Copyrighted Material

JEAN RACINE

PHAEDRA

Publishers of the Valley

Copyrighted Material

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Phaedra

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.

Title: Phaedra

Author: Jean Racine

Translator: Robert Bruce Boswell

Release date: November 1, 1999 [eBook #1977]
Most recently updated: February 7, 2013

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/1977

Credits: Produced by Dagny, John Bickers, and David Widger

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PHAEDRA ***

PHAEDRA

By Jean Baptiste Racine

Translated by Robert Bruce Boswell

Contents

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

PHAEDRA

ACT I

ACT II

ACT III

ACT IV

ACT V

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

JEAN BAPTISTE RACINE, the younger contemporary of Corneille, and his rival for supremacy in French classical tragedy, was born at Ferte-Milon, December 21, 1639. He was educated at the College of Beauvais, at the great Jansenist school at Port Royal, and at the College d'Harcourt. He attracted notice by an ode written for the marriage of Louis XIV in 1660, and made his first really great dramatic success with his "Andromaque." His tragic masterpieces include "Britannicus," "Berenice," "Bajazet," "Mithridate," "Iphigenie," and "Phaedre," all written between 1669 and 1677. Then for some

years he gave up dramatic composition, disgusted by the intrigues of enemies who sought to injure his career by exalting above him an unworthy rival. In 1689 he resumed his work under the persuasion of Mme. de Maintenon, and produced "Esther" and "Athalie," the latter ranking among his finest productions, although it did not receive public recognition until some time after his death in 1699. Besides his tragedies, Racine wrote one comedy, "Les Plaideurs," four hymns of great beauty, and a history of Port Royal.

The external conventions of classical tragedy which had been established by Corneille, Racine did not attempt to modify. His study of the Greek tragedians and his own taste led him to submit willingly to the rigor and simplicity of form which were the fundamental marks of the classical ideal. It was in his treatment of character that he differed most from his predecessor; for whereas, as we have seen, Corneille represented his leading figures as heroically subduing passion by force of will, Racine represents his as driven by almost uncontrollable passion. Thus his creations appeal to the modern reader as more warmly human; their speech, if less exalted, is simpler and more natural; and he succeeds more brilliantly with his portraits of women than with those of men.

All these characteristics are exemplified in "Phaedre," the tragedy of Racine which has made an appeal to the widest audience. To the legend as treated by Euripides, Racine added the love of Hippolytus for Aricia, and thus supplied a motive for Phaedra's jealousy, and at the same time he made the nurse instead of Phaedra the calumniator of his son to Theseus.

PHAEDRA

CHARACTERS

THESEUS, son of Aegeus and King of Athens.
PHAEDRA, wife of Theseus and Daughter of Minc
HIPPOLYTUS, son of Theseus and Antiope, Queer
ARICIA, Princess of the Blood Royal of Athens
OENONE, nurse of Phaedra.
THERAMENES, tutor of Hippolytus.
ISMENE, bosom friend of Aricia.
PANOPE, waiting-woman of Phaedra.
GUARDS.

The scene is laid at Troezen, a town of the Peloponnesus.

ACT I

SCENE I
HIPPOLYTUS, THERAMENES

HIPPOLYTUS
My mind is settled, dear Theramenes,
And I can stay no more in lovely Troezer

In doubt that racks my soul with mortal
I grow ashamed of such long idleness.
Six months and more my father has been g
And what may have befallen one so dear
I know not, nor what corner of the earth
Hides him.

THERAMENES
And where, prince, will you look for him
Already, to content your just alarm,
Have I not cross'd the seas on either si
Of Corinth, ask'd if aught were known of
Where Acheron is lost among the Shades,
Visited Elis, doubled Toenarus,
And sail'd into the sea that saw the fal
Of Icarus? Inspired with what new hope,
Under what favour'd skies think you to t
His footsteps? Who knows if the King, yo
Wishes the secret of his absence known?
Perchance, while we are trembling for hi
The hero calmly plots some fresh intrigu
And only waits till the deluded fair—

HIPPOLYTUS
Cease, dear Theramenes, respect the name
Of Theseus. Youthful errors have been le
Behind, and no unworthy obstacle
Detains him. Phaedra long has fix'd a he
Inconstant once, nor need she fear a riv
In seeking him I shall but do my duty,
And leave a place I dare no longer see.

THERAMENES
Indeed! When, prince, did you begin to c
These peaceful haunts, so dear to happy
Where I have seen you oft prefer to stay
Rather than meet the tumult and the pomp
Of Athens and the court? What danger shu
Or shall I say what grief?

HIPPOLYTUS
That happy time
Is gone, and all is changed, since to th
The gods sent Phaedra.

THERAMENES
I perceive the cause
Of your distress. It is the queen whose
Offends you. With a step-dame's spite sh
Your exile soon as she set eyes on you.
But if her hatred is not wholly vanish'd
It has at least taken a milder aspect.
Besides, what danger can a dying woman,
One too who longs for death, bring on yo
Can Phaedra, sick'ning of a dire disease
Of which she will not speak, weary of li
And of herself, form any plots against y

HIPPOLYTUS
It is not her vain enmity I fear,
Another foe alarms Hippolytus.
I fly, it must be own'd, from young Aric
The sole survivor of an impious race.

THERAMENES
What! You become her persecutor too!
The gentle sister of the cruel sons
Of Pallas shared not in their perfidy;
Why should you hate such charming innoce

HIPPOLYTUS
I should not need to fly, if it were hat

THERAMENES
May I, then, learn the meaning of your f
Is this the proud Hippolytus I see,
Than whom there breathed no fiercer foe
And to that yoke which Theseus has so of
Endured? And can it be that Venus, scorn
So long, will justify your sire at last?

Has she, then, setting you with other mo
Forced e'en Hippolytus to offer incense
Before her? Can you love?

HIPPOLYTUS
Friend, ask me not.
You, who have known my heart from infanc
And all its feelings of disdainful pride
Spare me the shame of disavowing all
That I profess'd. Born of an Amazon,
The wildness that you wonder at I suck'd
With mother's milk. When come to riper a
Reason approved what Nature had implante
Sincerely bound to me by zealous service
You told me then the story of my sire,
And know how oft, attentive to your voic
I kindled when I heard his noble acts,
As you described him bringing consolatio
To mortals for the absence of Alcides,
The highways clear'd of monsters and of
Procrustes, Cercyon, Sciro, Sinnis slain
The Epidaurian giant's bones dispersed,
Crete reeking with the blood of Minotaur
But when you told me of less glorious de
Troth plighted here and there and everyw
Young Helen stolen from her home at Spar
And Periboea's tears in Salamis,
With many another trusting heart deceive
Whose very names have 'scaped his memory
Forsaken Ariadne to the rocks
Complaining, last this Phaedra, bound to
By better ties,—you know with what regre
I heard and urged you to cut short the t
Happy had I been able to erase
From my remembrance that unworthy part
Of such a splendid record. I, in turn,
Am I too made the slave of love, and bro
To stoop so low? The more contemptible
That no renown is mine such as exalts
The name of Theseus, that no monsters qu

Have given me a right to share his weakr
And if my pride of heart must needs be h
Aricia should have been the last to tame
Was I beside myself to have forgotten
Eternal barriers of separation
Between us? By my father's stern commanc
Her brethren's blood must ne'er be reini
By sons of hers; he dreads a single shoc
From stock so guilty, and would fain wit
Bury their name, that, even to the tomb
Content to be his ward, for her no torch
Of Hymen may be lit. Shall I espouse
Her rights against my sire, rashly provc
His wrath, and launch upon a mad career-

THERAMENES
The gods, dear prince, if once your hour
Care little for the reasons that should
Wishing to shut your eyes, Theseus unsea
His hatred, stirring a rebellious flame
Within you, lends his enemy new charms.
And, after all, why should a guiltless p
Alarm you? Dare you not essay its sweetr
But follow rather a fastidious scruple?
Fear you to stray where Hercules has war
What heart so stout that Venus has not v
Where would you be yourself, so long her
Had your own mother, constant in her scc
Of love, ne'er glowed with tenderness fc
What boots it to affect a pride you feel
Confess it, all is changed; for some tim
You have been seldom seen with wild deli
Urging the rapid car along the strand,
Or, skilful in the art that Neptune taug
Making th' unbroken steed obey the bit;
Less often have the woods return'd our s
A secret burden on your spirits cast
Has dimm'd your eye. How can I doubt you
Vainly would you conceal the fatal wounc
Has not the fair Aricia touch'd your hea

HIPPOLYTUS
Theramenes, I go to find my father.

THERAMENES
Will you not see the queen before you st
My prince?

HIPPOLYTUS
That is my purpose: you can tell her.
Yes, I will see her; duty bids me do it.
But what new ill vexes her dear Oenone?

SCENE II
HIPPOLYTUS, OENONE, THERAMENES

OENONE
Alas, my lord, what grief was e'er like
The queen has almost touch'd the gates c
Vainly close watch I keep by day and nig
E'en in my arms a secret malady
Slays her, and all her senses are disorc
Weary yet restless from her couch she ri
Pants for the outer air, but bids me see
That no one on her misery intrudes.
She comes.

HIPPOLYTUS
Enough. She shall not be disturb'd,
Nor be confronted with a face she hates.

SCENE III
PHAEDRA, OENONE

PHAEDRA
We have gone far enough. Stay, dear Oenc
Strength fails me, and I needs must rest

My eyes are dazzled with this glaring li
So long unseen, my trembling knees refus
Support. Ah me!

OENONE
Would Heaven that our tears
Might bring relief!

PHAEDRA
Ah, how these cumbrous gauds,
These veils oppress me! What officious h
Has tied these knots, and gather'd o'er
These clustering coils? How all conspire
To my distress!

OENONE
What is one moment wish'd,
The next, is irksome. Did you not just r
Sick of inaction, bid us deck you out,
And, with your former energy recall'd,
Desire to go abroad, and see the light
Of day once more? You see it, and would
Be hidden from the sunshine that you sou

PHAEDRA
Thou glorious author of a hapless race,
Whose daughter 'twas my mother's boast t
Who well may'st blush to see me in such
For the last time I come to look on thee
O Sun!

OENONE
What! Still are you in love with death?
Shall I ne'er see you, reconciled to lif
Forego these cruel accents of despair?

PHAEDRA
Would I were seated in the forest's shad
When may I follow with delighted eye,
Thro' glorious dust flying in full caree

A chariot—

OENONE
Madam?

PHAEDRA
Have I lost my senses?
What said I? and where am I? Whither str
Vain wishes? Ah! The gods have made me n
I blush, Oenone, and confusion covers
My face, for I have let you see too clea
The shame of grief that, in my own despi
O'erflows these eyes of mine.

OENONE
If you must blush,
Blush at a silence that inflames your wo
Resisting all my care, deaf to my voice,
Will you have no compassion on yourself,
But let your life be ended in mid course
What evil spell has drain'd its fountain
Thrice have the shades of night obscured
Since sleep has enter'd thro' your eyes,
The dawn has chased the darkness thence,
Pass'd your wan lips, and you are faint
To what dread purpose is your heart incl
How dare you make attempts upon your lif
And so offend the gods who gave it you,
Prove false to Theseus and your marriage
Ay, and betray your most unhappy childre
Bending their necks yourself beneath the
That day, be sure, which robs them of th
Will give high hopes back to the strange
To that proud enemy of you and yours,
To whom an Amazon gave birth, I mean
Hippolytus—

PHAEDRA
Ye gods!

OENONE
Ah, this reproach
Moves you!

PHAEDRA
Unhappy woman, to what name
Gave your mouth utterance?

OENONE
Your wrath is just.
'Tis well that that ill-omen'd name can
Such rage. Then live. Let love and duty
Their claims. Live, suffer not this son
Crushing your children 'neath his odious
To rule the noble offspring of the gods,
The purest blood of Greece. Make no dela
Each moment threatens death; quickly res
Your shatter'd strength, while yet the t
Holds out, and can be fann'd into a flam

PHAEDRA
Too long have I endured its guilt and sh

OENONE
Why? What remorse gnaws at your heart? W
Can have disturb'd you thus? Your hands
Polluted with the blood of innocence?

PHAEDRA
Thanks be to Heav'n, my hands are free f
Would that my soul were innocent as they

OENONE
What awful project have you then conceiv
Whereat your conscience should be still

PHAEDRA
Have I not said enough? Spare me the res
I die to save myself a full confession.

OENONE
Die then, and keep a silence so inhuman;
But seek some other hand to close your e
Tho' but a spark of life remains within
My soul shall go before you to the Shade
A thousand roads are always open thither
Pain'd at your want of confidence, I'll
The shortest. Cruel one, when has my fai
Deceived you! Think how in my arms you l
New born. For you, my country and my chi
I have forsaken. Do you thus repay
My faithful service?

PHAEDRA
What do you expect
From words so bitter? Were I to break si
Horror would freeze your blood.

OENONE
What can you say
To horrify me more than to behold
You die before my eyes?

PHAEDRA
When you shall know
My crime, my death will follow none the
But with the added stain of guilt.

OENONE
Dear Madam,
By all the tears that I have shed for yo
By these weak knees I clasp, relieve my
From torturing doubt.

PHAEDRA
It is your wish. Then rise.

OENONE
I hear you. Speak.

PHAEDRA
Heav'ns! How shall I begin?

OENONE
Dismiss vain fears, you wound me with di

PHAEDRA
O fatal animosity of Venus!
Into what wild distractions did she cast
My mother!

OENONE
Be they blotted from remembrance,
And for all time to come buried in silen

PHAEDRA
My sister Ariadne, by what love
Were you betray'd to death, on lonely sh
Forsaken!

OENONE
Madam, what deep-seated pain
Prompts these reproaches against all you

PHAEDRA
It is the will of Venus, and I perish,
Last, most unhappy of a family
Where all were wretched.

OENONE
Do you love?

PHAEDRA
I feel
All its mad fever.

OENONE
Ah! For whom?

PHAEDRA

Hear now
The crowning horror. Yes, I love—my lips
Tremble to say his name.

OENONE
Whom?

PHAEDRA
Know you him,
Son of the Amazon, whom I've oppress'd
So long?

OENONE
Hippolytus? Great gods!

PHAEDRA
'Tis you
Have named him.

OENONE
All my blood within my veins
Seems frozen. O despair! O cursed race!
Ill-omen'd journey! Land of misery!
Why did we ever reach thy dangerous shor

PHAEDRA
My wound is not so recent. Scarcely had
Been bound to Theseus by the marriage yo
And happiness and peace seem'd well secu
When Athens show'd me my proud enemy.
I look'd, alternately turn'd pale and bl
To see him, and my soul grew all distrau
A mist obscured my vision, and my voice
Falter'd, my blood ran cold, then burn'd
Venus I felt in all my fever'd frame,
Whose fury had so many of my race
Pursued. With fervent vows I sought to s
Her torments, built and deck'd for her a
And there, 'mid countless victims did I
The reason I had lost; but all for naugh

No remedy could cure the wounds of love!
In vain I offer'd incense on her altars;
When I invoked her name my heart adored
Hippolytus, before me constantly;
And when I made her altars smoke with vi
'Twas for a god whose name I dared not u
I fled his presence everywhere, but four
O crowning horror!—in his father's featu
Against myself, at last, I raised revolt
And stirr'd my courage up to persecute
The enemy I loved. To banish him
I wore a step—dame's harsh and jealous c
With ceaseless cries I clamour'd for his
Till I had torn him from his father's ar
I breathed once more, Oenone; in his abs
My days flow'd on less troubled than bei
And innocent. Submissive to my husband,
I hid my grief, and of our fatal marriag
Cherish'd the fruits. Vain caution! Crue
Brought hither by my spouse himself, I s
Again the enemy whom I had banish'd,
And the old wound too quickly bled afres
No longer is it love hid in my heart,
But Venus in her might seizing her prey.
I have conceived just terror for my crim
I hate my life, and hold my love in horr
Dying I wish'd to keep my fame unsullied
And bury in the grave a guilty passion;
But I have been unable to withstand
Tears and entreaties, I have told you al
Content, if only, as my end draws near,
You do not vex me with unjust reproaches
Nor with vain efforts seek to snatch fro
The last faint lingering sparks of vital

SCENE IV
PHAEDRA, OENONE, PANOPE

PANOPE

Fain would I hide from you tidings so sa
But 'tis my duty, Madam, to reveal them.
The hand of death has seized your peerle
And you are last to hear of this disaste

OENONE
What say you, Panope?

PANOPE
The queen, deceived
By a vain trust in Heav'n, begs safe ret
For Theseus, while Hippolytus his son
Learns of his death from vessels that ar
In port.

PHAEDRA
Ye gods!

PANOPE
Divided counsels sway
The choice of Athens; some would have th
Your child, for master; others, disregar
The laws, dare to support the stranger's
'Tis even said that a presumptuous facti
Would crown Aricia and the house of Pall
I deem'd it right to warn you of this da
Hippolytus already is prepared
To start, and should he show himself at
'Tis to be fear'd the fickle crowd will
Follow his lead.

OENONE
Enough. The queen, who hears you,
By no means will neglect this timely war

SCENE V
PHAEDRA, OENONE

OENONE

Dear lady, I had almost ceased to urge
The wish that you should live, thinking
My mistress to the tomb, from which my v
Had fail'd to turn you; but this new mis
Alters the aspect of affairs, and prompt
Fresh measures. Madam, Theseus is no mor
You must supply his place. He leaves a s
A slave, if you should die, but, if you
A King. On whom has he to lean but you?
No hand but yours will dry his tears. Th
For him, or else the tears of innocence
Will move the gods, his ancestors, to wr
Against his mother. Live, your guilt is
No blame attaches to your passion now.
The King's decease has freed you from th
That made the crime and horror of your l
Hippolytus no longer need be dreaded,
Him you may see henceforth without repro
It may be, that, convinced of your avers
He means to head the rebels. Undeceive h
Soften his callous heart, and bend his p
King of this fertile land, in Troezen he
His portion lies; but as he knows, the l
Give to your son the ramparts that Miner
Built and protects. A common enemy
Threatens you both, unite them to oppose
Aricia.

PHAEDRA
To your counsel I consent.
Yes, I will live, if life can be restore
If my affection for a son has pow'r
To rouse my sinking heart at such a dang

ACT II

SCENE I
ARICIA, ISMENE

ARICIA
Hippolytus request to see me here!
Hippolytus desire to bid farewell!
Is't true, Ismene? Are you not deceived?

ISMENE
This is the first result of Theseus' dea
Prepare yourself to see from every side.
Hearts turn towards you that were kept a
By Theseus. Mistress of her lot at last,
Aricia soon shall find all Greece fall I
To do her homage.

ARICIA
'Tis not then, Ismene,
An idle tale? Am I no more a slave?
Have I no enemies?

ISMENE
The gods oppose
Your peace no longer, and the soul of Th
Is with your brothers.

ARICIA
Does the voice of fame
Tell how he died?

ISMENE
Rumours incredible
Are spread. Some say that, seizing a new
The faithless husband by the waves was s
Others affirm, and this report prevails,
That with Pirithous to the world below

He went, and saw the shores of dark Cocy
Showing himself alive to the pale ghosts
But that he could not leave those gloomy
Which whoso enters there abides for ever

ARICIA
Shall I believe that ere his destined ho
A mortal may descend into the gulf
Of Hades? What attraction could o'ercome
Its terrors?

ISMENE
He is dead, and you alone
Doubt it. The men of Athens mourn his lo
Troezen already hails Hippolytus
As King. And Phaedra, fearing for her so
Asks counsel of the friends who share he
Here in this palace.

ARICIA
Will Hippolytus,
Think you, prove kinder than his sire, n
My chains, and pity my misfortunes?

ISMENE
Yes,
I think so, Madam.

ARICIA
Ah, you know him not
Or you would never deem so hard a heart
Can pity feel, or me alone except
From the contempt in which he holds our
Has he not long avoided every spot
Where we resort?

ISMENE
I know what tales are told
Of proud Hippolytus, but I have seen
Him near you, and have watch'd with curi

How one esteem'd so cold would bear hims
Little did his behavior correspond
With what I look'd for; in his face cont
Appear'd at your first glance, he could
His languid eyes away, but gazed on you.
Love is a word that may offend his pride
But what the tongue disowns, looks can b

ARICIA
How eagerly my heart hears what you say,
Tho' it may be delusion, dear Ismene!
Did it seem possible to you, who know me
That I, sad sport of a relentless Fate,
Fed upon bitter tears by night and day,
Could ever taste the maddening draught o
The last frail offspring of a royal race
Children of Earth, I only have survived
War's fury. Cut off in the flow'r of you
Mown by the sword, six brothers have I l
The hope of an illustrious house, whose
Earth drank with sorrow, near akin to hi
Whom she herself produced. Since then, y
How thro' all Greece no heart has been a
To sigh for me, lest by a sister's flame
The brothers' ashes be perchance rekindl
You know, besides, with what disdain I v
My conqueror's suspicions and precautior
And how, oppos'd as I have ever been
To love, I often thank'd the King's inju
Which happily confirm'd my inclination.
But then I never had beheld his son.
Not that, attracted merely by the eye, I
love him for his beauty and his grace,
Endowments which he owes to Nature's bou
Charms which he seems to know not or to
I love and prize in him riches more rare
The virtues of his sire, without his fau
I love, as I must own, that generous pri
Which ne'er has stoop'd beneath the amor
Phaedra reaps little glory from a lover

So lavish of his sighs; I am too proud
To share devotion with a thousand others
Or enter where the door is always open.
But to make one who ne'er has stoop'd be
Bend his proud neck, to pierce a heart c
To bind a captive whom his chains astoni
Who vainly 'gainst a pleasing yoke rebel
That piques my ardour, and I long for th
'Twas easier to disarm the god of streng
Than this Hippolytus, for Hercules
Yielded so often to the eyes of beauty,
As to make triumph cheap. But, dear Isme
I take too little heed of opposition
Beyond my pow'r to quell, and you may he
Humbled by sore defeat, upbraid the pric
I now admire. What! Can he love? and I
Have had the happiness to bend—

ISMENE
He comes
Yourself shall hear him.

SCENE II
HIPPOLYTUS, ARICIA, ISMENE

HIPPOLYTUS
Lady, ere I go
My duty bids me tell you of your change
Of fortune. My worst fears are realized;
My sire is dead. Yes, his protracted abs
Was caused as I foreboded. Death alone,
Ending his toils, could keep him from th
Conceal'd so long. The gods at last have
Alcides' friend, companion, and successo
I think your hatred, tender to his virtu
Can hear such terms of praise without re
Knowing them due. One hope have I that s
My sorrow: I can free you from restraint
Lo, I revoke the laws whose rigour moved

My pity; you are at your own disposal,
Both heart and hand; here, in my heritag
In Troezen, where my grandsire Pittheus
Of yore and I am now acknowledged King,
I leave you free, free as myself,—and mo

ARICIA
Your kindness is too great, 'tis overwhe
Such generosity, that pays disgrace
With honour, lends more force than you c
To those harsh laws from which you would

HIPPOLYTUS
Athens, uncertain how to fill the throne
Of Theseus, speaks of you, anon of me,
And then of Phaedra's son.

ARICIA
Of me, my lord?

HIPPOLYTUS
I know myself excluded by strict law:
Greece turns to my reproach a foreign mo
But if my brother were my only rival,
My rights prevail o'er his clearly enoug
To make me careless of the law's caprice
My forwardness is check'd by juster clai
To you I yield my place, or, rather, own
That it is yours by right, and yours the
As handed down from Earth's great son, E
Adoption placed it in the hands of Aegeu
Athens, by him protected and increased,
Welcomed a king so generous as my sire,
And left your hapless brothers in oblivi
Now she invites you back within her wall
Protracted strife has cost her groans en
Her fields are glutted with your kinsmen
Fatt'ning the furrows out of which it sp
At first. I rule this Troezen; while the
Of Phaedra has in Crete a rich domain.

Athens is yours. I will do all I can
To join for you the votes divided now
Between us.

ARICIA
Stunn'd at all I hear, my lord,
I fear, I almost fear a dream deceives n
Am I indeed awake? Can I believe
Such generosity? What god has put it
Into your heart? Well is the fame deserv
That you enjoy! That fame falls short of
Would you for me prove traitor to yourse
Was it not boon enough never to hate me,
So long to have abstain'd from harbourir
The enmity—

HIPPOLYTUS
To hate you? I, to hate you?
However darkly my fierce pride was paint
Do you suppose a monster gave me birth?
What savage temper, what envenom'd hatre
Would not be mollified at sight of you?
Could I resist the soul-bewitching charm

ARICIA
Why, what is this, Sir?

HIPPOLYTUS
I have said too much
Not to say more. Prudence in vain resist
The violence of passion. I have broken
Silence at last, and I must tell you now
The secret that my heart can hold no lor
You see before you an unhappy instance
Of hasty pride, a prince who claims comp
I, who, so long the enemy of Love,
Mock'd at his fetters and despised his c
Who, pitying poor mortals that were ship
In seeming safety view'd the storms from
Now find myself to the same fate exposed

Toss'd to and fro upon a sea of troubles
My boldness has been vanquish'd in a mon
And humbled is the pride wherein I boast
For nearly six months past, ashamed, des
Bearing where'er I go the shaft that ren
My heart, I struggle vainly to be free
From you and from myself; I shun you, pr
Absent, I find you near; I see your form
In the dark forest depths; the shades of
Nor less broad daylight, bring back to m
The charms that I avoid; all things cons
To make Hippolytus your slave. For fruit
Of all my bootless sighs, I fail to find
My former self. My bow and javelins
Please me no more, my chariot is forgott
With all the Sea God's lessons; and the
Echo my groans instead of joyous shouts
Urging my fiery steeds.

Hearing this tale
Of passion so uncouth, you blush perchan
At your own handiwork. With what wild wo
I offer you my heart, strange captive he
By silken jess! But dearer in your eyes
Should be the offering, that this langua
Strange to my lips; reject not vows expr
So ill, which but for you had ne'er been

SCENE III
HIPPOLYTUS, ARICIA, THERAMENES, ISMENE

THERAMENES
Prince, the Queen comes. I herald her ap
'Tis you she seeks.

HIPPOLYTUS
Me?

THERAMENES

What her thought may be
I know not. But I speak on her behalf.
She would converse with you ere you go h

HIPPOLYTUS
What shall I say to her? Can she expect-

ARICIA
You cannot, noble Prince, refuse to hear
Howe'er convinced she is your enemy,
Some shade of pity to her tears is due.

HIPPOLYTUS
Shall we part thus? and will you let me
Not knowing if my boldness has offended
The goddess I adore? Whether this heart,
Left in your hands—

ARICIA
Go, Prince, pursue the schemes
Your generous soul dictates, make Athens
My sceptre. All the gifts you offer me
Will I accept, but this high throne of e
Is not the one most precious in my sight

SCENE IV
HIPPOLYTUS, THERAMENES

HIPPOLYTUS
Friend, is all ready?
But the Queen approaches.
Go, see the vessel in fit trim to sail.
Haste, bid the crew aboard, and hoist th
Then soon return, and so deliver me
From interview most irksome.

SCENE V
PHAEDRA, HIPPOLYTUS, OENONE

PHAEDRA (to OENONE)
There I see him!
My blood forgets to flow, my tongue to s
What I am come to say.

OENONE
Think of your son,
How all his hopes depend on you.

PHAEDRA
I hear
You leave us, and in haste. I come to ac
My tears to your distress, and for a son
Plead my alarm. No more has he a father,
And at no distant day my son must witnes
My death. Already do a thousand foes
Threaten his youth. You only can defend
But in my secret heart remorse awakes,
And fear lest I have shut your ears agai
His cries. I tremble lest your righteous
Visit on him ere long the hatred earn'd
By me, his mother.

HIPPOLYTUS
No such base resentment,
Madam, is mine.

PHAEDRA
I could not blame you, Prince,
If you should hate me. I have injured yo
So much you know, but could not read my
T' incur your enmity has been mine aim.
The self-same borders could not hold us
In public and in private I declared
Myself your foe, and found no peace till
Parted us from each other. I forbade
Your very name to be pronounced before m
And yet if punishment should be proporti
To the offence, if only hatred draws

Your hatred, never woman merited
More pity, less deserved your enmity.

HIPPOLYTUS
A mother jealous of her children's right
Seldom forgives the offspring of a wife
Who reign'd before her. Harassing suspic
Are common sequels of a second marriage.
Of me would any other have been jealous
No less than you, perhaps more violent.

PHAEDRA
Ah, Prince, how Heav'n has from the gene
Made me exempt, be that same Heav'n my w
Far different is the trouble that devour

HIPPOLYTUS
This is no time for self-reproaches, Mac
It may be that your husband still behold
The light, and Heav'n may grant him safe
In answer to our prayers. His guardian g
Is Neptune, ne'er by him invoked in vain

PHAEDRA
He who has seen the mansions of the dead
Returns not thence. Since to those gloom
Theseus is gone, 'tis vain to hope that
May send him back. Prince, there is no r
From Acheron's greedy maw. And yet, meth
He lives, and breathes in you. I see him
Before me, and to him I seem to speak;
My heart—
Oh! I am mad; do what I will,
I cannot hide my passion.

HIPPOLYTUS
Yes, I see
The strange effects of love. Theseus, th
Seems present to your eyes, for in your
There burns a constant flame.

PHAEDRA
Ah, yes for Theseus
I languish and I long, not as the Shades
Have seen him, of a thousand different f
The fickle lover, and of Pluto's bride
The would-be ravisher, but faithful, pro
E'en to a slight disdain, with youthful
Attracting every heart, as gods are pair
Or like yourself. He had your mien, your
Spoke and could blush like you, when to
Of Crete, my childhood's home, he cross'
Worthy to win the love of Minos' daughte
What were you doing then? Why did he gat
The flow'r of Greece, and leave Hippolyt
Oh, why were you too young to have embar
On board the ship that brought thy sire
At your hands would the monster then hav
Despite the windings of his vast retreat
To guide your doubtful steps within the
My sister would have arm'd you with the
But no, therein would Phaedra have fores
Love would have first inspired me with t
And I it would have been whose timely ar
Had taught you all the labyrinth's crook
What anxious care a life so dear had cos
No thread had satisfied your lover's fea
I would myself have wish'd to lead the w
And share the peril you were bound to fa
Phaedra with you would have explored the
With you emerged in safety, or have peri

HIPPOLYTUS
Gods! What is this I hear? Have you forg
That Theseus is my father and your husba

PHAEDRA
Why should you fancy I have lost remembr
Thereof, and am regardless of mine honou

HIPPOLYTUS
Forgive me, Madam. With a blush I own
That I misconstrued words of innocence.
For very shame I cannot bear your sight
Longer. I go—

PHAEDRA
Ah! cruel Prince, too well
You understood me. I have said enough
To save you from mistake. I love. But th
That at the moment when I love you most
I do not feel my guilt; no weak compliar
Has fed the poison that infects my brair
The ill-starr'd object of celestial venc
I am not so detestable to you
As to myself. The gods will bear me witr
Who have within my veins kindled this fi
The gods, who take a barbarous delight
In leading a poor mortal's heart astray.
Do you yourself recall to mind the past:
'Twas not enough for me to fly, I chasec
Out of the country, wishing to appear
Inhuman, odious; to resist you better,
I sought to make you hate me. All in vai
Hating me more I loved you none the less
New charms were lent to you by your misi
I have been drown'd in tears, and scorch
Your own eyes might convince you of the
If for one moment you could look at me.
What is't I say? Think you this vile cor
That I have made is what I meant to utte
Not daring to betray a son for whom
I trembled, 'twas to beg you not to hate
I came. Weak purpose of a heart too full
Of love for you to speak of aught beside
Take your revenge, punish my odious pass
Prove yourself worthy of your valiant si
And rid the world of an offensive monste
Does Theseus' widow dare to love his sor
The frightful monster! Let her not escap

Here is my heart. This is the place to s
Already prompt to expiate its guilt,
I feel it leap impatiently to meet
Your arm. Strike home. Or, if it would c
To steep your hand in such polluted bloc
If that were punishment too mild to slak
Your hatred, lend me then your sword, it
Your arm. Quick, give't.

OENONE
What, Madam, will you do?
Just gods! But someone comes. Go, fly fr
You cannot 'scape if seen by any thus.

SCENE VI
HIPPOLYTUS, THERAMENES

THERAMENES
Is that the form of Phaedra that I see
Hurried away? What mean these signs of s
Where is your sword? Why are you pale, c

HIPPOLYTUS
Friend, let us fly. I am, indeed, confou
With horror and astonishment extreme.
Phaedra—but no; gods, let this dreadful
Remain for ever buried in oblivion.

THERAMENES
The ship is ready if you wish to sail.
But Athens has already giv'n her vote;
Their leaders have consulted all her tri
Your brother is elected, Phaedra wins.

HIPPOLYTUS
Phaedra?

THERAMENES
A herald, charged with a commission

From Athens, has arrived to place the re
Of power in her hands. Her son is King.

HIPPOLYTUS
Ye gods, who know her, do ye thus reward
Her virtue?

THERAMENES
A faint rumour meanwhile whispers
That Theseus is not dead, but in Epirus
Has shown himself. But, after all my sea
I know too well—

HIPPOLYTUS
Let nothing be neglected.
This rumour must be traced back to its s
If it be found unworthy of belief,
Let us set sail, and cost whate'er it ma
To hands deserving trust the sceptre's s

ACT III

Scene I
PHAEDRA, OENONE

PHAEDRA
Ah! Let them take elsewhere the worthles
They bring me. Why so urgent I should se
What flattering balm can soothe my wound
Far rather hide me: I have said too much
My madness has burst forth like streams

And I have utter'd what should ne'er hav
His ear. Gods! How he heard me! How relu
To catch my meaning, dull and cold as ma
And eager only for a quick retreat!
How oft his blushes made my shame the de
Why did you turn me from the death I sou
Ah! When his sword was pointed to my bos
Did he grow pale, or try to snatch it fr
That I had touch'd it was enough for hin
To render it for ever horrible,
Leaving defilement on the hand that hold

OENONE
Thus brooding on your bitter disappointm
You only fan a fire that must be stifled
Would it not be more worthy of the blood
Of Minos to find peace in nobler cares,
And, in defiance of a wretch who flies
From what he hates, reign, mount the pro

PHAEDRA
I reign! Shall I the rod of empire sway,
When reason reigns no longer o'er myself
When I have lost control of all my sense
When 'neath a shameful yoke I scarce can
When I am dying?

OENONE
Fly.

PHAEDRA
I cannot leave him.

OENONE
Dare you not fly from him you dared to h

PHAEDRA
The time for that is past. He knows my f
I have o'erstepp'd the bounds of modesty
And blazon'd forth my shame before his e

Hope stole into my heart against my will
Did you not rally my declining pow'rs?
Was it not you yourself recall'd my soul
When fluttering on my lips, and with you
Lent me fresh life, and told me I might

OENONE
Blame me or blame me not for your misfor
Of what was I incapable, to save you?
But if your indignation e'er was roused
By insult, can you pardon his contempt?
How cruelly his eyes, severely fix'd,
Survey'd you almost prostrate at his fee
How hateful then appear'd his savage pri
Why did not Phaedra see him then as I
Beheld him?

PHAEDRA
This proud mood that you resent
May yield to time. The rudeness of the t
Where he was bred, inured to rigorous la
Clings to him still; love is a word he n
Had heard before. It may be his surprise
Stunn'd him, and too much vehemence was
In all I said.

OENONE
Remember that his mother
Was a barbarian.

PHAEDRA
Scythian tho' she was,
She learned to love.

OENONE
He has for all the sex
Hatred intense.

PHAEDRA
Then in his heart no rival

Shall ever reign. Your counsel comes too
Oenone, serve my madness, not my reason.
His heart is inaccessible to love.
Let us attack him where he has more feel
The charms of sovereignty appear'd to to
He could not hide that he was drawn to A
His vessels' prows were thither turn'd a
All sail was set to scud before the bree
Go you on my behalf, to his ambition
Appeal, and let the prospect of the crow
Dazzle his eyes. The sacred diadem
Shall deck his brow, no higher honour mi
Than there to bind it. His shall be the
I cannot keep; and he shall teach my son
How to rule men. It may be he will deign
To be to him a father. Son and mother
He shall control. Try ev'ry means to mov
Your words will find more favour than ca
Urge him with groans and tears; show Pha
Nor blush to use the voice of supplicati
In you is my last hope; I'll sanction al
You say; and on the issue hangs my fate.

Scene II

PHAEDRA (alone)
Venus implacable, who seest me shamed
And sore confounded, have I not enough
Been humbled? How can cruelty be stretch
Farther? Thy shafts have all gone home,
Hast triumph'd. Would'st thou win a new
Attack an enemy more contumacious:
Hippolytus neglects thee, braves thy wra
Nor ever at thine altars bow'd the knee.
Thy name offends his proud, disdainful e
Our interests are alike: avenge thyself,
Force him to love—
But what is this? Oenone
Return'd already? He detests me then,

And will not hear you.

SCENE III
PHAEDRA, OENONE

OENONE
Madam, you must stifle
A fruitless love. Recall your former vi
The king who was thought dead will soon
Before your eyes, Theseus has just arri
Theseus is here. The people flock to see
With eager haste. I went by your comman
To find the prince, when with a thousan
The air was rent—

PHAEDRA
My husband is alive,
That is enough, Oenone. I have own'd
A passion that dishonours him. He lives:
I ask to know no more.

OENONE
What?

PHAEDRA
I foretold it,
But you refused to hear. Your tears pre
Over my just remorse. Dying this morn,
I had deserved compassion; your advice
I took, and die dishonour'd.

OENONE
Die?

PHAEDRA
Just Heav'ns!
What have I done to-day? My husband com
With him his son: and I shall see the w
Of my adulterous flame watch with what

I greet his father, while my heart is br
With sighs he scorn'd, and tears that co
Moisten mine eyes. Think you that his re
For Theseus will induce him to conceal
My madness, nor disgrace his sire and kı
Will he be able to keep back the horror
He has for me? His silence would be vair
I know my treason, and I lack the boldne
Of those abandon'd women who can taste
Tranquillity in crime, and show a forehe
All unabash'd. I recognize my madness,
Recall it all. These vaulted roofs, meth
These walls can speak, and, ready to acc
Wait but my husband's presence to reveal
My perfidy. Death only can remove
This weight of horror. Is it such misfor
To cease to live? Death causes no alarm
To misery. I only fear the name
That I shall leave behind me. For my son
How sad a heritage! The blood of Jove
Might justly swell the pride that boasts
From Heav'n, but heavy weighs a mother's
Upon her offspring. Yes, I dread the scc
That will be cast on them, with too much
For my disgrace. I tremble when I think
That, crush'd beneath that curse, they'l
To raise their eyes.

OENONE
Doubt not I pity both;
Never was fear more just than yours. Why
Expose them to this ignominy? Why
Will you accuse yourself? You thus destr
The only hope that's left; it will be sa
That Phaedra, conscious of her perfidy,
Fled from her husband's sight. Hippolytu
Will be rejoiced that, dying, you should
His charge support. What can I answer hı
He'll find it easy to confute my tale,
And I shall hear him with an air of triu

To every open ear repeat your shame.
Sooner than that may fire from heav'n cc
Deceive me not. Say, do you love him sti
How look you now on this contemptuous pi

PHAEDRA
As on a monster frightful to mine eyes.

OENONE
Why yield him, then, an easy victory?
You fear him? Venture to accuse him firs
As guilty of the charge which he may bri
This day against you. Who can say 'tis t
All tells against him: in your hands his
Happily left behind, your present troubl
Your past distress, your warnings to his
His exile which your earnest pray'rs obt

PHAEDRA
What! Would you have me slander innocenc

OENONE
My zeal has need of naught from you but
Like you I tremble, and am loath to do t
More willingly I'd face a thousand deatl
But since without this bitter remedy
I lose you, and to me your life outweigh
All else, I'll speak. Theseus, howe'er e
Will do no worse than banish him again.
A father, when he punishes, remains
A father, and his ire is satisfied
With a light sentence. But if guiltless
Should flow, is not your honour of more
A treasure far too precious to be risk'd
You must submit, whatever it dictates;
For, when our reputation is at stake,
All must be sacrificed, conscience itsel
But someone comes. 'Tis Theseus.

PHAEDRA

And I see
Hippolytus, my ruin plainly written
In his stern eyes. Do what you will; I t
My fate to you. I cannot help myself.

SCENE IV
THESEUS, HIPPOLYTUS, PHAEDRA, OENONE, TH

THESEUS
Fortune no longer fights against my wish
Madam, and to your arms restores—

PHAEDRA
Stay, Theseus!
Do not profane endearments that were onc
So sweet, but which I am unworthy now
To taste. You have been wrong'd. Fortune
Spiteful, nor in your absence spared you
I am unfit to meet your fond caress,
How I may bear my shame my only care
Henceforth.

Scene V
THESEUS, HIPPOLYTUS, THERAMENES

THESEUS
Strange welcome for your father, this!
What does it mean, my son?

HIPPOLYTUS
Phaedra alone
Can solve this mystery. But if my wish
Can move you, let me never see her more;
Suffer Hippolytus to disappear
For ever from the home that holds your w

THESEUS

You, my son! Leave me?

HIPPOLYTUS
'Twas not I who sought her:
'Twas you who led her footsteps to these
At your departure you thought meet, my l
To trust Aricia and the Queen to this
Troezenian land, and I myself was charge
With their protection. But what cares he
Need keep me here? My youth of idleness
Has shown its skill enough o'er paltry t
That range the woods. May I not quit a l
Of such inglorious ease, and dip my spea
In nobler blood? Ere you had reach'd my
More than one tyrant, monster more than
Had felt the weight of your stout arm. A
Successful in attacking insolence,
You had removed all dangers that infeste
Our coasts to east and west. The travell
Outrage no longer. Hearing of your deeds
Already Hercules relied on you,
And rested from his toils. While I, unkn
Son of so brave a sire, am far behind
Even my mother's footsteps. Let my coura
Have scope to act, and if some monster y
Has 'scaped you, let me lay the glorious
Down at your feet; or let the memory
Of death faced nobly keep my name alive,
And prove to all the world I was your so

THESEUS
Why, what is this? What terror has posse
My family to make them fly before me?
If I return to find myself so fear'd,
So little welcome, why did Heav'n releas
From prison? My sole friend, misled by p
Was bent on robbing of his wife the tyra
Who ruled Epirus. With regret I lent
The lover aid, but Fate had made us blin
Myself as well as him. The tyrant seized

Defenceless and unarm'd. Pirithous
I saw with tears cast forth to be devou
By savage beasts that lapp'd the blood c
Myself in gloomy caverns he inclosed,
Deep in the bowels of the earth, and nig
To Pluto's realms. Six months I lay ere
Had pity, and I 'scaped the watchful eye
That guarded me. Then did I purge the wo
Of a foul foe, and he himself has fed
His monsters. But when with expectant jo
To all that is most precious I draw near
Of what the gods have left me, when my s
Looks for full satisfaction in a sight
So dear, my only welcome is a shudder,
Embrace rejected, and a hasty flight.
Inspiring, as I clearly do, such terror,
Would I were still a prisoner in Epirus!
Phaedra complains that I have suffer'd c
Who has betray'd me? Speak. Why was I no
Avenged? Has Greece, to whom mine arm so
Brought useful aid, shelter'd the crimin
You make no answer. Is my son, mine own
Dear son, confederate with mine enemies?
I'll enter. This suspense is overwhelmin
I'll learn at once the culprit and the c
And Phaedra must explain her troubled st

Scene VI
HIPPOLYTUS, THERAMENES

HIPPOLYTUS
What do these words portend, which seem
My very blood? Will Phaedra, in her frer
Accuse herself, and seal her own destruc
What will the King say? Gods! What fatal
Has love spread over all his house! Myse
Full of a fire his hatred disapproves,
How changed he finds me from the son he
With dark forebodings in my mind alarm'd

But innocence has surely naught to fear.
Come, let us go, and in some other place
Consider how I best may move my sire
To tenderness, and tell him of a flame
Vex'd but not vanquish'd by a father's k

ACT IV

Scene I
THESEUS, OENONE

THESEUS
Ah! What is this I hear? Presumptuous tı
And would he have disgraced his father's
With what relentless footsteps Fate purs
Whither I go I know not, nor where know
I am. O kind affection ill repaid!
Audacious scheme! Abominable thought!
To reach the object of his foul desire
The wretch disdain'd not to use violence
I know this sword that served him in his
The sword I gave him for a nobler use.
Could not the sacred ties of blood restı
And Phaedra,—was she loath to have him p
She held her tongue. Was that to spare t

OENONE
Nay, but to spare a most unhappy father.
O'erwhelm'd with shame that her eyes sho
So infamous a flame and prompted him
To crime so heinous, Phaedra would have

I saw her raise her arm, and ran to save
To me alone you owe it that she lives;
And, in my pity both for her and you,
Have I against my will interpreted
Her tears.

THESEUS
The traitor! He might well turn pale.
'Twas fear that made him tremble when he
I was astonish'd that he show'd no pleas
His frigid greeting chill'd my tenderne
But was this guilty passion that devours
Declared already ere I banish'd him
From Athens?

OENONE
Sire, remember how the Queen
Urged you. Illicit love caused all her h

THESEUS
And then this fire broke out again at Tr

OENONE
Sire, I have told you all. Too long the
Has been allow'd to bear her grief alone
Let me now leave you and attend to her.

Scene II
THESEUS, HIPPOLYTUS

THESEUS
Ah! There he is. Great gods! That noble
Might well deceive an eye less fond than
Why should the sacred stamp of virtue gl
Upon the forehead of an impious wretch?
Ought not the blackness of a traitor's h
To show itself by sure and certain signs

HIPPOLYTUS

My father, may I ask what fatal cloud
Has troubled your majestic countenance?
Dare you not trust this secret to your s

THESEUS
Traitor, how dare you show yourself befo
Monster, whom Heaven's bolts have spared
Survivor of that robber crew whereof
I cleansed the earth. After your brutal
Scorn'd even to respect my marriage bed,
You venture—you, my hated foe—to come
Into my presence, here, where all is ful
Of your foul infamy, instead of seeking
Some unknown land that never heard my na
Fly, traitor, fly! Stay not to tempt the
That I can scarce restrain, nor brave my
Disgrace enough have I incurr'd for ever
In being father of so vile a son,
Without your death staining indelibly
The glorious record of my noble deeds.
Fly, and unless you wish quick punishmer
To add you to the criminals cut off
By me, take heed this sun that lights us
Ne'er sees you more set foot upon this s
I tell you once again,—fly, haste, retur
Rid all my realms of your atrocious pres
To thee, to thee, great Neptune, I appea
If erst I clear'd thy shores of foul ass
Recall thy promise to reward those effor
Crown'd with success, by granting my fir
Confined for long in close captivity,
I have not yet call'd on thy pow'rful ar
Sparing to use the valued privilege
Till at mine utmost need. The time is co
I ask thee now. Avenge a wretched father
I leave this traitor to thy wrath; in bl
Quench his outrageous fires, and by thy
Theseus will estimate thy favour tow'rds

HIPPOLYTUS

Phaedra accuses me of lawless passion!
This crowning horror all my soul confour
Such unexpected blows, falling at once,
O'erwhelm me, choke my utterance, strike

THESEUS
Traitor, you reckon'd that in timid sile
Phaedra would bury your brutality.
You should not have abandon'd in your fl
The sword that in her hands helps to cor
Or rather, to complete your perfidy,
You should have robb'd her both of speec

HIPPOLYTUS
Justly indignant at a lie so black
I might be pardon'd if I told the truth;
But it concerns your honour to conceal i
Approve the reverence that shuts my mout
And, without wishing to increase your wo
Examine closely what my life has been.
Great crimes are never single, they are
To former faults. He who has once transg
May violate at last all that men hold
Most sacred; vice, like virtue, has degr
Of progress; innocence was never seen
To sink at once into the lowest depths
Of guilt. No virtuous man can in a day
Turn traitor, murderer, an incestuous wr
The nursling of a chaste, heroic mother,
I have not proved unworthy of my birth.
Pittheus, whose wisdom is by all esteem'
Deign'd to instruct me when I left her h
It is no wish of mine to vaunt my merits
But, if I may lay claim to any virtue,
I think beyond all else I have display'd
Abhorrence of those sins with which I'm
For this Hippolytus is known in Greece,
So continent that he is deem'd austere.
All know my abstinence inflexible:
The daylight is not purer than my heart.

How, then, could I, burning with fire pı

THESEUS
Yes, dastard, 'tis that very pride conde
I see the odious reason of your coldness
Phaedra alone bewitch'd your shameless e
Your soul, to others' charms indifferent
Disdain'd the blameless fires of lawful

HIPPOLYTUS
No, father, I have hidden it too long,
This heart has not disdain'd a sacred fl
Here at your feet I own my real offence:
I love, and love in truth where you forb
Bound to Aricia by my heart's devotion,
The child of Pallas has subdued your son
A rebel to your laws, her I adore,
And breathe forth ardent sighs for her a

THESEUS
You love her? Heav'ns!
But no, I see the trick.
You feign a crime to justify yourself.

HIPPOLYTUS
Sir, I have shunn'd her for six months,
Love her. To you yourself I came to tell
Trembling the while. Can nothing clear y
Of your mistake? What oath can reassure
By heav'n and earth and all the pow'rs c

THESEUS
The wicked never shrink from perjury.
Cease, cease, and spare me irksome prote
If your false virtue has no other aid.

HIPPOLYTUS
Tho' it to you seem false and insincere,
Phaedra has secret cause to know it true

THESEUS
Ah! how your shamelessness excites my wr

HIPPOLYTUS
What is my term and place of banishment?

THESEUS
Were you beyond the Pillars of Alcides,
Your perjured presence were too near me

HIPPOLYTUS
What friends will pity me, when you fors
And think me guilty of a crime so vile?

THESEUS
Go, look you out for friends who hold ir
Adultery and clap their hands at incest,
Low, lawless traitors, steep'd in infamy
The fit protectors of a knave like you.

HIPPOLYTUS
Are incest and adultery the words
You cast at me? I hold my tongue. Yet th
What mother Phaedra had; too well you kn
Her blood, not mine, is tainted with tho

THESEUS
What! Does your rage before my eyes lose
Restraint? For the last time,—out of my
Hence, traitor! Wait not till a father's
Force thee away 'mid general execration.

Scene III

THESEUS (alone)
Wretch! Thou must meet inevitable ruin.
Neptune has sworn by Styx—to gods themse
A dreadful oath,—and he will execute
His promise. Thou canst not escape his v

I loved thee; and, in spite of thine of
My heart is troubled by anticipation
For thee. But thou hast earn'd thy doom
Had father ever greater cause for rage?
Just gods, who see the grief that overwh
Why was I cursed with such a wicked son?

SCENE IV
PHAEDRA, THESEUS

PHAEDRA
My lord, I come to you, fill'd with just
Your voice raised high in anger reach'd
And much I fear that deeds have follow'd
Oh, if there yet is time, spare your own
Respect your race and blood, I do beseec
Let me not hear that blood cry from the
Save me the horror and perpetual pain
Of having caused his father's hand to sh

THESEUS
No, Madam, from that stain my hand is fr
But, for all that, the wretch has not es
The hand of an Immortal now is charged
With his destruction. 'Tis a debt that N
Owes me, and you shall be avenged.

PHAEDRA
A debt
Owed you? Pray'rs made in anger—

THESEUS
Never fear
That they will fail. Rather join yours t
In all their blackness paint for me his
And fan my tardy passion to white heat.
But yet you know not all his infamy;
His rage against you overflows in slande
Your mouth, he says, is full of all dece

He says Aricia has his heart and soul,
That her alone he loves.

PHAEDRA
Aricia?

THESEUS
Aye,
He said it to my face! an idle pretext!
A trick that gulls me not! Let us hope N
Will do him speedy justice. To his altar
I go, to urge performance of his oaths.

SCENE V

PHAEDRA (alone)
Ah, he is gone! What tidings struck mine
What fire, half smother'd, in my heart r
What fatal stroke falls like a thunderbo
Stung by remorse that would not let me r
I tore myself out of Oenone's arms,
And flew to help Hippolytus with all
My soul and strength. Who knows if that
Might not have moved me to accuse myself
And, if my voice had not been choked wit
Perhaps I had confess'd the frightful tr
Hippolytus can feel, but not for me!
Aricia has his heart, his plighted troth
Ye gods, when, deaf to all my sighs and
He arm'd his eye with scorn, his brow wi
I deem'd his heart, impregnable to love,
Was fortified 'gainst all my sex alike.
And yet another has prevail'd to tame
His pride, another has secured his favou
Perhaps he has a heart easily melted;
I am the only one he cannot bear!
And shall I charge myself with his defer

SCENE VI
PHAEDRA, OENONE

PHAEDRA
Know you, dear Nurse, what I have learn'

OENONE
No; but I come in truth with trembling l
I dreaded with what purpose you went for
The fear of fatal madness made me pale.

PHAEDRA
Who would have thought it, Nurse? I had

OENONE
A rival?

PHAEDRA
Yes, he loves. I cannot doubt it.
This wild untamable Hippolytus,
Who scorn'd to be admired, whom lovers'
Wearied, this tiger, whom I fear'd to ro
Fawns on a hand that has subdued his pri
Aricia has found entrance to his heart.

OENONE
Aricia?

PHAEDRA
Ah! anguish as yet untried!
For what new tortures am I still reserve
All I have undergone, transports of pass
Longings and fears, the horrors of remor
The shame of being spurn'd with contumel
Were feeble foretastes of my present tor
They love each other! By what secret cha
Have they deceived me? Where, and when,
Met they? You knew it all. Why was I coz
You never told me of those stolen hours

Of amorous converse. Have they oft been
Talking together? Did they seek the shac
Of thickest woods? Alas! full freedom ha
To see each other. Heav'n approved their
They loved without the consciousness of
And every morning's sun for them shone c
While I, an outcast from the face of Nat
Shunn'd the bright day, and sought to hi
Death was the only god whose aid I darec
To ask: I waited for the grave's release
Water'd with tears, nourish'd with gall,
Was all too closely watch'd; I did not c
To weep without restraint. In mortal dre
Tasting this dangerous solace, I disguis
My terror 'neath a tranquil countenance,
And oft had I to check my tears, and smi

OENONE
What fruit will they enjoy of their vair
They will not see each other more.

PHAEDRA
That love
Will last for ever. Even while I speak,
Ah, fatal thought, they laugh to scorn t
Of my distracted heart. In spite of exil
That soon must part them, with a thousar
They seal yet closer union. Can I suffer
A happiness, Oenone, which insults me?
I crave your pity. She must be destroy'd
My husband's wrath against a hateful stc
Shall be revived, nor must the punishmer
Be light: the sister's guilt passes the
I will entreat him in my jealous rage.
What am I saying? Have I lost my senses?
Is Phaedra jealous, and will she implore
Theseus for help? My husband lives, and
I burn. For whom? Whose heart is this I
As mine? At every word I say, my hair
Stands up with horror. Guilt henceforth

All bounds. Hypocrisy and incest breathe
At once thro' all. My murderous hands ar
To spill the blood of guileless innocenc
Do I yet live, wretch that I am, and dar
To face this holy Sun from whom I spring
My father's sire was king of all the goc
My ancestors fill all the universe.
Where can I hide? In the dark realms of
But there my father holds the fatal urn;
His hand awards th' irrevocable doom:
Minos is judge of all the ghosts in hell
Ah! how his awful shade will start and s
When he shall see his daughter brought b
Forced to confess sins of such varied dy
Crimes it may be unknown to hell itself!
What wilt thou say, my father, at a sigh
So dire? I think I see thee drop the urr
And, seeking some unheard-of punishment,
Thyself become my executioner.
Spare me! A cruel goddess has destroy'd
Thy race; and in my madness recognize
Her wrath. Alas! My aching heart has rea
No fruit of pleasure from the frightful
The shame of which pursues me to the gra
And ends in torment life-long misery.

OENONE
Ah, Madam, pray dismiss a groundless dre
Look less severely on a venial error.
You love. We cannot conquer destiny.
You were drawn on as by a fatal charm.
Is that a marvel without precedent
Among us? Has love triumph'd over you,
And o'er none else? Weakness is natural
To man. A mortal, to a mortal's lot
Submit. You chafe against a yoke that ot
Have long since borne. The dwellers in C
The gods themselves, who terrify with th
The sins of men, have burn'd with lawles

PHAEDRA
What words are these I hear? What counse
You dare to give me? Will you to the enc
Pour poison in mine ears? You have destı
You brought me back when I should else h
The light of day, made me forget my duty
And see Hippolytus, till then avoided.
What hast thou done? Why did your wicked
With blackest lies slander his blamelessı
Perhaps you've slain him, and the impiou
Of an unfeeling father has been answer'd
No, not another word! Go, hateful monste
Away, and leave me to my piteous fate.
May Heav'n with justice pay you your des
And may your punishment for ever be
A terror to all those who would, like yo
Nourish with artful wiles the weaknesses
Of princes, push them to the brink of ru
To which their heart inclines, and smoot
Of guilt. Such flatterers doth the wrath
Bestow on kings as its most fatal gift.

OENONE (alone)
O gods! to serve her what have I not don
This is the due reward that I have won.

ACT V

SCENE I
HIPPOLYTUS, ARICIA

ARICIA
Can you keep silent in this mortal peril
Your father loves you. Will you leave hi
Deceived? If in your cruel heart you sco
My tears, content to see me nevermore,
Go, part from poor Aricia; but at least,
Going, secure the safety of your life.
Defend your honor from a shameful stain,
And force your father to recall his pray
There yet is time. Why out of mere capri
Leave the field free to Phaedra's calumn
Let Theseus know the truth.

HIPPOLYTUS
Could I say more,
Without exposing him to dire disgrace?
How should I venture, by revealing all,
To make a father's brow grow red with sh
The odious mystery to you alone
Is known. My heart has been outpour'd to
Save you and Heav'n. I could not hide fr
(Judge if I love you), all I fain would
E'en from myself. But think under what s
I spoke. Forget my words, if that may be
And never let so pure a mouth disclose
This dreadful secret. Let us trust to He
My vindication, for the gods are just;
For their own honour will they clear the
Sooner or later punish'd for her crime,
Phaedra will not escape the shame she me
I ask no other favour than your silence;
In all besides I give my wrath free scop
Make your escape from this captivity,
Be bold to bear me company in flight;
Linger not here on this accursed soil,
Where virtue breathes a pestilential air
To cover your departure take advantage
Of this confusion, caused by my disgrace
The means of flight are ready, be assure
You have as yet no other guards than mir

Pow'rful defenders will maintain our qua
Argos spreads open arms, and Sparta call
Let us appeal for justice to our friends
Nor suffer Phaedra, in a common ruin
Joining us both, to hunt us from the thr
And aggrandise her son by robbing us.
Embrace this happy opportunity:
What fear restrains? You seem to hesitat
Your interest alone prompts me to urge
Boldness. When I am all on fire, how com
That you are ice? Fear you to follow the
A banish'd man?

ARICIA
Ah, dear to me would be
Such exile! With what joy, my fate to yo
United, could I live, by all the world
Forgotten! but not yet has that sweet tr
Bound us together. How then can I steal
Away with you? I know the strictest hono
Forbids me not out of your father's hand
To free myself; this is no parent's home
And flight is lawful when one flies from
But you, Sir, love me; and my virtue shr

HIPPOLYTUS
No, no, your reputation is to me
As dear as to yourself. A nobler purpose
Brings me to you. Fly from your foes, an
A husband. Heav'n, that sends us these m
Sets free from human instruments the ple
Between us. Torches do not always light
The face of Hymen.
At the gates of Troezen,
'Mid ancient tombs where princes of my r
Lie buried, stands a temple, ne'er appro
By perjurers, where mortals dare not mak
False oaths, for instant punishment befa
The guilty. Falsehood knows no stronger
Than what is present there—the fear of d

That cannot be avoided. Thither then
We'll go, if you consent, and swear to l
For ever, take the guardian god to witne
Our solemn vows, and his paternal care
Entreat. I will invoke the name of all
The holiest Pow'rs; chaste Dian, and the
Of Heav'n, yea all the gods who know my
Will guarantee my sacred promises.

ARICIA
The King draws near. Depart,—make no del
To mask my flight, I linger yet one mome
Go you; and leave with me some trusty gu
To lead my timid footsteps to your side.

SCENE II
THESEUS, ARICIA, ISMENE

THESEUS
Ye gods, throw light upon my troubled mı
Show me the truth which I am seeking her

ARICIA (aside to ISMENE)
Get ready, dear Ismene, for our flight.

SCENE III
THESEUS, ARICIA

THESEUS
Your colour comes and goes, you seem cor
Madame! What business had my son with yo

ARICIA
Sire, he was bidding me farewell for eve

THESEUS
Your eyes, it seems, can tame that stubb

And the first sighs he breathes are paic

ARICIA
I can't deny the truth; he has not, Sire
Inherited your hatred and injustice;
He did not treat me like a criminal.

THESEUS
That is to say, he swore eternal love.
Do not rely on that inconstant heart;
To others has he sworn as much before.

ARICIA
He, Sire?

THESEUS
You ought to check his roving taste.
How could you bear a partnership so vile

ARICIA
And how can you endure that vilest slanc
Should make a life so pure as black as p
Have you so little knowledge of his hear
Do you so ill distinguish between guilt
And innocence? What mist before your eye
Blinds them to virtue so conspicuous?
Ah! 'tis too much to let false tongues c
Repent; call back your murderous wishes,
Fear, fear lest Heav'n in its severity
Hate you enough to hear and grant your p
Oft in their wrath the gods accept our v
And oftentimes chastise us with their gi

THESEUS
No, vainly would you cover up his guilt.
Your love is blind to his depravity.
But I have witness irreproachable:
Tears have I seen, true tears, that may

ARICIA

Take heed, my lord. Your hands invincibl
Have rid the world of monsters numberles
But all are not destroy'd, one you have
Alive—Your son forbids me to say more.
Knowing with what respect he still regar
I should too much distress him if I dare
Complete my sentence. I will imitate
His reverence, and, to keep silence, lea

SCENE IV

THESEUS (alone)
What is there in her mind? What meaning
In speech begun but to be broken short?
Would both deceive me with a vain preter
Have they conspired to put me to the tor
And yet, despite my stern severity,
What plaintive voice cries deep within m
A secret pity troubles and alarms me.
Oenone shall be questioned once again,
I must have clearer light upon this crim
Guards, bid Oenone come, and come alone.

SCENE V
THESEUS, PANOPE

PANOPE
I know not what the Queen intends to do,
But from her agitation dread the worst.
Fatal despair is painted on her features
Death's pallor is already in her face.
Oenone, shamed and driven from her sight
Has cast herself into the ocean depths.
None knows what prompted her to deed so
And now the waves hide her from us for e

THESEUS

What say you?

PANOPE
Her sad fate seems to have added
Fresh trouble to the Queen's tempestuous
Sometimes, to soothe her secret pain, sh
Her children close, and bathes them with
Then suddenly, the mother's love forgott
She thrusts them from her with a look of
She wanders to and fro with doubtful ste
Her vacant eye no longer knows us. Thric
She wrote, and thrice did she, changing
Destroy the letter ere 'twas well begun.
Vouchsafe to see her, Sire: vouchsafe to

THESEUS
Heav'ns! Is Oenone dead, and Phaedra ber
On dying too? Oh, call me back my son!
Let him defend himself, and I am ready
To hear him. Be not hasty to bestow
Thy fatal bounty, Neptune; let my pray'r
Rather remain ever unheard. Too soon
I lifted cruel hands, believing lips
That may have lied! Ah! What despair may

SCENE VI
THESEUS, THERAMENES

THESEUS
Theramenes, is't thou? Where is my son?
I gave him to thy charge from tenderest
But whence these tears that overflow thi
How is it with my son?

THERAMENES
Concern too late!
Affection vain! Hippolytus is dead.

THESEUS

Gods!

THERAMENES
I have seen the flow'r of all mankind
Cut off, and I am bold to say that none
Deserved it less.

THESEUS
What! My son dead! When I
Was stretching out my arms to him, has F
Hasten'd his end? What was this sudden s

THERAMENES
Scarce had we pass'd out of the gates of
He silent in his chariot, and his guards
Downcast and silent too, around him rang
To the Mycenian road he turn'd his steed
Then, lost in thought, allow'd the reins
Loose on their backs. His noble chargers
So full of ardour to obey his voice,
With head depress'd and melancholy eye
Seem'd now to mark his sadness and to sh
A frightful cry, that issues from the de
With sudden discord rends the troubled a
And from the bosom of the earth a groan
Is heard in answer to that voice of terr
Our blood is frozen at our very hearts;
With bristling manes the list'ning steed
Meanwhile upon the watery plain there ri
A mountain billow with a mighty crest
Of foam, that shoreward rolls, and, as i
Before our eyes vomits a furious monster
With formidable horns its brow is arm'd,
And all its body clothed with yellow sca
In front a savage bull, behind a dragon
Turning and twisting in impatient rage.
Its long continued bellowings make the s
Tremble; the sky seems horror-struck to
The earth with terror quakes; its poisor
Infects the air. The wave that brought i

In fear. All fly, forgetful of the coura
That cannot aid, and in a neighbouring t
Take refuge—all save bold Hippolytus.
A hero's worthy son, he stays his steeds
Seizes his darts, and, rushing forward,
A missile with sure aim that wounds the
Deep in the flank. With rage and pain it
E'en to the horses' feet, and, roaring,
Writhes in the dust, and shows a fiery t
That covers them with flames, and blood,
Fear lends them wings; deaf to his voice
And heedless of the curb, they onward fl
Their master wastes his strength in effo
With foam and blood each courser's bit i
Some say a god, amid this wild disorder,
Was seen with goads pricking their dusty
O'er jagged rocks they rush urged on by
Crash! goes the axle-tree. Th' intrepid
Sees his car broken up, flying to pieces
He falls himself entangled in the reins.
Pardon my grief. That cruel spectacle
Will be for me a source of endless tears
I saw thy hapless son, I saw him, Sire,
Drag'd by the horses that his hands had
Pow'rless to check their fierce career,
But adding to their fright, his body soo
One mass of wounds. Our cries of anguish
The plain. At last they slacken their sw
Then stop, not far from those old tombs
Where lie the ashes of his royal sires.
Panting I thither run, and after me
His guard, along the track stain'd with
That reddens all the rocks; caught in th
Locks of his hair hang dripping, gory sp
I come, I call him. Stretching forth his
He opens his dying eyes, soon closed aga
"The gods have robb'd me of a guiltless
I hear him say: "Take care of sad Aricia
When I am dead. Dear friend, if e'er my
Mourn, undeceived, his son's unhappy fat

Falsely accused; to give my spirit peace
Tell him to treat his captive tenderly,
And to restore—" With that the hero's br
Fails, and a mangled corpse lies in my a
A piteous object, trophy of the wrath
Of Heav'n—so changed, his father would n

THESEUS
Alas, my son! Dear hope for ever lost!
The ruthless gods have served me but too
For what a life of anguish and remorse
Am I reserved!

THERAMENES
Aricia at that instant,
Flying from you, comes timidly, to take
For husband, there, in presence of the g
Thus drawing nigh, she sees the grass al
And reeking, sees (sad sight for lover's
Hippolytus stretch'd there, pale and dis
But, for a time doubtful of her misfortu
Unrecognized the hero she adores,
She looks, and asks—"Where is Hippolytus
Only too sure at last that he lies there
Before her, with sad eyes that silently
Reproach the gods, she shudders, groans,
Swooning and all but lifeless, at his fe
Ismene, all in tears, kneels down beside
And calls her back to life—life that is
But sense of pain. And I, to whom this l
Is darkness now, come to discharge the c
The hero has imposed on me, to tell thee
His last request—a melancholy task.
But hither comes his mortal enemy.

SCENE VII
THESEUS, PHAEDRA, THERAMENES, PANOPE, GU

THESEUS

Madame, you've triumph'd, and my son is
Ah, but what room have I for fear! How
Suspicion racks me that in blaming him
I err'd! But he is dead; accept your vic
Rightly or wrongly slain, let your heart
For joy. My eyes shall be for ever blinc
Since you accuse him, I'll believe him g
His death affords me cause enough for te
Without a foolish search for further lig
Which, pow'rless to restore him to my gr
Might only serve to make me more unhappy
Far from this shore and far from you I'l
For here the image of my mangled son
Would haunt my memory and drive me mad.
From the whole world I fain would banish
For all the world seems to rise up in ju
Against me; and my very glory weights
My punishment; for, were my name less kn
'Twere easier to hide me. All the favour
The gods have granted me I mourn and hat
Nor will I importune them with vain pray
Henceforth for ever. Give me what they n
What they have taken will all else outwe

PHAEDRA
Theseus, I cannot hear you and keep sile
I must repair the wrong that he has suff
Your son was innocent.

THESEUS
Unhappy father!
And it was on your word that I condemn'd
Think you such cruelty can be excused—

PHAEDRA
Moments to me are precious; hear me, The
'Twas I who cast an eye of lawless passi
On chaste and dutiful Hippolytus.
Heav'n in my bosom kindled baleful fire,
And vile Oenone's cunning did the rest.

She fear'd Hippolytus, knowing my madnes
Would make that passion known which he r
With horror; so advantage of my weakness
She took, and hasten'd to accuse him fir
For that she has been punish'd, tho' toc
Seeking to shun my wrath she cast herse
Beneath the waves. The sword ere now hac
My thread of life, but slander'd innocer
Made its cry heard, and I resolved to di
In a more lingering way, confessing firs
My penitence to you. A poison, brought
To Athens by Medea, runs thro' my veins.
Already in my heart the venom works,
Infusing there a strange and fatal chil
Already as thro' thickening mists I see
The spouse to whom my presence is an out
Death, from mine eyes veiling the light
Restores its purity that they defiled.

PANOPE
She dies my lord!

THESEUS
Would that the memory
Of her disgraceful deed could perish wit
Ah, disabused too late! Come, let us go,
And with the blood of mine unhappy son
Mingle our tears, clasping his dear rema
In deep repentance for a pray'r detestec
Let him be honour'd as he well deserves;
And, to appease his sore offended ghost,
Be her near kinsmen's guilt whate'er it
Aricia shall be held my daughter from tc

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PHAEDRA ***

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 41 Watchung Plaza #516, Montclair NJ 07042, USA, +1 (862) 621-9288. 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.