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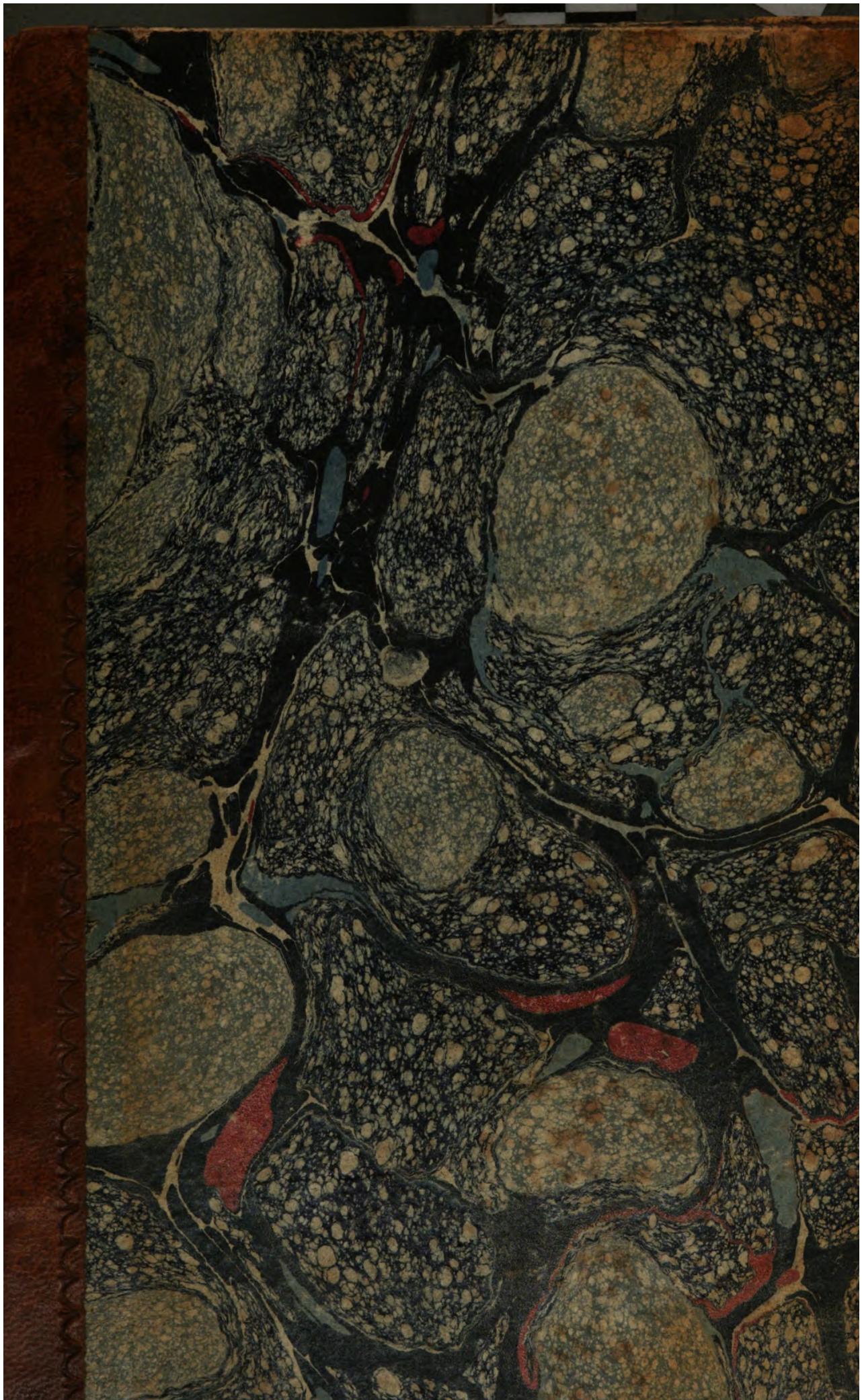
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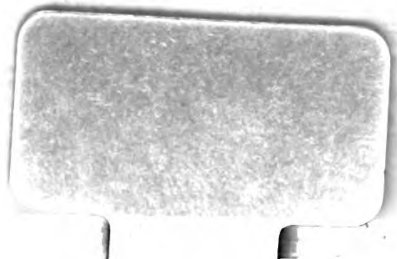




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R. ROBERTSON GLASGOW,  
OF MONTGREENAN.





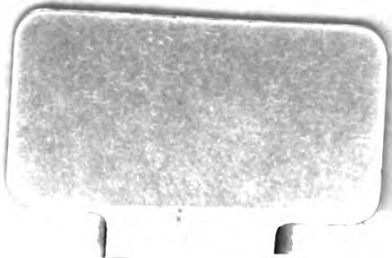
XL II.



3

5

R. ROBERTSON GLASGOW,  
OF MONTGREENAN.





XL 11.4











SUCH THINGS ARE;

A

P L A Y,

I N

F I V E A C T S.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

B Y

MRS. I N C H B A L D.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for G. G. J. and J. ROBINSON, Pater-noster Row.

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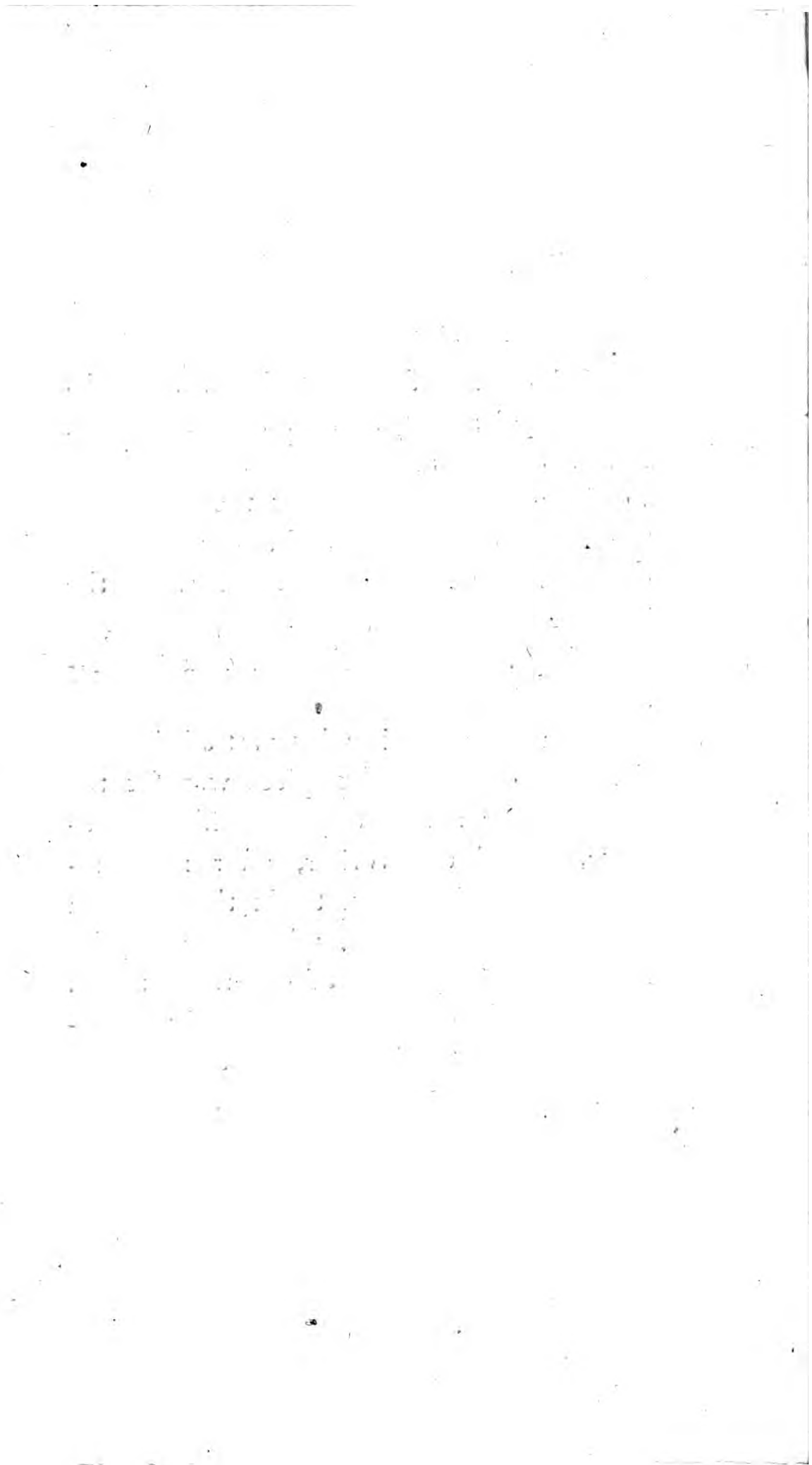
W. P. Glasgow

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

**T**HE travels of an Englishman throughout Europe, and even in some parts of Asia, to soften the sorrows of the Prisoner, excited in the mind of the Author the subject of the following pages, which, formed into a dramatic story, have produced from the Theatre a profit far exceeding the usual pecuniary advantages arising from a successful Comedy.

The uncertainty in what part of the East the hero of the present piece was (at the time it was written) dispensing his benevolence, caused the Writer, after many researches and objections, to fix the scene on the island of Sumatra, where the English settlement, the system of government, and every description of the manners of the people, reconcile the incidents of the Play to the strictest degree of probability.





P R O L O G U E,

Written by THOMAS VAUGHAN, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. HOLMAN.

HOW say you, critic Gods\*, and you below †;  
Are you all friends?—or here—and there—a foe?  
Come to protect your *literary* trade,  
Which Mrs. *Scribble* dares *again* invade—  
But know you not—in *all* the fair ones do,  
'Tis not to please themselves alone—but you.  
Then who so churlish, or so cynic grown,  
Would wish to change a *simper* for a *frown*?  
Or who so jealous of their own *dear* quill,  
Would point the paragraph her fame to kill?  
Yet such there are, in this all-scribbling town,  
And men of letters too—of some renown,  
Who sicken at all merit but their own. }  
But sure 'twere more for Wit's—for Honour's sake,  
To make the Drama's *race—the give and take.*

[*Looking round the house.*]

My hint I see's approv'd—so pray begin it,  
And praise us—*roundly* for the *good things* in it,  
Nor let severity our faults expose,  
When godlike Homer's self was known to doze.

But of the piece—Methinks I hear you hint,  
Some dozen lines or more should give the tint—  
“ Tell how *Sir John* with *Lady Betty's* maid  
“ Is caught intriguing at a masquerade;  
“ Which *Lady Betty*, in a jealous fit,  
“ Resents by flirting with *Sir Ben*—the cit.  
“ Whose *three-foot* spouse, to modish follies bent,  
“ Mistakes a *six-foot* Valet—for a Gent.

“ While

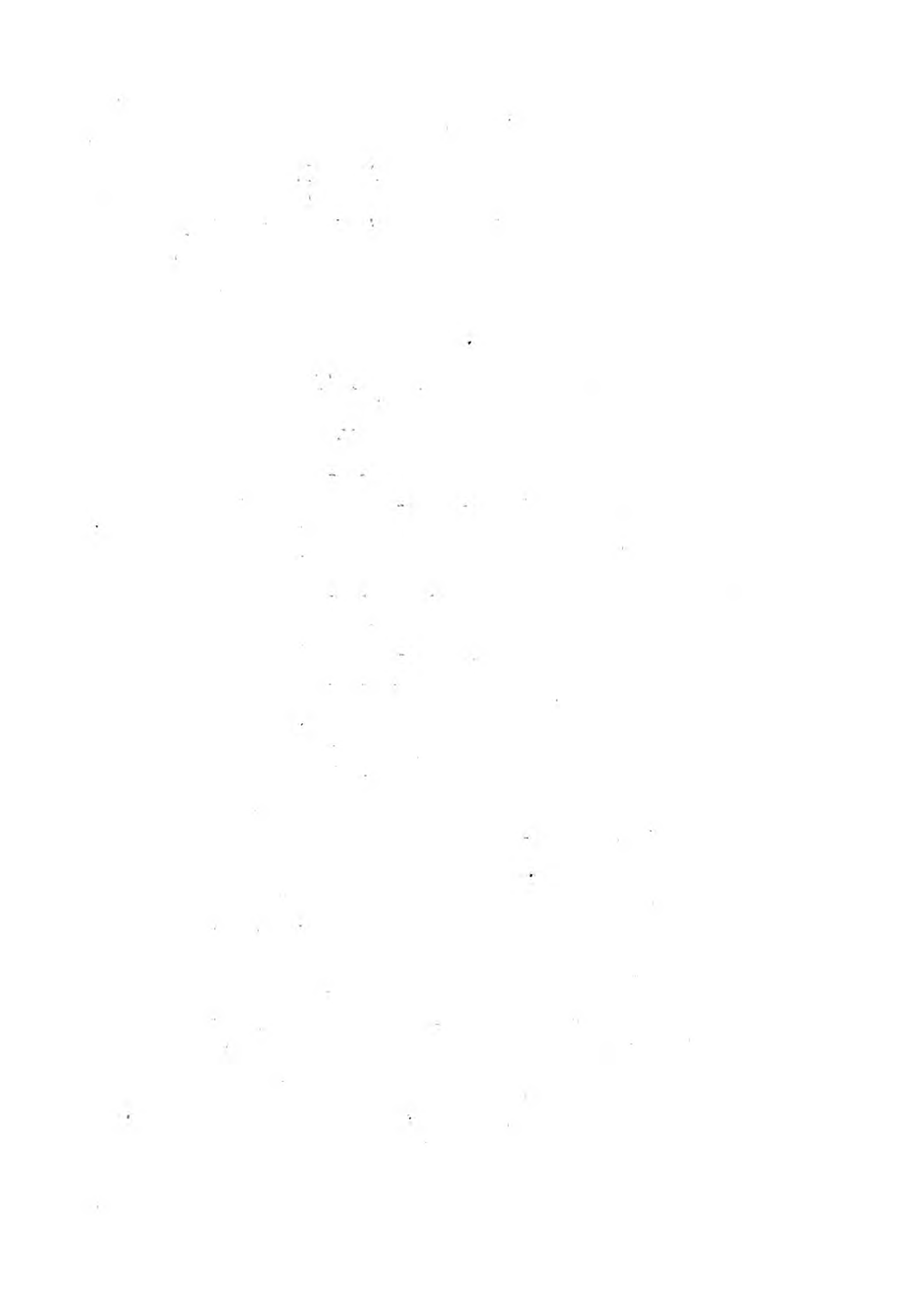
P R O L O G U E.

“ Whilst Miss, repugnant to her Guardian’s plan,  
“ Elopes in Breeches with her fav’rite man.”  
Such are the *hints* we read in *Roscious’* days,  
By way of Prologue ushered in *their* plays,  
But *we*, like Ministers and cautious spies,  
In *secret measures* think—the merit lies.  
Yet shall the Muse thus far unveil the plot—  
This play was *tragi-comically* got,  
Those sympathetic sorrows to impart  
Which harmonize the feelings of the heart;  
And may at least this humble merit boast,  
A structure founded on fair *Fancy’s* coast.  
With you it rests that judgement to proclaim,  
Which *in the world* must raise or sink it’s fame.  
Yet ere her judges sign their last report,  
’Tis you [*to the boxes*] must recommend her to the Court;  
Whose smiles, like *Cynthia*, in a winter’s night,  
Will cheer our wand’rer with a gleam of light.

\* Galleries.

† Pit.





A C T I.

SCENE, *The Island of Sumatra, in the  
East Indies.*

---

C H A R A C T E R S.

M E N.

<i>Sultan,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Farren,
<i>Lord Flint,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Davies,
<i>Sir Luke Tremor,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Quick,
<i>Mr. Twineall,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Lewis,
<i>Mr. Haswell,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Pope,
<i>Elvius,</i>	- - " - - - -	Mr. Holman,
<i>Mr. Meanright,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Macready,
<i>Zedan,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Fearon,
<i>First Keeper,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Thompson,
<i>Second Keeper,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Cubitt,
<i>First Prisoner,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Helme,
<i>Second Prisoner,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Gardener.
<i>Guard,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Blurton,
<i>Messenger,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Ledger.

W O M E N.

<i>Lady Tremor,</i>	- - - - -	Mrs. Mattocks,
<i>Aurelia,</i>	- - - - -	Miss Wilkinson,
<i>Female Prisoner,</i>	- - - - -	Mrs. Pope.

*Time of Representation, Twelve Hours.*

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# SUCH THINGS ARE.

A P L A Y.

I N F I V E A C T S.

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A C T I.

SCENE I. *A Parlour at Sir Luke Tremor's.*

*Enter Sir Luke, followed by Lady Tremor.*

*Sir Luke.*

**I** TELL you, Madam, you are two and thirty.

*Lady Tremor.* I tell you, Sir, you are mistaken.

*Sir Luke.* Why, did not you come over from England exactly sixteen years ago?

*Lady.* Not so long.

*Sir Luke.* Have not we been married the tenth of next April sixteen years?

*Lady.* Not so long.—

*Sir Luke.* Did you not come over the year of the great Eclipse? answer me that.

*Lady.* I don't remember it.

*Sir Luke.* But I do—and shall remember it as long as I live—the first time I saw you, was in the garden of the Dutch Envoy; you were looking through a glass at the sun—I immediately began to make love to you, and the whole affair was

B

settled

settled while the eclipse lasted—just one hour eleven minutes, and three seconds.

*Lady.* But what is all this to my age?

*Sir Luke.* Because I know you were at that time near seventeen—and without one qualification except your youth—and not being a Mullatto.

*Lady.* Sir Luke, Sir Luke, this is not to be borne—

*Sir Luke.* Oh! yes—I forgot—you had two letters of recommendation, from two great families in England.

*Lady.* Letters of recommendation!

*Sir Luke.* Yes; your character—that, you know, is all the fortune we poor Englishmen, situated in India, expect with a wife who crosses the sea at the hazard of her life, to make us happy.

*Lady.* And what but our characters would you have us bring? Do you suppose any lady ever came to India, who brought along with her, friends, or fortune?

*Sir Luke.* No, my dear—and what is worse—she seldom leaves them behind, either.

*Lady.* No matter, Sir Luke—but if I delivered to you a good character—

*Sir Luke.* Yes, my dear you did—and if you were to ask me for it again, I can't say I could give it you.

*Lady.* How uncivil! how unlike are your manners to the manners of my Lord Flint.

*Sir Luke.* Ay—you are never so happy as when you have an opportunity of expressing your admiration of him—a disagreeable, nay, a very dangerous man—one is never sure of one's self in his presence—he carries every thing he hears to the ministers of our suspicious Sultan—and I feel my head shake whenever I am in his company.

*Lady.* How different does his Lordship appear to me—to me he is all *politesse*.

*Sir*



*Sir Luke.* *Politeſſe!* how ſhou'd you underſtand what is real *politeſſe*? You know your education was very much confined.—

*Lady.* And if it *was* confined——I beg, Sir Luke, you will one time or other ceaſe theſe reflections—you know they are what I can't bear! [*walks about in a paſſion.*] pray, does not his Lordſhip continually aſſure me, I might be taken for a Counteſs, were it not for a certain little groveling toſs I have caught with my head—and a certain little confined hitch in my walk? both which I learnt of *you*—learnt by looking ſo much at *you*.—

*Sir Luke.* And now if you don't take care, by looking ſo much at his Lordſhip, you may catch ſome of his defects.

*Lady.* I know of very few he has.

*Sir Luke.* I know of many—beſides thoſe he aſſumes.—

*Lady.* Aſſumes!!——

*Sir Luke.* Yes; do you ſuppoſe he is as forgetful as he pretends to be? no, no—but becauſe he is a favourite with the Sultan, and all our great men at court, he thinks it genteel or convenient to have no memory—and yet I'll anſwer for it, he has one of the beſt in the univerſe.

*Lady.* I don't believe your charge.

*Sir Luke.* Why, though he forgets his appointments with his tradefmen, did you ever hear of his forgetting to go to court when a place was to be diſpoſed of? Did he ever make a blunder, and ſend a bribe to a man out of power? Did he ever forget to kneel before the Prince of this Iſland—or to look in his highneſs's preſence like the ſtatue of Patient-reſignation in humble expectation?—

*Lady.* Dear, Sir Luke——

*Sir Luke.* Sent from his own country in his very infancy, and brought up in the different

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courts of petty, arbitrary Princes here in Asia; he is the slave of every great man, and the tyrant of every poor one.—

*Lady.* “Petty Princes!”—’tis well his highness our Sultan does not hear you.

*Sir Luke.* ’Tis well he does not—don’t you repeat what I say—but you know how all this fine country is harrassed and laid waste by a set of Princes, Sultans, as they style themselves, and I know not what—who are for ever calling out to each other “that’s mine,” and “that’s mine;”—and “you have no business here”—and “you have no business there”—and “I have business every where;” [*Strutting*] then “give me this,”—and “give me that;” and “take this, and take that.”  
[*makes signs of fighting.*]

*Lady.* A very elegant description truly.

*Sir Luke.* Why, you know ’tis all matter of fact—and Lord Flint, brought up from his youth amongst these people, has not one *trait* of an Englishman about him—he has imbibed all this country’s cruelty, and I dare say wou’d mind no more seeing me hung up by my thumbs—or made to dance upon a red-hot gridiron—

*Lady.* That is one of the tortures I never heard of!—O! I shou’d like to see that of all things!

*Sir Luke.* Yes—by keeping this man’s company, you’ll soon be as cruel as he is—he will teach you every vice—a consequential—grave—dull—and yet with that degree of levity, that dares to pay his addresses to a woman, even before her husband’s face.

*Lady.* Did not you say, this minute, his Lordship had not a *trait* of his own country about him?—

*Sir Luke.* Well, well—as you say, that last is a *trait* of his own country.

*Enter*

*Enter Servant and Lord Flint.*

*Serv.* Lord Flint.— [Exit Servant.]

*Lady.* My Lord, I am extremely glad to see you—we were just mentioning your name.—

*Lord.* Were you, indeed, Madam? You do me great honour.

*Sir Luke.* No, my Lord—no great honour.

*Lord.* Pardon me, Sir Luke.

*Sir Luke.* But, I assure you, my Lord, what I said, did *myself* a great deal of honour.

*Lady.* Yes, my Lord, and I'll acquaint your Lordship what it was. [going up to him.]

*Sir Luke.* [Pulling her aside] Why, you wou'd not inform against me sure! Do you know what would be the consequence? My head must answer it. [frightened.]

*Lord.* Nay, Sir Luke, I insist upon knowing.

*Sir Luke.* [To her] Hush—hush—no, my Lord, pray excuse me—your Lordship perhaps may think what I said did not come from my heart; and I assure you, upon my honour, it did.

*Lady.* O, yes—that I am sure it did.

*Lord.* I am extremely obliged to you. [bowing.]

*Sir Luke.* O, no, my Lord, not at all—not at all.—[aside to her.] I'll be extremely obliged to you, if you will hold your tongue—Pray, my Lord, are you engaged out to dinner to-day? for her Ladyship and I dine out.

*Lady.* Yes, my Lord, and we should be happy to find your Lordship of the party.

*Lord.* “Engaged out to dinner”?—egad very likely—very likely—but if I am—I have positively forgotten where.

*Lady.* We are going to—

*Lord.* No—I think (now you put me in mind of

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of it) I think I have company to dine with me—I am either going out to dinner, or have company to dine with me; but I really can't tell which—however, my people know—but I can't call to mind.—

*Sir Luke.* Perhaps your Lordship *has* dined; can you recollect that?

*Lord.* No, no—I have not dined—what's o'clock?

*Lady.* Perhaps, my Lord, you have not breakfasted.

*Lord.* O, yes, I've breakfasted—I think so—but upon my word these things are very hard to remember.

*Sir Luke.* They are indeed, my Lord—and I wish all my family wou'd entirely forget them.

*Lord.* What did your Ladyship say was o'clock?

*Lady.* Exactly twelve, my Lord.

*Lord.* Bless me! I ought to have been some where else then—an absolute engagement.—I have broke my word—a positive appointment.

*Lady.* Shall I send a servant?

*Lord.* No, no, no, no—by no means—it can't be helped now—and they know my unfortunate failing—besides, I'll beg their pardon, and I trust that will be ample satisfaction.

*Lady.* You are very good, my Lord, not to leave us.

*Lord.* I cou'd not think of leaving you so soon, Madam—the happiness I enjoy here is *such*—

*Sir Luke.* And very likely were your Lordship to go away now, you might never recollect to come again.

*Enter*

SUCH THINGS ARE.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* A Gentleman, Sir, just come from on board an English vessel, says, he has letters to present to you.

*Sir Luke.* Shew him in—[*Exit Servant.*] He has brought his character too, I suppose—and left it *behind*, too, I suppose.

*Enter Mr. Twineall, in a fashionable undress.*

*Twi.* Sir Luke, I have the honour of presenting to you, [*Gives letters*] one from my Lord Cleland—one from Sir Thomas Shoestring—one from Colonel Fril.

*Sir Luke.* [*Aside*] Who in the name of wonder have my friends recommended?—[*reads while Lord Flint and the Lady talk apart*] No—as I live, he is a gentleman, and the son of a Lord—[*going to Lady Tremor.*] My dear, that is a gentleman, notwithstanding his appearance—don't laugh—but let me introduce you to him.

*Lady.* A gentleman! certainly—I did not look at him before—but now I can perceive it.

*Sir Luke.* Mr. Twineall, give me leave to introduce Lady Tremor to you, and my Lord Flint—this, my Lord, is the Honourable Mr. Twineall from England, who will do me the favour to remain in my house, till he is settled to his mind in some post here. [*They bow.*] I beg your pardon, Sir, for the somewhat cool reception Lady Tremor and I gave you at first—but I dare say her Ladyship was under the same mistake as myself—and I must own I took you at first sight for something very different from the person you prove to be—for really no English ships have arrived in this harbour for  
these



these five years past, and the dress of us English gentlemen is so much altered since that time—

*Twineall.* But, I hope, Sir Luke, if it is, the alteration meets with your approbation.

*Lady.* O! to be sure—it is extremely elegant and becoming.

*Sir Luke.* Yes, my dear, I don't doubt but you think so; for I remember you used to make your favourite monkey wear just such a jacket, when he went out a visiting.

*Twineall.* Was he your favourite, Madam?—Sir, you are very obliging. [*Bowing to Sir Luke.*]

*Sir Luke.* My Lord, if it were possible for your Lordship to call to your remembrance such a trifle—

*Lady.* Dear Sir Luke—— [*Pulling him.*]

*Lord.* Egad, I believe I do call to my remembrance—[*Gravely considering.*—]—Not, I assure you, Sir, that I perceive any great resemblance—or, if it was so—I dare say it is merely in the dress—which I must own strikes me as most ridiculous—very ridiculous indeed.—

*Twineall.* My Lord!

*Lord.* I beg pardon, if I have said any thing that——Lady Tremor, what did I say?——make my apology, if I have said any thing improper—you know my unhappy failing.

[*Goes up the stage.*]

*Lady.* [*to Twineall.*] Sir, his Lordship has made a mistake in the word “ridiculous,” which I am sure he did not mean to say—but he is apt to make use of one word for another—his Lordship has been so long out of England, that he may be said in some measure to have forgotten his native language.

[*His Lordship all this time appears consequentially absent.*]

*Twineall.* And you have perfectly explained, Madam—indeed I ought to have been convinced, without



without your explanation, that if his Lordship made use of the word *ridiculous* (even intentionally) that the word had now changed its former sense, and was become a mode to express satisfaction—or his Lordship wou'd not have made use of it in the very forcible manner he did, to a perfect stranger.

*Sir Luke.* What, Mr. Twineall, have you new modes, new fashions for *words* too in England, as well as for dresses?—and are you equally extravagant in their adoption?

*Lady.* I never heard, Sir Luke, but that the fashion of words varied, as well as the fashion of every thing else.

*Twineall.* But what is most extraordinary—we have now a fashion in England, of speaking without any words at all.

*Lady.* Pray, Sir, how is that?

*Sir Luke.* Ay, do, Mr. Twineall, teach my wife, and I shall be very much obliged to you—it will be a great accomplishment. Even you, my Lord, ought to be attentive to this fashion.

*Twineall.* Why, Madam, for instance, when a gentleman is asked a question which is either troublesome or improper to answer, you don't say you *won't* answer it, even though you speak to an inferior—but you say——“ really it appears to me e-e-e-e—[*mutters and shrugs*]—that is—mo-mo-mo-mo—[*mutters*]—if you see the thing—for my part——te-te-te-te—and that's all I can tell about it at *present*.

*Sir Luke.* And you have told nothing!

*Twineall.* Nothing upon earth.

*Lady.* But mayn't one guess what you mean?

*Twineall.* O, yes—perfectly at liberty to guess.

*Sir Luke.* Well, I'll be shot if I *could* guess.

*Twineall.* And again—when an impertinent pedant

asks you a question that you know nothing about, and it may not be convenient to say so—you answer *boldly*, “why really, Sir, my opinion *is*, that the Greek poet—he-he-he-he—[*mutters*]*—we-we-we-we—you see—if his idea was—and if the Latin translator—mis-mis-mis-mis—[shrugs]—that I shou’d think—in my humble opinion—but the Doctor may know better than I.*”——

*Sir Luke.* The Doctor must know very little else.

*Twi.* Or in case of a duel, where one does not care to say who was right, or who was wrong—you answer—“*This*, Sir, is the state of the matter—Mr. F— came first—te-te-te-te—on that—be-be-be-be—if the other—in short—[*whispers*]*—whis-whis-whis-whis*”——

*Sir Luke.* What?

*Twi.* “There, now you have it—there ’tis—but don’t say a word about it—or, if you do—don’t say it come from me.”——

*Lady.* Why, you have not told a word of the story!

*Twi.* But that your auditor must not say to you—that’s not the fashion—he never tells you that—he may say—“You have not made yourself *perfectly* clear;”—or he may say—“He must have the matter *more particularly* pointed out somewhere else;”—but that is all the auditor can say with good breeding.

*Lady.* A very pretty method indeed to satisfy one’s curiosity!

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Mr. Haswell.

*Sir Luke.* This is a countryman of ours, Mr. Twineall, and a very good man I assure you.

*Enter*

*Enter Mr. Hafwell.*

*Sir Luke.* Mr. Hafwell, how do you do?

*[Warmly.*

*Haf.* Sir Luke, I am glad to see you.—Lady Tremor, how do you do? *[He bows to the rest.*

*Lady.* O, Mr. Hafwell, I am extremely glad you are come—here is a young adventurer just arrived from England, who has been giving us such a strange account of all that's going on there.

*[Introducing Twineall.*

*Haf.* Sir, you are welcome to India.

*[Sir Luke whispers Hafwell.*

Indeed!—*his son.*

*Lady.* Do, Mr. Hafwell, talk to him—he can give you great information.

*Haf.* I am glad of it—I shall then hear many things I am impatient to become acquainted with. *[Goes up to Twineall.]* Mr. Twineall, I have the honour of knowing his Lordship, your father, extremely well—he holds his seat in Parliament still, I presume?

*Twineall.* He does, Sir.

*Haf.* And your uncle, Sir Charles?

*Twineall.* Both, Sir—both in Parliament still.

*Haf.* Pray, Sir, has any act in behalf of the poor clergy taken place yet?

*Twineall.* In behalf of the poor clergy, Sir?—I'll tell you—I'll tell you, Sir.—As to that act—concerning—*[shrugs and mutters]*—em-em-em-em—the Committee—em-em—ways and means—hee-hee—I assure you, Sir—te-te-te—

*[Sir Luke, Lady, and Lord Flint laugh.*

My father and my uncle both think so, I assure you.

*Haf.* Think how, Sir?

C 2

*Sir Luke.*

*Sir Luke.* Nay, that's not good breeding—you must ask no more questions.

*Haf.* Why not?

*Sir Luke.* Because—we-we-we-we—[*mimicks*]—he knows nothing about it.

*Haf.* What, Sir—not know?

*Tri.* Yes, Sir, perfectly acquainted with every thing that passes in the house—but I assure you, that when they come to be reported——but, Sir Luke, now permit me, in my turn, to make a few inquiries concerning the state of this country.

[*Sir Luke starts, and fixes his eyes suspiciously on Lord Flint.*]

*Sir Luke.* Why, one does not like to speak much about the country one lives in—but, Mr. Hafwell, you have been visiting our encampments; you may tell us what is going on there.

*Lady.* Pray, Mr. Hafwell, is it true that the Sultan cut off the head of one of his wives the other day because she said “I won't?”

*Sir Luke.* Do, my dear, be silent.

*Lady.* I won't.

*Sir Luke.* O, that the Sultan had you instead of me!

*Lady.* And with my head off, I suppose?

*Sir Luke.* No, my dear; in that state, I shou'd have no objection to you myself.

*Lady.* [*Aside to Sir Luke.*] Now, I'll frighten you ten times more.—But, Mr. Hafwell, I am told there are many persons suspected of disaffection to the present Sultan, who have been lately, by his orders, arrested, and sold to slavery, notwithstanding there was no proof against them produced.

*Haf.* Proof!——in a State such as this, the charge is quite sufficient.

*Sir Luke.* [*In apparent agonies, wishing to turn the*

*the discourse.*] Well, my Lord, and how does your Lordship find yourself this afternoon?—this morning, I mean—Bless my soul! why I begin to be as forgetful as your Lordship.

*[Smiling and fawning.*

*Lady.* How I pity the poor creatures!

*Sir Luke.* *[Aside to Lady.]* Take care what you say before that tool of state—look at him, and tremble for your head.

*Lady.* Look at him, and tremble for *yours*—and so, Mr. Hafwell, all this is true?—and some people, of consequence too, I am told, dragged from their homes, and sent to slavery merely on suspicion?

*Haf.* Yet, less do I pity those, than some, whom prisons and dungeons crammed before, are yet prepared to receive.

*Lord.* Mr. Hafwell, such is the Sultan's pleasure.

*Sir Luke.* Will your Lordship take a turn in the garden? it looks from this door very pleasant;—does not it?

*Lady.* But pray, Mr. Hafwell, has not the Sultan sent for you to attend at his palace this morning?

*Haf.* He has, Madam.

*Lady.* There! I heard he had, but Sir Luke said not.—I am told he thinks himself under the greatest obligations to you.

*Haf.* The report has flattered me—but if his highness *shou'd* think himself under obligations, I can readily point a way, by which he may acquit himself of them.

*Lady.* In the mean time, I am sure, you feel for those poor sufferers.

*Haf.* *[With stifled emotion.]* Sir Luke, good morning to you—I call'd upon some trifling business, but I have out-staid my time, and therefore

fore I'll call again in a couple of hours—Lady Tremor, good morning—my Lord—Mr. Twineall—*[Bows, and exit.]*

*Twineall.* Sir Luke, your garden *does* look so divinely beautiful—

*Sir Luke.* Come, my Lord, will you take a turn in it? Come Mr. Twineall—come my dear—*[taking her hand.]* I can't think what business Mr. Hafwell has to speak to me upon—for my part, I am quite a plain man—and busy myself about no one's affairs, except my own—but I dare say your Lordship has forgot all we have been talking about.

*Lord.* If you permit me, Sir Luke, I'll hand the Lady.

*Sir Luke.* Certainly, my Lord, if you please—come, Mr. Twineall, and I'll conduct you.

*[Exeunt.]*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT



A C T II.

SCENE I. *An Apartment at Sir Luke Tremor's.*

*Enter Twineall and Meanright.*

*Twineall.* MY dear friend, after so long a separation, how glad I am to meet you!—but how devilish unlucky that you shou'd, on the very day of my arrival, be going to set sail for another part of the world! yet before you go, I must beg a favour of you—you know Sir Luke and his family perfectly well, I dare say?

*Meanright.* I think so—I have been in his house near six years.

*Twineall.* The very person on earth I wanted!—Sir Luke has power here, I suppose?—a word from him might do a man some service perhaps?

*[significantly.]*

*Meanright.* Why, yes; I don't know a man that has more influence at a certain place.

*Twineall.* And her Ladyship seems a very clever gentlewoman?

*Meanright.* Very.

*Twineall.* And I have a notion they think *me* very clever.

*Meanright.* I dare say they do.

*Twineall.* Yes—but I mean *very* clever.

*Meanright.* No doubt!

*Twineall.* But, my dear friend, you must help me to make them think better of me still—and when  
*my*



*my* fortune is made, I'll make *yours*—for when I once become acquainted with people's dispositions, their little weaknesſes, foibles and faults, I can wind, twiſt, twine, and get into the corner of every one's heart, and lie ſo snug, they can't know I'm there, till they want to pull me out, and find 'tis impoſſible.

*Mean.* Excellent talent !

*Twi.* Is not it ? and now, my dear friend, do you inform me of the ſecret diſpoſitions, and propenſities of every one in this family, and of all their connections.—What Lady values herſelf upon one qualification, and what Lady upon another ?—What Gentleman will like to be told of his accompliſhments ? or what man would rather hear of his wife's, or his daughter's ?—or of his horſes ? or of his dogs ?—now, my dear Ned, acquaint me with all this—and within a fortnight I will become the moſt neceſſary rascal——not a creature ſhall know how to exiſt without me.

*Mean.* Why ſuch a man as you ought to have made your fortune in England.

*Twi.* No—my father, and my three uncles monopolized all the great men themſelves ; and wou'd never introduce me where I was likely to become their rival—This—this is the very ſpot for me to diſplay my genius—But then I muſt penetrate the people firſt—and you will kindly ſave me that trouble.—Come, give me all their characters—all their little propenſities—all their whims—in ſhort, all I am to praiſe—and all I am to avoid praiſing,—in order to endear myſelf to them. [*Takes out tablets.*] Come—begin with Sir Luke.

*Mean.* Sir Luke—values himſelf more upon perſonal bravery, than upon any thing elſe.

*Twi.*

*Twi.* Thank you, my dear friend—thank you.  
 [*Writes*] Was he ever in the army?

*Mean.* Oh yes—besieged a capital fortress, a few years ago—and now, the very name of a battle or a great general tickles his vanity, and he takes all the praises you can lavish upon the subject as compliments to himself.

*Twi.* Thank you—thank you a thousand times—  
 —[*Writes.*] I'll mention a battle very soon.

*Mean.* Not directly.

*Twi.* O, no—let me alone for time and place—go on, my friend—go on—her Ladyship—

*Mean.* Descended from the ancient kings of Scotland.

*Twi.* You don't say so!

*Mean.* And though she is so nicely scrupulous as never to mention the word genealogy, yet I have seen her agitation so great, when the advantages of high birth have been extoll'd, she could scarcely withhold her sentiments of triumph; which in order to disguise, she has assumed a disdain for all “vain titles—empty sounds—and idle pomp.”

*Twi.* Thank you—thank you—this is a most excellent *trait* of the Lady's—[*Writes.*] “Pedigree of the kings of Scotland?” O, I have her at once.

*Mean.* Yet do it nicely—oblique touches, rather than open explanations.

*Twi.* Let me alone for that.

*Mean.* She has, I know, in her possession—but I dare say she wou'd not show it you, nay, on the contrary, would even *affect* to be highly offended, if you were to mention it—and yet it certainly would flatter her, to know you were acquainted with her having it.

*Twi.* What—what—what is it?

*Mean.* A large old-fashioned wig—which Mal-

colm the third or fourth, her great ancestor, wore when he was crowned at Scone, in the year ——

*Twi.* I'll mention it.

*Mean.* Take care.

*Twi.* O, let me alone for the *manner*.

*Mean.* She'll pretend to be angry.

*Twi.* That I am prepared for.—Pray who is my Lord Flint?

*Mean.* A deep man—and a great favourite at court.

*Twi.* Indeed!—how am I to please him?

*Mean.* By insinuations against the *present* Sultan.

*Twi.* How!

*Mean.* With all his pretended attachment, his heart——

*Twi.* Are you *sure* of it?

*Mean.* Sure:—he blinds Sir Luke, (who by the bye is no great politician) but I know his Lordship—and if he thought he was sure of his ground—(and he thinks he *shall* be sure of it soon)—then—

*Twi.* I'll insinuate myself and join his party—but, in the mean time, preserve good terms with Sir Luke, in case any thing should fall in my way there.—Who is Mr. Haswell?

*Mean.* He pretends to be a man of principle and sentiment—flatter him on that.

*Twi.* The easiest thing in the world—no people like flattery better than such as he.—They will bear even to hear their *vices* praised.—I will myself undertake to praise the *vices* of a man of sentiment till he shall think them so many virtues.—You have mentioned no Ladies, but the Lady of the house yet.

*Mean.* There is no other Lady, except a pretty girl who came over from England, about two years ago, for a husband, and not succeeding in another  
part

part of the country, is now recommended to this house—and has been here three or four months.

*Twineall.* Let me alone, to please her.

*Mean.* Yes—I believe you are skilled.

*Twineall.* For the art of flattery, no one more.

*Mean.* But damn it—it is not a liberal art.

*Twineall.* It is a great science, notwithstanding—and studied, at present, by all the connoisseurs.—Zounds! I have staid a long time—I can't attend to any more characters at present—Sir Luke and his Lady will think me inattentive, if I don't join them—Shall I see you again?—if not—I wish you a pleasant voyage—I'll make the most of what you have told me—you'll hear I'm a great man—God bless you!—good bye!—you'll hear I'm a great man. [Exit.]

*Mean.* And, if I am not mistaken, I shall hear you are turned out of the house before to-morrow morning. O, Twineall! exactly the *reverse* of every character have you now before you—the greatest misfortune in the life of Sir Luke has been, flying from his army in the midst of an engagement, and a most humiliating degradation in consequence, which makes him so feelingly alive on the subject of a battle, that nothing but his want of courage can secure my friend Twineall's life for venturing to name the subject—then Lord Flint, firmly *attached* to the *interest* of the Sultan, will be all on fire, when he hears of open disaffection—but most of all her Ladyship! whose father was a grocer, and uncle, a noted advertising “Periwig-maker on a new construction.” She will run mad to hear of births, titles, and long pedigrees.—Poor Twineall! little dost thou think what is prepared for thee.—There is Mr. Haswell too—but to him have I sent you to be reclaimed—to him,—who, free from faults, or even foibles,

of his own, has yet more potently the blessing given, of tenderness for ours.                    *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.    *The inside of a Prison.*

*Several Prisoners dispersed in different situations.*

*Enter Keeper and Hafswell with lights.*

*Keep.* This way, Sir—the prisons this way are more extensive still—you seem to feel for these unthinking men—but they are a set of unruly people, whom no severity can make such as they ought to be.

*Haf.* And wou'd not gentleness, or mercy, do you think, reclaim them?

*Keep.* That I can't say—we never try those means in this part of the world—that man yonder, suspected of disaffection, is sentenced to be here for life, unless his friends can lay down a large sum by way of penalty, which he finds they cannot do, and he is turned melancholy.

*Haf.* *[After a pause.]* Who is that? *[To another.]*

*Keep.* He has been try'd for heading an insurrection, and acquitted.

*Haf.* What keeps him here?

*Keep.* Fees due to the Court—a debt contracted while he proved his innocence.

*Haf.* Lead on, my friend—let us go to some other part.                    *[Putting his hand to his eyes.]*

*Keep.* In this ward, we are going to, are the prisoners, who by some small reserve—some little secreted stock when they arrived—or by the bounty of some friend who visit them—or such-like fortunate circumstance, are in a less dismal place.

*Haf.* Lead on.

*Keep,*



*Keep.* But stop—put on this cloak, for, before we arrive at the place I mention, we must pass a damp vault, which to those who are not used to it—[*Hafwell puts on the cloak*—]—or will you postpone your visit?

*Haf.* No—go on.

*Keep.* Alas! who would suppose you had been used to see such places!—you look concerned—wext to see the people suffer—I wonder you should come, when you seem to think so much about them.

*Haf.* Oh! that, that is the very reason.

[*Exit, following the Keeper.*]

[*Zedan, a tawny Indian Prisoner, follows them, stealing out, as if intent on something.*]

*Two Prisoners walk slowly down the Stage.*

*1st Pris.* Who is this man?

*2d Pris.* From Britain—I have seen him once before.

*1st Pris.* He looks pale—he has no heart.

*2d Pris.* I believe, a pretty large one.

*Re-enter Zedan.*

*Zed.* Brother, a word with you. [*To the 1st Prisoner, the other retires*] as the stranger and our keeper passed by the passage, a noxious vapour put out the light, and as they groped along I purloined *this* from the stranger—[*Shews a pocket-book*] see it contains two notes will pay our ransom.

[*Shewing the notes.*]

*1st Pris.* A treasure—our certain ransom!

*Zed.* Liberty! our wives, our children, and our friends, will these papers purchase.

*1st Pris.* What a bribe! our keeper may rejoice too.

*Zed.*

*Zed.* And then the pleasure it will be to hear the stranger fret, and complain for his loss!—O, how my heart loves to see sorrow!—Misery such as I have known, on men who spurn me—who treat me as if (in my own Island) I had no friends that loved me—no servants that paid me honour—no children that revered me—who forget I am a husband—a father—nay, a *man*.—

*1st Pris.* Conceal your thoughts—conceal your treasure too—or the Briton's complaint—

*Zed.* Will be in vain—our keeper will conclude the bribe must come to him; at last—and therefore make no great search for it—here, in the corner of my belt [*Puts up the pocket-book*] 'twill be secure—Come this way, and let us indulge our pleasant prospect.      [*They retire, and the scene closes.*]

SCENE III.    *Another part of the Prison.*

*A kind of sofa with an old man sleeping upon it—  
Elvirus sitting attentively by him.*

*Enter Keeper and Hafwell.*

*Keep.* That young man, you see there, watching his aged father as he sleeps, by the help of fees gains his admission—and he never quits the place, except to go and purchase cordials for the old man, who, (though healthy and strong when he first became a prisoner) is now become ill and languid.

*Haf.* Are they from Europe?

*Keep.* No—but descended from Europeans—see how the youth holds his father's hand!—I have sometimes caught him bathing it with tears.

*Haf.* I'll speak to the young man. [*Going to him.*]

*Keep.* He will speak as soon as he sees me—he has sent a petition to the Sultan about his father,  
and

and never fails to inquire if a reply is come. [*They approach—Elvius starts, and comes forward*]

*Elv.* [*To Hafwell*] Sir, do you come from the Court? has the Sultan received my humble supplication? Can you tell?—softly—let not my father hear you speak.

*Haf.* I come but as a stranger, to see the prison.

*Elv.* No answer yet, keeper?

*Keep.* No—I told you it was in vain to write—they never read petitions sent from prisons—their hearts are hardened to such worn-out tales of sorrow. [*Elvius turns towards his Father and weeps.*]

*Haf.* Pardon me, Sir—but what is the request you are thus denied?

*Elv.* Behold my father! but three months has he been confined here; and yet—unless he breathes a purer air—O, if *you* have influence at Court, Sir, pray represent what passes in this dreary prison—what passes in my heart.—My supplication is to remain a prisoner here, while my father, released, shall be permitted to retire to humble life; and never more take arms in a cause the Sultan may suspect—which engagement broken, *my life* shall be the forfeit.—Or if the Sultan wou'd allow me to serve him as a soldier—

*Haf.* You would fight against the party your father fought for?

*Elv.* [*Starting.*] No—but in the forests—or on the desert sands—amongst those slaves who are sent to battle with the wild Indians—there I wou'd go—and earn the boon I ask—or in the mines—

*Haf.* Give me your name—I will, at least, present your suit—and, perhaps—

*Elv.* Sir! do you think it is likely? Joyful hearing!

*Haf.* Nay, be not too hasty in your hopes—I cannot



cannot *answer* for my success. [*Repeats*] “ Your father humbly implores to be released from prison—and, in his stead, *you* take his chains—or, for the Sultan’s service, fight as a slave, or dig in his mines ? ”

*Elv.* Exactly, Sir—that is the petition—I thank you, Sir.

*Keep.* You don’t know, young man, what it *is* to dig in mines—or fight against foes, who make their prisoners die by unheard-of tortures.

*Elv.* You do not know, Sir, what it *is*,—to see a parent suffer.

*Haf.* [*Writing*] Your name, Sir ?

*Elv.* Elvirus Cafimir.—

*Haf.* Your father’s ?

*Elv.* The same—one who followed agriculture in the fields of Symria—but, induced by the call of freedom—

*Haf.* How ? have a care.

*Elv.* No—his son, by the call of nature, supplicates his freedom.

*Keep.* The rebel, you find, breaks out.

*Elv.* [*Aside to the Keeper.*] Silence—silence ! he forgives it—don’t remind him of it—don’t undo my hopes.

*Haf.* I will serve you if I can.

*Elv.* And I will merit it—indeed I will—you shall not complain of me—I will be—

*Haf.* Retire—I trust you. [*Elvirus bows lowly, and retires.*]

*Keep.* Yonder cell contains a female prisoner.

*Haf.* A female prisoner !

*Keep.* Without a friend or comforter, she has existed there these many years—nearly fifteen.

*Haf.* Is it possible !

*Keep.* Wou’d you wish to see her ?

*Haf.* If it won’t give her pain.

*Keep.*

*Keep.* At least, she'll not repent it—for she seldom complains, except in moans to herself—[*Goes to the cell.*] Lady, here is one come to visit all the prisoners—please to appear before him.

*Haf.* I thank you—you speak with reverence and respect to her.

*Keep.* She has been of some note, though now so totally unfriended—at least, we *think* she has, from her gentle manners; and our governor is in the daily expectation of some liberal ransom for her, which makes her imprisonment without a hope of release, till that day arrives—[*Going to the cell*]—Lend me your hand—you are weak. [*He leads her from the cell—she appears faint—and as if the light affected her eyes—Hafwell pulls off his hat, and, after a pause—*

*Haf.* I fear you are not in health, Lady?

[*She looks at him solemnly for some time.*

*Keep.* Speak—Madam, speak.

*Pris.* No—not very well. [*Faintingly.*

*Haf.* Where are your friends? When do you expect your ransom?

*Pris.* [*Shaking her head.*] Never.

*Keep.* She persists to say so; thinking by that declaration, we shall release her *without* a ransom.

*Haf.* Is that your motive?

*Pris.* I know no motive for a falsehood.

*Haf.* I was to blame—pardon me.

*Keep.* Your answers are somewhat prouder than usual. [*He retires up the stage.*

*Pris.* They are.—[*To Hafwell*] Forgive me—I am mild with all of these—but from a countenance like yours—I could not bear reproach.

*Haf.* You flatter me.

*Pris.* Alas! Sir, and what have I to hope from such a meaness?—You do not come to ransom me.

E

*Haf.*

*Haf.* Perhaps I do.

*Prif.* Oh! do not say so—unless—unless—I am not to be deceived—pardon in your turn this suspicion—but when I have so much to hope for—when the sun, the air, fields, woods, and all that wonderful world, wherein I have been so happy, is in prospect; forgive me, if the vast hope makes me fear.

*Haf.* Unless your ransom is fixed at something beyond my power to give, I *will* release you.

*Prif.* Release me! Benevolent!

*Haf.* How shall I mark you down in my petition? [*Takes out his book.*] what name?

*Prif.* 'Tis almost blotted from my memory. [*Weeping.*]

*Keep.* It is of little note—a female prisoner, taken with the rebel party, and in these cells confined for fifteen years.

*Prif.* During which time I have demeaned myself with all humility to my governors—neither have I distracted my fellow prisoners with a complaint that might recall to their memory their own unhappy fate—I have been obedient, patient; and cherished hope to cheer me with vain dreams, while despair possess'd my reason.

*Haf.* Retire—I will present the picture you have given.

*Prif.* Succeed too—or, never let me see you more— [*She goes up the stage.*]

*Haf.* You never shall.

*Prif.* [*Returns*] Or, if you shou'd miscarry in your views [for who forms plans that do not sometimes fail?] I will not reproach you even to *myself*—no—nor will I suffer *much* from the disappointment—merely that you may not have, what I suffer, to account for. [*Exit to her cell.*]

*Haf.* Excellent mind!

*Keep.*

*Keep.* In this cell— [Going to another.

*Haf.* No— take me away—I have enough to do—I dare not see more at present.— [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The former Prison Scene.*

*Enter Zedan.*

*Zed.* They are coming—I'll stand here in his fight, that, should he miss what I have taken, he'll not suspect me, but suppose it is one who has hid himself.

*Enter Keeper and Hafwell.*

*Keep.* [To Zedan] What makes you here?—still moping by yourself, and lamenting for your family?—[To Hafwell] that man, the most ferocious I ever met with—laments, sometimes even with tears, the separation from his wife and children.

*Haf.* [Going to him] I am sorry for you, friend; [Zedan looks sullen and morose.] I pity you.

*Keep.* Yes—he had a pleasant hamlet on the neighbouring island—plenty of fruits—clear springs—and wholesome roots—and now complains bitterly of his repasts—sour rice, and muddy water. [Exit Keeper.

*Haf.* Poor man! bear your sorrows nobly—and as we are alone—no miserable eye to grudge the favour—[Looking round] take this trifle—[Gives money] it will at least make your meals better for a few short weeks—till Heaven may please to favour you with a less sharp remembrance of the happiness you have lost—Farewell. [Going.] [Zedan catches hold of him, and taking the pocket-book from his belt, puts it into Hafwell's hand.]

*Haf.* What's this ?

*Zed.* I meant to gain my liberty with it—but I will not vex you.

*Haf.* How came you by it ?

*Zed.* Stole it—and wou'd have stabb'd you too, had you been alone—but I am glad I did not—Oh ! I am glad I did not,

*Haf.* You like me then ?

*Zed.* [*Shakes his head and holds his heart.*] 'Tis something that I never felt before—it makes me like not only you, but all the world besides—the love of my family was confined to them alone ; but this makes me feel I could love even my enemies.

*Haf.* Oh, nature ! grateful ! mild ! gentle ! and forgiving !—worst of tyrants they who, by hard usage, drive you to be cruel !

*Enter Keeper.*

*Keep.* The lights are ready, Sir, through the dark passage—[*To Zedan.*] Go to your fellows.

*Haf.* [*To Zedan.*] Farewell—we will meet again.

[*Zedan exit on one side, Hafwell and Keeper exeunt on the other.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE I. *An Apartment at Sir Luke Tremor's.*

*Enter Sir Luke and Aurelia.*

*Sir Luke.*

WHY, then Aurelia, (though I never mention'd it to my Lady Tremor) my friend wrote me word, he had reason to suppose your affections were improperly fixed upon a young gentleman in that neighbourhood; and this was his reason for wishing you to leave that place to come hither—and this continual dejection convinces me my friend was not mistaken—answer, me—can you say he was?

*Aur.* Why, then, Sir Luke, candidly to confess—

*Sir Luke.* Nay, no tears—why in tears? for a husband? be comforted—we'll get you one ere long, I warrant.

*Aur.* Dear, Sir Luke, how can you imagine I am in tears because I have not a husband, while you see Lady Tremor every day in tears for the very opposite cause?

*Sir Luke.* No matter—women like a husband through pride—and I have known a woman marry from that very motive, even a man she has been ashamed of.

*Aur.* Why, then I dare say, poor Lady Tremor married from pride.



*Sir Luke.* Yes;—and I'll let her know pride is painful.

*Aur.* But, Sir, her Ladyship's philosophy—

*Sir Luke.* She has no philosophy.

*Enter Lady Tremor and Twineall.*

*Sir Luke.* Where is his Lordship? What have you done with him?

*Lady.* He's speaking a word to Mr. Meanright about his passport to England.—Did you mean me, Sir Luke, that had no philosophy? I protest, I have a great deal.

*Sir Luke.* When? where did you shew it?

*Lady.* Why, when the servant at my Lady Griffel's threw a whole urn of boiling water upon your legs, did I give any proofs of female weakness? did I faint, scream, or even shed a tear?

*Sir Luke.* No—no—very true—and while I lay sprawling on the carpet, I could see you fanning and holding the smelling bottle to the Lady of the house, begging her not to make herself uneasy, “for that the accident was of no manner of consequence.”

*Aur.* Dear Sir, don't be angry;—I am sure her Ladyship spoke as she thought.

*Sir Luke.* I suppose she did, Miss.

*Aur.* I mean—she thought the accident might be easily got the better of—She thought you might be easily recovered.

*Lady.* No, indeed, I did not—but I thought Sir Luke had frequently charged me with the want of patience; and that moment, the very thing in the world I cou'd have wished, happened—on purpose to give me an opportunity to prove his accusation false.

*Sir Luke.* Very well, Madam—but did not the whole

whole company cry shame on your behaviour? did not they say, it was not the conduct of a wife?

*Lady.* Only our particular acquaintance cou'd say so—for the rest of the company, I am sure, did not take me to be your wife—thank Heaven, our appearances never betray that secret—do you think we look like the same flesh and blood?

*Sir Luke.* That day, in particular, we did not—for I remember you had been no less than three hours at your toilet.

*Aur.* And, indeed, Sir Luke, if you were to use milk of roses, and several other little things of that kind, you can't think how much more like a fine gentleman you wou'd look.—Such things as those make, almost, all the difference there is between you and such a gentleman as Mr. Twineall.

*Twine.* No, pardon me, Madam—a face like *mine* may use those things—but in Sir Luke's, they wou'd entirely destroy that fine martial appearance—[*Sir Luke looks confounded.*] which women as well as men admire—for, as valour is the first ornament of *our* sex—

*Lady.* What are you saying, Mr. Twineall? [*Aside.*] I'll keep him on this subject if I can.

*Twine.* I was going to observe, Madam—that the reputation of a General—which puts me in mind, Sir Luke, of an account I read of a battle—[*He crosses over to Sir Luke, who turns up the Stage in the utmost confusion, and steals out of the room.*]

*Lady.* Well, Sir—go on—go on—you were going to introduce—

*Twine.* A battle, Madam—but, Sir Luke is gone!

*Lady.* Never mind that, Sir—he generally runs away on these occasions.

*Sir Luke.* [*Coming back.*] What were you saying, Aurelia, about a husband?

*Lady.*



*Lady.* She did not speak.

*Sir Luke.* To be sure, Ladies in India do get husbands very quick.

*Tw.* Not always—I am told, Sir Luke—— Women of family, [*fixing his eyes stedfastly on Lady Tremor.*] indeed, may soon enter into the matrimonial state—but the rich men in India, we are told in England, are grown lately very particular with whom they marry, and there is not a man of any repute that will now look upon a woman as a wife, unless she is descended from a good family. [*Looking at Lady Tremor, who walks up the Stage and steals off, just as Sir Luke had done before.*]

*Sir Luke.* I am very sorry—very sorry to say, Mr. Twineall, that has not been always the case.

*Tw.* Then I am very sorry too, Sir Luke; for it is as much impossible that a woman, who is not born of a good family, can be—

[*Lady Tremor returns.*]

*Sir Luke.* That is just what I say—they cannot be—

*Lady.* Sir Luke, let me tell you—

*Sir Luke.* It does not signify *telling*, my dear,— you have *proved* it.

*Lady.* [*To Twineall.*] Sir, let me tell you—

*Tw.* O! O! my dear Madam, 'tis all in vain—there is no such thing—it can't be—there is no pleading against conviction—a person of low birth must, in every particular, be a terrible creature.

*Sir Luke.* [*Going to her.*] A terrible creature! a terrible creature!

*Lady.* Here comes my Lord Flint—I'll appeal to him.

*Enter*

*Enter Lord Flint.*

*Sir Luke.* [*Going to him.*] My Lord, I was saying, as proof that our great Sultan, who now fills this throne, is no impostor, (as the rebel party wou'd insinuate) no low born man, but of the Royal Stock; his conduct palpably evinces—for, had he not been nobly born, we shou'd have beheld the Plebeian bursting forth upon all occasions [*Looking at Lady Tremor*] and then, Heaven help all those who had had any dealings with him!

*Lady.* Provoking! [*Goes up the stage.*]

*Lord.* Sir Luke, is there a doubt of the Emperor's birth and title? he is the real Sultan, depend upon it—it surprises me to hear you talk with the smallest uncertainty.

*Twini.* O, Sir Luke, I wonder at it too, [*Aside to Lord Flint.*] and yet, damn me, my Lord, if I have not my doubts. [*Lord Flint starts.*]

*Sir Luke.* I, my Lord? far be it from me! I was only saying what other people said; for my part I never harboured a doubt of the kind.— [*Aside.*] My head begins to nod, only for that word—pray Heaven, I may die with it on!—I shou'd not like to lose my head—nor shou'd I like to die by a bullet—nor by a small sword—and a cannon ball wou'd be as disagreeable, as any thing, I know—it is very odd—but I never yet could make up my mind, in what manner I shou'd like to go out of the world. [*During this speech. Twineall is paying court to Lord Flint; they come forward and Sir Luke retires.*]

*Lord.* Your temerity astonishes me!

*Twini.* I must own, my Lord, I feel somewhat awkward in saying it to your Lordship—but my own heart—my own conscience—my own sentiments—they are my own—and they are dear to

F

me.

me.—And so it is—the Sultan does not appear to be [*With significance.*] that great man some people think him.

*Lord.* Sir, you astonish me—pray what is your name? I have forgotten it.

*Twineall.* Twineall, my Lord—the honourable Henry Twineall—your Lordship does me great honour to ask—arrived this morning from England, as your Lordship may remember—in the ship Mercury, my Lord—and all the officers on board speaking with the highest admiration and warmest terms of your Lordship's official character.

*Lord.* Why, then, Mr. Twineall, I am very sorry—

*Twineall.* And so am I, my Lord, that your sentiments and mine shou'd so far disagree, as I *know* they do.—I am not unacquainted with your firm adherence to the Emperor—but I am unused to disguise my thoughts—I cou'd not, if I wou'd—I have no little views—no sinister motives—no plots—no intrigues—no schemes of preferment,—and I verily believe that if a large scymitar was now directed at my head—or a large pension directed to my pocket—(in the first case at least) I shou'd speak my mind.

*Lord.* [*Aside.*] A dangerous young man this! and I may make something of the discovery.

*Twineall.* [*Aside.*] It tickles him to the soul, I find.—My Lord, now I begin to be warm on the subject, I feel myself quite agitated—and, from the intelligence which I have heard, even when I was in England,—there is every reason to suppose—  
exm—exm—exm—[*Mutters.*]

*Lord.* What, Sir? what?

*Twineall.* You understand me.

*Lord.* No, Sir—explain.

*Twineall.*

*Tw*. Why, then, there is every reason to suppose—some people are not what they shou'd be—pardon my thoughts, if they are wrong.

*Lord*. I *do* pardon your thoughts, with all my heart—but your words, young man, must be answer'd for [*Aside.*] Lady Tremor, good morning.

*Tw*. [*Aside.*] He is going to ruminare on my sentiments, I dare say.

*Lady*. Shall we have your Lordship's company towards the evening? Mr. Hafwell will be here; if your Lordship has no objection?

*Sir Luke*. How do you know Mr. Hafwell will be here?

*Lady*. Because he has just called, in his way to the Palace, and said so—and he has been telling us some very interesting stories too.

*Sir Luke*. Of his morning visits, I suppose—I heard Meanright say he saw him very busy.

*Lady*. Sir Luke and I dine out, my Lord; but we shall return early in the evening.

*Lord*. I will be here, without fail.—Sir Luke, a word with you if you please—[*They come forward.*] Mr. Twincall has taken some very improper liberties with the Sultan's name, and I must insist on making him answer for it.

*Sir Luke*. My Lord, you are extremely welcome [*Trembling.*] to do whatever your Lordship pleases with any one belonging to me, or to my house—but I hope your Lordship will pay some regard to the master of it.

*Lord*. O! great regard to the master—and to the mistress also.—But for that gentleman—

*Sir Luke*. Do *what* your Lordship pleases.

*Lord*. I will—and I will make him—

*Sir Luke*. If your Lordship does not forget it.

*Lord*. I shan't forget it, Sir Luke—I have a very good memory, when I please.

*Sir Luke.* I don't, in the least, doubt it, my Lord—I never did doubt it.

*Lord.* And I can be very severe too, Sir Luke, when I please.

*Sir Luke.* I don't, in the least, doubt it, my Lord—I never did doubt it.

*Lord.* You may depend upon seeing me here in the evening—and then you shall find I have not threatened more than I mean to perform—good morning!

*Sir Luke.* Good morning, my Lord—I don't in the least doubt it.      [*Exit Lord Flint.*]

*Lady.* [*Coming forward with Twineall.*] For Heaven's sake, Mr. Twineall, what has birth to do with—

*Twineall.* It has to do with *every thing*, Madam—even with beauty—and I wish I may suffer death, if a woman, with all the mental and personal accomplishments of the finest creature in Europe, wou'd to me be of that value, [*Snapping his fingers.*] if lowly born.

*Sir Luke.* And I sincerely wish every man who visits me was of the same opinion.

*Aur.* For shame, Mr. Twineall! persons of mean birth ought not to be despised for what it was not in their power to prevent—and if it is a misfortune, you shou'd consider them only as objects of pity.

*Twineall.* And so I do pity them—and so I do—most sincerely—poor creatures! [*Looking on Lady Tremor,*

*Sir Luke.* Aye, now he has mended it finely.

*Lady.* Mr. Twineall, let me tell you—

*Sir Luke.* My dear—Lady Tremor— [*Taking her aside.*] let him alone—let him go on—there is something preparing for him he little expects—so let the poor man say and do what he pleases, for the present—it won't last long—for he has offended my



my Lord Flint, and, I dare say his Lordship will be able, upon some account or another, to get him imprisoned for life.

*Lady.* Imprisoned! Why not take off his head at once?

*Sir Luke.* Well, my dear—I am sure I have no objection—and I dare say my Lord will have it done, to oblige you.—Egad, I must make friends with her to keep mine safe. [*Aside.*]

*Lady.* Do you mean to take him out to dinner with us?

*Sir Luke.* Yes, my dear, if you approve of it—not else.

*Lady.* You are grown extremely polite.

*Sir Luke.* Yes, my dear, his Lordship has taught me how to be polite.—Mr. Twineall, Lady Tremor and I are going to prepare for our visit, and I will send a servant to shew you to your apartment, in order to dress, for you will favour us with your company, I hope?

*Twine.* Certainly, Sir Luke, I shall do myself the honour.

*Lady.* Come this way, Aurelia, I can't bear to look at him. [*Exit with Aurelia.*]

*Sir Luke.* Nor I to think of him. [*Exit.*]

*Twine.* If I have not settled my business in this family, I am mistaken—they seem to have but one mind about me.—Devilish clever fellow, egad!—I am the man to send into the world—such a volatile, good-looking scoundrel too! No one suspects me—to be sure I am under some few obligations to my friend for letting me into the different characters of the family—and yet I don't know whether I am obliged to him or not—for if he had not made me acquainted with them—I shou'd soon have had the skill to find them out myself,—No; I will not think myself under any obligation

obligation to him—it is devilish inconvenient for a gentleman to be under an obligation.      [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The Palace. The Sultan discovered with guards and officers attending.*

*Hafwell is conducted in by an officer.*

*Sul.* Sir, you are summoned to receive our thanks, for the troops restored to health by your kind prescriptions.—Ask a reward adequate to your services.

*Haf.* Sultan—the reward I ask, is to preserve more of your people still.

*Sul.* How more? my subjects are in health—no contagion reigns amongst them.

*Haf.* The prisoner is your subject—there misery—more contagious than disease, preys on the lives of hundreds—sentenced but to confinement, their doom is death.—Immured in damp and dreary vaults, they daily perish—and who can tell but that amongst the many hapless sufferers, there may be hearts, bent down with penitence to Heaven and you, for every slight offence—there may be some amongst the wretched multitude, even innocent victims.—Let me seek them out—let me save them, and you.

*Sul.* Amazement! retract your application—curb this weak pity; and receive our thanks.

*Haf.* Curb my pity?—and what can I receive in recompence for that soft bond, which links me to the wretched?—and while it sooths their sorrow repays me more, than all the gifts or homage of an empire.—But if repugnant to your plan of government—not in the name of pity—but of justice.

*Sul.* Justice! ——

*Haf.*



*Haf.* The justice which forbids all but the worst of criminals to be denied that wholesome air the very brute creation freely takes; at least allow them *that*.

*Sul.* Consider, Sir, for whom you plead — for men, (if not base culprits) yet so misled, so depraved, they are offensive to our state, and deserve none of its blessings.

*Haf.* If not upon the undeserving, — if not upon the hapless wanderer from the paths of rectitude, — where shall the sun diffuse his light, or the clouds distil their dew? Where shall spring breathe fragrance, or autumn pour its plenty?

*Sul.* Sir, your sentiments, but much more your character, excite my curiosity. They tell me, in our camps, you visited each sick man's bed, — administered yourself the healing draught, — encouraged our savages with the hope of life, or pointed out their *better* hope in death. — The widow speaks your charities — the orphan lisps your bounties — and the rough Indian melts in tears to bless you. — I wish to ask *why* you have done all this? — What is it prompts you thus to befriend the wretched and forlorn?

*Haf.* In vain for me to explain — the time it wou'd take to tell you why I act thus —

*Sul.* Send it in writing then.

*Haf.* Nay, if you will *read*, I'll send a book, in which is *already* written why I act thus.

*Sul.* What book? — What is it called?

*Haf.* “The Christian Doctrine.” [*Hafwell bows here with the utmost reverence.*] There you will find all I have done was but my duty.

*Sul.* [*To the Guards.*] Retire, and leave me alone with the stranger. [*All retire except Hafwell and the Sultan. They come forward.*]

*Sul.* Your words recall reflections that distract me;

me; nor can I bear the pressure on my mind without confessing—I am a Christian.

*Haf.* A Christian!—What makes you thus assume the apostate?

*Sul.* Misery, and despair.

*Haf.* What made you a Christian?

*Sul.* My Arabella,—a lovely European, sent hither in her youth, by her mercenary parents, to sell herself to the prince of all these territories. But 'twas my happy lot, in humble life, to win her love, snatch her from his expecting arms, and bear her far away—where, in peaceful solitude we lived, till, in the heat of the rebellion against the late Sultan, I was forced from my happy home to bear a part.—I chose the imputed rebels side, and fought for the young aspirer.—An arrow, in the midst of the engagement, pierced his heart; and his officers, alarmed at the terror this stroke of fate might cause amongst their troops, urged me (as I bore his likeness) to counterfeit it farther, and shew myself to the soldiers as their king recovered. I yielded to their suit, because it gave me ample power to avenge the loss of my Arabella, who had been taken from her home by the merciless foe, and barbarously murdered.

*Haf.* Murdered!

*Sul.* I learnt so—and my fruitless search to find her since has confirmed the intelligence.—Frantic for her loss, I joyfully embraced a scheme which promised vengeance on the enemy—it prospered,—and I revenged my wrongs and her's, with such unsparing justice on the foe, that even the men who made me what I was, trembled to reveal their imposition; and they find it still their interest to continue it.

*Haf.* Amazement!

*Sul.*

*Sul.* Nay, they fill my prisons every day with wretches, that dare whisper I am not the real Sultan, but a stranger. The secret, therefore, I myself safely relate in private: the danger is to him who speaks it again; and, with this caution, I trust, it is safe with you.

*Haf.* It was, without that caution.—Now hear me.—Involved in deeds, in cruelties, which your better thoughts revolt at, the meanest wretch your camps or prisons hold, claims not half the compassion *you* have excited. Permit me, then, to be your comforter, as I have been theirs.

*Sul.* Impossible!

*Haf.* In the most fatal symptoms I have undertaken the body's cure. The mind's disease, perhaps, I'm not less a stranger to—Oh! trust the noble patient to my care.

*Sul.* How will you begin?

*Haf.* Lead you to behold the wretched in their misery, and then shew you yourself in their deliverer.—I have your promise for a boon—'tis this.—Give me the liberty of six that I shall name, now in confinement, and be yourself a witness of their enlargement.—See joy lighted in the countenance where sorrow still has left its rough remains.—Behold the tear of rapture chase away that of anguish—hear the faltering voice, long used to lamentation, in broken accents, utter thanks and blessings.—Behold this scene, and if you find the medicine ineffectual, dishonour your physician.

*Sul.* I will behold it.

*Haf.* Come, then, to the governor's house this very night—into that council room so often perverted to the use of the torture; and there, unknown to them as their king, you shall be witness

to all the grateful heart can dictate, and enjoy all that benevolence can taste.

*Sul.* I will meet you there.

*Haf.* In the evening?

*Sul.* At ten precisely. — Guards, conduct the stranger from the palace.      [*Exit Sultan.*]

*Haf.* Thus far advanced, what changes may not be hoped for?      [*Exit.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE I. *An Apartment at Sir Luke's.*

*Enter Elvius and Aurelia.*

*Elvius.*

OH my Aurelia! since the time I first saw you—since you left the pleasant spot, where I first beheld you; what distress, what anguish have we known?

*Aur.* Your family?

*Elv.* Yes—and that caused the silence which I hope you have lamented.—I could not wound you with the recital of our misfortunes—and now, only with the sad idea that I shall never see you more, I am come to take my leave.

*Aur.* Is there a chance that we may never meet again?

*Elv.* There is—and I hope it too—sincerely hope and request it—to see you again, wou'd be again to behold my father pining in misery.

*Aur.* Explain— [*A loud rapping at the door.*] that is, Sir Luke, and Lady Tremor—what shall I say, thou'd they come hither? they suspect I correspond with some person in the country—who shall I say you are? upon what business can I say you are come?

*Elv.* To avoid all suspicion of my real situation, and to be sure to gain admittance, I put on this habit, and told the servant, when I inquired for you, I was just arrived from England—[*She starts.*] nay, it was but necessary I should conceal who I

was in this suspicious place, or I might plunge a whole family in the imputed guilt of mine.

*Aur.* Good Heaven!

*Elv.* I feared, besides, there was no other means; no likelihood to gain admision—and what, what wou'd I not have sacrificed, rather than left you for ever without a last farewell? think on these weighty causes, and pardon the deception.

*Aur.* But if they should ask me—

*Elv.* Say, as I have done—my stay must be so short, it is impossible they shou'd detect me—for I must be back—

*Aur.* Where?

*Elv.* No matter where—I must be back before the evening—and would almost wish never to see you more—I love you, Aurelia—O, how truly! and yet there is a love more dear, more sacred still.

*Aur.* You torture me with suspense—Sir Luke is coming this way—what name shall I say, if he asks me?

*Elv.* Glanmore—I announced that name to the servant.

*Aur.* You tremble.

*Elv.* The imposition hurts me—and I feel as if I dreaded a detection, though 'tis scarce possible—Sorrows have made a coward of me—even the servant, I thought, looked at me with suspicion—and I was both confounded and enraged.

*Aur.* Go into this apartment; I'll follow you—there we may be safe—and do not hide the smallest circumstance which I may have to apprehend.

[*Elvius exit at a door.*]

*Sir Luke.* [*Without.*] Abominable! provokin! impertinent! not to be borne!

*Aur.* [*Listening.*] Thank Heaven, Sir Luke is so perplexed with some affairs of his own, he may not think of mine.—

[*Exit to Elvius.*]

*Enter*



*Enter Sir Luke, followed by Lady Tremor.*

*Sir Luke.* I am out of all patience—and all temper—did you ever hear of such a compleat impertinent coxcomb? Talk, talk, talk, continually! and referring to me on all occasions! “Such a man was a brave General—another a great Admiral,” and then he must tell a long story about a siege, and ask me if it did not make my bosom glow!

*Lady.* It had not that effect upon your face, for you were as white as ashes.

*Sir Luke.* Aye, you did not see yourself, while he was talking of grandfathers and great grandfathers—if you had—

*Lady.* I was not white, I protest.

*Sir Luke.* No—but you were as red as scarlet.

*Lady.* And you ought to have resented the insult, if you saw me affected by it—Oh! some men wou’d have given him such a dressing—

*Sir Luke.* Yes, my dear, if your uncle the friseur had been alive, he wou’d have given him a dressing, I dare say.

*Lady.* Sir Luke, none of your impertinence; you know I can’t nor won’t bear it—neither will I wait for Lord Flint’s resentment on Mr. Twineall—No, I desire you will tell him to quit this roof immediately.

*Sir Luke.* No, my dear—no, no—you must excuse me—I can’t think of quarrelling with a gentleman in my own house.

*Lady.* Was it your own house to day at dinner when he insulted us? and would quarrel then?

*Sir Luke.* No—that was a friend’s house—and I make it a rule never to quarrel in my own house—a friend’s house—in a tavern—or in the streets.

*Lady.* Well, then, I would quarrel in my own house—



house—a friend's house—a tavern—or in the streets  
—if any one offended *me*.

*Sir Luke.* O, my dear, I have no doubt of it—  
no doubt, in the least.

*Lady.* But, at present, it shall be in my own  
house,—and I will tell the gentleman, to quit it  
immediately.

*Sir Luke.* Very well, my dear—pray do.

*Lady.* I suppose, however, I may tell him I  
have your authority to bid him go?

*Sir Luke.* Tell him I have no authority—none  
in the world over you—but that you will do as  
you like.

*Lady.* I can't tell him so—he won't believe it.

*Sir Luke.* Why not? you often tell me so, and  
*make me believe it too.*

*Lady.* Here the gentleman comes—go away  
for a moment.

*Sir Luke.* With all my heart, my dear.

[*Going in a hurry.*

*Lady.* I'll give him a few hints, that he must  
either change his mode of behaviour, or leave  
us.

*Sir Luke.* That's right—but don't be too warm  
—or if he should be very impertinent, or inso-  
lent—(I hear Aurelia's voice in the next room)  
call *her*, and I dare say she'll come and take your  
part.

[*Exit Sir Luke.*

*Enter Twineall.*

*Twineall.* I positively could pass a whole day upon  
that stair-case—those reverend faces!—I presume  
they are the portraits of some of your Ladyship's  
illustrious ancestors.

*Lady.* Sir! Mr. Twineall—give me leave to  
tell you—

[*In a violent passion.*

*Twineall.*

*Tw*. The word illustrious, I find, displeases you—pardon me—I did not mean to make use of so forcible an epithet—I know the delicacy of sentiment, which cannot bear the reflection that a few centuries only shou'd reduce from royalty, one, whose dignified deportment seems to have been formed for that resplendent station.

*Lady*. The man is certainly mad! — Mr. Twineall—

*Tw*. Pardon me, Madam—I own I am an enthusiast on these occasions—the dignity of blood—

*Lady*. You have too much, I am sure—do, have a little taken from you.

*Tw*. Gladly wou'd I lose every drop that fills these plebeian veins, to be enobled by the smallest—

*Lady*. Pray, Sir, take up your abode in some other place.

*Tw*. Madam! [Surprised.]

*Lady*. Your behaviour, Sir—

*Tw*. If my friend had not given me the hint, damn me if I shou'd not think her down right angry. [Aside.]

*Lady*. I can scarce contain my rage at being so laugh'd at. [Aside.]

*Tw*. I'll mention the wig——this is the time—  
[Aside.] Perhaps you may resent it, Madam—but there is a favour—

*Lady*. A favour, Sir! is this a time to ask a favour?

*Tw*. To an admirer of antiquity, as I am.

*Lady*. Antiquity again!

*Tw*. I beg pardon——but——a wig, Ma'am—

*Lady*. A what? [Petrified.]

*Tw*. A wig. [Bowling.]

*Lady*. Oh! oh! oh! [Choaking.] this is not to be borne—this is too much—ah! ah! [Sitting down,]

*down, and going into fits.]* a direct, plain, palpable, and unequivocal attack upon my family—without evasion or palliative.—I can't bear it any longer.—  
Oh! oh!—

[*Shrieking.*

*Twineall.* Bless my soul, what shall I do? what's the matter?

*Sir Luke.* [*Without.*] Maids! maids! go to your mistress—that good-for-nothing fellow is doing her a mischief.

*Enter Aurelia.*

*Aurelia.* Dear Madam, what is the matter?

*Enter Sir Luke, and stands close to the scenes.*

*Lady.* Oh! oh!

[*Crying.*

*Sir Luke.* How do you do now, my dear?

*Twineall.* Upon my word, Sir Luke—

*Sir Luke.* O, Sir, no apology—it does not signify—never mind it—I beg you won't put yourself to the trouble of an apology—it is of no kind of consequence.

*Lady.* What do you mean, Sir Luke?

[*Recovered.*

*Sir Luke.* To shew proper philosophy, my dear, under the affliction I feel for your distress.

*Lady.* [*To Aurelia.*] Take Twineall out of the room.

*Aurelia.* Mr. Twineall, her Ladyship begs you'll leave the room, till she is a little recovered.

*Twineall.* Certainly. [*Bows respectfully to her Ladyship, and exit with Aurelia.*

*Sir Luke.* I thought what you would get by quarrelling—fits—and tears.

*Lady.* And you know, Sir Luke, if you had quarrelled, you would have been in the same situation. [*Rising from her seat.*] But, Sir Luke, my dear

dear, Sir Luke, show yourself a man of courage but on this occasion.—

*Sir Luke.* My dear, I wou'd do as much for you as I wou'd for my own life—but damn me if I think I could fight to save that.

*Enter Lord Flint.*

*Lord.* Lady Tremor, did the fervant say you were very well, or very ill ?

*Lady.* Oh, my Lord, that insolent coxcomb, the honourable Mr. Twineall—

*Lord.* Oh, I am very glad you put me in mind of it—I dare say I shou'd have forgot it else, notwithstanding I came on purpose.

*Lady.* Forgot what ?

*Lord.* A little piece of paper here, [*Pulling out a parchment.*] but it will do a great deal—has he offended you ?

*Lady.* Beyond bearing.

*Lord.* I am glad of it, because it gives double pleasure to my vengeance—he is a disaffected person, Madam—boldly told me he doubted the Sultan's right to the throne—I have informed against him, and his punishment is at my option—I may have him imprisoned; shot; sent to the gallies; or his head cut off—but which does your Ladyship chuse?—Which ever you please is at your service.

[*Bowing.*

*Lady.* [*Rising and curtsyng.*] O, they are all alike to me; which ever you please, my Lord.

*Sir Luke.* What a deal of ceremony!—how cool they are about it.

*Lord.* And why not cool, Sir; why not cool ?

*Sir Luke.* O, very true—I am sure it has froze me.

*Lord.* I will go instantly, for fear it shou'd  
H slip

flip my memory, and put this paper into the hands of proper officers—in the mean time, Sir Luke, if you can talk with your visitor, Mr. Twineall, do—inquire his opinion of the Sultan's rights—ask his thoughts, as if you were commissioned by me—and, while he is revealing them to you, the officers shall be in ambush, surprise him in the midst of his sentiments, and bear him away to—  
[Twineall looking in.]

*Twineall.* May I presume to inquire how your Ladyship does?

*Lady.* O, yes—and pray walk in—I am quite recovered.

*Lord.* Lady Tremor, I bid you good day for the present.

*Sir Luke.* [Following him to the door.] Your Lordship won't forget?

*Lord.* No—depend upon it, I shall remember.

*Sir Luke.* Yes—and make some other people remember too. [Exit Lord Flint.]

*Twineall.* Is his Lordship gone? I am very sorry.

*Sir Luke.* No—don't be uneasy, he'll soon be back.

*Enter Hafwell.*

*Sir Luke.* Mr. Hafwell, I am glad to see you.

*Hafwell.* I told her Ladyship I would call in the evening, Sir Luke; and so I have kept my word—I wanted too to speak with my Lord Flint, but he was in such a hurry as he passed me, he would hardly let me ask him how he did.—I hope your Ladyship is well this afternoon. [Bows to Twineall—Sir Luke exit at the door to Aurelia and Elvira.]

*Twineall.* Pardon me, Mr. Hafwell, but I almost suspect you heard of her Ladyship's indisposition,



and therefore paid this visit; for I am not to learn your care and attention to all under affliction.

*Haf.* [*Bows gravely.*] Has your Ladyship been indisposed then?

*Lady.* A little—but I am much better.

*Twi.* Surely, of all virtues, charity is the first! it so protects our neighbour!

*Haf.* Do not you think, Sir, *patience* frequently protects him as much?

*Twi.* Dear Sir—pity for the poor miserable—

*Haf.* Is oftener excited than the poor and miserable are aware of. [*Looking significantly at him.*]

*Sir Luke.* [*From the room where Aurelia and Elvurus are.*] Nay, Sir, I beg you will walk into this apartment—Aurelia, introduce the gentleman to Lady Tremor.

*Lady.* Who has she with her?

*Haf.* Aurelia!—O! I have not seen her I know not when—and besides my acquaintance with her relations in England, there is a frank simplicity about her that—

*Enter Sir Luke, Aurelia, and Elvurus.*

*Sir Luke.* You shou'd have introduced the gentleman before—I assure you, Sir, [*To Elvurus.*] I did not know, nor shou'd I have known, if I had not accidentally come into the room.

*Hafwell starts, on seeing Elvurus.*

*Sir Luke.* [*To Lady Tremor.*] A relation of Aurelia's—a Mr. Glanmore, my dear, just arrived from England; who call'd to pass a few minutes with us, before he sets off to the part of India he is to reside in. [*Elvurus and Aurelia appear in the utmost embarrassment and confusion.*]

*Lady.* I hope, Sir, your stay with us will not be so short as Sir Luke has mentioned?

H 2

*Elv.*



*Elv.* Pardon me, Madam, it must—the caravan, with which I travel, goes off this evening, and I must accompany it.

*Haf.* [*Aside.*] I doubted before; but the voice confirms me.      [*Looking on Elvurus.*]

*Lady.* Why, you only arrived this morning, did you, Mr. Glanmore? you came passenger in the same ship, then, with Mr. Twineall?

*Tw.* No, Madam—Sir, I am very sorry we had not the pleasure of your company on board of us.      [*To Elvurus.*]

*Sir Luke.* You had;—Mr. Glanmore came over in the Mercury—did not you tell me so, Sir?

[*Elvurus bows.*]

*Tw.* Bless my soul, Sir! I beg your pardon—but surely that cannot be—I got acquainted with every soul on board of us—every creature—all their connections—and I can scarcely suppose you were of the number.

*Sir Luke.* [*Aside.*] How impertinent he is to this gentleman too! O! that I had but courage to knock him down.

*Elv.* [*To Twineall.*] Perhaps, Sir—

*Aur.* Yes, I dare say, that was the case.

*Tw.* What was the case, Madam?

*Sir Luke.* Wha—wha—wha—[*Mimicks.*] that is not good breeding.

*Haf.* Why do you blush, Aurelia?

*Aur.* Because [*Hesitating.*] this gentleman—came over in the same ship with Mr. Twineall.

*Sir Luke.* And I can't say I wonder at your blushing.

*Tw.* Why then positively, Sir, I thought I had known every passenger—and surely—

*Lady.* Mr. Twineall, your behaviour puts me out of all patience—did you not hear the gentleman

man say he came in the same vessel; and is not that sufficient?

*Tw.* Perfectly, Madam — perfectly — but I thought there might be some mistake.

*Elv.* And there is, Sir—you find you are mistaken.

*Lady.* I thought so.—

*Haf.* [*To Elvurus.*] And you *did* come in the same vessel?

*Elv.* Sir, do *you* doubt it?

*Haf.* Doubt it?

*Elv.* Dare not doubt it. — [*Trembling and confused.*]

*Haf.* Dare not?

*Elv.* No, Sir, dare not. [*Violently.*]

*Aur.* Oh, heavens!

*Sir Luke.* [*To Aurelia.*] Come, my dear, you and I will get out of the way. [*Retiring with her.*]

*Lady.* O, dear! — for heaven's sake! — Mr. Twineall, this is your doing.

*Tw.* Me, Madam! —

*Haf.* I beg the company's pardon—but [*To Elvurus.*] a single word with you, Sir, if you please.

*Lady.* Dear Mr. Hafwell —

*Haf.* Trust my prudence and forbearance, Madam — I will but speak a word in private to this gentleman. — [*Hafwell takes Elvurus down to the bottom of the stage; the rest retire.*]

*Haf.* Are you, or are you not, an impostor?

*Elv.* I am—I am—but do not you repeat my words—Do not *you* say it. [*Threatening.*]

*Haf.* What am I to fear?

*Elv.* Fear *me*—I cannot lie with fortitude; but I can——Beware of me.

*Haf.* I *will* beware of you, and so shall all my friends.

*Elv.*

*Elv.* Insolent, insulting man.—[*With the utmost contempt.*]

*Lady Tremor and the rest come down.*

*Lady.* Come, come, gentlemen, I hope you are now perfectly satisfied about this little nonsense.—Let us change the subject.—Mr. Hafwell, have you been successful before the Sultan for any of those poor prisoners you visited this morning?

*Sir Luke.* Aye; Meanright told me he saw you coming from them with your long cloak; and said he shou'd not have known you, if somebody had not said it was you.

[*Elvirus looks with surprise, confusion, and repentance.*]

*Lady.* But what success with the Sultan?

*Haf.* He has granted me the pardon and freedom of any six I shall present as objects of his mercy.

*Lady.* I sincerely rejoice.—Then the youth and his father, whom you felt so much for, I am sure, will be in the number of those who share your clemency.

[*Hafwell makes no reply, and after a pause*—]

*Elv.* [*With the most supplicatory tone and manner.*]

Sir—Mr. Hafwell—O, heavens!

*Sir Luke.* Come, Mr. Hafwell, this young man seems sorry he has offended you—forgive him.

*Lady.* Aye, do, Mr. Hafwell—are you sorry, Sir?

*Elv.* O! wounded to the heart—and, without his pardon, see nothing but despair.

*Lady.* Good heavens!

*Haf.* Sir Luke, my Lord Flint told me he was coming back directly—pray inform him I had business elsewhere, and cou'd wait no longer.

[*Exit.*]

*Elv.*

*Elv.* O! I'm undone.

*Lady.* Follow him, if you have any thing to say?

*Elv.* I dare not—I feel the terror of his just reproach.

*Lady.* Did you know him in England?

*Aur.* Dear Madam, will you suffer me to speak a few words—— [*Aside to Lady Tremor.*

*Sir Luke.* Aye; leave her and her relation together, and let us take a turn in the garden with Mr. Twineall.—I'm afraid his Lordship will be back before we have drawn him to say more on the subject, for which he will be arrested.

*Lady.* You are right.

*Sir Luke.* Mr. Twineall, will you walk this way? — That young lady and gentleman wish to have a little conversation.

*Twineall.* O, certainly, Sir Luke, by all means.

[*Exeunt Sir Luke and Lady.*

[*To Elvurus.*] I am extremely sorry, Sir, you kept your bed during the voyage: I shou'd else have been most prodigiously happy in such good company. [*Exit.*

*Aur.* Why are you thus agitated? It was wrong to be so impetuous—but such regret as this——

*Elv.* Hear the secret I refused before—my father is a prisoner for life.

*Aur.* Oh, heavens! then Mr. Haswell was the only man——

*Elv.* And he had promised me — promised me, with benevolence, his patronage — but the disguise he wore when I first saw him, led me to mistake him now—made me expose my falsehood, my infamy, and treat his honour'd person with abuse.

*Aur.* Aye; let his virtues make you thus repent;

pent ; but let them also make you hope forgiveness.

*Elv.* Nay, he is just, as well as compassionate—and for detected falsehood —

*Aur.* You make me tremble.

*Elv.* Yet he shall hear my story—I'll follow him, and obtain his pity, if not his pardon.

*Aur.* Nay, supplicate for that too — and you need not blush, or feel yourself degraded, to *kneel* to HIM, for he wou'd scorn the pride that triumphs over the humbled.                    [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.    *The Garden.*

*Enter Sir Luke, Twineall, and Lady Tremor.*

*Tw.* Why, really, Sir Luke, as my Lord has given you charge to sound my principles, I must own they are just such as I delivered to him.

*Sir Luke.* Well, Mr. Twineall, I only wish you to be a little more clear—we will suppose the present Sultan no impostor—yet what pretensions do you think the *other* family——

*Tw.* That I'll make clear to you at once — or if my reasons are *not* very clear, they are at least very *positive*, and that you know is the same thing.—This family—no—that family—the family that reigned before this—this came after that—they came before. Now every one agrees that this family was always—so and so—[*whispering.*]—and that the other was always—so and so—[*whispering.*]—in short, every body knows that one of them had always a very suspicious—you know what——

*Sir Luke.* No, I don't.

*Tw.* Pshaw—pshaw—every body conjectures what—and though it was never said in so many words,



words, yet it was always supposed — and though there never has been any proof, yet there have been things much more strong—and for that very reason, Sir William—(Sir Luke, I mean—I beg your pardon)—for that very reason — (I can't think what made me call you Sir William)—*for that very reason* — (Oh, I was thinking of Sir William Tiffany)—for that very reason, say people what they will—*that, that* must be their opinion—but then where is the man who will speak his thoughts freely as I have done ?

*Enter Guards, who had been listening at a distance during this speech.*

*Sir Luke.* [Starting.] Bless my soul, gentlemen, you made my heart jump to my very lips.

*Guard.* [To Twineall.] Sir, you are our prisoner, and must go with us.

*Twineall.* Gentlemen, you are mistaken—I had all my clothes made in England, and 'tis impossible the bill can have followed me already.

*Guard.* Your charge, is something against the state.

*Twineall.* Against the state ?—You are mistaken—it cannot be me.

*Guard.* No—there is no mistake.—[Pulling out a paper.]—You are here called Henry Twineall.

*Twineall.* But if they have left out *honourable*, it can't be me——I am the Honourable Henry Twineall.

*Sir Luke.* Aye, that you are to prove before your judges.

*Guard.* Yes, Sir—and we are witnesses of the long speech you have just now been making.

*Twineall.* And pray, gentlemen, did you know what I meant by it ?

I

*Guard.*



*Guard.* Certainly.

*Twineall.* Why, then, upon my soul, it was more than I did—I wish I may be sacrificed ——

*Sir Luke.* Well, well, you are going to be sacrificed—Don't be impatient.

*Twineall.* But, gentlemen—Sir Luke !

[*The Guards seize him.*]

*Lady.* Dear Mr. Twineall, I am afraid you will have occasion for the dignity of all my ancestors to support you under this trial.

*Sir Luke.* And have occasion for all my courage too.

*Twineall.* But, Sir—but, gentlemen——

*Sir Luke.* Oh! I wou'd not be in your coat, fashionable as it is, for all the Sultan's dominions.

[*Exit Sir Luke and Lady—Twineall, and Guards—separately.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

A C T V.

SCENE I. *The Prison.*

*Hafwell and the female Prisoner discovered.*

*Hafwell.*

**R**ATHER remain in this loathsome prison!—refuse the blessing offered you!—the blessing your pleased fancy formed so precious you durst not even trust its reality!

*Pris.* No—while my pleased *fancy* only saw the prospect, I own it was delightful; but now reason beholds it within my reach, the view is changed—and what, in the gay dream of fond delirium, seemed a blessing, in my waking hours of sad reflection would prove the most severe of punishments.

*Haf.* Explain—what is the cause that makes you think thus?

*Pris.* A cause that has alone for fourteen years made me resigned to a fate like this.—When you first mentioned my release from this drear place, my wild ideas included, with the light, all that had ever made the light a blessing—'twas not the *sun* I saw in my mad transport, but a lost husband filled my roving fancy—'twas his idea that gave the colours of the world their beauty, and made me fondly hope to grasp its sweets.

*Haf.* A husband!

*Pris.* But the world that I was wont to enjoy  
I 2 with

with him—to see again without him—every well-known object would wound my mind with dear remembrances for ever lost, and make my freedom torture.

*Haf.* But yet——

*Pris.* Oh ! on my knees a thousand times I have thanked Heaven that *he* partook not of this dire abode—that he shared not with me my hard usage !—a greater blessing I possess'd from that, than all his loved society cou'd have given — but in a happy world, where smiling nature pours her boundless gifts !—oh ! there his loss wou'd be unsufferable.

*Haf.* Do you lament him dead ?

*Pris.* Yes — or, like me, a prisoner — else he wou'd have sought me out — have sought his Arabella !—[*Hafwell starts.*]—Why do you start ?

*Haf.* Are you a Christian ?—an European ?

*Ara.* I am.

*Haf.* The name made me suppose it.—I am shocked that——the Christian's sufferings—[*Trying to conceal his surprise.*]—but were you made a prisoner in the *present* Sultan's reign ?

*Ara.* Yes, or I had been set free on his ascent to the throne ; for he gave pardon to all the enemies of the slain monarch : but I was taken in a vessel, where I was hurried in the heat of the battle with a party of the late Emperor's friends —and all the prisoners were by the officers of the present Sultan sent to slavery, or confined, as I have been, in hopes of ransom from their friends.

*Haf.* And did never intelligence or inquiry reach you from your husband ?

*Ara.* Never.

*Haf.* Never ?

*Ara.* I once was informed of a large reward for the discovery of a female Christian, and, with  
boundless

boundless hopes, asked an interview with the messenger; but found, on inquiry, I could not answer his description, as he *secretly* informed me it was the Sultan who made the search for one *he himself* had known and dearly loved.

*Haf.* Good Heaven!—[*Aside.*]—You then conclude your husband dead?

*Ara.* I do;—or, like me, by some mischance, taken with the other party, and having no friend to plead his cause before the Emperor, whom he served——

*Haf.* I'll plead it—should I ever chance to find him—but, ere we can hope for other kindness, you must appear before the Sultan—thank him for the favour which you now decline, and tell the cause why you cannot accept it.

*Ara.* Alas! almost worn out with sorrow—an object of affliction as I am—in pity, excuse me—present my thanks—my humble gratitude—but pardon my attendance.

*Haf.* Nay, you must go—it is necessary—I will accompany you to him.—Retire a moment; but when I send, be ready.

*Ara.* I shall obey. [*She bows obediently, and exit.*

[*As Hafwell comes down, Elvurus places himself in his path—Hafwell stops, looks at him with an austere earnestness, which Elvurus observing, turns away his face.*

*Elv.* Nay, reproach me—I can bear your anger, but do not let me meet your eye—Oh! it is more awful, now I know who you are, than if you had kingdoms to disperse, or could deal instant death.—[*Hafwell looks on him with a manly firmness, then walks on, Elvurus following him.*]—I do not plead for my father now.—Since what has passed, I only ask forgiveness.

*Haf.*

*Haf.* Do you forgive yourself ?

*Elv.* I never will.

*Enter Keeper.*

*Keep.* One of our prisoners, who, in his cell, makes the most pitious moans, has sent to entreat that Mr. Hafwell will not leave this place till he has heard his complaints and supplications.

*Haf.* Bring me to him. [*Going.*

*Elv.* Nay, leave me not thus — perhaps never to see you more ! —

*Haf.* You shall see me again—in the mean time, reflect on what you merit. [*Exit with Keeper.*

*Elv.* And what is that?—Confusion!—and yet, he says, I am to see him again—speak with him.—Oh! there's a blessing to the most abandoned, a divine propensity (they know not why) to commune with the virtuous ! [*Exit.*

## SCENE II. *The first Prison Scene.*

*Enter second Keeper, Hafwell following.*

*Haf.* Where is the poor unfortunate ?

*2d Keep.* Here, Sir.

*Haf.* Am I to behold greater misery still ? — a still greater object of compassion ?

[*Second Keeper opens a door, and Twineall enters a prisoner, in one of the prison dresses.*

*Haf.* What have we here ?

*Tw.* Don't you know me, Mr. Hafwell ?

*Haf.* I beg your pardon, Sir — I beg your pardon—but is it ?—is it ?—

*Tw.* Why, Mr. Hafwell—if you don't know me, or won't know me, I shall certainly lose my senses.

*Haf.*

*Haf.* O, I know you—know you very well.

*Twi.* What, notwithstanding the alteration in my dress?—there was a hard thing!

*Haf.* O, I'll procure you that again—and, for all things else, I'm sure you will have patience.

*Twi.* O, no, I can't—upon my soul I can't.—I want a little lavender water—My hair is in such a trim too!—No powder—no brushes——

*Haf.* I will provide you with them all.

*Twi.* But who will you provide to look at me, when I am dress'd?

*Haf.* I'll bring all your acquaintance.

*Twi.* I had rather you wou'd take me to see them.

*Haf.* Pardon me.

*Twi.* Dear Mr. Hafwell!—Dear Sir!—Dear friend!—What shall I call you?—Only say what title you like best, and I'll call you by it directly—I always did love to please every body—and I am sure at this time I stand more in need of a friend than ever I did in my life.

*Haf.* What has brought you here?

*Twi.* Trying to get a place.

*Haf.* A place?

*Twi.* Yes; and you see I have got one—and a poor place it is!—in short, Sir, my crime is said to be an offence against the state; and they tell me no friend on earth but you can get that remitted.

*Haf.* Upon my word, the pardons I have obtained are for so few persons—and those already promised——

*Twi.* O, I know I am no favourite of yours—you think me an impertinent, silly, troublesome fellow, and that my conduct in life will be neither of use to my country nor of benefit to society.

*Haf.*



*Haf.* You mistake me, Sir—I think such glaring imperfections as yours will not be of so much disadvantage to society as those of a less-faulty man.—In beholding your conduct, thousands shall turn from the paths of folly, to which fashion, custom, nature, (or call it what you will) impels them;—therefore, Mr. Twineall, if not pity for your faults, yet a concern for the good effect they may have upon the world (shou'd you be admitted there again) will urge me to solicit your return to it.

*Tw.* Sir, you have such powers of oratory — what a prodigious capital quality! — and I doubt not but you are admired by the world equally for that——

*Enter Messenger to Hafwell.*

*Mess.* Sir, the Sultan is arrived in the council chamber, and has sent me.      [*Whispers.*

*Haf.* I come.—Mr. Twineall, farewell for the present.      [*Exit with Messenger.*

*Tw.* Now, what was that whisper about?— Oh, heavens! perhaps my death in agitation.— I have brought myself into a fine situation! — done it by wheedling too!

*2d Keep.* Come, your business with Mr. Hafwell being ended, return to your cell.      [*Roughly.*

*Tw.* Certainly, Sir — certainly! — O, yes! — How happy is this prison in having such a keeper as you! — so mild, so gentle—there is something about you,—I said, and I thought the moment I had the *happiness* of meeting you here, — Dear me! — what wou'd one give for such a gentleman as him in England! — You wou'd be of infinite service to some of our young bucks, Sir.

*2d Keep.*

2d Keep. Go to your cell — go to your cell.

| *Roughly.*

*Twi.* This world wou'd be nothing without elegant manners, and elegant people in all stations of life.—[*Enter Messenger, who whispers second Keeper.*]—Another whisper! [*Terrified.*

2d Keep. No; come this way. — The judge is now sitting in the hall, and you must come before him.

*Twi.* Before the judge, Sir — O, dear Sir! — what, in this deshabille? — in this coat? — Dear me! — but to be sure one must conform to customs — to the custom of the country where one is. — [*He goes to the door, and then stops.*] — I beg your pardon, Sir — wou'd not you chuse to go first?

2d Keep. No.

*Twi.* O!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Council Chamber.*

*Enter Sultan, Hafwell, and Guards.*

*Haf.* Sultan, I have out-run your bounty in my promises; and one poor, unhappy female — —

*Sul.* No — you named yourself the number to release, and it is fixed — I'll not increase it.

*Haf.* A poor, miserable female — —

*Sul.* Am I less miserable than she is? — And who shall release me from my sorrows?

*Haf.* Then let me tell you, Sultan, she is above your power to oblige, or to punish. — Ten years, nay more, confinement in a drear cell has been no greater punishment to her, than had she lived in a pleasant world without the man she loved.

*Sul.* Hah!

*Haf.* And freedom offered she rejects with scorn, because he is not included in the blessing.

K

*Sul.*

*Sul.* You talk of prodigies!—[*He makes a sign for the Guards to retire, and they exit.*]—and yet I once knew a heart equal to this description.

*Haf.* Nay, will you see her?—Witness yourself the fact?

*Sul.* Why do I tremble?—My busy fancy presents an image——

*Haf.* Yes, tremble, indeed!      [*Threatening.*]

*Sul.* Hah! have a care—what tortures are you preparing for me?—My mind shrinks at the idea.

*Haf.* Your wife you will behold—whom you have kept in want, in wretchedness, in a damp dungeon, for these fourteen years, because you wou'd not listen to the voice of pity.—Dread her look—her frown—not for herself alone, but for hundreds of her fellow sufferers—and while your selfish fancy was searching, with wild anxiety, for her *you* loved, unpitying, you forgot others might love like you.

*Sul.* O! do not bring me to a trial which I have not courage to support.

*Haf.* She attends without—I sent for her to thank you for the favour she declines.—Nay, be composed—she knows *you* not—cannot, thus disguised as the Sultan.      [*Exit Hafwell.*]

*Sul.* Oh! my Arabella! could I have thought that your approach wou'd ever impress my mind with horror!—or that, instead of flying to your arms with all the love I bear you, terror and dread shou'd fix me a statue of remorse.

*Enter Hafwell, leading Arabella.*

*Haf.* Here kneel, and return your thanks.

*Sul.* My Arabella! worn with grief and anguish!      [*Aside.*]

*Ara.* [*Kneeling to the Sultan.*] Sultan, the favour

vour you wou'd bestow, I own, and humbly thank you for.

*Sul.* Gracious Heaven! [*In much agitation.*]

*Ara.* But as I am now accustomed to confinement, and the idea of all the world can give, cannot inspire a wish that warms my heart to the enjoyment—I supplicate permission to transfer the blessing you have offered, to one of those who may have friends to welcome their return from bondage, and so make freedom precious.—I have none to rejoice at *my* release—none to lament my destiny while a prisoner.—And were I free, in this vast world (forlorn and friendless) 'tis but a prison still.

*Sul.* What have I done?—[*Throwing himself on a sofa with the greatest emotion.*]

*Haf.* Speak to him again.—He repents of the severity with which he has caused his fellow creatures to be used.—Tell him *you* forgive him.

*Ara.* [*Going to him.*] Believe me, Emperor, I forgive all who have ever wronged me—all who have ever caused my sufferings.—Pardon *you*!—Alas! I have pardoned even those who tore me from my husband!—Oh, Sultan! all the tortures you have made me suffer, compared to such a pang as that—did I say I had forgiven it?—Oh! I am afraid—afraid I have not yet.

*Sul.* Forgive it now, then, for he is restored.—[*Taking off his turban.*]—Behold him in the Sultan, and once more seal his pardon.—[*She faints on Hafwell.*]—Nay, pronounce it quickly, or my remorse for what you have undergone, will make my present tortures greater than any my cruelties have ever yet inflicted.

*Ara.* [*Recovering.*] Is this the light you promised?—[*To Hafwell.*]—Dear precious light!—Is this my freedom? to which I bind myself a

slave for ever. — [*Embracing the Sultan.*]—Was I your captive?—Sweet captivity!—more precious than an age of liberty!

*Sul.* Oh, my Arabella! through the amazing changes of my fate, (which I will soon disclose) think not but I have searched for *thee* with unceasing care; but the blessing to behold you once again was left for my kind monitor alone to bestow. — Oh, Hafwell! had I, like you, made others' miseries my concern, like you sought out the wretched, how many days of sorrow had I spared myself as well as others — for I long since had found my Arabella.

*Ara.* Oh, Heaven! that weighest our sufferings with our joys, and as our lives decline seest in the balance thy blessings far more ponderous than thy judgements—be witness, I complain no more of what I have endured, but find an ample recompence this moment.

*Haf.* I told you, Sir, how you might be happy.

*Sul.* — Take your reward—(to a heart like yours, more valuable than treasure from my coffers)—this signet, with power to redress the wrongs of all who suffer.

*Haf.* Valuable indeed! —

*Ara.* [*To Hafwell.*] Oh, virtuous man!—to reward *thee* are we made happy—to give thy pitying bosom the joy to see us so, has Heaven remitted its intended punishment of continued separation.

*Sul.* Come, my beloved wife! — come to my palace — there, equally, my dearest blessing, as when the cottage gave its fewer joys—and in him [*To Hafwell.*] we not only find our present happiness, but dwell securely on our future hopes—for here, I vow, before he leaves our shores, I will adopt every measure he shall point out—and that period of my life whereon he shall lay his censure,  
that



that will I fix apart for penitence. — [*Exit Sultan and Arabella.* — Hafwell bows to Heaven with thanks.

*Enter Keeper.*

*Keep.* An English prisoner, just now condemned to lose his head, one Henry Twineall, humbly begs permission to speak a few short sentences, his last dying words, to Mr. Hafwell.

*Haf.* Condemned to lose his head? — Lead me to him.

*Keep.* O, Sir, you need not hurry yourself—it is off by this time, I dare say.

*Haf.* Off?

*Keep.* Yes, Sir — we don't stand long about these things in this country—I dare say it is off.

*Haf.* [*Impatiently.*] Lead me to him instantly.

*Guard.* O! 'tis of consequence, is it, Sir?— if that is the case——

[*Exit Keeper, followed by Hafwell.*

SCENE IV. *An arch-way at the top of the stage, through which several Guards enter — Twineall in the middle, dressed for execution, with a large book in his hand.*

*Twineall.* One more verse, gentlemen, if you please.

*Off.* The time is expired.

*Twineall.* One more, gentlemen, if you please.

*Off.* The time is expired.

*Enter Hafwell.*

*Twineall.* Oh! my dear Mr. Hafwell!

[*Bursting into tears.*

*Haf.*



*Haf.* What, in tears at parting with me?— This is a compliment indeed!

*Tw.* I hope you take it as such — I am sure I mean it as such. — It kills me to leave *you* — it breaks my heart; — and I once flattered myself such a charitable, good, feeling, humane heart as you possess —

*Haf.* Hold! Hold! — This, Mr. Twineall, is the vice which has driven you to the fatal precipice whereon you are — and in death will you not relinquish it?

*Tw.* What vice, Sir, do you mean?

*Haf.* Flattery! — a vice that renders you not only despicable, but odious.

*Tw.* But how has flattery been the cause?

*Haf.* Your English friend, before he left the island, told me what information you had asked from him, and that he had given you the direct *opposite* of every person's character, as a just punishment for your mean premeditation and designs.

*Tw.* I never imagined that amiable friend had sense enough to impose upon any body!

*Haf.* Yet I presume, he could not suppose fate would have carried their resentment to a length like this.

*Tw.* Oh! could fate be arrested in its course!

*Haf.* You would reform your conduct?

*Tw.* I would — I would never say another civil thing to any body — never — never make myself agreeable again.

*Haf.* Release him — here is the Sultan's signet.

[*They release him.*]

*Tw.* Oh! my dear Mr. Hatwell! never was compassion! — never benevolence! — never such a heart as yours! —

*Haf.*

*Haf.* Sieze him—he has broken his contract already.

*Twineall.* No, Sir—No, Sir—I protest you are an ill-natured, surly, crabbed fellow. I always thought so, upon my word, whatever I have said.

*Haf.* And, I'll forgive *that* meaning, sooner than the other—utter any thing but flattery—Oh! never let the honest, plain, *blunt* English name, become a proverb for so base a vice.—

*Lady Ter.* [*Without.*] Where is the poor creature?

*Enter Lady Tremor.*

*Lady.* Oh! if his head is off, pray let me look at it?—

*Twineall.* No, Madam, it is on—and I am very happy to be able to tell you so.—

*Lady.* Dear Heaven!—I expected to have seen it off!—but no matter—as it is on—I am come that it may be kept on—and have brought my Lord Flint, and Sir Luke, as witnesses.

*Enter Lord, Aurelia, and Sir Luke.*

*Haf.* Well, Madam, and what have they to say?

*Sir Luke.* Who are we to tell our story to?—There does not seem to be any one fitting in judgment.—

*Haf.* Tell it to me, Sir—I will report it.

*Sir Luke.* Why then, Mr. Hafwell, as Ghosts sometimes walk—and as one's conscience is sometimes troublesome—I think Mr. Twineall has done nothing to merit death, and the charge which his Lordship sent in against him, we begin to think too severe—but, if there was any false statement—

*Lord.* It was the fault of my not charging my  
memory

memory—any error I have been guilty of, must be laid to the fault of my total want of memory.

*Haf.* And what do you hope from this confession ?

*Sir Luke.* To remit the prisoner's punishment of death to something less, if the Sultan will please to annul the sentence

*Lord.* Yes—and grant ten or twelve years imprisonment—or the Gallies for fourteen years — or——

*Sir Luke.* Ay, ay, something in that way.

*Haf.* For shame—for shame—Gentlemen!—the extreme rigour you shew in punishing a dissension from your opinion, or a satire upon your folly, proves to conviction, what reward you had bestowed upon the *skilful* flatterer.

*Tw.* Gentlemen and Ladies, pray why wou'd you wish me requited with such extreme severity, merely for my humble endeavours to make myself agreeable?—Lady Tremor, upon my honour I was credibly informed, your ancestors were Kings of Scotland.

*Lady.* Impossible!—you might as well say that you heard Sir Luke had distinguished himself at the battle of——

*Tw.* And, I *did* hear so.

*Lady.* And he *did* distinguish himself; for he was the only one that ran away.

*Tw.* Cou'd it happen ?

*Lady.* Yes, Sir, it did happen.

*Sir Luke.* And go *you*, Mr. Twineall, into a field of battle, and I think it is very likely to happen again.

*Lord.* If Mr. Hafwell has obtained your pardon, Sir, it is all very well—but let me advise you to keep your sentiments on politics to yourself,

self, for the future—as you value that pretty head of yours.

*Twi.* I thank you, Sir—I do value it.

*Enter Elvurus.*

*Haf.* [*Going to him.*] Aurelia, in this letter to me, has explained your story with so much compassion, that, for her sake, I must pity it too.—With freedom to your father, and yourself, the Sultan restores his forfeited lands—and might I plead, Sir Luke, for your interest with Aureila's friends, this young man's filial love, shou'd be repaid by conjugal affection.

*Sir Luke.* As for that, Mr. Hafwell, you have so much interest at court, that your taking the young man under your protection——besides, as Aurelia was sent hither merely to get a husband—I don't see——

*Aur.* True, Sir Luke—and I am afraid my father and mother will begin to be uneasy that I have not got one yet—and I shou'd be very sorry to disoblige them.

*Elv.* No—say rather, sorry to make me wretched.—  
[*Taking her hand.*]

*Enter Zedan.*

*Haf.* My Indian friend, have you received your freedom?

*Zed.* Yes—and come to bid you farewell—which I wou'd *never* do, had I not a family in wretchedness till my return—for you shou'd be my master, and I *wou'd* be your slave——

*Haf.* I thank you—may you meet at home every comfort!

*Zed.* May you—may you—what shall I say?  
L May

—May you once in your life be a prisoner—then released—to feel such joy, as I feel now!—

*Haf.* I thank you for a wish, that tells me most emphatically, how much you think I have served you.

*Twis.* And, my dear Lord, I sincerely wish you may once in your life, have your head chopped off—just to know what I shou'd have felt, in that situation.—

*Zed.* [*Pointing to Hafswell.*] Are all his countrymen as good as he ?

*Sir Luke.* No-no-no-no—not *all*—but the worst of them are good enough to admire him.

*Twis.* Pray Mr. Hafswell, will you suffer all these encomiums ?

*Elv.* He *must* suffer them—there are virtues, which praise cannot taint—such are Mr. Hafswell's—for they are the offspring of a mind, superior even to the love of fame—neither can they, through malice, suffer by applause, since they are too sacred to incite envy, and must conciliate the respect, the love, and the admiration of all.

F I N I S.

# E P I L O G U E,

Written by MILES-PETER ANDREWS, Esq.

Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS.

SINCE all are sprung, they say, from Mother Earth,  
Why stamp a merit or disgrace on birth?  
Yet so it is, however we disguise it,  
All boast their origin, or else despise it.  
This pride or shame haunts ev'ry living soul  
From Hyde-park Corner, down to Limehouse Hole:  
Peers, taylors, poets, statesmen, undertakers,  
Knights, squires, man-milliners, and peruke-makers.  
*Sir Hugh Glengluthglin*, from the land of goats,  
Tho' out at elbows, shews you all his coats;  
And rightful heir to *twenty pounds* per annum,  
Boasts the rich blood that warm'd his great great gran-  
nam;  
While wealthy Simon Soapfuds; just be-knighted,  
Struck with the sword of state, is grown dim sighted,  
Forgets the neighbouring chins he used to lather,  
And scarcely knows he ever had a father.

Our Author, then, correct in every line,  
From nature's characters hath pictur'd mine;  
For many a lofty fair, who, friz'd and curl'd,  
With crest of horse hair, tow'ring thro' the world,  
To powder, paste, and pins, ungrateful grown,  
Thinks the full periwig is all her own;  
Proud of her conquering ringlets, onward goes,  
Nor thanks the barber, from whose hands she rose.

Thus doth false pride fantastic minds mislead,  
And make our weaker sex seem weak indeed:  
Suppose, to prove this truth, in mirthful strain,  
We bring the *Dripping family* again.—  
Papa, a tallow chandler by descent,  
Had read “how *larning* is most excellent:”  
So Miss, returned from boarding school at Bow,  
Waits to be finished by Mama and Co.—

“ See,



E P I L O G U E.

“ See, spouse, how spruce our Nan is grown, and tall;  
 “ I’ll lay, she cuts a dash at Lord Mayor’s ball.”—  
 In bolts the maid—“ Ma’am! Miss’s master’s come;”—  
 Away fly Ma’ and Miss to dancing room—  
 “ Walk in, Mounseer; come, Nan, draw up like me.”—  
 “ Ma foi! Madame, Miss like you as two pea.”—  
 Mounseer takes out his kit; the scene begins;  
 Miss truffles up; my lady Mother grins;—  
 “ Ma’amfelle, me teach a you de step to tread;  
 “ First turn you toe, den turn you littel head;  
 “ One, two, dree, sinka, risa, balance; bon,  
 “ Now entrechat, and now de cotillon.

[Singing and dancing about.

“ Pardieu, Ma’amfelle be one enchanting girl;  
 “ Me no surprise to see her ved an Earl.”—  
 “ With all my heart, says Miss; Mounseer, I’m ready;  
 “ I dream’d last night, Ma, I shpuld be a Lady.”

Thus do the *Drippings*, all important grown,  
 Expect to shine with lustre not their own;  
 New airs are got, fresh graces, and fresh washes,  
 New caps, new gauze, new feathers, and new fashes;  
 Till just complete for conquest at Guildhall,  
 Down comes an order to suspend the ball.  
 Miss shrieks, Ma’ scolds, Pa’ seems to have lost his  
 tether;  
 Caps, custards, coronets—all sink together—  
 Papa resumes his jacket, dips away,  
 And Miss lives single, till next Lord Mayor’s day.

If such the *sorrow*, and if such the *strife*,  
 That break the comforts of domestic life,  
 Look to the hero, who this night appears,  
 Whose boundless excellence the World reveres;  
 Who, friend to nature, by no blood confin’d,  
 Is the glad relative of all mankind.

THE  
CHILD OF NATURE.

A  
DRAMATIC PIECE,

IN  
FOUR ACTS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF  
MADAME THE MARCHIONESS OF SILLERY,  
FORMERLY  
COUNTESS OF GENLIS.

PERFORMING AT THE  
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

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SECOND EDITION.

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BY MRS. INCHBALD.

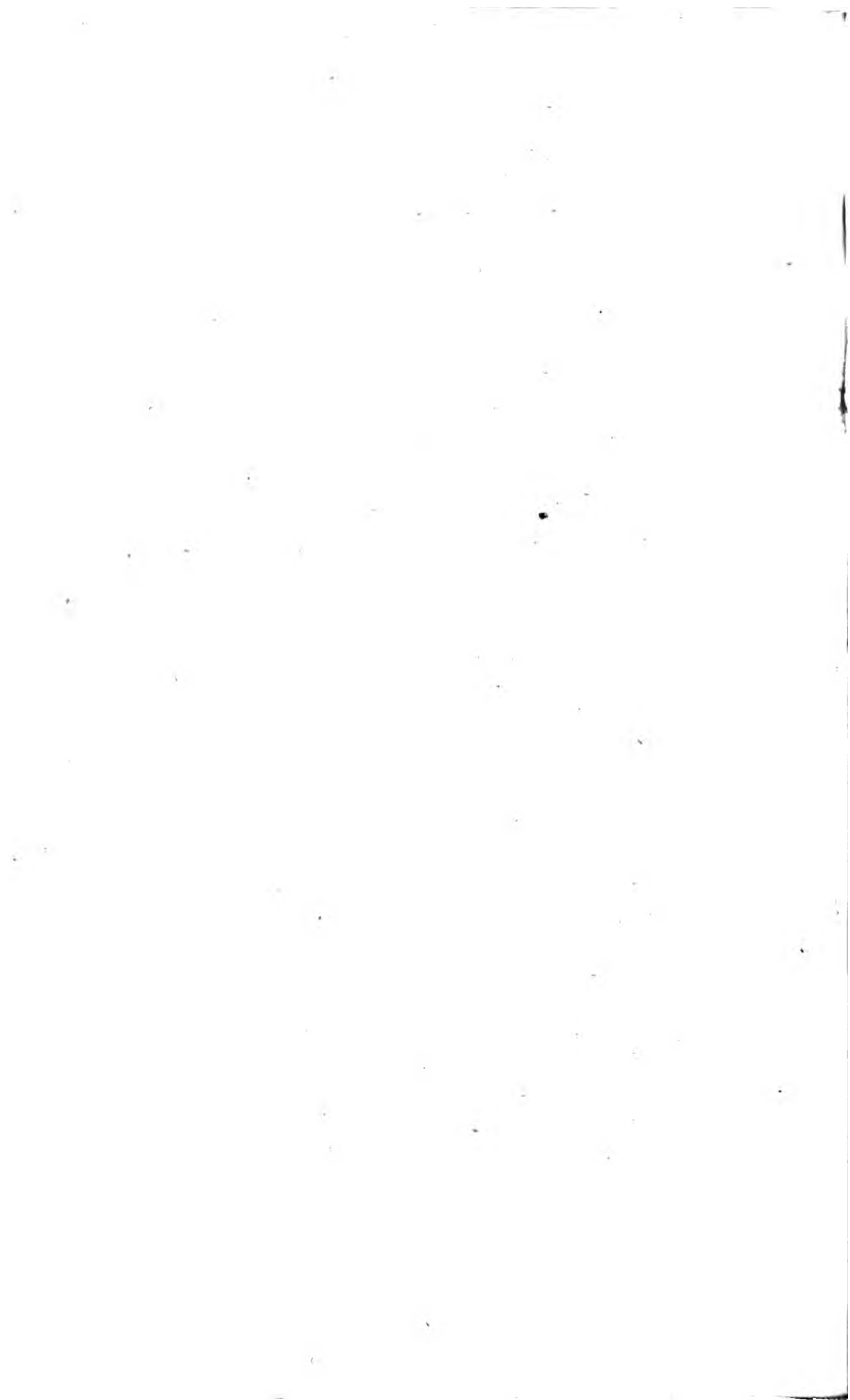
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M.DCC.LXXXIX.



## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

**Z**ÉLIE, the French piece, from which the Child of Nature has been taken, was, with great taste, selected from the dramatic works of the Marchioness of Sillery (late Countess of Genlis) by a Lady, who presented the Manager of Covent Garden Theatre with a *literal translation*—but however correct or elegant, *a mere translation* must have precluded all prospect of success — the Manager therefore sent the play of *Zélie* to the present translator, who, with much care and attention, prepared it for the English stage—That care has been amply recompensed by the reception the piece has met, and more especially in those parts of it which she has taken the liberty to add from her own invention.

# C H A R A C T E R S.

## M E N.

*Duke Murcia,* - - - Mr. Ryder.  
*Marquis Almanza,* - - Mr. Farren.  
*Count Valantia,* - - - Mr. Lewis.  
*Seville,* - - - - - Mr. Fearon.  
*Granada,* - - - - - Mr. Macready.  
*Peasant,* - - - - - Mr. Aickin.

## W O M E N.

*Marchioness Merida,* - Mrs. Mattocks.  
*Amanthis,* - - - - - Miss Brunton.

*Second Peasant, Female Attendant, and other Domestics.*

SCENE, SPAIN.—*At the Country Seat of the Marquis.*

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THE  
CHILD OF NATURE.

---

A C T I.

SCENE I. A SALOON.

*Enter Seville, followed by Count Valantia, and Granada.*

*Seville.*

**M**Y Lord, it was very lucky the accident happened so near this house—Please to rest yourself in this apartment while I go and give the necessary orders about mending your carriage—but indeed the wheel is so thoroughly broken, I am almost afraid it cannot be refitted before to-morrow.

*Count.* No matter—I can pass my time so very pleasantly in this delightful mansion, I shall not be impatient to leave it—Besides, I shall be extremely happy in seeing your Lord the Marquis Almanza—and did not you say, you expected him home some time to-day?

*Sev.* Yes, we expect him every hour. Duke Murcia, his uncle, is already arrived; and as your Lordship is not in a hurry about your chaise, I'll go  
B instantly



2 THE CHILD OF NATURE.

instantly and let the Duke know you are here.

[*Going.*

*Count.* By no means—Wait till the Marquis arrives, and he will introduce me.

*Sev.* Has your Lordship any farther commands?

*Count.* No—only be so kind as to see to the repairing the wheel of my chaise.

*Sev.* I shall.

[*Bows and exit.*

*Count.* And you would be vastly surpris'd if you knew the pains we had taken to break it.—Well, here I am in the castle of Almanza, and so far success has crown'd my adventure.

*Gran.* And what that adventure can be, I am at a loss to guess! All this stratagem and mystery looks very much like some scheme contriv'd by love; yet that's not probable, as you are on the point of marriage with a lady of fortune, family, and beauty, and of whom you have always profess'd to be enamour'd—and yet, within a few weeks of your union, you quit Madrid and her, come post to this village, and as soon as you arrive in sight of the castle, order me to break one of the wheels of your carriage, and then run to the house and ask for assistance to mend it—which they kindly grant, and your Lordship rejoices at the progress of your adventure—which, if not love, is something like madness.

*Count.* I have for many years tried thy fidelity, and will now confide in it—Love is the source of all my schemes.

*Gran.* Do you then not love your intended bride, the beautiful Marchioness?

*Count.* The Marchioness Merida is a charming creature! and I loved her passionately! to distraction!—till I found she loved me, and that satiated my desires at once.

*Gran.* Indeed!

*Count.*

*Count.* I do not say I shall not marry the Marchioness—perhaps I may—yes, I may take her fortune—for you know, Granada, I have none of my own.

*Gran.* I have known it for these six years, my Lord, ever since I have been in your service.

*Count.* Yes, I once loved; I doated upon Merida—but the first time she kindly condescended to declare her passion for *me*, I fell asleep.

[*Yawns.*]

*Gran.* But who can be this new object that keeps you awake?

*Count.* One whose coyness may, I fear, *ever* keep me so. Have not you heard of the young orphan Amanthis, of whom so many wonderful conjectures have been formed?

*Gran.* The young lady whom the Marquis Almanza has brought up, and keeps confined in a part of this castle, and has never suffered any living creature to behold.

*Count.* The same—but *I* have beheld her—I have written to her—I have spoken to her.

*Gran.* How was that possible?

*Count.* You know I hate a man should have the fame of possessing a perfect beauty all to himself; and though this girl has never been seen by mortal, except the Marquis, and the old Duenna who is shut up with her, yet, by his solicitude to conceal her, *such* an idea of her beauty has gone forth: therefore I resolved to find out whether she was that prodigy or not; and *if* she was, to share the honour of her belonging to me, as well as to him.

*Gran.* And would you, my Lord, for a poor orphan, of whose birth and fortune all the world are ignorant, resign the noble and beautiful Marchioness?

*Count.* Yes; for I tell you she loves me, and it is very troublesome to be beloved—and although

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curiosity and envy were my sole motives for seeking to behold Amanthis, yet after such a sight, in which perfect beauty, and enchanting grace, timid innocence, with matchless sensibility, were all united, never can I forego the pleasing contemplation, or that hope, which has allured me to this enterprize.

*Gran.* But it is by some supposed, that the Marquis, notwithstanding his rank and fortune, means to marry Amanthis. Now as his Lordship is your friend, would you (while he supposes himself secure) be the cause of his losing her, for whom he has shown so much anxiety?

*Count.* You mistake, Granada; the Marquis is no friend of mine—he is, to be sure, very obliging and civil when we meet—but no friendship, that should deter a man of gallantry from making him miserable, subsists between us. He is the friend, indeed, and distant relation of my intended bride the Marchioness, and at her house we have frequently met—and, notwithstanding the apprehensions of the Marquis's family, cause them to suspect Amanthis already is, or may become, his wife—yet many people suppose she is but his mistress—and some believe (and indeed that is the general opinion) she is his daughter.

*Gran.* A young man to be father of a daughter near seventeen.

*Count.* By no means impossible—for I dare say he himself is five and thirty, or, perhaps more.

*Gran.* But, my Lord, pray satisfy my curiosity how you found means to see her?

*Count.* By mounting that wall, whose prodigious height attracted your attention as we passed by, at a distance—that wall surrounds the garden appropriated to Amanthis.

*Gran.* But how was it possible for you to ascend it?

*Count.*

*Count.* Every thing is to be effected by perseverance, and by money.

*Gran.* But in general your Lordship has neither the one nor the other.

*Count.* When I had ascended it, and saw the old Duenna in a distant walk, by ropes fastened on the other side, I let myself down into the garden for a few moments—and then paint to yourself the surprise of Amantis—except in her infancy, the second man she had ever seen—and I believe she was very glad to see him—She appeared alarmed, but not displeas'd—She spoke too, and with a softness in her voice that gave me hope equal to my wishes.—Somebody is coming—follow me into the park, and hear the scheme I came hither to accomplish—you must assist me, and prove your skill as I have proved mine. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Duke Murcia and Seville.*

*Duke.* Seville, you know—every body knows, how fond I am of my nephew—have not I, from his infancy, acted as a father to him?—and is he not at my death sole heir to all my dignities?—Does he not even pretend to reverence and obey me as his only relation, and the head of his family? Then why are the secret motives of this wonderful behaviour, which has surpris'd all the court, all his friends, and all his acquaintance, (though conceal'd from *them*) why not revealed to me?

*Sev.* I can, my lord, give you but little light upon the subject—every thing relative to this young lady has ever been held by the Marquis a most profound secret from every part of his family.

*Duke.* But what kind of an education can she have

have received in such a confinement?—and how can you guard her, without seeing her?

*Sev.* As our poor foldiers guard the public treasures, without ever seeing a pistole.—She resides in that part of the castle in which every window looks upon an extensive garden, inclosed by the wall, remarked for its prodigious height.—I have only intrusted to me the key of a chamber adjoining to her apartments, where I go daily to receive her orders, and take to her all those things she commands—except one—and that the Marquis has positively prohibited.

*Duke.* And what can that be? I am all impatience to know.

*Sev.* Books of every kind.

*Duke.* Poor thing! poor thing! why how in such sollicitude, can she pass her time without reading?

*Sev.* She reads a great deal, Sir. The Marquis, while he is in town, sends her books frequently, but they are all of his own handwriting.

*Duke.* A man write books to a young woman? Why you simpleton, they are love letters.

*Sev.* No, indeed, my lord—some are on morality, some on divinity, and some history.

*Duke.* Write history—my nephew write books—there are often songs too I warrant, and some little pieces of poetry?

*Sev.* I never conveyed to her any thing like poetry, or love.

*Duke.* And, pray, when you wait upon her, what kind of conversation does she hold on the other side of the wainscot?

*Sev.* I never heard her speak.

*Duke.* Did not you say you received her commands?

*Sev.* In writing—every morning I find a paper



THE CHILD OF NATURE. 7

on which she, or the Duenna, has written her orders—would you like to see what she has ordered for to-day?

*Duke.* Very much—certainly—I am much obliged to you.

*Sev.* [*Takes out a paper*]. This is written by Amanthis herself.

*Duke.* And, pray, how do you know her hand from the Duenna's?

*Sev.* By the quantity of letters she writes to my Lord, and of which I have the charge.

[*He gives the paper to the Duke*]

*Duke.* And what can they be but love letters? Seville, your account is a very suspicious one—*[reads]* “Bring me some pens, some paper, and some pencils, for drawing;”—and who has taught her to write and to draw?

*Sev.* Your nephew, I have no doubt, Sir; and many other accomplishments besides; for she frequently gives orders for different pieces of music, strings for various instruments, and a thousand other things, which prove she has been the pupil of no mean artist.

*Duke.* I am out of all patience!—*[reads again.]* “Dinner and supper at the usual hours—and coffee at six o'clock,” *[returning the paper]*—Why, Sir, your whole time is employed in fetching and carrying.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* My Lord is arrived—and now entering the avenue.

*Duke.* He is alone? he has brought no company with him, I suppose?

*Serv.* Yes, Sir; there are two ladies in the carriage.

*Sev.* Ladies! it is a long time since I have seen a lady in this house?

*Duke.*



*Duke.* He has brought them to shut up, I suppose—more employment for you, Mr. Seville.—  
 [*Looks out*] Oh, no! I see who it is—a relation—a distant relation—the Marchioness Merida.

*Enter* Marquis Almanza, Marchioness Merida,  
 and a female attendant.

*Duke.* So, nephew, you see I have made free in your absence—did you expect to find me here?

*Marq.* No, Sir—but it gives me great pleasure, and I regret I did not come sooner on that account.

*Duke.* And, my dear Marchioness, by what strange good fortune do I meet you here?

*March.* By my complying with the request of the Marquis.—*[To the Marquis]* But, my Lord, did not one of your servants acquaint you Count Valantia was here?

*Marq.* [*Smiling.*] Yes; and that, I hope, will sufficiently repay you, for your condescension in making this visit.—*[To Seville.]* Is the Count alone?

*Sev.* Only one attendant.

*Duke.* You see what your Ladyship's attractions are—he heard you were coming, and so he contrived to be here before you—Come, too, with a pretence of having broke down his carriage!—Ha, ha, ha—Very well, Marchioness.

*March.* *[To Seville.]* And did he really say his carriage was broke down?

*Sev.* Yes, Madam; but I hope your Ladyship will pardon me—I have since learnt that his attendant was seen to take a large ax from a portmanteau, with which he chopped in pieces the wheel, and then called for help.

*March.* Well, this is an instance of romantic gallantry, for which I will forgive him a thousand flights

slights—ha, ha, ha!—it diverts me beyond measure—and he really broke the wheel of his carriage for the purpose?

*Sev.* So I am told, Madam; but I hope—

*March.* No; I am not at all angry with you—don't be afraid—I sincerely forgive your mentioning it.

*Duke.* You may depend on what she says—I'll answer for the truth of it.

*Marq.* Seville, go immediately to the Count, and conduct him hither. [*Exit Seville*] In the mean time, Madam, permit me to shew you to your apartments.

*March.* No, my Lord; that's a ceremony I must decline.—I will merely adjust my dress, and be with you, in less than an hour. [*Aside*] Well, indeed, Count, this is flattering.

[*Exit, attendant following.*]

*Duke.* [*Aside.*] Now we are by ourselves, I will—yes, I will open my mind to him—[*endeavouring to call up a resolution*] Marquis—nephew—I suppose you know who I am?

*Marq.* Certainly, Sir—did I ever see get?

*Duke.* You know at your father's death I adopted you—I took you home, and obliged you to go through the most laborious exercises—all the hardships of the most rigorous education; and for no other reason, than because I was your uncle.

*Marq.* I know it, Sir.

*Duke.* And in your youth, did I suffer you to squander your money? No—did I ever let you have any?—No.

*Marq.* No.

*Duke.* Or did I ever comply with any of your foolish weaknesses?—Is there a single indulgence you can lay to my charge?

*Marq.* No.

C

*Duke.*

*Duke.* Then do you not feel for me that respect, that reverence, that fear, and that love, which is due for all my kindness to you?

*Marq.* Yes, indeed, Sir, I do.

*Duke.* I take you at your word—I believe you do—I believe you do, Marquis—but though I take your word, yet I shall be much more pleased with some proof.

*Marq.* Demand the proof, Sir.

*Duke.* That's right—I thank you—but it is an affair which I know you feel *extremely delicate* upon, and therefore I wish to treat it with the utmost delicacy too—who is that young woman you keep in a separate part of this house? is she your mistress, or your daughter?—or do you mean to marry her and bring disgrace upon your family—or do you intend—

*Marq.* Dear Sir, keep your promise of delicacy, and I have no objection to reveal to you, what I meant shortly to declare to all the world.

*Duke.* Why then I am under a vast obligation to you for your confidence.

*Marq.* For these few months past I have resolved to change my conduct in regard to the person of whom you speak; and for that purpose did I bring hither the Marchioness Merida, as the most proper person of my family to whom I could introduce Amanthis.

*Duke.* But not as your wife!—not as your wife, I hope?

*Marq.* No—merely as an unfortunate orphan, whom friendship and pity caused me to adopt—for thirteen years I have been possess'd of this precious charge.

*Duke.* But why precious? speak coolly—don't put yourself in a passion—speak of her as you do when you speak of other women.

*Marq.*

*Marq.* And so I should, did I not see her unlike all others.

*Duke.* No more raptures—I want to hear who she is.

*Marq.* Amongst the various friendships of my youth, do you not remember the name of Alberto?

*Duke.* Certainly—was not he obliged to fly his country on account of some unfortunate duel, and has died in exile?

*Marq.* So it is believed.—Conformity of sentiments endeared us to each other in our earliest youth; and his misfortunes at a later period increased the friendship chance had, perhaps, begun.—From an affluent fortune I saw him, by unthought-of casualties, reduced to ruin.—I saw him follow to the grave a much-lov'd wife—beheld him returning from that fatal duel by which his life was forfeited to his country—and saw him, with a bursting heart, prepare to leave that country for ever—and in this scene of sorrow, I softened, in some sort, his agonizing woes, by taking from his hand all his poor, distracted mind had left to solace in, an infant daughter; and swearing to be to her that careful guardian, that tender parent, and that faithful friend—which I have proved.

*Duke.* Very careful indeed—but did you promise him to lock her up?

*Marq.* The mode of her education has been an after-thought entirely—Alberto, with all the virtues for which I esteemed him, was of a jealous, suspicious nature; and, in respect to female reputation, rigorously romantic—As Amanthis grew up I saw with dread the charge I had undertaken, and the reported death of my friend increased my apprehensions for my trust—I had vowed to protect, to guard her; to whom could I transfer the

oath?—and my rank at court would often take me from her.

*Duke.* And do you think if she had been an ugly woman, you would have been so thoughtful about your oath?

*Marq.* Her danger had been less then—yet I'll not disguise my sentiments—for though too weak to overcome, I have yet virtue to condemn them.—I love Amanthis—doat to distraction—but the difference of our ages, and of our states, [*Proudly.*] places an inseparable bar between us.

*Duke.* That's right—this is the wisest sentence I have heard you speak for a long time.

*Marq.* And yet, Sir, there is one impediment greater than those I have named—I do not think she loves me—accustomed to see, and know no man but myself, on me she lavishes all her affection, all her tenderest love—but that love is the mere growth of gratitude—to make me happy, I must be loved with an affection equal to my own.

*Duke.* And I have no doubt but amongst some women of quality we may find just such another ardent passion.

*Marq.* To-day I restore Amanthis to that liberty she has never remembered, nor once regretted—Come, Sir, let me introduce you to her.

*Duke.* With all my heart—I have no objection to see her—I like to see a pretty woman—but then, let me entreat you not to show, by your behaviour, that you love her—no attentions—no professions.

*Marq.* None, Sir—thank Heaven, I am the entire master of my conduct, though not of my heart. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.



A C T II.

SCENE I. *The gardens belonging to the Marquis.*

*Enter the Marquis, leading Amanthis.*

*Marquis.*

COME this way, my dear Amanthis—and do not be thus agitated—I am now talking to you without a witness to our discourse, for the last time—why do you weep?—what thus affects you?

*Aman.* Why will you take me from my retreat? did not you say I should stay here as long as I was pleased with it?—and as long as I loved you? Ah! I expected to stay here for ever.

*Marq.* Hear me, Amanthis—I have hitherto secluded you from the tumult and dissipation of the world, in order to form your heart and mind; and to give you leisure to attain every useful science, and every accomplished talent—you have surpassed my utmost expectations—and I would now enjoy the pride of what I have completed—I must show you to the world—we were born for society, and you will be the ornament and delight of that which you shall make your choice.

*Aman.* I know not whether I shall give delight, but I am sure I shall not be delighted myself.

*Marq.* Why not?

*Aman.* Because I shall not see you so often as I have formerly done.

*Marq.*



*Marq.* But you will be amongst those who will prove equally kind and indulgent to you, and who will seek every means to make you happy.

*Aman.* You did not talk thus to me always—nor do you look with such tenderness upon me as you used to do—while you speak I can see you are not pleased, or not happy; and it gives me a sorrow I hardly know how to bear.

*Marq.* Nay, Amanthis, I am not changed—I shall always be your friend—your father—you are amongst those objects I love.

*Aman.* And you are the *only* object I love—and the only one I ever can love.

*Marq.* Do not promise that—when you have seen the world, some other, more deserving—

*Aman.* Oh! do not go on—I cannot bear you should have such unjust suspicions—do not *you* see the world? and yet I believe you prefer me to all the universe besides—when I am there; why cannot you then confide in me, as I have done in you?

*Marq.* The circumstance is different; I had seen all, before I beheld you; you have seen none but me.

*Aman.* Why, then, will you show me others?—I had rather like none but you—I cannot be so happy when I have more to love—let me still stay here—no—you do not answer—you wish me to like others as well as you—and I obey; I will do any thing with cheerfulness that you command—but when I am in the world you will not leave me wholly?—I shall sometimes see you?—I hope so!

*Marq.* Leave you, Amanthis?—Ah! you little think how hard it would be to leave you.

*Aman.* Nay, I am convinced you love me—love me dearly—does not all I possess come from you? You have even taught me to think, to speak, and to be happy—yet of all your gifts, that, the most dear to my heart, is a sentiment I feel for  
you,

you, and cannot tell what it is—I have not power to describe either its tenderness or its force—’Tis impossible I should make you comprehend it—for you never felt any thing like it.

*Marq.* ’Tis gratitude she means. [*Aside.*] My dear Amanthis, without ceasing to feel, you must learn to hide those sentiments you speak of; and never express this tender friendship before others; which, though what we ourselves delight in, they might turn to ridicule.

*Aman.* Would they?—they are ignorant then, and never felt what I do, else they would applaud it.

*Marq.* Among the rest, to whom you will be soon introduced, is my uncle, and I regard him as my father.

*Aman.* Oh! that’s a tender name—you have so often told me of mine; his love for me, and his distresses; I revere the name of father, even in a stranger.

*Marq.* I have sometimes mentioned to you the Marchioness Merida—She is now in this house, and as soon as I have brought you together, I desire you will consider her as your friend.

*Aman.* My friend? that is the name you bid me call you by—No—I cannot promise to call her friend—one friend is enough for me.

*Marq.* But the Marchioness—

*Aman.* No—Let me call her something else—I shall not feel for her what I do for you—any thing but friend—that must belong to you.

[*Taking his hand.*]

*Marq.* You will see here also, a young man called Count Valantia.

*Aman.* A young man—Oh! I had forgot to tell you.

*Marq.* What?

*Aman.*

*Aman.* Of a young man I have seen [*delighted*,

*Marq.* How!

*Aman.* But I was so pleased to see you return, he slipped my memory.

*Marq.* What of him? proceed.

*Aman.* A young man! ha, ha, ha—such a strange adventure.

*Marq.* Tell me immediately; when did he see you? what has he said to you?

*Aman.* Not much—he said very little—but he sighed heavily—and sent a letter.

*Marq.* Explain yourself.

*Aman.* It was only about a week ago, as I was sitting by the little bower near to the garden wall, suddenly I heard an unknown voice call me by my name—it seemed to come from the air—I looked up, and beheld a young man upon the wall—the moment I recovered from my fright, I asked him what he wanted—he said he came “to look at me”—but that appeared so strange!—I could not think it true—and then he gazed on me so wildly, I ran away and hid myself—on which he drew a letter from his pocket, and threw it after me—I would not take it up till he was gone—then I caught it, and flew to my apartments; pleased beyond expression.

*Marq.* Why?

*Aman.* That I had escaped him.

*Marq.* [*Aside.*] Who could it be! Ah! I have a suspicion—Where is the letter?

*Aman.* Here—I do not understand it—perhaps you may. [*Gives the letter.*]

*Marq.* [*Reading.*] “ Know, beautiful Aman—  
 “ this, there is no retreat, however hidden, into  
 “ which love cannot penetrate—The hope of be-  
 “ holding you has made me brave every danger,  
 “ and overcome every difficulty—if you will but  
 “ kindly pity a passion, pure as it is extreme, it  
 “ shall

“ shall soon inspire me with the means to release  
 “ you from the tyranny of that barbarian, who  
 “ keeps you secluded from every joy that’s wait-  
 “ ing to attend you in a happy world. Conceal  
 “ this adventure from the jealous tyrant, and re-  
 “ flect, that the most tender lover waits impati-  
 “ ently for the happy moment to prove himself  
 “ your deliverer.” [*Returning the letter.*] And  
 what do you think of this letter ?

*Aman.* That the poor man is mad—and yet it  
 is a kind of madness I never heard of before.  
 [*Reading part of the letter.*] “ There is no re-  
 “ treat into which love cannot penetrate.”—What  
 does he mean by love ? he has left out a word—  
 there is—*love of virtue—love of duty*—but love all  
 alone by itself, means nothing at all—Then again,  
 [*Reading.*] “ Conceal this adventure from the jea-  
 “ lous tyrant”—Who does he mean by tyrant ?

*Marq.* He means me.

*Aman.* You ? I never should have supposed it—  
 perhaps you know also what he means by a  
 “ lover.” He says, “ the most tender lover”—  
 read, and tell me what he means by a tender lover  
 —Ah ! you laugh—you are puzzled—you don’t  
 know yourself what a “ lover” is.

*Marq.* Indeed I cannot undertake to be his in-  
 terpreter. But tell me, Amanthis, if by chance  
 you should see this young man again, do you think  
 you should know him ?

*Aman.* Yes, I am *sure* I should.

*Marq.* His person then made an impression on  
 your mind ?—I suppose it was agreeable ?

*Aman.* Very agreeable indeed—and yet there  
 appeared a—a—kind of [*describing passionate ar-*  
*dour*] a wildness in his looks that frightened me.

*Marq.* But suppose that wildness was removed,  
 how would you like him then ?

D

*Aman.*

*Aman.* Oh, *vastly!* *extremely!* — What makes you thoughtful, my Lord?

*Marq.* Come, Amanthis, we have been together a long time; you must now bid farewell to this part of the castle, and go with me to that which is inhabited.

*Aman.* But shall I have the liberty to return sometimes and look at this — my heart aches to leave a place I have been so happy in. — Oh, my dear, dear Lord, you know not half I feel. [*Puts her hand before her eyes to hide her tears.*]

*Marq.* Beloved Amanthis, be not thus uneasy; I cannot bear to see it — for your happiness is dearer to me than my life.

*Aman.* Say that you love me then — will you repeat it often too? as often, when I am in the world, as you have done here?

*Marq.* Ah, do not doubt it — you are all to me — I have no other thought, no other wish — object of all my cares, of all my schemes, of all my hopes — and I prefer, to every other blessing, that most delicious one, to see, to hear you speak, and to suppose you love me.

*Aman.* [*With rapture.*] I am willing to leave my retirement — all my sadness is gone — do with me what you please; for while you talk thus to me, I cannot be unhappy.

*Marq.* Retire into your apartment for a moment; I'll follow you presently. [*She goes.*] — My agitation is so extreme, nothing can equal it, except my weakness. [*Aside.*]

[*He looks after her; she turns back.*]

*Aman.* You look as if you had something still to say to me.

*Marq.* Ah! could I trust my heart — away; the Marchioness is coming hither by appointment — I hear her.

*Aman.*



THE CHILD OF NATURE. 19

*Aman.* I hear no one ; but if it is your desire, I leave you. [Exit Amanthis to the Castle.

*Marq.* With what difficulty have I restrained myself from falling at her feet, and unfolding (in a language, of which she is ignorant) the secret transports I mean ever to conceal,

*Enter Marchioness Merida.*

*March.* I have seen her ; I have just had a peep at her — but I see nothing extraordinary — She wants powder, rouge, and a thousand adornments.

*Marq.* To change one atom, would be to lose a charm.

*March.* That very sentence proves the lover.

*Marq.* Take care what you say—reflect on the difference of our ages—that title would make me both guilty and ridiculous.

*March.* By no means—I think a girl of seventeen may very well have an affection for a man of forty.

*Marq.* I am not forty, Madam.

*March.* The lover again—one moment lamenting his age, and when reproached with it, proclaims himself a youth—the whole matter is, my Lord, you are not too old to be in love, nor she too young to understand it.

*Marq.* You wrong her—she is ignorant——

*March.* So am I—yet I am in love.

*Marq.* She knows not what it is—never heard of love, as you would explain it—but calls, by that name, Gratitude.

*March.* Indeed, my dear Marquis, you have no penetration.

*Marq.* I see Count Valantia coming this way—you will allow at least I have discretion, and know when it is politeness to retire.



*March.* Nay, if you should like to be witness to a quarrel, stay where you are.

*Marq.* A quarrel! I thought you were on the best terms imaginable!—a'nt you on the point of marriage? and did he not break the wheel of his carriage-----

*March.* Yes—but I begin to suspect it was not upon my account.

*Marq.* No?—on whose account then? who has hinted, it was not upon yours? [*Alarmed.*]

*March.* Nay, I protest I have not had five minutes conversation with any creature since I came into this house, but I believe my woman has with the Count's attendant; and though she could not prevail on him to divulge his master's secret, yet, from his silence, she could perceive I was not the object of his present journey.

*Marq.* Who then?

*March.* I am at a loss to guess—that is what I want explained.

*Marq.* The Count is here. Adieu.—She has confirmed my apprehensions. [*Aside. Exit.*]

*Enter Count Valantia.*

*Count.* The Marchioness! Pshaw. [*Aside.*] At length, I find the lucky moment you are alone—but I positively began to despair of it, for you seem to shun me.

*March.* Do you imagine I came to this house on purpose to meet you?

*Count.* Why not as likely, as that I should come, on purpose to meet you?

*March.* Just the same likelihood, I believe.

*Count.* And not accident, but design brought me here. [*Aside.*]

*March.*

*March.* The story of the broken chaise was only, then, an artifice?

*Count.* Only an artifice, to behold the object I adore. Can you reproach me with that?

*March.* How came you to know I was coming? for the Marquis only invited me about three hours before we set off.

*Count.* My Lord—I forgot his name—told me of it—the Marquis had informed him.

*March.* My Lord who?

*Count.* My Lord—[*hesitating*—you don't know him.

*March.* Do you?

*Count.* My Lord Castile.

*March.* He is in France, I protest.

*Count.* I know that—I did not mean him—I meant his brother.

*March.* He has no brothers.

*Count.* Then it was his sister—or his aunt—No matter—what signifies who told me, as long as I *am* here—I *am* here—an't I?—An't I here? and what could bring me here, but *you*?

*March.* I am wholly ignorant of your designs—but I can see from your reserve, embarrassment, your very air and voice, that you are practising deceit with me.

*Count.* But, my dear Marchioness, will you be so kind as to acquaint me, what this deceit is?

*March.* You know I can't tell—and it is that which tortures me thus—if I did but know in what you used me ill.—Now, do tell me, that I may have the pleasure to forgive you?

*Count.* I wish to heaven I had done something wrong—but I cannot recollect—[*considering*]—or I would confess it; on purpose to oblige you.—I am very sorry for your disappointment—but hereafter, when we have been married a few weeks—I'll take care you shall have something to forgive

forgive very often—two or three times a day, perhaps.

*March.* Be gone, Sir—leave the room—your impertinence is no longer supportable—leave me instantly. [Violently.]

*Count.* I obey. [Bows and is going.]

*March.* If you go—if you dare to leave me in this situation—all ties between us are for ever broken—nor shall you come into my presence again—[he returns] How could you think of leaving me.

*Count.* It was your thought of it.

*March.* I am all confusion at the weakness I have discovered—and wish to be alone—leave me. [Gently.]

*Count.* Do you mean, leave you—or—not leave you?

*March.* Do as you please—I shall go myself. [Going.]

*Count.* And I'll attend you.

*March.* Ah! Valantia! if you loved me as you once professed! to see me thus, would give you the utmost affliction.

*Count.* You do not know what passes in my heart. [Affecting concern.]

*March.* Don't I?

*Count.* No—[Aside] I should be very sorry if you did. [Exit handing her off.]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I. *Apartments in the Castle.*

*Enter Duke Murcia and Marquis Almanza.*

*Duke.*

**I**OWN she is handsome, but then she has no fortune—I confess she is very engaging, but of what family is she?—at best, not of a noble one, and her father even now may not be dead, as reported, but living a wandering fugitive, and one time or other, may return home to disgrace you.

*Marq.* The misfortunes of Amanthis can never make her less dear to me.

*Duke.* But would you ally yourself with such a family—would you plunge your own into shame and sorrow?

*Marq.* My Lord, I have often promised, and believed, that to the respect I bear my family, I would sacrifice every selfish consideration; but, on a farther trial of my strength, I own to you, it is only from the idea I am not beloved by Amanthis, I can ever resolve to yield her up; for could I suppose she loved me, all other happiness, all pride, all ambition, all enjoyment, but in her, I would forego with transport.

*Duke.* And as all lovers are apt to believe what they so ardently wish—I see what your family has to expect.

*Marq.* You mistake—hope never was more distant from my heart than at this moment.--- All the affection she expresses, although the most ardent, tender, and endearing, I can see,

is

is but inspired by gratitude—of love, she knows nothing.

*Duke.* Whose fault is that? were not you her tutor?

*Marq.* Certainly.

*Duke.* And taught her every thing but what you wanted her to learn—but now if any body else should teach it her, what would you say to that, would you give your consent to their union?

*Marq.* The instant she makes a choice worthy of her, from that instant I stifle my love for ever—Do you imagine I would oppose her happiness? No—I was her father, before I was her lover.

*Duke.* That's right—nobly said—and to be her father, is by far the most dignified character—and a much more natural character too, considering your disparity of years. Here she comes—I'll go away. She is very pretty to be sure! but she has caused me so much uneasiness, I don't like to see her. She agitates me as much as she does you—but from a very different passion. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Amanthis.*

*Amanthis.* Oh! I have been so frightened.

*Marq.* What's the matter?

*Aman.* The young man—he that I told you of, is in this house—I am sure it is him—on crossing one of the garden walks, I perceived him very near to me—yet he drew nearer still; till he saw somebody coming, and then he ran away—but he has frightened me so much, and made my heart feel so strange—as it never felt before.

*Marq.* Your heart? Why your heart?

*Aman.* [*Laying her hand on it.*] The fright has made it beat quick.

*Marq.* Ah! it is not fright.

[*Aside.*  
*Aman.*]

*Aman.* And yet he did not look frightful either. He had a beautiful dress on too—and he looked so—so—I don't know how—His face is very handsome; his shape, and all his mien, engaging.

*Marq.* I no longer doubt but it is the Count. [*Aside.*] Could you tell me, Amanthis, the colour of his dress?

*Aman.* Certainly—blue and silver.

*Marq.* 'Tis he.—[*Aside.*]—My dear Amanthis, you will see this young gentleman very soon again; he is here on a visit—have I never mentioned to you the Count Valantia?

*Aman.* Yes.

*Marq.* He is the gentleman who has thus surprised you.

*Aman.* Is it possible? and with that strange kind of wild behaviour, is he admitted into company?

*Marq.* If you should happen to be alone with him, you may tell him those sentiments of his behaviour—your sentiments exactly such as they are, and such as his behaviour inspires.

*Aman.* And if he should chance to behave well, I'll tell him I like him.

*Marq.* [*Starting.*] I lay no *restrictions* on you—I only warn you that he is a light, inconsiderate, and vain young man—his company dangerous—for his principles are not good.

*Aman.* What a pity—I'll tell him to grow better.

*Marq.* She is charmed, I find. [*Aside.*]

*Aman.* What did you say?

*Marq.* It is necessary, Amanthis, whatever are your thoughts of this young man, you do not reveal them to any of your acquaintance; and when you meet with him, restrain all fear, all emotion of whatever kind; and before company, do not seem even to know him.

E

*Aman.*



*Aman.* I understand—You think, were I to discover I was afraid of him, it would vex him; and you would not give him pain?

*Marq.* You promise then?

*Aman.* Certainly; for I myself would not give him pain, or vex him, for the world.

*Marq.* [*Aside.*] This conversation kills me.

*Aman.* Here is somebody coming—How cruel—I can never now be alone with you an instant.

*Marq.* It is the Marchioness—I must leave you.

*Aman.* Nay, that is worse—Stay, though we are not alone.

*Marq.* I cannot.

*Aman.* But if you cannot stay, I can go with you.

*Marq.* Impossible—remain where you are. [*Aside.*  
I see my fate. [*Exit.*

*Enter Marchioness.*

*March.* Did the Marquis leave you because he saw me coming?—My dear creature, what is the matter with you? You look unhappy! Speak to me with confidence—trust me with your secret uneasiness.

*Aman.* No, I must not—I must not discover the afflictions I feel, and the secrets of my heart—My Lord has commanded me not.

*March.* But he never meant you should preserve a secrecy with *me!*—At his desire I came hither to be your friend and confidant.

*Aman.* True—Oh! I am very unhappy!—My state is changed, and all my pleasures turned to sorrows.

*March.* Why? You are surely the first woman that ever lamented the blessings of liberty.

*Aman.*

*Aman.* And what is liberty when it takes from me the company of him that was dearer to me than life—or brings him to me with a clouded brow, and a heavy heart?—But this moment he flew away abruptly, and frowned when I asked to follow him, although he knows how I have been frightened by a young man some time ago, who is now in the house. [*Eagerly.*]

*March.* Who is that?—My dear, tell me who?

*Aman.* Count—I forget his name---

*March.* [*Aside.*] Have I at last detected him?

*Aman.* Did you never see him?

*March.* Yes, I believe I have.

*Aman.* And a'nt you afraid of him? Does he not look wild and madly? Lays his hand upon his heart, and sighs? [*Sighing.*]

*March.* No, my dear; he does not do so with me—he did once—but that is over.

*Aman.* And when he did, were you not afraid?

*March.* No; I wish I had been.

*Aman.* But you are not to speak of this for fear it should vex the Count. I promised I would not mention it at all. But to you it surely cannot signify; my Lord could not mean I was not to tell you.

*March.* No—I was the properest person on earth to tell it to.

*Aman.* Yes; you would not hurt him, I am sure; for he is agreeable, notwithstanding all his wildness! and if he would but keep at a distance, I should like to look at him, and hear him talk.

*March.* And did you tell the Marquis so?

*Aman.* Yes.

*March.* What did he say?

*Aman.* He bade me tell the Count all I thought of him.

*March.* And will you?

*Aman.* No.

*March.* Why not ?

*Aman.* For fear, poor man, it should make him uneasy.

*March.* Oh, it won't, my dear—never fear that ; it will not make him uneasy—tell him you *hate* him.

*Aman.* But I don't.

*March.* Don't you ?

*Aman.* No—do you ?

*March.* Yes. And I would have you tell him you despise him.

*Aman.* No ; I'll say I pity him—Won't that do as well ?

*March.* The worst of all ; that will make him outrageous.

*Aman.* Will it ?—*You* then have told him so ?

*March.* He is coming this way.

*Aman.* Ah, let me fly.

[*Going.*

*March.* Stay—did not the Marquis command—

*Aman.* True—and I'll *stay* and tell him what I think of him.

*March.* And what *is* that ?

*Aman.* That he makes me tremble.

*March.* You must not say *so*.

*Aman.* But he'll see it.

*Enter Count Valantia.*

*Count.* The Marchioness here ! unfortunate. [*Aside, then bowing to her.*] I this moment parted from the Marquis at the top of the lawn, and he charged me with a commission, which was, when I saw your Ladyship, to tell you he wished to speak with you.

*Aman.* Let me go with you.

[*To the Marchioness.*

*Count.* It was some private conversation, the Marquis mentioned.

*March.*

*March.* I have some too for him—Amanthis, wait till I return.

*Aman.* [*Aside to the Marchionefs.*] He does not look so wildly as he did. I am not *much* afraid.

*March.* Indeed! then I shall soon be back.

[*Exit Marchionefs.*]

*Count.* [*Looking after her—then falling on his knees to Amanthis*]. Behold me——

*Aman.* I durst not look at you. [*Frightened.*]

*Count.* Is it terror you express? how is it possible my tender passion can awake in that soft bosom an alarm? Do you fear me?

*Aman.* Yes; but go and behave thus to the Marchionefs; she does not fear you.

*Count.* Oh! do not torture me with a rebuke like that—'Tis you alone can make me happy—and if you refuse, you drive me to despair.

*Aman.* No—I wish to give you hope.

*Count.* Do you bid me hope?

*Aman.* Yes.

*Count.* And you'll be kind?

*Aman.* To be sure I will.

*Count.* What will you do to prove it?

*Aman.* Send for a priest to comfort you.

*Count.* A priest—will you then make me blest?

*Aman.* If I can—for I assure you I like you very well—and, did you not behave so strangely, I should like you better; for you are very handsome—therefore be not uneasy, and think you are not admired; for I can see that would vex you more than any thing.

*Count.* You admire me then? transporting happiness!

*Aman.* Oh! now you are going to fright me again. [*Aside.*] I must steal away!

*Count.* You tremble and look pale—may I interpret these sweet emotions in my favour?

*Aman.* Yes, if you please.

*Count.*

*Count.* You then will make me happy?

*Aman.* I will do all I can.

*Count.* Poor Marchioness! I protest I begin to feel pity for her suffering on this occasion. [*Aside*] Then know, angelic creature! you shall find in me, all that truth, that constancy, that everlasting flame——

*Aman.* Oh, terrible!--don't be in such a passion, pray.

*Count.* These moments are precious—Vow never again to shun me; never more to look unkindly; and I here swear the most perfect love—

*Aman.* Here—smell of this bottle—it will do you good—it will relieve your head.

[*Holding out a smelling bottle.*]

*Count.* What the devil does she mean? [*Aside.*] But will you keep this happy interview a profound secret?

*Aman.* Yes, indeed I will, to every creature, except the Marquis Almanza, and the Marchioness his cousin.

*Count.* To them above the rest.

*Aman.* Oh, no—I tell them every thing.

*Count.* Indeed?

*Aman.* Yes—and the Marquis was amazed how you found means to climb the high garden wall.

*Count.* I am in a pretty situation then [*Aside.*] And what did he say when you told him?

*Aman.* I forget—but he said, when I saw you again, I might tell you just what I pleased.

*Count.* She is his daughter then, and he approves my passion [*Aside.*] What you have acquainted me with makes me the happiest of men.

*Enter Marchioness.*

*Aman.* I am glad you are returned—[*running to the Marchioness, then turning to the Count.*]—Bless me, how calm he is grown all at once—you would not suppose he was the same person.

*Count.*



*Count.* Madam—[*confused.*]

*Aman.* He does not look on you, as he does on me—nor kneel—nor plead.

*Count.* Oh, the deuce take you. [ *Aside.*

*March.* What, in confusion, Count?

*Aman.* But I'll leave you alone with him, and then perhaps, he will. [ *Going.*

*Count.* No—for mercy sake, don't leave us alone. [ *Aside to Amant'his.*]

*Aman.* Poor man! he is afraid of you—but pray be kind to him—and I dare say you will.

*Count.* Yes—and a devilish deal too kind. [ *Exit.*

*March.* You find at last your falsehood is detected. [ *Aside.*

*Count.* I purposely exposed it, that you might have the pleasure of forgiving it.

*March.* Which I will never do.

*Count.* Then I have been at a great deal of trouble for nothing.

*March.* So you will find; for the person you love, loves another.

*Count.* And so does the person you love—and yet I don't reproach you with that.

*March.* Vain man—you do not know who I love.

*Count.* Nor do you know who I love—but I believe you guess.

*March.* Leave me.

*Count.* You'll call me back—but now positively if you do, I won't return. [ *going.*]

*March.* To my heart you never shall.

*Count.* [ *Turning back* ] Did you call? 'tis all in vain—I won't come back.

[ *Excunt separately.*



## A C T IV.

SCENE I. *Gardens belonging to the Castle.*

*Enter the Duke and Marquis meeting.*

*Duke.*

**N**EPHEW, I was going in search of you, for I have something of importance to communicate; and yet I am half afraid to tell you of it.

*Marq.* Dear Sir, wherefore?

*Duke.* Because I know your weakness.

*Marq.* I guess the subject then—but what have you to tell me of Amanthis?—I am prepared for the worst.

*Duke.* I am glad to hear it, for this is very bad indeed---and yet, no more than I expected. Have you heard that Count Valantia is in love with her?

*Marq.* I have—she herself told me so.

*Duke.* But did she tell you she was in love with him?

*Marq.* No.

*Duke.* No; I thought she would not tell you that.

*Marq.* But I had every reason, from her behaviour, to imagine he was not indifferent to her.

*Duke.* And I am certain he is not.

*Marq.* But who told you so?

*Duke.* He himself.

*Marq.* The weakest authority you can have.

*Duke.* But she confirmed it.

*Marq.*

*Marq.* Did she? Alas! then my hopes are indeed at an end—for till this moment I find I have involuntarily hoped, 'spite of all reason—But why make the discovery to you?

*Duke.* I made it myself—with my own eyes. You know, I suppose, of the first meeting the Count and she had this morning?

*Marq.* Have they had another since?

*Duke.* Two more—and I was present at the last, and am only this moment come from it.

*Marq.* Then do not conceal from me one single circumstance; but depend upon my firmness, and my courage.

*Duke.* You wish to hear every circumstance.

*Marq.* I do.

*Duke.* And so you shall. As I was looking out of my window into the garden—I never listen, but I often hear what people say, when they don't suspect I am near—Out of my window I saw and heard a quarrel, and an eternal separation take place between the Count and our relation the Marchioness.

*Marq.* She then has become acquainted with his attachment?—All is confirmed indeed.

*Duke.* And, as soon as he had dismissed her in disgrace, I took a walk in the garden, and from a close arbour I beheld Amanthis steal past, and the Count close at her elbow—there I overheard—for I detest a listener—I overheard the Count beg for compassion, and remind Amanthis of a promise she had given to make him happy; on which she started and wept; and he fell upon his knees, and would have wept too, if he could; but as he found he could not, he did something more; and drawing his sword, pointed it at his heart. On this she shrieked more violently than if it had been aimed at her's; and, seizing hold of it, fell motionless into his arms.

F

*Marq.*

*Marq.* Oh, Heavens !

*Duke.* As soon as we had recovered her from her swoon, the Count informed me of his love, and that she had given him every hope she would be his, but had merely refused to name the time; which had enraged and drove him to such extremes.

*Marq.* And what said Amanthis ?

*Duke.* She looked at him tenderly, sighed bitterly, and shed a shower of tears; then he turned to her and cried, "If you no longer love me, my life is odious to me, and I will instantly put an end to it—Pronounce, shall I live or die?"—She in a transport cried, "Live, live by all means."—"And so I will," cried he—and put up his sword—and then I, supposing all things were happily settled, wished them joy, and came away.

*Marq.* Thus at once do I see snatched from me the care, the project, the desire, the hope, and the felicity of near my whole past life; in one object all were placed, and all are vanished with her. Is this the recompence for what I have done?—at least I will reproach her—with what? that I have not inspired her with a passion I was not *born* to inspire.—Vain man, submit with patience to thy destiny.

*Duke.* You are right; every man that's in love must have patience—But do you intend to see her again? How do you mean to conduct yourself on the occasion?

*Marq.* Banish all suspicion of my conduct—to me her welfare was intrusted; I alone have a right to dispose of her; a right no one shall dare to rob me of—but she loves; that is sufficient to determine me—as her father, as her friend, I disapprove her choice, and will tell her so; but if she persists,

persists, I yield; nor shall she ever know I have a less tender regard for her than ever.

*Duke.* But you will no longer consider her as a person for whom you are to provide; you will not take any farther care—

*Marq.* Count Valantia is poor; if he marries her, I give them the half of my fortune, and the rest at my death.

*Duke.* What, to a man and woman who have given you more uneasiness than any two people in the world? Why surely you are mad. For my part, I am not against your giving something; and I would give something myself—but it should not be much.

*Marq.* To what use should I retain my fortune, when, from this day, I renounce all society, all connections—

*Duke.* And won't you ever marry?—Nay, let me beg you to console yourself, and listen to reason.

*Marq.* Reason? — Mine is lost for ever.

[*Exit.*

*Duke.* Why I am petrified!—I came running hither full of joy, and even made a *little more of the story* in order to excite his rage and resentment. I did excite them; but, in the midst of his anger, he resolves to sacrifice his whole fortune to the object of his reproach. Yet I still hope, when he sees the lovers together, hears their mutual professions of affection, and finds himself totally neglected, he will change his mind—and, perhaps, make up to the poor Marchioness—and I do think, for their family's sake, (as nobody else will have them) the two cousins ought to marry one another.

*Enter Amanthis.*

*Aman.* They told me the Marquis Almanza was here.

*Duke.* He is, I believe, with his cousin the Marchioness; and if so, let them remain together—don't you interrupt them.

*Aman.* Impossible I should!—I can never interrupt my Lord. [*Going.*]

*Duke.* But stop, Amanthis, and tell me, what have you done with the Count?

*Aman.* Alas, poor man, do not name him to me; I think I never shall recover the fright he gave me in your presence—Is it not wrong his friends are not informed of this strange disorder in his mind, and desired to keep a guard to watch him?

*Duke.* A guard! the Marquis, I believe, wants a guard—and now you have put me in mind of it, I don't know but I may procure him one.

*Aman.* What do you mean?—is the Marquis ill? [*alarmed.*]

*Duke.* Yes; in the same way the Count is.

*Aman.* Oh, let me fly to him. [*Going.*]

*Duke.* What, you are not afraid of him?

*Aman.* No—I will be *bis* guard.

*Duke.* And do you pretend not to know what is the matter with your two lovers? do you pretend not to know love? Love is their disorder.—

*Aman.* “Love, love”—Ay, that's the word the Count continually repeats—and is that the name of his disorder?

*Duke.* Yes.

*Aman.* And of the Marquis's too?

*Duke.* Yes.

*Aman.* And from whence does it proceed?

*Duke.* From you.

*Aman.*



*Aman.* From me?—impossible—I am very well.

*Duke.* Are you ignorant, or do you only pretend to be so?

*Aman.* I am, indeed, ignorant of what you mean.

*Duke.* Then I'll instruct you—Shame of the Marquis, to teach you most of the arts, and yet leave it to his old uncle to teach you the art of love.

*Aman.* Well, what is it? I am impatient to know.

*Duke.* And 'tis so long ago since I felt it, I must recollect a little before I can tell you.—Amongst the passions, is one more troublesome than all the rest, and yet more pleasing than any of them—it sometimes burns you with heat—and sometimes freezes you with cold—it creates in your mind a constant desire to be with one particular person—and when you *are* with them, you generally look like a fool—you think them handsome, though they are frightfully ugly—you think them well made, though they are crooked—wise, though they are simpletons—and you hope they love you, though you are *sure* they do not.

*Aman.* You need not say any more, Sir,—I think I have had the disorder. [*Looking confused.*]

*Duke.* You have it now.

*Aman.* Yes, 'tis catching—and, I suppose, I caught it of the Count, and gave it to the Marquis—and so we all three have got it.

*Duke.* And it is you only can cure them.

*Aman.* How?

*Duke.* By marrying one of them.

*Aman.* Is that the way?

*Duke.* And, now, which of them will you heal?

*Aman.*



*Aman.* Oh! the Marquis! [*With warmth.*]

*Duke.* And would you cure him of a disorder that makes him wish ever to be with you? that makes him behold you with admiration, hear you with ecstasy, and embrace you with transport?

*Aman.* No—not for the world would I cure him of that.

*Duke.* Then go and restore the Count.

*Aman.* I will; [*going, returns*] but if it must be by marrying him, that's impossible—no, I will wed the Marquis.

*Duke.* Did not I hear you tell the Count you loved him, and would be his wife?

*Aman.* I his wife?—[I did not know till now what his disorder was.]—Oh! if, by my ignorance, I have given him cause to suppose so, pray, Sir, go this moment and undeceive him.—I his wife?—Oh, not for worlds!

*Duke.* Hear me, Madam,—I have listened to you some time with patience—but now I can bear no more—the sentiments you entertain for the Marquis are criminal, unless he were your husband.

*Aman.* And can't he be so? what prevents it?

*Duke.* His noble birth, and your mean one.

*Aman.* My poor father was a gentleman, and the Marquis loved him.

*Duke.* He now is, if living, an exile, and would disgrace our family.

*Aman.* I thought not—he was unfortunate; but the Marquis ever taught me to respect and reverence misfortune.

*Duke.* The Marquis taught a doctrine of his own—I disapprove his marriage with you; and I have ever been considered as his father.

*Aman.* I know it—and for a name so tender, I  
feel

feel every affection and veneration—but surely, if my Lord loved me, if his happiness depended on my being his wife, a father, could not refuse to comply?

*Duke.* Do not flatter yourself with any hope——you were not born for each other, and therefore *conceal* from him the affection you have betrayed to me, and he, in time, will conquer his.

*Aman.* No—In the face of Heaven and you, I here make a vow—[*Kneeling*]—I never will, never *can* conceal from him one emotion of my fluttering heart—that heart, which he (and only he) has taught to beat with truth, with sense, with honesty—with love.

*Duke.* And now, as I have been obliged to hear your resolution, hear you mine—if he makes you his wife, he makes me no longer his father; no—nor even his uncle—no—nor even his most distant relation—I undertook to render you happy in another marriage—to teach you how to make the man you pretend to love respectable, and yourself content—I undertook to instruct you how to conceal your thoughts; to laugh when you wished to cry, and cry when you wished to laugh—I wou'd have taught you every scheme, every *finesse*, every deception—in short, I would have taught you the “art of love.” [Exit.

*Aman.* Rather let me die in ignorance——Oh! my Lord, dear object of the passion which I have but now learned the name of, how do I long to tell you what it is—but you, it seems, are no stranger to its name or power—why then conceal from me a truth that must encrease my happiness in your society?—[Enter Marquis.]—Oh! my dear Lord.

*Marq.* Before I listen to you, Amanthis, I beg  
you

you will attend to what I have first to say, nor let me receive from you the smallest interruption.

*Aman.* You astonish me!—the alteration of your voice, the severity of your looks alarm me—you will not hear what I would say, and I am afraid to listen to you—and yet I know not why I should.—I was coming joyfully to open my heart to you, and, for the first time, you are not desirous to be acquainted with it.

*Marq.* I understand you—I know what you came to acquaint me with.

*Aman.* Why then your answer is already given—I read it in your frowns.

*Marq.* That suspicion, Amanthis, is unjust—'tis injurious—[*Sternly*]—You shall know me better.

*Aman.* Oh! pardon me, my Lord—but indeed the manner in which you speak, and look on me gives me apprehensions—but proceed—I have done—I will not interrupt you

*Marq.* Remember and keep that promise.—You know, Amanthis, I was a father to you in an age when your understanding could not even thank me for my cares—and since that time I have consecrated to you my whole life—yet in your education there has been many things of which I have kept you in utter ignorance—my motives were pure, and I am now going to give you my reasons for them.—You are first to learn, there is a sentiment which governs the human heart with more tyranny, more force, more outrage, and yet with more softness, than any other—it is called love—and why its name and nature I have thus long concealed from you, was from the apprehension that in the solitude where you lived, the sensibility of your heart might cause dangerous illusions—I feared you might take the tender, calm ties of friendship for love's superior passion; and seeing none  
but

but me, I should consequently become the object of your error—but, too delicate to seduce you, I have undone myself. I have just now been informed of all that has passed this day since you left your confinement, and of which I suppose you thought me unacquainted, and came now to inform me—but to spare you the declaration, I give you my reply without it.—For these four years I have concealed a passion for you of the tenderest, truest, kind—but your heart decides for another, and I no longer pretend to it.—Yet do not imagine I approve your choice—Count Valantia is unworthy of you—but you are your own mistress—and however you determine, you shall possess my fortune, and be my daughter still.

*Aman.* The excess of my astonishment has alone prevented me from interrupting you many times.—You accuse me in every sentence—every word you have uttered upbraids—and your generosity, above all the rest, degrades me.—Did you imagine I could accept your favours while I was wounding your peace of mind?—did you suppose I could prefer to you a stranger, who, if not unworthy, I could not know to be deserving?—And yet this is what you have expected from me.—Learn, my Lord, to be less suspicious—affect less generosity and moderation, and be less ungrateful and unjust.

*Marq.* Severe as your words are, they inspire a hope my heart had banished—explain yourself—deign—

*Aman.* No—you have too justly given me offence—you have made me blush at those favours I have received, and still more at those you offer me.—What have I done to make you think thus basely of me? | *In tears.*

*Marq.* Behold me at your feet to atone for all I have said—explain.—

G

*Aman.*

*Aman.* "Explain!"—even now he doubts me.

*Marq.* No—say but you love me with that passion I have described, and I will never doubt again.

*Aman.* Ah! can I behold you at my feet?—*you* to whom I ought to kneel as my father?—but whom I would rather thus tenderly embrace as a lover.

*Marq.* [*Rising*]—Oh! rapture!—have I heard those lips disclose a passion so sacred, and so dear, which my fond heart has for years concealed?

*Aman.* Yes, that passion, though unknown for what it was, has been the joy, the happiness of my life—it reconciled me to my solitude, and now could make the hardest lot with you a blessing.

*Marq.* And does my Amanthis know what is love?—yet feel it but for me—happiness unlooked for—O Alberto! my absent friend, how does my heart in this blest moment regret your sufferings with a double force!—your joy had equal'd mine, and even heighten'd this unexpected transport.

*Aman.* That tender thought endears you more than ever to my heart.

*Marq.* The recollection of my friends remind me of the Marchioness—Amanthis, to her this discovery will give a pleasure you little think of—I'll instantly go to her, and make her happy with the news. Adieu, my love—so far from expressing to you all that I feel at present, I scarce can comprehend it. [*Exit.*]

*Aman.* Sure I am now at the height of happiness! and yet my lord's mention of my poor father, cast for awhile a gloom over all my joys—Oh! my dear father, why are not you still living to partake this happiness! how should I delight to tell you all that your friend has done for me. Ah!  
wh●



who is coming this way?—a stranger!—another follows—let me avoid them, and fly to my lord.  
[Exit.]

*Enter two Strangers, dressed like Peasants.*

*Second Peasant.* A young lady fled from the place this instant.

*Peasant.* Follow her, and prevail on her to return. [Exit *second Peasant.*] My trembling frame prevents the office.—Gracious Heaven! who through various calamities hast brought me to this spot; even for that benevolence I will bend in thanks whatever be the sad event.

*Enter second Peasant, leading Amanthis.*

*Second Peasant.* She is alarmed, and wishes to retire to her apartment.

*Peasant.* Young lady, do not fear me because I am poor—I mean no harm to any—I only wish to ask which are the apartments of Amanthis, and how I could speak with her?

*Aman.* I am Amanthis.

*Peasant.* Indeed!—I thought so by my trembling heart! [Aside.] [To her.]—You are Amanthis?

*Aman.* Yes, I am—what would you have with me?

*Peasant.* [To the other] Wait at a little distance, and let me know if any one is coming, that I may steal away unseen.

[Exit *second Peasant.*

*Aman.* Why these precautions?—what have you to say to me that needs them?

*Peasant.* My agitation is so extreme, I fear I cannot hide it. [Aside.]



*Aman.* Pray speak—you terrify me.

*Peasant* Do not be frightened—Ah! it is not terror I wou'd inspire.

*Aman.* [*Aside.*] Poor man! his appearance, his apprehensions, speak his poverty. [*To him.*] Why did you come to me in this mysterious manner?—why send that man away who accompanied you?

*Peasant.* Because I wished to speak in secret to you—The man who conducted me hither is an honest peasant, known in the house, and but by his assistance I could obtain admittance—he said I had a petition to Lord Almanza, and sought you, to beg your interest in my favour.

*Aman.* If you are in affliction, that is all the interest you will need with Lord Almanza.

*Peasant.* Yes, I am afflicted—poor—persecuted—forgot (no doubt) by all who were most dear to me, and remembered only by my enemies.

*Aman.* Say what can I do for you? [*Aside.*] He blushes to ask, and I'll prevent him. [*She takes out her purse, and from her neck a collar of pearls, and bracelets from her arms.*] Here, this is all I possess of value—take them—and how much soever they are worth, I am sure I never made a better use of them.—Why do you weep?

*Peasant.* Because it gives me pleasure—these tears, young lady, express my joy, not my sorrow—you have a heart open to compassion, and now my sorrows stand in less need of it—take back your generous gifts—for when you know who I am, you'll find they would be useless to me.

*Aman.* Who are you then?—what is your name, your occupation, your country?—you are all emotion—why, are you afraid to trust me?—do you fear I will betray you?—no—open then your heart.

*Peasant.*

*Peasant.* That will recall to your memory some scenes that may affect you.

*Aman.* What are they?

*Peasant.* Have you preserved in your remembrance any idea of the unhappy man to whom you owe your being?

*Aman.* My father—Oh, heavens! do you know him?

*Peasant.* You have heard talk of him then?

*Aman.* Yes; and a thousand times with my tears I have bathed his picture, the only treasure he left me when he went away. But tell me, were you with him when he died? for though I have heard of his death, I never yet heard of one circumstance relative to it---Do not be afraid to speak---you have said too much not to proceed---to leave me now in doubt, would be the height of inhumanity.

*Peasant.* Suppose he were not dead?

*Aman.* Not—Oh, heavens!—You turn pale! your eyes are filled with tears!—Ah! how could I be so long mistaken?—I know you!—I remember you!

[*He opens his arms, and she runs into them.*]

*Peasant.* My daughter—my poor Amanthis!

*Aman.* This joy is too much—my father—my suffering father, [*Falls at his feet.*] This is the happiest moment of my life. Let me but fly to tell my Lord Almanza, then never, never quit you after.

*Alberto.* [*Raising her.*] Alas, my child! repress this transport, and learn in what a state of misery you see me—without fortune, without friends, without support.

*Aman.* Are you less dear to me for that? besides, your state will soon be changed—my Lord Almanza can do much; and what he can, he'll do

do with transport. Within a few days we shall be united; and you were only wanting to complete our bliss.

*Alberto.* Are you then ignorant of the horrors of my destiny?—My enemies are become more powerful than ever; and, learning by their spies I am still living, a large reward is published for apprehending me, and my life must be the consequence.

*Aman.* Oh, heavens!

*Alberto.* But hear the full extent of your poor father's miseries. I have travelled sandy deserts, braved the perils of the most dangerous seas, forsook a peaceable and safe asylum, to risque the snares laid by my enemies here—but I came with the hope to find my child, and never again to lose her—I knew not your sentiments for Almanza—Pity my error—I pleased myself with the thought, that an affectionate, suffering father, might be more dear to you than all the world besides; and that in following him, and partaking in his fate——

*Aman.* Oh, whither do you lead my imagination?—Stop, and let me take a view of what I see before me.

*Alberto.* Nay, be not thus alarmed, Amanthis. I do not command, nor even *entreat*—in following me you had surely been a comfort—without fortune, without friends, nay, without society, you had atoned for them all.

*Aman.* Oh, my father! to be your comfort in a state like this, would be my happiness—but, oh, to leave Almanza——

*Alberto.* You leave *him*, surrounded by his friends—in his own country, with fortune, honours, and a thousand blessings to console him.

*Aman.* No; not one for the loss of me.

*Alberto.* I see my fate, and submit to it—My  
child,

child, live happy, and forget me as often as you can—Receive my blessing, and my last farewell.

*Aman.* [*Going to embrace her.*  
*Falling at his feet.*] In this world of sorrow, I alone am left to comfort you—and at your feet I swear, though dying with despair, I'll follow you to the furthestmost part of the world—What did I say? dying! No, I will live to soften your pains—to be a blessing to you.

*Alberto.* Oh! do not give me a false hope.

*Aman.* I do not—No, thus met, we will never part.—[*Firmly*]—but how tell the news to—

*Alberto.* Almanza must not know it. I depart this very night; and one look, one unguarded word, might betray me, and prevent my escape—Should you tell the Marquis, in the first transports of his grief, he'd not be master of himself, so as to conceal the secret.—But now consult your heart; if you repent, you have made no promise; I restore it to you—speak—pronounce—

*Aman.* I have spoken—*have* pronounced—*have promised*—and will keep my vow.

*Alberto.* I have found my child, and found her [*Embracing her*] all my fondest wishes hoped.—Adieu, my Amanthis, till a few minutes hence, when I shall be at the door which opens to the park—here are two keys; take one of them—[*She takes it*]—My guide, I see, is coming—Adieu—Was ever parent blest as I am!

[*Aside, and exit.*]

*Aman.* “A few minutes hence?”—terrible—What have I done? what promised?—Oh, heaven! I am sinking under a weight of misery—a chillness seizes me—my strength is nearly gone.

[*Leans against the scenes, and exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE II. *An apartment in the Castle.**Enter Marchioness.*

*March.* In every part of the house I seek in vain Amanthis—where can she be?

*Enter Amanthis, pale and trembling.*

Amanthis, I came here to find you—the Marquis has told me—Oh, heavens! what do I see? you are pale as death.

*Aman.* 'Tis nothing, Madam—a sudden weakness—what did the Marquis say?

*March.* His joy is beyond expressing—intoxicated with his bliss, he is this instant making preparations for your union—already the gates of the castle are thrown open, and nothing heard but rejoicings.

*Aman.* Alas! I am not able to bear what I feel on the occasion—Let me retire—and in reflection—

*March.* Go, and indulge the pleasure of reflection without constraint.

*Aman.* Farewel, dear Marchioness—when you see my lord, tell him—paint to him—adieu.

*[Going.]*

*March.* Nay, stop—this sudden weakness is more than you talked of—Hark—is not that the Marquis?

*Aman.* Gracious Heaven forbid. *[Going.]*

*March.* No—'tis the Duke—Why thus alarmed?

*Enter Duke.*

*Duke.* The Marquis has overcome me—he has knelt to me, and prayed to me—and praised you  
to



to me, [*Going to Amanthis*] till at last I am come to tell you, I'll try to get over, by degrees, the aversion I have to you at present. But if you should ever prove ungrateful, and forget what he has done and suffered for you—

*Aman.* Forget it! oh, impossible.—How he tears my heart—but the time flies—I must be gone—[*Aside.*] Dear Sir, excuse me a moment—I am going—going—impressed in the liveliest manner by your goodness—but I cannot now reply—my heart's too full at present—hereafter I shall reflect—farewel. [*Exit.*]

*March.* What strange disorder!

*Duke.* All joy, because she is going to be married—and my nephew is much in the same state—it almost makes me wish to be young again—and yet, when I married, I remember I was not in spirits.

*March.* Amanthis' illness afflicts me?

*Duke.* Go, go; comfort the poor girl; and tell her, however she may be alarmed by her approaching situation, you would not care if you were in the same case, [*Exit.*]

*March.* Oh! whose state wants comfort most, hers or mine? but I will go to her and—[*Going meets Count Valantia.*]

*Count.* I am running from place to place, inquiring of every soul I meet, what all this rejoicing is about? and not a creature has time to tell me—perhaps your Ladyship will do me the honour.

*March.* Is it possible you should not know?

*Count.* I positively do not.

*March.* Nor can't you guess?

*Count.* No—unless it is because I am going away—for I never could be in favour with the master of a house; especially if he had a young lady in it.

H

*March.*



*March.* Vain, disappointed man!—the rejoicings are, because the Marquis, before long, will be married to Amanthis.

*Count.* Poor young lady! poor young lady—and will she never see me again? what does she say? how does she bear it? how does she look?

*March.* Look? at the summit of her happiness.

*Count.* Nay, nay, I am sure she sighs, and gives some signs of grief—tell me honestly—now lay your hand upon your heart, and tell me, if she does not appear confused, sorrowful, uneasy, and disturbed? does she, or does she not?

*March.* Why, if I must speak, she does.

*Count.* Poor girl, poor girl! I protest I feel for her.

*March.* But have you the vanity to suppose she has these emotion upon your account?

*Count.* Certainly I do suppose it—and it is the only supposition that reconciles me to her loss—for if I thought she did not love me, I should never be happy till I made her—I would tear her from Almanza's arms, and *make* her love me—but she does, she does—and I want no other reward.

*March.* And did you imagine you had gained *my* love, that you were cloyed?

*Count.* Oh, certain of it! or most probably I should have loved you still.

*March.* Why then, upon my honour, and as I hope for happiness, I do *not* love you.

*Count.* Ay, this is all a pretence—and, it won't do—I can see by your looks, you don't speak truth—and I positively cannot love a woman that loves me, for I know myself such a weak, vain, impertinent, foolish fellow; I must have a wife of a better understanding, than one who can value such a flimsy coxcomb.

*March.* Hark—what alarm is that?

*Enter*

*Enter the Duke and Marquis.*

*Marq.* Amanthis is lost, gone, stole from me.

*Count.* I hope your Lordship does not suspect me—for however I might flatter myself with the lady's affections, I certainly should not have stolen her away, without going along with her myself.

*Marq.* I do suspect you—draw.

*[The Duke interposes.]*

*March.* *[To the Duke.]* Dear, my Lord, don't prevent the Marquis; is he not in his own house, and surely he may treat his guest as he pleases.

*Count.* *[Aside.]* Egad, I begin to suspect she does not love me.

*Duke.* Nephew, you must not resent without better proofs—and though Amanthis is fled, it must be by her own consent; for was not a key found on the inside the door, by which she escaped? and, no doubt, she unlocked it herself.

*Marq.* I have lost her; what is it to me, whether by force or fraud?

*[A voice behind the scenes.]*

Amanthis is returned.

*Enter several Servants of the House. The Marquis drops his sword, and runs impatiently to the door from whence they entered.*

*Marq.* Gracious Heaven!

*Enter Alberto, superbly dressed, leading on Amanthis.*

*Alberto.* 'Tis I who am the ravisher—and thus resign my prize to one, whose right, by every tie of gratitude, is superior.

H 2

*Marq.*

*Marq.* My Amanthis, tell me, do I dream, or do I know that voice?—Yes, 'tis my friend Alberto, [*They embrace*] And do I receive Amanthis from thy hand?—and can I see you here, without apprehensions for your safety?

*Alberto.* Yes; for my unjust sentence is revoked, and my misfortunes at an end---in the Indies, where my distresses carried me, I did some services for my native country, for which I have been repaid with honours, and with riches.

*Marcb.* My dear Amanthis! how sincerely do I rejoice to see you happy as you merit!

[*To Amanthis.*

*Count.* Madam I sincerely hope you are happy, and that no remembrance of me, may ever disturb your tranquillity.

*Duke.* I'll answer for that.

*Marq.* Count, I have to beg your pardon for a suspicion—

*Count.* I assure you, my lord, you did me honour by it—when a Lady is in case, I like to be suspected.

*Alberto.* And now, Almanza, say you pardon me the momentary pang I gave you while I made trial of my daughter's filial love—a trial that has added to my future happiness—for never was a moment half so precious, as when I beheld duty and compassion conquering every felicity that moment waiting.

*Aman.* Oh, my father—I forget all my sorrows past, in my present happiness.

*Duke.* I think we seem all extremely happy—every one, except the poor Count.

*Count.* The poor Count, Sir!—

*Duke.* Yes—you like to be suspected; and I must own I suspect at this time—

*Count.* What, Sir?

*Duke.*

*Duke.* A lady is in the case, so don't be angry.

*March.* If I am the object, I here protest—

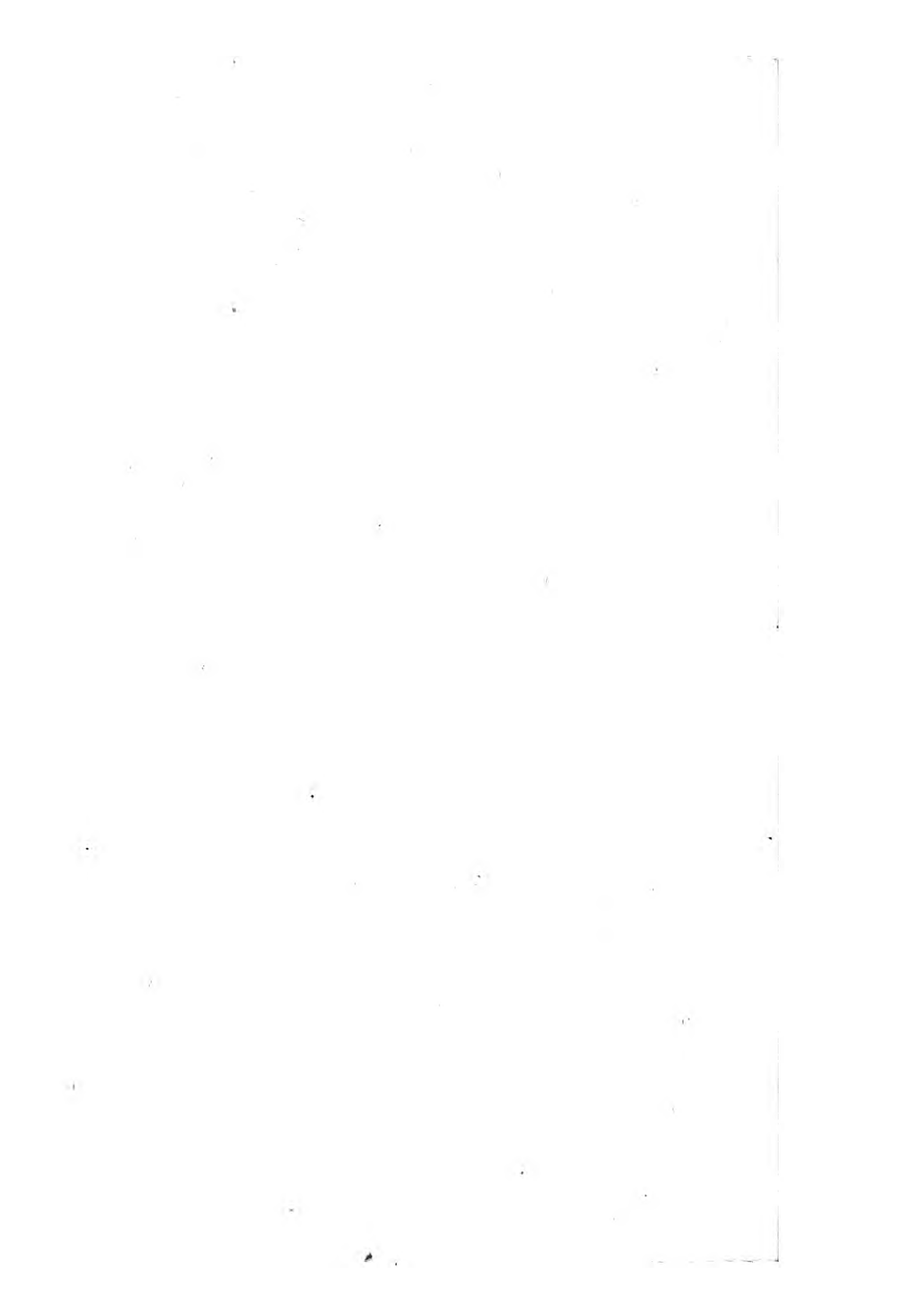
*Count.* Come--if you swear that you have no regard for me, and never by any part of your conduct intend to prove it, marry me; and I will be the most constant, faithful husband—

*March.* You are so indifferent to me at present, I think I may venture.

*Count.* But remember, the first time you are in love, I am so no longer.

*Duke.* Take him, and at least respect him that he is no hypocrite—for there are but few lovers who are not the slaves of caprice, though they have not the virtue to acknowledge it.

*March.* I *will* take him; for, with all my care, I might do worse—to love with gratitude and judgement, is only reserved for a few superior minds.



E P I L O G U E.

WRITTEN BY MILES PETER ANDREWS, ESQUIRE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. MATTOCKS.

**M**EN are strange things — 'twere happy cou'd we  
scout 'em,

Make up our minds, and fairly do without 'em.  
The cautious dame prefers a single life,  
The antient maiden to the anxious wife ;  
For her no absent mate, no tender fear,  
Dews the fond cheek with nature's loveliest tear ;  
For her no prattling race, in sweet employ,  
Awake the transport of maternal joy ;—  
Contented fair, secure from nuptial fufs,  
She sits all day to comb her fav'rite pufs ;  
Now kindly chirps to dicky bird, and now  
Binds the pink ribband round the dear bow-wow.

These are delights superior far to mine ;  
Ah ! how cou'd I to such a swain incline ?  
A strange, capricious, wild, eccentric rover,  
Who felt no passion till my flame was over ;  
Sued for my hatred as his best reward,  
And dreaded nothing but his wife's regard !  
Take courage, batchelors, your fears suspend,  
Few modish wives will ever so offend ;  
Trace the gay circles, and you'll rarely prove  
That wedlock suffers from immod'rate love.

“ Loch !” says Miss Dolly Drylips, an old maid,  
“ I wonder the young flirts are not afraid—  
“ The Child of Nature !—I suppose that means  
“ To have two lovers ere she's in her teens—

“ I'm



“ I’m out of mine—but yet, may wedlock seize me!  
 “ If any nasty man has dar’d to teize me!”—

“ What does the creatue mean?” cries Widow Waddle,  
 “ By flirts, and nasty men, and fiddle-faddle?  
 “ We’re born to love and cherish, great and small;—  
 “ I’ve had five husbands, and I lov’d them all—  
 “ I hates to fondle dogs, and cats, and stuff;  
 “ I always walks upright, and that’s enough.” [*Waddles.*]

The Child of Nature was, in days of yore,  
 What, much I fear, we shall behold no more,  
 The simple dress, the bloom that art wou’d shame,  
 The frank avowal, and the gen’rous flame;  
 The native note, which, sweetly warbling wild,  
 Told the soft sorrows of the charming child—  
 Turn to a modern Miss, whose feather’d brow  
 Speaks the light surface of the foil below,  
 Whose little nose its due concealment keeps,  
 And o’er a muslin mountain barely peeps,  
 Taught by Signor to squall she knows not what,  
 Thumping the harpsichord, is all she’s at.  
 “ Papa,” a true John Bull, cries, “ Nancy, sing—  
 “ Give us my fav’rite tune, ‘ God save the King.’  
 Miss, simp’ring, says, ‘ Pa’, now I’m grown a woman,  
 ‘ I can’t sing English music, it’s so common;  
 ‘ But, if you please, I’ll give you a bravara,  
 ‘ For Signor says I soon shall equal Mara.’

[*Imitates an ignorant Miss, singing.*]

Thus are the feelings of the youthful day,  
 By fashion’s raging tempest whirl’d away:—  
 May I, but with no wish to under-rate her,  
 Entreat you to prefer our Child of Nature?

T H E  
M A R R I E D M A N .

A  
C O M E D Y .

---

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIX-PENCE.

1863

1864

1865

T H E  
M A R R I E D M A N.

A  
C O M E D Y,

I N  
T H R E E A C T S.

F R O M

*Le Philosophe Mariè of M. Nericault Destouches.*

AS PERFORMED AT THE

T H E A T R E R O Y A L, H A Y - M A R K E T.

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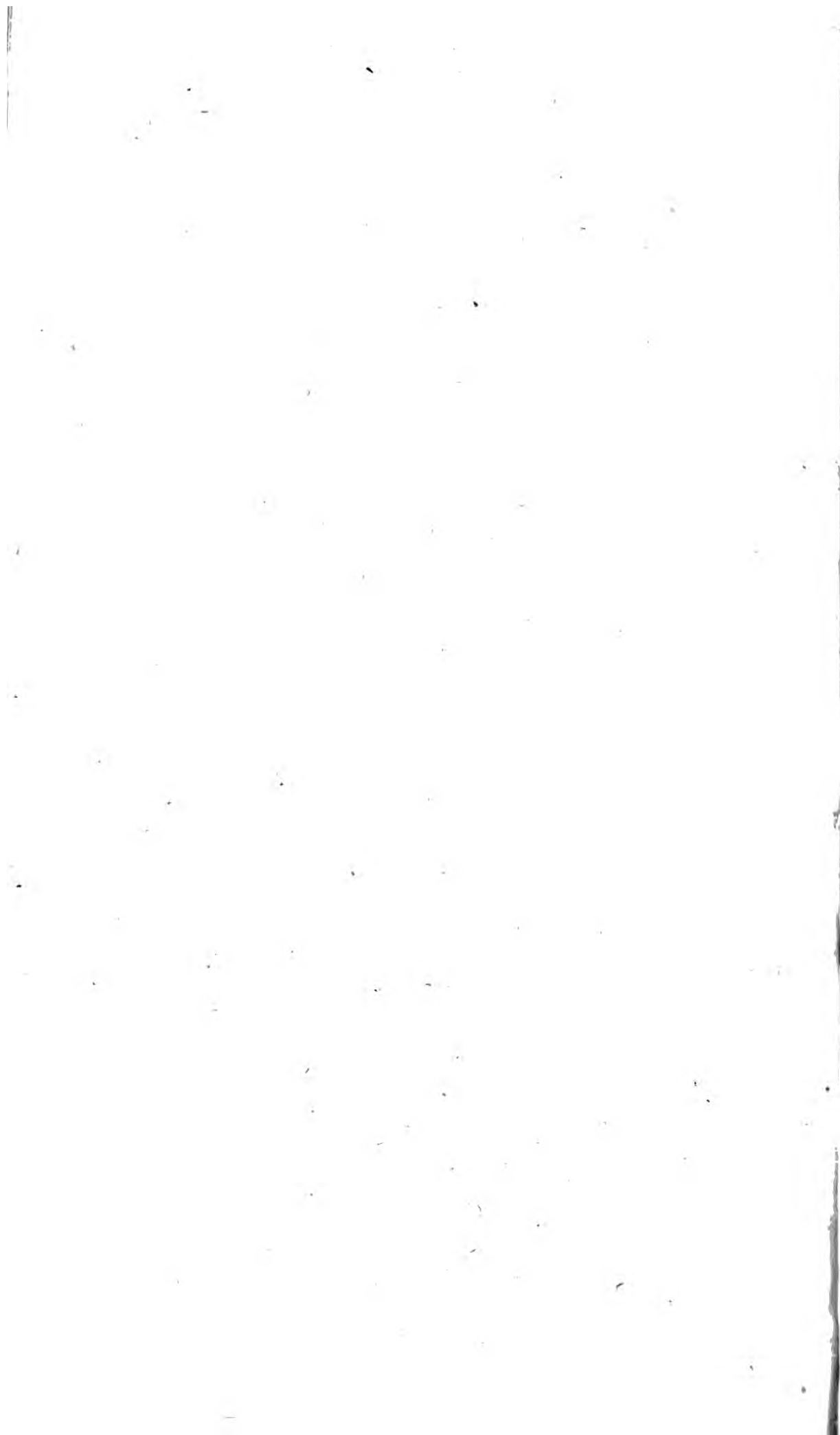
B Y M R S. I N C H B A L D.

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L O N D O N :

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P A T E R - N O S T E R - R O W.

M. DCC. LXXXIX.







# CHARACTERS.

## M E N.

*Lord Lovemore,* - - - Mr. Palmer.  
*Sir John Classick,* - - Mr. Bannister, jun.  
*Mr. Classick,* - - - Mr. Aickin.  
*Mr. Tradewell Classick,* - Mr. Kemble.  
*Dorimant,* - - - - Mr. Williamfon.  
*William,* - - - - - Mr. Barrett.

## W O M E N.

*Lady Classick,* - - - Mrs. Kemble.  
*Emily,* - - - - - Mrs. Brooks.  
*Lucy,* - - - - - Mrs. Whitfield.

SCENE — LONDON.

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T H E  
M A R R I E D M A N.

---

A C T I.

SCENE I. *A Library at Sir JOHN CLASSICK'S.*

SIR JOHN *discovered at a Table musing.*

SIR JOHN.

**A** SCHOLAR, a philosopher to change his peaceful hours; his nights of study, and his days of fame!—And for what?—A wife!—A wife without a fortune too!—Where was my wisdom?—But young and handsome!—Where was my philosophy?—Where my pride, to do an act at which I blush?—*[After sighing heavily, and showing evident signs of uneasiness, he takes up a book and begins to read—Dorimant enters unperceived by Sir John, and seats himself at the table.]*

A 4

S I R

8 THE MARRIED MAN.

SIR JOHN.

[*Laying down the book.*]

Ah! Dorimant, my friend, it is you I have to blame—You were the cause of my marriage—You painted wedlock with an eloquence that deluded me—Pictured my wife as soft, complying—

DORIMANT.

And is not she?

SIR JOHN.

[*Starting.*]

You there—Why do you *steal* upon me thus?

[*Angrily.*]

DORIMANT.

Steal upon you—Were not you talking to me?

SIR JOHN.

No.

DORIMANT.

Then you were guilty of very ungentleman-like behaviour, to abuse me when you did not know I was present to defend myself. And suppose I advised you to marry; did not you ask my advice? Were you not charmed when I gave my advice?—Besides, is it possible you can repent?—With what on earth have you to reproach your wife?

SIR JOHN.

Her indiscretion—which keeps me in perpetual torture.—She knows how much I feel on the occasion, and how earnestly I have entreated our marriage might be kept secret; and yet it is her first pleasure the world should know she has a husband—and that I am the unfortunate man.

DORIMANT.

I can easily imagine your desire has not been strictly complied with—but you could not surely think  
think

THE MARRIED MAN. 9

think to be married half your life without having it sometime or other known to the world.

SIR JOHN.

A secret alliance, formed near two years ago, without my father's consent or knowledge, would expose me to his just resentment.

DORIMANT.

His resentment will be easily overcome—for his obligations to you are so great—his affection for you so tender——

SIR JOHN.

That I fear his sorrow, much more than his anger.—But there is another reason.

DORIMANT.

That indeed has some weight; for you mean your uncle, the old rich contractor, whose obstinacy and inhumanity, if he knew you had married a lady with a fortune unequal to that he means to give you, might cause him never perhaps to give you a shilling.

SIR JOHN.

And, beside these, I have another reason yet, one, which (to my own feelings) is of more consequence than any.—You know I have always made a jest of matrimony, laughed at, and ridiculed all husbands; I am therefore now ashamed, and blush at the title—There is something in marriage that takes from the dignity——

DORIMANT.

Will it take from the dignity of knighthood which you have gained by your learned dissertations? No; nor can there be any reason but your uncle's displeasure why it should be any longer concealed.  
Certainly

10 THE MARRIED MAN.

Certainly you must pay some attention to that; and it ought to be a weighty consideration with your lady.

SIR JOHN.

So it is, I dare say—but the pleasure of telling a secret weighs heavier far.—After all, she is not the only one who takes pleasure in propagating the news—her sister, to whom you design yourself the *happy husband*, has whispered the secret to most of her acquaintance.

DORIMANT.

I am vext at such indiscretion, and will go to both ladies instantly with my complaint—[*Going; returns.*] And now do you apply yourself to study—and employ all your knowledge to obtain that degree of patience requisite to your state.

SIR JOHN.

And do you furnish yourself with ample store against you marry my sister-in-law, for by Heaven you will want it all.

DORIMANT.

I know Emily well—know all her faults—but love them all—even that pride which disdains me I approve; for while my unfortunate quarrel conceals from her my real name and family, she is right in treating me so lightly.—Yet that she loves me I am convinced; and, the moment my antagonist is pronounced out of danger, I will silence every scruple, by revealing to her that, instead of poor Dorimant, who has no other friend on earth but you, I have a fortune and family as much above hers, as she now believes hers is above mine.

4

[*Exit.*

SIR

THE MARRIED MAN. 11

SIR JOHN.

Oh! I long to see you a husband—How mischievous does ill-luck make a man! I have not one acquaintance at this moment, that I do not wish to see married! [*He sits down and begins to read.*]

*Enter* LUCY.

LUCY.

[*Looking at Sir John.*

Always reading! And never thinking of his wife, day nor night. [*Aside*]—Sir, Sir, her Ladyship desired me to come—

SIR JOHN.

“Her Ladyship”—Do speak a little louder—

LUCY.

Her Ladyship. [*Lady Claflick bawling.*

SIR JOHN.

[*Starting up.*

Silence!—I thought, Mrs. Lucy, I had a hundred times forbidden you to make use of that name.

LUCY.

Yes, Sir—but when one forgets, I can't see what harm it can do.

SIR JOHN.

You know you were amongst the few who were entrusted with the secret of our marriage.

LUCY.

And I have kept it a secret these two years!—Two years is a long time to hold one's tongue!

SIR



SIR JOHN.

But do you not know what I may forfeit by your indiscretion—the wealth of which the displeasure of my uncle may deprive me?

LUCY.

I thought philosophers despised all such dirty dross as gold.

SIR JOHN.

But Mrs. Lucy, although I may be of that opinion, perhaps my children may not, and I may one day be reproached for neglecting their fortunes.

LUCY.

But Sir, your children are yet to come, and a philosopher's talent is to reform the world, but very seldom to people it.

SIR JOHN.

Entrusting you with a secret, Mrs. Lucy, has given you a freedom that may very soon lose you your place.

LUCY.

Oh, Sir! I am sure you know better than to turn a servant away, whom you have been obliged to trust with a secret.—There are many better ways to keep a servant silent.

SIR JOHN.

And this I suppose is one? [*Gives her money.*]

LUCY.

Yes, Sir—and now I'll be silent for a month—and if you repeat this, at the end of that month, I'll be silent for the next—and so on. But, Sir, I had almost forgot my errand—her Ladyship—no—my mistress—not her Ladyship—not your wife—  
but

THE MARRIED MAN. 13

but my mistress—sent me to ask if you will permit her to wait upon you here—as she has something particular to speak to you about.—Oh! she is here, Sir.

*Enter* LADY CLASSICK,—*exit* LUCY.

SIR JOHN.

Have not I desired you a thousand times, Madam, not to follow me here?

LADY.

And I have as many times obeyed you—but at present I want to speak to you upon a subject of so much importance, to us both, that I have ventured to disobey your commands.

SIR JOHN.

“Commands.”—You talk to me as if I were your tyrant.—I have but one command—Keep our marriage secret.

LADY.

To keep it an entire secret is impossible; our living so long together, in the same house, though on a pretended visit to the mistress of it, is enough to create suspicion—The world has curiosity, and penetration.

SIR JOHN.

And has no longer any doubt but we are man and wife.

LADY.

Indeed!—Do they really think so?

SIR JOHN.

Yes—and I fear, say so too.—Why these expressions of joy?

LADY.

14 THE MARRIED MAN.

LADY.

To have you for a husband is a happiness so flattering—a felicity of which I feel myself so proud—that to have it known—would give me infinite delight.

SIR JOHN,

In contradiction to my will?

LADY.

—Perhaps the desire is wrong—but if it be my fault (I must own it) would constitute my greatest happiness.

SIR JOHN.

A woman's eloquence is irresistible. [*Aside.*] But did not you promise me that your sister and your woman should be the only persons to whom you would confide this secret?

LADY.

And you should accuse my sister, not me—It is she, who has forfeited her word, not I.—I have kept mine but too well. Yet though by the concealment my reputation may be wounded, I submit without complaint—But, if I make this sacrifice to you, suffer me to demand a small one in return.

SIR JOHN,

What is it?

LADY.

That Lord Lovemore, either by you or by me, may be made acquainted with our marriage.

SIR JOHN.

The very person of all the world I would most conceal it from; for to him more frequently than to any person, have I declared my sentiments of the marriage state; and in what a despicable light, to him, must my inconsistency appear.

LADY,

LADY.

No—notwithstanding you are married, neither his Lordship, nor any other person, most intimately acquainted with your former sentiments, can accuse you of inconsistency.

SIR JOHN.

Did I not even rail at marriage?

LADY.

Do you not now?

SIR JOHN.

But had not I an utter settled aversion to it?

LADY.

And, have you not now? *[Weeping.]*

SIR JOHN.

But why should you be uneasy at that? I love you—and should like you better, if you were any thing but my wife.

LADY.

And being my husband, I love you far better than if you were any thing on earth beside.

SIR JOHN.

I will not have our marriage declared to any one.

LADY.

Yes! To Lord Lovemore—You must consent.

SIR JOHN.

From what motive?

LADY.

Excuse me—but be assured it is indispensable; and why have you such a particular apprehension of him; for although his Lordship is a fine gentleman,

man, and in high esteem with the gay world, yet I have frequently heard you speak but slightly of his understanding.

SIR JOHN.

Therefore I fear him—you know I always fear a fool.—It is the fool, who laughs at the faults of wise men, because they are so unlike his own. 'Tis the fool who traduces their character—'Tis the fool who stops at no means to accomplish his evil wishes.—Fools dress to seduce women; lisp, chat, flutter, and even *lie* to win them.—'Tis fools, with whom men of sense cannot submit to quarrel, but must fall, like a poor female, by their slander.

LADY.

Why then this fool, in one respect, has shown himself like you; for he never pays a visit to this house, that he does not immediately come to my apartments to make the same declaration of love, and the same offer of his hand and heart, you once did.

SIR JOHN.

[*Starting.*

To you?

LADY.

To me—I once thought to keep it a secret.—  
But—

SIR JOHN.

But that was impossible?

LADY.

Yes—for the encreasing ardour of his addresses makes it impossible to submit to the painful situation any longer—and surely there is no method so effectually and so delicately to put an end to his pursuit, as to declare I am your wife—(*Sir John starts.*) At present I will not urge you for a decisive answer—

THE MARRIED MAN. 17

answer—but leave you to reflect upon it. [*Bows with a tender humility, and retires.*]

[*He sits down to read as before, then starts from his seat and throws the book down in a passion.*]

SIR JOHN.

No—all my study is at an end for to day—my mind wholly dissipated with domestic concerns—It is impossible for a married man to be a philosopher—and yet it is a state that requires more philosophy than any other. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Another Apartment at*  
SIR JOHN'S.

*Enter EMILY, followed by LUCY.*

EMILY.

Has Lord Lovemore called this morning?

LUCY.

Yes, Madam.

EMILY.

Do you think he likes me?

LUCY.

No, Madam.

EMILY.

But I am determined to make him—and you know I will, if I say I will.

LUCY.

And if you should, what then?

B

EMILY.



E M I L Y.

Then I shall have the pleasure to tell him I despise him, and that his title, birth, and fortune, could not recompense me for marrying a man who had previously offered himself, and been refused by my sister.

L U C Y.

And I cannot help thinking he loves her still.

E M I L Y.

As much as a beau, who loves nothing so well as himself, can love; and therefore it has long been my design to whisper to him, she is married.

L U C Y.

Do you suppose he will love her the less for that?

E M I L Y.

His love being but a mere compound of vanity and gallantry, I should suppose not—but at least the news will mortify his pride—and why should not other people meet with mortifications as well as I, Lucy?

L U C Y.

And I am sure, Madam, it is not your fault if they do not—for you are ever doing all you can to tease every body you know.

E M I L Y.

If I could please them I should be equally content—but as in that my endeavours are mostly rejected, the only alternative I have to preserve me from idleness is to be mischievous.

L U C Y.

Nay, Madam, do not say you please no one, consider Mr. Dorimant.

E M I L Y.

And him I have no desire to please; for it is to my disadvantage we should be charmed with each other.

other.—This is the hour he generally calls—Now, Lucy, do something to put me out of humour, that I may break with him at once—Come, talk on some subject to vex me—speak of my sister.

LUCY.

Ay, my mistress—the philosopher seems to have lost all his affection for her.

EMILY.

Pshaw! you know this pleases me—for it in some degree extinguishes that surprize I feel, while I cannot discover by what art she gained possession of a man of sense, of renown, in short, of such a man as Sir John.—If he were my husband—as you know I wished him to be—I should have expected him to love me—but to have a tenderness for my sister!——

*[Angrily.]*

LUCY.

And I still believe he has, in his heart, a most affectionate one.

EMILY.

Do you see Dorimant coming?

LUCY.

Why?

EMILY.

That you try to provoke me.

LUCY.

Yes—as I live—here he is.

EMILY.

I thank you then—for you have left me in excellent humour. *[Exit Lucy.—Emily sits down, and appears meditating.]*

*Enter DORIMANT, who looks at her some time, while she pretends not to see him.*

DORIMANT.

You wish to be alone, I perceive. [*He waits for an answer, then goes on.*] But although I may disturb you, I cannot forbear——

EMILY.

Being very impertinent.

DORIMANT.

So, so—I must be all submission I find. [*Aside.*]

[*He moves to a corner of the room, and sits down, affecting a silent dejection.*]

EMILY.

[*After a pause.*]

I desire you will leave me instantly.

DORIMANT.

Certainly—I will [*rising*]*—*but condescend to tell me wherefore—for if my affectionate ardour—

EMILY.

“If my affectionate ardour!”—What romantic language!—You treat me as if I were a child.

DORIMANT.

But I know you are very far from one.

EMILY.

Indeed!

DORIMANT.

Yes—nothing like a child.

EMILY.

This sneer is insufferable.—I tell you what, Dorimant, I wish to hate you—for indeed you have so many imperfections——

DORIMANT.

DORIMANT.

What are they?—

EMILY.

Oh, innumerable!—You are vain of your person—ashamed of your birth—submissive to your enemies—insincere to your friends—with a thousand worse faults; and yet *with them all*—I can't help liking you.

DORIMANT.

As you call my *sincerity* in question, I will give you a proof of it immediately—You are haughty, envious, peevish, conceited, capricious, imprudent—with a thousand worse faults, and yet *with them all*—“I can't help liking you.”

EMILY.

No man shall marry me who does not think me perfect.

DORIMANT.

That resolution will not exclude me.

EMILY.

No?—

DORIMANT.

No—for I think you a perfect woman.

[*Bowing.*

EMILY.

But you shall believe I have not one fault.—Go, Sir, leave me—yonder comes my sister, and I am tired of your company.

DORIMANT.

I am all obedience, to show you how you must hereafter behave to me. [*Exit on one side—*

Lady Claffick *enters on the other.*

EMILY.

How dare he to see one fault in me?

22 THE MARRIED MAN.

L A D Y.

Dear sister would you have poor Dorimant blind?

E M I L Y.

Why not, as well as Sir John, when he married?

L A D Y.

You think *he* was.

E M I L Y.

But don't mistake me—I believe his eyes are open now,

L A D Y.

Not to the charms of every one who may wish to captivate him.

E M I L Y.

Is there any such person?

L A D Y.

I have heard so.

E M I L Y.

Before his marriage there might be, because the ladies all imagined he would be a difficult conquest—But after being so easily caught, I don't think there is a woman in the world would be at the trouble of conquering him a second time.

L A D Y.

It *would* be a *trouble* I believe,

E M I L Y.

Without any reward,

L A D Y.

True—for all the honour he can confer, he has bestowed on me,

E M I L Y.

And bestowed so much—he has given up all his own.

L A D Y.

Emily, I have too long borne with these unkind insinuations—Reflections cast upon myself I

can forgive, but when you make these attacks upon Sir John——

EMILY.

The truth is so glaring, you can't bear it.

LADY.

My dear sister, we will not remain here together, thus eternally to dispute—either you or I will fix upon some other abode.

*Enter* SIR JOHN.

EMILY.

Oh! Sir John, I am going away—you are just come in time to take your leave—I am desired to quit your house instantly—your wife——

SIR JOHN.

Don't let me hear that name.

EMILY.

Why this delicacy — when my anxiety to tell you——

LADY.

If you have the affection of a husband——

SIR JOHN.

I won't hear *that* name.——What is all this?—  
—What do you both want to tell me?—What nonsense?—You have had a quarrel I suppose?

LADY.

Nonsense!

EMILY.

Nonsense—I should not have thought of that!

LADY.

You must know, my dear——

SIR JOHN.

I won't be called my dear.

B 4

LADY.



L A D Y.

Why then Sir John—My sifter has behaved——

E M I L Y.

No—*my sifter* has behaved——

S I R J O H N.

Oh! you have both *behave*d, I dare say.

L A D Y.

Your indifference is unkind.

E M I L Y.

Every thing is indifferent to him, but what is written in a book.

L A D Y.

I think so.

S I R J O H N.

Look there now—they are going to quarrel with me.—But come, compose yourselves—and tell me, Matilda, how this affair between your sifter and you began?

L A D Y.

Ask her.

E M I L Y.

No—tell it yourself.

L A D Y.

[*After considering.*]

I don't remember how it began.

E M I L Y.

[*After considering.*]

Nor I either.

S I R J O H N.

The fact is, you have both been quarrelling, and neither of you can tell why.—But pray do not let me interrupt you—for nothing is so entertaining to me as to hear ladies disagree.

L A D Y.

EMILY.

Then you shall not be entertained at our expence, for we will instantly forgive each other.—  
Sister, I pardon you sincerely.

LADY.

And I am sure I pardon you.

SIR JOHN.

And do shake hands, to be revenged on me.

EMILY.

With all my heart.

LADY.

And with mine. [*They meet and shake hands.*]

SIR JOHN.

And to shew how angry I am, I'll kiss you both.  
[*He salutes one, then the other.*]

MR. TRADEWELL CLASSICK *enters during the Time.*

MR. TRADEWELL.

Well employed upon my word, nephew. [*Sir John starts—and the ladies exeunt in confusion.*]

SIR JOHN.

[*Aside.*]

My uncle—Confusion!

MR. TRADEWELL.

I am sorry I should intrude upon your private studies.

SIR JOHN.

Sir——

MR. TRADEWELL.

A philosopher, I find, is but a human creature after all!

SIR JOHN.

Dear Sir—these ladies you saw here—are——

MR.

MR. TRADEWELL.

What?

SIR JOHN.

[*Afide.*]

I don't know what to say.

MR. TRADEWELL.

Finish your sentence—Speak—What are they?

SIR JOHN.

They are [*hesitating*]*—*sisters.

MR. TRADEWELL.

Well—

SIR JOHN,

[*Hesitating.*]

From the country—and as they are going into the country again—I was taking my leave of them—as you saw.

MR. TRADEWELL.

But what brought them here?

SIR JOHN.

A mere accident.

MR. TRADEWELL.

I don't like accidents, when women are in the case—They are the cause of many unlucky accidents—and I would have nothing impede the business upon which I came to speak to you.—I have procured you a wife—I know you have pretended an aversion to matrimony—but that was merely to some of its forms, and in this case something more substantial is to be attended to; the Lady I have chosen is young, handsome, and above all very rich; and some family reasons will make it necessary the marriage should take place within a few days.

SIR

THE MARRIED MAN. 27

SIR JOHN.

Deſtruction [*Aſide.*] — But who is the Lady,  
Sir! — Perhaps —

MR. TRADEWELL.

There is no perhaps — for ſhe is my daughter-in-law — my wife's only child — and with a fortune — You don't ſeem pleaſed — Let me tell you the Lady muſt not be deſpiſed.

SIR JOHN.

Deſpiſed, Sir? — No, no — but —

MR. TRADEWELL.

No buts, Sir — You have written againſt matrimony to make your book ſell — So far you did right — I would write againſt it myſelf if I could get any thing by it — and I would marry the next day, if I could get any thing by it.

SIR JOHN.

But, Sir —

MR. TRADEWELL.

My pockets are filled with parchments — follow me into your library, there we will look them over, and take care there's no cheating, unleſs it ſhould be on our ſide — follow me, for I am growing old, and not ſo expert at theſe things as I uſed to be.

[*Exit.*

SIR JOHN.

What ſhall I do? — What ſay? — I ſuffer a martyrdom,

[*Going.*

*Enter* LUCY.

LUCY.

Sir, Lord Lovemore called to tell you he will dine with you to day.

SIR

SIR JOHN.

More good news; [*Aside.*] send to him, and let him know——

LUCY.

We need not send to him, Sir, he is here.

SIR JOHN.

Here!—Where is he? [*Alarmed.*]

LUCY.

With my mistress.

SIR JOHN.

More good news.—[*Aside.*] Let him know my uncle is unexpectedly arrived—I cannot come to him just now—but in about half an hour——

LUCY.

Oh! you need make no apology, Sir—he won't think the time long.

SIR JOHN.

No?

LUCY.

No—as he is with my mistress, he won't mind waiting—he'll not be impatient—you need not hurry yourself.

SIR JOHN.

If that's the case, I shall hurry myself. [*Exit in haste on the opposite side to where he was going.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I. *Another Apartment at SIR JOHN'S.—LORD LOVEMORE, SIR JOHN, and LADY discovered.*

LORD.

MY dear Sir John, I excuse you most willingly, for I know how much depend upon your pleasing the old contractor, and how difficult it is to please him.

SIR JOHN.

And in one thing he has just proposed, I fear it will prove impossible.

LORD.

What is that?

SIR JOHN.

He has chosen me a wife, and wants me to marry immediately.

LADY.

How?

[Starting.

LORD.

You marry—you—ha, ha, ha, ha—does he know your resolution?—does he know you would not marry the finest woman in the world?—[*Sir John shews evident signs of uneasiness*—to marry would make you the laughing-stock of the whole town—You, that have laughed at every married man!

SIR JOHN.

[Uneasy.

They don't make me laugh so much as they did.

LORD.



LORD.

No—

SIR JOHN.

No—but I think I *pity* them more than I did.

LORD.

And does your old uncle imagine he can prevail upon you to quit a bachelor's life?—impossible—and yet, would you believe it, there are some people in this town credulous enough to report you *are* married—but I take care to vindicate your character.

SIR JOHN.

Thank you—I am very much obliged to you.

[*confused.*]

LORD.

No, Sir John, I never will stand silently by, and here your firmness of temper called in question—the Lady [*bowing to Lady C.*] I tell them, may have charms to captivate the coldest heart, yet between her and Sir John, I am positive no other than a sincere friendship subsists; for he himself has told me so a hundred times.

SIR JOHN.

I suppose I have—to be sure—you are quite right. [*He makes signs to Lady C. who appears anxious to speak, to be silent.*]

LORD.

And now, my dear Sir John, as I know you to be not only her friend, but mine, permit me to repeat, in your presence, what in private I have a thousand times uttered.

SIR JOHN.

Indeed?

LORD.

And as a friend to us both, exert your friendship for both our happiness—for if my esteem, my  
love,

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love, my adoration of you beautiful Matilda—  
[*seizing her hand.*]

LADY.

Sir John—

LORD.

Nay, do not frown upon the man who doats upon  
you to distraction. [Kneeling.]

SIR JOHN.

[*Aside.*]

I make a very respectable figure here.

LORD.

But receive my vows—receive my everlasting  
love.

LADY.

Rise my Lord, or I instantly quit the place.—  
[*Aside to Sir John.*] Can you see this unmoved?

SIR JOHN.

Be quiet.

[*In great agitation.*]

LORD.

[*Rising.*]

Then let this, and this seal my pardon.

[*Kisses her hand with fervency.*]

SIR JOHN.

[*Running to him.*]

S'death, how can you be so foolish—you wou'd  
not marry, sure—don't persist, for if you do you  
will lose my friendship—Let go her hand, there is  
witchcraft in the touch. [Endeavouring to part them.]

LORD.

Then why do you touch it?

SIR JOHN.

I can, with the coldness of a philosopher.

LORD.

And would I could—would I were in your situ-  
ation.

[*Sighing.*]  
SIR.

SIR JOHN.

And would I were in your's. [Sighing.]

LORD.

What do you mean?

SIR JOHN.

I mean—I mean my Lord that I perceive your passion is a most serious one; and yet it is my advice you do not give way to it—do not for *my sake*—you know my friendship for you, and how sorry I should be to see you bound by those ties from which only death can release.

LORD.

Oh! your old fashioned opinion of matrimony I begin to despise.

SIR JOHN.

But I have lately conceived a worse opinion of it than ever—besides, while she persists in rejecting your passion, you ought to submit; unless, in any of your former interviews, she has encouraged your hopes—and in that case— [with suspicion.]

LADY.

I appeal to his Lordship's own honour—If I have Sir, explain.

SIR JOHN.

Ay, come, my Lord, explain—and I will be judge between you.—What hopes has she ever given you?—I don't mean merely in promise, but in manners, looks, sighs, tears, sadness, joy, or sorrow?—Come, be particular, or you take from me the power of decision.

LORD.

Why then, to be particular—the first time I disclosed my passion to her, she burst into a fit of laughter—the second time, she insisted on my leaving  
ing

leaving the room.—But the third time she received me with every mark of kindness.

SIR JOHN.

Very well! [uneasy.

LORD.

My dear Lord, said she——

SIR JOHN.

Very well! [angrily.

LORD,

My dearest creature, cry'd I.

SIR JOHN.

Very well! [more angry.

LORD,

I have, said she, a sister, far more beautiful and amiable than myself, to whom I request you will transfer your affection.

SIR JOHN.

Very well! [pleased]—and why do you not?

LORD.

What! transfer my affection?—never—no—although she try'd to make me jealous.

SIR JOHN.

Did she—of whom? [alarmed.

LORD.

That I can't tell—but the ungrateful woman swore her heart was engaged, and that nothing could eradicate the fixed and tender affection rooted there for another.

SIR JOHN.

And can you persist after this, my Lord?—don't—*for my sake* don't.—

LORD.

A passion like mine, makes the heart rebellious—it will love on—it will hope, in spite of the rules cold reason dictates.

SIR

SIR JOHN.

I know my uncle is impatient for my return, and therefore I cannot remain any longer here—but I am sorry to leave you—very sorry to leave you in this situation, indeed, my Lord—Now promise to get the better of your passion—it will make me much happier if you will.

LORD.

I can promise nothing—why don't you go to your uncle?

SIR JOHN.

I am going—I must go, or he'll never pardon it [*aside*—Adieu, my Lord, for the present, and think on my advice—[*Aside, going reluctantly, and turning back to observe.*] This is the first trial of my philosophy. [*Exit.*

LORD.

By Heaven, I begin to suspect what report has told me; that he is the favour'd lover—but surely it cannot be—I must be more worthy your partiality than he is?

LADY.

You have your taste my Lord, and I have mine.

LORD.

But reflect upon my birth, my title, my fortune.

LADY.

Oh! when a heart gives itself away, depend upon it, it never reflects upon the cause.

LORD.

And is it possible you can yield your charms to a cold philosopher?

LADY.

If he is warm to me, his coldness upon all other occasions does me the greater honour—farewell, and believe, that to *whom so ever* I have given my heart, it is gone past recall.

[*Exit.*  
*Enter*

*Enter* EMILY.

EMILY.

What still fighting, my Lord?—still repeating vows of everlasting love to one, who will not listen, but while she holds your heart a captive, inhumanly exposes you to the derision of a rival.

LORD.

Tell me who that rival is, and my obligations to you will be unbounded.

EMILY.

If I do tell you, will you promise to fight him?

LORD.

That is an engagement—I don't like to enter into—and why should you request it?

EMILY.

Because both he and you have offended me, by preferring my sister, and I should like to see you engaged in a duel, through pure revenge.

LORD.

Now I suspect who my rival is—'tis Dorimant, Your jealousy convinces me of it, for I know you love him, and I once thought the affection mutual.

EMILY

Be not too confident you have found out your rival—you may be mistaken.

LORD.

But I am sure I am not—and he is beneath my notice—I shall yet win her from him.

EMILY.

That is impossible—because whoever Matilda loves—he is her husband.

C 2

LORD.



36 THE MARRIED MAN.

LORD.

What! [*Starting.*] Married!

EMILY.

Yes, married.

LORD.

Are you sure you don't mistake?

EMILY.

I am sure I do not.

LORD.

Distraction! — my hopes for ever gone — my pride, my vanity piqued. [*Aside.*]

EMILY.

Notwithstanding you endeavour to conceal it, I see vexation painted on your countenance — indeed my Lord, I pity you.

LORD.

Pity me — that's worse than the loss of the woman [*aside.*] — By Heaven, if you think I am chagrined, or even disappointed, you wrong me — I never loved seriously — do you suppose I meant to marry? — ha, ha, ha.

EMILY.

Come, be composed.

LORD.

S'death, Madam, I am composed — [*raising his voice.*] — 'Tis you, and only you, that make me otherwise — for here I vow, if I feel a momentary pang, the least sense of sorrow, it is solely in compassion to the poor husband — him I pity, even while I despise and laugh at him. — Ha, ha, ha, ha.

EMILY.

And these are your real sentiments?

LORD.

My real sentiments.

EMILY.

EMILY.

I wish Sir John knew them.

LORD.

Why?

EMILY.

Because, from the friendship Sir John has for you, and suspecting your love for the lady, as soon as he is told of this marriage, he will dread the effect it may have on you.

LORD.

Then at once to put him out of doubt, I will go and tell him my sentiments—and we will both laugh at the husband—ha, ha, ha.

EMILY.

Do—that is right—now that is just right—

[*eagerly.*]

LORD.

But have I your permission to tell the secret to Sir John?

EMILY.

Yes, you have.

LORD.

Thank you—thank you. I am much obliged to you.

EMILY.

But you must not say you heard it from me—nor hint you know who her husband is—as indeed you don't; for that is a secret I gave my word not to reveal.

LORD.

I understand you—you did not absolutely say, but only hinted it was Dorimant—no matter who it is—be it who it will, we will make sport of him.

[*going.*]

EMILY.

That's right.

LORD.

Where is Sir John?

C 3

EMILY.

## THE MARRIED MAN.

EMILY.

With his uncle at present—come, take a few turns in the garden, and when I find you are in a perfect humour to laugh with him, I'll contrive to send him to you.

LORD.

I am very much obliged to you—you are very kind.

EMILY.

Ay, you can't think how I love to do a good-natured action, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Apartment at SIR JOHN'S.*

*Enter* SIR JOHN and Mr. TRADEWELL, *following a* SERVANT.

SIR JOHN.

My poor father come so unexpectedly, and so many miles to see me?—Conduct him instantly hither. [*Exit* Servant,

MR. TRADEWELL,

What—my unfortunate brother?

SIR JOHN.

Dear uncle, do not behave unkindly to my father, and destroy the pleasure he will take in seeing me.

MR. TRADEWELL,

And what is it to you if I do?

SIR JOHN.

What is it to me—strange question!—reflect what *he is to me*, and wonder how you can ask it.

*Enter*

*Enter MR. CLASSICK, and embraces his Son.*

MR. CLASSICK.

My dear son, what pleasure do I feel in seeing and embracing you again—You, the sole support of my declining years—the sole prop of my declining spirits.

MR. TRADEWELL.

*[Going up to him.]*

And what brings you here?

MR. CLASSICK.

Sure I may be permitted to visit my own son, without being called to an account.

MR. TRADEWELL.

Your visit, notwithstanding, might be dispensed with—*[to Sir John]*—he does not come so many miles for the pleasure of seeing you—he has some new wants to be supplied, I warrant.

SIR JOHN.

Whatever be the motive, his coming gives me pleasure *[aside to Tradewell.]*—your behaviour pierces me to the heart.

MR. CLASSICK.

To meet my son and my brother both together, is a happiness unexpected—and since it has thus happened, I will enjoy the pleasure the meeting gives me, without suffering the seeming unkindness of *any one* to diminish it.—Heaven bless you both.

MR. TRADEWELL.

Ay, be liberal of your blessings, for you have nothing else to bestow—no other portion to give your son.

SIR

SIR JOHN.

And I value them much more, than all your inheritance.

MR. TRADEWELL.

These are the precepts of philosophy, But by our ordinary rules, a father takes care, and provides for his children. Between him and you the order of nature has been reversed, for these ten years past.

MR. CLASSICK.

And I glory more to live at his expence, than were he to live at mine—the benefits I receive from him come to me like blessings; and their value is doubled by the pleasure I see him take in bestowing them.—But these are sensations which your heart is unacquainted with.

MR. TRADEWELL.

What has made you thus poor?

MR. CLASSICK.

Honour and honesty,—What has made you thus rich?

MR. TRADEWELL,

*[Hesitating.]*

You know I have been for many years a contractor—had I depended on my honour and honesty, I might have been as poor as you—and with all your contempt of the means of acquiring riches, you have no objection to partake of them—you have submitted to my becoming a father to your son from his infancy; and now, while you, with all your boasted affection, cannot give him a shilling, I am going to marry him to a large fortune, and to settle another upon himself. Does this wound your delicacy?

MR. CLASSICK.

No—it almost makes me weep in gratitude—but to whom are you going to marry him?

MR.

MR. TRADEWELL,

She's the daughter of my wife.

MR. CLASSICK.

I rejoice at such an alliance.—Come, brother, let these approaching nuptials unite us all in love and friendship; forget our frivolous differences, for in my heart I am grateful and affectionate.

SIR JOHN.

Some obstacles may prevent the marriage.

MR. CLASSICK.

Oh no—it has no doubt been planned with too much care.

MR. TRADEWELL,

Brother, it is one of the best contracts I ever made.

SIR JOHN.

But allow me time, Sir, to gain the lady's heart.

MR. TRADEWELL.

A Lady's heart may be gained in a day—sometimes in an hour.

SIR JOHN.

Not such a heart as I would possess.

MR. TRADEWELL.

Well—I'll give you eight days—

SIR JOHN.

That is too short a time.

MR. TRADEWELL.

Not too short to win eight hundred women—I wish I had a contract for as many as I myself could win in that time—and by sending them to the Indies I have no doubt but I might encrease my fortune half a million.

SIR



## THE MARRIED MAN.

SIR JOHN.

How much soever I may dread your resentment, Sir, I must declare I cannot marry at present.

MR. CLASSICK.

Reflect my son.

SIR JOHN.

I do reflect, but 'tis too late.

MR. TRADEWELL.

If ye belong to me—but no—it is to him you belong—and him you are like—had you been mine, then you might have been like me, complying, obedient, amiable, and gentle—but till you prove yourself so, I have done with you—nor will I give sixpence to a man, who does not look up to me as a pattern and model for all his actions. [*Exit.*]

MR. CLASSICK.

Follow him, my son, and promise to obey with cheerfulness—he has virtues you should respect—you have obligations which are binding—and this proposed marriage beyond any other.

SIR JOHN

Oh Heavens!

MR. CLASSICK.

What is the matter?—Where is your usual joy on seeing me?—perhaps my coming has displeas'd you—if so, seek no excuses, but let me go away, and come another time, when you expect me.

SIR JOHN.

Expect you—Must I expect your coming, to form my features in a smile to meet you?—No—your presence always gives me a joy, no *preparation* could put on.

MR. CLASSICK.

I believe you.—But why thus melancholy?—This intended marriage is perhaps the cause of your uneasiness,

uneasiness.—Come, acknowledge your affections are placed upon some other.

SIR JOHN.

They are.

MR. CLASSICK,

Perhaps you are bound by some engagement?

SIR JOHN.

I am.

MR. CLASSICK.

I am sorry for it—but go on—I commend you—Who is the object of your love?

SIR JOHN.

My wife.—

MR. CLASSICK.

Your wife!—are you then married?

SIR JOHN.

Yes—I consulted affection, and not ambition, and have therefore concealed my marriage; left the world, as well as you, should blame me for it.

MR. CLASSICK

Is your wife prudent?—Is she such as you wished to find her?

SIR JOHN.

She is,

MR. CLASSICK.

You then have made an excellent match.

SIR JOHN.

This kindness consoles, and makes me less unhappy.

MR. CLASSICK.

Where is she?

SIR JOHN.

Here in this house, accompanied by her sister, and another lady, who passes for her relation, and the mistress of the house,

MR.

MR. CLASSICK.

We must think of some expedient to divert your uncle's attention for the present, and during the delay we may contrive some means to declare your marriage with safety.

SIR JOHN.

But the idea of the event being divulged, after having thus long conceal'd it, makes me all confusion—sooner or later I shall get the better of this strange humour—but at present I cannot suppress the shame I feel, lest the world should know I am married.

MR. CLASSICK.

Do not be ashamed of a good woman—you philosophers are ever searching after novelty, and what could you show the world more worthy their attention than a good wife?—In all your researches, my son, nothing could so well establish yours, and your *childrens* fame. What are plants and minerals?—Improve *human nature*, that is the first great work of a philosopher,

*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I. *An Apartment at SIR JOHN'S.*

*Enter SIR JOHN.*

SIR JOHN.

WHERE shall I hide me from my uncle's solicitations?—Where hide me from my own reflections?—Oh! that I could but shake off this idle fear of the world, and own I am married.

*Enter LORD LOVEMORE.*

LORD.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, [*laughing*] ha, ha, ha, ha, ha—Oh! I shall die—I shall never recover it.

SIR JOHN.

[*Alarmed.*]

What's the matter?—What are you laughing at?

LORD.

At the sight of you.—Ha, ha, ha.

SIR JOHN.

[*More alarmed still.*]

At the sight of me?—

LORD.

I have such a secret to tell you—

SIR JOHN.

[*Earnestly.*]

What is it?

LORD,

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L O R D.

It concerns Matilda.

S I R J O H N.

*[Starting.]*

Indeed?

L O R D.

Yes.

S I R J O H N.

And does it concern any body else?

L O R D.

It does—But you'll keep it a secret?

S I R J O H N.

Depend upon me—What is it?

L O R D.

*[Whispering.]*

Matilda is married.

S I R J O H N.

*[Starting.]*

You don't say so?

L O R D.

She is, I assure you.

S I R J O H N.

You don't say so?

L O R D.

I do.—She is married.

S I R J O H N.

But do you know to whom?

L O R D.

No—But I guess.

S I R J O H N.

Indeed!

*[Alarmed.]*

L O R D.

I guess it is to Dorimant.

S I R

SIR JOHN.

[*Aside.*]

Thank Heaven!

LORD.

[*Overbearing him.*]

Why do you thank Heaven?—Are you glad she is married?

SIR JOHN.

No, my Lord, very sorry, I assure you!—I would give a good deal she was not—And you, I suppose, are deeply concerned too.

LORD.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha—Do you imagine I meant to marry her?

SIR JOHN.

[*Angrily.*]

You said so before me, Sir.

LORD.

But that was after she had declared her heart engaged, and I knew she would not accept my offer.—I marry!—I become a husband!—I be made the fool of a woman!—No, no, no.—

[*Proudly.*]

SIR JOHN.

S'death!—[*In great agitation.*—]—And yet wiser men than you have married.

LORD.

But none so wise as you;—and it is my ambition to be in every thing as wise as you.

SIR JOHN.

Who has informed you of this secret?

LORD.

That I must not say—nor shall I let Matilda know I am acquainted with it; but redouble my  
affiduities,



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affiduities, still urging her to what I know she cannot accept: and thus, in time, soften that heart which, in time, will harden to all the insipid attentions of a husband.

SIR JOHN.

But have you no respect for him?

LORD.

Ha, ha, ha—Respect for a husband!—Had you ever any?—Whoever he is, don't you despise him?—But why don't you laugh?—You won't laugh?—You used always to laugh on these occasions.—What a solemn countenance!—S'death—I beg pardon, Sir John—indeed I do.—But a thought this moment strikes me.

SIR JOHN.

What is it?

LORD.

Nay, perhaps I wrong you—and yet the person who told me this secret had some doubts who the husband was—and upon my soul (forgive me if I am mistaken) by your strange, awkward manner, and melancholy countenance, something tells me—perhaps you are he?

SIR JOHN.

I am he, Sir! *[With violence.]*

LORD.

“No, you don't say so!”—“You don't say so?”—

SIR JOHN.

Confusion! *[Walks about in great distress:]*

LORD.

Yes—I see it is true—that is the very gait of a married man—How strange, I could not perceive it before.—But my dear Sir John, pray forgive my having laughed—Upon my honour, had I known,  
had

THE MARRIED MAN. 49

had I conceived you had been the husband, I would not have laughed before your face. [*Stifling a laugh.*]

SIR JOHN.

Refrain from it now then.

LORD.

I will—And as I know no better method, than by quitting your presence—I take my leave.—[*Going—returns.*—]—But before I go, can I meditate between you and your uncle, or you and your father?

SIR JOHN.

No.

LORD.

To the world, however, you may depend upon it, I will paint the circumstance in the most favourable light—I will say, your falling in love was but a weakness attendant on human nature—your shame of owning it; but——

SIR JOHN.

My Lord, my Lord, you'll make me forget myself.—

LORD.

Sir John, Sir John, you *have* forgot yourself.

SIR JOHN.

Leave this room, my Lord.

LORD.

I will—[*goes, and returns*]—and I'll send your wife to you. [*Exit.*]

SIR JOHN.

How painful is my situation.—Shall then the object that was to have bestowed happiness on me, be the sole cause of all my misery?——

D

*Enter*

*Enter* DORIMANT.

My resolution is fixed; nor do you, Dorimant, attempt to shake it.—I leave London this day, never to see that, or Lady Claffick more.

DORIMANT.

Sure you have lost your senses!—What will the world say of you then?

SIR JOHN.

When I am away, that will be indifferent.

DORIMANT.

But your wife, Matilda——

SIR JOHN.

She has been the cause of all—And having had the pleasure of telling the secret she has a husband, she may now have the pleasure of telling the secret she has none.

DORIMANT.

You cannot be in earnest?—She will not submit to a separation?

SIR JOHN.

She must.—Who's there?—*[Calling at the door.]*

*Enter* SERVANT.

Desire her—her Ladyship, to come hither.

SERVANT.

*[Surprised.]*

Who, Sir?

SIR JOHN.

Lady Claffick—my wife.

SERVANT.

Pray, Sir, which of the Ladies is that?

SIR

THE MARRIED MAN, 51

SIR JOHN.

Do not you know?

SERVANT.

Yes, Sir—But I thought I was not to know.

SIR JOHN.

Even this fellow is laughing at me.

SERVANT.

No, upon my word, Sir—Ha, ha, ha!—No, indeed, Sir—Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit, stifling a laugh.*]

SIR JOHN.

See what I am come to!

DORIMANT.

Would I were married to Emily, as you are to Matilda!—And I have hopes my wish will be very soon accomplished: for I have just received intelligence, I may assume my real name, and put an end to every objection she has conceived to me.

SIR JOHN.

Oh! here comes my wife—I am agitated—I dread to tell her what I know she will be concerned to hear.

DORIMANT.

Why, then, have you determined so rashly?

SIR JOHN.

Can I stay, and expose myself to the reproaches of my uncle?—To the jests of the town?—But will you, Dorimant, endeavour to find my father, and tell him my determinations—and tell him also——

DORIMANT.

To persuade you to alter them—That I shall certainly tell him, [*Exit.*]

*Enter* LADY CLASSICK, EMILY, and LUCY.

SIR JOHN.

I am glad you have brought company with you.

LADY.

My dear Sir John, is it your uncle who is the cause of this seeming uneasiness?—Tell me if it is—and put an end to my anxiety.

SIR JOHN.

Your Ladyship's anxiety may now entirely cease—The wish of your heart is fulfilled—Our marriage is publicly known—I am congratulated every moment by one friend or other—and it is to you, Ladies, I am under the obligation.

LADY.

I had been insincere, could I have denied the pride it gave me to be supposed your wife—But if ever that pride tempted me once to drop a hint—except to the Marquis—

EMILY.

And I call Heaven to witness, I never breathed a syllable of it, except to half a dozen of my most intimate friends, and people whom I knew would be as particular not to mention it, as I myself would be.

LUCY.

And I wish I may not stay another hour in my Lady's service, if I ever told it to a single soul except Mrs. Fringe, the milliner, and Mr. Puff, the hair-dresser; and I am sure they never mentioned it again, for they promised me they would not.

SIR JOHN.

No more of this—I have done with my accusations—I have done with you all too.—I leave  
London

London this night, and it will be some time before you hear from me.

LADY.

Oh Heaven! I cannot survive this.

SIR JOHN.

Are you not known to be my wife?—What more would you require?

LADY.

Require, my husband—not thus to be abandoned—Left unprotected.

SIR JOHN.

I shall leave you in the care of my father; and he will protect you from the insults of my uncle.

LADY.

But who is to protect me from the insults of the world?—Protect me from that fixed affection rooted in my heart for you?—And from the remembrance of your unkindness?

SIR JOHN.

Could you live with me in the retreat that I shall fly to?—Could you quit the pleasures of the world?

LADY.

To me the pleasures of the world, can only be where you are.

EMILY.

I am out of all patience—Oh! that you were but my husband!

*Enter* DORIMANT.

DORIMANT.

As I went out, Sir John, I met your uncle and your father, both returning—and your uncle communicated to me a project he means immediately to put into execution.—He has been informed of your marriage, that it took place abroad, and

D 3

without



without all the due forms to render it legal—He therefore means to annul it.

LADY.

Oh Heavens!

SIR JOHN.

Annul my marriage?—Let him—then openly, and in the face of day, I'll marry her again.—[*Going, and taking her hand.*]—Annul my marriage?—Make void the happiest action of my life?—An act which gave to my gloomy mind a friend, a soothing partner to reform it.

LADY.

Is this my husband?—

SIR JOHN.

Yes—but, in the fear of losing you, a lover still.

EMILY.

Now, would you were my husband in good earnest!

SIR JOHN.

What ceremonies were wanting? (*To Dorimant.*)

LUCY.

Indeed, Sir, I don't think the parson or you forgot one.

SIR JOHN.

And pray what said my father to my uncle's proposal?

DORIMANT.

At first he pleaded for your union to be acknowledged; but upon your uncle declaring, that on those terms he would disinherit you, he appeared to submit.

SIR JOHN.

I will go to them immediately, and my uncle shall find—

LADY.

Wait till his repentment may, in some measure, be abated!—Oh! for me to be the cause of your ruin!—

[*Weeping.*]

SIR

SIR JOHN.

Retire, my love, and do not appear till I send for you—But remain in full confidence, that if I give way to my passion, it is for your sake—or if I suppress it, it is still for you.

[*Exeunt with her, Lucy following.*]

EMILY.

This situation, in spite of myself, makes me compassionate them both—and in spite of myself, it makes me long to be married.

DORIMANT.

I should hope I caused that desire more than any thing else.

EMILY.

You ?

DORIMANT.

Yes—and when you are my wife——

EMILY.

I your wife ?—I should be glad to see it.

DORIMANT.

I know you would—and so should I.

EMILY.

I marry a man without family or fortune !

DORIMANT.

Sir John is my witness—I have both—enquire of him, and be convinced.

*Enter* LORD MORELOVE.

LORD.

Dear Lady, I this moment parted from Mr. Tradewell Claffick, and he assures me he is going to set aside your sister's marriage.

EMILY.

Very true, my Lord—and this is the time for you—a woman disconsolate and forsaken.

D 4

LORD.

L O R D.

But she shan't be forsaken ; in spite of all I may have said, I have a great mind to go and offer myself to her again.

E M I L Y.

And if you do, my Lord, I'll answer for the event.

L O R D.

You advise me, then.

E M I L Y.

I do—for it will give me great pleasure.

L O R D.

[ *Bowing.*

You are very good—you are, upon all occasions, my good friend—You first discovered to me the marriage, though you could not tell me with whom—and then, unfortunately, you sent me to laugh at the very man himself.

D O R I M A N T.

How then can you offer yourself on the present occasion? for he, no doubt, has told her what you said.

E M I L Y.

No matter, his Lordship can unsay it—he can go and protest to Sir John, what he said was the mere effect of resentment ; for that while he laughed, he was ready to cry.

L O R D.

If I thought such an acknowledgement would have any effect——

E M I L Y.

Depend upon it, it will have great effect.

L O R D.

Where is Sir John?

E M I L Y.

I believe, at present, with my sister—go, go, make atonement.

L O R D.

LORD.

You will answer for my reception?

EMILY.

That I will.

LORD.

Thank you—thank you—and I think I can answer for it myself. [Exit.

EMILY.

Ha, ha, ha! Sir John deserves this recompence.

DORIMANT.

But I doubt it is less in recompence to Sir John, than in spleen to his Lordship.

*Enter MR. CLASSICK, and MR. T. CLASSICK.*

MR. TRADEWELL.

Oh the great scholar, that could not learn to live single a few years—the great philosopher, who scorns to understand the value of money: nor from me shall he ever know the comforts of it; for I disinherit him, but upon one condition—unless he consents to declare his marriage invalid.

EMILY.

*[Coming forward.*

Abandon a wife whom he has sworn to love and protect!—and who is to forgive you for making such a proposal?

MR. TRADEWELL.

Oh! your humble servant, Madam—What, you are the pretended wife, I suppose?—you are the Lady who has ensnared him?

EMILY.

Ensnare—ensnare a man with his head fortified with Latin and Greek, and his heart made hard with

with philosophy.—You might as well suppose a poor honest tradesman could ensnare a rich, hardened contractor.

MR. TRADEWELL.

Here's a vixen—reflecting on the means by which I have acquired my riches—But let me tell you, Madam, my nephew's marriage is an illegal one, and I will take care to make you both ashamed of it.

EMILY.

In that case, we cannot retaliate, for I suppose there is not any thing you would be ashamed of.

MR. TRADEWELL.

Is this the gentle spirit you described to me ?

[To Mr. Classick.

MR. CLASSICK.

Such was the character I received—but give me leave to say, madam, you have departed from it.

MR. TRADEWELL.

Oh what a bargain the great man has made.

EMILY.

Not so good a bargain as some of yours have been.

MR. TRADEWELL.

But while he acknowledges this woman, his crime shall be his punishment—I will no longer be his banker. Let him apply to his studies—a philosopher can extract gold from base metal.

EMILY.

And a contractor can extract it, from every thing that comes in his way.

MR. CLASSICK.

Let us be gone, brother.

[going.

DORIMANT.

Be patient gentlemen, for I assure you this Lady is not the wife of Sir John.

MR.

MR. TRADEWELL.

I know she is not—and I'll have it proved.

EMILY.

[*To Dorimant.*

And do you pretend to say Sir John is not lawfully married?

DORIMANT.

No—I did not say that.

MR. TRADEWELL.

How, Sir, do you contradict yourself? Pray were you the witness to a legal marriage?

DORIMANT.

I was.

MR. TRADEWELL.

There, you see she has brought him over [*To Claſſick*]——this man I have often ſeen at Sir John's, is, I dare ſay, ſome poor relation, or ſome attorney.—I'll put him to the proof—[*To Dorimant, aſide.*]—Hark you, Sir, do you mean to be a witness on the trial, and ſwear ſhe is the lawful wife of my nephew?—Here, take this purſe—[*gives it him.*]—and tell me now, what you will ſwear?

DORIMANT.

What do you wiſh me?

MR. TRADEWELL.

That, that lady, is not my nephew's lawful wife.

DORIMANT.

I will ſwear it.

MR. TRADEWELL.

And keep your countenance?

DORIMANT.

And keep my countenance.

MR. TRADEWELL.

You are cleverer than I thought you—a perfect man of buſineſs.

DORI-



DORIMANT.

But I'll swear it without your purse. [*returning it*

MR. TRADEWELL.

He is no attorney, after all.

*Enter LORD LOVEMORE, and goes to EMILY.*

LORD.

Do you know I have made myself ridiculous!

EMILY.

Is that possible?

LORD.

They both laughed at me.

EMILY.

And why did not you laugh again?

LORD.

I did—but that did not prevent their laughing on.

*Enter SIR JOHN.*

MR. TRADEWELL.

[*going to him.*

I can tell you what, Sir—notwithstanding the trick you have played me, I am going to do you a kind turn for it.—I am going to take your wife from you; and you should be obliged to me, for taking away such a termagant—She has treated me——

MR. CLASSICK.

It is true—she has treated your uncle in a manner unworthy the woman you should love.

SIR JOHN.

My wife?—it cannot be!—

*Enter*

*Enter LADY CLASSICK, SIR JOHN meets her, and takes her hand.*

SIR JOHN.

Here is my father and my uncle, who both accuse you of treating them with disrespect—Is it possible my Matilda can deserve such a charge?

LADY.

In aspiring to be yours I own my offence—but in no one circumstance else, has even my heart, much less my lips, presumed to offend—nor had I ever, till this moment, the confusion to appear before either of them.

EMILY.

But I knowing the cruel design of these gentlemen, took the liberty to represent my sister, and behaved on the occasion as she ought to do.

LADY.

*[To Mr. Classick.*

In what do I merit the severity I am threatened with?—In having complied with the desires of a beloved son, can I be the object of his father's resentment?

MR. CLASSICK.

In you, Madam, I approve my son's choice, nor would have it changed, had he the power to make you happy. But without the concurrence of his uncle, you must live in poverty, and his determination is fixed.

LADY.

*[To Mr. Tradewell.*

To you, Sir, I have nothing to offer in my behalf, except my tears, my heart wounding sorrows.

MR.

MR. TRADEWELL.

I refuse those offers.

L A D Y.

Accept, then, my submission.—To have gained your approbation I would have *knelt* and *suppliated*; but as that must not be—suffer me to kneel and plead for a nephew, to whom you have ever been indulgent—Let me not be the cause of his misfortunes—Pardon him—take him to your heart again—and, hard as the task is, I consent never to see him more.

MR. CLASSICK.

What's the matter, brother?—You hesitate.—

S I R J O H N.

Dear uncle, if you feel the least ray of pity—

MR. TRADEWELL.

For the first time in my life, I do.

S I R J O H N.

Then cherish it.

MR. TRADEWELL.

[*After a pause, as struggling with his inclination.*

I will—and give my consent that you shall cherish your wife,—[*Gives her to him.*—And yet I cannot but be sorry she was not like her [*pointing to Emily*—that when she knelt, I might have thrown her from me—But as it is—as it is [*struggling*—I can't *help* forgiving her.

S I R J O H N.

Oh! my Matilda! who can doubt your power?

E M I L Y.

Since she has proved it there—[*pointing to Tradewell.*—What's the matter, my Lord?—You look concerned?—Can't you, as usual, laugh at your disappointment?

L O R D.

Ha, ha, ha—[*affecting to laugh—he stops short.*—No—I can't laugh so well as I did—And I believe

lieve it would be much easier for me to shed a few tears.

DORIMANT.

Nay, my Lord, for once, if possible, forget your disappointment, and partake the joy of your friends.—My happiness is superlative, for Emily has just consented to be mine.

SIR JOHN.

I have been an impostor—for while I could equivocate with my friend, and blush at being the husband of such a wife as this, I usurped, like many others, the title of philosopher, without having a claim to it.

MR. CLASSICK.

And believe me, my son, while you fill the station as you ought to do, no title is more honourable than that of a MARRIED MAN.

THE END.



# HE WOULD BE A SOLDIER.

A

C O M E D Y

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

WRITTEN BY  
FREDERICK PILON.

DEDICATED TO  
MRS. MONTAGUE.

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THE THIRD EDITION.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for G, G, J. and J. ROBINSON, Pater-noster Row,

M.DCC.LXXXVII,

[Price ONE SHILLING and SIX PENCE.]



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DEDICATION.

TO

MRS. MONTAGUE.

MADAM,

**T**HOUGH I can boast no acquaintance with Mrs. MONTAGUE, but that intellectual one, which the world of taste in general claims with her; I trust she will pardon the liberty of prefixing her name to a comedy, the writer of which feels an admiration equal to her own for Shakespeare. When research and criticism seemed exhausted in throwing lights on the works of this great fountain of English dramatic genius, you, Madam, as if a spirit more congenial to his own, approach still nearer to the Immortal Poet, dispel the last mist which time had shed  
around

around him, and unveil the full glory of his mind. The small tribute of respect I have presumed to pay your talents in the course of my comedy, Madam, was, believe me, the spontaneous incense of my heart; and I have the satisfaction to reflect, that no reader will suspect me of flattery in this declaration, but one who is a stranger to your fame, and to your virtues.

I have the honour to be,

MADAM,

Your devoted, and obedient servant,

FREDERICK PILON.

P R E.

## P R E F A C E.

THE very great success which has attended the performance of the following Comedy, induces the author to state a circumstance which, on the first blush of the business, must appear rather singular. *He would be a Soldier* was presented to Mr. Colman in the course of last Summer, and returned—because *that gentleman did not like a line of it*; and lest this comfortable intelligence were not sufficient to wound the feelings of the writer, Mr. Colman added, he did not know *what could be done with it, or in what shape it could be produced, so as to contribute to the entertainment of the public.*

The Author declares, that he then entertained such notions of Mr. Colman's *judgement, taste, and high sense of honour*, that his opinion was final with him; he laid by his performance in despair of ever acquiring profit or fame by it:—fortunately an intimate friend one day advised him to show the piece to Mr. Harris; imagining even *Mr. Colman might be mistaken, or influenced by motives, the*

*writer of this address* never suspected any man harboured, till bitter experience convinced him of the contrary. Mr. Harris, to the very great surprize, and, no doubt, very *great pleasure* of the author, happened to be totally of a different way of thinking from Mr. Colman; and what is more, he heard the latter gentleman's opinion of the Comedy, but *had too strong, and too good a mind to be biassed by it.* The success which has attended the piece makes all farther comment on this short history of it unnecessary; and with the liveliest sense of gratitude for the marked attention, kindness, and liberality of Mr. Harris, the author submits his production to the perusal of the world.

## PROLOGUE.

## P R O L O G U E.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF THE COMEDY,  
AND SPOKEN BY MR. FARREN,

**P**ROLOGUES were first plain, simple bills of fare;  
You just were told your entertainment there.  
Without parade, or aim at brilliant hit,  
Genius was thrifty then, as rich in wit,  
Our modern bards a different plan pursue,  
And a fair outside always hold to view;  
With point and jest the prologue still must play,  
And strike each insect folly of the day.  
But folly now unstricken, wild may fly,  
For the muse wafts a fav'rite to the sky:  
Can little objects charm or fill the mind,  
When Howard's claims are known to all mankind?  
Distance and clime in him excite no fears;  
He visits dungeons, and the sick bed cheers;  
Fearless of danger, nobly on he goes,  
Round the whole globe, to heal the wretches' woes;  
Brother to all who like himself had birth,  
He walks his Maker's messenger on earth;  
And in the monument his country rears,  
That country a divided glory shares.  
To a great people, thus to merit true,  
Why for our bard shou'd we protection sue?  
Worth still you foster; and where faults are found,  
You probe to heal, and not enlarge the wound.  
The reason strong that guides your ev'ry aim,  
Cancels or seals disinterested fame.  
If English genius, soaring eagle high  
All nations, drops still in a lower sky,  
It is because the sons of fame well know,  
The praise that's worth ambition, you bestow.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Colonel Talbot, . . . . .	Mr. AICKIN.
Sir Oliver Oldstock, . . . . .	Mr. QUICK.
Captain Crevelt, . . . . .	Mr. LEWIS.
Mandeville, . . . . .	Mr. FARREN.
Count Pierpoint, . . . . .	Mr. WEWITZER.
Wilkins, . . . . .	Mr. FEARON.
Caleb, . . . . .	Mr. EDWIN.
Amber, . . . . .	Mr. THOMPSON.
Johnfon, . . . . .	Mr. BROWN.
Servant to Colonel, . . . . .	Mr. HELME.
Charlotte, . . . . .	Mrs. POPE.
Lady Oldstock, . . . . .	Mrs. WEBB.
Harriet, . . . . .	Mrs. WELLS.
Mrs. Wilkins, . . . . .	Mrs. BROWN.
Betty, . . . . .	Miss STUART.
Nancy, . . . . .	Miss ROWSON.

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# HE WOULD BE A SOLDIER.

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## A C T I.

### SCENE I. *A Street.*

*Enter Mrs. Wilkins, followed by Johnson.*

*Mrs. Wilkins.*

**T**HERE'S no such thing as stirring out of doors for the fellows now-a-days.—I beg, Sir, you wou'd not follow me any farther.

*Johnson.* I cannot leave you, my sweet, divine, charming girl!

*Mrs. Wil.* To how many, now, have you repeated the same lesson before you met me this morning?

*Johns.* To how many! Were a dozen such fine women as yourself to appear every day in public, there would be no such thing as walking the streets for you; a man should have a piece of flint in his breast.

*Mrs. Wil.* He's a good handsome fellow, and doesn't talk badly.—Then you will persist in following me?

B

*Johns.*

*Johns.* How can I help it? I follow a fine man by instinct.—Do, my dear, kind, cruel angel, tell me where you live. (*Takes hold of her hand.*)

*Mrs. Wil.* But to what purpose? I can never see you?

*Johns.* Why not, my love?

*Mrs. Wil.* Lord, I am an old married woman! (*Faintly struggling to disengage her hand.*) You wicked devil, leave me. The neighbours will take notice, and I shall get a bad name by you.—Do go—I'm just at home.

*Johns.* But which is the house you live at?

*Mrs. Wil.* I can't tell you—besides, I think I see my husband talking to the orange woman at the door; in the straw hat and scarlet cloak, with a little curly-pole boy in her hand, eating gingerbread.

*Johns.* Why, that's the George inn. 'Sdeath! do you live there?

*Mrs. Wil.* Oh, you devil! I shall be ruin'd if ever you come after me.

*Johns.* Zounds! it's the very house I was going to.—Isn't it kept by one Jacob Wilkins?

*Mrs. Wil.* Yes, it is.

*Johns.* We're quite at home now.—I suppose you're old Jacob's daughter.

*Mrs. Wil.* I happen to be old Jacob's wife, tho'.

*Johns.* Pray, my dear, how long have you been married?

*Mrs. Wil.* A long time, Sir.

*Johns.* Not a long time, I am sure, from your looks.

*Mrs. Wil.* Looks are very deceitful, especially those of married folks. I was married Candlemas day, five—long—months.

*Johns.* Poor creature! you have had a tedious time of it.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Wil.* But what's your business with Jacob Wilkins? Can't I do it?

*Johns.* Then you do Jacob's business sometimes?

*Mrs. Wil.* To be sure I do, when he's out of the way. Poor man! it's a great relief to him.

*Johns.* But this is a matter on which I must see himself.—Col. Talbot, a gentleman of whom I think you must have heard, if you be Wilkins' wife, has wrote to him, and desired I would see him in consequence of that letter: were you at home when he received it?

*Mrs. Wil.* No, I was not, Sir: but I have often heard of Col. Talbot; he's an Oxfordshire gentleman; his family, I hear, was the making of Wilkins. Lord! he has been a long time in the Indies, and, I'm told, has made a power of money. But is he come home, Sir?

*Johns.* He is; and since his return has been down in Oxfordshire, in search of Wilkins, where he thought he still lived; and would have come here himself now, only he's very much indisposed.

*Mrs. Wil.* Bless your heart! Jacob Wilkins has been in town, and kept the George inn these ten years.

*Johns.* He has made a very ungrateful return to his benefactor, Col. Talbot. My master thought him dead, not having heard from him so many years: a conduct that was unpardonable, considering his obligations to the Colonel, and the great trust reposed in him.

*Mrs. Wil.* Great trust! Lord, Sir! what was it?

*Johns.* Why, Colonel Talbot left a son in his care—but come along, and I'll tell you the whole story by the way.

*Mrs. Wil.* We must not be seen together for the world; my husband is as jealous as the vengeance.

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Take a turn down this next street, and let me go home alone. Follow me in about ten minutes; but take care you don't speak to me as if you had seen me before.

*Johns.* My dear Mrs. Wilkins, what do you take me for? Do you suppose I never paid a visit to a married woman in my life? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Bar of the George Inn.*

*Enter Caleb, followed by Wilkins, who appears greatly agitated.*

*Caleb.* What do you knock me about for at this rate? Don't I slave like a horse from morning till night? I wish I had gone for a soldier as my brother did!

*Wil.* Your brother, you dog! I wish I had never seen either of your faces.—What shall I do? I have no son to restore him! [*Bell rings violently.*]

*Ca.* Coming! coming!—There's a bill wanted in the General Elliot.

*Wil.* Let them wait.

*Ca.* But suppose they won't wait, who'll pay off the score?

*Wil.* Out of my fight, firrah, or I'll pay off your score—Don't you see my temper is ruffled?

*Ca.* Yes, and I feel it too. (*Bell rings.*) Coming! coming up, Sir! [*Exit.*]

*Enter Mrs. Wilkins.*

*Mrs. Wil.* My dear Mr. Wilkins, what's the matter? The whole house seems turned topsy-turvy.

*Wil.* I am ruin'd.

*Mrs. Wil.* Ruin'd! Oh, heaven forbid!

*Wil.*

*Wil.* I say, woman, I'm undone ; and the sooner I'm out of England, the better.

*Mrs. Wil.* Lord; lord ! you terrify me out of my wits, Jacob !

*Wil.* Suppose the best friend you had in the world had entrusted an only child to your care, and that thro' neglect you had lost him, what wou'd you have to say for yourself ?

*Mrs. Wil.* And is that your case, my dear ?

*Wil.* It is.

*Mrs. Wil.* But tell me how it happen'd.

*Wil.* You have frequently heard me make mention of Colonel Talbot, in whose family I was brought up ?

*Mrs. Wil.* To be sure I have.

*Wil.* It is a son of his I have lost.

*Mrs. Wil.* You astonish me ! But how came so great a man's son to be left in your care ?

*Wil.* Why, you must know that Colonel Talbot, previous to his going abroad, was privately married to a beautiful girl who waited on his mother : he had a son by this girl ; and as the child came into the world just as he was obliged to embark with the army for Portugal, the war before last, he left him in my care, desiring me to let him pass for my own till his return ; and in case he was kill'd, to continue the deception till the death of his father.

*Mrs. Wil.* And has the Colonel never been in England since ?

*Wil.* Never till within these few days ; therefore his son continued with me till he was twelve years old, when I lost him.

*Mrs. Wil.* In what manner did you lose him.

*Wil.* I cannot be certain : but, as he was a boy of great spirit, and ever prattling of being a soldier, I suspect he was inveigled off by a recruiting party,



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party, which at that time was beating up for men in the village.

*Mrs. Wil.* Didn't you acquaint his mother immediately with what had happen'd?

*Wil.* She was dead.

*Mrs. Wil.* You wrote to the Colonel, to be sure.

*Wil.* There I was to blame. I cou'dn't summon up resolution sufficient. I thought he wou'd have attributed the child's leaving me to neglect, or cruel treatment.

*Mrs. Wil.* The best advice I can give you is, to tell Colonel Talbot his son is dead.

*Wil.* But how shall I produce a certificate of that? Should he examine the parish register, and no record of such a child's death be found, I shou'd be taken up, and tried on a suspicion of murder.

*Mrs. Wil.* Then tell him the truth at once.

*Wil.* Worse and worse!—He'll suppose this a mere invention of my own, to screen my villany; else, why was I silent so long? and that I had been brib'd by his relations to remove an obstacle to their inheriting both his acquir'd and paternal fortune.

*Enter Caleb.*

*Ca.* There's a gentleman from Colonel Talbot desires to see you.

*Wil.* What's to be done?—I dare not face him!

*Ca.* What shall I say to him, father?

*Wil.* Was there ever any thing so provoking—as this fellow?

*Mrs. Wil.* I have it.—Shew him into the parlour, my good boy; and tell him, Mr. Wilkins will be with him presently, my good boy!

*Ca.* "My good boy!"—Ecod, the good-boys  
me

HE WOULD BE A SOLDIER. 7

me to some tune this morning; I hope there's no mischief in the wind; for I'm sure those are the first good words I have had from her since she was my stepmother. [Exit Caleb.

*Mrs. Wil.* How old is your son Caleb?

*Wil.* There's only a week difference between his age and young Talbot's.

*Mrs. Wil.* Pass him on the Colonel for his son.

*Wil.* How!

*Mrs. Wil.* Put a good face on the matter, and you'll not only slip your neck out of a halter, but make your fortune. I can turn Caleb round my finger. Go and speak to this gentleman, and let him know you'll introduce young Mr. Talbot to him immediately. Do as I bid you, and leave the management of the rest of the business to me.

*Wil.* But what reason shall I give for not writing to him so long?

*Mrs. Wil.* You must say you never received one of his letters; and your quitting the country will make it probable enough they might have miscarried.

*Wil.* Then to give his son no better education!

*Mrs. Wil.* You must say he would not take any better; and you may find instances enow of as dull heirs to large estates, to give colour to your story.

*Wil.* And make a drawer of him too!

*Mrs. Wil.* Well, he'll not be the first great man that has cried, "Coming up, Sir!"—What do you stand confounded for? Away, away, man; and let me break the matter to Caleb.

*Wil.* It goes against my conscience—but self-preservation will have it so. [Exit Wilkins.

*Mrs. Wil.* (*Alone.*) Now have I my gentleman under my thumb—whenever his tongue wags with the sound of jealousy, I'll threaten to discover upon him—and I'll see my dear, sweet fellow, who

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who follow'd me home to-day, as often as I please.—But to prepare this great booby—Oh, here he comes.

*Enter Caleb.*

*Ca.* Here, mother, I have brought you the bill.

*Mrs. Wil.* Well, never mind the bill—I have something very particular to say to you.—Do you know, Caleb, that your father is a man of the first character in this town?

*Ca.* To be sure he is, for selling the best old port and sherry in the kingdom.

*Mrs. Wil.* But come, sit down, and listen to me. *(They sit.)*

*Ca.* What signifies hearing so much about father's character—who gets him that character?—Why, Caleb.—Is there one in the house fit to talk to a gentleman but myself?

*Mrs. Wil.* My dear Caleb, let me intreat you to hear me.

*Ca.* Dear Caleb!—Yes, I'd listen to you all day for such words as these; good words are sugar plumbs to me, besides, mother, you can't think how pretty, folks look when they are pleas'd.

*Mrs. Wil.* Do you know, Caleb, whose son you are?

*Ca.* Whose son I am!—My father's, to be sure.

*Mrs. Wil.* Certainly: but that father is not Jacob Wilkins.

*Ca.* No!

*Mrs. Wil.* Colonel Talbot, the great nabob just arrived from the Indies, is your father.

*Ca.* My godfather, I suppose you mean.

*Mrs. Wil.* I tell you he's your own father. You were given when an infant to my husband, and he was

was ordered to bring you up as his son; it being necessary for family reasons, which you'll know another time, to conceal your birth.

*Ca.* I always thought I was a better man's son than I appeared to be.—But, mother, isn't this all a joke?

*Mrs. Wil.* Can my husband convince you that I am in earnest?

*Ca.* He has often convinc'd me that he himself was in earnest, as my shoulders can witness.

*Mrs. Wil.* But, dear Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons for keeping my seat so long. (*Getting up, and curtsying very low.—Caleb keeps his seat, with a vacant stare, and chuckling laugh of joy.*)

*Ca.* I thought I'd come to something at last.

*Mrs. Wil.* Your father's gentleman, Sir, is now waiting to see you.

*Ca.* My father's gentleman!—I suppose I shall have a gentleman too.

*Mrs. Wil.* Oh, no doubt.

*Ca.* Then there will be a pair of us.—But you're sure now you are in earnest?

*Mrs. Wil.* Will you go and be convinc'd I am?

*Ca.* Come along, Mrs. Wilkins;—I think that's your name.

*Mrs. Wil.* At your Honor's service.

*Ca.* Great men are apt to forget such trifles—but I'll call and see you now and then, tho' I am a Colonel's son.

*Mrs. Wil.* We'll always think there's nothing too good at the George for your Honor.

*Ca.* But, hark'e, give old Jacob a hint not to forget himself, and make too free.

*Mrs. Wil.* I hope, Sir, we shall never forget ourselves in your presence.

*Ca.* Well, well, I hope not, good woman.—A colonel's son!—What a fool I must be, not to

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have found out this of my own accord!—But it's a wife child knows its own father.

[*Exeunt. Mrs. Wilkins ridiculing him.*]

SCENE, *a drawing Room at the House of Sir Oliver Oldstock.*

*Enter Charlotte and Harriet.*

*Char.* How you teize me about this all-accomplished Sir Charles!—I can't abide him!

*Har.* Can't abide him!—I don't think it possible for any woman actually to dislike him.

*Char.* Yet, he's the last person breathing I shou'd elect for my *caro sposo*; the man's well enough as an acquaintance; he's lively; does not want for understanding; but the best of him is, the talent he possesses for discovering the ridiculous, wherever it is to be found—then he paints it in colours so high, and so pleasantly ill natur'd, that a woman takes him in her suite, as the natural appendage of superior understanding; to shew that her wit has rais'd her above the power of ridicule, and that she has the chief laughs in town upon her own side.

*Har.* What you praise him for, is, in my mind, the only exceptionable part of his character.

*Char.* Lord! what harm is there in a little good-humour'd ill-nature?—Besides, what would you have people talk of when they meet? As politics are to the men, scandal is to our sex—these two subjects are the vast magazines of the major part of our ideas; between them the heads of half the nation are furnish'd.

*Har.* Have you seen Mandeville to-day?

*Char.* Poor Harriet! now do I perceive the cause of all this extraordinary zeal for the interests of the handsome Baronet; you still are apprehensive, if you



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you don't provide me with a husband, I shall take your beloved Mandeville from you.

*Har.* As he is sole heir to Colonel Talbot's immense fortune, I know your father will proceed to the last extremities.

*Char.* Dear Harriet, rest perfectly satisfied in my friendship for you; I never will have him; I don't know what I would not do to avoid it; My heart is at present a virgin tablet, on which Love has not written a single character; however, should things come to the worst, you yourself must be my deliverer.

*Har.* As how?

*Char.* Ev'n by taking wing with your beloved swain, for that blessed spot, where law forges no fetters for the heart; and Hymen, with a smile upon his cheek, and his torch burning clear, lights consenting votaries to the temple of real and lasting felicity.—Heaven, and a generous uncle be prais'd, who bequeath'd me ten thousand pounds independent of my father, I am not oblig'd to sacrifice my own, and my friend's happiness!—O, glorious independence!—thou parent of every virtue!—no wonder so many noble hearts emptied their crimson fountains to preserve thee!

*Har.* I'm ashamed, Charlotte, to have harbour'd a suspicion, but for a moment, that a mind like yours could act unworthy of itself.

*Char.* Now to put my theory into practice.—Here comes Mandeville; do you step into the next room, where you may overhear our conversation, and you shall be entertain'd with a prologue truly anti-matrimonial.

*Har.* Dear Charlotte, I am already perfectly satisfied.

*Char.* But I insist on your going; it will entertain you.

[Exit Har.

Enter



*Enter Mandeville.*

*Char.* My dear Mandeville ! I was just wishing for you ; if you had staid much longer, I shou'd have been insupportably vapour'd ; nothing runs in my head but our marriage ; but I was thinking, as the fondest couples have certain dull hours that hang heavy upon their hands, how we two shall kill time during those spiritless seasons.

*Man.* I suppose we shall follow the example of other people ; do all we can to make one another uneasy.

*Char.* That's one way, to be sure, of killing time : but we shall grow tired of that at last ; don't you think so, Mandeville ?

*Man.* When I entertain a good opinion of a lady's wit, it rids me of all apprehension on that score.

*Char.* Sir, your most obedient.

*Man.* I thought your cousin Harriet was here.

*Char.* My cousin Harriet !—Lord ! what's my cousin Harriet to the purpose ?—I shall grow jealous of you, at this rate.—I wonder, Mandeville, what star shed its influence when our marriage was first talk'd of ; no two people breathing agreed better.

*Man.* I always thought you the pleasantest companion imaginable.

*Char.* We were continually laughing at one body's expence or another.

*Man.* And as soon as we are married, I fancy every body will be even with us.

*Char.* Heigho !

*Man.* What's that for, Madam ?

*Char.* Not for a husband, I assure you ; it was only a requiem to friendship, going to be laid in the grave of matrimony. Methinks we two are preparing ourselves for the penance of our future union,

union, as knights-errant of old prepar'd themselves for the toils of chivalry. I've read somewhere, that those champions of distress'd damsels at first wore heavy weights to their armour, which they fancied, on removal, would give a comparative lightness to the galling load with which they were about to tax their shoulders.

*Enter Harriet.*

*Har.* Just now, Mr. Mandeville, as I parted from my cousin, a servant came and told me that your uncle, Colonel Talbot, was arriv'd.—Your father, Charlotte, has receiv'd a letter from him.—But what do you think? It seems he has a son nobody ever heard of before.

*Char.* A son!—Now, Mandeville, if you can be content with your mistress, and a moderate income, I'm satisfied you may have her; as the bulk of Colonel Talbot's fortune will certainly devolve to his son, depend upon it, my father will no more press my ladyship on your worship.

*Man.* Madam, my uncle may dispose of his property as he pleases—I sincerely rejoice at his safe arrival in England; and as he has an heir, I shall be the first to congratulate him on the event; and I hope that heir may prove an heir to his virtues.

*Char.* You are a generous fellow, Mandeville; and, if it did not cost you so dear, I shou'd congratulate you on the certain prospect you may indulge, that we two shall never be one.

*Man.* My dear Harriet—

*Char.* Now, why don't you say, my dear Mandeville? One as naturally follows the other as the echo does the sound.

*Man.* The occasion, ladies, I trust, will apologize for my leaving you thus abruptly.

*Char.*

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*Char.* Oh, go, go; you have my ample consent.—But, Harriet, will you let him go so easily?

*Har.* How can you be so ill natur'd?

*Char.* She says she gives you leave to go: but it's on condition that you do not dedicate a second of your time to any human being but herself, longer than common decency requires it.—But, Mandeville, do you and I part as we ought, a betrothed pair!

*Man.* Yes, Charlotte; for we part wedded friends again. [*Exit.*

*Manent* Harriet and Charlotte.

*Char.* Now, Harriet, are all your apprehensions removed?

*Har.* They are, my friend; Hope sits smiling at my heart, and once more cheers it with a prospect of happiness. [*Exeunt.*

*End of the First Act.*

ACT

## A C T II.

SCENE, *an Apartment at Sir Oliver Oldstock's.*

*Enter Sir Oliver (alone.)*

**T**HIS is a devilish lucky hit, the Colonel's having a son; it enables me to provide for both my niece and daughter—I expect from the latter a good deal of contradiction in this business, but I like that; I shou'dn't love her half so much as I do, if she hadn't spirit enough to contradict me—it shews she has an opinion of her own, and gives me an opportunity to prove that I have one also; but of a much superior kind, and, upon occasions, of a very coercive quality; it's one time in a hundred I can get any body to contradict me; but men of large independent fortunes never hear the truth—nobody has spirit enough to oppose them in discourse—Henceforward, I am determin'd to take no man by the hand, who does not speak and look, when we come to debate, as if he wou'd knock me down in an argument. Well, I think I shall be as happy as a married man can be, when my girls are disposed of—my wife, to be sure, has a most unaccountable humour; to suppose I'm jealous of her, now she's in her fifty-fifth year—to do Lady Lucretia Oldstock justice, she was once a charming woman; but at present, I think her as plain a *piece of goods*, as a man could meet between Temple-Bar and Whitechapel—Here she comes, brimfull of news.

*Enter*

*Enter Lady Oldstock.*

*La. Old.* Was ever any thing so wonderful!

*Sir O.* Nothing upon earth! what's the matter, my love?

*La. Old.* Why, haven't you heard that Colonel Talbot has a son?

*Sir O.* A son!—a dozen, I dare be sworn, if he wou'd but own them; an old soldier has generally children in all the quarters of the globe.

*La. Old.* Sir Oliver, you're a censorious man, and judge of every body by yourself.

*Sir O.* Upon my soul, my dear, you allow me too much credit; I never was a man of all that gallantry; no, no; I had a domestic magnet that attracted, and fix'd all my affections; united to such a woman as Lady Oldstock, who could be a rover?

*La. Old.* Why, to do you justice, Sir Oliver, you have, upon the whole, made a very good husband; and if it was not for the weakness of your temper in one particular, we might live very happily.

*Sir O.* (*Aside.*) Now she's off.

*La. Old.* If, indeed, I was one of the giddy flirts of the day, it would be another thing—but a woman, of whose truth you have had so many years experience, to be jealous!

*Sir O.* I tell you again, and again, I am not jealous.

*La. Old.* Ah, Sir Oliver! I wish you wou'd make your words good; if any man of the least tolerable appearance pays me a common mark of respect, don't you immediately sneer, and say that fellow has a design upon you?

*Sir O.* So I do; I always think that person has a design upon another, to whom he gives their  
own



own way in every thing; no, no; if I am to chuse a friend, and an agreeable companion, give me the honest fellow who contradicts me.

*La. Old.* Then you are not jealous?

*Sir O.* No.

*La. Old.* No?

*Sir O.* No; damme if ever I was jealous of you!

*La. Old.* You are now more provoking, if possible, than ever; when you find I hold your ridiculous suspicions in contempt, you wou'd wound me another way, and mortify my pride, by insinuating, that I never had attractions sufficient to have a civil thing said to me, like other women.

*Sir O.* Then it seems, my Lady, you have had your civil things said to you, like other women, in your time?

*La. Old.* There, there it broke forth! What it is to be married to a jealous husband!

*Sir O.* Well, all this I can bear, because I like contradiction—I consider the mind like a spring; the more you press it, the more vigour you lend to its elasticity; since I can remember, I always delighted to be of a different opinion from other people—There's something wonderfully flattering to human pride in being singular—but in marriage it is absolutely necessary—man and wife are like the contending qualities of bitter and sweet; they naturally quarrel, and exist by downright opposition.

*Enter Charlotte.*

*La. Old.* I'll submit my cause to the judgement of Charlotte.

*Char.* Submit your cause to my judgement! my dear ma'am, by no means; in all cases of matrimo-

D

nial



nial litigation, the parties should be tried by their peers.

*Sir O.* Right, my girl! now in order to qualify you to be impanelled on suits of the kind, I was that moment thinking about moving the court of Hymen, to shew cause why a rule should not be granted to provide you with a husband.

*La. Old.* Whenever you marry, Charlotte, if you wish to be happy, above all things avoid a temper like your father's.

*Sir O.* And like your mother's also, if you wish your husband to be happy.

*La. Old.* I clearly perceive my company is not agreeable.

*Sir O.* Your strange turn of mind, I confess, Lady Oldstock, is not altogether so agreeable; but you see it does not make me angry.

*La. Old.* It's that that tortures me—if I cou'd vex him, it wou'd be a proof I had some power left; but he treats me like a child.

[*Exit Lady Oldstock.*]

*Sir O.* It's a spoilt one, if I do.

*Char.* Dear Sir, let me follow her.

*Sir O.* You shan't budge a step after her—Soothing her in these humours is only adding fuel to fire. Your mother, Charlotte, was born a coquette, and will die one. She was a reigning toast in her youth, and to this hour expects the adulation of those days. She had a whole army of lovers; and, what you'll say ought to make me set a very high value upon her indeed, either from necessity, or choice, she hung like an overblown rose on the virgin thorn, full four and thirty years waiting for me. But come, sit down, and let me talk to you. (*They sit.*) I have for some time back observed, Charlotte, that the match I proposed to you with Mandeville, does not meet your wishes.

*Char.*

*Char.* I confess, Sir, it never did—besides I know that gentleman's affections to be engaged elsewhere.

*Sir O.* I understand you; he's fond of my niece, Harriet; well, in the name of happiness let them go together; I'll never mention his name to you again; nor indeed shall I propose any match to you, upon which I may expect rational contradiction.

*Char.* Now, Sir, you speak like my father—Oh, how my heart springs with gratitude and joy, to hear those generous words from your own lips!

*Sir O.* No, my girl, you shall never be sacrificed at the altar of Plutus—I say sacrificed—for, what is it, in fact, but a sacrifice, to throw away a fine young woman upon a man it is impossible she should like; as many fathers do every day, who love money more than their children.

*Char.* The liberality of these sentiments delight me, they are so exactly in conformity with my own! Dear Sir, you have given me such spirits—Do you know, when you ask'd me to sit down, I expected to have a quite different kind of conversation with you?

*Sir O.* I suppose you thought I had some golden calf to propose to you for a husband?

*Char.* I own I was so ungenerous.

*Sir O.* A fellow with nothing but gold in his pocket, and lead in his pate; ha, ha, ha!

*Char.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir O.* How liable we are to be mistaken in our surmises of other people's thoughts! No, no, my girl, I have no such match to propose to you—I have a husband for you, it is true, in my eye; and a rich one too—but it is not to riches you object—it is to the man; and provided he be agreeable, I imagine no woman in her senses can suppose a husband may be too rich?

*Char.* Provided riches be obtained without leaving a stain upon the principles, it is happiness to possess them, as they give us so much more ample power of distributing felicity. I never was that romantic fool to imagine there can be happiness where there is not independency; grant me that, and all the wealth beside which the earth contains or the sea devours, shou'd not bribe me to sell the free election of my heart, or barter for gold, what gold could never restore me.

*Sir O.* Give me a kiss, you jade! You are your father's own daughter; but every body tells me you're the picture of me; and, if the Colonel's son be but as like his father as you are yours, you'll be the handsomest couple in Great Britain.

*Char.* (*Rising.*) The Colonel's son, Sir!

*Sir O.* Yes, my old friend, Colonel Talbot's son; one of the finest young fellows I am told—but no fop—he has none of the vices and follies of your young butterflies of fashion.

*Char.* No, Sir, nor any of their accomplishments, or I'm misinformed.

*Sir O.* It was an excellent thought of his father's, to have him brought up in a snug private way.

*Char.* And yet, I'm told he has lived some time in a snug public way.

*Sir O.* What, Charlotte, have you been listening to any scandalous reports of the youth?

*Char.* A pretty youth I understand he is for the husband of your daughter—I am told he was actually a waiter at some horrid place near Smithfield.

*Sir O.* Oh, infamous scandal!—He a waiter at some horrid place near Smithfield!—The next report, I suppose, will be, that you were bar maid at the same place; and that I'm an old tobacconist, who supplied the house with cut and dry, from the sign of the Black Boy in a neighbouring alley.

*Char.*

*Char.* I am petrified at the very thoughts of the brute!

*Sir O.* Look you there now: she knows I love contradiction in my heart, and therefore seems averse to the match, because she thinks it will please me. But, come; you and your mother and my niece shall go pay the Colonel and his son a morning visit.

*Char.* Sir, as you insist upon it, I will go as I wou'd to see any other great natural curiosity.

*Sir O.* Was ever any thing like this! she has heard a scandalous report of a man, and she won't wait to be undeceived by her own eyes and her own ears; this is downright inconvincible obstinacy, not rational, well-founded contradiction; and I hate the one as much as I love the other; besides, I ever thought you a girl of too much sense to lay any kind of stress on a tale of mere Rumour.

*Char.* But, if Rumour shou'd speak truth?

*Sir O.* He's so great a liar, I wou'd not believe him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *an Apartment at Mandeville's.*

*Enter Johnson and Colonel Talbot.*

*Johns.* He's a rough diamond, Sir; he requires a little polishing, I must confess.

*Col.* Good masters may remove his ignorance, and good company polish his manners: but there is a meanness in the turn of his person, and the cast of his features, which is insuperable; but take man in every point of view, and he will be found the creature of habit; his body, like his mind, is subdued by education.

*Johns.*

*Johns.* I wonder, Sir, you never wrote to any particular friend in England, to have inquir'd about him, when you receiv'd no letter from this man, to whose care you committed him.

*Col.* Who cou'd I trust? None of my own family!—Then, what solid friendships do you suppose are contracted at the age I left England? I was then but twenty; all my intimates were young fellows, sunk in pleasure and dissipation; if any thing like friendship had subsisted between us, the many years we were asunder had dissolv'd the tie—His mother, I knew, was dead; and from Wilkins's silence, I concluded that he also had paid the debt of nature; therefore I desisted from writing, thinking it was in vain to hope for any certainty till I had myself reached England.

*Johns.* I shou'd not have believ'd it possible your Honor cou'd have had such a son, let his education be what it may.

*Col.* I own, Johnson, the weakness of a father induc'd me to believe I shou'd have found him very different; I fancied I shou'd have seen him emerging from the low contracted sphere to which his fate had consign'd him, by the native energy of his own powers; and flatter'd myself with the pleasing dream of surprising a young man with affluence and distinction, who in obscurity had acquir'd virtue to deserve them.

*Johns.* I beg your Honor's pardon:—but as I cannot see the least likeness of you in this young gentleman's face, I suppose he resembled his mother.

*Col.* His mother!—She had the countenance of an angel!

*Johns.* Then he differs from you both most devilishly!—But, Sir, the sooner you provide him with a fencing and a dancing master the better; the latter of these gentlemen seems indispensably  
neces-



necessary, if it's only to teach him to walk; for no raw recruit on the first day of drilling was ever more pigeon-toed.

*Col.* Where is he now?

*Johns.* I left him, Sir, very busy over his luncheon.

*Col.* His luncheon!

*Johns.* Yes, Sir: a small morsel he takes before dinner, just to stay his stomach, consisting of about a pound of beef steaks and a tankard of porter.

*Col.* Send him to me. (*Exit Johnson.*)—I fear he's incorrigibly gone, beyond the power of reformation.

*Enter Mandeville.*

*Col.* Dear Mandeville, what course do you advise me to pursue with this untoward boy? With all his faults, I must consider he is my son, and pity, whilst he compels me to blush for him.

*Man.* Sir, we must endeavour to form him as well as we can: but I am rather inclined to think we shall never be able to give him the graces.

*Col.* He's not three and twenty—that's young;—we have many begin later in life to acquire the rudiments of those sciences, in which they afterwards arriv'd to the highest pitch of eminence.—Have you been able to discover how the natural bent of his temper inclines, or if he has any strong propensities?

*Man.* Why, Sir, from what I can collect in my short acquaintance with him, the natural bent of his temper seems inclin'd to gallantry; and if he has any strong propensity, it is to the game of skittles.

*Col.* No matter how low and vulgar the game be, it shews a spirit of play in him, and it must be crush'd: but if he has a turn for gallantry,  
it



it gives me the greatest hopes of his reformation. The society of an accomplish'd and beautiful woman softens and refines the roughest nature; she imparts, by a secret magic, her elegances and her graces; and to converse with her, is a kind of study that insensibly polishes her admirer.—But what reason have you to suppose he is inclin'd to gallantry?

*Man.* He has imparted all his amours to me; but one in particular, which very much diverted me indeed:—After having been successful with bar maids, young milleners, and taylor's daughters, out of number, Cupid shot him from a cheefecake battery, and he fell in love with a pastrycook's daughter; which, oh, terrible! was the cause of his having an affair of honor with an attorney's clerk, in which both parties were bound over: but in painting this Helen, who bred the contention, how shall I do him justice at second hand? Teniers lent him his pencil for her waist, and Titian for her head; for she was shap'd like a Dutch cheese, and her locks were as red as a carrot.

*Col.* I have sent for him; and as I shall examine him closely, in order to search if there be any latent seeds of ability which culture may bring forth, I wish you, Mandeville, to be present, and that you will also assist me in the inquiry.

*Man.* Certainly; as my cousin, I think it a duty I owe him.—Oh, here he comes with Johnson.

*Enter Caleb and Johnson.*

*Ca.* (*Speaks as entering.*) You don't know what's taste; my hair's the nattiest thing in town as it's dress'd now.

*Col.* Don't you know, Sir, I sent for you?

*Ca.* Ah, father!—Cousin! are you there too?

*Man.* You don't attend.

*Ca.* Attend! no: I hope I shan't attend any more.—Well, father, you sent for me: now, what do you want, my old cock?

*Col.* (*Turning away with disgust.*) It is in vain to think of cultivating a soil like this!

*Man.* His manner is terrible, to be sure; but we must correct him.

*Ca.* Correct him! Why, what have I done to be corrected? I thought I was corrected enough by my last father.

*Col.* Wou'd that correction had taught you to speak!

*Ca.* That it did; and often to squeak too, till you cou'd hear me two streets off.

*Col.* Speak to him, Mandeville.—There is something so barbarous in every thing he says or does, that I can't bear to look at him.

*Man.* You'll excuse me, dear cousin, for giving you a little advice; but as I mean it well, I'm sure you'll not be offended.

*Ca.* Bless your heart, you can't offend me! I'm one of the best-temper'd boys breathing:—but what's the matter with old Firelock? He seems in the fulks.

*Man.* He's not pleas'd with your manner and address; it is too rude and abrupt: you shou'd never approach him without evident marks of respect.

*Ca.* Oh! I understand you; I shou'd always make a bow when I come into a place where he is.—Ecod, with all my heart: but what set me wrong, was hearing it said, that to have no manners at all was the best of breeding.

*Man.* Ceremony is altogether as ridiculous, as rudeness is offensive; you must avoid both.

*Col.* Have you ever read any thing in your life?

*Ca.* Why, do you think I can't read? Then I tell you I can; and write and cypher too.

*Man.* He doesn't doubt that; he only wishes to know what kind of reading or books you are fond of.

*Ca.* Then you may tell him, I am fond of histories.

*Man.* That's a good hearing, faith! If he's fond of history, he must possess from nature a strong inquisitive mind under all this unpromising d'abord. Men, educated in a low sphere of life, however uncouthly they express themselves, often manifest a strong intellect; and on being put to the test, discover a fund of knowledge the better-educated man wou'd not expect from a slight acquaintance with them: I consider such minds like rich metals, as yet unpurify'd from alloy; but let it once be known that the ore is gold, and the refiner's hand will soon bring forth the bullion.—As you are fond of history, you have no doubt dipt into the histories of Greece and Rome?

*Ca.* The best of their histories.

*Man.* Whose were they?

*Ca.* Why, in the first place, I have read Don Bellianis's History of Greece, and the Seven wise Masters' History of Rome.

*Col.* Ask him no more questions.

*Ca.* Then I've read the History of Colonel Jack, and the History of the English Rogue, and the History of Moll Flanders.

*Man.* He appears as well read in modern as ancient history.

*Col.* I don't know any thing more mortifying to human pride, than to pass the better part of a man's life in toil, anxiety, and danger, accumulating wealth, to leave it to a fool at last.

*Ca.* You can't think, father, how sensible money  
makes

makes a fool look, and how foolish a wise man looks without it.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Mr. Serge, your Honor's taylor.

*Man.* He's come to take measure of my cousin for his regimentals.

*Ca.* Regimentals! Why, am I to be a colonel as well as my father?

*Col.* Sir, you're to be a foldier.

*Ca.* A foldier! Why, what's all this? Am I to go for a foldier, after all?—Has Doll Blouze been with the parish officers?

*Col.* I have procur'd you a commission; no son of mine shall waste his youth in ease and indolence, dissipating that wealth I so hardly earn'd: the greater part, it is true, he shall enjoy; but he shall first prove by his courage, and his services to his country, that he deserves it.

*Ca.* There's not a boy within the sound of Bow bell of a better spirit; I'll fight any man in England of my weight and inches, with fair fistesses, for a guinea—aye, damme! if I don't, and say down first.

*Man.* Hadn't you better step to the taylor?

*Ca.* Presently, presently, cousin—But now I think of it, I'll not step to him; let the taylor step to me.—A captain step to a taylor! Impossible! that's bidding a fieldpiece dance the hayes after a thimble.

*Col.* I insist upon your going this moment.

*Ca.* Why, the old boy's in his tantrums.—Cousin, a word in your ear: there's one thing before I go, I must beg of you.

*Man.* What's that?

*Ca.* Why, as you and I will be hand and glove, as a body may say, you'll call me Caleb,

and I'll call you Tom, Frank, Harry, or—what is your name?

*Man.* My name is Frederick.

*Ca.* Frederick! what a pretty name! I wish my name was Frederick. Can't I be new-christen'd for one name as well as another?

*Man.* (*Aside.*) Till you're new born, I fancy nothing can be done with you.

*Ca.* But I was going to tell you—if you call me Caleb, never do it loud, especially in company.

*Man.* For heav'n's sake, why?

*Ca.* Why, if you was to cry out, as thus now, Caleb! (*Bawling out.*) I should cry, "Coming up, Sir!" tho' you made a duke of me.

[*Exit Caleb.*]

*Col.* Well, Mandeville, what do you think?

*Man.* Hope is left us in the worst of times; however, I do not despair of making something of him yet: what I dread most, is introducing him to Charlotte.

*Col.* Why cannot man make over his mind, like his property, to his children? Any distinguishing quality in all other animals survives in the same species by hereditary descent for ever; man continues upon the earth only in his name and his revenues.—Oh, that he should leave behind him his least valuable part, and all that made him good or great should sink into the dust with him!

*Enter Johnson.*

*Johns.* Good news! good news, Sir! the Carnatic is arriv'd safe.—Captain Crevelt's servant is just come to acquaint you, that his master and Count Pierpoint will be here immediately.

*Col.* Good news, indeed, Johnson; and heavy and afflicted as my heart is, your tidings cheer it.

**The**



The Count, Mandeville, is an officer of infinite merit; he was my prisoner during the war, and is warmly attach'd to English manners and our glorious constitution.—But, Crevelt!—to know the merit of such a man, you must be acquainted with him.

*Man.* Is he an Englishman?

*Col.* Yes, and you may judge of his merit as a soldier, when I tell you, he has risen from the ranks, at the age of three and twenty, to the commission he now holds of captain. He's the reverse of this ill-fated boy we have been speaking to. He is self-educated; for with scarcely any advantages but those he deriv'd from a most noble and excellent nature, he is the man of sense, the scholar, and the polish'd gentleman. His father, old Crevelt, was no more than a serjeant, and serv'd in Germany under Lord Granby; he brought this young man with him to India, whilst yet a boy; the first day he ever was in action, he saw his father fall; and he was found after the battle among the slain, close to his body, apparently lifeless with loss of blood, as if he had died in the pious office of defending a parent.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Captain Crevelt, Sir.

*Man.* Let us go and receive him; my heart burns with impatience to call such a man my friend. [*Exeunt.*

*End of the Second Act.*

A C T



## A C T III.

SCENE, Mandeville's House.

*Enter Mandeville, Crevelt, and Colonel Talbot.**Crevelt.*

I QUITTED England, Mr. Mandeville, when a boy, and never was in London in my life before. I am charmed with the appearance of this noble city, in which the ease, convenience, and safety of its poorest inhabitant seem consulted.

*Col.* There is no token seen in the streets of an exhausted people, drained by a tedious and expensive war, during which Great Britain fought at more unequal odds than any nation on the earth ever did before.

*Crev.* So much the reverse, that I am astonished at the appearance of opulence and prosperity to be met with every where; and the pleasing sensation I feel, to find my country in that state, is indescribable.

*Col.* Let gloomy politicians continue to predict and foresee calamities that exist only in imagination; whilst the genius of industry continues to smile upon the labours of the husbandman, the mechanic, and the manufacturer, and whilst strict probity is the character of England in her dealings with all other nations, the resources of this country will be found inexhaustible; and though its glory may be veiled by a momentary cloud, it soon recovers its former splendor.

*Enter*

*Enter Caleb, in Regimentals.*

*Ca.* Here I am, father, in full feather.

*Col.* What, Sir, is your dancing master gone already?

*Ca.* Bless your heart!—no master of any kind for me to-day; I never put on a new suit of clothes in my life, that I did not make holiday.

*Man.* (*Aside to the Col.*) We had better, I think, in some degree, give way to him: you cannot expect immediately to reform manners so long confirmed by habit.

*Col.* (*Aside.*) I believe you're right; so I'll try what effect indulgence may have on him.—Well, it shall be as you wou'd have it; this day shall be devoted to pleasure and amusement—Crevell, give me leave to introduce you to my son.

*Crev.* I don't know any circumstance of my life affects me more than the high honor I now enjoy. [*Introducing himself.*]

*Ca.* Why, look ye, young man, as my father desires it, I'll shake hands with you, with all my heart: but I wou'd not make so free with every old foldier's son.

*Col.* How dare you, Sir, insult a man of his merit with language so gross?

*Ca.* Why, isn't he an old foldier's son?—pretty company truly to introduce me to!

*Crev.* Sir, the humility of my birth I acknowledge; but must tell you, this is the first time it ever brought a blush into my cheek—I am choaked with rage—Unused to insult, I cannot receive it without indignation even from the son of Colonel Talbot!

*Col.* I insist upon your asking that gentleman's pardon.

*Ca.* Why, is he a gentleman?

*Col.*

32 HE WOULD BE A SOLDIER.

*Col.* A man of his worth, his honor, and abilities, is a gentleman, though sprung in the lowest vale of society.

*Ca.* Nay, if you say he's a gentleman, I ask his pardon with all my heart—Nothing so common now-a-days as one gentleman's asking pardon of another; it makes up a quarrel in a trice.

*Crew.* Sir, I accept your apology.

*Col.* (*To Caleb.*) But, Sir, I will go farther with you—You must ever consider that man with respect; learn to esteem him, and it will do you more honour than your birth has done.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* The gentleman from the India House, Sir, that was here before to-day, has called again.

*Col.* Let him know I'll wait on him immediately. [*Exit Servant.*

(*To Caleb.*) Young man, I wish to undeceive you in one particular; seize all those opportunities of instruction I mean to give you, and redeem the time you have lost, which, if you neglect, your provision from me shall be merely independence: my name you may disgrace, but I think it a crime to bestow riches on one who would abuse them; even that youth, whose birth is so inferior in your eye, I should consider as united to me by his merit in nearer ties of kindred. [*Exit Colonel.*

*Ca.* (*Strutting about.*) So then, I am to be disinherited after all, and for an old foldier's son too!

*Crew.* What's that you say, Sir?

*Ca.* Say, Sir!—Damme! he looks so fierce, I don't know what to say to him—These old soldiers' sons are so used to cutting of throats, it's the devil to quarrel with them.

*Man.*

*Man.* I am ashamed of you, cousin—If you proceed in this manner, you must be lock'd up from all society.

*Ca.* I'll beg his pardon again: I know that's all he wants.

*Crev.* I'll spare you, Sir, the mortification of descending to so humiliating an act—in respect to your father, I overlook every thing you have hitherto said—I now coolly behold all that had past through a different medium; and rather feel for a youth, who, from his prospect of immense wealth, has been perhaps from his childhood surrounded with sycophants, who never let him know what it was to be acquainted with himself, and persuaded him into an opinion that wealth supplies the absence of every accomplishment and virtue.

*Ca.* I don't rightly understand you, Captain; but I fancy—only you mince the matter—that you meant to say I was much better fed than taught—Well, no matter—Are we good friends again?

*Crev.* Very good!

*Ca.* Then give me your hand. (*Aside.*) He, he, he! I can't help laughing, after all, to think of such a fellow's being a gentleman!—But I say, Captain; they tell me you are a devil of a fellow for fighting: now, do you see me, as I am an officer as well as yourself, I'd be glad to know how you generally found yourself before you went into the field of battle.

*Crev.* Much as I do at present.

*Ca.* What, no more frighten'd?

*Crev.* No, Sir.

*Ca.* Come, come, no tricks upon travellers, Captain; do you think I'm such a fool as to believe you?

*Crev.* Sir!

F

Ca.

34. HE WOULD BE A SOLDIER.

*Ca.* (*Terrify'd.*) Sir!—He looks at me like a tiger—I'll ask him no more questions—he has half frightn'd me out of my commission already—Eh! (*Looking out*)—Ecod, yonder I see my father talking to two fine girls—I'll go have a peep at them—Cousin Mandeville, good bye—Captain, your servant—(*Stifling a laugh.*) A gentleman truly!—What a fine thing it is to be born one—it saves a world of trouble in learning. [*Exit Caleb.*]

*Man.* The story of this unhappy young man, and how his education came to be so much neglected, is too long to acquaint you of particularly, at present; but you see what he is, and, I hope, estimate an insult from him accordingly.

*Crev.* I think no more of it—but my heart bleeds for his father.

*Man.* You talk of leaving town to-day—why, dear Sir, will you so suddenly quit friends, who, of all things, covet your society? Is the business which calls you from us, of that urgent nature, you cannot postpone it for a few days at least?

*Crev.* It is what I ought not to do—for my relations in England, (if I have any living) have never heard from me since I quitted the country; but perhaps it's better to prepare them for the meeting; so I shall write to them by this night's post, and continue your guest a little longer.

*Man.* Now this is truly friendly—I wou'dn't for the world have you leave town till after my Cousin Talbot's wedding.

*Crev.* Then he's going to be married?

*Man.* So his father intends, as the only means of reforming him; the lady is one of those two, who came here within this half hour; and whom we left with Count Pierpoint, admiring his magnificent present from the different princes of the East, at whose courts he has been occasionally envoy.

*Crev.*



*Crev.* But which of the ladies is intended for Mr. Talbot?

*Man.* Charlotte—she whom you so much admired: and, short as the Count's acquaintance with them is, he appears already smitten with her Cousin Harriet—Unluckily for him, she happens to be engaged.

*Crev.* But, Charlotte! It is she, then, who is intended for Mr. Talbot?—I think I never saw a finer girl.

*Man.* She's a divine creature! and though her Adonis is so near a relation, I confess, I wish her a better husband;—but I don't know how matters may terminate—She's a girl of great spirit—has a very fine independency; and such is her disposition, that I'm confident there is no temptation in wealth could induce her to marry any man whom she did not like.

*Enter Harriet.*

*Har.* Ha, ha, ha! I beg your pardon, Mr. Mandeville, for laughing so much at the expence of your Cousin Talbot; but his manner, person and conversation, are all so truly original, that gravity itself must be provok'd to laughter in his company.

*Man.* It's very true, Harriet; he is a most extraordinary being, I must confess.

*Har.* He introduc'd himself to Charlotte this moment; and such a figure does he cut! He can neither walk, sit nor stand still, with gazing at his person—Charlotte and he are together; she seems delighted with him.

*Crev.* Then, Ma'am, she likes him?

*Har.* She likes to laugh at him, Sir—Do, Mandeville, come, and take a look at him.



*Man.* Will you go, Captain Crevelt?

*Crev.* I'll just speak to Johnson, Sir, and follow you. (*Exeunt Man, and Har.*)—I never saw that woman in my life before, who in a moment has had such a power over me.—She will not marry him, they say,—but what then? Does it follow, of course, that she must like me?

*Enter Johnson.*

*Johns.* I understand your Honor wish'd to see me.

*Crev.* Yes, Johnson; as you came to London before me, I wish'd to ask you, if you knew any thing of the family of this young lady your master intends his son shall marry?

*Johns.* Why, Sir, I understand she is the daughter of a Sir Oliver Oldstock; an old acquaintance of the Colonel's—her father, I hear, meant she shou'd marry Mr. Mandeville, supposing he wou'd be my master's heir; but when a son made his appearance, like all worldly men, Sir Oliver chang'd his note; and the poor young lady is to become a sacrifice to this—I wish he wasn't my master's son.

*Crev.* But she won't, Johnson, be made a sacrifice.

*Johns.* I hope not, Sir;—but, lord! what won't money do? Don't we see money every day couple age and deformity to youth and beauty; a young creature, like an angel, link'd to an old skeleton of dry-bones—as if the Dæmon of avarice and sin had acquir'd such ascendancy in the world, as to bring about an union betwixt death and immortality?

*Crev.* Why, Johnson, you speak with great feeling and spirit on the subject.

*Johns.* Ah, Captain Crevelt! what a charming couple you two wou'd make—I, who have seen  
your

your Honor in the field, wou'd expect a Granby or a Marlborough from such a marriage.

*Crev. (Musing.)* I promised to follow them; but the less I see her, the better for my peace: it's only feeding a passion I shou'd banish from my heart for ever.—Johnson, take no notice that I have ask'd you any questions concerning Miss Oldstock: shou'd I be inquir'd for, I am gone to the library.—Books, or my own thoughts, are the only society I am fit for. [Exit Crev.]

*Johns.* Well, as long as I live, I never will think there is any thing in great blood again. Here is a son of one of the best families in the kingdom, with neither person nor mind superior to one of his father's domestics—and if we turn our eyes to the other side, we behold the offspring of an old soldier, with the soul of a prince, and the head of a prime minister.

*Enter Nancy, running.*

*Nan.* Mr. Johnson, Mr. Johnson, here's a letter for you, brought by the penny post; (*Gives it.*) and short a time as you have been in London, I'm sure it's a love letter.

*Johns.* Aye; pray, Nancy, how have you made that discovery? Is it by the elegant penmanship of its pothook-and-hanger superscription, or by the God of Love's own broad seal stamp'd upon it by a wafer and thimble?

*Nan.* Ecod, Mr. Johnson, you're a knowing hand; I'll engage you have hook'd in many a poor girl in your time.

*Johns.* But I haven't paid the postage.

*Nan.* That's always paid beforehand into the office with the letter.

*Johns.* But you know, Nancy, letters are convey'd

vey'd now upon a new establishment, and for fear of mistakes, I'll ev'n pay double postage.

[*Kisses her.*

*Nan.* It's mighty well ! I suppose when you find this is a mistake, you'll be for having the overcharge back again.

[*Exit Nancy.*

*Johns.* Now for my letter.—'Sdeath ! it's from my sweet little Mrs. Wilkins ! (*Reads.*) " Mrs. Wilkins's compliments to Mr. Johnson ; will be glad of his company this evening to tea, as she wishes to treat with him about those little matters he brought with him from India : if the two sets of China be as handsome as he said they were, she will take them both off his hands ; she'll take, besides, some chintz and muslins for gowns, and half a dozen shawls : he need not send her any mandarins ; she has more old figures than is worth house room.

" P. S. Mr. Wilkins is very sorry he can't be at home the whole evening, very particular business calling him to Hogden."

I was afraid I shou'd have had no postscript ; but all's right, I find.—Yes, my sweet Mrs. Wilkins, I will go and talk to you about those trifles I brought with me from India : but you shall have no mandarins—indeed, I thought you had one too many of these old figures.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Caleb, followed by Charlotte.*

*Ca.* Well, Miss ; how do you like me ? Don't you think I look like a captain ?

*Char.* Like a captain ! It wou'd be doing you injustice to compare you to any one officer under His Majesty : I am really at a loss for a comparison to match you with—Come, turn about, and let me see your shapes—Mercy ! what a long sword they have tied you to !

*Ca.* That was all my own thought: I haven't learnt to fence yet; and as I am told a gentleman is nobody till he has fought about a score duels, I was determin'd the first time I fought not to be overreach'd by any body.

*Char.* A very prudent resolution I must confess! valour is by no means incompatible with discretion: but pray, Sir, are you so very quarrelsome, that you expect to have all those duels upon your hands?

*Ca.* Me quarrelsome!—Bless your heart, I'm as quiet as a lamb.

*Char.* Then why do you expect to fight so much?

*Ca.* Because it's the fashion; and you know a man had better be out of the world than out of the fashion.

*Char.* Then I think you are taking an excellent method to have your choice.

*Ca.* Yes; fighting's quite a gentleman-like amusement;—besides, it will be put in the newspapers; and I shall read my own name in print, along with the debates of Lords and Commons; and that's the cause, I suppose, of all duels.

*Char.* I believe duels have been fought more than once—and, oh, fatal delusion! perhaps a valuable life lost for a cause altogether as frivolous!

*Ca.* But now I am dress'd, do you see me, I wish to shew myself to some of my old acquaintances; therefore, suppose you and I go this evening to Bagnigge Wells, and drink tea—the hot rolls are so nice there, you can't think!

*Char.* Some other time; I can't possibly go this evening.

*Ca.* Mayhap you think I won't pay for the tea, but I will; and moreover than that, I'll treat you to the half-play afterwards.

*Char.*

*Char.* You must, indeed, excuse me, Sir. —  
*(Aside.)* I wish I cou'd get rid of him.—This moment poor Crevelt pass'd me with a dejected air—I follow'd him with a stol'n glance, till I trac'd him into the library.—I wish I knew what was the matter with him; I never saw a man in my life I pity so much.

*Ca.* *(Looking at himself.)* How they'd stare at our hop, to see me in this dress!

*Char.* This fellow takes no notice of me; his regimentals have actually rivall'd me!

*Ca.* *(With great delight.)* Dress I see is every thing: such a suit of regimentals wou'd make any man a great officer—How this world goes! fine fellows are made by taylors, and taylors undone by fine fellows!

*Char.* My Narcissus is so engag'd with his person, it wou'd be foolish to lose this opportunity of getting rid of him: I'll drop carelessly into the library—I never saw so sudden an alteration in a man's looks as in poor Crevelt's. I hope he's not in love—Poor Charlotte, if the object be not in England!

*[Exit Char.]*

*Ca.* *(To himself.)* To be sure, Caleb, you haven't a pair of legs!—It is not every Captain who can beat a march with such a pair of drumsticks—I wonder how my legs would look in a pair of new boots—I never rode of a Sunday, but in a pair of my father's old ones—Most smart captains, I observe, foot as well as horse, mount the streets in boots.—So, you won't go to Bagnigge Wells? *(Looking up.)*—Eh! why she's gone!—Ecod I'm glad of it!—and now the coast is clear, I'll have a ramble.—What signifies my being dress'd, if nobody sees me?—I'll call over to Jacob Wilkins's, and take a glass with him.—Who knows, but one of these days, when I return  
 from



from abroad a great warrior, but old Jacob may take down his sign, and hang me up over his door.  
[Exit.

*Enter Lady Oldstock and Count Pierpoint.*

*La. O.* Really, my Lord, I tremble for the consequences of this interview; if Sir Oliver shou'd meet us, and happen to be in one of his jealous moods, it is in vain to tell him of the innocency of our conversation; he will interpret my very looks, and draw the strangest inferences from even the tone of voice with which I utter the most good-natur'd sentence.

*Count.* Il est bien extraordinaire; it appears to me very strange, Madam, dat people of fashion en Angleterre can be so bourgeois. Mon Dieu! en France, quand un homme est marié, ven ve marry, by Gar, our friends cannot nous obligé more dan by take care of our vives.

*La. O.* Oh, my Lord! you're a refin'd people; we are, at least, half a century behind you in point of civilization.

*Count.* But on my vord, you improve every day; people de fashion in both countries, vil be ver soon les mêmes; a present voila le difference — at present, see the difference between France and England — Un Anglois est trop brusque, too rough; un François, peutêtre trop poli; but dat be fault sur coté droit, on de right side—suppose nous avons—suppose ve have von traité de commerce, pour un exchange des maniers; Jack Bull is von guinea too heavy; & un Frenchman, entre nous, peutêtre un louis d'or too light;—now to make a de balance even, scrape de Englis, or vat you call sweat a de English guinea, & augmentez le Louis d'Or, and you give de polish to de one, and de proper weight to the other.

G

*La.*



*La. O.* I blush, my Lord, to think my education was so cruelly neglected, that I cannot hold a conversation with you in your own language.— People of condition shou'd always speak French.

*Count.* Mais j'espere—me hope you understand?

*La. O.* Oh, perfectly, my Lord; you speak the language of the Graces; and that, our sex understand in every country.

*Count.* Si j'entends; vous, ma belle ange! If I understand, it is you have give me the instructions.

*La. O.* How well he makes himself understood! I never heard such sweet broken English in my life before.

*Count.* Mais, Madam! may I beg leave to solicit—

[*Taking her by the hand.*]

*La. O.* My Lord! Dear Count!

[*Seemingly confused.*]

*Count.* Madam, may I solicit votre pitie, pour un passion qui brule mon ame—my passion consume a my heart.

*La. O.* Oh, heavens! what a discovery is here? How fatal to the happiness of both!—I hope, my Lord, you will exert your philosophy on this occasion, and consider the insurmountable obstacle.

*Count.* Obstacle, Madam! quelle obstacle to a man of my rank and fortune?

*La. O.* Oh, fie, fie, my Lord! can a man of your delicacy talk in this strain?

*Count.* Ah, si vous pouviez lire—if you cou'd read a my heart—

*La. O.* Go, unhappy youth! and endeavour to extinguish a fruitless flame, that, if it continue to burn, must only prove a source of disquietude to us both: go, too-pleasing seducer! and like the faithful, but honourable Werter, leave your ill-star'd, sympathyzing Charlotte to her tears!

[*Affecting to weep.*]

*Count.* My Charlotte! No, it is my Harriet.

*La.*

*La. O.* Harriet!—What Harriet?

*Count.* Your niece, Madam; that petite ange—

*La. O.* My niece! Was my niece the object of all this adoration?

*Count.* Is there one else living deserve so much?

*La. O.* Yes, a hundred, if you had eyes to see.

*Count.* Eh bien! Madam, what you say to my proposal?

*La. O.* My niece is engag'd; or, if she wasn't, you shou'd not have her.

*Count.* Mais, le Chevalier Oldstock dit le contraire.—Sir Oliver say quite different.

*La. O.* Sir Oliver's an old fool, and I suppose didn't understand you, for you speak terrible English. [Exit.

*Count.* I speak terrible English!—Mon Dieu!—it est bien etrange!—just now I speak ver sweet broke English.

*Enter Sir Oliver.*

*Sir O.* Well, Count, what says my wife?

*Count.* She does refuse—she vil not consent.

*Sir O.* I'm glad of it.

*Count.* Diable! pourquoi you glad of it?

*Sir O.* Because now I shall have an opportunity of shewing my authority, and letting her know, you shall have my niece in spite of her.—She's my own brother's daughter; he left her an orphan in my care, and I'll dispose of her as I like; I ask'd Lady Oldstock's approbation, only for the pleasure of being refus'd it—I love contradiction.

*Count.* Mon cher Chevalier! you transport me.

*Sir O.* Yes, Count; contradiction's my hobby horse; I mount him every hour of the day; and the more he kicks and flings, the greater delight I take in riding him.—I know you think me a whimsical old fellow; but you are new to our clime and

our manners—we delight in thinking for ourselves—opposition is the very soul of an Englishman—he likes it in himself, and in others also; peace and prosperity, with good eating and drinking, would throw him into a lethargy, if imagination didn't supply that spur to goad him on constantly to action.

*Count.* Now, mon chere Pere, me ville settle—

*Sir O.* Odsso! that's right—mind, the foundation stone of our agreement is, that you settle in England—a niece of mine shall never breed subjects to fight against her king and country!

*Count.* Monsieur, you have my word of honour; and now I will go visit my pretty Miss, vat you call Harriet: mais, Monsieur, rest assure me vil die, and live in England. [Exit Count.]

*Sir O.* Well said, Monsieur! cart before the horse.—But now I am alone, let me see how my accounts stand: I have secured the French nabob for my niece; now it would be a master stroke if I cou'd obtain the English one for my daughter, and thus center the two nabobs in my own family: This son of the Colonel's is a downright savage: Charlotte never cou'd like him; or if she cou'd, interest tells me I shou'd not; therefore her liking's out of the question: there's to be a division of the Colonel's property, between the son and Mandeville: I want the whole, if possible. The Colonel's not fifty, and in my mind he's a better looking man than either his son or his nephew. Charlotte's having ten thousand pounds independent of me, makes her very obstinate; debates will run high, I fear; as, indeed, they very often do in my family, where, tho' I'm constantly left in a minority, I never lose a question—'tis true, I have open mouths upon me from all sides, till, like greater men, I'm fairly badger'd: but it's only waiting till the strangers are all out, and I tell the house

as I please afterwards.—Zounds! here comes Mandeville: I wish I cou'd get decently out of his way,

*Enter Mandeville.*

*Man.* I have been in search of you, Sir Oliver.

*Sir O.* I wish I had known that; I'd have sav'd you a good deal of trouble.—Well, my good Sir, had you any thing particular to say to me?

*Man.* Is your conduct towards me consistent with honour?

*Sir O.* I don't understand you.

*Man.* How convenient it is to assume ignorance of a subject on which it is painful to hear the truth, even to the man incapable of respecting it! Honour, tho' shut out from the heart, will still knock at its gates, and tell the guilty, there is a register kept in the avenging court of remorse for every act of injustice.

*Sir O.* Upon my word, Mr. Mandeville, you speak to me in a very strange stile; this is not a manner in which I am accusom'd to be address'd. You bounce in all of a sudden, transported with rage, for what cause is best known to yourself, and with a knock-me-down countenance, treat me as if my age and my rank had no kind of respect due to them.

*Man.* Sir, no man honours age more than I; or more readily yields rank every respect it can claim, when that rank does not forfeit its title to esteem, by meanly sinking and degrading itself:—but, when men in superior stations behave as if their actions were above all censure and control, they must be told that they are deceiving themselves, as well as the world, and that no man is suffer'd to injure another with impunity.

*Sir O.* Well, Sir, in what particular have I injur'd

jur'd you, to provoke the thunder of this terrible Phillipic?

*Man.* Can you seriously ask me that question, when you sanction the addresses of Count Pierpoint to your niece?

*Sir O.* Well, and what then?

*Man.* Have you forgot your prior engagement to me?

*Sir O.* Mr. Mandeville, the poet says, that "Every day's a satire on the last;" now I say that every day's a contradiction to the last; as circumstances vary, or events fall out, we are compelled by necessity to change our minds. As to my niece, whom I consider in the light of a daughter, I think it my duty, in providing her with a husband, to make the best bargain I can for her.

*Man.* Sir, have you no regard to what the world will say on this occasion? The world, Sir; that harsh, blind, misjudging multitude; whose slander, if it soil the ermine purity of virtue, what will it say, when it has justice upon its side?

*Sir O.* Nothing that I value—Young man, when you have lived as many years with the world as I have, you'll learn to make your happiness independent of its opinion—Don't you see knaves and fools every day rise into consequence, and all from the opinion of the world—the opinion of the world, Sir! It's a mouthful of moonshine!

*Man.* I believe with you that the world is too indolent—too much occupied with its pleasures, or its miseries, to take up the business of a censor—I fear it never examines thoroughly, any man's pretensions to its favour: the more he asks, the more he generally obtains from the world; hence, folly, confidence and vice, revel in the arms of luxury, whilst merit, proud, and retiring from the conscious dignity of genius and virtue, is suffer'd to perish for want of bread!—But, Sir——

*Sir*



*Sir O.* But me no more this debate, Mr. Mandeville—the question is put, and I am going.—Partial as I am to a polemical mode of discourse, I find that there may be sometimes even too much contradiction. [Exit.

*Man.* What shall I do with this deceitful, unfeeling man? But can I hesitate whilst I have a particle of spirit left? I'll go this moment, state the matter to Count Pierpoint, and he shall resign, or fight for his mistress!

*Enter Harriet.*

*Har.* Dear Mandeville, what is the matter?—My uncle has just parted from you, seemingly much out of temper, and the wildness and disorder of your looks, terrify me?

*Man.* My heart is torn to pieces, Harriet—Indignation at the ungenerous treatment I have met with from your uncle, added to my fears of losing you, distract me.

*Har.* But can you doubt your Harriet? There is no power upon earth shall force me to be another's; do then, dear Mandeville! strive to calm this tumult in your mind—Betrayed by the violence of your passion, you talk'd of going in search of Count Pierpoint—let me beseech you not.

*Man.* You were deceived, Harriet, in what you heard me say—do not prevent my going—I have business of a most particular nature calls me.

*Har.* I know perfectly the business that calls you—but let me conjure you, by all that regard you ever profess'd for me, not to think of it—You say your fears of losing me, distract you—judge then of the state of my heart, by your own—Has Harriet no fears for her Mandeville, at a moment she sees him eat up with an ungovernable rage—



about, perhaps, to hurry himself, or a fellow-creature into eternity?

*Man.* Your apprehensions, Harriet, are groundless—from what I learn of the Count's character, I believe him to be a man of too nice honour; too equitable, too generous, to reduce me to the necessity of proceeding to extremities; I only wish to explain matters to him.

*Har.* I can recommend a much better course to you, and one much more likely to succeed—Go to your uncle, that good, that noble-hearted man—tell him your story—if any body has weight with Sir Oliver, it is Colonel Talbot.

*Man.* Nobody has weight with him, when avarice claims his ear.

*Har.* You are mistaken: he is not so great a slave to avarice as you suppose him.

*Man.* He is your uncle, Harriet, and I cannot speak of him with harshness.

*Har.* I know by your eyes, you are not so angry as you were.

*Man.* I will be guided by you in every thing—There is a fascinating power, Harriet, in your looks and accents, when you wou'd persuade, that cannot be resisted; a melting softness clings about my heart as I listen and behold you; there is sure a divinity in angel-beauty! You caused the tempest in my soul, and have calm'd it. *[Exeunt.*

*End of the Third Act.*

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE, *An Apartment at Mandeville's.*

*Caleb and Johnson discovered over a Bottle.*

*Caleb.*

COME, my boy, since you won't go to Jacob Wilkins's with me, we'll tope a little here—Fill your glass higher—higher yet; I'll have no sky-lights—This is a bumper toast.

*Johns.* Well, what is it?

*Ca.* Our noble selves. [*Drinks.*

*Johns.* I find that you think a sentiment, like charity, should begin at home.

*Ca.* I do to be sure.

*Johns.* We should have begun with the king and constitution.

*Ca.* Then here it goes—and, though it's the second toast now, it shall be first next bottle.

*Johns.* Next bottle! But, Mr. Talbot, I have a particular engagement upon my hands this evening—I hope you'll excuse my leaving you.

*Ca.* You shan't stir a foot (*Pushes him to his chair.*) Your wine's so good—I wonder how any body can quit such liquor.

*Johns.* But suppose there's a lady in the case—you won't press me to stay surely, after I tell you that?

*Ca.* Damn it! Take me with you!

*Johns.* Impossible!

*Ca.* Then sit down and drink with me, for I won't part with you.

H

*Johns.*

*Johns.* What the devil shall I do (*Looking at his watch.*) It wants but a quarter to six, and Mrs. Wilkins will be waiting tea for me. [*Aside.*]

*Ca.* Come, to the charge again, and a brimmer it shall be.

*Johns.* (*Aside.*) I shall get fuddled too;—I have often in a frolic assumed drunkenness; suppose I practise that stratagem now to get away from him? (*Hiccups, &c.*)

*Ca.* Why, now I look at you, I think you are getting a little forward.

*Johns.* But I am not quite so bad as you think; do let me go, Mr. Talbot.

*Ca.* Do you think I have no more regard for you? I tell you, you must go to bed—now do go to bed.

*Johns.* How the devil shall I get away from him? Zounds, Sir, I am not drunk.

[*Appearing to be sober.*]

*Ca.* Poor fellow! I am sorry to see you so far gone; but I'll take care of you for this night. No, no; no going out this night. [*Impeding him.*]

*Johns.* S'death and fire! Will this convince you that I am sober. [*Walking firmly up the stage.*]

*Ca.* Take another turn, and I'll tell you.

*Johns.* But will you let me go then?

*Ca.* After we have had another bottle.

*Johns.* Zounds! another bottle!—Well, I'll go down to the cellar for it. [*Crosses.*]

*Ca.* Mind you don't stay.

*Johns.* No, no; I shan't stay—(*Aside.*) long in this house, now I have got out of your clutches, young gentleman. [*Exit.*]

*Ca.* This is a devilish honest bottle—there is half a pint in it yet—Well, my friend is gone, so here goes his health (*Drinks.*) Poor fellow!—I never saw a man so soon drunk and sober—Damn it, how he stays!—I long for a glass of wine; tho' he's

he's not here, ecod, I'll fill my glafs—a good bottle of wine is excellent company. [*Drinks.*]

*Enter Mandeville.*

*Man.* What, Sir, drinking by yourself?

*Ca.* I'm sure that's not my fault—I shall be very glad if you'll sit down and keep me company: I expect Johnson every minute with the other bottle.

*Man.* I suppose, Sir, Johnson has been your companion?

*Ca.* Yes; and a choice companion he is; only apt to get muzz'd too soon.—Come, come, let me fill you a glafs.

*Man.* I'll drink none, Sir; nor shall you drink any more; your father desires to see you instantly.

*Ca.* You'll let me finish the bottle?

*Man.* You must drink no more! He puts me beyond all patience. [*Aside.*]

*Ca.* Ecod, then I'll take it with me.

[*Takes it up.*]

*Man.* Set it down, Sir. [*Lays hold on him violently. Caleb, in a fright, drops and breaks the Bottle.*]

*Ca.* There, (*looking at it*), I have set it down, and am ready to go with you; we must be good friends again now we have crack'd a bottle together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *A Library.*

*Crevelt, seated, with a Book.*

*Crevelt.* (*Throws the Book down.*)

It is to no purpose—I cannot read—This adorable girl has taken such entire possession of my mind, it has'nt room for any other object; when Mr. Mandeville told me she was going to be mar-

ried, and to whom, my heart died within me, for then I knew all hope was lost ; but grant there was no dishonour, no ingratitude in harbouring a passion for a woman intended for the son of my benefactor ; how should a low-born, abject thing, like me, aspire to one so much above him ? Wou'd not my birth be an insurmountable bar to my hopes ? She comes this way—I would avoid her, but have not the power.

*Enter Charlotte (with a Volume of Shakespear in her Hand.*

*Char. (Reading).*

—— “ She never told her love ;  
 “ But let concealment, like a worm i'th'bud,  
 “ Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in thought,  
 “ And with a green and yellow melancholy,  
 “ She sat like Patience on a monument,  
 “ Smiling at Grief” ——

Bless me ! Captain Crevelt (*starting.*) I didn't see you—I was quite absorbed in poor Viola's melancholy relation of undivulged love ; this little picture is so highly finished, so delicately coloured with touches of the true pathetic, that I never read it without being wonderfully affected—Don't you think it one of the finest passages in all Shakespear ?

*Crev.* I so much admire it, Madam, that I would give the world this moment for the pencil of its immortal writer, to paint one of our sex in the same state of uncomplaining despondency.

*Char.* I protest you spoke those last words with so serious an air, that I'm half inclined to think you're in love yourself : if that be the case, come, make me your confidante ; I'll be as secret and as silent as Shakespear's own marble Grief and Patience : I have the music of the Avon swan this moment at my heart, and cou'd hear a lover whisper his tale under a tree in which the  
 night,



nightingale sung, and the moon tipped its boughs with silver.

*Crev.* You speak, Madam, like one well vers'd in the passion.

*Char.* And is that strange, Sir, when I come with Shakespeare in my hand; a master who teaches the whole history of the passions? His keen and ardent eye in a fine frenzy rolling, pierced into the secret chambers of the heart where the passions slumber; and woke them, as he swept his lyre divine to all their changeful moods of pain and joy, till kindled up to madness, or to ecstasy; but, when he touches upon love, though the flash be momentary, it resembles lightning, suddenly rifting the surface of the earth, and disclosing the radiant portal of a diamond quarry.

*Crev.* Were I to wish another laurel on the grave of Shakespeare, it should be planted by the hand of so charming a commentator.

*Char.* Sir, there is a laurel already planted on his grave by one of our sex, which will flourish till the spirit of his genius, and his writings are no more remembered—but to the point—I have pronounc'd you in love; now let me know who your mistress is?

*Crev.* Madam, I dare not.

*Char.* Dare not! Is that a soldier's phrase? Courage, man; there is nothing impossible to spirit and perseverance: besides, the more difficulties lay in the road to your mistress, the better she'll like you for surmounting them.

*Crev.* But suppose there was a difficulty not to be surmounted?

*Char.* If your mistress does not dislike you, I know of no other difficulty which is not to be surmounted.

*Crev.* But even presuming that were the case, which I have by no means reason to imagine, I cannot think of her without condemning myself.

*Char.*



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*Char.* Is she so much beneath you?

*Crev.* She's above my praise, and above my hopes.

*Char.* If she deserves all this adoration, she never will think herself above a man of merit.

*Crev.* Then, Madam, you don't think marrying for love entirely out of fashion?

*Char.* I never would marry for any thing else.

*Crev.* (*Aside.*) Then I'm undone; she loves the man for whom she is intended; and the assurance of that I have now received from her own lips, was meant as a reproach to a passion she has discovered, in spite of all my efforts to conceal it.

*Char.* (*Seeing his disorder*) What's the matter, Sir?

*Crev.* I fear, Madam, I only interrupt your studies. [*Going.*]

*Char.* How can you talk so! I don't know any one whose conversation, on so short an acquaintance, is so agreeable to me; this last has been particularly interesting.

*Crev.* It is plain from the sarcasm of that reply, that she understands me—but I am justly punished for my apostacy to honour, in daring to think of her. [*Aside.*]

*Char.* He appears confused and embarrassed all of a sudden; I fear my vanity has betrayed me too far, and that I have been mistaken in the object of his affections. [*Aside.*]

*Crev.* I have not power to speak to her. [*Aside.*]

*Char.* No, no; I'm not the object. [*Aside.*]

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, the Colonel wishes to see you immediately.

*Crev.* What a release from torture! (*Aside.*) I shall wait on him. (*Exit Servant.*) Madam, your most obedient.

[*Exit.*  
*Manet*]

*Manet* Charlotte.

*Char.* So, I have as good as told a man I like him, who, it is plain, is in love with another woman : unhappy Charlotte !

*Enter Sir Oliver (Speaks as he comes on.)*

*Sir O.* Charlotte !

*Char.* Sir !

*Sir O.* Sir ! How melancholy a monosyllable comes from a woman's mouth ; it sounds as dismal as a single bell after a full peal. But, Charlotte, what's the matter ? I never saw you so thoughtful before : I hope it is not your intended marriage that makes you uneasy.

*Char.* It never gave me an uneasy moment. I had made up my mind on the subject.

*Sir O.* Well, well ; let the matter rest then : however, I must confess I should like to see my girl well married and settled before I left the world.

*Char.* I don't think I shall ever marry.

*Sir O.* Never marry !

*Char.* No.

*Sir O.* Confound those monosyllables ! Charlotte, let me have no more of them ; the laconic style does not become you : I wonder from whom you take it ; for my part I'm fond of the figure of amplification in discourse ; and I'm sure your mother deals in an eloquence, copious at times, even to redundancy.

*Char.* Sir, I have not spirits for conversation.

*Sir O.* I am surpris'd at that, when you have every thing your own way : you won't marry this body, nor you won't marry t'other ; and I, like  
an

an easy, indulgent old soul, humour you in every thing, fond as I am of contradiction.

*Char.* Hav'nt you all's one as held me up to sale to the highest bidder?—I was first intended for Mr. Mandeville, next destined to Colonel Talbot's new-found heir.

*Sir O.* His new-found bear you shou'd say; but Charlotte, Charlotte, how uncandid you are! when I propos'd the last match I had not seen the man.

*Char.* Sir, you change your mind so often, and band me about in so extraordinary a manner, that I shall become a topic for public ridicule.

*Sir O.* Well, and if I do change my mind often, isn't it for your good? As one project starts up in my mind better than another, in order to take advantage of that, I must naturally contradict myself. The Spanish proverb says, a wise man often changes his mind, a fool never.

*Char.* According to that proverb you should be a second Solomon: who you intend for me next I cannot possibly guess; but as I never will marry without your consent, I trust it will not be deemed undutiful, if I always retain a negative to myself, in a matter which so nearly concerns my happiness as the choice of a husband. [*Exit.*]

*Sir O.* I fear, like all great projectors and politicians, I refine too much; I spin the wires that compose my nets so fine, that though they answer the purpose of deceiving the eye, when their strength is tried, a touch breaks them.—What's to be done? she actually sets my authority at defiance; but this comes of rich uncles leaving fat legacies to their nieces; it converts a father into a cypher.

*Enter*

*Enter Lady Oldstock and Harriet.*

*Lady O.* Sir Oliver; Sir Oliver, the whole world is condemning you.

*Sir O.* So much the better; a quarter of the world never was right, but the whole is always wrong; you have brought me this good news, I suppose, knowing I was out of spirits.

*Har.* To contract for me, without my knowledge, and with an utter stranger too! as if I had not the common privilege of a thinking rational creature?

*Sir O.* Ecod, I think you have too much of that privilege: why, you ungrateful minx, do you fly in my face for endeavouring to get a count for you?

*Lady O.* A count! A strange kind of count—the fellow made love to me.

*Sir O.* Then indeed must he be a strange kind of count.

*Lady O.* I shall sue for a separate maintenance.

*Har.* And I shall sue for the little property my father left in his hands.

*Sir O.* Damn it, since you have begun, come, fire away from both sides, volley after volley; don't spare me, I'll make you raise the siege at last; contradiction's my element, as fire is the Salamander's. I can't have too much of it; my opinion is impregnable.

*Har.* It's in vain to speak to him.

*Lady O.* Speak to him, child! now he's in all his glory.

*Sir O.* Hobbs maintains that the whole world is in a state of warfare, and I believe him.

*[Speaking to himself.]*

*Lady O.* I say, Sir Oliver, are you deaf?

*Sir O.* But it is a wise law in nature.

I

*Har.*

*Har.* Dear uncle, will you listen to me?

*Sir O.* Opposition calls forth the latent powers of the mind.

*La. O.* Was there ever any thing so provoking?

*Sir O.* Your greatest men have been form'd by difficulties.

*Har.* Every moment is big with danger to my happiness.

*Sir O.* Methinks I now resemble the memorable column of English infantry at Fontenoy, marching down between two forts, with all their batteries playing upon it: whiz, fly the small shot from the left; and bang go the great guns from the right; but on we march, firm as a wedge; without confusion, without disorder, without dismay; and quit the field of battle with honour. [*Exit.*]

*Har.* My principal fear, is a quarrel between Count Pierpoint and Mr. Mandeville.

*La. O.* You had better speak to his friend, Captain Crevelt; for my part, I have no influence with the Count.

*Har.* Dear aunt, how can you talk thus? So fine a woman will never lose her influence.

*La. O.* Pray, Harriet, have you ever read that elegant fellow St. Evremond's account of the lovely Ninon; She who retain'd her beauty and power of fascination to the age of eighty?

*Har.* I have never read St. Evremond, Madam.

*La. O.* Then you have read nothing: he was the intimate friend of Fontaine, Racine, and Corneille; all the great men of his time valued his friendship: but what most endears him to me, was his esteem for the lovely Ninon—I shall never forget one of her letters, in which she mentions her first wearing spectacles; but, said that charming woman, as I had always a grave look, spectacles become me.

*Har.* I declare, aunt, I have always thought the same



fame of you, when I have seen you with your spectacles on.

*La. O.* But you're mistaken, Harriet, if you suppose I wear spectacles from any necessity I have for them—I wear them by way of prevention.

*Har.* As I hope to live, here comes the Count; he'll teaze me to death if I stay—I never saw you look so well, aunt.

*La. O.* You may go, Harriet, and find Captain Crevelt—I'll once more try my influence with this Frenchman. [Exit Harriet.

*Enter Count Pierpoint.*

*La. O.* Well, Count; I hope you have chang'd your opinion since our last conversation, and that you're become a little more Anglicised.

*Count.* Eh bien! Madam, je ne puis pas comprendre, I no understand.

*La. O.* Why, we have chang'd characters; you can't understand me now, and I cou'dn't understand you before: but, Count, I'd advise you to consider you are in England; and tho' it may be the etiquette in France to treat a married lady with as much attention as a single, it is in this country of jealous circumspection, very dangerous: it is almost sufficient to cause a separation.

*Count.* Ah, Madam! have a some pity on those whom your charms enslave, quand l'amour est dans le cœur; il fait l'esprit comme lui même; dat is, ven love is in de heart, he make a dey understand blind as himself, by Gar.

*La. O.* The French are certainly the most agreeable people in the world; if they transgress, they make reparation with so good a grace, that it's delightful to be on good or bad terms with them.

*Count.* I made von grand faux pas; but like good general, me vill profit by my los. (*Aside.*)—Madam



Oldstock is vat you call von grand bastion, or outwork : I will take a that first, & la petite citadel, Mademoiselle Harriet, follow of course, by Gar.

*La. O.* Well, Count, I forgive you ; but it's on condition that you are more circumspect in future.

*Enter Sir Oliver at the Back of the Stage.*

*Sir O.* If I cou'd lay my hand on Burn's Justice in the library, that wou'd fet me right : but I think it's a question for gentlemen of the common law.—Eh ! what's all this ?

*[Seeing the Count and Lady O.]*

*Count.* Madam, permettez moi baiser votre main ; I must kiss a your von pretty hand in sign of reconciliation.

*[Kissing her hand.]*

*Sir O.* I was thinking of the common law ; but here promises to arise a question for gentlemen of the civil law.

*La. O.* Jealousy, Count, is a tree of English growth.

*Sir O.* It may be a tree of English growth ; but it's a tree would never flourish, if a taste for French gardening did not so often make the branches sprout.

*Count.* Mon Dieu ! quelle grand disproportion in your age and the Chevalier Oldstock !

*La. O.* When a woman marries very young, my Lord, a dozen years difference is nothing in the age of a husband.

*Sir O.* A dozen years ! Damme, if there's a dozen months between us.

*Lady O.* That's a most beautiful brilliant, Count, on your finger—I think I never saw so large a one : the rich cluster of its rays cast a light actually celestial.

*Sir O.* If that poor diamond cou'd speak now,  
perhaps

perhaps we'd find it was not very celestially come by.

*Count.* To reconcile me complete, permettez moi to make you von present.

*La. O.* Dear Count, I cannot think of accepting a ring of such immense value—No, no, Count, I am not such an infant as to wish to possess every thing that I admire.

*Sir O.* No, to be sure, you an't.—Why, Count, how is all this? *[Coming forward.]*

*La. O.* Oh! heavens! Sir Oliver!

*Sir O.* Yes, my Lady; does the great disproportion of our years frighten you?

*Count.* Upon my vord, Monsieur Oldstock, this is not behave with your usual politeffe.

*Sir O.* Why, what the devil, man! aren't you content with one of my chickens, but you must have my old hen into the bargain?

*La. O.* Old hen!

*Sir O.* Yes, my Lady; when I had you first you were no pullet.

*La. O.* Now there will be no end to his suspicions.

*Sir O.* Ecod, I think this is putting suspicion out of the question.—Well, my Lady, what have you to say for yourself? You ask'd me if I wasn't deaf; now are you dumb?—Damn it, say something, if it's only to contradict me.

*Count.* Monsieur Oldstock, je suis—I am your very good friend.

*Sir O.* You are, Count; and, what's more, I find you're my wife's friend.

*La. O.* Sir Oliver, conscious as I am of the purity of my thoughts, I cou'd look down with contempt on every extravagance to which your jealous temper hurries you: but when I consider how the fairest reputations are every day injur'd from the  
lightest

slightest foundations—if it shou'd creep into the public prints—

*Sir O.* Then I'll give you a little comfort—nobody will believe it.

*La. O.* The cool malignity of his temper is even more provoking than his jealousy—I can't bear to have been all my life reproach'd for nothing. [*Exit.*]

*Count.* Monsieur Oldstock.

*Sir O.* Count Pierpoint, no apologies : I am not at all angry with you, nor do I entertain any suspicion of my wife—Love of admiration is her ruling passion ; and as long as she lives, she'll fancy herself an object of that admiration.

*Count.* Vous savez très bien my passion pour Mademoiselle Harriet.

*Sir O.* I know every thing—I now see your view, in all this attention to Lady Oldstock : you imprudently made her your enemy, not knowing her character ; but you have very wisely rectified your mistake.—You see, Count, I'm a keen old fellow ; I haven't liv'd for nothing so many years in the world.

*Count.* Mon Dieu ! vous etes un Machiavel.

*Sir O.* Come along, Count.—But before you go, how do you think your friend Colonel Talbot stands affected as to matrimony ? Do you imagine, if a fine girl was thrown in his way, that he'd marry her ?

*Count.* Nothing more like, on my vord ; il est un homme de gallantrie ; sans dout he has a de son, if dat be no objection.

*Sir O.* Objection ! he shou'd marry for that very reason, and get more sons, if it was only to convince the world that he has mended his hand in the business. [*Exeunt.*]

*End of the Fourth Act.*

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A C T V.

SCENE *continues at Mandeville's.*

*Enter Harriet and Charlotte.*

*Harriet.*

I AM half in love with Count Pierpoint for his noble behaviour—The moment matters were properly explain'd to him, he withdrew his claim instantly—Well, I never more will hear the French spoken ill of; they carry the point of honour to a pitch of heroism—but, Charlotte, what is the matter? Your spirits are intolerably depressed!

*Char.* You only fancy so from the unusual gaiety of your own.

*Har.* I have a great mind to send Captain Crevelt to you; you are just fit company for each other: two moping, melancholy fools.

*Char.* From some conversation I have had with him, I take it that he is in love.

*Har.* And I fancy I have a fair friend much in the same situation.

*Char.* He leaves town to-day.

*Har.* Unless you issue your sovereign commands to the contrary.

*Char.* My sovereign commands! How you trifle: what influence have I over him?

*Har.* That influence which a beautiful woman will always have over a man of exquisite sensibility—Mandeville told me he was eternally talking of you.

*Char.* Talking of me! Lord, I wonder what the man can have to say about me!

*Har.* Oh! a thousand handsome things, I-dare  
say

say : but if you wish to be satisfied as to the particulars, you may have them from the gentleman's own mouth, for here he comes ; so I'll leave you together.

*Char.* Then you will be so ill natured ?

*Har.* Good natured, sweet cousin.— [Exit.

*Char.* Eternally talking of me ! Whence, then, arose his sudden coldness and reserve, when I but too plainly discovered my partiality for him ? Yet I may have been mistaken ; a mind possessed of so much delicacy as his, might have deemed it criminal to address me on the score of love, at a time he thought I was intended for the son of his friend, Colonel Talbot—it is, it must be so—the pulses of my heart quicken at the thought—but he's here.

*Enter Crevelt.*

*Crev.* Miss Oldstock, as I mean to quit town this evening, and possibly may never see you again, I am come to solicit the honour of a few minutes conversation.

*Char.* Never see me again ! I hope you are not going back to India.

*Crev.* No, Madam, that is not my intention.

*Char.* Oh ! then I understand you ; it is that compound of every female excellence, of whom you spoke to me in such raptures, who is the cause of your leaving us.

*Crev.* I own it, Madam.

*Char.* But you talk'd of never seeing me again ; is your mistress that jealous creature as to exact such a promise from you ?

*Crev.* No, Madam ; that is a punishment I voluntarily inflict upon myself.

*Char.* You do say the most gallant things, with the most sombre countenance ; your wit and your face, Captain Crevelt, are the diamond and its foil ;



foil; the dark shade of the one, lends a more vivid glow to the other's sparkling brilliancy:—what an alteration the presence of your mistress wou'd make in your looks—cou'd you look thus in her presence?

*Crev.* In the present state of my heart, I could not look otherwise.

*Char.* No! not if she smil'd upon you?

*Crev.* A smile from her wou'd raise me from despair: but that, Madam—Confusion! yonder I see Colonel Talbot; this is the second time to day he has found me in earnest conversation with her.

*Char.* I didn't think it possible till now, Colonel Talbot cou'd put me out of temper.

*Crev.* Will he not suspect that I am meanly stealing myself upon her affections, and attribute her dislike of his son to me?—But he comes; I cannot meet his eye in the present state of my feelings.—Adieu, dear Miss Oldstock!

*Char.* But are we never to meet again?

*Crev.* It is a sacrifice, Madam, that pierces, and widows my heart for ever; but honour and gratitude demand it. [Exit.

*Enter Colonel Talbot.*

*Col.* Wasn't that Captain Crevelt, Miss Oldstock, that parted from you?

*Char.* Yes, Sir; he has just taken his leave of me, and said I shall never see him again.

*Col.* There is a refinement in Crevelt's temper, that to strangers makes his conduct at times appear very unaccountable; but I fancy I have discovered the cause of this extraordinary resolution.

*Char.* And sure, Sir, you can prevail upon him to alter it?

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*Col.*



*Col.* Then my lovely girl wishes he should alter his resolution?

*Char.* Oh, Sir! is it possible to be acquainted with so noble, so accomplish'd, so brave a youth, and not esteem him? Never see me more!—

*Col.* It is as I suspected; and, indeed, as I wish; for who but Crevelt is worthy of such a woman?—  
(*Aside.*) I hope, Miss Oldstock, you are now perfectly convinced, that I wou'd not purchase the greatest earthly happiness at the price of your peace of mind—highly as my pride, and natural affection wou'd be gratified to call you daughter, I trust I can turn my eye with manly firmness from the bright, the flattering prospect; and, resign'd to the dispensations of a Power who never afflicts his creature but for wise and good purposes, point out a man in every respect but birth and fortune deserving of you.

*Char.* Birth and fortune, Colonel! despicable distinctions! when nature asserts her superior claims to reverence, by ennobling the spirit, how low it lays the insolence of ancestry, and humbles the vanity of wealth.

*Col.* Madam, your words penetrate my very soul; with an aching, joyless heart, I look back to those imaginary scenes of happiness, fancy had painted in meeting with a son; the only pledge of love from the first object of my affections, and whose image still warms this desolated bosom—Birth! when I survey my own offspring, and behold poor Crevelt, I am asham'd to think so empty a thing as family pride had ever any influence over me.

*Char.* But you will prevail upon him to alter his resolution?

*Col.* On one condition, Madam.

*Char.* What is that, Colonel?

*Col.* That you will receive him as my adopted son—

son—Your father's objections I will remove, by making him your equal in fortune.

*Char.* I don't know how to thank you, Colonel; but, perhaps, he's already gone.

*Col.* Gone, without seeing me first, impossible!—But what says my sweet girl to the proposal I have made her?

*Char.* You are so good, so disinterested, and so generous, that it is impossible not to acquiesce in any proposal of your's: but yet I will not make you an absolute promise; mind that, Colonel; till I find you have effectually accomplished my request, and induced Captain Crevelt to alter his resolution. [Exit.

*Col.* Luckily, Sir Oliver has taken a very great liking to him; and told me that he wou'd insist upon his passing a few days at his house, previous to visiting his relations—Tho' Crevelt possesses the spirit of a lion, there is a gentleness and flexibility in his nature, which cannot resist solicitation from a friend—Oh, my heart, be still! tho' I am denied happiness in that quarter whence I fondly expected it, let me enjoy it as Heaven thinks proper to bestow the boon, by exerting my best efforts to impart it to the truly deserving.

*Enter Count and Mandeville.*

*Count.* J'espere, Monsieur Mandeville, you are perfectly satisfy—sur mon honneur, had I know Mademoiselle Harriet was engagé, I never wou'd pay l'adresse.

*Mand.* I believe it, Count; and hope you will forgive the warmth, I was at first betrayed into.

*Count.* Mon Dieu! il est l'évervescence d'un grande ame; no brave man ever resign sa maitresse avec sang froid.

*Cal.* Now, Mandeville, to completely remove  
K 2 your

your fears in regard to Harriet, know, I have made your peace with her uncle—wou'd you believe it? he actually proposed his daughter to me—however by the dint of argument, added to the influence of an old friendship, I at last brought him to reason.

*Enter Sir Oliver.*

*Sir O.* Colonel, Colonel, is this strict observance of treaty? the carriages are waiting for us at the door—were we not all to set off for my house immediately; did you not promise to pass ten days with me when you had contradicted me into consent at last?

*Count.* Monsieur Oldstock, your niece was very pretty to be sure; mais, mon Dieu! votre fille be very pretty aussi; me understand she ville not marry young Monsieur Talbot, & mon ami the Colonel will not have her—eh bien, vat you say to me for von husband.

*Sir O.* With all my heart and soul, Count—I don't know a French gentleman of a long time I have taken such a liking to—damn me! if you have not a fine roast-beef countenance.

*Col.* I fancy, Count, that lady's affections are also engaged.

*Count.* Je suis très malheureux! all de English lady be engaged! but me be not surprized; for if de foreigner set so much value on de English lady, vat must their own countrymen who know them better, do?

*Sir O.* Why, what the deuce, Colonel, is all this? You won't marry my daughter yourself; you won't suffer your son, whatever her inclinations may be, to marry her; and now you put the Count against her.

*Col.* Will you leave the lady to her own choice?

*Sir*

*Sir O.* The worst of it is, I must do that—Count, a word in your ear—to her yourself—you're a dev'lish straight, well-looking fellow; no appearance of frogs about you, except upon your coat—I shou'd like to see an union between France and England, if it were only because it has been so long thought a contradiction in politics,

*Count.* I wish it vid all my heart. [Exit,

*Col.* How unsubstantial are all the projects of man, in whatever hope flatters him with happiness—this unhappy boy distracts me!

*Sir O.* Damn me! if I wou'dn't send him down into Wales or Yorkshire—for about fifteen pounds a year, you may get him decently boarded and clad, and educated into the bargain,

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* I have been in search of Mr. Talbot, Sir, since you spoke to me; and have just heard that he is gone to one Jacob Wilkins's, an innkeeper, near Smithfield.

*Col.* I am exposed, you see, already.

*Sir O.* It's your own fault if you continue to be exposed; come along, Colonel; yonder I see Captain Crevelt putting the women into the carriages: We'll drive round by this Wilkins's; and take this young mohawk by surprise; the moment you get possession of him, banish him into Wales.

*Col.* I will myself go in person to Wilkins's; and from his own lips learn every particular respecting this unhappy youth, from the hour I left him in his care; and as you propose going home that way, Sir Oliver, I will trespass so far upon your patience as to request you will wait for me, whilst I make this inquiry.

*Mand.* Dear Sir, don't make yourself so unhappy.

*Col.*

*Col.* What is there wealth can purchase I cannot possess? my feelings are at once a satire, and a lesson to avarice. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Room at Jacob Wilkins's.*

*Johnson and Mrs. Wilkins discovered at Tea.*

*Mrs. Wilk.* I'm sure I shall never forget the first time I was in this room; where you see Mr. Wilkins has his Honor the Colonel's picture hung up—dear heart, what a handsome man he is! it's a great pity he does not marry.

*Johns.* He's very much altered—consider, it's many years since that picture was painted; his face is parched to the complexion of an old drum head, and his hair is perfectly silver.

*Mrs. Wilk.* What effect silver hair may have upon your great ladies I will not pretend to say; but this I'll swear to; bait your hook properly with gold, and a poor girl is a trout you may take with a single hair of any colour. If it wasn't for his money, do you think I'd ever have married old Jacob Wilkins?

*Johns.* Why no, I hardly think you wou'd; but why, my dear creature, has his name escaped your lips? shou'd he possess such a treasure! the man worthy of you should always meet you with the ardour of a lover, and dart as I do with transport into your arms.

*Enter Betty.*

*Betty.* Oh! madam! madam! my master is come home, and is raving like mad at your leaving the bar, and drinking tea up stairs.

*Mrs. Wilk.* He doesn't know I have any body with me?

*Bett.*



HE WOULD BE A SOLDIER. 71

*Bett.* Lord! ma'am, to be sure he doesn't; I told him you were not well, and that you found the bar too cold for you.

*Mrs. Wilk.* You're an excellent girl.

*Johns.* How the devil will you get me out?

*Bett.* I hear his cough at the foot of the stairs—dear Madam, he's coming up.

*Johns.* 'S'death I'll run and shut myself up in that little room yonder.

*Mrs. Wilk.* By no means! that's our own bed chamber; his bureau is in it; and as he pays his brewer to day, perhaps it's there he's going now for money.

*Bett.* I have it Madam; I'll let down this window curtain, and the gentleman may get behind it; if my master asks why it is down, you may say you were so ill, the light was too much for you.

[Drops the window curtain before Johnson.]

*Mrs. Wilk.* Such a servant is worth her weight in gold.

*Bett.* Here, Madam; tie this handkerchief about your head; appear very bad indeed—there, Madam, let him come now when he pleases, we are ready for him.

[Exit Betty.]

*Enter Wilkins and Amber.*

*Wilk.* So, Mr. Amber; you have a curiosity to see the upper part of my house; you can't think how pleasant it is; my wife can tell you what a prospect there is on my upper story.

*Amber.* Poor Mrs. Wilkins is quite muffled up; she's very bad, poor woman; I'm sorry we disturb her.

*Wilk.* Why, Fanny, my love, what's the matter? you were very well when I went out.

*Mrs. Wilk.* I have been seized all of a sudden, with such a terrible pain in one side of my face I can hardly get my words out.

*Wilk.*



*Wilk.* I am sorry to hear this, Fanny—but what wifecre has let this curtain down? I can't bear to shut out the light of a fine day.

*Mrs. Wilk.* Has the brute a mind to be the death of me? [Seizing him by the arm.

*Wilk.* Will it do you any good to keep me in the dark?

*Mrs. Wilk.* To be sure it will when I can't bear the light.

*Amber.* Friend Wilkins, friend Wilkins, the light is too much for her.

*Mrs. Wilk.* You're a considerate man, Mr. Amber, and I dare say make an excellent husband.

*Wilk.* Well, well, then let the curtain remain down—come, Fanny, give your old Jacob a kiss.

*Mrs. Wilk.* I'm too fond of you, Jacob, and you take advantage of that.

*Wilk.* No, but I don't—kiss me again, you fond fool, it will do you good.

*Amber.* Ah! you're a happy couple; but you take the right method to be so, by giving way to one another.

*Wilk.* But now we are up stairs, friend Amber, sit down, and I'll go bring some money out of the next room and pay you.

*Mrs. Wilk.* I beg of you, Jacob, to take him down stairs and pay him; even your talking sets my head distracted.

*Wilk.* My dear, I shan't be two minutes settling with him; it will affront him if you turn him out of the room; you shall have the place to yourself immediately. [Exit.

*Re-enter*

*Re-enter Betty.*

*Bett.* Madam, you're undone; if you don't come down stairs immediately; Ned, the new waiter, saw Mr. Johnson, and he as good as told me he'd acquaint my master.

*Mrs. Wilk.* What shall I do? I'm afraid to leave the room.

*Bett.* You need'nt stop a minute; it's only squeezing Ned's hand, and slipping a fly half guinea into it, and all will be right.

*Mrs. Wilk.* Oh! Betty, I wish he was well out of the house—you'll excuse me, Mr. Amber, a little; I'm wanted down stairs.

*[Exeunt Mrs. Wilkins and Betty.]*

*Amb.* Don't notice me, child, business must be minded; but let me see; suppose I sign my receipt, and have it ready for him.

*[Taking out his pocket book and inkhorn.]*

*Enter Wilkins.*

*Wilk.* Here is the money, my old boy; have you got your receipt ready?

*Amb.* I was going to sign it; but my eyes are so dim, I can't see with that curtain down.

*Wilk.* As my wife's not here to complain of the light, I'll draw it up for you.

*[Draws up the curtain.]*

*Amb.* That will do, I see plain enough now.

*Wilk.* And so do I too—Oh! the Jezabel!

*Enter Mrs. Wilkins:*

*Mrs. Wilk.* Ruined!

*Amb.* My dear Mrs. Wilkins I beg ten thousand pardons for letting so much light into the room, but I declare I cou'd not see to write my receipt.

L

*Wilk.*

74 HE WOULD BE A SOLDIER.

*Wilk.* Well, Mr. Johnson! what brought you here; what have you to say for yourself; are you come to rob my house?

*Amb.* Oh! ho! I fear the dimness of my eyes have made others too clear sighted—but, friend Wilkins, don't be too hasty in judging.

*Wilk.* 'S'death and fire, man, shan't I believe my own eyes?

*Amb.* Not always—we are all apt to be suspicious at times—I'll wish you a good evening—there is my receipt: the fondest couples will spar now and then—but I never like to meddle in family quarrels.—Wilkins, you certainly have a fine prospect on your upper story.—Good evening, good Mrs. Wilkins. [*Exit.*

*Wilk.* Go, Madam; pack up your alls; and leave my house immediately; if you are in want of a morsel of bread, it wou'd give me pleasure to refuse it to you. As for you, Sir, I'll take care your business shall be done with Colonel Talbot—I'll see you both beggars, and that will be some satisfaction to me.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Colonel Talbot is coming up stairs, Sir, to speak to you.

*Johns.* Confusion! I'm undone!

*Enter Colonel Talbot.*

*Col.* Johnson, here!

*Wilk.* Yes, Sir, Johnson; your worthy gentleman is here on a visit to that wretch my wife.

*Mrs. Wilk.* Wretch, Mr. Wilkins!

*Wilk.* Yes, Madam, an ungrateful wretch.

I'm sorry, Johnson—for this; I was given

*Col.* rstand you were come in search of my son.

*Wilk.* Wretch! I'll discover all, if I'm  
ruined for ever. (*Aside.*) He's not your son, Sir—

[*Going up to the Colonel.*  
*Wilk.*

*Wilk.* Devil! Devil! what is she going to say?

*Col.* Not my son! speak again, woman.

*Wilk.* But dear Colonel, sure you won't believe what this wicked woman will say?

*Col.* Away, villain, and let me hear her—alarmed nature starts up in my heart, and opens a thousand ears to listen to her.

*Mrs. Wilk.* He lost your son, Sir, when he was a boy of twelve years old; and you may be sure, Sir, it wasn't the kindest usage made the child leave him; the booby he palmed upon you is his own. What a terrible thing it is to lose my character, when I sent for Mr. Johnson for no other reason, I'm sure, but to tell him every thing; and for fear he might not believe me, I hid him behind that curtain, that he might hear my husband himself confess it.

[Sobs and cries.

*Johns.* [coming forward] This is the real state of circumstances, I assure your Honour.

*Col.* Unprincipled, inhuman villain! let me hear the whole truth from your own lips, or by every power that's sacred and divine, this moment is your last.

*Wil.* Dear Sir, put up your sword, and I'll tell you every thing—What she says is partly true; your son strayed from me when he was about twelve years old; but had he been my own, I cou'dn't have used him better: as a proof of it, his mother, in her last illness, came, as she often did, privately to see him, and was so well pleased with my wife's and my treatment of her son, that she gave me a fifty-pound Bank note—I shall never forget the day; it was the last time I ever saw her: she hung a small picture of herself, set in gold, about the child's neck, and wept bitterly over him.

*Col.* Can you produce that picture?

*Wil.* Your son took it with him; he was so fond of it, I cou'd never keep it out of his hands

but by locking it up; which I sometimes did, as the severest of all punishments I cou'd inflict upon him.

*Col.* I must have better proof this tale is true, before I let you escape that justice I fear is due to your wickedness.—Johnson, take him from my sight, and let him be secur'd; I cannot bear to look at him.—Tell the company waiting for me in carriages at the door, to come in; for I am so agitated, and anxious for more particulars, I cannot quit this detested spot.

*Johns.* They are here, Sir.

[*Exeunt Johnson, Wilkins, and Wife.*]

*Enter Crevelt, Mandeville, Charlotte, Harriet, Sir Oliver, Lady Oldstock, and Count.*

*Crev.* Dear Sir, what is the matter? Observing a confusion in the house immediately after you went in, we were alarmed for your safety.

*Col.* Oh, Crevelt! I am the unhappiest of fathers; that creature whom you all suppose my son, is not so.

*Char.* Good fortune be prais'd!

*Col.* He's son to the fellow who keeps this house—He says, my poor child stray'd from him when a boy; but this tale is so improbable, that I rather fear he has fall'n a victim to this fellow's villany and avarice.

*Crev.* Dear Sir, compose yourself, and hope human nature cannot be so deprav'd; it wrings my heart to see you in this distress—But who is this villain?

*Col.* His name is Wilkins.—When I committed my child to his care, he lived at Henly: he pretends he lost him at twelve years old; and, oh! agony to think! if he, indeed, be living, he is at this moment a wandering outcast and a beggar.

*Crev.* Merciful heaven! What do I hear? Can  
it



it be possible! Shall I, in my lov'd and honour'd patron, find a fond and living father? Sir, did that man lose a son of yours at twelve years of age?

*Col.* Yes, Crevelt; I have no son but you now.

*Crev.* I am your son, Sir — your happy son! that son you lost.

*Col.* You! You, Crevelt!

*Crev.* Yes, Sir, the veteran, whose name I bear, took me with him at the age you mention from Henly; where I lived with the man you have just named, whom I always thought my father; it was the pride of poor Crevelt's heart to have me believed his son: I bore his name, and publicly acknowledged him as my father; for you, Sir, could not have lov'd me better; his dying request to me was, still to retain the name of Crevelt, and never forget the man who made me a soldier.

*Col.* My son! my son! The hand of Providence has surely directed every circumstance of your life; you were brought to me a stranger and a child; I became your parent by resistless instinct; in battle once I owed my life to you, and now a second time you save it.

*Char.* O! Harriet. There is a chord of delight in my heart never touch'd before: and sure, he who made that heart, now moves its springs to ecstasy by the finger of an angel.

*Col.* He talk'd of your taking with you a picture of your mother—had you ever any such thing?

*Crev.* I have it still, Sir, and ever wore it next my heart. (*Producing the picture from his bosom.*) You see the frame is shattered;—it was by a musquet ball the day every body thought I was kill'd.

*Col.* It is indeed your mother; and see here those specks under the eye; are they my child's blood, or the tears of a fond parent?

(John-



(Johnson to Caleb *without*.) You must not come in; I have already explained every thing sufficiently.

*Enter* Caleb (*very abruptly*) and Johnson.

*Ca.* I tell you I will come in: zounds! will nobody father me?

*Col.* Young man you have been deceived; you are Wilkins's son, not mine.

*Ca.* Pho, pho! Father, do you think I know no better?

*Johns.* If you don't come out this moment, and no longer disturb my master, I'll take you by the shoulder.

*Ca.* Why here's a fellow for you—forgets he is talking to a captain!

*Col.* That is a rank you are so utterly unfit for, that it would only expose you to unhappiness and ridicule; therefore your commission shall be sold; and for being one day my son, the purchase money shall be appropriated to setting you up in business.

*Johns.* Well, what keeps you now?

*Ca.* You are in a devil of a hurry, Mr. Johnson: I find I must put up with old Jacob again; but let me ask you one question, an't I to be entitled to half-pay for my services.

*Johns.* You shall have full pay if you do't go about your business. [*Shakes his cane at him.*]

*Ca.* Well, if I can't be a half-pay captain I'll be a no-pay captain—for once a captain and always a captain. [*Exit* Caleb.]

*Sir O.* Captain Crevelt—I beg your pardon, captain Talbot, give me your hand; you want nothing now but a wife, and if my daughter Charlotte—

*Count.* Eh bien! Monsieur Chevalier, you have forgot?

*Sir O.* Why, no, Count, I have not forgot; but you must know, whatever my respect for you may be,

be, there is not that man living whose alliance I so much desire as colonel Talbot's; besides, I understand there is another branch of the family of my mind.

*Count.* Chevalier, I love and I respect the English, and by gar me vil have a wife among you.

*Mand.* It is not in words to express my pleasure—to make a bosom friend, and find a near relation, in less time than others form a common acquaintance, overflows my heart with transport.

*Lady O.* I could wish also to shew this affecting discovery touches me, if I was not apprehensive, Sir Oliver, of your unfortunate suspicious temper.

*Sir O.* Captain Talbot, be so good as to step this way—Do give my wife a kiss; I know, my dear, your lips itch for it; and, with all her faults, believe me, she has a heart that beats in unison to the feelings of all present, and a tear for misery and friendship.

*Col. Tal.* Miss Oldstock, it is your father's wish and mine to unite our families—now that I have a son I can propose to you, there is only your acceptance of him necessary to make me happy.

*Char.* Why, Sir, if the gentleman has but courage to speak for himself—

*Sir O.* As I don't expect the pleasure of contradiction from either party on this occasion, I'll join their hands, (*Joining their hands.*) without waiting for an answer—there—Colonel, you are now one of my family.

*Col. Tal.* That assurance, Sir Oliver, seals, and completes my happiness—you, Mandeville, shall share a portion of my fortune as a son, and may happiness still wait on you and your lovely Harriot—and now (*Addressing the audience.*) if this court-martial, to whom we appeal, acquit us with honour, I shall bless the hour my boy said, “He would be a Soldier.”

F I N I S.

## E P I L O G U E.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF THE COMEDY,

AND SPOKEN BY MRS. POPE.

**N**OW critic Jove the scale aloft suspends ;  
 On whose dread beam the poet's fate depends :  
 Ye gods above, high arbiters of wit,  
 Who on your shilling thrones in council sit ;  
 You I implore, for our poor bard afraid,  
 To grant celestial, upper-gall'ry aid ;  
 If you approve, with Cato I shall cry  
 The gods take care of poets in the sky !  
 As for the ladies—they'll sure hear my pray'r,  
 New charms good-nature lends the fairest fair ;  
 Besides, I hardly think they can be foes,  
 To a fond maid who a brave soldier chose.  
 Who like a soldier charms the fair one's eyes,  
 The queen of beauty was a soldier's prize ?  
 In love, as war, the brave man best succeeds,  
 Our sex reveres that valour which it needs.  
 Ye beaux, so finely waisted now-a-days,  
 That one wou'd almost swear you put on stays ;  
 You, I confess, create no great alarm,  
 You hav'nt spirit to do good, or harm.  
 But yonder I espy some dangerous faces ;  
 Good critics, I entreat your favouring graces :  
 All I request is, when a fault's set down,  
 Its neighbouring beauty may be told the town ;  
 But after this, if you attempt to growl,  
 I'll excommunicate you, every soul !  
 In my lawn sleeves and shirt, I'll come so big,  
 In every thing a bishop, but his wig :  
 Nay, if you doubt, an army I will bring  
 Of bishops, who may crown the greatest king :  
 Their sleeves of lawn, the down-wings of the dove ;  
 Their sash, the cestus of the queen of love :  
 With aid like this, and aid you'll own divine,  
 Who wou'd not think success were surely mine ?  
 In anxious hope I wait the dread decree,  
 That must be final both to bard and me.

THE  
COUNT OF NARBONNE,  
A TRAGEDY.

AS IT IS ACTED

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL  
IN DRURY LANE.

By ROBERT JEPHSON, Esq.

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THE SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED.

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LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.  
MDCCLXXXVII.

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TO

THE HONOURABLE

HORACE WALPOLE,

THIS TRAGEDY IS INSCRIBED,

WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT

AND GRATITUDE,

BY HIS MOST OBLIGED

AND VERY OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

Dublin Castle,  
Nov. 17, 1781.

ROBERT JEPHSON.

A



[The page contains extremely faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the document. The text is scattered across the page and does not form any recognizable words or sentences.]

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# P R O L O G U E.

Written by Mr. JEPHSON.

*O*F all who strive to please the publick ear,  
Most bold is he who dares attempt it here ;  
Where four tribunals, a tremendous show,  
Plain folk above, and finer folk below,  
All sit to try an anxious author's cause,  
Each by its own, and all by different laws.  
This beauteous circle, friends to polish'd verse,  
Admires soft sentiments in language terse ;  
While the stern Pit all ornament disdains,  
And loves deep pathos, and sublimer strains.  
The middle order, free from critick pride,  
Take genuine nature for their faithful guide ;  
At ears and eyes they drink the full delight,  
And judge, but as they feel, of wrong and right ;  
While those above them, honest souls ! delight in  
Processions, bustle, trumpets, drums, and fighting.  
Hard as it is, we think our play to-night  
Has something fit for every appetite.—  
For tender souls are tender griefs prepar'd, [To the Boxes.  
And scenes of direr woe for breasts more hard ; [To the Pit.  
By interesting your passions, we must try  
[To the Middle Gallery.  
To bribe the heart while we defraud the eye ;  
And though no trumpets sound, nor drums will rattle,  
You, friends, shall hear of a most desperate battle.

[To the Upper Gallery.

## P R O L O G U E.

*Thus provident for all, we trust you'll own,  
Our poet's zeal may for some faults atone.  
In this, at least, he hopes you'll all agree,  
To shield him from the critick's treachery;  
Who, with sly rules upon your judgement stealing,  
Would set your pride against your honest feeling;  
Would shame the generous drops that swell your eyes,  
And teach you your own virtues to despise.*

*Permit me, ere I go, one short relation,  
And just three words by way of application.  
A home-spun country 'squire, who took his stand  
To see a dext'rous juggler's sleight of hand,  
Was thus accosted by an envious wight,  
Who sought to hurt the artist from pure spight:  
" Sir, for these tricks I'll presently expose them;  
' There's nothing in't, I'll show you how he does them."  
How think you the proposal was receiv'd?  
" No, (says the 'squire) I pay to be deceiv'd."  
Thus wit, which favour'd authors would condemn,  
Mean nothing kind to you, but spleen to them:  
Then still mistrust, whate'er he may profess,  
The friend who strives to make your pleasure less.*

---

P R O L O G U E\*,  
I N T E N D E D F O R  
T H E C O U N T O F N A R B O N N E,

Written by the Rt. Hon. LUKE GARDINER.

*W*HENCE comes it that our bards old times explore,  
And choose their tragick tales from days of yore?  
Is there nor vice nor virtue, now, to raise  
The poet's indignation, or his praise?  
Is Generosity, is Honour fled,  
Are Jealousy, Revenge, Ambition dead?  
Or by the willow'd brook, or in the grove,  
Sighs there no nymph or swain for hopeless love?  
There does,—and urge the opposite who can,  
Nature is nature still, and man is man.  
Yet such are we, that objects, ever new,  
Passing in bright succession to our view,  
Delight us not, 'till they at distance stand,  
Remov'd by sacred Time's mysterious hand.  
The pond'rous statue, if beheld too near,  
Would but a huge, misshapen mass appear;  
Yet plac'd aloft on the high temple's brow,  
The rugged rock is graceful Venus now.  
What odours the Arabian coasts dispense,  
Which, breath'd too near, o'erpower and pall the sense!

*But*

\* This Prologue, not arriving in London, time enough for the first exhibition of the COUNT of NARBONNE, was not spoken.

## P R O L O G U E.

*But if at sea the breeze their sweets exhale,  
Vigour and life ride on the perfum'd gale.  
Antiquity can thus her sweets impart,  
Sweep o'er the expanse of Time, and charm the heart.*

*But look around, the sister arts pursue  
The great antique, and keep her still in view:  
Rehold on canvass Mira's charms display'd,  
A Grecian altar flames beside the maid!  
Though Mira's eyes and auburn locks are there,  
'Tis Flora's drapery, 'tis Juno's air;  
Through every touch the ancient forms we trace,  
And English beauty's deck'd with Attick grace.*

*Nor does the Gothick taste neglected lie;  
Still York and Lincoln's ailes delight the eye;  
Ev'n modern mansions to this stile are chang'd,  
Th' indented battlements in order rang'd;  
The fretted roof, the pointed turrets rise,  
And in fantastick grandeur pierce the skies.*

*That æra marks the story of our play,  
Which here the Tragick Muse unfolds to-day;  
Yet ere the fable was to verse consign'd,  
'Twas by a master's skilful hand design'd;  
Who now, retir'd, neglects the wreath of fame,  
And more than Poet, shuns a Poet's name.*

*If by this visionary tale to prove  
The sacred rights of hymenæal love;  
If the deep workings of the heart to scan,  
And curb the passions of that tyrant, Man;  
If to avenge a virtuous fair one's cause,  
From generous sympathy deserve applause,  
Our poet in this isle must favour meet,  
Where Chastity has fixed her chosen seat;  
Where Beauty clad in virtue's garb appears,  
And Cyprus' queen Diana's crescent wears.*

THE story of this tragedy is taken from **THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO**, an admirable romance, written by the Honourable **HORACE WALPOLE**.



## Persons Represented.

Raymond, <i>Count of Narbonne,</i>	Mr. KEMBLE.
Austin, <i>a Priest,</i>	Mr. BENSLEY.
Theodore, <i>a Peasant,</i>	{ Mr. BANNISTER, Junior.
Fabian, <i>an old Servant of the Count,</i>	Mr. PACKER.
First Officer,	Mr. PHILLIMORE.
Second Officer,	Mr. BENSON.
Hortensia, <i>Countess of Narbonne,</i>	Mrs. SIDDONS.
Adelaide, <i>Daughter of the Count and</i> <i>Countess,</i>	{ Mrs. CROUCH.
Jacqueline, <i>her Attendant,</i>	Miss TIDSWELL.

Attendants, &c.

SCENE, Narbonne Castle, and the Monastery of Saint  
Nicholas, adjoining the Castle.

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THE  
COUNT OF NARBONNE,  
A TRAGEDY.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Hall with Gothick ornaments; a full length picture of Alphonso in armour, in the center of the back scene.*

COUNT, *as he enters, speaking to an Officer; FABIAN following.*

COUNT.

—NOT to be found! is this your faithful service?  
How could she pass unseen? By hell, 'tis false;  
Thou hast betray'd me.

OFFICER.

Noble sir! my duty—

COUNT.

Your fraud, your negligence,—away, reply not.  
Find her within this hour; else, by my life,  
The gates of Narbonne shall be clos'd against thee;  
Then make the world thy country. [Exit OFFICER.

Fabian stay!

B

Mif-

## THE COUNT

Misfortunes fall so thick upon my head,  
They will not give me time to think, to breathe.

FABIAN.

Heaven knows I wish your peace; but am to learn,  
What grief more fresh than my young lord's decease  
(A sorrow but of three days pass'd) can move you.

COUNT.

O bitter memory! gone, gone for ever!  
The pillar of my house, my only son!

FABIAN.

'Twas terrible indeed.

COUNT.

Ay, was it not?

And then the manner of it; think on that:  
Disease, that robb'd me of two infant sons,  
Approaching slow, bade me prepare to lose them;  
I saw my lilies drooping; and, accustom'd  
To see them dying, bore to see them dead:  
But O my Edmund!—Thou remember'st, Fabian,  
How blithe he went to seek the forest's sport.

FABIAN.

Would I could not remember;

COUNT.

That curst Barb  
(My fatal gift) that dash'd him down the cliff,  
Seem'd proud of his gay burden. Breathless, mangled,  
They bore him back to me. Fond man! I hoped  
This day his happy match with Isabel  
Had made our line perpetual; and, this day,  
The unfruitful grave receives him. Yes, 'tis fate;  
That dreadful denunciation 'gainst my house  
No prudence can avert, nor prayers can soften.

FABIAN.

F A B I A N.

Think not on that; some visionary's dream.  
 What house, what family could e'er know peace,  
 If each enthusiast's ravings were believ'd,  
 And frenzy deem'd an insight of the future?  
 But may I dare to ask, is it of moment  
 To stir your anger thus, that Isabel  
 Has left the castle?

C O U N T.

Of the deepest moment;  
 My best hope hangs on her; some future time,  
 I may instruct thee why.—These cares unhinge me.  
 Just now, a herald from her angry father  
 Left me this dire election,—to resign  
 My titles, and this ample signory,  
 (Worthy a monarch's envy,) or to meet him,  
 And try my right by arms. But pr'ythee tell,  
 (Nor let a fear to wound thy master's pride  
 Restrain thy licens'd speech,) hast thou e'er heard  
 My father Raymond—cast not down thine eye—  
 By any indirect or bloody means  
 Procur'd that instrument, Alphonso's will,  
 That made him heir to Narbonne?

F A B I A N.

My best lord,  
 At all times would I fain with-hold from you  
 Intelligence unwelcome, but most now.  
 At seasons such as this, a friendly tongue  
 Should utter words like balm; but what you ask—

C O U N T.

I ask to be inform'd of. Hast thou known me  
 From childhood up to man, and canst thou fear  
 I am so weak of soul, like a thin reed,

4 THE COUNT

To bend and stagger at each puny blast?  
No; when the tempest rages round my head,  
I give my branches wider to the air,  
And strike my root more deeply.—To thy tale:  
Away with palliatives and compliment;—  
Speak plainly.

FABIAN.

Plainly then, my lord, I have heard  
What for the little breath I have to draw,  
I would not, to the black extent of rumour,  
Give credit to.—But you command me speak—

COUNT.

Thy pauses torture me.—Can I hear worse  
Than this black scroll contains; this challenge here  
From Isabella's father, haughty Godfrey?  
In broad and unambiguous words he tells me  
My father was a murderer, and forg'd  
Alphonso's testament.

FABIAN.

From Palestine  
That tale crept hither; where, foul slander says,  
The good Alphonso, not, as we believe,  
Died of a fever, but a venom'd draught,  
Your father, his companion of the cross,  
Did with his own hand mingle; his hand too  
(Assisted by some cunning practifers)  
Modell'd that deed, which, barring Godfrey's right,  
And other claims from kindred, nam'd Count Raymond  
Lord of these fair possessions.

COUNT.

Ha! I have it;  
Tis Godfrey's calumny; he has coin'd this lie;  
And his late visit to the holy land,

No

OF NARBONNE.

5

No doubt, has furnish'd likelihood of proof,  
To give his fiction colour.

FABIAN.

Sure 'tis so.

COUNT.

He too has forg'd this idle prophecy,  
(To shake me with false terrors) this prediction,  
Which but to think of used to freeze my veins;  
"That no descendant from my father's loins  
"Should live to see a grandson, nor heav'ns wrath  
"Cease to afflict us, till Alphonso's heir  
"Succeeded to his just inheritance."  
Hence Superstition mines my tottering state,  
Loosens my vassals' faith, and turns their tears,  
Which else would fall for my calamities,  
To gloomy pause, and gaping reverence:  
While all my woes, to their perverted sense,  
Seem but the marvellous accomplishment  
Of revelation, out of nature's course.

FABIAN.

Reason must so interpret. Good my lord,  
What answer was return'd to Godfrey's challenge?

COUNT.

Defiance.

FABIAN.

Heaven defend you!

COUNT.

Heaven defend me!

I hope it will; and this right arm to boot.  
But, hark. I hear a noise—Perhaps my people  
Have found the fugitive.—Haste; bid them enter.

[Exit FABIAN.

SCENE

B 3



## THE COUNT

## SCENE II.

COUNT, *alone.*

She eyed me with abhorrence; at the sound  
 Of love, of marriage, fled indignant from me.  
 Yet I must win her: should she meet my wish,  
 Godfrey would prop the right he strives to shake,  
 Securing thus to his fair daughter's issue  
 All that now hangs on the sword's doubtful point,  
 Her beauty too, each soft attractive grace,  
 I saw with jealous pleasure, even when destin'd  
 To my son's arms. His death removes one bar;  
 And, fortune to my double aim conspiring,  
 I'll silence saucy conscience.

## SCENE III.

*To the COUNT, FABIAN, Officer, and Attendants, bringing in  
 a young Peasant.*

Now, what tidings?

Where is the lady?

OFFICER.

We have search'd in vain  
 The castle round; left not an aisle or vault  
 Unvisited.

COUNT.

Damnation!

OFFICER.

Near the cloister,  
 From whence by the flat door's descent, a passage  
 Beneath the ground leads onward to the convent,

We

OF NARBONNE.

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We heard the echo of a falling weight,  
And fought it by the sound.

COUNT.

Well, and what then?

OFFICER.

The unsettled dust left us no room to doubt  
The door had just been rais'd.

COUNT.

She has escap'd

And by confed'racy: to force that bar,  
Without more aid, had baffled twice her strength,  
Go on.

OFFICER.

We enter'd; with resistance bold,  
This peasant push'd us backward from the spot.  
My arm was rais'd to smite him, but respect  
For something in his aspect check'd the blow.  
He, chiding, parlying by turns, gave time  
For whosoever had descended there  
(The lady doubtless) to elude our search:  
The rest himself will tell.

COUNT.     *[To the Peasant,*  
Ha! what art thou?

PEASANT.

It seems thy prisoner: disengage me first  
From their rude gripe, and I may tell thee more.

COUNT.

Unhand him. I should know thee; I have seen  
Features like thine. Answer me, wert thou found  
As these men say?

PEASANT.

I was.

B 4

COUNT

## THE COUNT

COUNT.

And what thy purpose?

PEASANT.

Chance brought me there.

COUNT.

And did chance lead thee too

To aid a fugitive?

PEASANT.

They saw not that.

COUNT.

They saw it not! How! could her delicate hands,  
Weak, soft, and yielding to the gentlest touch,  
Sustain that pond'rous mass? No; those tough arms,  
Thy force, assisted; else, thou young dissembler——

PEASANT.

She had been seiz'd, and by compulsion brought  
Where I stand now.

COUNT.

Thou dost avow it then,

Boast it even to my face, audacious stripling!  
Such insolence and these coarse rustick weeds  
Are contradictions. Answer me, who art thou?

PEASANT.

Less than I should be; more than what I seem.

COUNT.

Hence with this faucy ambiguity.  
What is thy name, thy country? That mean habit  
(Which should teach humbleness) speaks thy condition,

PEASANT.

My name is Theodore, my country France;  
My habit little suited to my mind,  
Less to my birth; yet fit for my condition.

COUNT.

COUNT,

O, thou art then some young adventurer,  
 Some roving knight, a hero in disguise,  
 Who, scorning forms of vulgar ceremony,  
 No leave obtain'd, waiting no invitation,  
 Enters our castles, wanders o'er our halls,  
 To succour dames distress'd, or pilfer gold.  
 Where are your train, your pages, and your squires?  
 Perhaps but poorly lodg'd! I am to blame;  
 But must excuse my scant'd courtesy,  
 By ignorance of your high character.

PEASANT.

There is a source of reverence for thee here,  
 Forbids me, though provok'd, retort thy taunts.

COUNT.

If I endure this more, I shall grow vile  
 Even to my hinds—

PEASANT.

Hold, let me stop thy wrath,  
 I see thy quivering lip, thy fiery eye,  
 Forerun a storm of passion. To prevent thee  
 From terms too harsh, perhaps, for thee to offer,  
 Or me to hear (poor as I seem) with honour,  
 I will cut short thy interrogatories,  
 And on this theme give thee the full extent  
 Of all I know, or thou canst wish to learn.

COUNT.

Do it,

PEASANT.

Without a view to thwart thy purpose  
 (Be what it might), was I within thy walls.  
 In a dim passage of the castle-aisles  
 Musing alone, I heard a hasty tread,

And

And breath drawn short, like one in fear of peril,  
 A lady enter'd, (fair she seem'd, and young,)  
 Guiding her timorous footsteps by a lamp,  
 " The lord, the tyrant of this place (she cried)  
 " For a detested purpose follows me;  
 " Aid me good youth:" then, pointing to the ground,  
 " That door (she added) leads to sanctuary."  
 I seiz'd an iron hold, and, while I tugg'd  
 To heave the unwilling weight, I learn'd her title,

COUNT,

The lady Isabel?

PEASANT.

The same. A gleam,  
 Shot from their torches who pursued her track,  
 Prevented more; she hasten'd to the cave,  
 And vanish'd from my sight.

COUNT.

And did no awe,  
 No fear of him she call'd this castle's lord,  
 Its tyrant, chill thee?

PEASANT.

Awe nor fear I know not,  
 And trust shall never; for I know not guilt.

COUNT.

Then thou, it seems, art master here, not I;  
 Thou canst control my projects, blast my schemes,  
 And turn to empty air my power in Narbonne.  
 Nay, should my daughter choose to fly my castle,  
 Against my bidding, guards and bolts were vain:  
 This frize-clad champion, gallant Theodore,  
 Would lend his ready arm, and mock my caution.

PEASANT,

OF NARBONNE.

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PEASANT.

Thy daughter! O, I were indeed too blest'd,  
Could I but live to render her a service!

COUNT.

My daughter would, I hope, disdain thy service.

PEASANT.

Wherefore am I to blame? What I have done,  
Were it to do again, again I'd do it.  
And may this arm drop palsied by my side,  
When its cold sinews shrink to aid affliction!

COUNT.

Indeed!

PEASANT.

Indeed. Frown on. Ask thy own heart,—  
Did innocence and beauty bend before thee,  
Hunted and trembling, would'st thou tamely pause,  
Scanning pale counsel from deliberate fear,  
And weigh each possibility of danger?  
No; the instinctive nobleness of blood  
Would start beyond the reach of such cold scruples,  
And instant gratify its generous ardour.

COUNT.

I must know more of this. His phrase, his look,  
His steady confidence, raise something here,  
Bids me beware of him.—I have no time  
To bandy idle words with slaves like thee.  
I doubt not thy intent was mischievous;  
Booty perhaps, or blood. Till more enquiry  
Clear or condemn him, hold him in your guard.  
Give none admittance—Take him from my sight.

I

PEASANT.



## THE COUNT

PEASANT.

Secure in her integrity, my soul  
 Casts back thy mean suspicions, and forgives thee.

[THEOEORE *is led out,*

## SCENE IV.

COUNT, FABIAN.

COUNT.

Away with him.—What means this heaviness?  
 My heart, that, like a well-trim'd gallant bark,  
 Was wont to mount the waves, and dash them off  
 In ineffectual foam, now seems to crack,  
 And let in each affailing tide to sink me.  
 I must not yield to this dull lethargy.  
 Good Fabian, hie thee to Saint Nicholas';  
 Bid holy Austin straight repair to me. [Exit FABIAN,

## SCENE V.

COUNT *alone,*

His sanctity, and reverend character,  
 His pious eloquence, made engines for me,  
 Might save a world of anguish to my soul,  
 And smooth my unwelcome purpose to Hortensia,  
 But how prevail with him!—Ambition?—No;  
 The world is dead in him, and gold is trash  
 To one who neither needs nor values it.  
 Interest and love shall wear the guise of conscience;  
 I must pretend nice scruples which I feel not,  
 And make him mediate for me with the Church.  
 Yet he reveres the Countess; and, I fear,  
 Will spy more sin in doubts that wound her quiet,

Than

Than in my stifling them. But see, she comes,  
With downcast eye, and sad dejected mien.  
I will not yet disclose it.

## SCENE VI.

*To him the* COUNTESS.

Where's my child,  
My all of comfort now, my Adelaide?

COUNTESS.

Dear as she is, I would not have her all;  
For I should then be nothing. Time has been,  
When, after three long days of absence from you,  
You would have question'd me a thousand times,  
And bid me tell each trifle of myself;  
Then, satisfied at last that all were well,  
At last, unwilling, turn to meaner cares.

COUNT.

This is the nature still of womankind;  
If fondness be their mood, we must cast off  
All grave-complexion'd thought, and turn our souls  
Quite from their tenour to wild levity;  
Vary with all their humours, take their hues,  
As unsubstantial Iris from the sun;  
Our bosoms are their passive instruments;  
Vibrate their strain, or all our notes are discord.

COUNTESS.

O why this new unkindness? From thy lips  
Never till now fell such ungentle words,  
Nor ever less was I prepar'd to meet them.

COUNT.

Never till now was I so urg'd beset,  
Hemm'd round with perils.

COUNTESS?

## THE COUNT

COUNTESS.

Ay, but not by me.

COUNT.

By thee, and all the world. But yesterday,  
 With uncontrollable and absolute sway  
 I rul'd this province, was the unquestion'd lord  
 Of this strong castle, and its wide domains,  
 Stretch'd beyond sight around me; and but now,  
 The axe, perhaps, is sharp'ning, may hew down  
 My perish'd trunk, and give the foil I sprung from,  
 To cherish my proud kinsman Godfrey's roots.

COUNTESS.

Heaven guard thy life! His dreadful summons reach'd me.  
 This urg'd me hither. On my knees I beg,  
 (And I have mighty reasons for my prayer,)  
 O do not meet him on this argument:  
 By gentler means strive to divert his claim;  
 Fly this detested place, this house of horror,  
 And leave its gloomy grandeur to your kinsman.

COUNT.

Rise, fearful woman. What! renounce my birth-right?  
 Go forth, like a poor friendless banish'd man,  
 To gnaw my heart in cold obscurity!  
 Thou weak adviser! Should I take thy counsel,  
 Thy tongue would first upbraid, thy spirit scorn me.

COUNTESS.

No, on my soul!—Is Narbonne all the world?  
 My country is where thou art; place is little:  
 The sun will shine, the earth produce its fruits  
 Cheerful, and plenteously, where'er we wander.  
 In humbler walks, blest'd with my child and thee,  
 I'd think it Eden in some lonely vale,  
 Nor heave one sigh for these proud battlements.

COUNT.

## C O U N T.

Such flowery softness suits not matron lips:  
 But thou hast mighty reasons for thy prayer:  
 They should be mighty reasons, to persuade  
 Their rightful lord to leave his large possessions,  
 A soldier challeng'd, to decline the combat.

## C O U N T E S S.

And are not prodigies then mighty reasons?  
 The owl mistakes his season, in broad day  
 Screaming his hideous omens; spectres glide,  
 Gibbering and pointing as we pass along;  
 While the deep earth's unorganized caves  
 Send forth wild sounds and clamours terrible;  
 These towers shake round us, though the untroubled air  
 Stagnates to lethargy:—our children perish,  
 And new disasters blacken every hour.  
 Blood shed unrighteously, blood unappeas'd,  
 Though we are guiltless, cries, I fear, for vengeance.

## C O U N T.

Blood shed unrighteously! have I shed blood?  
 No; nature's common frailties set aside,  
 I'll meet my audit boldly.

## C O U N T E S S.

Mighty Lord!

O! not on us, with justice too severe,  
 Visit the sin not ours!

## C O U N T.

What can this mean?  
 Something thou wouldst reveal that's terrible.

## C O U N T E S S.

Too long alas! it has weigh'd upon my heart;  
 A thousand times I have thought to tell thee all;  
 But my tongue falter'd, and refus'd to wound thee.

## C O U N T.

COUNT.

Distract me not, but speak.

COUNTRESS.

I must. Your father  
Was wise, brave, politick; but mad ambition,  
(Heaven pardon him!) it prompts to desperate deeds.

COUNT.

I scarce can breathe. Pr'ythee be quick, and ease me.

COUNTRESS.

Your absence on the Italian embassy  
Left him, you know, alone to my fond care.  
Long had some hidden grief, like a slow fire,  
Wasted his vitals;—on the bed of death,  
One object seem'd to harrow up his soul,  
That picture of Alphonso, then before him:  
On that his eye was set.—Methinks I see him,  
His ashy hue, his grizzled bristling hair,  
His palms spread wide. For ever would he cry,  
“ That awful form, how terrible he frowns!  
“ See how he bares his livid leprous breast,  
“ And points the deadly chalice!”

COUNT.

Ha! even so!

COUNTRESS.

Sometimes he'd seize my hands, and grasp them close,  
And strain them to his hollow burning eyes;  
Then falter out, “ I am, I am a villain;  
“ Mild angel, pray for me; stir not, my child!  
“ It comes again; oh! do not leave my side.”  
At last, quite spent with mortal agonies,  
His soul went forth; and heaven have mercy on him!

COUNT.

Enough. Thy tale has almost iced my blood.

OF NARBONNE

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Let me not think. Hortensia, on thy duty,  
Suffer no breath like this to pass thy lips:  
I will not taint my noble father's honour,  
By vile suspicions suck'd from nature's dregs,  
And the loose ravings of distemper'd fancy.

C O U N T E S S.

Yet O decline this challenge!

C O U N T.

That hereafter,  
Mean time prepare my daughter, to receive  
A husband of my choice. Should Godfrey come,  
(Strife might be so prevented,) bid her try  
Her beauty's power. Stand thou, but neuter Fate!  
Courage and art shall arm me for mankind.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The end of the First Act.*

C

A C T



## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Chamber.*

FABIAN, JAQUELINE.

FABIAN.

**N**O, no, it cannot be. My lord's commands  
Were absolute, that none should visit him.

JAQUELINE.

What need he know it?

FABIAN.

But perchance he should.

The study of my life has been his pleasure;  
Nor will I risk his favour, to indulge  
Such unavailing curiosity.

JAQUELINE.

Call it not so; I have kind counsel for him;  
Which, if he follow it, may serve to speed  
The hour of his deliverance, and appease  
The unjustly-anger'd count.

FABIAN.

Pray be content;

I dare not do it. Have this castle's walls  
Hous'd thee nine years, and art thou yet to learn  
The temper of the count? Serv'd and obey'd,  
There lives not one more gracious, liberal;  
Offend him, and his rage is terrible;  
I'd rather play with serpents. But, fair Jaqueline,

Setting

Setting aside the comeliness and grace  
 Of this young rustick, which I own are rare,  
 And baits to catch all women, pr'ythee tell,  
 Why are you thus solicitous to see him?

J A Q U E L I N E.

In me 'twere base to be indifferent:  
 He was my life's preserver, nay preserv'd  
 A life more precious: yes, my dear young mistress!  
 But for his aid, the eternal sleep of death  
 Had clos'd the sweetest eyes that ever beam'd.  
 Aloof and frighted stood her coward train,  
 And saw a furious band of desperate slaves,  
 Inur'd to blood and rapine, bear her off.

F A B I A N.

What! when the gang of outlaw'd Thiery  
 Rush'd on her chariot near the wood of Zart,  
 Was he the unknown youth who succour'd her?  
 All good betide him for it!

J A Q U E L I N E.

Yes, 'twas he.

From one tame wretch he snatch'd a half-drawn sword,  
 And dealt swift vengeance on the ruffian crew.  
 Two at his feet stretch'd dead, the rest amaz'd  
 Fled, muttering curses, while he bore her back,  
 Unhurt but by her fears.

F A B I A N.

He should be worship'd,

Have statues rais'd to him; for, by my life,  
 I think there does not breathe another like her.  
 It makes me young to see her lovely eyes:  
 Such charity! such sweet benevolence!  
 So fair, and yet so humble! prais'd for ever,  
 Nay wonder'd at, for nature's rarest gifts,  
 Yet lowlier than the lowest.

C 2

J A Q U E L I N E.

## THE COUNT

JAQUELINE.

Is it strange,

Fair Adelaide and I, thus bound to him,  
 Are anxious for his safety? What offence  
 (And sure 'twas unintended) could provoke  
 The rigorous count thus to imprison him?

FABIAN.

My lord was ever proud and choleric;  
 The youth, perhaps unused to menaces,  
 Brook'd them but ill, and darted frown for frown;  
 This stirr'd the count to fury. But fear nothing;  
 All will be well; I'll wait the meetest season,  
 And be his advocate.

JAQUELINE.

Mean time repair to him;

Bid him be patient; let him want no comfort,  
 Kind care can minister. My lady comes.  
 May I assure her of your favour to him?

FABIAN.

Assure her that the man who sav'd her life,  
 Is dear to Fabian as his vital blood.

[Exit.]

## SCENE II.

To JAQUELINE, ADELAIDE.

ADELAIDE.

I sent thee to his prison. Quickly tell me,  
 What says he, does he know my sorrow for him?  
 Does he confound me with the unfeeling crew,  
 Who act my father's bidding? Can his love  
 Pity my grief, and bear this wrong with patience?

JAQUELINE.

I strove in vain to enter. Fabian holds him,  
 By the count's charge, in strictest custody;

And

And fearful to awake his master's wrath,  
Though much unwilling, bars me from his presence,

A D E L A I D E.

Unkind old man! I would myself entreat him,  
But fear my earnest look, these starting tears,  
Might to the experience of his prying age  
Reveal a secret, which in vain I strive  
To hide from my own breast.

J A Q U E L I N E.

Alas, dear lady,  
Did not your tongue reveal it, your chang'd mien,  
Once lighter than the airy woodnymph's shade,  
Now turn'd to pensive thought, and melancholy,—  
Involuntary sighs,—your cheek, unlike  
Its wonted bloom, as is the red-vein'd rose  
To the dim sweetness of the violet,—  
These had too soon betrayed you. But take heed;  
The colour of our fate too oft is ting'd  
Mournful, or bright, but from our first affections.

A D E L A I D E.

Foul disproportion draws down shame on love,  
But where's the crime in fair equality?  
Mean birth presumes a mind uncultivate,  
Left to the coarseness of its native soil,  
To grow like weeds, and die, like them, neglected;  
But he was born my equal; lineag'd high,  
And titled as our great ones: then his soul—  
The blood of Valois, circling in his veins,  
Could add no jot to his true loyalty.

J A Q U E L I N E.

How easy is our faith to what we wish!  
His story may be feign'd.

C 3

A D E L A I D E.

## THE COUNT.

ADELAIDE.

I'll not mistrust him.

Since the blest'd hour that brought him first to save me,  
 How often have I listen'd to the tale!  
 It varies not, for truth's invariable.  
 He needs no vouchers. Gallant, generous youth!  
 Thy sport, Misfortune, from his infant years!—  
 Wilt thou pursue him still?

JAQUELINE.

Indeed 'tis hard.

ADELAIDE.

But oh the pang, that these ungrateful walls  
 Should be his prison! Here if I were aught,  
 His presence should have made it festival;  
 These gates untouch'd had leap'd to give him entrance,  
 And songs of joy made glad the way before him.  
 Instead of this, think what has been his welcome!  
 Drag'd by rude hands before a furious judge,  
 Insulted, menac'd, like the vilest slave,  
 And doom'd unheard to ignominious bondage.

JAQUELINE.

Your father knew not of his service to you.

ADELAIDE.

No, his indignant soul disdain'd to tell it.  
 Great spirits, conscious of their inborn worth,  
 Scorn by demand to force the praise they merit;  
 They feel a flame beyond their brightest deeds,  
 And leave the weak to note them, and to wonder.

JAQUELINE.

Suppress these strong emotions. The count's eye  
 Is quick to find offence. Should he suspect.  
 This unpermitted passion, 'twould draw down

More

More speedy vengeance on the helpless youth,  
Turning your fatal fondness to his ruin.

A D E L A I D E.

Indeed I want thy counsel. Yet, oh leave me!  
Find if my gold, my gems, can ransom him.  
Had I the world, it should be his as freely.  
I would go kirtled like a village-maid,  
Plain all my life, in nature's simplest drefs,  
Rather than deck'd with proud superfluous wealth,  
While one more worthy, wanting life's poor means,  
Upbraids the insulting splendour of abundance.

J A Q U E L I N E.

Trust to my care. The countess comes to seek you;  
Her eye is this way bent. Conceal this grief;  
All may be lost, if you betray such weakness. [Exit.

### S C E N E III.

A D E L A I D E, *alone.*

O Love! thy sway makes me unnatural.  
The tears, which should bedew the grave, yet green,  
Of a dear brother, turning from their source,  
Forget his death, and fall for Theodore.

### S C E N E IV.

*To her, the* C O U N T E S S.

C O U N T E S S.

Come near, my love! When thou art from my side,  
Methinks I wander like some gloomy ghost,  
Who, doom'd to tread alone a dreary round



Remembers the lost things that made life precious,  
Yet sees no end of cheerless solitude.

ADELAIDE.

We have known too much of sorrow; yet 'twere wise  
To turn our thoughts from what mischance has ravish'd,  
And rest on what it leaves. My father's love—

COUNTESS.

Was mine, but is no more. 'Tis pass'd, 'tis gone.  
That ray at least I hoped would never set,  
My guide, my light, through fortune's blackest shades:  
It was my dear reserve, my secret treasure;  
I stored it up, as misers hoard their gold,  
Sure counterpoise for life's severest ills:  
Vain was my hope; for love's soft sympathy,  
He pays me back harsh words, unkind reproof,  
And looks that stab with coldness.

ADELAIDE.

Oh, most cruel!

And, were he not my father, I could rail;  
Call him unworthy of thy wondrous virtues;  
Blind, and unthankful for the greatest blessing  
Heaven's ever-bounteous hand could shower upon him.

COUNTESS.

No, Adelaide; we must subdue such thoughts:  
Obedience is thy duty, patience mine.  
Just now, with stern and peremptory briefness,  
He bade me seek my daughter, and dispose her  
To wed by his direction.

ADELAIDE.

The saints forbid!

To wed by his direction! Wed with whom?

COUNTESS.

OF NARBONNE.

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COUNTESS.

I know not whom. He counfels with himself,

ADELAIDE.

I hope he cannot mean it.

COUNTESS.

'Twas his order.

ADELAIDE.

O madam! on my knees—

COUNTESS.

What would my child?

Why are thy hands thus rais'd? Why stream thine eyes?  
Why flutters thus thy bosom? Adelaide,  
Speak to me; tell me, wherefore art thou thus?

ADELAIDE.

Surprise and grief—I cannot, cannot speak.

COUNTESS.

If 'tis a pain to speak, I would not urge thee,  
But can my Adelaide fear aught from me?  
Am I so harsh?

ADELAIDE.

Oh no! the kindest, best!  
But, would you save me from the stroke of death,  
If you would not behold your daughter, stretch'd,  
A poor pale corse, and breathless, at your feet,  
Oh, step between me and this cruel mandate!

COUNTESS.

But this is strange!—I hear your father's step:  
He must not see you thus; retire this moment.  
I'll come to you anon.

ADE-

## THE COUNT

ADELAIDE.

Yet, ere I go,  
 O make the interest of my heart your own;  
 Nor, like a senseless, undiscerning thing,  
 Incapable of choice, nor worth the question,  
 Suffer this hasty transfer of your child:  
 Plead for me strongly, kneel, pray, weep for me;  
 And angels lend your tongue the power to move him!

[Exit,

## SCENE V.

COUNTESS, *alone.*

What can this mean, this ecstasy of passion!  
 Can such reluctance, such emotions, spring  
 From the mere nicety of maiden fear?  
 The source is in her heart; I dread to trace it.  
 Must then a parent's mild authority  
 Be turn'd a cruel engine, to inflict  
 Wounds on the gentle bosom of my child?  
 And am I doom'd to register each day  
 But by some new distraction?—Edmund! Edmund!  
 In apprehending worse even than thy loss,  
 My sense, confused, rests on no single grief;  
 For that were ease to this eternal pulse,  
 Which, throbbing here, says, blacker fates must follow;  
 While Reason just has power enough to whisper,  
*Poor wretch! thy peace may come, when death comes with it.*

SCENE

## SCENE VI.

*To her* COUNT, AUSTIN.

COUNT.

I fought thee, and thou dost prevent me, Austin!  
 Welcome, thrice welcome! By our holy mother,  
 My house seems hallow'd, when thou enter'st it.  
 Tranquillity and peace dwell ever round thee;  
 That robe of innocent white is thy soul's emblem,  
 Made visible in unstain'd purity.  
 Once more thy hand.

AUSTIN.

My daily task has been,  
 So to subdue the frailties we inherit,  
 That my fair estimation might go forth,  
 Nothing for pride, but to an end more righteous:  
 For not the solemn trappings of our state,  
 Tiaras, mitres, nor the pontiff's robe,  
 Can give such grave authority to priesthood,  
 As one good deed of grace and charity.

COUNT.

We deem none worthier. But to thy errand!

AUSTIN.

I come commission'd from fair Isabel.

COUNT.

To me, or to the Countess?

AUSTIN.

Thus, to both.  
 For your fair courtesy, and entertainment,  
 She rests your thankful debtor. You, dear lady,

And

And her sweet friend, the gentle Adelaide,  
Have such a holy place in all her thoughts,  
That 'twere irreverence to waste her sense  
In wordy compliment.

C O U N T E S S .

Alas, where is she?  
Till now I scarce had power to think of her;  
But 'tis the mournful privilege of grief,  
To stand excus'd from kind observances,  
Which else, neglected, might be deem'd offence.

A U S T I N .

She dwells in sanctuary at Saint Nicholas';  
Why she took refuge there—

C O U N T .

Retire, Hortensia,  
I would have private conference with Austin,  
No second ear must witness,

C O U N T E S S .

May I not,  
By this good man, solicit her return?

C O U N T .

Another time; it suits not now.—Retire.

[Exit COUNTESS]

## S C E N E VII.

C O U N T , A U S T I N .

C O U N T .

You come commission'd from fair Isabel?

A U S T I N .

I come commission'd from a greater Power,  
The Judge of thee, and Isabel, and all.

## O F N A R B O N N E.

The offer of your hand in marriage to her,  
With your propos'd divorce from that good lady,  
That honour'd, injur'd lady, you sent hence,  
She has disclos'd to me.

C O U N T.

—Which you approve not :  
So speaks the frowning prelude of your brow.

A U S T I N.

Approve not! Did I not protest against it,  
With the bold fervour of enkindled zeal,  
I were the pander of a love, like incest;  
Betrayed of my trust, my function's shame,  
And thy eternal soul's worst enemy.

C O U N T.

Yet let not zeal, good man, devour thy reason :  
Hear first, and then determine. Well you know,  
My hope of heirs has perish'd with my son ;  
Since now full seventeen years, the unfruitful curse  
Has fallen upon Hortensia. Are these signs,  
(Tremendous signs, that startle Nature's order!)  
Graves casting up their sleepers, earth convuls'd,  
Meteors that glare, my children's timeless deaths,  
Obscure to thee alone?—I have found the cause.  
There is no crime our holy Church abhors,  
Not one high Heaven more strongly interdicts,  
Than that commixture, by the marriage rite,  
Of blood too near, as mine is to Hortensia.

A U S T I N.

What! when the avenging arm is stretch'd abroad,  
Angry and red at man's enormities,  
Can more audacious sin dissolve the bolt,  
To healing dews of peace and blessedness?  
Too near of blood! oh, specious mockery!  
Where have these doubts been buried twenty years?  
Why wake they now? And am I closetted,

To



To sanction them? Take back your hasty words,  
That call'd me wife or virtuous; while you offer  
Such shallow fictions to insult my sense,  
And strive to win me to a villain's office.

C O U N T.

The virtue of our churchmen, like our wives,  
Should be obedient meekness. Proud resistance,  
Banding high looks, a port erect and bold,  
Are from the canon of your order, priest.  
Learn this, for here will I be teacher, Austin;  
Our temporal blood must not be stirr'd thus rudely:  
A front that taunts, a scanning, scornful brow,  
Are silent menaces, and blows unstruck.

A U S T I N.

Not so, my lord; mine is no priestly pride:  
When I put off the habit of the world,  
I had lost all that made it dear to me,  
And shook off, to my best, its heat and passions.  
But can I hold in horror this ill deed,  
And dress my brow in false-approving smiles?  
No; could I carry lightning in my eye,  
Or roll a voice like thunder in your ears,  
So should I suit my utterance to my thoughts,  
And act as fits my sacred ministry.

C O U N T.

O father! did you know the conflict here;  
How love and conscience are at war within me;  
Most sure, you would not treat my grief thus harshly.  
I call the saints to witness, were I master,  
To give the perfect model of my wish,  
For virtue, and all female loveliness,  
I would not rove to an ideal form,  
But beg of heaven another like Hortensia—  
Yet we must part.

A U S T I N.

AUSTIN.

And think you to excuse

A meditated wrong to excellence,  
 By giving it acknowledgement and praise?  
 Rather pretend insensibility;  
 Feign that thou dost not see like other men;  
 Hear'st with peculiar organ; hast no relish  
 For all the good and wise admire in woman;  
 So may abhorrence be exchange'd for wonder,  
 Or men from cursing fall to pity thee.

COUNT.

You strive in vain; no power on earth can shake me.  
 I grant my present purpose seems severe,  
 Yet are there means to smooth severity,  
 Which you, and only you, can best apply.

AUSTIN.

Oh no! the means hang there, there by your side:  
 Enwring your fingers in her flowing hair,  
 And with that weapon drink her heart's best blood;  
 So shall you kill her, but not cruelly,  
 Compar'd to this deliberate, lingering murder.

COUNT.

Away with this perverseness! Get thee to her;  
 Tell her my heart is hers; here deep engrav'd  
 In characters indelible, shall rest  
 The sense of her perfections. Why I leave her,  
 Is not from cloy'd or fickle appetite,  
 (For infinite is still her power to charm;)—  
 But Heaven will have it so.

AUSTIN.

Oh, name not Heaven!

'Tis too profane abuse.

COUNT.

Win her consent,

(I know

(I know thy sway is boundless o'er her will,  
 Then join my hand to blooming Isabel.  
 Thus, will you do to all most worthy service;  
 The curse, averted thus, shall pass from Narbonne;  
 My house again may flourish; and proud Godfrey,  
 Who now disputes, will ratify my title,  
 Pleas'd with the rich succession to his heirs.

AUSTIN.

Has passion drown'd all sense, all memory?  
 She was affianced to your son, young Edmund.

COUNT.

She never lov'd my son. Our importunity  
 Won her consent, but not her heart, to Edmund.

AUSTIN.

Did not that speak her soul pre-occupied?  
 Some undivulg'd and deep-felt preference?

COUNT.

Ha! thou hast rous'd a thought: This Theodore!  
 (Dull that I was, not to perceive it sooner!)  
 He is her paramour; by heaven, she loves him.  
 Her coldness to my son; her few tears for him;  
 Her flight; this peasant's aiding her; all, all,  
 Make it unquestionable;—but he dies.

AUSTIN.

Astonishment! What does thy frenzy mean?

COUNT.

I thank thee, priest! thou serv'st me 'gainst thy will.  
 That slave is in my power. Come, follow me.  
 Thou shalt behold the minion's head struck off;  
 Then to his mistress bear the ghastly present.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The end of the Second Act.*

ACT

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Hall.*ADELAIDE, JAQUELINE *following.*

JAQUELINE.

WHERE do you fly? Heavens! have you lost all sense?

ADELAIDE.

Oh, would I had! for then I should not feel;  
But I have sense enough to know I am wretched,  
To see the full extent of misery,  
Yet not enough to teach me how to bear it.

JAQUELINE.

I did not think your gentleness of nature  
Could rise to such extremes.

ADELAIDE.

Am I not tame?  
What are these tears, this wild dishevel'd hair?  
Are these fit signs for such despair as mine?  
Women will weep for trifles, bawbles, nothing,  
For very forwardness will weep as I do:  
A spirit rightly touch'd would pierce the air,  
Call down invisible legions to his aid,  
Kindle the elements.—But all is calm;  
No thunder rolls, no warning voice is heard,  
To tell my frantick father, this black deed  
Will sink him down to infinite perdition.

JAQUELINE.

Rest satisfied he cannot be so cruel  
(Rash as he is) to shed the innocent blood  
Of a defenceless, unoffending youth.

D

ADELAIDE.

ADELAIDE.

He cannot be so cruel? Earth and heaven!  
Did I not see the dreadful preparations?  
The slaves, who tremble at my father's nod,  
Pale, and confounded, dress the fatal block.  
But I will fly; fall prostrate at his feet;  
If nature is not quite extinguished in him,  
My prayers, my tears, my anguish, sure will move him.

J A Q U E L I N E.

Move him indeed! but to redoubled fury:  
He dooms him dead for loving Isabel;  
Think, will it quench the fever of his rage,  
To find he durst aspire to charm his daughter.

ADELAIDE.

Did I hear right? for loving Isabel?  
I knew not that before. Does he then love her?

J A Q U E L I N E.

Nothing I heard distinctly; wild confusion  
Runs thro' the castle: every busy fool,  
All ignorant alike, tells different tales.

ADELAIDE.

Away; it cannot be. I know his truth.  
Oh! I despise myself, that for a moment  
(Pardon me, Love!) could suffer mean suspicion  
Usurp the seat of generous confidence.  
Think all alike unjust, my Theodore,  
When even thy Adelaide could join to wrong thee!

J A Q U E L I N E.

Yet be advis'd—

ADELAIDE.

Oh, leave me to my grief.—  
To whom shall I complain? He but preserv'd  
My life a little space, to make me feel  
The extremes of joy and sorrow. Ere we met,  
My heart was calm as the unconscious babe,

That

That slumbers cradled 'tween the mother's breasts.  
 From him I learn'd new wishes, new affections;  
 To hope, to fear, to dread inquiring eyes,  
 To find no relish in what pleas'd before,  
 And sigh for bliss that's unattainable.

## S C E N E II.

*To them* F A B I A N.

F A B I A N.

Madam, my lord comes this way, and commands  
 To clear these chambers; what he meditates,  
 'Tis fit indeed were private. My old age  
 Has liv'd too long, to see my master's shame.

A D E L A I D E.

His shame, eternal shame! Oh, more than cruel!  
 How shall I smother it! Fabian, what means he?  
 My father—him I speak of—this young stranger—

F A B I A N.

My heart is rent in pieces: deaf to reason,  
 He hears no counsel but from cruelty.  
 Good Austin intercedes, and weeps in vain.

J A Q U E L I N E.

There's comfort yet, if he is by his side.  
 Look up, dear lady! Ha! that dying paleness—

A D E L A I D E.

It is too much:—Oh Jaqueline!

J A Q U E L I N E.

She faints;

Her gentle spirits could endure no more.  
 Ha! paler still! Fabian, thy arm; support her.  
 She stirs not yet.

F A B I A N.

Soft, bear her gently in.

[ADELAIDE is carried out.]

D 2

SCENE



## THE COUNT

## SCENE III.

FABIAN, *alone.* [*looking after her.*]

Fair creature! if this counterfeit of death  
 Could lie like lead upon thee, till this deed,  
 That cries so loud 'gainst Narbonne, were forgot,  
 Thou would'st be happier far than we who wake,  
 Wishing in vain for blindness and oblivion. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE IV.

COUNT, *followed by* AUSTIN.

AUSTIN,

I do believe thee very barbarous;  
 Nay fear thy reason touch'd; for such wild thoughts,  
 Such bloody purposes, could ne'er proceed  
 From any sober judgment;—yet thy heart  
 Will sure recoil at this.

COUNT.

Why, think so still;  
 Think me both ruffian-like, and lunatick:  
 One proof at least I'll give of temperate reason,—  
 Not to be baited from my fix'd design  
 By a monk's ban, or whining intercession.

AUSTIN,

Thou canst not mean to do it.

COUNT.

Trust thine eyes.  
 Thybalt! bring forth the prisoner; bid my marshal  
 Prepare an axe. The ceremony's short;  
 One stroke, and all is past. Before he die,  
 He shall have leave to thank your godliness,  
 For speeding him so soon from this bad world.

AUSTIN,

Where is the right, the law, by which you doom him?

COUNT.

My will's the law.

AUSTIN.

AUSTIN.

A venerable law!  
The law by which the tyger tears the lamb,  
And kites devour the dove. A lord of France,  
Dress'd in a little delegated sway,  
Strikes at his sovereign's face; while he profanes  
His functions, trusted for the general good.

COUNT.

I answer not to thee.

AUSTIN.

Answer to heaven.  
When call'd to audit in that sacred court,  
Will that supremacy accept thy plea,  
*I did commit foul murder, for I might?*

COUNT.

Soar not too high; talk of the things of earth,  
I'll give thee ear. Has not thy penitent,  
Young Isabel, disclos'd her passion to thee?

AUSTIN.

Never.

COUNT.

Just now, her coldness to my son,  
You said, bespoke her heart preoccupied.  
The frail and fair make you their oracles;  
Pent in your close confessionals you sit,  
Bending your reverend ears to luscious secrets;  
While with their heaving breasts, and love-fraught eyes,  
Devoutly they sigh out each amorous wish;  
Till flesh and spirit mingling flame with flame,  
Their glowing senses fix at last on man,  
And priests may quench the fire a lover kindled.

AUSTIN.

Scoffer, no more! stop thy licentious tongue;  
Turn inward to thy bosom, and reflect—

D 3

COUNT.

## THE COUNT

COUNT.

That is, be fool'd. Yet will I grant his life,  
On one condition.

AUSTIN.

Name it.

COUNT.

Join my hand

To Ifabel.

AUSTIN.

Not for the world.

COUNT.

He dies.

## S C E N E V.

*To the COUNT and AUSTIN, THEODORE brought in.*

Come near, thou wretch! When call'd before me first,  
With most unwonted patience I endur'd  
Thy bold avowal of the wrong thou did'st me;  
A wrong so great, that, but for foolish pity,  
Thy head that instant should have made atonement;  
But now, convicted of a greater crime,  
Mercy is quench'd: therefore prepare to die.

THEODORE.

Indeed! and is this all?—'tis somewhat sudden.  
I was a captive long 'mongst infidels,  
Whom falsely I deem'd savage, since I find  
Even Tunis and Algiers, those nests of ruffians,  
Might teach civility to polish'd France,  
If life depends but on a tyrant's frown.

COUNT.

Out with thy holy trumpery, priest! delay not;  
Or, if he trusts in Mahomet, and scorns thee,  
Away with him this instant.

AUSTIN.

AUSTIN.

Hold, I charge you!

THEODORE.

The turban'd misbeliever makes some show  
Of justice, in his deadly processses;  
Nor drinks the fabre blood thus wantonly,  
Where men are valued less than nobler beasts.—  
Of what am I accused?

COUNT.

Of insolence;

Of bold presumptuous love, that dares aspire  
To mix the vileness of thy fordid lees  
With the rich current of a baron's blood.

AUSTIN.

My heart is touch'd for him.—Much injur'd youth,  
Suppress awhile this swelling indignation;  
Plead for thy life,

THEODORE.

I will not meanly plead;  
Nor were my neck bow'd to his bloody block,  
If love's my crime, would I disown my love,

COUNT.

Then, by my soul, thou diest,

THEODORE.

And let me die:

With my last breath I'll bless her. My spirit, free  
From earth's encumbering clogs, shall soar above thee,  
Anxious, as once in life, I'll hover round her;  
Teach her new courage to sustain this blow,  
And guard her, tyrant! from thy cruelty.

COUNT.

Ha! give me way!

AUSTIN.

Why, this is madness, youth;  
You but inflame the rage, you should appease.

D 4

THEODORE.

## THE C O U N T.

T H E O D O R E.

He thinks me vile. 'Tis true indeed I seem so:  
 But, though these humble weeds obscure my outside,  
 I have a soul disdains his contumely;  
 A guiltless spirit, that provokes no wrong,  
 Nor from a monarch would endure it offer'd;  
 Uninjur'd, lamb-like; but a lion, rous'd.—  
 Know, too injurious lord, here stands before thee  
 The equal of thy birth.

C O U N T.

Away, base clod.—

Obey me, slaves.—What, all amaz'd with lies?

A U S T I N.

Yet, hear him, Narbonne: that ingenuous face  
 Looks not a lie. Thou said'st thou wert a captive;—  
 Turn not away! we are not all like him.  
 Something, I know not what, most friendly to thee,  
 Nay, more than friendly, like a parent's care,  
 And anxious, even to pain, bids me enquire—

T H E O D O R E.

My story's brief. My mother, and myself,  
 (I then an infant) in my father's absence,  
 Were on our frontiers seiz'd by Saracens.

C O U N T.

A likely tale! a well-devis'd imposture!  
 Who will believe thee?

A U S T I N.

O deceiving hope!

A gleam shoots through me; and my startled soul,  
 Fearful and eager, shrinks from its own wish:  
 I shake, and scarce have power enough to beg thee,  
 Go on, say all.

T H E O D O R E.

To the fierce Bashaw, Hamet,

That

OF NARBONNE.

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That scourge and terrour of the Christian coasts,  
Were we made slaves at Tunis.

AUSTIN.

Ha! at Tunis!  
Seiz'd with thy mother? Lives she, gentle youth?

THEODORE.

Ah no, dear saint! fate ended soon her woes,  
In pity ended. On her dying couch,  
She pray'd for blessings on me.

AUSTIN.

Be thou blessed!

O fail not nature, but support this conflict!  
'Tis not delusion sure. It must be he.—  
But one thing more;—did she not tell the too  
Thy wretched father's name?

THEODORE.

The lord of Clarinfa.

Why do you look so earnestly upon me?  
If yet he lives, and thou know'st Clarinfa,  
Tell him my tale.

AUSTIN.

Mysterious providence!

COUNT.

[*Aside.*]

What's this? the old man trembles and turns pale.

THEODORE.

He will not let his offspring's timeless ghost  
Walk unappeas'd, but on this cruel head  
Exact full vengeance for his slaughter'd son.

AUSTIN.

O giver of all good! eternal Lord!  
Am I so bless'd, at last, to see my son?

THEODORE.

Let me be deaf for ever, if my ears  
Deceive me now! did he not say his son?

AUSTIN.



## THE COUNT

AUSTIN.

I did, I did; let this, and this convince thee,  
I am that Clarinsal; I am thy father.

COUNT.

[*Aside.*]

Why works this foolish moisture to my eyes?  
Down Nature! what hast thou to do with vengeance?

THEODORE.

Oh sir! thus bending, let me clasp your knees;  
Now, in this precious moment, pay at once  
The long, long debt of a lost son's affection.

COUNT.

[*Aside.*]

Destruction seize them both! Must I behold  
Their transports, ne'er perhaps again to know  
A son's obedience, or a father's fondness!

AUSTIN.

Dear boy! what miracle preserv'd thee thus,  
To give thee back to France?

THEODORE.

No miracle,  
But common chance. A warlike bark of Spain  
Bore down, and seiz'd our vessel, as we rov'd  
Intent on spoil: (for many times, alas!  
Was I compell'd to join their hated league,  
And strike with infidels.) My country known,  
The courteous captain sent me to the shore;  
Where vain were my fond hopes to find my father;  
'Twas desolation all: a few poor swains  
Told me, the rumour ran he had renounc'd  
A hated world, and here in Languedoc  
Devoted his remains of life to Heaven.

AUSTIN.

They told thee truth; and heaven shall have my prayers,  
My

My soul pour'd out in endless gratitude,  
 For this unhop'd, immeasurable blessing;  
 But thou shalt have my care, my love, my life.

C O U N T.

Thus far, fond man! I have listen'd to the tale;  
 And think it, as it is, a gross contrivance,  
 A trick, devis'd to cheat my credulous reason,  
 And thaw me to a woman's milkiness.

A U S T I N.

And art thou so unskill'd in nature's language,  
 Still to mistrust us? Could our tongues deceive,  
 Credit, what ne'er was feign'd, the genuine heart:  
 Believe these pangs, these tears of joy and anguish.

C O U N T.

Or true, or false, to me it matters not.  
 I see thou hast an interest in his life,  
 And by that link I hold thee. Would'st thou save him,  
 (Thou know'st already what my soul is set on,)  
 Teach thy proud heart compliance with my will:  
 If not—but now no more. Hear all, and mark me;—  
 Keep special guard, that none, but by my order,  
 Pass from the castle. By my hopes of heaven,  
 His head goes off who dares to disobey me.  
 Farewel!—if he be dear to thee, remember.

[Exit COUNT.]

## S C E N E VI.

AUSTIN, THEODORE.

A U S T I N.

If he be dear to me! my vital blood!  
 Image of her my soul delighted in,  
 Again she lives in thee. Yes, 'twas that voice,  
 That kindred look, rais'd such strong instinct here,  
 And kindled all my bosom at thy danger.

I

T H E O D O R E.

THEODORE.

But must we bear to be thus tamely coop'd  
By such insulting, petty despotism?  
I look to my unguarded side in vain;  
Had I a sword—

AUSTIN.

—Think not of vengeance now;  
A mightier arm than thine prepares it for him.  
Pass but a little space, we shall behold him  
The object of our pity, not our anger.  
Yes, he must suffer; my rapt soul foresees it:  
Empires shall sink; the pond'rous globe of earth  
Crumble to dust; the sun and stars be quench'd;  
But O eternal Father! of thy will,  
To the last letter, all shall be accomplish'd.

THEODORE.

So let it be! but if his pride must fall,  
Ye faints who watch o'er loveliness and virtue,  
Confound not with his crimes her innocence!  
Make him alone the victim; but with blessings  
Bright, and distinguish'd, crown his beautiful daughter!

AUSTIN.

Well she deserves all blessings; nor is he  
Exempt from every touch of manly virtue:  
The natural current of his soul is noble;  
But passion sometimes will run contrary,  
As drives the furious eddy 'gainst the stream.—  
But dost thou know the maid?

THEODORE.

You much surprise me:  
Did you not hear, but now, my love confess'd?  
Avow'd, even at the peril of my life?  
Yes, charming Adelaide, my heart's first passion,

Here

Here thy dear image lives. If I renounce her,  
Let Misery hunt my footsteps through the world,  
And heaven's bright portals shut me out hereafter.

A U S T I N.

Oh most disastrous love! My son, my son,  
Thy words are poniards here. Alas! I thought  
(So thought the tyrant, and for that he rag'd,  
The vows exchang'd 'tween Isabel and thee,  
Thwarted the issue of his wild designs.

T H E O D O R E.

I knew not Isabel, beyond a moment  
Pass'd in surprize and haste. But thanks to fortune!  
Let him be still deceiv'd. Our loves unknown,  
My gentle Adelaide escapes his harshness.  
Some smiling chance again may bring me to her:  
The same bless'd walls enclose us; here, perhaps,  
She walk'd, and here even now I tread her footsteps;  
She spoke, she sigh'd; I draw the air she breath'd;  
And with such gales should holy shrines be incens'd.

A U S T I N.

O, had malignant fortune toil'd to blast him,  
Thus had she snar'd him in this fatal passion!—  
And does young Adelaide return thy love?

T H E O D O R E.

Bless'd powers, she does! How can you frown, and  
hear it?  
Her generous soul, first touch'd by gratitude,  
Soon own'd a kinder, warmer sympathy.  
Soft as the fanning of a turtle's plumes,  
The sweet confession met my enraptur'd ears.

A U S T I N.

What can I do?—Come near, my Theodore!  
Dost thou believe my affection?

T H E O D O R E.

## THE COUNT

THEODORE.

Can I doubt it?

AUSTIN.

Think what my bosom suffers when I tell thee,  
It must not, cannot be.

THEODORE.

My love for Adelaide!

AUSTIN.

Deem it delicious poison; dash it from thee:  
Thy bane is in the cup.

THEODORE.

O, bid me rather

Tear out my throbbing heart; I'd think it mercy,  
To this unjust, this cruel interdiction.  
That proud, unfeeling Narbonne, from his lips  
Well might such words have fallen; but thou, my father—

AUSTIN.

—And fond, as ever own'd that tender name.  
Not I, my son, not I prevent this union,  
(To me 'tis bitterness to cross thy wish,)  
But nature, fate, and heaven, all, all forbid it.  
Oh, when thou know'st what yet is hid in darkness,  
When the deep mystery of thy birth's unfolded,  
Thy tears indeed may fall for Adelaide,  
(And I will mingle mine) but from that hour,  
As thou would'st shun perdition, must thou fly her.

THEODORE

Impossible!—and why not now reveal it?  
Busy imagination tortures worse,

Forming

O F N A R B O N N E.

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Forming conceits more grim and terrible,  
Than fate can shape in direst certainty.

A U S T I N.

Not now;—ill suited is the time, the place.  
We must withdraw, where heaven alone can hear us:  
Then must thou stretch thy soul's best faculties;  
Call every manly principle to steel thee;  
And, to confirm thy name, secure thy honour,  
Make one great sacrifice of love to justice.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The end of the Third Act.*

A C T



## THE COUNT

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Chamber.*ADELAIDE, *alone.*

**W**OE treads on woe.—Thy life, my Theodore,  
 Thy threaten'd life, sav'd from the impending stroke,  
 Just gave a moment's respite to my heart:  
 And now a mother's grief, with pangs more keen,  
 Wakes every throbbing sense, and quite o'erwhelms me,  
 Her soul wrapt up in his, to talk thus to her!  
 Divorce her, leave her, wed with Isabel,  
 And call on heaven to sanctify the outrage!  
 How could my father's bosom meditate  
 What savage tongues would falter even to speak?  
 But see, he comes.—

## SCENE II.

*To her AUSTIN, and JAQUELINE.*

O, let me bend to thank you;  
 In this extreme distress, from you alone  
 (For my poor art is vain,) can she hope comfort.

AUSTIN.

How heard she the ill tidings? I had hopes  
 His cooler reason would subdue the thought;  
 And heaven in pity to her gentle virtues,  
 Might spare her knowing how he meant to wrong them.

JAQUELINE.

The rumour of the castle reach'd her first;  
 But his own lips confirm'd the barbarous secret.

Sternly

Sternly, but now, he enter'd her apartment,  
 And, stamping, frown'd her women from her presence;  
 After a little while they had pass'd together,—  
 His visage flush'd with rage and mingled shame,  
 He burst into the chamber where we waited,  
 Bade us return, and give our lady aid;  
 Then, covering his face with both his hands,  
 Went forth like one half-craz'd.

A D E L A I D E.

O good, kind father!

There is a charm in holy eloquence,  
 (If words can medicine a pang like this,)  
 Perhaps may sooth her. Sighs, and trickling tears,  
 Are all my love can give. As I kneel by her,  
 She gazes on me, clasps me to her bosom;  
 Cries out, my child! my child! then, rising quick,  
 Severely lifts her streaming eyes to heaven;  
 Laughs wildly, and half sounds my father's name;  
 Till, quite o'erpower'd, she sinks from my embrace,  
 While, like the grasp of death, convulsions seize her.

A U S T I N.

Remorseless man! this wound will reach her heart,  
 And when she falls, his last, best prop falls with her.  
 And see, the beauteous sorrow moves this way:  
 Time has but little injur'd that fair fabrick;  
 But cruelty's hard stroke, more fell than time,  
 Works at the base, and shakes it to the centre.

## S C E N E III.

*To them, the* COUNTESS.

C O U N T E S S.

Will then these dreadful sounds ne'er leave my ears?  
 ' Our marriage was accurs'd; too long we have liv'd  
 ' In bonds forbid; think me no more thy husband;

E

" The

“ The avenging bolt, for that incestuous name,  
 “ Falls on my house; and spreads the ruin wide,  
 “ For our offence, o’er this afflicted land.”  
 These were his words.

ADELAIDE.

O ponder them no more!

Lo! where the blessed minister of peace,  
 (He whose mild counsels wont to charm your care,)  
 Is kindly come to cheer your drooping soul;  
 And see, the good man weeps.

COUNTESS.

What! weep for me!

AUSTIN.

Ay, tears of blood from my heart’s inmost core,  
 And count them drops of water from my eyes,  
 Could they but wash out from your memory  
 The deep affliction you now labour with.

COUNTESS.

Then still there is some pity left in man:  
 I judg’d you all by him, and so I wrong’d you.  
 I would have told my story to the sea,  
 When it roar’d wildest; bid the lions,  
 Robb’d of her young, look with compassion on me;  
 Rather than hoped in any form of man  
 To find one drop of human gentleness.

AUSTIN. [*approaching her.*]

Most honour’d lady!—

COUNTESS.

—Pray you, come not near me,

I am contagion all; some wicked sin,  
 Prodigious, unrepented sin, has stain’d me.  
 Father, ’twould blast thee but to hear the crimes,

This

This woman, who was once the wife of Raymond,  
This curs'd forsaken woman here, has acted.

A U S T I N .

What slanderous tongue dare thus profane your virtue?  
Madam, I know you well; and, by my order,  
Each day, each hour of your unspotted life,  
Might give as fair a lesson to the world,  
As churchmen's tongues can preach, or saints could practise.

C O U N T E S S .

He charges me with all—Thou poor Hortensia!  
What guilt, prepost'rous guilt, is thine to answer!

A D E L A I D E .

In mercy wound not thus your daughter's soul.

A U S T I N .

A villain or a madman might say this.

C O U N T E S S .

What shall I call him? He, who was my husband;  
My child, thy father;—He'll disclaim thee too.  
But let him cast off all the ties of nature,  
Abandon us to grief and misery,  
Still will I wander with thee o'er the world:  
I will not wish my reason may forsake me,  
Nor sweet oblivious dulness steep my sense,  
While thy soft age may want a mother's care,  
A mother's tenderness, to wake and guard thee.

A D E L A I D E .

And, if the love of your dear Adelaide,  
Her reverence, duty, endless gratitude  
For all your angel goodness, now can move you,  
Oh, for my sake (lest quite you break my heart,)  
Wear but a little outside show of comfort;  
Awhile pretend it, though you feel it not,  
And I will bless you for deceiving me.

E 2

C O U N T E S S .

## C O U N T E S S .

I know 'tis weakness, folly, to be mov'd thus;  
 And these, I hope, are my last tears for him.  
 Alas, I little knew, (deluded wretch!)  
 His riotous fancy glow'd with Isabel;  
 That not a thought of me possess'd his mind,  
 But coldness and aversion; how to shun me,  
 And turn me forth a friendless wanderer.

## A U S T I N .

Vain were the attempt to palliate injuries,  
 Too foul in their own nature to receive  
 Whiteness from words: but, lady, for your peace,  
 Think, conscience is the deepest source of anguish:  
 A bosom, free like yours, has life's best sunshine;  
 'Tis the warm blaze in the poor herdsman's hut;  
 That, when the storm howls o'er his humble thatch,  
 Brightens his clay-built walls, and cheers his soul.  
 You pay the forfeit of the aggressor's wrong,  
 Suffering the pangs, which guilt alone should suffer.

## C O U N T E S S .

O father, reason is for moderate sorrow;  
 For wounds which time has balm'd; but mine are fresh,  
 All bleeding fresh, and pain beyond my patience.  
 Ungrateful! cruel! how have I deserv'd it!—  
 Thou tough, tough heart, break for my ease at once!

## A U S T I N .

I scarce, methinks, can weigh him with himself;  
 Vexations strange have fallen on him of late;  
 And his distemper'd fancy drives him on  
 To rash designs, where disappointment mads him,

## C O U N T E S S .

Ah no! his wit is settled, and most subtle;  
 Pride and wild blood are his distemper, father.

But

But here I bid farewell to grief and fondness:  
 Let him go kneel, and fight to Isabel;  
 And may he as obdurate find her heart,  
 As his has been to me!

A U S T I N.

Why that's well said;—  
 'Tis better thus, than with consuming sorrow  
 To feed on your own life. Give anger scope:  
 Time then at length will blunt this killing sense;  
 And peace, he ne'er must know again, be your's.

C O U N T E S S.

I was a woman, full of tenderness;  
 I am a woman, stung by injuries.  
 Narbonne was once my husband, my protector;  
 He was—what was he not?—He is my tyrant;  
 The unnatural tyrant of a heart that lov'd him,  
 With cool deliberate baseness he forsakes me;  
 With scorn as steadfast shall my soul repay it.

A U S T I N.

You know the imminent danger threatens him  
 From Godfrey's fearful claim?

C O U N T E S S.

Too well I know it;  
 A fearful claim indeed!

A U S T I N.

To-morrow's sun  
 Will see him at these gates; but trust my faith,  
 No violence shall reach you. The rash count  
 (Lost to himself) by force detains me here.  
 Vain is his force:—our holy sanctuary,  
 Whate'er betides, shall give your virtue shelter;  
 And peace and piety alone approach you.



## THE COUNT

C O U N T E S S .

O that the friendly bosom of the earth  
Would close on me for ever!

A U S T I N .

These ill thoughts  
Must not be cherish'd. That all righteous power  
Whose hand inflicts, knows to reward our patience:  
Farewel! command me ever as your servant,  
And take the poor man's all, my prayers and blessing.  
[Exit AUSTIN,

## S C E N E IV.

C O U N T E S S , A D E L A I D E .

A D E L A I D E .

Will you not strive to rest? Alas! 'tis long,  
Since you have slept. I'll lead you to your couch;  
And gently touch my lute, to wake some strain  
May aid your slumbers.

C O U N T E S S .

My sweet comforter!  
I feel not quite forlorn when thou art near me.

A D E L A I D E .

Lean on my arm.

C O U N T E S S .

No, I will in alone.  
My sense is now unapt for harmony.  
But go thou to Alphonso's holy shrine;  
There, with thy innocent hands devoutly rais'd,  
Implore his fainted spirit, to receive  
Thy humble supplications; and to avert  
From thy dear head, the still-impending wrath,  
For one black deed, that threatens all thy race.

[Exit COUNTESS,

S C E N E

## OF NARBONNE,

55

## S C E N E V.

ADELAIDE, *alone.*

For thee my prayers shall rise, not for myself,  
 And every kindred faint will bend to hear me.  
 But O my fluttering breast!—'tis Theodore!  
 How sad, and earnestly he views that paper!  
 It turns him pale. Beshrew the envious paper!  
 Why should it steal the colour from that cheek,  
 Which danger ne'er could blanch? He sees me not,  
 I'll wait; and should sad thoughts disturb his quiet,  
 If love has power, with love's soft breath dispel them.

[ADELAIDE *retires.*]

## S C E N E VI.

THEODORE, *with a paper.*

My importunity at last has conquer'd:  
 Weeping, my father gave, and bade me read it.  
 'Tis there, (he cried,) the mystery of thy birth;  
 There view thy long divorce from Adelaide.  
 Why should I read it? Why with rav'nous haste  
 Gorge down my bane? The worst is yet conceal'd;  
 Then wherefore, eager for my own destruction,  
 Inquire a secret, which, when known, must sink me?  
 My eye starts back from it; my heart stands still;  
 And every pulse, and motion of my blood,  
 With prohibition, strong as sense can utter,  
 Cries out, *beware!*—But does my sight deceive?  
 Is it not she? Up, up, you black contents:  
 A brighter object meets my ravish'd eyes.  
 Now let the present moment, Love, be thine!  
 For ill, come when it may, must come untimely.

## S C E N E VII.

*To him* ADELAIDE.

ADELAIDE.

Am I not here unwish'd for?

E 4

THEODORE.

## THE COUNT

THEODORE.

My best angel!  
 Were seas between us, thou art still where I am,  
 I bear thy precious image ever round me,  
 As pious men the relicks they adore.  
 Scarce durst I hope to be so blest to see thee,  
 But could not wish a joy beyond thy presence.

ADELAIDE.

O Theodore! what wondrous turns of fortune  
 Have given thee back to a dear parent's arms!  
 And spite of all the horrors which surround me,  
 And worse, each black eventful moment threatens,  
 My bosom glows with rapture at the thought  
 Thou wilt at last be blest'd.

THEODORE.

But one way only  
 Can I be blest'd. On thee depends my fate.  
 Lord Raymond, harsh and haughty as he is,  
 And adverse to my father's rigid virtue,  
 When he shall hear our pure unspotted vows,  
 Will yield thee to my wishes;—but, curs'd stars!  
 How shall I speak it?

ADELAIDE.

What?

THEODORE.

That holy man,  
 That Clarinval, whom I am bound to honour,  
 Perversely bids me think of thee no more.

ADELAIDE.

Alas! in what have I offended him?

THEODORE

Not so; he owns thy virtues, and admires them,

But

But with a solemn earnestness that kills me,  
He urges some mysterious dreadful cause,  
Must funder us for ever.

A D E L A I D E.

O, then fly me!

I am not worth his frown; be gone this moment;  
Leave me to weep my mournful destiny,  
And find some fairer, happier maid, to bless thee.

T H E O D O R E.

Fairer than thee! O heavens! the delicate hand  
Of nature, in her daintiest mood, ne'er fashion'd  
Beauty so rare. Love's roseate deity,  
Fresh from his mother's kifs, breath'd o'er thy mould  
That soft ambrosial hue.—Fairer than thee!  
'Twere blasphemy in any tongue but thine,  
So to disparage thy unmatched perfections.

A D E L A I D E.

No, Theodore, I dare not hear thee longer;  
Perhaps indeed there is some fatal cause.

T H E O D O R E.

There is not, cannot be. 'Tis but his pride,  
Stung by resentment 'gainst thy furious father—

A D E L A I D E.

Ah no; he is too generous, just, and good,  
To hate me for the offences of my father.  
But find the cause. At good Alphonso's tomb  
I go to offer up my orisons:  
There bring me comfort, and dispel my fears;  
Or teach me, (oh, hard thought!) to bear our parting.

[Exit ADELAIDE.]

S C E N E

## THE COUNTRY

## SCENE VIII.

THEODORE, *alone.*

She's gone, and now, firm fortitude, support me!  
For here I read my sentence; life, or death.

[*Takes out the Paper.*]

"Thou art the grandson of the good Alphonso,  
"And Narbonne's rightful lord"—Ha! is it so?  
Then has this boast'rous Raymond dar'd insult me,  
Where I alone should rule:—yet not by that  
Am I condemn'd to lose her. Thou damn'd scroll!  
I fear thou hast worse poison for my eyes.  
"Long were the champions, bound for Palestine,  
"('Thy grandfire then their chief,) by adverse winds  
"Detain'd in Naples; where he saw, and lov'd,  
"And wedded secretly, Vicenza's daughter;  
"For, till the holy warfare should be closed,  
"They deem'd it wise to keep the rite conceal'd.  
"The issue of that marriage was thy mother;  
"But the same hour that gave her to the world,  
"For ever closed the fair one's eyes who bore her.  
"Foul treason next cut short thy grandfire's thread;  
"Poison'd he fell——

[THEODORE *pauses, and AUSTIN who has been some time behind, advances.*]

## SCENE IX.

AUSTIN, THEODORE.

AUSTIN.

By Raymond's felon father,  
Who, adding fraud to murder, forg'd a will,  
Devising to himself and his descendants,  
Thy rights, thy titles, thy inheritance.

THEODORE.

Then I am lost—

AUSTIN,

AUSTIN.

Now think, unkind young man,  
Was it for nought I warn'd thee to take heed,  
And smother in its birth this dangerous passion?  
The Almighty arm, red for thy grandsire's murder,  
Year after year has terribly been stretch'd  
O'er all the land, but most this guilty race.

THEODORE.

The murderer was guilty, not his race.

AUSTIN.

Great crimes, like this, have lengthen'd punishments,  
Why speak the fates by signs and prodigies?  
Why one by one falls this devoted line,  
Accomplishing the dreadful prophecy,  
That none should live to enjoy the fruits of blood?  
Why, (owning every virtue in the maid,)  
When thou but talk'st of this prepost'rous union,  
Feels my divining soul such chill reluctance?  
They are not sent in vain, such awful warnings!  
But wave this argument.—Thou wilt be call'd  
(I know him well, all procefs he disdain  
But violence and war,) to prove thy right,  
By combat with the count.

THEODORE.

In arms I'll meet him;  
To-morrow; now.—

AUSTIN.

And, reeking with his blood,  
Offer the hand, which shed it, to his daughter?

THEODORE.

Ha!

‡

AUSTIN.



## THE COUNT

AUSTIN.

Does it shake thee? Come, my Theodore,  
 Let not a gust of love-sick inclination  
 Root, like a sweeping whirlwind, from thy soul  
 All the fair growth of noble thoughts and virtue,  
 Thy mother planted in thy early youth;  
 All that good man, companion of thy bonds,  
 Thy better father, father of thy mind,  
 Whose worth so late was witness'd by thy tears;—  
 O rashly tread not down the promis'd harvest,  
 They toil'd to rear to the full height of honour!

THEODORE.

Would I had liv'd unknown in penury,  
 Rather than thus! Distraction!—Adelaide!

## SCENE X.

*To them* ADELAIDE, FABIAN,

ADELAIDE.

O, whither shall I fly!

THEODORE.

What means my love!

Why thus disturb'd?

ADELAIDE.

The castle is beset;

The superstitious, fierce, inconstant people,  
 Madder than storms, with weapons caught in haste,  
 Menace my father's life; rage, and revile him;  
 Call him the heir of murderous usurpation;  
 And swear they'll own no rightful lord but Godfrey.

AUSTIN.

Blind wretches! I will hence and try my power  
 To allay the tumult. Follow me, my son!

[Exit AUSTIN.]

SCENE

## SCENE XI.

ADELAIDE, THEODORE, FABIAN.

ADELAIDE.

Go not defenceless thus; think on thy safety:  
See yonder porch open to the armoury;  
There coats of mailed proof, falchions, and casques,  
And all the glittering implements of war,  
Stand terribly arranged. Fabian will guide,  
And aid to arm thee.

THEODORE.

Heavens! 'twas what I wish'd.  
Yes, Adelaide, I go to fight for him:  
Thy father shall not fall ingloriously;  
But, when he sees this arm strike at his foes,  
Shall own, thy Theodore deserv'd his daughter.

[*Exeunt, ADELAIDE at one door, THEODORE, and  
FABIAN at the other.*]

*The end of the Fourth Act.*

ACT

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Hall.*

COUNT, AUSTIN, FABIAN, *Attendants with prisoners.* THEODORE *in armour behind.*

C O U N T.

**H**ENCE to a dungeon with those mutinous slaves;  
There let them prate of prophecies and visions;  
And when coarse fare and stripes bring back their senses,  
Perhaps I may relent, and turn them loose  
To new offences, and fresh chastisement.

F A B I A N.

You bleed, my lord! *[Prisoners led out.]*

C O U N T.

A scratch.—Death! to be bay'd  
By mungrels! curs! They yelp'd, and show'd their fangs;  
Growl'd too as they would bite. But was't not poor,  
Unlike the generous strain of Godfrey's lineage,  
To stir the rabble up in nobles' quarrels,  
And bribe my hinds and vassals to assault me.

A U S T I N.

They were not stirr'd by Godfrey.

C O U N T.

Who then stirr'd them?  
Thyself perhaps. Was't thou? And yet I wrong thee;  
Thou did'st preach peace; and straight they crouch'd and  
shrunk;  
More tam'd by the cold med'cine of the tongue,  
Than losing the hot drops my steel drew from them.

A U S T I N.

I might perhaps have look'd for better thanks,  
Than taunts to pay my service.—But no matter.—

My

My son too serv'd thee nobly; he bestrode thee,  
 And drove those peasants back, whose staves and clubs,  
 But for his aid, had shiver'd that stout frame:  
 But both, too well accusom'd to thy transports,  
 Nor ask, nor hope thy courtesy.

C O U N T.

Your pardon!

I knew my life was saved, but not by whom;  
 I wish'd it not, yet thank him. I was down,  
 Stunn'd in the inglorious broil; and nought remember,  
 More than the shame of such a paltry danger.  
 Where is he?

A U S T I N.

Here.

[THEODORR *advances.*

C O U N T.

[*starting.*

Ha! angels shelter me!

T H E O D O R E.

Why starts he thus?

C O U N T.

Are miracles renew'd?

Art thou not risen from the mould'ring grave?  
 And in the awful majesty of death,  
 'Gainst nature, and the course of mortal thought,  
 Assum'st the likeness of a living form,  
 To blast my soul with horror?

T H E O D O R E.

Is he mad?

Or means he thus to mock me?

C O U N T.

Answer me!

Speak some of you, who have the power to speak;  
 Is it not he?

F A B I A N.

## THE COUNT.

FABIAN.

Who, good my lord?

COUNT.

Alphonso.

His form, his arms, his air, his very frown.  
 Lord of these confines, speak, declare thy pleasure!

THEODORE.

Dost thou not know me then?

COUNT.

Ha! Theodore?

This sameness, not resemblance, is past faith.  
 All statues, pictures, or the likenesses kept  
 By memory, of good Alphonso living,  
 Are faint and shadowy traces, to this image,

FABIAN.

Hear me, my lord, so shall the wonder cease.  
 The very arms he wears, were once Alphonso's.  
 He found them in the stores, and braced them on,  
 To assist you in your danger.

COUNT.

'Tis most strange.

I strive, but cannot conquer this amazement:  
 I try to take them off; yet still my eyes  
 Again are drawn, as if by magick on him.

AUSTIN. [*Aside to THEODORE.*]

Hear you, my son?

THEODORE.

Yes, and it wakes within me,  
 Sensations new till now.

AUSTIN.

A U S T I N.

To-morrow's light  
 Will show him wonders greater.—Sir, it pleas'd you,  
 (Wherefore you best can tell) to make us here  
 Your prisoners; but the alarm of your danger  
 Threw wide your gates, and freed us. We return'd  
 To give you safeguard.—May we now depart?

C O U N T.

Ay, to the confines of the farthest earth;  
 For here thy sight unhinges Raymond's soul.  
 Be hid, where air or light may never find thee;  
 And bury too that phantom.

[Exit COUNT with his Attendants.]

## S C E N E II.

A U S T I N, T H E O D O R E.

T H E O D O R E.

Infolence!

Too proud to thank our kindness! yet, what horroure  
 Shook all his frame, when thus I stood before him!

A U S T I N.

No wonder. A prediction terrible,  
 Not yet in all fulfill'd, hangs over him;  
 And, if the presage of my breast deceive not,  
 In thee 'twill be accomplish'd. He affects  
 To call it visionary fear, and scorn it;  
 But, like a curb in the fierce courser's jaw,  
 The strong controlment, mightier than his force,  
 Reins in his pride.

T H E O D O R E.

'Tis fate then stirs within him;

F

And



And darkly intimates his hour draws near.  
But was this all?

AUSTIN.

The statue of thy grandfire  
(Thy very figure as thou stood'st before him,  
Arm'd just as thou art,) seem'd to move, and live;  
That breathing marble, which the people's love  
Rear'd near his tomb, within our convent's walls.  
Anon I'll lead thee to it.

THEODORE.

Let me hence,  
To shake these trappings off.

AUSTIN.

Wear them, and mark me.  
Ere night thy kinsman, Godfrey, will be master  
Of all thy story: a tried messenger  
Bears my dispatch to him; not far from hence,  
Advancing with his train to meet Lord Raymond,  
He rests till morning. He is brave, and just,  
And will support thy claim. Should proof and reason  
Fail with the usurper, thou must try thy sword  
(And heaven will strike for thee) in combat with him.  
The conscious flash of this thy grandfire's mail,  
Worse than the horrors of the fabled Gorgon,  
That curdled blood to stone, will shrink his sinews,  
And cast the wither'd boaster at thy feet.

THEODORE.

Grant it, ye powers! but not to shed his blood:  
The father of my Adelaide, that name—

AUSTIN.

Is dearer far than mine;—my words are air;  
My counsels pass unmark'd. But come, my son!

To-night my cell must house thee. Let me show thee  
 The humble mansion of thy lonely father,  
 Proud once, and prosperous; where I have wept, and pray'd,  
 And lost, in cold oblivion of the world,  
 Twice nine long years: thy mother, and thyself,  
 And God, were all my thoughts.

THEODORE.

Ay, to the convent!

For there, my love, my Adelaide expects me. [*Afide.*

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

COUNT, FABIAN.

COUNT.

By hell, this legend of Alphonso's death  
 Hourly gains ground.

FABIAN.

They talk of nought besides;  
 And their craz'd notions are so full of wonder,  
 There's scarce a common passage of the times,  
 But straight their folly makes it ominous.

COUNT.

Fame, that like water widens from its source,  
 Thus often swells, and spreads a shallow falsehood.  
 At first, a twilight tale of village terrour,  
 The hair of boors and beldams bristled at it;  
 (Such bloodless fancies wake to nought but fear:)  
 Then, heard with grave derision by the wife,  
 And, from contempt, unsearch'd and unrefuted,  
 It pass'd upon the laziness of faith,  
 Like many a lie, gross, and impossible.

F 2

FABIAN.

## THE COUNT

FABIAN.

A lie believ'd may in the end, my lord,  
Prove fatal as a written gospel truth.  
Therefore—

COUNT.

Take heed; and ere the lightning strike,  
Fly from the sulphurous clouds.—I am not dull;  
For, bright as ruddy meteors through the sky,  
The thought flames here, shall light me to my safety.  
Fabian, away! Send hither to me straight  
Renchild, and Thybalt. [*Exit FABIAN.*] They are young  
and fearless.

## SCENE IV.

COUNT, *alone.*

Thy flight, ungrateful Isabel, compels me  
To this rude course. I would have all with kindness;  
Nor stain the snow-white flower of my true love  
With spots of violence. But it must be so.  
This lordly priest, this Clarinsal, or Austin,  
Like a true churchman, by his calling tainted,  
Prates conscience; and in craft abets Earl Godfrey,  
That Isabel may wed his upstart son.  
Let Rome dart all her lightnings at my head,  
Till her grey pontiff singe in his own fires:  
Spite of their rage, I'll force the sanctuary,  
And bear her off this night, beyond their power;  
My bride, if she consents; if not, my hostage.

SCENE

## SCENE V.

To the COUNT, two Officers.

Come hither, Sirs. Take twenty of your fellows;  
Post ten at the great gate of Nicholas',  
The rest, by twos, guard every avenue  
Leads from the convent to the plain or castle.  
Charge them (and as their lives shall answer it,  
That none but of my train pass out, or enter.

## FIRST OFFICER.

We will, my lord, about it instantly.

## COUNT.

Temper your zeal, and know your orders first.  
Take care they spill no blood:—no violence,  
More than resisting who would force a passage:  
The holy drones may buzz, but have no stings,  
I mean to take a bawble from the church,  
A reverend thief stole from me. Near the altar,  
(That place commands the centre of the aisle,  
Keep you your watch. If you espy a woman,  
(There can be only she,) speed to me straight;  
You'll find my station near Alphonso's porch.  
Be swift as winds, and meet me presently. [*Exeunt severally.*

## THE COUNT

## SCENE VI.

*The inside of a Convent, with ailes and Gothick arches, part of an altar appearing on one side; the statue of ALPHONSO in armour in the centre. Other statues and monuments also appearing. ADELAIDE veiled, rising from her knees before the statue of ALPHONSO.*

ADELAIDE.

Alas! 'tis mockery to pray as I do.  
 Thoughts fit for heaven, should rise on seraphs' wings,  
 Unclog'd with aught of earth; but mine hang here,  
 Beginning, ending all in Theodore.  
 Why comes he not? 'Tis torture for the unblest'd,  
 To suffer such suspense as my heart aches with.  
 What can it be,—this secret, dreadful cause,  
 This shaft unseen, that's wing'd against our love?  
 Perhaps—I know not what.—At yonder shrine  
 Bending, I'll seal my irrevocable vow:  
 Hear, and record it, choirs of saints and angels!  
 If I am doom'd to fight for him in vain,  
 No second flame shall ever enter here;  
 But, faithful to thy fond, thy first impression,  
 Turn thou, my breast, to every sense of joy,  
 Cold as the pale-ey'd marbles which surround me.

[ADELAIDE withdraws.]

## SCENE VII.

AUSTIN, THEODORE.

AUSTIN.

Look round, my son! This consecrated place  
 Contains the untimely ashes of thy grandfire.  
 With all the impious mockery of grief,  
 Here were they laid by the dire hand which sped him.

Since

Since that black hour, the thunder scarce has slept;  
 Nature seem'd fearful of her wonted course;  
 As if the angry spirit of Alphonso,  
 Driving the loosen'd orbs in storm and fire,  
 Wreck'd all this elemental, vast machine,  
 To break the tenour of men's peaceful souls.  
 There stands his statue; were a glass before thee,  
 So would it give thee back thy outward self.

T H E O D O R E .

And may the power which fashion'd thus my outside,  
 With all his nobler ornaments of virtue  
 Sustain my soul! till generous emulation  
 Raise me by deeds to equal his renown,  
 And—

A U S T I N .

—To avenge him. Not by treachery,  
 But casting off all thoughts of idle love,—  
 Of love ill-match'd, unhappy, ominous,—  
 To keep the memory of his wrongs; do justice  
 To his great name, and prove the blood you spring from.

T H E O D O R E .

O, were the bold possessor of my rights  
 A legion arm'd, the terrours of his sword  
 Resistless as the flash that strikes from heaven,  
 Undaunted would I meet him. His proud crest  
 Should feel the dint of no unpractis'd edge.  
 But, while my arm assails her father's life,  
 The unnatural wound returns to my own breast,  
 And conquest loses Adelaide for ever.

A U S T I N .

The barbarous deed of Raymond's father lost her.

F 4

T H E O D O R E .



## THE COUNT

THEODORE.

Pierce not my soul thus. Can you love your son,—  
 Can you behold these eyes, that stream for her,—  
 Know every hope or wish my breast can form,  
 My waking thought, the murmur of my dreams,  
 All, all are Adelaide,—and coldly tell me,  
 Without one tear unmov'd thus, I must lose her?  
 But where, where is she? [*looking out.*] Heavenly innocence!  
 See the dear faint kneels at the altar's foot;  
 See her white hands with fervent clasps are rais'd;  
 Perhaps for me. Have you a heart, my father,  
 And bid me bear to lose her?—Hold me not;—  
 I come, I fly, my life, my all! to join thee. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE VIII.

AUSTIN, *alone.*

Return, return, rash boy! Pernicious chance!  
 One glance from her will quite destroy my work,  
 And leave me but my sorrow for my labour. [*Follows him.*]

## SCENE IX.

COUNT, *alone.*

Am I turn'd coward, that my tottering knees  
 Knock as I tread the pavement?—'Tis the place;  
 The sombre horror of these long-drawn ailes,  
 My footsteps are beat back by nought but echo,  
 Struck from the caverns of the vaulted dead;  
 Yet now it seem'd as if a host pursued me.  
 The breath that makes my words, sounds thunder-like.  
 Sure 'twas a deep-fetch'd groan—No!—hark, again!—  
 Then

Then 'tis the language of the tombs; and see!

[*Pointing to the statue of ALPHONSO.*  
Like their great monarch, he stands rais'd above them.  
Who's there?

S C E N E X.

*To the COUNT, two Officers.*

F I R S T O F F I C E R.

My Lord, where are you?

C O U N T.

Here.—Speak man!

Why do you shake thus? Death! your bloodless cheeks  
Send fear into me.—You, Sir, what's the matter?

S E C O N D O F F I C E R.

We have found the lady.

C O U N T.

My good fellows, where?

F I R S T O F F I C E R.

Even from this spot you may yourself behold her,  
Though dim the light; but from a winking lamp,  
A woman's form and habit both are plain.  
Her face is towards the altar.

C O U N T.

[*looking out*

Blasts upon me!

Wither my eyes for ever!—Ay, 'tis she;  
Austin with Theodore; he joins their hands:—  
Destruction seize them! O dull, tardy fool!  
My love and my ambition both defeated!  
A marriage in my sight! Come forth, come forth!

[*Draws a dagger.*

Arise grim Vengeance, and wash out my shame!

## THE COUNT

Ill-fated girl! A bloody Hymen waits thee. [*Rushes out.*]

## SCENE XI.

## TWO OFFICERS.

## FIRST OFFICER.

His face is black with rage, his eyes flash fire;  
I do not like this service.

## SECOND OFFICER.

No, nor I.

But, if 'tis sin or sacrilege, not we,  
But he who set us on, must answer it.

## FIRST OFFICER.

Heard you that shriek?—It thunders. By my soul,  
I feel as if my blood were froze within me.  
Speak to me. See he comes. [*Officers retire.*]

## SCENE XII.

COUNT, *with a bloody dagger.*

## COUNT.

The deed is done.  
Hark, the deep thunder rolls. I hail the sign;  
It tells me in loud greetings, I'm reveng'd.

## SCENE XIII.

THEODORE, *with his sword drawn.*

## THEODORE.

Where, where's the affassin?

## COUNT.

C O U N T.

Boy, the avenger's here,  
Behold, this dagger smokes with her heart's blood!  
That thou stand'st there to brave me, thank that mail,  
Or, traitor, thou had'st felt me.—But 'tis done.

T H E O D O R E.

Oh, monstrous! monstrous!

C O U N T.

Triumph now o'er Narbonne;  
Boast how a stripling and a monk deceiv'd  
The easy Count; but, if thou lov'st thy bride,  
Take that, and use it nobly. [*Throws down the dagger.*]

T H E O D O R E.

'Gainst thy heart,  
Barbarian, would I use it,—but look there;  
There are ten thousand daggers.

A U S T I N, *without.*

Ring out the alarm,  
Fly all; bring aid, if possible, to save her.

## S C E N E XIV.

*To them, ADELAIDE wounded, and supported by AUSTIN.  
THEODORE advances to her, and assists in supporting and  
bringing her forward. Some of the COUNT's attendants  
enter from the Castle, with lighted torches.*

C O U N T.

Ha! Lightning shiver me!

ADELAIDE

## THE COUNT

ADELAIDE.

My Lord; my father!  
Oh, bear me to his feet.

AUSTIN.

Thou man of blood,  
Past utterance lost, see, what thy rage has done!

COUNT.

Ruin! despair! my child, my Adelaide!  
Art thou the innocent victim of my fury?

ADELAIDE.

I am indeed. I know not my offence;  
Yet sure 'twas great, when my life answers it,  
Will you forgive me now?

COUNT.

Oh misery!  
Had I unnumber'd lives, I'd give them all,  
To lengthen thine an hour. What frenzy seiz'd me!  
That veil, the glimmering light, my rage, deceiv'd me,  
Unnatural wound! detested parricide!—  
Good youth, in pity strike this monster dead!

ADELAIDE.

Listen not to his ravings. [To THEODORE.

THEODORE.

My heart's treasure!  
Is this the issue of my promis'd joys?  
'Tis my black destiny has murder'd thee;  
The stroke was meant for me: but my quick hand  
Shall speed it home; and thus I follow thee—

AUSTIN.

Hold, desperate boy!

ADELAIDE,

OF NARBONNE

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ADELAIDE.

Alas, my Theodore!  
I struggle for a little gasp of breath;  
Draw it with pain, and sure, in this last moment,  
You will observe me.

THEODORE.

Torture!

ADELAIDE.

Live, I charge you:  
Forget me not, but love my memory.  
If I was ever dear to thee, my father,  
(Those tears declare I was,) will you not hear me,  
And grant one wish to your expiring child?

COUNT.

Speak, tell me quickly, thou dear suffering angel!

ADELAIDE.

Be gentle to my mother; her kind nature  
Has suffer'd much; she will need all your care:  
Forfake her not; and may the All-merciful  
Look down with pity on this fatal error;  
Bless you—and—oh—

[*Dis.*

COUNT.

She dies in prayer for me;  
Prays for me, while her life streams from my stroke.  
What prayers can rise for such a wretch as I am?  
Seize me, ye fiends! rouse all your stings and torments!  
See, hell grows darker, as I stalk before them.

THEODORE.

[*After looking some time at ADELAIDE's body.*  
She's gone;—stand off;—no, think not I will live.  
This load of being is intolerable;  
And, in a happier world, my soul shall join her. [*Rushes out.*

AUSTIN.



## THE COUNT

AUSTIN.

Observe, and keep him from all means of death.

## SCENE XV.

COUNTESS *with Women, FABIAN, and other Attendants.* AUSTIN *runs to her.*

COUNTESS.

Whence were those cries? what meant that fearful bell?  
Who shall withhold me? I will not return.  
Is there a horror I am stranger to?

AUSTIN.

There is; and so beyond all mortal patience,  
I can but wish you stripp'd of sense and thought,  
That it may pass without destroying you.

COUNTESS.

What is it? speak—

AUSTIN, *looking towards the body.*

Turn not your eyes that way,

For there, alas—

COUNTESS.

O Lord of earth and heaven!

Is it not she? my daughter, pale and bleeding?  
She's cold, stark cold:—can you not speak to me?  
Which of you have done this?

COUNT.

'Twas ease till now;

Fall, fall thick darkness, hide me from that face.

AUSTIN.

Rise, Madam, 'tis in vain.—Heaven comfort her!

COUNTESS.

Shall I not strive to warm her in my breast?  
She is my all; I have nothing left but her.  
You cannot force me from her. Adelaide!  
My child, my lovely child! thy mother calls thee.

She

She hears me not;—she's dead.—Oh God!—I know thee;—  
 Tell me, while I have sense, for my brain burns;  
 Tell me—yet what avails it? I'll not curse;—  
 There is a power to punish.

C O U N T.

Look on me!

'Thou had'st much cause to think my nature cruel;  
 I wrong'd thee sore, and this was my last deed.

C O U N T E S S.

Was thine? thy deed? Oh, execrable monster!  
 Oh, greatly worthy of thy blood-stain'd fire!  
 A murderer he, and thou a parricide!  
 Why did thy barbarous hand refrain from me?  
 I was the hated bar to thy ambition;  
 A stab, like this, had set thee free for ever;  
 Sav'd thee from shame, upbraiding, perjuries;—  
 But she—this innocent—what had she done?

C O U N T.

I thank thee. I was fool enough, or coward,  
 To think of life one moment, to atone  
 By deep repentance for the wrongs I did thee,  
 But hateful to myself, hated by thee,  
 By heaven abandon'd, and the plague of earth,  
 This, this remains, and all are satisfied.

*[Snatches up the dagger, and stabs himself.]*

Forgive me, if 'tis possible—but—oh—

*[Dies.]*

C O U N T E S S. *[after looking some time distractedly.]*

Where am I? Ruin, and pale death surround me.  
 I was a wife; there gasping lies my husband;  
 A mother too; there breathless lies my child.  
 Look down, oh heaven! look down with pity on me!  
 I know this place; it is the house of prayer:  
 Here, in my days of happiness, I have kneel'd,

Pouring

Pouring my praise for all the good that blest'd me.  
 I'll kneel once more. Hear me, great God of nature!  
 For this one boon let me not beg in vain;  
 O, do not mock me with the hopes of death;  
 These pangs, these struggles, let them be my last;  
 Release thy poor, afflicted, suffering creature;  
 Take me from misery, too sharp to bear,  
 And join me to my child!

*[Falls in the arms of her attendants.]*

A U S T I N.

Peace rest upon her!

Hard was your lot you lovely innocents;  
 But palms, eternal palms, above shall crown you.  
 For this rash man,—yet mercy's infinite. *[The COUNT.]*  
 You stand amaz'd. Know, this disastrous scene,  
 Ending the fatal race, concludes your sorrows.  
 To-morrow meet we round this sacred shrine;  
 Then shall you hear at full a tale of wonder;  
 The rightful lord of Narbonne shall be own'd;  
 And heav'n in all its ways be justified. *[Curtain falls.]*

EPILOGUE.

---

# E P I L O G U E;

Written by EDMOND MALONE, Esq.

Spoken, at the original exhibition of this tragedy at Covent  
Garden theatre, by Miss YOUNGE.

**O**F all the laws by tyrant custom made,  
The hardest sure on dramatists are laid.  
No easy task, in this enlighten'd time,  
It is, with art "to build the lofty rhyme;"  
To choose a fable, nor too old nor new;  
To keep each character distinctly true;  
The subtle plot with happy skill combine,  
And chain attention to the nervous line;  
With weighty, clashing interests, to perplex,  
Through five—long acts,—each person—of each sex;  
And then at last, by dagger or by bowl,  
"To freeze the blood, and harrow up the soul."—  
All this achiev'd, the bard at ease carouses,  
And dreams of laurels and o'erflowing houses.  
Alas, poor man! his work is done but half;—  
He has made you cry,—but he must make you laugh;  
And the same engine, like the fabled steel\*,  
Must serve at once to wound you and to heal.

Our Bard "of this had ta'en too little care,"  
And by a friend besought me to appear.  
"Madam," he said, "so oft you have grac'd the scene,  
"An injur'd princess, or a weeping queen;  
"So oft been us'd to die, in anguish bitter,  
"And then start up,—to make the audience titter,

\* The Spear of Achilles.

*Mysus et Aemoniâ juvenis qua cuspide vulnus  
Senserat, hac ipsâ cuspide sensit opem.*

PROPERT. Lib. II. El. 1.

G

"That

## E P I L O G U E.

“ *That, doubtless, you know best what is in vogue,*  
 “ *And can yourself invent an epilogue;*  
 “ *You can supply our authour’s tardy quill,*  
 “ *And gild the surface of his tragick pill;*  
 “ *Your ready wit a recipe can bring,*  
 “ *For this capricious, serio-comick thing.”—*  
     *A Recipe for epilogues!—“ Why not ?*  
 “ *Have you each vaunting Chronicle forgot ?*  
 “ *Have we not recipes each day, each hour,*  
 “ *To give to mortal man immortal power ?*  
 “ *To give the ungraceful, timid speaker, breath,*  
 “ *And save his quivering eloquence from death † ?*  
 “ *Have we not now a geometrick school,*  
 “ *To teach the cross-leg’d youth—to snip by rule ? ‡*  
 “ *When arts like these each moment meet your eyes,*  
 “ *Why should receipts for Epilogues surprise ?”*  
     *Well, Sir, I’ll try—I first advance with simper,*  
 (*Forgotten quite my tragick state and whimper*)—  
 “ *Ladies, to-night my fate was surely hard:*  
 “ *What could possess our inconsiderate bard,*  
 “ *A wife to banish,—that his miss might wed,*  
 “ *When modern priests allow them both one bed.”*  
 Thus I’ll begin;—But it will never do,  
 Unless some recent anecdotes ensue.—  
 Has no frail dame been caught behind a screen?  
 No panting virgin flown to Gretna Green?—  
 Have we no news of Digby—or the Dutah?—  
 At some rich Nabob can’t I have a touch?

† A quack medicine has been long recommended, in a printed advertisement, for its efficacy in composing the agitated nerves of those who speak in publick.

‡ A tailor has lately informed the publick in most of the newspapers, that he fits his customers by *geometrick rules*.

## E P I L O G U E

*Or the fam'd quack, who, but for duns terrestrial;  
 Had gain'd the Indies by his bed celestial §?  
 " Bravo, Miss Younge; the thought my friend will bless:  
 " This modish medley must ensure success."  
 Won by this smooth-tongued flatterer, I've dar'd  
 To do what ev'n our fluent authour fear'd.  
 If I succeed to-night, the trade I'll follow,  
 And dedicate my leisure to Apollo:  
 Before my house a board shall straight be hung,  
 With—Epilogues made here by Dr. Younge;  
 Nor will I, like my breth'ren, take a fee;—  
 Your hands and smiles are wealth enough for me.*

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THE following EPILOGUE, which was spoken on the first two nights of the exhibition of this tragedy, was obligingly written by R. J. GOODENOUGH, Esq. who did not know that an Epilogue had been prepared for it by Mr. Malone, at the Authour's request.

*"TIS an old maxim with dramatick sages,  
 To draw their tragick lore from distant ages.  
 The ruder manners, and impetuous vein,  
 Which no trim rules of etiquette restrain;  
 The gen'rous plainness of th' unpractis'd heart,  
 Nature's free powers yet unsubdued by art;  
 The rough simplicity,—the darksome time,—  
 Improve the pathos,—heighten the sublime:  
 While all the poet's deepest skill might fail,  
 If us'd to decorate some modern tale.  
 In me you've seen a wife,—who, though abhorr'd,  
 Abandon'd, threaten'd by her tyrant Lord,*

§ " If he were not prevented by unprecedented cruelty, he would in a few years have become one of his majesty's richest and most respectable subjects." Dr. Graham's *Advertisement from the Temple of Hymen.*

*Did*



## E P I L O G U E

*Did patient long her firm affection prove,  
'Midst the keen tortures of insulted love.  
You've seen a maiden—fair, and nobly born,  
Attach'd to merit, wretched and forlorn;  
And then, her lover, in a mean disguise,  
In native worth above all titles rise:  
A priest—with zeal and holy ardour fraught,  
Practise the lessons which his preaching taught.  
—But while at scenes like these your bosoms glow,  
You'll recollect, they happen'd—long ago.  
In our gay times, a wife forsaken, scorn'd,  
Had ne'er in doleful guise her fortune mourn'd;  
But with frail schemes, in fashionable course,  
Had been the first to furnish a divorce.  
The maiden had her peasant swain despis'd,  
And stars, and lace, and liv'ries, more had priz'd;  
Nor could, in this, perhaps, her choice be blam'd;  
For say, what lover now had other merit claim'd?  
As for our priests—in rev'rence let them rest;—  
On modern saints—the least that's said, is best.  
Of manners, then, so different in their kind,  
The old are rude,—the new are too refin'd.  
That authour well deserves our warmest praise,  
Who those examples which we need displays;  
Who, 'midst the placid murmurings of Ton,  
Rolls the rough tide of Gothick force along;  
And when true worth seems withering at the root,  
Turns the rich soil whence towering virtues shoot.  
Ne'er can the Muse be more our nature's friend,  
Than when she strives its wide extremes to blend;  
Bids simple truth with polish'd fashion join,  
And ancient strength with modern grace combine.*

F I N I S.



