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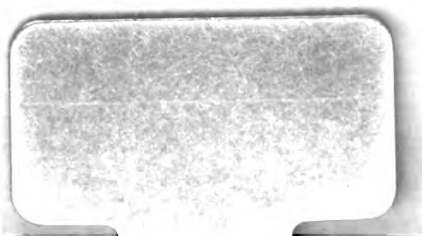


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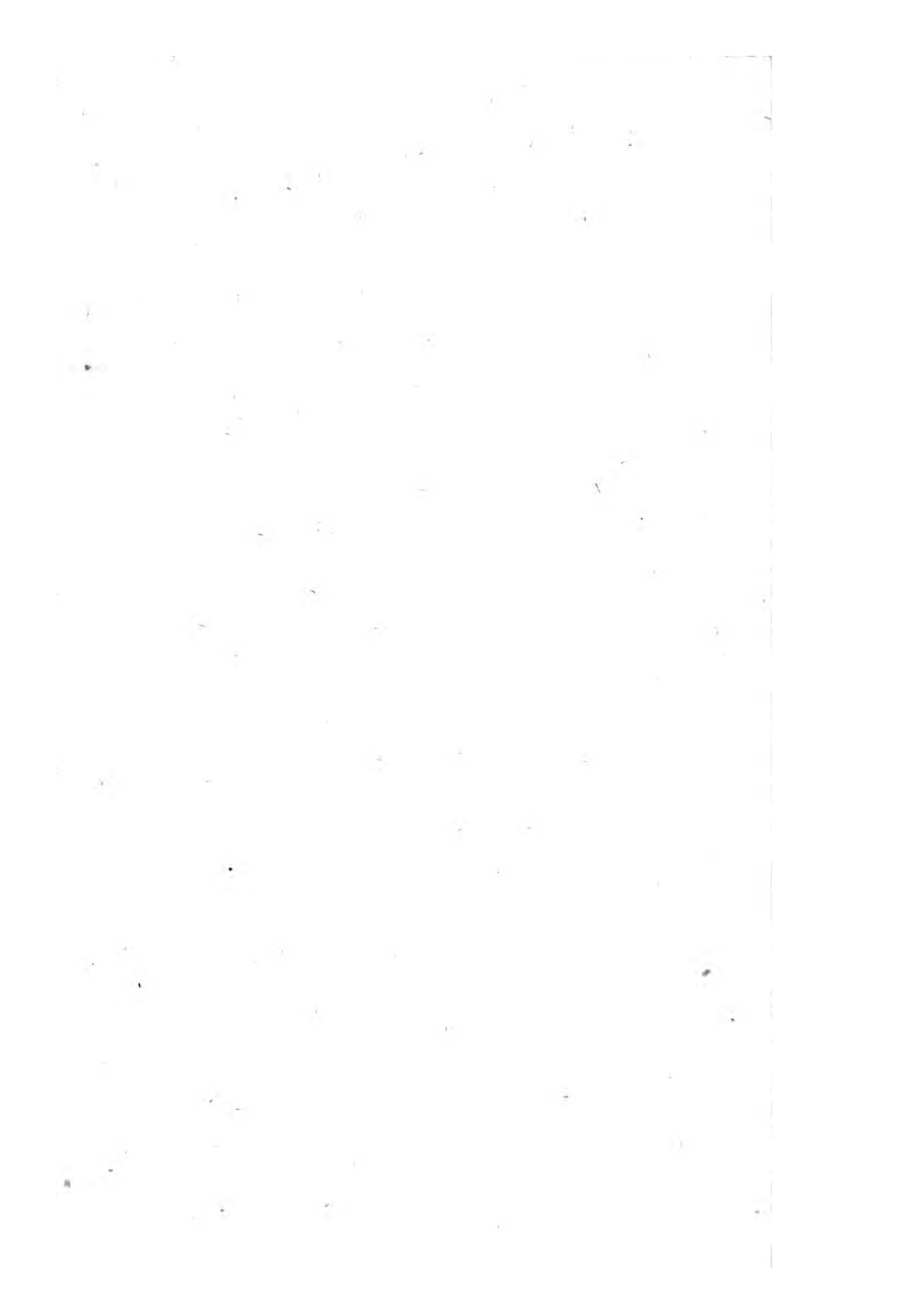
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R. ROBERTSON GLASGOW,
OF MONTGREENAN.

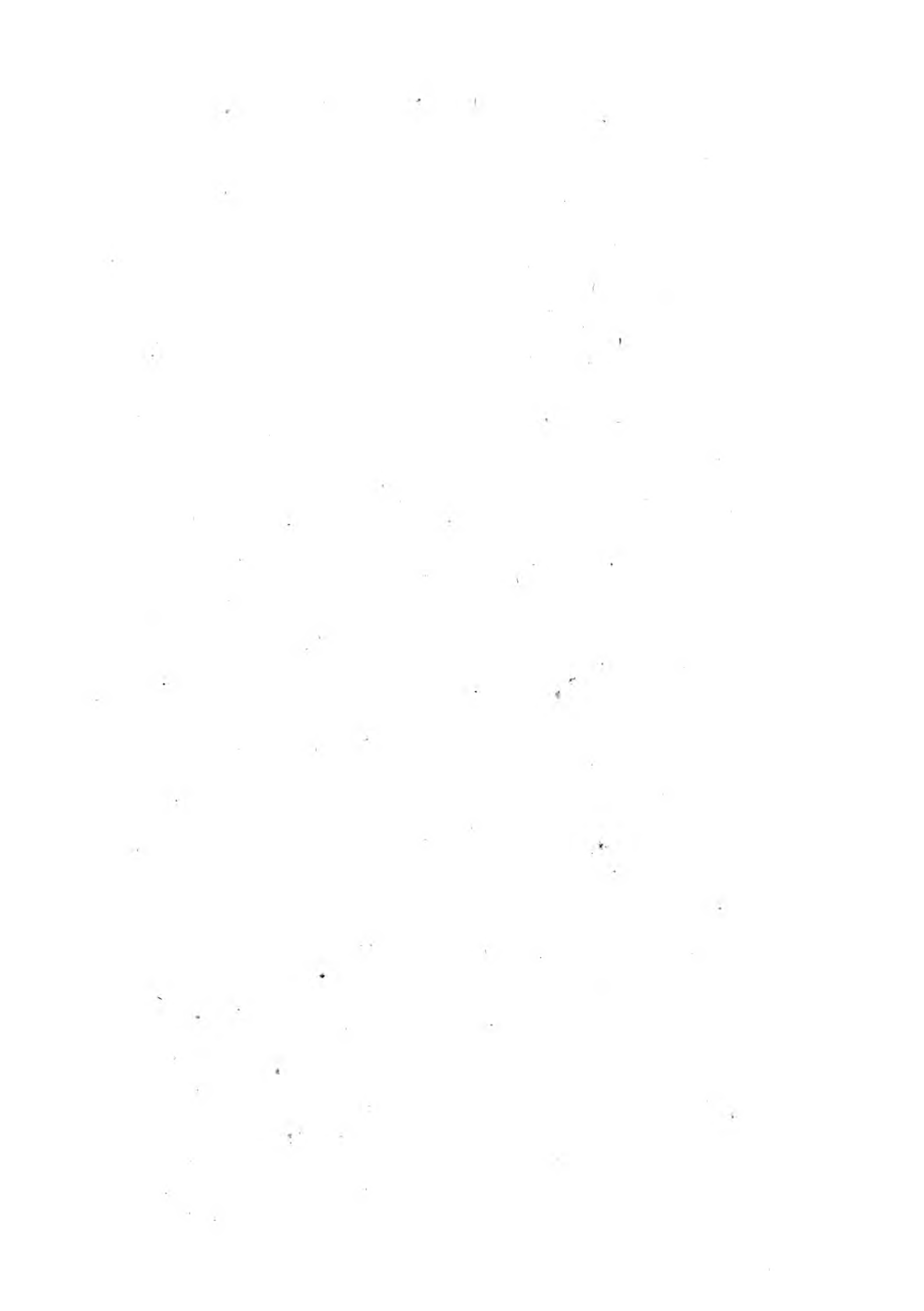


XL 11.4

1



XL 11:4.



W. M. Scott

T H E
R E G E N T:

A
T R A G E D Y.

AS IT IS ACTED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. ROBSON AND W. CLARKE,
NEW BOND-STREET.

M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

Entered at Stationers Hall,



TO
MRS. SIDDONS.

DEAR MADAM,

DEDICATIONS pass, in general, for mere flatteries;—I, therefore, did not intend any: but, now I am come to the moment of publication, my heart tells me so irresistibly to offer my work to you, that I must obey its dictates; for not only through your means it is, that this Tragedy is now before the public; but, having procur'd me the intimacy of your brother, you enabled me to profit by his very refined taste, and perfect knowledge of the drama. Would there were some language sacred to sincerity, in which I might express, without a suspicion of compliment, the true sense I have of your perfections!—but there is none. Thus much, however, I must say,—your talents were

A 2 in

in my view, while I composed the poem, which I here lay before my country; to draw a character worthy of you was my ambition; and, if I have succeeded, I am fully satisfied.

I have only to add the wish, that, united in future fame, as in present friendship, my name may descend with yours to posterity.

I have the honour to be,

DEAR MADAM,

Your most obedient servant,

BERTIE GREATHEED.

PRO-

P R O L O G U E,

Written by the Rev. Mr. WILLIAMS.

Spoken by MR. WROUGHTON.

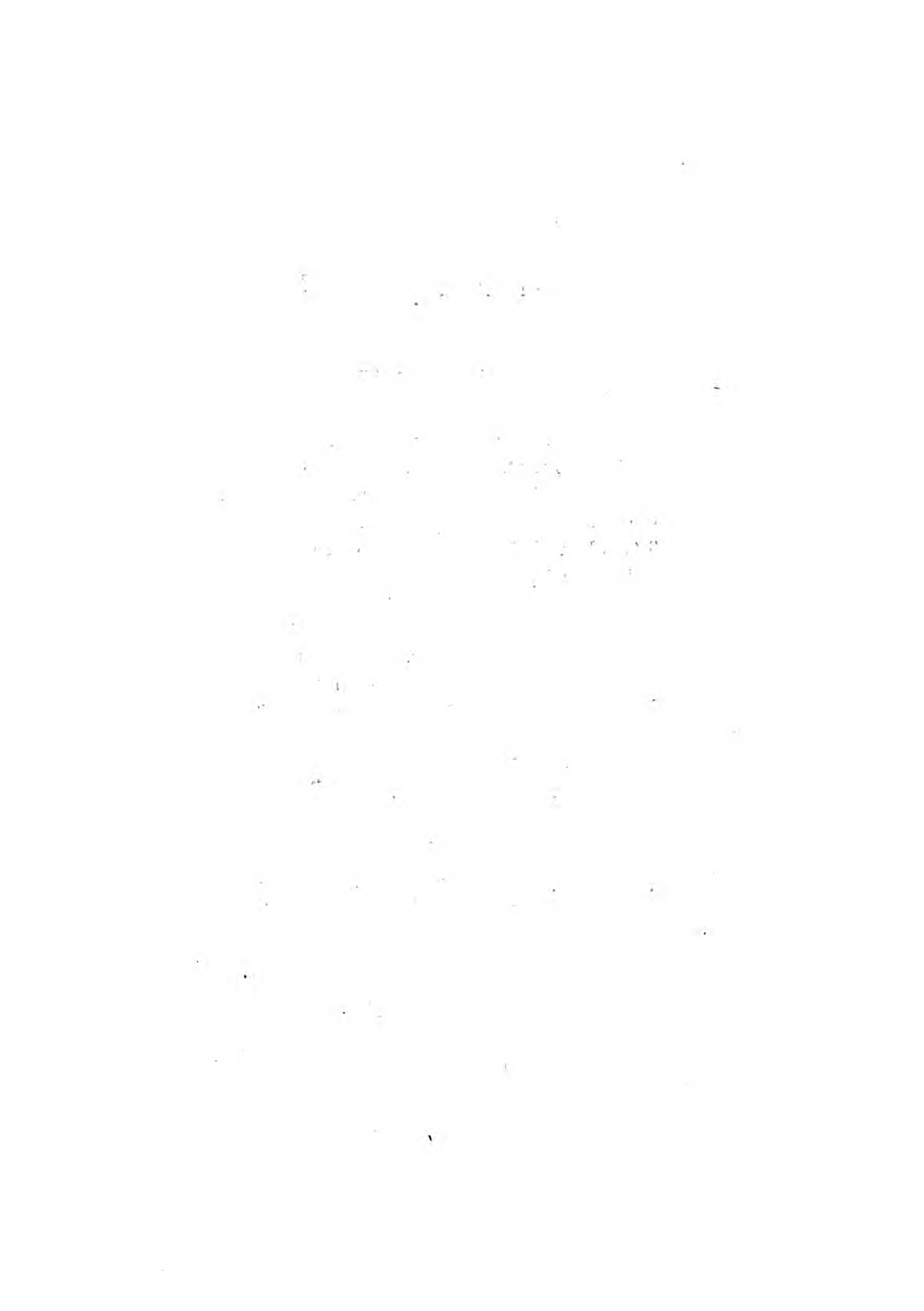
YOUR ears, accustom'd late to Grecian lyre,
 To Spartan virtue, and to patriot fire,
 Some change of instrument may now approve;
 New modulations may new passions move:
 And here's a stranger, now behind the scene,
 Who plays upon the Spanish mandolin:
 A Spanish tale he sings, of gothic ages,
 Such as you'd hunt for in black letter pages.
 He's quite prepar'd.—Well, shall I call him in?
 Shall he strike up?—But hold—ere we begin,
 'Tis fit, so will our custom and his fears,
 That I bespeak kind hearts, and patient ears.
 You, ladies, first, whose eyes so oft o'erflow
 With pity's tribute to another's woe——
 Once more in tears, like those which angels weep,
 Our author hopes those lovely cheeks to steep.
 Most grave and potent critics by profession,
 Who claim Parnassus for your own possession;
 Who, lords o' th' manor, holding here your court,
 Grant, or refuse, your licences to sport;
 Most sapient doctors of th' Athenian school,
 Who laugh by precedent, and weep by rule;
 Elastic youths, well-girth'd above the hips,
 Who hear the sad words issuing from our lips,
 With eyes devoutly lifted——to the slips;

†

} Ob,

Oh, you that croud above, around, beneath,
 To pick a quarrel, or to pick—your teeth;
 Oh, you, who hither come, if any come,
 To pick up something worth your taking home;
 Give ear!—whilst I with solemn truth impart
 What much concerns your judgment, and our art.

I've found,—and where I found it there may you,—
 A law to judge by, simple, plain, and true.
 In Nature's ancient code—chapter, *The Heart*,—
 Of *section*, *Sympathy*—the former part—
 'Tis written thus—“ All you who seek the stage,
 “ Your minds to model, or your cares assuage,
 “ Stare not around with imitative gaze,
 “ To catch the censure, or to mock the praise;
 “ If you're displeas'd, first ask yourselves this question—
 “ Am I quite free from spleen and indigestion?
 “ If chance you're pleas'd, then lift not up your head,
 “ To think—if Sophocles wou'd thus have said.
 “ Shall Sophocles, or any other Soph,
 “ Shall sage Longinus, bid you cry, *Off, off?*
 “ Trust your own hearts; to their free pulse appeal;
 “ Claim liberty in sense, and dare to feel.
 “ Let who will censure, or let who will write,
 “ Nature and Novelty must still delight;
 “ Throughout the drama, then, be this your cue; —
 “ If mov'd, 'tis nature; if surpriz'd, 'tis new.



Persons represented.

MANUEL, the REGENT,	Mr. KEMBLE.
ANSALDO,	Mr. BARRYMORE.
CARLOS,	Master GREGSON.
GOMEZ,	Mr. WROUGHTON.
SOLERNO,	Mr. AICKIN.
GERBIN,	Mr. PACKER.
DIEGO,	Mr. BATES.
PEDRO,	Mr. BENSON.
SERVANT,	Mr. WILSON.
BANDITTI,	{ Mr. PHILIMORE.
	{ Mr. CHAPLIN.
DIANORA,	Mrs. SIDDONS.
PAULA,	Mrs. WARD.

Gentlemen, Ladies, Soldiers, Attendants.

SCENE. *A Castle in the Province of Catalonia,
in Spain.*

THE
R E G E N T:
A
T R A G E D Y.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

A Platform before the Castle Gates.

Enter GERBIN and DIEGO.

GERBIN.

AY, Diego, Diego! 'twas time thou shouldst return: if the misbelieving dogs of Murcia had kept thee another year, thou wouldst have seen me no more; the Penitents will soon carry old Gerbin to his grave.

DIEGO.

What makes you so melancholy, father? What's the matter? You look well.

GERBIN.

I don't look well. Ay, I've seen the day, when not a man in Spain was better at the Castanets than I.—But how should I be gay, when I've not a fleece but would shame me at the worst fair, here, in Catalonia! Thou knowest, I had as fine a flock as any in Old Castile.

B

DIEGO.

2 THE REGENT:

DIEGO.

How happens that? What, have you had bad luck?

GERBIN.

—Ruin'd, why, look you, ruin'd, ev'ry man of us, since the loss of our duke. Ah! good Anfaldo!—there are no more like him to be found.

DIEGO.

Ay!—how came that to pass? I never heard—

GERBIN.

Dost not know that? I thought it was the evening tale of ev'ry housewife in the land. Well, I'll tell thee. Some three years ago, poor man! he went with his son, our young Prince Carlos, to visit his uncle, leaving this Manuel Regent in his room.

DIEGO.

Manuel? Who's he?

GERBIN.

His father's name, I think, was Gradenze; a grandee in the court of—what's his name?—the king of Aragon; he that took Valentia from the Moors.

DIEGO.

Giacomo?

GERBIN.

The same, the same. In some civil broil Gradenze lost his head; and so would Manuel, if he had not got away.

DIEGO.

He's then a banish'd man?

GERBIN.

Banish'd! ay, I warrant: he came here as bare as these palms; but our lord, who was as good a lord as ever liv'd,—St. Laurence rest his soul!—made him partake

of

of all he had, only because he had known him in some war.

D I E G O.

Done like a foldier.

G E R B I N.

So, I fay, the duke fet off for Leon with our young prince,——

D I E G O.

And he never came back?

G E R B I N.

No—no, never—never came again! He left us, as you may fay, like the old year, never to return. There he went—I could well nigh fwear I fee him now, and a hedge of fubjects on each fide—there he rode, on a palfrey of my own breed, and fmil'd, and nodded, as he went; fo, when he came to me, I faid, “Heaven preferve your grace!”—to which quoth he, “Farewel, old Gerbin!”—Yes, he fpoke to me: O lack! O lack! I little thought never to hear, nor fee, him any more. “Farewel,” he faid, “old Gerbin!”

D I E G O.

Come, father, don't cry fo. How fares it with your neighbour Baptifta?

G E R B I N.

No, no, I like to talk about him. I knew that evil would befall; for—hark'ee, Diego—the very night he went, I dreamt a dream: and, fure enough, the king of Arragon feized him, as he pafs'd his eftates, and vowed it fould coft him his life, if he did not give up Manuel: but he would not.

D I E G O.

There's noble! There's the point of honour for you!

B 2

G E R B I N.

THE REGENT:

GERBIN.

In fine, he got his liberty; and, about a twelvemonth ago, left Alphonso, to return—then was the whole country full of rejoicings—but it was ordered otherwise—sweet soul!—it was ordered otherwise—He was murdered. Oh, what a sad untimely end! Why didn't I die then? Sinner that I am! It had been better to have died, than see this miserable old age. O, well-a-day, that I should live to this!

DIEGO.

Cheerly, good father. See, the princess is coming. Here, take my arm. Let's go home, and comfort us. So, so.

GERBIN.

"Farewel," quoth he, "farewel!"

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter* DIANORA and PAULA.

PAULA.

Fair Dianora, yield not thus to grief.
Though all around thee seems anew to smile,
And ev'ry grove shakes off its snowy veil,
The wintry hand of woe still gripes thy heart:
Why shouldst not thou, like nature, cease to mourn?

DIANORA.

Because the day-star of my peace is gone,
Quench'd in the oceans of unbounded night:
Cure me of thought, then hope to ease my pain;
Blot memory; for there, enthron'd on grief,
Anfaldo sits sublime in endless empire.
Ah me! not even death can bear me to him;
His soul amidst the many-mansion'd bliss
Has fix'd its seat, where I may never climb.

PAULA.

A TRAGEDY.

5

PAULA.

Dispel such thoughts, and rest your mind on Carlos.
The prince returns:—does that afford no comfort?

DIANORA.

Comfort! O joy! It joys my very heart.
If peace and I may meet, 'tis that unites us.
Manuel is good, he seeks to soothe my sorrows,
And therefore counsels what he knows will cheer.
Carlos, indeed, is happy to possess
A second father in his father's friend.
But see your husband.

Enter SOLERNO.

Welcome, good Solerno:
Come you from Manuel?

SOLERNO.

Even now I left him,
Seeking his brother Gomez in all haste.

DIANORA.

'Tis kind. He was the person of our choice
Hither from Leon to attend the prince.

SOLERNO.

Bring home the prince? Now Heav'n forbid he should!

DIANORA.

Wherefore, I pray, these marks of perturbation?
Becomes it thee to fadden at my bliss?

SOLERNO.

Doubt not my faith, nor doubt my steady zeal.
Think you that I, grown white within these walls,
Can cease to love the offspring of my lord?
No, no; I look on Carlos as a son.

DIANORA.

Why should he not return to bless me?

PAULA.

PAULA.

Say.

SOLERNO.

Because his youth denies him yet to govern.
 You know me, gracious mistress, frank and plain;
 Justice my cause, I mind not to offend.
 My lord would say, "Thou art so blunt, Solerno,
 "That half I fear thee." Thus he spake in jest,
 But he forgave me; for he found me true.
 Hither to send for Carlos is not well.

DIANORA.

You fear his subject's love, and mother's fondness:
 But, is the cherish'd stag of our demesne
 Less royal, or less generous in his nature,
 Lifts he his antlers less aloft in air,
 Than his wild brother of Morena's shades,
 Who never knew the fostering hand of man?—
 And will not Manuel form my boy to greatness?

SOLERNO.

Manuel is young; trust not too much in Manuel;
 He may be venom'd, as the painted snake,
 Which hides deep poison under gilded scales—
 Ill would he rule the duke, who loves the dukedom.

DIANORA.

Who loves the dukedom!—

SOLERNO.

Lady, 'twas my word.

DIANORA.

Solerno, he, you speak of, is the friend
 My lord held dear, the partner of his bosom.

SOLERNO.

Therefore my soul abhors him.

A T R A G E D Y.

D I A N O R A.

Peace, old man.

P A U L A.

What is it, dear my husband, so disturbs you?

D I A N O R A.

Say why thine aged limbs are shaken thus
With passion, unbecoming those white hairs?

S O L E R N O.

O Dianora! strongly I suspect,
But for this cherish'd man, this friend, this fugitive,
We should not now deplore the best of princes.

D I A N O R A.

Speak, I command thee.

S O L E R N O.

He's a villain certain ;

Endures not solitude ; is ever restless :
Nay, even 'mid the revelry of wassail,
Sometimes black melancholy seizes on him,
And then stares he into the vacant air,
Glaring around with epilepsied eye ;
After awhile, as rousing from a dream,
Though no one spake, he cries, " Forgive me, Sir ;
" I mark'd you not—Now let's be merry, friends."
And thus he strives to quell his troublous thoughts,
Which, ever and anon up boiling, plague him.

D I A N O R A.

Is this the cause, then, and is this the ground,
Whereon those black, and murd'rous, doubts are built ?
Learn, ancient Sir, though late, a noble mind,
Like the great sea, swells at each transient touch
Of Heaven's breath, and, as it freer rolls,
The more displays its depth, and power, and grandeur.

Slander

8 THE REGENT:

Slander becomes not age; and accusation,
Unless well founded, favours much of malice.

SOLERNO.

Lift; nor repay my honesty with frowns.—
Thou know'st the armour of my poor lost lord.

PAULA.

That, brown with gore, through which the Moorish spear
Yet stands infix'd.

SOLERNO.

The same: 'neath Murcia's walls,
Saving the Regent's life, he took that wound.

DIANORA.

I know it well.

SOLERNO.

Conceal'd the trophy lay,
To spare thy breast a pang;—but late I order'd,
It should be plac'd with the other warlike spoils,
That grace the gallery.

DIANORA.

Well, what ensued?

SOLERNO.

One stormy evening, which expir'd in tears,
I saw Don Manuel pacing to and fro,
There, where Anfaldo's iron effigy
Gleams 'mid the chivalry of ancestors.
The rattling casements stream'd with heavy drops,
And hollow blasts, hurtling through peaked vaults,
Rebellow'd down the gloomy passages,
Making the doors to groan of this old mansion.
In haste he went, and seem'd to be disturb'd,
More than the elements disquiet seem'd.
While I, unseen, stood watching his demeanour,
His eyes upon the vacant statue fell;

Appal'd

Appal'd he started back, with either hand
 Shielding his face, as though a ghost had cross'd him :
 Then on the figure gaz'd, with folded arms,
 And forehead all convuls'd, and quiv'ring lip.
 Long having stood absorb'd in thought profound,
 He smote his brow, and earnestly exclaim'd,
 " O ! deed accurst — would it had ne'er been done !"
 More words, perchance, had burst from his dark mind,
 But, hearing somewhat stir, he pry'd around,
 And, much alarm'd, flunk back to his apartment.

DIANORA.

And, should not I have smitten too my brow ?
 And, should not I have curs'd the bloody deed,
 As well as he ? Solerno, thou dost warp
 To foulest form the tokens of pure friendship ;
 And, but I still have honour'd thee, and do
 Revere thine age, I should not calmly hear
 So true a knight, so brave a gentleman,
 Unworthily and basely stigmatiz'd.
 I pray no more of it. — The Regent comes.

[*Exeunt SOLERNO and PAULA.*]

Enter MANUEL.

MANUEL.

All health attend my prince's !

DIANORA.

Thanks, my lord ;

You are right welcome : I have overstay'd
 My wonted hour, that to your hands I might
 Commit the promis'd letter. Here it is ;
 And think, O ! think, the answer is my child ;
 Consider, Sir, th' impatience of a mother
 For a lost son admits not of delay.

C

MANUEL.

THE REGENT:

MANUEL.

Within an hour my brother shall depart.

DIANORA.

Gomez will watch my boy with tenderness?

MANUEL.

Not more the feather'd tribe their callow young

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Gomez attends you presently.

DIANORA.

Farewel;

And may all speed, and Heav'n's special favour,
Prosper our embassy with fairest fortune!—

[*Exit* DIANORA.]

MANUEL.

Is this the happiness so dearly bought,
Purchas'd by murder, ratify'd in gore?
Ansaldo's form by night, by day, pursues me;
His single name rings dreadful in mine ear,
Knots all my flesh, and bristles ev'ry hair—
'Tis beyond bearing—oh!—Hence, conscience, hence!
My crime is past—and, if there shall be judgment,
Will damn me certain;—then, be this my heav'n.—
But who, lynx-ey'd, has peer'd beyond the grave,
And view'd that phoenix Immortality?
No—all may crumble in sepulchral night;
And then have I the better of the game.
Dost thou exist, or, is thy being null,
Thou, whom I sent to learn those mysteries?
If thou art blessed, I shall be a demon;
Therefore I hope thine essence is no more.—
Soft, soft—my brother comes—

Enter GOMEZ.

Gomez, my friend,—

G O M E Z.

What wouldst thou with me? say.

M A N U E L.

The woes, we've brought upon this ancient house,
Weigh heavy on me, bear me down with sadness.

G O M E Z.

Ah! there thou strik'st a poignard to my heart.
Deep-vexing tempests have I often seen,
Full oft the brine has wash'd my sleep away,
And brush'd my pinnace against beaked rocks;
But billows now of wild remorse assail me,
Compar'd to which, the raging sea is calm.
My love for thee is author of this ill.

M A N U E L.

It much repents me too that you have slain him;
Yet, there was cause; 'twas treacherous to betray me:
But good for evil is the meet return.
Yes, I have sinn'd, and much I do repent me.

G O M E Z.

Then how much more have I, who, tiger like,
Grinn'd o'er my prey, and snuff'd his reeking corse?
No cause had I; he never did me wrong.
What plea is mine for mercy? what pretext?

M A N U E L.

Ease we the sorrows of the lady widow'd;
Let us replace the husband we destroy'd.

G O M E Z.

That were indeed a joy.

M A N U E L.

Ha! were it not?

C 2

Fair

Fair Dianora thinks but on her son,
 And, while he sojourns at the court of Leon,
 His absence wears upon her shatter'd spirits.
 But as the crocus opes its saffron veil,
 To catch at morn the cloud-dissolving ray,
 And stain with deeper gold its paly brow ;
 So would her heart expand on sight of Carlos,
 And repossess the father in the child.

G O M E Z.

Can he not be recall'd ?

M A N U E L.

It is agreed.

The lady has complied with my request,
 And wishes you to seek, and hither guard him,
 Thinking the prince most safe in your protection.

G O M E Z.

With me ? deluded woman ! safe with me ?—
 Ah ! there you jar my nerve of quickest sense,
 And tear my brain, as lightning rends the cloud,
 But thou say'st true ; yes, injur'd Dianora,
 He shall be safe ; by his great wrongs, I swear it ;
 While life remains, dear as that life, I'll guard him—
 Such paltry retribution still is mine.

M A N U E L.

'Tis nobly said, and cancels each misdeed.
 For better is the Nile-impregnate soil,
 Whose copious juices with redundance bend
 The harvest down, though some rank weeds it nourish,
 Than the dead waste, that borders it around,
 Which neither aliment, nor poison, bears:
 And he, who through excess of virtue errs,
 Alike transcends the wretch of apathy,
 Whose only blazon is—the lack of crimes,

Hence

Hence with the enmity we bore this house!
Its short-lived reign shall end in lasting friendship.

G O M E Z.

Give me thy hand; thou fill'ft me with new pleasures,
When is the time you wish I should depart?

M A N U E L.

Now, even now; and bear with thee this letter;
It is from Dianora to Alphonso;
Delivering it, thou shalt receive his nephew.

G O M E Z.

Farewel; it shall be done.

M A N U E L.

Gomez, a word,

Say not, I counsel'd this—no, say not so—
But rather, I oppos'd it;—doft thou mark me?
The sapient king loves Carlos, and may think,
Why meddles Manuel in these affairs?
This would displease me; mention not my name,

G O M E Z.

It shall be so.

[Exit GOMEZ.]

M A N U E L,

Repentant, shallow mortal!

Now shall I clutch him, and attain the goal.
Yet, wou'd the boy had perish'd with his fire!
So, that one stroke had done the business clean,
Which, splinter'd thus, lies fest'ring in my brain.—
Protect him wilt thou?—bring him hither first,
What will be wanting to my great desires,
When I have sent this stripling to his fathers?
For then, I'll wed the beautiful Dianora,
And reign the sov'reign of these fair domains.
Beware, weak man!—thy penitence may hurt thee.
Well, glad I am this noisome farce is o'er;

For,

For, tho' I do despise his leaden soul,
My reason owns his words and actions noble.—
But—who can tell?—he may be villain yet :—
Or, easy 'tis to fight and tell the beads,
When our repentance needs no sacrifice :—
When all's complete, I too will be a faint.
Soft, soft—these are but words—'twill be too late—
Stop now, or never—Never be it then—
Now that the worst is past, and all my own?
No; that, indeed, were beggarly and base—
The farthest aim of man is happiness,
Which some choose here, while some past death await it:
I'm for the first; let Gomez seek the other.

[Exit.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

A Wood, and a distant View of the Castle.

Enter ANSALDO.

ANSALDO.

HAIL, native soil! hail, venerable trunks,
 And ye, regretted, weather-beaten, tow'rs!
 Each hill, nay, ev'ry coppice, ev'ry stream,
 Presents some scene of recollected joy,
 And overwhelms my soul with ecstasy.
 What now shou'd keep me from my lov'd one's arms!
 Ah! were I sure that they would clasp me round
 With all the fervency of former passion,
 How past all utterance were this day's delight!
 But, oh! unnumber'd visionary fears,
 With treble clamours, bay my anxious mind,
 Now that I touch upon the wish'd-for hour.
 Should Dianora look with coldness on me—
 Woman is frail, and rumours are abroad—
 If they be true, 'twere better I had died.
 I burn to be inform'd, yet fear to ask,
 And my heart vibrates high in dread of evil.
 —See—this way comes an aged cottager.
 I know him now. My honest, simple, Gerbin—
 As a far-travell'd stranger I'll accost him.

Enter GERBIN.

GERBIN.

Good den. My humble service to you, master.

ANSALDO.

THE REGENT:

ANSALDO.

A word or two, old man. Inform me, pray thee,
Whether that castle be not Duke Anfaldo's.

GERBIN.

Ah! Sir, it did belong to him, and I would it did still;
but it pleas'd Heaven to take him; so God's will be
done. We must be patient; for, as they say, he who
spits against Heaven, it falls in his face. A brave
Prince he was, and will never be forgotten within
a hundred leagues of Tortosa, so long as the Ebro shall
run by its walls.

ANSALDO.

Dead! But his lady, and the prince are well?

GERBIN.

Our young prince is well; but as to the lady—

ANSALDO.

—What, what of her?

GERBIN.

Body of me, don't hurry me thus. I'll tell thee as fast
as I can. She, poor soul! has wept and wail'd so, that
it has been pitiful to see her. The loss of her lord had
well nigh laid her on the bier.

ANSALDO.

Then, Dianora, but for that, were well?

GERBIN.

Yes, yes, she'll come about again. Time works
more cures than the whole college of Toledo; for—I'll
tell thee what—'twixt you and me, d'ye see, they say in
the castle—and, if it be true, there's an end of us—

ANSALDO.

What say they? speak.

GERBIN.

They say, she's to marry the Regent.

ANSALDO.

A N S A L D O.

Merciful Heav'n!

G E R B I N.

Ay, I should have liked her better, if she had not forgotten my dear lord; for this fellow is more fit for the gallies, than for her bed.

A N S A L D O.

Accursed stars! Oh, wretched, hopeless man!
Report may slander—should I rush to shame—
No: I'll be satisfied, ere I proceed,
Whether I'm doom'd to heaven, or to hell.
Old Gerbin—hark!

G E R B I N.

Good Heav'n! he knows my name.

A N S A L D O.

Haste; hither bring Solerno to me strait.

G E R B I N.

Saint Laurence help us, and have mercy upon us! If he was not dead, I'd swear to him.

A N S A L D O.

Dost thou not know me, friend?

G E R B I N.

O, that I were at home!—methinks I'm in a trance;
ay, all my breath is gone; my last hour is surely come.

A N S A L D O.

Thou art but frightened, Gerbin, I assure thee.

G E R B I N.

You're not my lord, alive?—you're not my noble,
dear, good, lord, alive?

A N S A L D O.

Come, come; I am thy lord, alive and well.

D

G E R B I N.

THE REGENT:

GERBIN.

Nay, then I'll lose my very wits for joy: beseech you
pardon; for I'm craz'd with joy.

ANSALDO.

Well, haste to do the errand that I told thee.

GERBIN.

I hope your—— O, happy day!

ANSALDO.

Be moderate.

GERBIN.

I hope your Grace will forgive me; for, by the mother
that bore me, I know not a word of it.

ANSALDO.

It was to send Solerno to thy cottage.—
But not a word to any one but him.

GERBIN.

Ay, not a minute shall be lost.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*An Apartment in the Castle.**Enter DIANORA.*

DIANORA.

Why tarries he? ere this he should be here.
Yet, from the tow'r, where I have kept my watch,
Since fainting night first sicken'd at the sun,
Though far the winding road I can descry,
All is untrodden as the Libyan sands.
Long on a speck, through the dim air, I gaz'd,
Thinking it stirr'd the dust, and might be Carlos:—
'Twas but a hawthorn withering by the way.
He must o'er-pass the death-bed of his father.

O, should

O, should another raven-herald come,
 And chill me into stone with horrid tidings!—
 Wherefore this dread? The sun still feebly warms,
 Nor yet hath cheer'd the slopes of yonder hills,
 Which spread long shadows o'er the misty plain.

Enter M A N U E L.

M A N U E L.

A messenger, yet panting with his speed,
 Comes from the prince, and bids us soon await him.

D I A N O R A.

Ay, says he so?
 Arrives he soon? how soon? Is Carlos well?

M A N U E L.

Fresh as the mountain kid.

D I A N O R A.

Then Heav'n be prais'd!

M A N U E L.

Fair Dianora smiles, and I am happy:
 My words have chas'd the sorrows from her brow,
 And, like propitious birds in augur'd flight,
 As omens please, unheeded else, and vain.

D I A N O R A.

Kind Manuel!—comes he within an hour?

M A N U E L.

Yes, ere the day hath journey'd half that space;
 —Then, be it mine to bear the torch of joy,
 Illuminated still by others' hands,
 More blest, alas, more fortunate than I!

D I A N O R A.

Nay, say not so; for there you greatly wrong me;
 I owe much comfort to your gen'rous friendship.

D 2

M A N U E L.

THE REGENT:

MANUEL.

Hence with a debt so beggarly as comfort !
 'Tis but as snow, which cloaks the frost-bit soil,
 Yet, cloaking, chills it too ; a debt is yours,
 Beyond the treasures of the earth to pay.

DIANORA.

What may this mean? wherefore that eager eye?

MANUEL

Would I had never seen these fatal walls !
 What baleful comet blaz'd athwart that day,
 When first these portals open'd to receive me ?
 Had I but sought some hamlet for retreat,
 My life had roll'd in paths of rustic peace,
 No vain desires had rooted in my soul,
 Nor should I have imbib'd a malady
 So fierce, so fix'd, as death alone can cure

DIANORA.

Your phrase is as a meteor of the fen,
 Indefinite and vague ; I follow close,
 Yet still it flits, and leads me but to error.
 Have I caus'd this disquiet ? Can I heal it ?
 If I have err'd, or can it aught avail,
 Chide my ill conduct, or command my service.

MANUEL.

Impossible. There is no cure for love.

DIANORA.

Is it, then, love that rankles in your mind ?
 If so, the bane bears its sole antidote ;
 The woman who afflicts, alone can heal
 The wound, herself hath made. But wherefore this
 To me, unfit to give the least relief ?
 Of obligations broad you urge the bond,—

And

And true it is, I own its utmost tie,—
 Then descant on despair, and end with love.
 Expound this mystery: Who mars your peace?

MANUEL.

She, I adore, is single of her kind;
 For moulded clay ne'er took so sweet a form,
 Till it was softened into her mild figure.
 'Tis an epitome of all the beauties,
 That to this day have grac'd Heav'n's fairest work;
 And yet, the frame, angelic though it be,
 Is no more worth the soul which it enshrines,
 Than the base shell deserving of its pearl.
 Had I a mirror——

DIANORA.

Pray, pray, no more—no more of this, beseech you.

MANUEL.

Be not displeas'd, thou loveliest among women.
 Accuse not me, but Heaven, which made you perfect;
 Since, being so, I cannot chuse but love.
 The orb of fire consumes not that bold bird,
 Who rashly tow'rs, enamour'd of his blaze,
 But with new vigour strings his waving vans;
 Then, let not Dianora frown on him,
 Who dares to gaze upon her radiant virtues.

DIANORA.

No more.—If unawares sprang in your breast
 Such hapless rovings of infirmity,
 Compassion it excites, resentment none.
 As Duke Anfaldo's friend I can regard you,
 As my lord's friend——but never more—no, never.
 Set, then, cool thought to shame these wild desires;
 Dispel the faintest glimmering of hope,

And

And banish from your mind the vain pursuit ;
 Which, to succeed, would ask as great conversion,
 A breach as flagrant in the code of nature,
 As that the nightingale should loathe her gloom,
 Trill jocund notes, and carol to the fun.

MANUEL.

Then, stretch thee, Manuel, on the ground, and die,
 Were but the heart-dear object within view,
 Though through the perspective of lazy years,
 Contented would I chronicle the hours,
 And, each returning eve, with patient hand,
 Blot from my calendar one tedious day ;
 But the word " never," as a rack, distorts me,
 — Well—'twill be over soon—yet, hard it is
 To meet destruction, where we hop'd delight.
 No matter—I have done—'tis past—farewel !
 Disdainfully she turns—Ah ! scorn me not ;
 Stay, stay, and pity madness you inspire.
 Not one kind look ?—Ingrate — Beseech you, pardon,—
 Forgive the frenzy of a love-stung brain,
 And, as you list, pass final sentence on me—
 But, O, be merciful ! be merciful !

DIANORA.

With pity I regard you, and with wonder.
 Is this Gradenze's son, renown'd for sense,
 Who, boy-like, suffers passion to controul him,
 And stains my cheek with shame at his deportment ?
 But, to prevent all future scenes like this,
 Hear as a man, and let cool reason reign.—
 I am a very wretched, widow'd, woman,
 Whose maiden love was of too pure a dye
 For time to fade, or change : but, granting, Sir,
 A levity so monstrous could be mine,

As

As that this heart should own a second flame ;
 Sooner I'd pluck the rebel from its nest,
 Than break the faith I vow'd my lord Anfaldo.
 No—even as he left me I'll rejoin him.

MANUEL.

Must I then perish, Dianora,—must I ?

DIANORA.

You know my mind immutable and fix'd ;
 Therefore, I trust, you ope this page no more,
 But tear it from the volume of your brain
 As rank, and teeming with unworthy matter.
 If so, I'll heed it as the silent flash
 On sultry night, which startles, and is gone.
 But, from this hour, the shadow of a hint,
 Which shews you foster still your mad desire,
 Will sink you to my hatred and contempt ;
 That instant will I fly your sight as odious,
 And ever after hold it in abhorrence. *[Trumpets.]*

*Enter CARLOS, GOMEZ, SOLERNO, PAULA,
 and Attendants.*

See there ; behold him.—Oh, my life, my blessing !—
 Do I again embrace thee ?—
 Look on me.—Does my love remember me ?

CARLOS.

O, yes ; indeed, indeed.

DIANORA.

How chang'd by three long years !—yet still my child !—
 Think you not, gentlemen,—Forgive me, Sir ;
 I have delay'd to thank you for these pains.

GOMEZ.

Pains tittle not what has been utmost pleasure.

MANUEL.

Welcome, our prince ; thrice welcome to this land,
 Which

Which will o'er-teem with joy for your return.

CARLOS.

I do not know this person.

DIANORA.

Your father's friend he was, is now your guardian.
Haste to embrace him, sweet; confess his kindness.—
He looks Anfaldo. Does he not, Don Manuel?

CARLOS.

Manuel!—

That was his name, for whom we were imprison'd.

MANUEL.

Yes; it was I who caus'd Anfaldo's bondage;
And those same chains, so long endur'd for me,
Bind me as fast in endless gratitude
To you, his offspring, and my honour'd liege.

GOMEZ [*Aside.*]

Hell! what is this? Where then was treachery?

DIANORA.

You shall be better known; but now, intreat you,
Permit me to indulge a mother's pride,
And shew my people their Anfaldo's son;
Who, led by you to glory, shall become
His subject's darling, and the boast of Spain.

[*Exeunt* DIANORA, CARLOS, SOLERNO,
PAULA, and *Attendants.*]

GOMEZ.

Brother, a word.—Full much it maryell'd me,
To hear Anfaldo suffer'd for thy sake:
This you ne'er told.

MANUEL.

Perdition on the boy!
Now it will out.—Well, well, what matters it?

GOMEZ.

You mark me not.

MANUEL.

My thoughts are elsewhere busied.

GOMEZ.

I say ———

MANUEL.

I know thou dost—And what of that?—
Suppose he was; could we have set him free?

GOMEZ.

Hear me with patience, Sir; nor taunt me thus
With answers foreign quite. 'Tis strange, I say,
That he, who thraldom for his friend endur'd,
Should strait brood treachery against his life.
Unravel, then,——

MANUEL.

Unravel? Dost thou bay me?
Wouldst thou infer I am a liar, slave?
Before the Holy Virgin now I swear,
If the same mother had not borne us both,
Thou shouldst repent this upstart arrogance.

GOMEZ.

Insulting man! Kindred restrains me also.—
Farewel—there's smell of villainy—farewel.

[Exit GOMEZ.]

MANUEL.

Contempt!—abhorrence!—Shall I tamely stoop
Beneath a woman's scorn, and grant her pride
To marr my ev'ry plan? No, no—I'm glad of it.—
Had she been kind, remorse had check'd my arm;
But now, it will delight me to torment her
Together with her imp. She hates me deadly,
And I with equal hate will swell as high.
But, as the savage nature of the pard
No way endamage her motley coat;

E

So

So is it with the beauties of this proud one,
 Which, spite of very hell, I will enjoy.
 If she consent to wedlock, it is well;
 Else, let her look to it, and dread my vengeance!—
 Her cub is in my power—Let her look to it!

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

Another Apartment in the Castle.

Enter SOLERNO and GOMEZ.

G O M E Z.

For a whole year? during so long a space?

S O L E R N O.

Yes, twelve moons full; and oft was threaten'd death,
 If he agreed not to surrender Manuel.

G O M E Z.

Heavens! what say you? Yet he would not?

S O L E R N O.

Never,

G O M E Z.

From his release to his most hapless end,
 Did there uprise no feud?

S O L E R N O.

None, certainly;

Else had the will not nam'd him here Protector.
 But whence this earnestness? Heard you of discord?

G O M E Z.

Yes, once; 'tis long time since; a certain man—
 His name escapes me—said, that Duke Anfaldo
 Had purpos'd to betray the outlaw'd Manuel.

S O L E R N O.

The fellow lied. No treachery knew he,
 But was as spotless as Navada's snows.

G O M E Z.

G O M E Z.

'Tis very strange! E'en now I told my brother—
That man, I mean—my brother then was with us—

S O L E R N O.

You falter, Sir; your colour comes and goes.

G O M E Z.

In truth, I am not well.—I then observ'd,——

S O L E R N O.

You said, 'twas even now, if I mistake not.

G O M E Z.

Yes;—some days past.——

S O L E R N O.

By this it should appear,

That very unknown, much-informed, man,
Seen so long since, again, of late, you met,
And then, anew, resum'd your first discourse.
Speak plainly, Sir; entangle not your words;
Some mystery there is in this concern,
Wherein, I fear, you are initiated.

G O M E Z.

No, none at all.—I am much indispos'd,
And dizziness attacks my wand'ring brain:
I must retire.——

Beshrew these fits, which evermore beset me!

[Exit GOMEZ.]

S O L E R N O.

'Tis plain, 'tis plain. The brother's privy to it,
But seems deceiv'd by the arch-villain Manuel,
Who now hath got the prince into his power.
But I will steal him hence; or, if I fail,
Blessed exchange, to give this crazy frame
For lasting honour, and the conscious praise
Of dying in a murder'd master's cause!

E 2

Enter.

THE REGENT:

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Gerbin is come, Sir, and wishes to speak with you immediately.

SOLERNO.

Let him come in.

[*Exit SERVANT.*

Some fresh complaint, some act of tyranny:
Thus ev'ry day brings new calamities,
Which I, unable to redress, must hear.

Enter GERBIN.

GERBIN.

O, Sir, Sir, Sir! you never will believe me;—

SOLERNO.

What is the matter, friend?
I hope no mischief hath befallen thee.

GERBIN.

He's not dead!—by the mass, 'tis true—he's not dead!

SOLERNO.

Who?

GERBIN.

Now, as I'm an honest man, by this beard, I saw him.

SOLERNO.

What art thou talking of? Saw whom?

GERBIN.

The duke, the duke—our sov'reign lord, the duke.

SOLERNO.

Didst thou not know he was recall'd from Leon?

GERBIN.

O, no, not the prince—his dear grace Ansaldo,
that we thought kill'd.—Now, by this beard, I saw
him.

SOLERNO.

Ruler of heav'n and earth!—can this be true?—

I never yet discover'd him in falsehood.—

Where didst thou leave him? Art thou sure 'tis he?

GERBIN.

O, Sir, I'm sure of nothing: but I'll swear I don't
tell a lye; for I think I'm right.

SOLERNO.

Bring me this instant to him. Let me see him.—

[Exeunt.]

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

A Wood before Gerbin's Cottage.

Enter ANSALDO and SOLERNO.

ANSALDO.

CHEERLY, Solerno!—Say again, 'tis false
That I'm forgotten.

SOLERNO.

False it is; false, false.

ANSALDO.

Once more repeat, she loves me.

SOLERNO.

Yes, O, yes.

ANSALDO.

Unbounded bliss!—Take full support; nay lean;
For you turn pale, and falter as you go.

SOLERNO.

Is all this real?

ANSALDO.

Be compos'd, my friend;
Nature will here bestow her balmy potions,
Suck'd from the foliage of each fragrant herb.

SOLERNO.

I was nigh lost; and scarce now recollect me.

ANSALDO.

Your colour comes. How fares it with thee now?

SOLERNO.

Ansaldo! O, my sov'reign, and my son!

ANSALDO.

A T R A G E D Y.

31

A N S A L D O.

Rife. Let me fly upon the wings of rapture
To take my wife, and Carlos, to my arms.

S O L E R N O.

Forbear, forbear,—I supplicate your patience—
Nor go!—Lamented Sir, first let me hear
By what blest miracle you still survive.

A N S A L D O.

Think you my fervour suffers such delay?
Impossible.

S O L E R N O.

Deny me not this boon;
For I have doubts, blacker than midnight shades
I' the moon's eclipse; doubts, that betoken danger;
Which, unresolv'd, prohibit you your home.

A N S A L D O.

You fill me with alarm—Give ear then to me.
That I departed from Castile's proud court
Must have been common to the ears of men.
I left it, with my son and Leonardo,
In evil hour, and fatal to my friend.
Journeying we reach'd a spot, where the slope road
Seeks passage, 'twixt the mountains and the sea,
Along the margin of a placid bay,
Where, below shelt'ring rocks, a bark was moor'd,
Which seem'd to play upon the heaving waters,
Mocking the clamours of the far-off wave.
My friend and I out-rode our ling'ring train;
When, at the entrance of a rude defile,
At once a fierce banditti rush'd upon us.

S O L E R N O.

Then was the time, we thought you had been murder'd.

A N S A L D O.

ANSALDO.

I narrowly escap'd it: Death yawn'd for me,
 But Fate forbade, and pointed Leonardo.
 An arrow pierc'd him, as he drew his sword,
 And stretch'd him panting on the dusty way.
 'The rocks re-echo'd now with "Kill Anfaldo;"
 "So he be slain, it matters not who lives."
 One ruffian felt my weapon; but, o'erpower'd,
 And wounded grievously, I also fell,
 Near my companion, who expiring lay;
 Yet, even then, on life's extremest verge,
 He was revolving in his dauntless soul
 How, with his latest breath, to serve his friend.
 "Anfaldo"—thus he spake, and reach'd his hand
 To let it rest in mine,—“my end is come,
 “Inevitably come; then, be it thought,
 “Since 'tis the duke they aim at, I am he;
 “So may you live, and I not die forgotten.”
 Scarce had he ended, when the lawless band
 Return'd from slaughtering our few attendants,
 And, as I then suppos'd, my helpless Carlos,
 As they stood gazing on their bloody work,
 The dying man, compos'd as at a feast,
 Thus faintly utter'd, “You're now satisfied;
 “Anfaldo's death you would—lo! here I lie.”—
 Then, feebly floating his dim eyes towards me,
 Murmur'd, “Farewel!”—and sunk, to rise no more.

SOLERNO.

Oh, generous man! deserving endless fame!—

ANSALDO.

A furious villain, lifting then his faulchion,
 Quickly adjoin'd, “Go thou, and follow him,”
 I then had fallen too, but that their chief

Warded

Warded the blow, and cried aloud "Desist;
" My brother is aveng'd, and I content."

S O L E R N O.

His brother? Ha!—'Tis even so; 'tis he.

A N S A L D O.

But, why this brother thirsted for my blood,
And who he is, still thickest night involves.
Enough, my friend: They cast into the main
The body of mistaken Leonardo,
And forc'd me with them; then, on Africk's shore,
Left me to fortune, and re-plough'd the deep.

S O L E R N O.

The hauberk of high providence protects thee.
Who shall commit——

[GOMEZ crosses the back part of the stage.]

A N S A L D O.

Peace, peace; retire—Look there!—

S O L E R N O.

I know him well, my liege, and so do you.

A N S A L D O.

Yes, by the holy cross; for 'tis the man,
The very man, who sav'd, yet sought to slay me.

S O L E R N O.

'Tis even he.

A N S A L D O.

And stare you not with wonder?

S O L E R N O.

No; ere your tale was done, I singled him,
Nay more, the felon instigator too.

A N S A L D O.

Who are they? say, and give your answer wings.

F

S O L E R N O.

THE REGENT:

SOLERNO.

His name who pass'd is Gomez; and his brother's—
'Twill be a jav'lin in your side—is——Manuel.

ANSALDO.

Who?

SOLERNO.

Manuel.

ANSALDO.

What Manuel? Not mine?

SOLERNO.

Yes, thine own Manuel, Gradenze's son,
His banish'd son, imagin'd Pylades.

ANSALDO.

Impossible! No, no; it cannot be.

SOLERNO.

Was he the leader of the crew?

ANSALDO.

He was.

SOLERNO.

Then, from his mother sprang the man you cherish'd.
Besides, I can give other flagrant proof,
Shall force you to acknowledge him a traitor.

ANSALDO.

Fury, and death!—Oh, unexampled villain!—
Are these your thanks?—but he shall answer it.
If he reply not to the charge, he dies;
But should he, though I hold thee as a father,
Solerno, hope no mercy at my hand.

SOLERNO.

Be such the terms.

ANSALDO.

Then, let us face the monster.

I

SOLERNO.

SOLERNO.

Hold; be not rash, nor go unguarded thus.
 The fight of you will kindle up his rage;
 He then may hem you with his minions round,
 And realize a death, all Spain thinks certain.

ANSALDO.

Must I then summon force, invest my walls,
 And batter down my gates, to gain admision?
 Besides, the pledge and partner of my joys
 Are in his hold.—I tremble—Speak, Solerno.

SOLERNO.

Ere force be thought of, let me seek your comfort,
 And tacitly convey her with the prince
 To this retreat,

ANSALDO.

Haste, haste! away! be gone!—
 These safe, we'll wind the clarion of defiance,
 And shrivel the usurper by its blast.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*The Castle Hall.**Enter MANUEL and GOMEZ.*

GOMEZ.

Stay, haughty Sir!—'tis even thee I seek;
 And would impart what much concerns us both.
 If thou wilt hear me, list; if not, declare it.

MANUEL.

Speak on, and briefly,

GOMEZ.

Briefly be it, then.
 Suspicion stares on us, and mutters murder.

F 2

MANUEL.

MANUEL.

Then, let it stare ; and mutter they who list.
Who dares to doubt ? To me it naught imports,
Shall I, begirt with Calatrava's sword,
While my red arm was wet with Moorish blood,
Blush at a vice so noble as ambition ?

GOMEZ.

Solerno thinks us guilty.

MANUEL.

I had sworn it,
On his grey scalp eternal curses fall !

GOMEZ.

No, no ; his honest soul——

MANUEL.

A panegyrick !—To the point ; proceed.

GOMEZ.

Anfaldo was our theme ; respecting whom,
Falsely as hell, thou hast abus'd me, Manuel,

MANUEL.

Chose you this topic with a knave so crafty,
Who can knead you, as sculptors docile clay ?
I might have told you more, perchance, than he.

GOMEZ.

Dissembler vile ! Then wherefore didst thou not ?

MANUEL.

Conclude your tale : this next we will discuss,

GOMEZ.

I hope so, Sir. Engag'd in deep discourse
About the man, who perish'd by our means,
Your name, by accident, escap'd my lips ;
Then, as th' unhooded falcon on the wing
Views from the sapphire vault his destin'd quarry,

So

So did the old man nail his eyes in mine ;
Of mysteries he spake, and hinted blood.—
Surpris'd, and baffled, I had no resource,
But to feign sickness, and depart abruptly.

M A N U E L.

Go to the huddled market-place, and there
Dissect thy heart upon the public shambles,
To shew its spongy core to all the people.
Caitiff ! why nam'dst thou me ? And didst thou falter,
Because unworthy of a kin so noble ?
Thou hast told all.—But, such are my deserts,
For having trusted——

G O M E Z.

Abusive man ! forbear ; nor tempt me thus.

M A N U E L.

I must be sudden ; ev'ry moment's precious ;
For, if this reach the princess ere she's mine,——

Enter P A U L A.

Madam, you come, perchance, from Dianora.

P A U L A.

E'en now I leave her, Sir.

M A N U E L.

Return forthwith ;
And be it known to her, I wish admittance.

P A U L A.

Alone the lady is, and would continue ;
Nor chuse I, Sir, at present to disturb her.

M A N U E L.

Then, be it so ; myself can bear my errand.

P A U L A.

You are abrupt, Sir.—Gently—I'll inform her.

[*Exit* P A U L A.

G O M E Z.

G O M E Z.

Hold!—I am to be answer'd—churlish man!—
We part not thus:—nay, but I will have audience.—
What dost thou now contrive on Dianora?

M A N U E L.

Presumptuous slave! hence with thy sanctimony
To some close cell, and pray thy days out.—Leave me.—

G O M E Z,

I will be heard.

M A N U E L.

Then let the winds give ear!—

Away, I say.

[Exit MANUEL.

G O M E Z.

Base villain! miscreant!

Am I then spurn'd?—But I have serv'd his purpose,
And now he casts me off with contumely.
Yes, I've done all; for I have giv'n him Carlos.
Pernicious traitor! there again you dup'd me.
Hence with all friendship, all fraternal love!
No more we meet—my imprecations on thee!
—Depart I thus?—no, rather let me stay,
That I may watch his plots, and be prepar'd
To succour Dianora and her son,
And make atonement for the wrongs I've done them.
I'll seek Solerno—see, he comes—Oh guilt!—

Enter SOLERNO.

S O L E R N O.

What should this mean? what mystery's afoot?
Nay, since you speak not—

G O M E Z.

O! look into my thoughts:—I cannot speak them.

S O L E R N O.

S O L E R N O.

Now 'twill break out.—Why stare you on the pavement?

G O M E Z.

I've been deceiv'd, I've been deceiv'd, Solerno.

S O L E R N O.

What means this darkness?

G O M E Z.

'Tis the smoke of conscience,
Which, smouldering, feeds on guilt, and seeks for vent.

S O L E R N O.

Retard me not ; be brief.

G O M E Z.

In exile driven,

I fought the seas: my brother——

S O L E R N O.

Mean you the man, who murder'd Duke Anfaldo?—
Nay, startle not.

G O M E Z.

'Twas I—'twas I—'twas I!

S O L E R N O.

I know thou did'st it. Ask forgiveness there.

(Pointing to Heaven.)

Bend not to me ; but cast thee down, and grovel
Before that fairest lily of the field,
Whose stem of life thou, coward worm ! hast gnaw'd.
Lie prostrate there, I say, and contemplate
A woman pure as heav'n; erst as happy ;
Until thy weapon, at one dastard blow,
Shiver'd the beauteous column of her joy,
And spread it wide, a monument of ruin.

G O M E Z.

No more, I pray thee, or thou'lt drive me mad.

Burst

Burst this dark conclave, cleave my throbbing brain,
 Sift ev'ry thought that shelters in each cell;
 And, if it ach not with contrition's anguish,
 May agony bite thick on it for ever!—
 But thou, just man, give credit to my words,
 Not of extenuation, but veracious
 As those enroll'd at the supernal bar:—
 I thought Anfaldo merited his fall,
 And took his life, to save a much-lov'd brother's.

S O L E R N O .

Did danger also fit on Carlos' brow,
 That with such eagerness you brought him here?
 Is he a traitor?

G O M E Z .

By this day, you wrong me.
 No—I was fool to his deep-feign'd repentance.

S O L E R N O .

Being deceiv'd, thou still may'st hope for pardon.

G O M E Z .

My life is your's: command some arduous task;
 Bid me go seize the gaunt Biscayan boar,
 Or gripe the wolf, snow-famish'd, by his paw;
 I will not flinch.

S O L E R N O .

Forbear this idle talk.

A savage, far more fell than famish'd wolf,
 We have to cope with. Watch thy brother close;
 And, should he aim at mischief, look to mar it.
 Farewell!—be honest, and I'll give thee comfort.

G O M E Z .

Now you are kind indeed! O, now you brace

The

The very life-strings of my heart, which burns
To prove, by acts of zeal and loyalty,
How deeply it repents all past misdeeds.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Another Apartment in the Castle.

Enter DIANORA, CARLOS, and PAULA.

DIANORA.

Persist so rudely on my second message!—
Did you not urge that I was indispos'd?

PAULA.

Yes; but, with glance indignant, he replied,
“No plague have I, nor come from lazar-house;
“Therefore, anon, prepare her to receive me.”

CARLOS.

Tell him we're busy, and can't see him now.
Mother, don't let him interrupt us yet;
For I hate strangers, and I've much to talk of.

DIANORA.

Poor innocent!—What, spoke he haughtily?—

PAULA.

Even as a satrap to his swarthy slave.

DIANORA.

Lie still, prophetic heart!

PAULA.

Until this hour,
I never saw him in a mood so boist'rous:
Fraternal discord grates, perchance, his temper;
For, when he first address'd me, anger blaz'd
'Twixt him and Gomez.

DIANORA.

No; 'tis wide of that.

G

PAULA.

PAULA.

Sullen he's wont to be, and thick in gloom,
But ever courteous, and of manners princely.

DIANORA.

Inly I am much anxious, troubled fore.

CARLOS.

Why do you look so sad? Pray you, pray don't;
You'll make me so.

DIANORA.

No, be not sad, my love;
We'll think upon a thousand joyous sports,
And pass whole days in merriment.

CARLOS.

Ay, let us.

PAULA.

Not sleek his brow on such a day as this
With festive smiles;—but furrow it with frowns!

CARLOS.

Nay, say no more about him, Paula, pray thee.

DIANORA.

Ah! there you touch a tendon makes me flinch.
'Tis such a greeting, as the tepid drops,
Descending to salute their parent earth,
Meet in th' embraces of the eastern blasts,
Which ice them, ere they reach her longing lips.
I had not thought it.

PAULA.

The prince were better far with wife Alphonso:
Let him not stay——

DIANORA.

Trust me, he shall not, Paula;
Perchance, nor I. 'Tis strange, but true it is,
This interview may work my own dismissal.

PAULA.

PAULA.

You startle me.

CARLOS.

Yes, let's all go to Leon.

You don't know how much I love my uncle ;
You can't think it.

DIANORA.

See, he comes. O, heaven !

PAULA.

I will conceal myself.

DIANORA.

But be at hand,

[*Exeunt CARLOS and PAULA.*

Enter MANUEL.

Proud of admission, I approach you, madam ;
For all access is difficult to-day.

DIANORA.

'Tis true, my lord, retirement was my wish :
Nothing had now recall'd me from myself,
But urgency importing weighty matter.

MANUEL.

And such it is, of subject ponderous,
Big with the welfare of the prince and dukedom.

DIANORA.

Then, with mine also ; spread it wide before me.

MANUEL.

A bulky charge, an Atlantean task,
Is that, which bears upon me for my friend ;
Since, not alone the restless cares of state
Demand a constant and unclosing eye,
But the fair tablets of young Carlos' mind
Must be o'er-writ with great and noble maxims,
For what avails Galicia's ductile ore,
Resplendent panoply, or prostrate vassals,

Unless the soul out-shine these gaudy trappings?
Such is my task: which, e'en with kindred's aid,
Were still most arduous; I, an alien, then,
Merely endow'd with transitory sway,
Must fail in its discharge, unhelp'd by you.

DIANORA.

Doubt you my zeal, Sir, that you thus accost me?
Shall Carlos' mother not assist the man,
Who leads her boy to virtue? Shall the wife
Of duke Anfaldo thus neglect his son?

MANUEL.

Fell calumny behind the chair of greatness
Aye sits, and snarls at pow'r:—savage his spite,
And still more savage as he higher bays;
But with redoubled malice whets his fangs,
If hap, with acrid scowl, he chance to ken,
Vested in delegated trust and sway,
A stranger. Then aloud is rais'd the cry,
In which vile prejudice and envy join,
And hunt him to the toil.—E'en thus stand I.—
'This in the tow'r of my authority
Is a wide cleft, a very dangerous flaw,
Which, rending onwards still, from day to day,
Will slive, at length, the key-stone of the fabric,
And topple it with ruin in the dust.

DIANORA.

Beseech you now, declare, right noble Sir,
Whitherward tends the travel of your words?
So far as I am conscious of their scope,
I can but promise, to my utmost effort,
Respect shall be instill'd in Carlos tow'rd you;
'To stamp you as a father on his mind
Shall be th' endeavour of maternal power.

MANUEL.

MANUEL.

I trust it will, and eagerly desire it;
Nor doubt I of your readiness to touch,
In the great band and concert of this state,
Those notes, that you alone have skill to sound;
Through lack of which the harmony's imperfect,
And soon will change to tones of harshest discord.

DIANORA.

What harmony? What discord?

MANUEL.

This alone.

You wish t' endow me with a father's right,
In Carlos' nature to graft filial feelings;
Take, then, the only efficacious means,
And realize, not feign, the sacred tie.

DIANORA.

You are mistaken, Sir; this is no Bagdad;
Nor I a Georgian slave; nor you my feignor;
Neither this castle a licentious Haram.
Think you, because we brandish not the sword,
Couch not the lance upon the day of carnage,
Heav'n hath denied us intellect divine?
No—we have virtues, fit for man to homage:
Firm we can be, and generous, and chaste;
Honour can start his tear into our eye,
And sensibility is our's;—and our's the glance,
That can peer deeply in the hearts of men;
Where if we spy deceit, and abject cunning,
Contempt succeeds, and fills the lip with scorn.

MANUEL.

Patience, I pray; this scorn is out of season.
Necessity, not love, enjoins compliance,

And

And bids accept the proffer'd hand, though odious ;—
 For 'neath the domes of grandeur never dwells
 The bashful Nymph, domestic liberty ;
 But policy usurps unbounded sway,
 And dictates foes, alliances and friends.
 Your acquiescence, therefore, I await ;
 Since troubles would accompany refusal.

DIANORA.

Such rough-ton'd mandates grapple with my breath,
 Smother all speech, and stunn me with surprise !—
 Is it to drain my soul of ev'ry joy,
 That you affront me in this haughty strain ?
 Cruel it is to heap fresh cares upon me,
 Cruel to force me from this cherish'd home,
 And ill befitting your reception in it.
 Had Duke Ansaldo thus requited you,—
 O, base of soul ! ungrateful, thankless, man !
 But, be it so :—and now, farewell for ever !
 With Carlos I'll explore some tranquil seat,
 There, unmolested, meditate on one,
 Who never err'd, until he trusted Manuel.

MANUEL.

Whither so fast ? I too will be explicit.
 Woman, in trite concerns, must be obey'd ;
 But, when caprice forbids her to accede
 To that, whereon depends the fate of nations,
 Such smooth formalities must go to sleep ;
 Then, stern compulsion must supplant intreaty,
 And shall with you.—Nay, waste not thus your frowns ;
 I too am fix'd, and this my steady vow—
 No more expect the homage of a princess,
 Until you pay me homage as a husband,

I

Enter

A TRAGEDY.

47

Enter CARLOS and PAULA.

PAULA.

Bethink you, Sir; you speak to one right noble.

MANUEL.

Whence comes this forward boy? Who call'd thee,
woman?

DIANORA.

'Tis, sure, illusion all, some midnight spell,
Some haggard charm, which dozes ev'ry sense.
The form is Manuel's, but the words are such
As would become Anfaldo's murderer.

MANUEL.

Peace, peace, I charge thee on thy life—nor tempt—
Learn, he thou see'st is paramount. Learn too,
That, till thy pride is quell'd, this is thy prison,
Barr'd from thy son, and all.—Look not aghast;
The remedy is thine, as is the deed.

[*Exit MANUEL.*

PAULA.

Savage!—How fares it, sweetest Dianora?

DIANORA.

Exceeding well.—Methinks, I'm weary, too.
Would night were come!

CARLOS.

Don't let it make you weary.

PAULA.

Repose a little.

DIANORA.

Think not, love, I mind him.

PAULA.

Recline on me; you tremble, and are wan.

DIANORA.

Come hither.—Oh, thou dear one, kiss—a prisoner!

Shut

Shut from this child, this sole remaining joy,
 And ev'ry hope extinguish'd in despair?
 Thou man of flint!—Ansaldo,—O, my husband!—
 See the tormentor, see thy widow's anguish.

CARLOS.

I'll kiss away your tears; you shall not cry so.

DIANORA.

My child! my child! And must I lose thee, boy?
 Thou too may'st suffer—Gracious Heav'n, forbid!
 My lord's assassin!—no, impossible——
 What would become of thee? I should go mad,
 If it were true, quite mad. O, say, it cannot,
 Tell me, it cannot be; for, but to doubt——

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Madam, depart this chamber:—for the prince——
[Going to seize the child—Dianora keeps him off.]

CARLOS.

I'm frighten'd.

DIANORA.

Here, lay hold, and let me clasp thee.—
 Thou Ruffian, hence!—First sever head or heart;
 This is a vital dearer far than either.

SERVANT.

My lord is fix'd; oblige him not to harshness.—
*[Pressing on towards the child—
 Dianora still keeps him off.]*

DIANORA.

O Heav'n! What must be done?

SERVANT.

Nay, more; be sure,
 The prince will suffer for your vain denial.

PAULA.

A TRAGEDY.

49

PAULA.

Comply, sweet mistress; nor more irritate
A wrathful tyrant by mis-tim'd resistance.

SERVANT.

Hear good advice: no harm will come to him;
What fear you, lady?

DIANORA.

There. (*Gives up the child.*) Oh! agony!
Be kind to him.—Farewel! farewel! farewel!

CARLOS.

O mother! mother! sure, you will not leave me.

[*Exeunt* DIANORA, PAULA, CARLOS,
and SERVANT.]

End of the THIRD ACT.

H

ACT

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

*An Apartment in the Castle.**Enter SOLERNO and PAULA.*

SOLERNO.

DID gold too fail?

PAULA.

In vain I proffer'd it.

SOLERNO.

Unlucky tidings!—Is there no resource?
It must be carried.

PAULA.

Know you ought of Carlos?

SOLERNO.

Nothing. 'Tis mystery and silence all;
The menials eye askance, and grimly fowl,
Sullen and mute they hurry to and fro.
Where is the monster?

PAULA.

Even now I met him;
Right on he went, nor turn'd his head aside,
But seem'd to fear his foot-fall would be heard.
Crossing, he glanc'd me as we're wont a toad;
Yet uttered he no word.

SOLERNO.

'Tis ominous.

Whitherward went he?

PAULA.

Towards the ladies chamber.

SOLERNO.

A T R A G E D Y.

51

S O L E R N O.

Then mischief's in him. Aid her, all ye saints !
 What must be done ? To stay is vain ; yet leave her—
 Poor Dianora !—Can I give her succour ?
 No, none.—Hie thee to shelter—I'll away
 To meet Ansaldo, tell him all her danger,
 And bring him clad in wrath and aweless war.

[Exit PAULA.

Could I be sure the stroke would reach his heart,
 Were it not best to lie in wait and stab him ?
 So 'twould be done.—But I am feeble now ;
 And, should I miss my aim——

Enter G O M E Z.

What is it, Gomez ?
 Wherefore that bloody sword ? that ghastly stare ?

G O M E Z.

Hadst thou but seen it too——

S O L E R N O.

What ? what ? Seen what ?

G O M E Z.

With heaven grappling hell——

S O L E R N O.

Speak on, speak on.

What has the villain done ? Whose blood is that ?

G O M E Z.

Nothing ; a scratch, a scratch. Solerno, list :
 Chancing, in silence mantled, and dumb thought,
 To pass th' apartment where our mistress lies,
 The chord of menace tang'd upon mine ear.
 I stopt——'twas Manuel's voice—then 'gan to listen,
 As does the lev'ret when she hears the horn.
 All else was still. Wrath glow'd at length to fury,

H 2

At

At once he cried,—“Yield thee, or instant perish!”—
I burst the bolts, and rush'd to her assistance.

SOLERNO.

Well—Then?

GOMEZ.

Damp horror thrill'd in ev'ry vein.
Prostrate lay Dianora; Manuel knelt,
And brandish'd in one hand aloft a dagger,
The other, rudely griping her to the floor,
Shook with the terror of the panting victim.
In martyr mood her eyes were fix'd on heaven,
Portraying earthly coil, and mental triumph.

SOLERNO.

O, Dianora! Mistress! Luckless Princess!

GOMEZ.

Startled at my approach, he quitted hold,
And, with a look which stream'd hot lust and vengeance,
Broke from the chamber, tilting, as he pass'd,
A deadly thrust, which, slanting, has but graz'd me:
Nor did I note it, all absorb'd and drown'd
In contemplation of the outrag'd fair one,
Who lay astonish'd, like the fallen fowl,
Whose sleeky plumes the eager dog has torn:
I rais'd her; and, methought, she utter'd thanks;
But in such feeble, such expiring, tone,
That more I guess'd, than heard, the stifled words.

SOLERNO.

Ha! Is she hurt?

GOMEZ.

Dismay'd alone in spirit.

SOLERNO.

Now Heav'n be prais'd!—Where is she? bring me to her.

GOMEZ.

G O M E Z.

Impossible. As hitherward she stagger'd,
 Stay'd on my arm, still fainting with her fears,
 A pack of blood-hounds rush'd wide-mouth'd upon us;
 Of these some bay'd, while others tore her from me.
 Then, having driven off the bandit throng,
 Whereof a part will never breathe to-morrow,
 I hurried to the theatre of insult;
 But all was empty, blank, and discompos'd,
 In fullen emblem of the baleful scene.

S O L E R N O.

Hapless reverse! Fate, cruel, adverse, fate!
 Must she then fall? Forbid it, pow'rs divine!
 So ill starr'd, yet so good!—Sweet, sweet, poor, lady!

G O M E Z.

Let's drive the castle through, nor leave unsearch'd
 The least receptacle, until she's found.

S O L E R N O.

Give me thy hand; for thou hast nobly done.
 Yes, we'll extirpate the whole brood of ruffians:
 A storm impends shall sweep them from the earth,
 Although they stick firmly as Calpe's rocks.

G O M E Z.

What purpose you?

S O L E R N O.

Be gone, and question not.
 In the deep wood, which fronts the setting sun,
 Stands a rude elm, the champion of the forest,
 Whose scaly shoulders brave the battering storm.

G O M E Z.

I know it well.

S O L E R N O.

Hie thither, then; I follow.

[Exit GOMEZ.
 Singly

Singly to pass the gates were best, and then——

Enter MANUEL.

Where's Gomez? Answer me.

SOLERNO.

Where's Dianora?

MANUEL.

Where is he?

SOLERNO.

Where is Carlos?

MANUEL.

Abject slave!

[*Exit* MANUEL.]

SOLERNO.

I'll haste to Gomez; danger threatens him.

[*Exit* SOLERNO.]

S C E N E II.

A Wood.

Enter GOMEZ.

GOMEZ.

This is the spot.—But wherefore come I here?
Shades fit for contemplation these, not war.
But he is sage, and has some hidden purpose;
Else why——

Enter MANUEL.

MANUEL.

Ha! art thou here, vile stigma of my blood?
Thou'rt found.

GOMEZ.

What would'st thou more, atrocious wretch?
Hence, swelter'd serpent! I despise and loath thee.

MANUEL.

M A N U E L.

Despise this also!

[MANUEL rushes on GOMEZ to stab him.

Enter A N S A L D O.

A N S A L D O.

What, thy brother too!

M A N U E L.

Death and distraction!

G O M E Z.

Leonardo!

M A N U E L.

Hold, hold him—hell!——he's loose——

Away—come not upon me—blast me not!——

A N S A L D O.

Wonder not——but follow.

[*Exeunt* ANSALDO and GOMEZ.

M A N U E L.

I sleep not, nor am mad. It was his form,

Self, very self—No, no, this is not fancy——

There, terrible to vision, stern he stood.

Th' abhorred stroke, that hung upon my poignard,

Cleft wide the sulph'rous pit, and tugg'd him out:

Or, if he be a spirit from above,

In mercy down he plumb'd, to stay my arm,

Which else, by fratricide, had deeper damn'd me.

——Who now shall say, the dead return no more,

And that vain turmoils of a phantom'd conscience

Are the sole spectres of pernicious men?

'Tis false as Erebus; both 'leaguer me.

Then, let me fly!—Oh! whither? whither fly?

Whither escape? Despair with damning hold

Clings on so fast, a wild of elephants

Were atomies to tear it from this trunk.

Again he comes——What ho!—'Tis but Solerno——

He must not see—How ev'ry leaf appals me!—[Retires.

Enter SOLERNO.

SOLERNO.

I heard a cry; yet know not whence it comes,
Nor see I Gomez. If his brother found him,
He's surely slain; he else hath reach'd the cottage.
Unless the villain's prompt, all yet may prosper.

[Exit SOLERNO.

MANUEL (*advancing.*)

Yes, but I will; ay, as the nimble ray.
What, grey hyena! hast thou plots against me?
But they shall fail.—Now, before God, I doubt
Whether the thing a goblin was, or man.
Perchance, he never doth his mortal spoils;
And so, 'twere worse than legions of pale ghosts,
Who stalk and mow, but nothing more than scare;
For, if with flesh that soul be still encas'd,
Upon this wicked earth such foe I've none.
Then, be I prompt, and vengeance out-run danger:

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

A Wood before GERBIN'S Cottage.

Enter ANSALDO, SOLERNO, and GOMEZ.

ANSALDO.

Thou didst protect her; I forgive thee all.

GOMEZ.

My joy wants words, as does my gratitude.

ANSALDO.

Poor Dianora! Come, to havoc then!

SOLERNO.

What force have we?

ANSALDO.

A N S A L D O.

Denn'd among tigers thus!—

S O L E R N O.

What aid?

A N S A L D O.

Enough; the country is in arms;
There's not a house but shelters stout adherents:
We'll rouse them, and be gone.

S O L E R N O.

'Twere but delay.

Let Gomez summon, you here marshal them.

A N S A L D O.

Hie thee with speed.

G O M E Z.

Swift, as your wishes, Sir.

[Exit GOMEZ.]

A N S A L D O.

Why, true Solerno, why did I distrust thee?
Had I believ'd it, I had pierc'd his heart:—
But, thinking my soul's life-drops safe with thee,
Slow justice held my arm, averse to goad
With lawless plunge a breast I once held dear.
So now he lords it over all I love,
And, stung by fight of me, may seek their ruin.
O'er-cautious dupe! I had him in my pow'r—
Curse on the friendship, that restrain'd my weapon!

S O L E R N O.

He figur'd you a phantom; did he not?

A N S A L D O.

Such stricken conscience rais'd me to his brain;
Far sprang he back, and howl'd, "Approach me not!—"

I

As

As though he fear'd next step would wither him.

SOLERNO.

Then, strive we t'avail us of this terror,
Which now hangs wildering his perturbed mind;
For, if he spy his error, he'll be desp'rate.

ANSALDO.

Lift—No, they come not—O, my friend!—they sleep;
They might be here,—ay, in the very castle.

SOLERNO.

Impossible: be patient yet awhile.

ANSALDO.

Inhuman savage! ah, I'll mangle him. . . .
What mayn't he now—Perdition! horrible!—
Yet no one comes.—Why stand you speechless thus?
No foul arrives, I say.

SOLERNO.

Instant they will.

ANSALDO.

Talk not of instants; each is now a world.

SOLERNO.

Please you, that I should seek them?

ANSALDO.

No, Solerno;

It is not anger, but distraction, shakes me.
Pardon, good friend; I'll check this tumult in me.
You know I've cause, old man, you know I've cause.

SOLERNO.

Yes, yes; much honoured Sir, most sure you have.

ANSALDO.

What, if the gates be shut—where storm we best?
For lofty are the walls, the trench profound.

SOLERNO.

S O L E R N O.

Between the tow'r of Ceasar and the bridge
 There is a fally-port, which us'd of yore
 Forth to emit thy well accoutred fires :
 This, since the land has doz'd in olive days,
 Loose, ill-cemented, stones have slightly clos'd ;
 And there we'll force, if entrance be deny'd us.

Enter D I E G O.

All are prepar'd, my liege, and wait your presence.

A N S A L D O.

'Tis well—come on, then!—Now we'll tent him home.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The Armoury of the Castle.

A N S A L D O's *Armour stands conspicuously among the Achievements of the Hall.*

Enter D I A N O R A.

D I A N O R A.

Thus far I am escap'd—at ev'ry step
 I shudder ; lest the ruffian should be near.
 Where shall I fly ?—O, whither now betake me ?
 Ye pow'rs above, who pity, and protect,
 Enduring mortals, pity me,—most wretched !—
 And deign to give me succour.—Gracious Heav'n !
 Ansaldo's awful form—The vizor frowns,
 And from the tenantless, and vacant, mail
 A cavern'd sound, methinks, with hollow moan,
 Murmurs, “ Solerno told thee of the false one.”
 Yes, it is true ; but I would not believe
 The good old man—O, had I but believ'd him !
 My child, my child ! I am the cause of all ;
 I brought thee here.—Here ! where ? I know not where !
 And, do I fly ? abandon thee, thus helpless ?

I 2

Unfeeling

Unfeeling monster! first, give thy offspring
 To those, who stabb'd his father, and, then, leave him?
 Never, no, never—— [CARLOS is heard singing,
 Hold—what dulcet sounds?

An angel's voice!—'tis sweeter; 'tis my child's!
 Carlos! my joy, my life! where art thou, Carlos?
 Answer, Oh! answer; thy poor mother calls thee.

CARLOS *within.*

O, mother! mother!

DIANORA.

Yield, infernal barrier,
 Nor think you might withstand maternal impulse,
 Though tough as adamant!—Unclose!—[*Bursts the door*
 I have him. *open.*

Enter CARLOS.

CARLOS.

How I have long'd for you!—Ah me! what ails you?

DIANORA.

Come, come; we must be gone,——

Enter TWO BANDITTI.

First BANDIT.

Think not to get away.

DIANORA.

Off, off, keep off,—O, pity my distress!
 Consider all the insults I have suffer'd:
 No, do not ruin us; we never wrong'd you.
 In all the world I have but this one treasure,
 And will you take that from me?—Sure you will not.

First BANDIT.

It cannot be; our duty must be done.

Second BANDIT.

We'll hear no more,

DIANORA.

DIANORA.

Oh, for your souls sake, hear me !

'Twill be the comfort of your latter days,
 In sickness, and in sorrow, it will cheer you,
 To think you have protected the unhappy.
 This prince will love you ; he will show'r down wealth,
 And honours on you ; and, when he is great,
 Belov'd, and valiant, as his father was,
 You shall exult and glory in the deed.

CARLOS.

In truth, I never will forget you ;
 I'll cherish you, and will refuse you nothing.

First BANDIT.

You know we swore.

Second BANDIT.

Ay, and he promis'd fairly.

DIANORA.

O, do not trust him ; for he promis'd me,
 And has deceiv'd me. When you've serv'd his purpose,
 He'll fear you should betray him, and abhor you.
 O, he will hate you deeply ; do not trust him——
 But we should glory in our benefactors.

First BANDIT.

There is some truth in this.

DIANORA.

Indeed, indeed,

I fear he dealt most foully with Ansaldo ;
 And yet he ow'd him all.—O, feel for me,
 And feel for this poor little one ! My friends,
 You would not have him bleed, when the least wound,
 But on your hands, would make him pale with pity.

Second

Second BANDIT.

Poor little fellow! no, he shan't be hurt.

DIANORA.

Here is a gem, the only wealth I have—
In earnest of reward, accept this jewel.

First BANDIT.

She's wrong'd, and we'll assist her.

DIANORA.

Blessings unnumber'd fill your days with joy!

First BANDIT.

Let's lose no time. We'll lead you to the postern,
That opens towards the forest.

DIANORA.

Haste, lead on.

Now I possess my child, and liberty.

MANUEL, *entering with Soldiers.*

Search all the purlieus—What, am I betray'd?—
Dull fugitives!—Bear hence those slaves to death.—
You thought to 'scape me.—But I have thee still.

DIANORA.

Help, help;—assist me, friends—My boy! my boy!

[*Soldiers carry off* CARLOS—MANUEL
drags away DIANORA.]

End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

*The Castle Hall.**A great and confus'd noise within.**Enter MANUEL, PEDRO, and Soldiers.*

MANUEL.

A LOFT the bridge; fall the portcullis; arm.—

Let no one enter—Treason's in the air.

Each to his post; bestir—Let no one in.

Away, I say. [Exit a Soldier.]

Stay, Pedro—Fly around,

Bid the whole castle din with clank of arms:

Let all embody in the center court,

There wait my further orders.— [Exeunt Soldiers.]

Dost thou mark?

PEDRO.

Immediately.

MANUEL.

Stop, stop—Who bade thee go?

Be there a watch upon the northern tow'r,

And if he see a light approach the walls,

Or hear the flightest trample of a foe,

Command him straight to sound th' alarum full.

Hie thee to duty;—thou'rt a trusty knave,

And much I lean on thee; alert, good Pedro.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

*The Fosse of the Castle.**Enter ANSALDO, SOLERNO, and Soldiers.*

ANSALDO.

Hold, friends—we are arriv'd; beneath that span

Must we force entrance ; since each other pass
 Is closely barr'd, as infidel Granada.
 Now is the time ; the moon hath veil'd her brow,
 And silence sits upon the sodden turf,
 Hushing our footsteps.—On to work, and swiftly.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

What find we when within ?

SOLERNO.

No other hindrance ;

A vault thence leads us to the inner court.

ANSALDO.

Where's Gomez ?

SOLERNO.

Since he left us near the cottage,

I have not seen him.

ANSALDO.

Then is he a traitor ;

But one black ruin shall efface them all.

[*A drum beats in the castle.*]

Surely, they're warn'd.

SOLERNO.

Ay ; when I ask'd admittance,

A twanging bowstring sent the sole reply.

ANSALDO.

Little I thought beneath my native tow'rs,
 Mole-like, to burrow subterraneous way.
 —Tremendous pause !—Solerno, O, Solerno,
 Even like a wretch am I, o'erwhelm'd by earthquake,
 Who lies half buried amid shapeless ruins,
 Imploring all who pass t' afford relief,
 And free his limbs from suffocating cumbrance.

SOLERNO.

Vengeance, my liege, —

ANSALDO.

ANSALDO.

Yes, let the villain tremble.

Come, urge we on our comrades. Forth, keen sword,
Nor think again to fill thy peaceful scabbard,
Till thou art crimson with the blood of Manuel.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*A secret Chamber in the Castle.**Enter MANUEL and a BANDIT.*

MANUEL.

Sullen, thou say'st, and of untoward fortunes?
Ay, that's the man.

BANDIT.

But he will not be known.

MANUEL.

Nor would we know him. Give him this; he suits me.
Is all arrang'd?

BANDIT.

Yes.

MANUEL.

Bring the lady hither;
Call her, I say: Be gone; and, mark, no noise.

[*Exit BANDIT.*]

Marvellous strange!—'Tis time to bustle now.—
All swore he died, th' escaped and the villains,
Time too confirm'd it; yet, before these eyes
He stood corporeally, a living man:
Certain 'tis he; impossible it can be.
Well, well, all still is safe—yet, how is't with me?
Down, boiling spirits, down!—By death, I swear

K

The

The universe is alter'd to my view,
 And shews, like nature seen through sanguine crystal,
 One vast, tremendous, conflagration all.
 Peace, thou art gone.—Fie! fie!—Come, great revenge,
 Teach me to clip the pinions of her pride,
 And sink her to the level of my feet!
 There let her lie, until she clasp my knees
 To beg, in mercy, what she fears as hell.

Enter DIANORA.

DIANORA.

Lo!—here I stand. What torture more? I'm ready.

MANUEL.

Peerless of form! woman of charms divine!
 The Cydnus-wafted queen were but thy foil;
 For in this loose array thou'rt doubly fair:
 It well becomes the languor of the limbs,
 Which droop in all the negligence of woe.

DIANORA.

Base jester!

MANUEL.

No; on honour, thou'rt transcendent.
 Had ever eyes such radiance! How, meek-orb'd,
 They melt beneath the pearl-distilling lids,
 Whose shady lashes half impede their beams,
 And seem departing suns 'twixt dripping boughs!

DIANORA.

Bad man! retire.

MANUEL.

Surely you'd frenzy me,
 By folding all that's lovely in reserve;
 For coyness tempts e'en infant passion on,
 Receding, still in reach, evasive still,

'Till

"Till, having rouz'd both appetite and pride,
 She lets him seize the bait, and hooks him fast.
 Can I, then, stand and contemplate alone?
 No, I must touch, must feed——

D I A N O R A.

Detested wretch!——

Thou art so curst, that, hating, still I pity.
 My woes will finish with my days; but thine
 Will gnaw thy ulcer'd spirit evermore.
 What will relieve, when thou shalt howl in anguish,
 Shrieking aloud, " Ah me, my friend! my friend!
 " Who lov'd, protect'd—aye, and suffer'd for me——
 " Him first I murder'd" —— Yes, thou didst it, traitor——

M A N U E L.

Well then, I did—'twas at that price I bought thee;
 Yield, therefore, instant yield thee to my will;
 For thy resistance idle is and vain.

D I A N O R A.

Tyrant! thou'rt snar'd. The fiend, who tempts thee, smiles
 To see thee grasp at guilt beyond thy pow'r,
 Far as the moon beyond the stretching babe,
 Who thinks no barrier 'twixt his wish and him;
 For, shouldst thou dare affront with touch profane,
[Draws a dagger,

This potent key can ope the mortal door,
 And let th' exulting spirit wing aloft,
 Leaving a corpse impregnable to insult.

M A N U E L.

Be this vaunt prologue put to instant proof.

D I A N O R A.

Come on, then; try; I brave thee to the test.

K 2

M A N U E L.

THE REGENT:

MANUEL.

Yes, I will try thee.

[MANUEL tears open folding-doors, and shews
CARLOS at a block between two Banditti.

There! behold thy son.

CARLOS.

Mother, O, help me, help!

DIANORA.

My life!—My precious!

MANUEL.

Woman, remain. Endearments are misplac'd:
Yield, ere you think to interchange careffes.

DIANORA.

Nay, he's mine own; I bore him.

MANUEL.

Thou shalt win him,
Or his cold carcase only shall be thine:
Choose, then, decide.

DIANORA.

O, horrible!—He dares not—
This hideous pageant, schem'd to startle me,
Shall swell the sum of unavailing efforts.

MANUEL.

'Tis very Carlos; murderers they; this steel,
Of edge keen-temper'd—shall he try it? say;
Come, thy resolves; now, instant, let me know them;
For may the death, I doom him, light on me,
If thy denial swim not in his gore!

DIANORA.

O, baleful! blasphemous!

MANUEL.

Will you not bend?

DIANORA.

DIANORA.

No, never.

MANUEL.

Let him die;

You there, strike home; away with him, away!—

DIANORA.

Hold, hold—By all that's sacred before God and man—

CARLOS.

Don't let them hurt me:—tell me what I've done.

MANUEL.

Well, art decided?

DIANORA.

Yet a moment's pause.—

My Father, and my God, O, thou of mercy,
Look down, look down, upon the wretched'st woman,
That ever rais'd th' imploring eyes of anguish,
And guide her in her choice—Choice! Lose my boy?
Him, Maker, whom thou gav'st me with sharp throes?
No; let thy pity wash the stain away,
If I devoted fall to save my offspring.—
I yield—Exult; thy victory is signal.

MANUEL.

Be gone, prepare thee;—but no desp'rate thoughts;
He'd straight accompany—Dost understand me?

DIANORA.

O, misery!

MANUEL, *aside to the BANDIT.*

Dispatch him speedily.

[*Exeunt BANDITTI and CARLOS.*

DIANORA.

Oh! I can bear no longer.—See me down,

See

THE REGENT:

See what you've brought me to.—O, Manuel!—

MANUEL.

'Tis past; you shake me not; arise, arise.

DIANORA.

The agony's too vast: I rise no more.

[Falling to the earth—A Shout within.]

Enter PEDRO.

PEDRO.

All's lost.

MANUEL.

Arm, arm!—Where storm they?

PEDRO.

They're within.

MANUEL.

Out on thee, coward!—Rally, beat 'em back.—

[Exit PEDRO.]

Confusion! Baffled still? I'll finish here,
Let what will threaten. Come, no more delay;
He dies; bethink thee—

Enter the BANDIT, with CARLOS's cloaths bloody.

BANDIT.

Sir, the boy is dead.

MANUEL.

Fool! *(snatches the cloaths.)*

[Exit the BANDIT.]

DIANORA.

Dead!—

O God of heav'n!—'tis Carlos—

Felon, let go—*(Tears the cloaths from MANUEL.)*—

Look, look, they stain my hands!

His precious blood, still warm with life!—My boy's!

They've

A T R A G E D Y.

71

They've kill'd my only love—Help! Treason! Murder!
[Drums, Trumpets—Alarm—Shout of, Ansaldo!]

M A N U E L.

Hark—What?—Ansaldo!—then, 'tis plain he lives:—
 I'll make thee sure, at least; hence to thy son!

*[As he runs to stab Dianora,
 Enter ANSALDO, SOLERNO, and Soldiers.]*

A N S A L D O.

Hold, monster, hold! *[Rushing upon MANUEL.]*

D I A N O R A.

My lord! My husband! ah!

[Faints.]

M A N U E L.

Still dost thou skulk within that loathed flesh?
 I hop'd 't had been anatomiz'd by worms.
 Fate wars against me; but Gradenze's blood
 Can brave its malice, and defies thy point:
 Boldly I strike for victory or death.

[They fight.]

A N S A L D O.

Hence, to thy native hell!— *[MANUEL falls.]*

M A N U E L.

Burst, cleave, ye vaults—hail ruin upon all!
 Sunder thee, earth, and yawn to swallow us!
 Thy boy, thy boy—O, had I marr'd his turtle—
 She has escap'd me:—damn'd but for a dream!—
 Again—hold, hold, ye fiends!—they drag me down—
 One moment—Oh!—assist me,—Mercy! help. . . .

[Dies.]

A N S A L D O.

Joy of my life, he's dead—Revive, revive.

Home

72 THE REGENT:

Methinks, the colour comes into her lips.
My love, my Dianora, answer me.

DIANORA.

Say, am I mad? or is it Lord Anfaldo?

ANSALDO.

Thy own, thy own Anfado.

DIANORA.

But, my boy!

My life! my little darling! oh! oh! oh!

[*Pointing to the cloaths.*]

ANSALDO.

Eternal Power!—

Enter GOMEZ with CARLOS.

GOMEZ.

Here let me crown your bliss!

Behold, blest pair, that which alone was wanting.

SOLERNO.

A miracle!

DIANORA.

A crowd of miracles!

My child! my husband! all!—where are we?
Not on earth?

ANSALDO.

In Paradise, my dear ones!

DIANORA.

How 'scap'd my child?

GOMEZ.

I fav'd him; it was I.

DIANORA.

Then, be thou blest, till time shall be no more!

GOMEZ.

I left thee, fix'd to die, or to protect

Afflicted

COLUMBUS:
AN
HISTORICAL PLAY.

[Price 1s. 6d.]

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COLUMBUS :

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A N

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THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR W. MILLER, OLD BOND-STREET.

1792.

THE spectator and reader of the following performance, will find the manners and customs of *Mexico* and *Peru* introduced, as appertaining to the *first discovered natives* of the western world.—This deviation afforded the author an opportunity of introducing manners and customs, more congenial to dramatic use, and more particularly of presenting from MARMONTEL'S INCAS, the pathetic tale of *Cora* and *Alonzo*.

TO MR. HARRIS, the author offers his acknowledgments for the extreme attention he has paid to this performance, and the magnificent decorations he has bestowed on it

For the zeal and talent, manifested by the performers, the author's best thanks are due.—

PROLOGUE

WRITTEN BY W. T. FITZGERALD, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. HOLMAN.

WHEN famed Columbus nobly dared to brave,
The untry'd perils of the Western wave ;
Ten thousand dangers in his passage lay,
Dark was his night, and dreary was his day !
The rude companions of his bold design,
Fatigued with toil, against their chief combine :
When sudden—bursting on th' astonish'd view !
A world discovered, proved his judgment true.—
“ Yet black ingratitude, the Great Man's fate !
“ Pursued Columbus with envenomed hate ;
“ But minds like his a base degenerate race,
“ Might meanly persecute—but not disgrace :
“ The noble soul its energy maintains,
“ In spite of dungeons, tyranny, and chains.”

The sons of Europe found a guileless race,
No fraud was veiled beneath the smiling face ;
Their manners, mild, benevolent, and kind,
Pourtrayed the cloudless sunshine of the mind :
Bless'd in their Prince's patriarchal reign,
Whose power relieved, but ne'er inflicted pain,
Their placid lives no fancy'd evils knew ;
Their joys were many, and their wants were few.
One custom with their virtues ill agreed,
Which made Humanity with anguish bleed ;
Compelled at Superstition's shrine to bow,
The hapless victims of a cruel vow !

Their

PROLOGUE.

Their sweetest maids were often doomed to prove,
No joy in friendship, nor no bliss in love !
Yet love and nature cannot be suppress'd,
The sigh will heave, and palpitate the breast ;
For spite of vows, which Heaven's wise laws disown,
Love sits triumphant on the heart—his throne !
And breaks those fetters bigots would impose,
To aggravate the sense of human woes !

The rigid laws of time, and place, our bard,
In this night's drama, ventures to discard :
If here he errs—he errs with *him* whose name,
Stands without rival on the rolls of Fame ;
Him whom the passions own with one accord,
Their Great Dictator, and despotic Lord !
Who placed aloft on Inspiration's throne,
Made Fancy's magic kingdom all his own,
Burst from the trammels which his muse confined,
And poured the wealth of his exhaustless mind !
Though SHAKESPEARE's flight no mortal shall pursue—
COLUMBUS' story patronized by you,
Will yield an off'ring, grateful to his dust—
A British laurel on a hero's bust !

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Columbus	—		Mr. POPE.
Alonzo	—	—	Mr. HOLMAN,
Harry Herbert		—	Mr. LEWIS.
Doctor Dolores		—	Mr. QUICK.
Bribon	—	—	Mr. MUNDEN.
Roldan	—	—	Mr. M'CREADY.
Valverde	—	—	Mr. THOMPSON,
Moscofo	—	—	Mr. CUBIT.
Captain	—	—	Mr. FARLEY.

Adventurers and Soldiers.

INDIANS.

Orozimbo	—	—	Mr. FARREN.
Solasco	—	—	Mr. HARLEY.
Catalpo	—	—	Mr. POWELL.
Cuto	—	—	Mr. EVATT.

INDIAN WOMEN.

Cora	—	—	Mrs. POPE.
Nelti	—	—	Mrs. ESTEN.

Priests, Priestesses, Warriors, &c.

* * Those Lines with inverted Commas are omitted in the representation.

C O L U M B U S :

A N

HISTORICAL PLAY.

A C T I.

SCENE I.—*On one side of the stage a flight of steps, with a Portico leading to the Temple of the Sun.—In the background the sea. Time, sun-rise.*

Catalpo and Priests from the Temple, who range themselves—then enter Orozimbo—they bow to him as he passes.

OROZIMBO, prostrating himself to the sun.

SOUL of the universe, who from thy glittering throne beamest immortal splendour, as thou hast permitted the stars for their appointed hour to bespangle the veil of night, now o'erwhelm all manner of glories in the greatness of thy effulgence, and be once more welcom'd by thy devoted servants to delight and bless the world!—Catalpo, conduct hither the virgin destined to receive a priestess' sacred office.

B

CATALPO

CATALPO *exit*, and *re-enters* with SOLASCO, *leading in* CORA.

Solasco (*kneels.*) Mighty chief!

Orozimbo. Rise, good *Solasco*.

Solasco. I here present the darling of my age to be devoted to the service of our god. It will be worse than parting with my life to lose the comforts of her dear society—but the bright sun, our glorious deity, demands such excellence to be consigned alone to do *him* honour.—Pardon, my king, an old man's tears; but nature will not always, without a struggle, yield to duty.

Orozimbo. Thou hast, indeed, devoted to thy god a precious treasure; but tell me, Cora, can thy youthful mind freely resign the livelier joys of social life, and rest contented in seclusion and tranquillity?

Cora. My father's will has ever sway'd my thoughts, from the first hour that infant sense cou'd learn obedience:—Should he doom my death, his mandate would be met with equal resignation.

Orozimbo. Thy pious mind, which knows to yield such duty to a father, will well besit the service of thy god.—But hear the sacred tenour of the law which binds a priestess to her duty.—Should the heart, to heaven devoted, become the prey of sacrilegious love, our law consigns its priestess, and the accomplice of her guilt, to instant death. Her parents and their offspring are pledges for her faith, and should her flight elude offended justice, their forfeit lives must expiate her crime. [*Cora bows to the sun.*] Now to the altar, and record your vows; then, as our custom is, come forth to shine Queen of this festive day,
the

the last you are to know exempt from sacred duty.

[*Exeunt Cora, Solasco, and Priests, to the Temple.*]

[*During the latter part of this scene the sun becomes obscured by clouds, and thunder and lightning issue from them—the sea much agitated.*]

Catalpo. Great chief, behold what envious clouds obscure the glories of our god.

Orozimbo. Say, Catalpo, what mean these bodings! [*A ship appears from behind a projecting rock.* And lo!—What monster's that, whose wings bear it buoyant on the angry main?

[*A cannon is discharged from the ship.*]

Catalpo. See!—From its throat thunder and fire burst forth, seeming to brave high heaven.

Orozimbo. Be not dismay'd—summon our warriors. [*to Cuto.*] Catalpo, let the priests attend. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Country.*

Enter Orozimbo meeting Cuto, Warriors, and Indians.

Orozimbo. My people, we'll to the shore—Should they prove mortal foes, we'll meet their thunders, or if the engines of infernal power, what can virtue fear?—Trust me, the Deity we serve, will re-assume his splendour, and protect his chosen people. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A View of an Indian Country.*

Enter in procession, Indian Officer—Warriors—Indian Music—Cuto—Archers—Standard of the Sun—Cora—Priests of the Sun—Indians bearing presents and Banners—Nelti—Indian Women bear-

ing Presents—Warriors—Orozimbo in a Car, burnished with Gold, supported on the shoulders of Indians, and attended by Nobles with golden Staves—Warriors.

SCENE IV. *The Sea Coast.*

Three Ships are seen at anchor, and Boats come to Shore with martial Music and Colours flying.

Enter from the Boat, Columbus, Alonzo, Roldan, Valverdo, Harry Herbert, and the rest of the Spanish Adventurers.—Columbus lands first, with his Sword drawn—he falls and embraces the Earth, during which Time there are three Cheers, and a discharge of Artillery; then the rest follow and come forward.

Columbus. First, to high Heaven, who thus, with never-fading honour, hath crown'd its poorest servant, let me pour forth a heart o'erwhelm'd with gratitude. And now begin the important work which heaven has delegated to us—Erect the sacred banner of our faith.

[*The Cross is erected on one side of the stage.*

Alonzo. Brave associates ! join with me in praise of him, who hath achiev'd what ignorance, with sapient shrug, and satisfied, benumbing prudence derided as the chimera of a madman's fancy : falling at his feet, let us be proud in being first to pay due homage to such surpassing excellence.

[*They all kneel.*

Columbus. Rise, rise ;—rather, my Alonzo, in these arms receive my thanks, thou, next to heaven, my firmest friend. Ye men of Spain, let what has passed admonish you in what may be to come—keep in your minds the time when we had gained the course which shut out the eastern world ; how you beat your breasts, oppressed

pressed with fear and superstition—How, with womanish tears, you bade adieu to life, and blubbered out a requiem for your souls; then embracing desperation instead of fortitude, I was to be your sacrifice; and this body, which has been your conduct to wealth and honour, you would have given to the sea, and ignorance and cowardice would have triumphed.

Valverde. Mighty Sir, forgive us!

Columbus. Freely, good Valverde—Let the man stand forth, who, at a time so fraught with peril, first discovered land.

Herbert. [*Coming forward.*] It was my good fortune.

Columbus. Thou art not a Spaniard.

Herbert. No, your Excellency, I am an Englishman; and tho' we Englishmen are an odd, whimsical set of fellows, yet we generally contrive (and I trust ever shall) to keep a good look out a-head when our superior is in danger.

Columbus. Tell me your fortunes.

Herbert. My name is Harry Herbert; I am descended from as respectable and independent an ancestor as the world can boast,—an English yeoman; but the civil wars leaving my family little, which my imprudence soon made less, I thought that, altho' King Henry was deprived of the honour of this enterprize, that did not preclude his subjects; so I shipped myself off for Castille, where I had just time and cash enough to fall a dozen times in love, and into other scrapes, before I had the honour of embarking on board your Excellency's squadron.

Columbus. Herbert, thou dost honour to thy country.

Herbert. Then, Sir, I am glad, that for once I
am

am even with it ; for I am sure my country does honour to me. [*Indian music without.*

Roldan. Behold a crowd of people, many of whom seem clad in sacred vestments—Their dress and standards bespeak them greatly civilized, and full of wealth.

Enter in procession Indian Warriors, bearing a Standard of the Sun—Orozimbo, Cora, &c.

Orozimbo. [*Descends from his car.*] Strangers, who seem to be above the race of mortals, instruct us how to honour you—If you be children of the Sun, behold our priests, who with perfumes and libations, will welcome you to his holy temple ; or, if human, here are fruits to feed you, dwellings to shelter you, and garments to clothe you.

Columbus. Chief, you behold in us the children of mortality ; but the power we serve, in his high mercy, has bestowed upon us superior gifts ; thus, thro' unknown seas to brave the imperious surge, and to construct engines which can sweep thousands from the earth—But that Deity commands us to proclaim his name with peace—The King, our master, wishes to enrich thee and himself—this hardy metal, useful in all the purposes of life, he will exchange for those thy country may produce. [*Presents a hatchet.*

Orozimbo. 'Tis very strange—Thy King much wrongs himself—all we have to render is our gold, but that we find so yielding, and so useless, it were an injury to offer it—Indulge the curiosity of a stranger.

[*Orozimbo, with Columbus, Roldan, Herbert, Nelti, Catalpo, &c. move up the stage.*

Alonzo. Oft has a tender glance escap'd my eye,
impell'd by Beauty's power, and from my bosom
the

the soft sigh instinctively has stolen—Many a fair Castilian has enforced this test of admiration, but now my every sense seems drawn by power magnetic to that lovely faint—Permit me, fairest creature, to express my admiration at the charms which now present themselves—tho' all the wonders of a new discovered world display their rival novelties, yet, now that I behold its first of wonders, all else exacts from me as little notice, as I, I fear, have power or merit to command from you.

Cora. Strange you wrong yourself, and hold me unskilful to distinguish, when you suppose desert like yours can pass unnoticed—Your praises of the humble Cora, tho' they have caused no vain emotion, yet ever will the mind receive with pleasure, praise e'en unmerited, when 'tis bestowed by those who claim our admiration.

Alonzo. All that the warmest fancy can depict in the bright colours of ideal excellence, can never reach that exquisite perfection nature exhibits—how must I bless my happy fortune, that bore me to a clime which boasts an ornament like thee.

Cora. [*Aside.*] What new emotion rises in my breast—I fear to ask my heart from whence it springs. Oh, Cora! think of thy sacred duty—think of the vow which pass'd thy lips so lately.—Stranger, tho' sacred hospitality commanded me to pay this courtesy, yet now a higher duty enjoins me to desist from further converse.

Alonzo. Let me entreat one instant—

Cora. It must not be—my conduct is controlled by rigid laws. Farewell.—Oh Cora, what days of wretchedness art thou doom'd to suffer!

[*Aside, as she retires to the priests.*

Alonzo.

Alonzo. What cou'd she mean? "Her conduct is controlled by rigid laws."—If she be destined to another, my lot is misery.

Orozimbo [*with Columbus, coming forward.*] In harmony and peace I rule a free and happy people, and I were unworthy of my kingdom, did I not endeavour to the utmost to convert the name of stranger into friend.

[*Exeunt Orozimbo and Columbus, hand in hand; Priests follow; then Alonzo, Roldan, Valverde, &c. and the Spanish and Indian soldiers—One party bow to the cross, the other to the sun.*]

Manent Herbert and Nelti.

Herbert. And so, my pretty Indian, you live very happily.

Nelti. Yes, all the day long.

Herbert. And have you no monks who pray for you, dispute with you, and burn you alive when you don't think as they do?

Nelti. Oh! no.

Herbert. Poor devils, what a way they must be in.

Nelti. Don't you come from the other world?

Herbert. What, you see something angelic about me, eh!—Yes, my love, I come from a little paradise, call'd England.

Nelti. Is England a world?

Herbert. A bit of one; but, little as it is, it somehow contrives to manage all the rest.—Shou'd you like to live in England?

Nelti. O yes; I suppose English women, arm'd with spears made of that pretty, hard iron, climb the mountains, and destroy the wild bull.

Herbert. Destroy the wild bull! No, my dear; our English women find prettier amusement in
encou-

encouraging the breed of horned cattle—the use of the pretty, hard iron is confined to the men, and no great favourite there; for I know many flourishers of spontoons, who have a cursed antipathy to cold iron.—Who is that elegant creature you were conversing with?

Nelti. Her name is Cora; she was this day admitted a priestess of the Sun.—The handsomest virgins are always selected to sustain that sacred office.

Herbert. The handsomest! you were then, on that account, not——

Nelti. Did I say the handsomest? Oh dear, I mean they select the most sedate—for, from this day she must never leave the temple, or converse with any except the priests.

Herbert. Except the priests! Go where you will, you find those gentlemen always contrive to be well taken care of—would you like to become a priestess?

Nelti [*sighing.*] Last night perhaps I should.

Herbert. Charming sensibility! and may I, my sweet girl, interpret that sigh in my favour?

Nelti. Ah, you will not love me.

Herbert. Not love thee!—By Magna Charta, I'll resign my life, fortune, and liberty to thee.—besides, I'll bring thee beads, cloathes, music—

Nelti. Ah, that is not love.—They only try to please the eye, who find their actions cannot touch the heart.—no presents or toys could influence Nelti.—no, not if you were to give her an iron javelin and a tame tiger.

Herbert. Indeed!—very delicate presents for a young lady.

Nelti. I wish I cou'd make him love me—how do women in England gain their lover's hearts?

Herbert. Generally by using them like dogs.—for, when a woman studiously avoids looking at

a man, abuses him on all occasions, and is kind to every one else, we naturally conclude they love each other to distraction.

Nelti. I never can find in my heart to use him ill—What ugly thing is that?

Enter Dolores and Bribon, from a boat.

Herbert. A doctor of physic, who having killed all his patients in the old world, except his wife, who wou'd never take his medicines, has ventured hither, in pursuit of new patients, new fees, and perhaps a new bed-fellow.

Nelti. And what's the other?

Herbert. A lawyer and a coxcomb.

Nelti. What's a coxcomb?

Herbert. A reptile, my dear, that is found in abundance in all countries, and yet is not easily described—it is a kind of mongrel, which men drive from them, because they hardly consider it as belonging to them, and the women won't receive, because they think it won't breed.

Dolores. All seems pretty quiet.—I say, Bribon—

Bribon. What do you say, Doctor Dolores?

Dolores. This seems cursed mild, wholesome, unprofitable air for a physician.—But heaven is merciful, wherever I go, patients increase.

Bribon. There seems plenty of gold, and plenty of gold, plenty of law, follows as naturally as a bill of costs.—I say, Doctor, do you see that sweet, pretty, wealthy-looking girl—

Dolores. I fancy I shall have some pretty female practice here.—I was a great favourite in Spain; for my maxim was, always to stick by my friends to the last.

Herbert. Doctor, welcome to the new world.—
So, you kept on board till all was quiet.

Dolores.

Dolores. To be sure—consider the importance of my life to you all ; but my chief reason was, that the famous astrologer, Doctor Diego Diablasco, told me something ill would happen if I were rash—but there seems no danger—that's a very pretty girl, and I love a fine young girl almost as much as I do fine old gold

Herbert. And have you, Doctor, so soon forgot your old helpmate in Valladolid ?

Dolores. Ah, poor old Dorothy ! But, Lord, I hate constancy as much as I hate health. Permit me, sweetest of savages, to enquire after the state of your health—how is your pulse ? let me feel how it beats—beats. [Takes her hand.

Nelti. Feel how it beats ? Perhaps it beats harder than you think

Dolores. Then there's the more necessity I should feel it, my pretty, pretty—

Nelti. There, then. [Strikes him.

Dolores. Zounds ! a dozen such patients wou'd do for me !

Herbert. Doctor, I hope to be honoured with the hand of this charming girl.

Dolores. Oh, with all my heart—I'm sure I've had enough of it—but you can't marry her.

Herbert. Why, thou professor of the glorious art of manslaughter ?

Dolores. Because the Pope allows no religious ceremonies with hereticks—all dealings with them must be in the way of plunder and glorious intrigue.

Herbert. The Pope ! pshaw, I shall sit down here for life, contented with a little—I'll build a neat, convenient house, after the fashion of the country, with a plain silver door, and a diamond knocker. The apartments shall be merely lined

with plates of gold, neatly carved—the sofas of silver tiffue, and stuffed with the down of humming-birds—As for fresco-work of emeralds, rubies, pearls, amethysts, and such nicknacks, my wife may ornament her dairy and dressing-room with them—in short, I’ll have every thing in a snug, comfortable way, without shew or expence

Dolores. Without shew or expence! Pray, great Sir,—will you allow a poor man to gather up the chips, and now and then take a peep into your *golden* apartments?

Herbert. Why, Dolores, by the time I build, I fancy you’ll have a snug *leaden* apartment of your own—so, go count beads instead of ducats, and try not to cheat *young* Harry out of his mistress, but *old* Harry out of your soul.

[*Exeunt* Herbert and Nelti.

Bribon. Zounds! let’s follow; for who knows, but in a minute, these savages may knock my brains out, with one of your shin-bones.

Dolores. Come along—Oh, I wish I had the doctoring of you for a week, you English mastiff.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

A C T II.

SCENE I.—*The Spanish Camp.*

Enter Columbus, with a party of soldiers, guarding others, chained, meeting Roldan and Valverde.

Columbus.

UNGRATEFUL men, thus, in a moment, to destroy my brightest hopes.—see them closely guarded. [*Exeunt Soldiers, guarded.*]
 Roldan, would thou think it, those wretches (dead to prudence as to honor) have *damn'd* the name of Spaniard, they have reviled the Indian priests, and with unmanly outrage, have torn away the golden ornaments that decked the lovely breasts of innocence.—The men, exasperated, call to the Cacique for vengeance; I, at the hazard of my life must follow, and appease his just resentment. [*Exit.*]

Valverde. Shall then a brave Castilian be disgraced with bonds, for shewing disrespect to vile idolatry?

Roldan. No, Valverde.—Soon shall this upstart Genoese, Columbus, feel the just vengeance of insulted Spain [*shewing a paper*].—My brother in ambition, look on this paper.

Valverde. What's this—the royal signature?

Roldan. Mark me.—When our gracious Queen embraced the fortunes of this foreign Viceroy,
 and

ever proffered her regal ornaments to equip his fleet, the minister, Foneca, jealous of the fame that might attend this enterprize, worked on the fears of the suspicious Ferdinand, to execute this commission of controul, which, now Columbus' conduct gives pretence, arrays me with the power of crushing his authority, and with disgrace returning him to Spain.

Valverdo. Glorious hearing!

Roldan. Do thou, Valverdo, tamper with the troops, press on their superstitious minds the injury our faith will suffer by winking at idolatry; tell them, the way to sudden wealth is easy, had they a fit commander—influate—but we waste words—about it, good Valverdo. [*Exit Valverdo.* For 'twere presumption to instruct a monk in wiles of glozing cozenage. [*Retires up the stage.*

Enter Alonzo.

The fatal wound is given to all my hopes—what years of bliss had my soul fondly pictured as Alonzo's lot—Oh, lovely Cora, must then thy beauties never more beam their bright radiance on me?—Had'st thou been doom'd to fill another's arms, I had indeed been cursed, but not so deeply; for I might still have gazed upon thy heavenly form—have listened to the sweet melody of thy loved voice, and known delight even in misery—But all is gloomy horror now before me.

Roldan. I hope I not untimely interrupt your meditations.

Alonzo. Roldan, the conduct of these Indians obscures our European virtues, and we are come to be instructed, not to teach—The good Columbus has appeased their just resentment, and, at the request of Orozimbo, consents to liberate the prisoners.

Roldan,

Roldan. 'Tis well [*shews a plan of attack*] but as we must secure a place of safety (for it were madness to repose confidence in savages) here have I drawn a plan which must render the town an easy capture.

Alonzo. The town a capture!

Roldan. Dost thou not understand me?

Alonzo. I hope I do not.

Roldan. There is no safety but in their destruction.

Alonzo. Roldan, thou surely can'st not be so damn'd as think it—What, stab the fond heart which overflows with love and adoration for thee—trample down sacred hospitality, and erect the throne of treachery and murder—by the great God of justice, first thro' this body thou must force thy way, thou traitor to humanity.

Roldan. Soft-hearted fool, these mawkish virtues have ever been the fainted garb of cowards.

Alonzo. Coward! [*They fight.*]

Enter Cuto, with Indians, who rush in between 'em.

Cuto. Thanks to the God, this arm receiv'd the stroke that wou'd have slain you. [*To Roldan.*]

Alonzo. Good youth, thou bleed'st—Pray take all care of him [*binds his handkerchief round Cuto's arm*] Roldan, if yet thou need'st a stimulus to virtue, look on that Indian, and in the name of heaven, do not stain thy honour and thy manhood with treachery and ingratitude.

Roldan. Fortune permits thee now to school me—but, boy, thou shalt feel my power; go to the Viceroy, tell him that Roldan lacketh brotherly affection for the poor Indians, and add (for by the power of vengeance it is true) that Roldan is his covenanted foe—that he hath given
free dom

freedom to those Castilians he dared disgrace with bonds, and that, by thee, he greets his Excellency with defiance and contempt. [*Exit Roldan.*]

Alonzo. Perfidious, bloody villain! Oh, my friends, dangers I fear await you—I blush to say we have among us those whose vileness your pure nature cannot image. Let us prepare to meet the worst—summon your warriors, while I instruct them how best to guard each place of 'vantage—I'll to the Viceroy, and should this Roldan attempt to execute his villainous intent, depend on his protection. [*Exit Alonzo, with Indians.*]

SCENE II. *A Retired Place.*

Enter Columbus.

Columbus. All happiness is mingled with alloy—I've triumph'd over every opposition malice and folly raised to check my glory—I, now, in Europe's eye shall stand arrayed in all the honours which success commands—those, who if accident had thwarted my reason-founded schemes would with important ignorance have scoffed at the silly vague projector—will now, with panegeric full as thoughtless, admire my fortitude, and applaud my pre-science—yet, when I have attained the summit of my wishes, when I shou'd give some little rest to my care-worn mind, which long has struggled with adversity; when I might contemplate with joy, the virtues I have found in this new world, virtues more rare than all the riches it abounds in,—I find I have conducted to this hapless spot, hearts black with discontent, and factious jealousy, thirsting for plunder and for blood! But if determined rigour—virtuous example—

Enter

Enter Herbert, running.

Herbert. May it please your Excellency—I beg your excuse;—but I am so choaked with rage, and breathless with running, that I have scarce power to tell you—your troops have mutinied.

Columbus. Mutinied! Explain.

Herbert. Roldan, Sir, that—but I know a soldier's duty too well, to speak ill of a superior officer, or I'd tell your Excellency what a cursed inhuman scoundrel I think him—Their villainy and ingratitude is beyond belief—they murmur that you won't give them leave to cut the throats of these innocent Indians—They call for Roldan to head them, and I'll do him the justice to say, he would let them indulge in such pretty, harmless diversion, as long as there was a throat left in the country.

Columbus. This demands my instant presence—Herbert, in half an hour, attend me at the camp.

[*Exit.*

Herbert. Oh, if I had that Roldan in England, I'd hang him up without judge or jury—tho', on recollection, I have fixed on the worst place in the world for hanging folks up, because a great man like me wills it—"but now for vengeance—" and yet I don't know how it happens, that altho' in some things I am a tolerably active, industrious fellow, yet when I have to seek revenge, I grow so infernally lazy I can scarce find in my heart to set about it."

[*Exit.*

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SCENE III.

SCENE III.—*The Sea Coast—a boat stationed.*

Enter Roldan, with Troops, meeting Valverde.

Roldan. May I trust that look propitious—Oh, let thy words confirm it—how hast thou prospered with the soldiers?

Valverde. They more than met my wishes, and the dastard few, whom conscience kept in doubt, I soon won over by the stimulus of plunder, spiced with our Church's dispensation—in a word, they have all sworn, that on a signal given, they will desert Columbus.

Roldan. And in an hour, to a fairer promiser, wou'd they abandon *me*.—It mads me that I must climb the heights of proud ambition on the shoulders of such a crew of mongrels.—My design is to send Columbus, loaded with chains and accusation, a prisoner to Spain, and with him, those hen-hearted fools, whose superstitious scruples might prove troublesome.

Valverde. With deference to your happier policy, do you not risk by this the wrath of Isabella?

Roldan. Not a whit. For, unless Valverde, thou hast made some saint thy enemy, who, in mere spite, may work for them a miracle, they'll not fatigue the royal ear with much complaining.—To be plain, the vessel which shall convey them hence, is so strained, crazy, and unfit for service, she cannot weather out the slightest storm, therefore, the first rude wind that blows, will send them to explore *another* world.—But hark, that trumpet speaks Columbus.—Now, fortune, be my friend.

Enter

Enter Columbus, Moscoso, and Troops.

Columbus. Roldan, what means this outrage, this treason to thy King? Why spur on to desperation and rebellion, your few mistaken followers, whom my power, did I not abhor revenge, could in an instant sweep from the earth?

Roldan. Columbus, on *thee* let me retort the name of traitor.—I stand here, chosen by the general voice, the avenger of their wrongs.—'Tis thee they charge with treason to their King, assert thou wink'st at heresy, and hast made them the slaves of savages.—How dost thou answer?

Enter Herbert.

Columbus. Answer to thee?—Roldan, press not my patience farther.—But to convince thee, traitor, how false are thy aspersions, and that I reign sovereign in my people's love—mark me, be this the test. [*Takes a spear from one of the soldiers, and throws it between him and Roldan, dividing the stage.*] Let all, who do not in their hearts believe I mean them fairly, and judge thee worthier to command them, pass that javelin without fear or doubt.—Be that the barrier betwixt my influence and thine.

Roldan. Much it glads me thou hast proffered so fair a trial; and I swear, if they approve thee, I will resign into thy hand my sword and life.

Columbus. Now, my brave soldiers, hear my firm intent; I will lead you on to wealth, but not by massacre; I'll make you all, the wonders of the world, rich and beloved.—Then, without controul, decide your fate; but, remember,—you have but one step to make from honor to disgrace. [*Valverde, and those on Columbus's side, pass over to Roldan.*]

Columbus. Be it so—men without hearts are not worth regretting.

[*Herbert, who has been standing on Roldan's side, after eyeing with contempt those who deserted Columbus, passes between the front of the stage and Roldan, to Columbus.*]

Herbert. Great Sir, accept my humble services.—despise not him, who honours you—pray excuse these tears—let me embrace your knees.

[*Falls, and embraces his knees.*]

Columbus. My heart! my heart!—Herbert, thy gratitude unmans me. [Embraces him.]

Roldan. Now, Columbus, look on that paper; by it thou'lt find thy King distrust'd thee [*giving the paper.*] And pray you all remember, I exerted not the high authority of which my sovereign thought me worthy, 'till he was deserted, and despis'd.

Columbus. Peace, fiery indignation;—down rebel heart,—and do not choak my utterance.—Well, Viceroy, [*giving his staff to Roldan*] where are your racks,—your instruments of vengeance?

Roldan. Oh, do not fear—we mean no torture.

Columbus. And think'st thou, villain, the subtlest inquisitor, who has out-damn'd his fellows in inventive cruelty, could give a pang like that I feel, in seeing thee possessed of power to make the happy wretched?—Oh my poor Indians, who shall now defend you, when this traitor, fit leader of his band of dæmons, like the arch-fiend, new lighted on a world of innocence, shall diffuse his devilish spirit, and extend hell's empire.

Roldan. Bring forth his chains [*Columbus is chained*]*—*for so the King enjoin'd he shou'd be sent to Spain whenever he proved unworthy.

Herbert.

Herbert. Chains! Hell and fury [*draws his sword, but is disarmed*] Confusion!

Roldan. Captain, observe that with strict attention you obey your orders, [*pointing to Herbert*]—for that stubborn rebel—bear him to torture.

Columbus. Hold, Roldan—thy vengeance must be most complete when I descend to ask a favour from thee—let my humility glut thy vindictive wrath.—Allow that Englishman to share my fortunes.

Roldan. Bear him away.

Columbus. Roldan, a wretch like thee should have a coward's caution.—Dost thou not dread, that in his dying moments, when, in defiance of thy tortures, (for I can read his noble soul,) he braves thee to the last, and glories in a death of honour, dost thou not fear he may infect this ruffian crew with some faint sparks of honesty, and make them less fit instruments for thee?

Roldan. Bear him to death.

Herbert. Heaven preserve your Excellency.—Will you, great Sir, condescend to indulge the last wish of vanity, and, when you have nothing else to do, write to England the story of my fate; that when my fortunes shall be enquired after, my friends, with joy sparkling thro' a tear, may say, Herbert stuck to his commander to the last, and died as an Englishman ought.

Columbus. My noble fellow, this hand shall justify thy fame.

Herbert. Then I am easy.—May your portion of happiness be equal to your virtues—farewell.—[*To Roldan.*] Perhaps, Sir, you never were at the death of an English game-cock.—Will you do me the favour of attending my execution?

Roldan.

Roldan. Take him from my sight.

Herbert. Hands off, reptiles! [*to Roldan.*] That you are the most infernal scoundrel the devil ever made a friend of, all your worthy associates about you will, I dare say, allow—but I brand you with the name of fool, for enabling an humble man like me, thus to triumph over you, to defy you—scorn you—laugh at you—Hands off, reptiles!

[*Exit Herbert, guarded.*]

Columbus. [*to Roldan*] Is then my triumph for a world's discovery, and the trophies which I bear to Spain, to tell attending crowds my glory, a body bowed by ignominious fetters?

Captain. Pardon me, Sir, if I presume to beg, that I may so far mitigate their rigour, as when on board, to free the noble prisoner from their weight.

Columbus. You know not what you ask—wish me to forfeit the honours my King has heaped on me—no, these are his gracious gifts, and I've not yet learnt to disobey him—and here I vow before that power who cheers the soul of suffering virtue, tho' their cankerous rivets corrode my very bones, no hand but Ferdinand's shall free me from them—By heaven, my soul pants for the moment, when thus accoutered, I may meet his presence, and ask him—how I have deserved these favours from him.

Officer. All is ready.

Roldan. Bear him then on board.

Exeunt Roldan and Troops.

Columbus. Thou guardian of the innocent, to thy supreme protection I commend the generous natives of this hapless land; assist them to defend
(their

their liberties from the fell grasp of this detested crew—To them extend thy mercy ; and let me pour my thanks for that celestial fortitude which glows within my breast—with it I can defy the storms of fortune, safe in the approval of a guiltless mind, which, not deserving wrong, can never feel disgrace.

[*Exeunt Columbus and Attendants to the Boat.*]

Enter Orozimbo, Alonzo, and Indian Warriors.—
Alonzo rushes to the top of the Stage.

Alonzo. Great chief, your succours come too late—alas ! he's gone ! Oh ! for vengeance on that traitor, Roldan ;—may this arm drive him from the earth, which groans at bearing such a wretch, and hurl him to the infernal gulph, as yet untenanted by any fiend so cursed.

Orozimbo. Alonzo, dost thou not blush to call these wretches, countrymen, who spurn at sacred virtue, and seem to court pre-eminence in perdition.

Alonzo. Spain, thou hast lost thy glory—pride and fanaticism have rear'd their bloody banner, and virtue flies to foreign climes for shelter—*Orozimbo*, to thee and to thy country I dedicate my life—Hark ! [*Cannon discharged*] The cannon's ireful throat, wont proudly to proclaim defiance, now throws along the wave a solemn sound, as knolling a departed friend.

Enter Herbert without his Cloak and Doublet.

Herbert. I have escaped the blood-hounds—
Zounds ! how I scampered—I never before knew
I was

I was so eminently gifted with that fashionable military accomplishment, retreating.

Alonzo. What means this strange appearance ?

Herbert. I'll tell you—that cannibal, Roldan, was, I believe, a little inclined to be dainty, and, wishing for a choice bit, consigned me over to Valverde, who stood man-cook on the occasion—he ordered me to be scored like pork, and then to be roasted ; and the humane priest remarked, there was not so excellent a receipt for insuring the love of heaven, as taking half a dozen heretics and broiling them gently over a slow fire—Acknowledge Roldan Viceroy, says he—I'd see you damn'd first, says I—so, watching my opportunity, I gave the priest a Cornish hug, shewed his scullions a specimen of English wrestling, and off I came, trussed for dressing, as you see me.

Alonzo. Well, my brave friend, thou then wilt aid our cause ?

Herbert. Do you suppose that I, who had my forefathers chopped to atoms in deciding the preference between a red rose and a white one, will stand idle in the cause of humanity ?—No, give me a sword, and if I don't, without benefit of clergy, execute that priest, Valverde, whom the devil has sent hither as his plenipotentiary, make me commander in chief to all the cowards in Europe.

Alonzo. [*to Orozimbo.*] Act in pursuance of the plan I gave, and with a rampart circle in the town, then let but hunger, that harbinger of mutiny once assail them, they, like opposing poisons, will soon destroy each other, and save your darts the labour.

Orozimbo.

Orozimbo. Trust me, brave people, these gods are vulnerable—soon shall you behold your javelins burnished with their blood—hunger and thirst is their's as well as our's, and the soul of a Spaniard takes its flight from a wound, as swiftly as an Indian's —Lead on.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

E

ACT III.

A C T III.

SCENE I.—*The Temple of the Sun.*

Catalpo and Priests assembled round the Altar.

Enter Orozimbo and Alonzo.

Orozimbo.

MATCHLESS infamy! how could the villain Roldan think so poorly of me? the tender of his friendship was sufficient insult, without the terms on which he offers it. Refign thee to him! purchase by treachery the friendship of a traitor,—and for what? Had he the power to raise me above all the glories ambition ever coveted, should I not, after such a crime, sit pining 'midst my splendour, the victim of accusing conscience, finding a curse in every blessing.

Alonzo. My heart burns with impatience to lead your valiant troops to just revenge—but let vigilance and caution guide us.

Orozimbo. My friend, do thou direct us at thy will—[*to the priests*]—prepare the rites, the sacrifice for war, and let the priestess who was last received a servant of the Sun, approach the altar with her sacred present.

The priests range round the altar—folding-doors open, and priestesses enter and range on each side—Cora enters, bearing offerings in a golden basket.

Alonzo.

Alonzo. "'Tis she—'tis Cora—support me,
"heaven——this unexpected fight o'erpowers
"me."—[*Aside.*]

Cora. [not seeing *Alonzo*, advances and kneels at the altar.] Thou, glorious Sun, accept our humble offerings—receive with favour the righteous homage of our grateful hearts—If thy children e'er have broken the laws of hospitality, if ever they have failed to greet a stranger with a brother's love, they nor deserve, nor dare to hope thy fatherly protection—but if they have not merited the wrongs they suffer, preserve—protect them!

[*Priests and priestesses prostrate themselves;—Catalpo takes from the altar an Indian weapon, and gives it to Cora.*]

Catalpo. Priestess, bear to our chief this consecrated weapon, it shall defend the Sun's insulted glory, our sovereign's, and his people's rights.

[*Cora receives the weapon, and in bearing it to Orozimbo, sees Alonzo—exclaims,—“ Oh, heavens!”—drops the weapon, and faints—Alonzo endeavours to assist her.*]

Catalpo. [to *Alonzo.*] Forbear——the proffered kindness claims our thanks; but thy unhallowed hand wou'd be a profanation to a priestess' sacred person.

Orozimbo. What means this tremor?—What shock so suddenly has struck that lovely frame?

Cora. I know not—a momentary weakness—
[*Cora is borne off by the priestesses.*]

Orozimbo. Let all attention wait her—'tis but the effect of apprehension from her inexperience in her sacred office—

Alonzo. She seemed much agitated—How shall I bear this aggregate of misery—my agony I fear will speak, what shou'd be hid from all.—[*Aside.*]

Orozimbo [*to the priests.*] Conclude your rites; and may the power supreme accept our fervent prayers, and be our humble offerings grateful to him. [The Scene closes.]

SCENE II. *An Indian Town.*

Enter Dolores and Bribon.

Dolores. I tell you, this new world is crammed with wizzards and astrologers, that whiz about in the night time, raising storms, tempests, and mischief; and can tell the day a man is to die, with as much certainty as—as—

Bribon. As you can the death of your own patients.

Dolores. And can prolong your life year after year as easily—as you can a law-suit.

Bribon. But what cursed luck it is to be cooped up here with a parcel of savages, who know as much of litigation, as I do of the war-whoop—here I see gold enough to make me a judge; but I can't get a bit big enough to buy a scrap of parchment.

Dolores. Curse the new world, I say—there is not a man in it wants a physician but myself—If I cou'd but have gone back with Columbus—he must by this time be near Spain, and perhaps old Dorothy's dead.

Enter Nelti.

Nelti [*sighs.*] Shall I never see my dear Englishman

glishman again? He pleases my heart when present, but ah, how he plagues it when absent.

Bribon. Singular case—always plagued my wife when present, pleased her when absent.—[*addressing Nelti*] Most amiable and wealthy savage, behold a lawyer and a christian, who will give you the fee simple of his heart, and receive in return, all your love, and [*aside*] all your money.—Doctor, I wish to join issue here—I'll employ you as counsel,—say something for me.

Dolores. I will—I will—[*apart to Nelti.*] My dear, beautiful goldfinch, that fellow is a wicked, cheating lawyer.

Bribon. I see he's doing my business for me.

Dolores. Look with an eye of commiseration on one who loves thee.—Oh, how I long to kiss those pouting lips.

Nelti. You ugly creature, if you touch me, I'll cry out.

Dolores. [*aside.*] Cry out, ha, ha!—when a woman declares she will cry out, and when I say I will give a man a ducat to save him from starving, I believe we are both apt to be cursedly worse than our words—come, one buss—Oh lud, oh lud! how much in love I am!

Bribon. You old propagator of poisons, is this the way you plead my cause? By heaven, my dear, that old assassin has killed more than all the braves in Spain.

Nelti. Is a Doctor a bravo?

Bribon. Yes, my dear, with an university education—why, you old idol of grave-diggers, have not you confounded all distinction between a prescription and a death-warrant—had not you a regular

gular annuity from the undertakers—have not you cheated me out of thousands, by making people die so fast, I had not time to make their wills?—here's a pretty fellow to make love to a sweet girl—Why, he's as blind as justice, as unfeeling as a whipping-post, as diseased as a lazaretto, and as old as a chancery suit.

Dolores. Oh, you Janus-faced villain—What, traduce my fame?—was not I always a favourite with the women?—when their husbands were ill, did not the dear creatures always send for me?—had not I the honour of receiving a gold medal from the inquisition for keeping a man alive nine days, during the most excruciating torture?—and did not I cure you of a crick in the neck, which you got by standing in the pillory, you one-ear'd rascal?

Nelti. Yonder I see Herbert, and shou'd he find you here——

Bribon. He, I suppose, wou'd make his cane join issue with my head—I abscond.

[*Exit.*

Dolores. Oh, you cowardly villain! what, run away—egad, I'll be off too.

[*Exit.*

Nelti. [*alone*] Now I'm alone, I'll practice such behaviour as, I am told, the women in the other world use, that I may win the heart of my dear Englishman.—First then, I must avoid him—certainly—but that I'll do some other time—then I must abuse him—true, but how!—Oh, were it my task to praise, how prodigal would this heart be in pouring forth its store, which niggard now, will not afford one harsh idea. But I must try—ah, yonder he comes—well, I'm quite indifferent whether

whether I see him or not—I'll not walk in his way, I'm determined.

[Retires up the stage.]

Enter Herbert.

Herbert. It's always my infernal luck to be in a rage—to think that these innocent people, who lived as happily before the Spaniard's came, as the people in a village do before an attorney comes among them—should now have gridirons for beds—and what they think worse—the Spaniards place on their bodies, which were as free as Englishmens—an indelible mark of slavery.—Oh, I hope nobody will contradict me to day—I wish I could see Nelti—her soothing fondness would——

Nelti passes him [singing.]

Ah, Nelti, how do you do? [*loud.*]—My love! my love!! [*louder.*]

Nelti. Is it you? I declare I did not observe you.

Herbert. No—what might you be thinking of, my dear?

Nelti. That superior being, the elegant Alonzo.

Herbert. You were? and pray what might induce you?

Nelti. Heigho! [*sigs.*]

Herbert. My sweet girl, I'll tell you what. I have been in a most infernal rage, and I am not sure it is quite abated—so, to prevent mistakes, kiss me,—and, if you please, we'll have no jokes at present; for, tho' I love joking pretty well, I love kissing a devilish deal better.

Nelti. [apart] What a charming effect unkindness has

COLUMBUS:

has—I'll even give him plenty on't—really, Sir, you must possess a considerable share of vanity, in supposing there is no object worthy my regard but you—don't deceive yourself—you,—whom Dolores says, kicked the women, and were kicked by the men.

Herbert. He said that, did he? When I have the honour of meeting him, I'll try whether I have forgot my kicking. But—zounds, did not you tell me you adored me?

Nelti. But then I had scarcely seen the elegant Alonzo, the sage Dolores,—besides, that was some time ago.

Herbert. Whew!!! Oh, there must be some mistake—certainly one of the wizards old Dolores talks of must have been busy here—but come, Nelti, have done with folly, and tell me you love me sincerely.

Nelti. I wish I cou'd—but——

Herbert. Damn your *buts*, you imp of mischief, what do you mean?—have you encouraged me one day, to make my mortifications greater the next? have I left the jilts of one world to find the same whirligig tricks in another—don't provoke me, or, by St. George and his dragon, I'll—damnation, that a man can't, with honour, beat any woman but his wife:

Nelti. Oh dear, I have gone too far—Harry, Harry!

Herbert. Keep out of my way, or by all the heroes in England I shall never contain myself—do not come near me, talk of me, or think of me—Go to Alonzo,—go to the doctor, or go to the devil; and as long as you are as miserable as I wish you, dam me if I care where you go——

[*Exit.*

Nelti

Nelti [*crying.*] I find I don't know how to use a man ill—I was a fool for trying it—I can't tell how English women manage—but I am very sure I was made to use men kindly.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Spanish Camp.* [*Night.*]

Enter Moscofo and Spaniards, with booty.

Moscofo. Our commander Roldan, must not think of sharing in this treasure—damn subordination—are not we Christians superior beings? and have not we a right to murder as many Indians as we think fit?

1st Spaniard. Aye, to be sure; if they won't become Christians quietly, we must broil them till they do.

Enter Spaniards, pulling in Cuto.

2d Spaniard. This is the fairest Indian we have caught yet—all good words are thrown away upon him, so, bring in the rack.

Moscofo. Come, be content to work and become a slave, and we'll shew you how to live.

Cuto. No, give me your tortures, and I'll shew you how to die.

Enter Roldan.

Roldan. The hour seems big with horror, and the vivid lightning, blazons the murky mantle of the night with awful splendour—Moscofo, why are you absent from your guard?—carry that gold to my tent.

Moscofo. I won't—I tell you what, Viceroy, my
F maxim

maxim is this,—always to obey my commander to the last drop of my blood, while he lets me have my own way—why, you are not in Spain! by St. Lucifer, I won't part with the gold, so, what signifies opposition, when you know you can't help yourself?

Roldan. Oh, Columbus, how fully art thou now revenged—[*aside*]—execrable wretch!—but we are friends—the common safety requires obedience, and only to preserve you all from death, I venture to oppose your wills.

Moscoso. Well, well, I am satisfied—I am of a sweet disposition—I have murdered many a man without bearing him the least ill will.

Roldan. Who is that Indian?

Moscoso. I don't know; but he's a damned faucy one, and minds no more *dying*, than we do *killing him*.

Roldan. Has the torture extorted no secrets from him?

Moscoso. We have not began to pinch him yet.

[*A noise is heard, with thunder and lightning.*]

Roldan. What means this horrid noise? 'The earth trembles.

Moscoso. Oh, mercy!

Roldan. Cowards, proceed to extort confession from that reptile.

Moscoso. I won't touch a hair of his head—do you think I am a savage? how the ground shakes!

[*Noise again.*]

Roldan. This war of elements is awful, and may make these half-formed villains squeamish.

[*Aside.*]

Moscoso. Could you find in your heart to torture

sure a poor fellow-creature? We'll release that Indian. [*To Roldan.*]

Roldan. Well, be it so.—

[*Cuto is released, and exit.*]

But let not souls like yours be daunted; 'tis not the first tempest you have witnessed—cheerly, my friends.

[*Exit.*]

Moscofo. I think its quite gone off—bring that rascally Indian back, we'll—

[*Noise increases.*]

Oh, mercy! why, this is an earthquake.

1st Spaniard. Earthquake—aye, a terrible one.

Moscofo. The earth seems ready to open and swallow us up—let us find the priest and get absolution—Oh, mercy! mercy!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A view of the Temple of the Sun. In the back ground a mountain.*

[*Thunder and lightning.*]

Enter Alonzo.

Alonzo. Where'er I turn, 'tis ruin all and death. The wrath of heaven, roused at the crimes it views, pours forth its mighty vengeance.—“ Oh God of
“ justice—may thy awful power bury within that
“ earth their sins incumber, all who for thirst of
“ gold forget humanity, and dare to make thy fa-
“ cred name a sanction for their crimes.”—In this hour of horror, how does my anxious heart beat for her fate, who never can be mine—this temple's hated walls encircle all that on earth could make me blest—but how can I approach her, and

to remain uncertain of her safety, is worse than death [*a harsh noise, and part of the mountain is dislodged.*]—E'en now, perhaps, the earth entombs its richest treasure. [*A turret of the temple is thrown down*]—The dreadful shock increases.—Spare, spare my Cora !

[A violent crash—a part of the temple is thrown down—through the chasm Cora is seen clinging to a column—Alonzo runs in, and bears her out—she faints.]

Alonzo. Revive, revive, my angel ! let no fears assail that spotless bosom—Turn not from him, who, 'midst this shock of nature, knows no terror but for thee.

Cora. Whither am I borne ? What art thou ? Tell me—'tis he, 'tis he—the constant object of my thoughts !

Alonzo. Has Cora e'er bestowed a thought on on her Alonzo.—Oh joy unhop'd for.—“ In this
“ dread hour to share thy fate was all my utmost
“ wishes could aspire to—but now to hear thee
“ own a mutual flame, is bliss which bears my
“ raptur'd mind almost beyond the check of
“ reason.”

Cora. How my heart beats at this unlooked-for meeting.—How little could I hope to be thus blest'd a few short minutes since, when I expected death at every rude commotion—yet, even then, on thee my thoughts were fixed—thee I implored to aid me, and my last sigh would have breathed blessings on thee.

Alonzo. Oh my Cora, how shall I tell thee what I feel at this excess of tenderness.

[A violent shock, and a Volcano emits its fury.]

Ha !

Ha! heaven! my joy had banished from my thoughts all fear; and must we, must we, at a time like this, glut the devouring earth, or drown in floods of fire—let's fly to seek for safety.

Cora. Safety—'tis here [*throwing herself into his arms*].—within thy arms I dread no danger.

Alonzo. My heaven of bliss, to die in thy embrace, death would have no power to inflict a pang, but thy dear life is all I have to hope of happiness on earth, and heaven direct me to preserve it.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.—*A rich country with an arbour.*

Alonzo and Cora discovered.

Alonzo.

MY Cora, methinks I never lived till now—
all that has passed of life, has been a dull
journey to this point of happiness.

Cora. Alonzo—Oh, how that name vibrates
thro' every nerve; and makes such sweet com-
motion in each pulse, as tho' they swelled to
emulate my lips, and strove to utter it.—

Alonzo. How my fancy glows with all the hap-
piness which awaits us—we'll fly together to the
dear retreats, where nature reigns with uncon-
trolled dominion—there, free from every care
which dwells with busy, artificial life, each day
shall greet us with unclouded joy, and each new
hour shall bring increase of bliss—there shall the
dear delights of husband and of father—

Cora. Oh, Alonzo! [*she is near fainting*]

Alonzo. Why droops my love?

Cora. Father, said'st thou?—that word has
from my lethargy roused me to madness—What
have I done?—Love has with tyrant power sub-
dued my soul, and forced from my fond mind
each sense of duty and each tie of nature—where
shall

shall I fly?—where has the earth a place to hide a wretch like me?

Alonzo. Do not distract me, Cora—explain these terrors—be quick to tell me, that my heart may share in every pang of thine.

Cora. Doom'd to the cruell'st lot of human misery, hear all the horrors of my fate—when I, with heart which ne'er had felt one sense of passion which it glows with now, gave up my future days to holy solitude, “that I by such a sacrifice, “might heap more honours on a father's head “than e'en his virtues could procure him”—I then (Oh, heaven) should love e'er prove my conqueror, consigned myself to death, e'en thee, Alonzo, that rash oath condemned thee too.

Alonzo. Cease to bewail without a cause—a few short hours will bear us from the dread of all the terrors which oppress thy fear-struck fancy—then haste, my love.

Cora. Whither, Alonzo?—What, leave my hapless father and my sisters to expiate my crime—they are sureties for me—my flight would doom their innocence to bleed for my offence.

Alonzo. What dost thou utter?—Am I—am I the author of such direful ruin—am I the murderer of thy guiltless race?—did not affection check my ireful arm—did not my love command me to exist to share thy doom, whatever fate decree it, no longer wou'd I struggle with the horrors that I feel, but part with life and misery together.

Cora. Is this the comfort thou canst give to Cora?—Ah, why talk I of comfort—comfort's the lot of innocence—shall guilt like mine—shall blind distracted passion, hope to feel the dear
felicity

felicity that virtue feels—Leave me, Alonzo, and preserve thyself; then let me fly to meet the worst of deaths, so I may spare my honoured father's life, and save the offspring which has not disgraced him.

Alonzo. Oh, cease, in pity cease—let not thy frantic desperation drive thee to certain ruin.

Cora. Alonzo, can'st thou counsel parricide—would'st thou receive a murderer to thy arms?—Lead me to the temple.—The tumult of the night may have preserved my flight unknown—then let me haste.—

Alonzo. Must I resign thee—must we part—
[*taking her hand*] Oh, Cora, how hard a fate is ours.

Cora. Alonzo, if parting thus with thee, or instant death were left me to decide on, how should I spurn existence so dearly to be purchased.—But, oh, my father—my sisters—then let despairing love prey on my heart—the anguish of remorse shall never reach it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The outside of the Temple.*

Enter Alonzo and Cora, with great caution.

Alonzo. I have beheld no creature, all seems as still, as if the late convulsive shock of nature had spared no beings but ourselves.

Cora. For what a fate Alonzo, are we spared:—let me not think, or all my resolution will forsake me—Leave me before I well can realize our parting; for if I give scope to the dire thought, madness or death must rob me of all thought.

Alonzo.

Alonzo. I will not, cannot say farewell; for yet, propitious heaven may bless us with each other.

Cora. Oh! Alonzo—no more——

[*Alonzo leads her to the temple—they embrace—she goes into the temple.—He exit on one side of the stage.*]

SCENE VI. *The Town.*

Enter Herbert and Nelti with a Quipos.

Herbert. “Forgive thee, my angel—name
 “not the word—I like a woman to be a little
 “whimsical in trifles, as long as she has the stamina of affection at bottom—I am for none of
 “your still, quiet, good sort of women, that
 “make a man’s life one continued dead calm—
 “no—no—refreshing breezes for me—when one
 “is sure not to be driven by them on the rocks
 “of aversion, they render the voyage of life free
 “from languor and insipidity—”

Nelti. Rest assured every future breath of mine shall speak only affection and esteem—but, my Herbert, to owe my life to thy protecting arm, is such joy, as makes me, spite of its awful horrors, bless last night, which thus restored thee to my aching heart.

Herbert. My charming girl! Egad, I thought it was all over with us.

“*Nelti.* Oh, Herbert! what uneasy hours
 “have I passed, and what melancholy thoughts
 “have been put into my head—look here—
 [showing the Quipos.]

“Here is the prophecy of eternal discord—
 “here’s separation for ever—here’s——

“ *Herbert.* Here—what’s here—what does it
“ mean ?

“ *Nelti.* Oh, by these braids of varied colours,
“ we can explain every thing without speaking,
“ as you do with what you call books—for in-
“ stance—this knot says you hate me—this tells
“ me you love some one else—by this I find we
“ were to be miserable—but by this I find [*em-*
“ *bracing him*] we shall for ever be happy.”

“ *Herbert.* Who gave you this—what do you
“ call it ?

“ *Nelti.* One of our necromancers.

“ *Herbert.* Necromancers—ha ! ha ! ha !

“ *Nelti.* Every body believes in them—they
“ say they can raise storms and thunder—can
“ tell whose lives are joined together——

“ *Herbert.* Lives joined together—a curious
“ doctrine——

“ *Nelti.* But I’ll never trust them again.

“ *Herbert.* No, my dear, trust only to me,
“ and you’ll certainly not have to deal with a
“ *conjuror.*”

Nelti. Here come those frights, Dolores and
Bribon—I shou’d like to plague ’em dearly.

Herbert. Shou’d you, you rogue.—Egad, what
you have told me about necromancers, and the
strange opinion of your country, that people’s
lives are joined together, has given me an idea
which will plague them confoundedly, “ for
“ their credulity in astrology is equal to their
“ professional ignorance.”—This way, and I’ll
explain.

[*Retire up the stage.*

Enter

Enter Dolores and Bribon, quarelling.

“*Dolores.* Why do you keep following me,
“ and chattering your cursed jargon—

“*Bribon.* I’ll walk where I like, and talk what
“ I like—

“*Dolores.* Very true—as nature here asserts
“ her rights, of course monkies have privilege
“ to chatter without fear of correction, but” to
compare your paltry profession with the noble art
of healing?

Bribon. Why, to say the truth, Doctors do put
people out of their misery.

Dolores. Come, that’s better than Lawyers, who
put them into misery, and leave them there.

Bribon. Call in a Physician, he kills, or nature
cures.

Dolores. True; but call in a Lawyer, and egad,
kill or cure, right or wrong, is equally fatal—
[*seeing Herbert.*]—Zounds! there’s Herbert—
hush, be quiet—let’s listen.

Herbert and Nelti come forward.

Herbert. You amaze me! Can it be possible
that your necromancers are so very potent?

Nelti. True indeed, my love.

Herbert. This union of lives is very wonder-
ful, and doubtless very true—If old Dolores
knew that his life depended on another’s fate,
how anxious wou’d he be to know whose—

*Dolores and Bribon run forward, and interrupt
him.*

Dolores. I am very anxious.—

Bribon. I’d give half my estate to know it.

‡

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Dolores.

Dolores. Lives linked together!—oh! I've heard of it.

Bribon. So have I—it's a wonderful discovery!

Dolores. To be sure it is.—Why, it accounts at once for those cursed unprofitable apoplexies. What's that cat-o-nine tails? [*observing the Quipos.*

Herbert. By these knotty hieroglyphics, the necromancers expound the decrees of fate—Observe. [*presenting it*]

Dolores. Keep off—I would not touch it for the world—the idea makes me paralytic. “I hope my partner for life is one of these fine healthy Indians—long life to the worthy creatures—I love them in my heart, and so I ought—are not all mankind a kin to one another?”

“*Herbert.* So Roldan and his crew seem to think, for they treat the Indians exactly like poor relations.—”

Bribon. I'm exceedingly alarmed—wonder who they could find to couple with a lawyer's foul.—Sweetest of women—if you would condescend to enquire.

Dolores. Oh, if you would obtain from the necromancer one of these conjuring things, to inform me who is interested in my unhappy lot, I'd pray for you—I'd go to the devil for you—I'd—

Nelti. And never again teaze me with love?

Bribon. Never—never.

Dolores. I'll hate you as long as I live.

Nelti. Then meet me presently—you see yonder cave.

Dolores. Yes.

Nelti.

Nelti. That's the dwelling of the necromancer.

Dolores. I won't go there—I would not see his devilship for the fame of Æsculapius.

Bribon. Nor I, to be the Lycurgus of the new world.

Nelti. Well then, I'll take care you shall not see him—so, follow me, and I'll get you information will set your hearts at ease. [*Exit.*

Bribon. I declare, what she has said, has made me so ill, I can scarcely stand—Oh, lord, I am afraid my accomplice is going.

Dolores. Come, Bribon, forget and forgive—[gives him a phial] and, as you are ill, there's a pretty, tasteless medicine, that I'm sure will do you good, my dear friend—Dam'me, but there's a dose for you, however. [*Aside and exit.*

Bribon. [to Herbert.] And does that old fool think I'd ensure death by taking his cursed potions—ah, Sir, there is no way to deal with doctors.

Herbert. I beg your pardon, give them fees while you are well, and nothing when you are ill, and they are not the mischievous animals you think them.

Bribon. If the necromancer will but speak the truth— [*Exit.*

Herbert. Ha! ha! already I've performed a miracle—for there go a physician and a lawyer, wishing to find among men health and sincerity—This partnership of lives is a whimsical kind of doctrine, and yet, absurd as it seems, I feel it not altogether untrue, for were my Nelti to die, I believe, Herbert, thy life wou'd not be worth many days. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.—*The inside of an Indian house.*

Enter Dolores.

Dolores. How anxious I am to know whom my precious life is joined to—Ah! here comes Nelti—
Tell me, my dear girl—

Enter Bribon.

Get out of my way——

Bribon. I tell you what, old Hellebore, I'll—
Ah, here she comes—now for it

Enter Nelti with a Quipos.

Dolores. Sweetest messenger of fate, tell me the name of him, the cords of whose heart are so twisted with mine, that one crack will dis sever both.

Nelti. Now attend—I said to the necromancer, Most profound and learned sage, on whose life depends that of old Doctor Dominic Dolores? says he, Has he not a decrepid form—withered face—funk eyes—pug-nose—paper lips—leather cheeks—straggling teeth—says I, the description suits exactly—He then gave me this, which informs me your life is joined to—

Dolores. Whom?

Bribon. I hope some rascal, who will be hanged in a week.

Nelti. Very likely, for it is joined to a lawyer's, and his name is——Bribon [*with deliberation, and seeming to expound the Quipos*] when one dies, the other will inevitably expire.

Bribon. Oh, lud! Oh, lud!

Dolores. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

Nelti.

Nelri. I see I've made you quite happy—so, good bye.

[*Exit laughing.*

Dolores. Oh, cruel fate! that my precious life must depend on my mortal enemy—I can't bear it.

Bribon. To be in the same death-warrant with that old superannuated villain—Oh, 'tis too much!

[*They each sit down lamenting, look at each other some time—first, with fear and anxiety,—then they smile and draw nearer to each other.*]

Dolores. I think it was ridiculous enough in us to quarrel about a silly girl, Eh, Bribon?

Bribon. Very, Doctor; just as if there were not unavoidable miseries enough in life, without making them.

Dolores. True—how do you do?

Bribon. You don't look well.

Dolores. My dear friend, let me feel your pulse—Oh, lord, 'tis very quick.

Bribon. Dear Doctor, sit down.

Dolores. I say, Bribon, you did not, (may be,) happen to swallow the contents of the bottle I gave you [*with hesitation.*]

Bribon. Oh, the scoundrel!—[*aside*—First tell me how you are.

Dolores. Why, independent of my care for you, I am very well—so, you did not take the medicine? Well, its no great matter—I'm not offended with you—perhaps it's as well as it is.

Bribon. What an old villain! If I thought it would not endanger his life, I would plague him heartily

heartily [*aside.*] I don't think, my dear Doctor, you look ill.

Dolores. Ill! I never was better in my life

Bribon. Egad I will—I'll plague him [*aside*] and thank heaven, the cordial you gave me, which I have just swallowed—

Dolores. [*greatly alarm'd.*] Why, you did not take it, did you?

Bribon. Every drop—I dare say it will do me infinite good.

Dolores. Oh, I dare say it will—let me feel your pulse again—perhaps it may give you a bit of a twinge across the stomach—but don't mind it.

Bribon. No—you seem frighten'd.

Dolores. Not at all—don't agitate yourself—let me feel your pulse again—how lucky it is, my dear friend—any thing the matter? [*Bribon pretends to feel pain*]—How lucky, I say, that the lives of two men should be linked together, who love each other so sincerely—Eh, what's the matter?

Bribon. Nothing—I felt a little ugly pain, but its gone off—I can't help laughing to think we should quarrel about a girl—Ha, ha! ha, ha!

Dolores. Ha, ha!—Oh, Lord! Ha, ha, ha! Are you sure the pain's gone off—Ha, ha!—Oh, Lord! oh, dear!

Bribon. Oh, there again—they increase—they increase—Oh! oh!

Dolores. I am a miserable old man! What, again, Eh?

Bribon. Have you any more of the bottle?

Dolores. Oh, no—I have a notion you have had enough of that. [*Aside.*]

Bribon. I'm torn to death—pray prescribe for me.

Dolores. Oh, Lord! not for the world—Leave it to nature—she's the best physician—Do you feel better?—I think you look better.

Bribon. [*sitting down on a chair.*] I feel I am dying—as a proof of my love for you, Doctor, I bequeath you—(Oh!) all my property whatever, and wish you a long and happy life.

Dolores. But, zounds! you forget I sha'n't outlive you a minute [*Bribon appears convulsed.*]—Oh! he's going—help! help!

Enter Herbert (after having been peeping.)

Herbert. What's all this bawling?

Dolores. Can nothing save my dear friend?—my life is wound up in his.

Herbert. Ah, poor Bribon! what, he's going—now, is not it a shocking thing, Doctor, that, because this scoundrel is dying, some amiable gentleman won't live half an hour?

Dolores. O, very shocking! and between you and I, Herbert, I am that amiable, miserable old gentleman.

Herbert. How will you part with Nelti?

Dolores. Pooh! stuff—Do you think I mind parting with Nelti, or you, or all the world?—No; all my struggles are, how to part with my sweet self, how to bid adieu to this dear, delicious little body—Oh! he's going—he's going.

Herbert. Can you do nothing for him?

Dolores. Bleeding,—bleeding's all that's left—If my hand's steady enough, I'll open a vein.

H

Herbert.

Herbert. Be sure you cut deep enough.

Dolores. I will—I will—but I hav'n't my instruments about me.

Herbert. Here's my sword.

Dolores. Give it me—I'll bleed him—

Bribon. [*jumping up.*] No, you don't—don't be frightened [*to Dolores*] blefs your foul, it was all a fetch.

Dolores. Come to my arms [*to Herbert*] what are you grinning at ?

Bribon. Ay, what are you—

Dolores. I'll be revenged on him—I'll trick him out of Nelti yet.

Bribon. What ?

Dolores. I'll marry Nelti.

Bribon. What, are you mad ? marry a young mettlesome wench that—pooh—nonsense—why, arsenic wou'd not send you to your grave with more expedition.

Herbert. True, Bribon—I'll go to Nelti—so, farewell, Doctor. [*Going.*]

Dolores. You sha'n't—you sha'n't—I demand satisfaction—Oh, you cowardly—

[*Dolores attempts to follow him, which Bribon prevents—Herbert returns, in apparent anger ; then Bribon snatches up Dolores in his arms, and runs off with him.*]

[*Exit Herbert, laughing.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

A C T V.

SCENE. I.—*Outside of the Temple of the Sun.*

Enter Alonzo.

Alonzo.

STILL must I wander near these awful walls,
 uncertain of my fate.—Though days and
 weeks pass on, yet nought I gain from lengthened
 time, but added woe.—Still, still I tremble for
 her life! And were my mind relieved from that
 distracting fear, what comfort even then could
 reach me—The treasure of my soul's immured
 in yon impenetrable shrine—buried for ever
 in that grave of youth and beauty.—Where
 can I find a thought of ought but wretchedness—
 [*Stands in a posture of despair.*]

Solasco comes from the Temple and observes Alonzo.

Solasco. Alonzo!

Alonzo. What wou'd'st thou?

Solasco. I come from Cora.

Alonzo. From Cora say'st thou? I dread——

Solasco. Dread the worst.—The hapless victim
 of unholy love sends to Alonzo her dying blessing.

Alonzo. Oh heaven!

Solasco. Her absence from the temple was dis-
 covered.—She was seen with thee.—She begged

me to conjure thee by her love, to save thyself from death by instant flight—obey her quickly—

[*Going.*

Alonzo. Stay, stay I charge thee.

Solasco. I have performed my office ; urge not my stay, for I have feelings hard to be suppressed, and which, if not suppressed, might wound thee.

Alonzo. What can now wound me more ?

Solasco. We thought thee perfect, we adored thee with reverence, fit only for the power whose worship thou hast violated.

Alonzo. Forbear old man ; cease thy untimely chidings.

Solasco. My woes may surely justify my chidings.—“ I, who behold a race, in which each
“ virtue heaven could give, all honour human
“ power could bestow, has bloomed for ages,
“ blasted with infamy, with infamy by thee.

Alonzo. “ Forbear, forbear.”—

Solasco. I, who am doomed to view the dearest object of my doating fondness, whose goodness oft' has steeped these aged eyes in tears of joy, to see her branded with guilt, devoted to destruction.—Have not I full cause, thus loudly to complain, and to upbraid thee,—I, her hapless father?—

Alonzo. Father say'st thou ? [*falling on his knees*] Thou, the father of my Cora.—“ Oh forgive me ;
“ yet how can'st thou forgive the murderer of
“ thy child ? Strike, strike this weapon in my
“ guilty breast—Oh give me death ; it will at
“ once to thee be vengeance, and to me be
“ mercy.

Solasco.

Solasco. “ I seek not vengeance ; vengeance is
 “ for weaker woes.—But tell me, how could’st
 “ thou heap such anguish on a heart that never
 “ injured thee ?

Alonzo. “ Oh father, let me call thee so——
 “ wring not my soul thus”—I love thy daughter
 with a flame pure as her virtues ; think then what
 I must feel, and even thou may’st pity me.

Solasco. If thou dost truly love my hapless
 child, e’en in the midst of all my woes, my bo-
 som owns one pang for thee—The torments of
 my Cora soon must end.—Thine, alas !—but let
 me not encrease the sorrows I could wish to soothe
 —Farewell—obey my dying child, and grant
 her all the joy she now can taste—to know that
 thou art safe.

Alonzo. Think’st thou I am base enough to live
 the monument of her destruction, and my own
 disgrace.—No, if *my* life cannot alone appease
 your violated laws, let me at least partake my
 Cora’s doom, and in a fond embrace expiring,
 I’ll bless the fate, that e’en in death unites us.

Solasco. Our law allows no partial mitigation—
 leave her to meet the doom thou can’st not save
 her from ; and do thou bear life a little longer,
 to give unhappy Cora, in her dying pangs, one
 ray of comfort.

Alonzo. Oh my father !

Solasco. Farewell, farewell my son ; and if thou
 can’st be happy, heaven can tell I wish thee so.

[*Exit.*

Alonzo. Now then the sum of horror is com-
 plete.—

[*Indian instrument sounds.*

Enter

Enter Orozimbo attended.

Orozimbo. Alonzo, thy aid is now our chief reliance—Roldan prepares to attack us ; and since the good Columbus left our coast, thro' many tedious months of care and danger, thy counsel and thy valour, still have been defence and safety to us. But, why droops the brave Alonzo ?—If any tender scruple of shedding native blood now check thy wonted ardour, freely avow the generous weakness.—On thee depends our fate—yet would I welcome the loss of empire and of life, rather than save them by Alonzo's misery.

Alonzo. No—With honest zeal I draw my sword against the enemies of innocence, tho' the same clime hath bred us.—He who regards his country's real honour, owns for his countrymen, none but the virtuous.—Yet, Orozimbo, this heart is bursting with its anguish.

Orozimbo. Thy sorrows, tho' I am unconscious of the cause, have found their way into my kindred breast.—Tell me thy griefs, that I may soothe, perhaps relieve them.

Alonzo. Thou, thou alone hast power to do it.

Orozimbo. Then, by my kingdom, thou shalt find relief.

Alonzo. [*Looking round*] Command that all remain at distance.

Orozimbo. Retire !

[*Troops retreat to the back of the stage.*

Alonzo. [*Points to the Temple*] Behold those walls ! does thy exalted mind, which owns the noblest energies of reason, does it approve that structure, reared by mistaken zeal, to glorify the Deity, by the dire sacrifice of all his dearest blessings ?

Orozimbo.

Orozimbo. Say on.

Alonzo. Does she, who, in the prime of youth, when every fine affection of the soul glows with its noblest fervour, when all the joys of life seem decked with magic splendour, does she deserve the punishment of guilt, who, buried in yon' ruthless prison, casts a fond thought on the delights she has lost, dares to condemn the tyranny which binds her, and claims her right to liberty and love?

Orozimbo. I would aspire to reign beyond the limits of weak prejudice; but reflect, Alonzo, how sacred are a country's customs.

Alonzo. There, there's the source of half the misery of human kind—custom is the vile confounder of virtue and of vice.—It checks the operation of our godlike reason, and makes the greatest glory of creation, a being void of will—Oh, Orozimbo, far superior to the mists of error—when thy great soul displays unmanacled its glorious attributes—thou'lt cease to think that God delights in cruelty, whose blest infusion in the human heart breathes mercy and benevolence.

Orozimbo. Oft have I admired thy wisdom and thy virtue; but, now methinks, in thee I hear the voice of heaven, and it shall be obeyed.—But I must praise thy wondrous goodness, which can thus plead for other's misery.

Alonzo. There I am unworthy of thy praise—mine is a selfish zeal—I've sued for one whom I adore; nay for myself I've sued.—Oh, Orozimbo, in the repeal of an inhuman law, thou hast restored my forfeit life—nay more—the life of her I love.

Orozimbo. What do I hear?

Enter

Enter Cuto.

Cuto. Great chief, the foe is on their march—your warriors are assembled, anxious for your presence to lead them to victory.

Orozimbo. On my friends.

Alonzo. One moment stay.--Left the fell chance of war (which, heaven avert) thou'd leave my lovely Cora without the generous friend she has found in thee; first let me bear your royal mandate to the temple, strictly commanding, (whatever fate may in the battle wait us) pardon and liberty for her.

Orozimbo. I must in person give the important mandate—Lead on the troops [*to Alonzo,*] and I with speed will join you. [*to the troops.*] I leave you to the conduct of the brave Alonzo.

Orozimbo goes towards the temple, Alonzo leads the troops—

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Battle.*

Excursions—Alonzo is seen successfully to attack Roldan, who is relieved by a party of Spaniards—Alonzo retreats fighting—Indians driven across the stage.]

Enter Orozimbo, attended, and Herbert.

Orozimbo. Alas! our efforts are, I fear, in vain.

Herbert. We'll fight, my noble chief, 'till we force victory to crown us—our deeds shall shame her for inclining to our dastard enemies—Alonzo bears about him like an hungry lion.

Orozimbo. Heaven protect and aid him.

[*Exit.*
Herbert.

Herbert. What an unlucky dog am I—I was within six yards of that destroyer of innocents, Roldan, and yet the villain had the good luck to escape me—I have not had a bit of fighting so long, and this what has given me such an appetite—ha, ha! here comes work for me—now, my boy, Herbert, stick to them.

Enter two Spaniards.

1st Spaniard. Yield directly, you English deserter.

Herbert. Yes, I am a deserter; but there alone where an Englishman will be one, from villainy and oppression to honour and humanity—Have at you, bloodhounds!

[They fight, seize Herbert's sword-arm, and force him off the stage; during which Nelti enters in the dress of a female warrior.]

Nelti. Herbert in danger [*draws her bow*] Aid me, ye powers! [*hesitates*] Alas! his manly breast presents itself, and my erring hand may slay my love—They overpower him—now, heaven direct me [*she lets fly an arrow*]—he's safe—*[falls on her knees.]*

Re-enter Herbert, driving a Spaniard across the stage.

Herbert. Saved by a woman's hand!—she faints—the spirit which animated her to preserve me, now sinks beneath the weight of its own effort—Good heaven! can it be?—'Tis Nelti.

[Hugging her.]

Nelti. Oh, Herbert, joy has almost the same effect that terror had, and I am scarce able to bear the excess of happiness your safety gives me.

I

Herbert

Herbert. My dear angelic girl, I am in such transport, I scarcely know, whether I am in earth or in heaven. [*shouts.*] But let me bestow you in a place of safety, for you hear I am wanted.

Nelti. Then my business is not done—I came here to watch your safety, and I'll not leave you; so, obey me—you are not the first hero who has had a female commander.

Herbert. Then act, my love, like a commander, and get out of the reach of danger as fast as you can—See how the Indians fly—Hah! we are surprized, and our retreat cut off—This way—this way——

Exeunt, [a troop of Spaniards pursuing.]

SCENE THE LAST.—*A garden of the Temple of the Sun—at the upper end an arch.*

Enter Catalpo and priests.

Catalpo. Tho' I receiv'd, with all apparent reverence, the mandate of the King, to spare the impious priests, I but dissembled, to preserve our sacred rites inviolate—had I opposed the hated order, his power would have rescued from our grasp, the object of our vengeance.

“ *Priest.* But, say, Catalpo, does no doubt remain of this young priests' crime! For, by our chief's command to spare her life, he surely deems her innocent.

“ *Catalpo.* There can exist no doubt—On the morn which followed that dreadful night, when the dire war of elements diffused such general horror, Bleffco, whose truth none yet e'er doubted, beheld her conducted to the temple by one of these hated strangers, with whom she parted
“ with

“ with every mark of fond endearment—Long he
 “ concealed this, till at length his conscience fore-
 “ ly wounded by the guilt he secreted, he on his
 “ oath declared to me this profanation.” Instant
 conduct the offender to her doom.

Enter priests, conducting Cora in procession, with archers and Solasco.

Solasco. [*falling on his knees.*] Oh, reverend priest, on my devoted head let fall the vengeance of the offended law—the crime was mine; I heeded not the tears which trickled down my Cora’s angel-face; I listened not to the reproving sighs, which forced their way from her lamenting bosom; but, deaf to nature’s voice, compelled her to dedicate her youth to solitude and misery.

Catalpo. Hence, nor offer further insult to offended heaven, by pleading for a wretch who braves its laws.

Solasco. Sure heaven will pardon a poor old man, who pleads for mercy to his child—the offence was mine, then take my forfeit life, but save, O save my Cora.

“ *Catalpo.* Retire; for tho’ no pray’rs shall urge
 “ me to neglect the duty which I owe to heaven,
 “ I do not wish a father’s eyes to view the shed-
 “ ding of his daughter’s blood.

“ *Solasco.* And does thy piety, thy filial love,
 “ then doom thee to destruction? Cursed Solasco!
 “ how worthless art thou of thy child—thy injus-
 “ tice devoted her to misery, and in return she
 “ dooms herself to death, to save her cruel fa-
 “ ther’s life.”

[*Cora throws herself round his neck.*

Catalpo. Dost thou still with impious stubbornness, persist to keep concealed the partner of thy guilt? Say, who it was seduced thy innocence?

Cora. Oh, for mercy, spare me so dire a thought—Shall I be his accuser—Oh blest, preserve him, Heaven.

Catalpo. This instant meet thy fate.

Enter Cuto.

What rash foot dares, unbidden, to approach the sacred Temple?

Cuto. I wish my tidings did not justify intrusion—Reverend Priest, freedom is lost—the barbarous foe hath conquered.

“*Catalpo.* [to *Cora*] Thou hast armed the hand
“ of Heaven against us—its indignation falls on
“ our heads in vengeance for thy crime”—Lead
to her death.

Cora. [as they seize her] Hold—doth Alonzo live?

Cuto. He was too brave for life—With ardour more than human he fought the fiercest dangers of the fight, and hurled destruction round him; but at length hemmed in by numbers more than mortal arm could force, he must have fallen, to swell the horrors of this dreadful day.

Cora. Then welcome, death [fixed in a posture of despair]

Catalpo. Ha! it must be so—the secret is revealed.

Cora. Lead me to my fate—Your cruelty will now be mercy—My soul's impatient to throw off this load of life, eager to join the spirit of my lord, and soar in union to the realms of bliss.

Catalpo.

Catalpo. Silence this frenzy—or if thou must be loud in exclamation, curse with your dying breath your impious violator.

Cora. Peace, monster, dare not to breathe a sound reproachful to my Alonzo's memory, lest I forget the calm solemnity this awful moment claims, and pour on thee my curses.

Catalpo. To death with her, and thou, old man, this instant quit the Temple, or behold thy daughter bleed.

Solafco. Farewell, my child, I'll weep no more.—This bursting heart will soon force out a passage for my soul to take its flight and follow thee.

[*Embraces Cora and Exit.*]

The ceremony takes place, the Archers range, and Cora is led to the upper part of the stage—The Archers draw their arrows, then Alonzo rushes down, covers her with his shield, and exclaims Hold, monsters, hold! They are astonished at the appearance of Alonzo and drop their bows—Cora faints, Alonzo bears her forward.

Alonzo. My life, my Cora—Could their barbarian hands dare point their vengeance at thy lovely form? And have I then the bliss to clasp thee once again—Tho' danger, and tho' death on every side surround us, still to enfold thee thus is extacy.

Cora. My loved Alonzo—They told me thou wer't dead, and I was eager to escape from life, again to meet thee.

Alonso. By miracle hath Heaven preserved me—But say, what meant those bloody rites? [*to Catalpo*]

Catalpo. Think not thy frenzy shall impede our justice.

Orozimba.

[*Orozimbo without*]

Make fast the Temple gates—The foe will soon be here [*comes forward*] Alonzo—dost thou live, my friend?

Alonzo. The arm of heaven was surely stretched to save me—I forced my way thro' the opposing multitude, and seeing all was lost, I came once more to view this precious treasure, and die defending it—here I met death in all his direst horror, cloathed in the garb of priestly cruelty, not even thy command—their king's decree, could stop the torrent of their barbarous zeal.

Orozimbo. Thou traitor—hence from my fight—begone—[*Exit Catalpo*]*—*death waits us all—let's meet it as we ought.

[*Distant shouts.*]

Alonzo Oh! what a moment of distraction—must I behold thee—[*to Cora*] sinking beneath the weight of butchering swords, or worse, leave thee the victim of a brutal conqueror.

Cora. Can my Alonzo grudge me the bliss to die with him—souls linked like ours, the call of death should never summon singly.—The horrors of captivity, thou need'st not dread for me.—This [*snatching Alonzo's poignard*] if the sabres of the foe shrink from shedding a woman's blood, this shall prevent my lingering in life, when my dear lord has left it.

[*Noise at the gate of the Temple and shouts.*]

Alonzo They come—now then for death.

Orozimbo. [*Embraces Alonzo and Cora*] Farewell—farewell.—

They all stand in postures of defence; a noise is heard like the bursting of a gate, Herbert rushes in.

Herbert.

Herbert. Huzza! victory! victory!

Alonzo. Herbert!

Herbert. [*comes down*] Victory!—justice—happinefs.—[*embraces Alonzo*] huzza!

Alonzo. Instant ease this anxious heart.

Herbert. Give me breath [*shouts without*] huzza!—now for it—in our late overthrow, finding our retreat cut off, Nelti and I scampered towards the shore, with a troop of the whiskered bloodhounds at our heels.—There, to my surprize I beheld a fleet—Spanish colours—they were landing—I hailed the first boat—Who's your admiral says I—Columbus!—Columbus!

Orozimbo and Alonzo. Columbus—

Herbert. I say, Columbus—

Alonzo. Then, Spain, thou hast retrieved thy name.

Herbert. Who's your admiral, says I—Columbus.—

Alonzo. Say on.

Herbert. He landed, and when I had done crying, I informed him what had happened.—On the instant his troops flew to arms.—But Roldan's crew saved us the trouble of fighting—they fell on their coward knees [*shouts*] but here they come, and as they ought—Roldan in chains, and Columbus triumphant.

Alonzo. Hear'st thou, my love—let these delightful sounds dispel the hideous horrors which oppressed thee, and elevate thy soul, like mine, to heavenly blifs.

Cora. Blifs Alonzo! Can happinefs be ours?

Alonzo. For ever. [*Embraces her.*]

Orozimbo.

Orozimbo. Receive, Alonzo, receive thy Cora to thy arms, and may the giver of all blifs shower down upon your faithful loves, his choicest blessings.

Enter in procession—Trumpeters—Spanish soldiers—Others bearing presents—Models of guns—Sailors with model of a ship—Monks bearing the bible and cross—Spanish banners—Dolores and Bribon—Spanish soldiers—Roldan, Moscoso, and Spanish soldiers, chained—Solasco—Nelti, with Indian women scattering flowers—Banner of the order of Alcantara—Attendants bearing insignia—Columbus.

Columbus. Oh, my dear country, for I must call thee mine, do I again behold thee? This happy hour o'erpays my utmost toil.—My friends, much have I to enquire.

Alonzo. Great Columbus, till my heart is made acquainted with thy fortunes, I cannot tell thee of my happiness.—Has Spain redressed thy injuries—has Ferdinand—

Columbus. Alonzo, my wrongs were enviable—captivity was triumph—When amidst the applauding shouts of thousands, I approached the royal presence, the suffering monarch shrunk from the sight, and threw his mantle o'er his face, crimsoned with shame; then raised me to his arms, still my pride sustained me; but when I beheld the beauteous Isabella, try to force from their dire grasp my galling chains, and on each wound drop a balmy tear, loyalty and love rushed on my soul, I embraced her royal feet, and gave her tears for thanks; then all the pride of pageantry was decreed, but my soul languished for
the

the time, when, Orozimbo, I might thus again enfold thee, and restore to thee thy kingdom, freed from the gripe of ruthless tyranny.

Orozimbo. Greatest of men, in firmest confidence of thy excelling virtues, I repose my people's safety.

Columbus. [*to Herbert*] My noble Englishman, receive from my hand this lovely maid, and such benefits as I can bestow, you may command.

[*Talks apart with Orozimbo, Alonzo, and Cora.*]

Nelti. Now, my dear Herbert, you will become a great man, and live at your ease.

Herbert. A great man, and be at ease!—never was such a thing heard of. This is the sort of being which passes for a great man, and I hope you don't call this being at ease—[*Erects his head, and walks about strutingly.*]—Ha, ha! No, my love, it requires a cursed deal more hard labour to impose on the world, than suits the tranquil indolence of my disposition. And now, that all may this day be happy, Doctor, a word with you.

Bribon [*running before Dolores.*] What do you want, Sir, with my friend?

Dolores. Aye, what do you want?

Herbert. Only this, my excellent friends, I have abused your credulity.

Dolores. How?

Herbert. Your lives are independent of each other, and now you may hate again as heartily as ever.

Dolores. Did not the necromancer?

Nelti. I was the necromancer, old Dominic.

Dolores. You were—Get out of my way, you—
[*Kicks at Bribon.*]

Bribon. Ha, ha!

[*Snaps his fingers at Dolores.*]

Columbus and the rest come forward.

Columbus. That was indeed a triumph.—See those wretches closely guarded—their punishment must not now damp the joy I feel. Oh, were I satisfied no future Roldans would alarm your peace, I should be blest indeed.—Had I earlier known that Englands monarch would have graced my fortunes with his victorious banner, then would your freedom have been firmly fixed.—They only who themselves are free, give liberty to others.

BRITONS again behold Columbus sue
To have his fortunes patronized by you ;
To your support alone he trusts his cause,
And rests his fame, on Englishmens applause.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MILES P. ANDREWS, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MRS. POPE.

OLD stories done—old times long since forgotten,
Like musty records, little read, and rotten,
Return we now, to periods fonder grown,
To happier days, and readings of our own ;
Where'er we ope the book, the stile is clear,
The int'rest charming, the conclusions, dear ;
Our means are flourishing, our joys not scant,
Possess'd of every good, the heart can want,
Old tales of conquests, thrown on distant shelves,
We've little left to conquer—but ourselves :—

An arduous task—and yet to do us right,
We lose no time in entering on the fight ;
Miss, scarcely in her teens, attacks Mama,
Already having routed *sage* Papa ;
“ I'm not a chit—I *will* turn up my locks,—
“ I *will* wear powder, and I *won't* wear frocks ;—
“ I hate to dance with *boys*, now I'm so tall,
“ I'm fit for *any man*, at *any ball* ;—
“ You want to keep me back, because its known,
“ When girls *grow up*, their mothers, they *grow down*.”

Pert Master Bobby too, releas'd from school,
Hectors at home, and early learns to rule ;
The splendid stud, relinquish'd by his fire,
In grand display, awaits the youthful Squire ;
And while to Cambridge he should studious steer,
Newmarket's course arrests his gay career ;

There

EPILOGUE.

There he, *long odds, short bets, pass dice*, all pat in,
Sticks to the *Greeks*, and disregards the *Latin* ;
Flown up to town, out fierce-cock'd, *captious Bobby*,
Drives to the play, and quarrels in the lobby ;
“ Sir, you're a scoundrel ! damme Sir, you lie ” —
“ Sir, here's my *card*, for *damme I am—I* ” —
Thus is the boy, intent to ape the man,
A puff of discord, and a flash in pan. —

In married life, resolving each to drive,
A sweet contention keeps the flame alive ;
“ I know my province—so do I, my Lady—
“ You'll prove my torment—you've proved mine al-
ready.
“ To guard my rights, my Lord, I must endeavour—
“ You're always out—and you are out for ever—
“ Then both I trust are happy, *sposo caro*—(*with ironical
tendernefs*)
“ You throw at *hazard*, and I punt at *pharo* ;
“ Each have their object—so resentment smother—
“ Hold out the olive *branch*, or wear another.”

Suffice this raillery—enough to prove,
Our noblest conquest, is our own self-love ;
The Author, who to night has greatly dar'd,
To brave the issue of your high award ;
Tho' old, the legend whence his scenes he drew,
Humbly presumes, the inference may be new ;
Should then the efforts of his untaught muse,
By just, tho' small desert, his flights excuse ;
Let him enjoy, for all his anxious toils,
That bright reward—the triumph of your smiles.

ERRATA.

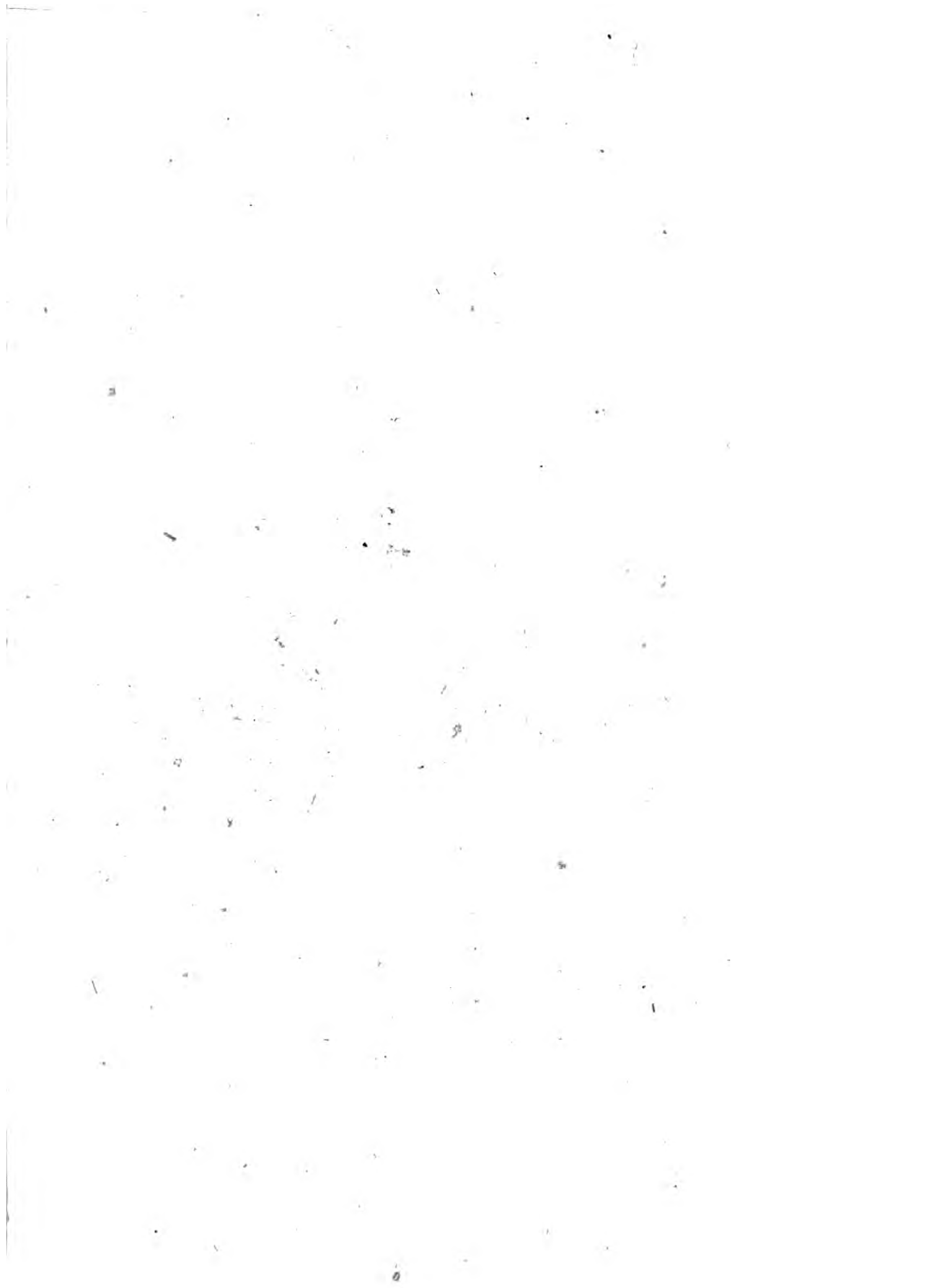
Page 1, line 5, for "all *manner of* glories, read "all *meaner* glories."

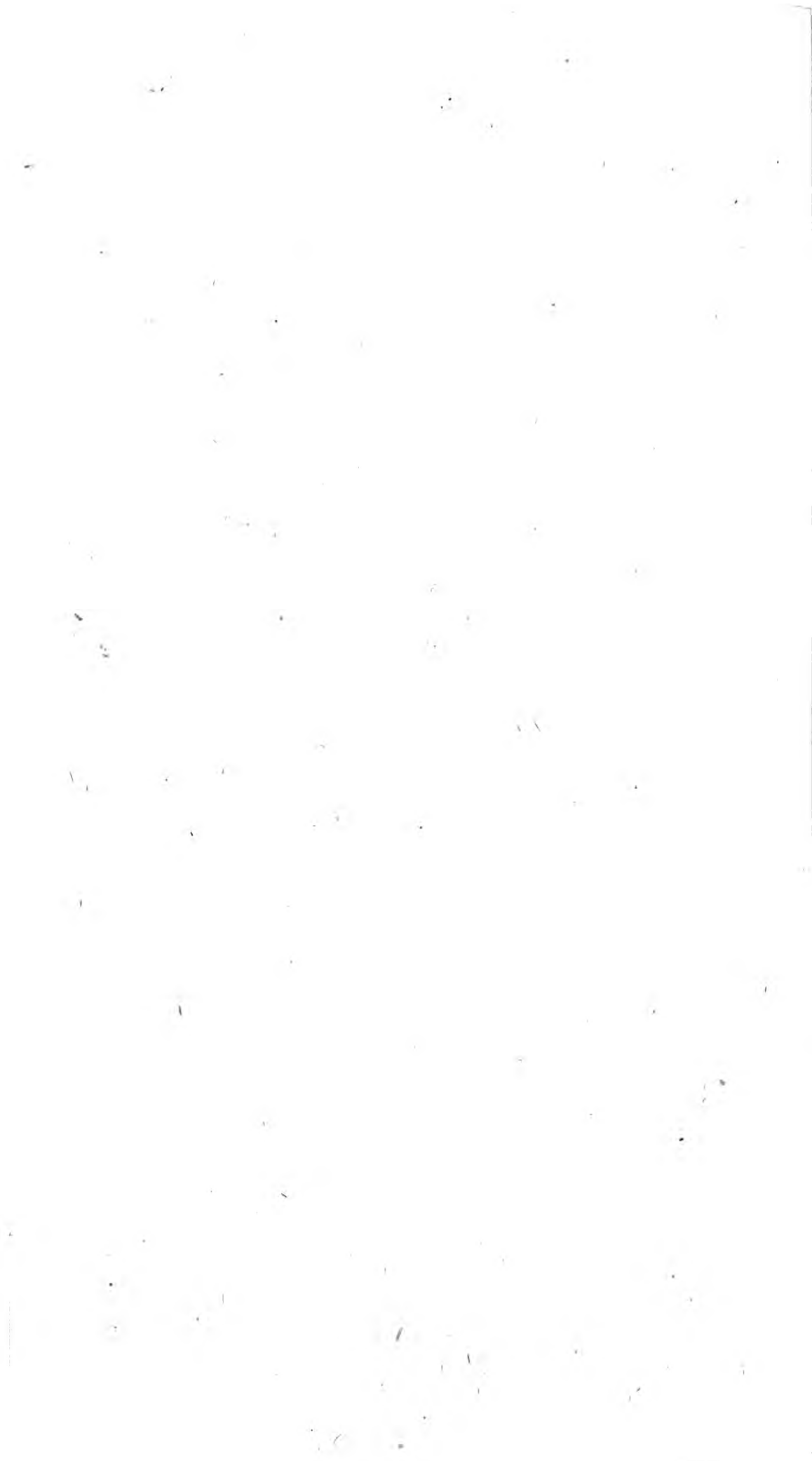
- 2, 2, for *Orozimba*, read *Orozimbo*.
- 5, 29, for *Castille*, read *Castile*.
- 7, 12, for *strange*, read *stranger*.
- 7, 22, after *exhibits*, add *here*.
- 14, 2, for *Fonesca*, read *Fonsica*.
- 19, last line but one, for *honor*, read *honour*.
- 43, line 12, for *tusb*, read *husb*.
- 54, 13, for *enemies*, read *foes*.
- 55, 14, after *the*, add *fatal*.

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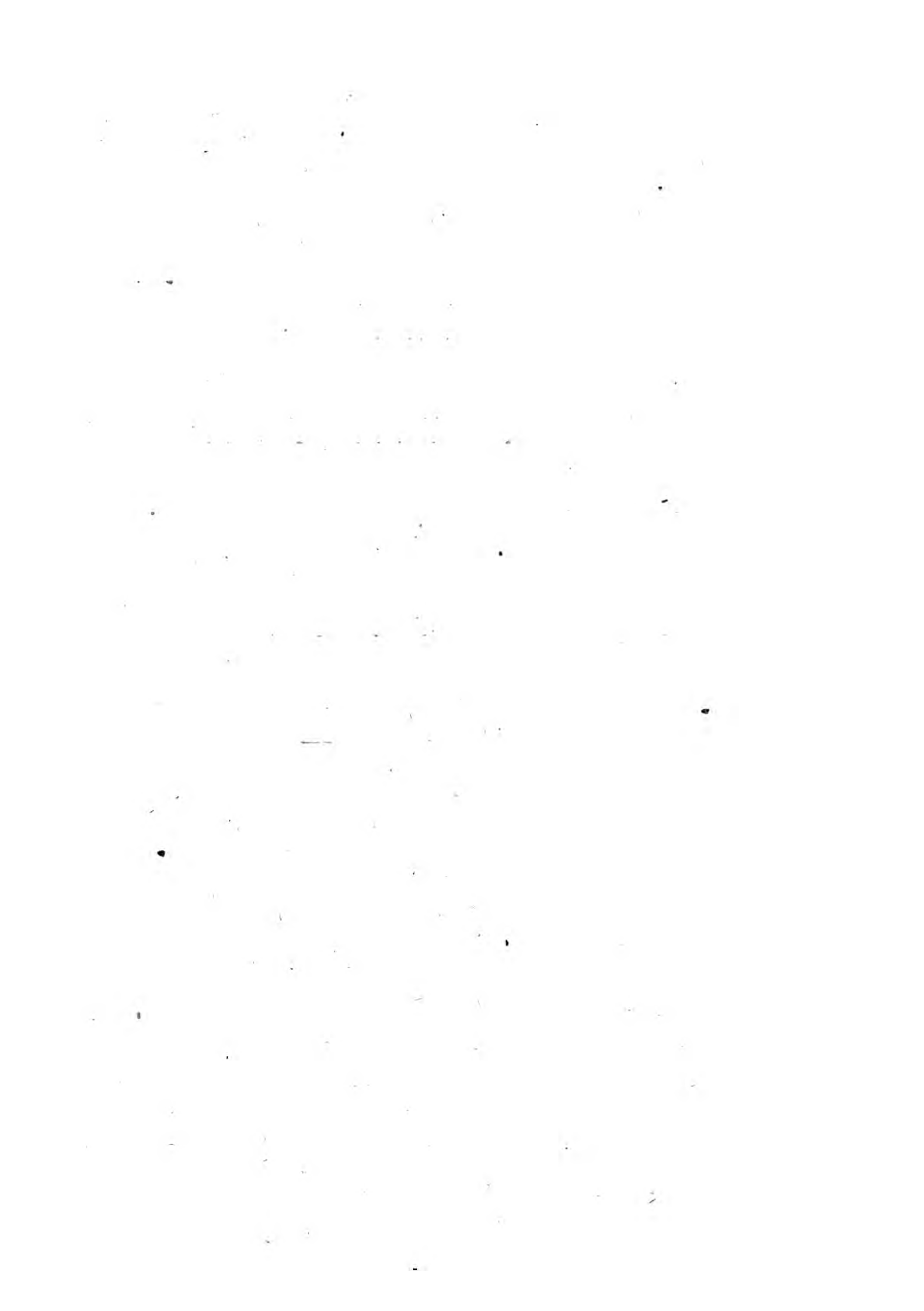
T H B

WIDOW OF MALABAR.

A

T R A G E D Y.

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.



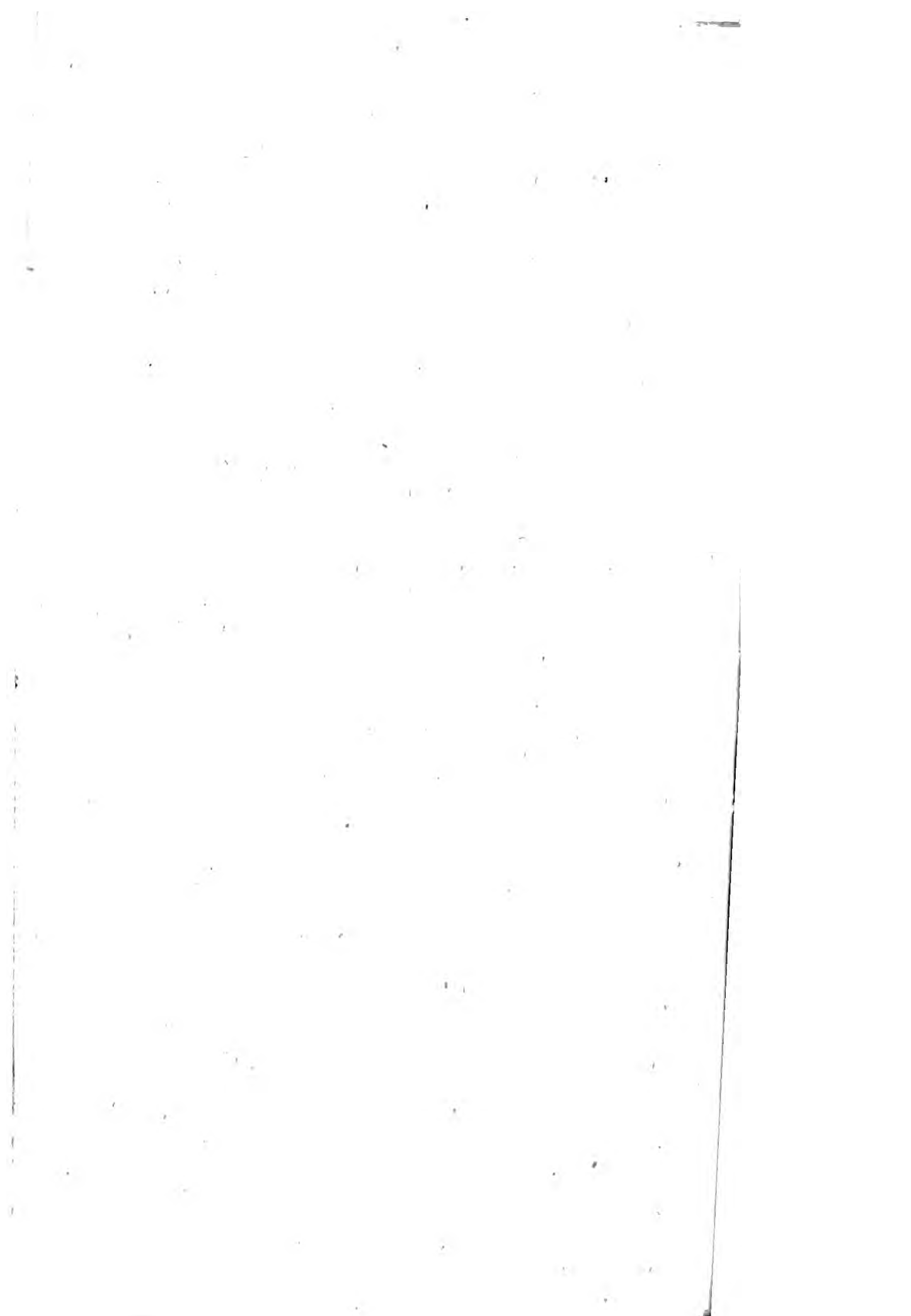
T H E
WIDOW OF MALABAR,

A
T R A G E D Y,
IN THREE ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

T H I R D E D I T I O N .

L O N D O N :
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE,
AT THE
Minerva,
LEADENHALL-STREET.
M.DCC.XCI.



TO
MRS. CRESPIGNY,

MADAM,

AS I have no method of testifying my grateful respect towards you, but by inscribing the humble productions of my Muse to your name, I trust you will not think me presumptuous in addressing to you THE WIDOW OF MALABAR; especially, as the chief part of that applause with which my Tragedy has been honoured originated from your zealous friendship and powerful support.

THAT you are the best and most active of Friends I have long experienced; that you possess the most benevolent and candid of spirits every day evinces; consequently, I am induced to hope you will receive the labours of a young and inexperienced Writer with indulgence, and preserve her Offspring, by your extensive influence, from being consign-

ed to oblivion by the shafts of Criticism, or the more grievous wounds of Neglect.

I KNOW not how to express my thankfulness to all my Friends, and to the Public in general, for their most kind and flattering reception of my Tragedy; — but to you, MADAM, my debt of gratitude is so large that I can never find means to repay it:—if, therefore, you would accept, as *interest* for this *debt*, all the regard my heart is capable of shewing you, and allow me, during the whole of my future life, to distinguish myself by the title of Your Friend, you would, if possible, add to the favors you have already conferred upon Her, who has the honor to be,

MADAM,

Your most obliged,

affectionate and devoted

Epsom, Jan. 24, 1791.

humble Servant,

MARIANA STARKE,

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Tragedy is, in many respects, imitated from M. LE MIERRE's celebrated Drama, entitled, LA VEUVE DU MALABAR, which had a most uncommonly long run in Paris, and which is now become, in a translation, a favourite Tragedy of the Germans:—Such being the case, the Authoress feels it necessary to apologize for not having contented herself with *translating* instead of *imitating* LA VEUVE DU MALABAR; but she was well convinced, that neither the Plot, nor the long declamatory Scenes of the French Play, would have been approved, or even tolerated, by an *English* Audience; therefore, she rejected all thoughts of a Translation, and has ventured to exhibit a Drama in some measure her own; trusting that the Public will be indulgent to a *first Essay*, and that if her Work should possess merit sufficient to be deemed worthy of criticism, it will be such criticism as may teach her to correct her errors without too severely wounding her self-love.

The

THE Authorefs takes this opportunity of returning her grateful acknowledgments to Mr. **HARRIS** for his liberality respecting the decorations of her Play, and for the care he has obligingly taken in getting it up :—To all the Performers likewise, and to Miss **BRUNTON** in particular, her very best thanks are due ; neither can she close this Advertisement without acknowledging how much her Tragedy has been embellished by Mr. Stevens's elegant and characteristic Music.

PRO-

(11)

P R O L O G U E,

WRITTEN BY

W. T. FITZGERALD, Esq.

AND SPOKEN BY

Mr. H O L M A N.

IN Climes remote, where Ganges rolls his wave,
At once the Indian's Idol and his grave !
Where sultry suns in ardent minds infuse
The richest subjects for the Tragic Muse,
A Custom reigns, which harrows up the soul,
And bends e'en Nature to it's stern controul !
When Fate cuts short the *Hindoo's* thread of life,
One tomb ingulphs the Husband and the Wife :
The Widow, warm in youth, must yield her breath,
And, self-devoted, seek her Lord in death :
In gay attire she mounts the awful Pile,
Nor dares with tears the horrid Rites defile ;
Her heaving bosom must repress the sigh,
And learn with Stoic apathy to die :
For, should she yield to Nature's pow'rful sway,
And not with smiles this *Bramin* Law obey,
Shou'd she, with horror, shun the scorching flame,
Eternal infamy awaits her name !
Driven from her *Caste*, she wanders on the Earth,
Disown'd by those to whom she owes her birth ;
Life grows a burden which she cannot bear,
And Death the only refuge from Despair !
Unhappy Race ! by double chains confin'd,
Oppress'd in body, and enslav'd in mind ;
For ever doom'd some tyrant to obey,
The Priest's, the Despot's, or the Stranger's prey !
How

How blest'd the Natives of *this* happier Land,
 Where FREEDOM long has made her glorious stand!
 Where neighb'ring Kingdoms may, with envy, see
 The MONARCH *great*, because the SUBJECT'S *free!*
 A Nation fam'd for arts, in arms renown'd,
 By laws themselves created only bound;
 Who boast, what History can seldom prove,
 A PRINCE enthron'd upon *his People's Love!*

Would Europe's sons, who visit Asia's shore,
 Where plunder'd Millions can afford no more,
 To nobler ends direct their future aim,
 And wipe from India's annals Europe's shame;
 Let them, with Reason's power subdue the breast,
 Inform the Erring, and relieve th'Opprest;
 By laws benign a gen'ral bliss impart,
 And fix an empire in the grateful heart!
 These are pursuits more worthy of their care
 Than Realms obtain'd by all-devouring War.

And now, our AUTHOR bade me plead the cause
 Of ONE whose proudest hope is—*your* applause.
 On *your* support the trembling Bard depends,
You, who to merit prove the constant Friends,
 Who love the Muse's Offspring to sustain,
 Who judge with *candour* and condemn with *pain*.

E P I L O G U E,

WRITTEN BY

R. J. S T A R K E, Esq.

AND SPOKEN BY

Mrs. M A T T O C K S.

Mrs. Mattocks enters as if pushed upon the Stage by the Prompter, to whom she addresses the two first Lines.

UPON my word, you treat me very ill
To force me here—so much against my will.

To the Audience.

WELL, I protest, 'tis not a little hard
That I'm to plead the cause of our young Bard!
I bore no part in this new-fangled play,
Therefore, in fortune's name, what can I say?—

Dispatch'd, in so much haste, from the Green-room,
To find out—if I can—this WIDOW's doom!
They tell me, ev'ry winning way to try,
To rattle, coax, or scold; to laugh, or cry;
Nay, turn a very *Proteus*, so I please ye—
Smile then—come, smile, before a panic seize me;
For your dread anger our small Realm can shake;
Even your frowns can make its basis quake;
The superstructure then comes tumbling down,
And buries fancied Fame and castle-built Renown:
Then, helter-skelter, plumes and pinions fly,
And blasted laurels 'mid the ruins lie;
While Envy, smiling grim, her visage shews,
And fills THE WORLD next morning with the news.

But how shall I about my arduous task,
 If neither you nor I must wear a mask?
 If truth must out, and no kind smiles appear,
 I shall not like to stand as COUNSEL *here*.

We've just been taught, nor was it deem'd a
 wonder,

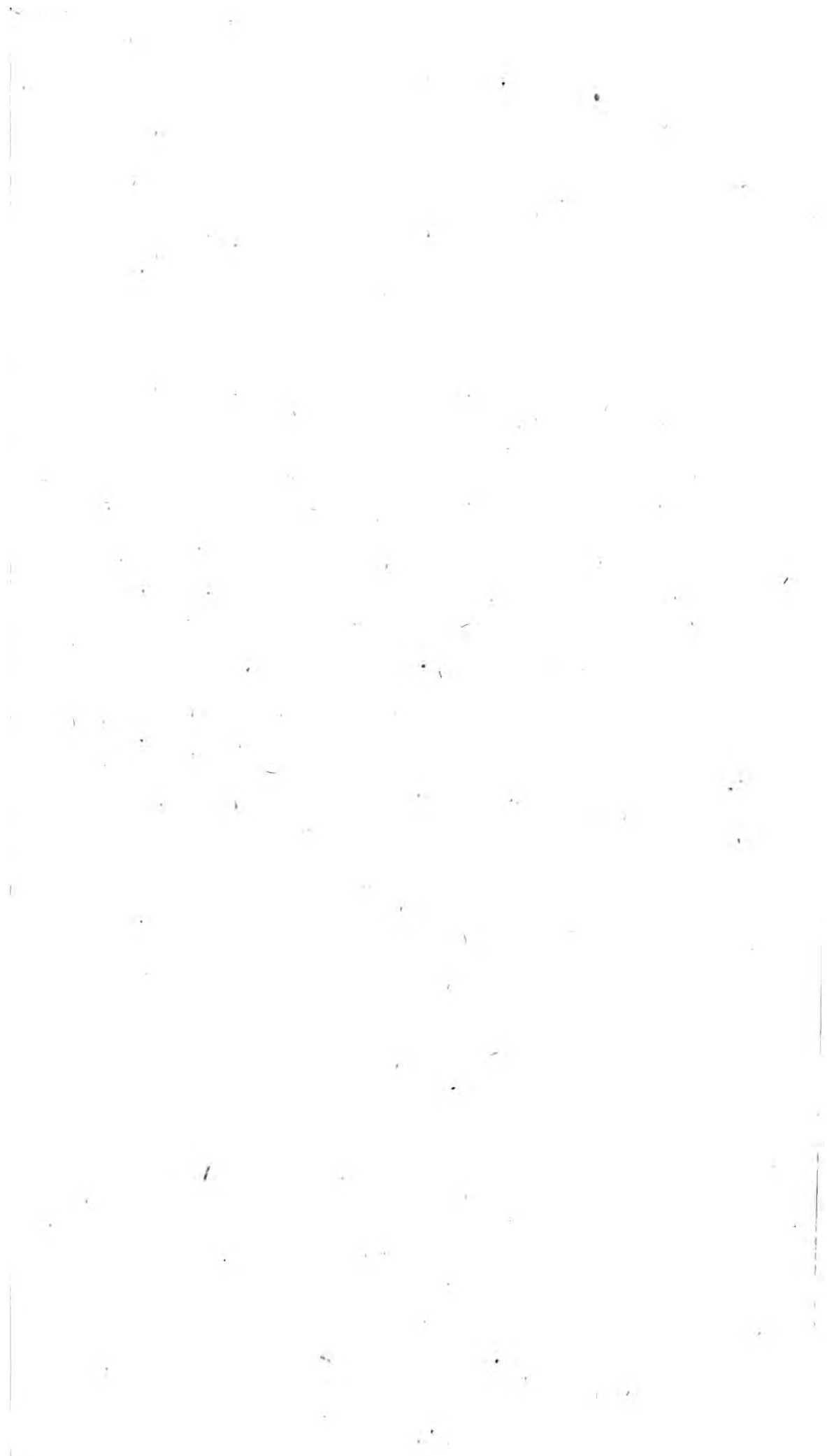
That Jove's decrees are usher'd in by *thunder*.—
 Come, then—one Clap, ye mighty Pow'rs on *high*!
 I love the pealing thunders of your sky,
 They augur well,—yet hold—it may be odds
 But there's some lurking Fiend among you Gods,
 Whose baleful wrath a *bissing* bolt may aim,
 To burn poor *me*, and blast OUR AUTHOR's fame:
 And I'm not, like our Heroine, in such haste,
 For fiery trials—they don't hit my taste.

Hark!—in yon box, I hear some Fair Ones say, }
 “ We really shou'd not like to die *that way* ;
 “ 'Tis a bad precedent—let's damn the Play.” }
 }
 }
 }

Hold, gentle Creatures! in these favour'd times,
 Mercy prevails, even o'er distant Climes,
 And makes the human Race her fondest care,
 Whether their hue be tawny, black, or fair.

Then, since the Age is thus to Mercy prone,
 In *this Tribunal*, you can fix her throne:—
 Break Criticism's shaft, quench Rancour's fire,
 Nor light our trembling AUTHOR's Funeral-Pyre.

PERSONS



PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

Raymond, <i>General of the English Forces,</i>	Mr. Farren.
Albert, <i>an English Officer,</i>	Mr. Evatt.
The Chief-Bramin,	Mr. Harley.
The second Bramin,	Mr. Powell.
The young Bramin,	Mr. Holman.
Narrain, <i>an Indian Chief,</i>	Mr. Thompson.
Indamora, <i>the Widow of Malabar,</i>	Miss Brunton.
Fatima, <i>her Attendant, a Persian,</i>	Mrs. Rock.
Bramins, — Fakirs, — Relations of the Widow, — English	

Officers, — Soldiers, &c. &c.

*The vocal parts by Messrs. Bannister and Incedon, Mrs. Warrell,
Miss Williams, Miss Stuart, and Mrs. Mountain.*

SCENE, a Sea-port City on the Malabar Coast.

Time of Action, one Day.

* * * *The Lines marked with inverted Commas are omitted in the
Representation.*

ACT

T H E
WIDOW OF MALABAR.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

The inside of the Pagod of ESWARA.

THE CHIEF-BRAMIN—THE SECOND BRAMIN—THE
YOUNG BRAMIN—AND OTHER BRAMINS.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

BUKAH, illustrious Chief, in arms renown'd,
Has paid the debt to nature.

[To the second Bramin.

Bramin, go,
Learn if his Consort, as our custom dictates,
(That sacred custom which maintains it's sway
In ev'ry state where holy Ganges flows,)
Learn if her mind be fix'd to mount the Pile,
And join, in death, her mighty Husband's shade.

[Exit second Bramin.

[To the young Bramin.

Young Priest, the glorious envied task is thine,
To guide the widow'd Fair to certain bliss;

B

Since

2 WIDOW OF MALABAR.

Since thou wast last admitted 'mong the Train
Who watch, with pious zeal, o'er BRAMA's altars.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

And can you, then, while England's hardy Sons
Hurl their dread thunders at our groaning City;
Can you, when ruthless war, with iron hand,
Has made these Shores a theatre of horror,
Say, can you add to our calamities
A sacrifice which nature shudders at?

Shall I prepare this Victim for the Pile?
No—rather let my tongue essay to save her.
In realms remote from hence, her Lord was slain;
She saw him not at those soul-melting moments
When, struggling in the fearful grasp of death,
The cruel Husband, from his awe-struck Partner,
Full oft obtains a promise to descend,
With his loath'd ashes, to the silent tomb.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

And what avails that he ne'er gain'd her promise?
Could she, whose blood has flow'd unfullied down
Thro' a long line of glorious Ancestors,
Cou'd she be vile enough to purchase life
With total loss of honor?—"Cou'd she bear
"To live degraded, shun'd, calumniated,
"The foul reproach of all her noble race?"

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Ill-fated Wives of cruel Malabar!
While wedded, forc'd to drag the galling chain
Of abject servitude, to live the Slaves
Of a proud Tyrant's will:—when widow'd, doom'd
To feel the sharpest stings of obloquy,
Or die for him, whom, living, ye abhor'd!

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Know'st thou not, Youth, with what tyrannic pow'r
Imperious

A T R A G E D Y.

3

Imperious Custom rules o'er Human-kind ?
Whene'er Japan's great Master bends to fate,
Finds he not Flatterers e'en after death,
Who pour their life-blood on his senseless clay ?
And saw we not, when India's Sov'reign Lord
Mounted the regal seat, his Brothers all
Doom'd to the murd'rous bowstring ?—Is not Man,
O, everlasting shame ! — on Niger's banks
Put up to common sale, shackled, enslav'd,
And treated worse than BRAMA's Children treat
The deadliest reptile that infests our clime ?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Can Custom banish ev'ry tender feeling,
And render Men more savage e'en than Brutes ?
O, for some Spirit of superior kind,
Some glorious soul by love of freedom fir'd,
Whose nervous hand might break this Tyrant's
chains,
And place benignant Reason on her throne !

Enter SECOND BRAMIN.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

What tidings bring'st thou ? — Has the youthful
Widow
Resolv'd to burn with her departed Lord ?

SECOND BRAMIN.

She has ; and means to mount the Pyre this day.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

O, how my heart bleeds for her !—Can the Gods,
Can they enjoin this dreadful Sacrifice ?
“ Have they not given to each created being
“ The fondest, the most earnest wish to live ?
“ Is not this spacious universe replete
“ With blessings to sustain and sweeten life ?

B 2

“ And

4 WIDOW OF MALABAR,

“ And can the Gods, all-gracious as they seem,
“ Demand that we should cast their boon away
“ Amid the horrid agonies of fire ?”

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Hearken, rash Boy.—A mightier voice than mine,
The voice of BRAMA warns thee to be mute.
“ Know’st thou our law, and know’st thou not that
virtue
“ By suff’rings only can obtain reward ?
“ View the Fakirs,—their voluntary torments
“ Surpass description and exceed belief ;
“ Yet they are anxious still to suffer more,
“ And from this mortal fabric purge away
“ Each base alloy that presses down the soul
“ To misery eternal.—Woud’st thou then,
“ O, wou’dst thou strive t’appal the pious Fair,
“ And baffle, thus, her glorious enterprize ?”
Hence ! lead her to the flames !—and rather try
To fan the holy zeal that warms her breast.

YOUNG BRAMIN, (*aside.*)

Gods ! wherefore am I doom’d t’inspire this Victim
With zeal I cannot cherish ?—I, whose sight
Was never blasted yet with the dread view
Of human sacrifice.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

How ?—Dost thou pause ?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Commit the task to others—I am young—

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Therefore, thy duty is submission. Hence !
Be faithful to the mighty Power we serve,

And

And in me rev'rence his Vicegerent here.

[*Exit the young Bramin.*]

Enter NARRAIN.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Narrain!—What cause brings thee?

NARRAIN.

Our Rajah's will :
 He deems it frenzy, at a time like this,
 When showers of iron death o'erwhelm the City,
 To draw our Warriors from the tott'ring walls
 To gaze at a religious spectacle :
 'Tis, therefore, his request, that you postpone
 The sacrifice of beauteous Indamora,
 (The youthful Widow whom our law requires
 To burn with her dead Lord,) till a short truce
 From England's Leader be obtain'd. Reflect,
 This sacred Temple, your asylum, stands
 Close to the ramparts :—Were funereal fires
 From yonder consecrated square to rise,
 The blazing wonder could not fail to strike
 Each British eye :—and would not England's Sons
 Essay to stop the rites ?—too sure they would !
 Nay, e'en our City, of it's Guards bereav'd,
 Might fall an easy conquest.

CHIEF-BRAMIN, (*after a pause.*)

Chief, retire.
 Anon, we'll claim admision to the Rajah,
 And bear him our resolves.

[*Exit Narrain.*]

Immortal BRAMA,
 Shall we postpone thy rites, desert thy altars,
 Because the plagues of war are scatter'd o'er us ?
 No !—rather be our sacrifices doubled——

6 WIDOW OF MALABAR,

That we may deprecate the wrath of Heaven,
Draw down it's hottest light'nings on the Foe,
And drive him from this shore.—The present mo-
ment

Alone, perhaps, is our's ;—but, let us prove,
That BRAMA'S Sons, tho' compass'd round with
ruin,

Can stand undaunted on the brink of fate,
And, to the last, his sacred cause maintain.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

S C E N E II.

The Pavilion of Indamora.

INDAMORA and FATIMA.

FATIMA.

My dearest Mistress, to what barb'rous laws
Stern Fate has made thee subject!—The fierce Lion,
In this dire clime, is nobler far than Man :
He lives but to protect his weaker mate,
Smooths all her paths, and even dies to save her ;
While Man, who boasts the glorious light of reason,
Adds to the various ills entail'd, on Woman,
Nay, wreaks his cruelty beyond the grave !

INDAMORA.

Born, as thou wast, beneath mild Persian skies,
The rigours of our law excite thy wonder :
But I, accustom'd to behold these walls
Crufted with smoke of human sacrifice,
I, who, alas, too frequently have seen
The op'ning flower of life consum'd in flames,
I stand resign'd to meet that awful doom
Which waits the Matron who survives her Lord.

FATIMA.

A T R A G E D Y.

7

FATIMA.

Canst thou alone be tranquil and resign'd,
When e'en the humblest Menial of thy train
Is lost in frantic woe ?

INDAMORA.

My Husband lives not ;—
His Spirit calls me hence.

FATIMA.

Can sorrow, then,
Chafe from thy bosom ev'ry wish to live ?—
How must thy soul have doated on it's Lord !

INDAMORA.

Mistake not, Fatima. Tyrannic Honor
Alone impels my steps.—I have no choice,
Save Death, or—more intolerable—shame !

FATIMA.

Unjust, inhuman law !

INDAMORA.

Weep not, my Friend !
The sun of happiness ne'er beam'd on me—
From early youth, e'en to the present hour,
Misfortune's clouds have darken'd all my days.

FATIMA.

What say'st thou ?—Whence that agonizing sigh ?
Ne'er, till this wretched moment, has one sound
Of murm'ring discontent escap'd thy lips.

INDAMORA.

Know, duty to a husband tied my tongue.

B 4

FATIMA.

8 WIDOW OF MALABAR,

FATIMA.

That duty ceases now— and ere the flames
For ever hide thee from my sight, O, speak,
Deign, my lov'd Mistress, to unveil the source
Of those fast-gushing tears, which e'en the thought
Of thy approaching, thy terrific fate
Cou'd not force from thee.

INDAMORA.

For myself alone
I ne'er cou'd weep—but, for my dearer self!—
O, BRAMA, if I have transgress'd thy laws
By loving One, when to Another wedded,
Accept, in expiation for the crime,
Thy hapless servant's life!

FATIMA.

I'm lost in wonder!

INDAMORA.

Alas, what cruel, what incessant conflicts,
'Twixt Love and Duty have I not endur'd!—
But thou shalt know my sorrows—for thy heart,
Thy faithful heart, will then forbear to grieve
That I shou'd cast life's heavy burthen down.—
O, moment big with mis'ry, when my Sire
Forsook his native Ougly's fruitful fields
To settle on these shores!—The self-same bark
Which, spite of adverse billows, bore me hither,
The self-same bark contain'd—disast'rous fate!—
A British chief, adorn'd with ev'ry virtue
To charm and captivate our gentler Sex.
Oft we convers'd, and soon, too soon, were join'd
In adamantine bonds of purest love:
But the harsh laws of India's barb'rous Clime
Forbade my Father to resign his Child
Into a Christian's power;—and, lest this heart
Should

Shou'd dare to disobey great BRAMA's will,
 My ruthless Sire compell'd me to accept
 The faith of aged Bukah, whom I loath'd,
 Detested—for his unenlighten'd mind
 Was brutal, savage as the fiery pard
 Who hunts our woods for prey.

FATIMA.

And canst thou, then,
 O, canst thou to his manes sacrifice
 A life which, now, thy Lover sure may claim?

INDAMORA.

Alas, he fled from Asia's fatal shore
 The instant cruel force had torn me from him!
 Perhaps, ere now, his noble soul has left
 That gallant form which, to my mental fight,
 Is present still.—Perhaps, in some new shape
 His tender faithful spirit hovers near me,
 And trembles at his Indamora's doom:
 But, if in human mould he stood before us,
 What cou'd it profit me?—for death itself
 Dissolves not, in this land, the nuptial vow.
 Religion, honor, virtue, all demand—
 O, destiny accurs'd!—that I should join,
 For ever join, in death, the hated Tyrant
 Who tore me from the Husband of my heart.

FATIMA.

Horror! behold a Bramin moves this way —
 His pensive look bespeaks his fatal errand.

INDAMORA.

Now, BRAMA, drive the Woman from my soul,
 Arm it with more than manly fortitude,
 That I may boldly plunge 'mid gulphs of fire,
 And expiate my ev'ry crime 'gainst thee!

Enter

10 WIDOW OF MALABAR,

Enter THE YOUNG BRAMIN.

FATIMA.

Com'st thou, fell Priest, to claim a dreadful promise,
And crop the sweetest flow'r that ever bloom'd
Beneath these scorching suns?—O, gaze upon her,
Gaze on that angel-form, that winning softness,
And pity, sure, will melt thy harden'd heart!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Thus, wheresoe'er I tread, reproach pursues me!

INDAMORA, (*to Fatima.*)

Withdraw, my Friend.—We wou'd be private.

[*Exit Fatima.*]

Bramin,

Dread not reproach from me. In thee 'tis virtue
To urge my fate, and lead me to the flames.

YOUNG BRAMIN, (*aside.*)

Her accents pierce my soul;—her plaintive eyes,
Where deep-despairing sorrow sits enthron'd,
Destroy my best resolves.

INDAMORA.

From whence proceeds
That pitying sigh? Stern BRAMA's Votaries,
In tenfold apathy shou'd sheathe their hearts.

YOUNG BRAMIN, (*aside.*)

Can I, the GUARDIAN of our hallow'd altars,
Bereave them of their prey? Compassion, hence!
And thou, unfeeling Honor, teach these hands
To do their horrid office!—Gentle Lady,
Our Chief commands, that I should guide thy steps
To yonder Funeral-pile.

INDAMORA.

A T R A G E D Y.

11

INDAMORA.

Why starts that tear?
Why dost thou gaze so anxiously upon me?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

O, I must gaze no longer! left my lips,
Rebellious to their duty, bid thee shun
That death, which, if our Sages err not, wafts
Thy soul to bliss transcendent as thy fame.

INDAMORA.

Those looks, those words, accord not with a Bramin:
Say, wherefore didst thou link thyself with Men
Who vow to stifle pity? —

YOUNG BRAMIN.

O, what Mortal
Is Matter of his fate?—From life's first dawn
I've been the sport of Fortune. Had the hand,
The gen'rous hand which snatch'd me from the
waves,
O, had it borne me from this clime for ever! —
An Outcast, unconnected with the world,
I enter'd yon proud temple; and, e'en there,
The barb'rous Fiend, who, from my natal day,
Assail'd my tender life, torments me still.

INDAMORA.

Unhappy Youth!—What Fiend?—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Tyrannic Custom:
She bids the savage sons of Indostan
Suspend, for three successive nights and days,
Beneath some branch of the wide-stretching palm,
Each Babe whose feeble mouth rejects the breast:
These hapless lips refus'd that first support

Of

Of Man's frail being :—thrice 'twas offer'd, thrice
 I still refus'd,—when he who gave me life,
 By cruel Custom's absolute decree,
 To Ganges' holy flood consign'd his Child :
 But Ganges, as if piteous of my fate,
 Threw back his burden to the shore—when lo !
 A Stranger, by benign compassion sway'd,
 With soft'ring care recall'd my fleeting breath,
 And rear'd me up to Man—but now, alas !
 His aged eyes are clos'd.—Forgive me, Lady !
 I dwell upon my own calamities,
 Nor think of the dread cause which brought me
 hither.

INDAMORA.

Thy sorrows, ill-star'd Youth, recall my own.
 Far from this shore, in my dear native Land,
 That cruel law, which doom'd thee to the waves,
 Cost me a Brother.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Fatal superstition !

INDAMORA.

Relentless BRAMA's wrath pursues my race !
 By his decree, in bloody Malabar,
 The widow'd Sister dies;—by his decree
 The Brother perish'd, guiltless babe, in Ougly.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

In Ougly, saidst thou?—Wonder, joy and fear,
 Spring in my soul.—O, speak ! can'st thou from
 Ougly?

INDAMORA.

There was I curst with life.

YOUNG

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Thy Father's name——
Quick, quick reveal it!——

INDAMORA.

Was Lanaffah.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Heav'n!
All bounteous Heav'n!——My Sister!

INDAMORA.

How?—Amazement!
May I believe?——

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Lanaffah was my Sire:
Lanaffah, too, on Ougly's Shore, confign'd
His infant-son to death: but this blest'd moment
Atones for all the rigours of my fate.
O, take a Brother to thy heart——

INDAMORA.

A Brother!
And may I call thee by that tender name?
Is he who, in this rude unfeeling Land,
Could melt with pity for a Stranger's woes,
Is he indeed my Brother?—Now, methinks,—
Thy pardon, BRAMA!—now, I fain would live—
But O, it must not be!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

It must! it shall!
BRAMA himself has sent me here to save thee!

INDA-

INDAMORA.

No, rather say to torture me.—Ah, think,
At what a moment we are re-united !
The gates of life, alas, 'gainst me are clos'd—
My word is pledg'd—Death claims his promis'd
victim,
And, shou'd I basely shun his dreadful grasp,
Eternal infamy awaits my fear.
Then, if thou art my Brother, kindly act
An Indian Brother's part;—inspire this soul,
This soften'd soul, with fortitude to drive
Each tender thought away, and firmly rush
Mid waves of roaring flames.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Diffraction! Horror!
O, thou hast brought a picture to my view
Which nature shrinks from!—Have the Fates re-
stor'd thee,
All-perfect as thou seem'st, have they, at length,
Restor'd thee to a brother, that his hand
May crop thy being short?—

INDAMORA.

Religion, Honor,
Thy Honor, (dearer than my own,) demands
This forfeit life:—then, let us pause no longer,
But lead me to the Pyre.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Lead thee to death!
No—sooner far, these desp'rate hands shall lay
Yon Temple and it's hellish laws in ashes.
Too long, already, this devoted Land
Has groan'd beneath imperious Custom's empire:
But we'll destroy the Fiend, o'erthrow her altars,
And

A T R A G E D Y.

15

And, on their ruins, found a godlike Pile
To Reason and Humanity.

INDAMORA.

Thou rav'ft!
Can we, two atoms in the ſcale of Beings,
Can we deſtroy the mighty work of ages,
And trample BRAMA'S ſacred laws in duſt?
Nay, were it poſſible, cou'dſt thou, my Brother,
Who bear'ſt a Bramin's hallow'd name, cou'dſt
 thou
Be impious, ſacrilegious?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Peace, I charge thee!
Thy cruel words drive Reason from her feat,
And fill this anguiſh'd mind with madneſs.—Hah!
A ray of light breaks in—'tis ſent by Heaven,
In pity to our ſuff'rings.—If thy heart
Can boaſt one ſpark of that unfeign'd affection
Which blazes, with triumphant power, in mine,
Approach not yon terrific Pile till I
Return to guide thy ſteps. Farewel, my Siſter!
And, if a Brother's life be worth thy care,
Remember my injunction.

[Exit young Bramin.]

INDAMORA.

Like a dart,
Shot from the Tartar's bow, he fled away,
What means this eager haſte! — Dear, ardent
 Youth!
Can thy weak efforts BRAMA'S laws reverse,
Or make the clam'rous voice of Honor mute?
Still, I'll remember thy injunction—yes—
Far as I can, I'll prove my gratitude,
My tender gratitude to thee.—O, Heaven,

16 WIDOW OF MALABAR,

Was not my cup of sorrow full before?
And must this heart, too prone, alas, to grieve
For others' woe, must it be tortur'd, rack'd,
With a lov'd Brother's suff'rings? Now, indeed,
Death wears a ghastly shape.—Reflection, hence!
Lest these new ties bind down my soul to earth,
Rob it of endless fame, and,—sad exchange!—
With infamy eternal blast my days.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*Raymond's Tent.*RAYMOND, *solus.*

FORGIVE me, O, my Country, if by Love,
 Too powerful Love impel'd, I've dar'd to grant,
 For one short day, a truce to these Barbarians!
 To-morrow's sun may see their ramparts storm'd,
 Their streets deep-drench'd in blood, their Babes,
 their Matrons,

Resign'd to all the brutal rage of war:
 And cou'd I, then, when Fortune gave the means,
 Cou'd I forbear t' employ this little day
 In search of Her, for whose dear sake alone
 I brave, once more, these fervid Eastern skies?

O, my Beloved!—does thy tender heart
 Still groan beneath a Tyrant Husband's power?
 Or has high Heaven, in mercy, broke thy chains,
 And given thee back to liberty and Raymond?
 By day, by night, thy image haunts my soul!
 E'en while I sleep, in baseless fantasie,
 Thy fair form flits before my mental eye:
 Sometimes, methinks, I view thee, in the fight
 Falling, beneath a thousand clashing swords;
 Till thy fond Raymond to thy rescue flies,
 Strikes all thy Foes with terror and dismay,
 And bears thee to some sweet enamell'd bower:

C

Then

18 WIDOW OF MALABAR,

Then, with the wirlwind's speed, thou art trans-
ported

To a lone rock encompass'd round with sea ;
And, while vast foaming waves come tow'ring o'er
thee,

Thy Raymond borrows quick an Angel's shape,
And wafts thee, in his faithful arms, to Heav'n.

If that bless'd Power who, in compassion, veils
From mortal eyes the book of Fate, if e'er
He makes a dream the Herald of his will,
Sure this is most auspicious.—Albert!—Hah!

Enter ALBERT.

RAYMOND.

So soon return'd!—O, speak, disclose my doom!
It hangs upon thy lips.—Do yonder walls
Yet hold my Life, my Love?

ALBERT.

Alas! I know not;
I cou'd not reach the Town.

RAYMOND.

What fatal cause
Deter'd thy steps?

ALBERT.

A spectacle of horror ;
Which Ign'rance, aided by fanatic Zeal,
Prepares in yon enclosure, where the spire
Sacred to BRAMA, rears it's hallow'd head.
All entrance to the city is denied,
Save thro' yon Temple, whose stupendous gates
The Natives in such clust'ring groupes surround,
That 'twere as easy to dispart the earth,
As penetrate thro' this huge mass of People.
Confusion.

Confusion on the Rajah!—tho' his tongue,
 In honied accents, pleaded for a truce,
 That India, and her fraudulent Priests, might give
 Funereal honors to their Warriors slain,
 His Plea was mere pretence.

RAYMOND.

Pretence !

ALBERT.

To offer
 A human sacrifice at BRAMA's shrine,
 He sought this pause from war.

RAYMOND.

Dissembling Villain !

ALBERT.

And, ere another hour be past, the Victim,
 (A lovely Widow in life's freshest bloom,)
 Will mount the Funeral-pile, and, self-devoted,
 Die to rejoin her Lord.

RAYMOND.

Forbid it, Heaven !
 Know'st thou not Albert, that the Priests of
 BRAMA,
 Lur'd by those gems which each deluded Victim
 Presents at his curst shrine, from age to age
 Enforce, thro' out this barb'rous Land, a practice
 Which Frenzy, not Religion, first began.
 Shall Christians, then, who come to chase away
 Those mists of error that o'ercloud the East,
 Shall they allow self-murder ?

ALBERT.

Should you thwart

20 WIDOW OF MALABAR,

The will of the fierce Bramins, the may break
Our just-concluded truce.—Wild Havock, then,
Wou'd reign triumphant—and our utmost care
To succour her you love——

RAYMOND.

O, name not Love!
Humanity now calls me—and the Wretch
Who disregards her voice, is not a Briton!
Strike up our drums—I'll seek the treach'rous
Rajah—
And, if entreaties move him not, this sword
Thro' butchering Priests shall mow its desperate
way,
And save the Victim.

[A flourish. Exit Raymond.]

ALBERT.

Inconfid'rate youth!
Ardent to save a single life he goes,
Perhaps, to spill the blood of thousands.—Hah!
If my fight errs not, hither speeds a Bramin.

Enter THE YOUNG BRAMIN.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Where is your Chief?—this moment wou'd I see
him—

ALBERT.

Then, seek the City—thither is he gone
To overthrow yon fatal Pile which tow'rs
Above your Temple-gates

YOUNG BRAMIN.

O, rapture! Gone!
Is he then gone?—Heaven aid the glorious work,
And,

And, on his head, pour choicest blessings down !
 But haste, brave Warrior, haste to save your fleet.
 Our crafty Bramins, anxious to avert
 From their solemnities, each Christian eye,
 Sent, ere I fled the walls, a daring Band
 To fire yon stately ships.

ALBERT.

Infernal Traitors !
 And is it thus they keep their truce ? What, ho,
 Soldiers, to arms !—If truth dwells on thy tongue,
 Not e'en the altars of accursed BRAMA,
 Shall prove a refuge to his perjur'd Sons.
 [*Exit Albert. A flourish.*]

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Exalted chief of Britain ! art thou gone,
 By nought, save mild humanity, impel'd,
 To rescue one thou know'st not ?—O, for feet
 Swift as the Antelope's, that I might fly,
 With this blest'd news, to wretched Indamora !
 [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

The inside of the Pagod of ESWARA.

Solemn Music.

Enter, from the further end of the Pagod, a Procession of Bramins, &c. followed by the Chief-Bramin, Indamora, Fatima, and Indians. Indamora throws gifts to the People as she walks along.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Here, let us pause. Retire, my Friends, and wait
 In yonder hallow'd Square. [*Exeunt all, but the
 Chief-Bramin and Indamora.*] Heroic Matron,

Cast off those sparkling gems, those gorgeous vest-
ments,
Almighty BRAMA claims; and, robed in white,
Come forth, a spotless off'ring, fit for Heav'n.

INDAMORA.

I go; but mark me, Priest. The holy Youth,
By thee deputed to inspire this heart
With fortitude to die, his hand alone
Shall lead me to the flames.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Why stay for him?
Unmindful of his charge, th' inconstant Boy
Cannot be found:— and, in these tott'ring walls,
By foes encircled, each delay breeds danger.
Thy word is past; already thy great soul,
Tow'ring above this earth, is fix'd on Heaven.
The Champion of our law, th' elect of BRAMA,
The bright example of thy Sex thou stand'ft;
And death alone remains to waft thy fame
To holy Ganges and the distant Ind.
Thy Husband too, perhaps——

INDAMORA.

Name not my Husband!
There's terror in the word——but, since our law
Makes death, or infamy, my only choice,
I cannot pause between them. What rewards
The Gods bestow on those who dare to meet
A doom like mine, is yet wrap'd up in darkness;
Nor will I trust my thoughts to meditate
On scenes a world unknown may bring to view.
Sorrow has been my portion here—and sorrow
Turns death's terrific semblance into smiles.—
But for those favor'd few, whose paths are strew'd
With roses, not with thorns, to die is grievous—

And O, if Martyrs' prayers indeed are borne
 On Angels' wings to Heaven, great BRAMA, hear!
 And never more let Honor's voice compel
 The heart unfortified by woe, to rush
 Mid life-devouring fires!

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Thy wish is impious!
 And fullies, with it's pois'nous breath, the crown,
 The Martyr's crown which hovers o'er thy head.
 By holy BRAMA, these vile Sons of Britain
 With coward Christian doctrines taint our minds
 More quickly than their thunders raze our Cities!
 And e'en thy mind—shame to thy glorious Race!
 Thy mind's infected.—Hence! prepare for death!
 And, mark me, if thou dar'st again to cherish
 One thought repugnant to high BRAMA's laws,
 His vengeful arm will plunge thy soul in flames
 Unquenchable, eternal!

[Exit the Chief Bramin.]

INDAMORA.

Furious Priest!
 Thy words disgrace the Pow'r thou mean'st to
 serve.
 My Brother! wherefore com'st thou not?—Ah,
 wherefore,
 In cruel kindness, dost thou lengthen out
 These last sad hours of life?—And must I die
 For him my soul detests?—That thought alone
 Puts fortitude to flight.—Support me, Heaven!
 And if a wretch so fallible, so frail,
 Dare ask thy favor, deign to hear me now;
 Should that dear Youth who, spite of time and
 distance,

C 4

Still

Still reigns unrivall'd in this fond, fond heart,
 Should he yet draw the vital air, O, make me,
 (Soon as this mortal form to ashes turns,)
 Make me a Guardian-Angel to my Love!
 Then, if temptations rise to stain his honor,
 I'll whisper in his ear bright Virtue's charms;
 Then, if he strives in the unequal combat,
 I'll turn the murd'rous falchion from his breast;
 And when, at length, worn out with glorious toils,
 He struggles in the very arms of death,
 I'll watch his Spirit from its house of clay,
 And guide it to extatic joys above!
 Could I hope this! — My Brother!

Enter THE YOUNG BRAMIN.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Indamora!
 I come, the happy messenger of joy!
 Each threat'ning cloud, which gather'd o'er thy head,
 Is breaking fast away — — Britannia's Chief,
 Fearless, has pass'd our gates, and now, with all
 A Lover's warmth, before the Rajah pleads
 For thy dear life, — nay, even deigns to offer
 Peace, honorable peace, if BRAMA'S Sons
 No more pollute his rites with human blood.

INDAMORA.

Astonishment! — Can Britain's Leader risk
 His precious life for me, for one he knows not?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Benevolence, that glorious Guide of all
 Who bear the Christian name, Benevolence
 Alone impels his steps.

INDAMORA.

O, lead me to him!
That I may pour out this full soul in thanks
for goodness so transcendent.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Hold!—Our laws,
Our cruel laws, detain thee here. Excite not
The anger of the Priests, lest they should drag thee,
Heart-rending thought! to instant death——

Enter FATIMA.

FATIMA.

O, Bramin,
If thou indeed wou'dst prove thyself the Brother
Of my lov'd Mistress, fly, and save her Champion.
No sooner did the Priests his purpose learn,
Than, in yon hallow'd square, they posted ruffians
To stab him as he quits the Temple.

INDAMORA.

Horror!
And shall he bleed for me?——The truce must
guard him——

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Already is that broken.—England's fleet
Is wrapp'd in flames.

INDAMORA.

Nay, then, my death alone
Can quell the murd'rous fury of our Priests,
And

26 WIDOW OF MALABAR,

And save this Hero's life.—In such a cause
To die is transport!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

O, what madnefs——

INDAMORA.

Hafte!
Hafte, if thou lov'ft me! Tell th'infatiate Bramins,
I go to caft thefe fplendid trappings off,
And, infant, meet my doom.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

O, ftop!—Reflect!

INDAMORA.

This is no time for thought. Nay, if thou ling'reft,
I'll to the Priest myfelf. Exalted Briton,
This heart, responsive to thy own, exults
To die for him who risks his life for me!

[*Exit Indamora.*]

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Stop, Indamora!—
[*To Fatima.*] Follow, quickly follow!
Arrest her fatal fteps! tell her, the brand
Which lights her Funeral-Pyre consumes me too:
O, bid her live, and truft a Brother's zeal
To fave her Champion! —————[*Exit Fatima.*]
Gracious Heaven! he's here!—

Enter

Enter RAYMOND, (*Attended.*)

RAYMOND.

Conduct me to your victim: I would learn,
From her own lips, if 'tis her choice to die.
Behold the Rajah's mandate. [*Shews a Paper.*]

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Noble Chief,
Our lofty Priests own not the Rajah's power
Within these hallow'd walls: besides, the Victim
Is parted hence, to purify her soul
By holy rites, and fit it for the skies.

RAYMOND.

Away!—Thou'st coin'd this tale.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

You little know me.

RAYMOND.

Thou art a Bramin.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Yes, I blush to own it:
But, tho' a Bramin, I am still a Man;
A Man oppress'd by sorrow—Read my soul.—
In her, whom cruel fate condemns to die,
I found a lovely Sister.

RAYMOND.

Hah! a Sister.

Then

28 WIDOW OF MALABAR,

Then she is lost indeed.—Too well I know
The bonds of nature here are burst in twain ;
And he, who should protect a Sister's life,
Exhorts her to the flames.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Confound not me
With my accurs'd associates. This fond breast
Glow with fraternal love : nor is there aught
I've not attempted to preserve the best,
The brightest of her sex. E'en to thy camp
I flew for aid,—“ but thou, benignant Christian !—
“ Wast gone, unask'd, to plead the righteous cause
“ Of soft humanity. Fain would these lips
“ Essay to thank thee ;—but all words must fail
“ To paint th'o'erwhelming sense of gratitude
“ Which reigns in souls like mine.”

RAYMOND.

Thy Accents, Priest,
Accord not with deceit. I'll doubt no more.
Then tell me, is it choice, or rigid Honor,
Impels thy Sister's steps ? Say, was her heart
So wedded to it's Lord, that life, without him,
Is but a ling'ring death ?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

If Fame speak true,
Her heart had early form'd another union,
Which cruel wedlock broke.

RAYMOND.

Another union !

YOUNG

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Yet, such is her heroic sense of honor,
 That all a Brother's prayers have not avail'd
 To shake her direful purpose:—but kind Heaven,
 As if resolv'd to stop our bloody rites,
 Has sent a pitying Angel, in thy form,
 To save my dearer self—my Indamora——
 Wherefore that start; what mean those looks of
 frenzy?

RAYMOND.

Thy Indamora, said'st thou?—She, the Victim!
 Came I thus far to be the wretched Witness
 Of Indamora's death?—Distraction!—Lead me,
 If pity ever touch'd thy bosom, lead me
 This moment to her fight!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Alas, those gates
 To strangers ever clos'd, must keep thee from her,
 Till, rob'd for sacrifice, she issues forth
 To mount yon horrid Pile.

RAYMOND.

My brain's on fire——
 O, urge me not to madness!—

YOUNG-BRAMIN.

Heav'n and Earth!
 Whence springs this sudden rage?

RAYMOND.

I tell thee, Bramin,

Not

30 WIDOW OF MALABAR,

Not gates of tenfold adamant shall stop
A desp'rate Lover's course.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

A Lover's — Hah!

RAYMOND.

O, she was mine by ev'ry sacred tie
That binds enamour'd hearts, ere ruthless Bukah
Seiz'd her reluctant hand!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Myfterous Heaven!
Yet listen to my words, and let not passion,
Blind headstrong passion, render vain the wonders,
The miracles a Power divine has wrought
On this inhuman shore. —

Enter NARRAIN.

NARRAIN.

Speed, Chief of Britain,
From these perfidious walls! — Our fraudulent Rajah,
Confed'rate with the Bramins, feign'd to lean
Towards honorable peace, that he might lure thee
Into his cursed toils. The faithless Wretch,
'Spite of our truce, involves thy fleet in flames:
And now, the Bramins lead a mighty Host
To slay thee in this Temple. Though a native
Of guileful Malabar, my heart recoil'd
At baseness so unrival'd; and I flew
(Impatience lent me wings,) to warn thee hence.

RAYMOND.

Well, let the Traitors come. This little Band
With

With confcious Virtue arm'd, is more than equal
To thoufands, fighting in a guilty caufe.

NARRIAN.

Alas, not e'en thy matchlefs valour, Chief,
Which oft has made our bravest warriors fly,
Not e'en thy valour can avail.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Reflect.
The life of Indamora hangs on thine.

RAYMOND.

O, thou haft made a Coward of me!
(A diftant shout.)

NARRAIN.

Hark!
Hear ye that fhout?—The Murd'ers come—
O, hafte!—

YOUNG-BRAMIN.

Yon grafs-grown aile conducts thee to a cavern
Scoop'd thro' the folid rock; and oft, 'tis faid,
The fepulchre of thofe who dare rebel
'Gainft BRAMA's fov'reign Priest: This cavern
leads,
By windings, to the main. Then hafte, brave
Christian,
Myfelf will point the way: hafte to thy camp;
And, fince our truce is broken, bring thy powers,
Clad in the terrors of wide-wafting war,
To refcue her thou lov'ft.—Meanwhile, my cares
Shall, for a time, retard the facrifice.
(A louder fhout.)

NARRAIN.

Another fhout!

YOUNG-

32 WIDOW OF MALABAR,

YOUNG BRAMIN.

O, haste!—

RAYMOND.

What? Leave my Love
In the fell Bramins' grasp?—No—this good arm—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

What can one arm atchieve, oppos'd to thousands?
Speed, or my Sister dies!—Behold that Pile—

RAYMOND.

Horror! distraction! O, direct me, Heav'n!
(Another shout.)

YOUNG BRAMIN.

In me, thy Indamora calls—

RAYMOND.

I come:
But, mark me, tell these treach'rous Priests of
BRAMA,
These vile Assassins, Indamora stands
A shield 'twixt them and fate:—Should they de-
stroy her,
By Heav'n I'll sweep their bloody Race from earth!
Their Friends, their altars, nay, their very Idols,
Shall feel my utmost rage.—This splendid Temple
I'll make a smoking heap of dust and ruins,
And the whole city one huge Funeral-Pyre!

[Exeunt omnes.]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

*A spacious Quadrangle, surrounded with Rocks.—
At the further end, the Pagod of ESWARA.—
A Funeral-Pile in the middle of the Quadrangle,
with a Platform, leading from the steps of the
Pagod to the top of the Pile.—The Sea at a dis-
tance.—Time, Evening.—The rising Moon dis-
covers the English Fleet standing out to Sea.*

THE YOUNG BRAMIN *solus.*

WRETCH that I am! and is the only joy,
The only ray of hope my soul cou'd catch at,
Obscur'd so soon?—Supreme ESWARA, hear me!
With strength divine endue this feeble mind;
Lest I should murmur at thy sacred will,
And dare to question thy indulgent goodness!
O, Raymond! when benevolence like thine
Is recompens'd with death,—when Indamora,
The good, the pious Indamora, falls
By Priestcraft's guileful hand;—O, who shall say,
That Virtue is the care of Heaven? I shudder!—
My tongue grows impious.

Dearest Indamora!

Thou know'st not half the rigours of thy fate—
For this, I thank the Gods. — With what fond
transport

I flew to tell her, that a Lover's arm
Was rais'd to shield her life!—but blest'd indeed,

D

Thrice

34 WIDOW OF MALABAR,

Thrice blest'd, was the High-Priest's imperious
mandate,
Which bar'd my entrance.

Enter FATIMA.

FATIMA.

Bramin, from thy Sister,
A last request I bring; that thou'lt forbear,
Thro' rash mistaken love t'oppose her doom.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Alas, the hand which should have snatch'd her
from it
Is now unnerv'd.—The glorious Chief of Britain
No sooner 'scap'd from hence than, swift as light,
Eager to save his burning ships he sped;
But, scarce had reach'd the harbour, when a jav'lin,
By Indian fury guided, pierc'd his heart.—
Confounded, panic-struck, the troops of Britain
On board the remnant of their squadron haste,
And spread each sail for flight.

FATIMA.

Whence comes this news?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

From one, by the Chief Bramin's care, dispatch'd
To bring intelligence;—and, were there need
Of aught t'authenticate the tale, behold,
Where lightly skimming o'er the pathless main,
The rapid vessels fly.

FATIMA.

My dear lost Mistress!
Are, then, thy many virtues all devoted
A prey to rav'nous flames?

YOUNG

YOUNG BRAMIN.

No—ere she mounts
 This fatal Pile, I swear, th'inhuman Priests
 Shall tear me limb from limb.—Nay, I'll appeal
 To India's Sons at large, assert the rights
 Of nature, and demand a Sister's life.
 Haste to her, Fatima, declare my purpose,
 My fix'd resolve not to survive her loss.

[*Exit Fatima.*]

Solemn Music.

*A grand Funeral-Procession advances from the Pagod
 of ESWARA, and, crossing the Platform, descends
 upon the Stage.*

Chorus of Bramins.

Haste, haste, haste! the solemn Rites prepare!
 BRAMA'S Sons an off'ring bring;
 Haste, haste, haste! the solemn Rites prepare!
 Let our Shores with gladness ring.

Semi-Chorus.

See! the widow'd Fair draws nigh,
 Deck'd with beauty's freshest bloom:
 See her nobly fix'd to die,
 On an aged Husband's tomb.

Chorus of Bramins.

Heav'n, with gracious smile, looks down;
 Haste, the solemn Rites prepare!
 Lo! behold! a Martyr's crown
 Floats upon the buoyant air!

Semi-Chorus.

Heart-cheering songs of proudest triumph raise;
 To India's further confines waft her praise,
 Who prizes life less high than glorious fame,
 And adds new lustre to great BRAMA's name!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Horror!—my heart dies in me.—Righteous Gods,
 Look down, look down at this distracting mo-
 ment;
 Send winged lightnings to consume that Pile,
 Or arm with more than mortal eloquence
 These trembling lips, that I may melt the breasts,
 The iron breasts of India's Tribes to pity!

*The Procession continues with Oriental Music. The
 Chief-Bramin and his Train advance from the
 Pagod. A Number of Indians crowd the Qua-
 drangle.*

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Natives of India, give a loose to joy!
 The Monster, War, is fled, and lovely Peace,
 With blessings in her train, descends from Heav'n,
 To heal the wounds of this afflicted land.

BRAMA, all-gracious Lord! to swell the fame
 Of his Vicegerent here, has deign'd to make
 Your Sov'reign-Priest his bleeding Country's Sa-
 viour.

Another day too surely wou'd have crown'd
 Britain's detested Sons with victory.—
 I madden'd at the thought.—The plaintive Shades
 Of our brave Vet'rans, on these ramparts slain,
 Each moment rose before me, and call'd aloud
 For vengeance on the Foe.—To break our truce,

Or drag the chain of slavery, and see
 Our laws, our altars, nay, our Pagods perish,
 Alone remain'd.—I paus'd not in my choice,
 But sent a faithful Band, to blast with flames
 The stately fleet of Britain.—Fair success
 Follow'd the patriot-deed :—avenging BRAMA
 Smote the proud Christian Chief, whose lips pro-
 fane

So lately dar'd to thwart his will ;—and now,
 The Enemy, appal'd, forsakes our shores.

To BRAMA, then, let grateful incense rise
 From this funereal Pile, and reach his throne.

[*To the young Bramin.*]

Young Priest, 'tis thine to lead the Victim forth ;
 Away, and bring her straight.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Infernal Monster !
 Art thou not glutted yet with human blood ?
 Cannot the death of Raymond, peerless Chief !
 Suffice to sate thy cruelty ?—Nay, frown not—
 Think'st thou I still can venerate a Wretch
 Who violates the faith of Nations, nay,
 Boasts of the hellish act, and calls himself,
 (Unheard of blasphemy !) the instrument
 Of an avenging God ?

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Am I awake ?
 What madness prompts thee ?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

The clear light of Reason.
 Art thou a Priest ? art thou a hallow'd Bramin ?
 When all thy deeds proclaim, thou'rt not a Man.
 Humanity, the instinct of our Kind,

38 WIDOW OF MALABAR,

Born in us, with us, and our being's soul,
The essence of our nature, thou, fell Savage !
Thou know'st it not. Some flinty rock conceiv'd
And brought thee forth, to scourge the human Race,
Thy heart ne'er soften'd at another's woe,
Nor felt the godlike bliss of drying up
Afflicted Virtue's tears. This barb'rous Temple,
This tyger's den, ne'er witness'd one kind act
Of sweet compassion. O, I grieve to think
I ever enter'd its disgraceful doors!

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Wert thou not shielded by that sacred garb,
My vengeance should o'ertake thee, Empty Railer !
Canst thou abolish Customs handed down
From age to age, as holy and heroic ?
Can thy weak hand root up that ancient Cypress
Which shadows all the East ?

YOUNG BRAMIN,

Reason's strong axe
Shall fell it to the Earth,

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Vain-glorious Boy !
Time, round the tree, has wrapp'd a triple braid,

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Say—rather round thy heart.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Urge me no more ;
Left all the self-command a Bramin boasts
Should not suffice to stem the tide of passion
Which rises in my soul—Blaspheming Traitor !
This

This moment bring the Matron, or, with life,
Atone thy breach of duty.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Think'st thou, threats
Can bend me to thy will?—Then learn, Barbarian,
Such is my zeal to save this blameless Victim,
That, 'spite of pride, and the long-cherish'd ran-
cour
Which Indians feel 'gainst Europe's craving sons,
I fought, this morn, the British Leader's tent,
And would have stoop'd t'implore his aid; but he,
Unask'd, had ta'en upon him the defence
Of Indamora's life.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Confummate Villain!
Faithless alike to India and her Gods!
Bear him to death:—not e'en those holy vestments
Shall longer prove his shield.

(To the second Bramin.)

Mean-while, go thou,
And lead the Matron forth.

(Guards surround the young Bramin.)

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Thou know'st not yet
Of half my guilt, if it be guilt to hear
Great Nature's voice.—Listen, my Countrymen!
In Indamora, I have found a Sister,
Whom that relentless Fiend would snatch away
The moment Fortune gives her to my fight.—
But O, if Nature be not dead within ye,
Assert her cause and mine,—preserve this Sister,

D 4

And

40 WIDOW OF MALABAR,

And prove, that virtue and benignant pity,
In spite of Priest-craft, still adorn the East.

Music.

Semi-chorus.

See! The Widow'd Fair draws nigh,
Deck'd with beauty's freshest bloom;
See her nobly fix'd to die
On an aged Husband's tomb!

Grand chorus of Bramins.

Heav'n with gracious smile, looks down;
Haste, the solemn Rites prepare!
Lo! Behold! a Martyr's crown
Floats upon the buoyant air!

INDAMORA *advances, (robed in white and veil'd,) from the Pagod of ESWARA:—she is led by the Second BRAMIN, and followed by two WOMEN, the one bearing a Mirror, the other a dart. FATIMA attends.*

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Look there!—Look there!—Can ye permit that form?—

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Peace, impious Wretch!—Bear him to instant death.

(Guards seize the young Bramin.)

INDAMORA, *running down from off the Platform.*

Bear him to instant death!—Stop, murderous Ruffians!

(She attempts to free her brother, but the guards oppose her.)

Do

Do ye resist?—Avaunt!—Wou'd ye defile,
 With touch profane, the Favorite of Heaven?
 (*The Guards retire*) My Brother! is it thus we
 meet again!
 And has thy boundless love for me—O, horror!
 O'erwhelm'd thee in destruction?

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Haste! Begone!

INDAMORA.

Spare him, great Priest!—Lo, on my knees I sue.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Thy suit is vain.

INDAMORA.

Then, by ESWARA's self,
 Heaven's awful King! yon Pile shall ne'er receive
 It's destin'd prey.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

What says my Sister?—Rapture!
 And can I still preserve thee?—Lead me hence—
 This moment let me die.—But O, remember,
 Thy word is past—my death gives life to thee!

INDAMORA.

Mis'ry!—The very thought is madness, torment,
 Worse than the fire that waits me!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

O, forbear!
 This one embrace — and now —

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Stop, headstrong Boy!
 And learn, ye Tribes of India, that a Bramin
 Can triumph o'er resentment, to promote

The

42 WIDOW OF MALABAR,

The glory of his Gods. Haste, Indamora,
Ascend yon consecrated Pyre; and take,
In recompence, thy Brother's forfeit life.

INDAMORA.

Ten thousand blessings on thy tongue! thou'st
rais'd me
From mis'ry's deepest gulph to highest joy.
Quick light the Pile!—I fly to meet my doom!

*A Bramin advances with a lighted firebrand, and
kindles the Funeral-Pile.*

YOUNG BRAMIN, (*holding Indamora.*)

O, by the love I bear thee!—by the tortures!—

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Part them. Nay, pause not, or, he dies.

INDAMORA.

I come.

*She breaks from her Brother, who is held by the
Guards: the Second Bramin leads her towards
the Pile.*

YOUNG BRAMIN, (*to the Guards.*)

Stand off, inhuman Ruffians!

INDAMORA, (*stopping.*)

Dearest Raymond!
Wert thou stretch'd lifeless on that awful Pyre,
With what fond ardour wou'd I fly to make
These faithful arms thy tomb!—E'en death, with
thee,

Wou'd grow below'd—but O, to mix my ashes
With his, whose mem'ry I abhor!—

[*To the Second Bramin.*] Lead on.—
Reflection, worse than death itself, appals me!

Soft

Soft and solemn music.

Indamora advances towards the Pile—the Mirror and dart are thrown into it—Slaves throw in oil and incense—Bramins kneel to Indamora, who waves her hand as if to bless them. Indamora stops when she reaches the middle of the Platform, and stands ready to cast herself on the Pile.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Open kind Earth, and hide me in thy centre!—
Can Heaven look on — [*Lightning and Thunder.*
Hark! what a dreadful voice
Exclaims against self-murder! [*More Thunder.*]
Hark! again,
More terribly it sounds.—Unhand me, Slaves!

He breaks from the Guards, and rushes towards the Platform:—at the same moment, a Shout is heard, with a grand Flourish of drums and trumpets.

“ VOICES, from within the Pagod.

“ Stop your unhallow'd Rites! Barbarians, stop!”

RAYMOND, *at the head of his Troops, appears on the steps of the Pagod: a skirmish ensues—the Indians are driven off, and the Chief-Bramin seized. Raymond mounts the Platform in order to save Indamora.*

CHIEF-BRAMIN,

“ Our enemy alive!—Confusion!

YOUNG-BRAMIN,

“ Transport!”

RAYMOND.

My Indamora!

INDAMORA.

Hah! those well-known accents
Call back my fleeting soul.—Am I on Earth?

RAYMOND.

No — thus to snatch thee from the flames is
Heav'n!

INDAMORA.

Lord of my heart!—yet, sure, 'tis fancy all—
Can he, for whom alone I wish to live,
Can he be sent to save me?

RAYMOND.

Bounteous Pow'rs!
What joy e'er equal'd mine?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

My more than Brother!
To see thee living is indeed a bliss
I little hoped for.—Fame declar'd thee dead.

INDAMORA.

O, say what miracle——

RAYMOND.

By my command
The rumour of my death went forth; and, by
The same command, part of my troops embark'd
In the poor remnant of our squadron; others,
Led on by Albert and myself, took post
In hollows near the deep:—and soon as night
Began to cast her pitchy mantle o'er us,
Albert assail'd and seiz'd th'unguarded Town;
While I, by the same cavern which, this day,
From Treach'ry's poniard sav'd me, reach'd the
Temple.

INDA-

INDAMORA.

My Guardian! my Deliverer! how dear,
How doubly dear is life, preserv'd by thee!

YOUNG BRAMIN, [*to the Chief-Bramin.*]

Most just are Heav'n's awards! The very Cave
Which thou, blood-thirsty Wretch, too oft hast
stain'd
With human gore, now proves thy deadliest bane,
Thy total overthrow!——

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Cease, give me death——
——Most welcome death!

RAYMOND.

No—learn that Christians conquer
To save and humanize Mankind. Live, Bramin!
And, henceforth, let our holy doctrines teach thee,
That the peculiar Ministers of Heaven
Shou'd scatter peace and comfort o'er the world;
Turn savage cruelty to gentle love,
Disarm the hand of vengeance of it's steel,
Relieve the Needy, heal Affliction's wounds,
And, in the bosom of forlorn Despair,
Relume the embers of life-cheering Hope:—
These are the acts by which a Priest proclaims
His mission is from Heaven.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Thy clemency
Is insult all.—Gods! shall a Bramin stoop
T'embrace the faith he scorns—the Christian faith?
No—rather let me die.

INDAMORA.

If such its doctrines,
Who wou'd not be Christian?

YOUNG

46 WIDOW OF MALABAR,

YOUNG BRAMIN.

O, too long
Spite of kind Reason's warnings, we have stray'd
In BRAMA's thorny paths.

(*To Raymond.*)—But thou shalt teach us
The precepts of a faith which lifts Mankind
Above humanity.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Accursed moment!
Our Victim snatch'd away, our City captur'd,
Our very Bramins traitors to their Gods!
O, I have liv'd too long! Alas, my Country!
Art thou condemn'd to bear a Victor's yoke?
To groan beneath Oppression's iron rod,
And lavish all thy precious stores to feed
The avarice of thy Lords? Vindictive BRAMA!
If, for the crimes of this once-favour'd Land,
Thy arm be stretch'd against us, let the blood
Of thy still faithful Servant,—here devoted
A sacrifice to thee, O, let it turn
Thy vengeful ire to mercy! (*Draws a dagger.*)

RAYMOND.

Hah! what mean'st thou?

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

T'appease the wrath divine, and free myself
From hated Christian chains. (*He stabs himself.*)

RAYMOND.

Fanatic, hold!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Support him!

CHIEF-

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Hence, thou stigma to thy name !

The hand of Death already gripes me hard—
That pang—it rends my vitals—Hah ! fee, fee !
I sink in gulphs of fire.—Torment ! O, Heaven !
If I have err'd—forgive—O, mercy !—Oh !—

(Dies.)

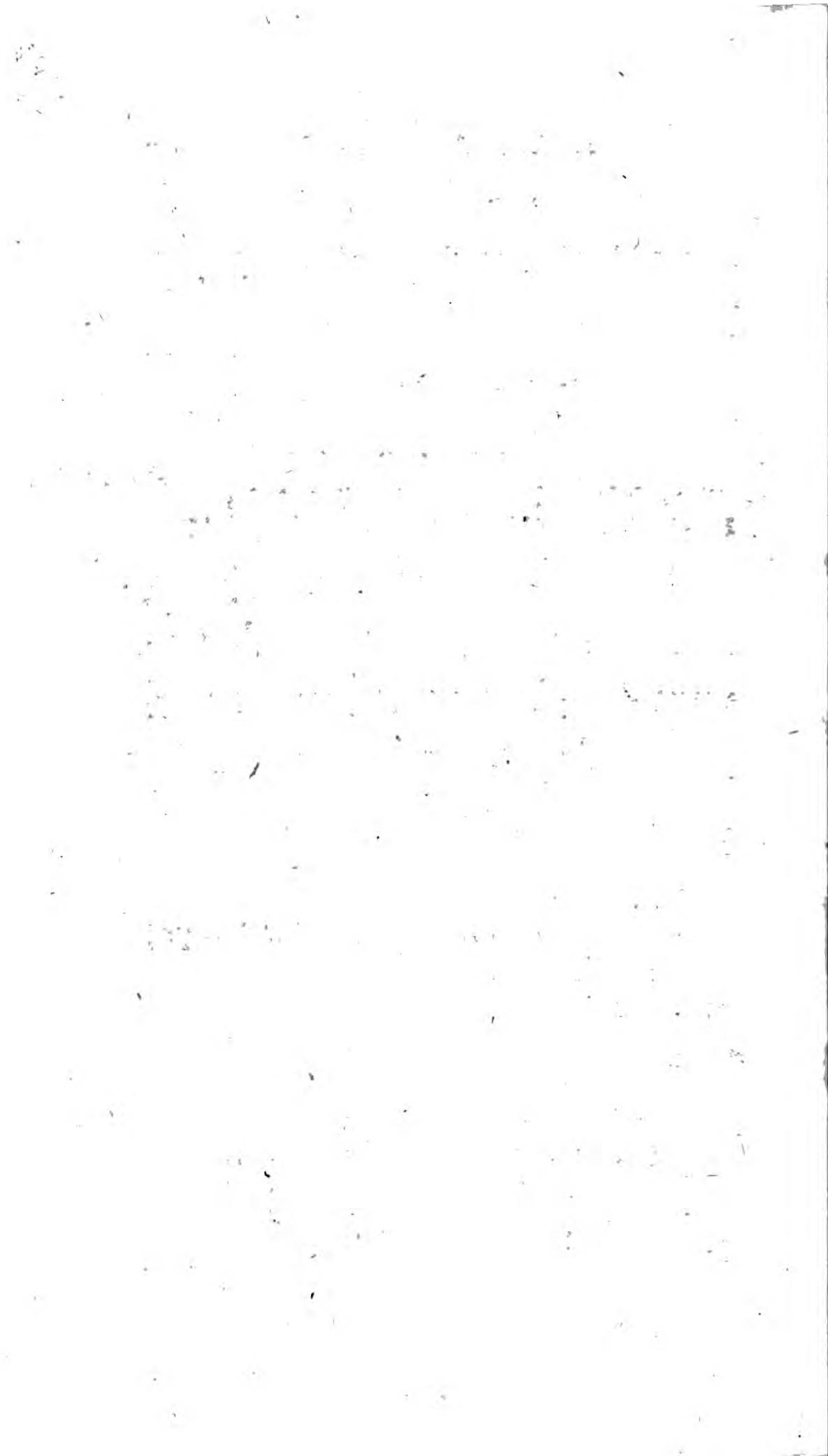
RAYMOND.

There fled a soul which, had Religion's sun
Unclouded beam'd upon it, might have grac'd
And comforted the Land.—My Indamora,
This genial sun shall shed his rays on thee ;
Make all thy budding virtues blossom fair,
And, with their fruits, bless Raymond and thy
Country.

Whilst thou, young Priest, who, 'spite of Error's
mists,
Discover'd and pursu'd bright Virtue's paths,
Thou, in yon Temple, henceforth reign supreme,
And, on its altars, fix the CHRISTIAN CROSS.

[The Curtain drops.]

END OF THE THIRD AND LAST ACT.



THE
RIVAL SISTERS.

A
TRAGEDY.

BY ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

SECOND EDITION.

Scelerate, revertere, Theseu;
Flecte ratem; numerum non habet ille suum. OVID.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION.
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

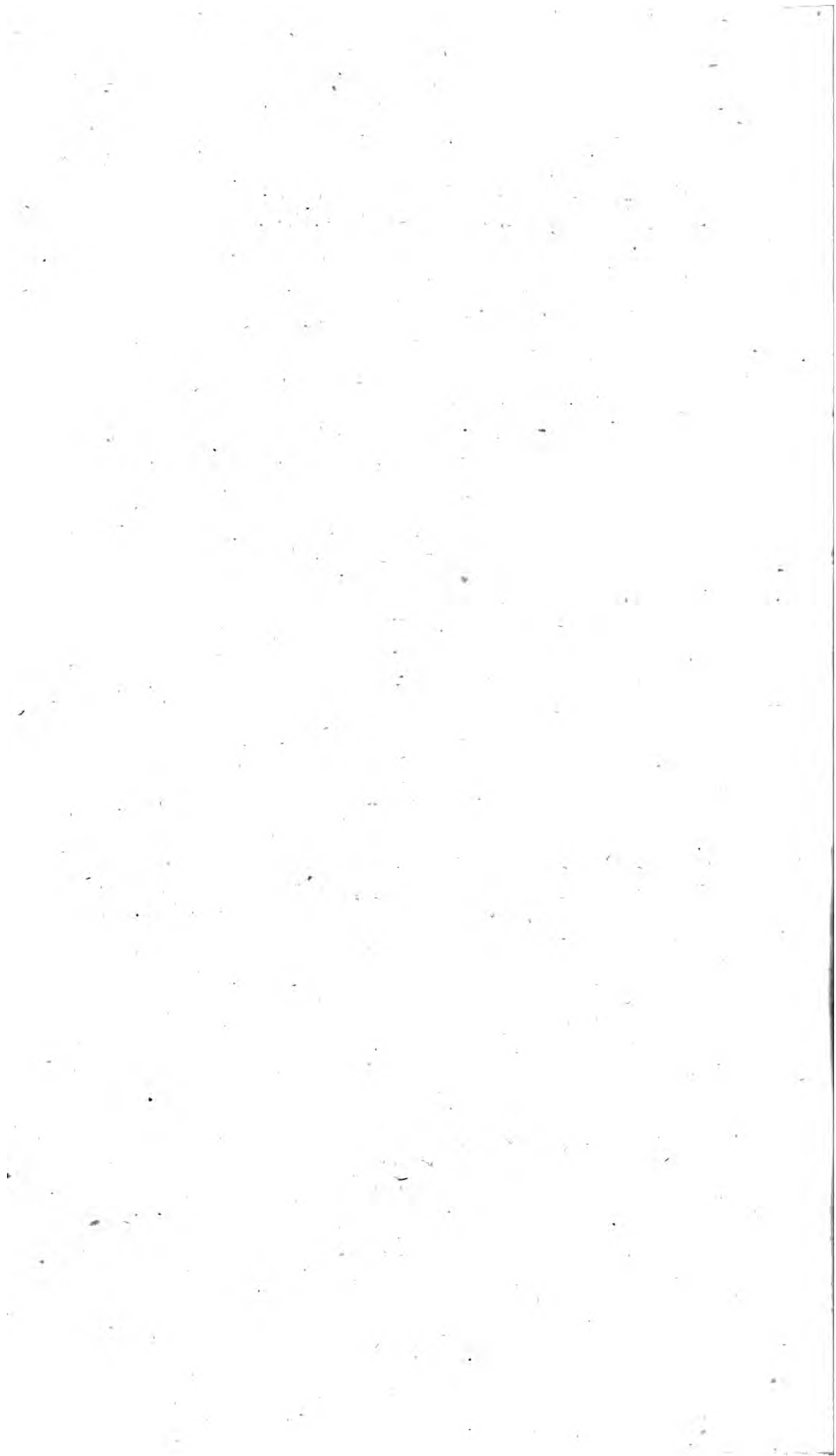
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P R E F A C E.

THERE is, perhaps, nothing more uninteresting than the generality of those preliminary discourses, in which Authors too frequently lay out much of their time in talking of themselves and their works. The importance of a Man to himself is fully displayed, while the Reader yawns over the tedious page, or laughs at the rhetoric, that would persuade him he ought to be pleased. The present Writer has been unwilling, upon almost all occasions, to conform to a practice which he saw attended with so little success: But the following Tragedy is sent into the world in a manner that may require some explanation. It has not gone through the fiery trial of the Theatre; nor is it recommended by the favourable decision of an Audience. The pomp of splendid scenery, and the illusions of the skilful performer, have not awakened the public attention:—The Play ventures abroad, without having previously gained, by the advantages of representation, a character, which in the leisure of the closet is not always supported. But this circumstance, while it raises no expectation, may, on the other hand, excite a prejudice not easy to be surmounted. If it be of any value, why was it not produced in the usual form of a Public Exhibition? The reasons that influenced the Author, would lead to a long and frivolous detail. Whatever those reasons were, whether caprice, whim, peevishness, or delicacy, they were of weight to determine his conduct. His work, however, does not go forth with accusations of any kind against the Proprietors of either Theatre: it makes no appeal from their judgment. The fact is, it never was in their hands; and where there was no refusal, there can be no room for complaint.

It need not be dissembled, that the Play was written with a view to the Stage. It was begun and finished in the Summer 1783, at a time when the Author was disabled, by a nervous disorder in

his eyes, from pursuing a more important work, which has engaged several years of his life. It was painful to read, and he found amusement necessary. He walked in green fields, made verses, and threw them upon paper in characters almost illegible. For a subject, he was not long at a loss. He remembered that *Madame de Sévigné* * mentions her having attended the representation of *ARIANE*, a Tragedy by the younger *Corneille*. The play, says that amiable Writer, though in its general style and conduct flat and insipid; was, notwithstanding, followed by all Paris, not for the sake of the poetry, but the Actress, *La Champmélé*, whom she calls the greatest prodigy the Stage ever beheld. The others were disgusting; but when the *Champmélé* entered the scene, a murmur of applause ran through the Theatre; every heart was interested, and every eye dissolved in tears.

WHEN this country could, with pride, boast of an Actress equally followed, and perhaps with better reason; it occurred that a Tragedy, with the beauties of the original, but freed from its defects, might, at such a season, be acceptable to the Public. The defects, which drew down the judgment of so enlightened a Critic as *Madame de Sévigné*, are pointed out with minute exactness, by the judicious *Voltaire* †. From that pleasing Writer we learn, that the Tragedy in question still keeps its rank upon the Stage, whenever an Actress of eminence wishes for an opportunity to display her talents in a principal character. The situation he observes, is interesting and pathetic: "A princess, who has done every thing for her hero; who has delivered him from a cruel death, and sacrificed all considerations for his sake; who loves him generously; who thinks herself loved in return, and deserves to be so; who finds herself, at last, abandoned by the Man whom she adores, and betrayed by a Sister whom she also loved: 'A woman thus situated,' says *Voltaire*, 'forms the happiest subject that has come down to us from antiquity.' Notwithstanding this general account, *Voltaire's* observations, which trace the Author scene by scene, show that *Madame de Sévigné* was not mistaken in her judgment.

* Vide her Letter 1st April, 1672.

† See his Edition of *Corneille's* Works.

SHALL the present Writer flatter himself that he has removed the vices of the first concoction, and substituted what is better? He has certainly endeavoured to do it. For this purpose a New Fable was necessary. The progress of the business required to be conducted in a different manner, with more rapidity, and without those languid scenes which weaken the interest, and too often border upon the dialogue of Comedy. The characters were to be cast in a new mould; and instead of definitions of the passions, their conflict, their vehemence, and their various transitions, were to be painted forth in higher colouring, than are to be found in the French composition. The Reader, therefore, is not to expect a mere translation. The Author does not scruple to say that he entered into a competition with the original; that he has aimed at a better Tragedy; and to use the words of a late elegant Writer, *he hopes he has shown some invention, though he has built upon another man's ground.*

BUT here again the question recurs, if the new superstructure raised upon the old foundation has any merit, why not produce it with all the advantage of that celebrated Actress, who, it seems inspired the first design? The plain truth shall be the answer: When the piece was finished, the Author had his moments of self-approbation, and in his first ardour, hinted to a friend, that he intended to give it to the Stage. But self-approbation did not last long:—That glow of imagination, which (to speak the truth) is sometimes heated into a pleasing delirium with its own work, subsided by degrees, and doubt and diffidence succeeded. A Play, that might linger nine nights upon the Stage, was not the object of the Author's ambition; Whether he has been able to execute any thing better, he has not considered for a long time, nor has he now courage to determine. He has often said to himself, in the words of TULLY, *Nihil huc, nisi perfectum ingenio, Elaboratum Industria, afferri oportere*; and after adopting, in his own case, so rigid a rule, how shall he presume to say, that the production of a summer can boast either of genius, or the elaborate touches of industry?

IN this irresolute state of mind, the Author's respect for the Public, who have done him, upon former occasions, very parti-

cular honour, increased his timidity: he was unwilling to appear a candidate for their favour, when he was not sure of adding to their pleasure. At present, being to give an edition of such pieces, as he has been able to produce, he could not think of keeping back the only dramatic work left upon his hands. He, therefore, sends it into the world an humble adventurer: with one of his predecessors, he says, '*Va mon Enfant; prens ta Fortune.*' The Play amused him while he was engaged in the writing of it, and should the candid Reader find an hour of leisure not entirely thrown away in the perusal, the Author will not think his time altogether mis-employed. He now dismisses the Piece, if not with indifference, at least with resignation; content to leave the honours of the Theatre to Writers of more ambition than he possesses at present.

Non iam prima peto Mnestheus, neque vincere certo:
Quamquam O! sed saperent, quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti.

VIRG.

————— Veianius armis,
Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro;
Ne populum extremâ toties exoret arenâ.

HOR.

LINCOLN'S-INN,
March 4, 1786.

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

PERIANDER, *King of Naxos,* - Mr. Wroughton.
THESEUS, - - - - Mr. Palmer.
PERITHOUS, - - - - Mr. Kemble.
ARCHON, *an Officer of Periander,* Mr. Packer.
ALETES, *Ambassador from Minos,*
King of Crete, - - - - Mr. Caulfield.
OFFICER, - - - - Mr. Phillimore.

Women.

ARIADNE, - - - - Mrs. Siddons.
PHÆDRA, - - - - Mrs. Powell

VIRGINS *attending on Ariadne, &c.*

SCENE, *the Palace of Periander, in the Isle of Naxos.*

THE
RIVAL SISTERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PERIANDER'S Palace. *A violent Storm of Thunder and Lightning.*
Enter PHÆDRA and ARCHON.

Phædra.

AWAY! no more!—why thus pursue my steps?
Begone and leave me; leave me to my woes.

Arc. Yet, Phædra, be advis'd.

Phæ. Presume no further.

Advis'd by thee! no,—let your pliant king,
Your king of Naxos, to thy treach'rous counsels
Resign himself, his people, and his laws.
Thou hast undone us all; by thee we die;
Yes, Ariadne, Phædra, Theseus, all,
All die by thee!

Arc. Princess, your fears are groundless.
Your timorous fancy forms unjust suspicions.
If you but knew me——

Phæ. O, too well I know thee!

This very morn 'tis fix'd; yes, here your king
Gives audience to th' Ambassador of Crete;
Here in this palace; here, by your persuasion,
He means to yield us to the rage of Minos,
To my vindictive father's stern demand.
Ere that I'll see your king; here wait his coming.
And counteract thy base ungen'rous counsel.

Arc. This storm of passion bears your reason down.
Let prudence guide thee. In a night like this,
Why quit your couch, and to the whirlwind's rage,
The vollied lightening, and the war of nature,
Why wilt thou thus commit thy tender frame?——

[Thunder and lightning.]

Again that dreadful peal!—"All-gracious Powers!
 "What crime provokes your wrath? must this fair island,
 "That long hath flourish'd in th' Ægean deep,
 "Must Naxos with her sons, a blameless race,
 "Burn to the centre, and the brawling waves
 "Close o'er the wreck for ever?

[Another clap of thunder.

"*Phæ.* Oh, that burst
 "Shoots horror to my soul!
 " *Arc.* Thus through the night
 "Hath the wild uproar shook the groaning isle.
 "Fierce rain and liquid fire in mingled torrents
 "Came rushing o'er the land. The wrath of Heaven
 "Rides in the tempest. Towers and sacred domes
 "Fell in promiscuous ruin. Ships were dash'd,
 "On pointed rocks, or swallowed in the deep.
 "Destruction rages round:" amidst the roar,
 When all things else, when ev'n the fiercest natures
 Shrink from the hideous ruin, you alone
 Walk through the storm, with fierce, with haggard mien,
 A form that suits the dreadful wild commotion.

Phæ. Yes, with a heart, in which the storm that rages,
 Surpasses all the horrors of the night.

"Yes, here I come supreme in misery.
 "I only wake to cares unknown to him
 "Who treads secure the paths of humble life,
 "And thanks the gods for his obscure retreat,
 "For the blest shade in which their bounty plac'd him."

Phæ. 'Tis you have rais'd this tempest of the soul.
 You, sir, are minister; you govern here,
 And bend at will an unsuspecting monarch.
 To thee he yields his oracle of state;
 And when with wrongs you have oppress'd mankind,
 'Tis the king's pleasure; 'tis the royal will.

Arc. Unjust, ungenerous charge! have you forgot,
 When first your vessel reach'd the coast of Naxos?
 You sued for leave to land upon the isle:
 To pray for shelter here. Ere that we heard
 Theseus was with you: Theseus, whom the state
 Of Athens tent a sacrifice to Minos,
 A victim to absolve the annual tribute,
 Impos'd by conquest: Ariadne's love,
 Her generous efforts to redeem the hero,
 Ev'n then were known at Periander's court.
 The wondrous story on the wings of Fame

Had reach'd our Isle; she pity'd, and she lov'd him.

Phæ. She lov'd him—Yes, she saw, and she ador'd.
 Gods! who could see the graces of his youth,
 His cause, his innocence, the hero's mien,
 Manly and firm, yet soften'd by distress,
 Gods! who could see him, and not gaze entranc'd
 In ecstacy and love?—What have I said?
 My warmth too far transports me—ah! beware
 'Twas as you say; she pity'd, and she lov'd.

[*Aside.*—

Arc. She favour'd his escape: you fled together.
 To ev'ry neighb'ring isle you wing'd your flight.
 You visited each realm; with prayers and tears
 Wearied each court. All fear'd your father's power.
 You came to Naxos; Periander's will,
 Your orator, came forth. Did not I then—

Phæ. You succour'd our distress: the tear of sympathy
 Stood in your eye; and you may boast your merit—
 You play'd it well, sir.

Arc. This ambiguous strain
 But ill requites the offices of friendship;
 For you I watch'd the temper of the king,
 His ebbs and flows of passion: in apt season
 You landed here. Thrice hath the waning moon
 Conceal'd her light, and thrice renew'd her orb,
 While you, meantime, have liv'd protected here.
 Each hour has seen your sister Ariadne
 Rise in her charms; and now with boundless sway
 She reigns supreme in Periander's heart.

Phæ. True, we have found protection from your king.
 Three months have pass'd—but in that time a statesman
 May change his mind. New views of interest—
 New plans of policy, fair seeming motives,
 May give new principles.

Arc. It is my first.
 My best ambition to relieve the wretched.
 You wrong me, princess; you had best retire.

Phæ. No; Periander first shall hear my suit.
 Here will I wait his coming; on the earth
 Fall prostrate at his feet, implore his mercy,
 Cling round his knees; and never loose my hold,
 Till his heart melt, and save us from destruction.

Enter THESEUS.

The. What plaintive sorrow thro' the lonely palace
 Alarms my list'ning ear?

Phæ. That well-known voice
 Dispels my fears. O! Theseus, how my heart
 Bounds at thy lov'd approach! and yet this day
 Decides your doom.—Archon can tell you all.
 This day resigns you to my father's power.
 Here Periander has resolv'd to answer
 Th' ambassador of Crete.

The. Controul thy fears.
 Archon has serv'd me, and I thank him for it.
 All will be well; the king protects us still.
 Archon, the storm that threaten'd hideous ruin
 At length subsides. The angry blast recalls
 Its train of horrors. Through the sev'ring clouds
 Faint gleams of day disclose the face of things.
 The raging deep, that rose in mountain billows,
 Sinks to repose: The winds, the waves are hush'd.
 From yon high tower, that overhangs the bay,
 I view'd the ocean round. No sail appears,
 No vessel cleaves the deep, save one escap'd
 From the wild uproar of the warring winds;
 That with it's shatter'd masts, and lab'ring oars,
 Stems the rough tide, and enters now the harbour.

Phæ. Another sail! and enters now the harbour!
 From whence? Who and what are they? From what coast?
 Alas, from Crete! 'tis Minos sends; my father's wrath
 Pursues us still; another embassy
 Comes to demand us all,
 And banish ev'ry fear.

Arc. Perhaps some vessel
 Rich with the stores, with busy commerce sends
 From the adjacent isles, on Naxos' coast
 Now seeks a shelter from the roaring deep—
 I'll to the harbour. Theseus, be it thine
 To pour o'er Phædra's woes the balm of comfort,
 And hush her cares to peace. From Crete, I trust,
 The messengers of woe no more will come,
 To urge their stern demand.

[Exit.

Phæ. Go, traitor, go;
 Pernicious vile dissembler!

The. Ah! forbear.

Phæ. He seems a friend, the surer to betray.
 Full well he knows that Ariadne's charms
 Have wak'd a flame in Periander's heart.
 To that alliance with a statesman's craft
 He stands a foe conceal'd: He dreads to see

On Naxos' throne a queen from Minos sprung,
And therefore plans our ruin.

The. Yet thy fancy,
" Still arm'd against itself, turns pale and trembles
" At shadowy forms. Were thy suspicions just,
" Wherefore reveal them? Why unguard thyself,
" And lay each secret open to your foe?
" With him, whose rankling malice works unseen,
" While smiles becalm his looks, 'twere best pretend
" Not to perceive the lurking treachery—
" Reproof but goads him, and new whets his passions;
" Till what was policy becomes revenge—
" Detected villany can ne'er forgive.

Phæ. And must I fall in silence? must we perish,
" Abandon'd by ourselves, tame, willing victims;
" Nor let the murderer hear one dying groan?
" Must I behold him with his treach'rous arts,
" A lurking foe, nor pour my curses on him;
" But poorly crouch, and thank him for the blow?
" Oh! love like mine, the love which you inspired,
" That each day rises still to higher ardour;
" Think'st thou that love like mine will calmly see thee
" Giv'n up a victim to my father's rage?"

The. And think'st thou then that Archon is my foe?

Phæ. He is; I know him well; he means destruction.
Th' ambassador of Crete will soon have audience.
Archon concerted all. Oh! if my care
Could counteract his dark, his fell designs,
Then were I blest'd indeed. When first you landed
A helpless victim on the Cretan shore;
Full well you know, soft pity touch'd my heart,
And soon, that tender pity chang'd to love.
I wish'd to save you: Ariadne's fortune
Gave her the clue that led you thro' the maze.
Her zeal out-ran my speed, but not my love.
And would my fate allow me now to save thee,
'Then by that tie ('tis all my sister's claim)
I then should prove me worthy of thy love.

The. Deem me not, gen'rous Phædra, deem me not
Form'd of such common clay, so dead to beauty,
As not to feel with transport at my heart
Thy powerful charms. To Ariadne
I owe my life. That boon demands respect,
Demands my gratitude: But love must spring
Spontaneous in the heart, it's only source,

Unmix'd with other motives than it's own;
Unbrib'd, unbought—above all vulgar ties.

Phæ. And yet while ruin——

The. Check this storm of passion,
Nor think, with abject fear that Periander
Will e'er resign us. Ariadne's charms
Have touch'd his heart. "His words, his looks proclaim it,
"In the soft tumult all his soul is lost,
"He dwells for ever on the lov'd idea,
"And with her beauty means to grace his throne.

"*Phæ.* Archon abhors the union : To prevent it,
"His deep designs——"

Hear what I shall disclose,
And treasure it in sacred silence seal'd.
Last night admitted to a private audience,
Wrapt in the friendly mantle of the dark——

Enter an OFFICER.

The. What would'st thou? speak thy purpose.

Of. At the harbour

That fronts the northern wave, a ship from Athens
This moment is arriv'd.

Phæ. Relief from Athens!

Of. Your presence there by all is loudly call'd for.

The. Say to my friends, I will attend them straight.

[*Exit Officer,*

Phæ. A ray of hope to gild the cloud of woe.

The. Now PHÆDRA, mark me. Let thy fears subside.
Last night when ev'ry care was lull'd to rest,
No eye to trace my steps, no conscious ear
To catch the sound, then Periander granted
A private conference : I unbosom'd to him,
In confidence, the secrets of my heart.
To Ariadne I resign'd all claim ;
Renounc'd each tender passion. Periander
No longer view'd me with a rival's eye.
He promis'd his protection. Ariadne
Has pow'rful charms, and the king bears a heart
To beauty not impassive. Joy and rapture
Spoke in his eye, and purpled o'er his face.
With vanity she'll hear a monarch's sighs,
Proud of her sway. A diadem will quench
Her former flame, with glitt'ring splendor tempt her,
And make the infidelity her own.

A TRAGEDY.

Phæ. But if she hears a sister dares dispute
A heart like thine——

The. Trust to my prudent caution.
That dang'rous secret I have skreen'd with care.
Here it lies buried. Periander thinks
A former flame, kindled long since in Greece,
Preys on my heart with slow consuming fires.
But hark—beware —this way some hasty step.

Enter ARCHON.

Arc. The Greeks now issue on the beck. They bring
Tidings from Athens, and from every tongue
Your name resounds, and rings along the shore.

The. Thy friendship knows no pause; each hour your bring
New succour to the wretched. Princess, farewell.
Archon, I thank thee, and now seek my friends. [*Exit.*

Arc. Princess, if once again I may presume
To offer friendly counsel; from this place
'Twere best you now retire. Yon' eastern clouds
Blush with the orient day. My royal master,
Attentive ever to the cares of state,
Will soon be here.

Phæ. Let him first hear my pray'r;
Permit me here to see him. To the voice
Of misery his ear will not be clos'd.

[*A flourish of Trumpets.*

Enter PERIANDER, and attendant Officers.

Oh! Periander' 'midst the nations fam'd
For wisdom and for justice, let thy heart
Incline to mercy. Spare, oh, spare the wretched.

Perian. Rise, Princess, rise. That humble suppliant state
Suits not the dignity of Minos' daughter.
Whence this alarm, and why those gushing tears?

Phæ. We fled for refuge to you. Oh! protect,
Protect the innocent. You gave us shelter;
It was a godlike act; recal it not;
Yield us not victims to a father's wrath;
Nor by one barbarous action fully all
The glories of your reign. Save Ariadne,
Save Theseus too: our misery claims respect.

Perian. Save Ariadne! can that beauteous mourner
Suspect my promis'd faith? perhaps ev'n now,

Like some frail flow'r by beating rains oppress'd,
 She pining droops, and sickens in despair.
 Oh! quickly seek her: with the words of comfort
 Heal all her woes; raise that afflicted fair,
 And bid the graces of her matchless form
 Flourish secure beneath my fost'ring smile.
 When Ariadne sues, a monarch's heart
 Yields to her tears with transport.

Phæ. Men will praise

The gen'rous deed: the gods will bless thee for it. [Exit.

Arc. The Ambassador from Crete with Minos' orders
 Attends your royal will.

Perian. He shall be heard.

[He ascends his Throne.

Enter ALETES.

Perian. To Naxos' court, Aletes, you are welcome.
 You come commission'd from the Cretan king:
 Now speak your embassy.

Al. In fairest terms

Of friendly greeting Minos, sir, by me
 Imparts his rightful claim. He knows the justice,
 The moderation that directs your counsels:
 He knows, though oft' in the embattled field
 Your sword has reek'd with blood, your wisdom still
 Respects the rights of kings; respects the laws,
 That hold the nations in the bonds of peace.
 To you, sir, he appeals; he claims his daughters,
 His rebel daughters, leagu'd against his crown:
 He claims the victim from his vengeance rescued;
 Rescued by fraud, by Ariadne's fraud;
 And here at Naxos shelter'd from his justice.
 A sov'reign and a parent claims his rights.
 You will respect the father and the king.

Perian. Of Minos' virtues, his renown in arms,
 His plan of laws, that spread around the blessings
 Of sacred order, and of social life;
 Laws, which even kings obey, the world has heard
 With praise, with gratitude. All must revere
 The legislator, and the friend of man:
 But in the sorrows that distract his house,
 Is it for me with rash mistaken zeal
 To interpose my care? is it for me
 To judge his daughter's conduct? What decree,

What law of mine, what policy of Naxos
 Have they offended? All who roam the deep
 Find in my ports a safe, a sure retreat.
 Should I comply with your proud, bold request,
 The hardy genius of this sea-girt isle
 Would call it tyranny, and power usurp'd;
 'Tis law, and not the sov'reign's will, that here
 Controuls, directs, and animates the state.

Al. The law that favours wrongs, and shelters guilt,
 Subverts all order. Through her hundred cities
 All Crete will mourn your answer. With regret
 Minos will hear it. By pacific means
 He would prevail; by justice, not the sword.
 But, Sir, if justice, if a righteous cause
 At your tribunal lift their voice in vain,
 I see the gath'ring storm; I see the dangers
 That hover round your isle, and o'er the scene
 Humanity lets fall the natural tear.

The sons of Crete, a brave, a gen'rous race,
 Active and ardent in their monarch's cause
 Already grasp the sword. "I see the ocean
 " White with unnumber'd sails; your coast, your harbours
 " Beleaguer'd close. I see the martial bands
 " Planting their banners on the well-fought shore;
 " Your hills, your plains glitt'ring with hostile arms,
 " Your cities sack'd, your villages on fire,
 " While from its source each river swoln with carnage
 " Runs crimson to the main. I see the conqueror
 " Urge to your capital with rapid march,
 " And desolation cov'ring all the land.
 " Still, Sir, you may prevent this waste of blood;
 " Your timely wisdom——"

Perian. The scope appears
 Of your fair seeming message. And does Minos,
 Fam'd as he is in arms, say, does he hope
 With proud imperious sway to lord it o'er
 The Princes of the world? And does he mean
 To write his laws in blood? And must the nations
 Crouch at his nod? Must I upon my throne
 Look pale and tremble, when your fancied Jove
 Grasps the unlifted thunder? Tell your king
 He knows my warlike name—knows we have met
 In fields of death, oppos'd in adverse ranks,
 Braving each other's lance—he knows the finew,
 With which this arm can wield the deathful blade,

Or send the missive javelin on the foe,
Thirsting for blood.—Go, bear my answer back,
And say besides, that Naxos boasts a race
Rough as their clime, by liberty inspir'd,
Of stubborn nerve, and unsubmitting spirit,
Who laugh to scorn a foreign master's claim.
You've spoke your embassy, and have our answer.

Al. Unwilling I bear hence th' ungrateful tidings. [Exit.

Perian. To-morrow's sun shall see him spread his sails:
He must not linger here.

Arc. Your pardon, Sir,
This answer may provoke the powers of Crete,
And war, inevitable war ensues.

Perian. Let the invader come, here we have war
To meet his bravest troops.

Arc. But where the numbers
To man each port, and line the sea-beat shore?
Within the realm should the foe flush'd with conquest
Rear his proud banner——

Perian. With auxiliar aid
Greece will espouse my cause. The fleets of Athens
Full soon shall cover the Ægean deep,
And with confederated bands repel
A tyrant's claim.

Arc. Each state will urge its claim,
Minos demands his daughter: Greece expects
Her gallant warrior, and ev'n now asserts
To crown his love, the princess, as her own.
Let Theseus spread his sails, and steer for Greece,
With Ariadne, partner of his flight.
You gain that gen'rous state: by ev'ry tie
Of honour bound, Athens unsheaths her sword.
And haughty Minos threatens here in vain.

Perian. Yield Ariadne! yield that matchless beauty,
Where all the loves, where all the graces dwell!
No, I will save her; will protect her here
From rude unhallow'd violence. Do thou
Haste to the palace, where the princess dwells;
Say to th' attendant train, ourself will come,
To tell the counsels which my heart has form'd.

Arc. Ay, there it lies,—there lurks the secret wound
Love strikes the sweet infection to his soul.
'Tis as I fear'd. [*Afide.*]—Perhaps by mild remonstrance
We may gain time, and by the specious arts.
Of treaty and debate prevent the war.

Perian. You know my orders; see them straight obeyed.

[*Exit Arc.*

Perian. Yes, Ariadne, from the inclement storms
Of thy rude fortune, it is fix'd to shield thee,
And soften all thy woes. Her father then,
When with her milder ray returning reason
Becalms his breast, shall thank the friend that held
His rage suspended, and with joy shall hear
That Ariadne reigns the queen of Naxos;
Here rules with gentle sway a willing people,
And with her virtues dignifies a throne.

[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter PERIANDER, with Attendants.

Periander.

LET all with duty, with observance meet,
Wait on the princess: let the virgin train
With songs of rapture, and melodious airs
Try their best art; wake all the magic pow'r
Of harmony, to soothe that tender breast,
And with soft numbers lull each sense of pain,
I have beheld her, gaz'd on ev'ry charm,
And Ariadne triumphs in my heart.

Enter ARCHON.

Arc. A messenger from Athens waits your pleasure.

Perian. From Athens, say'st thou?

Arc. In the northern bay

His ship is moor'd. Theseus attends the stranger;
And both now crave an audience.

Perian. In apt time.

Their messenger arrives: when war impends,
Tidings from Athens are right welcome to me:
They breathe new vigour. Let the Greek approach.

Enter THESEUS and PERITHOUS.

The. Forgive the transports of a heart that swells
Above all bounds, when I behold my friend,
My gallant, gen'rous friend, the brave Perithous!
It glads my soul, thus to present before you
A chief renown'd in arms, the best of men,
My other self, the partner of my toils,
And my best guide to glory.

Perian. To the virtues

Of the brave chief my ear is not a stranger,
You come from Athens?

Perit. Scarce two days have pass'd

Since thence I parted. Through the realms of Greece
Fame spread at large th' adventures of my friend,

With Ariadne's glory, and the deed,
 The gen'rous deed, that snatch'd him from destruction ;
 How she conveyed him to this happy shore,
 How he has been receiv'd and shelter'd here.
 The men of Athens, sensibly alive
 To each fine motive, each exalted purpose,
 Have heard with gratitude. My feeble voice
 Would but degrade the sentiments that burn
 In ev'ry breast, with joy and rapture fir'd
 Warm with the best sensations of the heart,
 They pour their thanks, the tribute of their praise.

Perian. The praise that's offer'd by the sons of Greece,
 By that herioc, that enlighten'd race,
 Is the best meed fair virtue can receive.

Perit. That fair reward is yours : your worth demands it.
 To my brave friend Athens next points her care.

“ What crime is his ? Did he imbrue his hands
 “ In young Androgeus' blood ? Why should he fall
 “ To expiate the death of Minos' son ?
 “ Against the innocent who makes reprisals,
 “ And on the blameless head lets fall the sword,
 “ Offers up victims to his fell revenge.
 “ 'Tis murder, and not justice.

“ *Perian.* Righteous Heaven
 “ In th' hour of danger has watch'd o'er your friend,
 “ And he has triumph'd o'er their barb'rous rites,
 “ Their savage law, the stain of Minos' reign.”

Perit. Exulting now she pants for his return.
 In crowds her eager citizens go forth,
 And on the beach, and on the wave-worn cliff,
 O'er all the main rowl their desiring eyes,
 And ask of ev'ry ship that ploughs the deep,
 News of their hero. A whole people's voice
 Chose me their delegate, their faithful officer,
 To seek my friend, and bear him hence with speed
 Back to his native land.

Perian. The laws of Naxos
 To all are equal. None are here constrain'd
 None forced by violence, or lawless pow'r,
 To quit this safe, this hospitable shore.
 Theseus will use the rights of free-born men.
 'Tis his to give the answer.

The. For this goodness
 My heart o'erflows with more than words can speak.

Perit. All Greece will thank you.—Ariadne too—

Perian. How?—Ariadne, say'st thou?

Perit. With delight,
With admiration, with unbounded transport,
Athens has heard her gen'rous exploits;
Has heard, when Theseus on the Cretan shore
Arriv'd to glut their vengeance, how the tear
Bedew'd her cheek. She pitied his misfortunes,
And whom she snatch'd from death, she means to bless
With that rare beauty, and connubial love.

Perian. Ha! do'st thou come to sink me to a slave?
'Tis pride, 'tis arrogance makes this demand.
Must I obey the proud imperious mandate?
Bear Ariadne with you!—By yon' Heaven,
No pow'r on earth shall force her from the isle.—

“If thou presum'st again——”

“*Perit.* I never have,

“I never can presume——”

“*Perian.* 'Tis insolence!—

“Is this the praise? Are these the thanks you bring?

“Urge that request no more.—”

Perit. If to my words

You'll deign to lend a favourable ear——

“*Perian.* Say, on what law does Athens found a right

“To claim an alien princess?

“*Perit.* When her choice,

“Her gen'rous choice, the impulse of the heart,

“Inclines her will, you will not fetter freedom?”

Perian. Her father claims her:—dost thou vainly hope,

That Greece can silence his paternal rights?

Is that your errand?—Who commission'd thee?—

Is Theseus your adviser? and does he

Second this proud attempt?

The. No, Theseus never

Will plan, or counsel what may stain your honour.

Perit. Nor will he e'er forget,—I know him well—

I know his gratitude, his gen'rous warmth,

His constancy and truth—He'll ne'er forget

His vows of faithful love. The debt he owes

To Ariadne never can be paid.

Athens approves their union; tuneful bards

Prepare the tribute of immortal verse,

And white-rob'd virgins ev'n now are ready,

Where e'er she treads, to scatter at her feet

The blooming spring, and at the sacred altar

To hymn the bridal song.

The. Unthinking man!

This blind mistaken zeal will ruin all. [*Aside.*]

Perian. No more! I'll hear no more!—here break we off.

Proud Greek, forbear, nor wound again my ear
With terms of vile disgrace. Another word
Of yielding Ariadne, and by Heaven
The claims of Minos—His ambassador
Is here at hand; once more I'll give him audience.

And if again this outrage to my crown,—
If Theseus is found tampering in your plot,—
If you presume, by subtlety and fraud, [*To Theseus.*]

To mock my hopes, and after last night's conference,
Renounce your honour, my resentment rous'd

May do a deed to whelm you all in ruin;
Then, let your friend, when next he dares approach us,
Learn to respect a monarch, who disdains
A proud demand from the vain states of Greece. [*Exit.*]

Perit. The states of Greece, proud monarch! be assur'd,
Will vindicate their rights.—Ha!—why that look
Of wild dismay?—that countenance of sorrow?
Explain;—what means my friend?

The. Alas! you know not,
You little know the horror and despair
In which the hand of fate has plung'd my soul.

“*Perit.* And can despair oppress thee? can thy heart
“ Know that pale inmate? By our dangers past,
“ By all our wars, spite of this braggart king,
“ The beauteous Ariadne shall be thine.

“*The.* No more; no more of that:—I cannot speak—”

Perit. Those falt'ring accents, and those lab'ring sighs
Import some strange alarm.

“*The.* Oh! lead me hence,
“ To meet the fiercest monsters of the desert,
“ Rather than bear this conflict of the mind!

“*Perit.* Unfold this mystery.”—Those downcast eyes——

The. You have awaken'd Periander's fury.
Thy words have led me to a precipice,
And I stand trembling on the giddy brink.

Perit. From thence I'll lead thee to the peaceful vale,
To life and happiness.—And can you thus,
When all your country's wishes bless your name,
When Athens to promote your happiness——

The. They may mis-judge my happiness:—Alas!
I thank them:—little do they know of Theseus.

Perit. They know your virtues, your heroic ardour,
Your patriot toil in the great cause of Greece :
They know that honour in your breast has fix'd
Her sacred shrine : They know the gen'rous flame
That love has wak'd in Ariadne's breast,
And how, in gratitude, the bright idea
Must fire a soul like thine.————

The. Too deep, too deep
" Each accent pierces here.

[*Aside.*

" *Perit.* Those faithful arms
" Shall soon receive her."

The. You should not have claim'd her.

Perit. Not claim that excellence ! that rarest beauty——

" *The.* By that mistaken claim you've rais'd a storm
" That soon may burst in ruin on my head.
" You've fir'd to madness Periander's soul,
" And wounded me, here in the tend'rest nerve,
" That twines about the heart. For Ariadne"
Thy suit is vain, 'tis fruitless : urge no more.
Let me embark for Greece ; gain my dismissal ;
But for the princess, name her not : her liberty
The heart of Periander ne'er will grant :
No words that e'er were form'd will wring it from him.

Perit. Not grant her freedom ! not release her hence !
Should he refuse, all Greece will rise in arms :
One common cause will form the gen'rous league.
Soon Periander shall behold the ocean
White with the foam of twenty thousand ships ;
The Grecian phalanx posted on his hills,
And his defenceless island wrapt in flames.

The. Let Greece forget me, nor in such a cause
Unchain the fury of wide-wasting war.
Oh ! not for me such slaughter.

Perit. Think'st thou Greece
Will see thee torn from Ariadne's arms ?
From her who sacrific'd her all for thee ?
From her whose courage has brav'd ev'ry danger ;
Fled from her country, from her father's court,
To save her hero's life ? From her, whose beauty
Already is the praise of wond'ring Greece,
Surpassing all that lavish fancy forms.
I know the princess ; the revolving year
Has not yet clos'd it's round, since I beheld her
The pride, the glory of the Cretan dames.

“ That harmony of shape, that winning grace ;
 “ And when she moves, that dignity of mien !
 “ Those eyes, whose quick and inexpressive glance
 “ Brightens each feature, while it speaks the soul.”

The. Thou need’st not, oh ! my friend, thou need’st not point
 Her beauties to my heart,—Each charm is her’s,
 Softness and dignity in union sweet,
 And each exalted virtue. Nature form’d her
 The hero’s wonder, and the poet’s theme.

Perit. You shall not lose her, by yon’ Heaven you shall not.
 I’ll seek the king ; apprise him of his danger,
 Unmoor my ship, remeasure back the deep,
 And bring the fleets of Athens to his harbour.

“ *The.* It must not be ; no Periander’s soul
 “ Is firm, heroic, unsubdu’d by danger.
 “ His sudden rage, his irritated pride
 “ Will seal my doom : The deputies from Crete
 “ Are here to claim their victim : Periander sees
 “ Each charm, each grace of Ariadne’s form,
 “ And sends his rival hence to instant death.”

“ *Perit.* I can prevent him ; can elude his malice.
 “ This very night, when all is wrapt in darkness,
 “ Embark with me. The partner of your heart
 “ Shall be our lovely freight. I’ll bear her hence
 “ Far from the tyrant’s pow’r. I’ll lead, you both
 “ To Athens’ happy realm, the growing school
 “ Of laurell’d science, and each lib’ral art,
 “ Of laws, and polish’d life, where both may shine
 “ The pride, the lustre of a wond’ring world,
 “ Dear to each other, and to after-times
 “ The pattern of all truth and faithful love.”

The. Wretch that I am !—his ev’ry word presents
 My inward self, the horrors of my guilt.

[*Aside.*

Perit. Theseus,—that alter’d look,—those sighs renew’d !
 Some hoarded grief,——

The. Enquire no more but leave me.

Perit. I cannot, will not leave thee : tell me all.
 Some load of secret grief weighs on thy spirit.

The. There let it lodge, there swell, and burst my heart.

Perit. You terrify your friend : Why heaves that groan ?
 Why those round drops, just starting from thy eye,
 Which manhood combating forbids to fall ?

The. I see my guilt.

Perit. Your guilt !

The. I feel it all.

Perit. If there is ought that labours in thy breast——

The. Here, here it lies.

Perit. To me unbosom all.

The. Perithous, would'st thou think it?—Oh! my friend,
I owe to Ariadne more,—alas! much more
Than a whole life of gratitude can pay.
And yet——

Perit. Go on: unload thy inmost thoughts;
A friend may heal the wound.

The. Oh! no; thou'lt scorn me,
Abjure, detest, abhor me.—Wilt thou pardon
The frailties of a heart, that drives me on,
Endears the crime, and yet upbraids me still?
In me thou seest—who can controul his love?
In me thou seest——

Perit. Speak; what?

The. A perjur'd villain!

The veriest traitor, that e'er yet deceiv'd
A kind, a generous, a deluded maid;
And for his life preserv'd, for boundless love,
Can only answer with dissembling looks,
With counterfeited smiles, with fruitless thanks;
While with resistless charms another beauty——

Perit. Another! gracious pow'rs!

The. She kindles all
The passions of my soul; charms ev'ry sense,
And Phædra reigns the sov'reign of my heart.

Perit. Her sister Phædra!—“and does she aspire
“To guilty joys; Does she admit your love?”
Does she too join you in the impious league?
Will she thus wound a sister, and receive
A traitor, a deserter to her arms?

The. On me, on me let fall thy bitt'rest censure,
But blame her not.

Perit. Not blame her!—Who can hear
A tale like this, and not condemn you both?
Th' ungen'rous act will tarnish all your fame.

The. Forbear, my friend; the god of love inspir'd——

Perit. Some fiend, a foe to ev'ry generous instinct,
A foe to all that's fair, or great in man,
Infus'd the baleful poison through your soul.

The. The guilt is mine: But spare, oh! spare my Phædra,
A single glance from those love-beaming eyes
Inflames each thought, and hurries me to madness.

Hark! [*Soft music is heard*] Ariadne comes!—this way, my friend;
 Thou still canst serve me. With a lover's ardour
 The King beholds her, and with earnest suit
 He woos her to his throne. Let us retire;
 Thou still canst guide me through the maze of fate. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Soft Music is heard. Enter ARIADNE, with a train of Virgins.

“*1st. Vir.* Now, Ariadne, now, my royal mistress,
 “ Propitious fortune smiles; and from this day
 “ The gods prepare a smiling train of years.”

Ari. I thank you, Virgins; this kind of sympathy
 Shows you have hearts that feel another's bliss.

“ Oh! much I thank you, virgins; yet this day
 “ Dispels the clouds, that hover'd o'er my head.”
 Thou source of life, thou bright, thou radiant god,
 Who through creation pour'st thy flood of glory,
 All hail thy golden orb! “ Thou com'st to quell
 “ The howling blast, to bid the tempest cease,
 “ And after all the horrors of the night,
 “ To cheer the face of nature!—Oh! to me
 “ Thou com'st propitious, in thy bright career
 “ Leading thy festive train. The circling hours
 “ That smile with happier omens, as they pass
 “ Shedding down blessings from their balmy wings,
 “ Prepare thy way rejoicing; with thee come
 “ Bright Hope, and rose-lip'd Health, and pure delight,
 “ And love and joy, the sunshine of the soul.”

“*1st. Vir.* Be all your hours like this: may no misfortune
 “ O'ercloud the scene; and may you ne'er have cause
 “ To dim the lustre of those eyes in tears.”

Ari. Oh, from this day! From this auspicious day,

Theseus is mine; “ The godlike hero's mine,
 “ With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry laurel crown'd,
 “ The lover's softness, and the warrior's fire.
 “ A monarch now protects him; he has pledg'd
 “ His Royal word—But O, my love!”

Swift as some God, that mounts the viewless winds,
 And cleaves the liquid air, thou should'st have flown
 To tell me all, to bless me with thy presence,
 And bid the news more joyful touch my ear,
 Rais'd and endear'd by that enchanting tongue.

“ Why does he loiter thus?”

“*1st. Vir.* His friends from Greece
 “ Perhaps detain him.”

“ *Ari.* “Oh! it must be so,
 “ And without cause I chide his ling’ring stay.
 “ A ship from Greece to claim us! mighty gods!
 “ When your displeasure smote me, when your wrath,
 “ Severely just, gave to my trembling lip
 “ The cup of bitterness, to your high will
 “ I bow’d in reverence down; I bore it all,
 “ For Theseus’ sake, I bore it all with patience;
 “ And ’mid’st our sorrows, with a dawn of gladness
 “ I sooth’d his wounded spirit; teach me now,
 “ Oh! teach me how to bear this tide of joy,
 “ Nor with excess of bounty try too much
 “ A heart that melts, that languishes with love.”

Enter PHAEDRA.

Ari. Oh! Phædra, why this long, unkind delay?
 The gods restore my Theseus to my arms.

Phæ. If the protecting gods from Theseus’ head
 Ward off th’ impending blow, none more than Phædra
 Will feel the gen’ral joy. But still my fears——

Ari. Suppress them all. Theseus has nought to fear.
 But where, where is he? whither has he wander’d?

Say, tell me all, and speak to me of Theseus.

In vain I ask it. “ Though his name delights
 “ My list’ning ear, yet you will never charm me
 “ With the lov’d praises of the godlike man.”

On Periander’s name you often dwell,
 In strains, that in a heart not touch’d like mine,
 Might stir affection.—Not a word of Theseus:
 Why silent thus?—it is unkind reserve.

Alas, my sister, thy unruffled temper
 Knows not the tender luxury of love,
 That joys to hear the object it adores
 Approv’d, admir’d of all, when ev’ry tongue
 Grows lavish in his praise, then, then, with ecstasy
 The heart runs over and with pride we listen.

Phæ. I have been just to Theseus; never wrong’d him.
 His fame in arms has fill’d the nations round;
 And purple victory in fields of death
 For him has often turn’d the doubtful scale.

Ari. Unkind, ungen’rous praise! Has no one told you
 His brave exploits? the number of his battles?
 But who can count them? Fame exalts her trump,
 Delighted with his name to swell the note;

And victory exulting claps her wings,
Still proud to follow, where he leads the way.

Phæ. So fame reports.—With what unbounded rage
Her passions kindle.—She alarms my fears.

[*Aside.*]

Ari. Why that averted look? Of late, my sister,
Of late I've mark'd thee with dejected mien,
Pensive and sad.—If aught of discontent
Weighs on thy heart, disclose it all to me.
“In ev'ry state of life, in all conditions,”
With thee I have unloaded ev'ry secret,
Fled to your arms, and sigh'd forth all my care.

Phæ. Does Ariadne think my love abated?

Ari. No, Phædra, no; I harbour no mistrust.
I know thy virtues:—We grew up together,
Knit in the bands of love. No op'ning grace
That sparkled in thy eye, or dawn'd in mine,
Could prompt the little passions of our sex.
We heard each other's praise, and envy slept.
And sure had Theseus, though with boundless ardour
I now must love him, to distraction love him;
Yet if my Theseus had first fix'd on thee,
I could, I think I could, have seen you happy
In his loved arms, and hero as he is
I had resign'd him to you.—Why that sigh,
Phædra? why fall those tears?

Phæ. Forgive your sister,
If still she fears for thee—Her ev'ry look,
Each word she utters pierces to my heart.

[*Aside.*]

Ari. Speak, tell me why is this? why thus alarm me?
I never had a thought conceal'd from thee.

Enter THESEUS and PERITHOUS.

Ari. Oh! Theseus, in thy absence ev'ry moment
Was counted with a sigh. “Support me, help me;
“For I am faint with bliss.”

“*The.* Revive, revive;
“Recall thy fleeting strength. Your counsels, Phædra,
“Will best assist her; your persuasive voice
“Will charm her sense, and banish all her cares.

“*Phæ.* At his lov'd sight, what new emotions rise!” [*Aside.*]

The. My friend Perithous from the realms of Greece—

Ari. Perithous here! the messenger from Athens!
When last you sojourn'd at my father's court;
(The sun has circled since his annual round)

I well remember you, admir'd of all.
Men heard and praised the wonder of your friendship
"For Theseus, then a stranger to those eyes,
"But since beheld, and ah! beheld to charm
"The heart of Ariadne!—you come now
"To succour our distress."

Perit. In evil hour

I sail'd from Greece. Would I had ne'er embark'd.

Ari. My heart dies in me.—Say what new event
Theseus explain, and tell me, tell me all.

The. Oh! I was born to be th' unceasing curse
Of Ariadne's life; still, still indebted,
Unable to repay.

Ari. Thou generous man!

To hear those sounds, and view thee thus before me,
O'er pays me now for all my sufferings past.

Enter ARCHON.

Arc. Theseus, on matters of some new concern,
To me unknown, your presence is required.
'Tis Periander's order.

The. I obey.

Ari. What may this mean? yet, Theseus, ere you go—

The. My friend will tell each circumstance; from him
You'll calmly hear it all. And may his voice,
Soft as the breeze that pants in eastern groves
Approach your ear, and sooth your thoughts to peace.

[*Exit with* Archon.]

Ari. The gods will watch thy ways, and Periander
Has promis'd still to shield thy suffering virtue.

Phæ. I dread some mischief: Ariadne, here
Wait my return: I'll follow to the palace,
And bring the earliest tidings of his fate.

[*Exit.*]

Ari. My heart is chill'd with fear. What dark event—
Can Periander—no; dishonour never
Will stain his name.—And yet that awful pause!
Those looks with grief overwhelm'd!

Perit. Yes, grief indeed
Sits heavy at my heart.—

Ari. Reveal the cause;
Give me to know the worst. This dread suspense—

Perit. Oh! that in silence I could ever bide
From you, from all, and in oblivion bury
What here is lodg'd, and shakes my soul with horror!

Ari. With horror ! wherefore ? is not Theseus safe ?
Does not his country claim him ? Does not Greece
With open arms expect him ? Does not Athens
Send you with orders to demand us both ?

Perit. From thence your dangers rise : the sons of Athens,
A quick, inconstant, fluctuating race—

Ari. Yet ever wise, heroic, gen'rous brave,
All soul, all energy. Do they oppose
Our nuptial union ? Do they still retain
Their old hostility ? Do they exclude
An alien princess from the throne of Athens ?
If such their will, take, take the sov'reign sway,
'Th' imperial diadem, the pomp of state :
Let Theseus to his father's rights succeed,
And reign alone ; make me his wedded wife ;
'Tis all I ask ; " the Gods can grant no more."
Thrones, sceptres, grandeur ! love can scorn you all.

Perit. Unhappy Theseus ! by disastrous fate
Doom'd to betray such excellence ; to see
The fairest gift of Heaven, and spurn it from him.

[*Afide.*]

Ari. You answer not : speak and resolve my doubts.
Pity a heart, too tenderly alive,
And wild with fear, " that throbs, that aches like mine.
Thy pure, exalted mind will tower above
The arts of mean equivocating phrase.
You'll not deceive a fond, a faithful woman.

Perit. None should deceive you ; none. You will forgive
My hesitating fears. I would not wound
That tender frame with aught that may alarm you.
For thee my mind misgives : the fear that awes me
Pays homage to your virtue.

Ari. And does Greece
Reject the love I proffer ?

Perit. No, all Greece
Reveres your honour'd name : Th' Athenian state
By me demands your liberty. In terms
Of earnest import I have urg'd their claim ;
But Periander,—to his ardent spirit
You are no stranger.—He no sooner heard
The name of Ariadne, than with fiercest rage—
Perhaps you know the cause—with high disdain
He spurn'd at the demand. Some hidden motive—
'Tis love perhaps—you will forgive my boldness—
'Tis love, perhaps, that prompts the stern reply
Should I presume once more to urge the claim,

Theseus that moment must embark for Crete.
 So says the king : he will not brook a rival.
 You'll see you lover torn by ruffians from you ;
 You'll see the ship bound swiftly o'er the waves ;
 In vain you'll shriek ; in vain extend your arms,
 And call on Theseus lost !

Ari. That savage purpose
 The soul of Periander will disdain.

Perit. What will not love persuade ? love made you fly
 Your father's court ; and love may teach a monarch
 To break all bonds, and tow'r above the laws.

Ari. If this be what alarms you——

Perit. Theseus' life
 Once more depends on thee.——

Ari. To save that life
 Is there an enterprise, a scene of danger,
 That Ariadne will not dare to meet ?

Perit. Your wond'rous daring on the wings of fame
 Has reached the nations round. But now, alas !
 One only way is left.

Ari. Direct me to it.

Perit. To Periander lend a gracious ear.
 For thee he sighs ; for thee his vows ascend.
 His throne awaits thee ; the imperial crown——

Ari. Sir, do you know me ?

“ *Perit.* Princess here to reign
 “ In this fair island——

“ *Ari.* Do you know the spirit
 “ That rules this breast, and o'er informs my soul ?”
Perit. Forgive the zeal that prompts me to this office.
 The king intensely loves ; and in a base,
 Degen'rate world, from which all truth is fled,
 He still may faithful prove to worth like thine.
 Consult with Theseus : he can best advise you.

Ari. Consult with Theseus ! ask his kind consent,
 That I may prove a traitress to my vows !

Resign my Theseus !

*With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry laurel crown'd,
 The lover's softness, and the warrior's fire.——*

Sir, for this counsel, for this gen'rous care,
 Accept my thanks.—“ You are too much alarm'd—
 “ Resign my Theseus !—Oh, the gods have form'd him
 “ With ev'ry virtue that adorns the hero !
 “ With valour, to incite the soldier's wonder ;
 “ With ev'ry grace to charm the heart of woman.

“ Oh! none will rival him. ’Twill be the pride
“ Of Periander, ’tis his highest glory,
“ That Theseus fled for shelter to his throne,
“ And met protection here.”

Perit. I’ve been to blame.

Perhaps I urge too far :—Princess, farewell !

May the benignant gods watch all your ways.

[*Exit.*

Ari. Your fears are vain ; each gloomy cloud shall vanish,

Or, ting’d with orient beams of smiling fortune,

With added lustre gild our various day ;

While o’er our heads Hymen shall wave his torch,

Sooth all our cares, and brighten every joy.

[*Excunt.*

ACT III. , SCENE I.*Enter ARIADNE and THESEUS.**Ariadne.*

OH, look not thus! "those eyes that glare so pale,"
 Those sighs that heave as they would burst your heart,
 Affright my soul, and kill me with despair.
 Oh! banish all thy doubts, and let those eyes
 Smile, as when first they beam'd their softness on me.

"*The.* Alas! I'm doom'd to mourn; my thread of life

"Was steep'd in tears, and must for ever run

"Black and discolour'd with the worst of woes.

"*Ari.* Can thy great heart thus shrink, appall'd with fear?

"Theseus, I never saw thee thus before."

The. Our days of rapture and of promis'd joy
 Far hence are fled.

"*Ari.* No, on their rosy wings

"The hours of joy and ever new delight

"Come smiling on. Is this a time for fear,

"When all is gay serenity around us,

"And fortune opens all her brightest scenes?

"*The.* Too soon that scene, with low'ring clouds deform'd,

"Will show the sad reverse." You little know

How Periander with resistless fury

Breaks through all bounds. His passions scorn restraint

And what he wills, his vehemence of soul

Pursues with fierce, with unremitting ardour.

To his wild fury all must yield obedience.

Ari. His reign has ever been both mild and just.

Fair virtue, like some god that rules the storm,

Still calms the warring elements within him;

And moderation with her golden curb

Guides all his actions.

The. Yet there is an impulse,

Which with the whirlwind's unresisted rage,

Roots up each virtue, and lays waste the soul.

Love reigns a lawless tyrant in his heart.

For thee he sighs; and sure that matchless beauty

May well inflame the passions of a prince,

Who with a diadem can deck thy brow.

Ari. Too well he knows the ties that bind us both.
Knows you're all truth, all constancy and love.
He knows the flame my virgin sighs have own'd ;
Knows that for thee I left my native land,
Fled from my friends, and from my father's palace,
And gave up all for thee. And thinks he now
His throne, his diadem, his purple pomp,
Have charms of power to lure me from thy arms ?
He knows his vows are lost in air : Thy heart
Is Ariadne's throne.

The. " His fiercest passions
" Break forth at once, like the deep cavern'd fire.
" All ties, all tender motives must give way.
His resolution's fix'd." Alas ! this very day,
Unless for ever I renounce thy love,
His jealous rage sends me hence bound in chains,
To die a victim on the Cretan shore.

Ari. He will not dare it ; no, so black an outrage
His heart will ne'er conceive. Should he persist,
Should malice goad him on. I too can fly
This barb'rous shore ; with unextinguish'd love
Through every region, every clime attend thee ;
Follow your fortunes, if the fates ordain it,
Ev'n to my father's court ; there prostrate fall,
And clasp his hand, and bathe it with my tears,
Nor cease with vehemencè of grief to melt him,
Till he release thee to these circling arms,
" Approve my choice, and show thee to the people,
" The adopted heir, the rising sun of Crete."

The. By yielding me, his rival is destroy'd ;
And by that act his proud ambition hopes
To sooth your father's irritated pride,
And mould him to his wish.

Ari. Can Periander
Harbour that black intent ? " and does he mean
" To prove at first a villain and a murderer,
" And then aspire to Ariadne's love ?"
No, Theseus, no ; he will not stoop so vilely :
I've heard you oft' commend him ; oft' my sister
Employs whole hours with rapture in his praise.
He is her constant theme. Her partial voice
Ev'n above thine exalts his fav'rite name.
" She dwells on each particular ; in peace

" His milder virtues, his great fame in arms :
 " How, when he talks, fond admiration listens :
 " And each bright princess hears him, and adores.
 " *The.* Not envy's self, howe'er his pride inflam'd
 " May deal with me, can overshadow his glory.
 " Renown in war is his ; the softer virtues
 " Of mild humanity adorn his name.
 " The polish'd arts of peace, and every muse
 " Attune to finer sentiments his soul.
 " His throne is fix'd upon the firmest basis
 " Of wisdom, and of justice. There to shine
 " The partner of his heart, his soft associate
 " In that bright scene of glory, well may prompt
 " In ev'ry neighbouring state the virgin's sigh,
 " And wake the ambition of each monarch's daughter.
 " *Ari.* The strain, the rapture that to me in secret
 " My sister Phædra pours the live-long day,
 " Enamour'd of his name ! Perchance you've heard her,
 " And mark'd the heaving sigh, and seen the blush
 " That glow'd with conscious crimson on her cheek."
 Oh ! if she cherishes the tender flame,
 " With maiden coyness veil'd, and pines in love,"
 Beauty like her's may fire a monarch's heart,
 And Periander, without shame or guilt,
 Without a crime, may woe her to his arms.
 To see her happy, to behold my Phædra
 Crown'd with a monarch's and a people's love,
 Would be the pride of Ariadne's heart.
The. Oh, it were misery, the worst of woes.
Ari. Why do you start ? why that averted look ?
 If you approve their nuptials, freely tell me :
 With Periander I can plead her cause,
 Paint forth each charm of that accomplish'd mind,
 " 'Till the king glow with rapture at the sound."
The. Oh, this would plunge me in the worst despair !
 It must not be !—Has not Perithous told you——
Ari. Perithous is your friend.—Perhaps to draw
 The tie still closer, you would see him bless'd
 In Phædra's arms.—Tell me your inmost thoughts.
 If such your will, what will I not attempt
 To sooth to dear delight a mind like thine ?
 Phædra will listen to me ; mutual love
 Has so endear'd us, from our tend'rest years
 " Has so increas'd, and with our growth kept pace,"

[*Aside.*][*Aside.*]

That we have had one wish, one heart, one mind.—
 My voice with Phædra will have all the power
 Of soft persuasion : her exalted merit
 Will bless your friend and brighten all his days.

The. Oh, the bare image fires my brain to madness ! [*Aside.*
 Alas ! this dream of happiness——

Ari. What means

That sudden cloud ? and why that lab'ring sigh ?
 Oh, let my sister to Perithous' vows
 Yield her consent, and bless him with her beauty :
 Together then we'll seek the realms of Greece ;
 There in sweet union see our growing loves
 Spring with new rapture, share each other's bliss,
 And by imparting multiply our joys.

Enter ARCHON.

Arc. With thee, fair princess, Periander craves
 Another interview : He enters now
 The palace garden.

Ari. Does he there require
 My presence ?

Arc. Where you deign to give him audience,
 He will attend you.

The. " It were best go forth."

His virtues claim respect ; and Oh, remember
 My fate, my happiness on thee depend.

Ari. Trust Ariadne, trust your fate with me.

Arc. The Cretan princess, with resistless passion
 Inflames his fierce desires. My boding fears
 Foresee some dire event.

The. A glance from her
 Will sooth his rage, and all may still be well.
 When love resistless fires the noble mind,
 Th' effects, though sudden, from that gen'rous source,
 Are oft' excus'd ; the errors of our nature,
 The tender weakness of the human heart.

Arc. Errors that influence the public weal,
 His rank prohibits.—" Let his vices be
 " (If vices he must have) obscure and private,
 " Unfelt by men, leaving no trace behind.
 " It were unjust, that his unbounded fury
 " Should tear thee from the arms of her you love."

The. " But when a monarch"——Ha ! Perithous comes.

Enter PERITHOUS.

Perit. Theseus, I fought thee.—Archon, does your king
Relent? or must confed'rate Greece send forth
Her fleets and armies to support her rights?

Arc. The miseries of war my feeble voice
Shall labour to prevent. Theseus, farewell.
Archon is still your friend. With Ariadne,
Ere long, I trust, you may revisit Greece.

[*Exit.*

The. With her revisit Greece! Why all this zeal
For Ariadne? Who has tamper'd with him?
Why not convey her to her father's court?
Why not invite her to the throne of Naxos?
Why all this busy, this officious care
To torture me? to foil his sovereign's love?
To send far hence the idol of his heart,
And blend her fate with mine?

Perit. Her fate with thine
So close is blended, nothing can divide them.
Truth, honour, justice, gratitude combine
Each tender sentiment; they form a chain,
An adamant chain, indissoluble, firm,
And strong as that which from the throne of Jove
Hangs down to draw to harmony and union
This universal frame.

The. Is this my friend?

Perit. Your friend, who scorns to flatter;
Who dares avow th' emotions of his heart.
Oh! Theseus, we have long together walked
The paths of virtue, upright, firm in honour;
And shall we now decline? and shall we now
With fraud, with perfidy, with blackest perfidy,
For ever damn our names?

The. This stern reproof
"Is not the language the time now demands.
" 'Tis thine, my friend, to soften my distress;
" To pour the balm of comfort o'er my sorrows,
" And sooth the anguish of a wounded mind.
" Oh! step between me and the keen reproaches
" Of injur'd beauty; save me from myself;
" From Ariadne save me!

Perit. Is it thus,
" Oh! rash deluded man!" and is it thus
With high disdain you spurn that rarest beauty,
That fond, believing, unsuspecting fair?

“ *The.* Have you not painted to her dazzled fancy
 “ The splendor of a throne, that here awaits her ?
 “ *Perit.* So generous, so unbounded is her love,
 “ She seeks but thee, thee only. Pomp and splendor
 “ Are toys that sink, and fade away before her.

“ *The.* Then tell her all the truth : tell her at once,
 “ Another flame is kindled in my heart,
 “ And fate ordains she never can be mine.

“ *Perit.* Will that become Perithous ? that the task
 “ Thy friendship would impose ? Must I proclaim
 “ To th’ astonished world, my friend’s dishonour ?
 “ Must I with cruelty, with felon purpose,
 “ Approach that excellence, that beauteous form,
 “ And for her gen’rous love, for all her virtue,
 “ Fix in her tender breast the sharpest pang,
 “ With which ingratitude can stab the heart ?”

The. Why wilt thou goad me thus ? ’tis cruelty ;
 ’Tis malice in disguise.—Forbear, forbear ;
 Assist your friend in the soft cause of love,
 Involuntary love, that hold’s enslaved
 The fetter’d will.

Perit. Involuntary love !
 Beware, beware of the deceitful garb
 That vice too oft’ assumes.—There’s not a purpose
 Prompting to evil deeds, that dares appear
 In it’s own native form. The first approach,
 With bland allurements, with insidious mien,
 Wears the delusive ’semblance of some virtue.
 The Siren spreads her charms, and fancy lends
 Her thousand hues to deck the lurking crime.
 Opinion changes ; ’tis no longer guilt ;
 ’Tis amiable weakness, generous frailty,
 Involuntary error. On we rush
 By fatal error led, and thus the language,
 The sophistry of vice deludes us all.

The. Perithous, ’tis in vain : in vain you strive,
 By subtle maxims, and by pedant reasoning
 To talk down love, and mould it to your will.
 It rages here like a close pent-up fire ;
 And think’st thou tame advice can check it’s course,
 And soothe to rest the fever of the soul ?

Perit. And wilt thou thus, by one ungen’rous deed,
 Blast all thy laurels, and give up at once
 To shame and infamy thy honour’d name ?

The. Woul’dst thou destroy my peace of mind for ever ?

Perit. I would preserve it. Would'st thou still enjoy
Th' attesting suffrage of the conscions heart?
The road is plain and level: live with honour.
Be all your deeds, such as become a man:
'Tis that alone can give th' unclouded spirit,
The pure serenity of inward peace.
All else is noisy fame; the giddy shout
Of gazing multitudes, that soon expires,
And leaves our laurels, and our martial glory
To wither and decay: By after times
The roar of fond applause no more is heard.
The triumph ceases, and the hero then
Fades to the eye: the faithless man remains.

The. Was it for this you spread your sails from Greece?
To aggravate my sorrows?—If a monarch
Woes Ariadne to his throne and bed;
If I resign her to imperial splendor,
Where is my guilt? Why will she not accept
The bright reward, that waits to crown her virtues?

Perit. Because, like thee, she is not prone to change.

The. Why, cruel, why thus pierce my very soul?

Perit. Because, like thee, she knows not to betray.

The. Disastrous fate! And would'st thou have me fly
From Phædra's arms? By every solemn vow,
By every sacred tie, by love itself,
My heart is her's. She is my only source
Of present bliss, my best, my only earnest
Of future joy; the idol of my soul.
Should I desert her, can invention find,
'Midst all her stores, a tint of specious colouring
To varnish the deceit?

Perit. It wants no varnish,
No specious colouring. Plain honest truth
Will justify the deed. With open firmness
Go, talk with Phædra: tell her with remorse
Conscience has shown the horrors of your guilt.
Tell her the vows, you breathe to Ariadne,
Were heard above, recorded by the gods.
Tell her if still she spreads her fatal lure,
She takes a perjur'd traitor to her arms,
Practis'd in fraud, who may again deceive.
Tell her, with equal guilt, nor less abhor'd,
She joins to rob a sister of her rights.
Tell her that Greece——

The. No more; I'll here no more.

Assist my love ; 'tis there I ask your aid.

Forget my fame ; it is not worth my care.

Perit. Then, go, rush on, devoted to destruction.

Let Hymen kindle his unhallow'd torch,

Clasp'd in each other arms enjoy your guilt.

Renounce all sacred honour ; add your name

To the bright list of those illustrious worthies,

Who have seduc'd, by vile insidious arts,

The fond affections of the gen'rous fair ;

And in return for all her wondrous goodness,

Leave the fair mourner to deplore her fate ;

To pine in solitude, and die at length

Of the slow pangs that rend the broken heart.

The. Oh! fortune, fortune!—wherefore was I born

With a great heart, that loves, that honours virtue,

And yet thus fated to be passion's slave?

Perit. 'Tis but one effort, and you tower above

The little frailties that debase your nature.

That were true victory, worth all your conquests.

You triumph o'er yourself. And lo! behold

Th' occasion offers.—Ariadne comes!

The. I must not see her now.

Perit. By heaven, you shall!

The. Off, loose your hold. Confusion, shame, and horror,

Rage and despair, distract and rend my soul.

'Tis you have fixed these scorpions in my breast.

Perit. And yet——

[holding him.

The. No more ; let midnight darkness hide me

In some deep cave, where I may dwell with madness,

Far from the world, far from a friend like thee.

[Exit.

Perit. Misguided man! my friendship still shall save him.

Ari. Stay, Theseus, stay: does he avoid my presence?

Why with that haste, that wild disorder'd look—

Perit. 'Tis now the moment of suspended fate:

The gods assembled hold th' uplifted balance,

And my friend's peace, all that is dear, or sacred,

His fame and honour,——

Ari. The gods protect him still: you need not fear.

All danger flies before him.

Perit. While the king

Detains him here, he knows to what excess

A monarch's love——

Ari. Does that alarm his fear?

And does he therefore fly?—Ungen'rous Theseus!

And is it thus you judge of Ariadne?

And yet, Perithous, I will not upbraid him.
 His tender sensibility of heart
 Too quickly takes th' alarm : yet that alarm
 Shows with what strong sollicitude he loves ;
 My tears prevail, and he may sail for Greece.
 This very moment Periander granted——
 See, where he comes : he will confirm it all.

Perit. It were not fit he should behold me here.
 When apt occasion serves, we'll meet again.
 A heart like your's, with every virtue fraught,
 Should be no more deceiv'd. I now withdraw.

[*Exit.*

Ari. Go tell my Theseus all his fears are vain.
 In love, as well as war, he still must triumph.

Perian. If once again I trouble your retreat,
 Deem me not, princess, too importunate,
 Nor with indignant scorn reject a heart,
 That throbs in every vein for you alone.

Ari. Scorn in your presence, sir, no mind can feel.
 Far other sentiments your martial glory,
 And the mild feelings of your gen'rous nature,
 Excite in every breast. The crown you wear,
 From virtue's purest ray derives it's lustre.
 Your subjects own a father in their king.
 " Beneath your sway the wretched ever find
 " A sure retreat. At Periander's court
 " All hearts rejoice : here mis'ry dries her tear."
 To me your kind humanity has given
 It's best protection. " For the gen'rous act
 " My heart o'erflows : these tears attest my thanks."
 Each day beholds me bow to you with praise,
 Respect, and gratitude.

Perian. And must respect,
 Fruitless respect, and distant cold regard,
 Be all my lot? Has Heaven no other bliss
 In store for me? unhappy royalty!
 Condemn'd to shine in solitary state,
 With no fond tenderness of mutual love,
 To sooth the heart, and sweeten all it's cares
 " Without the soft society of love."

Ari. For thee the gods reserve sublimer joys,
 " The happiness supreme of serving millions."
 'Tis your's, in war to guard a people's rights;
 In peace, to spread one common bliss to all,
 And feel the raptures of that best ambition.
 " Mankind demands you : glory is your call."

Perian. Ambition is the phrenzy of the soul;
 The fierce insatiate avarice of glory,
 That wades through blood, and marks it's way with ruin:
 And when it's toils are o'er, what then remains,
 But to look back through wide dispeopled realms?
 Where nature mourns o'er all the dreary waste,
 And hears the widows', and the orphans' shrieks,
 And sees each laurel wither at the groans,
 And the deep curses of a ruin'd people.
 Vain efforts all! vain the pursuit of glory,
 Unless bright beauty arm us for the field,
 Hail our return, enhance the victor's prize,
 And love reward what love itself inspir'd.

Ari. The vast renown, that spread such lustre round you,
 " Like the bright sun, that dims all meaner rays,
 " And makes a desert in the blue expanse,
 " Will never want uplifted wondering eyes
 " To gaze upon it." From the neighb'ring states
 Some blooming virgin, some illustrious princess
 Will yield with rapture to a monarch's love,
 Proud of a throne, which virtue has adorn'd.

Perian. That pow'r, is your's: one kind indulgent glance,
 One smile, the harbinger of soft consent,
 Has bliss in store beyond the reach of fortune,
 Beyond ambition's wish.

Ari. Your pardon, sir,
 I must not hear you sigh, and sigh in vain:
 Look round your isle, where in it's fairest forms,
 In all it's winning graces, beauty decks
 Your splendid court. Amidst the radiant train,
 If none has touch'd your heart, may I presume—
 Perhaps you'll think mine a too partial voice—
 If none attract you, see where Phædra shines
 In every grace, in each attractive charm
 Of outward form, and dignity of mind.
 Her rare perfections, her unequall'd virtue.
 " The mild affections of her gen'rous heart,"
 Her friendship firm, in ev'ry instance tried,
 Transcend all praise. " In her pure virgin breast
 " Love never kindled yet his secret flame.
 " Your voice may wake desires unfelt before:"
 With pride she'll listen, and may crown your vows
 With all th' endearments of a love sincere,
 And with her softer lustre grace your throne.

Perian. Why, cruel, torture me with cold disdain?
 With thee to reign were Periander's glory.

Ari. Oh, not for me that glory! well you know
This heart already is another's right.

Perian. There lies the precipice on which you tread.
By your own hand 'tis cover'd o'er with flow'rs:
Your fall will first discover it.

Ari. Those words
Dark and mysterious——

“*Perian.* It were not fit
“ That fond credulity should lead you on,
“ In gay delusion, and in errors maze.”——
The base deceiver——

Ari. Who?—what dost thou mean?
“*Perian.* I mean to save you from his treach'rous arts;
“ To place you on a throne, beyond his reach,
“ Where foul ingratitude will see her shafts
“ Fall pow'rless at your feet.
“*Ari.* Cold tremors shoot,——

“ I know not why,—through all my trembling frame.”——
Perian. Tender, sincere, and generous yourself,
You little know the arts of faithless man.

Ari. Explain; unfold;—you freeze my soul with horror.

Perian. Beware of Theseus!

Ari. How! of Theseus, saidst thou?

Perian. Were I this day to send him hence a victim,
(And you alone—your tears suspend my purpose)
'Twere vengeance due to perfidy like his.

Ari. The viper-tongue of slander wrongs him, Sir.
Too well I know his worth:—my heart's at peace.

Perian. With fond enchantment the gay firen hope
Has lur'd you, on a calm unruffled sea,
To trust a smiling sky and flatt'ring gales.
Too soon you'll see that sky deform'd with clouds;
Too soon you'll wonder at the gath'ring storm,
And look aghast at the deep lurking ruin,
Where all your hopes must perish.

Ari. Still each word
Is wrapt in darkness:—end this dread suspense,
Or else my flatt'ring soul will soon forsake me,
And leave me at your feet a breathless corse.

Perian. A former flame—restrain that wild surprise;
Summon your strength:—I speak his very words:
A former flame, kindled long since in Greece,
“ Preys on his heart with slow consuming fires.”

Ari. Does this become a monarch? Can your pride
Thus lowly stoop, thus with a tale suborn'd
To tempt the honour of this faithful breast?

Perian. By ev'ry pow'r that views the heart of man,
And dictates moral thoughts, 'tis truth I utter.
Last night, admitted to a private audience,
He own'd it all; renounc'd your love for ever;
Gave up his fair pretensions.—Ariadne,
Your colour changes, and the gushing tear
Starts from your trembling eye.—

Ari. The very thought——
Though sure it cannot be,—the very thought
Strikes to my heart like the cold hand of death.

Perian. If still you doubt, go charge him with his guilt:
He will allow it all.

Ari. And if he does,
Oh, what a change in one disastrous day!

Perian. Your fate now calls for firm decisive measures.
I will no longer urge th' ungrateful subject.
I leave you to collect your flutt'ring spirits.
I would not see your gen'rous heart deceived—
His guilt should rouse your noblest indignation.
Now you may prove the greatness of your soul.

[Exit.

Ari. "If this be so,—if Theseus can be false,
"Is there on earth a wretch so curs'd as I am?"—
A former flame!—ha! think no more—that thought,
With ruin big, shoots horror to my brain.
A former flame "still rages in his soul.—
"So said the king."—Who is the fatal fair?
"Where, in what region does she hide her charms?"
Was it for her I sav'd him from destruction?
For her rebell'd against my father's power?
To give to her all that my heart adores?
Can Theseus thus!—no, "yonder sun will sooner
"Start from his orbit."—Yet wherefore shun my presence?
Why all this day that stern, averted look?
I'm torn, distracted, tortur'd with these doubts;
And where, Oh, where to fix!—I think him still
All truth, all honour, tenderness and love.
And yet Perithous——it is all too plain;
All things conspire; all things inform against him.
"He will avow it!"—Let me seek him straight,
Unload my breast, and charge him with my wrongs;
With indignation harrow up his soul;
Tell all I've heard, all that distracts my brain;
Pour forth my rage, pour forth my fondness too,
And perhaps prove him innocent at last.

ACT IV. SCENE I.*Enter ARIADNE.**Ariadne.*

" **W**HERE, Ariadne, where are now the hours
 " That, wing'd with rapture, chas'd each other's flight,
 " In one gay round of joy?—Where now the hopes,
 " That promis'd years of unextinguish'd love?"—
 'Tis past;—the dream is fled;—" the sun grows dim;
 " Fair day-light turns to darkness;"—all within me
 Is desolation, horror, and despair.—
 And are his vows, breath'd in the face of heav'n,
 " Are all his oaths at once dispers'd in air?"
 Those eyes, whose glance sent forth the melting soul,
 Were they too false?—" The tears, with which he oft"
 " Bedew'd his bosom, were they taught to feign?
 " He shuns me still: where does he lurk conceal'd?"—
 In all our haunts, in each frequented grove,
 (Ah! groves too conscious of the traitor's vows!)
 In vain I've sought him.—Does this hated rival,
 Has she seduc'd him to her am'rous parley?
 Gods! does she see him smile, and hear that voice?
 And does he sigh, and languish at her feet,
 Enamour'd gaze, and twine those arms around her?
 " Hold, traitor, hold; the gods forbid your love:—
 " Those looks, those smiles are mine!—Deluded maid!
 " Mine are those vows, that fond embrace is mine."
 Horror! distraction!—Still 'tis but surmise
 That with these shadowings makes me tremble thus.
 I still may wrong him:—Periander's fraud——
 " 'Tis he abuses my too credulous ear.
 " The tale may be suborn'd:—I'll not believe it.—
 " Lost Ariadne! you believe too much.
 " Where, where is Phædra? her unwearied friendship
 " May still avert my ruin: she may find
 " The barbarous man, and melt his heart to pity.
 " And yet she comes not."—Ha! Perithous here!—
 He knows the worst:—he can pronounce my doom.

Enter PERITHOUS.

Perit. Forgive me, princess, with officious zeal
If I one more intrude. The time no longer
Admits of wav'ring, hesitating doubt.
The king, enfetted in the chains of love,
Reject the claims of Greece. If hence you part,
You must, with Theseus, steer your course for Crete.
His resolution's fix'd.

Ari. Does Theseus know
Th' impending danger?—have you seen your friend?

Perit. His great heart labours with a war of passions
Too big for utterance. In the soldier's eye
The silent tear stood trembling. Strong emotions
Convulsd his frame. He knows your ev'ry virtue,
And rails in grief, in bitterness of soul,
At his hard fate, and each malignant planet,
That leaves him empty praise, and fruitless thanks,
The only sad return he now can make.

Ari. Thanks! unavailing thanks!—You need not come
To add to misery this sharpest pang.
Love in this breast is not a vulgar flame,
The mere compliance of a will resign'd;
'Tis gen'rous ecstasy, 'tis boundless ardour.
A heart, that feels like mine, will not be paid
With cold acknowledgments, and fruitless thanks;
Mere gratitude is perfidy in love.

Perit. Your bright perfections were his fav'rite theme:
“ He sees your days, that shone serenely bright,
“ Discolour'd now with sorrows not your own.
“ He sees you following, with unwearied steps,
“ One on whom fortune has not yet exhausted
“ Her stores of mailce;—whom the gods abandon.—

Ari. Whom justice, truth, and honour all abandon!”

Perit. It grieves him, Ariadne, much it grieves him,
To see thee overwhelm'd in his misfortunes:
Condemn'd with him to drain the bitter cup
Of endless woe; and since propitious fortune
With better omens courts you here at Naxos,
'Tis now his wish, that you renounce for ever
A man accurst, sad outcast from his country,
The fatal cause of all your sorrow, past.

Ari. The fatal cause of all my woes to come!

“ *Perit.* I do not mean to justify his guilt.
 “ Might I advise you, you may still be happy.”
 A monarch lays his sceptre at your feet.
 Your father Minos will approve your choice;
 All Naxos will consent; a willing people
 With fond acclaim will hail you as their queen,
 And Theseus never can betray you more.

Ari. And dost thou think, say, does the traitor think
 Thus to ensnare me with insidious counsels?
 Last night admitted to a private audience,
 To Periander he confess’d his guilt.
 Another passion rages in his heart.
 You know it all: unfold your lurking thoughts,
 Reveal the truth; give me the tale of horror,
 Own the black treason, and consummate all.

“ *Perit.* Would I could hide the failings of my friend. [*Aside.*]

“ *Ari.* Those broken accents but distract me more.
 “ Let ruin come; I am prepar’d to meet it.—
 “ Oh, speak! pronounce my doom!—In me you see
 “ A wretched princess, a deluded maid,—
 “ Lost to her friends, her country, and her father.—
 “ In pity tell me all: with gen’rous frankness
 “ Deal with the wretched: let me know the worst.”

Perit. Far be deceit from me: of just resentment
 I would light up the flame: my friend is plung’d,
 Beyond all depth, in treachery and guilt.
 Another love shoots poison to his soul.
 At length he owns it. He avows his passion.

Ari. Avows his passion!

“ *Perit.* ’Tis his fatal crime.

“ *Ari.* You hear it, gods!—I ask no patience of you:
 “ Lend me no fortitude, no strength to bear
 “ This horrible deception.”—If your justice, gods,
 From your bright mansions views this scene of guilt,
 Why sleeps thy thunder?—“ Send me instant madness,
 “ To raze at once all traces from my brain,
 “ All recollection of a world like this.
 “ All busy memory of ungrateful man.”

Perit. Assert yourself; revenge your injur’d rights,
 And tow’r above the false, the base deserter,
 Who breaks all vows, and triumphs in his guilt.

Ari. Can fraud like this engender in his heart?
 It cannot be; no,—the earth does not groan
 With such a monster!—You traduce him, sir.

Who form'd the black design? Who forg'd the tale?—
'Tis Periander's art:—'twas he suborn'd you.

Perit. If you will hear me——

Pri. Trouble me no more:

Theseus shall hear how his friend blasts his fame,
And comes from Athens with his high commission,
To tempt my faith, and work a woman's ruin.

[*Exit.*

Perit. Too generous prince! my heart inward bleeds
To see the cruel destiny that waits thee.

“Ruin, inevitable ruin falls

“On her, on Theseus, and his blasted fame.”

And yet if Phædra—would some gracious pow'r
Inspire my voice, and give the energy
To wake, to melt, to penetrate the heart.——

What if I seek her?—Ha!——

Enter PHÆDRA.

Phæ. Methought the sound
Of Ariadne's voice——

Perit. 'Tis as I wish'd:

Her timely presence——

[*Aside.*

Phæ. Went my sister hence?

Perit. Yes, hence she went, wild as the tempest's rage,
As if a conflagration of the soul
To madness fir'd her brain. But, Oh! I fear
She went to brood in secret o'er her wrongs;
To think, and to be deeper plung'd in woe.

Phæ. You chill my heart with fear: you have not told her
For whom in secret Theseus breathes his vows;
For whom he cherishes the hidden flame.

Perit. There wants but that—that circumstance of horror,
To desolate her soul with instant madness.

Phæ. Yet why still obstinate, why thus disdain
A monarch's vows? A mind like hers, elate
With native dignity, and fierce with pride,
May view with scorn the lover who betrays her,
And on th' imperial throne revenge her wrongs.

Perit. Revenge is the delight of vulgar souls,
Unfit to rule the breast of Ariadne.

Phæ. Your words, your looks alarm me: from your eye
Why shoots that fiery glance?—What must we do?

Perit. What must we do?—The honest heart will tell thee:
“'Tis in your pow'r:—renounce your guilty loves;”

D

Do justice to a sister ; scorn by fraud,
 By treach'rous arts to undermine her peace ;
 Restore the lover whom you ravish'd from her,
 A lover all her own, by ev'ry tie,
 By solemn vows her own, nor join in guilt
 To wrest him from her, for the selfish pride,
 The little triumph o'er a sister's charms.

Phæ. To Ariadne turn : give her your counsel.—
 She still, if timely wise, may save herself,
 For joy and rapture :—she may live and reign.—
 If I lose Theseus, I can only die.

Perit. Better to die, than live in vile dishonour.
 You rush on sure destruction :—Awful conscience,
 That sits in judgment in each human heart,
 And, from that dread tribunal speaks within us—
 Conscience will tell you, you have broke all faith,
 Betray'd all confidence, destroy'd the bonds
 Of sacred friendship, and with shame and infamy
 Ruin'd a sister, who would die to serve you.

Phæ. Inhuman that thou art ! why wound me thus
 With stern reproach ?—why arm against my peace,
 With scorpion whips, these furies of the soul ?

Perit. For this wilt thou invade a sister's rights ?
 For this betray her ? to endure for ever
 The self-accusing witness of the heart !
 Remorse will be your portion : shame and anguish
 Will haunt your nights, and render all your days
 Unblest and comfortless.

Phæ. It is too much,
 Too much to bear this agony of mind.

Perit. 'Tis virtue speaks ; it warns you :—hear it's voice,
 And, ere too deeply you are plung'd in guilt,
 Return with honour, and regain the shore.

Phæ. No more ;—'tis too much :—I cannot bear it.

Perit. Greece honours Ariadne :—Think when Theseus
 Returns with glory stain'd, with foul dishonour,
 Think of the black reverse. Will men receive
 With songs of triumph, and with shouts of joy,
 Him and his fugitive ?—I see you're mov'd :—
 Those tears are symptoms of returning virtue.

Phæ. You've turn'd my eyes with horror on myself.—
 Oh ! thou hast conquer'd :—Ariadne, take,
 Take back your lover ; I resign him to you.
 No, Phædra will not live the slave of vice ;

“ I will not bear this torture of the mind,
 “ Goaded by guilt, pale, trembling at itself.”

Perit. There spoke the gen'rous soul :—to those emotions
 May the gods give the energy of virtue.

Phæ. Go, say to Theseus, for his love I thank him ;—
 Bid him renounce, forget me——Can he do it ?—
 Bid him preserve his honour, and his life.——
 You need not counsel him.—He will not fall
 A willing victim for a wretch like me.
 Yet, if his heart consents, let him forget
 His vows, his plighted faith ; and as he once,
 With unfelt ardour, could delude my sister,
 Bid him once more dissemble, and betray.

Perit. Oh, blest event ! All danger will retreat.——
 I leave you now, while nature stirs within you,
 I leave you to th' emotions of your heart.

[*Exit.*]

Phæ. Oh, what a depth of sorrow and remorse,
 Of shame and infamy have I escap'd !——
 Just gods ! to you I bend : your warning voice
 Has taught me to renounce all guilty joys,
 And dwell, fair virtue !—dwell in peace with thee !

Enter THESEUS.

The. Phædra, what mean those tears ?—Upon the wing
 Of strong impatience I have sought your presence.——
 What new alarm——

Phæ. My soul is full of horror.——
 Renounce my love ;—forget me ;—think no more
 Of rashly plighted vows.

The. Renounce thee, Phædra !——

Phæ. Fly my disastrous love :—Disgrace and ruin
 Are all the portion Phædra has to give.

The. Is that my Phædra's voice ?—Can she talk thus ?
 The tyrant fair, who first inspir'd my heart
 With love unfelt before ?—I struggled long
 To stifle in my breast the hidden flame ;
 I fled your presence ;—wheresoe'er I fled
 Your image follow'd, and I still lov'd on.
 In vain I struggled : your discerning eye,
 What could escape ?—You fann'd the rising flame,
 And soon my flutt'ring heart was wholly thine.

Phæ. Call not to memory the fond delight.
 My guilt stands forth to view ; I own it all.

D 2.

The. And were the graces of each winning smile
 Meant only to deceive me? Were those eyes
 Instructed how to roll the hidden glance,
 To fool me with a mockery of hope,
 Then spurn me from your arms a wretch despis'd?

Phæ. I must not, will not hear; the gods forbid it.—
 I see my sister pale, deform'd with murder,
 And hear the curses of mankind condemn me.—
 Your friend has told me all.

The. Perithous?

Phæ. He.

The. Is he too join'd? is he too leagu'd against me?

Phæ. It was his friendship spoke.

The. Then send me hence,
 A victim to appease your father's rage,
 To be a spectacle for public view,
 And meet at length an ignominious death.

Phæ. Heart-breaking sounds!

[*Aside.*

The. Or if, ungenerous fair,
 If you will have it so, command me hence,
 Once more to sigh at Ariadne's feet,
 And to that beauty—Phædra, have a care:—
 That lovely form the wond'ring eyes of men
 Adore, and even envy must admire.

Beauty like her's may twine about my heart,
 And gain, though much I've struggled to resist her,
 And gain at length my fond consent to wed her.

Phæ. Consent to wed her!—Death is in the thought!—
 Perfidious traitor!—practis'd in deceit!—
 And can another—after all your oaths—
 Oh, light inconstant man!—Ah! can a rival
 Blot out all fond remembrance of your love,
 And twine her fatal charms about your heart?—
 Consent to wed her!—Go,—abandon Phædra;
 Seek Ariadne; To her matchless beauty
 Breathe all your vows—those you can well dissemble;—
 Go, melt in tears—those too you well can feign;—
 Revel in joys your heart will never taste,
 And see me laid a victim at your feet!

The. Restrain this frantic rage, does this become
 The tender moment, when the faithful Theseus,
 With all a lover's ardour, comes to greet thee?

Phæ. The thought of losing thee turns wild my brain.
 Oh, love resumes his empire o'er my soul!

And all inferior motives yield at once.

These tears can witness——

The. 'Tis no time for tears.

Go seek your sister : your soft prayers and tears
May still prevail. If not, to-morrow's dawn,
'Tell her, shall end her doubts, ere that, I've plann'd
Measures, that may make sure our mutual bliss !
To Periander I must now repair.

His messengers have sought me. Oh, remember,
My life, my hope of bliss, must spring from thee.

[*Exit.*

Phæ. And on his fate my happiness is grafted.
Ha ! Ariadne comes !—Oh, love ! what virtues
You force me to betray !—That haggard mien—
Those looks proclaim the tumult of her soul.

Enter ARIADNE.

Ari. [*Not perceiving Phæ.*] In vain I struggle to deceive myself :

I am betray'd, abandon'd, lost for ever.

“ *Phæ.* How her fierce rage shoots lightning from her eyes !

[*Aside.*

“ *Ari.* Oh, while his accents charm'd my list'ning ear,
“ While each fond look ensnar'd my captive heart,
“ Ev'n then another lur'd the wand'rer from me !
“ Another's beauty taught those eyes to languish ;
“ Another's beauty tun'd his voice to love !

“ *Phæ.* Appease her anger, gods, and grant her patience !

[*Aside.*”

Ari. And must I live to see her haughty triumph ?
“ To bear her scorn ?—to bear the insulting pity
“ Of Cretan dames !—all pleased with my undoing ?”
To die at length in misery of heart,
And leave to after-times a theme of woe,
A tragic story for the bards of Greece ?

Phæ. How my heart shrinks !—I dread the interview. [*Aside.*

Ari. “ Let lightning blast me first :”—Let whirlwinds seize me,

“ To atoms dash me on the craggy cliff,”
And blow me hence “ upon the warring winds”
To climes unknown, beyond the verge of nature,
“ To the remotest planet in the void ;
“ That never, never can approach this world ;
“ But rolling onward, farther, farther still

“ Holds in the wilds of space it's fated round ;” —
 There I may rave, and to the list'ning waste
 Pour forth my sorrows ; “ think 'till reason leaves me ;
 “ And tell to other stars, and other suns,
 “ A tale to hold them in their course suspended,
 “ And turn them pale with horror at the sound.—
 “ There let me dwell ;” grow savage with my wrongs,
 And never hear from this vile globe again.

Phæ. Yet be of comfort.

Ari. There is no comfort for me.—

Whence is that voice ?—Oh, Phædra ! Oh, my sister !

“ Assist me, help me—I am sick at heart.

“ *Phæ.* Recall your reason, summon all your strength,
 “ Nor thus afflict yourself.

“ *Ari.* Have I not cause ?”

The barbarous man ! he flies me ; he abjures me ;
 Breaks all the fervent vows which each day's sun,
 Which every conscious planet of the night,
 Which every god bent down from heaven to hear.

Phæ. And yet, if calmly you will hear a sister——

“ *Ari.* Could you suspect that perfidy like this

“ Can lie close ambush'd in the heart of man ?

“ *Phæ.* But still, if Theseus, harrass'd out with woes,

“ Pursued by fate, and bending to misfortune——

“ *Ari.* I gave up all for him.

“ *Phæ.* Were you but calm——”

Ari. Can the wretch tortur'd on the rack be calm ?

Ingratitude, thou source of evil deeds !

Foe to the world's repose !—“ thou canst with fair,

“ With specious words, with treacherous disguise,

“ Deceive the friend, and thrive upon his smiles ;

“ By servile arts enrich thee with his spoils,

“ 'Till pamper'd to the full, with favours bloated,

“ Thy hour is come to show thy native hue,

“ And carry pain and anguish to the breast

“ That warm'd and cherish'd thee.” Detested fiend !

By thee truth fades even from the noblest mind ;

Of fair, and good, and just, no trace remains ;

Honour expires, the generous purpose dies,

And every virtue withers in the soul.

Phæ. Yet be advis'd, and you may still be happy,

A youthful monarch woes you to his throne.

The gods have sent relief——

Ari. Oh, Phædra ! Oh, my sister !

As yet a stranger to man's wily arts,

You keep the even tenor of your mind :
You know not what it is to love like me.

Phæ. Oh, conscious, conscious guilt.

Ari. " I see you pity me."

It grieves me to afflict your tender nature.
In all his hours of tenderness and love——

Oh, charming hours, that must return no more !——

I never deem'd it was illusion all,—

Never suspected a more happy rival,—

Saw not her image lurking in his heart.

" Tell me her name : Who is she ? Let me see

" The fatal fair, that poisons all my joys.

" Your own heart, Phædra, must condemn the deed."

Phæ. Her words too deeply pierce ; they rend my soul !

Ari. " You can detect the traitress ; guide me to her."

Tell me her name : Who is she ? Let me see

The fatal fair, that poisons all my joys.

If on this isle——Ha !——why that sudden pause ?

That downcast eye ?——why does your colour change ?

Go, now I see you know her !——in your looks

I read it all.

Phæ. Confusion, shame, distraction !——

If this wild fury that deforms your reason——

Ari. Phædra, beware : if you deceive your sister,

If you conceal this rival, 'twere a deed

To shock all nature ; to make heaven and earth,

And men and gods abhor thee.

Phæ. Since unjustly

You thus suspect me——have I given you cause ?

Ari. Disclose it all and league not with my foes.

Phæ. I see my fault :——with too officious care

I came to heal your sorrows.—I forbear :

I've been to blame ; but now, farewell, farewell !

Ari. Stay, Phædra, stay : you shall not leave me thus.

In all afflictions you are still my comfort.

Phæ. Then check this fury ; it is phrenzy all.

Where is the pride becoming Minos' daughter ?

Disdain the traitor ; drive him from your thoughts.

Turn where the gods invite you : Periander

Wishes to lay his sceptre at your feet.

Your sway shall bless the land, and humbled Theseus

Will be reduc'd to sue to you for mercy.

The power will then be your's, the envied power

Of godlike clemency: 'twill then be yours
 To show thee worthy of imperial sway,
 To shelter still the man you once could love;
 Know him insensible to worth like thine,
 To honour lost, and yet forgive him all.

Ari. Must I transfer th' affections of my soul
 To justify his perfidy? Must I
 Bargain away my heart, to save a traitor?
 For the fair Greek to save him? Mighty gods!
 He shall not wed her!---Give her to my rage.—
 I'll follow to the altar; there my vengeance—
 How my heart shrinks—no, strike—"my blood recoils—"
 "Assist me, Phœdra, give the means of death."
 She shall not live to revel in his arms.
 Then Theseus shall behold her faded form,
 "And every drop the traitor then lets fall,"
 Shall pay me for the tears, the galling tears,
 His perfidy has cost me: then he'll know
 The agony of soul, the mortal pang,
 When we are robb'd of all the heart adores.

"*Phæ.* Ha! will you, sister, stain your hand in blood?"

"*Ari.* Then Theseus too—he clings about my heart;—"

"No, let him sail for Crete; my father's justice

"Will claim atonement for a daughter's wrongs,

"Doom him a sacrifice for broken vows,

"A dreadful warning to ungrateful man."

Enter PERITHOUS.

Perit. Your woes encrease each hour. A guard ev'n now
 Leads Theseus forth, by Periander's order,
 To yonder tower that overhangs the bay.
 From hence, ere morn he must depart for Crete.

Phæ. Ah! there to perish—Ariadne haste,
 Seek Periander,—fly—prevent the stroke,

Ari. "He can no more deceive me."

Let the barbarian perish---no,

No more of tenderness---the gen'rous deed

But gives to fell ingratitude the pow'r

With scorpion stings to pierce you to the heart.

Phæ. Will you, then,

Ah, will you, cruel, see him doom'd to die?

I'll seek the king, and bathe his feet with tears,

And rave, and shriek, till he release him to me.

[*Exit.*]

- “ *Perit.* If he must fall, ’tis you have fix’d his doom.
 “ You still can save him. At one glance from you
 “ The king will feel his resolution melt.
 “ *Ari.* I sav’d him once, and he requites me for it.
 “ No more of tenderness. The gen’rous deed
 “ But gives to fell ingratitude the pow’r
 “ With scorpion stings to pierce you to the heart.
 “ *Perit.* Yet, Ariadne, think——
 “ *Ari.* No more, but leave me. [*Exit Perit.*]
 “ Yes, let the traitor die :— if he must die,
 “ In some dark cave I can deplore his fate,
 “ Hid from the world, forgetting all but him,
 “ ’Till the kind hand of death shall lay me stretch’d,
 “ In cold oblivion on the flinty ground,
 “ Pale, wan, and senseless as the marble form
 “ That lies in sorrow on some virgin’s tomb !—
 “ He will not see my tears : the barbarous man
 “ Will be no more ungrateful.—Mighty gods !
 “ I lov’d, I am betray’d—yet love him still.—
 “ Quick let me hence :—one gen’rous effort more
 “ May still—fond wishes, how you rush upon me !—
 “ Should he relent,—Oh, should returning love
 “ Once more—vain hope !—yet the delusion charms me :—
 “ One gen’rous effort more may make him mine.” [*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter ALETES, followed by an OFFICER.

Aletes.

JUSTICE prevails, and Theseus is my prisoner;
Yon' tow'r immures him close. Seek thou the harbour,
Unmoor the ship; let all things be prepar'd
To give the spreading canvass to the wind.
The day declines, and the moon's silver beam
Plays on the trembling wave. This night 'tis fixed
Theseus with me shall seek the Cretan shore. *[Exit Officer.]*

Enter ARIADNE.

Ari. Where is your prisoner?

Al. In yon' tow'r secur'd.

Ari. Your policy has fail'd; release him straight:

'Tis the king's order; you may read it, sir. *[Gives him a Paper.]*

Al. Your interest has prevail'd, and I obey. *[Exit.]*

Ari. Ye fond ideas, ye fierce warring passions,
With what a mingled sway you drive me on!
Grief, rage, and indignation rise by turns;
But love flows in, and resolution dies.
Ha! see he comes—Oh! how this flutt'ring tumult,
With hopes and fears alternate, shakes my frame.

Enter THESEUS.

Ari. *[viewing him as he advances]* Diffimulation fails him, and
his looks

No longer hide the characters of guilt.

The. How shall I pour my thanks? a thousand sentiments
All press at once, and yet deny me utterance.

Words are too poor: expression strives in vain.

Ari. You need no more dissemble—sir, I've heard "Periander
" Has heard the purpose of your soul. Last night,
" When sleep seal'd ev'ry eye, in darkness wrapt,
" Thro' secret ways, clandestine as your thoughts,
" You stole into his presence; there disclos'd"
Your hidden flame, your alienated heart.—— *[turns from him.]*

The. Spare your reproaches, princess; Oh! forbear,
 Forbear in pity to afflict a mind
 Too deeply wounded! that feels all it's errors,
 Feels all your virtues, and with keenest sense
 Aches at it's own reflections.

Ari. Of the pardon
 Which Periander to my pray'rs has granted,
 You know not the extent. To-morrow's sun
 Shall light you to your nuptials; you may then
 Shew to the world this unapparent beauty,
 And give to her the vows that once were mine.

The. Oh! Ariadne, spare this keen reproof!
 Could you but know the pangs that struggle here—

Ari. “ Theseus, you weep! you weep o'er my afflictions;
 “ You feel my wrongs, yet barb'rous ev'n in pity,
 “ You fix the shaft of anguish in my heart!

The. “ On me, on me the weight of ruin falls;
 “ 'Tis I am plung'd in woe; a man condemn'd,
 “ To wander o'er the world.” Alas, 'tis fate,
 Fate drives me on. If you forget a wretch,
 The prey of grief, the sport of fortune's malice:
 And if a monarch, to reward your virtues,
 Prepares th' imperial wreath to deck your brow—

Ari. Is that the recompence I wish'd to gain?
 “ Too well you know this heart. Had Periander
 “ A wider empire than e'er monarch rul'd,
 “ And you were helpless, destitute of fortune,
 “ I had been, heav'n can witness! happy with you.
 “ In loving you, I sought yourself alone.

The. “ For all this waste of generous affection,
 “ Calamity is all that Theseus brings.

Ari. Come lead me hence to some far distant wild,
 Where human footstep never prints a trace?
 There blest'd with thee I could for ever dwell,
 “ Thron'd in thy heart, the mistress of thy love.

“ *The.* Here happiness awaits you; here you're destin'd
 “ The mild vicegerent of the gods on earth.
 “ In that bright sphere while you serenely shine,
 “ The pattern of all virtue, temp'ring justice
 “ With mercy, and diffusing blessings round you,
 “ With tears of joy mankind will own your sway.

Ari. Oh, vile ingrate!

“ *The.* If you will deign to hear me:
 “ Though great my crimes—

“ *Ari.* Thou traitor!—was it thus
 “ You look’d and talk’d, when first I saw and lov’d ?
 “ Your doom was fix’d ; the officers of vengeance
 “ Remorseless led you forth ; my trembling eye
 “ Pursued your steps ; tears gush’d ; I could not speak.
 “ I fled to your relief, and my undoing :
 “ Then ev’ry god was witness to your vows.
 “ The fond delusion charm’d me. I rebell’d
 “ Against my father ; I betray’d his honour ;
 “ And all for thee. I fled my native land.
 “ Nor winds, nor waves, nor exile could debar me.
 “ This the return !—have I deserv’d it of you ?
 “ Tell me my crime ; and, oh ! if possible
 “ Teach me to think ’tis justice that I suffer ;
 “ For ev’n in ruin I would not abhor thee.”

The. You wrong me much : By yon bright stars I swear,
 I never meant by base ingratitude
 To fix affliction in that bosom-softness.
 Thy name, thy merit, and thy wondrous goodness,
 While life informs this frame, shall ever live
 Esteem’d and honour’d, treasur’d in my heart.

Ari. Esteem’d and honour’d !—’twas your love you promis’d.
 A monarch, saidst thou, woes me to his arms !—
 What truth, what fair return have I to give him ?
 Give me, barbarian ! give me back my heart,
 The heart you robb’d me off :—Give back my vows,
 My artless vows, my pure unpledg’d affections,
 With equal warmth that I may meet his love ;
 And not like thee, with treach’rous bland allurements,
 Courts his embrace, and charm him to betray.

The. Then if you will, wreak your worst vengeance on me.
 Ascend the throne ; back to the Cretan shore
 Convey me hence to glut your father’s rage :
 I there can die content. Or if your mercy
 Permit me once again to visit Greece,
 Oft I shall hear of Ariadne’s name ;
 Well pleas’d at distance, in the humble vale
 Of private life, or in the tented field,
 To view the radiant glory that surrounds you,
 And thank the gods for shedding blessings down
 On thee and all thy race.

Ari. Ay, visit Greece ;
 Display to Athens all your brave exploits,
 Your battles won, the nations you have conquer’d.

And let your banners, waving high in air,
Hold forth the bright inscription to men's eyes,
'Lo, this is he who triumph'd o'er a woman,'
My death will blazon forth the fame of him,
Who freed the world from monsters of the desert,
Who slew the minotaur, but could not quell
Ingratitude, that monster of the soul.

The. You need not, Ariadne, Oh, you need not
Thus tear me piece-meal. My distracted heart
Feels in each nerve, and bleeds at every vein.

Ari. Unbidden tears, why will you fool me thus!
These tears that fall, that thus gush out perforce,
Are not the tears of supplicating love:—
They are the tears of burning indignation,
Of shame, and rage, and pride, and conscious virtue;
Virtue that feels, feels at the very heart
Each stab inhuman treachery has given,
Yet sees that calm tranquillity in guilt.
*See me no more; to-morrow spread your sails,
But take not, Sir, the partner of your heart;—
No,—dare not, on thy life, convey her hence.
Go, sail for Athens,
Alone, heart-broken, comfortless; like me
Plung'd in despair.
Farewell, for ever, Oh, ungrateful man?*

Enter PHÆDRA,

Phæ. Once more restor'd to liberty and life. [To *Thea*.

The. Oh, death were happiness to what I feel!

"*Ari.* See me no more; to-morrow spread your sails;

"Take in your train the partner of your heart.—

"She shall not go:—once more I'll see the king,

"And dare not on thy life convey her hence.

"*Phæ.* What meddling fiend inflames you thus to madness?

"Hear, Ariadne, hear.—

"*Ari.* Go, sail for Athens, [To *Thea*.

"Alone, heart-broken, comfortless; like me

"Plung'd in despair; like me, depriv'd of all

"Your heart held dear.

"*Phæ.* Let me appease your wrath.

"*Ari.* I will descend to pray'rs and tears no more.

"Farewell for ever; Oh, ungrateful man! [Exit.

"*Thea.*" Distraction!—madness!—Oh, she has destroy'd
My peace of mind for ever!

Phæ. Theseus, no :—

My lenient care shall mitigate your grief.

The. For thee, my Phædra, I bear all for thee.—

Since liberty is mine, let me employ it

To serve our mutual bliss. The time admits

No dull delay. This moment I must leave thee.

Phæ. Ah!—whither do you go ?

The. Observe me well.

That path that winds along the barren heath,

Leads to the mountain's ridge : there down the steep

A soft declivity will guide your steps

To Neptune's temple, shelter'd in the grove.

There I expect you.

Phæ. Wherefore ?—what intent ?—

Unfold the dark design ; my fears alarm me.

The. No more ;—the sun descends, and sable night

Draws o'er the face of things her dusky veil.

With cautious step proceed ; but, ere you go,

Watch Ariadne :—here beguile her stay,

If she pursues me, all is lost for ever.

Farewell, farewell, I trust my fate with thee.

[*Exit.*

Phæ. Oh, how my bosom pants with doubt and fear !

What may this mean ?—some dread event impends.

He will not---no---preserve him, gracious powers !

Let him not, prompted by despair, attempt

Beyond his strength, and rush on sure destruction.

Enter ARIADNE.

Ari. Where, Phædra, whither is the traitor fled ?

Phæ. Oh, you have been to blame !---with haggard eyes
Upturn'd to Heaven, he paus'd, and heav'd a sigh,

As if his lab'ring heart would burst his frame,

And leave him here, a pale, a breathless corpse,

At length with haste, with fury in his look,

But blessing still your name, he rush'd along,

And vanish'd from my sight.

Ari. The barb'rous man !

Did he deny his falsehood ? Did one tear

Speak his compunction ? Did he once relent ?

In guilt obdurate ! did you mark his mien,

The pride, the scorn that darted from his eye ?

Phæ. What choice was left him, when with fierce disdain
You spurn'd him from you ?

Ari. Therefore did he shun me?
 Ungen'rous man! he saw I lov'd him most,
 Then when enrag'd I pour'd my curses on him:
 My heartstrings even then were twin'd about him.
 Once more I'll see him: should he sail for Athens,
 'Tis fix'd to follow him. "He will not then
 "Dare to avow a treachery like this.
 "His glory is at stake: with one accord
 "All hearts declare for me. The fons of Greece,
 "For all my forrows, all my sufferings past,
 "Wish to reward me in their hero's arms."

Phæ. And does Perithous join you? does he mean
 To waft you o'er the deep?

Ari. His ship already
 From last night's storm refitted, courts the breeze,
 And even now prepares to plough the deep.

Phæ. Theseus, the while, in pining discontent,
 Forlorn and wretched on the blasted heath,
 Sighs to the winds, and drinks his falling tears.

Ari. Oh, fly, pursue him! calm his troubled spirit!
 "Still, traitor as he is, he may relent.
 "For Oh, too well I know his godlike nature;
 "Know the mild virtues that adorn his mind,
 "And more than speak in each enchanting look."
 Go seek him, Phædra: tell him all my woes,
 And reconcile his heart to love and me.——
 But hark!—some step this way——

Phæ. Perithous comes.

"*Ari.* Haste—fly—pursue him—find the barbarous man."

"*Phæ.*" I leave you now.

Ari. Farewell.

Phæ. Where shall we meet?

Ari. In yonder palace.

Phæ. There you may expect me.

(*Exit.*

Ari. Oh, grant her power to touch, to melt his heart!

Enter PERITHOUS.

Perit. I bring you tidings may revive your hopes—
 Theseus may still be thine.

Ari. May still be mine!

Perit. Yes:—Periander, should he still persist
 To hold you here a captive, fees his danger.
 Crete arms against him: Athens too will claim you,
 And let destruction loose. To cope with both,

Not even the soul of Periander dares.
 He must release you : then you sail for Greece.
 Theseus will there be yours : his solemn vow's,
 And the vast debt of gratitude he owes,
 Join'd by the public voice, will bind him to you.

Ari. But if constraint alone—— Ah ! can you think
 That his relenting heart will feel remorse ?

“ *Perit.* The indignation of mankind will warn him.
 “ Returning virtue then——

“ *Ari.* If aught can waken
 “ A spark of love in that obdurate breast ;”
 A look, a sigh, impassion'd from the heart,
 Will heal my sorrows, and, with tears of joy,
 Make me forgive him all. I burn once more
 To wander with him o'er the roaring deep.—
 And has the king consented ?

Perit. Ev'n now I left him
 In close debate, and onward to this spot
 Bending his eager step. With friendly counsels
 Archon attends, and seconds all I wish.
 Lo, where he comes this way. Retire a while :
 Yon' grove will give you shelter : there remain.
 A single glance from those persuasive eyes
 May once again inflame his fierce desires,
 And reason then will plead your cause in vain.

Ari. May all your words sink melting to his soul !

Perit. Now, gods, assist me ! If I now succeed,
 My fears subside, and danger is no more.

[*Exit.*

Enter PERIANDER.

Perian. Perithous, hear : this hour ends all debate.
 My resolution's fix'd : then urge no more
 Your haughty claim : 'tis torture to my heart.

Perit. A heart like thine will generously love.
 You will not force the princess to your arms,
 Nor light with Hymen's torch the flames of war.

Perian. Ha ! dost thou deem me of so fierce a spirit,
 To tyrannize the fears of A. iadue ?
 No,---her own lip, the music of that voice,
 To my delighted ear shall breathe the promise,
 The soft avowal of our mutual flame.

Perit. She doats on Theseus : the wide world has heard
 The story of her love. And can you hope
 To turn away the current of affection

From him, who first awak'd her young desires,
Still fans the flame, and lords it o'er her soul?

Perian. Let him depart : I have releas'd him to you.

Then Ariadne will resent her wrongs,
Incline her heart, and listen to my vows.
Bear your friend hence : my orders shall be issued,
For Ariadne trouble me no more.

[*Exit.*

Perit. Proud monarch, go ! This night shall mar your hopes :
This very night, while sleep lulls all your guards,
She shall embark. When lawless pow'r prevails,
The noble end must justify the means.

Enter ARIADNE.

Ari. Thou generous man ! hast thou regain'd my freedom ?

Perit. This very night we quit the hated shore.

Enquire no more : you must embark with me.—
For Theseus, he will gladly join our flight.

Ari. All things invite us : from the sky bursts forth
A stream of radiance, and the level main
Presents a wide expanse of quivering light.

Where is my sister ?

Perit. She must here remain.

Ari. No, it were perfidy, a breach of friendship.
She fled with me : our hearts were ever join'd
By the sweet ties of friendship and of love.

Perit. Here she must stay ; your happiness requires it.

Ari. What is her crime ? Ah, why should we desert her !

Perit. Seek not to know too much.

Ari. No, Phædra, no ;

I cannot leave thee here.

Enter ARCHON.

Arc. This very moment
A soldier from the harbour brings this letter.

To you it is address'd.

[*Gives a letter to Perit.*

Perit. And comes from Theseus.

Ari. From Theseus !—wherefore ?—whence ?—what new event ?

Perit. [*Reads.*] ' My heart 's too full to vent itself in words.

- ' I know my conduct will be blam'd by all.
 - ' I will not varnish it with vain excuse.
 - ' I seiz'd your ship : we have already pass'd
 - ' The head-land of the harbour.'
- Oh ! this consummates all.

E

Ari. Why dost thou pause?

Proceed; go on; let me drink deep of horror.

[*Taking the letter, endeavours to proceed; but cannot. She returns it to Perithous.*]

‘*Perit.* [*Reads.*] We have already pass’d

‘ The head-land of the harbour: “ sunk in grief,

“ Distracted with her fears, in wild amaze,

“ Phædra has join’d my flight.—

“ Is Phædra with him?

“ *Arc.* They embark’d together.”

Ari. [*Reads.*] ‘ To Ariadne

‘ Be ev’ry duty paid, each tender care,

‘ Assuag’d her sorrows: Periander’s love

‘ Will charm each sense, and teach her to forget;

‘ Perhaps in time, when ev’ry bliss attends her,

‘ To pardon Phædra, and the wretched Theseus.’

Is Phædra with him?

Arc. They embark’d together.

“ *Ari.* All just and righteous”—— [*Ari. falls on the ground.*]

Perit. Ah! she faints! she faints:

Bring instant help; assist her, lend your aid.

[*Enter attendant Virgins.*]

Oh! wretched princess! would the gods allow you

To breathe your last, and never wake again

To this bad world, ’twere happiness indeed!

She stirs, she moves; the blood returns again,

But oh! to make her feel the weight of woe,

And see the desolation that surrounds her.

“ *Ari.* Where have my senses wander’d? Why around me

“ Are you all fix’d, the statues of despair?

“ Oh! I remember——Open earth, and hide me:

“ In your cold caves you never yet receiv’d

“ A wretch betray’d, undone, and lost as I am.

“ *Perit.*” Afflicted mourner, raise thee from the earth.

Thy woes indeed are great.

Ari. O, say—could you believe it?

[*As she rises.*]

Phædra has join’d his flight; she too betrays me.

She was my other self; for ever dear;

Dear as the drops that circled in my veins,

But now, ah! now, to warm this heart no more.

Perhaps even now she gazes on his charms,

Hangs on each accent, catches from those eyes

The sweet enchantment; “ knows I shed these tears;

“ Knows that I beat this breast, and rend this hair,

“ And tell my sorrows to these craggy cliffs,

“ And rave and shriek, in madness and despair.”
 Haste, fly, pursue them, launch into the main,
 Arm all your ships, bring swords, bring liquid fire,
 Fly, overtake them, whelm them in the deep, oh!—

[Falls into the arms of her attendants.

“ *Perit.* Attend her, virgins with your tend’rest duty

[Exeunt Ariadne with attendants.

“ *Arc.* If this be thy contrivance——

“ *Perit.* Charge me not

“ With a black deed that has undone my friend,

“ And to the latest time must brand his name.

“ I feel for him; I feel for Ariadne.

“ She now demands our sympathy and care.

[Exeunt.

“ *The Back Scene opens; the Harbour and the Sea in view.*”

Enter ARIADNE with Attendants.

“ *Ari.* Behold, look there, see where the vessel bounds,

“ Oh: horror, horror! how the rapid prow

“ Glides through the waves! Will none pursue the traitor?

“ *1st. Vir.* Alas, my royal mistress, ’tis in vain.

“ *Ari.* Turn, Theseus, turn; ’tis Ariadne calls.

“ Return barbarian! whither do you fly?

“ This way direct your course: stay, Phædra, stay.

“ See how they bound along the level main,

“ And cleave their way; and catch each gale that blows.

“ Inhuman treachery! [Leans on her attendants.

“ *Perit.* Her grief exhausts her strength, but soon again

“ Despair will rouse her with redoubled force.

“ *Ari.* Heart-piercing sight! And see the traitor still

“ Pursues his course. You’ glitt’ring host of stars

“ Lend all their rays; the elements combine!

“ Ye winds, ye waves, you too are leagu’d against me;

“ You join with guilt, accomplices in fraud!

“ All false as Theseus; all as Phædra false;

“ Officious all to end this wretched being.

“ Your victory will soon be gained: That pang,

“ Oh! this cold tremor—’tis the hand of death——

“ I hope it is; my grave is all I ask.

[Sits down on the point of a rock.

Enter PERIANDER, PERITHOUS, and ARCHON.

Perian. Oh, dire event!

“ *Perit.* See where the beauteous mourner

“ Grows to the rock, and thinks herself to stone!”

Perian. Rise, princess, rise, and let us bear you hence
To your own palace, where the storm of grief
Will soon subside, and peace, and love, and joy,
Revisit your sad heart. " [They lead her forward,]"

" *Ari.* No, never, never ;
" My easy heart will be deceiv'd no more.
" *Perian.* For thee love still has new delights in store,
" Whole years of bliss."——

Ari. Why do you smile upon me ?
I never serv'd you ; never fav'd your life ;
Made you no promise : why should you deceive me ?

Perian. May sweet oblivion of her past afflictions
Steal gently o'er her soul. * Restore her, heaven !

Ari. Have you a sister ?—She will break your heart.

Perian. I come to calm your griefs, and crown your days
With love sincere, and everlasting truth.

" *Ari.* All truth is fled ; long since she fled the earth,
" Tir'd of her pilgrimage. Why, holy powers !
" Why leave poor mortals crawling here below,
" Where there 's no confidence, no truth, no faith !
" All nature moves by your eternal law ;
" Truth is the law of man, and yet she 's fled,
" I see her there—there near the throne of Jove,
" Her garments white as her own candid mind ;
" She looks with pity on this vale of error,
" And drops a tear : while falsehood in disguise,
" With specious seeming, walks her deadly round,
" And mask'd in friendship, where she smiles, destroys.

" *Perian.* Let me conduct you : trust your friends,"

Ari. You look
As if I might believe you : so did Theseus ;
But where, where is he now ?——' To Ariadne
' Be every duty paid, each tender care !'
Oh ! artful man !——Look there ! I see him still ;
I see the ship ; it lessens to my view,
It lessens still ! and now, just now it fades !
It fades away, it melts into the clouds !
Scarce, scarce perceiv'd ! 'tis gone, 'tis lost,
For ever, ever lost ! is that the last,
The last sad glimpse ? and must I linger here ?
Die, Ariadne, die, and end your woes.

[Stabs herself]

Perian. Oh ! fatal rashness ! quick, bring every help !

Perit. Deep in her veins the poniard drinks her blood.

Ari. 'Twas Theseus' gift : his best, his kindest present ;
As such I sheath'd it in my very heart.

“ *Perian.* Her flutt’ring soul is on the wing to leave her,
 “ *Ari.* Elyfium is before me ; let not Theseus
 Pursue me thither ; in those realms of bliss
 Let my departed spirit know some rest.
 Oh ! let me feel ingratitude no more.
 Keep Theseus here in this abode of guilt ;
 This world is his ; let him remain with Phædra ;
 Let him be happy—no, the fates forbid it ;
 They will deceive each other.”

Perian. Ah ! that wound,
 Pours fast the stream of life.

Ari. It gives no pain.
 It is the stab fell perfidy has given,
 That rankles here. Oh ! raise me, raise me up.
 “ No, let me see the light of heaven no more.”
 Perithous, you behold your friend’s exploit !
 I thank you, Periander ; you have been
 Kind, good, and tender. May some worthier bride,
 Adorn’d with all that virtue adds to beauty,
 Endear the joys of life.—Alas, I die !
 No mother here with pious hand to close
 My faded eyes ; no father o’er my urn
 To drop a tear, and soothe my pensive shade.
 “ No ; I deserve it ; I betray’d them both.
 “ The barb’rous man !——He stabb’d me to the heart !
 “ And yet even then I knew but half my wrongs.”
 And you too, Phædra !——Oh !

[Dies.

Perian. She’s gone, and with her what a noble mind !
 What gen’rous virtues are there laid in ruin !
Perit. Thou injur’d innocence ! oppress’d with wrongs,
 And sore beset, there rests thy languish’d head.
 Oh ! when the gods bestow on mortal man
 That bloom of beauty, those exalted charms,
 By virtue dignified, they give the best,
 The noblest gift their bounty has in store :
 A gift to be esteem’d, ador’d by all ;
 To be protect’d by the soldier’s valour,
 Not thus betray’d, abandon’d to despair,
 And the keen pangs of ill requited love.

[Exeunt Omnes.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY I. P. KEMBLE.

Spoken by Mr. WROUGHTON,

*WHENE'ER the Poet, in retiring vein,
Proclaims his purpose ne'er to write again,
The threaten'd Town interprets the kind way,
And takes an interest in his next last play.*

*Not that our Bard has play'd you fast and loose,
Or pleads this general candour for excuse;
He dares not trifle with the public sense,
But thinks such folly downright impudence;
Brought, not advancing, since he then appears,
To risk the well-won fame of forty years,
He trusts distinct indulgence you'll afford—
Not he, but Ariadne, breaks his word.*

*From ancient stores we take our plot to-night,
Form'd on the mournful tale of Theseus' flight;
The time, that golden Æra, some relate,
When equal Minos rul'd the Cretan state.*

*Hail, holy Sage! who taught'st licentious man
To find his freedom where the laws began;
Whose fame in arms, redoubted from afar,
From thine own shores deter'd invasive war—
Whilst thy mild genius o'er a prosperous isle
Gave every good and every grace to smile;
'Till thine to all thy subjects were as dear,
As George's virtues to his Britons here.*

*To all our author bids me humbly bend,
But deprecate no foe, and court no friend:
With grateful pride he thinks of honors past,
And hopes you'll bid those valu'd honors last.
Freely to you he now commends his cause—
Should he deserve—you'll not withhold applause.*

EPILOGUE.

*LADIES—though scarce alive—quite out of breath,
I come—to talk a little after death ;
When tir'd of woe, and daggers, and all that,
Nothing revives us like a little chat.*

*Now—so the laws of Epilogue ordain,
All should be turn'd to jest, and flippant strain ;
And I, with points most miserably witty,
Should play the mimic, and lampoon the city.*

*Far other motives bid me now appear ;
Far other sentiments are struggling here :
I come to view this circle, fair and bright,
And thank you for each tear you've shed to-night ;
The tear, that gives the soft endearing grace ;
Virtues cosmetic for the loveliest face ;
That shows the features in their genuine hue,
Like roses blushing through the morning dew.*

*Ye men,—ye boasted lords of the creation,
Who give your Ariadnes such vexation ;
May I approach you, pray ? and may I dare
Ask why you droop ?—and why that languid air ?
'Tis sympathy in guilt ; and Theseus' case
With rising blushes crimsons ev'ry face ;
Censure on fraud like his, you own, must fall :
Too well you know—he represents you all.*

*And yet you've some excuse ; these modish days
Lend a few tints to varnish all your ways.*

EPILOGUE.

*When a GRAND SWEEPSTAKES to Newmarket calls,
And FIVE TO FOUR each groom, each jockey bawls :
What beauty then can lure you from the course,
And hope—you'll love her BETTER than your HORSE?*

*When to the Club the gaming rage invites,
And fascinating FARO claims your nights ;
The tender passion then intrudes no more,
And FORTUNE is the VENUS you adore.
But is she constant ?—Loss on loss ensues,
And bonds, and mortgages, attorneys, Jews !
Love then may well his sester rights forego,
Spread his light wings, and fly the scene of woe.*

*But now the times a nobler plea may yield ;
A War invites you ;—arm, and take the field.
The SONS OF FRANCE would fain subvert your laws ;
Go forth the champions of your country's cause.
Behold the bright example of the day,
Go—where our ROYAL FREDERICK leads the way ;
So Albion's liberties secure shall stand,
And KING, and LORDS, and COMMONS guard the land.*

L O R E N Z O,

A

T R A G E D Y

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN COVENT-GARDEN.

WRITTEN BY

ROBERT MERRY, A. M.

Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deferuit pede pœna claudo.

HOR.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

M D C C X C I.

[Price ONE SHILLING and SIX-PENCE.]

P R O L O G U E.

WRITTEN BY

JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

AND SPOKEN BY

MR. HOLMAN.

'TIS held that Pleasure rules this laughing age,
And Mirth has so monopolized the Stage,
That poor Melpomene in vain may swell
With rending woes, and direful stories tell,
No drops of kindred grief resistless start,
No sob responsive soothes her bursting heart,
Her sportive Sister reigns despotic here,
And if ye weep, Joy claims th' ecstatic tear.
If so, our Bard, alas! in luckless hour,
Has rashly try'd the scene's pathetic pow'r;
Critics perchance will scowl with fierce disdain,
Or giddy Fashion mock the tender strain.
But sure 'tis slander, BRITONS STILL CAN FEEL;
Still judge our efforts with impartial zeal,
Whether we frolic with the jocund Muse,
Or nobler strains of sacred sorrow chuse.
Let but Desert expand its dawning beam
Or on the sprightly, or the mournful theme,
And British sympathy shall still supply
Mirth's loudest roar, or Pity's tend'rest sigh;
Whether one spark of true poetic fire
Has touch'd our timid Poet's trembling lyre;

Whether he faintly gleam with borrow'd rays,
Or show at times, perhaps, a native blaze,
From your august award must soon appear,
Which he, alas! awaits with boding fear :
Yet sure no harsh decree we need presage,
From taunting fashion, or from critic rage ;
For since his cause by Englishmen is try'd,
The sentence must incline to Mercy's side.
And if the drooping Minstrel of to-night
Has struck the melancholy chords aright ;
If, while he fondly pours the plaintive line,
He aims to sadden only to refine ;
If, true to Nature, Nature must prevail,
Each heart will soften with the melting tale ;
And own, as once the sage Enthusiast * sung,
Whose moral Harp the raptur'd Muses strung,
“ The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
“ Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears.”

* Pope.

THE very flattering reception which this Dramatic Effay has met with from the Public, calls forth the utmost gratitude of the Author: To deserve a continuation of such honourable patronage shall ever be his first ambition.

Of the various excellence which distinguished the Performers, he will not presume to speak; the gratifying applause they obtained, would render insignificant any praise he might have the vanity to offer.

He is however truly sensible of their friendly support, which makes the more forcible impression, when he considers, that it was bestowed upon him by persons, whose liberal minds, enlightened understandings, and acknowledged private virtues, add the brightest lustre to their professional abilities.

Dramatis Personæ.

Don GUZMAN (Duke of Alba)	-	Mr. FARREN.
Count LORENZO,	- - -	Mr. HOLMAN.
Don FABIO (Father of Seraphina)		Mr. HARLEY.
GARCIAS (Friend of Lorenzo)	-	Mr. DAVIES.
GASPERO,	- - -	Mr. THOMPSON.
Servant,	- - - -	Mr. EVAT.
SERAPHINA (Duchess of Alba)	-	Mrs. POPE.
ZORIANA,	- - -	Miss BRUNTON.

SCENE, MADRID, *and afterwards in the Country,
near the Sea.*

L O R E N Z O,

A T R A G E D Y.

A C T I.

SCENE, *A Hall in the Duke of Alba's Palace.*

Enter SERAPHINA and GUZMAN.

GUZMAN.

SUBDUE this silent languishment, these tears,
Which vainly rising to your eye-lids, fall
Back on the heart, as wanting pow'r to flow.
Does it become the Duke of Alba's wife,
Pale, and dejected, thro' the Court of Spain,
To glide a with'ring phantom, and controul
Each festive scene with fullen melancholy?

SERAPHINA.

Alas! my lord! the temper of the mind
Cannot be chang'd by effort, else the smile

Should

Should dwell for ever on my cheek, this brow
 Should still be jocund as a vernal morn ;
 But with affections different, nature moulds
 Her pliant creatures. If in yon blue vault,
 She bids the early lark exulting sing,
 She also teaches the poor nightingale
 Retired amongst the shelter'd groves of eve,
 To trill the tones of sorrow,

GUZMAN.

But answer, Seraphina, did I not
 Raise you from fallen fortune, take your hand
 Amidst the desolation that weigh'd down
 Your father's former greatness ? 'Tis to me
 He owes his present proud prosperity,
 And a kind monarch's uncondition'd favour ;
 Then shall not gratitude at least repay ?—

SERAPHINA.

Whoe'er, my lord ! bestows his bounty, merely
 To purchase gratitude, deserves it not ;
 But noble minds receive their great reward,
 When those they benefit are render'd happy.

GUZMAN.

Do not full coffers of Peruvian gold
 Wait your disposal, and Golconda's gems
 Offer their lustre to adorn your charms ?
 And if you choose, amidst the gorgeous scenes

Of

Of Spain's magnificence, to vaunt your splendour,
Who shall compare with Alba's lovely lady ?

SERAPHINA.

Your rank, your rich possessions, and high state,
Never *allur'd* my heart, nor can they *gain* it.
A hapless, tho' a rigid parent's sufferings,
To me were strong persuasions, forc'd me first
To listen to your vows, and then receive—

GUZMAN.

Myself and my advantages, I find,
Were then to thee, but unimportant objects.

SERAPHINA.

O! I had wish'd to dedicate my days
To pray'r and penitence ; the pealing choir
Of holy maidens, and the convent's gloom,
Had suited well my soul, so had I paid,
Without a pang, my debt of gratitude
To heav'n, for having veil'd me from the world.

GUZMAN.

Nor is it gratitude alone I seek,
But more, demand affection as my *right* ;
Then do not thus disturb my doubtful heart,
With wild discourse of strong persuasions urg'd ;—
E'en at the sacred altar you have sworn
To yield to me your duty and your faith.

C

SERAPHINA.

SERAPHINA.

To be the Duke of Alba's *faithful* wife,
 I swore, and such I am, and such will be :
 O you have all my *faith*, but for my *love*,
 Did I not tell you at that solemn hour,
 When, spite of my reluctance and entreaties,
 You seiz'd your prey, did I not then declare,
 With trembling tongue, I had no love to give ?

GUZMAN.

Think you, I knew so little of your sex,
 To heed a timid maiden's supplications,
 Not to enforce what most she surely wishes.
 You all accept the nuptial wreath, with look
 Of winning bashfulness ; but then, I deem,
 'Tis eager passion paints the glowing cheek,
 And not the blush of artless modesty.

SERAPHINA.

Your thoughts indeed, and mine, cannot accord,
 But sentiments opposing, counteract
 That union which religion's laws have sanction'd ;
 Such is my language of sincerity !
 I promise, therefore, Guzman ! much to honor,
 And to obey you truly—for the rest—
 Heaven pardon me, the Will muste'er be free !

GUZMAN.

GUZMAN.

This frank avowal of essential failing,
 Shall not avail you, Madam! Nor will I,
 Your rightful lord, content me with *obedience*.
 Prepare to conquer your too stubborn purpose,
 And learn to meet my wishes with affection,
 Or by yon orb that fires the western sky,
 You soon, like his proud beams, shall set in darkness.

SERAPHINA.

O, whither shall I turn for peace or pity?

GUZMAN.

What, have I torn my laurels from the brow
 Of bleeding danger, in the thickest fight,
 To have them blighted by a woman's frown;
 And shall I, practis'd in the seemly arts
 Of polish'd life, with ev'ry youthful grace
 To win attention from the courtly fair;
 Shall I, submissive, meet your cold disdain,
 And own myself unworthy to be lov'd?
 Hither your father comes, let him approve
 This base, injurious scorn.

Enter FABIO.

GUZMAN.

From you, Don Fabio!

C 2

E'en

E'en in your worst adversity, I took
Your daughter as my pledge of future friendship.

FABIO.

It is most true ; and gratefully remember'd.

GUZMAN.

I have perform'd my part, and now you stand
In the first circle of our king's esteem ;
But she, for whom I toil'd to reinstate you,
And bade you triumph o'er a host of foes,
Yes, she with open candour, boasts to hate me.

FABIO.

Your words convert attention to amazement.

GUZMAN.

I am, it seems, of an unpleasant aspect,
Of manners coarse, and void of qualities
To make impression on her nice discernment.
Now let the mildew of opprobrious shame,
Wither my full-blown glories, if I bear
The foul reproach.

FABIO.

Daughter ! I cannot brook
This vile debasement of my friend, or suffer
That it should pass as proof of filial duty.

SERAPHINA.

SERAPHINA.

O, do not further irritate the Duke
By wrong discourfings! Cast a pitying eye
On your own child, your duteous Seraphina;
And let the fupposition of that woe,
Which feeds upon her heart-ftrings, intercede
To foften your difpleafure.—

FABIO.

A curfe upon the hour which gave thee birth,
The meafure of my woes was not complete
'Till that untoward time; I know thee, traitrefs!
Thou art more various than the fhifting gale,
Deceitful as the furface of the deep!

SERAPHINA.

A father's mercy furely might conceal
My errors, rather than thus magnify—
But nature has no voice to plead for me!

FABIO.

Rouze up your flagging fpirit, let her find
You can command; a husband ne'er fhould figh
Like the wan fuitor;—laugh at her caprice;
'Tis but fome momentary rage, which hangs
On her vain heart, fome fecret jealousy
Of beauty more admir'd, or fenfe fuperior.

SERAPHINA.

SERAPHINA.

O, faithless exposition! cruel censure!

GUZMAN.

E'en now with less humility than sarcasm,
Her tongue explain'd 'twas for your sake alone,
She condescended to bestow her charms
On one so undeserving of the favour.

FABIO.

Despise the fallacy of female words,
Which simulate, and boast conceptions foreign
From the soul's meaning. When you came to woo her,
You may remember how she seem'd to shun
Ev'ry endearment offer'd, and repress
Your ardent hopes by frigid inattention.

GUZMAN.

The recollection stings me at this moment,
And re-excites my then conceal'd vexation.

FABIO.

No sooner had you left her, than her tongue
Would tire itself discoursing in your praise;
As, "what a gallant gentlemen he is,
"So comely, and so courteous, do you think
"I am his best lov'd, speak, dearest father!"
And then, poor soul, she'd weep, and then again
Descant

Descant in honor of your mind and person,
Till my cloy'd ear was weary.

GUZMAN.

Can it be ?

SERAPHINA.

Ah! mock me not thus fatally, nor thus
Deceive my lord ; but with a true endeavour
Expatiate on the trouble of that time.
When first the Duke assail'd me with his sighs,
And in proud preference distinguish'd me ;
While you, with no benign observance paid
To my despair, ordain'd I *must* be his.
Have I not wander'd from the sad abode,
Which then gave shelter to our humbled state,
When the swift stream from Albarazin's hills,
Was driv'n by stormy midnight to the plain,
And there, in solitude; indulg'd my grief?
Or when the summer's Sun in the red East,
Gather'd his burning arrows, have you not
Found me low leaning o'er the chrystal source,
Where infant Tagus from his flow'ry bed
Leaps into life; have you not found me there,
Freighting his early voyage with my tears?
From you, the inmost secrets of my heart
Were never yet conceal'd, and can *you* urge
That it was a Guzman I ador'd?

GUZMAN.

GUZMAN.

Ha! then
 Some happier mortal, some insidious knave!
 With oily tongue, and delicate demeanour,
 Had won the affection which I might not merit,
 For *him* you trod the dreary vale, and told
 Low-whisper'd sorrows to the sickly moon.
 'Tis well disclos'd—Your coldness I could brook,
 But that *another* should usurp my place,
 In your soul's wishes, honest pride disdains.

SERAPHINA.

Be tranquilliz'd, my Lord, there is *no other*,

GUZMAN.

Perchance the adventurous hero now aspires
 To Guzman's wife, O speak it if he should,
 And tho' to shun my furious indignation,
 He fly to central Pyrennean caves,
 And herd with wolves, e'en there my sword shall
 reach him.

SERAPHINA.

Let not the teeming of an anxious brain,
 Produce undue suspicion, for I swear
 No man alive shares Seraphina's love.—
 Then grant this last indulgence, suffer me
 In decent privacy, and calm retirement,

To

To pass a life which is estrang'd from joy,
Which hope no more can flatter ; so will I
Pour with unceasing fervour the pure pray'r
For endless blessings on you.

GUZMAN.

Hereafter I'll consider the request.

[Exit Seraphina.]

FABIO.

And are we made, then, of such poor materials,
That the most noble natures may be shaken
From their consistence, by each operation
Of feminine pretext ? I've heard thee mention'd
As firm in council ; and wide-sounding fame
Has told of spirited encounters, where
Thy neighing courser, mid th'embattled ranks,
Bore a true hero, and thy reeking sword,
Fell with a God's displeasure ; but I find
These were, alas ! but vain and idle rumours ;
This hero, and this god, created merely
By the vile breath of unsubstantial praise.—
Shame, shame, my Lord, be worthier of thyself !

GUZMAN.

Be then my monitor, for the cool blood,
Investigates the mode, and rectitude,
That may bring 'vantage, while deceitful passion,
Is but an Ignis-fatuus to the mind,

D

And

And with a blazing, desperate allurements,
 Leads us away far from our proper path,
 To the unthought-of, fatal precipice.

FABIO.

Should you assume a sportive gallantry,
 Lavish encomium on some other Fair,
 And breathe with transport a fictitious fondness:
 No more solicitous, if Seraphina
 Be adverse or propitious; should you meet her
 With exhibition of adopted scorn,
 She'd soon become as amorous as the dove,
 That with unweary'd wing pursues its mate.

GUZMAN.

Shall I then practise mean dissimulation,
 To win her slow avowal of regard?
 Perish the rash proposal—No, she pray'd
 For solitude's seclusion, and I'll grant it;
 Then let her pine, and wonder at my absence;
 Yet, art thou sure in my surmise alone,
 Exists her hatred?—

FABIO.

On my life she loves you; but in childhood,
 Her most sincere desirings were disguis'd
 By wayward contradiction, and her face,
 Shew'd like a mask upon the true intent
 That struggled in her bosom.—

GUZMAN.

GUZMAN.

On Almunecar's shore I have a castle,
Skirted with forests circling to the sea,
Built in the Moorish wars ; thither I'll fend her,
There may she languish in the moonlight tower,
And eye the midland main, and hear the surge
Roll its loud discord from the coast of Afric.
There may she count the tedious hours, and load
The winding echoes with the name of Guzman,
Who shall be oft demanded ere he come.

FABIO.

The purpose I approve, nor shall her trial
Of perseverance, aught discountenance
My penetration ; the result of which,
Will surely be her speedy wavering,
And unconstrain'd disclosure of affection.
I'll bear your pleasure to her, which shall join
A secret sorrow to assum'd content.

GUZMAN.

Then be it so—but the time now should lead us
To the throng'd court, with off'rings of our duty.

FABIO.

My lord ! most willingly I follow you.

D 2

GUZMAN.

GUZMAN.

Where the benignant royal Ferdinand,
 With fair incitement of exalted kindness,
 Expects, and properly commands our presence.

[*Exit. Don Guzman.*

FABIO.

Nay now, my spirit wretchedly sustains
 Its infamy's concealment, and its care.
 Yet what is conscience? All can scoff at it,
 For who that sits in judgment on himself,
 But gives acquittal of those very crimes,
 Which others deem most flagrant, for he pleads
 Some proper motive, some necessity
 Invincible, which none beside consider.
 Yet, were it known, that solemnly I promis'd
 The Count Lorenzo should espouse my daughter,
 And that she wastes her prime in hopeless sighs
 For his imagin'd death, while in vile chains
 He languishes, and toils thro' the dull day,
 At the stern will of unrelenting Moors.
 Or should it be disclos'd that I've abus'd
 His letter's trust, my ruin were complete!
 But have I not discover'd that his father
 Was my invet'rate foe, and secretly
 The cause of those indignities I suffer'd?
 Then let the stripling perish in his bondage,
 I will not combat with *his* destiny,
 Nor rescue *him* to damn my future fame. [Exit.

End of the First Act.

A C T II.

SCENE, *An Apartment in Fabio's House.*

SERAPHINA *and* FABIO.

SERAPHINA.

ASSURE him also,
That this his most indulgent tendernefs
Has charm'd me much, and in my true regard,
Gives him most potently pre-eminence.

FABIO.

Then for your thought use fuch appliances
As may engender ftrong affection tow'rds him :
What boots it that a tenant of the tomb
Should occupy your heart ?—

SERAPHINA.

Speak not, my father ! with this levity,
Of fuch as moulder in the grave ! there *are,*

Who

Who tho' they never more can love the living,
May yet adore the dead.—

FABIO.

The fleetest mules await to bear you hence,
And lend your chariot speed to match your wishes.
Soon will I visit your lone habitation,
In trust to find these wrong designs subdu'd,

SERAPHINA.

Most willingly I leave the splendid nothings
Of life's exaltment: what is busy greatness,
The pageantry of pride, or wild ambition?
They are the airy offspring of deceit!
But 'tis the faithful interest of the bosom,
The dear attachment, the transcendent fondness,
Which raise us far above each selfish meaning,
And make existence rapture.—Oh! from me
All prospect of delight is gone for ever—
In the abode I seek, my mind shall settle
To the composure of consistent grief;
And when, each day, with dutious reverence,
I shall have paid my vows to heav'n for Alba,
I'll steal one secret moment, to deplore
The youth I've lost, and weep for my Lorenzo.
Farewel, commend me to the Duke, Farewel.

FABIO.

My proper wishes bless you!—

[Exit Seraphina,
Her

Her presence only tends to irritate
The haughty Guzman, and induce his hate
Of me, and of herself, but this division
Will, by an efficacious prudence, lead
To more content hereafter.—

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

My lord ! there is a stranger asks admiffion.

FABIO.

Bid him enter—

[Exit Servant.]

Enter GARCIAS.

GARCIAS.

The nobleman I feek is called Don Fabio.

FABIO.

You fee him here, Sir!—

GARCIAS.

My lord ! I proffer tidings, which fhall yield you
A lafting joy (or much my mind deludes me) ;
And which, perhaps, will render him who fpeaks
them

Welcome, however otherwife unworthy.

FABIO.

FABIO.

This introduction truly seems to flatter
My list'ning sense, I pray you then proceed.

GARCIAS.

From fierce assailments in the proof of honor,
And num'rous perils of the grappling galley,
From sea disasters, the imperious taunts
Of petty despots, and abhorred chanis,
Return'd in safety, Count Lorenzo greets you,
By me his messenger.—

FABIO.

Ha! The Count Lorenzo! said you, *return'd*?
Here to Madrid? it cannot be, how has he
Escap'd from slavery?—

GARCIAS.

Were you inform'd then of his wretched fate?

FABIO.

O no! I varied many pow'rful means
To gain intelligence, convers'd with travellers,
Promoted wide enquiry, saw such merchants
As had an intercourse with distant states,
But all in vain.—Yet once I heard it mention'd
That he was dead, which sunk me deep in sorrow.
And now with unfeign'd grief I execrate (*Aside.*
His too assur'd existence.—

GARCIAS.

GARCIAS.

Methinks you seem to be much agitated
By my disclosure, as tho' th' event had brought
No exquisite delight.—

FABIO.

You do my nature wrong; but the first news
With so precipitate a pleasure met me,
That it overcame my reason, and my tongue
Wander'd without its guide. O blissful hearing!
O joy unparallel'd! I shall behold
Again the valued youth, the Lord Lorenzo!

GARCIAS.

If I possess discernment, this Don Fabio
Is but a hollow, and a base dissembler. (*Aside.*)

FABIO.

Where may I find him soonest, for my soul
With true affection longs to welcome him?
And I have many stories of import
To vent upon his ear. O wond'rous rapture!
That he should still be living!—

GARCIAS.

To the much honour'd lady, Zoriana,
He now pours forth his thanks, for she it was
Who trac'd his destiny, and then releas'd him

E

By

By quick-remitted ransom; hence, 'tis plain
 In all Madrid she was his truest friend.
 If you shou'd wish to hold discourse with him,
 Present occasion offers at her palace;
 But having claimed too much of your attention,
 I take my leave:—Detested hypocrite! *(Aside.)*
Exit Garcias.

FABIO.

May pestilence affail him, and despair
 For ever be his miserable portion!—
 Yet words are the fit solace of an ideot;
 Wise men should plan and execute.—I'll seek him,
 And by impressions apposite, controul
 His mind's misgivings should they work against me.
 Yes, I'll exhibit some well colour'd tale
 That shall deceive his vision, for too far
 Am I advanc'd in action to retreat;
 Then shall assiduous cunning and exploit,
 Allure him to my toils, and there confound.
Exit Fabio.

SCENE, *In Zoriana's Palace.*

Enter ZORIANA and LORENZO.

ZORIANA.

Dwell then on ev'ry circumstance of sorrow,
 Be eloquent in description of your suff'rings;

Till

Till from the sad extent of sympathy,
Resulting from the *past*, my eager thought
Turn to the *present* with unbounded joy.
Lorenzo ! to behold you here, restor'd
From horrible captivity, and from
The doubtful consequence of daily war,
Sheds such dear consolation o'er my bosom,
That all its wounds are heal'd.—

LORENZO.

You may remember, 'twas the king's good pleasure,
I should approve myself an active warrior,
Worthy of this distinguish'd badge he gave me,
And which before had grac'd my father's breast.
For this I join'd me to the royal gallies,
Sent forth to clear the neighb'ring Spanish seas
Of lawless pirates and insulting Turks.
But 'twere a tedious hist'ry to recount—
Suffice it, that our purpose was obtain'd.—
It chanc'd, however, as homeward we return'd,
One summer's eve, our careless vessel slept
On the blue surface of a tranquil main,
While mariners and slaves, alike repos'd
In the mild radiance of the setting sun.
As thus in false security we lay,
Three Moorish boats stole from a treach'rous creek,
And wrap'd our bark in flames.

ZORIANA.

O wretched moment!
How my heart labours at the dread recital!

LORENZO.

In vain we strove, the furious blazings reach'd
Our mast's high head, and all was sure destruction:
When Garcias, a brave Spaniard, for whose friend-
ship
I long had born esteem, plung'd in the deep,
And cry'd, "Lorenzo, follow"—I obey'd;
But we were seiz'd while struggling with the waves,
And carried off to slavery.——

ZORIANA.

My fancy ever would conceive your station,
And add to distance cruellest dismay;
But if reluctant slumber seal'd my lids,
Then absence was no more, my soul embrac'd you.
How have I thought to fold you in my arms,
And shelter you from death, how have subdu'd
Th' imagin'd tempest that portended ruin!
Throughout the night I was your guardian spirit,
And all the day implor'd protection for you.

LORENZO.

Kind, generous Zoriana! let me thus
Upon my knees offer acknowledgment;

Since

Since but for thee my future life had pass'd
In hopeless chains ;—may every bliss be thine !

ZORIANA.

Too long I *vainly* search'd for the report
Of thy endurings, till, by chance a youth
Who came from Tunis, being question'd by me,
Spoke of thy injuries which he oft had witness'd ;
And shew'd my mind the picture of thy state.
But if my wafte'd aid obtain'd thy freedom,
O do not deem it was to *thee* a kindness,
'Twas to procure *my own felicity*.

LORENZO.

Ages of gratitude could not requite
Such true beneficence ;—yet let me prove
This heart's devotion by some loyal service.

ZORIANA.

The soft'ring breeze that on its pinion bears
Salubrious dew to cheer the fainting rose,
Has, for its recompence, the flow'r's revival:
So I receive from thy content, Lorenzo !
A most divine reward.—But dost thou know,
That, on the supposition of thy death,
Thy chief inheritance has been dispers'd
'Mongst various claimants ?

LORENZO.

LORENZO.

Why, then, be it so ;
 Tho' I were left in penury, and consign'd
 To struggle with the world's worst contumely ;
 Yet could I ne'er account myself as *poor*
 While I had love, and honour, and my sword.

ZORIANA.

Exalted youth !

LORENZO.

How shall I now restore thee
 My ransom's price ?

ZORIANA.

Have I not wealth sufficient ?
 And speak'st thou thus to me ? yet if thou feel'st
 Proud irritation to discharge the debt, —
 Are there not means more delicate and dear,
 More flatt'ring to repay a female fondness,
 Than retribution of vile ore ?

LORENZO.

There are !

ZORIANA.

Thy look of fond complacency, thy smile

Of

Of tender greeting, would by me be valued
Beyond the richest treasures of the world.

LORENZO.

Nay speak not of it, gentle Zoriana!
For ere these eyes first view'd thy radiant charms,
Or my mind mus'd on thy extensive virtues,
I was a zealous and true worshipper
Of Seraphina's bright divinity.

ZORIANA.

And art thou still so faithful, can'st thou triumph,
With persevering love, over neglect
And frail forgetfulness: say can'st thou still
Adore inconstancy, and heave deep sighs
To gratify a rival?

LORENZO.

Pitying lady!
Wound me not thus with dark insinuation,
Nor wrong my Seraphina;—worlds may vanish,
And planets quit their courses, but her faith,
Shall, like the sun with pure unwearied lustre,
For ever glow the same.

ZORIANA.

Know then, she's false!
And that, seduc'd by amorous ambition,
She has espous'd another.

LORENZO.

LORENZO.

May this be ?
 O wherefore did I quit my galling chains ?
 More blest were it to bear opprobrious stripes,
 And linger out my years in loathsome dungeons,
 With the dear solace to suppose her true,
 Than loaded with this earth's prosperity,
 To meet the demonstration of her guilt.

ZORIANA.

And is it thus you can reward her baseness,
 With such emotions of distracted fondness,
 As, to excite, would yield me richer rapture
 Than heav'n might ever promise ?——

LORENZO.

If in thy utterance have been deceit,
 Or even sportiveness, I will abhor thee.
 Not all thy mercies shall henceforth avail
 To counteract my hate, O Zoriana !

Enter FABIO.

FABIO.

Pardon this strange intrusion, noble lady !
 But Count Lorenzo's presence shall excuse
 The negligence of forms, for my desire
 Is with an early and appropriate zeal,
 To offer him my joyful gratulation.

ZORIANA.

ZORIANA.

My Lord! your coming with so fair a purpose,
Needs no apology.

LORENZO *to Fabio.*

Is she then wedded?
For ever lost to me, for whom I bore,
With patience (which I thought she might ap-
prove)
Each trying injury and fierce affliction;
'Twixt whom and me the holiest vows had pass'd;
Is she perfidious?

FABIO.

Women oft are frail,
And few may boast consistency.

LORENZO.

'Tis wrong,
My Lord! my Lord! she was above all failure,
The countless virtues which adorn'd her mind,
Added such power to perfect loveliness,
That none could deem her capable of error.

ZORIANA.

Compose thy troubled spirit, chase away
From recollection, that afflictive worth,
Which, tho' so splendid, was but transitory.—

F

And

And let one woman's constancy subdue
The mem'ry of another's want of truth.

FABIO.

In vain I urg'd your suit, in vain I pleaded
That you might yet return, mention'd your merits,
Your noble birth, your youth's advantages,
And all the promising prospects of your state ;
But she had torn your image from her thought,
And was so vilely disinclin'd to hear me,
That I at length was mute.—

LORENZO.

Be not so sparing of the horrid story,
Speak out, for I can bear it, can enjoy it.

FABIO.

Her wayward heart was suddenly enslav'd
By the gay glories of exalted station,
And more, perhaps, from vanity than love,
She gave her hand to—

LORENZO.

Pray you, do not name him !
To think that he exists, absorbs my reason ;
To know him, it were Hell.

ZORIANA.

Transcendent youth !

Controul

Controul this bitter rage ! O turn thine eyes
 From the wild beach, where ocean and the storm,
 Shake nature with contention ; turn and view
 A tranquil season, milder scenes display :
 Yes, shun the dangerous tempest of thy thoughts,
 To cast one look on tenderest affection,
 On *her*, who will, to thy more certain joy,
 Supply the place of evanescent fondness,
 With an invincible, immortal love.

FABIO.

The wisdom of this council claims respect.
 And if thou doubt of Seraphina's falsehood,
 Altho' with anguish and remorse I speak it,
 Know, that thy letter was, by fatal hazard,
 Consign'd to her—then buried in concealment—
 Till, late in hour of pleasure, she disclos'd
 To me its sad contents—but much she smil'd
 At thy distresses, and profess'd she ne'er
 Could, to her arms, have ta'en a wretched slave,
 By fetters wrung, and smarting with his blows.
 For verity of this, I've proof substantial.

LORENZO *to Zoriana.*

The conflict's o'er ;—then, if thou wilt receive
 My proffer'd hand, and a too shatter'd heart,
 Be this our hour of union.

ZORIANA.

O Lorenzo !

F 2

I scarcely

I scarcely dare—but can't thou then erase
 The deep impression of a former passion,
 From the retentive tablet of thy mind,
 And grant me all thy love ?

LORENZO.

In truth I can.

When next, my Lord ! you chance to see your
 daughter, *(To Fabio.*

I do entreat you, tell her I am happy ;
 That hearing of her baseness nothing mov'd me ;
 That, when she yields her beauties to the grasp
 Of her damn'd husband, when her eager kisses
 Fire his cold blood, she may not be so blest,
 As to suppose the hellish certainty
 Of such abhorr'd embraces, gives a pang
 To the disdainful and compos'd Lorenzo.
 Tell her you saw me rapt'rously enfold

(Embracing Zoriana.

The matchless Zoriana;—and then say, *(Speaking low*
 That on the surface of this hated globe, *to Fabio.*
 Of all who agonize, and curse existence,
 I am the most complete and hopeless wretch.

(Exeunt.

End of the Second Act.

A C T III.

SCENE, *Hall in the Duke of Alba's Palace.*

Enter GUSMAN *and* GASPERO.

GUSMAN.

DID she not murmur, or in aught betray
Reluctance at departure ?

GASPERO.

Rather, my Lord !
With eagerness she undertook the journey.

GUSMAN.

There is a scorn and strangeness in her 'haviour,
Which tends, methinks, too deeply to debase me ;
I'll not endure it, for it bodes disgrace—
Some sentimental boy, some soft complainer,
With sighs, expressing sensibilities,
Has caught her in the trammels of romance,
Come hither, Gaspero ! a word with you.

GASPERO.

GASPERO.

I but attend your pleasure.—

GUZMAN.

Let me appoint you steward of the castle
Where Seraphina is dispos'd, there reap
Advantage from the profitable office !
But my first mandate is, that you observe
Her ev'ry action closely, and inform me,
If any desp'rate minion of the moon,
Or whining shepherd, artfully approach
Her sacred haunts of solitude and peace.

GASPERO.

In truth, my Lord ! your slightest disposition
Ensures my earnest will, and faithful service.

GUZMAN.

Then, be there no delay, but prove thyself
A swift and excellent Commissioner.
The circumstances will reward attention :
So, with a piercing and considerate eye,
Read all that passes. Should I have a rival !
You wear a sword to vindicate my wrongs !

GASPERO.

Most readily your wish shall be obey'd

[Exit Gaspero.]

GUZMAN.

GUZMAN.

The Lady Zoriana's sudden marriage
 With this young Count, is prominent of danger,
 That should demand reflection—for her wealth,
 And courtly influence may generate,
 And probably give birth to new ambition;
 While I may lose that plenitude of pow'r,
 For which I've yet found no competitor.
 'Twere well, however, to bestow on him
 Such salutation as th'occasion claims,
 Since, from the interview, I may discover
 His natural propensities, and learn,
 Or to despise, or court his future friendship.

[Exit Guzman.]

SCENE, *Zoriana's Palace.**Enter* LORENZO *and* GARCIAS.

LORENZO.

O Garcias! Kindly grant me thy instruction,
 How to eradicate from memory,
 The worth and loveliness of Seraphina.
 But on my heart her semblance is engrav'd,
 And there she looks reproach, and with such tears
 As might become an angel, faintly bids me
 Enjoy the new felicity of marriage.
 Alas! I'm sunk e'en to the lowest ebb
 Of vile contrition, for these lips which swore

Eternal

Eternal fealty to the world's chief glory,
 Have now to Zoriana, at the altar,
 But a short moment since, proclaim'd a falsehood.

G A R C I A S.

Why should you trouble your offenceless spirit,
 By such unprofitable meditation?
 The lady you've espous'd is excellent,
 Of rarest beauty, of benign discretion,
 Of a most princely line, and then she loves you
 With the pure worship of a tranced saint;
 While Seraphina! whom your soul had cherish'd,
 Prov'd false, and careless left you to your fate.

L O R E N Z O.

Perhaps they've done her wrong, have basely fullied
 Her purity, by the foul breath of slander.
 Would the calm hour were come, when in the tomb,
 I might escape this intellectual conflict!
 At times I more than doubt Don Fabio's honour!

G A R C I A S.

Nor do I think that then your judgment errs.

L O R E N Z O.

There's nothing but disguise, severe injustice,
 And strange duplicity upon this earth;
 The Ign'rant shew solemnity of wisdom,
 The iron-hearted Rich pretend to charity,
 Cowards

Cowards exult like heroes, ruthless Tyrants
Boast of their mercy, while hard Plunderers,
And infamous Oppressors of the Poor,
Weep at a Sparrow's falling.—

G A R C I A S.

Alas! there's verity in these conceptions,
Which seem to overcome you.

L O R E N Z O.

The Seducer,
With mild approaches woos the artless maid,
He lives but to procure her happiness,
His protestations have the force of truth,
And he appears what *Woman* should adore;
But having triumph'd o'er her innocence,
And robb'd her of tranquillity and fame,
He then can deem humanity deceit;
Can scorn to hide his baseness; can avow
His worst intentions; and, without a blush,
Consign her to the rendings of despair.

G A S P E R O.

Be more compos'd!

L O R E N Z O.

Do not the mean too often
Rise to distinctions by servility,
Then lord it o'er the virtuous? We should mark

G

How

How he that is exalted *bears* success,
To judge how he *deserves* it.

G A R C I A S.

Nay, no more!

L O R E N Z O,

Perhaps I've been deluded!
And Seraphina, in her virgin state,
Still mourns for lost Lorenzo; but if so,
Now that this desp'rate marriage has controul'd me,
I do beseech thee Garcias! to have pity,
Let thy benignant sword pierce my scorch'd bosom,
And set my spirit free.

G A R C I A S.

O cease these ravings!

L O R E N Z O.

Know you his horrid name who wedded her?
But hold, here's One of dignity approaches—

G A R C I A S.

Permit me to retire awhile! [*Exit Garcias.*]

L O R E N Z O.

Now must I,
By difficult mast'ry of myself, conceal
These pangs, and with the semblance of content.

Enter

Enter GUZMAN.

GUZMAN.

Suffer the self-presenting Duke of Alba,
To honor Zoriana's chosen Lord,
As a new relative—the happy union,
Communicates to me a proper portion
Of your joint blifs.

LORENZO.

This condescending kindness,
Makes me still more regret that hitherto
I've only known your Grace's excellence
From popular report, and Fame's applause.

GUZMAN.

If in the treasure of this transient life
There may be found one jewel of true value,
It is connubial joy.

LORENZO.

'The sentiment
So gladly urg'd, my Lord! denotes conviction.

GUZMAN.

Could the possession of such perfect beauty
As never yet was equall'd, heighten'd by
The most exalted sense, make marriage dear,
I were a husband fortunate indeed——

G 2

LORENZO.

LORENZO.

I'd fain pay homage to your Lady's merit.

GUZMAN.

But she, I know not why, prefers retirement
 Upon the coast, where I've an ancient mansion,
 To the luxurious pleasures of Madrid.
 In that retreat she now consumes her time,
 And finds 'mongst meads and rivulets, more solace
 Than splendid Courts could e'er bestow on her;
 O! this her disposition troubles me!

LORENZO.

Yet such propensities accompany
 Refin'd sensation, and denote more feeling
 Than gayer natures prove——

GUZMAN.

Ere you went hence, by martial enterprize
 To gain renown, perchance you may have seen
 Don Fabio's lovely daughter, Seraphina.

LORENZO.

O spare me, spare me, Heav'n!—suppose I have,
 Suppose she is the idol of my soul,
 And that I now, and ever shall adore her,
 With bigotry of love, what of it, Sir?

GUZMAN.

GUZMAN.

Whoever says that he presumes to love
The wife of Guzman, is a daring boaster,
Or a degraded madman——

LORENZO.

If Seraphina be thy wife, I swear it;
If she were wedded to a God, I'd swear it;
If fifty thousand Guzmans were in arms,
Pointing their dastard swords at my bare breast,
To murder me for utt'rance, yet I'd swear it.
Have you not heard, proud Duke! that I, Lorenzo,
Am her own promised lord, and knew you not
That it was base, and cowardly, and mean,
To wring her cold assent, to be so curs'd
As thou hast made her? for, inhuman spoiler!
Her heart was mine alone.

GUZMAN.

Go to the lady
Who has but just receiv'd thy nuptial vows,
And boast to *her*, how fond, and how sincere,
Thou art; she cannot fail to sympathize
With the soft sorrow;—'tis enough for me
To have discover'd the long-hidden cause
Of Seraphina's coldness and disdain:
Her vile reluctance on the day of marriage,
Her sequent sighs, and mournings, all are due,
Infulting

Insulting Youth! to thy superior merit.
 'Twas then for *thee*, I find, she pray'd to leave me.

LORENZO.

Did she then wed thee with despair, and pour
 Her heavenly tears for me; and does she shun
 The halls of pleasure, and the gorgeous throng
 Of the Escorial, to bewail my fate
 In lonely seats, and melancholy bow'rs;
 Blest be the Moon which hears her nightly moan!
 And blest the Echo that repeats her grief!
 Be sacred ev'ry flow'r whose fresh perfume
 Is wafted to her sense!—I'm satisfied!
 I ask no more, her soul has still been true.

GUZMAN.

Prepare to do me justice with thy sword!

LORENZO.

Away, away, thou hast already kill'd me;
 Like a malevolent and dark affassin,
 Planted, unseen, a mortal dagger here.

GUZMAN.

Low subterfuge of terror, poor evasion!
 They stain thy manhood.

LORENZO.

Think'st thou, threat'ning Duke!

My

My life of honor shall at last be lost
 Upon thy sword? In truth I mean to die,
 But not to swell thy triumph.

GUZMAN.

Wretched man!
 I scorn thee.

LORENZO.

Thou hast robb'd me of all hope,
 Hast funk me to extremest misery,
 Hast drawn, as 'twere, a mantle o'er the Sun,
 To shroud his noontide glories from my sight;
 Hast render'd Nature to these eyes a corse
 Of desolate appearance; yet thou deem'st
 That I should heed an insult, and be rous'd
 By what thou call'st thy scorn.

GUZMAN.

Then take my pity,
 Since thou can'st own th' extent of injury,
 Yet want the spirit to avenge thyself.

LORENZO.

Be this thy answer! *(Draws his sword.)*

GUZMAN.

It is fairly spoken.

(They fight, Lorenzo disarms Guzman.)

LORENZO.

LORENZO.

There take thy weapon,

(Returns Guzman his sword.)

For this roof protects thee.

Yet know, I'll see the Angel, whom thou dar'st
Denominate thy wife, but with such right,
As the vile robber calls the gold his own,
Which he has basely stolen.

GUZMAN,

Thou never shalt!

LORENZO,

Fill ev'ry avenue with armed troops,
Surround her with more dangers than e'er guarded
The prize of Jason, yet will I approach her ;
But having once more gaz'd upon her face,
And once more heard her voice, once more em-
brac'd her
With the chaste sanctity of heavenly love,
Then, Guzman! I'll defy thy utmost malice.

GUZMAN,

There may be rashness in these gallant boastings.

[Exit Guzman.]

LORENZO.

He thought I dreaded

The

The dissolution of this fev'rish mass!
 Come, grisly King, accept my fervent vows.
 Death! thou'rt to me no *tyrant*, but a *friend*!

Enter FABIO.

FABIO.

'Twere well that Zoriana be induced
(Not seeing Lorenzo.)
 To aid the purpose, and prevent disclosure,
 Of my preceding motives.

LORENZO,

Is it thou?
 I have a shrew'd suspicion that thy heart
 Is black and ranc'rous at the core.

FABIO.

What mean'st thou?

LORENZO.

I do believe thou art a perfect traitor;
 And now with reverence I call to mind
 My father's admonition, when he said,
 "Lorenzo! thro' thy life shun cautiously
 All intercourse with Fabio, for I know him,
 Unprincipled, remorseless, and a villain."

FABIO.

Thy father was an object—

H

LORENZO.

LORENZO.

Peace, traducer !
 Left, losing my respect for those white hairs,
 And due regard for Seraphina's parent,
 I strike thee to the earth.

FABIO.

This is mere phrenzy,
 My Lord ! my present business is to serve thee.

LORENZO.

But I will trace thy plottings and deceit ;
 Will bring thy desperate intrigues to light,
 Make thee abhorr'd by such as value virtue,
 And hold thee up to scorn and public justice.

FABIO.

Thou art indeed disturb'd—so fare thee well,
 Yet thy repentant thanks shall greet me soon.
 His indignation is awake—no time *(Aside.*
 Is to be lost, such insults too, demand
 A dire return, and ratify my hatred—
 Then what was policy, shall now be vengeance.
Exit Fabio.

LORENZO.

The look was big with menace, and the tongue
 Mutter'd internal imprecations—Ha !
 What hideous phantom hither comes to shrink me ?
 'Tis the fell fiend of darkness and dismay.

Enter

Enter Zoriana.

Avaunt! nor shake thy scorpion tresses here,
Back to thy dread abode!—thou'st done thy duty,
And I am curs'd enough.

ZORIANA

My Lord! what bodes
This terrible discourse, this bursting horror?
O tell me of thine anguish, and the cause,
Which fills those eyes with such mysterious meaning;
Changes the crimson lustre of thy cheek,
To livid paleness, and which shakes thy frame
Thus potently, for I have spells of love,
So sweetly salutary, they shall cure
Thy mental malady.

LORENZO.

Seek the dark heath,
Where never herbage sprang, or leaf unfolded;
But baleful meteors glide, and spectres glare:
There conjure up thy magical associates
To weave the web of dissolute controul;
There let the necromantic cauldron boil;
Sorcerers! I now am far beyond thy pow'r.

ZORIANA.

O exquisite affliction! O Lorenzo!
Have I deserv'd this of you; I, who wept
To think it possible thou might'st be wretched;

H 2

Who

Who fought thee in thy trouble?—change thine
 aspect,
 Thy frownings petrify my very soul.

LORENZO.

Attempt to stop the eagle in its course
 By words, or bid the wintry tempest sleep;
 But never hope to check th' impetuous tide
 Of overflowing grief that drowns my bosom:
 Thou'ft cruelly deceiv'd me, by vile hints
 Sullied an angel's whiteness, hast seduc'd me
 To thy detested arms by shameless wiles;
 Duped me, alas! to be thy husband—wherefore—
 I claim my just prerogative to curse thee.
 For ever now I quit thy hated presence,
 To find my Seraphina, to pour forth
 One faithful tear, and perish at her feet.

[*Exit Lorenzo.*]

ZORIANA.

Where am I, whither shall I fly for hope,
 Who now shall aid me, when my bosom's Lord
 Thus casts me from him? But I will not weep,
 Nor rend my hair, nor utter fruitless groans
 To the dispersing winds; nor invoke
 The hov'ring demons of the night to strike me
 With prodigal revenge: I'll make it transport
 To suffer nobly, will encounter fate
 With a proud eagerness, and lure my solace
 From the sublime perfection of despair. [Exit.

End of the Third Act.

A C T IV.

SCENE, *A Grove—The Castle belonging to the Duke of ALBA in the back Ground, and the Sea at a distance—Moonlight—a Sepulchral Urn on one Side, upon which SERAPHINA is discovered leaning.*

SERAPHINA.

W HITHER is flown thy spirit, lov'd Lorenzo!
 What are its dear delights; thinks it of me,
 As thus I mourn in the sequester'd grove?
 Perchance 'tis wafted by the zephyr's wing,
 That fans my burning bosom; or it floats
 Amid these chrystal beamings of the moon,
 To decorate the scene with silver glory.
 Ah! 'twas thy soothing voice, which stole but now
 From yon lone cypress in the plaintive song
 Of Sorrow's fav'rite bird; for each sad swell
 Had such a heav'nly and prevailing sweetness,
 It charm'd my heart. Methinks, at times, I've
 seen thee
 Melt into tears upon the flow'rs of morn,
 And I have trac'd thy visionary step

O'er

O'er the grey lake at eve's unruffled hour.
 Where'er thou art, cast one approving glance
 On this cold Urn, which an unwearied love
 Devotes to thy remembrance—If thou *canst*,
 Assume thy human semblance, that I may
 Die at the sight in ecstasy supreme.

*(Lorenzo enters, and, seeing Seraphina, stands
 fix'd in admiration.)*

'Tis he! 'tis he! such was his manly mein,
 Such was his radiant eye;—alas! I know
 Thou'rt but the offspring of compulsive fancy,
 The harbinger of madness, yet I'll bless thee,
 As tho' a real existence! it is true,
 I'm wedded to another—yet, forgive me!
 For they compell'd me to his rude embrace;
 My will gave no concurrence to the treason.
 O! do not gaze thus tenderly upon me!
 I may not look for comfort, haughty Guzman
 Will deem it infamy that I adore thee,
 And say that I am base, because I'm faithful.

*(Seraphina faints, and falls with her arms clasped
 round the Urn, which supports her.)*

LORENZO. *(Springing towards her.)*

Stay but a moment, and we'll die together,
 For by the holy horrors of the grave!
 By meek religion's mandates, and the promise
 Of undisturb'd felicity hereafter,
 I love, I pity thee!

SERAPHINA.

SERAPHINA.

(Recovering.)

Can it be true?

LORENZO.

Tho' thou art torn from me, and doom'd to bear
 My rival's presence with submissive duty ;
 Tho' all th' illusions of my youth are past,
 Still to behold thee, still to hear thy voice,
 Confers such potent pleasure, that awhile,
 The dire assemblage of afflictive thoughts
 Yields to the mightier prevalence of joy.

• SERAPHINA.

This is no frail conceit of sad derangement,
 For, as I live, thou art indeed Lorenzo,
 The only rightful monarch of my heart.

(They embrace.)

LORENZO.

Thou'st root within my soul, there grow for ever!
 O! 'tis a rapt'rous and celestial moment!
 Ha! let me rather fly thee with alarm,

(Starting from her.)

As birds of sorrow shun the living light :
 Let me renounce this Paradise, to dwell
 'Mongst barren rocks of comfortless dismay,
 Where Mis'ry keeps her court ; where I may hold
 Distracted converse with the hurricane,
 And revel midst the tempest's forked flames.

SERAPHINA.

SERAPHINA.

Give thy keen anguish scope, for, O! it shews
Such bold, gigantic dignity and honor,
That happiness, from the comparison,
Would meanly stigmatize its vain possessors.

Enter FABIO,

FABIO.

This is the spot that Gaspero describ'd!
He is already here. The lover's speed
(Seeing Lorenzo—Aside,
Has outstripp'd my endeavours,—and their sighs
Have had one mingling more—but to my purpose,
Lorenzo! Seraphina! joy attend you!
The rude and wint'ry season of affliction
Shall change to summer's mild serenity,
And brightest prospects now allure your sight,
I am the willing bearer of such tidings,
As from the anxious brow of discontent,
Shall chase away the low'ring clouds.

SERAPHINA.

My father!
What mean these words of desperate deception?

LORENZO.

What new invented cruelty has brought
Thee to this melancholy Grove, where I

Was

Was off'ring to an angel, the full tribute
Of wretchedness, and with convulsive throbs,
Breathing a last farewell!

FABIO.

But hear me, hear me!

LORENZO.

Have I not heard thee utter fearful tales
Of dire, disastrous import, tales untrue,
Which curdled my hot blood, and on my heart
Hung palpitating horror.—Did'st thou not
Lead me to think thy daughter was unworthy,
Light as the winds, and faithless as thyself!
That she, with wanton willingness, bestow'd
Her hand on Guzman, and without one sigh
Of pity, had renounc'd the scorn'd Lorenzo?

FABIO.

It was humanity which told thee so;
That thou might'st better combat with thy fate.
But 'twas my purpose *then*, and has been *since*,
To labour for thy 'vantage, and procure thee,
If possible, some means of extrication.
Yet then I little thought, to speak thee plainly,
Thou would'st so soon have married Zoriana.

SERAPHINA.

Have I been deceiv'd

I

By

By Zoriana; is she then thy wife?
 She, who had all my confidence, who knew
 My truth, my love, my hatred, and my woe.
 This, this is perfidy, it rends my soul;
 My fate is now complete; farewell, Lorenzo!
[Exit Seraphina.]

L O R E N Z O.

Stay, listen to me, and my vindication
 Shall overcome thy rage—Base Zoriana!
 I give thee now an unrestrain'd abhorrence.
 Ye torturing fiends, whose occupation is
 To enjoy the wretch's suff'rance, hither come;
 Banquet upon my pangs, and glut your famine!
 Yet, Seraphina, I will follow thee. (*Lorenzo going.*)

F A B I O.

Govern this fierce commotion, and attend
(*Restraining him.*)
 To the calm dictates of consoling peace!
 'Tis useless to have reason, if we throw,
 With ev'ry sudden gust, our mind away,
 And dissipate its force in wild complaint.

L O R E N Z O.

Haft thou some new contrivance to destroy me?

F A B I O.

My Lord! since last we parted, I have toil'd
 Much for your service, and in truth, success
Seems

Seems not to frown upon the undertaking.
 Our gracious King permitted me to speak
 In your behalf, when zealously I urg'd
 Your various sufferings, your reported death,
 Ill-fated cause of the disastrous marriage,
 'Twixt Guzman and my daughter; then I pleaded
 Your earlier right, and my most sacred promise:
 And next I dwelt on Zoriana's wiles,
 To draw you to th' unwelcome snare of wedlock.

LORENZO.

Shall I give confidence to these assertions?

FABIO.

On all of which discussion, the good monarch
 Bestow'd a kind approval, and declar'd,
 His royal meaning was to make appeal
 To the Holy See of Rome, for your disunion
 From such reluctant nuptials, and to entreat
 Its pow'r infallible, to grant permission,
 That Zoriana's, and that Guzman's oaths,
 Be strait dissolv'd, and Seraphina's charms
 Restor'd to your priority of claim.

LORENZO.

Then she may yet be mine; e'en at the thought,
 My bosom shakes with such oppressive joy,
 As nature scarce can bear—What, tho' the treasure
 Of her rich beauty has been basely pillag'd

By the vile rapine of a ruthless knave,
 Yet has the bright unequal'd gem, her mind,
 Escap'd the sacrilege, and I will prize it
 Still more for the contrasted preservation.
 But O! perhaps this hope is but delusion!

FABIO.

Doubt me not now, Lorenzo! By my soul!
 I've taken nothing from the truth, nor aught
 Exaggerated; but have alone display'd
 The generous intention of the King.
 Yet were it well, with profitable speed,
 You hasten to the court, and there enforce
 Your earnest suit by dutious loyalty.

LORENZO.

First let me gain my Seraphina's smile
 To sanction the departure, let me win
 Her pardon for my faults, her kind assent
 To stimulate endeavour, and the steeds
 Which bore me hither, with redoubled swiftness,
 Shall reassume their labour;—yes, I'll seek her,
 Expatiate on our hopes, and then return.

[Exit Lorenzo.]

FABIO.

How readily he catches at the bait!
 And yields to my arrangement; so his rage
 No more shall interfere to hurt my peace;
 What's he that now approaches?

Enter

Enter GASPERO.

GASPERO.

'Tis Gaspero !
Who has obey'd his Lord, Don Guzman's will,
As by your late instruction was made known.

FABIO.

The daring youth, was here, in full employ
Of his design'd seduction ; tears and sighs,
And miserable vows, and due complaining,
Had been exhausted with approv'd effect.
I rather seem'd to favour his deceit,
And now he hies him homeward to return
For the more sure completion of his purpose.
But, prithee say, are the men rightly marshall'd ?
They are no squeamish villains, but true heroes ;
The very glory of black enterprize !
In all Madrid I could not find their fellows.

Enter SERAPHINA (unobserved).

GASPERO.

A short league hence,
Where first the winding road enters the forest,
They're station'd with th' implements of death.
There shall the spoiler of Don Guzman's honor,
Receive his just reward.

FABIO.

'Tis well contriv'd.—

SERAPHINA.

SERAPHINA.

Wilt thou protect him, Providence ? *(Aside.*

FABIO *(To Gaspero.)*

Retire!

Exit Gaspero.

Let the funereal raven croak his dirge !
 And the lone owl chaunt requiems to his soul !
 There let him welter in the wint'ry gale !
 I shall be free from his obtrusive presence,
 And Guzman ne'er be troubled by Lorenzo.

SERAPHINA. *(Coming forward.)*

And will you kill him, Traitor ? O, my father !
 Forgive my intemp'rate speaking ; but if ever
 These infant lips prefs'd closely to your cheek ;
 If e'er my childish prattle won your favour ;
 If ever you have prov'd a parent's feelings,
 Pity a daughter's pains ! Load not your conscience
 With such a weight of infamy, that heav'n
 Itself must be incapable to recede
 From it's stern justice, or be mov'd to mercy.

FABIO.

Peace, vile Adulterers ! nor presume to plead
 For your devoted Paramour ; but think,
 He gladly hastes from your polluted arms,
 To prefs his Zoriana to his bosom.
 Then from thy thought dispel this wretched fondness,
 Learn

Learn to despise him, and approve the deed
Which rightly shall avenge such shameless falsehood.

SERAPHINA.

Tho' he were baser than th' envenom'd tongue
Of slanderous cruelty could represent him ;
Tho' he had wrong'd me by ten thousand means,
And gloried in the misery he gave ;
Still would I prostrate thus implore to save him,
(Kneeling.
Or die with transport to ensure his welfare.

FABIO.

Detested viper, hence ! thy pray'rs are fruitless ;
They add fresh vehemence to my resentment,
And tend to prove thee most degenerate.
See, see, Lorenzo comes, and thou *shalt* die,
If but a syllable, a look, or gesture,
Excite the least suspicion of his danger.
Be prudent, or this dagger drinks thy blood.

Enter LORENZO.

LORENZO.

Art thou appriz'd, enchanting Seraphina !
Of the approaching bliss which yet may greet us,
Thro' the benign indulgence of the King !
And has Don Fabio told thee all ?—

SERAPHINA.

SERAPHINA.

I am indeed appriz'd of what may happen,
But o'er the prospect hangs such fearful gloom,
That my soul sickens.

FABIO.

Traitrefs! be circumspect! (*Aside, grasping his dagger.*)

LORENZO.

Forget my frantic perfidy, which arose
From misconception, momentary rage,
And the severe debasement of despair.
Transcendent Excellence! no longer contemplate
The thick surrounding darkness, but behold
Hope's rising rays flecker the wak'ning dawn
With fairest lustre—Yes, my Seraphina!
I've stood like some poor sailor on the beach,
Who watches 'midst the perils of the storm,
The struggling bark that carries all his store;
And now I welcome home, with double joy,
The vessel which contains my heart's best treasure,
More valued for the dangers it has pass'd.

SERAPHINA.

Alas! the pinnace at the very port
May yet be stranded; O, beware, Lorenzo!

FABIO.

FABIO.

Another such remark shall be thy last. (*Aside.*)
 Haste to Madrid, my Lord! and I'll engage
 Ere thou attain the object of thy journey,
 She will be well inclin'd to lay aside
 Her present seeming coldness, and repay
 Thy warmest wishes with unfeign'd regard.

LORENZO.

I go—But hast thou not one gracious word,
 One cheering smile to urge me to success?
 (*To Seraphina.*)

SERAPHINA.

O may these tears, which so abundant flow,
 Be eloquent to warn you!

FABIO.

Speak no more! (*Aside.*)
 Confide in me, and quick return to peace.
 (*To Lorenzo.*)

LORENZO.

My only comfort rests upon thy care:
 And since thou hast so solemnly averr'd
 Thy good intentions, I will not distrust thee.
 Yet, Seraphina, *look* with tenderness
 At least upon me, as I say farewell. (*Going.*)

K

SERAPHINA.

SERAPHINA.

It is too much! Lorenzo, thou'rt deceiv'd,
Affassins wait in ambush to destroy thee.

FABIO.

Then take my promis'd vengeance!

(Fabio draws his dagger, and is going to kill Seraphina, Lorenzo rushes upon him and wrenches it away—Lorenzo then prepares to plunge it into Fabio's heart.)

LORENZO.

Inhuman monster! Be it thine to perish!

(Seraphina now runs between Fabio and Lorenzo, and prevents th' impending blow.)

SERAPHINA.

O, do not murder him! he is my father!
And if thou injure but a single hair
Of his most reverenc'd head, I will abjure thee!

LORENZO.

I will not kill thee, execrable villain!
This, thy protectress, subjugates my fury.
Live, and repent! *(Throws the dagger away.)*

SERAPHINA *(Falling on Lorenzo's neck).*

Eternal blessings on thee! *(To Fabio.)*
Look on the noble youth thou would'st have slain!

LORENZO.

LORENZO. (*To Fabio*)

Gaze on this purpos'd victim of thy rage!
And if thou prove no keen compunction, fly
To deserts, where ferocious beasts reside,
And learn from them to humanize thy heart.

[*Exeunt Lorenzo and Seraphina.*]

FABIO.

What! Gaspero! Attendants! Ho! there's treason
Against my Lord, the Duke; secure the traitor!
Let no one pass; be vigilant, be bold.
This failure in the mode of his destruction,
Shall yield him but a transitory respite.

[*Exit.*]

End of the Fourth Act.

A C T V.

SCENE, *A Hall in the Castle.**Enter GASPERO with a Key.*

GASPERO.

HE's well secur'd, nor shall his vehemence
 Again demand such numbers to controul it.
 Hunger will soon subdue him, and his rage
 Subside, when left without antagonist ;
 While Seraphina, prison'd in her chamber,
 May pray in vain to save him—my reward
 Will be substantial for this service render'd
 To Fabio, and the Duke.—Who's here ? A Lady !

Enter ZORIANA (in disorder).

ZORIANA.

O, Sir ! if ever pity touch'd your heart,
 I do beseech you, tell me where my lord,
 My husband, my Lorenzo may be found.
 Alone I have pursu'd a frantic journey,

Nor

Nor ever rested since I left Madrid.
 'T was expectation buoy'd me up to bear
 The pressure of fatigue ; but shou'd my search
 Be fruitless, the untoward disappointment
 Would surely kill me.

GASPERO.

There has been here a youth
 Of fierce pretension, and repulsive valour,
 Who came, it seems, a suitor to the Duchess.

ZORIANA.

'T was he—yet, yet, assure me of his safety,
 For danger, and distrust, and horrid murder
 Are all abroad, and each ill-omen'd breeze
 Whispers prophetic woe, and swift destruction.

GASPERO.

He has obtain'd the meed of his designs.

ZORIANA.

The meed! O speak! has he then suffer'd injury?
 No one, I trust, has done him violence;
 He is a nobleman of high renown,
 And excellent desert. Support me, heaven!

(Giving a Purse)

Accept this trivial pledge of future giving;
 You shall indeed be more than rich hereafter,
 If you'll explain his fate, or lead me to him.

GASPERO.

GASPERO.

Lady! I dare not.

ZORIANA.

Tell me, does he live?

GASPERO.

As yet, 'tis probable he may!

ZORIANA.

As Yet!

GASPERO.

If you will not betray me; but I fear.

ZORIANA.

Nay, do not doubt.

GASPERO.

I'll shew you to his dungeon.

ZORIANA.

His dungeon!

GASPERO.

Yes—then follow—but be sure
That you return e'er a short hour elapse,
Or you must share his fate!

ZORIANA.

I am content;
It shall be so—I ask no further kindness—
That I should meet thee thus, ador'd LORENZO!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *A Dungeon—a lamp faintly burning—Lorenzo in chains, reclining on a block of stone.*

LORENZO. (*Raising himself*)

Within these walls, thus ends my sad career !
 O, hapless Zoriana ! could'st thou see
 How horribly I expiate ingratitude,
 Thy pitying lids would surely weep forgiveness.
 Creator infinite ! if on thy thought (*Kneeling.*
 An atom's supplication may intrude,
 Grant consolation to *her* wounded spirit;
 And on my Seraphina, in thy mercy,
 Bestow a blest futurity of joy. (*Rising.*
 Ah ! what is this existence ? 'Tis a storm
 Of varying passions, and successive troubles.
 First *Fear* affails the child, and then he trembles,
 And screams but at a frown ; with youth comes *Love*
 Torturing the helpless bosom, where fierce flames
 Of rage, repentment, jealousy contend.
 Disturb'd *Ambition* next presents itself,
 To bid us grasp the moon, and waste our days
 In angry sighs, and rivalry for shadows.
 Till, to conclude the wretched catalogue,
 Appears pale *Avarice*, with heart of stone,
 Straining delusive counters to his breast,
 E'en in the hour of death. Surely to escape
 From this oppressive being, must be peace !
 Begone, then, fancy, reason, memory,
 Since ye are but the ministers of evil,

Melt

Melt into air, I'll be your slave no longer !
 My brain begins to burn—my heart is bursting ;
 They've torn away my soul, my Seraphina,
 And now distorted phantoms of despair,
 Array'd in darkness, and convuls'd with fury,
 Deride my pangs, and drag me to the earth. (*Falls.*)

Enter ZORIANA.

ZORIANA.

Wherefore this dread obscurity, this cavern
 Fit for a felon's punishment? They dare not
 Degrade him to this worst indignity,
 'T would be an insult to the name of Spaniard
 That must excite commotion were it known !

(Sees Lorenzo on the ground.)

O ! is my sight diseas'd ; cling not so closely
 To my conviction, unrelenting furies !
 Drain not my heart of its last drop of hope,
 Nor blast me with this spectacle of horror.
 He's dead, he's dead, yet hear me, my Lorenzo !
 Leave not the hallow'd confines of the skies,
 Where yet thy spirit lingers, till I join thee.
 This cordial draught, meant for my latest refuge,
 Shall be the immediate med'cine of my woe.

(Zoriana takes a Phial of Poison and drinks it.)

Nor will commiserating heaven refuse
 It's pardon to the victim of despair.

LORENZO.

LORENZO. (*Rising*)

What soothing notes of melting sympathy
Reclaim me from the shades? O welcome, welcome,
Lovliest of women, noblest of thy sex!

ZORIANA.

Unutterable rapture!

LORENZO.

Fair perfection!
Methought they forc'd thee from me, and decreed
That we should meet no more.

ZORIANA.

Ah when?

LORENZO.

How hast thou
Eluded all their vigilance?

ZORIANA

He raves!

LORENZO.

Thy ev'ry gesture shews divinity;
Amidst thy tresses countless cupids play;
Thy look is transport, and thy voice is heav'n!
Let these fond arms encircle thee!

ZORIANA.

I come!

L

LORENZO.

LORENZO.

My life! my Seraphina!

(Zoriana running towards Lorenzo, stops on bearing the name of Seraphina.)

Why shrinks my fair, why turns from my embrace?

ZORIANA.

'Tis not for *me* to press thee to my breast,
 To weep upon thy neck, and charm thy grief;
 There is no pow'rful magic in *my* eye,
 To fascinate thy soul—*my* fatal touch
 Would chill thy nature—I'll no more approach thee.

LORENZO.

O, why this mystery of cold reproof?
 My reason is disturb'd, 'tis all illusion!

Enter FABIO.

FABIO.

The wretch who may be lured by hopes of gain
 To execute the intentions of another,
 May, for a weightier profit, turn deceiver!
 I will not trust this Gaspero, and methinks
 The entrance was not guarded, or secured,
 Nor is there time to pause, or hesitate;
 Yonder he stands in meditation fix'd,

His

His hour is come, my rage shall make him fure.

(Fabio slowly advances to stab Lorenzo—Zoriana perceives his approach.)

ZORIANA.

'Tis some affassin ! who would operate
Against Lorenzo's life—strengthen my arm,
Almighty justice ! Aid me to protect him.

FABIO *(in the act to kill Lorenzo.)*

Die !

(Before Fabio can strike Lorenzo, Zoriana stabs Fabio—he falls.)

Thou art doom'd to fall—'tis done—'tis done,
And I have sav'd his valued life ; to you !
Applauding faints ! I dedicate the blow,
Which kill'd a murd'rer, and preserv'd my husband.

LORENZO.

O Zoriana !

FABIO *(to Zoriana.)*

Thou hast triumph'd ! yet in death
I am consol'd to think thou must be wretched ;
No fond return of passion e'er shall blefs thee ;
Lorenzo scorns thee ! Curses on you both ;
Disasters wither you ! Ah Seraphina !
Yet will I not repent—fiends ne'er shall mock me
For trembling pray'rs preferr'd, or abject wav'rings—
O torture ! O remorse ! Yet, yet, have mercy !

(Dies.)

L 2

ZORIANA.

ZORIANA.

Such, Fabio, is the meed of impious daring!
 May there be pity for thy soul and mine!
 Alas, my nerves relax, my spirit trembles—

(Leans against the side Scene.

*Enter GUZMAN, wounded, supported by GARCIAS
 and GASPERO—Lights, &c.*

GUZMAN.

My Lord Lorenzo! pray ye, loose his chains.

(Lorenzo is unbound.

LORENZO.

Guzman, thou bleed'st apace, what treach'rous
 hand—?

GUZMAN.

Scarce had I pass'd the covert in the vale,
 But deeming my attendants were too slow,
 I turn'd to hail them; when, upon the instant,
 Some fell affassins, hired to murder thee,
 Rush'd forth, and fix'd their poignards in my heart.
 This gallant youth, whom chance had brought to
 the spot, *(Shewing Garcias.)*
 Gave brave assistance—Ah! I faint!

GARCIAS.

The villain that I slew, proclaim'd in dying

Don

Don Fabio his employer—and his purpose
To affassinate Lorenzo.

GASPERO,

'Twas, indeed!

GUZMAN.

O thy decrees are just, Omniscient Heav'n!

LORENZO.

Would I had met the meditated blow
Ere suffer'd this redundant agony!

GUZMAN.

I trust compassion will subdue thy anger!
Deceiv'd by Fabio, I espous'd his daughter,
Not knowing thy pretensions! Lead me to her;
For I would bless her with my parting breath!

(Garcias and Gaspero lead out Guzman.)

LORENZO.

Peace! holy peace be thine, expiring Alba!

*(Zoriana, weakened by the efforts of the poison,
advances to Lorenzo.)*

ZORIANA.

It only now remains, my Lord, that I
Should supplicate forgiveness.

LORENZO.

Do not wound me
By such reproachful sorrow.

ZORIANA.

ZORIANA.

I misted thee,
 Call'd Seraphina false, altho' I knew
 Her mind unfullied as descending snow,
 Her truth more steady than the mountain's base.
 From *her*, too, I conceal'd thy slav'ry.
 Yes, I have caus'd thee ev'ry bitter woe!
 Have sunk thee to despair, and lost myself.

LORENZO.

O fatal hearing!

ZORIANA.

Yet love was all my crime!

LORENZO.

Alas! its mandates may not be resisted!

ZORIANA.

Since thou can feel its force, pity its weakness!
 And think not half so dear was Seraphina
 To thy regard, as thou hast been to me.
 She well deserves that heart I now resign her!
 May happier days attend thee! and my fate
 Scatter no ling'ring anguish o'er thy thought,
 For O! I pay the price of such deceit.
 A subtle poison working in my bosom,
 Brings swift oblivion.

(Zoriana sinks to the ground.)

LORENZO.

LORENZO.

Horror! Zoriana!
 My cruelty has kill'd her! hither haste,
 Ye vengeful ministers of eternal pain!
 And seize your rightful, miserable victim;
 Ingratitude, cold perjury, and murder,
 These are my light offences, and I claim
 The homage of the damn'd, and proud perdition.
 Tho' I have wrong'd thee thus, yet do not leave
 me, (*Tenderly to Zoriana.*
 My wife, my benefactress. (*Leans over her.*

Enter SERAPHINA.

SERAPHINA.

Guzman is dead!
 I saw his life-blood issuing from the wound,
 As his dim eyes were fix'd in sadness on me.
 I will embalm him with the tears of pity!
 What's here? My father slain! Distraction!
 Murder!
 'Tis desolation all, and mingled carnage.
 Dear author of my being—laid so low—
 Thy former harshness now seems due controul,
 While filial sorrow sanctifies thy corse.

ZORIANA.

O Seraphina! I beseech thee, hear me!
 Let not resentment for thy parent's death

Deny

Deny a consolation to my shade.
 I leave thee now to him I truly lov'd,
 Unite your fervent, holiest supplications
 To the Supreme Disposer of Events;
 And, banishing my crimes from your remembrance,
 Plead for a wretched suicide.

SERAPHINA.

Tho' by that hand my hapless father fell,
 Yet my reluctant reason certifies
 That there was justice in the deed; then live,
 And not one sigh of mine shall e'er disturb thee.
 Far from the world retir'd, my penitence
 Shall be devoted to *his* soul's repose.

ZORIANA.

Let me breathe forth my spirit in thy arms,
 My own Lorenzo!

LORENZO.

Save her, Powers of Mercy!

ZORIANA.

Let thy lips bestow
 A sacred earnest of approaching heaven:
 In life, my heart was thine, 'tis thine in death. (*Dies.*)

SERAPHINA (*To Zoriana.*)

Alas, thy love deserv'd a different fate!
 How vain are the presumptuous schemes of man!
 How

How fleetingly delusive ev'ry prospect
Of life's uncertain journey! *There* alone
In yonder sapphire region, may be found
Content, and pure prosperity of virtue!

LORENZO.

Sad sympathy shall be our only refuge,
For, from her memories, must time, in vain
Endeavour to obliterate the scene
Of such unparallel'd calamity.

To chase this darkness no fair morn shall rise,
No fond endearment dissipate our sighs,
Left, in affliction's bitt'rest pangs, to prove
The mutual agonies of fruitless love.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE,

WRITTEN BY

MILES PETER ANDREWS, ESQ.

AND SPOKEN BY

MRS. MATTOCKS.

WHEN tragic pomp, and solemn sounds are o'er,
When storms, and starts, and groans are heard no more;
Hard is her task, the Heroine of the past,
Who on this welcome floor has breath'd her last;
Snatch'd from the peaceful grave, again to rise,
And titter at her own short obsequies;
If her you pity, what do you think of me?
Torn from my comfortable dish of tea;
No warm impassion'd scenes to rant and reel in,
Nor love, nor murder to assist my feeling;
Sent like some Merry Andrew at a Fair,
To mimic follies, and to make folks stare.
(Imitates a Trumpet) "Walk in—Ladies and Gentle-
men—walk in—
"The notified—just going to begin"—
What shall I say? Our ever grateful Bard,
Who, in your tears, hath found his best reward;
Still humbly hopes, to crown his anxious toil,
Th'enlivening ray of one approving smile;
Unite with generous warmth to aid his cause,
No fear to bring the house down with applause.

M 2

Our

EPILOGUE.

Our walls are strong, they baffle Time's attacks—
Crowd hither as you will—we dread no cracks.—

Much could I offer in our Bard's defence,
But fashion is too much at war with sense;
The higher ranks have long let reason 'scape 'em;
John Bull at length strives, awkwardly, to ape 'em.—
“Fegs,” cries fat Madam Dump, from Wapping Wall,
“I don't love plays no longer, not at all;
“They're now so vulgar, and begin so soon,
“None but low people dines till afternoon;
“Then they mean *summat*, and the like o' that,
“And it's impossible to sit and chat.—
“Give me the Uppero, where folks come so grand in,
“And nobody need have no understanding.”—

That's right, Mamma, rejoins the darling plump,
Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Dump;
“Puppa's a fool—with his old fashion'd jokes
“About your Shakspears, and such furly folks:
“He hates a *Confort*, Ma', and that you know—
“O yes, my Chuck, I found that long ago.—
“Well, I should like a confort every night,
“Sweet Signor Thingomee is my delight.
“Then it's so tasty, that all must agree on,
“To talk about one's box at the Pantheon;
“To scrouge the Coffee Room, to see the *Ballet*,
“Or squint at the smart Jemmies in Fop's Alley.”

Fop's Alley! Scene of wonder and surprize,
Where all that's graceful, blends with all that's wife;
Where Britain's youth, like horses to be sold,
Sport their strip'd flannel cloathing seven fold.
And thou dear region of enchanting sounds,
Whose magic every meaner sense confounds,
F'orgive me, if awhile, in mirthful glee,

I dare

EPILOGUE.

I dare to trifle with thy dignity!

Suppose, as foremost of the splendid groupe,

Enter great Julius Cæsar in a hoop.

(Sings,) *Ambizione! del Tiranno!*

Piu forte, piu pianno, ache fin—

“Zounds! here’s my warrant, and I will come in.

“Diavolo! who come here to so confound us?

“The constables to take you to the Round-house;

“De Round-house—Mi!—You know, Sir, what I am,

“Could I speak Englis, how I’d swear *Got tem.*”—

Now comes the dance, the demi-caractere,

Chacone, the pas de deux, the here, the there;

And last the Chief, high bounding on the loose toe,

Or poiz’d like any Mercury—a che gusto!

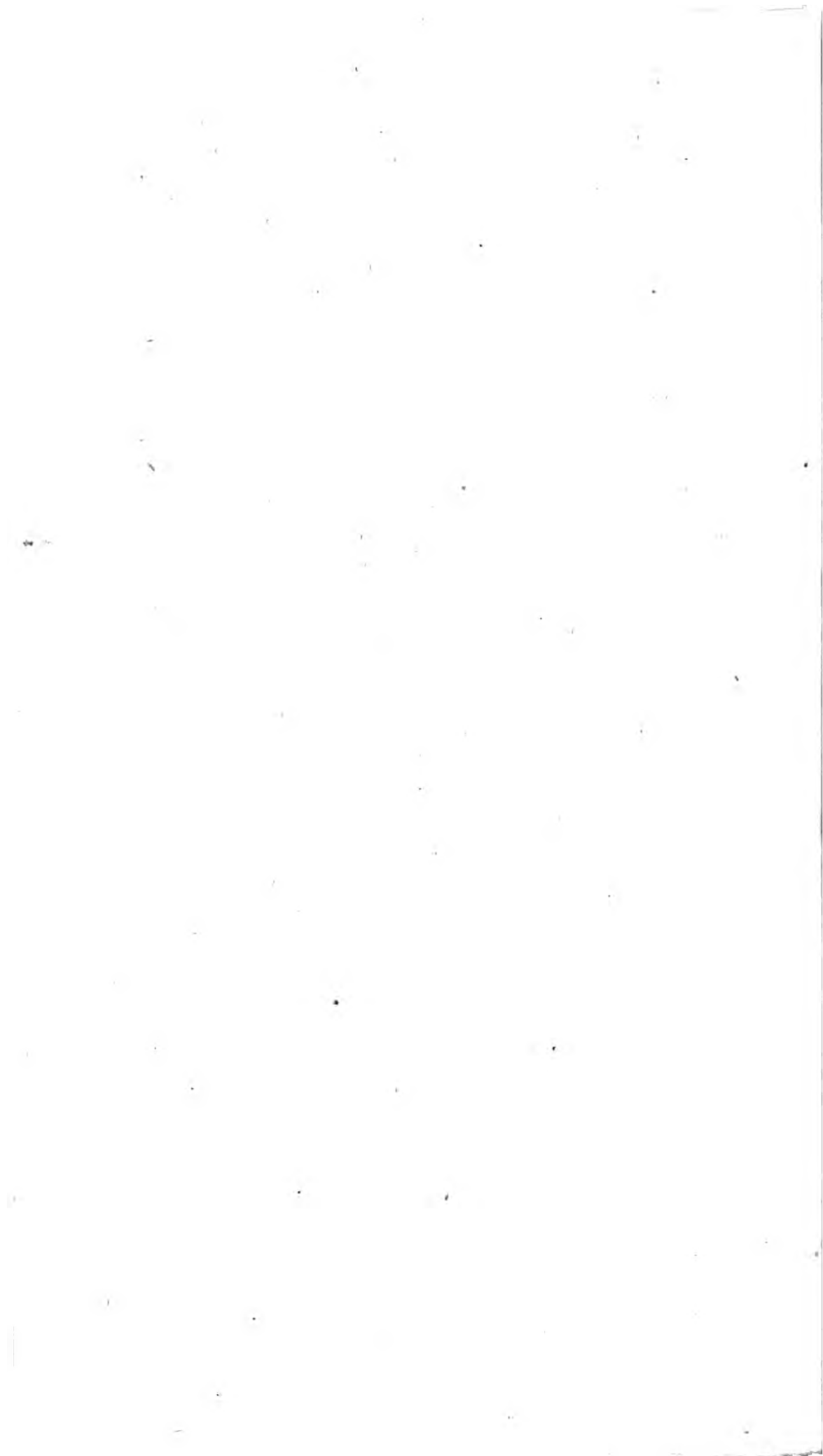
(*Stands on one leg.*)

In fruitless pleasure or destructive play,

The slaves of fashion fritter life away;

Yet let the Bard no forc’d attractions fear,

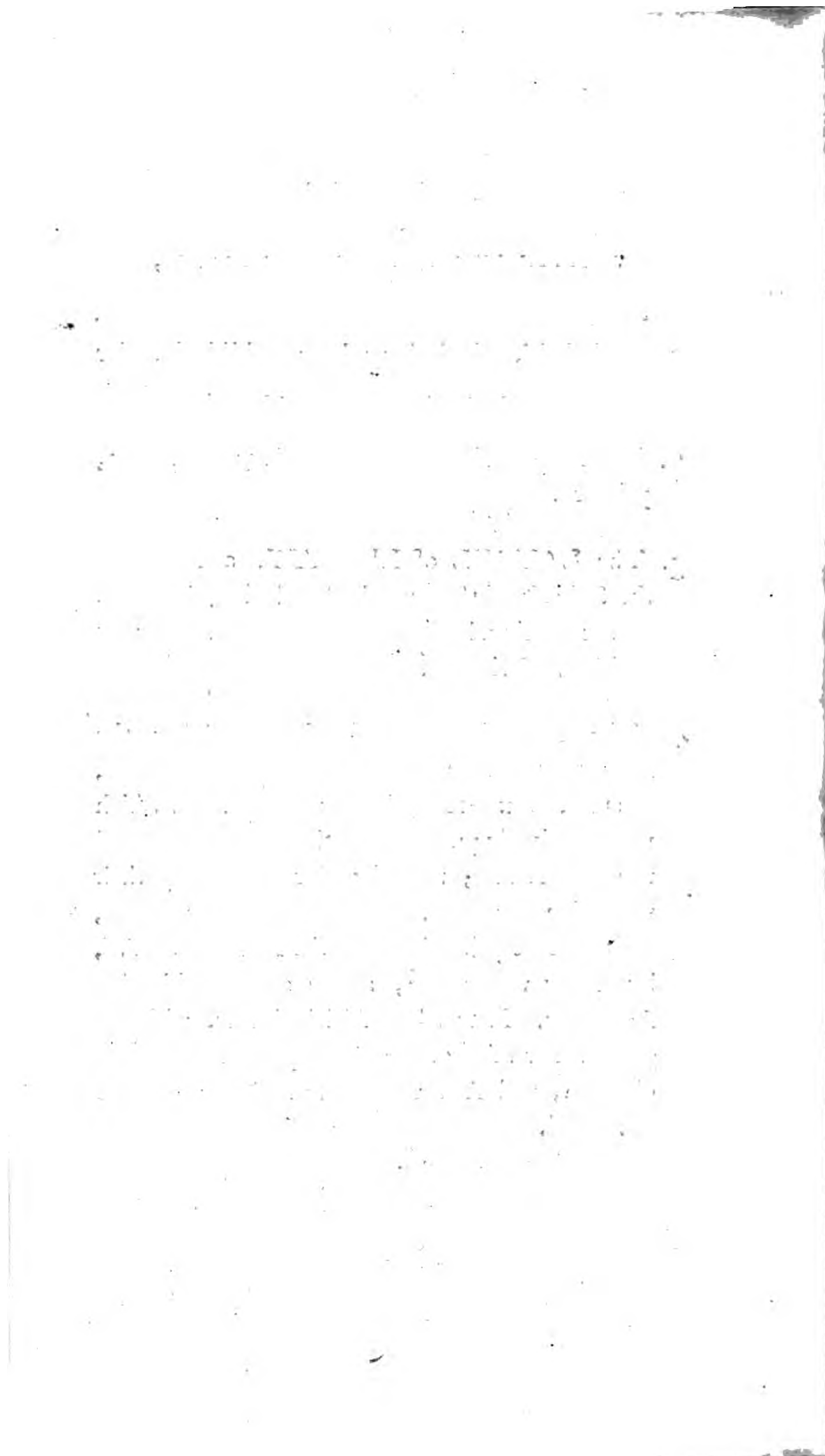
For nature’s feelings still will triumph here.



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THE
GERMAN HOTEL;

A COMEDY.



THE
GERMAN HOTEL;

COMEDY,

*from the German
Trans J. E. Brande
Trans H. - Marshal*

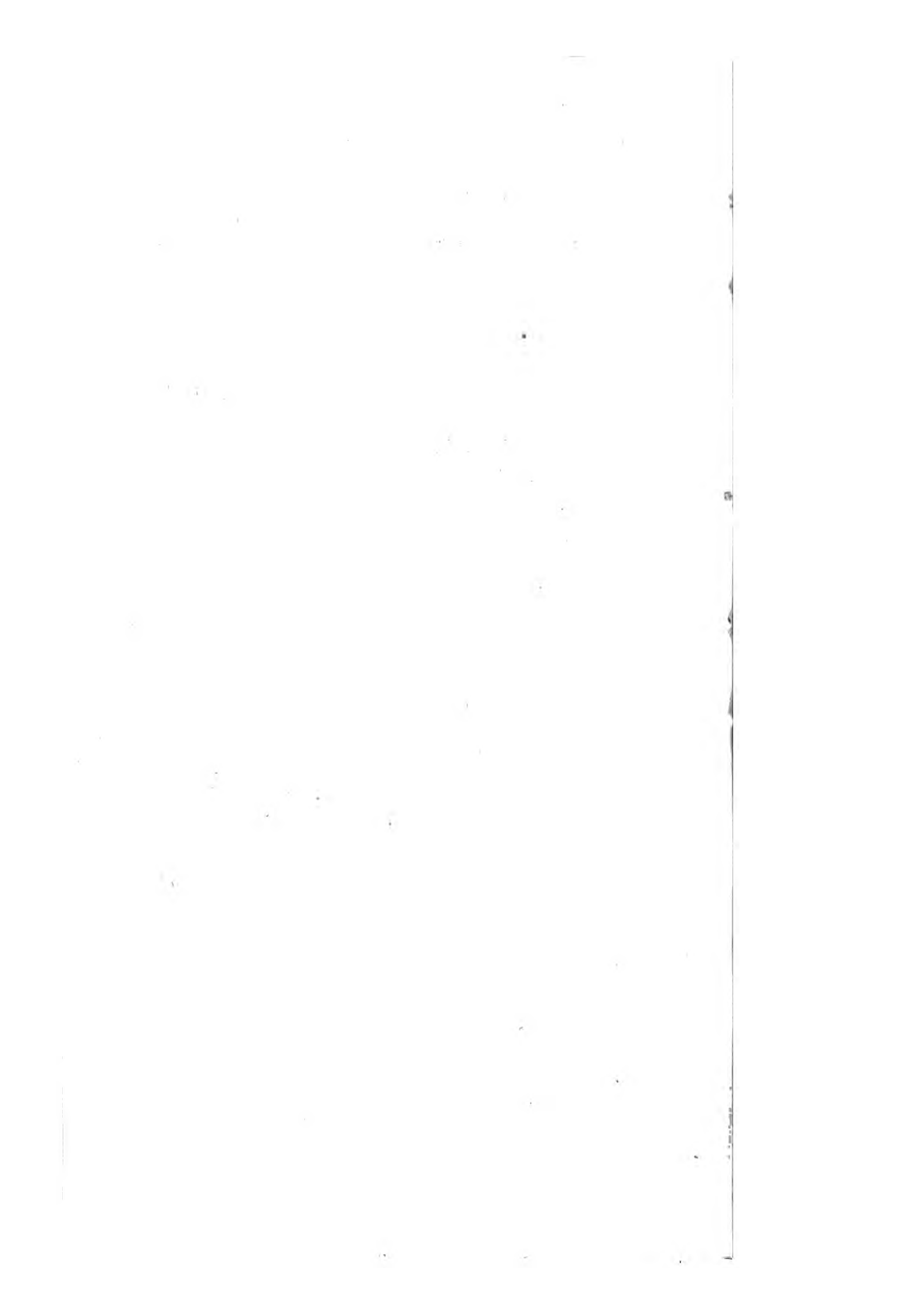
AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

LONDON:

Printed for G. G. J. and J. ROBINSON, Paternoster Row.

M.DCC.XC.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE applause bestowed upon the following play, exceeded not only the Author's hopes but its intrinsic merits. For this applause it was indebted, in part, to the perspicacious manner in which the story is told, and to certain traits of nature and of feeling; but most to the exertions of the performers, whose combined talents have seldom been more efficaciously displayed. The Author's most sincere thanks are due to them, for the intelligence and passion with which they generally executed all and sometimes more than he conceived.

It would be unjust not to acknowledge that Mr. Harris used every liberal effort, on his part, previous to its representation, to render the piece as perfect on the stage as its desert would allow; and that he very warmly promoted its interest, by his advice and superintendence.

Having paid this tribute, it is equally necessary not to rob the German poet, from whom this piece is taken, of his due. The name of this poet is Brandes. He is a comedian as well

as an author, and has produced several other pieces in his native language, which have been acted in various provinces of Germany with distinguished success.

For himself, the English Author makes but few claims. His production in most of its parts is nothing more than a liberal translation; but there are others in which it is something exceedingly different. The various touches which, in consequence of difference of manners, or of taste in the writers, could not but occur, it would be in vain to enumerate. But the chief deviations are in the scenes of Count Werling. Thus much is said for the information of those who shall happen to wish to compare the two pieces.

It is necessary to remark that, in the representation, the scene closed on Mrs. Dorville at the end of the first act, before the entrance of Rummer; and that, on the stage, this manner of ending the act has a very good effect.

PRELUDE,

P R E L U D E.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Frankly - - - Mr. Bernard.
Williams - - - Mr. Davis.
McCarnock - - - Mr. Ryder.

Scene, the *Piazza*.

Frankly and Williams meeting.

Frankly.

SO, Ned! You are here—You never miss the first night of a new piece.

Will. Oh, no; never—There is always something to keep one alive, on the first night.

Frank. True—If bad, the diversion of damning—

Will. Yes—And if good, the still better diversion of applauding.

“*Frank.* Ha, ha, ha! You are a constant advocate for the stage.”

“*Will.* I am. Of all recreations it is the most rational, and teaches morality much more effectually than the pulpit.”

“*Frank.* Hush! Zounds, take care! You’ll talk treason, man.”

“*Will.* May be so—I talk truth.”

Frank. Have you heard any thing of the Piece of to-night?

Will. Not a word.

Frank. Or of the author?

Will. Neither. I determine to come with my mind unprejudiced, and therefore make no enquiries. I always endeavour to be pleased; it is the Author’s fault if I am not.

Frank. Ay, you pique yourself on being a liberal critic.

Will. By no means—I pique myself on being just—The stage I hold to be a great national concern; and to praise or to blame falsely, is an act of mental suicide.

Frank.

Frank. Well, I am sure not be disappointed, for my expectations are never very high. The productions of the present age are the mere insects of a day. Nature, taste, and feeling, are become discarded vagabonds.

Will. Psha! This is the common-place cant of all times. Let nature, taste, and feeling, only make their appearance, and a thousand ready hands will ever be glad to give them welcome.

M' Carnock (*Coming up to them*) Your fairvant, gentlemen.

Frank. Ah! Mr. M' Carnock! How do you do? I heard you were abroad.

M' Car. Yas—I a been axercising my old trade of a tutor; endaivoring to maitamorphose boys into human beings—A heartless task, of which I'm weary. After the nurse, and the mamma, and their wese fucfaffors have made a booby, the tutor is called in, and required to make him a man.

Will. And what countries have you visited?

M' Car. Troth, I have been in the varra heat of action; have wetnessed such scenes as the whole history of mankind cannot equal!

Will. They are great! They are extraordinary! They are glorious, indeed!

M' Car. Yas, Sir! So extraordinary that, according to my arethmetic, he who has leved these three last years, has leved three thoofand. 'T'es a miraiculous epocha, and fatch as the world never before saw.

Frank. Well, so you are come to assist at the funeral to-night?

M' Car. Funeral, Sir! What funeral?

Frank. The trial, death, and damnation of the new Play.

M' Car. Damnation!—Haiv'n forefend, Sir!—I—I hope ye do not apprehend a party?

Frank. Oh, ho! You seem interested, Mr. M' Carnock.

M' Car. Me, Sir!

Frank. I suspect you are the author.

M' Car. Me, Sir?—Suspaet me?

Frank. Ay, you—Who more likely?—Come, come, own the truth, and we'll promise to lend you a lift.

Will. Promise for yourself, Frankly; I make no such engagement.

M' Car.

M'Car. Why, Sir, ye—ye do not intend oppofeetion—
Surely ye—

Will. Don't be alarmed, Mr. M'Carnock. Whether you be or be not the author, I wifh the piece fuccefs.

M'Car. (*Takes his hand*) Thank you, Sir! Thank you! Thank you!

Will. I mean, I wifh it may deferve fuccefs.

M'Car. Ay, ay—Wal—That's right.

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! Well, but tell us, are we to laugh, or cry, or go to fleep?

M'Car. Why, Sir, I—I acknowledge I—I have read the mainufcript.

Frank. Ay, and written it too.

M'Car. I ded not acknowledge that, Sir.

Frank. Well, but what are we to expect? Is it tragedy, or comedy, or farce, or what?

M'Car. Why, Sir, it is a—a—play—a draima, Sir, taken from the German.

Frank. A German drama! Nay, then, we may put on our nightcaps.

M'Car. Haply not, Sir. Genius is the inhaibitant of all countries.

Frank. No, no—a non resident. Nobody can tell where to find him.

M'Car. Ye miftake again, Sir.

Frank. Ay! Where is he? Where does Genius live?

M'Car. Genius leves, Sir—he leves at the fign of the School for Scandal!

Frank. Granted: but he never lives at the fign of fentiment and drama.

M'Car. Bagging yeer pardon, Sir, yeer wrong—yeer wrong—Drama is the legeetimate child of the Mufes.

Frank. Phaw! A puling, rickety, misbegotten brat! Dull as December funs! Fogs that diftort Nature, damp the fancy, and chill the very foul of wit.

M'Car. (*Knocking his heel*) Ay, Sir—I fee, Sir—as ye fay—ye are bent on damnation—'tis varra plain—The poet may rack his brains and wafte his days and nights, and raife his hopes, and, after years of fudy, obfervation, and anxiety, may come at length and place his laft ftake, on which his varra being depends, on the deceefion and approbation of the idle, the egnorant, the arrogant, and the riotous

riotous, who affamble in knots, predetermined to condemn, because to damn an author is damned high fun!

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! Nothing can equal it!

M'Car. No marvel that Wesdom is daily met shivering in the streets, and Genius hiding his nakedness in a blanket!

Will. Never fear, Mr. M'Carnock, my friend Frankly is a good-natured fellow.

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! Not I, indeed—

M'Car. (*Walking about*) Troth, Sir, I'll tak yeer word for't.

"*Frank.* (*Pulling out a catcall*) Here! Here is the potent instrument!

"*M'Car.* (*increasing his pace*) Yas, yas—I see yeer provided—I see what I'm to expect.

"*Frank.* You, Mr. M'Carnock! Why, ha, ha, ha! You are not the author—Come, go with us, and lend us a hand—Here; I'll provide you with a weapon.

"*M'Car.* (*Eagerly taking the catcall*) Thank ye, Sir! Thank ye!—ye need na fear—I'll apply it properly. (*Putting it in his pocket.*)

"*Frank.* Ha, ha, ha! No doubt—I've a couple more for myself and friend. (*Shewing them*)

"*M'Car.* Ye have! Ah, ha! Yas, yas—ye laid in a "stock"—Who wad na be an author! (*Wiping his forehead.*)

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! 'Tis the pleasanest trade upon earth.

M'Car. Varra plaisant! Varra delightful! An author on a first night is as happy as Lucifer himself.

Will. Let us begone! We shall get no places! We shan't hear a word!

M'Car. No matter for that—Ye may hefs with the safer conscience—(*Going*) I wish ye much sport—Don't spare the poor devil!

Will. Calm your fears, Mr. M'Carnock. Frankly, I tell you is a good-natured fellow—With respect to the audience, I have often seen too much lenity exercised, but unjust rigor never. And as to myself, though I will not applaud what I cannot approve, I would rather rob on the high way, than commit the double crime of robbing an author of his property, and murdering his fame.

Exeunt omnes.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Count Werling,</i>	-	-	Mr. Quick.
<i>Count Kolberg,</i>	-	-	Mr. Aickin.
<i>Baron Thorck,</i>	-	-	Mr. Farren.
<i>Dorville,</i>	-	-	Mr. Holman.
<i>Rummer,</i>	-	-	Mr. Willson.
<i>Henry,</i>	-	-	Mr. Blanchard.
<i>William,</i>	-	-	Mr. Bernard.
<i>Stephen,</i>	-	-	Mr. Crofs.
<i>Servant,</i>	-	-	Mr. Evatt.
<i>Messenger,</i>	-	-	Mr. Farley.

W O M E N.

<i>Mrs. Dorville,</i>	-	-	Mrs. Pope.
<i>Adelaide, (her Servant)</i>	-	-	Mrs. Mattocks.

Scene, The GERMAN HOTEL.

THE
GERMAN HOTEL;

A COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Hall in the Hotel, common to three Chambers, with one Door in the center, and one on each Side; Mrs. Dorville embroidering, and Adelaide knotting.*

Enter Rummer abruptly, half drunk.

Rummer.

I WANT my money—Zounds! How you stare!
My money—My rent.

Mrs. Dor. Help me, dear Adelaide, to move this hard-hearted man.

Rum. I hard hearted! Nobody understands good nature or good breeding better—only pay me my money.

Adel. My dear Mr. Rummer—

Rum. Pshaw! My rent.

Adel. [*Aside.*] The brute!

B

Mrs.

Mrs. Dor. I only request a week.

Rum. A week! My money by to-morrow at noon, or—you see—there is the door—I'm a man of my word
[Exit.

Mrs. Dor. We are undone, Adelaide!

Adel. Hope better, my dear mistress.

Mrs. Dor. Who shall aid us?—Aid! Ask aid! Accept of aid! See myself pitied!—Oh, barbarians!

Adel. There still are feeling hearts to be found.

Mrs. Dor. Where?

Adel. Few are acquainted with your misfortunes, and perhaps no one with their full extent. I, Madam, only knew you were come here to soften the anger of an irritated father; and though I did not think you absolutely rich, I little suspected the dreadful indigence—Pardon the expression—

Mrs. Dor. I would have concealed my wants even from myself, for I know how want exposes us to contempt.

Adel. How glad am I that you condescend to trust me thus far—I will show you that your Adelaide has a grateful heart—Perhaps you think me very poor.

Mrs. Dor. (*Seriously*) Adelaide—(*changes her manner*) How is my child, my dear Emily?

Adel. She is perfectly recovered—(*timidly*) Would you—but permit me—I have money—Indeed, Madam, I would not offend you—

Mrs. Dor. I must insist!—Why do you weep!

Adel. To see myself despised.

Mrs. Dor. No, my good girl; thou hast a noble heart.

Enter Henry, followed by Dorville.

Where is thy master?

Hen.

A C O M E D Y.

Hen. Coming up, Madam—but—

Mrs. Dor. A light! Quick, quick, Adelaide.

[*Adelaide takes a light to the stair head, Dorville enters, and throws himself into an arm chair.*]

(*Runs to her husband*) My dearest Dorville—what is the matter? Your eyes sparkle with anger—you terrify me! What has happened?

Dor. Oh the monster!

Mrs. Dor. You make me shudder!

Dor. Pardon me, dear girl! The rascal has put me beyond myself.

Mrs. Dor. Who?

Dor. This Frodenval—Daily to flatter my hopes with the promise of a place, strip me of the little I had left, then to tell me it was predisposed of—he is sorry—I must have patience!—But let him beware!

Mrs. Dor. My dear Dorville!

Dor. Poor, unfortunate girl!—(*A silence*) Has the landlord been with you?

Mrs. Dor. He has.

Dor. And did he threaten?

Mrs. Dor. You know his manner—

Dor. Yes; he has just given me a specimen—It was lucky for him that he escaped—(*Silence*) I see no other means! (*Starts up*)

Mrs. Dor. Where are you going, Dorville?

Dor. (*Distractedly*) I will be back presently.

Mrs. Dor. It is dark! Where would you go? What would you do? Have pity on your unhappy family!

Dor. Pity! I! Who had ever pity on me? Let me go—(*Changes his tone*) My dear Clarissa, let me go I will either see thee happy, or—(*Breaks away*)

[*Exit.*]

4 THE GERMAN HOTEL;

Mrs. Dor. Help! Adelaide! Dorville. [*Following.*

Adel. I am terrified to death!—Run, Henry, do not lose sight of him—[*Exit Henry.*]—I shudder for the consequences.

Mrs. Dor. (*Returning*) He is gone! (*Falls in a chair*) Rage is in his eye, and despair in his heart.

Adel. Be calm, Madam!—Some one knocks—Be calm! [*Adelaide goes to the door with a light.*

Enter Baron Thorck.

Baron. Good evening, my lovely cousin.

Mrs. Dor. Did not you meet my husband, Sir?

Bar. As I entered, some one passed me as if he were frantic! Was that Dorville?

Mrs. Dor. It was.

Bar. How? What has happened? You seem much affected!

Mrs. Dor. Oh, Sir!

Adel. (*Aside to the Baron*) We are undone! The creditors!—The landlord will not suffer us to remain in the house.

Bar. How!

Adel. And your friend, Mr. Frodenval—

Mrs. Dor. Woe to unsuspecting generosity! 'Tis ever the dupe of the designing!

Bar. But what has he done?

Adel. Robbed my master of the little money he had left.

Bar. Robbed?

Adel. Worse—Cajoled!—Made him hope for a place!

Bar. And has deceived him!—(*To Mrs. Dorville*) Why so melancholy, Madam?

Mrs.

A C O M E D Y.

Mrs. Dor. Forgive this rudeness, Sir; I cannot subdue my grief.

Bar. (*Seating himself beside Mrs. Dorville*) Oh how I pity you!—I did not suspect your misfortunes were so great—Nay they are greater than even you yourself suppose!

Mrs. Dor. What have you been saying, Adelaïde?

Bar. Do not blame her—I should have heard all—But why not grant me your confidence?—Alas! You would even be happy, had you nothing to fear but the impatience of your creditors, and the knavery of Frodenval—But—I tremble to think—

Mrs. Dor. What do you mean? [*Rises.*]

Bar. Forgive me!—I may be wrong.

Mrs. Dor. Is this acting like a friend, Sir? You twenty times yesterday began to speak, and were twenty times abruptly silent—You have excited the most dreadful fears! I conjure you, be explicit!

Bar. It must—Yet—should I be mistaken.

Mrs. Dor. I perceive I am interested in your secret. Some new, some unknown misfortune—Has my father——?

Bar. No, Madam. He knows not that you are in this city.

Mrs. Dor. Speak then—relieve me from his cruel suspense!

Bar. Why should I disturb your peace!

Mrs. Dor. Heaven!

Bar. (*Aside, but purposely loud enough for Mrs. D. to hear*) Imprudent that I am! Why were not my lips closed?

Mrs. Dor. You keep me in agony. What has happened! I must know.

Bar. Lovely woman! Unfortunate wife! ——— Yet
Dorville

Dorville is my friend.—Oh! Would that I could doubt of his guilt!

Mrs. Dor. His guilt!

[*Baron Sbrugs his shoulders and sighs.*]

Adel. Were this possible!

Mrs. Dor. What, Adelaide?

Adel. Mr. Dorville has secret connections, on whom his money has been wasted, and not on Frodenval—This is what I heard our landlord mutter, though I could not, cannot credit it!

Mrs. Dor. Oh mercy!

Bar. Adelaide has relieved me from the pain of uttering a secret so fatal. Oh shameful! At the very moment when his friends were redoubling their efforts to reconcile you both to Count Werling, my kinsman, and your irritated father, thus to disgrace himself! Thus to indulge his irregular appetites!

Mrs. Dor. O Dorville!

Bar. Sweetest, best of women, how are you to be pitied? during six years with him have you supported poverty, and all its insults. Pursued by the unrelenting hatred of your family, you have sacrificed health, rank, riches, parental tenderness, nay the world's esteem!—And for whom? For an ungrateful, false man! whose dissipation—

Mrs. Dor. Forbear, Sir. What can induce you thus to speak of your friend?

Bar. Pardon me! It was wrong. My zeal for you—It may be calumny: he may yet be worthy of our esteem—(*Half aside*) Ah! Why am I too well convinced he is not?—My heart, Madam, like your own, has its pangs—friendship and love are both struggling to conceal his—crimes!

Enter

Enter Rummer, with a candle in each hand, followed by Count Kolberg in a travelling dress. William and Stephen with the luggage.

Rum. This way, Sir—Please to follow me, Sir.
 [*Rummer, the Count, &c., cross and go off at the center door.*]

Bar. What does this mean? Have strangers admission into your apartments, Madam?

Adel. The rooms on the right do not belong to my mistress. This is a common hall to the story.

Re-enter Rummer.

Bar. Pray, Mr. Rummer, why do you lodge strangers in that chamber?

Rum. That is my business—I believe I am master of this house, your honour.

Adel. That we know you are.

Rum. I have no words to waste on you, Miss Pert, except—my money! Do you mind me? My money.

Adel. A little patience, Mr. Rummer.

Rum. Patience is a blockhead—I have too much patience.

Bar. I believe you forget your company, Sir.

Rum. A figo for company that don't pay their bill, your honour.

Re-enter Stephen.

Now, knave! Where had you hid yourself? Make haste! Let the gentleman have his supper.

Steph.

THE GERMAN HOTEL;

Steph. The gentleman will have no supper.

Rum. No supper!

Steph. He will neither eat nor drink.

Rum. (*Aside to Stephen.*) But he shall pay——Put down, “to supper, five shillings.”—He ought to have supped.——

Adel. (*Overbearing.*) Very true.

Rum. I was not speaking to you.——“And two bottles of wine to the postilions.”

Steph. The postilions had no wine.

Adel. But they ought to have had.

Rum. Follow my orders.—(*Aloud.*) And, do you hear, lock the great gates.

Bar. You surely forget, Mr. Rummer, that I am here.

Rum. Why perhaps I know my own business almost as well as you do, your honour.——Go; make memorandums as I bid you, and come when I call.— [*Exit Stephen.*] —If I have taken a glass or two, why the wine was my own — I want my money! — I’ll wait no longer. — Do you understand me, Madam?

Mrs. Dor. Take whatever you can find.

[*Pointing to her apartment.*]

Rum. Take what? There is nothing to take — I want my money.

Bar. You begin to be insufferable, Mr. Rummer. What is the amount of your bill?

Rum. Will you pay it, your honour?

Bar. Yes: deliver it to-morrow.

Rum. To-morrow!

Bar. Do as I bid you.

Rum. Oh, oh! that alters the face of affairs —— Madam, I’m your very humble servant.

Mrs.

Mrs. Dor. (*To the Baron.*) Sir!

Bar. Be not offended, Madam—To oblige you is my greatest pleasure.

Rum. To be sure it is—I am obliging myself—only let me have my money.

Mrs. Dor. (*Aside.*) O pride! O shame! I must submit.

Adel. You are very obliging indeed, Mr. Rummer!

Rum. Why look you, it is much the same to me whether I hear a magpie or a chambermaid chatter—and so—What was I going to say?—Oh!—Is Mr. Dorville come in?

Adel. Don't you see he is not?

Rum. Hem! It seems to me now, that since he loves his diversion, he might as well spend his money in my house—Stephen! Why Stephen!

Enter Stephen half asleep.

Steph. Did you call, father?

Rum. Is that your manners, firrah, to gape before gentlefolk? You must sit up for Mr. Dorville.

Steph. Ye—es.

Rum. I'll teach you breeding, booby, before a lady who does me the honour to lodge in my hotel! Begone! Or—[*Exit Stephen.*]—They tell me he is my own son—Baw! Not a drop of his father's blood in his veins. A clownish hound!—Have you any commands for me, your honours?—None?—Why then good night, Madam; and good night, Sir: and to-morrow—

Bar. Ay, ay,—(*Aside to Rummer.*) I have something to communicate to-morrow.

Rum. (*Aside.*) Hem!

[*Exit.*

C

Bar.

Bar. 'Tis past twelve.—(*Looking at his watch.*)

Mrs. Dor. And Dorville comes not!

Bar. Be calm, Madam. Why entertain suspicions? Why add torture to affliction?—(*Half aside.*)—A woman so lovely, left, wrong'd, contemn'd! The barbarian!

Mrs. Dor. (*With her eyes fixed on the Baron.*) Are you a friend—a true friend?—Or are you——

Bar. (*With his handkerchief to his face.*) Oh! Madam, could your severe yet beauteous eyes but read my heart.—No matter—Should my friend return to-night—Yet, no—Tell him not what my feelings are—Let not the slightest reproach escape your lips—It were an act of terror!—His hatred to me would be unconquerable—A scene might ensue!—A scene too horrible for thought!—Adelaide be cautious.

[*Exit bowing.*]

Mrs. Dor. Oh Dorville! What false! False to thy Clarissa! No: 'tis the envenomed tongue of malice.—Can it, Adelaide, can it be?

Adel. I hope, I think not, Madam. Yet what can I answer? The Baron is a man so respectable, and a friend so generous——

Mrs. Dor. But he may, he must have been deceived—Yet where is Dorville! Where at this moment is he!—His despair may have led him to destruction!—Unnatural father! Thy hatred, thy cruelty, have dug the pit into which we have fallen——(*alarmed.*)—Did not you hear a knocking at the gate?

Adel. (*Listening.*) No, Madam.

Mrs. Dor. 'Tis the hour of danger and death.

Adel. Do not encourage terror, Madam; you know he sometimes stays out later.

Mrs. Dor. But he never left me thus—Thou knowst

knowst him, Adelaide!—His parting words resound in my ear—I will either see thee happy, or—
Dreadful insinuation!

Adel. How pale you are! You terrify me, Madam.

Mrs. Dor. Thou knowst that marble-hearted man Count Werling, my once tender father, he who abjured his child!—When I am dead, when his prayers are heard, go to him: tell him his disinherited Clarissa, driven from his paternal bosom, blessed him with her parting breath: present my child, my Emily to him; and should he reject her, should he be thus barbarous, press her to thy heart, Adelaide, and let her be thy daughter!

Adel. Talk not of dying, Madam.—(*Listens.*)—I hear a noise!

Mrs. Dor. (*Alarmed.*) Hark!

Adel. Perhaps it is my master.

Mrs. Dor. Quick, a candle.

Rummer bursts into the chamber, in his night-cap, &c., followed by Henry.

Rum. I told you so! I told you how it would be!

Mrs. Dor. Heavens!

Adel. What!

Rum. He is dead! Stark dead!

[*Mrs. Dorville sinks in a chair.*]

Adel. Who is dead? Who?

Rum. Your master!—Ask Henry, he saw it all.

Adel. Oh, my dear mistress! Help, Henry! Help, good Mr. Rummer!

Rum. What would you have me do? I am no doctor!

Adel. Where shall I get help?—Pray, Sir!—Dear Sir!—

Rum. Stay, stay, I'll fetch you a glass of water.

Mrs. Dor. (*Recovering.*) Is he dead?—[*To Henry.*]
—Speak!

Hen. (*Weeping.*) I don't know, Madam; but I am afraid —

Mrs. Dor. Where is he? Where? How did you leave him?

Hen. I followed him, Madam, as fast as I could, but when he perceived me, he turned suddenly round, and bade me come and tell you, Madam, that he was gone in search of Mr. Frodenval. I endeavoured to speak, but he drew his sword, and so I was obliged to keep at a distance: but I did not lose sight of him; so I saw him walk backward and forward, till at last Mr. Frodenval came out of a coffee-house; so then I heard the clashing of swords, and called as loud as I could for help; so before the guards came up, I saw my master at his length on the pavement, bathed in his blood!

[*Mrs. Dorville faints.*

Adel. She is dying! She is dead! Oh goodness! Help! Take hold!

[*Henry and Adelaide carry Mrs. Dorville off in a chair.*

Re-enter Rummer with a glass of water in one hand and brandy in the other.

Rum. Here — I have brought you water of two sorts; your simple water and your strong water.

Re-enter Henry.

Here, recommend this to your mistress — Double distilled —

Hen.

Hen. What, brandy!

Rum. The balfam of life—Never fails in a fainting fit.

Hen. Leave us to ourfelves. [*Exit.*

Rum. Well, if you won't have it I will—(*Drinks.*) I know what is good for myfelf.—Henry! Henry!

Hen. (*Within.*) What do you want?

Rum. Though you don't like my brandy, perhaps you may my water.

Enter Henry.

Hen. Oh yes; give me the water [*Exit.*

Rum. Ha, ha, ha! The blockhead! — (*Drinks.*) Henry! Henry! Do you hear! Lo—lo—lock your doors! Pu—pu—put out your candles! Take care of your fire.—Poh! Hoo! I know what I am about.—(*Reels.*)—And Henry!—(*Louder.*) Why Henry!

Hen. (*Within.*) What do you want?

Rum. (*Recollecting.*) Don't make fuch a noife? — Hush! Don't wake the gentleman! — (*Reels.*) Go foberly to bed!—Dorville dead—Excellent!—The wife a widow—Juft what we wifh!—The Baron will have her—(*Staggers toward the door.*)—We—we are in high luck — A man murdered — and a man to be married—Humph!—Why that is what may be called — death and the devil.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, *The Hotel.**Enter the Baron.**Baron, (looking round.)*

WHERE is this landlord! I thought I saw him this moment. [*Enter Rummer.*] There is no corner, Mr. Rummer, in all your Hotel, in which a man is not afraid of being overheard.

Rum. So much the better. The more guests the more money.

Bar. I have but a word to say. (*Looking.*) Are we safe?

Rum. Come a little this way—And now—I wish you joy!

Bar. Of what?

Rum. There's a question! You do not know that Dorville is dead!

Bar. I know he's alive.

Rum. How! Did not Henry bring the news?

Bar. He was mistaken. His master fell, the guard came up, Frodenval fled, and Dorville, slightly wounded, was seized.

Rum. Well, but he is in prison then?

Bar. The governor has set him free, at my request.

Rum. At your request!

Bar.

Bar. At mine.

Rum. And why?

Bar. That I may make a merit of the act to Mrs. Dorville. Not to mention, that, had he continued in the hands of justice, discoveries might have been made—I have a better project—Within this hour he will be privately secured by the Count.

Rum. (*Half frightened.*) Does the Count know he lodges at my hotel!

Bar. By no means. I informed him that Dorville was concealed in the city, but was careful not to mention where. I have so taken my measures that I will warrant you we have neither of us any thing to fear.

Rum. Well, well. Yet, do you know, I was thinking of all this t'other day, and—

Bar. And what?

Rum. Will you take my advice?

Bar. Let me hear it.

Rum. Why should not you go and plainly tell the Count—Sir, I love your daughter—Yes, Sir, I am in love with her, Sir—And—and—and then the Count would have Dorville carried off—

Bar. And the marriage contract annulled—

Rum. To be sure! And then the lady is your own.

Bar. You mistake. She would hate me for having deceived her husband. Beside, an explanation might take place between the father and daughter—No; I must inspire her with jealousy; must make her hate an ungrateful husband.

Rum. Well, I have always said you were as cunning as the—You see I do all I can to serve you. I dun, I torment, I overcharge them. Oh! if you had but heard me last night.

Bar.

Bar. Yes; but hereafter you must be a little more civil. Endeavour to gain her confidence, to——

Rum. Oh leave me alone! I know more tricks than one.

Bar. Succeed only in this, and you shall immediately be paid the hundred ducats.

Rum. Oh, Sir!—But, talking of ducats, last night you know you—you promised to pay—Mr. Dorville's bill.—There it is.

Bar. Pooh! You know very well what I meant by that.

Rum. You meant to pay, to be sure. I must have my money.

Bar. Here, here; take these two pistoles; they are your own.

Rum. Humph!—Why—Indeed—But the bill.

Bar. You may depend on my word—Do not fail to tell them it is paid. (*Looks round.*) We must not be seen together. I will go and inform Mrs. Dorville her husband is safe, and at liberty—I must show the excess of my friendship for him—Be cautious! [*Exit.*]

Rum. Ha! you are too cautious I see to pay my bill—Things seem to look promising, but I don't know what may be the upshot of all this. I will lie, and cheat, as much as you please, good Mr. Baron, to oblige you; but then my money—Oh, I must have my money.

Enter William in slippers, his hair in papers.

Will. Good day, landlord—(*Looking round.*) Who were you talking to?

Rum. Myself. Have you any thing to say to that?

Will. Nothing—only let my master have his breakfast: he is going out.

Rum.

Rum. So early !

Will. In less than an hour ; make haste.

Rum. Please not to be in a hurry.

Will. You seem to be a very civil landlord !

Rum. Seem to be ! I think I am.

Will. No doubt.

Rum. Hark you ! Who is your master ?

Will. My master is——Why do you ask ?

Rum. Because I want to know. What's his name ?

Will. I have a bad memory—can't remember names.

Rum. What's his rank !

Will. His rank ? He—You've a great deal of curiosity.

Rum. To be sure I have ! If we do not know the rank of our guests, we may either pay them too much respect or not enough.

Will. You need not be afraid of the too much. (*Going, turns back.*)——Oh ! I forgot—where does Count Werling live ?

Rum. Count Werling ! What do you want with him ?

Will. I want to know the house where he lives.

Rum. I have a bad memory—Can't remember houses.

Will. No ! then I must enquire of somebody that can. Hollo ! Waiter ! Young man ! (*Calling to some one behind the scenes.*) Where does Count Wer——

Rum. (*Claps his hand on his mouth and looks cautiously round.*) Zounds ! How you bawl ! He lives in the great square.

Will. Thank you. [*Going.*

Rum. And if your master has any favour to solicit of the Count, I—I may be of service to him.

D

Will.

Will. You!

Rum. I—provided——

Will. Provided!

Rum. Yes, provided—I have a brother who visits the Count every day.

Will. Indeed!

Rum. Yes, indeed! Where's the wonder? Between ourselves, my brother is the Count's—barber.

Will. His barber! Gad we're in luck. A barber, without a joke, is often a man of consequence. Well, do not fail to recommend us to the protection of your brother, the barber, and in the mean time send in my master's breakfast. *[Exit.*

Rum. What can he want with Count Werling? They may be friends! The Count may return the visit, and meet his daughter here! The baron must be told of this directly—directly.

Enter Adelaide.

Adel. Good morrow, Sir. Will you send in our breakfast?

Rum. Don't be in a hurry. Will the Baron stay long with your mistress?

Adel. I can't say. Are you waiting for him?

Rum. Hu—m—No, no—I only want to—Is your mistress better?

Adel. Yes, heaven be praised!

Rum. A bad husband is a bad thing—Given to women—If I had not been a tender-hearted fool, you would have taken up your lodgings in the street last night—But I must have my money.

Adel. *(Smiles)* Still your money!

Rum. Yes, still my money. It's no laughing matter. The baron has not paid me, and——

Adel.

Adel. Has not paid you !

Rum. No, I say has not paid me.

Adel. Astonishing ! He this minute told my mistress he had.

Rum. May be so. He may have told your mistress ; and he may mean to pay me ; or he may not.

Adel. What is the amount of your bill ?

Rum. What business is that of yours ?

Adel. You are very insolent !

Rum. Insolent ! Insolent !

Adel. I want to know the sum. I mean to pay the bill.

Rum. You !

Adel. I—quick, quick !

Rum. You pay my bill ! Ha, ha, ha !

Adel. Yes, I.

Rum. Oh ho ! We shall soon see that—You pay my bill ! Ha, ha, ha ! Here ; here it is. To dinners, suppers, coffee, tea, &c. &c. for the space of two months and one day, thirty pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence.

Adel. Thirty pounds, seventeen shillings, and sixpence !

Rum. To a farthing.

Adel. Mr. Rummer !

Rum. Well !

Adel. You—you have certainly forgotten the wine for the postillions !

Rum. I see you mean to put me in a passion.

Adel. You ought to be ashamed, Mr. Rummer, of your charge, knowing how little we have had, and the melancholy situation of my poor mistress !

Rum. What's her melancholy situation to me? I must have my money; or, do you mind me, no breakfast.

Adel. (Aside.) Wretch!—You shall have your money, Sir!

Rum. Shall!

Adel. (Takes out her pocket book.) Here is a bill, payable at sight, on your neighbour, Mr. Mandel, the merchant. It is for a hundred pistoles. Get the money, and give me the remainder.

Rum. A hundred!—(*Reads.*) Please to pay to Adelaide Arkholtz—Why sure! And do you mean to pay the debts of your mistress!

Adel. I mean to pay you, Sir—Please to give me your bill and receipt—And take especial care not to give my mistress the least hint.

Rum. This is excellent!

Adel. Make haste—and remember—secrecy!

Rum. (Smiling to himself.) So, so! She's rich, I find!—Handsome!—Would just suit my Stephen—or—Egad she would just suit myself—Stephen's a booby! I'm the man—Zounds! Here this fellow comes again—Would have opened my mind to her.—(*Aloud.*) I'll run and receive the money, and then—You and I will talk further. (*Significantly.*) [*Exit.*

Enter William.

Will. (Perceiving Adelaide as she crosses.) Gadzooks this is a pretty girl! Your humble servant, fair maid. If I don't mistake you are the lovely attendant of that handsome lady, whom we yesterday saw in the hall.

Adel. At your service, Sir. And you the faithful follower of the old gentleman, whose portmanteau you was carrying.

Will.

Will. Hem ! The very same.

Adel. Pray, may I be permitted to ask——

Will. Yes, yes,——

Adel. Who that gentleman is ?

Will. Hu—mph—That gentleman is—incognito.

Adel. And his name is——

Will. Is—is—a secret. But who are you, my charming girl ! Who is your mistress ?

Adel. Hu—mph—my—mistress is—incognito.

Will. Ha ! that's odd enough. May I——

Adel. Hush ! Here comes my mistress.

Will. Then good by for the present, I must attend my master.

Enter Mrs. Dorville.

Mrs. Dor. Who is that young man ?

Adel. The servant of our new neighbour. But where is the Baron, Madam ?

Mrs. Dor. He went down the back stairs. I have been unjust to him, Adelaide ; he is a generous and sincere friend. To him am I indebted for my husband's freedom.

Adel. But, why, Madam, are you continually in tears ?

Mrs. Dor. Have I not cause ?—This quarrel with Frodenval ! These suspicions of the Baron's, who imagines Frodenval to be enamoured of the mistress of my ungrateful husband !—Oh ! should his suspicions be true !

Enter

Enter Stephen, taking coffee into the Chamber of the Count, and Rummer with a tea-board.

Rum. (*With great civility*) Good morrow, Madam! I wish you a very good morrow! I have brought you your tea.

Mrs. Dor. Why did you take that trouble yourself, Sir?

Rum. Oh, Madam, I think it no trouble to wait upon you, Madam!—That is, now that I am paid—All is right, Miss; I have seen Mr. Mandel; he will send me the money in an hour.

Mrs. Dor. What money? (*Adelaide makes signs to Rummer which Mrs. Dorville perceives.*) I beg, Sir, you would inform me what money.

Rum. Why—it is—You see Miss is making more signs, Madam—Lord! Miss, you may depend on my discretion!

Adel. So it seems!

Rum. But promise not to flee at me any more, or I'll tell all.

Adel. Better and better!

Rum. What matters it to me? I shall have my money, so I leave you to settle affairs with Madam.

Mrs. Dor. I insist, Mr. Rummer, on your being explicit.

Rum. Why, Madam, the thing is this. Miss has given me a good bill, and I shall be paid.

Mrs. Dor. For what?

Rum. There's a question! For your board and lodging, Madam.

Mrs. Dor. Mine! The Baron promised——

Rum.

Rum. Yes! The Baron promised, and Miss performed.

Mrs. Dor. You forget, Adelaide, what I said to you last night! It is I, Mr. Rummer, who am in your debt; and I beg you to return her bill.

Rum. Return! Ha, ha, ha! That's good. Return? When? A bird in the hand—Settle it between you.—(*Aside.*) However I must find out what all this means!

[*Exit Rummer with the tea, and returns to listen.*]

Mrs. Dor. Adelaide!—We must part. Perhaps I shall find some means to repay you the money.

Adel. It was but yesterday, Madam, that you kindly appointed me the second mother of your Emily.

Mrs. Dor. I did; but——

Adel. I'll not give up my claim. I'll sooner be spurned, sooner perish? Did not I tell you, Madam, some time ago, that a rich relation had made a will in my favour? This relation is dead. I received a remittance yesterday.

Mrs. Dor. I am glad to hear of your good fortune.

Adel. A thousand times you have told me, Madam, that were you wealthy I should never want. I am a rich girl, and you at present are poor. I am your fellow creature, though your servant. Will you refuse me the common privilege of assisting a mistress whom I dearly love.

Mrs. Dor. Adelaide! (*Silence.*) My friend! (*Embraces her with transport.*) My best friend! I have wronged thee.

Rum. Zounds now its very moving! I can't believe my eyes—She certainly is a sort of a good kind of girl.

Adel. What, Sir, you have been watching us?

Rum.

Rum. Humph!—I only had a—peep. But what of that?

Adel. You are paid, Sir; leave us.

Rum. Well, well; no airs, and I'll do any thing to oblige you—Do now let me speak a word in private with you.

Adel. Presently, presently.

Rum. And I in the mean time will go and study what to say. [*Exit.*

Enter Henry, and soon after Dorville.

Hen. (*Joyously.*) Here he is, Madam! Here is my matter!

Dorville enters with an air of gloom.

Mrs. Dor. (*Running and affectionately catching his hands.*) Ah! Dorville!

Dor. Clariffa! I have alarmed, have given you pain.

Mrs. Dor. But you are returned, and all my griefs are forgotten.

Dor. I and misfortune are returned together.

Mrs. Dor. Misfortune?

Dor. 'Tis my shadow, 'tis myself. But for me, Clariffa would be happy!

Mrs. Dor. Cruel! Happy without thee!

Dor. Melt not my heart by tears—The hour approaches when we must for ever separate! Steel your bosom and weep not.

Mrs. Dor. Separate! Part for ever? Why could you, Dorville? Could you?

Dor.

Dor. When I am gone, fathers will forgive—
An abyfs opens beneath my feet! Leave me, Clariffa!
Forfake me; or with me be ingulphed!

Mrs. Dor. Ay, with you. Forfake! Abandon my
hufband!

Dor. Or periff! I have not wherewith to provide
thee food; no, not bread. What, beg with me!
Ask charity of the rich and infolent! And, when
asked, who would grant? Amid the rank riots of
gluttony behold my wife, my child expire with
hunger!

Mrs. Dor. We are not yet thus wretched: there
ftill is human kindnefs; we ftill have friends.

Dor. Traitors!

Mrs. Dor. The Baron——

Dor. (*Abruptly.*) Is he your friend, or mine?

Mrs. Dor. The friend of both.

Dor. A hypocrite!—But let him tremble!

Mrs. Dor. Why thefe unjuft fufpicions? has he of-
fended you by reproach? Has he wrongfully accused
you? Pardon his miftake. He may judge rafhly,
but he is a true friend.

Enter Rummer.

Rum. Your fervant, Mr. Dorville! Your honour's
humble fervant! Glad to fee you fafe at home! You
are fo hafty——

Dor. Sir!

Rum. Your quarrel with Mr Frodenval might have
been a bad bufinefs! But thank God and good friends!
Thank the Baron, who generoufly procured your
freedom.

E

Dor.

Dor. The Baron! Indebted to the Baron for my freedom!

Mrs Dor. Yes.

Dor. Pshaw.

Rum. Why did not you know that? Ah! An you had seen him last night, when the news came that you were murdered—And your good lady too! Gone! As dead as David—For my part I ran, and—Didn't I? (*To Adelaide.*)

Adel. Yes; you were doubly diligent, though no doctor.

Dor. You wished to turn my wife into the street.

Rum. I! Oh dear no—I—only asked with all civility for my money—your honour.

Dor. You are an impertinent unmannered clown!

Rum. Who I!—your honour.

Dor. An insolent fellow! But I'll teach you better behaviour—

Rum. Don't—don't pray your honour be in a passion, your honour; though you must not suppose I am afraid. Your lady might fall into fits again, or you should see what I would say, your honour.

Dor. Say, Scoundrel!

Rum. Your honour!

Mrs. Dor. My dear Dorville!

Rum. Ay, dear, your honour; I beseech your honour!

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Pray did not a gentleman arrive here last night?

Rum. (*Recovering from his fright*) Yes; do you want him? Who sent you?

Foot.

Foot. My master—Count Werling.

Dor. (*Aside, and alarmed*) Count Werling!

Mrs. Dor. My father! [*Aside.*]

Foot. The Count is below in his carriage; be so good as to announce him to the gentleman.

Rum. No hurry, friend, no hurry.

[*Exeunt Rummer and Footman on opposite sides.*]

Mrs. Dor. Quick! Let us withdraw, my dear Dorville, lest my father should here surprize his daughter.

Dor. Legions of demons are up in arms against us! [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Rummer, observing them.

Rum. Ah, ha! Mr. Dorville! You have just been frightening me; you are now frightened yourself—Patience! You shall pay dearly for your airs! If I do not make you take to your legs, or take to a halter, my name is not Rummer—Oh that he had met his father-in-law the Count! But he'll hide himself safe enough now.

Foot. (*Without*) This way, your Lordship.

Rum. Zounds!—Coming, your lordship—Your honour! [*Exit hastily.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE. *Count Werling and Count Kolberg.*

Count Kolberg.

I DARE not attend you, farther. I tremble lest I should be discovered.

Count Wer. Pshaw! Fear nothing, Count; have patience but for two hours, and I'll be answerable for your security.

Count Kol. How shall I thank you?

Count Wer. Damn your thanks—Give me your hand—An't I your friend?

Count Kol. The best of friends, though I long thought you my enemy.

Count Wer. A trick—I abused you that I might serve you the more effectually. Courtiers dissemble to do mischief, and pray why should not a courtier for once dissemble to do good?

Count Kol. I feel your generous motives.

Count Wer. But what! What!—'Tis some years since you were forced to fly—And!—Hey! No news? No intelligence of your son? No clue? No letters?

Count Kol. None. He was on his travels when I was so unexpectedly disgraced. I was obliged to abscond, and knew not where he was, nor did I know where I myself could find safety, therefore could not inform him of the place of my retreat.

Count

Count *Wer.* Well, well, don't let that disturb you. I warrant your son will soon find *you* when you have again found rank and riches. It is your poor fathers only that are never inquired after—Yet no—no—I—I am a blockhead—I am myself a proof that neither rank, riches, nor all the kindness of the fondest father can influence an ungrateful child!

Count *Kol.* My Lord!

Count *Wer.* (*With choleric tenderness*) But I have done with her—I renounce her—'Tis false—She renounced me—

Count *Kol.* Your daughter?

Count *Wer.* No daughter of mine.

Count *Kol.* Your Clarissa!—Surely her affection was unparalleled.

Count *Wer.* (*With anger and tenderness still struggling*) It was!—It was! It was!—The sweetest, tenderest—She's a viper—Such softness in her voice, such affection in her looks—A basilisk!—No matter!—Its all over!—I have lost a child, and she has lost a father—(*Wipes his eyes and struggles with his feelings*) Oh no, I'm quite resigned—She never enters my thoughts. At present I make it a rule every day of my life to determine never to hear or speak or think of her more.

Count *Kol.* You amaze me!

Count *Wer.* She has wrung my heart—For years she has kept me in hope, suspense, and anguish.

Count *Kol.* But how, my Lord?

Count *Wer.* Eloped—with a villain whom I in pity received into my house.

Count *Kol.* Eloped for years, and never returned to implore forgiveness?

Count *Wer.* Never, never. Her mind perverted, her affection estranged—

Count

Count *Kol.* And have they not written ?

Count *Wer.* Yes ; her paramour—her husband—has written letters that would make you shudder to read—An insolent traitor—black at the heart—But the moment of vengeance is come !

Count *Kol.* Have you made any discovery ?

Count *Wer.* Last night I obtained information that he and his—wife, have been for several weeks concealed in this city. I instantly procured an order from my sovereign—He shall suffer for his treachery—But I must forget the reptile—I must be gone, your safety must not be trifled with.

Enter the Baron, who starts at seeing Count Werling.

Ah, my good nephew, are you here—Come forward, man, come forward—I have the honour, Count, to present Baron Thorck to you, my kinsman, my friend, and my adopted son and heir.

Bar. (Influating) My dear Lord, and generous, noble kinsman !

Count *Kol.* I should congratulate you, Sir, with more satisfaction, were not your happiness founded on the misery of the daughter of my friend.

Bar. That is, indeed, a bitter thought—(*Sighs*) Ah ! With what pleasure would I sacrifice my life to restore an only child to the bosom of my benefactor ! But—alas !—

Count *Wer.* Well, but what business have you here, my good nephew ?

Bar. I, I, I am come to inquire after a friend who, I am told, lodges in this hotel.

Count *Wer.* Well, well, but, hey ? You have given orders to secure the villain, the seducer of—

Bar.

Bar. Of your daughter!—I have, my Lord.
Within an hour—

Count Wer. Thank you, nephew, thank you—
A dungeon and bread and water be his doom! (*Looks at his watch*) The King by this time is at his levee. Set your heart at ease, my friend—I will be with you again presently. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Count Kolberg returns to his chamber; the Baron obsequiously attends Count Werling.*]

Enter Adelaide looking round with anxiety.

Adel. They are gone—How have we been terrified! Who can this stranger be? Count Werling seems to have much friendship for the Baron. I begin to have some doubts: I thought I heard a word which has raised very strange suspicions.

Re-enter Baron.

Bar. Well, Adelaide! I suppose you have all been alarmed.

Adel. We have indeed.

Bar. I was much afraid lest Mr. or Mrs. Dorville should have made their appearance; all would then have been over.

Adel. Oh, they took good care.

Bar. I must immediately provide them with other lodgings. (*With a sneer of self-reserve*)

Adel. Pray do; we are not safe here. What said the Count?

Bar. He always appears to think of his daughter with tenderness; but I tremble for her husband!

Adel. [*Aside*] Humph! (*Aloud*) For that matter, I scarcely know what he does not deserve. You cannot imagine how he treats my poor mistress!

Bar.

2 THE GERMAN HOTEL;

Bar. Are you serious?

Adel. He is now become jealous.

Bar. Hem! Jealous! Of whom?

Adel. That's a very natural question from you, to be sure!

Bar. Hem! How so?

Adel. Let me advise you to be cautious.

Bar. Me!

Adel. You! But do not betray me.

Bar. You surely forget whom you are talking to!

Adel. Indeed, to say the truth, my master seems to have some cause for his suspicions.

Bar. You are out of your senses!

Adel. Nay, but don't be angry! I may perhaps be mistaken with respect to you, but I am well persuaded there are terrible battles, (*Significantly*) between love and virtue, in the heart of my poor mistress!

Bar. (*Suspicious*) Mrs. Adelaide, you are disposed to be merry to day!

Adel. And you, good sir Baron, to dissemble. Why so reserved? Why so scrupulous? Do you think that poverty, a father's hatred, and the tyranny of a suspicious, faithless husband, make no impression on a woman, conscious of her sufferings and her worth? Do you think the tender heart of a female insensible to all the assiduous, soothing attentions of a kind and generous friend?

Bar. Do you speak from your heart?

[*With his eyes fixed on her.*]

Adel. (*Feigns bashfulness at having said too much*) Why—

Bar. (*Transported*) Can it be possible! (*Adelaide discovers her emotions; the Baron suspects and resumes his former apparent indifference*) Ha, ha, ha! Yes, yes—as you say—Ha, ha—! My friend has cause

to

to be jealous no doubt—but pray do me the favour to tell me of whom?

Adel. (With forced pleasantry) It is very difficult to guess, indeed! We are honoured with the visits of two gentlemen, one is the very amiable Mr. Rummer, the other is (*curtesying*) Baron Thorck — Can you conjecture now?

Bar. (Gravely) Really, Mrs. Adelaide, you are in the clouds! Wholly above my comprehension! I am, it is true, the friend of your mistress, and shall remain the friend of your master, while I believe him to be worthy my friendship. Go; be kind enough to tell him I am here, and that I wish to speak with him.

Adel. Yes, Sir.

[Exit with suspicion on her countenance.]

Bar. Artful, treacherous hussy! I doubt I half betrayed myself. Yet what if I were mistaken! What if she were sincere!—No matter: I will hazard nothing. My hopes must soon be accomplished. Orders are given: Dorville will immediately be seized and imprisoned—(*Reflects*) Or, what if I were to shew him the mandate, and induce him to fly?—Then another forged letter!—Excellent!—Prudence and Dispatch!—

Enter Dorville.

Dor. Well, Sir, what are your commands with me?

Bar. Not so warm, Mr. Dorville! It is my wish that we should continue friends.

Dor. Of that I doubt.

Bar. I see you do! Weak man! Who dare not listen to the voice of truth.

Dor. Of perfidy! Of insult! But beware!

Bar. Sir!—yet—I am calm—Speak—I will hear
F all

all you can utter, and my friendship shall remain unshaken.

Dor. I reject and despise such friendship.

Bar. Then I will aid you in your own despise.

Dor. Me! Or my wife?

Bar. Nay, this is insupportable!

Dor. You are not acquainted then with Frodenval?

Bar. A—ha—hem! Frodenval? Ye—n—yes, yes—I am acquainted with him—I—I know him to be a cowardly but a dangerous enemy; a vile retailer of scandal, who has told me a thousand black falsehoods of you.

Dor. And me as many truths of you!

Bar. Must it be among your misfortunes continually to have your ear open to your enemies, and shut to your friends? But revenge is in my power; the sweetest of revenge; that of saving my friend, and making him blush at his own credulity. Farewell

Dor. Stay, Sir; justify yourself!

Bar. This is too much!

Dor. Answer me!

Bar. What must I answer? What is my crime?

Dor. Frodenval visited me this morning in the prison, and confessed he had wronged, had deceived me; but swore the plot was yours, that you had vowed my destruction, because you were in love with my wife!—We were interrupted, and he left me to solicit my release.

Bar. He! Implacable demon! Not only would he plunge you in all the wretchedness of poverty, but would destroy your sweet peace of mind, and rob you of my friendship, your last and only support! Monster! Who can say? Is he not himself in love with your wife? My defence, however, is ready—It was I who obtained your freedom.

Dor.

Dor. You!

Bar. Enquire; the truth may instantly be known — I in person — By your jealousy I own I am humbled. Am I! Am I capable of such ignominious meanness? The wife of my friend! Yet am I still more astonished at your want of thought! Recollect yourself, Dorville! Did I seek, how easily could I effect your destruction! A word to the Count, one word only, informing him that you are here, and you were lost! Separated for ever from your wife! For ever inclosed in a dungeon!

Dor. True, true, true! It is indeed too true! I blush! I hate myself! Forgive me!

Bar. There spoke my friend.

Dor. That villainous Frodenval!

Bar. Forget him — Come with me; I have something to say — In this house we may be overheard — A thing of the last importance to communicate!

Dor. To injure thus the best of friends!

Bar. Mention it not — A true friend will pardon his friend's failings. Time is precious; let us begone —

Enter Rummer.

Bar. Mr. Rummer, I am by no means satisfied with your behaviour to my friend. Be more respectful, I advise you. Have no fears for your money. I am answerable for all.

Dor. Be kind enough to wait a moment; I will be back immediately.

[Exit Dorville into his own apartment.]

Rum. Well, Sir!

Bar. Dorville will immediately be disposed of.

Rum. Why not have left him where he was exceedingly well disposed of?

Bar. Oh! Had I not released him, all had been ruined! I had my fears of that traitor Frodenval.

Rum. Has he blabbed?

Bar. Yes; but I have acted my part so well that Dorville has been ready to kneel and beg my pardon! He is so credulous there is no merit, and but little pleasure, in deceiving him.—(*Raising his voice.*)—I tell you once again, Mr. Rummer, you have nothing to fear. I am responsible.—

Re-enter Dorville with his sword.

Let us be gone.

Dor. I am ready,

Bar. Pray, Mr. Landlord, don't forget what I have said. Mind the—the lesson I have given you.

Rum. Depend upon me—your honour. I'll mind my lesson.

Bar. Now, Dorville, you shall find what a friend I am.—(*Glancing at Rummer.*)

[*Exeunt the Baron and Dorville.*]

Rum. Good journey to — your honour! — Wish I could see this Adelaide.—'Twould be a prime match! —(*Calls, in an under voice.*)—Adelaide! Miss Adelaide!

Enter Adelaide, from Dorville's apartment.

Adel. Your commands, gentle Sir?

Rum. Don't speak so missish—I am a gentle Sir—I've brought you the money.—Hold out your pretty taper fingers.—My bill, you know, is thirty pounds, seventeen shillings, and six pence.

Adel. And six pence.

Rum. And six pence—And here is your change.

Adel.

Adel. (*Reckoning.*) Very right.—(*Going.*)

Rum. Nay, Miss, but a few words with you.

Adel. The fewer the better.

Rum. Look you now! I—I have a proposal to make.

Adel. Let it be a short one.

Rum. He, he, he! You—you—you are a very pretty girl.

Adel. Tell me some news.

Rum. Do you read nothing in my eyes?

Adel. Humph!—Why they begin to twinkle.

Rum. He, he, he!—Ah! the sweet little huffey! What would you think now, if——Here's a soft hand!—What would you think—You know I am a widower.—

Adel. And so!

Rum. What would you——This house belongs to me; stock and trade; both good; cellars and stables full; my character known.

Adel. Yes. Well!

Rum. A civil landlord—He, he, he!—only want a handsome landlady—Hay! What do you think?—Humph? What do you think?—Hay?

Adel. Think?

Rum. Humph? Hay? Yes; think.

Adel. I think you are a very —pleasant—polite—

Rum. An't I? Humph?—Should not I be an agreeable companion for life?

Adel. Oh charming!—So you are in love with me?

Rum. Head and ears!—But tell me, tell me now— I know you are rich—How much? Humph? Hay? —How many hundreds?

Adel. Hundreds? Pshaw!

Rum.

Rum. What then, thousands? Don't, don't think though that I—I—I am in love with your money.— Oh no! I've too great a soul! No! 'Tis your eyes! Your nose! Your lips! Your chin! Your——

Adel. My hands! My arms! My feet!—

Rum. Yes! Bopeep! Oh the little! In and out! Yes, I love you all together.

Adel. Certainly. But before I can answer, you must give me a proof of this violent love.

Rum. A proof?

Adel. You must answer me a few questions, without lying.

Rum. Oh lord! Lying! Fie! I never lie.

Adel. Not even when you spoke last—Look me in the face—Keep your countenance.—What is the subject of the secret and frequent conversations with the Baron?

Rum. The—the—the Baron——

Adel. Look me in the face.

Rum. Baron Thorck?

Adel. Look me in the face, I tell you! Yes, Baron Thorck!

Rum. Oh, we, we talk.—

Adel. You talk?

Rum. Yes, yes; we, we talk.

Adel. Look at me, I tell you!—On what?

Rum. On all—all—all sorts of things; burials, and christenings, and religion, and politics, and—the price of bread.—Lord! We are old acquaintance!—We have always something to say—Why I, I was a kind of tutor in his father's family.

Adel. A tutor! Ha, ha, ha! A tutor?

Rum. Yes, a tutor—of the horses—Head groom—Tutors of horses and tutors of asses; why it's the same.

Adel.

Adel. Ha, ha, ha! But, Mr. Rummer—Look at me—What did that sign which you made the Baron, behind my mistress's back, mean? Was that about religion, and politics, and the price of bread?

Rum. A sign! A sign! I, I don't remember.

Adel. Oh, but—Look this way—I insist upon it—You must remember—What did that sign mean?

Rum. Mean? Why why why the the the meaning's clear enough. A a a sign meant—a sign.

Adel. Good-bye, Mr. Rummer.

Rum. Nay, but why in such haste?

Adel. Let me go!

Rum. Patience a moment. I have something very serious to say.

Adel. Cannot.

Rum. Nay now, my pretty dear!

Adel. Cannot.

Rum. My lamb of barley sugar!

Adel. I'm deaf.

Rum. My angel, my treasure, my Nantz brandy!

Adel. I'm dumb.

Rum. Nay but stay, stay—stay and I will tell you all.

Adel. Ah! Then indeed!—But mind—all—every thing you know.

Rum. Must I tell every thing?

Adel. Every individual thing.

Rum. Zounds! She has got me! — Well then, listen.—(*Dumb shew.*)

Enter William.

Will. (*Aside.*) That confounded old fellow pursues a pretty girl as the hawk does the dove. — (*Suddenly puts*

puts his head between Adelaide and Rummer.)—
Hem!

Rum. Hem again.

Will. You are agreeably entertained here!

Rum. What's that to you?—Is your master ready? How long must the coach wait? It has been at the door this hour.

Will. That's distressing. But my master don't want the coach.

Rum. No?

Will. No; my master is not going out.

Rum. Then he may stay at home.—(*To Adelaide.*)
—I'll say more to you bye and bye.—(*Going.*)—
Egad he came just in the nick, for all that! She had me fast!
[*Exit.*]

Will. Really now, my handsome neighbour, I think you ought to prefer a young man, like me, to that half-tamed bear, that barrel of foul vapours.

Adel. You, I have no doubt, Sir, think so, for you think well of yourself; but I should have been very glad if you had been less intruding.

Will. Why sure!

Adel. Very true—But, now you *are* here, pray tell me what business had Count Werling this morning with your master?

Will. Don't know.

Adel. Are they relations?

Will. Can't tell.

Adel. You can't?

Will. No.

Adel. You are a very intelligent youth, and so your servant.
[*Exit.*]

Will. Nay, but stay, stay — gone! — She always
wants

wants to know more than I know myself. — Who comes here? Why! Can it be? It is!—

Enter Henry.

Henry!

Hen. (Stops short, looks, then runs into his arms.)
Why William! My dear William! Is it thee?

Will. Me my own self, my dear Henry! And art thou still alive and merry?

Hen. Alive, but not merry.

Will. Why indeed thou lookest as if thou livedst always in lent! as thin As slit stockfish!

Hen. Thin enough! So goes the world! Feast to-day, fast to-morrow! But what lucky chance led thee into this house? Who dost thou live with now?

Will. Hush! Mustn't tell—First let me know what is become of the young gentleman, who eight years ago set out on his travels?

Hen. (Half whimpering.) Ah! my dear William!

Will. (Alarmed.) Is he dead?

Hen. No, no — not dead, but very unfortunate—Look thee William, I'll venture to tell thee — he is poor and miserable!

Will. But where? Where is he? Where is he?

Hen. Why dost thou ask? His father is dead. Did he leave him any thing?

Will. Where is he?

Hen. He lives here.

Will. Here! What in this house?

Hen. Yes. I am still in his service—Ah! Didst thou know all we have suffered!

Will. Leap, jump, caper, dance, go mad! Your sufferings are all over.

G

Hen.

Hen. Are there legacies ?

Will. Talk not of legacies ; his father is alive.

Hen. Alive !

Will. Every inch of him ! 'Tis true we spread a report of our death, that we might be allowed to live. We were in danger of wanting heads to put our nightcaps on ; but, praise be to the powers that be, our enemies are overthrown ! We shall soon shine out in all our glory ! We have plenty of money, and we every moment expect to be called to court.

Hen. I shall sink !—(*Half crying, half laughing.*)—My poor master is a happy man ! I must tell him instantly.

Will. The sooner the better !—(*Runs to his master's door.*) My lord ! My lord !

Hen. My lady ! My lady !

[*Runs to Mrs. Dorville's door.*]

Will. My lord ! My lord the Count ! This way ! Here ! Here ! Here !

Hen. Madam ! My lady ! Adelaide !

Enter Count Kolberg.

Count Kol. What means all this noise ? Why do you call ?

Will. I am a happy man ! I mean your lordship is a happy man ! He's found ! He's found ! News ! News ! Delightful news !

Count Kol. Are you frantic ? Who ?

Will. My young master ! Your son !

Count Kol. My son !

Hen. Yes, my lord !

Count Kol. Henry ! Is it thee ? Where ! Where is my son ? Shew me !

Hen.

Hen. He's not at home: but my lady is—(*Calling and running about.*)—Madam! My lady! Adelaide!

Count Kol. Married too!

Hen. Oh, yes, Sir——Adelaide! Adelaide!

Enter Adelaide.

Adel. Are you out of your wits, Henry?—(*Aside.*)
—Don't you know this gentleman is the friend of
Count Werling? Silence!

Hen. I don't care for that! I won't be silent! We
are happy! Tell my lady the gentleman is here!
The Count is here! Quick! My master's father!
He's alive! He's found!

Adel. His father!

Count Kol. Quick, show me to the lady! To my
daughter; and do thou, Henry, run to seek thy mas-
ter — But let it not be known that I am here; it is a
secret of danger. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE, *The Hotel.*

Enter Adelaide, running out of Dorville's apartment towards that of Count Kolberg.

Adelaide.

WILLIAM! William — Our joys are insupportable! — William! — Where can he be? — Oh could my master be found! — William!

Will. (Without.) I'm coming! I'm coming!

Adel. Make haste!

Enter William.

Will. Here I am. This is a joyful day!

Adel. Oh yes! Go, go, go; your master wants you.

Will. Is he with your mistress still?

Adel. To be sure! Where should he be? Quick, quick! He is waiting for you! [*Exit William.*]

Enter Rummer.

Rum. Ah! Here you are! Where are you going? Why how you smile, and smirk, and——

Adel. Oh! I'm so happy, Mr. Rummer! We're all so happy!

Rum.

Rum. But how, how? What, what? Humph? Hay?

Adel. The gentleman! The stranger! My Mistress! Myself! All! Every soul! You shall know all bye and bye—I can't stay at present—I was only coming to tell you the—the—the——my master's—that is—the strange gentleman dines with us!

Rum. Whoo! Master! Mistress! Self! Strange gentleman! Every soul! Why I believe you are every soul mad! William too! Just the same! Why what's it about? What does it mean?

Adel. Go, go, go! Dispatch! Get dinner! You shall know all in good time! [*Exit running back.*]

Rum. Strange gentleman dines! Zounds!—One laughing, another crying, a third skipping, a fourth running! Very odd!

Enter William, running.

Whee hoo! Here's another flying post! Why hark you! Hark you! Mr. William! Why in such haste?

Will. Joy! Joy! Joy!

Rum. Well but, sblood! What about, what about?

Will. Oh! I've no time to stand prating.

Rum. (*Holding him.*) But where are you running to?

Will. To Count Werling's.

Rum. (*Alarmed.*) Count Werling! Why, why—Count Werling! Hay? Humph? Hay?

Will. Yes, yes, yes! I tell you yes!

Rum. Well, well, but—Humph? Hay? Why, what were you doing in Mr. Dorville's apartment! Hay?

Will. Waiting on my master, to be sure.

Rum.

Rum. Master ! What there ?

Will. Why Yes ! Yes ! Yes ! I tell you once more yes ! Zounds ! Let me go !

[*Throws Rummer off and runs out.*]

Rum. Bedlam's broke loose !—The strange gentleman with Dorville ! Dines there !—Sending for Count Werling ! Humph ! Hay ! Zounds ! There's something in the wind ! If Dorville, and the stranger, and the Count, and his daughter, are all friends, I and the Baron may—Humph ! Hey ?

Enter the Baron.

Bar. What, in a reverie, Mr. Rummer ?

Rum. Oh ! Baron—Strange things going forward.

Bar. How ? Where ? What ?

Rum. Can't tell ! I'm in a maze ! For this half hour there has been such whispering, and running, and bustling, and bawling, and squawling, and laughing, and enquiring, and kissing, and crying ! Can't get a word from any soul ! Looks confounded suspicious !

Bar. Oh, there is nothing to fear.

Rum. You think so, perhaps, because you have again thrown poor Mr. Dorville into prison.

Bar. Oh no ; Dorville is at liberty. I changed my opinion ; he is better at a distance ; and that I might induce him to fly with all speed, and at the same time convince him of the *sincerity* of my friendship, I informed him that the Count knew he was in the city, shewed him the secret mandate that had been entrusted to me for his imprisonment, and convinced him that either danger and destruction or flight were inevitable. Ha, ha, ha ! I promised to take his wife under my protection ! And the buzzard thanked me ! With tears in his eyes he thanked me !
I said

I said I would send her after him to Dresden, and supplied him with money for his flight; and thus have I for ever rid myself of a wretched rival! Here!—Here is a letter which will compleat the business! Will make his wife detest him! She will then listen to me; her father will apply to the King, her marriage will be annulled, and I, her happy husband, shall be the heir of the rich and potent Count Werling!

Rum. Why—If—

Bar. If! Pshaw! Here, take this letter, and deliver it to Mrs. Dorville.

Rum. I! Think what you are doing.

Bar. Humph! True; it would be asked who gave it you. I must employ an unknown messenger. But do you in the mean time watch what is going forward, and observe the effects produced by the letter. I'll be back within an hour. [*Exit.*

Rum. Well, but, Sir! Baron!—He's gone, and I am just as wise as I was. An impostor is a dangerous kind of a trade—Affairs begin to look gloomy—I have my fears—To be sure, he has promised me a hundred ducats—But then! Should I be discovered! 'Twere all over with me! Spandau! Chained to a wheelbarrow for life!—Could I but find out who this stranger is—(*Looking towards Dorville's apartment*) Zounds! Why can't a man see and hear through doors and walls?—(*Listening*) They seem to talk loud. Humph! Hay! Who knows? (*Looks through the keyhole*) There!—He tenderly takes her hand!—She weeps!—(*Turns his ear to the keyhole*) Humph?—Hay?—How!—His son!—Did I hear right?—'Sblood! If Dorville should be his son! (*Listens*) Ah, there's no hearing a word *she* says.

Enter

Enter William.

Will. How now! Listeners! (*Slaps Rummer on the shoulder*) Servant, Mr. Earwig!

Rum. Servant, Mr. Skipjack!

Enter Count Kolberg and Mrs. Dorville.

Will. Count Werling will be here in a moment, Sir.

Rum. The devil he will! [*Runs off.*]

Mrs. Dor. My father! So soon.

Count Kol. Calm your fears, Madam. Retire for a moment. Be not taken by surprise.

Mrs. Dor. Dreadful trial!

[*Exeunt Mrs. Dorville and William.*]

Enter Count Werling.

Count Wer. Joy, my friend, joy! It's done! It's over! You are safe! Read, read! You are free!

Count Kol. (*Having glanced over the paper*) Can it be!—My wealth, my honour, all restored?

Count Wer. All, all your own!

Count Kol. My hopes are surpassed—What, Sir, shall I say?

Count Wer. Say? Zounds—Say—Say nothing—Have you heard any news of your son?

Count Kol. I have.

Count Wer. Well, but?—What!—You look blank—Where is he?

Count Kol. In this city, and under the most afflicting circumstances.

Count

Count *Wel.* Poor youth! Why did he not make himself known to me?

Count *Kol.* You were supposed to be my bitter foe.

Count *Wer.* True—I had forgotten.

Count *Kol.* His misfortunes have been increased by his marriage with a lovely young lady of an illustrious family, whose father is exceedingly irritated by the match.

Count *Wer.* Absurd! — An illustrious! — Why what? — Is not yours an illustrious family?

Count *Kol.* I am not yet acquainted with the motives of the father's hatred; I am only informed that in his anger he would pursue them to destruction; that he has abjured his child, and that he has suffered hunger, indigence, and shame, to overtake her.

Count *Wer.* Oh most abominable! — A father! — Who! Who is he?

Count *Kol.* He is one of my best, my dearest friends.

Count *Wer.* Your—Why you are mad!

Count *Kol.* One of the most generous of men— (*Count Werling stares*) Nay, no man is more intimate with him, or more in his own confidence than you are.

Count *Wer.* (*Raving*) I in his confidence! I! — I disclaim such a monster! But who is he? Who is he? This intimate of mine, this most generous of men, that abjures a starving child!

Count *Kol.* 'Tis—yourself.

Count *Wer.* (*After recovering from his astonishment*) Sir!

Count *Kol.* Noble Count, once more on you the happiness of me, of my son, of all depends. Be
H yourself,

yourself, confirm that happiness, and pardon your daughter.

Count *Wer.* Never!—Pardon?—Never!

Count *Kol.* She is an angel.

Count *Wer.* A viper!

Count *Kol.* The sweetest—

Count *Wer.* Her name is hateful!—Time was—Ay, once—she was once the sweetest, mildest, tender—She is a scorpion! So gentle, so affectionate—A basilisk!—So obedient, so patient—I—Yes, I worshipped her—A serpent!—But why talk of—why mention? How are you, how is your son interested in her wretched fate?

Count *Kol.* She is—his wife.

Count *Wer.* (*Stands amazed.*) Dorville—Dorville your son! (*Enraged.*)

Count *Kol.* He is.

Count *Wer.* (*Begins to traverse the stage in great agitation, muttering epithets and anger which he wishes, but is unable to repress, and stopping at intervals, during which Count Kolberg takes an opportunity to plead.*) The scoundrel—The rascal—The villain—(*stops abruptly.*)—Your son?

Count *Kol.* My disgrace at Court obliged him to change his name. You knew him not as my son, not having seen him since he was very young before he went to college.

Count *Wer.* A wretch!—A reptile! The destroyer of my peace, the seducer of my daughter! A villain! An infame—Your son!

Count *Kol.* When you are calm, I will speak.

Count *Wer.* Calm!—A traitor!—But—say on—Defend your—your—your son, your son, your son, —let us hear—A vile—

Count *Kol.* He is rather unfortunate than guilty.

Count

Count *Wer.* Ay, ay, the common plea of fools and scound—

Count *Kol.* He meant from you to have asked your daughter's hand, but he saw her on the very eve of being forced to marry another—You he supposed my irreconcilable foe; dangers, despair, and passion increased; their love was mutual, and they fled.

Count *Wer.* The guilty dues of disobedience and black ingratitude be their reward!

Count *Kol.* Wretchedness, deep distress, and bitter repentance, have followed—But the daughter never for a moment ceased to love and respect her father.

Count *Wer.* Ha, ha, ha! Respect! Love! Ha, ha, ha!—Sir—when you have read the letters—the insolent letters—written to me by your son—your—your *amiable* son—you then shall judge between the father and his child.

Count *Kol.* Letters—and insolent!—Are you sure they are his?

Count *Wer.* Of what should I doubt? Do I not know his hand?

Count *Kol.* To him I leave his own justification. If he have acted unworthy of my son and your daughter, my contempt shall follow yours—But for your unfortunate Clarissa—

Count *Wer.* I renounce, I reject, I despise her—Were she at my feet I would spurn—

Count *Kol.* What! Your child! Not hear, not pity a repenting daughter!

Count *Wer.* My ears are shut—My heart is flint—My eyes are rock—I doated on her! Yes doated! (*Begins to weep.*)—But its all over! All over! All over! For ever—

Count *Kol.* Can you resolve not to see her?

Count *Wer.* Firmly—But what does all this tend to? What does it mean? 'Tis scarcely an hour since you knew not a word either of my daughter or your own son, and now you talk as if you had lived with them all your life.

Count *Kol.* I own 'tis singular and sudden. In that chamber is a lady as unfortunate and as virtuous as your Clarissa.

Count *Wer.* There! In that chamber? (*Offering to go; Count Kolberg detains him.*)

Count *Kol.* I request, I conjure you to hear, to interrogate this lady!

Count *Wer.* Here's some trick! A plot upon me! Take care what you are doing! Beware of me! I'm a dangerous man! A damned dangerous——A lion! A tyger! Beware!

Count *Kol.* I have promised for you. My word, your own peace of mind, and the cause of truth, are pledged, that you should hear, before you finally condemn.

Count *Wer.* Not a word—I'm deaf, determined—

Count *Kol.* Are you indeed so inflexible?

Count *Wer.* As adamant.

Count *Kol.* Then, Sir—take back the benefits you have conferred. I would rather support poverty, imprisonment, nay disgrace itself, with my children, than live loaded with riches and honours, and see them despised and wretched outcasts.

Count *Wer.* Why, would you?—Damn it, that—that's great!—That's great!—Won't forsake the distressed! He's a noble fellow himself, and won't believe his son can be such a rascal—But no—no, no, no, no—He has not been disobeyed, he has not been injured and insulted like me.

Count *Kol.* Think again—Be just.

Count

Count *Wer.* Zounds! You're a——a strange man—
No saying will serve.

Count *Kol.* Hear the lady.

Count *Wer.* What lady?—Beware!—I say beware—
I tell you again I am a tyger—a tyger let loose—

Count *Kol.* You are—a father—I know your heart is
at this moment alive to all the best, the noblest emo-
tions—I will bring her. [*Exit.*

Count *Wer.* Count!—My lord!—How my heart
beats—What lady? What does he mean!—Should
my daughter dare to appear I'll trample on her—'Tis
five years and upwards since I saw her—The day,
the very day on which she eloped, she fell on her
knees and conjured me never to curse her—Astonished
as I was, she made me pledge my honour never to
curse her—And I've kept my word—I never have—
No—I've never cursed her.

Re-enter Count Kolberg *conducting* Mrs. Dorville.

Mrs. *Dor.* (*Runs and falls at the feet of Count
Werling.*) My father!

Count *Wer.* (*Struggling with his passions.*) What—
What have you done, Sir.

Mrs. *Dor.* My father!

Count *Wer.* Child!—Clariffa!—

Mrs. *Dor.* Mr dear, dear father!

Count *Wer.* Clariffa!—Clariffa!—My only child!
—Rise!—Rise!—I, I, I—forgive thee?

Mrs. *Dor.* Let me die at your feet!

Count *Wer.* Rise child!—Rise—I forgive thee—I
forgive thee!—I cannot help it—I must forgive thee—
I will forget that thou hast insulted, hast despised thy
father!

Mrs. *Der.* Insulted! Despised my father! Oh! Do
not kill me, Sir!

Count

Count Wer. Recover thyself—Dry thy tears—I forgive thee—I love thee—In my soul I love thee—Thou dost not deserve such a father—I forgive thee—[*To C. Kolberg.*]—I did not know, my friend, how sweet it is to forgive!—Wert thou not my child, my Clarissa, I could almost wish all the ill I have heard of thee were true, that I might have much, very much to pardon.

Count Kol. Ah, Sir! Now, while your heart is open to compassion, remember my son!

Count Wer. He has wronged ——

Mrs. Dor. He is my husband!

Count Wer. Well, child! Well, Clarissa! For thy sake then——

Mrs. Dor. My kind, my dear father!

Count Kol. My friend!

Count Wer. (*Taking them each by the hand.*) A child! And a friend! Well, he shall be my son!—But to you, Count, henceforth will I look for his conduct.

Enter a Servant with a letter, who stands and is embarrassed at seeing Count Werling.

How now! Who are you?

Ser. Sir, my Lord, I, I—(*Going.*)

Count Wer. Stay! Who are you? What letter is that?

Ser. A, a, a letter, for that lady.

Mrs. Dor. For me! From whom?

Ser. F—F—F—From—Mr. Dorville.

Count Kol. Deliver it!—(*Servant delivers the letter, and runs off.*)—From my son!

Count Wer. Read it, Clarissa — I suppose he informs thee — Do not be alarmed!—that he is in prison. — Would my kinsman the Baron were here, to obtain an order instantly for his release! The good
Baron

Baron little suspects what has happened — Child! — Clariffa! — What! — What is the matter?

Mrs. *Dor.* Oh! Miserable woman!

[*Lets fall the letter.*

Count *Kol.* (*Alarmed, takes up the letter.*) Hum—
 um—Heavens!—(*Reads aloud.*) “Madam—Misfor-
 “tune incessantly pursues me. You have not suffi-
 “cient strength and fortitude to support my suffer-
 “ings—Here therefore all ties between us end.”

Count *Wer.* How!

Count *Kol.* This from my son! (*reads*) “Be re-
 “conciled to your father. Let us forget each other”
 —Villain!

Count *Wer.* Go on, Sir!

Count *Kol.* (*reads*) “I here sign my consent to
 “our divorce, which, perhaps, you long have de-
 “sired, and which your father can instantly, by
 “shewing this, procure from the King—Baron
 “Thorck is our common friend, and the last favour
 “I have to ask is, that you should give him the hand
 “which I for ever renounce. From this time, ne-
 “ver expect to see me more.”

Count *Wer.* You hear how I have wronged him!—
 You hear! 'Tis his hand! I know it well!

Count *Kol.* Where is the man who brought this
 letter?

Count *Wer.* The fellow stammered, and was eager
 to be gone.

Mrs. *Dor.* Oh! My father! [*Falling on his shoulder.*

Count *Wer.* My poor Clariffa!

Count *Kol.* My son! Mine! Write thus?

Count *Wer.* Well, well,—Complaints are no cures
 —Messengers shall be every where dispatched, in
 pursuit, with the utmost speed—He cannot escape!—
 All shall yet be well, my child!

Mrs.

Mrs. Dor. (*In the tone of fixed despair.*) Yes! Yes! All shall be well? (*Bursting.*) Have I! Have I deserved this, Dorville!

Count Wer. Recover thyself, Clarissa? Retire to thy chamber! Fear not—Trust to the active affection of a father—(*Exeunt Mrs. Dorville and Count Kolberg.*) Perfidious wretch! Seduce, elope with, and then abandon my child! [*Exit.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE *continues.*Rummer *and* Stephen.Rummer (*entering*)

WATCH with all your eyes and ears! The moment you see the Baron, run and tell me!—But don't say a word to him of what has passed.—Do you mind me, Sirrah?

Steph. Yes.

[*Exit.*

Rum. I begin to be confoundedly frightened—The Count has taken all my horses, and all his own, and all he could get—Should Dorville be brought back, it's all over with me! The receiver is as bad as the thief! (*Reflects*) What if I—Humph! Hay!—Gad! That's the safest! I'll tell all!—What's the Baron to me?—Beside he must be found out—The hundred ducats, indeed!—But, who knows? Perhaps I may be better paid by t'other party! (*Peeps into Count Kolberg's apartment*) Nobody there—Humph! Hay!—I suppose he is with his daughter-in-law (*Calls in an under voice*) My Lord!—My good Lord!—This stranger seems less haughty than the passionate Count Werling—My Lord!

Enter Count Kolberg.

Count. Kol. Your good pleasure, Sir?

Rum. I—I—I have some rare news, my Lord—

I

R:

But we must speak low, an your Lordship pleases—
your honour—Secrets!

Count. *Kol.* (*Interestedly*) What Secrets? Speak!

Rum. To be sure, my Lord—I—I have my fears—
for a good landlord, as your honour knows, is in
duty bound to keep his tongue within his teeth—and
fo—

Enter Count Werling and Footman.

Count. *Wer.* Joy! Joy! My friend! He is recovered!

Count. *Kol.* My son?

Count. *Wer.* Yes, Yes—we have him, safe!—But
where is my kinsman? Where is the Baron?

Foot. I don't know, Sir.

Count. *Wer.* Go, seek him; tell him I want him
instantly.

Foot. Where must I seek, my Lord?

Count. *Wer.* Every where—thro' the whole city—
Tell him I am waiting for him here.

Foot. Yes, my Lord.

Count. *Wer.* Did you give orders that Dorville
was to be brought to this Hotel?

Foot. Yes, my Lord.

Count. *Wer.* And that no answer should be given
to any of his questions?

Foot. Yes, my Lord.

Count. *Wer.* And did you leave them far behind?

Foot. They will be here in about half an hour, my
Lord!

Count. *Wer.* How did he behave when you came
up with him?

Foot. At first he courageously defended himself;
but

but, being overpowered by numbers, he delivered up his sword.

Count. *Wer.* Go; seek my kinsman.

[*Exit* Footman.]

Count. *Kol.* This man has a secret, as he says, to reveal.

Count. *Wer.* Who! You, Sir? Well! What is your secret!

Rum. 'Tis a secret, my Lord—! A secret—! But then I shall lose a hundred—I, I mean to say, two hundred ducats, by telling it—And your Lordship knows times are hard! Very hard!

Count. *Wer.* Why fellow, yours is a dear secret indeed!

Rum. Oh my Lord!—Your honour—I can assure you, on the faith of an honest man, you will think it cheap—And if your Lordship will but have the generosity—

Count. *Kol.* Depend on my word. You shall be no loser.

Rum. Oh Sir!—But—If—If you—you should happen to think I—I had been concerned in what to be sure is but a sort of a rogue's trick.—

Count. *Wer.* Ah! Knave!

Count. *Kol.* Speak—You shall be pardoned.

Rum. Oh! Your noble honour!—That is, your Lordship, a—two hundred ducats, and my pardon?

Count. *Wer.* I am out of patience!

Rum. Not so loud, an your Lordship pleases!

Count. *Wer.* Speak! Damned Babblers!

Rum. Oh Lord Your Lordship's honour, not so loud!—Your Lordship knows, Mrs. Dorville has just received a letter—

Count. *Wer.* Well!

Count. *Kol.* Quick!

Rum. That—That letter was not written by Mr. Dorville.

Count. *Kol.* I knew 'twas impossible!

Rum. Oh no!

Count. *Wer.* Where (*Rummaging*) Where is it?—
Oh! Here—Is not this Dorville's hand?

Rum. Humph! Tis very like—But there are people who can write so like other people.

Count. *Kol.* I begin to breathe!—Go on

Rum. I must in confidence inform you—your honour—That Baron Thorck has, as a man may say, that happy gift.

Count. *Wer.* My kinsman!

Rum. (*Aside*) I find I must e'en tell all—His honour the Baron showed Mr. Dorville the Mandate for his imprisonment—and so—persuaded him to fly.

Count. *Wer.* But why? To what end!

Rum. Why, my Lord, your Lordship must know, 'tis now two months and a day, that Mr. and Mrs. Dorville have been in my house—His honour the Baron brought 'em here.

Count. *Wer.* He!

Rum. And told me he was the sworn enemy of the husband.

Count. *Wer.* Told you! This fellow is a rascal!
[*To Count. Kolberg.*

Count. *Kol.* Hear.

Rum. And promised me a hund—two hundred Ducats, if I would but help him in the plot.

Count. *Wer.* Scoundrel! Lyar! You!

Count. *Kol.* Nay, but hear.

Rum. What your Lordship pleases—your honour—
But an you will please to recollect, his honour the
Baron

Baron was in love with the young lady, your daughter, before Mr. Dorville carried her off, and was enraged; but he concealed his hatred, and professed himself their friend. So he persuaded Mr. Dorville to address all his letters to him, under cover; so he copied, and imitated, and sent your Lordship false letters, insolent and—and——

Count *Wer.* Can there be such a villain! — (*Suddenly searching for the letter and examining.*) — “Baron
“ Thorck is our common friend, and the, um, um,
“ um, the hand which I renounce.” — Does the Baron still love my daughter?

Rum. My Lord, he loves your Lordship's estate, and was afraid it was not quite secure.

Count *Wer.* 'Tis palpable! The friend—How did that passage escape me! — Their common friend? — The demon! — Acting with me as he did! — Yet — I will examine — How, wretch, came you acquainted with all this?

Rum. My Lord—the two hundred ducats!

Count *Kol.* That the Baron should confide his secrets to such a person is indeed strange!

Count *Wer.* Nay, villains cannot act without their accomplices.

Rum. Lord! Your honour, the Baron and I are very old acquaintance. My Lord here knows I was his father's groom: I afterward lived with his honour, the Baron, and we have been very good friends ever since.

Count *Wer.* Rascal! — We'll talk farther — If thou hast told me a single lie, I'll have thee hanged like a dog.

Rum. Oh your noble Lordship—your honour! — You see I might have had two hundred ducats—But no! — I'm none such! Honesty's the best policy — That's my maxim.

Enter.

Enter Stephen.

Steph. (To Rummer.) The Baron is below.

Count *Wer.* Bid him come up.

Count *Kol.* If you wish him to avow the truth, you must employ stratagem.

Count *Wer.* I know not how to dissemble with such a villain.

Count *Kol.* 'Tis necessary.

Count *Wer.* Well! I'll try.

Count *Kol.* I will first inform Mrs. Dorville of the happy news, then fly to meet my son. [*Exit.*

Rum. He's coming, your honour.

Count *Wer.* I perceive your fears, rascal—But be within call at your peril!—Do you hear!—At your peril

Rum. Yes, your honour. [*Retires.*

Enter Baron Thorck — He starts at seeing the Count, who turns aside every time he hems, carefully to conceal the workings of passion.

Count *Wer.* Hem! Well met, kinsman! What brings you here so often?

Bar. I—I—I come to visit one of my friends, who has lodged here for some time.

Count *Wer.* Nay, nay, kinsman — Hem! Don't be suspicious of me! Be open, unreserved — Do you know that Dorville is fled?

Bar. Can it be! Fled!

Count *Wer.* Hem! We have received a letter.

Bar. (Aside.) We!—(*Aloud.*) Is he gone?

Count

Count *Wer.* Yes, yes; but we'll soon bring him back——Hem!

Bar. (*Afide.*) Destruction!——(*Aloud.*) My Lord, if my advice might be heard——

Count *Wer.* If, kinsman? You know it always has been.

Bar. Then he should be suffered to fly; left to his fate, which is indeed wretched enough.

Count *Wer.* Well——But——my daughter——I have seen her, and must own I pity her.

Bar. Hem! Ha——Has——your Lordship seen Mrs. Dorville? [*In great anxiety.*]

Count *Wer.* Yes——But don't be alarmed at that——'Tis my determination, which the whole world cannot shake, that your deserts shall be rewarded——Hem! Hem! Hem!

Bar. (*Deceived.*) My kind, my noble kinsman!

Count *Wer.* Fortune is in your own power——I have pardoned my daughter, have examined her heart, and, if I'm not mistaken——she has——certain views——certain thoughts, of you——Hem!

Bar. (*with inward pleasure.*) Of me! Oh my noble kinsman!

Count *Wer.* Yes. I too have my projects——But first I would know your sentiments——Speak frankly——Do you feel any inclination for my girl?

Bar. I!——Oh!——That is——(*Checking himself.*)

Count *Wer.* Yes, or no?

Bar. Why——indeed——my Lord——if she were not married, I should esteem myself the happiest——

Count *Wer.* That's enough——Hem!——That's enough——Dorville has, under his own hand, renounced her: a divorce may easily be obtained; and you know, kinsman, I have always proposed you as my successor——Hem!

Bar

Bar. (*In suspence*) My Lord?—My noble kinsman! I—I—

Count Wer. You are amazed, I see—And, to own the truth, so am I—I cannot conceive how Dorville, acknowledging you to be his friend, should thus readily cede my daughter, and his wife.

Bar. I—my lord—I—I think it almost incredible, indeed!

Count Wer. (*Shewing the letter.*) You see here what he writes—But—Humph!—Kinsman—I think there is a kind of—of similarity, between this hand writing and yours—

Bar. (*Afide.*) Sdeath!

Count Wer. Nay, to say the truth, a very singular, a very striking one!

Bar. To, to, to, mine?—Let me see?—Humph! It is indeed very strange!

Count Wer. Exceedingly—Hem! (*Emphatically.*) Between ourselves, kinsman, I really should not be sorry, were you to own that you had written this letter yourself.—Hem!

Bar. I, my lord!

Count Wer. I wish not to hear, of acts of generosity from such a wretch as the supposed author of this letter—Hem! Be frank, confess it is yours.

Bar. My kind, my noble kinsman!—

Count Wer. Why this hesitation? Why this trifling? Come, speak candidly—If you wrote it, I have an ocular proof of your friendship for my daughter.

Bar. Oh, my noble kinsman!—(*Afide.*) Should he but speak as he thinks!—(*Exceedingly agitated and undetermined.*)

Count Wer. Have you written it, or have you not?

Bar. (*Afide.*) What shall I say? (*Aloud.*) My lord, I—I—My noble kinsman!—

Count

Count *Wer.* (*Aside impatiently.*) Oh damn his noble kinsman!—Well, well, since you'll not own it—I know how I have to act.

Bar. I hope my noble kinsman is not angry?

Count *Wer.* How can I be patient, and see your simplicity?—Hem!—I have a hundred times asked whether you have or have not written the letter, have as often told you I should be glad to find you had, and yet you will neither say yes nor no.

Bar. (*Aside.*) He is serious! He speaks as he means!—(*Aloud.*) Forgive me, my noble kinsman, but, since—you insist upon it—(*Pauses.*)

Count *Wer.* I insist upon the truth—Have you written the letter?

Bar. If—

Count *Wer.* (*Impatiently.*) Once again, yes or no!

Bar. I must open my whole heart to so generous a patron!—The—the—Yes—The letter is mine,

Count *Wer.* Hem! Hem! Hem!

Bar. My motives I hope were excusable.

Count *Wer.* (*Aside.*) The rascal! (*Aloud*) Well, well! This confession gives me pleasure—Great, inexpressible pleasure!—Yet—(*Examines the letter.*)—Humph!—I protest I—I could almost swear—that this letter, and all those which I have received from Dorville, are—in the same hand.

Bar. (*Aside; petrified.*) I'm undone!

Count *Wer.* But, what if they were?

Bar. (*Trembling.*) My noble kinsman!—(*Aside.*) I'm ruined!

Count *Wer.* It was your friendship for my daughter. Ought I not to be pleased with the motive?—You did but use artifice to prevent my child and my estates from passing into the power of a villain—Hem!

K

Hem!

Hem! 'Twas like a kinsman!—Yes, yes; either you have written all the letters, or have not written this.

Bar. (Aside.) Tormenting perplexity?—To—to own the truth my—my right noble kinsman—This—this letter—is—not mine.

Count *Wer.* Scoundrel! (*Aloud.*) I am sorry to hear it—Then I find you do not love my daughter!

Bar. (Ardently.) Yes—N—N—no—But—That is—

Count *Wer.* You stifle and confound my hopes, kinsman—Hem! I own it was once my intention to have given you my daughter in preference to all men; but I see I'm deceived—Had all been as I thought, I should most gladly have chosen you for my son and heir—I'm sorry, kinsman, but—

Bar. (Aside.) I must hesitate no longer—My Lord—

Count *Wer.* Compleat my joy—speak the truth; for, should Dorville return, and return he must, it cannot be concealed.

Bar. (Aside.) 'Tis true!

Count *Wer.* Well?

Bar. (At first hesitating, but rising to hope, and at last to rapture, correspondent to the rapidity and ardour of the answers of the Count) May I—May I be certain?

Count *Wer.* Of what?

Bar. That my right noble kinsman—really wishes—I should have written these letters?

Count *Wer.* Vehemently!

Bar. And that he will kindly conjecture—the true motives of my conduct?

Count *Wer.* Don't fear!—Don't fear!

Bar. That my extreme affection for—

Count

Count *Wer.* (*Instantly*) Yes!—Yes!—Your extreme affection for—I'm convinced of it! Upon my honour (*Striking his breast with both hands*) I am convinced of it!

Bar. And I may boldly hope?—

Count *Wer.* All! Every thing! I wish you so to do.

Bar. Then——

Count *Wer.* Speak! The letters are your own?

Bar. They are!—All!—All mine, my generous noble kinsman; and I am now the happiest——

Count *Wer.* (*Seizing his arm, and fixing his eye—— Silence of terror*) The most abominable of villains!

Bar. My—My—My noble Lord—and—kinsman——

Count *Wer.* Wretch!—Who's there?

Enter Adelaide.

Adel. Did you call, Sir?

Count *Wer.* My girl! My child! Where is my child?

Adel. Here she comes, Sir—She is totally recovered by the good news she has heard.

Enter Mrs. Dorville.

Mrs. Dor. Oh, Sir!

Count *Wer.* (*Exceedingly moved*) Clariffa!—My poor Clariffa!

Mrs. Dor. Are you at last convinced of our innocence, Sir?

Count *Wer.* My lamb!—My suffering lamb!—
Seest thou, Clariffa, seest thou that—that—that—

that fiend!—His own lips have confessed his villainy!

Bar. Perdition!

Count Wer. Whips! Stings! Scorpions?

Bar. My noble kinsman—

Count Wer. Off! Basilisk? Away to your friend, your worthy accomplice, Mr. Rummer—Begone, execrable hypocrite!

[*Exit Baron.*]

Enter Henry, followed by Count Kolberg, Dorville, William, and several servants of Count Werling.

Hen. Here he is, Madam! Here's my master!

Mrs. Dor. (*Running to meet him*) My Dorville! My husband!

Dor. Clarissa!

Hen. Oh they're a happy couple.

Dor. (*Turning, sees Count Werling*) My Lord!

[*Kneels.*]

Count Wer. Rise, my son.

Dor. I have wronged you! I stole your daughter, disturbed your peace!

Count Wer. Rise! Rise! My daughter is yours—

Hen. They're a happy couple!

Dor. Oh, Clarissa! My Lord! My father! (*Turning to each.*) My heart overflows!

Hen. They're a happy couple!

Mrs. Dor. And could you have forsaken me, Dorville!—Could you!

Dor. Never! My flight was directed toward Dresden; to that city the perfidious Baron promised to send you.

Count

Count *Kol.* We have all suffered; 'tis time we now should enjoy.

Count *Wer.* The faithful shall be rewarded.

[*Looking to William and Henry.*

Mrs. *For.* Yes, my Adelaide! [*Taking her hand.*

Count *Wer.* And the guilty punished.

Count *Kol.* Punished they are already—Villany is its own burge!—And remember, my Lord—'Tis your own maxim—The sweetest of pleasures is to pardon.

Hen. (*As the curtain drops*) They're a happy couple. [*Exeunt omnes.*

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.



EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. RYDER, and Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Enter M'Carnock and an Actress.

M'Carnock

BUT what wad ye have, Maidam? What can I do?
I have not a line an ye'd geve me Peru!
For Epilogue-writing I have not the knack—

Act. I doubt, Sir, your Pegafus is but a hack.

M'Car. Why, troth! I've been spurring in vain for
this week.

Ah! Could I but write half as well as ye speak! [*Bows.*
But no! Not a theme can I find for the muse!

Act. Pshaw! Lord, Sir! Five hundred! You have but
to choose! [*With great volubility.*

The ferious, the solemn, the pleafant, the witty,
Election, stockjobbing, court, country, or city;
The Auftrians, the Spaniards, the Turks, or the Ruffians,
The manning of fleets, or the marching of Pruffians;
The rights of the people, the wrongs of the nation,
Bruffels, Botany Bay, or the French Federation.

M'Car. Ye've glanc'd at a topic, wech, wad ye purfue—
Change Alley—

Act. Lame ducks? Oh, I have them in view.
The uproar's begun! Hark! Ineffable din!

[*Changing to the chant of the different speakers.*
“ Five Eights, Long Annuities!”—“ Here!” “ Who buys
in?”

“ Bank Stock”—“ Navy Bills”—“ Irish Tickets at four!”
“ I'll do them at three”—“ Well, how many!”—“ Five
score.”

Pale, panting, and breathless, lo! here comes a bull!
Of lies ready coin'd, with his mouth brimming full!
“ Sugar Islands!”—“ What?”—“ Taken!”—“ All?”—
“ News came to day!”

“ Sure?”—“ Certain!”—“ Thank Heaven! Rare tidings!
‘ Hurray!’

The hubbub increafes, poft hafte enter Bear!
His face is the picture of rage and defpair!
Faft round him they flock!—“ Hey?”—“ The Mefenger?”
—“ Well?”

We're

“We’re ruin’d!”—“How?”—“Peace!”—“Peace! Flames!
“Fury! And Hell!”

M’Carnock (*In raptures at her acting.*)

Ah! Maidam, ye ken them! The reptiles! They’d dance
At the ruin of England, the slavery of France!
Or all that plague, pestilence, famine present,
So they could but make half a quarter per cent!

Yas, peace now comes smiling the nations to bless;
The horrors and ruins of war to repress!
By philanthropy taught to forget and forgive,
Like brothers mankind shall continue to live;
The jealous precautions of tyranny cease,
And freedom, and courage, and virtue increase:
While reason and firmness our conquest award,
And justice secures us more praise than the sword!

Wal, ye’re in the city, an ye wad but stay
To the feast and the dance——

Actress. Oh! Ay! Lord Mayor’s day!
Where Deputy Dripping the dinner adorns,
And opens the ball to a full band with horns!
His wife fresh from Margate, from raffling and dipping,
Applauds as he puffs—“There! Well said Deppy Dripping!”
“I wow to my God he’s as light as a feather!”
“How he and Miss Marrowfat hop up together!”
“Oim now grown quite copulent, else you should see,
“For all he’s so *lissum*, he’s nothing to me!”
I *moves* with a grace, and a swim, and a fall!
And I *makes* the best *curtshee* that’s made in the hall!

M’Carnock. Brava, madam! Gude troth! Ye’re a whim-
fical elf,
I thought ye had been Mrs. Dripping herself.
Ah! Wad ye but speak half a word in my favour,
I would fave me!

Actress. Indeed! Well, I’ll do my endeavour.

[*M’Carnock gesticulates, but without buffoonery.*

On woe-begone author, in woe-begone ditty,
Look, ladies and gentlemen, look and have pity!
His brain quite exhausted, his pockets the same,
Condemned to exist on the thin breath of fame,
Should you from compassion join hands in his cause,
He may live for a year on a first night’s applause.



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