

ed away only by blood; and after declaring his purpose to await his destiny alone at the foot of his father's statue, he yields to the entreaties of his friends, and consents to stand or fall with them. For this night he returns to the home where he had been most happy, and takes a last farewell of the familiar objects which old custom had made dear to him, and endeavours to soothe his wife. When morning dawns, in spite of her passionate entreaties, he joins his followers on Mount Aventine. The senate proclaims a pardon to all who will abandon his cause; he is deserted, surrounded, beaten, and proposes to offer himself up singly as the victim. This his friends prevent; the battle is renewed almost without hope; and Gracchus makes his way into the temple of Diana, where Cornelia, his wife, and child, have taken refuge, and, after embracing them, stabs himself with a dagger, contriving his death so as to avoid shewing the weapon, and falls with the name of Rome on his dying lips. This scene is short and hurried, but intensely pathetic; the request of Caius to his mother, that she will make his child con over the lessons she taught him, and none else, finely combines a world of tender recollection with a father's hope; and the manner of his death is more decorous, more delicately conceived and executed, than any violent death we remember to have seen represented in the presence of the spectators.

Of the characters, Cordelia is by far the most noble. There is more intermixture of human weakness with her strength than we usually attribute to the most heroic of Roman ladies; yet fortitude is not apathy, nor is magnanimity best shewn by suppressing all vestiges of the struggle by which the mind has attained its majestic composure. Her griefs are solemn; her prophetic forebodings, while they give a mournful tinge to the earlier parts of her son's career, do not lead her to desire that he should pause, until indignation against the hollow-hearted people interposes; and her maternal love and pride, so soon to be bereft of all but recollection, awaken a revering pity for one who would disdain to appeal to ordinary sympathies. We cannot look at the part without thinking of Mrs. Siddons; fancying we see her grandest action, and drink in her mellowest tones. Gracchus is not so individualized; but he is vividly drawn, impetuous, eloquent, and generous, and all he says and does breathes of present life. Licinia, his wife, is too mere a wife for the mate of such a spirit; her love, though not sensual, is selfish; and it is scarcely credible that a Roman lady would desire her husband to read to her all day, or that he could or would if she did.—The commons are not, we suspect, much like the old citizens of Rome; and their introduction in tragedy is always dangerous, because it vulgarizes the play to the galleries. As soon as these rude plebeians appear, the spell is broken; the idea of illusion and antiquity is gone; and those who have gazed in happy wonder at the gorgeous spectacle, feel at once that the temples are but canvass, and “the men and women merely players.” Mr. Kemble, indeed, could sustain tragedy in spite of a present mob; but Mr. Macready has too much of the stuff which is common to all humanity so to stem the tide. The nobility of his mind is not so externally marked.

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