, And wrapt me in a soft protecting cloud; Within this temple from the dream of death I waken'd first. Yes, I myself am she; Iphigenia,—I who speak to thee Am Atreus' grandchild, Agamemnon's child, And great Diana's consecrated priestess.

THOAS.

I yield no higher honour or regard To the king's daughter than the maid unknown; Once more my first proposal I repeat; Come, follow me, and share what I possess.

IPHIGENIA.

How dare I venture such a step, O king? Hath not the goddess who protected me Alone a right to my devoted head? 'Twas she who chose for me this sanctuary, Where she perchance reserves me for my sire, By my apparent death enough chastis'd, To be the joy and solace of his age. Perchance my glad return is near; and how! If I, unmindful of her purposes, Had here attach'd myself against her will? I ask'd a signal, did she wish my stay.

THOAS.

The signal is that still thou tarriest here. Seek not evasively such vain pretexts. Not many words are needed to refuse, By the refus'd the *no* alone is heard.

IPHIGENIA.

Mine are not words meant only to deceive;
I have to thee my inmost heart reveal'd.
And doth no inward voice suggest to thee,
How I with yearning soul must pine to see
My father, mother, and my long-lost home?

[14]

Oh let thy vessels bear me thither, king! That in the ancient halls, where sorrow still In accents low doth fondly breathe my name, Joy, as in welcome of a new-born child, May round the columns twine the fairest wreath. Thou wouldst to me and mine new life impart.

THOAS.

Then go! the promptings of thy heart obey; Despise the voice of reason and good counsel. Be quite the woman, sway'd by each desire, That bridleless impels her to and fro. When passion rages fiercely in her breast, No sacred tie withholds her from the wretch Who would allure her to forsake for him A husband's or a father's guardian arms; Extinct within her heart its fiery glow, The golden tongue of eloquence in vain With words of truth and power assails her ear.

IPHIGENIA.

Remember now, O king, thy noble words! My trust and candour wilt thou thus repay? Thou seem'dst, methought, prepar'd to hear the truth.

THOAS.

For this unlook'd-for answer not prepar'd. Yet 'twas to be expected; knew I not That 'twas with woman I had now to deal?

IPHIGENIA.

Upbraid not thus, O king, our feeble sex! Though not in dignity to match with yours, The weapons woman wields are not ignoble. And trust me, Thoas, in thy happiness I have a deeper insight than thyself. Thou thinkest, ignorant alike of both, A closer union would augment our bliss; Inspir'd with confidence and honest zeal Thou strongly urgest me to yield consent; And here I thank the gods, who give me strength To shun a doom unratified by them.

THOAS.

'Tis not a god, 'tis thine own heart that speaks.

[15]

IPHIGENIA.

'Tis through the heart alone they speak to us.

THOAS.

To hear them have I not an equal right?

IPHIGENIA.

The raging tempest drowns the still, small voice.

THOAS.

This voice no doubt the priestess hears alone.

IPHIGENIA.

Before all others should the prince attend it.

THOAS.

Thy sacred office, and ancestral right
To Jove's own table, place thee with the gods
In closer union than an earth-born savage.

IPHIGENIA.

Thus must I now the confidence atone
Thyself extorted from me!

THOAS.

I'm a man, And better 'tis we end this conference.
Hear then my last resolve. Be priestess still
Of the great goddess who selected thee;
And may she pardon me, that I from her,
Unjustly and with secret self-reproach,
Her ancient sacrifice so long withheld.
From olden times no stranger near'd our shore
But fell a victim at her sacred shrine.
But thou, with kind affection (which at times
Seem'd like a gentle daughter's tender love,
At times assum'd to my enraptur'd heart
The modest inclination of a bride),
Didst so inthral me, as with magic bonds,
That I forgot my duty. Thou didst rock
My senses in a dream: I did not hear
My people's murmurs: now they cry aloud,
Ascribing my poor son's untimely death
To this my guilt. No longer for thy sake
Will I oppose the wishes of the crowd,
Who urgently demand the sacrifice.

IPHIGENIA.

For mine own sake I ne'er desired it from thee.

[16]

Who to the gods ascribe a thirst for blood
Do misconceive their nature, and impute
To them their own inhuman dark desires.
Did not Diana snatch me from the priest,
Preferring my poor service to my death?

THOAS.

'Tis not for us, on reason's shifting grounds,
Lightly to guide and construe rites divine.
Perform thy duty; I'll accomplish mine.
Two strangers, whom in caverns of the shore
We found conceal'd, and whose arrival here
Bodes to my realm no good, are in my power.
With them thy goddess may once more resume
Her ancient, pious, long-suspended rites!
I send them here,—thy duty not unknown. [Exit.

IPHIGENIA, alone.

Gracious protectress! thou hast clouds
To shelter innocence distress'd, And genial
gales from Fate's rude grasp, Safely to waft her o'er the sea,
O'er the wide earth's remotest realms,
Where'er it seemeth good to thee. Wise art thou,—thine all-seeing
eye The future and the past surveys,
And doth on all thy children rest, E'en as thy pure
and guardian light Keeps o'er the earth its silent watch,
The beauty and the life of night. O Goddess! keep my hands from blood!
Blessing it never brings, nor peace; And

still in evil hours the form
Of the chance-murder'd man appears
To fill the unwilling
murderer's soul
With horrible and gloomy fears.
For fondly the Immortals view
Man's
widely-scatter'd, simple race;
And the poor mortal's transient life
Gladly prolong, that
he may raise
Awhile to their eternal heavens
His sympathetic joyous gaze.

[17]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I. ORESTES. PYLADES.

ORESTES.

It is the path of death that now we tread:
At every step my soul grows more
serene.
When I implor'd Apollo to remove
The grisly band of Furies from my side,
He seem'd, with hope-inspiring, godlike words,
To promise aid and safety in the fane
Of his lov'd sister, who o'er Tauris rules.
Thus the prophetic word fulfils itself,
That with
my life shall terminate my woe.
How easy 'tis for me, whose heart is crush'd,
Whose
sense is deaden'd by a hand divine,
Thus to renounce the beauteous light of day!
And
must the son of Atreus not entwine
The wreath of conquest round his dying brow—
Must I, as my forefathers, as my sire,
Bleed like a victim,—an ignoble death—
So be it!
Better at the altar here,
Than in a nook obscure, where kindred hands
Have spread
assassination's wily net.
Yield me this brief repose, infernal Powers!
Ye, who, like
loosen'd hounds, still scent the blood,
Which, trickling from my feet, betrays my
path.
Leave me! ere long I come to you below.
Nor you, nor I, should view the light of
day.
The soft green carpet of the beauteous earth
Is no arena for unhallow'd
fiends.
Below I seek you, where an equal fate
Binds all in murky, never-ending
night.
Thee only, thee, my Pylades, my friend,
The guiltless partner of my crime and
curse,
Thee am I loath, before thy time, to take
To yonder cheerless shore! Thy life or
death
Alone awakens in me hope or fear.

[18]

PYLADES.

Like thee, Orestes, I am not prepar'd
Downwards to wander to yon realm of shade.
I purpose still, through the entangl'd paths,
Which seem as they would lead to blackest
night, Again to guide our upward way to life.
Of death I think not; I observe and
mark Whether the gods may not perchance present
Means and fit moment for a joyful
flight. Dreaded or not, the stroke of death must come;
And though the priestess stood
with hand uprais'd, Prepar'd to cut our consecrated locks,
Our safety still should be my
only thought: Uplift thy soul above this weak despair;
Desponding doubts but hasten
on our peril. Apollo pledg'd to us his sacred word,
That in his sister's holy fane for
thee Were comfort, aid, and glad return prepar'd.
The words of Heaven are not
equivocal, As in despair the poor oppress'd one thinks.

ORESTES.

The mystic web of life my mother spread
Around my infant head, and so I grew,
An image of my sire; and my mute look
Was aye a bitter and a keen reproof
To her and base [Ægisthus](#). Oh, how oft,
When silently within our gloomy hall
Electra sat, and mus'd beside the fire,
Have I with anguish'd spirit climb'd her knee,
And watch'd her bitter tears with sad amaze!
Then would she tell me of our noble sire:
How much I long'd to see him—be with him!
Myself at Troy one moment fondly wish'd,
My sire's return, the next. The day arrived—

PYLADES.

Oh, of that awful hour let fiends of hell
Hold nightly converse! Of a time more fair
May the remembrance animate our hearts
To fresh heroic deeds. The gods require
On this wide earth the service of the good,

[19]

To work their pleasure. Still they count on thee;
For in thy father's train they sent thee
not, When he to Orcus went unwilling down.

ORESTES.

Would I had seiz'd the border of his robe.
And follow'd him!

PYLADES.

They kindly car'd for me Who here detain'd thee;
for if thou hadst died I know not
what had then become of me; Since I with thee,
and for thy sake alone, Have from my
childhood liv'd, and wish to live.

ORESTES.

Do not remind me of those tranquil days,When me thy home a safe asylum gave;With
fond solicitude thy noble sireThe half-nipp'd, tender flow'ret gently rear'd;While thou
a friend and playmate always gay,Like to a light and brilliant butterflyAround a dusky
flower, didst around meStill with new life thy merry gambols play,And breathe thy
joyous spirit in my soul,Until, my cares forgetting, I with theeWas lur'd to snatch the
eager joys of youth.

PYLADES.

My very life began when thee I lov'd.

ORESTES.

Say, then thy woes began, and thou speak'st truly.This is the sharpest sorrow of my
lot,That, like a plague-infected wretch, I bearDeath and destruction hid within my
breast;That, where I tread, e'en on the healthiest spot,Ere long the blooming faces
round betrayThe writhing features of a ling'ring death.

PYLADES.

Were thy breath venom, I had been the firstTo die that death, Orestes. Am I not,As
ever, full of courage and of joy?And love and courage are the spirit's wingsWafting to
noble actions.

[20]

ORESTES.

Noble actions?Time was, when fancy painted such before us!When oft, the game
pursuing, on we roam'dO'er hill and valley; hoping that ere longWith club and
weapon arm'd, we so might trackThe robber to his den, or monster huge.And then at
twilight, by the glassy sea,We peaceful sat, reclin'd against each otherThe waves
came dancing to our very feet.And all before us lay the wide, wide world.Then on a
sudden one would seize his sword,And future deeds shone round us like the
stars,Which gemm'd in countless throngs the vault of night.

PYLADES.

Endless, my friend, the projects which the soulBurns to accomplish. We would every
deedAt once perform as grandly as it showsAfter long ages, when from land to
landThe poet's swelling song hath roll'd it on.It sounds so lovely what our fathers
did,When, in the silent evening shade reclin'd,We drink it in with music's melting
tones;And what we do is, as their deeds to them,Toilsome and incomplete!Thus we
pursue what always flies before;We disregard the path in which we tread,Scarce see
around the footsteps of our sires,Or heed the trace of their career on earth.We ever

hasten on to chase their shades,Which godlike, at a distance far remote,On golden clouds reclin'd, the mountains crown.The man I prize not who esteems himselfJust as the people's breath may chance to raise him.But thou, Orestes, to the gods give thanks,That they have done so much through thee already.

ORESTES.

When they ordain a man to noble deeds,
To shield from dire calamity his friends,
Extend his empire, or protect its bounds,
Or put to flight its ancient enemies,

[21]

Let him be grateful! For to him a godImparts the first, the sweetest joy of life.Me have they doom'd to be a slaughterer,To be an honour'd mother's murderer,And shamefully a deed of shame avenging.Me through their own decree they have o'erwhelm'd.Trust me, the race of Tantalus is doom'd;Nor may his last descendant leave the earth,Or crown'd with honour or unstain'd by crime.

PYLADES.

The gods avenge not on the son the deedsDone by the father. Each, or good or bad,Of his own actions reaps the due reward.The parents' blessing, not their curse, descends.

ORESTES.

Methinks their blessing did not lead us here.

PYLADES.

It was at least the mighty gods' decree.

ORESTES.

Then is it their decree which doth destroy us.

PYLADES.

Perform what they command, and wait the event.Do thou Apollo's sister bear from hence,That they at Delphi may united dwell,Rever'd and honour'd by a noble race:Thee, for this deed, the heav'nly pair will viewWith gracious eye, and from the hateful graspOf the infernal Powers will rescue thee.E'en now none dares intrude within this grove.

ORESTES.

So shall I die at least a peaceful death.

PYLADES.

Far other are my thoughts, and not unskill'd
Have I the future and the past combin'd
In quiet meditation. Long, perchance,
Hath ripen'd in the counsel of the gods
The great event. Diana wish'd to leave
This savage region foul with human blood.
We were selected for the high emprise;
To us it is assign'd, and strangely thus
We are conducted to the threshold here.

[22]

ORESTES.

My friend, with wondrous skill thou link'st thy wish
With the predestin'd purpose of the gods.

PYLADES.

Of what avail is prudence, if it fail
Heedful to mark the purposes of Heaven?
A noble man, who much hath sinn'd, some god
Doth summon to a dangerous enterprize,
Which to achieve appears impossible.
The hero conquers, and atoning serves
Mortals and gods, who thenceforth honour him.

ORESTES.

Am I foredoom'd to action and to life,
Would that a god from my distemper'd
brain Might chase this dizzy fever, which impels
My restless steps along a slipp'ry
path, Stain'd with a mother's blood, to direful death;
And pitying, dry the fountain,
whence the blood, For ever spouting from a mother's wounds,
Eternally defiles me!

PYLADES.

Wait in peace! Thou dost increase the evil, and dost take
The office of the Furies on thyself.
Let me contrive,—be still! And when at length
The time for action claims our powers combin'd,
Then will I summon thee, and on we'll stride,
With cautious boldness to achieve the event.

ORESTES.

I hear Ulysses speak!

PYLADES.

Nay, mock me not. Each must select the hero after whom
To climb the steep and difficult ascent
Of high Olympus. And to me it seems
That him nor stratagem nor art defile
Who consecrates himself to noble deeds.

ORESTES.

I most esteem the brave and upright man.

[23]

PYLADES.

And therefore have I not desir'd thy counsel. One step is ta'en already: from our guards I have extorted this intelligence. A strange and godlike woman now restrains the execution of that bloody law: incense, and prayer, and an unsullied heart, these are the gifts she offers to the gods. Her fame is widely spread, and it is thought that from the race of Amazon she springs, and hither fled some great calamity.

ORESTES.

Her gentle sway, it seems, lost all its power at the approach of one so criminal, whom the dire curse enshrouds in gloomy night. Our doom to seal, the pious thirst for blood again unchains the ancient cruel rite: the monarch's savage will decrees our death; a woman cannot save when he condemns.

PYLADES.

That 'tis a woman is a ground for hope! A man, the very best, with cruelty at length may so familiarize his mind, his character through custom so transform, that he shall come to make himself a law of what at first his very soul abhor'd. But woman doth retain the stamp of mind she first assum'd. On her we may depend in good or evil with more certainty. She comes; leave us alone. I dare not tell at once our names, nor unreserv'd confide our fortunes to her. Now retire awhile, and ere she speaks with thee we'll meet again.

[24]

**SCENE II.
IPHIGENIA. PYLADES.**

IPHIGENIA.

Whence art thou? Stranger, speak! To me thy bearing stamps thee of Grecian, not of Scythian race.

(She unbinds his chains.)

The freedom that I give is dangerous: the gods avert the doom that threatens you!

PYLADES.

Delicious music! dearly welcome tones of our own language in a foreign land! With joy my captive eye once more beholds the azure mountains of my native coast. Oh, let this joy that I too am a Greek convince thee, priestess! How I need thine aid, A

moment I forget, my spirit wrapt
In contemplation of so fair a vision.
If fate's dread
mandate doth not seal thy lips.
From which of our illustrious races, say,
Dost thou thy
godlike origin derive?

IPHIGENIA.

A priestess, by the Goddess' self ordain'd
And consecrated too, doth speak with
thee.
Let that suffice: but tell me, who art thou,
And what unblest'd o'erruling
destiny
Hath hither led thee with thy friend?

PYLADES.

The woe,
Whose hateful presence ever dogs our steps,
I can with ease relate. Oh, would that thou
Couldst with like ease, divine one, shed on us
One ray of cheering hope! We are from Crete,
Adrastus' sons, and I, the youngest born,
Named Cephalus; my eldest brother, he,
Laodamus. Between us two a youth
Of savage temper grew, who oft disturb'd
The joy and concord of our youthful sports.
Long as our father led his powers at Troy,

[25]

Passive our mother's mandate we obey'd;
But when, enrich'd with booty, he
return'd,
And shortly after died, a contest fierce
For the succession and their father's
wealth,
Parted the brothers. I the eldest joined;
He slew the second; and the Furies
hence
For kindred murder dog his restless steps.
But to this savage shore the Delphian
god
Hath sent us, cheer'd by hope, commanding us
Within his sister's temple to
await
The blessed hand of aid. We have been ta'en,
Brought hither, and now stand for
sacrifice.
My tale is told.

IPHIGENIA.

Tell me, is Troy o'erthrown?
Assure me of its fall.

PYLADES.

It lies in ruins. But oh, ensure deliverance to us!
Hasten, I pray, the promis'd aid of
heav'n.
Pity my brother, say a kindly word;
But I implore thee, spare him when thou
speakest.
Too easily his inner mind is torn
By joy, or grief, or cruel memory.
A feverish
madness oft doth seize on him,
Yielding his spirit, beautiful and free,
A prey to furies.

IPHIGENIA.

Great as is thy woe, Forget it, I conjure thee, for a while, Till I am satisfied.

PYLADES.

The stately town, Which ten long years withstood the Grecian host, Now lies in ruins, ne'er to rise again; Yet many a hero's grave will oft recall Our sad remembrance to that barbarous shore; There lies Achilles and his noble friend.

IPHIGENIA.

And are ye, godlike forms, reduc'd to dust!

[26]

PYLADES.

Nor Palamede, nor Ajax, ere again The daylight of their native land behold.

IPHIGENIA.

He speaks not of my father, doth not name Him with the fallen. He may yet survive! I may behold him! still hope on, my heart!

PYLADES.

Yet happy are the thousands who receiv'd Their bitter death-blow from a hostile hand! For terror wild, and end most tragical, Some hostile, angry, deity prepar'd, Instead of triumph, for the home-returning. Do human voices never reach this shore? Far as their sound extends, they bear the fame Of deeds unparallel'd. And is the woe Which fills Mycene's halls with ceaseless sighs To thee a secret still?—And know'st thou not That Clytemnestra, with Ægisthus' aid, Her royal consort artfully ensnar'd, And murder'd on the day of his return?—The monarch's house thou honourest! I perceive Thy heaving bosom vainly doth contend With tidings fraught with such unlook'd-for woe Art thou the daughter of a friend? or born Within the circuit of Mycene's walls? Do not conceal it, nor avenge on me That here the horrid crime I first announc'd.

IPHIGENIA.

Proceed, and tell me how the deed was done.

PYLADES.

The day of his return, as from the bath Arose the monarch, tranquil and refresh'd. His robe demanding from his consort's hand, A tangl'd garment, complicate with folds. She o'er his shoulders flung and noble head; And when, as from a net, he vainly strove To extricate himself, the traitor, base Ægisthus, smote him, and envelop'd thus Great Agamemnon sought the shades below.

[27]

IPHIGENIA.

And what reward receiv'd the base accomplice?

PYLADES.

A queen and kingdom he possess'd already.

IPHIGENIA.

Base passion prompted, then, the deed of shame?

PYLADES.

And feelings, cherish'd long, of deep revenge.

IPHIGENIA.

How had the monarch injured Clytemnestra?

PYLADES.

By such a dreadful deed, that if on earth
Aught could exculpate murder, it were this.
To Aulis he allur'd her, when the fleet
With unpropitious winds the goddess stay'd;
And there, a victim at Diana's shrine,
The monarch, for the welfare of the Greeks,
Her eldest daughter doom'd. And this, 'tis said,
Planted such deep abhorrence in her heart,
That to Ægisthus she resign'd herself,
And round her husband flung the web of death.

IPHIGENIA (*veiling herself*).

It is enough! Thou wilt again behold me.

PYLADES, *alone*.

The fortune of this royal house, it seems,
Doth move her deeply. Whosoe'er she be,
She must herself have known the monarch well;
—For our good fortune, from a noble house,
She hath been sold to bondage. Peace, my heart!
And let us steer our course with prudent zeal
Toward the star of hope which gleams upon us.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

IPHIGENIA. ORESTES.

IPHIGENIA.

Unhappy man, I only loose thy bonds
In token of a still severer doom.

The freedom which the sanctuary imparts,

[28]

Like the last life-gleam o'er the dying face, But heralds death. I cannot, dare not
say Your doom is hopeless; for, with murd'rous hand, Could I inflict the fatal blow
myself? And while I here am priestess of Diana, None, be he who he may, dare touch
your heads. But the incensed king, should I refuse Compliance with the rites himself
enjoin'd, Will choose another virgin from my train As my successor. Then, alas! with
nought, Save ardent wishes, can I succour you, Much honour'd countryman! The
humblest slave, Who had but near'd our sacred household hearth, Is dearly welcome
in a foreign land; How with proportion'd joy and blessing, then, Shall I receive the man
who doth recall The image of the heroes, whom I learn'd To honour from my parents,
and who cheers My inmost heart with flatt'ring gleams of hope!

ORESTES.

Does prudent forethought prompt thee to conceal Thy name and race? or may I hope
to know Who, like a heavenly vision, meets me thus?

IPHIGENIA.

Yes, thou shalt know me. Now conclude the tale Of which thy brother only told me
half: Relate their end, who coming home from Troy, On their own threshold met a
doom severe And most unlook'd for. I, though but a child When first conducted hither,
well recall The timid glance of wonder which I cast On those heroic forms. When they
went forth, it seem'd as though Olympus from her womb Had cast the heroes of a by-
gone world, To frighten Ilion; and, above them all, Great Agamemnon tower'd pre-
eminent! Oh tell me! Fell the hero in his home, Though Clytemnestra's and Ægisthus'
wiles?

ORESTES.

He fell!

[29]

IPHIGENIA.

Unblest Mycene! Thus the sons Of Tantalus, with barbarous hands, have sown
Curse upon curse; and, as the shaken weed Scatters around a thousand poison-seeds,
So they assassins ceaseless generate, Their children's children ruthless to destroy.— Now

tell the remnant of thy brother's tale,Which horror darkly hid from me before.How
did the last descendant of the race,—The gentle child, to whom the Gods assign'dThe
office of avenger,—how did heEscape that day of blood? Did equal fateAround
Orestes throw Avernus' net?Say, was he saved? and is he still alive?And lives Electra,
too?

ORESTES.

They both survive.

IPHIGENIA.

Golden Apollo, lend thy choicest beams!Lay them an offering at the throne of
Jove!For I am poor and dumb.

ORESTES.

If social bondsOr ties more close connect thee with this house,As this thy joy evinces,
rein thy heart;For insupportable the sudden plungeFrom happiness to sorrow's
gloomy depth.As yet thou only know'st the hero's death.

IPHIGENIA.

And is not this intelligence enough?

ORESTES.

Half of the horror yet remains untold.

IPHIGENIA.

Electra and Orestes both survive,What have I then to fear?

ORESTES.

And fear'st thou noughtFor Clytemnestra?

[30]

IPHIGENIA.

Her, nor hope nor fearHave power to save.

ORESTES.

She to the land of hopeHath bid farewell.

IPHIGENIA.

Did her repentant handShed her own blood?

ORESTES.

Not so; yet her own bloodInflicted death.

IPHIGENIA.

Speak less ambiguously. Uncertainty around my anxious head
Her dusky, thousand-folded, pinion waves.

ORESTES.

Have then the powers above selected me
To be the herald of a dreadful deed,
Which, in the drear and soundless realms of night,
I fain would hide for ever? 'Gainst my will
Thy gentle voice constrains me; it demands,
And shall receive, a tale of direst woe.
Electra, on the day when fell her sire,
Her brother from impending doom conceal'd;
Him Strophius, his father's relative,
With kindest care receiv'd, and rear'd the child
With his own son, named Pylades, who soon
Around the stranger twin'd the bonds of love.
And as they grew, within their inmost souls
There sprang the burning longing to revenge
The monarch's death. Unlook'd for, and disguis'd,
They reach Mycene, feigning to have brought
The mournful tidings of Orestes' death,
Together with his ashes. Then the queen
Gladly receives. Within the house they enter;
Orestes to Electra shows himself:
She fans the fires of vengeance into flame,
Which in the sacred presence of a mother
Had burn'd more dimly. Silently she leads
Her brother to the spot where fell their sire;

[31]

Where lurid blood-marks, on the oft-wash'd floor,
With pallid streaks, anticipate
revenge. With fiery eloquence she pictures forth
Each circumstance of that atrocious
deed,—Her own oppress'd and miserable life,
The prosperous traitor's insolent
demeanour, The perils threat'ning Agamemnon's race
From her who had become their
stepmother; Then in his hand the ancient dagger thrusts,
Which often in the house of
Tantalus With savage fury rag'd,—and by her sons
Clytemnestra slain.

IPHIGENIA.

Immortal powers! Whose pure and blest existence glides away'
Mid ever shifting clouds, me have ye kept
So many years secluded from the world, Retain'd me near
yourselves, consign'd to me The childlike task to feed the sacred fire,
And taught my spirit, like the hallow'd flame, With never-clouded brightness to aspire
To your pure mansions,—but at length to feel With keener woe the misery of my house?
Oh tell me of the poor unfortunate! Speak of Orestes!

ORESTES.

Would that he were dead!
Forth from his mother's blood her ghost arose,
And to the ancient daughters of the night
Cries,—“Let him not escape,—the matricide!
Pursue the victim, dedicate to you!”
They hear, and glare around with hollow eyes,
Like greedy eagles. In their murky dens
They stir themselves, and from the corners creep
Their comrades, dire Remorse and pallid Fear;
Before them fumes a mist of Acheron;
Perplexingly around the murderer's brow
The eternal contemplation of the past
Rolls in its cloudy circles. Once again
The grisly band, commissioned to destroy,
Pollute earth's beautiful and heaven-sown fields,

[32]

From which an ancient curse had banish'd them. Their rapid feet the fugitive
pursue; They only pause to start a wilder fear.

IPHIGENIA.

Unhappy one; thy lot resembles his, Thou feel'st what he, poor fugitive, must suffer.

ORESTES.

What say'st thou? why presume my fate like his?

IPHIGENIA.

A brother's murder weighs upon thy soul; Thy younger brother told the mournful tale.

ORESTES.

I cannot suffer that thy noble soul Should be deceiv'd by error. Rich in guile, And
practis'd in deceit, a stranger may A web of falsehood cunningly devise To snare a

stranger;—between us be truth.I am Orestes! and this guilty headls stooping to the tomb, and covets death;It will be welcome now in any shape.Whoe'er thou art, for thee and for my friendI wish deliverance;—I desire it not.Thou seem'st to linger here against thy will;Contrive some means of flight, and leave me here:My lifeless corpse hurl'd headlong from the rock,My blood shall mingle with the dashing waves,And bring a curse upon this barbarous shore!Return together home to lovely Greece,With joy a new existence to commence.

[ORESTES *retires*.

IPHIGENIA.

At length Fulfilment, fairest child of Jove,
Thou dost descend upon me from on high!
How vast thine image! scarce my straining eye
Can reach thy hands, which, fill'd with golden fruit
And wreaths of blessing, from Olympus' height
Shower treasures down. As by his bounteous gifts
We recognize the monarch (for what seems
To thousands opulence is nought to him),
So you, ye heavenly Powers, are also known
By bounty long withheld, and wisely plann'd.

[33]

Ye only know what things are good for us;Ye view the future's wide-extended realm;While from our eye a dim or starry veilThe prospect shrouds. Calmly ye hear our prayers,When we like children sue for greater speed.Not immature ye pluck heaven's golden fruit;And woe to him, who with impatient hand,His date of joy forestalling, gathers death.Let not this long-awaited happiness,Which yet my heart hath scarcely realiz'd,Like to the shadow of departed friends,Glide vainly by with triple sorrow fraught!

ORESTES, *returning*.

Dost thou for Pylades and for thyselImplore the gods, blend not my name with yours;Thou wilt not save the wretch whom thou wouldst join,But wilt participate his curse and woe.

IPHIGENIA.

My destiny is firmly bound to thine.

ORESTES.

No, say not so; alone and unattended
Let me descend to Hades. Though thou
shouldst
In thine own veil enwrap the guilty one.
Thou couldst not shroud him from
his wakeful foes;
And e'en thy sacred presence, heavenly maid,
Drives them aside, but
scares them not away.
With brazen impious feet they dare not tread
Within the
precincts of this sacred grove:
Yet in the distance, ever and anon,
I hear their horrid
laughter, like the howl
Of famish'd wolves, beneath the tree wherein
The traveller
hides. Without, encamp'd they lie,
And should I quit this consecrated grove,
Shaking
their serpent locks, they would arise,
And, raising clouds of dust on every
side,
Ceaseless pursue their miserable prey.

IPHIGENIA.

Orestes, canst thou hear a friendly word?

ORESTES.

Reserve it for one favour'd by the gods.

[34]

IPHIGENIA.

To thee they give anew the light of hope.

ORESTES.

Through clouds and smoke I see the feeble gleam
Of the death-stream which lights
me down to hell.

IPHIGENIA.

Hast thou one sister only, thy Electra?

ORESTES.

I knew but one: yet her kind destiny,
Which seem'd to us so terrible, betimes
Removed
an elder sister from the woe
That dogs the race of Pelops. Cease, oh cease
Thy
questions, maiden, nor thus league thyself
With the Eumenides, who blow away,
With
fiendish joy, the ashes from my soul,
Lest the last spark of horror's fiery brand
Should
be extinguish'd there. Must then the fire,
Deliberately kindl'd and supplied
With
hellish sulphur, never cease to sear
My tortur'd bosom?

IPHIGENIA.

In the flame I throw
Sweet incense. Let the gentle breath of love,
Low murmuring,
cool thy bosom's fiery glow.
Orestes, fondly lov'd,—canst thou not hear me?
Hath the
terrific Furies' grisly band
Completely dried the life-blood in thy veins?
Creeps there,
as from the Gorgon's direful head,
A petrifying charm through all thy limbs?
If hollow
voices, from a mother's blood,
Call thee to hell, may not a sister's word
With

benediction pure ascend to heaven, And summon thence some gracious power to aid thee?

ORESTES.

She calls! she calls!—Thou too desir'st my death? Is there a fury shrouded in thy form? Who art thou, that thy voice thus horribly can harrow up my bosom's inmost depths?

IPHIGENIA.

Thine inmost heart reveals it. I am she, Iphigenia,—look on me, Orestes!

[35]

ORESTES.

Thou!

IPHIGENIA.

My own brother!

ORESTES.

Hence, away, begone! Touch not these locks, I counsel thee; from me, as from Creusa's bridal robe, proceeds an unextinguishable fire. Depart! Like Hercules, an ignominious death, unworthy wretch, look'd in myself, I'll die.

IPHIGENIA.

Thou shalt not perish! Would that I might hear one quiet word from thee! dispel my doubts, make sure the bliss I have implor'd so long. A wheel of joy and sorrow in my heart ceaseless revolves. With shy reserve I turn from one unknown; but unto thee, my brother, my inmost heart resistlessly impels me.

ORESTES.

Is this Lyæus' temple? Doth the glow of holy rage unbridl'd thus possess the sacred priestess?

IPHIGENIA.

Hear me, oh, look up! See how my heart, which hath been clos'd so long, doth open to the bliss of seeing thee, the dearest treasure that the world contains,—of falling on thy neck, and folding thee within my longing arms, which have till now met the embraces of the empty wind. Do not repulse me,—the eternal spring, whose crystal waters from Parnassus flow, bounds not more gaily on from rock to rock, down to the golden vale, than from my heart the waters of affection freely gush, and round me form a circling sea of bliss. Orestes! Oh, my brother!

ORESTES.

Lovely nymph!
Nor thy caresses, nor thyself I trust;

[36]

Diana claims attendants more severe,
And doth avenge her desecrated fane.
Remove thy circling arm! and if thou wilt
Safety and love upon a youth bestow,
Unto my friend, more worthy than myself,
Impart thy gifts; among yon rocks he roves;
Go seek him, guide him hence, and heed not me.

IPHIGENIA.

Brother, command thyself, and better know
Thy new-found sister, nor misconstrue
thus Her pure and heav'nly joy. Ye Gods, remove
From his fix'd eye delusion, lest this
hour Of highest bliss should make us trebly wretched!
Oh she is here, thine own, thy long-lost sister,
Whom great Diana from the altar snatch'd,
And safely plac'd here in her sacred fane.
A captive thou, prepar'd for sacrifice,
And findest here a sister in the priestess.

ORESTES.

Accursed race! Now may the sun behold
Your final doom. Is not Electra here?
That she with us may perish, nor her life
For heavier doom and deeper woe reserve.
'Tis well,—I follow, priestess! Fratricide
Is an old custom of our ancient house;
And you, ye Gods, I thank, that ye resolve
Childless to root me hence. Thee let me counsel
To view too fondly neither sun nor stars.
Come follow to the gloomy realms below!
As dragons, gender'd in the sulphur pool,
Swallow each other with voracious rage,
So our accurs'd race destroys itself.
Childless and guiltless come below with me!
There's pity in thy look! oh, gaze not so,—
'Twas with such looks that Clytemnestra sought
An entrance to her son Orestes' heart,
And yet his uprais'd arm her bosom pierc'd.
His mother fell!—Appear, indignant shade!

Within the circle step, ye fiends of hell,
Be present at the welcome spectacle,
The last, most horrible, that ye prepare!

[37]

Nor hate, nor vengeance, whets the poignard now, A sister is constrain'd to deal the
blow. Weep not! Thy guiltless soul is free from crime. From earliest infancy I nought
have lov'd, As thee I could have lov'd, my sister. Come, The weapon raise, spare not,
this bosom rend, And make an outlet for its boiling streams!

(He sinks exhausted.)

IPHIGENIA.

Alone I cannot bear this bliss and woe. Where art thou, Pylades? Thine aid I need.

(Iphigenia retires.)

SCENE II.

ORESTES.

Recovering from his swoon and standing up.

Give yet another! reach from Lethe's stream
The last reviving draught of cool refreshment!
Soon shall its waters in my bosom still
Life's fitful fever; and my spirit then
Adown oblivion's stream shall glide to you,
Ye spirits, shrouded in eternal mist.
With tranquil pleasure in your deep repose
A weary son of earth may lave his soul!—
What whisp'ring sounds pervade the dreary grove?
What hollow murmurs haunt its twilight gloom?—
They gather round to view the stranger guest!
Who are yon troop in high communion met,
Like an assembl'd family of princes?
They mingle peacefully, of every age,
And either sex, yet are their godlike forms
Cast in a kindred mould. 'Tis they, 'tis they,
The fathers of my race! With Atreus,

In friendly converse glides Thyestes' shade,
And children playfully around them sport.
Is there no enmity among you now?
And is revenge extinguish'd with the sun?
I then am welcome, and may hope to join
Your solemn company. My fathers, hail!
Orestes, last descendant of your race,
Salutes you. What ye sow'd, that hath he reap'd

[38]

Laden with curses he descends to you. But burdens here are lighter far to
bear. Receive him, oh, receive him in your circle! Thee, Atreus, I revere, and thee,
Thyestes: Here all are free from enmity and hate.— Show me my father, whom I only
once in life beheld.— Art thou my father, thou, My mother leading thus
familiarly? Dares Clytemnestra reach her hand to thee; Then may Orestes also draw
near her, And say, behold thy son!— My ancestors, Behold your son, and bid him
welcome here, Among the sons of ancient Tantalus, A kind salute on earth was
murder's watchword, And all their joys commence beyond the grave. Ye welcome me!
Ye bid me join your circle! Oh, lead me to my honour'd ancestor! Where is the aged
hero? that I may Behold the dear, the venerable head, Of him, who with the gods in
council sat. You seem to shudder and to turn away? What may this mean? Suffers the
godlike man? Alas! the mighty gods, with ruthless hate, To his heroic breast, with
brazen chains, Have cruel pangs indissolubly bound.

SCENE III.
ORESTES. IPHIGENIA. PYLADES.

ORESTES.

How! are ye come already? Sister, welcome. Electra still is missing: some kind
god With gentle arrow send her quickly hither. Thee, my poor friend, I must
compassionate! Come with me, come to Pluto's gloomy throne. There to salute our
hosts like stranger guests.

IPHIGENIA.

Celestial pair, who from the realms above
By night and day shed down the beautiful light

To cheer mankind, but who may not illumine
Departed spirits, save a mortal pair!

[39]

A brother's and a sister's anguish pity! For thou, Diana, lov'st thy gentle
brother Beyond what earth and heaven can offer thee And dost, with quiet yearning,
ever turn Thy virgin face to his eternal light. Let not my only brother, found so
late, Rave in the darkness of insanity! And is thy will, when thou didst here conceal
me, At length fulfill'd,—would'st thou to me through him, To him through me, thy
gracious aid extend,—Oh, free him from the fetters of this curse, Lest vainly pass the
precious hours of safety.

PYLADES.

Dost thou not know us, and this sacred grove, And this blest light, which shines not on
the dead? Dost thou not feel thy sister and thy friend, Who hold thee living in their
firm embrace? Grasp us! we are not shadows. Mark my words! Collect thyself,—each
moment now is precious, And our return hangs on a slender thread, Which, as it
seems, some gracious fate doth spin.

ORESTES to IPHIGENIA.

My sister, let me for the first time taste,
With open heart, pure joy within thine arms!
Ye gods, who charge the heavy clouds with dread,
And sternly gracious send the long-sought rain
With thunder and the rush of mighty winds,
A horrid deluge on the trembling earth;
Yet dissipate at length man's dread suspense,
Exchanging timid wonder's anxious gaze
For grateful looks and joyous songs of praise,
When in each sparkling drop which gems the leaves,
Apollo, thousand-fold, reflects his beam,
And Iris colours with a magic hand
The dusky texture of the parting clouds;
Oh, let me also in my sister's arms,
And on the bosom of my friend, enjoy
With grateful thanks the bliss ye now bestow
My heart assures me that your curses cease.

The dread Eumenides at length retire,
The brazen gates of Tartarus I hear

[40]

Behind them closing with a thund'ring clang. A quick'ning odour from the earth
ascends, Inviting me to chase, upon its plains, The joys of life and deeds of high
emprise.

PYLADES.

Lose not the moments which are limited! The favouring gale, which swells our parting
sail, Must to Olympus waft our perfect joy. Quick counsel and resolve the time
demands.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

IPHIGENIA.

When the Powers on high decree
For a feeble child of earth
Dire perplexity and woe,
And his spirit doom to pass
With tumult wild from joy to grief,
And back again from grief to joy,
In fearful alternation;
They in mercy then provide,
In the precincts of his home,
Or upon the distant shore,
That to him may never fail
Ready help in hours of need,
A tranquil, faithful friend.
Oh, bless, ye heavenly powers, our Pylades,
And every project that his mind may form!
In combat his the vigorous arm of youth,

And in the counsel his the eye of age.
His soul is tranquil; in his inner mind
He guards a sacred, undisturb'd repose,
And from its silent depths a rich supply
Of aid and counsel draws for the distress'd.
He tore me from my brother, upon whom,
With fond amaze, I gaz'd and gaz'd again;
I could not realize my happiness,
Nor loose him from my arms, and heeded not
The danger's near approach that threatens us.
To execute their project of escape,

[41]

They hasten to the sea, where in a bay
Their comrades in the vessel lie conceal'd
And wait a signal. Me they have supplied
With artful answers, should the monarch send
To urge the sacrifice. Alas! I see I must consent to follow like a child.
I have not learn'd deception, nor the art
To gain with crafty wiles my purposes.
Detested falsehood! it doth not relieve
The breast like words of truth: it comforts not,
But is a torment in the forger's heart,
And, like an arrow which a god directs,
Flies back and wounds the archer. Through my heart
One fear doth chase another; perhaps with rage,
Again on the unconsecrated shore,
The Furies' grisly band my brother seize.
Perchance they are surpris'd? Methinks I hear
The tread of armed men. A messenger
Is coming from the king, with hasty steps.
How throbs my heart, how troubl'd is my soul
Now that I see the countenance of one,
Whom with a word untrue I must encounter!

SCENE II.
IPHIGENIA. ARKAS.

ARKAS.

Priestess, with speed conclude the sacrifice,
Impatiently the king and people wait.

IPHIGENIA.

I had perform'd my duty and thy will,
Had not an unforeseen impediment
The execution of my purpose thwarted.

ARKAS.

What is it that obstructs the king's commands?

IPHIGENIA.

Chance, which from mortals will not brook control.

ARKAS.

Possess me with the reason, that with speed I may inform the king, who hath decreed
The death of both.

[42]

IPHIGENIA.

The gods have not decreed it. The elder of these men doth bear the guilt
Of kindred murder; on his steps attend The dread Eumenides. They seiz'd their prey
Within the inner fane, polluting thus The holy sanctuary. I hasten now,
Together with my virgin-train, to bathe Diana's image in the sea, and there
With solemn rites its purity restore. Let none presume our silent march to follow!

ARKAS.

This hindrance to the monarch I'll announce: Do not commence the rite till he permit.

IPHIGENIA.

The priestess interferes alone in this.

ARKAS.

An incident so strange the king should know.

IPHIGENIA.

Here, nor his counsel nor command avails.

ARKAS.

Oft are the great consulted out of form.

IPHIGENIA.

Do not insist on what I must refuse.

ARKAS.

A needful and a just demand refuse not.

IPHIGENIA.

I yield, if thou delay not.

ARKAS.

I with speed Will bear these tidings to the camp, and soon Acquaint thee, priestess,
with the king's reply. There is a message I would gladly bear him: 'Twould quickly
banish all perplexity: Thou didst not heed thy faithful friend's advice.

IPHIGENIA.

I willingly have done whate'er I could.

ARKAS.

E'en now 'tis not too late to change thy mind.

IPHIGENIA.

To do so is, alas, beyond our power.

[43]

ARKAS.

What thou wouldst shun, thou deem'st impossible.

IPHIGENIA.

Thy wish doth make thee deem it possible.

ARKAS.

Wilt thou so calmly venture everything?

IPHIGENIA.

My fate I have committed to the gods.

ARKAS.

The gods are wont to save by human means.

IPHIGENIA.

By their appointment everything is done.

ARKAS.

Believe me, all doth now depend on thee. The irritated temper of the king
Alone condemns these men to bitter death. The soldiers from the cruel sacrifice
And bloody service long have been disused; Nay, many, whom their adverse fortunes cast
In foreign regions, there themselves have felt. How godlike to the exil'd wanderer
The friendly countenance of man appears. Do not deprive us of thy gentle aid!
With ease thou canst thy sacred task fulfil: For nowhere doth benignity, which comes
In human form from heaven, so quickly gain an empire o'er the heart, as where a race,
Gloomy and savage, full of life and power, without external guidance, and oppress'd
With vague forebodings, bear life's heavy load.

IPHIGENIA.

Shake not my spirit, which thou canst not bend according to thy will.

ARKAS.

While there is time, nor labour nor persuasion shall be spar'd.

IPHIGENIA.

Thy labour but occasions pain to me; Both are in vain; therefore, I pray, depart.

[44]

ARKAS.

I summon pain to aid me, 'tis a friend Who counsels wisely.

IPHIGENIA.

Though it shakes my soul, It doth not banish thence my strong repugnance.

ARKAS.

Can then a gentle soul repugnance feel For benefits bestow'd by one so noble?

IPHIGENIA.

Yes, when the donor, for those benefits, Instead of gratitude, demands myself.

ARKAS.

Who no affection feels doth never want Excuses. To the king I'll now relate All that has happen'd. Oh, that in thy soul Thou wouldst revolve his noble conduct, priestess, Since thy arrival to the present day!

SCENE III.

IPHIGENIA, *alone.*

These words at an unseasonable hour
Produce a strong revulsion in my breast;
I am alarm'd!—For as the rushing tide
In rapid currents eddies o'er the rocks
Which lie among the sand upon the shore;
E'en so a stream of joy o'erwhelm'd my soul.
I grasp'd what had appear'd impossible.
It was as though another gentle cloud
Around me lay, to raise me from the earth,
And rock my spirit in the same sweet sleep
Which the kind goddess shed around my brow,
What time her circling arm from danger snatch'd me.
My brother forcibly engross'd my heart;
I listen'd only to his friend's advice;
My soul rush'd eagerly to rescue them,

And as the mariner with joy surveys
The less'ning breakers of a desert isle,
So Tauris lay behind me. But the voice
Of faithful Arkas wakes me from my dream,

[45]

Reminding me that those whom I forsake
Are also men. Deceit doth now
become Doubly detested. O my soul, be still!
Beginn'st thou now to tremble and to
doubt? Thy lonely shelter on the firm-set earth
Must thou abandon? and, embark'd
once more, At random drift upon tumultuous waves,
A stranger to thyself and to the
world?

**SCENE IV.
IPHIGENIA. PYLADES.**

PYLADES.

Where is she? that my words with speed may tell
The joyful tidings of our near
escape!

IPHIGENIA.

Oppress'd with gloomy care, I much require
The certain comfort thou dost promise
me.

PYLADES.

Thy brother is restor'd! The rocky paths
Of this unconsecrated shore we trod
In friendly converse, while behind us lay,
Unmark'd by us, the consecrated grove;
And ever with increasing glory shone
The fire of youth around his noble brow.
Courage and hope his glowing eye inspir'd;
And his free heart exulted with the joy
Of saving thee, his sister, and his friend.

IPHIGENIA.

The gods shower blessings on thee, Pylades!
And from those lips which breathe such
welcome news, Be the sad note of anguish never heard!

PYLADES.

I bring yet more,—for Fortune, like a prince,
Comes not alone, but well accompanied.
Our friends and comrades we have also found.
Within a bay they had conceal'd the ship,

And mournful sat expectant. They beheld
Thy brother, and a joyous shout uprais'd,
Imploring him to haste the parting hour.
Each hand impatient long'd to grasp the oar,

[46]

While from the shore a gently murmuring breeze, Perceiv'd by all, unfurl'd its wing
auspicious. Let us then hasten; guide me to the fane, That I may tread the sanctuary,
and seize With sacred awe the object of our hopes. I can unaided on my shoulder
bear Diana's image: how I long to feel The precious burden!

[While speaking the last words, he approaches the Temple, without perceiving that he is not followed by Iphigenia: at length he turns round.]

Why thus ling'ring stand. Why art thou silent? wherefore thus confus'd? Doth some
new obstacle oppose our bliss? Inform me, hast thou to the king announc'd The
prudent message we agreed upon?

IPHIGENIA.

I have, dear Pylades; yet wilt thou chide. Thy very aspect is a mute reproach. The royal
messenger arriv'd, and I, According to thy counsel, fram'd my speech. He seem'd
surpris'd, and urgently besought, That to the monarch I should first announce The rite
unusual, and attend his will. I now await the messenger's return.

PYLADES.

Danger again doth hover o'er our heads! O priestess, why neglect to shroud
thyself Within the veil of sacerdotal rites?

IPHIGENIA.

I never have employ'd them as a veil.

PYLADES.

Pure soul! thy scruples will destroy alike Thyself and us. Why did I not foresee Such an
emergency, and tutor thee This counsel also wisely to elude?

IPHIGENIA.

Chide only me, for mine alone the blame. Yet other answer could I not return To him,
who strongly and with reason urg'd What my own heart acknowledg'd to be right.

[47]

PYLADES.

The danger thickens; but let us be firm, Nor with incautious haste betray ourselves; Calmly await the messenger's return, And then stand fast, whatever his reply: For the appointment of such sacred rites Doth to the priestess, not the king belong. Should he demand the stranger to behold Who is by madness heavily oppress'd, Evasively pretend, that in the fane, Securely guarded, thou retain'st us both. Thus you secure us time to fly with speed, Bearing the sacred treasure from this race, Unworthy its possession. Phœbus sends Auspicious omens, and fulfils his word, Ere we the first conditions have perform'd. Free is Orestes, from the curse absolv'd! Oh, with the freed one, to the rocky isle Where dwells the god, waft us, propitious gales! Thence to Mycene, that she may revive; That from the ashes of the extinguish'd hearth, The household gods may joyously arise, And beauteous fire illumine their abode! Thy hand from golden censers first shall strew The fragrant incense. O'er that threshold thou shalt life and blessing once again dispense, The curse atone, and all thy kindred grace With the fresh bloom of renovated life.

IPHIGENIA.

As doth the flower revolve to meet the sun, Once more my spirit to sweet comfort turns, Struck by thy words' invigorating ray. How dear the counsel of a present friend, Lacking whose godlike power, the lonely one In silence droops! for, lock'd within his breast, Slowly are ripen'd purpose and resolve, Which friendship's genial warmth had soon matur'd.

PYLADES.

Farewell! I haste to re-assure our friends,
Who anxiously await us: then with speed
I will return, and, hid within the brake,

[48]

Attend thy signal.—Wherefore, all at once, Doth anxious thought o'ercloud thy brow serene?

IPHIGENIA.

Forgive me! As light clouds athwart the sun, So cares and fears float darkling o'er my soul.

PYLADES.

Oh, banish fear! With danger it hath form'd A close alliance,—they are constant friends.

IPHIGENIA.

It is an honest scruple, which forbids
That I should cunningly deceive the king,
And plunder him who was my second sire.

PYLADES.

Him thou dost fly, who would have slain thy brother.

IPHIGENIA.

To me, at least, he hath been ever kind.

PYLADES.

What Fate commands is not ingratitude.

IPHIGENIA.

Alas! it still remains ingratitude;
Necessity alone can justify it.

PYLADES.

Thee, before gods and men it justifies.

IPHIGENIA.

But my own heart is still unsatisfied.

PYLADES.

Scruples too rigid are a cloak for pride.

IPHIGENIA.

I cannot argue, I can only feel.

PYLADES.

Conscious of right, thou shouldst respect thyself.

IPHIGENIA.

Then only doth the heart know perfect ease,
When not a stain pollutes it.

PYLADES.

In this fane
Pure hast thou kept thy heart. Life teaches us
To be less strict with others and ourselves;
Thou'lt learn the lesson too. So wonderful
Is human nature, and its varied ties
Are so involv'd and complicate, that none

[49]

May hope to keep his inmost spirit pure,
And walk without perplexity through life.
Nor are we call'd upon to judge ourselves;
With circumspection to pursue his path,
Is the

immediate duty of a man. For seldom can he rightly estimate, Or his past conduct or his present deeds.

IPHIGENIA.

Almost thou dost persuade me to consent.

PYLADES.

Needs there persuasion when no choice is granted? To save thyself, thy brother, and a friend, One path presents itself, and canst thou ask if we shall follow it?

IPHIGENIA.

Still let me pause, For such injustice thou couldst not thyself Calmly return for benefits receiv'd.

PYLADES.

If we should perish, bitter self-reproach, Forerunner of despair, will be thy portion. It seems thou art not used to suffer much, When, to escape so great calamity, Thou canst refuse to utter one false word.

IPHIGENIA.

Oh, that I bore within a manly heart! Which, when it hath conceiv'd a bold resolve, 'Gainst every other voice doth close itself.

PYLADES.

In vain thou dost refuse; with iron hand Necessity commands; her stern decrees law supreme, to which the gods themselves Must yield submission. In dread silence rules The uncounsell'd sister of eternal fate. What she appoints thee to endure,— endure; What to perform,— perform. The rest thou know'st. Ere long I will return, and then receive The seal of safety from thy sacred hand.

[50]

SCENE V.

IPHIGENIA, *alone.*

I must obey him, for I see my friends Beset with peril. Yet my own sad fate Doth with increasing anguish move my heart. May I no longer feed the silent hope Which in my solitude I fondly cherish'd? Shall the dire curse eternally endure? And shall our fated race ne'er rise again With blessings crown'd?—All mortal things decay! The noblest powers, the purest joys of life At length subside: then wherefore not the curse? And

have I vainly hop'd that, guarded here, Secluded from the fortunes of my race, I, with pure heart and hands, some future day Might cleanse the deep defilement of our house? Scarce was my brother in my circling arms From raging madness suddenly restor'd, Scarce had the ship, long pray'd for, near'd the strand, Once more to waft me to my native shores, When unrelenting fate, with iron hand, A double crime enjoins; commanding me To steal the image, sacred and rever'd, Confided to my care, and him deceive To whom I owe my life and destiny. Let not abhorrence spring within my heart! Nor the old Titan's hate, toward you, ye gods, Infix its vulture talons in my breast! Save me, and save your image in my soul! An ancient song comes back upon mine ear—I had forgotten it, and willingly—The Parcæ's song, which horribly they sang, What time, hurl'd headlong from his golden seat, Fell Tantalus. They with their noble friend Keen anguish suffer'd; savage was their breast And horrible their song. In days gone by, When we were children, oft our ancient nurse Would sing it to us, and I mark'd it well.

[51]

Oh, fear the immortals, Ye children of men! Eternal dominion They hold in their hands. And o'er their wide empire Wield absolute sway. Whom they have exalted Let him fear them most! Around golden tables, On cliffs and clouds resting The seats are prepar'd. If contest ariseth; The guests are hurl'd headlong, Disgrac'd and dishonour'd, And fetter'd in darkness, Await with vain longing, A juster decree. But in feasts everlasting, Around the gold tables Still dwell the immortals. From mountain to mountain They stride; while ascending From fathomless chasms, The breath of the Titans, Half stifl'd with anguish, Like volumes of incense Fumes up to the skies. From races ill-fated, Their aspect joy-bringing, Oft turn the celestials, And shun in the children To gaze on the features Once lov'd and still speaking Of their mighty sire. Thus sternly the Fates sang Immur'd in his dungeon. The banish'd one listens, The song of the Parcæ, His children's doom ponders, And boweth his head.

[52]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.
THOAS. ARKAS.

ARKAS.

I own I am perplex'd, and scarcely know 'Gainst whom to point the shaft of my suspicion, Whether the priestess aids the captives' flight, Or they themselves clandestinely contrive it. 'Tis rumour'd that the ship which brought them herels lurking somewhere in a bay conceal'd. This stranger's madness, these new lustral rites, The specious pretext for delay, excite Mistrust, and call aloud for vigilance.

THOAS.

Summon the priestess to attend me here! Then go with speed, and strictly search the shore, From yon projecting land to Dian's grove: Forbear to violate its sacred depths; A watchful ambush set, attack and seize, According to your wont, whome'er ye find.

[Arkas retires.]

SCENE II.

THOAS, alone.

Fierce anger rages in my riven breast,
First against her, whom I esteem'd so pure;
Then 'gainst myself, whose foolish lenity
Hath fashion'd her for treason. Man is soon
Inur'd to slavery, and quickly learns
Submission, when of freedom quite depriv'd.
If she had fallen in the savage hands
Of my rude sires, and had their holy rage
Forborne to slay her, grateful for her life,
She would have recogniz'd her destiny.
Have shed before the shrine the stranger's blood,
And duty nam'd what was necessity.
Now my forbearance in her breast allures
Audacious wishes. Vainly I had hop'd

To bind her to me; rather she contrives
To shape an independent destiny.
She won my heart through flattery; and now
That I oppose her, seeks to gain her ends
By fraud and cunning, and my kindness deems
A worthless and prescriptive property.

SCENE III.
IPHIGENIA. THOAS.

IPHIGENIA.

Me hast thou summon'd? wherefore art thou here?

THOAS.

Wherefore delay the sacrifice? inform me.

IPHIGENIA.

I have acquainted Arkas with the reasons.

THOAS.

From thee I wish to hear them more at large.

IPHIGENIA.

The goddess for reflection grants thee time.

THOAS.

To thee this time seems also opportune.

IPHIGENIA.

If to this cruel deed thy heart is steel'd,
Thou shouldst not come! A king who
meditates
A deed inhuman, may find slaves enow,
Willing for hire to bear one half the
curse,
And leave the monarch's presence undefil'd.
Enwrapt in gloomy clouds he
forges death,
Whose flaming arrow on his victim's head
His hirelings hurl; while he
above the storm
Remains untroubl'd, an impassive god.

THOAS.

A wild song, priestess, issued from thy lips.

IPHIGENIA.

No priestess, king! but Agamemnon's daughter;
While yet unknown, thou didst respect my words:
A princess now,—and think'st thou to command me
From youth I have been tutor'd to obey,
My parents first, and then the deity;

[54]

And thus obeying, ever hath my soul
Known sweetest freedom. But nor then nor
now
Have I been taught compliance with the voice
And savage mandates of a man.

THOAS.

Not I,
An ancient law doth claim obedience from thee.

IPHIGENIA.

Our passions eagerly catch hold of laws
Which they can wield as weapons. But to
me
Another law, one far more ancient, speaks,
And doth command me to withstand
thee, king!
That law declaring sacred every stranger.

THOAS.

These men, methinks, lie very near thy heart.
When sympathy with them can lead
thee thus
To violate discretion's primal law,
That those in power should never be
provok'd.

IPHIGENIA.

Speaking or silent, thou canst always know
What is, and ever must be, in my
heart.
Doth not remembrance of a common doom,
To soft compassion melt the
hardest heart?
How much more mine! in them I see myself.
I trembling kneel'd before
the altar once.
And solemnly the shade of early death
Environ'd me. Aloft the knife
was rais'd
To pierce my bosom, throbbing with warm life;
A dizzy horror overwhelm'd
my soul;
My eyes grew dim;—I found myself in safety.
Are we not bound to render the
distress'd
The gracious kindness from the gods receiv'd?
Thou know'st we are, and yet
wilt thou compel me?

THOAS.

Obey thine office, priestess, not the king.

IPHIGENIA.

Cease! nor thus seek to cloak the savage force
Which triumphs o'er a woman's feebleness.
Though woman, I am born as free as man.
Did Agamemnon's son before thee stand,
And thou requiredst what became him not,

[55]

His arm and trusty weapon would defend
His bosom's freedom. I have only words
But
it becomes a noble-minded man
To treat with due respect the words of woman.

THOAS.

I more respect them than a brother's sword.

IPHIGENIA.

Uncertain ever is the chance of arms,
No prudent warrior doth despise his foe;
Nor yet defenceless 'gainst severity
Hath nature left the weak; she gives him craft
And wily cunning: artful he delays,
Evades, eludes, and finally escapes.
Such arms are justified by violence.

THOAS.

But circumspection countervails deceit.

IPHIGENIA.

Which a pure spirit doth abhor to use.

THOAS.

Do not incautiously condemn thyself.

IPHIGENIA.

Oh, couldst thou see the struggle of my soul,
Courageously to ward the first attack
Of an unhappy doom, which threatens me!
Do I then stand before thee weaponless?
Prayer, lovely prayer, fair branch in woman's hand,
More potent far than instruments of war,
Thou dost thrust back. What now remains for me
Wherewith my inborn freedom to defend?
Must I implore a miracle from heaven?
Is there no power within my spirit's depths?

THOAS.

Extravagant thy interest in the fate
Of these two strangers. Tell me who they are,
For whom thy heart is thus so deeply mov'd.

IPHIGENIA.

They are—they seem at least—I think them Greeks.

THOAS.

Thy countrymen; no doubt they have renew'd
The pleasing picture of return.

[56]

IPHIGENIA, *after a pause.*

Doth man
Lay undisputed claim to noble deeds?
Doth he alone to his heroic breast
Clasp the impossible? What call we great?

What deeds, though oft narrated, still uplift
With shudd'ring horror the narrator's soul,
But those which, with improbable success,
The valiant have attempted? Shall the man
Who all alone steals on his foes by night,
And raging like an unexpected fire,
Destroys the slumbering host, and press'd at length
By rous'd opponents or his foemen's steeds,
Retreats with booty—be alone extoll'd?
Or he who, scorning safety, boldly roams
Through woods and dreary wilds, to scour the land
Of thieves and robbers? Is nought left for us?
Must gentle woman quite forego her nature,—
Force against force employ,—like Amazons,
Usurp the sword from man, and bloodily
Revenge oppression? In my heart I feel
The stirrings of a noble enterprize;
But if I fail—severe reproach, alas!
And bitter misery will be my doom.
Thus on my knees I supplicate the gods.
Oh, are ye truthful, as men say ye are,
Now prove it by your countenance and aid;
Honour the truth in me! Attend, O king!
A secret plot is laid; 'tis vain to ask
Touching the captives; they are gone, and seek
Their comrades who await them on the shore.
The eldest,—he whom madness lately seiz'd,
And who is now recover'd,—is Orestes,
My brother, and the other Pylades,
His early friend and faithful confidant.
From Delphi, Phœbus sent them to this shore
With a divine command to steal away
The image of Diana, and to him
Bear back the sister, promising for this
Redemption to the blood-stain'd matricide.
I have deliver'd now into thy hands

The remnants of the house of Tantalus. Destroy us—if thou canst.

THOAS.

And dost thou think
The savage Scythian will attend the voice
Of truth and of
humanity, unheard
By the Greek Atreus?

IPHIGENIA.

'Tis heard by all,
Whate'er may be their clime, within whose breast
Flows pure and
free the gushing stream of life.—What silent purpose broods within thy soul?
Is it
destruction? Let me perish first!
For now, deliv'rance hopeless, I perceive
The dreadful
peril into which I have
With rash precipitancy plung'd my friends.
Alas! I soon shall see
them bound before me!
How to my brother shall I say farewell?
I, the unhappy author
of his death.
Ne'er can I gaze again in his dear eyes!

THOAS.

The traitors have contriv'd a cunning web,
And cast it round thee, who, secluded
long,
Giv'st willing credence to thine own desires.

IPHIGENIA.

No, no! I'd pledge my life these men are true.
And shouldst thou find them otherwise, O king,
Then let them perish both, and cast me forth,
That on some rock-girt island's dreary shore
I may atone my folly. Are they true,
And is this man indeed my dear Orestes,
My brother, long implor'd,—release us both,
And o'er us stretch the kind protecting arm,
Which long hath shelter'd me. My noble sire
Fell through his consort's guilt,—she by her son;
On him alone the hope of Atreus' race
Doth now repose. Oh, with pure heart and hands
Let me depart to expiate our house.
Yes, thou wilt keep thy promise; thou didst swear,
That were a safe return provided me,
I should be free to go. The hour is come.

A king doth never grant like common men,Merely to gain a respite from petition;Nor promise what he hopes will ne'er be claim'd.Then first he feels his dignity completeWhen he can make the long-expecting happy.

THOAS.

As fire opposes water, and doth seekWith hissing rage to overcome its foe,So doth my anger strive against thy words.

IPHIGENIA.

Let mercy, like the consecrated flameOf silent sacrifice, encircl'd roundWith songs of gratitude, and joy, and praise,Above the tumult gently rise to heaven.

THOAS.

How often hath this voice assuag'd my soul!

IPHIGENIA.

Extend thy hand to me in sign of peace.

THOAS.

Large thy demand within so short a time.

IPHIGENIA.

Beneficence doth no reflection need.

THOAS.

'Tis needed oft, for evil springs from good.

IPHIGENIA.

'Tis doubt which good doth oft to evil turn.Consider not: act as thy feelings prompt thee.

SCENE IV.

ORESTES (armed). IPHIGENIA. THOAS.

ORESTES, addressing his followers.

Redouble your exertions! hold them back!Few moments will suffice; retain your ground,And keep a passage open to the shipFor me and for my sister.

To IPHIGENIA, without perceiving THOAS.

Come with speed!We are betray'd,—brief time remains for flight.

THOAS.

None in my presence with impunity
His naked weapon wears.

[59]

IPHIGENIA.

Do not profane Diana's sanctuary with rage and blood.
Command your people to forbear awhile,
And listen to the priestess, to the sister.

ORESTES.

Say, who is he that threatens us?

IPHIGENIA.

In him Revere the king, who was my second father.
Forgive me, brother, that my childlike heart
Hath plac'd our fate thus wholly in his hands.
I have betray'd your meditated flight,
And thus from treachery redeem'd my soul.

ORESTES.

Will he permit our peaceable return?

IPHIGENIA.

Thy gleaming sword forbids me to reply.

ORESTES, *sheathing his sword.*

Then speak! thou seest I listen to thy words.

SCENE V.

ORESTES. IPHIGENIA. THOAS.

Enter PYLADES, soon after him ARKAS, both with drawn swords.

PYLADES.

Do not delay! our friends are putting forth
Their final strength, and yielding step by step,
Are slowly driven backward to the sea.—A conference of princes find I here?
Is this the sacred person of the king?

ARKAS.

Calmly, as doth become thee, thou dost stand,
O king, surrounded by thine enemies.
Soon their temerity shall be chastis'd;
Their yielding followers fly.—their ship is ours.
Speak but the word, and it is wrapt in flames.

[60]

THOAS.

Go, and command my people to forbear! Let none annoy the foe while we confer. (*Arkas retires.*)

ORESTES.

I willingly consent. Go, Pylades! Collect the remnant of our friends, and wait the appointed issue of our enterprize.

(*Pylades retires.*)

**SCENE VI.
IPHIGENIA. THOAS. ORESTES.**

IPHIGENIA.

Believe my cares ere ye begin to speak. I fear contention, if thou wilt not hear the voice of equity, O king,—if thou wilt not, my brother, curb thy headstrong youth.

THOAS.

I, as becomes the elder, check my rage. Now answer me: how dost thou prove thyself the priestess' brother, Agamemnon's son?

ORESTES.

Behold the sword with which the hero slew the valiant Trojans. From his murderer I took the weapon, and implor'd the Gods to grant me Agamemnon's mighty arm, success, and valour, with a death more noble. Select one of the leaders of thy host, and place the best as my opponent here. Where'er on earth the sons of heroes dwell, this boon is to the stranger ne'er refus'd.

THOAS.

This privilege hath ancient custom here to strangers ne'er accorded.

ORESTES.

Then from us
Commence the novel custom! A whole race
In imitation soon will consecrate
Its monarch's noble action into law.
Nor let me only for our liberty,—
Let me, a stranger, for all strangers fight.

If I should fall, my doom be also theirs;But if kind fortune crown me with success,Let none e'er tread this shore, and fail to meetThe beaming eye of sympathy and love,Or unconsol'd depart!

THOAS.

Thou dost not seemUnworthy of thy boasted ancestry.Great is the number of the valiant menWho wait upon me; but I will myself,Although advanc'd in years, oppose the foe,And am prepar'd to try the chance of arms.

IPHIGENIA.

No, no! such bloody proofs are not requir'd.Unhand thy weapon, king! my lot consider;Rash combat oft immortalizes man;If he should fall, he is renown'd in song;But after ages reckon not the tearsWhich ceaseless the forsaken woman sheds;And poets tell not of the thousand nightsConsum'd in weeping, and the dreary days,Wherein her anguish't soul, a prey to grief,Doth vainly yearn to call her lov'd one back.Fear warn'd me to beware lest robber's wilesMight lure me from this sanctuary, and thenBetray me into bondage. AnxiouslyI question'd them, each circumstance explor'd,Demanded signs, and now my heart's assur'd.See here, the mark as of three stars impress'dOn his right hand, which on his natal dayWere by the priest declar'd to indicateSome dreadful deed by him to be perform'd.And then this scar, which doth his eyebrow cleave,Redoubles my conviction. When a child,Electra, rash and inconsiderate,Such was her nature, loos'd him from her arms.He fell against a tripos. Oh, 'tis he!—Shall I adduce the likeness to his sire,Or the deep rapture of my inmost heart,In further token of assurance, king?

[62]

THOAS.

E'en though thy words had banish'd every doubt,And I had curb'd the anger in my breast,Still must our arms decide. I see no peace.Their purpose, as thou didst thyself confess,Was to deprive me of Diana's image.And think ye that I'll look contented on?The Greeks are wont to cast a longing eyeUpon the treasures of barbarians,A golden fleece, good steeds, or daughters fair;But force and guile not always have avail'dTo lead them, with their booty, safely home.

ORESTES.

The image shall not be a cause of strife!
We now perceive the error which the God,
Our journey here commanding, like a veil,
Threw o'er our minds. His counsel I implor'd,

To free me from the Furies' grisly band.
He answer'd, "Back to Greece the sister bring,
Who in the sanctuary on Tauris' shore
Unwillingly abides; so ends the curse!"
To Phœbus' sister we applied the words,
And he referr'd to thee! The bonds severe,
Which held thee from us, holy one, are rent,
And thou art ours once more. At thy blest touch,
I felt myself restor'd. Within thine arms,
Madness once more around me coil'd its folds,
Crushing the marrow in my frame, and then
For ever, like a serpent, fled to hell.
Through thee, the daylight gladdens me anew.
The counsel of the Goddess now shines forth
In all its beauty and beneficence.
Like to a sacred image, unto which
An oracle immutably hath bound
A city's welfare, thee Diana took,
Protectress of our house, and guarded here
Within this holy stillness, to become
A blessing to thy brother and thy race.
Now when each passage to escape seems clos'd,
And safety hopeless, thou dost give us all.

[63]

O king, incline thine heart to thoughts of peace! Let her fulfil her mission, and complete the consecration of our father's house. Me to their purified abode restore, and place upon my brow the ancient crown! Requite the blessing which her presence brought thee, and let me now my nearer right enjoy! Cunning and force, the proudest boast of man, fade in the lustre of her perfect truth; nor unrequited will a noble mind leave confidence, so childlike and so pure.

IPHIGENIA.

Think on thy promise; let thy heart be mov'd by what a true and honest tongue hath spoken! Look on us, king! an opportunity for such a noble deed not oft occurs. Refuse thou canst not,—give thy quick consent.

THOAS.

Then go!

IPHIGENIA.

Not so, my king! I cannot part
Without thy blessing, or in anger from thee.
Banish us not! the sacred right of guests
Still let us claim: so not eternally
Shall we be sever'd. Honour'd and belov'd
As mine own father was, art thou by me:
And this impression in my soul remains.
Should e'en the meanest peasant of thy land
Bring to my ear the tones I heard from thee
Or should I on the humblest see thy garb,
I will with joy receive him as a god,
Prepare his couch myself, beside our hearth
Invite him to a seat, and only ask
Touching thy fate and thee. Oh, may the gods
To thee the merited reward impart
Of all thy kindness and benignity!
Farewell! Oh, do not turn away, but give
One kindly word of parting in return!
So shall the wind more gently swell our sails,

[64]

And from our eyes with soften'd anguish flow
The tears of separation. Fare thee
well!
And graciously extend to me thy hand,
In pledge of ancient friendship.

THOAS, *extending his hand.*

Fare thee well!

Not only in the saving of time, but also for all purposes of careful study, the superiority is readily apparent of the

Interlinear Translations

over other translations. For the self-teaching student and also for the hard-pressed teacher they make possible as well as convenient and easy, a correct solution of idioms, a quick insight into the sense, a facile and lucid re-arrangement of the context in the English order, and a practical comparison of both the similarities and the contrasts of construction. See other pages for the several titles and the prices, also for list of

Literal Translations,

Dictionaries, and other Specialties for teachers and students.

HANDY LITERAL TRANSLATIONS.

"To one who is reading the Classics, a literal translation is a convenient and legitimate help; and every well-informed person will read the Classics either in the original or in a translation."

Fifty-five volumes are now ready in this popular series, uniform in style and price. *For advertisement of new series of Interlinear Translations see end of this volume.*

Cæsar's Gallic War. *The 7 Books.*

Demosthenes On the Crown.

Cicero's Defence of Roscius.

Demosthenes' Olynthiacs and Philippics.

Cicero On Old Age and Friendship.

Euripides' Alcestis, and Electra.

Cicero On Oratory.

Euripides' Iphigenia In Aulis, In Tauris.

Cicero On the Nature of the Gods.

Euripides' Medea.

Cicero's Orations. <i>The Four vs. Catiline; and others.</i>	Herodotus, Books VI and VII.
Cicero's Select Letters.	Homer's Iliad, <i>the 1st Six Books.</i>
Cornelius Nepos, <i>complete.</i>	Homer's Odyssey, <i>1st 12 Books.</i>
Horace, <i>complete.</i>	Lysias' Orations.
Juvenal's Satires, <i>complete.</i>	Plato's Apology, Crito and Phaedo.
Livy, Books I and II.	Plato's Gorgias.
Livy, Books XXI and XXII.	Sophocles' Œdipus Tyrannus, Electra, and Antigone.
Ovid's Metamorphoses, Books I-VII.	Thucydides, Books I-IV.
Ovid's Metamorphoses, Books VIII-XV.	Thucydides, Books V-VIII.
Plautus' Captivi, and Mostellaria.	Xenophon's Anabasis, <i>1st 4 Books.</i>
Plautus' Trinummus and Menæchmi.	Xenophon's Hellenica and Symposium (The Banquet).
Pliny's Select Letters, <i>complete in 2 volumes.</i>	Xenophon's Memorabilia, <i>complete.</i>
Quintilian, Books X and XII.	Goethe's Egmont.
Sallust's Catiline, and The Jugurthine War.	Goethe's Faust.
Tacitus' Annals, <i>1st Six Books</i>	Goethe's Iphigenia In Tauris.
Tacitus' Germany and Agricola.	Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea.
Terence: Andria, Adelphi, and Phormio.	Lessing's Minna von Barnhelm.
Virgil's Æneid, <i>the 1st Six Books.</i>	Lessing's Nathan the Wise.
Virgil's Eclogues and Georgics.	Schiller's Maid of Orleans.
Æschylus' Prometheus Bound, and Seven Against Thebes.	Schiller's Maria Stuart.
Aristophanes' Clouds.	Schiller's William Tell.
Aristophanes' Birds, and Frogs.	Feuillet's Romance of a Poor Young Man.

Others to follow

WE ARE ACTING

As the Agents of numerous Educational Institutions, large and small, throughout the country, for the purchase and forwarding of all Text-books used therein. Our exceptional facilities enable us to attend to this line of business with the utmost promptness, and we save our customers the delay and uncertainty of correspondence and dealings with numerous publishers, express companies, etc.

We can present no better testimony as to the success of our efforts in this direction, than the cordial approval of our old patrons, who are constantly sending us new customers.

We have purchased the stock and good will of the New York School Book Clearing House, which firm retires from business.

ARTHUR HINDS & CO.,
4 Cooper Institute, — New York City.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project

Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent

to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."

- • You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- • You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- • You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain "Defects," such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second

opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.