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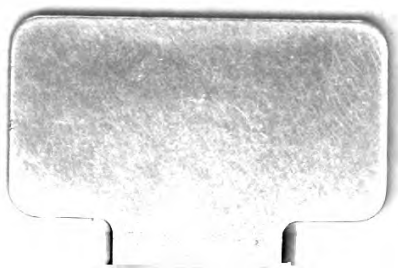
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OXFORD  
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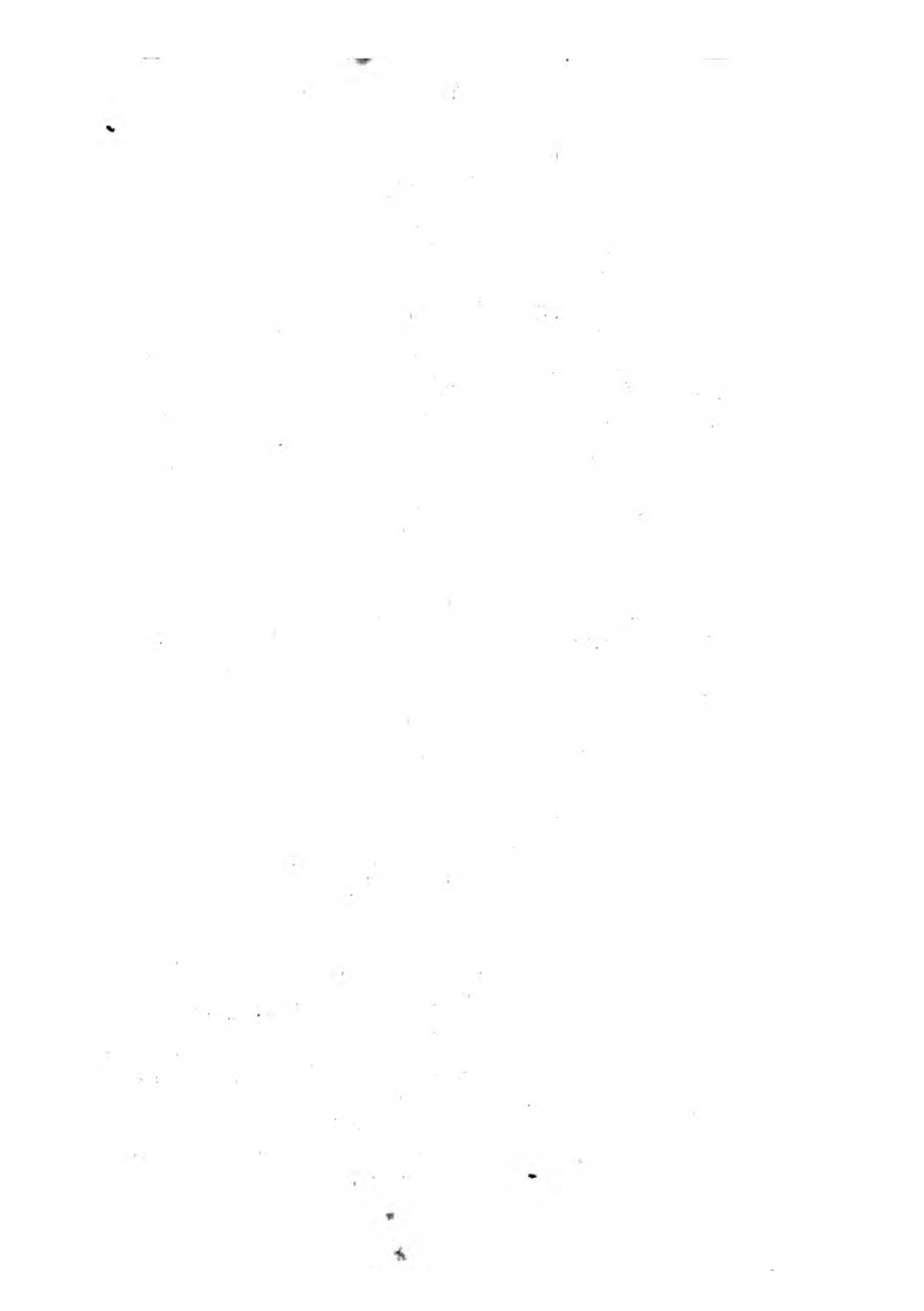
*D. S. S.*  
**C R I T I C**  
O R  
*A Tragedy Rehearsed*  
**A Dramatic Piece**  
in three ACTS

*as it is performed at the*  
**THEATRE ROYAL in DRURY LANE**



*By*  
*Richard Brinsley Sheridan Esq.*

LONDON.  
Printed for T. Becket, Adelphi, Strand,  
MDCCLXXXI.



TO Mrs. GREVILLE.

M A D A M,

**I**N requesting your permission to address the following pages to you, which as they aim themselves to be critical, require every protection and allowance that approving taste or friendly prejudice can give them, I yet ventured to mention no other motive than the gratification of private friendship and esteem. Had I suggested a hope that your implied approbation would give a sanction to their defects, your particular reserve, and dislike to the reputation of critical taste, as well as of poetical talent, would have made you refuse the protection of your name to such a purpose. However, I am not so ungrateful as now to attempt to combat this disposition in you. I shall not here presume to argue that the present state of poetry claims and expects every assistance that taste and example can afford it: nor endeavour to prove that a fastidious concealment of the most elegant productions of judgment and fancy is an ill return for the possession of those

A

endow-

*endowments.—Continue to deceive yourself in the idea that you are known only to be eminently admired and regarded for the valuable qualities that attach private friendships, and the graceful talents that adorn conversation. Enough of what you have written, has stolen into full public notice to answer my purpose; and you will, perhaps, be the only person, conversant in elegant literature, who shall read this address and not perceive that by publishing your particular approbation of the following drama, I have a more interested object than to boast the true respect and regard with which*

*I have the honour to be,*

*M A D A M,*

*Your very sincere,*

*And obedient humble servant,*

*R. B. SHERIDAN.*



# P R O L O G U E.

By the Honorable RICHARD FITZPATRICK.

**T**HE Sister Muses, whom these realms obey,  
Who o'er the Drama hold divided sway,  
Sometimes, by evil counsellors, 'tis said  
Like earth-born potentates have been misled :  
In those gay days of wickedness and wit,  
When Villiers criticiz'd what Dryden writ,  
The Tragick Queen, to please a tasteless crowd,  
Had learn'd to bellow, rant, and roar so loud,  
That frighten'd Nature, her best friend before,  
The bluff'ring beldam's company forswore.  
Her comic Sister, who had wit 'tis true,  
With all her merits, had her failings too ;  
And would sometimes in mirthful moments use  
A style too flippant for a well-bred Muse.  
Then female modesty abash'd began  
To seek the friendly refuge of the fan,  
Awhile behind that slight entrenchment stood,  
'Till driv'n from thence, she left the stage for good,  
In our more pious, and far chaster times !  
These sure no longer are the Muse's crimes !  
But some complain that, former faults to shun,  
The reformation to extremes has run.  
The frantick hero's wild delirium past,  
Now insipidity succeeds bombast ;  
So slow Melpomene's cold numbers creep,  
Here dullness seems her drowsy court to keep,  
And we, are scarce awake, whilst you are fast asleep. }

A 2

Thalia,

## PROLOGUE.

Thalia, once so ill behav'd and rude,  
Reform'd ; is now become an arrant prude,  
Retailing nightly to the yawning pit,  
The purest morals, undefil'd by wit !  
Our Author offers in these motley scenes,  
A slight remonstrance to the Drama's queens,  
Nor let the goddeffes be over nice ;  
Free spoken subjects give the best advice.  
Although not quite a novice in his trade,  
His cause to night requires no common aid.  
To this, a friendly, just, and pow'rful court,  
I come Ambassador to beg support.  
Can he undaunted, brave the critick's rage ?  
In civil broils, with brother bards engage ?  
Hold forth their errors to the publick eye,  
Nay more, e'en News-papers themselves defy ?  
Say, must his single arm encounter all ?  
By numbers vanquish'd, e'en the brave may fall ;  
And though no leader should success distrust,  
Whose troops are willing, and whose cause is just ;  
To bid such hosts of angry foes defiance,  
His chief dependance must be, YOUR ALLIANCE.



DRAMATIS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Dangle	————	Mr. DODD.
Sneer	———— ————	Mr. PALMER.
Sir Fretful Plagiary,		Mr. PARSONS.
Signor Pasticcio Ritornello,		Mr. DELPINI.
Interpreter	————	Mr. BADDELEY.
Under Prompter	————	Mr. PHILLIMORE.
A N D		
Puff	———— ————	Mr. KING.
Mrs. Dangle	————	Mrs. HOPKINS.
Italian Girls	————	{ Miss FIELD, and the Miss ABRAMS.

## Characters of the TRAGEDY.

Lord Burleigh	————	Mr. MOODY.
Governor of Tilbury Fort,		Mr. WRIGHTEN.
Earl of Leicester	————	Mr. FARREN.
Sir Walter Raleigh	————	Mr. BURTON
Sir Christopher Hatton	————	Mr. WALDRON.
Master of the Horse	————	Mr. KENNY
Beefeater	———— ————	Mr. WRIGHT.
Justice	———— ————	Mr. PACKER.
Son	———— ————	Mr. LAMASH.
Constable	———— ————	Mr. FAWCETT.
Thames	———— ————	Mr. GAWDRY.
A N D		
Don Ferolo Whiskerandos,		Mr. BANNISTER, jun.
1st Niece	————	Miss COLLET.
2d Niece	———— ————	Miss KIRBY.
Justice's Lady	———— ————	Mrs. JOHNSTON.
Confidant	———— ————	Mrs. BRADSHAW.
A N D		
Tilburina	———— ————	Miss POPE.

Guards, Constables, Servants, Chorus, Rivers, Attendants, &c. &c.



THE  
C R I T I C.

---

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Mr. and Mrs. DANGLE at Breakfast, and  
reading Newspapers.

DANGLE (reading.) ]

“**B**RUTUS to LORD NORTH.”—“ Letter  
“ the second, on the STATE OF THE  
“ ARMY.”—Pshaw! “ To the first L— dash  
“ D of the A— dash Y.”—“ Genuine Ex-  
“ tract of a Letter from ST. KITT’S.”--“ COX-  
“ HEATH INTELLIGENCE.”—“ It is now confi-  
“ dently asserted that SIR CHARLES HARDY.”—  
Pshaw!—Nothing but about the fleet, and the  
nation!—and I hate all politics but theatrical  
politics.—Where’s the MORNING CHRONICLE ?

B

Mrs. DAN-



## THE CRITIC.

Mrs. DANGLE.

Yes, that's your gazette.

DANGLE.

So, here we have it.—

“*Theatrical intelligence extraordinary,*”——

“ We hear there is a new tragedy in rehearsal at  
 “ Drury-Lane Theatre, call'd the SPANISH AR-  
 “ MADA, said to be written by Mr. PUFF, a  
 “ gentleman well known in the theatrical  
 “ world; if we may allow ourselves to give  
 “ credit to the report of the performers, who,  
 “ truth to say, are in general but indifferent  
 “ judges, this piece abounds with the most  
 “ striking and received beauties of modern  
 “ composition”—So! I am very glad my friend  
 PUFF's tragedy is in such forwardness.—Mrs.  
 Dangle, my dear, you will be very glad to  
 hear that PUFF's tragedy——

Mrs. DANGLE.

Lord, Mr. Dangle, why will you plague me about such nonsense?—Now the plays are begun I shall have no peace.—Isn't it sufficient to make yourself ridiculous by your passion for the theatre, without continually teasing me to join you? Why can't you ride your hobby-horse without desiring to place me on a pillion behind you, Mr. Dangle?

DANGLE.

D A N G L E.

Nay, my dear, I was only going to read——

Mrs. D A N G L E.

No, no; you never will read any thing that's worth listening to:—you hate to hear about your country; there are letters every day with Roman signatures, demonstrating the certainty of an invasion, and proving that the nation is utterly undone — But you never will read any thing to entertain one.

D A N G L E.

What has a woman to do with politics, Mrs. Dangle?

Mrs. D A N G L E.

And what have you to do with the theatre, Mr. Dangle? Why should you affect the character of a Critic? I have no patience with you! —haven't you made yourself the jest of all your acquaintance by your interference in matters where you have no business? Are not you call'd a theatrical Quidnunc, and a mock Mæcenas to second-hand authors?

D A N G L E.

True; my power with the Managers is pretty notorious; but is it no credit to have applications from all quarters for my interest?—From lords to recommend fiddlers, from ladies to get

B 2

boxes,

boxes, from authors to get answers, and from actors to get engagements.

Mrs. D A N G L E.

Yes, truly; you have contrived to get a share in all the plague and trouble of theatrical property, without the profit, or even the credit of the abuse that attends it.

D A N G L E.

I am sure, Mrs. Dangle, you are no loser by it, however; you have all the advantages of it:—mightn't you, last winter, have had the reading of the new Pantomime a fortnight previous to its performance? And doesn't Mr. Fofbrook let you take places for a play before it is advertis'd, and set you down for a Box for every new piece through the season? And didn't my friend, Mr. Smatter, dedicate his last Farce to you at my particular request, Mrs. Dangle?

Mrs. D A N G L E.

Yes; but wasn't the Farce damn'd, Mr. Dangle? And to be sure it is extremely pleasant to have one's house made the motley rendezvous of all the lackeys of literature!—The very high change of trading authors and jobbing critics!—Yes, my drawing-room is an absolute register-office for candidate actors, and poets without character;—then to be continually alarmed with Misses and Ma'ams piping histeric changes on

JULIETS

JULIETS and DORINDAS, POLLYS and OPHELIAS; and the very furniture trembling at the probationary starts and unprovok'd rants of would-be RICHARDS and HAMLETS!—And what is worse than all, now that the Manager has monopoliz'd the Opera-House, haven't we the Signors and Signioras calling here, sliding their smooth femibreves, and gargling glib divisions in their outlandish throats—with foreign emissaries and French spies, for ought I know, disguised like fiddlers and figure dancers!

D A N G L E.

Mercy! Mrs. Dangle!

MRS. D A N G L E.

And to employ yourself so idly at such an alarming crisis as this too—when, if you had the least spirit, you would have been at the head of one of the Westminster associations—or trailing a volunteer pike in the Artillery Ground!—But you—o'my conscience, I believe if the French were landed to-morrow, your first enquiry would be, whether they had brought a theatrical troop with them.

D A N G L E.

Mrs. Dangle, it does not signify—I say the stage is “the Mirror of Nature,” and the actors are “the Abstract, and brief Chronicles of the Time:”—and pray what can a man of sense

6 THE CRITIC.

study better?—Besides, you will not easily persuade me that there is no credit or importance in being at the head of a band of critics, who take upon them to decide for the whole town, whose opinion and patronage all writers solicit, and whose recommendation no manager dares refuse!

Mrs. DANGLE.

Ridiculous!—Both managers and authors of the least merit, laugh at your pretensions.—The PUBLIC is their CRITIC—without whose fair approbation they know no play can rest on the stage, and with whose applause they welcome such attacks as yours, and laugh at the malice of them, where they can't at the wit.

DANGLE.

Very well, Madam—very well.

*Enter* SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Mr. Sneer, Sir, to wait on you.

DANGLE.

O, shew Mr. Sneer up. [*Exit* Servant,  
Plague on't, now we must appear loving and affectionate, or Sneer will hitch us into a story,

Mrs. DANGLE.

With all my heart; you can't be more ridiculous than you are.

DANGLE



T H E C R I T I C.

7

D A N G L E.

You are enough to provoke——

*Enter* Mr. S N E E R.

—Hah! my dear Sneer, I am vastly glad to see you. My dear, here's Mr. Sneer.

Mrs. D A N G L E.

Good morning to you, Sir.

D A N G L E.

Mrs. Dangle and I have been diverting ourselves with the papers.—Pray, Sneer, won't you go to Drury-lane theatre the first night of Puff's tragedy?

S N E E R.

Yes; but I suppose one shan't be able to get in, for on the first night of a new piece they always fill the house with orders to support it. But here, Dangle, I have brought you two pieces, one of which you must exert yourself to make the Managers accept, I can tell you that, for 'tis written by a person of consequence.

D A N G L E.

So! now my plagues are beginning!

S N E E R.

Aye, I am glad of it, for now you'll be happy. Why, my dear Dangle, it is a pleasure

sure to see how you enjoy your volunteer fatigue, and your solicited solicitations.

DANGLE.

It's a great trouble—yet, egad, its pleasant too.—Why, sometimes of a morning, I have a dozen people call on me at breakfast time, whose faces I never saw before, nor ever desire to see again.

SNEER.

That must be very pleasant indeed !

DANGLE.

And not a week but I receive fifty letters, and not a line in them about any business of my own.

SNEER.

An amusing correspondence !

DANGLE (reading.)

“ Bursts into tears, and exit.” What, is this a tragedy ?

SNEER.

No, that's a genteel comedy, not a translation—only *taken from the French* ; it is written in a style which they have lately tried to run down ; the true sentimental, and nothing ridiculous in it from the beginning to the end.

Mrs. DAN-

THE CRITIC. 9

Mrs. DANGLE.

Well, if they had kept to that, I should not have been such an enemy to the stage, there was some edification to be got from those pieces, Mr, Sneer !

SNEER.

I am quite of your opinion, Mrs. Dangle ; the theatre, in proper hands, might certainly be made the school of morality ; but now, I am sorry to say it, people seem to go there principally for their entertainment !

Mrs. DANGLE.

It would have been more to the credit of the Managers to have kept it in the other line.

SNEER.

Undoubtedly, Madam, and hereafter perhaps to have had it recorded, that in the midst of a luxurious and dissipated age, they preserv'd *two* houses in the capital, where the conversation was always moral at least, if not entertaining !

DANGLE.

Now, egad, I think the worst alteration is in the nicety of the audience.—No double entendre, no smart inuendo admitted ; even Vanburgh and Congreve oblig'd to undergo a bungling reformation !

SNEER.

SNEER.

Yes, and our prudery in this respect is just on a par with the artificial bashfulness of a courtesan, who encreases the blush upon her cheek in an exact proportion to the diminution of her modesty.

DANGLE.

Sneer can't even give the Public a good word!—But what have we here?—This seems a very odd——

SNEER.

O, that's a comedy, on a very new plan; replete with wit and mirth, yet of a most serious moral! You see it is call'd "THE REFORMED HOUSEBREAKER;" where, by the mere force of humour, HOUSEBREAKING is put into so ridiculous a light, that if the piece has its proper run, I have no doubt but that bolts and bars will be entirely useless by the end of the season.

DANGLE.

Egad, this is new indeed!

SNEER.

Yes; it is written by a particular friend of mine, who has discovered that the follies and foibles of society, are subjects unworthy the notice of the Comic Muse, who should be taught to stoop only at the greater vices and blacker crimes of humanity—gibbeting capital offences in five acts, and pillorying petty larcenies in two.—In short,  
his

THE CRITIC. II

his idea is to dramatize the penal laws, and make the Stage a court of ease to the Old Bailey,

D A N G L E,

It is truly moral.

Enter SERVANT,

Sir Fretful Plagiary, Sir.

D A N G L E.

Beg him to walk up.—[*Exit Servant.*] Now, Mrs. Dangle, Sir Fretful Plagiary is an author to your own taste.

Mrs. D A N G L E.

I confess he is a favourite of mine, because every body else abuses him.

S N E E R.

—Very much to the credit of your charity, Madam, if not of your judgment.

D A N G L E.

But, egad, he allows no merit to any author but himself, that's the truth on't—tho' he's my friend.

S N E E R.

Never.—He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six-and-thirty : and then the insidious humility with which he seduces you to give a free opinion on any of his works,



works, can be exceeded only by the petulant arrogance with which he is sure to reject your observations.

D A N G L E.

Very true, egad—tho' he's my friend.

S N E E R.

Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures; tho', at the same time, he is the forest man alive, and shrinks like scorched parchment from the fiery ordeal of true criticism: yet is he so covetous of popularity, that he had rather be abused than not mentioned at all.

D A N G L E.

There's no denying it—tho' he is my friend.

S N E E R.

You have read the tragedy he has just finished, haven't you?

D A N G L E.

O yes; he sent it to me yesterday.

S N E E R.

Well, and you think it execrable, don't you?

D A N G L E.

Why between ourselves, egad I must own—  
tho' he's my friend—that it is one of the most  
——He's

—He's here [*Aside*—finished and most admirable perform—

[Sir Fretful *without*.] Mr. Sneer with him, did you say?

*Enter* Sir FRETFUL.

Ah, my dear friend!—Egad, we were just speaking of your Tragedy.—Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

SNEER.

You never did any thing beyond it, Sir Fretful—never in your life.

Sir FRETFUL.

You make me extremely happy;—for without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours.—And Mr. Dangle's.

Mrs. DANGLE.

They are only laughing at you, Sir Fretful; for it was but just now that—

DANGLE.

Mrs. Dangle!—Ah, Sir Fretful, you know Mrs. Dangle.—My friend Sneer was rallying just now—He knows how she admires you, and—

Sir FRETFUL.

O Lord—I am sure Mr. Sneer has more taste and sincerity than to—A damn'd double-faced fellow!

[*Aside*.  
DAN-

D A N G L E.

Yes, yes,—Sneer will jest—but a better humour'd——

Sir F R E T F U L.

O, I know——

D A N G L E.

He has a ready turn for ridicule—his wit costs him nothing.——

Sir F R E T F U L.

No, egad—or I should wonder how he came by it. [*Aside.*

Mrs. D A N G L E.

Because his jest is always at the expence of his friend.

D A N G L E.

But, Sir Fretful, have you sent your play to the managers yet?—or can I be of any service to you?

Sir F R E T F U L.

No, No, I thank you; I believe the piece had sufficient recommendation with it.—I thank you tho'.—I sent it to the manager of COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE this morning.

S N E E R.

I should have thought now, that it might have been cast (as the actors call it) better at DRURY-LANE

Sir F R E T-

T H E C R I T I C. 15

Sir. F R E T F U L.

O lud ! no—never fend a play there while I live—harkee ! [*Whispers Sneer.*]

S N E E R.

*Writes himself !*—I know he does—

Sir F R E T F U L.

I say nothing—I take away from no man's merit—am hurt at no man's good fortune—I say nothing.—But this I will say—through all my knowledge of life, I have observ'd—that there is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human heart as envy !

S N E E R.

I believe you have reason for what you say, indeed.

Sir F R E T F U L.

Besides—I can tell you it is not always so safe to leave a play in the hands of those who write themselves.

S N E E R.

What, they may steal from them, hey, my dear Plagiary ?

Sir F R E T F U L.

Steal !—to be sure they may ; and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children, disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.

S N E E R.

SNEER.

But your present work is a sacrifice to Melpomene, and HE, you know, never——

Sir FRETFUL.

That's no security.—A dext'rous plagiarist may do any thing.—Why, Sir, for ought I know, he might take out some of the best things in my tragedy, and put them into his own comedy.

SNEER.

That might be done, I dare be sworn.

Sir FRETFUL.

And then, if such a person gives you the least hint or assistance, he is devilish apt to take the merit of the whole.—

DANGLE.

If it succeeds.

Sir FRETFUL.

Aye—but with regard to this piece, I think I can hit that gentleman, for I can safely swear he never read it.

SNEER.

I'll tell you how you may hurt him more——

Sir FRETFUL.

How?—

SNEER.

THE CRITIC. 17

SNEER.

Swear he wrote it.

Sir FRETFUL.

Plague on't now, Sneer, I shall take it ill.—I believe you want to take away my character as an author!

SNEER.

Then I am sure you ought to be very much oblig'd to me.

Sir FRETFUL.

Hey!—Sir!—

DANGLE.

O you know, he never means what he says.

Sir FRETFUL.

Sincerely then—you do like the piece?

SNEER.

Wonderfully!

Sir FRETFUL.

But come now, there must be something that you think might be mended, hey?—Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you?

DANGLE.

Why faith, it is but an ungracious thing for the most part to——

Sir FRETFUL.

—With most authors it is just so indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious!—But, for

C

my

my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of shewing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

SNEER.

Very true.—Why then, tho' I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection; which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

Sir FRETFUL.

SIR, you can't oblige me more.

SNEER.

I think it wants incident.

Sir FRETFUL.

Good God!—you surprize me!—wants incident!—

SNEER.

Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir FRETFUL.

Good God!—Believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference.—But I protest to you, Mr. Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded.—My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

DANGLE.

Really I can't agree with my friend Sneer.—I  
think



think the plot quite sufficient; and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest any thing, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.—

Sir FRETFUL.

—Rises; I believe you mean, Sir.

DANGLE.

No; I don't upon my word.

Sir FRETFUL.

Yes, yes, you do upon my soul—it certainly don't fall off, I assure you—No, no, it don't fall off.

DANGLE.

Now, Mrs. Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light?

Mrs. DANGLE.

No, indeed, I did not—I did not see a fault in any part of the play from the beginning to the end.

Sir FRETFUL.

Upon my soul the women are the best judges after all!

Mrs. DANGLE.

Or if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece; but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

Sir FRETFUL.

Pray, Madam, do you speak as to duration of  
C 2 time;

time; or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

Mrs. DANGLE.

O Lud! no.—I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

Sir FRETFUL.

Then I am very happy—very happy indeed,—because the play is a short play, a remarkably short play:—I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but, on these occasions, the watch, you know, is the critic.

Mrs. DANGLE.

Then, I suppose, it must have been Mr. Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

Sir FRETFUL.

O, if Mr. Dangle read it! that's quite another affair!—But I assure you, Mrs. Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and an half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the Prologue and Epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

Mrs. DANGLE.

I hope to see it on the stage next.

DANGLE.

Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to  
get

get rid as easily of the news-paper criticisms as you do of ours.—

Sir FRETFUL.

The NEWS-PAPERS!—Sir, they are the most villainous—licentious—abominable—infernal—Not that I ever read them—No—I make it a rule never to look into a news-paper.

DANGLE.

You are quite right—for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take

Sir FRETFUL.

No!—quite the contrary;—their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric—I like it of all things.—An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

Mr. SNEER.

Why that's true—and that attack now on you the other day——

Sir FRETFUL.

—What? where?

DANGLE.

Aye, you mean in a paper of Thursday; it was compleatly ill-natur'd to be sure.

Sir FRETFUL.

O, so much the better.—Ha! ha! ha!—I wou'dn't have it otherwise.

## THE CRITIC.

DANGLE.

Certainly it is only to be laugh'd at; for —

Sir FRETFUL.

—You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

SNEER.

Pray, Dangle—Sir Fretful seems a little anxious—

Sir FRETFUL.

—O lud, no!—anxious,—not I,—not the least.  
—I—But one may as well hear you know.

DANGLE.

Sneer, do *you* recollect?—Make out something.

[*Afide.*]

SNEER.

I will, [*to Dangle.*]—Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

Sir FRETFUL.

Well, and pray now—Not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

SNEER.

Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention, or original genius whatever; tho' you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

Sir FRETFUL.

Ha! ha! ha!—very good!

SNEER.

SNEER.

That as to COMEDY, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your common place-book—where stray jokes, and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the LOST-AND-STOLEN-OFFICE.

Sir FRETFUL.

—Ha! ha! ha!—very pleasant!

SNEER.

Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to *steal* with taste.—But that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments—like a bad tavern's worst wine.

Sir FRETFUL.

Ha! ha!

SNEER.

In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable, if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares thro' the fantastic encumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms!

Sir FRETFUL.

Ha! ha!

C 4

SNEER.

S N E E R.

That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your stile, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsley-wolfey; while your imitations of Shakspeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's Page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

Sir F R E T F U L,

Ha!—

S N E E R,

—In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating; so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilize!—

Sir F R E T F U L. (*after great agitation.*)

—Now another person would be vex'd at this.

S N E E R,

Oh! but I wou'dn't have told you, only to divert you.

Sir F R E T F U L.

I know it—I *am* diverted,—Ha! ha! ha!—not the least invention!—Ha! ha! ha! very good!—very good!

S N E E R.

SNEER,

Yes—no genius! Ha! ha! ha!

DANGLE,

A severe rogue! Ha! ha! ha! But you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

Sir FRETFUL,

To be sure—for if there is any thing to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it, and if it is abuse,—why one is always sure to hear of it from one damn'd good natur'd friend or another!

*Enter* SERVANT.

Sir, there is an Italian gentleman, with a French Interpreter, and three young ladies, and a dozen musicians, who say they are sent by LADY RONDEAU and MRS. FUGE.

DANGLE.

Gadso! they come by appointment. Dear Mrs. Dangle do let them know I'll see them directly.

Mrs. DANGLE.

You know, Mr. Dangle, I shan't understand a word they say.

DANGLE.

But you hear there's an interpreter.

Mrs. DANGLE.



Mrs. DANGLE.

Well, I'll try to endure their complaisance till you come. [Exit.

SERVANT.

And Mr. PUFF, Sir, has sent word that the last rehearsal is to be this morning, and that he'll call on you presently.

DANGLE.

That's true—I shall certainly be at home. [Exit Servant.] Now, Sir Fretful, if you have a mind to have justice done you in the way of answer—Egad, Mr. PUFF's your man.

Sir FRETFUL.

Pshaw! Sir, why should I wish to have it answered, when I tell you I am pleased at it?

DANGLE.

True, I had forgot that.—But I hope you are not fretted at what Mr. Sneeer—

Sir FRETFUL.

—Zounds! no, Mr. Dangle, don't I tell you these things never fret me in the least.

DANGLE.

Nay, I only thought—

Sir FRETFUL.

—And let me tell you, Mr. Dangle, 'tis damn'd

damn'd affronting in you to suppose that I am hurt, when I tell you I am not.

S N E E R.

But why so warm, Sir Fretful?

Sir F R E T F U L.

Gadlife! Mr. Sneer, you are as absurd as Dangle; how often must I repeat it to you, that nothing can vex me but your supposing it possible for me to mind the damn'd nonsense you have been repeating to me!—and let me tell you, if you continue to believe this, you must mean to insult me, gentlemen—and then your disrespect will affect me no more than the newspaper criticisms—and I shall treat it—with exactly the same calm indifference and philosophic contempt—and so your servant. *[Exit.*

S N E E R.

Ha! ha! ha! Poor Sir Fretful! Now will he go and vent his philosophy in anonymous abuse of all modern critics and authors—But, Dangle, you must get your friend PUFF to take me to the rehearsal of his tragedy.

D A N G L E.

I'll answer for't, he'll thank you for desiring it. But come and help me to judge of this musical family; they are recommended by people of consequence, I assure you.

S N E E R.

SNEER.

I am at your disposal the whole morning—  
but I thought you had been a decided critic in  
musick, as well as in literature?

DANGLE.

So I am—but I have a bad ear.—Efaith,  
Sneer, tho', I am afraid we were a little too severe  
on Sir Fretful—tho' he is my friend.

SNEER.

Why, 'tis certain, that unnecessarily to mor-  
tify the vanity of any writer, is a cruelty which  
mere dulness never can deserve; but where a  
base and personal malignity usurps the place of  
literary emulation, the aggressor deserves nei-  
ther quarter nor pity.

DANGLE.

That's true egad!—tho' he's my friend!

## S C E N E II.

*A Drawing Room, Harpsichord, &c. Italian Fa-  
mily, French Interpreter, Mrs. Dangle and Ser-  
vants discovered.*

INTERPRETER.

Je dis madame, ja'i l'honneur to *introduce* & de  
vous demander votre protection pour le Signor  
PASTICCIO RETORNELLO & pour sa charmante  
famille.

Signor

THE CRITIC. 29

Signor PASTICCIO.

Ah! Vosignoria noi vi preghiamo di favorirvi colla vostra protezione.

1st. DAUGHTER.

Vosignoria fatevi questi grazie.

2d DAUGHTER.

Si Signora.

INTERPRETER.

Madame—*me interpret.*—C'est à dire—in English—quils vous prient de leur faire l'honneur—

Mrs. DANGLE.

—I say again, gentlemen, I don't understand a word you say.

Signor PASTICCIO.

Questo Signore spiegheró.

INTERPRETER.

Oui—*me interpret.*—nous avons les lettres de recommandation pour Monsieur Dangle de——

Mrs. DANGLE.

—Upon my word, Sir, I don't understand you.

Signor PASTICCIO.

La CONTESSA RONDEAU e nostra padrona.

3d DAUGHTER.

Si, padre, & mi LADI FUGE.

INTERPRETER.

INTERPRETER.

O!—*me interpret.*—Madame, ils disent—in English—Qu'ils ont l'honneur d'être proteges de ces Demes.—*You understand?*

Mrs. DANGLE.

No, Sir,——no understand!

*Enter* DANGLE and SNEER.

INTERPRETER.

Ah voici Monsieur Dangle!

ALL ITALIANS.

A! Signor Dangle!

Mrs. DANGLE.

Mr. Dangle, here are two very civil gentlemen trying to make themselves understood, and I don't know which is the interpreter.

DANGLE.

Ebien!

INTERPRETER.

Monsieur Dangle—le grand bruit de vos talents pour la critique & de votre interest avec Messieurs les Directeurs a tous les Theatres.

Signor PASTICCIO.

Vosignoria fiete si famoso par la vostra conoscenza e vostra interessa colla le Direttore da—

Speaking together.

DANGLE.

DANGLE.

Egad I think the Interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two!

SNEER.

Why I thought, Dangle, you had been an admirable linguist!

DANGLE.

So I am, if they would not talk so damn'd fast.

SNEER.

Well I'll explain that—the less time we lose in hearing them the better,—for that I suppose is what they are brought here for.

[Sneer speaks to Sig. Past.—*They sing trios, &c. Dangle beating out of time. Servant enters and whispers Dangle.*]

DANGLE.

Shew him up. [Exit Servant.]

Bravo! admirable! bravissimo! admirabilissimo!—Ah! Sneer! where will you find such as these voices in England?

SNEER.

Not easily.

DANGLE.

But PUFF is coming.—Signor and little Signora's—obligatissimo!—Sposa Signora Danglena  
—Mrs.

—Mrs. Dangle, shall I beg you to offer them some refreshments, and take their address in the next room.

[*Exit Mrs. Dangle with the Italians and Interpreter ceremoniously.*]

*Re-enter* SERVANT.

Mr. PUFF, Sir!

DANGLE.

My dear PUFF!

*Enter* PUFF.

My dear Dangle, how is it with you?

DANGLE.

Mr. Sneer, give me leave to introduce Mr. PUFF to you.

PUFF.

Mr. Sneer is this? Sir, he is a gentleman whom I have long panted for the honour of knowing—a gentleman whose critical talents and transcendent judgment——

SNEER.

—Dear Sir——

DANGLE.

Nay, don't be modest, Sneer, my friend PUFF only talks to you in the stile of his profession.

SNEER.



SNEER.

His profession!

PUFF.

Yes, Sir, I make no secret of the trade I follow—among friends and brother authors, Dangle knows I love to be frank on the subject, and to advertise myself *viva voce*.—I am, Sir, a Practitioner in Panegyric, or to speak more plainly—a Professor of the Art of Puffing, at your service—or any body else's.

SNEER.

Sir, you are very obliging!—I believe, Mr. Puff, I have often admired your talents in the daily prints.

PUFF.

Yes, Sir, I flatter myself I do as much business in that way as any six of the fraternity in town—Devilish hard work all the summer—Friend Dangle? never work'd harder!—But harkee,—the Winter Managers were a little sore I believe.

DANGLE.

No—I believe they took it all in good part.

PUFF.

Aye!—Then that must have been affectation in them, for egad, there were some of the attacks which there was no laughing at!

D

SNEER.

S N E E R.

Aye, the humourous ones.—But I should think Mr. Puff, that Authors would in general be able to do this sort of work for themselves.

P U F F.

Why yes—but in a clumsy way.—Besides, we look on that as an encroachment, and so take the opposite side.—I dare say now you conceive half the very civil paragraphs and advertisements you see, to be written by the parties concerned, or their friends?—No such thing—Nine out of ten, manufactured by me in the way of business.

S N E E R.

Indeed!—

P U F F.

Even the Auctioneers now,—the Auctioneers I say, tho' the rogues have lately got some credit for their language—not an article of the merit their's!—take them out of their Pulpits, and they are as dull as Catalogues.—No, Sir;—'twas I first enrich'd their style—'twas I first taught them to crowd their advertisements with panegyric superlatives, each epithet rising above the other—like the Bidders in their own Auction-rooms! From ME they learn'd to enlay their phraseology with variegated chips of exotic metaphor: by ME too their inventive facul-

ties were called forth.—Yes Sir, by ME they were instructed to clothe ideal walls with gratuitous fruits—to insinuate obsequious rivulets into visionary groves—to teach courteous shrubs to nod their approbation of the grateful soil! or on emergencies to raise upstart oaks, where there never had been an acorn; to create a delightful vicinage without the assistance of a neighbour; or fix the temple of Hygeia in the fens of Lincolnshire!

D A N G L E.

I am sure, you have done them infinite service; for now, when a gentleman is ruined, he parts with his house with some credit.

S N E E R.

Service! if they had any gratitude, they would erect a statue to him, they would figure him as a presiding Mercury, the god of traffic and fiction, with a hammer in his hand instead of a caduceus.—But pray, Mr. Puff, what first put you on exercising your talents in this way?

P U F F.

Egad sir,—sheer necessity—the proper parent of an art so nearly allied to invention: you must know Mr. Sneeer, that from the first time I tried my hand at an advertisement, my success was such, that for sometime after, I led a most extraordinary life indeed!

D 2

S N E E R.

S N E E R.

How, pray?

P U F F.

Sir, I supported myself two years entirely by my misfortunes.

S N E E R.

By your misfortunes!

P U F F.

Yes Sir, afflicted by long sickness, and other occasional disorders; and a very comfortable living I had of it.

S N E E R.

From sickness and misfortunes!—You practised as a Doctor, and an Attorney at once?

P U F F.

No egad, both maladies and miseries were my own.

S N E E R.

Hey!—what the plague!

D A N G L E.

'Tis true, efaith.

P U F F.

Harkee!—By advertisements—“To the charitable and humane!” and “to those whom Providence hath blessed with affluence!”

S N E E R.

Oh,—I understand you.

P U F F.

P U F F.

And in truth, I deserved what I got, for I suppose never man went thro' such a series of calamities in the same space of time!—Sir, I was five times made a bankrupt, and reduced from a state of affluence, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes! then Sir, tho' a very industrious tradesman, I was twice burnt out, and lost my little all, both times!—I lived upon those fires a month.—I soon after was confined by a most excruciating disorder, and lost the use of my limbs!—That told very well, for I had the case strongly attested, and went about to collect the subscriptions myself.

D A N G L E.

Egad, I believe that was when you first called on me.—

P U F F.

—In November last?—O no!—I was at that time, a close prisoner in the Marshalsea, for a debt benevolently contracted to serve a friend!—I was afterwards, twice tapped for a dropsy, which declined into a very profitable consumption!—I was then reduced to—O no—then, I became a widow with six helpless children,—after having had eleven husbands pressed, and being left every time eight months

gone with child, and without money to get me into an hospital!

S N E E R.

And you bore all with patience, I make no doubt?

P U F F.

Why, yes,—tho' I made some occasional attempts at *felo de se*; but as I did not find those *rash actions* answer, I left off killing myself very soon.—Well, Sir,—at last, what with bankruptcies, fires, gouts, dropsies, imprisonments, and other valuable calamities, having got together a pretty handsome sum, I determined to quit a business which had always gone rather against my conscience, and in a more liberal way still to indulge my talents for fiction and embellishment, thro' my favourite channels of diurnal communication—and so, Sir, you have my history.

S N E E R.

Most obligingly communicative indeed; and your confession if published, might certainly serve the cause of true charity, by rescuing the most useful channels of appeal to benevolence from the cant of imposition.—But surely, Mr. PUFF, there is no great *mystery* in your present profession?

P U F F.

P U F F.

Mystery! Sir, I will take upon me to say the matter was never scientifically treated, nor reduced to rule before.

S N E E R.

Reduced to rule?

P U F F.

O lud, Sir! you are very ignorant, I am afraid.—Yes Sir,—PUFFING is of various forts—the principal are, The PUFF DIRECT—the PUFF PRELIMINARY--the PUFF COLLATERAL--the PUFF COLLUSIVE, and the PUFF OBLIQUE, or PUFF by IMPLICATION.—These all assume, as circumstances require, the various forms of LETTER TO THE EDITOR—OCCASIONAL ANECDOTE—IMPARTIAL CRITIQUE—OBSERVATION from CORRESPONDENT,—or ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE PARTY.

S N E E R.

The puff direct, I can conceive—

P U F F.

O yes, that's simple enough,—for instance —A new Comedy or Farce is to be produced at one of the Theatres (though by the bye they don't bring out half what they ought to do) The author, suppose Mr. Smatter, or Mr. Dapper —or any particular friend of mine—very well ;

D 4

the



the day before it is to be performed, I write an account of the manner in which it was received—I have the plot from the author,—and only add—Characters strongly drawn—highly coloured—hand of a master—fund of genuine humour—mine of invention—neat dialogue—attic salt! Then for the performance—Mr. DODD was astonishingly great in the character of SIR HARRY! That universal and judicious actor Mr. PALMER, perhaps never appeared to more advantage than in the COLONEL;—but it is not in the power of language to do justice to Mr. KING!—Indeed he more than merited those repeated bursts of applause which he drew from a most brilliant and judicious audience! As to the scenery—The miraculous power of Mr. DE LOUTHERBOURG'S pencil are universally acknowledged!—In short, we are at a loss which to admire most,—the unrivalled genius of the author, the great attention and liberality of the managers—the wonderful abilities of the painter, or the incredible exertions of all the performers!—

S N E E R.

That's pretty well indeed, Sir.

P U F F.

O cool—quite cool—to what I sometimes do.

S N E E R.

S N E E R.

And do you think there are any who are influenced by this.

P U F F.

O, lud! yes, Sir;—the number of those who go thro' the fatigue of judging for themselves is very small indeed!

S N E E R.

Well, Sir,—the PUFF PRELIMINARY?

P U F F.

O that, Sir, does well in the form of a *Caution*.—In a matter of gallantry now—Sir FLIMSY GOSSIMER, wishes to be well with LADY FANNY FETE—He applies to me— I open trenches for him with a paragraph in the Morning Post.—It is recommended to the beautiful and accomplished Lady F four stars F dash E to be on her guard against that dangerous character, Sir F dash G; who, however pleasing and insinuating his manners may be, is certainly not remarkable for the *constancy of his attachments!*—in Italics.—Here you see, Sir FLIMSY GOSSIMER is introduced to the particular notice of Lady FANNY—who, perhaps never thought of him before—she finds herself publickly cautioned to avoid him, which naturally makes her desirous of seeing him;—the observation of their acquaintance causes a  
pretty

pretty kind of mutual embarrassment, this produces a sort of sympathy of interest—which, if Sir Flimsy is unable to improve effectually, he at least gains the credit of having their names mentioned together, by a particular set, and in a particular way,—which nine times out of ten is the full accomplishment of modern gallantry !

## D A N G L E.

Egad, Sneer, you will be quite an adept in the business.

## P U F F.

Now, Sir, the PUFF COLLATERAL is much used as an appendage to advertisements, and may take the form of anecdote.—Yesterday as the celebrated GEORGE BON-MOT was fauntering down St. James's-street, he met the lively Lady MARY MYRTLE, coming out of the Park,—‘Good God, LADY MARY, I’m surpris’d to meet you in a white jacket,—for I expected never to have seen you, but in a full-trimmed uniform, and a light-horseman’s cap!’—“Heavens, GEORGE, where could you have learned that?”—‘Why, replied the wit, I just saw a print of you, in a new publication called The CAMP MAGAZINE, which, by the bye, is a devilish clever thing,—and is sold at No. 3, on the right hand of the way, two doors from the printing

printing-office, the corner of Ivy-lane, Paternoster-row, price only one shilling!

SNEER.

Very ingenious indeed!

PUFF.

But the PUFF COLLUSIVE is the newest of any; for it acts in the disguise of determined hostility.—It is much used by bold bookfellers and enterprising poets.—An indignant correspondent observes—that the new poem called BEELZEBUB'S COTILLION, OR PROSERPINE'S FETE CHAMPETRE, is one of the most unjustifiable performances he ever read! The severity with which certain characters are handled is quite shocking! And as there are many descriptions in it too warmly coloured for female delicacy, the shameful avidity with which this piece is bought by all people of fashion, is a reproach on the taste of the times, and a disgrace to the delicacy of the age!—Here you see the two strongest inducements are held forth;—First, that nobody ought to read it;—and secondly, that every body buys it; on the strength of which, the publisher boldly prints the tenth edition, before he had sold ten of the first; and then establishes it by threatening himself with the pillory, or absolutely indicting himself for SCAN. MAG.!

DANGLE.

D A N G L E.

Ha! ha! ha!—'gad I know it is so.

P U F F.

As to the PUFF OBLIQUE, or PUFF BY IMPLICATION, it is too various and extensive to be illustrated by an instance;—it attracts in titles, and presumes in patents; it lurks in the *limitation* of a subscription, and invites in the assurance of croud and incommodation at public places; it delights to draw forth concealed merit, with a most disinterested assiduity; and sometimes wears a countenance of smiling censure and tender reproach.—It has a wonderful memory for Parliamentary Debates, and will often give the whole speech of a favoured member, with the most flattering accuracy. But, above all, it is a great dealer in reports and suppositions.—It has the earliest intelligence of intended preferments that will reflect *honor* on the *patrons*; and embryo promotions of modest gentlemen—who know nothing of the matter themselves. It can hint a ribband for implied services, in the air of a common report; and with the carelessness of a casual paragraph, suggest officers into commands—to which they have no pretension but their wishes. This, Sir, is the last principal class in the ART of PUFFING—An art which I hope you will  
now

now agree with me, is of the highest dignity—yielding a tablature of benevolence and public spirit; befriending equally trade, gallantry, criticism, and politics:—the applause of genius! the register of charity! the triumph of heroism! the self defence of contractors! the fame of orators!—and the gazette of ministers!

S N E E R.

Sir, I am compleatly a convert both to the importance and ingenuity of your profession; and now, Sir, there is but one thing which can possibly encrease my respect for you, and that is, your permitting me to be present this morning at the rehearsal of your new trage——

P U F F.

—Hush, for heaven's sake. — *My* tragedy! — Egad, Dangle, I take this very ill—you know how apprehensive I am of being known to be the author.

D A N G L E.

'Efaith I would not have told—but it's in the papers, and your name at length—in the Morning Chronicle.

P U F F.

Ah! those damn'd editors never can keep a secret!—Well, Mr. Sneer—no doubt you will do me great honour—I shall be infinitely happy—highly flattered——

D A N G L E.



D A N G L E.

I believe it must be near the time—shall we go together.

F U F F.

No; It will not be yet this hour, for they are always late at that theatre: besides, I must meet you there, for I have some little matters here to send to the papers, and a few paragraphs to scribble before I go.

[*Looking at memorandums.*

—Here is ‘a CONSCIENTIOUS BAKER, on the Subject of the Army Bread;’ and ‘a DETESTER OF VISIBLE BRICK-WORK, in favor of the new invented Stucco;’ both in the style of JUNIUS, and promised for to-morrow.—The Thames navigation too is at a stand.—MISO-MUD or ANTI-SHOAL must go to work again directly.—Here too are some political memorandums I see; aye—To take PAUL JONES, and get the INDIAMEN out of the SHANNON—reinforce BYRON—compel the DUTCH to—so!—I must do that in the evening papers, or reserve it for the Morning Herald, for I know that I have undertaken to-morrow; besides, to establish the unanimity of the fleet in the Public Advertiser, and to shoot CHARLES FOX in the Morning Post.—So, egad, I ha’n’t a moment to lose!

D A N G L E.

Well!—we’ll meet in the Green Room.

[*Exeunt severally.*

END OF ACT I.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

The THEATRE.

*Enter* DANGLE, PUFF, and SNEER,  
*as before the Curtain.*

PUFF.

NO, no, Sir; what Shakespeare says of ACTORS may be better applied to the purpose of PLAYS; *they* ought to be 'the abstract and brief Chronicles of the times.' Therefore when history, and particularly the history of our own country, furnishes any thing like a case in point, to the time in which an author writes, if he knows his own interest, he will take advantage of it; so, Sir, I call my tragedy The SPANISH ARMADA; and have laid the scene before TILBURY FORT.

SNEER.

A most happy thought certainly!

DANGLE.

Egad it was—I told you so.—But pray now I dont understand how you have contrived to introduce any love into it.

PUFF.



P U F F.

Love!—Oh nothing so easy; for it is a received point among poets, that where history gives you a good heroic out-line for a play, you may fill up with a little love at your own discretion; in doing which, nine times out of ten, you only make up a deficiency in the private history of the times.—Now I rather think I have done this with some success.

S N E E R.

No scandal about Queen ELIZABETH, I hope?

P U F F.

O Lud! no, no.—I only suppose the Governor of Tilbury Fort's daughter to be in love with the son of the Spanish Admiral.

S N E E R.

Oh, is that all?

D A N G L E.

Excellent, Efaith!—I see it at once.—But won't this appear rather improbable?

P U F F.

To be sure it will—but what the plague! a play is not to shew occurrences that happen every day, but things just so strange, that tho' they never *did*, they *might* happen.

S N E E R.

S N E E R.

Certainly nothing is unnatural, that is not physically impossible.

P U F F.

Very true—and for that matter DON FEROLO WISKERANDOS—for that's the lover's name, might have been over here in the train of the Spanish Ambassador; or TILBURINA, for that is the lady's name, might have been in love with him, from having heard his character, or seen his picture; or from knowing that he was the last man in the world she ought to be in love with—or for any other good female reason.—However, Sir, the fact is, that tho' she is but a Knight's daughter, egad! she is in love like any Princess!

D A N G L E.

Poor young lady! I feel for her already! for I can conceive how great the conflict must be between her passion and her duty; her love for her country, and her love for DON FEROLO WISKERANDOS!

P U F F.

O amazing!—her poor susceptible heart is swayed to and fro, by contending passions like—

E

*Enter*

*Enter* UNDER PROMPTER.

UNDER PROMPTER.

Sir, the scene is set, and every thing is ready to begin if you please.—

P U F F.

'Egad; then we'll lose no time.

UNDER PROMPTER.

Tho' I believe, Sir, you will find it very short, for all the performers have profited by the kind permission you granted them.

P U F F.

Hey! what!

UNDER PROMPTER.

You know, Sir, you gave them leave to cut out or omit whatever they found heavy or unnecessary to the plot, and I must own they have taken very liberal advantage of your indulgence.

P U F F.

Well, well.—They are in general very good judges; and I know I am luxuriant.—Now, Mr. HOPKINS, as soon as you please.

UNDER PROMPTER *to the Musick.*

Gentlemen, will you play a few bars of something, just to—

P U F F.

THE CRITIC. 51

P U F F.

Aye, that's right,—for as we have the scenes, and dresses, egad, we'll go to't, as if it was the first night's performance;—but you need not mind stopping between the acts.

[*Exit Under Prompter.*]

(*Orchestra play. Then the Bell rings.*)

Soh! stand clear gentlemen.—Now you know there will be a cry of down!—down!—hats off! silence!—Then up curtain,—and let us see what our painters have done for us.

S C E N E II.

*The Curtain rises and discovers TILBURY FORT.*

*Two Centinels asleep.*

D A N G L E.

Tilbury Fort!—very fine indeed!

P U F F.

Now, what do you think I open with?

S N E E R.

Faith, I can't guess—

P U F F.

A clock.—Hark!—(*clock strikes.*) I open with a clock striking, to beget an awful at-

E 2

tention

tention in the audience—it also marks the time, which is four o'clock in the morning, and saves a description of the rising sun, and a great deal about gilding the eastern hemisphere.

D A N G L E.

But pray, are the centinels to be asleep?

P U F F.

Fast as watchmen.

S N E E R.

Isn't that odd tho' at such an alarming crisis?

P U F F.

To be sure it is,—but smaller things must give way to a striking scene at the opening; that's a rule.—And the case is, that two great men are coming to this very spot to begin the piece; now, it is not to be supposed they would open their lips, if these fellows were watching them, so, egad, I must either have sent them off their posts, or set them asleep.

S N E E R.

O that accounts for it!—But tell us, who are these coming?—

P U F F.

These are they—SIR WALTER RALEIGH, and SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON.—You'll know Sir  
CHRIS-

CHRISTOPHER, by his turning out his toes—famous you know for his dancing. I like to preserve all the little traits of character.—Now attend.

*Enter* Sir WALTER RALEIGH *and* Sir CHRISTOPHER HATTON.

“ S I R C H R I S T O P H E R.

“ True, gallant Raleigh!—

D A N G L E.

What, they had been talking before?

P U F F.

O, yes; all the way as they came along.—I beg pardon gentlemen [*to the Actors*] but these are particular friends of mine, whose remarks may be of great service to us.—Don't mind interrupting them whenever any thing strikes you. [*To Sneer and Dangle.*]

“ S I R C H R I S T O P H E R.

“ True, gallant Raleigh!

“ But O, thou champion of thy country's fame,

“ There *is* a question which I yet must ask;

“ A question, which I never ask'd before—

“ What mean these mighty armaments?

“ This general muster? and this throng of chiefs?

S N E E R.

Pray, Mr. Puff, how came Sir Christopher Hatton never to ask that question before?

E 3

P U F F.

P U F F.

What, before the Play began? how the plague  
could he?

D A N G L E.

That's true efaith!

P U F F.

But you will hear what he thinks of the  
matter.

" S I R C H R I S T O P H E R.

" Alas, my noble friend, when I behold  
" Yon tented plains in martial symmetry  
" Array'd.—When I count o'er yon glittering lines  
" Of crested warriors, where the proud steeds neigh,  
" And valor-breathing trumpet's shrill appeal,  
" Responsive vibrate on my listening ear;  
" When virgin majesty herself I view,  
" Like her protecting Pallas veil'd in steel,  
" With graceful confidence exhort to arms!  
" When briefly all I hear or see bears stamp  
" Of martial vigilance, and stern defence,  
" I cannot but surmise.—Forgive, my friend,  
" If the conjecture's rash—I cannot but  
" Surmise.—The state some danger apprehends!

S N E E R.

A very cautious conjecture that.

P U F F.

Yes, that's his character; not to give an opi-  
nion, but on secure grounds—now then.

" S I R

“ SIR WALTER.

“ O, most accomplished Christopher.—

P U F F.

He calls him by his christian name, to shew that they are on the most familiar terms.

“ SIR WALTER. .

“ O most accomplish'd Christopher, I find  
 “ Thy staunch sagacity still tracks the future,  
 “ In the fresh print of the o'ertaken past.

P U F F.

Figurative!

“ SIR WALTER.

“ Thy fears are just.

“ SIR CHRISTOPHER.

“ But where? whence? when? and what  
 “ The danger is—Methinks I fain would learn.

“ SIR WALTER.

“ You know, my friend, scarce two revolving suns,  
 “ And three revolving moons, have clos'd their course,  
 “ Since haughty PHILIP, in despight of peace,  
 “ With hostile hand hath struck at ENGLAND's trade.

“ SIR CHRISTOPHER.

“ I know it well.

“ SIR WALTER.

“ PHILIP you know is proud, IBERIA's king!



“ SIR CHRISTOPHER.

“ He is.

“ SIR WALTER.

“ — His subjects in base bigotry  
 “ And Catholic oppression held,—while we  
 “ You know, the protestant persuasion hold.

“ SIR CHRISTOPHER.

“ We do.

“ SIR WALTER.

“ You know beside,—his boasted armament,  
 “ The fam'd Armada,—by the Pope baptized,  
 “ With purpose to invade these realms—

“ SIR CHRISTOPHER.

“ — Is failed,

“ Our last advices so report.

“ SIR WALTER.

“ While the Iberian Admiral's chief hope,  
 “ His darling son—

“ SIR CHRISTOPHER.

“ —Fero! Wifkerandos hight—

“ SIR WALTER.

“ The same—by chance a pris'ner hath been ta'en,  
 “ And in this fort of Tilbury—

“ SIR CHRISTOPHER.

“ — Is now

“ Confin'd,—'tis true, and oft from yon tall turrets  
 top

I've

“ I’ve mark’d the youthful Spaniard’s haughty mien  
 “ Unconquer’d, tho’ in chains!

“ S I R W A L T E R.

“ You also know—

D A N G L E.

—Mr. Puff, as he *knows* all this, why does  
 Sir Walter go on telling him?

P U F F.

But the audience are not supposed to know  
 any thing of the matter, are they?

S N E E R.

True, but I think you manage ill: for there  
 certainly appears no reason why Sir Walter  
 should be so communicative.

P U F F.

For, egad now, that is one of the most ungrate-  
 ful observations I ever heard—for the less in-  
 ducement he has to tell all this, the more I  
 think, you ought to be oblig’d to him; for I am  
 sure you’d know nothing of the matter without  
 it.

D A N G L E.

That’s very true, upon my word.

P U F F.

But you will find he was *not* going on.

“ S I R

“ SIR CHRISTOPHER.

“ Enough, enough,—’tis plain---and I no more  
“ Am in amazement lost!—

P U F F.

Here, now you see, Sir Christopher did not in fact ask any one question for his own information.

S N E E R.

No indeed:—his has been a most disinterested curiosity!

D A N G L E.

Really, I find, we are very much oblig’d to them both.

P U F F.

To be sure you are. Now then for the Commander in Chief, the EARL OF LEICESTER! who, you know, was no favourite but of the Queen’s.—We left off—‘in amazement lost!’—

“ SIR CHRISTOPHER.

“ Am in amazement lost.—

“ But, see where noble Leicester comes! supreme

“ In honours and command.

“ SIR WALTER.

“ And yet methinks,

“ At such a time, so perilous, so fear’d,

“ That staff might well become an abler grasp.

“ S I R

“ SIR CHRISTOPHER.

“ And so by heav'n! think I; but soft, he's here!

P U F F.

Aye, they envy him.

S N E E R.

But who are these with him?

P U F F.

O! very valiant knights; one is the Governor of the fort, the other the master of the horse.— And now, I think you shall hear some better language: I was obliged to be plain and intelligible in the first scene, because there was so much matter of fact in it; but now, efaith, you have trope, figure, and metaphor, as plenty as noun-substantives.

*Enter Earl of LEICESTER, the Governor, and others.*

“ L E I C E S T E R.

“ How's this my friends! is't thus your new fledg'd

“ zeal

“ And plumed valor moulds in roosted sloth?

“ Why dimly glimmers that heroic flame,

“ Whose red'ning blaze by patriot spirit fed,

“ Should be the beacon of a kindling realm?

“ Can the quick current of a patriot heart,

“ Thus stagnate in a cold and weedy converse,

“ Or freeze in tideless inactivity?

“ Not

" No! rather let the fountain of your valor  
 " Spring thro' each stream of enterprize,  
 " Each petty channel of conducive daring,  
 " Till the full torrent of your foaming wrath  
 " O'erwhelm the flats of sunk hostility!

P U F F.

There it is,—follow'd up!

" S I R W A L T E R.

" No more! the fresh'ning breath of thy rebuke  
 " Hath fill'd the swelling canvass of our souls!  
 " And thus, tho' fate should cut the cable of  
[All take hands.]  
 " Our topmost hopes, in friendship's closing line  
 " We'll grapple with despair, and if we fall,  
 " We'll fall in Glory's wake!

" E A R L O F L E I C E S T E R.

" There spoke Old England's genius!  
 " Then, are we all resolv'd?

" A L L.

" We are—all resolv'd.

" E A R L O F L E I C E S T E R.

" To conquer—or be free?

" A L L.

" To conquer, or be free.

" E A R L O F L E I C E S T E R.

" All?

" A L L.

“ ALL.

“ All.

DANGLE.

*Nem. con. egad!*

PUFF.

O yes, where they *do* agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful!

“ EARL OF LEICESTER.

“ Then, let's embrace—and now—

SNEER.

What the plague, is he going to pray?

PUFF.

“ Yes, hush!—in great emergencies, there is nothing like a prayer!

“ EARL OF LEICESTER.

“ O mighty Mars!

DANGLE.

But why should he pray to *Mars*?

PUFF.

Hush!

“ EARL OF LEICESTER.

“ If in thy homage bred,

“ Each point of discipline I've still observ'd;

“ Nor but by due promotion, and the right

“ Of service, to the rank of Major-General

“ Have ris'n; assist thy votary now!

“ GOVERNOR.

“ GOVERNOR.

“ Yet do not rise,—hear me !

“ MASTER OF HORSE.

“ And me !

“ KNIGHT.

“ And me !

“ SIR WALTER.

“ And me !

“ SIR CHRISTOPHER.

“ And me !

P U F F.

Now, pray all together.

“ A L L.

“ Behold thy votaries submissive beg,

“ That thou wilt deign to grant them all they ask ;

“ Assist them to accomplish all their ends,

“ And sanctify whatever means they use

“ To gain them !

S N E E R.

A very orthodox quintetto !

P U F F.

Vastly well, gentlemen.—Is that well managed or not ? Have you such a prayer as that on the stage ?

S N E E R.

Not exactly.

*(Earl of Leicester to Puff.)*

But, Sir, you hav'nt settled how we are to get off here.

P U F F.

P U F F.

You could not go off kneeling, could you?

(*Sir Walter to Puff.*)

O no, Sir! impossible!

P U F F.

It would have a good effect efaith, if you could! exeunt praying!—Yes, and would vary the established mode of springing off with a glance at the pit.

S N E E R.

O never mind, so as you get them off, I'll answer for it the audience wont care how.

P U F F.

Well then, repeat the last line standing, and go off the old way.

“ A L L.

“ And sanctify whatever means we use to gain them.

[*Exeunt.*]

D A N G L E.

Bravo! a fine exit.

S N E E R.

Well, really Mr. Puff.—

P U F F.

Stay a moment.—

*The* C E N T I N E L S *get up.*

“ 1<sup>st</sup> C E N T I N E L.

“ All this shall to Lord Burleigh's ear.

“ 2<sup>d</sup> C E N-



“ 2d CENTINEL.

“ ’Tis meet it should. [*Exeunt Centinels.*

DANGLE.

Hey!—why, I thought those fellows had been asleep?

PUFF.

Only a pretence, there’s the art of it; they were spies of Lord Burleigh’s.

SNEER.

—But isn’t it odd, they were never taken notice of, not even by the commander in chief.

PUFF.

O lud, Sir, if people who want to listen, or overhear, were not always conniv’d at in a Tragedy, there would be no carrying on any plot in the world.

DANGLE.

That’s certain!

PUFF.

But take care, my dear Dangle, the morning gun is going to fire. [*Cannon fires.*]

DANGLE.

Well, that will have a fine effect.

PUFF.

I think so, and helps to realize the scene.—

[*Cannon twice.*]

What the plague!—*three* morning guns!—there never is but one!—aye, this is always the way

away at the Theatre—give these fellows a good thing, and they never know when to have done with it. You have no more cannon to fire ?

P R O M P T E R *from within.*

No Sir.

P U F F.

Now then, for soft musick:

S N E E R.

Pray what's that for ?

P U F F.

It shews that TILBURINA is coming; nothing introduces you a heroine like soft musick.—Here she comes.

D A N G L E.

And her confidant, I suppose ?

P U F F.

To be sure: here they are—inconsolable to the minuet in Ariadne ! (*Soft musick.*)

*Enter* TILBURINA *and* CONFIDANT.

“ T I L B U R I N A.

“ Now has the whispering breath of gentle morn,  
 “ Bad Nature's voice, and Nature's beauty rise ;  
 “ While orient Phœbus with unborrow'd hues,  
 “ Cloaths the wak'd loveliness which all night slept  
 “ In heav'nly drapery ! Darkness is fled.  
 “ Now flowers unfold their beauties to the sun,  
 “ And blushing, kiss the beam he sends to wake them.  
 “ The strip'd carnation, and the guarded rose,

F

The

" The vulgar wall flow'r, and smart gillyflower,  
 " The polyanthus mean—the dapper daizy,  
 " Sweet William, and sweet marjorum,—and all  
 " The tribe of single and of double pinks!  
 " Now too, the feather'd warblers tune their notes  
 " Around, and charm the listning grove. — The lark!  
 " The linnet! chafinch! bullfinch! goldfinch! green-  
     " finch!  
 " — But O to me, no joy can they afford!  
 " Nor rose, nor wall flow'r, nor smart gillyflower,  
 " Nor polyanthus mean, nor dapper daizy,  
 " Nor William sweet, nor marjoram — nor lark,  
 " Linnet, nor all the finches of the grove!

P U F F.

Your white handkerchief madam——

TILBURINA.

I thought, Sir, I wasn't to use that 'till, 'heart  
 rending woe.'

P U F F.

O yes madam—at 'the finches of the grove,'  
 if you please.

" TILBURINA.

" Nor lark,

" Linnet, nor all the finches of the grove! [Weeps.

P U F F.

Vastly well madam!

D A N G L E.

Vastly well indeed!

TILBU-

“ T I L B U R I N A.

“ For, O too fure, heart rending woe is now  
“ The lot of wretched Tilburina!

D A N G L E.

O!—’tis too much.

S N E E R.

Oh!——it is indeed

“ C O N F I D A N T.

“ Be comforted sweet lady——for who knows,  
“ But Heav’n has yet some milk-white day in store.

“ T I L B U R I N A.

“ Alas, my gentle Nora,  
“ Thy tender youth, as yet hath never mourn’d  
“ Love’s fatal dart.—Else wouldst thou know, that  
“ when  
“ The soul is sunk in comfortless despair;  
“ It cannot taste of merriment!

D A N G L E:

That’s certain.

“ C O N F I D A N T.

“ But see where your stern father comes;  
“ It is not meet that he should find you thus.

P U F F.

Hey, what the plague!—what a cut is here!  
—why, what is become of the description of her  
first meeting with Don Wiskerandos? his gal-  
lant behaviour in the sea-fight, and the simile of  
the canary bird?

## THE CRITIC.

TILBURINA.

Indeed Sir, you'll find they will not be mis'd.

P U F F.

Very well.—Very well!

TILBURINA.

The cue ma'am if you please.

“ C O N F I D A N T.

“ It is not meet that he should find you thus.

“ T I L B U R I N A.

“ Thou counsel'ft right, but 'tis no easy task

“ For barefaced grief to wear a mask of joy.

*Enter* G O V E R N O R.

“ How's this—in tears?—O Tilburina, shame!

“ Is this a time for maudling tendernefs,

“ And Cupid's baby woes?—hast thou not heard

“ That haughty Spain's Pope-consecrated fleet

“ Advances to our shores, while England's fate,

“ Like a clipp'd guinea, trembles in the scale!

“ T I L B U R I N A.

“ Then, is the crisis of *my* fate at hand!

“ I see the fleets approach— I see—

P U F F.

Now, pray gentlemen mind.—This is one of the most useful figures we tragedy writers have, by which a hero or heroine, in consideration of their being often obliged to overlook things that *are* on the stage, is allow'd to hear and see a number of things that are not.

S N E E R.

S N E E R.

Yes—a kind of poetical second-fight!

P U F F.

Yes—now then madam.

“ T I L B U R I N A.

“ I see their decks

“ Are clear’d!—I see the signal made!

“ The line is form’d!—a cable’s length afunder!

“ I see the frigates station’d in the rear;

“ And now, I hear the thunder of the guns!

“ I hear the victors shouts—I also hear

“ The vanquish’d groan!—and now ’tis smoke—

“ and now.

“ I see the loose sails shiver in the wind!

“ I see—I see—what soon you’ll see—

“ G O V E R N O R.

“ Hold daughter! peace! this love hath turn’d thy

“ brain:

“ The Spanish fleet thou *canst* not see—because

“ —It is not yet in fight!

D A N G L E.

Egad tho’, the governor seems to make no allowance for this poetical figure you talk of.

P U F F.

No, a plain matter-of-fact man—that’s his character.

“ T I L B U R I N A.

“ But will you then refuse his offer?

“ G O V E R N O R.

“ I must—I will—I can—I ought—I do,

“ TILBURINA.

“ Think what a noble price.

“ GOVERNOR.

“ No more—you urge in vain.

“ TILBURINA.

“ His liberty is all he asks.

S N E E R.

All *who* asks Mr. Puff? Who is—

P U F F.

Egad Sir, I can't tell.—Here has been such cutting and flashing, I don't know where they have got to myself.

“ TILBURINA.

Indeed Sir, you will find it will connect very well.

“ —And your reward secure.

P U F F.

O,—if they had'nt been so devilish free with their cutting here, you would have found that Don Wiskerandos has been tampering for his liberty, and has persuaded Tilburina to make this proposal to her father—and now pray observe the conciseness with which the argument is conducted. Egad, the *pro & con* goes as smart a hits in a fencing match. It is indeed a sort of small-sword logic, which we have borrowed from the French.

“ TILBURINA.

“ A retreat in Spain!

“ GOVERNOR.

“ Outlawry here!

“ TILBURINA.



" TILBURINA.

" Your daughter's prayer!

" GOVERNOR.

" Your father's oath!

" TILBURINA.

" My lover!

" GOVERNOR.

" My country!

" TILBURINA.

" Tilburina!

" GOVERNOR.

" England!

" TILBURINA.

" A title!

" GOVERNOR.

" Honor!

" TILBURINA.

" A pension!

" GOVERNOR.

" Conscience!

" TILBURINA.

" A thousand pounds!

" GOVERNOR.

" Hah! thou hast touch'd me nearly!

P U F F.

There you see — she threw in *Tilburina*, Quick, parry cart with *England!*—Hah! thrust in teirce a title!—parried by honor.—Hah! a pension over the arm!—put by by conscience.—Then flankonade with a thousand pounds—and a palpable hit egad!

F 4

" TILBU-

## THE CRITIC

“ TILBURINA.

“ Canst thou——

“ Reject the *suppliant*, and the *daughter* too?

“ GOVERNOR.

“ No more; I wou'd not hear thee plead in vain,

“ The *father* softens—but the *governor*

“ Is fix'd!

[*Exit.*

DANGLE.

Aye, that antithesis of persons—is a most establish'd figure.

“ TILBURINA.

“ Tis well,——hence then fond hopes,—fond passion

“ hence;

“ Duty, behold I am all over thine——

“ WISKERANDOS *without.*

“ Where is my love——my——

“ TILBURINA.

“ Ha!

“ WISKERANDOS *entering.*

“ My beauteous enemy——

PUFF.

O dear ma'am, you must start a great deal more than that; consider you had just determined in favour of duty—when in a moment the sound of his voice revives your passion,—overthrows your resolution, destroys your obedience.—If you don't express all that in your start—you do nothing at all.

TILBURINA.

Well, we'll try again!

DANGLE.

D A N G L E.

Speaking from within, has always a fine effect.

S N E E R,

Very.

“ W I S K E R A N D O S,

- “ My conquering Tilburina! How! is't thus  
“ We meet? why are thy looks averse! what means  
“ That falling tear—that frown of boding woe?  
“ Hah! now indeed I am a prisoner!  
“ Yes, now I feel the galling weight of these  
“ Disgraceful chains—which, cruel Tilburina!  
“ Thy doating captive gloried in before.—  
“ But thou art false, and Wiskerandos is undone!

“ T I L B U R I N A.

- “ O no; how little dost thou know thy Tilburina!

“ W I S K E R A N D O S.

- “ Art thou then true? Begone cares, doubts and fears,  
“ I make you all a present to the winds;  
“ And if the winds reject you—try the waves.

P U F F.

The wind you know, is the established receiver of all stolen sighs, and cast off griefs and apprehensions.

“ T I L B U R I N A.

- “ Yet must we part?—stern duty seals our doom:  
“ Though here I call yon conscious clouds to witness,  
“ Could I pursue the bias of my soul,  
“ All friends, all right of parents I'd disclaim,  
“ And thou, my Wiskerandos, should'st be father

“ And

“ And mother, brother, cousin, uncle, aunt,  
 “ And friend to me !

“ WISKERANDOS.

“ O matchless excellence !—and must we part ?  
 “ Well, if—we must—we must—and in that case,  
 “ The less is said the better.

P U F F.

Hey day ! here’s a cut !—What, are all the  
 mutual protestations out ?

TILBURINA.

Now, pray Sir, don’t interrupt us just here,  
 you ruin our feelings.

P U F F.

*Your* feelings !—but zounds, *my* feelings,  
 ma’am !

S N E E R.

No ; pray don’t interrupt them.

“ WISKERANDOS.

“ One last embrace.—

“ TILBURINA.

“ Now,—farewell, for ever.

“ WISKERANDOS.

“ For ever !

“ TILBURINA,

“ Aye, for ever.

[Going.

P U F F.

S’death and fury !—Gadslife ! Sir ! Madam !  
 if you go out without the parting look, you  
 might as well dance out—Here, here !

CONFI-

CONFIDANT.

But pray Sir, how am I to get off here?

PUFF.

You, pshaw! what the devil signifies how you get off! edge away at the top, or where you will—[Pushes the confidant off.] Now ma'am you see——

TILBURINA.

We understand you Sir.

“ Aye for ever.

“ BOTH.

“ Ohh!——

[Turning back and exeunt.

[Scene closes.

DANGLE.

O charming!

PUFF.

Hey!—'tis pretty well I believe—you see I don't attempt to strike out any thing new—but I take it I improve on the established modes.

SNEER.

You do indeed.—But pray is not Queen Elizabeth to appear?

PUFF.

No not once—but she is to be talked of for ever; so that egad you'll think a hundred times that she is on the point of coming in.

SNEER.

Hang it, I think its a pity to keep *her* in the green room all the night.

PUFF.

P U F F.

O no, that always has a fine effect—it keeps up expectation.

D A N G L E.

But are we not to have a battle?

P U F F.

Yes, yes, you will have a battle at last, but, egad, it's not to be by land—but by sea—and that is the only quite new thing in the piece.

D A N G L E.

What, Drake at the Armada, hey?

P U F F.

Yes, efaith—fire ships and all—then we shall end with the procession.—Hey! that will do I think.

S N E E R.

No doubt on't.

P U F F.

Come, we must not lose time—so now for the  
UNDER PLOT.

S N E E R.

What the plague, have you another plot?

P U F F.

O lord, yes—ever while you live, have two plots to your tragedy.—The grand point in managing them, is only to let your under plot have as little connexion with your main plot as possible.—I flatter myself nothing can be more distinct than mine, for as in my chief plot, the  
characters

characters are all great people—I have laid my under plot in low life—and as the former is to end in deep distress, I make the other end as happy as a farce.—Now Mr. Hopkins, as soon as you please.

*Enter* UNDER PROMPTER.

UNDER PROMPTER.

Sir, the carpenter says it is impossible you can go to the Park scene yet.

P U F F.

The Park scene! No—I mean the description scene here, in the wood.

UNDER PROMPTER.

Sir, the performers have cut it out.

P U F F.

Cut it out!

UNDER PROMPTER.

Yes Sir.

P U F F.

What! the whole account of Queen Elizabeth?

UNDER PROMPTER.

Yes Sir.

P U F F.

And the description of her horse and fiddle?

UNDER PROMPTER.

Yes Sir.

P U F F.



P U F F.

So, so, this is very fine indeed! Mr. Hopkins, how the plague could you suffer this?

H O P K I N S; *from within.*

Sir, indeed the pruning knife—

P U F F.

The pruning knife—zounds the axe! why, here has been such lopping and topping, I shan't have the bare trunk of my play left presently.—Very well, Sir—the performers must do as they please, but upon my soul, I'll print it every word.

S N E E R.

That I would indeed.

P U F F.

Very well—Sir—then we must go on—zounds! I would not have parted with the description of the horse!—Well, Sir, go on—Sir, it was one of the finest and most laboured things—Very well, Sir, let them go on—there you had him and his accoutrements from the bit to the crupper—very well, Sir, we must go to the Park scene.

U N D E R P R O M P T E R.

Sir, there is the point, the carpenters say, that unless there is some business put in here before the drop, they shan't have time to clear away the fort, or sink Gravesend and the river.

P U F F.

THE CRITIC. 79

P U F F.

So! this is a pretty dilemma truly!—Gentlemen—you must excuse me, these fellows will never be ready, unless I go and look after them myself.

S N E E R.

O dear Sir—these little things will happen—

P U F F.

To cut out this scene!—but I'll print it—  
egad, I'll print it every word! [Exeunt.

END OF ACT II.

ACT

## A C T III.

## S C E N E I.

*Before the Curtain.*

*Enter* PUFF, SNEER, and DANGLE.

P U F F.

**W**ELL, we are ready—now then for the justices.

*[Curtain rises; Justices, Constables, &c. discovered.]*

S N E E R.

This, I suppose, is a sort of senate scene.

P U F F.

To be sure—there has not been one yet.

D A N G L E.

It is the under plot, isn't it?

P U F F.

Yes. What, gentlemen, do you mean to go at once to the discovery scene?

J U S T I C E.

If you please, Sir.

P U F F.

O very well—harkee, I don't chuse to say any thing more, but efaith, they have mangled my play in a most shocking manner!

D A N G L E.

D A N G L E.

It's a great pity !

P U F F.

Now then, Mr. Justice, if you please.

“ J U S T I C E.

“ Are all the volunteers without ?

“ C O N S T A B L E.

“ They are.

“ Some ten in fetters, and some twenty drunk.

“ J U S T I C E.

“ Attends the youth, whose most opprobrious fame

“ And clear convicted crimes have stamp'd him soldier ?

“ C O N S T A B L E.

“ He waits your pleasure ; eager to repay

“ The blest reprieve that sends him to the fields

“ Of glory, there to raise his branded hand

“ In honor's cause.

“ J U S T I C E.

“ 'Tis well——'tis Justice arms him !

“ O ! may he now defend his country's laws

“ With half the spirit he has broke them all !

“ If 'tis your worship's pleasure, bid him enter.

“ C O N S T A B L E.

“ I fly, the herald of your will. *[Exit Constable.*

P U F F.

Quick, Sir !—

S N E E R.

But, Mr. Puff, I think not only the Justice, but the clown seems to talk in as high a style as the first hero among them.

G

P U F F.

P U F F.

Heaven forbid they should not in a free country!—Sir, I am not for making slavish distinctions, and giving all the fine language to the upper sort of people.

D A N G L E.

That's very noble in you indeed.

*Enter* J U S T I C E ' s L A D Y.

P U F F.

Now pray mark this scene.

“ L A D Y.

“ Forgive this interruption, good my love;  
 “ But as I just now past, a pris'ner youth  
 “ Whom rude hands hither lead, strange bodings  
 “ My fluttering heart, and to myself I said, [seiz'd  
 “ An if our TOM had liv'd, he'd surely been  
 “ This stripling's height!

“ J U S T I C E.

“ Ha! sure some powerful sympathy directs  
 “ Us both—

*Enter* S O N and C O N S T A B L E.

“ J U S T I C E.

“ What is thy name?

“ S O N.

“ My name's TOM JENKINS—*alias*, have I none—  
 “ Tho' orphan'd, and without a friend!

“ J U S T I C E.

“ Thy parents?

“ S O N.

“ S O N.

“ My father dwelt in Rochester—and was,  
 “ As I have heard—a fishmonger—no more.

P U F F

What, Sir, do you leave out the account of  
 your birth, parentage and education ?

S O N.

They have settled it so, Sir, here.

P U F F.

Oh! oh!

“ L A D Y.

“ How loudly nature whispers to my heart!  
 “ Had he no other name?

“ S O N.

“ I’ve seen a bill

“ Of his, sign’d *Tomkins*, creditor.

“ J U S T I C E.

“ This does indeed confirm each circumstance  
 “ The gypsey told!—Prepare!

“ S O N.

“ I do.

“ J U S T I C E.

“ No orphan, nor without a friend art thou—  
 “ I am thy father, *here’s* thy mother, *there*  
 “ Thy uncle—this thy first cousin, and those  
 “ Are all your near relations!

“ M O T H E R.

“ O ecstasy of blifs!

“ S O N.

“ O most unlook’d for happiness!

G 2

“ J U S T I C E.

“ J U S T I C E.

“ O wonderful event!

*[They faint alternately in each others arms.*

P U F F.

There, you see relationship, like murder, will out.

“ J U S T I C E.

“ Now let's revive—else were this joy too much!

“ But come—and we'll unfold the rest within,

“ And thou my boy must needs want rest and food.

“ Hence may each orphan hope, as chance directs,

“ To find a father—where he least expects! *[Exeunt.*

P U F F.

What do you think of that?

D A N G L E.

One of the finest discovery-scenes I ever saw.—Why, this under-plot would have made a tragedy itself.

S N E E R.

Aye, or a comedy either.

P U F F.

And keeps quite clear you see of the other.

*Enter SCENEMEN, taking away the Seats.*

P U F F.

The scene remains, does it?

S C E N E M A N.

Yes, Sir.

P U F F.

You are to leave one chair you know—But it is always awkward in a tragedy, to have you



fellows coming in in your playhouse liveries to remove things—I wish that could be managed better.—So now for my mysterious yeoman.

*Enter* A BEEFEATER.

“ BEEFEATER.

“ Perdition catch my soul but *I* do love thee.

SNEER.

Haven't I heard that line before?

PUFF.

No, I fancy not—Where pray?

DANGLE.

Yes, I think there is something like it in Othello.

PUFF.

Gad! now you put me in mind on't, I believe there is—but that's of no consequence—all that can be said is, that two people happened to hit on the same thought—And Shakespeare made use of it first, that's all.

SNEER.

Very true.

PUFF.

Now, Sir, your soliloquy—but speak more to the pit, if you please—the soliloquy always to the pit—that's a rule.

“ BEEFEATER,

“ Tho' hopeless love finds comfort in despair,

“ It never can endure a rival's bliss!

“ But soft—I am observ'd.

[*Exit Beefeater.*

G 3

DANGLE.

D A N G L E.

That's a very short soliloquy.

P U F F.

Yes—but it would have been a great deal longer if he had not been observed.

S N E E R.

A most sentimental Beefeater that, Mr. Puff.

P U F F.

Hearke—I would not have you be too sure that he *is* a Beefeater.

S N E E R.

What! a hero in disguise?

P U F F.

No matter—I only give you a hint—But now for my principal character—Here he comes—**LORD BURLEIGH** in person! Pray, gentlemen, step this way—softly—I only hope the Lord High Treasurer is perfect—if he is but perfect!

[*Enter BURLEIGH, goes slowly to a chair and sits.*]

S N E E R.

Mr. Puff!

P U F F.

Hush!—vastly well, Sir! vastly well! a most interesting gravity!

D A N G L E.

What, isn't he to speak at all?

P U F F.

Egad, I thought you'd ask me that—yes it is a very likely thing—that a Minister in his situation

tion, with the whole affairs of the nation on his head, should have time to talk!—but hush! or you'll put him out.

SNEER.

Put him out! how the plague can that be, if he's not going to say any thing?

PUFF.

There's a reason!—why, his part is to *think*, and how the plague! do you imagine he can *think* if you keep talking?

DANGLE.

That's very true upon my word!

[*Burleigh comes forward, shakes his head and exit.*]

SNEER.

He is very perfect indeed—Now, pray what did he mean by that?

PUFF.

You don't take it?

SNEER.

No; I don't upon my soul.

PUFF.

Why, by that shake of the head, he gave you to understand that even tho' they had more justice in their cause and wisdom in their measures—yet, if there was not a greater spirit shown on the part of the people—the country would at last fall a sacrifice to the hostile ambition of the Spanish monarchy.

G 4

SNEER.

S N E E R.

The devil!—did he mean all that by shaking his head?

P U F F.

Every word of it—If he shook his head as I taught him.

D A N G L E.

Ah! there certainly is a vast deal to be done on the stage by dumb shew, and expression of face, and a judicious author knows how much he may trust to it.

S N E E R.

O, here are some of our old acquaintance.

*Enter* H A T T O N *and* R A L E I G H.

“ S I R C H R I S T O P H E R.

“ *My* niece, and *your* niece too!

“ By heav'n! there's witchcraft in't—He could not  
“ else

“ Have gain'd their hearts—But see where they  
“ approach;

“ Some horrid purpose low'ring on their brows!

“ S I R W A L T E R,

“ Let us withdraw and mark them. [*They withdraw.*

S N E E R.

What is all this?

P U F F.

Ah! here has been more pruning!—but the fact is, these two young ladies are also in love with Don Whiskerandos.—Now, gentlemen, this scene  
goes

goes entirely for what we call SITUATION and STAGE EFFECT, by which the greatest applause may be obtained, without the assistance of language, sentiment or character : pray mark !

*Enter the* T W O N I E C E S.

“ 1st N I E C E.

“ Ellena here !  
 “ She is his scorn as much as I—that is  
 “ Some comfort still.

P U F F.

O dear madam, you are not to say that to her face!—*aside*, ma’am, *aside*.—The whole scene is to be *aside*.

“ 1st N I E C E.

“ She is his scorn as much as I—that is  
 “ Some comfort still! [*Aside*.

“ 2d N I E C E.

“ I know he prizes not Pollina’s love,  
 “ But Tilburina lords it o’er his heart. [*Aside*.

“ 1st N I E C E.

“ But see the proud destroyer of my peace.  
 “ Revenge is all the good I’ve left. [*Aside*.

“ 2d N I E C E.

“ He comes, the false disturber of my quiet.  
 “ Now vengeance do thy worst—— [*Aside*.

*Enter* W H I S K E R A N D O S.

“ O hateful liberty—if thus in vain  
 “ I seek my Tilburina !  
“ BOTH

“ BOTH NIECES.

“ And ever shalt!

“ SIR CHRISTOPHER AND SIR WALTER *come forward.*

“ Hold! we will avenge you.

“ WHISKERANDOS.

“ Hold you——or see your nieces bleed.!

*[The two nieces draw their two daggers to strike Whiskerandos, the two Uncles at the instant with their two swords drawn, catch their two nieces arms, and turn the points of their swords to Whiskerandos, who immediately draws two daggers, and holds them to the two nieces' bosoms.]*

P U F F.

There's situation for you!—there's an heroic group!—You see the ladies can't stab Whiskerandos—he durst not strike them for fear of their uncles—the uncles durst not kill him, because of their nieces—I have them all at a dead lock!—for every one of them is afraid to let go first.

S N E E R.

Why, then they must stand there for ever.

P U F F.

So they would, if I hadn't a very fine contrivance for't—Now mind——

*Enter BEEFEATER with his Halberd.*

“ In the Queen's name I charge you all to drop

“ Your swords and daggers!

*[They drop their swords and daggers.]*  
SNEER.

THE CRITIC.

91

S N E E R.

That is a contrivance indeed,

P U F F.

Aye—in the Queen's name.

“ S I R C H R I S T O P H E R.

“ Come niece !

“ S I R R A L E I G H.

“ Come niece !                    *[Exeunt with the two nieces,*

“ W H I S K E R A N D O S.

“ What's he, who bids us thus renounce our guard ?

“ B E E F E A T E R.

“ Thou must do more, renounce thy love !

“ W H I S K E R A N D O S.

“ Thou liest—base Beefeater !

“ B E E F E A T E R.

“ Ha ! Hell ! the lie !

“ By heav'n thou'lt rous'd the lion in my heart !

“ Off yeoman's habit !—base disguise !—off ! off !

*[Discovers himself, by throwing off his upper dress, and  
appearing in a very fine waistcoat.]*

“ Am I a Beefeater now ?

“ Or beams my crest as terrible as when

“ In Biscay's Bay I took thy captive sloop.

P U F F.

There, egad ! he comes out to be the very Captain of the privateer who had taken Whiskerandos prisoner—and was himself an old lover of Tilburina's.

D A N G L E.

Admirably manag'd indeed.

P U F F.



## THE CRITIC.

P U F F.

Now, stand out of their way.

“ WHISKERANDOS.

“ I thank thee fortune! that hast thus bestow'd

“ A weapon to chastise this insolent.

*[Takes up one of the swords.]*

“ BEEFEATER.

“ I take thy challenge, Spaniard, and I thank

“ Thee Fortune too!— *[Takes up the other sword.]*

D A N G L E.

That's excellently contrived!—it seems as if the two uncles had left their swords on purpose for them.

P U F F.

No, egad, they could not help leaving them.

“ WHISKERANDOS.

“ Vengeance and Tilburina!

“ BEEFEATER.

“ Exactly so——

*[They fight—and after the usual number of wounds given, Whiskerandos falls.]*

“ WHISKERANDOS.

“ O cursed parry!——that last thrust in tierce

“ Was fatal——Captain, thou hast fenced well!

“ And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene

“ For all eter——

“ BEEFEATER.

“ —nity—He would have added, but stern death

“ Cut short his being, and the noun at once!

P U F F.

P U F F.

O, my dear Sir, you are too flow, now mind me.—Sir, shall I trouble you to die again?

“ WHISKERANDOS.

“ And Whiskerandos quits this buffling scene

“ For all eter——

“ BEEFEATER.

“ ——nity—He would have added——

P U F F.

No, Sir—that’s not it—once more if you please—

WHISKERANDOS.

I wish, Sir—you would practise this without me—I can’t stay dying here all night.

P U F F.

Very well, we’ll go over it by and bye—I must humour these gentlemen! [*Exit Whiskeran.*

“ BEEFEATER.

“ Farewell—brave Spaniard! and when next——

P U F F.

Dear Sir, you needn’t speak that speech as the body has walked off.

BEEFEATER.

That’s true, Sir—then I’ll join the fleet.

P U F F.

P U F F.

If you please. *[Exit Beefeater.]*  
 Now, who comes on?

*Enter GOVERNOR, with his hair properly disordered.*

“ GOVERNOR.

“ A hemisphere of evil planets reign!  
 “ And every planet sheds contagious phrensy!  
 “ My Spanish prisoner is slain! my daughter,  
 “ Meeting the dead corse borne along—has gone  
 “ Distract! *[A loud flourish of trumpets.]*  
 “ But hark! I am summon’d to the fort,  
 “ Perhaps the fleets have met! amazing crisis!  
 “ O Tilburina! from thy aged father’s beard  
 “ Thou’st pluck’d the few brown hairs which time  
 “ had left! *[Exit Governor.]*

S N E E R.

Poor gentleman!

P U F F.

Yes—and no one to blame but his daughter!

D A N G L E.

And the planets——

P U F F.

True.—Now enter Tilburina!—

S N E E R.

Egad, the business comes on quick here.

P U F F.

P U F F.

Yes, Sir—now she comes in stark mad in white fatin.

S N E E R.

Why in white fatin?

P U F F.

O Lord, Sir—when a heroine goes mad, she always goes into white fatin—don't she, Dangle?

D A N G L E.

Always—it's a rule.

P U F F.

Yes—here it is—(*looking at the book.*) 'Enter Tilburina stark mad in white fatin, and her confidant stark mad in white linen.'

*Enter TILBURINA and CONFIDANT mad, according to custom.*

S N E E R.

But what the deuce, is the confidant to be mad too?

P U F F.

To be sure she is, the confidant is always to do whatever her mistress does; weep when she weeps, smile when she smiles, go mad when she goes mad.—Now madam confidant—but—keep your madness in the back ground, if you please.

“ TILBURINA.

“ TILBURINA.

“ The wind whistles—the moon rises—see  
 “ They have kill'd my squirrel in his cage!  
 “ Is this a grafshopper!—Ha! no, it is my  
 “ Whiskerandos—you shall not keep him——  
 “ I know you have him in your pocket——  
 “ An oyster may be cross'd in love!—Who says  
 “ A whale's a bird?—Ha! did you call, my love?  
 “ —He's here! He's there!—He's every where!  
 “ Ah me! He's no where!           *[Exit Tilburina.*

P U F F.

There, do you ever desire to see any body madder than that?

S N E E R.

Never while I live!

P U F F.

You observed how she mangled the metre?

D A N G L E.

Yes—egad, it was the first thing made me suspect she was out of her senses.

S N E E R.

And pray what becomes of her?

P U F F.

She is gone to throw herself into the sea to be sure—and that brings us at once to the scene of action, and so to my catastrophe—my sea-fight, I mean.

SNEER

SNEER.

What, you bring that in at last?

PUFF.

Yes—yes—you know my play is *called* the *Spanish Armada*, otherwife, egad, I have no occasion for the battle at all.—Now then for my magnificence!—my battle!—my noise!—and my proceffion!—You are all ready?

PROMPTER *within.*

Yes, Sir.

PUFF.

Is the Thames drest?

*Enter THAMES with two Attendants.*

THAMES.

Here I am, Sir.

PUFF.

Very well indeed—See, gentlemen, there's a river for you!—This is blending a little of the masque with my tragedy—a new fancy you know—and very useful in my case; for as there *must be* a *proceffion*, I suppose Thames and all his tributary rivers to compliment Britannia with a fete in honor of the victory.

SNEER.

But pray, who are these gentlemen in green with him.

PUFF.

Those?—those are his banks.

H

PUFF.

S N E E R.

His banks?

P U F F.

Yes, one crown'd with alders and the other with a villa!—you take the allusions?—but hey! what the plague! you have got both your banks on one side—Here Sir, come round—Ever while you live, Thames, go between your banks. (*Bell rings.*)—There, soh! now for't!—Stand aside my dear friends!—away Thames!

[*Exit Thames between his banks.*

[*Flourish of drums---trumpets---cannon, &c. &c. Scene changes to the sea---the fleets engage---the musick plays 'Britons strike home.'---Spanish fleet destroyed by fire-ships, &c.---English fleet advances---musick plays 'Rule Britannia.'---The procession of all the English rivers and their tributaries with their emblems, &c. begins with Handels water musick---ends with a chorus, to the march in Judas Maccabæus.---During this scene, Puff directs and applauds every thing---then*]

P U F F.

Well, pretty well—but not quite perfect—so ladies and gentlemen, if you please, we'll rehearse this piece again to-morrow.

C U R T A I N D R O P S.

---

 F I N I S.



BRAGANZA.

A

TRAGEDY.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

WRITTEN BY

ROBERT JEPHSON, Esq.

THE THIRD EDITION.

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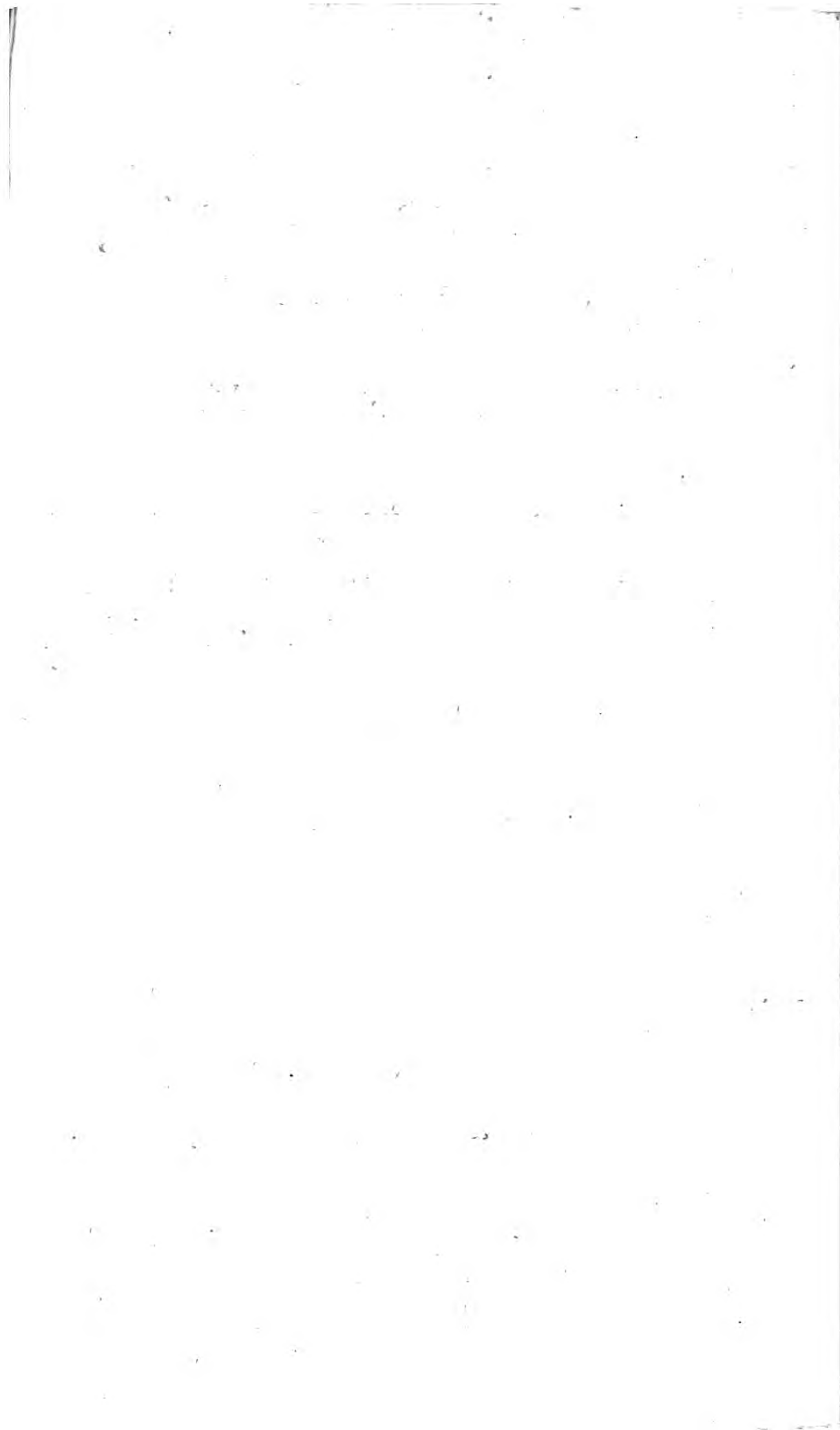
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TO LADY

VISCOUNTESS NUNEHAM.

MADAM,

**I** HAVE many reasons to be flattered with the public reception of this Tragedy, yet I confess my solicitude for its reputation extends further.

Your Ladyship's having permitted me the honour of inscribing it to you, will in some measure gratify my ambition by recommending it to the reader, whose judgment is not influenced by the adventitious assistance of theatrical decorations and the graces of action.

Where your Ladyship's name appears as a patroness, merit will be expected; and where there is a wish to find any, probably none will pass unnoticed.

iv      D E D I C A T I O N .

Whatever motive may be assigned for this Address, my principal purpose will be fully answered if your Ladyship accepts it, as a testimony of my gratitude for the favours I have received from the Noble Family to which you are so happily united, and of the perfect esteem and respect of

M A D A M,

Your Ladyship's

Much obliged and

Most obedient

Humble Servant,

ROBERT JEPHSON.

Dublin Castle,  
Febr. 1775.

# P R O L O G U E.

Written by ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

SPOKEN BY MR. PALMER.

WHILE in these days of sentiment and grace  
Poor comedy in tears resigns her place,  
And smit with novels, full of maxims crude,  
She, that was frolick once, now turns a prude ;  
To her great end the tragic muse aspires,  
At Athens born, and faithful to her fires.  
The comic sister in hysteric fit,  
You'd swear, has lost all memory of wit.  
Folly, for her, may now exult on high ;  
Feather'd by ridicule no arrows fly ;  
But if you are distress'd, she's sure to cry.  
She that could jig, and nick-name all heav'n's creatures,  
With sorrows not her own deforms her features ;  
With stale reflections keeps a constant pother ;  
Greece gave her one face, and she makes another ;  
So very pious, and so full of woe,  
You well may bid her " To a nunnery go."  
Not so Melpomene ; to nature true  
She holds her own great principle in view.  
She, from the first, when men her pow'r confess,  
When grief and terror seiz'd the tortur'd breast,  
She made, to strike her moral to the mind,  
The stage the great tribunal of mankind.  
Hither the worthies of each clime she draws,  
Who founded states, or rescued dying laws ;  
Who, in base times, a life of glory led,  
And for their country who have toil'd or bled ;  
Hither they come, again they breathe, they live,  
And virtue's meed through ev'ry age receive.  
Hither the murd'rer comes, with ghastly mien !  
And the fiend conscience hunts him o'er the scene.  
None are exempted ; all must re-appear,  
And even kings attend for judgement here ;  
Here find the day, when they their pow'r abuse,  
Is a scene furnish'd to the tragic muse.

Such

## P R O L O G U E.

Such is her art, weaken'd perhaps at length,  
And, while she aims at beauty, losing strength.  
Oh! when resum'g all her native rage,  
Shall her true energy alarm the stage?

This night a bard---(our hopes may rise too high,  
'Tis yours to judge ;---'tis yours the cause to try)  
This night a bard, as yet unknown to fame,  
Once more, we hope, will rouse the genuine flame.  
His ; no French play ;-- tame, polish'd, dull by rule !  
Vigorous he comes, and warm from Shakespeare's school.  
Inspir'd by him, he shews, in glaring light,  
A nation struggling with tyrannic might ;  
Oppression rushing on with giant strides ;  
A deep conspiracy, which virtue guides ;  
Heroes, for freedom who dare strike the blow,  
A tablature of honour, guilt and woe.  
If on his canvass nature's colours shine,  
You'll praise the hand that trac'd the just design.

EPILOGUE.

# E P I L O G U E.

By a F R I E N D. .

S P O K E N B Y M R S. Y A T E S.

**I**S it permitted in this age severe,  
For female softness to demand a tear?  
Is it allow'd in such censorious days,  
For female virtue to solicit praise?  
Dares manly sense, beneath a tender form,  
Presume to dictate, and aspire to warm?  
May so unnatural a being venture  
As a true heroine on the stage to enter?  
No, says a wit, made up of French grimaces,  
Yet self-ordain'd the high-priest of the graces.  
Women are play-things for our idle hours,  
Their souls unfinished, and confin'd their pow'rs;  
Loquacious, vain, by slight attentions won,  
By flattery gain'd, and by untruths undone.  
Or should some grave great plan engage their minds,  
The first caprice can give it to the winds;  
And the chief stateswoman of all the sex  
Grows nervous, if a fop or pimple vex.  
Injurious slanders!---in Louisa's air  
Behold th' exemplar of a perfect fair;  
Just, tho' aspiring; merciful, tho' brave;  
Sincere, tho' politic; and tho' fond, no slave;  
In danger calm, and smiling in success,  
But as securing ampler means to blefs.  
Nor think, as Zeuxis, for a faultless piece,  
Cull'd various charms from various nymphs of Greece,  
Our bard has center'd in one beauteous whole,  
The rays that gleam thro' many a separate soul.  
On Britain's and Ierne's shores he saw  
The models of the fair he dar'd to draw;  
True virtue in these isles has fix'd her throne,  
And many a bright Louisa is our own.

P E R S O N S.

# P E R S O N S.

Don Juan, Duke of Braganza		Mr. Reddih.
Almada	—	Mr. Aickin.
Ribiro	—	Mr. Palmer.
Mendoza	—	Mr. Brereton.
Antonio	—	Mr. Wrihten.
Mello	—	Mr. Wheeler.
Roderic	—	Mr. Wright.
Ferdinand	—	Mr. Norris.
Lemos	—	Mr. Usher.
Corea	—	Mr. Hurst.
Velasquez, Minister of Spain		Mr. Smith.
Pizarro	—	Mr. Davies.
Ramirez	—	Mr. Packer.
Officer	—	Mr. Keen.
First Citizen	—	Mr. Wright.
Second Citizen	—	Mr. Griffiths.
Ines	—	Mrs. Johnston.
Louisa, Dutcheſs of Braganza		Mrs. Yates.

Gentlemen, Attendants, Soldiers, &c.

S C E N E, L I S B O N.



# B R A G A N Z A ;

## A T R A G E D Y.

### A C T I.

#### S C E N E I. *A Piazza.*

RIBIRO *meeting a Spanish Officer conducting two Citizens bound. LEMOS and COREA following RIBIRO at a little Distance.*

R I B I R O.

**H**OLD, officer—What means this spectacle?  
Why lead you thus in fetters thro' the streets  
These aged citizens?

O F F I C E R.

Behold this order. [*shows a paper.*]

R I B I R O.

I know the character, 'Tis signed Velasquez.

1st C I T I Z E N.

We have not mines of unexhausted gold  
To feed rapacious Spain and stern Velasquez:  
And wrung by hard exactions for the state—

O F F I C E R.

No more—I must not suffer it—

R I B I R O. (*pointing to the prisoners.*)

Pray, Sir—

See these white hairs, these shackles—Misery  
May sure complain—You are a foldier, Sir,  
Your mien bespeaks a brave one—

O F F I C E R.

I will walk by.

Detain them not too long—'Tis a harsh sentence.

[*Officer withdraws a little.*]

B

2d C I T I Z E N.

## B R A G A N Z A.

2d C I T I Z E N.

O good Ribiro, what have we deserved,  
That these rude chains shou'd gall us !

R I B I R O.

What deserved !

1st C I T I Z E N.

The little all our industry had earn'd,  
To smoothe the bed of sickness, nurse old age,  
And give a decent grave to our cold ashes,  
Spain's hungry minions have already seized.—

R I B I R O.

I know the rest—Dry up these scalding tears—  
The hour of your deliv'rance is at hand :  
—An arm more strong than shuts your prison doors,  
Shall burst them soon, and give you ample vengeance.

C I T I Z E N S.

May we indeed expect—

R I B I R O.

—Most sure—But hush—

Resume the semblance of this transient shame,  
And hide your hope in sadness—Brave Castilian,  
Thanks for this courtesy. *[To the Officer, who returns.]*

C I T I Z E N S.

Lead on—Farewell.

*[Exeunt Guard and Citizens.]*

LEMOS and COREA *come forward to* RIBIRO.

R I B I R O.

Was that a fight for Lisbon ?

L E M O S.

O shame ! shame !

What crime cou'd they commit ?—Old, helpless, plunder'd—

R I B I R O.

—Even thoughts are crimes in this distemper'd state.

B R A G A N Z A. 3

They once had wealth as you have—Spain thought meet  
To feize it—They (rash men) have dar'd to murmur.  
Velasquez here—our scourge—King Philip's idol,  
Whom Portugal must bow to—mildly dooms them,  
But to perpetual bondage for this treason.

L E M O S.

We must be patient—'Tis a cureless evil.

R I B I R O.

Is patience then the only virtue left us?  
Come, come, there is a remedy more manly.

C O R E A.

Wou'd it were in our reach!

R I B I R O.

Look here, I grasp it.

*[Laying his hand on his sword.]*

What turned to statues!—Hence enfranchisement  
If the quick fire that lately warm'd your breasts,  
Already wastes to embers.—Am I rash?  
We touch'd this theme before—You felt it then.  
Wou'd I cou'd put a tongue in every ingot,  
That now lies pil'd within your massy stores—  
Your gold perhaps might move you—Spain will feize it,  
Then bid you mourn the loss in the next dungeon,  
Or dig her mines for more—Is't not enough?—  
Instruct me, Lemos, you, good Corea, teach me  
This meekness so convenient to our foes,  
Or pierce this swelling bosom.

L E M O S.

Who can teach it?

'Tis not in art Ribiro—Know us better.  
The canker discontent consumes within,  
And mocks our smooth exterior.

C O R E A.

Hear me for both:

For all th' indignant hearts in Portugal—

B 2

IF

If curses sped like plagues and pestilence,  
 Thus wou'd I strike them at the towers of Spain.  
 May her swoln pride burst like an empty bubble?  
 Distraction rend her councils, route and shame  
 Pursue her flying squadrons—Tempests scatter  
 And whirlpools swallow up her full man'd navies!  
 Bold insurrection spread thro' all her states,  
 Shaking like pent-up winds their loose allegiance!  
 All Europe arm, and every frowning king,  
 Point at one foe, and let that foe be Spain!

## R I B I R O.

O be that curse prophetic!—Here 'tis dangerous;  
 Nor will the time allow to tell you all.  
 But thus far rest assured;—I speak not rashly—  
 A project is on foot, and now just rip'ning,  
 Will give our indignation nobler scope,  
 Than tears or curses (priests and womens weapons.)  
 All that secures the event of great designs,  
 Sage heads, firm hearts, and executing arms,  
 In formidable union league with us,  
 And chain capricious fortune to our standard.

## L E M O S.

Say, can our aid promote this glorious cause?

## R I B I R O.

All private virtue is the public fund:  
 As that abounds, the state decays, or thrives;  
 Each shou'd contribute to the general stock,  
 And who lends most, is most his country's friend

## L E M O S.

O wou'd Braganza meet the people's wish!

## R I B I R O.

He is not yet resolved,—but may be won—  
 Cou'd I assure him men like you but wish'd it,  
 (For well he knows and loves you)—Trust me, Lemos!  
 It wou'd do more to knit him to this cause,  
 Than legions of our hot nobility.

C O R E A.

C O R E A.

We love his virtue—will support his rights—

R I B I R O.

Then shew it by your deeds.—Your artizans  
 Are prompt, bold, hardy, fond of violence.  
 Alarm their slumb'ring courage, rouse their rage,  
 Wake their dulled senses to the shame and scorn  
 That hisses in the ears of willing bondmen ;  
 If they will hazard one bold stroke for freedom,  
 A leader shall be found, a brave—a just one.  
 Anon expect me where the ivied arch  
 Rears the bold image of our late Braganza.  
 In fullen discontent he seems to frown  
 As if still hostile to the foes of Lisbon.  
 There we'll discourse at large—Almada comes—

L E M O S.

Is he a friend ?

R I B I R O.

A firm one—No dishonour  
 E'er bow'd that rev'rend head—That mighty spirit  
 When first the oppressor, like a flood, o'erwhelm'd us,  
 Rear'd high his country's standard and defied him.  
 —He comes to seek me—Lose no time—Remember.

[*Exeunt Lemos and Corea.*]

R I B I R O *alone.*

I shou'd detest my zeal, cou'd it be stir'd  
 Against the wholesome rigour of restraint  
 Licentiousness made needful—But good Heaven !  
 Foul murders unprovok'd, delib'rate cruelty—  
 —The God within us must rise up against it.

*Enter* A L M A D A.

A L M A D A.

Well met Ribiro—What new profelytes ?  
 Thy ardor every hour, or finds, or makes them.

R I B I R O.

6 B R A G A N Z A.

R I B I R O.

No—thank the Spaniards for our profelytes—  
Scarce half an hour ago, two citizens  
(My blood still boils) by fell Velasquez order  
Were drag'd to prison—

A L M A D A.

Spare my soul, Ribiro,  
Superfluous detestation of that villain.

R I B I R O.

Knowing this way they were to pass, I brought  
Lemos and Corea (whom last night I founded)  
That their own eyes might see the outrages,  
Men of their order must expect to meet  
From power that knows no bounds, and owns no law.

A L M A D A.

'Twas wisely done; for minds of coarse alloy  
But bluntly feel the touch of others wrongs,  
Tho' deep they take the impression of their own.

R I B I R O.

By heav'n their fury bore a nobler stamp;  
Their honest rage glow'd on their kindling cheeks,  
Broke thro' the cold restraints of coward caution,  
And swell'd even to an eloquence of anger.

A L M A D A.

'Tis well—But are they yet inform'd how near  
Th' approaching hour, decisive of our fate,  
That gives us death or freedom—that the dawn—

R I B I R O.

Not yet—They still believe the Duke at noon  
But visits Lisbon to command the march  
Of our new levies, to the Spanish bounds;  
Himself to follow freight—Ere then I mean  
Again to see them, and still more to whet  
The keenness of their hate against our tyrants.  
—At least a thousand follow where they lead—

A L M A D A.

B R A G A N Z A. 7

A L M A D A.

Their boldness well directed may do much.

R I B I R O.

That care be mine—I've studied—and I know them ;  
Inconstant, sanguine, easily inflam'd,  
But like the nitrous powder uncompress'd,  
Consuming by the blaze nought but itself.  
'Tis ours to charge the mine with deadly skill,  
And bury usurpation in the ruin.

A L M A D A.

I think we cannot fail—Our friends are firm.  
Honour will bind the noble—Hope the weak,  
And common interest all—The insulting Spaniard  
Broods over embryo mischiefs, nor suspects  
The wretched worm conceals a mortal sting  
To pierce the haughty heel that tramples him.

R I B I R O.

How great will be our triumph, Spain's disgrace,  
When ev'ry mischief that perfidious court  
Has fram'd against Braganza's precious life,  
Recoils on the contriver !

A L M A D A.

Urge that home ;  
Urge how the Duke's affection to his country,  
His right unquestionable to her crown,  
First mark'd him for the victim of false Spain ;  
That his commission as high admiral,  
His general's staff, and all the lofty pomp  
Of his high sounding titles, were but meant  
As gilded snares to invite him to his death.

R I B I R O.

These truths, shameful to Philip, must be told ;  
They will endear Don Juan to the people,  
Will keep them waking, restless, and dispos'd  
To aid the glorious tumult of to-morrow.

A L M A D A.



8      B R A G A N Z A.

A L M A D A.

My heart expands, and with a prophet's fire  
Seizes the bright reversion of our hopes.  
I see the genius of our realm restor'd,  
And smiling lead him to his rightful throne.  
No wild ambition, like a pamper'd steed,  
O'erleaps the boundaries of law and reason,  
And tramples every seed of social virtue :  
But o'er the temp'rate current of his blood  
The gentlest passions brush their breezy wings,  
To animate, but not disturb the stream.  
Such is his temper—The approaching hour  
Demands perhaps a sterner.

R I B I R O.

Heaven still kind,  
Has in his consort's breast struck deep the root  
Of each aspiring virtue.—Bright Louisa,  
To all the softness of her tender sex,  
Unites the noblest qualities of man ;  
A genius to embrace the amplest scheme  
That ever swell'd the labouring statesman's breast ;  
Judgment most sound, persuasive eloquence  
To charm the froward and convince the wise ;  
Pure piety without religion's dross,  
And fortitude that shrinks at no disaster.

A L M A D A.

She is indeed a wonder.—O Ribiro,  
That woman was the spring that mov'd us all.  
She canvass'd all our strength, urged all our wrongs,  
Combin'd our force, and methodized our vengeance.  
Taught us that ends which seem impossible  
Are lost, or compass'd only by the means ;  
That fortune is a false divinity,  
But folly worships what the wise man makes.  
She turn'd our cold dejection to device,  
And rous'd despondency to active valour.  
My age delights to dwell on her perfections.—

R I B I R O.



R I B I R O.

And I could ever hear them—Virtue's praise  
 To honest ears is music.—But no more—  
 A noise comes this way, and that hurrying throng  
 Proclaims the upstart Minister's approach.  
 This is the hour with faucy pageantry  
 Thro' our thin'd streets he takes his wonted round ;  
 Like the dire clapping of the harpy's wing,  
 To choak the frugal meal with bitter tears,  
 And scare content from every humble board.  
 I will avoid him. But I go, proud man,  
 When next we meet to make my preference dreadful.

[Exit Ribiro.]

A L M A D A *alone.*

Honest Ribiro!—To this hour my soul  
 Has kept her purpose ; my firm foot has ne'er  
 Swerv'd from its path in Lisbon, nor shall now  
 Give way to insolence.—Your country's dregs !

[Looking towards the train of Velasquez.]

Ye supple sycophants ! Ay, cringe and beg  
 That he will tread upon your prostrate necks,  
 Or ride you like his mules.—Authority !  
 Thy worship'd symbols round a villain's trunk  
 Provoke men's mockery, not their reverence.

O F F I C E R *entering.*

Make way there—room, room for the Minister.  
 Know you the lord Velasquez comes this way ? (*To Almada.*)  
 Pray, Sir, give place.

A L M A D A.

Officious varlet, off !  
 Let not thy servile touch pollute my robe.  
 Can hirelings frown ?—

*Enter VELASQUEZ and PIZARRO.—The Magistrates of Lisbon with their Insignia, Guards and Attendants preceding.*

V E L A S Q U E Z. (*looking sternly at Almada.*)

How! Am I then despised—

A tumult in my presence :—Good, my lord,  
It better wou'd become your gravity,  
To set the fair example of obedience  
To trust and office, than instruct the rabble  
In what they are the most prone to, feuds and faction.

A L M A D A.

Most reverend admonition! Hold my spleen!  
Ye golden coronets and ermin'd robes,  
Bend from your stools, behold this wond'rous man,  
This Lusitanian censor, this sage Cato,  
This consul, with his lictors, rods and axes,  
Reprove the boy, Almada, for his lightness!

P I Z A R R O.

Regard not his wild words, he's old and choleric.

V E L A S Q U E Z. (*To his train.*)

Attend me at the citadel—Move on. [*Exeunt attendants.*]  
I know not whether to accuse my fortune,  
Or blame my own demerits; brave Almada,  
That ever when we meet, thy angry brow  
Rebukes me with its frown, or keen reproach  
Darts from thy tongue, and checks the forward wish  
That fain wou'd court thy friendship and esteem.

A L M A D A.

Friendship with thee!—Is it so slight a boon?  
If such deserve the name, go seek for friends  
Amidst the desp'rate crew whose only bond  
Is the black conscience of confederate crimes;  
Nor in prepost'rous union think to join  
Integrity with guilt, and shame with honour.  
Know me for what I am—thy foe profess'd.

Fall on thy knee—solicit Heaven for mercy,  
And tell that feat of pride, thy obdurate he art,  
Its last, its only virtue is—remorse.—

[Exit Almada.

*Manent* VELASQUEZ and PIZARRO.  
VELASQUEZ.

Go, hoary fool! preach to the whistling winds,  
I scorn thy council, and defy thy hate.  
'Tis time enough for lagging penitence,  
When age, like thine, has quench'd ambition's flame.  
Now nobler thoughts possess my active soul.  
This haughty province first shall feel my weight,  
And since it scorns my love, thro' fear obey me.

P I Z A R R O.

Already all the power of Spain is thine,  
The Vice Queen, Marg'ret, tho' of Austrian blood,  
Discreet, firm, virtuous, complains in vain;  
You leave her but a regent's empty title,  
While power is only yours:—And happier still,  
Braganza summon'd to attend the King,  
Will soon cut off his country's only hope,  
And leave no rival to obscure thy lustre.  
'Bate but the shew and name of royalty,  
Thou art already King.

V E L A S Q U E Z.

The shew, the name,

All that gives grace and awe to majesty  
Shall soon be mine, Pizarro—Olivarez,  
Whose counsels rule the Escorial, to my hand  
Has long resign'd the reins of Portugal,  
And dreams not (unsuspicious of my faith)  
The Delegate, the creature of his breath,  
Anon will bid defiance to his power,  
And rank himself with monarchs.

P I Z A R R O.

O take heed,

Consider, Sir, that power still awes the world—

C 2

VELASQUEZ.

V E L A S Q U E Z.

My towering fortune rises on a rock,  
 And firm as Atlas will defy the storm.  
 The purple cement of a Prince's blood  
 Shall strengthen its foundation.

P I Z A R R O.

Ha!

V E L A S Q U E Z.

Braganza's.

—The precious mischief swells my exulting breast,  
 And soon shall burst its prison.

P I Z A R R O.

Can it be?

I know thy dauntless temper mocks at fear,  
 And prudence guides thy daring.—But a Prince  
 Follow'd by faithful guards—encompass'd round  
 With troops of gallant friends—the people's idol—

V E L A S Q U E Z.

Is mortal, like the meanest of his train,  
 And dies before to-morrow.—Cease to wonder—  
 But when this mighty ruin shakes the realm,  
 Prepare like me, with well-dissembled grief,  
 To hide our real joy, and blind suspicion.

*[Flourish of trumpets.]*

These trumpets speak his entrance; never more  
 Such sprightly notes, nor shout of joyful friends,  
 Pæan or choral song shall usher him;  
 But sad solemnity of funeral pomp,  
 Mute sorrow, mournful dirges, ghastly rites,  
 Marshal'd by death, in comfortless array,  
 Wait his cold relics to their sepulchre.

*End of the First ACT.*

A C T

B R A G A N Z A. 13

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*An Antichamber in the Duke of BRAGANZA's Palace.*

R I B I R O, M E N D O Z A.

R I B I R O.

**A** Moment's pause, Mendoza! here appointed  
By promise to the Duke at noon to wait him,  
I could not mingle with his followers,  
So saw it but in part—

M E N D O Z A.

The air still rings  
With loudest acclamations.

R I B I R O.

Yes, Mendoza;  
With joy I heard them—heard the vaulted sky  
Echo Braganza.—'Twas no hireling noise,  
No faction's roar of mercenary joy,  
Sound without transport—but the heart-felt cry  
Of a whole nation's welcome. Hear it Spain!  
Proud usurpation hear it!

M E N D O Z A.

The whole way  
Was cover'd thick with panting multitudes,  
That scarce left passage for their chariot wheels;  
The trees were bent with people; e'ry roof,  
Dome, temple, portico, so closely fill'd,  
The gazers made the wonder. Here and there

A discontented Spaniard stalk'd along  
Should'ring the crowd ; and with indignant scorn  
Turn'd up his fallow cheek in mockery.

R I B I R O.

We shall retort their scorn—Mark'd you the Duke ?  
His mind is ever letter'd in his face.

M E N D O Z A.

Pleasure was mingled with anxiety,  
Both visible at once. But, O what words  
Can paint the angel form that grac'd his side,  
His bright Louisa ! like th' Olympian Queen,  
When o'er her fragrant bosom Venus bound  
Th' enchanting Cestus—from her lucid eyes  
Stream'd the pure beams of soft benevolence,  
And glories more than mortal shone around her,  
Harmonious sounds of dulcet instruments  
Swell'd by the breath, or swept from tuneful wire,  
Floated in air—while yellow Tagus burn'd  
With prows of flaming gold ; their painted flags  
In gaudy frolick fluttering to the breeze.  
On to their palace thus the triumph came :  
Alighted at the gate, the princely pair  
Express'd their thanks in silent dignity  
Of gesture, far more eloquent than words ;  
Then turn'd them from the throng—

R I B I R O.

Why this looks well.  
The Duke will sure be rous'd to resolution  
By this bright presage of his coming glory.

M E N D O Z A.

With grief I learn he still is undetermin'd.  
His fears prevail against the public wish ;  
And thus the ill-pois'd scale of our fair hopes,  
Mounts light and unsubstantial.

R I B I R O.

R I B I R O.

O you wrong him.

I know his noble nature—Juan's heart  
Pants not with selfish fear—His wife, his friends,  
An infant family, a kingdom's fate,  
More than his own, besiege his struggling soul ;  
He must be more than man, who will not hear  
Such powerful calls, and less, who can despise them.

M E N D O Z A.

Indeed I cannot wonder he's disturb'd,  
But doubts are treason in a cause like this.

R I B I R O.

Dismiss these fears—Louisa's gentle sway  
Will fix him to our purpose. Night's chaste orb  
Rules not the heavings of the restless tide,  
More sure than she with mild ascendancy  
Can govern all his ebbs and flows of passion.  
But come, by this time the fond multitude  
Have gaz'd away their longing, and retire.  
Our greeting will be seasonable now.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*A magnificent Chamber in the Duke of BRAGANZA's Palace.*

*—The Duke speaking to LEMOS and COREA—Other  
Citizens at a little Distance.*

D U K E.

No more kind countrymen—This goodness melts me.  
What can I render back for all these honours ?  
This wond'rous prodigality of praise ?  
What but my life, whene'er your welfare asks it.

L E M O S.

Heav'n guard that precious life for Portugal !  
To you, as to a tutelary God,  
This sinking country lifts her suppliant hands,

And



And certain of your strength, implores your arm  
To raise her prostrate genius from the dust.

D U K E.

A private man, a subject like yourselves,  
Bankrupt of power, though rich in gratitude—  
The sense of what you suffer wrings my soul,  
Nor makes your sorrows less.

D U T C H E S S.

Much injur'd men

Whom love not fear should govern—from this hour  
Know we espouse your cause—We have not hearts  
Of aliens, to behold with passing glance  
And cold indifference, the ruthless spoiler  
Smile o'er the ravage of your fertile plains.  
We feel the fetters that disgrace your limbs ;  
We mourn the vigour of your minds depress'd :  
With horror we behold your gen'rous blood,  
Drain'd by the insatiate thirst of ravening wolves.  
If we have nature, we must feel your wrongs,  
If we have power, redress them—

C O R E A.

Matchless lady !

There spoke our rightful Queen, our better angel !  
In us behold your servants, subjects, soldiers ;  
Though yet unpractis'd in the trade of war,  
Our swords will find an edge at your command.

D U K E.

We neither doubt your courage nor your love,  
And both perhaps ere long may meet the trial—  
I would detain you—but our conference,  
Might now be dangerous—Rank me with your friends,  
And know I have a heart for Portugal.

[*Exeunt Lemos, Corea, &c.*

*Manent*



B R A G A N Z A. 17

*Manent* DUKE and DUTCHESS.

D U T C H E S S.

Why wears my Juán's brow that thoughtful cloud  
Why thus with downcast look and folded arms?  
When ev'ry other bosom swells with hope,  
When expectation, like a fiery steed,  
Anticipates the course, and pants to hear  
The sprightly signal start him for the goal.  
Think that the people from their leader's eye  
Catch the sure omens of their future fate;  
With his their courage falls, their spirits rise;  
For confidence is conquest's harbinger.

D U K E.

Light of thy Juan's life! My soul's best joy?  
Swifter than meteors glide, or wings of wind,  
My nimble thoughts shoot thro' their whirling round:  
A thousand cares distract this anxious breast.  
To recompense the dark uncertainty  
Of this dread interval, 'twixt now and morn,  
Would ask whole years of happiness to come.  
Now thou art mine, these faithful arms enfold thee;  
But oh! to-morrow may behold thee torn  
By barbarous ruffians from their fond embrace,  
The flowing honours of that beauteous head,  
May sweep a scaffold's dust, and iron death  
Close in eternal sleep those radiant eyes  
That beam with love and joy unutterable.

D U T C H E S S.

O make me not your curse, as sure I must be,  
The stain, the blot of your immortal fame,  
If one soft passion like a languid spell,  
Dissolve thy manly fortitude of soul,  
And melt the prince and patriot in the husband.

D U K E.

That tender union is the healing balm,  
The cordial of my soul—our destinies

D

Are

Are twin'd together—Were my single life  
 The only forfeit of this perilous chance,  
 I'd throw it, like a heedless prodigal,  
 And wanton with my fortune—But alas!  
 More than the wealth of worlds is now at stake.  
 And can I hazard this dear precious pledge,  
 Venture my all of bliss on one bold cast,  
 Nor feel the conflict that now rends my heart?

D U T C H E S S.

Why do you tremble?—These cold struggling drops—

D U K E.

—They fall for thee Louisa—my quell'd spirit  
 Avows its weakness there—

D U T C H E S S.

'Tis cruel fondness,

It wounds me deeply Juan.

D U K E.

Witness honour!

Thy martial call ne'er found Braganza's ear  
 Cold, till this bitter moment.—I have met,  
 Nay courted death, in the steel'd files of war,  
 When squadrons wither'd as the giant trod;  
 Nor shrunk ev'n when the hardiest in the field  
 Have paused upon the danger—Here, I own,  
 My agonizing nerves degrade the soldier,  
 Ev'n to a coward's frailty—Should the sword  
 Which black destruction soon may wave o'er all,  
 (Avert it Heaven!) strike at thy precious life,  
 Should but one drop, forc'd by rude violence,  
 Stain that dear bosom, I were so accurs'd,  
 The outstretch'd arm of mercy could not save me.

D U T C H E S S.

I have a woman's form, a woman's fears,  
 I shrink from pain and start at dissolution.  
 To shun them is great Nature's prime command;

Yet

Yet summon'd as we are, your honour pledg'd,  
 Your own just rights engag'd, your country's fate,  
 Let threat'ning death assume his direst form,  
 Let dangers multiply, still would I on,  
 Still urge, exhort, confirm thy constancy,  
 And though we perish'd in the bold attempt,  
 With my last breath I'd bless the glorious cause,  
 And think it happiness to die so nobly.

D U K E.

O thou hast roused me—From this hour I banish  
 Each fond solicitude that hover'd round thee :  
 Thy voice,—thy looks—thy soul are heav'n's own fire,  
 'Twere impious but to doubt that pow'r ordain'd thee  
 To guide me to this glorious enterprize :

D U T C H E S S.

Thou shalt be chronicl'd to latest time,  
 Heaven's chosen instrument to punish tyrants.  
 The great restorer of a nation's freedom !  
 Thou shalt complete what Brutus but attempted.  
 Nor withering age, nor cold oblivion's shade,  
 Nor envy's cank'rous tooth shall blast thy wreaths :  
 But every friend to virtue shall inscribe  
 To Juan's name eternal monuments.  
 But see our friends approach— a-while I leave thee—  
 Remember still—thou must be king or nothing.

[Exit Dutchess.]

D U K E *alone.*

I will suppress th' emotions of my heart.  
 Quite to subdue them is impossible.

*Enter* R I B I R O *and* M E N D O Z A.

Welcome ye wakeful guardians of your country !  
 Had we in all the people's mighty mass  
 But twenty spirits match'd with you in virtue,  
 How might we bid defiance to proud Spain ;

How scorn the close disguise of secret councils,  
And challenge their full force in open combat!

## R I B I R O.

Led by Don Juan, can we doubt th' event?  
All things conspire—Antipathy to Spain  
Is here hereditary—'Tis nature's instinct,  
'Tis principle, religion, vital heat.  
Old men to list'ning sons with their last breath  
Bequeath it as a dying legacy.  
Infants imbibe it at the mother's breast.  
It circles with their blood, spreads with their frame,  
Its fountain is the heart, and till that fails  
The stream it fed can never cease to flow.

## M E N D O Z A.

That furious impulse gives the spleen of fiends  
To softest tempers, the unpractis'd arm  
Sinews with lion's strength, and drives us on  
Resistless as the sweeping whirlwind's force.

## D U K E.

All is propitious! Every post is fill'd  
With officers devoted to our service:  
Already in their hearts they own my title,  
And wait but for our orders to proclaim it.

*Enter* A L M A D A.

## D U K E.

Come to my breast, my sage admonisher!  
The tutor and example of my arms!  
The proud Iberian soon shall feel their force;  
And learn from Juan's sword to venerate  
The fame of brave Almada.

## A L M A D A.

Thus my prince,  
Thus did I hope to find thee. Hence no more  
Shall hard exactions grind the prostrate people;

Our

Our gentry to their provinces confin'd  
 Languish no more in shameful circumscription ;  
 No more our ancient noblemen be stripp'd  
 Of all but empty titles, tinsel names  
 Like tarnish'd gold on rags to mock the wearer !  
 Our posts of eminence no more be filled  
 With upstart strangers, or the fordid lees  
 Of base plebian natives—

D U K E.

My impatient breast,  
 Full of the expected joy, like a young bridegroom,  
 Upbraids the lazy hours that lag between  
 My wishes and enjoyment——The onset is—

A L M A D A.

When St. Lazar beats five, about that hour  
 We'll welcome the sun's rising with an offering  
 More glorious than the Persians Hecatomb.

R I B I R O.

At night your friends assemble with Almada  
 In dreadful secrecy — Then with rais'd arm  
 We rush to cancel our long debt to vengeance,  
 And glut our thirsty blades with Spanish gore.

A L M A D A.

If we suspend the blow beyond to-morrow  
 All may be lost — Three thousand veterans  
 Lye canton'd on the river's southern side ;  
 Should our design be known, they will be call'd  
 To reinforce the posts, and guard the city.  
 Adieu then to our dream of liberty !  
 We rivet closer chains on Portugal,  
 And drag the doom of traitors on ourselves.

*Enter*

*Enter* D U T C H E S S.

D U T C H E S S.

Suspend your consultations for a moment,  
Within the minister of Spain attends ;  
Forgive th' officious love of your Louisa :  
No stranger to his arts, she warns her Juan—

D U K E.

I know he comes in solemn mockery  
To make a hollow tender of his service  
With most obsequious falshood.

D U T C H E S S.

My best Lord,

Hold strictest watch on all your words and motions ;  
Guard every look, with that discerning villain ;  
Subtle, infiduous, false, and plausible ;  
He can with ease assume all outward forms,  
Seem the most honest, plain, sincere good man,  
And keep his own designs lock'd close within,  
While with the lynx's beam he penetrates  
The deep reserve of every other breast.

D U K E.

I too will wear my vizor in the scene,  
And play the dupe I am not.—Friends, farewell !  
Perhaps ere morning we may meet again—  
The hour is fix'd, Louisa ;—all prepar'd—

D U T C H E S S.

Then this is our last night of slavery—  
A brighter æra rises with the dawn.

[*Exit Duke.*

If we may dare without impiety  
To challenge heavenly aid, and swell the breast  
With confidence of more than mortal vigour,  
Can Heaven stand neuter in a cause like this ?  
Or favour fraud, oppression, cruelty ?  
—Now gentle friends I am a suitress to you.

A L M A D A.

A L M A D A.

You are our fovereign, madam—'tis your right,  
Not to folicit but command our duty.

D U T C H E S S.

Think me not light, capricious, variable,  
If I who urg'd ye to this bold attempt,  
And ever when your anger seem'd to cool  
Pour'd oil to wake the flame and feed its blaze,  
Now supplicate with milder earnestness  
And strive to allay its fury.

A L M A D A.

Speak your pleasure!  
The obedience of our hearts will follow it!

D U T C H E S S.

I know the measure of your wrongs would license,  
Nay justify the wild excess of vengeance;  
Yet in the headlong rage of execution,  
Think rather what your mercy may permit  
Than what their crimes deserve who feel your justice.  
O! follow not the example we abhor,  
Nor let those weapons justice consecrates  
Be dy'd with drops drawn from the bleeding breast  
Of reverend age, or helpless innocence.  
Wilt thou take heed Almada?

A L M A D A.

Fear not, madam,  
All mercy not injurious to our cause,  
Ev'n Spaniards, as they are men, from men may challenge.  
For Indus' wealth I wou'd not stain this sword,  
Sacred to honour, in the guiltless blood  
Of unoffending wretches—rest secure,  
A prostrate and defenceless enemy,  
Has stronger guards against a brave man's wrath,  
Than tenfold bras, or shields of adamant.

D U T C H E S S.



## D U T C H E S S.

Gen'rous Almada ! well dost thou instruct—  
Soft pity is not more akin to love  
Than to true fortitude.—Thy soft youth, Mendoza,  
Need not be tutor'd to humanity.

## M E N D O Z A.

Heav'n and my conscious soul bear witness for me,  
That not to satiate any private malice,  
But for the general good, I stand engag'd  
In this great compact.—'Twere a coward's vengeance  
To turn a sacrifice to massacre,  
And practice while I punish cruelty.

## R I B I R O.

Till fortune give one victim to my rage,  
Compassion and this bosom must be strangers,  
No sanctuary, nor interceding prayers,  
Nor wings of angels stretch'd to cover him,  
Shall save that monster from the doom he merits.

## D U T C H E S S.

You mean the minister of Spain, Velasquez.

## R I B I R O.

I mean the minister of hell, Velasquez,  
That cool deliberate executioner ;  
If he escape, may this good arm rot off,  
All worthy thoughts forsake, and scorn pursue me :  
Write boaster on my forehead—let my name  
Blister the tongue that speaks it.—Infamy  
Be here my portion, endless pains hereafter,

## D U T C H E S S.

O would that sacrifice might expiate !—

## R I B I R O.

Pardon the rash effusion of my zeal ;  
It deals too much in words.

D U T C H E S S.



D U T C H E S S.

Not so, Ribiro,  
Thy anger has a license;—and thy zeal  
We know is generous, not fanguinary.

A L M A D A.

Madam, we take our leave—good angels guard you!  
We go to prove our duty in your service.  
The homage of our hearts has long been yours,  
And soon you shall receive it from our knees.

D U T C H E S S.

Believe me, friends, your loves are written here,  
In characters no time can e'er efface.

*[Exeunt Almada, Ribiro and Mendoza.]*

D U T C H E S S *alone.*

And may the mighty spirits of past times  
Rais'd by desert to bright immortal thrones,  
Suspend awhile their task of heav'nly praise  
In ministry unseen to hover round them!  
Protect-aspiring virtue like their own,  
And in their bosoms breathe resiftless ardour!

*[Exit.]*

*End of the Second ACT.*

E

A C T

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

*The Apartments of VELASQUEZ, in the Palace of the  
Vice-Queen.*

VELASQUEZ, PIZARRO.

PIZARRO.

YOU seem disturb'd—

VELASQUEZ.

With reason—dull Braganza

Must have been tutor'd—At our interview  
I practis'd every supple artifice  
That glides into man's bosom—The return  
Was blank reserve, ambiguous compliment,  
And hatred thinly veil'd by ceremony.

PIZARRO.

Might I presume—

VELASQUEZ.

Pizarro, I am stung—

His father Theodosius, that proud Prince,  
Who durst avow his enmity to Philip,  
And menac'd thunders at my destin'd head,  
With all his empty turbulence of rage  
Cou'd never move me like the calm disdain  
Of this cold blooded Juan.

PIZARRO.

P I Z A R R O.

Then, my Lord,  
Your purpose holds.

V E L A S Q U E Z.

It does—I will dispatch  
This tow'ring Duke, who keeps the cheek of Spain  
Pale with perpetual danger.

P I Z A R R O.

For what end?  
Unconscious of his fate, he blindly speeds  
To find a grave in Spain—Why then resolve  
To spill that blood, which elsewhere will be shed  
Without your crime or peril?

V E L A S Q U E Z.

That's the question.  
Were I assur'd they meant his death, 'twere needless:  
But when they draw him once from Portugal,  
Where only he is dangerous, then perhaps  
Their fears, or lenity may let him live;  
And while he lives, my fiery course is check'd,  
My sun climbs slowly, never can ascend  
To its meridian brightness.

P I Z A R R O,

Still, my Lord,  
My short lin'd wisdom cannot sound your depth.

V E L A S Q U E Z.

I mean to tell thee all, for thou may'st aid me,  
And thy tried faith deserves my confidence.

P I Z A R R O.

I am your own for ever—Your kind hand,  
Bounteous beyond my merit, planted here  
Favours innumerable.—

E ?

V E L A S Q U E Z.

## V E L A S Q U E Z.

—Think them little—

An earnest, not the acquittal of my love.  
 The enormous wealth of Juan's royal house,  
 His large domains, extended influence,  
 His numerous vassals so have swell'd his state,  
 That were his means but push'd to one great end;  
 How easy might he wrest this realm from Spain,  
 And brave King Philip's rage?

## P I Z A R R O.

Good careless prince!

Mild and uxorious! No ambitious dream  
 Disturbs his tranquil slumber—

## V E L A S Q U E Z.

Just his nature!

On household wing he flutters round the roof,  
 That with the princely eagle might have soar'd  
 And met the dazzling sun. Now by his death  
 (My engine cannot fail, this night he meets it)  
 His wealth, his mightiness, his followers  
 Become Louisa's dower—What think'st thou now?  
 Cou'd I but win her to accept my hand,  
 (And much my art will move, and more my power)  
 Might not our union, like the impetuous course  
 Of blending torrents, break all feeble mounds  
 Spain cou'd oppose to bar me from the crown?  
 That once obtain'd, let Olivarez rail,  
 Let his inglorious master call me traitor,  
 I'll scorn their idle fury.

## P I Z A R R O.

Still I fear

Louisa's heart, cold and impenetrable,  
 To all but Juan's love, will own no second,

Tho'

Tho' big ambition swells her female breast  
Beyond the sex's softness.

V E L A S Q U E Z.

My hope refts  
Even on that favourite passion—Grief at first  
Will drive her far from love— A second flame  
Perhaps may ne'er rekindle in her heart;  
Yet, give her momentary frenzy scope,  
It wastes itself; ambition then regains  
Its wonted force and winds her to my lure—  
But come—I must not lose these precious moments,  
The Fates are busy now—What's yet untold,  
There place thyself and learn—Take heed you move not.

*[Pizarro retires.]*

Without there! Ho!

*Enter an OFFICER.*

O F F I C E R.

What is your lordship's pleasure?

V E L A S Q U E Z.

Attends the monk, Ramirez?

O F F I C E R.

He does, my lord.

V E L A S Q U E Z.

Conduct him in and leave us.

*Enter R A M I R E Z.*

You are welcome,

Most welcome, reverend father—Pray draw near—  
We have a business for your privacy,  
Of an especial nature—The circling air  
Shou'd not partake it, nor the babbling winds,

Left

30      B R A G A N Z A.

Left their invisible wings disperse one breath  
Of that main secret, which thy faithful bosom  
Is only fit to treasure.

    D A M I R E Z.

        Good my lord,  
I am no common talker.

    V E L A S Q U E Z.

        Well I know it,  
And therefore chose thee from the brotherhood,  
Not one of whom but wou'd lay by all thoughts  
Of earth and Heaven, and fly to execute  
What I, the voice of Spain, commission'd him.

    R A M I R E Z.

        Vouchsafe directly to unfold your will,  
My deeds, and not my words, must prove my duty.

    V A L E S Q U E Z.

        Nay, trust me, cou'd they but divine my purpose,  
The holiest he, that wastes the midnight lamp  
In prayers and penance, wou'd prevent my tongue  
And hear me thank the deed, but not persuade it.  
Therefore, good friend, 'tis not necessity,  
That sometimes forces any present means,  
And chequers chance with wisdom, but free will,  
The election of my judgment and my love,  
That gives thy aptness this pre-eminence.

    R A M I R E Z.

        The state, I know, has store of instruments,  
Like well-rang'd arms in ready order plac'd,  
Each for its several use.

    V E L A S Q U E Z.

        Observe me well;  
Think not I mean to snatch a thankless office;

Who serves the state, while I direct her helm,  
 Commands my friendship, and his own reward.  
 Say, can you be content in these poor weeds  
 To know no earthly hopes beyond a cloyster?  
 But stretch'd on musty mats in noisome caves,  
 To rouse at midnight bells, and mutter prayers  
 For souls beyond their reach, to senseless saints?  
 To wage perpetual war with nature's bounty?  
 To blacken sick men's chambers, and be number'd  
 With the loath'd leavings of mortality,  
 The watch-light, hour-glass, and the nauseous phial?  
 Are these the ends of life? Was this fine frame,  
 Nerves exquisitely textur'd, soft desires,  
 Aspiring thoughts, this comprehensive soul,  
 With all her train of god-like faculties  
 Given to be sunk in this vile drudgery?

R A M I R E Z.

These are the hard conditions of our state.  
 We sow our humble seeds with toil on earth,  
 To reap the harvest of our hopes in Heaven.

V A L E S Q U E Z.

Yet wiser they who trust no future chance,  
 But make this earth a Heaven. Raise thy eyes  
 Up to the temporal splendors of our church;  
 Behold our priors, prelates, cardinals;  
 Survey their large revenues, princely state,  
 Their palaces of marble, beds of down,  
 Their statues, pictures, baths, luxurious tables,  
 That shame the fabled banquets of the gods.  
 See how they weary art, and ransack nature  
 To leave no taste, no wish ungratified.  
 Now—if thy spirit shrink not—I can raise thee  
 To all this pomp and greatness.—Pledge thy faith,  
 Swear thou wilt do this thing—whate'er I urge,  
 —And Lisbon's envied crozier shall be thine,

R A M I R E Z.

## R A M I R E Z.

This goodness, so transcending all my hopes,  
 Confounds my astonish'd sense.—Whate'er it be  
 Within the compass of man's power to act,  
 I here devote me to the execution.

## V E L A S Q U E Z.

I must not hear of conscience and nice scruples,  
 Tares that abound in none but meagre soils,  
 To choak the aspiring seeds of manly daring :  
 Those puny instincts, which in feeble minds,  
 Unfit for great exploits, are miscall'd virtue—

## R A M I R E Z.

Still am I lost in dark uncertainty ;  
 And must for ever wander, till thy breath  
 Deign to dispel the impenetrable mist,  
 Fooling my sight that strives in vain to pierce it.

## V E L A S Q U E Z.

You are the Duke of Braganza's confessor,  
 And fame reports him an exact observer  
 Of all our churches' holy ceremonies.  
 He still is won't whene'er he visits Lisbon,  
 Ere grateful slumber seal his pious lids,  
 With all due reverence, from some priestly hand  
 To take the mystic symbol of our faith.

## R A M I R E Z.

It ever was his custom, and this night  
 I am commanded to attend his leisure  
 With preparation for the solemn act.

## V E L A S Q U E Z.

I know it—Take (*gives him a box*) thou this—It holds a wafer  
 Of sovereign virtue to enfranchise souls,  
 Too righteous for this world, from mortal cares.

A monk



A monk of Milan mix'd the deadly drug,  
 Drawn from the quintessence of noxious plants,  
 Minerals and poisonous creatures, whose dull bane  
 Arrests the nimble current of life's tide,  
 And kills without a pang.

R A M I R E Z.

I knew him well,  
 The Carmelite Castruccio, was it not ?

V E L A S Q U E Z.

The fame, he first approv'd it on a wretch  
 Condemn'd for murder to the ling'ring wheel.  
 This night commit it to Braganza's lips.  
 Had he a heart of iron, giant strength,  
 The antidotes of Pontus—All were vain,  
 To struggle with the venom's potency.

R A M I R E Z.

This night, my lord ?

V E L A S Q U E Z.

This very night, nay, shrink not,  
 Unless thou mean'st to take the lead in death,  
 And pull thy own destruction on thy head.

R A M I R E Z.

Give me a moment's pause—A deed like this—

V E L A S Q U E Z.

Should be at once resolv'd and executed.  
 Think'st thou I am a raw unpractis'd novice,  
 To make thy breast a partner to the trust,  
 And not thy hand accomplice of the crime ?  
 Why 'tis the bond for my security :  
 Look not amaz'd, but mark me heedfully.  
 Thou hast thy choice—dispatch mine enemy.  
 The means are in thy hand—be safe and great,

Or instantly prepare thee for a death  
Which nothing but compliance can avert.

R A M I R E Z.

Numbers I know even thus have tasted death,  
But sure imagination scarce can form  
A way so horrid, impious!

V E L A S Q U E Z.

How's this, How's this!  
Hear me, pale miscreant, my rage once rous'd,  
That hell thou dread'st this moment shall receive thee.  
Look here and tremble— [*Draws a dagger and seizes him.*]

R A M I R E Z.

My lord be not so rash,  
Your fury's deaf—Will you not hear me speak?  
By ev'ry hope that cheers, all vows that bind,  
Whatever horror waits upon the act,  
Your will shall make it justice—I'm resolv'd.

V A L A S Q U E Z.

No trifling, Monk—take heed, for should'st thou fail—

R A M I R E Z.

Then be my life the forfeit—My obedience  
Not only follows from your high command,  
But that my bosom swells against this Duke  
With the full sense of my own injuries.—

V E L A S Q U E Z.

Enough—I thank thee—Let me know betimes  
How we have prosper'd. Hence, retire with caution,  
Deserve my favour, and then meet me boldly. [*Exit Ramirez.*]  
'Tis done—His doom is seal'd—Come forth Pizarro.

[*Pizarro comes forward.*]

Is't not a subtle mischief?

PIZARRO.

P I Z A R R O.

Past all praise,  
The holy tool had qualms.

V E L A S Q U E Z. (*Pointing to his dagger.*)

But this dispell'd them,  
And fortified the coward by his fears.  
His work perform'd, I mean to end him too. —  
Say, is my barge prepar'd as I commanded ?

P I Z A R R O.

All is prepar'd, my Lord.

V E L A S Q U E Z.

The friends of Juan,  
(I'll tell thee as we pass) they shall not long  
Survive to lift their crests so high in Lisbon. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Castle of* A L M A D A.

*Enter* A L M A D A *and an* Attendant.

A L M A D A.

Good Perez, see that none to night have entrance  
But such whose names are written in that roll,  
And bid your fellows from the northern tower,  
Chuse each a faulchion, and prepare to follow  
Where I at dawn will lead.

A T T E N D A N T.

I will, my Lord.

A L M A D A.

Wait near the gate thyself, nor stir from thence  
Without my summons.

F 2

A T T E N D A N T.

## A T T E N D A N T.

Trust my vigilance. [*Exit Attendant.*]

A L M A D A *alone.*

Now rayless midnight flings her sable pall  
Athwart the horizon, and with pond'rous mace  
In dead repose weighs down o'er-labour'd nature,  
While we, the busy instruments of fate,  
Unmindful of her season, wake like ghosts,  
To add new horrors to the shadowy scene.

*To him enter several of the Duke of BRAGANZA'S Friends.*

## A N T O N I O.

Health to Almada.

## A L M A D A.

Thus to meet, Antonio!  
Is the best health, the soundness of the mind.  
Better at this dark hour to embrace in arms  
Thus girt for manly execution, friend!  
Than in the mazes of the wanton dance,  
Or revelling o'er bowls in frantic mirth,  
To keep inglorious vigils.

## A N T O N I O.

True, my Lord.

*Enter RIBIRO with LEMOS and COREA.*

A L M A D A. (*to Ribiro.*)

O foul of honour, ever, ever constant.  
These are the worthy citizens, our friends—

R I B I R O. (*Presenting Lemos and Corea.*)

And such as laurell'd Rome might well have own'd

Worthy to fill her magisterial chairs,  
When reverence bow'd to virtue tho' untitled.

A L M A D A.

As such I take their hands, nay more as such,  
Their grateful country will rejoice to own them.  
Are we all met ?

A N T O N I O.

Mendoza is not here,  
Nor Roderic, and Mello too is absent.

A L M A D A.

They were not wont to be thus waited for.

R I B I R O.

Anon they will be here,—mean time proceed,  
They know their place already—

A L M A D A.

Why we meet,  
Is not to canvass our opprobrious wrongs,  
But to redress them.—Yet as trumpets sound,  
To rouse the soldier's ardor,—so the breath  
Of our calamities will wake our fires,  
And fan them to spread wide the flame of vengeance.  
'Tis not my gift to play the orator,  
But in plain words to lay our state before you.  
—Our tyrant's grandfire, whose ambition claim'd,  
And first usurp'd Braganza's royal rights,  
My blood establish'd his detested sway.  
Old Tagus blush'd with many a crimson tide,  
Sluic'd from the noblest veins of Portugal.  
The exterminating sword knew no distinction.  
Princes, and prelates, venerable age,

Matrons,

Matrons, and helpless virgins fell together,  
 'Till cloy'd and sick of slaughter, the tir'd soldier  
 With grim content flung down his reeking steel,  
 And glutted rage gave truce to massacre.

## R I B I R O.

Nor pass'd the iron rod to milder hands  
 Thro' two succeeding reigns—With cruel zeal  
 The barbarous offspring emulate their fire,  
 And track his bloody footsteps in our ruin.

## A L M A D A.

Now mark how happily the time conspires,  
 To give our great achievement permanence;  
 —Spain is not what she was, when Europe bow'd  
 To the fifth Charles, and his degenerate son.  
 When, like a torrent swell'd by mountain floods,  
 She swept the neighbouring nations with her arms,  
 And threaten'd those remote,—contracted now  
 Within an humble bed, the thrifty urn,  
 Of her exhausted greatness, scarce can pour  
 A lazy tide thro' her own mould'ring states.

## R I B I R O.

Yes the Colossus totters, every blast  
 Shakes the stupendous mass and threatens its downfall.

*Enter* M E N D O Z A.

## M E N D O Z A.

Break off—break off—the fatal snare is spread,  
 And death's pale hand assists to close the toil.

## A L M A D A.

Whence this dread greeting?—Ha—thy alter'd cheek  
 Wears not the ensign of this glowing hour.

M E N D O Z A.

M E N D O Z A.

The scream of night owls, or the ravens croak  
 Wou'd better suit the baleful news I bring,  
 Than the known accents of a friendly voice.  
 —We are undone—betray'd—

A L M A D A.

Say'ft thou—betray'd?

M E N D O Z A.

Our tower is fap'd—the high rais'd fabric falls  
 To crush us with the ruin —What avails  
 The full maturity of all our hopes?  
 This glorious league—the justice of our cause?—  
 —High Heaven might idly thunder on our side,  
 If traitors to ourselves.—

A L M A D A.

Ourselves—Oh shame!  
 I'll not believe it —What perfidious slaves—

M E N D O Z A.

Two whom we thought the sinews of our strength,  
 Don Roderic and Mello.—

R I B I R O.

Lightnings blast them!  
 May infamy record their dastard names,  
 And vulgar villains shun their fellowship—  
 These hot, loud brawlers—

M E N D O Z A.

Are the slaves of Spain,  
 And bargain for the price of perfidy.—  
 On to the wharf with quick impatient step,  
 I saw Velasquez press, and in his train

These

These lurking traitors.—Now, even now, they cross  
 The ebbing Tagus in the tyrant's barge,  
 And hasten to the fort.—The troops of Spain,  
 Even while we speak, are summon'd to the charge,  
 And mark us for their prey.

## A L M A D A.

Nay then, 'tis past.  
 Malignant fortune, when the cup was rais'd  
 Close to our lips, has dash'd it to the ground.

## R I B I R O.

This unexpected bolt strikes flat our hopes,  
 And leaves one dreary desolation round us.  
 I see their hangmen muster—wolf-ey'd cruelty,  
 Grimly sedate, glares o'er her iron hoard  
 Of racks, wheels, engines, feels her axe's edge  
 Licks her fell jaws, and with a monster's thirst,  
 Already drinks our blood.

## M E N D O Z A.

There's not a pang  
 That rends the fibres of man's feeling frame,  
 No vile disgrace, that even in thought o'er-spreads  
 The cheek with burning crimson, but her hate  
 Ingenious to devise, and sure to inflict  
 In keenest agony will make us suffer.

## A L M A D A.

Wou'd that were all—Our dismal scene must close;  
 Nature o'er power'd at length will leave her load,  
 And baffle persecution.—But O, Portugal!  
 Alas unhappy country! Where's the bourn  
 Can mark the extent of thy calamities.  
 Like winter's icy hand our luckless end  
 Will freeze the source of future enterprize:

Oppression



Oppression then o'er the devoted realm  
 Erect and bold will stalk with tenfold ravage.  
 There, there alone, this breast is vulnerable ;  
 These are the wheels that wrench, the racks that tear me.

A N T O N I O.

But are there left no means to elude the danger ?  
 Why do we linger here ?—Why not resolve  
 To save ourselves by flight ?

M E N D O Z A.

Impossible !

The guards no doubt are set—the port is bar'd.

A L M A D A.

Fly Lemos to the people, and restrain  
 Their generous ardor.—It wou'd now break forth  
 Useless to us, and fatal to themselves. [Exit Lemos.  
 You to the Duke, Ribiro !—In our names,  
 (Perhaps our last request) by our lost fortunes,  
 By all our former friendship, O conjure him  
 To save our richest treasure from the wreck,  
 Nor hazard in a desperate enterprize  
 His country's last best hope, his valued life.

R I B I R O.

Support him Heaven, and arm his piety  
 To bear this sad vicissitude with patience. [Exit Ribiro.

A L M A D A.

And yet we will not meet in vain, brave friends ;  
 We came with better hopes, resolv'd like men  
 To struggle for our freedom.—What remains ?  
 A greater power than mortals can arraign,  
 Has otherwife decreed it.—Speak, my brothers,  
 Now doubly dear in stern adversity ;  
 Say, shall we glut the spoiler with our blood,  
 Submit to the vile insults of their law,

To have our honest dust by the ruffian hands  
Given to the winds—Is this the doom that waits us ?

M E N D O Z A.

Alas what better doom ? To ask for mercy  
Were ignominious, to expect it bootless.

A L M A D A.

To ask for mercy—cou'd Spain stretch my life  
To years beyond the telling, for one tear,  
One word, in sign of sorrow, I'd disdain it.  
Death still is in our pow'r—and we'll die nobly,  
As soldiers shou'd do, red with well earn'd wounds,  
And stretch'd on heaps of slaughter'd enemies.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

*End of the Third ACT.*

ACT

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

*A Chamber in the Duke of BRAGANZA's Palace.*

D U T C H E S S *alone.*

O Thou supreme disposer of the world!  
If from my childhood to this awful now,  
I've bent with meek submission to thy will,  
Send to this feeble bosom one blest beam  
Of that bright emanation, which inspires  
True confidence in thee, to calm the throbs  
That heave this bosom for my husband's safety,  
And with immortal spirit to exalt  
Above all partial ties our countries love.

*To her enter RIBIRO hastily.*

R I B I R O.

Where is the Duke? O pardon, gracious madam.

D U T C H E S S.

What means this haste and these distracted looks?

R I B I R O.

Detain me not—but lead me to my Lord.—  
His life, perhaps—nay, your—

D U T C H E S S.

His life—O heavens!  
Tell me, Ribiro—speak—

G 2

R I B I R O.

R I B I R O.

Too soon, alas  
 You'll hear it—Ask not now dear lady  
 What I've scarce breath to utter—Where's the Duke?

D U T C H E S S.

This moment with his confessor retir'd  
 I left him in his closet.

R I B I R O.

—'Tis no time—  
 All must give place to this dire urgency.  
 Even while we speak—A moment's precious now.—  
 He must be interrupted—Guide me to him.

D U T C H E S S.

Suspense is ling'ring death.—Come on, I'll lead you.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter* R A M I R E Z.

R A M I R E Z.

O welcome interruption—Pitying Heaven  
 A while at least arrests the murd'rous deed,  
 And gives a moment's respite from damnation.  
 —Is there a hell beyond this war of conscience?  
 My blood runs backward, and my tottering knees  
 Refuse to bear their sacrilegious load.  
 Methought the statues of his ancestors,  
 As I pass'd by them, shook their marble heads;  
 His father's picture seem'd to frown in wrath,  
 And its eye pierce me, while I trembling stood  
 Assassin like before it—Hush—I'm summon'd.

*Re-enter* D U T C H E S S.

D U T C H E S S.

Get you to rest good father—Fare you well.  
Some unexpected business of the state  
Demands my Lord's attention—For this night  
Your holy function must be unperform'd  
Till more convenient season.

R A M I R E Z.

Holy function!

[*aside.*

I humbly take my leave, and will not fail  
To recommend you in my prayers to Heaven.

[*Exit Ramirez*

D U T C H E S S.

The Heavens I fear are shut and will not hear them.  
—Now gush my tears—now break at once my heart!  
While in my Juan's presence, I suppress'd  
The bursting grief—But here give nature way!  
Is there a hope—Oh no—All horrible—  
My children too—Their little lives—My husband—  
I conquer'd his reluctance—I persuaded  
By every power his boundless passion gave me—  
I thought it virtue too—Mysterious Heaven?—  
Then I, and only I, have work'd his ruin.

*Enter* D U K E.

D U K E.

Alas my love, why must thy Juan seek thee?  
Why dost thou shun me at this awful moment?  
The few sad hours our destiny permits,  
Shou'd sure be spent together.

D U T C H E S S.

Must we part then?

D U K E.

D U K E.

I fear we must for ever in this world,  
Till that great power who fashion'd us in life,  
Unites us once again no more to sever;  
In those blest regions of eternal peace,  
Where sorrow never enters, where thy truth,  
Thy unexempl'd fortitude and sweetness,  
Will meet their full reward.

D U T C H E S S.

Where is the friend  
Who rung our dismal knell?

D U K E.

Good, generous man!  
Affur'd of death, yet careless of his life,  
And anxious but for us, he is return'd,  
To know what our brave leaders will determine—  
Yet what can they determine but to die?  
Our numbers poorly arm'd, undisciplin'd,  
May fight and fall with desperate obstinacy,  
For valour can no more—But, oh Louisa!  
Friends, country, life itself, all lost seem little;  
One sharp devouring grief consumes the rest,  
And makes thee all its object.

D U T C H E S S.

My dear husband!  
These soft endearments, this excess of fondness,  
Strike deeper to my soul, than all the pangs  
The subtlest vengeance cou'd contrive to wound me.  
Oh fly me, hate me, call me murderers;  
'Tis I have driven thee to this precipice,  
I urge the ruffian hand of law to seize thee,  
I drag thee to the block,—I lift the axe,  
(Oh agony) Louisa dooms thee dead!

D U K E.

## D U K E.

—'Tis anguish insupportable to hear thee  
 Add self-upbraidings to our misery.  
 Thou my destroyer! No my best Louisa,  
 Thou art my guardian angel.—At this hour,  
 This dreadful hour, 'tis safety to be near thee.  
 Those dastards who betray'd our brave design,  
 That baseness which no caution cou'd prevent,  
 Nor wisdom cou'd foresee, 'twas that undid us.  
 I will not curse them—Yet I swear by honour,  
 Thus hunted to the utmost verge of fate,  
 Without one ray of hope to cheer the danger,  
 I wou'd not barter this dire certainty,  
 For that ignoble life those bad men purchase  
 By perfidy and vileness—

## D U T C H E S S.

Oh two such—

But indignation wants a tongue to name them.  
 How was their fury thunder'd on our side!  
 Their youthful veins full of Patrician blood  
 Insulted by Velasquez—stript by Spain  
 Of all the ancient honours of their house;  
 Sworn at the altar to assert this cause  
 By holiest adjurations:—Yet these two  
 To turn apostates—Can this fleeting breath,  
 This transitory, frail, uncertain being,  
 Be worth so vast a ransom?

## D U K E.

Yes, to cowards,

Such ever be the profelytes of Spain,—  
 Leave them to scorn.—Fain wou'd I turn my thoughts  
 From this bad world—shake off the clogs of earth,  
 And for that great tribunal, arm my soul,  
 Where Heaven, not Spain, must judge me—but in vain;  
 My soften'd mind still hangs on those blest days,  
 Those years of sweet tranquility and peace,

When

When smiling morn but wak'd us to new joys,  
And love at night shed blessings on our pillow.

## D U T C H E S S.

These hours are fled, and never can return.  
'Tis Heaven's high will, and be that will obeyed.  
The retrospect of past felicity  
Plucks not the barbed arrow from the wound,  
But makes it rankle deeper.—Come my Juan,  
Here bid adieu to this infectious grief,  
Let's knit our constancy to meet the trial ;  
Shall we be bold in words, mere moral talkers ?  
Declaim with pedant tongue in virtue's praise,  
Yet find no comfort, no support within  
From her bright energy ? — It comes—it comes,  
I feel my breast dilate—The phantom, death,  
Shrinks at the radiant vision—bright eye'd hope  
Bids us aspire, and points the shining throne.—  
—Spain, I defy thee !

## D U K E.

O would she hew the elm,  
And spare the tender vine—This stubborn trunk  
Shou'd brave her fury. Here is royal blood,  
And blood long thirsted for.—They cannot dare,  
Infatiate as they are, remorseless, savage,  
With sacrilegious hands to violate  
This beauteous sanctuary.—Let me not think.  
Distraction—horror—Oh it splits my brain,  
Rends every vital string, and tears my heart.  
Mercy can grant no more—nor I petition,  
Than to fall dead this instant and forget it.  
I look towards Heaven in vain.—Gape wide, O earth,  
And bury, bury deep this load of anguish.

D U T C H E S S.



## D U T C H E S S.

Be not so lost.—Hear, Oh hear me Juan,  
My lord, my life, my love.—Wilt thou not speak?  
He heeds me not.—What shall I say to move him?  
For pity's sake look up.—Oh think Braganza,  
Cou'd Spain behold thee thus—

## D U K E.

Oh no, Louisa,  
No eye shall see me melt.—I will be calm,  
Still, silent, motionless.—Oh tough, tough heart,  
Wou'd I could weep to ease thee—

## D U T C H E S S.

Here, weep here,  
Pour the warm stream into this faithful breast,  
Thy sorrows here shall find a kindred source,  
Which flows for every tear with drops of blood.  
Now summon all thy soul.—Behold, he comes  
To thunder our irrevocable doom.

*Enter* R I B I R O.

## R I B I R O.

O for an angel's organ to proclaim  
Such gratulations as no tongue can speak,  
Nor mortal breast conceive—joy, boundless joy.

## D U K E.

Am I awake?—Thou can't not mean to mock me.

## R I B I R O.

I shall go wild with transport.—On my knee  
I beg you to forgive the cruel shock  
This tongue (Heaven knows with what severe reluctance)  
So lately gave to all your dearest hopes.

H

D U K E.

## D U K E.

No, let me take that posture : for I swear,  
 Tho' yet I know not why, my lighten'd heart  
 Beats freer, and seems eas'd of half its burthen.  
 —Forgive my strong impatience—quickly tell me.

## R I B I R O.

Still ignorant of our intended vengeance,  
 Velasquez is return'd.—Our gallant friends  
 Were wrong'd by rash suspicion.—

## D U K E.

Heard I right?  
 Or is't illusion all? (*embracing him*) Thus let me thank thee.  
 Louisa then is safe.—Fountain of mercy!  
 These late despairing arms again enfold her,  
 My Queen, my love, my wife!—

## D U T C H E S S.

Flow, flow my tears;  
 Take, bounteous lord of all, this melting tribute,  
 My heart can give no more for all thy goodness.

## D U K E.

And now disclose this wonder.

## R I B I R O.

Thus, my lord,  
 When at the appointed time, our two brave friends  
 Were hast'ning to Almada, near the square,  
 Velasquez and his followers cross'd their steps,  
 Their course seem'd towards the river;—struck with fear,  
 And ignorant what cause at that late hour  
 Cou'd draw him from the palace; straight they chang'd  
 Their first intent of joining our assembly,  
 And unobserv'd pursu'd the attending train.

Think what these brave men suffer'd when they saw  
 The tyrant climb his barge, and push from shore.  
 Their swords were half unsheath'd, both half resolv'd  
 To rush at once, and pierce him to the heart.  
 —But prudence, or our fortune check'd their hands.

D U K E.

It had been certain ruin—but go on—

R I B I R O.

An instant pass'd in thought, they seiz'd a boat,  
 And following, anxious hung on all his motions :  
 Mendoza saw them thus—then hurrying back,  
 Fill'd us with consternation at the tidings.

D U T C H E S S.

Nor was it strange—it wore a dreadful aspect ;  
 But fear interprets all things to its danger.

R I B I R O.

He cross'd the river where Jago's fort  
 Commands the narrowing stream. The governor  
 Attended at the gate, a while there pass'd  
 In short but earnest converse, they took leave,  
 With hasty strides Velasquez reimbarc'd ;  
 The vessel, to the shore she left, return'd,  
 And her proud master fought again the palace.

D U T C H E S S.

Cou'd not our valiant friends discover ought  
 That might reveal his purpose ?

R I B I R O.

Madam—No.

To have enquir'd too near were dangerous  
 Besides, their haste to reassure our hopes  
 Press'd their return—But thus we may resolve :  
 He apprehends some danger imminent.

He sees above his head the gathering cloud,  
But knows not when 'twill burst in thunder on him.

## D U K E.

Thanks, gentle friend—Alas, I tremble still ;  
As just escap'd from shipwreck, I look round,  
And tho' I tread on earth,—firm, solid earth  
See with broad eye the threaten'g surge far off,  
Scarce can I credit my conflict'g sense  
Or trust our preservation—

## D U T C H E S S.

Thy glad tale  
Has rais'd me from the gulph of black despair,  
Even to the topmost pinnacle of joy.  
Yes, we shall conquer—All these dangers past  
Will serve but to enrich the future story.  
Our children's children shall recount each fear,  
And from the mingled texture of our lives,  
Learn to revere that sacred Providence  
That guides the strife of virtue.

## D U K E.

O Louisa !

I thought I knew the extent of all my fondness,  
That long acquaintance with thy wondrous virtue  
Had given thee such dominion o'er my soul,  
Time cou'd not add to my transcendent passion.  
But when the danger came, it wak'd new fires,  
Presented thee in softer loveliness,  
And twin'd thee closer here.

## R I B I R O.

My Lord, ere this  
Our friends expect me.—

D U K E.

D U K E.

Let us fly to meet them.

I long to pour into their generous breasts  
My cordial greeting.

D U T C H E S S.

Go my dearest Juan,  
To them and all commend me; such rare zeal  
Merits more recompence than our poor thanks  
Can at the best requite. For souls like theirs  
Ill brook the indignity of foul surmise;  
And virtue wrong'd demands a double homage.

*[Exit Dutchess.]*

D U K E.

If the good augury of my breast deceive not,  
No more such terrors will appal our souls,  
But guilt alone shall tremble—Come, Ribiro. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE *changes to the Castle of* A L M A D A.

ALMADA *and several conspirators as before, with* MELLO  
*and* RODERIC.

A L M A D A.

Again our hopes revive—The unloaded stem  
Shakes the wet tempest from its vigorous head,  
And rears the swelling harvest to our fight.

M E N D O Z A.

After the chillings of this aguish fear,  
Methinks I breathe more free—the vital stream  
In sprightlier tides flows through its wonted course,  
Warms my whole frame and doubly man's my heart.

ALMADA.

## A L M A D A.

And may the generous ardor spread to all—  
 Observe me friends,—our numbers must divide  
 Into four equal bands, all to attack  
 At the bell's signal the four palace gates.  
 So every passage barr'd, the foe in vain  
 May strive to unite and overwhelm our force.  
 Myself with the brave few, who have sworn to follow,  
 Will rush impetuous on the German guard,  
 Who at the northern entrance hold their station.  
 —The fort be Roderic and Mello's care,  
 With Ferdinand, Henriquez, and Antonio.  
 —Mendoza, Carlos, and their gallant troop  
 Must seize the regent Margaret, and secure  
 The counsellors of Spain as hostages  
 For the surrender of the citadel.

## M E N D O Z A.

Letters to every province are dispers'd  
 Importing this great change, and all are ready  
 To shake to earth the intolerable yoke.  
 Nay distant India, in her sultry mines  
 Shall hear the chearful sound of liberty;  
 Again fair commerce welcom'd to our shore,  
 Shall loose her swelling canvas to the winds,  
 And golden Tagus heave once more to meet her.  
 But see the Duke.—

*Enter* D U K E.

## A L M A D A.

Your unexpected presence,  
 Like a propitious omen cheers the night,  
 And gives a royal sanction to this meeting.

## D U K E.

My wish surpass'd my speed —A call like this  
 Might imp the tardiness of feeble age.

The

The general perfeverance in our caufe  
 Tranfcends all gratitude—but thefe wrong'd virtues—  
*(To Mello and Roderic.)*

M E L L O.

Pray forbear ;  
 The painful error brought its punifhment.  
 Ribiro bore our duties to your grace.

D U K E.

He did, and foon will join us—On our way  
 He left me with defign once more to view  
 The pofture of the guards,—for ftill we fear  
 Some dark impending mifchief from Velafquez.

A L M A D A.

Whatever fortune waits upon our fwords,  
 Your highnefs muft not share the common hazard ;  
 Left in the tumult fome inglorious chance  
 Deprive your country of its laft beft bulwark.

D U K E.

And thou'd I merit to be call'd her bulwark,  
 Or rank with men like you.—cou'd I fubmit  
 To hear, and not partake the glorious danger ?

A L M A D A.

Pray be advis'd—in this I muft command.

D U K E.

Then be it fo—but yet thou'd ought betide  
 To claim the intereft of thy prince's arm,  
 I cannot wrong our friendship to fufpect  
 You will forbear my fummons to the field.

A L M A D A.

Truft your Almada—Lo ! the night wears faft ;  
 Nor are our fcatter'd numbers yet return'd.

D U K E.

D U K E.

Welcome Ribiro ! What intelligence ?

*Enter* R I B I R O.

R I B I R O.

The worst if we delay—Oh had your eyes  
Beheld the fight that blasted mine.

D U K E.

What fight ?

R I B I R O.

Lemos is seiz'd this moment—and Pizarro,  
The ready tool of fell Velasquez' crimes,  
Leads him to prison.

D U K E.

Soon we'll wrench the gates,  
And from their gloomy caverns draw to light  
All that remains of those unhappy men,  
Whom unarraign'd unheard the tyrants nod  
Consign'd to horrors nature shakes to think of.

A L M A D A.

His triumph will be short—The subtle fiend  
May league with hell to thwart us—but in vain ;  
His fate or ours must quickly be decided.

R I B I R O.

Even now it seems his demon whispers him  
His audit is at hand and scares his soul.  
Anxious at this late hour, he walks his chamber,  
Nor seeks the season's rest—and still more strange  
The palace guards stretch'd by their glimmering fires,  
Their arms cast by, lye wrapt in thoughtless sleep,

D U K E.



B R A G A N Z A: 57

D U K E.

Anon we'll rouse them with so loud a peal,  
That death's dull ear shall hear it.

A L M A D A.

Corea!

Soon as our work begins, your hardy tribes  
Must thro' the streets proclaim Don Juan King.  
Press towards the palace; shou'd our friends give ground,  
Sustain their fainting strength.

C O R E A.

We will not fail.

A L M A D A.

The general suffrage to thy sword, Ribiro,  
Commits our master work; a deed so envied  
That ev'ry trenchant steel of Portugal  
(Did not thy gallant zeal demand it first)  
Would strike to share the glory.

R I B I R O.

*(Pointing to his sword.)* This shall thank you,  
And if it reek not with his hated blood  
Exchange it for a distaff.

A L M A D A.

Friends, I mean not  
By gloomy preface to allay your ardor.  
We must not look to fortune in this cause:  
But on ourselves rely for sure success.  
The least disorder in our bold approach,  
The least repulse may drive our engine back.  
One brave man's rashness, or one coward's fear,  
Turns all our fairest hopes to shame and ruin.

I

D U K E.

## D U K E.

Now to our stations—Yet ere we depart  
This honest pledge, the foldier's short embrace.  
The sweet remembrance, if we fall for freedom,  
Will more than soften half the pains of dying;  
But if we meet, in stronger clasps renew'd,  
Will double all the joys of victory.

*End of the Fourth ACT.*

ACT

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

*The Apartments of VELASQUEZ in the royal Palace.*

VELASQUEZ *alone.*

WHY am I haunted by these phantom fears?  
It cannot be my fate. 'Tis nature's weakness:  
The spirits rais'd too high, like billows puff'd  
By sudden storms, lift up our little bark,  
Then slipping from their burthen, sink as fast,  
And leave it wreck'd and found'ring.

*Enter* P I Z A R R O.

VELASQUEZ.

Have you, as I commanded, question'd Lemos?

P I Z A R R O.

Just now I left him.

VELASQUEZ.

Has the slave confes'd?

P I Z A R R O.

With fullen calmness he defies your power,  
Or answers but with scorn.

VELASQUEZ.

We'll find the means  
To make him speak more plainly, to bring down

This daring spirit—He is dangerous ;  
 And under the fair mask of public virtue,  
 Combines with proud Almada and the rest  
 In dark confed'racy against my state.

## P I Z A R R O.

He is, my Lord, the master-spring that moves  
 The factious populace.

## V E L A S Q U E Z.

I know it well,  
 But I have ta'en such care as shall unhinge  
 Their ill-contriv'd designs. Ere noon to-morrow,  
 Don Garcia, with the Spanish veterans  
 From Saint Jago's fortrefs, shall pour in  
 And bend these stubborn necks to due obedience.  
 How will their disappointed fury rave  
 To find their royal demagogue, Braganza,  
 The idol their vain worship rais'd so high,  
 Low levell'd with the earth.—I wonder much  
 Ramirez not returns—Night's latest watch  
 Will soon be told.

## P I Z A R R O.

Perhaps he but delays  
 (For better welcome) to behold the effect  
 Of the dire venom, and to glad your ears  
 By telling how your enemy expir'd.

## V E L A S Q U E Z.

It may be so, I cannot doubt the effect ;  
 Poison administer'd will do its work,  
 And this most speedily ; 'tis swift perdition.  
 Yet, tho' this hour cuts off my greatest foe,  
 If my firm soul were capable of fear,  
 I might distrust the promise of my fortunes.

P I Z A R R O.

B R A G A N Z A. 61

P I Z A R R O.

Wherefore, my Lord?

V E L A S Q U E Z.

I almost blush to tell it,  
Tir'd with the travail of this anxious night,  
I threw me on my couch, and try'd to rest;  
I try'd in vain—my vexed lids scarce clos'd;  
Or when a momentary slumber seal'd them,  
Strange visions swam before their twilight sense:  
—But why retrace the hideous phantasy?  
Yet still it hovers round me, still remains  
A fearful reverence of the past illusion.

P I Z A R R O.

Such reverence but degrades a noble mind,  
And sinks its vigour to an infant's weakness.  
Beldams and priests infuse these idle fears,  
And turn the milk of nature to its bane. [*Noise at a distance.*]

V E L A S Q U E Z.

Heard you that noise? Didst thou not mark, Pizarro?  
The monk has kept his word—'Tis Juan's knell:  
His followers who shouted him at noon,  
Now wail his death.—My genius now has room;  
Their sorrows are my triumph, and proclaim  
Assur'd success to my aspiring soul.

P I Z A R R O.

Sure 'tis the din of clashing arms—again—  
It comes this way—

*Enter OFFICER with his sword drawn.*

V E L A S Q U E Z.

Ha! bleeding—speak  
Know you the cause?—Speak, instant, speak—

OFFICER.

O F F I C E R.

Too well!

The raging multitude have forc'd their way ;  
 Their cry is, Where's the tyrant ?—Where's Velasquez ?  
 Don Juan's at their head, and guides the storm.

V E L A S Q U E Z.

Juan alive ! eternal silence seize thee !  
 Impossible !

O F F I C E R.

These eyes, my Lord, beheld him—  
 Saw his rais'd arm—

V E L A S Q U E Z.

Ha ! am I then betray'd !  
 Perdition catch Ramirez—You, Pizarro,  
 Collect my scatter'd train—I'll forth, and meet  
 The rebel's sword.

P I Z A R R O:

Be not so rash,  
 Nor venture singly— [Exit VELASQUEZ.

O F F I C E R.

He rushes on his death.  
 Two of my soldiers are already slain,  
 Striving to bar the outward palace gates ;  
 Where like a tide the frantic people press,  
 Bearing down all before them.

P I Z A R R O.

Hence, begone ;  
 The uproar's louder—Wake the sleeping grooms—  
 Bid them bring arms—Alarm the magistrates—  
 Send to the guard and draw them to the square.

[Exit OFFICER.

*Re-enter*

*Re-enter* V E L A S Q U E Z.

V E L A S Q U E Z.

Ruin'd! undone! all's lost—the streets are throng'd  
 With raging citizens—A furious band  
 Of armed Portugueze just now are mounting,  
 Fate's bloody book is open'd; and I read  
 My dreadful doom: yet I'll not tamely yield,  
 But grapple to the last with destiny.

P I Z A R R O.

All is not lost—perhaps some means are left.

V E L A S Q U E Z.

Just at the gate I met the dastard monk  
 Struggling for entrance—scarce his breath suffic'd  
 To tell me that our purpose had miscarried,  
 And Juan lives—I stabb'd him to the heart,  
 The best reward for unperforming fear.

P I Z A R R O.

Think not of him—but save yourself by flight.

V E L A S Q U E Z.

Where can I fly?—I am beset, devoted—  
 Our foes like famish'd blood-hounds are abroad,  
 And have us in the wind.

P I Z A R R O.

Resolve at once.—

The postern's yet unforc'd, that way escape,  
 Disguise yourself, and fly to Juan's palace.  
 'Tis but the terrace length—Implore his mercy;  
 It is the foolish weakness of his nature  
 To spare where he may punish.

VELASQUEZ.

## V E L A S Q U E Z.

Ask my life!

No, rather let me perish—Hold—his wife—  
Perhaps alone, unguarded—If I fall,  
I'll leave a scorpion in the traitor's breast,  
Shall make him curse the hour he rous'd my fury. [Exit.

P I Z A R R O *alone.*

Now let the tempest rise—Oh, fickle fortune!  
This moment mounted to thy giddy top,  
Now whirl'd to earth and groveling—Hark—they come.

R I B I R O (*entering with others.*)

Search all the chambers—If the villain 'scape  
Our work's but half accomplish'd—

## P I Z A R R O.

Pafs no farther.

## R I B I R O.

This is the tyrant's bosom counsellor.  
Where is thy master, Spaniard?

## P I Z A R R O.

Safe, I hope,  
From lawless rage like thine, and still will live  
To punish this outrageous violence.

## R I B I R O.

Insolent slave—And yet I like thy courage.  
'Tis vain to strive, deliver up thy sword.  
I will not force thee to betray thy master,  
Perfidious as he is—Even in a foe  
I can discern a virtue, and esteem it.  
Gonzalez, guard him safe—the rest disperse,  
And leave no place unsearch'd—He must be found:  
But by your loves I charge you kill him not.  
Rob not my sword, but leave that stroke for me.

[*Exeunt severally.*]



SCENE *changes to the Duke of BRAGANZA'S Palace. Enter DUTCHESSES, an Attendant following.*

D U T C H E S S.

No, Ines, no, I love my husband much,  
But more his honour. Cou'd I prefs his stay  
In tame inaction here to wait the event,  
While almost in his fight, his crown and glory  
Hung on the doubtful fate of others swords?  
Wou'd he have heard me? No, I knew him better.  
Soon as Almada's danger reach'd his ear,  
Who twice repuls'd cou'd scarce renew the charge,  
(Swift as a javelin cuts the whistling air)  
He snatch'd his sword, and breaking from my arms,  
Rush'd to the fight, and join'd the warring throng.

I N E S.

That favouring power which has so oft preserv'd,  
Will not forsake him now.

D U T C H E S S.

O grant it Heaven!

Go, Ines, to the terrace, and observe  
If any friend (for sure I may expect it)  
Bring tidings from my husband.

[*Exit Ines.*]

Would this arm,  
This feeble arm had strength to second him!  
The conflict here is worse.—My restless heart,  
Swell'd with eventful expectation, throbs  
And feels its bounds too narrow.—Fear on fear,  
Like light reflected from the dancing wave,  
Visits all places, but can rest in none.  
The distant shouts, that break the morning sky,  
Lift up a while my mounting thoughts to Heaven,  
Then sinking, leave them to fall down as low,  
In boding apprehension.—Welcome, welcome!

K

*Enter*

*Enter* M E N D O Z A.

What of my lord?

M E N D O Z A.

He bad me fly to greet you;  
Himself a while detain'd to stop the rage  
Of cruelty and carnage.

D U T C H E S S.

He returns  
Unhurt, victorious to these happy arms?

M E N D O Z A.

All, all your fondest wish cou'd form he brings,  
Crown, conquest, all.—Oppression is no more,  
Pierc'd by a thousand wounds the giant dies,  
While free-born men with fearless gaze walk round,  
And view the monster's bulk.

D U T C H E S S.

I wou'd know more.—  
Was it a dear bought triumph? Must we mourn  
The fall of many friends?

M E N D O Z A.

Scarce one of note  
But lives to share our joy.—The regent seiz'd,  
Gave orders for the citadel's surrender,  
To save the threaten'd lives of the whole council,  
Whom sleeping we secur'd.—Poorly content  
To obey her mandate, though he knew it forc'd,  
The dastard governor resign'd his charge,  
And struck the Austrian banner.—Such the power  
Of Juan's royal name, and conquering arm.  
The rest himself will tell.—I must return.—

Abroad the wild commotion rages still ;  
The King may want my service—Angels guard you.

[Exit Mendoza.

D U T C H E S S.

O fly, begone, lose not a thought on me.  
Now to thy rest, my soul, thy pray'rs are heard.  
From this white hour the bright revolving sun  
With kinder beams shall view this smiling land ;  
A grateful people, by my Juan's arm,  
Rescued from shameful bonds, shall bless his name,  
And own him their preserver. (*Enter Ines.*) From my lord ?

I N E S.

Madam, not yet—A stranger at the gate,  
Disguis'd, and almost breathless with his fears,  
With earnest importunity 'entreats  
He may have leave to cast him at your feet.  
His accents mov'd me much ; he seems afflicted.

D U T C H E S S.

Some wretch escap'd from the pursuer's rage,  
And flies for shelter here.—Yes, let him come. [*Exit Ines.*

D U T C H E S S *alone.*

Wou'd I cou'd save them all—my woman's soul,  
Forc'd from her place in this tumultuous scene,  
But ill supports the assum'd severity,  
And finds her native seat in soft compassion.

*Enter V E L A S Q U E Z, disguised.*

Whoe'er thou art, be safe.—The greedy sword  
Will have enough of death, and well may spare  
One fugitive, who shuns its cruel edge  
To wait the stroke of nature.—Trust thy safety.—  
Why do thy doubtful eyes so oft look round ?  
Here are no enemies.—My word is pass'd

Inviolable as recorded oaths.—

—Methinks I have seen that face.—Say, art thou not—

V E L A S Q U E Z.

The man you most shou'd fear, most hate.

D U T C H E S S.

Velasquez!

V E L A S Q U E Z.

Yes, that devoted wretch, the lost Velasquez;  
From the high top of proud prosperity,  
Sunk to this ignominy.

D U T C H E S S.

Prefumptuous man!

If mercy cou'd know bounds, thy monstrous crimes  
Almost exceed them.—Speak then, what cou'd urge thee  
To seek the shelter of this hostile roof,  
And trust a virtue to thy soul a stranger?

V E L A S Q U E Z.

Fate left no second choice.—Close at my heels  
Revenge and death insatiably pursu'd;  
Fear lent me speed, and this way wing'd my flight.  
Why flash those eyes with anger?—Royal lady!  
Fortune has stripp'd me of the power to injure;  
A stingle's serpent, a poor fang-drawn lion,  
Fitter for scorn than terror.—

D U T C H E S S.

Thou art fallen!

Yet let me not insult thy alter'd state,  
By pity or upbraiding.—If thy life  
Be worth the acceptance—take it—and hereafter  
Wash out the foulness of thy former deeds  
By penitence and better purposes.

[*scouts without.*]

The

These joyful sounds proclaim my Juan near  
*(To Velasquez)*—Retire a while till I prepare my lord  
 To shield thee from the angry nobles rage.  
 All were combin'd to take thy forfeit life.—

D U K E *without.*

Throw wide the palace gates—Let all have entrance.

D U T C H E S S.

His well-known voice—'Tis he, 'tis he himself!

D U K E *without.*

Where is my Queen?

D U T C H E S S.

Quick let me fly to meet him,  
 Fly to my hero's breast.—

*[Velasquez seizes her and draws a dagger.]*

V E L A S Q U E Z.

Hold, madam, hold,  
 Thus I arrest your transports.

D U T C H E S S.

Barbarian! monster!

D U K E *entering.*

What sounds are these? Horror! Inhuman slave?  
 Turn thy fell pogniard here

V E L A S Q U E Z.

Approach not, stir not.  
 Or by the blackest furies hell ere loos'd,  
 This dagger drinks her blood.

D U K E

D U K E.

See, I obey,

I breathe not, stir not, I am rooted here.  
Here will I grow for ages.

D U T C H E S S.

Oh my Juan!

D U K E.

O horrible! Does Juan live for this?  
Curs'd be the fatal fire that led my steps  
To follow false ambition, while I left  
To lurking robbers an unguarded prize;  
This gem more worth than crowns or worlds can ransom

V E L A S Q U E Z.

Take back a name more foul, thou dark usurper  
Was it for this, thy unsuspecting prince  
With lavish bounty, to thy faithless hand  
Trusted his royal functions? Thus to arm  
Gainst his own breast, thy black ingratitude.

D U K E.

Must I endure it?

D U T C H E S S.

Out! false hypocrite!  
Thy tyrants snares were found, his flimsy nets  
To catch that precious life long since unravel'd,  
Thy conscious cheek avows it.

V E L A S Q U E Z.

Be it so.—

D U T C H E S S.

Coward! Perfidious coward! Is it thus,  
Thus you requite—

V E L A S-

VELASQUEZ.

Thy foolish pity—thus—  
Hear me thou rebel—Is this woman dear?

D U K E.

O heavens!

VELASQUEZ.

Thy straining eyes, thy agonizing heart,  
Thy life's inglorious dotage all proclaim it.

D U T C H E S S.

Peace, devil, peace, nor wound his generous soul  
By taunts that fiends might blush at.

D U K E.

Speak thy purpose.

VELASQUEZ.

Then briefly thus — call off thy traiterous guards,  
—The fruits of thy foul treason, every post,  
Seiz'd by the midnight plots, thy rebel arms  
Restore again to Spain—Back to the palace  
Give me safe conduct—To thy oaths I trust not;  
It must be done this instant—leave my power  
To intercede with Spain for thy full pardon,  
And grace to all, whom thy ill-starr'd ambition  
Led to this base revolt—Else, by my rage!  
The boiling rage that works my soul to frenzy,  
Thou shalt behold this beauteous bosom gor'd,  
All over gash'd and mangled

D U T C H E S S.

Strike this instant!

D U K E.

Hold, ruffian, hold!

D U C H E S S.

## D U T C H E S S.

Give me a thousand deaths;  
 Here let me fall a glorious sacrifice,  
 Rather than buy my life by such dishonour.  
*(To the Duke)* If thy fond love accept these shameful terms,  
 That moment is my last—these hands shall end me.  
*(To Velasquez)* Blood thirsty tyger, glut thy fury here.

## V E L A S Q U E Z.

Her courage blasts my purpose *(aside)* dost thou brave me

## D U T C H E S S.

Defy thee—yes—feel, do I shrink or tremble?  
 Serene undaunted will I meet the blow;  
 But ev'ry drop that stains thy reeking hands,  
 In thy last pangs shall cry for vengeance on thee.  
 Furies shall seize thee, shake their scorpion whips,  
 And in thy deafen'd ears still hollow, murder,

## V E L A S Q U E Z.

No more—Resolve—*(To the Duke.)*—Not Heaven itself  
 can save her.  
 Ha! darkness cover me! he still alive!  
 Fate thou hast caught me—Every hope is lost.

*(Enter Ramirez wounded, Almada, Ribiro, Mendoza and  
 others following—The Duke and Dutchess run to each  
 others arms—Velasquez is seized.)*

## D U K E.

I have thee once again, my heart's best treasure,  
 Sav'd from the vulture's talons—O dire fiend!

V E L A S-



V E L A S Q U E Z.

Unhand me—No—though earth and hell conspire.

D U T C H E S S.

Blasphemer, down! and own a power above thee!

R I B I R O.

Secure this monster—Read this paper, madam.  
Returning from the charge we found that wretch  
Stretch'd in our way and welt'ring in his blood;  
Earnest he beg'd we shou'd commit to note  
These few short words, and bear them to the Duke.  
That done, he dragg'd his bleeding body on,  
And came to die before him.

D U K E.

Oh, Ramirez!

Ev'n in this day of joy my heart runs o'er  
With sorrow for thy fate—What cruel hand?

R A M I R E Z.

—A villain's hand, yet Heaven directed it.  
I have not strength to publish all my shame,  
That roll contains it—This wide gaping wound,  
My deep remorse, may expiate my crime;  
But, Oh! that tempter—

D U K E.

Ha! he faints, support him.

Thy crime, what crime?

R A M I R E Z.

Thy happier star prevail'd,  
Else, hadst thou died even by the pious act  
That seals our peace above.

D U K E.

Merciful powers!

L R A M I R E Z.

R A M I R E Z.

Yet ere I sink, speak comfort to my soul,  
And bless me with forgiveness.

D U K E.

Take it freely.

R A M I R E Z.

Enough, I die contented.

*[He is led off]*

D U T C H E S S.

O my Juan,  
Peruse that tale and wonder—Impious wretch,  
Well might my heart stand still—my blood run cold,  
And struggling nature murmur strong reluctance  
Against my foolish pity—While I meant  
To step between thee and the brandish'd bolt,  
To rescue from the stroke of righteous justice  
The foul suborner of my husband's murder.

V E L A S Q U E Z.

Curse on the coward's fears prevented it!  
Wither these sinews that relax'd their hold,  
And left thy feeble wing to soar above me.

D U K E.

Hence with that villain—Drag him from my sight.—  
Till awful justice doom his forfeit life,  
Let heaviest chains secure him—Hence, begone.

V E L A S Q U E Z.

Yes, in your gloomiest dungeons plunge me down.  
Welcome congenial darkness—Horrors hail!  
No more these loathing eyes shall view that fun,  
Whose irksome beams light up thy pageant triumph.

*[He is led off by Ribiro and others.]*

D U K E.

Thou ever present, all protecting power!  
Thro' what dark clouds of thick involving danger  
Thy watchful providence has led my steps?  
The imagin'd woes that funk me in despair,  
Thou mad'st the wond'rous instruments to save me.

D U T C H E S S.

I feel, I own the high supremacy—  
Yet have I much to ask—Thy victory—

D U K E.

For that our thanks to this brave man are due.  
He chose the post of danger, and expos'd  
His dauntless breast against the stubborn force  
Of steady northern courage.

A L M A D A.

Twice was I down,  
And twice my prince's valour rescued me.

D U K E.

For ever hallow'd be the well pois'd blade  
That fav'd that reverend head.

D U T C H E S S.

Fortune was kind, Almada, to commit  
Your safety to the arm you taught to conquer.

A L M A D A.

Henceforth I more shall prize that trifle life,  
Since now I owe it to my sovereign's valour.

*Enter* R I B I R O.

R I B I R O.

Vengeance thy debt is paid—The tyrant's dead.

DUKE.

D U K E.

Say'ft thou? Velafquez!

R I B I R O.

Aye, what was Velafquez  
Dispers'd and mangled by the people's rage,  
In bloody fragments stains a thousand hands;  
Like ravenous wolves by eager famine pinch'd,  
With worrying fangs they dragg'd him from my grasp,  
And in my fight tore out his reeking entrails.

D U K E.

His blood be on his head, and may his end,  
Provok'd by crimes beyond the reach of pardon,  
Strike terror to the souls of impious men,  
Who own no God, but from his pow'r to punish.

T H E E N D.











