THE

Dramatick WORKS

OF

Nicholas Rowe, Esq;

VOLUME *the* SECOND.

CONTAINING,

The ROYAL CONVERT.	JANE GRAY.
JANE SHORE.	*The* BITER.

LONDON,
Printed: And Sold by *T. Jauncy*, at the *Angel* without *Temple-Bar*. MDCCXX.

Lud. du Guernier inv. et Sculp.

THE

Royal Convert.

A

TRAGEDY.

Written by *N. ROWE*, Esq;

Laudatur & Alget.

The THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for *J. T.* and Sold by *T. Jauncy*, at the *Angel* without *Temple-Bar*. MDCCXX.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES
Lord HALLIFAX.

MY LORD,

IF I could have the Vanity to make a Merit of Dedicating this TRAGEDY, I ſhould here take an Opportunity of telling You, that I am, in This, endeavouring to make the beſt, and only Return I am capable of, for all thoſe Marks of exceeding Goodneſs and Humanity, which I have ſtill had the Honour to meet with from Your Lordſhip. But ſince the Matter is quite otherwiſe, ſince it is highly to my Advantage to ſhelter my ſelf under ſo great a Name; ſince I have done my ſelf ſo much Honour by it; I am bound to own, with all the Gratitude I am capable of, that Your Lordſhip's Patronage is a new, and will be a laſting Obligation upon me.

Moſt kinds of Poetry, but eſpecially TRAGEDIES, come into the World now, like Children born under ill Stars; a general Indifference, or rather Diſ-

inclination, attends like a bad Influence upon 'em; and after having buſtled thro' ill Uſage, and a ſhort Life, they ſleep and are forgotten. The Reliſh of Things of this kind is certainly very much alter'd from what it was ſome time ſince; and tho' I wont preſume to cenſure other Peoples Pleaſures, and preſcribe to the various Taſtes of Mankind; yet I will take the Liberty to ſay, that thoſe who ſcorn to be entertain'd like their Fore-Fathers, will hardly ſubſtitute ſo reaſonable a Diverſion in the Room of that which they have laid aſide. I could wiſh there were not ſo much Reaſon as there is to attribute this Change of Inclinations, to a Diſeſteem of Learning it ſelf. Too many People are apt to think, that Books are not neceſſary to the finiſhing the Character of a fine Gentleman; and are therefore eaſily drawn to deſpiſe what they know nothing of. But, my Lord, among all theſe mortifying Thoughts, it is ſtill a Pleaſure to the Muſes, to think there are ſome Men of too delicate Underſtandings to give in to the Taſtes of a deprav'd Age; Men that have not only the Power, but the Will, to protect thoſe Arts which they love, becauſe they are Maſters of 'em.

It would be very eaſie for me to diſtinguiſh one among thoſe few, after the moſt advantageous Manner; but all Men of common Senſe have concurr'd in doing it already, and there is no need of a Panegyrick.

I could be almoſt tempted to expoſtulate with the reſt of the World (for I am ſure there is no Occaſion to make an Apology to Your Lordſhip) in Defence of Poetry. I am far from thinking of a good Poet, as the *Stoicks* did of their Wiſe-man, that he was ſufficient for every thing, could be every thing, and excel in every thing, as he pleas'd; yet ſure I may be allow'd to ſay, that, that Bright-

neſs,

neſs, Quickneſs, that Strength and Greatneſs of Thinking, which is requir'd in any of the nobler Kinds of Poetry, would raiſe a Man to an uncommon Diſtinction in any Profeſſion or Buſineſs, that has a Relation to good Senſe and Underſtanding. One modern Inſtance can at leaſt be given, where the ſame Genius that ſhone in Poetry, was found equal to the firſt Employments of the State; and where the ſame Man, who by his Virtue and Wiſdom was highly uſeful to, and inſtrumental in the Safety and Happineſs of his native Country, had been equally ornamental to it in his Wit.

This is what I could not help ſaying, for the Honour of an Art which has been formerly the Favourite of the greateſt Men. Not that it wants a Recommendation to Your Lordſhip, who have always been a conſtant and generous Protector of it. This indeed would be much more properly ſaid to the World and when I have told 'em what Men have equally adorn'd it, and been adorn'd by it, I might not unfitly apply to 'em, what *Horace* ſaid to the *Piſo's*;

——— Ne fortè Pudori
Sit tibi Muſa Lyræ ſolers & Cantor Apollo.

For my own inconſiderable Pretenſions to Verſe, I ſhall, I confeſs, think better even of them, than I have ever yet done, if they ſhall afford me the Honour to be always thought,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Obedient,

and Devoted Humble Servant,

N. ROWE.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton.*

SINCE to your fam'd Fore-Fathers quite contrary;
You from their Pleasures, as their Wisdom, vary;
What Art, what Method, shall the Poet find,
To hit the Taste of each fantastick Mind?
Legions of Joys your wand'ring Fancies lead,
Like Summer Flies, which in the Shambles breed;
Each Year they swarm anew, and to the last succeed.
Time was, when Fools by Fellowship were known;
But now they stray; and in this populous Town
Each Coxcomb has a Folly of his own.
Some dress, some dance, some play; not to forget
Your Piquet *Parties, and your dear* Basset.
Some Praise, some Rail, some Bow, and some make Faces:
Your Country Squires hunt Foxes, your Court, Places.
The City too fills up the various Scene,
Where Fools lay Wagers, and where Wise Men win.
One rails at Cælia *for a late Mischance,*
One grumbles and cries up the Pow'r of France.
This Man talks Politicks, and that takes Pills;
One cures his own, and one the Nation's Ills.
Now Fidling, and the Charms of Sing-Song, win ye;
Harmonious Peg *and warbling* Valentini.

As

PROLOGUE.

As to your Drinking —— but for that we ſpare it,
Nor with your other vile Delights compare it,
There's ſomething more than Sound, there's Senſe in Claret.
Mean while neglected Verſe, in long Diſgrace,
Amongſt your many Pleaſures finds no Place;
The virtuous Laws of common Senſe forſwearing,
You damn us like packt Juries, without hearing.
Each puny Whipſter here, is Wit enough,
With ſcornful Airs, and ſupercilious Snuff,
To cry, This Tragedy's ſuch damn'd grave Stuff.
But now we hope more equal Judges come,
Since Flanders *ſends the generous Warriors home:*
You that have fought for Liberty and Laws,
Whoſe Valour the proud Gallick *Tyrant awes,*
Join to aſſert the ſinking Muſes Cauſe,
Since the ſame Flame, by different Ways expreſs'd,
Glows in the Hero's and the Poet's Breaſt;
The ſame great Thoughts that rouſe you to the Fight
Inſpire the Muſe, and bid the Poet write.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Oldfield*, who acted *Ethelinda*.

THE Business of the Day being now gone thro'
I quit the Saint, and am like one of you;
As well to look to, tho' not quite so good;
I bate in Spirit, but keep my Flesh and Blood.
The Moral of this Play being rightly scann'd,
Is, He that leaves his nown dear Wife is damn'd.
I leave to you to make the Application:
The Doctrine, tho' a little out of Fashion,
May be of use in this same sinful Nation.
What think you of the Matter? Which of you
Would, for his Spouse, like my true Turtle do?
When Wealth and Beauty both at once importune,
Who would not leave his Wife, to make his Fortune?
To some, I know, it may appear but odly,
That this Place, of all others, should turn godly:
But what of that? Since some good Souls there are,
Would gladly be instructed any where;
Nor should you scorn the Weakness of the Teacher,
The Wisest Man is not the ablest Preacher.
Ev'n we, poor Women, have sometimes the Pow'r,
Read as you are, and rich in Learning's Store,
To teach you Men what you ne'er knew before.

To

EPILOGUE.

To no Enthusiastick Rage we swell,
Nor foam, nor act Tom Tumbler *out of Zeal.*
But tho' we dont pretend to Inspiration,
Yet, like the Prophets of a Neighbour Nation,
Our Teaching chiefly lyes in AGITATION.
Perhaps, indeed, such are your wandring Brains,
Our Author might have spar'd his Tragick Pains:
By that you've supp'd, and are set in to Drinking,
Some sweeter Matters will employ your Thinking;
With Nymphs Divine, writ on each Glass before ye,
You'll be but little better for our Story.
But since the parting Hour, tho' late, will come,
And all of you, at least as I presume,
May find some kind, instructive She at home,
Then Curtain Lectures will, I hope, be read,
Those Morals then, which from your Thoughts were fled,
Shall be put home to you, and taught a-bed.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Hengiſt, King of *Kent*, Son to *Hengiſt* the firſt *Saxon* Invader of *Britain*.	Mr. *Booth*.
Aribert, his Brother.	Mr. *Wilks*.
Offa, a *Saxon* Prince.	Mr. *Husbands*.
Seofrid, firſt Miniſter and Favourite to the King.	Mr. *Mills*.
Oſwald, Friend to *Aribert*.	Mr. *Keen*.

WOMEN.

Rodogune, a *Saxon* Princeſs, Siſter to *Offa*, betrothed to the King.	Mrs. *Barry*.
Ethelinda, a *Britiſh* Lady, privately marry'd to *Aribert*.	Mrs. *Oldfield*.

Prieſts, *Officers*, *Soldiers*, *and other Attendants*.

SCENE *in* Kent, *about Twenty Years after the firſt Invaſion of* Britain *by the* Saxons.

THE

THE

ROYAL CONVERT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Palace.*

Enter Aribert *and* Oſwald.

ARIBERT.

SUCH are, my Friend, the Joys our Loves have known,
So ſtill to be deſir'd, ſo ever new,
Nor by Fruition pall'd, nor chang'd by Abſence.
Whate'er the Poets dreamt of their *Elyſium*,
Or what the Saints believe of the firſt Paradiſe,
When Nature was not yet deform'd by Winter,
But one perpetual Beauty crown'd the Year,
Such have we found 'em ſtill, ſtill, ſtill the ſame.

Oſw. Such grant, kind Heaven, their Courſe to be for ever!

But

But yet, my Prince, forgive your faithful *Oſwald*,
If he believes you melt with too much Tenderneſs;
Your noble Heart forgets its native Greatneſs,
And ſinks in Softneſs, when you languiſh thus;
Thus ſigh and murmur but for ſix Days Abſence.

Ari. Chide not; but think if e'er, when thou wert young,
Thou lovd'ſt thy ſelf, how thou wert wont to judge
Of Time, of Love, of Abſence and Impatience.
What! ſix long Days, and never write nor ſend,
Tho' *Ademar* and *Kenwald*, faithful both,
Were left behind, to bring me Tidings from her:
How, *Ethelinda!* how haſt thou forget me!

Oſw. Perhaps I err; but if the Pain be ſuch,
Why is the Fair One, who alone can eaſe it,
Thus far divided from your longing Arms?
'Twere better ne'er to part, than thus to mourn.

Ari. Oh *Oſwald!* is there not a fatal Cauſe?
Thou know'ſt my *Ethelinda*——

Oſw. Is a Chriſtian;
A Name by *Saxons*, and their Gods, abhorr'd.
To me her differing Faith imports not much;
'Tis true indeed, bred to my Country's Manners,
I worſhip as my Fathers did before me.
Unpractis'd in Diſputes, and wrangling Schools,
I ſeek no farther Knowledge, and ſo keep
My Mind at Peace, nor know the Pain of doubting;
What others think I judge not of too nicely,
But hold, all honeſt Men are in the right.

Ari. Then know yet more; for my whole Breaſt is thine,
Ev'n all my ſecret Soul: I am a Chriſtian.
'Tis wonderful to tell; for oh, my *Oſwald*,
I liſten'd to the Charmer of my Heart.

Still,

Still, as the Night that fled away, I ſate,
I heard her with an Eloquence divine,
Reaſon of holy and myſterious Truths;
Of Heavn's moſt righteous Doom, of Man's Injuſtice;
Of Laws to curb the Will, and bind the Paſſions;
Of Life, of Death, and Immortality;
Of gnaſhing Fiends beneath, and Pains Eternal;
Of ſtarry Thrones, and endleſs Joy above.
My very Soul was aw'd, was ſhook within me;
Methought I heard diſtinct, I ſaw moſt plain,
Some Angel, in my *Ethelinda*'s Form,
Point out my Way to everlaſting Happineſs.

Oſw. 'Tis wonderful indeed; and yet great Souls,
By Nature half divine, ſoar to the Stars,
And hold a near Acquaintance with the Gods.
And oh, my Prince, when I ſurvey thy Virtue,
I own the Seal of Heav'n imprinted on thee;
I ſtand convinc'd that good and holy Powers
Inſpire and take Delight to dwell within thee.
Yet Crowds will ſtill believe, and Prieſts will teach,
As wandring Fancy, and as Int'reſt leads.
How will the King and our fierce *Saxon* Chiefs
Approve this Bride and Faith? Had Royal *Hengiſt*,
Thy Father, liv'd! ——

Ari. 'Tis on that Rock we periſh;
Thou bring'ſt his dreadful Image to my Thoughts,
And now he ſtands before me, ſtormy, fierce,
Imperious, unrelenting, and to Death
Tenacious of his Purpoſe once reſolv'd.
Juſt ſuch he ſeems, as when ſevere and frowning
He forc'd the King my Brother, and my ſelf,
To kneel and ſwear at *Woden*'s cruel Altar,
Firſt, never to forgo our Country's Gods;

Then

Then made us vow with deepeſt Imprecations,
If it were either's Fortune e'er to wed,
Never to chuſe a Wife among the Chriſtians.
Oſw. Have you not fail'd in both?
Ari. 'Tis true, I have;
But for a Cauſe ſo juſt, ſo worthy of me,
That not t'have fail'd in both, had been t'have fail'd.
Yes, *Oſwald*, by the conſcious Judge within,
So do I ſtand acquitted to my ſelf,
That were my *Ethelinda* free from Danger,
On Peril of my Life I would make known,
And to the World avow my Love and Faith.
Oſw. I dare not, nay 'tis ſure I cannot blame you;
You are the ſecret Worſhip of my Soul,
To me ſo perfect, that you cannot err.
But oh! my Prince, let me conjure you now,
By that moſt faithful Service I've ſtill paid you,
By Love, and by the gentle *Ethelinda*,
Be cautious of your Danger, reſt in Silence.
In holy Matters, Zeal may be your Guide,
And lift you on her flaming Wings to Heav'n;
But here on Earth truſt Reaſon, and be ſafe.
Ari. 'Tis true, the preſent angry Face of Things
Beſpeaks our cooleſt Thoughts: The *Britiſh* King,
Ambroſius arms, and calls us forth to Battel,
Demanding back the fruitful Fields of *Kent*,
By *Vortigern* to Royal *Hengiſt* giv'n;
A mean Reward for all thoſe *Saxons* Lives
Were loſt, in propping *Britain*'s ſinking State.
Oſw. The War with *Britain* is a diſtant Danger,
Nor to be weigh'd with our domeſtick Fears.
Young *Offa*, chief among our *Saxon* Princes,
Who at the King's Entreaty friendly came

From

From Northern *Jutland*, and the Banks of *Elbe*,
With twice ten thousand Warriors to his Aid,
Frowns on our Court, complains aloud of Wrongs,
And wears a publick Face of Discontent.

Ari. 'Tis said he is offended, that the King
Delays to wed his Sister.

Osw. 'Twas agreed,
'Twas made the first Condition of their Friendship,
And sworn with all the Pomp of Priests and Altars,
That beauteous *Rodogune* shou'd be our Queen:
Then wherefore this Delay? The Time was fix'd,
The Feast was bid, and Mirth proclaim'd to all;
The Croud grew jovial with the hopes of Holy-days,
And each, according to our Country's Manner,
Provok'd his Fellow with a friendly Bowl,
And bless'd the Royal Pair; when on the Morn,
The very Morn that should have join'd their Hands,
The King forbad the Rites.

Ari. Two Days are past,
Nor has my Brother yet disclos'd the Cause.
Last Night, at parting from him, he stopt short,
Then catch'd my Hand, and with a troubled Accent,
With Words that spoke like secret Shame and Sorrow,
He told me he had something to impart,
And wish'd that I would wait him in the Morning.

Osw. But see, Prince *Offa* and his beauteous Sister!
The King's most favour'd Counsellor, old *Seofride*,
Is with 'em too.

Ari. Retire; I would not meet 'em.
That Princess, *Oswald*, is esteem'd a Wonder.
To me she seems most fair; and yet, methinks,
Do'st thou not mark? there is I know not what
Of sullen and severe, of fierce and haughty,

That

That pleases not, but awes; I gaze astonish'd,
And Fear prevents Desire.—— So Men tremble,
When Light'ning shoots in glittering Trails along:
It shines, 'tis true, and gilds the gloomy Night;
But where it strikes, 'tis fatal.

[*Exeunt* Aribert *and* Oswald.

Enter Offa, Rodogune, Seofrid, *and Attendants.*

Offa. By *Woden*, no! I will not think he meant it;
Revenge had else been swift.——So high I hold
The Honour of a Soldier and a King,
I wo'not think your Master meant to wrong me.
Let him beware, however!——jealous Friendship,
And Beauty's tender Fame, can brook no Slights.
What in a Foe I pardon or despise,
Is deadly from a Friend, and so to be repaid.

Seof. Whatever Fame or ancient Story tells,
Of Brother's Love, or celebrated Friends,
Whose Faith, in Perils oft, and oft in Death,
Severely had been try'd, and never broke,
Such is the Truth, and such the grateful Mind
Of Royal *Hengist* to the Princely *Offa*.
Nor you, fair Princess, frown, if Wars and Troubles,

[*To* Rodogune

If watchful Councils, and if Cares, which wait
On Kings, the Nursing-Fathers of their People,
With-hold a while the Monarch from your Arms.

Rodo. When fierce *Ambrosius* leads the *Britains* forth
Thunders in Arms, and shakes the dusty Field,
It suits thy wary Master's Caution well
To sit with dreaming hoary Heads at Council,
And waste the Midnight Taper in Debates.
But let him still be wise, consult his Safety,

And

And trouble me no more. Does he ſend thee
With Tales of dull Reſpect, and faint Excuſes?
Tell him he might have ſpar'd the formal Meſſage,
'Till ſome kind Friend had told him how I languiſh'd,
How like a Turtle I bemoan'd his Abſence.

Seof. Pardon, fair Excellence, if falt'ring Age
Prophanes the Paſſion I was bid to paint,
And drops the Tale imperfect from my Tongue.
But Lovers beſt can plead their Cauſe themſelves;
And ſee, your Slave, the King my Maſter comes,
To move your gentle Heart with faithful Vows,
And pay his humble Homage at your Feet.

Enter the King, Guards, and other Attendants.

King. But that I truſt not to that Babbler, Fame,
Who, careleſs of the Majeſty of Kings,
Scatters lewd Lies among the Croud, and wins
The eaſie Ideots to believe in Monſters,
I ſhould have much to charge you with, my Brother;
I ſtand accus'd——

Offa. How, Sir?

King. So ſpeaks Report,
As wanting to my Honour, and my Friend;
By you I ſtand accus'd.——

Offa. Now by our Friendſhip,
If that be yet an Oath, reſolve me, *Hengiſt*,
Whence are theſe Doubts between us, whence this Coldneſs?
Say thou, who know'ſt, what ſudden ſecret Thought
Has ſtept between, and daſh'd the publick Joy.
Thou call'ſt me Brother; wherefore wait the Prieſts,
And ſuffer *Hymen*'s holy Fires to languiſh?
What hinders but that now the Rites begin,

That

That now we loſe all Thoughts of paſt Diſpleaſure,
And in the Temple tie the ſacred Knot
Of Love and Friendſhip to endure for ever?

King. What hinders it indeed, but that which makes
This medly War within? but that which cauſes
This Sickneſs of the Soul, and weighs her down
With more than mortal Cares?

Offa. What ſhall I call
This ſecret gloomy Grief, that hides its Head,
And loves to lurk in ſhades? Have royal Minds
Such Thoughts as ſhun the Day?

King. Urge me no farther,
But, like a Friend, be willing not to know
What to reveal would give thy Friend a Pain.
Be ſtill the Partner of my Heart, and ſhare
In Arms and Glory with me; but oh! leave,
Leave me alone to ſtruggle through one Thought,
One ſecret anxious Pang that jars within me,
That makes me act a Madman's Part before thee,
And talk Confuſion——if thou art my Frend,
Thou haſt heard me, and be ſatisfy'd—if not,
I have too much deſcended from my ſelf
To make the mean Requeſt——but reſt we here,
To you fair Princeſs——

Rodo. No! there needs no more;
For I would ſpare thee the unready Tale.
Know, faithleſs King, I give thee back thy Vows,
And bid thee ſin ſecure, be ſafely perjur'd.
Since if our Gods behold thee with my Eyes,
Their Thunder ſhall be kept for nobler Vengeance,
And what they ſcorn, like me, they ſhall forgive.

King. When Anger lightens in the fair One's Eyes,
Lowly we bow, as to offended Heav'n,

With

With blind Obedience, and ſubmiſſive Worſhip;
Nor with too curious Boldneſs raſhly reaſon
Of what is juſt or unjuſt, ſuch high Pow'r
Is to its ſelf a Rule, and cannot err.
Yet this may be permitted me to ſpeak,
Howe'er the preſent Circumſtance reproach me,
Yet ſtill my Heart avows your Beauty's Power,
My Eyes confeſs you Fair.———

Rodo. Whate'er I am
Is of my ſelf, by native Worth exiſting,
Secure, and independent of thy Praiſe;
Nor let it ſeem too proud a Boaſt, if Minds
By Nature great, are conſcious of their Greatneſs,
And hold it mean to borrow ought from Flattery.

King. You are offended, Lady.

Rodo. Hengiſt, no.
Perhaps thou think'ſt this generous Indignation,
That bluſhing burns upon my glowing Cheek,
And ſparkles in my Eyes, a Woman's Weakneſs,
The Malice of a poor forſaken Maid,
Who rails at faithleſs Man——Miſtaken Monarch——
For know e'en from the firſt, my Soul diſdain'd thee;
Nor am I left by thee, but thou by me.
So was thy Falſhood to my Will ſubſervient,
And by my Purpoſe bound; thus Man, tho' limited
By Fate, may vainly think his Actions free,
While all he does, was at his Hour of Birth,
Or by his Gods, or potent Stars ordain'd.

Offa. No more, my Siſter: Let the Gown-men talk,
And mark out Right and Wrong in noiſie Courts;
While the Brave find a nearer way to Juſtice,
They hold themſelves the Ballance and the Sword,
And ſuffer Wrong from none. 'Tis much beneath me,

To

To ask again the Debt you owe to Honour;
So that be ſatisfy'd, we ſtill are Friends,
And Brothers of the War. But mark me, *Hengiſt*,
I am not us'd to wait; and if this Day
Paſs unregarded as the former two,
Soon as to Morrow dawns, expect me.——

King. Where?

Offa. Arm'd in the Field.

Seof. Beſeech you, Sir, be calm, [*To the King*.
The valiant Prince——

Offa. Tho' I could wiſh it otherwiſe.
And ſince the Honour of the *Saxon* Name,
And Empire here in *Britain*, reſts upon thee,
Believe me, I would ſtill be found thy Friend.
[*Exeunt* Offa, Rodogune, *and Attendants*.

King. No, I renounce that Friendſhip; periſh too,
Periſh that Name and Empire both for ever;
What are the Kingdoms of the peopled Earth,
What are their Purple, and their Crowns to me,
If I am curſt within, and want that Peace
Which every Slave enjoys?

Seof. My Royal Maſter,
It racks my aged Heart to ſee you thus;
But oh! what Aid, what Counſel can I bring you,
When all yon Eaſtern Down, ev'n to the Surge
That bellowing beats on *Dover's* chalky Cliff,
With creſted Helmets thick embattel'd ſhines;
With theſe your Friends, what are you but the greateſt?
With theſe your Foes——Oh! let me loſe that Thought,
And rather think I ſee you *Britain's* King:
Ambroſius vanquiſh'd, and the fartheſt *Picts*
Submitted to your Sway, tho' the ſame Scene

Diſcover'd

Discover'd to my View the haughty *Rodogune*
Plac'd on your Throne, and Partner of your Bed.
King. What! should I barter Beauty for Ambition,
Forsake my Heav'n of Love to reign in Hell?
Take a Domestick Fury to my Breast,
And never know one Hour of Peace again?
Statesman thou reason'st ill. By mighty *Thor*,
Who wields the Thunder, I will rather chuse
To meet their Fury. Let 'em come together,
Young *Offa* and *Ambrosius*. Tho' my Date
Of mortal Life be short, it shall be glorious,
Each Minute shall be rich in some great Actions,
To speak the King, the Hero, and the Lover.
Seof. The Hero and the King are glorious Names;
But oh! my Master, wherefore is the Lover?
In Honour's Name remember what you are,
Break from the Bondage of this feeble Passion,
And urge your way to Glory: Leave with Scorn
Unmanly Pleasures to unmanly Minds,
And thro' the rough, the thorny Paths of Danger,
Aspire to Virtue, and immortal Greatness.
King. Hence with thy hungry, dull, untimely Morals,
The fond deluding Sophistry of Schools.
Who would be Great, but to be happy too?
And yet such Ideots are we, to exchange
Our Peace and Pleasure for the Trifle Glory;
What is the Monarch, mighty, rich and great?
What? but the common Victim of the State:
Born to grow old in Cares, to waste his Blood,
And still be wretched for the publick Good.
So by the Priests the noblest of the Kind
Is to atone the angry Gods design'd;

And

And while the meaner ſort from Death are freed,
The mighty Bull, that wont the Herd to lead,
Is doom'd for fatal Excellence to bleed.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter the King and Seofrid.

King. NO more of theſe unneceſſary Doubts:
Thy cold, thy cautious Age is vainly anxious.
Thy Fears are unauſpicious to my Courage,
And chill the native Ardour of my Soul.
This ſullen cloudy Sky that bodes a Storm
Shall clear, and every Danger fleet away;
Our *Saxons* ſhall forget the preſent Diſcord,
And urge the *Britons* with united Arms;
Hymen ſhall be atton'd, ſhall join two Hearts
Agreeing, kind and fitted for each other,
And *Aribert* ſhall be the Pledge of Peace.

Seof. Propitious God of Love, encline his Heart
To melt before her Eyes, to meet her Wiſhes,
And yield Submiſſion to the haughty Maid.
Thou that delight'ſt in cruel Wantonneſs,
To join unequal Necks beneath thy Yoak,
For once be gentle, and inſpire both Hearts
With mutual Flames, that each may burn alike.
Oft haſt thou ruin'd Kingdoms, ſave one now;
And thoſe who curſt thee, parſimonious Age
And rigid Wiſdom, ſhall raiſe Altars to thee.

Enter

Enter Aribert.

King. But ſee he comes, and brings our Wiſhes with him.

Oh, *Aribert!* my Soul has long deſir'd thee,
Has waited long for thy Relief, and wanted
To ſhare the Burthen which ſhe bears with thee,
And give thee half her Sorrows.

Ari. Give me all,
Ev'n all the Pain you feel, and let my Truth
Be greatly try'd, let there be much to ſuffer,
To prove how much my willing Heart can bear,
To eaſe my King, my Brother, and my Friend.

King. I know thee ever gentle in thy Nature,
Yielding and kind, and tender in thy Friendſhip,
And therefore all my Hope of Peace dwells with thee.
For oh! my Heart has labour'd long with Pain,
I have endur'd the Rage of ſecret Grief,
A Malady that burns and rankles inward,
And wanted ſuch a Hand as thine to heal me.

Ari. Speak it, nor wound the Softneſs of my Soul
With theſe obſcure Complainings; ſpeak, my Lord.

King. Firſt then, this fatal Marriage is my Curſe,
This galling Yoak to which my Neck is doom'd,
This Bride—ſhe is my Plague——ſhe haunts my Dreams,
Invades the ſofter ſilent Hour of Reſt,
And breaks the balmy Slumber. Night grows tedious,
She ſeems to lag, and hang her ſable Wing;
And yet I dread the Dawning of the Morn,
As if ſome ſcreaming Sprite had ſhriek'd, and call'd,
Hengiſt, ariſe, to Morrow is thy laſt.

Ari. A thouſand ſpeaking Griefs are in your Eyes,
To tell the Rack within ——I read it plain.
But oh! my King, what Prophet could have dreamt

A Turn like this? that Beauty ſhould deſtroy,
And Love, which ſhould have bleſt you, curſe you moſt.

King. Oh! wherefore nam'ſt thou Love? Can there be Love,
When Choice, the free, the chearful Voice of Nature,
And Reaſon's deareſt Privilege is wanting?
What cruel Laws impoſe a Bride, or Bridegroom,
On any Brute but Man? Obſerve the Beaſts,
And mark the feather'd Kind; does not the Turtle,
When *Venus* and the coming Spring incite him,
Chuſe out his Mate himſelf, and love her moſt,
Becauſe he likes her beſt? But Kings muſt wed,
Curſe on the hard Condition of their Royalty!
That ſordid Slaves may ſweat and eat in Peace.

Ari. 'Tis hard indeed——Would ſhe had never come,
This———

King. So would I!———but now——

Ari. Ay! now what Remedy?
When to refuſe the *Saxon Offa*'s Siſter,
Shall ſhake your Throne, and make the Name of *Hengiſt*,
The famous, the victorious Name of *Hengiſt*,
Grow vile and mean in *Britain*.

King. Yes, my Brother,
There is a Remedy, and only one.
This proud imperious Fair, whoſe haughty Soul
Diſdains the humble Monarchs of the Earth,
Who ſoars elate, affects to tread the Stars,
And ſcorns to mingle but with thoſe above,
Ev'n ſhe, with all that Majeſty and Beauty,
The proudeſt and the faireſt of her Sex,
She has the Paſſions of a very Woman,
And doats on thee, my *Aribert*.

Ari.

Ari. On me!———
What means my Lord? impossible!
King. 'Tis true;
As true, as that my Happiness depends
Upon her Love to thee. My faithful *Seofrid*
Has pierc'd into her very inmost Heart,
And found thee reigning there.
Ari. Then all is plain:
My swelling Heart heaves at the Wrong you do me,
And wo'not be repreſt. Some Fiend from Hell
Has shed his Poison in your Royal Breast,
And stung you with the gnawing Canker, Jealousy.
But wherefore should I seek for Fiends from Hell,
And trace the Malice of the Thought from far,
Since the perfidious Author stands confest?
This Villain has traduc'd me.———
Seof. By the Soul
Of your victorious Father, Royal *Hengist*,
My ever gracious, ever honour'd Master,
Much have you wrong'd your faithful *Seofrid*,
To think that I would kindle Wrath betwixt you,
Or strive to break your holy Bond of Brotherhood.
King. No, *Aribert*, accuse him not, nor doubt
His oft, his well-try'd Faith. But cast thy Eyes
Back on thy self, and while I hold the Mirror,
Survey thy self, the certain Cause of Love:
Survey thy youthful Form, by Nature fashion'd
The most unerring Pattern of her Skill;
The Pomp of Loveliness she spreads all o'er thee,
And decks thee lavishly with ev'ry Grace,
That charms in Woman, or commands in Man;
Behold——nor wonder then if Crowns are scorn'd;
And purple Majesty looks vile before thee.

Ari. Oh! whither, whither would you lead? And why
This Prodigality of ill-tim'd Praiſe?
Seof. Were you not all my Royal Maſter ſaid,
Form'd to enthral the Hearts of the ſoft Sex,
Yet that ſhe loves is plain, from——
Ari. Hence, thou Sycophant!
Seof. Your Pardon, Sir; it has not been my Office
To forge a Tale, or cheat your Ear with Flattery,
Nor have I other Meaning than your Service;
But that the Princeſs loves you is moſt true.
Emma, the chief, moſt favour'd of her Women,
The only Partner of her ſecret Soul,
To me avow'd her Paſſion; and howe'er
Her haughty Looks reſent the King's Delay,
Yet in her Heart with Pleaſure ſhe applauds it,
And would forego, tho' hard to Womankind,
The Pride, high Place and Dignity of Empire,
To ſhare an humbler Fate with princely *Aribert.*
King. Why doſt thou turn away? wherefore deform
The Grace and Sweetneſs of thy ſmiling Youth,
With that ungentle Frown? Art thou not pleas'd
To ſee the Tyrant Beauty kneel before thee,
Diveſted of her Pride, and yield to thee
Unask'd a Prize, for which, like *Gracian Helen*,
The Great Ones of the Earth might ſtrive in Arms,
And Empires well be loſt?
Ari. Are we not Brothers?
We are; and Nature form'd us here alike;
Save that her partial Hand gave all the Majeſty
And Greatneſs to my King, and left me rich
Only in Plainneſs, Friendſhip, Truth and Tenderneſs.
Then wonder not our Paſſions are the ſame;

That

That the ſame Objects cauſe our Love and Hate.
You ſay, you cannot love this beauteous Stranger;
Is not my Heart like yours?
King. Come near, my Brother;
And while I lean thus fondly on thy Boſom,
I will diſcloſe my inmoſt Soul to thee,
And ſhew thee ev'ry ſecret Sorrow there.
I love, my *Aribert*; I doat to Death:
The raging Flame has touch'd my Heart, my Brain,
And Madneſs will enſue,
Ari. 'Tis moſt unhappy!
But ſay, what Royal Maid, or *Saxon* born,
Or in the *Britiſh* Court, what fatal Beauty
Can rival *Rodogune*'s Imperial Charms?
King. 'Tis all a Tale of Wonder, 'tis a Riddle.
High on a Throne, and Royal as I am,
I want a Slave's Conſent to make me happy.
Nay more, poſſeſs'd of her I love, or Love,
Or ſome Divinity, more ſtrong than Love,
Forbids my Bliſs, nor have I yet enjoy'd her.
Tho' I have taught my haughty Heart to bow,
Tho' lowly as ſhe is, of Birth obſcure,
And of a Race unknown, I oft have offer'd
To raiſe her to my Throne, make her my Queen;
Yet ſtill her colder Heart denies my Suit,
And weeping, ſtill ſhe anſwers, 'tis in vain.
Ari. Myſterious all, and dark! Yet ſuch is Love,
And ſuch the Laws of his fantaſtick Empire.
The wanton Boy delights to bend the Mighty,
And ſcoffs at the vain Wiſdom of the Wiſe.
King. Here in my Palace, in this next Apartment,
Unknown to all but this my faithful *Seofrid*,
The Charmer of my Eyes, my Heart's dear Hope

Remains, at once my Captive and my Queen.

Ari. Ha! in your Palace! here!———

King. Ev'n here, my Brother.

But thou, thou ſhalt behold her, for to thee,
As to my other ſelf, I truſt. The Cares
Of Courts, and Tyrant Buſineſs draw me hence,
But *Seofrid* ſhall ſtay, and to thy Eyes

[*The King ſigns to* Seofrid, *who goes out.*

Diſcloſe the ſecret Treaſure! Oh! my *Aribert*,
Thou wo't not wonder what diſtracts my Peace,
When thou behold'ſt thoſe Eyes. Pity thy Brother,
And from the Beach lend him thy friendly Hand,
Leſt while conflicting with a Sea of Sorrows,
The proud Waves over-bear him, and he periſh.

Ari. Judge me, juſt Heav'n, and you, my Royal Brother,
If my own Life be dear to me as yours.
All that my ſcanty Pow'r can give is yours.
If I am circumſcrib'd by Fate, oh! pity me,
That I can do no more; for oh! my King,
I would be worthy of a Brother's Name,
Would keep up all my Int'reſt in your Heart,
That when I kneel before you (as it ſoon
May happen that I ſhall) when I fall proſtrate,
And doubtfully and trembling ask a Boon,
The greateſt you can give, or I can ask,
I may find Favour in that Day before you,
And bleſs a Brother's Love, that bids me live.

King. Talk not of asking, but command my Pow'r.
By *Thor*, the greateſt of our *Saxon* Gods,
I ſwear, the Day that ſees thee join'd to *Rodogune*,
Shall ſee thee crown'd, and Partner of my Throne.
Whate'er our Arms ſhall conquer more in *Britain*,

Thine

Thine be the Pow'r, and mine but half the Name.
With Joy to thee, my *Aribert*, I yield
The Wreaths and Trophies of the dusty Field;
To thee I leave this noblest Isle to sway,
And teach the stubborn *Britains* to obey;
While from my Cares to Beauty I retreat,
Drink deep the luscious Banquet, and forget
That Crowns are glorious, or that Kings are great.
[*Exit King.*

Manet Aribert.

Ari. Oh fatal Love!——curst unauspicious Flame!
Thy baleful Fires blaze o'er us like a Comet,
And threaten Discord, Desolation, Rage,
And most malignant Mischief.———Lov'd by *Rodogune*!
What I!———must I wed *Rodogune*!——O Misery!——
Fantastick Cruelty of Hoodwink'd Chance!
There is no end of Thought——the Labyrinth winds,
And I am lost for ever———Oh! where now,
Where is my *Ethelinda* now!———that dear one,
That gently us'd to breathe the Sounds of Peace,
Gently as Dews descend, or Slumbers creep;
That us'd to brood o'er my tempestuous Soul,
And hush me to a Calm.

Enter Seofrid *and* Ethelinda.

Seof. Thus still to weep,
Is to accuse my Royal Master's Truth.
He loves you with the best, the noblest Meaning;
With Honour———

Ethel. Keep, oh keep him in that Thought,
And save me from Pollution. Let me know
All Miseries beside, each kind of Sorrow,
And prove me with Variety of Pains,

Whips, Racks and Flames: For I was born to ſuffer;
And when the Meaſure of my Woes is full,
That Pow'r in whom I truſt will ſet me free,

Ari. It cannot be——No, 'tis Illuſion all. [*Seeing her.*
Some mimick Fantom wears the lovely Form,
Has learnt the Muſick of her Voice, to mock me,
To ſtrike me dead with Wonder and with Fear.

Ethel. And do I ſee thee then! my Lord! my *Aribert!*
What! once more hold thee in my trembling Arms!
Here let my Days, and here my Sorrows end,
I have enough of Life.

Seof. Ha! What is this!
But mark a little farther. [*Aſide.*

Ethel. Keep me here,
O bind me to thy Breaſt, and hold me faſt;
For if we part once more, 'twill be for ever.
It is not to be told what Ruin follows.
'Tis more than Death, 'tis all that we can fear,
And we ſhall never, never meet again.

Ari. Then here, thus folded in each others Arms,
Here, let us here reſolve to die together;
Defie the Malice of our cruel Fate,
And thus preſerve the ſacred Bond inviolable,
Which Heav'n and Love ordain'd to laſt for ever.
But 'tis in vain, 'tis torn, 'tis broke already;
And envious Hell, with its more potent Malice,
Has ruin'd and deform'd the beauteous Work of Heav'n:
Elſe, wherefore art thou here! Tell me at once,
And ſtrike me to the Heart—But 'tis too plain:
I read thy Wrongs ——I read the horrid Inceſt——

Seof. Ha! Inceſt, ſaid he, Inceſt——— [*Aſide.*

Ethel.

Ethel. Oh! forbear
The dreadful impious Sound; I ſhake with Horror
To hear it nam'd. Guard me, thou gracious Heav'n,
Thou that haſt been my ſure Defence 'till now,
Guard me from Hell, and that its blackeſt Crime.

Ari. Yes, ye Celeſtial Hoſt, ye Saints and Angels,
She is your Care, you Miniſters of Goodneſs.
For this bad World is leagu'd with Hell againſt her,
And only you can ſave her.—I my ſelf, [*To* Ethel.
Ev'n I am ſworn thy Foe, I have undone thee,
My Fondneſs now betrays thee to Deſtruction.

Ethel. Then all is bad indeed.

Ari. Thou ſeeſt it not.
My heedleſs Tongue has talk'd away thy Life:
And mark the Miniſter of both our Fates,
[*Pointing to* Seofrid.
Mark with what Joy he hugs the dear Diſcovery,
And thanks my Folly for the fatal Secret:
Mark how already in his working Brain,
He forms the well-concerted Scheme of Miſchief:
'Tis fix'd, 'tis done, and both are doom'd to Death——
And yet there is a Pauſe—If Graves are ſilent,
And the Dead wake not to moleſt the Living,
Be Death thy Portion — die, and with thee die
The Knowledge of our Loves.——

[Aribert *catches hold of* Seofrid *with one Hand, with the other draws his Sword, and holds it to his Breaſt.*

Seof. What means my Lord?——

Ethel. Oh hold! for Mercy's ſake reſtrain thy Hand,
[*Holding his Hand.*
Blot not thy Innocence with guiltleſs Blood.
What would thy raſh, thy frantick Rage intend?

Ari. Thy Safety and my own——

Ethel. Truſt 'em to Heav'n.

Seof. Has then my hoary Head deſerv'd no better,
Than to behold my Royal Maſter's Son
Lift up his armed Hand againſt my Life?
Oh Prince, oh wherefore burn your Eyes, and why,
Why is your ſweeteſt Temper turn'd to Fury?

Ari. Oh thou haſt ſeen, and heard, and known too much;
Haſt pry'd into the Secret of my Heart,
And found the certain Means of my undoing.

Seof. Where is the Merit of my former Life,
The try'd Experience of my faithful Years!
Are they forgot, and can I be that Villain!

Ari. Thou wert my Father's old, his faithful Servant.

Seof. Now by thy Life, our Empire's other Hope,
O Royal Youth, I ſwear my Heart bleeds for thee;
Nor can this Object of thy fond Deſire,
This lovely weeping Fair, be dearer to thee,
Than thou art to thy faithful *Seofrid*.
I ſaw thy Love, I heard thy tender Sorrows,
With ſomewhat like an anxious Father's Pity,
With Cares, and with a thouſand Fears for thee.

Ari. What! is it poſſible!

Seof. Of all the Names
Religion knows, point the moſt ſacred out,
And let me ſwear by that.

Ari. I would believe thee.
Forgive the Madneſs of my firſt Deſpair,
[*Letting fall his Sword.*
And if thou haſt Compaſſion, ſhew it now;
Be now that Friend, be now that Father to me,
Be now that Guardian Angel which I want,
Have Pity on my Youth, and ſave my Love.

Seof.

Seof. First then, to stay these sudden Gusts of Passion
That hurry you from Reason, rest assur'd
The Secret of your Love lives with me only.
The Dangers are not small that seem to threaten you;
Yet, would you trust you to your old Man's Care,
I durst be bold to warrant yet your Safety.

Ari. Perhaps the ruling Hand of Heav'n is in it;
And working thus unseen by second Causes,
Ordains thee for its Instrument of Good,
To me, and to my Love. Then be it so,
I trust thee with my Life; but oh! yet more
I trust thee with a Treasure that transcends
To infinite Degrees the Life of *Aribert*;
I trust thee with the Partner of my Soul,
My Wife, the kindest, dearest, and the truest,
That ever wore the Name.

Seof. Now Blessings on you——
May Peace of Mind and mutual Joys attend
To crown your fair Affections. May the Sorrows,
That now sit heavy on you, pass away,
And a long Train of smiling Years succeed,
To pay you for the past.

Ari It was my Chance,
On that distinguish'd Day when valiant *Flavian*,
A Name renown'd among the *British* Chiefs,
Fell by the Swords of our victorious *Saxons*,
To rescue this his Daughter from the Violence
Of the fierce Soldiers Rage. Nor need I tell thee,
For thou thy self behold'st her, that I lov'd her,
Lov'd her and was belov'd; our meeting Hearts
Consented soon, and Marriage made us one.
Her holy Faith and Christian Cross, oppos'd
Against the *Saxon* Gods, join'd with the Memory

Of the dread King my Father's fierce Command,
Urg'd me to ſeek my *Ethelinda*'s Safety,
And hide her from the World. Juſt to my Wiſh,
Beneath the friendly Covert of a Wood,
Cloſe by whoſe Side the ſilver *Medway* ran,
I found a little pleaſant, lonely Cottage,
A Manſion fit for Innocence and Love,
Had but a Guard of Angels dwelt around it
To keep off Violence——but forc'd from thence——
By whom betray'd—— Why I behold her here——
There I am loſt——

Ethel. There my ſad Part begins.
It was the ſecond Morn ſince thou hadſt left me,
When through the Wood I took my uſual Way,
To ſeek the Coolneſs of the well-ſpread Shade
That overlooks the Flood. On a ſear Branch,
Low bending to the Bank, I ſate me down,
Muſing and ſtill; my Hand ſuſtain'd my Head,
My Eyes were fix'd upon the paſſing Stream,
And all my Thoughts were bent on Heav'n and thee.
When ſudden through the Woods a bounding Stag
Ruſh'd headlong down, and plung'd amidſt the River.
Nor far behind upon a foaming Horſe,
There follow'd hard a Man of Royal Port.
I roſe, and would have ſought the thicker Wood;
But while I hurry'd on my haſty Flight,
My heedleſs Feet deceiv'd me, and I fell.
Strait leaping from his Horſe, he rais'd me up.
Surpriz'd and troubl'd at the ſudden Chance,
I begg'd he would permit me to retire;
But he with furious, wild, diſorder'd Looks,
His Eyes and glowing Viſage flaſhing Flame,
Swore 'twas impoſſible; he never would,

He

He could not leave me : with ten thouſand Ravings,
The Dictates of his looſer Rage. At length
He ſeiz'd my trembling Hand: I ſhriek'd, and call'd
To Heav'n for Aid, when in a luckleſs Hour,
Your Faithful Servants, *Adelmar* and *Kenwald*,
Came up, and loſt their Lives in my Defence.

Ari. Where will the Horror of thy Tale have End?

Ethel. The furious King (for ſuch I found he was)
By three Attendants join'd, bore me away,
Reſiſtleſs, dying, ſenſeleſs with my Fears.
Since then, a wretched Captive I deplore
Our Common Woes; for mine, I know are thine.

Ari. Witneſs the Sorrows of the preſent Hour,
The Fears that rend ev'n now my lab'ring Heart,
For thee, and for my ſelf. And yet, alas!
What are the preſent Ills, compar'd to thoſe
That yet remain behind, for both to ſuffer?
Think where thy helpleſs Innocence is lodg'd;
The Rage of lawleſs Pow'r, and burning Luſt,
Are bent on thee; 'tis Hell's important Cauſe,
And all its blackeſt Fiends are arm'd againſt thee.

Ethel. 'Tis terrible! my Fears are mighty on me,
And all the Coward Woman trembles in me.
But oh! when Hope and never-failing Faith
Revive my fainting Soul, and lift my Thoughts
Up to yon azure Sky, and burning Lights above,
Methinks I ſee the Warlike Hoſt of Heaven
Radiant in glittering Arms, and beamy Gold,
The great Angelick Pow'rs go forth by Bands,
To ſuccour Truth and Innocence below.
Hell trembles at the Sight, and hides its Head
In utmoſt Darkneſs, while on Earth each Heart,

Like mine, is fill'd with Peace and Joy unutterable.
Seof. Whatever Gods there be, their Care you are.
Nor let your gentle Breast harbour one Thought
Of Outrage from the King: His noble Nature,
Tho' warm, tho' fierce, and prone to sudden Passions,
Is just and gentle, when the torrent Rage
Ebbs out, and cooler Reason comes again.
Should he (which all ye holy Pow'rs avert)
Urg'd by his Love, rush on to impious Force,
If that should happen, in that last Extream,
On Peril of my Life I will assist you,
And you shall find your Safety in your Flight.
Ari. Oh guard her Innocence, let all thy Care
Be watchful, to preserve her from Dishonour.
Seof. Rest on my Diligence and Caution safe.
E'er twice the Ruler of the Day return,
To gild the chalky Cliffs on *Britain*'s Shoar,
Some favourable Moment shall be found,
To move the King, your Royal Brother's Heart,
With the sad tender Story of your Loves.
'Till then be chear'd, and hide your inward Sorrows
With well dissembled necessary Smiles;
Let the King read Compliance in your Looks,
A free and ready yielding to his Wishes.
At present, to prevent his Doubts, 'twere fit
That you should take a hasty Leave, and part.
Ethel. What! must we part?
Seof. But for a few short Hours,
That you may meet in Joy, and part no more.
Ari. Oh fatal Sound! oh Grief unknown 'till now!
While thou art present my sad Heart seems lighter;
I gaze, and gather Comfort from thy Beauty;
Thy gentle Eyes send forth a quick'ning Spirit,

And

And feed the dying Lamp of Life within me;
But oh! when thou art gone, and my fond Eyes
Shall ſeek thee all round, but ſeek in vain,
What Pow'r, what Angel ſhall ſupply thy Place,
Shall help me to ſupport my Sorrows then,
And ſave my Soul from Death?

Ethel. My Life! my Lord!
What would my Heart ſay to thee!——but no more——
Oh lift thy Eyes up to that Holy Pow'r,
Whoſe wondrous Truths, and Majeſty Divine,
Thy *Ethelinda* taught thee firſt to know;
There fix thy Faith, and triumph o'er the World:
For who can help, or who can ſave beſides?
Does not the Deep grow calm, and the rude North
Be huſh'd at his Command? thro' all his Works,
Does not his Servant Nature hear his Voice?
Hear and obey? Then what is impious Man
That we ſhould fear him, when Heav'n owns our Cauſe?
That Heav'n ſhall make my *Aribert* its Care,
Shall to thy Groans and Sighings lend an Ear,
And ſave thee in the moment of Deſpair.

Ari. Oh! thou haſt touch'd me with the ſacred Theme,
And my cold Heart is kindled at thy Flame;
An active Hope grows buſie in my Breaſt,
And ſomething tells me we ſhall both be bleſt.
Like thine, my Eyes the Starry Thrones purſue,
And Heav'n diſclos'd ſtands open to my View:
And ſee the Guardian Angels of the Good,
Reclining ſoft on many a Golden Cloud,
To Earth they ſeem their gentle Heads to bow,
And pity what we ſuffer here below;
But oh! to thee, thee moſt they ſeem to turn,
Joy in thy Joys, and for thy Sorrows mourn:

Thee,

Thee, oh my Love, their common Care they make,
Me to their kind Protection too they take,
And ſave me for my *Ethelinda's* ſake.

[*Exeunt* Seofrid *and* Ethelinda *at one Door*, Aribert *at the other*.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Seofrid.

Seof. WHAT is the boaſted Majeſty of Kings,
Their Godlike Greatneſs, if their Fate depends
Upon that meaneſt of their Paſſions, Love?
The Pile their warlike Fathers toil'd to raiſe,
To raiſe a Monument of deathleſs Fame,
A Woman's Hand o'er-turns. The Cedar thus,
That lifted his aſpiring Head to Heav'n,
Secure, and fearleſs of the ſounding Axe,
Is made the Prey of Worms; his Root deſtroy'd,
He ſinks at once to Earth, the mighty Ruin,
And Triumph of a wretched Inſect's Pow'r.
Is there a Remedy in human Wiſdom,
My Mind has left unſought, to help this Evil?
I would preſerve 'em both, the Royal Brothers;
But if their Fates ordain that one muſt fall,
Then let my Maſter ſtand. This Chriſtian Woman ——
Ay, there the Miſchief comes! —— What are our Gods,
That they permit her to defie their Pow'r?

But

But that's not much, let their Priests look to that.
Were she but well remov'd——But then the King——
Why, Absence, Business, or another Face,
A thousand Things may cure him—wou'd 'twere done,
And my Head safe——That! let me look to that——
But see the Husband comes!——ha!——not ill thought
It shall be try'd at least.————

Enter Aribert.

Ari. Still to this Place
My Heart inclines, still hither turn my Eyes.
Hither my Feet unbidden find their way.
Like a fond Mother from her dying Babe
Forc'd by officious Friends, and Servants Care,
I linger at the Door, and wish to know,
Yet dread to hear the Fate of what I Love.
Oh *Seofrid!* Do'st thou not wonder much,
And pity my weak Temper, when thou seest me
Thus in a Moment chang'd from Hot to Cold,
My active Fancy glowing now with Hopes,
Anon thus drooping; Death in my pale Visage,
My Heart, and my chill Veins, all freezing with Despair?

Seof. I bear an equal Portion of your Sorrows,
Your Fears too all are mine. And oh! my Prince,
I would partake your Hopes; but my cold Age,
Still apt to doubt the worst————

Ari. What do'st thou doubt?

Seof. Nay! nothing worse than what we both have fear'd.

Ari. How! nothing!—— speak thy Fear.

Seof. Why —— nothing new.
The King——that's all.

Ari. The King!——Oh that's too much!

And

And yet —— yet there is more, I read it plain
In thy dark sullen Visage———like a Storm
That gathers black upon the frowning Sky,
And grumbles in the Wind —— But let it come,
Let the whole Tempest burst upon my Head,
Let the fierce Lightning blast, the Thunder rive me;
For oh 'tis sure the Fear of what may come,
Does far transcend the Pain.

Seof. You fear too soon,
And Fancy drives you much too fiercely on.
I do not say that what may happen, will:
Chance often mocks what wisely we foresee.
Besides, the ruling Gods are over all,
And order as they please their World below.
The King, 'tis true, is Noble——but Impetuous;
And Love, or call it by the coarser Name,
Lust, is, of all the Frailties of our Nature,
What most we ought to fear; the headstrong Beast
Rushes along, impatient for the Course,
Nor hears the Rider's Call, nor feels the Rein.

Ari. What would'st thou have me think?

Seof. Think of the worst,
Your better Fortune will arrive more welcome.
To speak then with that Openness of Heart
That should deserve your Trust, I have my Fears.
What if, at some dead Hour of Night, the King
Intend a Visit to your weeping Princess?

Ari. Ha!———

Seof. He may go, 'tis true, with a fair Purpose.
Suppose her sunk into a downy Slumber,
Her beating Heart just tir'd, and gone to Rest:
Methinks I see her on her Couch repos'd,
The lovely, helpless, sweet, unguarded Innocence;

With

With gentle Heavings rife her ſnowy Breaſts,
Soft ſteals the balmy Breath, the roſie Hew
Glows on her Cheek, a deep Vermilion dyes
Her dewy Lip, while Peace and ſmiling Joy
Sit huſh'd and ſilent on the ſleeping Fair.
Then think what Thoughts invade the gazing King;
Catch'd with the ſudden Flame, at once he burns,
At once he flies reſiſtleſs on his Prey.
Waking ſhe ſtarts diſtracted with the Fright,
To *Aribert*'s lov'd Name in vain ſhe flies;
Shrieking ſhe calls her abſent Lord in vain.
The King poſſeſt of all his furious Will ——

Ari. Firſt ſink the Tyrant Raviſher to Hell,
Seize him, ye Fiends —— firſt periſh thou and I,
Let us not live to hear of ſo much Horror.
The curſed Deed will turn me ſavage wild,
Blot ev'ry Thought of Nature from my Soul.
A Brother! —— I will ruſh and tear his Breaſt,
Be drunk with guſhing Blood, and glut my Vengeance
With his inceſtuous Heart.

Seof. It is but juſt
You ſhould be mov'd, for ſure the Thought is dreadful.
But keep this ſwelling Indignation down,
And let your cooler Reaſon now prevail,
That may perhaps find out ſome means of Safety.

Ari. Talk'ſt thou of Safety! — we may talk of Heav'n,
May gaze with Rapture on yon ſtarry Regions;
But who ſhall lend us Wings to reach their height?
Impoſſible! ————

Seof. There is a Way yet left,
And only one.

Ari. Ha! ſpeak ————

Seof. Her ſudden Flight.

Ari. Oh! by what friendly Means? Be ſwift to an-
ſwer,
Nor waſte the precious Minutes with Delay.
Seof. The King, now abſent from the Palace, ſeems
To yield a fair Occaſion for your Wiſhes;
A private Poſtern opens to my Gardens,
Thro' which the beauteous Captive might remove
'Till Night, and a Diſguiſe ſhall farther aid her,
To fly with Safety to the *Britons* Camp.
'Tis true, one Danger I might well object ——
Ari. Oh! do not, do not blaſt the ſpringing Hopes
Which thy kind Hand has planted in my Soul,
If there be Danger, turn it all on me.
Let my devoted Head ————
Seof. Nay! —'tis not much,
'Tis but my Life; and I would gladly give it,
To buy your Peace of Mind.
Ari. Alas! what mean'ſt thou?
Seof. Does it not follow plain? ſhall not the King
Turn all his Rage upon this hoary Head?
Shall not all Arts of Cruelty be try'd,
To find out Tortures equal to my Falſhood?
Imagine you behold me bound and ſcourg'd,
My aged Muſcles harrow'd up with Whips,
Or hear me groaning on the rending Rack,
Groaning and ſcreaming with the ſharpeſt Senſe
Of piercing Pain; or ſee me gaſh'd with Knives,
And ſear'd with burning Steel, 'till the ſcorch'd Marrow
Fries in the Bones, the ſhrinking Sinews ſtart,
A ſmeary Foam works o'er my grinding Jaws,
And utmoſt Anguiſh ſhakes my lab'ring Frame:
For thus it muſt be.
Ari. Oh! my Friend! my Father!

It

It muſt not be, it never can, it ſha'not.
Wouldſt thou be kind, and ſave my *Ethelinda*,
Leave me to anſwer all thy Brother's Fury.
The Crime, the Falſhood, ſhall be all my own.
Seof. Juſt to my Wiſh. [*Aſide.*
Ari. Thou ſhalt accuſe me to him.
Thou know'ſt his own Admittance gave me Entrance:
Swear that I ſtole her, that I forc'd her from thee;
Frame, with thy utmoſt Skill, ſome artful Tale,
And I'll avow it all.
Seof. Then have you thought
Upon the Danger, Sir?
Ari. Oh, there is none,
Can be no Danger while my Love is ſafe.
Seof. Methinks indeed it leſſens to my View.
When the firſt Violenge of Rage is over,
The Fondneſs of a Brother will return,
And plead your Cauſe with Nature in his Heart:
You will, you muſt be ſafe; and yet 'tis hard,
And grieves me much I ſhould accuſe you to him.
Ari. 'Tis that muſt cover the Deſign. But fly,
Loſe not a Minute's time.
Haſte to remove her from this curſed Place;
My faithful *Oſwald* ſhall at Night attend thee,
And help to guide her to the *Britiſh* Camp;
Thou know'ſt that is not far.
Seof. Too near I know it. [*Aſide.*
Ari. She has a Brother there, the noble *Lucius*,
A gallant Youth, and dear to brave *Ambroſius*;
To his kind Care reſign thy beauteous Charge.
Seof. This Inſtant I obey you. [*Going.*
Ari. Half my Fears
Are over now ———

Seof.

Seof. One thing I had forgot.
It will import as much, that you ſhould ſeem
Inclin'd to meet the Love of haughty *Rodogune:*
'Twill coſt you but a little courtly Flattery,
A kind reſpectful Look, join'd with a Sigh,
And few ſoft tender Words, that mean juſt nothing,
Yet win moſt Womens Hearts. But ſee ſhe comes,
Conſtrain your Temper, Sir, be falſe, and meet her
With her own Sex's Arts; purſue your Task,
And doubt not all ſhall proſper to your Wiſh.

[*Exit* Seofrid.

Aribert *ſolus.*

Ari. She comes indeed! Now where ſhall I begin,
How ſhall I teach my Tongue to frame a Language
So different from my Heart? Oh *Ethelinda!*
My Heart was made to fit and pair with thine,
Simple and plain, and fraught with artleſs Tenderneſs;
Form'd to receive one Love, and only one,
But pleas'd and proud, and dearly fond of that,
It knows not what there can be in Variety,
And would not if it could.

Enter Rodogune.

Rodo. Why do I ſtay,
Why linger thus within this hated Place,
Where ev'ry Object ſhocks my loathing Eyes,
And calls my injur'd Glory to Remembrance?
The King! —— the Wretch; but wherefore did I name him?
Find out, my Soul, in thy rich Store of Thought,
Somewhat more Great, more Worthy of thy ſelf;
Or let the mimick Fancy ſhew its Art,
And paint ſome pleaſing Image to delight me.

Let

Let Beauty mix with Majesty and Youth,
Let manly Grace be temper'd well with Softness;
Let Love, the God himself, adorn the Work,
And I will call the charming Fantom, *Aribert*.
Oh *Venus!* - — whither —— whither would I wander?
Be hush'd, my Tongue — ye Gods! — 'tis he himself. —
[*Seeing* Ari.

Ari. When, fairest Princess, you avoid our Court,
And lonely thus from the full Pomp retire,
Love and the Graces follow to your Solitude;
They croud to form the shining Circle round you,
And all the Train seems yours; while Purple Majesty,
And all those outward Shews which we call Greatness,
Languish and droop, seem empty and forsaken,
And draw the wondering Gazer's Eyes no more.

Rodo. The Courtier's Art is meanly known in *Britain*,
If yours present their Service, and their Vows,
At any Shrine but where their Master kneels.
You know your Brother pays not his to me,
Nor would I that he should.

Ari. The Hearts of Kings
Are plac'd, 'tis true, beyond their Subjects search;
Yet might I judge by Love or Reason's Rules,
Where shall my Brother find on Earth a Beauty,
Like what I now behold?

Rodo. That you can flatter,
Is common to your Sex; you say indeed,
We Women love it ——— and perhaps we do.
Fools that we are, we know that you deceive us,
And yet, as if the Fraud were pleasing to us,
And our undoing Joy ——— still you go on,
And still we hear you ——— But, to change the Theme,
I'll find a fitter for you than my Beauty. ———

Ari.

Ari. Then let it be the Love of Royal *Hengist*.

Rodo. The King, your Brother, could not chuſe an Advocate,
Whom I would ſooner hear on any Subject,
Bating that only one, his Love, than you;
Tho' you perhaps (for ſome have wondrous Arts)
Could ſoften the harſh Sound. The String that jars,
When rudely touch'd ungrateful to the Senſe,
With Pleaſure feels the Maſter's flying Fingers,
Swells into Harmony, and charms the Hearers.

Ari. Then hear me ſpeak of Love.——

Rodo. But not of his.

Ari. 'Tis true, I ſhould not grace the Story much,
Rude and unskilful in the moving Paſſion,
I ſhould not paint its Flames with equal Warmth;
Strength, Life, and glowing Colours would be wanting,
And languid Nature ſpeak the Work imperfect.

Rodo. Then happ'ly yet your Breaſt remains untouch'd;
Though that ſeems ſtrange: You've ſeen the Court of *Britain*;
There, as I oft have heard, imperial Beauty
Reigns in its native Throne, like Light in Heaven;
While all the Fair Ones of our neighb'ring World,
With ſecond Luſtre meanly ſeem to ſhine,
The faint Reflections of the Glory there.

Ari. If e'er my Heart incline to Thoughts of Love,
Methinks I ſhould not (tho' perhaps I err)
Expect to meet the gentle Paſſion join'd
With Pomp and Greatneſs: Courts may boaſt of Beauty,
But Love is ſeldom found to dwell amongſt 'em.

Rodo. Then Courts are wretched.

Ari. So they ſeem to Love.

From

From Pride, from Wealth, from Buſineſs, and from Pow'r,
Loathing he flies, and ſeeks the peaceful Village;
He ſeeks the Cottage in the tufted Grove,
The ruſſet Fallows, and the verdant Lawns,
The clear cool Brook, and the deep woody Glade,
Bright Winter Fires, and Summer Ev'nings Suns.
Theſe he prefers to gilded Roofs and Crowns;
Here he delights to pair the conſtant Swain,
With the ſweet, unaffected, yielding Maid;
Here is his Empire, here his Choice to reign,
Here, where he dwells with Innocence and Truth.

Rodo. To Minds which know no better, theſe are Joys;
But Princes, ſure, are born with nobler Thoughts.
Love, is in them a Flame that mounts to Heav'n,
And ſeeks its Source Divine, and Kindred Stars;
That urges on the Mortal Man to dare,
Kindles the vaſt Deſires of Glory in him,
And makes Ambition's ſacred Fires burn bright.
Nor you, howe'er your Tongue diſguiſe your Heart,
Have meaner Hopes than theſe.

Ari. Mine have been ſtill
Match'd with my Birth; a younger Brother's Hopes.

Rodo. Nay more; Methinks I read your future Greatneſs;
And, like ſome Bard inſpir'd, I could foretel
What wondrous things our Gods reſerve for you.
Perhaps, ev'n now, your better Stars are join'd;
Auſpicious Love and Fortune now conſpire,
At once to crown you, and beſtow that Greatneſs,
Which partial Nature at your Birth deny'd.

Enter the King, Guards and other Attendants.

King. She muſt, ſhe ſhall be found, tho' ſhe be ſunk
Deep to the Center, tho' Eternal Night
Spread wide her ſable Wing, to ſhade her Beauties,
And ſhut me from her Sight. But ſay, thou Traytor;
Thou that haſt made the Name of Friendſhip vile,
And broke the Bonds of Duty and of Nature,
Where haſt thou hid thy Theft? —— So young, ſo falſe ---
Have I not been a Father to thy Youth,
And lov'd thee with a more than Brother's Love?
And am I thus repaid? ——— But bring her forth,
Or by our Gods thou dy'ſt.

Rodo. What means this Rage? [*Aſide.*

Ari. Then briefly thus: You are my King and Brother,
The Names which moſt I reverence on Earth,
And fear offending moſt. Yet to defend
My Honour and my Love from Violation,
O'er ev'ry Bar reſiſtleſs will I ruſh,
And, in deſpight of proud Tyrannick Pow'r,
Seize and aſſert my Right.

King. What thine! thy Right!
Riddles and Tales.

Ari. Mine by the dearest Tie,
By holy Marriage mine, ſhe is my Wife.

Rodo. Racks, Tortures, Madneſs, ſeize me! Oh Confuſion! [*Aſide.*

Ari. I ſee thy Heart ſwells, and thy flaming Viſage
Reddens with Rage at this unwelcome Truth;
But ſince I know my *Ethelinda* ſafe,
I have but little Care for what may happen.
To Morrow may be Heav'n's —— or yours to take,
If this Day be my laſt, why farewel Life;

I hold

I hold it well bestow'd for her I love.

Rodo. May Sorrow, Shame and Sickness overtake her,
And all her Beauties, like my Hopes, be blasted. [*Aside.*

King. So brave! But I shall find the Means to tame you,
To make thee curse thy Folly, curse thy Love,
And to the dreadful Gods, who reign beneath,
Devote thy fatal Bride. She is a Christian;
Remember that, fond Boy, and then remember
That sacred Vow, which, perjur'd as thou art,
Prostrate at *Woden*'s Altar, and invoking
With solemn *Runick* Rites, our Country's Gods,
Thou mad'st in Presence of our Royal Father.

Ari. Yes, I remember well the impious Oath,
Hardly extorted from my trembling Youth;
When burning with misguided Zeal, the King
Compell'd my Knee to bend before his Gods,
And forc'd us both to swear to what we knew not.

King. Now by the Honours of the *Saxon* Race,
A long and venerable Line of Heroes,
I swear thou art abandon'd, lost to Honour,
And fall'n from ev'ry great and godlike Thought.
Some whining Coward Priest has wrought upon thee,
And drawn thee from our brave Forefathers Faith,
False to our Gods, as to thy King and Brother.

Ari. 'Tis much beneath my Courage and my Truth,
To borrow any mean Disguise from Falshood.
No! —— 'tis my Glory that the Christian Light
Has dawn'd, like Day, upon my darker Mind,
And taught my Soul the noblest Use of Reason;
Taught her to soar aloft, to search, to know
The vast eternal Fountain of her Being;
Then, warm with Indignation, to despise

The Things you call our Country's Gods, to ſcorn
And trample on their ignominious Altars.

King. 'Tis well, Sir,---impious Boy!---Ye *Saxon* Gods;
And thou, oh Royal *Hengiſt*, whoſe dread Will
And injur'd Majeſty I now aſſert,
Hear, and be preſent to my Juſtice, hear me,
While thus I vow to your offended Deities
This Traitor's Life; he dies, nor ought on Earth
Saves his devoted Head. One to the Prieſts;
[*To the Attendants.*
Bid 'em be ſwift, and dreſs their bloody Altars
With ev'ry Circumſtance of Tragick Pomp;
To Day a Royal Victim bleeds upon 'em.
Rich ſhall the Smoak and ſteaming Gore aſcend,
To glut the Vengeance of our angry Gods.

Rodo. At once ten thouſand racking Paſſions tear me,
And my Heart heaves, as it would burſt my Boſom.
Oh can I, can I hear him doom'd to Death,
Nor ſtir, nor breath one ſingle Sound to ſave him?
It wo'not be —— and my fierce haughty Soul,
Whate'er ſhe ſuffers, ſtill diſdains to bend,
To ſue to the curſt, hated Tyrant King.
Oh Love! Oh Glory!---Would'ſt thou die thus tamely?
[*To* Aribert.
Is Life ſo ſmall a thing, ſo mean a Boon,
As is not worth the asking? ——— Thou art ſilent;
Wilt thou not plead for Life? ——— Intreat the Tyrant,
And waken Nature in his Iron Heart.

Ari. Life has ſo little in it good or pleaſing,
That ſince it ſeems not worth a Brother's Care,
'Tis hardly worth my asking.

King. Seize him, Guards,
And bear him to his Fate. [*Guards ſeize* Aribert.

Rodo.

Rodo. Yet, *Hengist*, know,
If thou shalt dare to touch his precious Life,
Know that the Gods and *Rodogune* prepare
The sharpest Scourges of vindictive War.
Fly where thou wilt, the Sword shall still pursue
With Vengeance, to a Brother's Murther due.
Driven out from Man, and mark'd for publick Scorn,
Thy ravish'd Scepter vainly shalt thou mourn.
And when at length thy wretched Life shall cease,
When in the silent Grave thou hop'st for Peace:
Think not the Grave shall hide thy hated Head!
Still, still I will pursue thy fleeting Shade;
I curs'd thee living, and will plague thee dead.

[*Exit* Rodogune.

King. On to the Temple with him: Let her rave,
And prophesie ten thousand thousand Horrors:
I could join with her now, and bid 'em come;
They fit the present Fury of my Soul.
The Stings of Love and Rage are fix'd within,
And drive me on to Madness, Earthquakes, Whirlwinds.
A general Wreck of Nature now would please me.
For oh! not all the driving wintry War,
When the Storm groans and bellows from afar,
When thro' the Gloom the glancing Lightnings fly,
Heavy the ratling Thunders roll on high,
And Seas and Earth mix with the dusky Sky;
Not all those warring Elements we fear,
Are equal to the inborn Tempest here;
Fierce as the Thoughts which mortal Man controul,
When Love and Rage contend, and tear the lab'ring Soul.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The SCENE *is a Temple adorn'd according to the Superſtition of the Antient* Saxons; *in the Middle are plac'd their three principal Idols,* Thor, Woden, *and* Freya.

Muſick is heard at a Diſtance, as of the Prieſts preparing for the Sacrifice. Then

Enter Aribert.

Ari. ALL Night the bloody Prieſts, a dreadful Band,
Have watch'd intent upon their horrid Rites,
With many a dire and execrable Pray'r,
Calling the Fiends beneath, the ſullen *Demons*
That dwell in Darkneſs deep, and Foe to Man,
Delight in reeking Streams of human Gore,
Now huddled on a Heap, they murmur'd hoarſe,
And hiſſing whiſper'd round their myſtick Charms;
And now, as if by ſudden Madneſs ſtruck,
With Screamings ſhrill they ſhook the vaulted Roof,
And vex'd the ſtill, the ſilent ſolemn Midnight.
Such ſure in everlaſting Flames below,
Such are the Groans of poor lamenting Ghoſts,
And ſuch the Howlings of the laſt Deſpair,
Anon to Sounds of Woe and magick Strings,
They danc'd in wild fantaſtick Meaſures round;
Then all at once they bent their ghaſtly Viſages

On

On me, and yelling, thrice they cry'd out, *Aribert*!
I have endur'd their Horrors——And at length
See! the Night wears away, and chearful Morn,
All ſweet and freſh, ſpreads from the roſie Eaſt:
Fair Nature ſeems reviv'd, and ev'n my Heart
Sits light and jocund at the Day's Return,
And fearleſs waits an End of all its Sufferings.

Enter one of the Guards, he delivers a Letter to Aribert.

Guar. From *Oſwald* this, on Peril of my Life
I have engag'd to render to your Hands. [*Exit.*

Ari. reads.] Seofrid *has been juſt to his Word; he has deliver'd the* fair Ethelinda *to my Charge: we have happily paſt all the Guards, and hope in two Hours to reach the* Briton's *Camp.*

From your faithful Oſwald.

Then thou haſt nothing left on Earth, my Soul,
Worthy thy farther Care. Why do I ſtay,
Why linger then, and want my Heav'n ſo long?
To live is to continue to be wretched,
And robs me of a great and glorious Death.

Enter Rodogune *with an Officer, he ſpeaks to her entring.*

Offic. Thus *Offa* to his beauteous Siſter ſends;
Depend upon a Brother's Love and Care,
To further all you wiſh.

Rodo. 'Tis well! be near, [*Exit Officer.*
And wait my farther Order. See! my Heart,
See there thy deareſt Choice, thy fond Deſire.
See with how clear a Brow, what chearful Grace,
With all its native Sweetneſs undiſturb'd,
The noble Youth attends his harder Fate.

I came to join my friendly Grief with yours, [*To* Arib.
To curſe your Tyrant Brother, and deplore
Your youthful Hopes, thus all untimely blaſted:
But you, I ſee, have learn'd to ſcorn your Danger;
You wear a Face of Triumph, not of Mourning:
Has Death ſo little in it?

Ari. Oh! 'tis nothing,
To Minds that weigh it well: The Vulgar fear it,
And yet they know not why. Since never any
Did from that dark and doubtful Land as yet
Turn back again to tell us 'tis a Pain.
To me it ſeems like a long wiſh'd for Happineſs,
Beyond what ev'n our Expectation paints;
'Tis Comfort to the Soul, 'tis Peace, 'tis Reſt;
It comes like Slumber to the ſick Man's Eyes.
Burning and reſtleſs with a Feaver's Rage,
All Night he toſſes on his weary Bed;
He tells the tedious Minutes as they paſs,
And turns, and turns, and ſeeks for eaſe in vain;
But if, at Morning's Dawn, ſweet Sleep falls on him,
Think with what Pleaſure he reſigns his Senſes,
Sinks to his Pillow, and forgets his Pain.

Rodo. Perhaps it may be ſuch a State of Indolence;
But ſure the active Soul ſhould therefore fear it.
The Gods have dealt unjuſtly with their Creatures,
If barely they beſtow a wretched Being,
And ſcatter not ſome Pleaſures with the Pain,
To make it worth their keeping. Is there nothing
Could make you wiſh to live?

Ari. Oh! yes, there is;
There is a Bleſſing I could wiſh to live for,
To live, for Years, for Ages to enjoy it.
But far, alas! divided from my Arms,

It

It leaves the World a Wilderness before me,
With nothing worth desiring.

Rodo. Dull and cold!
Or cold at least to me, dull, dull Indifference. [*Aside.*
What if some pitying Pow'r look down from Heav'n,
And kindly visit your afflicted Fortunes!
What if it send some unexpected Aid,
Some generous Heart, and some prevailing Hand,
Willing to save, and mighty to defend,
Who from the gloomy Confines of the Grave,
Timely shall snatch, shall bring you back to Life,
And raise you up to Empire and to Love?

Ari. The wretched have few Friends, at least on Earth:
Then what have I to hope?

Rodo. Hope every thing,
Hope all that Merit, such as yours, may claim,
Such as commands the World, exacts their Homage,
And makes ev'n all the Good and Brave your Friends.

Ari. And can you then vouchsafe to flatter Misery?
T'enrich so fall'n, so lost a thing as I am,
With the sweet Breath of Praise? So pious Virgins
Rob the whole Spring to make their Garlands fine,
Then hang 'em on a senseless Marble Tomb.

Rodo. A burning Purple flushes o'er my Face,
And Shame forbids my Tongue, or I would say,
That I----Oh *Aribert*!----I am thy Friend.
Yet wherefore should I blush to own the Thought?
For who!----who would not be the Friend of *Aribert*!

Ari. Why is this wondrous Goodness lost upon me?
Why is this Bounty lavish'd on a Bankrupt,
Who has not left another Hour of Life
To pay the mighty Debt?

Rodo. Oh! let me yet,
Yet add to it, and ſwell the Sum yet higher;
Nor doubt but Fate ſhall find the Means to pay it.
Know then that I have paſs'd this live-long Night,
Sleepleſs and anxious with my Cares for thee;
The Gods have ſure approv'd the pious Thought,
And crown'd it with Succeſs. Since I have gain'd
Alfred, the Chief of mighty *Woden*'s Prieſts,
To find a certain Way for thy Eſcape.
One of the ſacred Habits is at Hand
Prepar'd for thy Diſguiſe, the holy Man
Attends to guide thee to my Brother's Camp:
My ſelf----Oh! yet lie ſtill, my beating Heart---[*Aſide.*
Whatever Dangers chance, my ſelf will be
The Partner and the Guardian of thy Flight.

Ari. Now what Return to make---Oh let me ſink,
With all theſe warring Thoughts together in me,
Bluſhing to Earth, and hide the vaſt Confuſion.

Rodo. Ye Gods! he anſwers not, but hangs his Head
In ſullen Silence; ſee! he turns away,
And bends his gloomy Viſage to the Earth.
To what am I betray'd! Oh Shame! Diſhonour!
And more than Woman's Weakneſs! He has ſeen me,
Seen my fond Heart, and ſcorns the eaſie Prize.
Blaſt me, ye Lightnings, ſtrike me to the Centre,
Drive, drive me down, down to the Depths beneath:
Let me not live, nor think----let me not think,
For I have been deſpis'd---ten thouſand thouſand,
And yet ten thouſand Curſes———Oh my Folly!----!

Ari. Thus let me fall, thus lowly to the Earth,
[*Kneeling.*
In humble Adoration of your Goodneſs;
Thus with my lateſt Accents breathe your Name,

And

And bless you e'er I die. Oh *Rodogune!*
Fair Royal Maid! to thee be all thy Wishes,
Content and everlasting Peace dwell with thee,
And every Joy be thine. Nor let one Thought
Of this ungrateful, this unhappy *Aribert*
Remain behind, to call a sudden Sigh,
Or stain thee with a Tear. Behold I go,
Doom'd by Eternal Fate, to my long Rest;
Then let my Name too die, sink to Oblivion,
And sleep in Silence with me in the Grave.

Rodo. Dost thou not wish to live?

Ari. I cannot.

Rodo. Why?
Behold I give thee Life.

Ari. And therefore—oh!
Therefore I cannot take it. I dare die,
But dare not be oblig'd. I dare not owe
What I can never render back.

Rodo. Confusion!
Is then the Blessing, Life, become a Curse,
When offer'd to thee by my baleful Hand?

Ari. Oh no! for you are all that's good and gracious;
Nature, that makes your Sex the Joy of ours,
Made you the Pride of both; she gave you Sweetness,
So mix'd with Strength, with Majesty so rais'd,
To make the willing World confess your Empire,
And love, while they obey. Nor stay'd she there,
But to the Body fitted so the Mind,
As each were fashion'd singly to excel,
As if so fair a Form disdain'd to harbour
A Soul less great, and that great Soul could find
Nothing so like the Heav'n from whence it came,
As that fair Form to dwell in.

Rodo. Soothing Sounds!
Delightful Flattery from him we love; [*Aside.*
But what are these to my impatient Hopes?

Ari. Yet wherefore should this mighty Mass of Wealth
Be vainly plac'd before my wondring Eyes,
Since I must ne'er possess it, since my Heart,
Once giv'n, can ne'er return, can know no Name
But *Ethelinda*, only *Ethelinda?*
Fix'd to its Choice, and obstinately constant,
It listens not to any other Call.
So rigid Hermits, that forsake the World,
Are deaf to Glory, Greatness, Pomps and Pleasures;
Severe in Zeal, and insolently pious,
They let attending Princes vainly wait,
Knock at their Cells, and lure 'em forth in vain.

Rodo. How is she form'd? with what superior Grace,
This Rival of my Love? What envious God,
In scorn of Nature's wretched Works below,
Improv'd and made her more than half Divine?
How has he taught her Lips to breathe *Ambrosia*?
How dy'd her Blushes with the Morning's Red,
And cloath'd her with the fairest Beams of Light,
To make her shine beyond me?

Ari. Spare the Theme.

Rodo. But then her Mind! ye Gods, which of you all
Could make that great, and fit to rival mine?
What more than heavenly Fire informs the Mass?
Has she a Soul can dare beyond our Sex,
Beyond ev'n Man himself, can dare like mine?
Can she resolve to bear the secret Stings
Of Shame and conscious Pride, distracting Rage,
And all the deadly Pangs of Love despis'd?
Oh no! she cannot, Nature cannot bear it; [*Weeping.*

It

It ſinks ev'n me, the Torrent drives me down,
The native Greatneſs of my Spirit fails,
Thus melts, and thus runs guſhing thro' my Eyes,
The Floods of Sorrow drown my dying Voice,
And I can only call thee —— Cruel *Aribert!*

Ari. Oh thou, juſt Heav'n, if mortal Man may dare
To look into thy great Decrees, thy Fate,
Were it not better I had never been,
Than thus to bring Affliction and Misfortune,
Thus curſe what thou hadſt made ſo good and fair?

Rodo. But ſee! the King and cruel Prieſts appear,
Nor can I ſave thee now. Thou haſt thy Wiſh; [*To* Arib.
But what remains for me? My Heart beats faſt,
And ſwells, impatient at the Tyrant's Sight.
My Blood, e'erwhile at Ebb, now flows again,
And with new Rage I burn. Since Love is loſt,
Come thou Revenge, ſucceed thou to my Boſom,
And reign in all my Soul. Yes, I will find her,
This fatal ſhe, for whom I am deſpis'd.
Look that ſhe be your Maſter-Piece, ye Gods;
Let each celeſtial Hand ſome Grace impart,
To this rare Pattern of your forming Art;
Such may ſhe be, my jealous Rage to move,
Such as you never made 'till now, to prove
A Victim worthy my offended Love.

[*Exit* Rodogune.

Enter at the other Door the King, Prieſts, Guards and other Attendants.

King. Haſt thou bethought thee yet, perfidious Boy!
Wo't thou yet render back thy Theft? Conſider,
The Precipice is juſt beneath thy Feet,
'Tis but a Moment, and I puſh thee off,
To plunge for ever in eternal Darkneſs.

Somewhat

Somewhat like Nature has been busie here,
And made a Struggle for thee in my Soul:
Restore my Love, and be again my Brother.

Ari. Rage, and the Violence of lawless Passion,
Have blinded your clear Reason; wherefore else
This frantick wild Demand? What! should I yield,
Give up my Love, my Wife, my *Ethelinda*,
To an incestuous Brother's dire Embrace?
Oh Horror!—But, to bar the impious Thought,
Know!—Heav'n and brave *Ambrosius* are her Guard:
E'er this, her Flight has reach'd the *Britons* Camp,
And found her Safety there.

King. Fled to the *Britons*!
Oh most accursed Traitor! Let her fly,
Far as the early Day-spring in the East,
Or to the utmost Ocean, where the Sun
Descends to other Skies and Worlds unknown;
Ev'n thither shall my Love take Wing and follow,
To seize the flying Fair. The *Britons*————Gods!
Shall they with-hold her!—First, my Arms shall shake
Their Island to the Center. But for thee,
Think'st thou to awe me with that Fantom, Incest?
Such empty Names may fright thy Coward Soul;
But know that mine disdains 'em. Bind him strait,
[*To the Priests.*
I wo'not lose another Thought about thee. [*To* Aribert.
Begin the Rites, and dye the hallow'd Steel
Deep in his Christian Blood. The Gods demand him.

Ari. Why then, no more. But if we meet again,
As, when the Day of great Account shall come,
Perhaps we may, may'st thou find Mercy there,
More than thou shew'st thy Brother here. Farewel.

King.

King. Farewel. To Death with him, and end the Dreamer.

[*The Priests bind* Aribert, *and lead him to the Altar. While the solemn Musick is playing,*

Enter Seofrid.

Seof. Haste, and break off your unauspicious Rites:
The instant Dangers summon you away;
Destruction threatens in our frighted Streets,
And the Gods call to Arms.

King. What means the Fear
That trembles in thy pale, thy haggard Visage?
Speak out, and ease this Labour of thy Soul.

Seof. Oh fly, my Lord; the Torrent grows upon us,
And while I speak we're lost. Fierce *Offa* comes;
From ev'ry Part his crowding Ensigns enter,
And this way waving bend. With idle Arms
Your Soldier careless stands, and bids 'em pass;
Some join, but all refuse to arm against 'em;
They call 'em Friends, Companions, and their Countrymen.
A chosen Band, led by the haughty Princess,
Imperious *Rodogune*, move swiftly hither
To intercept your Passage to the Palace.
That only Strength is left, then fly to reach it.

King. Curst Chance! But haste, dispatch that Traitor strait;
They shall not bar my Vengeance.

Seof. Sacred Sir,
Think only on your Safety. For the Prince,
Your Crown, but more your Love, a thousand Reasons,
All urge you to defer his Fate; Time presses,
Or I could speak 'em plain.

King. Then hear me, Priest,
I give him to thy Charge.

Seof.

Seof. They come, my Lord. [*Shout*.

King. Look to him well; for, by yon dreadful Altars,
Thy Life ſhall pay for his, if he eſcape:
Firſt kill him, plunge thy Poinard in his Boſom,
And ſee thy King reveng'd.

[*Exe. King*, Seofrid, *Guards and Attendants.*

Prieſt. Be chear'd, my Lord,
Nor keep one Doubt of me; I am your Slave.
The King is fled, and with him all your Dangers.
Fate has reſerv'd you for ſome glorious Purpoſe;
And ſee, your Guardian Goddeſs comes to ſave you,
To break your Bonds, and make you ever happy.

Enter Rodogune, *Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

Rodo. Well have our Arms prevail'd: Behold, he lives,
Ungrateful as he is, by me he lives.
Do I not come with too officious Haſte, [*To* Aribert.
Once more to preſs the Burthen, Life upon you?
To offer, with an Ideot's Importunity,
The nauſeous Benefit you ſcorn'd before?

Ari. If I refus'd the Bleſſing from your Hands,
Think it not rudely done with ſullen Pride;
Since Life and you are two of Heav'ns beſt Gifts,
Yet both ſhould be receiv'd, both kept with Honour.

Rodo. However live——yes, I will bid thee live,
No matter, what enſues. Fly far away,
Forget me, blot my Name from thy Remembrance,
And think thou ow'ſt me nothing——What! in Bonds!
Well was the Task reſerv'd for me. But thus
I break thy Chain—Would I could break my own. [*Aſide.*

Enter an Officer.

Officer. A Party of our Horſe, that late went forth
To mark the Order of the *Britons* Camp,

Met

Met in their courſe ſome Servants of the King;
For ſo they call'd themſelves. Ours judg'd 'em Traitors,
And would have ſeiz'd, as flying to the Foe.
After a ſharp Reſiſtance ſome eſcap'd,
The reſt, for ſo your Princely Brother wills,
Without attend your Order.

Rodo. Let 'em enter.
A Woman!——

Enter Ethelanda, *and two Attendants, guarded.*

Ethel. Is there then an End of Sorrows!
[*Running to* Aribert.
Has then that cruel Chance that long purſu'd me,
That vext me with her various Malice long,
Been kind at laſt, and bleſt me to my Wiſh,
Lodg'd me once more within thy faithful Arms!

Ari. Oh my foreboding Heart! Oh fatal Meeting!

Ethel. Why droops my Love, my Lord, my *Aribert*?
Why doſt thou ſigh and preſs me? and oh! wherefore,
Wherefore theſe Tears that ſtain thy manly Viſage?
They told me Heav'n had ſtrove for thy Deliverance,
Had rais'd thee up ſome kind, ſome great Preſerver,
To ſave thee from thy cruel Brother's Hand.
Why therefore do'ſt thou mourn, when thou art bleſt?
Or does ſome new Affliction wound thee? Say:
Perhaps I am the Cauſe.

Rodo. By all the Tortures,
The Pangs that rend my groaning Breaſt, 'tis ſhe,
My curſt, my happy Rival. See the *Syren*,
See how with eager Eyes he drinks her Charms,
Mark how he liſtens to her ſweet Allurements;
She winds her ſelf about his eaſie Heart,
And melts him with her ſoft enchanting Tongue.

Ethel. Wo't thou not anſwer yet?

Ari.

Ari. Oh *Ethelinda*!
Why art thou here? Is this the *Britons* Camp?
Is *Lucius* here? Haſt thou a Brother here,
To guard thy helpleſs Innocence from Wrong?
Ethel. Have I not thee?
Ari. Me!——what can I do for thee?
For we are wretched both.
Rodo. I'll doubt no more.
My jealous Heart confeſſes her its Foe,
And beats and riſes, eager to oppoſe her;
Nor ſhall ſhe Triumph o'er me. No, ye Gods!
If I am doom'd by you to be a Wretch,
She too ſhall ſuffer with me. Prince, you ſeem [*To* Arib.
To know this Pris'ner, whom the *Saxon* Chiefs
Accuſe of flying to our Foes, the *Britons*.
However, I will think more nobly of you,
Than to believe you conſcious of the Treaſon;
Nor can you grieve, if Juſtice dooms her to
That Fate ſhe has deſerv'd. Bear her to Death.
[*To the Guards.*
Ethel. Alas! to Death!—— What mean you? ſay, by what
Unknown, unwilling Crime have I offended?
To you, fair Princeſs, ſince 'tis you that judge me,
Tho' now this Moment to my Eyes firſt known,
To you I bend, to you I will appeal, [*Kneeling.*
And learn my Crime from you.
Ari. Learn it from me;
I am thy Crime, 'tis *Aribert* deſtroys thee.
Ethel. If thou art my Offence I've ſinn'd indeed,
Ev'n to a vaſt and numberleſs Account;
For from the Time when I beheld thee firſt, [*To* Aribert.
My Soul has not one Moment been without thee;

Still

Still thou haſt been my Wiſh, my conſtant Thought,
Like Light, the daily Bleſſing of my Eyes,
And the dear Dream of all my ſweeteſt Slumbers,
Rodo. Oh the diſtracting Thought!
Ethel. Nor will you think it [*To* Rodogune.
A Crime to love, for that I love is true.
In your fair Eyes I read your native Goodneſs.
Hap'ly ſome noble Youth ſhall in your Breaſt
Kindle the pure, the gentle Flame, and prove
As dear to you, as *Aribert* to me.
Would it be juſt that you ſhould die for loving?
Think but on that, and I ſhall find your Pity;
For Pity ſure and Mercy dwell with Love.
Rodo. Be dumb for ever, let the Hand of Death
Cloſe thy bewitching Eyes, and ſeal thy Lips,
That thou mayſt look and talk no more Deluſion.
For oh! thy ev'ry Glance, each Sound ſhoots thro' me,
And kills my very Heart. Hence, bear her hence.
My Peace is loſt for ever—but ſhe dies.——
Ari. Oh hold! for————
Rodo. Wherefore doſt thou catch my Garment?
Thou that haſt ſet me on the Rack; com'ſt thou
To double all my Pains, and with new Terrors,
Dreadful, to ſhake my agonizing Soul?
Ari. What ſhall I ſay to move thee?
Rodo. Talk for ever,
Winds ſhall be ſtill, and Seas forget to roar,
The Din of babling Crowds, and peopled Cities,
All ſhall be huſh'd as Death, while thou art ſpeaking,
For there is Muſick in thy Voice.
Ari. Then hear me;
With gentleſt Patience, with Compaſſion hear me,
Thus while I fall before thee, graſp thee thus,

Thus

Thus, with a bleeding Heart, and ſtreaming Eyes,
Implore thee for my *Ethelinda*'s Life.

Rodo. Tho' thou wert dearer to my doating Eyes
Than all they knew beſides, tho' I could hear thee
While Ages paſt away; yet, by the Gods,
If ſuch there are, who rule o'er Love and Jealouſie,
And ſwell our heaving Breaſts with mortal Paſſions,
I ſwear ſhe dies, my hated Rival dies.

Ari. Then I have only one Requeſt to make,
Which ſha' not be deny'd; to ſhare one Fate,
And die with her I love.

Rodo. Ungrateful Wretch!
Yet I would make thy Life my Care——

Ari. No more:
Now I ſcorn Life indeed. Tho' you had Beauty,
More than the great Creator's bounteous Hand
Beſtow'd on all his various Works together,
Tho' all Ambition asks, the kingly Purple,
Glory, and Wealth, and Pow'r, were yours to give,
Tho' length of Days, and Health were in your Hand,
And all were to be mine, yet I would chuſe
To turn the Gift with Indignation back,
And rather fold my *Ethelinda* thus,
And ſleep for ever with her in the Grave.

Rodo. Then take thy Wiſh, and let both die together.
Yes, I will tear thee out from my Remembrance,
And be at Eaſe for ever.

Ethel. Oh my Love!
What can I pay thee back for all this Truth?
What? but, like thee, to triumph in my Fate,
And think it more than Life to die with thee.
Haſte then, ye Virgins, break the tender Turf,
And let your chaſter Hands prepare the Bed,

Where

Where my dear Lord and I muſt reſt together:
Then let the Mirtle and the Roſe be ſtrow'd,
For 'tis my ſecond better Bridal Day.
On my cold Boſom let his Head be laid,
And look that none diſturb us;
'Till the laſt Trumpet's Sound break our long Sleep,
And call us up to everlaſting Bliſs.

Rodo. Hence with 'em, take 'em, drive 'em from my Sight,
The fatal Pair.— [*Exeunt* Aribert *and* Ethelinda *guarded*.
That Look ſhall be my laſt.
I feel my Soul impatient of its Bondage,
Diſdaining this unworthy idle Paſſion,
And ſtruggling to be free. Now, now it ſhoots,
It tow'rs upon the Wing to Crowns and Empire;
While Love and *Aribert*, thoſe meaner Names,
Are left far, far behind, and loſt for ever.
So if by chance the Eagle's noble Off-ſpring,
Ta'en in the Neſt, becomes ſome Peaſant's Prize,
Compell'd a while he bears his Cage and Chains,
And like a Pris'ner with the Clown remains;
But when his Plumes ſhoot forth, and Pinions ſwell,
He quits the Ruſtick, and his homely Cell,
Breaks from his Bonds, and in the face of Day,
Full in the Sun's bright Beams he ſoars away;
Delights thro' Heav'n's wide pathleſs Ways to go,
Plays with *Jove*'s Shafts, and graſps his dreadful Bow,
Dwells with immortal Gods, and ſcorns the World below.

[*Exeunt* Rodogune *and Attendants*.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *The PALACE.*

Enter the King and Seofrid.

King. NO! I will follow the fond Chace no more;
No more purſue the flying Fantom, Glory;
But lay me down, and reſt in ſullen Peace;
Secure of all Events to come, and careleſs
If the Gods guide the World by Fate, or Fortune.
Let 'em take back the worthleſs Crown they gave,
Since they refuſe their better Bleſſings to me.
Seof. If not to Glory, yet awake to Love:
And tho' regardleſs of your Royal State,
Yet live for *Ethelinda*, live to ſave her,
Doom'd by the cruel *Rodogune* to die.
Helpleſs and deſolate methinks ſhe ſtands,
And calls you to her Aid.
King. What! doom'd to die.
Shall thoſe dear glowing Beauties then grow cold,
Pale, ſtiff, and cold? nor ſhall I fold her once?
Shall ſhe not pant beneath my ſtrong Embrace,
Swell to Deſire, and meet my furious Joy?
Shall ſhe not breathe, and look, and ſigh, and murmur,
Till I am loſt for ever, ſunk in Feſtaſies,
And bury'd in ten thouſand thouſand Sweets?
What! ſhall ſhe die? No, by the God of Arms,
No——I will once more rouſe me to the War,
And ſnatch her from her Fate.
Seof. Then hear the Means,

By

By which the Gods preſerve your Crown and Love.
Oſwald, of all our *Saxon* Chiefs the firſt,
And neareſt to your Brother's Heart, had drawn
The choſen Strength of all the *Britiſh* Youth,
Under the leading of the gallant *Lucius*,
To ſave the Prince from your impending Wrath.
By ſecret Marches they are near advanc'd,
And meant this Night to make their bold Attempt.

King. How favours this my Purpoſe?

Seof. Thus, my Lord.
I have prevail'd their Force ſhall join with all
Thoſe faithful *Saxons* who are ſtill your Subjects.
Your Foes, fierce *Offa* and his haughty Siſter,
Secure and inſolent with new Succeſs,
Deſpiſe your Numbers, and inferior Strength,
And may this Night with eaſe become your Prey.
Oſwald attends without to learn your Pleaſure,
And bear it to the valiant *Britiſh* Chiefs.

King. The *Britons!* Gods!——the Nation which I hate.
That *Oſwald* too!——The Traytor ſtill has been
Avow'd the Slave of *Aribert*, his Creature,
His Boſom, fawning Paraſite——No matter;
They ſerve the preſent Purpoſe of my Heart.
And I will uſe 'em now. Taught by thy Arts,
I will look kindly on the Wretch I loath,
And ſmile on him I deſtine to Deſtruction.
Bid him approach.

[*Exit* Seofrid, *and Re-enter with* Oſwald.

Seof. The Valiant *Oſwald*, Sir.

King. Your Friend has ſpoke at large your bold Deſign,
Worthy your Courage, and your Princely Friend.

And

And howſoe'er the medling Hand of Chance
Has ſown th' unlucky Seeds of Strife between us,
Yet I have ſtill a Brother's Part in *Aribert*.
Nor ſhall my Hand be ſlow to lead you on,
'Till we have driven theſe haughty Inmates forth,
And independent fix'd that Sov'reign Right,
Which our brave Fathers fought to gain in *Britain*.

Oſw. With honourable Purpoſe are we come,
With friendly Greeting from the *Britons* King,
And the fair Offer of an equal Peace.
This only he demands; ſend back the Troops
Which late arriv'd with *Offa*, now your Foe
As well as his; and ſet your Princely Brother,
With the fair *Ethelinda*, ſafe and free.
Theſe juſt Conditions once confirm'd to *Lucius*,
Ambroſius is the Friend of Royal *Hengiſt*.
The *Britons* then ſhall join their Arms with yours,
To drive out theſe unhoſpitable Gueſts,
And leave you peaceful Lord of fruitful *Kent*,
The firſt Poſſeſſion of your warlike Father.

King In friendly Part, take we his proffer'd Love.
Bear this our Signet to the gallant *Lucius*,
[*Giving his Ring to* Oſwald.
Our Bond and Pledge of Peace, which in full Form
We will confirm, ſoon as the preſent Danger
Is well remov'd, and better time allows.
Haſte thou to join our valiant Friends, the *Britons*;
My faithful *Seofrid* ſhall ſoon attend you,
With full Inſtructions for your private March,
And means of Entrance here; with the whole Order
In which we mean t'attack the common Foe.

Oſw. I go, my Lord, and may the Gods befriend us. [*Ex*
[*The King looks after* Oſwald, *then turns and walks two or three times haſtily croſs the Stage.* *Seof.*

Seof. Ha! whence this ſudden Start! [*Aſide.*] That wrathful Frown,
Your Eyes fierce glancing, and your changing Viſage,
Now pale as Death, now purpled o'er with Flame,
Give me to know your Paſſions are at odds,
And your whole Soul is up in Arms within.

King. Oh thou haſt read aright, haſt ſeen me well;
To thee I have thrown off the Mask I wore;
And now the ſecret workings of my Brain,
Stand all reveal'd to thee. I tell thee, *Seofrid*,
There never was a Medley of ſuch thinking.
Ambition, Hatred, Miſchief and Revenge,
Gather like Clouds on Clouds; and then anon,
Love, like a golden Beam of Light ſhoots thro',
Smiles on the Gloom, and my Heart bounds with pleaſure.
But 'tis no time for Talk. To *Siwald* fly,
My Soldier and my Servant, often try'd;
Bid him draw out a hundred choſen Horſe,
And hold 'em ready by the Night's firſt Fall.
Let 'em be all of Courage, well approv'd;
Such as dare follow wherefoe'er I lead,
Where-e'er this Night, or Fate, or Love ſhall bear me.

Seof. I haſten to obey you. But alas!
Might your old Man have leave to ſpeak his Fears ——

King. I read thy Care for me in all thoſe Fears;
But be not wiſe too much. Oft thou haſt told me
Love is a baſe, unmanly, whining Paſſion.
This Night I mean to prove it, and forſake it.
I was, 'tis true, the Slave of this ſoft Folly,
And waited at an awful, abject Diſtance,
Reſtrain'd by idle Rules, which ſcornful Beauty
And ſullen Honour dictate; but no more,
No! by our Gods, I'll ſuffer it no more.

Seof. Where will this Fury drive you?
King. To my Heav'n,
To *Ethelinda*'s Arms. This very Evening,
While the deluded *Britons* urge our Foes,
And wreak my Vengeance on the *Saxon Offa*,
Amidſt the firſt Diſorder of the Fray,
Twill not be hard to ſeize the weeping Fair;
And, while the fighting Fools contend in vain,
With all the Wings the God of Love can lend,
To bear her far away.
Seof. Ha! - — whither mean you
To bend this raſh (I fear) this fatal Flight?
King. Near where the *Medway* rolls her gentle Waves
To meet the *Thames* in his Imperial Stream,
Thou know'ſt I have a Caſtle of ſuch Strength,
As well may ſcorn the Menace of a Siege.
Thither I mean to bear my lovely Prize,
And, in Deſpight of all the envious World,
There riot in her Arms. But break we off.
Haſte to perform my Orders, and then follow,
And ſhare in all the Fortunes of thy King. [*Exit King.*

Manet Seofrid.

Seof. Fools that we are! to vex the lab'ring Brain,
And waſte decaying Nature thus with Thought;
To keep the weary Spirits waking ſtill;
To goad and drive 'em in eternal Rounds
Of reſtleſs racking Care; 'tis all in vain.
Blind Goddeſs Chance! henceforth I follow thee.
The Politicians of the World may talk,
May make a mighty Buſtle with their Foreſight,
Their Schemes and Arts; their Wiſdom is thy Slave.
[*Exit* Seofrid.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Temple.*

Enter Aribert *and* Ethelinda.

Ethel. When this, the laſt of all our Days of Sorrow,
Flies faſt, and haſtens to fulfil its Courſe;
When the bleſt Hour of Death at length is near,
Why doſt thou mourn? when that good time is come,
When we ſhall weep no more, but live for ever:
In that dear Place, where no Misfortunes come;
Where Age, and Want, and Sickneſs are not known,
And where this wicked World ſhall ceaſe from troubling;
When thick deſcending Angels croud the Air,
And wait with Crowns of Glory to reward us;
Why art thou ſad, my Love, my Lord, my *Aribert*?

Ari. It comes, indeed, the cruel Moment comes,
That muſt divide our faithful Loves for ever.
A few ſhort Minutes more, and both ſhall periſh,
Sink to the Place where all things are forgotten.
Our Youth and fair Affections ſhall be barren;
Shall know no Joys, which other Lovers know.
Shall leave no Name behind us, no Poſterity,
Only the ſad Remembrance of our Woes,
To draw a Tear from each who reads our Story.
And doſt thou ask me wherefore I am ſad?

Ethel. 'Tis hard indeed, 'tis very hard to part.
Tho' my Heart grieves to want its Heav'n ſo long,
Pants for its Bliſs, and ſickens with Delay;
Yet I could be content to live for thee.
Yes, I will own thy Image ſtands before me,
And intercepts my Journey to the Stars,
Calls back the fervent Breathings of my Soul.

To Earth and thee; with longing Looks I turn,
Forget my Flight, and linger here below.

Ari. Is it decreed, by Heav'n's eternal Will,
That none ſhall paſs the golden Gates above,
But thoſe who ſorrow here? Muſt we be wretched?
Muſt we be drown'd in many Floods of Tears,
To waſh our deep, our inborn Stains away,
Or never ſee the Saints, and taſte their Joys?

Ethel. The great o'er-ruling Author of our Beings,
Deals with his Creature Man in various Ways,
Gracious and good in all; ſome feel the Rod,
And own, like us, the Father's chaſt'ning Hand.
Sev'n times, like Gold, they paſs the purging Flame,
And are at laſt refin'd: while gently ſome
Tread all the Paths of Life without a Rub,
With Honour, Health, with Friends and Plenty bleſs'd,
Their Years roul round in Innocence and Eaſe.
Hoary at length, and in a good old Age,
They go declining to the Grave in Peace,
And change their Pleaſures here for Joys above.

Ari. To have ſo many Bleſſings heap'd upon me,
Tranſcends my Wiſh. I ask'd but only thee.
Give me, I ſaid, but Life, and *Ethelinda*;
Let us but run the common Courſe together,
Grow kindly old in one another's Arms,
And take us to thy Mercy then, good Heav'n.
But Heav'n thought that too much.

Ethel. If our dear Hopes,
If what we value moſt on Earth, our Loves,
Are blaſted thus by Death's untimely Hand;
If nothing good remains for us below,
So much the rather let us turn our Thoughts,
To ſeek beyond the Stars our better Portion;

That

That wond'rous Bliſs which Heav'n reſerves in ſtore,
Well to reward us for our Loſſes here;
That Bliſs which Heav'n, and only Heav'n can give,
Which ſhall be more to thee than *Ethelinda*,
And more to me——Oh vaſt Exceſs of Happineſs!
Where ſhall my Soul make room for more than *Aribert*

Enter Rodogune *and Attendants.*

Rodo. If, while ſhe lives, ſtill I am doom'd to ſuffer,
Why am I cruel to my ſelf?———No more——
'Tis fooliſh Pity——How ſecure of Conqueſt
The ſoft Enchantreſs looks! but be at Peace;
Beat not, my Heart, for ſhe ſhall fall thy Victim.
Appear, ye Prieſts, ye dreadful holy Men;
Ye Miniſters of the Gods Wrath and mine,
Appear and ſeize your Sacrifice, this Chriſtian.
Bear her to Death, and let her Blood atone
For all the Miſchiefs of her Eyes and Tongue.

The SCENE *draws, and diſcovers the inner Part of the Temple. A Fire is prepar'd on one of the Altars, near it are plac'd a Rack, Knives, Axes, and other Inſtruments of Torture; ſeveral Prieſts attending as for a Sacrifice.*

Ari. See where Death comes, array'd in all its Terrors;
The Rack, conſuming Flames, and wounding Steel.
Your cruel Triumph had not been compleat,
Without this Pomp of Horror. Come, begin;
Tear off my Robes, and bind me to the Rack;

Stretch

Stretch out my corded Sinews 'till they burst,
And let your Knives drink deep the flowing Blood.
You shall behold how a Prince ought to die,
And what a Christian dares to suffer.

[*The Guards seize* Aribert *and* Ethelinda.

Offic. Hold!——
The Prince's Fate is yet deferr'd: The Woman
Is first ordain'd to suffer.——— E'er she fall
A Victim to our Gods, she must kneel to 'em,
Or prove the Torture.

Ethel. I disdain those Gods.

Offic. Bind her strait, and bear her to the Rack.

Ari. What her!——Oh merciless!

Ethel. Oh, stay me not, my Love! with Joy I go,
To prove the bitter Pains of Death before thee,
And lead thee on in the triumphant Way.

Ari. And can my Eyes endure it! to behold
Thy tender Body torn? those dear, soft Arms,
That oft have wreath'd their snowy Folds about me,
Distorted, bent, and broke with rending Pain?
Oh *Rodogune!* read, read in my full Eyes,
More than my Tongue can speak, and spare my Love———

Rodo. And couldst thou find no other Name but that?
Thy Love!—— oh fatal, curst, distracting Sound!
No, I will steel my Heart against thy Pray'r,
And whisper to my self with sullen Pleasure,
The Gods are just at length, and thou shalt feel
Pains such as I have known.

Ari. Let me but die,
Cut off this hated Object from your Sight———

Rodo. Not that——for know that I can too deny,

And

And make thee mourn my Coldneſs and Diſdain.
No more! I'll hear no more.

Ari. They bind her! ſee!
See with rude Cords they ſtrain her tender Limbs,
'Till the red Drops ſtart from their ſwelling Channels,
And with freſh Crimſon paint her dying Paleneſs.
Oh all ye Hoſt of Heav'n! ye Saints and Angels!

Ethel. Oh ſtay thy Tears, and mourn no more for me,
Nor fear the Weakneſs of my Woman's Soul,
For I am arm'd, and equal to the Combat.
In vain they laviſh all their cruel Arts,
And bind this feeble Body here in vain;
The free, impaſſive Soul mounts on the Wing,
Beyond the reach of Racks, and tort'ring Flames,
And ſcorns their Tyranny——Oh follow thou!
Be conſtant to the laſt, be fix'd, my *Aribert*.
'Tis but a ſhort, ſhort Paſſage to the Stars.
Oh follow thou! Nor let me want thee long,
And ſearch the bliſsful Regions round in vain.

Enter an Officer.

Offic. Arm, Royal Maid, and take to your Defence:
The King with ſudden Fury ſallies forth,
And drives our utmoſt Guards with foul Confuſion.

Rodo. The King! What Frenzy brings the Madman on
Thus headlong to his Fate?——But let him come,
His Death ſhall fill my Triumph——Wealth and Honours,
The nobleſt, beſt Reward, ſhall wait the Man,
Whoſe lucky Sword ſhall take his hated Head.

Enter

Enter a second Officer, his Sword drawn.

Second Offic. *Hengist* is here; he bears down all before him:
The *Britons* too have join'd their Arms to his,
And this way bend their Force.

Rodo. Fly to my Brother, [*To her Attendants.*
And call him to our Aid.

[*Shout within, and clashing of Swords.*

King within.] Slave, give me way,
Or I will tear thy Soul———

Sold. within.] You pass not here.

Seof. within.] What, know'st thou not the King?——oh cursed Villain!

Enter the King wounded, Seofrid, Oswald *and Soldiers, with their Swords drawn.* Oswald *runs to* Aribert.

Seof. Perdition on his Hand—you bleed, my Lord!

King. My Blood flows fast——What, can I languish now!
So near my Wish—Lend me thy Arm, old *Seofrid*,
To bear me to her——Ha! bound to the Rack!
Merciless Dogs——ye most pernicious Slaves!
And stand ye stupid, haggard and amaz'd!
Fly swift as Thought, and set her free this Moment,
Or by my injur'd Love, a Name more sacred
Than all your Function knows, your Gods and you,
Your Temples, Altars, and your painted Shrines,
Your holy Trumpery shall blaze together.

[*They unbind* Ethelinda.

Rodo. 'Tis vain to rave and curse my Fortune now,
Thou native Greatness of my Soul befriend me,
And help me now to bear it as I ought.

King.

King. The feeble Lamp of Life ſhall lend its Blaze,
To light me—thus far—only—and no farther.
[*Falling at* Ethelinda's *Feet*.
Yet I look up, and gaze on thoſe bright Eyes,
As if I hop'd to gather Heat from thence,
Such as might feed the vital Flame for ever.
Ethel. Alas! you faint! your haſty Breath comes ſhort,
And the red Stream runs guſhing from your Breaſt.
Call back your Thoughts from each deluding Paſſion,
And wing your parting Soul for her laſt Flight;
Call back your Thoughts to all your former Days,
To ev'ry unrepented Act of Evil:
And ſadly deprecate the Wrath Divine.
King. Oh! my fair Teacher, you adviſe in vain:
The Gods and I have done with one another.
This Night I meant to rival them in Happineſs.
Spight of my Brother, and thy cruel Coldneſs,
This Night I meant t'have paſt within thy Arms.
Ethel. Oh! Horror!
King. But 'tis gone: Thoſe envious Gods
Have done their worſt, and blaſted all my Hopes;
They have deſpoil'd me of my Crown and Life,
By a Slave's Hand—but I forgive 'em that.
Thee — they have robb'd me of my Joys in thee —
Have trod me down to wither in the Grave. —
Seof. My Maſter, and my King!
King. Old Man, no more:
I have not leiſure for thy Grief — Farewel —
Thou, *Aribert* — ſhalt live, and wear my Crown —
Take it, and be as curſt with it as I was.
But *Ethelinda*, ſhe too ſhall be thine:

That

That———that's too much. The World has nothing in it
So good to give---the next may have---I know not——
[*The King dies.*

Ari. There fled the fierce, untam'd, disdainful Soul.
Turn thee from Death, and rise, my gentle Love;
A Day of Comfort seems to dawn upon us,
And Heav'n at length is gracious to our Wishes.

Ethel. So numberless have been my daily Fears,
And such the Terrors of my sleepless Nights,
That still, methinks, I doubt th'uncertain Happiness:
Tho' at the Musick of thy Voice, I own,
My Soul is hush't, it sinks into a Calm,
And takes sure Omen of its Peace from thee.

Osw. To end your Doubts, your Brother, the brave *Lucius*, [*To* Ethelinda
Will soon be here: Ev'n now he sends me Word,
Fierce *Offa* and his *Saxons* fly before him;
The conqu'ring *Britons* fence you round from Danger,
And Peace and Safety wait upon your Loves.

Ari. Nor you, fair Princess, frown upon our Happiness.
Still shall my grateful Heart retain your Goodness,
And still be mindful of the Life you gave.
Nor must you think your self a Pris'ner here:
Whene'er you shall appoint, a Guard attends,
To wait you to your Brother's Camp with Honour.

Rodo. Yes, I will go; fly, far as Earth can bear me,
From thee, and from the Face of Man for ever.
Curst be your Sex, the Cause of all our Sorrows;
Curst be your Looks, your Tongues, and your false Arts,
That cheat our Eyes, and wound our easie Hearts;

Curst

Curſt may you be for all the Pains you give,
And for the ſcanty Pleaſures we receive;
Curſt be your brutal Pow'r, your tyrant Sway,
By which you bend, and force us to obey.
Oh Nature! partial Goddeſs, let thy Hand
Be juſt for once, and equal the Command;
Let Woman once be Miſtreſs in her turn,
Subdue Mankind beneath her haughty Scorn,
And ſmile to ſee the proud Oppreſſor mourn.

[*Exit* Rodogune.

Oſw. The Winds ſhall ſcatter all thoſe idle Curſes
Far, far away from you, while ev'ry Bleſſing
Attends to crown you. From your happy Nuptials,
From Royal *Aribert*, of *Saxon* Race,
Join'd to the Faireſt of the *Britiſh* Dames,
Methinks I read the Peoples future Happineſs;
And *Britain* takes its Pledge of Peace from you.

Ethel. Nor are thoſe pious Hopes of Peace in vain;
Since I have often heard a holy Sage,
A venerable, old, and Saint-like Hermit,
With Viſions often bleſt, and oft in Thought
Rapt to the higheſt, brighteſt Seats above,
Thus, with Divine, Prophetick Knowledge fill'd,
Diſcloſe the Wonders of the Times to come.
Of Royal Race a *Britiſh* Queen ſhall riſe,
Great, Gracious, Pious, Fortunate and Wiſe;
To diſtant Lands ſhe ſhall extend her Fame,
And leave to latter Times a mighty Name:
Tyrants ſhall fall, and faithleſs Kings ſhall bleed,
And groaning Nations by her Arms be freed.
But chief this happy Land her Care ſhall prove,
And find from her a more than Mother's Love.

From Hoſtile Rage ſhe ſhall preſerve it free,
Safe in the Compaſs of her ambient Sea:
Tho' fam'd her Arms in many a cruel Fight,
Yet moſt in peaceful Arts ſhe ſhall delight,
And her chief Glory ſhall be to UNITE.
Picts, *Saxons*, *Angles*, ſhall no more be known,
But *Britain* be the noble Name alone.
With Joy their antient Hate they ſhall forego,
While Diſcord hides her baleful Head below:
Mercy, and Truth, and Right ſhe ſhall maintain,
And ev'ry Virtue croud to grace her Reign:
Auſpicious Heav'n on all her Days ſhall ſmile,
And with Eternal UNION bleſs her *Britiſh* Iſle.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fifth Act.

F I N I S.

THE TRAGEDY OF *JANE SHORE.*

Written in IMITATION of

SHAKESPEAR'S Style.

By *N. ROWE*, Esq;

——*Conjux ubi pristinus ille*
Respondet Curis. Virg.

The THIRD EDITION.

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TO HIS

GRACE *the* DUKE

OF

Queensberry and *Dover*,

Marquis of *Beverley*, &c.

MY LORD,

I Have long lain under the greatest Obligations to Your Grace's Family, and nothing has been more in my Wishes, than that I might be able to discharge some Part, at least, of so large a Debt. But Your Noble Birth and Fortune, the Power, Number and Goodness of those Friends You have already, have plac'd You in such an Independency on the rest of the World, that the Services I am able to render to Your Grace can never be advantageous

I am ſure not neceſſary, to You in any Part of Your Life. However, the next piece of Gratitude, and the only one I am capable of, is the Acknowledgment of what I owe: And as this is the moſt publick, and indeed the only Way I have of doing it, Your Grace will pardon me, if I take this Opportunity to let the World know the Duty and Honour I had for your illuſtrious Father. It is, I muſt confeſs, a very tender Point to touch upon; and at the firſt ſight may ſeem an ill-choſen Compliment, to renew the Memory of ſuch a Loſs, eſpecially to a Diſpoſition ſo ſweet and gentle, and to a Heart ſo ſenſible of filial Piety as Your Grace's has been, even from Your earlieſt Childhood. But perhaps this is one of thoſe Griefs by which the Heart may be made better; and if the Remembrance of his Death bring Heavineſs along with it, the Honour that is paid to his Memory by all good Men, ſhall wipe away thoſe Tears, and the Example of his Life ſet before Your Eyes, ſhall be of the greateſt Advantage to Your Grace in the Conduct and future Diſpoſition of Your Own.

In a Character ſo amiable as that of the *Duke of Queensberry* was, there can be no Part ſo proper to begin with as that, which was in him, and is in all good Men, the Foundation of all other Virtues, either Religious or Civil, I mean Good Nature. Good Nature, which is Friendſhip between Man and

Man,

Man, good Breeding in Courts, Charity in Religion, and the true Spring of Beneficence in general. This was a Quality he poſſeſs'd in as great a Meaſure as any Gentleman I ever had the Honour to know. It was this natural Sweetneſs of Temper, which made him the beſt Man in the World to live with, in any kind of Relation. It was this, made him a good Maſter to his Servants, a good Friend to his Friends, and the tendereſt Father to his Children. For the laſt, I can have no better Voucher than Your Grace; and for the reſt, I appeal to all that have had the Honour to know him. There was a Spirit and Pleaſure in his Converſation, which always enliven'd the Company he was in, which, together with a certain Eaſineſs and Frankneſs in his Diſpoſition, that did not at all derogate from the Dignity of his Birth and Character, render'd him infinitely agreeable. And as no Man had a more delicate Taſte of natural Wit, his Converſations always abounded in good Humour.

For thoſe Parts of his Character which related to the Publick, as he was a Nobleman of the firſt Rank, and a Miniſter of State, they will be beſt known by the great Employments he had paſt through; all which he diſcharg'd worthily, as to himſelf, juſtly to the Princes who employ'd him, and advantageouſly for his Country. There is no occaſion to enumerate his ſeveral Employments, as Secretary

cretary of State, for *Scotland* in particular, for *Britain* in general, or Lord High Commiſſioner of *Scotland*; which laſt Office he bore more than once; but at no time more honourably, and (as I hope) more happily, both for the preſent Age, and for Poſterity, than when he laid the Foundation for the *Britiſh* Union. The Conſtancy and Addreſs which he manifeſted on that Occaſion, are ſtill freſh in every Body's Memory, and perhaps when our Children ſhall reap thoſe Benefits from the Work, which ſome People do not foreſee and hope for, now, they may remember the Duke of *Queensberry* with that Gratitude, which ſuch a piece of Service done to his Country deſerves.

He ſhew'd upon all Occaſions a ſtrict and immediate Attachment to the Crown, in the legal Service of which no Man could exert himſelf more dutifully nor more ſtrenuouſly. And at the ſame time no Man gave more bold and more generous Evidences of the Love he bore to his Country. Of the latter, there can be no better Proof, than the ſhare he had in the late happy Revolution; nor of the former, than that dutiful Reſpect, and unſhaken Fidelity which he preſerv'd for her preſent Majeſty, even to his laſt Moments.

With ſo many good and great Qualities, it is not at all ſtrange that he poſſeſs'd ſo large a Share, as he was known to have, in the Eſteem of the Queen, and her immediate Predeceſſor;

ceſſor ; nor that thoſe great Princes ſhould repoſe the higheſt Confidence in him : And at the ſame time, what a Pattern has he left behind him for the Nobility in general, and for Your Grace in particular to copy after !

Your Grace will forgive me, if my Zeal for Your Welfare and Honour (which no Body has more at Heart than my ſelf) ſhall preſs You with ſome more than ordinary Warmth to the Imitation of Your noble Father's Virtues. You have, my Lord, many great Advantages which may encourage You to go on in Purſuit of this Reputation: It has pleas'd God to give You naturally, that Sweetneſs of Temper, which, as I have before hinted, is the Foundation of all good Inclinations. You have the Honour to be born, not only of the greateſt, but of the beſt Parents; of a Gentleman generally belov'd, and generally lamented ; and of a Lady adorn'd with all the Virtues that enter into the Character of a good Wife, an admirable Friend, and a moſt indulgent Mother. The natural Advantages of Your Mind, have been cultivated by the moſt proper Arts and Manners of Education. You have the Care of many noble Friends, and eſpecially of an excellent Uncle, to watch over You in the Tenderneſs of Your Youth. You ſet out amongſt the firſt of Mankind, and I doubt not but Your Virtues will be equal to the Dignity of Your Rank.

That

That I may live to ſee Your Grace emine
for the Love of Your Country, for Your Se
vice and Duty to Your Prince, and in conv
nient Time, adorn'd with all the Honours th
have ever been conferr'd upon Your Noble F
mily: That You may be diſtinguiſh'd to P
ſterity, as the Braveſt, Greateſt, and Beſt Ma
of the Age You live in, is the hearty Wi
and Prayer of,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's moſt Obedient, and

moſt Faithful, Humble Servant,

N. ROW

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

TO Night, if you have brought your good old Taste,
We'll treat you with a downright English Feast:
A Tale, which told long since in homely wise,
Hath never fail'd of melting gentle Eyes.
Let no nice Sir despise our hapless Dame,
Because recording Ballads chaunt her Name;
Those venerable ancient Song-Enditers
Soar'd many a Pitch above our modern Writers:
They caterwaul'd in no Romantick Ditty,
Sighing for Phillis's, or Chloe's Pity.
Justly they drew the Fair, and spoke her plain,
And sung her by her Christ'an Name -----'twas Jane:
Our Numbers may be more refin'd than those,
But what we've gain'd in Verse, we've lost in Prose.
Their Words no shuffling, double-meaning knew,
Their Speech was homely, but their Hearts were true.
In such an Age, Immortal Shakespear wrote,
By no quaint Rules, nor hampering Criticks taught;
With rough, majestick Force he mov'd the Heart,
And Strength of Nature made amends for Art.
Our humble Author does his Steps pursue,
He owns he had the mighty Bard in View;
And in these Scenes has made it more his Care
To rouse the Passions, than to charm the Ear.
Yet for those gentle Beaux who love the Chime,
The Ends of Acts still jingle into Rhime.
The Ladies too, he hopes will not complain,
Here are some Subjects for a softer Strain,
A Nymph forsaken, and a periur'd Swain.

What

PROLOGUE.

What most he fears, is, lest the Dames shou'd frown,
The Dames of Wit and Pleasure about Town,
To see our Picture drawn, unlike their own.
But lest that Error shou'd provoke to Fury
The Hospitable Hundreds of Old Drury,
He bid me say, in our Jane Shore's *Defence,*
She dol'd about the charitable Pence,
Built Hospitals, turn'd Saint, and dy'd long since.
For her Example, whatsoe'er we make it,
They have their Choice to let alone, or take it.
Tho' few, as I conceive, will think it meet,
To weep so sorely, for a Sin so sweet:
Or mourn and mortify the pleasant Sense,
To rise in Tragedy two Ages hence.

Dramatis Personæ.

Duke of *Gloster.*	Mr. *Cibber.*
Lord *Hastings.*	Mr. *Booth.*
Catesby.	Mr. *Husbands*
Sir *Richard Rateliff.*	Mr. *Bowman.*
Bellmour.	Mr. *Mills.*
Dumont.	Mr. *Wilks.*
Alicia.	Mrs. *Porter.*
Jane Shore.	Mrs. *Oldfield.*

Several Lords of the Council, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE *LONDON.*

ADVERTISEMENT *to the* READER.

I Take this Opportunity to acknowledge the Favour of several Copies of Verses that have been sent to me on Occasion of this Tragedy: I take it for granted, that the greatest Part of them were not design'd, by the Authors, to be made Publick, since they did not think fit to let me know to whom I was oblig'd.

N. ROWE.

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

JANE SHORE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene *the Tower.*

Enter the Duke of Gloſter, *Sir* Richard Ratcliffe, *and* Catesby.

GLOSTER.

THUS far Succeſs attends upon our Councils,
And each Event has anſwer'd to my Wiſh;
The Queen and all her upſtart Race are quell'd;
Dorſet is baniſh'd, and her Brother *Rivers*
'Ere this lies ſhorter by the Head at *Pomfret.*

The Nobles have with joint Concurrence nam'd me
Protector of the Realm: My Brother's Children,
Young *Edward* and the little *York*, are lodg'd
Here, safe within the Tower. How say you, Sirs,
Does not this Business wear a lucky Face?
The Scepter and the Golden Wreath of Royalty
Seem hung within my Reach.

Ratcl. Then take 'em to you,
And wear 'em long and worthily; you are
The last remaining Male of Princely *York*:
(For *Edward*'s Boys, the State esteems not of 'em,)
And therefore on your Sovereignty and Rule
The Commonweal does her Dependence make,
And leans upon your Highness' able Hand.

Cat. And yet to Morrow does the Council meet
To fix a Day for *Edward*'s Coronation.
Who can expound this Riddle?

Glost. That can I.
Those Lords are each one my approv'd, good Friends,
Of special Trust and Nearness to my Bosom;
And howsoever busy they may seem,
And diligent to bustle in the State,
Their Zeal goes on no farther than we lead,
And at our bidding stays.

Cat. Yet there is one,
And he amongst the foremost in his Power,
Of whom I wish your Highness were assur'd:
For me, perhaps it is my Nature's Fault,
Yet, I doubt of his inclining, much.

Glost. I guess the Man at whom your Words wou'd point:
Hastings ——

Cat.

Cat. The ſame.

Gloſt. He bears me great Good Will.

Cat. 'Tis true, to you, as to the Lord Protector
And *Gloſter*'s Duke, he bows with lowly Service:
But were he bid to cry, God ſave King *Richard*,
Then tell me in what Terms he wou'd reply.
Believe me, I have prov'd the Man, and found him:
I know he bears a moſt religious Reverence
To his dead Maſter *Edward*'s Royal Memory,
And whither that may lead him is moſt plain;
Yet more —— One of that ſtubborn ſort he is,
Who, if they once grow fond of an Opinion,
They call it Honour, Honeſty, and Faith,
And ſooner part with Life than let it go.

Gloſt. And yet, this tough impracticable Heart
Is govern'd by a dainty-finger'd Girl;
Such Flaws are found in the moſt worthy Natures;
A laughing, toying, wheadling, whimpering She,
Shall make him amble on a Goſſip's Meſſage,
And take the Diſtaff with a Hand as patient
As e'er did *Hercules*.

Rotcl. The fair *Alicia*,
Of noble Birth and exquiſite of Feature,
Has held him long a Vaſſal to her Beauty.

Cat. I fear, he fails in his Allegiance there;
Or my Intelligence is falſe, or elſe
The Dame has been too laviſh of her Feaſt,
And fed him 'till he loaths.

Gloſt. No more, he comes.

Enter Lord Haſtings.

L. *Haſt.* Health, and the Happineſs of many Days,
Attend upon your Grace.

Gloſt. My good Lord Chamberlain!
W' are much beholden to your gentle Friendſhip.

L. *Haſt.* My Lord, I come an humble Suitor to you.

Gloſt. In right good time. Speak out your Pleaſure freely.

L. *Haſt.* I am to move your Highneſs in behalf
Of *Shore*'s unhappy Wife.

Gloſt. Say you, of *Shore*?

L. *Haſt.* Once a bright Star that held her Place on high:
The firſt and faireſt of our *Engliſh* Dames,
While Royal *Edward* held the Sovereign Rule.
Now ſunk in Grief, and pining with Deſpair,
Her waining Form no longer ſhall incite
Envy in Woman, or Deſire in Man.
She never ſees the Sun, but thro' her Tears,
And wakes to ſigh the live-long Night away.

Gloſt. Marry! the Times are badly chang'd with her
From *Edward*'s Days to theſe. Then all was Jollity,
Feaſting and Mirth, light Wantonneſs and Laughter,
Piping and Playing, Minſtrelſie and Maſquing;
Till Life fled from us like an idle Dream,
A Shew of Mommery without a Meaning.
My Brother, Reſt and Pardon to his Soul,
Is gone to his Account, for this his Minion,
The Revel-rout is done ---- But you were ſpeaking
Concerning her ---- I have been told that you
Are frequent in your Viſitation to her.

L. *Haſt.* No farther, my good Lord, than friendly Pity,
And tender-hearted Charity allow.

Gloſt.

Glost. Go to. I did not mean to chide you for it.
For, sooth to say, I hold it noble in you
To cherish the Distress'd ---- On with your Tale.

L. *Hast.* Thus is it, gracious Sir, that certain Officers
Using the Warrant of your mighty Name.
With Insolence unjust, and lawless Power,
Have seiz'd upon the Lands, which late she held
By Grant from her great Master *Edward*'s Bounty.

Glost. Somewhat of this, but slightly, have I heard;
And tho' some Counsellors of forward Zeal,
Some of most Ceremonious Sanctity
And bearded Wisdom, often have provok'd
The Hand of Justice to fall heavy on her;
Yet still, in kind Compassion of her Weakness,
And tender Memory of *Edward*'s Love,
I have with-held the mercileſs stern Law
From doing Outrage on her helpless Beauty.

L. *Hast.* Good Heav'n, who renders Mercy back for Mercy,
With open-handed Bounty shall repay you:
This gentle Deed shall fairly be set foremost,
To screen the wild Escapes of lawless Passion,
And the long Train of Frailties Flesh is Heir to.

Glost. Thus far, the Voice of Pity pleaded only;
Our farther and more full Extent of Grace
Is given to your Request. Let her attend,
And to our self deliver up her Griefs.
She shall be heard with Patience, and each Wrong
At full redrest. But I have other News
Which much import us both, for still my Fortunes
Go hand in hand with yours; our common Foes,

The Queen's Relations, our new-fangled Gentry,
Have fall'n their haughty Crests — That for your Privacy.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Jane Shore's *House.*

Enter Bellmour *and* Dumont.

Bell. How she has liv'd, you've heard my Tale already;
The rest your own Attendance in her Family,
Where I have found the Means this Day to place you,
And nearer Observation best will tell you.
See! with what sad and sober Cheer she comes.

Enter Jane Shore.

Sure, or I read her Visage much amiss,
Or Grief besets her hard. Save you, fair Lady,
The Blessings of the chearful Morn be on you,
And greet your Beauty with its opening Sweets.

J. Sh. My gentle Neighbour! your good Wishes still
Pursue my hapless Fortunes: Ah! good *Bellmour!*
How few, like thee, enquire the wretched out,
And court the Offices of soft Humanity:
Like thee, reserve their Raiment for the Naked,
Reach out their Bread to feed the crying Orphan,
Or mix their pitying Tears with those that weep:
Thy Praise deserves a better Tongue than mine
To speak and bless thy Name. Is this the Gentleman,
Whose friendly Service you commended to me?

Bell. Madam! it is.

J. Sh. A venerable Aspect! [*Aside.*

Age

Age ſits with decent Grace upon his Viſage,
And worthily becomes his ſilver Locks;
He wears the Marks of many Years well ſpent,
Of Virtue, Truth well try'd, and wiſe Experience;
A Friend like this, would ſuit my Sorrows well.
Fortune, I fear me, Sir, has meant you ill, [*To* Dumont.
Who pays your Merit with that ſcanty Pittance
Which my poor Hand and humble Roof can give.
But to ſupply thoſe golden Vantages,
Which elſewhere you might find, expect to meet
A juſt Regard and Value for your Worth,
The Welcome of a Friend, and the free Partnerſhip
Of all that little Good the World allows me.

Dum. You over-rate me much; and all my Anſwer
Muſt be my future Truth; let that ſpeak for me,
And make up my deſerving.

J. Sh. Are you of *England*?

Dum. No, gracious Lady, *Flanders* claims my Birth;
At *Antwerp* has my conſtant biding been,
Where ſometimes I have known more plenteous Days
Than thoſe which now my failing Age affords.

J. S. Alas! at *Antwerp!* ---- Oh, forgive my Tears! [*Weeping.*
They fall for my Offences ---- and muſt fall
Long, Long e're they ſhall wa'h my Staine away.
You knew perhaps -- oh Grief! oh Shame! --- my Husband.

Dum. I knew him well --- but ſtay this Flood of Anguiſh,
The ſenſeleſs Grave feels not your pious Sorrows:
Three Years and more are paſt, ſince I was bid,
With many of our common Friends, to wait him,
To his laſt peaceful Manſion. I attended,

Sprinkled his Clay-cold Coarſe with holy Drops,
According to our Church's Reverend Rite,
And ſaw him laid, in hallow'd Ground, to reſt.

J. Sh Oh! that my Soul had known no Joy but him,
That I had liv'd within his guiltleſs Arms,
And dying ſlept in Innocence beſide him!
But now his honeſt Duſt abhors the Fellowſhip,
And ſcorns to mix with mine.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The Lady *Alicia*
Attends your Leiſure.

J. Sh. Say I wiſh to ſee her. [*Exit Servant.*
'Pleaſe, gentle Sir, one Moment to retire,
I'll wait you on the Inſtant; and inform you
Of each unhappy Circumſtance, in which
Your friendly Aid and Council much may ſtead me,
[*Exeunt* Bellmour *and* Dumont.

Enter Alicia.

Alic. Still, my fair Friend, ſtill ſhall I find you thus,
Still ſhall theſe Sighs heave after one another,
Theſe trickling Drops chaſe one another ſtill,
As if the poſting Meſſengers of Grief
Could overtake the Hours fled far away,
And make old Time come back?

J. Sh. No, my *Alicia*,
Heaven and its Saints be Witneſs to my Thoughts,
There is no Hour of all my Life o'er-paſt,
That I could wiſh ſhould take its Turn again.

Alic. And yet ſome of thoſe Days, my Friend, has known,
Some of thoſe Years, might paſs for golden ones,
At leaſt, if Womankind can judge of Happineſs.

What

What could we wish, we who delight in Empire,
Whose Beauty is our Sovereign Good, and gives us
Our Reasons to Rebel, and Power to Reign,
What could we more, than to behold a Monarch,
Lovely, Renown'd, a Conqueror, and Young,
Bound in our Chains, and sighing at our Feet?

J. Sh. 'Tis true, the Royal *Edward* was a Wonder,
The goodly Pride of all our *English* Youth;
He was the very Joy of all that saw him,
Form'd to delight, to love, and to persuade.
Impassive Spirits, and angelick Natures
Might have been charm'd, like yielding Human Weakness,
Stoop'd from their Heav'n, and listen'd to his talking.
But what had I to do with Kings and Courts?
My humble Lot had cast me far beneath him;
And that he was the first of all Mankind,
The bravest and most lovely, was my Curse.

Alic. Sure, something more than Fortune join'd your Loves?
Nor could his Greatness, and his gracious Form,
Be elsewhere match'd so well, as to the Sweetness
And Beauty of my Friend.

J. Sh. Name him no more;
He was the Bane and Ruin of my Peace.
This Anguish and these Tears, these are the Legacies
His fatal Love has left me. Thou wilt see me,
Believe me, my *Alicia*, thou wilt see me,
'Ere yet a few short Days pass o'er my Head,
Abandon'd to the very utmost Wretchedness.
The Hand of Pow'r has seiz'd almost the whole,
Of what was left for needy Life's Support;
Shortly thou wilt behold me poor, and kneeling

Before thy charitable Door for Bread,

Alic. Joy of my Life, my dearest *Shore*, forbear
To wound my Heart with thy foreboding Sorrows.
Raise thy sad Soul to better Hopes than these,
Lift up thy Eyes, and let 'em shine once more,
Bright as the Morning Sun above the Mists.
Exert thy Charms, seek out thy stern Protector.
And sooth his savage Temper, with thy Beauty:
Spight of his deadly unrelenting Nature,
He shall be mov'd to Pity and Redress thee.

J. Sh. My Form, alas! has long forgot to please;
The Scene of Beauty and Delight is chang'd;
No Roses bloom upon my fading Cheek,
Nor laughing Graces wanton in my Eyes?
But haggard Grief, lean-looking sallow Care,
And pining Discontent, a rueful Train,
Dwell on my Brow all hideous and forlorn.
One only Shadow of a Hope is left me;
The noble-minded *Hastings*, of his Goodness,
Has kindly underta'en to be my Advocate,
And move my humble Suit to angry *Gloster*.

Alic. Does *Hastings* undertake to plead your Cause?
But wherefore should he not? *Hastings* has Eyes;
The gentle Lord has a right tender Heart,
Melting and easy, yielding to Impression,
And catching the soft Flame from each new Beauty.
But yours shall charm him long.

J. Sh. Away, you Flatterer!
Nor charge his generous Meaning with a Weakness,
Which his great Soul and Virtue must disdain.
Too much of Love thy hapless Friend has prov'd.

Too many giddy, foolish Hours are gone,
And in fantastick Measures danc'd away:
May the remaining few know only Friendship.
So thou, my dearest, truest, best *Alicia*,
Vouchsafe to lodge me in thy gentle Heart,
A Partner there; I will give up Mankind,
Forget the Transports of encreasing Passion,
And all the Pangs we feel for its Decay.

Alic. Live! live and reign for ever in my Bosom!
[*Embracing.*

Safe and unrival'd there possess thy own;
And you, ye brightest of the Stars above,
Ye Saints, that once were Women here below,
Be witness of the Truth, the holy Friendship,
Which here to this my other self I vow.
If I not hold her nearer to my Soul,
Than ev'ry other Joy the World can give,
Let Poverty, Deformity and Shame,
Distraction and Despair seize me on Earth,
Let not my faithless Ghost have Peace hereafter,
Nor taste the Bliss of your cœlestial Fellowship.

J. Sh. Yes, thou art true, and only thou art true;
Therefore these Jewels, once the lavish Bounty
Of Royal *Edward*'s Love, I trust to thee; [*Giving a Casket.*
Receive this All, that I can call my own,
And let it rest unknown and safe with thee:
That if the State's Injustice should oppress me,
Strip me of all, and turn me out a Wanderer,
My Wretchedness may find Relief from thee,
And shelter from the Storm.

Alic. My All is thine;

One

One common Hazard ſhall attend us both,
And both be fortunate, or both be wretched.
But let thy fearful doubting Heart be ſtill,
The Saints and Angels have thee in their Charge,
And all Things ſhall be well. Think not, the good,
The gentle Deeds of Mercy thou haſt done,
Shall die forgotten all; the Poor, the Pris'ner,
The Fatherleſs, the Friendleſs, and the Widow,
Who daily own the Bounty of thy Hand,
Shall cry to Heav'n, and pull a Bleſſing on thee;
Ev'n Man, the mercileſs Inſulter, Man,
Man, who rejoices in our Sex's Weakneſs,
Shall pity thee, and with unwonted Goodneſs,
Forget thy Failings, and record thy Praiſe.

J. Sh. Why ſhould I think that Man will do for me,
What yet he never did for Wretches like me?
Mark by what partial Juſtice we are judg'd;
Such is the Fate unhappy Women find,
And ſuch the Curſe intail'd upon our Kind,
That Man, the lawleſs Libertine, may rove,
Free and unqueſtion'd through the Wiles of Love;
While Woman, Senſe and Nature's eaſy Fool,
If poor weak Woman ſwerve from Virtue's Rule,
If ſtrongly charm'd, ſhe leave the thorny Way,
And in the ſofter Paths of Pleaſure ſtray;
Ruin enſues, Reproach and endleſs Shame,
And one falſe Step entirely damns her Fame.
In vain with Tears the Loſs ſhe may deplore,
In vain look back to what ſhe was before,
She ſets, like Stars that fall, to riſe no more.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene *Continues.*

Enter Alicia. [*Speaking to* Jane Shore *as entring.*

Alic. NO farther, gentle Friend; good Angels guard you,
And ſpread their gracious Wings about your Slumbers.
The drowſy Night grows on the World and now
The buſy Craftſman and o'er-labour'd Hind
Forget the Travail of the Day in Sleep:
Care only wakes, and moping Penſiveneſs,
With meagre diſcontented Looks they ſit,
And watch the waſting of the Midnight Taper.
Such Vigils muſt I keep, ſo wakes my Soul,
Reſtleſs and ſelf-tormented! Oh falſe *Haſtings!*
Thou haſt deſtroy'd my Peace. [*Knocking without.*
What Noiſe is that?
What Viſitor is this, who with bold Freedom
Breaks in upon the peaceful Night and Reſt,
With ſuch a rude Approach?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. One from the Court,
Lord *Haſtings* (as I think) demands my Lady.

Alic. *Haſtings!* Be ſtill my Heart, and try to meet him
With his own Arts: With Falſhood—But he comes.

Enter

Enter Lord Haſtings.

[*Speaks to a Servant at entring.*

Haſt. Diſmiſs my Train, and wait alone without.
Alicia here! Unfortunate Encounter!
But, be it as it may.
Alic. When humbly, thus,
The Great deſcend to viſit the Afflicted,
When thus unmindful of their Reſt, they come
To ſooth the Sorrows of the Midnight Mourner;
Comfort comes with them, like the golden Sun,
Diſpels the ſullen Shades with her ſweet Influence,
And cheers the melancholy Houſe of Care.
L. *Haſt.* 'Tis true, I wou'd not over-rate a Courteſy,
Nor let the Coldneſs of Delay hang on it
To nip and blaſt its Favour, like a Froſt;
But rather choſe, at this late Hour, to come.
That your fair Friend may know I have prevail'd;
The Lord Protector has receiv'd her Suit,
And means to ſhew her Grace.
Alic. My Friend! my Lord!
L. *Haſt.* Yes, Lady, yours: None has a Right more ample
To task my Power than you.
Alic. I want the Words
To pay you back a Compliment ſo courtly;
But my Heart gueſſes at the friendly Meaning,
And wo'not die your Debtor.
L. *Haſt.* 'Tis well, Madam.
But I wou'd ſee your Friend.
Alic. Oh thou falſe Lord!
I wou'd be Miſtreſs of my heaving Heart,

Stifle

Stifle this rising Rage, and learn from thee
To dress my Face in easy, dull Indifference:
But two'not be, my Wrongs will tear their Way,
And rush at once upon thee.

L. *Hast.* Are you wise!
Have you the Use of Reason? Do you wake?
What means this raving! this transporting Passion?

Alic. O thou cool Traitor! thou insulting Tyrant!
Dost thou behold my poor distracted Heart,
Thus rent with agonizing Love and Rage,
And ask me what it means? Art thou not false?
Am I not scorn'd, forsaken and abandon'd,
Left like a common Wretch, to Shame and Infamy;
Giv'n up to be the Sport of Villains Tongues,
Of laughing Parasites, and lewd Buffoons;
And all because my Soul has doated on thee.
With Love, with Truth, and Tenderness unutterable?

L. *Hast.* Are these the Proofs of Tenderness and Love?
These endless Quarrels, Discontents and Jealousies,
These never-ceasing Wailings and Complainings,
These furious Starts, these Whirlwinds of the Soul,
Which every other Moment rise to Madness?

Alic. What Proof, alas! have I not given of Love?
What have I not abandon'd to thy Arms?
Have I not set at nought my noble Birth,
A spotless Fame, and an unblemish'd Race,
The Peace of Innocence, and Pride of Virtue?
My Prodigality has giv'n thee all;
And now I've nothing left me to bestow,
You hate the wretched Bankrupt you have made,

L. *Hast.* Why am I thus pursu'd from Place to Place,

Kept

Kept in the View, and crofs'd at every Turn?
In vain I fly, and like a hunted Deer,
Scud o'er the Lawns, and haften to the Covert;
'Ere I can reach my Safety, you o'ertake me
With the fwift Malice of fome keen Reproach,
And drive the winged Shaft deep in my Heart.

Alic. Hither you fly, and here you feek Repofe.
Spite of the poor Deceit, your Arts are known,
Your Pious, Charitable, Midnight Vifits.

L. *Haft.* If you are wife, and prize your Peace of Mind,
Yet take the friendly Counfel of my Love;
Believe me true, nor liften to Jealoufy,
Let not that Devil, which undoes your Sex,
That curfed Curiofity feduce you
To hunt for needlefs Secrets, which neglected,
Shall never hurt your Quiet, but once known,
Shall fit upon your Heart, pinch it with Pain,
And banifh the fweet Sleep for ever from you.
Go too——be yet advis'd——

Alic. Doft thou in Scorn
Preach Patience to my Rage? And bid me tamely
Sit like a poor contented Ideot down,
Nor dare to think thou'ft wrong'd me——Ruin feize thee,
And fwift Perdition overtake thy Treachery!
Have I the leaft remaining Caufe to doubt?
Haft thou endeavour'd once to hide thy Falfhood?
To hide it, might have fpoke fome little Tendernefs,
And fhewn thee half unwilling to undo me.
But thou difdain'ft the Weaknefs of Humanity,
Thy Words, and all thy Actions, have confefs'd it;
Ev'n now thy Eyes avow it, now they fpeak,

And

And insolently own the glorious Villany.

L. *Hast.* Well then, I own my Heart has broke your Chains.
Patient I bore the painful Bondage long,
At length my generous Love disdains your Tyranny;
The Bitterness and Stings of taunting Jealousy,
Vexatious Days, and jarring joyless Nights,
Have driv'n him forth to seek some safer Shelter,
Where he may rest his weary Wings in Peace.

Alic. You triumph! do! and with gigantick Pride,
Defy impending Vengeance. Heav'n shall wink;
No more his Arm shall roll the dreadful Thunder.
Nor send his Lightnings forth. No more his Justice
Shall visit the presuming Sons of Men,
But Perjury, like thine, shall dwell in Safety.

L. *Hast.* Whate'er my Fate decrees for me hereafter,
Be present to me now, my better Angel!
Preserve me from the Storm that threatens now.
And if I have beyond Attonement sinn'd,
Let any other kind of Plague o'ertake me,
So I escape the Fury of that Tongue.

Alic. Thy Pray'r is heard—but know, proud Lord,
Howe'er thou scorn'st the Weakness of my Sex,
This feeble Hand may find a Means to reach thee,
Howe'er sublime in Pow'er, and Greatness plac'd,
With Royal Favour guarded round, and grac'd;
On Eagles Wings, my Rage shall urge her Flight,
And hurl thee Headlong from thy topmost Height;
Then, like thy Fate, superior will I sit,
And view thee fall'n, and grovling at my Feet;
See thy last Breath with Indignation go,
And tread thee sinking to the Shades below. [*Exit.* Alic.

L. *Hast.*

L. *Haſt.* How fierce a Fiend is Paſſion? With what Wildneſs
What Tyranny untam'd, it reigns in Woman!
Unhappy Sex! whoſe eaſy yielding Temper
Gives way to every Appetite alike;
Each Guſt of Inclination, uncontroul'd,
Sweeps thro' their Souls, and ſets 'em in an Uproar;
Each Motion of the Heart riſes to Fury,
And Love in their weak Boſoms is a Rage
As terrible as Hate, and as deſtructive.
So the Wind roars o'er the wide fenceleſs Ocean,
And heaves the Billows of the boiling Deep,
Alike from *North*, from *South*, from *Eaſt*, from *Weſt*;
With equal Force the Tempeſt blows by turns
From every Corner of the Seaman's Compaſs.
But ſoft ye now ---- for here comes one, diſclaims
Strife, and her wrangling Train. O! equal Elements,
Without one jarring *Atom* was ſhe form'd;
And Gentleneſs and Joy make up her Being.

Enter Jane Shore.

Forgive me, fair One, if officious Friendſhip
Intrudes on your Repoſe, and comes thus late,
To greet you with the Tidings of Succeſs.
The Princely *Gloſter* has vouchſaf'd you Hearing,
To Morrow he expects you at the Court;
There plead your Cauſe with never-failing Beauty,
Speak all your Griefs, and find a full Redreſs.

J. Sh. Thus humbly let your lowly Servant bend. [*Kneeling.*
Thus let me bow my grateful Knee to Earth,
And bleſs your noble Nature for this Goodneſs.

L. *Haſt.* Riſe, gentle Dame, you wrong my Meaning much;
Think

Think me not guilty of a Thought ſo vain,
To ſell my Courteſy for Thanks like theſe.

J. Sh. 'Tis true, your Bounty is beyond my Speaking;
But tho' my Mouth be dumb, my Heart ſhall thank you;
And when it melts before the Throne of Mercy,
Mourning and bleeding for my paſt Offences,
My fervent Soul ſhall breathe one Prayer for you,
If Prayers of ſuch a Wretch are heard on high,
That Heav'n will pay you back, when moſt you need,
The Grace and Goodneſs you have ſhewn to me.

L. *Haſt.* If there be ought of Merit in my Service,
Impute it there where moſt 'tis due, to Love;
Be kind, my gentle Miſtreſs, to my Wiſhes,
And ſatisfy my panting Heart with Beauty.

J. Sh. Alas! my Lord ——

L. *Haſt.* Why bend thy Eyes to Earth?
Wherefore theſe Looks of Heavineſs and Sorrow?
Why breathes that Sigh, my Love? And wherefore falls
This trickling Show'r of Tears, to ſtain thy Sweetneſs?

J. Sh. If Pity dwells within your noble Breaſt,
(As ſure it does) oh ſpeak not to me thus.

L. *Haſt.* Can I behold thee, and not ſpeak of Love!
Ev'n now thus ſadly as thou ſtand'ſt before me,
Thus deſolate, dejected, and forlorn,
Thy Softneſs ſteals upon my yielding Senſes,
Till my Soul faints, and ſickens with Deſire;
How canſt thou give this Motion to my Heart,
And bid my Tongue be ſtill?

J. Sh. Caſt round your Eyes
Upon the High-born Beauties of the Court;
Behold, like opening Roſes, where they Bloom,

Sweet

Sweet to the Senſe, unſully'd all, and ſpotleſs;
There chuſe ſome worthy Partner of your Heart,
To fill your Arms, and bleſs your Virtuous Bed,
Nor turn your Eyes this way, where Sin and Miſery,
Like loathſom Weeds, have over-run the Soil,
And the Deſtroyer Shame has laid all Waſte.

L. *Haſt.* What means this peeviſh, this fantaſtick Change?
Where is thy wonted Pleaſantneſs of Face?
Thy wonted Graces, and thy dimpled Smiles?
Where haſt thou loſt thy Wit, and ſportive Mirth?
That chearful Heart, which us'd to dance for ever,
And caſt a Day of Gladneſs all around thee?

J. Sh. Yes, I will own I merit the Reproach;
And for thoſe fooliſh Days of wanton Pride,
My Soul is juſtly humbled to the Duſt:
All Tongues, like yours, are licens'd to upbraid me,
Still to repeat my Guilt, to urge my Infamy,
And treat me like that abject Thing I have been.
Yet let the Saints be witneſs to this Truth,
That now, tho' late, I look with Horror back,
That I deteſt my wretched ſelf, and curſe
My paſt polluted Life. All-judging Heav'n
Who knows my Crimes, has ſeen my Sorrow for them.

L. *Haſt.* No more of this dull Stuff. 'Tis time enough
To whine and mortify thy ſelf with Penance
When the decaying Senſe is pall'd with Pleaſure,
And weary Nature tires in her laſt Stage:
Then weep and tell thy Beads, when alt'ring Rheums
Have ſtain'd the Luſtre of thy ſtarry Eyes,
And failing Palſies ſhake thy wither'd Hand.
The preſent Moments claim more generous Uſe;

Thy

Thy Beauty, Night and Solitude reproach me,
For having talk'd thus long-----Come let me press thee,
[*Laying hold on her.*
Pant on thy Bosom, sink into thy Arms,
And lose my self in the luxurious Fold.

J. Sh. Never! By those chaste Lights above, I swear,
My Soul shall never know Pollution more;
Forbear, my Lord! --- Here let me rather die, [*Kneeling.*
Let quick Destruction overtake me here,
And end my Sorrows and my Shame for ever.

L. *Hast.* Away with this Perverseness, --- 'Tis too much---
Nay, if you strive --- 'tis monstrous Affectation. [*Striving.*

J. Sh. Retire! I beg you leave me ---

L. *Hast.* Thus to coy it! ---
With one who knows you too.

J. Sh. For Mercy's sake ---

L. *Hast.* Ungrateful Woman! Is it thus you pay
My Services? ---

J. Sh. Abandon me to Ruin ---
Rather than urge me ---

L. *Hast.* This way to your Chamber, [*Pulling her.*
There if you struggle ---

J. Sh. Help! Oh, gracious Heaven!
Help! save me! Help! [*Crying out.*

Enter Dumont, *he interposes.*

Dum. My Lord! for Honour's sake ---

L. *Hast.* Hah! What art thou? Begone!

Dum. My Duty calls me
To my Attendance on my Mistress here.

J. Sh. For Pity let me go ---

L. *Hast.* Avaunt! base Groom ---

At

At Diſtance wait, and know thy Office better.

Dum. Forego your Hold, my Lord! 'tis moſt unmanly
This Violence——

L. *Haſt.* Avoid the Room this Moment
Or I will tread thy Soul out.

Dum. No, my Lord——
The common Ties of Manhood call me now,
And bid me thus ſtand up in the Defence
Of an oppreſs'd, unhappy, helpleſs Woman.

L. *Haſt.* Doſt thou know me? Slave!

Dum. Yes, thou proud Lord!
I know thee well, know thee with each Advantage
Which Wealth, or Power, or noble Birth can give thee.
I know thee too, for one who ſtains thoſe Honours,
And blots a long illuſtrious Line of Anceſtry,
By poorly daring thus to wrong a Woman.

L. *Haſt.* 'Tis wond'rous well! I ſee my Saint-like Dame,
You ſtand provided of your Braves and Ruffians,
To Man your Cauſe, and bluſter in your Brothel.

Dum. Take back the foul Reproach, unmanner'd Railer,
Nor urge my Rage too far, leſt thou ſhould'ſt find
I have as daring Spirits in my Blood
As thou, or any of thy Race e'er boaſted;
And tho' no gaudy Titles grac'd my Birth,
Titles, the ſervile Courtier's lean Reward,
Sometimes the Pay of Virtue, but more oft
The Hire which Greatneſs gives to Slaves and Sycophants,
Yet Heav'n that made me honeſt, made me more,
Than ever King did, when he made a Lord.

L. *Haſt.* Inſolent Villain! Henceforth let this teach thee

[*Draws and ſtrikes him.*

The

The Diſtance 'twixt a Peaſant and a Prince.

Dum. Nay, then my Lord! (*drawing*) Learn you by this how well

An Arm reſolv'd can guard its Maſter's Life [*They fight.*

J. Sh. Oh my diſtracting Fears! hold, for ſweet Heav'n.

[*They fight*, Dumont *diſarms Lord* Haſtings.

L. *Haſt.* Confuſion! baffled by a baſe-born Hind!

Dum. Now, haughty Sir, where is our Difference now?
Your Life is in my Hand, and did not Honour,
The Gentleneſs of Blood, and inborn Virtue
(Howe'er unworthily I may ſeem to you)
Plead in my Boſom, I ſhould take the Forfeit.
But, wear your Sword again; and know, a Lord
Oppos'd againſt a Man, is but a Man.

L. *Haſt.* Curſe on my failing Hand! Your better Fortune
Has giv'n you Vantage o'er me; but perhaps
Your Triumph may be bought with dear Repentance. [*Exit.*

J. Sh. Alas! What have you done! Know you the Pow'r,
The Mightineſs that waits upon this Lord?

Dum. Fear not, my worthieſt Miſtreſs; 'tis a Cauſe,
In which Heav'ns Guard ſhall wait you. O purſue,
Purſue the ſacred Counſels of your Soul,
Which urge you on to Virtue; let not Danger,
Nor the incumbring World, make faint your Purpoſe,
Aſſiſting Angels ſhall conduct your Steps,
Bring you to Bliſs, and crown your End with Peace.

J. Sh. Oh that my Head were laid, my ſad Eyes clos'd,
And my cold Coarſe wound in my Shrowd to reſt;
My painful Heart will never ceaſe to beat,
Will never know a Moment's Peace till then.

Dum. Wou'd you be happy? Leave this fatal Place,

Fly

Fly from the Court's pernicious Neighbourhood;
Where Innocence is ſham'd, and bluſhing Modeſty
Is made the Scorner's Jeſt; where Hate, Deceit,
And deadly Ruin, wear the Maſques of Beauty,
And draw deluded Fools with Shews of Pleaſure.

J. Sh Where ſhould I fly, thus Helpleſs and Forlorn,
Of Friends, and all the Means of Life bereft?

Dum. Bellmour, whoſe friendly Care ſtill wakes to ſerve you,
Has found you out a little peaceful Refuge,
Far from the Court, and the Tumultuous City,
Within an ancient Foreſt's ample Verge,
There ſtands a lonely, but a healthful Dwelling,
Built for Convenience, and the Uſe of Life:
Around it Fallows, Meads, and Paſtures fair,
A little Garden, and a limpid Brook,
By Nature's own Contrivance ſeem diſpos'd;
No Neighbours, but a few poor ſimple Clowns,
Honeſt and true, with a well-meaning Prieſt:
No Faction, or Domeſtick Fury's Rage,
Did e'er diſturb the Quiet of that Place,
When the contending Nobles ſhook the Land
With *York* and *Lancaſter*'s diſputed Sway.
Your Virtue there may find a ſafe Retreat,
From the inſultiug Pow'rs of wicked Greatneſs.

J. Sh. Can there be ſo much Happineſs in ſtore!
A Cell, like that, is all my Hopes aſpire to.
Haſte then, and thither let us take our Flight,
'Ere the Clouds gather, and the wintry Sky
Deſcends in Storms to intercept our Paſſage.

Dum. Will you then go? You glad my very Soul;
Baniſh your Fears, caſt all your Cares on me;

Plenty,

Plenty, and Eaſe, and Peace of Mind ſhall wait you,
And make your latter Days of Life moſt happy.
Oh, Lady! But I muſt not, cannot tell you,
How anxious I have been for all your Dangers,
And how my Heart rejoices at your Safety.
So when the Spring renews the Flow'ry Field,
And warns the pregnant Nightingale to build,
She ſeeks the ſafeſt Shelter of the Wood,
Where ſhe may truſt her little tuneful Brood:
Where no rude Swains her ſhady Cell may know,
No Serpents climb, nor blaſting Winds may blow;
Fond of the choſen Place, ſhe views it o'er,
Sits there, and wanders thro' the Grove no more.
Warbling ſhe charms it each returning Night,
And loves it with a Mother's dear delight. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene *the Court.*

Enter Alicia *with a Paper.*

Alic. THis Paper, to the great Protector's Hand,
With Care and Secresy must be convey'd;
His bold Ambition now avows its Aim,
To pluck the Crown from *Edward*'s Infant Brow,
And fix it on his own. I know he holds
My faithless *Hastings* adverse to his Hopes,
And much devoted to the Orphan King;
On that I build: This Paper meets his Doubts,
And marks my hated Rival as the Cause
Of *Hastings*' Zeal for his dead Master's Sons.
Oh Jealousy! thou Bane of pleasing Friendship,
Thou worst Invader of our tender Bosoms;
How does thy Rancour poison all our Softness,
Turn our gentle Natures into Bitterness.
Here she comes! Once my Heart's dearest Blessing,
My chang'd Eyes are blasted with her Beauty;
That known Face, and sicken to behold her.

Enter Jane Shore.

Sh. Now whither shall I fly, to find Relief?
Which charitable Hand will aid me now?
Who may my failing Steps, support my Ruins,

And

And heal my wounded Mind with balmy Comfort?
Oh, my *Alicia!*

Alic. What new Grief is this?
What unforeseen Misfortune has surpriz'd thee,
That racks thy tender Heart thus?

J. Sh. Oh! *Dumont!*

Alic. Say! What of him?

J. Sh. That friendly, honest Man,
Whom *Bellmour* brought of late to my Assistance;
On whose kind Cares, whose Diligence and Faith
My surest Trust was built, this very Morn
Was seiz'd on by the cruel Hand of Pow'r,
Forc'd from my House, and born away to Prison.

Alic. To Prison, said you! Can you guess the Cause?

J. Sh. Too well, I fear. His bold Defence of me,
Has drawn the Vengeance of Lord *Hastings* on him.

Alic. Lord *Hastings!* ha!

J. Sh. Some fitter Time must tell thee
The Tale of my hard Hap. Upon the present,
Hang all my poor, my last remaining Hopes.
Within this Paper is my Suit contain'd;
Here, as the Princely *Gloster* passes forth,
I wait to give it on my humble Knees,
And move him for Redress.

[*She gives the Paper to* Alicia, *who opens and seems to read it.*]

Alic. [*Aside.*] Now for a Wile,
To sting my Thoughtless Rival to the Heart;
To blast her fatal Beauties, and divide her,
For ever from my perjur'd *Hastings'* Eyes:
The Wanderer may then look back to me,

And turn to his forſaken Home again:
Their Faſhions are the ſame, it cannot fail.
[*Pulling out the other Paper.*

J. Sh. But ſee, the great Protector comes this way,
Attended by a Train of waiting Courtiers:
Give me the Paper, Friend.
Alic. [*Aſide.*] For Love and Vengeance!
[*She gives her the other Paper.*

Enter the Duke of Gloſter, *Sir* Richard Ratcliff, Catesby, *Courtiers, and other Attendants.*

J. Sh. [*Kneeling.* O Noble *Gloſter*, turn thy gracious Eye,
Incline thy pitying Ear to my Complaint,
A poor, undone, forſaken, helpleſs Woman,
Intreats a little Bread for Charity,
To feed her Wants, and ſave her Life from periſhing.
Gloſt. Ariſe, fair Dame, and dry your wat'ry Eyes.
[*Receiving the Paper, and raiſing her.*
Be'hrew me, but 'twere Pity of his Heart,
That could refuſe a Boon to ſuch a Suitreſs.
Y' have got a noble Friend to be your Advocate;
A worthy and right gentle Lord he is,
And to his Truſt moſt true. This Preſent, now,
Some Matters of the State detain our Leiſure;
Thoſe once diſpatch'd, we'll call for you anon,
And give your Griefs Redreſs. Go too! be comforted.
J. Sh Good Heavens repay your Highneſs for this Pity,
And ſhow'r down Bleſſings on your Princely Head.
Come, my *Alicia*, reach thy friendly Arm,
And help me to ſupport this feeble Frame;
That nodding totters with oppreſſive Woe,
And ſinks beneath its Load. [*Exit.* Jane Shore *and* Alicia.

Gloſt.

Glost. Now by my Hollidame!
Heavy of Heart ſhe ſeems, and ſore afflicted.
But thus it is, when rude Calamity
Lays its ſtrong Gripe upon theſe mincing Minions;
The Dainty gew-gaw Forms diſſolve at once,
And ſhiver at the Shock. What ſays her Paper? [*ſeeming to read.*
Ha! what is this? Come nearer *Ratcliff! Catesby!*
Mark the Contents, and then divine the Meaning.
[*He reads.*]
Wonder not, Princely *Gloſter*, at the Notice
This Paper brings you from a Friend unknown;
Lord *Haſtings* is inclin'd to call you Maſter,
And kneel to *Richard*, as to *England*'s King;
But *Shore*'s bewitching Wife miſleads his Heart,
And draws his Service to King *Edward*'s Sons:
Drive her away, you break the Charm that holds him,
And he, and all his Powers, attend on you.
Rat. 'Tis wonderful!
Cat. The Means by which it came,
Yet ſtranger too!
Gloſt. You ſaw it given but now.
Rat. She cou'd not know the Purport.
Gloſt. No, 'tis plain——
She knows it not, it levels at her Life;
Should ſhe preſume to prate of ſuch high Matters,
The medling Harlot! dear ſhe ſhould abide it.
Cat. What Hand ſoe'er it comes from, be aſſur'd,
It means your Highneſs well——
Gloſt. Upon the Inſtant,
Lord *Haſtings* will be here; this Morn I mean,
To prove him to the Quick; then if he flinch

No more but this, away with him at once;
He muſt be mine, or nothing——But he comes!
Draw nearer this way, and obſerve me well. [*They whiſper.*

Enter Lord Haſtings.

L. *Haſt.* This fooliſh Woman hangs about my Heart,
Lingers and wanders in my Fancy ſtill;
This Coyneſs is put on, 'tis Art and Cunning,
And worn to urge Deſire —— I muſt poſſeſs her:
The Groom, who lift his ſaucy Hand againſt me,
'Ere this, is humbled, and repents his daring.
Perhaps, ev'n ſhe may profit by th' Example,
And teach her Beauty not to ſcorn my Pow'r.

Gloſt. This do, and wait me e'er the Council ſits.

[*Exeunt* Ratcliff *and* Catesby.

My Lord, y'are well encounter'd, here has been
A fair Petitioner this Morning with us;
Believe me, ſhe has won me much to pity her:
Alas! her gentle Nature was not made
To buffet with Adverſity. I told her,
How worthily her Cauſe you had befriended;
How much for your good ſake we meant to do,
That you had ſpoke, and all Things ſhou'd be well.

L. *Haſt.* Your Highneſs binds me ever to your Service.

Gloſt. You know your Friendſhip is moſt potent with us,
And ſhares our Power. But of this enough,
For we have other Matters for your Ear.
The State is out of Tune; diſtracting Fears,
And jealous Doubts jar in our Publick Councils;
Amidſt the wealthy City, Murmurs riſe,
Lewd Railings, and Reproach, on thoſe that rule,
With open Scorn of Government; hence Credit,
And publick Truſt 'twixt Man and Man are broke. The

The golden Streams of Commerce are with-held,
Which fed the Wants of needy Hinds and Artizans,
Who therefore curſe the Great, and threat Rebellion.
L. *Haſt.* The reſty Knaves are over-run with Eaſe,
As Plenty ever is the Nurſe of Faction:
If in good Days, like theſe, the Headſtrong Herd,
Grow madly wanton, and repine; it is
Becauſe the Reins of Power are held too ſlack,
And Reverend Authority of late
Has worn a Face of Mercy more than Juſtice.
Gloſt. Beſhrew my Heart! but you have well divin'd
The Source of theſe Diſorders. Who can wonder
If Riot and Miſ-rule o'erturn the Realm,
When the Crown ſits upon a Baby Brow?
Plainly to ſpeak; hence comes the general Cry,
And Sum of all Complaint: 'Twill ne'er be well
With *England* (thus they talk) while Children govern.
L. *Haſt.* 'Tis true, the King is young; but what of that?
We feel no want of *Edward*'s riper Years,
While *Gloſter*'s Valour, and moſt Princely Wiſdom
So well ſupply our Infant Sovereign's Place,
His Youth's Support, and Guardian of his Throne.
Gloſt. The Council (much I'm bound to thank 'em for't)
Have plac'd a Pageant Sceptre in my Hand,
Barren of Pow'r, and ſubject to Controul;
Scorn'd by my Foes, and uſeleſs to my Friends.
Oh, worthy Lord! Were mine the Rule indeed,
I think, I ſhould not ſuffer rank Offence,
At large to lord in the Commonweal;
Nor wou'd the Realm be rent by Diſcord thus,
Thus Fear and Doubt betwixt diſputed Titles.

L. *Haſt.* Of this I am not to learn; as not ſuppoſing
A Doubt like this----
Gloſt. Ay, marry, but there is------
And that of much Concern. Have you not heard
How on a late Occaſion, Doctor *Shaw*
Has mov'd the People much about the Lawfulneſs
Of *Edward*'s Iſſue? By right grave Authority
Of Learning and Religion, plainly proving,
A Baſtard Scion never ſhould be grafted
Upon a Royal Stock; from thence, at full
Diſcourſing on my Brother's former Contract
To Lady *Elizabeth Lucy*, long before
His jolly Match with that ſame buxom Widow
The Queen he left behind him----
L. *Haſt.* Ill befal
Such medling Prieſts, who kindle up Confuſion,
And vex the quiet World with their vain Scruples;
By Heav'n 'tis done in perfect ſpight to Peace.
Did not the King,
Our Royal Maſter *Edward*, in Concurrence
With his Eſtates aſſembled, well determine
What Courſe the Sovereign Rule ſhould take henceforward?
When ſhall the deadly Hate of Faction ceaſe,
When ſhall our long divided Land have Reſt,
If every peeviſh, moody Malecontent
Shall ſet the ſenſeleſs Rabble in an Uproar;
Fright them with Dangers, and perplex their Brains,
Each Day with ſome fantaſtick giddy Change?
Gloſt. What, if ſome Patriot for the Publick Good,
Should vary from your Scheme, new-mold the State.
L. *Haſt.* Curſe on the innovating Hand attempts it!

Re-

Remember him, the Villain, righteous Heaven
In thy great Day of Vengeance! Blaſt the Traitor
And his pernicious Counſels; who for Wealth,
For Pow'r, the Pride of Greatneſs, or Revenge,
Would plunge his Native Land in Civil Wars.

Gloſt. You go too far, my Lord.

L. *Haſt.* Your Highneſs' Pardon----
Have we ſo ſoon forgot thoſe Days of Ruin,
When *York* and *Lancaſter* drew forth the Battles;
When, like a Matron, butcher'd by her Sons,
And caſt beſide ſome common Way a Spectacle
Of Horror and Affright to Paſſers by,
Our groaning Country bled at every Vein,
When Murders, Rapes, and Maſſacres prevail'd;
When Churches, Palaces, and Cities blaz'd;
With Inſolence and Barbariſm triumph'd,
And ſwept away Diſtinction; Peaſants trod
Upon the Necks of Nobles; low were laid
The Reverend Croſier, and the Holy Mitre,
And Deſolation cover'd all the Land;
Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to ſheath a Dagger in his Heart,
Whoſe damn'd Ambition would renew thoſe Horrors;
And ſet, once more, that Scene of Blood before us?

Gloſt. How now! ſo hot!

L. *Haſt* So brave, and ſo reſolv'd.

Gloſt. Is then our Friendſhip of ſo little moment,
That you could arm your Hand againſt my Life?

L. *Haſt.* I hope your Highneſs does not think I mean it,
No, Heaven foreſend that e'er your Princely Perſon
Should come within the Scope of my Reſentment.

Glost. Oh! Noble *Hastings!* Nay, I must embrace you:
[*Embraces him.*
By holy *Paul!* y'are a right honest Man;
The Time is full of Danger and Distrust,
And warns us to be wary. Hold me not
Too apt for Jealousy and light Surmize,
If when I meant to lodge you next my Heart,
I put your Truth to trial. Keep your Loyalty,
And live your King and Country's best Support:
For me, I ask no more than Honour gives,
To think me yours, and rank me with your Friends.

L. *Hast.* Accept what Thanks a grateful Heart should pay.
Oh! Princely *Gloster!* judge me not ungentle,
Of Manners rude, and insolent of Speech,
If, when the Publick Safety is in question,
My Zeal flows warm and eager from my Tongue.

Glost. Enough of this: To deal in wordy Compliment
Is much against the Plainness of my Nature;
I judge you by my self, a clear true Spirit,
And, as such, once more join you to my Bosom;
Farewel, and be my Friend. [*Exit* Gloster.

L. *Hast.* I am not read,
Not skill'd and practis'd in the Arts of Greatness,
To kindle thus, and give a Scope to Passion:
The Duke is surely noble; but he touch'd me
Ev'n on the tend'rest Point; the Master-string
That makes most Harmony or Discord to me.
I own the glorious Subject fires my Breast,
And my Soul's darling Passion stands confest,
Beyond or Love's or Friendship's sacred Band,
Beyond my self, I prize my Native Land:

On

On this Foundation would I build my Fame,
And emulate the *Greek* and *Roman* Name;
Think *Eng and*'s Peace bought cheaply with my Blood,
And die with Pleasure for my Country's Good.

[*Exit.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Scene *Continues.*

Enter Duke of Gloster, Ratcliffe, *and* Catesby.

Glost. THis was the Sum of all; that he would brook
No Alteration in the present State.
Marry! at last, the testy Gentleman
Was almost mov'd to bid us bold Defiance;
But there I drop'd the Argument, and changing
The first Design and Purport of my Speech,
I prais'd his good Affection to young *Edward*,
And left him to believe my Thoughts like his.
Proceed we then in this forementioned Matter,
As nothing bound or trusting to his Friendship.

Rat. Ill does it thus befal. I cou'd have wish'd
This Lord had stood with us. His Friends are wealthy,
Thereto, his own Possessions large and mighty;
The Vassals and Dependants on his Power
Firm in Adherance, ready, bold and many;
His Name has been of Vantage to your Highness,
And stood our present Purpose much in stead.

Glost. This wayward and perverse declining from us;
Has warranted at full the friendly Notice,
Which we this Morn receiv'd. I hold it certain,
This puling whining Harlot rules his Reason,

And

And prompts his Zeal for *Edward*'s Baſtard Brood.

Cat. If ſhe have ſuch Dominion o'er his Heart,
And turn it at her Will; you rule her Fate,
And ſhould, by Inference and apt Deduction,
Be Arbiter of his. Is not her Bread,
The very Means immediate to her Being,
The Bounty of your Hand. Why does ſhe live,
If not to yield Obedience to your Pleaſure,
To ſpeak, to act, to think as you command?

Rat. Let her inſtruct her Tongue to bear your Meſſage;
Teach every Grace to ſmile in your Behalf,
And her deluding Eyes to gloat for you;
His ductile Reaſon will be wound about,
Be led and turn'd again, ſay and unſay,
Receive the Yoak, and yield exact Obedience.

Gloſt. Your Counſel likes me well, it ſhall be follow'd.
She waits without, attending on her Suit.
Go, call her in, and leave us here alone. [*Exeunt* Rat. *and* Cat.
How poor a Thing is he, how worthy Scorn,
Who leaves the Guidance of Imperial Manhood
To ſuch a paltry piece of Stuff as this is:
A Moppet made of Prettineſs and Pride;
That oftner does her giddy Fancies change,
Than glittering Dew-drops in the Sun do Colours —
Now ſhame upon it! Was our Reaſon given
For ſuch a Uſe! To be thus puff'd about
Like a dry Leaf, an idle Straw, a Feather,
The Sport of every whiffling Blaſt that blows?
Beſhrew my Heart, but it is wondrous ſtrange;
Sure there is ſomething more than Witchcraft in them,
That maſters ev'n the wiſeſt of us all.

Enter

Enter Jane Shore.

Oh! You are come most fitly. We have ponder'd
On this your Grievance: And tho' some there are,
Nay, and those Great Ones too, who wou'd enforce
The Rigor of our Power to afflict you,
And bear a heavy Hand, yet fear not you,
We've ta'en you to our Favour, our Protection
Shall stand between, and shield you from Mishap.

J. Sh. The Blessings of a Heart with Anguish broken,
And rescu'd from Despair, attend your Highness;
Alas! my gracious Lord! What have I done
To kindle such relentless Wrath against me?
If in the Days of all my past Offences,
When most my Heart was lifted with Delight,
If I with-held my Morsel from the Hungry,
Forget the Widows Want, and Orphans Cry;
If I have known a Good I have not shar'd,
Nor call'd the Poor to take his Portion with me,
Let my worst Enemies stand forth, and now
Deny the Succour, which I gave not then.

Glost. Marry there are, tho' I believe them not,
Who say you meddle in Affairs of State:
That you presume to prattle, like a busy Body,
Give your Advice, and teach the Lords o'th' Council
What fits the Order of the Commonweal.

J. Sh. Oh that the busy World, at least in this,
Would take Example from a Wretch like me!
None then would waste their Hours in foreign Thoughts,
Forget themselves, and what concerns their Peace,
To tread the Mazes of fantastick Falshood,
To haunt her idle Sounds and flying Tales,

Thro'

Thro' all the giddy, noisy Courts of Rumour;
Malicious Slander never wou'd have Leisure
To search with prying Eyes for Faults abroad,
If all, like me, consider'd their own Hearts,
And wept the Sorrows which they found at home.

Glost. Go to! I know your Power, and tho' I trust not
To every Breath of Fame, I'm not to learn
That *Hastings* is profess'd your loving Vassal.
But fair befal your Beauty: Use it wisely,
And it may stand your Fortunes in much stead;
Give back your forfeit Land with large Increase,
And place you high in Safety and in Honour:
Nay, I could point a Way, the which pursuing,
You shall not only bring your self Advantage,
But give the Realm much worthy Cause to thank you.

J. Sh. Oh! where or how?——Can my unworthy Hand
Become an Instrument of Good to any?
Instruct your lowly Slave, and let me fly
To yield Obedience to your dread Command.

Glost. Why that's well said—Thus then—— Observe me well.
The State, for many high and potent Reasons,
Deeming my Brother *Edward*'s Sons unfit
For the Imperial Weight of *England*'s Crown——

J. Sh. Alas! for Pity. [*Aside.*

Glost. Therefore have resolv'd
To set aside their unavailing Infancy,
And vest the Sovereign Rule in abler Hands.
This, tho' of great Importance to the Publick,
Hastings, for very Peevishness and Spleen,
Does stubbornly oppose.

J. Sh. Does he! Does *Hastings*!

Glost.

Glost. Ay, *Hastings.*

J. Sh. Reward him for the noble Deed, just Heavens:
For this one Action, guard him and distinguish him
With signal Mercies, and with great Deliverance.
Save him from Wrong, Adversity and Shame.
Let never-fading Honours flourish round him,
And consecrate his Name even to Time's End:
Let him know nothing else but Good on Earth,
And everlasting Blessedness hereafter.

Glost. How now!

J. Sh. The poor forsaken, Royal little Ones!
Shall they be left a Prey to savage Power?
Can they lift up their harmless Hands in vain,
Or cry to Heaven for Help, and not be heard?
Impossible! O gallant generous *Hastings*,
Go on, pursue! Assert the sacred Cause:
Stand forth, thou Proxy of All-ruling Providence,
And save the friendless Infants from Oppression.
Saints shall assist thee with prevailing Prayers,
And warring Agels combat on thy side.

Glost. You're passing rich in this same heav'nly Speech,
And spend it at your Pleasure. Nay, but mark me!
My Favour is not bought with Words like these.
Go to——you'll teach your Tongue another Tale.

J. Sh. No, tho' the Royal *Edward* has undone me,
He was my King, my gracious Master still;
He lov'd me too, tho' 'twas a guilty Flame,
And fatal to my Peace; yet still he lov'd me;
With Fondness, and with Tenderness he doated,
Dwelt in my Eyes, and liv'd but in my Smiles.
And can I——Oh my Heart abhors the Thought;

Stand

Stand by, and ſee his Children robb'd of Right?

Gloſt. Dare not, ev'n for thy Soul, to thwart me further;
None of your Arts, your Feigning, and your Foolery,
Your dainty, ſqueamiſh Coying it to me.
Go——to your Lord, your Paramour, be gone;
Liſp in his Ear, hang wanton on his Neck,
And Play your Monkey Gambols over to him:
You know my Purpoſe, look that you purſue it,
And make him yield Obedience to my Will.
Do it——or woe upon thy Harlot's Head.

J. Sh. Oh that my Tongue had ev'ry Grace of Speech,
Great and Commanding as the Breath of Kings,
Sweet as the Poets Numbers, and prevailing
As ſoft Perſwaſion to a Love-ſick Maid;
That I had Art and Eloquence Divine!
To pay my Duty to my Maſter's Aſhes,
And plead till Death the Cauſe of injur'd Innocence.

Gloſt. Ha! Do'ſt thou brave me, Minion! Do'ſt thou know
How vile, how very a Wretch, my Pow'r can make thee;
That I can let looſe Fear, Diſtreſs and Famine,
To hunt thy Heels, like Hell-hounds thro' the World;
That I can place thee in ſuch abject State,
As help ſhall never find thee; where repining,
Thou ſhalt ſit down, and gnaw the Earth for Anguiſh.
Groan to the pitileſs Winds without Return,
Howl like the Midnight Wolf amidſt the Deſart,
And curſe thy Life in Bitterneſs of Miſery?

J. Sh. Let me be branded for the publick Scorn,
Turn'd forth, and driven to wander like a Vagabond,
Be friendleſs and forſaken, ſeek my Bread
Upon the barren, wild, and deſolate Waſte,

Feed

Feed on my Sighs, and drink my falling Tears;
'Ere I consent to teach my Lips Injustice,
Or wrong the Orphan, who has none to save him.

Glost. 'Tis well—we'll try the Temper of your Heart.
What hoa! Who waits without?

Enter Ratcliff, Catesby, *and Attendants.*

Rat. Your Highness Pleasure.----

Glost. Go some of you, and turn this Strumpet forth;
Spurn her into the Street, there let her perish,
And rot upon a Dunghill. Thro' the City
See it proclaim'd, That none, on Pain of Death,
Presume to give her Comfort, Food, or Harbour;
Who ministers the smallest Comfort, dies.
Her House, her costly Furniture and Wealth,
The Purchase of her loose luxurious Life,
We seize on, for the Profit of the State.
Away! Be gone!

J. Sh. O thou most righteous Judge——
Humbly behold, I bow my self to Thee,
And own thy Justice in this hard Decree:
No longer then my ripe Offences spare,
But what I merit, let me learn to bear.
Yet since 'tis all my Wretchedness can give,
For my past Crimes my forfeit Life receive;
No Pity for my Sufferings here I crave,
And only hope Forgiveness in the Grave.

[*Exit* J. Shore *guarded by* Catesby, *and others.*

Glost. So much for this. Your Project's at an End: [*To* Rat.
This idle Toy, this Hilding scorns my Power,
And sets us all at Nought. See that a Guard
Be ready at my Call-----

Rat.

Rat. The Council waits
Upon Your Highness' Leisure.——
Glost. Bid 'em enter.

Enter the Duke of Buckingham, *Earl of* Derby, *Bishop of* Ely, *Lord* Hastings *and others, as to the Council. The Duke of* Gloster *takes his Place at the upper End, then the rest sit.*

Derb. In happy Time are we assembled here,
To point the Day, and fix the solemn Pomp,
For placing *England*'s Crown with all due Rites,
Upon our Sovereign *Edward*'s Youthful Brow.
L. *Hast.* Some busy meddling Knaves, 'tis said there are,
As such will still be prating, who presume
To carp and cavil at his Royal Right;
Therefore I hold it fitting, with the sooneſt
T' appoint the Order of the Coronation;
So to approve our Duty to the King,
And stay the Babling of such vain Gainsayers.
Derb. We all attend to know your Highness' Pleasure.
[*To* Gloster.
Glost. My Lords! A Set of worthy Men you are,
Prudent and just, and careful for the State:
Therefore to your most grave Determination,
I yield my self in all things; and demand,
What Punishment your Wisdom shall think meet
T' inflict upon those damnable Contrivers,
Who shall with Potions, Charms, and witching Drugs,
Practise against our Person and our Life.
L. *Hast.* So much I hold the King your Highness' Debtor
So precious are you to the Commonweal,
That I presume, not only for my self,
But in Behalf of these my Noble Brothers,
To say, whoe'er they be, they merit Death.

Glost.

Glost. Then judge your ſelves, convince your Eyes of Truth;
Behold my Arm thus blaſted, dry and wither'd,
[*Pulling up his Sleeve.*
Shrunk like a foul Abortion, and decay'd,
Like ſome untimely Product of the Seaſons,
Robb'd of its Properties of Strength and Office.
This is the Sorcery of *Edward*'s Wife,
Who in Conjunction with that Harlot *Shore*,
And other like confederate Midnight Haggs.
By force of potent Spells, of bloody Characters,
And Conjurations horrible to hear,
Call Fiends and Spectres from the Yawning Deep,
And ſet the Miniſters of Hell at Work,
To torture and diſpoil me of my Life.

L. *Haſt.* If they have done this Deed—

Gloſt. If they have done it!
Talk'ſt thou to me of If's! audacious Traitor!
Thou art that Strumpet Witch's chief Abettor,
The Patron and Complotter of her Miſchiefs,
And join'd in this Contrivance for my Death.
Nay ſtart not, Lords,—What hoa a Guard there, Sirs!
[*Enter Guard.*]
Lord *Haſtings*, I arreſt thee of High Treaſon.
Seize him, and bear him inſtantly away,
He ſha' not live an Hour. By Holy *Paul!*
I will not dine before his Head be brought me:
Ratcliff, ſtay you, and ſee that it be done.
The reſt that love me, riſe and follow me.
[*Exeunt* Gloſter *and Lords following.*
[*Manent Lord* Haſtings, Ratcliff *and Guard.*

L. *Haſt.* What! and no more but this—how, to the Scaffold!
Oh

Oh gentle *Ratcliff*! tell me do I hold thee?
Or if I dream, what ſhall I do to wake,
To break, to ſtruggle thro' this dread Confuſion?
For ſurely Death itſelf is not ſo painful
As is this ſudden Horror and Surprize.

Rat. You heard, the Duke's Commands to me were abſolute:
Therefore my Lord, addreſs you to your Shrift,
With all good Speed you may. Summon your Courage,
And be your ſelf; for you muſt die this Inſtant.

L. *Haſt.* Yes, *Ratcliff*, I will take thy Friendly Counſel,
And die as a Man ſhould; 'tis ſomewhat hard,
To call my ſcatter'd Spirits home at once:
But ſince what muſt be, muſt be—let Neceſſity
Supply the Place of Time and Preparation,
And arm me for the Blow. 'Tis but to die,
'Tis but to venture on that common Hazard
Which many a Time in Battle I have run;
'Tis but to do, what, at that very Moment,
In many Nations of the peopled Earth,
A thouſand, and a thouſand ſhall do with me:
'Tis but to cloſe my Eyes, and ſhut out Day-Light,
To view no more the wicked Ways of Men,
No longer to behold the Tyrant *Gloſter*,
And be a weeping Witneſs of the Woes,
The Deſolation, Slaughter and Calamities,
Which he ſhall bring on this unhappy Land.

Enter Alicia.

Alic. Stand off! and let me paſs—I will, I muſt,
Catch him once more in theſe deſpairing Arms,
And hold him to my Heart.—Oh *Haſtings*, *Haſtings!*

L. *Haſt.* Alas! Why com'ſt thou at this dreadful Moment.

To

To fill me with new Terrors, new Diſtractions,
To turn me wild with thy diſtemper'd Rage,
And ſhock the Peace of my departing Soul?
Away! I prethee leave me!

Alic. Stop a Minute.----
'Till my full Griefs find Paſſage.---Oh the Tyrant!
Perdition fall on *Gloſter*'s Head and mine.

L. *Haſt.* What means thy frantick Grief?

Alic. I cannot ſpeak----
But I have murder'd thee.---Oh I could tell thee!

L. *Haſt.* Speak, and give Eaſe to thy conflicting Paſſions:
Be quick, nor keep me longer in Suſpence.
Time preſſes, and a thouſand crowding Thoughts
Break in at once; this Way and that they ſnatch,
They tear my hurry'd Soul. All claim Attention,
And yet not one is heard. Oh ſpeak and leave me,
For I have Buſineſs would employ an Age,
And but a Minute's Time to get it done in.

Alic. That, That's my Grief---'Tis I that urge thee on,
Thus haunt thee to the Toil, ſweep thee from Earth,
And drive thee down this Precipice of Fate.

L. *Haſt.* Thy Reaſon is grown wild. Could thy weak Hand
Bring on this mighty Ruin? If it could,
What have I done ſo grievous to thy Soul,
So deadly, ſo beyond the Reach of Pardon,
That nothing but my Life can make Attonement?

Alic. Thy cruel Scorn had ſtung me to the Heart,
And ſet my burning Boſom all in Flames:
Raving and mad I flew to my Revenge,
And writ I know not what---told the Protector,
That *Shore*'s deteſted Wife by Wiles had won thee,

To

To plot againſt his Greatneſs ---- He believ'd it,
(Oh dire Event of my pernicious Council!)
And while I meant Deſtruction on her Head,
H' has turn'd it all on thine.

L. *Haſt.* Accurſed Jealouſy!
O mercileſs, wild and unforgiving Fiend!
Blindfold it runs to undiſtinguiſh'd Miſchief,
And murders all it meets. Curſt be its Rage,
For there is none ſo deadly; doubly curs'd
Be all thoſe eaſy Fools who give it Harbour:
Who turn a Monſter looſe among Mankind,
Fiercer than Famine, War, or ſpotted Peſtilence;
Baneful as Death, and horrible as Hell.

Alic. If thou wilt Curſe, curſe rather thine own Falſhood;
Curſe the lewd Maxims of thy prejur'd Sex,
Which taught thee firſt to laugh at Faith and Juſtice,
To ſcorn the Solemn Sanctity of Oaths,
And make a Jeſt of a poor Woman's Ruin:
Curſe thy proud Heart, and thy inſulting Tongue,
That rais'd this fatal Fury in my Soul,
And urg'd my Vengeance to undo us both.

L. *Haſt.* Oh thou Inhuman! turn thy Eyes away,
And blaſt me not with their deſtructive Beams:
Why ſhould I Curſe thee with my dying Breath?
Be gone! and let me ſigh it out in Peace.

Alic. Can'ſt thou----Oh cruel *Haſtings*, leave me thus!
Hear me, I beg thee----I conjure thee, hear me!
While with an agonizing Heart, I ſwear
By all the Pangs I feel, by all the Sorrows,
The Torrors and Deſpair thy Loſs ſhall give me,
My Hate was on my Rival bent alone.

Oh!

Oh! had I once divin'd, falſe as thou art,
A Danger to thy Life, I would have dy'd,
I would have met it for thee, and made bare
My ready faithful Breaſt to ſave thee from it.

L. *Haſt.* Now mark! and tremble at Heaven's Juſt Award,
While thy inſatiate Wrath and fell Revenge,
Purſu'd the Innocence which never wrong'd thee,
Behold! the Miſchief falls on thee and me;
Remorſe and Heavineſs of Heart ſhall wait thee,
And everlaſting Anguiſh be thy Potion:
For me, the Snares of Death are wound about me,
And now, in one poor Moment, I am gone.
Oh! if thou haſt one tender Thought remaining,
Fly to thy Cloſet, fall upon thy Knee,
And recommend my parting Soul to Mercy.

Alic. Oh! yet before I go for ever from thee,
Turn thee in Gentleneſs and Pity to me, [*Kneeling.*
And in Compaſſion of my ſtrong Affliction,
Say, is it poſſible you can forgive
The fatal Raſhneſs of ungovern'd Love?
For oh! 'tis certain, if I had not loved thee
Beyond my Peace, my Reaſon, Fame and Life,
Deſir'd to Death, and doated to Diſtraction,
This Day of Horror never ſhould have known us.

L. *Haſt.* Oh! Riſe, and let me huſh the ſtormy Sorrows.
[*Raiſing her.*
Aſſwage thy Tears for I will chide no more,
No more upbraid thee, thou unhappy Fair One,
I ſee the Hand of Heav'n is arm'd againſt me,
And, in myſterious Providence, decrees,
To puniſh me by the miſtaking Hand.

Moſt

Moſt Righteous Doom! for, oh! while I behold thee,
Thy Wrongs riſe up in terrible Array,
And charge thy Ruin on me; thy fair Fame,
Thy ſpotleſs Beauty, Innocence, and Youth,
Diſhonour'd, blaſted and betray'd by me.

Alic. And does thy Heart relent for my Undoing?
Oh! that inhuman *Gloſter* cou'd be mov'd
But half ſo eaſily as I can pardon.

L. *Haſt.* Here then exchange we mutually Forgiveneſs.
So may the Guilt of all my broken Vows,
My Perjuries to thee be all forgotten,
As here my Soul acquits thee of my Death,
As here I part without one angry Thought,
As here I leave thee with the ſofteſt Tenderneſs,
Mourning the Chance of our diſaſtrous Loves,
And begging Heav'n to bleſs and to ſupport thee.

Rat. My Lord, diſpatch; the Duke has ſent to chide me
For loitering in my Duty. —

L. *Haſt.* I obey.

Alic. Inſatiate, Savage, Monſter! Is a Moment
So tedious to thy Malice? Oh! repay him,
Thou great Avenger, give him Blood for Blood:
Guilt haunt him! Fiends purſue him! Lightnings blaſt him!
Some horrid, curſed kind of Death o'ertake him,
Sudden, and in the Fulneſs of his Sins!
That he may know, how terrible it is,
To want that Moment he denies thee now.

L. *Haſt.* 'Tis all in vain, this Rage that tears thy Boſom,
Like a poor Bird that flutters in its Cage,
Thou beat'ſt thy ſelf to Death. Retire, I beg thee;

To ſee thee thus, thou know'ſt not how it wounds me,
Thy Agonies are added to my own,
And make the Burden more than I can bear.
Farewel——Good Angels viſit thy Afflictions,
And bring thee Peace and Comfort from above.

Alic. Oh! ſtab me to the Heart, ſome pitying Hand,
Now ſtrike me dead——

L. *Haſt.* One Thing I had forgot——
I charge thee, by our preſent common Miſeries,
By our paſt Loves, if yet they have a Name,
By all thy Hopes of Peace here and hereafter,
Let not the Rancour of thy Hate purſue
The Innocence of thy unhappy Friend;
Thou know'ſt who 'tis I mean; Oh! ſhould'ſt thou wrong her,
Juſt Heav'n ſhall double all thy Woes upon thee,
And make 'em know no End——Remember this
As the laſt Warning of a dying Man:
Farewel for ever. [*The Guards carry* Haſtings *off.*

Alic. For ever? Oh! For ever!
Oh! who can bear to be a Wretch, for ever!
My Rival too! His laſt Thoughts hung on her,
And, as he parted, left a Bleſſing for her:
Shall ſhe be bleſt, and I be curſt, for ever!
No: Since her fatal Beauty was the Cauſe
Of all my Sufferings, let her ſhare my Pains;
Let her, like me, of ev'ry Joy forlorn,
Devote the Hour when ſuch a Wretch was born:
Like me, to Deſarts and to Darkneſs run,
Abhor the Day, and curſe the golden Sun;

Caſt

Caſt ev'ry Good, and ev'ry Hope behind :
Deteſt the Works of Nature, loath Mankind;
Like me, with Cries diſtracted fill the Air ;
Tear her poor Boſom, rend her frantick Hair,
And prove the Torments of the laſt Deſpair.

[Exit.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Scene *The Street.*

Enter Bellmour *and* Dumont *or* Shore.

Sh. YOU saw her then?

Bell. I met her, as returning
In solemn Penance from the publick Cross.
Before her, certain Rascal Officers.
Slaves in Authority, the Knaves of Justice,
Proclaim'd the Tyrant *Glester*'s cruel Orders.
On either side her march'd an ill-look'd Priest,
Who with severe, with horrid haggard Eyes,
Did ever and anon by Turns upbraid her
And thunder in her trembling Ear Damnation.
Around her, numberless the Rabble flow'd,
Shouldring each other, crowding for a View,
Gaping and Gazing, Taunting and Reviling;
Some pitying, but those, alas! how few!
The most, such Iron Hearts we are, and such
The base Barbarity of Human Kind,
With Insolence and lewd Reproach pursu'd her,
Hooting and Railing, and with Villainous Hands
Gathering the Filth from out the common Ways,
To hurl upon her Head.

Sh. Inhuman Dogs

How

How did ſhe bear it ?

Bell. With the gentleſt Patience.
Submiſſive, ſad, and lowly was her Look ;
A burning Taper in her Hand ſhe bore,
And on her Shoulders careleſly confus'd
With looſe Neglect her lovely Treſſes hung ;
Upon her Cheek a faintiſh Fluſh was ſpread,
Feeble ſhe ſcem'd, and ſorely ſmit with Pain,
While bare-foot as ſhe trod the flinty Pavement,
Her Footſteeps all along were mark'd with Blood.
Yet ſilent ſtill ſhe paſs'd and unrepining ;
Her ſtreaming Eyes bent ever on the Earth,
Except when in ſome bitter Pang of Sorrow,
To Heav'n ſhe ſeem'd in fervent Zeal to raiſe,
And beg that Mercy Man deny'd her here.

Sh. When was this piteous Sight ?

Bell. Theſe laſt two Days.
You know my Care was wholly bent on you,
To find the happy Means of your Deliverance,
Which but for *Haſtings'* Death I had not gain'd.
During that Time, altho' I have not ſeen her,
Yet divers truſty Meſſengers I've ſent,
To wait about, and watch a fit Convenience
To give her ſome Relief ; but all in vain.
A churliſh Guard attends upon her Steps,
Who menace thoſe with Death that bring her Comfort,
And drive all Succour from her.

Sh. Let 'em threaten.
Let proud Oppreſſion prove its fierceſt Malice ;
So Heav'n befriend my Soul, as here I vow
To give her Help, and ſhare one Fortune wither.

Bell. Mean you to ſee her, thus, in your own Form?
Sh. I do.
Bell. And have you thought upon the Conſequence?
Sh. What is there I ſhall fear?
Bell. Have you examin'd
Into your inmoſt Heart, and try'd at leiſure
The ſeveral ſecret Springs that move the Paſſions?
Has Mercy fix'd her Empire there ſo ſure,
That Wrath and Vengeance never may return?
Can you reſume a Husband's Name, and bid
That wakeful Dragon fierce Reſentment ſleep?
Sh. Why doſt thou ſearch ſo deep, and urge my Memory
To conjure up my Wrongs to life again?
I have long labour'd to forget my ſelf,
To think on all Time, backward, like a Space,
Idle and void, where Nothing e'er had Being;
But thou haſt Peopled it again; Revenge
And Jealouſie renew their horrid Forms,
Shoot all their Fires, and drive me to Diſtraction.
Bell. Far be the Thought from me! my Care was only
To arm you for the Meeting: Better were it
Never to ſee her, than to let that Name
Recal forgotten Rage, and make the Husband
Deſtroy the generous Pity of *Dumont.*
Sh. Oh! thou haſt ſet my buſy Brain at work,
And now ſhe muſters up a Train of Images,
Which to preſerve my Peace I had caſt aſide,
And ſunk in deep Oblivion——Oh! that Form!
That Angel face on which my Dotage hung!
How have I gaz'd upon her! till my Soul
With very Eagerneſs went forth towards her,

And

And iſſu'd at my Eyes——Was there a Jem
Which the Sun ripens in the *Indian* Mine,
Or the rich Boſom of the Ocean yields,
What was there Art cou'd make, or Wealth cou'd buy,
Which I have left unſought to deck her Beauty?
What cou'd her King do more?——And yet ſhe fled.

Bel. Away with that ſad Fancy.——

Sh. Oh! that Day!
The Thought of it muſt live for ever with me.
I met her, *Bellmour*, when the Royal Spoiler
Bore her in triumph from my widow's Home!
Within his Chariot by his Side ſhe ſate,
And liſten'd to his Talk with downward Looks;
Till ſudden as ſhe chanc'd aſide to glance,
Her Eyes encounter'd mine—Oh! then my Friend!
Oh! who can point my Grief and her Amazement!
As at the Stroke of Death, twice turn'd ſhe pale,
And twice a burning Crimſon bluſh'd all o'er her;
Then, with a Shriek Heart-wounding loud ſhe cry'd,
While down her Cheeks two guſhing Torrents ran,
Faſt falling on her Hands, which thus ſhe wrung—
Mov'd at her Grief the Tyrant Raviſher,
With Courteous Action woo'd her oft to turn;
Earneſt he ſeem'd to plead; but all in vain;
Ev'n to the laſt ſhe bent her Sight towards me,
And follow'd me——till I had loſt my ſelf.

Bell. Alas! for pity! Oh! thoſe ſpeaking Tears!
Could they be falſe? Did ſhe not ſuffer with you?
And tho' the King by Force poſſeſs her Perſon,
Her unconſenting Heart dwelt ſtill with you:
If all her former Woes were not enough,

Look on her now, behold her where ſhe wanders,
Hunted to Death, diſtreſs'd on every ſide,
With no one Hand to help; and tell me then,
If every Miſery were known like hers?

Sh. And can ſhe bear it? Can that delicate Frame
Endure the beating of a Storm ſo rude?
Can ſhe, for whom the various Seaſons chang'd,
To court her Appetite, and crown her Board,
For whom the foreign Vintages were preſs'd,
For whom the Merchant ſpread his ſilken Stores,
Can ſhe---
Intreat for Bread and want the needful Rayment,
To wrap her ſhivering Boſom from the Weather?
When ſhe was mine, no Care came ever nigh her.
I thought the gentleſt Breeze that wakes the Spring
Too rough to breathe upon her; Cheerfullneſs
Danc'd all the Day before her; and at Night
Soft Slumbers waited on her downy Pillow---
Now ſad and ſhelterleſs, perhaps, ſhe lyes,
Where piercing Winds blow ſharp, and the chill Rain
Drops from ſome Pent-houſe on her wretched Head,
Drenches her Locks, and kills her with the Cold.
It is too much---Hence with her paſt Offences,
They are atton'd at full---Why ſtay we then?
Oh! let us haſte, my Friend, and find her out.

Bell. Somewhere about this Quarter of the Town,
I hear the poor abandon'd Creature lingers:
Her Guard, tho' ſet with ſtricteſt Watch to keep
All Food and Friendſhip from her, yet permit her
To wander in the Streets, there chuſe her Bed,
And reſt her Head on what cold Stone ſhe pleaſes.

Sh. Here let us then divide; each in his Round
To ſearch her Sorrows out, whoſe hap it is
Firſt to behold her, this way let him lead
Her fainting Steps, and meet we here together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Jane Shore, *her Hair hanging looſe on her Shoulders, and bare-footed.*

J. Sh. Yet, yet endure, nor murmur, Oh! my Soul!
For are not thy Tranſgreſſions great and numberleſs?
Do they not cover thee, like riſing Floods,
And preſs thee like a Weight of Waters down?
Does not the Hand of Righteouſneſs afflict thee;
And who ſhall plead againſt it? Who ſhall ſay
To Pow'r Almighty, Thou haſt done enough:
Or bid his dreadful Rod of Vengeance, ſtay?
Wait then with Patience, till the circling Hours
Shall bring the Time of thy appointed Reſt,
And lay thee down in Death. The Hireling thus
With Labour drudges out the painful Day,
And often looks with long expecting Eyes
To ſee the Shadows riſe and be diſmiſs'd.
And hark! methinks the Roar that late Purſu'd me,
Sinks, like the Murmurs of a falling Wind,
And ſoftens into Silence. Does Revenge
And Malice then grow weary, and forſake me?
My Guard too, that obſerv'd me ſtill ſo cloſe,
Tire in the Task of their inhuman Office,
And loiter far behind. Alas! I faint,
My Spirits fail at once—This is the Door
Of my *Alicia*.—Bleſſed Opportunity!
I'll ſteal a little Succour from her Goodneſs
Now, while no Eye obſerves me. [*She knocks at the Door.*

Enter a Servant.

Is your Lady,
My gentle Friend, at home? Oh! bring me to her. [*Going in.*
Ser. Hold Mistress whither wou'd you? [*Putting her back.*
J. Sh. Do you not know me?
Ser. I know you well, and know my Orders too.
You must not enter here —
J. Sh. Tell my *Alicia*,
'Tis I would see her.
Ser. She is ill at Ease,
And will admit no Visitor.
J. Sh. But tell her
'Tis I, her Friend, the Partner of her Heart,
Wait at the Door and beg—
Ser. 'Tis all in vain—
Go hence, and Howl to those that will regard you.
[*Shuts the Door, and* Exit
J. Sh. It was not always thus; the Time has been,
When this unfriendly Door, that barrs my Passage,
Flew wide, and almost leap'd from off its Hinges
To give me Entrance here; When this good House
Has pour'd forth all its Dwellers to receive me;
When my Approach has made a little Holy-day,
And ev'ry Face was dress'd in Smiles to meet me.
But now 'tis otherwise; and those who bless'd me,
Now curse me to my Face. Why should I wander,
Stray further on, for I can die ev'n here!
[*She sits down at the Door*

Enter Alicia *in Disorder; Two Servants following.*

Alic. What Wretch art thou? whose Misery and Baseness
Hangs on my Door, whose hateful Whine of Woe

Breaks

Breaks in upon Sorrows, and diſtracts
My jarring Senſes with thy Beggar's Cry.

J. Sh. A very Beggar, and a Wretch indeed;
One driv'n by ſtrong Calamity to ſeek
For Succour here. One periſhing for Want,
Whoſe Hunger has not taſted Food theſe three Days;
And humbly asks, for Charity's dear ſake,
A Draught of Water, and a little Bread.

Alic And doſt thou come to me, to me for Bread?
I know the not--Go--hunt for it abroad,
Where wanton Hands upon the Earth have ſcatter'd it,
Or caſt it on the Waters -- Mark the Eagle,
And hungry Vulture, where they wind the Prey;
Watch where the Ravens of the Valley feed,
And ſeek thy Food with them --- I know thee not.

J. Sh. And yet there was a Time, when my *Alicia*
Has thought unhappy *Shore* her deareſt Bleſſing,
And mourn'd that live-long Day ſhe paſs'd without me:
When pair'd like Turtles, we were ſtill together;
When often as we prattled Arm in Arm,
Inclining fondly to me ſhe has ſworn,
She lov'd me more than all the World beſide.

Alic. Ha! ſayſt thou! Let me look upon thee well---
'Tis true---I know thee now---A Miſchief on thee!
Thou art that fatal Fair, that curſed She,
That ſet my Brain a madding. Thou haſt robb'd me;
Thou haſt undone me --- Murder! Oh my *Haſtings*!
See his pale bloody Head ſhoots glaring by me!
Give me him back again, thou ſoft Deluder,
Thou Beauteous Witch---

J. Sh. Alas! I never wrong'd you---

Oh! then be good to me; have Pity on me:
Thou never knew'ſt the Bitterneſs of Want,
And may'ſt thou never know it. Oh! beſtow
Some poor Remain, the voiding of thy Table,
A Morſel to ſupport my famiſh'd Soul.

Alic. Avant! and come not near me ---

J. Sh. To thy Hand
I truſted all, gave my whole Store to thee:
Nor do I ask it back, allow me but
The ſmalleſt Pittance, give me but to eat,
Leſt I fall down and periſh here before thee.

Alic. Nay! tell not me! Where is thy King, thy *Edward*,
And all the ſmiling, cringing Train of Courtiers,
That bent the Knee before thee?

J. Sh. Oh! for Mercy!

Alic. Mercy! I know it not --- for I am miſerable.
I'll give thee Miſery, for here ſhe dwells;
This is her Houſe, where the Sun never dawns,
The Bird of Night ſits ſcreaming o'er the Roof,
Grim Spectres ſweep along the horrid Gloom,
And nought is heard but Wailings and Lamentings.
Hark! ſomething Cracks above! it ſhakes, it totters!
And ſee, the nodding Ruin falls to cruſh me!
'Tis fall'n! 'tis here! I feel it on my Brain!

1 *Serv.* This Sight diſorders her ---

2 *Serv.* Retire, dear Lady ---
And leave this Woman ---

Alic. Let her take my Counſel!
Why ſhoud'ſt thou be a Wretch? Stab, tear thy Heart,
And rid thy ſelf of this deteſted Being.
I wo'not linger long behind thee here.

A

A waving Flood of blewiſh Fire ſwells o'er me;
And now 'tis out, and I am drown'd in Blood
Ha! what art thou! thou horrid headleſs Trunk?
It is my *Haſtings*! See! He wafts me on!
Away! I go! I fly! I follow thee.
But come not thou with miſchief-making Beauty
To interpoſe between us, look not on him,
Give thy fond Arts and thy Deluſions o'er,
For thou ſhalt never, never part us more.

[*She runs off, her Servants following.*

J. Sh. Alas! She raves; her Brain, I fear, is turn'd.
In Mercy look upon her, gracious Heav'n,
Nor viſit her for any Wrong to me.
Sure I am near upon my Journey's End;
My Head runs round, my Eyes begin to fail,
And dancing Shadows ſwim before my Sight.
I canno more. [*Lies down.*] Receive me thou cold Earth,
Thou common Parent, take me to thy Boſom,
And let me reſt with Thee.

Enter Bellmour.

Bell. Upon the Ground!
Thy Miſeries can never lay thee lower.
Look up, thou poor afflicted one! Thou Mourner
Whom none has comforted! Where are thy Friends,
The dear Companions of thy Joyful Days,
Whoſe Hearts thy warm Proſperity made glad,
Whoſe Arms are taught to grow like Ivy round thee,
And bind thee to their Boſoms? — Thus with thee,
Thus let us live, and let us die, they ſaid,
For ſure thou art the Siſter of our Loves,
And nothing ſhall divide us — Now where are they?

J. Sh. Ah! *Bellmour*, where indeed! They ſtand aloof,
And view my Deſolation from a-far;
When they paſs by, they ſhake their Heads in Scorn,
And cry, behold the Harlot and her End!
And yet thy Goodneſs turns aſide to Pity me.
Alas! There may be Danger, get thee gone!
Let me not pull a Ruin on thy Head,
Leave me to die alone, for I am fall'n
Never to riſe, and all Relief is vain.

Bell. Yet raiſe thy drooping Head, for I am come
To chaſe away Deſpair. Behold! where yonder
That honeſt Man, that faithful brave *Dumont*,
Is haſting to thy Aid----

J. Sh. Dumont! Ha! Where!

[*Raiſing herſelf, and looking about.*

Then Heav'n has heard my Prayer, his very Name
Renews the Springs of Life, and chears my Soul,
Has he then ſcap'd the Snare?

Bell He has, but ſee----
He comes unlike to that *Dumont* you knew,
For now he wears your better Angel's Form,
And comes to viſit you with Peace and Pardon.

Enter Shore.

J. Sh. Speak, tell me! Which is he? And oh! what wou'd
This dreadful Viſion! See it comes upon me----
It is my Husband----Ah! [*She Swoons.*

Sh. She faints! ſupport her!
Suſtain her Head, while I infuſe this Cordial
Into her dying Lips----from ſpicy Drugs,
Rich Herbs and Flow'rs the potent Juice is drawn;
With wond'rous Force it ſtrikes the lazy Spirits,

Drives

Drives 'em around, and wakens Life anew.

Bell. Her Weakneſs could not bear the ſtrong Surpize.
But ſee, ſhe ſtirs! And the returning Blood
Faintly begins to bluſh again, and kindle
Upon her Aſhy Cheek ——

Sh. So, —— gently raiſe her —— [*Raiſing her up.*

J. Sh. Ha! What art thou! *Bellmour!*

Bell. How fair you, Lady?

J. Sh. My Heart is thrill'd with Horror ——

Bell. Be of Courage ——
Your Husband lives! 'Tis he, my worthieſt Friend —

J. Sh. Still art thou there!—ſtill doſt thou hover round me!
Oh ſave me, *Bellmour*, from his angry Shade!

Bell. 'Tis he himſelf — he lives! — look up —

J. Sh. I dare not!
Oh that my Eyes could ſhut him out for ever —

Sh. Am I ſo hateful then, ſo deadly to thee
To blaſt thy Eyes with Horror? Since I'm grown
A Burthen to the World, my Self and Thee,
Wou'd I had ne'er ſurviv'd to ſee thee more.

J. Sh. Oh thou moſt Injur'd — Doſt thou live indeed!
Fall then ye Mountains on my guilty Head,
Hide me ye Rocks within your ſecret Caverns,
Caſt thy black Veil upon my Shame, O Night!
And ſhield me with thy ſable Wing for ever.

Sh. Why doſt thou turn away? — Why tremble thus?
Why thus indulge thy Fears? And in Deſpair
Abandon thy diſtracted Soul to Horror?
Caſt every black and guilty Thought behind thee,
And let 'em never vex thy Quiet more.
My Arms, my Heart are open to receive thee,

To

To bring thee back to thy forſaken Home,
With tender Joy, with fond forgiving Love,
And all the Longings of my firſt Deſires.

J. Sh. No, arm thy Brow with Vengeance; and appear
The Miniſter of Heav'n's enquiring Juſtice;
Array thy ſelf all terrible for Judgment,
Wrath in thy Eyes, and Thunder in thy Voice;
Pronounce my Sentence, and if yet there be
A Woe I have not felt, inflict it on me.

Sh. The Meaſure of thy Sorrows is compleat;
And I am come to ſnatch thee from Injuſtice.
The Hand of Pow'r no more ſhall cruſh thy Weakneſs,
Nor proud Oppreſſion grind thy humble Soul.

J. Sh. Art thou not riſen by Miracle from Death?
Thy Shroud is fall'n from off thee, and the Grave
Was bid to give thee up, that thou might'ſt come
The Meſſenger of Grace and Goodneſs to me,
To ſeal my Peace, and bleſs me ere I go.
Oh let me then fall down beneath thy Feet,
And weep my Gratitude for ever there;
Give me your Drops, ye ſoft-deſcending Rains,
Give me your Streams, ye never-ceaſing Springs,
That my ſad Eyes may ſtill ſupply my Duty,
And feed an everlaſting Flood of Sorrow.

Sh. Waſte not thy feeble Spirits---I have long
Beheld, unknown, thy Mourning and Repentance;
Therefore my Heart has ſet aſide the paſt
And holds thee white, as unoffending Innocence;
Therefore in ſpight of cruel *Glaſter*'s Rage,
Soon as my Friend had broke my Priſon Doors,
I flew to thy Aſſiſtance. Let us haſte.

Now

Now while Occaſion ſeems to ſmile upon us,
Forſake this Place of Shame, and find a Shelter.
J. Sh. What ſhall I ſay to you? But I obey —
Sh. Lean on my Arm —
J. Sh. Alas, I am wonderous faint:
But that's not ſtrange, I have not eat theſe three Days.
Sh. Oh Mercileſs! look here my Love, I've brought thee
Some rich Conſerves —
J. Sh. How can you be ſo good?
But you were ever thus; I well remember
With what fond Care, what Diligence of Love,
You laviſh'd out your Wealth to buy me Pleaſures,
Preventing every Wiſh: Have you forgot
The coſtly String of Pearl you brought me Home
And ty'd about my Neck? — How cou'd I leave you?
Sh. Taſte ſome of this, or this —
J. Sh. You're ſtrangely alter'd —
Say, gentle *Belmour*, is he not? How pale
Your Viſage is become? Your Eyes are hallow;
Nay, you are wrinkled too — Alas the Day!
My Wretchedneſs has coſt you many a Tear,
And many a bitter Pang, ſince laſt we parted.
Sh. No more of that — thou talk'ſt, but doſt not eat.
J. Sh. My feeble Jaws forget their common Office,
My taſteleſs Tongue cleaves to the clammy Roof,
And now a gen'ral Loathing grows upon me —
Oh, I am ſick at Heart! —
Sh. Thou murd'rous Sorrow!
Wo't thou ſtill drink her Blood, purſue her ſtill!
Muſt ſhe then die! Oh, my poor Penitent,
Speak Peace to thy ſad Heart: She hears me not;

Grief

Grief maſters ev'ry Senſe---help me to hold her---

Enter Catesby, *with a Guard.*

Cat. Seize on 'em both, as Traytors to the State---

Bell. What means this Violence ! ---

[*Guards ay hold on* Shore *and* Bellmeur.

Cat. Have we not found you,
In ſcorn of the Protector's ſtrict Command,
Aſſiſting this baſe Woman, and abetting
Her Infamy ?

Sh. Infamy on thy Head !
Thou Tool of Power, thou Pander to Authority !
I tell thee Knave, thou know'ſt of none ſo Virtuous,
And ſhe that bore thee was an *Æthiop* to her.

Cat. You'll anſwer this at full---Away with 'em.

Sh. Is Charity grown Treaſon to your Court ?
What honeſt Man would live beneath ſuch Rulers ?
I am content that we ſhall die together.---

Cat. Convey the Men to Priſon ; but for her,
Leave her to hunt her Fortune as ſhe may.

J. Sh. I will not part with him --- for me ! --- for me !
Oh ! muſt he die for me ?

[*Following him as he is carry'd off*---*She falls.*

Sh. Inhuman Villains ! [*Breaks from the Guard.*
Stand off ! the Agonies of Death are on her---
She pulls, ſhe gripes me hard with her cold Hand.

J. Sh. Was this Blow wanting to compleat my Ruin !
Oh let him go, ye Miniſters of Terror,
He ſhall offend no more, for I will die,
And yield Obedience to your cruel Maſter,
Tarry a little, but a little longer,
And take my laſt Breath with you.

Sh.

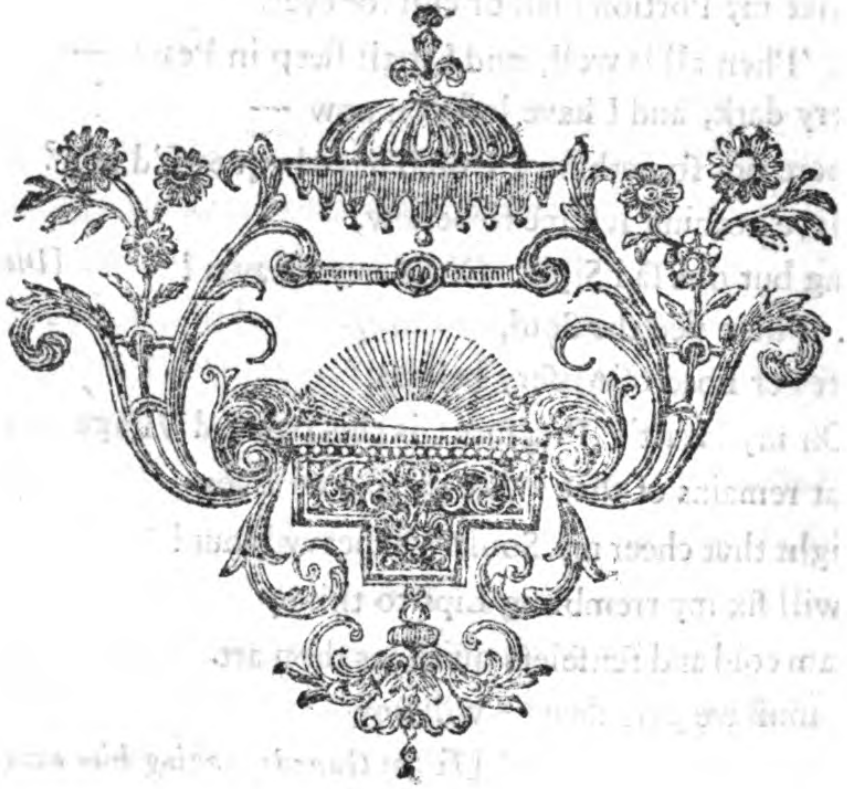
Sh. Oh my Love! —
Why have I liv'd to ſee this bitter Moment,
This Grief by far ſurpaſſing all my former!
Why doſt thou fix thy dying Eyes upon me
With ſuch an earneſt, ſuch a piteous Look,
As if thy Heart were full of ſome ſad Meaning
Thou could'ſt not ſpeak! —
J. Sh. Forgive me! — but forgive me!
Sh. Be witneſs for me, ye Celeſtial Hoſt,
Such Mercy and ſuch Pardon as my Soul
Accords to thee, and beggs of Heav'n to ſhew thee;
May ſuch befal me at my lateſt Hour,
And make my Portion bleſt or cuſt for ever.
J. Sh. Then all is well, and I ſhall ſleep in Peace —
'Tis very dark, and I have loſt you now —
Was there not ſomething I would have bequeath'd you?
But I have nothing left me to beſtow,
Nothing but one ſad Sigh. Oh Mercy Heav'n! [*Dies.*
Bell. There fled the Soul,
And left her Load of Miſery behind.
Sh. Oh my Heart's Treaſure! is this pale ſad Viſage
All that remains of thee? Are theſe dead Eyes
The Light that cheer my Soul? Oh heavy Hour!
But I will fix my trembling Lips to thine,
Till I am cold and ſenſeleſs quite, as thou art.
What, muſt we part then?— will you—
[*To the Guards, taking him away.*
Fare thee well — [*Kiſſing her.*
Now execute your Tyrant's Will, and lead me
To Bonds or Death, 'tis equally indifferent.

Bell.

Bell. Let thoſe, who view this ſad Example, know,
What Fate attends the broken Marriage Vow;
And teach their Children in ſucceeding Times,
No common Vengeance waits upon theſe Crimes,
When ſuch ſevere Repentance could not ſave,
From Want, from Shame, and an Untimely Grave.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fifth Act.



EPI-

EPILOGUE:

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

YE modeſt Matrons all, ye virtuous Wives,
Who lead with horrid Husbands, decent Lives;
You, who for all you are in ſuch a taking,
To ſee your Spouſes Drinking, Gaming, Raking,
Yet make a Conſcience ſtill of Cuckold-making.
What can we ſay, your Pardon to obtain?
This Matter here was prov'd againſt poor Jane:
She never once deny'd it, but in ſhort,
Whimper'd -- and cry'd, -- ſweet Sir -- I'm ſorry for't:
'Twas well he met a kind, good-natur'd Soul,
We are not all ſo eaſy to controul:
I fancy one might find in this good Town,
Some wou'd ha' told the Gentleman his own;
Have anſwer'd ſmart, -- To what do you pretend,
Blockhead! -- As if I muſt n't ſee a Friend:
Tell me of Hackney-Coaches -- Jaunts to th' City --
Where ſhou'd I buy my China -- Faith, I'll fit ye --
Our Wife was of a milder, meeker Spirit;
You! --- Lords and Maſters! --- was not that ſome Merit?
Don't you allow it to be virtuous Bearing,
When we ſubmit thus to your Domineering?
Well, peace be with her, ſhe did wrong moſt ſurely;
But ſo do many more who look demurely.
Nor ſhou'd our mourning Madam weep alone,
There are more Ways of Wickedneſs than one.

EPILOGUE.

If the reforming Stage ſhou'd fall to ſhaming
Ill-Nature, Pride, Hypocriſy and Gaming;
The Poets frequently might move Compaſſion,
And with She-*Tragedies o'er-run the Nation.*
Then judge the fair Offender with good Nature;
And let your Fellow-feeling curb your Satyr.
What if our Neighbours have ſome little Failing,
Muſt we needs fall to damning and to railing?
For her Excuſe too, be it underſtood,
That if the Woman was not quite ſo good,
Her Lover was a King, ſhe Fleſh and Blood.
And ſince ſhe has dearly paid the ſinful Score,
Be kind at laſt, and pity poor Jane Shore.

FINIS.

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THE

TRAGEDY

Of the LADY

JANE GRAY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

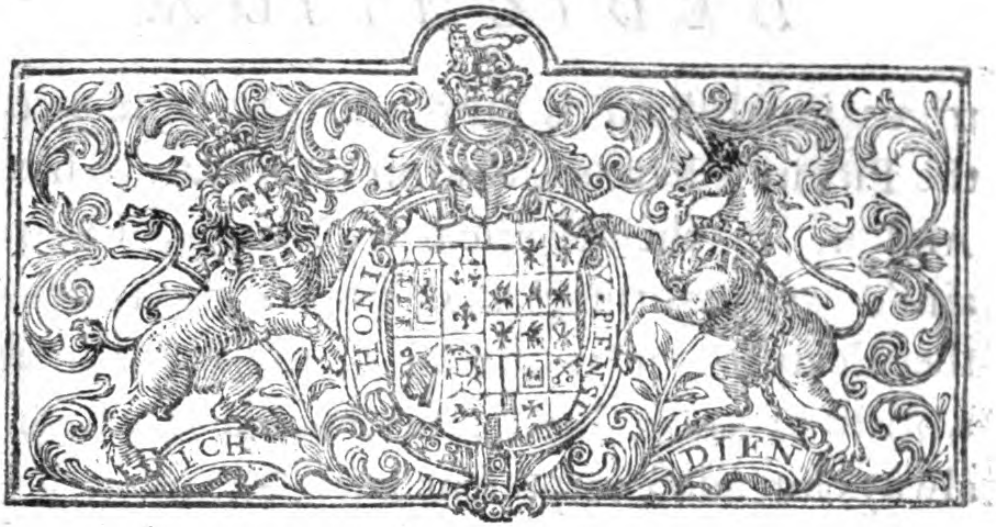
By N. ROWE, Esq; SERVANT to his MAJESTY.

Sed frustra Leges & inania Jura tuenti
Scire mori Sors optima.

The THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for *B. L.* and sold by THOMAS JAUNCY, at the *Angel* without *Temple-Bar*. MDCCXX.



TO

Her Royal Highness

THE

Princess of *Wales.*

MADAM,

A Princess of the same Royal Blood to which You are so closely and so happily Ally'd, presumes to throw her self at the Feet of YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS for Protection. The Character of that Excellent Lady, as it is deliver'd down

to us in History, is very near the same with the Picture I have endeavour'd to draw of her: And if, in the Poetical Colouring, I have aim'd at heightning and improving some of the Features, it was only to make her more worthy of those Illustrious Hands to which I always intended to present her.

As the *British* Nation, in general, is infinitely indebted to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS; so every particular Person amongst us ought to contribute, according to their several Capacities and Abilities, towards the discharging that Publick Obligation

We are your Debtors, MADAM, for the Preference You gave us, in chusing to wear the *British* rather than the *Imperial* Crown; for giving the Best Daughter to our KING, and the Best Wife to our PRINCE. It is to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS we owe the Security that shall be deliver'd down to our Children's Children, by a most Hopeful and Beautiful, as well as a Numerous Royal Issue. These are the Bonds of our Civil Duty: But YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS has laid us under others yet more Sacred and Engaging; I mean

mean, thoſe of Religion. You are not only the Brighteſt Ornament, but the Patroneſs and Defender of our Holy Faith.

Nor is it *Britain* alone, but the World, but the preſent and all ſucceeding Ages, who ſhall bleſs Your Royal Name, for the greateſt Example that can be given of a Diſintereſted Piety, and Unſhaken Conſtancy.

This is what we may certainly reckon amongſt the Benefits YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS has conferr'd upon us. Though at the ſame time, how partial ſoever we may be to our ſelves, we ought not to believe You declin'd the Firſt Crown of *Europe* in regard to *Britain* only. No, MADAM, it is in Juſtice to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS that we muſt confeſs, you had more Excellent Motives for ſo great an Action as that was: Since you did it in Obedience to the Dictates of Reaſon and Conſcience, for the Sake of True Religion, and for the Honour of God. All things that are Great have been offer'd to You; and all Things that are Good and Happy, as well in this World as a Better, ſhall become the Reward of ſuch Exalted Virtue and Piety. The

Bleſſings of our Nation, the Prayers of our Church, with the Faithful Service of all Gocd Men, ſhall wait upon YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS as long as you live. And whenever, for the Puniſhment of this Land, You ſhall be taken from us, your Sacred Name ſhall be dear to Remembrance, and Almighty God, who alone is able, ſhall beſtow upon you the Fulneſs of Recompence.

Amongſt the ſeveral Offerings of Duty which are made to you here, be graciouſly pleas'd to accept of this Unworthy Trifle; which is, with the greateſt Reſpect and loweſt Submiſſion, preſented to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, by,

MADAM,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S,
Moſt Obedient,
Moſt Devoted, and
Moſt Faithful
Humble Servant,

N. ROWE.

THE PREFACE.

HO' I have very little Inclination to write Prefaces before Works of this Nature, yet, upon this particular Occasion, I cannot but think my self oblig'd to give some short Account of this Play, *as well in Justice to my self, as to a very Learned and Ingenious Gentleman, My Friend, who is dead. The Person I mean was Mr.* Smith *of* Christ Church, Oxon: *One whose Character I could with great Pleasure enter into, if it was not already very well known to the World. As I had the Happiness to be intimately acquainted with him, he often told me that he design'd writing a Tragedy upon the Story of the Lady* Jane Gray; *and, if he had liv'd, I shou'd never have thought of meddling with it my self. But as he dy'd without doing it, in the beginning of the last*

Summer

Summer I resolv'd to undertake it. And indeed, the hopes I had of receiving some considerable Assistances from the Papers he left behind him, were one of the principal Motives that induc'd me to go about it. These Papers were in the Hands of Mr. Ducket; *to whom my Friend, Mr.* Tho. Burnett, *was so kind to write and procure 'em for me. The least Return I can make to those Gentlemen, is this Publick Acknowledgment of their great Civility on this Occasion. I must confess, before those Papers came to my Hand, I had intirely form'd the Design, or Fable of my own* Play: *And when I came to look 'em over, I found it was different from that which Mr.* Smith *intended; the Plan of his being drawn after that, which is in Print of Mr.* Banks; *at least I thought so, by what I could pick out of his Papers. To say the Truth, I was a good deal surpriz'd and disappointed at the sight of 'em. I hop'd to have met with great part of the* Play *written to my Hand, or at the least the whole Design regularly drawn out. Instead of that, I found the Quantity of about two Quires of Paper written over in odd Pieces, blotted, interlin'd and confus'd. What was contain'd in 'em in General, was loose Hints of Sentiments, and short obscure Sketches of Scenes. But how they were to be apply'd, or in what order they were to be rang'd, I could not by any Diligence of mine (and I look'd 'em very carefully over more than once) come to understand. One Scene there was, and one only, that seem'd pretty near perfect; in which Lord* Guilford

singly

ſingly perſwades the Lady Jane *to take the Crown. From that I borrow'd all that I could, and inſerted it in my own Third Act. But indeed the Manner and Turn of his Fable was ſo different from mine, that I could not take above five and twenty or thirty Lines at the moſt; and even in thoſe I was oblig'd to make ſome Alteration. I ſhould have been very glad to have come into a Partnerſhip of Reputation with ſo fine a Writer as Mr* Smith *was; but in truth his Hints were ſo ſhort and dark (many of them mark'd ev'n in Short-hand) that they were of little Uſe or Service to me. They might have ſerv'd as Indexes to his own Memory, and he might have form'd a Play out of em'; but I dare ſay, no Body elſe could. In one Part of his Deſign he ſeem'd to differ from Mr.* Banks, *whoſe Tale he generally deſign'd to follow: ſince I obſerv'd in many of thoſe ſhort Sketches of Scenes, he had introduc'd Queen* Mary. *He ſeem'd to intend her Character Pitiful and inclining to Mercy, but urg'd on to Cruelty by the Rage and bloody Diſpoſitions of* Bonner *and* Gardiner. *This Hint I had likewiſe taken from the late Biſhop of* Salisbury's Hiſtory of the Reformation; *who lays, and I believe very juſtly, the horrible Cruelties that were acted at that Time, rather to the charge of that perſecuting Spirit by which the Clergy were then animated, than to the Queen's own Natural Diſpoſition.*

Many People believ'd, or at leaſt ſaid, that Mr. Smith *left a* Play *very near entire behind him. All that I am ſorry for, is, that it was not ſo*

in

in fact; I should have made no scruple of taking three, four, or even the whole five Acts from him; but then I hope I should have had the Honesty to let the World know they were his, and not take another Man's Reputation to my Self.

This is what I thought necessary to say, as well on my own Account, as in Regard to the Memory of my Friend.

For the Play, *such as it is, I leave it to prosper as it can, I have resolv'd never to trouble the World with any Publick Apologies for my Writings of this kind, as much as I have been provok'd to it. I shall turn this my youngest Child out into the World, with no other Provision than a Saying which I remember to have seen before one of Mrs.* Behn's:

Va! mon Enfant prend ta Fortune.

PRO

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Booth.

TO-night the Noblest Subject swells our Scene,
A Heroine, a Martyr, and a Queen.
And tho' the Poet dares not boast his Art,
The very Theme shall something Great impart,
To warm the generous Soul, and touch the tender Heart.
To you, Fair Judges, we the Cause submit;
Your Eyes shall tell us how the Tale is writ.
If your soft Pity waits upon our Woe,
If silent Tears for suff'ring Virtue flow;
Your Grief the Muse's Labour shall confess,
The lively Passions, and the just Distress.
Oh! cou'd our Author's Pencil justly paint,
Such as she was in Life, the Beauteous Saint;
Boldly your strict Attention might we claim,
And bid you mark, and copy out the Dame.
No wandring Glance one wanton Thought confess'd,
No guilty Wish inflam'd her spotless Breast:
The only Love that warm'd her blooming Youth,
Was Husband, England, *Liberty, and Truth.*
For these she fell; while, with too weak a Hand,
She strove to save a blind ungrateful Land.
But thus the secret Laws of Fate ordain;
WILLIAM's *Great Hand was doom'd to break that Chain,*
And end the Hopes of Rome's *Tyrannick Reign.*
For ever, as the circling Years return,
Ye grateful Britons! *crown the Hero's Urn.*
To his just Care you ev'ry Blessing owe,
Which, or his own, or following Reigns bestow.
Tho' his hard Fate a Father's Name deny'd;
To you a Father, he that Loss supply'd.

Then

PROLOGUE.

Then while you view the Royal Lines increase,
And count the Pledges of your future Peace;
From this great Stock while still new Glories come,
Conquest abroad, and Liberty at home;
While you behold the Beautiful and Brave,
Bright Princesses to grace you, Kings to save,
Enjoy the Gift, but bless the Hand that gave.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Duke of *Northumberland*,	Mr. *Mills.*
Duke of *Suffolk*,	Mr. *Boman.*
Lord *Guilford Dudley*,	Mr. *Booth.*
Earl of *Pembroke*,	Mr. *Elrington.*
Earl of *Sussex*,	Mr. *Ryan.*
Gardiner Bp of *Winchester*,	Mr. *Cibber.*
Sir *John Gates*,	Mr. *Shepherd.*
Lieutenant of the *Tower*,	Mr. *Quin.*

WOMEN.

Dutchess of *Suffolk*,	Mrs. *Porter.*
Lady *Jane Gray*,	Mrs. *Oldfield.*

Lords of the Council, Gentlemen, Guards, Woman, and Attendants.

THE

THE

TRAGEDY

OF THE

Lady JANE GRAY.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Court.*

Enter the Duke of Northumberland, *Duke of* Suffolk, *and Sir* John Gates.

NORTHUMB.

IS all in vain; Heaven has requir'd its Pledge,
And he muſt die.

Suff. Is there an honeſt Heart,
That loves our *England*, does not mourn for *Edward*?
The Genius of our Iſle is ſhook with [Sorrow,
He bows his venerable Head with Pain,
And labours with the Sickneſs of his Lord.
Religion melts in ev'ry Holy Eye,

All

All comfortless, afflicted, and forlorn
She sits on Earth, and weeps upon her Cross:
Weary of Man, and his detested Ways,
Ev'n now she seems to meditate her Flight,
And waft her Angel to the Thrones above.

North. Ay, there, my Lord, you touch our heaviest Loss,
With him our Holy Faith is doom'd to suffer;
With him our Church shall veil her sacred Front,
That late from Heaps of *Gothick* Ruins rose,
In her first native simple Majesty;
The Toil of Saints, and Price of Martyr's Blood,
Shall fail with *Edward*; and again *Old Rome*
Shall spread her Banners; and her Monkish Host,
Pride, Ignorance, and Rapine shall return;
Blind bloody Zeal, and cruel Priestly Power
Shall scourge the Land for ten dark Ages more.

Sir J. Gates. Is there no Help in all the healing Art,
No Potent Juice or Drug to save a Life
So precious, and prevent a Nation's Fate?

North. What has been left untry'd that Art could do?
The hoary wrinkled Leach has watch'd and toil'd,
Try'd ev'ry Health-restroing Herb and Gum,
And weary'd out his painful Skill in vain.
Close like a Dragon folded in his Den,
Some secret Venom preys upon his Heart;
A stubborn and unconquerable Flame
Creeps in his Veins, and drinks the Streams of Life:
His Youthful Sinews are unstrung, cold Sweats,
And deadly Paleness sit upon his Visage,
And ev'ry Gasp we look shall be his last.

Sir

Sir J. Gates. Doubt not, your Graces, but the Popiſh
Will at this Juncture urge their utmoſt Force. (Faction
All, on the Princeſs *Mary*, turn their Eyes,
Well hoping ſhe ſhall build again their Altars,
And bring their Idol-Worſhip back in Triumph.

North. Good Heaven ordain ſome better Fate for *England!*

Suff. What better can we hope, if ſhe ſhould Reign?
I know her well, a blinded Zealot is ſhe,
A gloomy Nature, ſullen and ſevere,
Nurtur'd by proud preſuming Romiſh Prieſts,
Taught to believe they only cannot err,
Becauſe they cannot err; bred up in Scorn
Of Reaſon, and the whole Lay-World; inſtructed
To hate whoe're diſſent from what they teach,
To purge the World from Hereſy by Blood,
To maſſacre a Nation, and believe it
An Act well-pleaſing to the Lord of Mercy.
Theſe are thy Gods, Oh *Rome!* and this thy Faith.

North. And ſhall we tamely yield our ſelves to Bondage?
Bow down before theſe Holy Purple Tyrants,
And bid 'em tread upon our ſlaviſh Necks?
No; let this Faithful Free-born Engliſh Hand
Firſt dig my Grave in Liberty and Honour;
And tho' I found but one more thus reſolv'd,
That honeſt Man and I wou'd die together.

Suff. Doubt not, there are Ten thouſand, and Ten thouſand
To own a Cauſe ſo juſt.

Sir J. Gates. The Liſt I gave
Into your Grace's Hand laſt Night, declares
My Power and Friends at full, [*To* Northumb.

North.

North. Be it your Care,
Good Sir *John Gates*, to ſee your Friends appointed,
And ready for the Occaſion. Haſt this Inſtant,
Loſe not a Moment's Time.

Sir J. Gates. I go, my Lord. [*Exit Sir* J. Gates.

North. Your Grace's Princely Daughter, Lady JANE,
Is ſhe yet come to Court?

Suff. Not yet arriv'd;
But with the ſooneſt I expect her here.
I know her Duty to the dying King,
Join'd with my ſtrict Commands to haſten hither,
Will bring her on the Wing.

North. Beſeech your Grace,
To ſpeed another Meſſenger to preſs her;
For on her happy Preſence all our Counſels
Depend, and take their Fate.

Suff. Upon the Inſtant
Your Grace ſhall be obey'd. I go to ſummon her.

[*Exit* Suff.

North. What trivial Influences hold Dominion
O'er Wiſe Men's Counſels, and the Fate of Empire?
The greateſt Schemes that human Wit can forge,
Or bold Ambition dares to put in Practice,
Depend upon our husbanding a Moment,
And the light laſting of a Woman's Will.
As if the Lord of Nature ſhou'd delight
To hang this pond'rous Globe upon a Hair,
And bid it dance before a Breath of Wind.
She muſt be here, and lodg'd in *Guilford*'s Arms,
E're *Edward* dies, or all we've done is marr'd.
Ha! *Pembroke*! that's a Bar which thwarts my Way;

His

His fiery Temper brooks not Oppoſition
And muſt be met with ſoft and ſupple Arts;
With crouching Courteſy, and hony'd Words,
Such as aſſwage the Fierce, and bend the Strong.

[*Enter the Earl of* Pembroke.]

Good morrow, Noble *Pembroke*: We have ſtay'd
The Meeting of the Council for your Preſence.
Pem. For mine, my Lord! You mock your Servant, ſure,
To ſay that I am wanted, where your ſelf,
The Great *Alcides* of our State, is preſent.
Whatever Dangers menace Prince or People,
Our Great *Northumberland* is arm'd to meet 'em;
The ableſt Head, and firmeſt Heart you bear,
Nor need a ſecond in the Glorious Task;
Equal your ſelf to all your Toils of Empire.
North. No; as I honour Virtue, I have try'd,
And know my Strength too well; nor can the Voice
Of friendly Flattery, like your's, deceive me.
I know my temper liable to Paſſions,
And all the Frailties common to our Nature;
Blind to Events, too eaſie of Perſwaſion,
And often, too too often have I err'd.
Much therefore have I need of ſome good Man,
Some wiſe and honeſt Heart, whoſe friendly Aid
Might guide my treading thro' our preſent Dangers:
And by the Honour of my Name I ſwear,
I know not one of all our *Engliſh* Peers,
Whom I would chuſe for that beſt Friend, like *Pembroke.*
Pem. What ſhall I anſwer to a Truſt ſo Noble,
This Prodigality of Praiſe and Honour?

were

Were not your Grace too Generous of Soul,
To ſpeak a Language differing from your Heart,
How might I think you could not mean this Goodneſs
To one, whom his Ill-Fortune has ordain'd
The Rival of your Son.

North. No more! I ſcorn a Thought
So much below the Dignity of Virtue.
'Tis true, I look on *Guilford* like a Father,
Lean to his Side and ſee but half his Failings:
But on a Point like this, when equal Merit
Stands forth to make its bold Appeal to Honour,
And calls to have the Balance held in Juſtice;
Away with all the Fondneſſes of Nature!
I judge of *Pembroke* and my Son alike.

Pem. I ask no more to bind me to your Service.

North. The Realm is now at Hazard; and bold Factions
Threaten Change, Tumult and diſaſtrous Days.
Theſe Fears drive out the gentler Thoughts of Joy.
Of Courtſhip, and of Love. Grant, Heaven, the State
To fix in Peace and Safety once again;
Then ſpeak your Paſſion to the Princely Maid,
And fair Succeſs attend you. For my ſelf,
My Voice ſhall go as far for you, my Lord,
As for my Son, and Beauty be the Umpire.
But now a heavier Matter calls upon us,
The King with Life juſt lab'ring; and I fear,
The Council grow impatient at our Stay.

Pem. One Moment's Pauſe, and I attend your Grace.

[*Exit* North.

Old *Wincheſter* cries to me oft, Beware
Of Proud *Northumberland.* The Teſty Prelate,

Froward

Froward with Age, with disappointed Hopes,
And zealous for Old *Rome*, rails on the Duke,
Suspecting him to favour the New Teachers.
Yet ev'n in that, if I judge right, he errs.
But were it so, what are these Monkish Quarrels,
These wordy Wars of Proud Ill-manner'd Schoolmen,
To us and our Lay-Interests? Let 'em rail
And worry one another at their Pleasure.
This Duke, of late, by many worthy Offices,
Has sought my Friendship. And yet more, his Son,
The noblest Youth our *England* has to boast of,
The gentlest Nature and the bravest Spirit,
Has made me long the Partner of his Breast.
Nay, when he found, in spite of the Resistance
My strugling Heart had made, to do him Justice,
That I was grown his Rival; he strove hard,
And would not turn me forth from out his Bosom,
But call'd me still his Friend. And see! He comes.

[*Enter Lord* GUILFORD.]

Oh, *Guilford*! Just as thou wer't entring here,
My Thought was running all thy Virtues over.
And wondring how thy Soul could chuse a Partner
So much unlike it self.

Guil. How cou'd my Tongue
Take Pleasure, and be lavish in thy Praise!
How cou'd I speak thy Noblenes of Nature,
Thy open manly Heart, thy Courage, Constancy,
And inborn Truth unknowing to dissemble!
Thou art the Man in whom my Soul delights,

In whom, next Heaven, I truſt.

Pem. Oh! Generous Youth!

What can a Heart, ſtubborn and fierce, like mine,
Return to all thy Sweetneſs? ------- Yet I wou'd,
I wou'd be Grateful. ------- Oh, my cruel Fortune!
Wou'd I had never ſeen her! never caſt
My Eyes on *Suffolk*'s Daughter!

Guil. So wou'd I;
Since 'twas my Fate to ſee and love her firſt.

Pem. Oh! Why ſhould ſhe, that Univerſal Goodneſs,
Like Light, a common Bleſſing to the World,
Riſe like a Comet fatal to our Friendſhip,
And threaten it with Ruin?

Guil. Heaven forbid!
But tell me, *Pembroke*, Isit not in Virtue,
To arm againſt this proud imperious Paſſion?
Does Holy Friendſhip dwell ſo near to Envy,
She could not bear to ſee another happy,
If blind miſtaken Chance, and partial Beauty
Should join to favour *Guilford*? ------

Pem. Name it not,
My fiery Spirits kindle at the Thought,
And hurry me to Rage.

Guil. And Yet I think
I ſhould not murmur, were thy Lot to proſper,
And mine to be refus'd. Tho, ſure the Loſs
Wou'd wound me to the Heart.

Pem. Ha! Could'ſt thou bear it?
And yet perhaps thou might'ſt: Thy gentle Temper
Is form'd with Paſſions mixt in due Proportion,

Where

Where no one overbears nor plays the Tyrant,
But join in Nature's Buſineſs, and thy Happineſs:
While mine diſdaining Reaſon and Her Laws,
Like all thou canſt imagine wild and furious:
Now drive me Head-long on, now whirl me back,
And hurry my unſtable flitting Soul
To ev'ry mad Extream. Then Pity me,
And let my Weakneſs ſtand.———

[*Enter Sir* John Gates.]

Sir J. Gates. The Lords of Council
Wait with Impatience.———

Pem. I attend their Pleaſure.
This only, and no more then. Whatſoever
Fortune decrees, ſtill let us call to Mind
Our Friendſhip and our Honour. And ſince Love
Condemns us to be Rivals for one Prize,
Let us contend, as Friends and brave men ought,
With Openneſs and Juſtice to each other;
That he who wins the Fair One to his Arms,
May take her as the Crown of great Deſert:
And if the wretched Loſer does repine,
His own Heart and the World may all condem him.

[*Exit* Pem.

Guil. How croſs the Ways of Life lie! While we think
We travel on direct in one high Road,
And have our Journey's End oppos'd in View,
A thouſand thwarting Paths break in upon us,
To puzzle and perplex our wandring Steps.
Love, Friendſhip, Hatred, in their Turns miſlead us,
As ev'ry Paſſion has its ſeparate Intereſt

Where

Where is that piercing Foresight can unfold
Where all this mazy Error will have end,
And tell the Doom reserv'd for me and *Pembroke*?
There is but one End certain, that is ---------Death:
Yet ev'n that Certainty is still incertain.
For of these several Tracks which lie before us,
We know that one leads certainly to Death,
But know not which that one is. 'Tis in vain
This blind Divining; let me think no more on't,
And see the Mistress of our Fate appear!

[*Enter Lady* JANE GRAY. *Attendants.*]

Hail, Princely Maid! who with Auspicious Beauty
Chear'st every drooping Heart in this sad Place;
Who, like the Silver Regent of the Night,
Lift'st up thy sacred Beams upon the Land,
To bid the Gloom look Gay, dispell our Horrors,
And make us less lament the setting Sun.

L. J. Gray. Yes, *Guilford*; Well dost thou compare my Presence
To the faint Comfort of the waining Moon:
Like her cold Orb, a chearless Gleam I bring,
Silence and Heaviness of Heart, with Dews
To dress the Face of Nature all in Tears.
But say, how fares the King?

Guil. He lives as yet,
But ev'ry Moment cuts away a Hope,
Adds to our Fears, and gives the Infant Saint
A nearer Prospect of his op'ning Heaven.

L. J. Gray. Descend ye Choirs of Angels to receive him;
Tune your melodious Harps to some high Strain,
And waft him upwards with a Song of Triumph:

A

A purer Soul, and one more like your ſelves,
Never enter'd at the Golden Gates of Bliſs.
Oh, *Guilford*! What remains for wretched *England*,
When he, our Guardian-Angel, ſhall forſake us?
For whoſe dear Sake Heav'n ſpar'd a guilty Land,
And ſcatter'd not its Plagues while *Edward* reign'd.

Guil. I own my Heart bleeds inward at the Thought,
And riſing Horrors crowd the opening Scene.
And yet, forgive me, thou, my Native Country,
Thou Land of Liberty, thou Nurſe of Heroes,
Forgive me, if in ſpite of all thy Dangers,
New Springs of Pleaſure flow within my Boſom,
When thus 'tis giv'n me to behold thoſe Eyes,
Thus gaze and wonder, how excelling Nature
Can give each Day new Patterns of her Skill,
And yet at once ſurpaſs 'em.

L. J. Gray. Oh, vain Flattery!
Harſh and ill ſounding ever to my Ear,
But on a Day, like this, the Raven's Note
Strikes on my Senſe more ſweetly. But, no more,
I charge thee touch th' ungrateful Theme no more,
Lead me, to pay my Duty to the King,
To wet his pale cold Hand with theſe laſt Tears,
And ſhare the Bleſſings of his parting Breath.

Guil. Were I, like dying *Edward*, ſure a Touch
Of this dear Hand, would kindle Life a-new.
But I obey, I dread that gath'ring Frown,
And Oh! Whene'er my Boſom ſwells with Paſſion,
And my full Heart is pain'd with ardent Love,
Allow me but to look on you, and ſigh,
'Tis all the humble Joy that *Guilford* asks.

L. J. G. Still wilt thou frame thy Speech to this vain Purpose,
When the wan King of Terrors ſtalks before us,
When Univerſal Ruin gathers round,
And no Eſcape is left us? Are we not,
Like Wretches in a Storm, whom ev'ry Moment
The greedy Deep is gaping to devour?
Around us ſee the pale deſparing Crew,
Wring their ſad Hands, and give their Labour over;
The Hope of Life has ev'ry Heart forſook,
And Horror ſits on each diſtracted Look,
One ſolemn Thought of Death does all employ,
And cancels, like a Dream, Delight and Joy;
One Sorrow ſtreams from all their weeping Eyes,
And one conſenting Voice for Mercy cries;
Trembling, they dread juſt Heav'ns avenging Power,
Mourn their paſt Lives, and wait the fatal Hour.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene *Continues.*

Enter the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, *and the Duke of* SUFFOLK.

Nor. YET then be chear'd my Heart amidst thy Mourning.
Tho' Fate hang heavy o'er us, tho' pale Fear
And wild Distraction sit on ev'ry Face,
Tho' never Day of Grief was known like this,
Let me rejoyce, and bless the hallowed Light,
Whose Beams auspicious shine upon our Union,
And bid me call the Noble *Suffolk* Brother.

Suff. I know not what my secret Soul presages,
But something seems to whisper me within,
That we have been too hasty. For my self,
I wish this Matter had been yet delay'd;
That we had waited some more blessed Time,
Some better Day with happier Omens hallowed,
For Love to kindle up his holy Flame.
But you, my Noble Brother, wou'd prevail,
And I have yielded to you.

North.

North. Doubt not any thing;
Nor hold the Hour unlucky, That good Heaven,
Who ſoftens the Corrections of his Hand,
And mixes ſtill a Comfort with Afflictions,
Has giv'n to Day a Bleſſing in our Children,
To wipe away our Tears for dying *Edward.*
Suff. In that I truſt. Good Angels be our Guard,
And make my Fears prove vain. But ſee! My Wife!
With her, your Son, the generous *Guilford* comes,
She has inform'd him of our preſent Purpoſe.

[*Enter the Dutcheſs of* Suffolk, *and Lord* Guilford.]

L. Guil. How ſhall I ſpeak the Fulneſs of my Heart?
What ſhall I ſay, to bleſs you for this Goodneſs?
Oh! Gracious Princeſs! But my Life is your's,
And all the Buſineſs of my Years to come,
Is, to attend with humbleſt Duty on you,
And pay my vow'd Obedience at your Feet.
Dutc. Suff. Yes, Noble Youth, I ſhare in all thy Joys,
In all the Joys which this ſad Day can give.
The dear Delight I have to call thee Son,
Comes like a Cordial to my drooping Spirits;
It broods with gentle Warmth upon my Boſom,
And melts that Froſt of Death which hung about me.
But haſte! Inform my Daughter of our Pleaſure;
Let thy Tongue put on all its pleaſing Eloquence,
Inſtruct thy Love to ſpeak of Comfort to her,
To ſooth her Griefs, and chear the mourning Maid.
North. All deſolate and drown'd in flowing Tears,
By *Edward*'s Bed the Pious Princeſs ſits

Faſt

Fast from her lifted Eyes the Pearly Drops
Fall trickling o'er her Cheek, while Holy Ardor
And fervent Zeal pour forth her lab'ring Soul;
And ev'ry Sigh is wing'd with Pray'rs so potent,
As strive with Heav'en to save her dying Lord.

Dutc. Suff. From the first early Days of Infant Life,
A gentle Band of Friendship grew betwixt 'em;
And while our Royal Uncle *Henry* reign'd,
As Brother and as Sister bred together,
Beneath one common Parent's Care they liv'd.

North. A wondrous Sympathy of Souls conspir'd
To form the Sacred Union. Lady JANE,
Of all his Royal Blood, was still the dearest:
In ev'ry Innocent Delight they shar'd,
They sung and danc'd, and sat, and walk'd together.
Nay, in the graver Business of his Youth,
When Books and Learning call'd him from his Sports,
Ev'n there the Princely Maid was his Companion.
She left the shining Court to share his Toil,
To turn with him the grave Historian's Page,
And taste the Rapture of the Poet's Song;
To search the *Latin* and the *Grecian* Stores,
And wonder at the mighty Minds of old.

[*Enter Lady* JANE GRAY *weeping.*]

L. J. Gray. Wo't thou not break, my Heart!-------

Suff. Alas! What mean'st thou?

Guil. Oh, speak!

Dutch. Suff. How fares the King?

North. Say! Is he dead?

L. J. Gray

L. J. Gray. The Saints and Angels have him.
Dutc. Suff. When I left him,
He ſeem'd a little chear'd, juſt as you enter'd. ——
L. J. Gray. As I approach'd to kneel and pay my Duty,
He rais'd his feeble Eyes, and faintly ſmiling,
Are you then come? he cry'd. I only liv'd
To bid farewel to thee, my gentle Couſin,
To ſpeak a few ſhort Words to thee, and die.
With that he preſt my Hand, and Oh! —— he ſaid,
When I am gone, do thou be good to *England*;
Keep to that Faith in which we both were bred,
And to the End be conſtant. More I wou'd,
But cannot. ——— There his falt'ring Spirits fail'd,
And turning ev'ry Thought from Earth at once,
To that bleſt Place where all his Hopes were fix'd,
Earneſt he pray'd, ——— Merciful, Great Defender!
Preſerve thy Holy Altars undefil'd,
Protect this Land from bloody Men and Idols,
Save my poor People from the Yoke of *Rome*,
And take thy painful Servant to thy Mercy.
Then ſinking on his Pillow, with a Sigh,
He breath'd his innocent and faithful Soul
Into his Hands who gave it.
Guil. Crowns of Glory,
Such as the brighteſt Angels wear, be on him;
Peace guard his Aſhes here, and Paradiſe
With all its endleſs Bliſs be open to him.
North. Our Grief be on his Grave. Our preſent Duty
Injoins to ſee his laſt Commands obey'd.
I hold it fit his Death be not made known
To any but our Friends. To Morrow early

The

The Council ſhall aſſemble at the *Tower*.
Mean while, I beg your Grace would ſtrait inform
[*To Dutcheſs of* Suffolk.
Your Princely Daughter of our Reſolution.
Our common Intereſt in that happy Tie,
Demands our ſwifteſt Care to ſee it finiſh'd.

D. S. My Lord, you have determin'd well. Lord *Guilford*,
Be it your Task to ſpeak at large our Purpoſe.
Daughter, receive this Lord as one, whom I,
Your Father, and his own, ordain your Husband.
What more concerns our Will and your Obedience,
We leave you to receive from him at leiſure.
[*Exeunt Duke and Dutcheſs of* Suffolk. *and Duke of* Northumberland.

Guil. Wo't thou not ſpare a Moment from thy Sorrows,
And bid theſe bubbling Streams forbear to flow?
Wo't thou not give one Interval to Joy,
One little Pauſe, while humbly I unfold
The happieſt Tale my Tongue was ever bleſt with?

L. J. Gray. My Heart is cold within me, ev'ry Senſe
Is dead to Joy; but I will hear thee, *Guilford*,
Nay, I muſt hear thee, ſuch is her Command,
Whom early Duty taught me ſtill t' obey.
But, Oh! Forgive me, if to all thy Story,
Tho' Eloquence Divine attend thy ſpeaking,
Tho' ev'ry Muſe, and ev'ry Grace do crown thee,
Forgive me, if I cannot better anſwer,
Than weeping ------ thus and thus ------

Guil. If I offend thee,
Let me be dumb for ever; let not Life,
Inform theſe breathing Organs of my Voice,

If any Sound from me disturb thy Quiet.
What is my Peace or Happiness to thine?
No, tho' our Noble Parents had decreed,
And urg'd high Reasons which import the State,
This Night to give thee to my Faithful Arms,
My fairest Bride, my only earthly Bliss ----

L. J. Gray. How! *Guilford!* On this Night?

Guil. This happy Night.
Yet if thou art resolv'd to cross my Fate,
If this my utmost Wish shall give thee Pain,
Now rather let the Stroke of Death fall on me,
And stretch me out a lifeless Course before thee,
Let me, swept away with Things forgotten,
Be huddl'd up in some obscure blind Grave,
E're thou should'st say my Love has made Thee wretched,
Or drop one single Tear for *Guilford*'s Sake.

L. J. Gray. Alas! I have too much of Death already,
And want not thine to furnish out new Horror.
Oh! Dreadful Thought! If thou wert dead indeed,
What Hope were left me then? Yes, I will own,
Spite of the Blush that burns my Maiden Cheek,
My Heart has fondly lean'd toward thee long:
Thy Sweetness, Virtue, and unblemish'd Youth
Have won a Place for thee within my Bosom:
And if my Eyes look coldly on thee now,
And shun thy Love on this disastrous Day,
It is, because I would not deal so hardly,
To give thee Sighs for all thy faithful Vows,
And pay thy Tenderness with nought but Tears.
And yet 'tis all I have.

Guil.

Guil. I ask no more;
Let me but call thee mine, confirm that Hope,
To charm the Doubts which vex my anxious Soul,
For all the reſt, do thou allot it for me,
And at thy Pleaſure portion out my Bleſſings.
My Eyes ſhall learn to ſmile or weep from thine,
Nor will I think of Joy while thou art ſad.
Nay, could'ſt thou be ſo cruel to command it,
I will forgoe a Bridegroom's ſacred Right,
And ſleep far from thee, on the unwholeſom Earth,
Where Damps ariſe, and whiſtling Winds blow loud.
Then when the Day returns, come drooping to thee,
My Locks ſtill drizzling with the Dews of Night,
And chear my Heart with thee as with the Morning.
L. J. G. Say, Wo't thou conſecrate the Night to Sorrow,
And give up ev'ry Senſe to ſolemn Sadneſs?
Wo't thou, in watching, waſt the tedious Hours,
Sit ſilently and careful by my Side,
Liſt to the tolling Clocks, the Cricket's Cry,
And ev'ry melancholy Midnight Noiſe?
Say, Wo't thou baniſh Pleaſure and Delight?
Wo't thou forget that ever we have lov'd,
And only now and then let fall a Tear
To mourn for *Edward*'s Loſs, and *England*'s Fate?
Guil. Unweary'd ſtill I will attend thy Woes,
And be a very faithful Partner to thee.
Near thee I will complain in Sighs as Numberleſs,
As Murmurs breathing in the leafy Grove:
My Eyes ſhall mix their falling Drops with thine,
Conſtant, as never-ceaſing Waters roll,
That purl and gurgle o'er their Sands for ever.

The Sun ſhall ſee my Grief, thro' all his Courſe;
And when Night comes, ſad *Philomel*, who plains
From ſtarry Veſper to the roſie Dawn,
Shall ceaſe to tune her lamentable Song,
E're I give o'er to weep and mourn with thee.

L. J. Gray. Here then I take thee to my Heart for ever,
[*Giving her Hand.*

The dear Companion of my future Days:
Whatever Providence allots for each,
Be that the common Portion of us both:
Share all the Griefs of thy unhappy JANE;
But if good Heav'n have any Joy in Store,
Let that be all thy own.

Guil. Thou wondrous Goodneſs!
Heav'n gives too much at once in giving thee.
And by the common Courſe of things below,
Where each Delight is temper'd with Affliction,
Some Evil terrible and unforeſeen
Muſt ſure enſue, to poiſe the Scale againſt
This vaſt Profuſion of exceeding Pleaſure.
But be it ſo, let it be Death and Ruin,
On any Terms I take thee.

L. J. Gray. Truſt our Fate
To him whoſe gracious Wiſdom guides our Ways,
And makes what we think Evil, turn to Good.
Permit me now to leave thee and retire;
I'll ſummon all my Reaſon and my Duty,
To ſooth this Storm within, and frame my Heart
To yield Obedience to my noble Parents.

Guil. Good Angels miniſter their Comforts to thee.
And, Oh! If as my fond Belief would hope,

If any Word of mine be gracious to thee,
I beg thee, I conjure thee, drive away
Thoſe murd'rous Thoughts of Grief that kill thy Quiet.
Reſtore thy gentle Boſom's Native Peace,
Lift up the Light of Gladneſs in thy Eyes,
And chear my Heavineſs with one dear Smile.

L. J. Gray. Yes, *Guilford*, I will ſtudy to forget
All that the Royal *Edward* has been to me,
How we have lov'd, ev'n from our very Cradles.
My private Loſs no longer will I mourn,
But ev'ry tender Thought to thee ſhall turn.
With Patience I'll ſubmit to Heav'ns Decree,
And what I loſt in *Edward*, find in thee.
But Oh! when I revolve, what Ruins wait
Our ſinking Altars, and the falling State:
When I conſider what my Native Land
Expected from her Pious Sov'raign's Hand,
How form'd he was to ſave her from Diſtreſs,
A King to govern, and a Saint to bleſs;
New Sorrow to my lab'ring Breaſt ſucceeds,
And my whole Heart for wretched *England* bleeds.

[*Exit Lady* JANE GRAY.

Guil. My Heart ſinks in me, at her ſoft complaining,
And ev'ry moving Accent that ſhe breaths,
Reſolves my Courage, ſlackens my tough Nerves,
And melts me down to Infancy and Tears.
My Fancy palls, and takes Diſtaſte at Pleaſure;
My Soul grows out of Tune, it loaths the World,
Sickens at all the Noiſe and Folly of it;
And I could ſit me down in ſome dull Shade,
Where lonely Contemplation keeps her Cave;

And

And dwells with hoary Hermits; there forget my ſelf,
There fix my ſtupid Eyes upon the Earth,
And muſe away an Age in deepeſt Melancholy.

[*Enter* Pembroke.]

Pem. *Edward* is dead: So ſaid the Great *Northumberland*,
As now he ſhot along by me in Haſte.
He preſs'd my Hand, and in a Whiſper, beg'd me
To guard the Secret carefully as Life,
Till ſome few Hours ſhou'd paſs; for much hung on it.
Much may indeed hang on it. See my *Guilford*!
My Friend! (*Speaking to him.*
Guil. Ha! *Pembroke*! (*Starting.*
Pem. Wherefore doſt thou ſtart?
Why ſits that wild Diſorder on thy Viſage,
Somewhat that looks like Paſſions ſtrange to thee,
The Paleneſs of Surprize and gaſtly Fear?
Since I have known thee firſt, and call'd thee Friend,
I never ſaw thee ſo unlike thy ſelf,
So chang'd upon the ſudden.
Guil. How! So chang'd!
Pem. So to my Eye thou ſeem'ſt.
Guil. The King is dead.
Pem. I learn'd it from thy Father,
Juſt as I enter'd here. But ſay cou'd that,
A Fate which ev'ry Moment we expected,
Diſtract thy Thought, or ſhock thy Temper thus?
Guil. Oh, *Pembroke*! 'Tis in vain to hide from thee;
For thou has look'd into my artleſs Boſom,
And ſeen at once the Hurry of my Soul.
'Tis true, thy coming, ſtruck me with Surprize.

I have

I have a Thought- ------But wherefore ſaid I One?
I have a Thouſand Thoughts all up in Arms,
Like populous Towns diſturb'd at dead of Night,
That mixt in Darkneſs, buſtle too and fro,
As if their Buſineſs were to make Confuſion.

Pem. Then ſure our better Angels call'd me hither.
For this is Friendſhip's Hour, and Friendſhip's Office,
To come when Counſel and when Help is wanting,
To ſhare the Pain of every gnawing Care,
To ſpeak of Comfort in the Time of Trouble,
To reach a Hand, and ſave thee from Adverſity.

Guil. And wo't thou be a Friend to me indeed?
And while I lay my Boſom bare before thee,
Wo't thou deal tenderly, and let thy Hand
Paſs gently over ev'ry painful Part?
Wo't thou with Patience hear, and judge with Temper?
And if perchance thou meet with ſomewhat harſh,
Somewhat to rouze thy Rage, and grate thy Soul,
Wo't thou be Maſter of thy ſelf, and bear it?

Pem. Away with all this needleſs Preparation.
Thou know'ſt thou art ſo dear, ſo ſacred to me,
That I can never think thee an Offender.
If it were ſo, that I indeed muſt judge thee,
I ſhould take part with thee againſt my ſelf,
And call thy Fault a Virtue.

Guil. But ſuppoſe
The Thought were ſomewhat that concern'd our Love.

Pem. No more, thou know'ſt we ſpoke of that to Day,
And on what Terms we left it. 'Tis a Subject,
Of which, if poſſible, I wou'd not think.

I beg

I beg that we may mention it no more.

Guil. Can we not ſpeak of it with Temper?

Pem. No.

Thou know'ſt I cannot. Therefore, prithee ſpare it.

Guil. Oh! Cou'd the Secret, I would tell thee, ſleep,
And the World never know it, my fond Tongue
Shou'd ceaſe from ſpeaking, e're I would unfold it,
Or vex thy Peace with an officious Tale.
But ſince, howe'er ungrateful to thy Ear,
It muſt be told thee once, hear it from me.

Pem. Speak then and eaſe the Doubts that ſhock my Soul.

Guil. Suppoſe thy *Guilford*'s better Stars prevail,
And crown his Love.———

Pem. Say not, Suppoſe: 'Tis done.
Seek not for vain Excuſe, or ſoft'ning Words;
Thou haſt prevaricated with thy Friend,
By under-hand Contrivances undone me;
And while my open Nature truſted in thee,
Thou haſt ſtep'd in between me and my Hopes,
And raviſh'd from me all my Soul held dear.
Thou haſt betray'd me———

Guil. How! betray'd thee? *Pembroke!*

Pem. Yes, falſly, like a Traytor.

Guil. Have a Care.

Pem. But think not I will bear the foul Play from thee.
There was but this which I cou'd ne'er forgive.
My Soul is up in Arms, my injur'd Honour,
Impatient of the Wrong, calls for Revenge;
And tho' I lov'd thee——fondly———

Guil. Hear me yet,

And

And *Pembroke* ſhall acquit me to himſelf.
Hear, While I tell how Fortune dealt between us,
And gave the yielding Beauty to my Arms.———

Pem. What, hear it! Stand and liſten to thy Triumph!
Thou think'ſt me tame indeed. No, hold, I charge thee,
Leſt I forget that ever we were Friends,
Leſt in the Rage of diſappointed Love,
I ruſh at once, and tear thee for thy Falſhood.

Guil. Thou warn'ſt me well; and I were raſh, as thou art,
To truſt the ſecret Sum of all my Happineſs,
With one not Maſter of himſelf. Farewel. [*Going.*

Pem. Ha! Art thou going? Think not thus to part,
Nor leave me on the Rack of this Incertainty.

Guil. What would'ſt thou further?

Pem. Tell it to me all.
Say thou art marry'd, ſay thou haſt poſſeſs'd her,
And rioted in vaſt Exceſs of Bliſs;
That I may curſe my ſelf, and thee, and her.
Come, tell me how thou didſt ſupplant thy Friend?
How didſt thou look with that betraying Face,
And ſmiling, plot my Ruin?

Guil. Give me Way.
When thou art better temper'd, I may tell thee,
And vindicate, at full, my Love and Friendſhip.

Pem. And doſt thou hope to ſhun me then, thou Traytor!
No, I will have it now, this Moment, from thee,
Or Drag the Secret out from thy falſe Heart.

Guil. A way, thou Madman! I would talk to Winds,
And reaſon with the rude tempeſtuous Surge,
Sooner than hold Diſcourſe with Rage like thine.

Pem.

Pem. Tell it, or by my injur'd Love I ſwear,
[*Laying his Hand upon his Sword.*
I'll ſtab the lurking Treaſon in thy Heart.
Guil. Ha! Stay thee there; nor let thy frantick Hand
[*Stopping him.*
Unſheath thy Weapon. If the Sword be drawn,
If once we meet on Terms like thoſe; Farewel
To ev'ry Thought of Friendſhip; one muſt fall.
Pem. Curſe on thy Friendſhip, I would break the Band.
Guil. That as you pleaſe——Beſide, this Place is ſacred,
And wo'not be profan'd with Brawls and Outrage.
You know, I dare be found on any Summons.
Pem. 'Tis well. My Vengeance ſhall not loiter long,
Henceforward let the Thoughts of our paſt Lives
Be turn'd to deadly and remorſeleſs Hate.
Here I give up the empty Name of Friend,
Renounce all Gentleneſs, all Commerce with thee,
To Death defie thee as my mortal Foe;
And when we meet again, may ſwift Deſtruction
Rid me of thee, or rid me of my ſelf. [*Exit* Pembroke.
Guil. The Fate I ever fear'd, is fall'n upon me;
And long ago my boding Heart divin'd
A Breach, like this, from his ungovern'd Rage.
Oh, *Pembroke!* Thou haſt done me much Injuſtice,
For I have born thee true unfeign'd Affection.
Tis paſt, and thou art loſt to me for ever.
Love is, or ought to be, our greateſt Bliſs;
Since ev'ry other Joy, how dear ſoever,
Gives way to that, and we leave all for Love.
At the Imperious Tyrant's lordly Call,
In ſpite of Reaſon and Reſtraint we come,

Leave

Leave Kindred, Parents, and our Native Home.
The trembling Maid, with all her Fears, he charms,
And pulls her from her weeping Mother's Arms.
He laughs at all our Leagues, and in proud Scorn
Commands the Bands of Friendſhip to be torn:
Diſdains a Partner, ſhou'd partake his Throne,
But reigns unbounded, lawleſs, and alone. *Exit.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene. *The Tower.*

Enter PEMBROKE *and* GARDINER.

Gar. NAY, by the Rood, my Lord, you were to blame,
To let a Hair-brain'd Paſſion be your Guide,
And hurry you into ſuch mad Extreams.
Marry, you might have made much worthy Profit,
By patient hearing; the unthinking Lord
Had brought forth ev'ry Secret of his Soul.
Then when you were the Maſter of his Boſom,
That were the Time to uſe him with Contempt,
And turn his Friendſhip back upon his Hands.
Pem. Thou talk'ſt as if a Madman could be wiſe.
Oh, *Whinchester!* Thy hoary frozen Age
Can never gueſs my Pain; can never know
The burning Tranſports of untam'd Deſire.
I tell thee, Rev'rend Lord, to that one Bliſs,
To the Enjoyment of that lovely Maid,
As to their Centre, I had drawn each Hope,

And

And ev'ry Wish my furious Soul could form;
Still with Regard to that my Brain forethought,
And fashion'd ev'ry Action of my Life.
Then, to be robb'd at once, and unsuspecting,
Be dash'd in all the Height of Expectation!
It was not to be born.

Gar. Have you not heard of what has happen'd since?

Pem. I have not had a Minute's Peace of Mind,
A Moment's Pause, to rest from Rage, or think.

Gar. Learn it from me then: But e're I speak,
I warn you to be Master of your self.
Though, as you know they have confin'd me long,
Gra'mercy to their Goodness, Pris'ner here;
Yet as I am allow'd to walk at large
Within the Tower, and hold free Speech with any;
I have not dream't away my thoughtless Hours,
Without good Heed to these our righteous Rulers.
To prove this true, this Morn a trusty Spy
Has brought me Word, that Yester Evening late,
In Spite of all the Greif for *Edward*'s Death,
Your Friends were marry'd.

Pem. Marry'd! Who?--------Damnation!

Gar. Lord *Guilford Dudley*, and the Lady JANE.

Pem. Curse on my Stars!

Gar. Nay, in the Name of Grace,
Restrain this sinful Passion; all's not lost
In this one single Woman.

Pem. I have lost
More than the Female World can give me back.
I had beheld ev'n her whole Sex, unmov'd,
Look,d o'er 'em, like a Bed of gaudy Flowers,

That

That lift their painted Heads, and live a Day,
Then ſhed their trifling Glories unregarded:
My Heart diſdain'd their Beauties, till ſhe came,
With ev'ry Grace that Nature's Hand cou'd give,
And with a Mind ſo great, it ſpoke its Eſſence
Immortal and Divine.

Gar. She was a Wonder;
Detraction muſt allow that.

Pem. The Virtues came,
Sorted in gentle Fellowſhip, to crown her,
As if they meant, to mend each others Work.
Candour with Goodneſs, Fortitude with Sweetneſs,
Strict Piety, and love of Truth, with Learning
More than the Schools of *Athens* ever knew,
Or her own *Plato* taught. A Wonder! *Wincheſter*!
Thou know'ſt not what ſhe was, nor can I ſpeak her,
More than to ſay, She was that only Bleſſing
My Soul was ſet upon, and I have loſt her.

Gar. Your State is not ſo bad as you wou'd make it;
Nor need you thus abandon ev'ry Hope.

Pem. Ha! Wo't thou ſave me, ſnatch me from Deſpair,
And bid me live again?

Gar. She may be your's.
Suppoſe her Husband die.

Pem. O vain, vain Hope!

Gar. Marry, I do not hold that Hope ſo vain.
Theſe Goſpellers have had their Golden Days,
And lorded it at Will; with proud Deſpite,
Have trodden down our Holy Roman Faith,
Ranſack'd her Shrines, and driv'n her Saints to Exile.
But if my Divination fail me not,

Their

Their haughty Hearts ſhall be abas'd e're long,
And feel the Vengeance of our *Mary*'s Reign.

Pem. And would'ſt thou have my fierce Impatience ſtay?
Bid me lie bound upon a Rack, and wait
For diſtant Joys, whole Ages yet behind?
Can Love attend on Politicians Schemes,
Expect the ſlow Events of cautious Counſels,
Cold unreſolving Heads, and creeping Time?

Gar. To Day, or I am ill inform'd *Northumberland*,
With eaſie *Suffolk*, *Guilford*, and the reſt,
Meet here in Counſel on ſome deep Deſign,
Some Traiterous Contrivance, to protect
Their Upſtart Faith from near approaching Ruin.
But there are Puniſhments------- Halters and Axes
For Traitors, and conſuming Flames for Hereticks.
The happy Bridegroom may be yet cut ſhort,
Ev'n in his higheſt Hope--------But go not you,
Howe'er the fawning Sire, old *Dudley*, court you.
No, by the Holy Rood, I charge you, mix not
With their pernicious Counſel's.----------Miſchief waits 'em,
Sure, certain, unavoidable Deſtruction.

Pem. Ha! join with them! the curſed *Dudley*'s Race!
Who, while they held me in their Arms, betray'd me;
Scorn'd me, for not ſuſpecting they were Villians,
And made a Mock'ry of my eaſie Friendſhip.
No, when I do, Diſhonour be my Portion,
And ſwift Perdition catch me,--------Join with them!

Gar. I would not have you--------Hie you to the City,
And join with thoſe who love our ancient Faith.
Gather your Friends about you, and be ready
T' aſſert our zealous *Mary*'s Royal Title.

And

And doubt not but her grateful Hand ſhall give you
To ſee your Soul's Deſire upon your Enemies.
The Church ſhall pour her ample Treaſures forth too,
And pay you with Ten thouſand Years of Pardon.

Pem. No; keep your Bleſſings back, and give me Venge-
Give me to tell that ſoft Deceiver, *Guilford*, (ance.
Thus, Traytor, haſt thou done, thus haſt thou wrong'd me,
And thus thy Treaſon finds a juſt Reward.

Gar. But ſoft! no more! the Lords o'th' Council come.
Ha! by the Maſs! the Bride and Bridegroom too!
Retire with me, my Lord, we muſt not meet 'em.

Pem. 'Tis they themſelves the curſed happy Pair!
Haſte, *Wincheſter*, haſte! let us fly for ever,
And drive her from my very Thoughts, if poſſible.
Oh! Love, what have I loſt! ---- Oh! Reverend Lord!
Pity this fond, this fooliſh Weakneſs in me!
Methinks, I go like our firſt wretched Father,
When from his bliſsful Garden he was driven:
Like me he went deſpairing, and like me,
Thus at the Gate ſtopt ſhort for one laſt View;
Then with the chearleſs Partner of his Woe,
He turn'd him to the world that lay below:
There, for his *Eden*'s happy Plains, beheld
A Barren, Wild, Uncomfortable Field;
He ſaw 'twas vain the Ruin to deplore,
He try'd to give the ſad Remembrance o'er:
The ſad Remembrance ſtill return'd again,
And his loſt Paradiſe renew'd his Pain.

[*Exeunt* Pembroke *and* Gardiner.

Enter

[*Enter Lord* Guilford, *and Lady* JANE.]

Guil. What ſhall I ſay to thee? What Pow'r Divine
Will teach my Tongue to tell thee what I feel?
To pour the Tranſports of my Boſom forth,
And make thee Partner of the Joy dwells there?
For thou art Comfortleſs, full of Affliction,
Heavy of Heart as the forſaken Widow,
And deſolate as Orphans. Oh, my Fair One!
Thy *Edward* ſhines amongſt the brighteſt Stars,
And yet thy Sorrows ſeek him in the Grave.

L. J. Alas, my deareſt Lord! a thouſand Griefs
Beſet my anxious Heart; and yet, as if
The Burthen were too little, I have added
The Weight of all thy Cares; and like the Miſer,
Increaſe of Wealth has made me but more wretched.
The Morning Light ſeems not to riſe as uſual;
It dawns not to me, like my Virgin Days,
But brings new Thoughts, and other Fears upon me;
I tremble, and my anxious Heart is pain'd,
Leſt ought but Good ſhould happen to my *Guilford.*

Guil. Nothing but Good can happen to thy *Guilford,*
While thou art by his Side, his better Angel,
His Bleſſing and his Guard.

L. J. Why came we hither?
Why was I drawn to this unlucky Place,
This Tower, ſo often ſtain'd with Royal Blood?
Here the Fourth *Edward*'s helpleſs Sons were murder'd,
And Pious *Henry* fell by Ruthleſs *Gloſter*:
Is this the Place allotted for Rejoycing?
The Bower adorn'd to keep out Nuptial Feaſt in?

Methinks

Methinks Suſpicion and Diſtruſt dwell here,
Staring with meagre Forms thro' grated Windows.
Death lurks within, and unrelenting Puniſhment.
Without, grim Danger, Fear, and fierceſt Power
Sit on the rude old Tow'rs, and *Gothick* Battlements:
While Horror overlooks the dreadful Wall,
And frowns on all around.

Guil. In Safety here,
The Lords o'th' Council have this Morn decreed
To meet, and with united Care, ſupport
The feeble tottering State. To thee, my Princeſs,
Whoſe Royal Veins are rich in *Henry*'s Blood,
With one Conſent the nobleſt Heads are bow'd;
From thee they ask a Sanction to their Counſels,
And from thy healing Hand expect a Cure
For *England*'s Loſs in *Edward*.

L. J. How! from me!
Alas! my Lord! ---- But ſure, thou mean'ſt to mock me?

Guil. No, by the Love my faithful Heart is full of!
But ſee, thy Mother, gracious *Suffolk*, comes
To intercept my Story: She ſhall tell thee;
For in her Look I read the lab'ring Thought,
What vaſt Event thy Fate is now diſcloſing.

[*Enter the Dutcheſs of* Suffolk.]

Dutc Suff. No more complain, indulge thy Tears no more,
Thy Pious Grief has giv'n the Grave its Due:
Let thy Heart kindle with the higheſt Hopes;
Expand thy Boſom; let thy Soul inlarg'd,
Make Room to entertain the coming Glory;
For Majeſty and Purple Greatneſs court thee,
Homage and low Subjection wait: A Crown,

That

That makes the Princes of the Earth like Gods;
A Crown, my Daughter, *England*'s Crown attends,
To bind thy Brows with its Imperial Wreath.

L. J. Amazement chills my Veins! What ſays my Mother?

Dutc. Suff. 'Tis Heav'n's Decree; for our expiring *Edward*,
When now, juſt ſtruggling to his Native Skies,
Ev'n on the Verge of Heav'n, in Sight of Angels,
That hover'd round to waft him to the Stars,
Ev'n then declar'd my JANE his Succeſſor.

L. J. Gray. Could *Edward* do this? Could the dying Saint
Bequeath his Crown to me? Oh, fatal Bounty!
To me! But 'tis impoſſible! We dream.
A thouſand and a thouſand Bars oppoſe me,
Riſe in my Way, and intercept my Paſſage.
Ev'n you, my gracious Mother, what muſt you be,
E're I can be a Queen?

Dutc. Suff. That, and that only,
Thy Mother; fonder of that tender Name,
Than all the proud Additions Pow'r can give.
Yes, I will give up all my Share of Greatneſs,
And live in low Obſcurity for ever,
To ſee thee rais'd, thou Darling of my Heart,
And fix'd upon a Throne. But ſee! thy Father,
Northumberland, with all the Council, come
To pay their vow'd Allegiance at thy Feet,
To kneel, and call Thee Queen.

L. J. Gray. Support me, *Guilford*;
Give me thy Aid: Stay thou my fainting Soul,
And help me to repreſs this growing Danger.

[*Enter* Suffolk, Northumberland, *Lords and others of the Privy Council.*]

North. Hail! ſacred Princeſs! ſprung from antient Kings;
Our *England*'s dereſt Hope, undoubted Off-ſpring
Of *York* and *Lancaſter*'s united Line,
By whoſe bright Zeal, by whoſe victorious Faith,
Guarded and fenc'd around, our pure Religion,
That Lamp of Truth which ſhines upon our Altars,
Shall lift its golden Head, and flouriſh long.
Beneath whoſe awful Rule, and righteous Sceptre,
The plenteous Years ſhall roll in long Succeſſion.
Law ſhall prevail, and antient Right take Place,
Fair Liberty ſhall lift her chearful Head,
Fearleſs of Tyranny and proud Oppreſſion.
No ſad complaining in our Streets ſhall cry,
But Juſtice ſhall be exercis'd in Mercy.
Hail! Royal JANE! behold, we bend our Knees.
[*They Kneel.*
The Pledge of Homage, and thy Land's Obedience;
With humbleſt Duty thus we kneel, and own Thee
Our Liege, our Soveraign Lady, and our Queen.

L. J. Gray. Oh! riſe!
My Father, riſe! [*To Suff.*
And you, my Father too! [*To North.*
Riſe all! nor cover me with this Confuſion: [*They riſe.*
What means this Mock, this maſquing Shew of Greatneſs?
Why do you hang theſe Pageant Glories on me,
And dreſs me up in Honours not my own?

North. The Daughters of our late great Maſter *Henry*
Stand both by Law excluded from Succeſſion.

TO

To make all firm,
And fix a Pow'r unqueſtion'd in your Hand,
Edward, by Will, bequeath'd his Crown to you:
And the concurring Lords in Council met,
Have ratify'd the Gift.

L. J. Gray. Are Crowns and Empire,
The Government and Safety of Mankind,
Trifles of ſuch light Moment, to be left
Like ſome rich Toy, a Ring, or fancy'd Gem,
The Pledge of parting Friends? Can Kings do thus,
And give away a People for a Legacy?

North. Forgive me, Princely Lady, if my Wonder
Seizes each Senſe, each Faculty of Mind,
To ſee the utmoſt Wiſh the Great can form,
A Crown, thus coldly met: A Crown! which ſlighted,
And left in Scorn by you, ſhall ſoon be ſought,
And find a joyful Wearer: One, perhaps
Of Blood unkindred to your Royal Houſe,
And fix its Glories in another Line.

L. J. Gray. Where art thou now, thou Partner of my Cares?
[*Turning to* Guilford.
Come to my Aid, and help to bear this Burthen:
Oh! ſave me from this Sorrow, this Misfortune,
Which in the Shape of gorgeous Greatneſs comes
To Crown, and make a Wretch of me for ever.

Guil. Thou weep'ſt, my Queen, and hang'ſt thy drooping Head,
Like nodding Poppies, heavy with the Rain,
That bow their weary Necks, and bend to Earth.
See, by thy Side, thy faithful *Guilford* ſtands,
Prepar'd to keep Diſtreſs and Danger from thee,
To wear thy ſacred Cauſe upon his Sword,

And War against the World in thy Defence.

North. Oh! stay this inauspicious Stream of Tears,
And chear your People with one gracious Smile.
Nor comes your Fate in such a dreadful Form,
To bid you shun it. Turn those sacred Eyes
On the brightest Prospect Empire spreads before you.
Methinks I see you seated on the Throne;
Beneath your Feet, the Kingdom's great Degrees
In bright Confusion shine, Mitres and Coronets,
The various Ermin, and the glowing Purple;
Assembled Senates wait with awful Dread
To firm your high Commands, and make 'em Fate.

L. J. Gray. You turn to view the painted side of Royalty,
And cover all the Cares that lurk beneath.
Is it, to be a Queen, to sit aloft,
In solemn, dull, uncomfortable State,
The flatter'd Idol of a servile Court?
Is it, to draw a pompous Train along,
A Pageant, for the wondring Croud to gaze at?
Is it, in Wantonness of Pow'r to Reign,
And make the World subservient to my Pleasure?
Is it not rather, to be greatly wretched,
To watch, to toil, to take a sacred Charge,
To bend each Day before high Heaven, and own,
This People hast thou trusted to my Hand,
And at my Hand, I know, thou shalt require 'em?
Alas! *Northumberland!* ------ My Father! ------ Is it not
To live a Life of Care; and when I die,
Have more to answer for before my Judge,
Than any of my Subjects?

Duc. Suff. Ev'ry State
Allotted to the Race of Man below,
Is, in Proportion, doom'd to taste some Sorrow.
Nor is the golden Wreath on a King's Brow
Exempt from Care; and yet, Who wou'd not bear it?
Think on the Monarchs of our Royal Race;
They liv'd not for themselves: How many Blessings,
How many lifted Hands, shall pay thy Toil,
If for thy Peoples Good thou happ'ly borrow
Some portion from the Hours of Rest, and wake
To give the World Repose!

Suff. Behold, we stand upon the Brink of Ruin,
And only thou canst save us. Persecution,
That Fiend of *Rome* and Hell, prepares her Tortures;
See where she comes in *Mary*'s Priestly Train.
Still wo't thou doubt? 'till thou behold her stalk
Red with the Blood of Martyrs, and wide-wasting
O'er *England*'s Bosome? All the Mourning Year
Our Towns shall glow with unextinguish'd Fires;
Our Youth on Racks shall stretch their Crackling Bones;
Our Babes shall sprawl on Consecrated Spears;
Matrons and Husbands, with their New-born Infants,
Shall burn promiscuous; a continu'd Peal
Of Lamentations, Groans and Shrieks shall sound
Through all our purple Ways.

Guil. Amidst that Ruin,
Think thou behold'st thy *Guilford*'s Head laid low,
Bloody and Pale. ------

L. J. Gray. Oh! spare the Dreadful Image!

Guil. Oh! wou'd the Misery be bounded there,
My Life were little; but the Rage of *Rome*

Demands whole Hecatombs, a Land of Victims.
With Superſtition comes that other Fiend,
That Bane of Peace, of Arts and Virtue, Tyranny;
That Foe to Juſtice, Scorner of all Law;
That Beaſt, which thinks Mankind were born for One,
And made by Heav'n to be a Monſter's Prey;
That heavieſt Curſe of groaning Nations, Tyranny.
Mary ſhall, by her kindred *Spain*, be taught
To bend our Necks beneath a Brazen Yoke,
And Rule o'er Wretches with an Iron Sceptre.

L. J. Gray. Avert that Judgment, Heaven!
Whate'er thy Providence allots for me,
In Mercy ſpare my Country.

Gril. Oh, my Queen!
Does not thy Great, thy Generous Heart Relent,
To think this Land, for Liberty ſo fam'd,
Shall have her Tow'ry Front at once laid low,
And robb'd of all its Glory? Oh! my Country!
Oh! Faireſt *Albion*, Empreſs of the Deep,
How have thy Nobleſt Sons with ſtubborn Valour
Stood to the laſt, dy'd many a Field in Blood,
In dear Defence of Birth-right and their Laws!
And ſhall thoſe Hands, which fought the Cauſe of Freedom.
Be manacl'd in baſe unworthy Bonds?
Be tamely yielded up, the Spoil, the Slaves
Of Hair-brain'd Zeal, and Cruel Coward Prieſts?

L. J. Gray. Yes, my lov'd Lord, my Soul is mov'd, like (Thine,
At ev'ry Danger which Invades our *England*;
My cold Heart kindles at the great Occaſion,
And could be more than Man, in her Defence.
But where is my Commiſſion to Redreſs?

Or whence my Pow'r to Save? Can *Edward*'s Will,
Or Twenty met in Council, make a Queen?
Can you, my Lords, give me the Pow'r to canvas
A doubtful Title with King *Henry*'s Daughters?
Where are the Rev'rend Sages of the Law,
To guid me with their Wisdoms, and point out
The Paths which Right and Justice bid me tread?

North. The Judges all attend, and will at leisure
Resolve your ev'ry Scruple.

L. J. Gray. They expound;
But where are those, my Lord, who make the Law?
Where are the Ancient Honours of the Realm,
The Nobles, with the Mitre'd Fathers join'd?
The Wealthy Commons solemnly Assembled?
Where is that Voice of a Consenting People,
To pledge the Universal Faith with mine,
And call me justly Queen?

North. Nor shall that long
Be wanting to your Wish: The Lords and Commons
Shall, at your Royal Bidding, soon Assemble,
And with united Homage own your Title.
Delay not then to meet the General Wish,
But be our Queen; be *England*'s better Angel.
Nor let mistaken Piety betray you
To join with cruel *Mary* in our Ruin:
Her bloody Faith commands her to destroy;
And yours forbids, to Save.

Guil. Our Foes, already
High in their Hopes, devote us all to Death:
The Dronish Monks, the Scorn and Shame of Manhood,
Rouze and prepare once more to take Possession,

To neſtle in their ancient Hives again;
Again they furbiſh up their Holy Trumpery,
Relicks, and Wooden Wonder-working Saints,
Whole Loads of Lumber and Religious Rubbiſh,
In high Proceſſion mean to bring 'em back,
And place the Puppets in their Shrines again:
While thoſe of keener Malice, Savage *Bonner*,
And deep-deſigning *Gard'ner*, dream of Vengeance;
Devour the Blood of Innocents, in Hope;
Like Vultures, ſnuff the Slaughter in the Wind,
And ſpeed their Flight to Havock and the Prey.
Haſte then and ſave us, while 'tis giv'n to ſave
Your Country, your Religion.

North. Save your Friends!

Suff. Your Father!

Dutch. Suff. Mother!

Guil. Husband!

L. J. Gray. Take me, Crown me;
Inveſt me with this Royal Wretchedneſs;
Let me not know one happy Minute more.
Let all my ſleepleſs Nights be ſpent in Care,
My Days be vex'd with Tumults and Alarms:
If only I can ſave you, if my Fate
Has mark'd me out to be the Publick Victim,
I take the Lot with Joy. Yes, I will Die
For that Eternal Truth my Faith is fix'd on,
And that dear Native Land which gave me Birth.

Guil. Wake ev'ry Tuneful Inſtrument to tell it,
And let the Trumpet's ſprightly Note proclaim
My *Jane* is *England*'s Queen! Let the loud Cannon
In Peals of Thunder ſpeak it to *Auguſta*.

Imperial

Imperial *Thames*, catch thou the ſacred Sound,
And roll it to the ſubject Ocean down :
Tell the Old Deep, and all thy Brother Floods,
My *Jane* is Empreſs of the Watry World !
Now with glad Fires our bloodleſs Streets ſhall ſhine ;
With Cries of Joy our chearful Ways ſhall ring ;
Thy Name ſhall eccho thro' the reſcu'd Iſle,
And reach applauding Heaven !

L. J. Gray. Oh, *Guilford !* What do we give up for Glory !
For Glory ! That's a Toy I would not purchaſe,
An idle, empty Bubble. But for *England !*
What muſt we loſe for that ! Since then my Fate
Has forc'd this hard Exchange upon my Will,
Let gracious Heav'n allow me one Requeſt :
For that bleſt Peace in which I once did dwell,
For Books, Retirement, and my ſtudious Cell,
For all thoſe Joys my happier Days did prove,
For *Plato* and his *Academick Grove* ;
All that I ask, is, Tho' my Fortune frown,
And bury me beneath this fatal Crown ;
Let that one Good be added to my Doom,
To ſave this Land from Tyranny and *Rome.*

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Scene. *Continues.*

Enter PEMBROKE *and* GARDINER.

Gar. IN an unlucky and accurſed Hour
Set forth that Traytor Duke, that proud *Northumberland*,
To draw his Sword upon the ſide of Hereſy,
And War againſt our *Mary*'s Royal Right:
Ill Fortune fly before, and pave his Way
With Diſappointment, Miſchief and Defeat:
And thou, O holy *Becket*, the Protector,
The Champion, and the Martyr of our Church,
Appear, and once more own the Cauſe of *Rome*;
Beat down his Launce, break thou his Sword in Battle,
And cover foul Rebellion with Confuſion.

Pem. I ſaw him marching at his Army's Head;
I mark'd him iſſuing through the City Gate
In Harneſs all appointed, as he paſs'd;
And (for he wore his Beaver up) could read

Upon

Upon his Visage Horror and Dismay.
No Voice of friendly Salutation chear'd him,
None wish'd his Arms might thrive, or bad God-speed him;
But through a staring ghastly-looking Croud,
Unhail'd, unbless'd, with heavy Heart he went:
As if his Traytor Father's Haggard Ghost,
And *Somerset* fresh bleeding from the Ax,
On either Hand had usher'd him to Ruin.

Gar. Nor shall the holy Vengeance loiter long.
At *Framingham* in *Suffolk* lies the Queen,
Mary our pious Mistress; where each Day
The Nobles of the Land, and swarming Populace
Gather, and List beneath her Royal Ensigns.
The Fleet commanded by Sir *Thomas Jerningham*,
Set out in warlike manner to oppose her,
With one Consent have join'd to own her Cause:
The valiant *Sussex*, and Sir *Edward Hastings*,
With many more of Note, are up in Arms,
And all declare for Her.

Pem. The Citizens,
Who held the Noble *Somerset* right dear,
Hate this aspiring *Dudley* and his Race,
And wou'd, upon the Instant, join t'oppose him;
Could we but draw some of the Lords o'th Council
T'appear among 'em, own the same Design,
And bring the Rev'rend Sanction of Authority
To lead 'em into Action. For that Purpose,
To thee, as to an Oracle. I come
To learn what fit Expedient may be found,
To win the wary Council to our side.
Say thou, whose Head is grown thus silver White,

In

In Arts of Government, and Turns of State,
How may we blaſt our Enemies with Ruin,
And ſink the curs'd *Northumberland* to Hell.

Gar. In happy Time be your whole Wiſh accompliſh'd.
Since the Proud Duke ſet out, I have had Conference,
As fit Occaſion ſerv'd, with divers of 'em,
The Earl of *Arundel*, *Maſon*, and *Cheyney*,
And find 'em all diſpos'd as we could ask.
By Holy *Mary*, if I count aright,
To Day, the better Part ſhall leave this Place,
And meet at *Baynard's Caſtle* in the City;
There own our Sovereign's Title, and defy
Jane, and her Goſpel-Crew. But hye you hence!
This Place is ſtill within our Foes Command,
Their Puppet-Queen reigns here.

[*Enter an Officer with a Guard.*]

Off. Seize on 'em both.

[*Guards ſeize* Pembroke *and* Gardiner.

My Lord, you are a Priſoner to the State.

Pem. Ha! By whoſe Order?

Off. By the Queen's Command,
Sign'd and Deliver'd by Lord *Guilford Dudley*.

Pem. Curſe on his Traytor's Heart!

Gar. Reſt you contented:
You have loiter'd here too long; but uſe your Patience,
Theſe Bonds ſhall not be laſting.

Off. As

Off. As for you, Sir, [*To* Gardiner
'Tis the Queen's Pleasure, you be close confin'd:
Youv'e us'd that fair Permission was allow'd you,
To walk at large within the *Tower*, unworthily.
You're noted for an over-busy Medler,
A secret Practicer against the State;
For which, henceforth, your Limits shall be straiter.
Hence! to his Chamber.

Gar. Farewel, gentle *Pembroke*;
I trust, that we shall meet on blither Terms;
Till then, amongst my Beads, I will remember you,
And give you to the Keeping of the Saints.

[*Exeunt Part of the Guards with* Gardiner.

Pem. Now! whither must I go?
Off. This Way, my Lord. [*Going off.*

[*Enter* Guilford.]

Guil. Hold, Captain! E're you go, I have a Word or two
For this your Noble Pris'ner.
Off. At your Pleasure:
I know my Duty, and attend your Lordship.

[*The Officer and Guard retire to the farther Part of the Stage.*

Guil. Is all the Gentleness that was betwixt us
So lost, so swept away from thy Remembrance,
Thou canst not look upon me?

Pem.

Pem. Ha! not look!
What Terrors are there in the *Dudley*'s Race,
That *Pembroke* dares not look upon and ſcorn?
And yet, 'tis true, I wou'd not look upon thee:
Our Eyes avoid to look on what we hate,
As well as what we fear.
Guil. You hate me, then?
Pem. I do; and wiſh Perdition may o'ertake
Thy Father, thy falſe Self, and thy whole Name.
Guil. And yet, as ſure as Rage diſturbs thy Reaſon,
And maſters all the noble Nature in thee,
As ſure as thou haſt wrong'd me, I am come
In Tenderneſs of Friendſhip to preſerve thee;
To plant ev'n all the Pow'r I have before thee,
And fence thee from Deſtruction, with my Life.
Pem. Friendſhip from thee! But my juſt Soul diſdains thee.
Hence! take the proſtituted Bawble back,
Hang it to grace ſome ſlavering Ideot's Neck,
For none but Fools will prize the Tinſel Toy.
But thou art come, perhaps, to vaunt thy Greatneſs,
And ſet thy Purple Pomp to view before me;
To let me know that *Guilford* is a King,
That he can ſpeak the Word, and give me Freedom.
Oh! Short-liv'd Pageant! Had'ſt thou all the Pow'r
Which thy vain Soul would graſp at, I would die,
Rot in a Dungeon, e're receive a Grace,
The leaſt, the meaneſt Courteſy from Thee.
Guil. Oh, *Pembroke*! But I have not time to talk,
For Danger preſſes; Danger unforeſeen,
And ſecret as the Shaft that flies by Night,
Is aiming at thy Life. Captain, a Word! [*To the Officer.*

I take

I take your Pris'ner to my proper Charge;
Draw off your Guard, and leave his Sword with me.

[*The Officer delivers the Sword to Lord* Guilford, *and goes out with the Guard.*

[*L.* Guil. *offering the Sword to* Pembroke.

Receive this Gift, ev'n from a Rival's Hand;
And if thy Rage will suffer thee to hear
The Counsel of a Man once call'd thy Friend,
Fly from this fatal Place, and seek thy Safety.

Pem. How now! What Shew? What Mockery is this?
Is it in Sport you use me thus? What means
This swift fantastick changing of the Scene?

Guil. Oh! take thy Sword; and let thy valiant Hand
Be ready arm'd to guard thy Noble Life:
The Time, the Danger, and thy wild Impatience,
Forbid me all to enter into Speech with thee,
Or I cou'd tell thee ———

Pem. No, it needs not, Traytor!
For all thy poor, thy little Arts are known.
Thou fear'st my Vengeance, and art come to fawn,
To make a Merit of that proffer'd Freedom,
Which, in despite of thee, a Day shall give me.
Nor can my Fate depend on thee, false *Guilford*;
For know, to thy Confusion, e're the Sun
Twice gild the East, our Royal *Mary* comes
To end thy Pageant Reign, and set me free.

Guil. Ungrateful and Unjust! Hast thou then known me
So little, to accuse my Heart of Fear?

Hast

Haſt thou forgotten *Muſſelborough's* Field?
Did I then fear, when by thy Side I fought,
And dy'd my Maiden Sword in *Scottiſh* Blood?
But this is Madneſs all.

Pem. Give me my Sword. [*Taking his Sword.*
Perhaps indeed, I wrong thee. Thou haſt thought;
And, conſcious of the Injury thou haſt done me,
Art come to proffer me a Soldier's Juſtice,
And meet my Arm in ſingle Oppoſition.
Lead then, and let me follow to the Field.

Guil. Yes, *Pembroke*, thou ſhalt ſatisfy thy Vengeance
And write thy bloody Purpoſe on my Boſom.
But let Death wait to Day. By our paſt Friendſhip,
In Honour's Name, by ev'ry ſacred Tie,
I beg thee ask no more, but haſte from hence.

Pem. What myſtick Meaning lurks beneath thy Words?
What Fear is this, which thou would'ſt awe my Soul with?
Is there a Danger *Pembroke* dares not meet?

Guil. Oh! ſpare my Tongue a Tale of Guilt and Horror
Truſt me this once: Believe me, when I tell thee,
Thy Safety and thy Life is all I ſeek.
Away!

Pem. By Heav'n! I wo'not ſtir a Step:
Curſe on this ſhuffling, dark ambiguous Phraſe.
If thou woud'ſt have me think thou mean'ſt me fairly,
Speak with that Plainneſs Honeſty delights in,
And let thy Double-Tongue for once be true.

Guil. Forgive me, Filial Piety and Nature,
If, thus compell'd, I break your ſacred Laws,
Reveal my Father's Crime, and blot with Infamy

The;

The Hoary Head of him who gave me Being,
To ſave the Man whom my Soul loves, from Death.

[*Giving a Paper.*

Read there the fatal Purpoſe of thy Foe,
A Thought which wounds my Soul with Shame and Horror,
Somewhat that Darkneſs ſhou'd have hid for ever,
But that thy Life ------ Say, haſt thou ſeen that Character?

Pem. I know it well; the Hand of Proud *Northumberland*,
Directed to his Minions *Gates* and *Palmer*.
What's this?

[*Reads.*

Remember with your cloſeſt Care, to obſerve thoſe whom I nam'd to you at parting; eſpecially keep your Eye upon the Earl of Pembroke; *as his Power and Intereſt are moſt conſiderable, ſo his Oppoſition will be moſt fatal to us. Remember the Reſolution was taken, if you ſhould find him inclin'd to our Enemies. The Forms of Juſtice are tedious, and Delays are dangerous. If he falters, loſe not the ſight of him till your Daggers have reach'd his Heart.*

My Heart! Oh! Murd'rous Villain!

Guil. Since he parted,
Thy Ways have all been watch'd, thy Steps been mark'd;
Thy ſecret Treaties with the Malecontents
That harbour in the City; thy conferring
With *Gard'ner* here in the *Tower*; all is known:
And, in purſuance of that bloody Mandate,
A Set of choſen Ruffians wait to End thee.
There was but one way left me to preſerve thee:

I took

I took it; and this Morning ſent my Warrant
To ſeize upon thy Perſon —— But be gone!

Pem. 'Tis ſo — 'tis Truth — I ſee his honeſt Heart - -

Guil. I have a Friend of well try'd Faith and Courage,
Who with a fit Diſguiſe, and Arms conceal'd,
Attends without, to guide thee hence in Safety.

Pem. What is *Northumberland*? And what art Thou?

Guil. Waſte not the Time. Away!

Pem. Here let me fix
And gaze with Everlaſting Wonder on thee.
What is there Good or Excellent in Man,
That is not found in thee? Thy Virtues flaſh,
They break at once on my aſtoniſh'd Soul;
As if the Curtains of the Dark were drawn,
To let in Day at Midnight.

Guil. Think me True;
And tho' Ill-fortune, croſs'd upon our Friendſhip —

Pem. Curſe on our Fortune! - Think! - I know thee honeſt.

Guil. For ever I cou'd hear thee — but thy Life —
Oh, *Pembroke*, linger not ——

Pem. And can I leave thee
E're I have claſp'd thee in my eager Arms,
And giv'n thee back my ſad repenting Heart?
Believe me, *Guilford*, like the Patriarch's Dove,

[*Embracing.*

It wandr'd forth, but found no Reſting-place,
Till it came Home again to lodge with thee.

Guil. What is there that my Soul can more deſire,
Than theſe dear Marks of thy returning Friendſhip?
The Danger comes ——— If you ſtay longer here,
You Die, my *Pembroke.*

Pem. Let

Pem. Let me ſtay and Die;
For if I go, I go to work thy Ruin.
Thou know'ſt not what a Foe thou ſend'ſt me forth,
That I have ſworn Deſtruction to the Queen,
And pledg'd my Faith to *Mary* and her Cauſe:
My Honour is at ſtake.
Guil. I know 'tis given.
But go —— the ſtronger thy Engagement's there,
The more's thy Danger here. There is a Power
Who ſits above the Stars, in him I Truſt;
All that I have, his bounteous Hand beſtow'd;
And he that give it, can preſerve it to me.
If his O'er-ruling Will ordains my Ruin,
What is there more, but to fall down before him,
And humbly yield Obedience! —— Flie! —— Be gone!
Pem. Yes, I will go — For ſee! Behold who comes!
Oh, *Guilford*, hide me, ſhield me from her Sight;
Ev'ry mad Paſſion kindles up again,
Love, Rage, Diſpair —— and yet I will be Maſter ——
I will remember Thee — Oh, my torn Heart!
I have a Thouſand thouſand Things to ſay,
But cannot, dare not ſtay to look on her.
Thus gloomy Ghoſts, whene'er the breaking Morn
Gives Notice of the chearful Sun's Return,
Fade at the Light, with Horror ſtand Oppreſt,
And ſhrink before the Pulpit-dawning *Eaſt*;
Swift with the fleeting Shades they wing their way,
And dread the Brightneſs of the Riſing Day.

[*Exeunt* Guil. *and* Pem.

[*Enter*

[*Enter Lady* JANE, *reading.*]

L. J. Gray. " 'Tis falſe! The thinking Soul is ſomewhat
" Than Symmetry of Atoms well diſpos'd, (more
" The Harmony of Matter. Farewel elſe
" The Hope of all hereafter, that New Life,
" That ſeparate Intellect, which muſt ſurvive,
" When this fine Frame is moulder'd into Duſt.

[*Enter* Guilford.]

Guil. What read'ſt thou there, my Queen?
L. J. Gray 'Tis *Plato*'s *Phædon:*
Where Dying *Socrates* takes leave of Life,
With ſuch an eaſy, careleſs, calm Indifference,
As if the Trifle were of no Account,
Mean in it ſelf, and only to be worn
In Honour of the Giver.
Guil. Shall thy Soul
Still ſcorn the World, ſtill fly the Joys that court
Thy blooming Beauty, and thy tender Youth?
Still ſhall ſhe ſoar on Comtemplations Wing,
And mix with nothing meaner than the Stars;
As Heaven and Immortality alone
Were Objects worthy to employ her Faculties?
L. J. Gray. Bate but thy Truth, what is there here below
Deſerves the leaſt Regard? Is it not time
To bid our Souls look out, explore hereafter,
And ſeek ſome better, ſure-abiding Place;
When all around our gathering Foes come on,

To

To drive, to ſweep us from this World at once?

Guil. Does any Danger new ------

L. J. Gray. The faithleſs Councellors
Are fled from hence, to join the Princeſs *Mary*.
The ſervile Herd of Courtiers, who ſo late
In low Obeyſance bent the Knee before me;
They, who with zealous Tongues, and Hands uplifted,
Beſought me to Defend their Laws and Faith;
Vent their lewd Execrations on my Name,
Proclaim me Trait'reſs now, and to the Scaffold
Doom my devoted Head.

Guil. The Changling Villians!
That pray for Slavery, fight for their Bonds,
And ſhun the Bleſſing, Liberty, like Ruin.
What art thou, Human Nature, to do thus?
Does Fear or Folly make thee, like the *Indian*,
Fall down before this dreadful Devil, Tyranny,
And Worſhip the Deſtroyer?
But wherefore do I loiter tamely here?
Give me my Arms: I will Preſerve my Country,
Ev'n in her own deſpite: Some Friends I have
Who will or Die or Conquer in thy Cauſe,
Thine and Religion's, Thine and *England*'s Cauſe.

L. J. Gray. Art thou not all my Treaſure, all my Guard?
And wo't thou take from me the only Joy,
The laſt Defence is left me here below?
Think not thy Arm can ſtem the driving Torrent,
Or ſave a People, who with blindfold Rage
Urge their own Fate, and ſtrive to be Undone.
Northumberland, thy Father is in Arms;
And if it be in Valour to defend us,

His

His Sword, that long has known the way to Conquest,
Shall be our surest Safety.

[*Enter the Duke of* Suffolk.]

Suff. Oh! my Children!
L. J. Gray. Alas! What means my Father?
Suff. Oh! my Son!
Thy Father, great *Northumberland*, on whom
Our dearest Hopes were built——
Guil. Ha! What of him?
Suff. Is Lost! Betray'd!
His Army, onward as he march'd, shrunk from him,
Moulder'd away, and melted from his side,
Like falling Hail thick strewn upon the Ground,
Which e're we can essay to count, is vanish'd.
With some few Followers he arriv'd at *Cambridge*;
But There ev'n they forsook him; and himself
Was forc'd, with heavy Heart and watry Eye,
To cast his Cap up, with dissembled Chear,
And cry, God save Queen *Mary*. But alas!
Little avail'd the semblance of that Loyalty:
For soon thereafter, by the Earl of *Arundel*,
With Treason was he charg'd, and there Arrested;
And now he brings him Pris'ner up to *London*.
L. J. Gray. Then there's an End of Greatness: The vain
Of Empire, and a Crown, that danc'd before me, (Dream
With all those unsubstantial, empty Forms,
Waiting in idle Mockery around us,
The gaudy Masque, tedious, and nothing meaning,
Is vanish'd all at once — Why, fare it well.

Guil. And

Guil. And can'ſt thou bear this ſudden Turn of Fate
With ſuch unſhaken Temper?
L. J. Gray. For my ſelf,
If I cou'd form a Wiſh for Heav'n to grant,
It ſhould have been, to rid me of this Crown.
And thou O'er-ruling, Great, All-knowing Power!
Thou, who diſcern'ſt our Thoughts, who ſee'ſt 'em riſing
And forming in the Soul; Oh judge me, Thou!
If e'er Ambition's guilty Fires have warm'd me,
If e'er my Heart inclin'd to Pride, to Power,
Or join'd in being a Queen. I took the Sceptre
To ſave this Land, thy People, and thy Altars:
And now, behold, I bend my grateful Knee, *(Kneeling.*
In humble Adoration of that Mercy,
Which quits me of the vaſt unequal Task.

[*Enter the Dutheſs of* Suffolk.]

Dutc. Suff. Nay, keep that Poſture ſtill; and let us join
Fix all our Knees by thine, lift up our Hands,
And ſeek for Help and Pity from Above,
For Earth and faithleſs Man will give us none.
L. J. Gray. What is the worſt our cruel Fate ordains us?
Dutc. Suff. Curs'd be my fatal Counſel, curs'd my Tongue,
That pleaded for thy Ruin, and perſuaded
Thy guiltleſs Feet to tread the Paths of Greatneſs!
My Child! ------ I have undone thee! ---
L. J. Gray. Oh my Mother!
Shou'd I not bear a Portion in your Sorrows?
Dutc. Suff. Alas! thou haſt thy own, a double Portion.
Mary is come, and the revolting *Londoners*,
Who beat the Heav'ns with thy applauded Name,

Now

Now croud to meet, and hail her as their Queen.
Suſſex is enter'd here, commands the *Tower*,
Has plac'd his Guards around: And this ſad Place,
So late thy Palace, is become our Priſon.
I ſaw him bend his Knee to cruel *Gardiner*,
Who, freed from his Confinement, ran to meet him,
Embrac'd and bleſt him with a Hand of Blood.
Each haſt'ning Moment I expect 'em here,
To ſeize, and paſs the Doom of Death upon us.

Guil. Ha! ſeiz'd! Shalt thou be ſeiz'd! and ſhall I ſtand,
And tamely ſee thee born away to Death?
Then blaſted be my Coward Name for ever.
No, I will ſet my ſelf to guard this Spot,
To which our narrow Empire now is ſhrunk;
Here will I grow the Bulwark of my Queen;
Nor ſhall the Hand of Violence profane thee,
Until my Breaſt have born a Thouſand Wounds,
Till this torn mangled Body ſink at once
A Heap of Purple Ruin at thy Feet.

L. J. Gray. And could thy raſh diſtracted Rage do thus?
Draw thy vain Sword againſt an armed Multitude,
Only to have my poor Heart ſplit with Horror,
To ſee thee ſtabb'd and butcher'd here before me?
Oh, call thy better nobler Courage to thee,
And let us meet this adverſe Fate with Patience!
Greet our inſulting Foes with equal Tempers,
With even Brows, and Souls ſecure of Death;
Here ſtand unmov'd; as once the *Roman* Senate
Receiv'd fierce *Brennus*, and the conquering *Gauls*,
Till ev'n the rude *Barbarians* ſtood amaz'd
At ſuch ſuperior Virtue. Be thy ſelf,
For ſee the Trial comes.

[*Enter*

[*Enter* Suſſex, Gardiner, *Officers and Soldiers.*]

Suſſ. Guards, execute your Orders; ſeize the Traitors:
Here my Commiſſion ends. To you, my Lord,
[*To* Gardiner.
So our great Miſtreſs, Royal *Mary*, bids,
I leave the full Diſpoſal of theſe Pris'ners;
To your wiſe Care the pious Queen commends
Her ſacred Self, her Crown, and what's yet more,
The Holy *Roman* Church; for whoſe dear Safety,
She wills your utmoſt Diligence be ſhewn,
To bring Rebellion to the Bar of Juſtice.
Yet farther, to proclaim how much ſhe truſts
In *Wincheſter*'s deep Thought, and well-try'd Faith,
The Seal attends to grace thoſe rev'rend Hands;
And when I next ſalute you, I muſt call you
Chief Miniſter and Chancellor of *England.*

Gar. Unnumber'd Bleſſings fall upon her Head,
My ever-gracious Lady! to remember
With ſuch full Bounty her old humble Beadſman!
For theſe her Foes, leave me to deal with them.

Suſſ. The Queen is on her Entrance, and expects me,
My Lord, farewel.

Gar. Farewel, Right Noble *Suſſex*:
Commend me to the Queen's Grace; ſay, her Bidding
Shall be obſerv'd by her moſt lowly Creature.
[*Exit* Suſſex.
Lieutenant of the *Tower*, take hence your Pris'ners;
Be it your Care to ſee 'em kept apart,
That they may hold no Commerce with each other.

L. J. Gray. That Stroke was unexpected.

Guil. Wo't thou part us?

Gar. I hold no Speech with Hereticks and Traitors.
Lieutenants ſee my Orders be obey'd. [*Exit* Gardiner.

Guil. Inhumane, monſtrous, unexampl'd Cruelty!
Oh, Tyrant! but the Task becomes thee well;
Thy Savage Temper joys to do Death's Office;
To tear the ſacred Bands of Love aſunder,
And part thoſe Hands which Heav'n it ſelf had join'd.

Dutc. Suff. To let us waſte the little reſt of Life
Together, had been merciful.

Suff. Then it had not
Been done like *Wincheſter*.

Guil. Thou ſtand'ſt unmov'd;
Calm Temper ſits upon thy beauteous Brow;
Thy Eyes, that flow'd ſo faſt for *Edward*'s Loſs,
Gaze unconcern'd upon the Ruin round thee;
As if thou had'ſt reſolv'd to brave thy Fate,
And triumph in the midſt of Deſolation.]
Ha! ſee, it ſwells, the liquid Cryſtal riſes,
It ſtarts, in ſpight of thee, —— but I will catch it;
Nor let the Earth be wet with Dew ſo rich.

L. J. Gray. And doſt thou think, my *Guilford*, I can ſee
My Father, Mother, and ev'n thee my Husband,
Torn from my Side without a Pang of Sorrow?
How art thou thus unknowing in my Heart!
Words cannot tell thee what I feel. There is
An agonizing Softneſs buſy here,
That tuggs the Strings, that ſtruggles to get looſe,
And pour my Soul in Wailings out before thee.

Guil.

Guil. Give Way, and let the gushing Torrent come:
Behold the Tears we bring to swell the Deluge,
Till the Flood rise upon the guilty World,
And make the Ruin common.
L. J. Gray. *Guilford!* no:
The Time for tender Thoughts and soft Endearments
Is fled away and gone; Joy has forsaken us;
Our Hearts have now another Part to play;
They must be steel'd with some uncommon Fortitude,
That, fearless, we may tread the Paths of Horror;
And in despite of Fortune and our Foes,
Ev'n in the Hour of Death, be more than Conquerors.
Guil. Oh, teach me! say, what Energy Divine
Inspires thy softer Sex, and tender Years,
With such unshaken Courage?
L. J. Gray. Truth and Innocence;
A conscious Knowledge rooted in my Heart,
That to have sav'd my Country was my Duty.
Yes, *England*, yes, my Country, I would save thee;
But Heav'n forbids, Heav'n disallows my Weakness,
And to some dear selected Hero's Hand
Reserves the Glory of thy great Deliverance.
Lieut. My Lords, my Orders ——
Guil. See! we must —— must part.
L. J. Gray. Yet surely we shall meet again.
Guil. Oh! Where?
L. J. Gray. If not on Earth, among yon golden Stars,
Where other Suns arise on other Earths,
And happier Beings rest on happier Seats:
Where, with a Reach enlarg'd, the Soul shall view
The great Creator's never-ceasing Hand.

Pour forth new Worlds to all Eternity,
And People the Infinity of Space.

Guil. Fain would I chear my Heart with Hopes like these;
But my sad Thought turns ever to the Grave,
To that last Dwelling, whither now we haste,
Where the black Shade shall interpose betwixt us,
And veil thee from these longing Eyes for ever.

L. J. Gray. 'Tis true, by those dark Paths our Journey leads
And thro' the Vale of Death we pass to Life:
But what is there in Death to blast our Hopes?
Behold the universal Works of Nature,
Where Life still springs from Death. To us the Sun
Dies every Night, and every Morn revives:
The Flow'rs, which Winter's Icy Hand destroy'd,
Lift their fair Heads, and live again in Spring.
Mark, with what Hopes upon the furrow'd Plain,
The careful Ploughman casts the pregnant Grain;
There hid, as in a Grave, a while it lies,
Till the revolving Season bids it rise,
Till Nature's genial Pow'rs command a Birth,
And potent, calls it from the teeming Earth:
Then large Increase, the bury'd Treasures yield,
And with full Harvests crown the plenteous Field.

[*Exeunt severally with Guards.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Scene *Continues.*

Enter GARDINER, *as Lord Chancellor, and the Lieutenant of the* Tower. *Servants with Lights before 'em.*

Lieut. GOod Morning to your Lordſhip! you riſe early.

Gar. Nay, by the Rood, there are too many
Some muſt ſtir early, or the State ſhall ſuffer. (Sleepers;
Did you, as Yeſterday our Mandate bade,
Inform your Pris'ners, Lady *Jane* and *Guilford*,
They were to die this Day?

Lieut. My Lord, I did.

Gar. 'Tis well. But ſay, How did your Meſſage like 'em?

Lieut. My Lord, they met the Summons with a Temper
That ſhew'd a ſolemn, ſerious Senſe of Death,
Mix'd with a noble Scorn of all its Terrors.
In ſhort, they heard me with the ſelf-ſame Patience
With which they ſtill have born them in their Priſon.
In one Requeſt they both concurr'd: Each begg'd
To die before the other.

Gar. That, dispose
As you think fitting.
Lieut. The Lord *Guilford* only
Implor'd another Boon, and urg'd it warmly;
That e're he suffer'd, he might see his Wife,
And take a last Farewel.
Gar. That's not much;
That Grace may be allow'd him: See you to it.
How goes the Morning?
Lieut. Not yet Four, my Lord.
Gar. By Ten they meet their Fate. Yet one Thing more:
You know 'twas order'd, that the Lady *Jane*
Shou'd suffer here within the *Tow'r*. Take care
No Crowds may be let in, no maudlin Gazers
To wet their Handkerchiefs, and make Report
How like a Saint she ended. Some fit Number,
And those too of our Friends, were most convenient:
But, above all, see that good Guard be kept;
You know the Queen is lodg'd at present here,
Take Care that no Disturbance reach her Highness.
And so good Morning, good Master Lieutenant.
[*Exit Lieut.*
How now! What Light comes here?
Serv. So please your Lordship,
If I mistake not, 'tis the Earl of *Pembroke*.
Gar. Pembroke! —— 'Tis he; What calls him forth thus (early?
Somewhat he seems to bring of high Import;
Some Flame uncommon kindles up his Soul,
And flashes forth impetuous at his Eyes.

Enter

[*Enter* Pembroke, *a Page with a Light before him.*]

Good Morrow, noble *Pembroke!* What importunate
And ſtrong Neceſſity breaks on your Slumbers,
And rears your youthful Head from off your Pillow
At this unwholeſome Hour; while yet the Night
Laſts in her latter Courſe, and with her raw
And rheumy Damps infeſts the dusky Air?

Pem. Oh, Rev'rend *Wincheſter!* my beating Heart
Exults and labours with the Joy it bears.
The News I bring ſhall bleſs the breaking Morn;
This coming Day the Sun ſhall riſe more glorious,
Than when his Maiden Beams firſt gilded o'er
The rich immortal Greens, the flow'ry Plains,
And fragrant Bow'rs of Paradiſe new-born.

Gar. What Happineſs is this?

Pem. 'Tis Mercy! Mercy,
The Mark of Heaven impreſs'd on Humane Kind;
Mercy, that glads the World, deals Joy around;
Mercy, that ſmooths the dreadful Brow of Power,
And makes Dominion Light; Mercy, that ſaves,
Binds up the broken Heart, and heals Deſpair.
Mary, our Royal, ever-gracious Miſtreſs,
Has to my Services and humbleſt Prayers
Granted the Lives of *Guilford* and his Wife;
Full and free Pardon!

Gar. Ha! What ſaid you? Pardon!
But ſure you cannot mean it, cou'd not urge
The Queen to ſuch a raſh and ill-tim'd Grace?
What! ſave the Lives of thoſe who wore her Crown!

My Lord! 'tis moſt unweigh'd, pernicious Counſel,
And muſt not be comply'd with.
Pem. Not comply'd with!
And who ſhall dare to bar her ſacred Pleaſure,
And ſtop the Stream of Mercy?
Gar. That will I:
Who wo'not ſee her gracious Diſpoſition
Drawn to deſtroy her ſelf.
Pem. Thy narrow Soul
Knows not the Godlike Glory of Forgiving;
Nor can thy cold, thy ruthleſs Heart conceive
How large the Pow'r, how fix'd the Empire is,
Which Benefits confer on generous Minds:
Goodneſs prevails upon the ſtubborn'ſt Foes,
And conquers more than ever *Cæſar*'s Sword did.
Gar. Theſe are romantick, light, vain-glorious Dreams
Have you conſider'd well upon the Danger?
How dear to the fond Many, and how popular
Theſe are whom you wou'd ſpare? Have you forgot,
When at the Bar, before the Seat of Judgment,
This Lady *Jane*, this beauteous Traitreſs ſtood,
With what Command ſhe charm'd the whole Aſſembly?
With ſilent Grief the mournful Audience ſat,
Fix'd on her Face, and liſt'ning to her Pleading.
Her very Judges wrung their Hands for Pity;
Their old Hearts melted in 'em as ſhe ſpoke,
And Tears ran down upon their ſilver Beards.
Ev'n I my ſelf was mov'd, and for a Moment
Felt Wrath ſuſpended in my doubtful Breaſt,
And queſtion'd if the Voice I heard was Mortal.
But when her Tale was done, what loud Applauſe,

Like

Like Burſts of Thunder, ſhook the ſpacious Hall!
At laſt, when ſore conſtrain'd, th' unwilling Lords
Pronounc'd the fatal Sentence on her Life;
A Peal of Groans ran thro' the crowded Court,
As every Heart were broken, and the Doom,
Like that which waits the World, were univerſal.

Pem. And can that ſacred Form, that Angel's Voice,
Which mov'd the Hearts of a rude ruthleſs Crowd,
Nay, mov'd ev'n thine, now ſue in vain for Pity?

Gar. Alas! you look on her with Lover's Eyes:
I hear and ſee thro' reaſonable Organs,
Where Paſſion has no Part. Come, come, my Lord,
You have too little of the Stateſman in you.

Pem. And you, my Lord, too little of the Churchman.
Is not the ſacred Purpoſe of our Faith,
Peace and Good-will to Man! The hallow'd Hand,
Ordain'd to bleſs, ſhou'd know no Stain of Blood.
'Tis true, I am not practis'd in your Politicks.
'Twas your pernicious Counſel led the Queen
To break her Promiſe with the Men of *Suffolk*,
To violate, what in a Prince ſhould be
Sacred above the reſt, her Royal Word.

Gar. Yes, and I dare avow it; I advis'd her
To break thro' all Engagements made with Hereticks,
And keep no Faith with ſuch a Miſcreant Crew.

Pem. Where ſhall we ſeek for Truth, when ev'n Religion,
The Prieſtly Robe, and Miter'd Head diſclaim it?
But thus bad Men Diſhonour the beſt Cauſe.
I tell thee, *Winchester*, Doctrines like thine
Have ſtain'd our Holy Church with greater Infamy
Than all your Eloquence can wipe away.

Hence 'tis, that those who differ from our Faith
Brand us with Breach of Oaths, with Persecution,
With Tyranny o'er Conscience, and proclaim
Our scarlet Prelates Men that thirst for Blood,
And Christian *Rome* more cruel than the Pagan.

Gar. Nay, if you rail, farewel. The Queen must be
Better advis'd, than thus to cherish Vipers, [*Aside.*
Whose mortal Stings are arm'd against her Life.
But while I hold the Seal, no Pardon passes
For Hereticks and Traitors. [*Exit* Gardiner.

Pem. 'Twas unlucky
To meet and cross upon this froward Priest:
But let me lose the Thought on't; let me haste,
Pour my glad Tidings forth in *Guilford*'s Bosom,
And pay him back the Life his Friendship sav'd. [*Exit.*

[*The Scene draws, and discovers the Lady* Jane *kneeling, as at her Devotion; a Light, and a Book plac'd on a Table before her.*]

[*Enter Lieutenant of the* Tower, *Lord* Guillford, *and one of Lady* Jane's *Women.*]

Lieut. Let me not press upon your Lordship farther,
But wait your Leisure in the Antichamber.

Guil. I will not hold you long. [*Exit Lieutenant.*

Wom. Softly, my Lord!
For yet, behold, she kneels. Before the Night
Had reach'd her middle Space, she left her Bed,
And with a pleasing, sober Cheerfulness,
As for her Funeral, array'd her self

In those sad solemn Weeds. Since then, her Knee
Has known that Posture only, and her Eye,
Or fix'd upon the sacred Page before her,
Or lifted with her rising Hopes to Heaven.

Guil. See! with what Zeal those Holy Hands are rear'd!
Mark her Vermilion Lip, with Fervour, trembling!
Her spotless Bosom swells with sacred Ardor,
And burns with Ecstasy and strong Devotion;
Her Supplication sweet, her faithful Vows
Fragrant and pure, and grateful to high Heaven,
Like Incense from the golden Censor rise:
Or blessed Angels minister unseen,
Catch the soft Sounds, and with alternate Office
Spread their Ambrosial Wings, then mount with Joy,
And waft 'em upwards to the Throne of Grace.
But she has ended, and comes forward.

[*Lady* Jane *rises, and comes towards the Front of the Stage.*]

L. J. Gray. Ha!
Art thou my *Guilford!* Wherefore dost thou come
To break the settled Quiet of my Soul?
I meant to part without another Pang,
And lay my weary Head down full of Peace.

Guil. Forgive the Fondness of my longing Soul,
That melts with Tenderness, and leans towards thee;
Tho' the imperious dreadful Voice of Fate
Summon her hence, and warn her from the World.
But if to see thy *Guilford*, give thee Pain,
Wou'd I had dy'd, and never more beheld thee;
Tho' my lamenting discontented Ghost.

Had

Had wander'd forth unbleſt by thoſe dear Eyes,
And wail'd thy Loſs in Death's Eternal Shades.

L. J. Gray. My Heart had ended ev'ry earthly Care,
Had offer'd up its Prayers for Thee and *England*,
And fix'd its Hopes upon a Rock unfailing;
While all the little Bus'neſs that remain'd,
Was but to paſs the Forms of Death with Conſtancy,
And leave a Life become indifferent to me.
But thou haſt waken'd other Thoughts within me:
Thy Sight, my deareſt Husband and my Lord,
Strikes on the tender Strings of Love and Nature;
My vanquiſh'd Paſſions riſe again, and tell me
'Tis more, far more than Death, to part from Thee.

[*Enter* Pembroke.]

Pem. Oh, let me fly! Bear me, thou ſwift Impatience,
And lodge me in my faithful *Guilford*'s Arms;

[*Embracing.*

That I may ſnatch him from the greedy Grave,
That I may warm his gentle Heart with Joy,
And talk to him of Life, of Life and Pardon.

Guil. What means my deareſt *Pembroke*?

Pem. Oh! my Speech
Is choak'd with Words that crowd to tell my Tidings:
But I have ſav'd Thee, and ------ Oh, Joy unutterable!
The Queen, my gracious, my forgiving Miſtreſs,
Has given not only thee to my Requeſt,
But ſhe, ſhe too, in whom alone thou liv'ſt,
The Partner of thy Heart, thy Love is ſafe.

Guil. Millions of Bleſſings wait her! — Has ſhe — tell me!
Oh! has ſhe ſpar'd my Wife?

Pem.

Pem Both, both are pardon'd.
But haſte, and do thou lead me to thy Saint,
That I may caſt my ſelf beneath her Feet,
And beg her to accept this poor Amends
For all I've done againſt her. ---- Thou fair Excellence,
[*Kneeling*
Canſt thou forgive the hoſtile Hand that arm'd
Againſt thy Cauſe, and robb'd thee of a Crown?
L. J. Gray. Oh, riſe, my Lord, and let me take your Poſture!
Life and the World were hardly worth my Care;
But you have reconcil'd me to 'em both.
Then let me pay my Gratitude, and for
This free, this noble, unexpected Mercy,
Thus low I bow to Heaven, the Queen, and You.
Pem. To me! Forbid it, Goodneſs! If I live,
Somewhat I will do ſhall deſerve your Thanks;
All Diſcord and Remembrance of Offence
Shall be clean blotted out; and for your Freedom,
My ſelf have underta'en to be your Caution.
Hear me, you Saints, and aid my pious Purpoſe;
Theſe that deſerve ſo much, this wondrous Pair,
Let theſe be happy, ev'ry Joy attend 'em;
A fruitful Bed, a Chain of Love unbroken,
A good old Age, to ſee their Childrens Children,
A Holy Death, and everlaſting Memory:
While I refign to them my Share of Happineſs;
Content[illegible] full to want what they enjoy,
And ſingly to be wretched.

[*Enter*

[*Enter Lieutenant of the* Tower.]

Lieut. The Lord Chancellor
Is come with Orders from the Queen.

[*Enter* Gardiner, *and Attendants.*]

Pem. Ha! *Winchester!*
Gar. The Queen, whose Days be many,
By me confirms her first accorded Grace:
But as the pious Princess means her Mercy
Shou'd reach e'en to the Soul as well as Body,
By me she signifies her Royal Pleasure,
That thou, Lord *Guilford*, and the Lady *Jane*,
Do instantly renounce, abjure your Heresy,
And yield Obedience to the See of *Rome*.
L. J. Gray. What! turn Apostate!
Guil. Ha! Forego my Faith!
Gar. This one Condition only seals your Pardon.
But, if thro' Pride of Heart, and stubborn Obstinacy,
With wilful Hands you push the Blessing from you,
And shut your Eyes against such manifest Light;
Know ye, your former Sentence stands confirm'd,
And you must die to Day.
Pem. 'Tis false as Hell:
The Mercy of the Queen was free and full.
Think'st thou that Princes merchandize their Graces,
As *Roman* Priests their Pardons? Do they barter,
Screw up, like you, the Buyer to a Price,
And doubly sell what was design'd a Gift?

Gar. My Lord, this Language ill beſeems your Nobleneſs;
Nor come I here to bandy Words with Madmen:
Behold the Royal Signet of the Queen,
Which amply ſpeaks her Meaning. You, the Pris'ners,
Have heard at large its Purport, and muſt inſtantly
Reſolve upon the Choice of Life, or Death.

Pem. Curſe on ------ But wherefore do I loiter here?
I'll to the Queen this Moment, and there know
What 'tis the Miſchief-making Prieſt intends. [*Exit.*

Gar. Your Wiſdom points you out a proper Courſe.
A Word with you, Lieutenant. [*Talks with Lieut. aſide.*

Guil. Muſt we part then?
Where are thoſe Hopes that flatter'd us but now?
Thoſe Joys, that like the Spring with all its Flow'rs,
Pour'd out their Pleaſures every where around us?
In one poor Minute gone, at once they wither'd,
And left their Place all deſolate behind 'em.

L. J. Gray. Such is this fooliſh World, and ſuch the Certainty
Of all the boaſted Bleſſings it beſtows:
Then, *Guilford*, let us have no more to do with it;
Think only how to leave it as we ought,
But truſt no more, and be deceiv'd no more.

Guil. Yes, I will copy thy Divine Example,
And tread the Paths are pointed out by thee:
By thee inſtructed, to the fatal Block
I bend my Head with Joy, and think it Happineſs
To give my Life a Ranſom for my Faith.
From thee, thou Angel of my Heart, I learn
That greateſt, hardeſt Task, to part with thee.

L. J. Gray. Oh, glorioufly reſolv'd! Heaven is my Witneſs,
My Heart rejoices in thee more ev'n now,

Thus

Thus conſtant as thou art in Death, thus faithful,
Than when the holy Prieſt firſt join'd our Hands,
And knit the ſacred Knot of Bridal Love.

Gar. The Day wears faſt; Lord *Guilford*, have you thought?
Will you lay hold on Life?

Guil. What are the Terms?

Gar. Death, or the Maſs, attend you.

Guil. 'Tis determin'd;
Lead to the Scaffold.

Gar. Bear him to his Fate.

Guil. Oh let me fold thee once more in my Arms,
Thou deareſt Treaſure of my Heart, and print
A dying Husband's Kiſs upon thy Lip!
Shall we not live again, ev'n in theſe Forms?
Shall I not gaze upon thee with theſe Eyes?

L. J. Gray. Oh, wherefore doſt thou ſooth me with thy (Softneſs?
Why doſt thou wind thy ſelf about my Heart,
And make this Separation painful to us?
Here break we off at once; and let us now,
Forgetting Ceremony, like two Friends
That have a little Bus'neſs to be done,
Take a ſhort Leave, and haſte to meet again.

Guil. Reſt on that Hope, my Soul —— my Wife ——

L. J. Gray. No more.

Guil. My Sight hangs on thee —— Oh, ſupport me, Heav'n,
In this laſt Pang —— and let us meet in Bliſs.

[Guilford *is led off by the Guards.*

L. J. Gray. Can Nature bear this Stroke? ——

Wom. Alas! ſhe faints ——— [*Supporting.*

L. J. Gray. Wo't thou fail now! —— The killing Stroke is (paſt,
And all the Bitterneſs of Death is over.

Gar.

Gar. Here let the dreadful Hand of Vengence ſtay :
Have Pity on your Youth and blooming Beauty ;
Caſt not away the Good which Heav'n beſtows ;
Time may have many Years in ſtore for you,
All crown'd with fair Proſperity : Your Husband
Has periſh'd in Perverſeneſs.

L. J. Gray. Ceaſe, thou Raven ;
Nor violate, with thy profaner Malice,
My bleeding *Gilford*'s Ghoſt---'Tis gone, 'tis flown ;
But lingers on the Wing, and waits for me.

[*The Scence draws, and diſcovers a Scaffold hung with Black, Executioner and Guards.*

And ſee my Journey's End !

1 *Wom.* My dereſt Lady. [*Weeping.*

2 *Wom.* Oh, Miſery !

L. Jane. Forbear, my gentle Maids,
Nor wound my Peace with fruitleſs Lamentations,
The good and gracious Hand of Providence
Shall raiſe you better Friends than I have been.

1 *Wom.* Oh, never ! never ! ----

L. J. Gray. Help to diſarray,
And fit me for the Black : Do this laſt Service,
And do it chearfully. Now you will ſee
Your Poor unhappy Miſtreſs ſleep in Peace,
And ceaſe from all her Sorrows. Theſe few Trifles,
The Pledges of a dying Miſtreſs's Love,
Receive and ſhare among you. Thou, *Maria*, [*To 1 Wom.*
Haſt been my old, my very faithful Servant ;
In dear Remembrance of thy Love, I leave thee
This Book, the Law of Everlaſting Truth :
Make it thy Treaſure ſtill, 'twas my Support

When

When all Help else forsook me,

Gar. Will you yet

Repent, be wise, and save your precious Life?

L. J. Gray. Oh, *Winchester!* has Learning taught thee that,

To barter Truth for Life?

Gar. Mistaken Folly!

You toil and travail for your own Perditlon,

And die for damned Errors.

L. J. Gray: Who judge rightly,

And who persist in Error, will be known,

Then, when we meet again. Once more, Farewel;

[*To her Wom.*

Goodness be ever with you. When I'm dead,

Intreat they do no rude dishonest Wrong

To my cold headless Corse? but see it shrouded,

And decent laid in Earth.

Gar. Wou't thou then die?

Thy Blood be on thy Head.

L. J. Gray. My Blood be where it falls, let the Earth hide it,

And may it never rise, or call for Vengeance:

Oh, that it were the last shall fall a Victim

To Zeal's inhumane Wrath! Thou gracious Heaven,

Hear and defend at length thy suffering People;

Raise up a Monarch of the Royal Blood,

Brave, Pious, Equitable, Wise, and Good:

In thy due Season let the Hero come,

To save thy Altars from the Rage of *Rome:*

Long let him reign, to bless the rescu'd Land,

And deal out Justice with a righteous Hand.

And when he fails, oh, may he leave a Son,

With equal Virtues to adorn his Throne;

To

To lateſt Times the Bleſſing to convey,
And guard that Faith for which I die to Day.

[*Lady* Jane *goes up to the Scaffold : The Scene cloſes.*

[*Enter* Pembroke.]

Pem. Horror on Horror ! Blaſted be the Hand
That ſtruck my *Guilford !* Oh ! his bleeding Trunk
Shall live in theſe diſtracted Eyes for ever.
Curſe on thy fatal Arts, thy cruel Counſels ! [*To* Gardiner.
The Queen is Deaf and Pitileſs as thou art.

Gar. The juſt Reward of Hereſy and Treaſon
Is fal'n upon 'em both, for their vain Obſtinacy ;
Untimely Death, with Infamy on Earth,
And everlaſting Puniſhment hereafter.

Pem. And can'ſt thou tell ? Who gave thee to explore
The ſecret Purpoſes of Heav'n, or taught thee
To ſet a Bound to Mercy unconfin'd ?
But know, thou proud perverſly-judging *Winchester*,
Howe'er your hard imperious Cenſures doom,
And portion out our Lot in Worlds to come ;
Thoſe, who with honeſt Hearts purſue the Right,
And follow faithfully Truth's ſacred Light,
Tho' ſuffering here, ſhall from their Sorrows ceaſe,
Reſt with the Saints, and dwell in endleſs Peace.

(*Exeunt Omnes.*

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE:

Spoken by Mrs. PORTER.

THE Palms of Virtue Heroes oft have worn;
Those Wreaths, to-night, a Female Brow adorn.
The destin'd Saint, unfortunately brave,
Sunk with those Altars which she strove to save.
Greatly she dar'd to prop the Fuster Side,
As greatly with her adverse Fate comply'd,
Did all that Heav'n cou'd ask, resign'd and dy'd;
Dy'd for the Land for which she wish'd to live,
And gain'd that Liberty she could not give.
O! happy People! of this Fav'rite Isle,
On whom so many better Angels smile;
For you, kind Heav'n new Blessings still supplies,
Bids other Saints, and other Guardians rise:
For you, the fairest of her Sex is come,
Adopts our Britain, *and forgets her Home.*
For Truth and You, the Heroine declines
Austria's *proud Eagles, and the* Indian *Mines.*
What Sense of such a Bounty can be shown!
But Heav'n must make the vast Reward its own,
And Stars shall join to make her future Crown.
Your Gratitude with ease may be express'd;
Strive but to be, what she wou'd make you, bless'd.
Let no vile Faction vex the vulgar Ear
With fond Surmise, and false affected Fear:

Con-

EPILOGUE.

Confirm but to your ſelves the given Good;
'Tis all ſhe asks, for all ſhe has beſtow'd.
Such was our great Example ſhown to Day,
And with ſuch Thanks our Author's Pains repay.
If from theſe Scenes, to guard your Faith you learn,
If for your Laws you ſhew a juſt Concern,
If you are taught to dread a Pepiſh Reign,
Our beauteous Patriot has not dy'd in vain.

A PRO-

A PROLOGUE TO

Lady JANE GRAY, sent by an Unknown Hand.

WHEN waking Terrors rouze the guilty Breast,
And fatal Visions break the Murd'rer's Rest;
When Vengeance does Ambition's Fate decree,
And Tyrants bleed to set whole Nations free;
Tho' the Muse saddens each distressed Scene,
Unmov'd is ev'ry Breast, and ev'ry Face serene,
The mournful Lines no tender Heart subdue:
Compassion is to suff'ring Goodness due."
The Poet your Attention begs once more
T' attone for Characters here drawn before:
No Royal Mistress sighs through ev'ry Page,
And breathes her dying Sorrows on the Stage:
No lovely Fair, by soft Perswasion won,
Lays down the Load of Life, when Honour's gone.
Nobly to bear the Changes of our State,
To stand unmov'd against the Storms of Fate,
A brave Contempt of Life, and Grandeur lost;
Such glorious Toils a Female Name can boast.

Our

PROLOGUE.

Our Author draws not Beauty's heavenly Smile,
T' invite our Wishes, and our Hearts beguile.
No soft Enchantments languish in her Eye,
No Blossoms fade, nor sickning Roses die.
A nobler Passion ev'ry Breast must move,
Than youthful Raptures, or the Joys of Love.
A Mind unchang'd, superior to a Crown,
Bravely defies the angry Tyrant's Frown;
The same, if Fortune sinks, or mounts on high,
Or if the World's extended Ruins lie:
With gen'rous Scorn she lays the Sceptre down;
Great Souls shines brightest, by Misfortunes shown:
With patient Courage she sustains the Blow,
And Triumphs o'er Variety of Woe.
Through ev'ry Scene the sad Distress is new;
How well feign'd Life does represent the true!
Unhappy Age! who views the bloody Stain,
But must with Tears Record Maria's *Reign!*
When Zeal, by Doctrine, flatter'd lawless Will,
Instructed by Religion's Voice to kill.
Ye British *Fair! lament in silent Woe,*
Let ev'ry Eye with tender Pity flow:
The lovely Form through falling Drops will seem
Like flow'ry Shadows of the silver Stream.
Thus Beauty, Heaven's sweet Ornament, shall prove
Enrich'd by Virtue, as ador'd by Love.
Forget your Charms, fond Woman's dear Delight,
The Fops will languish here another Night.
No Conquests from dissembling Smiles we fear;
She only kills, who wounds us with a Tear.

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THE

BITER.

A

COMEDY.

Written by *N. ROWE*, Esq;

Sed quid opus teneras Mordaci *radere vero*
Auriculas? Videsis, ne majorum tibi fortè
Limina frigescant; sonat hic de nare canina
Litera. Pers. Sat. 1.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for *J. T.* and Sold by *T. Jauncy*, at the *Angel* without *Temple-Bar*. MDCCXX.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton*.

YOU, who in furious Factions take Delight,
Know, you are not to be regal'd to-Night;
These Scenes do no one sparring Blow afford,
But Peace and Moderation is the Word:
No Side, nor Man on either side, is hit,
We single out no Courtier, Clown, or Cit,
And if you're angry, 'tis all wrong, you're bit.
Nor let the well-bred Man, of Parts and Taste,
Look sharp for Dainties at a Country Feast;
Expect no sprightly Turns, nor Language here,
But rest contented with your homely Chear,
'Tis such as we cou'd get at Croydon Fair.
Our Men of Mirth have never been at Court,
Where Beaux, and Belles, and gentler Wits resort,
Biters indeed! and of the better sort.
To bare bamboux'ling we may chance pretend,
Or by the Christen Name to catch a Friend;
But to some happier Wit we leave to tell,
Of those who in true Biting most excel.
For that great Work old Bards shall rise again,
And the Sicilian Maids renew the lofty Strain.
Let not a Rival Writer stir up Spight
In you, who judge of Comedy, or Write;
For tho' fond Parents on their Off-spring doat,
And ev'ry Ideot Author loves the Brat he got;
Yet ours gives freely up his Petit Piece,
And swears that you may use it as you please:
Nay shoud you take his Drolling in good part,
He owns this only as a youthful Start,
And sets no Claim up to the Comick Art.
So when keen Patriots pursue the Chace,
The shifting Statesman yields, and sues for Grace,
And to preserve his Carcase quits his Place.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

OF all the Taxes which the Poet pays,
Those Funds of Verse, none are so hard to raise
As Prologues and as Epilogues to Plays.
So many mighty Wits are gone before,
They've rifled all the Muses sacred Store;
Like Conqu'ring Armies thro' the Province pass'd,
Swept all, and left it ruin'd, void and waste.
Yet, Conscientious you can still demand
Large Contributions from the wretched Land;
Expect that we should still pursue the Theme,
Tho' you deny to us, what you allow'd to them.

Bold Satyr then you did permit to reign,
Satyr, that Noise and Nonsense cou'd restrain;
Then to be pleas'd and taught the Hearers came,
They got Instruction, and the Poet Fame.
Then Strephon's *Verse to either Sex gave Law,*
And charm'd the Fair, and kept the Fools in Awe.
But now, for Reasons to your selves best known,
Your Father's Wit and Pleasures you disown;
Hither ye Herds of Fools securely come;
Prologue and Epilogue,
Your antient Foes, are muzzled now and dumb.

We Women think it hard, when Laws prevail
That take away our Privilege to rail;
Maids, Wives and Mistresses, assert the Cause,
In spight of Reformation *and the Laws:*
And tho' the censur'd Stage no Tales must tell,
Yet Visiting-Days and Tea may do as well.
Henceforth, in solemn Meetings of the Fair,
Our own dear Sex and all their Failings spare;

Let

EPILOGUE.

Let no ill-natur'd She severely say
What hideous ill-dress'd Things she saw that Day:
Let envious Ugliness no more reprove
Her fairer Friend's successful Pow'r in Love;
But let each able Tongue do all she can,
Let Satyr be the Word, and the whole Subject Man.

Tell of dull Knights, sad Squires, and wretched Cits,
Displaying *Poets, and brisk biting Wits;*
Then say what Wine, what Friends, what choice Delights,
Employ their dull Days, and yet duller Nights;
Lash ev'ry Fool of ev'ry Kind and Fashion,
And be the true Reformers *of the Nation.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*, An *Eaſt-India* Merchant, very Rich, in Love with *Mariana*, a great Affecter of the *Chineſe* Cuſtoms.	Mr. *Betterton*.
Pinch, A Biting Squire.	Mr. *Pack*.
Clerimont, Nephew to Sir *Timothy*.	Mr. *Verbruggen*.
Friendly, In Love with *Angelica*.	Mr. *Booth*.
Scribbleſcrabble, A City Sollicitor.	Mr. *Leigh*.
Bandileer, A Foot Soldier.	Mr. *Knap*.
Trick, Servant to *Friendly*.	Mr. *Fieldhouſe*.
Grumble, Servant to *Pinch*.	Mr. *Trout*,
Bohee, Servant to Sir *Timothy*.	Mr. *Freeman*.

WOMEN.

Lady *Stale*, An affected amorous old Widow.	Mrs *Leigh*.
Mariana, Privately marry'd to *Clerimont*, and related to *Friendly*.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Angelica, Daughter to Sir *Timothy*.	Mrs. *Mountfort*.
Mrs. *Clever*.	Mrs. *Barry*.
Mrs. *Scribbleſcrabble*,	Mrs. *Lawſon*.

Servants belonging to Sir *Timothy*, Two Whores.

SCENE *CROYDON*.

THE

THE BITER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Country Town.*

Enter CLERIMONT.

Cler. FRiendly ſtays ſomewhat long, for ſo paſſionate a Perſon as he ſeems to be. This Lazineſs in Love looks as if Matrimony had gone before, and the beſt part of the Buſineſs had been over ——— Oh *Trick!*

Enter Trick.

Where's your Maſter?

Trick. He'll be here in a minute, Sir; juſt get rid of a little Misfortune that follows him.

Cler. Misfortune! What Misfortune?

Trick. My Lady *Stale.*

Cler. The Devil! Is ſhe with him?

Trick. Too true, Sir:——Your ancient Gentlewoman is a tenacious Animal,——they ſeldom looſe their hold 'till they have drawn Blood;—— tho' to give my Maſter his due, he lives after a frank manner enough with her; ——he'll make no ſcruple of dropping her, leave her to daggle about the Fair by her ſelf, at the firſt Stop ſhe makes; we ſhall have him here preſently—— See, didn't I tell you ſo, Sir?

Enter Friendly.

Friend. Dear *Clerimont*, I have Ten Thouſand Pardons to beg of you; I treſpaſs upon your Patience at a ſtrange rate.

Cler. Dear Sir, truce with your Compliments; and if you pleaſe, let us come to the Matter in hand——Yon new Houſe is my Uncle's.

Trick. 'Twou'd ha' made your Honour a pretty Seat, if you had not fallen out with him.

Cler. He has been there with his Daughter theſe Three Days,——you are in love with her, have a mind to marry her;—he's a fantaſtical obſtinate old Fellow, and reſolves againſt parting either with her or his Mony, but to a Coxcomb of his own chuſing; who (by the way) came down in the ſame Coach with me to-day,——ſo that unleſs we can find out ſome Stratagem to make an Aſs of him, and a happy Man of you, poor *Angelica* muſt die a Maid, or marry the Fool, as aforeſaid.

Friend. In order to that we have already taken all meaſures, tho' I muſt own I apprehend ſome Difficulty in the Execution of 'em.——Did the Booby Lover that came with you know you?

Cler. Not at all.————I'll aſſure you he's a moſt extraordinary Perſon, and a Biter, as his miſerable Fellow-Travellers, the very Coachman, and indeed every body we met upon the Road found to their Coſt.

Friend. The Devil he is! That new Generation of Wags are the moſt inſufferable Teizers!——It happens luckily enough; for your Uncle has met with 'em ſome where or other, and I ſuppoſe has been bit to the purpoſe, for he

raves

raves at the very mention of the Word, ſwears 'tis a villanous Deſign to corrupt all our Morality, and breed up our Youth in the Practice of early Lying; he hopes to ſee it made Felony by Act of Parliament.——— I perceive my Rival will hardly prove ſo formidable as we took him to be.

Trick. Fear nothing, Sir; Rug's the Word, all's ſafe. For the old Gentleman, leave him to me. This Fair-time gives his Country Neighbours a Liberty of coming to his Houſe, tho' the Inſide of it at another time is as hard to be ſeen as a fortify'd Place in the time of War,——— but the Devil's in him if he can keep us out now:—— I have engag'd two or three very pretty Fellows here of the Town to be of the Party with us, ſmart Dogs for the contriving part, and of moſt invincible paſſive Courage to go thro' with the Execution,——they have had the Honour to be beaten black and blue in ſeveral Adventures already.

Cler. For the reſt, the lovely *Mariana*, your charming Kinſwoman, has engag'd a notable Limb of the Law, a City Sollicitor, in your Intereſts;——if there be any thing in his way of Roguery to do you Service you may depend upon him. My Uncle is luckily enough too in Love with *Mariana*, to a very ridiculous Extravagance; and when a Woman of Wit and Beauty has an old Fellow under thoſe Circumſtances, ſhe ſeldom fails of a Secret to make him pliant.

Friend. But can you, who are ſo delicate a Lover, allow *Mariana* to make any Advances to this extravagant Uncle of yours?

Cler. To truſt you then with a Secret of the laſt Importance, you muſt know I have been marry'd to her this Week.

Friend. To *Mariana!*

Cler. She has made me the happieſt Man in the World.

Friend. Does your Uncle know any thing of this Matter?

Cler. Not a Syllable; I have been ſo long upon ſcurvy

Terms with him, that I thought 'twou'd be to little purpose to ask his Consent.

Trick. Sir, Sir, as I live yonder's Mrs. *Clever*;——— Mr. *Clerimont* is in Disgrace with his Uncle, and I being in somewhat scoundrelish, or, as your Honour calls it, [*To* Cler.] scurvy Terms with him my self, what if we shou'd retain her for an opening Council towards him?

Cler. Ha! lucky enough.

Friend. 'Sdeath! She's an intimate Friend of my Lady *Stale's*.

Trick. Ah dear Sir, she hath a violent Passion for Money;—— she loves it better, not than any thing, I wo'nt say that of her neither, but than any Friend that ever she had, from her God-fathers and God-mothers to the last new Acquaintance she made.

Cler. Prithee call her——I have been mightily in her Books of late.

Trick. Hum! not altogether so proper just now;—— my Lady *Stale* has join'd her, and they are both coming this way

Friend. Let's be gone;——I wou'd not see her.—— And d'ye hear, Sirrah, contrive some way to rid us of my Lady *Stale*;———that unlucky amorous Five and Forty Face of hers is a meer Omen of ill Fortune,——— I wish we may never meet her 'till our Projects are past crossing.

Trick. I warrant you, Sir: And for Mrs. *Clever*, you may reckon the thing done;———you may depend upon her, as much as the *French* King does upon his Cousin of *Bavaria*. [*Exeunt*.

Enter Lady Stale *and Mrs*. Clever.

Stale. Well, dear *Clever*, never talk, for this *Croydon* is a most insufferable filthy Place.

Clev. There's a great deal of Hurry, Dust and Noise indeed. And yet so there are at *May* Fair and *Bartholomew* Fair, where all the World come.-----Methinks this Place is as diverting as those are, and the People are as merry here as there, tho' they are not so well dress'd.

Stale.

Stale. Dreſs'd! the Creatures! why, Child, Dreſſing's a reaſonable thing----one muſt have a fine Wit, delicate and well turn'd, to be able to Dreſs.----The things that come here never think, they love Walnuts and Sack, and fat Gooſe, and ſeeing of Monſters, and laughing *à Gorge deploýée*, but they never think.—— Well, I am perfectly glad I have met thee.---I'll ſwear I believe I am the only Woman of Condition here.---I'll ſwear I'm in the laſt Confuſion to think I could have ſo much Complaiſance for *Friendly* to come hither.----I'll ſwear I believe you muſt think me furiouſly fond, to let him engage me in a Party ſo horribly upon the ridiculous.

Clev. We have dropt him ſome where in the Crowd, and I fancy 'tis that makes you ſo uneaſie.———Come, Madam, confeſs, is it not Jealouſie, rather than Complaiſance, engages you in all *Friendly*'s Parties? To give the Man his due, methought he was not ſo very preſſing for your Company hither.

Stale. Jealous! poor *Clever!* I jealous of the Fellow! I ſwear, Madam, you're as much miſtaken, Madam, as perhaps you ever were in your Life, Madam. After all, when one is made ſo very much to one's Advantage, ſo agreeable, ſo handſom, ſo every thing in the World, and when one has ſo fine a Diſcernment to underſtand it very well one's ſelf, Jealouſie is a Paſſion that perhaps after all is as little troubleſome as any Paſſion in the World.

Clev. Oh, Madam! all the World muſt confeſs how bountiful Nature has been to you, even to the laſt Prodigality of Gift and Graces.

Stale. Why really, and between Friends, Child, I don't think my Perſon has done Nature one jot of Diſcredit—What do you think? ha! as long as good Faces have been in Faſhion, ſhe never finiſh'd one more to her Reputation.

Clev. Ay, ay, Madam, take your Perſon all together you have all the reaſon in the World to be ſatisfy'd with it.

Stale. Nay, my Dear, that I am, upon my Word;—

for,

for, as I was ſaying, I think I may, without Affectation, aver that I am handſom, rich, nay and young too, in ſpight of all the little inſignificant World may ſay to the contrary.

Clev. Why that's true—— that ſame World is the Devil———— the ridiculous ways they have got in that World!———— You ſhall have 'em, when they are vex'd at their Hearts that they grow old themſelves, fancy that every Body elſe grows old in proportion as they do: You ſhall have 'em, becauſe they happen'd to Dance at a Ball with a Woman, in the merry Days of King *Charles* the Second, cry, Smoak the reverend Gentlewoman, tho' ſhe has as much Cherry-colour'd Ribbon, and black Hair fruz'd out as any Toaſt of 'em all, and never miſs'd the Front-Box of a new Play theſe Thirty Years.

Stale. The World is full of Impertinences———but you may take my Word for it, that I am young, very young.

Clev. Oh dear Madam! you don't think there is any Occaſion to convince me of it?

Stale. No, Child, not at all as to that;——but beſides now, beſides all theſe Accompliſhments, I ought to pique my ſelf ſomewhat upon my Birth and Family.

Clev. Why, that is very hard now, as to this damn'd World again.

Stale. As how, dear *Clever*?

Clev. As how? why that there ſhould be ſuch a thing as Scandal————that Virtue and Merit, like your Ladyſhip's, ſhould run the Gantlet thro' ſo many Viſiting Days every Week.———— Why I believe I have heard a Thouſand People ſay, that you never had Father or Mother, Uncle or Aunt, Siſter or Brother, that your ſelf or any other Body knew of————nay, not ſo much as a Husband, tho' your Ladyſhip has had the Misfortune to be a diſconſolate Widow for ſo many Years laſt paſt.

Stale. This is pleaſant, I vow! but, dear *Clever*, this is particularly pleaſant———— the ridiculous World! as if every

every Body did not know my Family.——I'd have 'em to comprehend I have Two as fine young Gentlemen as ever wore Gowns at the Univerſity——the worſt of 'em (and indeed I think that is *Jeremy*) the worſt of 'em underſtands *Hebrew*——And then my Neice at *Hackney* is the prettieſt witty Creature.

Clev. Ah, Madam, 'tis not your Fertility is in Queſtion, no Body can have the Impudence to diſpute that part of your Family——Your Poſterity is all ſafe, but 'tis concerning your Illuſtrious Anceſtors that the Doubt is rais'd.

Stale. Folly to the laſt degree!——I ſwear you begin to be mighty entertaining.

Clev. You'll pardon me, Madam, that I have dealt ſo very freely with your Ladyſhip——You'll allow for the Sincerity of Friendſhip.

Stale. Oh by all means, my Dear, you wrong me to ſuſpect the contrary——I have Wit enough to be above the little Envy of thoſe talking things——beſides I am Rich, have a Fortune, *Argent Comptant*, Child.

Clev. A Fortune!

Stale. Ay, *Clever*, a Fortune.

Clev. Nay, then I don't wonder at your being above what the World can ſay of you.—— Poſitively no Body can be out of Humour that has Mony enough.

Stale. I think I have ſome kind of an Inclination to Mr. *Friendly*——the Man loves me to Folly;——I am pleas'd he ſhould do ſo, and, in ſhort, I intend he ſhall marry me within theſe Two Days.

Clev. Well, Madam, I wiſh you good Succeſs——but the World, that has been ſo ill-natur'd to diſpute one Husband with you, may try to hinder you of another—therefore have a Care, and make ſure of your Man while you can have him.——Between the Wars abroad, and the many preſſing Occaſions at home, Men are ſcarce.

Enter Mariana.

Mar. My Lady *Stale*! Is it poſſible that I ſhould meet you here?

Stale.

Stale. Mariana! this is the very Predeſtination of good Fortune——— my Dear, Dear, incomparable Dear!— But, Child! what, are you alone?

Mar. Oh no, Madam,——— the Diverſions of this Place draw ſo much Company to 'em, that 'twould be almoſt impoſſible to come alone, eſpecially in a Stage-Coach——— To deal freely with you, I came hither upon an Engagement with Mr. *Clerimont*.

Stale. And the reſt of your Company?

Mar. Gallant and engaging to the laſt degree. A Templer, a Lady of Wit and Pleaſure, and a notable Man of Buſineſs out of the City.

Clev. I ſuppoſe your Ladyſhip can give a very good Account of the Inns of Court Gallantry?

Mar. Oh, Mrs. *Clever*, your Servant.——— You have brought your uſual good Humour hither, I ſee.

Clev. I am always very much at your Service, Madam.

Stale. Well, but how have you diſpos'd of your Company?

Mar. All diſpers'd ——— my young Squire was taken up with Four or Five fine Ladies in Masks.

Stale. And your Lady of Pleaſure?

Mar. With a Knot of Rakes.——— And my Man of Buſineſs is engag'd in an Affair of Conſequence.

Stale. An Affair of Conſequence at *Croydon*?

Mar. Ay, I'll aſſure you, and very great too.——— A Whim took him to give himſelf a t'other End o' the Town kind of an Air, and he wou'd not pay the Coach-Man — whereupon —

Clev. I ſuppoſe he beat him.

Mar. Even ſo, from Top to Toe——— He had juſt finiſh'd him when I left 'em.

Stale. Very pleaſant!——— But, my Dear, have you met with no Adventure your ſelf?

Mar. Oh with a very good one, I aſſure you: — A Grenadier of the Guards proffer'd to Treat me with burnt Brandy and Sawſages.

Clev.

Clev. Very gallant!

Stale. Oh shocking! But 'tis like the horrible Place— I swear, my Dear, we ought never to be forgiven for coming hither.

Clev. Oh dear Madam, be compos'd, I beseech you— my Life on't, you meet with none of those Insolences.— Such little wild young Creatures as *Mariana* can't avoid the Impertinence of an impudent young Fellow; but he must be a Grenadier indeed that would attack your Ladyship.

Enter Mr. Scribblescrable, *bloody and dirty.*

Mar. Ah dear Mr. *Scribblescrable*! I rejoice to see you — I am glad you're got out of the Clutches of that unmerciful pounding Coachman.

Scrib. Ah de-de-dear Madam, your Slave, your Slave, nothing in the Earth, a Te-Te-Trifle, a Trifle.

Stale. Is this the Lawyer, Child?

Mar. The same.

Scrib. One always meets with your me-me-merry Wags, and your comical Jo-Jokes, Madam, at Fairs and such like Places; ——— for my part, I came a pu-pu-pu-purpose ——

Mar. To be beaten? A very whimsical Design, very far from a Jest, and in my Opinion went off very tragically on your Side

Srib. Not at all, Madam, not at all, a Te-Te-Trifle, a Trifle.

Mar. Your Nose bleeds sadly.

Scrib. Nothing at all, very good, very wholsome; — I always bleed Spring and Fall.

Clev. Men of Gallantry turn every thing into good Humour and Mirth. — I know Mr. *Scribblescrabble* of old, always a Wag

Scrib. Ah! *Na-Na-Nanny! Nanny Clever*! By *Je Je-Jericho* I'm glad to see thee.

Clev. He's a great Man at Adventures, —— the Farthing Pye-houses in *Moor-fields* ring of him.

Stale

Stale. Well, to have Adventures is always a Mark of a Man of Condition. Mr. *Scribblescrable*, give me Leave to felicitate your good Fortune.

Mar. Ah dear Madam, you don't know him.—— He's intimate with all the agreeable Rakes about Town, wears a lac'd Hat with a smart Pinch in Vacation-time, and plays at Picket at the *Temple* Chocolate-houses.

Scrib. Tr-truly, Madam, if it were not discountenanc'd in the City, I do think a de-de-demy Castor, with a fashionable Edging, a very Ge-Ge-Gentleman-like kind of an Ornament.

Clev. He is a very Terror to all the Husbands of the Ward he lives in, —— Two Chandlers Wives, besides a Haberdasher of small Wares's Daughter, have been turn'd out of Doors for him within this Half Year.

Scrib. Ah me-me-meer Waggery, Sc-Sc-Scandal.— What shou'd the Ladies see in me?

Clev. Oh that Spirit, that Wit, that agreeable Freedom.

Scrib. Something of a fr-fr-frank manner, Madam; ah, ha, ha,—— but wh-what's that, what's that, Madam? —— But how came you to know me! I value my self upon being close.

Clev. What, d'ye think the World knows nothing? —— But besides, whatsoever he says, he loves to make a Noise with his Adventures.

Scrib. Aa, fy, fy, fy, —— no, no, no.

[*Making an ugly Face.*

Stale. Pretty Expression of his Passion!

Clev. Then 'tis the little peevishest Creature, rather than not quarrel he'll quarrel and box with his Mistress her self; then she, you know, naturally resists, then an Uproar, out come the Prentices. ——

Stale. What! engage with the Domesticks?

Clev. Up with Paring-shovels, Blows abound, and the Lover is ruefully beaten for the Close of his Adventure.

Mar. Suffering for the Ladies is gallant; and you see Love is his *foible*. But what says poor Madam *Scribblescrabble* to all this?

Scrib.

Scrib. A a a.

Stale. His Wife? What, has he a Wife! Oh unfaithful Mr. *Scribblescrabble!*

Scrib. Na-na-name her not, name her her not, I say.

Clev. Marry but we will tho' ——— since, to her Praise be it spoken, she's an Example to the whole Parish for Patience and good Housewifry.

Scrib. Shall I tell you? My Dru-Drudge, my Convenience, my patient *Griffel*, ——— she in the Be-Be-Ballad was a Type of her, and I am her n-n-noble Marquis, her Lord, her great *Turk*, by *Je-Jericho*.

Stale. What a barbarous little gallant Person it is!

Mar. Why didn't you bring her with you to-Day?

Scrib. What, about bu-bu-bus'ness? ——— Inco-co-congruous, Madam. —— No, I left her, I left her ——

Clev. Pensively at home, I warrant you.

Scrib. Mending the foul Clothes, and the Childrens Stockings; ——— but let us leave her to her Co-Co-Cowheel and Pint of Ale, and talk of other Matters —— Have you seen Mem-Mem-Mr. ———? [*To* Mariana.

Mar. aside.] Hush! a Word with you. ——— No naming of Names ——— hark in your Ear.

[Mariana *whispers* Scribblescrabble.

Clev. You see, Madam, what a base World it is, how false the Men and how miserable the Women are: —— The very *Scribblescrabbles* of the City have got into the way of despising their Wives.

Stale. 'Tis too true, Child; and there are very few in this fantastical Age that the greatest Merit can oblige to Constancy: ——— And if I didn't think *Friendly* a Man that had a very exact *Goût* for Merit, one that enter'd very far into Merit, extreamly far, almost as far as 'tis possible for one to enter into Merit, I should hardly trust my self in his or any Man's Hands.

Clev. Look ye, Madam, he may enter into Merit as far as another, I don't dispute that, Madam; but how will you keep him from being weary of Merit, and having

ing his Belly full of Merit, as they ſay, getting rid of Merit, turning Merit off again?

Stale. For that, Child, I truſt to my Merit, 'tis my own, I know it, and I truſt to it.

Clev. Matrimony's an uncertain Game.

Stale. 'Tis ſo. —— But you know we Women love Play. ——— Beſides, Rallery apart, my Phyſicians tell me, that I ſhall never be free from the Tooth-ach, Vapours, and a Scurvy Humour that haunts me Spring and Fall 'till, ah! ah! (you'll pardon the Miſfortune of my Conſtitution) 'till I have another Child. ——— Nay, they ſay if I had Twins 'twould be better, and go more to the bottom of my Diſtemper.

Clev. Nay then you had beſt get your Ingredients together, and go into the Courſe as ſoon as poſſible, for fear the Seaſon for Phyſick ſhould be over.

Stale. My dear, I ſee you're buſie. [*To* Mariana.] We'll go on before.

Mar. But a Word, Madam, and I wait on you.

Stale. *Clever* and I'll walk on before ——— you'll overtake us before we get to the Monſters —— I have a ſtrange Fancy for Monſters.

Clev. Did your Ladyſhip ever ſee the *Mantegur*?

Stale. Oh dear! no —— he was a very obſcene Monſter ——— he was obſcene, rude, very rude and beaſtly ——— but the *Womantegur* ———

Clev. His Lady?

Stale. ——— Was very well bred, and had a great deal of Wit. ——— This is her Day, I believe; if ſhe ſees Company here, we'll viſit her.

Clev. With all my Heart. [*Exeunt*.

Mar. Look ye, be careful, and you may expect every thing from Mr. *Friendly*'s Bounty; ——— for *Clerimont*'s Unkle, I'll undertake he ſhall ſet his Name to the Deeds when they are ready.

Scrib. 'Tis enough; they are here in pu-pu- preſtion my Green-bag here; I want nothing but the old Ge-Ge-Gentleman's Name to fill up the Blanks with.

Mar.

Mar. For that I can inform you ——— he writes himself Sir *Timothy Tallapoy* of *Kingquangcungxi.*

Scrib. What a pu-pu-plaguy Pagan N-Name is that for a Protestant Pu-Pu-Parish!

Mar. 'Tis a Name he has given to a new House he has built hard by here. You must know he has got his Estate by the *China* Trade in the *East-Indies*, and at that time grew so fantastically fond of the Manners, Language, Habit and every thing that relates to those People, that he prefers 'em not only before those of his own Country, but all the World beside. 'Tis ridiculous enough to see how he makes himself be dress'd and serv'd exactly after the *Chinese* manner.

Scrib. Ve-very whimsical, fe-fe-faith and troth.

Mar. But husht! ——— here's our Fellow-Traveller, the Temple Wag, that came down in the Coach with us.

Enter Pinch, *and Two Women in Masks.*

Pinch. You tell me you a e very passionate ———

1 *Mask.* What, are you such a Monster not to believe me when I swear?

Pinch. It is really inconsistent. ——— You have known me but Two Minutes and a half, and you intend to bambouzle me out of a Beef Stake.

1 *Mask.* Not for that, my Dear, indeed; ——— but if we should dine together we should be so facetious ——— and I can tell you something of some body that lodges at the *Black-boy and Still* in a certain Place.

2 *Mask.* Hark ye, Madam, come away, Madam, ——— We won't be beholding to the Pimp.

1 *Mask.* No, pray stay, Madam; Ill assure you, Madam, I know the Gentleman, ——— he is a Relation of mine, and ———

Pinch. Bite!

2 *Mask.* What d'ye mean, Pimp? ha, Pimp! What's Bite, Pimp? Will you give us a Bottle of Wine, or no, Pimp?

Pinch

Pinch. Why then I tell you No. ——— And now I have told you my Mind without a Bite, pox.

2 *Mask.* Dammee, Madam, come away, Madam; —— there's Madam *Footstocking* at the *Greyhound* —— she has brought down a Couple of Bob Wigs out of *Cheapside* shall treat us both. —— Look ye, Pimp, I shall meet you some Night or other in the Play-house Passage, and then I'll bite you, I will so, Pimp you! [*Exeunt Masks.*

Mar. Mr. *Pinch*, your Servant; —— I vow I'm afraid you're very ill-natur'd —— you treated your Ladies very roughly, methought.

Pinch. Oh dear no, Madam, by no means, Madam —— I am fond of the Fair to the last degree; by the solemn Powers, Madam. —— Your Ladyship is, as I may say, a Biter, Madam.

Mar. Upon my Word 'tis very innocently, for I don't know what it is.

Pinch. Oh dear, Madam, excuse me for that —— no, no, bite, bite, Madam, that won't pass indeed.

Mar. Nay I must confess I take it to be something that is very entertaining, because I see it makes up a great part of the Conversation among you fine Gentlemen.

Pinch. Oh your only new Way of Humour. —— We that pretend to be Men of Wit and Pleasure do nothing but bite all Day long.

Mar. But pray, Sir, as how? for Example a little.

Pinch. Why as thus; suppose now I should say Sir *Simon Snuffle* was a Wit.

Mar. A Wit! he's a Politician indeed, and a smart little Gentleman; but for a Wit ——

Pinch. Bite! there 'tis now ——— Why he's no more a Wit than I am a Politician. Or now if I should say I am going to *Moscow*, or that I am to be Lord Mayor, or that the Cham of *Tartary*'s my Cousin-German, that the Pope's a Whig, and the *French* King a Reformer, Beauty to be abolish'd, and Matrimony and ugly Faces to prevail; How! say you with a gave Face indeed: Bite, says I ——

that's

that's all; ------you see 'tis the easiest thing in the World.

Scrib. Me-me-mighty easie fe-fe-Faith and Troth. ----- Why this is nothing but lying------- Here I have been a Biter, Man and Boy, these Thirty Years, and never knew it.

Mar. Well, I see you are a true Biter, and a right Wit of the Age, by winding up your Jest with Matrimony ------but have you been a Sufferer by the Ladies, that you speak so ill of their Profession?

Pinch. Pardon me, not at all, Madam, only for the Grace of Wit, and to make up the troll of the Sentence, as merrily conceited Persons are us'd to do. I am Matrimony's humble Servant, came down to this very individual Town of *Croydon* to pay my Respects to it, and am to subscribe my self Matrimony's Bond-slave tomorrow.

Mar. And who is the Nymph that is to be made happy?

Pinch. Happy! ah ha, Bite, Madam. ------ I am to be marry'd indeed, but no Body's to be made happy.

Mar. You are such a Wag one dos'nt know where to have you. ------- Well, but who is it that is to have the Honour of being your bitten Bride, -------for bit she will be, that I foresee already.

Pinch. Right, Madam, for, as you say, I shall bite her, tho' she be Bone of my Bone never so much. ------ You must know 'tis one Madam *Angelica*, Daughter to Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*, a rich Merchant hard by here.

Mar. Handsome to a Miracle, I suppose.

Pinch. 'Egad I don't know, that's as the Fates shall appoint------for you must know I never saw her nor her Father in my Life, nor heard of 'em till within these Three Days, when a Comical old Fellow, a Father of mine in the Country, sends up a Servant of his, one *Gregory Grumble* by Name, (whom, by the way, I bit Seven times before he could tell how my Father and Mother, my Brothers and Sisters, my Uncles and Aunts, and the rest of my Relations in the Country did) to tell me that

he

he had agreed with a Gentleman for a Wife for me. ---- I receiv'd the News, bit the Bearer again, and then sent him to notify to my Father-in-Law that is to be.

Mar. And in Consequence thereof you are come down hither?

Pinch. To bite the Old Gentleman and the rest of my *Croydonian* Relations, consummate with his Daughter, and beget a biting Generation for the Benefit of Posterity.

Mar. aside to *Scrib.*] You see this is your Man---before you don't lose Sight of him.

Scrib. Te-te-tace's the Word, Madam, ---- a Word to the Wise ----- I'll be-be-bite him, I warrant you.

Mar. You're so intent upon this Fair Lady, that I'm afraid we must despair of your good Company.

Pinch. For that Fair Lady you speak of, time enough ----- I'll marry her to-morrow time enough, I'll warrant you ----- I'll marry her ----- Can she desire more? ------ But for you, Madam, I would forsake the greatest Princess upon the Earth, tho' she were fair as the blushing Morn ----- or -----

Mar. Oh dear! this is a very particular piece of Gallantry, -------- but you Men of Wit and Pleasure are so engaging ----

Pinch. For really, Madam, since the first happy Minute I had the Honour to know you,

Mar. Which was about Two Hours ago, [*Aside.*

Pinch. I have really had the greatest Inclination in the World to profess my self, Madam, your Ladyship's most profound humble Servant.

Mar. Nay, I swear this is too much ------ I would not make your Lady jealous for the World.

Pinch. Madam, shall I tell your Ladyship without a Bite, and by the solemn Powers, I am passionate and sincere.

Mar. I have a strange Inclination to take you at your Word.

Pinch. Od! and so do ------- here am I that will make it out.

Mar.

Mar. Give me your Hand ---- I'll have a good Opinion of my Beauty, and intrench upon your Bride's Prerogative; for this Day I receive you for my Servant, and if you don't like me when that's over, as well as you do now, you shall repair to your Lady Mistress at Night, and be marry'd to-morrow for your Punishment.

Pinch. Od! I like this mightily ---- strangely ----- Faith ---- Od! there's a good deal of Conceit in it --- It's like a Carnival before *Lent*, ---- or a -----

Mar. Come hang Similes ----- we'll join the rest of our Company, and be as merry as the Day's long.

Pinch. Or like ----- or hold ----- stay ----- or like a Biting and a Beating, or like Laughing and Crying, or like fair Weather and foul, or like riding in a Coach and going afoot afterwards, ----- or like -----

Mar. Phoo! phoo! -------- Come along, I'll warrant you ----

Pinch. Or like --- Od! I don't know ---- like somewhat that's very merry and very melancholy --- But, as you say, hang Similes, and so come along.

[*Exeunt.*

A SONG.

I.

CLOE *blush'd, and frown'd, and swore,*
And push'd me rudely from her.
I call'd her perjur'd, faithless Whore,
To talk to me of Honour.

II.

But when I rose and would be gone,
She cry'd, Nay, whither go ye?
Young Damon *saw; now we're alone,*
Do what you will with Cloe.

End of the First Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Timothy Tallapoy, *Two or Three Servants ridiculously habited haling in* Grumble.

Sir *Tim.* LOOK ye, Sirrah, I will put you into the Hands of the *Tutang*, which is, according to Interpretation, the Officer that delighteth in Justice, which is, according to *English* Expression, the Constable of *Croydon*; ----- I'll see whether the Laws of this Land, as corrupt as they are, will allow you in Enormities like these.

Grum. Yaust charge the Counstable wi' ma' ---- Yaust put me i' th' Stocks now! Maister's Worship, Sir *Peter Pinch*'s Worship, and my Lady *Pinch*'s Worship, and young Maister *Pinch*'s Worship, the young Squair's Worship, they'st take't huge kaindly o' yaur Worship to put their Man i' th' Stoucks for bracking the Boble there.

Sir *Tim.* Profane Rascal! Sirrah! It was the Pagode, or Representation of the great *Callasusu*, who was Nephew to the Great *Fillimafo*, who was descended from the illustrious *Fokiensi*, who was the first Inventer of eating Rice upon Platters. ----- Sirrah! if you had been at *Nanquin*, or the great City of *Xamsi*, you had suffer'd Death, Sirrah! Death, you Varlet!

Enter Angelica.

Ang. How now? What's the matter? What has this Fellow done that he is taken into Custody?

Sir *Tim.* The Pagode, the Pagode, he has broken the great Pagode.

Ang. Is that all!

Sir *Tim.* Get you in, Hussy, incontinently I say: --- You have not that Regard and Veneration for things which deserve Regard and Veneration, which any civilly, modestly, or virtuously disposed Person may have, can have, must have, and ought to have, Hussy.

Grum.

Grum. Yau'ſt mak ſuch a Raut and a Hurly-burly, an' yau'ſt no ſtay till young Maiſter come — here — I'ſe pay for't — I'ſe pay for't aut of my awn Pocket, ——— here bauy another. [*Offering Mony.*
Here's a Rant with a *Railazu* and a *Zu*, with a pox. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Tim.* Monſter of a Fellow! ——— Take him away from my Sight ——— Confine him in the loweſt Part of the Edifice, ev'n in the Cellar ——— Away with him, I ſay. ———

[*Exeunt Servants with* Grumble.

His Maſter will be here to-Day, and I will demand Juſtice of him ——— I will demand Two Hundred and Seventy odd Blows on his Belly, Three Hundred on his Breech, and Four Hundred and Twenty Nine on the Soles of his Feet. ——— Well, Miſtreſs, have you diſpos'd your ſelf incontinently to marry the *Mandarin* Mr. *Pinch* to-morrow, according to my Commands?

Ang. To-morrow, Sir? to-morrow's very ſoon.

Sir *Tim.* By the Majeſty of *Pekin*, an' you mutter, Huſſy, I'll have you marry'd to-Night, and then you'll be out of your Pain by to-morrow.

Ang. Pain, Sir? ——— Upon my Word, Sir, 'tis not the matter of the Pain, Sir, nor the Being out of the Pain, that I ſtand upon; but upon my Word, 'tis a very hard thing to be forc'd to marry a Man one don't like.

Sir *Tim.* Moſt provokingly impertinent! ——— to diſlike a Man before ſhe ſees him, only in oppoſition to my Paternal Authority. ——— No, Huſſy, I know the true Reaſon ——— 'tis not that you diſlike him, but becauſe you like ſomebody elſe; ——— you have ſet your Heart upon ſome of thoſe vain frothy young *Mandarins* of that imperial, but abominably vicious City of *London*, call'd Beaux.

Ang. Upon my Word, Sir, ———

Sir *Tim.* Be ſilent, I ſay. ——— For ought I know you deſign to join your ſelf to one of that execrable new

Sect, which they call the Biters, those Sons of the Serpent that inhabits in the House of Smoak. ——— By the Great *Lama*, I had as soon see you marry'd to the Giant *Tansu*, who inhabits in the prodigious Mountains of *Tartary*, and eats a Hundred and Fifty Virgins every Day in the Week, but *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, and then he lives upon old Women, as good Catholicks do upon Stock-fish, by way of Mortification.

Ang. Well, Sir, you may do what you please with me, but I am sure you shall never make me forget poor Mr. *Friendly*.

Sir *Tim.* Ah ha! Said I not so? Does it go there?

Ang. For his Estate, 'tis as good as your *Mandarin Pinch's*; and for his personal Qualifications, I'm sure I know 'em too well not to vindicate 'em against any *Mandarin* in Christendom. ----- I don't know why I should not pluck up a Spirit, and tell this old *Chinese* Father of mine his own. [*Aside.*

Sir *Tim.* Why hearken to me, my Daughter; (I will reason with her) thou hast been bred up like a virtuous and a sober Maiden, and would'st thou take the part of a profane Wretch, who sold his Stock out of the Old *East-India* Company, and show'd his scurrilous Wit in making a Jest of the worshipful Traders? A scurvy, idle Varlet! A wicked Varlet! ———

Ang. Well, Sir, if he took his Stock out of one Fund that he was weary of, he'll put it into another that he likes better; and that's what all the young Fellows about Town do, that understand Bus'ness.

Sir *Tim.* A wicked, wicked Wretch! ——— He might have put into the New then, if he did not like the Old, ——— but to be of neither! ——— Talk no more of him ——— thou wilt put me into a Chafe, and it will be the worse for thee. ——— A naughty ill-principled young Man, to be of neither *East-India* Company!

Ang.

Ang. Well ——— but dear, dear Father, will you make me marry this ſcurvy Fellow I never ſaw?

Sir *Tim.* This is immoderately vexatious! ——— In good truth I am reſolved.

Ang. Are you? ——— Why then ſo am I, and let the *Mandarin* look to't.

Sir *Tim.* What a prodigious thing is the Education of an *Engliſh* Damſel!

Ang. aſide] How fantaſtical is the Difference between an old Fellow's Judgment, and a young Wench's Inclinations! ——— Od! I have a good Mind to ſpeak out.

To Sir Tim.] I muſt marry him then, you ſay?

Sir *Tim.* Poſitively.

Ang. Well, I ſhall make ———

Sir *Tim.* A good Wife, I hope, Genelewoman.

Ang. No ——— but what's all one, ſuch a ſcurvy, abominable, whimſical, coxcomical, miſerable, oddiſh, exemplary kind of a Husband of him, that the moſt potent Cham of *Tartary*, that you us'd to tell us of ſo, ſhan't ſhow his Fellow among all the merry Men in his Country ——— and ſo I am reſolv'd I'll tell him the firſt time I ſee him.

[*Exit* Angelica.

Sir *Tim.* Well! ——— Incontinently this is a moſt flagitious Age ——— nothing but Diſobedience, Impudence, Debauchery, Biting, and all kind of Wickedneſs ——— but no matter; ——— I will comfort my ſelf after the manner of the ſage Philoſopher *Tychung*, who liv'd Fifteen Thouſand Seven Hundred and Fourteen Years Two Months and Three Days ago, and let the World rub ——— I will ſend forthwith to my Correſpondent at *Canton* for a new Pagode ——— I will marry my Daughter to the young Man I have provided for her ——— and after that I will incontinently eſpouſe the moſt amiable *Mariana*, and engender a Male Off-ſpring, who ſhall drink nothing but the Divine Liquor Tea, and eat nothing but Oriental Rice, and be brought up after

the Institutions of the most excellent *Confucius*. ——— And I will moreover in the mean time divert the melancholy Faculties of my Mind in beholding the Diversions of this numerical *Croydon* Fair ——— I will behold the most noble Exercise of Dancing on the Ropes ——— I have beheld it with Delight in the flourishing Empire of *China*, I will behold it here again. ——— But lo! here are of the Frequenters of this Place ——— they seem *Lipous*, or Men of Rank ——— I will salute them according to the manner of the most glorious and wise City of *Peking*.

Enter Pinch, *and* Scribblescrabble.

Sir Timothy *salutes 'em after the* Chinese *manner*.

Pinch. Come along, my little *Scribblescrable*, ——— we shall find the Ladies somewhere hereabouts ——— Hey! Who have we here! What, are you the Man with the Wax-works?

Scrib. By *Je-Je-Jericho*, Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*. [*Aside*.

Sir *Tim*. Young Gentleman, may the Garden of your Graces be ever flourishing ——— but I delight not in Wax-works.

Pinch. What then, the *Vigo* Plate?

Sir. *Tim*. I am ignorant of your Intentions.

Scrib. Husht! Squire, Squire *Pinch!* [*Aside*.

Pinch. Oh ho! What, you're the Man that bought the right *Italian* Fairy that was born at *Hampstead?*

Sir *Tim*. I am a *Mandarin* of this Neighbourhood, and deligh in a new Mansion.

Scrib. A Wo-Word w'ye. [*Aside to* Pinch.

Pinch. Oh Pox! that's just at the Town's End, with Bottl'd Ale and Collard Beef over the Door; the *Sussex*-House.

Scrib. Are you me-me-mad! ——— Come away, I tell you ——— this is a poor unfortunate Gentleman that's craz'd ——— He was Mace-bearer to the Lord Chancellor of *Moscow*, and was turn'd out of his Place for having more Wit than his Master ——— poor Man,

Man, happen'd not to be dull enough to be in with that Miniſtry, loſt his Place, hurt his Head, poor Man!

Pinch. Very ſtrange, Faith! Od, I'll bite him ——— I never bit a Mad-man in my Life.

Scrib. Poo, poo! — —— Come away.

Pinch. By the ſolemn Powers I will ——— Old Gentleman, your Servant.

Sir *Tim*. Moſt flouriſhing Youth, I congratulate your Arrival at the Village of *Croydon* ——— Came you from the imperial City of *London*?

Pinch. Yes, yes, we came from *London*.

Sir *Tim*. And do the moſt ingenious Imparters of Novelty afford any thing that is new?

Pinch. There's comical News, Faith, in the *Flying-Poſt* ——— It's given out and rumour'd, that ſeveral Great Men, and *Beglerbegs* in the *Weſt-Indies*, have declar'd for the Rebels in *Hungary*.

Sir *Tim*. Sir, ſhall I tell you? I am not concern'd for any Tranſactions which are or may be in the *Weſt-Indies*. ——— Sir, you are a Stranger to me, but I deal plainly with you, I am no Friend to any thing in the *Weſt*, and am poſitively reſolv'd, Sir, never to have any thing to do with *Weſtminſter*, *Weſt-cheſter*, *Weſt Smithfield*, or the *Weſt-Indies*. No, Sir, the *Eaſt*, I think, is more properly the Concern of every good and honeſt Man. ——— You take my Meaning, Sir; and if you have any thing from the *Eaſt-Indies*, ſo Sir, for to tell you my Mind freely, I don't think there is a good moral Man on this ſide the Cape of *Good-hope*.

Scrib By *Je-Je-Jericho* that's much!

Sir *Tim*. Always excepting ſome of the worſhipful Traders to the aforeſaid *Eaſt-Indies*.

Pinch. Why, Sir, both the Companies are concern'd in the Project, and are to furniſh ———

Sir *Tim*. Sir, let me tell you, they are a wiſe and a prudent ———

Pinch. Bite! bite! my Dear.

Sir *Tim.* How, Sir! why? where? what? meaning whom? [*Staring.*

Pinch. What? why Bite, Old Gentleman, that's all, Bite!

Scrib. Good lack! how he looks! de-de-dear Squire, come away.

Sir *Tim.* 'Tis all falſe! 'tis impoſſible! 'tis not in Nature! Sir, you're Son of a Bitch.——— Sir, I am a *Mandarin* of the Tribunal of Juſtice ——— I am a Trader to the moſt excellent Oriental Countries———I never was bit in my Life, nor ever will be bit, that's more, by the Majeſty of *Peking.*

Scrib. Dear Squire, have a Care, that's a very hard Stick in his Hand.

Pinch. Let me alone, you ſhall ſee I'll fun him ——— I'll fun him, I warrant you.——— Come old Gentleman, [*To Sir* Timothy.] no Harm, only a little Merriment ——— I give a Bite, and I take a Bite ——— bite me again.

Sir *Tim.* I would as ſoon commit Felony or Treaſon ——— I thank a good Conſcience, and a virtuous Education, I am none of thoſe: Go, Sir, whoever you are, you're an idle young Man ——— and your Parents ——— But I ſay no more! I would not have any Child of mine come near you.——— for oh Dear!———

[*Lifting up his Hands.*

Pinch. This is fooliſh enough, faith! this old Fellow is very helliſh and very ſtupid-----What an' I warrant you you take us Biters to be ſad Dogs?

Sir *Tim.* By the Majeſty of *Peking* and ſo I do---- I take you to be worſe than Popery, Slavery, Presbitery, Rebellion, Plague, Fire, Famine, and a ſtanding Army to boot. -----What a Condition is this poor Nation in! What with Plotters in one Place, and Biters in another, and yet no Body's hang'd for either.

Pinch. What ſtrange Enemies theſe old Fools are to us Wits!-------Well! 'tis a wonderful thing in Nature, but certainly there is ſuch a thing as Sympathy and Antipathy.

Sir

Sir *Tim*. I have, I thank my Stars, ſeen Governments where Immoralities of this kind were Death Death by the Law.-----There are Princes!-----The King of *Tunquin*, and Emperor of *Japan*, and the Serene *Cham*! I would fain ſee a Man pretend to bite in their Courts.

Pinch. Say you me ſo? Od! wou'd I were well there ----I and a Knot of Wags that I know.

Sir *Tim*. And what would'ſt thou do before their glorious Thrones?----why they'd hang thee, hang thee up, thou wretched Puppy!

Pinch. Wou'd they ſo, old Boy! Come, I'll tell thee what, that's fair,------I'll hold thee an even Wager that I bite the *Cham* of *Tartary*, his Royal Relations, his moſt Honourable Privy-Council, and all his Miniſters, from his Lord-Keeper to his Corn-cutter, within the Space of one Year and Six Months from the Day of the Date of theſe Preſents.

Sir *Tim*. What, his preſent Majeſty?

Pinch. Yea verily.

Sir *Tim*. The *Cham* that now reigneth?

Pinch. *Cham* or *Keyſar*, all one to *Peter*, i'faith.

Sir *Tim*. You lie, and you're a Raſcal.

[*Beating him round the Stage.*

Pinch. Pſhaw! nay! pooh! what's this for?-------what, I ſuppoſe if a Man pays Scot and Lot-----pray, Sir, hold, Sir.

Sir *Tim*. I'll bite you, you Dog! Bite, quotha!—And are you a Biter too, Sirrah? [*To* Scribbleſcrabble.

Scrib. No, no, no, as I hope to live----I am a civil peaceable Man, and a City Sollicitor.

Sir *Tim*. I ſhall put you in mind once more of his Majeſty of *China*. [*Beating him again.*

Pinch. 'Tis very well! very well indeed! If a Man may not be a little harmleſly witty-----why, Mr. *Scribbleſcrable*, help! Murder! help!

Enter Clerimont, *he interpoſes.*

Cler. How! Mr. *Pinch* ſuffering under my Uncle!--Pray, Sir, hold your Hand.

Sir *Tim*. Art thou there, Varlet! thou Enemy to *East-India* Companies! thou Villain thou!

Cler. Pray, Sir, be pacify'd.

Sir *Tim*. Sirrah! I will never be pacify'd---I thought this was one of thy wicked Companions----but I'll be reveng'd of you all----I will so.- --Bite the *Cham* of *Tartary*! [*Exit Sir* Tim.

Scrib. Mr. *Clerimont*, here has been a dreadful Ca-Ca-Catastrophe; but harkye, the Squire and your Uncle didn't know one another.

Cler. That was lucky indeed! Enough! [*Aside*. What unlucky Accident was this! Well I profess I am very sorry for it. O he's a mad old Fellow-----I wish he han't hurt your Ingenuity----I swear he has batter'd the Outside of it most abominably.

Pinch. He has broke all my Head here, only for a Word speaking. [*Half crying*. As I hope to live, I meant no more Harm!----And he has all blooded my Neckcloth here----I don't know what to do, not I.

Scrib. The Squire woud'n't be persuaded, he wou'd bite him, and so the Me-Matter happen'd.

Cler. See, here are the Ladies----come, Courage----'twas a Misfortune your Wit brought upon you, and so the better to be endur'd.

Enter Friendly, Mariana, *and* Stale.

Pinch. I'd ha' given a Hundred Pounds out of my Pocket, this scurvy Bus'ness hadn't happen'd.

Mar. What, d'ye turn away from me? Unkind Mr *Pinch*!

Pinch. A little out of Order, Madam, that's all——

Cler. Oh, he has had a misfortune

Mar. You fright me to Death! The matter?

Cler. Only a Rencounter, a Drubbing or so! Hark, I'll tell you. [*Whisper*.

Pinch. Dear Mr. *Scribblescrabble*, look in my Face---- How do I look? sadly! ha!

Scrib. Truly that Blow upon your Forehead has discompos'd your Phisiognomy strangely.

Pinch. What, ruful! dismal!

Scrib.

Scrib. But ſtep aſide here, and we'll get ſome Water and a Patch, and furbiſh up your Countenance again as well as ever.

Pinch. Will you be ſo kind? I ſhall acknowledge the Favour the longeſt Day I have to live.

[*Exeunt* Pinch *and* Scribbleſcabble.

Mar. Thus it happens, between too much Wit and too little Valour.

Friend. The poor Corpſe indeed has a damn'd time on't that's match'd with a pert Underſtanding, and frequently ſuffers for keeping bad Company.

Stale. Well, for my part I have deduc'd it from a long Concatenation of Obſervations, that nothing but ſuch extravagant Accidents attend upon the Converſations of thoſe Impertinents they call Wits.—— Mr. *Friendly*, I will beg one thing of you--- -not that I pretend to any Influence; but People in my Circumſtances do commonly ask one thing,----my Circumſtances! *Eh! Mon Cœur*! what Indiſcretion! My Dear, you'll pardon me?

Mar. Oh dear Madam, why this Reſerve among Friends? You know Mr. *Clerimont* and I are of your Party. --Come, out with your Requeſt.---All your Lovers have ſome little fond Requeſt or other to make before Matrimony.

Cler. Yes, yes,-- -as not to chaw Tobacco, to ſhift in your own Dreſſing-Room- -- to have a Convenience apart, or----

Mar. O filthy! O abominable! no, no, none of theſe--- but whatever it be, I'll engage Mr. *Friendly* ſhall make it good.

Friend. Your moſt obedient humble Servant.

Stale. Well, Mr. *Friendly*, 'tis only this: That, for my ſake, you wou'd never bite any Perſon, of any Sex, Age, or Condition in the World; but that, above all, you wou'd forbear your devoted and moſt engag'd Friend and Servant.

Friend. Forbear you, dear Madam? the moſt reaſonable Requeſt that was ever made in the World.

Stale. Not that I wou'd have you miſunderſtand me neither, dear Mr. *Friendly*.

Friend. If any Presumption of mine has given your Ladyship occasion to think----

Stale. Oh fy! no, Mr. *Friendly*.

Friend I do here solemnly swear and declare, in the Face of the World, that from the Day of the Date of these Presents I will most sincerely refrain, abstain and forbear—

Stale. Pish! why this is'nt it, this is'nt what I mean, this isn't what I'd be at.

Friend. From any matter or thing whatsoever that has the Honour, in any manner, to appertain or belong to your Ladyship.

Mar. Was ever any thing so insufferably ill-natur'd? to mistake a poor Woman so aukwardly, and turn her plain meaning so quite contrary to her Inclination.

Cler. But if it passes so, I am mistaken.

Stale. Why I tell you, and tell you again, you take me wrong, Mr. *Friendly*.

Friend, Madam, I woud'n't presume to take you at all----

Stale. Shoo! how foolish this is in you, Mr. *Friendly*! this Rallery is very *mal à propos*, Mr. *Friendly*.----I'll vow if you persist in it, Mr. *Friendly*, you'll make me extreamly angry with you.

Mar. Dear Madam, what's the matter?

Stale. A foolish *double entendre*, my Dear.

Mar. You're discompos'd.

Stale. I'm always so with a *double entendre*; a *double entendre* always discomposes me, especially when they will mean it the wrong way, in spight of all one does to take it the right.

Mar. Nay, then there's something in it indeed----Mr. *Clerimont*, come, you must join with me----We'll do Mr. *Friendly* a good Office in spight of his Teeth; this must come to an *Ecclarcissement*, it may grow to a Quarrel else.

Stale. No, my Dear, there's no fear of that, I hope---- Let me smell to your *Hungary*-Water a little, Mr. *Friendly*.

Cler. Kind Creature! what a Look was there! what a Smile!

Friend,

Friend. What a Grin! like a wooden Cut of *Scoggan* before a Jest-Book.

Cler. Oh Brute! go to the Lady, for Shame.

Friend. Madam, you know my Forbearance was only a Mark of my Respect. [*Going towards her*.

Stale. Ah! you Men!---well, I say no more----why would you put me in this Chafe!---you know how it is with me always———I warrant you my poor Head will suffer for it this Two Days— feel how it burns———

Mar. Was there ever such a nauseous Five and Fifty Fondling!———but how do I know but Age and Folly may make me such a monster?

Cler. Never, 'tis impossible.

Mar. How, *Clerimont*! shall I never grow Old?

Cler. Certainly if you live———but surely the Wit and Tenderness of my *Mariana* can never degenerate to the Folly and Fondness of such an Idea:——To me, you must be always as you are, thus dear, thus agreeable, the constant Object of my Love.

Mar. Oh, fie, fie! a marry'd Man and talk of Love! to his own Wife too!———They'll hear you, and laugh at us in their turn, if you han't a care.

Stale. But do you say you'll put me out of my Pain by to-morrow morning? 'Tis extreamly kind.

Friend. I have given you my Word, and you may depend upon it.

Stale. The Expedition of your Performance will make amends for every thing-----tis excessively kind.

Friend. Hush! not a Word more——*Mariana* and *Clerimont* will find Matter of Mirth out of it, and turn our Happiness into Ridicule.

Mar. See here's sweet Mr. *Pinch* again, as gay as if this Mishap had never befallen him, and there were no such wicked Instrument as a Cudgel in Nature.

Enter Pinch *and* Scribblescrabble.

Pinch. Madam, your most humble Servant. A scurvy kind of a foolish Business happen'd to happen just now here a little odly, Madam, but no great matter, Madam, 'tis all over now.

Mar.

Mar. I am very glad to ſee you look ſo well after it--- I'll ſwear I think you're improv'd——that Patch has given a moſt agreeable turn to his Face——Your Opinion, Gentlemen.

Cler. The Patch does its Part, upon my Word—— a little o'th' biggeſt, or ſo——but elſe wonderfully well.

Friend. And are you as ſound within as without, Sir?

Pinch. Oh to all Intents and Purpoſes.

Friend. And d'ye think you could bite as well as ever?

Pinch. Ask my little *Scribbleſcrabble* elſe———Didn't I bite your Couſin, as ſhe was dreſſing my Head?

Scrib. None of my Couſin, Squire.

Pinch. Nay, nay, ſhe call'd you Couſin; a fat comely Gentlewoman hard by here at the Sign of the *Adam* and *Eve*, that ſells Sawſages and Black-puddings.

Scrib. She's none of my Couſin, ſhe's only my *Doll's* Couſin.

Pinch. Why the Woman's a good Woman———What, are you aſham'd of your Kindred?

Scrib. She's none of my Couſin. [*Angrily*.

Mar. Ridiculous, we ſhall have 'em quarrel preſently.

Cler. Come, come, no matter whoſe Couſin ſhe is.

Friend. You bit her, you ſay.

Pinch. Bit her! ay marry did I—— and ſo I ſhou'd have ſerv'd all her Family, and all her Generation, if they had been here———What, han't I been at *Moſcow*, *Iſaphan*, *Babylon*, and ſo forth? Knock him down!

Scrib. What did he ſay ſhe was my Couſin for? [*Grumbling*.

Mar. To ſet aſide this fooliſh Diſpute, pray ſhew me the biting Song, which you ſaid was ſet to Muſick.

Pinch. Here it is, and it is in the Nature of a Dialogue, and if your Ladyſhip will do me the Honour to bear a Bob with me, as I may ſo ſay, we'll perform it before all the Company.

Mar. To oblige you, Sir, I'll do my beſt.

A Dialogue.

Thyrsis. IRIS, *I have long, in vain,*
Been your Slave, and wore your Clog;
'Tis but just I shou'd complain,
Since you use me like a Dog.

Iris. *Faithful Lovers are but few;*
Cou'd I trust, I wou'd trust you:
Of all your Sex I am afraid,
And therefore vow to die a Maid.

Thyrsis. *Die a Maid! So young, so pretty!*
I'll be true, by all that's good:
Die a Maid! I'll swear 'tis pity.

Iris. *Bite!* Thyrsis, *did you think I wou'd?*

But since you will be mine alone,
Here kiss the Book and swear:
The Wedding Ring shall make us one.

Thyrsis. *Bite!* Iris, *now I think all's fair,*

Chorus. *Bite!* Thyrsis, *now I think all's fair,*
And well we may agree,
Since thus we love upon the Square,
And Biters both are we.

Cler. Rarely perform'd, upon my Word------Mr. *Pinch* has his Gifts-----what say you, Mr. *Scribblescrabble*?

Scrib. Mighty well indeed, Sir-------the Squire is a fine Gentleman, that's the truth on't----but let him be never so well vers'd in the Arts and Sciences, he ought not to reflect upon the Family of the *Scribblescrabbles*.

Cler.

Cler. Oh no more of that-----

Scrib. What if I did marry Mrs. *Dorothy Pattypan*, the Paſtry-Cook's Daughter, I didn't marry all her Scoundrel Conſanguinity, I hope; no, I diſclaim 'em, I make her and them to know themſelves, I keep 'em under, I-----

Enter Bandileer *drunk, and Mrs.* Scribbleſcrabble.

Mrs. *Scrib.* Nay, dear Couſin *Barnaby*, where wou'd you haul one-------I'll ſwear I have eat ſo much Gooſe, and drank ſo much Sack, that I am almoſt in a Quandary———Hiccup———good lack! how I have got the Hiccocks; well, I won't drink a drop more, profeſs now.

Band. Look ye, take no care of that, I'll carry you to a Friend of mine, d'ye ſee, and there we'll have a Cup of rare *Juniper*, cure your Hiccup, I warrant you——— Nothing but a cold Stomach, Couſin.

Stale. In the Name of Aſtoniſhment, what may theſe be, Child?

Mar. Ha! as I live, Mrs. *Dorothy Scribbleſcrabble* in her own proper Perſon.

Stale. What, not our little Man of Law's Conſort?

Mar. The very ſelf-ſame, as I'm virtuous——— She's half booſie too——oh ruful!

Band. Dear Couſin, let me buſs you———I love you mightily. [*Kiſſes her.*

Mrs. *Scrib.* Oh gemini!— Hiccup——What makes you ſo rude———Hiccup----don't ye ſee all the Gentry here----for Shame----Hiccup----If our little *Simon* ſhou'd hear of this now----Hiccup----

Scrib. Ha! how! mercy upon me! what's this I ſee! [*Turning about, and ſeeing his Wife.*

Mar. Now for the *Denoüement* of the Piece.

Mrs. *Scrib.* Oh law!— I am ruinated and undone---- there's my own Husband.

Scrib. Is your Name *Dorothy*? ha!——Anſwer me that.

Mrs. *Scrib.* Yes—— Hiccup.

Scrib. What is the reaſon that you ſet at nought my Superiority and Authority, and d-de-dare to come hither without my leave? Anſwer me quickly——Come! what ſay——ha?

Mrs. *Scrib.*

Mrs. *Scrib*. Nay, dear *Simmy*, don't be angry. I only came to——Hiccup——bear my Cousin *Bandileer* Company—— I wou'dn't, for all the Varsal World, have come, Hiccup——but that you know I love Sack ——Hiccup —— and Walnuts mightily——Hiccup.

Scrib. Cuc-cu-Cousin me no Cousins—— who am I? Answer me that quickly ——who am I? ha!

Band. Look ye, I'll stand by my Cousin. She's my own Cousin, tho' I am but a private Gentleman Soldier, whereof what argues that——my Name's *Barnaby Bandileer*.

Mrs. *Scrib*. Well, well, I know who you are well enough, you are my Hony——Hiccup——but 'tis very hard if one must not——Hiccup——or go a little abroad with a ——Hiccup—— Relation, or so——Hiccup.

Scrib. Go! you're a Quean.

Mar. Oh fie, Mr. *Scribbscrabble*! what! this to the Wife of your Bosom!

Scrib. You're a Carrion! I'm engag'd! and Chastisement will ensue.

Stale. How? you little Brutal you——My Dear, my Dear, [*To* Mariana.
for the Honour of the Sex let us never suffer the poor Woman to be insulted before our Faces—— Sure any Two of our Gender are sufficient, or of the *Quorum*, as they say, to keep a Husband in Order.

Mrs. *Scrib*. Ah dear Ladies, 'tis your——Hiccup—— Goodness——but 'tis an unknown thing, the Life that I —— Hiccup—— lead with him every Day.

Mar. Look ye if she doesn't weep, poor tender-hearted Creature! — Come, for my sake, you must not make a Quarrel of it————What? 'twas but an innocent Frolick.

Scrib. Ha! I don't love Frolicks————.

Mrs. *Scrib*. *Simmy*, dear *Simmy*, don't toss and fling, and ————Hiccup———— and ding up and down so—— you'll break my Heart————Hiccup————

Scrib. Go thou fe-fe-fe-fe-fe-false *Dorothy*——Elope, be gone—go to your Gallant, go——.

Mrs. *Scrib*.

Mrs. *Scrib.* Oh law!——Hiccup——this is very bitter! [*Sobbing and Crying.*
I have had ſeven Children, beſides Four Miſcarriages, and very hard Times of 'em all, by him, and to be us'd thus ——this is very hard.

Band. Look ye, Gentlemen, I don't well know what to make of all this——I am amaz'd, or ſo, 'tis true—but ſhe's my own Couſin——I lodge in *Vinegar-Yard* ——every Body knows me——I only came for the Diverſion of an Interlude, or ſo——Do you know anything of this matter, Sir? [*To* Pinch.

Pinch. Fooliſh enough, Faith!——why really I don't know what to ſay to theſe odd kind of Circumſtances; but pray may I crave your Name, Sir.

Band. Sir, my Name's *Barnaby.*

Pinch. Your Chriſten Name, I mean.

Band. Oh Sir, your Servant, Sir; *Bandileer*, Sir.

Pinch. What, is *Bandileer* your Chriſten Name?

Band. Sir, I don't know what you mean; but I'm half Seas over——

Pinch. Very merry upon my Word, (Mr. *Bandileer*'s woful drunk) [*Aſide.*
Oh you're very ſober——you've hardly wet your Lips to Day.

Band. Say you ſo, Sir?

Pinch. Bite!

Band. How's that, Sir? Hey day! what, d'ye get behind me?——Look ye, Gentlemen, I take you to be my Friends.

Pinch. Knock him down.

[*Standing behind* Band. *and making a very great Noiſe.*

Band. How, Sir! Dam ye, Sir, that won't paſs neither, Sir.

Friend. Oh no harm, no harm, good Mr. *Bandileer*——you muſt not be angry——the Gentleman means only Merriment——He's an arch Wag, if you did but know him.

Band. Look ye, Gentlemen, if that be all, the Gentle-

man

man is a Stranger to me, and perhaps I may be a Stranger to him; but however I'll venture a Tester or two at All-Fours with him, if he's so far forth dispos'd.

Mrs. *Scrib*. Look, if you han't chaft up and down 'till you sweat like any Bull——— Come, wipe your own dear sour frowzy Face with your own *Doll*'s Handkerchief——Hiccup ———

Scrib. Aa! —— did I think you wou'd ha' serv'd me so! —— Go —— you're a hiccupping Beast —— I've a good mind to send you home to the Family of the *Patipans*, I have so, you en-n-n-enormous Cockatrice.

Ban. Look ye, I brought my Cousin out —— I took her up, as they say, and so, d'ye see, I'll set her down again.

Cler. These Fools begin to be troublesom, we must get rid of 'em.—— Ha! here's *Clever* too come with Intelligence from my Uncle.

Enter Mrs. Clever.

I see there's Success in your Face, I dare swear the Design thrives.

Clev. Admirably —— the Plot is as just as that in a Critick's Play, the Parts are all ready, and we are to begin within this Half Hour; but I hold it convenient to disperse this impertinent Audience first, that we may rehearse in private.

Mar. You have no farther Occasion for my biting Lover?

Clev. He may dispose of his Person how he pleases-- we shall hardly find him of any further Consequence.

Mar. I'll pin him to Madam *Scribblescrabble* and her bouzy Gallant, and turn 'em adrift together.——— But what shall we do with my dear Friend *Stale*?

Clev. Let me alone with her.——Engage Mr. *Friendly* to trip off with the first Opportunity, and leave the rest to my Management. [*To* Clerimont.

Cler. You won't be so unmerciful to turn her loose after him?

Clev. I must confess, running away is not the best Proof

Proof a young Fellow can give of his Courage; but for the present Occasion tell him 'tis necessary for the Swain to fly, and the Nymph to pursue.——
Let him leave Word with his Man where we may hear of him.

Mar. Well, I vow, Mr. *Pinch*, you'll engage me extreamly by this piece of Service, [*To* Pinch *aside.*
——This little impertinent Lawyer has a bus'ness of Consequence to look after for me here in Town, and this unfortunate Affair of his Wife does so exasperate his Choler, that he'll not think of it 'till we get her out of the way.

Pinch. Where shall I attend your Ladyship?

Mar. Any where here in the Town.

Pinch. At the *Greyhound?*

Mar. As proper as any, where we'll be all with you immediately, and divert our selves at the Expence of the Family of the *Scribblescrabbles.*

Pinch. We'll laugh immoderately——Does your Ladyship know what Fun is?

Mar. No——but it's no matter for that.

Pinch. No, as you say, Madam, it's no matter for that; but I'll shew you such Sport, such Fun,——I'll bite Mr. *Bandileer.*—— Look ye, Mr. *Scribblescrabble*, we'll have no more Words of this matter, your Lady is a virtuous Person, and a good Wife, she has born you many Children, but we have all our Failings.

Scrib. Ah!——name her not, dear Squire——

Mar. Mr. *Scribblescrabble*, let me advise you in this Adventure——I have engag'd Mr. *Pinch* to serve you in it—— [*To* Scribblescrabble *aside.*
You may trust your Wife with him, and all will be well.

Scrib. Ah de-de-dear Madam, the Squire's a Gentleman —— it wou'dn't grieve one to trust ones Wife with a Gentleman.

Mar. They're but just going hard by, we'll follow 'em presently.

Scrib.

Scrib. Squire, dear Squire, have an Eye to *Be-Be-Be-Barnaby Bandileer*: my Heart misgives me plaguily.
[*Aside to* Pinch.

Pinch. Bite! D'ye think I don't know what to do? Trouble not your self.——Mr. *Bandileer's* very much in Dirink — but no matter for that, he'll bite so much the better.——
Hum——hum ——You were a saying, Sir, [*To* Bandileer your Name was *Barnaby*.

Band. Yes, Sir; no Offence, I hope.

Pinch. Oh none at all, so much the better; I love *Barnaby* of all Names, I was born on a *Barnaby-bright* in the morning. I have seen you somewhere or other, for certain.

Band. I use the *Cat* and *Fiddle*, most an End, Sir.

Pinch. In *Drury-Lane*? Ay there it was, if I am not mightily mistaken, I have bit a Corporal that belong'd to your Company, a very merry Fellow, but I have forgot his Name.

Band. Kit Cunnyborrow belike.

Pinch. The very same.——Look ye, you and I, and ——Hark ye, Madam, [*To Mrs.* Scribble. You and I and your Cousin here, we'll steal off, and have one healing Quart of Walnuts and Sack at the *Greyhound*.
[*Whilst* Clever *entertains my Lady* Stale, Friendly *steals off*.

Band. I must needs say you're a very civil Gentleman, Sir, and if you'll so far demeanor your self, Sir,——Look ye, Sir, if my Cousin be willing——I came with my Cousin, Sir, and I'll go with my Cousin, Sir, I'll stand and fall with my Cousin, Sir.

Mrs. *Scrib.* I'm sure you behave your self so like a Gentleman, that——hiccup ——But if my *Simon* should take a new Vagary——oh dear——hiccup——

Pinch. Oh never fear that——The Ladies have undertaken to bambouzle him——they'll make him know his Duty, and beg your Pardon——now! ——now take your time and steal off——take care of your Cousin, Mr. *Bandileer*.

Mrs. *Scrib.*

Mrs. *Scrib.* Oh dear, my Hiccocks is very bad.

Ban. Look ye, I'll ſtand and fall, that's my Word.

[*Exeunt* Pinch, Bandileer, *and Mrs.* Scribble.

Scrib. How! ha! what! Gone again! ------ Squire, Squire!

Mar. Huſht! be quiet, come hither.

Scrib. Squire, dear Squire, have a care of *Be-Be-Barnaby*

Mar. Did n't I tell you this was the only way to get rid of your Wife's Relation?

Scrib. I acquieſce, Madam, I acquieſce.

Clev. Have a little Patience, Madam, and I'll ſet every thing in Order. [*Adjuſting Lady* Stale's *Head.* I know your Ladyſhip uſes to be the niceſt Creature in the World in theſe Matters. ——— In the Name of Wonder, who cou'd it be that dreſs'd you to-Day?

Stale. Oh I cou'd n't bear any aukward body's Fiſts about me —— I can't tolerate any thing but my own Woman —— don't you know my Woman!

Clev. Oh dear, yes, Madam, Mrs. *Fiddlefaddle.*

Stale. 'Tis the carefulleſt Creature; ſhe has liv'd with me ever ſince the Reſtoration, and never adminiſter'd a wrong thing to me, or ſtuck a Pin amiſs, in all the time.

Clev. The Reſtoration! That's a long time indeed. — Your Ladyſhip's Maid-Servants I believe are much more conſtant than your Men.

Stale. The Reſtoration did I ſay? the Reſtoration? My Memory! what a thing is my Memory! I meant your other Publick Buſineſs that has happen'd here.

Clev. The Revolution?

Stale. Ay, that, that, ——— I take ſo little Notice of your Publick News! ——— But, as I was ſaying, ſhe's the heedfulleſt Perſon in any thing that relates to my Perſon.

Clev. I wonder ſhe ſhou'd put ſo little Powder in your Hair; I ſwear one might ſee it look quite grey, ——indeed that was a Fault in Mrs. *Fiddlefaddle.*

Stale.

Stale. Hufht! dear *Clever*, I wou'd n't have *Friendly* hear you for all the World.

Clev. Oh no Danger.

Stale. Not but that mine was a meer Misfortune —— The *Irish* Fright at that ſame Revolution put me into Fits, and frighted my poor Hair grey all o' the ſudden. —— Beſides, *Mariana* here knows my Relations, we are all grey Ten Years ſooner than other People. I come of a grey Family; don't I, my Dear? but then I wou'd n't have Mr. *Friendly* for many Reaſons think me in Years, I know he deſigns having an Heir to his Family, nd ——

Mar. But dear Madam, why do you put your ſelf in pain for his hearing us? I thought he had left the Company by your Order.

Stale. How left! whom, Child? What, is Mr. *Friendly* gone!

Clev. Gone! Did n't you ſee him? I'll ſwear I thought you had put him upon that pleaſant piece of Gallantry.

Stale. Gallantry! oh perfidious! can it be poſſible! dear *Clever* explain your ſelf, or I'll vow you'll put me into the Hiſteriques.

Clev. Nay indeed I thought it look'd a little odd for Mr. *Friendly* to abandon a Lady in your Ladyſhip's Circumſtances, for a couple of the trapiſheſt Creatures I ever ſaw in Masks, ſo miſerably rigg'd, with dy'd Linings and tatter'd Furbelows.

Stale. The little naſty inconſiderable Huſſys! but, dear Child, tell me, did he ſeem fond?

Mar. Very good! now for my ſhare of the Lie, [*Aſide*. Exceſſively loving; nay, they were but too well acquainted, that's certain —— I heard 'em call him by his Name —— Are not you a dear Dog, ſays one of 'em; What, my little *Jenny*, quo' he! and immediately whipp'd one Arm about one, and t'other about t'other, and away they ſcuttled together ſo familiarly I warrant you.

Stale. Which way are they gone?

Mar. That way, Madam; but it may be nothing but an innocent Frolick.

Stale.

Stale. A Frolick, my Dear? Ah the Devil take ſuch Frolicks, I ſay. You don't know what a Concern I am in; he has put me off, with a Pretence of his catching Misfortunes (as he calls 'em) by theſe common Sluts, theſe Twenty times already; and if he ſhould catch another Misfortune we cannot be marry'd till he's well again, and that will be a Month, or Three Weaks at leaſt; beſides, Surgeons are ſo unskilful, and ſuch Knaves, and I am ſo fearful of thoſe Matters my ſelf. ——— Well Dear, my Dears, forgive me.

[*Exit Lady* Stale.

Mar. Oh by all means, my Dear. ——— Ha, ha, ha! ——— What a terrible Fright my dear Friend was in, under the Apprehenſion of a Diſappointment.

Clev. I muſt own I have ill Nature enough to rejoice exceedingly at her Ladyſhip's Vexation; ſhe has been a ſtanding Incumbrance upon poor *Friendly*'s Pleaſures for theſe Two Years, ſhe has watch'd him with as much Jealouſie and Perverſeneſs as a barren Wife.

Clev. And has been as uneaſie to him as a barren Wife's Mother, and as provoking every way ----- But let her be forgotten, as ſhe ought to be, and think of your own Matters-----I have juſt now left your Uncle.

Mar. Very much in Love, I hope.

Cler. That is, juſt as much a Fool as you found him.

Clev. To a Tittle; he's ſtark mad; Love and *Peking*, that is, your Ladyſhip and the Emperor of *China*, have turn'd his Brains ----- He has made a *Chineſe* Song upon you, and I left him ſinging it to an Oriental Kettle-Drum, as he calls it. Next to the great *Cham* and *Mariana*, I believe I have an Intereſt in him.

Mar. I ſuppoſe you have been promiſing largely in my Name, what I am never to perform.

Clev. Nay that depends upon you; a little Love, Child, that's all.

Mar. Well, he ſhall have all I can ſpare.

Clev. And I dare ſwear that's more than enough for his Oriental Occaſions.

Cler.

Cler. But I ſuppoſe you dealt with him as in the way of Trade —— what Return for all this?

Clev. The Return an old Man uſually makes.

Mar. Ay, marry, and what's that?

Clev. To do all he can for you ——— and no more.

Cler. Very fair, I think.

Mar. I'll put him to it, I promiſe you.

Clev. I told him you had reſolv'd upon parting with ſome of your Fortune to a poor Relation of yours, and that you requir'd him to join with you in that Settlement as a Mark of his Love, without further Enquiry, and then you would be his as far as poſſible.

Cler. Well, and what Anſwer to that?

Clev. Oh he was all Rapture! conſented to it, and ſwore immediately by half a Dozen *Chineſe* Saints, with deviliſh hard Names, that he wiſh'd he could make your Relation Viceroy of *Eaſtern Tartary*.

Mar. Oh my Relation ſhall thank him; I wiſh he may be as fond of him when they come to be better acquainted.

Cler. That I doubt of.

Clev. He expects you immediately; as we go I'll inſtruct Mr. *Clerimont* how to diſpoſe of himſelf. —— Are your Deeds ready?

Cler. Have you done as you were order'd in that matter, Mr. *Scribbleſcrabble*?

Scrib. Yes, Sir, the Deeds are ready. [*Sighing*.

Clev. The Deeds are ready! —— What doleful Voice is that? Can that be Mr. *Scribbleſcrabble*! Is it poſſible, the gay, the witty, the gallant Mr. *Scribbleſcrabble*?

Scrib. Ah good lack! my *De-De-Doll*'s falſe —— perhaps you don't know that.

Clev. Falſe! is that all? A Trifle —— be falſe again, be as falſe to her as ſhe can be to you for the Life of her —— Give her as good as ſhe brings.

Mar. Nay, I told him 'twas below the Character of a fine Gentleman, and a Man of the Town, as he is, to dif-

diſcompoſe his Noble Soul for any thing a Wife can do or ſay.

Cler. No, no, he has forgot it, or will do it in a very little while longer. —— Indifference is the Word, and Madam *Scribbleſcrabble* may diſpoſe of her Perſon as ſhe thinks fit.

Scrib. Nay, I had n't ſo much cared for it, had n't it been for that Son of a Whore, that *Be-Be-Barnaby Bandileer.*

Clev. Care for it! ——— Nay, if you once come to care for your Wife, farewell Gallantry, —— why you'll be Company for no Body but Haberdaſhers, Tinmen, Trunk-makers, and ſuch comical kind of People.

Scrib. Nay, I always had a Spirit above theſe pe-pe-paultry Matters too ----- I de-de-don't know how I came to mary the Jade, unleſs it were for Form ſake, or out of Cu-Cu-Cuſtom, as they ſay.

Mar. No! ------ And tho' you fancy you are vex'd at her now, I fancy 'tis only for Form's ſake, and out of Cuſtom, as you ſay ----- Come, come along with us, and think of the Hundred Guineas you're to get of Mr. *Friendly*, -------- why 'twill buy you Claret and Mirth enough to make you actually believe you are a Widower.

[*Exeunt.*

A SONG.

I.

SILLY Swain, give o'er thy wooing,
Sighing, gazing, kiſſing, cooing,
All is very fooliſh doing.

II.

All that follows after Kiſſes,
The very beſt, the Bliſs of Bliſſes,
Is as dull a Joy as this is.

III. *Prove*

III.

Prove the Nymph, and taste her Treasure,
Tell me then, when full of Pleasure,
What dull thing thou can'st discover,
Duller than a happy Lover.

Silly, silly Swain give over, *&c.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sir* Timothy Tallapoy's *House.*

Enter Angelica, Mariana, *and Mrs.* Clever.

Ang. WELL, Madam, don't you think my Father now one of the strangest Old Gentlemen that ever you saw with your Eyes? Oh gemini! I wou'd n't marry such a strange sort of an Old Fellow for all the World.

Clev. No, nor she neither, Child, notwithstanding all the violent Protestations of good Will she made him but now.

Mar. I swear I think there is something very agreeable and entertaining in Sir *Timothy*'s Humour.

Clev. Nay, indeed all the Ill that you can say of him is, that he's an old Man, and for my part I think all Old Men are alike.

Ang. Oh dear, in what, Madam?

Clev. In being good for nothing, Madam.

Ang. Oh dear! I don't think so. I fancy I could like some sort of Old Men strangely, they're so civil and

complaisant, and so neat, and so clean, and shav'd so close, I warrant ye.

Mar. Should you like Mr. *Friendly* if he were Old, Madam?

Ang. As for Mr. *Friendly* indeed, Madam, he's a kind of a perfect Stranger to me, so that I don't know what Judgment to make of his Temper or Inclinations; he may be a very good sort of a Man for ought I know, not but that I can't help thinking Mr. *Friendly* has some Humours may make a Woman very uneasie, when she is ———

Clev. Not so absolute a Stranger to him as you are: [*Smiling*.] Are not you a little Hypocrite? Hark ye; [*Hitting her with her Fan*.

Do you intend to be marry'd to-Night to a Man that you are such an absolute Stranger to?

Ang. Oh la! I wonder what makes you talk so ——— who could put such a thing into your Head?

Clev. He that put it into yours, *Friendly*.

Ang. I'll swear he gives himself a strange Liberty of talking.

Mar. None but what you'll forgive him for, I dare swear.

Clev. He fancy'd, if he did n't tell, you wou'd.

Ang. Well, I wonder at his Confidence.

Mar. For being before-hand with you. Really Love Matters are come to be manag'd after a very fantastical manner, and all the Care is now, not who shall keep the Secret best, but who shall tell first.

Ang. I'll vow I have a good Mind not to have him, he's such a meer blab.

Mar. That would be all wrong, as they say, Madam, to fall out with him, and be reveng'd upon your self.

Clev. She'll consider better of it, never fear.

Mar. Well, but dear Madam, we are of your Party, and I hope you take us to be so much your Friends as to deserve your Confidence ——— You know we have no other Design upon Sir *Timothy*, but in order to bring this

this Bufinefs, between Mr. *Friendly* and you, to a happy Conclufion.

Ang. Nay, really, I muft needs fay I have been infinitely oblig'd to you, dear Madam ——— And indeed my Father is fuch a ftrange kind of a Man, that I don't care what rifque I run to get out of his Clhtches. Well, but you know Mr. *Friendly*, Madam. [*To* Mariana.

Mar. A little, Madam; not fo well as you do, I fancy.

Ang. Oh dear, yes to be fure you do, and a great deal better too; but do you think he'll make a good Hufband? I believe he's a ftrange wild young Fellow; really a Woman runs a ftrange Hazard with thefe wild young Fellows.

Mar. All Gamefters that play deep, and pufh for a Fortune, run Hazards, and for my part I am always for rifquing with a wild Fellow rather than a tame one—— befides, were he never fo wild, Matrimony will make him bate of his fpeed, as they fay that have try'd it.

Ang. I'll vow I have heard he drinks a World of Claret.

Clev. And you fancy that will make him fo fleepy ——

Ang. If I don't wonder what you can mean by that ——— Well, Mrs. *Clever*, you are the maliciouffeft Creature, you are always a teizing one; but I am refolv'd I'll be reveng'd of you at Night, when we are a-bed together.

Clev. A-bed together! for Shame! why you wou'd n't abandon your Bridegroom for me?

Ang. Nay, Mrs. *Clever*, you know when you lye here you always ufe to be my Bed-fellow, and you fhan't be put out of your Bed for any Body, I'm refolv'd you fhall lye with me, and we'll lye awake and talk all Night long —— Nay, I'm refolv'd I'll pinch you if you won't lye awake and talk to me.

Clev. No, no, you know I'm the fleepieft Creature in the World: —— You had better pinch *Friendly*, if he won't lye awake, and —— talk to you.

Ang. I'll swear I have a good Mind to stop your Mouth ——— I think the Woman's mad to talk so ——— Oh gemini!

Mar. Methinks Sir *Timothy* stays very long —— did n't he promise to follow us immediately?

Ang. He's a teaching the Servants to Dance, as they do before the Emperor of *China*.

Mar. I wish he would dispatch the Business we want to have done, and go on with his *Tartarian Ballet* afterwards.

Ang. Shall I go and tell him you want to speak with him, Madam?

Mar. If you please, Madam.

Ang. He'll leave the Cham of *Tartary* himself to wait upon you. [*Going*.

Dear Mrs. *Clever*, if you should happen to see Mr. *Friendly*, I charge you don't tell him we [*Coming back*.

have been talking of him ——— We shall have him so vain, and in his Airs, I warrant you.

Clev. No, no, you shall have the Pleasure of betraying the Secret, and telling him all your self —— but pray make haste and dispatch your Embassy.

Ang. I'll be here again in a Minute.

[*Exit* Angelica.

Clev. Well, what think you of Mrs. *Friendly* that is to be?

Mar. She's in a most violent twitter.

Clev. As all young Ladies of her Age are at the Approach of Matrimony.

Mar. She's so out of Breath, and so merry, and so grave, and so glad, and so smirking, and so smiling.

Clev. And does n't know whether she goes upon her Head or her Heels.

Mar. Love! Love! my Dear! you know this Love is the Devil ----- Ha! pray look this way, [*Looking out*.

is not that the most serene, and most amiable Mr. *Pinch* that's coming into the Court?

Clev.

Clev. 'Tis he; there are certain foolish Appurtenances belonging to his Face and Person, which no one else can pretend to —— but I think we are ready for him, and so let him come as soon as he pleases.

Mar. I wou'dn't have him see me.

Clev. No, we'll go look upon your Oriental Lover's Preparations for your Entertainment. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pinch *and a Servant.*

Ser. If it shall seem agreeable to you to repose you most worshipful Person in this Place, I will notifie your Arrival to Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*, Knight and *Mandarin* of the Seventh Order.

Pinch. 'Tis very well, Friend, notifie to your Master with what haste you can conveniently, but don't discompose your self, don't put your self out of Order.

[*Exit Servant.*

Very foolish, 'Faith. If the rest of my Father-in-Law's Family be of a piece with this Fellow, I shall have a good merry time on't among 'em ——— to be the only Wit in the Family ——— I don't know, it may be well enough ——— 'tis better biting than being bit, certainly ——— Who'd have thought that sly Devil, that Mrs. *Mariana*, shou'd have had it in her to put such a practical Bite upon one ——— It cost me Two Hours in Time, beside Eight and a Penny in Monies number'd to stay for her, and she never come at last. ——— Very pretty Manners truly ——— I smoak somewhat between that same *Clerimont* and her; but no matter, Bite's the Word. I shall be even with her before to-morrow Morning ——— I believe, if I play'd one, I play'd Forty Games at All-Fours and Shovel-Board with Mr. *Bandileer* ——— Poor Fellow, he was bloodily in for it at last ——— 'Tis true, indeed, he drank a World of *Geneva* ——— but his Cousin will take Care of him ——— She's a discreet Woman truly in the main, I believe ——— she held his Head so kindly when he grew a little sickish ——— Ha! ha! 'tis he!

Enter Sir Timothy Tallapoy.

The Lord Chancellor of *Moscow*'s mad Mace-bearer!—— How the Devil shou'd he get hither!——I wou'd I were well got by him——I wonder they suffer him to walk about with such a Stick in his Hand.

Tim. I'll consummate this Affair with my Son-in-law *Pinch* as soon as may be, and I will then——Ha! how! here is that wretched Puppy that goeth up and down seeking whom he may bite——Is there no Place safe against biting, not even a Man's own House?——You take a strange Liberty, Friend, after some Occurrences that pass'd between us so lately.

Pinch. A strange Fellow this, I don't know what to do, not I——I must try to speak him fair, I think, and see if one can mollifie him that way, for 'tis but a Word and a Blow with him, that I see clearly. [*Aside.*

Tim. Now is this wicked Villain meditating a Bite, but by the Majesty of *Peking*, I will confound the Evil Imagination e'er it can be brought to Perfection——— Heark to me, young Man, you are one of those that make themselves merry with the most excellent Oriental Nations: This Mansion was not built to receive those People that scoff at the Cham of *Tartary*.

Pinch. Oh dear Sir, far be it from me, Sir, to think it was, Sir; I can't think it was built with any such knavish Design——I am strangely tempted to bite him. [*Aside.*

Sir *Tim.* I am therefore prompted to ask what Affair, or Negotiation might induce you to enter here.

Pinch. This is most execrably impertinent. [*Aside.* Affair Sir? why really I have an Affair.

Sir *Tim.* Ay! discuss to me of what Nature.

Pinch. Nature, Sir? If I cou'd come to the Speech of the proper Person ——

Sir *Tim.* Sir, I notifie to you that I am the most proper Person of any one within these Walls to whom you may unfold your Bus'ness.

Pinch. Look ye, Sir, that isn't the matter——I don't say but you may be very proper for ought I know, but my

my Bus'neſs at preſent lyes more properly with the Gentleman of the Houſe.

Sir *Tim.* Then I notifie to you again that it lyes with me—— come, bar Biting, and begin.

Pinch. Good lack! it's much the Loſs of a Place ſhou'd do this. [*Aſide.*
Pray, Sir; no Harm, I hope; by your Leave only. [*Going by him.*

Sir *Tim.* Whither wou'd you paſs, Friend?

Pinch. Only that way a little ——— juſt in at that Door, that's all —— I ſhall meet with ſome of the Family; I won't trouble you, Sir.

Sir *Tim.* Sir, I have undertaken the diſcuſſing your Buſineſs my ſelf, and 'till I have made ſome further Progreſs in it the Family ſhall not be met with, ——— No, Sir, by the moſt Potent and Serene *Cham* they ſhall not.

Pinch. Pray, Sir, let me tell you, this is very uncivil, Sir,———I don't know but I may be in haſte, and ſo forth, and may have Occaſion to ſpeak with a dear Friend that lies dangerouſly ſick in the Houſe.

Sir *Tim.* The Manſion is ſalubrious and healthy; but if it were not, may I ſuppoſe you to be a Maker up or Preparer of Medicines, or, as the *Weſtern* Language renders it, an Apothecary?

Pinch. Bite! Od I've a good Mind, —— 'twas at my Tongue's End. [*Softly aſide.*

Sir *Tim.* Ha! What is it thou pronounceſt in ſecret?

Pinch. Nothing, nothing in the Univerſe, but only that I beg the Favour of a Word or two with Sir *Timothy Tallapoy:* ——— That's all, as I hope to breath, Sir.

Sir *Tim.* Prodigious! How enormouſly he varies his Fable! ——— Say on. I am he, —— tho' thou knew'ſt it before, thou biting Viper thou! I am he —— pronounce, ſay on.

Pinch. Oh dear! this is worſe and worſe! —— You he! alas! I wou'd you were but ——

Sir *Tim.* Speak, what?

Pinch. Your ſelf, Sir, that's all, only a friendly Wiſh, I wou'd you were your own Man?

Sir *Tim.* Soho! My faithful Servants, approach; —— I'll teach you to bite one of the worſhipful Oriental Traders in his own Manſion. —— Would'ſt thou infer that I am diſtracted, of a Mind not fit to negotiate? Sirrah! I have been thought fit to negotiate and drink Tea with the moſt excellent Governor of *Canton*, nay with the Viceroy, and the learned *Lipous*.

Pinch. Look ye, Friend, I don't ſay any Body's mad, but theſe are odd Circumſtances, and *Moorfields* is a good Air for People that loſe Places —— when one comes about Bus'neſs, to be interrupted, and interrogated, and bambouzled, and not ſuffer'd to ——

Sir *Tim.* So ho! my Servants!

Enter Servants.

Pinch. Pſhaw! This is a Jeſt indeed! hey day! what's the meaning of all this? Look ye, my Name's Squire *Pinch*, I come to marry Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*'s Daughter.

Sir *Tim.* Doſt thou bite me with the Name of mine Allie! —— Seize on him, the Wretch!

[*They lay hold on him.*

Pinch. This is damn'd fooliſh, faith and troth! —— Look ye, I am Sir *Peter Pinch*'s Son and Heir, —— I am a Man of Wit and Pleaſure, I underſtand the Town, and I won't be us'd ſo, for ne'er a Mace-bearer nor a Mad-man in *Moſcow*.

Sir *Tim.* Incontinently I think thou art diſtracted thy ſelf; but it ſuffices me that I know thee to be a Biter, the Name that comprehends all kind of Villany —— Cou'd the right worſhipful and moſt ſincere, my Friend, Sir *Peter Pinch*, a Man of his moſt categorical Principles, engender a Biter! impoſſible! out, thou Impoſtor!

Pinch. So ho! what's there no body here to take one's part! Sir *Timothy Tallapoy!*

Sir *Tim.* Hold him faſt.

Enter

Enter Mariana *and Mrs.* Clever.

Clev. The Lovers will be paſt reprieving preſently ——— I left 'em mumbling over Matrimony with as much Eagerneſs, as if they were to be happy in good earneſt.

Mar. Very well; now for our Cue here ——— Matters have happen'd as we cou'd have wiſh'd —

Sir *Tim.* Moſt exceeding fair, and my very good Friend, my propitious Stars have directed me to the Diſcovery of a notorious Impoſture, and your excellent Perſons come very opportunely to behold my Juſtice.

Pinch. Well, Friend, if he be never ſo much your Maſter, and the individual numerical Sir *Timothy*, I am as much the individual numerical Squire *Pinch*, as he is the individual numerical Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*.

[*To the Servants.*

Mar. I muſt confeſs he has a ſtrange deſigning kind of a Face, ——— I ſhou'd be very cautious of truſting ſuch a ſort of a Man upon his bare Word.

Clev. Dear Sir *Timothy* have a Care of him, methinks I ſee Biting written in his very Forehead.

Sir *Tim.* Madam, the ſage Orientals are not eaſily bit.

Pinch. Oh Ladies, you humble Servant ——— very fooliſh, faith and troth! ------- Now you ſhall ſee, Friend ----- theſe Ladies know me. ----- Madam, here's really a fooliſh Adventure.

Clev. What does he mean? he addreſſes his Diſcourſe to us. ----- Bleſs me, I'm afraid he's diſtracted ------how he looks! For Goodneſs ſake don't come too near him. ----- They ſay 'tis as bad as Poiſon to be bit by a Madman.

Sir *Tim.* It is, Madam, what we may properly call an egregious degree of Folly mixt with an egregious degree of Impudence — -'tis what the Learned in the *Weſtern* Nations call a Complication.

Pinch. Pshaw! phoo! this is all fooling! Ladies! Madam! here are a whimsical Set of People wou'd persuade me my Name is n't *Pinch*.

Sir *Tim.* I told your Ladyship what he drives at, he wou'd bite me under a wrong Name.

Mar. And pray, Sir, ----- oh dear —— hold him fast, ---- is your Name *Pinch*?

Pinch. Bite! Bite! Madam.

Sir *Tim.* You see, most excellent Lady, you see what he wou'd be at.

Mar. And do you really think, Sir, your Name is *Pinch*?

Pinch. Nay, Madam, I tell you I'm like to be us'd scurvily ----- this is all ridiculous! Speak Truth now ----- why as if you did n't know one! ----- This is Biting indeed!

Clev. Bless me! my Dear! did you ever see this Man before?

Mar. Never with my Eyes, Madam. ------ Sir *Timothy*, let me conjure you to have a care, there is certainly some very villainous Design laid against you, this is some Plot.

Pinch. What is the meaning of all this? ----- Did n't I come down in the Coach with you to-Day? Mrs. *Mariana!* Madam!

Clev. The confident Wretch! He has got your Name too ------- Hark ye, Friend, what good does it do you now to counterfeit another Body's Name? Why you cou'd n't think but it must needs be found out at last, and then you know the Law is very severe in these Cases.

Mar. 'Tis very probable he had his Eye upon the young Lady's Fortune.

Pinch. Why this is dowright making a Fool of one: I thought you had been more a Gentlewoman.

Sir *Tim.* *Bobee*! Do you [*To a Servant*: and your Fellows take care to confine him in the Cellar ---- I will supplicate the *Mandarins* of Justice that Punishment

Punishment may be inflicted according to his Demerits--- Away with him.

Mar. I never saw the like in my Life.

Sir *Tim.* Madam, we live in a flagitious biting Age, and a biting Climate ---- Away with him ---- For my part I wish I were well turn'd of the Cape of *Good-hope.*

Pinch. Prithee be quiet, Friend ---- Talk of putting one in a Cellar! Phoo! what a Jest is that? Nay I won't stir a Foot, that's flat ---- Help! Murder! Ladies! Why you won't? What, will you pull one's Arm off? You'll answer all this---- If ever I bite any Body again---- pray ---- stay---- hear me---- [*Servants force him off.*

Mar. Upon my Word I am heartily frighten'd; he make a most terrible Noise---- I believe the best way will be to get him out of the House?

Sir *Tim.* Fear nothing, Lady, I will so muzzle him.

Clev. That he can neither bite nor bellow, 'tis the best Course you can take with him.

Mar. Well, of all the disagreeable things one meets with, nothing is so shocking to me as a Biter ------ You meet with nothing of this kind in *China*, Sir *Timothy.*

Sir *Tim.* 'Twou'd be Felony, without Benefit of the Clergy.

Mar. Well, they are a polite People! ---- how agreeably graceful is that Habit of Sir *Timothy's*, what an Image of the *Eastern* Wisdom it gives us!

Sir *Tim* They are certainly a great People; Arts began with them ----- It is thought the necessary Sciences of Eating and Drinking were discover'd some Ages among them, before they were known in *Europe.*

Clev. Concerning Beards and their Management I have heard indeed----

Sir *Tim.* The whole Oeconomy of the Beard was treated of Seven Thousand Years ago, by a learned *Chinese* Philosopher, in Fifteen Volumes. ------ Ah, Madam, might I but hope for the Pleasure of seeing your Ladyship in the

the most glorious City of *Peking*, I wou'dn't come hither again to be Emperor of the *West*.

Mar. We Women are born to obey ------- Sir *Timothy* may be sure I shall follow my Husband all the World over.

Sir *Tim*. Happy! happy Man will he be.

Enter Angelica, Friendly *disguis'd*, Scribblescrabble *with Writings*.

Ang. Here's a Gentleman enquires for your Ladyship, [*To* Mariana.

Mar Sir *Timothy*, this is my Relation, in whose Behalf we are to do the charitable Deed I spoke to you of.

Sir *Tim*. Sir, you are honour'd! --- Your Character is Affinity with the illustrious.

Friend. Sir, I have always conceiv'd as much.

Ang. Oh gemini! the Thing is done, [*To* Clever *aside*. and I vow I'm glad 'tis over. I wou'dn't have it to do again for all the World ----- Mr. *Friendly* did look so upon one, and my Heart did go so pit-a-pat all the while.

Clev. Hush! be quiet now. You shall talk to me of it for Two Hours together by and by.

Sir *Tim*. Are the Deeds drawn according to your Ladyship's Command and Direction?

Mar. Exactly; if you do us the Honour to concur, the Matter is at an End.

Scrib. You deliver this as your Act and Deed, Sir, for the Use of this Gentleman?

Sir *Tim*. I do, Sir, with my full Intentions,

[Mariana *and Sir* Tim. *execute the Deed*.

and wish much Happiness may hereby redound and accrue to him.

Friend. Sir, I must always acknowledge you the Author of my Happiness, and will take an Opportunity to convince you of my Gratitude.

Enter Lady Stale, *and* Clerimont.

Stale. Tell not me, Mr *Clerimont*, I'm not to be fobb'd off so ---- I'll find him out, if he be above Ground.

Cler.

Cler. Why, I tell you he's just now upon making his Fortune, and you'll ruin all.

Stale. I tell you I'll have him whole and sole, as the Law directs, with all his Ways, Water-courses, Easements and Appurtenances, I'll not bate him an Inch.

Cler. [*To* Friendly.] Look ye, Sir, the Matter is gone as far as 'twill bear, and you have nothing to do now but to make good the Ground we have got for you.

Sir *Tim.* What is the Meaning of this? What does this Lady's Passion import?

Mar Some Weeping and much Talking, I believe. Ten to One but she tells us more of her Mind.

Sir *Tim.* Madam, may I enquire----- [*To Lady* Stale.

Stale. Sir, I am reduc'd to the last Extremity, I am defeated and evil entreated, I am *desesperè*, by the most inconstant Person----

Freind. That ever had the Honour to be in fair Lady's Favour. [*Pulling off his Disguise.*

Stale. Oh are you there, Sir? 'Tis exceeding well indeed! I am given to understand that you are faithless, Sir, that you are false, Sir, that you are making your Body over, by a Marriage-Contract, to the Daughter of Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*, in order to defraud me, your lawful Creditor, of my natural Dues and Perquisites.

Sir *Tim.* How, most exceeding fair Lady, are there Machinations against your most faithful humble Servant? Is your Relation Mr. *Friendly?* [*To* Mariana.

Mar. Since the matter is out, 'tis most certainly so, my Relation is Mr. *Friendly*, or Mr. *Friendly* is my Relation, you may take it either Way.

Sir *Tim.* But Madam!

Mar. But Sir *Timothy!* I hope you won't quarrel with him for that: Hark ye, let me talk with you a little. [*Takes him aside.*

Friend. And does common Fame really say all this?

Stale. Ay marry does it, to thy Shame, thou Traitor!

Friend. Look ye, for the matter of the Matrimony 'tis too true; but for the other part, I stand up for my Constancy,

ſtancy, and do aver I was never falſe in my Life; for my Tryal I put my ſelf upon my Country here preſent, and your Ladyſhip may go on with the Evidence as ſoon as you ſee fit.

Stale. Oh Wretch! do'ſt thou not expect the Houſe ſhou'd fall down upon thee this Inſtant?

Friend. No, I truſt in the Timber-work.

Stale. Oh thou Wickedneſs incarnate! How often haſt thou look'd upon me and ſmil'd, and then ſmil'd and look'd upon me again?

Friend. Very often truly, being for the moſt part of a merry Diſpoſition, as the worſhipful Bench here know.

Stale. But ſay how often amorouſly, ſay, ſpeak truth, if thou dar'ſt.

Friend. Never *Clev.* A ſhort Anſwer that.

Stale. Madam, I believe he has ſqueez'd this poor Hand——— [*Crying.*

Ang. Did you ſqueeze that filthy bony thing? You ſhan't touch mine.

Stale. 'Till I have been forc'd to cry, oh!

Clev. Very barbarous that, in my Mind.

Cler. But no ſign of Love.

Clev. Oh none at all.

Stale. Didn't you promiſe me to put me out of my Pain before to-morrow; out of my Pain, I ſtick to that?

Friend. And Faith, I think I have been as good as my Word; the Devil's in't if you don't know what to truſt to now.

Stale. Ah! thou art a Fellow of ſweet Principles! but I know what you want, you want to put me in a Fit, do you, but I'll do my beſt to keep it down. [*Sobbing.* Oh! how it heaves! how it heaves here. Dear *Clever*, eaſe my Lace quickly, or I ſhall drop down, I am not able to bear it.

Cler. Nay, Madam, he's a moſt perfidious Wretch, that's certain; but ſince you ſee there is no good to be done with him, you had much better retire before you fall into a freſh Diſorder; you'd only give him an occaſion of a malicious Grin.

Clev.

Clev. Mr. *Clerimont* tells you true; these Rattle-headed young Fellows don't know how to value a discreet elderly Passion.

Stale. Ah, *Clever*, thou art certainly in the right. I'll leave him to his Flirt! Well, this is my Fifteenth Misfortune of this kind since I have been a Widow——— But I'll retire into the Country this Instant I'm resolv'd, and mind good Books, and making Sweetmeats and Salves, and never trust in a Man of Five and Twenty again.

Friend. And will she go? Will the dear Creature go?

[*Exit Lady* Stale.

Ang. Well, I'll swear you're a cross-grain'd ill-natur'd thing, I'll vow I've a good Mind to hate you.

Friend. What, for sacrificing all to you, you dear little Creature!

Ang. Be quiet, can't you! Don't you see my Father?

Sir *Tim.* Well, Madam, you see your Power over your Slave——— Mr. *Friendly*, as this Lady has done you the Honour to interceed for you, I declare I receive you as my Son-in-law, and will make good what I seal'd to for my Daughter's Fortune——I hope you are no Biter.

Friend. A most profess'd Enemy to all Fools of that kind.

Sir *Tim.* I like you the better, you may come to good.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The Peasant *Gregory Grumble*, who was imprison'd in the Cellar, notifies to your Worthiness, that the Person last committed is the very real Esquire *Pinch*, his Master.

Sir *Tim.* Ha! say'st thou! the Circumstance displeaseth ——Let him be releas'd, I am glad my Daughter is not bitten however—— It must be of great Grief to his Parents, to hear that he taketh unto Biting after this manner.

Enter Pinch.

Pinch. Look ye, Gentlemen and Ladies, this is mighty fine, very exceeding fine; here have *Gregory* and I been put in a Cellar among old Shoes, broken Bottles, and wicker Baskets, for no manner of substantial reason in the Earth.

Sir *Tim.* Young Gentleman, the Disaster has been of your own seeking. I am sorry to say it, but tho' you were

Ten

Ten times the Son of my Friend Sir *Peter Pinch*, and a Biter, I wou'd not affie my Daughter to you.

Pinch. Ha!——you may take your Daughter and ſtop your——I woud'n't marry her an'ſhe were a Cherubin.

Mar. For ought I ſee 'tis well the matter has happen'd as it has, ſince the only one thing that ever Sir *Timothy* and Mr. *Pinch* could have agreed in, wou'd have been in not liking one another.

Pinch. Well perhaps 'twas, and perhaps twan't, Madam. Look ye, I deſire you not to concern your ſelf about me, I ſhan't concern my ſelf about you, poz.

Mar. Why this is all right again, for we are certainly agreed as to that matter too; however I promiſe to wear a Willow for your ſake, when I hear you are ſped.

Pinch. Well, well, you may wear what you pleaſe. I believe I know what your Husband will wear, ſweet Madam Nimble-Chops.

Mar. Don't be in a Choler, and I'll bring you acquainted with my Husband. Sir *Timothy*, it is ſome time ſince that I have had a very particular Eſteem for your Family.

Sir *Tim*. Madam, you confer Honour.

Mar. And in order to make my ſelf a Part of it, about a Week ago I was marry'd to this Gentleman, your Nephew. [*Pointing to* Clerimont.

Sir *Tim*. How, to my Nephew! oh thou moſt perfidious! Is it poſſible?

Cler. The thing is moſt certainly ſo, Sir.

Sir *Tim*. Is it ſo, Sir? Why then the World is all falſe, there is nothing but Villany, Biting——Jilting——

Pinch. Bite! What, art thou bit at laſt, Old Boy, Old *Fobus*, ha!

Sir *Tim*. Get thee out of my Doors this Minute, thou moſt egregious wretched Puppy, or I will ſo batter that Scull of thine——

Pinch. Hold, keep the Peace — take away his Stick—— what d'ye mean, ha! what wou'd you be at? d'ye think Heads are made for nothing but to be broke? Very pretty Sport, truly.

Mar.

Mar. Come, Sir *Timothy*, be pacify'd; I fancy we ſhall agree much better as Uncle and Neice, than as Man and Wife.

Sir *Tim.* Oh thou falſe Creature! I am enrag'd, and wiſh all the Weſtern World was on Fire——But I'll take Poſt for the *Eaſt-Indies* this Inſtant, and never converſe with Man, Woman or Child again, that was born on this ſide the Cape of *Good-hope*. [*Exit Sir* Tim.

Clev. Let him go; we ſhall find ſome way to mollifie him, I warrant you, when the firſt Heat is over.

Short are the paſſionate Firs of Love, and Rage,
Which warm the ſickly Veins of feeble Age.
And tho' the Flame
Blaze out, and for a Moment ſeem to riſe,
Yet ſoon the Fuel fails, and then it dies.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.