

Summon Demetrius—and that slave of hers,
 Eurotedas—both shall be tortur'd, even
 To the death, till all is told. And then for her!
 Oh God! shall I destroy those matchless charms?
 Quench in the darkness of eternal night,
 The lambent glories of those radiant eyes?
 Crush from that bounding heart its life and joy,
 And give that perfect form to the cold grave,
 Now in its morning hour, when hope is young,
 And the glad soul is bound by tend'rest ties
 To earthly loves? Aye, yes! but not to mine—
 Then she *shall* die!—but no—and yet—

SALOME.

Nay, brother, cease!

This is the very lunacy of love,
 To mutter thus, and start, and cry aloud,
 And cling to one who spurns thee from her heart,
 As though thy very life was bound in hers,
 And the same stroke which bade her pulses cease,
 Should stop thy flutt'ring breath. Is she not false?
 The blood of Joseph was unjustly shed,
 If she be true.

HEROD.

Peace! peace, I shall go mad!

Haste, send Demetrius hither—yet not here—
 I must go forth—I pant for air, and room.
 In yon broad walk, beneath those gloomy firs,
 I shall be found—and there I'll question him.
 (*He rushes through an open door into the garden.*)

SALOME, (*looking after him with a smile.*)

Poor fool! I'd lend thee pity if I could,
 But 'twould avail thee nought. She surely dies!
 A sweet revenge for all her biting words,
 And the proud boasts, with which she raised herself
 O'er those of humbler birth. She's wrought her
 fate

By her own haughtiness. Her mother, too,
 The scornful Alexandra—she must die!
 But more of her anon—I must away,
 And school Demetrius how to play his part.

(*Exit Salome.*)

SCENE.—*An outer court of the palace. Publius,
 a Roman, and Zoilus, an officer of Herod's guard.*

ZOILUS.

Nobly she died!

Without a struggling sigh, a changing cheek,
 Or any sign of woman's weakness shewn,
 Or mortal's fear. But for the tear, that dimm'd
 Her glorious eye, and, like a diamond, gemm'd
 Its long dark lash, as calm she turn'd, and look'd
 Her last sad look upon the gather'd crowd—
 One might have thought, no earthly passion mov'd
 Her tranquil soul. But when the fatal axe

Sever'd that beauteous head, a shout went up,
 A bursting shout, that seem'd to rend the heavens,
 And then the multitude, as with one voice,
 Cried, "Shame to Herod!" and, with sudden rush,
 Press'd toward the palace, with intent, it seem'd,
 To raze it to the ground. Scarce with their swords,
 The soldiers kept them back, and still'd the strife,
 So mov'd were they by Marianne's charms,
 So melted by her fate.

PUBLIUS.

I marvel not!

'Twould move the stones to tears, and casts a stain,
 Time will not wash away, on Herod's name.
 Were my old master, Antony, alive,
 He would come on with all his myrmidons,
 To strike a blow for Marianne's fame,
 And teach thy plebeian king, not with light cause,
 To spill illustrious blood.

ZOILUS.

He has been smitten by a stronger hand
 Than even Antony's—by that of heaven.
 Madness is on him—for the love he bore
 His beauteous queen, pass'd sober reason's bound,
 And when impell'd by jealousy, maddened
 By her deep scorn, he doomed her to the axe,
 Repentance came with satisfied revenge,
 And craz'd his brain. They strive to hide his state,
 And have convey'd him to some distant spot,
 To hunt, 'tis said—but rumour bruits abroad
 Tales of his frenzied acts, and wild despair,
 Which win a touch of pity from the hearts,
 That censure most his cruelty and crime.

PUBLIUS.

May the gods aid him!

Yet for sin like his, I doubt me if they do.
 I once beheld thy fair and perish'd queen—
 And he who should have cherish'd this bright flow'r,
 Must be a wretch, that, in a fit of rage,
 Could crop it from its stalk—and well deserves
 The sorest penalty that may befall.
 Farewell! I must begone. The wind blows fresh—
 And if a favouring gale, we sail this eve—
 Bound hence for Crete. (*Exeunt*)

Montreal, February, 1839.

IGNORANCE.

It is impossible to make people understand their
 ignorance; for it requires knowledge to perceive it,
 and, therefore, he that can perceive it, hath it not.—
Bishop Taylor.

JUSTICE.

A just man hateth the evil, but not the evil-doer.
 —*Sir P. Sidney.*