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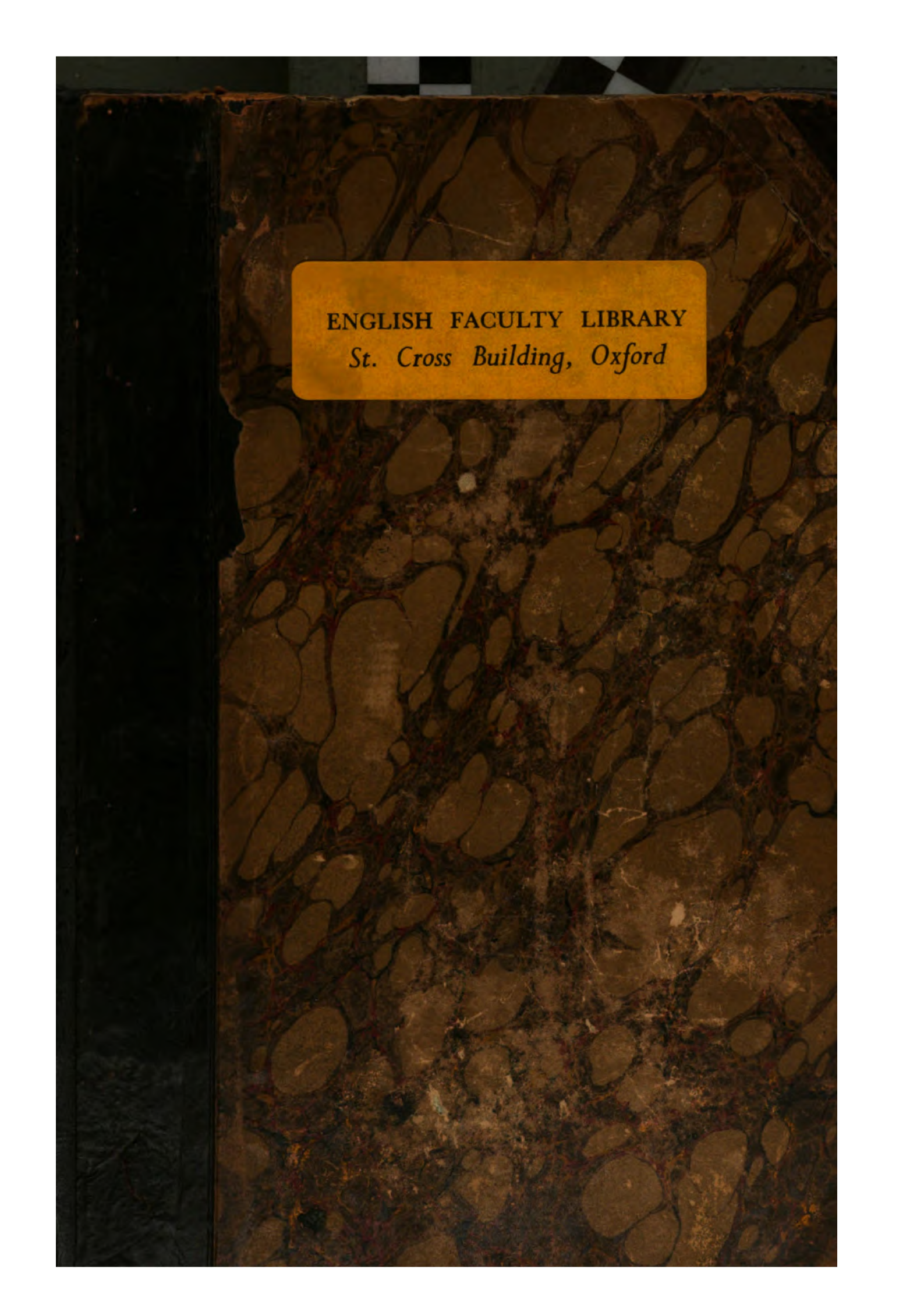
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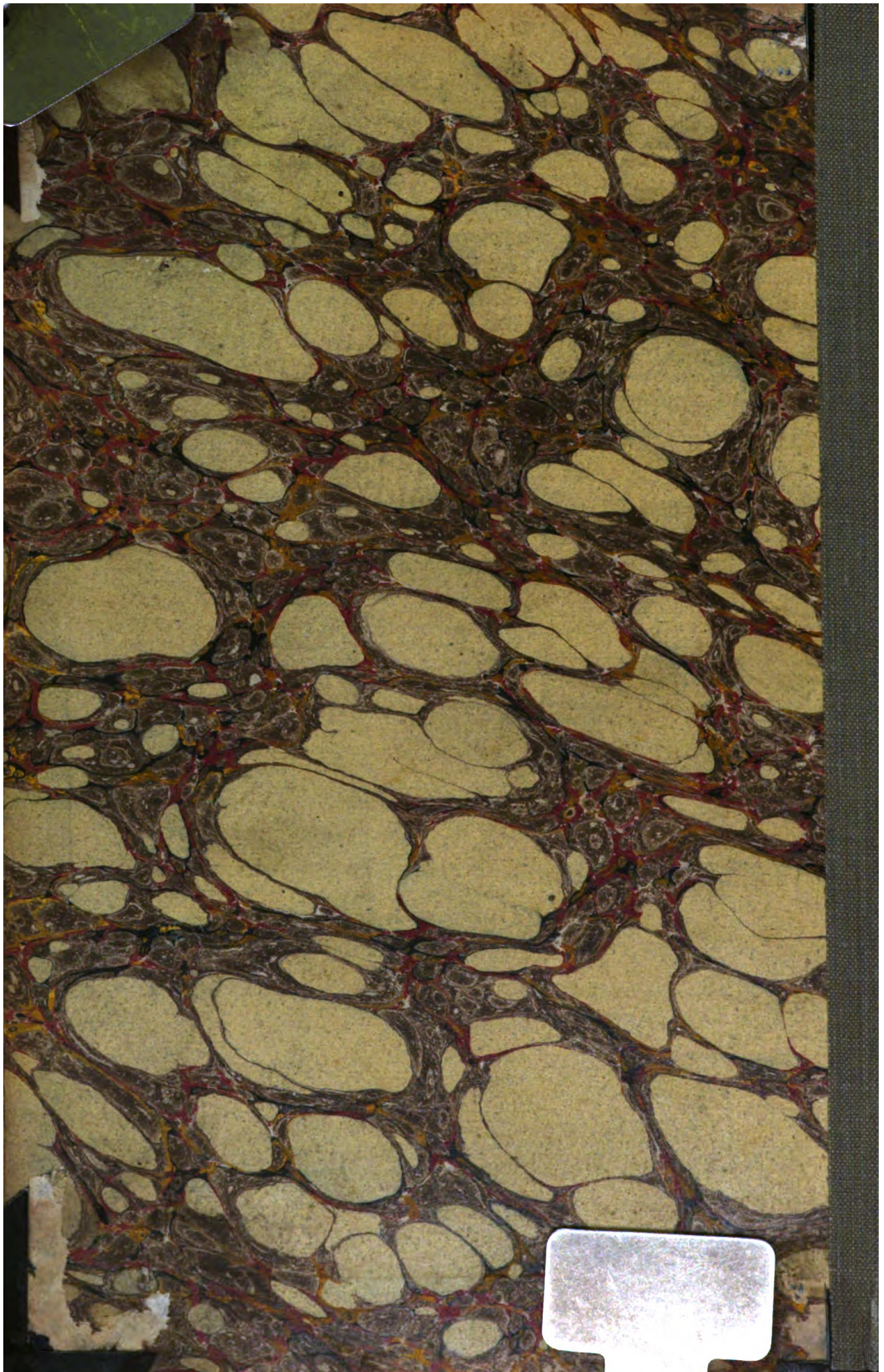
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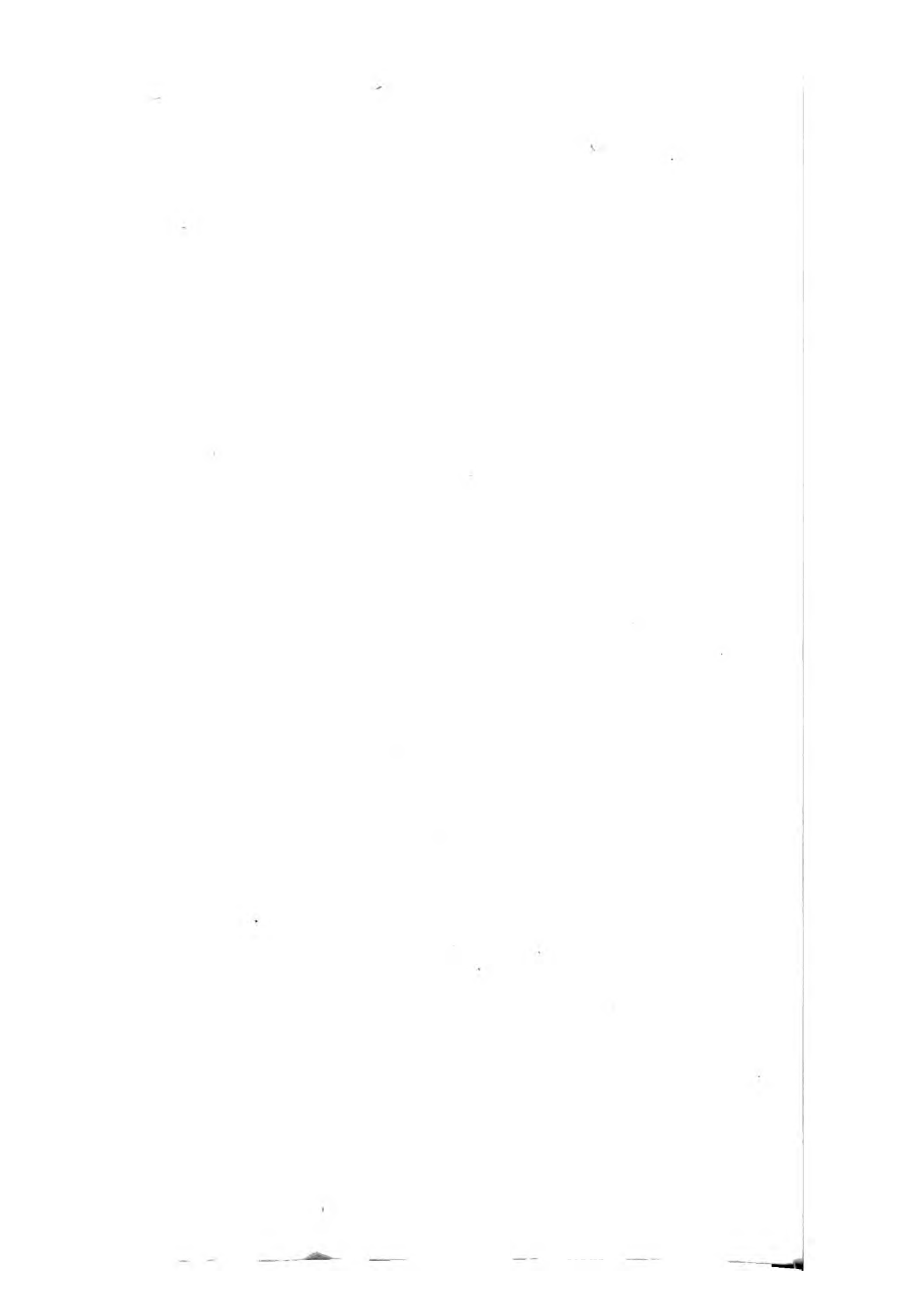
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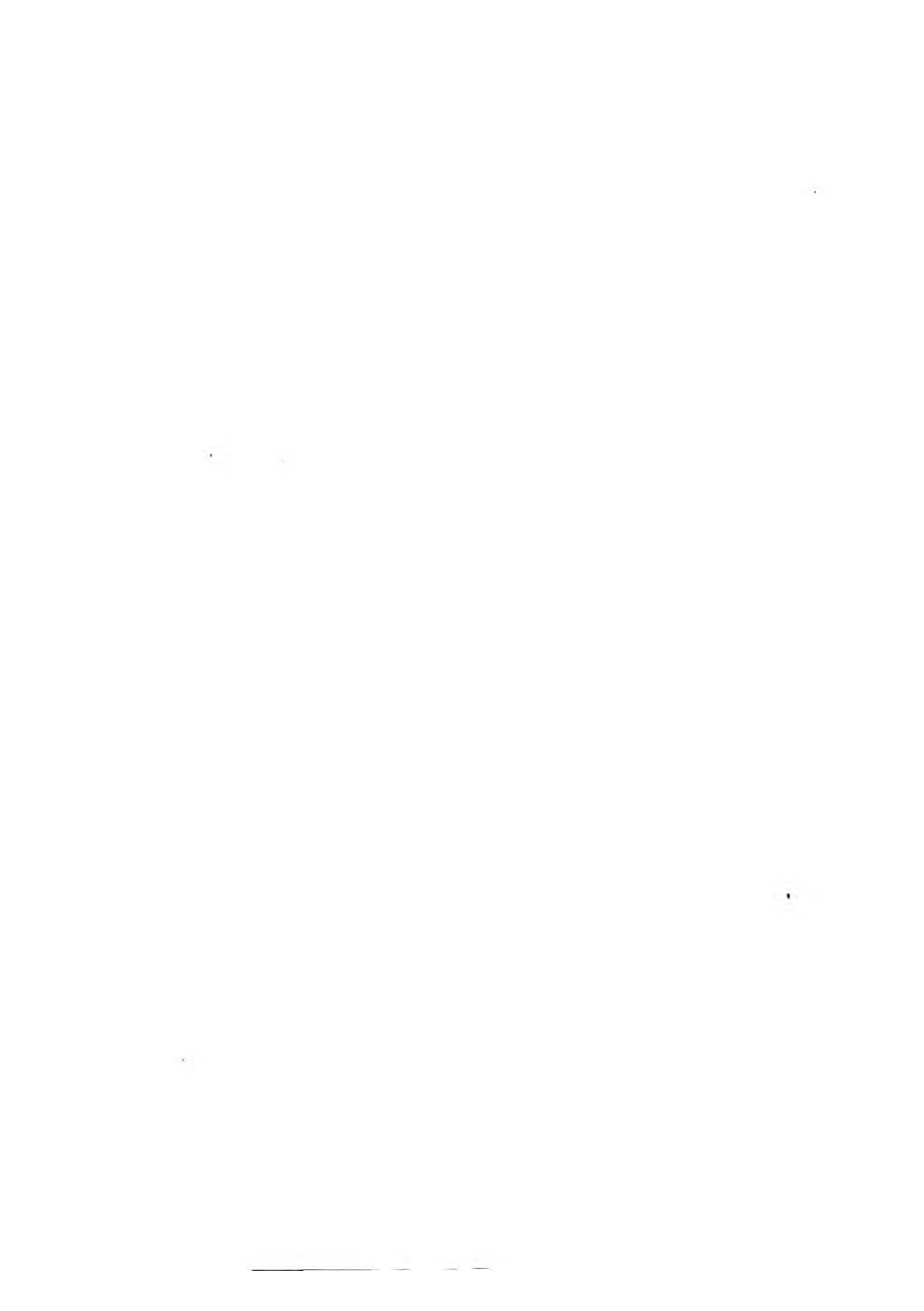
R. J. [Don]

Henry. L. P. Hulbert



THE  
DRAMATIC WORKS  
OF  
RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.





THE  
DRAMATIC WORKS  
OF  
RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

WITH  
A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL SKETCH.

—◆—  
BY LEIGH HUNT.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL SKETCH

OF

# RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

THE subject of the following notice has been so lately before the world, and played so long and distinguished a part in it, in connexion with other celebrated men and public events, that our slight and hasty sketch must be considered rather as arising from the necessity of saying something about him, however short, in compliance with a plan of publication, than as an attempt to do justice to his fame. Whether it is, also, that the writer of it has come lately from graver studies, or not long since been occupied with the comic dramatists of a former day, who appeared to him warmer-hearted men, he cannot say; but, notwithstanding his admiration and enjoyment of the comedies of the "Rivals" and the "School for Scandal," he is conscious of a want of enthusiasm for the genius of Sheridan; and as, in default of greater detail of his own, he would refer the more curious reader to the two volumes of "Life and Memoirs," written by a distinguished living poet, with an information no less abundant than his wit, so, as a counteraction, if need be, to his own too sparing encomiums, he has concluded his sketch with a passage out of Mr. Hazlitt's *Lectures on the Comic Writers*, in which that admirable critic has panegyricized our author with a zeal approaching to fondness.

RICHARD BRINSLEY BUTLER SHERIDAN (for so he was christened, after Brinsley Butler, second Earl of Lanesborough, though he dropped the latter name in his signature) was born in Dorset Street, Dublin, in the month of September 1751. He was the son of Thomas Sheridan, actor and elocutionist, and grandson of Dr. Sheridan, a celebrated schoolmaster, the friend of Swift. His mother was Frances Chamberlaine, authoress of "Nourjahad" and "Sidney Biddulph." He went to school, first in Dublin, and afterwards at Harrow; and was so careless at both places, and acquired so little, that his Irish schoolmaster pronounced him "an impenetrable dunce;" and the masters at Harrow, though they discerned his capacity, could do nothing with it, either by severity or indulgence. When he left Harrow, he could not spell; and he seems to have pronounced as badly, if we are to judge from his writing *think* for *thing*; but his aristocratic schoolfellows surpassed him in vulgarity of mind, for they taunted him with being the son of a player.

On leaving school, he did not go to the university, probably because his father was poor; yet, in spite of his inaptitude for being taught, which continued the same at home, his inclination to letters was so great, that he and a schoolfellow (Halhed, whose vivacity afterwards made so strange an end in the dull mysticism of Brothers) had already entered into a sort of partnership of wit and versification, which they now proposed to turn to account with the booksellers. The only project, however, which they completed, was the translation of a book not worth the trouble, the "Epistles of Aristænetus."

Sheridan had already got a habit of delay, which spoiled all the projects, both of himself and his friends. Yet he now showed what a curious start he could get of them, by turning out to be the accepted lover of a young lady, of whom his own brother and his friend Halhed were both enamoured, and in whose heart, though they both confided to him their passion, they did not know he took any interest. The lady was Miss Linley the singer, a beauty then only sixteen, with whom all the world were in love. Sheridan ran away with her to a secret marriage in France, where her friends thought she had gone to evade her lovers in general. He then fought a duel on her account with a married blackguard, who had worried and defamed her; and, finally, on her return to England, and by extorted permission of her father, repeated the nuptial ceremony by licence in the year 1773. It is said, that while she was residing with her angry friends during the interval of the two weddings, and pursuing her professional avocations, he more than once disguised himself as a hackney-coachman, and drove her home from the oratorios at Covent Garden.

During the early period of his marriage, Sheridan lived upon part of a sum of three thousand pounds, which a good-natured old gentleman had settled upon Miss Linley, in default of being able to induce her to marry him: yet so strange were the husband's notions of dignity, that he would no longer suffer his wife to earn a subsistence by her talents. It appears from Boswell, that Dr. Johnson applauded this pride: but he did so, probably, in ignorance of the other circumstance; certainly in no foresight of the shifts and improvidences of Sheridan's life.

The approaches of want of money, or most likely the pressure of it, appears to have hastened the composition of our author's first drama, "The Rivals," which was brought out at Covent Garden in January 1775. The admirers of this highly diverting and popular comedy are astonished to hear that it failed on its first night. But the circumstance was attributable, chiefly, to the bad acting of one of the performers; and, on the substitution of another, and the alteration of such passages as a first night's experience generally requires to be corrected, the comedy became the favourite which it remains. The character of Falkland is thought to have been suggested to the author by some tempers of his own during courtship. The wit and trickery of Captain Absolute probably lost nothing from similar self-references: nor may Sir Anthony be supposed to have been the worse for recollections of the paternal will and pleasure of Mr. Sheridan, senior, who was as arbitrary a father as rhetorician. Mrs. Malaprop is a caricature, but a very amusing one, of Mrs. Slipslop. Even her "allegory on the banks of the Nile," however, must yield to the other's anger in behalf of the "frail

sect." Sheridan's wit is more sparkling, but does not go so deep as Fielding's. Neither is it so good-natured. There is little intimation of tenderness in it, or of the habitual consideration of anything but some jest at somebody's expense. The kindness of Sir Peter Teazle towards his wife is but a sort of dotage, and mixed up with the selfishness of unequal years. It was not in Sheridan's nature to invent a Parson Adams, or Sir Roger de Coverley; much less to venture upon an heroic character in the shape of a footman.

The gaiety of success, and, some say, gratitude to the good actor who was substituted for the bad one in Sir Lucius O'Trigger, produced in the ensuing spring the farce of "St. Patrick's Day, or the Scheming Lieutenant," which turns upon an amusing trick *à la Molière*, and met with the like prosperity; and the author's animal spirits thus gaining triumph upon triumph, he devoted the summer to an opera ("The Duenna"), which, assisted by the sprightly and characteristic melodies of his father-in-law, Mr. Linley, came out in the autumn and succeeded to admiration. The incidents are not new, but are very cleverly put together; the dialogue is smart and unsuperfluous, like all his comic writing; the more humorous characters are not very agreeable, and there is too much jesting upon personal defects, but they are very amusing; and if the poetry has little claim to that most abused term, it is very good town poetry,—full of pretty turns and epigrammatic points, and even as like earnestness of feeling, as such art well can be. It is clear that the heart is generally subordinate to the will, and the passion little but a restless, though elegant, sensuality. His table songs are always admirable. When he was drinking wine, he was thoroughly in earnest.

A passage in one of his letters at this period, shows a strange instance of that subjection of the greater to the less, of the universal to the conventional, which, as it is the very essence of the factitious importance of the leaders of artificial life, becomes the ruin of poetry in their worshippers. But here even wit was dismayed! "Ormsby," says he, "has sent me a silver branch (candlestick) on the score of the 'Duenna.' This will cost me, what of all things I am least free of, a letter; and it should have been a poetical one too, if the present had been any piece of plate but a candlestick! I believe I must melt it into a bowl, to make verse on it; for there is no possibility of bringing candle, candlestick, or snuffers, into metre. However, as the gift was owing to the muse, and the manner of it very friendly, I believe I shall try to jingle a little on the occasion; at least, a few such stanzas as might gain a cup of tea from the urn at Bath Easton." Poor victim of the prose of a "candlestick!" Light itself, and the fire of Apollo, could do nothing for him! nor the wax of the bee, nor love, nor lucubration, nor even the Greek Anthology! We wonder what he thought of that pretty feminine speech of the lady in "The Merchant of Venice," when she is going home, and sees a light in her window:

How far that little *candle* throws its beams!  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Or that other in "Romeo and Juliet," where Shakspeare, applying the word to the



very stars, seems to identify them with the artificial lights of our earthly night-time, in order to dismiss them with the better grace before the freshness and hilarity of day-light :

Night's *candles* are burn'd out, and jocund day  
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops.

How wit itself seems to vanish, like a squalid reveller, before the coming of that happy god! But Sheridan, if we are not mistaken, was no great believer in Shakspeare.

Our author now became one of the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre ; how, nobody can tell—for nobody knew where the money came from ; probably, as in the case of his friend Richardson afterwards, from some wealthy nobleman. This cunning and reserve, mixed with pride, does not sit well upon a jovial man of the town ; nor did it do him good afterwards, out of whatever immediate necessities it helped him. It only seemed to tempt him into more ; for, strangely enough, where such a quality was present, it was the only provident part of his character. Luxury and delay beset all the rest of it ; so that his very wit ended in doing him no good, even as the proprietor of a theatre, but by affording him unwieldy, uneasy, and, finally, insufficient means of warding off debts, and encouraging the ruin it delayed.

Sheridan's animal spirits, however, which were also among the causes of his ruin—perhaps the chief cause, in a worldly sense,—had the good luck, or misfortune, whichever the reader pleases to call it, of making trouble and difficulty less painful to him than to most men. He doubtless extracted a great deal of pleasure from most of the days of his brilliant career, as long as it remained brilliant, and health and strength were not wanting. And we have now come to the moment when he was at the height of it, that of the production of "The School for Scandal," in the year 1777. It was preceded by the re-fashionment, not worth more than alluding to, of Vanbrugh's "Relapse," under the title of "A Trip to Scarborough." He was at this period six-and-twenty, an age at which many prose comic writers have produced their best, though Shakspeare himself could hardly have given us "Lear" and "Hamlet." But this apparent precocity has excited more admiration than it deserves ; for the truth is, that the "great world" of artificial society is a very little world to become intimate with, compared with Shakspeare's. Passions there, like modes, run very much in patterns, and lie on the surface ; and folly, which is the object of satire, is by its nature a thing defective, and therefore sooner read through than the wisdom of the wise, or the universality of nature. A man, like Sheridan or Congreve, may very well know all that is to be known in the circles of conventional grace or absurdity, by the time he has spent more than half his life. Feeling he needs but little, imagination not at all. The stars might be put out, the ocean drunk up, almost everything which makes the universe what it is might vanish, including the heart of man in its largest and deepest sense, and if a single ball-room survived, like some foolish fairy corner, he might still be what he is. A little fancy and a good deal of scorn, a terseness, a polish, and a sense of the incongruous, are all the requisites of his nature,—admirable in the result, compared with what is inferior to them,—nothing (so to speak) by the side of the mighty waters, and

interminable shores, and everlasting truth and graces, of the masters of the dramatic art *poetical*.

“The School for Scandal,” with the exception of too great a length of dialogue without action in its earlier scenes, is a very concentration and crystallization of all that is sparkling, clear, and compact, in the materials of prose comedy; as elegantly elaborate, but not so redundant or apparently elaborate, as the wittiest scenes of Congreve, and containing the most complete and exquisitely wrought-up bit of effect in the whole circle of comedy—the screen scene. Yet none of the characters, hardly even Sir Peter, can be said to be agreeable; certainly not Charles Surface, unless performed with a flow of spirits perhaps beyond what the author intended. He is almost as selfish as his brother Joseph, and makes pretensions to generosity hardly less provoking. His inclusion of Lady Teazle among the objects of his mockery in the screen-scene, is particularly unhandsome and ungallant. But the author thought it necessary to the perfection of the joke, and therefore nobody was to be spared. Of Sir Peter we have said more in a former passage. It is painful to witness the depth of reverential silence with which the audience see him give his wife a bank-bill for two hundred pounds. The whole commercial heart of England seems to be suddenly on the spot, awed by seeing all that virtue going out of it.

The year 1779 produced “The Critic;” and, after a long political interval, his contributions to the stage concluded in the years 1798 and 1799 with adaptations of other people’s versions of “The Stranger” and “Pizarro.” “The Critic,” though in some of its most admired passages little better than an exquisite cento of the wit of satirists before him, is a worthy successor to “The Rehearsal” of the Duke of Buckingham, and even to Beaumont and Fletcher’s “Knight of the Burning Pestle;” though the last has the far superior merit to both, of being at once their original, and the work of poetry as well as wit. Sheridan must have felt himself emphatically at home in a production of this kind; for there was every call in it upon the powers he abounded in,—wit, banter, and style,—and none upon his good-nature. It is observable, however, and not a little edifying to observe, that when those who excel in a spirit of satire above everything else, come to attempt serious specimens of the poetry and romance whose exaggerations they ridicule, they make ridiculous mistakes of their own, and of the very same kind: so allied is habitual want of faith with want of all higher power. The style of “The Stranger” is poor and pick-thank enough; but “Pizarro,” in its highest flights, is downright booth at a fair—a tall spouting gentleman in tinsel.

We say little, in this sketch, of our author’s political life; but it cannot be passed over, whenever his biography is at all concerned; and, indeed, every man’s existence is more or less of a piece, and serves to elucidate the particular phases of it, however inconsistent they may appear. Sheridan seems to have become a Whig, as most men become anything, by accident, and by the circumstances of early connexion and introduction. He had not the cordial fellowship and overflowing good-nature of Fox. He did not become a partisan out of sympathy. Neither, on the other hand, had his egotism pride or passion enough, to be capable of the resentments and apostacies

of Burke. He had a strong, a sensual, and therefore essentially coarse nature, none the less so for a veil of refined language, which was his highest notion of the dress of the heart ; but his very animal spirits, and contentment with the pleasure of the moment, served to keep him from dishonest aims. He stuck to his party, as he did to the wine ; and if he did not ultimately abide by it in its corporate sense, when its public virtue was put to a test apart from private considerations, he may still be said, in adhering to the Prince, to have stuck to the last man at the table, influenced by a certain jovial disinterestedness as well as conventional vanity. In the famous trial of Hastings, which produced his highest oratorical flights, (and extraordinary they certainly were, though ludicrously overrated by Burke,) it may be said of its three great conductors, that a sort of jealous hatred of wrong was the inspirer of Burke, the love of right that of Fox, and the opportunity of making a display at somebody's expense that of Sheridan, without any very violent care either for right or wrong. He had perhaps indeed never been thoroughly in earnest during his life, except in having his way at the moment, and making his case out somehow with his mistress, his wit, or his bottle, crowned by as much love for consistency and good-fellowship as is caught in maxims over the wine, and which is incomparably better than none.

In the year 1792, Sheridan lost his first wife, whom we can never help fancying to have been of a nature too truly refined for him ; and in 1795, being then in his forty-fourth year, he married his second, Miss Ogle, daughter of a Dean of Winchester, a lady "young and accomplished, and ardently devoted to him ;"—so fascinating is fame and wit, and the power of enlivening the present moment. Miss Ogle brought him a fortune, also, of five thousand pounds ; and with this sum, and fifteen thousand more, "which he contrived," says his biographer, "to raise by the sale of Drury Lane shares," an estate was bought in Surrey, where he was to live in love and happiness, till drink and his duns could endure it no longer. For, alas ! he had long been in difficulties, but knew not how to retreat. A certain show of prosperity seemed to be necessary to him, to convince his unspiritual soul of the presence of any kind of happiness ; and thus, through perpetual show and struggle, and every species of ingenious, eloquent, and, it is feared, degrading shift,—helping his party occasionally with a promising effort, but gradually degenerating into a useless though amusing speaker,—familarly joked at by the public, admired but disesteemed by his friends, seeing his theatrical property come to worse than nothing in his hands, without energy or perhaps power to retrieve himself by his pen, secretly assailed by disease, and at last threatened by every kind of domestic discomfort,—this unhappy and brilliant man dragged out a heavy remainder of existence between solaces that made him worse, and a loyalty to his Prince which did him no good. He died near a dying wife, amidst the threats of bailiffs, and forsaken by that prince, and by all but his physician and a few poetic friends, (God bless the imagination that leaves men in possession of their hearts !) on Sunday the 7th July, 1816, in Saville Row, Burlington Gardens, and in the sixty-fifth year of his age. When his accounts were settled, it was a surprise to everybody to find for how small a sum, comparatively speaking, improvidence had rendered him insolvent. His death should never be mentioned without adding the names of

his physician, Dr. Bain, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Thomas Moore, and Lord Holland, as those of his last and, we believe, only comforters. It is a remarkable and painful instance of the predominance of the conventional and superficial in his feelings, even when they were most strongly and deeply excited, that after going through life with apparently a laughing carelessness as to troubles far more humiliating, he burst into tears, and complained of his "person" being "degraded," because a bailiff had touched him! That word "person" expresses all.

Sheridan was above the middle size, and of a make robust and well-proportioned. In his youth, his family said, he had been handsome; but, in his latter years, he had nothing left to show for it but his eyes. "It was, indeed, in the upper part of his face," says Mr. Moore, "that the spirit of the man chiefly reigned; the dominion of the world and the senses being rather strongly marked out in the lower." He had a brother, Charles Sheridan, who took office in Ireland, and appears to have deviated neither into the vices nor the virtues of Richard. His sisters, Mrs. Lefanu and another, seem to have been more amiable, resembling, both in that respect and in talents, their excellent mother, the authoress of "Sidney Biddulph." Yet we do not find that Sheridan took much notice of them, or returned the regard which they fondly showed him at a distance. His son, by his first wife, Thomas, who died in the prime of life, is said to have inherited the mother's sweetness of nature as well as the father's wit. He also partook of her beauty, and he thus became the fortunate means of perpetuating the best distinctions of both families, the Sheridans and Linleys, in the persons of his children. The Sheridans, indeed, may be added to the list of Boyles, Bernouillis, and other families, as one in which intellect has been hereditary; for Dr. Sheridan, the grandfather, though he preferred his jest, and his fiddle, and his stockings down at heel, to a more solid reputation and prosperity, (first germ, perhaps, and excuse of his grandson!) was a really learned and able man. The father (the actor and elocutionist) was a man of abilities also, in spite of his pedantry and pragmatism; (he thought to advance the national morals by the diffusion of his "Art of Speaking!") and what he wanted towards augmenting the intellectual celebrity of his race, was abundantly supplied by his wife. Their son was the author of "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal." He married a "charmer" for beauty and for song; and, to say nothing of the collateral branches, all clever and witty, seldom, indeed, have "God Almighty's nobility" come in a cluster so dazzling as in the present fair representatives of the direct Linley and Sheridan line—the three graces of Dufferin, Norton, and Seymour.

We have omitted to mention one circumstance in the composition of Sheridan's plays, highly characteristic of the mistrusting and artificial habits of his mind; namely, the extreme and constant care with which they were elaborated, and brought to their final state of terseness and polish. He kept memorandums of his wit, for use; pickled and potted up the sentences in which it was expressed; and now and then gave them a new turn, to improve the relish. Since writing our criticism, we have met with a striking remark on Sheridan and Congreve, in a masterly article on "Machiavelli" in the *Edinburgh Review*, (short only of perfection, as it seems to us, in not paying quite

enough attention to the individual nature of that great man, who from defect, not of complexional good-nature, but the imaginative faculty, may be called a Shakspeare without a heart). Perhaps hardly allowance enough is made in the passage we allude to, for the artificial nature of comedy itself, as a thing conversant with manners and superinduced qualities, rather than with passions and pure nature; but it appears to us a just as well as eloquent exposure of the injury done to the animal spirits and delightfulness of the very best kind of comedy, by the cold and critical excess of the brilliant verbiage of these writers;—a wit, as the reviewer well observes, unnaturally lavished on all characters indiscriminately, and after all, no better than a hungry want of it, compared with the genial superabundance of such a pleasantry as Falstaff's.

“ No writers have injured the comedy of England (says the Reviewer) so deeply as Congreve and Sheridan. Both were men of wit and polished taste. Unhappily they made all their characters in their own likeness. Their works bear the same relation to the legitimate drama which a transparency bears to a painting: no delicate touches:—no hues imperceptibly fading into each other:—the whole is lighted up with an universal glare. Outlines and tints are forgotten in the blaze which illuminates all. The flowers and fruits of the intellect abound; but it is the abundance of a jungle, not of a garden—unwholesome, bewildering, unprofitable from its very plenty, rank from its very fragrance. Every fop, every boor, every valet, is a man of wit. The very butts and dupes, *Tattle*, *Witwoud*, *Puff*, *Acres*, outshine the whole *Hôtel de Rambouillet*. To prove the whole system of this school absurd, it is only necessary to apply the test which dissolves the enchanted Florimel—to place the true by the false Thalia, to contrast the most celebrated characters which have been drawn by the writers of whom we speak, with the *Bastard* in ‘King John,’ or the *Nurse* in ‘Romeo and Juliet.’ It was not surely from want of wit that *Beatrice* threw *Mirabel* and *Millamant* into the shade. All the good sayings of the facetious hours of *Absolute* and *Surface* might have been clipped from the single character of *Falstaff* without being missed. It would have been easy for that fertile mind to have given *Bardolph* and *Shallow* as much wit as *Prince Hal*, and to have made *Dogberry* and *Verges* retort on each other in sparkling epigrams. But he knew, to use his own admirable language, that such indiscriminate prodigality was ‘from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as it were, the mirror up to Nature.’ ”—*Edinburgh Review*, March 1827, p. 278.

This extract has rendered it additionally desirable that the author of the “School for Scandal” and the “Rivals” should have the benefit of all which has been said of him by Mr. Hazlitt; and with his highly favourable opinion we accordingly conclude, in order to leave as pleasant an impression as possible on the minds of those, who shall proceed from a perusal of this sketch to that of the plays before them.

“ Mr. Sheridan has been justly called ‘a dramatic star of the first magnitude:’ and, indeed, among the comic writers of the last century, he ‘shines like Hesperus among the lesser lights.’ He has left four several dramas behind him, all different or of different kinds, and all excellent in their way; ‘The School for Scandal,’ ‘The Rivals,’ ‘The Duenna,’ and ‘The Critic.’ The attraction of this last piece is, however, less in the mock-tragedy rehearsed, than in the dialogue of the comic scenes, and in the character of *Sir Fretful Plagiary*, which is supposed to have been intended for Cumberland. If some of the characters in ‘The School for Scandal’ were contained in Murphy’s comedy of ‘Know your own Mind,’ (and certainly some of *Dashwood’s* detached speeches and satirical sketches are written with quite as firm and masterly a hand as any of those given to the members of the scandalous club, *Mrs. Candour* or *Lady Sneerwell*), yet they were buried in it for want of grouping and relief, like the colours of a well-drawn picture sunk in the canvas. Sheridan brought them out, and exhibited them in all their glory. If that gem, the character of *Joseph Surface*, was Murphy’s, the splendid and more valuable setting was Sheridan’s. He took Murphy’s *Malvil* from his lurking-place in the closet, and

'dragged the struggling monster into day' upon the stage. That is, he gave interest, life, and action, or, in other words, its dramatic being, to the mere conception and written specimens of a character. This is the merit of Sheridan's comedies, that everything in them *tells*; there is no labour in vain. His Comic Muse does not go about prying into obscure corners, or collecting idle curiosities, but shows her laughing face, and points to her rich treasure—the follies of mankind. She is garlanded and crowned with roses and vine-leaves. Her eyes sparkle with delight, and her heart runs over with good-natured malice. Her step is firm and light, and her ornaments consummate! 'The School for Scandal' is, if not the most original, perhaps the most finished and faultless comedy which we have. When it is acted, you hear people all around you exclaiming, 'Surely it is impossible for anything to be cleverer.' The scene in which *Charles* sells all the old family pictures but his uncle's, who is the purchaser in disguise, and that of the discovery of *Lady Teazle* when the screen falls, are among the happiest and most highly-wrought that comedy, in its wide and brilliant range, can boast. Besides the wit and ingenuity of this play, there is a genial spirit of frankness and generosity about it, that relieves the heart as well as clears the lungs. It professes a faith in the natural goodness, as well as habitual depravity of human nature. While it strips off the mask of hypocrisy, it inspires a confidence between man and man. As often as it is acted, it must serve to clear the air of that low, creeping, pestilent fog of cant and mysticism, which threatens to confound every native impulse, or honest conviction, in the nauseous belief of a perpetual lie, and the laudable profession of systematic hypocrisy.—The character of *Lady Teazle* is not well made out by the author; nor has it been well represented on the stage since the time of Miss Farren.—'The Rivals' is a play of even more action and incident, but of less wit and satire than 'The School for Scandal.' It is as good as a novel in the reading, and has the broadest and most palpable effect on the stage. If *Joseph Surface* and *Charles* have a smack of *Tom Jones* and *Bliffl* in their moral constitution, *Sir Anthony Absolute* and *Mrs. Malaprop* remind us of honest *Matthew Bramble* and his sister *Tabitha*, in their tempers and dialect. *Arces* is a distant descendant of *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*. It must be confessed of this author, as *Falstaff* says of some one, 'that he had damnable iteration in him!' 'The Duenna' is a perfect work of art. It has the utmost sweetness and point. The plot, the characters, the dialogue, are all complete in themselves, and they are all his own; and the songs are the best that ever were written, except those in the 'Beggars' Opera.' They have a joyous spirit of intoxication in them, and a strain of the most melting tenderness. Compare the softness of that beginning,

'Had I a heart for falsehood framed,'

with the spirited defiance to Fortune in the lines,

'Half thy malice youth could bear,  
And the rest a bumper drown.'

"It would have been too much for the author of these elegant and classic productions not to have had some drawbacks on his felicity and fame. But even the applause of nations and the favour of princes cannot always be enjoyed with impunity.—Sheridan was not only an excellent dramatic writer, but a first-rate parliamentary speaker. His characteristics as an orator were manly, unperverted good sense, and keen irony. Wit, which has been thought a two-edged weapon, was by him always employed on the same side of the question—I think, on the right one. His set and more laboured speeches, as that on the Begum's affairs, were proportionably abortive and unimpressive: but no one was equal to him in replying, on the spur of the moment, to pompous absurdity, and unravelling the web of flimsy sophistry. He was the last accomplished debater of the House of Commons."—*Lectures on the Comic Writers*, p. 334.



# THE RIVALS.

A Comedy.

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## PREFACE.

A PREFACE to a play seems generally to be considered as a kind of closet-prologue, in which—if his piece has been successful—the author solicits that indulgence from the reader which he had before experienced from the audience: but as the scope and immediate object of a play is to please a mixed assembly in *representation* (whose judgment in the theatre at least is decisive), its degree of reputation is usually as determined as public, before it can be prepared for the cooler tribunal of the study. Thus any farther solicitude on the part of the writer becomes unnecessary at least, if not an intrusion: and if the piece has been condemned in the performance, I fear an address to the closet, like an appeal to posterity, is constantly regarded as the procrastination of a suit, from a consciousness of the weakness of the cause. From these considerations, the following comedy would certainly have been submitted to the reader, without any farther introduction than what it had in the representation, but that its success has probably been founded on a circumstance which the author is informed has not before attended a theatrical trial, and which consequently ought not to pass unnoticed.

I need scarcely add, that the circumstance alluded to was the withdrawing of the piece, to remove those imperfections in the first representation which were too obvious to escape reprehension, and too numerous to admit of a hasty correction. There are few writers, I believe, who, even in the fullest consciousness of error, do not wish to palliate the faults which they acknowledge; and, however trifling the performance, to second their confession of its deficiencies, by whatever plea seems least disgraceful to their ability. In the present instance, it cannot be said to amount either to candour or modesty in me, to acknowledge an extreme inexperience and want of judgment on matters, in which, without guidance from practice, or spur from success, a young man should scarcely boast of being an adept. If it be said, that under such disadvantages no one should attempt to write a play, I must beg leave to dissent from the position, while the first point of experience that I have gained on the subject is, a knowledge of the candour and judgment with which an impartial public distinguishes between the errors of inexperience and incapacity, and the indulgence which it shows even to a disposition to remedy the defects of either.

It were unnecessary to enter into any farther extenuation of what was thought exceptionable in this play, but that it has been said, that the managers should have prevented some of the defects before its appearance to the public—and in particular the uncommon length of the piece as represented the first night. It were an ill return for the most liberal and gentlemanly conduct on their side, to suffer any censure to rest where none was deserved. Hurry in writing has long been exploded as an excuse for an author;—however, in the dramatic line, it may happen, that both an author and a manager may wish to fill a chasm in the entertainment of the public with a hastiness not altogether culpable. The season was advanced when I first put the play into Mr. Harris's hands:—it was at that time at least double the length of any acting comedy. I profited by his judgment and experience in the curtailing of it—till, I believe, his feeling for the vanity of a young author got the better of his desire for correctness, and he left many excrescences remaining, because he had assisted in pruning so many more. Hence, though I was not uninformed that the acts were still too long, I flattered myself that, after the first trial, I might with safer judgment proceed to remove what should appear to have been most dissatisfactory. Many other errors there were, which might in part have arisen from my being by no means conversant with plays in general, either in reading or at the theatre. Yet I own that, in one respect, I did not regret my ignorance: for as my first wish in attempting a play was to avoid every appearance of plagiarism, I thought I should stand a better chance of effecting this from being in a walk which I had not frequented, and where, consequently, the progress of invention was less likely to be interrupted by starts of recollection: for on subjects on which the mind has been much informed, invention is slow of exerting itself. Faded ideas float in the fancy like half-forgotten dreams; and the imagination in its fullest enjoyments becomes suspicious of its offspring, and doubts whether it has created or adopted.

With regard to some particular passages which on the first night's representation seemed generally disliked, I confess, that if I felt any emotion of surprise at the disapprobation, it was not that they were disapproved of, but that I had not before perceived that they deserved it. As some part of the attack on the piece was begun too early to pass for the sentence of *judgment*, which is ever tardy in condemning, it has been suggested to me, that much of the disapprobation must have arisen from virulence of malice, rather than severity of criticism: but as I was more apprehensive of there being just grounds to excite the latter than conscious of having deserved the former, I continue not to believe that probable, which I am sure must have been unprovoked. However, if it was so, and I could even mark the quarter from whence it came, it would be ungenerous to retort; for no passion suffers more than malice from disappointment. For my own part, I see no reason why the author of a play should not regard a first night's audience as a candid and judicious friend attending, in behalf of the public, at his last rehearsal. If he can dispense with flattery, he is sure at least of sincerity, and even though the annotation be rude, he may rely upon the justness of the comment. Considered in this light, that audience, whose *flat* is essential to the poet's claim, whether his object be fame or profit, has surely a right to expect some deference to its opinion, from principles of politeness at least, if not from gratitude.

As for the little puny critics, who scatter their peevish strictures in private circles, and scribble at every author who has the eminence of being unconnected with them, as they are usually spleen-swollen from a vain idea of increasing their



consequence, there will always be found a petulance and illiberality in their remarks, which should place them as far beneath the notice of a gentleman, as their original dulness had sunk them from the level of the most unsuccessful author.

It is not without pleasure that I catch at an opportunity of justifying myself from the charge of intending any national reflection in the character of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. If any gentlemen opposed the piece from that idea, I thank them sincerely for their opposition; and if the condemnation of this comedy (however misconceived the provocation) could have added one spark to the decaying flame of national attachment to the country supposed to be reflected on, I should have been happy in its fate; and might with truth have boasted, that it had done more real service in its failure, than the successful morality of a thousand stage-novels will ever effect.

It is usual, I believe, to thank the performers in a new play, for the exertion of their several abilities. But where (as in this instance) their merit has been so striking and uncontroverted, as to call for the warmest and truest applause from a number of judicious audiences, the poet's after-praise comes like the feeble acclamation of a child to close the shouts of a multitude. The conduct, however, of the principals in a theatre cannot be so apparent to the public. I think it therefore but justice to declare, that from this theatre (the only one I can speak of from experience) those writers who wish to try the dramatic line will meet with that candour and liberal attention, which are generally allowed to be better calculated to lead genius into excellence, than either the precepts of judgment, or the guidance of experience.

THE AUTHOR.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

AS ORIGINALLY ACTED AT COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE IN 1775.

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE . . . . .	<i>Mr. Shuter.</i>	THOMAS . . . . .	<i>Mr. Fearon.</i>
CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE . . . . .	<i>Mr. Woodward.</i>	MRS. MALAPROP . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Green.</i>
FAULKLAND . . . . .	<i>Mr. Lewis.</i>	LYDIA LANGUISH . . . . .	<i>Miss Barsanti.</i>
ACRES . . . . .	<i>Mr. Quick.</i>	JULIA . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Bulkeley.</i>
SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER . . . . .	<i>Mr. Lee.</i>	LUCY . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Lessingham.</i>
FAG . . . . .	<i>Mr. Lee Lewes.</i>		
DAVID . . . . .	<i>Mr. Dunstal.</i>		Maid, Boy, Servants, &c.

SCENE,—BATH.

*Time of Action—Five Hours.*

### PROLOGUE,

BY THE AUTHOR.

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODWARD AND MR. QUICK.

*Enter Serjeant-at-law, and Attorney following, and giving a paper.*

*Serj.* WHAT'S here!—a vile cramp hand! I cannot see

Without my spectacles.

*Att.* He means his fee.—

Nay, Mr. Serjeant, good sir, try again.

*[Gives money.]*

*Serj.* The scrawl improves! *[more]* O come, 'tis pretty plain.

Hey! how's this? Dibble!—sure it cannot be!

A poet's brief! a poet and a fee!

*Att.* Yes, sir! though you without reward, I know, would gladly plead the Muse's cause.

*Serj.* So!—so!

*Att.* And if the fee offends, your wrath should fall on me.

*Serj.* Dear Dibble, no offence at all.

*Att.* Some sons of Phœbus in the courts we meet,

*Serj.* And fifty sons of Phœbus in the Fleet!

*Att.* Nor pleads he worse, who with a decent sprig

Of bays adorns his legal waste of wig.

*Serj.* Full-bottom'd heroes thus, on signs, unfurl

A leaf of laurel in a grove of curl!

Yet tell your client, that, in adverse days,

This wig is warmer than a bush of bays.

*Att.* Do you, then, sir, my client's place supply, Profuse of robe, and prodigal of tie—

Do you, with all those blushing powers of face, And wonted bashful hesitating grace,

Rise in the court, and flourish on the case. *[Exit. Serj.* For practice then suppose—this brief will show it,—

Me, serjeant Woodward,—counsel for the poet. Used to the ground, I know 'tis hard to deal With this dread court, from whence there's no appeal;

No tricking here, to blunt the edge of law, Or, damn'd in equity, escape by flaw: But judgment given, your sentence must remain; No writ of error lies—to Drury-lane!

Yet when so kind you seem, 'tis past dispute We gain some favour, if not costs of suit. No spleen is here! I see no hoarded fury;— I think I never faced a milder jury!

Sad else our plight! where frowns are transportation, A hiss the gallows, and a groan damnation! But such the public candour, without fear My client waives all right of challenge here. No newsman from our session is dismiss'd, Nor wit nor critic we scratch off the list; His faults can never hurt another's ease, His crime, at worst, a bad attempt to please: Thus, all respecting, he appeals to all, And by the general voice will stand or fall.

## PROLOGUE,

BY THE AUTHOR.

SPOKEN ON THE TENTH NIGHT, BY MRS. BULKLEY.

GRANTED our cause, our suit and trial o'er,  
The worthy serjeant need appear no more :  
In pleasing I a different client choose,  
He served the Poet,—I would serve the Muse :  
Like him, I'll try to merit your applause,  
A female counsel in a female's cause.

Look on this form \*,—where humour, quaint  
and sly,

Dimples the cheek, and points the beaming eye ;  
Where gay invention seems to boast its wiles  
In amorous hint, and half-triumphant smiles ;  
While her light mask or covers satire's strokes,  
Or hides the conscious blush her wit provokes.  
Look on her well—does she seem form'd to teach ?  
Should you expect to hear this lady preach ?  
Is grey experience suited to her youth ?  
Do solemn sentiments become that mouth !  
Bid her be grave, those lips should rebel prove  
To every theme that slanders mirth or love.

Yet thus adorn'd with every graceful art  
To charm the fancy and yet reach the heart—  
Must we displace her? And instead advance  
The goddess of the woful countenance—

\* Pointing to the figure of Comedy.

The sentimental Muse !—Her emblems view,  
The Pilgrim's Progress, and a sprig of rue !  
View her—too chaste to look like flesh and blood—  
Primly portray'd on emblematic wood !  
There fix'd in usurpation should she stand,  
She'll snatch the dagger from her sister's hand :  
And having made her votaries weep a flood,  
Good heaven! she'll end her comedies in blood—  
Bid Harry Woodward break poor Dunstal's crown !  
Imprison Quick, and knock Ned Shuter down ;  
While sad Barsanti, weeping o'er the scene,  
Shall stab herself—or poison Mrs. Green.—

Such dire encroachments to prevent in time,  
Demands the critic's voice—the poet's rhyme.  
Can our light scenes add strength to holy laws !  
Such puny patronage but hurts the cause :  
Fair virtue scorns our feeble aid to ask ;  
And moral truth disdains the trickster's mask.  
For here their favourite stands †, whose brow  
severe

And sad, claims youth's respect, and pity's tear ;  
Who, when oppress'd by foes her worth creates,  
Can point a poniard at the guilt she hates. ↓

† Pointing to Tragedy.

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter THOMAS; he crosses the stage: FAG follows,  
looking after him.

Fag. What! Thomas!—sure 'tis he?—What!  
Thomas! Thomas!

Thos. Hey!—Odd's life! Mr. Fag!—give us  
your hand, my old fellow-servant.

Fag. Excuse my glove, Thomas:—I'm devilish  
glad to see you, my lad. Why, my prince of cha-  
rioteers, you look as hearty!—but who the deuse  
thought of seeing you in Bath?

Thos. Sure, master, madam Julia, Harry, Mrs.  
Kate, and the postilion, be all come.

Fag. Indeed!

Thos. Ay, master thought another fit of the  
gout was coming to make him a visit;—so he'd a  
mind to gi't the slip, and whip! we were all off at  
an hour's warning.

Fag. Ay, ay, hasty in everything, or it would  
not be sir Anthony Absolute!

Thos. But tell us, Mr. Fag, how does young  
master? Odd, sir Anthony will stare to see the  
captain here!

Fag. I do not serve captain Absolute now.

Thos. Why sure!

Fag. At present I am employed by ensign  
Beverley.

Thos. I doubt, Mr. Fag, you ha'n't changed for  
the better.

Fag. I have not changed, Thomas.

Thos. No! why didn't you say you had left  
young master?

Fag. No.—Well, honest Thomas, I must puzzle  
you no farther:—briefly then—captain Absolute  
and ensign Beverley are one and the same person.

Thos. The devil they are!

Fag. So it is indeed, Thomas; and the ensign  
half of my master being on guard at present—the  
captain has nothing to do with me.

Thos. So, so!—what, this is some freak, I war-  
rant!—Do tell us, Mr. Fag, the meaning o't—you  
know I ha' trusted you.

Fag. You'll be secret, Thomas?

Thos. As a coach-horse.

Fag. Why then the cause of all this is—Love,  
—Love, Thomas, who (as you may get read to you)  
has been a masquerader ever since the days of  
Jupiter.

Thos. Ay, ay;—I guessed there was a lady in  
the case:—but pray, why does your master pass  
only for ensign?—now if he had sham'd general  
indeed—

Fag. Ah! Thomas, there lies the mystery o'the  
matter. Hark'ee, Thomas, my master is in love  
with a lady of a very singular taste: a lady who

likes him better as a half-pay ensign than if she knew he was son and heir to sir Anthony Absolute, a baronet of three thousand a year.

*Thos.* That is an odd taste indeed!—But has she got the stuff, Mr. Fag? is she rich, hey?

*Fag.* Rich!—why, I believe she owns half the stocks! Zounds! Thomas, she could pay the national debt as easily as I could my washerwoman! She has a lapdog that eats out of gold,—she feeds her parrot with small pearls,—and all her thread-papers are made of bank-notes!

*Thos.* Bravo, faith!—Odd! I warrant she has a set of thousands at least:—but does she draw kindly with the captain?

*Fag.* As fond as pigeons.

*Thos.* May one hear her name?

*Fag.* Miss Lydia Languish.—But there is an old tough aunt in the way;—though, by the by, she has never seen my master—for we got acquainted with miss while on a visit in Gloucestershire.

*Thos.* Well—I wish they were once harnessed together in matrimony.—But pray, Mr. Fag, what kind of a place is this Bath?—I ha' heard a deal of it—here's a mort o'merry-making, hey?

*Fag.* Pretty well, Thomas, pretty well—'tis a good lounge; in the morning we go to the pump-room (though neither my master nor I drink the waters); after breakfast we saunter on the parades, or play a game at billiards; at night we dance; but damn the place, I'm tired of it: their regular hours stupify me—not a fiddle nor a card after eleven!—However, Mr. Faulkland's gentleman and I keep it up a little in private parties;—I'll introduce you there, Thomas—you'll like him much.

*Thos.* Sure I know Mr. Du-Peigne—you know his master is to marry madam Julia.

*Fag.* I had forgot.—But, Thomas, you must polish a little—indeed you must.—Here now—this wig!—what the devil do you do with a wig, Thomas?—none of the London whips of any degree of *ton* wear wigs now.

*Thos.* More's the pity! more's the pity! I say.—Odd's life! when I heard how the lawyers and doctors had took to their own hair, I thought how 'twould go next:—odd rabbit it! when the fashion had got foot on the bar, I guessed 'twould mount to the box!—but 'tis all out of character, believe me, Mr. Fag: and look'ee, I'll never gi' up mine—the lawyers and doctors may do as they will.

*Fag.* Well, Thomas, we'll not quarrel about that.

*Thos.* Why, bless you, the gentlemen of the professions ben't all of a mind—for in our village now, thoff Jack Gauge the exciseman has ta'en to his carrots, there's little Dick the farrier swears he'll never forsake his bob, though all the college should appear with their own heads!

*Fag.* Indeed! well said, Dick!—But hold—mark! mark! Thomas.

*Thos.* Zooks! 'tis the captain.—Is that the lady with him?

*Fag.* No, no, that is madam Lucy—my master's mistress's maid. They lodge at that house—but I must after him to tell him the news.

*Thos.* Odd! he's giving her money!—well, Mr. Fag—

*Fag.* Good-bye, Thomas. I have an appointment in Gyde's Porch this evening at eight; meet me there, and we'll make a little party.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*A Dressing-room in Mrs. MALAPROP'S Lodgings.*

*LYDIA* sitting on a sofa, with a book in her hand. *LUCY*, as just returned from a message.

*Lucy.* Indeed, ma'am, I traversed half the town in search of it: I don't believe there's a circulating library in Bath I ha'n't been at.

*Lyd.* And could not you get *The Reward of Constancy*?

*Lucy.* No, indeed, ma'am.

*Lyd.* Nor *The Fatal Connexion*?

*Lucy.* No, indeed, ma'am.

*Lyd.* Nor *The Mistakes of the Heart*?

*Lucy.* Ma'am, as ill luck would have it, Mr. Bull said Miss Sukey Saunter had just fetched it away.

*Lyd.* Heigh-ho!—Did you inquire for *The Delicate Distress*?

*Lucy.* Or, *The Memoirs of Lady Woodford*? Yes, indeed, ma'am. I asked everywhere for it; and I might have brought it from Mr. Frederick's, but lady Slattern Lounger, who had just sent it home, had so soiled and dog's-eared it, it wa'n't fit for a Christian to read.

*Lyd.* Heigh-ho!—Yes, I always know when lady Slattern has been before me. She has a most observing thumb; and, I believe, cherishes her nails for the convenience of making marginal notes.—Well, child, what have you brought me?

*Lucy.* Oh! here, ma'am.—[*Taking books from under her cloak, and from her pockets.*] This is, *The Gordian Knot*,—and this *Peregrine Pickle*. Here are *The Tears of Sensibility*, and *Humphrey Clinker*. This is *The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*, written by herself, and here the second volume of *The Sentimental Journey*.

*Lyd.* Heigh-ho!—What are those books by the glass?

*Lucy.* The great one is only *The Whole Duty of Man*, where I press a few blonds, ma'am.

*Lyd.* Very well—give me the sal volatile.

*Lucy.* Is it in a blue cover, ma'am?

*Lyd.* My smelling-bottle, you simpleton!

*Lucy.* Oh, the drops!—here, ma'am.

*Lyd.* Hold!—here's some one coming—quick, see who it is—[*Exit LUCY.*] Surely I heard my cousin Julia's voice!

*Re-enter LUCY.*

*Lucy.* Lud! ma'am, here is Miss Melville.

*Lyd.* Is it possible? [Exit.]

*Enter JULIA.*

*Lyd.* My dearest Julia, how delighted am I!—[*Embrace.*] How unexpected was this happiness!

*Jul.* True, Lydia—and our pleasure is the greater.—But what has been the matter?—you were denied to me at first!

*Lyd.* Ah, Julia, I have a thousand things to tell you!—But first inform me what has conjured you to Bath?—is sir Anthony here?

*Jul.* He is—we are arrived within this hour—and I suppose he will be here to wait on Mrs. Malaprop as soon as he is dressed.

*Lyd.* Then before we are interrupted, let me impart to you some of my distress!—I know your gentle nature will sympathise with me, though

your prudence may condemn me!—My letters have informed you of my whole connexion with Beverley;—but I have lost him, Julia!—my aunt has discovered our intercourse by a note she intercepted, and has confined me ever since!—Yet, would you believe it? she has fallen absolutely in love with a tall Irish baronet she met one night since we have been here, at lady Macshuffles rout.

*Jul.* You jest, Lydia!

*Lyd.* No, upon my word.—She really carries on a kind of correspondence with him, under a feigned name though, till she chooses to be known to him;—but it is a Delia or a Celia, I assure you.

*Jul.* Then, surely, she is now more indulgent to her niece.

*Lyd.* Quite the contrary. Since she has discovered her own frailty, she is become more suspicious of mine. Then I must inform you of another plague!—That odious Acres is to be in Bath to-day; so that I protest I shall be teased out of all spirits!

*Jul.* Come, come, Lydia, hope for the best—sir Anthony shall use his interest with Mrs. Malaprop.

*Lyd.* But you have not heard the worst. Unfortunately I had quarrelled with my poor Beverley, just before my aunt made the discovery, and I have not seen him since, to make it up.

*Jul.* What was his offence?

*Lyd.* Nothing at all!—But, I don't know how it was, as often as we had been together, we had never had a quarrel, and, somehow, I was afraid he would never give me an opportunity. So, last Thursday, I wrote a letter to myself, to inform myself that Beverley was at that time paying his addresses to another woman. I signed it *your friend unknown*, showed it to Beverley, charged him with his falsehood, put myself in a violent passion, and vowed I'd never see him more.

*Jul.* And you let him depart so, and have not seen him since?

*Lyd.* 'Twas the next day my aunt found the matter out. I intended only to have teased him three days and a half, and now I've lost him for ever.

*Jul.* If he is as deserving and sincere as you have represented him to me, he will never give you up so. Yet consider, Lydia, you tell me he is but an ensign, and you have thirty thousand pounds!

*Lyd.* But you know I lose most of my fortune if I marry without my aunt's consent, till of age; and that is what I have determined to do, ever since I knew the penalty. Nor could I love the man, who would wish to wait a day for the alternative.

*Jul.* Nay, this is caprice!

*Lyd.* What, does Julia tax me with caprice?—I thought her lover Faulkland had inured her to it.

*Jul.* I do not love even his faults.

*Lyd.* But apropos—you have sent to him, I suppose?

*Jul.* Not yet, upon my word—nor has he the least idea of my being in Bath. Sir Anthony's resolution was so sudden, I could not inform him of it.

*Lyd.* Well, Julia, you are your own mistress, (though under the protection of sir Anthony), yet have you, for this long year, been a slave to the

caprice, the whim, the jealousy of this ungrateful Faulkland, who will ever delay assuming the right of a husband, while you suffer him to be equally imperious as a lover.

*Jul.* Nay, you are wrong entirely. We were contracted before my father's death. That, and some consequent embarrassments, have delayed what I know to be my Faulkland's most ardent wish. He is too generous to trifle on such a point:—and for his character, you wrong him there too. No, Lydia, he is too proud, too noble to be jealous; if he is captious, 'tis without dissembling; if fretful, without rudeness. Unused to the fopperies of love, he is negligent of the little duties expected from a lover—but being unhackneyed in the passion, his affection is ardent and sincere; and as it engrosses his whole soul, he expects every thought and emotion of his mistress to move in unison with his. Yet, though his pride calls for this full return, his humility makes him undervalue those qualities in him which would entitle him to it; and not feeling why he should be loved to the degree he wishes, he still suspects that he is not loved enough. This temper, I must own, has cost me many unhappy hours; but I have learned to think myself his debtor, for those imperfections which arise from the ardour of his attachment.

*Lyd.* Well, I cannot blame you for defending him. But tell me candidly, Julia, had he never saved your life, do you think you should have been attached to him as you are?—Believe me, the rude blast that overset your boat was a prosperous gale of love to him.

*Jul.* Gratitude may have strengthened my attachment to Mr. Faulkland, but I loved him before he had preserved me; yet surely that alone were an obligation sufficient.

*Lyd.* Obligation! why a water-spaniel would have done as much!—Well, I should never think of giving my heart to a man because he could swim.

*Jul.* Come, Lydia, you are too inconsiderate.

*Lyd.* Nay, I do but jest.—What's here?

*Re-enter LUCY in a hurry.*

*Lucy.* O ma'am, here is sir Anthony Absolute just come home with your aunt.

*Lyd.* They'll not come here.—Lucy, do you watch. *[Exit Lucy.]*

*Jul.* Yet I must go. Sir Anthony does not know I am here, and if we meet, he'll detain me, to show me the town. I'll take another opportunity of paying my respects to Mrs. Malaprop, when she shall treat me, as long as she chooses, with her select words so ingeniously misapplied, without being mispronounced.

*Re-enter LUCY.*

*Lucy.* O Lud! ma'am, they are both coming up stairs.

*Lyd.* Well, I'll not detain you, coz.—Adieu, my dear Julia, I'm sure you are in haste to send to Faulkland.—There—through my room you'll find another staircase.

*Jul.* Adieu! *[Embraces LYDIA, and exits.]*

*Lyd.* Here, my dear Lucy, hide these books. Quick, quick.—Fling *Peregrine Pickle* under the toilet—throw *Roderick Random* into the closet—put *The Innocent Adultery* into *The Whole Duty of Man*—thrust *Lord Aimworth* under the sofa—

cram *Ovid* behind the bolster—there—put *The Man of Feeling* into your pocket—so, so—now lay *Mrs. Chapone* in sight, and leave *Fordyce's Sermons* open on the table.

*Lucy.* O burn it, ma'am! the hair-dresser has torn away as far as *Proper Pride*.

*Lyd.* Never mind—open at *Sobriety*.—Fling me *Lord Chesterfield's Letters*.—Now for 'em.

[Exit *LUCY*.]

Enter *MRS. MALAPROP*, and *SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE*.

*Mrs. Mal.* There, sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

*Lyd.* Madam, I thought you once—

*Mrs. Mal.* You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all—thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

*Lyd.* Ah, madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

*Mrs. Mal.* But I say it is, miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

*Sir Anth.* Why sure she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not!—ay, this comes of her reading!

*Lyd.* What crime, madam, have I committed to be treated thus?

*Mrs. Mal.* Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it.—But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

*Lyd.* Madam, I must tell you plainly that had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

*Mrs. Mal.* What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a blackamoor—and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made!—and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed!—But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this *Beverley*?

*Lyd.* Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

*Mrs. Mal.* Take yourself to your room.—You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humours.

*Lyd.* Willingly, ma'am—I cannot change for the worse. [Exit.]

*Mrs. Mal.* There's a little intricate hussy for you!  
*Sir Anth.* It is not to be wondered at, ma'am,—all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by Heaven! I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

*Mrs. Mal.* Nay, nay, sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.

*Sir Anth.* In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library!—She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers!—From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

*Mrs. Mal.* Those are vile places, indeed!

*Sir Anth.* Madam, a circulating library in a town is, as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year!—And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

*Mrs. Mal.* Fy, fy, sir Anthony! you surely speak laconically.

*Sir Anth.* Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation now, what would you have a woman know?

*Mrs. Mal.* Observe me, sir Anthony.—I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments.—But, sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts;—and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries;—but above all, sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not mis-spell, and mis-pronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know;—and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

*Sir Anth.* Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate,—you say you have no objection to my proposal?

*Mrs. Mal.* None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres, and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

*Sir Anth.* Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

*Mrs. Mal.* We have never seen your son, sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

*Sir Anth.* Objection!—let him object if he dare!—No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple—in their younger days, 'twas 'Jack, do this;—if he demurred, I knocked him down—and if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

*Mrs. Mal.* Ay, and the properest way, o'my conscience!—nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity.—Well, sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations;—and I hope you

will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

*Sir Anth.* Madam, I will handle the subject prudently.—Well, I must leave you; and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl.—Take my advice—keep a tight hand: if she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about.

[*Exit.*]

*Mrs. Mal.* Well, at any rate I shall be glad to get her from under my intuition. She has somehow discovered my partiality for sir Lucius O'Trigger—sure, Lucy can't have betrayed me!—No, the girl is such a simpleton, I should have made her confess it.—Lucy!—Lucy!—[*Calls.*] Had she been one of your artificial ones, I should never have trusted her.

*Re-enter Lucy.*

*Lucy.* Did you call, ma'am?

*Mrs. Mal.* Yes, girl.—Did you see sir Lucius while you was out?

*Lucy.* No, indeed, ma'am, not a glimpse of him.

*Mrs. Mal.* You are sure, Lucy, that you never mentioned—

*Lucy.* Oh gemini! I'd sooner cut my tongue out.

*Mrs. Mal.* Well, don't let your simplicity be imposed on.

*Lucy.* No, ma'am.

*Mrs. Mal.* So, come to me presently, and I'll

give you another letter to sir Lucius; but mind, Lucy—if ever you betray what you are entrusted with (unless it be other people's secrets to me), you forfeit my malevolence for ever; and your being a simpleton shall be no excuse for your locality. [*Exit.*]

*Lucy.* Ha! ha! ha!—So, my dear Simplicity, let me give you a little respite.—[*Altering her manner*] Let girls in my station be as fond as they please of appearing expert, and knowing in their trusts; commend me to a mask of silliness, and a pair of sharp eyes for my own interest under it!—Let me see to what account have I turned my simplicity lately.—[*Looks at a paper.*] For abetting Miss Lydia Languish in a design of running away with an ensign!—in money, sundry times, twelve pound twelve; gowns, five; hats, ruffles, caps, &c. &c. numberless!—From the said ensign, within this last month, six guineas and a half.—About a quarter's pay!—Item, from Mrs. Malaprop, for betraying the young people to her—when I found matters were likely to be discovered—two guineas, and a black paduasoy.—Item, from Mr. Acres, for carrying divers letters—which I never delivered—two guineas, and a pair of buckles.—Item, from Sir Lucius O'Trigger, three crowns, two gold pocket-pieces, and a silver snuffbox!—Well done, Simplicity!—Yet I was forced to make my Hibernian believe, that he was corresponding, not with the aunt, but with the niece: for though not over rich, I found he had too much pride and delicacy to sacrifice the feelings of a gentleman to the necessities of his fortune.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—Captain ABSOLUTE'S Lodgings.

*Captain ABSOLUTE and FAG.*

*Fag.* Sir, while I was there sir Anthony came in: I told him, you had sent me to inquire after his health, and to know if he was at leisure to see you.

*Abs.* And what did he say, on hearing I was at Bath?

*Fag.* Sir, in my life I never saw an elderly gentleman more astonished! He started back two or three paces, rapped out a dozen interjectural oaths, and asked, what the devil had brought you here.

*Abs.* Well, sir, and what did you say?

*Fag.* Oh, I lied, sir—I forget the precise lie; but you may depend on't, he got no truth from me. Yet, with submission, for fear of blunders in future, I should be glad to fix what has brought us to Bath; in order that we may lie a little consistently.—Sir Anthony's servants were curious, sir, very curious indeed.

*Abs.* You have said nothing to them?

*Fag.* Oh, not a word, sir,—not a word! Mr. Thomas, indeed, the coachman (whom I take to be the discreetest of whips)—

*Abs.* 'Sdeath!—you rascal! you have not trusted him!

*Fag.* Oh, no, sir—no—no—not a syllable, upon my veracity!—He was, indeed, a little inquisitive; but I was sly, sir—devilish sly! My master, (said I) honest Thomas, (you know, sir, one says honest to one's inferiors), is come to Bath to recruit—Yes, sir, I said to recruit—and whether for men, money, or constitution, you know, sir, is nothing to him, nor any one else.

*Abs.* Well, recruit will do—let it be so.

*Fag.* Oh, sir, recruit will do surprisingly—indeed, to give the thing an air, I told Thomas, that your honour had already enlisted five disbanded chairmen, seven minority waiters, and thirteen billiard-markers.

*Abs.* You blockhead, never say more than is necessary.

*Fag.* I beg pardon, sir—I beg pardon—but, with submission, a lie is nothing unless one supports it. Sir, whenever I draw on my invention for a good current lie, I always forge indorsements as well as the bill.

*Abs.* Well, take care you don't hurt your credit, by offering too much security.—Is Mr. Faulkland returned?

*Fag.* He is above, sir, changing his dress.

*Abs.* Can you tell whether he has been informed of sir Anthony's and Miss Melville's arrival?

*Fag.* I fancy not, sir; he has seen no one since

he came in but his gentleman, who was with him at Bristol.—I think, sir, I hear Mr. Faulkland coming down—

*Abs.* Go, tell him, I am here.

*Fag.* Yes, sir.—[*Going*] I beg pardon, sir, but should sir Anthony call, you will do me the favour to remember that we are recruiting, if you please.

*Abs.* Well, well.

*Fag.* And, in tenderness to my character, if your honour could bring in the chairmen and waiters, I should esteem it as an obligation; for though I never scruple a lie to serve my master, yet it hurts one's conscience to be found out. [*Exit.*]

*Abs.* Now for my whimsical friend—if he does not know that his mistress is here, I'll tease him a little before I tell him—

*Enter FAULKLAND.*

Faulkland, you're welcome to Bath again; you are punctual in your return.

*Faulk.* Yes; I had nothing to detain me, when I had finished the business I went on. Well, what news since I left you? how stand matters between you and Lydia?

*Abs.* Faith, much as they were; I have not seen her since our quarrel; however, I expect to be recalled every hour.

*Faulk.* Why don't you persuade her to go off with you at once?

*Abs.* What, and lose two-thirds of her fortune? you forget that, my friend.—No, no, I could have brought her to that long ago.

*Faulk.* Nay then, you trifle too long—if you are sure of her, propose to the aunt in your own character, and write to sir Anthony for his consent.

*Abs.* Softly, softly; for though I am convinced my little Lydia would elope with me as ensign Beverley, yet am I by no means certain that she would take me with the impediment of our friends' consent, a regular humdrum wedding, and the reversion of a good fortune on my side: no, no; I must prepare her gradually for the discovery, and make myself necessary to her, before I risk it.—Well, but Faulkland, you'll dine with us to-day at the hotel?

*Faulk.* Indeed I cannot; I am not in spirits to be of such a party.

*Abs.* By heavens! I shall forswear your company. You are the most teasing, captious, incorrigible lover!—Do love like a man.

*Faulk.* I own I am unfit for company.

*Abs.* Am not I a lover; ay, and a romantic one too? Yet do I carry everywhere with me such a confounded farrago of doubts, fears, hopes, wishes, and all the flimsy furniture of a country miss's brain!

*Faulk.* Ah! Jack, your heart and soul are not, like mine, fixed immutably on one only object. You throw for a large stake, but losing, you could stake and throw again:—but I have set my sum of happiness on this cast, and not to succeed, were to be stripped of all.

*Abs.* But, for Heaven's sake! what grounds for apprehension can your whimsical brain conjure up at present?

*Faulk.* What grounds for apprehension, did you say? Heavens! are there not a thousand! I fear for her spirits—her health—her life.—My absence may fret her; her anxiety for my return, her fears for me may oppress her gentle temper: and for

her health, does not every hour bring me cause to be alarmed? If it rains, some shower may even then have chilled her delicate frame! If the wind be keen, some rude blast may have affected her! The heat of noon, the dews of the evening, may endanger the life of her, for whom only I value mine. O Jack! when delicate and feeling souls are separated, there is not a feature in the sky, not a movement of the elements, not an aspiration of the breeze, but hints some cause for a lover's apprehension!

*Abs.* Ay, but we may choose whether we will take the hint or not.—So, then, Faulkland, if you were convinced that Julia were well and in spirits, you would be entirely content?

*Faulk.* I should be happy beyond measure—I am anxious only for that.

*Abs.* Then to cure your anxiety at once—Miss Melville is in perfect health, and is at this moment in Bath.

*Faulk.* Nay, Jack—don't trifle with me.

*Abs.* She is arrived here with my father within this hour.

*Faulk.* Can you be serious?

*Abs.* I thought you knew sir Anthony better than to be surprised at a sudden whim of this kind.—Seriously then, it is as I tell you—upon my honour.

*Faulk.* My dear friend!—Hollo, Du Peigne! my hat.—My dear Jack—now nothing on earth can give me a moment's uneasiness.

*Re-enter FAG.*

*Fag.* Sir, Mr. Acres, just arrived, is below.

*Abs.* Stay, Faulkland, this Acres lives within a mile of sir Anthony, and he shall tell you how your mistress has been ever since you left her.—*Fag,* show the gentleman up. [*Exit FAG.*]

*Faulk.* What, is he much acquainted in the family?

*Abs.* Oh, very intimate: I insist on your not going: besides, his character will divert you.

*Faulk.* Well, I should like to ask him a few questions.

*Abs.* He is likewise a rival of mine—that is, of my other self's, for he does not think his friend captain Absolute ever saw the lady in question; and it is ridiculous enough to hear him complain to me of one Beverley, a concealed skulking rival, who—

*Faulk.* Hush!—he's here.

*Enter ACRES.*

*Acres.* Ha! my dear friend, noble captain, and honest Jack, how dost thou? just arrived, faith, as you see.—Sir, your humble servant.—Warm work on the roads, Jack!—Odds whips and wheels! I've travelled like a comet, with a tail of dust all the way as long as the Mall.

*Abs.* Ah! Bob, you are indeed an eccentric planet, but we know your attraction hither.—Give me leave to introduce Mr. Faulkland to you; Mr. Faulkland, Mr. Acres.

*Acres.* Sir, I am most heartily glad to see you: sir, I solicit your connexions.—Hey, Jack—what, this is Mr. Faulkland, who—

*Abs.* Ay, Bob, Miss Melville's Mr. Faulkland.

*Acres.* Odso! she and your father can be but just arrived before me:—I suppose you have seen them. Ah! Mr. Faulkland, you are indeed a happy man.

*Faulk.* I have not seen Miss Melville, yet, sir ;—I hope she enjoyed full health and spirits in Devonshire ?

*Acres.* Never knew her better in my life, sir,—never better. Odds blushes and blooms ! she has been as healthy as the German Spa.

*Faulk.* Indeed !—I did hear that she had been a little indisposed.

*Acres.* False, false, sir—only said to vex you : quite the reverse, I assure you.

*Faulk.* There, Jack, you see she has the advantage of me ; I had almost fretted myself ill.

*Abs.* Now are you angry with your mistress for not having been sick ?

*Faulk.* No, no, you misunderstand me :—yet surely a little trifling indisposition is not an unnatural consequence of absence from those we love.—Now confess— isn't there something unkind in this violent, robust, unfeeling health ?

*Abs.* Oh, it was very unkind of her to be well in your absence, to be sure !

*Acres.* Good apartments, Jack.

*Faulk.* Well, sir, but you was saying that Miss Melville has been so exceedingly well—what then she has been merry and gay, I suppose ?—Always in spirits—hey ?

*Acres.* Merry, odds crickets ! she has been the bell and spirit of the company wherever she has been—so lively and entertaining ! so full of wit and humour !

*Faulk.* There, Jack, there.—Oh, by my soul ! there is an innate levity in woman, that nothing can overcome.—What ! happy, and I away !

*Abs.* Have done.—How foolish this is ! just now you were only apprehensive for your mistress' spirits.

*Faulk.* Why, Jack, have I been the joy and spirit of the company ?

*Abs.* No indeed, you have not.

*Faulk.* Have I been lively and entertaining ?

*Abs.* Oh, upon my word, I acquit you.

*Faulk.* Have I been full of wit and humour ?

*Abs.* No, faith, to do you justice, you have been confoundedly stupid indeed.

*Acres.* What's the matter with the gentleman ?

*Abs.* He is only expressing his great satisfaction at hearing that Julia has been so well and happy—that's all—hey, Faulkland ?

*Faulk.* Oh ! I am rejoiced to hear it—yes, yes, she has a happy disposition !

*Acres.* That she has indeed—then she is so accomplished—so sweet a voice—so expert at her harpsichord—such a mistress of flat and sharp, squallante, rumblante, and quiverante !—There was this time month—odds minims and crotchets ! how she did chirrup at Mrs. Piano's concert !

*Faulk.* There again, what say you to this ? you see she has been all mirth and song—not a thought of me !

*Abs.* Pho ! man, is not music the food of love ?

*Faulk.* Well, well, it may be so.—Pray, Mr.—, what's his damned name ?—Do you remember what songs Miss Melville sung ?

*Acres.* Not I indeed.

*Abs.* Stay now, they were some pretty melancholy purling-stream airs, I warrant ; perhaps you may recollect ;—did she sing, *When absent from my soul's delight* ?

*Acres.* No, that wa'n't it.

*Abs.* Or, *Go, gentle gales !*—Go, gentle gales !

*Acres.* Oh, no ! nothing like it. Odds ! now I recollect one of them—*My heart's my own, my will is free.*

*Faulk.* Fool ! fool that I am ! to fix all my happiness on such a trifle ! 'Sdeath ! to make herself the pipe and ballad-monger of a circle ! to soothe her light heart with catches and glees !—What can you say to this, sir ?

*Abs.* Why, that I should be glad to hear my mistress had been so merry, sir.

*Faulk.* Nay, nay, nay—I'm not sorry that she has been happy—no, no, I am glad of that—I would not have had her sad or sick—yet surely a sympathetic heart would have shown itself even in the choice of a song—she might have been temperately healthy, and somehow, plaintively gay ;—but she has been dancing too, I doubt not !

*Acres.* What does the gentleman say about dancing ?

*Abs.* He says the lady we speak of dances as well as she sings.

*Acres.* Ay, truly, does she—there was at our last race ball—

*Faulk.* Hell and the devil ! There ! there—I told you so ! I told you so ! Oh ! she thrives in my absence !—Dancing ! but her whole feelings have been in opposition with mine ;—I have been anxious, silent, pensive, sedentary—my days have been hours of care, my nights of watchfulness.—She has been all health ! spirit ! laugh ! song ! dance !—Oh ! damned, damned levity !

*Abs.* For Heaven's sake, Faulkland, don't expose yourself so !—Suppose she has danced, what then ?—does not the ceremony of society often oblige—

*Faulk.* Well, well, I'll contain myself—perhaps as you say—for form sake.—What, Mr. Acres, you were praising Miss Melville's manner of dancing a minuet—hey ?

*Acres.* Oh, I dare insure her for that—but what I was going to speak of was her country-dancing. Odds swimings ! she has such an air with her !

*Faulk.* Now disappointment on her !—Defend this, Absolute ; why don't you defend this ?—Country-dances ! jigs and reels ! am I to blame now ? A minuet I could have forgiven—I should not have minded that—I say I should not have regarded a minuet—but country-dances !—Zounds ! had she made one in a cotillon—I believe I could have forgiven even that—but to be monkeyled for a night !—to run the gauntlet through a string of amorous palming puppies !—to show paces like a managed filly !—Oh, Jack, there never can be but one man in the world whom a truly modest and delicate woman ought to pair with in a country-dance ; and, even then, the rest of the couples should be her great-uncles and aunts !

*Abs.* Ay, to be sure !—grandfathers and grandmothers !

*Faulk.* If there be but one vicious mind in the set, 'twill spread like a contagion—the action of their pulse beats to the lascivious movement of the jig—their quivering, warm-breathed sighs impregnate the very air—the atmosphere becomes electrical to love, and each amorous spark darts through every link of the chain !—I must leave you—I own I am somewhat flurried—and that confounded looby has perceived it. [Going.]



*Abs.* Nay, but stay, Faulkland, and thank Mr. Acres for his good news.

*Faulk.* Damn his news! [Exit.]

*Abs.* Ha! ha! ha! poor Faulkland five minutes since—nothing on earth could give him a moment's uneasiness!

*Acres.* The gentleman wa'n't angry at my praising his mistress, was he?

*Abs.* A little jealous, I believe, Bob.

*Acres.* You don't say so? Ha! ha! jealous of me—that's a good joke.

*Abs.* There's nothing strange in that, Bob; let me tell you, that sprightly grace and insinuating manner of yours will do some mischief among the girls here.

*Acres.* Ah! you joke—ha! ha! mischief—ha! ha! but you know I am not my own property, my dear Lydia has forestalled me. She could never abide me in the country, because I used to dress so badly—but odds frogs and tambours! I sha'n't take matters so here, now ancient madam has no voice in it: I'll make my old clothes know who's master. I shall straightway cashier the hunting-frock, and render my leather breeches incapable. My hair has been in training some time.

*Abs.* Indeed!

*Acres.* Ay—and tho'ff the side curls are a little restive, my hind-part takes it very kindly.

*Abs.* Oh, you'll polish, I doubt not.

*Acres.* Absolutely I propose so—then if I can find out this ensign Beverley, odds triggers and flints! I'll make him know the difference o't.

*Abs.* Spoke like a man! But pray, Bob, I observe you have got an odd kind of a new method of swearing—

*Acres.* Ha! ha! you've taken notice of it—'tis genteel, isn't it?—I did not invent it myself though; but a commander in our militia, a great scholar, I assure you, says that there is no meaning in the common oaths, and that nothing but their antiquity makes them respectable;—because, he says, the ancients would never stick to an oath or two, but would say, by Jove! or by Bacchus! or by Mars! or by Venus! or by Pallas! according to the sentiment: so that to swear with propriety, says my little major, the oath should be an echo to the sense; and this we call the *oath referential*, or *sentimental swearing*—ha! ha! ha! 'tis genteel, isn't it?

*Abs.* Very genteel, and very new, indeed!—and I dare say will supplant all other figures of imprecation.

*Acres.* Ay, ay, the best terms will grow obsolete.—Damns have had their day.

*Re-enter FAG.*

*Fag.* Sir, there is a gentleman below desires to see you. Shall I show him into the parlour?

*Abs.* Ay—you may.

*Acres.* Well, I must be gone—

*Abs.* Stay; who is it, Fag?

*Fag.* Your father, sir.

*Abs.* You puppy, why didn't you show him up directly? [Exit FAG.]

*Acres.* You have business with sir Anthony.—I expect a message from Mrs. Malaprop at my lodgings. I have sent also to my dear friend sir Lucius O'Trigger. Adieu, Jack! we must meet at night, when you shall give me a dozen bumpers to little Lydia.

*Abs.* That I will with all my heart.—[Exit ACRES.] Now for a parental lecture—I hope he has heard nothing of the business that has brought me here—I wish the gout had held him fast in Devonshire, with all my soul!

*Enter SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.*

Sir, I am delighted to see you here; and looking so well! your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

*Sir Anth.* Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack.—What, you are recruiting here, hey?

*Abs.* Yes, sir, I am on duty.

*Sir Anth.* Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it, for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business.—Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

*Abs.* Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty; and I pray frequently that you may continue so.

*Sir Anth.* I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty I may continue to plague you a long time.—Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

*Abs.* Sir, you are very good.

*Sir Anth.* And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

*Abs.* Sir, your kindness overpowers me—such generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

*Sir Anth.* I am glad you are so sensible of my attention—and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks.

*Abs.* Let my future life, sir, speak my gratitude; I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence.—Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

*Sir Anth.* Oh, that shall be as your wife chooses.

*Abs.* My wife, sir!

*Sir Anth.* Ay, ay, settle that between you—settle that between you.

*Abs.* A wife, sir, did you say?

*Sir Anth.* Ay, a wife—why, did not I mention her before?

*Abs.* Not a word of her, sir.

*Sir Anth.* Odd so!—I mustn't forget her though.—Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by marriage—the fortune is saddled with a wife—but I suppose that makes no difference.

*Abs.* Sir! sir!—you amaze me!

*Sir Anth.* Why, what the devil's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

*Abs.* I was, sir,—you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

*Sir Anth.* Why—what difference does that make? Odds life, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

*Abs.* If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase.—Pray, sir, who is the lady?

*Sir Anth.* What's that to you, sir?—Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

*Abs.* Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

*Sir Anth.* I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

*Abs.* Then, sir, I must tell you plainly, that my inclinations are fixed on another—my heart is engaged to an angel.

*Sir Anth.* Then pray let it send an excuse.—It is very sorry—but business prevents its waiting on her.

*Abs.* But my vows are pledged to her.

*Sir Anth.* Let her foreclose, Jack; let her foreclose; they are not worth redeeming; besides, you have the angel's vows in exchange, I suppose; so there can be no loss there.

*Abs.* You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

*Sir Anth.* Hark'ee, Jack;—I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool—quite cool; but take care—you know I am compliance itself—when I am not thwarted;—no one more easily led—when I have my own way;—but don't put me in a frenzy.

*Abs.* Sir, I must repeat it—in this I cannot obey you.

*Sir Anth.* Now damn me! if ever I call you Jack again while I live!

*Abs.* Nay, sir, but hear me.

*Sir Anth.* Sir, I won't hear a word—not a word! not one word! so give me your promise by a nod—and I'll tell you what, Jack—I mean, your dog—if you don't, by—

*Abs.* What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness! to—

*Sir Anth.* Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the Crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's Museum; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—she shall be all this, sirrah!—yet I will make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

*Abs.* This is reason and moderation indeed!

*Sir Anth.* None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

*Abs.* Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

*Sir Anth.* 'Tis false, sir, I know you are laughing in your sleeve; I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

*Abs.* Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

*Sir Anth.* None of your passion, sir! none of your violence; if you please!—It won't do with me, I promise you.

*Abs.* Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

*Sir Anth.* 'Tis a confounded lie!—I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog! but it won't do.

*Abs.* Nay, sir, upon my word—

*Sir Anth.* So you will fly out! can't you be cool like me? What the devil good can passion do?—Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate!—There, you sneer again! don't provoke me!—but you rely upon the mildness of my temper—you do, you dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition!—Yet take care—the patience of a saint may be overcome at last!—but mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree,

without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, why—confound you! I may in time forgive you.—If not, zounds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest.—I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you! and damn me! if ever I call you Jack again!

[Exit.

*Abs.* Mild, gentle, considerate father—I kiss your hands!—What a tender method of giving his opinion in these matters sir Anthony has! I dare not trust him with the truth.—I wonder what old wealthy hag it is that he wants to bestow on me!—Yet he married himself for love! and was in his youth a bold intriguer, and a gay companion!

Re-enter FAG.

*Fag.* Assuredly, sir, your father is wrath to a degree; he comes down stairs eight or ten steps at a time—muttering, growling, and thumping the banisters all the way: I and the cook's dog stand bowing at the door—rap! he gives me a stroke on the head with his cane; bids me carry that to my master; then kicking the poor turnspit into the area, damns us all, for a puppy triumvirate!—Upon my credit, sir, were I in your place, and found my father such very bad company, I should certainly drop his acquaintance.

*Abs.* Cease your impertinence, sir, at present.—Did you come in for nothing more?—Stand out of the way!

[Pushes him aside, and exit.

*Fag.* So! sir Anthony trims my master: he is afraid to reply to his father—then vents his spleen on poor Fag!—When one is vexed by one person, to revenge one's self on another, who happens to come in the way, is the vilest injustice! Ah! it shows the worst temper—the basest—

Enter Boy.

*Boy.* Mr. Fag! Mr. Fag! your master calls you.

*Fag.* Well, you little dirty puppy, you need not bawl so!—The meanest disposition! the—

*Boy.* Quick, quick, Mr. Fag!

*Fag.* Quick! quick! you impudent jackanapes! am I to be commanded by you too? you little, impertinent, insolent, kitchen-bred—

[Exit kicking and beating him.

## SCENE II.—The North Parade.

Enter Lucy.

*Lucy.* So—I shall have another rival to add to my mistress's list—Captain Absolute. However, I shall not enter his name till my purse has received notice in form. Poor Acres is dismissed!—Well, I have done him a last friendly office, in letting him know that Beverley was here before him.—Sir Lucius is generally more punctual, when he expects to hear from his dear *Dalia*, as he calls her: I wonder he's not here!—I have a little scruple of conscience from this deceit; though I should not be paid so well, if my hero knew that *Delia* was near fifty, and her own mistress.

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

*Sir Luc.* Ha! my little ambassadress—upon my conscience, I have been looking for you; I have been on the South Parade this half hour.

*Lucy.* [*Speaking simply.*] O gemini! and I have been waiting for your worship here on the North.

*Sir Luc.* Faith!—may be that was the reason we did not meet; and it is very comical too, how you could go out and I not see you—for I was only taking a nap at the Parade coffee-house, and I chose the window on purpose that I might not miss you.

*Lucy.* My stars! Now I'd wager a sixpence I went by while you were asleep.

*Sir Luc.* Sure enough it must have been so—and I never dreamt it was so late, till I waked. Well, but my little girl, have you got nothing for me?

*Lucy.* Yes, but I have—I've got a letter for you in my pocket.

*Sir Luc.* O faith! I guessed you weren't come empty-handed—well—let me see what the dear creature says.

*Lucy.* There, sir Lucius. [*Gives him a letter.*]

*Sir Luc.* [*Reads.*] *Sir—there is often a sudden incentive impulse in love, that has a greater induction than years of domestic combination: such was the commotion I felt at the first superfluous view of sir Lucius O'Trigger.—Very pretty, upon my word.—Female punctuation forbids me to say more; yet let me add, that it will give me joy infal- lible to find sir Lucius worthy the last criterion of my affections.*

DELIA.

Upon my conscience! Lucy, your lady is a great mistress of language. Faith, she's quite the queen of the dictionary!—for the devil a word dare refuse coming at her call—though one would think it was quite out of hearing.

*Lucy.* Ay, sir, a lady of her experience—

*Sir Luc.* Experience? what, at seventeen?

*Lucy.* O true, sir—but then she reads so—my stars! how she will read off hand!

*Sir Luc.* Faith, she must be very deep read to write this way—though she is rather an arbitrary writer too—for here are a great many poor words pressed into the service of this note, that would get their *habeas corpus* from any court in Christendom.

*Luc.* Ah! sir Lucius, if you were to hear how she talks of you!

*Sir Luc.* Oh, tell her I'll make her the best husband in the world, and lady O'Trigger into the bargain!—But we must get the old gentlewoman's consent—and do everything fairly.

*Lucy.* Nay, sir Lucius, I thought you wa'n't rich enough to be so nice!

*Sir Luc.* Upon my word, young woman, you

have hit it:—I am so poor, that I can't afford to do a dirty action.—If I did not want money, I'd steal your mistress and her fortune with a great deal of pleasure.—However, my pretty girl, [*Gives her money*] here's a little something to buy you a ribbon; and meet me in the evening, and I'll give you an answer to this. So, hussy, take a kiss beforehand, to put you in mind. [*Kisses her.*]

*Lucy.* O Lud! sir Lucius—I never seed such a gemman! My lady won't like you if you're so impudent.

*Sir Luc.* Faith she will, Lucy!—That same—pho! what's the name of it?—modesty—is a quality in a lover more praised by the women than liked; so, if your mistress asks you whether sir Lucius ever gave you a kiss, tell her fifty—my dear.

*Lucy.* What, would you have me tell her a lie?

*Sir Luc.* Ah then, you baggage! I'll make it a truth presently.

*Lucy.* For shame now! here is some one coming.

*Sir Luc.* Oh, faith, I'll quiet your conscience!

[*Exit, humming a tune.*]

Enter FAG.

*Fag.* So, so, ma'am! I humbly beg pardon.

*Luc.* O Lud! now, Mr. Fag—you flurry one so.

*Fag.* Come, come, Lucy, here's no one by—so a little less simplicity, with a grain or two more sincerity, if you please.—You play false with us, madam.—I saw you give the baronet a letter.—My master shall know this—and if he don't call him out, I will.

*Lucy.* Ha! ha! ha! you gentlemen's gentlemen are so hasty.—That letter was from Mrs. Malaprop, simpleton.—She is taken with sir Lucius's address.

*Fag.* How! what tastes some people have!—Why, I suppose I have walked by her window a hundred times.—But what says our young lady? any message to my master?

*Lucy.* Sad news, Mr. Fag.—A worse rival than Acres! Sir Anthony Absolute has proposed his son.

*Fag.* What, Captain Absolute?

*Lucy.* Even so—I overheard it all.

*Fag.* Ha! ha! ha! very good, faith. Good bye, Lucy, I must away with this news.

*Lucy.* Well, you may laugh—but it is true, I assure you.—[*Going.*] But, Mr. Fag, tell your master not to be cast down by this.

*Fag.* Oh, he'll be so disconsolate!

*Lucy.* And charge him not to think of quarrelling with young Absolute.

*Fag.* Never fear! never fear!

*Lucy.* Be sure—bid him keep up his spirits.

*Fag.* We will—we will. [*Exit severally.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The North Parade.**Enter Captain ABSOLUTE.*

*Abs.* 'Tis just as Fag told me, indeed.—Whimsical enough, faith! My father wants to force me to marry the very girl I am plotting to run away with!—He must not know of my connexion with her yet awhile.—He has too summary a method of proceeding in these matters.—However, I'll read my recantation instantly.—My conversion is something sudden, indeed—but I can assure him it is very sincere.—So, so,—here he comes.—He looks plaguy gruff. *[Steps aside.]*

*Enter Sir ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.*

*Sir Anth.* No—I'll die sooner than forgive him. Die, did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him.—At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put me out of temper.—An obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy!—Who can he take after? This is my return for getting him before all his brothers and sisters!—for putting him, at twelve years old, into a marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds a-year, besides his pay, ever since!—But I have done with him; he's anybody's son for me.—I never will see him more, never—never—never—never!

*Abs.* *[Aside, coming forward.]* Now for a penitential face.

*Sir Anth.* Fellow, get out of my way!

*Abs.* Sir, you see a penitent before you.

*Sir Anth.* I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

*Abs.* A sincere penitent.—I am come, sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to your will.

*Sir Anth.* What's that?

*Abs.* I have been revolving, and reflecting, and considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

*Sir Anth.* Well, sir?

*Abs.* I have been likewise weighing and balancing what you were pleased to mention concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

*Sir Anth.* Well, puppy?

*Abs.* Why then, sir, the result of my reflections is—a resolution to sacrifice every inclination of my own to your satisfaction.

*Sir Anth.* Why now you talk sense—absolute sense—I never heard anything more sensible in my life.—Confound you! you shall be Jack again.

*Abs.* I am happy in the appellation.

*Sir Anth.* Why then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you who the lady really is.—Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented my telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture—prepare.—What think you of Miss Lydia Languish?

*Abs.* Languish! What, the Languishes of Worcestershire?

*Sir Anth.* Worcestershire! no. Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop and her niece, Miss Languish, who came into our country just before you were last ordered to your regiment?

*Abs.* Malaprop! Languish! I don't remember ever to have heard the names before. Yet, stay—I think I do recollect something.—Languish! Languish! She squints, don't she?—A little red-haired girl?

*Sir Anth.* Squints!—A red-haired girl!—Zounds! no.

*Abs.* Then I must have forgot; it can't be the same person.

*Sir Anth.* Jack! Jack! what think you of blooming, love-breathing seventeen?

*Abs.* As to that, sir, I am quite indifferent.—If I can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire.

*Sir Anth.* Nay, but Jack, such eyes! such eyes! so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love!—Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks, Jack! so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her tell-tale eyes!—Then, Jack, her lips! O Jack, lips smiling at their own discretion; and if not smiling, more sweetly pouting; more lovely in sullenness!

*Abs.* That's she indeed.—Well done, old gentleman! *[Aside.]*

*Sir Anth.* Then, Jack, her neck!—O Jack! Jack!

*Abs.* And which is to be mine, sir, the niece or the aunt?

*Sir Anth.* Why, you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I despise you! When I was of your age, such a description would have made me fly like a rocket! The aunt indeed!—Odds life! when I ran away with your mother, I would not have touched anything old or ugly to gain an empire.

*Abs.* Not to please your father, sir?

*Sir Anth.* To please my father! zounds! not to please—Oh, my father—odd so!—yes—yes; if my father indeed had desired—that's quite another matter.—Though he wa'n't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

*Abs.* I dare say not, sir.

*Sir Anth.* But, Jack, you are not sorry to find your mistress is so beautiful?

*Abs.* Sir, I repeat it—if I please you in this affair, 'tis all I desire. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome; but, sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye, and a few more graces of that kind—now, without being very nice, I own I should rather choose a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quantity of back: and though one eye may be very agreeable, yet as the prejudice has always run in favour of two, I would not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

*Sir Anth.* What a phlegmatic sot it is! Why, sirrah, you're an anchorite!—a vile, insensible stock. You a soldier!—you're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals on!—Odds life! I've a great mind to marry the girl myself!

*Abs.* I am entirely at your disposal, sir: if you should think of addressing Miss Languish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the aunt; or

if you should change your mind, and take the old lady—'tis the same to me—I'll marry the niece.

*Sir Anth.* Upon my word, Jack, thou'rt either a very great hypocrite, or—but, come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie—I'm sure it must—come, now—damn your demure face!—come, confess Jack—you have been lying—ha'n't you? You have been playing the hypocrite, hey!—I'll never forgive you, if you ha'n't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

*Abs.* I'm sorry, sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

*Sir Anth.* Hang your respect and duty! But come along with me, I'll write a note to Mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly. Her eyes shall be the Promethean torch to you,—come along, I'll never forgive you, if you don't come back stark mad with rapture and impatience—if you don't, egad, I'll marry the girl myself!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—JULIA'S Dressing-room.

FAULKLAND discovered alone.

*Faulk.* They told me Julia would return directly; I wonder she is not yet come!—How mean does this captious, unsatisfied temper of mine appear to my cooler judgment! Yet I know not that I indulge it in any other point:—but on this one subject, and to this one subject, whom I think I love beyond my life, I am ever ungenerously fretful and madly capricious!—I am conscious of it—yet I cannot correct myself! What tender honest joy sparkled in her eyes when we met! how delicate was the warmth of her expressions!—I was ashamed to appear less happy—though I had come resolved to wear a face of coolness and upbraiding. Sir Anthony's presence prevented my proposed expostulations:—yet I must be satisfied that she has not been so very happy in my absence.—She is coming!—Yes!—I know the nimbleness of her tread, when she thinks her impatient Faulkland counts the moments of her stay.

*Enter JULIA.*

*Jul.* I had not hoped to see you again so soon.

*Faulk.* Could I, Julia, be contented with my first welcome—restrained as we were by the presence of a third person?

*Jul.* O Faulkland, when your kindness can make me thus happy, let me not think that I discovered something of coldness in your first salutation.

*Faulk.* 'Twas but your fancy, Julia.—I was rejoiced to see you—to see you in such health.—Sure I had no cause for coldness?

*Jul.* Nay then, I see you have taken something ill.—You must not conceal from me what it is.

*Faulk.* Well, then—shall I own to you that my joy at hearing of your health and arrival here, by your neighbour Acres, was somewhat damped by his dwellings much on the high spirits you had enjoyed in Devonshire—on your mirth—your singing—dancing, and I know not what! For such is my temper, Julia, that I should regard every mirthful moment in your absence as a treason to constancy.—The mutual tear that steals down the cheek of parting lovers is a compact, that no smile shall live there till they meet again.

*Jul.* Must I never cease to tax my Faulkland with this teasing minute caprice?—Can the idle reports of a silly boor weigh in your breast against my tried affection?

*Faulk.* They have no weight with me, Julia: No, no—I am happy if you have been so—yet only say, that you did not sing with mirth—say that you thought of Faulkland in the dance.

*Jul.* I never can be happy in your absence.—If I wear a countenance of content, it is to show that my mind holds no doubt of my Faulkland's truth. If I seemed sad, it were to make malice triumph; and say, that I had fixed my heart on one, who left me to lament his roving, and my own credulity. Believe me, Faulkland, I mean not to upbraid you, when I say, that I have often dressed sorrow in smiles, lest my friends should guess whose unkindness had caused my tears.

*Faulk.* You were ever all goodness to me.—Oh, I am a brute, when I but admit a doubt of your true constancy!

*Jul.* If ever without such cause from you, as I will not suppose possible, you find my affections veering but a point, may I become a proverbial scoff for levity and base ingratitude.

*Faulk.* Ah! Julia, that last word is grating to me. I would I had no title to your gratitude! Search your heart, Julia; perhaps what you have mistaken for love, is but the warm effusion of a too thankful heart!

*Jul.* For what quality must I love you?

*Faulk.* For no quality! To regard me for any quality of mind or understanding, were only to esteem me. And for person—I have often wished myself deformed, to be convinced that I owed no obligation there for any part of your affection.

*Jul.* Where nature has bestowed a show of nice attention in the features of a man, he should laugh at it as misplaced. I have seen men, who in this vain article, perhaps, might rank above you; but my heart has never asked my eyes if it were so or not.

*Faulk.* Now this is not well from you, Julia,—I despise person in a man—yet if you loved me as I wish, though I were an Æthiop, you'd think none so fair.

*Jul.* I see you are determined to be unkind!—The contract which my poor father bound us in gives you more than a lover's privilege.

*Faulk.* Again, Julia, you raise ideas that feed and justify my doubts.—I would not have been more free—no—I am proud of my restraint.—Yet—yet—perhaps your high respect alone for this solemn compact has fettered your inclinations, which else had made a worthier choice.—How shall I be sure, had you remained unbound in thought and promise, that I should still have been the object of your persevering love?

*Jul.* Then try me now.—Let us be free as strangers as to what is past:—my heart will not feel more liberty!

*Faulk.* There now! so hasty, Julia! so anxious to be free!—If your love for me were fixed and ardent, you would not lose your hold, even though I wished it!

*Jul.* Oh! you torture me to the heart! I cannot bear it.

*Faulk.* I do not mean to distress you. If I loved you less, I should never give you an uneasy moment.—But hear me.—All my fretful

doubts arise from this.—Women are not used to weigh and separate the motives of their affections: the cold dictates of prudence, gratitude, or filial duty, may sometimes be mistaken for the pleadings of the heart. I would not boast—yet let me say, that I have neither age, person, nor character, to found dislike on;—my fortune such as few ladies could be charged with indiscretion in the match. O Julia! when love receives such countenance from prudence, nice minds will be suspicious of its birth.

*Jul.* I know not whither your insinuations would tend:—but as they seem pressing to insult me, I will spare you the regret of having done so.—I have given you no cause for this! [*Exit in tears.*]

*Faulk.* In tears! Stay, Julia: stay but for a moment.—The door is fastened!—Julia!—my soul—but for one moment!—I hear her sobbing!—'Sdeath! what a brute am I to use her thus! Yet stay.—Ay—she is coming now:—how little resolution there is in woman!—how a few soft words can turn them!—No, faith!—she is not coming either.—Why, Julia—my love—say but that you forgive me—come but to tell me that—now this is being too resentful.—Stay! she is coming too—I thought she would—no steadiness in anything! her going away must have been a mere trick then—she sha'n't see that I was hurt by it.—I'll affect indifference—[*Hums a tune: then listens.*] No—zounds! she's not coming!—nor don't intend it, I suppose.—This is not steadiness, but obstinacy! Yet I deserve it.—What, after so long an absence to quarrel with her tenderness!—'twas barbarous and unmanly!—I should be ashamed to see her now.—I'll wait till her just resentment is abated—and when I distress her so again, may I lose her for ever! and be linked instead to some antique virago, whose gnawing passions, and long hoarded spleen, shall make me curse my folly half the day and all the night. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Mrs. MALAPROP'S Lodgings.

Mrs. MALAPROP, with a letter in her hand, and Captain ABSOLUTE.

*Mrs. Mal.* Your being sir Anthony's son, captain, would itself be a sufficient accommodation; but from the ingenuity of your appearance, I am convinced you deserve the character here given of you.

*Abs.* Permit me to say, madam, that as I never yet have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Languish, my principal inducement in this affair at present is the honour of being allied to Mrs. Malaprop; of whose intellectual accomplishments, elegant manners, and unaffected learning, no tongue is silent.

*Mrs. Mal.* Sir, you do me infinite honour! I beg, captain, you'll be seated.—[*They sit.*] Ah! few gentlemen, now-a-days, know how to value the ineffectual qualities in a woman! few think how a little knowledge becomes a gentlewoman!—Men have no sense now but for the worthless flower of beauty!

*Abs.* It is but too true indeed, ma'am;—yet I fear our ladies should share the blame—they think our admiration of beauty so great, that knowledge in them would be superfluous. Thus, like garden-trees, they seldom show fruit, till time

has robbed them of the more specious blossom.—Few, like Mrs. Malaprop and the orange-tree, are rich in both at once!

*Mrs. Mal.* Sir, you overpower me with good-breeding.—He is the very pine-apple of politeness!—You are not ignorant, captain, that this giddy girl has somehow contrived to fix her affections on a beggarly, strolling, eaves-dropping ensign, whom none of us have seen, and nobody knows anything of.

*Abs.* Oh, I have heard the silly affair before.—I'm not at all prejudiced against her on that account.

*Mrs. Mal.* You are very good and very considerate, captain. I am sure I have done everything in my power since I exploded the affair; long ago I laid my positive conjunctions on her, never to think on the fellow again;—I have since laid sir Anthony's preposition before her; but, I am sorry to say, she seems resolved to decline every particle that I enjoin her.

*Abs.* It must be very distressing, indeed, ma'am.

*Mrs. Mal.* Oh! it gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree.—I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him; but, behold, this very day, I have interceded another letter from the fellow; I believe I have it in my pocket.

*Abs.* Oh, the devil! my last note. [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. Mal.* Ay, here it is.

*Abs.* Ay, my note indeed! O the little traitress Lucy. [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. Mal.* There, perhaps you may know the writing. [*Gives him the letter.*]

*Abs.* I think I have seen the hand before—yes, I certainly must have seen this hand before—

*Mrs. Mal.* Nay, but read it, captain.

*Abs.* [*Reads.*] *My soul's idol, my adored Lydia!*—Very tender indeed!

*Mrs. Mal.* Tender! ay, and profane too, o'my conscience!

*Abs.* [*Reads.*] *I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you send me, the more so as my new rival—*

*Mrs. Mal.* That's you, sir.

*Abs.* [*Reads.*] *Has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman and a man of honour.*—Well, that's handsome enough.

*Mrs. Mal.* Oh, the fellow has some design in writing so.

*Abs.* That he had, I'll answer for him, ma'am.

*Mrs. Mal.* But go on, sir,—you'll see presently.

*Abs.* [*Reads.*] *As for the old weather-beaten she-dragon who guards you—Who can he mean by that?*

*Mrs. Mal.* Me, sir—me!—he means me!—There—what do you think now?—but go on a little further.

*Abs.* Impudent scoundrel!—[*Reads.*] *it shall go hard but I will elude her vigilance, as I am told that the same ridiculous vanity, which makes her dress up her coarse features, and deck her dull chat with hard words which she don't understand—*

*Mrs. Mal.* There, sir, an attack upon my language! what do you think of that?—an aspersion upon my parts of speech! was ever such a brute! Sure, if I reprehend anything in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs!

*Abs.* He deserves to be hanged and quartered! let me see—[*Reads.*] *same ridiculous vanity—*

*Mrs. Mal.* You need not read it again, sir.

*Abs.* I beg pardon, ma'am.—[Reads.] *does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended admiration—an impudent coxcomb!—so that I have a scheme to see you shortly with the old harridan's consent, and even to make her a go-between in our interview.—Was ever such assurance!*

*Mrs. Mal.* Did you ever hear anything like it?—he'll elude my vigilance, will he—yes, yes! ha! ha! he's very likely to enter these doors;—we'll try who can plot best!

*Abs.* So we will, ma'am—so we will.—Ha! ha! ha! a conceited puppy, ha! ha! ha!—Well, but, *Mrs. Malaprop*, as the girl seems so infatuated by this fellow, suppose you were to wink at her corresponding with him for a little time—let her even plot an elopement with him—then do you connive at her escape—while I, just in the nick, will have the fellow laid by the heels, and fairly contrive to carry her off in his stead.

*Mrs. Mal.* I am delighted with the scheme; never was anything better perpetrated!

*Abs.* But, pray, could not I see the lady for a few minutes now?—I should like to try her temper a little.

*Mrs. Mal.* Why, I don't know—I doubt she is not prepared for a visit of this kind.—There is a decorum in these matters.

*Abs.* O Lord! she won't mind me—only tell her Beverley—

*Mrs. Mal.* Sir!

*Abs.* Gently, good tongue. [Aside.]

*Mrs. Mal.* What did you say of Beverley?

*Abs.* Oh, I was going to propose that you should tell her, by way of jest, that it was Beverley who was below—she'd come down fast enough then—ha! ha! ha!

*Mrs. Mal.* 'Twould be a trick she well deserves—besides, you know the fellow tells her he'll get my consent to see her—ha! ha!—Let him if he can, I say again.—*Lydia*, come down here!—[Calling.] He'll make me a go-between in their interviews!—ha! ha! ha!—Come down, I say, *Lydia*!—I don't wonder at your laughing, ha! ha! ha! his impudence is truly ridiculous.

*Abs.* 'Tis very ridiculous, upon my soul, ma'am, ha! ha! ha!

*Mrs. Mal.* The little hussy won't hear.—Well, I'll go and tell her at once who it is—she shall know that captain Absolute is come to wait on her.—And I'll make her behave as becomes a young woman.

*Abs.* As you please, ma'am.

*Mrs. Mal.* For the present, captain, your servant.—Ah! you've not done laughing yet, I see—elude my vigilance! yes, yes; ha! ha! ha!

[Exit.]

*Abs.* Ha! ha! ha! one would think now that I might throw off all disguise at once, and seize my prize with security—but such is *Lydia's* caprice, that to undecieve were probably to lose her.—I'll see whether she knows me.

[Walks aside, and seems engaged in looking at the pictures.]

Enter *LYDIA*.

*Lyd.* What a scene am I now to go through! surely nothing can be more dreadful than to be obliged to listen to the loathsome addresses of a stranger to one's heart.—I have heard of girls

persecuted as I am, who have appealed in behalf of their favoured lover to the generosity of his rival: suppose I were to try it—there stands the hated rival—an officer too!—but oh, how unlike my Beverley!—I wonder he don't begin—truly he seems a very negligent wooer!—quite at his ease, upon my word!—I'll speak first—*Mr. Absolute*.

*Abs.* Ma'am.

[Turns round]

*Lyd.* O heavens! Beverley!

*Abs.* Hush!—hush, my life! softly! be not surprised!

*Lyd.* I am so astonished! and so terrified! and so overjoyed!—for Heaven's sake! how came you here?

*Abs.* Briefly, I have deceived your aunt—I was informed that my new rival was to visit here this evening, and contriving to have him kept away, have passed myself on her for captain Absolute.

*Lyd.* O charming!—And she really takes you for young Absolute?

*Abs.* Oh, she's convinced of it.

*Lyd.* Ha! ha! ha! I can't forbear laughing to think how her sagacity is overreached!

*Abs.* But we trifle with our precious moments—such another opportunity may not occur—then let me now conjure my kind, my condescending angel, to fix the time when I may rescue her from undeserving persecution, and with a licensed warmth plead for my reward.

*Lyd.* Will you then, Beverley, consent to forfeit that portion of my paltry wealth?—that burden on the wings of love?

*Abs.* Oh, come to me—rich only thus—in love!—Bring no portion to me but thy love—'twill be generous in you, *Lydia*—for well you know, it is the only dower your poor Beverley can repay.

*Lyd.* How persuasive are his words!—how charming will poverty be with him? [Aside.]

*Abs.* Ah! my soul, what a life will we then live! Love shall be our idol and support! we will worship him with a monastic strictness; abjuring all worldly toys, to centre every thought and action there.—Proud of calamity, we will enjoy the wreck of wealth; while the surrounding gloom of adversity shall make the flame of our pure love show doubly bright.—By Heavens! I would fling all goods of fortune from me with a prodigal hand, to enjoy the scene where I might clasp my *Lydia* to my bosom, and say, the world affords no smile to me but here—[Embracing her.] If she holds out now, the devil is in it! [Aside.]

*Lyd.* Now could I fly with him to the antipodes! but my persecution is not yet come to a crisis.

[Aside.]

Re-enter *Mrs. MALAPROP*, listening.

*Mrs. Mal.* I am impatient to know how the little hussy departs herself. [Aside.]

*Abs.* So pensive, *Lydia*!—is then your warmth abated?

*Mrs. Mal.* Warmth abated!—so!—she has been in a passion, I suppose. [Aside.]

*Lyd.* No—nor ever can while I have life.

*Mrs. Mal.* An ill-tempered little devil!—She'll be in a passion all her life—will she? [Aside.]

*Lyd.* Think not the idle threats of my ridiculous aunt can ever have any weight with me.

*Mrs. Mal.* Very dutiful, upon my word! [Aside.]

*Lyd.* Let her choice be captain Absolute, but Beverley is mine.

*Mrs. Mal.* I am astonished at her assurance!—  
to his face—this is to his face! [*Aside.*]

*Abs.* Thus then let me enforce my suit.

[*Kneeling.*]

*Mrs. Mal.* [*Aside.*] Ay, poor young man!—  
down on his knees entreating for pity!—I can  
contain no longer.—[*Coming forward.*] Why, thou  
vixen!—I have overheard you.

*Abs.* Oh, confound her vigilance! [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. Mal.* Captain Absolute, I know not how  
to apologise for her shocking rudeness.

*Abs.* [*Aside.*] So—all's safe, I find.—[*Aloud.*]  
I have hopes, madam, that time will bring the  
young lady—

*Mrs. Mal.* Oh, there's nothing to be hoped for  
from her! she's as headstrong as an allegory on the  
banks of Nile.

*Lyd.* Nay, madam, what do you charge me with  
now?

*Mrs. Mal.* Why, thou unblushing rebel—didn't  
you tell this gentleman to his face that you loved  
another better?—didn't you say you never would  
be his?

*Lyd.* No, madam—I did not.

*Mrs. Mal.* Good Heavens! what assurance!—  
Lydia, Lydia, you ought to know that lying don't  
become a young woman!—Didn't you boast that  
Beverley, that stroller Beverley, possessed your  
heart?—Tell me that, I say.

*Lyd.* 'Tis true, ma'am, and none but Beverley—

*Mrs. Mal.* Hold!—hold, Assurance!—you shall  
not be so rude.

*Abs.* Nay, pray, Mrs. Malaprop, don't stop the  
young lady's speech:—she's very welcome to talk  
thus—it does not hurt me in the least, I assure  
you.

*Mrs. Mal.* You are too good, captain—too  
amiably patient—but come with me, miss—Let us  
see you again soon, captain—remember what we  
have fixed.

*Abs.* I shall, ma'am.

*Mrs. Mal.* Come, take a graceful leave of the  
gentleman.

*Lyd.* May every blessing wait on my Beverley,  
my loved Bev—

*Mrs. Mal.* Hussy! I'll choke the word in your  
throat!—come along—come along.

[*Exeunt severally: Captain Absolute kissing his  
hand to LYDIA—Mrs. MALAPROP stopping her from  
speaking.*]

#### SCENE IV.—ACRES'S Lodgings.

ACRES, as just dressed, and DAVID.

*Acres.* Indeed, David—do you think I become  
it so?

*Dav.* You are quite another creature, believe  
me, master, by the mass! an' we've any luck we  
shall see the Devon monkerony in all the print-  
shops in Bath!

*Acres.* Dress does make a difference, David.

*Dav.* 'Tis all in all, I think.—Difference! why,  
an' you were to go now to Clod-hall, I am certain  
the old lady wouldn't know you: master Butler  
wouldn't believe his own eyes, and Mrs. Pickle  
would cry, Lard presarve me! our dairy-maid  
would come giggling to the door, and I warrant  
Dolly Tester, your honour's favourite, would blush

like my waistcoat.—Oons! I'll hold a gallon, there  
an't a dog in the house but would bark, and I  
question whether Phillis would wag a hair of her  
tail!

*Acres.* Ay, David, there's nothing like polishing.

*Dav.* So I says of your honour's boots; but the  
boy never heeds me!

*Acres.* But, David, has Mr. De-la-grace been  
here? I must rub up my balancing, and chasing,  
and boring.

*Dav.* I'll call again, sir.

*Acres.* Do—and see if there are any letters for  
me at the post-office.

*Dav.* I will.—By the mass, I can't help looking  
at your head!—if I hadn't been by at the cooking,  
I wish I may die if I should have known the dish  
again myself! [*Exit.*]

*Acres.* [*Practising a dancing-step.*] Sink, slide  
—coupee.—Confound the first inventors of cotil-  
lons! say I—they are as bad as algebra to us  
country gentlemen—I can walk a minuet easy  
enough when I am forced!—and I have been ac-  
counted a good stick in a countrydance.—Odds  
jigs and tabors! I never valued your cross-over to  
couple—figure in—right and left—and I'd foot it  
with e'er a captain in the county!—but these out-  
landish heathen allemandes and cotillions are quite  
beyond me!—I shall never prosper at 'em, that's  
sure—mine are true-born English legs—they don't  
understand their curst French lingo!—their *pas*  
this, and *pas* that, and *pas* t'other!—damn me!  
my feet don't like to be called paws! no, 'tis cer-  
tain I have most Antigallican toes!

Enter Servant.

*Serv.* Here is sir Lucius O'Trigger to wait on  
you, sir.

*Acres.* Show him in. [*Exit Servant.*]

Enter Sir LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

*Sir Luc.* Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace  
you.

*Acres.* My dear sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

*Sir Luc.* Pray, my friend, what has brought you  
so suddenly to Bath?

*Acres.* Faith! I have followed Cupid's Jack-a-  
lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last.—  
In short, I have been very ill used, sir Lucius.—I  
don't choose to mention names, but look on me as  
on a very ill-used gentleman.

*Sir Luc.* Pray what is the case?—I ask no  
names.

*Acres.* Mark me, sir Lucius, I fall as deep as  
need be in love with a young lady—her friends take  
my part—I follow her to Bath—send word of my  
arrival; and receive answer, that the lady is to be  
otherwise disposed of.—This, sir Lucius, I call being  
ill used.

*Sir Luc.* Very ill, upon my conscience.—Pray,  
can you divine the cause of it?

*Acres.* Why, there's the matter: she has another  
lover, one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath.  
—Odds slanders and lies! he must be at the bot-  
tom of it.

*Sir Luc.* A rival in the case, is there?—and you  
think he has supplanted you unfairly?

*Acres.* Unfairly! to be sure he has. He never  
could have done it fairly.

*Sir Luc.* Then sure you know what is to be  
done!



*Acres.* Not I, upon my soul!

*Sir Luc.* We wear no swords here, but you understand me.

*Acres.* What! fight him!

*Sir Luc.* Ay, to be sure: what can I mean else?

*Acres.* But he has given me no provocation.

*Sir Luc.* Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another than to fall in love with the same woman? Oh, by my soul! it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

*Acres.* Breach of friendship! ay, ay; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

*Sir Luc.* That's no argument at all—he has the less right then to take such a liberty.

*Acres.* Gad, that's true—I grow full of anger, sir Lucius!—I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valour in him, and not know it! But couldn't I contrive to have a little right of my side?

*Sir Luc.* What the devil signifies right, when your honour is concerned? Do you think Achilles, or my little Alexander the Great, ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul, they drew their broad-swords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

*Acres.* Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart! I believe courage must be catching! I certainly do feel a kind of valour rising as it were—a kind of courage, as I may say.—Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

*Sir Luc.* Ah, my little friend, if I had Blunderbuss Hall here, I could show you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the new room; every one of whom had killed his man!—For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank heaven our honour and the family-pictures are as fresh as ever.

*Acres.* O sir Lucius! I have had ancestors too!—every man of 'em colonel or captain in the militia!—Odds balls and barrels! say no more—I'm braced for it. The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast;—Zounds! as the man in the play says, *I could do such deeds!*—

*Sir Luc.* Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case—these things should always be done civilly.

*Acres.* I must be in a passion, sir Lucius—I must be in a rage.—Dear sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me. Come, here's pen and paper.—*[Sits down to write.]* I would the ink were red!

—Indite, I say indite!—How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good bold hand, however.

*Sir Luc.* Pray compose yourself.

*Acres.* Come—now, shall I begin with an oath? Do, sir Lucius, let me begin with a damme.

*Sir Luc.* Pho! pho! do the thing decently, and like a Christian. Begin now—*Sir,*—

*Acres.* That's too civil by half.

*Sir Luc.* *To prevent the confusion that might arise—*

*Acres.* Well—

*Sir Luc.* *From our both addressing the same lady—*

*Acres.* Ay, there's the reason—*same lady—* well—

*Sir Luc.* *I shall expect the honour of your company—*

*Acres.* Zounds! I'm not asking him to dinner.

*Sir Luc.* Pray be easy.

*Acres.* Well then, *honour of your company—*

*Sir Luc.* *To settle our pretensions—*

*Acres.* Well.

*Sir Luc.* Let me see, ay, King's Mead-field will do—in *King's Mead-fields.*

*Acres.* So, that's done.—Well, I'll fold it up presently; my own crest—a hand and dagger shall be the seal.

*Sir Luc.* You see now this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

*Acres.* Ay, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

*Sir Luc.* Now, I'll leave you to fix your own time.—Take my advice, and you'll decide it this evening if you can; then let the worst come of it, 'twill be off your mind to-morrow.

*Acres.* Very true.

*Sir Luc.* So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening.—I would do myself the honour to carry your message; but, to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here, who put a jest on me lately, at the expense of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman, to call him out.

*Acres.* By my valour, I should like to see you fight first! Odds life! I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson.

*Sir Luc.* I shall be very proud of instructing you.—Well for the present—but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do every thing in a mild and agreeable manner.—Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as your sword. *[Exit severally.]*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—ACRES'S Lodgings.

ACRES and DAVID.

*Dav.* Then, by the mass, sir! I would do no such thing—ne'er a sir Lucius O'Trigger in the kingdom should make me fight, when I wa'n't so minded. Oons! what will the old lady say, when she hears o't?

*Acres.* Ah! David, if you had heard sir Lucius!—Odds sparks and flames! he would have roused your valour.

*Dav.* Not he, indeed. I hates such bloodthirsty cormorants. Look'ee, master, if you'd wanted a bout at boxing, quarter-staff, or short-staff, I should never be the man to bid you cry off: but for your curst sharps and snaps, I never knew any good come of 'em.

*Acres.* But my honour, David, my honour! I must be very careful of my honour.

*Dav.* Ay, by the mass! and I would be very careful of it; and I think in return my honour couldn't do less than to be very careful of me.

*Acres.* Odds blades! David, no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honour!

*Dav.* I say then, it would be but civil in honour never to risk the loss of a gentleman.—Look'ee, master, this honour seems to me to be a marvellous false friend: ay, truly, a very courtier-like servant.—Put the case, I was a gentleman (which, thank God, no one can say of me); well—my honour makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance.—So—we fight. (Pleasant enough that!) Boh!—I kill him—(the more's my luck!) Now, pray who gets the profit of it?—Why, my honour. But put the case that he kills me!—by the mass! I go to the worms, and my honour whips over to my enemy.

*Acres.* No, David—in that case!—Odds crowns and laurels! your honour follows you to the grave.

*Dav.* Now, that's just the place where I could make a shift to do without it.

*Acres.* Zounds! David, you are a coward!—It doesn't become my valour to listen to you.—What, shall I disgrace my ancestors?—Think of that, David—think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors!

*Dav.* Under favour, the surest way of not disgracing them, is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look'ee now, master, to go to them in such haste—with an ounce of lead in your brains—I should think might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

*Acres.* But, David, now, you don't think there is such very, very, very great danger, hey?—Odds life! people often fight without any mischief done!

*Dav.* By the mass, I think 'tis ten to one against you!—Oons! here to meet some lion-headed fellow, I warrant, with his damned double-barrelled swords, and cut-and-thrust pistols!—Lord bless us! it makes me tremble to think o't!—Those be such desperate bloody-minded weapons! Well, I never could abide 'em—from a child I never could fancy 'em!—I suppose there an't been so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol!

*Acres.* Zounds! I won't be afraid!—Odds fire and fury! you shan't make me afraid.—Here is the challenge, and I have sent for my dear friend Jack Absolute to carry it for me.

*Dav.* Ay, i'the name of mischief, let him be the messenger.—For my part, I wouldn't lend a hand to it for the best horse in your stable. By the mass! it don't look like another letter! It is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter; and I warrant smells of gunpowder like a soldier's pouch!—Oons! I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off!

*Acres.* Out, you poltroon! you han't the valour of a grasshopper.

*Dav.* Well, I say no more—'twill be sad news, to be sure, at Clod-Hall! but I ha' done.—How Phillis will howl when she hears of it!—Ay, poor bitch, she little thinks what shooting her master's going after! And I warrant old Crop, who has carried your honour, field and road, these ten years, will curse the hour he was born. [Whimpering.]

*Acres.* It won't do, David—I am determined to fight—so get along, you coward, while I'm in the mind.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Captain Absolute, sir.

*Acres.* Oh! show him up. [Exit Servant.]

*Dav.* Well, Heaven send we be all alive this time to-morrow.

*Acres.* What's that?—Don't provoke me, David!

*Dav.* Good-bye, master. [Whimpering.]

*Acres.* Get along, you cowardly, dastardly, croaking raven! [Exit DAVID.]

*Enter Captain ABSOLUTE.*

*Abs.* What's the matter, Bob?

*Acres.* A vile, sheep-hearted blockhead! If I hadn't the valour of St. George and the dragon to boot—

*Abs.* But what did you want with me, Bob?

*Acres.* Oh!—There— [Gives him the challenge.]

*Abs.* [Aside.] To Ensign Beverley.—So, what's going on now!—[Aloud.] Well, what's this?

*Acres.* A challenge!

*Abs.* Indeed! Why, you won't fight him; will you, Bob?

*Acres.* Egad, but I will, Jack. Sir Lucius has wrought me to it. He has left me full of rage—and I'll fight this evening, that so much good passion mayn't be wasted.

*Abs.* But what have I to do with this?

*Acres.* Why, as I think you know something of this fellow, I want you to find him out for me, and give him this mortal defiance.

*Abs.* Well, give it to me, and trust me he gets it.

*Acres.* Thank you, my dear friend, my dear Jack; but it is giving you a great deal of trouble.

*Abs.* Not in the least—I beg you won't mention it.—No trouble in the world, I assure you.

*Acres.* You are very kind.—What it is to have a friend!—You couldn't be my second, could you, Jack?

*Abs.* Why no, Bob—not in this affair—it would not be quite so proper.

*Acres.* Well, then, I must get my friend sir Lucius. I shall have your good wishes, however, Jack?

*Abs.* Whenever he meets you, believe me.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir Anthony Absolute is below, inquiring for the captain.

*Abs.* I'll come instantly.—[Exit Servant.] Well, my little hero, success attend you. [Going.]

*Acres.* Stay—stay, Jack.—If Beverley should ask you what kind of a man your friend Acres is, do tell him I am a devil of a fellow—will you, Jack?

*Abs.* To be sure I shall. I'll say you are a determined dog—hey, Bob!

*Acres.* Ay, do, do—and if that frightens him, egad, perhaps he mayn't come. So tell him I generally kill a man a-week; will you, Jack?

*Abs.* I will, I will; I'll say you are called in the country Fighting Bob.

*Acres.* Right—right—'tis all to prevent mischief; for I don't want to take his life if I clear my honour.

*Abs.* No!—that's very kind of you.

*Acres.* Why, you don't wish me to kill him—do you, Jack?

*Abs.* No, upon my soul, I do not. But a devil of a fellow, hey? [*Going.*]

*Acres.* True, true—but stay—stay, Jack—you may add, that you never saw me in such a rage before—a most devouring rage!

*Abs.* I will, I will.

*Acres.* Remember, Jack—a determined dog!

*Abs.* Ay, ay, Fighting Bob! [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—Mrs. MALAPROP's Lodgings.

Mrs. MALAPROP and LYDIA.

*Mrs. Mal.* Why, thou perverse one!—tell me what you can object to him? Isn't he a handsome man?—tell me that. A genteel man? a pretty figure of a man?

*Lyd.* [*Aside.*] She little thinks whom she is praising!—[*Aloud.*] So is Beverley, ma'am.

*Mrs. Mal.* No caparisons, miss, if you please. Caparisons don't become a young woman. No! Captain Absolute is indeed a fine gentleman!

*Lyd.* Ay, the captain Absolute you have seen.

[*Aside.*]

*Mrs. Mal.* Then he's so well bred;—so full of alacrity and adulation!—and has so much to say for himself:—in such good language too! His physiognomy so grammatical! Then his presence is so noble! I protest when I saw him, I thought of what Hamlet says in the play:—

“Hesperian curls—the front of Job himself!—  
An eye, like March, to threaten at command!—  
A station, like Harry Mercury, new—”

Something about kissing—on a hill—however, the similitude struck me directly.

*Lyd.* How enraged she'll be presently when she discovers her mistake! [*Aside.*]

Enter Servant.

*Ser.* Sir Anthony and captain Absolute are below, ma'am.

*Mrs. Mal.* Show them up here.—[*Exit Servant.*] Now, Lydia, I insist on your behaving as becomes a young woman. Show your good breeding, at least, though you have forgot your duty.

*Lyd.* Madam, I have told you my resolution!—I shall not only give him no encouragement, but I won't even speak to, or look at him.

[*Flings herself into a chair, with her face from the door.*]

Enter Sir ANTHONY ABSOLUTE and Captain ABSOLUTE.

*Sir Anth.* Here we are, Mrs. Malaprop; come to mitigate the frowns of unrelenting beauty,—and difficulty enough I had to bring this fellow.—I don't know what's the matter; but if I had not held him by force, he'd have given me the slip.

*Mrs. Mal.* You have infinite trouble, sir Anthony, in the affair. I am ashamed for the cause!—[*Aside to LYDIA.*] Lydia, Lydia, rise, I beseech you!—pay your respects!

*Sir Anth.* I hope, madam, that Miss Languish has reflected on the worth of this gentleman, and the regard due to her aunt's choice, and my alliance.—[*Aside to Captain ABSOLUTE.*] Now, Jack, speak to her.

*Abs.* [*Aside.*] What the devil shall I do!—[*Aside to Sir ANTHONY.*] You see, sir, she won't even look at me whilst you are here. I knew she

wouldn't! I told you so. Let me entreat you, sir, to leave us together!

[*Seems to expostulate with his father.*]

*Lyd.* [*Aside.*] I wonder I han't heard my aunt exclaim yet! sure she can't have looked at him!—perhaps their regimentals are alike, and she is something blind.

*Sir Anth.* I say, sir, I won't stir a foot yet!

*Mrs. Mal.* I am sorry to say, sir Anthony, that my affluence over my niece is very small.—[*Aside to LYDIA.*] Turn round, Lydia: I blush for you!

*Sir Anth.* May I not flatter myself, that Miss Languish will assign what cause of dislike she can have to my son!—[*Aside to Captain ABSOLUTE.*] Why don't you begin, Jack?—Speak, you puppy—speak!

*Mrs. Mal.* It is impossible, sir Anthony, she can have any. She will not say she has.—[*Aside to LYDIA.*] Answer, hussy! why don't you answer?

*Sir Anth.* Then, madam, I trust that a childish and hasty predilection will be no bar to Jack's happiness.—[*Aside to Captain ABSOLUTE.*]—Zounds! sirrah! why don't you speak!

*Lyd.* [*Aside.*] I think my lover seems as little inclined to conversation as myself.—How strangely blind my aunt must be!

*Abs.* Hem! hem! madam—hem!—[*Attempts to speak, then returns to Sir ANTHONY.*] Faith! sir, I am so confounded!—and—so—so—confused!—I told you I should be so, sir—I knew it.—The—tremor of my passion entirely takes away my presence of mind.

*Sir Anth.* But it don't take away your voice, fool, does it?—Go up, and speak to her directly!

[*Captain ABSOLUTE makes signs to Mrs. MALAPROP to leave them together.*]

*Mrs. Mal.* Sir Anthony, shall we leave them together?—[*Aside to LYDIA.*] Ah! you stubborn little vixen!

*Sir Anth.* Not yet, ma'am, not yet!—[*Aside to Captain ABSOLUTE.*] What the devil are you at? unlock your jaws, sirrah, or—

*Abs.* [*Aside.*] Now Heaven send she may be too sullen to look round!—I must disguise my voice.—[*Draws near LYDIA, and speaks in a low hoarse tone.*] Will not Miss Languish lend an ear to the mild accents of true love? Will not—

*Sir Anth.* What the devil ails the fellow? Why don't you speak out?—not stand croaking like a frog in a quinsy!

*Abs.* The—the—excess of my awe, and my—my—my modesty, quite choke me!

*Sir Anth.* Ah! your modesty again?—I'll tell you what, Jack; if you don't speak out directly, and glibly too, I shall be in such a rage!—Mrs. Malaprop, I wish the lady would favour us with something more than a side-front.

[*Mrs. MALAPROP seems to hide LYDIA.*]

*Abs.* [*Aside.*] So all will out, I see!—[*Goes up to LYDIA, speaks softly.*] Be not surprised, my Lydia, suppress all surprise at present.

*Lyd.* [*Aside.*] Heavens! 'tis Beverley's voice! Sure he can't have imposed on Sir Anthony too!—[*Looks round by degrees, then starts up.*] Is this possible!—my Beverley!—how can this be?—my Beverley?

*Abs.* Ah! 'tis all over.

[*Aside.*]

*Sir Anth.* Beverley!—the devil—Beverley!—What can the girl mean?—This is my son Jack Absolute.

*Mrs. Mal.* For shame, hussy! for shame!—your head runs so on that fellow, that you have him always in your eyes!—beg captain Absolute's pardon directly.

*Lyd.* I see no captain Absolute, but my loved Beverley!

*Sir Anth.* Zounds! the girl's mad!—her brain's turned by reading.

*Mrs. Mal.* O' my conscience, I believe so!—What do you mean by Beverley, hussy?—You saw captain Absolute before to-day; there he is—your husband that shall be.

*Lyd.* With all my soul, ma'am—when I refuse my Beverley—

*Sir Anth.* Oh! she's as mad as Bedlam!—or has this fellow been playing us a rogue's trick!—Come here, sirrah, who the devil are you?

*Abs.* Faith, sir, I am not quite clear myself; but I'll endeavour to recollect.

*Sir Anth.* Are you my son or not?—answer for your mother, you dog, if you won't for me.

*Mrs. Mal.* Ay, sir, who are you? O mercy! I begin to suspect!

*Abs.* [*Aside.*] Ye powers of impudence, befriend me!—[*Aloud.*] Sir Anthony, most assuredly I am your wife's son: and that I sincerely believe myself to be yours also, I hope my duty has always shown—Mrs. Malaprop, I am your most respectful admirer, and shall be proud to add affectionate nephew.—I need not tell my Lydia, that she sees her faithful Beverley, who, knowing the singular generosity of her temper, assumed that name and a station, which has proved a test of the most disinterested love, which he now hopes to enjoy in a more elevated character.

*Lyd.* So!—there will be no elopement after all!  
[*Sullenly.*]

*Sir Anth.* Upon my soul, Jack, thou art a very impudent fellow! to do you justice, I think I never saw a piece of more consummate assurance!

*Abs.* Oh, you flatter me, sir,—you compliment—'tis my modesty you know, sir—my modesty that has stood in my way.

*Sir Anth.* Well, I am glad you are not the dull, insensible varlet you pretended to be, however!—I'm glad you have made a fool of your father, your dog—I am. So this was your *penitence*, your *duty* and *obedience*!—I thought it was damned sudden! You never heard their names before, not you!—*what the Languishes of Worcestershire*, hey?—*if you could please me in the affair it was all you desired*!—Ah! you dissembling villain!—What! [*Pointing to LYDIA*] *she squints don't she?—a little red-haired girl!*—hey?—Why, you hypocritical young rascal!—I wonder you an't ashamed to hold up your head!

*Abs.* 'Tis with difficulty, sir.—I am confused—very much confused, as you must perceive.

*Mrs. Mal.* O Lud! Sir Anthony!—a new light breaks in upon me!—hey!—how! what! captain, did you write the letters then?—What—am I to thank you for the elegant compilation of an *old weather-beaten she-dragon*—hey!—O mercy!—was it you that reflected on my parts of speech?

*Abs.* Dear sir! my modesty will be overpowered at last, if you don't assist me.—I shall certainly not be able to stand it!

*Sir Anth.* Come, come, Mrs. Malaprop, we must forget and forgive;—odds life! matters have taken so clever a turn all of a sudden, that I could

find in my heart to be so good-humoured! and so gallant! hey! Mrs. Malaprop!

*Mrs. Mal.* Well, sir Anthony, since you desire it, we will not anticipate the past!—so mind, young people—our retrospection will be all to the future.

*Sir Anth.* Come, we must leave them together; Mrs. Malaprop, they long to fly into each other's arms, I warrant!—Jack—isn't the cheek as I said, hey?—and the eye, you rogue!—and the lip—hey? Come, Mrs. Malaprop, we'll not disturb their tenderness—theirs is the time of life for happiness!—*Youth's the season made for joy*—[*Sings*]—hey!—Odds life! I'm in such spirits,—I don't know what I could not do!—Permit me, ma'am—[*Gives his hand to Mrs. MALAPROP.*] Tol-de-rol—'gad, I should like to have a little fooling myself—Tol-de-rol! de-rol.

[*Exit singing and handing Mrs. MALAPROP.—LYDIA sits sullenly in her chair.*]

*Abs.* [*Aside.*] So much thought bodes me no good.—[*Aloud.*] So grave, Lydia!

*Lyd.* Sir!

*Abs.* [*Aside.*] So!—egad! I thought as much!—that damned monosyllable has froze me!—[*Aloud.*] What, Lydia, now that we are as happy in our friends' consent, as in our mutual vows—

*Lyd.* Friends' consent indeed! [*Peevishly.*]

*Abs.* Come, come, we must lay aside some of our romance—a little wealth and comfort may be endured after all. And for your fortune, the lawyers shall make such settlements as—

*Lyd.* Lawyers! I hate lawyers!

*Abs.* Nay, then, we will not wait for their lingering forms, but instantly procure the licence, and—

*Lyd.* The licence!—I hate licence!

*Abs.* Oh my love! be not so unkind!—thus let me entreat— [*Kneeling.*]

*Lyd.* Psha!—what signifies kneeling, when you know I must have you?

*Abs.* [*Rising.*] Nay, madam, there shall be no constraint upon your inclinations, I promise you.—If I have lost your heart—I resign the rest.—[*Aside.*] 'Gad, I must try what a little spirit will do.

*Lyd.* [*Rising.*] Then, sir, let me tell you, the interest you had there was acquired by a mean, unmanly imposition, and deserves the punishment of fraud.—What, you have been treating me like a child!—humouring my romance! and laughing, I suppose, at your success!

*Abs.* You wrong me, Lydia, you wrong me—only hear—

*Lyd.* So, while I fondly imagined we were deceiving my relations, and flattered myself that I should outwit and incense them all—behold my hopes are to be crushed at once, by my aunt's consent and approbation—and I am myself the only dupe at last!—[*Walking about in a heat.*] But here, sir, here is the picture—Beverley's picture! [*taking a miniature from her bosom*] which I have worn, night and day, in spite of threats and entreaties!—There, sir; [*flings it to him*] and be assured I throw the original from my heart as easily.

*Abs.* Nay, nay, ma'am, we will not differ as to that.—Here, [*taking out a picture*] here is Miss Lydia Languish.—What a difference!—ay, there is the heavenly assenting smile that first gave soul and spirit to my hopes!—those are the lips which

sealed a vow, as yet scarce dry in Cupid's calendar ! and there the half-resentful blush, that would have checked the ardour of my thanks !—Well, all that's past !—all over indeed !—There, madam—in beauty, that copy is not equal to you, but in my mind its merit over the original, in being still the same, is such—that—I cannot find in my heart to part with it. *[Puts it up again.]*

*Lyd.* *[Softening.]* 'Tis your own doing, sir—I, I, I suppose you are perfectly satisfied.

*Abs.* O, most certainly—sure, now, this is much better than being in love !—ha ! ha ! ha !—there's some spirit in this !—What signifies breaking some scores of solemn promises :—all that's of no consequence, you know.—To be sure people will say, that miss didn't know her own mind—but never mind that ! Or, perhaps, they may be ill-natured enough to hint, that the gentleman grew tired of the lady and forsook her—but don't let that fret you.

*Lyd.* There is no bearing his insolence.

*[Bursts into tears.]*

*Re-enter Mrs. MALAPROP and Sir ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.*

*Mrs. Mal.* Come, we must interrupt your billing and cooing awhile.

*Lyd.* This is worse than your treachery and deceit, you base ingrate ! *[Sobbing.]*

*Sir Anth.* What the devil's the matter now !—Zounds ! Mrs. Malaprop, this is the oddest billing and cooing I ever heard !—but what the deuce is the meaning of it ?—I am quite astonished !

*Abs.* Ask the lady, sir.

*Mrs. Mal.* Oh mercy !—I'm quite analysed, for my part !—Why, Lydia, what is the reason of this ?

*Lyd.* Ask the gentleman, ma'am.

*Sir Anth.* Zounds ! I shall be in a frenzy !—Why, Jack, you are not come out to be any one else, are you ?

*Mrs. Mal.* Ay, sir, there's no more trick, is there ?—you are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you ?

*Abs.* You'll not let me speak—I say the lady can account for this much better than I can.

*Lyd.* Ma'am, you once commanded me never to think of Beverley again—there is the man—I now obey you : for, from this moment, I renounce him for ever. *[Exit.]*

*Mrs. Mal.* O mercy ! and miracles ! what a turn here is—why sure, captain, you haven't behaved disrespectfully to my niece.

*Sir Anth.* Ha ! ha ! ha !—ha ! ha ! ha !—now I see it. Ha ! ha ! ha !—now I see it—you have been too lively, Jack.

*Abs.* Nay, sir, upon my word—

*Sir Anth.* Come, no lying, Jack—I'm sure 'twas so.

*Mrs. Mal.* O Lud ! sir Anthony !—O fy, captain !

*Abs.* Upon my soul, ma'am—

*Sir Anth.* Come, no excuses, Jack ; why, your father, you rogue, was so before you :—the blood of the Absolutes was always impatient.—Ha ! ha ! ha ! poor little Lydia ! why, you've frightened her, you dog, you have.

*Abs.* By all that's good, sir—

*Sir Anth.* Zounds ! say no more, I tell you—Mrs. Malaprop shall make your peace.—You must make his peace, Mrs. Malaprop :—you must tell

her 'tis Jack's way—tell her 'tis all our ways—it runs in the blood of our family !—Come away, Jack—Ha ! ha ! ha ! Mrs. Malaprop—a young villain ! *[Pushing him out.]*

*Mrs. Mal.* O ! sir Anthony !—O fy, captain ! *[Exit severally.]*

SCENE III.—*The North Parade.*

*Enter Sir LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.*

*Sir Luc.* I wonder where this captain Absolute hides himself ! Upon my conscience ! these officers are always in one's way in love affairs :—I remember I might have married lady Dorothy Carmine, if it had not been for a little rogue of a major, who ran away with her before she could get a sight of me ! And I wonder too what it is the ladies can see in them to be so fond of them—unless it be a touch of the old serpent in 'em, that makes the little creatures be caught, like vipers, with a bit of red cloth. Ha ! isn't this the captain coming ?—faith it is !—There is a probability of succeeding about that fellow, that is mighty provoking ! Who the devil is he talking to ? *[Steps aside.]*

*Enter Captain ABSOLUTE.*

*Abs.* *[Aside.]* To what fine purpose I have been plotting ? a noble reward for all my schemes, upon my soul !—a little gipsy !—I did not think her romance could have made her so damned absurd either. 'Sdeath, I never was in a worse humour in my life !—I could cut my own throat, or any other person's, with the greatest pleasure in the world !

*Sir Luc.* Oh, faith ! I'm in the luck of it. I never could have found him in a sweeter temper for my purpose—to be sure I'm just come in the nick ! Now to enter into conversation with him, and so quarrel genteelly.—*[Goes up to Captain ABSOLUTE.]* With regard to that matter, captain, I must beg leave to differ in opinion with you.

*Abs.* Upon my word, then, you must be a very subtle disputant :—because, sir, I happened just then to be giving no opinion at all.

*Sir Luc.* That's no reason. For give me leave to tell you, a man may think an untruth as well as speak one.

*Abs.* Very true, sir ; but if a man never utters his thoughts, I should think they might stand a chance of escaping controversy.

*Sir Luc.* Then, sir, you differ in opinion with me, which amounts to the same thing.

*Abs.* Hark'ee, sir Lucius ; if I had not before known you to be a gentleman, upon my soul, I should not have discovered it at this interview : for what you can drive at, unless you mean to quarrel with me, I cannot conceive !

*Sir Luc.* I humbly thank you, sir, for the quickness of your apprehension.—*[Bowing.]* You have named the very thing I would be at.

*Abs.* Very well, sir ; I shall certainly not balk your inclinations.—But I should be glad you would please to explain your motives.

*Sir Luc.* Pray, sir, be easy ; the quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands ; we should only spoil it by trying to explain it. However, your memory is very short, or you could not have forgot

an affront you passed on me within this week.—So, no more, but name your time and place.

*Abs.* Well, sir, since you are so bent on it, the sooner the better; let it be this evening—here, by the Spring Gardens. We shall scarcely be interrupted.

*Sir Luc.* Faith! that same interruption in affairs of this nature shows very great ill-breeding.—I don't know what's the reason, but in England, if a thing of this kind gets wind, people make such a pother, that a gentleman can never fight in peace and quietness. However, if it's the same to you, captain, I should take it as a particular kindness if you'd let us meet in King's-Mead-Fields, as a little business will call me there about six o'clock, and I may despatch both matters at once.

*Abs.* 'Tis the same to me exactly. A little after six, then, we will discuss this matter more seriously.

*Sir Luc.* If you please, sir; there will be very pretty small-sword light, though it won't do for a long shot.—So that matter's settled, and my mind's at ease! [Exit.]

*Enter FAULKLAND.*

*Abs.* Well met! I was going to look for you.—O Faulkland! all the demons of spite and disappointment have conspired against me! I'm so vexed, that if I had not the prospect of a resource in being knocked o' the head by-and-by, I should scarce have spirits to tell you the cause.

*Faulk.* What can you mean?—Has Lydia changed her mind?—I should have thought her duty and inclination would now have pointed to the same object.

*Abs.* Ay, just as the eyes do of a person who squints: when her love-eye was fixed on me, t'other, her eye of duty, was finely obliqued: but when duty bid her point that the same way, off t'other turned on a swivel, and secured its retreat with a frown!

*Faulk.* But what's the resource you—

*Abs.* Oh, to wind up the whole, a good-natured Irishman here has—[*Mimicking Sir LUCIUS*]—begged leave to have the pleasure of cutting my throat; and I mean to indulge him—that's all.

*Faulk.* Prithee, be serious!

*Abs.* 'Tis fact, upon my soul! Sir Lucius O'Trigger—you know him by sight—for some affront, which I am sure I never intended, has obliged me to meet him this evening at six o'clock: 'tis on that account I wished to see you; you must go with me.

*Faulk.* Nay, there must be some mistake, sure. Sir Lucius shall explain himself, and I dare say matters may be accommodated.—But this evening, did you say? I wish it had been any other time.

*Abs.* Why? there will be light enough: there will (as sir Lucius says) be very pretty small-sword light, though it will not do for a long shot.—Confound his long shots!

*Faulk.* But I am myself a good deal ruffled by a difference I have had with Julia. My vile tormenting temper has made me treat her so cruelly, that I shall not be myself till we are reconciled.

*Abs.* By heavens! Faulkland, you don't deserve her!

*Enter Servant, gives FAULKLAND a letter, and exit.*

*Faulk.* Oh, Jack! this is from Julia. I dread to open it! I fear it may be to take a last leave!—perhaps to bid me return her letters, and restore—Oh, how I suffer for my folly!

*Abs.* Here, let me see.—[*Takes the letter and opens it.*] Ay, a final sentence, indeed!—'tis all over with you, faith!

*Faulk.* Nay, Jack, don't keep me in suspense!

*Abs.* Hear then.—[*Reads.*] *As I am convinced that my dear Faulkland's own reflections have already upbraided him for his last unkindness to me, I will not add a word on the subject. I wish to speak with you as soon as possible. Yours ever and truly, JULIA.*—There's stubbornness and resentment for you!—[*Gives him the letter.*] Why, man, you don't seem one whit the happier at this!

*Faulk.* O yes, I am; but—but—

*Abs.* Confound your buts! you never hear anything that would make another man bless himself, but you immediately damn it with a but!

*Faulk.* Now, Jack, as you are my friend, own honestly—don't you think there is something forward, something indelicate, in this haste to forgive? Women should never sue for reconciliation: that should always come from us. They should retain their coldness till wooed to kindness; and their pardon, like their love, should “not unsought be won.”

*Abs.* I have not patience to listen to you! thou'rt incorrigible! so say no more on the subject. I must go to settle a few matters. Let me see you before six, remember, at my lodgings. A poor industrious devil like me, who have toiled, and drudged, and plotted to gain my ends, and am at last disappointed by other people's folly, may in pity be allowed to swear and grumble a little; but a captious sceptic in love, a slave to fretfulness and whim, who has no difficulties but of his own creating, is a subject more fit for ridicule than compassion! [Exit.]

*Faulk.* I feel his reproaches; yet I would not change this too exquisite nicety for the gross content with which he tramples on the thorns of love! His engaging me in this duel has started an idea in my head, which I will instantly pursue. I'll use it as the touchstone of Julia's sincerity and disinterestedness. If her love prove pure and sterling ore, my name will rest on it with honour; and once I've stamped it there, I lay aside my doubts for ever! But if the dross of selfishness, the alloy of pride, predominate, 'twill be best to leave her as a toy for some less cautious fool to sigh for! [Exit.]

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.—JULIA'S Dressing-Room.

*JULIA discovered alone.*

*Jul.* How this message has alarmed me! what dreadful accident can he mean? why such charge to be alone?—O Faulkland!—how many unhappy moments—how many tears have you cost me!

*Enter FAULKLAND.*

*Jul.* What means this?—why this caution, Faulkland?

*Faulk.* Alas! Julia, I am come to take a long farewell.

*Jul.* Heavens! what do you mean?

*Faulk.* You see before you a wretch, whose life is forfeited.—Nay, start not!—the infirmity of my temper has drawn all this misery on me.—I left you fretful and passionate—an untoward accident drew me into a quarrel—the event is, that I must fly this kingdom instantly.—O Julia, had I been so fortunate as to have called you mine entirely, before this mischance had fallen on me, I should not so deeply dread my banishment!

*Jul.* My soul is oppressed with sorrow at the nature of your misfortune: had these adverse circumstances arisen from a less fatal cause, I should have felt strong comfort in the thought that I could now chase from your bosom every doubt of the warm sincerity of my love. My heart has long known no other guardian—I now entrust my person to your honour—we will fly together. When safe from pursuit, my father's will may be fulfilled—and I receive a legal claim to be the partner of your sorrows, and tenderest comforter. Then on the bosom of your wedded Julia, you may lull your keen regret to slumbering; while virtuous love, with a cherub's hand, shall smooth the brow of upbraiding thought, and pluck the thorn from compunction.

*Faulk.* O Julia! I am bankrupt in gratitude! but the time is so pressing, it calls on you for so hasty a resolution.—Would you not wish some hours to weigh the advantages you forego, and what little compensation poor Faulkland can make you beside his solitary love?

*Jul.* I ask not a moment.—No, Faulkland, I have loved you for yourself: and if I now, more than ever, prize the solemn engagement which so long has pledged us to each other, it is because it leaves no room for hard aspersions on my fame, and puts the seal of duty to an act of love.—But let us not linger.—Perhaps this delay—

*Faulk.* 'Twill be better I should not venture out again till dark.—Yet am I grieved to think what numberless distresses will press heavy on your gentle disposition!

*Jul.* Perhaps your fortune may be forfeited by this unhappy act.—I know not whether 'tis so—but sure that alone can never make us unhappy.—The little I have will be sufficient to support us; and exile never should be splendid.

*Faulk.* Ay, but in such an abject state of life, my wounded pride perhaps may increase the natural fretfulness of my temper, till I become a rude, morose companion, beyond your patience to endure.

Perhaps the recollection of a deed my conscience cannot justify may haunt me in such gloomy and unsocial fits, that I shall hate the tenderness that would relieve me, break from your arms, and quarrel with your fondness!

*Jul.* If your thoughts should assume so unhappy a bent, you will the more want some mild and affectionate spirit to watch over and console you: one who, by bearing your infirmities with gentleness and resignation, may teach you so to bear the evils of your fortune.

*Faulk.* Julia, I have proved you to the quick! and with this useless device I throw away all my doubts. How shall I plead to be forgiven this last unworthy effect of my restless, unsatisfied disposition?

*Jul.* Has no such disaster happened as you related?

*Faulk.* I am ashamed to own that it was pretended; yet in pity, Julia, do not kill me with resenting a fault which never can be repeated: but sealing, this once, my pardon, let me to-morrow, in the face of Heaven, receive my future guide and mistress, and expiate my past folly by years of tender adoration.

*Jul.* Hold, Faulkland!—that you are free from a crime, which I before feared to name, Heaven knows how sincerely I rejoice! These are tears of thankfulness for that! But that your cruel doubts should have urged you to an imposition that has wrung my heart, gives me now a pang, more keen than I can express!

*Faulk.* By Heavens! Julia—

*Jul.* Yet hear me.—My father loved you, Faulkland! and you preserved the life that tender parent gave me; in his presence I pledged my hand—joyfully pledged it—where before I had given my heart. When, soon after, I lost that parent, it seemed to me that Providence had, in Faulkland, shown me whither to transfer, without a pause, my grateful duty, as well as my affection: hence I have been content to bear from you what pride and delicacy would have forbid me from another. I will not upbraid you, by repeating how you have trifled with my sincerity.—

*Faulk.* I confess it all! yet hear—

*Jul.* After such a year of trial, I might have flattered myself that I should not have been insulted with a new probation of my sincerity, as cruel as unnecessary! I now see it is not in your nature to be content or confident in love. With this conviction—I never will be yours. While I had hopes that my persevering attention, and unrepining kindness, might in time reform your temper, I should have been happy to have gained a dearer influence over you; but I will not furnish you with a licensed power to keep alive an incorrigible fault, at the expense of one who never would contend with you.

*Faulk.* Nay, but, Julia, by my soul and honour, if after this—

*Jul.* But one word more.—As my faith has once been given to you, I never will barter it with another.—I shall pray for your happiness with the truest sincerity; and the dearest blessing I can ask

of Heaven to send you will be to charm you from that unhappy temper, which alone has prevented the performance of our solemn engagement. All I request of you is, that you will yourself reflect upon this infirmity, and when you number up the many true delights it has deprived you of, let it not be your least regret, that it lost you the love of one who would have followed you in beggary through the world! [Exit.]

*Faulk.* She's gone!—for ever!—There was an awful resolution in her manner, that rivetted me to my place.—O fool!—dolt!—barbarian! Cursed as I am, with more imperfections than my fellow-wretches, kind Fortune sent a heaven-gifted cherub to my aid, and, like a ruffian, I have driven her from my side!—I must now haste to my appointment. Well, my mind is tuned for such a scene. I shall wish only to become a principal in it, and reverse the tale my cursed folly put me upon forging here.—O Love!—tormentor!—fiend!—whose influence, like the moon's, acting on men of dull souls, makes idiots of them, but meeting subtler spirits, betrays their course, and urges sensibility to madness! [Exit.]

*Enter LYDIA and Maid.*

*Maid.* My mistress, ma'am, I know, was here just now—perhaps she is only in the next room. [Exit.]

*Lyd.* Heigh-ho! Though he has used me so, this fellow runs strangely in my head. I believe one lecture from my grave cousin will make me recall him.

*Re-enter JULIA.*

O Julia, I am come to you with such an appetite for consolation.—Lud! child, what's the matter with you? You have been crying!—I'll be hanged if that Faulkland has not been tormenting you!

*Jul.* You mistake the cause of my uneasiness!—Something has flurried me a little. Nothing that you can guess at.—[Aside.] I would not accuse Faulkland to a sister!

*Lyd.* Ah! whatever vexations you may have, I can assure you mine surpass them. You know who Beverley proves to be?

*Jul.* I will now own to you, Lydia, that Mr. Faulkland had before informed me of the whole affair. Had young Absolute been the person you took him for, I should not have accepted your confidence on the subject, without a serious endeavour to counteract your caprice.

*Lyd.* So, then, I see I have been deceived by every one! But I don't care—I'll never have him.

*Jul.* Nay, Lydia—

*Lyd.* Why, is it not provoking? when I thought we were coming to the prettiest distress imaginable, to find myself made a mere Smithfield bargain of at last! There, had I projected one of the most sentimental elopements!—so becoming a disguise!—so amiable a ladder of ropes!—Conscious moon—four horses—Scotch parson—with such surprise to Mrs. Malaprop—and such paragraphs in the newspapers!—Oh, I shall die with disappointment!

*Jul.* I don't wonder at it!

*Lyd.* Now—sad reverse!—what have I to expect, but, after a deal of flimsy preparation with a bishop's licence, and my aunt's blessing, to go simpering up to the altar; or perhaps be cried three times in a country church, and have an unmannerly

fat clerk ask the consent of every butcher in the parish to join John Absolute and Lydia Languish, spinster! Oh, that I should live to hear myself called spinster!

*Jul.* Melancholy, indeed!

*Lyd.* How mortifying, to remember the dear delicious shifts I used to be put to, to gain half a minute's conversation with this fellow! How often have I stole forth, in the coldest night in January, and found him in the garden, stuck like a dripping statue! There would he kneel to me in the snow, and sneeze and cough so pathetically! he shivering with cold and I with apprehension! and while the freezing blast numbed our joints, how warmly would he press me to pity his flame, and glow with mutual ardour!—Ah, Julia, that was something like being in love.

*Jul.* If I were in spirits, Lydia, I should chide you only by laughing heartily at you; but it suits more the situation of my mind, at present, earnestly to entreat you not to let a man, who loves you with sincerity, suffer that unhappiness from your caprice, which I know too well caprice can inflict.

*Lyd.* O Lud! what has brought my aunt here?

*Enter Mrs. MALAPROP, FAG, and DAVID.*

*Mrs. Mal.* So! so! here's fine work!—here's fine suicide, paracide, and simulation, going on in the fields! and sir Anthony not to be found to prevent the antistrophe!

*Jul.* For Heaven's sake, madam, what's the meaning of this?

*Mrs. Mal.* That gentleman can tell you—'twas he enveloped the affair to me.

*Lyd.* Do, sir, will you, inform us? [To FAG.]

*Fag.* Ma'am, I should hold myself very deficient in every requisite that forms the man of breeding, if I delayed a moment to give all the information in my power to a lady so deeply interested in the affair as you are.

*Lyd.* But quick! quick, sir!

*Fag.* True, ma'am, as you say, one should be quick in divulging matters of this nature; for should we be tedious, perhaps while we are flourishing on the subject, two or three lives may be lost!

*Lyd.* O patience!—Do, ma'am, for Heaven's sake! tell us what is the matter?

*Mrs. Mal.* Why, murder's the matter! slaughter's the matter! killing's the matter!—but he can tell you the perpendiculars.

*Lyd.* Then, prithee, sir, be brief.

*Fag.* Why then, ma'am, as to murder—I cannot take upon me to say—and as to slaughter, or manslaughter, that will be as the jury finds it.

*Lyd.* But who, sir—who are engaged in this?

*Fag.* Faith, ma'am, one is a young gentleman whom I should be very sorry anything was to happen to—a very pretty behaved gentleman! We have lived much together, and always on terms.

*Lyd.* But who is this? who! who! who!

*Fag.* My master, ma'am—my master—I speak of my master.

*Lyd.* Heavens! What, captain Absolute!

*Mrs. Mal.* Oh, to be sure, you are frightened now!

*Jul.* But who are with him, sir?

*Fag.* As to the rest, ma'am, this gentleman can inform you better than I.



*Jul.* Do speak, friend.

[*To DAVID.*]

*Dav.* Look'ee, my lady—by the mass! there's mischief going on. Folks don't use to meet for amusement with fire-arms, firelocks, fire-engines, fire-screens, fire-office, and the devil knows what other crackers beside!—This, my lady, I say, has an angry favour.

*Jul.* But who is there beside captain Absolute, friend?

*Dav.* My poor master—under favour for mentioning him first. You know me, my lady—I am David—and my master of course is, or was, squire Acres. Then comes squire Faulkland.

*Jul.* Do, ma'am, let us instantly endeavour to prevent mischief.

*Mrs. Mal.* O fy!—it would be very inelegant in us:—we should only participate things.

*Dav.* Ah! do, Mrs. Aunt, save a few lives—they are desperately given, believe me.—Above all, there is that blood-thirsty Philistine, sir Lucius O'Trigger.

*Mrs. Mal.* Sir Lucius O'Trigger? O mercy! have they drawn poor little dear sir Lucius into the scrape?—Why, how you stand, girl! you have no more feeling than one of the Derbyshire petrefactions!

*Lud.* What are we to do, madam?

*Mrs. Mal.* Why fly with the utmost felicity, to be sure, to prevent mischief!—Here, friend, you can show us the place?

*Fag.* If you please, ma'am, I will conduct you.—David, do you look for sir Anthony. [*Exit DAVID.*]

*Mrs. Mal.* Come, girls! this gentleman will exhort us.—Come, sir, you're our envoy—lead the way, and we'll precede.

*Fag.* Not a step before the ladies for the world!

*Mrs. Mal.* You're sure you know the spot?

*Fag.* I think I can find it, ma'am; and one good thing is, we shall hear the report of the pistols as we draw near, so we can't well miss them;—never fear, ma'am, never fear. [*Exeunt, he talking.*]

## SCENE II.—*The South Parade.*

*Enter Captain ABSOLUTE, putting his sword under his great-coat.*

*Abs.* A sword seen in the streets of Bath would raise as great an alarm as a mad dog.—How provoking this is in Faulkland!—never punctual! I shall be obliged to go without him at last.—Oh, the devil! here's sir Anthony! how shall I escape him?

[*Muffles up his face, and takes a circle to go off.*]

*Enter Sir ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.*

*Sir Anth.* How one may be deceived at a little distance! only that I see he don't know me, I could have sworn that was Jack!—Hey! Gad's life it is.—Why, Jack, what are you afraid of? hey!—sure I'm right.—Why Jack, Jack Absolute!

[*Goes up to him.*]

*Abs.* Really, sir, you have the advantage of me:—I don't remember ever to have had the honour—my name is Saunderson, at your service.

*Sir Anth.* Sir, I beg your pardon—I took you—hey?—why, zounds! it is—Stay—[*Looks up to his face.*] So, so—your humble servant, Mr.

Saunderson! Why, you scoundrel, what tricks are you after now?

*Abs.* Oh, a joke, sir, a joke! I came here on purpose to look for you, sir.

*Sir Anth.* You did! well, I am glad you were so lucky:—but what are you muffled up so for?—what's this for?—hey?

*Abs.* 'Tis cool, sir; isn't?—rather chilly somehow:—but I shall be late—I have a particular engagement.

*Sir Anth.* Stay!—Why, I thought you were looking for me?—Pray, Jack, where is't you are going?

*Abs.* Going, sir!

*Sir Anth.* Ay, where are you going?

*Abs.* Where am I going?

*Sir Anth.* You unmannerly puppy!

*Abs.* I was going, sir, to—to—to—to Lydia—sir, to Lydia—to make matters up if I could;—and I was looking for you, sir, to—to—

*Sir Anth.* To go with you, I suppose.—Well, come along.

*Abs.* Oh! zounds! no, sir, not for the world!—I wished to meet with you, sir,—to—to—to—You find it cool, I'm sure, sir—you'd better not stay out.

*Sir Anth.* Cool!—not at all.—Well, Jack—and what will you say to Lydia?

*Abs.* Oh, sir, beg her pardon, humour her—promise and vow:—but I detain you, sir—consider the cold air on your gout.

*Sir Anth.* Oh, not at all! not at all! I'm in no hurry.—Ah! Jack, you youngsters, when once you are wounded here—[*Putting his hand to Captain ABSOLUTE'S breast.*] Hey! what the deuse have you got here?

*Abs.* Nothing, sir—nothing.

*Sir Anth.* What's this?—here's something damned hard.

*Abs.* Oh, trinkets, sir! trinkets!—a bauble for Lydia!

*Sir Anth.* Nay, let me see your taste.—[*Pulls his coat open, the sword falls.*] Trinkets!—a bauble for Lydia!—Zounds! sirrah, you are not going to cut her throat, are you?

*Abs.* Ha! ha! ha!—I thought it would divert you, sir, though I didn't mean to tell you till afterwards.

*Sir Anth.* You didn't?—Yes, this is a very diverting trinket, truly!

*Abs.* Sir, I'll explain to you.—You know, sir, Lydia is romantic, devilish romantic, and very absurd of course: now, sir, I intend, if she refuses to forgive me, to unsheath this sword, and swear—I'll fall upon its point, and expire at her feet!

*Sir Anth.* Fall upon a fiddlestick's end!—why, I suppose it is the very thing that would please her.—Get along, you fool!

*Abs.* Well, sir, you shall hear of my success—you shall hear.—O Lydia!—forgive me, or this pointed steel—says I.

*Sir Anth.* O booby! stab away, and welcome—says she.—Get along!—and damn your trinkets!

[*Exit Captain ABSOLUTE.*]

*Enter DAVID, running.*

*Dav.* Stop him! stop him! Murder! Thief! Fire!—Stop fire! Stop fire!—O sir Anthony—call! call! bid 'm stop! Murder! Fire!

*Sir Anth.* Fire! Murder! where?

*Dav.* Oons! he's out of sight! and I'm out of breath! for my part! O sir Anthony, why didn't you stop him? why didn't you stop him?

*Sir Anth.* Zounds! the fellow's mad!—Stop whom? stop Jack?

*Dav.* Ay, the captain, sir!—there's murder and slaughter—

*Sir Anth.* Murder!

*Dav.* Ay, please you, sir Anthony, there's all kinds of murder, all sorts of slaughter to be seen in the fields: there's fighting going on, sir—bloody sword-and-gun fighting!

*Sir Anth.* Who are going to fight, dunce?

*Dav.* Everybody that I know of, sir Anthony:—everybody is going to fight, my poor master, sir Lucius O'Trigger, your son, the captain—

*Sir Anth.* Oh, the dog! I see his tricks.—Do you know the place?

*Dav.* King's-Mead-Fields.

*Sir Anth.* You know the way?

*Dav.* Not an inch; but I'll call the mayor—aldermen—constables—churchwardens—and bea-dles—we can't be too many to part them.

*Sir Anth.* Come along—give me your shoulder! we'll get assistance as we go—the lying villain!—Well, I shall be in such a frenzy!—So—this was the history of his trinkets! I'll bauble him!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*King's-Mead-Fields.*

*Enter Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Acres, with pistols.*

*Acres.* By my valour! then, sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims!—I say it is a good distance.

*Sir Luc.* Is it for muskets or small field-pieces? upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me.—Stay now—I'll show you.—[*Measures paces along the stage.*] There now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

*Acres.* Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

*Sir Luc.* Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

*Sir Luc.* No, sir Lucius; but I should think forty or eight-and-thirty yards—

*Sir Luc.* Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

*Acres.* Odds bullets, no!—by my valour! there is no merit in killing him so near: do, my dear sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot:—a long shot, sir Lucius, if you love me!

*Sir Luc.* Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that.—But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

*Acres.* I am much obliged to you, sir Lucius—but I don't understand—

*Sir Luc.* Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk—and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

*Acres.* A quietus!

*Sir Luc.* For instance, now—if that should be

the case—would you choose to be pickled and sent home? or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey?—I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

*Acres.* Pickled!—Snug lying in the Abbey!—Odds tremors! sir Lucius, don't talk so!

*Sir Luc.* I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

*Acres.* No, sir Lucius, never before.

*Sir Luc.* Ah! that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing.—Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

*Acres.* Odds files!—I've practised that—there, sir Lucius—there!—[*Puts himself in an attitude.*] A side-front, hey? Odd! I'll make myself small enough: I'll stand edgeways.

*Sir Luc.* Now—you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim—[*Levelling at him.*]

*Acres.* Zounds! sir Lucius—are you sure it is not cocked?

*Sir Luc.* Never fear.

*Acres.* But—but—you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

*Sir Luc.* Pho! be easy.—Well, now if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance—for if it misses a vital part of your right side—'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

*Acres.* A vital part!

*Sir Luc.* But, there—fix yourself so—[*Placing him.*] let him see the broad-side of your full front—there—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

*Acres.* Clean through me!—a ball or two clean through me!

*Sir Luc.* Ay—may they—and it is much the genteel attitude into the bargain.

*Acres.* Look'ee! sir Lucius—I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valour! I will stand edgeways.

*Sir Luc.* [*Looking at his watch.*] Sure they don't mean to disappoint us?—Ha!—no faith—I think I see them coming.

*Acres.* Hey!—what!—coming!—

*Sir Luc.* Ay—who are those yonder getting over the stile?

*Acres.* There are two of them indeed!—well—let them come—hey, sir Lucius!—we—we—we—we—won't run.

*Sir Luc.* Run!

*Acres.* No—I say—we won't run, by my valour!

*Sir Luc.* What the devil's the matter with you?

*Acres.* Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear sir Lucius—but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

*Sir Luc.* O fy! consider your honour.

*Acres.* Ay—true—my honour. Do, sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honour.

*Sir Luc.* Well, here they're coming. [*Looking.*]

*Acres.* Sir Lucius—if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid.—If my valour should leave me! valour will come and go.

*Sir Luc.* Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

*Acres.* Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going—yes—my valour is certainly going!—it is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands!

*Sir Luc.* Your honour! your honour!—Here they are.

*Acres.* O mercy!—now—that I was safe at Clod-Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

*Enter FAULKLAND and Captain ABSOLUTE.*

*Sir Luc.* Gentlemen, your most obedient.—Ha! what, captain Absolute! So, I suppose, sir, you are come here, just like myself—to do a kind office, first for your friend—then to proceed to business on your account.

*Acres.* What, Jack!—my dear Jack!—my dear friend!

*Abs.* Hark'ee, Bob, Beverley's at hand.

*Sir Luc.* Well, Mr. Acres—I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly.—[*To FAULKLAND.*] So, Mr. Beverley, if you'll choose your weapons, the captain and I will measure the ground.

*Faulk.* My weapons, sir!

*Acres.* Odds life! sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends.

*Sir Luc.* What, sir, did not you come here to fight Mr. Acres?

*Faulk.* Not I, upon my word, sir.

*Sir Luc.* Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game, you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by sitting out.

*Abs.* Oh pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige sir Lucius.

*Faulk.* Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter—

*Acres.* No, no, Mr. Faulkland; I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian.—Look'ee, sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

*Sir Luc.* Observe me, Mr. Acres—I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody, and you came here to fight him. Now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him, I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

*Acres.* Why no, sir Lucius; I tell you, 'tis one Beverley I've challenged; a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face! If he were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly!

*Abs.* Hold, Bob, let me set you right; there is no such man as Beverley in the case. The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please.

*Sir Luc.* Well, this is lucky! Now you have an opportunity—

*Acres.* What, quarrel with my dear friend Jack Absolute? not if he were fifty Beverleys! Zounds! sir Lucius, you would not have me so unnatural.

*Sir Luc.* Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valour has oozed away with a vengeance!

*Acres.* Not in the least! Odds backs and abettors! I'll be your second with all my heart; and if you should get a quietus, you may command me entirely. I'll get you snug lying in the Abbey here; or pickle you, and send you over to Blunderbuss-hall, or anything of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

*Sir Luc.* Pho! pho! you are little better than a coward.

*Acres.* Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a coward; coward was the word, by my valour!

*Sir Luc.* Well, sir?

*Acres.* Look'ee, sir Lucius, 'tisn't that I mind the word coward; coward may be said in joke. But if you had called me a poltroon, odds daggers and balls—

*Sir Luc.* Well, sir?

*Acres.* I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

*Sir Luc.* Pho! you are beneath my notice.

*Abs.* Nay, sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres. He is a most determined dog—called in the country, Fighting Bob. He generally kills a man a week—don't you, Bob?

*Acres.* Ay—at home!

*Sir Luc.* Well then, captain, 'tis we must begin—so come out, my little counsellor—[*Draws his sword*] and ask the gentleman, whether he will resign the lady, without forcing you to proceed against him?

*Abs.* Come on then, sir;—[*Draws*] since you won't let it be an amicable suit, here's my reply.

*Enter SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE, DAVID, MRS. MALAPROP, LYDIA, and JULIA.*

*Dav.* Knock 'em all down, sweet sir Anthony; knock down my master in particular; and bind his hands over to their good behaviour!

*Sir Anth.* Put up, Jack, put up, or I shall be in a frenzy—how came you in a duel, sir?

*Abs.* Faith, sir, that gentleman can tell you better than I; 'twas he called on me, and you know, sir, I serve his majesty.

*Sir Anth.* Here's a pretty fellow; I catch him going to cut a man's throat, and he tells me, he serves his majesty? Zounds! sirrah, then how durst you draw the king's sword against one of his subjects?

*Abs.* Sir, I tell you, that gentleman called me out, without explaining his reasons.

*Sir Anth.* Gad! sir, how came you to call my son out, without explaining your reasons?

*Sir Luc.* Your son, sir, insulted me in a manner which my honour could not brook.

*Sir Anth.* Zounds! Jack, how durst you insult the gentleman in a manner which his honour could not brook?

*Mrs. Mal.* Come, come, let's have no honour before ladies.—Captain Absolute, come here. How could you intimidate us so? Here's Lydia has been terrified to death for you.

*Abs.* For fear I should be killed, or escape, ma'am?

*Mrs. Mal.* Nay, no delusions to the past—Lydia is convinced; speak, child.

*Sir Luc.* With your leave, ma'am, I must put in a word here: I believe I could interpret the young lady's silence. Now mark—

*Lyd.* What is it you mean, sir?

*Sir Luc.* Come, come, Delia, we must be serious now; this is no time for trifling.

*Lyd.* 'Tis true, sir; and your reproof bids me offer this gentleman my hand, and solicit the return of his affections.

*Abs.* Oh! my little angel, say you so!—Sir Lucius, I perceive there must be some mistake here, with regard to the affront which you affirm I have given you. I can only say, that it could not have been intentional. And as you must be convinced, that I should not fear to support a real injury, you shall now see that I am not ashamed

to atone for an inadvertency—I ask your pardon. But for this lady, while honoured with her approbation, I will support my claim against any man whatever.

*Sir Anth.* Well said, Jack, and I'll stand by you, my boy.

*Acres.* Mind, I give up all my claim; I make no pretensions to anything in the world; and if I can't get a wife, without fighting for her, by my valour! I'll live a bachelor.

*Sir Luc.* Captain, give me your hand: an affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation; and as for the lady, if she chooses to deny her own hand-writing, here—  
[Takes out letters.]

*Mrs. Mal.* Oh, he will dissolve my mystery!—  
*Sir Lucius*, perhaps there's some mistake, perhaps I can illuminate—

*Sir Luc.* Pray, old gentlewoman, don't interfere where you have no business.—Miss Languish, are you my Delia, or not?

*Lyd.* Indeed, sir Lucius, I am not.

[Walks aside with Captain ABSOLUTE.]

*Mrs. Mal.* Sir Lucius O'Trigger, ungrateful as you are, I own the soft impeachment: pardon my blushes, I am Delia.

*Sir Luc.* You Delia! pho! pho! be easy.

*Mrs. Mal.* Why, thou barbarous Vandyke—those letters are mine! When you are more sensible of my benignity, perhaps I may be brought to encourage your addresses.

*Sir Luc.* Mrs. Malaprop, I am extremely sensible of your condescension; and whether you or Lucy have put this trick upon me, I am equally beholden to you. And to show you I am not ungrateful, captain Absolute, since you have taken that lady from me, I'll give you my Delia into the bargain.

*Abs.* I am much obliged to you, sir Lucius; but here's my friend, fighting Bob, unprovided for.

*Sir Luc.* Ha, little Valour! here, will you make your fortune?

*Acres.* Odds wrinkles! no.—But give me your hand, Sir Lucius, forget and forgive; but if ever I give you a chance of pickling me again, say Bob Acres is a dunce, that's all.

*Sir Anth.* Come, Mrs. Malaprop, don't be cast down—you are in your bloom yet.

*Mrs. Mal.* O sir Anthony! men are all barbarians.  
[All retire but JULIA and FAULKLAND.]

*Jul.* [Aside.] He seems dejected and unhappy—not sullen:—there was some foundation, however, for the tale he told me. O woman! how true should be your judgment, when your resolution is so weak!

*Faulk.* Julia! how can I sue for what I so little deserve? I dare not presume—yet Hope is the child of penitence.

*Jul.* O Faulkland! you have not been more faulty in your unkind treatment of me, than I am now in wanting inclination to resent it. As my heart honestly bids me place my weakness to the account of love, I should be ungenerous not to admit the same plea for yours.

*Faulk.* Now I shall be blest indeed!

*Sir Anth.* [Coming forward.] What's going on here?—So you have been quarrelling too, I warrant!—Come, Julia, I never interfered before; but let me have a hand in the matter at last.—All the faults I have ever seen in my friend Faulkland seemed to proceed from what he calls the delicacy and warmth of his affection for you.—There, marry him directly, Julia; you'll find he'll mend surprisingly!  
[The rest come forward.]

*Sir Luc.* Come, now, I hope there is no dissatisfied person, but what is content; for as I have been disappointed myself, it will be very hard if I have not the satisfaction of seeing other people succeed better.

*Acres.* You are right, sir Lucius.—So, Jack, I wish you joy.—Mr. Faulkland the same.—Ladies, come now, to show you I'm neither vexed nor angry, odds tabors and pipes! I'll order the fiddles in half an hour to the New Rooms, and I insist on your all meeting me there.

*Sir Anth.* 'Gad! sir, I like your spirit; and at night we single lads will drink a health to the young couples, and a husband to Mrs. Malaprop.

*Faulk.* Our partners are stolen from us, Jack—I hope to be congratulated by each other—yours for having checked in time the errors of an ill-directed imagination, which might have betrayed an innocent heart; and mine for having, by her gentleness and candour, reformed the unhappy temper of one, who by it made wretched whom he loved most, and tortured the heart he ought to have adored.

*Abs.* Well, Jack, we have both tasted the bitters as well as the sweets of love; with this difference only, that you always prepared the bitter cup for yourself, while I—

*Lyd.* Was always obliged to me for it, hey! Mr. Modesty?—But come, no more of that—our happiness is now as unallayed as general.

*Jul.* Then let us study to preserve it so: and while hope pictures to us a flattering scene of future bliss, let us deny its pencil those colours which are too bright to be lasting.—When hearts deserving happiness would unite their fortunes, virtue would crown them with an unfading garland of modest hurtless flowers; but ill-judging passion will force the gaudier rose into the wreath, whose thorn offends them when its leaves are dropped!

[Exeunt omnes.]

## EPILOGUE,

BY THE AUTHOR.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BULKLEY.

LADIES, for you—I heard our poet say—  
He'd try to coax some moral from his play :  
" One moral's plain," cried I, " without more  
fuss ;

Man's social happiness all rests on us :  
Through all the drama—whether damn'd or not—  
Love gilds the scene, and women guide the plot.  
From every rank obedience is our due—  
D'ye doubt?—The world's great stage shall prove  
it true."

The cit, well skill'd to shun domestic strife,  
Will sup abroad ; but first he'll ask his wife :  
John Trot, his friend, for once will do the same,  
But then—he'll just step home to tell his dame.

The surly squire at noon resolves to rule,  
And half the day—Zounds ! madam is a fool !  
Convinced at night, the vanquish'd victor says,  
Ah, Kate ! you women have such coaxing ways !

The jolly toper chides each tardy blade,  
Till reeling Bacchus calls on Love for aid :  
Then with each toast he sees fair bumpers swim,  
And kisses Chloe on the sparkling brim !

Nay, I have heard that statesmen—great and  
wise—

Will sometimes counsel with a lady's eyes ;  
The servile suitors watch her various face,  
She smiles preferment, or she frowns disgrace,  
Curtsies a pension here—there nods a place.

Nor with less awe, in scenes of humbler life,  
Is view'd the mistress, or is heard the wife.

The poorest peasant of the poorest soil,  
The child of poverty, and heir to toil,  
Early from radiant Love's impartial light  
Steals one small spark to cheer this world of night :  
Dear spark ! that oft through winter's chilling woes  
Is all the warmth his little cottage knows !

The wandering tar, who not for years has press'd  
The widow'd partner of his day of rest,  
On the cold deck, far from her arms removed,  
Still hums the ditty which his Susan loved ;  
And while around the cadence rude is blown,  
The boatswain whistles in a softer tone.

The soldier, fairly proud of wounds and toil,  
Pants for the triumph of his Nancy's smile ;  
But ere the battle should he list her cries,  
The lover trembles—and the hero dies !  
That heart, by war and honour steel'd to fear,  
Droops on a sigh, and sickens at a tear !

But ye more cautious, ye nice-judging few,  
Who give to beauty only beauty's due,  
Though friends to love—ye view with deep regret  
Our conquests marr'd, our triumphs incomplete,  
Till polish'd wit more lasting charms disclose,  
And judgment fix the darts which beauty throws !  
In female breasts did sense and merit rule,  
The lover's mind would ask no other school ;  
Shamed into sense, the scholars of our eyes,  
Our beaux from gallantry would soon be wise ;  
Would gladly light, their homage to improve,  
The lamp of knowledge at the torch of love !

ST. PATRICK'S DAY ;  
OR,  
THE SCHEMING LIEUTENANT.

A Farce.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

AS ORIGINALLY ACTED AT COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE IN 1775.

LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR . . . <i>Mr. Clinch.</i> DOCTOR ROSY . . . . . <i>Mr. Quick.</i> JUSTICE CREDULOUS . . . . <i>Mr. Lee Lewes.</i> SERJEANT TROUNCE . . . . <i>Mr. Booth.</i> CORPORAL FLINT . . . . .	LAURETTA . . . . . <i>Mrs. Cargill.</i> MRS. BRIDGET CREDULOUS . . <i>Mrs. Pitt.</i> Drummer, Soldiers, Countrymen, and Servant.
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SCENE,—A TOWN IN ENGLAND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Lieutenant O'CONNOR'S Lodgings.

*Enter Serjeant TROUNCE, Corporal FLINT, and four Soldiers.*

1 *Sol.* I say you are wrong ; we should all speak together, each for himself, and all at once, that we may be heard the better.

2 *Sol.* Right, Jack, we'll argue in platoons.

3 *Sol.* Ay, ay, let him have our grievances in a volley, and if we be to have a spokesman, there's the corporal is the lieutenant's countryman, and knows his humour.

*Flint.* Let me alone for that. I served three years within a bit, under his honour, in the Royal Inniskillions, and I never will see a sweeter tempered gentleman, nor one more free with his purse. I put a great shamrock in his hat this morning, and I'll be bound for him he'll wear it, was it as big as Steven's Green.

4 *Sol.* I say again then you talk like youngsters, like militia striplings : there's a discipline, look'ee, in all things, whereof the serjeant must be our guide ; he's a gentleman of words ; he understands your foreign lingo, your figures, and such-like auxiliaries in scoring. Confess now for a reckoning, whether in chalk or writing, ben't he your only man !

*Flint.* Why the serjeant is a scholar to be sure, and has the gift of reading.

*Trounce.* Good soldiers, and fellow-gentlemen, if you make me your spokesman, you will show the more judgment ; and let me alone for the argu-

ment. I'll be as loud as a drum, and point blank from the purpose.

*All.* Agreed ! agreed !

*Flint.* Oh, fait ! here comes the lieutenant.—Now serjeant.

*Trounce.* So then, to order.—Put on your mutiny looks ; every man grumble a little to himself, and some of you hum the Deserter's March.

*Enter Lieutenant O'CONNOR.*

*O'Con.* Well, honest lads, what is it you have to complain of ?

*Sol.* Ahem ! hem !

*Trounce.* So please your honour, the very grievance of the matter is this :—ever since your honour differed with Justice Credulous, our innkeepers use us most scurvily. By my halbert, their treatment is such, that if your spirit was willing to put up with it, flesh and blood could by no means agree ; so we humbly petition that your honour would make an end of the matter at once, by running away with the justice's daughter, or else get us fresh quarters—hem ! hem !

*O'Con.* Indeed ! Pray which of the houses use you ill ?

1 *Sol.* There's the Red Lion an't half the civility of the old Red Lion.

2 *Sol.* There's the White Horse, if he wasn't casehardened, ought to be ashamed to show his face.

*O'Con.* Very well ; the Horse and the Lion shall answer for it at the quarter sessions.

*Trounce.* The two Magpies are civil enough ;

but the Angel uses us like devils, and the Rising Sun refuses us light to go to bed by.

*O'Con.* Then, upon my word, I'll have the Rising Sun put down, and the Angel shall give security for his good behaviour; but are you sure you do nothing to quit scores with them?

*Flint.* Nothing at all, your honour, unless now and then we happen to fling a cartridge into the kitchen fire, or put a spatterdash or so into the soup; and sometimes Ned drums up and down stairs a little of a night.

*O'Con.* Oh, all that's fair: but hark'ee, lads, I must have no grumbling on St. Patrick's day; so here, take this, and divide it amongst you. But observe me now,—show yourselves men of spirit, and don't spend sixpence of it in drink.

*Trounce.* Nay, hang it, your honour, soldiers should never bear malice; we must drink St. Patrick's and your honour's health.

*All.* Oh, damn malice! St. Patrick's and his honour by all means.

*Flint.* Come away, then, lads, and first we'll parade round the Market-cross, for the honour of king George.

*I Sol.* Thank your honour.—Come along; St. Patrick, his honour, and strong beer for ever!

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

*O'Con.* Get along, you thoughtless vagabonds! yet, upon my conscience, 'tis very hard these poor fellows should scarcely have bread from the soil they would die to defend.

*Enter Doctor Rosy.*

Ah, my little Doctor Rosy, my Galen a-bridge, what's the news?

*Rosy.* All things are as they were, my Alexander; the justice is as violent as ever: I felt his pulse on the matter again, and, thinking his rage began to intermit, I wanted to throw in the bark of good advice, but it would not do. He says you and your cut-throats have a plot upon his life, and swears he had rather see his daughter in a scarlet fever than in the arms of a soldier.

*O'Con.* Upon my word the army is very much obliged to him! Well, then, I must marry the girl first, and ask his consent afterwards.

*Rosy.* So then, the case of her fortune is desperate, hey?

*O'Con.* Oh, hang fortune!—let that take its chance; there is a beauty in Lauretta's simplicity, so pure a bloom upon her charms.

*Rosy.* So there is, so there is. You are for beauty as nature made her, hey! No artificial graces, no cosmetic varnish, no beauty in grain, hey!

*O'Con.* Upon my word, doctor, you are right; the London ladies were always too handsome for me; then they are so defended, such a circumvallation of hoop, with a breast-work of whalebone, that would turn a pistol-bullet, much less Cupid's arrows,—then turret on turret on top, with stores of concealed weapons, under pretence of black pins,—and above all, a standard of feathers that would do honour to a knight of the Bath. Upon my conscience, I could as soon embrace an Amazon, armed at all points.

*Rosy.* Right, right, my Alexander! my taste to a tittle.

*O'Con.* Then, doctor, though I admire modesty in women, I like to see their faces. I am for the changeable rose; but with one of these quality

Amazons, if their midnight dissipations had left them blood enough to raise a blush, they have not room enough in their cheeks to show it. To be sure, bashfulness is a very pretty thing; but, in my mind, there is nothing on earth so impudent as an everlasting blush.

*Rosy.* My taste, my taste!—Well, Lauretta is none of these. Ah! I never see her but she puts me in mind of my poor dear wife.

*O'Con.* Ay, faith; in my opinion she can't do a worse thing. Now he is going to bother me about an old hag that has been dead these six years! [*Aside.*]

*Rosy.* Oh, poor Dolly! I never shall see her like again; such an arm for a bandage—veins that seemed to invite the lancet. Then her skin, smooth and white as a gallipot; her mouth as round and not larger than the mouth of a penny phial; her lips conserve of roses; and then her teeth—none of your sturdy fixtures—ache as they would, it was but a small pull, and out they came. I believe I have drawn half a score of her poor dear pearls.— [*Weeps.*] But what avails her beauty? Death has no consideration—one must die as well as another.

*O'Con.* [*Aside.*] Oh, if he begins to moralise—

[*Takes out his snuff-box.*]

*Rosy.* Fair and ugly, crooked or straight, rich or poor—flesh is grass—flowers fade!

*O'Con.* Here, doctor, take a pinch, and keep up your spirits.

*Rosy.* True, true, my friend; grief can't mend the matter—all's for the best; but such a woman was a great loss, lieutenant.

*O'Con.* To be sure, for doubtless she had mental accomplishments equal to her beauty.

*Rosy.* Mental accomplishments! she would have stuffed an alligator, or pickled a lizard, with any apothecary's wife in the kingdom. Why, she could decipher a prescription, and invent the ingredients, almost as well as myself: then she was such a hand at making foreign waters!—for Seltzer, Pyrmont, Islington, or Chalybeate, she never had her equal; and her Bath and Bristol springs exceeded the originals.—Ah, poor Dolly! she fell a martyr to her own discoveries.

*O'Con.* How so, pray?

*Rosy.* Poor soul! her illness was occasioned by her zeal in trying an improvement on the Spa-water, by an infusion of rum and acid.

*O'Con.* Ay, ay, spirits never agree with water-drinkers.

*Rosy.* No, no, you mistake. Rum agreed with her well enough; it was not the rum that killed the poor dear creature, for she died of a dropsy. Well, she is gone never to return, and has left no pledge of our loves behind. No little babe, to hang like a label round papa's neck. Well, well, we are all mortal—sooner or later—flesh is grass—flowers fade.

*O'Con.* Oh, the devil!—again! [*Aside.*]

*Rosy.* Life's a shadow—the world a stage—he strut an hour.

*O'Con.* Here, doctor. [*Offers snuff.*]

*Rosy.* True, true, my friend: well, high grief can't cure it. All's for the best, hey! my little Alexander?

*O'Con.* Right, right; an apothecary should never be out of spirits. But come, faith, 'tis time honest Humphrey should wait on the justice; that must be our first scheme.

*Rosy.* True, true; you should be ready: the clothes are at my house, and I have given you such a character that he is impatient to have you: he swears you shall be his body-guard. Well, I honour the army, or I should never do so much to serve you.

*O'Con.* Indeed I am bound to you for ever, doctor; and when once I'm possessed of my dear Lauretta, I will endeavour to make work for you as fast as possible.

*Rosy.* Now you put me in mind of my poor wife again.

*O'Con.* Ah, pray forget her a little: we shall be too late.

*Rosy.* Poor Dolly!

*O'Con.* 'Tis past twelve.

*Rosy.* Inhuman dropsy!

*O'Con.* The justice will wait.

*Rosy.* Cropped in her prime!

*O'Con.* For Heaven's sake, come!

*Rosy.* Well, flesh is grass.

*O'Con.* Oh, the devil!

*Rosy.* We must all die—

*O'Con.* Doctor!

*Rosy.* Kings, lords, and common whores—

[*Exeunt, Lieutenant O'CONNOR forcing ROSY off.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in Justice CREDULOUS' House.

*Enter LAURETTA and Mrs. BRIDGET CREDULOUS.*

*Lau.* I repeat it again, mama, officers are the prettiest men in the world, and Lieutenant O'Connor is the prettiest officer I ever saw.

*Mrs. Bri.* For shame, Laura! how can you talk so?—or if you must have a military man, there's lieutenant Plow, or captain Haycock, or major Dray, the brewer, are all your admirers; and though they are peaceable, good kind of men, they have as large cockades, and become scarlet as well as the fighting folks.

*Lau.* Psha! you know, mama, I hate militia officers; a set of dunghill cocks with spurs on—heroes scratched off a church door—clowns in military masquerade, wearing the dress without supporting the character. No, give me the bold upright youth, who makes love to-day, and his head shot off to-morrow. Dear! to think how the sweet fellows sleep on the ground, and fight in silk stockings and lace ruffles.

*Mrs. Bri.* Oh, barbarous! to want a husband that may wed you to-day, and be sent the Lord knows where before night; then in a twelvemonth perhaps to have him come like a Colossus, with one leg at New York and the other at Chelsea Hospital.

*Lau.* Then I'll be his crutch, mama.

*Mrs. Bri.* No, give me a husband that knows where his limbs are, though he want the use of them.—And if he should take you with him, to sleep in a baggage-cart, and stroll about the camp like a gipsy, with a knapsack and two children at your back;—then, by way of entertainment in the evening, to make a party with the serjeant's wife to drink bohea tea, and play at all-fours on a drum-head:—'tis a precious life, to be sure!

*Lau.* Nay, mama, you shouldn't be against my lieutenant, for I heard him say you were

the best natured and best looking woman in the world.

*Mrs. Bri.* Why, child, I never said but that lieutenant O'Connor was a very well-bred and discerning young man; 'tis your papa is so violent against him.

*Lau.* Why, cousin Sophy married an officer.

*Mrs. Bri.* Ay, Laury, an officer in the militia.

*Lau.* No, indeed, mama, a marching regiment.

*Mrs. Bri.* No, child, I tell you he was major of militia.

*Lau.* Indeed, mama, it wasn't.

*Enter Justice CREDULOUS.*

*Just.* Bridget, my love, I have had a message.

*Lau.* It was cousin Sophy told me so.

*Just.* I have had a message, love—

*Mrs. Bri.* No, child, she would say no such thing.

*Just.* A message, I say.

*Lau.* How could he be in the militia, when he was ordered abroad?

*Mrs. Bri.* Ay, girl, hold your tongue!—Well, my dear.

*Just.* I have had a message from doctor Rosy.

*Mrs. Bri.* He ordered abroad! He went abroad for his health.

*Just.* Why, Bridget!—

*Mrs. Bri.* Well, deary.—Now hold your tongue, miss.

*Just.* A message from Dr. Rosy, and doctor Rosy says—

*Lau.* I'm sure, mama, his regimentals—

*Just.* Damn his regimentals!—Why don't you listen?

*Mrs. Bri.* Ay, girl, how durst you interrupt your papa?

*Lau.* Well, papa.

*Just.* Doctor Rosy says he'll bring—

*Lau.* Were blue turned up with red, mama.

*Just.* Laury!—says he will bring the young man—

*Mrs. Bri.* Red! yellow, if you please, miss.

*Just.* Bridget!—the young man that is to be hired—

*Mrs. Bri.* Besides, miss, it is very unbecoming in you to want to have the last word with your mama; you should know—

*Just.* Why, zounds! will you hear me or no?

*Mrs. Bri.* I am listening, my love—I am listening!—But what signifies my silence, what good is my not speaking a word, if this girl will interrupt and let nobody speak but herself?—Ay, I don't wonder, my life, at your impatience; your poor dear lips quiver to speak; but I suppose she'll run on, and not let you put in a word.—You may very well be angry; there is nothing sure so provoking as a chattering, talking—

*Lau.* Nay, I'm sure, mama, it is you will not let papa speak now.

*Mrs. Bri.* Why, you little provoking minx!—

*Just.* Get out of the room directly, both of you—get out!

*Mrs. Bri.* Ay, go, girl.

*Just.* Go, Bridget! you are worse than she, you old hag! I wish you were both up to the neck in the canal, to argue there till I took you out.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Doctor Rosy, sir.

*Just.* Show him up.

[*Exit Servant.*]



*Lau.* Then you own, mama, it was a marching regiment?

*Mrs. Bri.* You're an obstinate fool, I tell you ; for if that had been the case—

*Just.* You won't go?

*Mrs. Bri.* We are going, Mr. Surly!—If that had been the case, I say, how could—

*Lau.* Nay, mama, one proof—

*Mrs. Bri.* How could major—

*Lau.* And a full proof—

[Justice CREDULOUS drives them off.]

*Just.* There they go, ding dong in for the day ! Good luck ! a fluent tongue is the only thing a mother don't like her daughter to resemble her in.

*Enter Doctor Rosy.*

Well, doctor, where's the lad—where's Trusty?

*Rosy.* At hand ; he'll be here in a minute, I'll answer for't. He's such a one as you an't met with, brave as a lion, gentle as a saline draught.

*Just.* Ah, he comes in the place of a rogue, a dog that was corrupted by the lieutenant. But this is a sturdy fellow, is he, doctor?

*Rosy.* As Hercules ; and the best back-sword in the country. Egad, he'll make the red-coats keep their distance.

*Just.* O the villains ! this is St. Patrick's Day, and the rascals have been parading my house all the morning. I know they have a design upon me ; but I have taken all precautions : I have magazines of arms, and if this fellow does but prove faithful, I shall be more at ease.

*Rosy.* Doubtless he'll be a comfort to you.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Ser.* There is a man below, sir, inquires for doctor Rosy.

*Rosy.* Show him up.

*Just.* Hold ! a little caution—How does he look?

*Ser.* A country-looking fellow, your worship.

*Just.* Oh, well, well, for doctor Rosy ; these rascals try all ways to get in here.

*Ser.* Yes, please your worship ; there was one here this morning wanted to speak to you : he said his name was corporal Breakbones.

*Just.* Corporal Breakbones !

*Ser.* And drummer Crackskull came again.

*Just.* Ay ! did you ever hear of such a damned confounded crew?—Well, show the lad in here!

[Exit Servant.]

*Rosy.* Ay, he'll be your porter ; he'll give the rogues an answer!

*Enter Lieutenant O'CONNOR, disguised.*

*Just.* So, a tall—Efacts ! what ! has lost an eye?

*Rosy.* Only a bruise he got in taking seven or eight highwaymen.

*Just.* He has a damned wicked leer somehow with the other.

*Rosy.* Oh, no, he's bashful—a sheepish look—

*Just.* Well, my lad, what's your name?

*O'Con.* Humphrey Hum.

*Just.* Hum—I don't like Hum !

*O'Con.* But I be mostly called honest Humphrey—

*Rosy.* There, I told you so ! of noted honesty.

*Just.* Well, honest Humphrey, the doctor has told you my terms, and you are willing to serve, hey?

*O'Con.* And please your worship, I shall be well content.

*Just.* Well, then, hark ye, honest Humphrey—you are sure now you will never be a rogue—never take a bribe, hey, honest Humphrey?

*O'Con.* A bribe ! what's that?

*Just.* A very ignorant fellow indeed !

*Rosy.* His worship hopes you will never part with your honesty for money.

*O'Con.* Noa, noa.

*Just.* Well said, Humphrey !—My chief business with you is to watch the motions of a rake-helly fellow here, one lieutenant O'Connor.

*Rosy.* Ay, you don't value the soldiers, do you, Humphrey?

*O'Con.* Not I ; they are but zwaggerers, and you'll see they'll be as much afraid of me as they would of their captain.

*Just.* And i'faith, Humphrey, you have a pretty cudgel there !

*O'Con.* Ay, the zwitch is better than nothing, but I should be glad of a stouter : ha' you got such a thing in the house as an old coach-pole, or a spare bed-post?

*Just.* Oons ! what a dragon it is !—Well, Humphrey, come with me.—I'll just show him to Bridget, doctor, and we'll agree.—Come along, honest Humphrey. [Exit.]

*O'Con.* My dear doctor, now remember to bring the justice presently to the walk : I have a scheme to get into his confidence at once.

*Rosy.* I will, I will. [They shake hands.]

*Re-enter Justice CREDULOUS.*

*Just.* Why, honest Humphrey, hey ! what the devil are you at?

*Rosy.* I was just giving him a little advice.—Well, I must go for the present. Good morning to your worship—you need not fear the lieutenant while he is in your house.

*Just.* Well, get in, Humphrey. Good morning to you, doctor.—[Exit Doctor Rosy.] Come along, Humphrey.—Now I think I am a match for the lieutenant and all his gang. [Exit.]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A Street.

*Enter Serjeant TROUNCE, Drummer, and Soldiers.*

*Trounce.* Come, silence your drum—there is no valour stirring to-day. I thought St. Patrick would have given us a recruit or two to-day.

*Sol.* Mark, serjeant !

*Enter two Countrymen.*

*Trounce.* Oh ! these are the lads I was looking for ; they have the looks of gentlemen.—A'n't you single, my lads?

*1 Coun.* Yes, an please you, I be quite single : my relations be all dead, thank Heavens, more or less. I have but one poor mother left in the world, and she's an helpless woman.

**Trounce.** Indeed! a very extraordinary case—quite your own master then—the fitter to serve his majesty. Can you read?

**1 Coun.** Noa, I was always too lively to take to learning; but John here is main clever at it.

**Trounce.** So, what you're a scholar, friend?

**2 Coun.** I was born so, measter. Feyther kept grammar-school.

**Trounce.** Lucky man!—in a campaign or two put yourself down chaplain to the regiment. And I warrant you have read of warriors and heroes?

**2 Coun.** Yes, that I have: I have read of Jack the Giant-killer, and the Dragon of Wantly, and the—noa, I believe that's all in the hero way, except once about a comet.

**Trounce.** Wonderful knowledge!—Well, my heroes, I'll write word to the king of your good intentions, and meet me half an hour hence at the Two Magpies.

**Coun.** We will, your honour, we will.

**Trounce.** But stay; for fear I shouldn't see you again in the crowd, clap these little bits of ribbon into your hats.

**1 Coun.** Our hats are none of the best.

**Trounce.** Well, meet me at the Magpies, and I'll give you money to buy new ones.

**Coun.** Bless your honour! thank your honour!

[*Exeunt.*]

**Trounce.** [*Winking at Soldiers.*] Jack!

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

*Enter Lieutenant O'CONNOR.*

So, here comes one would make a grenadier.—Stop, friend, will you list?

**O'Con.** Who shall I serve under?

**Trounce.** Under me, to be sure.

**O'Con.** Isn't lieutenant O'Connor your officer?

**Trounce.** He is, and I am commander over him.

**O'Con.** What! be your serjeants greater than your captains?

**Trounce.** To be sure we are; 'tis our business to keep them in order. For instance now, the general writes to me, Dear serjeant, or dear Trounce, or dear serjeant Trounce, according to his hurry, if your lieutenant does not demean himself accordingly, let me know. Yours, General Deluge.

**O'Con.** And do you complain of him often?

**Trounce.** No, hang him, the lad is good-natured at bottom, so I pass over small things. But hark'ee, between ourselves, he is most confoundedly given to wenching.

*Enter Corporal FLINT.*

**Flint.** Please your honour, the doctor is coming this way with his worship.—We are all ready, and have our cues. [*Exit.*]

**O'Con.** Then, my dear Trounce, or my dear serjeant, or my dear serjeant Trounce, take yourself away.

**Trounce.** Zounds! the lieutenant!—I smell of the black hole already. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Justice CREDULOUS and Doctor ROSY.*

**Just.** I thought I saw some of the cut-throats.

**Rosy.** I fancy not; there's no one but honest Humphrey.—Ha! odds life, here come some of them—we'll stay by these trees, and let them pass.

**Just.** Oh, the bloody-looking dogs!

[*Walks aside with Doctor Rosy.*]

*Re-enter Corporal FLINT and two Soldiers.*

**Flint.** Halloo, friend! do you serve justice Credulous?

**O'Con.** I do.

**Flint.** Are you rich?

**O'Con.** Noa.

**Flint.** Nor ever will with that old stingy booby. Look here—take it. [*Gives him a purse.*]

**O'Con.** What must I do for this?

**Flint.** Mark me, our lieutenant is in love with the old rogue's daughter: help us to break his worship's bones, and carry off the girl, and you are a made man.

**O'Con.** I'll see you hanged first, you pack of skurry villains! [*Throws away the purse.*]

**Flint.** What, sirrah, do you mutiny?—Lay hold of him.

**O'Con.** Nay then, I'll try your armour for you.

[*Beats them.*]

**All.** Oh! oh!—quarter! quarter!

[*Exeunt Corporal FLINT and Soldiers.*]

**Just.** [*Coming forward.*] Trim them! trounce them! break their bones, honest Humphrey!—What a spirit he has!

**Rosy.** Aquafortis.

**O'Con.** Betray your master!

**Rosy.** What a miracle of fidelity!

**Just.** Ay, and it shall not go unrewarded—I'll give him sixpence on the spot.—Here, honest Humphrey, there's for yourself: as for this bribe, [*takes up the purse,*] such trash is best in the hands of justice.—Now then, doctor, I think I may trust him to guard the women: while he is with them I may go out with safety.

**Rosy.** Doubtless you may—I'll answer for the lieutenant's behaviour whilst honest Humphrey is with your daughter.

**Just.** Ay, ay, she shall go nowhere without him.—Come along, honest Humphrey. How rare it is to meet with such a servant! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—A Garden.

*LAURETTA discovered. Enter Justice CREDULOUS and Lieutenant O'CONNOR.*

**Just.** Why, you little truant, how durst you wander so far from the house without my leave? Do you want to invite that scoundrel lieutenant to scale the walls and carry you off?

**Lau.** Lud, papa, you are so apprehensive for nothing.

**Just.** Why, hussy—

**Lau.** Well then, I can't bear to be shut up all day so like a nun. I am sure it is enough to make one wish to be run away with—and I wish I was run away with—I do—and I wish the lieutenant knew it.

**Just.** You do, do you, hussy? Well, I think I'll take pretty good care of you.—Here, Humphrey, I leave this lady in your care.—Now you may walk about the garden, miss Pert; but Humphrey shall go with you wherever you go.—So mind, honest Humphrey, I am obliged to go abroad for a little while; let no one but yourself come near her: don't be shame-faced, you booby, but keep close to her.—And now, miss, let your lieutenant or any of his crew come near you if they can.

[*Exit.*]

*Lau.* How this booby stares after him !  
[Sits down and sings.]

*O'Con.* Laurretta !

*Lau.* Not so free, fellow ! [Sings.]

*O'Con.* Laurretta ! look on me.

*Lau.* Not so free, fellow !

*O'Con.* No recollection !

*Lau.* Honest Humphrey, be quiet.

*O'Con.* Have you forgot your faithful soldier ?

*Lau.* Ah ! Oh preserve me !

*O'Con.* 'Tis, my soul ! your truest slave, passing on your father in this disguise.

*Lau.* Well now, I declare this is charming—you are so disguised, my dear lieutenant, and you do look so delightfully ugly. I am sure no one will find you out, ha ! ha ! ha !—You know I am under your protection ; papa charged you to keep close to me.

*O'Con.* True, my angel, and thus let me fulfil—

*Lau.* O pray now, dear Humphrey—

*O'Con.* Nay, 'tis but what old *Mittimus* commanded. [Offers to kiss her.]

*Re-enter Justice CREDULOUS.*

*Just.* *Laury*, my—hey ! what the devil's here ?

*Lau.* Well now, one kiss, and be quiet.

*Just.* Your very humble servant, honest *Humphrey* !—Don't let me—pray don't let me interrupt you !

*Lau.* Lud, papa !—Now that's so good-natured—indeed there's no harm.—You did not mean any rudeness, did you, *Humphrey* ?

*O'Con.* No, indeed, miss ; his worship knows it is not in me.

*Just.* I know that you are a lying, canting, hypocritical scoundrel ; and if you don't take yourself out of my sight—

*Lau.* Indeed, papa, now I'll tell you how it was. I was sometime taken with a sudden giddiness, and *Humphrey* seeing me beginning to totter, ran to my assistance, quite frightened, poor fellow, and took me in his arms.

*Just.* Oh ! was that all—nothing but a little giddiness, hey ?

*O'Con.* That's all indeed, your worship ; for seeing miss change colour, I ran up instantly.

*Just.* Oh, 'twas very kind in you !

*O'Con.* And luckily recovered her.

*Just.* And who made you a doctor, you impudent rascal, hey ? Get out of my sight, I say, this instant, or by all the statutes—

*Lau.* Oh, now, papa, you frighten me, and I am giddy again !—Oh, help !

*O'Con.* Oh, dear lady, she'll fall !

[Takes her into his arms.]

*Just.* Zounds ! what before my face—why then, thou miracle of impudence !—[Lays hold of him and discovers him.] Mercy on me, who have we here ? Murder ! robbery ! fire ! rape ! gunpowder ! soldiers ! John ! Susan ! Bridget !

*O'Con.* Good sir, don't be alarmed ; I mean you no harm.

*Just.* Thieves ! robbers ! soldiers !

*O'Con.* You know my love for your daughter—

*Just.* Fire ! cut-throats !

*O'Con.* And that alone—

*Just.* Treason ! gunpowder !

*Enter a Servant with a blunderbuss.*

Now, scoundrel ! let her go this instant.

*Lau.* O papa, you'll kill me !

*Just.* Honest *Humphrey*, be advised.—Ay, miss, this way, if you please.

*O'Con.* Nay, sir, but hear me—

*Just.* I'll shoot.

*O'Con.* And you'll be convinced—

*Just.* I'll shoot.

*O'Con.* How, injurious—

*Just.* I'll shoot—and so your very humble servant, honest *Humphrey Hum.* [Exit separately.]

### SCENE III.—*A Walk.*

*Enter Doctor Rosy.*

*Rosy.* Well, I think my friend is now in a fair way of succeeding. Ah ! I warrant he is full of hope and fear, doubt and anxiety ; truly he has the fever of love strong upon him : faint, peevish, languishing all day, with burning, restless nights. Ah ! just my case when I pined for my poor dear *Dolly* ! when she used to have her daily colics, that her little doctor be sent for. Then would I interpret the language of her pulse—declare my own sufferings in my receipt for her—send her a pearl necklace in a pill-box, or a cordial draught with an acrostic on the label. Well, those days are over ; no happiness lasting : all is vanity—now sunshine, now cloudy—we are, as it were, king and beggar :—then what avails—

*Enter Lieutenant O'CONNOR.*

*O'Con.* O doctor ! ruined and undone.

*Rosy.* The pride of beauty—

*O'Con.* I am discovered, and—

*Rosy.* The gaudy palace—

*O'Con.* The justice is—

*Rosy.* The pompous wig—

*O'Con.* Is more enraged than ever.

*Rosy.* The gilded cane—

*O'Con.* Why, doctor !

[Slapping him on the shoulder.]

*Rosy.* Hey !

*O'Con.* Confound your morals ! I tell you I am discovered, discomfited, disappointed.

*Rosy.* Indeed ! gook lack ! good lack ! to think of the instability of human affairs !—Nothing certain in this world—most deceived when most confident—fools of fortune all.

*O'Con.* My dear doctor, I want at present a little practical wisdom. I am resolved this instant to try the scheme we were going to put in execution last week. I have the letter ready, and only want your assistance to recover my ground.

*Rosy.* With all my heart. I'll warrant you I'll bear a part in it : but how the deuce were you discovered ?

*O'Con.* I'll tell you as we go ; there's not a moment to be lost.

*Rosy.* Heaven send we succeed better !—but there's no knowing.

*O'Con.* Very true.

*Rosy.* We may, and we may not.

*O'Con.* Right.

*Rosy.* Time must show.

*O'Con.* Certainly.

*Rosy.* We are but blind guessers.

*O'Con.* Nothing more.

*Rosy.* Thick-sighted mortals.

*O'Con.* Remarkably.

*Rosy.* Wandering in error.

*O'Con.* Even so.

*Rosy.* Futurity is dark.

*O'Con.* As a cellar.

*Rosy.* Men are moles.

[*Excunt, Lieutenant O'CONNOR forcing out Rosy.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Justice CREDULOUS' House.*

*Enter Justice CREDULOUS, and Mrs. BRIDGET CREDULOUS.*

*Just.* Odds life, Bridget, you are enough to make one mad! I tell you he would have deceived a chief justice: the dog seemed as ignorant as my clerk, and talked of honesty as if he had been a churchwarden.

*Mrs. Bri.* Pho! nonsense, honesty!—what had you to do, pray, with honesty? A fine business you have made of it with your Humphrey Hum; and miss too, she must have been privy to it. Lauretta, ay, you would have her called so; but for my part I never knew any good come of giving girls these heathen christian names: if you had called her Deborah, or Tabitha, or Ruth, or Rebecca, or Joan, nothing of this had ever happened; but I always knew Lauretta was a runaway name.

*Just.* Psha, you're a fool!

*Mrs. Bri.* No, Mr. Credulous, it is you who are a fool, and no one but such a simpleton would be so imposed on.

*Just.* Why, zounds, madam, how durst you talk so? If you have no respect for your husband, I should think *unus quorum* might command a little deference.

*Mrs. Bri.* Don't tell me!—Unus fiddlestick! you ought to be ashamed to show your face at the sessions: you'll be a laughing-stock to the whole bench, and a byword with all the pig-tailed lawyers and bag-wigged attorneys about town.

*Just.* Is this language for his majesty's representative? By the statutes, it's high treason and petty treason, both at once!

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* A letter for your worship.

*Just.* Who brought it?

*Ser.* A soldier.

*Just.* Take it away and burn it.

*Mrs. Bri.* Stay!—Now you're in such a hurry—it is some canting scrawl from the lieutenant, I suppose.—[*Takes the letter.—Exit Servant.*] Let me see:—ay, 'tis signed O'Connor.

*Just.* Well, come read it out.

*Mrs. Bri.* [Reads.] *Revenge is sweet.*

*Just.* It begins so, does it? I'm glad of that; I'll let the dog know I'm of his opinion.

*Mrs. Bri.* [Reads.] *And though disappointed of my designs upon your daughter, I have still the satisfaction of knowing I am revenged on her unnatural father; for this morning, in your chocolate, I had the pleasure to administer to you a dose of poison.—Mercy on us!*

*Just.* No tricks, Bridget; come, you know it is not so; you know it is a lie.

*Mrs. Bri.* Read it yourself.

*Just.* [Reads.] *Pleasure to administer a dose of poison!—Oh, horrible! Cut-throat villain!—Bridget!*

*Mrs. Bri.* Lovee, stay, here's a postscript.—[Reads.] *N. B. 'Tis not in the power of medicine to save you.*

*Just.* Odds my life, Bridget! why don't you call for help? I've lost my voice.—My brain is giddy—I shall burst, and no assistance.—John!—Laury!—John!

*Mrs. Bri.* You see, lovee, what you have brought on yourself.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Your worship!

*Just.* Stay, John; did you perceive anything in my chocolate cup this morning?

*Ser.* Nothing, your worship, unless it was a little grounds.

*Just.* What colour were they?

*Ser.* Blackish, your worship.

*Just.* Ay, arsenic, black arsenic!—Why don't you run for doctor Rosy, you rascal?

*Ser.* Now, sir?

*Mrs. Bri.* Oh, lovee, you may be sure it is in vain: let him run for the lawyer to witness your will, my life.

*Just.* Zounds! go for the doctor, you scoundrel. You are all confederate murderers.

*Serv.* Oh, here he is, your worship. [*Exit.*]

*Just.* Now, Bridget, hold your tongue, and let me see if my horrid situation be apparent.

*Enter Doctor Rosy.*

*Rosy.* I have but just called to inform—hey! bless me, what's the matter with your worship?

*Just.* There, he sees it already!—Poison in my face, in capitals! Yes, yes, I'm a sure job for the undertakers indeed!

*Mrs. Bri.* Oh! oh! alas, doctor!

*Just.* Peace, Bridget!—Why, doctor, my dear old friend, do you really see any change in me?

*Rosy.* Change! never was a man so altered: how came these black spots on your nose?

*Just.* Spots on my nose!

*Rosy.* And that wild stare in your right eye!

*Just.* In my right eye!

*Rosy.* Ay, and alack, alack, how you are swelled!

*Just.* Swelled!

*Rosy.* Ay, don't you think he is, madam?

*Mrs. Bri.* Oh, 'tis in vain to conceal it!—Indeed, lovee, you are as big again as you were this morning.

*Just.* Yes, I feel it now—I'm poisoned!—Doctor, help me, for the love of justice! Give me life to see my murderer hanged.

*Rosy.* What?

*Just.* I'm poisoned, I say!

*Rosy.* Speak out!

*Just.* What! can't you hear me?

*Rosy.* Your voice is so low and hollow, as it were, I can't hear a word you say.

*Just.* I'm gone then!—*Hic jacet*, many years one of his majesty's justices!

*Mrs. Bri.* Read, doctor!—Ah, lovee, the will!—Consider, my life, how soon you will be dead.

*Just.* No, Bridget, I shall die by inches.

*Rosy.* I never heard such monstrous iniquity.—Oh, you are gone indeed, my friend! the mortgage of your little bit of clay is out, and the sexton has nothing to do but to close. We must all go, sooner or later—high and low—Death's a debt; his mandamus binds all alike—no bail, no demurrer.

*Just.* Silence, doctor Croaker! will you cure me, or will you not?

*Rosy.* Alas! my dear friend, it is not in my power, but I'll certainly see justice done on your murderer.

*Just.* I thank you, my dear friend, but I had rather see it myself.

*Rosy.* Ay, but if you recover, the villain will escape.

*Mrs. Bri.* Will he? then indeed it would be a pity you should recover. I am so enraged against the villain, I can't bear the thought of his escaping the halter.

*Just.* That's very kind in you, my dear; but, if it's the same thing to you, my dear, I had as soon recover, notwithstanding.—What, doctor, no assistance!

*Rosy.* Efacks, I can do nothing, but there's the German quack, whom you wanted to send from town; I met him at the next door, and I know he has antidotes for all poisons.

*Just.* Fetch him, my dear friend, fetch him! I'll get him a diploma if he cures me.

*Rosy.* Well, there's no time to be lost; you continue to swell immensely. [Exit.]

*Mrs. Bri.* What, my dear, will you submit to be cured by a quack nostrum-monger? For my part, as much as I love you, I had rather follow you to your grave than see you owe your life to any but a regular-bred physician.

*Just.* I'm sensible of your affection, dearest; and be assured nothing consoles me in my melancholy situation so much as the thoughts of leaving you behind.

*Re-enter Doctor Rosy with Lieutenant O'CONNOR disguised.*

*Rosy.* Great luck; met him passing by the door.

*O'Con.* Metto dowsei pulsum.

*Rosy.* He desires me to feel your pulse.

*Just.* Can't he speak English?

*Rosy.* Not a word.

*O'Con.* Palio vivem mortem soonem.

*Rosy.* He says you have not six hours to live.

*Just.* O mercy! does he know my distemper?

*Rosy.* I believe not.

*Just.* Tell him 'tis black arsenic they have given me.

*Rosy.* Geneable illi arsnecca.

*O'Con.* Pisonatus.

*Just.* What does he say?

*Rosy.* He says you are poisoned.

*Just.* We know that; but what will be the effect?

*Rosy.* Quid effectum?

*O'Con.* Diable tutellum.

*Rosy.* He says you'll die presently.

*Just.* Oh horrible! What, no antidote?

*O'Con.* Curum benakere bono fullum.

*Just.* What, does he say I must row in a boat to Fulham?

*Rosy.* He says he'll undertake to cure you for three thousand pounds.

*Mrs. Bri.* Three thousand pounds! three thousand halts!—No, lovee, you shall never submit to such impositions: die at once, and be a customer to none of them.

*Just.* I won't die, Bridget—I don't like death.

*Mrs. Bri.* Psha! there is nothing in it: a moment, and it is over.

*Just.* Ay, but it leaves a numbness behind that lasts a plaguy long time.

*Mrs. Bri.* O my dear, pray consider the will.

*Enter LAURETTA.*

*Lau.* O my father, what is this I hear?

*O'Con.* Quiddam seomriam deos tollam rosam.

*Rosy.* The doctor is astonished at the sight of your fair daughter.

*Just.* How so?

*O'Con.* Damsellum livivum suvum rislibani.

*Rosy.* He says that he has lost his heart to her, and that if you will give him leave to pay his addresses to the young lady, and promise your consent to the union, if he should gain her affections, he will on those conditions cure you instantly, without fee or reward.

*Just.* The devil! did he say all that in so few words? What a fine language it is! Well, I agree, if he can prevail on the girl.—[Aside.] And that I am sure he never will.

*Rosy.* Greal.

*O'Con.* Writhum bothum.

*Rosy.* He says you must give this under your hand, while he writes you a miraculous receipt.

[Both sit down to write.]

*Lau.* Do, mama, tell me the meaning of this.

*Mrs. Bri.* Don't speak to me, girl.—Unnatural parent!

*Just.* There, doctor; there's what he requires.

*Rosy.* And here's your receipt: read it yourself.

*Just.* Hey? what's here! plain English?

*Rosy.* Read it out: a wondrous nostrum, I'll answer for it.

*Just.* [Reads.] *In reading this you are cured, by your affectionate son-in-law, O'CONNOR.—Who, in the name of Beelzebub, sirrah, who are you?*

*O'Con.* Your affectionate son-in-law, O'CONNOR, and your very humble servant, Humphrey Hum.

*Just.* 'Tis false, you dog! you are not my son-in-law; for I'll be poison'd again, and you shall be hanged.—I'll die, sirrah, and leave Bridget my estate.

*Mrs. Bri.* Ay, pray do, my dear, leave me your estate: I'm sure he deserves to be hanged.

*Just.* He does, you say!—Hark'ee, Bridget, you showed such a tender concern for me when you thought me poisoned, that for the future I am resolved never to take your advice again in anything.—[To Lieutenant O'CONNOR.] So, do you hear, sir, you are an Irishman and a soldier, an't you?

*O'Con.* I am, sir, and proud of both.

*Just.* The two things on earth I most hate; so I'll tell you what—renounce your country and sell your commission, and I'll forgive you.

*O'Con.* Hark'ee, Mr. Justice—if you were not the father of my Lauretta, I would pull your nose for asking the first, and break your bones for desiring the second.

*Rosy.* Ay, ay, you're right.

*Just.* Is he? then I'm sure I must be wrong.—Here, sir, I give my daughter to you, who are the most impudent dog I ever saw in my life.

*O'Con.* Oh, sir, say what you please; with such a gift as Lauretta, every word is a compliment.

*Mrs. Bri.* Well, my lovee, I think this will be a good subject for us to quarrel about the rest of our lives.

*Just.* Why, truly, my dear, I think so, though we are seldom at a loss for that.

*Rosy.* This is all as it should be.—My Alexander, I give you joy, and you, my little god-daughter; and now my sincere wish is, that you may make just such a wife as my poor dear Dolly. [Exeunt omnes.]

# THE DUENNA.

## A Comic Opera.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

AS ORIGINALLY ACTED AT COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE IN 1775.

DON FERDINAND . . . . .	Mr. Mattocks.	LOPEZ . . . . .	Mr. Wewitzer.
DON JEROME . . . . .	Mr. Wilson.	DONNA LOUISA . . . . .	Mrs. Mattocks.
DON ANTONIO . . . . .	Mr. Dubellamy.	DONNA CLARA . . . . .	Mrs. Cargill.
DON CARLOS . . . . .	Mr. Leoni.	THE DUENNA . . . . .	Mrs. Green.
ISAAC MENDOZA . . . . .	Mr. Quick.		
FATHER PAUL . . . . .	Mr. Mahon.		
FATHER FRANCIS . . . . .	Mr. Fox.		
FATHER AUGUSTINE . . . . .	Mr. Baker.		

Masqueraders, Friars, Porter, Maid, and Servants.

SCENE,—SEVILLE.

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I.—*The Street before DON JEROME'S House.*

*Enter LOPEZ, with a dark lantern.*

*Lop.* Past three o'clock!—So! a notable hour for one of my regular disposition, to be strolling like a bravo through the streets of Seville! Well, of all services, to serve a young lover is the hardest.—Not that I am an enemy to love; but my love and my master's differ strangely.—Don Ferdinand is much too gallant to eat, drink, or sleep:—now, my love gives me an appetite—then I am fond of dreaming of my mistress, and I love dearly to toast her.—This cannot be done without good sleep and good liquor: hence my partiality to a feather-bed and a bottle. What a pity, now, that I have not further time for reflections! but my master expects thee, honest Lopez, to secure his retreat from Donna Clara's window, as I guess.—*[Music without.]* Hey! sure, I heard music! So, so! who have we here? Oh, Don Antonio, my master's friend, come from the masquerade, to serenade my young mistress, Donna Louisa, I suppose: so! we shall have the old gentleman up presently—lest he should miss his son, I had best lose no time in getting to my post. *[Exit.]*

*Enter DON ANTONIO, with Masqueraders and music.*

#### SONG.

*Don Ant.* Tell me, my lute, can thy soft strain  
So gently speak thy master's pain?  
So softly sing, so humbly sigh,  
That, though my sleeping love shall know  
Who sings—who sighs below,  
Her rosy slumbers shall not fly?  
Thus, may some vision whisper more  
Than ever I dare speak before.

*1 Mas.* Antonio, your mistress will never wake, while you sing so dolefully; love, like a cradled infant, is lulled by a sad melody.

*Don Ant.* I do not wish to disturb her rest.

*1 Mas.* The reason is, because you know she does not regard you enough to appear, if you awaked her.

*Don Ant.* Nay, then, I'll convince you. *[Sings.]*

The breath of morn bids hence the night,  
Unveil those beauteous eyes, my fair;  
For till the dawn of love is there,  
I feel no day, I own no light.

DONNA LOUISA—*replies from a window.*

Waking, I heard thy numbers chide,  
Waking, the dawn did bless my sight;  
'Tis Phœbus sure, that woos, I cried,  
Who speaks in song, who moves in light.

DON JEROME—*from a window.*

What vagabonds are these, I hear,  
Fiddling, fluting, rhyming, ranting,  
Piping, scraping, whining, canting,  
Fly, scurvy minstrels, fly!

#### TRIO.

*Don. Louisa.* Nay, prithee, father, why so rough?

*Don Ant.* An humble lover I.

*Don Jer.* How durst you, daughter, lend an ear  
To such deceitful stuff?

Quick, from the window, fly!

*Don. Louisa.* Adieu, Antonio!

*Don Ant.* Must you go?

*Don. Louisa.* } We soon, perhaps, may meet again.

*Don Ant.* } For though hard fortune is our foe,

The god of love will fight for us.

*Don Jer.* Reach me the blunderbuss.

*Don Ant.* } The god of love, who knows our pain—

*Don. Louisa.* } Hence, or these slugs are through your  
brain. *[Exeunt severally.]*

## SCENE II.—A Piazza.

*Enter DON FERDINAND and LOPEZ.*

*Lop.* Truly, sir, I think that a little sleep once in a week or so—

*Don Ferd.* Peace, fool! don't mention sleep to me.

*Lop.* No, no, sir, I don't mention your low-bred, vulgar, sound sleep; but I can't help thinking that a gentle slumber, or half an hour's dozing, if it were only for the novelty of the thing—

*Don Ferd.* Peace, booby, I say!—Oh Clara, dear, cruel disturber of my rest!

*Lop.* And of mine too. [*Aside.*]

*Don Ferd.* 'Sdeath, to trifle with me at such a juncture as this!—now to stand on punctilios!—Love me! I don't believe she ever did.

*Lop.* Nor I either. [*Aside.*]

*Don Ferd.* Or is it, that her sex never know their desires for an hour together?

*Lop.* Ah, they know them oftener than they'll own them. [*Aside.*]

*Don Ferd.* Is there, in the world, so inconstant a creature as Clara?

*Lop.* I could name one. [*Aside.*]

*Don Ferd.* Yes; the tame fool, who submits to her caprice.

*Lop.* I thought he couldn't miss it. [*Aside.*]

*Don Ferd.* Is she not capricious, teasing, tyrannical, obstinate, perverse, absurd? ay, a wilderness of faults and follies; her looks are scorn, and her very smiles—'Sdeath! I wish I hadn't mentioned her smiles; for she does smile such beaming loveliness, such fascinating brightness—Oh, death and madness! I shall die if I lose her.

*Lop.* Oh, those damned smiles have undone all! [*Aside.*]

## AIR.

*Don Ferd.* Could I her faults remember,  
Forgetting every charm,  
Soon would impartial reason  
The tyrant love disarm:  
But when enraged I number  
Each falling of her mind,  
Love still suggests each beauty,  
And sees—while reason's blind.

*Lop.* Here comes Don Antonio, sir.

*Don Ferd.* Well, go you home—I shall be there presently.

*Lop.* Ah, those cursed smiles! [*Exit.*]

*Enter DON ANTONIO.*

*Don Ferd.* Antonio, Lopez tells me he left you chanting before our door—was my father waked?

*Don Ant.* Yes, yes; he has a singular affection for music, so I left him roaring at his barred window, like the print of Bajazet in the cage. And what brings you out so early?

*Don Ferd.* I believe I told you, that to-morrow was the day fixed by Don Pedro and Clara's unnatural stepmother, for her to enter a convent, in order that her brat might possess her fortune: made desperate by this, I procured a key to the door, and bribed Clara's maid to leave it unbolted; at two this morning, I entered, unperceived, and stole to her chamber—I found her waking and weeping.

*Don Ant.* Happy Ferdinand!

*Don Ferd.* 'Sdeath! hear the conclusion.—I

was rated as the most confident ruffian, for daring to approach her room at that hour of night.

*Don Ant.* Ay, ay, this was at first.

*Don Ferd.* No such thing! she would not hear a word from me, but threatened to raise her mother, if I did not instantly leave her.

*Don Ant.* Well, but at last?—

*Don Ferd.* At last! why I was forced to leave the house as I came in.

*Don Ant.* And did you do nothing to offend her?

*Don Ferd.* Nothing, as I hope to be saved!—I believe, I might snatch a dozen or two of kisses.

*Don Ant.* Was that all? well, I think, I never heard of such assurance!

*Don Ferd.* Zounds! I tell you I behaved with the utmost respect.

*Don Ant.* O Lord! I don't mean you, but in her. But, hark ye, Ferdinand, did you leave your key with them?

*Don Ferd.* Yes; the maid, who saw me out, took it from the door.

*Don Ant.* Then, my life for it, her mistress elopes after you.

*Don Ferd.* Ay, to bless my rival, perhaps. I am in a humour to suspect everybody.—You loved her once, and thought her an angel, as I do now.

*Don Ant.* Yes, I loved her, till I found she wouldn't love me, and then I discovered that she hadn't a good feature in her face.

## AIR.

I ne'er could any lustre see  
In eyes that would not look on me;  
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,  
But where my own did hope to sip.  
Has the maid who seeks my heart  
Cheeks of rose, untouch'd by art?  
I will own the colour true,  
When yielding blushes aid their hue.  
Is her hand so soft and pure?  
I must press it, to be sure;  
Nor can I be certain then,  
Till it, grateful, press again.  
Must I, with attentive eye,  
Watch her heaving bosom sigh?  
I will do so, when I see  
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

Besides, Ferdinand, you have full security in my love for your sister; help me there, and I can never disturb you with Clara.

*Don Ferd.* As far as I can, consistently with the honour of our family, you know I will; but there must be no eloping.

*Don Ant.* And yet, now, you would carry off Clara?

*Don Ferd.* Ay, that's a different case!—we never mean that others should act to our sisters and wives as we do to others'.—But, to-morrow, Clara is to be forced into a convent.

*Don Ant.* Well, and am' not I so unfortunately circumstanced? To-morrow, your father forces Louisa to marry Isaac, the Portuguese—but come with me, and we'll devise something, I warrant.

*Don Ferd.* I must go home.

*Don Ant.* Well, adieu!

*Don Ferd.* But, Antonio, if you did not love my sister, you have too much honour and friendship to supplant me with Clara?—

## AIR.

*Don Ant.* Friendship is the bond of reason ;  
But if beauty disapprove,  
Heaven dissolves all other treason  
In the heart that's true to love.

The faith which to my friend I swore,  
As a civil oath I view ;  
But to the charms which I adore,  
'Tis religion to be true.

Then if to one I false must be,  
Can I doubt which to prefer—  
A breach of social faith with thee,  
Or sacrilege to love and her ? [Exit.]

*Don Ferd.* There is always a levity in Antonio's manner of replying to me on this subject that is very alarming.—'Sdeath ? if Clara should love him after all !

## SONG.

Though cause for suspicion appears,  
Yet proofs of her love, too, are strong ;  
I'm a wretch if I'm right in my fears,  
And unworthy of bliss if I'm wrong.  
What heart-breaking torments from jealousy flow,  
Ah ! none but the jealous—the jealous can know !

When blest with the smiles of my fair,  
I know not how much I adore :  
Those smiles let another but share,  
And I wonder I prized them no more !  
Then whence can I hope a relief from my woe,  
When the falser she seems, still the fonder I grow ! [Exit.]

## SCENE III.—A Room in DON JEROME'S House.

*Enter DONNA LOUISA and DUENNA.*

*Don. Louisa.* But, my dear Margaret, my charming Duenna, do you think we shall succeed ?

*Duen.* I tell you again, I have no doubt on't ; but it must be instantly put to the trial. Everything is prepared in your room, and for the rest we must trust to fortune.

*Don. Louisa.* My father's oath was, never to see me till I had consented to—

*Duen.* 'Twas thus I overheard him say to his friend, Don Guzman.—*I will demand of her to-morrow, once for all, whether she will consent to marry Isaac Mendoza ; if she hesitates, I will make a solemn oath never to see or speak to her till she returns to her duty.*—These were his words.

*Don. Louisa.* And on his known obstinate adherence to what he has once said, you have formed this plan for my escape.—But have you secured my maid in our interest ?

*Duen.* She is a party in the whole ; but remember, if we succeed, you resign all right and title in little Isaac, the Jew, over to me.

*Don. Louisa.* That I do with all my soul ; get him, if you can, and I shall wish you joy, most heartily. He is twenty times as rich as my poor Antonio.

## AIR.

Thou canst not boast of fortune's store,  
My love, while me they wealthy call :  
But I was glad to find thee poor—  
For with my heart I'd give thee all.  
And then the grateful youth shall own  
I loved him for himself alone.

But when his worth my hand shall gain,  
No word or look of mine shall show  
That I the smallest thought retain  
Of what my bounty did bestow :  
Yet still his grateful heart shall own  
I loved him for himself alone.

*Duen.* I hear Don Jerome coming.—Quick, give me the last letter I brought you from Antonio—you know that is to be the ground of my dismissal—I must slip out to seal it up, as undelivered. [Exit.]

*Enter DON JEROME and DON FERDINAND.*

*Don Jer.* What, I suppose you have been serenading too ! Eh, disturbing some peaceable neighbourhood with villanous catgut and lascivious piping ! Out on't ! you set your sister, here, a vile example ; but I come to tell you, madam, that I'll suffer no more of these midnight incantations—these amorous orgies, that steal the senses in the hearing ; as, they say, Egyptian embalmers serve mummies, extracting the brain through the ears. However, there's an end of your frolics—Isaac Mendoza will be here presently, and to-morrow you shall marry him.

*Don. Louisa.* Never, while I have life !

*Don Ferd.* Indeed, sir, I wonder how you can think of such a man for a son-in-law.

*Don Jer.* Sir, you are very kind to favour me with your sentiments ; and pray, what is your objection to him ?

*Don Ferd.* He is a Portuguese, in the first place.

*Don Jer.* No such thing, boy ; he has forsworn his country.

*Don. Louisa.* He is a Jew.

*Don Jer.* Another mistake : he has been a Christian these six weeks.

*Don Ferd.* Ay, he left his old religion for an estate, and has not had time to get a new one.

*Don. Louisa.* But stands like a dead wall between church and synagogue, or like the blank leaves between the Old and New Testament.

*Don Jer.* Anything more ?

*Don Ferd.* But the most remarkable part of his character is his passion for deceit and tricks of cunning.

*Don. Louisa.* Though at the same time the fool predominates so much over the knave, that I am told he is generally the dupe of his own art.

*Don Ferd.* True ; like an unskilful gunner, he usually misses his aim, and is hurt by the recoil of his own piece.

*Don Jer.* Anything more ?

*Don. Louisa.* To sum up all, he has the worst fault a husband can have—he's not my choice.

*Don Jer.* But you are his ; and choice on one side is sufficient—two lovers should never meet in marriage—be you sour as you please, he is sweet-tempered ; and for your good fruit, there's nothing like ingrafting on a crab.

*Don. Louisa.* I detest him as a lover, and shall ten times more as a husband.

*Don Jer.* I don't know that—marriage generally makes a great change—but, to cut the matter short, will you have him or not ?

*Don. Louisa.* There is nothing else I could disobey you in.

*Don Jer.* Do you value your father's peace ?

*Don. Louisa.* So much, that I will not fasten



on him the regret of making an only daughter wretched.

*Don Jer.* Very well, ma'am, then mark me—never more will I see or converse with you till you return to your duty—no reply—this and your chamber shall be your apartments; I never will stir out without leaving you under lock and key, and when I'm at home no creature can approach you but through my library: we'll try who can be most obstinate. Out of my sight!—there remain till you know your duty. *[Pushes her out.]*

*Don Ferd.* Surely, sir, my sister's inclinations should be consulted in a matter of this kind, and some regard paid to Don Antonio, being my particular friend.

*Don Jer.* That, doubtless, is a very great recommendation!—I certainly have not paid sufficient respect to it.

*Don Ferd.* There is not a man living I would sooner choose for a brother-in-law.

*Don Jer.* Very possible; and if you happen to have e'er a sister, who is not at the same time a daughter of mine, I'm sure I shall have no objection to the relationship; but at present, if you please, we'll drop the subject.

*Don Ferd.* Nay, sir, 'tis only my regard for my sister makes me speak.

*Don Jer.* Then pray, sir, in future, let your regard for your father make you hold your tongue.

*Don Ferd.* I have done, sir. I shall only add a wish that you would reflect what at our age you would have felt, had you been crossed in your affection for the mother of her you are so severe to.

*Don Jer.* Why, I must confess I had a great affection for your mother's ducats, but that was all, boy. I married her for her fortune, and she took me in obedience to her father, and a very happy couple we were. We never expected any love from one another, and so we were never disappointed. If we grumbled a little now and then, it was soon over, for we were never fond enough to quarrel; and when the good woman died, why, why—I had as lieve she had lived, and I wish every widower in Seville could say the same. I shall now go and get the key of this dressing-room—so, good son, if you have any lecture in support of disobedience to give your sister, it must be brief; so make the best of your time, d'ye hear?

*[Exit.]*  
*Don Ferd.* I fear, indeed, my friend Antonio has little to hope for; however, Louisa has firmness, and my father's anger will probably only increase her affection.—In our intercourse with the world, it is natural for us to dislike those who are innocently the cause of our distress; but in the heart's attachment a woman never likes a man with ardour till she has suffered for his sake—*[Noise.]* so! What bustle is here! between my father and the Duenna too—I'll e'en get out of the way.

*[Exit.]*

*Re-enter DON JEROME with a letter, pulling in Duenna.*

*Don Jer.* I'm astonished! I'm thunder-struck! here's treachery and conspiracy with a vengeance! you, Antonio's creature, and chief manager of this plot for my daughter's eloping! you, that I placed here as a scarecrow?

*Duen.* What!

*Don Jer.* A scarecrow—to prove a decoy-duck—what have you to say for yourself?

*Duen.* Well, sir, since you have forced that letter from me, and discovered my real sentiments, I scorn to renounce them.—I am Antonio's friend, and it was my intention that your daughter should have served you as all such old tyrannical sots should be served—I delight in the tender passions, and would befriend all under their influence.

*Don Jer.* The tender passions! yes, they would become those impenetrable features! Why, thou deceitful hag! I placed thee as a guard to the rich blossoms of my daughter's beauty. I thought that dragon's front of thine would cry aloof to the sons of gallantry: steel traps and spring guns seemed writ in every wrinkle of it.—But you shall quit my house this instant—the tender passions, indeed! go, thou wanton sibyl, thou amorous woman of Endor, go!

*Duen.* You base, scurrilous, old—but I won't demean myself by naming what you are.—Yes, savage, I'll leave your den; but I suppose you don't mean to detain my apparel—I may have my things, I presume?

*Don Jer.* I took you, mistress, with your wardrobe on—what have you pilfered, eh?

*Duen.* Sir, I must take leave of my mistress; she has valuables of mine: besides, my cardinal and veil are in her room.

*Don Jer.* Your veil forsooth! what, do you dread being gazed at? or are you afraid of your complexion? Well, go take your leave, and get your veil and cardinal! so! you quit the house within these five minutes.—In—in—quick!—*[Exit Duenna.]* Here was a precious plot of mischief!—these are the comforts daughters bring us!

#### AIR.

If a daughter you have, she's the plague of your life,  
No peace shall you know, though you've buried your wife!  
At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her—  
Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

*Sighing and whining,*

*Dying and pining,*

Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

When scarce in their teens, they have wit to perplex us,  
With letters and lovers for ever they vex us;  
While each still rejects the fair suitor you've brought her;  
Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

*Wrangling and jangling,*

*Flouting and pouting,*

Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

*Re-enter DONNA LOUISA, dressed as Duenna, with cardinal and veil, seeming to cry.*

This way, mistress, this way.—What, I warrant, a tender parting; so! tears of turpentine down those deal cheeks.—Ay, you may well hide your head—yes, whine till your heart breaks; but I'll not hear one word of excuse—so you are right to be dumb,—this way, this way. *[Exit.]*

*Re-enter Duenna.*

*Duen.* So, speed you well, sagacious Don Jerome! Oh, rare effects of passion and obstinacy! Now shall I try whether I can't play the fine lady as well as my mistress, and if I succeed, I may be a fine lady for the rest of my life—I'll lose no time to equip myself. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—*The Court before DON JEROME'S House.**Enter DON JEROME and DONNA LOUISA.*

*Don Jer.* Come, mistress, there is your way—The world lies before you, so troop, thou antiquated Eve, thou original sin!—Hold, yonder is some fellow sculking; perhaps it is Antonio—go to him, d'ye hear, and tell him to make you amends, and as he has got you turned away, tell him I say it is but just he should take you himself; go.—*[Exit DONNA LOUISA.]* So! I am rid of her, thank Heaven! and now I shall be able to keep my oath, and confine my daughter with better security. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.—*The Piazza.**Enter DONNA CLARA and Maid.*

*Maid.* But where, madam, is it you intend to go?

*Don. Clara.* Anywhere to avoid the selfish violence of my mother-in-law, and Ferdinand's insolent importunity.

*Maid.* Indeed, ma'am, since we have profited by Don Ferdinand's key, in making our escape, I think we had best find him, if it were only to thank him.

*Don. Clara.* No—he has offended me exceedingly. *[Retire.]*

*Enter DONNA LOUISA.*

*Don. Louisa.* So I have succeeded in being turned out of doors—but how shall I find Antonio? I dare not inquire for him, for fear of being discovered; I would send to my friend Clara, but that I doubt her prudery would condemn me.

*Maid.* Then suppose, ma'am, you were to try if your friend Donna Louisa would not receive you.

*Don. Clara.* No, her notions of filial duty are so severe, she would certainly betray me.

*Don. Louisa.* Clara is of a cold temper, and would think this step of mine highly forward.

*Don. Clara.* Louisa's respect for her father is so great, she would not credit the unkindness of mine.

*[DONNA LOUISA turns, and sees DONNA CLARA and Maid.]*

*Don. Louisa.* Ha! who are those? sure one is Clara—if it be, I'll trust her.—Clara! *[Advances.]*

*Don. Clara.* Louisa! and in masquerade too!

*Don. Louisa.* You will be more surprised when I tell you, that I have run away from my father.

*Don. Clara.* Surprised indeed! and I should certainly chide you most horribly, only that I have just run away from mine.

*Don. Louisa.* My dear Clara! *[Embrace.]*

*Don. Clara.* Dear sister truant! and whither are you going?

*Don. Louisa.* To find the man I love, to be sure: and, I presume, you would have no aversion to meet with my brother?

*Don. Clara.* Indeed I should: he has behaved so ill to me, I don't believe I shall ever forgive him.

## AIR.

When sable night, each drooping plant restoring,  
Wept o'er the flowers her breath did cheer,  
As some sad widow o'er her babe deploring,  
Wakes its beauty with a tear;

When all did sleep whose weary hearts did borrow  
One hour from love and care to rest,  
Lo! as I press'd my couch in silent sorrow,  
My lover caught me to his breast!

He vow'd he came to save me  
From those who would enslave me!

Then kneeling,  
Kisses stealing,

Endless faith he swore;  
But soon I chid him thence,  
For had his fond pretence  
Obtain'd one favour then,  
And he had press'd again,

I fear'd my treacherous heart might grant him more.

*Don. Louisa.* Well, for all this, I would have sent him to plead his pardon, but that I would not yet a while have him know of my flight. And where do you hope to find protection?

*Don. Clara.* The lady abbess of the convent of St. Catharine is a relation and kind friend of mine—I shall be secure with her, and you had best go thither with me.

*Don. Louisa.* No; I am determin'd to find Antonio first; and, as I live, here comes the very man I will employ to seek him for me.

*Don. Clara.* Who is he? he's a strange figure!

*Don. Louisa.* Yes; that sweet creature is the man whom my father has fixed on for my husband.

*Don. Clara.* And will you speak to him? are you mad?

*Don. Louisa.* He is the fittest man in the world for my purpose; for, though I was to have married him to-morrow, he is the only man in Seville, who, I am sure, never saw me in his life.

*Don. Clara.* And how do you know him?

*Don. Louisa.* He arriv'd but yesterday, and he was shown to me from the window, as he visited my father.

*Don. Clara.* Well, I'll begone.

*Don. Louisa.* Hold, my dear Clara—a thought has struck me: will you give me leave to borrow your name, as I see occasion?

*Don. Clara.* It will but disgrace you; but use it as you please: I dare not stay.—*[Going.]* But, Louisa, if you should see your brother, be sure you don't inform him, that I have taken refuge with the dame prior of the convent of St. Catharine, on the left-hand side of the piazza, which leads to the church of St. Anthony.

*Don. Louisa.* Ha! ha! ha! I'll be very particular in my directions where he may not find you.—*[Exit DONNA CLARA and Maid.]* So! my swain, yonder, has done admiring himself, and draws nearer. *[Retires.]*

*Enter ISAAC and DON CARLOS.*

*Isaac.* *[Looking in a pocket-glass.]* I tell you, friend Carlos, I will please myself in the habit of my chin.

*Don Car.* But, my dear friend, how can you think to please a lady with such a face?

*Isaac.* Why, what's the matter with the face? I think it is a very engaging face; and, I am sure, a lady must have very little taste who could dislike my beard.—*[Sees DONNA LOUISA.]* See now! I'll die if here is not a little damsel struck with it already.

*Don. Louisa.* Signor, are you disposed to oblige a lady who greatly wants your assistance?

*[Unveils.]*

*Isaac.* Egad, a very pretty black-eyed girl! she

has certainly taken a fancy to me, Carlos.—First, ma'am, I must beg the favour of your name.

*Don. Louisa.* [*Aside.*] So! it's well I am provided.—[*Aloud.*] My name, sir, is Donna Clara d'Almanza.

*Isaac.* What? Don Guzman's daughter? I'faith, I just now heard she was missing.

*Don. Louisa.* But sure, sir, you have too much gallantry and honour to betray me, whose fault is love?

*Isaac.* So! a passion for me! poor girl!—Why, ma'am, as for betraying you, I don't see how I could get anything by it; so you may rely on my honour; but as for your love, I am sorry your case is so desperate.

*Don. Louisa.* Why so, signor?

*Isaac.* Because I am positively engaged to another—an't I, Carlos?

*Don. Louisa.* Nay, but hear me.

*Isaac.* No, no; what should I hear for? It is impossible for me to court you in an honourable way; and, for anything else, if I were to comply now, I suppose you have some ungrateful brother, or cousin, who would want to cut my throat for my civility—so, truly, you had best go home again.

*Don. Louisa.* [*Aside.*] Odious wretch!—[*Aloud.*] But, good signor, it is Antonio d'Ercilla, on whose account I have eloped.

*Isaac.* How! what! it is not with me, then, that you are in love?

*Don. Louisa.* No, indeed, it is not.

*Isaac.* Then you are a forward, impertinent simpleton! and I shall certainly acquaint your father.

*Don. Louisa.* Is this your gallantry?

*Isaac.* Yet hold—Antonio d'Ercilla, did you say? egad, I may make something of this—Antonio d'Ercilla?

*Don. Louisa.* Yes; and if ever you hope to prosper in love, you will bring me to him.

*Isaac.* By St. Iago and I will too!—Carlos, this Antonio is one who rivals me (as I have heard) with Louisa—now, if I could hamper him with this girl, I should have the field to myself; hey, Carlos! A lucky thought, isn't it?

*Don Car.* Yes, very good—very good!

*Isaac.* Ah! this little brain is never at a loss—cunning Isaac! cunning rogue!—Donna Clara, will you trust yourself a while to my friend's direction?

*Don. Louisa.* May I rely on you, good signor?

*Don Car.* Lady, it is impossible I should deceive you.

## AIR.

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,  
I ne'er could injure you;  
For though your tongue no promise claim'd,  
Your charms would make me true.

To you no soul shall bear deceit,  
No stranger offer wrong;  
But friends in all the aged you'll meet,  
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest  
Another with your heart,  
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,  
And act a brother's part:  
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,  
Nor fear to suffer wrong;  
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,  
And brothers in the young.

*Isaac.* I'll conduct the lady to my lodgings, Carlos; I must haste to Don Jerome.—Perhaps you know Louisa, ma'am. She is divinely handsome—isn't she?

*Don. Louisa.* You must excuse me not joining with you.

*Isaac.* Why, I have heard it on all hands.

*Don. Louisa.* Her father is uncommonly partial to her; but I believe you will find she has rather a matronly air.

*Isaac.* Carlos, this is all envy.—You pretty girls never speak well of one another.—[*To DON CARLOS.*] Hark ye, find out Antonio, and I'll saddle him with this scrape, I warrant! Oh, 'twas the luckiest thought!—Donna Clara, your very obedient—Carlos, to your post.

## DUET.

*Isaac.* My mistress expects me, and I must go to her,  
Or how can I hope for a smile?!

*Don. Louisa.* Soon may you return a prosperous wooer,  
But think what I suffer the while!  
Alone, and away from the man whom I love,  
In strangers I'm forced to confide.

*Isaac.* Dear lady, my friend you may trust, and he'll prove  
Your servant, protector, and guide.

## AIR.

*Don Car.* Gentle maid, ah! why suspect me?  
Let me serve thee—then reject me.  
Canst thou trust, and I deceive thee?  
Art thou sad, and shall I grieve thee?  
Gentle maid, ah! why suspect me?  
Let me serve thee—then reject me.

## TRIO.

*Don. Louisa.* Never mayst thou happy be,  
If in aught thou'rt false to me.

*Isaac.* Never may he happy be,  
If in aught he's false to thee.

*Don Car.* Never may I happy be,  
If in aught I'm false to thee.

*Don Louisa.* Never mayst thou, &c.

*Isaac.* Never may he, &c.

*Don Car.* Never may I, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Library in DON JEROME'S House.*

*Enter DON JEROME and ISAAC.*

*Don Jer.* Ha! ha! ha! run away from her father! has she given him the slip? Ha! ha! ha! poor Don Guzman!

*Isaac.* Ay; and I am to conduct her to Antonio; by which means you see I shall hamper him so that he can give me no disturbance with your daughter—this is trap, isn't it? a nice stroke of cunning, hey?

*Don Jer.* Excellent! excellent! yes, yes, carry her to him, hamper him by all means, ha! ha! ha! poor Don Guzman! an old fool! imposed on by a girl!

*Isaac.* Nay, they have the cunning of serpents, that's the truth on't.

*Don Jer.* Psha! they are cunning only when they have fools to deal with.—Why don't my girl play me such a trick—let her cunning overreach my caution, I say—hey, little Isaac!

*Isaac.* True, true; or let me see any of the sex make a fool of me!—No, no, egad! little Solomon (as my aunt used to call me) understands tricking a little too well.

*Don Jer.* Ay, but such a driveller as Don Guzman!

*Isaac.* And such a dupe as Antonio!

*Don Jer.* True; sure never were seen such a couple of credulous simpletons! But come, 'tis time you should see my daughter—you must carry on the siege by yourself, friend Isaac.

*Isaac.* Sir, you'll introduce—

*Don Jer.* No—I have sworn a solemn oath not to see or speak to her till she renounces her disobedience; win her to that, and she gains a father and a husband at once.

*Isaac.* Gad, I shall never be able to deal with her alone; nothing keeps me in such awe as perfect beauty—now there is something consoling and encouraging in ugliness.

## SONG.

Give Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,  
But health and good-humour to make her his toast;  
If straight, I don't mind whether slender or fat,  
And six feet or four—we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complexion—I vow I don't care;  
If brown it is lasting—more pleasing if fair;  
And though in her face I no dimples should see,  
Let her smile—and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,  
And her eyes may be e'en any colour but green;  
For in eyes, though so various the lustre and hue,  
I swear I've no choice—only let her have two.

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back,  
And white teeth, I own, are genteeler than black:  
A little round chin too's a beauty, I've heard;  
But I only desire she mayn't have a beard.

*Don Jer.* You will change your note, my friend, when you've seen Louisa.

*Isaac.* Oh, Don Jerome, the honour of your alliance—

*Don Jer.* Ay, but her beauty will affect you—she is, though I say it, who am her father, a very

prodigy.—There you will see features with an eye like mine—yes i'faith, there is a kind of wicked sparkling—something of a roguish brightness, that shows her to be my own.

*Isaac.* Pretty rogue!

*Don Jer.* Then, when she smiles, you'll see a little dimple in one cheek only; a beauty it is certainly, yet you shall not say which is prettiest, the cheek with the dimple, or the cheek without.

*Isaac.* Pretty rogue!

*Don Jer.* Then the roses on those cheeks are shaded with a sort of velvet down, that gives a delicacy to the glow of health.

*Isaac.* Pretty rogue!

*Don Jer.* Her skin pure dimity, yet more fair, being spangled here and there with a golden freckle.

*Isaac.* Charming pretty rogue! pray how is the tone of her voice?

*Don Jer.* Remarkably pleasing—but if you could prevail on her to sing, you would be enchanted—she is a nightingale—a Virginian nightingale!—But come, come; her maid shall conduct you to her antechamber.

*Isaac.* Well, egad, I'll pluck up resolution, and meet her frowns intrepidly.

*Don Jer.* Ay! woo her briskly—win her, and give me a proof of your address, my little Solomon.

*Isaac.* But hold—I expect my friend Carlos to call on me here.—If he comes, will you send him to me?

*Don Jer.* I will.—Lauretta!—[*Calls.*] Come—she'll show you to the room. What! do you droop? here's a mournful face to make love with!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—DONNA LOUISA'S *Dressing Room.*

*Enter ISAAC and Maid.*

*Maid.* Sir, my mistress will wait on you presently. [*Goes to the door.*]

*Isaac.* When she's at leisure—don't hurry her.—[*Exit Maid.*] I wish I had ever practised a love-scene—I doubt I shall make a poor figure—I couldn't be more afraid, if I was going before the Inquisition.—So, the door opens—yes, she's coming—the very rustling of her silk has a disdainful sound.

*Enter Duenna, dressed as DONNA LOUISA.*

Now daren't I look round for the soul of me—her beauty will certainly strike me dumb if I do. I wish she'd speak first.

*Duen.* Sir, I attend your pleasure.

*Isaac.* [*Aside.*] So! the ice is broke, and a pretty civil beginning too!—[*Aloud.*] Hem! madam—miss—I'm all attention.

*Duen.* Nay, sir, 'tis I who should listen, and you propose.

*Isaac.* [*Aside.*] Egad, this isn't so disdainful neither—I believe I may venture to look—no—I daren't—one glance of those roguish sparklers would fix me again.

*Duen.* You seem thoughtful, sir—let me persuade you to sit down.

*Isaac.* [*Aside.*] So, so; she mollifies apace—she's struck with my figure! this attitude has had its effect.

*Duen.* Come, sir, here's a chair.

*Isaac.* Madam, the greatness of your goodness overpowers me—that a lady so lovely should deign to turn her beauteous eyes on me so.

[*She takes his hand, he turns and sees her.*]

*Duen.* You seem surprised at my condescension.

*Isaac.* Why, yes, madam, I am a little surprised at it.—[*Aside.*] Zounds! this can never be Louisa—she's as old as my mother!

*Duen.* But former prepossessions give way to my father's commands.

*Isaac.* [*Aside.*] Her father! Yes, 'tis she then.—Lord, Lord, how blind some parents are!

*Duen.* Signor Isaac!

*Isaac.* [*Aside.*] Truly, the little damsel was right—she has rather a matronly air, indeed! ah! 'tis well my affections are fixed on her fortune, and not her person.

*Duen.* Signor, won't you sit? [*She sits.*]

*Isaac.* Pardon me, madam, I have scarce recovered my astonishment at—your condescension, madam.—[*Aside.*] She has the devil's own dimples to be sure!

*Duen.* I do not wonder, sir, that you are surprised at my affability—I own, signor, that I was vastly prepossessed against you, and being teased by my father, I did give some encouragement to Antonio; but then, sir, you were described to me as a quite different person.

*Isaac.* Ay, and so you were to me, upon my soul, madam.

*Duen.* But when I saw you, I was never more struck in my life.

*Isaac.* That was just my case too, madam: I was struck all on a heap, for my part.

*Duen.* Well, sir, I see our misapprehension has been mutual—you expected to find me haughty and averse, and I was taught to believe you a little black, snub-nosed fellow, without person, manners, or address.

*Isaac.* Egad, I wish she had answered her picture as well! [*Aside.*]

*Duen.* But, sir, your air is noble—something so liberal in your carriage, with so penetrating an eye, and so bewitching a smile!

*Isaac.* Egad, now I look at her again, I don't think she is so ugly! [*Aside.*]

*Duen.* So little like a Jew, and so much like a gentleman!

*Isaac.* Well, certainly there is something pleasing in the tone of her voice. [*Aside.*]

*Duen.* You will pardon this breach of decorum in praising you thus, but my joy at being so agreeably deceived has given me such a flow of spirits!

*Isaac.* Oh, dear lady, may I thank those dear lips for this goodness?—[*Kisses her.*] Why she has a pretty sort of velvet down, that's the truth on't. [*Aside.*]

*Duen.* O, sir, you have the most insinuating manner, but indeed you should get rid of that odious beard—one might as well kiss a hedgehog.

*Isaac.* [*Aside.*] Yes, ma'am, the razor wouldn't be amiss—for either of us.—[*Aloud.*] Could you favour me with a song?

*Duen.* Willingly, sir, though I am rather hoarse—ahem! [*Begins to sing.*]

*Isaac.* [*Aside.*] Very like a Virginia nightingale!—[*Aloud.*] ma'am, I perceive you're hoarse—I beg you will not distress—

*Duen.* Oh, not in the least distressed;—now, sir.

## SONG.

When a tender maid  
Is first essay'd  
By some admiring swain,  
How her blushes rise  
If she meet his eyes,  
While he unfolds his pain!  
If he takes her hand—she trembles quite!  
Touch her lips—and she swoons outright!  
While a pit-a-pat, &c.  
Her heart avows her fright.  
  
But in time appear  
Fewer signs of fear;  
The youth she boldly views:  
If her hand he grasp,  
Or her bosom clasp,  
No mantling blush ensues!  
Then to church well pleased the lovers move,  
While her smiles her contentment prove;  
And a pit-a-pat, &c.  
Her heart avows her love.

*Isaac.* Charming, ma'am! enchanting! and, truly, your notes put me in mind of one that's very dear to me; a lady, indeed, whom you greatly resemble!

*Duen.* How! is there, then, another so dear to you?

*Isaac.* Oh, no, ma'am, you mistake; it was my mother I meant.

*Duen.* Come, sir, I see you are amazed and confounded at my condescension, and know not what to say.

*Isaac.* It is very true, indeed, ma'am; but it is a judgment, I look on it as a judgment on me, for delaying to urge the time when you'll permit me to complete my happiness, by acquainting Don Jerome with your condescension.

*Duen.* Sir, I must frankly own to you, that I can never be yours with my father's consent.

*Isaac.* Good lack! how so?

*Duen.* When my father, in his passion, swore he would never see me again till I acquiesced in his will, I also made a vow, that I would never take a husband from his hand; nothing shall make me break that oath: but, if you have spirit and contrivance enough to carry me off without his knowledge, I'm yours.

*Isaac.* Hum!

*Duen.* Nay, sir, if you hesitate—

*Isaac.* [*Aside.*] I'faith, no bad whim this!—If I take her at her word, I shall secure her fortune, and avoid making any settlement in return; thus I shall not only cheat the lover, but the father too.—Oh, cunning rogue, Isaac! ay, ay, let this little brain alone!—Egad, I'll take her in the mind!

*Duen.* Well, sir, what's your determination?

*Isaac.* Madam, I was dumb only from rapture—I applaud your spirit, and joyfully close with your proposal; for which, thus let me, on this lily hand, express my gratitude.

*Duen.* Well, sir, you must get my father's consent to walk with me in the garden. But by no means inform him of my kindness to you.

*Isaac.* No, to be sure, that would spoil all: but, trust me, when tricking is the word—let me alone for a piece of cunning; this very day you shall be out of his power.

*Duen.* Well, I leave the management of it all to you; I perceive plain, sir, that you are not one that can be easily outwitted.

*Isaac.* Egad, you're right, madam—you're right, i'faith.

*Re-enter Maid.*

*Maid.* Here's a gentleman at the door, who begs permission to speak with signor Isaac.

*Isaac.* A friend of mine, ma'am, and a trusty friend—let him come in.—[*Exit Maid.*] He is one to be depended on, ma'am.

*Enter DON CARLOS.*

So, coz! [*Talks apart with DON CARLOS.*]

*Don Car.* I have left Donna Clara at your lodgings, but can nowhere find Antonio.

*Isaac.* Well, I will search him out myself.—Carlos, you rogue, I thrive, I prosper!

*Don Car.* Where is your mistress?

*Isaac.* There, you booby, there she stands.

*Don Car.* Why, she's damned ugly!

*Isaac.* Hush! [*Stops his mouth.*]

*Duen.* What is your friend saying, signor?

*Isaac.* Oh, ma'am, he is expressing his raptures at such charms as he never saw before.—Eh, Carlos?

*Don Car.* Ay, such as I never saw before, indeed!

*Duen.* You are a very obliging gentleman.—Well, signor Isaac, I believe we had better part for the present. Remember our plan.

*Isaac.* Oh, ma'am, it is written in my heart, fixed as the image of those divine beauties.—Adieu, idol of my soul!—yet once more permit me—

[*Kisses her.*]

*Duen.* Sweet, courteous sir, adieu!

*Isaac.* Your slave eternally!—Come, Carlos, say something civil at taking leave.

*Don Car.* I'faith, Isaac, she is the hardest woman to compliment I ever saw; however, I'll try something I had studied for the occasion.

SONG.

Ah! sure a pair was never seen  
So justly form'd to meet by nature!  
The youth excelling so in mien,  
The maid in every grace of feature.  
Oh, how happy are such lovers,  
When kindred beauties each discovers!  
For surely she  
Was made for thee,  
And thou to bless this lovely creature!

So mild your looks, your children thence  
Will early learn the task of duty—  
The boys with all their father's sense,  
The girls with all their mother's beauty!  
Oh, how happy to inherit  
At once such graces and such spirit!  
Thus while you live  
May fortune give  
Each blessing equal to your merit! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Library in DON JEROME'S House.*

*DON JEROME and DON FERDINAND discovered.*

*Don Jer.* Object to Antonio! I have said it.—His poverty, can you acquit him of that?

*Don Ferd.* Sir, I own he is not over rich; but he is of as ancient and honourable a family as any in the kingdom.

*Don Jer.* Yes, I know the beggars are a very ancient family in most kingdoms; but never in great repute, boy.

*Don Ferd.* Antonio, sir, has many amiable qualities.

*Don Jer.* But he is poor; can you clear him of that, I say? Is he not a gay, dissipated rake, who has squandered his patrimony?

*Don Ferd.* Sir, he inherited but little; and that, his generosity, more than his profuseness, has stripped him of; but he has never sullied his honour, which, with his title, has outlived his means.

*Don Jer.* Psha! you talk like a blockhead! nobility, without an estate, is as ridiculous as gold lace on a frize coat.

*Don Ferd.* This language, sir, would better become a Dutch or English trader than a Spaniard.

*Don Jer.* Yes; and those Dutch and English traders, as you call them, are the wiser people. Why, booby, in England they were formerly as nice, as to birth and family, as we are: but they have long discovered what a wonderful purifier gold is; and now, no one there regards pedigree in anything but a horse.—Oh, here comes Isaac! I hope he has prospered in his suit.

*Don Ferd.* Doubtless, that agreeable figure of his must have helped his suit surprisingly.

*Don Jer.* How now!

[*DON FERDINAND walks aside.*]

*Enter ISAAC.*

Well, my friend, have you softened her?

*Isaac.* Oh, yes; I have softened her.

*Don Jer.* What, does she come to?

*Isaac.* Why, truly she was kinder than I expected to find her.

*Don Jer.* And the dear little angel was civil, hey?

*Isaac.* Yes, the pretty little angel was very civil.

*Don Jer.* I'm transported to hear it!—Well, and you were astonished at her beauty, hey?

*Isaac.* I was astonished, indeed! pray, how old is miss?

*Don Jer.* How old! let me see—eight and twelve—she is twenty.

*Isaac.* Twenty?

*Don Jer.* Ay, to a month.

*Isaac.* Then, upon my soul, she is the oldest-looking girl of her age in Christendom!

*Don Jer.* Do you think so? but, I believe, you will not see a prettier girl.

*Isaac.* Here and there one.

*Don Jer.* Louisa has the family face.

*Isaac.* Yes, egad, I should have taken it for a family face, and one that has been in the family some time too. [*Aside.*]

*Don Jer.* She has her father's eyes.

*Isaac.* Truly I should have guessed them to have been so!—If she had her mother's spectacles, I believe she would not see the worse. [*Aside.*]

*Don Jer.* Her aunt Ursula's nose, and her grandmother's forehead, to a hair.

*Isaac.* Ay, faith, and her grandfather's chin to a hair. [*Aside.*]

*Don Jer.* Well, if she was but as dutiful as she's handsome—and hark ye, friend Isaac, she is none of your made-up beauties—her charms are of the lasting kind.

*Isaac.* I'faith, so they should—for if she be but twenty now, she may double her age before her years will overtake her face.

*Don Jer.* Why, zounds, master Isaac! you are not sneering, are you?

*Isaac.* Why now, seriously, Don Jerome, do you think your daughter handsome?

*Don Jer.* By this light, she's as handsome a girl as any in Seville.

*Isaac.* Then, by these eyes, I think her as plain a woman as ever I beheld.

*Don Jer.* By St. Iago, you must be blind.

*Isaac.* No, no; 'tis you are partial.

*Don Jer.* How! have I neither sense nor taste? If a fair skin, fine eyes, teeth of ivory, with a lovely bloom, and a delicate shape—if these, with a heavenly voice, and a world of grace, are not charms, I know not what you call beautiful.

*Isaac.* Good lack, with what eyes a father sees! As I have life she is the very reverse of all this: as for the dimity skin you told me of, I swear 'tis a thorough nankeen as ever I saw! for her eyes, their utmost merit is not squinting—for her teeth, where there is one of ivory, its neighbour is pure ebony, black and white alternately, just like the keys of a harpsichord. Then, as to her singing, and heavenly voice—by this hand, she has a shrill, cracked pipe, that sounds, for all the world, like a child's trumpet.

*Don Jer.* Why, you little Hebrew scoundrel, do you mean to insult me? out of my house, I say!

*Don Ferd.* [*Coming forward.*] Dear sir, what's the matter?

*Don Jer.* Why, this Israelite here has the impudence to say your sister's ugly.

*Don Ferd.* He must be either blind or insolent.

*Isaac.* So, I find they are all in a story. Egad, I believe I have gone too far! [*Aside.*]

*Don Ferd.* Sure, sir, there must be some mistake; it can't be my sister whom he has seen.

*Don Jer.* 'Sdeath! you are as great a fool as he! what mistake can there be? did not I lock up Louisa, and haven't I the key in my own pocket? and didn't her maid show him into the dressing-room? and yet you talk of a mistake!—No, the Portuguese meant to insult me—and, but that this roof protects him, old as I am, this sword should do me justice.

*Isaac.* I must get off as well as I can—her fortune is not the less handsome. [*Aside.*]

## DUET.

*Isaac.* Believe me, good sir, I ne'er meant to offend;  
My mistress I love, and I value my friend:  
To win her and wed her is still my request,  
For better, for worse—and I swear I don't jest.

*Don Jer.* Zounds! you'd best not provoke me, my rage is so high!

*Isaac.* Hold him fast, I beseech you, his rage is so high!

Good sir, you're too hot, and this place I must fly.

*Don Jer.* You're a knave and a sot, and this place you'd best fly.

*Isaac.* Don Jerome, come now, let us lay aside all joking, and be serious.

*Don Jer.* How!

*Isaac.* Ha! ha! ha! I'll be hanged if you haven't taken my abuse of your daughter seriously.

*Don Jer.* You meant it so, did not you?

*Isaac.* O mercy, no! a joke—just to try how angry it would make you.

*Don Jer.* Was that all, i'faith? I didn't know you had been such a wag, ha! ha! ha! By St. Iago! you made me very angry though.—Well, and you do think Louisa handsome?

*Isaac.* Handsome! Venus de Medicis was a sibyl to her.

*Don Jer.* Give me your hand, you little jocose rogue!—Egad, I thought we had been all off.

*Don Ferd.* So! I was in hopes this would have been a quarrel; but I find the Jew is too cunning. [*Aside.*]

*Don Jer.* Ay, this gust of passion has made me dry—I am seldom ruffled.—Order some wine in the next room—let us drink the poor girl's health. Poor Louisa! ugly, hey! ha! ha! ha! 'twas a very good joke, indeed!

*Isaac.* And a very true one for all that. [*Aside.*]

*Don Jer.* And, Ferdinand, I insist upon your drinking success to my friend.

*Don Ferd.* Sir, I will drink success to my friend with all my heart.

*Don Jer.* Come, little Solomon, if any sparks of anger had remained, this would be the only way to quench them.

## TRIO.

A bumper of good liquor  
Will end a contest quicker  
Than justice, judge, or vicar;  
So fill a cheerful glass,  
And let good humour pass.

But if more deep the quarrel,  
Why sooner drain the barrel  
Than be the hateful fellow  
That's crabbed when he's mellow.  
A bumper, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.—ISAAC'S Lodgings.

Enter DONNA LOUISA.

*Don. Louisa.* Was ever truant daughter so whimsically circumstanced as I am! I have sent my intended husband to look after my lover—the man of my father's choice is gone to bring me the man of my own. But how dispiriting is this interval of expectation!

## SONG.

What bard, O Time, discover,  
With wings first made thee move?  
Ah! sure it was some lover  
Who ne'er had left his love!  
For who that once did prove  
The pangs which absence brings,  
Though but one day  
He were away,  
Could picture thee with wings?  
What bard, &c.

Enter DON CARLOS.

So, friend, is Antonio found?

*Don Car.* I could not meet with him, lady; but I doubt not my friend Isaac will be here with him presently.

*Don. Louisa.* Oh, shame! you have used no diligence.—Is this your courtesy to a lady, who has trusted herself to your protection?

*Don Car.* Indeed, madam, I have not been remiss.

*Don. Louisa.* Well, well; but if either of you had known how each moment of delay weighs upon the heart of her who loves, and waits the object of her love, oh, ye would not then have trifled thus!

*Don Car.* Alas, I know it well!

*Don. Louisa.* Were you ever in love then?

*Don Car.* I was, lady; but while I have life, will never be again.

*Don. Louisa.* Was your mistress so cruel?

*Don Car.* If she had always been so, I should have been happier.

SONG.

O had my love ne'er smiled on me,  
I ne'er had known such anguish;  
But think how false, how cruel she,  
To bid me cease to languish;  
To bid me hope her hand to gain,  
Breathe on a flame half perish'd;  
And then with cold and fix'd disdain  
To kill the hope she cherish'd.

Not worse his fate, who on a wreck,  
That drove as winds did blow it,  
Silent had left the shatter'd deck,  
To find a grave below it:  
Then land was cried—no more resign'd,  
He glow'd with joy to hear it;  
Not worse his fate, his woe, to find  
The wreck must sink ere near it!

*Don. Louisa.* As I live, here is your friend coming with Antonio!—I'll retire for a moment to surprise him. [Exit.]

Enter ISAAC and DON ANTONIO.

*Don Ant.* Indeed, my good friend, you must be mistaken. Clara d'Almanza in love with me, and employ you to bring me to meet her! It is impossible!

*Isaac.* That you shall see in an instant.—Carlos, where is the lady?—[DON CARLOS points to the door.] In the next room, is she?

*Don Ant.* Nay, if that lady is really here, she certainly wants me to conduct her to a dear friend of mine, who has long been her lover.

*Isaac.* Psha! I tell you 'tis no such thing—you are the man she wants, and nobody but you. Here's ado to persuade you to take a pretty girl that's dying for you!

*Don Ant.* But I have no affection for this lady.

*Isaac.* And you have for Louisa, hey? but take my word for it, Antonio, you have no chance there—so you may as well secure the good that offers itself to you.

*Don Ant.* And could you reconcile it to your conscience, to supplant your friend?

*Isaac.* Pish! Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politics. Why, you are no honest fellow if love can't make a rogue of you—so come, do go in and speak to her at last.

*Don Ant.* Well, I have no objection to that.

*Isaac.* [Opens the door.] There—there she is—yonder by the window—get in, do.—[Pushes him

in, and half shuts the door.] Now, Carlos, now I shall hamper him, I warrant!—Stay, I'll peep how they go on. Egad, he looks confoundedly posed! Now she's coaxing him—see, Carlos, he begins to come to—ay, ay, he'll soon forget his conscience.

*Don Car.* Look—now they are both laughing!

*Isaac.* Ay, so they are—yes, yes, they are laughing at that dear friend he talked of—ay, poor devil, they have outwitted him.

*Don Car.* Now he's kissing her hand.

*Isaac.* Yes, yes, 'faith, they're agreed—he's caught, he's entangled—my dear Carlos, we have brought it about. Oh, this little cunning head! I'm a Machiavel—a very Machiavel!

*Don Car.* I hear somebody inquiring for you—I'll see who it is. [Exit.]

Re-enter DON ANTONIO and DONNA LOUISA.

*Don Ant.* Well, my good friend, this lady has so entirely convinced me of the certainty of your success at Don Jerome's, that I now resign my pretensions there.

*Isaac.* You never did a wiser thing, believe me; and as for deceiving your friend, that's nothing at all—tricking is all fair in love, isn't it, ma'am?

*Don. Louisa.* Certainly, sir; and I am particularly glad to find you are of that opinion.

*Isaac.* O Lud! yes, ma'am—let any one outwit me that can, I say!—But here, let me join your hands.—There, you lucky rogue! I wish you happily married, from the bottom of my soul!

*Don. Louisa.* And I am sure if you wish it, no one else should prevent it.

*Isaac.* Now, Antonio, we are rivals no more; so let us be friends, will you?

*Don Ant.* With all my heart, Isaac.

*Isaac.* It is not every man, let me tell you, that would have taken such pains, or been so generous to a rival.

*Don Ant.* No, 'faith; I don't believe there's another beside yourself in all Spain.

*Isaac.* Well, but you resign all pretensions to the other lady?

*Don Ant.* That I do, most sincerely.

*Isaac.* I doubt you have a little hankering there still.

*Don Ant.* None in the least, upon my soul.

*Isaac.* I mean after her fortune.

*Don Ant.* No, believe me.—You are heartily welcome to everything she has.

*Isaac.* Well, i'faith, you have the best of the bargain, as to beauty, twenty to one.—Now I'll tell you a secret—I am to carry off Louisa this very evening.

*Don. Louisa.* Indeed!

*Isaac.* Yes, she has sworn not to take a husband from her father's hand—so, I've persuaded him to trust her to walk with me in the garden, and then we shall give him the slip.

*Don. Louisa.* And is Don Jerome to know nothing of this?

*Isaac.* O Lud, no! there lies the jest.—Don't you see that, by this step, I overreach him? I shall be entitled to the girl's fortune, without settling a ducat on her, ha! ha! ha! I'm a cunning dog, an't I? a sly little villain, eh?

*Don Ant.* Ha! ha! ha! you are indeed!

*Isaac.* Roguish, you'll say, but keen, eh?—devilish keen?



*Don Ant.* So you are indeed—keen—very keen.  
*Isaac.* And what a laugh we shall have at Don Jerome's when the truth comes out! hey?

*Don. Louisa.* Yes, I'll answer for it, we shall have a good laugh when the truth comes out, ha! ha! ha!

*Re-enter DON CARLOS.*

*Don Car.* Here are the dancers come to practise the fandango you intended to have honoured Donna Louisa with.

*Isaac.* Oh, I shan't want them; but as I must pay them, I'll see a caper for my money—will you excuse me?

*Don. Louisa.* Willingly.

*Isaac.* Here's my friend, whom you may command for any service. Madam, your most obedient—Antonio, I wish you all happiness.—[*Aside.*] Oh, the easy blockhead! what a tool I have made of him!—This was a masterpiece! [*Exit.*]

*Don. Louisa.* Carlos, will you be my guard again, and convey me to the convent of St. Catharine?

*Don Ant.* Why, Louisa—why should you go there?

*Don. Louisa.* I have my reasons, and you must not be seen to go with me; I shall write from thence to my father; perhaps, when he finds what he has driven me to, he may relent.

*Don Ant.* I have no hope from him.—O Louisa! in these arms should be your sanctuary.

*Don. Louisa.* Be patient but for a little while—my father cannot force me from thence. But let me see you there before evening, and I will explain myself.

*Don Ant.* I shall obey.

*Don. Louisa.* Come, friend.—Antonio, Carlos has been a lover himself.

*Don Ant.* Then he knows the value of his trust.

*Don Car.* You shall not find me unfaithful.

TRIO.

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast  
 Where love has been received a welcome guest;  
 As wandering saints poor huts have sacred made,  
 He hallows every heart he once has sway'd;  
 And when his presence we no longer share,  
 Still leaves compassion as a relic there. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Library in DON JEROME'S House.*

*Enter DON JEROME and Servant.*

*Don Jer.* Why, I never was so amazed in my life! Louisa gone off with Isaac Mendoza!—What! steal away with the very man whom I wanted her to marry—elope with her own husband, as it were—it is impossible!

*Ser.* Her maid says, sir, they had your leave to walk in the garden while you was abroad.—The door by the shrubbery was found open, and they have not been heard of since. [*Exit.*]

*Don Jer.* Well, it is the most unaccountable affair! 'sdeath! there is certainly some infernal mystery in it I can't comprehend!

*Enter Second Servant, with a letter.*

*Ser.* Here is a letter, sir, from signor Isaac.

*Don Jer.* So, so, this will explain—ay, Isaac Mendoza—let me see— [*Exit.*]  
 [*Reads.*]

*Dearest Sir,*

*You must, doubtless, be much surprised at my flight with your daughter!—Yes, 'faith, and well I may—I had the happiness to gain her heart at our first interview.—The devil you had!—But she having unfortunately made a vow not to receive a husband from your hands, I was obliged to comply with her whim!—So, so!—We shall shortly throw ourselves at your feet, and I hope you will have a blessing ready for one, who will then be your son-in-law,*  
 ISAAC MENDOZA.

A whim, hey? Why, the devil's in the girl, I think! This morning, she would die sooner than have him, and before evening, she runs away with him!—Well, well, my will's accomplished—let the motive be what it will—and the Portuguese, sure, will never deny to fulfil the rest of the article.

*Re-enter Servant, with another letter.*

*Ser.* Sir, here's a man below, who says he brought this from my young lady, Donna Louisa. [*Exit.*]

*Don Jer.* How! yes, it is my daughter's hand indeed! Lord, there was no occasion for them both to write; well, let's see what she says—

[*Reads.*]

*My dearest Father,*

*How shall I entreat your pardon for the rash step I have taken—how confess the motive?—Pish! hasn't Isaac just told me the motive?—one would think they weren't together when they wrote—If I have a spirit too resentful of ill usage, I have also a heart as easily affected by kindness.—So, so, here the whole matter comes out; her resentment for Antonio's ill usage has made her sensible of Isaac's kindness—yes, yes, it is all plain enough—well.—I am not married yet, though with a man, I am convinced, adores me—Yes, yes, I dare say Isaac is very fond of her—But I shall anxiously expect your answer, in which, should I be so fortunate as to receive your consent, you will make completely happy, your ever affectionate daughter,*  
 LOUISA.

My consent? to be sure she shall have it!—egad, I was never better pleased—I have fulfilled my resolution—I knew I should.—Oh, there's nothing like obstinacy!—Lewis! [*Calls.*]

*Re-enter Servant.*

Let the man, who brought the last letter, wait; and get me a pen and ink below.—[*Exit Servant.*]  
 I am impatient to set poor Louisa's heart at rest.—Holloa! Lewis! Sancho! [*Calls.*]

Enter Servants.

See that there be a noble supper provided in the saloon to-night; serve up my best wines, and let me have music;—d'ye hear?

Ser. Yes, sir.

Don Jer. And order all my doors to be thrown open; admit all guests, with masks or without masks.—[*Exeunt Servants.*] I'faith, we'll have a night of it! and I'll let them see how merry an old man can be.

SONG.

Oh, the days when I was young,  
When I laugh'd in fortune's spite;  
Talk'd of love the whole day long,  
And with nectar crown'd the night!  
Then it was, old father Care,  
Little reck'd I of thy frown;  
Half thy malice youth could bear,  
And the rest a bumper drown.

Truth, they say, lies in a well,  
Why, I vow I ne'er could see;  
Let the water-drinkers tell,  
There it always lay for me:  
For when sparkling wine went round,  
Never saw I falsehood's mask;  
But still honest truth I found  
At the bottom of each flask.

True, at length my vigour's flown,  
I have years to bring decay;  
Few the locks that now I own,  
And the few I have are grey.  
Yet, old Jerome, thou mayst boast,  
While thy spirits do not tire;  
Still beneath thy age's frost  
Glows a spark of youthful fire.

[*Erit.*]

SCENE II.—*The New Piazza.*

Enter DON FERDINAND and LOPEZ.

Don Ferd. What, could you gather no tidings of her? nor guess where she was gone?—O Clara! Clara!

Lop. In truth, sir, I could not. That she was run away from her father, was in everybody's mouth; and that Don Guzman was in pursuit of her, was also a very common report. Where she was gone, or what was become of her, no one could take upon them to say.

Don Ferd. 'Sdeath and fury, you blockhead! she can't be out of Seville.

Lop. So I said to myself, sir. 'Sdeath and fury, you blockhead, says I, she can't be out of Seville. Then some said, she had hanged herself for love; and others have it, Don Antonio had carried her off.

Don Ferd. 'Tis false, scoundrel! no one said that.

Lop. Then I misunderstood them, sir.

Don Ferd. Go, fool, get home! and never let me see you again till you bring me news of her.—[*Exit LOPEZ.*] Oh, how my fondness for this ungrateful girl has hurt my disposition!

Enter ISAAC.

Isaac. So, I have her safe, and have only to find a priest to marry us. Antonio now may marry Clara, or not, if he pleases.

Don Ferd. What! what was that you said of Clara?

Isaac. Oh, Ferdinand! my brother-in-law that shall be, who thought of meeting you!

Don Ferd. But what of Clara?

Isaac. I'faith, you shall hear. This morning, as I was coming down, I met a pretty damsel, who told me her name was Clara d'Almanza, and begged my protection.

Don Ferd. How!

Isaac. She said she had eloped from her father, Don Guzman, but that love for a young gentleman in Seville was the cause.

Don Ferd. Oh, Heavens! did she confess it?

Isaac. Oh, yes, she confessed at once;—but then, says she, my lover is not informed of my flight, nor suspects my intention.

Don Ferd. [*Aside.*] Dear creature! no more I did indeed! Oh, I am the happiest fellow!—[*Aloud.*] Well, Isaac?

Isaac. Why, then she entreated me to find him out for her, and bring him to her.

Don Ferd. Good Heavens, how lucky!—Well, come along; let's lose no time. [*Pulling him.*]

Isaac. Zooks! where are we to go?

Don Ferd. Why, did anything more pass?

Isaac. Anything more! yes; the end on't was, that I was moved with her speeches, and complied with her desires.

Don Ferd. Well, and where is she?

Isaac. Where is she! why, don't I tell you? I complied with her request, and left her safe in the arms of her lover.

Don Ferd. 'Sdeath, you trifle with me!—I have never seen her.

Isaac. You! O Lud, no! how the devil should you? 'Twas Antonio she wanted; and with Antonio I left her.

Don Ferd. [*Aside.*] Hell and madness!—[*Aloud.*] What, Antonio d'Ercilla?

Isaac. Ay, ay, the very man; and the best part of it was, he was shy of taking her at first. He talked a good deal about honour, and conscience, and deceiving some dear friend; but, Lord, we soon overruled that!

Don Ferd. You did!

Isaac. Oh, yes, presently.—Such deceit! says he.—Pish! says the lady, tricking is all fair in love. But then, my friend, says he.—Psha! damn your friend, says I. So, poor wretch, he has no chance.—No, no; he may hang himself as soon as he pleases!

Don Ferd. I must go, or I shall betray myself.

[*Aside.*]

Isaac. But stay, Ferdinand, you han't heard the best of the joke.

Don Ferd. Curse on your joke!

Isaac. Good lack! what's the matter now? I thought to have diverted you.

Don Ferd. Be racked! tortured! damned!

Isaac. Why, sure you are not the poor devil of a lover, are you?—I'faith, as sure as can be, he is! This is a better joke than t'other, ha! ha! ha!

Don Ferd. What! do you laugh? you vile, mischievous varlet!—[*Collars him.*] But that you're beneath my anger, I'd tear your heart out!

[*Throws him from him.*]

Isaac. O mercy! here's usage for a brother-in-law!

Don Ferd. But, hark ye, rascal! tell me directly where these false friends are gone, or, by my soul—

[*Draws.*]

*Isaac.* For Heaven's sake, now, my dear brother-in-law, don't be in a rage! I'll recollect as well as I can.

*Don Ferd.* Be quick then!

*Isaac.* I will, I will!—but people's memories differ; some have a treacherous memory: now mine is a cowardly memory—it takes to its heels at sight of a drawn sword, it does, i'faith; and I could as soon fight as recollect.

*Don Ferd.* Zounds! tell me the truth, and I won't hurt you.

*Isaac.* No, no, I know you won't, my dear brother-in-law; but that ill-looking thing there—

*Don Ferd.* What, then, you won't tell me?

*Isaac.* Yes, yes, I will; I'll tell you all, upon my soul!—but why need you listen sword in hand?

*Don Ferd.* Why, there.—[*Puts up.*] Now.

*Isaac.* Why, then, I believe they are gone to—that is, my friend Carlos told me, he had left Donna Clara—dear Ferdinand, keep your hands off—at the convent of St. Catharine.

*Don Ferd.* St. Catharine?

*Isaac.* Yes; and that Antonio was to come to her there.

*Don Ferd.* Is this the truth?

*Isaac.* It is indeed; and all I know, as I hope for life!

*Don Ferd.* Well, coward, take your life! 'tis that false, dishonourable Antonio, who shall feel my vengeance.

*Isaac.* Ay, ay, kill him; cut his throat, and welcome.

*Don Ferd.* But, for Clara! infamy on her! she is not worth my resentment.

*Isaac.* No more she is, my dear brother-in-law. I'faith, I would not be angry about her; she is not worth it, indeed.

*Don Ferd.* 'Tis false! she is worth the enmity of princes!

*Isaac.* True, true, so she is; and I pity you exceedingly for having lost her.

*Don Ferd.* 'Sdeath, you rascal! how durst you talk of pitying me?

*Isaac.* Oh, dear brother-in-law, I beg pardon! I don't pity you in the least, upon my soul!

*Don Ferd.* Get hence, fool, and provoke me no further; nothing but your insignificance saves you!

*Isaac.* [*Aside.*] I'faith, then, my insignificance is the best friend I have.—[*Aloud.*] I'm going, dear Ferdinand.—[*Aside.*] What a curst hot-headed bully it is! [*Exeunt severally.*]

### SCENE III.—*The Garden of the Convent.*

*Enter DONNA LOUISA and DONNA CLARA.*

*Don. Louisa.* And you really wish my brother may not find you out?

*Don. Clara.* Why else have I concealed myself under this disguise?

*Don. Louisa.* Why, perhaps, because the dress becomes you; for you certainly don't intend to be a nun for life.

*Don. Clara.* If, indeed, Ferdinand had not offended me so last night—

*Don. Louisa.* Come, come, it was his fear of losing you made him so rash.

*Don. Clara.* Well, you may think me cruel, but I swear, if he were here this instant, I believe I should forgive him.

### SONG.

By him we love offended,  
How soon our anger flies!  
One day apart, 'tis ended;  
Behold him, and it dies.

Last night, your roving brother,  
Enraged I bade depart;  
And sure his rude presumption  
Deserved to lose my heart.

Yet, were he now before me,  
In spite of injured pride,  
I fear my eyes would pardon  
Before my tongue could chide.

*Don. Louisa.* I protest, Clara, I shall begin to think you are seriously resolved to enter on your probation.

*Don. Clara.* And, seriously, I very much doubt whether the character of a nun would not become me best.

*Don. Louisa.* Why, to be sure, the character of a nun is a very becoming one at a masquerade; but no pretty woman, in her senses, ever thought of taking the veil for above a night.

*Don. Clara.* Yonder I see your Antonio is returned—I shall only interrupt you; ah, Louisa, with what happy eagerness you turn to look for him! [*Exit.*]

*Enter DON ANTONIO.*

*Don Ant.* Well, my Louisa, any news since I left you?

*Don. Louisa.* None.—The messenger is not returned from my father.

*Don Ant.* Well, I confess, I do not perceive what we are to expect from him.

*Don. Louisa.* I shall be easier, however, in having made the trial: I do not doubt your sincerity, Antonio; but there is a chilling air around poverty, that often kills affection, that was not nursed in it.—If we would make love our household god, we had best secure him a comfortable roof.

### SONG.

*Don Ant.* How oft, Louisa, hast thou told,  
(Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown),  
Thou wouldst not lose Antonio's love  
To reign the partner of a throne.  
And by those lips, that spoke so kind,  
And by that hand, I've press'd to mine,  
To be the lord of wealth and power,  
By Heavens, I would not part with thine!

Then how, my soul, can we be poor,  
Who own what kingdoms could not buy?  
Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,  
And, serving thee, a monarch I.  
Thus uncontroll'd, in mutual bliss,  
And rich in love's exhaustless mine,  
Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,  
And I'll take kingdoms back from thine!

*Enter Maid, with a letter.*

*Don. Louisa.* My father's answer, I suppose.

*Don Ant.* My dearest Louisa, you may be assured, that it contains nothing but threats and reproaches.

*Don. Louisa.* Let us see, however,—[*Reads.*] *Dearest daughter, make your lover happy; you have my full consent to marry as your whim has chosen, but be sure come home and sup with your affectionate father.*

*Don Ant.* You jest, Louisa!

*Don. Louisa.* [*Gives him the letter.*] Read! read!

*Don Ant.* 'Tis so, by Heavens!—Sure there must be some mistake; but that's none of our business.—Now, Louisa, you have no excuse for delay.

*Don. Louisa.* Shall we not then return and thank my father?

*Don Ant.* But first let the priest put it out of his power to recall his word.—I'll fly to procure one.

*Don. Louisa.* Nay, if you part with me again, perhaps you may lose me.

*Don Ant.* Come then—there is a friar of a neighbouring convent is my friend; you have already been diverted by the manners of a nunnery; let us see whether there is less hypocrisy among the holy fathers.

*Don. Louisa.* I'm afraid not, Antonio—for in religion, as in friendship, they who profess most are ever the least sincere. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter DONNA CLARA.

*Don. Clara.* So, yonder they go, as happy as a mutual and confessed affection can make them, while I am left in solitude. Heigho! love may perhaps excuse the rashness of an elopement from one's friend, but I am sure, nothing but the presence of the man we love can support it.—Ha! what do I see! Ferdinand, as I live! how could he gain admission?—By potent gold, I suppose, as Antonio did.—How eager and disturbed he seems!—he shall not know me as yet. [*Lets down her veil.*]

Enter DON FERDINAND.

*Don Ferd.* Yes, those were certainly they—my information was right. [*Going.*]

*Don. Clara.* [*Stops him.*] Pray, signor, what is your business here?

*Don Ferd.* No matter—no matter!—Oh, they stop—[*Looks out.*] Yes, that is the perfidious Clara indeed!

*Don. Clara.* So, a jealous error—I'm glad to see him so moved. [*Aside.*]

*Don Ferd.* Her disguise can't conceal her—no, no, I know her too well.

*Don. Clara.* [*Aside.*] Wonderful discernment!—[*Aloud.*] But, signor—

*Don Ferd.* Be quiet, good nun; don't tease me!—By Heavens, she leans upon his arm, hangs fondly on it! O woman, woman!

*Don. Clara.* But, signor, who is it you want?

*Don Ferd.* Not you, not you, so prithee don't tease me. Yet pray stay—gentle nun, was it not Donna Clara d'Almanza just parted from you?

*Don. Clara.* Clara d'Almanza, signor, is not yet out of the garden.

*Don Ferd.* Ay, ay, I knew I was right!—And pray is not that gentleman, now at the porch with her, Antonio d'Ercilla?

*Don. Clara.* It is indeed, signor.

*Don Ferd.* So, so; now but one question more—can you inform me for what purpose they have gone away?

*Don. Clara.* They are gone to be married, I believe.

*Don Ferd.* Very well—enough—now if I don't mar their wedding! [*Exit.*]

*Don. Clara.* [*Unveils.*] I thought jealousy had made lovers quick-sighted, but it has made mine blind.—Louisa's story accounts to me for this

error, and I am glad to find I have power enough over him to make him so unhappy. But why should not I be present at his surprise when undeceived? When he's through the porch, I'll follow him; and, perhaps, Louisa shall not singly be a bride.

SONG.

Adieu, thou dreary pile, where never dies  
The sullen echo of repentant sighs!  
Ye sister mourners of each lonely cell,  
Inured to hymns and sorrow, fare ye well!  
For happier scenes I fly this darksome grove,  
To saints a prison, but a tomb to love! [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Court before the Priory.*

Enter ISAAC, crossing the stage, DON ANTONIO following.

*Don Ant.* What, my friend Isaac!

*Isaac.* What, Antonio! wish me joy! I have Louisa safe.

*Don Ant.* Have you?—I wish you joy with all my soul.

*Isaac.* Yes, I am come here to procure a priest to marry us.

*Don Ant.* So, then we are both on the same errand; I am come to look for father Paul.

*Isaac.* Ha! I am glad on't—but, i'faith, he must tack me first; my love is waiting.

*Don Ant.* So is mine.—I left her in the porch.

*Isaac.* Ay, but I am in haste to get back to Don Jerome.

*Don Ant.* And so am I too.

*Isaac.* Well, perhaps he'll save time, and marry us both together—or I'll be your father, and you shall be mine. Come along—but you're obliged to me for all this.

*Don Ant.* Yes, yes. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Priory.*

FATHER PAUL, FATHER FRANCIS, FATHER AUGUSTINE, and other Friars, discovered at a table drinking.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

This bottle's the sun of our table,  
His beams are rosy wine;  
We, planets, that are not able  
Without his help to shine,  
Let mirth and glee abound!  
You'll soon grow bright  
With borrow'd light,  
And shine as he goes round.

*Paul.* Brother Francis, toss the bottle about, and give me your toast.

*Fran.* Have we drank the abess of St. Ursuline?

*Paul.* Yes, yes; she was the last.

*Fran.* Then I'll give you the blue-eyed nun of St. Catharine's.

*Paul.* With all my heart.—[*Drinks.*] Pray, brother Augustine, were there any benefactions left in my absence?

*Aug.* Don Juan Corduba has left a hundred ducats, to remember him in our masses.

*Paul.* Has he? let them be paid to our wine merchant, and we'll remember him in our cups, which will do just as well. Anything more?

*Aug.* Yes ; Baptista, the rich miser, who died last week, has bequeathed us a thousand pistoles, and the silver lamp he used in his own chamber, to burn before the image of St. Anthony.

*Paul.* 'Twas well meant, but we'll employ his money better—Baptista's bounty shall light the living, not the dead.—St. Anthony is not afraid to be left in the dark, though he was.—[*Knocking.*] See who's there.

[FATHER FRANCIS goes to the door and opens it.

*Enter Porter.*

*Port.* Here's one without, in pressing haste to speak with father Paul.

*Fran.* Brother Paul!

[FATHER PAUL comes from behind a curtain, with a glass of wine, and in his hand a piece of cake.

*Paul.* Here ! how durst you, fellow, thus abruptly break in upon our devotions ?

*Port.* I thought they were finished.

*Paul.* No, they were not.—Were they, brother Francis ?

*Fran.* Not by a bottle each.

*Paul.* But neither you nor your fellows mark how the hours go ; no, you mind nothing but the gratifying of your appetites ; ye eat and swill, and sleep, and gormandise, and thrive, while we are wasting in mortification.

*Port.* We ask no more than nature craves.

*Paul.* 'Tis false, ye have more appetites than hairs ! and your flushed, sleek, and pampered appearance is the disgrace of our order—out on't ! If you are hungry, can't you be content with the wholesome roots of the earth ; and if you are dry, isn't there the crystal spring ?—[*Drinks.*] Put this away,—[*Gives the glass*] and show me where I'm wanted.—[*Porter draws the glass.*—PAUL, going, turns.] So, you would have drank it, if there had been any left ! Ah, glutton ! glutton !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Court before the Priory.*

*Enter ISAAC and DON ANTONIO.*

*Isaac.* A plaguy while coming, this same father Paul !—He's detained at vespers, I suppose, poor fellow.

*Don Ant.* No, here he comes.

*Enter FATHER PAUL.*

Good father Paul, I crave your blessing.

*Isaac.* Yes, good father Paul, we are come to beg a favour.

*Paul.* What is it, pray ?

*Isaac.* To marry us, good father Paul ; and in truth thou dost look the very priest of Hymen.

*Paul.* In short, I may be called so ; for I deal in repentance and mortification.

*Isaac.* No, no, thou seemest an officer of Hymen, because thy presence speaks content and good humour.

*Paul.* Alas ! my appearance is deceitful.—Bloat-ed I am, indeed ! for fasting is a windy recreation, and it hath swollen me like a bladder.

*Don Ant.* But thou hast a good fresh colour in thy face, father ; rosy, i'faith !

*Paul.* Yes, I have blushed for mankind, till the hue of my shame is as fixed as their vices.

*Isaac.* Good man !

*Paul.* And I have laboured too, but to what purpose ? they continue to sin under my very nose.

*Isaac.* Efects, father, I should have guessed as much, for your nose seems to be put to the blush more than any other part of your face.

*Paul.* Go, you're a wag !

*Don Ant.* But, to the purpose, father—will you officiate for us ?

*Paul.* To join young people thus clandestinely is not safe : and, indeed, I have in my heart many weighty reasons against it.

*Don Ant.* And I have in my hand many weighty reasons for it.—Isaac, haven't you an argument or two in our favour about you ?

*Isaac.* Yes, yes ; here is a most unanswerable purse.

*Paul.* For shame ! you make me angry : you forget who I am, and when importunate people have forced their trash—ay, into this pocket, here—or into this—why, then the sin was theirs.—[*They put money into his pockets.*] Fy, now how you distress me ! I would return it, but that I must touch it that way, and so wrong my oath.

*Don Ant.* Now then, come with us.

*Isaac.* Ay, now give us your title to joy and rapture.

*Paul.* Well, when your hour of repentance comes, don't blame me.

*Don Ant.* [*Aside.*] No bad caution to my friend Isaac.—[*Aloud.*] Well, well, father, do you do your part, and I'll abide the consequence.

*Isaac.* Ay, and so will I.

*Enter DONNA LOUISA, running.*

*Don. Louisa.* O Antonio, Ferdinand is at the porch, and inquiring for us.

*Isaac.* Who ? Don Ferdinand ! he's not inquiring for me, I hope.

*Don Ant.* Fear not, my love ; I'll soon pacify him.

*Isaac.* Egad, you won't—Antonio, take my advice, and run away ; this Ferdinand is the most unmerciful dog ; and has the cursedest long sword !—and, upon my soul, he comes on purpose to cut your throat.

*Don Ant.* Never fear, never fear.

*Isaac.* Well, you may stay if you will ; but I'll get some one to marry me ; for, by St. Iago, he shall never marry me again, while I am master of a pair of heels.

[*Runs out.*—DONNA LOUISA lets down her veil.

*Enter DON FERDINAND.*

*Don Ferd.* So, sir, I have met with you at last.

*Don Ant.* Well, sir.

*Don Ferd.* Base, treacherous man ! whence can a false, deceitful soul, like yours, borrow confidence to look so steadily on the man you've injured ?

*Don Ant.* Ferdinand, you are too warm :—'tis true you find me on the point of wedding one I love beyond my life ; but no argument of mine prevailed on her to elope—I scorn deceit, as much as you.—By heaven I knew not she had left her father's till I saw her !

*Don Ferd.* What a mean excuse ! You have wronged your friend, then, for one, whose wanton

forwardness anticipated your treachery—of this, indeed, your Jew pander informed me; but let your conduct be consistent, and since you have dared to do a wrong, follow me, and show you have a spirit to avow it.

*Don. Louisa.* Antonio, I perceive his mistake—leave him to me.

*Paul.* Friend, you are rude, to interrupt the union of two willing hearts.

*Don Ferd.* No, meddling priest! the hand he seeks is mine.

*Paul.* If so, I'll proceed no further.—Lady, did you ever promise this youth your hand?

[*To DONNA LOUISA, who shakes her head.*]

*Don Ferd.* Clara, I thank you for your silence—I would not have heard your tongue avow such falsity; be't your punishment to remember I have not reproached you.

*Enter DONNA CLARA, veiled.*

*Don. Clara.* What mockery is this?

*Don Ferd.* Antonio, you are protected now, but we shall meet.

[*Going, DONNA CLARA holds one arm, and DONNA LOUISA the other.*]

## DUET.

*Don. Louisa.* Turn thee round, I pray thee,  
Calm awhile thy rage.

*Don. Clara.* I must help to stay thee,  
And thy wrath assuage.

*Don. Louisa.* Couldst thou not discover  
One so dear to thee?

*Don. Clara.* Canst thou be a lover,  
And thus fly from me? [*Both unveil.*]

*Don Ferd.* How's this! my sister! Clara too—I'm confounded.

*Don. Louisa.* 'Tis even so, good brother.

*Paul.* How! what impiety? did the man want to marry his own sister?

*Don. Louisa.* And aren't you ashamed of yourself not to know your own sister?

*Don. Clara.* To drive away your own mistress—

*Don. Louisa.* Don't you see how jealousy blinds people?

*Don. Clara.* Ay, and will you ever be jealous again?

*Don Ferd.* Never—never!—You, sister, I know will forgive me—but how, Clara, shall I presume—

*Don. Clara.* No, no, just now you told me not to tease you—"Who do you want, good signor?" "Not you, not you!"—Oh, you blind wretch! but swear never to be jealous again, and I'll forgive you.

*Don. Ferd.* By all—

*Don. Clara.* There, that will do—you'll keep the oath just as well. [*Gives her hand.*]

*Don. Louisa.* But, brother, here is one, to whom some apology is due.

*Don Ferd.* Antonio, I am ashamed to think—

*Don Ant.* Not a word of excuse, Ferdinand—I have not been in love myself without learning that a lover's anger should never be resented.—But come—let us retire with this good father, and we'll explain to you the cause of this error.

## GLEE AND CHORUS.

Oft does Hymen smile to hear  
Wordy vows of feign'd regard;  
Well he knows when they're sincere,  
Never slow to give reward:  
For his glory is to prove  
Kind to those who wed for love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*A Grand Saloon in DON JEROME'S House.*

*Enter DON JEROME, LOPEZ, and Servants.*

*Don Jer.* Be sure now let everything be in the best order—let all my servants have on their merriest faces—but tell them to get as little drunk as possible, till after supper.—[*Exeunt Servants.*] So, Lopez, where's your master? shan't we have him at supper?

*Lop.* Indeed, I believe, not, sir—he's mad, I doubt; I'm sure he has frighted me from him.

*Don Jer.* Ay, ay, he's after some wench, I suppose? a young rake! Well, well, we'll be merry without him. [*Exit LOPEZ.*]

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir, here is signor Isaac. [*Exit.*]

*Enter ISAAC.*

*Don Jer.* So, my dear son-in-law—there, take my blessing and forgiveness.—But where's my daughter? where's Louisa?

*Isaac.* She's without, impatient for a blessing, but almost afraid to enter.

*Don Jer.* Oh, fly and bring her in.—[*Exit ISAAC.*] Poor girl, I long to see her pretty face.

*Isaac.* [*Without.*] Come, my charmer! my trembling angel!

*Re-enter ISAAC with Duenna; DON JEROME runs to meet them; she kneels.*

*Don Jer.* Come to my arms, my—[*Starts back.*] Why, who the devil have we here?

*Isaac.* Nay, Don Jerome, you promised her forgiveness; see how the dear creature droops!

*Don Jer.* Droops indeed! Why, Gad take me, this is old Margaret!—But where's my daughter, where's Louisa?

*Isaac.* Why, here, before your eyes—nay, don't be abashed, my sweet wife!

*Don Jer.* Wife with a vengeance! Why, zounds, you have not married the Duenna!

*Duen.* [*Kneeling.*] Oh, dear papa! you'll not disown me sure!

*Don Jer.* Papa! papa! Why, zounds, your impudence is as great as your ugliness!

*Isaac.* Rise, my charmer, go throw your snowy arms about his neck, and convince him you are—

*Duen.* Oh, sir, forgive me! [*Embraces him.*]

*Don Jer.* Help! murder!

*Enter Servants.*

*Ser.* What's the matter, sir?

*Don Jer.* Why, here, this damned Jew has brought an old harridan to strangle me.

*Isaac.* Lord, it is his own daughter, and he is so hard-hearted he won't forgive her!

*Enter DON ANTONIO and DONNA LOUISA; they kneel.*

*Don Jer.* Zounds and fury! what's here now? who sent for you, sir, and who the devil are you?

*Don Ant.* This lady's husband, sir.

*Isaac.* Ay, that he is, I'll be sworn; for I left

them with a priest, and was to have given her away.

*Don Jer.* You were ?

*Isaac.* Ay ; that's my honest friend, Antonio ; and that's the little girl I told you I had hampered him with.

*Don Jer.* Why, you are either drunk or mad—this is my daughter.

*Isaac.* No, no ; 'tis you are both drunk and mad I think—here's your daughter.

*Don Jer.* Hark ye, old iniquity ! will you explain all this, or not ?

*Duen.* Come then, Don Jerome, I will—though our habits might inform you all—look on your daughter, there, and on me.

*Isaac.* What's this I hear ?

*Duen.* The truth is, that in your passion this morning, you made a small mistake ; for you turned your daughter out of doors, and locked up your humble servant.

*Isaac.* O Lud ! O Lud ! here's a pretty fellow, to turn his daughter out of doors, instead of an old Duenna !

*Don Jer.* And, O Lud ! O Lud ! here's a pretty fellow, to marry an old Duenna instead of my daughter !—but how came the rest about ?

*Duen.* I have only to add, that I remained in your daughter's place, and had the good fortune to engage the affections of my sweet husband here.

*Isaac.* Her husband ! why, you old witch, do you think I'll be your husband now ? this is a trick, a cheat ! and you ought all to be ashamed of yourselves.

*Don Ant.* Hark ye, Isaac, do you dare to complain of tricking ?—Don Jerome, I give you my word, this cunning Portuguese has brought all this upon himself, by endeavouring to overreach you, by getting your daughter's fortune, without making any settlement in return.

*Don Jer.* Overreach me !

*Don. Louisa.* 'Tis so, indeed, sir, and we can prove it to you.

*Don Jer.* Why, Gad take me, it must be so, or he could never have put up with such a face as Margaret's—so, little Solomon, I wish you joy of your wife, with all my soul.

*Don. Louisa.* Isaac, tricking is all fair in love—let you alone for the plot !

*Don Ant.* A cunning dog, aren't you ? A sly little villain, he ?

*Don. Louisa.* Roguish, perhaps ; but keen, devilish keen !

*Don Jer.* Yes, yes ; his aunt always called him little Solomon.

*Isaac.* Why, the plagues of Egypt upon you all !—but do you think I'll submit to such an imposition ?

*Don Ant.* Isaac, one serious word—you'd better be content as you are ; for, believe me, you will find, that, in the opinion of the world, there is not a fairer subject for contempt and ridicule, than a knave become the dupe of his own art.

*Isaac.* I don't care—I'll not endure this. Don Jerome, 'tis you have done this—you would be so cursed positive about the beauty of her you locked up, and all the time, I told you she was as old as my mother, and as ugly as the devil.

*Duen.* Why, you little insignificant reptile !—

*Don Jer.* That's right !—attack him, Margaret.

*Duen.* Dare such a thing as you pretend to talk of beauty ?—A walking rouleau !—a body that seems

to owe all its consequence to the dropsy !—a pair of eyes like two dead beetles in a wad of brown dough !—a beard like an artichoke, with dry shrivelled jaws, that would disgrace the mummy of a monkey !

*Don Jer.* Well done, Margaret !

*Duen.* But you shall know that I have a brother who wears a sword—and, if you don't do me justice—

*Isaac.* Fire seize your brother, and you too ! I'll fly to Jerusalem to avoid you !

*Duen.* Fly where you will, I'll follow you.

*Don Jer.* Throw your snowy arms about him, Margaret.—[*Exeunt ISAAC and Duenna.*] But, Louisa, are you really married to this modest gentleman ?

*Don. Louisa.* Sir, in obedience to your commands, I gave him my hand within this hour.

*Don Jer.* My commands !

*Don Ant.* Yes, sir ; here is your consent, under your own hand.

*Don Jer.* How ! would you rob me of my child by a trick, a false pretence ? and do you think to get her fortune by the same means ? Why, 'slife, you are as great a rogue as Isaac !

*Don Ant.* No, Don Jerome ; though I have profited by this paper, in gaining your daughter's hand, I scorn to obtain her fortune by deceit. There, sir.—[*Gives a letter.*] Now give her your blessing for a dower, and all the little I possess shall be settled on her in return. Had you wedded her to a prince, he could do no more.

*Don Jer.* Why, Gad take me, but you are a very extraordinary fellow ! But have you the impudence to suppose no one can do a generous action but yourself ?—Here, Louisa, tell this proud fool of yours, that he's the only man I know that would renounce your fortune ; and, by my soul, he's the only man in Spain that's worthy of it.—There, bless you both : I'm an obstinate old fellow when I'm in the wrong ; but you shall now find me as steady in the right.

*Enter DON FERDINAND and DONNA CLARA.*

Another wonder still !—Why, sirrah ! Ferdinand, you have not stole a nun, have you ?

*Don Ferd.* She is a nun in nothing but her habit, sir—look nearer, and you will perceive 'tis Clara d'Almanza, Don Guzman's daughter ; and, with pardon for stealing a wedding, she is also my wife.

*Don Jer.* Gadsbud, and a great fortune !—Ferdinand, you are a prudent young rogue, and I forgive you : and, ifecks, you are a pretty little damsel. Give your father-in-law a kiss, you smiling rogue !

*Don. Clara.* There, old gentleman ; and now mind you behave well to us.

*Don Jer.* Ifecks, those lips han't been chilled by kissing beads !—Egad, I believe I shall grow the best-humoured fellow in Spain !—Lewis ! Sancho ! Carlos ! d'ye hear ? are all my doors thrown open ?—Our children's weddings are the only holidays our age can boast ; and then we drain, with pleasure, the little stock of spirits time has left us.—[*Music within.*] But see, here come our friends and neighbours !

*Enter Masqueraders.*

And, i'faith, we'll make a night on't, with wine, and dance, and catches—then old and young shall join us.

## FINALE.

- Don Jer.* Come now for jest and smiling,  
Both old and young beguiling,  
Let us laugh and play, so blithe and gay,  
Till we banish care away.
- Louisa.* Thus crown'd with dance and song,  
The hours shall glide along,  
With a heart at ease, merry, merry glees  
Can never fail to please.
- Don Ferd.* Each bride with blushes glowing,  
Our wine as rosy flowing,  
Let us laugh and play, so blithe and gay,  
Till we banish care away.
- Don Ant.* Then healths to every friend,  
The night's repast shall end,  
With a heart at ease, merry, merry glees  
Can never fail to please.
- Clara.* Nor, while we are so joyous,  
Shall anxious fear annoy us ;  
Let us laugh and play, so blithe and gay,  
Till we banish care away.
- Don Jer.* For generous guests like these  
Accept the wish to please ;  
So we'll laugh and play, so blithe and gay,  
Your smiles drive care away.  
[*Exeunt omnes.*]



# A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

## A Comedy.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

AS ORIGINALLY ACTED AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE IN 1777.

LORD FOPPINGTON . . . . . *Mr. Dodd.*  
SIR TUNBELLY CLUMSY . . . . . *Mr. Moody.*  
COLONEL TOWNLY . . . . . *Mr. Brereton.*  
LOVELESS . . . . . *Mr. Smith.*  
TOM FASHION . . . . . *Mr. J. Palmer.*  
LA VAROLE . . . . . *Mr. Burton.*  
LORY . . . . . *Mr. Baddeley.*  
PROBE . . . . . *Mr. Parsons.*  
MENDLEGS . . . . . *Mr. Norris.*  
JEWELLER . . . . . *Mr. Lamash.*

SHOEMAKER . . . . . *Mr. Carpenter.*  
TAILOR . . . . . *Mr. Parker.*  
AMANDA . . . . . *Mrs. Robinson.*  
BERINTHIA . . . . . *Miss Farren.*  
MISS HOYDEN . . . . . *Mrs. Abington.*  
MRS. COUPLER . . . . . *Mrs. Booth.*  
NURSE . . . . . *Mrs. Bradshaw.*

Sempstress, Postillion, Maid, and Servants.

SCENE,—SCARBOROUGH AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

### PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. KING.

WHAT various transformations we remark,  
From east Whitechapel to the west Hyde-park !  
Men, women, children, houses, signs, and fashions,  
State, stage, trade, taste, the humours, and the  
passions ;  
The Exchange, 'Change-alley, wheresoe'er you're  
ranging,  
Court, city, country, all are changed or changing :  
The streets, sometime ago, were paved with stones,  
Which, aided by a hackney-coach, half broke your  
The purest lovers then indulged no bliss ; [bones.  
They run great hazard, if they stole a kiss.  
One chaste salute !—the damsel cried—O fy !  
As they approach'd—slap went the coach awry—  
Poor Sylvia got a bump, and Damon a black eye.  
But now weak nerves in hackney-coaches roam,  
And the cramm'd glutton snores, unjolted, home :  
Of former times, that polish'd thing, a beau,  
Is metamorphos'd now from top to toe ;  
Then the full flaxen wig, spread o'er the shoulders,  
Conceal'd the shallow head from the beholders !  
But now the whole's reversed—each fop appears,  
Cropp'd and trimm'd up, exposing head and ears :  
The buckle then its modest limits knew,  
Now, like the ocean, dreadful to the view,  
Hath broke its bounds, and swallows up the shoe ;

The wearer's foot, like his once fine estate,  
Is almost lost, the encumbrance is so great.  
Ladies may smile—are they not in the plot ?  
The bounds of nature have not they forgot ?  
Were they design'd to be, when put together,  
Made up, like shuttlecocks, of cork and feather ?  
Their pale-faced grandmamas appear'd with grace,  
When dawning blushes rose upon the face ;  
No blushes now their once-loved station seek ;  
The foe is in possession of the cheek !  
No heads, of old, too high in feather'd state,  
Hinder'd the fair to pass the lowest gate ;  
A church to enter now, they must be bent,  
If ever they should try the experiment.

As change thus circulates throughout the na-  
tion,  
Some plays may justly call for alteration ;  
At least to draw some slender covering o'er  
That *graceless wit*\* which was too bare before :  
Those writers well and wisely use their pens,  
Who turn our wantons into Magdalens ;  
And howsoever wicked wits revile 'em,  
We hope to find in you their stage asylum.

\* " And *Van* wants grace, who never wanted wit. "

POPE.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Hall of an Inn.*

*Enter TOM FASHION and LORY, Postilion following with a portmanteau.*

*Fash.* Lory, pay the postboy, and take the portmanteau.

*Lory.* [*Aside to TOM FASHION.*] Faith, sir, we had better let the postboy take the portmanteau and pay himself.

*Fash.* [*Aside to LORY.*] Why, sure, there's something left in it!

*Lory.* Not a rag, upon my honour, sir!—We eat the last of your wardrobe at Newmalton—and, if we had had twenty miles further to go, our next meal must have been of the cloak-bag.

*Fash.* Why, 'sdeath, it appears full!

*Lory.* Yes, sir—I made bold to stuff it with hay, to save appearances, and look like baggage.

*Fash.* [*Aside.*] What the devil shall I do?—  
[*Aloud.*] Hark'ee, boy, what's the chaise?

*Post.* Thirteen shillings, please your honour.

*Fash.* Can you give me change for a guinea?

*Post.* O yes, sir.

*Lory.* [*Aside.*] So, what will he do now?—  
[*Aloud.*] Lord, sir, you had better let the boy be paid below.

*Fash.* Why, as you say, Lory, I believe it will be as well.

*Lory.* Yes, yes; I'll tell them to discharge you below, honest friend.

*Post.* Please your honour, there are the turnpikes too.

*Fash.* Ay, ay, the turnpikes by all means.

*Post.* And I hope your honour will order me something for myself.

*Fash.* To be sure; bid them give you a crown.

*Lory.* Yes, yes—my master doesn't care what you charge them—so get along you—

*Post.* And there's the hostler, your honour.

*Lory.* Psha! damn the hostler!—would you impose upon the gentleman's generosity?—  
[*Pushes him out.*] A rascal, to be so cursed ready with his change!

*Fash.* Why, faith, Lory, he had nearly posed me.

*Lory.* Well, sir, we are arrived at Scarborough, not worth a guinea! I hope you'll own yourself a happy man—you have outlived all your cares.

*Fash.* How so, sir?

*Lory.* Why you have nothing left to take care of.

*Fash.* Yes, sirrah, I have myself and you to take care of still.

*Lory.* Sir, if you could prevail with somebody else to do that for you, I fancy we might both fare the better for it. But now, sir, for my lord Fopington, your elder brother.

*Fash.* Damn my eldest brother!

*Lory.* With all my heart; but get him to redeem your annuity, however. Look you, sir, you must wheedle him, or you must starve.

*Fash.* Look you, sir, I will neither wheedle him nor starve.

*Lory.* Why what will you do, then?

*Fash.* Cut his throat, or get some one to do it for me.

*Lory.* 'Gad so, sir, I'm glad to find I was not

so well acquainted with the strength of your conscience as with the weakness of your purse.

*Fash.* Why, art thou so impenetrable a blockhead as to believe he'll help me with a farthing?

*Lory.* Not if you treat him *de haut en bas*, as you used to do.

*Fash.* Why, how wouldst have me treat him?

*Lory.* Like a trout—tickle him.

*Fash.* I can't flatter.

*Lory.* Can you starve?

*Fash.* Yes.

*Lory.* I can't—good-bye t'ye, sir.

*Fash.* Stay—thou'lt distract me. But who comes here—my old friend, colonel Townly.

*Enter Colonel TOWNLY.*

My dear colonel, I am rejoiced to meet you here.

*Col. Town.* Dear Tom, this is an unexpected pleasure!—What, are you come to Scarborough to be present at your brother's wedding?

*Lory.* Ah, sir, if it had been his funeral, we should have come with pleasure!

*Col. Town.* What, honest Lory, are you with your master still?

*Lory.* Yes, sir, I have been starving with him ever since I saw your honour last.

*Fash.* Why, Lory is an attached rogue—there's no getting rid of him.

*Lory.* True, sir, as my master says, there's no seducing me from his service.—  
[*Aside.*] Till he's able to pay me my wages.

*Fash.* Go, go, sir—and take care of the baggage.

*Lory.* Yes, sir—the baggage!—O Lord! I suppose, sir, I must charge the landlord to be very particular where he stows this?

*Fash.* Get along, you rascal.—  
[*Exit LORY, with the portmanteau.*] But, colonel, are you acquainted with my proposed sister-in-law?

*Col. Town.* Only by character—her father, sir Tunbelly Clumsy, lives within a quarter of a mile of this place, in a lonely old house, which nobody comes near. She never goes abroad, nor sees company at home; to prevent all misfortunes, she has her breeding within doors; the parson of the parish teaches her to play upon the dulcimer, the clerk to sing, her nurse to dress, and her father to dance;—in short, nobody has free admission there but our old acquaintance, mother Coupler, who has procured your brother this match, and is, I believe, a distant relation of sir Tunbelly's.

*Fash.* But is her fortune so considerable?

*Col. Town.* Three thousand a year, and a good sum of money, independent of her father, beside.

*Fash.* 'Sdeath! that my old acquaintance, dame Coupler, could not have thought of me, as well as my brother, for such a prize.

*Col. Town.* Egad, I wouldn't swear that you are too late—his lordship, I know, hasn't yet seen the lady—and, I believe, has quarrelled with his patroness.

*Fash.* My dear colonel, what an idea have you started!

*Col. Town.* Pursue it, if you can, and I promise you you shall have my assistance; for besides my

natural contempt for his lordship, I have at present the enmity of a rival towards him.

*Fash.* What, has he been addressing your old flame, the widow Berinthia?

*Col. Town.* Faith, Tom, I am at present most whimsically circumstanced. I came here a month ago to meet the lady you mention; but she failing in her promise, I, partly from pique and partly from idleness, have been diverting my chagrin by offering up incense to the beauties of Amanda, our friend Loveless's wife.

*Fash.* I never have seen her, but have heard her spoken of as a youthful wonder of beauty and prudence.

*Col. Town.* She is so indeed; and Loveless being too careless and insensible of the treasure he possesses—my lodging in the same house has given me a thousand opportunities of making my assiduities acceptable: so that in less than a fortnight, I began to bear my disappointment from the widow with the most christian resignation.

*Fash.* And Berinthia has never appeared?

*Col. Town.* Oh, there's the perplexity! for just as I began not to care whether ever I saw her again or not, last night she arrived.

*Fash.* And instantly reassumed her empire.

*Col. Town.* No, faith—we met—but the lady not condescending to give me any serious reasons for having fooled me for a month, I left her in a huff.

*Fash.* Well, well, I'll answer for it she'll soon resume her power, especially as friendship will prevent your pursuing the other too far.—But my coxcomb of a brother is an admirer of Amanda's too, is he?

*Col. Town.* Yes, and I believe is most heartily despised by her. But come with me, and you shall see her and your old friend Loveless.

*Fash.* I must pay my respects to his lordship—perhaps you can direct me to his lodgings.

*Col. Town.* Come with me; I shall pass by it.

*Fash.* I wish you could pay this visit for me, or could tell me what I should say to him.

*Col. Town.* Say nothing to him—apply yourself to his bag, his sword, his feather, his snuffbox; and when you are well with them, desire him to lend you a thousand pounds, and I'll engage you prosper.

*Fash.* 'Sdeath and furies! why was that coxcomb thrust into the world before me? O Fortune, Fortune, thou art a jilt, by Gad! [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE II.—Lord FOPPINGTON'S Dressing-room.

*Enter Lord FOPPINGTON in his nightgown, and LA VAROLE.*

*Lord Fop.* [*Aside.*] Well, 'tis an unspeakable pleasure to be a man of quality—strike me dumb! Even the boors of this northern spa have learned the respect due to a title.—[*Aloud.*] La Varole!

*La Var.* Milor—

*Lord Fop.* You han't yet been at Muddymoat-hall, to announce my arrival, have you?

*La Var.* Not yet, milor.

*Lord Fop.* Then you need not go till Saturday—[*Exit LA VAROLE*] as I am in no particular haste to view my intended sposa. I shall sacrifice a day or two more to the pursuit of my friend

Loveless's wife. Amanda is a charming creature,—strike me ugly! and if I have any discernment in the world, she thinks no less of my lord Foppington.

*Re-enter LA VAROLE.*

*La Var.* Milor, de shoemaker, de tailor, de hosier, de sempstress, de peru, be all ready, if your lordship please to dress.

*Lord Fop.* 'Tis well; admit them.

*La Var.* Hey, messieurs, entrez!

*Enter Tailor, Shoemaker, Sempstress, Jeweller, and MENDLEGS.*

*Lord Fop.* So, gentlemen, I hope you have all taken pains to show yourselves masters in your professions?

*Tai.* I think I may presume to say, sir—

*La Var.* Milor, you clown you!

*Tai.* My lord—I ask your lordship's pardon, my lord. I hope, my lord, your lordship will be pleased to own I have brought your lordship as accomplished a suit of clothes as ever peer of England wore, my lord—will your lordship please to view 'em now?

*Lord Fop.* Ay; but let my people dispose the glasses so that I may see myself before and behind; for I love to see myself all round.

[*Puts on his clothes.*]

*Enter TOM FASHION and LORY. They remain behind, conversing apart.*

*Fash.* Heyday! what the devil have we here? Sure my gentleman's gown a favourite at court, he has got so many people at his levee.

*Lory.* Sir, these people come in order to make him a favourite at court—they are to establish him with the ladies.

*Fash.* Good Heaven! to what an ebb of taste are women fallen, that it should be in the power of a laced coat to recommend a gallant to them!

*Lory.* Sir, tailors and hair-dressers debauch all the women.

*Fash.* Thou sayest true.—But now for my reception.

*Lord Fop.* Death and eternal tortures! Sir—I say the coat is too wide here by a foot.

*Tai.* My lord, if it had been tighter, 'twould neither have hooked nor buttoned.

*Lord Fop.* Rat the hooks and buttons, sir! Can anything be worse than this?—As Gad shall jedge me, it hangs on my shoulders like a chairman's surtout.

*Tai.* 'Tis not for me to dispute your lordship's fancy.

*Lory.* There, sir, observe what respect does.

*Fash.* Respect! damn him for a coxcomb!—But let's accost him.—[*Coming forward.*] Brother, I'm your humble servant.

*Lord Fop.* O Lard, Tam! I did not expect you in England—brother, I'm glad to see you.—But what has brought you to Scarborough, Tam?—[*To the Tailor.*] Look you, sir, I shall never be reconciled to this nauseous wrapping-gown, therefore pray get me another suit with all possible expedition; for this is my eternal aversion.—[*Exit Tailor.*] Well but, Tam, you don't tell me what has driven you to Scarborough.—Mrs. Calico, are not you of my mind?

*Semp.* Directly, my lord.—I hope your lordship is pleased with your ruffles?

*Lord Fop.* In love with them, stap my vitals!—Bring my bill, you shall be paid to-morrow.

*Semp.* I humbly thank your lordship. [Exit.]

*Lord Fop.* Hark thee, shoemaker, these shoes aren't ugly, but they don't fit me.

*Shoe.* My lord, I think they fit you very well.

*Lord Fop.* They hurt me just below the instep.

*Shoe.* [Feels his foot.] No, my lord, they don't hurt you there.

*Lord Fop.* I tell thee they pinch me execrably.

*Shoe.* Why then, my lord, if those shoes pinch you, I'll be damned.

*Lord Fop.* Why, wilt thou undertake to persuade me I cannot feel?

*Shoe.* Your lordship may please to feel what you think fit, but that shoe does not hurt you—I think I understand my trade.

*Lord Fop.* Now, by all that's good and powerful, thou art an incomprehensive coxcomb!—but thou makest good shoes, and so I'll bear with thee.

*Shoe.* My lord, I have worked for half the people of quality in this town these twenty years, and 'tis very hard I shouldn't know when a shoe hurts, and when it don't.

*Lord Fop.* Well, prithee begone about thy business.—[Exit Shoemaker.] Mr. Mendlegs, a word with you.—The calves of these stockings are thickened a little too much; they make my legs look like a porter's.

*Mend.* My lord, methinks they look mighty well.

*Lord Fop.* Ay, but you are not so good a judge of those things as I am—I have studied them all my life—therefore pray let the next be the thickness of a crown-piece less.

*Mend.* Indeed, my lord, they are the same kind I had the honour to furnish your lordship with in town.

*Lord Fop.* Very possibly, Mr. Mendlegs; but that was in the beginning of the winter, and you should always remember, Mr. Hosier, that if you make a nobleman's spring legs as robust as his autumnal calves, you commit a manstrous impropriety, and make no allowance for the fatigues of the winter. [Exit MENDLEGS.]

*Jewel.* I hope, my lord, those buckles have had the unspeakable satisfaction of being honoured with your lordship's approbation?

*Lord Fop.* Why, they are of a pretty fancy; but don't you think them rather of the smallest?

*Jewel.* My lord, they could not well be larger, to keep on your lordship's shoe.

*Lord Fop.* My good sir, you forget that these matters are not as they used to be; formerly, indeed, the buckle was a sort of machine, intended to keep on the shoe; but the case is now quite reversed, and the shoe is of no earthly use, but to keep on the buckle.—Now give me my watches, and the business of the morning will be pretty well over. [Exit Jeweller.]

*Fash.* [Aside to LORY.] Well, Lory, what dost think on't?—a very friendly reception from a brother, after three years' absence!

*Lory.* [Aside to TOM FASHION.] Why, sir, 'tis your own fault—here you have stood ever since you came in, and have not commended any one thing that belongs to him.

*Fash.* [Aside to LORY.] Nor ever shall, while they belong to a coxcomb.—[To LORD FOPPINGTON.] Now your people of business are gone, brother, I hope I may obtain a quarter of an hour's audience of you?

*Lord Fop.* Faith, Tam, I must beg you'll excuse me at this time, for I have an engagement which I would not break for the salvation of mankind.—Hey!—there!—is my carriage at the door?—You'll excuse me, brother. [Going.]

*Fash.* Shall you be back to dinner?

*Lord Fop.* As Gad shall judge me, I can't tell; for it is possible I may dine with some friends at Donner's.

*Fash.* Shall I meet you there? for I must needs talk with you.

*Lord Fop.* That I'm afraid mayn't be quite so proper; for those I commonly eat with are a people of nice conversation; and you know, Tam, your education has been a little at large.—But there are other ordinaries in town—very good beef ordinaries—I suppose, Tam, you can eat beef?—However, dear Tam, I'm glad to see thee in England, stap my vitals! [Exit, LA VAROLE following.]

*Fash.* Hell and furies! is this to be borne?

*Lory.* Faith, sir, I could almost have given him a knock o' the pate myself.

*Fash.* 'Tis enough; I will now show you the excess of my passion, by being very calm.—Come, Lory, lay your loggerhead to mine, and, in cold blood, let us contrive his destruction.

*Lory.* Here comes a head, sir, would contrive it better than both our loggerheads, if she would but join in the confederacy.

*Fash.* By this light, madam Coupler! she seems dissatisfied at something: let us observe her.

Enter MRS. COUPLER.

*Mrs. Coup.* So! I am likely to be well rewarded for my services, truly; my suspicions, I find, were but too just.—What! refuse to advance me a petty sum, when I am upon the point of making him master of a galleon! But let him look to the consequences; an ungrateful narrow-minded coxcomb!

*Fash.* So he is, upon my soul, old lady; it must be my brother you speak of.

*Mrs. Coup.* Ha!—stripling, how came you here? What, hast spent all, eh? And art thou come to dun his lordship for assistance?

*Fash.* No, I want somebody's assistance to cut his lordship's throat, without the risk of being hanged for him.

*Mrs. Coup.* Egad, sirrah, I could help thee to do him almost as good a turn, without the danger of being burned in the hand for't.

*Fash.* How—how, old mischief?

*Mrs. Coup.* Why, you must know I have done you the kindness to make up a match for your brother.

*Fash.* I am very much beholden to you truly!

*Mrs. Coup.* You may before the wedding-day yet: the lady is a great heiress, the match is concluded, the writings are drawn, and his lordship is come hither to put the finishing hand to the business.

*Fash.* I understand as much.

*Mrs. Coup.* Now, you must know, stripling, your brother's a knave.

*Fash.* Good.

*Mrs. Coup.* He has given me a bond of a thousand pounds for helping him to this fortune, and has promised me as much more, in ready money, upon the day of the marriage; which, I understand by a friend, he never designs to pay me; and his just now refusing to pay me a part is a proof of it. If,

therefore, you will be a generous young rogue, and secure me five thousand pounds, I'll help you to the lady.

*Fash.* And how the devil wilt thou do that?

*Mrs. Coup.* Without the devil's aid, I warrant thee. Thy brother's face not one of the family ever saw; the whole business has been managed by me, and all his letters go through my hands. Sir Tunbely Clumsy, my relation—for that's the old gentleman's name—is apprised of his lordship's being down here, and expects him to-morrow to receive his daughter's hand; but the peer, I find, means to bait here a few days longer, to recover the fatigue of his journey, I suppose. Now you shall go to Muddymoat-hall in his place.—I'll give you a letter of introduction: and if you don't marry the girl before sunset, you deserve to be hanged before morning.

*Fash.* Agreed! agreed! and for thy reward—

*Mrs. Coup.* Well, well;—though I warrant thou hast not a farthing of money in thy pocket now—no—one may see it in thy face.

*Fash.* Not a sous, by Jupiter!

*Mrs. Coup.* Must I advance then? Well, be at my lodgings next door, this evening, and I'll see what may be done—we'll sign and seal, and when I have given thee some further instructions, thou shall hoist sail and begone. [Exit.]

*Fash.* So, Lory, Fortune, thou seest, at last takes care of merit; we are in a fair way to be great people.

*Lory.* Ay, sir, if the devil don't step between the cup and the lip, as he used to do.

*Fash.* Why, faith, he has played me many a damned trick to spoil my fortune; and, egad, I am almost afraid he's at work about it again now; but if I should tell thee how, thou'dst wonder at me.

*Lory.* Indeed, sir, I should not.

*Fash.* How dost know?

*Lory.* Because, sir, I have wondered at you so often, I can wonder at you no more.

*Fash.* No!—What wouldst thou say, if a qualm of conscience should spoil my design?

*Lory.* I would eat my words, and wonder more than ever.

*Fash.* Why faith, Lory, though I have played many a roguish trick, this is so full-grown a cheat, I find I must take pains to come up to't—I have scruples.

*Lory.* They are strong symptoms of death. If you find them increase, sir, pray make your will.

*Fash.* No, my conscience shan't starve me neither; but thus far I'll listen to it. Before I execute this project, I'll try my brother to the bottom. If he has yet so much humanity about him as to assist me—though with a moderate aid—I'll drop my project at his feet, and show him how I can do for him much more than what I'd ask he'd do for me. This one conclusive trial of him I resolve to make.—

Succeed or fail, still victory is my lot;

If I subdue his heart, 'tis well—if not,

I will subdue my conscience to my plot.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—LOVELESS'S Lodgings.

*Enter LOVELESS and AMANDA.*

*Love.* How do you like these lodgings, my dear? For my part, I am so pleased with them, I shall hardly remove whilst we stay here, if you are satisfied.

*Aman.* I am satisfied with everything that pleases you, else I had not come to Scarborough at all.

*Love.* Oh, a little of the noise and folly of this place will sweeten the pleasures of our retreat; we shall find the charms of our retirement doubled when we return to it.

*Aman.* That pleasing prospect will be my chiefest entertainment, whilst, much against my will, I engage in those empty pleasures which 'tis so much the fashion to be fond of.

*Love.* I own most of them are, indeed, but empty; yet there are delights of which a private life is destitute, which may divert an honest man, and be a harmless entertainment to a virtuous woman: good music is one; and truly (with some small allowance) the plays, I think, may be esteemed another.

*Aman.* Plays, I must confess, have some small charms. What do you think of that you saw last night?

*Love.* To say truth, I did not mind it much—my attention was for some time taken off to admire

the workmanship of nature, in the face of a young lady who sat some distance from me, she was so exquisitely handsome.

*Aman.* So exquisitely handsome!

*Love.* Why do you repeat my words, my dear?

*Aman.* Because you seemed to speak them with such pleasure, I thought I might oblige you with their echo.

*Love.* Then, you are alarmed, Amanda?

*Aman.* It is my duty to be so when you are in danger.

*Love.* You are too quick in apprehending for me. I viewed her with a world of admiration, but not one glance of love.

*Aman.* Take heed of trusting to such nice distinctions. But were your eyes the only things that were inquisitive? Had I been in your place, my tongue, I fancy, had been curious too. I should have asked her where she lived—yet still without design—who was she, pray?

*Love.* Indeed I cannot tell.

*Aman.* You will not tell.

*Love.* Upon my honour then, I did not ask.

*Aman.* Nor do you know what company was with her?

*Love.* I do not. But why are you so earnest?

*Aman.* I thought I had cause.

*Love.* But you thought wrong, Amanda; for turn the case, and let it be your story: should you come home and tell me you had seen a hand-

some man, should I grow jealous because you had eyes?

*Aman.* But should I tell you he was exquisitely so, and that I had gazed on him with admiration, should you not think 'twere possible I might go one step further, and inquire his name?

*Love.* [*Aside.*] She has reason on her side; I have talked too much; but I must turn off another way.—[*Aloud.*] Will you then make no difference, Amanda, between the language of our sex and yours? There is a modesty restrains your tongues, which makes you speak by halves when you commend; but roving flattery gives a loose to ours, which makes us still speak double what we think.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, there is a lady at the door in a chair desires to know whether your ladyship sees company: her name is Berinthia.

*Aman.* Oh dear! 'tis a relation I have not seen these five years; pray her to walk in.—[*Exit Servant.*] Here's another beauty for you; she was, when I saw her last, reckoned extremely handsome.

*Love.* Don't be jealous now; for I shall gaze upon her too.

*Enter BERINTHIA.*

Ha! by heavens, the very woman! [*Aside.*]

*Ber.* [*Salutes AMANDA.*] Dear Amanda, I did not expect to meet you in Scarborough.

*Aman.* Sweet cousin, I'm overjoyed to see you.—Mr. Loveless, here's a relation and a friend of mine, I desire you'll be better acquainted with.

*Love.* [*Salutes BERINTHIA.*] If my wife never desires a harder thing, madam, her request will be easily granted.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, my lord Foppington presents his humble service to you, and desires to know how you do. He's at the next door; and if it be not inconvenient to you, he'll come and wait upon you.

*Love.* Give my compliments to his lordship, and I shall be glad to see him.—[*Exit Servant.*] If you are not acquainted with his lordship, madam, you will be entertained with his character.

*Aman.* Now it moves my pity more than my mirth to see a man, whom nature has made no fool, be so very industrious to pass for an ass.

*Love.* No, there you are wrong, Amanda; you should never bestow your pity upon those who take pains for your contempt: pity those whom nature abuses, never those who abuse nature.

*Enter LORD FOPPINGTON.*

*Lord Fop.* Dear Loveless, I am your most humble servant.

*Love.* My lord, I'm yours.

*Lord Fop.* Madam, your ladyship's very obedient slave.

*Love.* My lord, this lady is a relation of my wife's.

*Lord Fop.* [*Salutes BERINTHIA.*] The beautifullest race of people upon earth, rat me! Dear Loveless, I am overjoyed that you think of continuing here: I am, stap my vitals!—[*To AMANDA.*] For Gad's sake, madam, how has your ladyship been able to subsist thus long, under the fatigue of a country life?

*Aman.* My life has been very far from that, my lord; it has been a very quiet one.

*Lord Fop.* Why, that's the fatigue I speak of, madam; for 'tis impossible to be quiet, without thinking: now thinking is to me the greatest fatigue in the world.

*Aman.* Does not your lordship love reading then?

*Lord Fop.* Oh, passionately, madam; but I never think of what I read. For example, madam, my life is a perpetual stream of pleasure, that glides through with such a variety of entertainments, I believe the wisest of our ancestors never had the least conception of any of 'em. I rise, madam, when in tawn, about twelve o'clock. I don't rise sooner, because it is the worst thing in the world for the complexion: nat that I pretend to be a beau; but a man must endeavour to look decent, lest he makes so odious a figure in the side-bax, the ladies should be compelled to turn their eyes upon the play. So at twelve o'clock, I say, I rise. Naw, if I find it is a good day, I resolve to take the exercise of riding; so drink my chocolate, and draw on my boots by two. On my return, I dress; and after dinner, lounge perhaps to the opera.

*Ber.* Your lordship, I suppose, is fond of music?

*Lord Fop.* Oh, passionately, on Tuesdays and Saturdays; for then there is always the best company, and one is not expected to undergo the fatigue of listening.

*Aman.* Does your lordship think that the case at the opera?

*Lord Fop.* Most certainly, madam. There is my lady Tattle, my lady Prate, my lady Titter, my lady Sneer, my lady Giggle, and my lady Grin—these have boxes in the front, and while any favourite air is singing, are the prettiest company in the waurld, stap my vitals!—Mayn't we hope for the honour to see you added to our society, madam?

*Aman.* Alas! my lord, I am the worst company in the world at a concert, I'm so apt to attend to the music.

*Lord Fop.* Why, madam, that is very pardonable in the country or at church, but a monstrous inattention in a polite assembly. But I am afraid I tire the company?

*Love.* Not at all. Pray go on.

*Lord Fop.* Why then, ladies, there only remains to add, that I generally conclude the evening at one or other of the clubs; nat that I ever play deep; indeed I have been for some time tied up from losing above five thousand pounds at a sitting.

*Love.* But isn't your lordship sometimes obliged to attend the weighty affairs of the nation?

*Lord Fop.* Sir, as to weighty affairs, I leave them to weighty heads; I never intend mine shall be a burden to my body.

*Ber.* Nay, my lord, but you are a pillar of the state.

*Lord Fop.* An ornamental pillar, madam; for sooner than undergo any part of the fatigue, rat me, but the whole building should fall plump to the ground!

*Aman.* But, my lord, a fine gentleman spends a great deal of his time in his intrigues; you have given us no account of them yet.

*Lord Fop.* [*Aside.*] So! she would inquire into my amours—that's jealousy, poor soul!—I see she's in love with me.—[*Aloud.*] O Lord, madam,

I had like to have forgot a secret I must needs tell your ladyship.—Ned, you must not be so jealous now as to listen.

*Love.* Not I, my lord; I am too fashionable a husband to pry into the secrets of my wife.

*Lord Fop.* [*Aside to AMANDA, squeezing her hand.*] I am in love with you to desperation, strike me speechless!

*Aman.* [*Strikes him on the ear.*] Then thus I return your passion.—An impudent fool!

*Lord Fop.* Gad's curse, madam, I am a peer of the realm!

*Love.* Hey! what the devil, do you affront my wife, sir? Nay then— [*Draws. They fight.*]

*Aman.* What has my folly done?—Help! murder! help! Part them, for Heaven's sake.

*Lord Fop.* [*Falls back and leans on his sword.*] Ah! quite through the body, stap my vitals!

*Enter Servants.*

*Love.* [*Runs to Lord FOPPINGTON.*] I hope I han't killed the fool, however. Bear him up—Call a surgeon there.

*Lord Fop.* Ay, pray make haste. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Love.* This mischief you may thank yourself for.

*Lord Fop.* I may so; love's the devil indeed, Ned.

*Re-enter Servant, with PROBE.*

*Ser.* Here's Mr. Probe, sir, was just going by the door.

*Lord Fop.* He's the welcomest man alive.

*Probe.* Stand by, stand by, stand by; pray, gentlemen, stand by. Lord have mercy upon us, did you never see a man run through the body before?—Pray stand by.

*Lord Fop.* Ah, Mr. Probe, I'm a dead man.

*Probe.* A dead man, and I by! I should laugh to see that, egad.

*Love.* Prithee don't stand prating, but look upon his wound.

*Probe.* Why, what if I won't look upon his wound this hour, sir?

*Love.* Why then he'll bleed to death, sir.

*Probe.* Why, then I'll fetch him to life again, sir.

*Love.* 'Slife! he's run through the body, I tell thee.

*Probe.* I wish he was run through the heart, and I should get the more credit by his cure. Now I hope you are satisfied? Come, now let me come at him—now let me come at him.—[*Viewing his wound.*] Oons! what a gash is here! Why, sir, a man may drive a coach and six horses into your body.

*Lord Fop.* Oh!

*Probe.* Why, what the devil have you run the gentleman through with a scythe?—[*Aside.*] A little scratch between the skin and the ribs, that's all.

*Love.* Let me see his wound.

*Probe.* Then you shall dress it, sir; for if any body looks upon it I won't.

*Love.* Why thou art the veriest coxcomb I ever saw!

*Probe.* Sir, I am not master of my trade for nothing.

*Lord Fop.* Surgeon!

*Probe.* Sir.

*Lord Fop.* Are there any hopes?

*Probe.* Hopes! I can't tell. What are you willing to give for a cure?

*Lord Fop.* Five hundred pounds with pleasure.

*Probe.* Why then perhaps there may be hopes; but we must avoid a further delay.—Here, help the gentleman into a chair, and carry him to my house presently—that's the properest place—[*Aside*] to bubble him out of his money.—[*Aloud.*] Come, a chair—a chair quickly—there, in with him.

[*Servants put Lord FOPPINGTON into a chair.*]

*Lord Fop.* Dear Loveless, adieu! if I die, I forgive thee; and if I live, I hope thou wilt do as much by me. I am sorry you and I should quarrel, but I hope here's an end on't; for if you are satisfied, I am.

*Love.* I shall hardly think it worth my prosecuting any further, so you may be at rest, sir.

*Lord Fop.* Thou art a generous fellow, strike me dumb!—[*Aside.*] But thou hast an impertinent wife, stap my vitals!

*Probe.* So—carry him off, carry him off!—We shall have him prate himself into a fever by-and-by.—Carry him off! [*Exit with Lord FOPPINGTON.*]

*Enter Colonel TOWNLY.*

*Col. Town.* So, so, I am glad to find you all alive.—I met a wounded peer carrying off. For Heaven's sake, what was the matter?

*Love.* Oh, a trifle! he would have made love to my wife before my face, so she obliged him with a box o'the ear, and I run him through the body, that was all.

*Col. Town.* Bagatelle on all sides. But pray, madam, how long has this noble lord been an humble servant of yours?

*Aman.* This is the first I have heard on't—so, I suppose, 'tis his quality more than his love has brought him into this adventure. He thinks his title an authentic passport to every woman's heart below the degree of a peeress.

*Col. Town.* He's coxcomb enough to think anything; but I would not have you brought into trouble for him. I hope there's no danger of his life?

*Love.* None at all. He's fallen into the hands of a roguish surgeon, who, I perceive, designs to frighten a little money out of him: but I saw his wound—'tis nothing: he may go to the ball to-night if he pleases.

*Col. Town.* I am glad you have corrected him without further mischief, or you might have deprived me of the pleasure of executing a plot against his lordship, which I have been contriving with an old acquaintance of yours.

*Love.* Explain.

*Col. Town.* His brother, Tom Fashion, is come down here, and we have it in contemplation to save him the trouble of his intended wedding; but we want your assistance. Tom would have called, but he is preparing for his enterprise, so I promised to bring you to him—so, sir, if these ladies can spare you—

*Love.* I'll go with you with all my heart.—[*Aside.*] Though I could wish, methinks, to stay and gaze a little longer on that creature.—Good gods! how engaging she is!—but what have I to do with beauty? I have already had my portion, and must not covet more.

*Aman.* Mr. Loveless, pray one word with you before you go. [*Exit Colonel TOWNLY.*]

*Love.* What would my dear ?

*Aman.* Only a woman's foolish question : how do you like my cousin here ?

*Love.* Jealous already, Amanda ?

*Aman.* Not at all : I ask you for another reason.

*Love.* [*Aside.*] Whate'er her reason be, I must not tell her true.—[*Aloud.*] Why, I confess she's handsome : but you must not think I slight your kinswoman, if I own to you, of all the women who may claim that character, she is the last that would triumph in my heart.

*Aman.* I'm satisfied.

*Love.* Now tell me why you asked ?

*Aman.* At night I will—adieu !

*Love.* I'm yours. [*Kisses her, and exit.*]

*Aman.* I'm glad to find he does not like her, for I have a great mind to persuade her to come and live with me. [*Aside.*]

*Ber.* So ! I find my colonel continues in his airs : there must be something more at the bottom of this than the provocation he pretends from me. [*Aside.*]

*Aman.* For Heaven's sake, Berinthia, tell me what way I shall take to persuade you to come and live with me.

*Ber.* Why, one way in the world there is, and but one.

*Aman.* And pray what is that ?

*Ber.* It is to assure me—I shall be very welcome.

*Aman.* If that be all, you shall e'en sleep here to-night.

*Ber.* To-night !

*Aman.* Yes, to-night.

*Ber.* Why, the people where I lodge will think me mad.

*Aman.* Let 'em think what they please.

*Ber.* Say you so, Amanda ? Why, then, they shall think what they please : for I'm a young widow, and I care not what anybody thinks.—Ah, Amanda, it's a delicious thing to be a young widow !

*Aman.* You'll hardly make me think so.

*Ber.* Poh ! because you are in love with your husband.

*Aman.* Pray, 'tis with a world of innocence I would inquire whether you think those we call women of reputation do really escape all other men as they do those shadows of beaux ?

*Ber.* Oh no, Amanda ; there are a sort of men make dreadful work amongst 'em, men that may be called the beau's antipathy, for they agree in nothing but walking upon two legs. These have brains, the beau has none. These are in love with their mistress, the beau with himself. They take care of their reputation, the beau is industrious to destroy it. They are decent, he's a fop ; in short, they are men, he's an ass.

*Aman.* If this be their character, I fancy we had here, e'en now, a pattern of 'em both.

*Ber.* His lordship and colonel Townly ?

*Aman.* The same.

*Ber.* As for the lord, he is eminently so ; and for the other, I can assure you there's not a man in town who has a better interest with the women, that are worth having an interest with.

*Aman.* He answers the opinion I had ever of him.—[*Takes her hand.*] I must acquaint you with a secret—'tis not that fool alone has talked to me of love ; Townly has been tampering too.

*Ber.* [*Aside.*] So, so ! here the mystery comes out !—[*Aloud.*] Colonel Townly !—impossible, my dear !

*Aman.* 'Tis true, indeed ; though he has done it in vain ; nor do I think that all the merit of mankind combined could shake the tender love I bear my husband ; yet I will own to you, Berinthia, I did not start at his addresses, as when they came from one whom I contemned.

*Ber.* [*Aside.*] Oh, this is better and better !—[*Aloud.*] Well said, Innocence ! and you really think, my dear, that nothing could abate your constancy and attachment to your husband ?

*Aman.* Nothing, I am convinced.

*Ber.* What, if you found he loved another woman better ?

*Aman.* Well !

*Ber.* Well !—why, were I that thing they call a slighted wife, somebody should run the risk of being that thing they call—a husband.—Don't I talk madly ?

*Aman.* Madly indeed !

*Ber.* Yet I'm very innocent.

*Aman.* That I dare swear you are. I know how to make allowances for your humour : but you resolve then never to marry again ?

*Ber.* Oh no ! I resolve I will.

*Aman.* How so ?

*Ber.* That I never may.

*Aman.* You banter me.

*Ber.* Indeed I don't ; but I consider I'm a woman, and form my resolutions accordingly.

*Aman.* Well, my opinion is, form what resolution you will, matrimony will be the end on't.

*Ber.* I doubt it—but a—Heavens ! I have business at home, and am half an hour too late.

*Aman.* As you are to return with me, I'll just give some orders, and walk with you.

*Ber.* Well, make haste, and we'll finish this subject as we go.—[*Exit AMANDA.*] Ah, poor Amanda ! you have led a country life. Well, this discovery is lucky ! Base Townly ! at once false to me and treacherous to his friend !—And my innocent and demure cousin too ! I have it in my power to be revenged on her however. Her husband, if I have any skill in countenance, would be as happy in my smiles as Townly can hope to be in hers. I'll make the experiment, come what will on't. The woman who can forgive the being robbed of a favoured lover, must be either an idiot or a wanton. [*Exit.*]



## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—Lord FOPPINGTON'S Lodgings.

*Enter Lord FOPPINGTON and La VAROLE.*

*Lord Fop.* Hey, fellow, let my vis-à-vis come to the door.

*La Var.* Will your lordship venture so soon to expose yourself to the weather?

*Lord Fop.* Sir, I will venture as soon as I can to expose myself to the ladies.

*La Var.* I wish your lordship would please to keep house a little longer; I'm afraid your honour does not well consider your wound.

*Lord Fop.* My wound!—I would not be in eclipse another day, though I had as many wounds in my body as I have had in my heart. So mind, Varole, let these cards be left as directed; for this evening I shall wait on my father-in-law, sir Tunbelly, and I mean to commence my devoirs to the lady, by giving an entertainment at her father's expense; and hark thee, tell Mr. Loveless I request he and his company will honour me with their presence, or I shall think we are not friends.

*La Var.* I will be sure, milor. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Tom FASHION.*

*Fash.* Brother, your servant; how do you find yourself to-day?

*Lord Fop.* So well that I have ordered my coach to the door—so there's no danger of death this baut, Tam.

*Fash.* I'm very glad of it.

*Lord Fop.* *[Aside.]* That I believe's a lie.—*[Aloud.]* Prithee, Tam, tell me one thing,—did not your heart cut a caper up to your mauth, when you heard I was run through the bady?

*Fash.* Why do you think it should?

*Lord Fop.* Because I remember mine did so, when I heard my uncle was shot through the head.

*Fash.* It then did very ill.

*Lord Fop.* Prithee, why so?

*Fash.* Because he used you very well.

*Lord Fop.* Well!—Naw, strike me dumb! he starved me; he has let me want a thousand women for want of a thousand paund.

*Fash.* Then he hindered you from making a great many ill bargains; for I think no woman worth money that will take money.

*Lord Fop.* If I was a younger brother I should think so too.

*Fash.* Then you are seldom much in love?

*Lord Fop.* Never, stap my vitals!

*Fash.* Why then did you make all this bustle about Amanda?

*Lord Fop.* Because she's a woman of an insolent virtue, and I thought myself piqued, in honour, to debauch her.

*Fash.* Very well.—*[Aside.]* Here's a rare fellow for you, to have the spending of ten thousand pounds a year! But now for my business with him.—*[Aloud.]* Brother, though I know to talk of business (especially of money) is a theme not quite so entertaining to you as that of the ladies, my necessities are such, I hope you'll have patience to hear me.

*Lord Fop.* The greatness of your necessities, Tam, is the worst argument in the world for your being patiently heard. I do believe you are going to make a very good speech, but, strike me dumb! it has the worst beginning of any speech I have heard this twelvemonth.

*Fash.* I'm sorry you think so.

*Lord Fop.* I do believe thou art: but come, let's know the affair quickly.

*Fash.* Why then, my case in a word is this: the necessary expenses of my travels have so much exceeded the wretched income of my annuity, that I have been forced to mortgage it for five hundred pounds, which is spent. So, unless you are so kind as to assist me in redeeming it, I know no remedy but to take a purse.

*Lord Fop.* Why faith, Tam, to give you my sense of the thing, I do think taking a purse the best remedy in the world; for if you succeed, you are relieved that way, if you are taken, you are relieved t'other.

*Fash.* I'm glad to see you are in so pleasant a humour; I hope I shall find the effects on't.

*Lord Fop.* Why, do you then really think it a reasonable thing, that I should give you five hundred pounds?

*Fash.* I do not ask it as a due, brother; I am willing to receive it as a favour.

*Lord Fop.* Then thou art willing to receive it anyhow, strike me speechless! But these are damned times to give money in; taxes are so great, repairs so exorbitant, tenants such rogues, and bouquets so dear, that, the devil take me, I am reduced to that extremity in my cash, I have been forced to retrench in that one article of sweet powder, till I have brought it down to five guineas a maunth—now judge, Tam, whether I can spare you five hundred pounds.

*Fash.* If you can't, I must starve, that's all.—*[Aside.]* Damn him!

*Lord Fop.* All I can say is, you should have been a better husband.

*Fash.* Ouns! if you can't live upon ten thousand a year, how do you think I should do't upon two hundred?

*Lord Fop.* Don't be in a passion, Tam, for passion is the most unbecoming thing in the world—to the face. Look you, I don't love to say anything to you to make you melancholy, but upon this occasion I must take leave to put you in mind that a running horse does require more attendance than a coach-horse. Nature has made some difference 'twixt you and me.

*Fash.* Yes—she has made you older.—*[Aside.]* Plague take her!

*Lord Fop.* That is not all, Tam.

*Fash.* Why, what is there else?

*Lord Fop.* *[Looks first on himself and then on his brother.]* Ask the ladies.

*Fash.* Why, thou essence-bottle, thou musk-cat! dost thou then think thou hast any advantage over me but what Fortune has given thee?

*Lord Fop.* I do, stap my vitals!

*Fash.* Now, by all that's great and powerful, thou art the prince of coxcombs!

*Lord Fop.* Sir, I am proud at being at the head of so prevailing a party.

*Fash.* Will nothing provoke thee?—Draw, coward!

*Lord Fop.* Look you, Tam, you know I have always taken you for a mighty dull fellow, and here is one of the foolishlest plats broke out that I have seen a lang time. Your poverty makes life so burdensome to you, you would provoke me to a quarrel, in hopes either to slip through my lungs into my estate, or to get yourself run through the guts, to put an end to your pain. But I will disappoint you in both your designs; far with the temper of a philasopher, and the discretion of a statesman—I shall leave the room with my sword in the scabbard. [Exit.]

*Fash.* So! farewell, brother; and now, conscience, I defy thee.—Lory!

*Enter Lory.*

*Lory.* Sir!

*Fash.* Here's rare news, Lory; his lordship has given me a pill has purged off all my scruples.

*Lory.* Then my heart's at ease again: for I have been in a lamentable fright, sir, ever since your conscience had the impudence to intrude into your company.

*Fash.* Be at peace; it will come there no more: my brother has given it a wring by the nose, and I have kicked it down stairs. So run away to the inn, get the chaise ready quickly, and bring it to dame Coupler's without a moment's delay.

*Lory.* Then, sir, you are going straight about the fortune?

*Fash.* I am.—Away—fly, Lory!

*Lory.* The happiest day I ever saw. I'm upon the wing already. Now then I shall get my wages. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Garden behind LOVELESS'S Lodgings.

*Enter LOVELESS and Servant.*

*Love.* Is my wife within?

*Serv.* No, sir, she has gone out this half hour.

*Love.* Well, leave me.—[Exit Servant.] How strangely does my mind run on this widow!—Never was my heart so suddenly seized on before. That my wife should pick out her, of all woman-kind, to be her playfellow!—But what fate does, let fate answer for: I sought it not. So! by Heavens! here she comes.

*Enter BERINTHIA.*

*Ber.* What makes you look so thoughtful, sir? I hope you are not ill.

*Love.* I was debating, madam, whether I was so or not, and that was it which made me look so thoughtful.

*Ber.* Is it then so hard a matter to decide? I thought all people were acquainted with their own bodies, though few people know their own minds.

*Love.* What if the distemper I suspect be in the mind?

*Ber.* Why then I'll undertake to prescribe you a cure.

*Love.* Alas! you undertake you know not what.

*Ber.* So far at least then you allow me to be a physician.

*Love.* Nay, I'll allow you to be so yet further; for I have reason to believe, should I put myself into your hands, you would increase my distemper.

*Ber.* How?

*Love.* Oh, you might betray me to my wife.

*Ber.* And so lose all my practice.

*Love.* Will you then keep my secret?

*Ber.* I will.

*Love.* Well—but swear it.

*Ber.* I swear by woman.

*Love.* Nay, that's swearing by my deity; swear by your own, and I shall believe you.

*Ber.* Well then, I swear by man!

*Love.* I'm satisfied. Now hear my symptoms, and give me your advice. The first were these; when I saw you at the play, a random glance you threw at first alarmed me. I could not turn my eyes from whence the danger came—I gazed upon you till my heart began to pant—nay, even now on your approaching me, my illness is so increased that if you do not help me I shall, whilst you look on, consume to ashes. [Takes her hand.]

*Ber.* O Lord, let me go! 'tis the plague, and we shall be infected. [Breaking from him.]

*Love.* Then we'll die together, my charming angel.

*Ber.* O Gad! the devil's in you! Lord, let me go!—here's somebody coming.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, my lady's come home, and desires to speak with you.

*Love.* Tell her I'm coming.—[Exit Servant.] But before I go, one glass of nectar to drink her health. [To BERINTHIA.]

*Ber.* Stand off, or I shall hate you, by Heavens!

*Love.* [Kissing her.] In matters of love, a woman's oath is no more to be minded than a man's. [Exit.]

*Ber.* Um!

*Enter Colonel TOWNLY.*

*Col. Town.* [Aside.] So! what's here—Berinthia and Loveless—and in such close conversation!—I cannot now wonder at her indifference in excusing herself to me!—O rare woman!—Well then, let Loveless look to his wife, 'twill be but the retort courteous on both sides.—[Aloud.] Your servant, madam; I need not ask you how you do, you have got so good a colour.

*Ber.* No better than I used to have, I suppose.

*Col. Town.* A little more blood in your cheeks.

*Ber.* I have been walking!

*Col. Town.* Is that all? Pray was it Mr. Loveless went from here just now?

*Ber.* O yes—he has been walking with me.

*Col. Town.* He has!

*Ber.* Upon my word I think he is a very agreeable man! and there is certainly something particularly insinuating in his address!

*Col. Town.* [Aside.] So, so! she hasn't even the modesty to dissemble!—[Aloud.] Pray, madam, may I, without impertinence, trouble you with a few serious questions?

*Ber.* As many as you please; but pray let them be as little serious as possible.

*Col. Town.* Is it not near two years since I have presumed to address you?

*Ber.* I don't know exactly—but it has been a tedious long time.

*Col. Town.* Have I not, during that period, had every reason to believe that my assiduities were far from being unacceptable?

*Ber.* Why, to do you justice, you have been extremely troublesome—and I confess I have been more civil to you than you deserved.

*Col. Town.* Did I not come to this place at your express desire, and for no purpose but the honour of meeting you?—and after waiting a month in disappointment, have you condescended to explain, or in the slightest way apologise, for your conduct?

*Ber.* O heavens! apologise for my conduct!—apologise to you! O you barbarian! But pray now, my good serious colonel, have you anything more to add?

*Col. Town.* Nothing, madam, but that after such behaviour I am less surprised at what I saw just now; it is not very wonderful that the woman who can trifle with the delicate addresses of an honourable lover should be found coquetting with the husband of her friend.

*Ber.* Very true: no more wonderful than it was for this honourable lover to divert himself in the absence of this coquette, with endeavouring to seduce his friend's wife! O colonel, colonel, don't talk of honour or your friend, for Heaven's sake!

*Col. Town.* [*Aside.*] 'Sdeath! how came she to suspect this!—[*Aloud.*] Really, madam, I don't understand you.

*Ber.* Nay, nay, you saw I did not pretend to misunderstand you.—But here comes the lady: perhaps you would be glad to be left with her for an explanation.

*Col. Town.* O madam, this recrimination is a poor resource; and to convince you how much you are mistaken, I beg leave to decline the happiness you propose me.—Madam, your servant.

*Enter AMANDA.* Colonel TOWNLY whispers AMANDA, and exit.

*Ber.* [*Aside.*] He carries it off well, however; upon my word, very well! How tenderly they part!—[*Aloud.*] So, cousin; I hope you have not been chiding your admirer for being with me? I assure you we have been talking of you.

*Aman.* Fy, Berinthia!—my admirer! will you never learn to talk in earnest of anything?

*Ber.* Why this shall be in earnest, if you please; for my part I only tell you matter of fact.

*Aman.* I'm sure there's so much jest and earnest in what you say to me on this subject, I scarce know how to take it. I have just parted with Mr. Loveless; perhaps it is fancy, but I think there is an alteration in his manner which alarms me.

*Ber.* And so you are jealous? is that all?

*Aman.* That all! is jealousy, then, nothing?

*Ber.* It should be nothing, if I were in your case.

*Aman.* Why, what would you do?

*Ber.* I'd cure myself.

*Aman.* How?

*Ber.* Care as little for my husband as he did for me. Look you, Amanda, you may build castles in the air, and fume, and fret, and grow thin, and lean, and pale, and ugly, if you please; but I tell you, no man worth having is true to his wife, or ever was, or ever will be so.

*Aman.* Do you then really think he's false to me? for I did not suspect him.

*Ber.* Think so! I am sure of it.

*Aman.* You are sure on't?

*Ber.* Positively—he fell in love at the play.

*Aman.* Right—the very same! But who could have told you this?

*Ber.* Um!—Oh, Townly! I suppose your husband has made him his confidant.

*Aman.* O base Loveless! And what did Townly say on't?

*Ber.* [*Aside.*] So, so! why should she ask that?—[*Aloud.*] Say! why he abused Loveless extremely, and said all the tender things of you in the world.

*Aman.* Did he?—Oh! my heart!—I'm very ill—dear Berinthia, don't leave me a moment.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Outside of Sir TUNBELLY CLUMSY'S House.*

*Enter TOM FASHION and LORY.*

*Fash.* So, here's our inheritance, Lory, if we can but get into possession. But methinks the seat of our family looks like Noah's ark, as if the chief part on't were designed for the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field.

*Lory.* Pray, sir, don't let your head run upon the orders of building here: get but the heiress, let the devil take the house.

*Fash.* Get but the house, let the devil take the heiress! I say.—But come, we have no time to squander; knock at the door.—[*LORY knocks two or three times.*] What the devil! have they got no ears in this house?—Knock harder.

*Lory.* Egad, sir, this will prove some enchanted castle; we shall have the giant come out, by-and-by, with his club, and beat our brains out.

[*Knocks again.*]

*Fash.* Hush, they come.

*Serv.* [*Within.*] Who is there?

*Lory.* Open the door and see: is that your country breeding?

*Serv.* Ay, but two words to that bargain.—Tummas, is the blunderbuss primed?

*Fash.* Ouns! give 'em good words, Lory,—or we shall be shot here a fortune catching.

*Lory.* Egad, sir, I think you're in the right on't.—Ho! Mr. What-d'ye-call-'um, will you please to let us in? or are we to be left to grow like willows by your moat side?

*Servant appears at the window with a blunderbuss.*

*Serv.* Well naw, what's ya're business?

*Fash.* Nothing, sir, but to wait upon sir Tunbely, with your leave.

*Serv.* To weat upon sir Tunbely! why you'll find that's just as sir Tunbely pleases.

*Fash.* But will you do me the favour, sir, to know whether sir Tunbely pleases or not?

*Serv.* Why, look you, d'ye see, with good words much may be done.—Ralph, go thy ways, and ask sir Tunbely if he pleases to be waited upon—and, dost hear, call to nurse, that she may lock up miss Hoyden before the gates open.

*Fash.* D'ye hear that, Lory?

*Enter SIR TUNBELLY CLUMSY, with Servants, armed with guns, clubs, pitchforks, &c.*

*Lory.* Oh!—[*Runs behind his master.*] O Lord! O Lord! Lord! we are both dead men!

*Fash.* Fool ! thy fear will ruin us. [*Aside to Lory.*  
*Lory.* My fear, sir? 'sdeath, sir, I fear nothing.  
—[*Aside.*] Would I were well up to the chin in a  
horsepond !

*Sir Tun.* Who is it here hath any business with  
me ?

*Fash.* Sir, 'tis I, if your name be sir Tunbilly  
Clumsy.

*Sir Tun.* Sir, my name is sir Tunbilly Clumsy,  
whether you have any business with me or not.—  
So you see I am not ashamed of my name, nor my  
face either.

*Fash.* Sir, you have no cause that I know of.

*Sir Tun.* Sir, if you have no cause either, I  
desire to know who you are ; for, till I know your  
name, I shan't ask you to come into my house :  
and when I do know your name, 'tis six to four I  
don't ask you then.

*Fash.* Sir, I hope you'll find this letter an au-  
thentic passport. [*Gives him a letter.*

*Sir Tun.* Cod's my life, from Mrs. Coupler !—I  
ask your lordship's pardon ten thousand times.—  
[*To a Servant*] Here, run in a-doors quickly ; get  
a Scotch coal fire in the parlour, set all the Turkey  
work chairs in their places, get the brass candle-  
sticks out, and be sure stick the socket full of  
laurel—run !—[*Turns to TOM FASHION*] My lord,  
I ask your lordship's pardon.—[*To Servant*] And,  
do you hear, run away to nurse ; bid her let miss  
Hoyden loose again.—[*Exit Servant.*] I hope  
your honour will excuse the disorder of my family.  
We are not used to receive men of your lordship's  
great quality every day. Pray where are your  
coaches and servants, my lord ?

*Fash.* Sir, that I might give you and your daugh-  
ter a proof how impatient I am to be nearer akin to  
you, I left my equipage to follow me, and came  
away post with only one servant.

*Sir Tun.* Your lordship does me too much  
honour—it was exposing your person to too much  
fatigue and danger, I protest it was ; but my  
daughter shall endeavour to make you what amends  
she can ; and, though I say it that should not say  
it, Hoyden has charms.

*Fash.* Sir, I am not a stranger to them, though I  
am to her ; common fame has done her justice.

*Sir Tun.* My lord, I am common fame's very  
grateful, humble servant. My lord, my girl's  
young—Hoyden is young, my lord : but this I  
must say for her, what she wants in art she has in  
breeding ; and what's wanting in her age, is made  
good in her constitution.—So pray, my lord, walk  
in ; pray, my lord, walk in.

*Fash.* Sir, I wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Sir TUNBELLY  
CLUMSY'S House.*

*Miss HOYDEN discovered alone.*

*Miss Hoyd.* Sure, nobody was ever used as I  
am ! I know well enough what other girls do, for  
all they think to make a fool o'me. It's well I have  
a husband a-coming, or ecod I'd marry the baker,  
I would so. Nobody can knock at the gate, but  
presently I must be locked up ; and here's the  
young greyhound can run loose about the house all  
the day long, so she can.—'Tis very well !

*Nurse.* [*Without, opening the door.*] Miss  
Hoyden ! miss, miss, miss ! Miss Hoyden !

*Enter Nurse.*

*Miss Hoyd.* Well, what do you make such a  
noise for, ha ? What do you din a body's ears for ?  
Can't one be at quiet for you ?

*Nurse.* What do I din your ears for ? Here's  
one come will din your ears for you.

*Miss Hoyd.* What care I who's come ? I care  
not a fig who comes, or who goes, as long as I  
must be locked up like the ale-cellar.

*Nurse.* That, miss, is for fear you should be  
be drank before you are ripe.

*Miss Hoyd.* Oh, don't trouble your head  
about that ; I'm as ripe as you, though not so  
mellow.

*Nurse.* Very well ! Now I have a good mind to  
lock you up again, and not let you see my lord to-  
night.

*Miss Hoyd.* My lord ! why, is my husband  
come ?

*Nurse.* Yes, marry, is he ; and a goodly person  
too.

*Miss Hoyd.* [*Hugs Nurse.*] Oh, my dear  
nurse, forgive me this once, and I'll never misuse  
you again ; no, if I do, you shall give me three  
thumps on the back, and a great pinch by the  
cheek.

*Nurse.* Ah, the poor thing ! see now it melts ;  
it's as full of good-nature as an egg's full of  
meat.

*Miss Hoyd.* But, my dear nurse, don't lie now  
—is he come, by your troth ?

*Nurse.* Yes, by my truly, is he.

*Miss Hoyd.* O Lord ! I'll go and put on my  
laced tucker, though I'm locked up for a month  
for't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Sir TUNBELLY CLUMSY'S  
House.*

*Enter Miss HOYDEN and Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Well, miss, how do you like your hus-  
band that is to be ?

*Miss Hoyd.* O Lord, nurse, I'm so overjoyed I  
can scarce contain myself !

*Nurse.* Oh, but you must have a care of being

too fond ; for men, nowadays, hate a woman that  
loves 'em.

*Miss Hoyd.* Love him ! why, do you think I  
love him, nurse ? Ecod, I would not care if he  
was hanged, so I were but once married to him.  
No, that which pleases me is to think what work  
I'll make when I get to London ; for when I am a  
wife and a lady both, ecod, I'll flaunt it with the  
best of 'em. Ay, and I shall have money enough  
to do so too, nurse.

*Nurse.* Ah, there's no knowing that, miss; for though these lords have a power of wealth indeed, yet, as I have heard say, they give it all to their sluts and their trulls, who joggle it about in their coaches, with a murrain to 'em, whilst poor madam sits sighing and wishing, and has not a spare half-crown to buy her a Practice of Piety.

*Miss Hoyd.* Oh, but for that, don't deceive yourself, nurse; for this I must say of my lord, he's as free as an open house at Christmas; for this very morning he told me I should have six hundred a year to buy pins. Now if he gives me six hundred a year to buy pins, what do you think he'll give me to buy petticoats?

*Nurse.* Ah, my dearest, he deceives thee foully, and he's no better than a rogue for his pains! These Londoners have got a gibberish with 'em would confound a gipsy. That which they call pin-money, is to buy everything in the versal world, down to their very shoe-knots. Nay, I have heard some folks say that some ladies, if they'll have galants as they call 'em, are forced to find them out of their pin-money too.—But look, look, if his honour be not coming to you!—Now, if I were sure you would behave yourself handsomely, and not disgrace me that have brought you up, I'd leave you alone together.

*Miss Hoyd.* That's my best nurse; do as you'd be done by. Trust us together this once, and if I don't show my breeding, I wish I may never be married, but die an old maid.

*Nurse.* Well, this once I'll venture you. But if you disparage me—

*Miss Hoyd.* Never fear. [Exit Nurse.]

Enter TOM FASHION.

*Fash.* Your servant, madam; I'm glad to find you alone, for I have something of importance to speak to you about.

*Miss Hoyd.* Sir (my lord I meant), you may speak to me about what you please, I shall give you a civil answer.

*Fash.* You give so obliging a one, it encourages me to tell you in a few words what I think, both for your interest and mine. Your father, I suppose you know, has resolved to make me happy in being your husband; and I hope I may obtain your consent to perform what he desires.

*Miss Hoyd.* Sir, I never disobey my father in anything but eating green gooseberries.

*Fash.* So good a daughter must needs be an admirable wife. I am therefore impatient till you are mine, and hope you will so far consider the violence of my love, that you won't have the cruelty to defer my happiness so long as your father designs it.

*Miss Hoyd.* Pray, my lord, how long is that?

*Fash.* Madam, a thousand years—a whole week.

*Miss Hoyd.* Why I thought it was to be to-morrow morning, as soon as I was up. I'm sure nurse told me so.

*Fash.* And it shall be to-morrow morning, if you'll consent.

*Miss Hoyd.* If I'll consent? why I thought I was to obey you as my husband?

*Fash.* That's when we are married. Till then, I'm to obey you.

*Miss Hoyd.* Why then, if we are to take it by turns, it's the same thing. I'll obey you now, and when we are married, you shall obey me.

*Fash.* With all my heart. But I doubt we must get nurse on our side, or we shall hardly prevail with the chaplain.

*Miss Hoyd.* No more we shan't, indeed; for he loves her better than he loves his pulpit, and would always be a-preaching to her by his good will.

*Fash.* Why then, my dear, if you'll call her hither, we'll persuade her presently.

*Miss Hoyd.* O Lud! I'll tell you a way how to persuade her to anything.

*Fash.* How's that?

*Miss Hoyd.* Why tell her she's a handsome, comely woman, and give her half-a-crown.

*Fash.* Nay, if that will do, she shall have half a score of 'em.

*Miss Hoyd.* O gemini! for half that she'd marry you herself.—I'll run and call her. [Exit.]

*Fash.* So! matters go on swimmingly. This is a rare girl, i'faith. I shall have a fine time on't with her at London.

Enter LORY.

So, Lory, what's the matter?

*Lory.* Here, sir—an intercepted packet from the enemy; your brother's postilion brought it. I knew the livery, pretended to be a servant of sir Tunbelly's, and so got possession of the letter.

*Fash.* [Looks at the letter.] Ouns! he tells sir Tunbelly here that he will be with him this evening, with a large party to supper.—Egad, I must marry the girl directly.

*Lory.* Oh, zounds, sir, directly to be sure. Here she comes. [Exit.]

*Fash.* And the old Jesabel with her.

Re-enter Miss HOYDEN and Nurse.

How do you do, good Mrs. Nurse? I desired your young lady would give me leave to see you, that I might thank you for your extraordinary care and kind conduct in her education: pray accept of this small acknowledgment for it at present, and depend upon my further kindness when I shall be that happy thing her husband. [Gives her money.]

*Nurse.* [Aside.] Gold, by the maakins!—[Aloud.] Your honour's goodness is too great. Alas! all I can boast of is, I gave her pure good milk, and so your honour would have said, an you had seen how the poor thing thrived, and how it would look up in my face, and crow and laugh, it would.

*Miss Hoyd.* [To Nurse, taking her angrily aside.] Pray, one word with you. Prithee, nurse, don't stand ripping up old stories, to make one ashamed before one's love. Do you think such a fine proper gentleman as he is cares for a fiddlecome tale of a child? If you have a mind to make him have a good opinion of a woman, don't tell him what one did then, tell him what one can do now.—[To TOM FASHION.] I hope your honour will excuse my mis-manners to whisper before you; it was only to give some orders about the family.

*Fash.* Oh, everything, madam, is to give way to business; besides, good housewifery is a very commendable quality in a young lady.

*Miss Hoyd.* Pray, sir, are young ladies good housewives at London-town? do they darn their own linen?

*Fash.* Oh no, they study how to spend money, not to save.

*Miss Hoyd.* Ecod, I don't know but that may be better sport, ha, nurse?

*Fash.* Well, you shall have your choice when you come there.

*Miss Hoyd.* Shall I? then, by my troth, I'll get there as fast as I can.—[*To Nurse.*] His honour desires you'll be so kind as to let us be married to-morrow.

*Nurse.* To-morrow, my dear madam?

*Fash.* Ay, faith, nurse, you may well be surprised at miss's wanting to put it off so long. To-morrow! no, no; 'tis now, this very hour, I would have the ceremony performed.

*Miss Hoyd.* Ecod, with all my heart.

*Nurse.* Oh, mercy! worse and worse!

*Fash.* Yes, sweet nurse, now and privately; for all things being signed and sealed, why should sir Tunbelly make us stay a week for a wedding-dinner?

*Nurse.* But if you should be married now, what will you do when sir Tunbelly calls for you to be married?

*Miss Hoyd.* Why then we will be married again.

*Nurse.* What twice, my child?

*Miss Hoyd.* Ecod, I don't care how often I'm married, not I.

*Nurse.* Well, I'm such a tender-hearted fool, I find I can refuse you nothing. So you shall e'en follow your own inventions.

*Miss Hoyd.* Shall I? O Lord, I could leap over the moon!

*Fash.* Dear nurse, this goodness of yours shall be still more rewarded. But now you must employ your power with the chaplain, that he may do his friendly office too, and then we shall be all happy. Do you think you can prevail with him?

*Nurse.* Prevail with him! or he shall never prevail with me, I can tell him that.

*Fash.* I'm glad to hear it; however, to strengthen your interest with him, you may let him know I have several fat livings in my gift, and that the first that falls shall be in your disposal.

*Nurse.* Nay, then I'll make him marry more folks than one, I'll promise him!

*Miss Hoyd.* Faith, do, nurse, make him marry you too; I'm sure he'll do't for a fat living.

*Fash.* Well, nurse, while you go and settle matters with him, your lady and I will go and take a walk in the garden.—[*Exit Nurse.*] Come, madam, dare you venture yourself alone with me?

[*Takes Miss HOYDEN by the hand.*]

*Miss Hoyd.* Oh dear, yes, sir; I don't think you'll do anything to me I need be afraid on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—AMANDA'S Dressing-room.

*Enter AMANDA, followed by her Maid.*

*Maid.* If you please, madam, only to say whether you'll have me buy them or not?

*Aman.* Yes—no—Go, teaser; I care not what you do. Prithee leave me. [Exit-Maid.]

*Enter BERINTHIA.*

*Ber.* What, in the name of Jove, is the matter with you?

*Aman.* The matter, Berinthia! I'm almost mad; I'm plagued to death.

*Ber.* Who is it that plagues you?

*Aman.* Who do you think should plague a wife but her husband?

*Ber.* O, ho! is it come to that?—We shall have you wish yourself a widow, by-and-by.

*Aman.* Would I were anything but what I am! A base, ungrateful man, to use me thus!

*Ber.* What, has he given you fresh reason to suspect his wandering?

*Aman.* Every hour gives me reason.

*Ber.* And yet, Amanda, you perhaps at this moment cause in another's breast the same tormenting doubts and jealousies which you feel so sensibly yourself.

*Aman.* Heaven knows I would not.

*Ber.* Why, you can't tell but there may be some one as tenderly attached to Townly, whom you boast of as your conquest, as you can be to your husband.

*Aman.* I'm sure I never encouraged his pretensions.

*Ber.* Psha! psha! no sensible man ever perseveres to love without encouragement. Why have you not treated him as you have lord Foppington?

*Aman.* Because he presumed not so far. But let us drop the subject. Men, not women, are riddles. Mr. Loveless now follows some flirt for variety, whom I'm sure he does not like so well as he does me.

*Ber.* That's more than you know, madam.

*Aman.* Why, do you know the ugly thing?

*Ber.* I think I can guess at the person; but she's no such ugly thing neither.

*Aman.* Is she very handsome?

*Ber.* Truly I think so.

*Aman.* Whate'er she be, I'm sure he does not like her well enough to bestow anything more than a little outward gallantry upon her.

*Ber.* [*Aside.*] Outward gallantry! I can't bear this.—[*Aloud.*] Come, come, don't you be too secure, Amanda; while you suffer Townly to imagine that you do not detest him for his designs on you, you have no right to complain that your husband is engaged elsewhere. But here comes the person we were speaking of.

*Enter Colonel TOWNLY.*

*Col. Town.* Ladies, as I come uninvited, I beg, if I intrude, you will use the same freedom in turning me out again.

*Aman.* I believe it is near the time Loveless said he would be at home. He talked of accepting of lord Foppington's invitation to sup at sir Tunbelly Clumsy's.

*Col. Town.* His lordship has done me the honour to invite me also. If you'll let me escort you, I'll let you into a mystery as we go, in which you must play a part when we arrive.

*Aman.* But we have two hours yet to spare; the carriages are not ordered till eight, and it is not a five minutes' drive. So, cousin, let us keep the colonel to play at piquet with us, till Mr. Loveless comes home.

*Ber.* As you please, madam; but you know I have a letter to write.

*Col. Town.* Madam, you know you may command me, though I am a very wretched gamester.

*Aman.* Oh, you play well enough to lose your money, and that's all the ladies require; and so, without any more ceremony, let us go into the next room, and call for cards and candles.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.—BERINTHIA'S Dressing-room.

*Enter LOVELESS.*

*Love.* So, thus far all's well: I have got into her dressing-room, and it being dusk, I think nobody has perceived me steal into the house. I heard Berinthia tell my wife she had some particular letters to write this evening, before she went to sir Tunbelly's, and here are the implements of correspondence.—How shall I muster up assurance to show myself when she comes? I think she has given me encouragement; and to do my impudence justice, I have made the most of it.—I hear a door open, and some one coming. If it should be my wife, what the devil should I say? I believe she mistrusts me, and, by my life, I don't deserve her tenderness; however, I am determined to reform—though not yet. Ha! Berinthia!—So, I'll step in here, till I see what sort of humour she is in.

*[Goes into the closet.]**Enter BERINTHIA.*

*Ber.* Was ever so provoking a situation! To think I should sit and hear him compliment Amanda to my face! I have lost all patience with them both! I would not for something have Loveless know what temper of mind they have piqued me into; yet I can't bear to leave them together. No, I'll put my papers away, and return to disappoint them.—*[Goes to the closet.]* O Lord! a ghost! a ghost! a ghost!

*Re-enter LOVELESS.*

*Love.* Peace, my angel! it's no ghost, but one worth a hundred spirits.

*Ber.* How, sir, have you had the insolence to presume to—run in again, here's somebody coming.

*[LOVELESS goes into the closet.]**Enter Maid.*

*Maid.* O Lord, ma'am! what's the matter?

*Ber.* O heavens! I'm almost frightened out of my wits! I thought verily I had seen a ghost, and 'twas nothing but a black hood pinned against the wall. You may go again; I am the fearfullest fool!

*[Exit Maid.]**Re-enter LOVELESS.*

*Love.* Is the coast clear?

*Ber.* The coast clear! Upon my word, I wonder at your assurance!

*Love.* Why then you wonder before I have given you a proof of it. But where's my wife?

*Ber.* At cards.

*Love.* With whom?

*Ber.* With Townly.

*Love.* Then we are safe enough.

*Ber.* You are so! Some husbands would be of another mind, were he at cards with their wives.

*Love.* And they'd be in the right on't too; but I dare trust mine.

*Ber.* Indeed! and she, I doubt not, has the same confidence in you. Yet do you think she'd be content to come and find you here?

*Love.* Egad, as you say, that's true!—Then, for fear she should come, hadn't we better go into the next room, out of her way?

*Ber.* What, in the dark?

*Love.* Ay, or with a light, which you please.

*Ber.* You are certainly very impudent.

*Love.* Nay, then—let me conduct you, my angel!

*Ber.* Hold, hold! you are mistaken in your angel, I assure you.

*Love.* I hope not; for by this hand I swear—

*Ber.* Come, come, let go my hand, or I shall hate you!—I'll cry out, as I live!

*Love.* Impossible! you cannot be so cruel.

*Ber.* Ha! here's some one coming. Begone instantly!

*Love.* Will you promise to return, if I remain here?

*Ber.* Never trust myself in a room again with you while I live.

*Love.* But I have something particular to communicate to you.

*Ber.* Well, well, before we go to sir Tunbelly's, I'll walk upon the lawn. If you are fond of a moonlight evening, you'll find me there.

*Love.* I'faith, they're coming here now!—I take you at your word.

*[Exit into the closet.]*

*Ber.* 'Tis Amanda, as I live! I hope she has not heard his voice; though I mean she should have her share of jealousy in her turn.

*Enter AMANDA.*

*Aman.* Berinthia, why did you leave me?

*Ber.* I thought I only spoiled your party.

*Aman.* Since you have been gone, Townly has attempted to renew his importunities. I must break with him—for I cannot venture to acquaint Mr. Loveless with his conduct.

*Ber.* Oh no! Mr. Loveless mustn't know of it by any means.

*Aman.* Oh, not for the world!—I wish, Berinthia, you would undertake to speak to Townly on the subject.

*Ber.* Upon my word, it would be a very pleasant subject for me to talk upon! But, come, let us go back; and you may depend on't I'll not leave you together again, if I can help it.

*[Exeunt.]**Re-enter LOVELESS.*

*Love.* So—so! a pretty piece of business I have overheard! Townly makes love to my wife, and I am not to know it for all the world. I must inquire into this—and, by Heaven, if I find that Amanda has, in the smallest degree—yet what have I been at here!—Oh, 'sdeath! that's no rule.

That wife alone unsullied credit wins,

Whose virtues can atone her husband's sins.

Thus, while the man has other nymphs in view,  
It suits the woman to be doubly true.

*[Exit.]*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Garden behind LOVELESS'S Lodgings.**Enter LOVELESS.*

*Love.* Now, does she mean to make a fool of me, or not! I shan't wait much longer, for my wife will soon be inquiring for me to set out on our supping-party. Suspense is at all times the devil, but of all modes of suspense, the watching for a loitering mistress is the worst.—But let me accuse her no longer; she approaches with one smile to o'erpay the anxieties of a year.

*Enter BERINTHIA.*

O Berinthia, what a world of kindness are you in my debt! had you staid five minutes longer—

*Ber.* You would have gone, I suppose?

*Love.* Egad, she's right enough. [*Aside.*]

*Ber.* And I assure you 'twas ten to one that I came at all. In short, I begin to think you are too dangerous a being to trifle with; and as I shall probably only make a fool of you at last, I believe we had better let matters rest as they are.

*Love.* You cannot mean it, sure?

*Ber.* What more would you have me give to a married man?

*Love.* How doubly cruel to remind me of my misfortunes!

*Ber.* A misfortune to be married to so charming a woman as Amanda?

*Love.* I grant all her merit, but—'sdeath! now see what you have done by talking of her—she's here, by all that's unlucky, and Townly with her.—I'll observe them.

*Ber.* O Ged, we had better get out of the way; for I should feel as awkward to meet her as you.

*Love.* Ay, if I mistake not, I see Townly coming this way also. I must see a little into this matter.

*[Steps aside.]*

*Ber.* Oh, if that's your intention, I am no woman if I suffer myself to be outdone in curiosity. [*Goes on the other side.*]

*Enter AMANDA.*

*Aman.* Mr. Loveless come home, and walking on the lawn! I will not suffer him to walk so late, though perhaps it is to show his neglect of me.—Mr. Loveless, I must speak with you.—Ha! Townly again! How I am persecuted!

*Enter Colonel TOWNLY.*

*Col. Town.* Madam, you seem disturbed.

*Aman.* Sir, I have reason.

*Col. Town.* Whatever be the cause, I would to Heaven it were in my power to bear the pain, or to remove the malady.

*Aman.* Your interference can only add to my distress.

*Col. Town.* Ah, madam, if it be the sting of unrequited love you suffer from, seek for your remedy in revenge: weigh well the strength and beauty of your charms, and rouse up that spirit a woman ought to bear. Disdain the false embraces

of a husband. See at your feet a real lover; his zeal may give him title to your pity, although his merit cannot claim your love.

*Love.* So, so, very fine, i'faith! [*Aside.*]

*Aman.* Why do you presume to talk to me thus? Is this your friendship to Mr. Loveless? I perceive you will compel me at last to acquaint him with your treachery.

*Col. Town.* He could not upbraid me if you were.—He deserves it from me; for he has not been more false to you than faithless to me.

*Aman.* To you?

*Col. Town.* Yes, madam; the lady for whom he now deserts those charms which he was never worthy of, was mine by right; and I imagined too, by inclination. Yes, madam, Berinthia, who now—

*Aman.* Berinthia! impossible!

*Col. Town.* 'Tis true, or may I never merit your attention. She is the deceitful sorceress who now holds your husband's heart in bondage.

*Aman.* I will not believe it.

*Col. Town.* By the faith of a true lover, I speak from conviction. This very day I saw them together, and overheard—

*Aman.* Peace, sir! I will not even listen to such slander—this is a poor device to work on my resentment, to listen to your insidious addresses. No, sir, though Mr. Loveless may be capable of error, I am convinced I cannot be deceived so grossly in him, as to believe what you now report; and for Berinthia, you should have fixed on some more probable person for my rival than she who is my relation and my friend: for while I am myself free from guilt, I will never believe that love can beget injury, or confidence create ingratitude.

*Col. Town.* If I do not prove to you—

*Aman.* You never shall have an opportunity. From the artful manner in which you first showed yourself to me, I might have been led, as far as virtue permitted, to have thought you less criminal than unhappy; but this last unmanly artifice merits at once my resentment and contempt. [*Exit.*]

*Col. Town.* Sure there's divinity about her; and she has dispensed some portion of honour's light to me: yet can I bear to lose Berinthia without revenge or compensation? Perhaps she is not so culpable as I thought her. I was mistaken when I began to think lightly of Amanda's virtue, and may be in my censure of my Berinthia. Surely I love her still, for I feel I should be happy to find myself in the wrong. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter LOVELESS and BERINTHIA.*

*Ber.* Your servant, Mr. Loveless.

*Love.* Your servant, madam.

*Ber.* Pray what do you think of this?

*Love.* Truly, I don't know what to say.

*Ber.* Don't you think we steal forth two contemptible creatures?

*Love.* Why tolerably so, I must confess.

*Ber.* And do you conceive it possible for you ever to give Amanda the least uneasiness again?

*Love.* No, I think we never should indeed.



*Ber.* We! why, monster, you don't pretend that I ever entertained a thought?

*Love.* Why then, sincerely and honestly, Berinthia, there is something in my wife's conduct which strikes me so forcibly, that if it were not for shame, and the fear of hurting you in her opinion, I swear I would follow her, confess my error, and trust to her generosity for forgiveness.

*Ber.* Nay, prithee, don't let your respect for me prevent you; for as my object in trifling with you was nothing more than to pique Townly, and as I perceive he has been actuated by a similar motive, you may depend on't I shall make no mystery of the matter to him.

*Love.* By no means inform him; for though I may choose to pass by his conduct without resentment, how will he presume to look me in the face again?

*Ber.* How will you presume to look him in the face again?

*Love.* He, who has dared to attempt the honour of my wife!

*Ber.* You, who have dared to attempt the honour of his mistress! Come, come, be ruled by me, who affect more levity than I have, and don't think of anger in this cause. A readiness to resent injuries is a virtue only in those who are slow to injure.

*Love.* Then I will be ruled by you; and when you shall think proper to undeceive Townly, may your good qualities make as sincere a convert of him as Amanda's have of me.—When truth's extorted from us, then we own the robe of virtue is a sacred habit.

Could women but our secret counsels scan—  
Could they but reach the deep reserve of man—  
To keep our love they'd rate their virtue high,  
They live together, and together die. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in Sir TUNBELLY CLUMSY'S House.

Enter Miss HOYDEN, Nurse, and TOM FASHION.

*Fash.* This quick despatch of the chaplain's I take so kindly, it shall give him claim to my favour as long as I live, I assure you.

*Miss Hoyd.* And to mine too, I promise you.

*Nurse.* I most humbly thank your honours; and may your children swarm about you like bees about a honeycomb!

*Miss Hoyd.* Ecod, with all my heart—the more the merrier, I say—ha, nurse?

Enter LORY.

*Lory.* One word with you, for Heaven's sake.

[Taking TOM FASHION hastily aside.]

*Fash.* What the devil's the matter?

*Lory.* Sir, your fortune's ruined if you are not married. Yonder's your brother arrived, with two coaches and six horses, twenty footmen, and a coat worth fourscore pounds—so judge what will become of your lady's heart.

*Fash.* Is he in the house yet?

*Lory.* No, they are capitulating with him at the gate. Sir Tunbilly luckily takes him for an impostor; and I have told him that we had heard of this plot before.

*Fash.* That's right.—[Turning to Miss HOYDEN.] My dear, here's a troublesome business my

man tells me of, but don't be frightened; we shall be too hard for the rogue. Here's an impudent fellow at the gate (not knowing I was come hither incognito) has taken my name upon him, in hopes to run away with you.

*Miss Hoyd.* Oh, the brazen-faced varlet! it's well we are married, or maybe we might never have been so.

*Fash.* [Aside.] Egad, like enough.—[Aloud.] Prithee, nurse, run to sir Tunbilly, and stop him from going to the gate before I speak with him.

*Nurse.* An't please your honour, my lady and I had best lock ourselves up till the danger be over.

*Fash.* Do so, if you please.

*Miss Hoyd.* Not so fast; I won't be locked up any more, now I'm married.

*Fash.* Yes, pray, my dear, do, till we have seized this rascal.

*Miss Hoyd.* Nay, if you'll pray me, I'll do anything. [Exit with Nurse.]

*Fash.* Hark you, sirrah, things are better than you imagine. The wedding's over.

*Lory.* The devil it is, sir!

*Fash.* Not a word—all's safe—but sir Tunbilly don't know it, nor must not yet. So I am resolved to brazen the brunt of the business out, and have the pleasure of turning the impostor upon his lordship, which I believe may easily be done.

Enter Sir TUNBELLY CLUMSY.

Did you ever hear, sir, of so impudent an undertaking?

*Sir Tun.* Never, by the mass; but we'll tickle him, I'll warrant you.

*Fash.* They tell me, sir, he has a great many people with him, disguised like servants.

*Sir Tun.* Ay, ay, rogues enow, but we have mastered them. We only fired a few shot over their heads, and the regiment scoured in an instant.—Here, Tummas, bring in your prisoner.

*Fash.* If you please, sir Tunbilly, it will be best for me not to confront the fellow yet, till you have heard how far his impudence will carry him.

*Sir Tun.* Egad, your lordship is an ingenious person. Your lordship then will please to step aside.

*Lory.* [Aside.] 'Fore heaven, I applaud my master's modesty! [Exit with TOM FASHION.]

Enter Servants, with Lord FOPPINGTON disarmed.

*Sir Tun.* Come, bring him along, bring him along.

*Lord Fop.* What the plague do you mean, gentlemen? is it fair time, that you are all drunk before supper?

*Sir Tun.* Drunk, sirrah! here's an impudent rogue for you now. Drunk or sober, bully, I'm a justice o'the peace, and know how to deal with strollers.

*Lord Fop.* Strollers!

*Sir Tun.* Ay, strollers. Come, give an account of yourself. What's your name? where do you live? do you pay scot and lot? Come, are you a freeholder or a copyholder?

*Lord Fop.* And why dost thou ask me so many impertinent questions?

*Sir Tun.* Because I'll make you answer 'em, before I have done with you, you rascal you!

*Lord Fop.* Before Gad, all the answers I can make to 'em is, that you are a very extraordinary old fellow, stap my vitals!

*Sir Tun.* Nay, if thou art joking deputy lieutenants, we know how to deal with you.—Here, draw a warrant for him immediately.

*Lord Fop.* A warrant! What the devil is't thou wouldst be at, old gentleman?

*Sir Tun.* I would be at you, sirrah, (if my hands were not tied as a magistrate,) and with these two double fists beat your teeth down your throat, you dog you!

*Lord Fop.* And why wouldst thou spoil my face at that rate?

*Sir Tun.* For your design to rob me of my daughter, villain.

*Lord Fop.* Rab thee of thy daughter! Now do I begin to believe I am in bed and asleep, and that all this is but a dream. Prithee, old father, wilt thou give me leave to ask thee one question?

*Sir Tun.* I can't tell whether I will or not, till I know what it is.

*Lord Fop.* Why, then, it is, whether thou didst not write to my lord Foppington, to come down and marry thy daughter?

*Sir Tun.* Yes, marry, did I, and my lord Foppington is come down, and shall marry my daughter before she's a day older.

*Lord Fop.* Now give me thy hand, old dad; I thought we should understand one another at last.

*Sir Tun.* The fellow's mad!—Here, bind him hand and foot. *[They bind him.]*

*Lord Fop.* Nay, prithee, knight, leave fooling; thy jest begins to grow dull.

*Sir Tun.* Bind him, I say—he's mad: bread and water, a dark room, and a whip, may bring him to his senses again.

*Lord Fop.* Prithee, sir Tunbelly, why should you take such an aversion to the freedom of my address as to suffer the rascals thus to skewer down my arms like a rabbit?—*[Aside.]* Egad, if I don't awake, by all that I can see, this is like to prove one of the most impertinent dreams that ever I dreamt in my life.

*Re-enter Miss HOYDEN and Nurse.*

*Miss Hoyd.* *[Going up to Lord FOPPINGTON.]* Is this he that would have run—Fough, how he stinks of sweets!—Pray, father, let him be dragged through the horsepond.

*Lord Fop.* This must be my wife, by her natural inclination to her husband. *[Aside.]*

*Miss Hoyd.* Pray, father, what do you intend to do with him—hang him?

*Sir Tun.* That at least, child.

*Nurse.* Ay, and it's e'en too good for him too.

*Lord Fop.* Madame la gouvernante, I presume: hitherto this appears to me to be one of the most extraordinary families that ever man of quality matched into. *[Aside.]*

*Sir Tun.* What's become of my lord, daughter?

*Miss Hoyd.* He's just coming, sir.

*Lord Fop.* My lord, what does he mean by that, now! *[Aside.]*

*Re-enter TOM FASHION and LORY.*

Stap my vitals, Tam, now the dream's out!

*Fash.* Is this the fellow, sir, that designed to trick me of your daughter?

*Sir Tun.* This is he, my lord; how do you like him? is not he a pretty fellow to get a fortune?

*Fash.* I find by his dress he thought your daughter might be taken with a beau.

*Miss Hoyd.* Oh, gemini! is this a beau? let me see him again. Ha! I find a beau is no such ugly thing, neither.

*Fash.* *[Aside]* Egad, she'll be in love with him presently—I'll e'en have him sent away to jail.—*[To Lord FOPPINGTON.]* Sir, though your undertaking shows you a person of no extraordinary modesty, I suppose you han't confidence enough to expect much favour from me?

*Lord Fop.* Strike me dumb, Tam, thou art a very impudent fellow.

*Nurse.* Look, if the varlet has not the effrontery to call his lordship plain Thomas!

*Lord Fop.* My lord Foppington, shall I beg one word with your lordship?

*Nurse.* Ho, ho, it's my lord with him now! See how afflictions will humble folks.

*Miss Hoyd.* Pray, my lord, don't let him whisper too close, lest he bite your ear off.

*Lord Fop.* I am not altogether so hungry as your ladyship is pleased to imagine.—*[Aside to TOM FASHION.]* Look you, Tam, I am sensible I have not been so kind to you as I ought, but I hope you'll forgive what's past, and accept of the five thousand pounds I offer—thou mayst live in extreme splendour with it, stap my vitals!

*Fash.* It's a much easier matter to prevent a disease than to cure it. A quarter of that sum would have secured your mistress, twice as much cannot redeem her. *[Aside to Lord FOPPINGTON.]*

*Sir Tun.* Well, what says he?

*Fash.* Only the rascal offered me a bribe to let him go.

*Sir Tun.* Ay, he shall go, with a plague to him!—Lead on, constable.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, here is muster Loveless, and muster colonel Townly, and some ladies to wait on you.

*[To TOM FASHION.]*

*Lory.* *[Aside to TOM FASHION]* So, sir, what will you do now?

*Fash.* *[Aside to LORY.]* Be quiet; they are in the plot.—*[Aloud.]* Only a few friends, sir Tunbelly, whom I wish to introduce to you.

*Lord Fop.* Thou art the most impudent fellow, Tam, that ever nature yet brought into the world.—Sir Tunbelly, strike me speechless, but these are my friends and acquaintance, and my guests, and they will soon inform thee whether I am the true lord Foppington or not.

*Enter LOVELESS, Colonel TOWNLY, AMANDA, and BERINTHIA.*

*Fash.* So, gentlemen, this is friendly; I rejoice to see you.

*Col. Town.* My lord, we are fortunate to be the witnesses of your lordship's happiness.

*Love.* But your lordship will do us the honour to introduce us to sir Tunbelly Clumsy?

*Aman.* And us to your lady.

*Lord Fop.* Ged take me, but they are all in a story! *[Aside.]*

*Sir Tun.* Gentlemen, you do me much honour; my lord Foppington's friends will ever be welcome to me and mine.

*Fash.* My love, let me introduce you to these ladies.

*Miss Hoyd.* By goles, they look so fine and so stiff, I am almost ashamed to come nigh 'em.

*Aman.* A most engaging lady, indeed!

*Miss Hoyd.* Thank ye, ma'am.

*Ber.* And I doubt not will soon distinguish herself in the beau-monde.

*Miss Hoyd.* Where is that?

*Fash.* You'll soon learn, my dear.

*Love.* But, lord Foppington—

*Lord Fop.* Sir!

*Love.* Sir! I was not addressing myself to you, sir!—Pray who is this gentleman? He seems rather in a singular predicament—

*Col. Town.* For so well-dressed a person, a little oddly circumstanced, indeed.

*Sir Tun.* Ha! ha! ha!—So, these are your friends and your guests, ha, my adventurer?

*Lord Fop.* I am struck dumb with their impudence, and cannot positively say whether I shall ever speak again or not.

*Sir Tun.* Why, sir, this modest gentleman wanted to pass himself upon me as lord Foppington, and carry off my daughter.

*Love.* A likely plot to succeed, truly, ha! ha!

*Lord Fop.* As Gad shall judge me, Loveless, I did not expect this from thee. Come, prithee confess the joke; tell sir Tunbelly that I am the real lord Foppington, who yesterday made love to thy wife; was honoured by her with a slap on the face, and afterwards pinked through the body by thee.

*Sir Tun.* A likely story, truly, that a peer would behave thus!

*Love.* A pretty fellow, indeed, that would scandalise the character he wants to assume; but what will you do with him, sir Tunbelly?

*Sir Tun.* Commit him, certainly, unless the bride and bridegroom choose to pardon him.

*Lord Fop.* Bride and bridegroom! For Gad's sake, sir Tunbelly, 'tis torture to me to hear you call 'em so.

*Miss Hoyd.* Why, you ugly thing, what would you have him call us—dog and cat?

*Lord Fop.* By no means, miss; for that sounds ten times more like man and wife than t'other.

*Sir Tun.* A precious rogue this to come a-wooing!

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Serv.* There are some gentlefolks below to wait upon lord Foppington. *[Exit.]*

*Col. Town.* 'Sdeath, Tom, what will you do now? *[Aside to TOM FASHION.]*

*Lord Fop.* Now, sir Tunbelly, here are witnesses who I believe are not corrupted.

*Sir Tun.* Peace, fellow!—Would your lordship choose to have your guests shown here, or shall they wait till we come to 'em?

*Fash.* I believe, sir Tunbelly, we had better not have these visitors here yet.—*[Aside.]* Egad, all must out.

*Love.* Confess, confess; we'll stand by you.

*[Aside to TOM FASHION.]*

*Lord Fop.* Nay, sir Tunbelly, I insist on your calling evidence on both sides—and if I do not prove that fellow an impostor—

*Fash.* Brother, I will save you the trouble, by now confessing that I am not what I have passed myself for.—Sir Tunbelly, I am a gentleman, and I flatter myself a man of character; but 'tis with great pride I assure you I am not lord Foppington.

*Sir Tun.* Ouns!—what's this?—an impostor?

—a cheat?—fire and faggots, sir, if you are not lord Foppington, who the devil are you?

*Fash.* Sir, the best of my condition is, I am your son-in-law; and the worst of it is, I am brother to that noble peer.

*Lord Fop.* Impudent to the last, Gad dem me!

*Sir Tun.* My son-in-law! not yet, I hope.

*Fash.* Pardon me, sir; thanks to the goodness of your chaplain, and the kind offices of this old gentlewoman.

*Lory.* 'Tis true, indeed, sir; I gave your daughter away, and Mrs. Nurse, here, was clerk.

*Sir Tun.* Knock that rascal down!—But speak, Jesabel, how's this?

*Nurse.* Alas! your honour, forgive me; I have been overreached in this business as well as you. Your worship knows, if the wedding-dinner had been ready, you would have given her away with your own hands.

*Sir Tun.* But how durst you do this without acquainting me?

*Nurse.* Alas! if your worship had seen how the poor thing begged and prayed, and clung and twined about me like ivy round an old wall, you would say, I, who had nursed it, and reared it, must have had a heart like stone to refuse it.

*Sir Tun.* Ouns! I shall go mad! Unloose my lord there, you scoundrels!

*Lord Fop.* Why, when these gentlemen are at leisure, I should be glad to congratulate you on your son-in-law, with a little more freedom of address.

*Miss Hoyd.* Ecod, though, I don't see which is to be my husband after all.

*Love.* Come, come, sir Tunbelly, a man of your understanding must perceive, that an affair of this kind is not to be mended by anger and reproaches.

*Col. Town.* Take my word for it, sir Tunbelly, you are only tricked into a son-in-law you may be proud of: my friend Tom Fashion is as honest a fellow as ever breathed.

*Love.* That he is, depend on't; and will hunt or drink with you most affectionately: be generous, old boy, and forgive them—

*Sir Tun.* Never! The hussy!—when I had set my heart on getting her a title.

*Lord Fop.* Now, sir Tunbelly, that I am untrussed—give me leave to thank thee for the very extraordinary reception I have met with in thy damned, execrable mansion; and at the same time to assure you, that of all the bumpkins and blockheads I have had the misfortune to meet with, thou art the most obstinate and egregious, strike me ugly!

*Sir Tun.* What's this? I believe you are both rogues alike.

*Lord Fop.* No, sir Tunbelly, thou wilt find to thy unspeakable mortification, that I am the real lord Foppington, who was to have disgraced myself by an alliance with a clod; and that thou hast matched thy girl to a beggarly younger brother of mine, whose title-deeds might be contained in thy tobacco-box.

*Sir Tun.* Puppy! puppy!—I might prevent their being beggars, if I chose it; for I could give 'em as good a rent-roll as your lordship.

*Lord Fop.* Ay, old fellow, but you will not do that—for that would be acting like a Christian, and thou art a barbarian, stap my vitals!

*Sir Tun.* Udzoekers ! now six such words more, and I'll forgive them directly.

*Love.* 'Slife, sir Tunbelly, you should do it, and bless yourself.—Ladies, what say you ?

*Aman.* Good sir Tunbelly, you must consent.

*Ber.* Come, you have been young yourself, sir Tunbelly.

*Sir Tun.* Well then, if I must, I must ; but turn—turn that sneering lord out, however, and let me be revenged on somebody. But first look whether I am a barbarian or not ; there, children, I join your hands ; and when I'm in a better humour, I'll give you my blessing.

*Love.* Nobly done, sir Tunbelly ! and we shall see you dance at a grandson's christening yet.

*Miss Hoyd.* By goles, though, I don't understand this ! What, an't I to be a lady after all ? only plain Mrs.—What's my husband's name, nurse ?

*Nurse.* Squire Fashion.

*Miss Hoyd.* Squire, is he ?—Well, that's better than nothing.

*Lord Fop.* [*Aside.*] Now I will put on a philosophic air, and show these people, that it is not possible to put a man of my quality out of countenance.—[*Aloud.*] Dear Tam, since things are fallen out, prithee give me leave to wish thee joy ; I do it *de bon cœur*, strike me dumb ! You have married into a family of great politeness and uncommon elegance of manners, and your bride appears to be a lady beautiful in person, modest in her deportment, refined in her sentiments, and of nice morality, split my windpipe !

*Miss Hoyd.* By goles, husband, break his bones, if he calls me names !

*Fash.* Your lordship may keep up your spirits with your grimace, if you please ; I shall support mine by sir Tunbelly's favour, with this lady and three thousand pounds a year.

*Lord Fop.* Well, adieu, Tam !—Ladies, I kiss your hands.—Sir Tunbelly, I shall now quit this thy den ; but while I retain the use of my arms, I shall ever remember thou art a demned horrid savage ; Ged demn me ! [*Exit.*]

*Sir Tun.* By the mass, 'tis well he's gone—for I should ha' been provoked, by-and-by, to ha' dun un a mischief. Well, if this is a lord, I think Hoyden has luck o' her side, in troth.

*Col. Town.* She has indeed, sir Tunbelly.—But I hear the fiddles ; his lordship, I know, had provided 'em.

*Love.* Oh, a dance and a bottle, sir Tunbelly, by all means !

*Sir Tun.* I had forgot the company below ; well—what—we must be merry then, ha ? and dance and drink, ha ? Well, 'fore George, you shan't say I do these things by halves. Son-in-law there looks like a hearty rogue, so we'll have a night on't : and which of these ladies will be the old man's partner, ha ?—Ecod, I don't know how I came to be in so good a humour.

*Ber.* Well, sir Tunbelly, my friend and I both will endeavour to keep you so : you have done a generous action, and are entitled to our attention. If you should be at a loss to divert your new guests, we will assist you to relate to them the plot of your daughter's marriage, and his lordship's deserved mortification ; a subject which perhaps may afford no bad evening's entertainment.

*Sir Tun.* Ecod, with all my heart ; though I am a main bungler at a long story.

*Ber.* Never fear ; we will assist you, if the tale is judged worth being repeated ; but of this you may be assured, that while the intention is evidently to please, British auditors will ever be indulgent to the errors of the performance.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

# THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

## A Comedy.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

AS ORIGINALLY ACTED AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE IN 1777.

SIR PETER TEAZLE . . . *Mr. King.*  
SIR OLIVER SURFACE . . . *Mr. Yates.*  
SIR HARRY BUMPER . . . *Mr. Gawdry.*  
SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE . . . *Mr. Dodd.*  
JOSEPH SURFACE . . . *Mr. Palmer.*  
CHARLES SURFACE . . . *Mr. Smith.*  
CARELESS . . . *Mr. Farren.*  
SNAKE . . . *Mr. Packer.*  
CRABTREE . . . *Mr. Parsons.*  
ROWLEY . . . *Mr. Aickin.*

MOSES . . . *Mr. Baddley.*  
TRIP . . . *Mr. Lamash.*

LADY TEAZLE . . . *Mrs. Abington.*  
LADY SNEERWELL . . . *Miss Sherry.*  
MRS. CANDOUR . . . *Miss Pope.*  
MARIA . . . *Miss P. Hopkins.*

Gentlemen, Maid, and Servants.

SCENE,—LONDON.

### A PORTRAIT;

ADDRESSED TO MRS. CREWE, WITH THE COMEDY OF THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

TELL me, ye prim adepts in Scandal's school,  
Who rail by precept, and detract by rule,  
Lives there no character, so tried, so known,  
So deck'd with grace, and so unlike your own,  
That even you assist her fame to raise,  
Approve by envy, and by silence praise!—  
Attend!—a model shall attract your view—  
Daughters of calumny, I summon you!  
You shall decide if this a portrait prove,  
Or fond creation of the Muse and Love.—  
Attend, ye virgin critics, shrewd and sage,  
Ye matron censors of this childish age,  
Whose peering eye and wrinkled front declare  
A fix'd antipathy to young and fair;  
By cunning, cautious; or by nature, cold,  
In maiden madness, virulently bold!—  
Attend! ye skill'd to coin the precious tale,  
Creating proof, where inuendoes fail!  
Whose practised memories, cruelly exact,  
Omit no circumstance, except the fact!—  
Attend, all ye who boast,—or old or young,—  
The living libel of a slanderous tongue!  
So shall my theme as far contrasted be,  
As saints by fiends, or hymns by calumny.  
Come, gentle Amoret (for 'neath that name,  
In worthier verse is sung thy beauty's fame);  
Come—for but thee who seeks the Muse? and  
while  
Celestial blushes check thy conscious smile,

With timid grace, and hesitating eye,  
The perfect model, which I boast, supply:—  
Vain Muse! couldst thou the humblest sketch  
create  
Of her, or slightest charm couldst imitate—  
Could thy blest strain in kindred colours trace  
The faintest wonder of her form and face—  
Poets would study the immortal line,  
And Reynolds own his art subdued by thine;  
That art, which well might added lustre give  
To Nature's best, and Heaven's superlative:  
On Granby's cheek might bid new glories rise,  
Or point a purer beam from Devon's eyes!  
Hard is the task to shape that beauty's praise,  
Whose judgment scorns the homage flattery  
pays!  
But praising Amoret we cannot err,  
No tongue o'ervalues Heaven, or flatters her!  
Yet she by Fate's perverseness—she alone  
Would doubt our truth, nor deem such praise her  
own!  
Adorning fashion, unadorn'd by dress,  
Simple from taste, and not from carelessness;  
Discreet in gesture, in deportment mild,  
Not stiff with prudence, nor uncouthly wild:  
No state has Amoret! no studied mien;  
She frowns no goddess, and she moves no queen.  
The softer charm that in her manner lies  
Is framed to captivate, yet not surprise;

It justly suits the expression of her face,—  
 'Tis less than dignity, and more than grace !  
 On her pure cheek the native hue is such,  
 That form'd by Heaven to be admired so much,  
 The hand divine, with a less partial care,  
 Might well have fix'd a fainter crimson there,  
 And bade the gentle inmate of her breast,—  
 Inshrined Modesty !—supply the rest.  
 But who the peril of her lips shall paint ?  
 Strip them of smiles—still, still all words are faint !  
 But moving Love himself appears to teach  
 Their action, though denied to rule her speech ;  
 And thou who seest her speak and dost not hear,  
 Mourn not her distant accents 'scape thine ear ;  
 Viewing those lips, thou still mayst make pretence  
 To judge of what she says, and swear 'tis sense :  
 Clothed with such grace, with such expression  
 fraught,  
 They move in meaning, and they pause in thought !  
 But dost thou farther watch, with charm'd surprise,  
 The mild irresolution of her eyes,  
 Curious to mark how frequent they repose,  
 In brief eclipse and momentary close—  
 Ah ! seest thou not an ambush'd Cupid there,  
 Too timorous of his charge with jealous care  
 Veils and unveils those beams of heavenly light,  
 Too full, too fatal else, for mortal sight ?  
 Nor yet, such pleasing vengeance fond to meet,  
 In pardoning dimples hope a safe retreat.  
 What though her peaceful breast should ne'er allow  
 Subduing frowns to arm her alter'd brow,  
 By Love, I swear, and by his gentle wiles,  
 More fatal still the mercy of her smiles !  
 Thus lovely, thus adorn'd, possessing all  
 Of bright or fair that can to woman fall,

The height of vanity might well be thought  
 Prerogative in her, and Nature's fault.  
 Yet gentle Amoret, in mind supreme  
 As well as charms, rejects the vainer theme ;  
 And half mistrustful of her beauty's store,  
 She bars with wit those darts too keen before :—  
 Read in all knowledge that her sex should reach,  
 Though Greville, or the Muse, should deign to  
 teach,  
 Fond to improve, nor timorous to discern  
 How far it is a woman's grace to learn ;  
 In Millar's dialect she would not prove  
 Apollo's priestess, but Apollo's love,  
 Graced by those signs, which truth delights to own,  
 The timid blush, and mild submitted tone :  
 Whate'er she says, though sense appear throughout,  
 Displays the tender hue of female doubt ;  
 Deck'd with that charm, how lovely wit appears,  
 How graceful science, when that robe she wears !  
 Such too her talents, and her bent of mind,  
 As speak a sprightly heart by thought refined :  
 A taste for mirth, by contemplation school'd,  
 A turn for ridicule, by candour ruled,  
 A scorn of folly, which she tries to hide ;  
 An awe of talent, which she owns with pride !  
 Peace ! idle Muse,—no more thy strain prolong,  
 But yield a theme, thy warmest praises wrong ;  
 Just to her merit, though thou canst not raise  
 Thy feeble verse, behold the acknowledged praise  
 Has spread conviction through the envious train,  
 And cast a fatal gloom o'er Scandal's reign !  
 And lo ! each pallid hag, with blister'd tongue,  
 Mutters assent to all thy zeal has sung—  
 Owns all the colours just—the outline true ;  
 Thee my inspirer, and my model—CREWE !

## PROLOGUE

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

A SCHOOL for Scandal ! tell me, I beseech you,  
 Needs there a school this modish art to teach  
 you ?

No need of lessons now, the knowing think ;  
 We might as well be taught to eat and drink.  
 Caused by a dearth of scandal, should the vapours  
 Distress our fair ones—let them read the papers ;  
 Their powerful mixtures such disorders hit ;  
 Crave what you will—there's *quantum sufficit*.  
 " Lord ! " cries my lady Wormwood (who loves  
 tattle,

And puts much salt and pepper in her prattle),  
 Just risen at noon, all night at cards when threshing  
 Strong tea and scandal—" Bless me, how re-  
 freshing !

Give me the papers, Lisp—how bold and free !

[*Sips*.  
*Last night lord L. [Sips] was caught with lady D.*  
*For aching heads what charming sal volatile ! [Sips].*  
*If Mrs. B. will still continue flirting,*  
*We hope she'll DRAW, or we'll UNDRAW the*  
*curtain.*

Fine satire, poz—in public all abuse it,  
 But, by ourselves, [*Sips*] our praise we can't re-  
 fuse it.

Now, Lisp, read you—there, at that dash and  
 star : "

" Yes, ma'am—*A certain lord had best beware,*  
*Who lives not twenty miles from Grosvenor-square ;*  
*For should he lady W find willing,*  
*Wormwood is bitter*"—" Oh ! that's me, the  
 villain !

Throw it behind the fire, and never more  
 Let that vile paper come within my door."  
 Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the dart ;  
 To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.  
 Is our young bard so young, to think that he  
 Can stop the full spring-tide of calumny ?  
 Knows he the world so little, and its trade ?  
 Alas ! the devil's sooner raised than laid.  
 So strong, so swift, the monster there's no gagging :  
 Cut Scandal's head off, still the tongue is wagging.  
 Proud of your smiles once lavishly bestow'd,  
 Again our young Don Quixote takes the road ;  
 To show his gratitude he draws his pen,  
 And seeks this hydra, Scandal, in his den.  
 For your applause all perils he would through—  
 He'll fight—that's write—a cavalliero true,  
 Till every drop of blood—that's ink—is spilt for  
 you.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Lady SNEERWELL'S *Dressing-room*.

Lady SNEERWELL discovered at her toilet ; SNAKE drinking chocolate.

*Lady Sneer.* The paragraphs, you say, Mr. Snake, were all inserted ?

*Snake.* They were, madam ; and as I copied them myself in a feigned hand, there can be no suspicion whence they came.

*Lady Sneer.* Did you circulate the report of lady Brittle's intrigue with captain Boastall ?

*Snake.* That's in as fine a train as your ladyship could wish. In the common course of things, I think it must reach Mrs. Clackitt's ears within four-and-twenty hours ; and then, you know, the business is as good as done.

*Lady Sneer.* Why, truly, Mrs. Clackitt has a very pretty talent, and a great deal of industry.

*Snake.* True, madam, and has been tolerably successful in her day. To my knowledge she has been the cause of six matches being broken off, and three sons disinherited ; of four forced elopements, and as many close confinements ; nine separate maintenances, and two divorces. Nay, I have more than once traced her causing a *tête-à-tête* in the Town and Country Magazine, when the parties, perhaps, had never seen each other's face before in the course of their lives.

*Lady Sneer.* She certainly has talents, but her manner is gross.

*Snake.* 'Tis very true. She generally designs well ; has a free tongue and a bold invention ; but her colouring is too dark, and her outlines often extravagant. She wants that delicacy of tint, and mellowness of sneer, which distinguishes your ladyship's scandal.

*Lady Sneer.* You are partial, Snake.

*Snake.* Not in the least ; everybody allows that lady Sneerwell can do more with a word or a look than many can with the most laboured detail, even when they happen to have a little truth on their side to support it.

*Lady Sneer.* Yes, my dear Snake ; and I am no hypocrite to deny the satisfaction I reap from the success of my efforts. Wounded myself, in the early part of my life, by the envenomed tongue of slander, I confess I have since known no pleasure equal to the reducing others to the level of my own injured reputation.

*Snake.* Nothing can be more natural. But, lady Sneerwell, there is one affair in which you have lately employed me, wherein, I confess, I am at a loss to guess your motives.

*Lady Sneer.* I conceive you mean with respect to my neighbour, sir Peter Teazle, and his family ?

*Snake.* I do. Here are two young men, to whom sir Peter has acted as a kind of guardian since their father's death ; the eldest possessing the most amiable character, and universally well spoken of ; the youngest, the most dissipated and extravagant young fellow in the kingdom, without friends or character : the former an avowed admirer of your ladyship's, and apparently your favourite : the latter attached to Maria, sir Peter's

ward, and confessedly beloved by her. Now, on the face of these circumstances, it is utterly unaccountable to me, why you, the widow of a city knight, with a good jointure, should not close with the passion of a man of such character and expectations as Mr. Surface ; and more so why you should be so uncommonly earnest to destroy the mutual attachment subsisting between his brother Charles and Maria.

*Lady Sneer.* Then at once to unravel this mystery, I must inform you, that love has no share whatever in the intercourse between Mr. Surface and me.

*Snake.* No !

*Lady Sneer.* His real attachment is to Maria, or her fortune ; but finding in his brother a favoured rival, he has been obliged to mask his pretensions, and profit by my assistance.

*Snake.* Yet still I am more puzzled why you should interest yourself in his success.

*Lady Sneer.* How dull you are ! Cannot you surmise the weakness which I hitherto, through shame, have concealed even from you ? Must I confess, that Charles, that libertine, that extravagant, that bankrupt in fortune and reputation, that he is for whom I am thus anxious and malicious, and to gain whom I would sacrifice everything ?

*Snake.* Now, indeed, your conduct appears consistent : but how came you and Mr. Surface so confidential ?

*Lady Sneer.* For our mutual interest. I have found him out a long time since. I know him to be artful, selfish, and malicious—in short, a sentimental knave ; while with sir Peter, and indeed with all his acquaintance, he passes for a youthful miracle of prudence, good sense, and benevolence.

*Snake.* Yes ; yet sir Peter vows he has not his equal in England ; and above all, he praises him as a man of sentiment.

*Lady Sneer.* True ; and with the assistance of his sentiment and hypocrisy, he has brought sir Peter entirely into his interest with regard to Maria ; while poor Charles has no friend in the house, though, I fear, he has a powerful one in Maria's heart, against whom we must direct our schemes.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Mr. Surface.

*Lady Sneer.* Show him up. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Enter JOSEPH SURFACE.*

*Jos. Surf.* My dear lady Sneerwell, how do you do to-day ?—Mr. Snake, your most obedient.

*Lady Sneer.* Snake has just been rallying me on our mutual attachment ; but I have informed him of our real views. You know how useful he has been to us, and, believe me, the confidence is not ill placed.

*Jos. Surf.* Madam, it is impossible for me to suspect a man of Mr. Snake's sensibility and discernment.

*Lady Sneer.* Well, well, no compliments now ; but tell me when you saw your mistress, Maria—or, what is more material to me, your brother.

*Jos. Surf.* I have not seen either since I left you; but I can inform you that they never meet. Some of your stories have taken a good effect on Maria.

*Lady Sneer.* Ah, my dear Snake! the merit of this belongs to you.—But do your brother's distresses increase?

*Jos. Surf.* Every hour. I am told he has had another execution in the house yesterday. In short, his dissipation and extravagance exceed anything I have ever heard of.

*Lady Sneer.* Poor Charles!

*Jos. Surf.* True, madam; notwithstanding his vices, one can't help feeling for him. Poor Charles! I'm sure I wish it were in my power to be of any essential service to him; for the man who does not share in the distresses of a brother, even though merited by his own misconduct, deserves—

*Lady Sneer.* O Lud! you are going to be moral, and forget that you are among friends.

*Jos. Surf.* Egad, that's true! I'll keep that sentiment till I see sir Peter.—However, it certainly is a charity to rescue Maria from such a libertine, who, if he is to be reclaimed, can be so only by a person of your ladyship's superior accomplishments and understanding.

*Snake.* I believe, lady Sneerwell, here's company coming: I'll go and copy the letter I mentioned to you.—Mr. Surface, your most obedient.

*Jos. Surf.* Sir, your very devoted.—[*Exit SNAKE.*] Lady Sneerwell, I am very sorry you have put any farther confidence in that fellow.

*Lady Sneer.* Why so?

*Jos. Surf.* I have lately detected him in frequent conference with old Rowley, who was formerly my father's steward, and has never, you know, been a friend of mine.

*Lady Sneer.* And do you think he would betray us?

*Jos. Surf.* Nothing more likely:—take my word for't, lady Sneerwell, that fellow hasn't virtue enough to be faithful even to his own villainy.—Ah! Maria!

*Enter MARIA.*

*Lady Sneer.* Maria, my dear, how do you do? What's the matter?

*Mar.* Oh! there is that disagreeable lover of mine, sir Benjamin Backbite, has just called at my guardian's, with his odious uncle, Crabtree; so I slipped out, and ran hither to avoid them.

*Lady Sneer.* Is that all?

*Jos. Surf.* If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.

*Lady Sneer.* Nay, now you are severe; for I dare swear the truth of the matter is, Maria heard you were here.—But, my dear, what has sir Benjamin done, that you would avoid him so?

*Mar.* Oh, he has done nothing—but 'tis for what he has said: his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance.

*Jos. Surf.* Ay, and the worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him; for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend; and his uncle's as bad.

*Lady Sneer.* Nay, but we should make allowance; sir Benjamin is a wit and a poet.

*Mar.* For my part, I confess, madam, wit loses its respect with me, when I see it in company with malice.—What do you think, Mr. Surface?

*Jos. Surf.* Certainly, madam; to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

*Lady Sneer.* Psha! there's no possibility of being witty without a little ill-nature: the malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick.—What's your opinion, Mr. Surface?

*Jos. Surf.* To be sure, madam; that conversation, where the spirit of railery is suppressed, will ever appear tedious and insipid.

*Mar.* Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable; but in a man, I am sure, it is always contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalry, and a thousand motives to depreciate each other; but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Madam, Mrs. Candour is below, and if your ladyship's at leisure, will leave her carriage.

*Lady Sneer.* Beg her to walk in.—[*Exit Servant.*] Now, Maria, here is a character to your taste; for though Mrs. Candour is a little talkative, everybody allows her to be the best natured and best sort of woman.

*Mar.* Yes, with a very gross affectation of good-nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

*Jos. Surf.* I'faith that's true, lady Sneerwell: whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

*Lady Sneer.* Hush!—here she is!

*Enter MRS. CANDOUR.*

*Mrs. Can.* My dear lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century?—Mr. Surface, what news do you hear?—though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

*Jos. Surf.* Just so, indeed, ma'am.

*Mrs. Can.* Oh, Maria! child,—what, is the whole affair off between you and Charles?—His extravagance, I presume—the town talks of nothing else.

*Mar.* I am very sorry, ma'am, the town has so little to do.

*Mrs. Can.* True, true, child: but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, sir Peter, and lady Teazle have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

*Mar.* 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so.

*Mrs. Can.* Very true, child: but what's to be done? People will talk—there's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told that Miss Gadabout had eloped with sir Filigree Flirt.—But, Lord! there's no minding what one hears; though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

*Mar.* Such reports are highly scandalous.

*Mrs. Can.* So they are, child—shameful, shameful! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes.—Lord, now who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion? Yet such is the ill-nature of people, that they say her uncle stopped her last week, just as she was stepping into the York diligence with her dancing-master.



*Mar.* I'll answer for't there are no grounds for that report.

*Mrs. Can.* Ah, no foundation in the world, I dare swear; no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month, of Mrs. Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino;—though, to be sure, that matter was never rightly cleared up.

*Jos. Surf.* The licence of invention some people take is monstrous indeed.

*Mar.* 'Tis so,—but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable.

*Mrs. Can.* To be sure they are; tale-bearers are as bad as the tale-makers—'tis an old observation, and a very true one: but what's to be done, as I said before? how will you prevent people from talking? To-day, Mrs. Clackitt assured me, Mr. and Mrs. Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance. She likewise hinted that a certain widow, in the next street, had got rid of her dropsy and recovered her shape in a most surprising manner. And at the same time, Miss Tattle, who was by, affirmed, that lord Buffalo had discovered his lady at a house of no extraordinary fame; and that sir H. Bouquet and Tom Saunter were to measure swords on a similar provocation. But, Lord, do you think I would report these things!—No, no! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as the tale-makers.

*Jos. Surf.* Ah! Mrs. Candour, if everybody had your forbearance and good-nature!

*Mrs. Can.* I confess, Mr. Surface, I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance, I own I always love to think the best.—By-the-bye, I hope 'tis not true that your brother is absolutely ruined?

*Jos. Surf.* I am afraid his circumstances are very bad indeed, ma'am.

*Mrs. Can.* Ah! I heard so—but you must tell him to keep up his spirits; everybody almost is in the same way—lord Spindle, sir Thomas Splint, captain Quinze, and Mr. Nickit—all up, I hear, within this week; so if Charles is undone, he'll find half his acquaintance ruined too, and that, you know, is a consolation.

*Jos. Surf.* Doubtless, ma'am—a very great one.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Mr. Crabtree and sir Benjamin Backbite.

*[Exit.]*

*Lady Sneer.* So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you; positively you shan't escape.

*Enter CRABTREE and SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE.*

*Crab.* Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand.—Mrs. Candour, I don't believe you are acquainted with my nephew, sir Benjamin Backbite? Egad, ma'am, he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet too.—Isn't he, lady Sneerwell?

*Sir Ben.* O fy, uncle!

*Crab.* Nay, egad it's true; I back him at a rebus or a charade against the best rhymers in the kingdom.—Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on lady Frizzle's feather catching fire?—Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs. Drowzie's conversazione. Come now;—your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and—

*Sir Ben.* Uncle, now—prithee—

*Crab.* I'faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to

hear how ready he is at all these fine sort of things.

*Lady Sneer.* I wonder, sir Benjamin, you never publish anything.

*Sir Ben.* To say truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print; and as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties.—However, I have some love elegies, which, when favoured with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public.

*[Pointing to MARIA.]*

*Crab.* *[To MARIA.]* 'Fore heaven, ma'am, they'll immortalise you!—you will be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Scharissa.

*Sir Ben.* *[To MARIA.]* Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin.—'Fore Gad they will be the most elegant things of their kind!

*Crab.* But, ladies, that's true—have you heard the news?

*Mrs. Can.* What, sir, do you mean the report of—

*Crab.* No, ma'am, that's not it.—Miss Nicely is going to be married to her own footman.

*Mrs. Can.* Impossible.

*Crab.* Ask sir Benjamin.

*Sir Ben.* 'Tis very true, ma'am; everything is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoken.

*Crab.* Yes—and they do say there were pressing reasons for it.

*Lady Sneer.* Why, I have heard something of this before.

*Mrs. Can.* It can't be—and I wonder any one should believe such a story, of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

*Sir Ben.* O Lud! ma'am, that's the very reason 'twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so reserved, that everybody was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

*Mrs. Can.* Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp, as a fever is generally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny sickly reputation, that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robust characters of a hundred prudes.

*Sir Ben.* True, madam,—there are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution; who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.

*Mrs. Can.* Well, but this may be all a mistake. You know, sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

*Crab.* That they do, I'll be sworn, ma'am.—Did you ever hear how Miss Piper came to lose her lover and her character last summer at Tunbridge?—Sir Benjamin, you remember it?

*Sir Ben.* Oh, to be sure!—the most whimsical circumstance.

*Lady Sneer.* How was it, pray?

*Crab.* Why, one evening, at Mrs. Ponto's assembly, the conversation happened to turn on the breeding Nova Scotia sheep in this country. Says a young lady in company, I have known instances of it; for Miss Letitia Piper, a first cousin of mine, had a Nova Scotia sheep that produced her twins.

—What! cries the lady Dowager Dundizy (who you know is as deaf as a post), has Miss Piper had twins?—This mistake, as you may imagine, threw the whole company into a fit of laughter. However, 'twas the next morning everywhere reported, and in a few days believed by the whole town, that Miss Letitia Piper had actually been brought to bed of a fine boy and a girl: and in less than a week there were some people who could name the father and the farm-house where the babies were put to nurse.

*Lady Sneer.* Strange, indeed!

*Crab.* Matter of fact, I assure you.—O Lud! Mr. Surface, pray is it true that your uncle, sir Oliver, is coming home?

*Jos. Surf.* Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

*Crab.* He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember him, I believe? Sad comfort whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on!

*Jos. Surf.* Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure; but I hope no busy people have already prejudiced sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

*Sir Ben.* To be sure he may: for my part, I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say; and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

*Crab.* That's true, egad, nephew. If the Old Jewry was a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman: no man more popular there, 'fore Gad! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine; and that whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

*Sir Ben.* Yet no man lives in greater splendour. They tell me, when he entertains his friends he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities; have a score of tradesmen waiting in the antechamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

*Jos. Surf.* This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen, but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

*Mar.* [*Aside.*] Their malice is intolerable!— [*Aloud.*] Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good morning: I'm not very well. [*Exit.*]

*Mrs. Can.* O dear! she changes colour very much.

*Lady Sneer.* Do, Mrs. Candour, follow her: she may want assistance.

*Mrs. Can.* That I will, with all my soul, ma'am.—Poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be! [*Exit.*]

*Lady Sneer.* 'Twas nothing but that she could not bear to hear Charles reflected on, notwithstanding their difference.

*Sir Ben.* The young lady's *penchant* is obvious.

*Crab.* But, Benjamin, you must not give up the pursuit for that: follow her, and put her into good humour. Repeat her some of your own verses. Come, I'll assist you.

*Sir Ben.* Mr. Surface, I did not mean to hurt you; but depend on't your brother is utterly undone.

*Crab.* O Lud, ay! undone as ever man was.— Can't raise a guinea!

*Sir Ben.* And everything sold, I'm told, that was moveable.

*Crab.* I have seen one that was at his house.—

Not a thing left but some empty bottles that were overlooked, and the family pictures, which I believe are framed in the wainscots.

*Sir Ben.* And I'm very sorry, also, to hear some bad stories against him. [*Going.*]

*Crab.* Oh! he has done many mean things, that's certain.

*Sir Ben.* But, however, as he's your brother— [*Going.*]

*Crab.* We'll tell you all another opportunity.

[*Exit* CRABTREE and SIR BENJAMIN.

*Lady Sneer.* Ha! ha! 'tis very hard for them to leave a subject they have not quite run down.

*Jos. Surf.* And I believe the abuse was no more acceptable to your ladyship than Maria.

*Lady Sneer.* I doubt her affections are farther engaged than we imagine. But the family are to be here this evening, so you may as well dine where you are, and we shall have an opportunity of observing farther; in the mean time, I'll go and plot mischief, and you shall study sentiment. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in Sir PETER TEAZLE'S House.

*Enter* SIR PETER TEAZLE.

*Sir Pet.* When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since lady Teazle made me the happiest of men—and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tifted a little going to church, and fairly quarrelled before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution—a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race ball. Yet now she plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of the fashion and the town, with as ready a grace as if she had never seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor-square! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humours; yet the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it.

*Enter* ROWLEY.

*Row.* Oh! sir Peter, your servant: how is it with you, sir?

*Sir Pet.* Very bad, master Rowley, very bad. I meet with nothing but crosses and vexations.

*Row.* What can have happened to trouble you since yesterday?

*Sir Pet.* A good question to a married man!

*Row.* Nay, I'm sure your lady, sir Peter, can't be the cause of your uneasiness.

*Sir Pet.* Why, has anybody told you she was dead?

*Row.* Come, come, sir Peter, you love her, notwithstanding your tempers don't exactly agree.

*Sir Pet.* But the fault is entirely hers, master Rowley. I am, myself, the sweetest tempered man alive, and hate a teasing temper; and so I tell her a hundred times a day.

*Row.* Indeed!

*Sir Pet.* Ay; and what is very extraordinary,

in all our disputes she is always in the wrong! But lady Sneerwell, and the set she meets at her house, encourage the perverseness of her disposition.—Then, to complete my vexation, Maria, my ward, whom I ought to have the power over, is determined to turn rebel too, and absolutely refuses the man whom I have long resolved on for her husband; meaning, I suppose, to bestow herself on his profligate brother.

*Row.* You know, sir Peter, I have always taken the liberty to differ with you on the subject of these two young gentlemen. I only wish you may not be deceived in your opinion of the elder. For Charles, my life on't! he will retrieve his errors yet. Their worthy father, once my honoured master, was, at his years, nearly as wild a spark; yet, when he died, he did not leave a more benevolent heart to lament his loss.

*Sir Pet.* You are wrong, master Rowley. On their father's death, you know, I acted as a kind of guardian to them both, till their uncle sir Oliver's liberality gave them an early independence: of course, no person could have more opportunities of judging of their hearts, and I was never mistaken in my life. Joseph is indeed a model for the young men of the age. He is a man of sentiment, and acts up to the sentiments he professes; but for the other, take my word for't, if he had any grain of virtue by descent, he has dissipated it with the rest of his inheritance. Ah! my old friend, sir Oliver, will be deeply mortified when he finds how part of his bounty has been misapplied.

*Row.* I am sorry to find you so violent against the young man, because this may be the most critical period of his fortune. I came hither with news that will surprise you.

*Sir Pet.* What! let me hear.

*Row.* Sir Oliver is arrived, and at this moment in town.

*Sir Pet.* How! you astonish me! I thought you did not expect him this month.

*Row.* I did not: but his passage has been remarkably quick.

*Sir Pet.* Egad, I shall rejoice to see my old friend. 'Tis fifteen years since we met.—We have had many a day together:—but does he still enjoin us not to inform his nephews of his arrival?

*Row.* Most strictly. He means, before it is known, to make some trial of their dispositions.

*Sir Pet.* Ah! there needs no art to discover their merits—he shall have his way: but, pray, does he know I am married?

*Row.* Yes, and will soon wish you joy.

*Sir Pet.* What, as we drink health to a friend in a consumption! Ah! Oliver will laugh at me. We used to rail at matrimony together, and he has been steady to his text.—Well, he must be soon at my house, though—I'll instantly give orders for his reception.—But, master Rowley, don't drop a word that lady Teazle and I ever disagree.

*Row.* By no means.

*Sir Pet.* For I should never be able to stand Noll's jokes; so I'd have him think, Lord forgive me! that we are a very happy couple.

*Row.* I understand you:—but then you must be very careful not to differ while he is in the house with you.

*Sir Pet.* Egad, and so we must—and that's impossible. Ah! master Rowley, when an old bachelor marries a young wife, he deserves—no—the crime carries its punishment along with it.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A Room in Sir PETER TEAZLE'S House.

*Enter Sir PETER and Lady TEAZLE.*

*Sir Pet.* Lady Teazle, lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

*Lady Teaz.* Sir Peter, sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and what's more, I will, too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

*Sir Pet.* Very well, ma'am, very well;—so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

*Lady Teaz.* Authority! no to be sure:—if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

*Sir Pet.* Old enough!—ay—there it is. Well, well, lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

*Lady Teaz.* My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

*Sir Pet.* No, no, madam, you shall throw away

no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a *fête champêtre* at Christmas.

*Lady Teaz.* And am I to blame, sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

*Sir Pet.* Oons! madam—if you had been born to this, I should'nt wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

*Lady Teaz.* No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

*Sir Pet.* Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style;—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty-figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side; your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

*Lady Teaz.* O, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led.—My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make

extracts from the family receipt-book,—and comb my aunt Deborah's lapdog.

*Sir Pet.* Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

*Lady Teaz.* And then you know, my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play pope Joan with the curate; to read a sermon to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

*Sir Pet.* I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach—*vis-à-vis*—and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington-gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse.

*Lady Teaz.* No—I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

*Sir Pet.* This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

*Lady Teaz.* Well then,—and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation, and that is—

*Sir Pet.* My widow, I suppose?

*Lady Teaz.* Hem! hem!

*Sir Pet.* I thank you, madam—but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

*Lady Teaz.* Then why will you endeavour to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

*Sir Pet.* 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

*Lady Teaz.* Lud, sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

*Sir Pet.* The fashion, indeed! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

*Lady Teaz.* For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

*Sir Pet.* Ay—there again—taste!—Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

*Lady Teaz.* That's very true indeed, sir Peter; and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, sir Peter, if we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at lady Sneerwell's.

*Sir Pet.* Ay, there's another precious circumstance—a charming set of acquaintance you have made there!

*Lady Teaz.* Nay, sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

*Sir Pet.* Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves!—Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

*Lady Teaz.* What, would you restrain the freedom of speech?

*Sir Pet.* Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

*Lady Teaz.* Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse.—When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good-humour; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, sir Peter, you know you promised to come to lady Sneerwell's too.

*Sir Pet.* Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

*Lady Teaz.* Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good-bye to ye.

[Exit.]

*Sir Pet.* So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation! Yet, with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Lady SNEERWELL'S House.*

LADY SNEERWELL, MRS. CANDOUR, CRABTREE, SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE, and JOSEPH SURFACE, discovered.

*Lady Sneer.* Nay, positively, we will hear it.

*Jos. Surf.* Yes, yes, the epigram, by all means.

*Sir Ben.* O plague on't, uncle! 'tis mere nonsense.

*Crab.* No, no; 'fore Gad, very clever for an extempore!

*Sir Ben.* But, ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstance. You must know, that one day last week, as lady Betty Curricle was taking the dust in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phaeton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies; upon which I took out my pocket-book, and, in one moment, produced the following:—

*Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies;  
Other horses are clowns, but these macaronies:  
To give them this title I'm sure can't be wrong,  
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long.*

*Crab.* There, ladies, done in the smack of a whip, and on horseback too.

*Jos. Surf.* A very Phœbus, mounted—indeed, sir Benjamin!

*Sir Ben.* O dear, sir! trifles—trifles.

Enter LADY TEAZLE and MARIA.

*Mrs. Can.* I must have a copy.

*Lady Sneer.* Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see sir Peter?

*Lady Teaz.* I believe he'll wait on your ladyship presently.

*Lady Sneer.* Maria, my love, you look grave. Come, you shall sit down to piquet with Mr. Surface.

*Mar.* I take very little pleasure in cards—however, I'll do as you please.

*Lady Teaz.* I am surprised Mr. Surface should sit down with her; I thought he would have embraced this opportunity of speaking to me, before sir Peter came.

[Aside.]

*Mrs. Can.* Now, I'll die, but you are so scandalous, I'll forswear your society.

*Lady Teaz.* What's the matter, Mrs. Candour?

*Mrs. Can.* They'll not allow our friend Miss Vermilion to be handsome.

*Lady Sneer.* Oh, surely, she is a pretty woman.

*Crab.* I am very glad you think so, ma'am.

*Mrs. Can.* She has a charming fresh colour.

*Lady Teaz.* Yes, when it is fresh put on.

*Mrs. Can.* O fy! I'll swear her colour is natural: I have seen it come and go!

*Lady Teaz.* I dare swear you have, ma'am: it goes off at night, and comes again in the morning.

*Sir Ben.* True, ma'am, it not only comes and goes, but, what's more—egad, her maid can fetch and carry it!

*Mrs. Can.* Ha! ha! ha! how I hate to hear you talk so! But surely now, her sister is, or was, very handsome.

*Crab.* Who? Mrs. Evergreen? O Lord! she's six-and-fifty if she's an hour!

*Mrs. Can.* Now positively you wrong her; fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost—and I don't think she looks more.

*Sir Ben.* Ah! there's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

*Lady Sneer.* Well, well, if Mrs. Evergreen does take some pains to repair the ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity; and surely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre chalks her wrinkles.

*Sir Ben.* Nay, now, lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 'tis not that she paints, so ill—but, when she has finished her face, she joins it so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur sees at once that the head's modern, though the trunk's antique.

*Crab.* Ha! ha! ha! well said, nephew!

*Mrs. Can.* Ha! ha! ha! well, you make me laugh; but I vow I hate you for it.—What do you think of Miss Simper?

*Sir Ben.* Why, she has very pretty teeth.

*Lady Teaz.* Yes, and on that account, when she is neither speaking nor laughing (which very seldom happens), she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always on a-jar, as it were,—thus. *[Shows her teeth.]*

*Mrs. Can.* How can you be so ill-natured?

*Lady Teaz.* Nay, I allow even that's better than the pains Mrs. Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture of a poor's box, and all her words appear to slide out edgewise, as it were,—thus—*How do you do, madam? Yes, madam.*

*Lady Sneer.* Very well, Lady Teazle; I see you can be a little severe.

*Lady Teaz.* In defence of a friend it is but justice.—But here comes sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

*Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.*

*Sir Pet.* Ladies, your most obedient.—*[Aside.]* Mercy on me! here is the whole set! a character dead at every word, I suppose.

*Mrs. Can.* I am rejoiced you are come, sir Peter. They have been so censorious—and lady Teazle as bad as any one.

*Sir Pet.* It must be very distressing to you, Mrs. Candour, I dare swear.

*Mrs. Can.* Oh, they will allow good qualities to nobody; not even good-nature to our friend Mrs. Pursy.

*Lady Teaz.* What, the fat dowager who was at Mrs. Quadrille's last night?

*Mrs. Can.* Nay, her bulk is her misfortune; and, when she takes such pains to get rid of it, you ought not to reflect on her.

*Lady Sneer.* That's very true, indeed.

*Lady Teaz.* Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey; laces herself by pulleys; and often in the hottest noon in summer, you may see her on a little squat pony, with her hair plaited up behind like a drummer's, and puffing round the Ring on a full trot.

*Mrs. Can.* I thank you, lady Teazle, for defending her.

*Sir Pet.* Yes, a good defence, truly!

*Mrs. Can.* Truly, lady Teazle is as censorious as Miss Sallow.

*Crab.* Yes, and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious—an awkward gawky, without any one good point under heaven.

*Mrs. Can.* Positively you shall not be so very severe. Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine by marriage, and, as for her person, great allowance is to be made; for, let me tell you, a woman labours under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl at six-and-thirty.

*Lady Sneer.* Though, surely, she is handsome still—and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candlelight, it is not to be wondered at.

*Mrs. Can.* True, and then as to her manner; upon my word I think it is particularly graceful, considering she never had the least education: for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner, and her father a sugar-baker at Bristol.

*Sir Ben.* Ah! you are both of you too good-natured!

*Sir Pet.* Yes, damned good-natured! This their own relation! mercy on me! *[Aside.]*

*Mrs. Can.* For my part, I own I cannot bear to hear a friend ill spoken of.

*Sir Pet.* No, to be sure!

*Sir Ben.* Oh! you are of a moral turn.—Mrs. Candour and I can sit for an hour and hear lady Stucco talk sentiment.

*Lady Teaz.* Nay, I vow lady Stucco is very well with the dessert after dinner; for she's just like the French fruit one cracks for mottoes—made up of paint and proverb.

*Mrs. Can.* Well, I never will join in ridiculing a friend; and so I constantly tell my cousin Ogle, and you all know what pretensions she has to be critical on beauty.

*Crab.* Oh, to be sure! she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen; 'tis a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

*Sir Ben.* So she has, indeed—an Irish front—

*Crab.* Caledonian locks—

*Sir Ben.* Dutch nose—

*Crab.* Austrian lips—

*Sir Ben.* Complexion of a Spaniard—

*Crab.* And teeth à la Chinoise—

*Sir Ben.* In short, her face resembles a *table d'hôte* at Spa—where no two guests are of a nation—

*Crab.* Or a congress at the close of a general war—wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to have a different interest, and her nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

*Mrs. Can.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir Pet.* Mercy on my life!—a person they dine with twice a week!

*Lady Sneer.* Go, go; you are a couple of provoking toads. [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. Can.* Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh off so—for give me leave to say, that Mrs. Ogle—

*Sir Pet.* Madam, madam, I beg your pardon—there's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues.—But when I tell you, Mrs. Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you'll not take her part.

*Lady Sneer.* Ha! ha! ha! well said, sir Peter! but you are a cruel creature,—too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

*Sir Pet.* Ah! madam, true wit is more nearly allied to good-nature than your ladyship is aware of.

*Lady Teaz.* True, sir Peter: I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

*Sir Ben.* Or rather, madam, suppose them to be man and wife, because one seldom sees them together.

*Lady Teaz.* But sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by parliament.

*Sir Pet.* 'Fore heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as poaching on manors, and pass an act for the preservation of fame, I believe there are many would thank them for the bill.

*Lady Sneer.* O Lud! sir Peter; would you deprive us of our privileges?

*Sir Pet.* Ay, madam; and then no person should be permitted to kill characters and run down reputations, but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.

*Lady Sneer.* Go, you monster!

*Mrs. Can.* But, surely, you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear?

*Sir Pet.* Yes, madam, I would have law merchant for them too; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the indorsers.

*Crab.* Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.

*Sir Pet.* Oh, nine out of ten of the malicious inventions are founded on some ridiculous misrepresentation!

*Lady Sneer.* Come, ladies, shall we sit down to cards in the next room?

*Enter Servant, who whispers Sir PETER.*

*Sir Pet.* I'll be with them directly.—[*Exit Servant.*] I'll get away unperceived. [*Aside.*]

*Lady Sneer.* Sir Peter, you are not going to leave us?

*Sir Pet.* Your ladyship must excuse me; I'm called away by particular business. But I leave my character behind me. [*Exit.*]

*Sir Ben.* Well—certainly, lady Teazle, that lord of yours is a strange being: I could tell you some stories of him would make you laugh heartily if he were not your husband.

*Lady Teaz.* Oh, pray don't mind that;—come, do let's hear them.

[*Exeunt all but JOSEPH SURFACE and MARIA.*]

*Jos. Surf.* Maria, I see you have no satisfaction in this society.

*Mar.* How is it possible I should?—If to raise malicious smiles at the infirmities or misfortunes of those who have never injured us be the province of wit or humour, Heaven grant me a double portion of dulness!

*Jos. Surf.* Yet they appear more ill-natured than they are; they have no malice at heart.

*Mar.* Then is their conduct still more contemptible; for, in my opinion, nothing could excuse the interference of their tongues, but a natural and uncontrollable bitterness of mind.

*Jos. Surf.* Undoubtedly, madam; and it has always been a sentiment of mine, that to propagate a malicious truth wantonly is more despicable than to falsify from revenge. But can you, Maria, feel thus for others, and be unkind to me alone? Is hope to be denied the tenderest passion?

*Mar.* Why will you distress me by renewing the subject?

*Jos. Surf.* Ah, Maria! you would not treat me thus, and oppose your guardian, sir Peter's will, but that I see that profligate Charles is still a favoured rival.

*Mar.* Ungenerously urged!—But whatever my sentiments are for that unfortunate young man, be assured I shall not feel more bound to give him up, because his distresses have lost him the regard even of a brother.

*Jos. Surf.* Nay, but Maria, do not leave me with a frown: by all that's honest, I swear— [*Kneels.*]

*Re-enter Lady TEAZLE behind.*

[*Aside.*] Gad's life, here's lady Teazle—[*Aloud to MARIA.*] You must not—no, you shall not—for, though I have the greatest regard for lady Teazle—

*Mar.* Lady Teazle!

*Jos. Surf.* Yet were sir Peter to suspect—

*Lady Teaz.* [*Coming forward.*] What is this, pray? Do you take her for me?—Child, you are wanted in the next room.—[*Exit MARIA.*] What is all this, pray?

*Jos. Surf.* Oh, the most unlucky circumstance in nature! Maria has somehow suspected the tender concern I have for your happiness, and threatened to acquaint sir Peter with her suspicions, and I was just endeavouring to reason with her when you came in.

*Lady Teaz.* Indeed! but you seemed to adopt a very tender mode of reasoning—do you usually argue on your knees?

*Jos. Surf.* Oh, she's a child, and I thought a little bombast—But, lady Teazle, when are you to give me your judgment on my library, as you promised?

*Lady Teaz.* No, no; I begin to think it would be imprudent, and you know I admit you as a lover no farther than fashion sanctions.

*Jos. Surf.* True—a mere platonic cicisbeo—what every wife is entitled to.

*Lady Teaz.* Certainly, one must not be out of the fashion.—However, I have so much of my country prejudices left, that, though sir Peter's ill-humour may vex me ever so, it never shall provoke me to—

*Jos. Surf.* The only revenge in your power.—Well—I applaud your moderation.

*Lady Teaz.* Go—you are an insinuating wretch!—But we shall be missed—let us join the company.

*Jos. Surf.* But we had best not return together.

*Lady Teaz.* Well, don't stay; for Maria shan't come to hear any more of your reasoning, I promise you. *[Exit.]*

*Jos. Surf.* A curious dilemma my politics have run me into! I wanted, at first, only to ingratiate myself with lady Teazle, that she might not be my enemy with Maria; and I have, I don't know how, become her serious lover. Sincerely I begin to wish I had never made such a point of gaining so very good a character, for it has led me into so many cursed rogueries that I doubt I shall be exposed at last. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Sir PETER TEAZLE'S House.*

*Enter Sir OLIVER SURFACE and ROWLEY.*

*Sir Oliv.* Ha! ha! ha! so my old friend is married, hey?—a young wife out of the country.—Ha! ha! ha! that he should have stood bluff to old bachelor so long, and sink into a husband at last!

*Row.* But you must not rally him on the subject, sir Oliver; 'tis a tender point, I assure you, though he has been married only seven months.

*Sir Oliv.* Then he has been just half a year on the stool of repentance!—Poor Peter!—But you say he has entirely given up Charles,—never sees him, hey?

*Row.* His prejudice against him is astonishing, and I am sure greatly increased by a jealousy of him with lady Teazle, which he has industriously been led into by a scandalous society in the neighbourhood, who have contributed not a little to Charles's ill name. Whereas, the truth is, I believe, if the lady is partial to either of them, his brother is the favourite.

*Sir Oliv.* Ay, I know there are a set of malicious, prating, prudent gossips, both male and female, who murder characters to kill time; and will rob a young fellow of his good name before he has years to know the value of it. But I am not to be prejudiced against my nephew by such, I promise you! No, no; if Charles has done nothing false or mean, I shall compound for his extravagance.

*Row.* Then, my life on't, you will reclaim him. Ah, sir, it gives me new life to find that your heart is not turned against him; and that the son of my good old master has one friend, however, left.

*Sir Oliv.* What! shall I forget, master Rowley, when I was at his years myself? Egad, my brother and I were neither of us very prudent youths; and yet, I believe, you have not seen many better men than your old master was?

*Row.* Sir, 'tis this reflection gives me assurance that Charles may yet be a credit to his family.—But here comes sir Peter.

*Sir Oliv.* Egad, so he does!—Mercy on me! he's greatly altered, and seems to have a settled married look! One may read husband in his face at this distance!

*Enter Sir PETER TEAZLE.*

*Sir Pet.* Ha! sir Oliver! my old friend!—Welcome to England a thousand times!

*Sir Oliv.* Thank you, thank you, sir Peter! and i'faith I am glad to find you well, believe me!

*Sir Pet.* Oh! 'tis a long time since we met—fifteen years, I doubt, sir Oliver, and many a cross accident in the time.

*Sir Oliv.* Ay, I have had my share. But, what! I find you are married, hey?—Well, well, it can't be helped; and so—I wish you joy with all my heart!

*Sir Pet.* Thank you, thank you, sir Oliver.—Yes, I have entered into—the happy state;—but we'll not talk of that now.

*Sir Oliv.* True, true, sir Peter; old friends should not begin on grievances at first meeting.—No, no, no.—

*Row.* *[Aside to Sir OLIVER.]* Take care, pray, sir.—

*Sir Oliv.* Well, so one of my nephews is a wild fellow, hey?

*Sir Pet.* Wild!—ah! my old friend, I grieve for your disappointment there; he's a lost young man, indeed. However, his brother will make you amends; Joseph is, indeed, what a youth should be: everybody in the world speaks well of him.

*Sir Oliv.* I am sorry to hear it; he has too good a character to be an honest fellow. Everybody speaks well of him!—Psha! then he has bowed as low to knaves and fools as to the honest dignity of genius and virtue.

*Sir Pet.* What, sir Oliver! do you blame him for not making enemies?

*Sir Oliv.* Yes, if he has merit enough to deserve them.

*Sir Pet.* Well, well—you'll be convinced when you know him. 'Tis edification to hear him converse; he professes the noblest sentiments.

*Sir Oliv.* Oh, plague of his sentiments! If he salutes me with a scrap of morality in his mouth, I shall be sick directly.—But, however, don't mistake me, sir Peter; I don't mean to defend Charles's errors: but before I form my judgment of either of them, I intend to make a trial of their hearts; and my friend Rowley and I have planned something for the purpose.

*Row.* And sir Peter shall own for once he has been mistaken.

*Sir Pet.* Oh, my life on Joseph's honour!

*Sir Oliv.* Well—come, give us a bottle of good wine, and we'll drink the lads' health, and tell you our scheme.

*Sir Pet.* Allons, then!

*Sir Oliv.* And don't, sir Peter, be so severe against your old friend's son. Odds my life! I am not sorry that he has run out of the course a little: for my part, I hate to see prudence clinging to the green suckers of youth; 'tis like ivy round a sapling, and spoils the growth of the tree. *[Exeunt.]*

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A Room in Sir PETER TEAZLE'S House.

Enter Sir PETER TEAZLE, Sir OLIVER SURFACE, and ROWLEY.

*Sir Pet.* Well, then, we will see this fellow first, and have our wine afterwards :—but how is this, master Rowley? I don't see the jet of your scheme.

*Row.* Why, sir, this Mr. Stanley, who I was speaking of, is nearly related to them by their mother. He was a merchant in Dublin, but has been ruined by a series of undeserved misfortunes. He has applied, by letter, to Mr. Surface and Charles : from the former he has received nothing but evasive promises of future service, while Charles has done all that his extravagance has left him power to do ; and he is, at this time, endeavouring to raise a sum of money, part of which, in the midst of his own distresses, I know he intends for the service of poor Stanley.

*Sir Oliv.* Ah ! he is my brother's son.

*Sir Pet.* Well, but how is sir Oliver personally to—

*Row.* Why, sir, I will inform Charles and his brother, that Stanley has obtained permission to apply personally to his friends, and as they have neither of them ever seen him, let sir Oliver assume his character, and he will have a fair opportunity of judging, at least, of the benevolence of their dispositions ; and believe me, sir, you will find in the youngest brother, one who, in the midst of folly and dissipation, has still, as our immortal bard expresses it,

“ a heart to pity, and a hand,  
Open as day, for melting charity.”

*Sir Pet.* Psha ! what signifies his having an open hand or purse either, when he has nothing left to give? Well, well, make the trial, if you please.—But where is the fellow whom you brought for sir Oliver to examine, relative to Charles's affairs?

*Row.* Below, waiting his commands, and no one can give him better intelligence.—This, sir Oliver, is a friendly Jew, who, to do him justice, has done everything in his power to bring your nephew to a proper sense of his extravagance.

*Sir Pet.* Pray let us have him in.

*Row.* Desire Mr. Moses to walk up stairs.

[Calls to Servant.

*Sir Pet.* But, pray, why should you suppose he will speak the truth?

*Row.* Oh ! I have convinced him that he has no chance of recovering certain sums advanced to Charles, but through the bounty of sir Oliver, who he knows is arrived ; so that you may depend on his fidelity to his own interests. I have also another evidence in my power, one Snake, whom I have detected in a matter little short of forgery, and shall speedily produce him to remove some of your prejudices.

*Sir Pet.* I have heard too much on that subject.

*Row.* Here comes the honest Israelite.—

Enter MOSES.

—This is sir Oliver.

*Sir Oliv.* Sir, I understand you have lately had great dealings with my nephew Charles.

*Mos.* Yes, sir Oliver, I have done all I could for him ; but he was ruined before he came to me for assistance.

*Sir Oliv.* That was unlucky, truly ; for you have had no opportunity of showing your talents.

*Mos.* None at all ; I hadn't the pleasure of knowing his distresses till he was some thousands worse than nothing.

*Sir Oliv.* Unfortunate, indeed !—But I suppose you have done all in your power for him, honest Moses?

*Mos.* Yes, he knows that. This very evening I was to have brought him a gentleman from the city, who does not know him, and will, I believe, advance him some money.

*Sir Pet.* What, one Charles has never had money from before?

*Mos.* Yes, Mr. Premium, of Crutched Friars, formerly a broker.

*Sir Pet.* Egad, sir Oliver, a thought strikes me !—Charles, you say, does not know Mr. Premium?

*Mos.* Not at all.

*Sir Pet.* Now then, sir Oliver, you may have a better opportunity of satisfying yourself than by an old romancing tale of a poor relation : go with my friend Moses, and represent Premium, and then, I'll answer for it, you'll see your nephew in all his glory.

*Sir Oliv.* Egad, I like this idea better than the other, and I may visit Joseph afterwards as old Stanley.

*Sir Pet.* True—so you may.

*Row.* Well, this is taking Charles rather at a disadvantage, to be sure.—However, Moses, you understand sir Peter, and will be faithful?

*Mos.* You may depend upon me.—This is near the time I was to have gone.

*Sir Oliv.* I'll accompany you as soon as you please, Moses.—But hold ! I have forgot one thing—how the plague shall I be able to pass for a Jew?

*Mos.* There's no need—the principal is Christian.

*Sir Oliv.* Is he? I'm very sorry to hear it. But then again, an't I rather too smartly dressed to look like a money-lender?

*Sir Pet.* Not at all ; 'twould not be out of character, if you went in your own carriage.—Would it, Moses?

*Mos.* Not in the least.

*Sir Oliv.* Well, but how must I talk? there's certainly some cant of usury and mode of treating that I ought to know.

*Sir Pet.* Oh, there's not much to learn. The great point, as I take it, is to be exorbitant enough in your demands.—Hey, Moses?

*Mos.* Yes, that's a very great point.

*Sir Oliv.* I'll answer for't I'll not be wanting in that. I'll ask him eight or ten per cent. on the loan, at least.

*Mos.* If you ask him no more than that, you'll be discovered immediately.



*Sir Oliv.* Hey! what the plague! how much then?

*Mos.* That depends upon the circumstances. If he appears not very anxious for the supply, you should require only forty or fifty per cent.; but if you find him in great distress, and want the moneys very bad, you may ask double.

*Sir Pet.* A good honest trade you're learning, sir Oliver!

*Sir Oliv.* Truly, I think so—and not unprofitable.

*Mos.* Then, you know, you haven't the moneys yourself, but are forced to borrow them for him of an old friend.

*Sir Oliv.* Oh! I borrow it of a friend, do I?

*Mos.* And your friend is an unconscionable dog: but you can't help that.

*Sir Oliv.* My friend an unconscionable dog?

*Mos.* Yes, and he himself has not the moneys by him, but is forced to sell stock at a great loss.

*Sir Oliv.* He is forced to sell stock at a great loss, is he? Well, that's very kind of him.

*Sir Pet.* I'faith, sir Oliver—Mr. Premium, I mean, you'll soon be master of the trade.—But, Moses! would not you have him run out a little against the annuity bill? That would be in character, I should think.

*Mos.* Very much.

*Row.* And lament that a young man now must be at years of discretion before he is suffered to ruin himself?

*Mos.* Ay, great pity!

*Sir Pet.* And abuse the public for allowing merit to an act whose only object is to snatch misfortune and imprudence from the rapacious gripe of usury, and give the minor a chance of inheriting his estate without being undone by coming into possession.

*Sir Oliv.* So, so—Moses shall give me farther instructions as we go together.

*Sir Pet.* You will not have much time, for your nephew lives hard by.

*Sir Oliv.* Oh, never fear! my tutor appears so able, that though Charles lived in the next street, it must be my own fault if I am not a complete rogue before I turn the corner. *[Exit with Moses.]*

*Sir Pet.* So, now, I think sir Oliver will be convinced: you are partial, Rowley, and would have prepared Charles for the other plot.

*Row.* No, upon my word, sir Peter.

*Sir Pet.* Well, go bring me this Snake, and I'll hear what he has to say presently.—I see Maria, and want to speak with her.—*[Exit ROWLEY.]* I should be glad to be convinced my suspicions of lady Teazle and Charles were unjust. I have never yet opened my mind on this subject to my friend Joseph—I am determined I will do it—he will give me his opinion sincerely.

*Enter MARIA.*

So, child, has Mr. Surface returned with you?

*Mar.* No, sir; he was engaged.

*Sir Pet.* Well, Maria, do you not reflect, the more you converse with that amiable young man, what return his partiality for you deserves?

*Mar.* Indeed, sir Peter, your frequent importunity on this subject distresses me extremely—you compel me to declare, that I know no man who has ever paid me a particular attention, whom I would not prefer to Mr. Surface.

*Sir Peter.* So—here's perverseness!—No, no, Maria, 'tis Charles only whom you would prefer. 'Tis evident his vices and follies have won your heart.

*Mar.* This is unkind, sir. You know I have obeyed you in neither seeing nor corresponding with him: I have heard enough to convince me that he is unworthy my regard. Yet I cannot think it culpable, if, while my understanding severely condemns his vices, my heart suggests some pity for his distresses.

*Sir Pet.* Well, well, pity him as much as you please; but give your heart and hand to a worthier object.

*Mar.* Never to his brother!

*Sir Pet.* Go—Perverse and obstinate! But take care, madam; you have never yet known what the authority of a guardian is: don't compel me to inform you of it.

*Mar.* I can only say, you shall not have just reason. 'Tis true, by my father's will, I am for a short period bound to regard you as his substitute; but must cease to think you so, when you would compel me to be miserable. *[Exit.]*

*Sir Pet.* Was ever man so crossed as I am? everything conspiring to fret me! I had not been involved in matrimony a fortnight, before her father, a hale and a hearty man, died, on purpose, I believe, for the pleasure of plaguing me with the care of his daughter.—But here comes my helpmate! She appears in great good-humour. How happy I should be if I could tease her into loving me, though but a little!

*Enter Lady TEAZLE.*

*Lady Teaz.* Lud! sir Peter, I hope you haven't been quarrelling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humoured when I am not by.

*Sir Pet.* Ah! lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humoured at all times.

*Lady Teaz.* I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humoured now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

*Sir Pet.* Two hundred pounds! what, an't I to be in a good humour without paying for it! But speak to me thus, and i'faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it; but seal me a bond for the repayment.

*Lady Teaz.* O no—there—my note of hand will do as well. *[Offering her hand.]*

*Sir Pet.* And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you:—but shall we always live thus; hey?

*Lady Teaz.* If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

*Sir Pet.* Well—then let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

*Lady Teaz.* I assure you, sir Peter, good-nature becomes you. You look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who would deny me nothing—didn't you?

*Sir Pet.* Yes, yes, and you were as kind and attentive—

*Lady Teaz.* Ay—so I was, and would always take your part, when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

*Sir Pet.* Indeed!

*Lady Teaz.* Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means, and I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

*Sir Pet.* And you prophesied right; and we shall now be the happiest couple—

*Lady Teaz.* And never differ again?

*Sir Pet.* No, never!—though at the same time, indeed, my dear lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously: for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always began first.

*Lady Teaz.* I beg your pardon, my dear sir Peter: indeed, you always gave the provocation.

*Sir Pet.* Now see, my angel! take care—contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

*Lady Teaz.* Then don't you begin it, my love!

*Sir Pet.* There, now! you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

*Lady Teaz.* Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear—

*Sir Pet.* There! now you want to quarrel again.

*Lady Teaz.* No, I'm sure I don't:—but if you will be so peevish—

*Sir Pet.* There now! who begins first?

*Lady Teaz.* Why you, to be sure. I said nothing—but there's no bearing your temper.

*Sir Pet.* No, no, madam: the fault's in your own temper.

*Lady Teaz.* Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

*Sir Pet.* Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gipsy.

*Lady Teaz.* You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

*Sir Pet.* Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more!

*Lady Teaz.* So much the better.

*Sir Pet.* No, no, madam: 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you—a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest 'squires in the neighbourhood!

*Lady Teaz.* And I am sure I was a fool to marry you—an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one who would have him.

*Sir Pet.* Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

*Lady Teaz.* No! didn't I refuse sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

*Sir Pet.* I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there's an end of everything. I believe you capable of everything that is bad. Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam. Yes, madam, you and Charles are, not without grounds—

*Lady Teaz.* Take care, sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

*Sir Pet.* Very well, madam! very well! A separate maintenance as soon as you please. Yes, madam, or a divorce! I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors. Let us separate, madam.

*Lady Teaz.* Agreed! agreed! And now, my dear sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple, and never differ again, you know: ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you—so, bye! bye! [Exit.]

*Sir Pet.* Plagues and tortures! can't I make her angry either! Oh, I am the most miserable fellow! But I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in CHARLES SURFACE'S House.

Enter TRIP, MOSES, and SIR OLIVER SURFACE.

*Trip.* Here, master Moses! if you'll stay a moment, I'll try whether—what's the gentleman's name?

*Sir Oliv.* Mr. Moses, what is my name?

[Aside to MOSES.]

*Mos.* Mr. Premium.

*Trip.* Premium—very well. [Exit, taking snuff.]

*Sir Oliv.* To judge by the servants, one wouldn't believe the master was ruined. But what!—sure, this was my brother's house?

*Mos.* Yes, sir; Mr. Charles bought it of Mr. Joseph, with the furniture, pictures, &c., just as the old gentleman left it. Sir Peter thought it a piece of extravagance in him.

*Sir Oliv.* In my mind, the other's economy in selling it to him was more reprehensible by half.

Re-enter TRIP.

*Trip.* My master says you must wait, gentlemen: he has company, and can't speak with you yet.

*Sir Oliv.* If he knew who it was wanted to see him, perhaps he would not send such a message?

*Trip.* No, yes, sir; he knows you are here—I did not forget little Premium: no, no, no.

*Sir Oliv.* Very well; and I pray, sir, what may be your name?

*Trip.* Trip, sir; my name is Trip, at your service.

*Sir Oliv.* Well, then, Mr. Trip, you have a pleasant sort of place here, I guess?

*Trip.* Why, yes—here are three or four of us pass our time agreeably enough; but then our wages are sometimes a little in arrear—and not very great either—but fifty pounds a year, and find our own bags and bouquets.

*Sir Oliv.* Bags and bouquets! halteres and bastinadoes!

[Aside.]

*Trip.* And à propos, Moses—have you been able to get me that little bill discounted?

*Sir Oliv.* Wants to raise money too!—mercy on me! Has his distresses too, I warrant, like a lord, and affects creditors and duns.

[Aside.]

*Mos.* 'Twas not to be done, indeed, Mr. Trip.

*Trip.* Good lack, you surprise me! My friend

Brush has indorsed it, and I thought when he put his name at the back of a bill 'twas the same as cash.

*Mos.* No, 'twouldn't do.

*Trip.* A small sum—but twenty pounds. Hark'ee, Moses, do you think you couldn't get it me by way of annuity?

*Sir Oliv.* An annuity! ha! ha! a footman raise money by way of annuity! Well done, luxury, egad! [*Aside.*]

*Mos.* Well, but you must insure your place.

*Trip.* Oh, with all my heart! I'll insure my place, and my life too, if you please.

*Sir Oliv.* It's more than I would your neck. [*Aside.*]

*Mos.* But is there nothing you could deposit?

*Trip.* Why, nothing capital of my master's wardrobe has dropped lately; but I could give you a mortgage on some of his winter clothes, with equity of redemption before November—or you shall have the reversion of the French velvet, or a post-obit on the blue and silver:—these, I should think, Moses, with a few pair of point ruffles, as a collateral security—hey, my little fellow?

*Mos.* Well, well. [*Bell rings.*]

*Trip.* Egad, I heard the bell! I believe, gentlemen, I can now introduce you.—Don't forget the annuity, little Moses!—This way, gentlemen.—I'll insure my place, you know.

*Sir Oliv.* [*Aside.*] If the man be a shadow of the master, this is the temple of dissipation indeed! [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

CHARLES SURFACE, SIR HARRY BUMPER, CARELESS, and Gentlemen, discovered drinking.

*Chas. Surf.* 'Fore heaven, 'tis true!—there's the great degeneracy of the age. Many of our acquaintance have taste, spirit, and politeness; but, plague on't, they won't drink.

*Care.* It is so indeed, Charles! they give into all the substantial luxuries of the table, and abstain from nothing but wine and wit. Oh, certainly society suffers by it intolerably! for now, instead of the social spirit of raillery that used to mantle over a glass of bright burgundy, their conversation is become just like the Spa water they drink, which has all the pertness and flatulence of champagne, without the spirit or flavour.

*1 Gent.* But what are they to do who love play better than wine?

*Care.* True: there's 'sir Harry diets himself for gaming, and is now under a hazard regimen.

*Chas. Surf.* Then he'll have the worst of it. What! you wouldn't train a horse for the course by keeping him from corn? For my part, egad, I am never so successful as when I am a little merry: let me throw on a bottle of champagne, and I never lose—at least I never feel my losses, which is exactly the same thing.

*2 Gent.* Ay, that I believe.

*Chas. Surf.* And then, what man can pretend to be a believer in love, who is an abjurer of wine? 'Tis the test [by which the lover knows his own heart. Fill a dozen bumpers to a dozen beauties, and she that floats atop is the maid that has bewitched you.

*Care.* Now then, Charles, be honest, and give us your real favourite.

*Chas. Surf.* Why, I have withheld her only in compassion to you. If I toast her, you must give a round of her peers, which is impossible—on earth.

*Care.* Oh! then we'll find some canonised vestals or heathen goddesses that will do, I warrant!

*Chas. Surf.* Here then, bumpers, you rogues! bumpers! Maria! Maria!—

*Sir Har.* Maria who?

*Chas. Surf.* Oh, damn the surname!—'tis too formal to be registered in Love's calendar.—But now, sir Harry, beware, we must have beauty superlative.

*Care.* Nay, never study, sir Harry: we'll stand to the toast, though your mistress should want an eye, and you know you have a song will excuse you.

*Sir Har.* Egad, so I have! and I'll give him the song instead of the lady. [*Sings.*]

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;

Here's to the widow of fifty;

Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,

And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

*Chorus.* Let the toast pass,—

Drink to the lass,

I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize;

Now to the maid who has none, sir:

Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,

And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.

*Chorus.* Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;

Now to her that's as brown as a berry:

Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,

And now to the girl that is merry.

*Chorus.* Let the toast pass, &c.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,

Young or ancient, I care not a feather;

So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,

And let us e'en toast them together.

*Chorus.* Let the toast pass, &c.

*All.* Bravo! bravo!

*Enter TRIP, and whispers CHARLES SURFACE.*

*Chas. Surf.* Gentlemen, you must excuse me a little.—Careless, take the chair, will you?

*Care.* Nay, prithee, Charles, what now? This is one of your peerless beauties, I suppose, has dropped in by chance?

*Chas. Surf.* No, faith! To tell you the truth, 'tis a Jew and a broker, who are come by appointment.

*Care.* O damn it! let's have the Jew in.

*1 Gent.* Ay, and the broker too, by all means.

*2 Gent.* Yes, yes, the Jew and the broker.

*Chas. Surf.* Egad, with all my heart!—Trip, bid the gentlemen walk in.—[*Exit TRIP.*] Though there's one of them a stranger, I can tell you.

*Care.* Charles, let us give them some generous burgundy, and perhaps they'll grow conscientious.

*Chas. Surf.* Oh, hang 'em, no! wine does but draw forth a man's natural qualities; and to make them drink would only be to whet their knavery.

*Re-enter TRIP, with SIR OLIVER SURFACE and MOSES.*

*Chas. Surf.* So, honest Moses, walk in—walk in, pray, Mr. Premium.—That's the gentleman's name, isn't it, Moses

*Mos.* Yes, sir.

*Chas. Surf.* Set chairs, Trip.—Sit down, Mr. Premium.—Glasses, Trip.—[*TRIP gives chairs and glasses, and exit.*] Sit down, Moses.—Come, Mr. Premium, I'll give you a sentiment; here's *Success to usury!*—Moses, fill the gentleman a bumper.

*Mos.* Success to usury! [*Drinks.*]

*Care.* Right, Moses—usury is prudence and industry, and deserves to succeed.

*Sir Oliv.* Then here's—all the success it deserves! [*Drinks.*]

*Care.* No, no, that won't do! Mr. Premium, you have demurred at the toast, and must drink it in a pint bumper.

1 *Gent.* A pint bumper, at least.

*Mos.* O pray, sir, consider—Mr. Premium's a gentleman.

*Care.* And therefore loves good wine.

2 *Gent.* Give Moses a quart glass—this is mutiny, and a high contempt for the chair.

*Care.* Here, now for't! I'll see justice done, to the last drop of my bottle.

*Sir Oliv.* Nay, pray, gentlemen—I did not expect this usage.

*Chas. Surf.* No, hang it, you shan't; Mr. Premium's a stranger.

*Sir Oliv.* Odd! I wish I was well out of their company. [*Aside.*]

*Care.* Plague on 'em then! if they don't drink, we'll not sit down with them.—Come, Harry, the dice are in the next room.—Charles, you'll join us when you have finished your business with the gentlemen?

*Chas. Surf.* I will! I will!—[*Ereunt Sir HARRY BUMPER and Gentlemen; CARELESS following.*] Careless!

*Care.* [*Returning.*] Well!

*Chas. Surf.* Perhaps I may want you.

*Care.* Oh, you know I am always ready: word, note, or bond, 'tis all the same to me. [*Exit.*]

*Mos.* Sir, this is Mr. Premium, a gentleman of the strictest honour and secrecy; and always performs what he undertakes.—Mr. Premium, this is—

*Chas. Surf.* Psha! have done.—Sir, my friend Moses is a very honest fellow, but a little slow at expression: he'll be an hour giving us our titles. Mr. Premium, the plain state of the matter is this: I am an extravagant young fellow who wants to borrow money; you I take to be a prudent old fellow, who have got money to lend. I am block-head enough to give fifty per cent. sooner than not have it; and you, I presume, are rogue enough to take a hundred if you can get it. Now, sir, you see we are acquainted at once, and may proceed to business without farther ceremony.

*Sir Oliv.* Exceeding frank, upon my word.—I see, sir, you are not a man of many compliments.

*Chas. Surf.* Oh, no, sir! plain-dealing in business I always think best.

*Sir Oliv.* Sir, I like you the better for it.—However, you are mistaken in one thing; I have no money to lend, but I believe I could procure some of a friend; but then he's an unconscionable dog.—Isn't he, Moses?

*Mos.* But you can't help that.

*Sir Oliv.* And must sell stock to accommodate you.—Mustn't he, Moses?

*Mos.* Yes, indeed!—You know I always speak the truth, and scorn to tell a lie!

*Chas. Surf.* Right. People that speak truth generally do.—But these are trifles, Mr. Premium. What! I know money isn't to be bought without paying for't!

*Sir Oliv.* Well, but what security could you give? You have no land, I suppose?

*Chas. Surf.* Not a mole-hill, nor a twig, but what's in the bough-pots out of the window!

*Sir Oliv.* Nor any stock, I presume?

*Chas. Surf.* Nothing but live stock—and that's only a few pointers and ponies. But pray, Mr. Premium, are you acquainted at all with any of my connexions?

*Sir Oliv.* Why, to say truth, I am.

*Chas. Surf.* Then you must know that I have a devilish rich uncle in the East Indies, sir Oliver Surface, from whom I have the greatest expectations?

*Sir Oliv.* That you have a wealthy uncle I have heard; but how your expectations will turn out, is more, I believe, than you can tell.

*Chas. Surf.* O no!—there can be no doubt. They tell me I'm a prodigious favourite, and that he talks of leaving me everything.

*Sir Oliv.* Indeed! this is the first I've heard of it.

*Chas. Surf.* Yes, yes, 'tis just so.—Moses knows 'tis true; don't you, Moses?

*Mos.* O yes! I'll swear to't.

*Sir Oliv.* Egad, they'll persuade me presently I'm at Bengal. [*Aside.*]

*Chas. Surf.* Now I propose, Mr. Premium, if it's agreeable to you, a post-obit on sir Oliver's life: though at the same time the old fellow has been so liberal to me, that I give you my word, I should be very sorry to hear that anything had happened to him.

*Sir Oliv.* Not more than I should, I assure you. But the bond you mention happens to be just the worst security you could offer me—for I might live to a hundred, and never see the principal.

*Chas. Surf.* O yes, you would! the moment sir Oliver dies, you know, you would come on me for the money.

*Sir Oliv.* Then I believe I should be the most unwelcome dun you ever had in your life.

*Chas. Surf.* What! I suppose you're afraid that sir Oliver is too good a life?

*Sir Oliv.* No, indeed, I am not; though I have heard he is as hale and healthy as any man of his years in Christendom.

*Chas. Surf.* There again, now, you are misinformed. No, no, the climate has hurt him considerably, poor uncle Oliver! Yes, yes, he breaks apace, I'm told—and is so much altered lately that his nearest relations don't know him.

*Sir Oliv.* No! ha! ha! ha! so much altered lately that his nearest relations don't know him! ha! ha! ha! egad—ha! ha! ha!

*Chas. Surf.* Ha! ha!—you're glad to hear that, little Premium?

*Sir Oliv.* No, no, I'm not.

*Chas. Surf.* Yes, yes, you are—ha! ha! ha!—you know that mends your chance.

*Sir Oliv.* But I'm told sir Oliver is coming over; nay, some say he is actually arrived.

*Chas. Surf.* Psha! sure I must know better than you whether he's come or not. No, no, rely on't he's at this moment at Calcutta.—Isn't he, Moses?

*Mos.* O yes, certainly.

*Sir Oliv.* Very true, as you say, you must know better than I, though I have it from pretty good authority.—Haven't I, Moses?

*Mos.* Yes, most undoubtedly!

*Sir Oliv.* But, sir, as I understand you want a few hundreds immediately, is there nothing you could dispose of?

*Chas. Surf.* How do you mean?

*Sir Oliv.* For instance, now, I have heard that your father left behind him a great quantity of massy old plate.

*Chas. Surf.* O Lud! that's gone long ago.—Moses can tell you how better than I can.

*Sir Oliv.* [*Aside.*] Good luck! all the family race-cups and corporation-bowls!—[*Aloud.*] Then it was also supposed that his library was one of the most valuable and compact—

*Chas. Surf.* Yes, yes, so it was;—vastly too much so for a private gentleman. For my part, I was always of a communicative disposition, so I thought it a shame to keep so much knowledge to myself.

*Sir Oliv.* [*Aside.*] Mercy upon me! learning that had run in the family like an heir-loom!—[*Aloud.*] Pray, what are become of the books?

*Chas. Surf.* You must inquire of the auctioneer, master Premium, for I don't believe even Moses can direct you.

*Mos.* I know nothing of books.

*Sir Oliv.* So, so, nothing of the family property left, I suppose?

*Chas. Surf.* Not much, indeed; unless you have a mind to the family-pictures. I have got a room full of ancestors above; and if you have a taste for paintings, egad, you shall have 'em a bargain!

*Sir Oliv.* Hey! what the devil! sure, you wouldn't sell your forefathers, would you?

*Chas. Surf.* Every man of them, to the best bidder.

*Sir Oliv.* What! your great uncles and aunts?

*Chas. Surf.* Ay, and my great-grandfathers and grandmothers too.

*Sir Oliv.* [*Aside.*] Now I give him up!—[*Aloud.*] What the plague, have you no bowels for your own kindred? Odd's life! do you take me for Shylock in the play, that you would raise money of me on your own flesh and blood?

*Chas. Surf.* Nay, my little broker, don't be angry; what need you care, if you have your money's worth?

*Sir Oliv.* Well, I'll be the purchaser: I think I can dispose of the family canvas.—[*Aside.*] Oh, I'll never forgive him this! never!

*Re-enter CARELESS.*

*Care.* Come, Charles, what keeps you?

*Chas. Surf.* I can't come yet.—I'faith, we are going to have a sale above stairs; here's little Premium will buy all my ancestors!

*Care.* Oh, burn your ancestors!

*Chas. Surf.* No, he may do that afterwards, if he pleases.—Stay, Careless, we want you: egad, you shall be auctioneer—so come along with us.

*Care.* Oh, have with you, if that's the case.—Handle a hammer as well as a dice-box!

*Sir Oliv.* Oh, the profligates! [*Aside.*]

*Chas. Surf.* Come, Moses, you shall be appraiser, if we want one.—Gad's life, little Premium, you don't seem to like the business?

*Sir Oliv.* O yes, I do, vastly!—Ha! ha! ha! yes, yes, I think it a rare joke to sell one's family by auction—ha! ha!—[*Aside.*] Oh, the prodigal!

*Chas. Surf.* To be sure! when a man wants money, where the plague should he get assistance, if he can't make free with his own relations?

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*A Picture Room in CHARLES SURFACE'S House.*

*Enter CHARLES SURFACE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, MOSES, and CARELESS.*

*Chas. Surf.* Walk in, gentlemen, pray walk in;—here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

*Sir Oliv.* And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

*Chas. Surf.* Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait painting;—no *volontière grace* and expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrives to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original and not hurt the picture. No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness—all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

*Sir Oliv.* Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

*Chas. Surf.* I hope not.—Well, you see, master Premium, what a domestic character I am; here I

sit of an evening surrounded by my family.—But, come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my father's will answer the purpose.

*Care.* Ay, ay, this will do.—But, Charles, I haven't a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

*Chas. Surf.* Egad, that's true.—What parchment have we here?—Oh, our genealogy in full.—Here, Careless; you shall have no common bit of mahogany, here's the family tree for you, you rogue! This shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

*Sir Oliv.* What an unnatural rogue!—an *ex post facto* parricide! [*Aside.*]

*Care.* Yes, yes, here's a bit of your generation indeed;—faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill serve not only as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain.—Come, begin—A-going, a-going, a-going!

*Chas. Surf.* Bravo, Careless!—Well, here's my great-uncle, sir Richard Raveline, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served

in all the duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium? Look at him—there's a hero! not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipped captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be.—What do you bid?

*Mos.* Mr. Premium would have you speak.

*Chas. Surf.* Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

*Sir Oliv.* [*Aside.*] Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds!—[*Aloud.*] Well, sir, I take him at that.

*Chas. Surf.* Careless, knock down my uncle Richard.—Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great-aunt Deborah, done by Kneller, thought to be in his best manner, and a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten—the sheep are worth the money.

*Sir Oliv.* [*Aside.*] Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself!—[*Aloud.*] Five pounds ten—she's mine.

*Chas. Surf.* Knock down my aunt Deborah!—Here, now, are two that were a sort of cousins of theirs.—You see, Moses, these pictures were done some time ago, when beaux wore wigs, and the ladies their own hair.

*Sir Oliv.* Yes, truly, head-dresses appear to have been a little lower in those days.

*Chas. Surf.* Well, take that couple for the same.

*Mos.* 'Tis good bargain.

*Chas. Surf.* Careless!—This, now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the western circuit.—What do you rate him at, Moses?

*Mos.* Four guineas.

*Chas. Surf.* Four guineas! Gad's life, you don't bid me the price of his wig.—Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woollack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

*Sir Oliv.* By all means.

*Care.* Gone!

*Chas. Surf.* And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, esquires, both members of parliament, and noted speakers, and what's very extraordinary, I believe, this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

*Sir Oliv.* That is very extraordinary, indeed! I'll take them at your own price, for the honour of parliament.

*Care.* Well said, little Premium! I'll knock them down at forty.

*Chas. Surf.* Here's a jolly fellow—I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Manchester: take him at eight pounds.

*Sir Oliv.* No, no; six will do for the mayor.

*Chas. Surf.* Come, make it guineas, and I'll throw you the two aldermen there into the bargain.

*Sir Oliv.* They're mine.

*Chas. Surf.* Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen.—But, plague on't! we shall be all day retailing in this manner; do let us deal wholesale: what say you, little Premium? Give us three hundred pounds for the rest of the family in the lump.

*Care.* Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

*Sir Oliv.* Well, well, anything to accommodate

you;—they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

*Care.* What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

*Sir Oliv.* Yes, sir, I mean that; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

*Chas. Surf.* What, that?—Oh! that's my uncle Oliver; 'twas done before he went to India.

*Care.* Your uncle Oliver! Gad, then you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unfor-giving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on't.—Don't you think so, little Premium?

*Sir Oliv.* Upon my soul, sir, I do not; I think it is as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive.—But I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

*Chas. Surf.* No, hang it! I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad, I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.

*Sir Oliv.* [*Aside.*] The rogue's my nephew after all!—[*Aloud.*] But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

*Chas. Surf.* I'm sorry for't, for you certainly will not have it.—Oons, haven't you got enough of them?

*Sir Oliv.* [*Aside.*] I forgive him everything!—[*Aloud.*] But, sir, when I take a whim in my head I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

*Chas. Surf.* Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

*Sir Oliv.* [*Aside.*] How like his father the dog is!—[*Aloud.*] Well, well, I have done.—[*Aside.*] I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a striking resemblance.—[*Aloud.*] Here is a draught for your sum.

*Chas. Surf.* Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds!

*Sir Oliv.* You will not let sir Oliver go?

*Chas. Surf.* Zounds! no! I tell you, once more.

*Sir Oliv.* Then never mind the difference, we'll balance that another time.—But give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles—I beg pardon, sir, for being so free.—Come, Moses.

*Chas. Surf.* Egad, this is a whimsical old fellow!—But hark'ee, Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen.

*Sir Oliv.* Yes, yes, I'll send for them in a day or two.

*Chas. Surf.* But, hold; do now send a genteel conveyance for them, for, I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

*Sir Oliv.* I will, I will—for all but Oliver.

*Chas. Surf.* Ay, all but the little nabob.

*Sir Oliv.* You're fixed on that?

*Chas. Surf.* Peremptorily.

*Sir Oliv.* [*Aside.*] A dear extravagant rogue!—[*Aloud.*] Good day!—Come, Moses.—[*Aside.*] Let me hear now who calls him profligate!

[*Exit with Moses.*]

*Care.* Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever saw!

*Chas. Surf.* Egad, he's the prince of brokers, I think. I wonder how Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow.—Ha! here's Rowley.—Do,

Careless, say I'll join the company in a few moments.

*Care.* I will—but don't let that old blockhead persuade you to squander any of that money on old musty debts, or any such nonsense; for tradesmen, Charles, are the most exorbitant fellows.

*Chas. Surf.* Very true, and paying them is only encouraging them.

*Care.* Nothing else.

*Chas. Surf.* Ay, ay, never fear.—[*Exit CARELESS.*] So! this was an odd old fellow, indeed.—Let me see—two-thirds of this is mine by right, five hundred and thirty odd pounds. 'Fore Heaven! I find one's ancestors are more valuable relations than I took them for!—Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and very grateful servant.

[*Bows ceremoniously to the pictures.*]

*Enter ROWLEY.*

Ha! old Rowley! egad, you are just come in time to take leave of your old acquaintance.

*Row.* Yes, I heard they were a-going. But I wonder you can have such spirits under so many distresses.

*Chas. Surf.* Why, there's the point! my distresses are so many, that I can't afford to part with my spirits; but I shall be rich and splenetic, all in good time. However, I suppose you are surprised that I am not more sorrowful at parting with so many near relations; to be sure 'tis very affecting: but you see they never move a muscle, so why should I?

*Row.* There's no making you serious a moment.

*Chas. Surf.* Yes, faith, I am so now. Here, my honest Rowley, here, get me this changed directly, and take a hundred pounds of it immediately to old Stanley.

*Row.* A hundred pounds! Consider only—

*Chas. Surf.* Gad's life, don't talk about it! poor Stanley's wants are pressing, and, if you don't make haste, we shall have some one call that has a better right to the money.

*Row.* Ah! there's the point! I never will cease dunning you with the old proverb—

*Chas. Surf.* *Be just before you're generous.*—Why, so I would if I could; but Justice is an old lame, hobbling beldame, and I can't get her to keep pace with Generosity for the soul of me.

*Row.* Yet, Charles, believe me, one hour's reflection—

*Chas. Surf.* Ay, ay, it's all very true; but, hark'ee, Rowley, while I have, by Heaven I'll give; so, damn your economy! and now for hazard. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another room in the same.*

*Enter Sir OLIVER SURFACE and MOSES.*

*Mos.* Well, sir, I think, as sir Peter said, you have seen Mr. Charles in high glory; 'tis great pity he's so extravagant.

*Sir Oliv.* True, but he would not sell my picture.

*Mos.* And loves wine and women so much.

*Sir Oliv.* But he would not sell my picture.

*Mos.* And games so deep.

*Sir Oliv.* But he would not sell my picture.—Oh, here's Rowley.

*Enter ROWLEY.*

*Row.* So, sir Oliver, I find you have made a purchase—

*Sir Oliv.* Yes, yes, our young rake has parted with his ancestors like old tapestry.

*Row.* And here has he commissioned me to redeliver you part of the purchase money—I mean, though in your necessitous character of old Stanley.

*Mos.* Ah! there is the pity of all; he is so damned charitable.

*Row.* And I left a hosier and two tailors in the hall, who, I'm sure, won't be paid, and this hundred would satisfy them.

*Sir Oliv.* Well, well, I'll pay his debts, and his benevolence too. But now I am no more a broker, and you shall introduce me to the elder brother as old Stanley.

*Row.* Not yet a while; sir Peter, I know, means to call there about this time.

*Enter TRIP.*

*Trip.* Oh, gentlemen, I beg pardon for not showing you out; this way—Moses, a word.

[*Exit with MOSES.*]

*Sir Oliv.* There's a fellow for you!—Would you believe it, that puppy intercepted the Jew on our coming, and wanted to raise money before he got to his master!

*Row.* Indeed!

*Sir Oliv.* Yes, they are now planning an annuity business.—Ah! master Rowley, in my days servants were content with the follies of their masters, when they were worn a little threadbare; but now, they have their vices, like their birthday clothes, with the gloss on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Library in JOSEPH SURFACE'S House.*

*Enter JOSEPH SURFACE and SERVANT.*

*Jos. Surf.* No letter from lady Teazle?

*Ser.* No, sir.

*Jos. Surf.* [*Aside.*] I am surprised she has not sent, if she is prevented from coming. Sir Peter certainly does not suspect me. Yet I wish I may not lose the heiress, through the scrape I have drawn myself into with the wife; however, Charles's imprudence and bad character are great points in my favour. [*Knocking without.*]

*Ser.* Sir, I believe that must be lady Teazle.

*Jos. Surf.* Hold!—See whether it is or not before you go to the door: I have a particular message for you if it should be my brother.

*Ser.* 'Tis her ladyship, sir; she always leaves her chair at the milliner's in the next street.

*Jos. Surf.* Stay, stay; draw that screen before the window—that will do;—my opposite neighbour is a maiden lady of so anxious a temper.—[*Servant draws the screen, and exits.*] I have a difficult hand to play in this affair. Lady Teazle has lately suspected my views on Maria; but she must by no means be let into that secret,—at least, till I have her more in my power.

*Enter LADY TEAZLE.*

*Lady Teaz.* What, sentiment in soliloquy now? Have you been very impatient? O Lud! don't

pretend to look grave. I vow I couldn't come before.

*Jos. Surf.* O madam, punctuality is a species of constancy, a very unfashionable quality in a lady.

*Lady Teaz.* Upon my word, you ought to pity me. Do you know sir Peter is grown so ill-natured to me of late, and so jealous of Charles too—that's the best of the story, isn't it?

*Jos. Surf.* I am glad my scandalous friends keep that up. *[Aside.]*

*Lady Teaz.* I am sure I wish he would let Maria marry him, and then perhaps he would be convinced; don't you, Mr. Surface?

*Jos. Surf.* *[Aside.]* Indeed I do not.—*[Aloud.]* Oh, certainly I do! for then my dear lady Teazle would also be convinced how wrong her suspicions were of my having any design on the silly girl.

*Lady Teaz.* Well, well, I'm inclined to believe you. But isn't it provoking, to have the most ill-natured things said of one? And there's my friend lady Sneerwell has circulated I don't know how many scandalous tales of me, and all without any foundation too; that's what vexes me.

*Jos. Surf.* Ay, madam, to be sure, that is the provoking circumstance—without foundation; yes, yes, there's the mortification, indeed; for when a scandalous story is believed against one, there certainly is no comfort like the consciousness of having deserved it.

*Lady Teaz.* No, to be sure, then I'd forgive their malice; but to attack me, who am really so innocent, and who never say an ill-natured thing of anybody—that is, of any friend; and then sir Peter too, to have him so peevish, and so suspicious, when I know the integrity of my own heart—indeed 'tis monstrous!

*Jos. Surf.* But, my dear lady Teazle, 'tis your own fault if you suffer it. When a husband entertains a groundless suspicion of his wife, and withdraws his confidence from her, the original compact is broken, and she owes it to the honour of her sex to outwit him.

*Lady Teaz.* Indeed!—So, that if he suspects me without cause, it follows, that the best way of curing his jealousy is to give him reason for't?

*Jos. Surf.* Undoubtedly—for your husband should never be deceived in you: and in that case it becomes you to be frail in compliment to his discernment.

*Lady Teaz.* To be sure, what you say is very reasonable, and when the consciousness of my innocence—

*Jos. Surf.* Ah, my dear madam, there is the great mistake! 'tis this very conscious innocence that is of the greatest prejudice to you. What is it makes you negligent of forms, and careless of the world's opinion? why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you thoughtless in your conduct, and apt to run into a thousand little imprudences? why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you impatient of sir Peter's temper, and outrageous at his suspicions? why, the consciousness of your innocence.

*Lady Teaz.* 'Tis very true!

*Jos. Surf.* Now, my dear lady Teazle, if you would but once make a trifling *faux pas*, you can't conceive how cautious you would grow, and how ready to humour and agree with your husband.

*Lady Teaz.* Do you think so?

*Jos. Surf.* Oh! I am sure on't; and then you would find all scandal would cease at once, for—in short, your character at present is like a person in a plethora, absolutely dying from too much health.

*Lady Teaz.* So, so; then I perceive your prescription is, that I must sin in my own defence, and part with my virtue to secure my reputation?

*Jos. Surf.* Exactly so, upon my credit, ma'am.

*Lady Teaz.* Well, certainly this is the oddest doctrine, and the newest receipt for avoiding calumny!

*Jos. Surf.* An infallible one, believe me. Prudence, like experience, must be paid for.

*Lady Teaz.* Why, if my understanding were once convinced—

*Jos. Surf.* Oh, certainly, madam, your understanding should be convinced.—Yes, yes—Heaven forbid I should persuade you to do anything you thought wrong. No, no, I have too much honour to desire it.

*Lady Teaz.* Don't you think we may as well leave honour out of the question?

*Jos. Surf.* Ah! the ill effects of your country education, I see, still remain with you.

*Lady Teaz.* I doubt they do indeed; and I will fairly own to you, that if I could be persuaded to do wrong, it would be by sir Peter's ill usage sooner than your honourable logic, after all.

*Jos. Surf.* Then, by this hand, which he is unworthy of— *[Taking her hand.]*

*Re-enter Servant.*

'Sdeath, you blockhead—what do you want?

*Ser.* I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought you would not choose sir Peter to come up without announcing him.

*Jos. Surf.* Sir Peter!—Oons—the devil!

*Lady Teaz.* Sir Peter! O Lud! I'm ruined! I'm ruined!

*Ser.* Sir, 'twasn't I let him in.

*Lady Teaz.* Oh! I'm quite undone! What will become of me? Now, Mr. Logic—Oh! he's on the stairs—I'll get behind here—and if ever I'm so imprudent again— *[Goes behind the screen.]*

*Jos. Surf.* Give me that book.

*[Sits down. Servant pretends to adjust his hair.]*

*Enter Sir PETER TEAZLE.*

*Sir Pet.* Ay, ever improving himself—Mr. Surface, Mr. Surface—

*Jos. Surf.* Oh! my dear sir Peter, I beg your pardon.—*[Gaping, throws away the book.]* I have been dozing over a stupid book. Well, I am much obliged to you for this call. You haven't been here, I believe, since I fitted up this room. Books, you know, are the only things in which I am a coxcomb.

*Sir Pet.* 'Tis very neat indeed. Well, well, that's proper; and you can make even your screen a source of knowledge—hung, I perceive, with maps.

*Jos. Surf.* O yes, I find great use in that screen.

*Sir Pet.* I dare say you must, certainly, when you want to find anything in a hurry.

*Jos. Surf.* Ay, or to hide anything in a hurry either. *[Aside.]*

*Sir Pet.* Well, I have a little private business—

*Jos. Surf.* You need not stay. *[To Servant.]*

*Ser.* No, sir. *[Exit.]*

*Jos. Surf.* Here's a chair, sir Peter—I beg—

*Sir Pet.* Well, now we are alone, there is a sub-



ject, my dear friend, on which I wish to unburden my mind to you—a point of the greatest moment to my peace; in short, my dear friend, lady Teazle's conduct of late has made me extremely unhappy.

*Jos. Surf.* Indeed! I am very sorry to hear it.

*Sir Pet.* Ay, 'tis too plain she has not the least regard for me; but, what's worse, I have pretty good authority to suppose she has formed an attachment to another.

*Jos. Surf.* Indeed! you astonish me!

*Sir Pet.* Yes! and, between ourselves, I think I've discovered the person.

*Jos. Surf.* How! you alarm me exceedingly.

*Sir Pet.* Ay, my dear friend, I knew you would sympathise with me!

*Jos. Surf.* Yes, believe me, sir Peter, such a discovery would hurt me just as much as it would you.

*Sir Pet.* I am convinced of it. Ah! it is a happiness to have a friend whom we can trust even with one's family secrets. But have you no guess who I mean?

*Jos. Surf.* I haven't the most distant idea. It can't be sir Benjamin Backbite!

*Sir Pet.* Oh no! What say you to Charles?

*Jos. Surf.* My brother! impossible!

*Sir Pet.* Oh! my dear friend, the goodness of your own heart misleads you. You judge of others by yourself.

*Jos. Surf.* Certainly, sir Peter, the heart that is conscious of its own integrity is ever slow to credit another's treachery.

*Sir Pet.* True—but your brother has no sentiment—you never hear him talk so.

*Jos. Surf.* Yet, I can't but think lady Teazle herself has too much principle.

*Sir Pet.* Ay,—but what is principle against the flattery of a handsome, lively young fellow?

*Jos. Surf.* That's very true.

*Sir Pet.* And there's, you know, the difference of our ages makes it very improbable that she should have any very great affection for me; and if she were to be frail, and I were to make it public, why the town would only laugh at me, the foolish old bachelor, who had married a girl.

*Jos. Surf.* That's true, to be sure—they would laugh.

*Sir Pet.* Laugh! ay, and make ballads, and paragraphs, and the devil knows what of me.

*Jos. Surf.* No, you must never make it public.

*Sir Pet.* But then again—that the nephew of my old friend, sir Oliver, should be the person to attempt such a wrong, hurts me more nearly.

*Jos. Surf.* Ay, there's the point. When ingratitude bars the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it.

*Sir Pet.* Ay—I, that was, in a manner, left his guardian; in whose house he had been so often entertained; who never in my life denied him—my advice!

*Jos. Surf.* Oh, 'tis not to be credited! There may be a man capable of such baseness, to be sure; but, for my part, till you can give me positive proofs, I cannot but doubt it. However, if it should be proved on him, he is no longer a brother of mine—I disclaim kindred with him: for the man who can break the laws of hospitality, and tempt the wife of his friend, deserves to be branded as the pest of society.

*Sir Pet.* What a difference there is between you! What noble sentiments!

*Jos. Surf.* Yet, I cannot suspect lady Teazle's honour.

*Sir Pet.* I am sure I wish to think well of her, and to remove all ground of quarrel between us. She has lately reproached me more than once with having made no settlement on her; and, in our last quarrel, she almost hinted that she should not break her heart if I was dead. Now, as we seem to differ in our ideas of expense, I have resolved she shall have her own way, and be her own mistress in that respect for the future; and if I were to die, she will find I have not been inattentive to her interest while living. Here, my friend, are the drafts of two deeds, which I wish to have your opinion on. By one, she will enjoy eight hundred a year independent while I live; and, by the other, the bulk of my fortune at my death.

*Jos. Surf.* This conduct, sir Peter, is indeed truly generous.—[*Aside.*] I wish it may not corrupt my pupil.

*Sir Pet.* Yes, I am determined she shall have no cause to complain, though I would not have her acquainted with the latter instance of my affection yet awhile.

*Jos. Surf.* Nor I, if I could help it. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Pet.* And now, my dear friend, if you please, we will talk over the situation of your affairs with Maria.

*Jos. Surf.* [Softly.] O no, sir Peter; another time, if you please.

*Sir Pet.* I am sensibly chagrined at the little progress you seem to make in her affections.

*Jos. Surf.* [Softly.] I beg you will not mention it. What are my disappointments when your happiness is in debate!—[*Aside.*] 'Sdeath, I shall be ruined every way!

*Sir Pet.* And though you are so averse to my acquainting lady Teazle with your passion for Maria, I'm sure she's not your enemy in the affair.

*Jos. Surf.* Pray, sir Peter, now, oblige me. I am really too much affected by the subject we have been speaking of, to bestow a thought on my own concerns. The man who is entrusted with his friend's distresses can never—

*Re-enter Servant.*

Well, sir?

*Ser.* Your brother, sir, is speaking to a gentleman in the street, and says he knows you are within.

*Jos. Surf.* 'Sdeath, blockhead, I'm not within—I'm out for the day.

*Sir Pet.* Stay—hold—a thought has struck me:—you shall be at home.

*Jos. Surf.* Well, well, let him up.—[*Exit Servant.*] He'll interrupt sir Peter, however. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Pet.* Now, my good friend, oblige me, I intreat you. Before Charles comes, let me conceal myself somewhere, then do you tax him on the point we have been talking, and his answer may satisfy me at once.

*Jos. Surf.* O fy, sir Peter! would you have me join in so mean a trick?—to trepan my brother too?

*Sir Pet.* Nay, you tell me you are sure he is innocent; if so, you do him the greatest service by giving him an opportunity to clear himself, and

you will set my heart at rest. Come, you shall not refuse me : here, behind the screen will be—Hey ! what the devil ! there seems to be one listener there already—I'll swear I saw a petticoat !

*Jos. Surf.* Ha ! ha ! ha ! Well, this is ridiculous enough. I'll tell you, sir Peter, though I hold a man of intrigue to be a most despicable character, yet, you know, it does not follow that one is to be an absolute Joseph either ! Hark'ee, 'tis a little French milliner, a silly rogue that plagues me ; and having some character to lose, on your coming, sir, she ran behind the screen.

*Sir Pet.* Ah ! you rogue ! But, egad, she has overheard all I have been saying of my wife.

*Jos. Surf.* Oh, 'twill never go any farther, you may depend upon it !

*Sir Pet.* No ! then, faith, let her hear it out.—Here's a closet will do as well.

*Jos. Surf.* Well, go in there.

*Sir Pet.* Sly rogue ! sly rogue ! [*Goes into the closet.*]

*Jos. Surf.* A narrow escape, indeed ! and a curious situation I'm in, to part man and wife in this manner.

*Lady Teaz.* [*Peeping.*] Couldn't I steal off ?

*Jos. Surf.* Keep close, my angel !

*Sir Pet.* [*Peeping.*] Joseph, tax him home.

*Jos. Surf.* Back, my dear friend !

*Lady Teaz.* [*Peeping.*] Couldn't you lock sir Peter in ?

*Jos. Surf.* Be still, my life !

*Sir Pet.* [*Peeping.*] You're sure the little milliner won't blab ?

*Jos. Surf.* In, in, my good sir Peter !—'Fore Gad, I wish I had a key to the door.

*Enter CHARLES SURFACE.*

*Chas. Surf.* Holla ! brother, what has been the matter ? Your fellow would not let me up at first. What ! have you had a Jew or a wench with you ?

*Jos. Surf.* Neither, brother, I assure you.

*Chas. Surf.* But what has made sir Peter steal off ? I thought he had been with you.

*Jos. Surf.* He was, brother ; but hearing you were coming, he did not choose to stay.

*Chas. Surf.* What ! was the old gentleman afraid I wanted to borrow money of him ?

*Jos. Surf.* No, sir : but I am sorry to find, Charles, you have lately given that worthy man grounds for great uneasiness.

*Chas. Surf.* Yes, they tell me I do that to a great many worthy men.—But how so, pray ?

*Jos. Surf.* To be plain with you, brother, he thinks you are endeavouring to gain lady Teazle's affections from him.

*Chas. Surf.* Who, I ? O Lud ! not I, upon my word.—Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! so the old fellow has found out that he has got a young wife, has he ?—or, what is worse, lady Teazle has found out she has an old husband ?

*Jos. Surf.* This is no subject to jest on, brother. He who can laugh—

*Chas. Surf.* True, true, as you were going to say—then, seriously, I never had the least idea of what you charge me with, upon my honour.

*Jos. Surf.* Well, it will give sir Peter great satisfaction to hear this. [*Raising his voice.*]

*Chas. Surf.* To be sure, I once thought the lady seemed to have taken a fancy to me ; but, upon my soul, I never gave her the least encour-

agement.—Besides, you know my attachment to Maria.—

*Jos. Surf.* But sure, brother, even if lady Teazle had betrayed the fondest partiality for you—

*Chas. Surf.* Why, look'ee, Joseph, I hope I shall never deliberately do a dishonourable action ; but if a pretty woman was purposely to throw herself in my way—and that pretty woman married to a man old enough to be her father—

*Jos. Surf.* Well !

*Chas. Surf.* Why, I believe I should be obliged to borrow a little of your morality, that's all. But, brother, do you know now that you surprise me exceedingly, by naming me with lady Teazle ; for, 'faith, I always understood you were her favourite.

*Jos. Surf.* Oh, for shame, Charles ! This retort is foolish.

*Chas. Surf.* Nay, I swear I have seen you exchange such significant glances—

*Jos. Surf.* Nay, nay, sir, this is no jest.

*Chas. Surf.* Egad, I'm serious ! Don't you remember one day when I called here—

*Jos. Surf.* Nay, prithee, Charles—

*Chas. Surf.* And found you together—

*Jos. Surf.* Zounds, sir ! I insist—

*Chas. Surf.* And another time when your servant—

*Jos. Surf.* Brother, brother, a word with you ! — [*Aside.*] Gad, I must stop him.

*Chas. Surf.* Informed, I say, that—

*Jos. Surf.* Hush ! I beg your pardon, but sir Peter has overheard all we have been saying. I knew you would clear yourself, or I should not have consented.

*Chas. Surf.* How, sir Peter ! where is he ?

*Jos. Surf.* Softly, there ! [*Points to the closet.*]

*Chas. Surf.* Oh, 'fore Heaven, I'll have him out.—Sir Peter, come forth !

*Jos. Surf.* No, no—

*Chas. Surf.* I say, sir Peter, come into court.— [*Pulls in Sir PETER.*] What ! my old guardian ! —What ! turn inquisitor, and take evidence incog. ?

*Sir Pet.* Give me your hand, Charles—I believe I have suspected you wrongfully ; but you mustn't be angry with Joseph—'twas my plan !

*Chas. Surf.* Indeed !

*Sir Pet.* But I acquit you. I promise you I don't think near so ill of you as I did : what I have heard has given me great satisfaction.

*Chas. Surf.* Egad then, 'twas lucky you didn't hear any more.—Wasn't it, Joseph ?

*Sir Pet.* Ah ! you would have retorted on him.

*Chas. Surf.* Ay, ay, that was a joke.

*Sir Pet.* Yes, yes, I know his honour too well.

*Chas. Surf.* But you might as well have suspected him as me in this matter, for all that.—Mightn't he, Joseph ?

*Sir Pet.* Well, well, I believe you.

*Jos. Surf.* Would they were both well out of the room ! [*Aside.*]

*Re-enter Servant, and whispers JOSEPH SURFACE.*

*Sir Pet.* And in future, perhaps we may not be such strangers.

*Jos. Surf.* Gentlemen, I beg pardon—I must wait on you down stairs : here is a person come on particular business. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Chas. Surf.* Well, you can see him in another room. Sir Peter and I have not met a long time, and I have something to say to him.

*Jos. Surf.* [*Aside.*] They must not be left together.—[*Aloud.*] I'll send this man away, and return directly.—[*Aside to Sir Peter.*] Sir Peter, not a word of the French milliner.

*Sir Pet.* [*Aside to JOSEPH SURFACE.*] I! not for the world!—[*Exit JOSEPH SURFACE.*] Ah! Charles, if you associated more with your brother, one might indeed hope for your reformation. He is a man of sentiment.—Well, there is nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment!

*Chas. Surf.* Psha! he is too moral by half; and so apprehensive of his good name, as he calls it, that I suppose he would as soon let a priest into his house as a girl.

*Sir Pet.* No, no,—come, come,—you wrong him.—No, no! Joseph is no rake, but he is no such saint either in that respect.—[*Aside.*] I have a great mind to tell him—we should have a laugh at Joseph.

*Chas. Surf.* Oh, hang him! he's a very anchorite, a young hermit!

*Sir Pet.* Hark'ee, you must not abuse him: he may chance to hear of it again, I promise you.

*Chas. Surf.* Why, you won't tell him?

*Sir Pet.* No—but—this way.—[*Aside.*] Egad, I'll tell him.—[*Aloud.*] Hark'ee—have you a mind to have a good laugh at Joseph?

*Chas. Surf.* I should like it of all things.

*Sir Pet.* Then i'faith, we will! I'll be quit with him for discovering me.—He had a girl with him when I called.

*Chas. Surf.* What! Joseph? you jest.

*Sir Pet.* Hush!—a little French milliner—and the best of the jest is—she's in the room now.

*Chas. Surf.* The devil she is!

*Sir Pet.* Hush! I tell you. [*Points.*]

*Chas. Surf.* Behind the screen! 'Slife, let's unveil her!

*Sir Pet.* No, no, he's coming:—you shan't, indeed!

*Chas. Surf.* Oh, egad, we'll have a peep at the little milliner!

*Sir Pet.* Not for the world!—Joseph will never forgive me.

*Chas. Surf.* I'll stand by you.

*Sir Pet.* Odds, here he is!

[*CHARLES SURFACE throws down the screen.*]

*Re-enter JOSEPH SURFACE.*

*Chas. Surf.* Lady Teazle, by all that's wonderful!

*Sir Pet.* Lady Teazle, by all that's damnable!

*Chas. Surf.* Sir Peter, this is one of the smartest French milliners I ever saw. Egad, you seem all to have been diverting yourselves here at hide and seek, and I don't see who is out of the secret.—Shall I beg your ladyship to inform me? Not a word!—Brother, will you be pleased to explain this matter? What! is Morality dumb too?—Sir Peter, though I found you in the dark, perhaps you are not so now! All mute!—Well, though I can make nothing of the affair, I suppose you perfectly understand one another; so I'll leave you to yourselves.—[*Going.*] Brother, I'm sorry to find

you have given that worthy man cause for so much uneasiness.—Sir Peter! there's nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment! [*Exit.*]

*Jos. Surf.* Sir Peter—notwithstanding—I confess—that appearances are against me—if you will afford me your patience—I make no doubt—but I shall explain everything to your satisfaction.

*Sir Pet.* If you please, sir.

*Jos. Surf.* The fact is, sir, that lady Teazle, knowing my pretensions to your ward Maria—I say, sir,—lady Teazle, being apprehensive of the jealousy of your temper—and knowing my friendship to the family—she, sir, I say—called here—in order that—I might explain these pretensions—but on your coming—being apprehensive—as I said—of your jealousy—she withdrew—and this, you may depend on it, is the whole truth of the matter.

*Sir Pet.* A very clear account, upon my word! and I dare swear the lady will vouch for every article of it.

*Lady Teaz.* For not one word of it, sir Peter!

*Sir Pet.* How! don't you think it worth while to agree in the lie?

*Lady Teaz.* There is not one syllable of truth in what that gentleman has told you.

*Sir Pet.* I believe you, upon my soul, ma'am!

*Jos. Surf.* [*Aside to Lady TEAZLE.*] 'Sdeath, madam, will you betray me?

*Lady Teaz.* Good Mr. Hypocrite, by your leave, I'll speak for myself.

*Sir Pet.* Ay, let her alone, sir; you'll find she'll make out a better story than you, without prompting.

*Lady Teaz.* Hear me, sir Peter!—I came hither on no matter relating to your ward, and even ignorant of this gentleman's pretensions to her. But I came seduced by his insidious arguments, at least to listen to his pretended passion, if not to sacrifice your honour to his baseness.

*Sir Pet.* Now, I believe, the truth is coming indeed!

*Jos. Surf.* The woman's mad!

*Lady Teaz.* No, sir; she has recovered her senses, and your own arts have furnished her with the means.—Sir Peter, I do not expect you to credit me—but the tenderness you expressed for me, when I am sure you could not think I was a witness to it, has penetrated so to my heart, that had I left the place without the shame of this discovery, my future life should have spoken the sincerity of my gratitude. As for that smooth-tongued hypocrite, who would have seduced the wife of his too credulous friend, while he affected honourable addresses to his ward, I behold him now in a light so truly despicable, that I shall never again respect myself for having listened to him. [*Exit.*]

*Jos. Surf.* Notwithstanding all this, sir Peter, Heaven knows—

*Sir Pet.* That you are a villain! and so I leave you to your conscience.

*Jos. Surf.* You are too rash, sir Peter; you shall hear me.—The man who shuts out conviction by refusing to—

[*Exit Sir PETER and JOSEPH SURFACE talking.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Library in JOSEPH SURFACE'S House.*

*Enter JOSEPH SURFACE and Servant.*

*Jos. Surf.* Mr. Stanley!—and why should you think I would see him? you must know he comes to ask something.

*Ser.* Sir, I should not have let him in, but that Mr. Rowley came to the door with him.

*Jos. Surf.* Psha! blockhead! to suppose that I should now be in a temper to receive visits from poor relations!—Well, why don't you show the fellow up?

*Ser.* I will, sir.—Why, sir, it was not my fault that sir Peter discovered my lady—

*Jos. Surf.* Go, fool!—*[Exit Servant.]* Sure Fortune never played a man of my policy such a trick before! My character with sir Peter, my hopes with Maria, destroyed in a moment! I'm in a rare humour to listen to other people's distresses! I shan't be able to bestow even a benevolent sentiment on Stanley.—So! here he comes, and Rowley with him. I must try to recover myself, and put a little charity into my face, however.  
*[Exit.]*

*Enter Sir OLIVER SURFACE and ROWLEY.*

*Sir Oliv.* What! does he avoid us? That was he, was it not?

*Row.* It was, sir. But I doubt you are come a little too abruptly. His nerves are so weak, that the sight of a poor relation may be too much for him. I should have gone first to break it to him.

*Sir Oliv.* Oh, plague of his nerves! Yet this is he whom sir Peter extols as a man of the most benevolent way of thinking!

*Row.* As to his way of thinking, I cannot pretend to decide; for, to do him justice, he appears to have as much speculative benevolence as any private gentleman in the kingdom, though he is seldom so sensual as to indulge himself in the exercise of it.

*Sir Oliv.* Yet has a string of charitable sentiments at his fingers' ends.

*Row.* Or rather, at his tongue's end, sir Oliver; for I believe there is no sentiment he has such faith in as that *Charity begins at home.*

*Sir Oliv.* And his, I presume, is of that domestic sort which never stirs abroad at all.

*Row.* I doubt you'll find it so;—but he's coming. I mustn't seem to interrupt you; and you know immediately as you leave him, I come in to announce your arrival in your real character.

*Sir Oliv.* True; and afterwards you'll meet me at sir Peter's.

*Row.* Without losing a moment. *[Exit.]*

*Sir Oliv.* I don't like the complaisance of his features.

*Re-enter JOSEPH SURFACE.*

*Jos. Surf.* Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons for keeping you a moment waiting.—Mr. Stanley, I presume.

*Sir Oliv.* At your service.

*Jos. Surf.* Sir, I beg you will do me the honour to sit down—I entreat you, sir.

*Sir Oliv.* Dear sir—there's no occasion.—*[Aside.]* Too civil by half!

*Jos. Surf.* I have not the pleasure of knowing you, Mr. Stanley; but I am extremely happy to see you look so well. You were nearly related to my mother, I think, Mr. Stanley?

*Sir Oliv.* I was, sir; so nearly that my present poverty, I fear, may do discredit to her wealthy children, else I should not have presumed to trouble you.

*Jos. Surf.* Dear sir, there needs no apology:—he that is in distress though a stranger, has a right to claim kindred with the wealthy. I am sure I wish I was of that class, and had it in my power to offer you even a small relief.

*Sir Oliv.* If your uncle, sir Oliver, were here, I should have a friend.

*Jos. Surf.* I wish he was, sir, with all my heart: you should not want an advocate with him, believe me, sir.

*Sir Oliv.* I should not need one—my distresses would recommend me. But I imagined his bounty would enable you to become the agent of his charity.

*Jos. Surf.* My dear sir, you were strangely misinformed. Sir Oliver is a worthy man, a very worthy man; but avarice, Mr. Stanley, is the vice of age. I will tell you, my good sir, in confidence, what he has done for me has been a mere nothing; though people, I know, have thought otherwise, and, for my part, I never chose to contradict the report.

*Sir Oliv.* What! has he never transmitted you bullion—rupees—pagodas?

*Jos. Surf.* Oh, dear sir, nothing of the kind!—No, no; a few presents now and then—china, shawls, congou tea, avadavats, and Indian crackers—little more, believe me.

*Sir Oliv.* Here's gratitude for twelve thousand pounds!—Avadavats and Indian crackers! *[Aside.]*

*Jos. Surf.* Then, my dear sir, you have heard, I doubt not, of the extravagance of my brother: there are very few would credit what I have done for that unfortunate young man.

*Sir Oliv.* Not I, for one! *[Aside.]*

*Jos. Surf.* The sums I have lent him!—Indeed I have been exceedingly to blame; it was an amiable weakness: however, I don't pretend to defend it,—and now I feel it doubly culpable, since it has deprived me of the pleasure of serving you, Mr. Stanley, as my heart dictates.

*Sir Oliv.* *[Aside.]* Dissembler!—*[Aloud.]* Then, sir, you can't assist me?

*Jos. Surf.* At present, it grieves me to say, I cannot; but, whenever I have the ability, you may depend upon hearing from me.

*Sir Oliv.* I am extremely sorry—

*Jos. Surf.* Not more than I, believe me;—to pity without the power to relieve, is still more painful than to ask and be denied.

*Sir Oliv.* Kind sir, your most obedient humble servant.

*Jos. Surf.* You leave me deeply affected, Mr. Stanley.—William, be ready to open the door.

*[Calls to Servant.]*

*Sir Oliv.* Oh, dear sir, no ceremony.

*Jos. Surf.* Your very obedient.

*Sir Oliv.* Sir, your most obsequious.

*Jos. Surf.* You may depend upon hearing from me, whenever I can be of service.

*Sir Oliv.* Sweet sir, you are too good!

*Jos. Surf.* In the mean time, I wish you health and spirits.

*Sir Oliv.* Your ever grateful and perpetual humble servant.

*Jos. Surf.* Sir, yours as sincerely.

*Sir Oliv.* [*Aside.*] Charles, you are my heir!

[*Exit.*]

*Jos. Surf.* This is one bad effect of a good character; it invites application from the unfortunate, and there needs no small degree of address to gain the reputation of benevolence without incurring the expense. The silver ore of pure charity is an expensive article in the catalogue of a man's good qualities; whereas the sentimental French plate I use instead of it, makes just as good a show, and pays no tax.

*Re-enter ROWLEY.*

*Row.* Mr. Surface, your servant: I was apprehensive of interrupting you, though my business demands immediate attention as this note will inform you.

*Jos. Surf.* Always happy to see Mr. Rowley— [*Reads the letter.*] Sir Oliver Surface!—My uncle arrived!

*Row.* He is, indeed: we have just parted—quite well, after a speedy voyage, and impatient to embrace his worthy nephew.

*Jos. Surf.* I am astonished!—William! stop Mr. Stanley, if he's not gone. [*Calls to Servant.*]

*Row.* Oh! he's out of reach, I believe.

*Jos. Surf.* Why did you not let me know this when you came in together?

*Row.* I thought you had particular business. But I must be gone to inform your brother, and appoint him here to meet your uncle. He will be with you in a quarter of an hour.

*Jos. Surf.* So he says. Well, I am strangely overjoyed at his coming.— [*Aside.*] Never, to be sure, was anything so damned unlucky!

*Row.* You will be delighted to see how well he looks.

*Jos. Surf.* Ah! I'm rejoiced to hear it— [*Aside.*] Just at this time!

*Row.* I'll tell him how impatiently you expect him.

*Jos. Surf.* Do, do; pray give him my best duty and affection. Indeed, I cannot express the sensations I feel at the thought of seeing him.— [*Exit ROWLEY.*] Certainly his coming just at this time is the cruellest piece of ill-fortune! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Sir PETER TEAZLE'S House.*

*Enter Mrs. CANDOUR and Maid.*

*Maid.* Indeed, ma'am, my lady will see nobody at present.

*Mrs. Can.* Did you tell her it was her friend Mrs. Candour?

*Maid.* Yes, ma'am; but she begs you will excuse her.

*Mrs. Can.* Do go again; I shall be glad to see

her, if it be only for a moment, for I am sure she must be in great distress.— [*Exit Maid.*] Dear heart, how provoking! I'm not mistress of half the circumstances! We shall have the whole affair in the newspapers, with the names of the parties at length, before I have dropped the story at a dozen houses.

*Enter Sir BENJAMIN BACKBITE.*

Oh, sir Benjamin! you have heard, I suppose—

*Sir Ben.* Of lady Teazle and Mr. Surface—

*Mrs. Can.* And sir Peter's discovery—

*Sir Ben.* Oh, the strangest piece of business, to be sure!

*Mrs. Can.* Well, I never was so surprised in my life. I am so sorry for all parties, indeed.

*Sir Ben.* Now, I don't pity sir Peter at all: he was so extravagantly partial to Mr. Surface.

*Mrs. Can.* Mr. Surface! Why, 'twas with Charles lady Teazle was detected.

*Sir Ben.* No, no, I tell you: Mr. Surface is the gallant.

*Mrs. Can.* No such thing! Charles is the man. 'Twas Mr. Surface brought sir Peter on purpose to discover them.

*Sir Ben.* I tell you I had it from one—

*Mrs. Can.* And I have it from one—

*Sir Ben.* Who had it from one, who had it—

*Mrs. Can.* From one immediately.—But here comes lady Sneerwell; perhaps she knows the whole affair.

*Enter Lady SNEERWELL.*

*Lady Sneer.* So, my dear Mrs. Candour, here's a sad affair of our friend lady Teazle!

*Mrs. Can.* Ay, my dear friend, who would have thought—

*Lady Sneer.* Well, there is no trusting appearances; though, indeed, she was always too lively for me.

*Mrs. Can.* To be sure, her manners were a little too free: but then she was so young!

*Lady Sneer.* And had, indeed, some good qualities.

*Mrs. Can.* So she had, indeed. But have you heard the particulars?

*Lady Sneer.* No; but everybody says that Mr. Surface—

*Sir Ben.* Ay, there; I told you Mr. Surface was the man!

*Mrs. Can.* No, no: indeed the assignation was with Charles.

*Lady Sneer.* With Charles! You alarm me, Mrs. Candour!

*Mrs. Can.* Yes, yes, he was the lover. Mr. Surface, to do him justice, was only the informer.

*Sir Ben.* Well, I'll not dispute with you, Mrs. Candour; but, be it which it may, I hope that sir Peter's wound will not—

*Mrs. Can.* Sir Peter's wound! Oh, mercy! I didn't hear a word of their fighting.

*Lady Sneer.* Nor I, a syllable.

*Sir Ben.* No! what, no mention of the duel?

*Mrs. Can.* Not a word.

*Sir Ben.* O yes: they fought before they left the room.

*Lady Sneer.* Pray, let us hear.

*Mrs. Can.* Ay, do oblige us with the duel.

*Sir Ben.* Sir, says sir Peter, immediately after the discovery, *you are a most ungrateful fellow.*

*Mrs. Can.* Ay, to Charles—

*Sir Ben.* No, no—to Mr. Surface—a most ungrateful fellow; and old as I am, sir, says he, I insist on immediate satisfaction.

*Mrs. Can.* Ay, that must have been to Charles; for 'tis very unlikely Mr. Surface should fight in his own house.

*Sir Ben.* Gad's life, ma'am, not at all—giving me immediate satisfaction.—On this, ma'am, lady Teazle, seeing sir Peter in such danger, ran out of the room in strong hysterics, and Charles after her, calling out for hartshorn and water; then, madam, they began to fight with swords—

*Enter CRABTREE.*

*Crab.* With pistols, nephew—pistols! I have it from undoubted authority.

*Mrs. Can.* O Mr. Crabtree, then it is all true!

*Crab.* Too true, indeed, madam, and sir Peter is dangerously wounded—

*Sir Ben.* By a thrust in second quite through his left side—

*Crab.* By a bullet lodged in the thorax.

*Mrs. Can.* Mercy on me! Poor sir Peter!

*Crab.* Yes, madam; though Charles would have avoided the matter, if he could.

*Mrs. Can.* I knew Charles was the person.

*Sir Ben.* My uncle, I see, knows nothing of the matter.

*Crab.* But sir Peter taxed him with the basest ingratitude—

*Sir Ben.* That I told you, you know—

*Crab.* Do, nephew, let me speak!—and insisted on immediate—

*Sir Ben.* Just as I said—

*Crab.* Odds life, nephew, allow others to know something too!—A pair of pistols lay on the bureau (for Mr. Surface, it seems, had come home the night before late from Salthill, where he had been to see the Montem with a friend, who has a son at Eton), so, unluckily, the pistols were left charged.

*Sir Ben.* I heard nothing of this.

*Crab.* Sir Peter forced Charles to take one, and they fired, it seems, pretty nearly together. Charles's shot took effect, as I tell you, and sir Peter's missed; but what is very extraordinary, the ball struck against a little bronze Shakspeare that stood over the fire-place, grazed out of the window at a right angle, and wounded the postman, who was just coming to the door with a double letter from Northamptonshire.

*Sir Ben.* My uncle's account is more circumstantial, I confess; but I believe mine is the true one, for all that.

*Lady Sneer.* [*Aside.*] I am more interested in this affair than they imagine, and must have better information. [*Exit.*]

*Sir Ben.* Ah! lady Sneerwell's alarm is very easily accounted for.

*Crab.* Yes, yes, they certainly do say—but that's neither here nor there.

*Mrs. Can.* But, pray, where is sir Peter at present?

*Crab.* Oh! they brought him home, and he is now in the house, though the servants are ordered to deny him.

*Mrs. Can.* I believe so, and lady Teazle, I suppose, attending him.

*Crab.* Yes, yes; and I saw one of the faculty enter just before me.

*Sir Ben.* Hey! who comes here?

*Crab.* Oh, this is he: the physician, depend on't.

*Mrs. Can.* Oh, certainly! it must be the physician; and now we shall know.

*Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE.*

*Crab.* Well, doctor, what hopes?

*Mrs. Can.* Ay, doctor, how's your patient?

*Sir Ben.* Now, doctor, isn't it a wound with a small-sword?

*Crab.* A bullet lodged in the thorax, for a hundred!

*Sir Oliv.* Doctor! a wound with a small-sword! and a bullet in the thorax!—Oons! are you mad, good people?

*Sir Ben.* Perhaps, sir, you are not a doctor?

*Sir Oliv.* Truly, I am to thank you for my degree, if I am.

*Crab.* Only a friend of sir Peter's, then, I presume. But, sir, you must have heard of his accident?

*Sir Oliv.* Not a word!

*Crab.* Not of his being dangerously wounded?

*Sir Oliv.* The devil he is!

*Sir Ben.* Run through the body—

*Crab.* Shot in the breast—

*Sir Ben.* By one Mr. Surface—

*Crab.* Ay, the younger.

*Sir Oliv.* Hey! what the plague! you seem to differ strangely in your accounts: however, you agree that sir Peter is dangerously wounded.

*Sir Ben.* O yes, we agree there.

*Crab.* Yes, yes, I believe there can be no doubt of that.

*Sir Oliv.* Then, upon my word, for a person in that situation, he is the most imprudent man alive; for here he comes, walking as if nothing at all was the matter.

*Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.*

Odds heart, sir Peter! you are come in good time, I promise you; for we had just given you over!

*Sir Ben.* [*Aside to CRABTREE.*] Egad, uncle, this is the most sudden recovery!

*Sir Oliv.* Why, man! what do you out of bed with a small-sword through your body, and a bullet lodged in your thorax?

*Sir Pet.* A small-sword and a bullet!

*Sir Oliv.* Ay; these gentlemen would have killed you without law or physic, and wanted to dub me a doctor, to make me an accomplice.

*Sir Pet.* Why, what is all this?

*Sir Ben.* We rejoice, sir Peter, that the story of the duel is not true, and are sincerely sorry for your other misfortune.

*Sir Pet.* So, so; all over the town already!

[*Aside.*]

*Crab.* Though, sir Peter, you were certainly vastly to blame to marry at your years.

*Sir Pet.* Sir, what business is that of yours?

*Mrs. Can.* Though, indeed, as sir Peter made so good a husband, he's very much to be pitied.

*Sir Pet.* Plague on your pity, ma'am! I desire none of it.

*Sir Ben.* However, sir Peter, you must not mind the laughing and jests you will meet with on the occasion.

*Sir Pet.* Sir, sir! I desire to be master in my own house.

*Crab.* 'Tis no uncommon case, that's one comfort.

*Sir Pet.* I insist on being left to myself: without ceremony, I insist on your leaving my house directly!

*Mrs. Can.* Well, well, we are going; and depend on't, we'll make the best report of it we can. [Exit.]

*Sir Pet.* Leave my house!

*Crab.* And tell how hardly you've been treated. [Exit.]

*Sir Pet.* Leave my house!

*Sir Ben.* And how patiently you bear it. [Exit.]

*Sir Pet.* Fiends! vipers! furies!—Oh! that their own venom would choke them!

*Sir Oliv.* They are very provoking indeed, sir Peter.

*Enter ROWLEY.*

*Row.* I heard high words: what has ruffled you, sir?

*Sir Pet.* Psha! what signifies asking? Do I ever pass a day without my vexations?

*Row.* Well, I'm not inquisitive.

*Sir Oliv.* Well, sir Peter, I have seen both my nephews in the manner we proposed.

*Sir Pet.* A precious couple they are!

*Row.* Yes, and sir Oliver is convinced that your judgment was right, sir Peter.

*Sir Oliv.* Yes, I find Joseph is indeed the man, after all.

*Row.* Ay, as sir Peter says, he is a man of sentiment.

*Sir Oliv.* And acts up to the sentiments he professes.

*Row.* It certainly is edification to hear him talk.

*Sir Oliv.* Oh, he's a model for the young men of the age!—But how's this, sir Peter? you don't join us in your friend Joseph's praise, as I expected.

*Sir Pet.* Sir Oliver, we live in a damned wicked world, and the fewer we praise the better.

*Row.* What! do you say so, sir Peter, who were never mistaken in your life!

*Sir Pet.* Psha! plague on you both! I see by your sneering you have heard the whole affair. I shall go mad among you!

*Row.* Then to fret you no longer, sir Peter, we are indeed acquainted with it all. I met Lady Teazle coming from Mr. Surface's so humbled, that she deigned to request me to be her advocate with you.

*Sir Pet.* And does sir Oliver know all this?

*Sir Oliv.* Every circumstance.

*Sir Pet.* What of the closet and the screen, hey?

*Sir Oliv.* Yes, yes, and the little French milliner. Oh, I have been vastly diverted with the story! ha! ha! ha!

*Sir Pet.* 'Twas very pleasant!

*Sir Oliv.* I never laughed more in my life, I assure you: ha! ha! ha!

*Sir Pet.* Oh, vastly diverting! ha! ha! ha!

*Row.* To be sure, Joseph with his sentiments! ha! ha! ha!

*Sir Pet.* Yes, yes, his sentiments! ha! ha! ha! Hypocritical villain!

*Sir Oliv.* Ay, and that rogue Charles to pull sir Peter out of the closet: ha! ha! ha!

*Sir Pet.* Ha! ha! 'twas devilish entertaining, to be sure!

*Sir Oliv.* Ha! ha! ha! Egad, sir Peter, I should like to have seen your face when the screen was thrown down: ha! ha!

*Sir Pet.* Yes, yes, my face when the screen was thrown down: ha! ha! ha! Oh, I must never show my head again!

*Sir Oliv.* But come, come, it isn't fair to laugh at you neither, my old friend; though, upon my soul, I can't help it.

*Sir Pet.* Oh, pray don't restrain your mirth on my account: it does not hurt me at all! I laugh at the whole affair myself. Yes, yes, I think being a standing jest for all one's acquaintance a very happy situation. O yes, and then of a morning to read the paragraphs about Mr. S—, lady T—, and sir P—, will be so entertaining!

*Row.* Without affectation, sir Peter, you may despise the ridicule of fools.—But I see lady Teazle going towards the next room; I am sure you must desire a reconciliation as earnestly as she does.

*Sir Oliv.* Perhaps my being here prevents her coming to you. Well, I'll leave honest Rowley to mediate between you; but he must bring you all presently to Mr. Surface's, where I am now returning, if not to reclaim a libertine, at least to expose hypocrisy.

*Sir Pet.* Ah, I'll be present at your discovering yourself there with all my heart; though 'tis a vile unlucky place for discoveries.

*Row.* We'll follow. [Exit SIR OLIVER SURFACE.]

*Sir Pet.* She is not coming here, you see, Rowley.

*Row.* No, but she has left the door of that room open, you perceive. See, she is in tears.

*Sir Pet.* Certainly a little mortification appears very becoming in a wife. Don't you think it will do her good to let her pine a little?

*Row.* Oh, this is ungenerous in you!

*Sir Pet.* Well, I know not what to think. You remember the letter I found of hers evidently intended for Charles?

*Row.* A mere forgery, sir Peter! laid in your way on purpose. This is one of the points which I intend Snake shall give you conviction of.

*Sir Pet.* I wish I were once satisfied of that.—She looks this way.—What a remarkably elegant turn of the head she has! Rowley, I'll go to her.

*Row.* Certainly.

*Sir Pet.* Though when it is known that we are reconciled, people will laugh at me ten times more.

*Row.* Let them laugh, and retort their malice only by showing them you are happy in spite of it.

*Sir Pet.* I'faith, so I will! and, if I'm not mistaken, we may yet be the happiest couple in the country.

*Row.* Nay, sir Peter, he who once lays aside suspicion—

*Sir Pet.* Hold, master Rowley! if you have any regard for me, never let me hear you utter anything like a sentiment: I have had enough of them to serve me the rest of my life. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The Library in JOSEPH SURFACE'S House.*

*Enter JOSEPH SURFACE and Lady SNEERWELL.*

*Lady Sneer.* Impossible! Will not sir Peter immediately be reconciled to Charles, and of course no longer oppose his union with Maria? The thought is distraction to me.

*Jos. Surf.* Can passion furnish a remedy?

*Lady Sneer.* No, nor cunning neither. Oh, I was a fool, an idiot, to league with such a blunderer!

*Jos. Surf.* Sure, lady Sneerwell, I am the greatest sufferer; yet you see I bear the accident with calmness.

*Lady Sneer.* Because the disappointment doesn't reach your heart; your interest only attached you to Maria. Had you felt for her what I have for that ungrateful libertine, neither your temper nor hypocrisy could prevent your showing the sharpness of your vexation.

*Jos. Surf.* But why should your reproaches fall on me for this disappointment?

*Lady Sneer.* Are you not the cause of it? Had you not a sufficient field for your roguery in imposing upon sir Peter, and supplanting your brother, but you must endeavour to seduce his wife? I hate such an avarice of crimes; 'tis an unfair monopoly, and never prospers.

*Jos. Surf.* Well, I admit I have been to blame. I confess I deviated from the direct road of wrong, but I don't think we're so totally defeated neither.

*Lady Sneer.* No!

*Jos. Surf.* You tell me you have made a trial of Snake since we met, and that you still believe him faithful to us?

*Lady Sneer.* I do believe so.

*Jos. Surf.* And that he has undertaken, should it be necessary, to swear and prove, that Charles is at this time contracted by vows and honour to your ladyship, which some of his former letters to you will serve to support?

*Lady Sneer.* This, indeed, might have assisted.

*Jos. Surf.* Come, come; it is not too late yet.—[Knocking at the door.] But hark! this is probably my uncle, sir Oliver: retire to that room; we'll consult farther when he is gone.

*Lady Sneer.* Well, but if he should find you out too?

*Jos. Surf.* Oh, I have no fear of that. Sir Peter will hold his tongue for his own credit's sake—and you may depend on it I shall soon discover sir Oliver's weak side!

*Lady Sneer.* I have no diffidence of your abilities: only be constant to one roguery at a time.

*Jos. Surf.* I will, I will!—[Exit LADY SNEERWELL.] So! 'tis confounded hard, after such bad fortune, to be baited by one's confederate in evil. Well, at all events, my character is so much better than Charles's, that I certainly—hey!—what!—this is not sir Oliver, but old Stanley again. Plague on't that he should return to tease me just now!—I shall have sir Oliver come and find him here—and—

*Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE.*

Gad's life, Mr. Stanley, why have you come back to plague me at this time? You must not stay now, upon my word.

*Sir Oliv.* Sir, I hear your uncle Oliver is expected here, and though he has been so penurious to you, I'll try what he'll do for me.

*Jos. Surf.* Sir, 'tis impossible for you to stay now, so I must beg—Come any other time, and I promise you, you shall be assisted.

*Sir Oliv.* No: sir Oliver and I must be acquainted.

*Jos. Surf.* Zounds, sir! then I insist on your quitting the room directly.

*Sir Oliv.* Nay, sir—

*Jos. Surf.* Sir, I insist on't!—Here, William! show this gentleman out.—Since you compel me, sir, not one moment—this is such insolence.

[Going to push him out.]

*Enter CHARLES SURFACE.*

*Chas. Surf.* Heyday! what's the matter now? What the devil, have you got hold of my little broker here? Zounds, brother! don't hurt little Premium.—What's the matter, my little fellow?

*Jos. Surf.* So! he has been with you too, has he?

*Chas. Surf.* To be sure he has. Why he's as honest a little—But sure, Joseph, you have not been borrowing money too, have you?

*Jos. Surf.* Borrowing! no! But, brother, you know we expect sir Oliver here every—

*Chas. Surf.* O Gad, that's true! Noll mustn't find the little broker here, to be sure.

*Jos. Surf.* Yet Mr. Stanley insists—

*Chas. Surf.* Stanley! why his name's Premium.

*Jos. Surf.* No, sir, Stanley.

*Chas. Surf.* No, no, Premium.

*Jos. Surf.* Well, no matter which—but—

*Chas. Surf.* Ay, ay, Stanley or Premium, 'tis the same thing, as you say; for I suppose he goes by half a hundred names, besides A. B. at the coffee-house.

[Knocking.]

*Jos. Surf.* 'Sdeath! here's sir Oliver at the door.—Now I beg, Mr. Stanley—

*Chas. Surf.* Ay, ay, and I beg, Mr. Premium—

*Sir Oliv.* Gentlemen—

*Jos. Surf.* Sir, by Heaven you shall go!

*Chas. Surf.* Ay, out with him, certainly!

*Sir Oliv.* This violence—

*Jos. Surf.* Sir, 'tis your own fault.

*Chas. Surf.* Out with him, to be sure.

[Both forcing SIR OLIVER out.]

*Enter SIR PETER and LADY TEAZLE, MARIA and ROWLEY.*

*Sir Pet.* My old friend, sir Oliver—hey! What in the name of wonder—here are dutiful nephews—assault their uncle at a first visit!

*Lady Teaz.* Indeed, sir Oliver, 'twas well we came in to rescue you.

*Row.* Truly it was; for I perceive, sir Oliver, the character of old Stanley was no protection to you.

*Sir Oliv.* Nor of Premium either: the necessities of the former could not extort a shilling from that benevolent gentleman; and now, egad, I stood a chance of faring worse than my ancestors, and being knocked down without being bid for.

*Jos. Surf.* Charles!

*Chas. Surf.* Joseph!

*Jos. Surf.* 'Tis now complete!

*Chas. Surf.* Very!

*Sir Oliv.* Sir Peter, my friend, and Rowley too—look on that elder nephew of mine. You know what he has already received from my bounty; and you also know how gladly I would have regarded half my fortune as held in trust for him: judge then my disappointment in discovering him to be destitute of faith, charity, and gratitude!

*Sir Pet.* Sir Oliver, I should be more surprised at this declaration, if I had not myself found him to be mean, treacherous, and hypocritical.

*Lady Teaz.* And if the gentleman pleads not guilty to these, pray let him call me to his character.



*Sir Pet.* Then, I believe, we need add no more : if he knows himself, he will consider it as the most perfect punishment, that he is known to the world.

*Chas. Surf.* If they talk this way to Honesty, what will they say to me, by and by ? *[Aside.]*

*Sir Oliv.* As for that prodigal, his brother, there—

*Chas. Surf.* Ay, now comes my turn : the damned family pictures will ruin me ! *[Aside.]*

*Jos. Surf.* Sir Oliver—uncle, will you honour me with a hearing ?

*Chas. Surf.* Now if Joseph would make one of his long speeches, I might recollect myself a little. *[Aside.]*

*Sir Pet.* I suppose you would undertake to justify yourself entirely ? *[To JOSEPH SURFACE.]*

*Jos. Surf.* I trust I could.

*Sir Oliv.* Well, sir!—and you could justify yourself too, I suppose ? *[To CHARLES SURFACE.]*

*Chas. Surf.* Not that I know of, sir Oliver.

*Sir Oliv.* What!—Little Premium has been let too much into the secret, I suppose ?

*Chas. Surf.* True, sir ; but they were family secrets, and should not be mentioned again, you know.

*Row.* Come, sir Oliver, I know you cannot speak of Charles's follies with anger.

*Sir Oliv.* Odd's heart, no more I can ; nor with gravity either.—Sir Peter, do you know, the rogue bargained with me for all his ancestors ; sold me judges and generals by the foot, and maiden aunts as cheap as broken china.

*Chas. Surf.* To be sure, sir Oliver, I did make a little free with the family canvas, that's the truth on't. My ancestors may rise in judgment against me, there's no denying it ; but believe me sincere when I tell you—and upon my soul I would not say so if I was not—that if I do not appear mortified at the exposure of my follies, it is because I feel at this moment the warmest satisfaction in seeing you, my liberal benefactor.

*Sir Oliv.* Charles, I believe you. Give me your hand again : the ill-looking little fellow over the settee has made your peace.

*Chas. Surf.* Then, sir, my gratitude to the original is still increased.

*Lady Teaz.* Yet, I believe, sir Oliver, here is one whom Charles is still more anxious to be reconciled to. *[Pointing to MARIA.]*

*Sir Oliv.* Oh, I have heard of his attachment there ; and, with the young lady's pardon, if I construe right—that blush—

*Sir Pet.* Well, child, speak your sentiments !

*Mar.* Sir, I have little to say, but that I shall rejoice to hear that he is happy ; for me—whatever claim I had to his affection, I willingly resign to one who has a better title.

*Chas. Surf.* How, Maria !

*Sir Pet.* Heyday ! what's the mystery now ?—While he appeared an incorrigible rake, you would give your hand to no one else ; and now that he is likely to reform, I'll warrant you won't have him !

*Mar.* His own heart and lady Sneerwell know the cause.

*Chas. Surf.* Lady Sneerwell !

*Jos. Surf.* Brother, it is with great concern I am obliged to speak on this point, but my regard to justice compels me, and lady Sneerwell's injuries can no longer be concealed. *[Opens the door.]*

*Enter Lady SNEERWELL.*

*Sir Pet.* So ! another French milliner ! Egad, he has one in every room in the house, I suppose !

*Lady Sneer.* Ungrateful Charles ! Well may you be surprised, and feel for the indelicate situation your perfidy has forced me into.

*Chas. Surf.* Pray, uncle, is this another plot of yours ? For, as I have life, I don't understand it.

*Jos. Surf.* I believe, sir, there is but the evidence of one person more necessary to make it extremely clear.

*Sir Pet.* And that person, I imagine, is Mr. Snake.—Rowley, you were perfectly right to bring him with us, and pray let him appear.

*Row.* Walk in, Mr. Snake.

*Enter SNAKE.*

I thought his testimony might be wanted : however, it happens unluckily, that he comes to confront lady Sneerwell, not to support her.

*Lady Sneer.* A villain ! Treacherous to me at last!—Speak, fellow ; have you too conspired against me ?

*Snake.* I beg your ladyship ten thousand pardons : you paid me extremely liberally for the lie in question ; but I unfortunately have been offered double to speak the truth.

*Sir Pet.* Plot and counter-plot, egad !

*Lady Sneer.* The torments of shame and disappointment on you all ! *[Going.]*

*Lady Teaz.* Hold, lady Sneerwell—before you go, let me thank you for the trouble you and that gentleman have taken, in writing letters from me to Charles, and answering them yourself ; and let me also request you to make my respects to the scandalous college, of which you are president, and inform them, that lady Teazle, licentiate, begs leave to return the diploma they gave her, as she leaves off practice, and kills characters no longer.

*Lady Sneer.* You too, madam!—provoking—insolent!—May your husband live these fifty years ! *[Exit.]*

*Sir Pet.* Oons ! what a fury !

*Lady Teaz.* A malicious creature, indeed !

*Sir Pet.* Hey ! not for her last wish ?

*Lady Teaz.* O no !

*Sir Oliv.* Well, sir, and what have you to say now ?

*Jos. Surf.* Sir, I am so confounded, to find that lady Sneerwell could be guilty of suborning Mr. Snake in this manner, to impose on us all, that I know not what to say : however, lest her revengeful spirit should prompt her to injure my brother, I had certainly better follow her directly. *[Exit.]*

*Sir Pet.* Moral to the last drop !

*Sir Oliv.* Ay, and marry her, Joseph, if you can.—Oil and vinegar, egad ! you'll do very well together.

*Row.* I believe we have no more occasion for Mr. Snake at present ?

*Snake.* Before I go, I beg pardon once for all, for whatever uneasiness I have been the humble instrument of causing to the parties present.

*Sir Pet.* Well, well, you have made atonement by a good deed at last.

*Snake.* But I must request of the company, that it shall never be known.

*Sir Pet.* Hey ! what the plague ! are you ashamed of having done a right thing once in your life ?

*Snake.* Ah, sir! consider,—I live by the badness of my character; I have nothing but my infamy to depend on! and if it were once known that I had been betrayed into an honest action, I should lose every friend I have in the world.

*Sir Oliv.* Well, well,—we'll not traduce you by saying anything in your praise, never fear.

[*Exit SNAKE.*]

*Sir Pet.* There's a precious rogue!

*Lady Teaz.* See, sir Oliver, there needs no persuasion now to reconcile your nephew and Maria.

*Sir Oliv.* Ay, ay, that's as it should be, and, egad, we'll have the wedding to-morrow morning.

*Chas. Surf.* Thank you, dear uncle!

*Sir Pet.* What, you rogue! don't you ask the girl's consent first?

*Chas. Surf.* Oh, I have done that a long time—a minute ago—and she has looked yes.

*Mar.* For shame, Charles!—I protest, sir Peter, there has not been a word—

*Sir Oliv.* Well, then, the fewer the better;—may your love for each other never know abatement.

*Sir Pet.* And may you live as happily together as lady Teazle and I—intend to do!

*Chas. Surf.* Rowley, my old friend, I am sure you congratulate me; and I suspect that I owe you much.

*Sir Oliv.* You do indeed, Charles.

*Row.* If my efforts to serve you had not succeeded, you would have been in my debt for the attempt; but deserve to be happy, and you over-pay me.

*Sir Pet.* Ay, honest Rowley always said you would reform.

*Chas. Surf.* Why, as to reforming, sir Peter, I'll make no promises, and that I take to be a proof that I intend to set about it. But here shall be my monitor—my gentle guide—ah! can I leave the virtuous path those eyes illumine?

Though thou, dear maid, shouldst waive thy beauty's sway,

Thou still must rule, because I will obey:  
An humble fugitive from folly view,  
No sanctuary near but love and you;

[*To the audience.*]

You can, indeed, each anxious fear remove,  
For even Scandal dies if you approve.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

### EPILOGUE,

BY MR. COLMAN.

SPOKEN BY LADY TEAZLE.

I, who was late so volatile and gay,  
Like a trade-wind must now blow all one way,  
Bend all my cares, my studies, and my vows,  
To one dull rusty weathercock—my spouse!  
So wills our virtuous bard—the motley Bayes  
Of crying epilogues and laughing plays!  
Old bachelors, who marry smart young wives,  
Learn from our play to regulate your lives:  
Each bring his dear to town, all faults upon her—  
London will prove the very source of honour.  
Plunged fairly in, like a cold bath it serves,  
When principles relax, to brace the nerves:  
Such is my case; and yet I must deplore  
That the gay dream of dissipation's o'er.  
And say, ye fair, was ever lively wife,  
Born with a genius for the highest life,  
Like me untimely blasted in her bloom,  
Like me condemn'd to such a dismal doom?  
Save money—when I just knew how to waste it!  
Leave London—just as I began to taste it!

Must I then watch the early crowing cock,  
The melancholy ticking of a clock;  
In a lone rustic hall for ever pounded,  
With dogs, cats, rats, and squalling brats surrounded?

With humble curate can I now retire,  
(While good sir Peter boozes with the squire,)

And at backgammon mortify my soul,  
That pants for loo, or flutters at a vole?  
Seven's the main! Dear sound that must expire,  
Lost at hot cockles round a Christmas fire!  
The transient hour of fashion too soon spent,  
Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content!  
Farewell the plum'd head, the cushion'd tête,  
That takes the cushion from its proper seat!  
The spirit-stirring drum! card drums I mean,  
Spadille—odd trick—pam—basto—king and queen!

And you, ye knockers, that, with brazen throat,  
The welcome visitors' approach denote;  
Farewell all quality of high renown,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious town!  
Farewell! your revels I partake no more,  
And lady Teazle's occupation's o'er!  
All this I told our bard; he smiled, and said 'twas clear,

I ought to play deep tragedy next year.  
Meanwhile he drew wise morals from his play,  
And in these solemn periods stalk'd away:—  
“Bless'd were the fair like you; her faults who stopp'd,

And closed her follies when the curtain dropp'd!  
No more in vice or error to engage,  
Or play the fool at large on life's great stage.”

# THE CAMP.

## A Musical Entertainment.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

AS ORIGINALLY ACTED AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE IN 1778.

SIR HARRY BOUQUET . . . . . *Mr. Dodd.*  
GAGE . . . . . *Mr. Parsons.*  
O'DAUB . . . . . *Mr. Moody.*  
SERJEANT DRILL . . . . . *Mr. Bannister.*  
WILLIAM . . . . . *Mr. Webster.*  
BOUILLARD . . . . . *Mr. Baddeley.*  
ROBIN . . . . .

LADY PLUME . . . . . *Mrs. Robinson.*  
LADY GORGET . . . . . *Mrs. Cuyler.*  
NELL . . . . . *Mrs. Wrighten.*  
NANCY . . . . . *Miss Walpole.*  
MISS . . . . .

Officers, Recruits, Drummer, Countrymen,  
Countrywomen, &c.

LADY SASH . . . . . *Miss Farren.*

SCENE,—COXHEATH.

### PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY RICHARD TICKELL, ESQ.

THE stage is still the mirror of the day,  
Where fashion's forms in bright succession play :  
True to its end, what image can it yield,  
In times like these, but the embattled field ?  
What juster semblance than the glittering plains  
Of village warriors, and heroic swains !  
Invasions, battles, now fill rumour's breath,  
From camp to fleets, from Plymouth to Coxheath.  
Through every rank some panic terrors spread,  
And each in various phrase express their dread.  
At 'Change, no vulgar patriot passions fright  
The firm and philosophic—Israelite !  
Ask him his hopes, " 'Tis all de same to me !  
I fix my wishes by my policy.  
I'll do you Keppel ; or increase de Barters."  
You will, "I'll underwrite de duc de Chartres."  
Miss Tittup, gasping from her stiff French stays,  
" Why if these French should come, we'll have  
French plays :  
Upon my word I wish these wars would cease !"  
Settling her tucker, while she sighs for peace.  
With wilder throbs the glutton's bosom beats,  
Anxious and trembling for West India fleets :  
Sir Gobble Greenfat felt, in pangs of death,  
The ruling passion taint his parting breath :

Search in the latest as in all the past,  
" Oh ! save my turtle, Keppel !" was his last.  
No pang like this the macaroni racks,  
Calmly he dates the downfall of Almack's.  
" As Gad's my judge, I shall be glad to see  
Our Paris friends here—for variety.  
The clubs are poor ; let them their Louis bring,  
The invasion would be rather a good thing."  
Perish such fears ! what can our arms oppose,  
When female warriors join our martial beaux ?  
Fierce from the toilet the plumed bands appear ;  
Miss struts a major, ma'am a brigadier :  
A spruce Bonduca simpers in the rear.  
Unusual watch her femmes-de-chambre keep ;  
Militia phantoms haunt her in her sleep :  
She starts, she wakes, she quivers, kneels and  
prays.  
" Side-saddle my horse ! ah, lace my stays !  
Soft, 'twas but a dream ! my fears are vain,  
And lady Minikin's herself again."  
Yet hold, nor let false ridicule profane  
These fair associates of the embattled plain :  
Victorious wreaths their efforts justly claim,  
Whose praise is triumph, and whose smiles are  
fame.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Road near the Camp.**Enter Old Man.*

*Old Man.* Come along, neighbours, come along; we shall be too late for the suttlers' market.

*Enter Second Man.*

*2 Man.* Put on, put on, neighbours.—Here, Robin, where are you, boy?

*Rob.* [*Without.*] I'm coming, feather, as soon as I can get the colt up; for the plaguy beast is down again, and mother and chickens are all in the slough.

*Old Man.* Why, is the colt down again?—You graceless dog, help your mother up.—Oh, neighbour Farrow has helped her up, I see.

*Enter Old Woman.*

*Old Wom.* Husband, as sure as you are alive, that rogue of a boy drove the colt in the dirt for the purpose, and down we came with such a wang—

*Old Man.* What a mercy it is the chickens escaped!—Come, put on, neighbours.

*Enter ROBIN and Colt.*

*Rob.* Why, feather, how could I help it?—The colt has not had an eye in his head these eight years.

*Old Wom.* Oh, here comes our kinswoman and her daughter—

*Enter Miss.*

Bless me, child! you are in such a heat, you'll quite spoil your complexion.

*Miss.* Lord, neighbours, you hurry one so!

*2 Wom.* Put on, put on;—make haste, we shall be too late.—O dear, here comes Nell; and she'll scold us all for cheating the soldiers.

*3 Wom.* Damn that wench! she won't cheat herself, nor let other honest people do it, if she can help it; and she says she likes a soldier so well she would sell them goods for nothing.

*2 Man.* Come, neighbours, now we shall see what bargains your daughter will make at the camp.

*2 Wom.* Ay, ay, soldiers are testy customers: they won't buy of the ugly ones.—Oh, here Nell comes.

*Enter NELL.*

*Nell.* Why, how now? what you are consulting how you shall cheat the poor soldiers! For shame! for shame! how can you use the poor fellows so? a parcel of unfeeling wretches!—Poor fellows, that risk their lives to defend your property, and yet you make it your study to defraud them.

*Old Wom.* It's very hard, Nell, you won't let us have a little picking among 'em.—What is it to you what we do?

*Nell.* Yes, it is to me; I never will bear to see a soldier cheated, with my eyes open. I love a soldier, and will always stand by them.

*Miss.* Mind your own business, Nell.

*Nell.* What's that you say, Miss Minx?—Here's a wench dressed out: the poor soldiers are forced to pay for all this finery, you impudent slut you!

*2 Man.* Why, Nell, if you go on at this rate we'll tell his worship, Mr. Gage, of you: he's an exciseman, and a great friend to us poor folks.

*Nell.* What's that you say, master Grinder? Come forward, you sneaking, snivelling sot you!—I think your tricks are pretty well known—Wasn't you caught soaking eggs in lime and water to make them pass for new ones? and did not you sit in the stocks for robbing the 'squire's rookery to make your pigeon pies?

*2 Wom.* Well, well, we'll tell Mr. Gage, and then what will he say to you?

*Nell.* Tell Mr. Gage, will you!—he's a pretty protector indeed; he's a disgrace to his Majesty's inkhorn—while he seizes with one hand, he smuggles with the other. Why, no longer ago than last summer, he was a broken attorney at Rochester, and came down here, and bought this place with his vote, and now he is both a smuggler and contractor. O' my conscience, if I had the management of affairs, I would severely punish all such fellows who would be so base as to cheat a poor soldier.

*2 Wom.* If his worship was here, you dare not say so.—Here he comes, here he comes!—Now you'll change your note.

*Nell.* Will I!—you shall see if I do. No, no; I'll tell him my mind: that's always my way.

*Enter GAGE.*

*All.* Ah, Mr. Gage.

*Gage.* Heyday! what's the matter? What the plague, is there a civil war broke out among you?

*1 Wom.* Why, Mr. Gage, Nell here has been scolding us for cheating the soldiers.

*2 Wom.* Yes, and says you encourage us in it.

*Gage.* Encourage you! to be sure I do, in the way of trade.

*All.* Ay, in the way of trade.

*1 Wom.* Yes, and she has been rating the poor girl, and says I dress her up thus only to make the better bargains.

*Gage.* And ecod you are in the right of it; your mother is a sensible old woman. Well said, dame; put plenty in your baskets, and sell your wares at the sign of your daughter's face.

*1 Wom.* Ay, ay, so I say.

*Gage.* Right—soldiers are testy customers, and this is the market where the prettiest will always make the best bargains.

*All.* Very true, very true!

*Gage.* To be sure—I hate to see an awkward gawky come sneaking into the market, with her damned half-price countenance, and is never able to get scarce double the value of her best goods.

*Nell.* I can hold no longer!—Are you not ashamed, you who are a contractor, and has the honour to carry his Majesty's inkhorn at your button-hole, to teach these poor wretches all your

court tricks?—I'll tell you what—if I was to sit on a court-martial against such a fellow as you, you should have your deserts, from the pilfering suttler to the head contractor; you should have the cat o' nine tails, and be forced to run the gauntlet, from Coxheath to Warley Common, that you should.

*Man.* How durst you talk so saucily to his worship?

*Nell.* Hold your tongue, or I'll throttle you, you sheep-biter. [Collaring him.]

*Man.* O Lord, your worship! if you don't put her under an arrest, she'll choke me.

*Gage.* [Aside to NELL.] Come, Nell, hold your tongue, and I'll give you a pound of smuggled hyson, and throw you a silk handkerchief into the bargain.

*Nell.* Here's a rogue!—Bear witness, neighbours, he has offered me a bribe;—a pound of tea.—No, sir, take your pitiful present, and know that I am not to be bribed to screen your villanies by influence and corruption. [Throws it at him.]

*Gage.* Don't mind her; she's mad, she talks treason. Away with you!—I'll put everybody under an arrest that stays to listen to her.

*All.* Ay, ay, she's mad.—Come along; we shall be too late for market.

*Gage.* Here, Nell, will you take the tea? [GAGE drives them all off.]

*Nell.* No, sir, I won't. [Offers it to her.]

*Gage.* Well, then, I will. [Puts it in his pocket.]

#### AIR.

*Nell.* Now coaxing, caressing,  
Now wheedling, distressing,  
As fortune delights to exalt or confound,  
Her smile or her frown  
Sets them up, knocks them down,  
Turning, turning, turning as the wheel goes round.  
O fy, Mr. Gage!  
Quit the tricks of the age;  
Scorn the slaves that to fortune, false fortune, are bound,  
Their cringes and bows,  
Protections and vows,  
Turning, turning, &c. [Exit.]

*Gage.* Foolish girl, not to accept a bribe, and follow the example of her betters!—But who have we here?

*Enter O'DAUB.*

*O'Daub.* Ah, my little Gage!—to be sure I am not in luck; I will not want an interpreter to show me the views about here;—and by my shoul, I'll force you to accept my offer.

*Gage.* Why, what's your errand?

*O'Daub.* Why, upon my conscience, a very dangerous one—Jack the Painter's job was a fool to it:—I am come to take the camp.

*Gage.* The devil you are!

*O'Daub.* Ay, and must bring it away with me in my pocket too.

*Gage.* Indeed!

*O'Daub.* Ay, here's my military chest; these are my colours, you know.

*Gage.* Oh, I guess your errand.

*O'Daub.* Then, faith, it's a very foolish one. You must know, I got so much credit at the *fête champêtre* there, that little Roscius recommended me to the managers of Drury-lane, and so now

I am a sort of deputy superintendant under Mr. Lanternberg, the great painter; that as soon as he executes a thing, I always design it after him, my jewel; so I'm going to take a side front view of it.

*Gage.* What then, they are going to introduce the camp on the stage, I suppose?

*O'Daub.* To be sure you have hit it—Coxheath by candle-light, my jewel.

*Gage.* And will that answer?

*O'Daub.* Oh, to be sure it will answer, when a jontleman can have a warm seat, and see the whole tote of it for two thirteens, and be comfortable into the bargain.—Why it has cost me above three guineas already, and I came the cheapest way too; for three of us went halves in the Maidstone Dilly, my dear.

*Gage.* Well, and how do you like the prospect?

*O'Daub.* Upon my shoul, my jewel, I don't know what to make on't, so I am come to be a little farther off, that I may have a nearer view of it. I think it looks like my cousin O'Doiley's great bleach-yard in the county of Antrim.—[BOUILLARD sings without.] Tunder and wounds! what outlandish creature is this coming here?

*Gage.* Oh, that is monsieur Bouillard, the suttler.

*O'Daub.* Then perhaps he can help me to a bit of something to eat, for I feel a sort of craving in my stomach after my journey.

*Gage.* Why, he's a very honest fellow, and will be happy in obliging you.—Oh, here he comes.

*Enter BOUILLARD.*

*Bouil.* Ah! begar, monsieur Gage, I am glad I have found you: begar, I have been through Berkshire, Suffolk, and Yorkshire, and could not find you.

*O'Daub.* Through Berkshire, Suffolk, and Yorkshire!—What the devil does he mean?

*Gage.* Oh, he means through the regiments.

*Bouil.* Begar, monsieur Gage, I must depend on you for supply. I have got one, two, tree brigade dinners bespoke, besides the fat alderman and his lady from London.

*Gage.* Then you must send out a party of cooks to forage at Maidstone.

*Bouil.* Parbleu, monsieur Gage, I must look to you; for begar, I have got nothing in de house to eat.

*O'Daub.* Then the devil burn me if I come to dine with you, honey!

*Bouil.* Oh, sire, I have got everyting for you and monsieur Gage. You shall have anyting you like in von moment!

*O'Daub.* Ah, ha! I tank you, honey. But pray now, Mr. Blaud, if your own countrymen were to come over here, would not you be a little puzzled to know which side to be on?

*Bouil.* Puzzled!—parbleu, monsieur, I do assure you I love de English ver well, and vill never leave dem vile dey are victorious; and I do love mine own countrymen very well; but depend on it, monsieur Gage, I vill always stay with de strongest.

*Gage.* You see, Mr. O'Daub, my friend, monsieur Bouillard, is divested of all national prejudice, I assure you.

*Bouil.* Prejudice!—begar, I have too much honour ever to leave de English while dey do vin de battle. But, monsieur Gage, vill you bring your

friend, and taste my vine? I have got everyting for you and your friend. I assure you, monsieur Gage, I will never forsake de English, so long as dey are victorious; but if mine own countrymen were to come and make de English run, I would run a little way with dem; and if mine own countrymen were likely to overtake dem, I would stop short, bow to dem, and say, How do you do, my ver good countrymen? Begar, I shall be ver glad to see you both; so come along—but depend on mine honour, monsieur Gage, I will never leave de English vile dey do vin de battle.—No, never, never!

[Exit singing.]

Gage. Well said, monsieur Bouillard!

O'Daub. Your sarvant, Mr. Blaud! though, faith, to do him justice, he has forgot the fashion of his country; for when he is determined to be a rogue he is honest enough to own it. But pray, what connexion have you with the suttlers? You are no victualler here, are you?

Gage. Not absolutely a victualler, but I deal in various articles.

O'Daub. Indeed!

Gage. Yes, but business is done here only by contract.

O'Daub. A contractor! why, what the devil, you are not risen to such preferment as that sure? I never knew you was able to furnish any contract.

Gage. Nothing more easy; the circumstance depends upon the quantity, not the quality. I got on very well lately, but at first it brought me in several confounded scrapes.

O'Daub. As how?

Gage. Why, I undertook to serve a regiment with hair powder.

O'Daub. Hair powder! What, and you sent them flour, I suppose?

Gage. Flour, no, no—I should have saved nothing by that: I went to the fountain head—the pit, and gave them a plentiful stock of lime.

O'Daub. Lime! brick and mortar lime?

Gage. Yes, brick and mortar lime.

O'Daub. And, what the plague, was not the cheat found out?

Gage. Why at first it answered the purpose very well: while the weather was fine it did charmingly; but one field-day they were all caught in a fine soaking shower: the smoke ran along the lines; ecod their heads were all slacked in an instant, and by the time they returned to the camp, damme if all their heads were not as smooth as an old half-crown!

O'Daub. A very cross accident indeed!

Gage. Yes, I stood a near chance of being tied up to the halberts; but I excused myself by saying they looked only like raw recruits before, but now they appeared like old veterans of service.

O'Daub. But you lost your contract, I suppose?

Gage. Yes, but I soon got another; a shaving contract to a company of grenadiers.

O'Daub. 'Faith, I never knew you practised that business.

Gage. Never handled a razor in all my life: I shave by deputy; hired Sam Sickle down from London—an excellent hand! handles a razor like a scythe:—he'll mow you down a regiment of beards in the beating a reveille.

O'Daub. Upon my conscience, a pretty way this of working at second-hand! I wish myself could do a little by proxy.

Gage. But come, what say you for something to eat, and a glass of my friend Bouillard's wine, and drink his majesty's health?

O'Daub. With all my heart, my dear, and to the two camps, if you will.

Gage. Two! what two do you mean?

O'Daub. Why, the one at Coxheath, and the other at Drury-lane. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Grove near the Camp.

Enter Two Countrymen.

1 Coun. I tell you I will certainly list; I ha' made up my mind on't.

2 Coun. Well, well, I'll say no more.

1 Coun. Besides, the camp lies so convenient, I mayn't have such another opportunity.

2 Coun. Why, it's main jolly to be sure, and all that so fair. Now, if I were to list, I should like hugely to belong to a regiment of horse, and here is one of the grandest troop com'd lately. I see'd two of the officers, mighty delicate-looking gentlemen; they were dressed quite different from the others: their jackets, indeed, are pretty much the same; but then they wear a sort of petticoat, as 'twere, with a large hat and feather, and a mortal sight of hair. I suppose now they are some of your outlandish troops; your foreign Hessians, or such like.

1 Coun. Ay, like enough. Here comes the serjeant. Ecod, he can sing louder than his own drum. Zooks! see how brave they march. Well, walking is a mighty dull way of going, after all.

Enter Serjeant DRILL, Drummer, Recruits, &c.

SONG.

Drill. Great Cæsar, once renown'd in fame,  
For a mighty arm, and a laurel brow,  
With his *veni, vidi, vici*, came,  
And he conquer'd the world with his row, dow, dow.

Chorus. Row, dow, dow; row, dow, dow;  
And he conquer'd the world, &c.

Then should our vaunting enemies come,  
And winds and waves their cause allow,  
By freedom's flag we'll beat our drum,  
And they'll fly from the sound of our row, dow, dow.  
Row, dow, dow, &c.

Then come, my lads, our bounty share,  
While honest hearts British valour avow;  
In freedom's cause to camp repair,  
And follow the beat of my row, dow, dow.  
Row, dow, dow, &c.

Drill. Come, my lads, now is your time to serve the king, and make men of yourselves: well, my lad, what do you say?

2 Coun. I canno' leave my farm.

Drill. Your farm!—what, would you plough and sow for the hungry Frenchmen to come and reap? Come, my lads! let your fields lie fallow this year, and I'll ensure you double crops ever after. Why now, here's a fellow made for a soldier: there's a leg for a spatterdash, with an eye like the king of Prussia.

1 Coun. Ay, but, serjeant, I hanna' the air.

Drill. The air! oh, we'll soon learn you that. Why now, here's little Ralph; there's a fellow

for you: he has not been listed a fortnight, and see what a presence—there's dignity! Oh, there is nothing like the drill for grace!

1 *Coun.* Serjeant, I'm your man.

2 *Coun.* And so am I.

*Drill.* That's right, my lads! this is much better than to be dragged away like a slave, or be scratched off the church door for the militia. Now you have present pay, and the bounty-money into the bargain. But come, my lads, let me ask you a few questions, and then the business is done.

## TRIO.

*Drill.* Yet ere you're permitted to list with me.  
Answer me straight twice questions three.

1 *Coun.* No lies, master serjeant, we'll tell unto you;  
For though we be poor lads, we're honest and true.

*Drill.* First, can you drink well?

1 *Coun.* Cheerly, cheerly.

*Drill.* Each man a gallon?

2 *Coun.* Nearly, nearly.

*Drill.* Love a sweet wench too?

*Both.* Dearly, dearly.

*Drill.* The answer is honest, bold, and fair;  
So drink to the king, for his soldiers you are.

*Chorus.* The answer is honest, &c.

*Drill.* When bullets are whizzing around your head,  
You'll boldly march on wherever you're led?

2 *Coun.* To death we'll rush forward without delay,  
If, good master serjeant, you'll show us the way.

*Drill.* Next, can you swear well?

2 *Coun.* Bluffly, bluffly.

*Drill.* Handle a Frenchman?

1 *Coun.* Roughly, roughly.

*Drill.* Frown at a cannon?

*Both.* Gruffly, gruffly.

*Drill.* The answers are honest, bold, and fair;  
So drink to the king, for his soldiers you are.

*Chorus.* The answers are honest, &c.  
Huzza! huzza! huzza!

## Enter NELL.

*Nell.* Well said, my lads! I am glad to see so many good hearts in the country.—Oh, but was not you saying one of your recruits knows me?

*Drill.* Oh yes, Nell, a lad from Suffolk.—Hark ye, where's the Suffolk boy, as we call him? Oh, here he comes!

## Enter NANCY, in uniform.

*Nan.* Ah, serjeant, did you not begin to think you had lost me? But come, will you leave me a few minutes with Nelly?

*Drill.* With all my heart.—Come, my lads, let's to the Heart of Oak, where we'll drink his majesty's health.

[Exit singing, Countrymen, &c. following.]

*Nan.* Why, Nelly, don't you know me?

*Nell.* Know you! egad, I do not know whether I do or not—sure it can't be—and yet, sure it is Nancy Granger?

*Nan.* It is her, my dear Nelly, who kisses you now with the truest sense of gratitude for your former kindness and friendship.

*Nell.* My dear girl!—Odso! I must take care of my reputation.—But what in the name of fancy brings you here, and in this dress, child?

*Nan.* How can you ask me that question, Nelly? You are no stranger to the love William and I have for each other: a few days would have united us for ever, had not cruel fate separated us;

the regiment being ordered to march immediately, no resource was then left but my flying from my father's house: I procured a dress from one of our neighbour's sons, and that love which induced me to forsake my sex still supports me under every affliction. Fortunately, on my way, I met the serjeant, and after some entreaty was enlisted, and equipped as you see. What think you, Nell, does not my dress become me?

*Nell.* Yes, indeed, I think you make a smart little soldier.

*Nan.* Why, indeed I am rather under size; but I fancy in action I could do more real execution than those who look bigger, and talk louder. But tell me, my dear Nelly, where is William? I long to see him: does he ever speak of his poor Nancy? sure he cannot be faithless.

*Nell.* Why, really, Nancy, I have some doubts.

*Nan.* Heavens! is it possible?

*Nell.* Ah, my poor little soldier, I only did it to try your affection. Your William is true, and worthy of your love.

*Nan.* You have made a greater shock on my spirits, than even an army of Frenchmen could have done.

## AIR.

When war's alarms enticed my Willy from me,  
My poor heart with grief did sigh:  
Each fond remembrance brought fresh sorrow on me;  
I waked ere yet the morn was nigh.

No other could delight him;  
Ah! why did I e'er slight him,

Coldly answering his fond tale?

Which drove him far,  
Amid the rage of war,  
And left silly me thus to bewail.

But I no longer, though a maid forsaken,  
Thus will mourn like yonder dove;  
For ere the lark to-morrow shall awaken,  
I will seek my absent love:

The hostile country over,  
I'll fly to seek my lover,  
Scorning every threatening fear:  
Nor distant shore,  
Nor cannons' roar,  
Shall longer keep me from my dear.

*Nell.* But, my dear girl, consider; do you think you can cheerfully go through the toil and fatigue, and not repine after your own happy situation you left behind you?

*Nan.* O no; I still must love, though I should regret the occasion of our difficulties.

*Nell.* Difficulty! why then, marry him at the drum-head, and that will end all your difficulties.

## AIR.

What can our wisest heads provide,  
For the child we dote on dearly,  
But a merry soul, and an honest heart  
In a lad who loves her dearly?

Who with kisses and chat,  
And all, all that,

Will soothe him late and early:

If the truth she tell,  
When she knows him well,  
She'll swear she loves him dearly.

Let the prude at the name or sight of man  
Pretend to rail severely;  
But, alack-a-day! unseen she'll play  
With the lad who loves her dearly.

Say old men whate'er they will,  
 'Tis a lover still  
 Makes day and night roll cheerly :  
 What makes our May  
 All holiday,  
 But the lad we dote on dearly ?

Well, my dear Nancy, you must endeavour to throw off that dress as soon as possible. I'll tell you what,—here are some ladies in the camp, who condescend to notice me ; I'll endeavour to introduce you to them, and they may be of great service to you ; in the mean time, should you by chance meet with William, be sure you don't discover yourself.—Hush ! here is the serjeant.

*Re-enter Serjeant DRILL.*

*Drill.* Why, Nelly, how's this ? you have had a long conversation together. I began to think you had run away with my new recruit.

*Nell.* Oh, there's no great danger, serjeant ;

he's no soldier for me : pray, is he perfect in his exercise ?

*Drill.* Oh, as handy a lad as ever was !—Come, youngster, convince her.

[NANCY goes through the exercise.]

*Nell.* Very well, indeed ! but, serjeant, I must beg of you to befriend him as much as you can, for my sake.

*Drill.* Any service in my power you may command ; but a soldier's life is not the easiest in the world, so they ought to befriend each other.

TRIO.

O the joy ! when the trumpets sound,  
 And the march beats around,  
 When the steed tears the ground,  
 And shouts to the skies resound !  
 On glittering arms the sunbeams playing,  
 Heighten the soldier's charms :  
 The fife and the roll of the distant drum,  
 Cry hark ! the enemy come !  
 To arms ! the attack's begun.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*A Grove near the Camp.*

*Enter NELL, speaking without.*

*Nell.* William ! come to speak to him another time.—Sure nothing could be more lucky : however, I must obey their ladyships' instructions, and keep him in ignorance, that they may be present at the discovery. Poor fellow ! it's almost a pity too, when one has it in one's power to make him so happy.

*Enter WILLIAM.*

*Will.* I am sorry, Nell, to make you wait ; but it was an old friend.

*Nell.* Ay, ay, some one from Suffolk, I suppose, who has brought you news of your dear Nancy.

*Will.* I wish it had : it's unaccountable that I don't hear from her.

*Nell.* Unaccountable ! not at all : I suppose she has changed her mind.

*Will.* No, Nelly, that's impossible ; and you would think so had you heard how she plighted her faith to me, and vowed, notwithstanding her parents were my enemies, nothing but death should prevent our union.

*Nell.* Oh, I beg your pardon : if her father and mother indeed are against you, you need not doubt her constancy. But come, don't be melancholy. I tell you I want to have you stay somewhere near the inn, and perhaps I may bring you some intelligence of her.

*Will.* How ! dear Nell ?

*Nell.* Though indeed I think you are very foolish to plague yourself so ; for even had Nancy loved you well enough to have carried your knapsack, you would have been very imprudent to have suffered her.

*Will.* Ay, but prudence, you know, is not a soldier's virtue. It's our business to hold life itself cheap, much more the comforts of it. Show me a young fellow in our regiment, who, if he gains the heart of a worthy girl, is afraid to marry her for

want of a little wealth, and I would have him drummed out of the regiment for discretion.

*Nell.* Very fine ! but must not the poor girl share in all your fatigues and mishaps ?

*Will.* There, Nell, I own is the objection ; but tenderness and affection may soften even these ; yet, if my Nancy ever makes the trial, though I may not be able to prevent her from undergoing hardships, I am sure my affection will make her wonder at their being called so. I wish I could once boast that the experiment was made.

AIR.

My Nancy quits the rural train  
 A camp's distress to prove ;  
 All other ills she can sustain  
 But living from her love :  
 Yet, dearest, though your soldier's there,  
 Would not your spirits fail,  
 To mark the hardships you must share,  
 Dear Nancy of the dale ?  
 Or should you, love, each danger scorn,  
 Ah ! how shall I secure  
 Your health, 'mid toils which you were born  
 To soothe, but not endure ?  
 A thousand perils I must view,  
 A thousand ills assail ;  
 Nor must I tremble e'en for you,  
 Dear Nancy of the dale.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE II.—*An open View near the Camp.*

*Enter O'DAUB.*

*O'Daub.* Well, to be sure, this same camp is a pretty place, with their drums and their fifes, and their gigs, and their marches, and their ladies in regimentals ! Upon my conscience, I believe they'd form a troop of side-saddle cavalry if there were any hopes of an invasion. But now I am alone by myself, 'tis time I should be after taking my plan ; and here I see are some of my directions for it.—



[*Pulls out a pocket-book and pencil.*] I can't think what it is makes my hand shake so, unless it is Mr. Blaud's wine that is got into my head. So, so! let me study my orders a little, for I am not used to this business.—O. P. and P. S.—Who the devil is to understand that? Oh, here is the explanation: P. S. the prompter's side, and O. P. opposite the prompter. So, I'm to mark down the view as it is to be taken on one side, and the other. Very well: P. S. and O. P. Let me see. Somewhere hereabout is certainly the best point to take it from. *[Retires.]*

*Enter Serjeant DRILL and the Two Countrymen.*

1 *Coun.* There, you rogues, there he is!

2 *Coun.* Ay, ay, that's him, sure enough: I have seen him skulking about these two days; if he ben't a spy I'll suffer hanging.

*Drill.* He certainly must be a spy, by his drawing figures.

2 *Coun.* Do seize on him, or the whole camp may be blown up before we are aware.

*O'Daub.* Prompter's side.

*Drill.* Hush!—we shall convict him out of his own mouth.

*O'Daub.* O yes, the star and garter must certainly be P. S.

*Drill.* P. S. What the devil does he say?

2 *Coun.* Treason, you may be sure, by your not understanding him.

*O'Daub.* And then O. P. will have the advantage.

*Drill.* O. P. that's the Old Pretender.—A damned jacobite spy, my life on't!

1 *Coun.* And P. S. is Prince Charles, I suppose.

*Drill.* No, you fool! P. S. is the pretender's son.

2 *Coun.* Ay, ay, like enough.

*O'Daub.* Memorandum—the officers' tents are in the rear of the line.

2 *Coun.* Mark that!

*O'Daub.* N. B. the generals' tents are all houses.

1 *Coun.* Remember that!

*O'Daub.* Then the park of artillery;—I shall never make anything of that.—Oh! the devil burn the park of artillery!

*Drill.* There's a villain! he'll burn the park of artillery, will he?

*O'Daub.* Well, faith! this camp is easier taken than I thought it was.

*Drill.* Is it so, you rogue? but you shall find the difference on't.—Oh, what a providential discovery.

*O'Daub.* To be sure the people will like it much, and in the course of the winter it may surprise his majesty.

*Drill.* O the villain! seize him directly.—Fellow, you are a dead man if you stir!—We seize you, sir, as a spy.

*O'Daub.* A spy!—Phoo, phoo! get about your business!

*Drill.* Bind him, and blindfold him if he resists.

2 *Coun.* Ay, blindfold him for certain, and search him too: I dare say his pockets are crowded with powder, matches, and tinder-boxes, at every corner.

*O'Daub.* Tunder and ouns! what do you mean?

1 *Coun.* Hold him fast.

*O'Daub.* Why here's some ladies coming, who know me.—Here's lady Sarah Sash, and lady

Plume, who were at the *fête-champêtre*, and will give me a good character.

*Drill.* Why, villain, your papers have proved you a spy, and sent by the old pretender.

*O'Daub.* O Lord! O Lord! I never saw the old gentleman in all my life.

*Drill.* Why, you dog, didn't you say the camp was easier taken than you thought it was?

2 *Coun.* Ay, deny that.

*Drill.* And that you would burn the artillery, and surprise his majesty?—So, come, you had better confess before you are hanged.

*O'Daub.* Hanged for a spy!—Oh, to be sure, myself is got into a pretty scrape!

*Drill.* Bring him away; but blindfold him: the dog shall see no more.

*O'Daub.* I'll tell you what, Mr. Soldier, or Mr. Serjeant, or what the devil's your name, upon my conscience and soul I'm nothing at all but an Irish painter, employed by monsieur Lanternburg.

*Drill.* There, he has confessed himself a foreigner, and employed by marshal Leatherbag.

2 *Coun.* Oh, he'll be convicted by his tongue. You may swear he is a foreigner by his lingo.

1 *Coun.* Bring him away. I long to see him hanging.

*O'Daub.* Tunder and wounds! if I am hanged, what will become of the theatre, and the managers; and the devil fly away with you all together, for a parcel of red blackguards! [*They hurry him off.*]

### SCENE III.—*Part of the Camp.*

*Enter Lady GORGET, Lady SASH, and Lady PLUME.*

*Lady Plume.* Oh, my dear lady Sash, indeed you are too severe; and I'm sure if lady Gorget had been here she would have been of my opinion.

*Lady Sash.* Not in the least.

*Lady Plume.* You must know, she has been rallying my poor brother, sir Harry Bouquet, for not being in the militia, and so ill-naturedly!

*Lady Sash.* So he should indeed; but all I said was, he looked so French and so finical, that I thought he ran a risk of being mistaken for another female chevalier.

*Lady Plume.* Yet, you must confess that our situation is open to a little raillery: a few elegances of accommodation are considerably wanting, though one's toilet, as sir Harry says, is not absolutely spread on a drumhead.

*Lady Sash.* He vows there is an eternal confusion between stores military and millinery; such a description he gives! On one shelf, cartridges and cosmetics, pouches and patches; here a stand of arms, there a file of black pins; in one drawer, bullet-moulds and essence-bottles, pistols and tweezer-cases, with battle-powder mixed with marsechelle.

*Lady Gor.* Oh, the malicious creature!

*Lady Plume.* But pray, lady Sash, don't renew it; for see, here comes sir Harry to join us.

*Enter Sir HARRY BOUQUET.*

*Sir Har.* Now, lady Sash, I beg a truce.—Lady Gorget, I am rejoiced to see you at this delectable spot.—Where, lady Plume, you may be amused with such a dismal variety!

*Lady Gor.* You see, lady Plume, he perseveres.

*Lady Sash.* I assure you, sir Harry, I should have been against you in your raillery.

*Sir Har.* Now, as Gad's my judge, I admire the place!—here's all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!—Mars in a *vis-à-vis*, and Bellona giving a *fête-champêtre*.

*Lady Plume.* But now, seriously, brother, what can make you judge so indifferently of the camp from anybody else?

*Sir Har.* Why, seriously, then, I think it the worst planned thing I ever beheld. For instance now, the tents are all ranged in a straight line: now, lady Gorget, can anything be worse than a straight line?—and is not there a horrid uniformity in their infinite vista of canvas?—no curve, no break, and the avenue of marquees abominable!

*Lady Sash.* Oh, to be sure! a circus or a crescent would have been vastly better.

*Lady Gor.* What a pity sir Harry was not consulted!

*Sir Har.* As Gad's my judge, I think so; for there is great capability in the ground.

*Lady Sash.* A camp cognoscenti! Positively, sir Harry, we will have you publish a treatise on military virtue.

*Sir Har.* Very well! But how will you excuse this? the officers' tents are close to the common soldiers'. What an arrangement is that now! If I might have advised, there certainly should have been one part for the canaille, and the west end of the camp for the noblesse and persons of a certain rank.

*Lady Gor.* Very right; I dare say you would have thought of proper marquees for hazard and quinze.

*Lady Plume.* To be sure! with festino tents and opera pavilions.

*Sir Har.* Gad, the only plan that could make it supportable for a week! Well, certainly the greatest defect in a general is want of taste.

*Lady Sash.* Undoubtedly; and conduct, discipline, and want of humanity, are no atonements for it.

*Sir Har.* None in nature.

*Lady Plume.* But, sir Harry, it is rather unlucky that the military spirit is so universal, for you will hardly find one to side with you.

*Sir Har.* Universal indeed; and the ridicule of it is, to see how this madness has infected the whole road from Maidstone to London. The camp jargon is as current all the way as bad silver: the very postilions that drive you talk of their cavalry, and refuse to charge on a trot up the hill; the turnpikes seem converted into redoubts, and the dogs demanded the countersign of my servants instead of the tickets. Then, when I got to Maidstone, I found the very waiters had got a smattering of tactics; for inquiring what I could have for dinner, a cursed drill-waiter, after reviewing his bill of fare with the air of a field-marshal, proposed an advanced party of soup and bouilli, to be followed by the main body of ham and chickens, flanked by a fricassee, with salads in the intervals, and a *corps-de-réserve* of sweetmeats, and whipped syllabubs to form a hollow-square in the centre.

*Lady Plume.* Ha! ha! ha! sir Harry, I am very sorry you have so strong a dislike to everything military; for unless you would contribute to the fortune of our little recruit—

*Sir Har.* O madam, most willingly!—And

very apropos, here comes your ladyship's protégée, and has brought, I see, the little recruit, as you desired.

*Enter NELL and NANCY.*

*Nell.* Here, Nancy, make your curtsy, or your bow, to the ladies, who have so kindly promised you protection.

*Nan.* Simple gratitude is the only return I can make; but I am sure the ladies, who have hearts to do so good-natured a deed, will excuse my not being able to answer them as I ought.

*Nell.* She means, an please your ladyships, that she will always acknowledge your ladyships' goodness to the last hour of her life, and, as in duty bound, will ever pray for your ladyships' happiness and prosperity.—[*To NANCY.*] That's what you mean, you know.

*Lady Plume.* Very well. But, Nancy, are you satisfied that your soldier shall continue in his duty?

*Nell.* O yes, your ladyship; she's quite satisfied.

*Lady Plume.* Well, child, we're all your friends; and be assured your William shall be no sufferer by his constancy.

*Nell.* There, Nancy! say something.

*Lady Sash.* But are you sure you will be able to bear the hardships of your situation?

[*Retires up with NANCY.*]

*Lady Plume.* [*To NELL.*] You have seen him, then?

*Nell.* O yes, your ladyship.

*Lady Plume.* Go, and bring him here.—[*Exit NELL.*] Sir Harry, we have a little plot which you must assist us in.

*Nan.* [*Coming forward with Lady SASH.*] O madam, most willingly!

SONG.

The fife and drum sound merrily  
A soldier, a soldier's the lad for me:  
With my true love I soon shall be;  
For who so kind, so true as he!  
With him in every toil I'll share;  
To please him shall be all my care:  
Each peril I'll dare, all hardship I'll bear;  
For a soldier, a soldier's the lad for me.

Then if kind Heaven preserve my love,  
What rapturous joys shall Nancy prove!  
Swift through the camp shall my footstep bound,  
To meet my William, with conquest crown'd:  
Close to my faithful bosom prest,  
Soon shall he hush his cares to rest;  
Clasp'd in these arms, forget war's alarms;  
For a soldier, a soldier's the lad for me.

*Lady Plume.* Now, Nancy, you must be ruled by us.

*Nan.* As I live, there's my dear William!

*Lady Plume.* Turn from him—you must!

*Nan.* Oh, I shall discover myself!—I tremble so unlike a soldier.

*Re-enter NELL with WILLIAM.*

*Nell.* Why, I tell you, William, the ladies want to ask you some questions.

*Sir Har.* Honest corporal, here's a little recruit, son to a tenant of mine; and as I am told you are an intelligent young fellow, I mean to put him under your care.

*Will.* What, that boy, your honour? Lord

bless you, sir, I shall never be able to make anything of him!

*Nan.* I am sorry for that. [Aside.]

*Lady Sash.* Nay, corporal, he's very young.

*Will.* He is under size, my lady: such a strippling is fitter for a drummer than a rank and file.

*Sir Har.* But he's straight and well made.

*Nan.* I wish I was ordered to right about.

[Aside.]

*Will.* Well,—I'll do all in my power to oblige your ladyship.—Come, youngster, turn about.—Ah, Nelly, tell me, is't not she?

*Sir Har.* Why don't you march him off?

*Nell.* Is he under size, corporal?—Oh, you blockhead!

*Nan.* O ladies, pray excuse me!—My dear William!

[Runs into his arms.]

*Nell.* They'll never be able to come to an explanation before your ladyships.—Go, go, and talk by yourselves. [NANCY and WILLIAM retire up the stage.]

*Enter Serjeant DRILL, the Two Countrymen, Fife, &c.*

*Drill.* Please your ladyships, we have taken a sort of a spy this morning, who has the assurance to deny it, though he confesses himself an Irish painter. I have undertaken, however, to bring this letter from him to lady Sarah Sash.

*Sir Har.* What appears against him?

*Drill.* A great many suspicious circumstances, please your honour: he has an O before his name, and we took him with a draught of the camp in his hand.

*Lady Sash.* Ha! ha! ha! this is ridiculous enough: 'tis O'Daub, the Irish painter, who diverted us some time ago at the *fête-champêtre*.—Honest serjeant, we'll see your prisoner, and I fancy you may release him.

*Sir Har.* Pray, serjeant, what's to be done this evening?

*Drill.* The line, your honour, turns out; and as there are pleasure tents pitched, perhaps the ladies will condescend to hear a march and chorus, which some recruits are practising against his majesty comes to the camp.

*Lady Sash.* Come, sir Harry, you'll grow fond of a camp life yet.

*Sir Har.* Your ladyships will grow tired of it first, I'll answer for it.

*Lady Sash.* No, no!

*Sir Har.* Yes, on the first bad weather you'll give orders to strike your tents and toilets, and secure a retreat at Tunbridge.

*A march, while the scene changes to a View of the Camp.*

#### FINALE.

*Drill.* While the loud voice of war resounds from afar,  
Songs of duty and triumph we'll pay;  
When our monarch appears, we'll give him three  
cheers,

With huzza! huzza! huzza!

*Nan.* Ye sons of the field, whose bright valour's your  
shield,

Love and beauty your toils shall repay:  
Inspired by the charms of war's fierce alarms,  
Huzza! huzza! huzza!

*Will.* Inspired by my love, all dangers I'll prove;

No perils shall William dismay:  
In war's fierce alarms, inspired by those charms,  
Huzza! huzza! huzza!

*Chorus.* May true glory still wave her bright banners  
around;

Still with fame, power, and freedom, old England  
be crown'd. [Exeunt omnes.]

# THE CRITIC;

OR,

## A TRAGEDY REHEARSED.

TO MRS. GREVILLE.

MADAM,—In requesting your permission to address the following pages to you, which, as they aim themselves to be critical, require every protection and allowance that approving taste or friendly prejudice can give them, I yet ventured to mention no other motive than the gratification of private friendship and esteem. Had I suggested a hope that your implied approbation would give a sanction to their defects, your particular reserve, and dislike to the reputation of critical taste, as well as of poetical talent, would have made you refuse the protection of your name to such a purpose. However, I am not so ungrateful as now to attempt to combat this disposition in you. I shall not here presume to argue that the present state of poetry claims and expects every assistance that taste and example can afford it; nor endeavour to prove that a fastidious concealment of the most elegant productions of judgment and fancy is an ill return for the possession of those endowments. Continue to deceive yourself in the idea that you are known only to be eminently admired and regarded for the valuable qualities that attach private friendships, and the graceful talents that adorn conversation. Enough of what you have written has stolen into full public notice to answer my purpose; and you will, perhaps, be the only person, conversant in elegant literature, who shall read this address and not perceive that by publishing your particular approbation of the following drama, I have a more interested object than to boast the true respect and regard with which I have the honour to be, Madam, your very sincere and obedient humble servant,

R. B. SHERIDAN.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

AS ORIGINALLY ACTED AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE IN 1779.

SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY . . . . .	<i>Mr. Parsons.</i>	MR. HOPKINS . . . . .	
PUFF . . . . .	<i>Mr. King.</i>	MRS. DANGLE . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Hopkins.</i>
DANGLE . . . . .	<i>Mr. Dodd.</i>	SIGNORE PASTICCIO RITORNELLO . . . . .	{ <i>Miss Field and the</i> <i>Miss Abrams.</i>
SNEER . . . . .	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>		
SIGNOR PASTICCIO RITORNELLO . . . . .	<i>Mr. Delpini.</i>		
INTERPRETER . . . . .	<i>Mr. Baddeley.</i>		
UNDER PROMPTER . . . . .	<i>Mr. Phillimore.</i>		

Scenemen, Musicians, and Servants.

### CHARACTERS OF THE TRAGEDY.

LORD BURLEIGH . . . . .	<i>Mr. Moody.</i>	THAMES . . . . .	<i>Mr. Gawdry.</i>
GOVERNOR OF TILBURY FORT . . . . .	<i>Mr. Wrihten.</i>	TILBURINA . . . . .	<i>Miss Pope.</i>
EARL OF LEICESTER . . . . .	<i>Mr. Farren.</i>	CONFIDANT . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Bradshaw.</i>
SIR WALTER RALEIGH . . . . .	<i>Mr. Burton.</i>	JUSTICE'S LADY . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Johnston.</i>
SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON . . . . .	<i>Mr. Waldron.</i>	FIRST NIECE . . . . .	<i>Miss Collet.</i>
MASTER OF THE HORSE . . . . .	<i>Mr. Kenny.</i>	SECOND NIECE . . . . .	<i>Miss Kirby.</i>
DON FEROLO WHISKERANDOS . . . . .	<i>Mr. Bannister, jun.</i>		
BEEFEATER . . . . .	<i>Mr. Wright.</i>		
JUSTICE . . . . .	<i>Mr. Packer.</i>		
SON . . . . .	<i>Mr. Lamash.</i>		
CONSTABLE . . . . .	<i>Mr. Fawcett.</i>		

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

SCENE,—LONDON: in DANGLE's House during the First Act, and throughout the rest of the Play in DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

## PROLOGUE,

BY THE HONOURABLE RICHARD FITZPATRICK.

THE sister muses, whom these realms obey,  
 Who o'er the drama hold divided sway,  
 Sometimes, by evil counsellors, 'tis said,  
 Like earth-born potentates have been misled.  
 In those gay days of wickedness and wit,  
 When Villiers criticised what Dryden writ,  
 The tragic queen, to please a tasteless crowd,  
 Had learn'd to bellow, rant, and roar so loud,  
 That frighten'd Nature, her best friend before,  
 The blustering beldam's company forswore.  
 Her comic sister, who had wit 'tis true,  
 With all her merits, had her failings too;  
 And would sometimes in mirthful moments use  
 A style too flippant for a well-bred muse:  
 Then female modesty abash'd began  
 To seek the friendly refuge of the fan,  
 Awhile behind that slight intrenchment stood,  
 Till driven from thence, she left the stage for  
 good.

In our more pious, and far chaster times,  
 These sure no longer are the Muse's crimes!  
 But some complain that, former faults to shun,  
 The reformation to extremes has run.  
 The frantic hero's wild delirium past,  
 Now insipidity succeeds bombast;

So slow Melpomene's cold numbers creep,  
 Here dulness seems her drowsy court to keep,  
 And we are scarce awake, whilst you are fast asleep.  
 Thalia, once so ill-behaved and rude,  
 Reform'd, is now become an arrant prude;  
 Retailing nightly to the yawning pit  
 The purest morals, undefiled by wit!  
 Our author offers, in these motley scenes,  
 A slight remonstrance to the drama's queens:  
 Nor let the goddesses be over nice;  
 Free-spoken subjects give the best advice.  
 Although not quite a novice in his trade,  
 His cause to-night requires no common aid.  
 To this, a friendly, just, and powerful court,  
 I come ambassador to beg support.  
 Can he undaunted brave the critic's rage?  
 In civil broils with brother bards engage?  
 Hold forth their errors to the public eye,  
 Nay more, e'en newspapers themselves defy?  
 Say, must his single arm encounter all?  
 By numbers vanquish'd, e'en the brave may fall;  
 And though no leader should success distrust,  
 Whose troops are willing, and whose cause is just;  
 To bid such hosts of angry foes defiance,  
 His chief dependence must be, your alliance.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in DANGLE's House.*

MR. and MRS. DANGLE discovered at breakfast, and reading newspapers.

Dang. [Reading.] *Brutus to Lord North.—Letter the second on the State of the Army—Psha! To the first L dash D. of the A dash Y.—Genuine Extract of a Letter from St. Kitt's.—Coxheath Intelligence.—It is now confidently asserted that Sir Charles Hardy—Psha! nothing but about the fleet and the nation!—and I hate all politics but theatrical politics.—Where's the Morning Chronicle?*

Mrs. Dang. Yes, that's your gazette.

Dang. So, here we have it.—[Reads.] *Theatrical intelligence extraordinary.—We hear there is a new tragedy in rehearsal at Drury-lane Theatre, called the Spanish Armada, said to be written by Mr. Puff, a gentleman well known in the theatrical world. If we may allow ourselves to give credit to the report of the performers, who, truth to say, are in general but indifferent judges, this piece abounds with the most striking and received beauties of modern composition.—So! I am very glad my friend Puff's tragedy is in such forwardness.—Mrs. Dangle, my dear, you will be very glad to hear that Puff's tragedy—*

Mrs. Dang. Lord, Mr. Dangle, why will you plague me about such nonsense?—Now the plays are begun I shall have no peace.—Isn't it sufficient

to make yourself ridiculous by your passion for the theatre, without continually teasing me to join you? Why can't you ride your hobby-horse without desiring to place me on a pillion behind you, Mr. Dangle?

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

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

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

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

Dang. True; my power with the managers is pretty notorious. But is it no credit to have applications from all quarters for my interest—from lords to recommend fiddlers, from ladies to get boxes, from authors to get answers, and from actors to get engagements?

Mrs. Dang. Yes, truly; you have contrived to

get a share in all the plague and trouble of theatrical property, without the profit, or even the credit of the abuse that attends it.

*Dang.* I am sure, Mrs. Dangle, you are no loser by it, however; you have all the advantages of it. Mightn't you, last winter, have had the reading of the new pantomime a fortnight previous to its performance? And doesn't Mr. Fosbrook let you take places for a play before it is advertised, and set you down for a box for every new piece through the season? And didn't my friend, Mr. Smatter, dedicate his last farce to you at my particular request, Mrs. Dangle?

*Mrs. Dang.* Yes; but wasn't the farce damned, Mr. Dangle? And to be sure it is extremely pleasant to have one's house made the motley rendezvous of all the lackeys of literature; the very high 'Change of trading authors and jobbing critics!—Yes, my drawing-room is an absolute register-office for candidate actors, and poets without character.—Then to be continually alarmed with misses and ma'ams piping hysteric changes on Juliets and Dorindas, Pollys and Ophelias; and the very furniture trembling at the probationary starts and unprovoked rants of would-be Richards and Hamlets!—And what is worse than all, now that the manager has monopolised the Opera-house, haven't we the signors and signoras calling here, sliding their smooth semibreves, and gargling glib divisions in their outlandish throats—with foreign emissaries and French spies, for aught I know, disguised like fiddlers and figure-dancers?

*Dang.* Mercy! Mrs. Dangle!

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

*Dang.* Mrs. Dangle, it does not signify—I say the stage is *the Mirror of Nature*, and the actors are *the Abstract and brief Chronicles of the Time*: and pray what can a man of sense study better?—Besides, you will not easily persuade me that there is no credit or importance in being at the head of a band of critics, who take upon them to decide for the whole town, whose opinion and patronage all writers solicit, and whose recommendation no manager dares refuse.

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

*Dang.* Very well, madam—very well!

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Mr. Sneer, sir, to wait on you.

*Dang.* Oh, show Mr. Sneer up.—[*Exit Servant.*] Plague on't, now we must appear loving and affectionate, or Sneer will hitch us into a story.

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

*Dang.* You are enough to provoke—

*Enter SNEER.*

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

*Mrs. Dang.* Good morning to you, sir.

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

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

*Dang.* So! now my plagues are beginning.

*Sneer.* Ay, I am glad of it, for now you'll be happy. Why, my dear Dangle, it is a pleasure to see how you enjoy your volunteer fatigue, and your solicited solicitations.

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

*Sneer.* That must be very pleasant indeed!

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

*Sneer.* An amusing correspondence!

*Dang.* [Reading.] *Bursts into tears, and exit.*—What, is this a tragedy?

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

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

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

*Mrs. Dang.* It would have been more to the credit of the managers to have kept it in the other line.

*Sneer.* Undoubtedly, madam; and hereafter perhaps to have had it recorded, that in the midst of a luxurious and dissipated age, they preserved two houses in the capital, where the conversation was always moral at least, if not entertaining!

*Dang.* Now, egad, I think the worst alteration is in the nicety of the audience!—No *double-entendre*, no smart innuendo admitted; even Vanbrugh and Congreve obliged to undergo a bungling reformation!

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

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

*Sneer.* Oh, that's a comedy, on a very new plan; replete with wit and mirth, yet of a most serious moral! You see it is called *The Reformed House-*

*breaker*; where by the mere force of humour, housebreaking is put into so ridiculous a light, that if the piece has its proper run, I have no doubt but that bolts and bars will be entirely useless by the end of the season.

*Dang.* Egad, this is new indeed!

*Sneer.* Yes; it is written by a particular friend of mine, who has discovered that the follies and foibles of society are subjects unworthy the notice of the comic muse, who should be taught to stoop only at the greater vices and blacker crimes of humanity—gibbeting capital offences in five acts, and pillorying petty larcenies in two.—In short, his idea is to dramatise the penal laws, and make the stage a court of ease to the Old Bailey.

*Dang.* It is truly moral.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir Fretful Plagiary, sir.

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

*Mrs. Dang.* I confess he is a favourite of mine, because everybody else abuses him.

*Sneer.* Very much to the credit of your charity, madam, if not of your judgment.

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

*Sneer.* Never.—He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six-and-thirty: and then the insidious humility with which he seduces you to give a free opinion on any of his works, can be exceeded only by the petulant arrogance with which he is sure to reject your observations.

*Dang.* Very true, egad—though he's my friend.

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

*Dang.* There's no denying it—though he is my friend.

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

*Dang.* O yes; he sent it to me yesterday.

*Sneer.* Well, and you think it execrable, don't you?

*Dang.* Why, between ourselves, egad, I must own—though he is my friend—that it is one of the most—He's here—[*Aside.*]—finished and most admirable perform—

*Sir Fret.* [*Without.*] Mr. Sneer with him, did you say?

*Enter Sir FRETFUL PLAGIARY.*

*Dang.* Ah, my dear friend!—Egad, we were just speaking of your tragedy.—Admirable, sir Fretful, admirable!

*Sneer.* You never did anything beyond it, sir Fretful—never in your life.

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

*Mrs. Dang.* They are only laughing at you, sir Fretful; for it was but just now that—

*Dang.* Mrs. Dangle!—Ah, sir Fretful, you know Mrs. Dangle.—My friend Sneer was rally-

ing just now:—he knows how she admires you, and—

*Sir Fret.* O Lord, I am sure Mr. Sneer has more taste and sincerity than to—[*Aside.*] A damned double-faced fellow!

*Dang.* Yes, yes,—Sneer will jest—but a better humoured—

*Sir Fret.* Oh, I know—

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

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

*Mrs. Dang.* Because his jest is always at the expense of his friend. [*Aside.*]

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

*Sir Fret.* No, no, I thank you: I believe the piece had sufficient recommendation with it.—I thank you though—I sent it to the manager of Covent-garden theatre this morning.

*Sneer.* I should have thought now, that it might have been cast (as the actors call it) better at Drury-lane.

*Sir Fret.* O Lud! no—never send a play there while I live—hark'ee! [*Whispers SNEER.*]

*Sneer.* Writes himself!—I know he does—

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

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

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

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

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

*Sneer.* But your present work is a sacrifice to Melpomene, and he you know never—

*Sir Fret.* That's no security: a dexterous plagiarist may do anything. Why, sir, for aught I know, he might take out some of the best things in my tragedy, and put them into his own comedy.

*Sneer.* That might be done, I dare be sworn.

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

*Dang.* If it succeeds.

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

*Sneer.* I'll tell you how you may hurt him more.

*Sir Fret.* How?

*Sneer.* Swear he wrote it.

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

*Sneer.* Then I am sure you ought to be very much obliged to me.

*Sir Fret.* Hey!—sir!—

*Dang.* Oh, you know, he never means what he says.

*Sir Fret.* Sincerely then—you do like the piece?

*Sneer.* Wonderfully!

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

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

*Sir Fret.* With most authors it is just so indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious! But, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

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

*Sir Fret.* Sir, you can't oblige me more.

*Sneer.* I think it wants incident.

*Sir Fret.* Good God! you surprise me!—wants incident!

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

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

*Dang.* Really I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient; and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

*Sir Fret.* Rises, I believe you mean, sir.

*Dang.* No, I don't, upon my word.

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

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

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

*Sir Fret.* Upon my soul, the women are the best judges after all!

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

*Sir Fret.* Pray, madam, do you speak as to duration of time; or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

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

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

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

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

*Mrs. Dang.* I hope to see it on the stage next.

*Dang.* Well, sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

*Sir Fret.* The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villainous—licentious—abominable—infernal—Not that I ever read them—no—I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

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

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

*Sneer.* Why that's true—and that attack, now, on you the other day—

*Sir Fret.* What? where?

*Dang.* Ay, you mean in a paper of Thursday: it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

*Sir Fret.* Oh, so much the better.—Ha! ha! ha! I wouldn't have it otherwise.

*Dang.* Certainly it is only to be laughed at; for—

*Sir Fret.* You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

*Sneer.* Pray, Dangle—Sir Fretful seems a little anxious—

*Sir Fret.* O Lud, no!—anxious!—not I,—not the least.—I—but one may as well hear, you know.

*Dang.* Sneer, do you recollect?—[*Aside to SNEER.*] Make out something.

*Sneer.* [*Aside to DANGLE.*] I will.—[*Aloud.*] Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

*Sir Fret.* Well, and pray now—not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

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

*Sir Fret.* Ha! ha! ha!—very good!

*Sneer.* That as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your commonplace-book—where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the lost and stolen office.

*Sir Fret.* Ha! ha! ha!—very pleasant!

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

*Sir Fret.* Ha! ha!

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

*Sir Fret.* Ha! ha!

*Sneer.* That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tamber sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakspeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

*Sir Fret.* Ha!

*Sneer.* In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty



of your own language prevents their assimilating ; so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilise !

*Sir Fret.* [After great agitation.] Now, another person would be vexed at this.

*Sneer.* Oh ! but I wouldn't have told you—only to divert you.

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

*Sneer.* Yes—no genius ! ha ! ha ! ha !

*Dang.* A severe rogue ! ha ! ha ! ha ! But you are quite right, sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

*Sir Fret.* To be sure—for if there is anything to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it ; and, if it is abuse,—why one is always sure to hear of it from one damned good-natured friend or another !

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir, there is an Italian gentleman, with a French interpreter, and three young ladies, and a dozen musicians, who say they are sent by lady Rondeau and Mrs. Fugue.

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

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

*Dang.* But you hear there's an interpreter.

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

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

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

*Sir Fret.* Psha ! Sir, why should I wish to have it answered, when I tell you I am pleased at it ?

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

*Sir Fret.* Zounds ! no, Mr. Dangle ; don't I tell you these things never fret me in the least ?

*Dang.* Nay, I only thought—

*Sir Fret.* And let me tell you, Mr. Dangle, 'tis damned affronting in you to suppose that I am hurt when I tell you I am not.

*Sneer.* But why so warm, sir Fretful ?

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

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

*Dang.* I'll answer for't, he'll thank you for desiring it. But come and help me to judge of

this musical family : they are recommended by people of consequence, I assure you.

*Sneer.* I am at your disposal the whole morning ;—but I thought you had been a decided critic in music as well as in literature.

*Dang.* So I am—but I have a bad ear. I'faith, Sneer, though, I am afraid we were a little too severe on sir Fretful—though he is my friend.

*Sneer.* Why, 'tis certain, that unnecessarily to mortify the vanity of any writer is a cruelty which mere dulness never can deserve ; but where a base and personal malignity usurps the place of literary emulation, the aggressor deserves neither quarter nor pity.

*Dang.* That's true, egad !—though he's my friend !

SCENE II.—A Drawing-room in DANGLE'S House.

MRS. DANGLE, SIGNOR PASTICCIO RITORNELLO, Signore PASTICCIO RITORNELLO, Interpreter, and Musicians, discovered.

*Interp.* Je dis, madame, j'ai l'honneur to introduce et de vous demander votre protection pour le signor Pasticcio Ritornello et pour sa charmante famille.

*Signor Past.* Ah ! vosignoria, noi vi preghiamo di favoritevi colla vostra protezone.

1 *Signora Past.* Vosignoria fatevi questi grazie.

2 *Signora Past.* Si, signora.

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

*Mrs. Dang.* I say again, gentlemen, I don't understand a word you say.

*Signor Past.* Questo signore spiegherò—

*Interp.* Oui—me interpret.—Nous avons les lettres de recommandation pour monsieur Dangle de—

*Mrs. Dang.* Upon my word, sir, I don't understand you.

*Signor Past.* La contessa Rondeau è nostra padrona.

3 *Signora Past.* Si, padre, et miladi Fugue.

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

*Mrs. Dang.* No, sir,—no understand !

*Enter DANGLE and SNEER.*

*Interp.* Ah, voici monsieur Dangle !

*All Italians.* Ah ! signor Dangle !

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

*Dang.* Eh, bien !

[The Interpreter and Signor PASTICCIO here speak at the same time.]

*Interp.* Monsieur Dangle, le grand bruit de vos talens pour la critique, et de votre intérêt avec messieurs les directeurs à tous les théâtres—

*Signor Past.* Vosignoria siete si famoso par la vostra conoscenza, e vostra interessa colla le direttore da—

*Dang.* Egad, I think the interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two !

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

*Dang.* So I am, if they would not talk so damned fast.

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

[*Speaks to Signor PASTICCIO—they sing trios, &c., DANGLE beating out of time.*

*Enter Servant and whispers DANGLE.*

*Dang.* Show him up.—[*Exit Servant.*] Bravo! admirable! bravissimo! admirabilissimo!—Ah! Sneer! where will you find such voices as these in England?

*Sneer.* Not easily.

*Dang.* But Puff is coming.—Signor and little signora's obligatissimo!—Sposa signora Dangelena—Mrs. Dangle, shall I beg you to offer them some refreshments, and take their address in the next room.

[*Exit Mrs. DANGLE with Signor PASTICCIO, Signore PASTICCIO, Musicians, and Interpreter ceremoniously.*

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Mr. Puff, sir.

*Exit.*

*Enter PUFF.*

*Dang.* My dear Puff!

*Puff.* My dear Dangle, how is it with you?

*Dang.* Mr. Sneer, give me leave to introduce Mr. Puff to you.

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

*Sneer.* Dear sir—

*Dang.* Nay, don't be modest, Sneer; my friend Puff only talks to you in the style of his profession.

*Sneer.* His profession!

*Puff.* Yes, sir; I make no secret of the trade I follow: among friends and brother authors, Dangle knows I love to be frank on the subject, and to advertise myself *viva voce*.—I am, sir, a practitioner in panegyric, or, to speak more plainly, a professor of the art of puffing, at your service—or anybody else's.

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

*Puff.* Yes, sir, I flatter myself I do as much business in that way as any six of the fraternity in town.—Devilish hard work all the summer, friend Dangle,—never worked harder!—But, hark'ee,—the winter managers were a little sore, I believe.

*Dang.* No; I believe they took it all in good part.

*Puff.* Ay! then that must have been affectation in them; for, egad, there were some of the attacks which there was no laughing at!

*Sneer.* Ay, the humorous ones.—But I should think, Mr. Puff, that authors would in general be able to do this sort of work for themselves.

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

*Sneer.* Indeed!

*Puff.* Even the auctioneers now—the auctioneers, I say—though the rogues have lately got some credit for their language—not an article of the merit theirs: take them out of their pulpits, and they are as dull as catalogues!—No, sir; 'twas I first enriched their style—'twas I first taught them to crowd their advertisements with panegyric superlatives, each epithet rising above the other, like the bidders in their own auction-rooms! From me they learned to inlay their phraseology with variegated chips of exotic metaphor: by me too their inventive faculties were called forth:—yes, sir, by me they were instructed to clothe ideal walls with gratuitous fruits—to insinuate obsequious rivulets into visionary groves—to teach courteous shrubs to nod their approbation of the grateful soil; or on emergencies to raise upstart oaks, where there never had been an acorn; to create a delightful vicinage without the assistance of a neighbour; or fix the temple of Hygeia in the fens of Lincolnshire!

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

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

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

*Sneer.* How, pray?

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

*Sneer.* By your misfortunes!

*Puff.* Yes, sir, assisted by long sickness, and other occasional disorders; and a very comfortable living I had of it.

*Sneer.* From sickness and misfortunes! You practised as a doctor and an attorney at once?

*Puff.* No, egad; both maladies and miseries were my own.

*Sneer.* Hey! what the plague!

*Dang.* 'Tis true, i'faith.

*Puff.* Hark'ee!—By advertisements—*To the charitable and humane!* and *To those whom Providence hath blessed with affluence!*

*Sneer.* Oh, I understand you.

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

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

*Puff.* In November last?—O no; I was at that time a close prisoner in the Marshalsea, for a debt

benevolently contracted to serve a friend.—I was afterwards twice tapped for a dropsy, which declined into a very profitable consumption. I was then reduced to—O no—then, I became a widow with six helpless children, after having had eleven husbands pressed, and being left every time eight months gone with child, and without money to get me into an hospital!

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

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

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

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

*Sneer.* Reduced to rule!

*Puff.* O Lud, sir, you are very ignorant, I am afraid!—Yes, sir, puffing is of various sorts; the principal are, the puff direct, the puff preliminary, the puff collateral, the puff collusive, and the puff oblique, or puff by implication. These all assume, as circumstances require, the various forms of letter to the editor, occasional anecdote, impartial critique, observation from correspondent, or advertisement from the party.

*Sneer.* The puff direct, I can conceive—

*Puff.* O yes, that's simple enough! For instance,—a new comedy or farce is to be produced at one of the theatres (though by-the-by they don't bring out half what they ought to do)—the author, suppose Mr. Smatter, or Mr. Dapper, or any particular friend of mine—very well; the day before it is to be performed, I write an account of the manner in which it was received; I have the plot from the author, and only add—"characters strongly drawn—highly coloured—hand of a master—fund of genuine humour—mine of invention—neat dialogue—Attic salt." Then for the performance—"Mr. Dodd was astonishingly great in the character of sir Harry. That universal and judicious actor, Mr. Palmer, perhaps never appeared to more advantage than in the colonel;—but it is not in the power of language to do justice to Mr. King: indeed he more than merited those repeated bursts of applause which he drew from a most brilliant and judicious audience. As to the scenery—the miraculous powers of Mr. De Louthembourg's pencil are universally acknowledged. In short, we are at a loss which to admire most, the unrivalled genius of the author, the great attention and liberality of the managers, the wonderful abilities of the painter, or the incredible exertions of all the performers."

*Sneer.* That's pretty well indeed, sir.

*Puff.* Oh, cool!—quite cool!—to what I sometimes do.

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

*Puff.* O Lud, yes, sir! the number of those who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves is very small indeed.

*Sneer.* Well, sir, the puff preliminary?

*Puff.* Oh, that, sir, does well in the form of a caution. In a matter of gallantry now—Sir Flimsy Gossamer wishes to be well with lady Fanny Fete, He applies to me—I open trenches for him with a paragraph in the Morning Post.—"It is recommended to the beautiful and accomplished lady F four stars F dash E to be on her guard against that dangerous character, sir F dash G.; who, however pleasing and insinuating his manners may be, is certainly not remarkable for the *constancy of his attachments!*"—in italics. Here you see, sir Flimsy Gossamer is introduced to the particular notice of lady Fanny, who perhaps never thought of him before—she finds herself publicly cautioned to avoid him, which naturally makes her desirous of seeing him; the observation of their acquaintance causes a pretty kind of mutual embarrassment; this produces a sort of sympathy of interest, which if sir Flimsy is unable to improve effectually, he at least gains the credit of having their names mentioned together, by a particular set, and in a particular way—which nine times out of ten is the full accomplishment of modern gallantry.

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

*Puff.* Now, sir, the puff collateral is much used as an appendage to advertisements, and may take the form of anecdote.—"Yesterday, as the celebrated George Bonmot was sauntering down St. James's-street, he met the lively lady Mary Myrtle coming out of the park:—'Good God, lady Mary, I'm surprised never to meet you in a white jacket,—for I expected never to have seen you, but in a full-trimmed uniform and a light horseman's cap!'—'Heavens, George, where could you have learned that?'—'Why,' replied the wit, 'I just saw a print of you, in a new publication called the Camp Magazine; which, by-the-by, is a devilish clever thing, and is sold at No. 3, on the right hand of the way, two doors from the printing-office, the corner of Ivy-lane, Paternoster-row, price only one shilling.'"

*Sneer.* Very ingenious indeed!

*Puff.* But the puff collusive is the newest of any; for it acts in the disguise of determined hostility. It is much used by bold booksellers and enterprising poets.—"An indignant correspondent observes, that the new poem called *Beelzebub's Cotillon, or Proserpine's Fête Champêtre*, is one of the most unjustifiable performances he ever read. The severity with which certain characters are handled is quite shocking: and as there are many descriptions in it too warmly coloured for female delicacy, the shameful avidity with which this piece is bought by all people of fashion is a reproach on the taste of the times, and a disgrace to the delicacy of the age." Here you see the two strongest inducements are held forth; first, that nobody ought to read it; and secondly, that everybody buys it: on the strength of which the publisher boldly prints the tenth edition, before he had

sold ten of the first; and then establishes it by threatening himself with the pillory, or absolutely indicting himself for *scan. mag.*

*Dang.* Ha! ha! ha;—'gad, I know it is so.

*Puff.* As to the puff oblique, or puff by implication, it is too various and extensive to be illustrated by an instance: it attracts in titles and presumes in patents; it lurks in the limitation of a subscription, and invites in the assurance of crowd and incommodation at public places; it delights to draw forth concealed merit, with a most disinterested assiduity; and sometimes wears a countenance of smiling censure and tender reproach. It has a wonderful memory for parliamentary debates, and will often give the whole speech of a favoured member with the most flattering accuracy. But, above all, it is a great dealer in reports and suppositions. It has the earliest intelligence of intended preferments that will reflect honour on the patrons; and embryo promotions of modest gentlemen, who know nothing of the matter themselves. It can hint a ribbon for implied services in the air of a common report; and with the carelessness of a casual paragraph, suggest officers into commands, to which they have no pretension but their wishes. This, sir, is the last principal class of the art of puffing—an art which I hope you will now agree with me is of the highest dignity, yielding a tablature of benevolence and public spirit; befriending equally trade, gallantry, criticism, and politics: the applause of genius—the register of charity—the triumph of heroism—the self-defence of contractors—the fame of orators—and the gazette of ministers.

*Sneer.* Sir, I am completely a convert both to the importance and ingenuity of your profession; and now, sir, there is but one thing which can possibly increase my respect for you, and that is,

your permitting me to be present this morning at the rehearsal of your new trage—

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

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

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

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

*Puff.* No; it will not be yet this hour, for they are always late at that theatre: besides I must meet you there, for I have some little matters here to send to the papers, and a few paragraphs to scribble before I go.—[*Looking at memorandums.*] Here is *A conscientious Baker, on the subject of the Army Bread*; and *A Detester of visible Brickwork, in favour of the new-invented Stucco*; both in the style of Junius, and promised for to-morrow. The Thames navigation too is at a stand. Misomud or Anti-shoal must go to work again directly.—Here too are some political memorandums—I see; ay—*To take Paul Jones, and get the Indiamen out of the Shannon—reinforce Byron—compel the Dutch to—so!*—I must do that in the evening papers, or reserve it for the Morning Herald; for I know that I have undertaken to-morrow, besides, to establish the unanimity of the fleet in the Public Advertiser, and to shoot Charles Fox in the Morning Post.—So, egad, I han't a moment to lose!

*Dang.* Well, we'll meet in the Green Room.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*The Theatre, before the Curtain.*

*Enter DANGLE, PUFF, and SNEER.*

*Puff.* No, no, sir; what Shakspeare says of actors may be better applied to the purpose of plays; they ought to be *the abstract and brief chronicles of the time*. Therefore when history, and particularly the history of our own country, furnishes anything like a case in point, to the time in which an author writes, if he knows his own interest, he will take advantage of it: so, sir, I call my tragedy *The Spanish Armada*; and have laid the scene before Tilbury Fort.

*Sneer.* A most happy thought, certainly!

*Dang.* Egad it was—I told you so. But pray now, I don't understand how you have contrived to introduce any love into it.

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

*Sneer.* No scandal about queen Elizabeth, I hope?

*Puff.* O Lud! no, no;—I only suppose the governor of Tilbury Fort's daughter to be in love with the son of the Spanish admiral.

*Sneer.* Oh, is that all!

*Dang.* Excellent, i'faith! I see it at once.—But won't this appear rather improbable?

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

*Sneer.* Certainly nothing is unnatural, that is not physically impossible.

*Puff.* Very true—and for that matter Don Ferolo Whiskerandos, for that's the lover's name, might have been over here in the train of the Spanish ambassador; or Tilburina, for that is the lady's name, might have been in love with him, from having heard his character, or seen his picture; or from knowing that he was the last man in the world she ought to be in love with—or for any other good female reason.—However, sir, the fact is, that though she is but a knight's daughter, egad! she is in love like any princess!

*Dang.* Poor young lady! I feel for her already!

for I can conceive how great the conflict must be between her passion and her duty ; her love for her country, and her love for Don Ferolo Whiskerandos !

*Puff.* Oh, amazing !—her poor susceptible heart is swayed to and fro by contending passions like—

*Enter Under Prompter.*

*Und. Promp.* Sir, the scene is set, and everything is ready to begin, if you please.

*Puff.* Egad, then we'll lose no time.

*Und. Promp.* Though, I believe, sir, you will find it very short, for all the performers have profited by the kind permission you granted them.

*Puff.* Hey ! what ?

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

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

*Und. Promp.* [*To the Orchestra.*] Gentlemen, will you play a few bars of something, just to—

*Puff.* Ay, that's right ; for as we have the scenes and dresses, egad, we'll go to't, as if it was the first night's performance ;—but you need not mind stopping between the acts.—[*Exit Under Prompter.*—*Orchestra play—then the bell rings.*] So ! stand clear, gentlemen. Now you know there will be a cry of Down ! down !—Hats off !—Silence !—Then up curtain, and let us see what our painters have done for us. [*Curtain rises.*]

## SCENE II.—*Tilbury Fort.*

*"Two Sentinels discovered asleep."*

*Dang.* Tilbury Fort !—very fine indeed !

*Puff.* Now, what do you think I open with ?

*Sneer.* Faith, I can't guess—

*Puff.* A clock.—Hark !—[*Clock strikes.*] I open with a clock striking, to beget an awful attention in the audience : it also marks the time, which is four o'clock in the morning, and saves a description of the rising sun, and a great deal about gilding the eastern hemisphere.

*Dang.* But pray, are the sentinels to be asleep ?

*Puff.* Fast as watchmen.

*Sneer.* Isn't that odd though at such an alarming crisis ?

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

*Sneer.* Oh, that accounts for it.—But tell us, who are these coming ?

*Puff.* These are they—sir Walter Raleigh, and sir Christopher Hatton. You'll know sir Christopher by his turning out his toes—famous, you know, for his dancing. I like to preserve all the little traits of character.—Now attend.

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

*Sir Christ.* True, gallant Raleigh !—

*Dang.* What, they had been talking before ?

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

*"Sir Christ.* True, gallant Raleigh !

But oh, thou champion of thy country's fame,

There is a question which I yet must ask ;

A question which I never ask'd before—

What mean these mighty armaments ?

This general muster ? and this throng of chiefs ?"

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

*Puff.* What, before the play began ?—how the plague could he ?

*Dang.* That's true, i'faith !

*Puff.* But you will hear what he thinks of the matter.

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

*Sneer.* A very cautious conjecture that !

*Puff.* Yes, that's his character ; not to give an opinion but on secure grounds.—Now then.

*"Sir Walt.* O most accomplish'd Christopher !"—

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

*"Sir Walt.* O most accomplish'd Christopher ! I find

Thy stanch sagacity still tracks the future,  
In the fresh print of the o'ertaken past."

*Puff.* Figurative !

*"Sir Walt.* Thy fears are just.

*Sir Christ.* But where ? whence ? when ? and what  
The danger is,—methinks I fain would learn.

*Sir Walt.* You know, my friend, scarce two revolving suns,

And three revolving moons, have closed their course,  
Since haughty Philip, in despite of peace,  
With hostile hand hath struck at England's trade.

*Sir Christ.* I know it well.

*Sir Walt.* Philip, you know, is proud Iberia's king.

*Sir Christ.* He is.

*Sir Walt.* His subjects in base bigotry

And Catholic oppression held ; while we,

You know, the Protestant persuasion hold.

*Sir Christ.* We do.

*Sir Walt.* You know, beside, his boasted armament,

The famed Armada, by the Pope baptised,  
With purpose to invade these realms—

*Sir Christ.* Is sail'd,  
Our last advices so report.

*Sir Walt.* While the Iberian admiral's chief hope,  
His darling son—

*Sir Christ.* Ferolo Whiskerandos hight—

*Sir Walt.* The same—by chance a prisoner hath  
been ta'en,  
And in this fort of Tilbury—

*Sir Christ.* Is now  
Confined,—'tis true, and oft from yon tall turret's top  
I've mark'd the youthful Spaniard's haughty mien  
Unconquer'd, though in chains.

*Sir Walt.* You also know"—  
*Dang.* Mr. Puff, as he knows all this, why does  
sir Walter go on telling him?

*Puff.* But the audience are not supposed to  
know anything of the matter, are they?

*Sneer.* True; but I think you manage ill: for  
there certainly appears no reason why sir Walter  
should be so communicative.

*Puff.* 'Fore Gad, now, that is one of the most  
ungrateful observations I ever heard! for the less  
inducement he has to tell all this, the more, I  
think, you ought to be obliged to him; for I  
am sure you'd know nothing of the matter with-  
out it.

*Dang.* That's very true, upon my word.

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

*Sir Christ.* Enough, enough,—'tis plain—and I no  
more  
Am in amazement lost!"—

*Puff.* Here, now you see, sir Christopher did  
not in fact ask any one question for his own in-  
formation.

*Sneer.* No, indeed: his has been a most disin-  
terested curiosity!

*Dang.* Really, I find, we are very much obliged  
to them both.

*Puff.* To be sure you are. Now then for the  
commander-in-chief, the earl of Leicester, who,  
you know, was no favourite but of the queen's.—  
We left off—in amazement lost!

*Sir Christ.* Am in amazement lost.—  
But see where noble Leicester comes! supreme  
In honours and command.

*Sir Walt.* And yet, methinks,  
At such a time, so perilous, so fear'd,  
That staff might well become an abler grasp.

*Sir Christ.* And so, by Heaven! think I; but soft,  
he's here!"

*Puff.* Ay, they envy him!

*Sneer.* But who are these with him?

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

"Enter Earl of LEICESTER, Governor, Master of the  
Horse, Knights, &c.

*Leic.* How's this, my friends! is't thus your new-  
fledged zeal  
And plum'd valour moulds in roosted sloth?

Why dimly glimmers that heroic flame,  
Whose reddening blaze, by patriot spirit fed,  
Should be the beacon of a kindling realm?  
Can the quick current of a patriot heart  
Thus stagnate in a cold and weedy converse,  
Or freeze in tideless inactivity?  
No! rather let the fountain of your valour  
Spring through each stream of enterprise,  
Each petty channel of conducive daring,  
Till the full torrent of your foaming wrath  
O'erwhelm the flats of sunk hostility!"

*Puff.* There it is,—followed up!

"*Sir Walt.* No more!—the freshening breath of  
thy rebuke

Hath fill'd the swelling canvas of our souls!  
And thus, though fate should cut the cable of  
[All take hands.

Our topmost hopes, in friendship's closing line  
We'll grapple with despair, and if we fall,  
We'll fall in glory's wake!

*Leic.* There spoke old England's genius!  
Then, are we all resolved?

*All.* We are—all resolved?

*Leic.* To conquer—or be free?

*All.* To conquer, or be free.

*Leic.* All?

*All.* All."

*Dang.* *Nem. con.* egad!

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

"*Leic.* Then, let's embrace—and now— [Kneels."

*Sneer.* What the plague, is he going to pray?

*Puff.* Yes; hush!—in great emergencies, there  
is nothing like a prayer.

"*Leic.* O mighty Mars!"

*Dang.* But why should he pray to Mars?

*Puff.* Hush!

"*Leic.* If in thy homage bred,  
Each point of discipline I've still observed;  
Nor but by due promotion, and the right  
Of service, to the rank of major-general  
Have risen; assist thy votary now!

*Gov.* Yet do not rise,—hear me! [Kneels.

*Mast.* And me! [Kneels.

*Knight.* And me! [Kneels.

*Sir Walt.* And me! [Kneels.

*Sir Christ.* And me! [Kneels."

*Puff.* Now pray altogether.

"*All.* Behold thy votaries submissive beg,  
That thou wilt deign to grant them all they ask;  
Assist them to accomplish all their ends,  
And sanctify whatever means they use  
To gain them!"

*Sneer.* A very orthodox quintetto!

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

*Sneer.* Not exactly.

*Leic.* [To PUFF.] But, sir, you haven't settled  
how we are to get off here.

*Puff.* You could not go off kneeling, could you?

*Sir Walt.* [To PUFF.] O no, sir; impossible!

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

*Sneer.* Oh, never mind, so as you get them off!—I'll answer for it, the audience won't care how.

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

"*All.* And sanctify whatever means we use To gain them. [Exeunt."

*Dang.* Bravo! a fine exit!

*Sneer.* Well, really, Mr. Puff—

*Puff.* Stay a moment!

"*The Sentinels get up.*

1 *Sent.* All this shall to lord Burleigh's ear.

2 *Sent.* 'Tis meet it should. [Exeunt."

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

*Puff.* Only a pretence; there's the art of it: they were spies of lord Burleigh's.

*Sneer.* But isn't it odd they were never taken notice of, not even by the commander-in-chief?

*Puff.* O Lud, sir! if people, who want to listen or overhear, were not always connived at in a tragedy, there would be no carrying on any plot in the world.

*Dang.* That's certain!

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

*Dang.* Well, that will have a fine effect!

*Puff.* I think so, and helps to realise the scene.—[Cannon twice.] What the plague! three morning-guns! there never is but one!—Ay, this is always the way at the theatre: give these fellows a good thing, and they never know when to have done with it.—You have no more cannon to fire?

*Und. Promp.* [Within.] No, sir.

*Puff.* Now, then, for soft music.

*Sneer.* Pray what's that for?

*Puff.* It shows that Tilburina is coming;—nothing introduces you a heroine like soft music. Here she comes!

*Dang.* And her confidant, I suppose?

*Puff.* To be sure! Here they are—inconsolable to the minuet in Ariadne. [Soft music.

"*Enter TILBURINA and Confidant.*

*Tilb.* Now has the whispering breath of gentle morn

Bad Nature's voice and Nature's beauty rise;  
While orient Phœbus, with unborrow'd hues,  
Clothes the waked loveliness which all night slept  
In heavenly drapery! Darkness is fled.  
Now flowers unfold their beauties to the sun,  
And, blushing, kiss the beam he sends to wake them—  
The striped carnation, and the guarded rose,  
The vulgar wallflower, and smart gillyflower,  
The polyanthus mean—the dapper daisy,  
Sweet William, and sweet marjoram,—and all  
The tribe of single and of double pinks!  
Now, too, the feather'd warblers tune their notes  
Around, and charm the listening grove. The lark!  
The linnet! chaffinch! bullfinch! goldfinch! green-  
finch!—

But O, to me no joy can they afford!  
Nor rose, nor wallflower, nor smart gillyflower,  
Nor Polyanthus mean, nor dapper daisy,  
Nor William sweet, nor marjoram—nor lark,  
Linnet, nor all the finches of the grove!"

*Puff.* Your white handkerchief, madam!—

*Tilb.* I thought, sir, I wasn't to use that till heart-rending woe.

*Puff.* O yes, madam, at the finches of the grove, if you please.

"*Tilb.* Nor lark,  
Linnet, nor all the finches of the grove! [Weeps."

*Puff.* Vastly well, madam!

*Dang.* Vastly well, indeed!

"*Tilb.* For, O, too sure, heart-rending woe is now  
The lot of wretched Tilburina!"

*Dang.* Oh!—'tis too much!

*Sneer.* Oh!—it is indeed!

"*Con.* Be comforted, sweet lady; for who knows,  
But Heaven has yet some milk-white day in store?

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

*Dang.* That's certain!

"*Con.* But see where your stern father comes:  
It is not meet that he should find you thus."

*Puff.* Hey, what the plague! what a cut is here!  
Why, what is become of the description of her first meeting with Don Whiskerandos—his gallant behaviour in the sea-fight—and the simile of the canary-bird?

*Tilb.* Indeed, sir, you'll find they will not be missed.

*Puff.* Very well, very well!

*Tilb.* [To Confidant.] The cue, ma'am, if you please.

"*Con.* It is not meet that he should find you thus.  
*Tilb.* Thou counsel'st right; but 'tis no easy task  
For barefaced grief to wear a mask of joy.

*Enter Governor.*

*Gov.* How's this!—in tears?—O Tilburina, shame!  
Is this a time for maudling tenderness,  
And Cupid's baby woes?—Hast thou not heard  
That haughty Spain's pope-consecrated fleet  
Advances to our shores, while England's fate,  
Like a clipp'd guinea, trembles in the scale?

*Tilb.* Then is the crisis of my fate at hand!  
I see the fleet's approach—I see—"

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

*Sneer.* Yes; a kind of poetical second-sight!

*Puff.* Yes.—Now then, madam.

"*Tilb.* I see their decks  
Are clear'd!—I see the signal made!  
The line is form'd!—a cable's length asunder!—  
I see the frigates station'd in the rear;  
And now, I hear the thunder of the guns!  
I hear the victor's shouts!—I also hear  
The vanquish'd groan!—and now 'tis smoke—and now  
I see the loose sails shiver in the wind!  
I see—I see—what soon you'll see—

*Gov.* Hold, daughter! peace! this love hath turn'd  
thy brain:  
The Spanish fleet thou canst not see—because—  
It is not yet in sight!"

*Dang.* Egad, though, the governor seems to make no allowance for this poetical figure you talk of.

*Puff.* No, a plain matter-of-fact man ;—that's his character.

" *Tilb.* But will you then refuse his offer ?

*Gov.* I must—I will—I can—I ought—I do.

*Tilb.* Think what a noble price.

*Gov.* No more—you urge in vain.

*Tilb.* His liberty is all he asks."

*Sneer.* All who asks, Mr. Puff ? Who is—

*Puff.* Egad, sir, I can't tell ! Here has been such cutting and slashing, I don't know where they have got to myself.

*Tilb.* Indeed, sir, you will find it will connect very well.

"—And your reward secure."

*Puff.* Oh, if they hadn't been so devilish free with their cutting here, you would have found that Don Whiskerandos has been tampering for his liberty, and has persuaded Tilburina to make this proposal to her father. And now, pray observe the conciseness with which the argument is conducted. Egad, the *pro* and *con* goes as smart as hits in a fencing-match. It is indeed a sort of small-sword logic, which we have borrowed from the French.

" *Tilb.* A retreat in Spain !

*Gov.* Outlawry here !

*Tilb.* Your daughter's prayer !

*Gov.* Your father's oath !

*Tilb.* My lover !

*Gov.* My country !

*Tilb.* Tilburina !

*Gov.* England !

*Tilb.* A title !

*Gov.* Honour !

*Tilb.* A pension !

*Gov.* Conscience !

*Tilb.* A thousand pounds !

*Gov.* Ha ! thou hast touch'd me nearly !"

*Puff.* There you see—she threw in *Tilburina*, Quick, parry quite with *England* !—Ha ! thrust in *terce a tille* !—parried by *honour*. Ha ! a *pension* over the arm !—put by by *conscience*. Then flankonade with a *thousand pounds*—and a palpable hit, egad !

" *Tilb.* Canst thou—

Reject the suppliant, and the daughter too ?

*Gov.* No more ; I would not hear thee plead in vain : The father softens—but the governor is fix'd ! [Exit.]

*Dang.* Ay, that antithesis of persons is a most established figure.

" *Tilb.* 'Tis well,—hence then, fond hopes,—fond passion, hence ;

Duty, behold I am all over thine—

*Whisk.* [Without.] Where is my love—my—

*Tilb.* Ha !

Enter DON FEROL WHISKERANDOS.

*Whisk.* My beauteous enemy !—"

*Puff.* O dear, ma'am, you must start a great deal more than that ! Consider, you had just determined in favour of duty—when, in a moment,

the sound of his voice revives your passion—overthrows your resolution—destroys your obedience. If you don't express all that in your start, you do nothing at all.

*Tilb.* Well, we'll try again !

*Dang.* Speaking from within has always a fine effect.

*Sneer.* Very.

" *Whisk.* My conquering Tilburina ! How ! is't thus We meet ? why are thy looks averse ? what means That falling tear—that frown of boding woe ?

Ha ! now indeed I am a prisoner !

Yes, now I feel the galling weight of these

Disgraceful chains—which, cruel Tilburina !

Thy doting captive gloried in before.—

But thou art false, and Whiskerandos is undone !

*Tilb.* O no ! how little dost thou know thy Tilburina !

*Whisk.* Art thou then true ?—Begone cares, doubts, and fears,

I make you all a present to the winds ;

And if the winds reject you—try the waves."

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

" *Tilb.* Yet must we part !—stern duty seals our doom :

Though here I call yon conscious clouds to witness.

Could I pursue the bias of my soul,

All friends, all right of parents, I'd disclaim,

And thou, my Whiskerandos, shouldst be father

And mother, brother, cousin, uncle, aunt,

And friend to me !

*Whisk.* Oh, matchless excellence ! and must we part ?

Well, if—we must—we must—and in that case

The less is said the better."

*Puff.* Heyday ! here's a cut !—What, are all the mutual protestations out ?

*Tilb.* Now, pray, sir, don't interrupt us just here : you ruin our feelings.

*Puff.* Your feelings !—but zounds, my feelings, ma'am !

*Sneer.* No ; pray don't interrupt them.

" *Whisk.* One last embrace.—

*Tilb.* Now,—farewell, for ever.

*Whisk.* For ever !

*Tilb.* Ay, for ever.

[Going.]

*Puff.* 'Sdeath and fury !—Gad's life !—sir ! madam ! if you go out without the parting look, you might as well dance out.—Here, here !

*Con.* But pray, sir, how am I to get off here ?

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

*Tilb.* We understand you, sir.

" Ay, for ever.

*Both.* Oh ! [Turning back, and exeunt.—Scene closes.]

*Dang.* Oh, charming !

*Puff.* Hey !—'tis pretty well, I believe : you see I don't attempt to strike out anything new—but I take it I improve on the established modes.

*Sneer.* You do, indeed ! But pray is not queen Elizabeth to appear ?



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

*Sneer.* Hang it, I think it's a pity to keep her in the green-room all the night.

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

*Dang.* But are we not to have a battle?

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

*Dang.* What, Drake at the Armada, hey?

*Puff.* Yes, i'faith—fire-ships and all; then we shall end with the procession. Hey! that will do, I think?

*Sneer.* No doubt on't.

*Puff.* Come, we must not lose time; so now for the under-plot.

*Sneer.* What the plague, have you another plot?

*Puff.* O Lord, yes; ever while you live have two plots to your tragedy. The grand point in managing them is only to let your under-plot have as little connexion with your main-plot as possible.—I flatter myself nothing can be more distinct than mine; for as in my chief plot the characters are all great people, I have laid my under-plot in low life; and as the former is to end in deep distress, I make the other end as happy as a farce.—Now, Mr. Hopkins, as soon as you please.

*Enter Under Prompter.*

*Und. Promp.* Sir, the carpenter says it is impossible you can go to the park scene yet.

*Puff.* The park scene! no! I mean the description scene here, in the wood.

*Und. Promp.* Sir, the performers have cut it out.

*Puff.* Cut it out!

*Und. Promp.* Yes, sir.

*Puff.* What! the whole account of queen Elizabeth?

*Und. Promp.* Yes, sir.

*Puff.* And the description of her horse and side-saddle?

*Und. Promp.* Yes, sir.

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

*Mr. Hop.* [*Within.*] Sir, indeed the pruning-knife—

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

*Sneer.* That I would, indeed.

*Puff.* Very well, sir; then we must go on.—Zounds! I would not have parted with the description of the horse!—Well, sir, go on.—Sir, it was one of the finest and most laboured things.—Very well, sir; let them go on.—There you had him and his accoutrements, from the bit to the crupper.—Very well, sir; we must go to the park scene.

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

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

*Sneer.* O dear, sir, these little things will happen.

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

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*The Theatre, before the Curtain.*

*Enter PUFF, SNEER, and DANGLE.*

*Puff.* Well, we are ready; now then for the justices. [*Curtain rises.*]

“Justices, Constables, &c., discovered.”

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

*Puff.* To be sure; there has not been one yet.

*Dang.* It is the under-plot, isn't it?

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

*Just.* If you please, sir.

*Puff.* Oh, very well!—Harkee, I don't choose to say anything more; but, i'faith, they have mangled my play in a most shocking manner.

*Dang.* It's a great pity!

*Puff.* Now, then, Mr. Justice, if you please.

“*Just.* Are all the volunteers without?”

*Const.* They are. Some ten in fetters, and some twenty drunk.

*Just.* Attends the youth, whose most opprobrious fame

And clear convicted crimes have stamp'd him soldier?

*Const.* He waits your pleasure; eager to repay

The blest reprieve that sends him to the fields  
Of glory, there to raise his branded hand  
In honour's cause.

*Just.* 'Tis well—'tis justice arms him!

Oh! may he now defend his country's laws

With half the spirit he has broke them all!

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

*Const.* I fly, the herald of your will. [*Exit.*”]

*Puff.* Quick, sir!

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

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

*Dang.* That's very noble in you, indeed.

“*Enter Justice's Lady.*”

*Puff.* Now, pray mark this scene.

“*Lady.* Forgive this interruption, good my love; But as I just now pass'd a prisoner youth,  
Whom rude hands hither lead, strange bodings seized  
My fluttering heart, and to myself I said,

An if our Tom had lived, he'd surely been  
This stripling's height!

*Just.* Ha! sure some powerful sympathy directs  
Us both—

*Re-enter Constable with Son.*

What is thy name?

*Son.* My name is Tom Jenkins—*alias*, have I  
none—

Though orphan'd, and without a friend!

*Just.* Thy parents?

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

*Puff.* What, sir, do you leave out the account  
of your birth, parentage, and education?

*Son.* They have settled it so, sir, here.

*Puff.* Oh! oh!

"*Lady.* How loudly nature whispers to my heart!  
Had he no other name?"

*Son.* I've seen a bill  
Of his sign'd Tomkins, creditor.

*Just.* This does indeed confirm each circumstance  
The gipsy told!—Prepare!

*Son.* I do.

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

*Lady.* O ecstasy of bliss!

*Son.* O most unlook'd-for happiness!

*Just.* O wonderful event!

[*They faint alternately in each other's arms.*"]

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

"*Just.* Now let's revive—else were this joy too  
much!

But come—and we'll unfold the rest within;  
And thou, my boy, must needs want rest and food.  
Hence may each orphan hope, as chance directs,  
To find a father—where he least expects! [*Exeunt.*"]

*Puff.* What do you think of that?

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

*Sneer.* Ay, or a comedy either.

*Puff.* And keeps quite clear, you see, of the  
other.

*Enter Scenemen, taking away the seats.*

*Puff.* The scene remains, does it?

*Sceneman.* Yes, sir.

*Puff.* You are to leave one chair, you know.—  
But it is always awkward in a tragedy, to have you  
fellows coming in in your playhouse liveries to re-  
move things.—I wish that could be managed better.  
—So now for my mysterious yeoman.

"*Enter Beefeater.*

*Beef.* Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee."

*Sneer.* Haven't I heard that line before?

*Puff.* No, I fancy not.—Where, pray?

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

*Puff.* Gad! now you put me in mind on't, I  
believe there is—but that's of no consequence; all  
that can be said is, that two people happened to

hit on the same thought—and Shakspeare made  
use of it first, that's all.

*Sneer.* Very true.

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

"*Beef.* Though hopeless love finds comfort in  
despair,

It never can endure a rival's bliss!

But soft—I am observed.

[*Exit.*"]

*Dang.* That's a very short soliloquy.

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

*Sneer.* A most sentimental Beefeater that, Mr.  
Puff!

*Puff.* Hark'ee—I would not have you be too  
sure that he is a Beefeater.

*Sneer.* What, a hero in disguise?

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

"*Enter Lord BURLEIGH, goes slowly to a chair, and sits.*"

*Sneer.* Mr. Puff!

*Puff.* Hush!—Vastly well, sir! vastly well! a  
most interesting gravity!

*Dang.* What, isn't he to speak at all?

*Puff.* Egad, I thought you'd ask me that!—  
Yes, it is a very likely thing—that a minister in  
his situation, with the whole affairs of the nation  
on his head, should have time to talk!—But hush!  
or you'll put him out.

*Sneer.* Put him out! how the plague can that  
be, if he's not going to say anything?

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

*Dang.* That's very true, upon my word!

"*Lord BURLEIGH comes forward, shakes his head, and  
exit.*"

*Sneer.* He is very perfect indeed! Now, pray  
what did he mean by that?

*Puff.* You don't take it?

*Sneer.* No, I don't, upon my soul.

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

*Sneer.* The devil! did he mean all that by shak-  
ing his head?

*Puff.* Every word of it—if he shook his head as  
I taught him.

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

*Sneer.* Oh, here are some of our old acquaint-  
ance.

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

*Sir Christ.* My niece, and your niece too!

By Heaven! there's witchcraft in't.—He could not else  
Have gain'd their hearts.—But see where they approach;  
Some horrid purpose lowering on their brows!  
*Sir Walt.* Let us withdraw, and mark them.

[*They withdraw.*]

*Sneer.* What is all this?

*Puff.* Ah! here has been more pruning!—but the fact is, these two young ladies are also in love with Don Whiskerandos.—Now, gentlemen, this scene goes entirely for what we call situation and stage effect, by which the greatest applause may be obtained, without the assistance of language, sentiment, or character: pray mark!

“*Enter the Nieces.*”

1 *Niece.* Ellena here!  
She is his scorn as much as I—that is  
Some comfort still!”

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

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

2 *Niece.* I know he prizes not Pollina's love;  
But Tilburina lords it o'er his heart. [Aside.]

1 *Niece.* But see, the proud destroyer of my peace.  
Revenge is all the good I've left. [Aside.]

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

*Enter DON FEROL WHISKERANDOS.*

*Whisk.* O hateful liberty—if thus in vain  
I seek my Tilburina!

*Nieces.* And ever shalt!

*SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON and SIR WALTER RALEIGH come forward.*

*Sir Christ. Sir Walt.* Hold! we will avenge you.

*Whisk.* Hold you—or see your nieces bleed!

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

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

*Sneer.* Why, then they must stand there for ever!

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

“*Enter Beefeater, with his halberd.*”

*Beef.* In the queen's name I charge you all to drop  
Your swords and daggers!

[*They drop their swords and daggers.*]

*Sneer.* That is a contrivance indeed!

*Puff.* Ay—in the queen's name.

“*Sir Christ.* Come, niece!

*Sir Walter.* Come, niece!

[*Exeunt with the two Nieces.*]

*Whisk.* What's he, who bids us thus renounce our  
guard?

*Beef.* Thou must do more—renounce thy love!

*Whisk.* Thou liest—base Beefeater!

*Beef.* Ha! hell! the lie!

By Heaven, thou'st roused the lion in my heart!

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

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

Am I a Beefeater now?

Or beams my crest as terrible as when

In Biscay's Bay I took thy captive sloop?”

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

*Dang.* Admirably managed, indeed!

*Puff.* Now, stand out of their way.

“*Whisk.* I thank thee, Fortune, that hast thus  
bestow'd

A weapon to chastise this insolent.

[*Takes up one of the swords.*]

*Beef.* I take thy challenge, Spaniard, and I thank  
thee,

Fortune, too!— [Takes up the other sword.]

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

*Puff.* No, egad, they could not help leaving  
them.

“*Whisk.* Vengeance and Tilburina!

*Beef.* Exactly so—

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

*Whisk.* O cursèd parry!—that last thrust in tierce  
Was fatal.—Captain, thou hast fencèd well!

And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene

For all eter—

*Beef.* —nity—He would have added, but stern  
death

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

*Puff.* Oh, my dear sir, you are too slow: now  
mind me.—Sir, shall I trouble you to die again?

“*Whisk.* And Whiskerandos quits this bustling  
scene

For all eter—

*Beef.* —nity—He would have added”—

*Puff.* No, sir—that's not it—once more, if you  
please.

*Whisk.* I wish, sir, you would practise this with-  
out me—I can't stay dying here all night.

*Puff.* Very well; we'll go over it by-and-by.—

[*Exit WHISKERANDOS.*] I must humour these  
gentlemen!

“*Beef.* Farewell, brave Spaniard! and when  
next”—

*Puff.* Dear sir, you needn't speak that speech,  
as the body has walked off.

*Beef.* That's true, sir—then I'll join the fleet.

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

"Enter Governor, with his hair properly disordered.

*Gov.* A hemisphere of evil planets reign!  
And every planet sheds contagious frenzy!  
My Spanish prisoner is slain! my daughter,  
Meeting the dead corse borne along, has gone  
Distract! [A loud flourish of trumpets.

But hark! I am summon'd to the fort:  
Perhaps the fleets have met! amazing crisis!  
O Tilburina! from thy aged father's beard  
Thou'st pluck'd the few brown hairs which time had  
left! [Exit.]

*Sneer.* Poor gentleman!

*Puff.* Yes—and no one to blame but his daughter!

*Dang.* And the planets—

*Puff.* True.—Now enter Tilburina!

*Sneer.* Egad, the business comes on quick here.

*Puff.* Yes, sir—now she comes in stark mad in white satin.

*Sneer.* Why in white satin?

*Puff.* O Lord, sir—when a heroine goes mad, she always goes into white satin.—Don't she, Dangle?

*Dang.* Always—it's a rule.

*Puff.* Yes—here it is—[Looking at the book.]

"Enter Tilburina stark mad in white satin, and her confidant stark mad in white linen."

"Enter TILBURINA and Confidant, mad, according to custom."

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

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

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

*Puff.* There, do you ever desire to see anybody madder than that?

*Sneer.* Never, while I live!

*Puff.* You observed how she mangled the metre?

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

*Sneer.* And pray what becomes of her?

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

*Sneer.* What, you bring that in at last?

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

*Und. Promp.* [Within.] Yes, sir.

*Puff.* Is the Thames dressed?

"Enter THAMES with two Attendants."

*Thames.* Here I am, sir.

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

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

*Puff.* Those?—those are his banks.

*Sneer.* His banks?

*Puff.* Yes, one crowned with alders, and the other with a villa!—you take the allusions?—But hey! what the plague! you have got both your banks on one side.—Here, sir, come round.—Ever while you live, Thames, go between your banks.—[Bell rings.] There, so! now for't.—Stand aside, my dear friends!—Away, Thames.

[Exit THAMES between his banks.

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

*Puff.* Well, pretty well—but not quite perfect.—So, ladies and gentlemen, if you please, we'll rehearse this piece again to-morrow. [Curtain drops.

# PIZARRO.

## A Tragedy.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

As the two translations which have been published of Kotzebue's "Spaniards in Peru" have, I understand, been very generally read, the public are in possession of all the materials necessary to form a judgment on the merits and defects of the Play performed at Drury-lane Theatre.

### DEDICATION.

To her, whose approbation of this Drama, and whose peculiar delight in the applause it has received from the public, have been to me the highest gratification derived from its success—I dedicate this Play.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

AS ORIGINALLY ACTED AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE IN 1799.

ATALIBA . . . . .	<i>Mr. Powell.</i>	OLD BLIND MAN . . . . .	<i>Mr. Cory.</i>
ROLLA . . . . .	<i>Mr. Kemble.</i>	BOY . . . . .	<i>Master Chatterley.</i>
OROZEMBO . . . . .	<i>Mr. Downton.</i>	SENTINEL . . . . .	<i>Mr. Holland.</i>
ORANO . . . . .	<i>Mr. Archer.</i>	ATTENDANT . . . . .	<i>Mr. Maddocks.</i>
ALONZO . . . . .	<i>Mr. C. Kemble.</i>	CORA . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Jordan.</i>
PIZARRO . . . . .	<i>Mr. Barrymore.</i>	ELVIRA . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Siddons.</i>
ALMAGRO . . . . .	<i>Mr. Caulfield.</i>	ZULUGA . . . . .	
GONZALO . . . . .	<i>Mr. Wentworth.</i>		
DAVILLA . . . . .	<i>Mr. Trueman.</i>		
GOMEZ . . . . .	<i>Mr. Surmont.</i>		
VALVERDE . . . . .	<i>Mr. R. Palmer.</i>		
LAS-CASAS . . . . .	<i>Mr. Atkin.</i>		

Peruvian Warriors, Women, and Children, High-priest, Priests, and Virgins of the Sun, Spanish Officers, Soldiers, Guards, &c. &c.

### SCENE,—PERU.

### PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

SPOKEN BY MR. KING.

CHILL'D by rude gales, while yet reluctant May  
Withholds the beauties of the vernal day ;  
As some fond maid, whom matron frowns reprove,  
Suspends the smile her heart devotes to love ;  
The season's pleasures too delay their hour,  
And Winter revels with protracted power :  
Then blame not, critics, if, thus late, we bring  
A Winter Drama—but reproach—the Spring.  
What prudent cit dares yet the season trust,  
Bask in his whisky, and enjoy the dust ?  
Horsed in Cheapside, scarce yet the gayer spark  
Achieves the Sunday triumph of the Park ;  
Scarce yet you see him, dreading to be late,  
Scour the New-road, and dash through Grosvenor-  
gate :—  
Anxious—yet timorous too !—his steed to show,  
The hack Bucephalus of Rotten-row.

Careless he seems, yet, vigilantly sly,  
Woos the stray glance of ladies passing by,  
While his off heel, insidiously aside,  
Provokes the caper which he seems to chide,  
Scarce rural Kensington due honour gains ;  
The vulgar verdure of her walk remains !  
Where white-robed misses amble two by two,  
Nodding to booted beaux—" How'do, how'do ?"  
With generous questions that no answer wait,  
" How vastly full ! An't you come vastly late ?  
In't it quite charming ? When do you leave town ?  
An't you quite tired ? Pray, can we set you down ?"  
These suburb pleasures of a London May,  
Imperfect yet, we hail the cold delay ;  
Should our Play please—and you're indulgent  
ever—  
Be your decree—" 'Tis better late than never."

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Pavilion near PIZARRO'S Tent.*

*ELVIRA discovered sleeping under a canopy. VALVERDE enters, gazes on ELVIRA, kneels, and attempts to kiss her hand; ELVIRA, awakened, rises and looks at him with indignation.*

*Elv.* Audacious! whence is thy privilege to interrupt the few moments of repose my harassed mind can snatch amid the tumults of this noisy camp? Shall I inform your master of this presumptuous treachery? Shall I disclose thee to Pizarro? hey!

*Val.* I am his servant, it is true—trusted by him—and I know him well; and therefore 'tis I ask, by what magic could Pizarro gain your heart; by what fatality still holds he your affection?

*Elv.* Hold! thou trusty secretary!

*Val.* Ignobly born! in mind and manners rude, ferocious, and unpolished, though cool and crafty if occasion need—in youth audacious—ill his first manhood—a licensed pirate—treating men as brutes, the world as booty; yet now the Spanish hero is he styled—the first of Spanish conquerors! and for a warrior so accomplished, 'tis fit Elvira should leave her noble family, her fame, her home, to share the dangers, humours, and the crimes of such a lover as Pizarro!

*Elv.* What! Valverde moralising! But grant I am in error, what is my incentive? Passion, infatuation, call it as you will; but what attaches thee to this despised, unworthy leader? Base lucre is thy object, mean fraud thy means. Could you gain me, you only hope to win a higher interest in Pizarro. I know you.

*Val.* On my soul, you wrong me! what else my faults, I have none towards you. But indulge the scorn and levity of your nature; do it while yet the time permits; the gloomy hour, I fear, too soon approaches.

*Elv.* Valverde, a prophet too!

*Val.* Hear me, Elvira. Shame from his late defeat, and burning wishes for revenge, again have brought Pizarro to Peru; but trust me, he overrates his strength, nor measures well the foe. Encamped in a strange country, where terror cannot force, nor corruption buy a single friend, what have we to hope? The army murmuring at increasing hardships, while Pizarro decorates with gaudy spoil the gay pavilion of his luxury! each day diminishes our force.

*Elv.* But are you not the heirs of those that fall?

*Val.* Are gain and plunder then our only purpose? Is this Elvira's heroism?

*Elv.* No, so save me Heaven! I abhor the motive, means, and end of your pursuits; but I will trust none of you. In your whole army there is not one of you that has a heart, or speaks ingeniously: aged Las-Casas, and he alone, excepted.

*Val.* He! an enthusiast in the opposite and worse extreme!

*Elv.* Oh! had I earlier known that virtuous man, how different might my lot have been!

*Val.* I will grant, Pizarro could not then so easily have duped you: forgive me, but at that event I still must wonder.

*Elv.* Hear me, Valverde. When first my virgin fancy waked to love, Pizarro was my 'country's idol. Self-taught, self-raised, and self-supported, he became a hero; and I was formed to be won by glory and renown. 'Tis known that when he left Panama in a slight vessel, his force was not a hundred men. Arrived in the island of Gallo, with his sword he drew a line upon the sands, and said, "Pass those who fear to die or conquer with their leader." Thirteen alone remained, and at the head of these the warrior stood his ground. Even at the moment when my ears first caught this tale, my heart exclaimed, "Pizarro is its lord!" What since I have perceived, or thought, or felt, you must have more worth to win the knowledge of.

*Val.* I press no further, still assured that while Alonzo de Molina, our general's former friend and pupil, leads the enemy, Pizarro never more will be a conqueror. [*Trumpets without.*]

*Elv.* Silence! I hear him coming: look not perplexed. How mystery and fraud confound the countenance! Quick, put on an honest face, if thou canst.

*Piz.* [*Without.*] Chain and secure him; I will examine him myself.

*Enter PIZARRO. VALVERDE bows—ELVIRA laughs.*

*Piz.* Why dost thou smile, Elvira?

*Elv.* To laugh or weep without a reason, is one of the few privileges poor women have.

*Piz.* Elvira, I will know the cause, I am resolved!

*Elv.* I am glad of that, because I love resolution, and am resolved not to tell you. Now my resolution, I take it, is the better of the two, because it depends upon myself, and yours does not.

*Piz.* Psha! trifter!

*Val.* Elvira was laughing at my apprehensions that—

*Piz.* Apprehensions!

*Val.* Yes—that Alonzo's skill and genius should so have disciplined and informed the enemy, as to—

*Piz.* Alonzo! the traitor! How I once loved that man! His noble mother entrusted him, a boy, to my protection. At my table did he feast—in my tent did he repose. I had marked his early genius, and the valorous spirit that grew with it. Often I had talked to him of our first adventures—what storms we struggled with—what perils we surmounted! When landed with a slender host upon an unknown land—then, when I told how famine and fatigue, discord and toil, day by day, did thin our ranks amid close-pressing enemies, how still undaunted I endured and dared—maintained my purpose and my power in despite of growling mutiny or bold revolt, till with my faithful few remaining I became at last victorious!—When, I say of these things I spoke, the youth Alonzo, with tears of wonder and delight, would throw him on my neck, and swear his soul's ambition owned no other leader.

*Val.* What could subdue attachment so begun?

*Piz.* Las-Casas.—He it was, with fascinating

craft and canting precepts of humanity, raised in Alonzo's mind a new enthusiasm, which forced him, as the stripling termed it, to forego his country's claims for those of human nature.

*Val.* Yes, the traitor left you, joined the Peruvians, and became thy enemy and Spain's.

*Piz.* But first with weariless remonstrance he sued to win me from my purpose, and untwine the sword from my determined grasp. Much he spoke of right, of justice, and humanity, calling the Peruvians our innocent and unoffending brethren.

*Val.* They! obdurate heathens! they our brethren!

*Piz.* But when he found that the soft folly of the pleading tears he dropped upon my bosom fell on marble, he flew and joined the foe: then, profiting by the lessons he had gained in wronged Pizarro's school, the youth so disciplined and led his new allies, that soon he forced me—ha! I burn with shame and fury while I own it! in base retreat and foul discomfiture to quit the shore.

*Val.* But the hour of revenge is come.

*Piz.* It is; I am returned: my force is strengthened, and the audacious boy shall soon know that Pizarro lives, and has—a grateful recollection of the thanks he owes him.

*Val.* 'Tis doubted whether still Alonzo lives.

*Piz.* 'Tis certain that he does; one of his armour-bearers is just made prisoner: twelve thousand is their force, as he reports, led by Alonzo and Peruvian Rolla. This day they make a solemn sacrifice on their ungodly altars. We must profit by their security, and attack them unprepared—the sacrificers shall become the victims.

*Elv.* Wretched innocents! And their own blood shall bedew their altars!

*Piz.* Right!—[*Trumpets without.*] Elvira, retire!

*Elv.* Why should I retire?

*Piz.* Because men are to meet here, and on manly business.

*Elv.* O men! men! ungrateful and perverse! O woman! still affectionate though wronged! The beings to whose eyes you turn for animation, hope, and rapture, through the days of mirth and revelry; and on whose bosoms in the hour of sore calamity you seek for rest and consolation; them, when the pompous follies of your mean ambition are the question, you treat as playthings or as slaves!—I shall not retire.

*Piz.* Remain then; and, if thou canst, be silent.

*Elv.* They only babble who practise not reflection. I shall think—and thought is silence.

*Piz.* [*Aside.*] Ha! there's somewhat in her manner lately—

[*Looks sternly and suspiciously at ELVIRA, who meets his glance with a commanding and unaltered eye.*]

*Enter LAS-CASAS, ALMAGRO, GONZALO, DAVILLA, Officers and Soldiers.—Trumpets without.*

*Las-Cas.* Pizarro, we attend your summons.

*Piz.* Welcome, venerable father!—My friends, most welcome!—Friends and fellow soldiers, at length the hour is arrived, which to Pizarro's hopes presents the full reward of our undaunted enterprise and long-enduring toils. Confident in security, this day the foe devotes to solemn sacrifice: if with bold surprise we strike on their solemnity—trust to your leader's word—we shall not fail.

*Alm.* Too long inactive have we been mouldering on the coast; our stores exhausted, and our soldiers murmuring. Battle! battle!—then death to the armed, and chains for the defenceless.

*Dav.* Death to the whole Peruvian race!

*Las-Cas.* Merciful Heaven!

*Alm.* Yes, general, the attack, and instantly! Then shall Alonzo, basking at his ease, soon cease to scoff our suffering and scorn our force.

*Las-Cas.* Alonzo!—scorn and presumption are not in his nature.

*Alm.* 'Tis fit Las-Casas should defend his pupil.

*Piz.* Speak not of the traitor! or hear his name but as the bloody summons to assault and vengeance. It appears we are agreed?

*Alm. Dav.* We are.

*Gon.* All—Battle! battle!

*Las-Cas.* Is then the dreadful measure of your cruelty not yet complete? Battle! gracious Heaven! against whom? Against a king, in whose mild bosom your atrocious injuries even yet have not excited hate! but who, insulted or victorious, still sues for peace. Against a people who never wronged the living being their Creator formed: a people who, children of innocence! received you as cherished guests with eager hospitality and confiding kindness. Generously and freely did they share with you their comforts, their treasures, and their homes: you repaid them by fraud, oppression, and dishonour. These eyes have witnessed all I speak—as gods you were received; as fiends have you acted.

*Piz.* Las-Casas!

*Las-Cas.* Pizarro, hear me!—Hear me, chieftains!—And thou, all-powerful! whose thunders can shiver into sand the adamant rock—whose lightnings can pierce to the core of the rived and quaking earth—oh! let thy power give effect to thy servant's words, as thy spirit gives courage to his will! Do not, I implore you, chieftains—countrymen—do not, I implore you, renew the foul barbarities which your insatiate avarice has inflicted on this wretched, unoffending race!—But hush, my sighs!—fall not, drops of useless sorrow!—heart-breaking anguish, choke not my utterance!—All I entreat is, send me once more to those you call your enemies.—Oh! let me be the messenger of penitence from you; I shall return with blessings and with peace from them.—Elvira, you weep!—Alas! and does this dreadful crisis move no heart but thine?

*Alm.* Because there are no women here—but she and thou.

*Piz.* Close this idle war of words: time flies, and our opportunity will be lost. Chieftains, are ye for instant battle?

*Alm.* We are.

*Las-Cas.* Oh, men of blood!—[*Kneels.*] God! thou hast anointed me thy servant—not to curse, but to bless my countrymen: yet now my blessing on their force were blasphemy against thy goodness.—[*Rises.*] No! I curse your purpose, homicides! I curse the bond of blood by which you are united. May fell division, infamy, and rout, defeat your projects and rebuke your hopes! On you, and on your children, be the peril of the innocent blood which shall be shed this day! I leave you, and for ever! No longer shall these aged eyes be seared by the horrors they have witnessed. In caves, in forests, will I hide myself; with tigers

and with savage beasts will I commune : and when at length we meet again before the blessed tribunal of that Deity, whose mild doctrines and whose mercies ye have this day renounced, then shall you feel the agony and grief of soul which tear the bosom of your accuser now! *[Going.]*

*Elv.* Las-Casas! Oh! take me with thee, Las-Casas.

*Las-Cas.* Stay! lost, abused lady! I alone am useless here. Perhaps thy loveliness may persuade to pity, where reason and religion plead in vain. Oh! save thy innocent fellow-creatures if thou canst: then shall thy frailty be redeemed, and thou wilt share the mercy thou bestowest. *[Exit.]*

*Piz.* How, Elvira! wouldst thou leave me?

*Elv.* I am bewildered, grown terrified! Your inhumanity—and that good Las-Casas—oh! he appeared to me just now something more than heavenly: and you! ye all looked worse than earthly.

*Piz.* Compassion sometimes becomes a beauty.

*Elv.* Humanity always becomes a conqueror.

*Alm.* Well! Heaven be praised, we are rid of the old moralist.

*Gon.* I hope he'll join his preaching pupil, Alonzo.

*Piz.* Now to prepare our muster and our march. At midday is the hour of the sacrifice. Consulting with our guides, the route of your divisions shall be given to each commander. If we surprise, we conquer; and if we conquer, the gates of Quito will be open to us.

*Alm.* And Pizarro then be monarch of Peru.

*Piz.* Not so fast—ambition for a time must take counsel from discretion. Ataliba still must hold the shadow of a sceptre in his hand. Pizarro still appear dependent upon Spain: while the pledge of future peace, his daughter's hand, secures the proud succession to the crown I seek.

*Alm.* This is best. In Pizarro's plans observe the statesman's wisdom guides the warrior's valour.

*Val.* *[Aside to ELVIRA.]* You mark, Elvira?

*Elv.* O yes—this is best—this is excellent!

*Piz.* You seem offended. Elvira still retains my heart. Think—a sceptre waves me on.

*Elv.* Offended?—no! Thou knowest thy glory is my idol; and this will be most glorious, most just and honourable.

*Piz.* What mean you?

*Elv.* Oh, nothing!—mere woman's prattle—a jealous whim, perhaps: but let it not impede the royal hero's course.—*[Trumpets without.]* The call of arms invites you.—Away! away! you, his brave, his worthy fellow-warriors.

*Piz.* And go you not with me?

*Elv.* Undoubtedly! I needs must be the first to hail the future monarch of Peru.

*Enter GOMEZ.*

*Alm.* How, Gomez! what bringest thou?

*Gom.* On yonder hill among the palm trees we have surprised an old cacique: escape by flight he could not, and we seized him and his attendant unresisting; yet his lips breathe naught but bitterness and scorn.

*Piz.* Drag him before us.—*[GOMEZ goes out and returns with OROZEMBO and Attendant, in chains, guarded.]* What art thou, stranger?

*Oro.* First tell me which among you is the captain of this band of robbers.

*Piz.* Ha!

*Alm.* Madman!—Tear out his tongue, or else—  
*Oro.* Thou'lt hear some truth.

*Dav.* *[Showing his poniard.]* Shall I not plunge this into his heart?

*Oro.* *[To PIZARRO.]* Does your army boast many such heroes as this?

*Piz.* Audacious! this insolence has sealed thy doom. Die thou shalt, grey-headed ruffian. But first confess what thou knowest.

*Oro.* I know that which thou hast just assured me of—that I shall die.

*Piz.* Less audacity perhaps might have preserved thy life.

*Oro.* My life is as a withered tree; it is not worth preserving.

*Piz.* Hear me, old man. Even now we march against the Peruvian army. We know there is a secret path that leads to your stronghold among the rocks: guide us to that, and name thy reward. If wealth be thy wish—

*Oro.* Ha! ha! ha! ha!

*Piz.* Dost thou despise my offer?

*Oro.* Thee and thy offer!—Wealth!—I have the wealth of two dear gallant sons—I have stored in heaven the riches which repay good actions here—and still my chiefest treasure do I bear about me.

*Piz.* What is that? inform me.

*Oro.* I will; for it never can be thine—the treasure of a pure unsullied conscience.

*Piz.* I believe there is no other Peruvian who dares speak as thou dost.

*Oro.* Would I could believe there is no other Spaniard who dares act as thou dost!

*Gon.* Obdurate Pagan!—How numerous is your army?

*Oro.* Count the leaves of yonder forest.

*Alm.* Which is the weakest part of your camp?  
*Oro.* It has no weak part; on every side 'tis fortified by justice.

*Piz.* Where have you concealed your wives and your children?

*Oro.* In the hearts of their husbands and their fathers.

*Piz.* Knowest thou Alonzo?

*Oro.* Know him! Alonzo! Know him! Our nation's benefactor! the guardian angel of Peru!

*Piz.* By what has he merited that title?

*Oro.* By not resembling thee.

*Alm.* Who is this Rolla, joined with Alonzo in command?

*Oro.* I will answer that; for I love to hear and to repeat the hero's name. Rolla, the kinsman of the king, is the idol of our army; in war a tiger, chafed by the hunter's spear; in peace more gentle than the unweaned lamb. Cora was once betrothed to him; but finding she preferred Alonzo, he resigned his claim, and, I fear, his peace, to friendship and to Cora's happiness; yet still he loves her with a pure and holy fire.

*Piz.* Romantic savage!—I shall meet this Rolla soon.

*Oro.* Thou hadst better not! the terrors of his noble eye would strike thee dead.

*Dav.* Silence, or tremble!

*Oro.* Beardless robber! I never yet have trembled before God; why should I tremble before man? why before thee, thou less than man!

*Dav.* Another word, audacious heathen, and I strike!



Oro. Strike, Christian! Then boast among thy fellows—I too have murdered a Peruvian!

Dav. Hell and vengeance seize thee! [*Stabs him.*]

Piz. Hold!

Dav. Couldst thou longer have endured his insults?

Piz. And therefore should he die untortured?

Oro. True!—Observe, young man—your unthinking rashness has saved me from the rack; and you yourself have lost the opportunity of a useful lesson; you might have seen with what cruelty vengeance would have inflicted torments—and with what patience virtue would have borne them.

Elv. [*Supporting OROZEMBO'S head upon her bosom.*] Oh, ye are monsters all!—Look up, thou martyred innocent—look up once more, and bless me ere thou diest. God! how I pity thee!

Oro. Pity me!—me! so near my happiness! Bless thee, lady!—Spaniards—Heaven turn your hearts, and pardon you as I do.

Piz. Away!—[*OROZEMBO is borne off dying.*] Davilla! if thus rash a second time—

Dav. Forgive the hasty indignation which—

Piz. No more!—Unbind that trembling wretch—let him depart: 'tis well he should report the mercy which we show to insolent defiance.—Hark! our troops are moving.

Attend. [*On passing ELVIRA.*] If through your gentle means my master's poor remains might be preserved from insult—

Elv. I understand you.

Attend. His sons may yet thank your charity, if not avenge their father's fate. [*Exit.*]

Piz. What says the slave?

Elv. A parting word to thank you for your mercy.

Piz. Our guard and guides approach.—[*Soldiers march through the tents.*] Follow me, friends—

each shall have his post assigned, and ere Peruvia's god shall sink beneath the main, the Spanish banner, bathed in blood, shall float above the walls of vanquished Quito.

[*Exeunt all but ELVIRA and VALVERDE.*]

Val. Is it now presumption that my hopes gain strength with the increasing horrors which I see appal Elvira's soul?

Elv. I am mad with terror and remorse! Would I could fly these dreadful scenes!

Val. Might not Valverde's true attachment be thy refuge?

Elv. What wouldst thou do to save or to avenge me?

Val. I dare do all thy injuries may demand—a word—and he lies bleeding at your feet.

Elv. Perhaps we will speak again of this. Now leave me.—[*Exit VALVERDE.*] No! not this revenge—no! not this instrument. Fy, Elvira! even for a moment to counsel with this unworthy traitor!—Can a wretch, false to a confiding master, be true to any pledge of love or honour?—Pizarro will abandon me—yes; me—who, for his sake, have sacrificed—oh, God! what have I not sacrificed for him! Yet, curbing the avenging pride that swells this bosom, I still will further try him. Oh, men! ye who, wearied by the fond fidelity of virtuous love, seek in the wanton's flattery a new delight, oh, ye may insult and leave the hearts to which your faith was pledged, and, stifling self-reproach, may fear no other peril; because such hearts, howe'er you injure and desert them, have yet the proud retreat of an unspotted fame—of unrepenting conscience. But beware the desperate libertine who forsakes the creature whom his arts have first deprived of all natural protection—of all self-consolation! What has he left her?—Despair and vengeance! [*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Bank surrounded by a wild wood, and rocks.*

CORA is discovered playing with her Child: ALONZO hanging over them with delight.

Cora. Now confess, does he resemble thee, or not?

Alon. Indeed he is liker thee—thy rosy softness, thy smiling gentleness.

Cora. But his auburn hair, the colour of his eyes, Alonzo.—Oh, my lord's image, and my heart's adored! [*Presses the Child to her bosom.*]

Alon. The little daring urchin robs me, I doubt, of some portion of thy love, my Cora. At least he shares caresses, which till his birth were only mine.

Cora. Oh no, Alonzo! a mother's love for her sweet babe is not a stealth from the dear father's store; it is a new delight that turns with quickened gratitude to Him, the author of her augmented bliss.

Alon. Could Cora think me serious?

Cora. I am sure he will speak soon: then will

be the last of the three holidays allowed by Nature's sanction to the fond anxious mother's heart.

Alon. What are those three?

Cora. The ecstasy of his birth I pass; that in part is selfish: but when first the white blossoms of his teeth appear, breaking the crimson buds that did incase them; that is a day of joy: next, when from his father's arms he runs without support, and clings, laughing and delighted, to his mother's knee; that is the mother's heart's next holiday: and sweeter still the third, whene'er his little stammering tongue shall utter the grateful sound of father! mother!—Oh, that is the dearest joy of all!

Alon. Beloved Cora!

Cora. Oh, my Alonzo! daily, hourly, do I pour thanks to Heaven for the dear blessing I possess in him and thee.

Alon. To Heaven and Rolla!

Cora. Yes, to Heaven and Rolla: and art thou not grateful to them too, Alonzo? art thou not happy?

Alon. Can Cora ask that question?

*Cora.* Why then of late so restless on thy couch? Why to my waking, watching ear so often does the stillness of the night betray thy struggling sighs?

*Alon.* Must not I fight against my country, against my brethren?

*Cora.* Do they not seek our destruction; and are not all men brethren?

*Alon.* Should they prove victorious?

*Cora.* I will fly, and meet thee in the mountains.

*Alon.* Fly, with thy infant, Cora?

*Cora.* What! think you a mother, when she runs from danger, can feel the weight of her child?

*Alon.* Cora, my beloved, do you wish to set my heart at rest?

*Cora.* Oh yes! yes! yes!

*Alon.* Hasten then to the concealment in the mountains; where all our matrons and virgins, and our warriors' offspring, are allotted to await the issue of the war. Cora will not alone resist her husband's, her sisters', and her monarch's wish.

*Cora.* Alonzo, I cannot leave you. Oh! how in every moment's absence would my fancy paint you, wounded, alone, abandoned! No, no, I cannot leave you.

*Alon.* Rolla will be with me.

*Cora.* Yes, while the battle rages, and where it rages most, brave Rolla will be found. He may revenge, but cannot save thee. To follow danger, he will leave even thee. But I have sworn never to forsake thee but with life. Dear, dear Alonzo! can you wish that I should break my vow?

*Alon.* Then be it so. Oh! excellence in all that's great and lovely, in courage, gentleness, and truth; my pride, my content, my all! Can there on this earth be fools who seek for happiness, and pass by love in the pursuit?

*Cora.* Alonzo, I cannot thank you: silence is the gratitude of true affection: who seeks to follow it by sound will miss the track.—[*Shout without.*] Does the king approach?

*Alon.* No, 'tis the general placing the guard that will surround the temple during the sacrifice. 'Tis Rolla comes, the first and best of heroes.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

*Rol.* [*Without.*] Then place them on the hill fronting the Spanish camp.

*Enter ROLLA.*

*Cora.* Rolla! my friend, my brother!

*Alon.* Rolla! my friend, my benefactor! how can our lives repay the obligations which we owe you?

*Rol.* Pass them in peace and bliss. Let Rolla witness it, he is overpaid.

*Cora.* Look on this child. He is the life-blood of my heart; but if ever he loves or reveres thee less than his own father, his mother's hate fall on him!

*Rol.* Oh, no more! What sacrifice have I made to merit gratitude? The object of my love was Cora's happiness. I see her happy. Is not my object gained, and am I not rewarded? Now, Cora, listen to a friend's advice. You must away; you must seek the sacred caverns, the unprofaned recess, whither, after this day's sacrifice, our matrons, and e'en the virgins of the sun, retire.

*Cora.* Not secure with Alonzo and with thee, Rolla?

*Rol.* We have heard Pizarro's plan is to surprise us. Thy presence, Cora, cannot aid, but may impede our efforts.

*Cora.* Impede!

*Rol.* Yes, yes. Thou knowest how tenderly we love thee; we, thy husband and thy friend. Art thou near us? our thoughts, our valour—vengeance will not be our own. No advantage will be pursued that leads us from the spot where thou art placed; no succour will be given but for thy protection. The faithful lover dares not be all himself amid the war, until he knows that the beloved of his soul is absent from the peril of the fight.

*Alon.* Thanks to my friend! 'tis this I would have urged.

*Cora.* This timid excess of love, producing fear instead of valour, flatters, but does not convince me: the wife is incredulous.

*Rol.* And is the mother unbelieving too?

*Cora.* No more! do with me as you please. My friend, my husband! place me where you will.

*Alon.* My adored! we thank you both.—[*March without.*] Hark! the king approaches to the sacrifice. You, Rolla, spoke of rumours of surprise. A servant of mine, I hear, is missing; whether surprised or treacherous, I know not.

*Rol.* It matters not. We are everywhere prepared. Come, Cora, upon the altar 'mid the rocks thou'lt implore a blessing on our cause. The pious supplication of the trembling wife, and mother's heart, rises to the throne of mercy, the most resistless prayer of human homage. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—*The Temple of the Sun.*

*The High-priest, Priests, and Virgins of the Sun discovered. A solemn march. ATALIBA and the Peruvian Warriors enter on one side, on the other ROLLA, ALONZO, and CORA with the Child.*

*Ata.* Welcome, Alonzo!—[*To ROLLA.*] Kinsman, thy hand.—[*To CORA.*] Blessed be the object of the happy mother's love.

*Cora.* May the sun bless the father of his people!

*Ata.* In the welfare of his children lives the happiness of their king.—Friends, what is the temper of our soldiers?

*Rol.* Such as becomes the cause which they support; their cry is, Victory or death! our king! our country! and our God!

*Ata.* Thou, Rolla, in the hour of peril, hast been wont to animate the spirit of their leaders, ere we proceed to consecrate the banners which thy valour knows so well to guard.

*Rol.* Yet never was the hour of peril near, when to inspire them words were so little needed. My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame!—can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No! You have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule: we, for our country, our altars,

and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate: we serve a monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! Where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error! Yes: they will give enlightened freedom to our minds! who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride. They offer us their protection: yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of goods we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this:—The throne we honour is the people's choice; the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy; the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no change; and, least of all, such change as they would bring us.

[Loud shouts of the Peruvian Warriors.

*Ata.* [Embracing ROLLA.] Now, holy friends, ever mindful of these sacred truths, begin the sacrifice.—[A solemn procession commences. The Priests and Virgins arrange themselves on either side of the altar, which the High-priest approaches, and the solemnity begins. The invocation of the High-priest is followed by the choruses of the Priests and Virgins. Fire from above lights upon the altar. The whole assembly rise, and join in the thanksgiving.] Our offering is accepted. Now to arms, my friends; prepare for battle.

Enter ORANO.

*Ora.* The enemy!

*Ata.* How near?

*Ora.* From the hill's brow, e'en now as I o'erlooked their force, suddenly I perceived the whole in motion: with eager haste they march towards our deserted camp, as if apprised of this most solemn sacrifice.

*Rol.* They must be met before they reach it.

*Ata.* And you, my daughters, with your dear children, away to the appointed place of safety.

*Cora.* Oh, Alonzo! [Embracing him.

*Alon.* We shall meet again.

*Cora.* Bless us once more ere you leave us.

*Alon.* Heaven protect and bless thee, my beloved; and thee, my innocent!

*Ata.* Haste, haste! each moment is precious!

*Cora.* Farewell, Alonzo! Remember thy life is mine.

*Rol.* Not one farewell to Rolla?

*Cora.* [Giving him her hand.] Farewell! The god of war be with you: but bring me back Alonzo. [Exit with the Child.

*Ata.* [Draws his sword.] Now, my brethren, my sons, my friends, I know your valour. Should ill success assail us, be despair the last feeling of your hearts. If successful, let mercy be the first.—Alonzo, to you I give to defend the narrow passage of the mountains. On the right of the wood be Rolla's station. For me, straight forwards will I march to meet them, and fight until I see my people saved, or they behold their monarch fall. Be the word of battle—God! and our native land.

[A march. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Wood between the Temple and the Camp.*

Enter ROLLA and ALONZO.

*Rol.* Here, my friend, we separate—soon, I trust, to meet again in triumph.

*Alon.* Or perhaps we part to meet no more.—Rolla, a moment's pause; we are yet before our army's strength; one earnest word at parting.

*Rol.* There is in language now no word but battle.

*Alon.* Yes, one word more—Cora!

*Rol.* Cora!—speak!

*Alon.* The next hour brings us—

*Rol.* Death or victory!

*Alon.* It may be victory to one—death to the other.

*Rol.* Or both may fall.

*Alon.* If so, my wife and child I bequeath to the protection of Heaven and my king. But should I only fall, Rolla, be thou my heir.

*Rol.* How?

*Alon.* Be Cora thy wife—be thou a father to my child.

*Rol.* Rouse thee, Alonzo! banish these timid fancies.

*Alon.* Rolla! I have tried in vain, and cannot fly from the foreboding which oppresses me: thou knowest it will not shake me in the fight: but give me the promise I exact.

*Rol.* If it be Cora's will—yes—I promise.

[Gives his hand.

*Alon.* Tell her it was my last wish; and bear to her and to my son my last blessing!

*Rol.* I will.—Now then to our posts, and let our swords speak for us. [They draw their swords.

*Alon.* For the king and Cora!

*Rol.* For Cora and the king.

[*Exeunt severally. Alarms without.*

SCENE IV.—*The Peruvian Camp.*

Enter an Old blind Man and a Boy.

*Old Man.* Have none returned to the camp?

*Boy.* One messenger alone. From the temple they all marched to meet the foe.

*Old Man.* Hark! I hear the din of battle. Oh, had I still retained my sight, I might now have grasped a sword, and died a soldier's death!—Are we quite alone?

*Boy.* Yes!—I hope my father will be safe!

*Old Man.* He will do his duty. I am more anxious for thee, my child.

*Boy.* I can stay with you, dear grandfather.

*Old Man.* But should the enemy come, they will drag thee from me, my boy.

*Boy.* Impossible, grandfather! for they will see at once that you are old and blind, and cannot do without me.

*Old Man.* Poor child! you little know the hearts of these inhuman men.—[Discharge of cannon heard.] Hark! the noise is near. I hear the dreadful roaring of the fiery engines of these cruel strangers.—[Shouts at a distance.] At every shout, with involuntary haste I clench my hand, and fancy still it grasps a sword! Alas! I can only serve my country by my prayers. Heaven preserve the Inca and his gallant soldiers!

*Boy.* O father! there are soldiers running—

*Old Man.* Spaniards, boy?

*Boy.* No, Peruvians!

*Old Man.* How! and flying from the field!—It cannot be.

*Enter two Peruvian Soldiers.*

Oh, speak to them, boy!—whence come you? How goes the battle?

*Sold.* We may not stop; we are sent for the reserve behind the hill. The day's against us.

*[Exit Soldiers.]*

*Old Man.* Quick, then, quick!

*Boy.* I see the points of lances glittering in the light.

*Old Man.* Those are Peruvians. Do they bend this way?

*Enter a Peruvian Soldier.*

*Boy.* Soldier, speak to my blind father.

*Sold.* I'm sent to tell the helpless father to retreat among the rocks: all will be lost, I fear. The king is wounded.

*Old Man.* Quick, boy! Lead me to the hill, where thou mayst view the plain. *[Alarms.]*

*Enter ATALIBA, wounded, with ORANO, Officers, and Soldiers.*

*Ata.* My wound is bound; believe me, the hurt is nothing: I may return to the fight.

*Ora.* Pardon your servant; but the allotted priest who attends the sacred banner has pronounced that the Inca's blood once shed, no blessing can await the day until he leave the field.

*Ata.* Hard restraint!—Oh my poor brave soldiers! Hard that I may no longer be a witness of their valour.—But haste you; return to your comrades: I will not keep one soldier from his post. Go, and avenge your fallen brethren.—*[Exit ORANO, Officers, and Soldiers.]* I will not repine; my own fate is the last anxiety of my heart. It is for you, my people, that I feel and fear.

*Old Man.* *[Coming forward.]* Did I not hear the voice of an unfortunate?—Who is it complains thus?

*Ata.* One almost by hope forsaken.

*Old Man.* Is the king alive?

*Ata.* The king still lives.

*Old Man.* Then thou art not forsaken! Ataliba protects the meanest of his subjects.

*Ata.* And who shall protect Ataliba?

*Old Man.* The immortal powers, that protect the just. The virtues of our monarch alike secure to him the affection of his people and the benign regard of Heaven.

*Ata.* How impious, had I murmured! How wondrous, thou supreme Disposer, are thy acts! Even in this moment, which I had thought the bitterest trial of mortal suffering, thou hast infused the sweetest sensation of my life—it is the assurance of my people's love. *[Aside.]*

*Boy.* *[Turning forward.]* O father!—Stranger! see those hideous men that rush upon us yonder!

*Ata.* Ha! Spaniards! and I Ataliba—ill-fated fugitive, without a sword even to try the ransom of a monarch's life.

*Enter DAVILLA, ALMAGRO, and Spanish Soldiers.*

*Dav.* 'Tis he—our hopes are answered—I know him well—it is the king!

*Alm.* Away! Follow with your prize. Avoid

those Peruvians, though in flight. This way we may regain our line.

*[Exit DAVILLA, ALMAGRO, and Soldiers, with ATALIBA prisoner.]*

*Old Man.* The king!—Wretched old man, that could not see his gracious form!—Boy, would thou hadst led me to the reach of those ruffians' swords!

*Boy.* Father! all our countrymen are flying here for refuge.

*Old Man.* No—to the rescue of their king—they never will desert him. *[Alarms without.]*

*Enter Peruvian Officers and Soldiers, flying across the stage; ORANO following.*

*Ora.* Hold, I charge you! Rolla calls you.

*Officer.* We cannot combat with their dreadful engines.

*Enter ROLLA.*

*Rol.* Hold! recreants! cowards!—What, fear ye death, and fear not shame? By my soul's fury, I cleave to the earth the first of you that stirs, or plunge your dastard swords into your leader's heart, that he no more may witness your disgrace. Where is the king?

*Ora.* From this old man and boy I learn that the detachment of the enemy, which you observed so suddenly to quit the field, have succeeded in surprising him; they are yet in sight.

*Rol.* And bear the Inca off a prisoner?—Hear this, ye base, disloyal rout! Look there! The dust you see hangs on the bloody Spaniards' track, dragging with ruffian taunts your king, your father—Ataliba in bondage! Now fly, and seek your own vile safety, if you can.

*Old Man.* Bless the voice of Rolla—and bless the stroke I once lamented, but which now spares these extinguished eyes the shame of seeing the pale trembling wretches who dare not follow Rolla though to save their king!

*Rol.* Shrink ye from the thunder of the foe—and fall ye not at this rebuke? Oh! had ye each but one drop of the loyal blood which gushes to waste through the brave heart of this sightless veteran! Eternal shame pursue you, if you desert me now!—But do—alone I go—alone—to die with glory by my monarch's side!

*Soldiers.* Rolla! we'll follow thee.

*[Trumpets sound; ROLLA rushes out, followed by ORANO, Officers, and Soldiers.]*

*Old Man.* O godlike Rolla!—And thou sun, send from thy clouds avenging lightning to his aid! Haste, my boy; ascend some height, and tell to my impatient terror what thou seest.

*Boy.* I can climb this rock, and the tree above.—*[Ascends a rock, and from thence into the tree.]* Oh—now I see them—now—yes—and the Spaniards turning by the steep.

*Old Man.* Rolla follows them?

*Boy.* He does—he does—he moves like an arrow!—Now he waves his arm to our soldiers.—*[Report of cannon heard.]* Now there is fire and smoke.

*Old Man.* Yes, fire is the weapon of those fiends.

*Boy.* The wind blows off the smoke: they are all mixed together.

*Old Man.* Seest thou the king?

*Boy.* Yes—Rolla is near him!—His sword sheds fire as he strikes!

*Old Man.* Bless thee, Rolla! Spare not the monsters.

*Boy.* Father! father! the Spaniards fly!—Oh—now I see the king embracing Rolla.

[*Waves his cap for joy. Shouts of victory, flourish of trumpets, &c.*]

*Old Man.* [*Falls on his knees.*] Fountain of life! how can my exhausted breath bear to thee thanks for this one moment of my life!—My boy, come down, and let me kiss thee—my strength is gone!

*Boy.* [*Running to the Old Man.*] Let me help you, father.—You tremble so—

*Old Man.* 'Tis with transport, boy!

[*Boy leads the Old Man off. Shouts, flourish, &c.*]

*Re-enter ATALIBA, ROLLA, and Peruvian Officers and Soldiers.*

*Ata.* In the name of my people, the saviour of whose sovereign you have this day been, accept this emblem of his gratitude.—[*Giving ROLLA his sun of diamonds.*] The tear that falls upon it may for a moment dim its lustre, yet does it not impair the value of the gift.

*Rol.* It was the hand of Heaven, not mine, that saved my king.

*Enter Peruvian Officer and Soldiers.*

*Rol.* Now, soldier, from Alonzo?

*Off.* Alonzo's genius soon repaired the panic which early broke our ranks; but I fear we have to mourn Alonzo's loss: his eager spirit urged him too far in the pursuit!

*Ata.* How! Alonzo slain?

*1 Sold.* I saw him fall.

*2 Sold.* Trust me, I beheld him up again and fighting—he was then surrounded and disarmed.

*Ata.* O victory, dearly purchased!

*Rol.* O Cora! who shall tell thee this?

*Ata.* Rolla, our friend is lost—our native country saved! Our private sorrows must yield to the public claim for triumph. Now go we to fulfil the first, the most sacred duty which belongs to victory—to dry the widowed and the orphaned tear of those whose brave protectors have perished in their country's cause. [*Triumphant march, and exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—*A wild Retreat among stupendous rocks.*

*CORA and her Child, with other Wives and Children of the Peruvian Warriors, discovered. They sing alternately, stanzas expressive of their situation, with a Chorus, in which all join.*

*1 Wom.* Zuluga, seest thou nothing yet?

*Zul.* Yes, two Peruvian soldiers—one on the hill, the other entering the thicket in the vale.

*2 Wom.* One more has passed.—He comes—but pale and terrified.

*Cora.* My heart will start from my bosom.

*Enter a Peruvian Soldier, panting for breath.*

*Wom.* Well! joy or death?

*Sold.* The battle is against us. The king is wounded, and a prisoner.

*Wom.* Despair and misery!

*Cora.* [*In a faint voice.*] And Alonzo?

*Sold.* I have not seen him.

*1 Wom.* Oh! whither must we fly?

*2 Wom.* Deeper into the forest.

*Cora.* I shall not move.

*2 Sold.* [*Without.*] Victory! victory!

*Enter another Peruvian Soldier.*

*2 Sold.* Rejoice! rejoice! we are victorious!

*Wom.* [*Springing up.*] Welcome! welcome, thou messenger of joy:—but the king!

*2 Sold.* He leads the brave warriors, who approach.

[*The triumphant march of the army is heard at a distance. The Women and Children join in a strain expressive of anxiety and exultation.*]

*Enter the Peruvian Warriors, singing the Song of Victory. ATALIBA and ROLLA follow, and are greeted with rapturous shouts. CORA, with her Child in her arms, runs through the ranks searching for ALONZO.*

*Ata.* Thanks, thanks, my children! I am well: believe it; the blood once stopped, my wound was nothing.

*Cora.* [*To ROLLA.*] Where is Alonzo?—[*ROLLA turns away in silence.*] Give me my husband; give this child his father. [*Falls at ATALIBA'S feet.*]

*Ata.* I grieve that Alonzo is not here.

*Cora.* Hoped you to find him?

*Ata.* Most anxiously.

*Cora.* Ataliba! is he not dead?

*Ata.* No! the gods will have heard our prayers.

*Cora.* Is he not dead, Ataliba?

*Ata.* He lives—in my heart.

*Cora.* O king! torture me not thus!—Speak out, is this child fatherless?

*Ata.* Dearest Cora! do not thus dash aside the little hope that still remains.

*Cora.* The little hope! yet still there is hope!—Speak to me, Rolla: you are the friend of truth.

*Rol.* Alonzo has not been found.

*Cora.* Not found! what mean you? will not you, Rolla, tell me truth? Oh! let me not hear the thunder rolling at a distance; let the bolt fall and crush my brain at once. Say not that he is not found: say at once that he is dead.

*Rol.* Then should I say false.

*Cora.* False! blessings on thee for that word! But snatch me from this terrible suspense. Lift up thy little hands, my child; perhaps thy ignorance may plead better than thy mother's agony.

*Rol.* Alonzo is taken prisoner.

*Cora.* Prisoner! and by the Spaniards?—Pizarro's prisoner?—Then is he dead.

*Ata.* Hope better;—the richest ransom which our realm can yield a herald shall this instant bear.

*Peruv. Wom.* Oh! for Alonzo's ransom—our gold, our gems!—all! all!—Here, dear Cora,—here! here!

[*The Peruvian Women eagerly tear off all their ornaments, and offer them to CORA.*]

*Ata.* Yes, for Alonzo's ransom they would give all!—I thank thee, Father, who hast given me such hearts to rule over!

*Cora.* Now one boon more, beloved monarch. Let me go with the herald.

*Ata.* Remember, Cora, thou art not a wife only, but a mother too: hazard not your own honour, and the safety of your infant. Among these barbarians the sight of thy youth, thy loveliness, and innocence, would but rivet faster your Alonzo's chains, and rack his heart with added fears for thee. Wait, Cora, the return of the herald.

*Cora.* Teach me how to live till then.

*Ata.* Now we go to offer to the gods thanks for our victory, and prayers for our Alonzo's safety.

[*March and procession. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Wood.*

*Enter CORA and Child.*

*Cora.* Mild innocence, what will become of thee?

*Enter ROLLA.*

*Rol.* Cora, I attend thy summons at the appointed spot.

*Cora.* O my child, my boy!—hast thou still a father?

*Rol.* Cora, can thy child be fatherless, while Rolla lives?

*Cora.* Will he not soon want a mother too?—For canst thou think I will survive Alonzo's loss?

*Rol.* Yes! for his child's sake.—Yes, as thou didst love Alonzo, Cora, listen to Alonzo's friend.

*Cora.* You bid me listen to the world.—Who was not Alonzo's friend?

*Rol.* His parting words—

*Cora.* His parting words!—[*Wildly.*] Oh, speak!

*Rol.* Consigned to me two precious trusts—his blessing to his son, and a last request to thee.

*Cora.* His last request! his last!—Oh, name it!

*Rol.* If I fall, said he (and sad forebodings shook him while he spoke,) promise to take my Cora for thy wife; be thou a father to my child.—I pledged my word to him, and we parted. Observe me, Cora, I repeat this only, as my faith to do so was given to Alonzo: for myself, I neither cherish claim nor hope.

*Cora.* Ha! does my reason fail me, or what is this horrid light that presses on my brain? O Alonzo! it may be thou hast fallen a victim to thy own guileless heart: hadst thou been silent, hadst thou not made a fatal legacy of these wretched charms—

*Rol.* Cora! what hateful suspicion has possessed thy mind?

*Cora.* Yes, yes, 'tis clear!—his spirit was ensnared; he was led to the fatal spot, where mortal valour could not front a host of murderers. He fell—in vain did he exclaim for help to Rolla. At a distance you looked on and smiled: you could have saved him—could—but did not.

*Rol.* Oh, glorious sun! can I have deserved this?—Cora, rather bid me strike this sword into my heart.

*Cora.* No!—live! live for love!—for that love thou seekest; whose blossoms are to shoot from the bleeding grave of thy betrayed and slaughtered friend! But thou hast borne to me the last words of my Alonzo! now hear mine. Sooner shall this

boy draw poison from this tortured breast—sooner would I link me to the pallid corse of the meanest wretch that perished with Alonzo, than he call Rolla father—than I call Rolla husband!

*Rol.* Yet call me what I am—thy friend, thy protector!

*Cora.* [*Distractedly.*] Away! I have no protector but my God! With this child in my arms will I hasten to the field of slaughter: there with these hands will I turn up to the light every mangled body, seeking, howe'er by death disfigured, the sweet smile of my Alonzo: with fearful cries I will shriek out his name till my veins snap! If the smallest spark of life remain, he will know the voice of his Cora, open for a moment his unshrouded eyes, and bless me with a last look. But if we find him not—oh! then, my boy, we will to the Spanish camp—that look of thine will win me passage through a thousand swords—they too are men. Is there a heart that could drive back the wife that seeks her bleeding husband; or the innocent babe that cries for his imprisoned father? No, no, my child, everywhere we shall be safe. A wretched mother, bearing a poor orphan in her arms, has nature's passport through the world. Yes, yes, my son, we'll go and seek thy father.

[*Exit with the Child.*]

*Rol.* [*After a pause of agitation.*] Could I have merited one breath of thy reproaches, Cora, I should be the wretch I think I was not formed to be. Her safety must be my present purpose—then to convince her she has wronged me! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Pizarro's Tent.*

*PIZARRO discovered, traversing the scene in gloomy and furious agitation.*

*Piz.* Well, capricious idol, Fortune, be my ruin thy work and boast. To myself I will still be true. Yet ere I fall, grant me thy smile to prosper in one act of vengeance, and be that smile Alonzo's death.

*Enter ELVIRA.*

Who's there? who dares intrude? Why does my guard neglect their duty?

*Elv.* Your guard did what they could—but they knew their duty better than to enforce authority, when I refused obedience.

*Piz.* And what is it you desire?

*Elv.* To see how a hero bears misfortune. Thou, Pizarro, art not now collected—not thyself.

*Piz.* Wouldst thou I should rejoice that the spears of the enemy, led by accursed Alonzo, have pierced the bravest hearts of my followers?

*Elv.* No! I would have thee cold and dark as the night that follows the departed storm; still and sullen as the awful pause that precedes nature's convulsion: yet I would have thee feel assured that a new morning shall arise, when the warrior's spirit shall stalk forth—nor fear the future, nor lament the past.

*Piz.* Woman! Elvira!—Why had not all my men hearts like thine?

*Elv.* Then would thy brows have this day worn the crown of Quito.

*Piz.* Oh! hope fails me while that scourge of my life and fame, Alonzo, leads the enemy.

*Elv.* Pizarro, I am come to probe the hero far-

ther: not now his courage, but his magnanimity.—Alonzo is your prisoner.

*Piz.* How!

*Elv.* 'Tis certain; Valverde saw him even now dragged in chains within your camp. I chose to bring you the intelligence myself.

*Piz.* Bless thee, Elvira, for the news!—Alonzo in my power!—then I am the conqueror—the victory is mine!

*Elv.* Pizarro, this is savage and unmanly triumph. Believe me, you raise impatience in my mind to see the man whose valour and whose genius awe Pizarro; whose misfortunes are Pizarro's triumph; whose bondage is Pizarro's safety.

*Piz.* Guard!

*Enter Guard.*

Drag here the Spanish prisoner, Alonzo! Quick, bring the traitor here. [*Exit Guard.*]

*Elv.* What shall be his fate?

*Piz.* Death! death! in lingering torments! protracted to the last stretch that burning vengeance can devise, and fainting life sustain.

*Elv.* Shame on thee! Wilt thou have it said that the Peruvians found Pizarro could not conquer till Alonzo felt that he could murder?

*Piz.* Be it said—I care not. His fate is sealed.

*Elv.* Follow then thy will: but mark me; if basely thou dost shed the blood of this brave youth, Elvira's lost to thee for ever.

*Piz.* Why this interest for a stranger? what is Alonzo's fate to thee?

*Elv.* His fate, nothing! thy glory, everything!—Thinkest thou I could love thee stripped of fame, of honour, and a just renown?—Know me better.

*Piz.* Thou shouldst have known me better. Thou shouldst have known, that, once provoked to hate, I am for ever fixed in vengeance.

*Re-enter Guard with ALONZO in chains.*

Welcome, welcome, Don Alonzo de Molina! 'tis long since we have met: thy mended looks should speak a life of rural indolence. How is it that amid the toils and cares of war thou dost preserve the healthful bloom of careless ease? Tell me thy secret.

*Alon.* Thou wilt not profit by it. Whate'er the toils or cares of war, peace still is here.

[*Putting his hand to his heart.*]

*Piz.* Sarcastic boy!

*Elv.* Thou art answered rightly. Why sport with the unfortunate?

*Piz.* And thou art wedded too, I hear; ay, and the father of a lovely boy—the heir, no doubt of all his father's loyalty, of all his mother's faith.

*Alon.* The heir, I trust, of all his father's scorn of fraud, oppression, and hypocrisy—the heir, I hope, of all his mother's virtue, gentleness, and truth—the heir, I am sure, to all Pizarro's hate.

*Piz.* Really! Now do I feel for this poor orphan; for fatherless to-morrow's sun shall see that child. Alonzo, thy hours are numbered.

*Elv.* Pizarro—no!

*Piz.* Hence—or dread my anger.

*Elv.* I will not hence; nor do I dread thy anger.

*Alon.* Generous loveliness! spare thy unavailing pity. Seek not to thwart the tiger with his prey beneath his fangs.

*Piz.* Audacious rebel! thou a renegade from thy monarch and thy God!

*Alon.* 'Tis false!

*Piz.* Art thou not, tell me, a deserter from thy country's legions—and, with vile heathens leagued, hast thou not warred against thy native land?

*Alon.* No! deserter I am none! I was not born among robbers! pirates! murderers!—When those legions, lured by the abhorred lust of gold, and by thy foul ambition urged, forgot the honour of Castilians, and forsook the duties of humanity, they deserted me. I have not warred against my native land, but against those who have usurped its power. The banners of my country, when first I followed arms beneath them, were justice, faith, and mercy. If these are beaten down and trampled under foot, I have no country, nor exists the power entitled to reproach me with revolt.

*Piz.* The power to judge and punish thee at least exists.

*Alon.* Where are my judges?

*Piz.* Thou wouldst appeal to the war council?

*Alon.* If the good Las-Casas have yet a seat there, yes; if not, I appeal to Heaven!

*Piz.* And to impose upon the folly of Las-Casas, what would be the excuses of thy treason?

*Elv.* The folly of Las-Casas!—Such, doubtless, his mild precepts seem to thy hard-hearted wisdom! Oh, would I might have lived as I will die, a sharer in the follies of Las-Casas!

*Alon.* To him I should not need to urge the foul barbarities which drove me from your side; but I would gently lead him by the hand through all the lovely fields of Quito; there, in many a spot where late was barrenness and waste, I would show him how now the opening blossom, blade, or perfumed bud, sweet bashful pledges of delicious harvest, wafting their incense to the ripening sun, give cheerful promise to the hope of industry. This, I would say, is my work! Next I should tell how hurtful customs and superstitions, strange and sullen, would often scatter and dismay the credulous minds of these deluded innocents; and then would I point out to him where now, in clustered villages, they live like brethren, social and confiding, while through the burning day Content sits basking on the cheek of Toil, till laughing Pastime leads them to the hour of rest—this too is mine! And prouder yet, at that still pause between exertion and repose, belonging not to pastime, labour, or to rest, but unto Him who sanctions and ordains them all, I would show him many an eye, and many a hand, by gentleness from error won, raised in pure devotion to the true and only God!—this too I could tell him is Alonzo's work! Then would Las-Casas clasp me in his aged arms; from his uplifted eyes a tear of gracious thankfulness would fall upon my head, and that one blessed drop would be to me at once this world's best proof, that I had acted rightly here, and surest hope of my Creator's mercy and reward hereafter.

*Elv.* Happy, virtuous Alonzo!—And thou, Pizarro, wouldst appal with fear of death a man who thinks and acts as he does!

*Piz.* Daring, obstinate enthusiast! But know the pious blessing of thy preceptor's tears does not await thee here: he has fled like thee—like thee, no doubt, to join the foes of Spain. The perilous trial of the next reward you hope is nearer than perhaps you've thought; for, by my country's wrongs, and by mine own, to-morrow's sun shall see thy death!

*Elv.* Hold! Pizarro, hear me: if not always justly, at least act always greatly. Name not thy country's wrongs; 'tis plain they have no share in thy resentment. Thy fury 'gainst this youth is private hate, and deadly personal revenge; if this be so, and even now thy detected conscience in that look avows it, profane not the name of justice or thy country's cause, but let him arm, and bid him to the field on equal terms.

*Piz.* Officious advocate for treason—peace!—Bear him hence; he knows his sentence.

*Alon.* Thy revenge is eager, and I'm thankful for it—to me thy haste is mercy.—For thee, sweet pleader in misfortune's cause, accept my parting thanks. This camp is not thy proper sphere. Wert thou among yon savages, as they are called, thou'dst find companions more congenial to thy heart.

*Piz.* Yes; she shall bear the tidings of thy death to Cora.

*Alon.* Inhuman man! that pang, at least, might have been spared me; but thy malice shall not shake my constancy. I go to death—many shall bless, and none will curse my memory. Thou still wilt live, and still wilt be—Pizarro. [*Exit, guarded.*]

*Elv.* Now, by the indignant scorn that burns upon my cheek, my soul is shamed and sickened at the meanness of thy vengeance!

*Piz.* What has thy romantic folly aimed at? He is mine enemy, and in my power.

*Elv.* He is in your power, and therefore is no more an enemy. Pizarro, I demand not of thee virtue, I ask not from thee nobleness of mind, I require only just dealing to the fame thou hast acquired: be not the assassin of thine own renown. How often have you sworn, that the sacrifice which thy wondrous valour's high report had won you from subdued Elvira, was the proudest triumph of your fame! Thou knowest I bear a mind not cast in the common mould, not formed for tame sequestered love, content mid household cares to prattle to an idle offspring, and wait the dull delight of an obscure lover's kindness: no! my heart was framed to look up with awe and homage to the object it adored; my ears to own no music but the thrilling records of his praise: my lips to scorn all babbling but the tales of his achievements; my brain to turn giddy with delight, reading the applauding tributes of his monarch's and his country's gratitude; my every faculty to throb with transport, while I heard the shouts of acclamation which announced the coming of my hero; my whole soul to love him with devotion! with enthusiasm! to see no other object—to own no other tie—but to make him my world! Thus to love is at least no common weakness. Pizarro! was not such my love for thee?

*Piz.* It was, Elvira!

*Elv.* Then do not make me hateful to myself, by tearing off the mask at once, baring the hideous imposture that has undone me! Do not an act which, howe'er thy present power may gloss it to the world, will make thee hateful to all future ages—accursed and scorned by posterity.

*Piz.* And should posterity applaud my deeds, thinkest thou my mouldering bones would rattle then with transport in my tomb? This is renown for visionary boys to dream of, I understand it not. The fame I value shall uplift my living estimation, o'erbear with popular support the envy of my foes, advance my purposes, and aid my power.

*Elv.* Each word thou speakest, each moment that I hear thee, dispels the fatal mist through which I've judged thee. Thou man of mighty name but little soul, I see thou wert not born to feel what genuine fame and glory are. Go! prefer the flattery of thy own fleeting day to the bright circle of a deathless name:—go! prefer to stare upon the grain of sand on which you trample, to musing on the starred canopy above thee. Fame, the sovereign deity of proud ambition, is not to be worshipped so: who seeks alone for living homage, stands a mean canvasser in her temple's porch, wooing promiscuously from the fickle breath of every wretch that passes, the brittle tribute of his praise. He dares not approach the sacred altar—no noble sacrifice of his is placed there, nor ever shall his worshipped image, fixed above, claim for his memory a glorious immortality.

*Piz.* Elvira, leave me.

*Elv.* Pizarro, you no longer love me.

*Piz.* It is not so, Elvira. But what might I not suspect—this wondrous interest for a stranger!—Take back thy reproach.

*Elv.* No, Pizarro; as yet I am not lost to you; one string still remains, and binds me to your fate. Do not, I conjure you, do not, for thine own sake, tear it asunder, shed not Alonzo's blood!

*Piz.* My resolution's fixed.

*Elv.* Even though that moment lost you Elvira for ever?

*Piz.* Even so.

*Elv.* Pizarro, if not to honour, if not to humanity, yet listen to affection; bear some memory of the sacrifices I have made for thy sake. Have I not for thee quitted my parents, my friends, my fame, my native land? When escaping, did I not risk in rushing to thy arms to bury myself in the bosom of the deep? Have I not shared all thy perils, heavy storms at sea, and frightful 'scapes on shore? Even on this dreadful day, amid the rout of battle, who remained firm and constant at Pizarro's side? Who presented her bosom as his shield to the assailing foe?

*Piz.* 'Tis truly spoken all. In love thou art thy sex's miracle, in war the soldier's pattern; and therefore my whole heart and half my acquisitions are thy right.

*Elv.* Convince me I possess the first; I exchange all title to the latter for—mercy to Alonzo.

*Piz.* No more! Had I intended to prolong his doom, each word thou utterest now would hasten on his fate.

*Elv.* Alonzo then at morn will die?

*Piz.* Thinkest thou yon sun will set? As surely at his rising shall Alonzo die.

*Elv.* Then be it done—the string is cracked—sundered for ever. But mark me—thou hast heretofore had cause, 'tis true, to doubt my resolution, howe'er offended; but mark me now—the lips which, cold and jeering, barbing revenge with rancorous mockery, can insult a fallen enemy, shall never more receive the pledge of love: the arm which, unshaken by its bloody purpose, shall assign to needless torture the victim who avows his heart, never more shall press the hand of faith! Pizarro, scorn not my words, beware you slight them not! I feel how noble are the motives which now animate my thoughts. Who could not feel as I do, I condemn: who, feeling so, yet would not act as I shall, I despise!



*Piz.* I have heard thee, Elvira, and know well the noble motives which inspire thee—fit advocate in virtue's cause! Believe me, I pity thy tender feelings for the youth Alonzo!—He dies at sunrise! *[Exit.]*

*Elv.* 'Tis well! 'tis just I should be humbled—I had forgot myself, and in the cause of innocence assumed the tone of virtue. 'Twas fit I should be rebuked—and by Pizarro. Fall, fall ye few reluctant drops of weakness—the last these eyes shall ever shed. How a woman can love, Pizarro, thou hast known too well—how she can hate, thou hast yet to learn. Yes, thou undaunted! thou, whom yet no mortal hazard has appalled! thou, who on

Panama's brow didst make alliance with the raving elements that tore the silence of that horrid night, when thou didst follow, as thy pioneer, the crashing thunder's drift; and, stalking o'er the trembling earth, didst plant thy banner by the red volcano's mouth! thou, who when battling on the sea, and thy brave ship was blown to splinters, wast seen, as thou didst bestride a fragment of the smoking wreck, to wave thy glittering sword above thy head, as thou wouldst defy the world in that extremity! come, fearless man! now meet the last and fellest peril of thy life; meet and survive—an injured woman's fury, if thou canst. *[Exit.]*

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—A Dungeon.

*ALONZO is discovered in chains. A Sentinel walking near.*

*Alon.* For the last time I have beheld the shadowed ocean close upon the light. For the last time, through my cleft dungeon's roof, I now behold the quivering lustre of the stars. For the last time, O sun! and soon the hour I shall behold thy rising, and thy level beams melting the pale mists of morn to glittering dew-drops. Then comes my death, and in the morning of my day I fall, which—No, Alonzo, date not the life which thou hast run by the mean reckoning of the hours and days which thou hast breathed: a life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line, by deeds, not years. Then wouldst thou murmur not, but bless the Providence which in so short a span made thee the instrument of wide and spreading blessings to the helpless and oppressed! Though sinking in decrepit age, he prematurely falls, whose memory records no benefit conferred by him on man. They only have lived long, who have lived virtuously.

*Enter a Soldier, shows the Sentinel a passport, who withdraws.*

*Alon.* What bear you there?

*Sold.* These refreshments I was ordered to leave in your dungeon.

*Alon.* By whom ordered?

*Sold.* By the lady Elvira: she will be here herself before the dawn.

*Alon.* Bear back to her my humblest thanks; and take thou the refreshments, friend—I need them not.

*Sold.* I have served under you, Don Alonzo.—Pardon my saying, that my heart pities you. *[Exit.]*

*Alon.* In Pizarro's camp, to pity the unfortunate, no doubt requires forgiveness.—*[Looking out.]* Surely, even now, thin streaks of glimmering light steal on the darkness of the east. If so, my life is but one hour more. I will not watch the coming dawn; but in the darkness of my cell, my last prayer to thee, Power Supreme! shall be for my wife and child! Grant them to dwell in innocence and peace; grant health and purity of mind—all else is worthless. *[Retires into the dungeon.]*

*Sent.* Who's there? answer quickly! who's there?

*Rol.* *[Without.]* A friar, come to visit your prisoner.

*Enter ROLLA, disguised as a Monk.*

*Rol.* Inform me, friend—is not Alonzo, the Spanish prisoner, confined in this dungeon?

*Sent.* He is.

*Rol.* I must speak with him.

*Sent.* You must not.

*Rol.* He is my friend.

*Sent.* Not if he were your brother.

*Rol.* What is to be his fate?

*Sent.* He dies at sunrise.

*Rol.* Ha! then I am come in time.

*Sent.* Just—to witness his death.

*Rol.* Soldier, I must speak with him.

*Sent.* Back, back!—It is impossible!

*Rol.* I do entreat you but for one moment!

*Sent.* You entreat in vain; my orders are most strict.

*Rol.* Even now, I saw a messenger go hence.

*Sent.* He brought a pass, which we are all accustomed to obey.

*Rol.* Look on this wedge of massive gold—look on these precious gems. In thy own land they will be wealth for thee and thine, beyond thy hope or wish. Take them—they are thine. Let me but pass one minute with Alonzo.

*Sent.* Away! wouldst thou corrupt me? me! an old Castilian!—I know my duty better.

*Rol.* Soldier! hast thou a wife?

*Sent.* I have.

*Rol.* Hast thou children?

*Sent.* Four—honest, lively boys.

*Rol.* Where didst thou leave them?

*Sent.* In my native village—even in the cot where myself was born.

*Rol.* Dost thou love thy children and thy wife?

*Sent.* Do I love them! God knows my heart,—I do.

*Rol.* Soldier!—imagine thou wert doomed to die a cruel death in this strange land; what would be thy last request?

*Sent.* That some of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children.

*Rol.* Oh, but if that comrade was at thy prison

gate—and should there be told—thy fellow-soldier dies at sunrise,—yet thou shalt not for a moment see him—nor shalt thou bear his dying blessing to his poor children or his wretched wife,—what wouldst thou think of him, who thus could drive thy comrade from the door?

*Sent.* How!

*Rol.* Alonzo has a wife and child—I am come but to receive for her and for her babe the last blessing of my friend.

*Sent.* Go in.

[Retires.]

*Rol.* Oh! holy Nature! thou dost never plead in vain. There is not, of our earth, a creature bearing form, and life, human or savage, native of the forest wild or giddy air, around whose parent bosom thou hast not a cord entwined of power to tie them to their offspring's claims, and at thy will to draw them back to thee. On iron pennons borne, the blood-stained vulture cleaves the storm, yet is the plumage closest to her heart soft as the cygnet's down, and o'er her unshelled brood the murmuring ringdove sits not more gently! Yes, now he is beyond the porch, barring the outer gate!—Alonzo! Alonzo! my friend!—Ha! in gentle sleep!—Alonzo! rise!

*Alon.* [Within.] How! is my hour elapsed?—

*Re-enter ALONZO.*

Well, I am ready.

*Rol.* Alonzo, know me.

*Alon.* What voice is that?

*Rol.* 'Tis Rolla's.

*Alon.* Rolla!—my friend!—[Embraces him.] Heavens! how couldst thou pass the guard? Did this habit—

*Rol.* There is not a moment to be lost in words. This disguise I tore from the dead body of a friar, as I passed our field of battle; it has gained me entrance to thy dungeon—now take it thou, and fly.

*Alon.* And Rolla—

*Rol.* Will remain here in thy place.

*Alon.* And die for me! no! Rather eternal tortures rack me.

*Rol.* I shall not die, Alonzo. It is thy life Pizarro seeks, not Rolla's; and from my prison soon will thy arm deliver me. Or, should it be otherwise, I am as a blighted plantain standing alone amid the sandy desert, nothing seeks or lives beneath my shelter. Thou art a husband, and a father, the being of a lovely wife and helpless infant hangs upon thy life. Go! go! Alonzo! go! to save, not thyself, but Cora, and thy child!

*Alon.* Urge me not thus, my friend! I had prepared to die in peace.

*Rol.* To die in peace! devoting her you've sworn to live for, to madness, misery, and death! For, be assured, the state I left her in forbids all hope, but from thy quick return.

*Alon.* Oh, God!

*Rol.* If thou art yet irresolute, Alonzo, now heed me well. I think thou hast not known that Rolla ever pledged his word, and shrunk from its fulfilment. And by the heart of truth I swear, if thou art proudly obstinate to deny thy friend the transport of preserving Cora's life, in thee, no power that sways the will of man shall stir me hence; and thou'lt but have the desperate triumph of seeing Rolla perish by thy side, with the assured conviction that Cora and thy child are lost for ever.

*Alon.* O Rolla! you distract me!

*Rol.* A moment's further pause, and all is lost. The dawn approaches. Fear not for me—I will treat with Pizarro as for surrender and submission. I shall gain time, doubt not, while thou, with a chosen band, passing the secret way, mayst at night return—release thy friend, and bear him back in triumph. Yes, hasten, dear Alonzo! Even now I hear the frantic Cora call thee!—Haste! haste! haste!

*Alon.* Rolla, I fear your friendship drives me from honour, and from right.

*Rol.* Did Rolla ever counsel dishonour to his friend?

*Alon.* Oh! my preserver! [Embraces him.]

*Rol.* I feel thy warm tears dropping on my cheek. Go! I am rewarded.—[Throws the Friar's garment over ALONZO.] There! conceal thy face; and that they may not clank, hold fast thy chains. Now—God be with thee!

*Alon.* At night we meet again. Then, so aid me Heaven! I return to save—or—perish with thee!

[Exit.]

*Rol.* He has passed the outer porch. He is safe! He will soon embrace his wife and child!—Now, Cora, didst thou not wrong me? This is the first time throughout my life I ever deceived man. Forgive me, God of truth! if I am wrong. Alonzo flatters himself that we shall meet again.—Yes—there!—[Lifting his hands to heaven] assuredly, we shall meet again:—there possess in peace the joys of everlasting love and friendship—on earth, imperfect and embittered. I will retire, lest the guard return before Alonzo may have passed their lines. [Retires into the dungeon.]

*Enter ELVIRA.*

*Elv.* No, not Pizarro's brutal taunts, not the glowing admiration which I feel for this noble youth, shall raise an interest in my harassed bosom which honour would not sanction. If he reject the vengeance my heart has sworn against the tyrant, whose death alone can save this land, yet, shall the delight be mine to restore him to his Cora's arms, to his dear child, and to the unoffending people, whom his virtues guide, and valour guards.—Alonzo, come forth!

*Re-enter ROLLA.*

Ha! who art thou? where is Alonzo?

*Rol.* Alonzo's fled.

*Elv.* Fled!

*Rol.* Yes—and he must not be pursued.—Pardon this roughness,—[Seizing her hand] but a moment's precious to Alonzo's flight.

*Elv.* What if I call the guard?

*Rol.* Do so—Alonzo still gains time.

*Elv.* What if thus I free myself!

[Shows a dagger.]

*Rol.* Strike it to my heart—still, with the convulsive grasp of death, I'll hold thee fast.

*Elv.* Release me—I give my faith, I neither will alarm the guard nor cause pursuit.

*Rol.* At once I trust thy word: a feeling boldness in those eyes assures me that thy soul is noble.

*Elv.* What is thy name? Speak freely: by my order the guard is removed beyond the outer porch.

*Rol.* My name is Rolla.

*Elv.* The Peruvian leader?

*Rol.* I was so yesterday: to-day, the Spaniards' captive.

*Elv.* And friendship for Alonzo moved thee to this act?

*Rol.* Alonzo is my friend, I am prepared to die for him. Yet is the cause a motive stronger far than friendship.

*Elv.* One only passion else could urge such generous rashness.

*Rol.* And that is—

*Elv.* Love?

*Rol.* True!

*Elv.* Gallant, ingenuous Rolla! Know that my purpose here was thine; and were I to save thy friend—

*Rol.* How! a woman blessed with gentleness and courage, and yet not Cora!

*Elv.* Does Rolla think so meanly of all female hearts?

*Rol.* Not so—you are worse and better than we are!

*Elv.* Were I to save thee, Rolla, from the tyrant's vengeance, restore thee to thy native land, and thy native land to peace, wouldst thou not rank Elvira with the good?

*Rol.* To judge the action, I must know the means.

*Elv.* Take this dagger.

*Rol.* How to be used?

*Elv.* I will conduct thee to the tent where fell Pizarro sleeps:—The scourge of innocence, the terror of thy race, the fiend that desolates thy afflicted country.

*Rol.* Have you not been injured by Pizarro?

*Elv.* Deeply as scorn and insult can infuse their deadly venom.

*Rol.* And you ask that I shall murder him in his sleep!

*Elv.* Would he not have murdered Alonzo in his chains? He that sleeps, and he that's bound, are equally defenceless. Hear me, Rolla—so may I prosper in this perilous act, as searching my full heart, I have put by all rancorous motive of private vengeance there, and feel that I advance to my dread purpose in the cause of human nature, and at the call of sacred justice.

*Rol.* The God of justice sanctifies no evil as a step towards good. Great actions cannot be achieved by wicked means.

*Elv.* Then, Peruvian! since thou dost feel so coldly for thy country's wrongs, this hand, though it revolt my soul, shall strike the blow.

*Rol.* Then is thy destruction certain, and for Peru thou perishest!—Give me the dagger!

*Elv.* Now follow me.—But first, and dreadful is the hard necessity, you must strike down the guard.

*Rol.* The soldier who was on duty here?

*Elv.* Yes, him—else, seeing thee, the alarm will be instant.

*Rol.* And I must stab that soldier as I pass?—Take back thy dagger.

*Elv.* Rolla!

*Rol.* That soldier, mark me, is a man. All are not men that bear the human form. He refused my prayers, refused my gold, denying to admit me, till his own feelings bribed him. For my nation's safety, I would not harm that man!

*Elv.* Then he must with us—I will answer for his safety.

*Rol.* Be that plainly understood between us:—for, whate'er betide our enterprise, I will not risk a hair of that man's head, to save my strings from consuming fire. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.—PIZARRO'S Tent.

*PIZARRO is discovered on a couch, in disturbed sleep.*

*Piz.* *[In his sleep.]* No mercy, traitor!—Now at his heart!—Stand off there, you!—Let me see him bleed!—Ha! ha! ha!—Let me hear that groan again.

*Enter ROLLA and ELVIRA.*

*Elv.* There!—Now, lose not a moment.

*Rol.* You must leave me now. This scene of blood fits not a woman's presence.

*Elv.* But a moment's pause may—

*Rol.* Go, retire to your own tent, and return not here—I will come to you. Be thou not known in this business, I implore you!

*Elv.* I will withdraw the guard that waits. *[Exit.]*

*Rol.* Now have I in my power the accursed destroyer of my country's peace: yet tranquilly he rests.—God!—can this man sleep?

*Piz.* *[In his sleep.]* Away! away!—Hideous fiends!—Tear not my bosom thus!

*Rol.* No: I was in error—the balm of sweet repose he never more can know. Look here, ambition's fools! ye, by whose inhuman pride the bleeding sacrifice of nations is held as nothing, behold the rest of the guilty!—He is at my mercy—and one blow!—No! my heart and hand refuse the act: Rolla cannot be an assassin!—Yet Elvira must be saved!—*[Approaches the couch.]* Pizarro! awake!

*Piz.* *[Starts up.]* Who?—Guard!—

*Rol.* Speak not—another word is thy death. Call not for aid! this arm will be swifter than thy guard.

*Piz.* Who art thou? and what is thy will?

*Rol.* I am thine enemy! Peruvian Rolla! Thy death is not my will, or I could have slain thee sleeping.

*Piz.* Speak, what else?

*Rol.* Now thou art at my mercy—answer me! Did a Peruvian ever yet wrong or injure thee, or any of thy nation? Didst thou, or any of thy nation, ever yet show mercy to a Peruvian in your power? Now shalt thou feel, and if thou hast a heart thou'lt feel it keenly, a Peruvian's vengeance!—*[Drops the dagger at his feet.]* There!

*Piz.* Is it possible! *[Walks aside confounded.]*

*Rol.* Can Pizarro be surprised at this? I thought forgiveness of injuries had been the Christian's precept. Thou seest, at least, it is the Peruvian's practice.

*Piz.* Rolla, thou hast indeed surprised—subdued me. *[Walks again aside as in irresolute thought.]*

*Re-enter ELVIRA, not seeing PIZARRO.*

*Elv.* Is it done? Is he dead?—*[Sees PIZARRO.]* How! still living! Then I am lost! And for you, wretched Peruvians! mercy is no more!—O Rolla! treacherous, or cowardly?

*Piz.* How! can it be that—

*Rol.* Away!—Elvira speaks she knows not what!—*[To ELVIRA.]* Leave me, I conjure you, with Pizarro.

*Elv.* How! Rolla, dost thou think I shall retract? or that I meanly will deny, that in thy hand I placed a poniard to be plunged into that tyrant's heart? No: my sole regret is, that I trusted to thy weakness, and did not strike the blow myself.

Too soon thou'lt learn that mercy to that man is direct cruelty to all thy race!

*Piz.* Guard! quick! a guard, to seize this frantic woman.

*Elv.* Yes, a guard! I call them too! And soon I know they'll lead me to my death. But think not, Pizarro, the fury of thy flashing eyes shall awe me for a moment! Nor think that woman's anger, or the feelings of an injured heart, prompted me to this design—no! Had I been only influenced so—thus failing, shame and remorse would weigh me down. But though defeated and destroyed, as now I am, such is the greatness of the cause that urged me, I shall perish, glorying in the attempt, and my last breath of life shall speak the proud avowal of my purpose—to have rescued millions of innocents from the bloodthirsty tyranny of one—by ridding the insulted world of thee.

*Rol.* Had the act been noble as the motive—Rolla would not have shrunk from its performance.

*Enter Guards.*

*Piz.* Seize this discovered fiend, who sought to kill your leader.

*Elv.* Touch me not, at the peril of your souls;—I am your prisoner, and will follow you.—But thou, their triumphant leader, shalt hear me. Yet, first—for thee, Rolla, accept my forgiveness; even had I been the victim of thy nobleness of heart, I should have admired thee for it. But 'twas myself provoked my doom:—thou wouldst have shielded me. Let not thy contempt follow me to the grave. Didst thou but know the spell-like arts by which this hypocrite first undermined the virtue of a guileless heart! how, even in the pious sanctuary wherein I dwelt, by corruption and by fraud, he practised upon those in whom I most confided—till my distempered fancy led me, step by step, into the abyss of guilt—

*Piz.* Why am I not obeyed? Tear her hence!

*Elv.* 'Tis past—but didst thou know my story, Rolla, thou wouldst pity me.

*Rol.* From my soul I do pity thee!

*Piz.* Villains! drag her to the dungeon!—prepare the torture instantly.

*Elv.* Soldiers, but a moment more—'tis to applaud your general.—It is to tell the astonished world, that, for once, Pizarro's sentence is an act of justice: yes, rack me with the sharpest tortures that ever agonised the human frame, it will be justice. Yes, bid the minions of thy fury wrench forth the sinews of those arms that have caressed, and even have defended thee! Bid them pour burning metal into the bleeding cases of these eyes, that so oft—oh, God!—have hung with love and homage on thy looks—then approach me bound on the abhorred wheel—there glut thy savage eyes with the convulsive spasms of that dishonoured bosom, which was once thy pillow!—Yet will I bear it all; for it will be justice, all! And when thou shalt bid them tear me to my death, hoping that thy unshrinking ears may at last be feasted with the music of my cries, I will not utter one shriek or groan, but to the last gasp my body's patience shall deride thy vengeance, as my soul defies thy power.

*Piz.* Hearest thou the wretch whose hands were even now prepared for murder?

*Rol.* Yes! and if her accusation's false, thou wilt not shrink from hearing her: if true, thy bar-

barity cannot make her suffer the pangs thy conscience will inflict on thee.

*Elv.* And now, farewell, world!—Rolla, farewell!—Farewell, thou condemned of Heaven! [*to PIZARRO*] for repentance and remorse, I know, will never touch thy heart.—We shall meet again.—Ha! be it thy horror here to know that we shall meet hereafter! And when thy parting hour approaches—hark to the knell, whose dreadful beat will strike to thy despairing soul. Then will vibrate on thy ear the curses of the cloistered saint from whom you stole me. Then the last shrieks which burst from my mother's breaking heart, as she died, appealing to her God against the seducer of her child! Then the blood-stifled groan of my murdered brother—murdered by thee, fell monster!—seeking atonement for his sister's ruined honour.—I hear them now! To me the recollection's madness!—At such an hour—what will it be to thee?

*Piz.* A moment's more delay, and at the peril of your lives—

*Elv.* I have spoken—and the last mortal frailty of my heart is past.—And now, with an undaunted spirit and unshaken firmness, I go to meet my destiny. That I could not live nobly, has been Pizarro's act: that I will die nobly, shall be my own. [*Exit, guarded.*]

*Piz.* Rolla, I would not thou, a warrior, valiant and renowned, shouldst credit the vile tales of this frantic woman. The cause of all this fury—O! a wanton passion for the rebel youth Alonzo, now my prisoner.

*Rol.* Alonzo is not now thy prisoner.

*Piz.* How!

*Rol.* I came to rescue him—to deceive his guard—I have succeeded;—I remain thy prisoner.

*Piz.* Alonzo fled!—Is then the vengeance dearest to my heart never to be gratified?

*Rol.* Dismiss such passions from thy heart, then thou'lt consult its peace.

*Piz.* I can face all enemies that dare confront me—I cannot war against my nature.

*Rol.* Then, Pizarro, ask not to be deemed a hero: to triumph o'er ourselves is the only conquest where fortune makes no claim. In battle, chance may snatch the laurel from thee, or chance may place it on thy brow, but in a contest with yourself, be resolute, and the virtuous impulse must be the victor.

*Piz.* Peruvian! thou shalt not find me to thee ungrateful or ungenerous. Return to your countrymen—you are at liberty.

*Rol.* Thou dost act in this as honour and as duty bid thee.

*Piz.* I cannot but admire thee, Rolla: I would we might be friends.

*Rol.* Farewell! pity Elvira! become the friend of virtue—and thou wilt be mine. [*Exit.*]

*Piz.* Ambition! tell me what is the phantom I have followed? where is the one delight which it has made my own? My fame is the mark of envy, my love the dupe of treachery, my glory eclipsed by the boy I taught, my revenge defeated and rebuked by the rude honour of a savage foe, before whose native dignity of soul I have sunk confounded and subdued! I would I could retrace my steps!—I cannot. Would I could evade my own reflections!—No! thought and memory are my hell! [*Exit.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Forest. In the back-ground, a Hut.*

CORA is discovered leaning over her Child, who is laid on a bed of leaves and moss.—*A Storm, with thunder and lightning.*

Cora. O Nature! thou hast not the strength of love. My anxious spirit is untired in its march; my wearied shivering frame sinks under it. And for thee, my boy, when faint beneath thy lovely burden, could I refuse to give thy slumbers that poor bed of rest! O my child! were I assured thy father breathes no more, how quickly would I lay me down by thy dear side!—but down—down for ever!—*[Thunder and lightning.]* I ask thee not, unpitying storm! to abate thy rage, in mercy to poor Cora's misery; nor while thy thunders spare his slumbers will I disturb my sleeping cherub. Though Heaven knows I wish to hear the voice of life, and feel that life is near me. But I will endure all while what I have of reason holds. *[Sings.]*

Yes, yes, be merciless, thou tempest dire;  
Unaw'd, unshelter'd, I thy fury brave:  
I'll bare my bosom to thy forked fire,  
Let it but guide me to Alonzo's grave!

O'er his pale corpse then while thy lightnings glare,  
I'll press his clay-cold lips, and perish there.

But thou wilt wake again, my boy,  
Again thou'lt rise to life and joy—  
Thy father never!—  
Thy laughing eyes will meet the light,  
Unconscious that eternal night  
Veils his for ever.

On yon green bed of moss there lies my child,  
Oh! safer lies from these chill'd arms apart;  
He sleeps, sweet lamb! nor heeds the tempest wild,  
Oh! sweeter sleeps, than near this breaking heart.

Alas! my babe, if thou wouldst peaceful rest,  
Thy cradle must not be thy mother's breast.

Yet, thou wilt wake again, my boy,  
Again thou'lt rise to life and joy—  
Thy father never!—  
Thy laughing eyes will meet the light,  
Unconscious that eternal night  
Veils his for ever. *[Thunder and lightning.]*

Still, still implacable! unfeeling elements! yet still dost thou sleep, my smiling innocent! O death! when wilt thou grant to this babe's mother such repose? Sure I may shield thee better from the storm; my veil may—

*[While she is wrapping her mantle and her veil over him, ALONZO'S voice is heard at a great distance.]*

Alon. Cora!

Cora. Ha! *[Rises.]*

Alon. Cora!

Cora. Oh, my heart! Sweet Heaven, deceive me not!—Is it not Alonzo's voice?

Alon. *[Nearer.]* Cora!

Cora. It is—it is Alonzo!

Alon. *[Nearer still.]* Cora! my beloved!

Cora. Alonzo!—Here! here!—Alonzo!  
*[Runs out.]*

*Enter two Spanish Soldiers.*

1 Sold. I tell you we are near our out-posts, and the word we heard just now was the counter-sign.

2 Sold. Well, in our escape from the enemy, to have discovered their secret passage through the rocks, will prove a lucky chance to us. Pizarro will reward us.

1 Sold. This way: the sun, though clouded, is on our left.—*[Perceives the Child.]* What have we here?—A child, as I'm a soldier!

2 Sold. 'Tis a sweet little babe! Now would it be a great charity to take this infant from its pagan mother's power.

1 Sold. It would so: I have one at home shall play with it.—Come along. *[Exeunt with the Child.]*

Cora. *[Without.]* This way, dear Alonzo!

*Re-enter CORA with ALONZO.*

Now am I right—there—there—under that tree. Was it possible the instinct of a mother's heart could mistake the spot? Now will you look at him as he sleeps, or shall I bring him waking, with his full blue laughing eyes, to welcome you at once?—Yes, yes!—Stand thou there; I'll snatch him from his rosy slumber, blushing like the perfumed morn.

*[She runs up to the spot, and finding only the mantle and veil, which she tears from the ground, and the Child gone, shrieks.]*

Alon. *[Running to her.]* Cora! my heart's beloved!

Cora. He is gone!

Alon. Eternal God!

Cora. He is gone!—my child! my child!

Alon. Where did you leave him?

Cora. *[Dashing herself on the spot.]* Here!

Alon. Be calm, beloved Cora; he has waked and crept to a little distance; we shall find him. Are you assured this was the spot you left him in?

Cora. Did not these hands make that bed and shelter for him? and is not this the veil that covered him?

Alon. Here is a hut yet unobserved.

Cora. Ha! yes, yes! there lives the savage that has robbed me of my child.—*[Beats at the door.]* Give me back my child! restore to me my boy!

*Enter LAS-CASAS from the hut.*

Las-Cas. Who calls me from my wretched solitude?

Cora. Give me back my child!—*[Goes into the hut, and calls]* Fernando!

Alon. Almighty powers! do my eyes deceive me? Las-Casas!

Las-Cas. Alonzo, my beloved young friend!

Alon. My revered instructor! *[Embracing.]*

*Re-enter CORA.*

Cora. Will you embrace this man before he restores my boy?

Alon. Alas, my friend! in what a moment of misery do we meet!

Cora. Yet his look is goodness and humanity.—Good old man, have compassion on a wretched

mother, and I will be your servant while I live.—But do not—for pity's sake, do not say you have him not; do not say you have not seen him.

[Runs into the wood.

*Las-Cas.* What can this mean?

*Alon.* She is my wife. Just rescued from the Spaniards' prison, I learned she had fled to this wild forest. Hearing my voice, she left the child, and flew to meet me: he was left sleeping under yonder tree.

*Re-enter CORA.*

*Las-Cas.* How! did you leave him?

*Cora.* Oh, you are right! right! unnatural mother that I was! I left my child, I forsook my innocent!—But I will fly to the earth's brink but I will find him.

[Runs out.

*Alon.* Forgive me, Las-Casas, I must follow her: for at night I attempt brave Rolla's rescue.

*Las-Cas.* I will not leave thee, Alonzo. You must try to lead her to the right: that way lies your camp. Wait not my infirm steps: I follow thee, my friend.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The Outpost of the Spanish Camp. In the back-ground a torrent, over which a bridge is formed by a felled tree. Trumpets sound without.*

*Enter ALMAGRO, followed by Soldiers leading ROLLA in chains.*

*Alm.* Bear him along; his story must be false.

*Rol.* False! Rolla utter falsehood! I would I had thee in a desert with thy troop around thee, and I but with my sword in this unshackled hand!

[Trumpets without.

*Alm.* Is it to be credited, that Rolla, the renowned Peruvian hero, should be detected like a spy, skulking through our camp?

*Rol.* Skulking!

*Alm.* But answer to the general; he is here.

*Enter PIZARRO.*

*Piz.* What do I see? Rolla!

*Rol.* Oh, to thy surprise, no doubt!

*Piz.* And bound too!

*Rol.* So fast, thou needest not fear approaching me.

*Alm.* The guards surprised him passing our outpost.

*Piz.* Release him instantly!—Believe me, I regret this insult.

*Rol.* You feel then as you ought.

*Piz.* Nor can I brook to see a warrior of Rolla's fame disarmed.—Accept this, though it has been thy enemy's.—[Gives a sword.] The Spaniards know the courtesy that's due to valour.

*Rol.* And the Peruvian how to forget offence.

*Piz.* May not Rolla and Pizarro cease to be foes?

*Rol.* When the sea divides us; yes!—May I now depart?

*Piz.* Freely.

*Rol.* And shall I not again be intercepted?

*Piz.* No!—Let the word be given that Rolla passes freely.

*Enter DAVILLA and Soldiers, with ALONZO'S Child.*

*Dav.* Here are two soldiers, captured yesterday, who have escaped from the Peruvian hold,—and

by the secret way we have so long endeavoured to discover.

*Piz.* Silence, imprudent!—Seest thou not—?

[Pointing to ROLLA.

*Dav.* In their way, they found a Peruvian child, who seems—

*Piz.* What is the imp to me?—Bid them toss it into the sea.

*Rol.* Gracious Heavens! it is Alonzo's child?—give it to me.

*Piz.* Ha! Alonzo's child!—Welcome, thou pretty hostage.—Now Alonzo is again my prisoner!

*Rol.* Thou wilt not keep the infant from its mother?

*Piz.* Will I not!—What, when I shall meet Alonzo in the heat of the victorious fight—thinkest thou I shall not have a check upon the valour of his heart, when he is reminded that a word of mine is this child's death?

*Rol.* I do not understand you.

*Piz.* My vengeance has a long arrear of hate to settle with Alonzo! and this pledge may help to settle the account.

*Rol.* Man! man! art thou a man? couldst thou hurt that innocent?—By Heaven! it's smiling in thy face.

*Piz.* Tell me, does it resemble Cora?

*Rol.* Pizarro! thou hast set my heart on fire. If thou dost harm that child—think not his blood will sink into the barren sand.—No! faithful to the eager hope that now trembles in this indignant heart, 'twill rise to the common God of nature and humanity, and cry aloud for vengeance on his accursed destroyer's head.

*Piz.* Be that peril mine.

*Rol.* [Throwing himself at his feet.] Behold me at thy feet—me, Rolla!—me, the preserver of thy life!—me, that have never yet bent or bowed before created man!—In humble agony I sue to you—prostrate I implore you—but spare that child, and I will be your slave.

*Piz.* Rolla! still art thou free to go—this boy remains with me.

*Rol.* Then was this sword Heaven's gift, not thine!—[Seizes the Child.] Who moves one step to follow me, dies upon the spot.

[Exit with the Child.

*Piz.* Pursue him instantly—but spare his life.—[Exeunt DAVILLA and ALMAGRO with Soldiers.] With what fury he defends himself!—Ha! he fells them to the ground—and now—

*Re-enter ALMAGRO.*

*Alm.* Three of your brave soldiers are already victims to your command to spare this madman's life; and if he once gains the thicket—

*Piz.* Spare him no longer.—[Exit ALMAGRO.] Their guns must reach him—he'll yet escape—holloa to those horse—the Peruvian sees them—and now he turns among the rocks—then is his retreat cut off.—[ROLLA crosses the wooden bridge over the cataract, pursued by the Soldiers—they fire at him—a shot strikes him.] Now! quick! quick! seize the child!

[ROLLA tears from the rock the tree which supports the bridge, and retreats by the back-ground, bearing off the Child.

*Re-enter ALMAGRO and DAVILLA.*

*Alm.* By hell! he has escaped!—and with the child unhurt.

*Dav.* No—he bears his death with him. Believe me, I saw him struck upon the side.

*Piz.* But the child is saved—Alonzo's child! Oh! the furies of disappointed vengeance!

*Alm.* Away with the revenge of words!—let us to deeds. Forget not we have acquired the knowledge of the secret pass, which through the rocky cavern's gloom brings you at once to the stronghold, where are lodged their women and their treasures.

*Piz.* Right, Almagro! Swift as thy thought draw forth a daring and a chosen band—I will not wait for numbers.—Stay, Almagro! Valverde is informed Elvira dies to-day?

*Alm.* He is—and one request alone she—

*Piz.* I'll hear of none.

*Alm.* The boon is small—'tis but for the novice habit which you first beheld her in—she wishes not to suffer in the gaudy trappings, which remind her of her shame.

*Piz.* Well, do as thou wilt—but tell Valverde, at our return, as his life shall answer it, to let me hear that she is dead. [*Exeunt severally.*]

### SCENE III.—ATALIBA'S Tent.

*Enter ATALIBA, followed by CORA and ALONZO.*

*Cora.* Oh! avoid me not, Ataliba! To whom, but to her king, is the wretched mother to address her griefs? The gods refuse to hear my prayers! Did not my Alonzo fight for you? and will not my sweet boy, if thou'lt but restore him to me, one day fight thy battles too?

*Alon.* Oh! my suffering love—my poor heart-broken Cora!—you but wound our sovereign's feeling soul, and not relieve thy own.

*Cora.* Is he our sovereign, and has he not the power to give me back my child?

*Ata.* When I reward desert, or can relieve my people, I feel what is the real glory of a king—when I hear them suffer, and cannot aid them, I mourn the impotence of all mortal power.

*Soldiers.* [*Without.*] Rolla! Rolla! Rolla!

*Enter ROLLA, bleeding, with the Child, followed by Peruvian Soldiers.*

*Rol.* Thy child!

[*Gives the Child into CORA'S arms, and falls.*]

*Cora.* Oh God!—there's blood upon him!

*Rol.* 'Tis my blood, Cora!

*Alon.* Rolla, thou diest!

*Rol.* For thee, and Cora. [*Dies.*]

*Enter ORANO.*

*Ora.* Treachery has revealed our asylum in the rocks. Even now the foe assails the peaceful band retired for protection there.

*Alon.* Lose not a moment! Swords, be quick! Your wives and children cry to you. Bear our loved hero's body in the van: 'twill raise the fury of our men to madness. Now, fell Pizarro! the death of one of us is near!—Away! Be the word of assault, Revenge and Rolla! [*Exeunt. Charge.*]

### SCENE IV.—A Recess among the Rocks.

*Enter PIZARRO, ALMAGRO, VALVERDE, and Spanish Soldiers.*

*Piz.* Well! if surrounded, we must perish in the centre of them. Where do Rolla and Alonzo hide their heads?

*Enter ALONZO, ORANO, and Peruvian Warriors.*

*Alon.* Alonzo answers thee, and Alonzo's sword shall speak for Rolla.

*Piz.* Thou knowest the advantage of thy numbers. Thou darest not singly face Pizarro.

*Alon.* Peruvians, stir not a man! Be this contest only ours.

*Piz.* Spaniards! observe ye the same.—[*Charge. They fight. ALONZO'S shield is broken, and he is beat down.*] Now, traitor, to thy heart!

[*At this moment ELVIRA enters, habited as when PIZARRO first beheld her. PIZARRO, appalled, staggers back. ALONZO renews the fight, and slays him. Loud shouts from the Peruvians.*]

*Enter ATALIBA.*

*Ata.* My brave Alonzo! [*Embraces ALONZO.*]

*Alm.* Alonzo, we submit.—Spare us! we will embark, and leave the coast.

*Val.* Elvira will confess I saved her life; she has saved thine.

*Alon.* Fear not. You are safe.

[*Spaniards lay down their arms.*]

*Elv.* Valverde speaks the truth; nor could he think to meet me here. An awful impulse which my soul could not resist impelled me hither.

*Alon.* Noble Elvira! my preserver! How can I speak what I, Ataliba, and his rescued country, owe to thee! If amid this grateful nation thou wouldst remain—

*Elv.* Alonzo, no! the destination of my future life is fixed. Humbled in penitence, I will endeavour to atone the guilty errors, which, however masked by shallow cheerfulness, have long consumed my secret heart. When, by my sufferings purified, and penitence sincere, my soul shall dare address the throne of mercy in behalf of others, for thee, Alonzo, for thy Cora, and thy child, for thee, thou virtuous monarch, and the innocent race you reign over, shall Elvira's prayers address the God of nature.—Valverde, you have preserved my life. Cherish humanity, avoid the foul examples thou hast viewed.—Spaniards, returning to your native home, assure your rulers they mistake the road to glory or to power. Tell them, that the pursuits of avarice, conquest, and ambition, never yet made a people happy, or a nation great.

[*Casts a look of agony on the dead body of PIZARRO as she passes, and exit. Flourish of trumpets. VALVERDE, ALMAGRO, and Spanish Soldiers, exeunt, bearing off PIZARRO'S body.*]

*Alon.* Ataliba! think not I wish to check the voice of triumph, when I entreat we first may pay the tribute due to our loved Rolla's memory.

[*A solemn march. Procession of Peruvian Soldiers, bearing ROLLA'S body on a bier, surrounded by military trophies. The Priests and Priestesses attending chant a dirge over the bier. ALONZO and CORA kneel on either side of it, and kiss ROLLA'S hands in silent agony. The curtain slowly descends.*]

## EPILOGUE,

WRITTEN BY THE HON. WILLIAM LAMB.

SPOKEN BY MRS. JORDAN.

ERE yet suspense has still'd its throbbing fear,  
 Or melancholy wiped the grateful tear,  
 While e'en the miseries of a sinking state,  
 A monarch's danger, and a nation's fate,  
 Command not now your eyes with grief to flow,  
 Lost in a trembling mother's nearer wo ;  
 What moral lay shall poetry rehearse,  
 Or how shall elocution pour the verse  
 So sweetly, that its music shall repay  
 The loved illusion which it drives away ?  
 Mine is the task, to rigid custom due,  
 To me ungrateful as 'tis harsh to you,  
 To mar the work the tragic scene has wrought,  
 To rouse the mind that broods in pensive thought,  
 To scare reflection, which, in absent dreams,  
 Still lingers musing on the recent themes ;  
 Attention, ere with contemplation tired,  
 To turn from all that pleased, from all that fired ;  
 To weaken lessons strongly now impress'd,  
 And chill the interest glowing in the breast—  
 Mine is the task ; and be it mine to spare  
 The souls that pant, the griefs they see, to share :  
 Let me with no unhallow'd jest deride  
 The sigh, that sweet compassion owns with pride—  
 The sigh of comfort, to affliction dear,  
 That kindness heaves, and virtue loves to hear.  
 E'en gay Thalia will not now refuse  
 This gentle homage to her sister-muse.  
 O ye, who listen to the plaintive strain,  
 With strange enjoyment, and with rapturous pain,  
 Who erst have felt the Stranger's lone despair,  
 And Haller's settled, sad, remorseful care,  
 Does Rolla's pure affection less excite  
 The inexpressive anguish of delight ?

Do Cora's fears, which beat without control,  
 With less solicitude engross the soul ?  
 Ah, no ! your minds with kindred zeal approve  
 Maternal feeling, and heroic love.  
 You must approve : where man exists below,  
 In temperate climes, or midst drear wastes of  
 snow,  
 Or where the solar fires incessant flame,  
 Thy laws, all-powerful Nature, are the same :  
 Vainly the sophist boasts, he can explain  
 The causes of thy universal reign—  
 More vainly would his cold presumptuous art  
 Disprove thy general empire o'er the heart :  
 A voice proclaims thee, that we must believe,  
 A voice, that surely speaks not to deceive ;  
 That voice poor Cora heard, and closely press'd  
 Her darling infant to her fearful breast ;  
 Distracted dared the bloody field to tread,  
 And sought Alonzo through the heaps of dead,  
 Eager to catch the music of his breath,  
 Though faltering in the agonies of death,  
 To touch his lips, though pale and cold, once  
 more,  
 And clasp his bosom, though it stream'd with gore ;  
 That voice too Rolla heard, and, greatly brave,  
 His Cora's dearest treasure died to save ;  
 Gave to the hopeless parent's arms her child,  
 Beheld her transports, and, expiring, smiled.  
 That voice we hear—oh ! be its will obey'd !  
 'Tis valour's impulse, and 'tis virtue's aid—  
 It prompts to all benevolence admires,  
 To all that heavenly piety inspires,  
 To all that praise repeats through lengthen'd years,  
 That honour sanctifies, and time reverts.

THE END.



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FAUST.

A TRAGEDY.

BY GOETHE.



TRANSLATED BY LEWIS FILMORE.



## P R E F A C E .

GOETHE is said to have had an invincible objection to writing a preface ; his antipathy is fully shared by his Translator, but he is not in the position that entitles him to indulge it. The poet who creates, may dispense with explanations of, or apologies for, any course he may adopt, and leave his genius to speak for itself through the characters or descriptions into which he has infused it ; but the translator who refashions, and the commentator who expounds, can claim no such exemption from general usage ; they stand exposed to the "plague of custom ;" and, inasmuch as they are alike but "gatherers and disposers of other men's stuff," they are both bound to render an account of the motives from which they have laid their hands on it,—the result but too frequently being injury to the materials on which they work.

The motives from which the present translation was undertaken were, it is hoped, laudable, whatever may be thought of the manner in which it has been performed. It was not commenced in any spirit of rivalry with the versions that have preceded it, nor from any particular dissatisfaction with the manner in which the sense and spirit of the author have been rendered in them. The reputation of the versions of Lord F. Gower and Dr. Anster is firmly established, and is not likely to be shaken by any succeeding attempt ; nor is it intended, by any presumption of equality with them, to provoke comparisons which would probably be to the disadvantage of the translation now offered to the public.

The present version was executed from the following considerations :—Whatever may be the different merits of the existing translations of "Faust," they resemble each other in one point,—they were all published at a high price ; more than one of them, being accompanied by engraved illustrations, appeared in an exceedingly expensive form, and, excepting to those persons who can afford to be luxurious in literature as well as in living, may be considered non-existent. The others, though more moderate than these, are still, by the increasing tendency of the public to go to the cheapest book market, confined to a comparative few. As all these translations are copyrights, neither of them could have been reprinted as a volume of the "Standard Library," without a previous arrangement with the individual, whether author or publisher, who held the right of disposing of the privilege ; and it was thought more advisable, by the same process, to offer to the public a translation that has not yet appeared. The present version is the result ; the greater portion of it was written expressly for publication in this series of standard works ; though it was commenced, and some progress made in it, with but very vague ideas of publication at all.

The name of Goethe is now so well known in England, and allusions to him and his writings are so frequent in our present literature,—in our periodical literature more especially,—that there can be but few individuals among the great body of the "reading public" who do not know something about him, and all would readily know something more. The Translator, therefore, would willingly believe that a version of GOETHE'S greatest work, printed in a cheap and accessible form, will still find a large circle of readers, notwithstanding the ground that may appear to be occupied already by its predecessors. It is conceded that the summit of the hill is in their possession, but there is still a wide field nearer the base, in which a position may be taken up with advantage.

The works of Shakspeare are to be procured for a trifle ; very many of our best writers—the masterpieces indeed of our literature—are now republishing at rates which seem to carry cheapness of production to its utmost limits ; the ready sale of these works proves that, numerous as former editions have been, the demand for them is far from exhausted. There is no reason why the same success should not attend the publication, in our own language, of the works of continental writers, who have attained a world-wide celebrity. In fact, some very able translations of French and German works have already appeared in a cheap form, and have proved popular, though English editions of the same works previously existed. They have certainly been in prose, and the process of translating them requires far less time and labour than must be given to a work in verse and metre ; but, supposing the reputation of the original authors to be equal, there ought to be as good a chance for the rhyme as the prose, unless the verse is very bad indeed, for then it is far inferior to any prose not absolutely unintelligible.

Though the controversy as to the comparative merits of prose and metrical translations of a poem in a foreign language has not yet been decided, the metrical form was chosen in the present instance, as the best adapted to give an idea of a drama written, with the exception of a few portions in rhyme, and containing only one scene in prose. Exact readers who wish to have the *ipsissima verba* of the author, or rather their English equivalents, will find a prose translation the best suited to their wants ; and with the very words, the exact sense will generally (but not always) be conveyed to them. Nor does a fine poetic thought lose so much as may be imagined by being expressed in prose ; but readers who wish to have the poet's form and manner, in addition to his sense and matter, will be better pleased with a metrical translation, though to attain it they may have to submit to some sacrifice of literal exact-

ness. In the present version it has been earnestly endeavoured to make that sacrifice as small as possible; the author's meaning has been followed as closely as the translator's knowledge of both languages, and the necessities of rhyme, permitted him to do.

Those who can read the original will never be satisfied with any translation, either prose or rhyme, and for such no version or interpretation is written. It is from curiosity alone that they will read one, if they read it at all. Those who have access to the fountain and can drink the stream in its freshness, are to be blamed if they rest contented with its waters when turned into a lower channel. But to the thousands who cannot afford the outlay of time and toil necessary to master a foreign language, a translation is the only medium through which they can become acquainted with the original; and it is to these that the present attempt is offered. If they derive from it any knowledge of the author, however slight, the translator will feel amply rewarded for the labour he has bestowed on it.

Some reference to the original story on which the drama is founded appears to be necessary, though it is not intended that the preface should become a commentary.

The Faust of poetry has grown out of the Faust of tradition, and though the creative power of poetry has produced a grander and more powerful being than the old scholar, yet the main elements of the character are the same in both; and, judged even by the imperfect records of his history, the original Faust must have been a remarkable man. Some confusion has been induced by there having been two of the name. The earliest in point of time was a John Fust, one of the first discoverers or practisers of the art of printing, the superiority of whose Bibles, was, by the monkish copyists, ascribed to the assistance of the devil, which the good sense of pious churchmen ought to have seen would have been a very inconsistent proceeding. Be this as it may, it appears certain that his skill brought him neither profit nor peace, but that he drank the bitter cup so often both before and since given by the world to its benefactors. He is supposed to have died of the plague in 1466. He must not be confounded with the "Faust," the Doctor, who appeared on the stage of life at a period some years later, and flourished in the first half of the sixteenth century. The evidence of their having been distinct and separate persons appears conclusive, as Melancthon, Trithem, and other men of note of the period, are said to have known the doctor personally. A writer in a late number of *Fraser's Magazine*, however, contends, in a rather facetious style, for the possibility of their identity; the printer after a period of obscurity reappearing as the Doctor,—nothing of any certainty being known as to the length of the term procured by his pact with the Evil One; but the weight of evidence is against any such conclusion.

JOHANN FAUST, who has become the principal character in a crowd of dramas and poems, was born at Knittlingen, in Suabia, "of parents base of stock," as Marlowe has it, his father being a peasant. He was sent to study at Wittenberg, and afterwards removed to Ingoldstadt, where he pursued the study of medicine, and eventually became a physician. A considerable inheritance fell to him from an uncle, which he spent, in what manner is not stated. Growing discontented with the insufficiency of human knowledge, he is said to have taken to the study and practice of magic, and to have acquired supernatural powers, and an unlimited

possession of earthly enjoyments, by a compact entered into with the devil for four-and-twenty years. He wandered through Europe in the character of a travelling scholar, performing strange feats and acquiring great celebrity; he was attended by a familiar demon, (the MEPHISTOPHELES of this and all the dramas on the subject,) and conveyed himself from place to place on a magic mantle. Of the time, place, and circumstances of his death, little, if anything, is known with certainty; tradition fixes it as having occurred in 1560, at a village called Rimlich, where he was duly seized and carried away by the fiend as per contract. Another account mentions Breda, a village in Saxony, on the river Elbe, as the scene of this catastrophe; the blood-sprinkled walls of the apartment in which it occurred, being, like the bricks in the chimney cited by Jack Cade's comrade, "alive to this day," to testify to the fact.

The truth of all this seems to be, that his moral character suffered for his intellectual attainments, and that he paid the usual penalty for superiority in an age of ignorance, by being traduced as a sorcerer. He was probably skilled in natural philosophy and chemistry, and was, in various kinds of knowledge, far in advance of his era; the necessary consequence followed; all that his contemporaries could not account for by their own limited experience they ascribed to magic and unholy arts. It must have been a great advantage to ignorance to have such a weapon at its command; an aspiration for the truth, and a too active desire for knowledge, could not be more effectually checked than by stigmatising the results of that activity as unholy and accursed. There are men, even now, who do not want the disposition to suppress inquiry by the same means.

Amid all the dreams, vagaries, and absurdities of the tale, enough appears mingled with the dross of tradition to justify the characteristics of the creation of poetry. Enough is known to us to prove that the real Faust was a man ambitious of all knowledge, and untiring in his pursuit of it; that he exhausted the learning of his time, and finding, like the Jewish sage, that "in much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow," fell into a discontent and bitterness of soul. The "much grief" of the sage proceeded from the feeling that he could not make his "much knowledge" more; from a consciousness that however far he reached there was still infinity before him. There is a weariness too in heaping up knowledge, sooner felt than the vanity of heaping up riches, knowing not "who shall gather them." The human mind gets tired of amassing knowledge that calls into exertion only one class of its faculties. It loses not its desire for more, but its longing is for knowledge of a different *kind* than it has hitherto acquired; it wishes to penetrate mysteries, and enter into spheres of action wisely forbidden to the human intelligence, till it has "put on immortality." It is the deep and universally-felt *wish* to enter into a communion with the spirit-world, that has caused the *belief* in the possibility of such an intercourse; and though the forms this belief has taken are strange and absurd, sometimes filthy and revolting, its foundation is in an intelligible principle. It speaks of a tendency beyond our present state, and a knowledge of the "great gulf" fixed between it and what is beyond us; the dreams of magic, with all their sublimities and absurdities, are but the fantastic means that man has fashioned to himself, in the vain hope of passing the abyss without going through "the valley of the shadow of Death."

It is in this struggle between the ambition of our

intellect and its narrowed capacity, that poetry has found one of its noblest themes. It has been mingled with other emotions, and wrought by genius into a poem that will possess its interest for ever, for it is the expression of a problem and a mystery, that man will never be able to solve or explain. FAUST has become the embodiment of this great conflict of our being; in him, perhaps, as its type and impersonation, working to excess, but existing in some degree in every unit of the myriads whose aggregate makes up that wonderful thing we understand by the term, human nature. FAUST is also the expression of the working of other elements than these—the conflict of the passions with the intellect, as well as of the war of the intellect with our finite nature,—the working of the forces that drag us down, as well as of the aspirations that impel us to ascend. The superiority of Goethe's work on this subject, above all the others, arises from his having given expression to these emotions, better and more comprehensively than any other writer.

No work can become popular in every civilised nation of the earth, unless it addresses some deeply fixed and general principle. Something of its interest must be felt and understood by all, and remain unaffected by change of form or idiom, a theme with which thousands in all nations and tongues can sympathise, even as they do with the sweet humanity of Shakspeare. And of this kind are the struggles, the unsatisfied desires, the lofty impulses, and the disappointments of Faust's soul; the interest they awaken is of the same kind as that which causes the Book of Ecclesiastes to be one of the parts of Scripture the most frequently read. Solomon was, in soul, the Faustus of antiquity. He had proved all knowledge and found it "vanity;" he had set his heart to "know madness and folly," but the weakness and confusion of man's intellect taught him not what he could not find in its strength and power; he had speculated on the mysteries of life and death, and the result was uncertainty. He acquiesces with despondence in a dispensation which he felt but too well convinced no efforts could change, and recommends the contentment that can be drawn from or discovered in earthly pleasures, and from the good more easily attainable. As the ruler, as well as the teacher of a nation, he might wish to teach this lesson of contentment; but it may be questioned if he himself found in the "bread and wine and oil" of this life, the satisfaction which he bids others seek from them. He gives up the pursuit, but not because he has secured its object; and remains silent, under a destiny with which he is not satisfied.

The modern breathing forth of this spirit does not stop at this point, but presses forward into regions beyond mortality, desiring not a mere contemplation of, but action *in* them; an alliance is sought with supernatural powers, but the human nature is thrown back, baffled by its own weakness, and unable and unequal to the attempt. Then breaks forth

"the proud precipitance of soul  
"Wilder'd with meteor fires;"

which, disappointed of action in a higher sphere, desires to lose the bitter feeling of humiliation and regret, in unceasing agitation and excitement, to plunge into the whirl of life, and feel within itself all its joys and sorrows,—the ceaseless conflict of all its elements. But the higher aims of the soul cannot be turned aside with impunity to lower objects—to sensations which are merely to engross, to occupy and distract. Passion and sensuality enter in and dwell, corrupting the energies

once devoted to purer, if more ambitious aspirations; and the soul is dragged by their influence down the gulf, to the very depth of degradation.

This is the lesson of the story of Faust; its capability as a subject for poetry seems to have been generally perceived. The tragedy of our own Marlowe has been followed up by a vast number of writers, but they are almost exclusively German. The subject seems to have had peculiar attractions for a people whose writers have been eminently distinguished by their spirit of metaphysical inquiry. In no other nation but Germany would a scholar, a doctor, a teacher, have been made a hero of poetic and dramatic fiction. Like the rod of Aaron, the drama of Goethe, on this subject, has swallowed all the rest; but it may be mentioned, that the incidents of the life of Faust have been taken as the groundwork of poems and dramas by the following German writers: Lessing, Müller, Klinger, Bechstein, J. D. Hoffmann, Grabbe, Nicolas Lenau, Lenz, Schreiber, von Soden, Holtei, Rosenkranz, Pfizer, Harro Harring, Berkowitz, Schöne, Chamisso, Voigt; to which list may be added several who have written anonymously; some of the above authors being in England little better than anonymous also. If the names of the translators of this story into other languages were given, together with those of the various commentators on it, the result, as indicating the amount of labour that has been bestowed on it, would be perfectly astounding. Some years ago, the number of works founded on the story of Faust, or relating to it, was estimated by Dr. Sieglitz at one hundred and six; his list was not complete, and the number of such works has since increased. There is nothing then so strange in the phenomenon, that a tale which has found so many original writers in its native language, should find numerous translators, though critics have occasionally appeared puzzled to account for their abundance.

No analysis of Goethe's drama is necessary here; but should the reader wish to refer to a brief but intelligent summary of it, the most accessible is the article "Faust," in the *Penny Cyclopædia* (pp. 208, 209, vol. 10).

The three principal characters of the piece, Faust, Mephistopheles, and Margaret, are so strongly marked, that their qualities can scarcely escape the reader; but a few remarks on them may, nevertheless, assist him in tracing their development.

FAUST is a character of the highest and brightest intellect, united to passion as strong as his knowledge is deep. His moral qualities (as distinguished from his intellectual) are good, and he is capable of the tenderest feelings. It is the recollection of the sensations of his childhood that saves him from suicide. How these qualities were brought into conflict with each other, till his nature became a chaos and a moral wreck, will be gathered from the drama itself.

MEPHISTOPHELES, as the Spirit of Evil, has of course an intellect more unbounded than Faust's; but he has no moral qualities at all, and is perfectly incapable of sympathy or affection; "it is written on his brow that he can love no human soul:" passions he possesses, but they are those only of rage and hatred. In speech he is cold, contemptuous and sneering; in action prompt, and skilful in the attainment of his ends; while as a being not subject to restraints, physical, human, or divine, he is totally devoid of scruples, though he sometimes affects to have them, as in the scene where Faust first meets Margaret in the street. He is as different from the principle of evil



as embodied in the Lucifer of Milton, as the present state of the world is from the condition of Paradise. He has nothing of the grandeur and sublimity of the fiend who was the tempter of man, when humanity walked with angels and communed with its Creator, and when all that it knew of earth was Eden. But he is the Spirit of Evil adapted to the forms of artificial society, cast into a shape fitted to walk among the crowded resorts of men-thronged cities, a shape that without surprise might be seen haunting the gaming-table, or cheating on the mart, ready to sneer at every impulse that raises his human prey above the brute, and meeting virtue only to mock it and destroy. The object of the Lucifer of Milton, is to tempt man to one grand, abstract deed of sin, whose chief enormity is its violation of a principle. But Mephistopheles deals with wickedness in its petty, miserable, contemptible details, and speaks and acts accordingly; he is equally ready to play the usurer or the pandar, as it may suit the passions of his victim: in this drama he fills the part of both. If the dramatic or epic writer requires the operation of the principle of evil, he must give it a human, or at least a corporeal form, and to mingle with the common life of the world, it must be one far different from that of the fallen Spirit—

“ whose form had not yet lost  
All its original brightness, nor appear'd  
Less than Archangel ruin'd.”

The Spirit upon whose brow

“ Deep scars of thunder were intrenched ”

could not be made an active agent in a society where all is uniform, common-place, and conventional, and Mephistopheles is therefore cast in a mould more in conformity with the beings surrounding him. His aspect is lowered to suit his degraded function, being no longer the tempter of the whole human race, but of an individual. In short he is made clever rather than great, and has more of the “ spleen ” of one of the “ under fiends ” than the sublime energy of their chief; he talks and acts more like a Talleyrand than a Lucifer.

Of MARGARET much might be said that would be a pleasure to indulge in. Her character is not one of intellect, but of innocence, simplicity, and affection.—She can appreciate the high mental endowments of her lover, though she can hold no rivalry with him. But she has what Faust has not—a heart young and pure, rich in its simplicity, but wise only in the wisdom of its innocence. Her antipathy to Mephistopheles is instinctive and instantaneous, felt from principle and not derived from reasoning or experience. She is betrayed into the commission of crime by her trustfulness, which “ thinketh no evil,” rather than tempted to it. Life for her has but one thing worth living for, the love of Faust; yet rather than bear the consciousness of guilt, she resigns both her life and lover, and gives herself as a sacrifice to justice. The art of the Poet has so wrought the drama, that we see nothing but the depth of her affection and the agony of her sufferings. It is only incidentally we learn that

she has caused the death of her mother, her brother, and her child; she is crushed by the successive coils of a chain, thrown around her by the most unrelenting destiny, while she is herself unconscious of the agency. Guilt, and horror, and death, spring up suddenly, from where she had seen nothing but love, like hideous skeletons starting from the perfumed depth of a bower of roses. Her mother is poisoned by a sleeping draught, furnished by Faust, who, if he knew its effects, is really the murderer, unless, as is not unlikely, Mephistopheles deceives them both, the better to secure their mutual destruction; the same fatal deposit probably furnished both the casket of gems and the potion. She knows not of her brother's arrival till he has received his mortal wound, in the conflict caused by his rage at the presence of her seducer; and when this complication of death and the desertion of Faust (who is kept in ignorance by the Fiend, and borne away to scenes of unearthly revelry) have deprived her of reason, she destroys her child. Like Cordelia, she sinks amid the strife of the violent or evil natures by which she is surrounded; as little able to resist their influence, as the floating lily can oppose the rushing of the cataract by which it is hurried down the abyss.

The other characters of the Drama, Wagner, Valentine (Margaret's brother), and Martha the neighbour, are each admirably drawn. Wagner is the very essence of peccantry, and his dry and contracted book-knowledge contrasts finely with the free and fiery thoughts of his instructor. Valentine is as true a portrait of a hot-headed young man, jealous of his sister's honour, but not without a tinge of selfishness; he seems to value it as giving him a superiority over his comrades, and his rage at her fall is the fiercer, from the feeling of self-degradation he experiences. He feels it as his injury, as much as her disgrace. These two characters have but little share in the action of the drama, yet they stand out as distinctly as pieces of sculpture.

A reference to the notes will supply some further explanations of particular scenes, but neither notes nor preface are intended to supply the place of a connected commentary. The best criticisms are those by German writers, but there are some admirably written in our own language, though to consult them requires some trouble, as they are scattered through our different periodicals.

The first part of Faust was one of Goethe's earliest works; towards the end of his long life he completed the second part, which carries on Faust's career till his death. The opinions of its merit have been various, but the general conclusion assigns it the same value with regard to the first part, as the *Odyssey* as compared with the *Iliad*, or *Paradise Regained* to *Paradise Lost*. It has less human and tragic interest, and, as a whole, is not so perfect in its design as the first part, but it possesses lyric and poetic beauty of the highest order. The first scene, which contains a song and chorus by Ariel and the attendant Spirits, and describes the rising of the sun over a lovely landscape, is, though in a different style, as beautiful if not so sublime as the opening of the “ Prologue in Heaven.”

## DEDICATION.

DRY dream-like Forms ! your shadowy train  
Around me gathers once again,  
The same as in life's morning hour,  
Before my troubled gaze you pass'd ;  
Oh ! this time shall I have the power—  
Shall I essay to hold you fast ?  
And do I feel my bosom thrill  
True to that sweet delusion still ?  
Still press ye forward ! Well then, take  
Dominion o'er me, as you rise  
From cloud and mist !—my heart you shake  
With youthful thoughts and sympathies,  
That, as by magic, wake beneath  
The atmosphere you bid me breathe.

Forms known in happy days, you bring,  
And much-loved shades amid you spring ;  
Like a tradition—half expired—  
Worn out with many a passing year,  
First Love comes forth—so oft desired,  
With half-forgotten Friendship, near.  
And voiced with sorrow's tone, they bid  
The pangs of parted years renew ;  
All that life's mazy path has hid,  
Again they call me to pursue.  
Those dear ones' names I hear repeated,  
As shades of sorrow round me rise,  
Whom Fortune of fair hours has cheated,  
All early vanish'd from mine eyes.

They do not hear the following lay,  
Who listen'd to my earliest song,  
The echoes of my heart were they,  
But silent now, and sunk away,  
Dispersed is all that friendly throng !  
And now my sorrow's inmost voice  
Is breathed unto the stranger crowd ;  
I do not at success rejoice,  
I sicken at their praise—though loud ;  
All whom my song once woke to mirth,  
Are dead, or scatter'd o'er the earth !

And now, within my soul, once more  
A feeling long unfelt before  
Awakes—a yearning, warm and bland,  
For that still, pensive, Spirit Land ;  
In half-form'd tones, my lisping lay,  
I feel e'en now, is hovering round ;  
As soft, as when the zephyrs play,  
Breathes the Æolian's waken'd sound.  
I tremble—and upon my cheek,  
Tear following fast on tear-drop, tells  
That the stern heart grows soft and meek,  
That it with gentler feeling swells ;  
The present hour, each present thing,  
All that I now around me see,  
Into the distance seem to wing,—  
But all the past and vanish'd, spring  
Back into clear reality !



## PRELUDE IN THE THEATRE.

MANAGER, THEATRE-POET, MERRYMAN.

*Man.* You two—whom I so oft have found  
My friends in former times of need,  
What are your hopes, on German ground,  
Of making our attempt succeed?  
Fain to the public I would pleasure give,  
Because while living, it lets others live;  
Our posts and boards are up—completed—  
And all expect the feast we bring;  
There—calm, with brows upraised, they're seated,  
And fain would be set wondering.  
I know how they are gain'd, amused,  
Yet ne'er felt posed as now I feel;  
True, to the best they are not used  
But they have *read* a frightful deal!  
How shall we act to have all fresh and new,  
And yet be pleasing and instructive too?  
For much I love to see the crowd, in sooth,  
In a dense torrent pressing to our booth,  
And with its stirring, pushing, justling mass  
Striving our narrow entrance porch to pass,  
When ere 'tis four, and yet in open day,  
Up to the money-box they fight their way!  
When, risking necks amid the press  
To get their tickets, in they pour,  
As in some famine's sharp distress  
The mob throngs round a baker's door!  
It is alone the poet's magic art  
That with such varied masses, finds the way  
To work this wonder,—oh! then, do your part,  
And work it for me here, my friend, to-day!  
*Poet.* Name not to me that motley crowd!  
Our spirit from before it flies!  
The wavering Many from me shroud,  
Go! veil it from mine eyes!  
Against all efforts of our own  
It drags us, in its whirlpool, down.  
No! lead to some still, heavenly spot apart,  
Where only, for the poet, joy can live,  
Where love and friendship join'd can to us give,  
With godlike hand, the blessings of the heart!  
Ah! what hath there gush'd from us free,  
Pour'd, issuing from our inmost breast,  
What the lip utter'd, tremblingly,  
Timid, scarce to itself confest—  
Now failing in its task—and then  
Successful when it tries again,  
All this will some wild moment's power,  
With sudden violence devour,  
Though oft it is the work of years  
Ere its perfected form appears.

What shines and glitters—has its birth  
But for the present hour alone,  
The REAL—the thing of truth and worth  
To all posterity goes down!  
*Mer.* Oh! would that I might hear no more,  
About this same posterity!  
Suppose *I* always talk'd it o'er,  
Who'd make the fun for those we see?  
They will at all times have their mirth,  
And I should think, the presence here  
Of a brave lad, is something worth,  
Who pleasantly himself can bear;  
Who ne'er lets people's varying mind,  
Or popular caprices, wound him,  
But wishes a large throng to find  
The better to move all around him.  
Then courage, man! and let the world all see  
That you a model of your craft can be!  
Let Fancy and her chorus swell,  
Be Sense, Thought, Passion, heard around,  
Yet with all these—now mark me well—  
Not without Folly let them sound!  
*Man.* But also, most especially,  
Let incident enough arise,  
For people all come here to *see*  
Their greatest joy, to use their eyes.  
Spin plenty off before their face,  
If they can gape, with wonder dumb,  
Your fame spreads o'er a wider space,  
You have a favourite become!  
The mass can only by the mass be stirr'd,  
Each will choose forth that by himself preferr'd;  
He who brings much, something to *all* imparts,  
And each contented from the house departs.  
If then to give a piece you need,  
Let it in pieces be presented;  
With such a hash you must succeed,  
Served up as easy as invented!  
What use a *whole* on such a crowd to press,  
Who will to pieces pull it ne'ertheless?  
*Poet.* You do not feel how deep the stain  
Of such a craft—how base the soil!  
How little what you wish to gain  
Befits the genuine artist's toil!  
Such daubing work as this—with you  
I see 's a maxim to pursue!  
*Man.* Such a reproof I do not mind,  
The man who means his work to fit  
Must use the best tools he can find;  
Consider! you've soft wood to split!  
And just bethink you—what are these  
Whom what you write is meant to please!

One comes from very idleness,  
 Another dull'd by overfeeding,  
 And still more to be fear'd is this  
 That some have been the papers reading !  
 Most throng to us from want of thought  
 As to a masquerade or ball,  
 'Tis curiosity has wrought  
 The wings that guide the steps of all ;  
 The ladies give themselves and dress,  
 To all, their beauty to display,  
 Serving us well, we must confess,  
 They with us act—and not for pay !  
 What are you dreaming on your poet's height ?  
 Why from a full house pleasure should you  
 draw ?

Examine close your patrons of the night !  
 One half are cold—the other half are raw !  
 The curtain down—one's wishes bend  
 On cards or dice before he rest ;  
 Another, a wild night to spend  
 Upon some harlot's heaving breast !  
 Why, then, poor fools ! so waste your time amiss,  
 Plaguering the Muses for an end like this ?  
 Give to them more and more ! I tell you plain,  
 And add to this yet more and more again !  
 So you will never widely miss your mark ;  
 And mystify them ! keep them in the dark !  
 To give content 's an end most hard to gain—  
 But say—what moves you ? Is it joy or pain ?  
*Poet.* Begone ! and seek thyself another slave !  
 The poet then, for thee must sport away,  
 The highest right of man, that nature gave ?  
 Through what has he o'er every heart his sway ?  
 By what does he each element control ?  
 Is't not the music breathing from his soul,  
 Which, gushing from his heart, with sweetest  
 strain

Draws back the world into his heart again ?  
 When Nature, from her staff, with placid strength,  
 Draws forth her thread's interminable length ;  
 When all the forms of being, mix'd, confounding,  
 Tuneless and harsh, are through each other  
 sounding,

Who is it warms with life, and wakes to song,  
 Disposing so the equal-gliding throng,  
 That all harmoniously it floats along ?  
 Who is it doth the individual call,  
 To join the consecration sent for all,  
 Where it swells forth, an ever-glorious chime ?  
 Who bids the passion-tempest rage sublime ?  
 Who lights the ray of evening's red  
 That in the pensive spirit glows ?

Who on the loved one's path can shed  
 All beauteous blossoms spring bestows ?  
 Who is it hath the skill to bind

From worthless leaves, a garland fair,  
 That, greatness, worth of every kind  
 Will, as a wreath of honour, wear ?

What is it climbs Olympus' height,  
 Makes gods but equals of its own ?

'Tis of the soul that power and might,  
 As through the POET it is shown !

*Mer.* These boasted powers, use you then !  
 Your trade poetical pursue,

E'en in the self-same mode, as men  
 A love adventure carry through !  
 By accident drawn nigh—perchance,  
 You're struck, and stay, and get involved ;  
 Then something will the joy enhance,  
 And now the spell is half dissolved :

Again we feel entranced—and then  
 Distress and pain break in again—  
 And thus, almost before 'tis known,  
 It quite to a romance has grown !  
 In this way, then, our play we'll give,  
 But paint man's life in fulness there.  
 All in its torrent move and live,  
 But few are of its depths aware,  
 And take it from what point you will,  
 It interests and pleases still ;  
 Though motley images you weave,  
 Yet mingle with them something clear ;  
 Mid much that's false, and may deceive,  
 Let some small spark of truth appear !

That is the way a drink to brew  
 That quickens all—enlightens too !  
 Our choicest youth you then will find  
 Draw round to hear what you reveal.  
 Then from your work each gentle mind  
 Its melancholy food will steal ;  
 Now moving this and that, by turns you bid  
 All see what in their inmost soul is hid.  
 For 'tis alone the youthful heart,  
 Where mirth and sorrow yet combine,  
 Gives honour to the lofty part,  
 And praise to what may chance to shine !  
 'Tis vain to try the old and form'd to please,  
 The young and forming you delight with ease !

*Poet.* Then give me also back the days,  
 The time when I myself was young !  
 When yet a gushing fount of lays  
 Sprang out all freshly as I sung !  
 When mists yet veil'd from view my world,  
 And when my bud—as yet uncurl'd,  
 Still promised wonders ;—when I wove  
 The flowers I pluck'd in every grove !  
 The time in which I naught possess'd,  
 And yet enough to make me bless'd ;  
 The longing for the true—the real,  
 The pleasure in the bright ideal !  
 Oh ! give me back those joys unnamed,  
 And each warm impulse never tamed !  
 That rapture, so intense, it thrill'd

My being with a sense of pain ;  
 That energy of Hate, that fill'd  
 Uncheck'd, my heart, oh ! bring again !  
 And Love in all its power and truth !  
 Oh ! give me, give me back my youth !

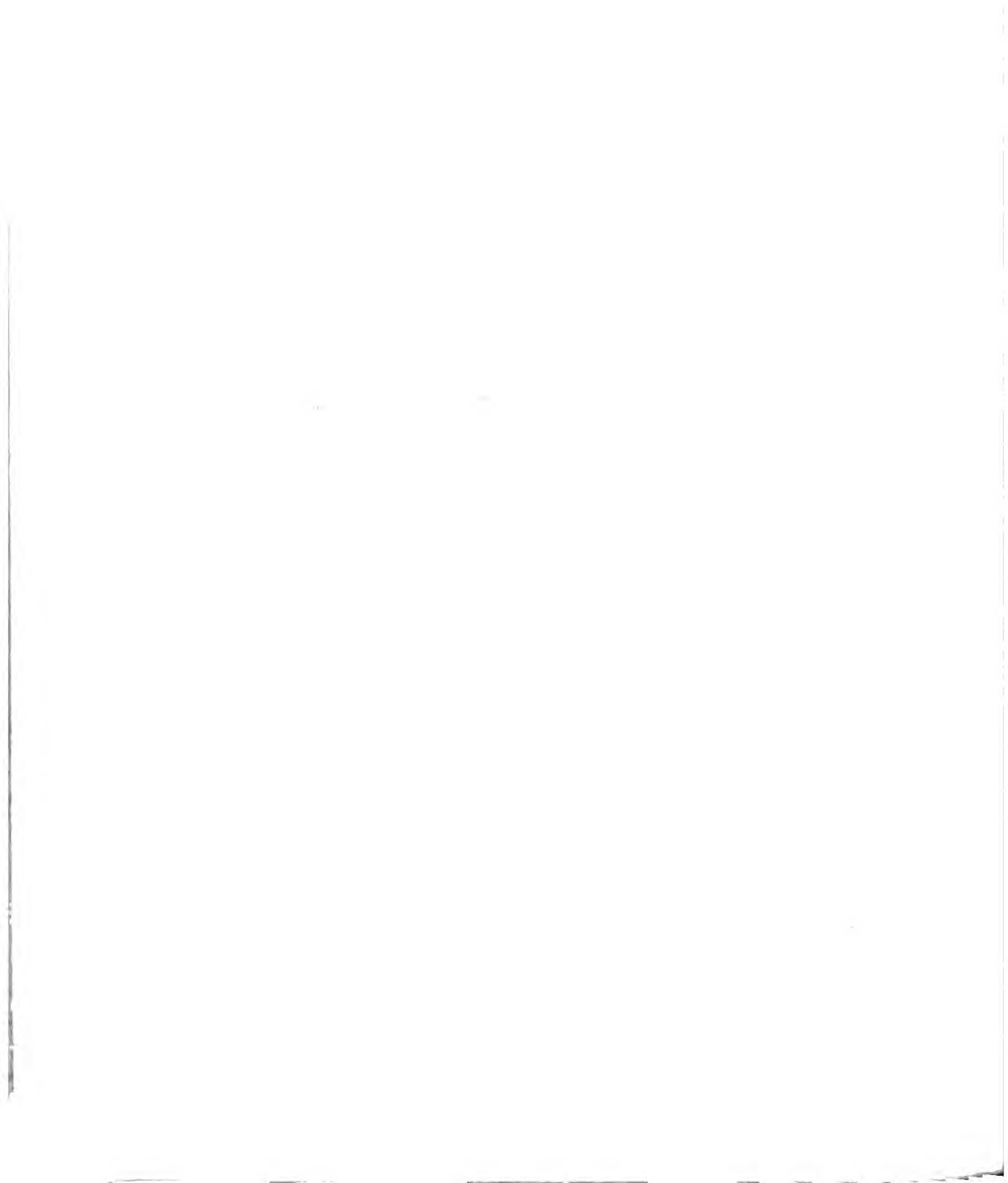
*Mer.* Ah ! my good friend, 'tis youth indeed,  
 That you sometimes, perchance, may need,  
 When, in the sudden fight's alarms,  
 Your foeman gives your skill a check,  
 Or when the loveliest maiden's arms  
 Are twined with ardour round your neck !  
 Or when the garland of the course,  
 Yet distant shining, beckons on,  
 And bids you spur the panting horse,  
 Towards the goal so hardly won !  
 When after dancing's mad delight  
 One drinks, carousing, through the night !  
 But the familiar lyre to sweep,

To touch its chords with lively grace,  
 To your self-chosen aim to keep  
 A happy self-appointed pace ;  
 That is your task, old friend, to-day,  
 We'll for it praise no less your skill,—  
 Age makes not childish, as men say,  
 It finds us but true children still !

*Man.* Well ! words enough we've long been  
 changing,

But now some deeds I fain would see ;  
While you are compliments arranging,  
We might *do* something usefully.  
Why talk so much of *tuning* here ?  
No hesitation brings it round ;  
*Say* that you're poets, and no fear,  
But poetry will soon be found.  
What 'tis we want, I need not say,  
Strong drink, my friend—so brew away !  
Things not begun to-day,—with sorrow  
You'll find will not be done to-morrow !  
A day in dallying none should spend ;  
Let resolution, then, arise,  
And seize the possible, my friend,  
Quick by the forelock, as it flies ;  
She never after lets it stray,

But as she *must*, she works away !  
Our German stage, you are aware,  
Lets all try what they feel inclined,  
So that to-day you need not spare,  
Scenes, drops, and wings,—all here you find ;  
The great and lesser lights of heaven  
You've liberty to use from me,  
The fullest power is to you given,  
The golden stars to squander free ;  
Fire, rock, and water, fail not here,  
No want of birds or beasts we fear !  
So, therefore, in this narrow space  
Bid all creation's circle swell,  
And travel with considerate pace  
From heaven, through the world, to hell.



## THE PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

*The Lord. The HEAVENLY HOSTS. MEPHISTOPHELES behind.  
The THREE ARCHANGELS come forward.*

*Raphael.* IN chorus with each kindred-star  
The sun sounds forth his ancient song,  
And on his path, prescribed from far,  
In thunder going rolls along ;  
Though none may fathom them—their sight  
Upon the angels power bestows,  
Thy glorious works are now as bright  
As on creation's day they rose.  
*Gabriel.* Earth's pomp and beauty circle round,  
Through light and shadow swiftly sped,  
A glory as of Eden's ground  
Wheels into darkness deep and dread ;  
The sea is foaming wild and high,  
Around the rocks' eternal base,  
And rock and sea revolving, fly  
For ever in the starry race.  
*Michael.* Storms, in contending fury, break  
From Land to Sea, from Sea to Land,  
And, as they sweep along, they wake  
Around the earth a raging band ;  
The flash of desolation there  
Precedes the thunder on its way—  
But WE, thy servants, LORD, revere  
The gentle going of thy day.  
*The Three.* Though none may fathom thee—  
Upon thy angels power bestows ; [thy sight  
Thy works sublime are now as bright,  
As on creation's day they rose.  
*Meph.* Since that thou dost, O Lord, approach  
once more,  
And dost inquire how all things with us go,  
And commonly hast seen me here before,—  
Tis therefore I am midst thy servants now ;  
Excuse me if I talk not fine,—  
I could not, though all round me scorn ;  
At pathos thou wouldst laugh, of mine,  
Hadst thou not laughing long forborne !  
Of Suns and Spheres, I cannot speak,  
I nothing have to say of these ;  
I only mark how all men wreck  
Each on the other, miseries !  
The earth's small god continues yet  
As odd as on creation's day,  
A better lot he would have met  
But for thy gift—that heavenly ray  
He Reason calls, and uses so, that he  
Grows the most brutish of the brutes to be,  
And—by your Grace's leave—appears to me  
Like to those long-legg'd grasshoppers, that pass  
A short-lived flight upon the wing,  
But quickly fall again, and sing  
The same old song amid the grass !  
Well, were that all ! that there the fall would close !  
But in each filthy mess they thrust their nose !

*The Lord.* And hast thou nothing else to say ?  
Still comest thou here but to complain ?  
Does not the world, where'er you stray,  
Aught that goes well or right contain ?  
*Meph.* No, Lord ! for all things there below  
Are, as of old, in wretched plight ;  
Men in their days of sorrow now  
Some pity, e'en from me, excite ;  
My very self—I could not curse  
Or plague them, the poor wretches, worse.  
*The Lord.* Say, now ! is FAUSTUS known to thee ?  
*Meph.* The Doctor, Lord !  
*The Lord.* My servant—HE.  
*Meph.* In very truth then, I must own  
His service is most strangely shown !  
The food on which his spirit dwells  
Befits not with a child of clay,  
The ferment of his soul impels  
Him onward to the far-away ;  
E'en he himself can half discern  
The madness that doth in him burn.  
Of heaven—he asks each brightest star,  
From earth—enjoyment's deepest zest,—  
Yet neither can the near nor far  
Content his agitated breast.  
*The Lord.* If now he serves in darkness and  
in doubt,  
Thence into light I soon will bring him out ;  
Whene'er the branches greenly shoot,  
And budding to the spring appear,  
The gardener knows that bloom and fruit  
Will surely bless the coming year.  
*Meph.* What will you wager ? I will bet  
That you shall still your servant lose,  
If your permission will but let  
Me guide him gently as I choose.  
*The Lord.* While yet his days on earth may be,  
So long 'tis not forbidden thee !  
For man, until his strife is done,  
To error link'd, must struggle on.  
*Meph.* My thanks for that ! I never sped  
With any pleasure with the dead ;  
With fresh, full cheeks I like to roam,  
But with a corpse I'm not at home !  
In this respect it fares with me  
As with the cat and mouse we see !  
*The Lord.* Cease. 'Tis permitted. Turn aside  
This spirit from its first pure source,  
And shouldst thou gain him—bear and guide  
Him onward with thee, in thy course.  
But stand abash'd—a mark for scorn,  
When thou shalt be compell'd to say,  
A good man with dark strivings torn,  
Doth yet perceive the better way.  
*Meph.* True ! but not long it lasteth—nor do I  
Feel for my wager much anxiety !



And if I should attain my end—then you  
 Permit my full-voiced triumph ; I will make  
 Him eat of dust—and with a relish too,  
 As once my relative renown'd—the snake !

*The Lord.* Then even thou mayst freely here  
 Before my presence reappear !  
 Those who, in mind, are kindred unto thee  
 Have never yet a hatred moved in me ;  
 Know that, of all the spirits that deny,  
 The jesting scoffer is the least offending,  
 Too prone to sleep is man's activity,  
 To unconditional repose soon bending ;  
 I like to give him then, a mate,  
 Who ever action is pursuing,

Who stirs and works, and, all elate,  
 Must, though as devil, still be doing.  
 But ye, true sons of heaven, calm, sublime,  
 Rejoice in beauty, shed around, above,  
 The soul that works and lives throughout all time  
 Embrace you in the happy bonds of love,—  
 What hovers o'er, in changeful seeming wrought  
 Do you fix firm with everlasting thought !

*[Heaven closes ; the Archangels disperse.]*

*Meph. [solus.]* I like, at times, the Ancient  
 One to see,  
 And guard 'gainst breaking with him—'tis so civil  
 In one so mighty so polite to be,  
 So kindly speaking with the very devil !

# FAUST.

A TRAGEDY.

NIGHT.— A NARROW HIGH-VAULTED GOTHIC  
CHAMBER.

*FAUST is seated restlessly at his desk.*

*Faust.* AH ! yes, now by the ardent toil of years,  
I'm fully versed in all philosophy,  
I know whatever Law or Med'cine bears,  
And also—to my grief—Theology ;  
Yet here I stand, poor fool, with nothing more  
Of wisdom's treasures than I had before ;  
I'm Master styled, and Doctor too,  
And here ten years their course have sped,  
Since up and down, and to and fro,  
My scholars by the nose I've led !  
And seeing all too clearly now,  
For all our toil, our broken rest,  
That we can nothing, nothing know,  
Burns up the heart within my breast.  
True ! I am wiser far than all the tribes  
Of solemn triflers, doctors, priests, and scribes !  
Nor doubts nor scruples now my soul assail,  
Before no fear of hell or devil I quail ;  
But for that reason, I with sorrow see  
All joy for ever torn away from me !  
Myself no more I flatter with the thought  
One thing worth knowing I have gain'd or sought,  
No more I think that I can teach or find  
Aught that can better or convert mankind !  
Then, I have neither goods nor gold,  
To me no honour men will give,  
No rank amid the world I hold,  
No dog like this would longer live !  
Therefore have I, each day and hour,  
To magic lent myself alone,  
To see if by the Spirits' power,  
All mysteries may not be known ;  
That I no more be forced to prate  
Of things of which I nothing know,  
While shame and loathing bring the sweat  
Of bitterness upon my brow ;  
That I may know what holds the earth  
Together in its inmost sphere,  
See whence production has its birth,  
See all the germs of life appear ;  
My soul is sick and weary grown  
Of trafficking with words alone !

Oh ! radiant moonlight ! would thy beam  
Shed on me now its latest gleam ;  
For the last time that thou didst see  
My loneliness and misery !

Oh ! thou, for whose soft, gentle light  
I've sat and watch'd so many a night ;  
O'er books and papers scatter'd near,  
Then, pensive friend, didst thou appear !  
Oh that my steps might wander free  
The mountain-tops beneath thy light !  
Or with the Spirit-band might flee  
Among the hollows of their height !  
Could flit at will o'er all the fields  
That thou dost gladden with thy view ;  
Freed from the loathing knowledge yields,  
Could bathe, refreshen'd, in thy dew !

Ah ! am I in this prison still ?  
Yet penn'd between these narrow walls ?  
This cursed hole, whose vapours chill,  
Where mouldiness around me falls ?  
In which the very light of heaven  
All mournfully upon me looks,  
Dim through the painted panes 'tis given,  
More stinted by this heap of books !  
The worm-gnawn beams are thick with dust ;  
The paper, dark with smoky crust  
To the arch'd ceiling reaching high,  
Adds to the vault's obscurity ;  
Glasses and boxes round me piled,  
With instruments of study cramm'd—  
Old family lumber, long exiled  
From light and use, among them jamm'd !  
This is thy world ! alas for thee,  
That such a den thy world must be !

And do I ask myself why still  
So shrinks my heart within my breast ?  
Why, by a vague and aching chill,  
Each stirring impulse is repress'd ?  
For nature's rich vitality  
Which God has form'd us to behold,  
Here naught but skeletons I see  
Of man and beast, surrounding me,  
Dead bones, mix'd up with smoke and mould !

Up ! up ! into the boundless land !  
Is not this book of secret lore,  
Inscribed by Nostradamus' hand,  
Sufficient guide wherewith to soar ?  
Thou'lt know the paths on which the planets roll ;  
And if its knowledge it from nature seeketh,  
There shall a power rise to meet thy soul,  
Even as one spirit to another speaketh ;  
But vainly may dry thought expound  
These holy signs, and make them clear !

Ye spirits who are hovering round,  
Come ! answer me, if now ye hear !

*[He opens the volume and sees the sign of the Macrocosm.]*

Ha ! at this sight, what sudden raptures thrill  
Throughout my soul, and all my senses fill !  
I feel a youthful, holy life again  
Glow with enjoyment, through each nerve and  
Was it a God whose power imprest [vein.]

This sign, whose gentle influence stills  
The storm that raged within my breast,  
That my poor heart with gladness fills ;  
And, with an all-mysterious power, reveals  
The secrets Nature 'neath her veil conceals ?  
Am I a God ? All grows so light to me !  
Yes ! in these pure, clear outlines I can see,  
Creative nature, as she works,

Open before my soul display'd ;  
Now first I know what meaning lurks  
In what the ancient Sage hath said !  
" No bar the spirit-world hath ever borne !  
It is thy thought is shut—thy heart is dead :  
Up ! scholar, bathe, unwearied, and unworn,  
Thine earthly breast in morning's beams of  
red !" *[He remains gazing on the sign.]*

How all things in a whole, here weave and blend,  
One in the other working, moving, living !  
Lo ! how the heavenly powers rise, descend,  
The golden vessels to each other giving !  
From their far heaven, through earth beneath  
Their all-pervading effluence sinks,  
And from their soft vibrations, breathe  
The blessings, earth with rapture drinks ;  
Each atom, by their touch is thrill'd  
And waken'd into melody,  
Till universal space is fill'd,  
With universal harmony !

Glorious to gaze on ! Ah, that there  
It nothing more than show should be !  
Infinite Nature ! where, oh where,  
May I possess and seize on thee ?  
Where are thy breasts—the founts of life and birth,  
On which hang all in heaven and on earth ?  
To which the blighted heart itself doth strain,—  
They gush, they flow, and must I pine in vain !

*[He reluctantly turns over the leaves of the volume, and sees the sign of the Microcosm.]*

How differently I feel before this sign !  
Thou, Spirit of the Earth, art to me nigher,  
My faculties I feel already higher,  
Already do I glow like new-press'd wine !  
Courage I feel amid the world to go,  
To prove its pleasures, or to bear its woe,  
To brave the storms that may around me dash,  
And tremble not amid the shipwreck's crash !  
Clouds gather o'er, and dim my sight,  
The midnight moon withdraws her light,  
My lamp emits a dying ray,  
And earth-born vapours rise and stray !  
Beams, glowing red,  
Shoot round my head !

From the dark vault that o'er me bends,  
A chilling, creeping fear descends ;  
Spirit ! compell'd to me by prayer,  
I feel that thou art hovering there,  
Unveil thyself, thyself reveal !  
Ha ! what can thus my bosom tear ?  
With new sensations—do I feel  
All my thoughts in tumult reel !

Yes ! all my soul surrender'd is to thee, [be !  
Thou must, then ! though my life the price should

*[He seizes the Book, and repeats the sign of the SPIRIT; a red flame shoots up, the SPIRIT of the EARTH appears in the flame.]*

*Spirit.* Who calls !

*Faust.* Oh ! fearful vision !

*Spirit.* I am here !

Drawn by thy constant seeking at my sphere !  
And now—

*Faust.* Ah, woe ! thy sight I cannot bear !

*Spirit.* To hear my voice, my form to see,  
It was thy deeply-breathed demand,  
Thy invocation works on me—

At thy command,

I come ! but lo ! a tremor seizes thee ;  
Art thou a demigod, and dost thou fear !  
Where is the soul that call'd me thus ? and where  
The breast that in itself a world created ?  
That swell'd with ecstasy our life to share,  
That sought with us—with spirits to be mated ?  
Where art thou, FAUST, whose voice to me hath  
rung ?

Who unto me with all his strength hath clung !  
Is't THOU, whom thus my breath with fear can fill !  
Through all thy depths of life, in tremblings flung,  
A timid, writhing reptile still !

*Faust.* Thou form of flame ! and shall I yield  
to thee ?

'Tis I—'tis FAUST, thine equal ! I am he !

*Spirit.* In the swelling flood of life,

In the storm of action going,

Up and down, in endless strife,

Here and there for ever flowing,

Mine is birth and mine the grave,

An Ocean of unending wave !

Change on changes I assume

In life that glows in star and clod,

So work I at Time's rushing loom

And weave the living robe of God !

*Faust.* Spirit ! that through all life thy course  
doth take,

Creative power ! how near I feel to thee !

*Spirit.* Thou'rt equal to the spirit thou canst  
make

By thine own mind's conception—not to me !

*[The SPIRIT disappears.]*

*Faust.* Not thee ! not thee ! then unto whom !

I, in God's image formed, yet thus,

May not to equal thee presume ! *[A knocking heard.]*

Oh, death ! I know—it is my Famulus !

Thus perishes my fairest bliss,

And from my vision I must wake !

Oh, that a groveller like this

The fulness of my dreams should break !

*Enter WAGNER in a dressing-gown and nightcap, with a lamp ; FAUST turns to him with displeasure.]*

*Wag.* Excuse me, sir ! your voice I heard just  
Declaiming—doubtless a Greek tragedy ! [now,

It is an art that much I wish to know,

'Tis one we may at present profit by.

Men have I often heard declare,

A priest taught by a player may be !

*Faust.* Yes ! if the priest 's himself a player,

As sometimes one may chance to see !

*Wag.* But if so closely in our closets pent,

We scarcely see the world save now and then,

When on it but afar our looks are bent

As through a telescope our gaze were sent,

How, by persuasion, shall we govern men !

*Faust.* If inward power you cannot feel,  
No search, no toil will lead you right ;  
If from your soul it does not steal,  
And to your hearers' hearts appeal,  
Subduing them with new delight—  
Sit at your task for ever if you will,  
Combine, and join, and tack together still,  
Cook up your hash from others' feast—and blow  
Your worthless cinders to a paltry glow—  
Children and apes may wonder much

If to such praise your taste incline,  
But other hearts it ne'er will touch,  
Unless it flow all fresh from thine !

*Wag.* But 'tis delivery, we find,  
That makes the orator's success :

In this too, that I'm far behind,  
I must with much regret confess.

*Faust.* To honest ends thine aim be wrought !

Play not the tinkling zany's part !  
Clear intellect and earnest thought

Express themselves with little art !

If earnestly on saying something bent,  
Need time on hunting out for words he spent ?

Your polish'd speeches that so coldly shine,  
Where Nature cut in shreds you crisp and twine,  
Are unrefreshing as the breeze

That brings the clammy mist along,  
That through the leaves the autumn sees  
Hang dry and wither'd on the trees,

Sighs drearily its autumn song !

*Wag.* Ah, God ! the span of life is brief,  
And art is long and hard to find !

The critic's toil too, I, with grief,  
Feel injures oft both heart and mind !

How hard it is, the means alone to gain  
By which the fountain-head one may attain !

And then, before one gets but half so high,  
'Tis likely that—poor devil—one may die !

*Faust.* Is parchment then, the holy spring,  
Whose draught for ever stills the thirst ?

Thou hast not known that cooling thing,  
Unless from thine own soul it burst !

*Wag.* Your pardon ! 'tis a pleasure to be  
As 'twere into the spirit of the past, [wrought

To see how a wise man before us thought,  
And to what height we have attain'd at last !

*Faust.* Oh yes ! up to the very stars—but yet,  
The past is like a book with seven seals !

The name of " Spirit of the Times " you set,  
But that 'tis only your own soul forget

That, mirror-like, the present time reveals !  
And truly it is oft a sight to shun,

The first brief glance might make one from it run ;  
A dirt-tub and a lumber-room 'tis found

At best, a lofty theme by puppets play'd,  
With pompous and pragmatic saws, that sound

Well in the mouths of those by whom they're  
made.

*Wag.* But then the world—man's heart and  
All would of these some knowledge find— [mind,

*Faust.* Ay ! that which men most commonly  
term knowing,

But who the child by its true name dares call ?  
The few—for something of its truth but showing

Who guarded not their full hearts' overflowing,  
But utter'd what they thought and felt to all !

Those who could not their better feelings hide  
Have men, in all times, burnt and crucified !

But, friend ! I beg—'tis far into the night—  
Here, for the present, let our converse break—

*Wag.* To talk with you, sir, till the morning's  
I could most willingly have kept awake ! [light,  
'Tis Easter-morn to-morrow—may I ask  
For further question on you, then to call ?  
With ardent zeal I'm vow'd to study's task—  
True, I know much ! but I would fain know all !

[Exit WAGNER.

*Faust.* [solus.] How hope dwells only in the  
That is to empty trifling bound ! [brain  
Gropes greedily for costliest gain,  
And joyeth when a worm is found !

Dare a mere human voice resound  
Where spirit-forms had throng'd around ?

Yet thou this once my thanks mayst share,  
Thou poorest of the sons of men !

For thou didst snatch me from despair

That almost crush'd my senses then ;  
So giant-like, so great the vision gleam'd,

That I before it should a dwarf have seem'd !  
I—image of the Godhead—who, in thought,

Near to the mirror drew of truth divine !  
Who joy and rapture to myself had wrought

In light and splendour—heaven's all-glorious  
Stripp'd of the clogging vest of earth, [shine !

Freed from the taint of mortal birth,  
I—more than cherub—I, whose soul

Free and unfetter'd soar'd away—  
Who, glowing, thought, without controul

Through nature's secret veins to stray ;  
Whose spirit all its power employ'd

To taste the life by gods enjoy'd !  
How must I now for this the penance pay !

One thunder-word has swept me wide away !

I dared not raise my nature unto thine,  
And though of power to draw thee from thy

sphere,  
Neither the knowledge nor the power were mine,  
To hold thee here !

In that blest moment, as it flew  
I felt myself so weak, so great !

Yet me again you fiercely threw  
Back on my mortal, wayward fate ! [pursue ?

Where shall I learn ? What shun, or what  
That first strong impulse shall I still obey ?

Not only what we suffer—what we do,  
Fetters our course of life upon its way.

How something foreign to the mind  
Draws back our thoughts in brightest train !

When this world's good we chance to find,  
We call all better false and vain.

The glorious thoughts that gave us life  
Grow torpid in our worldly strife.

If Phantasy, on daring wing,  
And full of hope, presumes to fly—

If quitting space, with bounding spring  
She soars into infinity,

To narrower sphere her course is check'd,  
And sadly shrink those thoughts sublime,

When venture after venture wreck'd  
Is shatter'd in the gulf of time.

In every heart, Care builds her nest,  
And secret tortures breeding there,

She rocks herself with troubled air,  
Joy driving forth, and Peace and Rest ;

To aid her in her hateful task,  
She still assumes some changeful mask,

She takes a thousand forms of life  
 That mingle fear, with love and joy,  
 As house and land, as child and wife,  
 With steel, fire, poison, to destroy ;  
 For what will ne'er affect the mind  
 Thou art with constant fears assail'd,  
 And what thou always safe wilt find,  
 Must ever be with tears bewail'd.

Too deeply does my spirit feel the thought,  
 Unequal to immortal powers 'tis wrought !  
 No ! I am like the wretched worm,  
 That drags through dust his loathsome form ;  
 Which, while (the scorn of every eye)  
 It eats the soil that gave it birth,  
 Beneath the feet of passers-by  
 Is crush'd and buried in the earth.

Is it not dust—that all around,  
 Still narrows in this lofty wall ?  
 Trash in a thousand forms unsound  
 Am I not, 'mid its mouldering, bound  
 Within this world of moths, a thrall ?  
 Is it in such a place—my mind  
 Will gain what it could never find ?  
 Shall I, perchance, a thousand tomes  
 O'er-read, that but at last confess,  
 Man everywhere creates and dooms  
 Himself his own unhappiness ?  
 That here and there there may have been  
 One happy individual seen ?  
 Thou hollow skull ! what meanings lurk  
 Beneath that grin ? 'tis but to say  
 Thy brain, like mine, was once at work  
 With thoughts that led thee far astray ! [light,  
 Longing for truth—you sought the day's clear  
 But miserably stray'd in gloom and night !  
 Ye instruments of brass and steel,  
 The thousand tools of wisdom's hand,  
 With cylinder, and cog, and wheel,  
 Ye, too, but mock me as ye stand !  
 I stood without—would treasures seize,  
 And thought ye were the opening keys,  
 But all your strangely-twisted wards  
 Raise not the bolt that Nature guards,  
 For she, inscrutable in open day,  
 Alloweth none her veil to rend away,  
 And what to tell she doth not freely choose,  
 You cannot wrest from her with wheels and  
 This ancient lumber—all confused, [screws !  
 Untouch'd by me is only here  
 Because once by my father used,  
 And then perchance by him held dear ; [thee,  
 Old scroll ! the smoke hath thickly crusted o'er  
 So long this glimmering lamp hath burn'd before  
 Far better had it been, if I [thee ;  
 Had spent the little was mine own,  
 Than with its weight oppress'd to lie  
 Beneath it still to sweat and groan.  
 That which thy sires to thee have handed down,  
 By thine own labour make again thine own ;  
 Whate'er it is thou dost not use—will be  
 A heavy burden and a load to thee ;  
 Only what from the present moment springs,  
 Created in the present,—profit brings.

But why do I on yonder spot  
 Look with a sudden, glad surprise ?  
 'Tis yonder phial—is it not—  
 That is the magnet to mine eyes !

Why is it that so suddenly I see  
 This glorious flood of light surrounding me,  
 As when the morning beam breaks clear and bright  
 Upon us in the forest's deepest night ?  
 I hail thee, thou peculiar precious shrine !  
 With reverence I touch, and make thee mine,  
 For in thy glassy form contain'd, I scan  
 And honour there the wit and skill of man !  
 Essence of lulling juices, soft as sleep,  
 Drawn from all strengths, as deadly as refined,  
 Vouchsafe to him who did, as master, keep,  
 Thy power,—some token that shall prove thee kind.  
 I see thee—and the pang is past ;  
 I grasp thee—and the storms subside,  
 The flood-stream of my soul—at last  
 Ebbs gently to a smoother tide.  
 I am invited forth to brave  
 A deeper and a wider sea,  
 My feet its glassy waters lave,  
 A new day to new shores is calling me !  
 On airy pinions, lightly pending  
 A fiery chariot is descending !  
 I feel myself prepared to trace,  
 By paths untrod, the fields of space,  
 To spheres unknown, where soul and mind,  
 A pure activity will find.  
 Sublime Existence ! and art thou  
 (—Worm as thou art—or wast but now)  
 Worthy to share it ?—Ay ! but shun  
 The beaming of thine earthly sun,  
 But dare burst ope those gates, which all  
 Would willingly slink by,  
 And prove man's nature doth not fall  
 Beneath a god's sublimity !  
 To quail not when the gulf appears  
 Where Frenzy makes the dream she fears,  
 And damns herself to feel the weight  
 Of pangs she doth herself create ;  
 Though wreathed around with flames of hell  
 Towards that narrow portal press  
 With calm resolve, though thought should tell  
 You risk the fall to nothingness !

Come from thy old retreat, thou goblet clear,  
 By me forgotten now for many a year !  
 You glitter'd at my father's feasts  
 And fill'd with joy his worthy guests,  
 When, as thou round to each wert sent,  
 Each richly-graven ornament,  
 Upon thee traced,—before he quaff'd  
 Each must in rhyming verse explain,  
 Then drain thee empty at a draught—  
 Thou call'st back many a youthful night again.  
 No more shall I pass round the cup  
 Nor wit upon its emblems pour,  
 Here with a juice I fill it up  
 Whose strength soon steals the senses o'er !  
 Its dark brown flood is rising, see !  
 It filleth all thy cavity !  
 Now be this last, self-chosen draught,  
 Which I have mix'd in doubt and scorn,  
 With all my soul drain'd down, and quaff'd  
 A festal greeting to the morn !

[He puts the cup to his mouth : the sound of bells and  
 the chant of a chorus are heard from the church.

*Chorus of Angels.*

Christ has risen from the earth !  
 Joy to mortals ! joy to man !  
 Who, heir to evil from his birth,  
 Corrupt, imperfect, lived his span !

*Faust.* What clear and deep melodious strain  
 Draws down the cup I long'd to drain ?  
 Does yonder hollow-sounding bell  
 The first glad hour of Easter tell !  
 And doth this chorus breathe the hymn,  
 That o'er the darkness of the tomb,  
 Once pealed from lips of cherubim  
 The new-born covenant of mortal doom ?

*Chorus of Women.*

With spices we embalm'd his corse,  
 We, his true ones, faithful found ;  
 We laid him here—with cloths and bands  
 We carefully had swathed him round !  
 Yet, ah ! we find approaching near,  
 Our Master is no longer here !

*Chorus of Angels.*

Christ from the prison  
 Of the tomb hath risen !  
 Happy, happy is the Loving One,  
 Who hath pass'd o'er  
 The trial, deep and sore,  
 Who hath the chastening trial undergone.

*Faust.* Oh, heavenly tones ! why with your  
 sound  
 Seek out a dweller in the dust ?  
 Peal on where weak men may be found,  
 Whose hearts can lend the words their trust.  
 I hear whate'er the message saith,  
 I know the tidings it doth tell,  
 But do not feel the glow of faith ;  
 Faith's favourite child is miracle.  
 I dare not lift unto those spheres my thought,  
 From whence the glad intelligence is brought ;  
 Yet, from a child, familiar with the strain,  
 E'en now it calls me back to life again !  
 In other and in happier days,  
 Amid the Sabbath's solemn calm,  
 The kiss of heavenly love and praise  
 Fell on me like a sacred balm ;  
 My youthful heart then often found  
 A mystic meaning in the sound  
 Of the full bell,—and I could share  
 The deep enjoyment of a prayer ;  
 A longing of surpassing sweetness drove  
 Me forth, through forest, field, and plain to rove,  
 And there I felt a world within me, spread  
 Amid the thousand burning tears I shed.  
 This anthem token'd then to me  
 The sports of spring festivity,  
 And with these feelings, memory now  
 Withholds me from the final blow.  
 Melodious tones ! continue yet !  
 Sound on, thou sweet and heavenly strain !  
 The tear hath flown—mine eye is wet—  
 And earth possesses me again !

*Chorus of Disciples.*

Now has the buried One—the blest—  
 Arisen to his glorious sphere !  
 Of ever-growing bliss possesser,  
 He to creative love is near ;  
 But we, alas ! on earth's cold breast,  
 Must still remain in suffering here !  
 He hath from us, his children, gone,  
 And we are left to languish on ;  
 In pain and sorrow, and distress  
 We weep, O Lord ! thy happiness !

*Chorus of Angels.*

The Saviour Christ hath risen  
 From corruption and decay !  
 The bonds that now your souls imprison,  
 Go ! tear with joy, away !  
 Go ! let your DEEDS his praises prove,  
 To all make manifest his love ;  
 Like brethren live, and journey on,  
 Preaching the truth of Him that's gone !  
 Make known his promise to the earth,  
 Bliss unto all of mortal birth ;  
 To you the Master shall be nigh,  
 For you he has been raised on high !

SCENE.—BEFORE THE GATE.

*People of all descriptions pass out.*

*Some Mechanics.* Why that way ?

*Others.* Why, we mean to go

Up to the Jagerhaus—

*The First.* But we

Would rather to the mill, I trow !

*1 Mech.* Nay, I advise you let it be  
 The Wasserhof !

*A Second.* - Not so ! for there  
 The road is neither good nor fair !

*The Others.* What shall you do ?

*A Third.* Oh ! I indeed  
 Will go just where the others lead !

*A Fourth.* Up, then, to Burgdorf—there you'll  
 The prettiest of girls—the best of beer— [find  
 And rows, too, of the primest kind !

*A Fifth.* Wild rascal ! will you never fear ?

Is your skin itching, to a third  
 Good beating then to be preferr'd ?

That path to-day I will not trace,

For I've a horror of the place !

*1 Serv. Girl.* No ! I shall go back to the city—

*2 Serv. Girl.* Why !

Down by the poplars he is sure to be !

*1 Serv. Girl.* Well ! very little should I gain  
 He dances not with any one but thee ! [thereby ;  
 And what, pray, are your pleasures unto me ?

*2 Serv. Girl.* But I am certain that to-day,

Alone he will not for us wait,—

I tell you that I heard him say

With him would come the curly-pate !

*1 Schol.* How the brave wenches step along !

Come, brother ! let's join company !

Stout humming beer—tobacco strong—

And a tight girl are things for me !

*1 Cit. Maiden.* Who can those fine young men,  
 Look ! 'tis a perfect shame to see— [there, be !  
 Observe with whom they laugh and talk ;

Genteelest company they shun,

They even with the best might walk,

Yet after those maid-servants run !

*2 Schol.* Stay ! here's two ladies close behind,

And neatly they are dress'd I swear,—

One is my neighbour—to my mind,

I really think the girl is fair !

Though walking with that pace demure,

They'll let us join them still, be sure.

*1 Schol.* No ! come along ;—I hate to be

Under restraint—quick, quick ! or we

Shall lose our game. I say the hand

That through the week the besom wields,

When Sunday comes, is warm and bland,

And aye the best caresses yields !

1 *Townsmen*. The new-made burgomaster—I  
Must say does not act properly,  
Or to my taste—now in the chair,  
He daily seems the more to dare ;  
The town—what does he for it pray,  
Is it not growing worse each day ?  
Our burdens greater than before,  
And day by day we're paying more !

Beggar (*sings*).

Kind gentlemen, and ladies fair,  
So rosy-cheek'd, and dress'd so rare,  
Be pleased to give, while passing by,  
Something to aid my poverty.  
Look on me with an eye of pity,  
That not in vain I sing my ditty ;  
'Tis he alone who freely gives,  
That merrily and gaily lives,  
This holiday to all—oh ! be  
It too a harvest-day to me.

2 *Towns*. Nothing I know to me has greater  
Upon a Sunday or a holiday, [charms  
Than a snug chat of war and war's alarms,  
While people fight in Turkey far away.  
One stands beside the window—takes his glass,  
Sees down the stream the painted vessels pass,  
Then gladly home returns as evening chimes,  
With blessings upon peace and peaceful times.

3 *Towns*. Yes, neighbour, yes ! I little care  
How matters may be managed there,  
All things they there may overthrow,  
And break each other's heads at will,  
Only at home pray let us go  
According to old custom still.

*Old Woman (to the Citizens' Daughters)*. How  
nicely dress'd—so young, so fair,  
Who would not love your form and air !  
Nay, not so proud ;—there, that is well—  
And, pretty maidens, do not doubt,  
That what you wish for, I can tell  
How to contrive and bring about.

1 *Cit. Maiden*. Come, Agatha ! I'm very care-  
ful how  
With such old witches publicly I go,  
Though on Saint Andrew's eve, 'tis true I vow,  
She did my future lover to me show.

2 *Cit. Maiden*. And mine she show'd me in a [glass,  
All soldier-like, with others too ;  
Each way I look to see him pass,  
But yet his form can never view.

Soldier (*sings*).

Towns begirt with walls and moats,  
Maids of proud and lofty thoughts—  
Strong without, and strong within—  
These are what I love to win !  
Bold is the attempt and hard,  
But as noble the reward.

Summon'd by the trumpet's breath  
We go to rapture or to death ;  
For 'tis amid the battle's strife  
Thrills the rush—the life of life !

Maiden's heart, and city's wall,  
Were made to yield, were made to fall ;  
Bold is the attempt and hard,  
But as noble the reward ;  
When we've held them each their day,  
Soldier-like, we march away !

*Enter FAUST and WAGNER,*

*Faust*. 'Neath the gay, quickening glance of  
Freed from their ice the streamlets flow, [Spring,  
Those joys of hope the sunbeams bring  
Are budding in the vale below ;  
Old Winter past, and worn and weak,  
Is flying to his mountains bleak,  
But still as on his way he wends,

O'er the green meadows, in his flight,  
His useless showers of hail he sends,

For now the sun endures no white ;  
O'er all the earth he spreads his hues,  
And life and growth themselves diffuse ;  
As yet few flowers may meet the eye,  
But gay-dress'd groups their place supply.  
Now turn, and from this hillock's crown,  
Look back again upon the town ;  
See ! from each portal's gloomy shroud,  
There presses forth a motley crowd,—  
Each one with joyful heart and gay,  
Comes forth to sun himself to-day ;  
The rising of the Lord they keep,

For they themselves have gladly broke  
From the dark cells where poor men sleep,  
From trade and occupation's yoke.

From roof and gable-scanted room,  
From narrow street, and stifling way,  
From the Cathedral's holy gloom,  
They issue to the light of day.

But see ! how quick the mass is spreading,  
And through the fields and gardens threading !  
See how the river, long and broad,

Bears many a bark upon its breast,  
The last one, with a heavy load,

Putting from shore to join the rest !  
E'en from the farthest mountain's height,  
Gay-colour'd dresses meet our sight.

I hear the tumult rise around—  
Yes ! here ! the people's heaven is found ;  
While all thus shout so joyously,  
Here I'm a man—here man dare be.

*Wagner*. Ah, Doctor ! thus to walk with you  
Is honour and a profit too ;  
Yet, like I not these paths alone to wind,  
For coarseness I dislike of every kind ;  
These sounds—I thoroughly detest them—  
This skittle-playing, fiddling throng,  
They scream as if the devil possess'd them,  
And call it laughter, call it song.

*Dance and Song*.—Peasants under the Linden  
Tree.

The shepherd deck'd him for the dance,  
With colour'd vest, and garland gay,  
And ribbon shining to the glance ;  
Full smart did he himself array ;  
The ring beneath the linden tree  
Was full—and all danced wild with glee.

Huzza, huzza,

Tira, lira,

The fiddle went all merrily.

Amid the throng he quickly press'd,  
And with his elbow push'd a maid ;  
The buxom wench, so sly caress'd,  
Upon him turn'd, and thus she said :  
" Young man, I really now must say,  
You very clumsy seem to-day—

Huzza, huzza,

Tira, lira,

Don't be so rude again, I pray."

Yet nimbly, nimbly sped the round,  
And right and left, all merrily,  
They danced ; and as they gaily bound,  
The maiden's robes float wide and free.  
Then grew they red, then grew they warm,  
And rested panting, arm in arm—

Hurra, hurra,  
Tira, lira,

Or clasping pretty waists—what harm ?

“ Have done, have done,” the maiden cries,  
“ Don't be so rude—how many men,  
Their love betrothed, by fondest lies  
Deceive, betray, and leave them then !”

But he the maiden coax'd aside,  
While sounds the fiddle gaily plied—

Hurra, hurra,  
Tira, lira,

And shouts of laughter, far and wide,  
From that old linden tree beside.

*Old Peas.* Ah ! Doctor, this is good indeed,  
When scorning not our harmless glee,  
You, though deep learn'd, can yet concede,  
To join us in our revelry.

Take then, from me, this fresh-fill'd cup,  
Myself will in it pledge you first ;  
Praying, that as you drink it up,  
It may do more than quench your thirst :  
For each bright drop that leaps and plays  
May one be added to your days !

*Faust.* I take the welcome draught and call  
Again good health, and thanks to all.

*Old Peas.* 'Tis surely well in you, to blend  
With us amid this mirthful scene,  
Who, before now, so oft our friend,  
In evil days and times, have been ;  
There's many here now living stand,  
Whom once your father's skilful hand  
Tore from the fever's rage intense.

Then, when he stay'd the pestilence,  
You too, though then but young, would go  
To every sicken'd house of woe ;  
From thence full many a corse was ta'en,  
Yet you uninjured did remain,  
And many trials 'twas yours to stand,  
But “ the Helper ” help'd the helper's hand.

*All.* Health ! to the tried and oft-proved friend,  
And may he long have power to save.

*Faust.* To him on high all humbly bend,  
Who teaches and sends the help you crave.

[*He passes on with WAGNER.*]

*Wag.* Great man ! what feelings must be thine  
At all these honours to thee paid ;  
Happy ! whose gifts thus bright can shine,  
And of such good account be made.

The father shows thee to his son,  
All ask, and press, and hurry on ;  
The fiddle stops, the dancers stay,  
In rows they all themselves array,  
Thee when thou'rt passing by to see ;—  
Their hats and caps all upwards fly,  
They bow, and all but bend the knee,  
As if the host were passing by.

*Faust.* A few steps farther, up to yonder stone,  
For from our wandering we will rest us there ;  
Here oft I've sat, all thoughtful and alone,  
And mortified myself with fast and prayer.  
Then, firm in faith and rich in hope, I thought  
By sighs, and tears, and hands together press'd,

That the great God of heaven might be wrought  
To grant the staying of that wasting pest.  
To me the multitude's applause

Sounds as in mockery or scorn :

Oh ! couldst thou know how little cause

For praise have son or father borne !  
My father was an honest, sombre man,  
Who in the hallow'd circles nature bends  
With upright thought, tried many a curious plan,  
Fantastic trials, but for well-meant ends ;  
Who with adepts, companions in his art,  
In his dark study shut himself apart,  
And there, in endless methods, strove to run  
And fuse opposing forces into one.

There was a lion red, a lover brave,  
Wed to the lily in the tepid wave,  
Then both with flame and fire driven about,  
Tortured from bridal chambers in and out ;  
If the young queen, with varied hues of light,  
Shone in the glass,—that medicine was the right.  
The patients died—and question ne'er was made,  
Of who recover'd by our help and aid.  
Our hellish potion thus we here employ'd,  
And more than e'en the pestilence destroy'd ;  
Myself did oft the poison give

To thousands—saw them pine away,  
Yet now, with shame and sorrow, live  
To hear the murderers praised to-day.

*Wag.* Wherefore on this account should you  
be grieved ?

Is't not enough that a good man should wield  
With scrupulous care the art he has received ?  
If honour to your sire in youth you yield,  
You will learn from him freely—if as man,  
You do with zeal the self-same course pursue,  
Widening yet more the extent of knowledge' span,  
Your son may rise yet higher still than you.

*Faust.* Whoe'er can hope from error's bound-  
less sea

Once to emerge, oh ! happy, blest is he !  
The use of what he knows not, man will choose,  
Yet what he really knows he cannot use.  
But with such melancholy thoughts as these

To taint this bliss-bestowing hour, oh ! shun ;  
See how yon low-roof'd, green-girt cottages  
Gleam in the splendour of the setting sun !  
He bends and sinks, the day hath lived—is o'er,

Yet other life is quicken'd by his ray,—  
Oh ! that no wing is mine, wherewith to soar,  
And struggle ever after him, away !

Bathed in eternal sunshine, I should greet  
A stilly world in silence at my feet ;  
Each gentle valley steep'd in soft repose,  
Each mountain summit tinged with glowing  
Each silver brook, that sparkles as it flows, [beams,  
And spreads resplendent into golden streams.

The dark defiles, the rugged mountain ways,  
Would not impede me in my godlike flight ;  
E'en now, the Ocean and its heated bays  
Appear to rise on my enraptured sight.

Slow seems the God of Light to sink away,  
Yet still the newly-waken'd feelings play,—  
I hurry on, free, unconfined,

To drink the eternal light he sheds,—  
The darkening Night I leave behind,  
While far before me Daylight spreads ;

The glorious skies above me glow,  
While Ocean heaves her waves below ;  
A beauteous dream ! but, ah ! 'tis flown,  
And while 'tis passing—HE is gone !



Alas ! no fleshly pinion e'er  
 Can mate the spirit's wing'd career !  
 Yet 'tis our being's inborn tone  
 To strive for ever up and on ;  
 When, lost in the expanse of light,  
 The lark above us trills her lay ;  
 When o'er the rugged pine-clad height,  
 The outspread eagle soars away ;  
 When, struggling on, the crane doth roam  
 O'er marsh and sea towards her home !  
*Wag.* I've often had strange fancies in my  
 mind,  
 But never felt an impulse of the kind ;  
 Of wood and field, of dale and hill,  
 One very quickly looks one's fill.  
 The wings of any bird, by me  
 Will never greatly envied be.  
 How differently do mental pleasures  
 Lead us from book to book to roam ;  
 And ever with these ancient treasures,  
 How cheerful winter nights become !  
 A happy life glows warm in every limb,  
 And if a precious parchment you unroll,  
 Your senses in delight appear to swim,  
 And heaven itself descends upon your soul.  
*Faust.* One impulse only, is in you imprest,  
 Acquaint not with the other, then, your heart ;  
 Two souls, alas ! are dwelling in *my* breast,  
 One from the other striving still to part.  
 The one clings fast to all that *this* life prizes,  
 With organs, strong as iron cramps may be,  
 The other from this darkness proudly rises,  
 To regions of a glorious ancestry.  
 Oh ! if there now be spirits hovering near,  
 Ruling with power 'twixt the heavens and earth,  
 Descend ye from your golden atmosphere  
 And lead me where new, varied life has birth !  
 Yes ! were a magic mantle but mine own,  
 To bear me far away to stranger lands,  
 Not for the costliest robe that ever shone  
 Around a monarch—should it leave my hands !  
*Wag.* Invoke not thou the well-known  
 band,  
 Diffused throughout the atmosphere,  
 Which, thousand-form'd, on every hand,  
 To man, threats danger ever near.  
 If from the north the spirits come,  
 Sharp-fang'd, and arrowy-tongued they roam ;  
 If from the east—dry, parching,—they  
 Upon your lungs consuming prey ;  
 If from the southern desert's sand  
 Their scorching wings they round you spread,  
 They form a fiercely-wasting band,  
 That heap up fire on your head ;  
 The genial west, alone can bring  
 Those that refreshen like the spring,—  
 Yet floods of waters calling down,  
 Fields, meadows, and yourself they drown.  
 Of listening fond, on mischief bent,  
 With pleasure they our hests receive  
 Because their pleasure 's to deceive ;  
 Pretending they from heaven are sent,  
 They claim a kindred with the sky  
 Lispering like angels as they lie.  
 But let us go ! The earth is grey,  
 The air is cold, the mists arise,  
 It is at eve alone we may  
 Our home's true worth and value prize.  
 Why stand'st thou thus with wondering view ?  
 What through the twilight draws thine eye ?

*Faust.* See'st thou yon black dog, ranging  
 through  
 The corn and stubble here hard by ?  
*Wag.* Yes ! but yet nothing in him strange I  
 see.  
*Faust.* Mark him ! what should you take the  
 brute to be !  
*Wag.* Why, for some poodle, in his usual way,  
 Seeking what path his master's steps may stray.  
*Faust.* Dost mark the circling curves he makes,  
 Still as he runs approaching nigher ?  
 And see ! unless mine eye mistakes,  
 He leaves behind a track of fire !  
*Wag.* That must be some illusion, I believe,  
 For only a black dog can I perceive.  
*Faust.* He now appears to me to trace  
 Light magic toils around our feet.  
*Wag.* He bounds with hesitating pace,  
 Because he doth two strangers meet.  
*Faust.* The circle narrows—he's already near.  
*Wag.* Thou see'st, a dog and not a sprite is  
 He growls and pauses,—on his belly lays, [here !  
 Just like all other dogs in all his ways.  
*Faust.* Here ! hither ! join our company !  
*Wag.* Some foolish poodle it must be ;  
 If thou stand'st still, he waits and watches on thee ;  
 Shouldst thou speak to him, he will jump upon thee ;  
 Lose aught, and to thy feet he will it bring,  
 Or for thy stick into the water spring.  
*Faust.* 'Tis true—no traces of a sprite I see,  
 And all must the result of training be.  
*Wag.* A dog that has, with skill and care,  
 Been well brought up and duly train'd  
 May e'en a wise man's kindness share,  
 And be with favour entertain'd.  
 And this—your clever scholar,—you will see  
 Will well deserving your affection be.  
 [They go into the gate of the town.

FAUST'S STUDY.

*FAUST enters with the Poodle.*

*Faust.* With deepest night above them spread  
 I have forsaken field and plain ;  
 With holy awe and prescient dread  
 Now wakes our better soul again !  
 In slumber lies each passion wild,  
 Calm sleeps each ruthless deed of ill,  
 But love to every earthly child,  
 The love of God is moving still !

Be quiet, poodle ! run not here and there !  
 Why at the threshold dost thou snuff the air !  
 Lie down behind the stove and peaceful be—  
 There ! my best cushion do I give to thee :  
 As thou without, upon the mountain way,  
 Pleasedst us with running—with thy frolic play,  
 So now from me in turn receive my care,  
 But as a quiet guest my kindness share.

Ah ! when within our narrow cell,  
 The lamp again so clearly burns,  
 The bosom is illumined well,  
 Its knowledge to the heart returns ;  
 Reason her voice resumes again,  
 With blossoms hope once more is rife,  
 And we with longing glow to drain  
 The streams—the very founts of life.

Growl not ! such brutal sounds but ill agree  
 With the blest tones now all possessing me ;  
 We oft may see how men deride whate'er  
 They know not—snarling at the good and fair,  
 Both uncongenial to their souls,—and can  
 This dog incline to growl at them, like man ?  
 But ah ! I feel e'en when my mind 's at best,  
 Contentment wells no longer from my breast :  
 Oh ! wherefore sinks the stream so soon away,  
 And we again all parch'd and thirsting lay ?  
 I've felt that oft—yet from this want, arise  
 Some compensations—for we learn to prize  
 Things more than earthly—our desires are bent  
 On Revelation, which doth nowhere burn  
 More brightly than in the New Testament,  
 And to it, in its ancient text, I turn,  
 To render truly, and devoid of wrong,  
 The holy page into my darling German Tongue.

*[He opens the volume and sets himself to the task.]*

'Tis writ, "In the beginning was the WORD ;"—  
 Here stay'd already, who will aid afford ?  
 So highly I the WORD can never rate,  
 And differently I must the text translate,  
 If by the spirit rightly I am taught ;  
 'Tis writ "In the beginning was the THOUGHT ;"  
 Consider well this first line—that thy pen  
 Be not o'er hasty—must we deem it then  
 The THOUGHT that forms and moves all here we see ;  
 "In the beginning was the POWER,"—shall be  
 The line—yet something warns me that I must  
 Take heed how I afford the words my trust ;  
 The spirit aiding me—I now succeed,  
 And write "In the beginning was the DEED."

Poodle ! I tell thee, cease to growl !

If I with you this chamber share,  
 You must leave off this barking howl,  
 So rude a guest I cannot bear ;  
 One of us two this cell must quit,  
 And though unwilling to withhold  
 My hospitality—'tis fit

You leave me, free and uncontroll'd.  
 The door is open, you can stray  
 Where'er you like upon your way ;  
 But what is this ? what do I see ?  
 Can it in course of nature be ?  
 Is't real, or but a shadowy showing ?  
 How long and broad the poodle 's growing !  
 He fearfully himself uprears,  
 No dog-like form—the form he wears,  
 Some monster of the Nile appears !  
 What phantom have I brought within ?  
 Fire-eyed—with teeth that horrid grin !  
 Ah ! now I know thee—and I see,  
 Thou being of half-hellish brood,  
 That to o'er-master such as thee,  
 The key of Solomon is good.

*Spirits (without, in the passage).* One within, by  
 snare is caught,

Stay without and follow not ;  
 As when the fox by steel is taken,  
 So the old lynx of hell is shaken ;  
 But up and down, with heed and care,  
 We will hover here and there ;  
 Soon he himself perhaps will free,  
 But if any aid can be  
 From us given—one and all  
 Let us be not from his call,  
 For to serve us every one  
 Much he lath already done."

*Faust.* First the spirit to repel  
 Of the four I use the spell ;  
*Salamander's* light shall glow,  
*Undine* with her wave shall bend,  
*Sylph* into the air shall go,  
*Kobold* from the earth ascend ;

Who knew not well  
 Each element,  
 And could not tell  
 What power they're lent,  
 He were no master to coerce  
 The spirits of the universe.

*Salamander !* heed thy name,  
 Vanish in the glowing flame !  
 Together rushing—flow, *Undine !*  
*Sylph !* in meteor beauty shine ;  
*Incubus !* thy service lend,  
 Step forth, and of it make an end !

Of all four spells I use, not one  
 Appears the beast to work upon ;  
 There lies he, and doth on me glower—  
 I have not made him feel my power.  
 Ay ! there thou liest, but I will  
 Make thee hear spells are stronger still.

Speak ! companion ; tell me now  
 A fugitive from hell art thou ?  
 If thou art, this sign attend,  
 To which the troops of darkness bend !  
 Ha ! he already marks it—there  
 He swells and bristles up his hair !  
 Accursed ! canst thou mark it well,  
 Unwritten, unpronounceable !

Driven behind the stove, his form uprears,  
 Increased, and like an elephant appears ;  
 He the whole chamber occupies,  
 And into mist would sink away ;  
 But stand ! not to the ceiling rise !  
 Down to thy master's feet—there lay !  
 Thou see'st my threat'nings are not words of light—  
 With holy fire I thy form will burn ; [ness,  
 Then wait not for that flame of threefold bright-  
 ness,

Wait not for spells more potent yet and stern !  
*[MEPHISTOPHELES, as the mist sinks, comes from be-  
 hind the stove in the dress of a travelling scholar.]*

*Meph.* Why all this fuss ? what may your  
 pleasure be ?

*Faust.* The kernel of the poodle then was thee !  
 A travelling scholar—'twas a goodly wile ;  
 The *Casus* certainly excites a smile.

*Meph.* Your learned worship, I salute you, yet  
 Just now you made me, with a vengeance, sweat.

*Faust.* What is thy name ?

*Meph.* The question I must deem  
 Unworthy one who rates the *word* so low ;  
 Who far estranged from things that merely *seem*,  
 Searches the depths of life,—its soul to know.

*Faust.* But with your like, when we the name  
 Your nature too we commonly discern, [can learn,  
 Since but too plainly it appears through all  
 Your appellations which men know and call,  
 Fly-god, destroyer, liar,—now what art ?

*Meph.* Know then that I am of that power a  
 Which, willing evil, still produces good. [part

*Faust.* What from this riddle may be under-  
 stood ?

*Meph.* I am the spirit that denies for ever,  
And rightly—for of all that rises, never  
One thing appears but what deserves to go  
To ruin and destruction—therefore know,  
'Tis better nothing should arise at all ;  
Thus all men sin, annihilation call—  
EVIL, in short, is my true atmosphere !

*Faust.* You say you are a *part*, yet *whole* are  
standing here.

*Meph.* I tell thee but the modest truth—though  
That world of folly in a narrow span, [man,  
With boasting speech—himself a *whole* can call ;  
I'm part of that part, which at first was All,  
Part of that darkness from whence sprung the Light  
That proudly now contends with mother Night,  
Her ancient rank and space—yet speeds but ill,—  
Strive as Light may it clings to matter still ;  
It is from matter that Light streams and flows,

Light robeth matter in its rarest hue,  
'Tis matter stops it as it streams and flows,  
And 'twill I hope with matter perish too !

*Faust.* Now then I recognise thy worthy trade !  
Destroy thou canst not, on the largest scale,  
So on a small one the attempt is made.

*Meph.* Ay ! and to say the truth, with small  
Opposed to nothing from its birth, [avail ;  
This something—this so clumsy earth,  
So oft as I the task have set,  
I know not how to crush it yet ;

By waves, storms, earthquakes, and the levin brand,  
Untouch'd, unharm'd, remains the sea, the land ;  
And that damn'd stuff,—of man and beasts the  
There is no way of stopping that beside ; [brood,  
How many have I buried,—yet fresh blood  
Still circulates in ever-flowing tide.

Enough to make one wild with rage to be,  
And yet from air, earth, water, still I see,  
Germs by the thousand springing—they unfold  
From wet and dry ; they rise from hot and cold,  
Had I not to myself kept fire alone,  
There would be nothing I could call my own.

*Faust.* Then 'gainst the ever-active might,  
That holy, all-creative glows,  
Thou, clench'd in unavailing spite,  
Dost thy cold, devil's-fist oppose !  
Work in some 'other mode thy guile,  
Of chaos thou the strangest son !

*Meph.* Why, we will think of it the while,  
More—the next time we meet—thereon ;  
But this time may I hence ?

*Faust.* I know not why  
You ask the question, but now knowing you,  
Seek me again whene'er you will—there lie  
The door, the windows,—here's a chimney too.

*Meph.* Why, to confess, your threshold doth  
To passing out, a slight impediment, [present  
The wizard's foot upon its surface press'd.

*Faust.* By that then is your passage out dis-  
If this your footsteps can repel, [tress'd ?  
How was it that you entered ? say,

And let me know, you son of hell,  
What such a spirit could betray ?

*Meph.* Observe it closely—all the lines, you'll  
Are not well drawn,—one angle outwardly [see,  
Is somewhat open—

*Faust.* Lucky this—and thou,  
Hast by this chance become my prisoner now.

*Meph.* The poodles springing in saw nothing there,  
But now quite otherwise seems the affair ;  
The devil can't get out.

*Faust.* Why not withdraw,  
Here by the window ?

*Meph.* 'Tis a binding law  
On devils and phantoms, that the self-same way  
They must go out by which they entrance found :  
By any passage *in* we're free to stray,  
But for our egress we as slaves are bound.

*Faust.* Has hell itself its laws then ! good,—if so.  
A binding treaty may with you be pass'd !

*Meph.* Whate'er is promised shalt thou truly  
know,

Enjoying without decrease till the last.  
But this is not so shortly done ;

More will we speak next time hereon,  
And earnestly again I pray,

For this time, let me hence away.

*Faust.* One moment yet, and let me learn  
Something worth hearing, and without a mask—

*Meph.* Nay, let me go—I'll soon return,  
When questions you at will may ask.

*Faust.* I did not lay for you the snare ;  
You sought it of your own accord !

Who finds the devil once—beware !

And let him hold him tightly there,

He will not soon a second chance afford !

*Meph.* Well ! if you say it shall be, I

Will stay and keep you company ;

But on condition that the while

My skill your leisure shall beguile.

*Faust.* Do so—your art I shall with pleasure see,  
But something gay and pleasant let it be.

*Meph.* This hour, my friend, will give your  
senses more

Delight, than any year you've lived before ;

The songs the airy spirits sing,

The beauteous images they bring,

Are not an empty magic-play,

Nor merely dreams and shadows—they

Delight on every sense shall throw—

Smell, taste, and touch, alike shall know

Their highest pleasure ;—all are here and need

No preparation to begin—proceed !

*Spirits (sing).* Ye dark, o'er-arching roofs that

Above us—vanish, disappear ; [bend

And let thy brilliant light descend,

Thou sky, so azure and so clear,—

Would the dark clouds that o'er thee stray

Were melted to thin air away !

Then little stars would sparkle o'er,

And softer suns their smiles would pour ;

The beauty of the spirit throng,

The children of the heavenly king,

Trembling, above us pours along,

Cours'd by Desire's ardent wing.

On earth, behold how bright and fair,

Gay ribbons flutter in the air ;

O'er the level plain they hover,

And the green-wove bowers they cover,

Where youthful hearts (whose happiness

Glows deep in thoughts' most hidden mine,

And seeks not words' unneeded dress)

Themselves to life's best joys resign.

Grove upon grove, the spreading vine

Doth in green sprouting tendrils twine.

And, bending down, the grapes o'erflow

With wine into the vat below,

Which gushing, flows in foaming streams

In brooks where many a jewel gleams ;

Behind them leaving hill and steep,

To seas they broaden, wide and deep,

To deck with beauty brighter still  
The verdure of each grassy hill.  
The winged throng that sips delight,  
Flies forth to meet the orb of day,  
Flies forth to meet those islands bright  
Which dancing on the waters, play.  
And there we listen to the song  
In joyful chorus borne along ;  
And dancers of the meads are there  
Who wander freely everywhere ;  
Some scale the heights with buoyant limb ;  
See ! others o'er the waters swim ;  
In middle air their forms are rife,  
For others there, light hovering, play ;  
But all press onwards to the life,  
Towards the distant, far-away,  
Where beams of joy, that ever bless,  
Shine forth from stars of happiness.

*Meph.* He sleeps ! well done, my gay and airy throng,  
You've fairly overthrown him with your song ;  
I for this concert now am in your debt ;  
Thou'rt not the man to hold the devil yet !  
With vision'd forms of sweetness round him play,  
Sunk in a sea of error let him lay !

But now to break this threshold's spell,  
Some rat's keen tooth must serve me well ;  
I hear one rustling 'neath the oak,  
And need not long his aid invoke :  
Attend ! the Lord of rats and mice,  
Of flies and frogs, of bugs and lice,  
Commands thee gnaw this magic point  
Where he with oil doth it anoint ;  
So ! hopping forth, you're here, I see,—  
Now to your task fall instantly ;  
The point that holds me 's on the edge,  
Towards the threshold's inner ledge ;  
Quick ! one bite more and then your work's com-  
Now Faust ! dream on until again we meet. [plete.

*Faust* (awakening). Am I once more, then,  
made delusion's prey ?  
And could my vision vanish thus away,  
That throng so rich with forms of beauty shaped ?  
And was it in a dream of lies  
The devil appear'd before mine eyes,  
And that a poodle from my room escaped ?

SCENE.—FAUST'S STUDY.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

*Faust.* Who knocks ? Who would again en-  
Upon my time ? Come in ! Approach ! [croach

*Meph.* 'Tis I.

*Faust.* Come in !

*Meph.* But you must tell

Me so three times !

*Faust.* Come in then !

*Meph.* Well !

I trust, for all that yet has past,  
That we shall both agree at last ;  
To chase your gloomy thoughts away,  
You see I have arrived to-day,  
Apparell'd like a youth of note  
In silken vest and scarlet coat,  
Cock's plume, and pointed sword—and I  
Advise you—lose no time in words,  
But take the self-same dress, and try,  
Free, unrestrain'd, what life affords.

*Faust.* In every dress I still must cope  
With this contracted life of earth ;  
Too young to be without a hope,  
I'm yet too old for empty mirth.  
What can the world afford to me ?  
"Thou shalt renounce," the eternal song  
That every day and hour must be  
Rung in our ears our whole life long.  
Oh ! bitter tears I fain could shed,  
To note that day pass o'er my head,  
That in its course would let me see  
One single wish fulfill'd for me !  
Each bright presentiment of joy  
This wayward feeling darkens o'er,  
And dull realities destroy  
The world my busy thoughts explore.  
At morn I only wake to find

New horrors—and at evening's close  
My couch I seek, but there my mind  
Feels not the blessings of repose.  
Then through my brain wild dreams career  
And harrow up my soul with fear.  
The God that dwells within my breast,  
He that can stir my inmost soul,  
Is powerless o'er all the rest—  
O'er things *without* has no controul.  
Thus, Being as a load I bear,  
The stroke of death a wish and prayer ;  
With hatred deep I life detest—

*Meph.* Yet death is never quite a welcome guest !

*Faust.* Oh ! blest is he whose brow he binds  
With gory wreath 'mid victory's blaze ;  
Whom in a maiden's arms he finds  
After the dance's maddening maze.

O that my soul had gently sunk  
Enrapt, before his spirit's might !

*Meph.* Yet that brown juice, there, was not drunk

By certain lips, one certain night !

*Faust.* It seems then that you sometimes try,  
By way of sport, to play the spy.

*Meph.* I'm not omniscient, but may boast,  
That I perceive as much as most.

*Faust.* Since, then, a sweet familiar tone  
Could draw me from those thronging fears,  
And held my hand by touching on  
Some feelings left from childhood's years,  
Could wake with its melodious powers  
A soothing thought of happier hours ;  
My curse descend on all that twines  
Its jugglery around the soul,

And, with its cheating force, confines  
Our hearts to earth with strong controul !

Accurséd first the high opinion  
In which the soul is wrapp'd around ;

Accurséd the senses' strong dominion,  
For ever by appearance bound.

Accurséd be the lofty themes,  
That play the cheat to us in dreams,

The cheat of glory and of fame,  
The cheat of an immortal name.

Curséd be the things to which men bow,

And worship as the goods of life,  
As house or land, as slave or plough,

Or dearer yet—as child or wife.

Accurséd be Mammon, when he sheds

His stores to action to incite,  
And curséd his hand, when'er he spreads

Our couch for indolent delight.

Accurséd be the sparkling Wine ;  
 Love's best emotions, be they curséd,  
 Hope ! Faith !—but may this curse of mine  
 Descend on Patience—last and worst !

*Chorus of Invisible Spirits.*

Woe ! Woe ! Ah Woe ! Thou hast destroy'd  
 A beauteous world, and made it void  
 With strong, and stern, and ruthless hand ;  
 Crush'd by the blow thy pride hath given.  
 It falls, it rends, to ruins driven,  
 By thine—a demigod's command.  
 And ours the task to bear away  
 Into annihilation's deep  
 Thine havoc's wreck—and by the way,  
 Above the beauty lost, to weep.  
 Oh ! mighty 'mid the sons of men !  
 Oh ! proud one ! build it up again ;  
 Raise it within thy breast once more !  
 Begin of life a new career  
 With sense unstain'd, with feelings clear,  
 And new-born lays  
 Our hearts shall raise  
 To peal, that renovation o'er !

*Meph.* These are my little ones—and heed,  
 How wisely they their counsel give ;  
 From solitude they bid you speed,  
 To where you may enjoy and live. [and dead,  
 From hence, where blood and thought grow dull  
 Out to the world they ask you to be led !  
 Cease with your sorrows thus to play,  
 Which on your life like vultures prey ;  
 Men of the lowest, vilest grade,  
 Where you companionship may find,  
 Will yet recall that you were made  
 To be a man amid mankind.  
 Yet mean I not to thrust you there  
 Amid the common pack to fare ;  
 I do not rank among the great,  
 But if with me you 'll link your fate,  
 And wend your way through life with me,  
 I will adapt myself to thee,—

Me for companion thou shalt ever have,  
 And, if you choose, your servant and your slave.

*Faust.* And what for this am I to do again ?

*Meph.* You will for that a lengthen'd term obtain.

*Faust.* No ! No ! the devil is selfish one,  
 And will not readily do aught, that done,  
 Might serve another in a single thing.  
 Say, what then the condition is to be,  
 And clearly too—a servant such as thee

A mischief to the house full well may bring.

*Meph.* While HERE ON Earth to be your slave I  
 swear,

Still ready at your slightest call to be,  
 And when we find ourselves together THERE,  
 You then shall undertake the same for me.

*Faust.* With little trouble am I curst  
 About the THERE—for if you first  
 This world destroy, I care not when  
 Or how the other 's built again.  
 From this earth flows each rapture that is mine ;  
 And this sun's beams upon my sorrows shine,  
 So that I parted from them first may be,  
 What may or can, may happen then for me ;  
 I'll hear no more of what may be our fate,  
 If in that future we shall love or hate,  
 Or whether in those distant spheres are known  
 An over and an under like our own.

*Meph.* In such a mood as this thou mayst

Venture the risk—thyself but bind,  
 And in these days thy soul shall taste  
 All the delights my art can find ;  
 And through the term I'll give thee more,  
 Than ever man has seen before.

*Faust.* And what, poor devil, canst bestow !  
 Canst thou the glorious mind of man,  
 In all its proud aspirings, know ?

May one like thee its nature scan ?  
 But hast thou food that never satisfies ?  
 Red gold that melts within the hand, and flies !  
 A game at which though ever play'd,  
 No one can ever win ! A maid  
 Who on my breast will fondly toy,  
 Yet even then my neighbour leers ?  
 Or honours bright, and god-like joy,  
 That like a meteor disappears !

Show me the fruit that ere 'tis pluck'd doth rot,  
 And trees that bloom anew each coming day !

*Meph.* A task like this you set affrights me not,  
 Such pleasures to your sight I could display.  
 But, friend, the moments now towards us haste,  
 When all that's good we may in quiet taste.

*Faust.* No ! If there ever should but come a  
 When calmly resting on my couch I lay, [day  
 Then may life cease ;—let all thy lies be spent,  
 And if thou e'er canst cheat me to content,  
 If all the flatteries thou canst employ  
 Can once betray me to a sense of joy,  
 May that be then the last of days to me !  
 This as a wager do I offer thee.

*Meph.* Done !

*Faust.* And that instantly ; whene'er I say  
 To one brief moment, " Stay ! thou art so fair,"  
 Around me then thy fetters thou mayst lay,  
 And I will perish, scarcely with a care !  
 Then may the death-bell's warning call—  
 Thou from thy service shalt be free !  
 The clock may stand, the index fall,  
 Be time a thing no more for me !

*Meph.* Bethink thee well, for I shall not forget !

*Faust.* Thou hast full right on this thy watch to  
 set ;

I have not rashly judg'd what powers I bear ;  
 As I exist, 'tis but as slave I live,—

What boots it then to ask whose chains I wear,  
 If thine, or others' hand the yoke must give !

*Meph.* This very day then at the Doctor's feast  
 I will my duty sworn as servant do ;  
 But lest our bond by chance should be released,  
 I would just ask you for a line or two.

*Faust.* Why ! Pedant, dost thou writing then  
 demand ?

Man, or man's word hast thou yet never scann'd ?  
 Does not the world in all its streams

Rush onward free and uncontrol'd ?

But me a promise seal'd, it seems,  
 Must firmly bind, and strongly hold !

Yet, 'tis a prejudice that long  
 Has made its dwelling in the heart,  
 And who would wish to do such wrong  
 As bid its spell depart !

Happy is he who can retain

At heart the truth unmix'd with stain ;

He mourns no course he must pursue,  
 No sacrifice he needs to rue ;

But yet a roll of parchment, when

'Tis stamp'd and blotted o'er with ink,

Becomes unto the hearts of men

A spectre from whose sight they shrink.

The hand scarce forms the letters well,  
 Ere 'neath the pen the meaning flies;  
 But wax and leather form the spell,  
 That doth the binding power comprise.  
 Brass, paper, parchment, marble white,  
 Which, wouldst thou, Evil one, of me?  
 Say! shall I grave it? or but write?  
 I leave the choice of all to thee.

*Meph.* Why need you make so great a fuss,  
 And mar your speech with passion thus?  
 The merest scrap shall hold for good,  
 If undersign'd by you in blood.

*Faust.* If this will fully satisfy thee,  
 The silly whim I'll not deny thee.

*Meph.* Blood's a peculiar juice, you will observe.

*Faust.* But fear not I shall from this compact  
 All that my stirring soul desired [swerve.  
 Was to gain what I've promised thee;  
 Too high I find its thought aspired,  
 I only of *thy* rank can be.  
 By the Great Spirit am I spurn'd,  
 Thrust far away—and Nature, too,  
 Now from my longing gaze has turn'd  
 And shut herself against my view.  
 The thread of thought is snapp'd in twain;  
 Nought in all knowledge can I find,  
 But long has been disgust, and pain,  
 And bitter loathing to my mind.  
 Amid the depths of sensuality,  
 Now let us quench each loftier passion's glow,  
 'Neath the yet unpierced veil of sorcery  
 Let every wonder rise to meet us now.  
 Into the rushing on of Time,  
 'Mid Action's whirl of good and crime,  
 Together let us speed;  
 Then pain that grieves, and joys that bless,  
 And Disappointment and Success,  
 Each other may succeed.  
 Action, without a stay or rest,  
 Is that which suits man's nature best.

*Meph.* Nor bound nor limit is to thee assign'd;  
 If to all pleasure you devote your mind,  
 Tasting all dainties as you pass them by,  
 Still snatching sweetness, as o'er all you fly,  
 Well may you speed;—but quick your time employ;  
 At once fall to, and do not be so coy.

*Faust.* Pleasure is not the thing of which I  
 speak,  
 It is the tumult of all sense I seek;  
 'Tis agonising joy, enamour'd hate,  
 All disappointing pangs that animate!  
 Cured of all thirst for knowledge,—now my heart,  
 To every pang in future will I bare,  
 And all those feelings, of which all have part,  
 Will I within my inmost spirit share.  
 My soul shall with the Highest grasp,  
 Shall seize alike upon the Low,  
 And to my bosom will I clasp  
 All human weal, all human woe.  
 My single nature, widening, shall embrace  
 Within itself the nature shared by all;  
 Like them their joys and sorrows will I trace,  
 And will at last, like them, to nothing fall!

*Meph.* Oh! trust me, who on this hard food,  
 For many thousand years have chew'd,  
 From cradle unto bier, no human breast,  
 Could ever the old leaven yet digest;  
 This **WHOLE** too, upon which you set your thought,  
 Believe me, for a god alone is wrought;

He lives for ever in a blaze of light,  
 Us to eternal darkness has he brought;  
 To you are suited only day and night.

*Faust.* Ay! but it shall be so—

*Meph.* That soon is said;  
 But one thing still my peace doth wrong,  
 That time is short, and art is long;  
 To learn I thought you'd let yourself be led!  
 Make of a poet your associate,  
 Bid him through all imagination sweep;  
 Make him all qualities of good and great  
 Upon your honour'd head together heap;—  
 The lion's courage, port, and ire;  
 The swiftness of the deer pursued;  
 The quick Italian's blood of fire,  
 The German's calmer fortitude:  
 Let him for you the mystery find,  
 How that together one may bind  
 Cunning and nobleness of mind!  
 To love on system, and yet still retain  
 The generous and wild desires of youth;  
 Might I with such a man acquaintance gain,  
 I'd call him "Mister Microcosm," in truth.

*Faust.* What am I then, if I can ne'er possess  
 Of human life the highest, brightest part,  
 To which with every sense I strive and press?

*Meph.* Why, thou art in the end—just what  
 thou art!  
 Go! deck thyself with wigs of million locks—  
 Fix, if thou wilt, thy feet on ell-high stocks,  
 Yet just the same as thou art now,  
 For ever that abidest thou!

*Faust.* I feel—I feel it! for I find  
 That I in vain with toil have stored  
 Each treasure of the human mind,  
 Within my heart, as in a hoard.  
 And now I sit at last beside the goal,  
 No fresh, new power wells forth within my soul:  
 I am not, after all, a hair's breadth higher,  
 Nor to the Infinite a tittle nigher.

*Meph.* Good sir! I see these things you view  
 Just in the common garb they wear,  
 A wiser course we must pursue  
 Before life's pleasures disappear.  
 The devil!—can you not employ  
 Hands, feet, and head, and all that's thine?  
 What I with spirit can enjoy,  
 Must I the less consider mine?  
 If I can for six horses pay,  
 Their strength is mine—I dash away  
 A proper man, as if I'd known  
 All four-and-twenty legs my own.  
 Come! come! aside such thoughts and ponder-  
 ings lay;  
 Or with them, out into the world away.  
 One to mere speculation always given  
 Is like a brute on a dry common bound,  
 By some ill spirit in one circle driven,  
 While pasture, fresh and green, spreads all  
 around.

*Faust.* How shall we manage?

*Meph.* Forth at once proceed!  
 A place of martyrdom is this for you;  
 Can you call *this* the sort of life to lead,  
 O'erwearying yourself and scholars too? [trash  
 Leave this to neighbour Paunch—such straw and  
 Why do you give yourself the toil to thrash?  
 The best you know you dare not tell the boys;  
 E'en now there's one approaching, by the noise.

*Faust.* I'll see him not—

*Meph.* Poor boy! he's waited long,  
To send him disappointed back were wrong;  
Give me your cap and gown,—and you shall see,—  
This masking robe will suit me famously.

[*He puts on the dress.*]

Trust to my wit, I only need  
The quarter of an hour to spare;  
In the mean time do you proceed,  
And for our pleasant trip prepare. [*FAUST exit.*]

*Meph.* (*in FAUST'S long gown*). Yes! Reason  
and all Knowledge but despise,  
Man's highest strength—and let thy soul decline  
Under the influence of the Prince of Lies,  
Till stronger yet is link'd thy part divine  
With the delusion that shall round thee rise;  
Then—then, without condition, thou art mine!  
His fate has given him a soul, which will,  
Uncurb'd, uncheck'd, be pressing onward still;  
Whose o'erwrought striving after distant things  
All near and earthly pleasure oversprings.  
Through all in life most bare and waste,  
Him will I lead with me,  
And all things shall beguile his taste  
With flat vapidty.

Amid them shall he struggle—gaze, yet stand  
More strongly fetter'd by my thralling band;  
Of all-insatiable soul,

To never-slaked desire a slave,  
Before his lips their drink shall roll,  
Untasted fruit before them wave;  
For joys, delights, unfelt before,  
In vain shall he with prayers implore.  
And had not his own wilfulness  
His soul unto the devil bound,  
He must with certainty no less  
Himself his own damnation found!

*The Scholar enters.*

*Scholar.* I here have just arrived from home,  
And all devotion have I come,  
To see and talk with one whom all  
With reverence have named to me.

*Meph.* Your courtesy doth for answer call;  
A man like many more you see;  
Have you inquired yet elsewhere?

*Scholar.* Let me, I pray, your interest share!  
With youthful blood, but little gold,  
And every wish to learn, I've come.  
My mother's heart would fain withhold  
My steps from wandering from my home,  
But I desired to discern  
If right and truth I here might learn.

*Meph.* The very place these things to find  
Is this;—

*Scholar.* But still, to speak my mind,  
E'en now I wish myself away!  
These roofs and halls, in no degree  
Suit with my taste—and I must say  
Each room too narrow seems to me.

Nor waving branch—nor bower of green  
May there in any place be seen,  
And on the benches, in the hall,  
Thought, hearing, sight, forsake me all!

*Meph.* These come with habit only—so  
An infant takes its mother's breast  
Not willingly at first—although  
It feeds full soon with joyful zest.

So from the breasts of Wisdom wilt thou feel  
More pleasure with each day upon thee steal.

*Scholar.* I on her neck shall hang delightedly!  
But tell me only how she mine may be?

*Meph.* Just say, before more time we lose,  
What, for a faculty, you choose.

*Scholar.* I wish to be most deeply learn'd,  
And would all-willingly pursue  
All things in earth or heaven discern'd,  
In science and in nature too.

*Meph.* You're in the right direction here;  
But keep your thought unbent and clear.

*Scholar.* I'll give the task all heart and mind;  
But yet sometimes would gladly play  
For relaxation; when I find

A sunny summer's holiday.

*Meph.* But use all time within your reach,  
So rapidly it passes by.

Order, indeed, will always teach  
The way to gain on hours that fly.

For this, then, I should wish to make  
You first a course of logic take;  
For 'tis an art by which the mind  
Is nicely fetter'd and confined!

Laced up in Spanish-boots, it creeps  
Discreetly o'er the path of thought,

And here and there no longer sweeps,  
Like marsh-lights by the breezes caught.

Then many an hour will be spent  
In teaching what you once could get

By the first single glance you lent,  
As freely as you drank or eat;

But one—two—three, you now must learn,  
Are needed, ere you can discern.

'Tis with the fabrics woven by the mind,  
As with the web which is the weaver's care;

In this a single treadle, we may find,  
Can move at once a thousand threads—and there

The shuttles ever back and forwards play,  
And threads unseen and viewless shoot and stray,

While midst them all a thousand ties  
Are struck off at a single blow—

Your wise man here steps in and cries,  
(*T' enlighten you,*) "*It must be so.*"

The first being thus,—the second thus,—you see  
That thus the third and fourth, of course, must be;

And if the first and second had not been,  
The third and fourth would never have been seen:  
Scholars in every time and place

Great value on such lore have set,  
But never one of all the race

Has ever made a Weaver yet.  
He who life's mystery would know,

And to another would display,  
Tries (ere its nature he can show)

To drive the breathing soul away;  
The parts are then within his hand,  
And only want—their living band!

Of Nature the manipulation,  
The art is term'd by chemistry,

Which by its own denomination,  
Doth mock itself unknowingly.

[*cern.*]  
*Scholar.* Your meaning, sir, I cannot quite dis-

*Meph.* You'll soon improve in this, if you but  
All things you meet with—properly [learn  
T' arrange, reduce, and classify.

*Scholar.* All things to me you here have said,  
So utterly my thoughts confound,

I feel as if within my head  
There were a millwheel turning round!

*Meph.* Next your attention I would call  
To metaphysics—so you'll scan

With most profound conception—all  
Unfitted for the brain of man!

A learned word will serve you well  
 What's there—and what is *not*, to tell.  
 But use in this, your first half-year,  
 The greatest regularity ;  
 Five lectures every day you'll hear ;  
 There, as the clock strikes, you must be :  
 Be well prepared before you go ;  
 The paragraphs all learn'd by heart,  
 Thereby you will the better know  
 He does not from the book depart.  
 He cannot then your mind beguile  
 With aught but in the volume stated ;  
 Yet write as earnestly the while  
 As if the Holy Ghost dictated !  
*Scholar.* I shall not need your bidding twice,  
 I judge how useful your advice ;  
 What we in white and black can lay  
 We can securely bear away.  
*Meph.* Yet choose you out a faculty !  
*Scholar.* The Law will never suit with me !  
*Meph.* I cannot blame you—for I know  
 All to this science link'd and wed ;  
 Both laws and rights descending go,  
 Like a disease inherited.  
 They drag along from race to race,  
 They slowly shift from place to place ;  
 Reason to nonsense turn'd we see,  
 Well-doing to a curse is worn ;  
 And, 'neath the law,—'tis woe to thee  
 If thou hast been a grandson born !  
 But of the law born with us—of the heart—  
 Of this, alas ! no question e'er is sought !  
*Scholar.* You add to my aversion;—lucky part  
 Is his who by your wisdom may be taught !  
 I almost think that I would be  
 A student of Theology.  
*Meph.* I should not wish to lead you wrong ;  
 In all this study it is hard  
 Your steps from the false way to guard,  
 While to it there doth still belong  
 So much of hidden poison too, which we  
 Scarce from its antidote can tell or see.  
 In this too, it is best to hear  
 But one—and by *his* words to swear ;  
 Upon the whole—fast by the word abide,  
 And safely through the porch 'twill be your guide,  
 Into the temple of calm Certainty.  
*Scholar.* But still some meaning with the word  
 must be.  
*Meph.* 'Tis true ! but one need never care to  
 Too much anxiety or toil on this ; [spend  
 For, just where meaning fails, the word will lend  
 Its aid in time that cannot come amiss.  
 With words we safely may dispute,  
 On words we can a system lay ;  
 With our belief, *words* nicely suit,  
 And from a word can nought be took away.  
*Scholar.* You with my questions I detain,  
 But pray excuse me—I would yet  
 Hear you on Medicine's art explain,  
 And words of guidance for me set.  
 Three years are but a shorten'd tide,  
 And, ah ! the field is very wide ;  
 When but a single hint is known  
 One then can better feel one's way.  
*Meph. (aside).* I'm tired of this pedantic tone,  
 And must again the downright devil play.  
 [Aloud.]  
 The spirit of Med'cine soon is master'd ;—through  
 The great and little world you search your way,

And then let all things, at the last, pursue  
 Their course, just as it pleases God they may.  
 In vain you rove through such a space  
 With Science for your guide or plan ;  
 Each one you meet will only trace  
 And learn the parts he easiest can.  
 Who can the passing moment take  
 And of it all advantage make,  
 Him you will find the proper man.  
 You're fairly built, and seem beside  
 As if you had some boldness too ;  
 If you but in yourself confide,  
 Then other souls will trust in you.  
 But above all, learn how to treat  
 The women—for their " Ah's " and " Oh's "  
 So multifarious, you soon may meet ;  
 For from one point their healing flows.  
 Be you but passably demure,  
 Command o'er all you'll soon secure ;  
 A title first must be possest,  
 In you a confidence to breed :  
 Superior knowledge 'twill attest,  
 And show *your* art doth *all* exceed.  
 Those little favours then at once you gain,  
 For which another coaxes years in vain.  
 Adroitly learn their pulse to feel—  
 And boldly round the slender waist  
 Your arm, with knowing glances, steal,  
 To try how tightly it is laced !  
*Scholar.* There's sense in *that*—one seeth there,  
 At any rate, the how and where !  
*Meph.* All theory, my friend, is grey ;  
 But green is life's bright, golden tree !  
*Scholar.* And yet, in truth, I needs must say,  
 All this appears a dream to me !  
 Dare I another time your wisdom task,  
 And on these grounds once more to hear you, ask ?  
*Meph.* What I can give shall willingly be thine !  
*Scholar.* But thus I really cannot from you go ;  
 This blank-leaved volume I have here is mine ;  
 This token of your favour will you show ?  
*Meph.* Most willingly—  
 [He takes the book, writes, and returns it.  
*Scholar (reads).* " *Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum  
 et malum.* "  
 [He shuts the book reverentially, and takes his leave.  
*Meph.* Ay ! only trust to that old text, and  
 take  
 The counsel of my ancient friend, the Snake,  
 And soon will come a time when you shall see  
 Good cause for grief, though " like to God " you be.  
*Faust (enters).* Where now, then ?  
*Meph.* Where it pleases thee ;  
 The great and little world we'll see,  
 And with what joy and pleasure you  
 The boundless course will revel through !  
*Faust.* But with this beard—too well I know  
 Life's light and easy art I need ;  
 One with the world I ne'er could grow,—  
 The experiment will not succeed.  
 When I in others' presence stand,  
 I feel myself so mean, so small,  
 That now I know on every hand  
 Embarrassments will on me fall.  
*Meph.* All this, my friend, will time provide,  
 And of itself, itself will give ;  
 Soon as you in *yourself* confide,  
 You know the way to live !  
*Faust.* How do we set upon our road ?  
 Where is our carriage, servant, horse ?



*Meph.* This mantle we but spread abroad,  
And through the air 'twill speed our course.  
For our bold journey you will take  
Your baggage small, compact in girth ;  
Some vapour I will ready make  
Shall lift us lightly from the earth.  
Swift shall we mount if we are light of weight ;  
You, on your novel life, let me congratulate.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.—AUERBACH'S CELLAR, LEIPSIK.

*A company of jovial fellows drinking.*

FROSCH, BRANDER, ALTMAIER, SIEBEL.

*Frosch.* Will no one drink ? none laughter wake ?  
I'll teach you then some mouths to make ;  
You all seem like damp straw to-day,  
Yet light enough can blaze away,  
At other times ;—

*Bran.* The fault is thine,  
You give not to our mirthfulness  
Buffoonery nor beastliness.

*Frosch.* There, then, are both—  
[*Throws a glass of wine over BRANDER'S head.*]

*Bran.* You double swine !

*Frosch.* You wish'd yourself it should be so !

*Siebel.* Who quarrels to the door shall go !  
With open heart strike up the round !  
Swill, shout, till all the roofs resound !  
Up, holla ! Ho !

*Alt.* I'm lost, I swear !  
He splits my head—some cotton here !

*Siebel.* 'Tis only when the echoes burst,  
Rolling from arch to arch along,  
That to our ears is token'd first  
The power of bass amid the song !  
*Frosch.* Right ! hence with him who takes amiss  
Aught here ! A tara, lara, da !  
*Alt.* A tara ! lara, lara, da !  
*Frosch.* Our throats are fairly tuned by this !

[*Sings.*]

*"The dear old Roman empire ! how,  
Pray, holds it still together ?"*

*Bran.* A nasty and offensive song !  
Political ! pshaw ! stupid, wrong !  
Thank God with every coming morn,  
Free from state troubles you were born ;  
And that you have not got to bear  
Aught of the Roman empire's care !  
I count it gain that mine is not  
A chancellor's or kaiser's lot !

Still, of a chief we should not fail,—  
To choose a pope then be our plan ;  
You know the gifts that turn the scale,  
And elevate the man !

*Frosch* (sings). "*Soar up, Dame Nightingale,  
My love ten thousand times.*" [and greet

*Siebel.* No greeting to your love betide !

No, not one greeting shall there be !

*Frosch.* A greeting and a kiss beside !  
Thou shalt not hinder me !

[*Sings.*]

*"Open bolts ! 'tis stilly night,  
Open bolts ! the lover's waking !  
Shut the bolts ! when morning's light  
And coming day are breaking."*

*Siebel.* Ay ! sing her praise in song and rhyme !  
For me to laugh will come a time ;  
She'll cheat you as she 's cheated me,  
So may her love a goblin be !

Upon a dark and crossing way  
May some such devil with her play ;  
An old he-goat may wicker her "good-night,"  
As he from Blocksberg gallops in his flight !  
A hearty knave of flesh and blood  
Is for the wench by far too good !  
So of no "greeting" here begin,  
Unless to smash her windows in !

*Bran.* (*striking the table*). Attend here ! all  
you gentlemen—

Grant that of life I something know ;  
On loving folks here sitting, then,  
I something useful will bestow !  
A song now of the newest coin,  
And you the chorus boldly join !

[*Sings.*]

A rat once in a cellar dwelt,  
On fat and butter only fed it,  
Until he raised a paunch, that might  
Have done e'en Dr. Luther credit !  
The cook laid poison in the place,  
Then scarce he there found breathing space—

*Chorus.*—As if Love's burning element  
Had been within his body pent !

Then round he ran, and out he flew,  
At every pool he stopp'd and tasted,  
He gnaw'd and scratch'd through all the house,  
But naught avail'd,—his fury lasted !  
In anguish gave he many a bound,  
But soon, poor beast, an end he found !

*Chorus.*—As if Love's burning element  
Had been within his body pent !

He ran into the kitchen then,  
For very pain—in open day too !  
And panting, fell upon the floor,  
Where terribly convulsed he lay too !  
Then laugh'd the poisoner, o'er him stretch'd—  
Ha ! he his latest breath has fetch'd !

*Chorus.*—As if Love's burning element  
Had been within his body pent !

*Siebel.* How chuckle all these senseless flats !  
A noble cunning this, 'tis true,  
This laying poison for poor rats !

*Bran.* They're favour'd then, perhaps, by you !

*Alt.* The bald-pate paunch ! this luckless lot,  
Thus hearing he has soften'd grown ;  
He sees the swell'd-up rat has got  
A figure very like his own !

Enter FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

*Meph.* (*to FAUST*). But above all things, I must  
bring you where

You may the mirth of merry fellows share ;  
With whom it will be thine to see  
How lightly life can pass away ;  
With churls like these, now, it can be  
A feast with every coming day :  
With little wit, and much content,  
All in a narrow circle pent,  
Speed in the rounding dance away,  
Like kittens with their tails at play ;  
So while no headache's grief they find,  
And while their host will credit give,  
Free from all care they keep their mind,  
And merrily and gaily live.

*Bran.* Just off their journey, one may swear !  
I see it by their wondering air.

*Frosch.* Truly thou'rt right — Leipsic 's the  
'Tis mine,—and I do love it well, [place !

A little Paris—by their grace  
You may at once its people tell !

*Siebel.* Who should you take them both to be ?

*Frosch.* Let me alone, and you shall see  
I' the drinking of a glass, I'll wind

It out of both of them, in truth,  
As easily as you would find

The drawing of an infant's tooth.

They proud and discontented seem,  
So that they're nobly born I deem.

*Bran.* They're mountebanks, I'll wager well.

*Alt.* Most likely ! now I'll smoke them—note !

*Meph. (to FAUST).* These fools would not the  
devil smell,

Although he had them by the throat !

*Faust.* I greet you, gentlemen—

*Siebel.* I greet you, gentlemen— And you we greet !

[*To himself, looking askance at MEPHISTOPHELES.*

What ! does the fellow halt upon the feet ?

*Meph.* Are we allow'd with you to sit ?

Then in good liquor's stead (which here

It seems that we can hardly get),

Good company shall be our cheer.

*Alt.* A dainty taste appears this gentleman's !

*Frosch.* You are from Rippach, lately—tell us,

If ever there, before you came away, [pray,

You chanced to sup a night with Mister Hans !

*Meph.* We pass'd him, gentlemen, to-day,

When last we with him held some speech ;

He of his cousins much did say,

And sends his compliments to each !

[*He bows to Frosch.*

*Alt. (aside).* You had it there—you see he's  
up to it !

*Siebel.* A cunning fellow !

*Frosch.* Only wait a bit !

I'll have him yet !

*Meph.* Unless I'm wrong,

Some well-used voices we could hear

Singing the chorus of a song ;

Doubtless the echoes must be clear,

And through these vaulted arches ring

Most admirably while you sing.

*Frosch.* An amateur, perhaps !

*Faust.* Oh ! no !

Small is the skill my voice would show ;

My pleasure in the art is all

That I may venture great to call.

*Alt.* Give us a song !

*Meph.* — Oh ! if you like,

I will into a hundred strike.

*Siebel.* But let it be bran new, I pray !

*Faust.* We are upon our homeward way

From Spain—and have not travell'd long

From that bright land of wine and song.

*Meph. (sings).* Once on a time there was a king  
Who had a wondrous flea !

*Frosch.* Didst mark that well ? I deem a flea  
A neat and cleanly guest to be !

*Meph. (sings).* Once on a time there was a king  
Who had a wondrous flea,

And by him it no less was loved

Than his only son might be ;

The monarch for his tailor call'd,

Who hasted thereupon—

“ There ! make the youngster clothes to wear,  
And put him breeches on ! ”

*Bran.* Forget not that the tailor's told  
To see he gives a careful fit,  
And, as his head he dear doth hold,  
He make the breeches smoothly sit.

*Meph. (sings).* In silken robes, and satin, too,  
This flea was now array'd,  
Had ribbons on his coat—and wore  
A cross thereon display'd !  
Soon he a broad, bright star did sport,  
And a minister he grew,  
Then call'd his cousins up to court,  
And made them noble too !

The courtiers smooth and ladies fair  
Were now tormented sore,  
From queen to waiting-maid, they were  
All prick'd and bitten o'er.  
Yet dared they not to crack them,  
Or scratch them in despite ;  
But we'll soon crack and stifle them,  
If us they dare to bite.

*Chorus (shouting).* But we'll soon crack and  
If us they dare to bite. [stifle them,

*Frosch.* Bravo ! that sounded famously !

*Siebel.* And so shall perish every flea !

*Bran.* Point your fingers and nick them fine !

*Alt.* Freedom for ever ! Hurrah for wine !

*Meph.* I willingly a glass would raise,  
And drink with you to freedom's praise,  
If that the wine they give us here  
Only a little better were.

*Siebel.* We'll not hear that again from thee !

*Meph.* But that the host would angry be,  
I'd freely treat each worthy guest,  
From our own cellar, to the best !

*Siebel.* Out with it ! I the blame will bear !

*Frosch.* Ay ! a good glass for us prepare,  
And we will praise you, one and all ;—  
Don't let your sample be too small,  
My skill in judging is but dull  
Unless I have my mouth right full.

*Alt. (aside).* They're from the Rhine, I think !

*Meph.* Here ! bring  
A gimlet, quick !

*Bran.* Why such a thing ?

No barrels at the door-way stand !

*Alt.* The landlord's tool-chest 's here at hand !

*Meph. (taking the gimlet—to Frosch).* Now,  
say what sort of wine you'll take.

*Frosch.* What do you mean ? have you so many  
here ?

*Meph.* I tell you, each of you your choice may  
make.

*Alt. (to Frosch).* Licking your lips, already, I  
declare !

*Frosch.* Well, then ! if I may choose—the wine  
That grows upon the banks of Rhine !  
It ever is our fatherland  
Gives the best gifts unto our hand.

*Meph. (bores a hole in the table where Frosch  
sits).* A little wax to make some stoppers—

*Alt.* See !

These are mere juggler's tricks !—

*Meph. (to BRANDER).* What wine for thee ?

*Bran.* Oh ! why, Champagne, and sparkling  
let it be !

[*MEPHISTOPHELES bores another hole ; one of them in  
the mean time has made some stoppers from the wax  
and stopp'd the holes.*

*Bran.* We cannot always what is foreign shun,  
The good so far from us we often see ;  
True Germans hate all Frenchmen, every one,  
But yet will drink their wine most willingly.

*Siebel* (while *MEPHISTOPHELES* approaches his place). I own I like not acid wine,  
A glass of right-down sweet be mine !

*Meph.* (boring). Full soon, then, shall Tokay be thine.

*Alt.* Here, gentlemen ! just look at me ;  
You're only mocking us, I fear !

*Meph.* That were too great a liberty,  
With guests like those around us here !

But quickly say—declare with speed,  
What wine shall I unto you bring ?

*Alt.* Oh ! any that you have ;—no need  
Of much, or lengthen'd questioning.

*Meph.* (After the holes are all bored and stopped, says with strange gestures)

By the vine-stock wine is borne,  
High the he-goat bears his horn ;  
Though flowing is its juice—yet still  
But wooden is the vine,

And so the wooden table will  
Yield forth for us our wine !

An insight this to Nature's hidden cell,  
And see that you believe the miracle !

Now draw the plugs, and to it go !

*Alt.* (As they take out the stoppers and the wine each has named flows into his glass.)

Oh ! beauteous stream, that here dost flow !

*Meph.* Only I beg, be cautious still  
That none of you the liquor spill !

[They drink frequently.]

*Alt* (sing). "As happy all as cannibals!  
Glad as five hundred swine !"

*Meph.* (to *FAUST*). Now they enjoy ! mark but  
their glee !

*Faust.* I would much rather go away !

*Meph.* Just note how bestiality

Will gloriously itself display !

*Siebel.* (Drinking carelessly, the wine is spill on the ground, and turns into flame.)

Help ! fire ! help ! here's flaming hell !

*Meph.* (addressing the flame). Be quiet !  
friendly element !

For this time, friend, (to *SIEBEL*), the drop that fell  
Was but from purgatory sent.

*Siebel.* What's that ! It seems you do not  
For this you shall most dearly pay ! [know us !

*Frosch.* This let him only twice but show us !

*Alt.* Best get him quietly away !

*Siebel.* What, sir ! and do you dare with us  
Practise your hocus-pocus thus !

*Meph.* Silence ! old Wine-cask !

*Siebel.* Broomstick ! will

You add then insult to disdain ?

*Bran.* Only just be a moment still,  
And blows shall pretty thickly rain !

*Alt.* (pulls one of the plugs out of the table, and fire flies out of the hole against him).

I burn ! I burn !

*Siebel.* Here's sorcery !

Thrust home ! the knave is stabbing free !

[They draw their knives, and rush on *MEPHISTOPHELES*.]

*Meph.* (with solemn gestures).

Image false !

And word as strange,

Sense and place

Together change !

Let your influence appear  
Here awhile, and after, there.

[They stand astounded, and look at each other.]

*Alt.* Where am I ? What a beauteous land !

*Frosch.* Vineyards ! or sure my sight deceives !

*Siebel.* And here are grapes, too, close at hand !

*Bran.* And see ! beneath their spreading leaves,  
How fine a stem doth twine  
And what a bunch doth shine !

[He seizes *SIEBEL* by the nose ; the others do the same, and brandish their knives.]

*Meph.* (as before). Now, Error ! loose from off  
their eyes

The band that keeps them blind ;

And how the devil jokes,—do you

Hereafter bear in mind !

[He vanishes with *FAUST* ; the men shrink from each other.]

*Siebel.* What's this ?

*Alt.* How now !

*Frosch.* Here is no vine !

Was it your nose ?

*Bran.* (to *SIEBEL*). And here is thine !

Within my hand !

*Alt.* The shock, I swear,

Has thrill'd all through me ; quick ! a chair !

For I am sinking !

*Frosch.* Only say,

What was it that deceived our sense ?

*Siebel.* Where is the knave ? If ever in my way  
He comes again, he not with life goes thence !

*Alt.* I saw him on a cask astride,

From out the cellar swiftly ride,—

Saw it myself ;—my feet feel dead,

And heavy, as two lumps of lead !

[Going to the table.]

I wonder if our gushing stream

Is flowing still !

*Siebel.* A cheat ! a dream !

Was all we saw—a dazzling shine.

*Frosch.* And yet I thought our drink was wine !

*Bran.* How was it with the grapes and vine !

*Alt.* Let any one hereafter tell

Me not to trust in miracle !

SCENE.—THE WITCH'S KITCHEN.

A fire is burning on a low hearth. A large cauldron is hanging over it. In the fumes which rise from the vessel various figures are seen. A Female Monkey is sitting by the cauldron, skimming it, and taking care that it does not boil over. The Male Monkey, with the young ones, is sitting near the fire, warming himself. The walls and ceiling are decked with the rarest articles and utensils of Witchery.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

*Faust.* With loathing deep I feel my soul imbued  
For this mad witchcraft—dost thou promise me  
That I shall really ever be renew'd

In this wild chaos of insanity ?

And do I need advice in aught

That can by an old hag be taught ?

Will all her filthy cookery

From off this body really steal

Full thirty years ?—Ah ! woe is me,

If nothing better you reveal !

Hope is departed from me ;—can  
It be that in all nature's round,  
Search'd by the noble soul of man,  
No such a draught was ever found ! [again,  
*Meph.* My friend, in this you wisely speak  
Nature one means of growing young affords ;  
Another book, though, does the lore contain,  
And 'tis a chapter strange, the mode records.  
*Faust.* Oh ! tell it me !

*Meph.* If you the means would hold  
Without physician, sorcery, or gold,  
Betake yourself forthwith into the field,  
And hack and dig—the spade and mattock wield ;  
Yourself, and all your thoughts, confine  
Within a narrow bounding line ;  
Be all your food of simplest kind,  
Live as a beast, the beasts among,  
And never let it in your mind

Be deem'd a robbery or wrong,  
If you yourself manure the soil  
That yields its harvests to your toil.  
Trust me—this mode 's the best, to give  
One youth—though eighty years one live !

*Faust.* To this I never yet was used—nor can  
I e'er to take the spade in hand submit.  
It suits me not, this narrowest life of man—

*Meph.* Then must the Witch, at last, accom-  
plish it.

*Faust.* Why the Witch only ? Can not you  
Yourself this magic potion brew ?

*Meph.* A pretty pastime ! I could build the  
while

A thousand bridges, and with less of toil !  
Not only skill and science doth it ask,  
But patience, too, is wanted for the task :  
A quiet spirit is content

For years to fashion and produce ;  
By time alone that power is lent,  
That gives its virtue to the juice.

And all the things of which 'tis wrought  
Are wondrous of their kind, and rare,  
True ! by the devil she was taught,  
Yet cannot he the draught prepare.

[Looking at the Monkeys.  
Behold ! in truth, a pretty pair,  
The maiden this—the boy is there.

[Addressing them.  
It seems the Mistress is away !

*Monkeys.* To the feast she's sped,  
From the house has fled  
Out from the chimney-stone to stray !

*Meph.* And pray, how long then may it be,  
She for her rovings doth require ?

*Monkeys.* A time about as long, as we  
May warm our paws before the fire.

*Meph.* (to FAUST). What think you of this  
pretty pair ?

*Faust.* Such bestial things ne'er met mine eye.  
*Meph.* Nay ! a discourse like this, I swear,  
Is just what I prefer to try.

[Speaking to the Monkeys.  
But say, cursed whelps, what is it you  
Are in this porridge stirring up ?

*Monkeys.* Coarse beggars' broth we cook—  
*Meph.* No few

Will come, then, with you here to sup.  
*He Monkey* (approaching and fawning on Meph.)  
Oh ! throw me the dice,  
Make me rich in a trice ;

Oh, quick let me money but gain !  
Now my fate is but sad,—  
But if money I had,  
Full soon should I honour obtain.

*Meph.* How blest the brute would think him-  
self to be,  
Could he but throw into the lottery !  
[The Young Monkeys, who have been playing with a  
glass globe, now roll it forwards.

*He Monkey.* This is the world,  
That rises and sinks ;  
It rolleth unceasing,  
Like glass it clinks ;  
How soon that breaketh !  
All empty its core,  
Here brightly it shineth,  
And here still more.  
I live for ever,  
Son ! do not try  
To come nearer—for thou  
Art of those who die !  
This is clay—and when it breaketh,  
Potsherds on the earth it maketh !

*Meph.* What is this sieve for ?  
*He Monkey* (taking it). Oh ! if thou  
Wert but a thief—I'd know thee now !  
[He goes to the She Monkey, and makes her look  
through it.

Look through !—the thief  
Dost know him well !  
And darest thou not  
His name to tell ?

*Meph.* (approaching the fire). And here—this  
pot ?

*He Monkey.* The silly sot !  
He knows it not—  
He knoweth not the kettle !

*Meph.* You churlish brute !  
*He Monkey.* Here take this brush  
And sit down on the settle !

*Faust* (who during this time has been standing before  
a mirror, sometimes approaching, and sometimes  
receding from it).

What do I look on ! What a form of heaven,  
Within this magic mirror meets my gaze !  
Love ! let to me thy swiftest wing be given,  
To waft me to the region where she strays !  
Ah ! when I leave this single spot,  
Or venture to approach more near,  
She fades, and I behold her not,  
She seems in mist to disappear !  
A woman's beauteous form—oh ! can it be,  
Such loveliness was e'er to woman given !  
In those soft limbs reposing, must I see  
The inmost essence of each brighter heaven ?  
Oh ! must I seek on earth in vain  
This vision's likeness to obtain ?

*Meph.* Why, when a God six days has wrought,  
And at the finish, "Bravo !" cries,  
'Tis naturally to be thought  
That something clever should arise.  
This time, your eye with gazing sate,  
I can obtain you such a fair ;  
And his will be a happy fate,  
Who her, as bridegroom, home shall bear.

[FAUST remains looking into the mirror ; MEFISTO-  
PHILES lies down on the settle, and plays with the  
brush, continuing to speak.

Here sit I, like a king upon his throne ;  
The sceptre's here—I want a crown alone !

*Monkeys (who have this while been making all sorts of strange gestures to each other, bringing a crown to MEPHISTOPHELES, with loud cries).*

Here is a crown—but be so good  
As glue it on with sweat and blood !

*[They handle the crown awkwardly, break it in two pieces, and jump about with them.]*

Now 'tis done. We see and speak,  
We can hear, and rhymes can make !

*Faust. (gazing in the mirror).* Woe to thee,  
Faust ! my soul I feel

Begins in frenzy wild to reel !

*Meph. (looking at the beasts).* My own head too  
is tottering now.

*Monkeys.* If all goes lucky—and when it  
May haply chance that all things fit,  
Then many thoughts uprising glow !

*Faust.* My heart begins to burn—away !  
Oh, do but let us haste from here !

*Meph. (in the same position).* Well ! no one  
can deny that they,

As poets, are at least sincere !

*[The cauldron, which the She Monkey has neglected, begins to boil over ; a great flame rises and shoots up the chimney. The Witch comes down the chimney, through the flame, uttering horrible cries.]*

*Witch.* Eu ! Eu ! Eu ! Eu !

Cursed beasts—damnation on ye both,  
Neglecting thus the pot and broth,  
And scalding me, your dame !—what now ?

*[Seeing FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.]*

Who is within ?

What are ye, and how  
Did ye entrance win ?

What seek ye ! May the fiery pang  
Upon your bones and sinews hang !

*[She dips the ladle into the cauldron, and sprinkles flame at FAUST, and MEPHISTOPHELES, and the Monkeys. The Monkeys whimper.]*

*Meph. (Inverts the brush which he held in his hands, and strikes among the glasses and pots.)*

Crash, split and shatter !

To pieces the lot !

Here the brewage I scatter,

Here glasses and pot !

'Tis all but a jest—beating time, you see,  
You carrion-hag, to your melody !

*[The Witch steps back in rage and astonishment.]*

Dost know me now, thou skeleton abhorr'd ?  
Thou scarecrow ! know'st thy master and thy lord !

What now prevents my arm from smashing you  
In pieces—and your monkey-spirits too ?

Have you no more respect and grace  
For the red waistcoat ? Didst not know

My cock's-plume ? Have I hid my face ?  
Am I obliged my name to show ?

*Witch.* Oh ! pardon me, my lord, that I  
So rough in greeting you should be ;

The cloven foot I cannot spy,—

Your ravens, too, I do not see !

*Meph.* For this time you shall pardon get,  
For it is long since last we met.

Refinement, too, that smoothens all

O'er which it in the world has pass'd,

Has been extended in its call,

And reach'd the devil, too, at last.

That Northern Phantom found no more can be,—  
Horns, tail, and claws, we now no longer see ;

As for the foot—I cannot spare it,  
But were I openly to wear it,  
It might do greater harm than good  
To me among the multitude.

And so, like many a youth beside,  
Who bravely to the eye appears,

Yet something still contrives to hide,  
I've worn false calves for many years !

*Witch (dancing).* My sense and reason nigh  
are lost, with glee,

The gallant Satan here again to see ! [none !

*Meph.* Woman ! that name I suffer now from

*Witch.* Why ! what then may the name to you  
have done !

*Meph.* Long is it now since it has been  
In story-books much written seen,

Yet men from this no good have got,  
For nothing better have they gain'd ;

The evil-one they now have not,  
But still the evil have remain'd.

Call me Lord Baron—that were good—  
Like others, I'm a cavalier !

You will not doubt my gentle blood,

For see ! these are the arms I bear !

*[He makes an unseemly gesture.]*

*Witch (laughing loudly).* Ha ! ha ! that's just  
your way—I see

You're still the same wild merry knave !

*Meph. (to FAUST.)* My friend ! mark this—this  
still must be

The way with witches to behave.

*Witch.* Well now, but tell me, gentlemen,  
What do you seek in this my den ?

*Meph.* A well-fill'd goblet of the juice,  
The liquor that you know so well ;

The oldest, too, you must produce,—  
Years double make its potent spell.

*Witch.* With pleasure ! here a flask is placed,  
Of which sometimes myself I taste,

Which, too, doth now no longer stink ;—

*(Aside.)* To thee a glass I'll freely give,

But unprepared, should this man drink,  
Thou know'st an hour he cannot live !

*Meph.* Oh ! 'tis a worthy friend of mine,  
On whom with good effect 'twill pass,

I grudge him not the best of thine,—

Thy spells then speak, and draw thy line,  
And fill him up a brimming glass !

*[The Witch, with strange gestures, draws a circle and places rare things in it. In the mean time the glasses begin to ring, and the cauldron to sound and make music. She brings a great book, and places the monkeys in the circle, making them serve for a reading desk, and to hold torches. She signs to FAUST to approach.]*

*Faust (to MEPH.).* But what from all this  
cometh—tell !

This stuff—these antics wild to view,  
This jugglery—I know it well,

Know it of old—and hate it too !

*Meph.* Oh ! stuff to laugh at—do not be

So nice and choice—for from her art

We must some hocus-pocus see,

That well the draught may play its part.

*[He obliges FAUST to enter the circle.]*

*Witch (begins to read from the book with great emphasis).*  
Knowledge to you

Must now be given,

Of one make ten,

Leave two, and then

Will three make even ;

Rich art thou straight,  
Then drop thou the four,  
And from five and six more,  
So runneth my lore,  
Make seven and eight.  
Then is it done,  
For nine is one  
And ten is none,  
This is the witch's one times one.

*Faust.* The hag, methinks, is raving!—  
*Meph.* Oh!

Much more of it is coming yet,  
For all the book full well I know,  
And all to the same tune is set.  
I've on it lost much time and pains;  
For every law and every rule,  
Of downright paradox, remains  
Obscure alike to sage and fool.  
The art's both old and new, my friend,  
For thus it ever hath been done,  
Error for truth men far extend  
By one and three, and three and one.  
Unceasingly 'tis talk'd and taught;  
Who will for idiots think or care!  
When, saving words, man heareth naught,  
He soon believes there's something there.  
*Witch (continuing).* The lofty power of  
knowledge

From all the world conceal'd,  
To him who thinks not of it,  
To him it is reveal'd.  
On him it is bestow'd to share  
Without his thought—without his care.

*Faust.* What jargon sounds her every word!  
My head seems as asunder breaking,  
As if I in full chorus heard  
A hundred thousand idiots speaking.

*Meph.* Enough, good sibyl—now be still,  
And quickly get us forth thy drink,—  
See, too, that you the liquor fill  
Up to the goblet's brink.

He is a man of many a grade,  
Who many a draught ere now has made.

*[The Witch, with many ceremonies, pours the liquor into a cup: as FAUST lifts it to his mouth a light flame rises.]*

*Meph.* Down with it—never hesitate!  
'Twill cheer the heart within thy frame;  
You with the devil be a mate,  
And shrink before a little flame!

*[The Witch breaks the circle; FAUST comes out of it.]*

*Meph.* You must not rest—now forth with speed!

*Witch.* And may the potion work aright.

*Meph. (to the Witch).* If aught you wish from me, you need

But name it on Walpurgis' night.

*Witch.* Here is a song—which now and then you'll sing,

And a peculiar influence 'twill bring.

*Meph. (to FAUST).* Come! quick! and let yourself by me be sway'd,

For throughly to perspire you must be made,  
In order that this spirit's flood

May penetrate through bone and blood;  
Then will I teach you to possess

A noble, courtly idleness;

And with delight you soon will feel

How Cupid in your body lurks.

How quick he through your frame will steal,  
How merrily he stirs and works.

*Faust.* Let me one moment in the mirror find  
That female form—too lovely was its grace!

*Meph.* Nay, nay! the model of all womankind  
You soon in flesh and blood shall see before your face.

*[Aside.]* That draught within—you soon will greet,  
An Helen in each wench you meet!

SCENE.—THE STREET.

FAUST (*MARGARET passing by*).

*Faust.* My pretty lady, may I dare  
Offer my arm and company?

*Mar.* I am no lady, sir, nor am I fair,  
And by myself, my way can homeward see!

*[She breaks from him and exit.]*

*Faust.* By Heaven! this child indeed is fair,  
Her equal have I ne'er espied,  
Of modesty and virtue rare,

Though somewhat snappish, too, beside.

Her ruddy lips—her radiant face,  
Will dwell with me while life shall last.

She droop'd her eye with bashful grace,  
And deep into my heart it pass'd!

How tart she spoke—the saucy thing!

'Twas absolutely ravishing!

MEPHISTOPHELES enters.

*Mephisto!* you must get this girl for me!

*Meph.* Which?

*Faust.* Why she pass'd but now—

*Meph.* This must it be?

She comes from her confessor here,  
Who has from sin pronounced her clear.

I stole up close beside the chair;—  
She is a pure and stainless flower,

Who e'en for nothing knelt her there,—  
Nay, over her I have no power.

*Faust.* Yet she is past her fourteenth year!

*Meph.* You speak complete Jack Rake, I swear,  
Who to himself is coveting

Each tender blossom to attain,  
Who deems no worth nor love can spring

But is for him to pluck and gain.  
But this, friend, will not always do.

*Faust.* Good sermoniser! Pray from you  
Let's hear no more morality!

If this sweet maiden is not prest  
This night within my arms to rest,

Midnight our bond shall ended see.  
*Meph.* What can and cannot—bear in mind;

At least a fortnight I shall need  
But opportunity to find,

With any chance I shall succeed.  
*Faust.* Did seven clear hours before me lay,

The devil's aid I would not pray  
So young a creature to betray.

*Meph.* You're almost Frenchman in that speech;  
But do not fret you, I beseech!

Why to enjoyment should you sweep?  
The pleasure is not near so deep,

As when your toy you've moulded well  
With all the nonsense possible;

As many a French romance can tell!  
*Faust.* I've appetite without all that.

*Meph.* Nay, without jest,—I tell you flat,  
This maiden is not to be won

So quickly as you wish it done;

We nothing here can take by force,  
So we to guile must have recourse.

*Faust.* Go! fetch me something she has blest,  
Some treasure from my angel's hand!  
Lead! Lead me to her place of rest,  
Bring me a kerchief from her breast,  
A garter of my love—a band!

*Meph.* That for your passion you may see,  
My anxious service used shall be,  
No moment lost, I'll lead the way  
Into her chamber—

*Faust.* And will she  
Behold me—I possess her!—

*Meph.* Nay,  
She at a neighbour's house will be,  
While you amid her atmosphere,  
Alone, the moments may employ  
In feasting fully, on the dear  
Voluptuous hopes of coming joy.

*Faust.* Can we go now?

*Meph.* It is too early yet.

*Faust.* See then that you a present for her get!

[*Exit.*]

*Meph.* Presents forthwith! that's brave indeed!  
The very way, though, to succeed!  
I know full many a place, with store  
Of treasures buried there of yore,—  
I must a little look them o'er.

[*Exit.*]

—  
EVENING.—A SMALL NEAT CHAMBER.

MARGARET (*binding and plaiting her hair*).

I would give something could I know,  
Who that same gentleman might be:  
Himself right gallant did he show,  
Of noble birth too—on his brow  
That could I very plainly see;  
For were he not of high descent  
He had not been so impudent.

[*Exit.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES and FAUST enter.

*Meph.* Come in! but tread you light and low;  
Only come in!

*Faust.* Pray leave me now!

*Meph.* It is not every maid you meet  
At once so diligent and neat.

[*Exit.*]

*Faust.* Welcome, sweet twilight, that around,  
above,

Dost all this dim and hallow'd place possess!  
Seize on my heart, ye sweetest pangs of love,  
Fed on the dew of hope's deliciousness.  
How deep a sense of stillness breathes around,  
What order and contentment here are found,  
What riches 'mid this poverty abound;  
In this small cell—of bliss what plenteousness!  
[*He throws himself into the leathern chair by the side  
of the bed.*]

Receive me! thou who hast, in joy and mirth,  
Oft welcomed those who now are pass'd from  
earth!

Beside this father's-throne, how oft have hung  
A throng of children, close around it clung!  
Here may my love—amid the little band,  
All thankful for the gift that Christmas brought,  
Have gently kiss'd her grandsire's wither'd hand,  
Her warm, round cheek, with childhood's fresh-  
ness fraught.

Maiden! it is thy spirit which I feel,  
Of order and abundance, round me steal,

Which, motherlike, doth teach thee, day by day,  
This table with its neat white cloth to lay,  
To strew beneath thy foot the crisping sand;  
Thou dear one! even godlike is thine hand,  
For 'tis through thee, and by thy care, is given  
Unto this little hut the air of heaven!  
And here!

[*He lifts up one of the bed-curtains.*]

What tremblings of delight I feel!  
Here could I let whole hours o'er me steal;  
Here, Nature, didst thou in light dreams endow  
With perfect form the angel-born below;  
Here lay the child,—its gentle bosom fill'd  
With life—warm life, and as its efforts thrill'd,  
With strivings, holy in their strength and pure,  
The god-framed image wrought itself mature!

And thou! what brings thee here?—what joy I feel!  
What raptures through my inmost bosom steal!  
What is it thou wouldst here?—And what is this  
That weighs upon my soul amid its bliss,  
And sinks the heart that swell'd in joy before?  
Alas! Poor Faust! I know thee now no more!

Oh! do I breathe a magic atmosphere?

I hasted to enjoy, brook'd no delay!

Yet in a dream of love now melt away!

Are we the sport of every breath of air?

If she now enter'd, how wouldst thou atone  
For the mean violence thou here hast done?  
The braggart! ah, how pitifully shrunk,  
Would lie prostrated at her feet and sunk!

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

*Meph.* Quick! She's below, and at the door!

*Faust.* Away! I will return no more!

*Meph.* Here is a casket, which you'll find  
Heavy enough, and fairly lined;  
From elsewhere this have I convey'd;  
Quick, let it in the press be laid!  
She'll be beside herself with glee;  
I've casketed these gems for thee,  
That thou, with them, another mayst betray,  
For still a child's a child, and play is play!

*Faust.* I know not—shall I?

*Meph.* Why! how can you ask it!  
Perhaps you mean yourself to keep the casket!  
If so, I recommend outright

You keep your sensuality  
For other hours than day's fair light,  
And further trouble save to me.

I hope you're not to avarice led—  
I rub my hands—I scratch my head—

[*He places the casket in the press, and shuts the lock.*]

Away, away! you go to mould with skill  
This sweet young creature to your wish and will,  
And yet you look as dull and full of gloom  
As if you went into your lecture-room,  
Or there embodied saw, all cold and grey,  
Physics and metaphysics too—away!

[*Exit.*]

Enter MARGARET with a lamp.

*Mar.* 'Tis hot and close here!—yet below

[*She opens the window.*]

So very warm it has not been,  
I feel all o'er I know not how,  
I would my mother were come in!  
A shiver seems o'er all my frame to go;  
But I'm but a poor timid girl, I know!

[*She sings as she undresses herself.*]

There was a king in ancient Thule,  
Whose mistress—faithful to the grave—  
With dying hand, unto her lord,  
A golden goblet gave.

Naught prized he more—at every feast  
He drain'd it from the very brim,  
And ever as therefrom he drank,  
His eyes with tears were dim!

And when he came himself to die,  
He all his cities reckon'd up;  
Not one of them he grudged his heir,  
But not so with the golden cup.

He sat him at the royal feast,  
With all his knights of high degree,  
Within his old ancestral hall  
A castle that o'erlook'd the sea.

Here the old toper stood, and took  
His latest draught of wine's bright glow,  
Then threw the hallow'd goblet down  
Into the waves below.

He saw it splash—he watch'd it fill—  
And sink, deep, deep into the main;  
Then sorrow o'er his eyelids fell,  
He never drank a drop again.

[She opens the press to put her clothes in it, and finds the casket.]

How came this pretty casket here?—I'm sure  
That I this morning lock'd the press secure!  
'Tis very strange! I wonder what can be  
Within it shut?—could one contrive to see!  
Perchance it is a pledge by some one sent  
On which my mother has some money lent!  
Here by the ribbon hangs a key,  
I think I'll open it—Oh! see!

Look! God in Heaven! what is here!  
Nothing like this e'er met my sight,  
Jewels that any countess might  
In highest festal splendour wear!  
How would this chain now look on me?  
Whose can these gems and jewels be?

[She puts them on and walks up and down before a mirror.]

Oh! would these earrings only were but mine!  
Quite different in these would one appear;  
What does it skill, poor maid, that beauty's thine?  
That is all very good, indeed, and fair,  
But all alone they let it be;  
Man loves, yet half but pities thee!  
But to GOLD there springs  
To GOLD there clings,  
All, all! alas! for us, poor things!

PROMENADE.

FAUST walking up and down, immersed in thought.

MEPHISTOPHELES enters.

Meph. By all the pangs in love despised that  
By all the burning elements of hell! [dwell!  
Would I knew aught more deadly, worse,  
More desperate, by which to curse!

Faust. What now! what doth your face so  
pinch and wring?

In all my life I ne'er saw such a thing!

Meph. To the devil I could give myself, I vow,  
If I were not the devil myself—

Faust. How now?  
Has anything occur'd to turn your brain?  
'Tis well in you, to rave like one insane!

Meph. Nay, think! the gems for Margaret  
brought

A priest has seized, and swept off clear;  
A sight of them the mother caught,  
And forthwith felt some secret fear.

A fine scent hers—for evermore  
She sniffs and snuffs her prayer-book o'er,  
And smells each article to test,  
If it may be profane or blest.

She soon perceived from chain and gem,  
That little blessing came with them!  
"My child," she said, "unlawful good  
Ensnares the soul—consumes the blood;  
Devoted to the Virgin's shrine  
It shall be as an offering given,—  
We shall be fed on food divine,  
Upon the manna dropp'd from heaven."

Poor Margaret looked awry—she thought  
That, after all, it was a present,  
Nor could that godless be that brought  
It hither in a mode so pleasant!

The mother then calls in a priest,  
Who almost ere he heard the jest  
Drew from the prospect much delight;  
Said he, "This shows your hearts are right,  
The conqueror o'er himself is he  
Who gains the most—the church, we see,  
Has a good stomach—she has eat  
Whole kingdoms up—and never yet  
Has anything like surfeit met.  
It is the church alone can best  
All such ill-gotten wealth digest."

Faust. A common case; a king or Jew  
Can the same feat accomplish too.

Meph. Then off he swept chain, clasp, and rings,  
As if they were but mushroom things,  
And thank'd them neither less nor more  
Than if the case of costly sheen  
A basketful of nuts had been,  
But to them promised o'er and o'er,  
All heavenly rewards—whereby  
They much, no doubt, might edify.

Faust. And Margaret—

Meph. In restless plight,  
Her heart with nameless wishes fraught,  
Thinks on the trinkets day and night,  
Still more on him the gems who brought.

Faust. My dear one's grief with sorrow I en-  
dure,—

Straight, then, for her another set procure!  
The first were no such matters.

Meph. To be sure!  
All is but child's play to the gentleman!

Faust. See that you do it, as I wish and plan  
Her neighbour you must close beset—  
Come! don't a milksop devil be,  
Another case of jewels get!

Meph. My honour'd sir, most willingly!

[FAUST exit.]

Merely for pastime or for play,  
To please his mistress all his care,  
A lovesick fool thus puffs away  
Sun, moon, and stars, into the air!

THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE.

MARTHA alone.

God pardon my dear husband!—he  
In truth has not done well by me,—  
Away into the world he sped  
And left me to a lonely bed!  
Though ne'er I vex'd, or teasing moved him,  
But, God knows, always dearly loved him!

[She weeps.]



Perhaps he now is dead—ah me—! if so,  
O could I but the truth in writing know!

MARGARET enters.

*Marg.* Martha!

*Mar.* Well, Margaret!

*Marg.* Oh, think!

My knees almost beneath me sink,  
I've found another casket—see—  
Placed in my press—'tis ebony!  
With jewels absolutely rare,  
Far richer than the first ones were.

*Mar.* Of this your mother must not know,  
Or with it to the priest she'll go.

*Marg.* Here! only look at them—oh see!

*Mar.* You lucky creature—

*Marg.* Ah, poor me!  
Wear them abroad, I may not dare,  
Nor in them at the church appear.

*Mar.* Come pretty often then to me  
And don the jewels secretly;  
In them, you to and fro can pass  
A little hour before the glass,  
E'en that will be a kind of treat;  
Then some occasion we may meet,  
A festival or holiday,

At which your treasure, by degrees,  
You might to people's eyes display,  
The chain at first, perhaps, then these  
Superb pearl ear-rings;—it may be  
Your mother will not mark or see;  
Or should she any notice take,  
We to her some excuse can make.

*Marg.* But who could both these caskets bring,  
It cannot be an honest thing! [*A knocking.*]  
Ah Heaven! can that my mother be?

*Mar.* No! a strange gentleman, I see;  
Come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES enters.

*Meph.* I've really made so free,  
As to come in at once—for which I pray  
The lady's pardon!

[*Steps back respectfully before MARGARET.*]

— I but came to-day  
To speak with Mistress Schwerdtlein—

*Mar.* I am she;  
What has the gentleman to say to me?

*Meph.* (*speaks softly to her*). Enough! I know  
you now—but I perceive—  
A visitor of rank—I'll take my leave—  
Excuse the liberty I now have ta'en,  
And in the afternoon I'll call again!

*Mar.* Imagine, child! this stranger here—of all  
The things on earth, does you a lady call!

*Marg.* I'm but a poor young creature—he  
(Ah, Heaven!) is too polite to me!  
Nor gems nor jewels are my own—

*Meph.* 'Tis not the ornaments alone;  
Her striking mien and look attention gain,  
How happy am I that I dare remain!

*Mar.* What bring you then? I long to hear.

*Meph.* I would my tidings better were!  
I trust that for the gloom it lends,  
I shall not here a sufferer be,—

Your husband, he is dead, and sends  
To you his greetings thus by me.

*Mar.* Is dead!—dear soul! alas and woe!  
My husband dead—I shall die too!

*Marg.* Despair not, my dear Martha, so!

*Meph.* But hear the dreary story through.

*Marg.* Ah! for this reason is it, I would not  
Wish that to love should ever be my lot;

For sure, my loss, if e'er he died,

My life with grieving would destroy!

*Meph.* Joy must be still to sorrow tied,  
And sorrow must be link'd with joy.

*Mar.* Tell me his life's last close!

*Meph.* At Padua, he  
Lies in the churchyard of Saint Antony,  
A place well consecrated—duly blest,  
Cool everlastingly his bed of rest.

*Mar.* And had you nothing else to me to bring!

*Meph.* Oh yes! a heavy prayer, and a request,  
You would for him three hundred masses sing.

But with respect to all beside,  
My pockets are completely void!

*Mar.* What! not a token! not a coin!  
Not e'en a trinket to be mine!

Such as each poor mechanic hoards  
I' the bottom of his purse with care,  
Because remembrance it affords—

And rather starves or begs, than spare!

*Meph.* Ah, madam! to the heart it grieveth me,  
But still his wealth he did not dissipate;  
He all his sins repented bitterly,—

Ay, and bewail'd still more his luckless fate.

*Marg.* Alas! alas! that men should e'er  
By such misfortune be oppress!

Indeed I'll pray with many a prayer  
And many a requiem for his rest.

*Meph.* Ah, you deserve indeed to find  
A husband soon—you are so kind,  
So amiable—affectionate!

*Marg.* Oh no! 'tis time enough to wait!

*Meph.* If then a husband be not given,  
A lover you meanwhile may gain,—

It were the highest gift of Heaven,  
So sweet a thing within one's arms to strain.

*Marg.* That's not the custom here, sir.

*Meph.* Oh!  
Custom or not—'twill happen though!

*Mar.* But tell me—

*Meph.* Yes! I stood beside  
His death-bed when your husband died.  
His couch was better than mere dung—  
Half-rotten straw beneath him flung;—  
Still he a Christian died—though finding more  
Against him than he thought upon the score:  
"How deeply must I hate myself," he cried,  
"So to have left my trade—my wife beside!  
Alas! the thought is death unto me now!  
Could I but have her pardon ere I die!"

*Mar.* Good soul! I have forgiven him long ago!

*Meph.* "Though, God knows, she was more in  
fault than I!"

*Mar.* There then he lied! What! would he,  
E'en of the grave, speak false! [*on the brink*]

*Meph.* I really think,  
With his last breath, he rather fabled there,  
If I am of the facts but half aware.

"I had no gaping leisure time," he said,  
"First getting children, and then for them, bread,—  
Bread in its widest sense too,—yet I ne'er  
Could eat in peace and quietness my share."

*Mar.* Were then my love and truth forgotten  
My constant drudgery by day and night! [*quite—*]

*Meph.* Not so! he fondly bore it all in mind,  
And "when from Malta last I sail'd," (*he said*)

"I for my wife and children warmly pray'd;  
And Heaven indeed was so far to me kind.

We of a Turkish vessel capture made  
Which to the Sultan a large sum convey'd ;  
Well, courage gain'd its own reward,  
And (what was only right and fair)  
I of that taken treasure's hoard  
Received my due and proper share."  
*Mar.* How ! where ! can he have buried it ?  
*Meph.* Who knows  
Where now 'tis scatter'd to each wind that  
blows !  
While he at Naples staid—a damsel fair  
Found him while wandering the time to spend,  
And show'd such love and fondness for him  
there,  
He bore its tokens to his blessed end !  
*Mar.* The villain—robber of his family !  
And all this suffering—all this poverty  
Could it not check the shameful life he led ?  
*Meph.* Yes ! but consider, through all this,  
he 's dead !  
And were I situate like you,  
I'd mourn for him a twelvemonth chaste,  
But bearing all the while in view  
Some spark, for him to be replaced !  
*Mar.* Alas ! not easily I here shall find  
A second husband like my first—so kind,  
So fond, that there could scarcely be  
A better hearted fool than he.  
He only loved too well to go  
About the world in rovin' change,  
Too well the cursed dice to throw,  
And the strange wine,—and women strange.  
*Meph.* Well, spite of all—things might, I think,  
Have gone on well between you two,  
If he had been content to wink  
Upon as many faults in you.  
If this might in the bargain be  
A fix'd condition—I protest  
I would myself change rings with thee !  
*Mar.* Indeed, sir ! you are pleased to jest !  
*Meph.* (*aside*). Quite time that I were off, I  
see !  
They'd hold the very devil to the test !  
How is your heart ? [*To MARGARET.*]  
*Marg.* What mean you, pray ?  
*Meph.* (*aside*). Good, blameless child !  
(*Aloud*) Farewell !  
*Marg.* Farewell !  
*Mar.* But ere you go—oh, quickly, say,—  
Could but a single witness tell  
Where, how, and when my husband died ?  
And where his grave may be ?  
Order has ever been my pride,  
His death I fain would in the papers see.  
*Meph.* Yes, for the truth is always clear  
From two together witnessing,  
And I've a bold companion here,  
Whom, for you, to the judge I'll bring.  
*Mar.* Oh, bring him here—I pray you do !  
*Meph.* Will the young lady be here too ?  
He is a gallant youth—has travell'd far,  
Polite to ladies in particular.  
*Marg.* Abash'd then, in his presence, shall I be ;  
*Meph.* Before no monarch upon earth I swear !  
*Mar.* Well ; in the garden by my house will we  
This evening wait,—and hope to see you there.

THE STREET.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

*Faust.* How is it ? Is't in train ? Will it succeed ?  
*Meph.* Ah ! bravo, are you then on fire indeed ?  
Yes, shortly Margaret your own will be,  
Herself you will this very evening see  
At neighbour Martha's—that's a woman made  
Expressly for this sort of gipsy trade.  
*Faust.* Good.  
*Meph.* But she something will of us request.  
*Faust.* Well, one good turn another should repay.  
*Meph.* We both need only in due form attest  
That her liege husband's limbs extended lay  
In holy ground, at Padua.  
*Faust.* Wisely done !  
To do so, we must first to Padua run,  
*Meph.* *Sancta Simplicitas !* no need of going ;  
Swear it without so much about it knowing.  
*Faust.* If thou canst not some better course  
propose,  
Our plan is ended then, and here must close.  
*Meph.* Oh ! righteous man ! there's for you  
Is this the first time, then, that thou [now !  
Hast borne false witness ? Hast not given  
Discourse defining earth and heaven ?  
The world and all it doth contain ?  
Man and his striving heart and brain,  
Boldly wouldst not of all protest  
With lofty brow, and dauntless breast ?  
And looking at all this more searchingly  
Say, have you known, of all above, beneath,  
(You must confess, indeed, it could not be.)  
As much as of this Mr. Schwerdtlein's death ?  
*Faust.* A sophist and a liar thou art,  
And liar and sophist wilt remain.  
*Meph.* Ay, truly, if upon my part  
I could no deeper insight gain.  
To-morrow morning will not you  
(And everything in honour too)  
Befool poor Margaret and swear  
Your soul's most fervid love you'll give her ?  
*Faust.* And from my heart—  
*Meph.* All good and fair !  
You'll talk of being true for ever ;  
Of one absorbing passion's glow,  
Of one all-mastering, conquering spell  
You will dilate on to her—so,  
Will this come from the heart as well ?  
*Faust.* Cease ! cease ! it will ; when thus my  
Doth for this passion, frenzy deep, [mind  
Seek out a name, yet none can find,  
Though it through all existence sweep ;  
With all its power grasping all,  
The words of highest, loftiest sense,  
And must at last this love intense  
With which I burn, eternal call,  
Immortal—deathless—this too—will  
It be of lies a devil's play ?  
*Meph.* In all this I am right here still !  
*Faust.* Hark now to this, and note it, pray,  
And spare my breath—the man resolved to cling  
To one opinion, and through every thing,  
Who never speaks but with a single tongue,  
Will that opinion hold, and ne'er be wrong.  
But come ! of prattling I have now  
Had quite enough—so finish it—  
That you are right I here allow,  
The rather that I *must* submit.

## THE GARDEN.

MARGARET on FAUST'S arm, MARTHA with MEPHISTOPHELES walking up and down.

*Marg.* I feel you trifle with me—thus unbending  
Only to shame me by such condescending ;  
A traveller's so accustom'd to comply  
With everything he meets, from courtesy ;  
Too well I know that such a learn'd mind,  
In my poor talk can no amusement find.

*Faust.*—A single glance—a single word from  
thee  
Outweighs the wisdom of the world to me.

[*He kisses her hand.*]

*Marg.* Nay ! do not so ; how can you kiss  
A hand so coarse, so hard as this ?  
What work am I not always forced to do ?  
Indeed, my mother, sir, is too severe !

[*They pass on.*]

*Mar.* (*with MEPHISTOPHELES.*) And pray, Sir  
Stranger, may I ask if you  
Are always travelling as you now appear ?  
*Meph.* Alas ! that duty, and the force  
Of business, should compel the course !  
How many a place with sorrow must one quit,  
And yet can never dare remain in it !

*Mar.* In the wild years of youth, it well may be  
To wander up and down the world so free ;  
But still at last the evil day comes on,  
Then as a lonely bachelor, to go

Sneaking into the grave—why that, you know,  
Was never yet a good for any one !

*Meph.* I shudder at the distant view,  
At present mine, of such a fate.

*Mar.* Then, worthy sir, I hope that you  
Will think of it before too late.

[*They pass over.*]

*Marg.* Yes ! out of sight is ever out of mind !  
To you so easy is this courtesy,  
And you can friends in such abundance find,  
All too, so much more sensible than I.

*Faust.* Believe me, love, what men call sensible,  
Full oft deserveth not its title well,  
And we should better far the thing express  
As vanity and narrow-mindedness !

*Marg.* How so ?

*Faust.* Alas ! that thus simplicity  
And innocence should never know or see  
Their own all-holy worth ! that humble thought,  
Best gift of bounteous Nature—blessing-fraught—

*Marg.* Well ! for a moment sometimes think  
of me !

I shall have time enough to think of thee.

*Faust.* You're much alone, then ?

*Marg.* Yes ! our house—'tis true—  
Is small, but still must be attended to ;  
We have no maid, all on me lies,—

I sweep, cook, sew, up soon and late ;

My mother, too, is so precise,

In everything so accurate !

Not that she is obliged to be

Confined in all so sparingly ;

We might do more than many do,—

My father left us, of our own,

A little house and garden, too,

A pretty place beside the town.

However, now the days with me

Pass over peacefully.

My brother's for a soldier gone,  
And my poor little sister's dead,—  
Much trouble with her have I known,  
Yet all the anxious sorrow sped,  
Mine joyfully again should be,  
So dear the infant was to me !

*Faust.* She were an angel, were she like to thee !

*Marg.* She loved me—oh ! so fondly ! I

Had brought her up entirely ;

After my father's death 'twas born,

My mother too had nearly died,—

All hope, indeed, we had foregone,

Her sickness was so sore to bide ;

So sad the state in which she lay,

So slow her bettering day by day,

That she herself could never think,

Of suckling it, poor little thing !

And so I nursed it—gave't its drink,

Its milk and tender nourishing !

And brought it up, thus all alone,

Till it became, as 'twere, mine own ;

Within my arm and bosom, on my knee,

It grew and sprawl'd, and laugh'd so prettily !

*Faust.* The purest of all joys 'twas thine to  
share.

*Marg.* But yet with many anxious hours of care.

All night the infant's cradle stood

Beside my bed,—nor ever could

I move, but it would waken'd be ;—

Now I must rise and give it food,

Then take it into bed with me !

Then, when it would not rest, must rise and go,

Dancing it in the chamber to and fro,

And still must rise at early day,

To stand beside the washing tray.

Then to the market go—to see

For all our home's necessity ;

And thus from day to day, the same

To do whene'er the morrow came.

When 'mid such things as this one lives,

The spirits are not always good ;

But, then, 'tis true, the labour gives

A relish both to rest and food. [*They pass over.*]

*Mar.* Poor women ! we've the worst in all this,

too,

Old bachelors are still so hard to turn !

*Meph.* It was reserved for me, from one like

A better course than hitherto to learn ! [*you*]

*Mar.* Speak truly ! no one have you ever found !

Ne'er has your heart to any one been bound ?

*Meph.* The proverb saith, that of one's own a

hearth,

And a good wife, are gold and jewels worth !

*Mar.* I mean, have you a passion ne'er

achieved ?

*Meph.* I have, in general, been well received.

*Mar.* Nay ! but in earnest have you never

spoke ?

*Meph.* With ladies one should never dare to

joke.

*Mar.* Oh ! you don't understand me !

*Meph.* That, to find

Pains me—for this I know, you're very kind.

[*They pass over.*]

*Faust.* You knew me then, sweet angel, for

the same,

The moment I into the garden came ?

*Marg.* Did you not see it ? When 'twas you

I found,

My eyes directly fell upon the ground.

*Faust.* And thou forgivest that freedom, then,  
from me,

That proffer of my impudence to thee ?

As thou wert leaving the cathedral door ?

*Marg.* I was abash'd, for I had certainly  
Ne'er met with aught resembling it before.

None aught of evil of me e'er could say ;

Ah ! (thought I) did thy conduct then betray

Aught bold or unbecoming in a maid ?

He seem'd to say, " I need not be afraid,  
Or stand on many compliments with her."

I own I know not what began to stir

In your behalf within my heart—but I

Felt with myself, I know, right angrily :

Because I could not bring myself to be

More vex'd and angry than I was with thee.

*Faust.* My dear one !

*Marg.* For a moment stay.

[*She plucks a Starflower, and picks the leaves from it  
one after another.*]

*Faust.* What wouldst ? Is't for a posy ?

*Marg.* Nay.

'Tis but a game !

*Faust.* How so ?

*Marg.* Away !

You'll laugh at me.

[*She plucks off the leaves, and murmurs to herself.*]

*Faust.* What are you murmuring ?

*Marg.* He loves me—he loves me not—

*Faust.* Thou heavenly thing !

*Marg. (continues).* He loves me—he loves me  
not—he loves me—no !

He loves—he loves me ?

*Faust.* True, my child ! and let

This flowret-promise be unto thine heart

A voice, a sign from Heaven ! He loves thee ?

Yes ;

Dost thou know all the meaning of the words,

He loves ?

*Marg.* I tremble !

*Faust.* Nay, love ! shudder not ;

But let this glance—this pressure of the hand—

Tell what is inexpressible by speech.

To give ourselves up wholly to the sense

Of a delight that must eternal be !

Eternal ! oh ! its end would be despair !

No ! no ! no end.

[*MARGARET presses his hands, then frees herself from  
his embrace and runs away. He stands for an  
instant thoughtful, then follows her.*]

*Mar. (coming up).* Night comes apace !

*Meph.* Yes ! and we will away.

*Mar.* Indeed, I'd ask you longer yet to stay,

But 'tis a wicked and censorious place,—

'Tis just as if they nothing had to do,

But all the neighbourhood's affairs to trace,

Our comings in and goings out to view.

And do however well one will,

One's certain to get talk'd of still.

And where, then, are our loving pair ?

*Meph.* Flown up the little alley there !

Fond butterflies !

*Mar.* I think that she

Appears to love him.

*Meph.* Yes ; and he

Seems fond of her, too, you might say ;

'Tis of the world the usual way.

SCENE.—A SUMMER-HOUSE.

*MARGARET enters, hides herself behind the door, and  
putting her finger on her lips, peeps through the  
crevice.*

*Marg.* He comes.

*Faust (entering).* Ah, rogue, and is it so  
That you provoke me ? I have caught thee now !

[*He kisses her.*]

*Marg. (embracing him and returning his kiss).*  
Thou dearest one ! I love thee from my heart !

[*MEPHISTOPHELES knocks outside.*]

*Faust (stamping).* Who's there ?

*Meph.* Good friend !

*Faust.* The Brute !

*Meph.* 'Tis time to part

*Mar. (comes forward).* Yes, sir, 'tis late.

*Faust (to MARGARET).* Might I not go with you ?

*Marg.* I fear my mother would—Oh, no ! adieu !

*Faust.* Must we then part, my love ? then I  
Bid thee farewell ; farewell !

*Mar.* Good bye.

*Marg.* 'Till our next speedy interview.

[*FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES exeunt.*]

Good Heavens ! how many things—a man

Like him within his mind can span ;

I stand abash'd when he is near,

Or answer, yes, to all I hear !

I'm but a simple child, and cannot see

Or comprehend what he can find in me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE.—FOREST AND CAVERN.

*FAUST (alone).*

*Faust.* Spirit sublime ! thou gavest me, gavest  
me all

For which I pray'd thee. Not in vain hast thou  
In fire turn'd to me thy countenance.

Thou gavest me glorious nature for a realm,

With power to feel her and enjoy. The glance

Thou didst permit me, was not that of cold

And distant wondering ; thou didst not forbid

My gaze to search into her deepest breast

As 'twere the bosom of a friend. For thou

Hast pass'd before mine eyes, the link'd chain

Of all the things that live, and it is thou

That teachest me to know, as kindred things

Unto myself, the still and silent wood,

The water, and the air. And when the storm

Roars through the forest, when the giant pine,

O'erthrown, bears crashing on the neighbour

boughs,

And stems that nigh it grow, in sweeping fall ;

When, with dull muttering echo, to the shock

The mountain thunders,—then thou bearest me

Unto the shelter'd cave, there showing me

What mine own nature is ; mysterious then

And deep the marvels that unfold themselves

In mine own breast. Then rises to my view

The clear calm moon, that with her softening ray

Soothes all things as she soars. Then sweep

around

From rocky walls, from dew-damp bush and shade,

The silver-shadow'd forms of ages past,

That gently mingle with the pleasures stern

Of thought austere and contemplation deep.

Oh ! that to man naught perfect ever falls  
Now feel I most ; with this delight, that brings  
Me near and nearer to a god—thou gavest  
Unto me this companion, whom e'en now  
I cannot spare, though cold and insolent  
He to myself degradeth me—and turns  
Thy gifts to nothing with a breath. He wakes  
For ever in my soul a raging fire  
For that so lovely form—and thus I reel  
From fierce desire into enjoyment, and  
E'en in enjoyment languish for desire !

*MEPHISTOPHELES enters.*

*Meph.* Well ! of this life are you yet satisfied ?  
How can you in't a pleasure thus retain ?  
'Tis well enough that once it should be tried,  
But then away to something new again.

*Faust.* Would something else to do were in  
your power  
Than thus to plague me in my happiest hour !

*Meph.* I'm sure, most willingly I'd let you be,  
But you'il not say so in reality.

A surly comrade, peevish, cross,  
Like you, were surely no great loss.  
With you, the whole day long, have I  
Enough my hands to occupy ;  
One never, on your worship's face,  
What pleases you, or not, can trace !

*Faust.* Just the right tone now—you would be  
Thank'd, I suppose, for wearying me.

*Meph.* Poor son of earth ! and how wouldst  
thou have done

Without my aid ? or how thy life have led ?  
Some self-imagined crotchets now are gone,  
Let me be thank'd, they for a time are sped ;  
And but for me, this world would not have known  
Your presence now—you from its ball had fled.  
What hast thou here to do, like this to prowl  
Moping in clefts and caverns like an owl ?  
Why, toad-like, draw thy nourishment alone  
From sodden moss, and water-dropping stone ?  
A pretty pleasure this, your time to fill !  
The doctor's soul sticks in your body still.

*Faust.* Knew'st thou the fresh, new power of  
life that springs

Within me from these desert wanderings,  
Couldst thou my joy imagine—thou wouldst be  
Devil enough, I know, to grudge it me !

*Meph.* A superhuman joy ! to lie by night  
In dew and darkness on the mountain height !  
Clasping earth, heaven, in ecstatic thought  
Dilating—to a godhead to be wrought !  
Pierce through the marrow of the earth, with all  
The thronging impulses to which thou'rt thrall,  
The whole six days' work in thy breast inclose,  
Proudly enjoy I know not what delight,  
A love, whose rapture into all o'erflows  
Your mortal birth forgotten, vanish'd quite,  
And then this lofty intuition—all, [*With a gesture.*]  
I dare not mention how, at last to fall !

*Faust.* Shame on thee !  
*Meph.* This, then, likes you not ;  
You have indeed a title got  
To cry, For shame ! and Fie ! on me,  
So modestly and morally !  
Chaste ears, it seems, must never know,  
That which chaste hearts can ne'er forego !  
And, to be brief, I do not grudge  
The pleasure you may have in lying  
Unto yourself, if you should judge  
Such self-delusion fortifying !

But long this course can never last,  
E'en now you're driven back again ;  
If 'mid this sort of life were pass'd  
A longer time, you'd be o'ercast  
With madness, horror, or mind-withering pain.  
Enough of this ! your dear one, there,  
Sits dull within, with all things seeming  
Wrapp'd in a dark and gloomy air,  
Her mind on you for ever dreaming ;  
She has loved thee but over-well ;  
Thy passion first was like the swell  
Of the wild stream that rushes by,  
With melted snow-wreaths flushing high ;  
The fulness of the flood thou'st pour'd  
Into her heart, and now, adored !  
The torrent of thy love is dry !  
Methinks, instead of thus, alone,  
Making the forest wild your throne,  
'Twere better that you would reward  
The little monkey's warm regard !  
With her, time heavily and sadly weighs ;  
Standing beside her window, still her gaze  
Is fix'd upon the clouds that roll and fall  
Afar, beyond the ancient city's wall ;  
And " Were I but a bird," so runs her song  
Half through the night, and all the whole day long !  
Cheerful awhile, but mostly pensive, she  
Now seems as if outwept—and then will be  
Composed apparently—but lovesick ever !  
*Faust.* Snake ! Serpent !  
*Meph. (aside).* Good ! if I can catch you !  
*Faust.* Never  
Name that fair creature to me—get thee hence,  
And do not for her beauty wake the sense  
Of wild desire amid the thoughts that lie  
Within my soul all half distractedly ! [*that you*  
*Meph.* What will you then ? she surely thinks  
Have now quite left her, and almost 'tis true.  
*Faust.* I'm near her now—and should I e'er  
Be distant from her, I could ne'er  
Forget her, or decaying, find  
Her memory fading from my mind.  
Yea ! when her lips their touch have lent  
Unto the elements adored,  
I envy, in the sacrament,  
Even the body of the Lord !  
*Meph.* Right ! and I oft have envied you, in-  
The twin-pair that among the roses feed ! [*deed,*  
*Faust.* Hence with thee, pander, leave me !  
*Meph.* Soft and fair !  
You scold, and I from laughing can't forbear.  
The God who boy and maiden made  
Well understood the worthy trade  
Of making time and place besides—away !  
A great thing this so much at heart to lay ;  
You ought unto your love at once to hie,  
Into her chamber !—not, I think, to die !  
*Faust.* What ! in her arms are all the joys  
of heaven ?  
Oh ! let the rapture be unto me given  
To glow with passion on her yielded breast !  
Feel I not ever with her grief distress'd !  
The all-scorn'd outcast, am I not,  
The fugitive, the homeless one ?  
The monster of his kind, whose lot  
Of aim, and end, and peace hath none !  
Who, like a torrent dash'd and hurl'd  
From rock to rock, still hasteneth  
In greedy fury, to be whirl'd  
Down the abyss that yawns beneath !

And she who stands beside this torrent wild,  
With thought as simple as a little child,  
Upon an alpine field her cottage placed,  
Her cares all in that little world embraced ;  
Was't not enough, God-hated, then, that thou  
Shouldst seize the rocks and shatter them,—but  
now  
Her peace, too, thou must sap and overthrow ?

Hell ! thou must also have *this* offering !  
Help me, then, devil ! give thine aid to bring  
The term of anguish to a quicker date !  
Let what must come, come swiftly—let her fate  
Fall with mine own, and with the self-same crush  
Let us together to destruction rush !

*Meph.* There ! how it seethes again, and glows  
and burns !

Away ! get in, you fool, and comfort her !  
When such a head no outlet way discerns,  
It deems directly that the end is near.  
To him of courage and good heart, success !  
There's devil enough sometimes amid your  
bearing ;

I nothing know so flat and spiritless,  
As is a devil when he turns despairing !

MARGARET'S CHAMBER.

MARGARET, alone at her spinning-wheel.

*Marg.* My heart is heavy,  
My peace is o'er ;  
I shall find it never,—  
Oh, never more !

Where I see him not,  
Seems the grave to be !  
Tuneless and harsh  
All the world to me.

My poor, poor head,  
And my feeble thought,  
Are wandering now,  
And all distraught.

My heart is heavy,  
My peace is o'er ;  
I shall find it never,—  
Oh, never more.

I gaze but for him,  
From my window-seat ;  
From the threshold I stir not,  
Save him to meet !

His lofty bearing,  
His noble form !  
The smile of his mouth,  
And his eye-glance warm !

The flow of his speech,  
So enchanting is ;  
His hand's soft pressure,  
And, ah ! his kiss !

My heart is heavy,  
My peace is o'er ;  
I shall find it never,—  
Oh, never more.

My bosom struggles  
To him—ah ! where ?  
Oh, might I but clasp him,  
And fold him there !

And might I but kiss him  
As in wish I may,  
My soul on his kisses  
Should die away !

SCENE.—MARTHA'S GARDEN.

MARGARET, FAUST.

*Marg.* Nay, Henri, promise me !  
*Faust.* Whate'er I can !

*Marg.* How of religion, tell me, do you deem ?  
Thou art a good, a kind, a loving man,  
But that, I think you hold in light esteem !

*Faust.* No more of that, my child—you prove  
That I to thee am kind and good ;

I would for any whom I love,  
Lay down my life, or shed my blood.

I'd wither in the heart of none  
The faith and feeling that they own ;  
Their church from no one would I steal.

*Marg.* That is not the right way to feel,  
For we must all believe it.

*Faust.* Must we so ?

*Marg.* Ah ! if my influence o'er you aught  
could do !

You honour not the holy Sacrament !

*Faust.* I hold it in respect.

*Marg.* But it is ne'er  
With any wish, or a desire to share !

Long is it since to mass or shrift you went !  
Do you believe in God ?

*Faust.* My loved one,—who  
Dares say " I do believe in God "—for you  
May this of priests and sages ask,

And what they give thee for reply  
Will, to the questioner, seem a mask,  
For scorn or mockery.

*Marg.* Then you believe not !

*Faust.* Do not misconceive !  
Who dares name God, and say that " I believe ?"  
And who can feel—feel through each sense and  
thought,

And yet affirm that " I believe him not ?"

The All-embracer,

The All-sustainer,

Say, does he not support, include, embrace,  
Thee, me, himself ?

Doth not heaven arch itself, there, o'er our head ?  
Lies not the firm-set earth, beneath outspread ?

The eternal stars, with friendly rays,

Do they not all for ever rise ?

And we ourselves, do we not gaze

E'en now into each other's eyes ?

And is not every feeling thronging now  
Through head and heart within thee—weaving  
still

Invisibly and visibly, around,  
About thee in eternal mystery ?

These, let thy heart absorb till it be full.

And, in the feeling when thou'rt wholly blest,  
Call it whate'er thou wilt—heart, love, or God,  
Or happiness !—I cannot give it name ;

Feeling is all in all—name is but sound,  
Or smoke, o'er-shadowing with misty veil  
The glow and warmth of heaven !

*Marg.* All that is very good, and true ;  
Nearly the same the priest says too,  
Only in somewhat other words than you !

*Faust.* All hearts, in every clime and zone,  
Where'er the light of heaven doth shine,  
Speak forth that feeling—in the tone  
And form and language most their own ;  
Then wherefore should not I in mine ?

*Marg.* So taken it may pass ; but yet—in spite  
Of all, there's something in it is not right !  
For thou hast got no Christianity !

*Faust.* Dear child !  
*Marg.* And long it has afflicted me,  
To see thee in such company !

*Faust.* How so ?  
*Marg.* The man whom thou hast always with  
thee now,

I hate him from my inmost heart ;  
In all my life I ne'er did chance  
On aught can such a pang impart  
As his repulsive countenance !

*Faust.* Dear silly thing ! you need not fear.

*Marg.* Whenever he is present here,  
The sight of him chills all my blood :  
Of almost every one my thoughts are good ;  
But howsoe'er I long to meet with thee,  
That man I with an innate horror see.  
I hold him but a rogue besides,—in this  
Heaven pardon me if I say aught amiss !

*Faust.* Yet that the world such oddities should  
give  
Is necessary still.

*Marg.* I would not live  
With one like him ;—whene'er he cometh, he  
Throws round him such a glance of mockery,  
And scarcely hides the hate that in him lies ;  
You see he can with nothing sympathise.  
It standeth written on his brow—he ne'er  
Can love to any human being bear.  
In thy embrace I feel so blest,

So happy when within thy arms,  
So unrestrain'd—by naught repress,  
My soul, to thee resign'd, so warms ;  
But in his presence doth all this depart,  
He shuts and withers up my very heart.

*Faust.* Misgiving angel !  
*Marg.* And this feeling weighs  
So heavily upon my heart—so sore—  
That when by chance he but towards us strays,  
I feel as if I loved e'en thee no more.

Where he would be I could not pray,  
And that would eat my heart away.  
And surely, Henri, it must be  
The same when he is near, with thee !

*Faust.* You have a prejudice.  
*Marg.* I now must go.

*Faust.* And am I never, then, to know,  
Upon thy bosom one calm hour of rest,—  
To mingle soul with soul, strain breast to breast ?

*Marg.* Ah, if I did alone but sleep,  
I'd gladly leave the fastenings slight,  
And open to you e'en to-night ;  
But mother's slumber ne'er is deep,  
And were we found—I'm sure that I  
Upon the very spot should die.

*Faust.* No need, my love, for that to fear ;  
I have a little phial here,—

Three drops but mingled in her drink  
Will nature veil in pleasant sleep,  
And so thy mother's eyes will sink  
Into a slumber calm and deep.

*Marg.* What is there that I would not do for  
But yet I hope it will not hurtful be ! [thee !

*Faust.* If it were so, my love, would I  
Advise you such a thing to try ?

*Marg.* Gazing on thee, I know not what doth still  
Impel me ever to perform your will ;  
I have already done so much for you,  
Scarce anything is left me now to do. [Exit.

MEPHISTOPHELES enters.

*Meph.* The monkey ! is she gone ?

*Faust.* Hast spied again ?

*Meph.* Why, all that pass'd, I heard it pretty  
You're catechised, sir Doctor ! well, [plain.

I hope with good effect 'twill tell !  
The girls have truly much concern  
In doing all they can to learn,  
Whether or not, in his belief, a man  
With piety pursues the ancient plan ;  
For, if he bend submissively (think they)  
In that, he'll yield to us the self-same way.

*Faust.* Thou monster ! thou canst not perceive  
How such a true and loving heart,  
Full of the faith she doth believe  
Alone can happiness impart,  
Must tremble with a good and holy fear,  
That she must deem as lost the man she holds  
most dear.

*Meph.* Thou sensual dotard ! by the nose thou'rt  
By a weak, silly girl ! [led

*Faust.* Abortion, bred  
From Filth and Fire !

*Meph.* In physiognomy,  
How very knowing, too, she seems to be !  
When I am by, she feels she knows not how,—  
The girl in that some hidden sense doth show ;  
She feels I am a genius—and may be, [we—  
Perhaps, the Devil himself.—This night, then,—  
*Faust.* And what does it concern to you ?

*Meph.* I have my pleasure in it, too.

AT THE FOUNTAIN.

MARGARET and BESSY, with pitchers.

*Bessy.* What, have you nothing, then, of Barbara  
heard ?

*Marg.* I go but little out ; no, not a word.

*Bessy.* Sibylla told it me to-day ;

At last she's thrown herself away !

This comes of being still the best,

Stuck up in pride above the rest.

*Marg.* How so ?

*Bessy.* The worst is but too plain to view,  
Now when she eats and drinks, she feedeth two.

*Marg.* Alas !

*Bessy.* She's rightly served ! how long she's been  
Fondling and hanging on the fellow seen !

And then, what walkings forth were there,

To village feast and dancing booth ;

And she herself, must everywhere

Be thought the first of all, forsooth !

He treating her with cake and wine ;

She thinking, too, herself so fine !

Upon her beauty still so vain ;

So shameless too, she'd even deign

Take presents of him ;—then there still  
Was kissing and embracing—till  
The flower is gone!

*Marg.* Poor thing!

*Bessy.* And can it be,  
That you can pity her!—when such as we  
Were at the spinning-wheel, our mothers ne'er  
Let us go down by night ;—but she stood there,  
Fondling and toying with her darling fair,  
In the dark passage, on the doorway seat,  
Thinking that every hour went by too fleet.  
Now she will have a bringing down most rare ;  
She must at church do penance in a sheet!

*Marg.* Perchance he'll marry her!

*Bessy.* A fool were he!  
To a brisk young fellow, all the world is free ;  
Besides, he's off and gone!

*Marg.* That is not right.

*Bessy.* E'en should she get him, she's in evil  
plight ;

The boys will tear her garland—and yet more,  
We'll bring cut straw, and spread it at her door.

[*Exit.*

*Marg.* (*going to the house*). How bitterly I once  
could rail,

If a poor maiden chanced to fail!  
Not words enough my tongue could frame  
When speaking of another's shame ;  
How black it seem'd! and then, howe'er  
I strove to darken it, it ne'er  
Seem'd black enough. So proud was I,  
I bless'd myself, and walk'd so high ;  
And now myself I feel within  
The sense that I am prey to sin ;  
Yet, everything that to it drove  
Seem'd naught of guilt! Ah! all was love!

RECESS.

*In a niche of the wall, a devotional image of the  
Mater Dolorosa ; pots of flowers before it.*

*MARGARET sets fresh flowers in the pots.*

*Marg.* Mother of many sorrows! deign, oh deign!  
To turn thy face with pity on my pain!  
The sword hath enter'd in thy heart,  
Thou of a thousand pangs hast part ;  
Thou lookest up, thou gazest on  
The death of HIM who was thy son!

Thy gaze doth to the Father rise,  
And to his throne ;  
Thou for His grief dost breathe thy sighs,  
And for thine own!

Who feels—who knows—  
How fiercely glows  
The torment that doth pierce me to the bone ?  
How my poor heart, in throbbing, burns ;  
Ah! how it trembles, how it yearns,  
Thou knowest—and but thou alone!

Where'er—where'er I go,  
What woe, what woe, what woe  
Within my bosom here—is stirring, waking!  
Alas! alas! now scarce alone am I ;  
I weep, I weep, ah! bitterly I cry ;  
My heart, my very heart is in me breaking.

The flower-pots at my window  
Were wet with my tears like dew,  
As I in the early morning  
Gather'd these flowers for you.

A cheerful beam in my chamber  
The sun at his rising shed ;  
Already, in all my sorrow,  
I sat on my sleepless bed.

Help! save me from disgrace and death!—incline,  
Mother of many sorrows! turn thy glance,  
Thy pitying countenance,  
Upon this anguish and distress of mine!

NIGHT.—THE STREET BEFORE MARGARET'S DOOR.

*VALENTINE (a soldier, MARGARET'S brother).*

*Val.* When I sat 'mid a company  
Where every one to boast is free,  
And each companion loudly said  
The praises of his favourite maid ;  
Each, with a brimming glass, his own  
Loud commendations washing down ;  
My elbow on the table—I  
Sat quiet in security,  
And confidently listening  
To all their boasts and swaggering ;  
Then, smiling, stroked my beard, and placed  
A brimming goblet in my hand,  
Saying, "To every one his taste,  
But can a maid in all the land  
With my dear little Margaret stand,  
Or hold a candle to her?" So  
Kling, Klang,—round went it merrily ;  
And some would shout, "He's right, I know ;  
The pearl of all her sex is she ;"  
Then all the boasters silent were,  
And now!—Oh! I could rend my hair  
Out by the roots, and rushing go  
Against the walls myself to throw!  
With sneering speech and lifted nose  
Each churl will mock me as he goes,  
While I must like a bankrupt sit,  
At every chance-dropp'd word to sweat ;  
And could I crush them in my ire,  
Yet could I never call them liar!  
Who is't comes here? who's slinking hither?  
Unless I err, there's two together.  
If it is he, I'll at him drive ;  
He shall not leave the spot alive!

*FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES enter.*

*Faust.* How, through the window of the sacristy,  
The eternal taper's light doth outward gleam!  
Fainter and fainter grows its sidelong beam,  
Till darkness closes round it utterly!  
So seems it as if all were night in me.

*Meph.* And I feel like a cat that amorously  
Creeps up the fire-ladders, and doth trace  
Around the walls with sly and stealthy pace ;  
Yet very virtuously, ne'ertheless,  
A spice of thief-like joy, a little wantonness!  
So thrills already through each limb and vein  
The glorious May-day night, that comes again  
The day succeeding to the morrow ;—there  
One knows for what the vigil doth prepare.

*Faust.* Meanwhile is that the treasure rising—  
I Can in the distance by its light descry?



*Meph.* The pleasure may full soon be thine  
To raise the casket from its shrine ;  
I lately glanced upon the hoard—  
Good lion-dollars are within it stored.

*Faust.* And not a trinket—not a ring  
Wherewith to deck my lovely girl ?

*Meph.* I saw within it some such thing ;  
A kind of band or string of pearl !

*Faust.* 'Tis well ! if I my loved one see  
Without a gift, it grieveth me.

*Meph.* Yet ought it not your mind annoy,  
Some pleasure gratis to enjoy !

While shine the stars the heavens along,  
A very masterpiece I'll play her ;

I'll sing her quite a moral song,  
The better to betray her ! [*He sings to the guitar.*]

" Why art thou, Catherine, before  
The threshold of thy lover's door  
Thus by the dawn of day ?  
A maid he'll let thee in ;—but ne'er  
From thence departing wilt thou e'er  
A maiden go away !

" Beware, beware ! when the delight  
Is past and o'er—good night, good night,  
Poor simple, trusting thing !  
If thou dost love thyself—ne'er bless  
The spoiler with thy love, unless  
Thy finger bears the ring."

*Val.* (*comes forward*). Thou cursed rat-catcher !  
who art thou  
Alluring with thy music now ?  
To the devil first the instrument !  
Then with it be the singer sent !

*Meph.* All's up with the guitar—that's dash'd  
to shreds. [*heads !*]

*Val.* Now you shall have a round of cracking

*Meph.* Come, Doctor ! never flinch ! to work !  
And as I tell you, all things carry ;

Out quickly with your toasting-fork,  
But only thrust, for I will parry !

*Val.* Then parry that !

*Meph.* Why not ?

*Val.* And this.

*Meph.* I will.  
*Val.* The Devil must be fighting here ! what  
thrill

Is this ? my hand is getting dead and lame.

*Meph.* (*to Faust*). Thrust home !

*Val.* (*falls*). Ah ! woe !

*Meph.* There ! now the clodpole 's tame !  
But hence ! for we must quickly disappear ;

Already rings for us the murderous cry !

With the police my footing 's pretty fair,  
But with the blood-ban it were hard to vie !

[*Exeunt.*]

*Mar.* (*at the window*). Here, here, without  
here !

*Marg.* Bring a light !

*Mar.* (*still at the window*). They swear and  
scuffle, shriek and fight !

*Several Persons.* One's dead !

*Mar.* (*coming from the house*). And are the  
murderers gone ?

*Marg.* (*also coming forward*). Oh ! who lies  
here ?

*The People.* Thy mother's son !

*Marg.* Almighty God ! what misery !

*Val.* I'm dying ! that soon said may be,  
And sooner yet it will be done !

Peace, women, with your howling ! hither !  
And listen to me altogether ! [*They all go to him.*]  
Hark, Margaret ! you are young as yet—your skill  
Is scarce enough—you manage matters ill—  
I tell it you in confidence ;

Now you are once a whore, proceed,  
And be one without more pretence ;

Be like the thing you are indeed ! [*say !*]

*Marg.* My brother ! God ! what wouldst thou  
*Val.* Leave God out of the game, I pray !

What's done, alas ! is done ;—and now  
E'en as they may must all things go ;

Thou secretly begin'st with one,  
Soon more to these will follow on ;

And when a dozen first caress thee,  
Then all the city may possess thee ;

When Guilt, in birth, first sees the light,

Only in secret is she shown,

By every one the veil of night

Around her head is thrown ;

Ay ! all to stifle her are fain,

But still she grows and power doth gain ;

Then will she walk 'neath daylight's beam,

Yet doth not any fairer seem ;

The fouler grows her countenance,

The more she seeks the daylight's glance.

The time I can already see,

When thee all honest hearts will spurn,

And will aside, avoiding thee,

As from a corse infectious turn !

Within thee shall thy heart despair,

When people look thee in the face ;

No more the golden chain thou'lt wear,

Nor kneel thee at the holy place ;

No more, amid the dance, shall be

Thy lace-work'd ruff a joy to thee ;

In some obscure and wretched cell,

Thou wilt with beggars, cripples dwell ;

And even should thy God forgive,

Thou, 'neath a curse on earth shalt live !

*Mar.* To Heaven's mercy recommend thy soul !

Wouldst load thyself with slander, too ?

*Val.* Thou foul

And shameless woman ! could I tear

Thy wither'd form, I would not care

For all my sins ; for them I ne'ertheless

Should hope to gain a full forgiveness !

*Marg.* My brother ! Oh this dreadful pain !

*Val.* Cease with your tears, and let them be !

Then when thou didst thy honour stain,

Thou gavest the deepest stab to me !

I, through the slumber of the grave,

Go to my God, a soldier brave ! [*He dies.*]

#### THE CATHEDRAL.

*During the service.—Organ and Anthem.*

MARGARET among a number of people. Evil Spirit behind  
MARGARET.

*Evil S.* How different, Margaret, it was with  
thee,

When, full of innocence, thou stood'st before

The altar, and didst kneel thee at its foot,

Lispings thy prayers from out the well-worn book,

Half in the playfulness of childhood—half

As if a sense of God were in thy soul !

How is it, Margaret, now? within thy heart  
 What crime and evil doing?  
 Art praying for thy mother's soul, who slept,  
 And from her sleep pass'd into weary pain  
 And lengthen'd suffering, by thee! Whose blood  
 Is wet upon thy threshold?  
 Beneath thy heart stirs there not, even now,  
 That which is torturing both itself and thee  
 With a foreboding presence?

*Marg.* Woe! ah woe!  
 Would I were free of all these evil thoughts  
 That through me pass, and will come over me,  
 Spite of myself!

Choir. *Dies iræ, dies illa*  
*Solvat sæctum in favilla.* [Organ plays.]

*Evil S.* A horror seizes thee! the trumpet  
 sounds,  
 The graves are heaving, and thy heart, awak'd  
 From out its slumber of the dust, and brought  
 To life again, is trembling up, to meet  
 Its doom of fire! [gan's tone]

*Marg.* Oh! would I were from hence! the or-  
 appears to stifle me—the anthem melts  
 My inmost heart.

Choir. *Judex ergo cum sedebit*  
*Quidquid latet adparebit,*  
*Nil inultum remanebit.*

*Marg.* I feel oppress'd! the pillars of the wall  
 Close over me—the vaulted roof comes down  
 And presses on me!—Air!

*Evil S.* Hide thee! yet shame and sin  
 Rest not conceal'd or hidden. Air and light!  
 Woe to thee!

Choir. *Quid sum, miser, tunc dicturus?*  
*Quem patronum rogaturus?*  
*Cum vir Justus sit securus.*

*Evil S.* The glorified their countenances turn  
 Away from thee; to stretch to thee the hand,  
 The pure and stainless shudder! woe to thee!

Choir. *Quid sum, miser, tunc dicturus?*  
*Marg.* Neighbour! your smelling-flask!

[She falls senseless.]

WALPURGIS-NIGHT.—THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS, DIS-  
 TRICT OF SCHIRKE AND ELEND.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

*Meph.* Are you not longing for a broomstick? I  
 Would ride the roughest goat most willingly.  
 Upon the road we pass, our way is long,  
 And distant yet from what its end must be;

*Faust.* While I upon my legs feel fresh and  
 This trusty, knotted stick suffices me. [strong,  
 Why make more short the track! to thread

Each winding valley as we go,—  
 Then, mounting, o'er the rocks to tread,  
 Whence streamlets, ever bubbling, flow,  
 Their downward rushing course—that, that is bliss  
 That lends enjoyment to a path like this;  
 Already in the birchen tree

The quickening breath of spring is glowing;  
 The very pine, too, seems to be  
 The genial influence knowing.

Will not the self-same power of spring  
 Work on our limbs its strengthening?

*Meph.* I nothing know of spring-time's heat,  
 Within me all is wintry now,  
 And on my path I'd rather meet  
 With winter's frost and winter's snow.

How drearily upon the night  
 The dull, red moon's imperfect disk  
 Is rising with belated light,

And shines so dimly that we risk  
 The stumbling up against a tree,  
 Or on a rock, at every turn!—  
 Let me a Wildfire call—I see  
 One yonder doth right gaily burn.  
 Ho! Ho, friend, yonder; may I dare  
 Request your company to-night?  
 Why should you vainly blaze and flare?  
 Be good enough our steps to light!  
*Wildfire.* I hope I may, from reverence to you,  
 My usual flickering tendency subdue;  
 Our common course is anything but straight.

*Meph.* Ha! ha! he's thinking man to imitate!  
 But i' the Devil's name now, go  
 Straight on your path, or I will blow  
 Your flickering life out.

*Wildfire.* Well I know  
 You're lord and master here, and therefore I  
 To suit myself to you will freely try;  
 But think! the mountain's magic-mad to-night,  
 And when a Wildfire is your guiding light,  
 You must not ask for too much nicety!

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, and WILDFIRE (in alternating  
 Song).

The sphere of dreams—of magic-spell  
 Now, it seemeth, do we tread;  
 So, for your credit guide us well,  
 That we afar betimes be led,  
 Where regions wild and wasted lie.

Trees succeeding trees shoot by,  
 See! how rapidly and swift!  
 Every mountain summit bent,  
 Boweth low each mountain clift;  
 These snouts of rock, long, jagged, rent,  
 How they're snorting! how they're blowing!

Through the turf, through pebbles flowing,  
 Brook and streamlet hasten on;  
 Hear I the murmuring song they raise!  
 Hear I soft love's complaining tone,  
 The voices of those heavenly days!  
 All that we hope, all love endears,  
 Breathes to us from that gentle strain,  
 And like a tale of distant years,  
 Their voice re-echoed sounds again.

Too—whoo! Too—whoo—it comes more near  
 The pewitt, owl, and jay are here;  
 Are they all then still awake?  
 Gleam Salamanders through the brake,  
 Long of leg, with paunches wide!  
 How the roots, like serpents, glide,  
 Winding forth from rock and sands,  
 Stretch'd in strange and fearful bands,  
 Seemingly to terrify  
 Or seize us as we pass them by!  
 From massy knots where life is living,  
 Polype-like fibres stretch and stir,  
 As if they with their arms were striving,  
 To wind around the wanderer.  
 Mice in legions run beneath,  
 Many-hued, through moss and heath;  
 In circling swarms the glow-worms fly,  
 A confounding company!

Tell me ! tell me ! do we stand ?  
 Or advance we o'er the land ?  
 All things seem around to spin,  
 Trees and rocks distorted grin ;  
 Wildfires, as they dancing beam,  
 Now divide—now swelling gleam !  
*Meph.* Grasp my mantle firm and tight,  
 This rocky peak's a central height  
 From whence one wondering discerns  
 How Mammon in the mountain burns !  
*Faust.* How strangely glimmers through the  
 ground  
 A mournful light like morning's red ;  
 E'en where the gulfs are most profound,  
 Its quivering ray is downward shed.  
 A mine-damp here,—here exhalations sweep,  
 Through veiling mist, here rays of light are  
 gleaming ;  
 Now fine, and threadlike, o'er the earth they creep,  
 Then burst on high, like to a fountain streaming !  
 Here marks the light a winding trace  
 With hundred veins the valley through,  
 Here gather'd in the narrow space  
 'Tis spent and scatter'd forth anew !  
 There, near us, sparks are glittering bright  
 Like upthrown showers of golden sand ;  
 But see ! in all its craggy height  
 The mountain burneth like a brand !  
*Meph.* Lights not Sir Mammon for the feast  
 Right gloriously his palace dome ?  
 That thou hast seen it, think thee blest ;  
 See ! the wild guests already come.  
*Faust.* How furiously o'er all the storm-blast  
 goes !  
 It strikes against my neck in heavy blows.  
*Meph.* Grasp by the rock's old ribs, and grasp  
 them tight,  
 Or it will sweep you down yon gulf profound ;  
 A cloud-like mist hath thicken'd o'er the night.  
 Hark ! what loud crashings through the forest  
 sound !  
 The owls fly scared away ; the whirlwind's stress  
 Bursts through the ever-verdant palaces,  
 Splintering their pillars ! Listen ! as they break,  
 The boughs and branches, how they crack and  
 creak !  
 The groaning of the trunks, their mighty mourn,  
 The snapping of the roots asunder torn,  
 As in a fearfully-entangled fall  
 Over each other, crashing go they all !  
 And through the wreck and ravage-strew'd abysses  
 The wind-blast sweeps along and howls and hisses !  
 Hear'st thou not voices there on high  
 In the distance—to us nigh ?  
 Yes ! all the mountain range along  
 Here streams a raving witches' song.  
*Witches (in chorus).* The witches to the Brocken  
 speed,  
 The stubble's yellow—green the seed !  
 There all the bands together meet  
 Sir Urian in the highest seat,  
 Witch and goat together flying  
 Over stock and stone are hieing.  
*Voices.* Old Baubo comes—and comes alone—  
 A farrow sow she rides upon.  
*Chorus.* To whom is honour, honour pay—  
 Old Mother Baubo, lead the way !  
 Our mother a good sow bestriding,  
 And all the witches after riding.  
*Voice.* Which way hast thou come ?

*Voice.* Over Ilsenstein's crest,  
 Where I just peep'd me into a shriek-owl's nest ;  
 How her eyes glared at me !

*Voice.* To hell ! away,  
 What a pace you are driving along to-day !

*Voice.* She's scratch'd my face in passing me,  
 Look at it—you the wound may see !

*Chorus of Witches.* The way is broad, the way  
 is long,

What a mad and raving throng !  
 The fork doth stick, the besom sweeps,  
 The baby is stifled, the mother weeps.

*Wizards (half chorus).* Like snails within their  
 The women get before us all, [shells we crawl,  
 For in advancing to the house of ill  
 They are a thousand steps before us still.

*The other half.* Quite so precise as that we do  
 not take it,

The woman in a thousand steps may make it ;  
 But let a woman haste howe'er she can,  
 In one sole bound 'tis finish'd by a man.

*Voice (above).* Come with us, come with us from  
 Felsensee !

*Voices (from below).* There with you on high  
 we would readily flee,  
 We wash and are clear from all soiling and stain,  
 But ever unfruitful and barren remain.

*Both Choruses.* The winds are still—the stars  
 And gladly hides the dreary moon, [have flown,  
 With whizzing rush, the magic crew  
 Sparks by thousands onward strew.

*Voice (from below).* Halt ! halt !

*Voice (from below).* Who calls from the rocky  
 cleft ?

*Voice (beneath).* Oh ! take me with you,—I  
 here am left !

Three hundred years I've tried to get  
 Up to the peak, nor reach'd it yet !  
 I would that I with my fellows were !

*Both Choruses.* The broom can carry—the  
 stick can bear,

The fork and goat cut through the air ;  
 Who cannot raise himself to-day,  
 He for ever lost must lay.

*A Half-witch (beneath).* Long have I follow'd,  
 hobbling on,

And yet how far the rest have gone !  
 At home no quiet can I gain,  
 Nor any peace I here attain.

*Chorus of Witches.* The witch-salve stirs the  
 witches' blood ;

A rag to make our sail is good ;  
 To make a gallant ship and tight,

On any trough we call ;  
 Whoever cannot fly to-night  
 Will never fly at all.

*Both Choruses.* When we've flown around the  
 Descending, we the earth will seek ; [peak,  
 The broad, wide heath shall cover'd be  
 With all the swarm of witchery !

[*They let themselves down.*

*Meph.* There is a crowding, driving, clattering,  
 rustling,—

There is a whizzing, twirling, prattling, bustling !  
 Light, fire, and stink, and sparks that burning fly,  
 A very element of sorcery.

Stick close, or we shall quickly parted be !  
 Where art thou ?

*Faust.* Here !

*Meph.* So soon so far from me !

My power as master here, I must display,—  
Place! Squire Voland comes! sweet folks, make  
Give room, sweet people! Doctor! here, [way!

Take hold of me, and at a spring  
Quick let us of the crowd get clear;  
Even for me 'tis too bewildering.

There's something yonder shining bright,  
And with a strange peculiar light,  
It draws me to yon thickets there—and so  
Come with me, come—we will among them go!

*Faust.* Spirit of contradiction!—but go on!  
For thou mayst lead me; it was wisely done  
In truth—upon Walpurgis-night

Thus to the Brocken to repair,  
To seek for solitude outright,  
Directly we are there!

*Meph.* See! colour'd flames are burning high,  
There meets some merry company;  
Among a few one's ne'er alone.

*Faust.* I rather would have higher gone;  
Smoke is drifting—fires are gleaming,  
All the multitude is streaming,

Driving to the evil-one!  
There many a riddle must be solved!

*Meph.* There, too,  
Must many a riddle tie itself anew;

Let the great world e'en bluster as it may,  
We here in peace and quietness will stay;  
It is a saying of an ancient date,

That little worlds we form within the great.  
Young witches I can yonder see

Who show their beauty stripp'd and bare,  
And witches old, who prudently

A veiling mantle round them wear.  
If but for my sake, come! comply with all;  
The pleasure will be great, the labour small.

I hear the music tuning round!  
What a cursed jingling, jangling sound!

One must get used to't. Come with me,  
Come! otherwise it cannot be.

I'll lead the way, and introducing you,  
Place you beneath an obligation new.

No narrow space is that! What say you, friend?  
Gaze onward! you can scarcely see the end;

A hundred fires are burning in a row—  
They chat, they cook, they wildly dancing go,  
Make love and drink—now, tell me where,

Than this, we could ought better see?  
*Faust.* But mean you when we enter there  
As wizard or as devil to be?

*Meph.* Indeed, much used am I to go  
About the world incognito,

But yet upon a levee-day  
'Tis well one's orders to display.

I have no garter to denote  
And tell to all the rank I bear,

But you will find the cloven foot  
To-night is honour'd everywhere.

See you this snail? she creeps this way,  
And puts her feelers forth, to say

She finds out something in me. No! if I  
Wish'd it, I could not who I am deny.

But now from fire to fire will we roam,—  
I'll be the friend, and you the gallant—come!

[To some persons who are sitting round a few dying  
embers.

Well, my old gentlemen! what do you here,  
Thus at the end of all? If I had found you

Placed nicely in the midst, with all the cheer  
And riot of the youthful tumult round you,

That were some praise;—one must possess  
At home enough of loneliness.

*General.* Who can his trust in nations place,  
Though for them he has all things done!

With them 'tis as with woman's race,  
By youth the prize is always won.

*Minister.* Now from the right are all men wide—  
For me! the good old times I praise

When we could all things rule and guide;  
They were, in truth, the golden days.

*Parvenu.* We were no fools, yet oft, no doubt,  
Did what we ought not to have done,

And now have all things turn'd about,  
Just as we wish'd all change to shun!

*Author.* Who in the present day will care,  
To read a work of moderate sense!

As for the rising race—they ne'er  
Show'd such conceit and impudence!

*Meph.* (who suddenly appears extremely old).  
Because to-night the last will be

That I the witches' mount shall climb,  
The people everywhere, I see,

Are ready for the end of time;  
And as my cask runs low—I find

The world too's on the tilt inclined!  
*A Witch* (who is selling old clothes and frip-

pery). Do not, good sirs, thus pass me by,  
Nor lose this opportunity;

Look well upon my wares, and mark my hoard!  
Varieties among my stock abound,

No fellow to my shop on earth is found,  
And yet no article is in it stored,

But at some time or other was made  
The instrument of ill to man;

No dagger, but adown its blade  
A stream of staining blood has ran;

No goblet but has pour'd a poisoning juice  
Into some body that in health did move;

No gem or jewel, but did once seduce  
Some woman worthy of the glance of love!

There is no sword will meet your hand,  
'Mid all the things that here you find,

That has not cut some holy band,  
Or stabb'd a foeman from behind.

*Meph.* Cousin! you do not know such times as  
these;

All done and happen'd—happen'd still and done.  
Betake yourself to selling novelties,—  
By novelty alone is notice won.

*Faust.* This, with a vengeance, I a fair may call;  
I trust I may my senses keep unmoved!

*Meph.* Upwards the thronging mass is strug-  
gling all;

You think to shove—and you yourself are  
*Faust.* Who then is that? [shoved!

*Meph.* Ah, mark her for your life,  
'Tis LILITH.

*Faust.* Who?

*Meph.* 'Tis LILITH—Adam's wife  
Before he wedded Eve; beware, beware,

Of the excelling beauty of her hair,  
In which she shineth so surpassingly!

When a young man she may with that ensnare,  
She lets him not so soon again get free.

*Faust.* There then sit two—one old, the other  
young,

They have already deftly danced and sprung.  
*Meph.* No stop or pause to-night! See! they

begin  
Another dance! come! with them let's join in!

*Faust (dancing with the Young Witch).* A beautiful dream once came to me,  
I in it saw an apple-tree ;  
Two luscious apples on it hung,  
They tempted me, I to them sprung.

*The beautiful Witch.* The apple eye could man entice  
Down from the days of Paradise ;  
I feel me much rejoiced to know,  
Such, too, within my garden grow.

*Meph. (with the Old Witch).* A wild, strange dream once came to me,  
I in it saw a rifted tree ;

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

*The Old Witch.* I to the cloven-footed knight  
My heartiest greetings give to-night ;

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

*Proctophantasmist.* You cursed rabble ! what is it you dare ?

Have you not all long since been made aware,  
That spirits stand not on such feet  
As those on which mankind must go ?  
Yet here you're dancing, light and fleet,  
Just as we common mortals do !

*The beautiful Witch (dancing).* What does he do, then, at our ball ?

*Faust.* He's present everywhere and censures all ;

How others dance, he must appraise and rate,  
And if of every step he cannot prate,  
It were as well the step had ne'er been ta'en ;  
He loudest grumbles when we progress gain,  
Advancing forwards ; if we traced,  
One dull, unvarying circle still,  
In such a course as must be paced  
Around his old and worn-out mill,  
He'd call that right perhaps ; especially  
If he might on the point consulted be.

*Proctophantasmist.* Still here !—it is unheard-of ;—vanish ! go !

We have enlighten'd all the world, you know ;  
This devil's crew—they lay no stress  
On form or rule ;—we are so wise !  
And yet there's Tegel, ne'ertheless,  
Still sprite-disturb'd and haunted lies !  
And what a time have I not sweeping been  
At the delusion, yet 'tis never clean ;  
It is unheard-of !

*The beautiful Witch.* Pray forbear !  
And cease, at least, to plague us here.

*Proctophantasmist.* I tell you, phantoms, to your face,—my soul

Will not, of spirits, ever brook controul ;  
By my own spirit no such sway is wrought ;  
[*They dance onward.*]

To-night, I see I shall succeed in naught !

Yet still myself in readiness I hold  
My journey ever onward to pursue,  
And hope, before my latest step I've told,  
To triumph o'er the devils and poets too.

*Meph.* \* \* \* \* \*

[*To FAUST, who has stepped aside out of the dance.*  
Why hast thou let the beautiful maid withdraw,  
Who to thee, in the dance, so sweetly sang ?

*Faust.* Ah ! in the middle of her song, I saw  
A dun-red mouse that from her mouth out-sprang !

*Meph.* Tush ! to such trifles here no heed we pay,—

'Tis well you did not find the mouse was grey ;  
I' the hour of bliss who for such things would care ?

*Faust.* Then saw I ———

*Meph.* What ?

*Faust.* Mephisto', see'st thou there,  
Lone and far off, that figure pale and fair ?

With pain it moves, its step is sad and slow,  
It seems with chain'd and fetter'd feet to go ;  
I must confess that it appears to me  
In figure like poor Margaret to be !

*Meph.* Gaze not upon it, for with ill 'tis fraught,  
'Tis without life, a shape by magic wrought,  
An idol dead. To meet it is not good,  
Her chilling glance benumbs the human blood,  
And man is almost frozen into stone ;  
The fable of Medusa thou hast known.

*Faust.* In truth the eyes she gazes with, are those

Of a dead corpse no loving hand could close !  
That is the breast which Margaret yielded me,  
And that the form I clasp'd—that form so dear !

*Meph.* Thou easy-cheated fool ! 'Tis sorcery ;  
She doth to every one the same appear !

The form of her he loves doth always borrow !

*Faust.* What rapture ! yet, alas ! what poignant  
I cannot, cannot, from that glance [sorrow !  
A moment turn my countenance ;  
How wondrously the fairness of her neck,  
That single, narrow, crimson line doth deck,  
No broader than a knife-back.

*Meph.* Ah ! most true !

Now that you mention it, I see it too ;

I can perceive she may, if so she will,

Her own head carry underneath her arm,—

Perseus has cut it off for her. But still

Have such delusions for you such a charm ?

Come ! up the hill ! away, away,

All is as merry here to-day

As on the Prater ! and unless I err

Or am bewitch'd, I see a theatre !

What's here to do ?

*Servibilis.* Directly will be given

A bran new piece—the newest piece of seven ;

It is a usage common with us here

To let so many in a night appear ;

A Dilettante's pen together tack'd it,

And they are Dilettanti who will act it.

But, sirs, my absence pray allow,

For I must to my post away ;

My Dilettante duty now,

To raise the curtain for the play.

*Meph.* When on the Blocksberg hill I find

You placed—'tis much unto my mind,

It just the proper place must be,

For you and all your company.

WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM:

OR,

OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN WEDDING-FEAST.



INTERMEZZO.



## WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM.

INTERMEZZO.

*Theatre-Manager.* To-day then we for once  
Brave sons of Mieding we ; [may rest,  
The lofty hill—the dew-damp vale,  
Are all our scenery.

*Herald.* Before the bridal golden be  
Must fifty years departing flee ;  
If the quarrel now has ceased,  
The golden bridal likes me best.

*Oberon.* Sprites ! if ye are with me here,  
Now be it testified,  
To-day the fairy king and queen  
Their band anew have tied.

*Puck.* When Puck appears, and spins him  
And glides amid the dance, [round,  
Behind him, with him to rejoice,  
Hundreds of sprites advance.

*Ariel.* Ariel wakes the fairy song,  
Heavenly clear it floats along ;  
It lureth triflers it is true,  
But it lureth beauty too.

*Oberon.* Wedded-ones, who would agree,  
Learn ye from my queen and me ;  
To make a couple love and smile,  
We need but part them for awhile.

*Titania.* If the husband knits his brow,  
If the wife her airs should show,  
Seize them both and let them be  
Off convey'd immediately ;  
To the southward bear her forth,  
And him to the extremest north.

*Orchestra, tutti (fortissimo).* Nose of gnat and  
snout of fly,  
With all their consanguinity—  
Frogs the scatter'd leaves beneath,  
Crickets in the grass and heath,  
These must the musicians be  
To utter forth our minstrelsy.

*Solo.* See, the bag-pipe coming on,  
A soapen bubble thinly blown ;  
Schnick-schnack, schnick-schnack, how it goes  
Through its short and stumpy nose !

*The Spirit that is fashioning itself.* Spider's leg  
Toad-like belly fitted to't ; [and spider's foot,  
For the little, little thing  
Buddeth forth the little wing ;  
It makes no creature—but it will  
Bring forth a little poem still.

*Pair of Lovers.* Little step and lofty bound,  
Through honey-dew, and mist around,  
You trip it to me well and fair,  
But you mount not in the air.

*Curious Traveller.* Is't not a masking mockery,  
Or is my eye-sight clear !

That the so beauteous Oberon  
To-night, too, should be here !

*Orthodox.* No claws or tail ! and yet no doubt  
Upon the mind can be,  
That even like the " Gods of Greece,"  
A right-down devil is he.

*Northern Artist.* All that I can seize to-night  
Will be but sketches quick and slight ;  
But I betimes will ready be  
For journeying to Italy.

*Purist.* Alas ! ill fortune hither leads me  
What rioting and revels here,  
And out of all this crowd of witches,  
Two alone do powder wear !

*Young Witch.* Your powder, like the petticoat,  
Is but for women old and grey,  
So naked sit I on my goat,  
And a stout body bare display.

*Mother Witch.* To squabble in a place like this  
We've too much breeding got ;  
Though young and delicate you are,  
I hope you yet may rot.

*Leader of the Band.* Gnat's nose ! Fly snout !  
see ye harm not !

Round about the naked swarm not !  
Frogs the scatter'd leaves beneath,  
Crickets in the grass and heath,  
I have to beg you all, you will  
Keep time amid your music still.

*Weathercock (towards one side).* Society of such  
a kind

As one would ever wish to find—  
Truly, here are beauteous brides,  
Throngs of bachelors besides ;  
Man for man they here resort,  
People of most hopeful sort.

*Weathercock (on the other side).* If opens not  
the earth to-night,

To swallow up the whole outright,  
I with a light and rapid spring  
Right into hell myself will fling.

*Xenien.* We in our insect guise are here—  
With small sharp beaks we all appear,  
To Satan, our papa, to give  
Such honour as he should receive.

*Hennings.* See this tribe, all press'd together,  
How they're joking one another !  
I doubt not but at last you'll find  
Them saying that their hearts are kind.



*Musaget.* I like to lose myself among  
This witches' swarm—this witches' throng—  
Because they're easier to me  
To govern than the muses be.

*Ci-devant Genius of the Age.* When we with  
proper people go,  
How soon a somebody we grow !  
Here ! by my skirt be tow'd ;  
You'll find the Blocksberg as you pass  
Is like the German mount Parnass,  
Its top is pretty broad.

*Curious Traveller.* Say, who is yonder tall, stiff  
His very walk of pride it telleth ; [man ?  
He sniffs at all that sniff he can,  
" For Jesuits he smelleth."

*Crane.* In troubled waters and in clear,  
Me may you fishing see ;

E'en so this pious man is here  
In devil's company.

*Man of the World.* Yes ! for the pious, all can  
A vehicle of grace ; [be

Upon the Blocksberg's self they build,  
Full many a meeting-place.

*Dancer.* Surely a chorus new succeeds,  
I hear the drums afar !

But startle not ! among the reeds  
The one-voiced bitters are.

*Dancing-Master.\** How each one throws his legs  
Each getting on amidst the rout [about !

As best he can—the crooked springs,

The clumsy hops in awkward flings,

And no one asks another, how

Their flingings and their springings show.

*Fiddler.* This pack of rascals ! what a hate

Each ragamuffin bears his mate !

How gladly would they all bestow,

Each upon each the deadly blow !

In union they are only bound

Together by the bagpipe's sound,

As Orpheus' lyre, we are told,

Together brought the brutes of old.

*Dogmatist.* Neither a critic nor a doubt

From my opinion puts me out ;

Yet something still the devil must be,

Or how should one the devil see ?

*Idealist.* For once, then, phantasy I find

Too powerful within my mind ;

If I am *all*—I must confess

To-day 't must be in foolishness.

*Realist.* The actual is a very plague,

\* This and the following stanza were not inserted in the early editions of Faust.

Annoying here to meet ;  
For the first time, I do not stand  
Quite steady on my feet.

*Supernaturalist.* With much delight I'm here,  
These phantoms gladly mix— [and with

Conclusions of good spirits, I

Can from these devils fix.

*Sceptic.* They follow by the flame, and think

They near the treasure come ;

In German " devil " rhymes to " doubt,"

Here I am quite at home.

*Leader of the Band.* Frog, the scatter'd leaves

Cricket in the grass and heath, [beneath,

Accurséd *Dilettanti* !

Nose of gnat, and snout of fly,

Buzzing low and buzzing high,

Most tuneful *Musicanti* !

*The Clever Ones.* *Sansouci* ! so they name the

Who mirth in all things show ; [race

Feet are not used for walking now,

So on our heads we go.

*The Clumsy Ones.* We've spunged full many a  
bit of yore,

But that is now all past and o'er ;

We've danced our shoes through, and behold

We now are dancing naked soled.

*Wildfires.* From the place whence first we rose,

The marshy quagmire, we advance,

Yet soon the throng our presence knows

The brightest gallants in the dance.

*Falling Star.* I have fallen from on high,

In starry brightness through the sky ;

Here crossways in the grass I've lain,—

Who'll help me on my legs again ?

*The Solid Ones.* Place here ! Place ! Ho, spread

The bending grass gives way— [ye wade !

'Tis sprites that come, but ne'ertheless

Plump, solid limbs have they.

*Puck.* Your feet so heavy do not plant

Like the heels of elephant,

But let the sturdy Puck himself

Be here to-day the stoutest elf.

*Ariel.* If Nature kind your pinions gave—

If, from the spirit, wings you have,

Follow in my track so light

Up yon hill of roses bright !

*Orchestra (pianissimo).* Circling cloud and  
wreathing mist,

Descending, round us lay ;

In the leaves the wind is dying,

O'er the reeds the breeze is sighing,

And all has pass'd away !

A GLOOMY DAY.—THE OPEN PLAIN.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

*Faust.* In misery ! despairing ! long wretched and erring upon earth, and now a prisoner ! For dreadful sufferings, shut in a dungeon as a misdoer, the dear, unhappy creature ! To this ! even unto this ! Worthless, traitorous devil ? and this thou hast hidden from me ? Stand ! stand but before me ! Ay ! roll thy hellish eyes, in fury, in thy head ! Stand, and brave me with thine insupportable presence ! Imprisoned ! in helpless, remediless misery ! Delivered o'er to evil spirits, and to un pitying, sentence-passing man ! And me, the while, thou wert lulling in vapid, tasteless dissipations, hiding from me her growing wretchedness, and leaving her, without help, to perish !

*Meph.* She is not the first.

*Faust.* Dog ! abhorred monster !—Oh ! thou infinite spirit ! Change ! change the reptile again into that dog-like form, in which he so often walked before me on my evening path, rolling before the feet of the harmless wanderer, that he might fasten on his shoulders when he fell ! Change him again to his most frequently chosen form, that he may crouch on his belly in the dust before me, and that I may spurn him, the reprobate, with my foot ! Not the first ! Oh misery, misery ! by no human soul can it be conceived, that more than one created being could ever have sunk to such a depth of wretchedness, that the first, in the writhing agonies of death, should not have atoned for the guilt of all succeeding it, in the eyes of the ever-pardoning ! The misery of this single one harrows up my soul, the very depths of my being, and thou art coldly grinning over the doom of thousands.

*Meph.* Now again we are at our wit's end already ; there, where the sense of you men gives way from over-stretching. Why didst thou mate thyself with us, if thou canst not go through with it ! Wouldst thou fly, and art not secure from giddiness ? Thrust we ourselves on thee, or didst thou press thyself on us ?

*Faust.* Gnash not so thy devouring teeth at me ! I loathe thee !—O great and glorious spirit ; thou who hast deigned to make thyself visible to me ; thou who knowest my heart and my soul, why, why didst thou unite me to this companion of shame, who feedeth on evil and rejoices in destruction ?

*Meph.* Hast thou finished ?

*Faust.* Save her ! Free her ! or woe unto thee ! The most fearful curse be upon thee for thousands of years !

*Meph.* I cannot draw back the bolts, nor loosen the bands of the avenger. Save her ! Who thrust her downward to destruction ! Was it I or thou ?

[FAUST gazes wildly around him.]

Art thou grasping at the thunder ? Well is it, ye miserable mortals, that it is not given you ! To smite to pieces the innocent opposer ! That is ever the tyrant's mode of wreaking his rage at difficulties.

*Faust.* Bring me thither, where she is—she shall be free !

*Meph.* And the risk to thyself which thou runnest into ! The guilt of blood, and from thy hand, lies yet upon the town. Over the abode of the slain, sweep avenging spirits, lying in wait for the back-returning murderer.

*Faust.* And that too was by thee ! The death and murder of a world upon thee, monster ! Lead me thither, I say, and free her !

*Meph.* I will conduct thee there, and what I can do, hearken ! Have I all power in heaven and on earth ? The senses of the gaoler I will becloud ; possess yourself then of the keys, and bear her forth by the hand of man. I will watch ! The magic steeds are ready, this can I do.

*Faust.* Up and away !

NIGHT.—THE OPEN PLAIN.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES (*rushing past on black horses*).

*Faust.* What are these hovering round the Raven-stone ?

*Meph.* I know not what they're shaping and preparing.

*Faust.* They wave up, wave down—they bend, they stoop.

*Meph.* A band of witches.

*Faust.* They sprinkle and charm !

*Meph.* On ! On !

THE PRISON.

FAUST (*before an iron door, with a bunch of keys and a lamp*).

*Faust.* A long unwonted tremor on me falls—  
All that mankind can feel of misery,  
All human anguish fasteneth on me !  
Here is she bound behind these dreary walls ;  
An innocent delusion has been all  
The crime and guilt for which her life must fall.  
To go to her thou dost in doubt delay !  
Again then to behold her dost thou fear ?  
Thou'rt hesitating, while her hour is near ;  
Thy dallying lingers death along—away !  
[*He grasps the lock. A singing from within.*]

My mother, the harlot,  
Who kill'd me—and he,  
My father, the rogue,  
Who hath eaten me !  
My sister she took  
Up every bone,  
In a cool shady nook  
She laid them down.  
From them upward, upward springing,  
From the spot on which they lay,  
I rose a pretty wood-bird singing  
As I flew—away ! away !

*Faust.* She dreams not that her lover, listening,  
Hears the straw rustle and the fetters ring !

[*He enters.*]

*Marg.* (*hiding her face on the pallet*). Woe,  
woe is me ! they come. Oh, bitter death !

*Faust.* (*softly*). Be still ! be still, I come to set  
thee free.

*Marg.* (*throwing herself before him*). If thou'rt  
a man, and breathest human breath,  
Feel for my misery !

*Faust.* The gaoler fast in slumber lies,  
And thou wilt wake him with thy cries !

[*He takes hold of her chains to unlock them.*]

*Marg.* (*on her knees*). Who, headsman, could  
unto thee give  
O'er me this dreadful power ?  
Oh ! pity me, and let me live !  
Thou comest for me at midnight's hour ;

Will day-break not be time enough ?—and I  
So young, so young, and yet so soon to die !  
I was fair, too, and that was my undoing.  
Torn is the garland—they the flowers are strewing ;  
The friend so near me once, is far away ;  
Seize not so roughly on me—spare me yet ;  
What have I done to thee ? Oh ! do not let  
My anguish vainly for your mercy pray !  
I never saw you in my life I'm sure.

*Faust.* And I must all this misery endure !

*Marg.* I'm wholly in thy power—but let me first  
Give suck unto my infant ! I have nurs'd  
And rock'd it to its quiet rest  
The whole night through upon my breast ;  
They took my babe from me away,

To do me wrong and make me wild ;  
And now the wicked people say

That I have slain my child !

Gladness will never more possess my heart !

Songs do they sing about me, as they go ;

'Tis wicked of them, and an evil part,

There's an old story hath its ending so ;

Who bid them say how it applies ?

*Faust.* See ! at thy feet a lover lies !

To loose the yoke of misery.

*[Throws himself on the ground.]*

*Marg.* *(throws herself beside him).* Yes ! let us  
kneel together—we

Will pray the holy saints—but see !

Beneath the steps, around the threshold, wreath

The flames of hell ! see how they boil and seethe !

The Evil one within

Fearfully raging makes a hideous din !

*Faust.* *(aloud).* Margaret ! Margaret !

*Marg.* *(listening).* I hear

My lover's voice ! Where is he ? Where ?

*[She springs to her feet. The chains fall off.]*

I heard him call ! I'm free, I'm free !

No one shall stay, none hinder me.

Unto his neck I'll fly,

Upon his breast will lie ;—

He called on me ; and from the threshold's cell,

Through all the howls and clattering of hell,

Sounding the grim, infernal mockery through,

The sweet, the loving tone again I knew !

*Faust.* 'Tis I.

*Marg.* Is't thou ? Oh, say so once again !

*[embracing him.]*

'Tis he ! 'Tis he ! where now is all my pain,

The anguish of the dungeon and the chain ?

'Tis thou ! thou com'st to rescue me ;

Yes, I am sav'd ! Again I see

The street where first we met—and there,

The cheerful little garden, where

Myself and Martha stayed for thee !

*Faust.* *(endeavouring to lead her out).* Come !

come with me, my love, away !

*Marg.* *(caressing him).* Oh ! go not yet ! I

always stay

With such delight where'er thou art !

*Faust.* Unless thou hastenest to depart,

We shall most bitterly our lingering pay.

*Marg.* Ah ! how is this ?

Canst thou no longer kiss ?

Short as the time thou'st been from me away

To kiss hast thou forgotten ? As I lay

Hanging upon thy bosom thus,—oh ! why

Feel I so sad, when once my heart to bless

There came upon me from your words, your eye,

So full a heaven of joy and happiness ?

And thou didst kiss as if thou wouldst have ta'en  
Away my breath ! Come kiss me ; or again  
I will kiss thee ! *[Embracing him.]*

Ah, woe ! thy lips are cold,  
Are cold and dumb !

Where is it thou hast left thy love of old ?

This change—whence has it come ?

Thy love ! Ah ! who has robb'd me of it ?

*[She turns away from him.]*

*Faust.* Hence,

Take courage, love, and come with me away !

With love a thousand, thousand-fold intense

I'll clasp thee ; do but come ! 'tis all I pray.

*Marg.* *(turning to him).* And is it thou ? and  
is it thou indeed ?

*Faust.* 'Tis I—come with me !

*Marg.* By thy hand I'm freed !

Thou dost unlock the fetters and the chain,

And to thy bosom foldest me again ;

How is't thou dost not shrink from me in fear ?

And dost thou know whom thou art freeing here ?

*Faust.* Come ! come ! already wears away

The darkness of the night profound !

*Marg.* My mother did I slay !

My child have drown'd !

Was it not given to us both ? To thee ?

Is it thyself ? Oh, that it true can be

E'en now I scarce can deem ;

Thy hand !—'tis not a dream,

'Tis thy dear hand ! but ah ! 'tis damp—begone ;

There's blood upon it ! wipe the stain away !

Ah ! God ! What hast thou done !

Put up thy sword I pray !

*Faust.* Let what is past, be past. Thou kill'st me.

*Marg.* No,

Thou must stay here, and I will show

How all the graves prepared must be

To-morrow morning soon, you know

Care must be ta'en for them by thee !

My mother's place must be the best,

Beside her let my brother lay,

A little from them let me rest,

But only not too far away !

Upon my breast my child must be,

No other now will sleep with me—

Ah ! once unto thy side to press

And nestle—that was happiness !

But mine it never more will be ;

There's something draws me unto thee,

And yet I feel as if it were in vain,

It seems as if you thrust me back again !

And yet 'tis thou—looking so good, so kind !

*Faust.* If thou dost find,—

If thou dost feel that it is I,

Come with me, come !

*Marg.* From hence to fly !

*Faust.* To Freedom—yes, into the boundless  
air !

*Marg.* Is the grave there !

Waits Death without ? Then come !

From hence into the peaceful bed,

Where rests for evermore the head,

But farther, not a single step I'll roam.

Thou'rt going from me now, away ;

Oh, Henri ! could I go with thee !

*Faust.* Come ! if you will, my love, you may !

If thou dost only wish it—see,

Here ready stands the open door !

*Marg.* I dare not go ! for me is hope no  
more.

What would it help me if I fled?  
 They watch for me the country through;  
 It is so hard to beg one's bread!  
 And with an evil conscience too!  
 In a strange land to roam and stray,  
 It is such pain and wretchedness!  
 And let me do whate'er I may  
 They'd seize upon me ne'ertheless!  
*Faust.* I shall be with thee!

*Marg.* Quick! away!  
 Save thy poor child! the pathway keep  
 That upward by the brook doth sweep!  
 Across the little bridge,  
 Among the trees!  
 To the left! 'tis in the pool!  
 Quick! seize it! seize it!  
 It struggles still—and tries  
 Again to rise;  
 Save! save it!

*Faust.* Calm thyself I pray—and see,  
 Take but a single step and thou art free!  
*Marg.* Would that we had but pass'd the hill!  
 There sits my mother on a stone;  
 My head, my brain, grows cold and chill;—  
 There sits my mother, all alone;  
 She waveth to and fro,  
 And now is still, nor nod nor sign is making;  
 Her head doth heavy grow—  
 She slept so long, her slumber knew no waking.  
 That we the hours might enjoy she slept—  
 Ah, those were pleasant times!

*Faust.* Since I have wept,—  
 Implored, in vain—I will no more delay—  
 I'll even risk the bearing thee away!

*Marg.* No force! release me! let me go!  
 And grasp me not thus murderously!  
 I have in other times, you know,  
 Done every thing to pleasure thee!

*Faust.* Day breaks apace! My Love, my love—  
*Marg.* The day!  
 Yes, it is growing light—it brings to me  
 The day which is my last;—it was to be

My marriage morning! unto no one say  
 Thou wast with Margaret so soon!  
 Woe to my garland! all is done;  
 Again we shall each other see,  
 But at the dance it will not be.  
 The crowd is gathering—but no sound is there!  
 The streets—the square—  
 Cannot the thousands hold—  
 The staff is broken and the bell has toll'd;  
 How do they seize upon me! bind me fast—  
 Swift, swiftly to the seat of blood they haste!  
 Already am I there—and now the shine  
 Of that keen glaive,  
 Seems glancing for each neck, though drawn alone  
 for mine!

Dumb lies the world as the unspeaking grave!  
*Faust.* Oh! had I ne'er been born!  
*Meph. (appears without).* Up! Up! away—  
 Or you are lost; how weak is this delay!  
 So long with prating and with loitering there;  
 My horses shudder in the morning air;  
 Day dawns!

*Marg.* What rises from the earth?  
 'Tis he! 'tis he—oh, drive him forth—  
 What on the place of holiness would HE?  
 Is it for me he cometh?

*Faust.* Thou shalt live!  
*Marg.* All-judging God!—to thee  
 Myself I give!

*Meph.* Come! or I'll leave you with her in the  
 mess!  
*Marg.* My father! I am thine; Oh! save and  
 bless!

Ye angels! guard me—and ye Heavenly things  
 Around me spread your all-protecting wings!  
 Henri! I shudder as I gaze on thee!

*Meph.* She's JUDGED!  
*Voice from Above.* IS SAV'D!

*Meph. (to Faust.)* Come hither! here, to me!  
 [Vanishes with Faust.]

*Voice from Within (dying away).* Henri!  
 Henri!

## NOTES

### THE DEDICATION.

THE Dedication, in the original, is written in the measure once so generally used by the Italian Poets, and which Byron has rendered familiar to us by his *Beppo* and *Don Juan*. Many years elapsed between the commencement of *Faust* and its completion; as it approached its conclusion, the mind of the poet might naturally revert to the friends among whom its earlier scenes were conceived and executed, and as memory calls their forms around him, to them he dedicates the result of the task they had once cheered by their approbation and applause. The passage in which the poet expresses a yearning for "the still, pensive spirit-land" (*Jenem stillen, ernsten Geisterreich*), has been quoted as one of the few in which Goethe expresses an aspiration towards the "world beyond," though he appears (from a conversation on the death of Wieland, recorded by Falk), to have been a firm believer in the immortality of the soul. It will be seen, however, that the passage is retrospective, inspired by the feelings of memory and love; and that the "Spirit realm" he yearns to enter, is that of the past rather than the future.

The vivid manner in which the past may be recalled in the present, either by dreams or in periods of abstraction, when the mind is the least affected by what is most actual in the circumstances external to it, is frequently alluded to by poets:—

"This bodiless creation, extasy  
Is very cunning in."

Lucretius proposes as one of the subjects of his inquiry:—

"Quæ res, nobis vigilantibus obvia, mentis  
Terrificet, morbo affectis, somnoque sepultis;  
Cernere uti videamur eos, audireque coram,  
Morte obit, quorum tellus amplectitur ossa."

Sir Walter Scott expresses the same thought more fully in describing the dreams of the Knight of Snowdoun (*Lady of the Lake, Canto I.*)

"Again return'd the scenes of youth,  
Of confident, undoubting truth;  
Again his soul he interchanged  
With friends whose hearts were long estranged.  
They come, in dim procession led,  
The cold, the faithless, and the dead,  
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,  
As if they parted yesterday."

"The Dedication to *Faust* certainly proves that this poem, as well as *Hermann and Dorothea*, were his most cherished productions. It was first published in the Cotta edition of 1816."—*Dr. Koller.*

The concluding lines of Rogers's *Italy* are in a strain of feeling similar to the sentiment of this Dedication:—

" 'Tis now long since;  
And now while yet 'tis day would he withdraw,  
Who, when in youth he strung his lyre, address'd  
A former generation. Many an eye  
Bright as the brightest now, is closed in night,  
And many a voice once eloquent, is mute,  
That, when he came, disdain'd not to receive  
His lays with favour."

To those who think that a translation should follow the original in form as well as subject, the following version, in the same measure as the German, may appear preferable to that given in the text:—

"Approach ye then once more, dim, shadowy train?  
As once before my troubled gaze ye flew?  
Shall I this once your fleeting forms retain?  
Is my heart still to its delusion true?  
Still press ye forward? Well, resume your reign,  
As rising from the mist ye meet my view.  
With youthful feelings is my bosom bounding  
Thrill'd by the magic breath your forms surrounding.

Forms known in early, happy days, you bring  
And with you many much lov'd shades arise;  
Like worn traditions, half forgotten, spring  
First love, and friendship, once more to mine eyes;  
Old pangs awake—and voiced with sorrowing,  
Life's mazy path again before me lies,  
Those naming, who of happy hours bereft  
Have vanish'd from the scene where I am left.

They do not hear, alas! the following lay,  
The souls who listen'd to my earliest song,  
Those echoes of my heart have died away,  
And far dispersed is all that friendly throng.  
To stranger-crowds my grief I now betray,  
Whose very praise seems to my heart a wrong;  
And those whom once my song could wake to mirth,  
If yet they live, are scatter'd o'er the earth.

And now a yearning long unfelt, I feel  
For the soft stillness of that spirit-land!  
In half-form'd tones my lisping lay doth steal  
Around like harp-notes which the winds command,  
I tremble—tears fast following tears, reveal  
That the stern heart is quell'd, is soft and bland—  
The present—dimly, as afar, I see;  
But all the past, appears reality."

### THE PRELUDE IN THE THEATRE,

*Manager, Theatre-poet, Merryman.*

The first of these three characters requires no comment, but the other two have not exactly their parallels among the members of a dramatic establishment in England. A poet is, or was, a more regular appendage to a German theatre than an English one. With us the writer of a play is not, as an author, connected with the theatre; he may sometimes, indeed, be a player also, but then he has a two-fold capacity, each distinct from the other. The business of a German Theatre-poet appears to be the furnishing dramatic material to the actors, on demand, and suitable to the moment, in a more certain manner than could be done by authors of equal, or perhaps superior powers, who write only by the inspiration of their genius, and whose productions may be very good in themselves, but badly timed, "like your old courtier's cap, richly suited but unsuitable." He is in fact kept in regular pay by a theatre

for his dramatic contributions, as a newspaper pays an editor for political ones; the condition of each situation being alike in this, that the right article must be furnished at the right time, which can only be done by those to whom practice has given readiness in directing their thoughts at once into the required channel, and the power of expressing those thoughts, such as they are, rapidly, forcibly, and clearly. In both cases a knowledge of the public at large, or that smaller section of it that constitutes a theatre audience, is necessary. It may easily be conceived that a delicate and poetic mind will find such task work and drudgery inexpressibly revolting to it, especially if it is compelled to direct its own efforts according to the sordid views of another. This is the situation of the "Poet" in the present dialogue; he thinks of what is noble and exalting in his art—the Manager only of what will fill the house and his treasury; it is only after the most painful struggles that the Poet can stoop to let his Pegasus be harnessed.

Shakspeare, when he first became connected with the stage, is supposed to have altered, amended, and retouched the plays of other authors, and that similar labour, when performed by other men, was occasionally paid for, there is conclusive proof; but it does not appear that the theatres of that period, retained a person quite identical with the "Theatre-Poet" of this prelude. Ben Jonson, as the "Court-Poet," writing the masques and allegories for the Court Revels, approaches the character more nearly.

The term "Merryman," does not adequately render the *Lustige-person* of the author. That word, however, is the only one we have that can be used for it, "Clown," or "Merry Andrew," not being admissible. The character understood by these three designations is merely the buffoon of our itinerant mountebanks and troops of equestrians, with more activity of body than brain, and whose jokes are principally of a practical kind. The *Lustige-person* of the German stage is the actor who in *As You Like It*, would be cast for *Touchstone*, or for *Master Lancelot*, in the *Merchant of Venice*, or for any other of the immortal clowns of Shakspeare, for these deal out satire and philosophy amid their rich and easy humour; they "make their folly their stalking horse, and under cover of that do shoot their wit." They are of a very different order to the Merryman of the Circus, or the Clown of the Pantomime, and to possess the qualities necessary to play them well, may excuse a little vanity in the possessor. In this, the *Lustige-person* before us does not seem deficient; he is fully alive to his own importance, and, it will be seen, agrees better with the worldliness of the Manager, than the refinements of the poet; he lives in and for the present, and has an especial contempt for the voice of posterity.

There is a passage in the works of that admirable French political writer, Paul Louis Courier, which explains the character of the *Lustige-person* of a different grade of society. Courier's style is in some degree like that of our Fonblanque, and on that account he was once called the *Lustig*, or the Jester of the National party; this is his reply:—"To abuse I am silent; but he calls me *Lustig*, and it is on this I take him. In speaking of me, he says, and thinks he says well, 'The *Loustic* of the National party,' while in so saying, the good man, he makes a mistake without suspecting it. The word is foreign, and when we borrow terms from foreigners they ought not to be altered. The Germans say *Lustig*, not *Loustic*, and I verily believe he does not know what the *Lustig* is. In a German regiment, he is the joker, the jolly fellow, who amuses every body and makes the regiment laugh; I ought to say only the privates and the subaltern officers, for all the others are nobles, and laugh, as is proper they should do, separately and apart. On a march, when the *Lustig* laughs, all the column laughs also, and cries out, 'What has he said?' Such a fellow must be no fool. It needs considerable talent to make men laugh who are beaten with the flat of the sabre, and are chastised with the stick; more than one journalist would find himself puzzled to do it. The *Lustig* diverts their attention, amuses them, sometimes prevents them from hanging themselves when they cannot desert, and for a moment

consoles them for the stick, black bread, fetters, and the insolence of aristocratic officers. Is this the office he has given me? I shall have plenty of work in it, but I will do my best."—*Lettres Particulières; Lettre 2d.*

*Our posts and boards are up, &c.*

The Theatre is evidently by this only a temporary erection, for the use of an itinerating company.

*When ere 'tis four, and yet in open day.*

The performances at the German theatres commence at an earlier hour than in our playhouses. The opening of a box-door will in summer time let a stream of sunshine into the pit, a rather novel appearance to an Englishman, who rarely sees the interior of a theatre till darkness has set in.

*As in some famine's sharp distress  
The mob throngs round a Baker's door.*

An illustration drawn probably from the accounts of the bakers' *queues*, during the French revolution; when the purchasers of bread were served in rotation, and gathered outside the doors of the bakers in anxious and famishing numbers.

*What is it climbs Olympus' height,  
Makes Gods, &c.*

Shelley claims even higher powers for the true poet; in a beautiful passage on the influence of the poetic spirit, he says—"Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which sing to battle and feel not what they inspire; the influence which is moved not, but moves. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

#### THE PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

FREQUENTLY as poets have made use of the music of the spheres, they have never drawn from it a strain of more surpassing beauty and sublimity, than the song of the archangels with which this prologue opens. I speak, of course, of the original, to which all translations appear weak and inadequate; though in most of them the sense has been preserved, yet all of the beauty that depends on language, the material of the poet, is necessarily lost, or but imperfectly imitated. The archangels gazing on the sun and stars, as they roll through illimitable space, and listening to their eternal harmony, describe the angels themselves as deriving power and strength from a spectacle which it is not permitted to mortality to behold; if the soul of man is strengthened and ennobled by all that carries it out of, and beyond the sphere to which his mortal nature confines it, then the mere reading this glorious hymn, if read with a capacity for feeling its sublimity, effects in us what the near view of suns and spheres in their splendour and majesty may be supposed to effect in angelic natures; our minds are raised, strengthened, and ennobled, and we feel conscious of powers to do, to feel, and to enjoy, that cannot on this earth be called into their full activity. Their hour is not yet come. To awaken this better soul within us, is the chief office of the poet, and it is his almost exclusively.

The idea of the first verse is probably to be found in that text of the Scripture which speaks of the time "When the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy." The similarity of the prologue in its main incident—the permission given to the tempter—to the first chapter of Job, has frequently been pointed out by commentators.

There seems to have been, from the earliest ages of which we have any record, a natural tendency to connect the idea of music with the motion of the spheres; philosophers have accounted for it by a natural relation which

seems to exist between regularity and harmony; but poets have interpreted more literally, and in countless instances have wedded the visible beauty of motion with the audible beauty of sound. One sublime example has already been quoted from the Scriptures (a great part of which is the purest and most exalted poetry the earth possesses), and from profane, or rather, (as we dislike this word when applied to the high priests of intellect,) from secular poets, the instances in which this union has been alluded to are numberless. If anything of excelling beauty is quoted on any subject, it will be found that it has been said by Shakspeare; the lines, therefore, in which he has expressed this idea will probably occur to every one:—

“ See how the floor of Heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!  
There's not the smallest orb that thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim;  
Such harmony is in immortal souls,  
But while this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.”

Goethe represents the sun as pouring forth his song amid the chorus of each “kindred star,” and Shakspeare imagines every orb to be “quiring to the Young-eyed Cherubim,” who in the same manner may be supposed to render back the song.

No poet has more frequently referred to this celestial harmony than Shelley, and numerous passages might be quoted from him, but one will suffice:

“ *Ione*. Even whilst we speak  
New notes arise. What is that awful sound?  
*Panthea*. 'Tis the deep music of the rolling world  
Kindling within the strings of the waved air,  
*Eolian* modulations.  
*Ione*. Listen too,  
How every pause is filled with under notes,  
Clear, silver, icy, keen, awakening tones,  
Which pierce the sense, and live within the soul,  
As the sharp stars pierce winter's crystal air,  
And gaze upon themselves within the sea.”

The passage in Milton's “Ode on the Nativity,” in which he speaks of

“ Such music (as 'tis said)  
Before was never made,  
But when of old the sons of morning sung,”

will occur to every reader. In Allan Cunningham's “Lives of the British Painters,” in his biography of William Blake, an engraver and poet of genius, whom genius did not save from poverty nor talents from neglect, he gives some specimens of his verse; in one of his short poems he addresses the Muses, whom he supposes have deserted the earth, and the opening stanza contains the idea of the “ancient melody” of the sun:—

“ Whether on *Ida's* shady brow,  
Or in the chambers of the East,  
The chambers of the sun, that now  
From *ancient melody* have ceas'd.”

*That heavenly ray,  
He reason calls, but uses so that he  
Grows the most brutish of the brutes to be.*

The same sentiment, and almost in the very words of Mephistopheles, was used by Sir William Molesworth, in his speech at the “Peace meeting,” at Leeds, in November last; “Are we,” said the honourable baronet, “are we rational beings? Do we vaunt our superiority over the brute creation, and attribute our superiority to our intelligence, and power of calculating consequences? And yet do we only employ the prerogatives of reason to live in a more bestial manner than any beast.”

*Know that of all the spirits who deny,  
The jesting scoffer is the least offending.*

“Jesting scoffer” in this passage does not completely express the meaning of *der schalk* in the original; it was

formerly a term applied to a Jester or Court Fool; but as this is not exactly the character of Mephistopheles, the word required some qualification, and the term “scoffer” may be fairly used, as it would imply the possession of some degree of malignity; at present the word *schalk* is used in Germany in a very vague and indefinite sense. There is probably something of contempt expressed in the use of such a term by the Lord, to Mephistopheles, as describing one who, though denying, is too impotent effectually to oppose, and who by venting his enmity in scoffs and sneers, may even become an instrument of good, by waking in man a more lively activity. “Jesting Fool! such spirits as thou art, are the least hateful to me.”

#### FAUST'S STUDY.

THE opening soliloquy of *Manfred* has been compared with the opening of this scene, but there is not much resemblance between them. Faust asks from the world of spirits higher and fuller knowledge than that which the learning of this earth can give; Manfred demands from supernatural agency only “self-oblivion”—a craven's prayer.

Poverty and neglect are additional bitters in the cup of Faust, but Manfred possesses wealth, and rank, and honours. Faust looks back with regret on a life spent in acquiring useless knowledge; but the retrospect of Manfred is darkened by the memory of crimes, vague, indeed, and unnamed, but which we may suppose to be of the deepest guiltiness. There is no reason to imagine that the life of Faust, up to the period of his meeting with the Tempter, was different to that led by many of the devoted schoolmen of the middle ages, full of self-sacrifice and self-denial. Except in a deep sense of the beautiful in nature, which is common to both, the characters of Manfred and Faust have but little resemblance to each other. The “Faustus” of Christopher Marlowe has furnished Goethe with several hints for his chief character, though our old dramatist has made his scholar more according to the vulgar idea of a sorcerer than the German poet.

#### *Burns up the heart within my breast.*

Mr. Boileau in his remarks on Hayward's Faust, doubts if “burns up the heart” would be English! Coleridge can answer him:—

“ Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
That agony returns;  
And till my ghastly tale is told,  
*My heart within me burns.*”—*Ancient Mariner.*

#### *Then I have neither goods nor gold.*

I think it is Shelley who has a passage resembling this:—

“ Alas! I have nor hope, nor health,  
Nor peace within, nor calm around,  
Nor that content, exceeding wealth,  
The sage in contemplation found,  
And walk'd with inward glory crown'd;  
Nor wealth, nor power, nor love, nor leisure,—  
Others I see whom these surround,  
Smiling, who live and call life, pleasure;  
To me this cup is dealt in quite a different measure.”

Shelley, though not compelled to write for his bread, seems to have had a keen perception of the ills of poverty; he has a fine passage on this subject in his *Rosalind and Helen*:—

“ Thou know'st what a thing is poverty  
Among the fallen on evil days;  
'Tis crime and fear and infamy  
And houseless want in frozen years  
Wandering ungarmented, and pain,  
And worse than all, that inward stain,  
Foul self-contempt, which drowns in sneers  
Youth's starlight smile and makes it tears.”

#### *Inscribed by Nostradamus' hand.*

The person alluded to under the name of Nostradamus, was born in 1503, at St. Remy in Provence; his real name

was Michael Notre Dame. After studying medicine he became what is described by the undignified title of quack, and also addicted himself to astrology. He enjoyed considerable reputation, and was employed and patronised by Henry II., and Charles IX., of France. He was the author of a book of prophecies, which seem to have been as celebrated in France as those of Thomas the Rhymer in Scotland. The work was under the prohibition of the court of Rome even so late as 1781, as it contained some predictions of the decay of the papal power. Nostradamus died in 1565. The book in which Faust contemplates the mysterious sign, doubtless derived additional value from being "inscribed by Nostradamus' hand," and not the work of a copyist. In the German *Conversations Lexicon*, there is a fuller account of this personage.

*The Sign of the Macrocosm.*

This is supposed to be a sign or hieroglyphic of the universe, or the whole of nature; the second sign—that of the *Microcosm*, which Faust confesses he is more capable of comprehending, represents the earth or the world, and the power which he summons in a visible shape, is its spirit. The whole scene is emblematical of the impotence of man to grasp or raise himself to an idea of the mysteries of Being, even of the nature of his own world. "This knowledge is too high for me, I cannot attain unto it." The intellectual desire, and the intellectual power, are both far stronger in Faust than in the generality of men, but while the desire is boundless, the power is limited, and in the struggle between the two, the eternal conflict of Faust's soul consists.

*Thou hollow skull! what meanings lurk  
Beneath that grin?*

The expression of grim mockery which appears in the physiognomy (if it may be so called) of a skull, has been noticed by Shakspeare; "where be your gibes now? your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chopfallen!"

And again;

"within the hollow crown

That rounds the mortal temples of a king,  
Keeps death his court; and there the antic sits  
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp."

And, by Byron;

"Death laughs! go, ponder o'er the skeleton,  
With which men image out the unknown thing!"

*Ye instruments of brass and steel.*

"Proteus transform'd to metal did not make  
More figures or more strange;—nor did he take  
Such shapes of unintelligible brass,  
Or heap himself in such a horrid mass  
Of tin and iron, not to be understood,  
And forms of unimaginable wood,  
To puzzle Tubal-Cain, and all his brood;  
Great screws, and cones, and wheels, and grooved blocks."  
*Shelley.*

*That which thy sires to thee have handed down.*

This and the following lines have caused considerable dispute. If the inheritance referred to is merely the goods and chattels he has just mentioned, then the passage may be merely a recommendation to enjoyment of the goods the gods have provided—the *carpe diem* of Horace expressed in a German couplet. But the better interpretation seems to be, that Faust is speaking of intellectual treasures, which, though derived from the past, must be made our own by thought and contemplation in the present.

*But dare burst ope those gates which all  
Would willingly slink by.*

"Is it sin

To rush into the secret house of death  
Ere death dare come to us?"

"It is great  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;  
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change."

*Antony and Cleopatra.*

BEFORE THE GATE.

*Coarseness I dislike of every kind.*

"Oh! you are sick of self-love, Malvolio! That which to the man of soul and feeling is life and enjoyment, is to the pedant merely coarseness and vulgarity.

*Great man! what feelings must be thine?*

In the dramatic fragment which Bulwer has appended to his novel of *Eugene Aram*, the respect paid to the scholar is of the same description as that proffered to Faust in the present scene.

*To me the multitude's applause  
Sounds as in mockery or scorn.*

In the old play of Marlowe, Faustus expresses similar dissatisfaction at the result of his medical studies;

"The end of physic is our bodies' health.  
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?  
Are not thy bills hung up for monuments  
Whereby whole cities have escaped the plague,  
And thousand desperate maladies been cured?  
Yet thou art still but Faustus and a man.  
Couldst thou make men to live eternally,  
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,—  
Then this profession were to be esteem'd,—  
Physic farewell!"

*There was a lion red, a lover brave.*

Goethe at one period of his life was a reader of works on Alchemy, and, in this and the following lines, has probably thrown into rhyme one of the countless fantastic recipes, in which these writers were equally successful in concealing their knowledge and their ignorance. They cannot be understood without a key, and with one, they would probably not be worth understanding. In a note appended by Mr. Hayward to this passage, he gives the interpretation of the passage as explained to him by Mr. Griffiths of Kensington, "who once delivered an extremely interesting lecture on alchemical signs at the Royal Institution." He states, that the "lion red" is red mercury or cinnabar, and that it is termed a "lover brave," from the eagerness with which it absorbs or devours every pure metallic body. The "lily" means a preparation of antimony or *litium Paracelsi*. The other terms, descriptive of the operations to which these compounds were subjected, are explained in a similar manner, and the whole passage, deprived of obscurity, he gives thus:—"There was red mercury, a powerfully acting body, united with the tincture of antimony, at a gentle heat of the water-bath. Then being exposed to the heat of the open fire in an aludel, a sublimate filled its heads in succession, which, if it appeared with various hues, was the desired medicine." The term "medicine," it should be observed, is not used in the sense of a remedy for any particular disorder, but was the name applied both to the *elixir vite* and the philosopher's stone, the two grand objects of the alchemists' search. The world, or that portion of it that has bestowed any thought on the matter, has had considerable respect for these old enthusiasts. They worked in a profound belief of the truth of their theory, and many of them were men of great attainments. What they sought for, inexhaustible wealth and immortality, might well justify the wildest ambition. The pursuit, however, at last degenerated into a mere means of cheating and money-making, for an exposure of which, the reader is referred to Chaucer's "Chanone's Yemanne's Tale," or Ben Jonson's "Alchemist;" the latter is a masterly exposure of the rascalities of these "Greeks of the lower empire." The last of the alchemists is said to have committed suicide about the beginning of the last century; but, as astrology still lingers among us, perhaps there are alchemists walking in their



vain shadow even now. Some writers have, indeed, contended, that more may be said to justify their theory than is generally supposed; Sir David Brewster, in his *Martyrs of Science*, recently published, says, "The conduct of the scientific alchemists of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries presents a problem of very difficult solution. When we consider that a gas, a fluid, and a solid, may consist of the very same ingredients in different proportions; that a virulent poison may differ from the most wholesome food only in the difference of quantity of the very same elements; that gold and silver, and lead and mercury, and indeed all the metals, may be extracted from transparent crystals, which scarcely differ in their appearance from a piece of common salt or a bit of sugar-candy; and that diamond is nothing more than charcoal, we need not greatly wonder at the extravagant expectation that the precious metals and the noblest gems might be procured from the basest materials. These expectations, too, must have been often excited by the startling results of their daily experiments. The most ignorant compounder of simples could not fail to witness the magical transformations of chemical action; and every new product must have added to the probability that the tempting doublets of gold and silver might be thrown from the dice-box with which he was gambling.

"But when the precious metals were found in lead and copper by the action of powerful re-agents, it was natural to suppose that they had been actually formed during the process; and men of well-regulated minds even might have thus been led to embark in new adventures to procure a more copious supply, without any insult being offered to sober reason, or any injury inflicted on sound morality.

"When an ardent and ambitious mind is once dazzled with the fascination of some lofty pursuit, where gold is the object or fame the impulse, it is difficult to pause in a doubtful career, and to make a voluntary shipwreck of the reputation which has been staked. Hope still cheers the aspirant from failure to failure, till the loss of fortune and the decay of credit disturb the serenity of his mind, and hurry him on to the last resource of baffled ingenuity and disappointed ambition. The philosopher thus becomes an impostor; and by the pretended transmutation of the baser metals into gold, or the discovery of the philosopher's stone, he attempts to sustain his sinking reputation and recover the fortune he has lost. The communication of the great secret is now the staple commodity with which he is to barter, and the grand talisman with which he is to conjure. It can be imparted only to a chosen few—to those among the opulent who merit it by their virtues, and can acquire it by their diligence; and the Divine vengeance is threatened against its disclosure."

The dazzling power of the dream they walked in, and its utter vanity, are beautifully contrasted by Shelley, in his "Alastor;":

"Oh! that the dream  
Of dark magician in his vision'd cave,  
Raking the cinders of a crucible  
For life and power, c'en while his feeble hand  
Shakes in his last decay, were the true law  
Of this so lovely world."

*Bathed in eternal sunshine I should greet  
A stilly world in silence at my feet;  
Each gentle valley, &c.*

Some passages from Wordsworth's "Evening Ode" may be compared with these reflections of Faust while gazing at the setting sun, for the sake of observing how the same spectacle affects two minds of the highest order, but differently constituted:—

"Far distant images draw nigh,  
Call'd forth by wondrous potency,  
Of beamy radiance that imbues  
Whate'er it strikes with gemlike hues.

"Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal Eve,  
But long as godlike wish or hope divine  
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe  
That this magnificence is wholly thine!

From worlds not quicken'd by the sun  
A portion of the gift is won,  
An intermingling of heaven's pomp is spread  
On ground which British shepherds tread.

"And if there be whom broken ties  
Afflict, or injuries assail,  
Yon hazy ridges, to their eyes  
Present a glorious scale,  
Climbing suffused with sunny air,  
To stop, no record hath told where,  
And tempting fancy to ascend  
And with immortal spirits blend!  
Wings at my shoulders seem to play,  
But rooted here I stand and gaze,  
On those bright steps that heavenward raise  
Their practicable way!"

His conclusion is in a different spirit to that of Faust:—

"From thee if ever I would swerve,  
Oh let thy grace remind me of the light  
Full early lost and fruitlessly deplored,  
Which at this moment in my waking sight  
Appears to shine by miracle restored!  
My soul though yet confined to earth,  
Rejoices in a second birth;  
'Tis past—the visionary glory fades,  
And night approaches with her shades."

*Yes, were a magic mantle but mine own  
To bear me far away, &c.*

It will be seen that this very wish is fulfill'd, a mantle being the means by which Mephistopheles transports Faust to the scene of debauchery in Auerbach's Cellar.

#### FAUST'S STUDY.

The alternate change in the measure of the verse in the opening of this scene, as the calmer mood of Faust is disturbed by the restlessness of his diabolical companion, is very striking.

*Of the four I use the spell.*

The four spirits, of fire, air, earth, and water.

*Mephistopheles in the dress of a travelling scholar.*

The travelling scholar is a character now numbered with the things that were. They did not bear the best of characters; the title was probably assumed by men who had no right to it, but who found it, like the rank of "captain" among ourselves, "convenient for travelling."

*The wizard's foot upon the surface pressed.*

The wizard's foot is a pentagram, or sign with five points, formed by two intersecting triangles.

*At morn I only wake to find  
New horrors, &c.*

"I am made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed unto me. When I lie down, I say, when shall I arise and the night be gone? and I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day." "When I say, my bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint; then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions; so that my soul chooseth strangling and death, rather than life."—*Job* chap. vii.

Coleridge has vividly described the pains of sleep, such as we suppose may have been felt by Faust:—

"But yesternight I yell'd aloud,  
In anguish and in agony,  
Upstarting from the fiendish crowd  
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me;  
A lurid light, a trampling throng,  
Sense of intolerable wrong,  
And whom I scorn'd, those only strong;  
Thirst of revenge and powerless will,  
Still baffled and yet burning still,

Desire with loathing strangely mix'd,  
On wild or hateful objects fix'd,  
Fantastic passion, maddening brawl,  
And shame and terror over all.  
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,  
Which all confused I could not know,  
Whether I suffer'd or I did,  
For all seem'd guilt, remorse and woe!  
My own or others, still the same,  
Life stifling fear, soul stifling shame!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Sleep, the wide blessing, seem'd to me  
Distemper's worst calamity;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Such punishments I said were due  
To natures deepest stain'd with sin,  
For aye intempesting anew  
The unfathomable hell within,  
The horror of their deeds to view;  
Such griefs with such men well agree,  
But wherefore, wherefore, fall on me?"

*Thus, Being as a load I bear.*

"Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life to the bitter in soul? Which long for death, but it cometh not, and dig for it more than for hid treasures; which rejoice exceedingly and are glad when they can find the grave."—*Job*, Chap. iii.

*Oh that my soul had gently sunk  
Enrapt, &c.*

Hamlet expresses the same wish:—

"Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt,  
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!"

And all who have contemplated suicide have probably longed for the possibility of a "painless extinction," as a consummation devoutly to be wished.

"Many a time  
I have been half in love with easeful death,  
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,  
To take into the air my quiet breath;  
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain."—*Keats*.

*My curse descend on all that twines  
Its jugglery, &c.*

"Our armies swore terribly in Flanders, quoth my Uncle Toby, but it was nothing to this!" Every higher principle of man's nature is included in this fearful curse. Lear's curse on his daughters, and Timon's imprecation on the men of Athens, are perhaps the strongest anathemas to be found in Shakspeare. The curse invoked by the lost souls in the third canto of Dante's *Inferno*, is also tolerably comprehensive:—

"They gnash'd their teeth in rage  
Soon as they heard the sentence; they blasphemed  
Their God, their parents, and all human race,  
Their clime, their lineage, and their breath of life."

*Descend on Patience last and worst.*

"Patience, and patience! Hence! that word was made  
For brutes of burden, not for birds of prey;  
Preach it to mortals of a dust like thine;  
I am not of thine order."—*Manfred*.

*Woe, Woe! Ah woe, thou hast destroy'd  
A beautiful world, &c.*

The beautiful world which Faust has destroyed is his moral and intellectual nature, which the curse of his passion has shattered to chaos. The spirits, therefore, exhort him to build it again within him, that he may be a perfect man and not a wreck. Mephistopheles interprets their exhortations to his own wishes; but when he claims them for spirits of his own, he merely supports his character of "a liar from the beginning."

*From this earth flows each rapture that is mine.*

"This world is the nurse of all we know;  
This world is the mother of all we feel."—*Shelley*.

*Whene'er I say*

*To one brief moment, stay! thou art so fair!*

This challenge is here accepted by Mephistopheles, and gained by him in the second part of the poem, but the soul of Faust nevertheless escapes him.

*This very day, then, at the Doctor's feast.*

It seems as if Goethe had intended to write a scene similar to one that occurs in Marlowe's play, where Faustus plays off some very common-place sorcery; it would have probably occupied the space of the scene in Auerbach's Cellar.

*A roll of parchment, when  
'Tis stamp'd and blotted o'er with ink, &c.*

"Is not parchment made of sheepskins?  
Ay, my lord, and of calves' skins too.  
They are sheep and calves that seek out  
assurance in that."—*Hamlet*.

*By the great spirit am I spurn'd.*

Faust alludes to his scornful rejection when he asserted equality with the spirit of the earth.

*With youthful blood, but little gold,  
And every wish to learn, I've come!*

The whole of this scene with the scholar is a satire upon the systems of instruction pursued in the universities of Germany, of which Goethe had not the highest opinion.

*Your meaning, sir, I cannot quite discern.*

Perhaps the reader, in some passages of the translation, may be in the same predicament as the scholar.

#### AUERBACH'S CELLAR.

This place of entertainment is still in existence at Leipsic, and in making it the scene of revelry into which Faust is brought, Goethe has only followed the traditions of the place. Faust takes but a small part in the carousal, and in Retzsch's outline of this scene, he is represented as leaning abstractedly against a table, apart from the group of revellers. These drinking cellars are very common in Germany and Switzerland. The largest I ever saw is that beneath the *Kornhaus*, or public granary, at Berne, into which the visitor descends by a long flight of steps; in summer it strikes a chill as you descend, but its immense vats contain a sovereign remedy for the sensation. Specimens of the small drinking cellar, or *Wirthschaft*, may be met with in abundance in the same city; in the main streets they are nearly as numerous as the houses.

*Are you from Rippach lately.*

*Hans von Rippach*, or John of Rippach, was, among the students at Leipsic, a fictitious personage, something like our "Duke Humphrey," or nobody. To inquire of any one if he has supped with Hans von Rippach is a piece of banter, of which Mephistopheles, by his ready answer, shows that he is perfectly aware.

*Once on a time there was a king  
Who had a wondrous flea.*

The song of Mephistopheles is well adapted to the place and company, and though rather coarse, is a clever satire on the vanity and presumption of worthless favourites and parvenus.

*The knave is stabbing free.*

In the original "*der Kerl ist vogelfrei*," the knave is outlawed—and an outlaw is one "whom any man finding might kill."

## THE WITCH'S KITCHEN.

There is much in this scene which is totally unintelligible, and though glimpses of meaning may be, perhaps, discerned, it may save much labour to know, that the author meant the witch's "one times one," and some other passages to be what they are—nonsense. In this scene, Mephistopheles assails the soul of Faust by every unhallowed artifice. With the potion that he drinks, youth returns to his body and his passions, but his intellect remains as before, matured, ambitious, soaring in its tendency, and frequently amid all the intoxications of sorcery, self-accusing, and repentant.

Those who wish to see this scene as well as read it, must go to the outline illustrations of Retzsch.

*In those soft limbs reposing must I see  
The inmost essence of each brighter heaven.*

"Dorothea

This hour is to die here.

*Antoninus.* Then with her dies

The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman.

*Massinger's Virgin Martyr.*

The expression occurs several times in the same writer.

"Whence that completed form of all completeness?  
Whence came that high perfection of all sweetness?  
Speak, stubborn earth, and tell me where, O where,  
Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair?"—*Keats.*

## THE STREET.

Connecting the opening of this scene with the words of Mephistopheles at the end of the scene preceding it, it may be doubted whether Margaret is intended in beauty to be really the "model of all womankind," though Faust evidently thinks so. It does not appear that it was her form Faust saw in the mirror. It must be borne in mind, that he is now a young man, every outward trace of the philosopher and schoolman "declined into the vale of years," has disappeared; Retzsch represents him in this scene, as a young, gay, and beardless gallant.

## MARGARET'S CHAMBER.

Faust's soliloquy at the opening of this scene has been compared with that of Iachimo, in the chamber of Imogene, in *Cymbeline*, but the contemplations of Iachimo are not quite so abstracted.

## PROMENADE.

This scene explains the mode in which Margaret is deprived of the jewels by the pious scruples of her mother, which by the bad advice of the accommodating Martha, induces her to indulge herself by wearing the second set in secret, and unknown to her parent. Her innocence is thus partially undermined by the agency of the evil one, before her acquaintance with Faust extends beyond the casual meeting in the street. Though the rage of Mephistopheles at the loss of the casket may be affected to enhance the value of his gifts, it exhibits him in a miserably petty and contemptible point of view; Faust might well, in a previous scene, call him a "poor devil!"

## THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE.

The dialogue between Mephistopheles and Martha, in which he moves her to sorrow and anger, and raises her expectations only to disappoint them, by speaking of her husband's repentance, of his conduct, and his dying accusations, his suddenly acquired wealth, and his extravagance, closely resembles the scene between Tubal and

Shylock in the *Merchant of Venice*, excepting that Tubal tortures the usurer unconsciously, while Mephistopheles does it purposely, and only, it would seem, to gratify his malignity. The scene is very skilfully written. Martha's catalogue of her husband's "only" faults, is rather amusing, as it includes all the worst and most destructive vices.

## FOREST AND CAVERN.

"The poet does not paint the scenes of sorcery and enchantment which should have followed the interview in the garden, and occupied the interval between that scene and the present. On the contrary he shows us Faust already satiated with his happiness. He begins also to feel with bitter sorrow the weight of the chain, by which he is united to such a being as Mephistopheles, who, skilful in tormenting, throws on him the keenest raillery. The sublime or generous emotions, which move the soul of his victim, he degrades beneath the most brutal instinct. It is a picture of Psyche tortured by demons; it is a terrible example of the celestial soul struggling with earthly passions. The most powerful image which the evil spirit employs to drive Faust to despair is the description of the sorrow into which he is plunging Margaret, though at the same time he inflames, with infernal address, the passion that is to prove the destruction of the unfortunate girl. In fact, Margaret believes she is already forgotten; alone in her chamber, she neglects her person and her occupations, and feeds upon the memory of the past, and the hope of the future."—*Madame Voiart.*

*Her mind on you for ever dreaming.*

"And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun,  
And she forgot the blue above the trees,  
And she forgot the dells where waters run,  
And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze;  
She had no knowledge when the day was done,  
And the new morn she saw not."—*Keats' Isabella.*

## RECESS.

The term rendered by the word "Recess," is *Zwinger*, a word which has caused much dispute as to its meaning. Retzsch's engraving of this scene renders it perfectly intelligible. It is a niche or recess in a wall adjoining the church, containing a statue of the *Mater dolorosa*. What may have been the origin of the word may be more difficult to decide.

## NIGHT.—BEFORE MARGARET'S DOOR.

*You cursed Ratcatcher! who art thou  
Alluring with your music now?*

It is a common superstition in Germany that some ratcatchers can charm the vermin to follow them by music; among the minor poems of Goethe is one called the *Ratcatcher* (*Rattenfänger*), founded on the same belief; it begins;

"Ich bin der wohl bekannte Sanger  
Der vielgereiste Rattenfanger;"

It appears, however, that he can also charm prettier things than rats;—

"Und waren Madchen noch so blode  
Und waren Weiber noch so sprode;  
Doch allen wird so liebebang  
Bey Zaubersaiten und Gesang."

## WALPURGIS' NIGHT.

The festival of the saint who converted the Saxon people to Christianity is held on the first of May. She was a female named Walpurgis, or more correctly perhaps, Val-

purgis; in one collection of German Tales she is called Walburga. The range of the Hartz mountains has for ages been the "chosen seat" of superstition, and the legends connected with the various localities are of the wildest character. Science has recently laid its disenchanting hand on the "spectre of the Brocken;" it is now classed "in the dull catalogue of common things," and accounted for by reflection and refraction, or phenomena of that kind. The Blocksberg is the highest mountain of the range, and is supposed to be the spot on which all the witches, wizards, and "juggling fiends" of Germany hold a yearly gathering on the night of the first of May. How it came to be fixed on the festival of a saint is not explained. The Blocksberg, like the mountains or mountain ranges of other countries where Druidism prevailed, was the last strong-hold of the Druids, when the progress of Christianity was weakening their influence on the minds of the people. The performance of their rites among the wilds of the mountains was taken for the orgies of sorcerers by the peasantry. Goethe has written a poem on this tradition, called the "First Walpurgis Night," in which the Druids propose to cheat and scare the Christians "with the devil that they fable," by assuming hideous disguises, and approaching with fire and loud noise and outcries. Schirke and Elend are the names of two villages in the neighbourhood of the Brocken mountain.

"The ruin of Margaret being completed, Mephistopheles thenceforth troubles himself no more about her, his end is accomplished; it is now the perdition of Faust that he seeks to consummate. To ensure the confusion of his soul, and to pervert his noblest impulses, he leads him to the Witch's Sabbath, held among the summits of the Hartz. The horrors and dangers of the path are increased around the wanderers by the darkness and the tempest of the night. The trees moan, shaken by the storm, their branches are shattered, the 'owls fly scared away,' the unchained winds roll the clouds in whirling masses, and in the midst of this disorder of nature, the whole length of the mountain-chain re-echoes with the magic song of the sorcerers who, from all parts, flock to the nocturnal orgie of Mammon."—*Madame Voiart*.

*Trees and rocks distorted grin.*

Throughout this scene the grotesque, the horrible, and the sublime, are mingled together; the idea in this line is not very intelligible, though I conclude it to mean that the rapidity with which objects are whirled past, gives them a distorted appearance, equivalent to the grin on a human countenance. Poets have often given human action to inanimate objects, with the happiest effect; thus Wordsworth says of trees in autumn, that they

"In frenzied numbers tear  
The lingering remnant of their yellow hair."

*The whirlwind's stress  
Bursts through the ever verdant palaces  
Splintering their pillars.*

"A whirlwind roar'd  
Impetuous, warring with fierce elements;  
Which bursts the blustering forests, smites away  
The branches, shattering, hurling them afar."  
*Dante's Inferno, c. 9.*

*As in a fearfully entangled fall.*

Shelley's translation of these two lines is equal, if not superior, to the original, for the "stormy music" of their rhythm;

"Over each other crack and crash they all  
In terrible and intertangled fall."

The original is,

"Im fürchterlich-verworrenen Falle  
Über einander krachen sie Alle."

It will be seen that Shelley has transposed them, putting the second line first, and has improved the effect of his translation by so doing. The rhymes being the same both

in the German and the English, every translator would naturally use them, thus producing two lines generally resembling those of Shelley, but easily distinguished from his by their inferiority. The first translator of such a passage will probably render it the best, as his successors not wishing to be thought copyists, will differ from him purposely, and in proportion as they differ will be inferior.

*Over Ilsestein's crest.*

Ilsestein is the name of a rock in the Brocken.

*From Felsensee.*

"From the lake of the rocks;" like Ilsestein, it is the name of a spot in the neighbourhood.

*Place! Squire Voland comes!*

Squire Voland is one of the names of the devil in German legendary lore.

*'Tis Lilith!*

Lilith is a formidable spectre, said by Jewish superstition to watch for and kill children, like the Striges and Lamia of the Romans;

"Pransæ Lamiaë vivum puerum extrahat alvo."

*Horace.*

"The Talmudists say that Adam had a wife, called Lilith, before he married Eve, and of her he begat nothing but devils."—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

*I in it saw a rifted tree.*

The lines, the absence of which is marked with stars, are left imperfect in the original; from what is given of them a meaning might be supplied, but as they are not worth translating, I have not attempted it. The same liberty is taken a little farther on in a speech of Mephistopheles, of which four lines are omitted; they are very obscure and very coarse, and may be spared by the reader without regret.

*Proctophantasmist.*

Mr. Hayward states that the individual meant by this personage, is Nicolai of Berlin, a writer who for nearly twenty years had, by his criticisms in a periodical, which he partly conducted, a considerable influence on German Literature. They were written in a cold prosaic spirit, and he had frequent disputes with the writers of the time, among them Wieland and Goethe.

*Tegel.*

Tegel is a little place some ten miles from Berlin, where, in the year 1799, an affair occurred something like that of our own Cock-lane Ghost, which terrified the people of Berlin notwithstanding their enlightenment by such writers as Nicolai. Mr. Hayward gives a long note on this affair, and on Nicolai himself.

*Mephisto? seest thou there  
Lone and far off that figure pale and fair?*

Amid the wild and grotesque enchantments of the Witch's Kitchen, Faust is captivated by the visionary form of a beautiful woman; in the unearthly revelry of the Witches' Sabbath, he is roused from the delusions of the scene by another apparition, beautiful still, but how unlike the form which he saw in the magic mirror! This is invested with the fascination of horror, as the first was with the attractions of grace. From the eagerness shown by Mephistopheles to avert his gaze and attention from it, it does not seem to have been conjured up by the Evil One, but rather to be sent by a better power to recall the mind of Faust to the victim of his passions, whom the intoxications of sorcery had made him for awhile forget, and whom it is not the wish of Mephistopheles that he should remember. The warning is effectual; the unholy turnout

of the infernal revel appears to have no more attractions for him, for the scene abruptly closes, and his inquiries probably force from the tempter the intelligence that produces the terrible scene of denunciation and hatred which follows the intermezzo.

*The eyes she gazes with are those  
Of a dead corpse.*

"Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold,  
There is no speculation in those eyes  
That thou dost glare with."—*Macbeth*.

*How wondrously the fairness of her neck  
That single, narrow, crimson line doth deck  
No broader than a knife back!*

The apparitions of persons who have been beheaded are supposed to appear with this token of the manner of their death. So in *Southey's Colloquies* he thus introduces his shadowy interlocutor; "Is it Sir Thomas More?—The same, he made answer, and lifting up his chin, displayed a circle round his neck, brighter in colour than the ruby. The marks of martyrdom, continued he, are our insignia of honour. Fisher and I have the purple collar, as Friar Forest and Cranmer have the robe of fire."

In an engraved portrait of Lady Jane Grey, which the translator once met with, a small necklace was so disposed round her throat that nothing appeared but a single narrow circle, the rest being concealed by a robe. Whether it was meant as a reference to this superstition, did not appear, but it seemed not unlikely. It is worth notice, that in the opening of the scene in which Margaret's brother is killed, Mephistopheles speaks of a necklace as one of the articles in the casket along with the "lion-dollars;"

"I saw within it some such thing,  
A sort of band or string of pearl."

This has been explained as a sneering allusion to the awful vision seen by Faust on Walpurgis night, but the inference appears to me to be overstrained.

#### THE INTERMEZZO;

OR, OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN WEDDING FEAST.

The Intermezzo has not the least connexion with the story of the Drama, and consists of a number of light and graceful verses put into the mouths of a strange variety of beings, human and spiritual. Their meaning, if ever they were intended to have any, is very obscure, and the satirical allusions are far from being generally understood even in Germany; it is only a well-educated few who are well acquainted with the literary and courtly history of the time in which they were written, who can be said to understand them, but to these, it is said, the verses afford the highest gratification. The allusions in the opening to the quarrel between Oberon and Titania are sufficiently intelligible, and are probably suggested by Wieland's *Oberon*.

A golden bridal is celebrated on the fiftieth Anniversary of a couple's marriage. The silver bridal is the twenty-fifth celebration of the same event.

*Brave Mieding's sons are we.*

Mieding was the scene painter of the Theatre at Weimar. On his death Goethe enshrined his memory in a beautiful little poem, or lament. He must have been a man of superior qualities.

It would be an endless task to cite all the meanings that have been given to the different verses or the names of the speakers, if they can be so called. Perhaps the following extract from *Mr. Boileau*, author of the *Nature and Genius of the German Language*, will prove that the undertaking would be in vain.

"This intermezzo in general appears to be a mere freak of Goethe's fancy. He very likely had in his mind one of the songs which were sung by students in the German

Universities fifty or sixty years ago, the burthen of which song was the following barbarous Latin;

*Ecce quam bonum  
Bonum et jucundum  
Habitare fratres in unum!*

Every one of the carousing party was obliged to sing an impromptu of four German lines exactly in the metre of this intermezzo. The more the verse was ridiculous and absurd, the greater was the mirth which it created. I remember for instance,

*Der Teufel fuhr zum Thor hinein  
Mit hundert Kariolen;  
Man fragte was das solte seyn?  
Die Häscher will ich holen!*

'The devil drove through the gate into the town with one hundred cabriolets, and when he was asked what that was for, his answer was; I come to fetch the constables away.'

This of course tickled the fancy of riotous students, who frequently came in contact with the constables of the University.

Goethe's verses all along this intermezzo are not many degrees superior. He probably wrote them in a merry mood, as Voltaire did his *Pucelle d'Orléans*, bent only upon amusing himself and making others laugh, always remembering the observation of the Prince de Ligne, 'qu'il n'y a que les bêtises qui fassent rire.' Not that I mean to deny the stanzas of this intermezzo being interspersed with satirical strokes and sprightly allusions, to which Goethe never would furnish a key."

#### A GLOOMY DAY.—THE OPEN PLAIN.

This is the only scene in the drama that is written in prose. A "gloomy day" is the fitting time for such a dialogue. The bond which unites Faust to Mephistopheles has now become quite insupportable to him; his passion is fearful, and he seems to terrify rather than persuade Mephistopheles into compliance with his will.

The next scene, where they are discovered rushing along on the magic steeds, is intended, as well as the pale fettered figure on the Brocken, to shadow forth the approaching doom of Margaret. The "raven-stone" is a name given in Germany to the gibbet.

#### THE PRISON.

The wish expressed by Faust to feel within himself "all human woe," is in this scene accomplished, and, too ambitious of emotion, he finds his misery insupportable; he does not wish for death, but regrets that he ever lived. "Oh! had I ne'er been born."

From the song sung by Margaret at the opening of the scene, and her incapability of recognising Faust, it is at once evident that Margaret is distracted. His voice recalls her to herself, but with reason returns the consciousness of guilt; the frenzy of passion has passed away, and she prefers death to a guilty liberty.

*The staff is broken.*

The breaking a staff was once the last formality of a trial, and intimated that the sentence was irrevocably spoken. The form is still preserved in our state trials; the breaking the staff was the last ceremony performed by Lord Denman, as High Steward in the affair of Lord Cardigan.

*To the seat of blood they haste.*

Behanding is still the capital punishment of Germany; the blood-seat (*Blutstuhl*) is a sort of chair or seat to which females are fastened and undergo the sentence; males are made to kneel on a heap of sand.

The following remarks on the character of Margaret, in

reference to this scene, are extracted from the *London and Westminster Review*, vols. 3 and 25, p. 387. "Civil law absolves the madman from any responsibility of his acts; we may hope that divine law will absolve the moral madman, the fanatic, from the responsibility of his acts. Margaret labours under a charm, under a frenzy, under the fanaticism of love; she thinks it her duty to obey blindly, to sacrifice soul as well as life to him who sways her affections. Certainly a grievous mistake; but do we, can we cease to admire her as an angel of innocence after as before her fall? We appeal to any person who has read 'Faust' if Margaret is not always uppermost in our affections. At last the charm is broken, 'Thy lips are cold,' says she; Faust loves her no longer, and Margaret, steeped in crime to the lips—Margaret, who has poisoned her mother, drowned her child, whose hands are spotted with the blood of her brother, can still say to Faust,

'Faust! mir schaudert vor dir!'

'Faust, I shudder at thee!'

Margaret labours not under *vice*, her body sins from un-

conscious error—but her soul is always pure, and her soul was innocent till under the sword of the executioner."

In a note to the foregoing extract, an explanation of the conclusion of this scene is given; it is, says the writer, the *soul* of Margaret that is judged. "The charm of love is broken, her moral sight restored, and the door of the prison thrust open. On one side she has presented to her life and sin, and on the other certain death. She decides without any hesitation, for death against sin. Mephistopheles has lost the soul, and with the concentrated wrath of disappointment he cries, 'She is judged.'—'Is saved,' adds the voice from Heaven. \* \* \* \* \* The scene changes after Faust has disappeared and follows him. *From within* is now from the interior of the prison, and the voice from the prison dies away upon the ears of Faust, who is rapidly moving away. The 'Hither to me' implies that he follows the evil spirit; but he is not yet lost, for his good angel can still call after him 'Henry' to win him back. The *voice* is Margaret's; but the poet, by not attributing it expressly to Margaret, wishes us to take it in the more general sense of the warning of Faust's good angel."

## APPENDIX.

As some German reader may feel a curiosity to see a specimen of one of the numerous "Fausts" mentioned in the Preface, the following is extracted from the poem of Nicholas Lenau. It is a passage from a soliloquy, in which Faust expresses the causes of his discontent; he would rather not exist at all, than not feel within himself *all* the joy and all the sorrow of the world. Every kiss given on earth he wishes to feel thrilling through *his* frame, and every earthly sorrow he wishes to feel gnawing at *his* heart; this is unnatural exaggeration, and is a rich specimen of "o'erdoing Termagant."

" So lang ein Kuss auf Erden glüht  
Der nicht durch meinem Seele sprüht;  
So lang ein Schmerz auf Erden klagt,  
Der nicht an meinem Herzen nagt;  
So lang Ich nicht allwaltend bin,  
War Ich viel lieber ganz dahin!—  
Ha! wie das Meer tobt Himmelwärts,  
Und widerhallt in dir, O Herz!  
Ich fühl's es ist derselbe drang  
Der hier in meinem Herzen lebt  
Und der die Flut zum Himmel hebt,  
Die Sehnsucht nach dem Untergang.  
Es ist das ungeduldig Zanken  
Hindurchzubrechen alle Schranken,  
Im freudensvollen Todesfalle,  
Zusammenstürzen Alle—Alle."—

\* \* \* \* \*

" O, greife weiter, weiter Sturm,  
Und nimm auf deine starken Schwingen,  
Den höchsten Stern—den tiefsten Wurm.  
Uns endlich Alle heimzubringen!"

In this Poem, Faust, wearied of the pursuit of knowledge, falls at last into the clouds and mists of sophism; he persuades himself that all is nothing, that life is but a dream, a delusion, a cheat, and he ends by committing suicide; the following is his last speech:—

" Du böser Geist! heran! Ich spotte dein,  
Du Lügengeist, Ich lache unserm Bunde!  
Den nur der Schein geschossen mit dem Schein,  
Hörst du!—wir sind getrennt von dieser Stunde!  
In schwarz und bang entflattert deiner Kraft,  
Bin Ich ein Traum, entflattert deiner Haft,  
Ich bin ein Traum mit Lust, und Schuld, und Schmerz,  
Und träume mir das Messer in das Herz."

[*Er ersticht sich.*]

### MARLOWE'S FAUSTUS.

It is supposed that Faust, the Doctor, died about 1560; the Tragedy of Marlowe was first printed in 1604, but was written and acted two or three years earlier. Marlowe, then, seems to have been the first

who took the character for the subject of a drama. An analysis of the piece, and a few extracts from it, may prove interesting, for the purpose of comparison with the work of Goethe. It opens with a speech from the chorus, explaining the birth and parentage of Faustus, and the superiority of his acquirements:—

" Now is he born of parents base of stock,  
In Germany, within a town called Rhodes;  
At riper years to Wittenberg he went,  
Whereas his kinsman chiefly brought him up.  
So much he profits in Divinity,  
That shortly he was graced with Doctor's name,  
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute  
In the heavenly matters of Theology;  
Till swoll'n with cunning, and a self-conceit,  
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,  
And melting heavens conspired his overthrow;  
In falling to a devilish exercise,  
And glutt'd now with learning's golden gifts,  
He surfeits on the cursed Necromancy."

The play then begins with a soliloquy of Faust, in his study, reasoning on the value of the different branches of human learning, Logic, Medicine, Law, and Divinity, but he is dissatisfied with them all, and declares his preference for Magic, as bestowing power, and procuring enjoyment:—

" Oh! what a world of profit and delight,  
Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,  
Is promised to the studious artisan!  
All things that move between the quiet poles  
Shall be at my command. Emperors and kings  
Are but obey'd in their several provinces,  
But his dominion, that exceeds in this,  
Stretcheth as far as does the mind of man."

Wagner his servant enters, whom he despatches to his friends, Valdes and Cornelius, two students in supernatural lore, whose assistance he intends to request. After Wagner has gone, a good Angel and a bad enter, one exhorting him to lay aside his magical books, and cease his inquiries, the other urging him to proceed. He is unshaken in his determination, and his anticipations of the enjoyment he shall derive from the possession of unearthly power, have a rich and glowing air of luxuriousness:—

" Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,  
Resolve me of all ambiguities?  
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?  
I'll have them fly to India for gold,  
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,  
And search all corners of the new-found world  
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates."

He desires also knowledge as well as enjoyments, for he says,

" I'll have them read me strange philosophy;  
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings."

A conference with Valdes and Cornelius follows, in which they set forth the advantages of the pursuit of Magic; Valdes speaks of the command to be obtained over spirits, whom they shall be able to make

“guard us when we please,  
Like Almain ritters, with their horseman's staves,  
Or Lapland giants trotting by our sides;

occasionally, too, in more attractive shapes,

“Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,  
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows,  
Than have the white breasts of the Queen of Love.”

They agree to dine together and have a further consultation, and the scene closes. After a short scene between Wagner and two Scholars, follows the summoning of Lucifer by Faust, amid thunder and lightning; a demon rises, but in too hideous a shape, and Faust commands him to take the form of a Franciscan friar; he, however, does not choose to obey, but appears as Mephistopheles. Faust commands him to do him service, but Mephistopheles says he cannot comply unless he has the permission of Lucifer, his prince. Faust asks,

“Did he not charge thee to appear to me?

*Meph.* No; I came hither of mine own accord.

*Faust.* Did not my conjuring raise thee? Speak!

*Meph.* That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*;

For when we hear one rattle the name of God,  
Abjure the Scriptures, and his Saviour Christ,  
We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul;  
Nor will we come unless he use such means,  
Whereby he is in danger to be damned.”

Faust expresses his determination “had he as many souls as there be stars,” to forfeit them for twenty-four years of pleasure and voluptuousness, and Mephistopheles is required to obtain the permission of Lucifer to the compact, and dismissed. After another scene of miserable buffoonery between Wagner and a Clown, Faust appears in his study, awaiting the appearance of the Fiend, and struggling with remorse. He is again visited by the two Angels, and receives their different exhortations. He continues unchanged, and on the arrival of Mephistopheles, he signs a bond with his blood, giving over his soul to the Evil One at the end of twenty-four years, on the condition of having unlimited power and enjoyment during the term. The deed is given at length, in due legal form. As Faust signs, the blood which he procures by stabbing his arm, flows into the form of letters, and he reads the inscription *Homo fuge!* On this Mephistopheles raises a number of spirits “with crowns and rich apparel,” who dance to “delight his mind.” After the document is regularly “signed, sealed, and delivered,” Mephistopheles bids Faust ask him what question he will, when he requires to know the “whereabout” of hell. The reply of Mephistopheles has both moral and poetic beauty:—

“Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed  
In one self-place; but where we are is hell;  
And where hell is, there must we ever be:  
And to be short, when all the world dissolves,  
And every creature shall be purified,  
All places shall be hell that are not heaven.”

Faust desires the possession of beauty, and the Fiend promises compliance:—

“She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have;  
Were she as chaste as was Penelope,  
As wise as Saba, or as beautiful  
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.”

He then gives him a magic book and departs.

The next scene shows Faust and the fiend in conference, Faust being again a prey to remorse for the step he has taken, but the only reply he receives to his complaint, is,

“Twas thine own seeking, Faustus, thank thyself.”

The two opposing Angels enter, and Faust again becomes unrepentant:—

“My heart is harden'd, I cannot repent;  
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven;  
Swords, poisons, halts, and envenom'd steel,  
Are laid before me to despatch myself;  
And long ere this I should have done the deed,  
Had not much pleasure conquer'd deep despair.  
Have I not made blind Homer sing to me  
Of Alexander's love, and Æneas' death?  
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes,  
With ravishing sounds of his melodious harp,  
Made music with my Mephistopheles?”

Faust and Mephistopheles then hold a long dispute on the obscurities of the old astronomy, and the scene closes with a masque of the Seven Deadly Sins.

The next scene presents Faust in Rome, where Pope Adrian has degraded his rival, Bruno, and calls a council of Cardinals to search the statutes for the punishment accorded to the assumption of the papal dignity without election of the Church. Faust despatches Mephistopheles to throw the consulting cardinals into a deep sleep, and himself and the fiend, disguised as two of the holy body, return to the pope declaring their sentence to be death to Bruno. The pope delivers him to their care, and they send him on a flying steed to Germany, to the emperor. A banquet follows, at which Faustus, at his own request, remains invisible, and plays various fantastic tricks, such as snatching away the plate and cup of his holiness whenever he attempts to eat or drink, concluding by giving the successor of St. Peter a knock-down blow, for all which misdeeds he is formally cursed with “bell, book, and candle.” The scene then shifts to Germany, where he is warmly received by the emperor, for whom he raises the forms of Darius, and Alexander “and his paramour,” perhaps Campaspe—and revenges some slighting remark of one of the courtiers by fixing a pair of stag's horns on his head. This leads to a plot on Faust's life, by this courtier (Benvolio) and his companions; Faust enters, with what the stage direction calls “a false head,” which they cut off, and while they are exulting in the success of their plot, he springs up uninjured, and delivers them over to Mephistopheles, and “other devils,” to be tormented. He afterwards sells a bundle of straw to a horse-dealer, to whom it appears to be a horse, but on riding his bargain into a stream it disappears, and there is nothing left but a bundle of straw, floating away. He does various other tricks, but it must be confessed these scenes, as well as those between the subordinate characters, are totally destitute of interest or humour. At a feast which he gives to two or three scholars, he, at their request, raises the form of Helen, in all her beauty, of whom he becomes enamoured. In the second part of the Faust of Goethe, he makes him raise the shades of Helen and Paris, in presence of the court, and in the same manner he becomes struck with her loveliness. But, to return to Marlowe's play; after Helen has disappeared and the scholars taken their leave, an old man enters, who begs Faustus, while there is yet time, to repent, but Mephistopheles threatens him with instant destruction if he does, and his remorse disappearing, he requires the fiend to procure him the possession of Helen. His wish is in-



stantly complied with, and Helen appears between two Cupids. Faust breaks out into the following impassioned address :—

“ Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?  
Sweet Helen! make me immortal with a kiss!  
Her lips suck forth my soul! see where it flies;  
Come! Helen! come, give me my soul again.  
Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in those lips,  
And all is dross that is not Helena.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air,  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;  
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter,  
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;  
More lovely than the monarch of the sky  
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms;  
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.”

The two first lines of this last passage breathe an intense appreciation of the beautiful, and a rare power of expression—none but a true poet could have written them. They resemble, and indeed contain, the main idea of Byron's celebrated lines,

“ She walks in beauty like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;”

but Marlowe has clothed it in language more soft and exquisite in its harmony and expression than the modern bard. This is the last pleasure Faust derives from his art; the term has almost expired, and as it draws to a close, his remorse and terrors increase to a fearful degree. He tells the scholars who come to visit him what he has done :—

“ Lucifer and Mephistopheles! Oh,  
Gentlemen! I gave them my soul for my cunning!  
*All.* God forbid!

*Faust.* God forbade it, but Faustus hath done it.

They depart to offer up their prayers for him, and leave him to wrestle with his agony alone. The Good and Bad Angels visit him, one reminding him of what he has lost, and the other showing him what is to come. The description of the infernal tortures, given by the Bad Angel, reads like a passage from Dante. As they vanish, the clock strikes eleven, and Faust's concluding soliloquy is only interrupted by the striking of the bell, which speaks the lapse of the short remainder of the term with horrible distinctness, while he prays for an hour—a moment's respite—and calls upon the mountains to cover him. As the clock strikes twelve, he is torn in pieces. The two scholars return in the morning, and gather up his mangled limbs, the play concluding with a few lines, spoken by a Chorus :—

“ Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,  
And burned is Apollo's laurel-bough,  
That sometime grew within this learned man.  
Faustus is gone; regard his hellish fall,  
Whose fiendful torture may exhort the wise,  
Only to wonder at unlawful things:  
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits,  
To practise more than heavenly power permits.”

The first two lines of this passage are used by Mr. Horne, in the conclusion of his fine dramatic sketch, the “ Death of Marlowe.” This old play of “ Faustus ” has been translated into German.

THE END.

SCHILLER'S TRAGEDIES:

THE PICCOLOMINI;

AND

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.



*Translated from the German,*

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTORY HISTORICAL SKETCH.

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THERE can be no doubt that this drama forms, in its original tongue, one of the most splendid specimens of tragic art the world has witnessed ; and none at all that the execution of the version, from which we have quoted so largely, places Mr. Coleridge in the very first rank of poetical translators. He is, perhaps, the solitary example of a man of very great original genius, submitting to *all* the labours, and reaping *all* the honours, of this species of literary exertion.—*Blackwood's Mag.*, vol. xiv.

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## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

At the period of the Reformation, when the world awoke from a sleep of ages at the trumpet-toned summons of the intrepid Luther, the inhabitants of Bohemia were among the first to embrace the doctrines he promulgated. Bohemia suffered, in common with other Protestant states, from the persecution of the Catholics; but, adhering closely to their religion, they absolutely refused to march against the Protestant princes who had associated together under the title of the Smalcaldic League, and, taking arms against their sovereign, Ferdinand of Austria, prepared to join their fellow Protestants; but so many delays took place, that the decisive battle of Muhlberg, fought in 1547, and in which Charles V. entirely defeated the princes of the League, occurred before the Bohemian troops had joined the army. They immediately dispersed, and supplicated the mercy of their incensed sovereign, but in vain. Ferdinand gladly seized the opportunity of establishing his power, and he abolished many of their privileges, abridged others, and new-modelled the constitution according to his pleasure. He punished many of the insurgents with death, others with confiscation of their goods, or perpetual banishment. He disarmed the whole population, established oppressive garrisons, and loaded his people with taxes; all which, although it produced the silence of terror, by no means served to extinguish the fire of freedom.

The peace of Augsburg, which was finally ratified by the Emperor in 1555, put an end for a time to the contest between the Protestants and Catholics, but only to break out again with redoubled violence. Tranquillity was maintained throughout the reigns of Ferdinand, King of Bohemia, the successor of Charles V., and Maximilian II., whose mild sway went far to calm the stormy spirits of the age; but under the feeble administration of his son Rudolph, disputes again ran high, and the princes again began to band themselves together. Frederick IV., Elector of the Palatinate, headed the Protestant "Union," and Maximilian of Bavaria was the chief of the Catholic "League." The better to strengthen himself against his brother Mathias, who had rebelled against him, and finally possessed himself of all the power of the empire, Rudolph granted to the Bohemians a charter, known as "The Letter of Majesty," confirming all their ancient privileges and granting them entire freedom in their religion. Mathias succeeded to the titles of emperor and king, on the death of Rudolph, (the power he was already possessed of,) and, having no children, adopted Ferdinand of Gratz, Archduke of Carniola and Styria—a disciple of the Jesuits, and a staunch Catholic—as his successor on the throne of Bohemia; and he succeeded in persuading the people to ratify this choice, but not before Ferdinand had signed a document, freeing them from their allegiance as subjects, in the event of his infringing any of those rights which the coronation oath would call upon him to maintain. The violation of this agreement produced "the Thirty Years' War."

The charter granted by Rudolph to the Bohemians provided that "the Protestants should have the full right to build new schools and churches, not only in the towns, but in the country." Two new churches, built at Brunau and Clostergraben, were violently seized upon by the Catholic clergy, who pulled down one and shut up the other. A complaint was made to the Lords of the Council, the Emperor's representatives at Prague, who threw the deputies into prison. The Protestant members of the states, then assembled at Prague, upon this sent a remonstrance to the Emperor, who refused all redress, and declared that the states had abused the charter, and that the deputies were rebels and traitors. A copy of the imperial letter, and permission to return the next day and deliver their reply, were conceded to the deputation from the Protestant states, who proceeded to hold a meeting at the house of Count Thurn, where it was resolved to inform the Lords of the Council, "that after the signature of the great charter by the Emperor, no order or decree, tending to endanger the liberties of the Protestant religion, could be received or obeyed;" and eight of the principal members were deputed to deliver this answer.

On the next morning, the 23<sup>rd</sup> of May, 1618, the deputation, each man in full armour, proceeded to the castle, followed by an immense multitude, all in arms, calling aloud for vengeance, many of whom thrust themselves into the hall of audience along with the deputies. The discussion, although begun in a temperate tone, soon became stormy. There were present at the board two members particularly obnoxious, Slavata and Martinez, whom it had been previously determined to remove, should they appear. Reproaches were showered upon them, which were retorted; and at length the fiery Neuzel of Raupowna exclaimed, "Wherefore all this delay? Let them be thrown out of the window, according to the good old Bohemian fashion." The words were no sooner spoken than the deed was done; and not only Slavata and Martinez, but Fabricius the secretary, who had crept under the table, were precipitated from the windows. Sternberg and Lob-Kowitz were saved by their friends, who hurried them into another room. Fortunately there was a large mound of loose rubbish under the windows, and the unlucky councillors received little damage from their tumble, and notwithstanding they were fired at, they all escaped. This unfortunate affair proved very injurious to the Protestant cause, and gave its enemies a handle against them which they did not fail to make use of.

A humble apology and justification was sent to Vienna, but the states were careful to put themselves in a posture of defence. Some of the Catholic clergy were banished, and all the Jesuits were expelled. Count Thurn was put at the head of the army, and alliances were formed with Silesia and Lusatia, and application made to other

states; negotiations were attempted without success, and hostilities commenced. The Catholics of Bohemia, being equally interested with the Protestants in the maintenance of the charter, joined in opposing the Emperor; and Count Mansfeld, the celebrated Condottieri leader, brought 4000 men to their aid, and captured Pilsen, the second town in the country, and the last which adhered to the Austrians. They endeavoured to persuade the famous Wallenstein, the favourite hero of the Germans, and whose fortunes form the subject of the beautiful drama to which these remarks are introductory, and who at this time was in command of the provincial militia of Moravia, to declare in their favour, but he remained steadfast to the Emperor, and was in consequence obliged to withdraw from Olmutz, carrying with him, however, the public treasure, which he delivered to the Emperor at Vienna.

Here we must pause for a moment to take a retrospect of the career of this extraordinary man, of whose earlier life very little is known, and who had at this period only just begun to be known and esteemed as a commander. Albrecht Eusebius Wenzeslaus of Waldstein or Wallenstein, was born at Humanitz in Bohemia, on the 15th of September 1583, of an ancient and noble but impoverished family; and as he was the youngest of six sons, his share of patrimony was but small. He was originally bred a Protestant, but the early loss of his parents threw him upon the protection of a maternal uncle, a Catholic, who placed him at the College of Nobles at Olmutz, established by the Jesuits, who found him an easy convert. He was from his boyhood averse to learning, fond of arms, and ambitious of command; his active, powerful, and inquiring mind was incessantly occupied in procuring a knowledge of men and manners, and before entering on any profession he was able to gratify this disposition by foreign travel. He early entered the army, in what capacity is not known, but he met with little encouragement; and served several campaigns against the Turks, before he attained the command of a company of foot. The want of money was probably the cause of his bad success, for at that period military rank could, as with us at this day, be purchased. His first step to fortune was the marriage of a wealthy widow, somewhat advanced in years. He lived retired with her, upon her estates, which devolved to him upon her death, which happened within a few years, but at what precise time is not ascertained. He is entirely lost to history for ten years, from 1607 to 1617, when, in his thirty-third year, he reappeared, and raised at his own expense a corps of horsemen, whom he led to the assistance of Ferdinand of Gratz, who was then at war with the Venetians. His successful conduct on this occasion, the splendour of his troops, the liberality of their pay, and the magnificence of his style of living, drew all eyes upon him. The Emperor invited him to Vienna, created him a count, gave him a chamberlain's key, and the important command of the Moravian militia. He now married his second wife, Isabella Catherine, Countess of Harrach, daughter of Count Harrach the Imperial minister; a lady who not only brought him a great accession of fortune, but of influence also. We may here remark that Mr. Coleridge has in his translation fallen into an error in making it appear that the Countess Tertsky was the sister of this lady. She was the sister of Wallenstein himself; and the mistake appears to have crept into the manuscript copy used by Mr. Coleridge, by some inadvertency, as in the printed copies, which were not published when the translation was made, the fact is correctly stated.

Wallenstein had now begun his career of glory. On his return from Olmutz he raised a troop of cuirassiers, and joining General Bocquoi, took an active part in the contest.

Ferdinand of Gratz succeeded to the Austrian dominions on the 20th March 1618, but it was a troubled inheritance. The Bohemians had now two armies: one under Count Mansfeld, the other under Count Thurn; which latter was closely investing Vienna, when news arrived of the total defeat of Mansfeld by Bocquoi and Wallenstein, which forced Thurn to withdraw, and Ferdinand was delivered from great jeopardy. On the 29th of August, Ferdinand was elected emperor, and about the same time the Bohemians openly renounced their allegiance to him, and called Frederick V., the Elector Palatine, and husband of Elizabeth of England, to the throne. His story is well known. Abandoned by the allies, who, by the treaty of Ulm, agreed to give him no assistance except in defence of his native dominions, Maximilian, the chief of the League, who had entered into strict alliance with Ferdinand, turned all his forces against him; and the defeat of Bethlem Gabor by Bocquoi and Wallenstein left their troops at liberty to attack Bohemia, and their united forces routed the army of Prince Christian of Anhalt, on the 8th November, 1620, and drove Frederick from his throne, and the battle of Prague restored Ferdinand to his dominions, when he commenced a dreadful persecution of the Protestants.

Wallenstein retired to his estates, and occupied himself in the acquisition of the enormous wealth for which he was afterwards distinguished, and which he effected by the purchase of confiscated estates. The deaths of Bocquoi and Dampier, the two best generals in the Austrian service, again called Wallenstein to the field, and in 1621 and 1623 he distinguished himself by defeating the armies of Bethlem Gabor. In reward of his services he was created Count Palatine and Duke of Friedland, with the right of striking coin and granting patents of nobility. In possession of vast estates, he occupied himself incessantly with their improvement; and although he lived with princely magnificence, every detail of his expense was managed with the most scrupulous economy. Meantime Tilly was occupied in the reduction of the Palatinate, but when this had been effected, and Mansfeld and the Duke of Brunswick driven out, the states began to take the alarm at the growing power of Ferdinand, and taking arms, an army of 60,000 men was quickly brought together. They entered into an alliance with the King of Denmark, and called, though vainly, upon England for assistance. The war began, but with small success. Tilly called for reinforcements, but the Emperor could not respond. His resources were utterly exhausted, and Bethlem Gabor found employment for every man he could command. At this crisis Wallenstein came forward, and offered to raise and equip an army of 50,000 men at his own expense. His offer was accepted; and it was stipulated that he should be allowed to nominate his own officers, and was besides empowered to reward himself and his followers out of the property that might be confiscated in the conquered countries,—powers that necessarily gave him a wonderful ascendancy over his troops. Adventurers hastened to the standard of the princely general, and 20,000 were collected in a month; and he marched from Eger on the 3rd of September 1625, at the head of 30,000 men, upon the frontiers of Lower Saxony. This extraordinary achievement excites our surprise, and it seems hard to believe how a private individual could command sufficient means to raise, support, and pay such a body of troops. It is true they lived at free quarters and levied very heavy contributions wherever they went; yet Wallenstein's private advances were also enormous, especially for the provision of supplies and military stores, to every detail of which he himself gave the most minute attention.

It is impossible here to give a history of the Thirty Years' War. Our object has been merely to recal to the recollection of the reader, such of its events as led to the position in which the Empire was at the opening of Schiller's drama, and to show the steps by which Wallenstein attained his perilous elevation. Our notice of the passing events can therefore only be cursory. The efforts of Wallenstein cleared Germany of hostile armies, and rendered Ferdinand sole master of the country. He pushed his conquests to the sea; state after state submitted,

and were compelled to support the troops, who tyrannized over them and levied the most unsparing contributions. A thick crop of confiscations was reaped by the conquerors, and their chief was rewarded by the rich duchy of Mecklenburg, whose legitimate sovereign was expelled to make way for the haughty soldier. He now prepared to prosecute the war by sea, and tempted the king of Sweden with the offer of both Denmark and Norway, if he would join the Emperor; but he was above temptation. A peace with Denmark was at length concluded at Lubeck, in January 1629, and peace might also have been enjoyed by Germany if Ferdinand had not issued a decree commanding all property formerly belonging to the church to be restored. The grievance also of supporting the lawless bands of troops scattered over the country, lax in discipline and accustomed to free quarters, was dreadful. Their excesses led to complaints against their chief, and a diet assembled at Ratisbon strongly urged the Emperor to deprive Wallenstein of his command. Ferdinand was extremely anxious to obtain the election of his son as King of Hungary, and prevailed on Wallenstein to comply. He retired in 1630 to Gitchen, where he resided in princely state and attended by a large retinue.

Meantime war was declared by Gustavus Adolphus, who entered Germany and was opposed by Tilly with various success. At length Tilly lost the famous battle of Breitenfeld, fought on the 7th December 1631, and was soon afterwards slain in another battle near Augsburg, and Gustavus traversed Germany victoriously. Wallenstein was now once more summoned to the field. He again came forward, but limited his service to three months, in which space he promised to raise an army, and his name gathered one amounting to 40,000 men in that short time. He then resigned his command, and the Emperor was reduced to entreaties, before he would comply with his request and lead the troops to action. At length, upon the terms that he should be made commander-in-chief, with absolute power over all the Austrian and Spanish troops in Germany; that neither the King of Hungary nor the Emperor were to appear with the army, still less to exercise over it any act of authority; that the Emperor was to dispose of no military appointment, to confer no reward; that no pardon which he might grant should be valid without the sanction of the Duke of Friedland; that whatever might be conquered and confiscated was to be appropriated at the sole will and pleasure of the commander-in-chief, without the interference of any other authority; that as a certain reward of his services one of the hereditary provinces of the house of Austria, as an extraordinary reward one of the provinces of the empire, should be conferred upon him; that all the Austrian dominions were to be open for the reception of the army, in case retreat should become necessary; that on the conclusion of a peace, he was to be confirmed in the possession of the duchy of Mecklenburg; and that timely notice was to be given him, should it again be thought expedient to remove him from the command, he consented to lead the troops to action.

Never before were such terms dictated by a subject to a sovereign; and deeply humiliated must Ferdinand have felt, when necessity compelled him to assent to them, and thus to render himself almost a cipher in the empire. Wallenstein was in very ill-health, suffering most severely from the gout, and there is little reason to doubt that his reluctance to assume the command was not feigned, although Schiller viewed his conduct in a different light. The very extravagance of his demands may have arisen from the hope that they would be denied. But when they were granted, he at once exerted himself with all his accustomed vigilance and energy. On the 4th of May 1632, he attacked Arnheim's army before Prague, defeated him, and, following up his successes, quickly drove out all the enemy's forces from Bohemia. He wished now to carry the war into Saxony, and thus draw Gustavus from the centre of Germany; but at the earnest request of the Emperor and the Elector of Bavaria, the haughty Maximilian, whose machinations had been the chief cause of his former dismissal from command, he consented to seek the Swedes instead of forcing the Swedes to seek him. At Egra he experienced a proud triumph; Maximilian joined him with his army, which was put under the sole command of Wallenstein, and a formal instrument was executed by which both parties bound themselves to forget and forgive the past.

Wallenstein conducted the campaign with extraordinary prudence; and Gustavus first experienced defeat before Nuremberg, where he suffered a reverse in an attempt to escape from the blockade by which Wallenstein attempted to subdue him in his lines by starvation. After a campaign conducted with masterly skill on both sides, Gustavus took up a position at Naumberg, and Wallenstein judging that he intended to remain there, as he had before Nuremberg, ventured to dispatch Pappenheim to the relief of Cologne, and to distribute many other of his troops in distant quarters; and in consequence, he was but ill prepared to meet Gustavus when he advanced to the famous field of Lutzen. His energy was taxed to its uttermost, and the hard-fought battle of Lutzen (6th November 1632,) was, although he experienced defeat, glorious rather than dishonourable. After rallying his troops, he took up winter quarters and occupied his time so diligently, that by the spring his army amounted to 40,000 men well equipped. In the course of the ensuing campaign, Wallenstein appears to have endeavoured to effect a peace by detaching Saxony from the Swedes; and he proposed to Arnheim the Saxon general to join with him in expelling the Swedes, "and then," said he, "we shall be able to make a peace among ourselves."

The transactions of this period are involved in much obscurity, and our knowledge of them a good deal depends upon the statements of Arnheim, "in whom," said Cardinal Richelieu, "the court of Rome lost a most accomplished Jesuit." It is certain that Arnheim reported to Oxenstiern, the Swedish commander, that Wallenstein was determined to take vengeance on the house of Austria, for the affront he had suffered when he was deprived of his command; that he intended to seize on Bohemia, restore the ancient privileges of the people, and then march to Vienna, and compel the Emperor to make peace,—a story altogether improbable, and so treated by Oxenstiern; who said, if it was a jest, it was a very bad one. With the hope of effecting a peace, Wallenstein consented to repeated truces, and his communication with the enemy caused his fidelity to be suspected; the emperor was perhaps afraid of a peace which would leave his too powerful subject unemployed. Reports of his ambitious designs became so prevalent, that applications and offers of assistance were made to him from France, to which he returned no answer. The last truce expired, and hostilities were again actively commenced, and successfully carried on, by Wallenstein. He drove the Swedes into a corner, and was in a fair way of reducing them altogether, when he was recalled to the defence of Bavaria, which was attacked by the Duke of Weimar. The reports which had been circulated to the prejudice of Wallenstein were given credit to by Ferdinand, although, when Wallenstein complained of them, he denied having heard them. He began to interfere with the arrangements of the army, and by so doing caused not only Wallenstein, but the officers, to complain. They began to be discontented, and forwarded a remonstrance against the measures adopted by the court, referring to their own sacrifices, and the want of pay. The rest of the story it is needless to detail; it is the subject of Schiller's drama, and all the attendant circumstances are fully detailed there. He however gives credit to the reality of Wallenstein's guilt, and also to the substitution of the false paper at the banquet of Illo, both which circumstances are very doubtful, and are certainly not borne out by any sufficient evidence; and it should be remembered that it was at the earnest

request of his officers, who without his aid thought their just claims would never be admitted, that he consented to abide by them, upon the condition that they would abide by him; a compact certainly not unjustifiable, under the very peculiar relations in which both army and general stood with their sovereign.

It is not our purpose here to enter into a discussion upon Wallenstein's designs or conduct; we have merely detailed the leading facts of his career, our only intention being to point out his position at the time the drama of "The Piccolomini" opens. Neither is it our province to proceed farther with an outline of the war. It is sufficient here to state, that upon the death of Wallenstein, the King of Hungary took the command of the forces, whose murmurings were pacified with money, whilst the active agents in the destruction of the dreaded chieftain were richly rewarded. After a continued struggle, in which each party alternately gained and lost the advantage, and in which both France and Spain took part, the disastrous war of thirty years, which reduced Germany from plenty and prosperity to the brink of ruin, and the miseries of disorder and poverty, was at length closed by the treaty of peace concluded at Munster on the 24th of October 1648, by which liberty of conscience was secured to the Protestants, and the states of Europe were settled, as respects territory, in nearly the same manner as they remained until the commencement of the French Revolution.

## PREFACE.

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THE two Dramas,—PICCOLomini, or the first part of WALLENSTEIN, and THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN, are introduced in the original manuscript by a Prelude in one Act, entitled WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP. This is written in rhyme, and in nine-syllable verse, in the same *lilt*ing metre (if that expression may be permitted) with the second Eclogue of Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar.

This prelude possesses a sort of broad humour, and is not deficient in character; but to have translated it into prose, or into any other metre than that of the original, would have given a false idea both of its style and purport; to have translated it into the same metre would have been incompatible with a faithful adherence to the sense of the German, from the comparative poverty of our language in rhymes; and it would have been unadvisable, from the incongruity of those lax verses with the present taste of the English Public. Schiller's intention seems to have been merely to have prepared his reader for the Tragedies by a lively picture of the laxity of discipline, and the mutinous dispositions, of Wallenstein's soldiery. It is not necessary as a preliminary explanation. For these reasons it has been thought expedient not to translate it.

The admirers of Schiller, who have abstracted their idea of that author from *The Robbers*, and *The Cabal and Love*, plays in which the main interest is produced by the excitement of curiosity, and in which the curiosity is excited by terrible and extraordinary incident, will not have perused without some portion of disappointment the Dramas, which it has been my employment to translate. They should, however, reflect that these are Historical Dramas, taken from a popular German History; that we must, therefore, judge of them in some measure with the feelings of Germans; or, by analogy, with the interest excited in us by similar Dramas in our own language. Few, I trust, would be rash or ignorant enough to compare Schiller with Shakspeare; yet, merely as illustration, I would say that we should proceed to the perusal of Wallenstein, not from *Lear* or *Othello*, but from *Richard the Second*, or the three parts of *Henry the Sixth*. We scarcely expect rapidity in an Historical Drama; and many prolix speeches are pardoned from characters, whose names and actions have formed the most amusing tales of our early life. On the other hand, there exist in these plays more individual beauties, more passages whose excellence will bear reflection, than in the former productions of Schiller. The description of the Astrological Tower, and the reflections of the Young Lover, which follow it, form in the original a fine poem; and my translation must have been wretched indeed, if it can have wholly overclouded the beauties of the Scene in the first Act of the first Play, between Questenberg, Max. and Octavio Piccolomini. If we except the Scene of the setting sun in the Robbers, I know of no part in Schiller's Plays which equals the first Scene of the fifth Act of the concluding Play. It would be unbecoming in me to be more diffuse on this subject. A Translator stands connected with the original Author by a certain law of subordination, which makes it more decorous to point out excellences than defects: indeed he is not likely to be a fair judge of either. The pleasure or disgust from his own labour will mingle with the feelings that arise from an after-view of the original. Even in the first perusal of a work in any foreign language which we understand, we are apt to attribute to it more excellence than it really possesses from our own pleasurable sense of difficulty overcome without effort. Translation of poetry into poetry is difficult, because the Translator must give a brilliancy to his language without that warmth of original conception, from which such brilliancy would follow of its own accord. But the Translator of a living Author is encumbered with additional inconveniences. If he render his original faithfully, as to the *sense* of each passage, he must, necessarily, destroy a considerable portion of the *spirit*; if he endeavour to give a work executed according to laws of *compensation*, he subjects himself to imputations of vanity, or misrepresentation. I have thought it my duty to remain bound by the sense of my original, with as few exceptions as the nature of the languages rendered possible.

S. T. C.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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**WALLENSTEIN**, *Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty-years' War.*

**OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI**, *Lieutenant-General.*

**MAX. PICCOLOMINI**, *his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.*

**COUNT TERTSKY**, *the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-law of Wallenstein.*

**ILLO**, *Field Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.*

**ISOLANI**, *General of the Croats.*

**BUTLER**, *an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.*

**TIEFENBACH,**  
**DON MARADAS,**  
**GOETZ,**  
**KOLATTO,**

} *Generals under Wallenstein.*

**NEUMANN**, *Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-camp to Tertsky.*

**VON QUESTENBERG**, *the War Commissioner, Imperial Envoy.*

**GENERAL WRANGEL**, *Swedish Envoy.*

**BAPTISTA SENI**, *an Astrologer.*

**DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND**, *Wife of Wallenstein.*

**THEKLA**, *her daughter, Princess of Friedland.*

**THE COUNTESS TERTSKY**, *sister of the Duchess.*

**A CORNET.**

**COLONELS and GENERALS** (*several*).

**PAGES and ATTENDANTS** *belonging to Wallenstein.*

**ATTENDANTS and HOBISTS** *belonging to Tertsky.*

**MASTER OF THE CELLAR**, *to Count Tertsky.*

**VALET DE CHAMERE** *of Count Piccolomini.*

# THE PICCOLOMINI.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*An old Gothic Chamber in the Council House at Pilsen, decorated with Colours and other War Insignia.*

ILLO with BUTLER and ISOLANI.

ILLO.  
Ye have come too late—but ye are come! The Count Isolan, excuses your delay. [distance,

ISOLANI.  
Add this too, that we come not empty-handed. At Donauwerth<sup>1</sup> it was reported to us, A Swedish caravan was on its way Transporting a rich cargo of provision, Almost six hundred waggons. This my Croats Plunged down upon and seized, this weighty prize!— We bring it hither—

ILLO.  
Just in time to banquet  
The illustrious company assembled here.

BUTLER.  
'Tis all alive! a stirring scene here!

ISOLANI.  
Ay!  
The very churches are all full of soldiers. [Casts his eye round.  
And in the Council-house too, I observe,  
You're settled, quite at home! Well, well! we sol-  
Must shift and suit us in what way we can. [diers

ILLO.  
We have the colonels here of thirty regiments.  
You'll find Count Tertsky here, and Tiefenbach,  
Kolatto, Goetz, Maradas, Hinnersam,  
The Piccolomini, both son and father—  
You'll meet with many an unexpected greeting  
From many an old friend and acquaintance. Only  
Galas is wanting still, and Altringer.

BUTLER.  
Expect not Galas.  
ILLO (hesitating).  
How so? Do you know—

ISOLANI (interrupting him).  
Max. Piccolomini here!—O bring me to him.  
I see him yet ('tis now ten years ago,  
We were engaged with Mansfeldt hard by Dessau),  
I see the youth, in my mind's eye I see him,  
Leap his black war-horse from the bridge adown,  
And t'ward his father, then in extreme peril,

Beat up against the strong tide of the Elbe.  
The down was scarce upon his chin! I hear  
He has made good the promise of his youth,  
And the full hero now is finish'd in him.

ILLO.  
You'll see him yet ere evening. He conducts  
The Duchess Friedland hither, and the Princess<sup>2</sup>  
From Cärnthen. We expect them here at noon.

BUTLER.  
Both wife and daughter does the Duke call hither!  
He crowds in visitants from all sides.

ISOLANI.  
Hm!  
So much the better! I had framed my mind  
To hear of nought but warlike circumstance,  
Of marches, and attacks, and batteries:  
And lo! the Duke provides, that something too  
Of gentler sort, and lovely, should be present  
To feast our eyes.

ILLO (who has been standing in the attitude of meditation, to BUTLER, whom he leads a little on one side).  
And how came you to know  
That the Count Galas joins us not?

BUTLER.  
Because  
He importuned me to remain behind.  
ILLO (with warmth).  
And you?—You hold out firmly!

[Grasping his hand with affection.  
Noble Butler!

BUTLER.  
After the obligation which the Duke  
Had laid so newly on me—

ILLO.  
I had forgotten  
A pleasant duty—Major General,  
I wish you joy!

ISOLANI.  
What, you mean, of his regiment?  
I hear, too, that to make the gift still sweeter,  
The Duke has given him the very same  
In which he first saw service, and since then, [ment,  
Work'd himself, step by step, through each prefer-  
From the ranks upwards. And verily, it gives  
A precedent of hope, a spur of action  
To the whole corps, if once in their remembrance  
An old deserving soldier makes his way.

<sup>2</sup> The Dukes in Germany being always reigning powers, their sons and daughters are entitled Princes and Princesses.

<sup>1</sup> A town about twelve German miles N.E. of Uim.

BUTLER.

I am perplex'd and doubtful, whether or no  
I dare accept this your congratulation.  
The Emperor has not yet confirm'd the appointment.

ISOLANI.

Seize it, friend! Seize it! The hand which in that post  
Placed you, is strong enough to keep you there,  
Spite of the Emperor and his Ministers!

ILLO.

Ay, if we would but so consider it!—  
If we would *all* of us consider it so!  
The Emperor gives us nothing; from the Duke  
Comes all—whate'er we hope, whate'er we have.

ISOLANI (to ILLO).

My noble brother! did I tell you how  
The Duke will satisfy my creditors?  
Will be himself my banker for the future,  
Make me once more a creditable man!—  
And this is now the third time, think of that!  
This kingly-minded man has rescued me  
From absolute ruin, and restored my honour.

ILLO.

O that his power but kept pace with his wishes!  
Why, friend! he'd give the whole world to his soldiers.  
But at Vienna, brother!—here's the grievance.—  
What politic schemes do they not lay to shorten  
His arm, and where they can, to clip his pinions.  
Then these new dainty requisitions! these,  
Which this same Questenberg brings hither!—

BUTLER.

Ay!

These requisitions of the Emperor,—  
I too have heard about them; but I hope  
The Duke will not draw back a single inch!

ILLO.

Not from his right most surely, unless first  
—From office!

BUTLER (*shocked and confused*).

Know you *ought* then? You alarm me.

ISOLANI (*at the same time with BUTLER, and  
in a hurrying voice*).

We should be ruin'd, every one of us!

ILLO.

No more!

Yonder I see *our worthy friend*! approaching  
With the Lieutenant-General, Piccolomini.

BUTLER (*shaking his head significantly*).  
I fear we shall not go hence as we came.

## SCENE II.

Enter OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI and QUESTENBERG.

OCTAVIO (*still in the distance*).

Ay, ay! more still! Still more new visitors!  
Acknowledge, friend! that never was a camp,  
Which held at once so many heads of heroes.

[Approaching nearer.

Welcome, Count Isolani!

ISOLANI.

My noble brother,  
Even now am I arrived; it had been else my duty—

OCTAVIO.

And Colonel Butler—trust me, I rejoice  
Thus to renew acquaintance with a man  
Whose worth and services I know and honour.

1 Spoken with a sneer.

See, see, my friend!

There might we place at once before our eyes  
The sum of war's whole trade and mystery—

[To QUESTENBERG, presenting BUTLER and ISOLANI  
at the same time to him.

These two the total sum—Strength and Dispatch.

QUESTENBERG (to OCTAVIO).

And lo! betwixt them both experienced Prudence!

OCTAVIO (*presenting QUESTENBERG to BUTLER  
and ISOLANI*).

The Chamberlain and War-commissioner Questen-  
The bearer of the Emperor's behests, [berg,  
The long-tried friend and patron of all soldiers,  
We honour in this noble visitor. [Universal silence.

ILLO (*moving towards QUESTENBERG*).

'Tis not the first time, noble Minister,  
You have shown our camp this honour.

QUESTENBERG.

Once before

I stood before these colours.

ILLO.

Perchance too you remember *where* that was.  
It was at Znäim<sup>2</sup> in Moravia, where  
You did present yourself upon the part  
Of the Emperor, to supplicate our Duke  
That he would straight assume the chief command.

QUESTENBERG.

To *supplicate*? Nay bold General!  
So far extended neither my commission  
(At least to my own knowledge) nor my zeal.

ILLO.

Well, well, then—to *compel* him, if you choose.  
I can remember me right well, Count Tilly  
Had suffer'd total rout upon the Lech.  
Bavaria lay all open to the enemy,  
Whom there was nothing to delay from pressing  
Onwards into the very heart of Austria.  
At that time you and Werdenberg appear'd  
Before our General, storming him with prayers,  
And menacing the Emperor's displeasure,  
Unless he took compassion on this wretchedness.

ISOLANI (*steps up to them*).

Yes, yes, 'tis comprehensible enough,  
Wherefore with your commission of to-day  
You were not all too willing to remember  
Your former one.

QUESTENBERG.

Why not, Count Isolani!

No contradiction sure exists between them.  
It was the urgent business of that time  
To snatch Bavaria from her enemy's hand;  
And my commission of to-day instructs me  
To free her from her good friends and protectors.

ILLO.

A worthy office! After with our blood  
We have wrested this Bohemia from the Saxon,  
To be swept *out* of it is all our thanks,  
The sole reward of all our hard-won victories.

QUESTENBERG.

Unless that wretched land be doomed to suffer  
Only a change of evils, it must be  
Freed from the scourge alike of friend and foe.

ILLO.

What? 'Twas a favourable year; the boors  
Can answer fresh demands already.

<sup>2</sup> A town not far from the Mine-mountains, on the high  
road from Vienna to Prague.

QUESTENBERG.

Nay,  
If *you* discourse of herds and meadow-grounds—  
ISOLANI.

The war maintains the war. Are the boors ruin'd?  
The Emperor gains so many more new soldiers.

QUESTENBERG.

And is the poorer by even so many subjects.

ISOLANI.

Poh! we are all his subjects.

QUESTENBERG.

Yet with a difference, General! The one fill  
With profitable industry the purse,  
The others are well skill'd to empty it.  
The sword has made the Emperor poor; the plough  
Must reinvigorate his resources.

ISOLANI.

Sure!  
Times are not yet so bad. Methinks I see  
*[Examining with his eye the dress and ornaments  
of QUESTENBERG.]*

Good store of gold that still remains uncoin'd.

QUESTENBERG.

Thank Heaven! that means have been found out to  
Some little from the fingers of the Croats. *[hide*

ILLO.

There! The Stawata and the Martinitz,  
On whom the Emperor heaps his gifts and graces,  
To the heart-burning of all good Bohemians—  
Those minions of court favour, those court harpies,  
Who fatten on the wrecks of citizens  
Driven from their house and home—who reap no  
Save in the general calamity— *[harvests*  
Who now, with kingly pomp, insult and mock  
The desolation of their country—these,  
Let these, and such as these, support the war,  
The fatal war, which they alone enkindled!

BUTLER.

And those state-parasites, who have their feet  
So constantly beneath the Emperor's table,  
Who cannot let a benefice fall, but they  
Snap at it with dogs' hunger—they, forsooth, *[ing!*  
Would pare the soldier's bread, and cross his reckon-

ISOLANI.

My life long will it anger me to think,  
How when I went to court seven years ago,  
To see about new horses for our regiment,  
How from one antechamber to another  
They dragg'd me on, and left me by the hour  
To kick my heels among a crowd of simpering  
Feast-fatten'd slaves, as if I had come thither  
A mendicant suitor for the crumbs of favour  
That fall beneath their tables. And, at last,  
Whom should they send me but a capuchin!  
Straight I began to muster up my sins  
For absolution—but no such luck for *me!*  
*This* was the man, this capuchin, with whom  
I was to treat concerning the army horses:  
And I was forced at last to quit the field,  
The business unaccomplish'd. Afterwards  
The Duke procured me in three days, what I  
Could not obtain in thirty at Vienna.

QUESTENBERG.

Yes, yes! your travelling bills soon found their  
way to us:

Too well I know we have still accounts to settle.

ILLO.

War is a violent trade: one cannot always

Finish one's work by soft means; every trifle  
Must not be blacken'd into sacrilege.

If we should wait till you, in solemn council,  
With due deliberation had selected  
The smallest out of four-and-twenty evils,  
I' faith we should wait long.—

“Dash! and through with it!”—That's the better  
watch-word.

Then after come what may come. 'Tis man's nature  
To make the best of a bad thing once past.  
A bitter and perplex'd “what shall I do!”  
Is worse to man than worst necessity.

QUESTENBERG.

Ay, doubtless, it is true: the Duke *does* spare us  
The troublesome task of choosing.

BUTLER.

Yes, the Duke  
Cares with a father's feelings for his troops;  
But how the Emperor feels for us, we see.

QUESTENBERG.

*His* cares and feelings all ranks share alike,  
Nor will he offer one up to another.

ISOLANI.

And therefore thrusts he us into the deserts  
As beasts of prey, that so he may preserve  
His dear sheep fattening in his fields at home.

QUESTENBERG *(with a sneer)*.

Count! this comparison you make, not I.

BUTLER.

Why, were we all the Court supposes us,  
'Twere dangerous, sure, to give us liberty.

QUESTENBERG.

You have taken liberty—it was not given you.  
And therefore it becomes an urgent duty  
To rein it in with curbs.

OCTAVIO *(interposing and addressing QUESTENBERG)*.

My noble friend,

This is no more than a remembrancing  
That you are now in camp, and among warriors.  
The soldier's boldness constitutes his freedom.  
Could he *act* daringly, unless he dared  
Talk even so! One runs into the other.  
The boldness of this worthy officer,

*[Pointing to BUTLER.]*

Which now has but mistaken in its mark,  
Preserved, when nought but boldness could pre-  
serve it,

To the Emperor his capital city, Prague,  
In a most formidable mutiny  
Of the whole garrison. *[Military music at a distance.]*

Hah! here they come!

ILLO.

The sentries are saluting them: this signal  
Announces the arrival of the Duchess.

OCTAVIO *(to QUESTENBERG)*.

Then my son Max. too has returned. 'Twas he  
Fetch'd and attended them from Cärnthen hither.

ISOLANI *(to ILLO)*.

Shall we not go in company to greet them?

ILLO.

Well, let us go.—Ho! Colonel Butler, come.  
*[To OCTAVIO.]*

You'll not forget, that yet ere noon we meet  
The noble Envoy at the General's palace.

*[Exeunt all but QUESTENBERG and OCTAVIO.]*

## SCENE III.

QUESTENBERG and OCTAVIO.

QUESTENBERG (*with signs of aversion and astonishment*).

What have I not been forced to hear, Octavio !  
 What sentiments ! what fierce, incurb'd defiance !  
 And were this spirit universal—

OCTAVIO.

Hm ! [army.

You are now acquainted with three-fourths of the

QUESTENBERG.

Where must we seek then for a second host  
 To have the custody of this ? That Illo  
 Thinks worse, I fear me, than he speaks. And then  
 This Butler too—he cannot even conceal  
 The passionate workings of his ill intentions.

OCTAVIO.

Quickness of temper—irritated pride ;  
 'Twas nothing more. I cannot give up Butler.  
 I know a spell that will soon dispossess  
 The evil spirit in him.

QUESTENBERG (*walking up and down in evident disquiet*).

Friend, friend !

O ! this is worse, far worse, than we had suffer'd  
 Ourselves to dream of at Vienna. There  
 We saw it only with a courtier's eyes,  
 Eyes dazzled by the splendour of the throne.  
 We had not seen the War-chief, the Commander,  
 The man all-powerful in his camp. Here, here,  
 'T is quite another thing.  
 Here is no Emperor more—the Duke is Emperor.  
 Alas, my friend ! alas, my noble friend !  
 This walk which you have ta'en me through the  
 Strikes my hopes prostrate. [camp

OCTAVIO.

Now you see yourself

Of what a perilous kind the office is,  
 Which you deliver to me from the Court.  
 The least suspicion of the General  
 Costs me my freedom and my life, and would  
 But hasten his most desperate enterprise.

QUESTENBERG.

Where was our reason sleeping when we trusted  
 This madman with the sword, and placed such  
 In such a hand ? I tell you, he 'll refuse, [power  
 Flatly refuse, to obey the Imperial orders.  
 Friend, he *can* do 't, and what he can, he will.  
 And then the impunity of his defiance—  
 Oh ! what a proclamation of our weakness !

OCTAVIO.

D'ye think too, he has brought his wife and daughter  
 Without a purpose hither ? Here in camp !  
 And at the very point of time, in which  
 We 're arming for the war ? That he has taken  
 These, the last pledges of his loyalty,  
 Away from out the Emperor's domains—  
 This is no doubtful token of the nearness  
 Of some eruption ?

QUESTENBERG.

How shall we hold footing  
 Beneath this tempest, which collects itself  
 And threats us from all quarters ? The enemy  
 Of the empire on our borders, now already  
 The master of the Danube, and still farther,  
 And farther still, extending every hour !

In our interior the alarum-bells  
 Of insurrection—peasantry in arms—  
 All orders discontented—and the army,  
 Just in the moment of our expectation  
 Of aidance from it—lo ! this very army  
 Seduced, run wild, lost to all discipline,  
 Loosen'd, and rent asunder from the state  
 And from their sovereign, the blind instrument  
 Of the most daring of mankind, a weapon  
 Of fearful power, which at his will *he* wields !

OCTAVIO.

Nay, nay, friend ! let us not despair too soon.  
 Men's words are ever bolder than their deeds :  
 And many a resolute, who now appears  
 Made up to all extremes, will, on a sudden  
 Find in his breast a heart he wot not of,  
 Let but a single honest man speak out  
 The true name of his crime ! Remember too,  
 We stand not yet so wholly unprotected.  
 Counts Altringer and Galas have maintain'd  
 Their little army faithful to its duty,  
 And daily it becomes more numerous.  
 Nor can he take us by surprise : you know  
 I hold him all encompass'd by my listeners.  
 Whate'er he does, is mine, even while 't is doing—  
 No step so small, but instantly I hear it ;  
 Yea, his own mouth discloses it.

QUESTENBERG.

'T is quite

Incomprehensible, that he detects not  
 The foe so near !

OCTAVIO.

Beware, you do not think,

That I by lying arts, and complaisant  
 Hypocrisy, have skulked into his graces :  
 Or with the substance of smooth professions  
 Nourish his all-confiding friendship ! No—  
 Compell'd alike by prudence, and that duty  
 Which we all owe our country, and our sovereign,  
 To hide my genuine feelings from him, yet  
 Ne'er have I duped him with base counterfeits !

QUESTENBERG.

It is the visible ordinance of Heaven.

OCTAVIO.

I know not what it is that so attracts  
 And links him both to me and to my son.  
 Comrades and friends we always were—long habit,  
 Adventurous deeds performed in company,  
 And all those many and various incidents  
 Which store a soldier's memory with affections,  
 Had bound us long and early to each other—  
 Yet I can name the day, when all at once  
 His heart *rose* on me, and his confidence  
 Shot out into sudden growth. It was the morning  
 Before the memorable fight at Lütznar.  
 Urged by an ugly dream, I sought him out,  
 To press him to accept another charger.  
 At distance from the tents, beneath a tree,  
 I found him in a sleep. When I had waked him,  
 And had related all my bodings to him,  
 Long time he stared upon me, like a man  
 Astounded : thereon fell upon my neck,  
 And manifested to me an emotion  
 That far outstripped the worth of that small service.  
 Since then his confidence has follow'd me  
 With the same pace that mine has fled from him.

QUESTENBERG.

You lead your son into the secret ?

OCTAVIO.

No !

QUESTENBERG.

What ! and not warn him either what bad hands  
His lot has placed him in !

OCTAVIO.

I must perforce

Leave him in wardship to his innocence.  
His young and open soul—dissimulation  
Is foreign to its habits ! Ignorance  
Alone can keep alive the cheerful air,  
The unembarrass'd sense and light free spirit,  
That make the Duke secure.

QUESTENBERG (*anxiously*).

My honour'd friend ! most highly do I deem  
Of Colonel Piccolomini—yet—if—  
Reflect a little—

OCTAVIO.

I must venture it.

Hush !—There he comes !

## SCENE IV.

MAX. PICCOLOMINI, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, QUESTENBERG.

MAX.

Ha ! there he is himself. Welcome, my father !  
[*He embraces his father. As he turns round, he  
observes QUESTENBERG, and draws back with a  
cold and reserved air.*]

You are engaged, I see. I'll not disturb you.

OCTAVIO.

How, Max. ? Look closer at this visitor.  
Attention, Max. an old friend merits—Reverence  
Belongs of right to the envoy of your sovereign.

MAX. (*drily*).

Von Questenberg !—Welcome—if you bring with  
Aught good to our head-quarters. [you

QUESTENBERG (*seizing his hand*).

Nay, draw not

Your hand away, Count Piccolomini !

Not on mine own account alone I seized it,  
And nothing common will I say therewith.

[*Taking the hands of both.*]

Octavio—Max. Piccolomini !

O saviour names, and full of happy omen !  
Ne'er will her prosperous genius turn from Austria,  
While two such stars, with blessed influences  
Beaming protection, shine above her hosts.

MAX.

Heh !—Noble minister ! You miss your part.  
You came not here to act a panegyric.  
You're sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us—  
I must not be beforehand with my comrades.

OCTAVIO (*to MAX.*).

He comes from court, where people are not quite  
So well contented with the Duke, as here.

MAX.

What now have they contrived to find out in him ?  
That he alone determines for himself  
What he himself alone doth understand !  
Well, therein he does right, and will persist in 't.  
Heaven never meant him for that passive thing  
That can be struck and hammer'd out to suit  
Another's taste and fancy. He'll not dance  
To every tune of every minister :

It goes against his nature—he can't do it.  
He is possess'd by a commanding spirit,  
And his too is the station of command.  
And well for us it is so ! There exist  
Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use  
Their intellects intelligently.—Then  
Well for the whole, if there be found a man,  
Who makes himself what nature destined him,  
The pause, the central point to thousand thousands—  
Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,  
Where all may press with joy and confidence.  
Now such a man is Wallenstein ; and if  
Another better suits the court—no other  
But such a one as he can serve the army.

QUESTENBERG.

The army ? Doubtless !

OCTAVIO (*to QUESTENBERG*).

Hush ! Suppress it friend !

Unless *some* end were answer'd by the utterance.—  
Of *him* there you'll make nothing.

MAX. (*continuing*).

In their distress

They call a spirit up, and when he comes,  
Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they  
dread him

More than the ills for which they call'd him up.  
The uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be  
Like things of every day.—But in the field,  
Ay, *there* the *Present Being* makes itself felt.  
The personal must command, the actual eye  
Examine. If to be the chieftain asks  
All that is great in nature, let it be  
Likewise his privilege to move and act  
In all the correspondencies of greatness.  
The oracle within him, that which *lives*,  
He must invoke and question—not dead books,  
Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers.

OCTAVIO.

My son ! of those old narrow ordinances  
Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights  
Of priceless value, which oppress'd mankind  
Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors.  
For always formidable was the league  
And partnership of free power with free will.  
The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,  
Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes  
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path  
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,  
Shattering that it *may* reach, and shattering what  
it reaches.

My son ! the road, the human being travels,  
That, on which BLESSING comes and goes, doth  
follow

The river's course, the valley's playful windings,  
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,  
Honouring the holy bounds of property !  
And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.

QUESTENBERG.

O hear your father, noble youth ! hear *him*,  
Who is at once the hero and the man.

OCTAVIO.

My son, the nurseling of the camp spoke in thee !  
A war of fifteen years  
Hath been thy education and thy school.  
Peace hast thou never witness'd ! There exists  
An higher than the warrior's excellence.  
In war itself war is no ultimate purpose.  
The vast and sudden deeds of violence,

Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,  
These are not they, my son, that generate  
The Calm, the Blissful, and the enduring Mighty!  
Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect!  
Builds his light town of canvas, and at once  
The whole scene moves and bustles momentarily,  
With arms, and neighing steeds, and mirth and  
quarrel

The motley market fills; the roads, the streams  
Are crowded with new freights, trade stirs and hur-  
But on some morrow morn, all suddenly, [ries!  
The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.  
Dreary, and solitary as a church-yard  
The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,  
And the year's harvest is gone utterly.

MAX.

O let the Emperor make peace, my father!  
Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel  
For the first violet! of the leafless spring,  
Pluck'd in those quiet fields where I have journey'd!

OCTAVIO.

What ails thee? What so moves thee all at once?

MAX.

Peace have I ne'er beheld? I *have* beheld it.  
From thence am I come hither: O! that sight,  
It glimmers still before me, like some landscape,  
Left in the distance,—some delicious landscape!  
My road conducted me through countries where  
The war has not yet reach'd. Life, life, my father—  
My venerable father, Life has charms  
Which *we* have ne'er experienced. We have been  
But voyaging along its barren coasts,  
Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,  
That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,  
House on the wild sea with wild usages,  
Nor know aught of the main land, but the bays  
Where safest they may venture a thieves' landing.  
Whate'er in the inland dales the land conceals  
Of fair and exquisite, O! nothing, nothing,  
Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.

OCTAVIO, (*attentive, with an appearance of  
uneasiness*).

And so your journey has reveal'd this to you?

MAX.

'Twas the first leisure of my life. O tell me,  
What is the meed and purpose of the toil,  
The painful toil, which robb'd me of my youth,  
Left me a heart unsoul'd and solitary,  
A spirit uninform'd, unornamented!  
For the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless larum,  
The neighing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet,  
The unvaried, still returning hour of duty,  
Word of command, and exercise of arms—  
There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this,  
To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart!  
Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not—  
This cannot be the sole felicity,  
These cannot be man's best and only pleasures!

OCTAVIO.

Much hast thou learnt, my son, in this short journey.

MAX.

O! day thrice lovely! when at length the soldier  
Returns home into life; when he becomes  
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.

<sup>1</sup> In the original,

Den blut'gen Lorbeer geb'ich hin mit Freuden  
Fürs erste Veilchen, das der März uns bringt,  
Das dürftige Pfand der neuerjüngten Erde.

The colours are unfurl'd, the cavalcade  
Marshals, and now the buzz is hush'd, and hark!  
Now the soft peace-march beats, home, brothers,  
The caps and helmets are all garlanded [home!  
With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.  
The city gates fly open of themselves,  
They need no longer the petard to tear them.  
The ramparts are all filled with men and women,  
With peaceful men and women, that send onwards  
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,  
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.  
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,  
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.  
O happy man, O fortunate! for whom  
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,  
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.

QUESTENBERG (*apparently much affected*).

O that you should speak

Of such a distant, distant time, and not  
Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day.

MAX. (*turning round to him, quick and vehement*).

Where lies the fault but on you in Vienna!  
I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.  
Just now, as first I saw you standing here,  
(I'll own it to you freely) indignation  
Crowded and press'd my inmost soul together.  
'Tis ye that hinder peace, *ye!*—and the warrior,  
It is the warrior that must force it from you.  
Ye fret the General's life out, blacken him,  
Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows  
What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,  
And tries to awaken confidence in the enemy;  
Which yet's the only way to peace: for if  
War intermit not during war, *how* then  
And *whence* can peace come?—Your own plagues  
fall on you!

Even as I love what's virtuous, hate I you.  
And here make I this vow, here pledge myself;  
My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,  
And my heart drain off, drop by drop, ere ye  
Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin. [*Exit.*

## SCENE V.

QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

QUESTENBERG.

Alas, alas! and stands it so!

[*Then in pressing and impatient tones.*

What friend! and do we let him go away

In this delusion—let him go away?

Not call him back immediately, not open

His eyes upon the spot?

OCTAVIO (*recovering himself out of a deep study*).

He has now open'd mine,

And I see more than pleases me.

QUESTENBERG.

What is it?

OCTAVIO.

Curse on this journey!

QUESTENBERG.

But why so? What is it?

OCTAVIO.

Come, come along, friend! I must follow up  
The ominous track immediately. Mine eyes  
Are open'd now, and I must use them. Come!

[*Draws QUESTENBERG on with him.*

QUESTENBERG.

What now? *Where* go you then?

OCTAVIO.

To her herself.

QUESTENBERG.

To—

OCTAVIO (*interrupting him, and correcting himself*).  
To the Duke. Come let us go—'Tis done, 'tis done,  
I see the net that is thrown over him.  
Oh! he returns not to me as he went.

QUESTENBERG.

Nay, but explain yourself.

OCTAVIO.

And that I should not  
Foresee it, not prevent this journey! Wherefore  
Did I keep it from him!—You were in the right.  
I should have warn'd him! Now it is too late.

QUESTENBERG.

But *what's* too late! Bethink yourself, my friend,  
That you are talking absolute riddles to me.

OCTAVIO (*more collected*).

Come! to the Duke's. 'Tis close upon the hour  
Which he appointed you for audience. Come!  
A curse, a threefold curse, upon this journey!  
[*He leads QUESTENBERG off.*]

## SCENE VI.

*Changes to a spacious Chamber in the House of the Duke of Friedland.—Servants employed in putting the tables and chairs in order. During this enters SENI, like an old Italian doctor, in black, and clothed somewhat fantastically. He carries a white staff, with which he marks out the quarters of the heavens.*

FIRST SERVANT.

Come—to it, lads, to it! Make an end of it. I  
hear the sentry call out, "Stand to your arms!"  
They will be here in a minute.

SECOND SERVANT.

Why were we not told before that the audience  
would be held here? Nothing prepared—no orders  
—no instructions.

THIRD SERVANT.

Ay, and why was the balcony-chamber counter-  
manded, that with the great worked carpet!—  
there one can look about one.

FIRST SERVANT.

Nay, that you must ask the mathematician  
there. He says it is an unlucky chamber.

SECOND SERVANT.

Poh! stuff and nonsense! That's what I call a  
*hum*. A chamber is a chamber; what much can  
the place signify in the affair?

SENI (*with gravity*).

My son, there's *nothing* insignificant,  
*Nothing!* But yet in every earthly thing  
First and most principal is place and time.

FIRST SERVANT (*to the second*).

Say nothing to him, Nat. The Duke himself  
must let him have his own will.

SENI (*counts the chairs, half in a loud, half in a low  
voice, till he comes to eleven, which he repeats*).  
Eleven! an evil number! Set twelve chairs.  
Twelve! twelve signs hath the zodiac: five and seven,  
The holy numbers, include themselves in twelve.

SECOND SERVANT.

And what may you have to object against eleven?  
I should like to know that now.

SENI.

Eleven is transgression; eleven oversteps  
The ten commandments.

SECOND SERVANT.

That's good! and why do you call five an holy  
number?

SENI.

Five is the soul of man: for even as man  
Is mingled up of good and evil, so  
The five is the first number that's made up  
Of even and odd.

SECOND SERVANT.

The foolish old coxcomb!

FIRST SERVANT.

Ay! let him alone though. I like to hear him;  
there is more in his words than can be seen at first  
sight.

THIRD SERVANT.

Off, they come.

SECOND SERVANT.

There! Out at the side-door.

[*They hurry off. SENI follows slowly. A Page  
brings the staff of command on a red cushion,  
and places it on the table near the Duke's chair.  
They are announced from without, and the wings  
of the door fly open.*]

## SCENE VII.

WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

WALLENSTEIN.

You went then through Vienna, were presented  
To the Queen of Hungary?

DUCHESS.

Yes; and to the Empress too,  
And by both Majesties were we admitted  
To kiss the hand.

WALLENSTEIN.

And how was it received,  
That I had sent for wife and daughter hither  
To the camp, in winter-time?

DUCHESS.

I did even that  
Which you commission'd me to do. I told them,  
You had determined on our daughter's marriage,  
And wish'd, ere yet you went into the field,  
To show the elected husband his betrothed.

WALLENSTEIN.

And did they guess the choice which I had made?

DUCHESS.

They only hoped and wish'd it may have fallen  
Upon no foreign nor yet Lutheran noble.

WALLENSTEIN.

And you—what do you wish, Elizabeth?

DUCHESS.

Your will, you know, was always mine.

WALLENSTEIN (*after a pause*).

Well then?  
And in all else, of what kind and complexion  
Was your reception at the court?

[*The Duchess casts her eyes on the ground, and  
remains silent.*]

Hide nothing from me. How were you received?

DUCHESS.

O! my dear lord, all is not what it was.



A canker-worm, my lord, a canker-worm  
Has stolen into the bud.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay! is it so!

What, they were lax? they fail'd of the old respect?

DUCHESS.

Not of respect. No honours were omitted,  
No outward courtesy; but in the place  
Of condescending, confidential kindness,  
Familiar and endearing, there were given me  
Only these honours and that solemn courtesy.  
Ah! and the tenderness which was put on,  
It was the guise of pity not of favour. [wife,  
No! Albrecht's wife, Duke Albrecht's princely  
Count Harrach's noble daughter, should not so—  
Not wholly so should she have been received.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, yes; they have ta'en offence. My latest  
They rail'd at it, no doubt. [conduct,

DUCHESS.

O that they had!

I have been long accustomed to defend you,  
To heal and pacify distemper'd spirits.  
No; no one rail'd at you. They wrapp'd them up,  
O Heaven! in such oppressive, solemn silence!—  
Here is no every-day misunderstanding,  
No transient pique, no cloud that passes over;  
Something most luckless, most unhealable,  
Has taken place. The Queen of Hungary  
Used formerly to call me her dear aunt,  
And ever at departure to embrace me—

WALLENSTEIN.

Now she omitted it?

DUCHESS (*wiping away her tears after a pause*).

She *did* embrace me,

But then first when I had already taken  
My formal leave, and when the door already  
Had closed upon me, then did she come out  
In haste, as she had suddenly bethought herself,  
And press'd me to her bosom, more with anguish  
Than tenderness.

WALLENSTEIN (*seizes her hand soothingly*).

Nay, now collect yourself.

And what of Eggenberg and Lichtenstein,  
And of our other friends there?

DUCHESS (*shaking her head*).

I saw none.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Ambassador from Spain, who once was wont  
To plead so warmly for me?—

DUCHESS.

Silent, silent!

WALLENSTEIN.

These suns then are eclipsed for us. Henceforward  
Must we roll on, our own fire, our own light.

DUCHESS.

And were it—were it, my dear lord, in that  
Which moved about the court in buzz and whis-  
But in the country let itself be heard [per,  
Aloud—in that which Father Lamormain  
In sundry hints and—

WALLENSTEIN (*eagerly*).

Lamormain! what said he?

DUCHESS.

That you're accused of having daringly  
O'erstepp'd the powers entrusted to you, charged

With traitorous contempt of the Emperor  
And his supreme behests. The proud Bavarian,  
He and the Spaniards stand up your accusers—  
That there's a storm collecting over you  
Of far more fearful menace than that former one  
Which whirl'd you headlong down at Regensburg.  
And people talk, said he, of—Ah!—

[*Stifling extreme emotion.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

Proceed!

DUCHESS.

I cannot utter it!

WALLENSTEIN.

Proceed!

DUCHESS.

They talk—

WALLENSTEIN.

Well!

DUCHESS.

Of a second—(*catches her voice and hesitates*).

WALLENSTEIN.

Second—

DUCHESS.

More disgraceful

—Dismission.

WALLENSTEIN.

Talk they?

[*Strides across the Chamber in vehement agitation.*]

O! they force, they thrust me

With violence, against my own will, onward!

DUCHESS (*presses near to him, in entreaty*).

O! if there yet be time, my husband! if  
By giving way and by submission, this  
Can be averted—my dear lord, give way!  
Win down your proud heart to it! Tell that heart,  
It is your sovereign lord, your Emperor  
Before whom you retreat. O let no longer  
Low tricking malice blacken your good meaning  
With abhor'd venomous glosses. Stand you up  
Shielded and helm'd and weapon'd with the truth,  
And drive before you into uttermost shame [we—  
These slanderous liars! Few firm friends have  
You know it!—The swift growth of our good for-  
It hath but set us up a mark for hatred. [tune,  
What are we, if the sovereign's grace and favour  
Stand not before us!

## SCENE VIII.

*Enter the Countess TERTSKY, leading in her hand the  
Princess THEKLA, richly adorned with Brilliants.*

COUNTESS, THEKLA, WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

COUNTESS.

How, sister! What, already upon business;

[*Observing the countenance of the DUCHESS.*]

And business of no pleasing kind I see,  
Ere he has gladden'd at his child. The first  
Moment belongs to joy. Here, Friedland! father!  
This is thy daughter.

[*THEKLA approaches with a shy and timid air, and  
bends herself as about to kiss his hand. He receives  
her in his arms, and remains standing for some  
time lost in the feeling of her presence.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes! pure and lovely hath hope risen on me:  
I take her as the pledge of greater fortune.

DUCHESS.

'T was but a little child when you departed  
To raise up that great army for the Emperor:  
And after, at the close of the campaign,  
When you return'd home out of Pomerania,  
Your daughter was already in the convent,  
Wherein she has remain'd till now.

WALLENSTEIN.

The while

We in the field here gave our cares and toils  
To make her great, and fight her a free way  
To the loftiest earthly good; lo! mother Nature  
Within the peaceful silent convent walls  
Has done her part, and out of her free grace  
Hath she bestow'd on the beloved child  
The godlike; and now leads her thus adorn'd  
To meet her splendid fortune, and my hope.

DUCHESS (to THEKLA).

Thou wouldst not have recognised thy father,  
Wouldst thou, my child! She counted scarce eight  
When last she saw your face. [years,

THEKLA.

O yes, yes, mother!

At the first glance!—My father is not alter'd.  
The form that stands before me falsifies  
No feature of the image that hath lived  
So long within me!

WALLENSTEIN.

The voice of my child!

[Then after a pause.

I was indignant at my destiny,  
That it denied me a man-child to be  
Heir of my name and of my prosperous fortune,  
And re-illumine my soon extinguish'd being  
In a proud line of princes.  
I wrong'd my destiny. Here upon this head,  
So lovely in its maiden bloom, will I  
Let fall the garland of a life of war,  
Nor deem it lost, if only I can wreath it,  
Transmitted to a regal ornament,  
Around these beauteous brows,

[He clasps her in his arms as PICCOLOMINI enters.

## SCENE IX.

Enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI, and some time after COUNT  
TERTSKY, the others remaining as before.

COUNTESS.

There comes the Paladin who protected us.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max! Welcome, ever welcome! Always wert thou  
The morning star of my best joys!

MAX.

My General——

WALLENSTEIN.

Till now it was the Emperor who rewarded thee,  
I but the instrument. This day thou hast bound  
The father to thee, Max! the fortunate father,  
And this debt Friedland's self must pay.

MAX.

My prince!

You made no common hurry to transfer it.  
I come with shame: yea, not without a pang!  
For scarce have I arrived here, scarce deliver'd  
The mother and the daughter to your arms,  
But there is brought to me from your equerry

A splendid richly-plated hunting dress  
So to remunerate me for my troubles——  
Yes, yes, remunerate me! Since a trouble  
It must be, a mere office, not a favour  
Which I leapt forward to receive, and which  
I came already with full heart to thank you for.  
No! 't was not so intended, that my business  
Should be my highest best good-fortune!

[TERTSKY enters, and delivers letters to the DUKE,  
which he breaks open hurriedly.

COUNTESS (to MAX.).

Remunerate your trouble! For his joy  
He makes you recompense. 'T is not unfitting  
For you, Count Piccolomini, to feel  
So tenderly—my brother it besseems  
To show himself for ever great and princely.

THEKLA.

Then I too must have scruples of his love:  
For his munificent hands did ornament me  
Ere yet the father's heart had spoken to me.

MAX.

Yes; 't is his nature ever to be giving  
And making happy.

[He grasps the hand of the DUCHESS with still in-  
creasing warmth.

How my heart pours out  
Its all of thanks to him! O! how I seem  
To utter all things in the dear name Friedland.  
While I shall live, so long will I remain  
The captive of this name: in it shall bloom  
My every fortune, every lovely hope.  
Inextricably as in some magic ring  
In this name hath my destiny charm-bound me!

COUNTESS (who during this time has been anxiously  
watching the DUKE, and remarks that he is lost  
in thought over the letters.)

My brother wishes us to leave him. Come.

WALLENSTEIN (turns himself round quick, collects  
himself, and speaks with cheerfulness to the  
DUCHESS).

Once more I bid thee welcome to the camp,  
Thou art the hostess of this court. You, Max.,  
Will now again administer your old office,  
While we perform the sovereign's business here.

[MAX. PICCOLOMINI offers the DUCHESS his arm; the  
COUNTESS accompanies the PRINCESS.

TERTSKY (calling after him).

Max., we depend on seeing you at the meeting.

## SCENE X.

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN (in deep thought, to himself).

She hath seen all things as they are—It is so,  
And squares completely with my other notices.  
They have determined finally in Vienna,  
Have given me my successor already;  
It is the king of Hungary, Ferdinand,  
The Emperor's delicate son! he's now their saviour,  
He's the new star that's rising now! Of us  
They think themselves already fairly rid,  
And as we were deceased, the heir already  
Is entering on possession—Therefore—despatch!

[As he turns round he observes TERTSKY, and gives  
him a letter.

Count Altringer will have himself excused,  
And Galas too—I like not this!

TERTSKY.

And if  
Thou loiterest longer, all will fall away,  
One following the other.

WALLENSTEIN.

Altringer  
Is master of the Tyrol passes. I must forthwith  
Send some one to him, that he let not in  
The Spaniards on me from the Milanese.  
—Well, and the old Sesin, that ancient trader  
In contraband negotiations, he  
Has shown himself again of late. What brings he  
From the Count Thur?

TERTSKY.

The Count communicates,  
He has found out the Swedish chancellor  
At Halberstadt, where the convention's held,  
Who says, you've tired him out, and that he'll have  
No further dealings with you.

WALLENSTEIN.

And why so?

TERTSKY.

He says, you are never in earnest in your speeches;  
That you decoy the Swedes—to make fools of them;  
Will league yourself with Saxony against them,  
And at last make yourself a riddance of them  
With a paltry sum of money.

WALLENSTEIN.

So then, doubtless,  
Yes, doubtless, this same modest Swede expects  
That I shall yield him some fair German tract  
For his prey and booty, that ourselves at last  
On our own soil and native territory  
May be no longer our own lords and masters!  
An excellent scheme! No, no! They must be off,  
Off, off! away! *we* want no such neighbours.

TERTSKY.

Nay, yield them up that dot, that speck of land—  
It goes not from your portion. If you win  
The game, what matters it to you who pays it?

WALLENSTEIN.

Off with them, off! Thou understand'st not this.  
Never shall it be said of me, I parcell'd  
My native land away, dismember'd Germany,  
Betray'd it to a foreigner, in order  
To come with stealthy tread, and filch away  
My own share of the plunder—Never! never!  
No foreign power shall strike root in the empire,  
And least of all, these Goths! these hunger-wolves!  
Who send such envious, hot and greedy glances  
Toward the rich blessings of our German lands!  
I'll have their aid to cast and draw my nets,  
But not a single fish of all the draught  
Shall they come in for.

TERTSKY.

You will deal, however,  
More fairly with the Saxons? they lose patience  
While you shift ground and make so many curves.  
Say, to what purpose all these masks? Your friends  
Are plunged in doubts, baffled, and led astray in you.  
There's Oxenstein, there's Arnheim—neither knows  
What he should think of your procrastinations.  
And in the end I prove the liar; all  
Passes through me. I have not even your hand-  
writing.

WALLENSTEIN.

I never give my hand-writing; thou knowest it.

TERTSKY.

But how can it be *known* that you're in earnest,  
If the act follows not upon the word?  
You must yourself acknowledge, that in all  
Your intercourses hitherto with the enemy,  
You might have done with safety all you have done,  
Had you meant nothing further than to gull him  
For the Emperor's service.

WALLENSTEIN (*after a pause, during which he looks  
narrowly on TERTSKY*).

And from whence dost thou know  
That I'm *not* gulling him for the Emperor's service?  
Whence knowest thou that I'm not gulling all of you?  
Dost thou know *me* so well? When made I thee  
The intendant of my secret purposes?  
I am not conscious that I ever open'd  
My inmost thoughts to thee. The Emperor, it is  
Hath dealt with me amiss; and if I *would*, [true,  
I could repay him with usurious interest  
For the evil he hath done me. It delights me  
To know my *power*; but whether I shall use it,  
Of that, I should have thought that thou couldst  
No wiselier than thy fellows. [speak

TERTSKY.

So hast thou always played thy game with us.  
[Enter ILLO.

#### SCENE XI.

ILLO, WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN.

How stand affairs without? Are they prepared?

ILLO.

You'll find them in the very mood you wish.  
They know about the Emperor's requisitions,  
And are tumultuous.

WALLENSTEIN.

How hath Isolan

Declared himself?

ILLO.

He's your's, both soul and body,  
Since you built up again his Faro-bank.

WALLENSTEIN.

And which way doth Kolatto bend? Hast thou  
Made sure of Tiefenbach and Deodate?

ILLO.

What Piccolomini does, that they do too.

WALLENSTEIN.

You mean, then, I may venture somewhat with them?

ILLO.

—If you are assured of the Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN.

Not more assured of mine own self.

TERTSKY.

And yet  
I would you trusted not so much to Octavio,  
The fox!

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou teachest me to know my man?  
Sixteen campaigns I have made with that old  
Besides, I have his horoscope: [warrior.  
We both are born beneath like stars—in short,  
[With an air of mystery.

To this belongs its own peculiar aspect,  
If therefore thou canst warrant me the rest—

ILLO.

There is among them all but this one voice,  
You *must* not lay down the command. I hear  
They mean to send a deputation to you

WALLENSTEIN.

If I'm in aught to bind myself to them,  
They too must bind themselves to me.

ILLO.

Of course.

WALLENSTEIN.

Their words of honour they must give, their oaths,  
Give them in writing to me, promising  
Devotion to my service *unconditional*.

ILLO.

Why not?

TERTSKY.

Devotion *unconditional*?

The exception of their duties towards Austria  
They'll always place among the premises.  
With this reserve—

WALLENSTEIN (*shaking his head*).

All *unconditional*!

No premises, no reserves.

ILLO.

A thought has struck me.

Does not Count Tertsky give us a set banquet  
This evening?

TERTSKY.

Yes; and all the Generals  
Have been invited.

ILLO (*to WALLENSTEIN*).

Say, will you here fully  
Commission me to use my own discretion?  
I'll gain for you the Generals' words of honour,  
Even as you wish

WALLENSTEIN.

Gain me their signatures!  
How you come by them, that is *your* concern.

ILLO.

And if I bring it to you, black on white,  
That all the leaders who are present here  
Give themselves up to you, without condition;  
Say, will you *then—then* will you show yourself  
In earnest, and with some decisive action  
Make trial of your luck?

WALLENSTEIN.

The signatures!  
Gain me the signatures.

ILLO.

Seize, seize the hour,  
Ere it slips from you. Seldom comes the moment  
In life, which is indeed sublime and weighty.  
To make a great decision possible,  
O! many things, all transient and all repaid,  
Must meet at once: and, haply, they thus met  
May by that confluence be enforced to pause  
Time long enough for wisdom, though too short,  
Far, far too short a time for doubt and scruple!  
This is that moment. See, our army chieftains,  
Our best, our noblest, are assembled around you  
Their king-like leader! On your nod they wait.  
The single threads, which here your prosperous  
Hath woven together in one potent web [fortune  
Instinct with destiny, O let them not  
Unravel of themselves. If you permit

These chiefs to separate, so unanimous  
Bring you them not a second time together.  
'Tis the high tide that heaves the stranded ship,  
And every individual's spirit waxes  
In the great stream of multitudes. Behold  
They are still here, here still! But soon the war  
Bursts them once more asunder, and in small  
Particular anxieties and interests  
Scatters their spirit, and the sympathy  
Of each man with the whole. He, who to-day  
Forgets himself, forced onward with the stream,  
Will become sober, seeing but himself.  
Feel only his own weakness, and with speed  
Will face about, and march on in the old  
High road of duty, the old broad-trodden road,  
And seek but to make shelter in good plight.

WALLENSTEIN.

The time is not yet come.

TERTSKY.

So you say always.

But *when* will it be time?

WALLENSTEIN.

When I shall say it.

ILLO.

You'll wait upon the stars, and on their hours,  
Till the earthly hour escapes you. O, believe me,  
In your own bosom are your destiny's stars.  
Confidence in yourself, prompt resolution,  
This is your Venus! and the sole malignant,  
The only one that harmeth you, is Doubt.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou speakest as thou understand'st. How oft  
And many a time I've told thee, Jupiter,  
That lustrous god, was setting at thy birth.  
Thy visual power subdues no mysteries;  
Mole-eyed, thou mayest but burrow in the earth,  
Blind as that subterrestrial, who with wan  
Lead-colour'd shine lighted thee into life.  
The common, the terrestrial, thou mayest see,  
With serviceable cunning knit together  
The nearest with the nearest; and therein  
I trust thee and believe thee! but whate'er  
Full of mysterious import Nature weaves,  
And fashions in the depths—the spirit's ladder,  
That from this gross and visible world of dust  
Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds,  
Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers  
Move up and down on heavenly ministries—  
The circles in the circles, that approach  
The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit—  
These see the glance alone, the unsealed eye,  
Of Jupiter's glad children born in lustre.

[*He walks across the Chamber, then returns, and standing still, proceeds.*

The heavenly constellations make not merely  
The day and nights, summer and spring, not merely  
Signify to the husbandman the seasons  
Of sowing and of harvest. Human action,  
That is the seed too of contingencies,  
Strew'd on the dark land of futurity  
In hopes to reconcile the powers of fate.  
Whence it behoves us to seek out the seed-time,  
To watch the stars, select their proper hours,  
And trace with searching eye the heavenly houses,  
Whether the enemy of growth and thriving  
Hide himself not, malignant, in his corner.  
Therefore permit me my own time. Meanwhile  
Do you your part. As yet I cannot say  
What I shall do—only, give way I will not.

Depose me too they shall not. On these points  
You may rely.

PAGE (*entering*).  
My Lords, the Generals.

WALLENSTEIN.

Let them come in.

SCENE XII.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO.—*To them enter QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO and MAX. PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER, ISOLANI, MARADAS, and three other Generals. WALLENSTEIN motions QUESTENBERG, who in consequence takes the chair directly opposite to him; the others follow, arranging themselves according to their rank. There reigns a momentary silence.*

WALLENSTEIN.

I have understood, 't is true, the sum and import  
Of your instructions, Questenberg; have weighed  
And formed my final, absolute resolve: [them,  
Yet it seems fitting, that the Generals  
Should hear the will of the Emperor from your  
mouth.

May't please you then to open your commission  
Before these noble Chieftains?

QUESTENBERG.

I am ready  
To obey you; but will first entreat your Highness,  
And all these noble Chieftains, to consider,  
The Imperial dignity and sovereign right [tion.  
Speaks from my mouth, and not my own presump-

WALLENSTEIN.

We excuse all preface.

QUESTENBERG.

When his Majesty  
The Emperor to his courageous armies  
Presented in the person of Duke Friedland  
A most experienced and renown'd commander,  
He did it in glad hope and confidence  
To give thereby to the fortune of the war  
A rapid and auspicious change. The onset  
Was favourable to his royal wishes.  
Bohemia was delivered from the Saxons, [lands  
The Swede's career of conquest check'd! These  
Began to draw breath freely, as Duke Friedland  
From all the streams of Germany forced hither  
The scattered armies of the enemy;  
Hither invoked as round one magic circle  
The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstein,  
Yea, and that never-conquer'd King himself;  
Here finally, before the eye of Nürnberg,  
The fearful game of battle to decide.

WALLENSTEIN.

May't please you, to the point.

QUESTENBERG.

In Nürnberg's camp the Swedish monarch left  
His fame—in Lützen's plains his life. But who  
Stood not astounded, when victorious Friedland  
After this day of triumph, this proud day,  
March'd toward Bohemia with the speed of flight,  
And vanish'd from the theatre of war?  
While the young Weimar hero forced his way  
Into Franconia, to the Danube, like  
Some delving winter-stream, which, where it rushes,  
Makes its own channel, with such sudden speed  
He marched, and now at once 'fore Regensburg  
Stood to the affright of all good Catholic Christians.  
Then did Bavaria's well-deserving Prince

Entreat swift aidance in his extreme need; [land,  
The Emperor sends seven horsemen to Duke Fried-  
Seven horsemen couriers sends he with the entreaty:  
He superadds his own, and supplicates  
Where as the sovereign lord he can command.  
In vain his supplication! At this moment  
The Duke hears only his old hate and grudge,  
Barters the general good to gratify  
Private revenge—and so falls Regensburg.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max., to what period of the war alludes he?  
My recollection fails me here.

MAX.

He means

When we were in Sillesia.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay! is it so!

But what had we to do *there*?

MAX.

To beat out

The Swedes and Saxons from the province.

WALLENSTEIN.

True;

In that description which the Minister gave,  
I seemed to have forgotten the whole war.

[To QUESTENBERG.

Well, but proceed a little.

QUESTENBERG.

Yes; at length

Beside the river Oder did the Duke  
Assert his ancient fame. Upon the fields  
Of Steinau did the Swedes lay down their arms,  
Subdued without a blow. And here, with others,  
The righteousness of Heaven to his avenger  
Deliver'd that long-practised stirrer-up  
Of insurrection, that curse-laden torch  
And kindler of this war, Matthias Thur.  
But he had fallen into magnanimous hands;  
Instead of punishment he found reward,  
And with rich presents did the Duke dismiss  
The arch-foe of his Emperor.

WALLENSTEIN (*laughs*).

I know,

I know you had already in Vienna  
Your windows and balconies all forestall'd  
To see him on the executioner's cart.  
I might have lost the battle, lost it too  
With infamy, and still retain'd your graces—  
But, to have cheated them of a spectacle,  
Oh! *that* the good folks of Vienna never,  
No, never can forgive me!

QUESTENBERG.

So Sillesia

Was freed, and all things loudly called the Duke  
Into Bavaria, now press'd hard on all sides.  
And he *did* put his troops in motion: slowly,  
Quite at his ease, and by the longest road  
He traverses Bohemia; but ere ever  
He hath once seen the enemy, faces round,  
Breaks up the march, and takes to winter-quarters.

WALLENSTEIN.

The troops were pitiably destitute  
Of every necessary, every comfort.  
The winter came. What thinks his Majesty  
His troops are made of? An't we men? subjected  
Like other men to wet, and cold, and all  
The circumstances of necessity!

O miserable lot of the poor soldier!  
Wherever he comes in, all flee before him,  
And when he goes away, the general curse  
Follows him on his route. All must be seized,  
Nothing is given him. And compell'd to seize  
From every man, he's every man's abhorrence.  
Behold, here stand my Generals. Karaffa!  
Count Deodate! Butler! Tell this man  
How long the soldiers' pay is in arrears.

BUTLER.

Already a full year.

WALLENSTEIN.

And 't is the hire  
That constitutes the hireling's name and duties,  
The soldier's *pay* is the soldier's *covenant*<sup>1</sup>.

QUESTENBERG.

Ah! this is a far other tone from that,  
In which the Duke spoke eight, nine years ago.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes! 't is my fault, I know it: I myself  
Have spoilt the Emperor by indulging him.  
Nine years ago, during the Danish war,  
I raised him up a force, a mighty force,  
Forty or fifty thousand men, that cost him  
Of his own purse no doit. Through Saxony  
The fury goddess of the war march'd on,  
E'en to the surf-rocks of the Baltic, bearing  
The terrors of his name. That was a time!  
In the whole Imperial realm no name like mine  
Honour'd with festival and celebration—  
And Albrecht Wallenstein, it was the title  
Of the third jewel in his crown!  
But at the Diet, when the Princes met  
At Regensburg, there, there the whole broke out,  
There 't was laid open, there it was made known,  
Out of what money-bag I had paid the host.  
And what was now my thank, what had I now,  
That I, a faithful servant of the Sovereign,  
Had loaded on myself the people's curses,  
And let the Princes of the empire pay  
The expenses of this war, that aggrandizes  
The Emperor alone—What thanks had I!  
What! I was offer'd up to their complaints,  
Dismiss'd, degraded!

QUESTENBERG.

But your Highness knows  
What little freedom he possess'd of action  
In that disastrous diet.

WALLENSTEIN.

Death and hell!  
I had that which could have procured him freedom.  
No! Since 't was proved so inauspicious to me  
To serve the Emperor at the empire's cost,  
I have been taught far other trains of thinking  
Of the empire, and the diet of the empire.  
From the Emperor, doubtless, I received this staff,  
But now I hold it as the empire's general—  
For the common weal, the universal interest,

<sup>1</sup> The original is not translatable into English:

—Und sein Sold

Muss dem Soldaten werden, darnach heisst er.

It might perhaps have been thus rendered:

And that for which he sold his services,  
The soldier must receive—

but a false or doubtful etymology is no more than a dull pun.

And no more for that one man's aggrandizement!  
But to the point. What is it that's desired of me!

QUESTENBERG.

First, his Imperial Majesty hath will'd  
That without pretexts of delay the army  
Evacuate Bohemia.

WALLENSTEIN.

In this season?  
And to what quarter wills the Emperor  
That we direct our course?

QUESTENBERG.

To the enemy.  
His Majesty resolves, that Regensburg  
Be purified from the enemy ere Easter,  
That Lutheranism may be no longer preach'd  
In that cathedral, nor heretical  
Defilement desecrate the celebration  
Of that pure festival.

WALLENSTEIN.

My generals,  
Can this be realised?

ILLO.

'T is not possible.

BUTLER.

It can't be realised.

QUESTENBERG.

The Emperor  
Already hath commanded colonel Suys  
To advance toward Bavaria.

WALLENSTEIN.

What did Suys?

QUESTENBERG.

That which his duty prompted. He advanced!

WALLENSTEIN.

What! he advanced? And I, his general,  
Had given him orders, peremptory orders,  
Not to desert his station! Stands it thus  
With my authority! Is this the obedience  
Due to my office, which being thrown aside,  
No war can be conducted? Chieftains, speak!  
You be the judges, generals! What deserves  
That officer who, of his oath neglectful,  
Is guilty of contempt of orders!

ILLO.

Death.

WALLENSTEIN (*raising his voice, as all, but ILLO  
had remained silent, and seemingly scrupulous*).  
Count Piccolomini! what has he deserved?

MAX. PICCOLOMINI (*after a long pause*).

According to the letter of the law,  
Death.

ISOLANI.

Death.

BUTLER.

Death, by the laws of war.

[QUESTENBERG rises from his seat, WALLENSTEIN follows; all the rest rise.

WALLENSTEIN.

To this the law condemns him, and not I.  
And if I show him favour, 't will arise  
From the reverence that I owe my Emperor.

QUESTENBERG.

If so, I can say nothing further—*here!*

WALLENSTEIN.

I accepted the command but on conditions:  
 And this the first, that to the diminution  
 Of my authority no human being,  
 Not even the Emperor's self, should be entitled  
 To do aught, or to say aught, with the army.  
 If I stand warranter of the *event*,  
 Placing my honour and my head in pledge,  
 Needs must I have full mastery in all  
 The means thereto. What render'd this Gustavus  
 Resistless, and unconquer'd upon earth?  
 This—that he was the monarch in his army!  
 A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch,  
 Was never yet subdued but by his equal.  
 But to the point! The best is yet to come.  
 Attend now, generals!

QUESTENBERG.

The Prince Cardinal  
 Begins his route at the approach of spring  
 From the Milanese; and leads a Spanish army  
 Through Germany into the Netherlands.  
 That he may march secure and unimpeded,  
 'Tis the Emperor's will you grant him a detachment,  
 Of eight horse-regiments from the army here.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, yes! I understand!—Eight regiments! Well,  
 Right well concerted, father Lamormain!  
 Eight thousand horse! Yes, yes! 'Tis as it should  
 I see it coming. [be!]

QUESTENBERG.

There is nothing coming.  
 All stands in front: the counsel of state-prudence,  
 The dictate of necessity!—

WALLENSTEIN.

What then?  
 What, my Lord Envoy! May I not be suffer'd  
 To understand, that folks are tired of seeing  
 The sword's hilt in *my* grasp: and that your court  
 Snatch eagerly at this pretence, and use  
 The Spanish title, to drain off my forces,  
 To lead into the empire a new army  
 Unsubjected to my control! To throw me  
 Plumply aside,—I am still too powerful for you  
 To venture that. My stipulation runs,  
 That all the Imperial forces shall obey me  
 Where'er the German is the native language.  
 Of Spanish troops and of Prince Cardinals  
 That take their route as visitors, through the empire,  
 There stands no syllable in my stipulation.  
 No syllable! And so the politic court  
 Steals in a tiptoe, and creeps round behind it;  
 First makes me weaker, then to be dispensed with,  
 Till it dares strike at length a bolder blow  
 And make short work with me.  
 What need of all these crooked ways, Lord Envoy?  
 Straight-forward, man! His compact with me pinches  
 The Emperor. He would that I moved off!—  
 Well!—I will gratify him!

[Here there commences an agitation among the  
 Generals, which increases continually.]

It grieves me for my noble officers' sakes!  
 I see not yet, by what means they will come at  
 The moneys they have advanced, or how obtain  
 The recompense their services demand.  
 Still a new leader brings new claimants forward,  
 And prior merit superannuates quickly.  
 There serve here many foreigners in the army,  
 And were the man in all else brave and gallant,

I was not wont to make nice scrutiny  
 After his pedigree or catechism.  
 This will be otherwise, i' the time to come.  
 Well—me no longer it concerns. [He seats himself.]

MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Forbid it Heaven, that it should come to this!  
 Our troops will swell in dreadful fermentation—  
 The Emperor is abused—it cannot be.

ISOLANI.

It cannot be; all goes to instant wreck.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou hast said truly, faithful Isolani!  
 What *we* with toil and foresight have built up,  
 Will go to wreck—all go to instant wreck.  
 What then? another chieftain is soon found,  
 Another army likewise (who dares doubt it?)  
 Will flock from all sides to the Emperor,  
 At the first beat of his recruiting drum.

[During this speech, ISOLANI, TERTSKY, ILLO, and  
 MARADAS talk confusedly with great agitation.]

MAX. PICCOLOMINI (*busily and passionately going  
 from one to another, and soothing them*).

Hear, my commander! Hear me, generals!  
 Let me conjure you, Duke! Determine nothing,  
 Till we have met and represented to you  
 Our joint remonstrances.—Nay, calmer! Friends!  
 I hope all may yet be set right again.

TERTSKY.

Away! let us away! in the antechamber  
 Find we the others. [They go.]

BUTLER (*to* QUESTENBERG).

If good counsel gain  
 Due audience from your wisdom, my Lord Envoy!  
 You will be cautious how you show yourself  
 In public for some hours to come—or hardly  
 Will that gold key protect you from mal-treatment.  
 [Comotions heard from without.]

WALLENSTEIN.

A salutary counsel—Thou, Octavio!  
 Wilt answer for the safety of our guest.  
 Farewell, Von Questenberg!

[QUESTENBERG is about to speak.]

Nay, not a word.

Not one word more of that detested subject!  
 You have perform'd your duty—We know how  
 To separate the office from the man.

[As QUESTENBERG is going off with OCTAVIO; GOETZ,  
 TIEFENBACH, KOLATTO, press in; several other  
 Generals following them.]

GOETZ.

Where's he who means to rob us of our general!

TIEFENBACH (*at the same time*).

What are we forced to hear! That thou wilt leave us!

KOLATTO (*at the same time*).

We will live with thee, we will die with thee.

WALLENSTEIN (*with stateliness, and pointing to  
 ILLO*).

There! the Field-Marshal knows our will. [Exit.  
 [While all are going off the stage, the curtain drops.]

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.

*A small Chamber.*

ILLO and TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Now for this evening's business! How intend you  
To manage with the generals at the banquet?

ILLO.

Attend! We frame a formal declaration,  
Wherein we to the Duke consign ourselves  
Collectively, to be and to remain  
*His* both with life and limb, and not to spare  
The last drop of our blood for *him*, provided  
So doing we infringe no oath or duty,  
We may be under to the Emperor.—Mark!  
This reservation we expressly make  
In a particular clause, and save the conscience.  
Now hear! this formula so framed and worded  
Will be presented to them for perusal  
Before the banquet. No one will find in it  
Cause of offence or scruple. Hear now further!  
After the feast, when now the vap'ring wine  
Opens the heart, and shuts the eyes, we let  
A counterfeited paper, in the which  
This one particular clause has been left out,  
Go round for signatures.

TERTSKY.

How? think you then  
That they'll believe themselves bound by an oath,  
Which we had trick'd them into by a juggle?

ILLO.

We shall have caught and caged them! Let them  
then  
Beat their wings bare against the wires, and rave  
Loud as they may against our treachery;  
At court their signatures will be believed  
Far more than their most holy affirmations.  
Traitors they are, and must be; therefore wisely  
Will make a virtue of necessity.

TERTSKY.

Well, well, it shall content me; let but something  
Be *done*, let only some decisive blow  
Set us in motion.

ILLO.

Besides, 'tis of subordinate importance  
How, or how far, we may thereby propel  
The generals. 'Tis enough that we persuade  
The Duke that they are his—Let him but act  
In his determined mood, as if he had them,  
And he *will* have them. Where he plunges in,  
He makes a whirlpool, and all stream down to it.

TERTSKY.

His policy is such a labyrinth,  
That many a time when I have thought myself  
Close at his side, he's gone at once, and left me  
Ignorant of the ground where I was standing.  
He lends the enemy his ear, permits me  
To write to them, to Arnheim; to Sesina  
Himself comes forward blank and undisguised;  
Talks with us by the hour about his plans.  
And when I think I have him—off at once—  
He has slipp'd from me, and appears as if  
He had no scheme, but to retain his place.

ILLO.

He give up his old plans! I'll tell you, friend!  
His soul is occupied with nothing else, [*dreams*,  
Even in his sleep—They are his thoughts, his  
That day by day he questions for this purpose  
The motions of the planets—

TERTSKY.

Ay! you know  
This night, that is now coming, he with SENI  
Shuts himself up in the astrological tower  
To make joint observations—for I hear,  
It is to be a night of weight and crisis;  
And something great, and of long expectation,  
Is to make its procession in the heaven.

ILLO.

Come! be we bold and make despatch. The work  
In this next day or two must thrive and grow  
More than it has for years. And let but only  
Things first turn up auspicious here below—  
Mark what I say—the right stars too will show  
themselves.

Come, to the generals. All is in the glow,  
And must be beaten while 'tis malleable.

TERTSKY.

Do you go thither, Illo. I must stay  
And *wait* here for the Countess Tertsy. Know,  
That we too are not idle. Break one string,  
A second is in readiness.

ILLO.

Yes! yes!  
I saw your lady smile with such sly meaning.  
What's in the wind?

TERTSKY.

A secret. Hush! she comes.  
[*Exit* ILLO.]

## SCENE II.

*(The COUNTESS steps out from a Closet.)*

COUNT and COUNTESS TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Well—is she coming—I can keep him back  
No longer.

COUNTESS.

She will be here instantly,  
You only send him.

TERTSKY.

I am not quite certain  
I must confess it, Countess, whether or not  
We are earning the Duke's thanks hereby. You  
know,  
No ray has broke out from him on this point.  
You have o'er-ruled me, and yourself know best,  
How far you dare proceed.

COUNTESS.

I take it on me.

*[Talking to herself while she is advancing.]*

Here's no need of full powers and commissions—  
My cloudy Duke! we understand each other—  
And without words. What, could I not unriddle,  
Wherefore the daughter should be sent for hither,  
Why first *he*, and no other, should be chosen



To fetch her hither! This sham of betrothing her  
To a bridegroom,<sup>1</sup> whom no one knows—No! no!—  
This may blind others! I see through thee, Brother!  
But it beseems thee not, to draw a card  
At such a game. Not yet!—It all remains  
Mutely delivered up to my finessing—  
Well—thou shalt not have been deceived, Duke  
In her who is thy sister.— [Friedland!]

SERVANT (*enters*).

The commanders!

TERTSKY (*to the* COUNTESS).

Take care you heat his fancy and affections—  
Possess him with a reverie, and send him,  
Absent and dreaming, to the banquet; that  
He may not boggle at the signature.

COUNTESS.

Take you care of your guests!—Go, send him hither.

TERTSKY.

All rests upon his undersigning.

COUNTESS (*interrupting him*).

Go to your guests! Go—

ILLO (*comes back*).

Where art staying, Tertsy?  
The house is full, and all expecting you.

TERTSKY.

Instantly! instantly! [To the COUNTESS.

And let him not

Stay here too long. It might awake suspicion  
In the old man—

COUNTESS.

A truce with your precautions!

[*Exeunt TERTSKY and ILLO.*]

### SCENE III.

COUNTESS, MAX, PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. (*peeping in on the stage shily*).

Aunt Tertsy! may I venture?

[*Advances to the middle of the stage, and looks  
around him with uneasiness.*]

She's not here!

Where is she?

COUNTESS.

Look but somewhat narrowly

In yonder corner, lest perhaps she lie  
Conceal'd behind that screen.

MAX.

There lie her gloves!

[*Snatches at them, but the COUNTESS takes them herself.*]

You unkind Lady! You refuse me this—

You make it an amusement to torment me.

COUNTESS.

And this the thank you give me for my trouble?

MAX.

O, if you felt the oppression at my heart!  
Since we've been here, so to constrain myself—  
With such poor stealth to hazard words and  
These, these are not my habits! [glances—

COUNTESS.

You have still

Many new habits to acquire, young friend!

But on this proof of your obedient temper

I must continue to insist; and only

On this condition can I play the agent

For your concerns.

MAX.

But wherefore comes she not?

Where is she?

COUNTESS.

Into my hands you must place it

Whole and entire. Whom could you find, indeed,

More zealously affected to your interest?

No soul on earth must know it—not your father.

He must not, above all.

MAX.

Alas! what danger?

Here is no face on which I might concentrate

All the enraptured soul stirs up within me.

O Lady! tell me. Is all changed around me?

Or is it only I?

I find myself,

As among strangers! Not a trace is left

Of all my former wishes, former joys.

Where has it vanish'd to? There was a time

When even, methought, with such a world, as this,

I was not discontented. Now how flat!

How stale! No life, no bloom, no flavour in it!

My comrades are intolerable to me.

My father—Even to him I can say nothing.

My arms, my military duties—O!

They are such wearying toys!

COUNTESS.

But, gentle friend!

I must entreat it of your condescension,

You would be pleased to sink your eye, and favour

With one short glance or two this poor stale world,

Where even now much, and of much moment,

Is on the eve of its completion.

MAX.

Something,

I can't but know, is going forward round me.

I see it gathering, crowding, driving on,

In wild uncustomary movements. Well,

In due time, doubtless, it will reach even me.

Where think you I have been, dear lady? Nay,

No raillery. The turmoil of the camp,

The spring-tide of acquaintance rolling in,

The pointless jest, the empty conversation,

Oppress'd and stifled me. I gasp'd for air—

I could not breathe—I was constrain'd to fly,

To seek a silence out for my full heart;

And a pure spot wherein to feel my happiness.

No smiling, Countess! In the church was I.

There is a cloister here to the heaven's gate,<sup>2</sup>

Thither I went, there found myself alone.

Over the altar hung a holy mother;

A wretched painting 'twas, yet 'twas the friend

That I was seeking in this moment. Ah,

How oft have I beheld that glorious form

In splendour, 'mid ecstatic worshippers;

Yet, still it moved me not! and now at once

Was my devotion cloudless as my love.

<sup>1</sup> In Germany, after honourable addresses have been paid and formally accepted, the lovers are called Bride and Bridegroom, even though the marriage should not take place till years afterwards.

<sup>2</sup> I am doubtful whether this be the dedication of the cloister or the name of one of the city gates, near which it stood. I have translated it in the former sense; but fearful of having made some blunder, I add the original.—*Es ist ein Kloster hier zur Himmelsporte.*

COUNTESS.

Enjoy your fortune and felicity !  
Forget the world around you. Meantime, friendship  
Shall keep strict vigils for you, anxious, active.  
Only be manageable when that friendship  
Points you the road to full accomplishment.  
How long may it be since you declared your  
passion ?

MAX.

This morning did I hazard the first word.

COUNTESS.

This morning the first time in twenty days ?

MAX.

'T was at that hunting-castle, betwixt here  
And Nepomuck, where *you* had join'd us, and—  
That was the last relay of the whole journey !  
In a balcony we were standing mute,  
And gazing out upon the dreary field :  
Before us the dragoons were riding onward,  
The safe-guard which the Duke had sent us—heavy  
The iniquitude of parting lay upon me,  
And trembling ventured I at length these words :  
This all reminds me, noble maiden, that  
To-day I must take leave of my good fortune.  
A few hours more, and you will find a father,  
Will see yourself surrounded by new friends,  
And I henceforth shall be but as a stranger,  
Lost in the many—"Speak with my aunt Tertsky !"  
With hurrying voice she interrupted me.  
She falter'd. I beheld a glowing red  
Possess her beautiful cheeks, and from the ground  
Raised slowly up her eye met mine—no longer  
Did I control myself.

[*The Princess THEKLA appears at the door, and remains standing, observed by the COUNTESS, but not by PICCOLOMINI.*]

With instant boldness

I caught her in my arms, my mouth touch'd hers ;  
There was a rustling in the room close by ;  
It parted us—"Twas you. What since has hap-  
You know. [pen'd,

COUNTESS (*after a pause, with a stolen glance at THEKLA*).

And is it your excess of modesty ;  
Or are you so incurious, that you do not  
Ask me too of my secret ?

MAX.

Of your secret ?

COUNTESS.

Why, yes ! When in the instant after you  
I stepp'd into the room, and found my niece there,  
What she in this first moment of the heart  
Ta'en with surprise—

MAX. (*with eagerness*).

Well ?

#### SCENE IV.

THEKLA hurries forward, COUNTESS, MAX, PICCOLOMINI.

THEKLA (*to the COUNTESS*).

Spare yourself the trouble :  
That hears he better from myself.

MAX. (*stepping backward*).

My Princess !

What have you let her hear me say, aunt Tertsky ?

THEKLA (*to the COUNTESS*).

Has he been here long ?

COUNTESS.

Yes ; and soon must go.

Where have *you* stay'd so long ?

THEKLA.

Alas ! my mother

Wept so again ! and I—I see her suffer,  
Yet cannot keep myself from being happy.

MAX.

Now once again I have courage to look on you.  
To-day at noon I could not.  
The dazzle of the jewels that play'd round you  
Hid the beloved from me.

THEKLA.

Then you saw me

With your eye only—and not with your heart ?

MAX.

This morning, when I found you in the circle  
Of all your kindred, in your father's arms,  
Beheld myself an alien in this circle,  
O ! what an impulse felt I in that moment  
To fall upon his neck, to call him *father* !  
But his stern eye o'erpower'd the swelling passion,  
It dared not but be silent. And those brilliants,  
That like a crown of stars enwreathed your brows,  
They scared me too ! O wherefore, wherefore should  
At the first meeting spread as 'twere the ban [he  
Of excommunication round you,—wherefore  
Dress up the angel as for sacrifice,  
And cast upon the light and joyous heart  
The mournful burthen of *his* station ? Fitly  
May love dare woo for love ; but such a splendour  
Might none but monarchs venture to approach.

THEKLA.

Hush ! not a word more of this mummery ;  
You see how soon the burthen is thrown off.

[*To the COUNTESS.*]

He is not in spirits. Wherefore is he not ?  
'T is you, aunt, that have made him all so gloomy !  
He had quite another nature on the journey—  
So calm, so bright, so joyous eloquent. [To MAX.  
It was my wish to see you always so,  
And never otherwise !

MAX.

You find yourself

In your great father's arms, beloved lady !  
All in a new world, which does homage to you,  
And which, were't only by its novelty,  
Delights your eye.

THEKLA.

Yes ; I confess to you

That many things delight me here : this camp,  
This motley stage of warriors, which renews  
So manifold the image of my fancy,  
And binds to life, binds to reality,  
What hitherto had but been present to me  
As a sweet dream !

MAX.

Alas ! not so to me.

It makes a dream of my reality.  
Upon some island in the ethereal heights  
I've lived for these last days. This mass of men  
Forces me down to earth. It is a bridge  
That, reconducting to my former life,  
Divides me and my heaven.

THEKLA.

The game of life

Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart

The unalienable treasure. 'Tis a game,  
Which having once review'd, I turn more joyous  
Back to my deeper and appropriate bliss.

[*Breaking off, and in a sportive tone.*]

In this short time that I've been present here,  
What new unheard-of things have I not seen!  
And yet they all must give place to the wonder  
Which this mysterious castle guards.

COUNTESS (*recollecting*).

And what  
Can this be then? Methought I was acquainted  
With all the dusky corners of this house.

THEKLA (*smiling*).

Ay, but the road thereto is watch'd by spirits,  
Two griffins still stand sentry at the door.

COUNTESS (*laughs*).

The astrological tower!—How happens it  
That this same sanctuary, whose access  
Is to all others so impracticable,  
Opens before you even at your approach?

THEKLA.

A dwarfish old man with a friendly face  
And snow-white hairs, whose gracious services  
Were mine at first sight, open'd me the doors.

MAX.

That is the Duke's astrologer, old Seni.

THEKLA.

He question'd me on many points; for instance,  
When I was born, what month, and on what day,  
Whether by day or in the night.

COUNTESS.

He wish'd  
To erect a figure for your horoscope.

THEKLA.

My hand too he examined, shook his head  
With much sad meaning, and the lines, methought,  
Did not square over truly with his wishes.

COUNTESS.

Well, Princess, and what found you in this tower?  
My highest privilege has been to snatch  
A side-glance, and away!

THEKLA.

It was a strange  
Sensation that came o'er me, when at first  
From the broad sunshine I stepp'd in; and now  
The narrowing line of daylight, that ran after  
The closing door, was gone; and all about me  
'T was pale and dusky night, with many shadows  
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven  
Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me  
In a half-circle. Each one in his hand  
A sceptre bore, and on his head a star;  
And in the tower no other light was there  
But from these stars: all seem'd to come from them.  
"These are the planets," said that low old man,  
"They govern worldly fates, and for that cause  
Are imaged here as kings. He farthest from you,  
Spiteful, and cold, an old man melancholy,  
With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn.  
He opposite, the king with the red light,  
An arm'd man for the battle, that is Mars;  
And both these bring but little luck to man."  
But at his side a lovely lady stood,  
The star upon her head was soft and bright,  
On that was Venus, the bright star of joy.  
And the left hand, lo! Mercury, with wings.

Quite in the middle glitter'd silver bright  
A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien;  
And this was Jupiter, my father's star:  
And at his side I saw the Sun and Moon.

MAX.

O never rudely will I blame his faith  
In the might of stars and angels! 'T is not merely  
The human being's Pride that peoples space  
With life and mystical predominance;  
Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love  
This visible nature, and this common world,  
Is all too narrow; yea, a deeper import  
Lurks in the legend told my infant years  
Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.  
For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place  
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,  
And spirits; and delightedly believes  
Divinities, being himself divine.

The intelligible forms of ancient poets,  
The fair humanities of old religion,  
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,  
That had her haunts in dale, or piny mountain,  
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,  
Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have  
vanish'd.

They live no longer in the faith of reason!  
But still the heart doth need a language, still  
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,  
And to yon starry world they now are gone,  
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth  
With man as with their friend;<sup>1</sup> and to the lover  
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky  
Shoot influence down: and even at this day  
'T is Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,  
And Venus who brings every thing that's fair!

THEKLA.

And if this be the science of the stars,  
I too, with glad and zealous industry,  
Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.  
It is a gentle and affectionate thought,  
That in immeasurable heights above us,  
At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,  
With sparkling stars for flowers.

COUNTESS.

Not only roses,  
But thorns too hath the heaven, and well for you  
Leave they your wreath of love inviolate:  
What Venus twined, the bearer of glad fortune,  
The sullen orb of Mars soon tears to pieces.

MAX.

Soon will his gloomy empire reach its close.  
Blest be the General's zeal: into the laurel  
Will he inweave the olive-branch, presenting  
Peace to the shouting nations. Then no wish  
Will have remain'd for his great heart! Enough  
Has he perform'd for glory, and can now  
Live for himself and his. To his domains  
Will he retire; he has a stately seat  
Of fairest view at Gitschin; Reichenberg,  
And Friedland Castle, both lie pleasantly—  
Even to the foot of the huge mountains here  
Stretches the chase and covers of his forests:  
His ruling passion, to create the splendid  
He can indulge without restraint; can give  
A princely patronage to every art,

<sup>1</sup> No more of talk, where god or angel guest  
With man, as with his friend familiar, used  
To sit indulgent. *Paradise Lost*, B. IX.

And to all worth a Sovereign's protection.  
Can build, can plant, can watch the starry courses—

COUNTESS.

Yet I would have you look, and look again,  
Before you lay aside your arms, young friend!  
A gentle bride, as she is, is well worth it,  
That you should woo and win her with the sword.

MAX.

O, that the sword could win her!

COUNTESS.

What was that?  
Did you hear nothing? Seem'd, as if I heard  
Tumult and larum in the banquet-room.

[Exit COUNTESS.]

SCENE V.

THEKLA and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

THEKLA (*as soon as the COUNTESS is out of sight, in  
a quick low voice to PICCOLOMINI*).

Don't trust them! They are false!

MAX.

Impossible!

THEKLA.

Trust no one here but me. I saw at once,  
They had a purpose.

MAX.

Purpose! but what purpose?  
And how can we be instrumental to it?

THEKLA.

I know no more than you; but yet believe me:  
There's some design in this! to make us happy,  
To realise our union—trust me, love!  
They but pretend to wish it.

MAX.

But these Tertskys—  
Why use we them at all? Why not your mother?  
Excellent creature! she deserves from us  
A full and filial confidence.

THEKLA.

She doth love you,  
Doth rate you high before all others—but—  
But such a secret—she would never have  
The courage to conceal it from my father.  
For her own peace of mind we must preserve it  
A secret from her too.

MAX.

Why any secret?  
I love not secrets. Mark, what I will do.  
I'll throw me at your father's feet—let him  
Decide upon my fortunes!—He is true,  
He wears no mask—he hates all crooked ways—  
He is so good, so noble!

THEKLA (*falls on his neck*).

That are you!

MAX.

You knew him only since this morn! but I  
Have lived ten years already in his presence.  
And who knows whether in this very moment  
He is not merely waiting for us both  
To own our loves, in order to unite us?  
You are silent!—  
You look at me with such a hopelessness!  
What have you to object against your father?

THEKLA.

I? Nothing. Only he's so occupied—  
He has no leisure time to think about  
The happiness of us two. [*Taking his hand tenderly.*  
Follow me!

Let us not place too great a faith in men.  
These Tertskys—we will still be grateful to them  
For every kindness, but not trust them further  
Than they deserve;—and in all else rely—  
On our own hearts!

MAX.

O! shall we e'er be happy?

THEKLA.

Are we not happy now? Art thou not mine?  
Am I not thine? There lives within my soul  
A lofty courage—'t is love gives it me!  
I ought to be less open—ought to hide  
My heart more from thee—so decorum dictates:  
But where in this place couldst thou seek for truth,  
If in my mouth thou didst not find it?

SCENE VI.

To them enters the Countess TERTSKY.

COUNTESS (*in a pressing manner*).

Come!

My husband sends me for you—It is now  
The latest moment.

[*They not appearing to attend to what she says, she  
steps between them.*

Part you!

THEKLA.

O, not yet!

It has been scarce a moment.

COUNTESS.

Ay! Then time  
Flies swiftly with your Highness, Princess niece!

MAX.

There is no hurry, aunt.

COUNTESS.

Away! away!

The folks begin to miss you. Twice already  
His father has ask'd for him.

THEKLA.

Ha! his father!

COUNTESS.

You understand *that*, niece!

THEKLA.

Why needs he

To go at all to that society?  
'T is not his proper company. They may  
Be worthy men, but he's too young for them.  
In brief, he suits not such society.

COUNTESS.

You mean, you'd rather keep him wholly here?

THEKLA (*with energy*).

Yes! you have hit it, aunt! That is my meaning.  
Leave him here wholly! Tell the company—

COUNTESS.

What! have you lost your senses, niece?—  
Count, you remember the conditions. Come!

MAX. (*to THEKLA*).

Lady, I must obey, Farewell, dear lady!

[*THEKLA turns away from him with a quick motion.*

What say you then, dear lady?

THEKLA (*without looking at him*).

Nothing. Go!

MAX.

Can I, when you are angry—

[*He draws up to her, their eyes meet, she stands silent a moment, then throws herself into his arms; he presses her fast to his heart.*]

COUNTESS.

Off! Heavens! if any one should come!

Hark! What's that noise! It comes this way.—Off!

[*MAX. tears himself away out of her arms, and goes. The COUNTESS accompanies him. THEKLA follows him with her eyes at first, walks restlessly across the room, then stops, and remains standing, lost in thought. A guitar lies on the table, she seizes it as by a sudden emotion, and after she has played a while an irregular and melancholy symphony, she falls gradually into the music and sings.*]

THEKLA (*plays and sings*).

The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar,  
The damsel paces along the shore;  
The billows they tumble with might, with might;  
And she flings out her voice to the darksome night;  
Her bosom is swelling with sorrow;  
The world it is empty, the heart will die,  
There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky:  
Thou Holy One, call thy child away!  
I've lived and loved, and that was to-day—  
Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I found it not in my power to translate this song with literal fidelity, preserving at the same time the Alcaic movement; and have therefore added the original with a prose translation. Some of my readers may be more fortunate.

THEKLA (*spielt und singt*).

Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,  
Das Mägdlein wandelt an Ufers Grün;  
Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,  
Und sie singt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,  
Das Auge von Weinen getrübet:  
Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,  
Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr.  
Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,  
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,  
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

THEKLA (*plays and sings*).

The oak-forest bellows, the clouds gather, the damsel walks to and fro on the green of the shore; the wave breaks with might, with might, and she sings out into the dark night, her eye discoloured with weeping: the heart is dead, the world is empty, and further gives it nothing more to the wish. Thou Holy One, call thy child home. I have enjoyed the happiness of this world, I have lived and have loved.

I cannot but add here an imitation of this song, with which the author of "The Tale of Rosamund Gray and Blind Margaret" has favoured me, and which appears to me to have caught the happiest manner of our old ballads.

The clouds are blackening, the storms threat'ning,  
The cavern doth mutter, the greenwood moan!  
Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching,  
Thus in the dark night she singeth alone,  
Her eye upward roving:  
The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,  
In this world plainly all seemeth amiss;  
To thy heaven, Holy One, take home thy little one,  
I have partaken of all earth's bliss,  
Both living and loving.

SCENE VII.

COUNTESS (*returns*), THEKLA.

COUNTESS.

Fie, lady niece! to throw yourself upon him,  
Like a poor gift to one who cares not for it,  
And so must be flung after him! For you,  
Duke Friedland's only child, I should have thought,  
It had been more beseeching to have shown your-  
More chary of your person. [self

THEKLA (*rising*).

And what mean you!

COUNTESS.

I mean, niece, that you should not have forgotten  
Who you are, and who he is. But perchance  
That never once occur'd to you.

THEKLA.

What then!

COUNTESS.

That you're daughter of the Prince Duke Fried-  
land.

THEKLA.

Well—and what farther!

COUNTESS.

What! a pretty question!

THEKLA.

He was *born* that which we have but *become*.  
He's of an ancient Lombard family,  
Son of a reigning princess.

COUNTESS.

Are you dreaming?

Talking in sleep? An excellent jest, forsooth!  
We shall no doubt right courteously *entreat* him  
To honour with his hand the richest heiress  
In Europe.

THEKLA.

That will not be necessary.

COUNTESS.

Methinks 't were well though not to run the hazard.

THEKLA.

His father loves him; Count Octavio  
Will interpose no difficulty—

COUNTESS.

*His!*

*His* father! *his!* But yours niece, what of yours?

THEKLA.

Why I begin to think you fear his father.  
So anxiously you hide it from the man!  
*His* father, *his*, I mean.

COUNTESS (*looks at her as scrutinizing*).

Niece, you are *false*.

THEKLA.

Are you then wounded? O, be friends with me!

COUNTESS.

You hold your game for won already. Do not  
Triumph too soon!—

THEKLA (*interrupting her, and attempting to soothe her*).

Nay now, be friends with me.

COUNTESS.

It is not yet so far gone.

THEKLA.

I believe you.

COUNTESS.

Did you suppose your father had laid out  
His most important life in toils of war,  
Denied himself each quiet earthly bliss,  
Had banish'd slumber from his tent, devoted  
His noble head to care, and for this only,  
To make a happier pair of you? At length  
To draw you from your convent, and conduct  
In easy triumph to your arms the man [thinks,  
That chanced to please your eyes! All this, me—  
He might have purchased at a cheaper rate.

THEKLA.

That which he did not plant for me might yet  
Bear me fair fruitage of its own accord.  
And if my friendly and affectionate fate,  
Out of his fearful and enormous being,  
Will but prepare the joys of life for me—

COUNTESS.

Thou seest it with a lovelorn maiden's eyes.  
Cast thine eye round, bethink thee who thou art.  
Into no house of joyance hast thou stepp'd,  
For no espousals dost thou find the walls  
Deck'd out, no guests the nuptial garland wearing.  
Here is no splendour but of arms. Or think'st thou  
That all these thousands are here congregated  
To lead up the long dances at thy wedding!  
Thou see'st thy father's forehead full of thought,  
Thy mother's eye in tears: upon the balance  
Lies the great destiny of all our house.  
Leave now the puny wish, the girlish feeling,  
O thrust it far behind thee! Give thou proof,  
Thou'rt the daughter of the Mighty—his  
Who where he moves creates the wonderful.  
Not to herself the woman must belong,  
Annex'd and bound to alien destinies.  
But she performs the best part, she the wisest,  
Who can transmute the alien into self,  
Meet and disarm necessity by choice;  
And what must be, take freely to her heart,  
And bear and foster it with mother's love.

THEKLA.

Such ever was my lesson in the convent.  
I had no loves, no wishes, knew myself  
Only as his—his daughter—his, the Mighty!  
His fame, the echo of whose blast drove to me  
From the far distance, waken'd in my soul  
No other thought than this—I am appointed  
To offer up myself in passiveness to him.

COUNTESS.

That is thy fate. Mould thou thy wishes to it.  
I and thy mother gave thee the example.

THEKLA.

My fate hath shown me *him*, to whom behoves it  
That I should offer up myself. In gladness  
*Him* will I follow.

COUNTESS.

Not thy fate hath shown him!  
Thy heart, say rather—'t was thy heart, my child!

THEKLA.

Fate hath no voice but the heart's impulses.  
I am all his! *His* present—*his* alone,  
Is this new life, which lives in me? He hath  
A right to his own creature. What was I  
Ere his fair love infused a soul into me?

COUNTESS.

Thou wouldst oppose thy father then, should he  
Have otherwise determined with thy person?

[THEKLA remains silent. The COUNTESS continues.]

Thou mean'st to force him to thy liking?—Child,  
His name is Friedland.

THEKLA.

*My* name too is Friedland.  
He shall have found a genuine daughter in me.

COUNTESS.

What? he has vanquish'd all impediment,  
And in the wilful mood of his own daughter  
Shall a new struggle rise for him? Child! child!  
As yet thou hast seen thy father's smiles alone;  
The eye of his rage thou hast not seen. Dear child,  
I will not frighten thee. To that extreme,  
I trust, it ne'er shall come. His will is yet  
Unknown to me: 't is possible his aims  
May have the same direction as thy wish.  
But this can never, never be his will  
That thou, the daughter of his haughty fortunes,  
Should'st e'er demean thee as a love-sick maiden;  
And like some poor cost-nothing, fling thyself  
Toward the man, who, if that high prize ever  
Be destined to await him, yet, with sacrifices  
The highest love can bring, must pay for it.

[Exit COUNTESS.]

THEKLA (*who during the last speech had been  
standing evidently lost in her reflections*).

I thank thee for the hint. It turns  
My sad presentiment to certainty.  
And it is so!—Not one friend have we here,  
Not one true heart! we've nothing but ourselves!  
O she said rightly—no auspicious signs  
Beam on this covenant of our affections.  
This is no theatre, where hope abides:  
The dull thick noise of war alone stirs here;  
And Love himself, as he were arm'd in steel,  
Steps forth, and girds him for the strife of death.

[Music from the banquet-room is heard.]

There's a dark spirit walking in our house,  
And swiftly will the Destiny close on us.  
It drove me hither from my calm asylum,  
It mocks my soul with charming witchery,  
It lures me forward in a seraph's shape,  
I see it near, I see it nearer floating,  
It draws it pulls me with a god-like power—  
And lo! the abyss—and thither am I moving—  
I have no power within me not to move!

[The music from the banquet-room becomes louder.]

O when a house is doom'd in fire to perish,  
Many and dark heaven drives his clouds together,  
Yea, shoots his lightnings down from sunny heights,  
Flames burst from out the subterraneous chasms,  
'And fiends and angels, mingling in their fury,  
Sling fire-brands at the burning edifice.

[Exit THEKLA.]

## SCENE VIII.

*A large Saloon lighted up with festal Splendour; in the  
midst of it, and in the centre of the Stage, a Table richly  
set out, at which eight Generals are sitting, among whom  
are OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, TERTSKY, and MARADAS.  
Right and left of this, but farther back, two other Tables,  
at each of which six Persons are placed. The Middle  
Door, which is standing open, gives to the Prospect a*

<sup>1</sup> There are few, who will not have taste enough to laugh  
at the two concluding lines of this soliloquy; and still fewer,  
I would fain hope, who would not have been more disposed  
to shudder, had I given a *faithful* translation. For the  
readers of German I have added the original:

Blind-wüthend schleudert selbst der Gott der Freude  
Den Pechkranz in das brennende Gebäude.

*fourth Table, with the same number of Persons. More forward stands the Sideboard. The whole front of the Stage is kept open for the Pages and Servants in waiting. All is in motion. The Band of Music belonging to TERTSKY'S Regiment march across the Stage, and draw up round the Tables. Before they are quite off from the Front of the Stage, MAX. PICCOLOMINI appears, TERTSKY advances towards him with a Paper, ISOLANI comes up to meet him with a Beaker or Service-cup.*

TERTSKY, ISOLANI, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

ISOLANI.

Here, brother, what we love! Why, where hast been?

Off to thy place—quick! Tertsy here has given The mother's holiday wine up to free booty. Here it goes on as at the Heidelberg castle. Already hast thou lost the best. They're giving At yonder table ducal crowns in shares; There's Sternberg's lands and chattels are put up, With Eggenberg's, Stawata's, Lichtenstein's, And all the great Bohemian feodalities. Be nimble, lad! and something may turn up For thee—who knows? off—to thy place! quick! march!

TIEFENBACH and GOETZ (*call out from the second and third tables*).

Count Piccolomini!

TERTSKY.

Stop, ye shall have him in an instant.—Read This oath here, whether as 'tis here set forth, The wording satisfies you. They've all read it, Each in his turn, and each one will subscribe His individual signature.

MAX. (*reads*).

"Ingratis servire nefas."

ISOLANI.

That sounds to my ears very much like Latin, And being interpreted, pray what may't mean?

TERTSKY.

No honest man will serve a thankless master.

MAX.

"Inasmuch as our supreme Commander, the illustrious Duke of Friedland, in consequence of the manifold affronts and grievances which he has received, had expressed his determination to quit the Emperor, but on our unanimous entreaty has graciously consented to remain still with the army, and not to part from us without our approbation thereof, so we, collectively and *each in particular*, in the stead of an oath personally taken, do hereby oblige ourselves—likewise by him honourably and faithfully to hold, and in nowise whatsoever from him to part, and to be ready to shed for his interests the last drop of our blood, so far, namely, as our oath to the Emperor will permit it. (*These last words are repeated by ISOLANI.*) In testimony of which we subscribe our names."

TERTSKY.

Now!—are you willing to subscribe this paper?

ISOLANI.

Why should he not? All officers of honour Can do it, ay, must do it.—Pen and ink here!

TERTSKY.

Nay, let it rest till after meal.

ISOLANI (*drawing MAX. along*).

Come, Max.

[*Both seat themselves at their table.*]

## SCENE IX.

TERTSKY, NEUMANN.

TERTSKY (*beckons to NEUMANN who is waiting at the side-table, and steps forward with him to the edge of the stage*).

Have you the copy with you, Neumann? Give it. It may be changed for the other?

NEUMANN.

I have copied it Letter by letter, line by line; no eye Would e'er discover other difference, Save only the omission of that clause, According to your Excellency's order.

TERTSKY.

Right! lay it yonder, and away with this— It has performed its business—to the fire with it—

[*NEUMANN lays the copy on the table, and steps back again to the side-table.*]

## SCENE X.

ILLO (*comes out from the second Chamber*), TERTSKY.

ILLO.

How goes it with young Piccolomini?

TERTSKY.

All right, I think. He has started no objection.

ILLO.

He is the only one I fear about— He and his father. Have an eye on both!

TERTSKY.

How looks it at your table: you forget not To keep them warm and stirring?

ILLO.

O, quite cordial, They are quite cordial in the scheme. We have them.

And 'tis as I predicted too. Already It is the talk, not merely to maintain The Duke in station. "Since we're once for all Together and unanimous, why not," Says Montecuculi, "ay, why not onward, And make conditions with the Emperor There in his own Vienna?" Trust me, Count, Were it not for these said Piccolomini, We might have spared ourselves the cheat.

TERTSKY.

And Butler!

How goes it there? Hush!

## SCENE XI.

To them enter BUTLER from the second table.

BUTLER.

Don't disturb yourselves. Field Marshal, I have understood you perfectly. Good luck be to the scheme; and as to me, [*With an air of mystery.*]

You may depend upon me.

ILLO (*with vivacity*).

May we, Butler?

BUTLER.

With or without the clause, all one to me !  
 You understand me ! My fidelity  
 The Duke may put to any proof—I'm with him !  
 Tell him so ! I'm the Emperor's officer,  
 As long as 'tis his pleasure to remain  
 The Emperor's general ! and Friedland's servant,  
 As soon as it shall please him to become  
 His own lord.

TERTSKY.

You would make a good exchange.  
 No stern economist, no Ferdinand,  
 Is he to whom you plight your services.

BUTLER (*with a haughty look*).

I do not put up my fidelity  
 To sale, Count Tertsky ! Half a year ago  
 I would not have advised you to have made me  
 An overture to that, to which I now  
 Offer myself of my own free accord.—  
 But that is past ! and to the Duke, Field Marshal,  
 I bring myself together with my regiment.  
 And mark you, 'tis my humour to believe,  
 The example which I give will not remain  
 Without an influence.

ILLO.

Who is ignorant,  
 That the whole army look to Colonel Butler,  
 As to a light that moves before them !

BUTLER.

Ey ?

Then I repent me not of that fidelity  
 Which for the length of forty years I held,  
 If in my sixtieth year my old good name  
 Can purchase for me a revenge so full.  
 Start not at what I say, sir Generals !  
 My real motives—they concern not you.  
 And you yourselves, I trust, could not expect [or  
 That this your game had crook'd *my* judgment—  
 That fickleness, quick blood, or such like cause,  
 Has driven the old man from the track of honour,  
 Which he so long had trodden. Come, my friends !  
 I'm not thereto determined with less firmness,  
 Because I know and have looked steadily  
 At that on which I have determined.

ILLO.

Say,  
 And speak roundly, what are we to deem you !

BUTLER.

A friend ! I give you here my hand ! I'm yours  
 With all I have. Not only men, but money  
 Will the Duke want.—Go, tell him, sirs !  
 I've earn'd and laid up somewhat in his service,  
 I lend it him ; and is he my survivor,  
 It has been already long ago bequeathed him.  
 He is my heir. For me, I stand alone  
 Here in the world ; nought know I of the feeling  
 That binds the husband to a wife and children.  
 My name dies with me, my existence ends.

ILLO.

'Tis not your money that he needs—a heart  
 Like yours weighs tons of gold down, weighs down  
 millions !

BUTLER.

I came a simple soldier's boy from Ireland  
 To Prague—and with a master, whom I buried.  
 From lowest stable duty I climb'd up,  
 Such was the fate of war, to this high rank,

The plaything of a whimsical good fortune.  
 And Wallenstein too is a child of luck ;  
 I love a fortune that is like my own.

ILLO.

All powerful souls have kindred with each other.

BUTLER.

This is an awful moment ! to the brave,  
 To the determined, an auspicious moment.  
 The Prince of Weimar arms, upon the Maine  
 To found a mighty dukedom. He of Halberstadt,  
 That Mansfeldt, wanted but a longer life  
 To have mark'd out with his good sword a lordship  
 That should reward his courage. Who of these  
 Equals our Friedland ! there is nothing, nothing  
 So high, but he may set the ladder to it !

TERTSKY.

That's spoken like a man !

BUTLER.

Do you secure the Spaniard and Italian—  
 I'll be your warrant for the Scotchman Lesly.  
 Come, to the company !

TERTSKY.

Where is the master of the cellar ? Ho !  
 Let the best wines come up. Ho ! cheerly, boy !  
 Luck comes to-day, so give her hearty welcome.  
 [*Exeunt, each to his table.*]

## SCENE XII.

*The MASTER OF THE CELLAR advancing with NEUMANN,  
 Servants passing backwards and forwards.*

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The best wine ! O : if my old mistress, his lady  
 mother, could but see these wild goings on, she  
 would turn herself round in her grave. Yes, yes,  
 sir officer ! 'tis all down the hill with this noble  
 house ! no end, no moderation ! And this marriage  
 with the Duke's sister, a splendid connection, a  
 very splendid connection ! but I will tell you, sir  
 officer, it looks no good.

NEUMANN.

Heaven forbid ! Why, at this very moment the  
 whole prospect is in bud and blossom !

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

You think so !—Well, well ! much may be said  
 on that head.

FIRST SERVANT (*comes*).

Burgundy for the fourth table.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Now, sir lieutenant, if this an't the seventieth  
 flask—

FIRST SERVANT.

Why, the reason is, that German lord, Tiefen-  
 bach, sits at that table.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (*continuing his discourse  
 to NEUMANN*).

They are soaring too high. They would rival  
 kings and electors in their pomp and splendour ;  
 and wherever the Duke leaps, not a minute does  
 my gracious master, the count, loiter on the brink  
 —(*to the Servants*.)—What do you stand there  
 listening for ! I will let you know you have legs  
 presently. Off ! see to the tables, see to the flasks !



Look there! Count Palfi has an empty glass before him!

RUNNER (*comes*).

The great service-cup is wanted, sir; that rich gold cup with the Bohemian arms on it. The Count says you know which it is.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Ay! that was made for Frederick's coronation by the artist William—there was not such another prize in the whole booty at Prague.

RUNNER.

The same!—a health is to go round in him.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (*shaking his head while he fetches and rinses the cups*).

This will be something for the tale-bearers—this goes to Vienna.

NEUMANN.

Permit me to look at it.—Well, this is a cup indeed! How heavy! as well it may be, being all gold.—And what neat things are embossed on it! how natural and elegant they look!—There, on that first quarter, let me see. That proud Amazon there on horseback, she that is taking a leap over the crosier and mitres, and carries on a wand a hat together with a banner, on which there's a goblet represented. Can you tell me what all this signifies?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The woman whom you see there on horseback, is the Free Election of the Bohemian Crown. That is signified by the round hat, and by that fiery steed on which she is riding. The hat is the pride of man; for he who cannot keep his hat on before kings and emperors is no free man.

NEUMANN.

But what is the cup there on the banner?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The cup signifies the freedom of the Bohemian Church, as it was in our forefathers' times. Our forefathers in the wars of the Hussites forced from the Pope this noble privilege: for the Pope, you know, will not grant the cup to any layman. Your true Moravian values nothing beyond the cup; it is his costly jewel, and has cost the Bohemians their precious blood in many and many a battle.

NEUMANN.

And what says that chart that hangs in the air there, over it all?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

That signifies the Bohemian letter-royal, which we forced from the Emperor Rudolph—a precious, never to be enough valued parchment, that secures to the new Church the old privileges of free ringing and open psalmody. But since he of Steiermark has ruled over us, that is at an end; and after the battle at Prague, in which Count Palatine Frederick lost crown and empire, our faith hangs upon the pulpit and the altar—and our brethren look at their homes over their shoulders; but the letter-royal the Emperor himself cut to pieces with his scissars.

NEUMANN.

Why, my good Master of the Cellar! you are deep read in the chronicles of your country!

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

So were my forefathers, and for that reason were they minstrels, and served under Procopius

and Ziska. Peace be with their ashes! Well, well! they fought for a good cause though—There! carry it up!

NEUMANN.

Stay! let me but look at this second quarter. Look *there*! That is, when at Prague Castle the Imperial Counsellors, Martinitz and Stawata, were hurled down head over heels. 'Tis even so! there stands Count Thur who commands it.

[*Runner takes the service-cup and goes off with it.*]

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

O let me never more hear of that day. It was the three-and-twentieth of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, six hundred, and eighteen. It seems to me as it were but yesterday—from that unlucky day it all began, all the heart-aches of the country. Since that day it is now sixteen years, and there has never once been peace on the earth.

[*Health drunk aloud at the second table.*]

The Prince of Weimar! Hurra!

[*At the third and fourth table.*]

Long live Prince William! Long live Duke Bernard! Hurra!

[*Music strikes up.*]

FIRST SERVANT.

Hear 'em! Hear 'em! What an uproar!

SECOND SERVANT (*comes in running*).

Did you hear? They have drank the Prince of Weimar's health.

THIRD SERVANT.

The Swedish Chief Commander!

FIRST SERVANT (*speaking at the same time*).

The Lutheran!

SECOND SERVANT.

Just before, when Count Deodate gave out the Emperor's health, they were all as mum as a nibbling mouse.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Po, po! When the wine goes in, strange things come out. A good servant hears, and hears not!—You should be nothing but eyes and feet, except when you are called to.

SECOND SERVANT.

[*To the Runner, to whom he gives secretly a flask of wine, keeping his eye on the Master of the Cellar, standing between him and the Runner.*]

Quick, Thomas! before the Master of the Cellar runs this way—'tis a flask of Frontignac!—Snapped it up at the third table—Canst go off with it?

RUNNER (*hides it in his pocket*).

All right!

[*Exit the Second Servant.*]

THIRD SERVANT (*aside to the First*).

Be on the hark, Jack! that we may have right plenty to tell to father Quivoga—He will give us right plenty of absolution in return for it.

FIRST SERVANT.

For that very purpose I am always having something to do behind Illo's chair.—He is the man for speeches to make you stare with!

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (*to NEUMANN*).

Who, pray, may that swarthy man be, he with the cross, that is chatting so confidentially with Esterhats?

NEUMANN.

Ay! he too is one of those to whom they confide too much. He calls himself Maradas, a Spaniard is he.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (*impatiently*).

Spaniard! Spaniard!—I tell you, friend, nothing good comes of those Spaniards. All these outlandish fellows' are little better than rogues.

NEUMANN.

Fy, fy! you should not say so, friend. There are among them our very best generals, and those on whom the Duke at this moment relies the most.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

[*Taking the flask out of the Runner's pocket.*

My son, it will be broken to pieces in your pocket.

[*TERTSKY hurries in, fetches away the Paper and calls to a Servant for Pen and Ink, and goes to the back of the Stage.*

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (*to the Servants*).

The Lieutenant-General stands up.—Be on the watch.—Now! They break up.—Off and move back the forms.

[*They rise at all the tables, the Servants hurry off the front of the Stage to the Tables; part of the guests come forward.*

### SCENE XIII.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI enters in conversation with MARADAS, and both place themselves quite on the edge of the Stage on one side of the Proscenium. On the side directly opposite, MAX. PICCOLOMINI, by himself, lost in thought, and taking no part in any thing that is going forward. The middle space between both, but rather more distant from the edge of the Stage, is filled up by BUTLER, ISOLANI, GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, and KOLATTO.

ISOLANI (*while the Company is coming forward*).

Good-night, good night, Kolatto! Good night, Lieutenant-General!—I should rather say, good morning.

GOETZ (*to TIEFENBACH*).

Noble brother! (*making the usual compliment after meals*).

TIEFENBACH.

Ay! 'twas a royal feast indeed.

GOETZ.

Yes, my Lady Countess understands these matters. Her mother-in-law, Heaven rest her soul, taught her!—Ah! that was a housewife for you!

TIEFENBACH.

There was not her like in all Bohemia for setting out a table.

OCTAVIO (*aside to MARADAS*).

Do me the favour to talk to me—talk of what you will—or of nothing. Only preserve the appearance at least of talking. I would not wish to stand by myself, and yet I conjecture that there will be goings on here worthy of our attentive observation. (*He continues to fix his eye on the whole following scene.*)

ISOLANI (*on the point of going*).

Lights! lights!

<sup>1</sup> There is a humour in the original which cannot be given in the translation. "Die Welschen alle," &c. which word in classical German means the *Italians* alone; but in its first sense, and at present in the *vulgar* use of the word, signifies foreigners in general. Our word wall-nuts, I suppose, means *outlandish nuts*—Wallæ nucēs, in German "Welsche Nüsse."

TERTSKY (*advances with the Paper to ISOLANI*).

Noble brother; two minutes longer!—Here is something to subscribe.

ISOLANI.

Subscribe as much as you like—but you must excuse me from reading it.

TERTSKY.

There is no need. It is the oath which you have already read.—Only a few marks of your pen!

[*ISOLANI hands over the Paper to OCTAVIO respectfully.*

TERTSKY.

Nay, nay, first come first served. There is no precedence here. (*OCTAVIO runs over the Paper with apparent indifference. TERTSKY watches him at some distance.*)

GOETZ (*to TERTSKY*).

Noble Count! with your permission—Good night.

TERTSKY.

Where's the hurry! Come, one other composing draught. (*To the Servants*).—Ho!

GOETZ.

Excuse me—an't able.

TERTSKY.

A thimble-full!

GOETZ.

Excuse me.

TIEFENBACH (*sits down*).

Pardon me, nobles!—This standing does not agree with me.

TERTSKY.

Consult only your own convenience, General!

TIEFENBACH.

Clear at head, sound in stomach—only my legs won't carry me any longer.

ISOLANI (*pointing at his corpulence*).

Poor legs! how *should* they! Such an unmerciful load! (*OCTAVIO subscribes his name, and reaches over the Paper to TERTSKY, who gives it to ISOLANI; and he goes to the table to sign his name.*)

TIEFENBACH.

'Twas that war in Pomerania that first brought it on. Out in all weathers—ice and snow—no help for it.—I shall never get the better of it all the days of my life.

GOETZ.

Why, in simple verity, your Swede makes no nice inquiries about the season.

TERTSKY (*observing ISOLANI, whose hand trembles excessively so that he can scarce direct his pen.*

Have you had that ugly complaint long, noble brother!—Dispatch it.

ISOLANI.

The sins of youth! I have already tried the chalybeate waters. Well—I must bear it.

[*TERTSKY gives the Paper to MARADAS; he steps to the table to subscribe.*

OCTAVIO (*advancing to BUTLER*).

You are not over fond of the orgies of Bacchus, Colonel! I have observed it. You would, I think, find yourself more to your liking in the uproar of a battle, than of a feast.

BUTLER.

I must confess, 'tis not in my way.

OCTAVIO (*stepping nearer to him friendly*).

Nor in mine either, I can assure you ; and I am not a little glad, my much-honoured Colonel Butler, that we agree so well in our opinions. A half dozen good friends at most, at a small round table, a glass of genuine Tokay, open hearts, and a rational conversation—that's my taste !

BUTLER.

And mine too, when it can be had.

[*The paper comes to TIEFENBACH, who glances over it at the same time with GOETZ and KOLATTO. MARADAS in the mean time returns to OCTAVIO. All this takes place, the conversation with BUTLER proceeding uninterrupted.*]

OCTAVIO (*introducing MARADAS to BUTLER*).

Don Balthasar Maradas ! likewise a man of our stamp, and long ago your admirer.

[*BUTLER bows.*]

OCTAVIO (*continuing*).

You are a stranger here—'t was but yesterday you arrived—you are ignorant of the ways and means here. 'T is a wretched place—I know, at our age, one loves to be snug and quiet—What if you moved your lodgings !—Come, be my visitor. (*BUTLER makes a low bow.*) Nay, without compliment !—For a friend like you, I have still a corner remaining.

BUTLER (*coldly*).

Your obliged humble servant, my Lord Lieutenant General !

[*The paper comes to BUTLER, who goes to the table to subscribe it. The front of the stage is vacant, so that both the PICCOLOMINI, each on the side where he had been from the commencement of the scene, remain alone.*]

OCTAVIO (*after having some time watched his son in silence, advances somewhat nearer to him*).  
You were long absent from us, friend !

MAX.

I—urgent business detained me.

OCTAVIO.

And, I observe, you are still absent !

MAX.

You know this crowd and bustle always makes me silent.

OCTAVIO (*advancing still nearer*).

May I be permitted to ask what the business was that detained you ? *Tertsky* knows it without asking !

MAX.

What does *Tertsky* know ?

OCTAVIO.

He was the only one who did not miss you.

ISOLANI (*who has been attending to them from some distance, steps up*).

Well done, father ! Rout out his baggage ! Beat up his quarters ! there is something there that should not be.

TERTSKY (*with the paper*).

Is there none wanting ? Have the whole subscribed ?

OCTAVIO.

All.

TERTSKY (*calling aloud*).

Ho ! Who subscribes ?

BUTLER (*to TERTSKY*).

Count the names. There ought to be just thirty.

TERTSKY.

Here is a cross.

TIEFENBACH.

That 's my mark.

ISOLANI.

He cannot write ; but his cross is a good cross, and is honoured by Jews as well as Christians.

OCTAVIO (*presses on to MAX.*).

Come, general ! let us go. It is late.

TERTSKY.

One Piccolomini only has signed.

ISOLANI (*pointing to MAX.*).

Look ! that is your man, that statue there, who has had neither eye, ear, nor tongue for us the whole evening. (*MAX. receives the paper from TERTSKY, which he looks upon vacantly.*)

#### SCENE XIV.

*To these enter ILLO from the inner room. He has in his hand a golden service-cup, and is extremely distempered with drinking ; GOETZ and BUTLER follow him, endeavouring to keep him back.*

ILLO.

What do you want ? Let me go.

GOETZ and BUTLER.

Drink no more, Illo ! For Heaven's sake, drink no more.

ILLO (*goes up to OCTAVIO, and shakes him cordially by the hand, and then drinks*).

Octavio ! I bring this to you ! Let all grudge be drowned in this friendly bowl ! I know well enough, ye never loved me—Devil take me !—and I never loved you !—I am always even with people in that way !—Let what 's past be past—that is, you understand—forgotten ! I esteem you infinitely. (*Embracing him repeatedly.*) You have not a dearer friend on earth than I—but that you know. The fellow that cries rogue to you calls me villain—and I 'll strangle him !—my dear friend !

TERTSKY (*whispering to him*).

Art in thy senses ? For Heaven's sake, Illo, think where you are !

ILLO (*aloud*).

What do you mean ?—There are none but friends here, are there ? (*Looks round the whole circle with a jolly and triumphant air.*) Not a sneaker among us, thank Heaven !

TERTSKY (*to BUTLER. eagerly*).

Take him off with you, force him off, I entreat you, Butler !

BUTLER (*to ILLO*).

Field Marshal ! a word with you. (*Leads him to the side-board.*)

ILLO (*cordially*).

A thousand for one ; Fill—Fill it once more up to the brim.—To this gallant man's health !

ISOLANI (*to MAX. who all the while has been staring on the paper with fixed but vacant eyes*).

Slow and sure, my noble brother !—Hast parsed it all yet ?—Some words yet to go through !—Ha !

MAX. (*waking as from a dream*).

What am I to do ?

TERTSKY, and at the same time ISOLANI.

Sign your name. (OCTAVIO directs his eyes on him with intense anxiety.)

MAX. (returns the paper.)

Let it stay till to-morrow. It is *business*—to-day I am not sufficiently collected. Send it to me to-morrow.

FERTSKY.

Nay, collect yourself a little.

ISOLANI.

Awake man! awake!—Come, thy signature, and have done with it! What? Thou art the youngest in the whole company, and wouldst be wiser than all of us together? Look there! thy father has signed—we have all signed.

TERTSKY (to OCTAVIO).

Use your influence. Instruct him.

OCTAVIO.

My son is at the age of discretion.

ILLO (leaves the service-cup on the side-board).

What's the dispute?

TERTSKY.

He declines subscribing the paper.

MAX.

I say, it may as well stay till to-morrow.

ILLO.

It cannot stay. We have all subscribed to it—and so must you.—You must subscribe.

MAX.

Illo, good night!

ILLO.

No! You come not off so! The Duke shall learn who are his friends. (All collect round ILLO and MAX.)

MAX.

What my sentiments are towards the Duke, the Duke knows, every one knows—what need of this wild stuff?

ILLO.

This is the thanks the Duke gets for his partiality to Italians and foreigners.—Us Bohemians he holds for little better than dullards—nothing pleases him but what's outlandish.

TERTSKY (in extreme embarrassment, to the Commanders, who at ILLO's words give a sudden start, as preparing to resent them).

It is the wine that speaks, and not his reason. Attend not to him, I entreat you.

ISOLANI (with a bitter laugh).

Wine invents nothing: it only tattles.

ILLO.

He who is not with me is against me. Your tender consciences! Unless they can slip out by a back-door, by a puny proviso—

TERTSKY (interrupting him).

He is stark mad—don't listen to him!

ILLO (raising his voice to the highest pitch).

Unless they can slip out by a proviso.—What of the proviso? The devil take this proviso!

MAX. (has his attention roused, and looks again into the paper).

What is there here then of such perilous import? You make me curious—I must look closer at it.

TERTSKY (in a low voice to ILLO).

What are you doing, Illo? You are ruining us.

TIEFENBACH (to KOLATTO).

Ay, ay! I observed, that before we sat down to supper, it was read differently.

GOETZ.

Why, I seemed to think so too.

ISOLANI.

What do I care for that? Where there stand other names, mine can stand too.

TIEFENBACH.

Before supper there was a certain proviso therein, or short clause, concerning our duties to the Emperor.

BUTLER (to one of the Commanders).

For shame, for shame! Bethink you. What is the main business here? The question now is, whether we shall keep our General, or let him retire. One must not take these things too nicely and over-scrupulously.

ISOLANI (to one of the Generals).

Did the Duke make any of these provisos when he gave you your regiment?

TERTSKY (to GOETZ).

Or when he gave you the office of army-purveyancer, which brings you in yearly a thousand pistoles!

ILLO.

He is a rascal who makes us out to be rogues. If there be any one that wants satisfaction, let him say so,—I am his man.

TIEFENBACH.

Softly, softly! 'T was but a word or two.

MAX. (having read the paper gives it back).

Till to-morrow, therefore!

ILLO (stammering with rage and fury, loses all command over himself, and presents the paper to MAX. with one hand, and his sword in the other).

Subscribe—Judas!

ISOLANI.

Out upon you, Illo!

OCTAVIO, TERTSKY, BUTLER (all together).

Down with the sword!

MAX. (rushes on him suddenly and disarms him, then to COUNT TERTSKY).

Take him off to bed.

[MAX. leaves the stage. ILLO cursing and raving is held back by some of the Officers, and amidst a universal confusion the Curtain drops.]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.

*A Chamber in PICCOLOMINI'S Mansion.—It is Night.*

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. *A Valet de Chambre with Lights.*

OCTAVIO.  
—And when my son comes in, conduct him  
What is the hour? [hither.

VALET.  
'T is on the point of morning.

OCTAVIO.  
Set down the light. We mean not to undress.  
You may retire to sleep.

[Exit Valet. OCTAVIO paces, musing, across the chamber; MAX. PICCOLOMINI enters unobserved, and looks at his father for some moments in silence.

MAX.  
Art thou offended with me? Heaven knows  
That odious business was no fault of mine.  
'T is true, indeed, I saw thy signature,  
What thou hadst sanction'd, should not, it might  
seem,  
Have come amiss to me. But—'t is my nature—  
Thou know'st that in such matters I must follow  
My own light, not another's.

OCTAVIO (*goes up to him and embraces him*).  
Follow it,  
O follow it still further, my best son!  
To-night, dear boy! it hath more faithfully  
Guided thee than the example of thy father.

MAX.  
Declare thyself less darkly.

OCTAVIO.  
I will do so.  
For after what has taken place this night,  
There must remain no secrets 'twixt us two.  
[Both seat themselves.

Max. Piccolomini! what thinkest thou of  
The oath that was sent round for signatures?

MAX.  
I hold it for a thing of harmless import,  
Although I love not these set declarations.

OCTAVIO.  
And on no other ground hast thou refused  
The signature they fain had wrested from thee?

MAX.  
It was a serious business—I was absent—  
The affair itself seem'd not so urgent to me.

OCTAVIO.  
Be open, Max. Thou hadst then no suspicion?

MAX.  
Suspicion! what suspicion? Not the least.

OCTAVIO.  
Thank thy good angel, Piccolomini:  
He drew thee back unconscious from the abyss.

MAX.  
I know not what thou meanest.

OCTAVIO.  
I will tell thee.  
Fain would they have extorted from thee, son,  
The sanction of thy name to villany;

Yea, with a single flourish of thy pen,  
Made thee renounce thy duty and thy honour!

MAX. (*rises*).  
Octavio!

OCTAVIO.  
Patience! Seat yourself. Much yet  
Hast thou to hear from me, friend!—hast for years  
Lived in incomprehensible illusion.  
Before thine eyes is Treason drawing out  
As black a web as e'er was spun for venom:  
A power of hell o'erclouds thy understanding.  
I dare no longer stand in silence—dare  
No longer see thee wandering on in darkness,  
Nor pluck the bandage from thine eyes.

MAX.  
My father!  
Yet, ere thou speakest, a moment's pause of  
If your disclosures should appear to be [thought!  
Conjectures only—and almost I fear  
They will be nothing further—spare them! I  
Am not in that collected mood at present,  
That I could listen to them quietly.

OCTAVIO.  
The deeper cause thou hast to hate this light,  
The more impatient cause have I, my son,  
To force it on thee. To the innocence  
And wisdom of thy heart I could have trusted  
With calm assurance—but I see the net [thee  
Preparing—and it is thy heart itself  
Alarms me for thine innocence—that secret,  
[Fixing his eye steadfastly on his son's face.  
Which thou concealest, forces mine from me.

[MAX. attempts to answer, but hesitates, and casts  
his eyes to the ground embarrassed.

OCTAVIO (*after a pause*).  
Know, then, they are duping thee!—a most foul  
game

With thee and with us all—nay, hear me calmly—  
The Duke even now is playing. He assumes  
The mask, as if he would forsake the army;  
And in this moment makes he preparations  
That army from the Emperor to steal,  
And carry it over to the enemy!

MAX.  
That low Priest's legend I know well, but did not  
Expect to hear it from thy mouth.

OCTAVIO.  
That mouth,  
From which thou hearest it at this present moment,  
Doth warrant thee that it is no Priest's legend.

MAX.  
How mere a maniac they supposed the Duke;  
What, he can meditate?—the Duke!—can dream  
That he can lure away full thirty thousand  
Tried troops and true, all honourable soldiers,  
More than a thousand noblemen among them,  
From oaths, from duty, from their honour lure  
And make them all unanimous to do [them,  
A deed that brands them scoundrels?

OCTAVIO.  
Such a deed,  
With such a front of infamy, the Duke  
No ways desires—what he requires of us

Bears a far gentler appellation. Nothing  
He wishes, but to give the Empire peace.  
And so, because the Emperor hates this peace,  
Therefore the Duke—the Duke will force him to it.  
All parts of the Empire will he pacify,  
And for his trouble will retain in payment  
(What he has already in his gripe)—Bohemia !

MAX.

Has he, Octavio, merited of us,  
That we—that we should think so vilely of him ?

OCTAVIO.

What *we would* think is not the question here,  
The affair speaks for itself—and clearest proofs !  
Hear me, my son—'tis not unknown to thee,  
In what ill credit with the Court we stand.  
But little dost thou know, or guess, what tricks,  
What base intrigues, what lying artifices,  
Have been employed—for this sole end—to sow  
Mutiny in the camp ! All bands are loosed—  
Loosed all the bands, that link the officer  
To his liege Emperor, all that bind the soldier  
Affectionately to the citizen.  
Lawless he stands, and threateningly beleaguers  
The state he's bound to guard. To such a height  
'Tis swoln, that at this hour the Emperor  
Before his armies—his own armies—trembles ;  
Yea, in his capital, his palace, fears  
The traitors' poniards, and is meditating  
To hurry off and hide his tender offspring—  
Not from the Swedes, not from the Lutherans—  
No ! from his own troops hide and hurry them !

MAX.

Cease, cease ! thou torturest, shatterest me. I know  
That oft we tremble at an empty terror ;  
But the false phantasm brings a real misery.

OCTAVIO.

It is no phantasm. An intestine war,  
Of all the most unnatural and cruel,  
Will burst out into flames, if instantly  
We do not fly and stifle it. The Generals  
Are many of them long ago won over ;  
The subalterns are vacillating—whole  
Regiments and garrisons are vacillating.  
To foreigners our strongholds are entrusted ;  
To that suspected Schafgotch is the whole  
Force of Silesia given up : to Tertsy  
Five regiments, foot and horse—to Isolani,  
To Illo, Kinsky, Butler, the best troops.

MAX.

Likewise to both of us.

OCTAVIO.

Because the Duke  
Believes he has secured us—means to lure us  
Still further on by splendid promises.  
To me he portions forth the principedoms, Glatz  
And Sagan ; and too plain I see the angel  
With which he doubts not to catch *thee*.

MAX.

No ! no !

I tell thee—no !

OCTAVIO.

O open yet thine eyes !  
And to what purpose think'st thou he has called us  
Hither to Pilsen !—to avail himself  
Of our advice !—O when did Friedland ever  
Need our advice !—Be calm, and listen to me.  
To sell ourselves are we called hither, and  
Decline we that—to be his hostages.

Therefore doth noble Galas stand aloof ;  
Thy father, too, thou wouldst not have seen here,  
If higher duties had not held him fetter'd.

MAX.

He makes no secret of it—needs make none—  
That we're called hither for his sake—he owns it.  
He needs our aidance to maintain himself—  
He did so much for us ; and 'tis but fair  
That we too should do somewhat now for him.

OCTAVIO.

And know'st thou what it is which we must do ?  
That Illo's drunken mood betray'd it to thee.  
Bethink thyself—what hast thou heard, what seen ?  
The counterfeited paper—the omission  
Of that particular clause, so full of meaning,  
Does it not prove, that they would bind us down  
To nothing good ?

MAX.

That counterfeited paper  
Appears to me no other than a trick  
Of Illo's own device. These underhand  
Traders in great men's interests ever use  
To urge and hurry all things to the extreme.  
They see the Duke at variance with the court,  
And fondly think to serve him, when they widen  
The breach irreparably. Trust me, father,  
The Duke knows nothing of all this.

OCTAVIO.

It grieves me

That I must dash to earth, that I must shatter  
A faith so specious ; but I may not spare thee !  
For this is not a time for tenderness.  
Thou must take measures, speedy ones—must act.  
I therefore will confess to thee, that all  
Which I've entrusted to thee now—that all  
Which seems to thee so unbelievable,  
That—yes, I will tell thee—(a pause)—Max. ! I  
had it all  
From his own mouth—from the Duke's mouth I  
had it.

MAX. (in excessive agitation).

No !—no !—never !

OCTAVIO.

Himself confided to me  
What I, 'tis true, had long before discover'd  
By other means—himself confided to me,  
That 'twas his settled plan to join the Swedes ;  
And, at the head of the united armies,  
Compel the Emperor—

MAX.

He is passionate,  
The Court has stung him—he is sore all over  
With injuries and affronts ; and in a moment  
Of irritation, what if he, for once,  
Forgot himself ? He's an impetuous man.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, in cold blood he did confess this to me :  
And having construed my astonishment  
Into a scruple of his power, he showed me  
His written evidences—showed me letters,  
Both from the Saxon and the Swede, that gave  
Promise of aidance, and defined the amount.

MAX.

It cannot be !—can not be !—can not be !  
Dost thou not see, it cannot !  
Thou wouldst of necessity have shown him  
Such horror, such deep loathing—that or he  
Had taken thee for his better genius, or  
Thou stood'st not now a living man before me—

OCTAVIO.  
I have laid open my objections to him,  
Dissuaded him with pressing earnestness ;  
But my *abhorrence*, the full sentiment  
Of my *whole* heart—that I have still kept sacred  
To my own consciousness.

MAX.  
And *thou* hast been  
So treacherous ? That looks not like my father !  
I trusted not thy words, when thou didst tell me  
Evil of him ; much less can I *now* do it,  
That thou calumniatest thy own self.

OCTAVIO.  
I did not thrust myself into his secrecy.

MAX.  
Uprightness merited his confidence.

OCTAVIO.  
He was no longer worthy of sincerity.

MAX.  
Dissimulation, sure, was still less worthy  
Of thee, Octavio !

OCTAVIO.  
Gave I him a cause  
To entertain a scruple of my honour ?

MAX.  
That he did not, evinced his confidence.

OCTAVIO.  
Dear son, it is not always possible  
Still to preserve that infant purity  
Which the voice teaches in our inmost heart,  
Still in alarum, for ever on the watch  
Against the wiles of wicked men : e'en Virtue  
Will sometimes bear away her outward robes  
Soiled in the wrestle with Iniquity.  
This is the curse of every evil deed,  
That, propagating still, it brings forth evil.  
I do not cheat my better soul with sophisms :  
I but perform my orders ; the Emperor  
Prescribes my conduct to me. Dearest boy,  
Far better were it, doubtless, if we all  
Obey'd the heart at all times ; but so doing,  
In this our present sojourn with bad men,  
We must abandon many an honest object.  
'Tis now our call to serve the Emperor ;  
By what means he can best be served—the heart  
May whisper what it will—this is our call !

MAX.  
It seems a thing appointed, that to-day  
I should not comprehend, not understand thee.  
The Duke, thou say'st, did honestly pour out  
His heart to thee, but for an evil purpose ;  
And thou dishonestly hast cheated him  
For a good purpose ! Silence, I entreat thee—  
My friend, thou stealest not from me—  
Let me not lose my father !

OCTAVIO (*suppressing resentment*).  
As yet thou know'st not all, my son. I have  
Yet somewhat to disclose to thee. [*After a pause.*]  
Duke Friedland  
Hath made his preparations. He relies  
Upon his stars. He deems us unprovided,  
And thinks to fall upon us by surprise.  
Yea, in his dream of hope, he grasps already  
The golden circle in his hand. He errs,  
We too have been in action—he but grasps  
His evil fate, most evil, most mysterious !

MAX.  
O nothing rash, my sire ! By all that's good  
Let me invoke thee—no precipitation !

OCTAVIO.  
With light tread stole he on his evil way, [him.  
And light tread hath Vengeance stolen on after  
Unseen she stands already, dark behind him—  
But one step more—he shudders in her grasp !  
Thou hast seen Questenberg with me. As yet  
Thou know'st but his ostensible commission :  
He brought with him a *private* one, my son !  
And that was for me only.

MAX.  
May I know it !  
OCTAVIO (*seizes the patent*).

MAX !  
[*A pause.*]  
—In this disclosure place I in thy hands  
The Empire's welfare and thy father's life:  
Dear to thy inmost heart is Wallenstein :  
A powerful tie of love, of veneration,  
Hath knit thee to him from thy earliest youth.  
Thou nourishest the *wish*,—O let me still  
Anticipate thy loitering confidence !  
The *hope* thou nourishest to knit thyself  
Yet closer to him—

MAX  
Father—

OCTAVIO.  
O my son !  
I trust thy heart undoubtingly. But am I  
Equally sure of thy collectedness ?  
Wilt thou be able, with calm countenance,  
To enter this man's presence, when that I  
Have trusted to thee his whole fate ?

MAX.  
According  
As thou dost trust me, father, with his crime.  
[OCTAVIO takes a paper out of his escrutoire, and  
gives it to him.]

MAX.  
What ! how ? a full Imperial patent !

OCTAVIO.  
Read it.  
MAX. (*just glances on it*).  
Duke Friedland sentenced and condemn'd !

OCTAVIO.  
Even so.  
MAX. (*throws down the paper*).  
O this is too much ! O unhappy error !

OCTAVIO.  
Read on. Collect thyself.

MAX. (*after he has read further, with a look of  
affright and astonishment on his father.*)  
How ! what ! Thou ! thou !

OCTAVIO.  
But for the present moment, till the King,  
Of Hungary may safely join the army,  
Is the command assign'd to me.

MAX.  
And think'st thou,  
Dost thou believe, that thou wilt tear it from him !  
O never hope it !—Father ! father ! father !  
An inauspicious office is enjoin'd thee.  
This paper here—this ! and wilt thou enforce it !  
The mighty in the middle of his host,

Surrounded by his thousands, him wouldst thou  
Disarm—degrade! Thou art lost, both thou and all  
OCTAVIO. [of us.]

What hazard I incur thereby, I know.  
In the great hand of God I stand. The Almighty  
Will cover with his shield the Imperial house,  
And shatter, in his wrath, the work of darkness.  
The Emperor hath true servants still; and even  
Here in the camp, there are enough brave men  
Who for the good cause will fight gallantly.  
The faithful have been warn'd—the dangerous  
Are closely watch'd. I wait but the first step,  
And then immediately—

MAX.

What! on suspicion?

Immediately?

OCTAVIO.

The Emperor is no tyrant.  
The deed alone he'll punish, not the wish.  
The Duke hath yet his destiny in his power.  
Let him but leave the treason uncompleted,  
He will be silently displaced from office,  
And make way to his Emperor's royal son.  
An honourable exile to his castles  
Will be a benefaction to him rather  
Than punishment. But the first open step—

MAX.

What callest thou such a step? A wicked step  
Ne'er will he take; but thou mightest easily,  
Yea, thou hast done it, misinterpret him.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, howsoever punishable were  
Duke Friedland's purposes, yet still the steps  
Which he hath taken openly, permit  
A mild construction. It is my intention  
To leave this paper wholly uninforced  
Till some act is committed which convicts him  
Of high-treason, without doubt or plea,  
And that shall sentence him.

MAX.

But who the judge?

OCTAVIO.

Thyself.

MAX.

For ever, then, this paper will lie idle.

OCTAVIO.

Too soon, I fear, its powers must all be proved.  
After the counter-promise of this evening,  
It cannot be but he must deem himself  
Secure of the majority with us;  
And of the army's general sentiment  
He hath a pleasing proof in that petition,  
Which thou delivered'st to him from the regiments.  
Add this too—I have letters that the Rhinegrave  
Hath changed his route, and travels by forced  
marches

To the Bohemian forests. What this purports  
Remains unknown; and, to confirm suspicion,  
This night a Swedish nobleman arrived here.

MAX.

I have thy word. Thou'lt not proceed to action  
Before thou hast convinced me—me myself.

OCTAVIO.

Is it possible? Still, after all thou know'st,  
Canst thou believe still in his innocence?

MAX. (*with enthusiasm*).

Thy judgment may mistake; my heart can not.

[Moderates his voice and manner.]

These reasons might expound thy spirit or mine;  
But they expound not Friedland—I have faith:  
For as he knits his fortunes to the stars,  
Even so doth he resemble them in secret,  
Wonderful, still inexplicable courses!  
Trust me, they do him wrong. All will be solved.  
These smokes at once will kindle into flame—  
The edges of this black and stormy cloud  
Will brighten suddenly, and we shall view  
The Unapproachable glide out in splendour.

OCTAVIO.

I will await it.

## SCENE II.

OCTAVIO and MAX. as before. To them the Valet of the  
Chamber.

OCTAVIO.

How now, then?

VALET.

A despatch is at the door.

OCTAVIO.

So early? From whom comes he then? Who is it?

VALET.

That he refused to tell me.

OCTAVIO.

Lead him in:

And, hark you—let it not transpire.

*Exit Valet; the cornet steps in.*

OCTAVIO.

Ha! Cornet—is it you? and from Count Galas?  
Give me your letters.

CORNET.

The Lieutenant-general

Trusted it not to letters.

OCTAVIO.

And what is it?

CORNET.

He bade me tell you—Dare I speak openly here?

OCTAVIO.

My son knows all.

CORNET.

We have him.

OCTAVIO.

Whom?

CORNET.

Sesina,

The old negociator.

OCTAVIO (*eagerly*).

And you have him?

CORNET.

In the Bohemian Forest Captain Mohrbrand  
Found and secured him yester morning early:  
He was proceeding then to Regensburg,  
And on him were despatches for the Swede.

OCTAVIO.

And the despatches—

CORNET.

The Lieutenant-general

Sent them that instant to Vienna, and

The prisoner with them.

OCTAVIO.

This is, indeed, a tidings!

That fellow is a precious casket to us,  
Enclosing weighty things.—Was much found on  
him?



CORNET.  
I think, six packets, with Count Tertsky's arms.

OCTAVIO.  
None in the Duke's own hand?

CORNET.  
Not that I know.  
OCTAVIO.  
And old Sesina?

CORNET.  
He was sorely frighten'd,  
When it was told him he must to Vienna.  
But the Count Altringer bade him take heart,  
Would he but make a full and free confession.

OCTAVIO.  
Is Altringer then with your Lord? I heard  
That he lay sick at Linz.

CORNET.  
These three days past  
He's with my master, the Lieutenant-general,  
At Frauenburg. Already have they sixty  
Small companies together, chosen men;  
Respectfully they greet you with assurances,  
That they are only waiting your commands.

OCTAVIO.  
In a few days may great events take place.  
And when must you return?

CORNET.  
I wait your orders.

OCTAVIO.  
Remain till evening.  
*Cornet signifies his assent and obeisance, and is going.*  
No one saw you—ha!

CORNET.  
No living creature. Through the cloister wicket  
The Capuchins, as usual, let me in.

OCTAVIO.  
Go, rest your limbs, and keep yourself conceal'd  
I hold it probable, that yet ere evening  
I shall despatch you. The development  
Of this affair approaches: ere the day,  
That even now is dawning in the heaven,  
Ere this eventful day hath set, the lot  
That must decide our fortunes will be drawn.  
[Exit Cornet.]

## SCENE III.

OCTAVIO and MAX, PICCOLOMINI.

OCTAVIO.  
Well—and what now, son? All will soon be clear;  
For all, I'm certain, went through that Sesina.

MAX. (*who through the whole of the foregoing scene  
has been in a violent and visible struggle of feel-  
ings, at length starts as one resolved*).

I will procure me light a shorter way.  
Farewell.

OCTAVIO.  
Where now?—Remain here.

MAX.  
To the Duke.  
OCTAVIO (*alarmed*).  
What—

MAX. (*returning*).  
If thou hast believed that I shall act  
A part in this thy play—  
Thou hast miscalculated on me grievously.  
My way must be straight on. True with the tongue,

False with the heart—I may not, cannot be:  
Nor can I suffer that a man should trust me—  
As his friend trust me—and then lull my conscience  
With such low pleas as these:—"I ask him not—  
He did it all at his own hazard—and  
My mouth has never lied to him."—No, no!  
What a friend takes me for, that I must be.  
—I'll to the Duke; ere yet this day is ended  
Will I demand of him that he do save  
His good name from the world, and with one stride  
Break through and rend this fine-spun web of yours.  
He can, he will!—I still am his believer.  
Yet I'll not pledge myself, but that those letters  
May furnish you, perchance, with proofs against him.  
How far may not this Tertsky have proceeded—  
What may not he himself too have permitted  
Himself to do, to snare the enemy,  
The laws of war excusing? Nothing, save  
His own mouth shall convict him—nothing less!  
And face to face will I go question him.

OCTAVIO.  
Thou wilt?  
MAX.  
I will, as sure as this heart beats.

OCTAVIO.  
I have, indeed, miscalculated on thee.  
I calculated on a prudent son,  
Who would have bless'd the hand beneficent  
That pluck'd him back from the abyss—and lo!  
A fascinated being I discover,  
Whom his two eyes befool, whom passion wilders,  
Whom not the broadest light of noon can heal.  
Go, question him!—Be mad enough, I pray thee.  
The purpose of thy father, of thy Emperor,  
Go, give it up free booty!—Force me, drive me  
To an open breach before the time. And now,  
Now that a miracle of Heaven had guarded  
My secret purpose even to this hour,  
And laid to sleep Suspicion's piercing eyes,  
Let me have lived to see that mine own son,  
With frantic enterprise, annihilates  
My toilsome labours and state-policy.

MAX.  
Ay—this state-policy? O how I curse it!  
You will some time, with your state-policy,  
Compel him to the measure: it may happen,  
Because ye are *determined* that he is guilty,  
Guilty ye'll *make* him. All retreat cut off,  
You close up every outlet, hem him in  
Narrower and narrower, till at length ye force him—  
Yes, ye,—ye *force* him, in his desperation,  
To set fire to his prison. Father! father!  
That never can end well—it cannot—will not!  
And let it be decided as it may,  
I see with boding heart the near approach  
Of an ill-starr'd, unblest catastrophe.  
For this great Monarch-spirit, if he fall,  
Will drag a world into the ruin with him.  
And as a ship (that midway on the ocean  
Takes fire) at once, and with a thunder-burst  
Explodes, and with itself shoots out its crew  
In smoke and ruin betwixt sea and heaven;  
So will he, falling, draw down in his fall  
All us, who're fix'd and mortised to his fortune.  
Deem of it what thou wilt; but pardon me,  
That I must bear me on in my own way.  
All must remain pure betwixt him and me;  
And, ere the day-light dawns, it must be known  
Which I must lose—my father, or my friend.

[During his exit the curtain drops.]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

*A Room fitted up for astrological labours, and provided with celestial Charts, with Globes, Telescopes, Quadrants, and other mathematical Instruments.—Seven Colossal Figures, representing the Planets, each with a transparent Star of a different Colour on its Head, stand in a semi-circle in the Back-ground, so that Mars and Saturn are nearest the Eye.—The Remainder of the Scene, and its Disposition, is given in the Fourth Scene of the Second Act.—There must be a Curtain over the Figures, which may be dropped, and conceal them on occasions.*

*[In the Fifth Scene of this Act it must be dropped; but in the Seventh Scene, it must be again drawn up wholly or in part.]*

WALLENSTEIN at a black Table, on which a Speculum Astrologicum is described with Chalk. SENI is taking Observations through a window.

WALLENSTEIN.

All well—and now let it be ended, Seni.—Come, The dawn commences, and Mars rules the hour. We must give o'er the operation. Come, We know enough.

SENI.

Your Highness must permit me Just to contemplate Venus. She's now rising: Like as a sun, so shines she in the east.

WALLENSTEIN.

She is at present in her perigee, And shoots down now her strongest influences.

*[Contemplating the figure on the table.]*

Auspicious aspect! fateful in conjunction, At length the mighty three corradiate; And the two stars of blessing, Jupiter And Venus, take between them the malignant Slily-malicious Mars, and thus compel Into my service that old mischief-founder: For long he view'd me hostilely, and ever With beam oblique, or perpendicular, Now in the Quartile, now in the Secundan, Shot his red lightnings at my stars, disturbing Their blessed influences and sweet aspects. Now they have conquer'd the old enemy, And bring him in the heavens a prisoner to me.

SENI *(who has come down from the window)*. And in a corner house, your Highness—think of that!

That makes each influence of double strength.

WALLENSTEIN.

And sun and moon, too, in the Sextile aspect, The soft light with the vehement—so I love it. SOL is the heart, LUNA the head of heaven, Bold be the plan, fiery the execution.

SENI.

And both the mighty Lumina by no Maleficus affronted. Lo! Saturnus, Innocuous, powerless, in cadente Domo.

WALLENSTEIN.

The empire of Saturnus is gone by; Lord of the secret birth of things is he; Within the lap of earth, and in the depths Of the imagination dominates; And his are all things that eschew the light.

The time is o'er of brooding and contrivance, For Jupiter, the lustrous, lordeth now, And the dark work, complete of preparation, He draws by force into the realm of light. Now must we hasten on to action, ere The scheme, and most auspicious posture Parts o'er my head, and takes once more its flight; For the heavens journey still, and sojourn not.

*[There are knocks at the door.]*

There's some one knocking there. See who it is.

TERTSKY *(from without)*.

Open, and let me in.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay—'t is Tertsky.

What is there of such urgency? We are busy.

TERTSKY *(from without)*.

Lay all aside at present, I entreat you. It suffers no delaying.

WALLENSTEIN.

Open, Seni!

*[While SENI opens the door for TERTSKY, WALLENSTEIN draws the curtain over the figures]*

TERTSKY *(enters)*.

Hast thou already heard it? He is taken. Galas has given him up to the Emperor.

*[SENI draws off the black table, and exit.]*

## SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN *(to TERTSKY)*.

Who has been taken? Who is given up?

TERTSKY.

The man who knows our secrets, who knows every Negotiation with the Swede and Saxon, Through whose hands all and every thing has pass'd—

WALLENSTEIN *(drawing back)*.

Nay, not Sesina!—Say, No! I entreat thee.

TERTSKY.

All on his road for Regensburg to the Swede He was plunged down upon by Galas' agent, Who had been long in ambush, lurking for him. There must have been found on him my whole packet To Thur, to Kinsky, to Oxenstirn, to Arnheim: All this is in their hands; they have now an insight Into the whole—our measures, and our motives.

## SCENE III.

*To them enters ILLO.*

ILLO *(to TERTSKY)*.

Has he heard it?

TERTSKY.

He has heard it.

ILLO *(to WALLENSTEIN)*.

Thinkest thou still

To make thy peace with the Emperor, to regain His confidence?—E'en were it now thy wish To abandon all thy plans, yet still they know

What thou hast wish'd : then forwards thou must  
Retreat is now no longer in thy power. [press ;

TERTSKY.

They have documents against us, and in hands,  
Which show beyond all power of contradiction—

WALLENSTEIN.

Of my hand-writing—no iota. Thee  
I punish for thy lies.

ILLO.

And thou believest,

That what this man, that what thy sister's husband,  
Did in thy name, will not stand on thy reck'ning ?  
*His* word must pass for thy word with the Swede,  
And not with those that hate thee at Vienna ?

TERTSKY.

In writing thou gavest nothing—But bethink thee,  
How far thou ventured'st by word of mouth  
With this Sesina ! And will he be silent ?  
If he can save himself by yielding up  
Thy secret purposes, will he retain them ?

ILLO.

Thyself dost not conceive it possible ;  
And since they now have evidence authentic  
How far thou hast already gone, speak !—tell us,  
What art thou waiting for ? thou canst no longer  
Keep thy command ; and beyond hope of rescue  
Thou 'rt lost, if thou resign'st it.

WALLENSTEIN.

In the army

Lies my security. The army will not  
Abandon me. Whatever they may know,  
The power is mine, and they must gulp it down—  
And substitute I caution for my fealty,  
They must be satisfied, at least appear so.

ILLO.

The army, Duke, *is* thine now—for this moment—  
'T is thine : but think with terror on the slow,  
The quiet power of time. From open violence  
The attachment of thy soldiery secures thee  
To-day—to-morrow : but grant'st thou them a  
respite,

Unheard, unseen, they'll undermine that love  
On which thou now dost feel so firm a footing,  
With wily theft will draw away from thee  
One after the other—

WALLENSTEIN.

'T is a cursed accident !

ILLO.

Oh ! I will call it a most blessed one,  
If it work on thee as it ought to do,  
Hurry thee on to action—to decision—  
The Swedish General—

WALLENSTEIN.

He 's arrived ! Know'st thou

What his commission is—

ILLO.

To thee alone

Will he entrust the purpose of his coming.

WALLENSTEIN.

A cursed, cursed accident ! Yes, yes,  
Sesina knows too much, and won't be silent.

TERTSKY.

He 's a Bohemian fugitive and rebel,  
His neck is forfeit. Can he save himself  
At thy cost, think you he will scruple it ?  
And if they put him to the torture, will he,  
Will *he*, that dastardling, have strength enough—

WALLENSTEIN (*lost in thought*).

Their confidence is lost—irreparably !  
And I may act what way I will, I shall  
Be and remain for ever in their thought  
A traitor to my country. How sincerely  
Soever I return back to my duty,  
It will no longer help me—

ILLO.

Ruin thee,

That it will do ! Not thy fidelity,  
Thy weakness will be deem'd the sole occasion—

WALLENSTEIN (*pacing up and down in extreme agitation*).

What ! I must realize it now in earnest,  
Because I toy'd too freely with the thought !  
Accursed he who dallies with a devil !  
And must I—I *must* realize it now—  
Now, while I have the power, it *must* take place !

ILLO.

Now—now—ere they can ward and parry it !

WALLENSTEIN (*looking at the paper of signatures*).  
I have the Generals' word—a written promise !  
Max. Piccolomini stands not here—how's that !

TERTSKY.

It was—he fancied—

ILLO.

Mere self-willedness.

There needed no such thing 'twixt him and you

WALLENSTEIN.

He is quite right—there needeth no such thing.  
The regiments, too, deny to march for Flanders—  
Have sent me in a paper of remonstrance,  
And openly resist the imperial orders.  
The first step to revolt's already taken.

ILLO.

Believe me, thou wilt find it far more easy  
To lead them over to the enemy  
Than to the Spaniard.

WALLENSTEIN.

I will hear, however,

What the Swede has to say to me.

ILLO (*eagerly to TERTSKY*).

Go, call him !

He stands without the door in waiting.

WALLENSTEIN.

Stay !

Stay yet a little. It hath taken me  
All by surprise,—it came too quick upon me ;  
'T is wholly novel, that an accident,  
With its dark lordship, and blind agency,  
Should force me on with it.

ILLO.

First hear him only,

And after weigh it. [Exit TERTSKY and ILLO.

#### SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN (*in soliloquy*).

Is it possible !

Is 't so ? I *can* no longer what I *would* ?  
No longer draw back at my liking ! I  
Must *do* the deed, because I *thought* of it !  
And fed this heart here with a dream ! Because  
I did not scowl temptation from my presence,  
Dallied with thoughts of possible fulfilment,

Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain,  
And only kept the road, the access open?  
By the great God of Heaven! It was not  
My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolve.  
I but amused myself with thinking of it.  
The free-will tempted me, the power to do  
Or not to do it.—Was it criminal  
To make the fancy minister to hope,  
To fill the air with pretty toys of air,  
And clutch fantastic sceptres moving t'ward me!  
Was not the will kept free? Beheld I not  
The road of duty close beside me—but  
One little step, and once more I was in it!  
Where am I? Whither have I been transported?  
No road, no track behind me, but a wall,  
Impenetrable, insurmountable,  
Rises obedient to the spells I mutter'd  
And meant not—my own doings tower behind me.

[Pauses and remains in deep thought.]

A punishable man I seem; the guilt,  
Try what I will, I cannot roll off from me  
The equivocal demeanour of my life  
Bears witness on my prosecutor's party.  
And even my purest acts from purest motives  
Suspicion poisons with malicious gloss.  
Were I that thing for which I pass, that traitor,  
A goodly outside I had sure reserved,  
Had drawn the coverings thick and double round  
Been calm and chary of my utterance; [me,  
But being conscious of the innocence  
Of my intent, my uncorrupted will,  
I gave way to my humours, to my passion:  
Bold were my words, because my deeds were not.  
Now every planless measure, chance event,  
The threat of rage, the vaunt of joy and triumph,  
And all the May-games of a heart o'er-flowing,  
Will they connect, and weave them all together  
Into one web of treason; all will be plan,  
My eye ne'er absent from the far-off mark,  
Step tracing step, each step a politic progress;  
And out of all they'll fabricate a charge  
So specious, that I must myself stand dumb.  
I am caught in my own net, and only force,  
Nought but a sudden rent can liberate me.

[Pauses again.]

How else! since that the heart's unbiass'd instinct  
Impell'd me to the daring deed, which now  
Necessity, self-preservation, orders.  
Stern is the On-look of Necessity,  
Not without shudder may a human hand  
Grasp the mysterious urn of destiny.  
My deed was mine, remaining in my bosom:  
Once suffer'd to escape from its safe corner  
Within the heart, its nursery and birth-place,  
Sent forth into the Foreign, it belongs  
For ever to those sly malicious powers  
Whom never art of man conciliated.

[Paces in agitation through the chamber, then pauses,  
and, after the pause, breaks out again into audible  
soliloquy.]

What is thy enterprise? thy aim? thy object?  
Hast honestly confess'd it to thyself?  
Power seated on a quiet throne thou'dst shake,  
Power on an ancient consecrated throne,  
Strong in possession, founded in old custom;  
Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots  
Fix'd to the people's pious nursery-faith.  
This, this will be no strife of strength with strength.  
That fear'd I not. I brave each combatant,  
Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye,

Who, full himself of courage, kindles courage  
In me too. 'T is a foe invisible,  
The which I fear—a fearful enemy,  
Which in the human heart opposes me,  
By its coward fear alone made fearful to me.  
Not that, which full of life, instinct with power,  
Makes known its present being; that is not  
The true, the perilously formidable.  
O no! it is the common, the quite common,  
The thing of an eternal yesterday,  
What ever was, and evermore returns,  
Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 't was sterling!  
For of the wholly common is man made,  
And custom is his nurse! Woe then to them,  
Who lay irreverent hands upon his old  
House furniture, the dear inheritance  
From his forefathers! For time consecrates;  
And what is grey with age becomes religion.  
Be in possession, and thou hast the right,  
And sacred will the many guard it for thee!

[To the PAGE, who here enters.]

The Swedish officer?—Well, let him enter.

[The PAGE exit, WALLENSTEIN fixes his eye in deep  
thought on the door]

Yet is it pure—as yet!—the crime has come  
Not o'er this threshold yet—so slender is  
The boundary that divideth life's two paths.

## SCENE V.

WALLENSTEIN and WRANGEL.

WALLENSTEIN (after having fixed a searching look  
on him.)

Your name is Wrangel?

WRANGEL.

Gustave Wrangel, General  
Of the Sudermanian Blues.

WALLENSTEIN.

It was a Wrangel  
Who injured me materially at Stralsund,  
And by his brave resistance was the cause  
Of the opposition which that sea-port made.

WRANGEL.

It was the doing of the element [merit.  
With which you fought, my Lord! and not my  
The Baltic Neptune did assert his freedom:  
The sea and land, it seem'd, were not to serve  
One and the same.

WALLENSTEIN (makes the motion for him to take a  
seat, and seats himself.)

And where are your credentials?  
Come you provided with full powers, Sir General?

WRANGEL.

There are so many scruples yet to solve—

WALLENSTEIN (having read the credentials.)

An able letter!—Ay—he is a prudent  
Intelligent master, whom you serve, Sir General!  
The Chancellor writes me, that he but fulfils  
His late departed Sovereign's own idea  
In helping me to the Bohemian crown.

WRANGEL.

He says the truth. Our great King, now in heaven,  
Did ever deem most highly of your Grace's  
Pre-eminent sense and military genius;  
And always the commanding Intellect,  
He said, should have command, and be the King.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, he *might* say it safely.—General Wrangel,  
*[Taking his hand affectionately.]*  
 Come, fair and open.—Trust me, I was always  
 A Swede at heart. Eh! that did you experience  
 Both in Silesia and at Nuremberg;  
 I had you often in my power, and let you  
 Always slip out by some back-door or other.  
 'Tis this for which the Court can ne'er forgive me,  
 Which drives me to this present step: and since  
 Our interests so run in one direction,  
 E'en let us have a thorough confidence  
 Each in the other.

WRANGEL.

Confidence will come  
 Has each but only first security.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Chancellor still, I see, does not quite trust me;  
 And, I confess—the gain does not lie wholly  
 To my advantage—Without doubt he thinks,  
 If I can play false with the Emperor,  
 Who is my Sov'reign, I can do the like  
 With the enemy, and that *the one* too were  
 Sooner to be forgiven me than the *other*.  
 Is not this your opinion too, Sir General!

WRANGEL.

I have here an office merely, no opinion.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Emperor hath urged me to the uttermost:  
 I can no longer honourably serve him.  
 For my security, in self-defence,  
 I take this hard step, which my conscience blames.

WRANGEL.

That I believe. So far would no one go  
 Who was not forced to it. *[After a pause.]*

What may have impell'd

Your princely Highness in this wise to act  
 Toward your Sovereign Lord and Emperor,  
 Beseems not us to expound or criticise.  
 The Swede is fighting for his good old cause,  
 With his good sword and conscience. This con-  
 currence,  
 This opportunity, is in our favour,  
 And all advantages in war are lawful.  
 We take what offers without questioning;  
 And if all have its due and just proportions—

WALLENSTEIN.

Of what then are ye doubting? Of my will?  
 Or of my power? I pledged me to the Chancellor,  
 Would he trust *me* with sixteen thousand men,  
 That I would instantly go over to them  
 With eighteen thousand of the Emperor's troops.

WRANGEL.

Your Grace is known to be a mighty war-chief,  
 To be a second Attila and Pyrrhus.  
 'Tis talked of still with fresh astonishment,  
 How some years past, beyond all human faith,  
 You call'd an army forth, like a creation:  
 But yet—

WALLENSTEIN.

But yet!

WRANGEL.

But still the Chancellor thinks,  
 It might yet be an easier thing from nothing  
 To call forth sixty thousand men of battle,  
 Than to persuade one sixtieth part of them—

WALLENSTEIN.

What now? Out with it, friend!

WRANGEL.

To break their oaths.

WALLENSTEIN.

And he thinks *so*?—He judges like a Swede,  
 And like a Protestant. You Lutherans  
 Fight for your Bible. You are interested  
 About the cause; and with your *hearts* you follow  
 Your banners.—Among *you*, whoc'er deserts  
 To the enemy, hath broken covenant *[fancies.]*  
 With two Lords at one time.—We've no such

WRANGEL.

Great God in Heaven! Have then the people here  
 No house and home, no fire-side, no altar!

WALLENSTEIN.

I will explain that to you, how it stands:—  
 The Austrian *has* a country, ay, and loves it,  
 And has good cause to love it—but this army,  
 That calls itself the Imperial, this that houses  
 Here in Bohemia, this has none—no country;  
 This is an outcast of all foreign lands,  
 Unclaim'd by town or tribe, to whom belongs  
 Nothing, except the universal sun.

WRANGEL.

But then the Nobles and the Officers?  
 Such a desertion, such a felony,  
 It is without example, my Lord Duke,  
 In the world's history.

WALLENSTEIN.

They are all mine—

Mine unconditionally—mine on all terms.  
 Not me, your own eyes you must trust.

*[He gives him the paper containing the written oath.]*

WRANGEL reads it through, and, having read it,  
 lays it on the table, remaining silent.

So then!

Now comprehend you?

WRANGEL.

Comprehend who can!

My Lord Duke; I will let the mask drop—yes!  
 I've full powers for a final settlement.  
 The Rhinegrave stands but four days' march from  
 With fifteen thousand men, and only waits *[here]*  
 For orders to proceed and join your army.  
 Those orders *I* give out, immediately  
 We're compromised.

WALLENSTEIN.

What asks the Chancellor!

WRANGEL (*considerately*).

Twelve regiments, every man a Swede—my head  
 The warranty—and all might prove at last  
 Only false play—

WALLENSTEIN (*startling*).

Sir Swede!

WRANGEL (*calmly proceeding*).

Am therefore forced

T' insist thereon, that he do formally,  
 Irrevocably break with the Emperor,  
 Else not a Swede is trusted to Duke Friedland.

WALLENSTEIN.

Come, brief, and open! What is the demand!

WRANGEL.

That he forthwith disarm the Spanish regiments  
 Attached to the Emperor, that he seize Prague,  
 And to the Swedes give up that city, with  
 The strong pass Egra.

WALLENSTEIN.

That is much indeed!  
Prague!—Egra's granted—But—but Prague!—  
I give you every security [T'won't do.  
Which you may ask of me in common reason—  
But Prague—Bohemia—these, sir General,  
I can myself protect.

WRANGEL.

We doubt it not.  
But 'tis not the protection that is now  
Our sole concern. We want security,  
That we shall not expend our men and money  
All to no purpose.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis but reasonable.

WRANGEL.

And till we are indemnified, so long  
Stays Prague in pledge.

WALLENSTEIN.

Then trust you us so little?

WRANGEL (*rising*).

The Swede, if he would treat well with the German,  
Must keep a sharp look-out. We have been call'd  
Over the Baltic, we have saved the empire  
From ruin—with our best blood have we sealed  
The liberty of faith, and gospel truth.  
But now already is the benefaction  
No longer felt, the load alone is felt.—  
Ye look askance with evil eye upon us,  
As foreigners, intruders in the empire,  
And would fain send us, with some paltry sum  
Of money, home again to our old forests.  
No, no! my Lord Duke! no!—it never was  
For Judas' pay, for chinking gold and silver,  
That we did leave our King by the Great Stone<sup>1</sup>.  
No, not for gold and silver have there bled  
So many of our Swedish Nobles—neither  
Will we, with empty laurels for our payment,  
Hoist sail for our own country. *Citizens*  
Will we remain upon the soil, the which  
Our Monarch conquer'd for himself, and died.

WALLENSTEIN.

Help to keep down the common enemy,  
And the fair border land must needs be yours.

WRANGEL.

But when the common enemy lies vanquish'd,  
Who knits together our new friendship then?  
We know, Duke Friedland! though perhaps the  
Swede  
Ought not t' have known it, that you carry on  
Secret negotiations with the Saxons.  
Who is our warranty, that *we* are not  
The sacrifices in those articles  
Which 'tis thought needful to conceal from us?

WALLENSTEIN (*rises*).

Think you of something better, Gustave Wrangel!  
Of Prague no more.

WRANGEL.

Here my commission ends.

WALLENSTEIN.

Surrender up to you my capital!  
Far lieber would I face about, and step  
Back to my Emperor.

<sup>1</sup> A great stone near Lützen, since called the Swede's Stone, the body of their great king having been found at the foot of it, after the battle in which he lost his life.

WRANGEL.

If time yet permits—

WALLENSTEIN.

That lies with me, even now, at any hour.

WRANGEL.

Some days ago, perhaps. To-day, no longer;  
No longer since Sesina's been a prisoner.

[WALLENSTEIN is struck, and silenced.

My lord Duke, hear me—We believe that you  
At present do mean honourably by us.  
Since *yesterday* we're sure of that—and now  
This paper warrants for the troops, there's nothing  
Stands in the way of our full confidence.  
Prague shall not part us. Hear! The Chancellor  
Contents himself with Albstadt; to your Grace  
He gives up Ratschin and the narrow side.  
But Egra above all must open to us,  
Ere we can think of any junction.

WALLENSTEIN.

You,

You therefore must I trust, and you not me!  
I will consider of your proposition.

WRANGEL.

I must entreat, that your consideration  
Occupy not too long a time. Already  
Has this negotiation, my Lord Duke!  
Crept on into the second year. If nothing  
Is settled this time, will the Chancellor  
Consider it as broken off for ever.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye press me hard. A measure such as this,  
Ought to be *thought of*.

WRANGEL.

Ay! but think of this too,  
That sudden action only can procure it  
Success—think first of this, your Highness.

[Exit WRANGEL.

## SCENE VI.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, and ILLO (*re-enter*).

ILLO.

Is't all right?

TERTSKY.

Are you compromised?

ILLO.

This Swede  
Went smiling from you. Yes! you're compromised.

WALLENSTEIN.

As yet is nothing settled: and (well weighed)  
I feel myself inclined to leave it so.

TERTSKY.

How? What is that?

WALLENSTEIN.

Come on me what will come,  
The doing evil to avoid an evil  
Cannot be good!

TERTSKY.

Nay, but bethink you, Duke.

WALLENSTEIN.

To live upon the mercy of these Swedes! [it.  
Of these proud-hearted Swedes!—I could not bear

ILLO.

Goest thou as fugitive, as mendicant?  
Bringest thou not more to them than thou receivest!

## SCENE VII.

To these enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who sent for you? There is no business here  
For women.

COUNTESS.

I am come to bid you joy.

WALLENSTEIN.

Use thy authority, Tertsky; bid her go.

COUNTESS.

Come I perhaps too early? I hope not.

WALLENSTEIN.

Set not this tongue upon me, I entreat you:  
You know it is the weapon that destroys me.  
I am routed, if a woman but attack me:  
I cannot traffic in the trade of words  
With that unreasoning sex.

COUNTESS.

I had already

Given the Bohemians a king.

WALLENSTEIN (*sarcastically*).

They have one,

In consequence, no doubt.

COUNTESS (*to the others*).

Ha! what new scruple?

TERTSKY.

The Duke will not.

COUNTESS.

He will not what he must!

ILLO.

It lies with you now. Try. For I am silenced,  
When folks begin to talk to me of conscience,  
And of fidelity.

COUNTESS.

How? then, when all

Lay in the far-off distance, when the road  
Stretch'd out before thine eyes interminably,  
Then hadst thou courage and resolve; and now,  
Now that the dream is being realised,  
The purpose ripe, the issue ascertain'd,  
Dost thou begin to play the dastard now?  
Plann'd merely, 't is a common felony;  
Accomplish'd, an immortal undertaking:  
And with success comes pardon hand in hand;  
For all event is God's arbitrement.

SERVANT (*enters*).

The colonel Piccolomini.

COUNTESS (*hastily*).

—Must wait.

WALLENSTEIN.

I cannot see him now. Another time.

SERVANT.

But for two minutes he entreats an audience:  
Of the most urgent nature is his business.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who knows what he may bring us? I will hear him.

COUNTESS (*laughs*).

Urgent for him, no doubt? but thou mayst wait.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it?

COUNTESS.

Thou shalt be inform'd hereafter.  
First let the Swede and thee be compromised.

[Exit Servant.]

WALLENSTEIN.

If there were yet a choice! if yet some milder  
Way of escape were possible—I still  
Will choose it, and avoid the last extreme.

COUNTESS.

Desirest thou nothing further? Such a way  
Lies still before thee. Send this Wrangel off.  
Forget thou thy old hopes, cast far away  
All thy past life; determine to commence  
A new one. Virtue hath her heroes too,  
As well as Fame and Fortune.—To Vienna—  
Hence—to the Emperor—kneel before the throne;  
Take a full coffer with thee—say aloud,  
Thou didst but wish to prove thy fealty;  
Thy whole intention but to dupe the Swede.

ILLO.

For that too 't is too late. They know too much;  
He would but bear his own head to the block.

COUNTESS.

I fear not that. They have not evidence  
To attain him legally, and they avoid  
The avowal of an arbitrary power.  
They'll let the Duke resign without disturbance.  
I see how all will end. The King of Hungary  
Makes his appearance, and 't will of itself  
Be understood, that then the Duke retires.  
There will not want a formal declaration:  
The young King will administer the oath  
To the whole army; and so all returns  
To the old position. On some morrow morning  
The Duke departs; and now 't is stir and bustle  
Within his castles. He will hunt, and build;  
Superintend his horses' pedigrees,  
Creates himself a court, gives golden keys,  
And introduceth strictest ceremony  
In fine proportions, and nice etiquette;  
Keeps open table with high cheer: in brief,  
Commenceth mighty King—in miniature.  
And while he prudently demeans himself,  
And gives himself no actual importance,  
He will be let appear whate'er he likes:  
And who dares doubt, that Friedland will appear  
A mighty Prince to his last dying hour?  
Well now, what then? Duke Friedland is as others,  
A fire-new Noble, whom the war hath raised  
To price and currency, a Jonah's gourd,  
An over-night creation of court-favour,  
Which with an undistinguishable ease  
Makes Baron or makes Prince.

WALLENSTEIN (*in extreme agitation*).

Take her away.

Let in the young Count Piccolomini.

COUNTESS.

Art thou in earnest? I entreat thee! Canst thou  
Consent to bear thyself to thy own grave,  
So ignominiously to be dried up?  
Thy life, that arrogated such an height  
To end in such a nothing! To be nothing,  
When one was always nothing, is an evil  
That asks no stretch of patience, a light evil;  
But to become a nothing, having been—

WALLENSTEIN (*starts up in violent agitation*).

Show me a way out of this stifling crowd,  
Ye powers of Aidance! Show me such a way  
As I am capable of going.—I  
Am no tongue-hero, no fine virtue-prattler;  
I cannot warm by thinking; cannot say  
To the good luck that turns her back upon me,

Magnanimously : " Go ; I need thee not."   
 Cease I to work, I am annihilated.   
 Dangers nor sacrifices will I shun,   
 If so I may avoid the last extreme ;   
 But ere I sink down into nothingness,   
 Leave off so little, who began so great,   
 Ere that the world confuses me with those   
 Poor wretches, whom a day creates and crumbles,   
 This age and after ages<sup>1</sup> speak my name   
 With hate and dread ; and Friedland be redemp-   
 For each accursed deed ! [tion

COUNTESS.

What is there here, then,   
 So against nature ? Help me to perceive it !   
 O let not Superstition's nightly goblins   
 Subdue thy clear bright spirit ! Art thou bid   
 To murder ?—with abhorr'd accursed poniard,   
 To violate the breasts that nourish'd thee ?   
 That *were* against our nature, that might aptly   
 Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart sicken<sup>2</sup>.   
 Yet not a few, and for a meaner object,   
 Have ventured even this, ay, and perform'd it.   
 What is there in thy case so black and monstrous ?   
 Thou art accused of treason—whether with   
 Or without justice is not now the question—   
 Thou art lost if thou dost not avail thee quickly   
 Of the power which thou possessest—Friedland !

Duke !

Tell me where lives that thing so meek and tame,   
 That doth not all his living faculties   
 Put forth in preservation of his life ?   
 What deed so daring, which necessity   
 And desperation will not sanctify ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Once was this Ferdinand so gracious to me :   
 He loved me ; he esteem'd me ; I was placed   
 The nearest to his heart. Full many a time   
 We like familiar friends, both at one table,   
 Have banqueted together. He and I—   
 And the young kings themselves held me the bason   
 Wherewith to wash me—and is 't come to this ?

COUNTESS.

So faithfully preservest thou each small favour,   
 And hast no memory for contumelies ?   
 Must I remind thee, how at Regensburg   
 This man repaid thy faithful services ?   
 All ranks and all conditions in the empire   
 Thou hadst wrong'd, to make him great,—hadst   
 loaded on thee,   
 On *thee*, the hate, the curse of the whole world.   
 No friend existed for thee in all Germany,   
 And why ? because thou hadst existed only   
 For the Emperor. To the Emperor alone   
 Clung Friedland in that storm which gather'd   
 round him   
 At Regensburg in the Diet—and he dropp'd thee !   
 He let thee fall ! he let thee fall a victim   
 To the Bavarian, to that insolent !   
 Deposed, stript bare of all thy dignity   
 And power, amid the taunting of thy foes,

<sup>1</sup> Could I have hazarded such a Germanism, as the use   
 of the word after-world, for posterity,—“ Es spreche Welt   
 und *Nachwelt* meinen Namen ”—might have been rendered   
 with more literal fidelity:—Let world and after-   
 world speak out my name, etc.

<sup>2</sup> I have not ventured to affront the fastidious delicacy   
 of our age with a literal translation of this line,

werth  
 Die Eingeweide schauernd aufzulegen.

Thou wert let drop into obscurity.—   
 Say not, the restoration of thy honour   
 Has made atonement for that first injustice.   
 No honest good-will was it that replaced thee ;   
 The law of hard necessity replaced thee,   
 Which they had fain opposed, but that they could

WALLENSTEIN.

[not.

Not to their good wishes, that is certain,   
 Nor yet to his affection I'm indebted   
 For this high office ; and if I abuse it,   
 I shall therein abuse no confidence.

COUNTESS.

Affection ! confidence !—they *needed* thee.   
 Necessity, impetuous remonstrant !   
 Who not with empty names, or shows of proxy,   
 Is served, who'll have the thing and not the symbol   
 Ever seeks out the greatest and the best,   
 And at the rudder places *him*, e'en though   
 She had been forced to take him from the rabble—   
 She, this Necessity, it was that placed thee   
 In this high office ; it was she that gave thee   
 Thy letters patent of inauguration.   
 For, to the uttermost moment that they can,   
 This race still help themselves at cheapest rate   
 With slavish souls, with puppets ! At the approach   
 Of extreme peril, when a hollow image   
 Is found a hollow image and no more,   
 Then falls the power into the mighty hands   
 Of Nature, of the spirit giant-born,   
 Who listens only to himself, knows nothing   
 Of stipulations, duties, reverences,   
 And, like the emancipated force of fire,   
 Unmaster'd scorches, ere it reaches them,   
 Their fine-spun webs, their artificial policy.

WALLENSTEIN.

'T is true ! they saw me always as I am—   
 Always ! I did not cheat them in the bargain.   
 I never held it worth my pains to hide   
 The bold all-grasping habit of my soul.

COUNTESS.

Nay rather—thou hast ever shown thyself   
 A formidable man, without restraint ;   
 Hast exercised the full prerogatives   
 Of thy impetuous nature, which had been   
 Once granted to thee. Therefore, Duke, not *thou*   
 Who hast still remain'd consistent with thyself,   
 But *they* are in the wrong, who fearing thee,   
 Entrusted such a power in hand they fear'd.   
 For, by the laws of Spirit, in the right   
 Is every individual character   
 That acts in strict consistence with itself.   
 Self-contradiction is the only wrong.   
 Wert thou another being, then, when thou   
 Eight years ago pursuedst thy march with fire,   
 And sword, and desolation, through the Circles   
 Of Germany, the universal scourge,   
 Didst mock all ordinances of the empire,   
 The fearful rights of strength alone exertedst,   
 Trampledst to earth each rank, each magistracy,   
 All to extend thy Sultan's domination ?   
 Then was the time to break thee in, to curb   
 Thy haughty will, to teach thee ordinance.   
 But no, the Emperor felt no touch of conscience ;   
 What served him pleased him, and without a murmur   
 He stamp'd his broad seal on these lawless deeds.   
 What at that time was right, because thou didst it   
 For *him*, to day is all at once become   
 Opprobrious, foul because it is directed   
 Against *him*.—O most flimsy superstition !



WALLENSTEIN (*rising*).

I never saw it in this light before,  
'T is even so. The Emperor perpetrated  
Deeds through my arm, deeds most unorderly.  
And even this prince's mantle, which I wear,  
I owe to what were services to him,  
But most high misdemeanors 'gainst the empire.

COUNTESS.

Then betwixt thee and him (confess it Friedland!)  
The point can be no more of right and duty,  
Only of power and the opportunity.  
That opportunity, lo! it comes yonder  
Approaching with swift steeds; then with a swing  
Throw thyself up into the chariot-seat,  
Seize with firm hand the reins, ere thy opponent  
Anticipate thee, and himself make conquest  
Of the now empty seat. The moment comes;  
It is already here, when thou must write  
The absolute total of thy life's vast sum.  
The constellations stand victorious o'er thee,  
The planets shoot good fortune in fair junctions,  
And tell thee, "Now's the time!" The starry  
courses

Hast thou thy life-long measured to no purpose?  
The quadrant and the circle, were they playthings?

[*Pointing to the different objects in the room.*]

The zodiacs, the rolling orbs of heaven,  
Hast pictured on these walls, and all around thee  
In dumb, foreboding symbols hast thou placed  
These seven presiding Lords of Destiny—  
For toys? Is all this preparation nothing?  
Is there no marrow in this hollow art,  
That even to thyself it doth avail  
Nothing, and has no influence over thee  
In the great moment of decision?—

WALLENSTEIN (*during this last speech walks up  
and down with inward struggles, labouring with  
passion; stops suddenly, stands still, then  
interrupting the Countess*).

Send Wrangel to me—I will instantly  
Despatch three couriers—

ILLO (*hurrying out*).

God in heaven be praised!

WALLENSTEIN.

It is *his* evil genius and *mine*.  
Our evil genius! It chastises *him*  
Through me, the instrument of his ambition;  
And I expect no less, than that Revenge  
E'en now is whetting for *my* breast the poniard.  
Who sows the serpent's teeth, let him not hope  
To reap a joyous harvest. Every crime  
Has, in the moment of its perpetration,  
Its own avenging angel—dark misgiving,  
An ominous sinking at the inmost heart.  
He can no longer trust me—Then no longer  
Can I retreat—so come that which must come.—  
Still destiny preserves its due relations,  
The heart within us is its absolute  
Vicegerent.

[*To TERTSKY.*]

Go, conduct you Gustave Wrangel  
To my state-cabinet.—Myself will speak to  
The couriers.—And despatch immediately  
A servant for Octavio Piccolomini.

[*To the COUNTESS, who cannot conceal her triumph*]

No exultation! woman, triumph not!  
For jealous are the Powers of Destiny.  
Joy premature, and shouts ere victory,  
Encroach upon their rights and privileges.  
We sow the seed, and they the growth determine.

[*While he is making his exit the curtain drops*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

*Scene, as in the preceding Act.*

WALLENSTEIN, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

WALLENSTEIN (*coming forward in conversation*).  
He sends me word from Linz, that he lies sick;  
But I have sure intelligence, that he  
Secretes himself at Frauenburg with Galas.  
Secure them both, and send them to me hither.  
Remember, thou takest on thee the command  
Of those same Spanish regiments,—constantly  
Make preparation, and be never ready;  
And if they urge thee to draw out against me,  
Still answer YES, and stand as thou wert fetter'd.  
I know, that it is doing thee a service  
To keep thee out of action in this business.  
Thou lovest to linger on in fair appearances;  
Steps of extremity are not thy province,  
Therefore have I sought out this part for thee.  
Thou wilt this time be of most service to me  
By thy inertness. The mean time, if fortune  
Declare itself on my side, thou wilt know  
What is to do.

*Enter MAX, PICCOLOMINI.*

Now go, Octavio.

This night must thou be off, take my own horses:  
Him here I keep with me—make short farewell—

Trust me, I think we all shall meet again  
In joy and thriving fortunes.

OCTAVIO (*to his son*).

I shall see you

Yet ere I go.

### SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, MAX, PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. (*advances to him*).

My General!

WALLENSTEIN.

That am I no longer, if

Thou stylest thyself the Emperor's officer.

MAX.

Then thou wilt leave the army, General?

WALLENSTEIN.

I have renounced the service of the Emperor.

MAX.

And thou wilt leave the army?

WALLENSTEIN.

Rather hope I

To bind it nearer still and faster to me.

[*He seats himself.*]

Yes, Max., I have delay'd to open it to thee,  
Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike.  
Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily

The absolute right, yea, and a joy it is  
To exercise the single apprehension  
Where the sums square in proof ;  
But where it happens, that of two sure evils  
One must be taken, where the heart not wholly  
Brings itself back from out the strife of duties,  
There 'tis a blessing to have no election,  
And blank necessity is grace and favour.  
—This is now present : do not look behind thee,—  
It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards !  
Think not ! judge not ! prepare thyself to act !  
The Court—it hath determined on my ruin,  
Therefore I will to be beforehand with them.  
We'll join the Swedes—right gallant fellows are  
And our good friends. [they,

[*He stops himself, expecting PICCOLOMINI'S answer.*  
I have ta'en thee by surprise. Answer me not.  
I grant thee time to recollect thyself.

[*He rises, and retires at the back of the stage. MAX. remains for a long time motionless, in a trance of excessive anguish. At his first motion WALLLENSTEIN returns, and places himself before him.*

MAX.

My General, this day thou makest me  
Of age to speak in my own right and person,  
For till this day I have been spared the trouble  
To find out my own road. Thee have I follow'd  
With most implicit unconditional faith,  
Sure of the right path if I follow'd thee.  
To-day, for the first time, dost thou refer  
Me to myself, and forest me to make  
Election between thee and my own heart.

WALLENSTEIN.

Soft cradled thee thy Fortune till to day ;  
Thy duties thou couldst exercise in sport,  
Indulge all lovely instincts, act for ever  
With undivided heart. It can remain  
No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads  
Start from each other. Duties strive with duties.  
Thou must needs choose thy party in the war  
Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him  
Who is thy Emperor.

MAX.

War ! is that the name ?

War is as frightful as heaven's pestilence.  
Yet it is good, is it heaven's will as that is.  
Is that a good war, which against the Emperor  
Thou wagest with the Emperor's own army ?  
O God of heaven ! what a change is this.  
Beseems it me to offer such persuasion  
To thee, who like the fix'd star of the pole  
Wert all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean ?  
O ! what a rent thou makest in my heart !  
The ingrain'd instinct of old reverence,  
The holy habit of obediency,  
Must I pluck live asunder from thy name ?  
Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me—  
It always was as a god looking at me !  
Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed :  
The senses still are in thy bonds, although,  
Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max. hear me.

MAX.

O ! do it not, I pray thee, do it not !  
There is a pure and noble soul within thee,  
Knows not of this unblest, unlucky doing.  
Thy will is chaste, it is thy fancy only  
Which hath polluted thee—and innocence,

It will not let itself be driven away  
From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,  
Thou canst not, end in this. It would reduce  
All human creatures to disloyalty  
Against the nobleness of their own nature.  
'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief,  
Which holdeth nothing noble in free will,  
And trusts itself to impotence alone,  
Made powerful only in an unknown power.

WALLENSTEIN.

The world will judge me sternly, I expect it.  
Already have I said to my own self  
All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids  
The extreme, can he by going round avoid it ?  
But here there is no choice. Yes—I must use  
Or suffer violence—so stands the case,  
There remains nothing possible but that.

MAX.

O that is never possible for thee !  
'Tis the last desperate resource of those  
Cheap souls, to whom their honour, their good name  
Is their poor *saving*, their last worthless *keep*,  
Which having staked and lost, they stake themselves  
In the mad rage of gaming. Thou art rich,  
And glorious ; with an unpolluted heart  
Thou canst make conquest of whate'er seems  
But he, who once hath acted infamy, [highest !  
Does nothing more in this world.

WALLENSTEIN (*grasps his hand*).

Calmly, Max. !

Much that is great and excellent will we  
Perform together yet. And if we only  
Stand on the height with dignity, 'tis soon  
Forgotten, Max., by what road we ascended.  
Believe me, many a crown shines spotless now,  
That yet was deeply sullied in the winning.  
To the evil spirit doth the earth belong,  
Not to the good. All, that the powers divine  
Send from above, are universal blessings :  
Their light rejoices us, their air refreshes,  
But never yet was man enrich'd by them :  
In their eternal realm no *property*  
Is to be struggled for— all there is general.  
The jewel, the all-valued gold we win  
From the deceiving Powers, depraved in nature,  
That dwell beneath the day and blessed sun-light.  
Not without sacrifices are they render'd  
Propitious, and there lives no soul on earth  
That e'er retired unsullied from their service.

MAX.

Whate'er is human, to the human being  
Do I allow—and to the vehement  
And striving spirit readily I pardon  
The excess of action ; but to thee, my General !  
Above *all* others make I large concession.  
For thou must move a world, and be the master—  
He kills thee, who condemns thee to inaction.  
So be it then ! maintain thee in thy post  
By violence. Resist the Emperor,  
And if it must be, force with force repel :  
I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it.  
But not—not to the *traitor*—yes !—the word  
Is spoken out—

Not to the traitor can I yield a pardon.  
That is no mere excess ! that is no error  
Of human nature—that is wholly different,  
O that is black, black as the pit of hell !

[*WALLENSTEIN betrays a sudden agitation.*

Thou canst not hear it *named*, and wilt thou *do* it !

O turn back to thy duty. That thou canst,  
I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna :  
I'll make thy peace for thee with the Emperor.  
He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He  
Shall see thee, Duke ! with my unclouded eye,  
And I bring back his confidence to thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

It is too late. Thou knowest not what has happen'd.

MAX.

Were it too late, and were things gone so far,  
That a crime only could prevent thy fall,  
Then—fall ! fall honourably, even as thou stood'st,  
Lose the command. Go from the stage of war.  
Thou canst with splendour do it—do it too  
With innocence. Thou hast lived much for others,  
At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee.  
My destiny I never part from thine.

WALLENSTEIN.

It is too late ! Even now, while thou art losing  
Thy words, one after the other are the mile-stones  
Left fast behind by my post couriers,  
Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.

*[MAX. stands as convulsed, with a gesture and countenance expressing the most intense anguish.]*

Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forced.  
I cannot give assent to my own shame  
And ruin. *Thou*—no—thou canst not forsake me !  
So let us do, what must be done, with dignity,  
With a firm step. What am I doing worse  
Than did famed Caesar at the Rubicon,  
When he the legions led against his country,  
The which his country had deliver'd to him ?  
Had he thrown down the sword, he had been lost,  
As I were, if I but disarm'd myself.  
I trace out something in me of his spirit ;  
Give me his luck, *that other thing* I'll bear.

*[MAX. quits him abruptly. WALLENSTEIN, startled and overpowered, continues looking after him, and is still in this posture when TERTSKY enters.]*

### SCENE III.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Max. Piccolomini just left you ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Where is Wrangel ?

TERTSKY.

He is already gone.

WALLENSTEIN.

In such a hurry ?

TERTSKY.

It is as if the earth had swallow'd him.  
He had scarce left thee, when I went to seek him.  
I wish'd some words with him—but he was gone.  
How, when, and where, could no one tell me. Nay,  
I half believe it was the devil himself ;  
A human creature could not so at once  
Have vanish'd.

ILLO (*enters*).

Is it true that thou wilt send

Octavio ?

TERTSKY.

How, Octavio ! Whither send him !

WALLENSTEIN.

He goes to Frauenburg, and will lead hither  
The Spanish and Italian regiments.

ILLO.

No !

Nay, Heaven forbid !

WALLENSTEIN.

And why should Heaven forbid !

ILLO.

Him !—that deceiver ! Wouldst thou trust to him  
The soldiery ? Him wilt thou let slip from thee,  
Now, in the very instant that decides us—

TERTSKY.

Thou wilt not do this !—No ! I pray thee, no !

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye are whimsical.

ILLO.

O but for this time, Duke,  
Yield to our warning ! Let him not depart.

WALLENSTEIN.

And why should I not trust him only this time,  
Who have always trusted him ? What, then, has  
happen'd,

That I should lose my good opinion of him ?  
In complaisance to your whims, not my own,  
I must, forsooth, give up a rooted judgment.  
Think not I am a woman. Having trusted him  
E'en till to-day, to-day too will I trust him.

TERTSKY.

Must it be he—he only ? Send another.

WALLENSTEIN.

It must be he, whom I myself have chosen ;  
He is well fitted for the business. Therefore  
I gave it him.

ILLO.

Because he's an Italian—  
Therefore is he well fitted for the business !

WALLENSTEIN.

I know you love them not—nor sire nor son—  
Because that I esteem them, love them—visibly  
Esteem them, love them more than you and others,  
E'en as they merit. Therefore are they eye-blights,  
Thorns in your foot-path. But your jealousies,  
In what affect they me or my concerns ?  
Are they the worse to *me* because you hate them ?  
Love or hate one another as you will,  
I leave to each man his own moods and likings ;  
Yet know the worth of each of you to me.

ILLO.

Von Questenberg, while he was here, was always  
Lurking about with this Octavio.

WALLENSTEIN.

It happen'd with my knowledge and permission.

ILLO.

I know that secret messengers came to him  
From Galas—

WALLENSTEIN.

That's not true.

ILLO.

O thou art blind,

With thy deep-seeing eyes !

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou wilt not shake  
My faith for me—my faith, which finds itself  
On the profoundest science. If't is false,  
Then the whole science of the stars is false ;  
For know, I have a pledge from Fate itself,  
That he is the most faithful of my friends.

ILLO.

Hast thou a pledge, that this pledge is not false !

WALLENSTEIN.

There exist moments in the life of man,  
When he is nearer the great Soul of the world  
Than is man's custom, and possesses freely  
The power of questioning his destiny :  
And such a moment 't was, when in the night  
Before the action in the plains of Lützen,  
Leaning against a tree, thoughts crowding thoughts,  
I look'd out far upon the ominous plain.  
My whole life, past and future, in this moment  
Before my mind's eye glided in procession,  
And to the destiny of the next morning  
The spirit, fill'd with anxious presentiment,  
Did knit the most removed futurity.  
Then said I also to myself, "So many  
Dost thou command. They follow all thy stars,  
And as on some great number set their All  
Upon thy single head, and only man  
The vessel of thy fortune. Yet a day  
Will come, when Destiny shall once more scatter  
All these in many a several direction :  
Few be they who will stand out faithful to thee."  
I yearn'd to know which one was faithfullest  
Of all, this camp included. Great Destiny,  
Give me a sign ! And he shall be the man,  
Who, on the approaching morning, comes the first  
To meet me with a token of his love :  
And thinking this, I fell into a slumber.  
Then midmost in the battle was I led  
In spirit. Great the pressure and the tumult !  
Then was my horse kill'd under me : I sank ;  
And over me away all unconcernedly,  
Drove horse and rider—and thus trod to pieces  
I lay, and panted like a dying man ;  
Then seized me suddenly a saviour arm :  
It was Octavio's—I awoke at once,  
'T was broad day, and Octavio stood before me.  
"My brother," said he, "do not ride to-day  
The dapple, as you're wont ; but mount the horse  
Which I have chosen for thee. Do it, brother !  
In love to me. A strong dream warn'd me so."  
It was the swiftness of this horse that snatch'd me  
From the hot pursuit of Bannier's dragoons.  
My cousin rode the dapple on that day,  
And never more saw I or horse or rider.

ILLO.

That was a chance.

WALLENSTEIN (*significantly*).

There's no such thing as chance.  
In brief, 't is sign'd and seal'd that this Octavio  
Is my good angel—and now no word more.

[*He is retiring.*]

TERTSKY.

This is my comfort—Max. remains our hostage.

ILLO.

And he shall never stir from here alive.

WALLENSTEIN (*stops and turns himself round*).

Are ye not like the women, who for ever  
Only recur to their first word, although  
One had been talking reason by the hour !  
Know, that the human being's thoughts and deeds  
Are not, like ocean billows, blindly moved.  
The inner world, his microcosmos, is  
The deep shaft, out of which they spring eternally.  
They grow by certain laws, like the tree's fruit—  
No juggling chance can metamorphose them.  
Have I the human *kernel* first examined ?  
Then I know, too, the future will and action.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*A Chamber in PICCOLOMINI'S Dwelling-House.*OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, ISOLANI, *entering*.

ISOLANI.

Here am I—Well ! who comes yet of the others ?

OCTAVIO (*with an air of mystery*).

But, first, a word with you, Count Isolani.

ISOLANI (*assuming the same air of mystery*).

Will it explode, ha ?—Is the Duke about  
To make the attempt ? In me, friend, you may place  
Full confidence.—Nay, put me to the proof.

OCTAVIO.

That may happen.

ISOLANI.

Noble brother, I am

Not one of those men who in words are valiant,  
And when it comes to action skulk away.  
The Duke has acted towards me as a friend.  
God knows it is so ; and I owe him all—  
He may rely on my fidelity.

OCTAVIO.

That will be seen hereafter.

ISOLANI.

Be on your guard,  
All think not as I think ; and there are many  
Who still hold with the Court—yes, and they say  
That those stolen signatures bind them to nothing.

OCTAVIO.

I am rejoiced to hear it.

ISOLANI.

You rejoice !

OCTAVIO.

That the Emperor has yet such gallant servants,  
And loving friends.

ISOLANI.

Nay, jeer not, I entreat you.

They are no such worthless fellows, I assure you.

OCTAVIO.

I am assured already. God forbid  
That I should jest !—In very serious earnest,  
I am rejoiced to see an honest cause  
So strong.

ISOLANI.

The Devil !—what !—why, what means this ?  
Are you not, then—For what, then, am I here ?

OCTAVIO.

That you may make full declaration, whether  
You will be call'd the friend or enemy  
Of the Emperor.

ISOLANI (*with an air of defiance*).

That declaration, friend,

I'll make to him in whom a right is placed  
To put that question to me.

OCTAVIO.

Whether, Count,

That right is mine, this paper may instruct you.

ISOLANI (*stammering*).

Why,—why—what ! this is the Emperor's hand  
and seal !

[*Reads.*]

"Whereas, the officers collectively  
Throughout our army will obey the orders  
Of the Lieutenant-general Piccolomini.

As from us ourselves."—*Hem!*—Yes! so!—  
Yes! yes!—

I—I give you joy, Lieutenant-general!

OCTAVIO.

And you submit you to the order?

ISOLANI.

I—

But you have taken me so by surprise—  
Time for reflection one *must* have—

OCTAVIO.

Two minutes.

ISOLANI.

My God! But then the case is—

OCTAVIO.

Plain and simple.

You must declare you, whether you determine  
To act a treason 'gainst your Lord and Sovereign,  
Or whether you will serve him faithfully.

ISOLANI.

Treason!—My God!—But who talks then of  
treason?

OCTAVIO.

That is the case. The Prince-duke is a traitor—  
Means to lead over to the enemy [full—  
The Emperor's army.—Now, Count!—brief and  
Say, will you break your oath to the Emperor?  
Sell yourself to the enemy!—Say, will you?

ISOLANI.

What mean you? I—I break my oath, d'ye say,  
To his Imperial Majesty?

Did I say so!—When, when have I said that?

OCTAVIO.

You have not said it yet—not yet. This instant  
I wait to hear, Count, whether you *will* say it.

ISOLANI.

Ay! that delights me now, that you yourself  
Bear witness for me that I never said so.

OCTAVIO.

And you renounce the Duke then?

ISOLANI.

If he's planning

Treason—why, treason breaks all bonds asunder.

OCTAVIO.

And are determined, too, to fight against him?

ISOLANI.

He has done me service—but if he's a villain,  
Perdition seize him!—All scores are rubb'd off.

OCTAVIO.

I am rejoiced that you are so well disposed.  
This night, break off in the utmost secrecy  
With all the light-arm'd troops—it must appear  
As came the order from the Duke himself.  
At Frauenburg's the place of rendezvous;  
There will Count Galas give you further orders.

ISOLANI.

It shall be done.—But you'll remember me  
With the Emperor—how well-disposed you found  
me.

OCTAVIO.

I will not fail to mention it honourably.

[Exit ISOLANI. A Servant enters.

What, Colonel Butler!—Show him up.

ISOLANI (returning).

Forgive me too my bearish ways, old father!  
Lord God! how should I know, then, what a great  
Person I had before me.

OCTAVIO.

No excuses!

ISOLANI.

I am a merry lad, and if at time  
A rash word might escape me 'gainst the Court  
Amidst my wine—You know no harm was meant.

[Exit.

OCTAVIO.

You need not be uneasy on that score.  
That has succeeded. Fortune favour us  
With all the others only but as much.

#### SCENE V.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER.

BUTLER.

At your command Lieutenant-general.

OCTAVIO.

Welcome, as honour'd friend and visitor.

BUTLER.

You do me too much honour.

OCTAVIO (after both have seated themselves).

You have not [day—  
Return'd the advances which I made you yester—  
Misunderstood them as mere empty forms.  
That wish proceeded from my heart—I was  
In earnest with you—for 'tis now a time  
In which the honest should unite most closely.

BUTLER.

'Tis only the like-minded can unite.

OCTAVIO.

True! and I name all honest men like-minded.  
I never charge a man but with those acts  
To which his character deliberately  
Impels him; for alas! the violence  
Of blind misunderstandings often thrusts  
The very best of us from the right track. [Galas  
You came through Frauenburg. Did the Count  
Say nothing to you? Tell me. He's my friend.

BUTLER.

His words were lost on *me*.

OCTAVIO.

It grieves me sorely,  
To hear it: for his counsel was most wise.  
I had myself the like to offer.

BUTLER.

Spare

Yourself the trouble—me th' embarrassment,  
To have deserved so ill your good opinion.

OCTAVIO.

The time is precious—let us talk openly.  
You know how matters stand here. Wallenstein  
Meditates treason—I can tell you further  
He has committed treason; but few hours  
Have past, since he a covenant concluded  
With the enemy. The messengers are now  
Full on their way to Egra and to Prague.  
To-morrow he intends to lead us over  
To the enemy. But he deceives himself;  
For Prudence wakes—The Emperor has still  
Many and faithful friends here, and they stand  
In closest union, mighty though unseen.  
This manifesto sentences the Duke—  
Recalls the obedience of the army from him,  
And summons all the loyal, all the honest,  
To join and recognize in me their leader.

Choose—will you share with us an honest cause?  
Or with the evil share an evil lot.

BUTLER (*rises*).

His lot is mine.

OCTAVIO.

Is that your last resolve?

BUTLER.

It is.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, but bethink you, Colonel Butler!  
As yet you have time. Within my faithful breast  
That rashly utter'd word remains interr'd.  
Recal it, Butler! choose a better party:  
You have not chosen the right one.

BUTLER (*going*).

Any other  
Commands—for me, Lieutenant-general?

OCTAVIO.

See your white hairs: Recal that word!

BUTLER.

Farewell!

OCTAVIO.

What! Would you draw this good and gallant  
In such a cause? Into a curse would you [sword  
Transform the gratitude which you have earn'd  
By forty years' fidelity from Austria?

BUTLER (*laughing with bitterness*).

Gratitude from the House of Austria. [*He is going.*  
OCTAVIO (*permits him to go as far as the door, then  
calls after him*).

Butler!

BUTLER.

What wish you?

OCTAVIO.

How was't with the Count?

BUTLER.

Count! what?

OCTAVIO (*coldly*).

The title that you wish'd, I mean.

BUTLER (*starts in sudden passion*).

Hell and damnation!

OCTAVIO (*coldly*).

You petition'd for it—  
And your petition was repell'd—Was it so?

BUTLER.

Your insolent scoff shall not go by unpunish'd.  
Draw!

OCTAVIO.

Nay! your sword to 'ts sheath! and tell me calmly,  
How all that happen'd. I will not refuse you  
Your satisfaction afterwards.—Calmly, Butler!

BUTLER.

Be the whole world acquainted with the weakness  
For which I never can forgive myself.  
Lieutenant-general! Yes—I have ambition.  
Ne'er was I able to endure contempt.  
It stung me to the quick, that birth and title  
Should have more weight than merit has in the army.  
I would fain not be meaner than my equal,  
So in an evil hour I let myself  
Be tempted to that measure—It was folly!  
But yet so hard a penance it deserved not.  
It might have been refused; but wherefore barb  
And venom the refusal with contempt?  
Why dash to earth and crush with heaviest scorn  
The grey-hair'd man, the faithful veteran?

Why to the baseness of his parentage  
Refer him with such cruel roughness, only  
Because he had a weak hour and forgot himself?  
But nature gives a sting e'en to the worm  
Which wanton Power treads on in sport and insult.

OCTAVIO.

You must have been calumniated. Guess you  
The enemy who did you this ill service?

BUTLER.

Be't who it will—a most low-hearted scoundrel,  
Some vile court-minion must it be, some Spaniard,  
Some young squire of some ancient family,  
In whose light I may stand, some envious knave,  
Stung to his soul by my fair self-earn'd honours!

OCTAVIO.

But tell me! did the Duke approve that measure?

BUTLER.

Himself impell'd me to it, used his interest  
In my behalf with all the warmth of friendship.

OCTAVIO.

Ay! are you sure of that?

BUTLER.

I read the letter.

OCTAVIO.

And so did I—but the contents were different.

[*BUTLER is suddenly struck.*

By chance I'm in possession of that letter—  
Can leave it to your own eyes to convince you.

[*He gives him the letter.*

BUTLER.

Ha! what is this?

OCTAVIO.

I fear me, Colonel Butler,

An infamous game have they been playing with  
you.

The Duke, you say, impell'd you to this measure?  
Now, in this letter talks he in contempt  
Concerning you, counsels the minister  
To give sound chastisement to your conceit,  
For so he calls it.

[*BUTLER reads through the letter, his knees tremble,  
he seizes a chair, and sinks down in it.*

You have no enemy, no persecutor;  
There's no one wishes ill to you. Ascribe  
The insult you received to the Duke only.  
His aim is clear and palpable. He wish'd  
To tear you from your Emperor—he hoped  
To gain from your revenge what he well knew  
(What your long-tried fidelity convinced him)  
He ne'er could dare expect from your calm reason.  
A blind tool would he make you, in contempt  
Use you, as means of most abandon'd ends.  
He has gained his point. Too well has he succeeded  
In luring you away from that good path  
On which you had been journeying forty years!

BUTLER (*his voice trembling*).

Can e'er the Emperor's Majesty forgive me?

OCTAVIO.

More than forgive you. He would fain compensate  
For that affront, and most unmerited grievance  
Sustain'd by a deserving, gallant veteran.  
From his free impulse he confirms the present,  
Which the Duke made you for a wicked purpose.  
The regiment, which you now command, is your's.

[*BUTLER attempts to rise, sinks down again. He  
labours inwardly with violent emotions; tries to  
speak, and cannot. At length he takes his sword  
from the belt, and offers it to PICCOLOMINI.*

OCTAVIO.  
What wish you? Recollect yourself, friend.

BUTLER. Take it.

OCTAVIO.  
But to what purpose? Calm yourself.

BUTLER. O take it!  
I am no longer worthy of this sword.

OCTAVIO.  
Receive it then anew from my hands—and  
Wear it with honour for the right cause ever.

BUTLER.  
—Perjure myself to such a gracious Sovereign!

OCTAVIO.  
You'll make amends. Quick! break off from the  
Duke!

BUTLER.  
Break off from him!

OCTAVIO.  
What now? Bethink thyself.

BUTLER (*no longer governing his emotion*).  
Only break off from him! He dies! he dies!

OCTAVIO.  
Come after me to Frauenburg, where now  
All who are loyal, are assembling under  
Counts Altringer and Galas. Many others  
I've brought to a remembrance of their duty:  
This night be sure that you escape from Pilsen.

BUTLER (*strides up and down in excessive agitation,  
then steps up to OCTAVIO with resolved counte-  
nance*).  
Count Piccolomini! Dare that man speak  
Of honour to you, who once broke his troth.

OCTAVIO.  
He, who repents so deeply of it, dares.

BUTLER.  
Then leave me here, upon my word of honour!

OCTAVIO.  
What's your design?

BUTLER.  
Leave me and my regiment.

OCTAVIO.  
I have full confidence in you. But tell me  
What are you brooding?

BUTLER.  
That the deed will tell you.  
Ask me no more at present. Trust to me.  
Ye may trust safely. By the living God  
Ye give him over, not to his good angel!  
Farewell. [*Exit BUTLER.*]

SERVANT (*enters with a billet*).  
A stranger left it, and is gone.  
The Prince-Duke's horses wait for you below.  
[*Exit Servant.*]

OCTAVIO (*reads*).  
"Be sure make haste! Your faithful Isolan."  
—O that I had but left this town behind me.  
To split upon a rock so near the haven!—  
Away! This is no longer a safe place for me!  
Where can my son be tarrying!

## SCENE VI.

OCTAVIO and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. *enters almost in a state of derangement from extreme agitation, his eyes roll wildly, his walk is unsteady, and he appears not to observe his father, who stands at a distance, and gazes at him with a countenance expressive of compassion. He paces with long strides through the chamber, then stands still again, and at last throws himself into a chair, staring vacantly at the object directly before him.*

OCTAVIO (*advances to him*).  
I am going off, my son.  
[*Receiving no answer, he takes his hand.*]  
My son, farewell.

MAX.

Farewell.

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt soon follow me?

MAX.

I follow thee!

Thy way is crooked—it is not my way.

[*OCTAVIO drops his hand, and starts back.*]

O, hadst thou been but simple and sincere,  
Ne'er had it come to this—all had stood otherwise.  
He had not done that foul and horrible deed,  
The virtuous had retain'd their influence o'er him:  
He had not fallen into the snares of villains.  
Wherefore so like a thief, and thief's accomplice  
Didst creep behind him—lurking for thy prey!  
O, unblest falsehood! Mother of all evil!  
Thou misery-making dæmon, it is thou  
That sink'st us in perdition. Simple truth,  
Sustainer of the world, had saved us all!  
Father, I will not, I cannot excuse thee!  
Wallenstein has deceived me—O, most foully!  
But thou hast acted not much better.

OCTAVIO.

Son!

My son, ah! I forgive thy agony!

MAX. (*rises, and contemplates his father with looks  
of suspicion*).

Was't possible? hadst thou the heart, my father,  
Hadst thou the heart to drive it to such lengths,  
With cold premeditated purpose? Thou—  
Hadst thou the heart, to wish to see him guilty  
Rather than saved? Thou risest by his fall.  
Octavio, 'twill not please me.

OCTAVIO.

God in Heaven!

MAX.

O, woe is me! sure I have changed my nature.  
How comes suspicion here—in the free soul!  
Hope, confidence, belief, are gone; for all  
Lied to me, all that I e'er loved or honour'd.  
No! no! not all! She—she yet lives for me,  
And she is true, and open as the Heavens!  
Deceit is everywhere, hypocrisy,  
Murder, and poisoning, treason, perjury:  
The single holy spot is our love,  
The only unprofaned in human nature.

OCTAVIO.

Max.!—we will go together. 'Twill be better.

MAX.

What! ere I've taken a last parting leave,  
The very last—no never!

OCTAVIO.

Spare thyself  
The pang of necessary separation.  
Come with me! Come, my son!  
*[Attempts to take him with him.]*

MAX.

No! as sure as God lives, no!

OCTAVIO (*more urgently*).

Come with me, I command thee! I, thy father.

MAX.

Command me what is human. I stay here.

OCTAVIO.

Max! In the Emperor's name I bid thee come.

MAX.

No Emperor has power to prescribe *[me]*  
Laws to the heart; and wouldst thou wish to rob  
Of the sole blessing which my fate has left me,  
Her sympathy? Must then a cruel deed  
Be done with cruelty? The unalterable  
Shall I perform ignobly—steal away,  
With stealthy coward flight forsake her? No!  
She shall behold my suffering, my sore anguish,  
Hear the complaints of the departed soul,  
And weep tears o'er me. Oh! the human race  
Have steely souls—but she is as an angel.  
From the black deadly madness of despair  
Will she redeem my soul, and in soft words  
Of comfort, plaining, loose this pang of death!

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt not tear thyself away; thou canst not.  
O, come, my son! I bid thee save thy virtue.

MAX.

Squander not thou thy words in vain.  
The heart I follow, for I dare trust to it.

OCTAVIO (*trembling, and losing all self-command*).

Max! Max! if that most damned thing could be,  
If thou—my son—my own blood—(dare I think it?)  
Do sell thyself to him, the infamous,  
Do stamp this brand upon our noble house,  
Then shall the world behold the horrible deed  
And in unnatural combat shall the steel  
Of the son trickle with the father's blood.

MAX.

O hadst thou always better thought of men,  
Thou hadst then acted better. Curst suspicion!  
Unholy miserable doubt! To him  
Nothing on earth remains unwrench'd and firm,  
Who has no faith.

OCTAVIO.

And if I trust thy heart,  
Will it be always in thy power to follow it?

MAX.

The heart's voice *thou* hast not o'erpower'd—as  
Will Wallenstein be able to o'erpower it. *[little]*

OCTAVIO.

O, Max! I see thee never more again!

MAX.

Unworthy of thee wilt thou never see me.

OCTAVIO.

I go to Frauenburg—the Pappenheimers  
I leave thee here, the Lothrings too; Tsokana  
And Tiefenbach remain here to protect thee.  
They love thee, and are faithful to their oath,  
And will far rather fall in gallant contest  
Than leave their rightful leader, and their honour.

MAX.

Rely on this, I either leave my life  
In the struggle, or conduct them out of Pilsen.

OCTAVIO.

Farewell, my son!

MAX.

Farewell!

OCTAVIO.

How! not one look  
Of filial love? No grasp of the hand at parting?  
It is a bloody war to which we are going,  
And the event uncertain and in darkness.  
So used we not to part—it was not so!  
Is it then true? I have a son no longer?

*[MAX. falls into his arms, they hold each other for  
a long time in a speechless embrace, then go  
away at different sides.]*

*(The Curtain drops.)*



THE  
DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<p>WALLENSTEIN, Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty-years' War.          DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND, Wife of Wallenstein.          THEKLA, her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.          The COUNTESS TERTSKY, Sister of the Duchess.          LADY NEUBRUNN.          OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, Lieutenant General.          MAX. PICCOLOMINI, his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.          COUNT TERTSKY, the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-law of Wallenstein.          ILLO, Field Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.          BUTLER, an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.</p>	<p>GORDON, Governor of Egra.          MAJOR GERALDIN.          CAPTAIN DEVEREUX.          CAPTAIN MACDONALD.          NEUMANN, Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-camp to Tertsky.          SWEDISH CAPTAIN.          SENI.          BURGOMASTER of Egra.          ANSPESADE of the Cuirassiers.          GROOM OF THE CHAMBER, } Belonging to the Duke.          A PAGE, }          Cuirassiers, Dragoons, Servants.</p>
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ACT I.

SCENE I.

*A Chamber in the House of the Duchess of Friedland.*

COUNTESS TERTSKY, THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN (*the two latter sit at the same table at work*).

COUNTESS (*watching them from the opposite side*).  
 So you have nothing to ask me—nothing?  
 I have been waiting for a word from you.  
 And could you then endure in all this time  
 Not once to speak his name?

[THEKLA remaining silent, the COUNTESS rises and advances to her.

Why, how comes this?

Perhaps I am already grown superfluous,  
 And other ways exist, besides through me?  
 Confess it to me, Thekla: have you seen him?

THEKLA.

To-day and yesterday I have not seen him.

COUNTESS.

And not heard from him, either? Come, be open.

THEKLA.

No syllable.

COUNTESS.

And still you are so calm?

THEKLA.

I am.

COUNTESS.

May't please you, leave us, Lady Neubrunn.

[Exit LADY NEUBRUNN.]

SCENE II.

*The COUNTESS, THEKLA.*

COUNTESS.

It does not please me, Princess, that he holds  
 Himself so still, exactly at this time.

THEKLA.

Exactly at this time?

COUNTESS.

He now knows all:

'Twere now the moment to declare himself.

THEKLA.

If I'm to understand you, speak less darkly.

COUNTESS.

'Twas for that purpose that I bade her leave us.  
 Thekla, you are no more a child. Your heart  
 Is now no more in nonage: for you love,  
 And boldness dwells with love—that you have  
 proved.

Your nature moulds itself upon your father's  
 More than your mother's spirit. Therefore may  
 you

Hear, what were too much for her fortitude.

THEKLA.

Enough: no further preface, I entreat you.  
 At once, out with it! Be it what it may,  
 It is not possible that it should torture me  
 More than this introduction. What have you  
 To say to me? Tell me the whole, and briefly!

COUNTESS.

You'll not be frighten'd—

THEKLA.

Name it, I entreat you.

COUNTESS.

It lies within your power to do your father  
A weighty service—

THEKLA.

Lies within *my* power ?

COUNTESS.

Max. Piccolomini loves you. You can link him  
Indissolubly to your father.

THEKLA.

I ?

What need of me for that ? And is he not  
Already link'd to him ?

COUNTESS.

He was.

THEKLA.

And wherefore

Should he not be so now—not be so always ?

COUNTESS.

He cleaves to the Emperor too.

THEKLA.

Not more than duty

And honour may demand of him.

COUNTESS.

We ask

Proofs of his love, and not proofs of his honour.  
Duty and honour !  
Those are ambiguous words with many meanings.  
You should interpret them for him : his love  
Should be the sole definer of his honour.

THEKLA.

How ?

COUNTESS.

The Emperor or you must he renounce.

THEKLA.

He will accompany my father gladly  
In his retirement. From himself you heard,  
How much he wish'd to lay aside the sword.

COUNTESS.

He must *not* lay the sword aside, we mean ;  
He must unsheath it in your father's cause.

THEKLA.

He'll spend with gladness and alacrity  
His life, his heart's-blood in my father's cause,  
If shame or injury be intended him.

COUNTESS.

You will not understand me. Well, hear then :—  
Your father has fallen off from the Emperor,  
And is about to join the enemy  
With the whole soldiery—

THEKLA.

Alas, my mother !

COUNTESS.

There needs a great example to draw on  
The army after him. The Piccolomini  
Possess the love and reverence of the troops ;  
They govern all opinions, and wherever  
They lead the way, none hesitate to follow.  
The son secures the father to our interests—  
You've much in your hands at this moment.

THEKLA.

Ah,

My miserable mother ! what a death-stroke  
Awaits thee !—No ! she never will survive it.

COUNTESS.

She will accommodate her soul to that  
Which is and must be. I do know your mother  
The far-off future weighs upon her heart  
With torture of anxiety ; but is it  
Unalterably, actually present,  
She soon resigns herself, and bears it calmly.

THEKLA.

O my foreboding bosom ! Even now,  
E'en now 'tis here, that icy hand of horror !  
And my young hope lies shuddering in its grasp ;  
I knew it well—no sooner had I enter'd,  
An heavy ominous presentiment  
Reveal'd to me, that spirits of death were hovering  
Over my happy fortune. But why think I  
First of myself ! My mother ! O my mother !

COUNTESS.

Calm yourself ! Break not out in vain lamenting !  
Preserve you for your father the firm friend,  
And for yourself the lover, all will yet  
Prove good and fortunate.

THEKLA.

Prove good ! What good ?

Must we not part ?—part ne'er to meet again ?

COUNTESS.

He parts not from you ! He can not part from you.

THEKLA.

Alas for his sore anguish ! It will rend  
His heart asunder.

COUNTESS.

If indeed he loves you,  
His resolution will be speedily taken.

THEKLA.

His resolution will be speedily taken—  
O do not doubt of that ! A resolution !  
Does there remain one to be taken ?

COUNTESS.

Hush !

Collect yourself ! I hear your mother coming.

THEKLA.

How shall I bear to see her ?

COUNTESS.

Collect yourself.

## SCENE III.

*To them enter the DUCHESS.*DUCHESS (*to the COUNTESS*).

Who was here, sister ? I heard some one talking,  
And passionately too.

COUNTESS.

Nay ! There was no one.

DUCHESS.

I am grown so timorous, every trifling noise  
Scatters my spirits, and announces to me  
The footstep of some messenger of evil.  
And you can tell me, sister, what the event is ?  
Will he agree to do the Emperor's pleasure,  
And send the horse-regiments to the Cardinal ?  
Tell me, has he dismiss'd Von Questenberg  
With a favourable answer ?

COUNTESS.

No, he has not.

DUCHESS.

Alas ! then all is lost ! I see it coming,  
The worst that can come ! Yes, they will depose  
him ;  
The accursed business of the Regensburg diet  
Will all be acted o'er again !

COUNTESS.

No ! never !  
Make your heart easy, sister, as to that.

[THEKLA, in extreme agitation, throws herself upon  
her mother, and enfolds her in her arms, weeping.

DUCHESS.

Yes, my poor child !  
Thou too hast lost a most affectionate godmother  
In the Empress. O that stern unbending man !  
In this unhappy marriage what have I  
Not suffer'd, not endured ? For even as if  
I had been link'd on to some wheel of fire  
That restless, ceaseless, whirls impetuous onward,  
I have pass'd a life of frights and horrors with him,  
And ever to the brink of some abyss  
With dizzy headlong violence he whirls me.  
Nay, do not weep, my child ! Let not my sufferings  
Presignify unhappiness to thee,  
Nor blacken with their shade the fate that waits  
thee.

There lives no second Friedland : thou, my child,  
Hast not to fear thy mother's destiny.

THEKLA.

O let us supplicate him, dearest mother !  
Quick ! quick ! here's no abiding-place for us.  
Here every coming hour broods into life  
Some new affrightful monster.

DUCHESS.

Thou wilt share  
An easier, calmer lot, my child ! We too,  
I and thy father, witness'd happy days.  
Still think I with delight of those first years,  
When he was making progress with glad effort,  
When his ambition was a genial fire,  
Not that consuming flame which now it is.  
The Emperor loved him, trusted him : and all  
He undertook could not but be successful.  
But since that ill-starr'd day at Regensburg,  
Which plunged him headlong from his dignity,  
A gloomy uncompanionable spirit,  
Unsteady and suspicious, has possess'd him.  
His quiet mind forsook him, and no longer  
Did he yield up himself in joy and faith  
To his old luck, and individual power ;  
But thenceforth turn'd his heart and best affections  
All to those cloudy sciences, which never  
Have yet made happy him who follow'd them.

COUNTESS.

You see it, sister ! as your eyes permit you.  
But surely this is not the conversation  
To pass the time in which we are waiting for him.  
You know he will be soon here. Would you have  
Find *her* in this condition ? [him

DUCHESS.

Come, my child !  
Come wipe away thy tears, and show thy father  
A cheerful countenance. See, the tie-knot here  
Is off—this hair must not hang so dishevell'd.  
Come, dearest ! dry thy tears up. They deform  
Thy gentle eye.—Well now—what was I saying !  
Yes, in good truth, this Piccolomini  
Is a most noble and deserving gentleman.

COUNTESS.

That is he, sister !

THEKLA (*to the COUNTESS, with marks of great  
oppression of spirits*).

Aunt, you will excuse me ! (*Is going.*)

COUNTESS.

But whither ? See, your father comes.

THEKLA.

I cannot see him now.

COUNTESS.

Nay, but bethink you.

THEKLA.

Believe me, I cannot sustain his presence.

COUNTESS.

But he will miss you, will ask after you.

DUCHESS.

What now ! Why is she going !

COUNTESS.

She's not well.

DUCHESS (*anxiously*).

What ails then my beloved child !

[*Both follow the PRINCESS, and endeavour to detain  
her. During this WALLENSTEIN appears, engaged  
in conversation with ILLO*

## SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

WALLENSTEIN.

All quiet in the camp !

ILLO.

It is all quiet.

WALLENSTEIN.

In a few hours may couriers come from Prague  
With tidings, that this capital is ours.  
Then we may drop the mask, and to the troops  
Assembled in this town make known the measure  
And its result together. In such cases  
Example does the whole. Whoever is foremost  
Still leads the herd. An imitative creature  
Is man. The troops at Prague conceive no other,  
Than that the Pilsen army has gone through  
The forms of homage to us ; and in Pilsen  
They shall swear fealty to us, because  
The example has been given them by Prague.  
Butler, you tell me, has declared himself !

ILLO.

At his own bidding, unsolicited,  
He came to offer you himself and regiment.

WALLENSTEIN.

I find we must not give implicit credence  
To every warning voice that makes itself  
Be listen'd to in the heart. To hold us back,  
Oft does the lying Spirit counterfeit  
The voice of Truth and inward Revelation,  
Scattering false oracles. And thus have I  
To intreat forgiveness, for that secretly  
I've wrong'd this honourable gallant man,  
This Butler : for a feeling, of the which  
I am not master (*fear I would not call it*),  
Creeps o'er me instantly, with sense of shuddering,  
At his approach, and stops love's joyous motion.

And this same man, against whom I am warn'd,  
This honest man is he, who reaches to me  
The first pledge of my fortune.

ILLO.

And doubt not  
That his example will win over to you  
The best men in the army.

WALLENSTEIN.

Go and send  
Isolani hither. Send him immediately.  
He is under recent obligations to me :  
With him will I commence the trial. Go.

[Exit ILLO.]

WALLENSTEIN (*turns himself round to the females*).  
Lo, there the mother with the darling daughter :  
For once we'll have an interval of rest—  
Come ! my heart yearns to live a cloudless hour  
In the beloved circle of my family.

COUNTESS.

'T is long since we've been thus together, brother.

WALLENSTEIN (*to the COUNTESS aside*).

Can she sustain the news ? Is she prepared ?

COUNTESS.

Not yet.

WALLENSTEIN.

Come here, my sweet girl ! Seat thee by me,  
For there is a good spirit on thy lips.  
Thy mother praised to me thy ready skill ;  
She says a voice of melody dwells in thee,  
Which doth enchant the soul. Now such a voice  
Will drive away from me the evil dæmon  
That beats his black wings close above my head.

DUCHESS.

Where is thy lute, my daughter ? Let thy father  
Hear some small trial of thy skill.

THEKLA.

My mother !

I—

DUCHESS.

Trembling ! Come, collect thyself. Go, cheer  
Thy father.

THEKLA.

O my mother ! I—I cannot.

COUNTESS.

How, what is that, niece ?

THEKLA (*to the COUNTESS*).

O spare me—sing—now—in this sore anxiety,  
Of the o'erburthen'd soul—to sing to him,  
Who is thrusting, even now, my mother headlong  
Into her grave.

DUCHESS.

How, Thekla ! Humoursome ?

What ! shall thy father have express'd a wish  
In vain ?

COUNTESS.

Here is the lute.

THEKLA.

My God ! how can I—

[*The orchestra plays. During the ritornello THEKLA expresses in her gestures and countenance the struggle of her feelings ; and at the moment that she should begin to sing, contracts herself together, as one shuddering, throws the instrument down, and retires abruptly.*]

DUCHESS.

My child ! O she is ill—

WALLENSTEIN.

What ails the maiden ?

Say, is she often so ?

COUNTESS.

Since then herself  
Has now betray'd it, I too must no longer  
Conceal it.

WALLENSTEIN.

What ?

COUNTESS.

She loves him !

WALLENSTEIN.

Loves him ! Whom ?

COUNTESS.

Max. does she love ! Max. Piccolomini  
Hast thou ne'er noticed it ! Nor yet my sister ?

DUCHESS.

Was it this that lay so heavy on her heart !  
God's blessing on thee, my sweet child ! Thou  
need'st  
Never take shame upon thee for thy choice.

COUNTESS.

This journey, if't were not thy aim, ascribe it  
To thine own self. Thou shouldst have chosen  
To have attended her. [another]

WALLENSTEIN.

And does he know it ?

COUNTESS.

Yes, and he hopes to win her.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hopes to win her !

Is the boy mad ?

COUNTESS.

Well—hear it from themselves.

WALLENSTEIN.

He thinks to carry off Duke Friedland's daughter ;  
Ay !—The thought pleases me.  
The young man has no grovelling spirit.

COUNTESS.

Since  
Such and such constant favour you have shown him.

WALLENSTEIN.

He chuses finally to be my heir.  
And true it is, I love the youth ; yea, honour him.  
But must he therefore be my daughter's husband !  
Is it daughters only ? Is it only children  
That we must show our favour by ?

DUCHESS.

His noble disposition and his manners—

WALLENSTEIN.

Win him my heart, but not my daughter.

DUCHESS.

Then

His rank, his ancestors—

WALLENSTEIN.

Ancestors ! What ?

He is a subject, and my son-in-law  
I will seek out upon the thrones of Europe.

DUCHESS.

O dearest Albrecht ! Climb we not too high,  
Lest we should fall too low.

WALLENSTEIN.

What? have I paid  
A price so heavy to ascend this eminence,  
And jut out high above the common herd,  
Only to close the mighty part I play  
In Life's great drama, with a common kinsman?  
Have I for this—

[Stops suddenly, repressing himself.]

She is the only thing  
That will remain behind of me on earth;  
And I will see a crown around her head,  
Or die in the attempt to place it there.  
I hazard all—all! and for this alone,  
To lift her into greatness—  
Yea, in this moment, in the which we are speaking—

[He recollects himself.]

And I must now, like a soft-hearted father,  
Couple together in good peasant-fashion  
The pair, that chance to suit each other's liking—  
And I must do it now, even now, when I  
Am stretching out the wreath that is to twine  
My full accomplish'd work—no! she is the jewel,  
Which I have treasured long, my last, my noblest,  
And 'tis my purpose not to let her from me  
For less than a king's sceptre.

DUCHESS.

O my husband!  
You're ever building, building to the clouds,  
Still building higher, and still higher building,  
And ne'er reflect, that the poor narrow basis  
Cannot sustain the giddy tottering column.

WALLENSTEIN (to the COUNTESS).

Have you announced the place of residence  
Which I have destined for her?

COUNTESS.

No! not yet.  
'Twere better you yourself disclosed it to her.

DUCHESS.

How? Do we not return to Karn then?

WALLENSTEIN.

No.

DUCHESS.

And to no other of your lands or seats?

WALLENSTEIN.

You would not be secure there.

DUCHESS.

Not secure  
In the Emperor's realms, beneath the Emperor's  
Protection?

WALLENSTEIN.

Friedland's wife may be permitted  
No longer to hope *that*.

DUCHESS.

O God in heaven!  
And have you brought it even to this!

WALLENSTEIN.

In Holland  
You'll find protection.

DUCHESS.

In a Lutheran country?  
What? And you send us into Lutheran countries?

WALLENSTEIN.

Duke Franz of Lauenburg conducts you thither.

DUCHESS.

Duke Franz of Lauenburg?  
The ally of Sweden, the Emperor's enemy.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Emperor's enemies are mine no longer.

DUCHESS (casting a look of terror on the DUKE and  
the COUNTESS).

Is it then true? It is. You are degraded!  
Deposed from the command! O God in heaven!

COUNTESS (aside to the DUKE).

Leave her in this belief. Thou seest she cannot  
Support the real truth.

## SCENE V.

To them enter COUNT TERTSKY.

COUNTESS.

—Tertsky!

What ails him? What an image of affright!  
He looks as he had seen a ghost.

TERTSKY (leading WALLENSTEIN aside).

Is it thy command that all the Croats—

WALLENSTEIN.

Mine!

TERTSKY.

We are betray'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

What?

TERTSKY.

They are off! This night  
The Jägers likewise—all the villages  
In the whole round are empty.

WALLENSTEIN.

Isolani!

TERTSKY.

Him thou hast sent away. Yes, surely.

WALLENSTEIN.

I!

TERTSKY.

No! Hast thou not sent him off? Nor Deodate?  
They are vanish'd both of them.

## SCENE VI.

To them enter ILLO.

ILLO.

Has Tertsky told thee?

TERTSKY.

He knows all.

ILLO.

And likewise

That Esterhatzy, Goetz, Maradas, Kaunitz,  
Kolatto, Palfi, have forsaken thee.

TERTSKY.

Damnation!

WALLENSTEIN (winks at them).

Hush!

COUNTESS (who has been watching them anxiously  
from the distance and now advances to them).

Tertsky! Heaven! What is it? What has happen'd?

WALLENSTEIN (*scarcely suppressing his emotions*).  
Nothing ! let us be gone !

TERTSKY (*following him*).  
Theresa, it is nothing.

COUNTESS (*holding him back*).  
Nothing ! Do I not see, that all the life-blood  
Has left your cheeks—look you not like a ghost !  
That even my brother but affects a calmness ?

PAGE (*enters*).  
An Aide-de-Camp inquires for the Count Tertsky.  
[TERTSKY follows the PAGE.]

WALLENSTEIN.  
Go, hear his business. [To ILLO.]

This could not have happen'd  
So unsuspected without mutiny.  
Who was on guard at the gates ?

ILLO.  
'Twas Tiefenbach.

WALLENSTEIN.  
Let Tiefenbach leave guard without delay,  
And Tertsky's grenadiers relieve him.

ILLO (*is going*). Stop !  
Hast thou heard aught of Butler ?

ILLO. Him I met :  
He will be here himself immediately.  
Butler remains unshaken.  
[ILLO exit. WALLENSTEIN is following him.]

COUNTESS.  
Let him not leave thee, sister ! go, detain him !  
There's some misfortune.

DUCHESS (*clinging to him*).  
Gracious heaven ! What is it ?

WALLENSTEIN.  
Be tranquil ! leave me, sister ! dearest wife !  
We are in camp, and this is nought unusual ;  
Here storm and sunshine follow one another  
With rapid interchanges. These fierce spirits  
Champ the curb angrily, and never yet  
Did quiet bless the temples of the leader.  
If I am to stay, go you. The complaints of women  
Ill suit the scene where men must act.  
[*He is going* : TERTSKY returns.]

TERTSKY.  
Remain here. From this window must we see it.

WALLENSTEIN (*to the COUNTESS*).  
Sister, retire !

COUNTESS.  
No—never.

WALLENSTEIN.  
'Tis my will.

TERTSKY (*leads the COUNTESS aside, and drawing  
her attention to the DUCHESS*).  
Theresa !

DUCHESS.  
Sister, come ! since he commands it.

## SCENE VII.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN (*stepping to the window*).  
What now, then ?

TERTSKY.  
There are strange movements among all the troops,  
And no one knows the cause. Mysteriously,  
With gloomy silentness, the several corps  
Marshal themselves, each under its own banners.  
Tiefenbach's corps make threat'ning movements ;  
The Pappenheimers still remain aloof [only  
In their own quarters, and let no one enter.]

WALLENSTEIN.  
Does Piccolomini appear among them ?

TERTSKY.  
We are seeking him : he is no where to be met with.

WALLENSTEIN.  
What did the Aide-de-Camp deliver to you ?

TERTSKY.  
My regiments had despatch'd him ; yet once more  
They swear fidelity to thee, and wait  
The shout for onset, all prepared, and eager.

WALLENSTEIN.  
But whence arose this larum in the camp ?  
It should have been kept secret from the army,  
Till fortune had decided for us at Prague.

TERTSKY.  
O that thou hadst believed me ! Yester evening  
Did we conjure thee not to let that skulker,  
That fox, Octavio, pass the gates of Pilsen.  
Thou gavest him thy own horses to flee from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.  
The old tune still ! Now, once for all, no more  
Of this suspicion—it is doting folly.

TERTSKY.  
Thou didst confide in Isolani too ;  
And lo ! he was the first that did desert thee.

WALLENSTEIN.  
It was but yesterday I rescued him  
From abject wretchedness. Let that go by ;  
I never reckon'd yet on gratitude.  
And wherein doth he wrong in going from me ?  
He follows still the god whom all his life  
He has worshipp'd at the gaming-table. With  
My Fortune, and my seeming destiny,  
He made the bond, and broke it not with me.  
I am but the ship in which his hopes were stow'd,  
And with the which well-pleas'd and confident  
He traversed the open sea ; now he beholds it  
In eminent jeopardy among the coast-rocks,  
And hurries to preserve his wares. As light  
As the free bird from the hospitable twig  
Where it had nested, he flies off from me :  
No human tie is snapp'd betwixt us two.  
Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived  
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.  
Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life  
Impress their characters on the smooth forehead,  
Nought sinks into the bosom's silent depth :  
Quick sensibility of pain and pleasure  
Moves the light fluids lightly ; but no soul  
Warmeth the inner frame.

TERTSKY.  
Yet, would I rather  
Trust the smooth brow than that deep furrow'd one.

## SCENE VIII.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO.

ILLO (*who enters agitated with rage*).  
Treason and mutiny!

TERTSKY.  
And what further now?

ILLO.  
Tiefenbach's soldiers, when I gave the orders  
To go off guard—Mutinous villains!

TERTSKY.  
Well!

WALLENSTEIN.  
What followed?

ILLO.  
They refused obedience to them.

TERTSKY.  
Fire on them instantly! Give out the order.

WALLENSTEIN.  
Gently! what cause did they assign?

ILLO.  
No other,  
They said, had right to issue orders but  
Lieutenant-General *Piccolomini*.

WALLENSTEIN (*in a convulsion of agony*).  
What! How is that?

ILLO.  
He takes that office on him by commission,  
Under sign-manual of the Emperor.

TERTSKY.  
From the Emperor—hear'st thou, Duke?

ILLO.  
At his incitement  
The Generals made that stealthy flight—

TERTSKY.  
Duke! hear'st thou!

ILLO.  
Caraffa too, and Montecuculi,  
Are missing, with six other Generals,  
All whom he had induced to follow him.  
This plot he has long had in writing by him  
From the Emperor; but 't was finally concluded  
With all the detail of the operation  
Some days ago with the Envoy Questenberg.

[WALLENSTEIN sinks down into a chair and covers  
his face.

TERTSKY.  
O hadst thou but believed me!

## SCENE IX.

To them enter the COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.  
This suspense,  
This horrid fear—I can no longer bear it.  
For heaven's sake, tell me, what has taken place?

ILLO.  
The regiments are all falling off from us.

TERTSKY.  
Octavio Piccolomini is a traitor.

COUNTESS.  
O my foreboding!

[Rushes out of the room.

TERTSKY.  
Hadst thou but believed me!  
Now seest thou how the stars have lied to thee

WALLENSTEIN.  
The stars lie not; but we have here a work  
Wrought counter to the stars and destiny.  
The science is still honest: this false heart  
Forces a lie on the truth-telling heaven.  
On a divine law divination rests;  
Where nature deviates from that law, and stumbles  
Out of her limits, there all science errs.  
True, I did not suspect! Were it superstition  
Never by such suspicion 't have affronted  
The human form, O may that time ne'er come  
In which I shame me of the infirmity.  
The wildest savage drinks not with the victim,  
Into whose breast he means to plunge the sword.  
This, this, Octavio, was no hero's deed:  
'T was not thy prudence that did conquer mine;  
A bad heart triumph'd o'er an honest one.  
No shield received the assassin stroke; thou  
plungest  
Thy weapon on an unprotected breast—  
Against such weapons I am but a child.

## SCENE X.

To these enter BUTLER.

TERTSKY (*meeting him*).  
O look there! Butler! Here we've still a friend!  
WALLENSTEIN (*meets him with outspread arms, and  
embraces him with warmth*).  
Come to my heart, old comrade! Not the sun  
Looks out upon us more revivingly  
In the earliest month of spring,  
Than a friend's countenance in such an hour.

BUTLER.  
My General: I come—

WALLENSTEIN (*leaning on BUTLER's shoulders*).  
Know'st thou already?  
That old man has betray'd me to the Emperor.  
What say'st thou? Thirty years have we together  
Lived out, and held out, sharing joy and hardship.  
We have slept in one camp-bed, drunk from one  
glass,  
One morsel shared! I lean'd myself on *him*,  
As now I lean me on *thy* faithful shoulder.  
And now in the very moment, when, all love,  
All confidence, my bosom beat to his,  
He sees and takes the advantage, stabs the knife  
Slowly into my heart.

[He hides his face on BUTLER's breast.

BUTLER.  
Forget the false one.  
What is your present purpose?

WALLENSTEIN.  
Well remember'd!  
Courage, my soul! I am still rich in friends,  
Still loved by Destiny; for in the moment,  
That it unmask the plotting hypocrite,  
It sends and proves to me one faithful heart.

Of the hypocrite no more ! Think not, his loss  
Was that which struck the pang : O no ! his treason  
Is that which strikes this pang ! No more of him !  
Dear to my heart, and honour'd were they both,  
And the young man—yes—he did truly love me,  
He—he—has not deceived me. But enough,  
Enough of this—Swift counsel now beseems us.  
The Courier, whom Count Kinsky sent from Prague  
I expect him every moment : and whatever  
He may bring with him, we must take good care  
To keep it from the mutineers. Quick, then !  
Despatch some messenger you can rely on  
To meet him, and conduct him to me.

[ILLO is going.]

BUTLER (*detaining him*).  
My General, whom expect you then ?

WALLENSTEIN.  
The Courier  
Who brings me word of the event at Prague.

BUTLER (*hesitating*).  
Hem !

WALLENSTEIN.  
And what now ?

BUTLER.  
You do not know it ?  
WALLENSTEIN.  
Well ?  
BUTLER.  
From what that larum in the camp arose ?

WALLENSTEIN.  
From what ?

BUTLER.  
That Courier—  
WALLENSTEIN (*with eager expectation*).  
Well ?

BUTLER.  
Is already here.  
TERTSKY and ILLO (*at the same time*).  
Already here ?

WALLENSTEIN.  
My Courier ?  
BUTLER.  
For some hours.

WALLENSTEIN.  
And I not know it ?  
BUTLER.  
The centinels detain him  
In custody.

ILLO (*stamping with his foot*).  
Damnation !

BUTLER.  
And his letter  
Was broken open, and is circulated  
Through the whole camp.

WALLENSTEIN.  
You know what it contains ?  
BUTLER.

Question me not !  
TERTSKY.  
Illo ! alas for us.

WALLENSTEIN.  
Hide nothing from me—I can hear the worst.  
Prague then is lost. It is. Confess it freely.

BUTLER.  
Yes ! Prague is lost. And all the several regiments  
At Budweiss, Tabor, Brannau, Konigingratz,  
At Brun and Znaym, have forsaken you,  
And ta'en the oaths of fealty anew  
To the Emperor. Yourself, with Kinsky, Tertsky,  
And Illo have been sentenced.

[TERTSKY and ILLO express alarm and fury. WALLENSTEIN remains firm and collected.]

WALLENSTEIN.  
'T is decided !  
'T is well ! I have received a sudden cure  
From all the pangs of doubt : with steady stream  
Once more my life-blood flows ! My soul's secure !  
In the night only Friedland's stars can beam.  
Lingering irresolute, with fitful fears  
I drew the sword—'t was with an inward strife,  
While yet the choice was mine. The murderous  
knife  
Is lifted for my heart ! Doubt disappears !  
I fight now for my head and for my life.

[Exit WALLENSTEIN ; the others follow him.]

SCENE XI.

COUNTESS TERTSKY (*enters from a side-room*).  
I can endure no longer. No !  
[Looks around her.]

Where are they !  
No one is here. They leave me all alone,  
Alone in this sore anguish of suspense.  
And I must wear the outward show of calmness  
Before my sister, and shut in within me  
The pangs and agonies of my crowded bosom.  
It is not to be borne.—If all should fail ;  
If—if he must go over to the Swedes,  
An empty-handed fugitive, and not  
As an ally, a covenanted equal,  
A proud commander with his army following ;  
If we must wander on from land to land,  
Like the Count Palatine, of fallen greatness  
An ignominious monument—But no !  
That day I will not see ! And could himself  
Endure to sink so low, I would not bear  
To see him so low sunken.

SCENE XII.

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.  
THEKLA (*endeavouring to hold back the DUCHESS*).  
Dear mother, do stay here !

DUCHESS.  
No ! Here is yet  
Some frightful mystery that is hidden from me.  
Why does my sister shun me ? Don't I see her  
Full of suspense and anguish roam about  
From room to room ?—Art thou not full of terror !  
And what import these silent nods and gestures  
Which stealthwise thou exchangest with her !

THEKLA.  
Nothing :  
Nothing, dear mother ?



DUCHESS (*to the COUNTESS*).

Sister, I will know.

COUNTESS.

What boots it now to hide it from her? Sooner  
Or later she *must* learn to hear and bear it.  
'T is not the time now to indulge infirmity;  
Courage beseems us now, a heart collect,  
And exercise and previous discipline  
Of fortitude. One word, and over with it!  
Sister, you are deluded. You believe,  
The Duke has been deposed—The Duke is not  
Deposed—he is——

THEKLA (*going to the COUNTESS*).

What? do you wish to kill her?

COUNTESS.

The Duke is——

THEKLA (*throwing her arms round her mother*).

O stand firm! stand firm, my mother!

COUNTESS.

Revolted is the Duke; he is preparing  
To join the enemy; the army leave him,  
And all has fail'd.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*A spacious Room in the Duke of Friedland's Palace.*

WALLENSTEIN (*in armour*).

Thou hast gain'd thy point, Octavio! Once more  
Almost as friendless as at Regensburg. [am I  
There I had nothing left me, but myself—  
But what one man can do, you have now experience.  
The twigs have you hew'd off, and here I stand  
A leafless trunk. But in the sap within  
Lives the creating power, and a new world  
May sprout forth from it. Once already have I  
Proved myself worth an army to you—I alone!  
Before the Swedish strength your troops had melted;  
Beside the Lech sunk Tilly, your last hope;  
Into Bavaria, like a winter torrent,  
Did that Gustavus pour, and at Vienna  
In his own palace did the Emperor tremble.  
Soldiers were scarce, for still the multitude  
Follow the luck: all eyes were turn'd on me,  
Their helper in distress: the Emperor's pride  
Bow'd itself down before the man he had injured.  
'Twas I must rise, and with creative word  
Assemble forces in the desolate camps.  
I did it. Like a god of war, my name  
Went through the world. The drum was beat—  
and, lo!

The plough, the workshop is forsaken, all  
Swarm to the old familiar long-loved banners;  
And as the wood-choir rich in melody  
Assemble quick around the bird of wonder,  
When first his throat swells with his magic song,  
So did the warlike youth of Germany  
Crowd in around the image of my eagle.  
I feel myself the being that I was.  
It is the soul that builds itself a body,  
And Friedland's camp will not remain unfill'd.  
Lead then your thousands out to meet me—true!  
They are accustom'd under me to conquer,  
But not against me. If the head and limbs  
Separate from each other, 'twill be soon  
Made manifest, in which the soul abode.

(ILLO and TERTSKY enter.)

Courage, friends! Courage! We are still unvan-  
quish'd;

I feel my footing firm; five regiments, Tertsy,  
Are still our own, and Butler's gallant troops;  
And an host of sixteen thousand Swedes to-morrow.  
I was not stronger, when nine years ago  
I marched forth, with glad heart and high of hope,  
To conquer Germany for the Emperor.

### SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, TERTSKY. (*To them enter NEUMANN,  
who leads TERTSKY aside, and talks with him.*)

TERTSKY.

What do they want?

WALLENSTEIN.

What now?

TERTSKY.

Ten Cuirassiers

From Pappenheim request leave to address you  
In the name of the regiment.

WALLENSTEIN (*hastily to NEUMANN*).

Let them enter.

[Exit NEUMANN.

This

May end in something. Mark you. They are still  
Doubtful, and may be won.

### SCENE III.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO, ten Cuirassiers (*led by  
an ANSPESSADE*<sup>1</sup>, *march up and arrange themselves,  
after the word of command, in one front before the Duke,  
and make their obeisance. He takes his hat off, and  
immediately covers himself again*).

ANSPESSADE.

Halt! Front! Present!

WALLENSTEIN (*after he has run through them with  
his eye, to the ANSPESSADE*).

I know thee well. Thou art out of Brüngen in  
Thy name is Mercy. [Flanders:

ANSPESSADE.

Henry Mercy.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou wert cut off on the march, surrounded by  
the Hessians, and didst fight thy way with an hun-  
dred and eighty men through their thousand.

ANSPESSADE.

'Twas even so, General!

WALLENSTEIN.

What reward hadst thou for this gallant exploit!

<sup>1</sup> Anspeßade, in German Gefreiter, a soldier inferior to a corporal, but above the sentinels. The German name implies that he is exempt from mounting guard.

ANSPESSADE.  
That which I asked for : the honour to serve in this corps.

WALLENSTEIN (*turning to a second*).  
Thou wert among the volunteers that seized and made booty of the Swedish battery at Altenburg.

SECOND CUIRASSIER.  
Yes, General!

WALLENSTEIN.  
I forget no one with whom I have exchanged words. (*A pause.*) Who sends you?

ANSPESSADE.  
Your noble regiment, the Cuirassiers of Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN.  
Why does not your colonel deliver in your request, according to the custom of service?

ANSPESSADE.  
Because we would first know *whom* we serve.

WALLENSTEIN.  
Begin your address.

ANSPESSADE (*giving the word of command*).  
Shoulder your arms!

WALLENSTEIN (*turning to a third*).  
Thy name is Risbeck; Cologne is thy birth-place.

THIRD CUIRASSIER.  
Risbeck of Cologne.

WALLENSTEIN.  
It was thou that broughtest in the Swedish colonel, Diebald, prisoner, in the camp at Nüremberg.

THIRD CUIRASSIER.  
It was not I, General!

WALLENSTEIN.  
Perfectly right! It was thy elder brother: thou hadst a younger brother too: Where did he stay?

THIRD CUIRASSIER.  
He is stationed at Olmütz with the Imperial army.

WALLENSTEIN (*to the ANSPESSADE*).  
Now then—begin.

ANSPESSADE.  
There came to hand a letter from the Emperor Commanding us—

WALLENSTEIN (*interrupting him*).  
Who chose you?

ANSPESSADE.  
Every company  
Drew its own man by lot.

WALLENSTEIN.  
Now! to the business.

ANSPESSADE.  
There came to hand a letter from the Emperor Commanding us collectively, from thee All duties of obedience to withdraw, Because thou wert an enemy and traitor.

WALLENSTEIN.  
And what did you determine?

ANSPESSADE.  
All our comrades  
At Brannau, Budweiss, Prague and Olmütz, have

Obey'd already; and the regiments here, Tiefenbach and Toscano, instantly Did follow their example. But—but we Do not believe that thou art an enemy And traitor to thy country, hold it merely For lie and trick, and a trumped up Spanish story!

[*With warmth.*]  
Thyself shalt tell us what thy purpose is, For we have found thee still sincere and true: No mouth shall interpose itself betwixt The gallant General and the gallant troops.

WALLENSTEIN.  
Therein I recognise my Pappenheimers.

ANSPESSADE.  
And this proposal makes thy regiment to thee: Is it thy purpose merely to preserve In thine own hands this military sceptre, Which so becomes thee, which the Emperor Made over to thee by a covenant? Is it thy purpose merely to remain Supreme commander of the Austrian armies?— We will stand by thee, General! and guarantee Thy honest rights against all opposition. And should it chance, that all the other regiments Turn from thee, by ourselves will we stand forth Thy faithful soldiers, and, as is our duty, Far rather let ourselves be cut to pieces, Than suffer thee to fall. But if it be As the Emperor's letter says, if it be true, That thou in traitorous wise wilt lead us over To the enemy, which God in heaven forbid! Then we too will forsake thee, and obey That letter—

WALLENSTEIN.  
Hear me, children!

ANSPESSADE.  
Yes, or no!

There needs no other answer.

WALLENSTEIN.  
Yield attention.  
You're men of sense, examine for yourselves; Ye think, and do not follow with the herd: And therefore have I always shown you honour Above all others, suffer'd you to reason; Have treated you as free men, and my orders Were but the echoes of your prior suffrage.—

ANSPESSADE.  
Most fair and noble has thy conduct been To us, my General! With thy confidence Thou hast honour'd us, and shown us grace and favour Beyond all other regiments; and thou seest We follow not the common herd. We will Stand by thee faithfully. Speak but one word— Thy word shall satisfy us, that it is not A treason which thou meditatest—that Thou meanest not to lead the army over To the enemy; nor e'er betray thy country.

WALLENSTEIN.  
Me, me are they betraying. The Emperor Hath sacrificed me to my enemies, And I must fall, unless my gallant troops Will rescue me. See! I confide in you. And be your hearts my strong-hold! At this breast The aim is taken, at this hoary head. This is your Spanish gratitude, this is our Requit for that murderous fight at Lutzen!

For this we threw the naked breast against  
The halbert, made for this the frozen earth  
Our bed, and the hard stone our pillow! never  
stream

Too rapid for us, nor wood too impervious:  
With cheerful spirit we pursued that Mansfeldt  
Through all the turns and windings of his flight;  
Yea, our whole life was but one restless march;  
And homeless, as the stirring wind, we travell'd  
O'er the war-wasted earth. And now, even now,  
That we have well nigh finish'd the hard toil,  
The unthankful, the curse-laden toil of weapons,  
With faithful indefatigable arm  
Have roll'd the heavy war-load up the hill,  
Behold! this boy of the Emperor's bears away  
The honours of the peace, an easy prize!  
He'll weave, forsooth, into his flaxen locks  
The olive branch, the hard-earned ornament  
Of this grey head, grown grey beneath the helmet.

ANSPESSADE.

That shall he not, while we can hinder it!  
No one, but thou, who hast conducted it  
With fame, shall end this war, this frightful war.  
Thou led'st us out into the bloody field  
Of death; thou and no other shalt conduct us home,  
Rejoicing to the lovely plains of peace—  
Shalt share with us the fruits of the long toil—

WALLENSTEIN.

What! Think you then at length in late old age  
To enjoy the fruits of toil? Believe it not.  
Never, no never, will you see the end  
Of the contest! you and me, and all of us,  
This war will swallow up! War, war, not peace,  
Is Austria's wish; and therefore, because I  
Endeavour'd after peace, therefore I fall.  
For what cares Austria, how long the war  
Wears out the armies and lays waste the world?  
She will but wax and grow amid the ruin,  
And still win new domains.

[The Cuirassiers express agitation by their gestures.

Ye're moved—I see

A noble rage flash from your eyes, ye warriors!  
Oh that my spirit might possess you now  
Daring as once it led you to the battle!  
Ye would stand by me with your veteran arms,  
Protect me in my rights; and this is noble!  
But think not that you can accomplish it,  
Your scanty number! to no purpose will you  
Have sacrificed you for your General.

[Confidentially.

No! let us tread securely, seek for friends;  
The Swedes have proffer'd us assistance, let us  
Wear for a while the appearance of good will,  
And use them for your profit, till we both  
Carry the fate of Europe in our hands,  
And from our camp to the glad jubilant world  
Lead Peace forth with the garland on her head!

ANSPESSADE.

'Tis then but mere appearances which thou  
Dost put on with the Swede? Thou'lt not betray  
The Emperor? Wilt not turn us into Swedes?  
This is the only thing which we desire  
To learn from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

What care I for the Swedes!  
I hate them as I hate the pit of hell,  
And under Providence I trust right soon  
To chase them to their homes across their Baltic.

My cares are only for the whole: I have  
A heart—it bleeds within me for the miseries  
And piteous groaning of my fellow Germans.  
Ye are but common men, but yet ye think  
With minds not common; ye appear to me  
Worthy before all others, that I whisper ye  
A little word or two in confidence!  
See now! already for full fifteen years  
The war-torch has continued burning, yet  
No rest, no pause of conflict. Swede and German,  
Papist and Lutheran! neither will give way  
To the other, every hand's against the other.  
Each one is party and no one a judge.  
Where shall this end? Where's he that will  
unravel  
This tangle, ever tangling more and more.  
It must be cut asunder.  
I feel that I am the man of destiny,  
And trust, with your assistance, to accomplish it.

## SCENE IV.

To these enter BUTLER.

BUTLER (*passionately*).

General! This is not right!

WALLENSTEIN.

What is not right?

BUTLER.

It must needs injure us with all honest men.

WALLENSTEIN.

But what?

BUTLER.

It is an open proclamation  
Of insurrection.

WALLENSTEIN.

Well, well—but what is it?

BUTLER.

Count Tertsy's regiments tear the Imperial Eagle  
From off the banners, and instead of it  
Have rear'd aloft thy arms.ANSPESSADE (*abruptly to the Cuirassiers*).

Right about! March!

WALLENSTEIN.

Cursed be this counsel, and accursed who gave it!

[To the Cuirassiers, who are retiring.

Halt, children, halt! There's some mistake in this;  
Hark!—I will punish it severely. Stop!  
They do not hear. (*To ILLO*). Go after them, assure  
them,

And bring them back to me, cost what it may.

[ILLO hurries out.

This hurls us headlong. Butler! Butler!  
You are my evil genius, wherefore must you  
Announce it in their presence? It was all  
In a fair way. They were half won! those madmen  
With their improvident over-readiness—  
A cruel game is Fortune playing with me.  
The zeal of friends it is that razes me,  
And not the hate of enemies.

## SCENE V.

To these enter the DUCHESS, who rushes into the Chamber.  
THEKLA and the COUNTESS follow her.

DUCHESS.

O Albrecht!

What hast thou done?

WALLENSTEIN.

And now comes this beside.

COUNTESS.

Forgive me, brother! It was not in my power.  
They know all.

DUCHESS.

What hast thou done?

COUNTESS (to TERTSKY).

Is there no hope? Is all lost utterly?

TERTSKY.

All lost. No hope. Prague in the Emperor's hands,  
The soldiery have ta'en their oaths anew.

COUNTESS.

That lurking hypocrite, Octavio!  
Count Max. is off too.

TERTSKY.

Where can he be? He's

Gone over to the Emperor with his father.

[THEKLA rushes out into the arms of her mother,  
hiding her face in her bosom.

DUCHESS (enfolding her in her arms).

Unhappy child! and more unhappy mother!

WALLENSTEIN (aside to TERTSKY).

Quick! Let a carriage stand in readiness  
In the court behind the palace. Scherfenberg  
Be their attendant; he is faithful to us;  
To Egra he'll conduct them, and we follow.

[To ILLO, who returns.

Thou hast not brought them back?

ILLO.

Hear'st thou the uproar?

The whole corps of the Pappenheimers is  
Drawn out: the younger Piccolomini,  
Their colonel, they require: for they affirm,  
That he is in the palace here, a prisoner;  
And if thou dost not instantly deliver him,  
They will find means to free him with the sword.

[All stand amazed.

TERTSKY.

What shall we make of this?

WALLENSTEIN.

Said I not so?

O my prophetic heart! he is still here.  
He has not betray'd me—he could not betray me.  
I never doubted of it.

COUNTESS.

If he be

Still here, then all goes well; for I know what

[Embracing THEKLA.

Will keep him here for ever.

TERTSKY.

It can't be.

His father has betray'd us, is gone over  
To the Emperor—the son could not have ventured  
To stay behind.

THEKLA (her eye fixed on the door).

There he is!

## SCENE VI.

To these enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX.

Yes! here he is! I can endure no longer  
To creep on tiptoe round this house, and lurk  
In ambush for a favourable moment:  
This loitering, this suspense exceeds my powers.

[Advancing to THEKLA, who has thrown herself into  
her mother's arms.

Turn not thine eyes away. O look upon me!  
Confess it freely before all. Fear no one.  
Let who will hear that we both love each other.  
Wherefore continue to conceal it? Secrecy  
Is for the happy—misery, hopeless misery,  
Needeth no veil! Beneath a thousand suns  
It dares act openly.

[He observes the COUNTESS looking on THEKLA with  
expressions of triumph.

No, Lady! No!

Expect not, hope it not. I am not come  
To stay: to bid farewell, farewell for ever.  
For this I come! 'Tis over! I must leave thee!  
Thekla, I must—*must* leave thee! Yet thy hatred  
Let me not take with me. I pray thee, grant me  
One look of sympathy, only one look.

Say that thou dost not hate me. Say it to me,

Thekla!

[Grasps her hand.

O God! I cannot leave this spot—I cannot!  
Cannot let go this hand. O tell me, Thekla!  
That thou dost suffer with me, art convinced  
That I can not act otherwise.

[THEKLA, avoiding his look, points with her hand to  
her father. MAX. turns round to the Duke, whom  
he had not till then perceived.

Thou here? It was not thou, whom here I sought.  
I trusted never more to have beheld thee.  
My business is with her alone. Here will I  
Receive a full acquittal from this heart—  
For any other I am no more concern'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

Think'st thou, that fool-like, I shall let thee go,  
And act the mock-magnanimous with thee?  
Thy father is become a villain to me;  
I hold thee for his son, and nothing more:  
Nor to no purpose shalt thou have been given  
Into my power. Think not, that I will honour  
That ancient love, which so remorselessly  
He mangled. They are now past by, those hours  
Of friendship and forgiveness. Hate and ven-  
geance

Succeed—'tis now their turn—I too can throw  
All feelings of the man aside—can prove  
Myself as much a monster as thy father!

MAX. (calmly).

Thou wilt proceed with me, as thou hast power.  
Thou know'st, I neither brave nor fear thy rage.  
What has detain'd me here, that too thou know'st.

[Taking THEKLA by the hand.

See, Duke! All—all would I have owed to thee,  
Would have received from thy paternal hand  
The lot of blessed spirits. This hast thou  
Laid waste for ever—that concerns not thee.  
Indifferent thou tramplest in the dust  
Their happiness, who most are thine. The god  
Whom thou dost serve, is no benignant deity.  
Like as the blind irreconcilable

Fierce element, incapable of compact,  
Thy heart's wild impulse only dost thou follow.<sup>1</sup>

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou art describing thy own father's heart.  
The adder! O, the charms of hell o'erpower'd me.  
He dwelt within me, to my inmost soul  
Still to and fro he pass'd, suspected never!  
On the wide ocean, in the starry heaven  
Did mine eyes seek the enemy, whom I  
In my heart's heart had folded! Had I been  
To *Ferdinand* what Octavio was to me,  
War had I ne'er denounced against him. No,  
I never could have done it. The Emperor was  
My austere master only, not my friend.  
There was already war 'twixt him and me  
When he deliver'd the Commander's Staff  
Into my hands; for there's a natural  
Unceasing war 'twixt cunning and suspicion;  
Peace exists only betwixt confidence  
And faith. Who poisons confidence, he murders  
The future generations.

MAX.

I will not

Defend my father. Woe is me, I cannot!

<sup>1</sup> I have here ventured to omit a considerable number of lines. I fear that I should not have done amiss, had I taken this liberty more frequently. It is, however, incumbent on me to give the original, with a literal translation.

Weh denen, die auf Dich vertraun, an Dich  
Die sichere Hütte ihres Glückes lehnen,  
Gelockt von deiner geistlichen Gestalt.  
Schnell unverhofft, bei nächtlich stiller Weile  
Gährts in dem tückischen Feuerschlunde, ladet  
Sich aus mit tobender Gewalt, und weg  
Treibt über alle Pflanzungen der Menschen  
Der wilde Strom in grausender Zerstörung.

WALLENSTEIN.

Du schilderst deines Vaters Herz. Wie Du's  
Beschreibst, so ist's in seinem Eingeweide,  
In dieser schwarzen Heuchlers Brust gestaltet.  
O, mich hat Höllenkunst getäuscht! Mir sandte  
Der Abgrund den verflecktesten der Geister,  
Den Lügenkundigsten herauf, und stellt' ihn  
Als Freund an meiner Seite. Wer vermag  
Der Hölle Macht zu widerstehn! Ich zog  
Den Basiliken auf an meinem Busen,  
Mit meinem Herzblut nährt ich ihn, er sog  
Sich schwelgend voll an meiner Liebe Brüsten,  
Ich hatte nimmer Arges gegen ihn,  
Weit offen liess ich des Gedankens Thore,  
Und warf die Schlüssel weiser Vorsicht weg,  
Am Sternenhimmel, etc.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Alas! for those who place their confidence on thee, against thee lean the secure hut of their fortune, allured by thy hospitable form. Suddenly, unexpectedly, in a moment still as night, there is a fermentation in the treacherous gulf of fire; it discharges itself with raging force, and away over all the plantations of men drives the wild stream in frightful devastation.—WALLENSTEIN. Thou art portraying thy father's heart; as thou describest, even so is it shaped in his entrails, in this black hypocrite's breast. O, the art of hell has deceived me! The Abyss sent up to me the most spotted of the spirits, the most skilful in lies, and placed him as a friend by my side. Who may withstand the power of hell? I took the basilisk to my bosom, with my heart's blood I nourished him; he sucked himself glutfull at the breasts of my love. I never harboured evil towards him; wide open did I leave the door of my thoughts; I threw away the key of wise foresight. In the starry heaven, &c.—We find a difficulty in believing this to have been written by SCHILLER.

Hard deeds and luckless have ta'en place; one  
crime

Drags after it the other in close link.  
But we are innocent: how have we fallen  
Into this circle of mishap and guilt?  
To whom have we been faithless! Wherefore must  
The evil deeds and guilt reciprocal  
Of our two fathers twine like serpents round us?

Why must our fathers'

Unconquerable hate rend us asunder,  
Who love each other?

WALLENSTEIN,

Max., remain with me.

Go you not from me, Max.! Hark! I will tell thee—  
How when at Prague, our winter-quarters, thou  
Wert brought into my tent a tender boy,  
Not yet accustom'd to the German winters;  
Thy hand was frozen to the heavy colours;  
Thou wouldst not let them go.—  
At that time did I take thee in my arms,  
And with my mantle did I cover thee;  
I was thy nurse, no woman could have been  
A kinder to thee; I was not ashamed  
To do for thee all little offices,  
However strange to me; I tended thee  
Till life return'd; and when thine eyes first open'd,  
I had thee in my arms. Since then, when have I  
Alter'd my feelings towards thee? Many thousands  
Have I made rich, presented them with lands;  
Rewarded them with dignities and honours;  
Thee have I *loved*: my heart, my self, I gave  
To thee! They all were aliens: THOU wert  
Our child and inmate.<sup>2</sup> Max.! Thou canst not  
leave me;  
It cannot be; I may not, will not think  
That Max. can leave me.

MAX.

O my God!

WALLENSTEIN.

I have

Held and sustain'd thee from thy tottering child—  
What holy bond is there of natural love, [hood.  
What human tie, that does not knit thee to me!  
I love thee, Max.! What did thy father for thee,  
Which I too have not done, to the height of duty!  
Go hence, forsake me, serve thy Emperor;  
He will reward thee with a pretty chain  
Of gold; with his ram's fleece will he reward thee;  
For that the friend, the father of thy youth,  
For that the holiest feeling of humanity,  
Was nothing worth to thee.

MAX.

O God! how can I

Do otherwise? Am I not forced to do it,  
My oath—my duty—honour—

WALLENSTEIN.

How! Thy duty!

Duty to whom? Who art thou? Max.! bethink thee  
What duties mayst *thou* have? If I am acting  
A criminal part toward the Emperor,  
It is my crime, not thine. Dost thou belong

<sup>2</sup> This is a poor and inadequate translation of the affectionate simplicity of the original—

Sie alle waren Fremdlinge, Du warst  
Das Kind des Hauses.

Indeed the whole speech is in the best style of Massinger.  
O si sic omnia!

To thine own self? Art thou thine own commander?  
Stand'st thou, like me, a freeman in the world,  
That in thy actions thou shouldst plead free agency?  
On me thou'rt planted, I am thy Emperor;  
To obey *me*, to *belong* to me, this is  
Thy honour, this a law of nature to thee!  
And if the planet, on the which thou livest  
And hast thy dwelling, from its orbit starts,  
It is not in thy choice, whether or no  
Thou'lt follow it. Unfelt it whirls thee onward  
Together with his ring and all his moons.  
With little guilt stepp'st thou into this contest;  
Thee will the world not censure, it will praise thee,  
For that thou heldst thy friend more worth to thee  
Than names and influences more removed.  
For justice is the virtue of the ruler,  
Affection and fidelity the subject's.  
Not every one doth it beseech to question  
The far-off high Arcturus. Most securely  
Wilt thou pursue the nearest duty—let  
The pilot fix his eye upon the pole-star.

## SCENE VII.

*To these enter NEUMANN.*

WALLENSTEIN.

What now?

NEUMANN.

The Pappenheimers are dismounted,  
And are advancing now on foot, determined  
With sword in hand to storm the house, and free  
The Count, their colonel.

WALLENSTEIN (*to TERTSKY*).

Have the cannon planted.

I will receive them with chain-shot.

*[Exit TERTSKY.]*

Prescribe to me with sword in hand! Go Neumann!  
'T is my command that they retreat this moment,  
And in their ranks in silence wait my pleasure.

*[NEUMANN exits. ILLO steps to the window.]*

COUNTESS.

Let him go, I entreat thee, let him go.

ILLO (*at the window*).

Hell and perdition!

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it?

ILLO.

They scale the council-house, the roof's uncover'd  
They level at this house the cannon—

MAX.

Madmen!

ILLO.

They are making preparations now to fire on us.

DUCHESS AND COUNTESS.

Merciful Heaven!

MAX. (*to WALLENSTEIN*).

Let me go to them!

WALLENSTEIN.

Not a step!

MAX. (*pointing to THEKLA and the DUCHESS*).  
But their life! Thine!

WALLENSTEIN.

What tidings bring'st thou, Tertsky?

## SCENE VIII.

*To these TERTSKY (returning).*

TERTSKY.

Message and greeting from our faithful regiments.  
Their ardour may no longer be curb'd in.  
They intreat permission to commence the attack;  
And if thou wouldst but give the word of onset,  
They could now charge the enemy in rear,  
Into the city wedge them, and with ease  
O'erpower them in the narrow streets.

ILLO.

O come!

Let not their ardour cool. The soldiery  
Of Butler's corps stand by us faithfully;  
We are the greater number. Let us charge them,  
And finish here in Pilsen the revolt.

WALLENSTEIN.

What! shall this town become a field of slaughter,  
And brother-killing Discord, fire-eyed,  
Be let loose through its streets to roam and rage?  
Shall the decision be deliver'd over  
To deaf remorseless Rage, that hears no leader?  
Here is not room for battle, only for butchery.  
Well, let it be! I have long thought of it,  
So let it burst then!

*[Turns to MAX.]*

Well, how is it with thee?

Wilt thou attempt a heat with me. Away!  
Thou art free to go. Oppose thyself to me,  
Front against front, and lead them to the battle;  
Thou'rt skilled in war, thou hast learn'd somewhat  
under me,

I need not be ashamed of my opponent,  
And never had'st thou fairer opportunity  
To pay me for thy schooling.

COUNTESS.

Is it then,

Can it have come to this?—What! Cousin, Cousin!  
Have you the heart?

MAX.

The regiments that are trusted to my care  
I have pledged my troth to bring away from Pilsen  
True to the Emperor, and this promise will I  
Make good, or perish. More than this no duty  
Requires of me. I will not fight against thee,  
Unless compell'd; for though an enemy,  
Thy head is holy to me still.

*[Two reports of cannon. ILLO and TERTSKY hurry to the window.]*

WALLENSTEIN.

What's that?

TERTSKY.

He falls.

WALLENSTEIN.

Falls! Who?

ILLO.

Tiefenbach's corps

Discharged the ordnance.

WALLENSTEIN.

Upon whom?

ILLO.

On Neumann

Your messenger.

WALLENSTEIN (*starting up*).

Ha! Death and hell! I will—

TERTSKY.

Expose thyself to their blind frenzy!

DUCHESS and COUNTESS.

No!

For God sake, no!

ILLO.

Not yet, my General!

COUNTESS.

O, hold him! hold him!

WALLENSTEIN.

Leave me—

MAX.

Do it not;

Not yet! This rash and bloody deed has thrown them  
Into a frenzy-fit—allow them time—

WALLENSTEIN.

Away! too long already have I loiter'd.  
They are embolden'd to these outrages,  
Beholding not my face. They shall behold  
My countenance, shall hear my voice—  
Are they not *my* troops? Am I not their General,  
And their long-fear'd commander! Let me see,  
Whether indeed they do no longer know  
That countenance, which was their sun in battle!  
From the balcony (mark!), I show myself  
To these rebellious forces, and at once  
Revolt is wounded, and the high-sworn current  
Shrinks back into the old bed of obedience.

[*Exit WALLENSTEIN; ILLO, TERTSKY, and  
BUTLER follow.*]

### SCENE IX.

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, MAX. and THEKLA.

COUNTESS (*to the DUCHESS*).

Let them but see him—there is hope still, sister.

DUCHESS.

Hope! I have none!

MAX. (*who during the last scene has been standing  
at a distance in a visible struggle of feelings,  
advances*).

This can I not endure.

With most determined soul did I come hither;  
My purposed action seem'd unblameable  
To my own conscience—and I must stand here  
Like one abhorr'd, a hard inhuman being:  
Yea, loaded with the curse of all I love!  
Must see all whom I love in this sore anguish,  
Whom I with one word can make happy—O!  
My heart revolts within me, and two voices  
Make themselves audible within my bosom.  
My soul's benighted; I no longer can  
Distinguish the right track. O, well and truly  
Didst thou say, father, I relied too much  
On my own heart. My mind moves to and fro—  
I know not what to do.

COUNTESS.

What! you know not?

Does not your own heart tell you? O! then I  
Will tell it you. Your father is a traitor,  
A frightful traitor to us—he has plotted

Against our General's life, has plunged us all  
In misery—and you're his son! 'T is your's  
To make the *amends*—Make you the son's fidelity  
*Outweigh* the father's treason, that the name  
Of Piccolomini be not a proverb  
Of infamy, a common form of cursing  
To the posterity of Wallenstein.

MAX.

Where is that voice of truth which I dare follow!  
It speaks no longer in *my* heart. We all  
But utter what our passionate wishes dictate:  
O that an angel would descend from Heaven,  
And scoop for me the right, the uncorrupted,  
With a pure hand from the pure Fount of Light.

[*His eyes glance on THEKLA.*]

What other angel seek I? To this heart,  
To this unerring heart, will I submit it;  
Will ask thy love, which has the power to bless  
The happy man alone, averted ever  
From the disquieted and guilty—*canst* thou  
Still love me, if I stay? Say that thou canst,  
And I am the Duke's—

COUNTESS.

Think, niece—

MAX.

Think nothing, Thekla!

Speak what thou *feelest*.

COUNTESS.

Think upon your father.

MAX.

I did not question thee, as Friedland's daughter.  
Thee, the beloved and the unerring god  
Within thy heart, I question. What's at stake!  
Not whether diadem of royalty  
Be to be won or not—that mightst thou *think* on.  
Thy friend, and his soul's quiet, are at stake;  
The fortune of a thousand gallant men,  
Who will all follow me; shall I forswear  
My oath and duty to the Emperor?  
Say, shall I send into Octavio's camp  
The parricidal ball? For when the ball  
Has left its cannon, and is on its flight,  
It is no longer a dead instrument!  
It lives, a spirit passes into it,  
The avenging furies seize possession of it,  
And with sure malice guide it the worst way

THEKLA.

O! Max.—

MAX. (*interrupting her*).

Nay, not precipitately either, Thekla.

I understand thee. To thy noble heart  
The hardest duty might appear the highest.  
The human, not the great part, would I act.  
Even from my childhood to this present hour,  
Think what the Duke has done for me, how  
loved me,  
And think too, how my father has repaid him.  
O likewise the free lovely impulses  
Of hospitality, the pious friend's  
Faithful attachment, these too are a holy  
Religion to the heart; and heavily  
The shudderings of nature do avenge  
Themselves on the barbarian that insults them.  
Lay all upon the balance, all—then speak,  
And let thy heart decide it.

THEKLA.

O, thy own  
Hath long ago decided. Follow thou  
Thy heart's first feeling—

COUNTESS.

Oh! ill-fated woman!

THEKLA.

Is it possible, that that can be the right,  
The which thy tender heart did not at first  
Detect and seize with instant impulse? Go,  
Fulfil thy duty! I should ever love thee.  
Whate'er thou hadst chosen, thou wouldst still  
have acted  
Nobly and worthy of thee—but repentance  
Shall ne'er disturb thy soul's fair peace.

MAX.

Then I  
Must leave thee, must part from thee!

THEKLA.

Being faithful  
To thine own self, thou art faithful too to me:  
If our fates part, our hearts remain united.  
A bloody hatred will divide for ever  
The houses Piccolomini and Friedland;  
But we belong not to our houses—Go!  
Quick! quick! and separate thy righteous cause  
From our unholy and unblessed one!  
The curse of Heaven lies upon our head:  
'T is dedicate to ruin. Even me  
My father's guilt drags with it to perdition.  
Mourn not for me:  
My destiny will quickly be decided.

[MAX. clasps her in his arms in extreme emotion.  
There is heard from behind the Scene a loud wild,  
long continued cry, Vivat Ferdinandus! ac-  
companied by warlike Instruments. MAX. and  
THEKLA remain without motion in each other's  
embraces.

SCENE X.

To the above enter TERTSKY.

COUNTESS (meeting him).

What meant that cry? What was it!

TERTSKY.

All is lost!

COUNTESS.

What! they regarded not his countenance?

TERTSKY.

'T was all in vain.

DUCHESS.

They shouted Vivat!

TERTSKY.

To the Emperor.

COUNTESS.

The traitors!

TERTSKY.

Nay! he was not once permitted  
Even to address them. Soon as he began,  
With deafening noise of warlike instruments  
They drown'd his words. But here he comes.

SCENE XI.

To these enter WALLENSTEIN, accompanied by ILLO and  
BUTLER.

WALLENSTEIN (as he enters).

Tertsky!

TERTSKY.

My General!

WALLENSTEIN.

Let our regiments hold themselves  
In readiness to march; for we shall leave  
Pilsen ere evening. [Exit TERTSKY.

Butler!

BUTLER.

Yes, my General.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Governor of Egra is your friend  
And countryman. Write to him instantly  
By a post courier. He must be advised,  
That we are with him early on the morrow.  
You follow us yourself, your regiment with you.

BUTLER.

It shall be done, my General!

WALLENSTEIN (steps between MAX. and THEKLA,  
who have remained during this time in each  
other's arms).

Part!

MAX.

O God!

[Cuirassiers enter with drawn swords, and assemble in  
the back-ground. At the same time there are heard from  
below some spirited passages out of the Pappenheim March,  
which seem to address MAX.

WALLENSTEIN (to the Cuirassiers).

Here he is, he is at liberty: I keep him  
No longer.

[He turns away, and stands so that MAX. cannot  
pass by him nor approach the PRINCESS.

MAX.

Thou know'st that I have not yet learnt to live  
Without thee! I go forth into a desert,  
Leaving my all behind me. O do not turn  
Thine eyes away from me! O once more show me  
Thy ever dear and honour'd countenance.

[MAX. attempts to take his hand, but is repelled:  
he turns to the COUNTESS.

Is there no eye that has a look of pity for me?

[The COUNTESS turns away from him; he turns to  
the DUCHESS.

My mother!

DUCHESS.

Go where duty calls you. Haply  
The time may come, when you may prove to us  
A true friend, a good angel at the throne  
Of the Emperor.

MAX.

You give me hope; you would not  
Suffer me wholly to despair. No! no!  
Mine is a certain misery—Thanks to Heaven!  
That offers me a means of ending it.

[The military music begins again. The stage fills  
more and more with armed men. MAX. sees  
BUTLER and addresses him.

And you here, Colonel Butler—and will you  
Not follow me? Well, then! remain more faithful  
To your new lord, than you have proved yourself



To the Emperor. Come, Butler! promise me,  
Give me your hand upon it, that you'll be  
The guardian of his life, its shield, its watchman.  
He is attainted, and his princely head  
Fair booty for each slave that trades in murder.  
Now he doth need the faithful eye of friendship,  
And those whom here I see—

*[Casting suspicious looks on ILLO and BUTLER.]*

ILLO.

Go—seek for traitors  
In Galas', in your father's quarters. Here  
Is only one. Away! away! and free us  
From his detested sight! Away!

*[MAX. attempts once more to approach THEKLA. WALLENSTEIN prevents him. MAX. stands irresolute, and in apparent anguish. In the mean time the stage fills more and more; and the horns sound from below louder and louder, and each time after a shorter interval.]*

MAX.

Blow, blow! O were it but the Swedish Trumpets,

And all the naked swords, which I see here,  
Were plunged into my breast! What purpose you!  
You come to tear me from this place! Beware,  
Ye drive me not to desperation.—Do it not!  
Ye may repent it!

*[The stage is entirely filled with armed men.]*

Yet more! weight upon weight to drag me down!  
Think what ye're doing. It is not well done  
To chuse a man despairing for your leader;  
You tear me from my happiness. Well, then,  
I dedicate your souls to vengeance. Mark!  
For your own ruin you have chosen me:  
Who goes with me, must be prepared to perish.

*[He turns to the back-ground, there ensues a sudden and violent movement among the Cuirassiers; they surround him, and carry him off in wild tumult. WALLENSTEIN remains immovable. THEKLA sinks into her mother's arms. The curtain falls. The music becomes loud and overpowering, and passes into a complete war-march—the orchestra joins it—and continues during the interval between the second and third Act.]*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

*The BURGOMASTER'S House at Egra.*

BUTLER *(just arrived)*.

Here then he is, by his destiny conducted.  
Here, Friedland! and no farther! From Bohemia  
Thy meteor rose, traversed the sky awhile,  
And here upon the borders of Bohemia  
Must sink.

Thou hast foresworn the ancient colours,  
Blind man! yet trustest to thy ancient fortunes.  
Profaner of the altar and the hearth,  
Against thy Emperor and fellow-citizens  
Thou mean'st to wage the war. Friedland, be-  
ware—  
The evil spirit of revenge impels thee—  
Beware thou, that revenge destroy thee not!

### SCENE II.

BUTLER and GORDON.

GORDON.

Is it you?  
How my heart sinks! The Duke a fugitive traitor!  
His princely head attainted! O my God!

BUTLER.

You have received the letter which I sent you  
By a post-courier!

GORDON.

Yes: and in obedience to it  
Open'd the stronghold to him without scruple,  
For an imperial letter orders me  
To follow your commands implicitly.  
But yet forgive me! when even now I saw  
The Duke himself, my scruples recommenced.  
For truly, not like an attainted man,  
Into this town did Friedland make his entrance;

His wonted majesty beam'd from his brow,  
And calm, as in the days when all was right,  
Did he receive from me the accounts of office.  
'Tis said, that fallen pride learns condescension:  
But sparing and with dignity the Duke  
Weigh'd every syllable of approbation,  
As masters praise a servant who has done  
His duty, and no more.

BUTLER.

'Tis all precisely  
As I related in my letter. Friedland  
Has sold the army to the enemy,  
And pledged himself to give up Prague and Egra.  
On this report the regiments all forsook him,  
The five excepted that belong to Tertsky,  
And which have follow'd him, as thou hast seen.  
The sentence of attainder is pass'd on him,  
And every loyal subject is required  
To give him in to justice, dead or living.

GORDON.

A traitor to the Emperor—Such a noble!  
Of such high talents! What is human greatness!  
I often said, this can't end happily.  
His might, his greatness, and this obscure power  
Are but a cover'd pit-fall. The human being  
May not be trusted to self-government.  
The clear and written law, the deep trod foot-marks  
Of ancient custom, are all necessary  
To keep him in the road of faith and duty.  
The authority entrusted to this man  
Was unexampled and unnatural,  
It placed him on a level with his Emperor,  
Till the proud soul unlearn'd submission. Wo  
is me;  
I mourn for him! for where he fell, I deem  
Might none stand firm. Alas! dear General,  
We in our lucky mediocrity  
Have ne'er experienced, cannot calculate,  
What dangerous wishes such a height may breed  
In the heart of such a man.

BUTLER.

Spare your laments  
Till he need sympathy ; for at this present  
He is still mighty, and still formidable.  
The Swedes advance to Egra by forced marches,  
And quickly will the junction be accomplish'd.  
This must not be ! The Duke must never leave  
This strong-hold on free footing ; for I have  
Pledged life and honour here to hold him prisoner,  
And your assistance 'tis on which I calculate.

GORDON.

O that I had not lived to see this day !  
From his hand I received this dignity,  
He did himself entrust this strong-hold to me,  
Which I am now required to make his dungeon.  
We subalterns have no will of our own :  
The free, the mighty man alone may listen  
To the fair impulse of his human nature.  
Ah ! we are but the poor tools of the law,  
Obedience the sole virtue we dare aim at !

BUTLER.

Nay ! let it not afflict you, that your power  
Is circumscribed. Much liberty, much error !  
The narrow path of duty is securest.

GORDON.

And all then have deserted him, you say ?  
He has built up the luck of many thousands ;  
For kingly was his spirit : his full hand  
Was ever open ! Many a one from dust  
Hath he selected, from the very dust  
Hath raised him into dignity and honour.  
And yet no friend, not one friend hath he purchased,  
Whose heart beats true to him in the evil hour.

BUTLER.

Here's one, I see.

GORDON.

I have enjoy'd from him  
No grace or favour. I could almost doubt,  
If ever in his greatness he once thought on  
An old friend of his youth. For still my office  
Kept me at distance from him ; and when first  
He to this citadel appointed me,  
He was sincere and serious in his duty.  
I do not then abuse his confidence,  
If I preserve my fealty in that  
Which to my fealty was first deliver'd.

BUTLER.

Say, then, will you fulfil the attainer on him ?

GORDON (*pauses, reflecting—then as in deep  
dejection*).

If it be so—if all be as you say—  
If he've betray'd the Emperor, his master,  
Have sold the troops, have purposed to deliver  
The strong-holds of the country to the enemy—  
Yea, truly !—there is no redemption for him !  
Yet it is hard, that me the lot should destine  
To be the instrument of his perdition ;  
For we were pages at the court of Bergau  
At the same period ; but I was the senior.

BUTLER.

I have heard so—

GORDON.

'Tis full thirty years since then.  
A youth who scarce had seen his twentieth year  
Was Wallenstein, when he and I were friends :  
Yet even then he had a daring soul :

His frame of mind was serious and severe  
Beyond his years: his dreams were of great objects.  
He walk'd amidst us of a silent spirit,  
Communing with himself ; yet I have known him  
Transported on a sudden into utterance  
Of strange conceptions ; kindling into splendour,  
His soul reveal'd itself, and he spake so  
That we look'd round perplex'd upon each other,  
Not knowing whether it were craziness,  
Or whether it were a god that spoke in him.

BUTLER.

But was it where he fell two story high  
From a window-ledge, on which he had fallen  
asleep,  
And rose up free from injury ? From this day  
(It is reported) he betrayed clear marks  
Of a distemper'd fancy.

GORDON.

He became  
Doubtless more self-enwrapt and melancholy ;  
He made himself a Catholic. Marvellously  
His marvellous preservation had transform'd him.  
Thenceforth he held himself for an exempted  
And privileged being, and, as if he were  
Incapable of dizziness or fall,  
He ran along the unsteady rope of life.  
But now our destinies drove us asunder ;  
He paced with rapid step the way of greatness,  
Was Count, and Prince, Duke-regent, and Dictator.  
And now is all, all this too little for him ;  
He stretches forth his hands for a king's crown,  
And plunges in unfathomable ruin.

BUTLER.

No more, he comes.

## SCENE III.

*To these enter WALLENSTEIN, in conversation with the  
BURGOMASTER of Egra.*

WALLENSTEIN.

You were at one time a free town. I see,  
Ye bear the half eagle in your city arms.  
Why the *half* eagle only ?

BURGOMASTER.

We were free,  
But for these last two hundred years has Egra  
Remain'd in pledge to the Bohemian crown ;  
Therefore we bear the half eagle, the other half  
Being cancell'd till the empire ransom us,  
If ever that should be.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye merit freedom.  
Only be firm and dauntless. Lend your ears  
To no designing whispering court-minions.  
What may your imposts be ?

BURGOMASTER.

So heavy that  
We totter under them. The garrison  
Lives at our costs.

WALLENSTEIN.

I will relieve you. Tell me,  
There are some Protestants among you still ?

[*The BURGOMASTER hesitates.*

Yes, yes ; I know it. Many lie conceal'd  
Within these walls—Confess now—you yourself—  
[*Fixes his eye on him. The BURGOMASTER alarmed.*  
Be not alarm'd. I hate the Jesuits.

Could my will have determined it, they had  
 Been long ago expell'd the empire. Trust me—  
 Mass-book or bible—'tis all one to me.  
 Of that the world has had sufficient proof.  
 I built a church for the Reform'd in Glogau  
 At my own instance. Harkye, Burgomaster!  
 What is your name?

BURGOMASTER.  
 Pachhalbel, may it please you.

WALLENSTEIN.

Harkye!—  
 But let it go no further, what I now  
 Disclose to you in confidence.

[Laying his hand on the BURGOMASTER'S shoulder with  
 a certain solemnity.

The times  
 Draw near to their fulfilment, Burgomaster!  
 The high will fall, the low will be exalted.  
 Harkye! But keep it to yourself! The end  
 Approaches of the Spanish double monarchy—  
 A new arrangement is at hand. You saw  
 The three moons that appear'd at once in the Heaven!

BURGOMASTER.  
 With wonder and affright!

WALLENSTEIN.  
 Whereof did two  
 Strangely transform themselves to bloody daggers,  
 And only one, the middle moon, remain'd  
 Steady and clear.

BURGOMASTER.  
 We applied it to the Turks.

WALLENSTEIN.  
 The Turks! That all!—I tell you, that two empires  
 Will set in blood, in the East and in the West,  
 And Luth'ranism alone remain.

[Observing GORDON and BUTLER.  
 I' faith,  
 'Twas a smart cannonading that we heard  
 This evening, as we journey'd hitherward;  
 'Twas on our left hand. Did you hear it here?

GORDON.  
 Distinctly. The wind brought it from the South.

BUTLER.  
 It seem'd to come from Weiden or from Neustadt.

WALLENSTEIN.  
 'Tis likely. That's the route the Swedes are taking.  
 How strong is the garrison?

GORDON.  
 Not quite two hundred  
 Competent men, the rest are invalids.

WALLENSTEIN.  
 Good! And how many in the vale of Jochim?

GORDON.  
 Two hundred arquebusiers have I sent thither  
 To fortify the posts against the Swedes.

WALLENSTEIN.  
 Good! I commend your foresight. At the works  
 You have done somewhat! [too

GORDON.  
 Two additional batteries  
 I caused to be run up. They were needless.  
 The Rhinegrave presses hard upon us, General!

WALLENSTEIN.  
 You have been watchful in your Emperor's service.  
 I am content with you, Lieutenant-Colonel.

[To BUTLER.

Release the outposts in the vale of Jochim  
 With all the stations in the enemy's route.

[To GORDON.

Governor, in your faithful hands I leave  
 My wife, my daughter, and my sister. I  
 Shall make no stay here, and wait but the arrival  
 Of letters to take leave of you, together  
 With all the regiments.

#### SCENE IV.

To these enter COUNT TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.  
 Joy, General; joy! I bring you welcome tidings.

WALLENSTEIN.  
 And what may they be!

TERTSKY.  
 There has been an engagement  
 At Neustadt; the Swedes gain'd the victory.

WALLENSTEIN.  
 From whence did you receive the intelligence?

TERTSKY.  
 A countryman from Tirschenseil convey'd it.  
 Soon after sunrise did the fight begin!  
 A troop of the Imperialists from Fachau  
 Had forced their way into the Swedish camp;  
 The cannonade continued full two hours;  
 There were left dead upon the field a thousand  
 Imperialists, together with their Colonel;  
 Further than this he did not know.

WALLENSTEIN.  
 How came  
 Imperial troops at Neustadt? Altringer,  
 But yesterday, stood sixty miles from there.  
 Count Galas' force collects at Frauenburg,  
 And have not the full complement. Is it possible,  
 That Suys perchance had ventured so far onward?  
 It cannot be.

TERTSKY.  
 We shall soon know the whole,  
 For here comes Illo, full of haste, and joyous.

#### SCENE V.

To these enter ILLO.

ILLO (to WALLENSTEIN).  
 A courier, Duke! he wishes to speak with thee.

TERTSKY (eagerly).  
 Does he bring confirmation of the victory?

WALLENSTEIN (at the same time).  
 What does he bring? Whence comes he?

ILLO  
 From the Rhinegrave.  
 And what he brings I can announce to you  
 Beforehand. Seven leagues distant are the Swedes;  
 At Neustadt did Max. Piccolomini  
 Throw himself on them with the cavalry;  
 A murderous fight took place! o'erpower'd by  
 numbers  
 The Pappenheimers all, with Max. their leader,  
 [WALLENSTEIN shudders and turns pale.  
 Were left dead on the field.

WALLENSTEIN (*after a pause in a low voice*).  
Where is the messenger? Conduct me to him.  
[WALLENSTEIN is going, when LADY NEUBRUNN rushes  
into the room. Some servants follow her and run  
across the stage.

NEUBRUNN.

Help! Help!

ILLO and TERTSKY (*at the same time*).  
What now?

NEUBRUNN.

The Princess!

WALLENSTEIN and TERTSKY.

Does she know it?

NEUBRUNN (*at the same time with them*).  
She is dying!

[Hurries off the stage, when WALLENSTEIN and TERTSKY  
follow her.

SCENE VI.

BUTLER and GORDON.

GORDON.

What's this?

BUTLER.

She has lost the man she loved—  
Young Piccolomini who fell in the battle.

GORDON.

Unfortunate Lady!

BUTLER.

You have heard what Illo  
Reporteth, that the Swedes are conquerors,  
And marching hitherward.

GORDON.

Too well I heard it.

BUTLER.

They are twelve regiments strong, and there are five  
Close by us to protect the Duke. We have  
Only my single regiment; and the garrison  
Is not two hundred strong.

GORDON.

'Tis even so.

BUTLER.

It is not possible with such small force  
To hold in custody a man like him.

GORDON.

I grant it.

BUTLER.

Soon the numbers would disarm us,  
And liberate him.

GORDON.

It were to be fear'd.

BUTLER (*after a pause*).

Know, I am warranty for the event;  
With my head have I pledged myself for his,  
Must make my word good, cost it what it will,  
And if alive we cannot hold him prisoner,  
Why—death makes all things certain!

GORDON.

Butler! What?

Do I understand you? Gracious God! *You* could—

BUTLER.

He must not live.

GORDON.

And *you* can do the deed!

BUTLER.

Either you or I. This morning was his last.

GORDON.

You would assassinate him.

BUTLER.

'Tis my purpose.

GORDON.

Who leans with his whole confidence upon you!

BUTLER.

Such is his evil destiny!

GORDON.

Your General!

The sacred person of your General!

BUTLER.

My General he *has been*.

GORDON.

That 't is only

An "*has been*" washes out no villany.  
And without judgment pass'd?

BUTLER.

The execution

Is here instead of judgment.

GORDON.

This were murder,

Not justice. The most guilty should be heard.

BUTLER.

His guilt is clear, the Emperor has pass'd judg-  
And we but execute his will. [ment,

GORDON.

We should not

Hurry to realize a bloody sentence.  
A word may be recall'd, a life can never be.

BUTLER.

Despatch in service pleases sovereigns.

GORDON.

No honest man's ambitious to press forward  
To the hangman's service.

BUTLER.

And no brave man loses

His colour at a daring enterprise.

GORDON.

A brave man hazards life, but not his conscience.

BUTLER.

What then? Shall he go forth anew to kindle  
The unextinguishable flame of war?

GORDON.

Seize him, and hold him prisoner—do not kill him!

BUTLER.

Had not the Emperor's army been defeated,  
I might have done so.—But 'tis now past by.

GORDON.

O, wherefore open'd I the strong-hold to him?

BUTLER.

His destiny and not the place destroys him.

GORDON.

Upon these ramparts, as besem'd a soldier,  
I had fallen, defending the Emperor's citadel!

BUTLER.

Yes! and a thousand gallant men have perish'd!

GORDON.

Doing their duty—that adorns the man!  
But murder's a black deed, and nature curses it

BUTLER (*brings out a paper*).

Here is the manifesto which commands us  
To gain possession of his person. See—  
It is addressed to you as well as me.  
Are you content to take the consequences,  
If through our fault he escape to the enemy?

GORDON.

I!—Gracious God!

BUTLER.

Take it on yourself.

Come of it what may, on you I lay it.

GORDON.

O God in heaven!

BUTLER.

Can you advise aught else

Wherewith to execute the Emperor's purpose?  
Say if you can. For I desire his fall,  
Not his destruction.

GORDON.

Merciful heaven! what must be

I see as clear as you. Yet still the heart  
Within my bosom beats with other feelings!

BUTLER.

Mine is of harder stuff! Necessity [Illo  
In her rough school hath steel'd me. And this  
And Tertsy likewise, they must not survive him.

GORDON.

I feel no pang for these. Their own bad hearts  
Impell'd them, not the influence of the stars.  
'Twas they who strew'd the seeds of evil passions  
In his calm breast, and with officious villany  
Water'd and nursed the pois'nous plants. May they  
Receive their earnest to the uttermost mite!

BUTLER.

And their death shall precede his!  
We meant to have taken them alive this evening  
Amid the merry-making of a feast,  
And keep them prisoners in the citadels.  
But this makes shorter work. I go this instant  
To give the necessary orders.

#### SCENE VII.

*To these enter ILLO, and TERTSKY.*

TERTSKY.

Our luck is on the turn. To-morrow come  
The Swedes—twelve thousand gallant warriors,  
Illo!  
Then straightways for Vienna. Cheerily, friend!  
What! meet such news with such a moody face!

ILLO.

It lies with us at present to prescribe [traitors,  
Laws, and take vengeance on those worthless  
Those skulking cowards that deserted us;  
One has already done his bitter penance,  
The Piccolomini: be his the fate  
Of all who wish us evil! This flies sure  
To the old man's heart; he has his whole life long  
Fretted and toil'd to raise his ancient house  
From a Count's title to the name of Prince;  
And now must seek a grave for his only son.

BUTLER.

'Twas pity, though! A youth of such heroic  
And gentle temperament! The Duke himself,  
'Twas easily seen, how near it went to his heart.

ILLO.

Hark ye, old friend! That is the very point  
That never pleased me in our General—  
He ever gave the preference to the Italians.  
Yea, at this very moment, by my soul!  
He'd gladly see us all dead ten times over,  
Could he thereby recal his friend to life.

TERTSKY.

Hush, hush! Let the dead rest! This evening's  
business

Is, who can fairly drink the other down—  
Your regiment, Illo! gives the entertainment.  
Come! we will keep a merry carnival—  
The night for once be day, and 'mid full glasses  
Will we expect the Swedish avant-garde.

ILLO.

Yes, let us be of good cheer for to-day,  
For there's hot work before us, friends! This sword  
Shall have no rest, till it be bathed to the hilt  
In Austrian blood.

GORDON.

Shame, shame! what talk is this,  
My Lord Field Marshal? Wherefore foam you so  
Against your Emperor?

BUTLER.

Hope not too much  
From this first victory. Bethink you, sirs!  
How rapidly the wheel of Fortune turns;  
The Emperor still is formidably strong.

ILLO.

The Emperor has soldiers, no commander,  
For this King Ferdinand of Hungary  
Is but a tyro. Galas! He's no luck,  
And was of old the ruiner of armies.  
And then this viper, this Octavio,  
Is excellent at stabbing in the back,  
But ne'er meets Friedland in the open field.

TERTSKY.

Trust me, my friends, it cannot but succeed;  
Fortune, we know, can ne'er forsake the Duke!  
And only under Wallenstein can Austria  
Be conqueror.

ILLO.

The Duke will soon assemble  
A mighty army: all comes crowding, streaming  
To banners, dedicate by destiny,  
To fame, and prosperous fortune. I behold  
Old times come back again! he will become  
Once more the mighty Lord which he has been.  
How will the fools, who've now deserted him,  
Look then! I can't but laugh to think of them,  
For lands will be present to all his friends,  
And like a King and Emperor reward  
True services; but we've the nearest claims.

[To GORDON.

You will not be forgotten, Governor!  
He'll take you from this nest, and bid you shine  
In higher station: your fidelity  
Well merits it.

GORDON.

I am content already,  
And wish to climb no higher; where great height is,  
The fall must needs be great. "Great height,  
great depth."

ILLO.

Here you have no more business, for to-morrow  
The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.  
Come, Tertsy, it is supper-time. What think you!

Nay, shall we have the State illuminated  
In honour of the Swede? And who refuses  
To do it is a Spaniard and a traitor.

TERTSKY.

Nay! Nay! not that, it will not please the Duke—

ILLO.

What! we are masters here; no soul shall dare  
Avow himself Imperial where we've the rule.  
Gordon! good night, and for the last time, take  
A fair leave of the place. Send out patrols  
To make secure, the watch-word may be alter'd  
At the stroke of ten; deliver in the keys  
To the Duke himself, and then you've quit for ever  
Your wardship of the gates, for on to-morrow  
The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.

TERTSKY (*as he is going, to BUTLER*).  
You come, though, to the castle?

BUTLER.

At the right time.  
[*Exeunt TERTSKY and ILLO.*]

### SCENE VIII.

GORDON and BUTLER.

GORDON (*looking after them*).  
Unhappy men! How free from all foreboding!  
They rush into the outspread net of murder,  
In the blind drunkenness of victory;  
I have no pity for their fate. This Illo,  
This overflowing and fool-hardy villain,  
That would fain bathe himself in his Emperor's  
blood.—

BUTLER.

Do as ne order'd you. Send round patrols,  
Take measures for the citadel's security;  
When they are within I close the castle-gate  
That nothing may transpire.

GORDON (*with earnest anxiety*).

Oh! haste not so!  
Nay, stop; first tell me—

BUTLER.

You have heard already,  
To-morrow to the Swedes belongs. This night  
Alone is ours. They make good expedition.  
But we will make still greater. Fare you well.

GORDON.

Ah! your looks tell me nothing good. Nay, Butler,  
I pray you, promise me!

BUTLER.

The sun has set;  
A fateful evening doth descend upon us,  
And brings on their long night! Their evil stars  
Deliver them unarm'd into our hands,  
And from their drunken dream of golden fortunes  
The dagger at their heart shall rouse them. Well,  
The Duke was ever a great calculator;  
His fellow-men were figures on his chess-board,  
To move and station, as his game required.  
Other men's honour, dignity, good name,  
Did he shift like pawns, and made no conscience  
Still calculating, calculating still; [of it:  
And yet at last his calculation proves  
Erroneous; the whole game is lost; and lo!  
His own life will be found among the forfeits.

GORDON.

O think not of his errors now! remember  
His greatness, his munificence; think on all  
The lovely features of his character,  
On all the noble exploits of his life,  
And let them, like an angel's arm, unseen  
Arrest the lifted sword.

BUTLER.

It is too late.  
I suffer not myself to feel compassion,  
Dark thoughts and bloody are my *duty* now:  
[*Grasping GORDON's hand.*]

Gordon! 't is not my hatred (I pretend not  
To love the Duke, and have no cause to love him)  
Yet 't is not now my hatred that impels me  
To be his murderer. 'Tis his evil fate.  
Hostile concurrences of many events  
Control and subjugate me to the office.  
In vain the human being meditates  
Free action. He is but the wire-work'd<sup>1</sup> puppet  
Of the blind Power, which out of his own choice  
Creates for him a dread necessity.  
What too would it avail him, if there were  
A something pleading for him in my heart—  
Still I must kill him.

GORDON.

If your heart speak to you,  
Follow its impulse. 'T is the voice of God.  
Think you your fortunes will grow prosperous  
Bedew'd with blood—his blood? Believe it not!

BUTLER.

You know not. Ask not! Wherefore should it  
happen,  
That the Swedes gain'd the victory, and hasten  
With such forced marches hitherward? Fain  
would I  
Have given him to the Emperor's mercy.—Gordon!  
I do not wish his blood—But I must ransom  
The honour of my word,—it lies in pledge—  
And he must die, or—

[*Passionately grasping GORDON's hand.*]

Listen then, and know!  
I am *dishonour'd* if the Duke escape us.

GORDON.

O! to save such a man—

BUTLER.

What!

GORDON.

It is worth  
A sacrifice.—Come, friend! Be noble-minded!  
Our own heart, and not other men's opinions,  
Forms our true honour.

BUTLER (*with a cold and haughty air*).

He is a great Lord,  
This Duke—and I am but of mean importance.  
This is what you would say! Wherein concerns it  
The world at large, you mean to hint to me,  
Whether the man of low extraction keeps  
Or blemishes his honour—  
So that the man of princely rank be saved!  
We all do stamp our value on ourselves:  
The price we challenge for ourselves is given us.  
There does not live on earth the man so station'd,  
That I despise myself compared with him.

<sup>1</sup> We doubt the propriety of putting so blasphemous a  
sentiment in the mouth of any character. T.

Man is made great or little by his own will ;  
Because I am true to mine, therefore he dies.

GORDON.

I am endeavouring to move a rock.  
Thou hadst a mother, yet no human feelings.  
I cannot hinder you, but may some God  
Rescue him from you ! [Exit GORDON.]

SCENE IX.

BUTLER (*alone*).

I treasured my good name all my life long ;  
The Duke has cheated me of life's best jewel,  
So that I blush before this poor weak Gordon !

He prizes above all his fealty ;  
His conscious soul accuses him of nothing ;  
In opposition to his own soft heart  
He subjugates himself to an iron duty.  
Me in a weaker moment passion warp'd ;  
I stand beside him, and must feel myself  
The worse man of the two. What, though the world  
Is ignorant of my purposed treason, yet  
One man does know it, and can prove it too—  
High-minded Piccolomini !  
There lives the man who can dishonour me !  
This ignominy blood alone can cleanse !  
Duke Friedland, thou or I—Into my own hands  
Fortune delivers me—The dearest thing a man  
has is himself.

(*The curtain drops.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

*Butler's Chamber.*

BUTLER, MAJOR, and GERALDIN.

BUTLER.

Find me twelve strong Dragoons, arm them with  
For there must be no firing— [pikes,  
Conceal them somewhere near the banquet-room,  
And soon as the dessert is served up, rush all in  
And cry—"Who is loyal to the Emperor ?"  
I will overturn the table—while you attack  
Illo and Tertsy, and despatch them both.  
The castle-palace is well barr'd and guarded,  
That no intelligence of this proceeding  
May make its way to the Duke.—Go instantly ;  
Have you yet sent for Captain Devereux  
And the Macdonald ?—

GERALDIN.

They 'll be here anon.

[Exit GERALDIN.]

BUTLER.

Here 's no room for delay. The citizens  
Declare for him, a dizzy drunken spirit  
Possesses the whole town. They see in the Duke  
A Prince of peace, a founder of new ages  
And golden times. Arms too have been given out  
By the town-council, and a hundred citizens  
Have volunteer'd themselves to stand on guard.  
Despatch ! then be the word ; for enemies  
Threaten us from without and from within.

SCENE II.

BUTLER, CAPTAIN DEVEREUX, and MACDONALD.

MACDONALD.

Here we are, General.

DEVEREUX.

What 's to be the watchword ?

BUTLER.

Long live the Emperor !

BOTH (*recoiling*).

How !

BUTLER.

Live the House of Austria !

DEVEREUX.

Have we not sworn fidelity to Friedland ?

MACDONALD.

Have we not march'd to this place to protect him !

BUTLER.

Protect a traitor, and his country's enemy !

DEVEREUX.

Why, yes ! in his name you administer'd  
Our oath.

MACDONALD.

And followed him yourself to Egra.

BUTLER.

I did it the more surely to destroy him.

DEVEREUX.

So then !

MACDONALD.

An alter'd case !

BUTLER (*to DEVEREUX*).

Thou wretched man !

So easily leavest thou thy oath and colours !

DEVEREUX.

The devil !—I but follow'd your example,  
If you could prove a villain, why not we ?

MACDONALD.

We've nought to do with *thinking*—that's your  
business.

You are our General, and give out the orders ;  
We follow you, though the track lead to hell.

BUTLER (*appeased*).

Good then ! we know each other.

MACDONALD.

I should hope so.

DEVEREUX.

Soldiers of fortune are we—who bids most,  
He has us.

MACDONALD.

'T is e'en so !

BUTLER.

Well, for the present  
Ye must remain honest and faithful soldiers.

DEVEREUX.

We wish no other.

BUTLER.

Ay, and make your fortunes.

MACDONALD.  
That is still better.

BUTLER.  
Listen !

BOTH.  
We attend.

BUTLER.  
It is the Emperor's will and ordinance  
To seize the person of the Prince-Duke Friedland,  
Alive or dead.

DEVEREUX.  
It runs so in the letter.

MACDONALD.  
Alive or dead—these were the very words.

BUTLER.  
And he shall be rewarded from the State  
In land and gold, who proffers aid thereto.

DEVEREUX.  
Ay ! that sounds well. The *words* sound always  
well

That travel hither from the Court. Yes ! yes !  
We know already what Court-words import.  
A golden chain perhaps in sign of favour,  
Or an old charger, or a parchment patent,  
And such like.—The Prince-Duke pays better.

MACDONALD.  
The Duke's a splendid paymaster. Yes,

BUTLER.  
All over  
With that, my friends ! His lucky stars are set.

MACDONALD.  
And is that certain ?

BUTLER.  
You have my word for it.

DEVEREUX.  
His lucky fortunes all past by ?

BUTLER.  
For ever :  
He is as poor as we.

MACDONALD.  
As poor as we ?

DEVEREUX.  
Macdonald, we'll desert him.

BUTLER.  
We'll desert him !

Full twenty thousand have done that already ;  
We must do more, my countrymen ! In short—  
We—we must kill him.

BOTH (*starting back*).  
Kill him !

BUTLER.  
Yes, must kill him ;  
And for that purpose have I chosen you.

BOTH.  
Us !

BUTLER.  
You, Captain Devereux, and thee Macdonald.

DEVEREUX (*after a pause*).  
Choose you some other.

BUTLER.  
What ? art dastardly ?  
Thou, with full thirty lives to answer for—  
Thou conscientious, of a sudden ?

DEVEREUX.  
Nay,  
To assassinate our Lord and General—

MACDONALD.  
To whom we 've sworn a soldier's oath—

BUTLER.  
The oath  
Is null, for Friedland is a traitor.

DEVEREUX.  
No, no ! it is too bad !

MACDONALD.  
Yes, by my soul !  
It is too bad. One has a conscience too—

DEVEREUX.  
If it were not our Chieftain, who so long  
Has issued the commands, and claim'd our duty.

BUTLER.  
Is that the objection ?

DEVEREUX.  
Were it my own father,  
And the Emperor's service should demand it of me,  
It might be done perhaps—But we are soldiers,  
And to assassinate our Chief Commander,  
That is a sin, a foul abomination,  
From which no Monk or Confessor absolves us.

BUTLER.  
I am your Pope, and give you absolution.  
Determine quickly !

DEVEREUX.  
'T will not do.

MACDONALD.  
'Twon't do !

BUTLER.  
Well, off then ! and—send Pestalutz to me.

DEVEREUX (*hesitates*).  
The Pestalutz—

MACDONALD.  
What may you want with him ?

BUTLER.  
If you reject it, we can find enough—

DEVEREUX.  
Nay, if he must fall, we may earn the bounty  
As well as any other. What think you,  
Brother Macdonald ?

MACDONALD.  
Why, if he *must* fall,  
And *will* fall, and it can't be otherwise,  
One would not give place to this Pestalutz.

DEVEREUX (*after some reflection*).  
When do you purpose he should fall ?

BUTLER.  
This night.  
To-morrow will the Swedes be at our gates.

DEVEREUX.  
You take upon you all the consequences ?

BUTLER.  
I take the whole upon me.

DEVEREUX.  
And it is  
The Emperor's will, his express absolute will ?  
For we have instances, that folks may like  
The murder, and yet hang the murderer.



BUTLER.  
The manifesto says—"alive or dead."  
Alive—'t is not possible—you see it is not.

DEVEREUX.  
Well, dead then! dead! But how can we come  
at him?  
The town is filled with Tertsky's soldiery.

MACDONALD.  
Ay! and then Tertsky still remains, and Illo—

BUTLER.  
With these you shall begin—you understand me?

DEVEREUX.  
How? And must they too perish!

BUTLER.  
They the first.

MACDONALD.  
Hear, Devereux! A bloody evening this.

DEVEREUX.  
Have you a man for that? Commission me—

BUTLER.  
'T is given in trust to Major Geraldin;  
This is a carnival night, and there 's a feast  
Given at the castle—there we shall surprise them,  
And hew them down. The Pestalutz and Lesley  
Have that commission—soon as that is finish'd—

DEVEREUX.  
Hear, General! It will be all one to you—  
Hark ye, let me exchange with Geraldin.

BUTLER.  
'T will be the lesser danger with the Duke.

DEVEREUX.  
Danger! The devil! What do you think me,  
General?

'T is the Duke's eye, and not his sword, I fear.

BUTLER.  
What can his eye do to thee?

DEVEREUX.  
Death and hell!  
Thou know'st that I'm no milk-sop, General!  
But 't is not eight days since the Duke did send me  
Twenty gold pieces for this good warm coat  
Which I have on! and then for him to see me  
Standing before him with the pike, his murderer,  
That eye of his looking upon this coat—  
Why—why—the devil fetch me! I'm no milk-sop!

BUTLER.  
The Duke presented thee this good warm coat,  
And thou, a needy wight, hast pangs of conscience  
To run him through the body in return.  
A coat that is far better and far warmer  
Did the Emperor give to him, the Prince's mantle.  
How doth he thank the Emperor? With revolt,  
And treason.

DEVEREUX.  
That is true. The devil take  
Such thankers! I'll despatch him.

BUTLER.  
And wouldst quiet  
Thy conscience, thou hast nought to do but simply  
Pull off the coat; so canst thou do the deed  
With light heart and good spirits.

DEVEREUX.  
You are right.  
That did not strike me. I'll pull off the coat—  
So there 's an end of it.

MACDONALD.  
Yes, but there 's another  
Point to be thought of.

BUTLER.  
And what's that, Macdonald?

MACDONALD.  
What avails sword or dagger against *him*?  
He is not to be wounded—he is—

BUTLER (*starting up*).  
What?

MACDONALD.  
Safe against shot, and stab and flash! Hard frozen,  
Secured, and warranted by the black art!  
His body is impenetrable, I tell you.

DEVEREUX.  
In Inglestadt there was just such another:  
His whole skin was the same as steel; at last  
We were obliged to beat him down with gunstocks.

MACDONALD.  
Hear what I 'll do.

DEVEREUX.  
Well?

MACDONALD.  
In the cloister here  
There 's a Dominican, my countryman.  
I 'll make him dip my sword and pike for me  
In holy water, and say over them  
One of his strongest blessings. That 's probatum!  
Nothing can stand 'gainst that.

BUTLER.  
So do, Macdonald!

But now go and select from out the regiment  
Twenty or thirty able-bodied fellows,  
And let them take the oaths to the Emperor.  
Then when it strikes eleven, when the first rounds  
Are pass'd, conduct them silently as may be  
To the house—I will myself be not far off.

DEVEREUX.  
But how do we get through Hartschier and Gordon,  
That stand on guard there in the inner chamber?

BUTLER.  
I have made myself acquainted with the place.  
I lead you through a back-door that 's defended  
By one man only. Me my rank and office  
Give access to the Duke at every hour.  
I 'll go before you—with one poniard-stroke  
Cut Hartschier's windpipe, and make way for you.

DEVEREUX.  
And when we are there, by what means shall we  
gain  
The Duke's bed-chamber, without his alarming  
The servants of the Court: for he has here  
A numerous company of followers!

BUTLER.  
The attendants fill the right wing: he hates bustle,  
And lodges in the left wing quite alone.

DEVEREUX.  
Were it well over—hey, Macdonald? I  
Feel queerly on the occasion, devil knows!

MACDONALD.  
And I too. 'Tis too great a personage.  
People will hold us for a brace of villains.

BUTLER.  
In plenty, honour, splendour—You may safely  
Laugh at the people's babble.

DEVEREUX.

If the business  
Squares with one's honour—if that be quite  
certain—

BUTLER.

Set your hearts quite at ease. Ye save for Ferdi-  
nand  
His Crown and Empire. The reward can be  
No small one.

DEVEREUX.

And 'tis his purpose to dethrone the Emperor?

BUTLER.

Yes!—Yes!—to rob him of his Crown and Life.

DEVEREUX.

And he must fall by the executioner's hands,  
Should we deliver him up to the Emperor  
Alive?

BUTLER.

It were his certain destiny.

DEVEREUX.

Well! Well! Come then, Macdonald, he shall not  
Lie long in pain.

[*Exeunt BUTLER through one door, MACDONALD and  
DEVEREUX through the other.*]

## SCENE III.

*A Gothic and gloomy Apartment at the DUCHESS FRIED-  
LAND'S. THEKLA on a seat, pale, her eyes closed. The  
DUCHESS and LADY NEUBRUNN busied about her. WAL-  
LENSTEIN and the COUNTESS in conversation.*

WALLENSTEIN.

How knew she it so soon?

COUNTESS.

She seems to have  
Foreboded some misfortune. The report  
Of an engagement, in the which had fallen  
A colonel of the Imperial army, frighten'd her.  
I saw it instantly. She flew to meet  
The Swedish Courier, and with sudden questioning,  
Soon wrested from him the disastrous secret.  
Too late we miss'd her, hasten'd after her,  
We found her lying in his arms, all pale  
And in a swoon.

WALLENSTEIN.

A heavy, heavy blow!

And she so unprepared! Poor child! How is it?

[*Turning to the DUCHESS.*]

Is she coming to herself?

DUCHESS.

Her eyes are opening.

COUNTESS.

She lives.

THEKLA (*looking around her*).

Where am I?

WALLENSTEIN (*steps to her, raising her up in  
his arms*).

Come, cheerly, Thekla! be my own brave girl!  
See, there's thy loving mother. Thou art in  
Thy father's arms.

THEKLA (*standing up*).

Where is he? Is he gone?

DUCHESS.

Who gone, my daughter?

THEKLA.

He—the man who utter'd  
That word of misery.

DUCHESS.

O! think not of it,

My Thekla!

WALLENSTEIN.

Give her sorrow leave to talk!  
Let her complain—mingle your tears with hers,  
For she hath suffer'd a deep anguish; but  
She'll rise superior to it, for my Thekla  
Hath all her father's unsubdued heart.

THEKLA.

I am not ill. See, I have power to stand.  
Why does my mother weep? Have I alarm'd her?  
It is gone by—I recollect myself—

[*She casts her eyes round the room, as seeking some one.*]

Where is he? Please you, do not hide him from me.  
You see I have strength enough: now I will hear  
him.

DUCHESS.

No; never shall this messenger of evil  
Enter again into thy presence, Thekla!

THEKLA.

My father—

WALLENSTEIN.

Dearest daughter!

THEKLA.

I'm not weak—

Shortly I shall be quite myself again.

You'll grant me one request?

WALLENSTEIN.

Name it, my daughter.

THEKLA.

Permit the stranger to be called to me,  
And grant me leave, that by myself I may  
Hear his report and question him.

DUCHESS.

No, never!

COUNTESS.

'Tis not adviseable—assent not to it.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hush! Wherefore wouldst thou speak with him, my  
daughter?

THEKLA.

Knowing the whole, I shall be more collected;  
I will not be deceived. My mother wishes  
Only to spare me. I will not be spared—  
The worst is said already: I can hear  
Nothing of deeper anguish!

COUNTESS and DUCHESS.

Do it not.

THEKLA.

The horror overpower'd me by surprise.  
My heart betray'd me in the stranger's presence:  
He was a witness of my weakness, yea,  
I sank into his arms; and that has shamed me.  
I must replace myself in his esteem,  
And I must speak with him, perforce, that he,  
The stranger, may not think ungently of me.

WALLENSTEIN.

I see she is in the right, and am inclined  
To grant her this request of hers. Go, call him.

[*LADY NEUBRUNN goes to call him.*]

DUCHESS.

But I, thy mother, will be present—

THEKLA.

'Twere  
More pleasing to me, if alone I saw him ;  
Trust me, I shall behave myself the more  
Collectedly.

WALLENSTEIN.

Permit her her own will.  
Leave her alone with him : for there are sorrows,  
Where of necessity the soul must be  
Its own support. A strong heart will rely  
On its own strength alone. In her own bosom,  
Not in her mother's arms, must she collect  
The strength to rise superior to this blow.  
It is mine own brave girl. I'll have her treated  
Not as the woman, but the heroine. *[Going.]*

COUNTESS *(detaining him)*.

Where art thou going? I heard Tertsy say  
That 'tis *thy* purpose to depart from hence  
To-morrow early, but to leave us here.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, ye stay here, placed under the protection  
Of gallant men.

COUNTESS.

O take us with you, brother!  
Leave us not in this gloomy solitude  
To brood o'er anxious thoughts. The mists of  
doubt  
Magnify evils to a shape of horror.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who speaks of evil? I entreat you, sister,  
Use words of better omen.

COUNTESS.

Then take us with you.  
O leave us not behind you in a place  
That forces us to such sad omens. Heavy  
And sick within me is my heart—  
These walls breathe on me, like a church-yard  
vault.

I cannot tell you, brother, how this place  
Doth go against my nature. Take us with you.  
Come, sister, join you your entreaty!—Niece,  
Yours too. We all entreat you, take us with you!

WALLENSTEIN.

The place's evil omens will I change,  
Making it that which shields and shelters for me  
My best beloved.

LADY NEUBRUNN *(returning)*.

The Swedish officer.

WALLENSTEIN.

Leave her alone with me. *[Exit.]*

DUCHESS *(to THEKLA, who starts and shivers)*.  
There—pale as death!—Child, 'tis impossible  
That thou shouldst speak with him. Follow thy  
mother.

THEKLA.

The Lady Neubrunn then may stay with me.

*[Exit DUCHESS and COUNTESS.]*

## SCENE IV.

THEKLA, THE SWEDISH CAPTAIN, LADY NEUBRUNN.

CAPTAIN *(respectfully approaching her)*.

Princess—I must entreat your gentle pardon—  
My inconsiderate rash speech—How could I—

THEKLA *(with dignity)*.

You have beheld me in my agony.  
A most distressful accident occasion'd  
You from a stranger to become at once  
My confidant.

CAPTAIN.

I fear you hate my presence,  
For my tongue spake a melancholy word.

THEKLA.

The fault is mine. Myself did wrest it from you.  
The horror which came o'er me interrupted  
Your tale at its commencement. May it please  
Continue it to the end. *[You,*

CAPTAIN.

Princess, 'twill  
Renew your anguish.

THEKLA.

I am firm,—  
I will be firm. Well—how began the engagement?

CAPTAIN.

We lay, expecting no attack, at Neustadt,  
Entrench'd but insecurely in our camp,  
When towards evening rose a cloud of dust  
From the wood thitherward; our vanguard fled  
Into the camp, and sounded the alarm.  
Scarce had we mounted, ere the Pappenheimers,  
Their horses at full speed, broke through the lines,  
And leapt the trenches; but their heedless courage  
Had borne them onward far before the others—  
The infantry were still at distance, only  
The Pappenheimers follow'd daringly  
Their daring leader—

*[THEKLA betrays agitation in her gestures. The  
Officer pauses till she makes a sign to him to  
proceed.]*

CAPTAIN.

Both in van and flanks  
With our whole cavalry we now received them;  
Back to the trenches drove them, where the foot  
Stretch'd out a solid ridge of pikes to meet them.  
They neither could advance, nor yet retreat;  
And as they stood on every side wedged in,  
The Rhinegrave to their leader call'd aloud,  
Inviting a surrender; but their leader,  
Young Piccolomini—

*[THEKLA, as giddy, grasps a chair.]*

Known by his plume,  
And his long hair, gave signal for the trenches;  
Himself leapt first: the regiment all plunged after.  
His charger, by a halbert gored, rear'd up,  
Flung him with violence off, and over him  
The horses, now no longer to be curbed,—

*[THEKLA, who has accompanied the last speech with  
all the marks of increasing agony, trembles  
through her whole frame, and is falling. The  
LADY NEUBRUNN runs to her, and receives her in  
her arms.]*

NEUBRUNN.

My dearest lady—

CAPTAIN.

I retire.

THEKLA.

'Tis over.

Proceed to the conclusion.

CAPTAIN.

Wild despair  
Inspired the troops with frenzy when they saw  
Their leader perish; every thought of rescue  
Wasspurn'd; they fought like wounded tigers; their  
Frantic resistance roused our soldiery;  
A murderous fight took place, nor was the contest  
Finish'd before their last man fell.

THEKLA (*faltering*).

And where—  
Where is—You have not told me all.

CAPTAIN (*after a pause*).

This morning  
We buried him. Twelve youths of noblest birth  
Did bear him to interment; the whole army  
Follow'd the bier. A laurel deck'd his coffin;  
The sword of the deceased was placed upon it,  
In mark of honour, by the Rhinegrave's self.  
Nor tears were wanting; for there are among us  
Many, who had themselves experienced  
The greatness of his mind, and gentle manners;  
All were affected at his fate. The Rhinegrave  
Would willingly have saved him; but himself  
Made vain the attempt—'tis said he wish'd to die.

NEUBRUNN (*to THEKLA, who has hidden her countenance*).

Look up, my dearest lady—

THEKLA.

Where is his grave?

CAPTAIN.

At Neustadt, lady; in a cloister church  
Are his remains deposited, until  
We can receive directions from his father.

THEKLA.

What is the cloister's name?

CAPTAIN.

Saint Catherine's.

THEKLA.

And how far is it thither?

CAPTAIN.

Near twelve leagues.

THEKLA.

And which the way?

CAPTAIN.

You go by Tirschenreit  
And Falkenberg, through our advanced posts.

THEKLA.

Is their commander?

Who

CAPTAIN.

Colonel Seckendorf.

[THEKLA steps to the table, and takes a ring from a casket.

THEKLA.

You have beheld me in my agony,  
And shown a feeling heart. Please you, accept  
[Giving him the ring.]  
A small memorial of this hour. Now go!

CAPTAIN (*confused*).

Princess—

[THEKLA silently makes signs to him to go, and turns from him. The CAPTAIN lingers, and is about to speak. LADY NEUBRUNN repeats the signal, and he retires.

## SCENE V.

THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN.

THEKLA (*falls on LADY NEUBRUNN's neck*).  
Now, gentle Neubrunn, show me the affection  
Which thou hast ever promised—prove thyself  
My own true friend and faithful fellow-pilgrim.  
This night we must away!

NEUBRUNN.

Away! and whither?

THEKLA.

Whither! There is but one place in the world.  
Thither, where he lies buried! To his coffin!

NEUBRUNN.

What would you do there?

THEKLA.

What do there?

That wouldst thou not have ask'd, hadst thou e'er  
loved.

There, there is all that still remains of him!  
That single spot is the whole earth to me.

NEUBRUNN.

That place of death—

THEKLA.

Is now the only place,

Where life yet dwells for me: detain me not!  
Come and make preparations: let us think  
Of means to fly from hence.

NEUBRUNN.

Your father's rage—

THEKLA.

That time is past—

And now I fear no human being's rage.

NEUBRUNN.

The sentence of the world! The tongue of calumny!

THEKLA.

Whom am I seeking? Him who is no more.  
Am I then hastening to the arms—O God!  
I haste but to the grave of the beloved.

NEUBRUNN.

And we alone, two helpless feeble women?

THEKLA.

We will take weapons: my arm shall protect thee.

NEUBRUNN.

In the dark night-time?

THEKLA.

Darkness will conceal us.

NEUBRUNN.

This rough tempestuous night—

THEKLA.

Had he a soft bed

Under the hoofs of his war-horses?

NEUBRUNN.

Heaven!

And then the many posts of the enemy!

THEKLA.

They are human beings. Misery travels free  
Through the whole earth.

NEUBRUNN.

The journey's weary length—

THEKLA.

The pilgrim, travelling to a distant shrine  
Of hope and healing, doth not count the leagues.

NEUBRUNN.  
How can we pass the gates?

THEKLA.  
Gold opens them.

Go! do but go.

NEUBRUNN.  
Should we be recognized—

THEKLA.  
In a despairing woman, a poor fugitive,  
Will no one seek the daughter of Duke Friedland.

NEUBRUNN.  
And where procure we horses for our flight?

THEKLA.  
My equery procures them. Go and fetch him.

NEUBRUNN.  
Dares he, without the knowledge of his lord?

THEKLA.  
He will. Go, only go. Delay no longer.

NEUBRUNN.  
Dear lady! and your mother?

THEKLA.  
Oh! my mother!

NEUBRUNN.  
So much as she has suffer'd too already;  
Your tender mother—Ah! how ill prepared  
For this last anguish!

THEKLA.  
Woe is me! my mother!  
[Pause.]

Go instantly.

NEUBRUNN.  
But think what you are doing!

THEKLA.  
What *can* be thought, already has been thought.

NEUBRUNN.  
And being there, what purpose you to do?

THEKLA.  
There a Divinity will prompt my soul.

NEUBRUNN.  
Your heart, dear lady, is disquieted!  
And this is not the way that leads to quiet.

THEKLA.  
To a deep quiet, such as he has found.  
It draws me on, I know not what to name it,  
Resistless does it draw me to his grave.  
There will my heart be eased, my tears will flow.  
O hasten, make no further questioning!  
There is no rest for me till I have left  
These walls—they fall in on me—A dim power  
Drives me from hence—Oh mercy! What a  
feeling!

What pale and hollow forms are those! They fill,  
They crowd the place! I have no longer room here!  
Mercy! Still more! More still! The hideous  
swarm!

They press on me; they chase me from these walls—  
Those hollow, bodiless forms of living men!

NEUBRUNN.  
You frighten me so, lady, that no longer  
I dare stay here myself. I go and call  
Rosenberg instantly. [Exit LADY NEUBRUNN.]

## SCENE VI.

THEKLA.  
His spirit 'tis that calls me: 'tis the troop  
Of his true followers, who offer'd up  
Themselves to avenge his death: and they accuse  
Of an ignoble loitering—they would not [me  
Forsake their leader even in his death—they died  
And shall I live?— [for him!]  
For me too was that laurel-garland twined  
That decks his bier. Life is an empty casket:  
I throw it from me. O! my only hope;—  
To die beneath the hoofs of trampling steeds—  
That is the lot of heroes upon earth!  
[Exit THEKLA.]

(The Curtain drops.)

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.

A Saloon, terminated by a Gallery which extends far into  
the back-ground.

WALLENSTEIN (sitting at a table).

The SWEDISH CAPTAIN (standing before him).

WALLENSTEIN.  
Commend me to your lord. I sympathize  
In his good fortune; and if you have seen me  
Deficient in the expressions of that joy,  
Which such a victory might well demand,  
Attribute it to no lack of good will,  
For henceforth are our fortunes one. Farewell,  
And for your trouble take my thanks. To-morrow  
The citadel shall be surrender'd to you  
On your arrival.

[The SWEDISH CAPTAIN retires. WALLENSTEIN sits  
lost in thought, his eyes fixed vacantly, and his  
head sustained by his hand. The COUNTESS  
TERTSKY enters, stands before him awhile, un-  
observed by him; at length he starts, sees her  
and recollects himself.]

WALLENSTEIN.  
Comest thou from her? Is she restored? How is she?

COUNTESS.  
My sister tells me, she was more collected  
After her conversation with the Swede.  
She has now retired to rest.

WALLENSTEIN.  
The pang will soften,  
She will shed tears.

COUNTESS.  
I find thee alter'd too,  
My brother! After such a victory  
I had expected to have found in thee  
A cheerful spirit. O remain *thou* firm!  
Sustain, uphold us! For our light thou art,  
Our sun.

<sup>1</sup> The soliloquy of Thekla consists in the original of six-  
and-twenty lines, twenty of which are in rhymes of irre-  
gular recurrence. I thought it prudent to abridge it.  
Indeed the whole scene between Thekla and Lady  
Neubrunn might, perhaps, have been omitted without  
injury to the play.

WALLENSTEIN.  
Be quiet. I ail nothing. Where's  
Thy husband?

COUNTESS.  
At a banquet—he and Illo.  
WALLENSTEIN (*rises and strides across the saloon*).  
The night's far spent. Betake thee to thy chamber.

COUNTESS.  
Bid me not go, O let me stay with thee!  
WALLENSTEIN (*moves to the window*).  
There is a busy motion in the Heaven,  
The wind doth chase the flag upon the tower,  
Fast sweep the clouds, the sickle<sup>1</sup> of the moon,  
Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light.  
No form of star is visible! That one  
White stain of light, that single glimmering yonder,  
Is from Cassiopeia, and therein  
Is Jupiter. (*A pause*). But now  
The blackness of the troubled element hides him!  
*[He sinks into profound melancholy, and looks  
vacantly into the distance.]*

COUNTESS (*looks on him mournfully, then grasps  
his hand*).  
What art thou brooding on?

WALLENSTEIN.  
Methinks,  
If I but saw him, 'twould be well with me.  
He is the star of my nativity,  
And often marvellously hath his aspect  
Shot strength into my heart.

COUNTESS.  
Thou'lt see him again.  
WALLENSTEIN (*remains for a while with absent  
mind, then assumes a livelier manner, and turns  
suddenly to the Countess*).  
See him again? O never, never again!

COUNTESS.  
How?

WALLENSTEIN.  
He is gone—is dust.

COUNTESS.  
Whom meanest thou then?

WALLENSTEIN.  
He, the more fortunate! yea, he hath finish'd!  
For him there is no longer any future,  
His life is bright—bright without spot it was,  
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour  
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.  
Far off is he, above desire and fear;

<sup>1</sup> These four lines are expressed in the original with exquisite felicity.

Am Himmel ist geschäftige Bewegung.  
Des Thurmes Fahne jagt der Wind, schnell geht  
Der Wolken Zug, die Mondessichel wankt,  
Und durch die Nacht zuckt ungewisse Helle.

The word "moon-sickle," reminds me of a passage in Harris, as quoted by Johnson, under the word "falcatid." "The enlightened part of the moon appears in the form of a sickle or reaping-hook, which is while she is moving from the conjunction to the opposition, or from the new moon to the full: but from full to a new again, the enlightened part appears gibbous, and the dark *falcatid*."

The words "wanken" and "schweben" are not easily translated. The English words, by which we attempt to render them, are either vulgar or pedantic, or not of sufficiently general application. So "der Wolken Zug"—The Draft, the Procession of clouds.—The Masses of the Clouds sweep onward in swift stream.

No more submitted to the change and chance  
Of the unsteady planets. O 'tis well  
With *him*! but who knows what the coming hour  
Veil'd in thick darkness brings for us?

COUNTESS.  
Thou speakest  
Of Piccolomini. What was his death?  
The courier had just left thee as I came.  
*[WALLENSTEIN by a motion of his hand makes signs  
to her to be silent.]*

Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view,  
Let us look forward into sunny days,  
Welcome with joyous heart the victory,  
Forget what it has cost thee. Not to-day,  
For the first time, thy friend was to thee dead;  
To thee he died, when first he parted from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.  
This anguish will be wearied down,<sup>1</sup> I know;  
What pang is permanent with man? From the  
As from the vilest thing of every day [highest,  
He learns to wean himself: for the strong hours  
Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost  
In him. The bloom is vanish'd from my life.  
For O! he stood beside me, like my youth,  
Transform'd for me the real to a dream,  
Clothing the palpable and the familiar  
With golden exhalations of the dawn.  
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,  
The *beautiful* is vanish'd—and returns not.

COUNTESS.  
O be not treacherous to thy own power.  
Thy heart is rich enough to vivify  
Itself. Thou lovest and prizest virtues in him,  
The which thyself didst plant, thyself unfold.

WALLENSTEIN (*stepping to the door*).  
Who interrupts us now at this late hour?  
It is the Governor. He brings the keys  
Of the Citadel. 'Tis midnight. Leave me, sister!

COUNTESS.  
O 'tis so hard to me this night to leave thee—  
A boding fear possesses me!

WALLENSTEIN.  
Fear? Wherefore?

COUNTESS.  
Shouldst thou depart this night, and we at waking  
Never more find thee!

WALLENSTEIN.  
Fancies!

COUNTESS.  
O my soul  
Has long been weigh'd down by these dark fore-  
And if I combat and repel them waking, [bodings.  
They still crush down upon my heart in dreams.  
I saw thee yesternight with thy first wife  
Sit at a banquet, gorgeously attired.

WALLENSTEIN.  
This was a dream of favourable omen,  
That marriage being the founder of my fortunes.

COUNTESS.  
To-day I dreamt that I was seeking thee

<sup>1</sup> A very inadequate translation of the original:—  
Verschmerzen werd' ich diesen Schlag, das weiss ich,  
Denn was verschmerzte nicht der Mensch

LITERALLY.  
I shall *grieve down* this blow, of that I'm conscious:  
What does not man grieve down?

In thy own chamber. As I enter'd, lo !  
It was no more a chamber : the Chartreuse  
At Gitschin 'twas, which thou thyself hast founded,  
And where it is thy will that thou shouldst be  
Interr'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thy soul is busy with these thoughts.

COUNTESS.

What ! dost thou not believe that oft in dreams  
A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us ?

WALLENSTEIN.

There is no doubt that there exist such voices.  
Yet I would not call *them*  
Voices of warning that announce to us  
Only the inevitable. As the sun,  
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image  
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits  
Of great events stride on before the events,  
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.  
That which we read of the fourth Henry's death  
Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale  
Of my own future destiny. The king  
Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife,  
Long ere Ravallac arm'd himself therewith.  
His quiet mind forsook him : the phantasma  
Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth  
Into the open air : like funeral knells  
Sounded that coronation festival ;  
And still with boding sense he heard the tread  
Of those feet that even then were seeking him  
Throughout the streets of Paris.

COUNTESS.

And to *thee*  
The voice within thy soul bodes nothing !

WALLENSTEIN.

Nothing.

Be wholly tranquil.

COUNTESS.

And another time  
I hasten'd after thee, and thou rann'st from me  
Through a long suite, through many a spacious hall,  
There seem'd no end of it : doors creak'd and  
clapp'd ;  
I follow'd panting, but could not o'ertake thee ;  
When on a sudden did I feel myself  
Grasp'd from behind—the hand was cold, that  
grasp'd me—  
'Twas thou, and thou didst kiss me, and there  
A crimson covering to envelop us. [seem'd

WALLENSTEIN.

That is the crimson tapestry of my chamber.

COUNTESS (*gazing on him*).

If it should come to that—if I should see thee,  
Who standest now before me in the fulness  
Of life— [She falls on his breast and weeps.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Emperor's proclamation weighs upon thee—  
Alphabets wound not—and he finds no hands.

COUNTESS.

If he *should* find them, my resolve is taken—  
I bear about me my support and refuge.

[Exit COUNTESS.

## SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, GORDON.

WALLENSTEIN.

All quiet in the town ?

GORDON.

The town is quiet.

WALLENSTEIN.

I hear a boisterous music ! and the Castle  
Is lighted up. Who are the revellers ?

GORDON.

There is a banquet given at the Castle  
To the Count Tertsky, and Field Marshal Illo.

WALLENSTEIN.

In honour of the victory—This tribe  
Can show their joy in nothing else but feasting.

[Rings. The GROOM OF THE CHAMBER enters.

Unrobe me. I will lay me down to sleep.

[WALLENSTEIN takes the keys from GORDON

So we are guarded from all enemies,  
And shut in with sure friends.

For all must cheat me, or a face like this

[Fixing his eye on GORDON.

Was ne'er a hypocrite's mask.

[The GROOM OF THE CHAMBER takes off his mantle,  
collar, and scarf.

WALLENSTEIN.

Take care—what is that !

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER.

The golden chain is snapped in two.

WALLENSTEIN.

Well, it has lasted long enough. Here—give it.

[He takes and looks at the chain.

'Twas the first present of the Emperor.  
He hung it round me in the war of Friule,  
He being then Archduke ; and I have worn it  
Till now from habit—  
From superstition, if you will. Belike,  
It was to be a Talisman to me ;  
And while I wore it on my neck in faith,  
It was to chain to me all my life long  
The volatile fortune, whose first pledge it was.  
Well, be it so ! Henceforward a new fortune  
Must spring up for me : for the potency  
Of this charm is dissolved.

[GROOM OF THE CHAMBER retires with the vestments.  
WALLENSTEIN rises, takes a stride across the room,  
and stands at last before GORDON in a posture of  
meditation.

How the old time returns upon me ! I  
Behold myself once more at Burgau, where  
We two were Pages of the Court together.  
We oftentimes disputed : thy intention  
Was ever good ; but thou wert wont to play  
The Moralist and Preacher, and wouldst rail at  
me—

That I strove after things too high for me,  
Giving my faith to bold unlawful dreams,  
And still extol to me the golden mean.  
—Thy wisdom hath been proved a thriftless friend  
To thy own self. See, it has made thee early  
A superannuated man, and (but  
That my munificent stars will intervene)  
Would let thee in some miserable corner  
Go out like an untended lamp.

GORDON.

My Prince !  
With light heart the poor fisher moors his boat,  
And watches from the shore the lofty ship  
Stranded amid the storm.

WALLENSTEIN.

Art thou already  
In harbour then, old man ? Well ! I am not.  
The unconquer'd spirit drives me o'er life's billows ;  
My planks still firm, my canvas swelling proudly.  
Hope is my goddess still, and Youth my inmate ;  
And while we stand thus front to front almost,  
I might presume to say, that the swift years  
Have passed by powerless o'er my unblanched hair.

*[He moves with long strides across the Saloon, and remains on the opposite side over-against Gordon]*

Who now persists in calling Fortune false ?  
To me she has proved faithful ; with fond love  
Took me from out the common ranks of men,  
And like a mother goddess, with strong arm  
Carried me swiftly up the steps of life.  
Nothing is common in my destiny,  
Nor in the furrows of my hand. Who dares  
Interpret then my life for me as 't were  
One of the undistinguishable many ?  
True, in this present moment I appear  
Fallen low indeed ; but I shall rise again.  
The high flood will soon follow on this ebb ;  
The fountain of my fortune, which now stops  
Repress'd and bound by some malicious star,  
Will soon in joy play forth from all its pipes.

GORDON.

And yet remember I the good old proverb,  
" Let the night come before we praise the day."  
I would be slow from long-continued fortune  
To gather hope : for Hope is the companion  
Given to the unfortunate by pitying Heaven.  
Fear hovers round the head of prosperous men :  
For still unsteady are the scales of fate.

WALLENSTEIN (*smiling*).

I hear the very Gordon that of old  
Was wont to preach to me, now once more preaching ;  
I know well, that all sublunary things  
Are still the vassals of vicissitude.  
The unpropitious gods demand their tribute.  
This long ago the ancient Pagans knew :  
And therefore of their own accord they offer'd  
To themselves injuries, so to atone  
The jealousy of their divinities :  
And human sacrifices bled to Typhon.

*[After a pause, serious, and in a more subdued manner.]*

I too have sacrificed to him—For me  
There fell the dearest friend, and through my fault  
He fell ! No joy from favourable fortune  
Can overweigh the anguish of this stroke.  
The envy of my destiny is glutted :  
Life pays for life. On his pure head the lightning  
Was drawn off which would else have shatter'd me.

## SCENE III.

*To these enter SENI.*

WALLENSTEIN.

Is not that Seni ! and beside himself,  
If one may trust his looks ? What brings thee hither  
At this late hour, Baptista ?

SENI.

Terror, Duke !  
On thy account.

WALLENSTEIN.  
What now ?

SENI.

Flee ere the day-break !  
Trust not thy person to the Swedes !

WALLENSTEIN.

What now  
Is in thy thoughts ?

SENI (*with louder voice*).

Trust not thy person to these Swedes.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it, then ?

SENI (*still more urgently*).

O wait not the arrival of these Swedes !  
An evil near at hand is threatening thee  
From false friends. All the signs stand full of  
horror !

Near, near at hand the net-work of perdition—  
Yea, even now 't is being cast around thee !

WALLENSTEIN.

Baptista, thou art dreaming !—Fear befools thee.

SENI.

Believe not that an empty fear deludes me.  
Come, read it in the planetary aspects ;  
Read it thyself, that ruin threatens thee  
From false friends !

WALLENSTEIN.

From the falseness of my friends  
Has risen the whole of my unprosperous fortunes.  
The warning should have come before ! At present  
I need no revelation from the stars  
To know that.

SENI.

Come and see ! trust thine own eyes !  
A fearful sign stands in the house of life—  
An enemy ; a fiend lurks close behind  
The radiance of thy planet.—O be warn'd !  
Deliver not thyself up to these heathens,  
To wage a war against our holy church.

WALLENSTEIN (*laughing gently*).

The oracle rails that way ! Yes, yes ! Now  
I recollect. This junction with the Swedes  
Did never please thee—lay thyself to sleep,  
Baptista ! Signs like these I do not fear.

GORDON (*who during the whole of this dialogue has shown marks of extreme agitation, and now turns to WALLENSTEIN*).

My Duke and General ! May I dare presume ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Speak freely.

GORDON.

What if 't were no mere creation  
Of fear, if God's high providence vouchsafed  
To interpose its aid for your deliverance,  
And made that mouth its organ ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye 're both feverish !  
How can mishap come to me from the Swedes ?  
They sought this junction with me—'t is their  
interest.



GORDON (*with difficulty suppressing his emotion*).  
 But what if the arrival of these Swedes—  
 What if this were the very thing that wing'd  
 The ruin that is flying to your temples?  
 [Flings himself at his feet.]  
 There is yet time, my Prince.

SENI.

O hear him! hear him!

GORDON (*rises*).

The Rhinegrave's still far off. Give but the orders,  
 This citadel shall close its gates upon him.  
 If then he will besiege us, let him try it.  
 But this I say; he'll find his own destruction  
 With his whole force before these ramparts, sooner  
 Than weary down the valour of our spirit.  
 He shall experience what a band of heroes,  
 Inspired by an heroic leader,  
 Is able to perform. And if indeed  
 It be thy serious wish to make amend  
 For that which thou hast done amiss,—this, this  
 Will touch and reconcile the Emperor,  
 Who gladly turns his heart to thoughts of mercy;  
 And Friedland, who returns repentant to him,  
 Will stand yet higher in his Emperor's favour,  
 Than e'er he stood when he had never fallen.

WALLENSTEIN (*contemplates him with surprise, remains silent awhile, betraying strong emotion*).

Gordon—your zeal and fervour lead you far.  
 Well, well—an old friend has a privilege.  
 Blood, Gordon, has been flowing. Never, never  
 Can the Emperor pardon me: and if he could,  
 Yet I—I ne'er could let myself be pardon'd.  
 Had I foreknown what now has taken place,  
 That he, my dearest friend, would fall for me,  
 My first death-offering: and had the heart  
 Spoken to me, as now it has done—Gordon,  
 It may be, I might have bethought myself.  
 It may be too, I might not. Might or might not,  
 Is now an idle question. All too seriously  
 Has it begun to end in nothing, Gordon!  
 Let it then have its course. [Stepping to the window.]  
 All dark and silent—at the castle too  
 All is now hush'd—Light me, Chamberlain!

[The GROOM OF THE CHAMBER, who had entered during the last dialogue, and had been standing at a distance and listening to it with visible expressions of the deepest interest, advances in extreme agitation, and throws himself at the DUKE's feet.]

And thou too! But I know why thou dost wish  
 My reconciliation with the Emperor.  
 Poor man! he hath a small estate in Cärnthen,  
 And fears it will be forfeited because  
 He's in my service. Am I then so poor,  
 That I no longer can indemnify  
 My servants? Well! to no one I employ  
 Means of compulsion. If't is thy belief  
 That fortune has fled from me, go! forsake me.  
 This night for the last time mayst thou unrobe me,  
 And then go over to thy Emperor.  
 Gordon, good night! I think to make a long  
 Sleep of it: for the struggle and the turmoil  
 Of this last day or two was great. May't please you!  
 Take care that they awake me not too early.

[Exit WALLENSTEIN, the GROOM OF THE CHAMBER lighting him. SENI follows, GORDON remains on the darkened stage, following the DUKE with his eye, till he disappears at the farther end of the gallery: then by his gestures the old man expresses the depth of his anguish and stands leaning against a pillar.]

SCENE IV.

GORDON, BUTLER (*at first behind the scenes*).

BUTLER (*not yet come into view of the stage*).  
 Here stand in silence till I give the signal.

GORDON (*starts up*).

'T is he! he, has already brought the murderers.

BUTLER.

The lights are out. All lies in profound sleep.

GORDON.

What shall I do, shall I attempt to save him?  
 Shall I call up the house? Alarm the guards?

BUTLER (*appears, but scarcely on the stage*).

A light gleams hither from the corridor.  
 It leads directly to the Duke's bed-chamber.

GORDON.

But then I break my oath to the Emperor;  
 If he escape and strengthen the enemy,  
 Do I not hereby call down on my head  
 All the dread consequences?

BUTLER (*stepping forward*).

Hark! Who speaks there?

GORDON.

'T is better, I resign it to the hands  
 Of Providence. For what am I, that I  
 Should take upon myself so great a deed?  
 I have not murder'd him, if he be murder'd;  
 But all his rescue were my act and deed;  
 Mine—and whatever be the consequences,  
 I must sustain them.

BUTLER (*advances*).

I should know that voice.

GORDON.

Butler!

BUTLER.

'T is Gordon. What do you want here?  
 Was it so late then, when the Duke dismiss'd you?

GORDON.

Your hand bound up and in a scarf?

BUTLER.

'T is wounded.

That Illo fought as he was frantic, till  
 At last we threw him on the ground.

GORDON (*shuddering*).

Both dead!

BUTLER.

Is he in bed?

GORDON.

Ah, Butler!

BUTLER.

Is he? speak.

GORDON.

He shall not perish! Not through you! The Heaven  
 Refuses your arm. See—'t is wounded!—

BUTLER.

There is no need of my arm.

GORDON.

The most guilty  
 Have perish'd, and enough is given to justice.

[The GROOM OF THE CHAMBER advances from the Gallery with his finger on his mouth commanding silence.]

GORDON.  
He sleeps! O murder not the holy sleep!

BUTLER.  
No! he shall die awake. *[Is going.]*

GORDON.  
His heart still cleaves  
To earthly things: he's not prepared to step  
Into the presence of his God!

BUTLER *(going)*.  
God's merciful!

GORDON *(holds him)*.  
Grant him but this night's respite.

BUTLER *(hurrying off)*.  
The next moment  
May ruin all.

GORDON *(holds him still)*.  
One hour!—

BUTLER.  
Unhold me! What  
Can that short respite profit him?

GORDON.  
O—Time  
Works miracles. In one hour many thousands  
Of grains of sand run out; and quick as they,  
Thought follows thought within the human soul.  
Only one hour! *Your heart may change its purpose,* *[tidings]*  
*His heart may change its purpose—some new*  
May come; some fortunate event, decisive,  
May fall from Heaven and rescue him. O what  
May not one hour achieve!

BUTLER.  
You but remind me,  
How precious every minute is!  
*[He stamps on the floor.]*

SCENE V.

*To these enter MACDONALD, and DEVEREUX, with the HALBERDIERS.*

GORDON *(throwing himself between him and them)*.  
No, monster!  
First over my dead body thou shalt tread.  
I will not live to see the accursed deed!

BUTLER *(forcing him out of the way)*.  
Weak-hearted dotard!  
*[Trumpets are heard in the distance.]*

DEVEREUX and MACDONALD.  
Hark! The Swedish trumpets!  
The Swedes before the ramparts! Let us hasten!

GORDON *(rushes out)*.  
O, God of Mercy!

BUTLER *(calling after him)*.  
Governor, to your post!

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER *(hurries in)*.  
Who dares make larum here? Hush! The Duke  
sleeps.

DEVEREUX *(with loud harsh voice)*.  
Friend, it is time now to make larum.

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER.  
Help!  
Murder!

BUTLER.  
Down with him!

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER *(run through the body by DEVEREUX, falls at the entrance of the Gallery)*.  
Jesus Maria!

BUTLER.  
Burst the doors open.  
*[They rush over the body into the Gallery—two doors are heard to crash one after the other—Voices, deadened by the distance—Clash of arms—then all at once a profound silence.]*

SCENE VI.

COUNTESS TERTSKY *(with a light)*.  
Her bed-chamber is empty; she herself  
Is no where to be found! The Neubrunn too,  
Who watch'd by her, is missing. If she should  
Be flown— but whither flown? We must  
call up  
Every soul in the house. How will the Duke  
Bear up against these worst bad tidings? O  
If that my husband now were but return'd  
Home from the banquet!—Hark! I wonder  
whether  
The Duke is still awake! I thought I heard  
Voices and tread of feet here! I will go  
And listen at the door. Hark! what is that?  
'Tis hastening up the steps!

SCENE VII.

COUNTESS, GORDON.

GORDON *(rushes in out of breath)*.

'Tis a mistake!  
'Tis not the Swedes—Ye must proceed no further—  
Butler!—O God! where is he?

GORDON *(observing the COUNTESS)*.  
Countess! Say—

COUNTESS.  
You are come then from the castle? Where's my  
husband?

GORDON *(in an agony of affright)*.  
Your husband!—Ask not!—To the Duke—

COUNTESS.  
Not till  
You have discover'd to me—

GORDON.  
On this moment  
Does the world hang. For God's sake! to the  
Duke.

While we are speaking— *[Calling loudly.]*  
Butler! Butler! God!

COUNTESS.  
Why, he is at the castle with my husband.  
*[BUTLER comes from the Gallery]*

GORDON.  
'Twas a mistake—'Tis not the Swedes—it is  
The Imperialists' Lieutenant-General  
Has sent me hither—will be here himself  
Instantly.—You must not proceed.

BUTLER.  
He comes  
Too late. [GORDON dashes himself against the wall.

GORDON.  
O God of mercy!

COUNTESS.  
What too late?  
Who will be here himself? Octavio  
In Egra? Treason! Treason!—Where's the Duke?  
[She rushes to the Gallery.

## SCENE VIII.

(Servants run across the Stage full of terror. The whole Scene must be spoken entirely without pauses.)

SENI (from the Gallery).  
O bloody frightful deed!

COUNTESS.  
What is it, Seni?

PAGE (from the Gallery).  
O piteous sight!  
[Other Servants hasten in with torches.

COUNTESS.  
What is it? For God's sake!

SENI.  
And do you ask?  
Within the Duke lies murder'd—and your husband  
Assassinated at the Castle.  
[The COUNTESS stands motionless.

FEMALE SERVANT (rushing across the stage).  
Help! help! the Duchess!

BURGO MASTER (enters).  
What mean these confused  
Loud cries, that wake the sleepers of this house?

GORDON.  
Your house is cursed to all eternity.  
In your house doth the Duke lie murder'd!

BURGO MASTER (rushing out).  
Heaven forbid!

FIRST SERVANT.  
Fly! fly! they murder us all!

SECOND SERVANT (carrying silver plate).  
That way! the lower  
Passages are block'd up.

VOICE (from behind the Scene).  
Make room for the Lieutenant-General!  
At these words the COUNTESS starts from her stupor,  
collects herself, and retires suddenly.

VOICE (from behind the Scene).  
Keep back the people! Guard the door!

## SCENE IX.

To these enter OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI with all his Train.  
At the same time DEVEREUX and MACDONALD enter from  
out the Corridor with the Halberdiers.—WALLENSTEIN'S  
dead body is carried over the back part of the Stage,  
wrapped in a piece of crimson tapestry,

OCTAVIO (entering abruptly).  
It must not be! It is not possible!

Butler! Gordon!  
I'll not believe it. Say no!

[GORDON, without answering, points with his hand  
to the body of WALLENSTEIN as it is carried over  
the back of the Stage. OCTAVIO looks that way,  
and stands overpowered with horror.

DEVEREUX (to BUTLER).  
Here is the golden fleece—the Duke's sword—

MACDONALD.  
Is it your order—

BUTLER (pointing to OCTAVIO).  
Here stands he who now  
Hath the sole power to issue orders.

[DEVEREUX and MACDONALD retire with marks of  
obedience. One drops away after the other, till  
only BUTLER, OCTAVIO, and GORDON remain on  
the Stage.

OCTAVIO (turning to BUTLER).  
Was that my purpose, Butler, when we parted!  
O God of Justice!  
To thee I lift my hand! I am not guilty  
Of this foul deed.

BUTLER.  
Your hand is pure. You have  
Avail'd yourself of mine.

OCTAVIO.  
Merciless man!  
Thus to abuse the orders of thy Lord—  
And stain thy Emperor's holy name with murder,  
With bloody, most accursed assassination!

BUTLER (calmly).  
I've but fulfilled the Emperor's own sentence.

OCTAVIO.  
O curse of Kings,  
Infusing a dread life into their words,  
And linking to the sudden transient thought  
The unchangeable irrevocable deed.  
Was there necessity for such an eager  
Despatch? Couldst thou not grant the merciful  
A time for mercy? Time is man's good Angel.  
To leave no interval between the sentence,  
And the fulfilment of it, doth beseem  
God only, the immutable!

BUTLER.  
For what  
Rail you against me? What is my offence?  
The Empire from a fearful enemy  
Have I deliver'd, and expect reward.  
The single difference betwixt you and me  
Is this: you placed the arrow in the bow;  
I pull'd the string. You sow'd blood, and yet  
stand  
Astonish'd that blood is come up. I always  
Knew what I did, and therefore no result  
Hath power to frighten or surprise my spirit.  
Have you aught else to order; for this instant  
I make my best speed to Vienna; place  
My bleeding sword before my Emperor's Throne,  
And hope to gain the applause which undelaying  
And punctual obedience may demand  
From a just judge. [Exit BUTLER.

## SCENE X.

*To these enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY pale and disordered.  
Her utterance is slow and feeble, and unimpassioned.*

OCTAVIO (*meeting her*).

O Countess Tertsky! These are the results  
Of luckless unblest deeds.

COUNTESS.

They are the fruits  
Of your contrivances. The Duke is dead,  
My husband too is dead, the Duchess struggles  
In the pangs of death, my niece has disappear'd.  
This house of splendour, and of princely glory,  
Doth now stand desolated: the affrighted servants  
Rush forth through all its doors. I am the last  
Therein; I shut it up, and here deliver  
The keys.

OCTAVIO (*with a deep anguish*).

O Countess! my house too is desolate.

COUNTESS.

Who next is to be murder'd? Who is next  
To be maltreated? Lo! the Duke is dead.  
The Emperor's vengeance may be pacified!  
Spare the old servants; let not their fidelity  
Be imputed to the faithful as a crime—  
The evil destiny surprised my brother  
Too suddenly: he could not think on them.

OCTAVIO.

Speak not of vengeance! Speak not of maltreat-  
ment!

The Emperor is appeased; the heavy fault  
Hath heavily been expiated—nothing  
Descended from the father to the daughter,  
Except his glory and his services.  
The Empress honours your adversity,  
Takes part in your afflictions, opens to you  
Her motherly arms! Therefore no farther fears;  
Yield yourself up in hope and confidence  
To the Imperial Grace!

COUNTESS (*with her eye raised to heaven*).

To the grace and mercy of a greater Master  
Do I yield up myself. Where shall the body  
Of the Duke have its place of final rest?

In the Chartreuse, which he himself did found  
At Gitschin, rests the Countess Wallenstein;  
And by her side, to whom he was indebted  
For his first fortunes, gratefully he wish'd  
He might sometime repose in death! O let him  
Be buried there. And likewise, for my husband's  
Remains, I ask the like grace. The Emperor  
Is now proprietor of all our Castles.  
This sure may well be granted us—one sepulchre  
Beside the sepulchres of our forefathers!

OCTAVIO.

Countess, you tremble, you turn pale!

COUNTESS (*reassembles all her powers, and speaks  
with energy and dignity*).

You think

More worthily of me, than to believe  
I would survive the downfall of my house.  
We did not hold ourselves too mean to grasp  
After a monarch's crown—the crown did fate  
Deny, but not the feeling and the spirit  
That to the crown belong! We deem a  
Courageous death more worthy of our free station  
Than a dishonour'd life.—I have taken poison.

OCTAVIO.

Help! Help! Support her!

COUNTESS.

Nay, it is too late.

In a few moments is my fate accomplish'd.

[*Exit COUNTESS.*]

GORDON.

O house of death and horrors!

[*An OFFICER enters, and brings a letter with the  
great seal.*]

GORDON (*steps forward and meets him*).

What is this?

It is the Imperial Seal.

[*He reads the Address, and delivers the letter to  
OCTAVIO with a look of reproach, and with an  
emphasis on the word.*]

To the Prince Piccolomini.

[*OCTAVIO, with his whole frame expressive of sudden  
anguish, raises his eyes to heaven.*]

*The Curtain drops.*

THE END.

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