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DURAND;

OR,

JACOBINISM DISPLAYED;

A

TRAGEDY,

In Five Acts.

The profits, if any, of this impression to be applied to the promotion of the National School Charity, lately established at Cheltenham.

" *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum!*"

CHELTENHAM,

W. Stockdale 66 Pall Mall

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PREFACE.

If any occasion could render a few pages necessary to explain the motives and designs of an Author to his Readers, that of introducing a dramatic performance to the public through the medium of the press, which has not been performed at any theatre, appears to be an instance which renders it peculiarly so.—

The following Tragedy, as far as respects the general outline of its plot, and no further, was taken from a translation of part of a French work of M. Du Broca, inserted in the "*Annual Register*" for 1802, and published by *Stockdale* in *Piccadilly*, in the department of "*Biographical Anecdotes and Characters*," p. p. 41—44 inclusive, to which the reader is hereby referred.

The perusal of that very affecting *Historical Record*, which the Author considered to be a true account of an event which really took place during the early period of the late French Revolution, made a deep impression on his mind, and induced him, at his leisure hours, for his own amusement, to dramatise those incidents which had so much interested his attention.—He was also urged to this undertaking from an idea which he had long entertaind, that the Drama, under proper regulations, might be made a most powerful engine to correct the public taste—

as under the influence of the German school it has of late years greatly corrupted it—might thus impress very strongly on the minds of men, *important lessons of virtue*—and might guard them from *the deceits and machinations of vice.*

But in order fully to accomplish the last mentioned object, in the particular instance which is the subject of the following Tragedy, the Author found it absolutely necessary to make very material alterations in the incidents which are recorded in the above mentioned extract. Many characters have therefore been introduced into the Tragedy, which do not appear in the History; while some which occur in the latter, do not find a place in the former. But what forms the most distinguishing feature between them is, that the catastrophe is entirely different. In the *Historical Record*, the triumph of villainy is complete in the person of Durand, whose diabolical schemes were all successful;—Frst, in accomplishing the death of the amiable *Countess*;—secondly, of the gallant *St. Andre*; and lastly, of the virtuous and heroic *Sophia.* Whilst in our dramatic representation of these striking incidents, we have rigedly attended to that *poetic justice*, which nobly rewards virtue and severely punishes vice—which thus leaves the mind of the reader satisfied with this speedy retributive justice, while at the same time it inculcates a useful moral lesson on his heart; and which important circumstance could not possibly be attended to in those records which detail plain and simple facts as they really happened.

In forming his opinion of the following tragedy, the reader will please to carry in his recollection, that the plan and *execution* of it, are without any hint or advice whatever the entire production of the Author, *who never before attempted any thing in the dramatic line.* He trusts therefore that the eye of the experienced dramatist, as well as that of the candid and liberal critic, will make all due allowance for the many deficiencies, and imperfections, which from want of experience in this department of Literature, may be naturally expected to appear. But though for the reason above-mentioned, those imperfections may be forgiven, or at least may not be too severely censured, by those who peruse this tragedy in the closet; yet might they meet with less indulgence, or perhaps would not be tolerated at all from the stage; and if that should happen to occur, the good intentions of the Author would be quite defeated.

But even with all this hoped for liberality from candid critics, the Author should scarcely have ventured his humble and well meant endeavours to *amuse* the public before that tribunal, had he not hoped to be able to blend *instruction* along with it, which might be of real service to them in the possible contingencies of human events. The Author is so far from thinking that Jacobinism, which has already produced such incalculable miseries to the human race, is entirely extinguished; that several recent events which have taken place in France and elsewhere, he thinks, give just grounds to suppose, that at the present moment it is in considerable strength

and vigour; and only waits for a favorable combination of circumstances to call its horribly destructive principles into full action. Should such a conjunction of circumstances arise, which, considering the astonishing scenes that the late French Revolutions have displayed to our view, few persons will say is impossible; there is reason to fear that it would break down the restraints which now confine it, and would then again sweep off vast multitudes by its sanguinary torrent. If there be any truth in the old Latin proverb—"*præmonitus, præmunitus*!" and in the corresponding English one—"*forewarned, forearmed*!" it will be allowed a very useful service to the public, to have displayed in a pleasing and popular form, the terrible effects which *jacobinical principles* have already actually produced, and may again possibly produce, on the happiness of social life, and *the cold-hearted villainy* with which its professors are capable of pursuing their selfish, unprincipled, and diabolical purposes.

It is moreover the Author's wish, along with this salutary caution to the public, to combine the possibility at least of some advantage arising to a recently established public charity, by the sale of this little tract. It is therefore intended, in compliance with the announcement in the title page, if any profit should arise from this publication, most faithfully to apply it all to the promotion of the interests of the *National School* at *Cheltenham*, established there for educating poor children *in the principles of the Established Church*, on the very excellent plan so ably recommended by *Dr. Bell*.

For the promotion of this last mentioned object, the Author solicits the patronage of the public to this humble effort of his pen: requesting each person to bear in mind, that, for the sacrifice of a very small sum, which, as furthering so worthy an object as the above-mentioned, can hardly be considered as being quite thrown away, should this pamphlet really possess a very moderate share of merit—he will encourage the plan of *national education* in good principles, and will check the diffusion of bad ones; thus contributing to the sum of public virtue, and by consequence to the well-being and happiness of mankind.

Had the Author been solicitous either for profit or for fame, he would have acted very differently to what he has done on this occasion. But of the former motive the declaration in his title page must entirely acquit him; and of the latter, he has on *various occasions*, in which he has appeared before the public as an Author, obtained quite enough to satisfy his very humble and moderate ambition; and upon *one occasion*, he received as high a compliment from the Reviewers as almost any author could wish. He may perhaps from one class of persons receive a considerable degree of *calumny* for this his honest and well-meant intention; but he is predetermined to bear it with philosophical patience and resignation; and will feel content, and indeed happy, if, besides the conscious rectitude of his intention, he shall secure *the approbation of the virtuous*, and be found to deserve *the applause of the good*!!

PROLOGUE.

Once more *the Tragic Muse*, with virtuous rage,
Pourtrays "*the living manners*" on the stage:
The features marks of Vice's changeful face,
And Virtue's form and aspect mild does trace:
Essays to guard us from the fraudful wiles
Of Vice—her arts deceptious and her smiles:
If such attempts can earn the meed of praise,
This night our hopes to that high aim we'll raise.
Here view the features and disgusting mein
Of Vice "*which to be hated needs but to be seen.*"
Which Thrones and Altars to the ground hath hurl'd,
And held in captive chains a trembling world!
Which all things taints with her infectious breath—
Whose will is mortal, and whose nod is death.
Who high did raise herself to be a God,
And rul'd the nations with an iron rod:
Who o'er the wreck of fallen Empires smil'd
And human life of ev'ry hope beguil'd.
Nor yet to public mis'ries are confin'd,
Ambition's projects, Vice's restless mind,
But private life their baneful influence feels,
Which thro' each source of social comfort steals;
The Husband, Father, Wife and Daughter share
Their portion full of mis'ry and despair;
The bitter *cup of sorrow* they must drain,
Nor can they from the noxious draught refrain:
Dissimulation, Cruelty, and Lust,
Mix up the bowl, and drink it off they must.—
Such scenes has Gallia known, and we this night
Pourtray them fairly to your wond'ring sight!
But France, in fetters bound her Press and Stage,
Dar'd not to breathe—e'en in the historic page.
The woes she felt—lest Cruelty and Pow'r
Their *tenfold vengeance* on her head shou'd pour.

Is there a Man, in Albion's happy Isle,
So much in love with Cruelty and Guile;
He'd see his Wife or Daughter made the prey
Of lawless Lust, and yet would hail the day,
When Liberty of this kind should be given,
To ev'ry ruthless ruffian under Heaven;
Let him stand forth and boldly tell his name,
Enjoy his triumph—glory in his shame!
From him the Muse no praise expects to gain,
Applause from him would meet with just disdain!
But no, the subjects of this happy land,
Too firm upheld by honour's noble hand;
Beheld the sorrows which are twin'd around
Those heads which are in vice's service found.—
They saw th' insatiate Monster bold advance,
To hurl on British ground the woes of France;
And seeing they escap'd the threat'ning harm,
Their country guarded, sounded the alarm.
Invok'd kind Heaven to send a blessing down,
And rallied round the altar and the throne!
In Britain's triumphs all the nations share;
Her sons are heroes and her daughters fair.—
And while with valour virtue is combin'd,
England's the prop and stay of all mankind:
Whilst of the world's fell monster all afraid,
The prostrate nations look'd to us for aid—
That aid we gave them, to strict honour just,
Not to oppress but raise them from the dust!
No more the muse detains th' expectant mind,
Nor deprecates the blame which truth may find;
By our own *strength*, if any, we must stand,
And win applause by merit from your hand;
Or if by *weakness* we your censure call,
Then when deserv'd, we own we justly fall:
This only boon we ask,—Judge fair our plan,
"If blame you must, be candid where you can."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COUNT DE MOUNTFORT,—*A French Nobleman.*

CHEVALIER St. ANDRE,—*In love with Sophia.*

DANTON,—*A Member of the Revolutionary Committee.*

PIERRE,—*Servant to Durand, in love with Nannette.*

ADMIRAL DAVENPORT,—*An Englishman, the Count's friend.*

DURAND,—*Formerly Tutor to the Count's Son, now Member of the Revolutionary Committee.*

COUNTESS DE MOUNTFORT,—*The Count's Wife.*

SOPHIA DE MOUNTFORT,—*His Daughter.*

NANNETTE,—*Sophia's Servant.*

DURAND,

&c.

ACT FIRST.—SCENE I.

The Count discovered sitting with Durand in his Library: as the curtain draws up they rise and come forward.

COUNT.

Come to my arms thou best and dearest friend,
Who, faithful to my poor departed boy, didst prove
The careful guide and guardian of his youth.
Excuse these tears—I know thou wilt excuse them,
As drops which nature sheds to ease the heart.

DURAND.

I'll both excuse them and partake them too—
I'll sympathize with a fond parent's sorrow,
And gladly share those griefs I cannot cure.
Alas! Heav'n knows how much I lov'd your son,
And Heav'n too knows how justly he deserv'd it.

COUNT.

How sweetly sounds the praise of those we love,
'Tis softest music to the human ear!
And deeply sinks into our inmost soul!
Dear friend, were not thy solid worth well tried,
This tender sympathy would bend me to thee.

DURAND.

O! may Durand deserve your generous friendship!
But yet, my Lord, as Christians let us think,
Nor bear our sorrows as devoid of hope!
He, whom with deepest sorrow we lament,
Enjoys reality of bliss above;
And tho' shortsighted we deplore his loss,
He's but remov'd from trials great and sore,
To join in praise the bright angelic Host!

COUNT.

A pious just and cheering thought my friend,
Which suits the sacred character you bear;
We need not doubt his pure his guiltless spirit
In Heav'n a great and mightly bliss enjoys.
Those who survive him have more cause for dread
At the dark aspect of our public weal:
And for our dear connections which are spard us,
Our hearts perhaps ere long will sink in woe.

DURAND.

My Lord you draw, I trust, too dark a picture,
And augur evils which will never happen:
But yet 'tis wisdom's part to be prepar'd
On either side for good or evil fortune.
No doubt there's cause e'en now for just alarm,
When the base pow'rs of darkness hold th' ascendant;
And worth like yours will scarce escape their malice.
All of your Lordship's order in the realm,
The antient and the loyal Peers of France,

Are by the rulers of the day proscrib'd,
And your own name stands foremost on the list!
To warn these black and threatning dangers from you,
I've seeming compact made with those I hate,
For you what's foreign to my heart I seem,
The vilê accomplice of these impious men!

COUNT.

Your zeal for me and mine I ne'er can doubt,
But my dear friend, tho' much I feel your goodness,
My heart suggests we have not the right conduct
Upon our side t'enlist the pow'rs of goodness.
Deep let the maxim in our hearts be grav'd,
" *No evil act can be a step to good!*
" *Nor can great good excuse the smallest evil.*"
DECEIT and GUILT were always my aversion,
And, in the moment of the greatest danger,
Their practice still deserves my rooted hatred.
If that All-gracious Pow'r that rules the sky
Beneath the impious lands of base usurpers
Decrees myself and family to fall,
At least we'll fall with *dignity* and *honour*,
Nor e'er betray the cause of christian truth!

DURAND.

Forgive my Lord, the zeal and truth which urg'd me
For your sake and your family to act
A part your rigid honour may condemn!
How often do we see the humble shrub,
Which bends before the blast, secure itself,

Whilst the majestic oak, the forest's glory,
Which braves the furious tempest, is uprooted,
And spreads its desolation o'er the plain.
But, O my Lord, think of your wife and daughter,
Those objects nearest to your noble heart,
E'en they must fall beneath the storm which threats you,
Unless by prudence you âvert the danger.

COUNT.

O Durand you have touch'd a tender chord,
And the nice feelings of my nature vibrate to it;
As to myself I'd brave each threatning danger
Which ruthless fortune could heap thick upon me,
Nay life itself I'd hold not for a moment,
At price of my integrity—But, O my heart inform me,
If I've a right—or ought I to endanger
The lives of those whom nature and affection
Bid me to love, to cherish, and protect?
Well were my life employ'd if it could purchase
Security and peace for those I love.
O Durand, to your friendly bosom I commit
Those secrets of my family which much concern them:
And, did I not well know your worth and honour,
No mortal being ought these facts to know!
But yet e're I confide them to your friendship,
(Since on them hang the lives I hold most dear)
I charge you in the name of that dread Being
Who made and governs all things here below,
Preserve a silence secret as the grave,
On these great points I now reveal unto you.

DURAND.

My Lord confide not aught I pray to Durand,
You think his prudence will not well conceal!
On my unwearied wish to do you service,
You firmly may rely—but spare my feelings,
Those *doubts* and *fears* which wound my *love* and *honour*!

COUNT.

Durand, I want a friend and an adviser;
And your tried services deserve those titles.
Know then, from England I've receiv'd advice,
Which tidings bring me of an uncle's death,
Who, by a tide of long and prosp'rous fortune,
Had there amass'd a countless mine of wealth,
All which by will he has to me bequeathed.
His wide spread commerce and his vast concerns,
Are much perplex'd and quick demand my presence,
Lest artful agents, who have gained possession,
Should basely keep that wealth which now is mine!

DURAND.

I give your Lordship joy of this good fortune,
Which seems a boon by providence intended
To reimburse your losses in this land!!
Long may you live in happiness and comfort,
And long enjoy these ample gifts of fortune.
Long may the Countess and your charming daughter,
With you partake the bliss which wealth bestows.

COUNT.

I knew you'd hail this dawn of happy fortune
As in my evil days you sympathiz'd!
But other matters wake my anxious thoughts,
And ask the council of a faithful friend.
From nature and from intimate connection,
And from the noble tenor of his mind,
The Countess' brother seem'd the fittest person
To guard the safety of my wife and daughter,
While necessary absence parts me from them;
But he, urg'd on by Loyalty and Zeal,
The cause espouses of the exil'd Princes,
And boldly fights against the revolution!
This incapacitates him for this service
And hazards much the safety of us all.

DURAND.

If my best service, if my life itself,
Can aught contribute to promote that safety,
I chearfully devote them to your cause.

COUNT.

This is not all—my only child—my daughter,
For brave St. Andre cherishes affection,
In happier times he urg'd his tender passion,
But now in secret mourns his sad condition,
Which forces him to keep aloof from bliss,
And lie conceal'd to 'scape the Requisition.

DURAND.

Let not your noble mind, my Lord, be clouded
At the dark prospect of your present fortune;
Heav'n, in the person of Durand, provideth
A balm of consolation for your sorrows.
As *mercy* I expect at that tribunal
Where all mankind must one day be arraigned,
May I deserve it by my *faith* and *honour*!!

COUNT.

Your adjuration I must firmly credit,
And leave my interest in your friendly hands;
I now must go to tell my wife and daughter,
How soon and secretly I go to England;
Do you for Mountfort, whilst he's absent from you
Preserve those sentiments you have profess'd.—
(*They make respects to each other, and exit Count,*)

SCENE II.

DURAND.

——— But have not felt! Ha! Ha! Ha!
Thus silly insects run into the Webs
Our subtilty has spread,—while wiser we,
Improve their folly to our own advantage.
Good easy man, how eagerly he swallows
The luscious draught—while fawning flatt'ry
With her smooth poison penetrates his soul.
The fair profession of my zeal is graven
In lasting characters upon his mind.

But yet ere long his mouldring house will fall,
Will fall, nor leave a single wreck behind.
Little suspects he, poor unthinking Woodcock,
The springes I so artfully have set,
Which, if I manage them with care and skill,
Will him and all his family ensnare!!
Those secrets, which th' unwary Count confides
To this all-faithful bosom, may be made
The engine of my triumph and his fall!!!
To England goes the Count, and that with speed,
The Countess and her daughter too must part—
St. Andre to the army must be posted—
And then, extatic thought, the fair Sophia,
With all her beauties drops into these arms.
Assist me all ye pow'rs of arduous daring!
Crown with success the glorious undertaking,
And point the way to *victory* and *joy!!!*
O ROUSSEAU! O LOYOLA both inspire me!
Instil your dictates in my ductile mind;
Where I can't strike there teach me how to smile!
And firmly let me hold the prey you give me!
(Exit Durand.)

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Count's Palace, the Count, Countess, and Sophia.—The Count addresses himself to the Countess.

Dear partner of my various joys and griefs,
In whom De Montfort's happiness is center'd,

Soon will the time arrive when we must part—
To England must I go to take the bounty
Which a kind uncle has to me bequeath'd;
O may the guardian Pow'rs of worth and goodness
Watch over and protect you in my absence!
And may they grant to me a safe return
To fold those in my arms my heart holds dear.

COUNTESS.

And can you then, my Lord, for airy phantoms
Of wealth, which little profits those who love it,
And nothing gives to those who prize it not;
—Can you to mis'ry leave a wife and daughter
Who by ten thousand dangers are beset?
Consider well, my Lord, the fears and torments
Your absence sorely will inflict upon us,
And hence the hazardous attempt forego.
With you the smallest cot would bliss secure,
Without you royal splendour wou'd be tasteless!!

COUNT.

There spoke the tried affection, love, and duty,
Of her who well deserves a husband's love;
My heart most deeply feels your tender care,
And equally returns the soft regard.
Absence on me as keen a pang will fix
As on those relatives I leave behind me!
The fair and goodly prospects which await me
In foreign climes appear to court me to them;
There will I try those losses to repair

Which in this country fortune cast upon me,
Bus'ness once o'er—which may not long detain me,
I'll quick return to those who share my heart,
And, whilst the roaring ocean parts me from them,
Durand will guard them with a father's love.

SOPHIA.

Dear father, pray forgive my sad forebodings,
Which rise in dread array before my view,
I see in this sad journey greater dangers
Than seem to press upon your noble mind.
Believe me, Sir, that Durand, in whose favour
Much prepossess'd you seem, is base, deceitful,
Nor does he well deserve your confidence.
From him there's ground to fear much greater danger
To you and yours than e'en from winds and tempests,
The seas, or chances of a foreign clime.

COUNT.

Dear Child, let not sad fears invade your bosom,
And raise up terrors which have no foundation,
Durand long time I've tried and ever found him
The patron, friend, and votary of Virtue;
Hence he deserves our confidence and love.
Heav'n sure has sent him in this dire misfortune
To be your guardian, friend, and best adviser;
Nor doubt I h'ell prove worthy of the trust,

COUNTESS.

What are the grounds, dear child, of that harsh sentence
You've passed upon the friend and the adviser
Your father and myself so much esteem?

SOPHIA.

Thus urg'd most dear and ever honour'd parents,
Sophia will not hesitate to tell you
The grounds and reasons of her harsh surmise.
In conversation lately held with Durand,
He did such principles and thoughts discover
As hurt and greatly shock'd my inmost soul.
The Articles of our most true and holy faith,
Which all good Catholics with life should guard,
He impiously and boldly did deny;
And the base tenets of the ruling faction
By arguments most subtle he supported.
But, when I seem'd indignant at his conduct,
He quick retracted all his base assertions,
Declar'd he only wish'd to try my firmness,
My zeal commended and my words approv'd.
This, dearest parents, strongly has inclined me
To doubt the worth and goodness of his heart.
His own aggrandizement, his own base pleasure,
Are thoughts which solely occupy his mind!!
These objects to advance nought would deter him.—
Not e'en our *welfare, interest,* or *existence*!
Witness his correspondence with the members

Who guide the int'rest of the Revolution,
And the high rank 'tis known he holds among them.

COUNT.

The last recited part of Durand's conduct
He freely open'd out to me in converse:
Nor do I doubt aught else that seems mysterious,
He could with equal case to us explain.
Dismiss then, dear Sophia, if you'd please me,
Injurious thoughts concerning him your father
Has strongest reasons to revere and love.

SOPHIA.

Pardon, dear Sir, these filial fears and cautions
Which only have your welfare for their motive:
Your daughter ne'er unduteously will urge
What your far better judgement disapproves,
Nor will obtrude her thoughts which are unwelcome
To the kind feelings of your gen'rous heart.
But yet kind Heav'n accept my ardent pray'r
For him whose tenderness my duty claims.
If you resolve on this eventful journey
May Guardian Angels watch you on your passage,
And safe return you to our longing arms!

COUNT.

Oh! may the same propitious pow'rs watch over
My much lov'd wife and daughter while I'm absent!
And may you kindly take the proffer'd service
Of Durand, who has sworn to guard and serve you

And e'en to sacrifice his life to save you.
Farewell! and may the mighty ruler of our actions,
From his dread throne on high, support and bring us
At last to the safe haven of our wishes!!

(Exeunt all.)

SCENE IV.

An Anti-Chamber in the Count's House.—Pierre and Nannette.

NANNETTE.

PIERRE, I doubt not you have heard the rumour,
Of the Count's quickly meditated journey:
Report too says your master, in his absence,
Will all things in the Chateau here command
As tho' his own,—the Countess and her daughter
Are left to his protecting care and prudence,
To guide us thro' the present threatning dangers.

PIERRE.

Yes, charming Nannette, trust our utmost pow'rs
Shall be exerted to preserve your safety,
Nor will you doubt, I trust, the true affection
Of him who only lives to make you happy.

NANNETTE.

A truce with compliments which ill are suited
To the sad tone and tenor of my mind;

My heart too sadly feels the sore affliction,
Of my dear mistress aud her worthy mother,
To think of aught that does not look towards it.

PIERRE.

Dear Nannette, let me share your deep affliction,
And mourn the sufferings of these worthy Ladies:
I, to protect their safety and their honor,
Wou'd sacrifice my life if need required it.
Whilst bus'ness asks the presence of the Count,
Be ours the pleasing task the grief to solace
Of those he leaves behind him, and to chear them
And wipe the tear of sorrow from their eye!!

NANNETTE.

Alas, I fear your deeply crafty master
Only *seems* honest better to betray us!
And, cou'd I think that you in *this* were like him,
I'd tear with scorn your image from my heart.

PIERRE.

O lovely charmer, urge that threat no farther,
All charms of life will vanish from Pierre,
If thus you persevere to frown upon him!
But wherefore think so harshly of my master?
Or why impugn his faith, and truth, and honour?

NANNETTE.

I take his character from my dear mistress,
Who his true sentiments hath well develop'd

In private conversation holden with him.
Hence, tho' he boasts his zeal for our religion,
And seems to take warm interest in our welfare,
She finds in him the absence of all virtue,
And present with him all that's base and cruel!
The Revolution's horrors he excuses,
Which are the fruitful source of all our sorrows.

PIERRE.

Greatly as I respect your worthy lady,
She's too much prejudic'd against my master,
To him attributing such thoughts and passions
As much he hates and scorns to entertain.
Who can believe that both the Count and Countess
Wou'd thus intrust him were he so unworthy;
But, cou'd I think his conduct base as you do,
Like you my heart would utterly detest him.

NANNETTE.

'Mongst other things, which tend to prove him guilty,
His known attachment to the Revolution
Stands foremost on the list of evidence!

PIERRE.

My master tries his influence with the senate,
To guard your house from dangers which hang o'er
them.

NANNETTE.

Alas! Pierre I fear his real purpose,
Is rather to betray us to their pow'r:

And, if you join him in the base design,
How odious will you be to God and Man!!

PIERRE.

Trust me, Nannette, much rather would I suffer
Ten thousand deaths than prove thus basely guilty!
Suspend then for a time your hasty sentence,
And give me credit for a nobler purpose.
To serve you or your lady death I'd welcome,
And beg you'll lay your kind commands upon me.

NANNETTE.

I claim no right, no title, to command you,
Nor wish you aught wou'd do your mind disproves;
But, as you know the love I bear my lady,
Which far surpasses aught that words can utter,
Trust me the way to win and keep my heart,
Is to be *really* what you *seem* to be.—
The quick informer of impending danger,—
The ready Minister to snatch us from it!!

PIERRE.

As e'er I hope to prosper in my wishes,
May I be true and faithful in your service!
Here will I rest my claims upon your favour,
And thus prove worthy to obtain your love.

NANNETTE.

If to your words your deeds are corresponding,
You'll find me sensible to all your merits!

But now I go to wait upon my Lady,
Whose cares and sorrows rend my aching heart.
Farewell! remember well the pledge you give me,
Nor start from virtue's path tho' vice allure you!

PIERRE.

Farewell! may Heav'n's propitious care protect you all!.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT SECOND.—SCENE I.

An Apartment in Danton's House.—Danton and Durand.

DURAND.

Danton, I thank you for your kind intention!
EQUALITY and LIBERTY are now my creed,—
And guide my ev'ry thought and ev'ry action!
For these a benefactor's cause I've quitted,
And soon will cause his tott'ring house to fall!!

DANTON.

A *true Republican* your actions prove you,
And your high worth shall shine in future story!
But he who hesitates to spare his Father,
His Mother, Brother, Sisters, or Relations,
Is traytor to the cause which we support,

And certainly e're long will fall himself!
But tell me what strong fetters have you forg'd
The Count and his proud family to bind,
Which strength or cunning can't break through or
'scape?
'Tis right where circumstances will permit us,
With seeming truth to gild our outward actions,
And make the worse appear the better cause!
With rapid steps we trust the time approaches
When POW'R *shall vanquish undefended* RIGHT,
And WILL *usurp the rightful place of* LAW !!!

DURAND.

These times will come ere long, and we'll improve 'em
To th' utmost 'vantage of our noble cause:
Well do I know, most brave and trusty colleague,
When evidence is lame and proof defective,
How much we gain by seeming quite impartial,
And making *Right* and *Law* 'list on our side.
But, in the present case, my wise contrivance
Hath certain strong convincing proof obtained,
The Count and Countess to convict of treason;
Their lives thus forfeit to the public safety.
The *Countess* with her brother corresponds,
And he's a Colonel in the rebel army,—
And letters soon I'll gain to prove her guilt.
Her *Daughter* with the *Chevalier St. Andre,*
Illegal correspondence holds, while he's conceal'd,
And from the army keeps aloof which wants him,
The cause of Revolution to uphold.

As to *the Count* himself his wealth and titles
Alone would bring him to the bloody scaffold,
Did not his longer life promote our interest!

DANTON.

Durand beware, lest weak and treach'rous *Pity*,
Into your heart unheeded entrance gain!
Nor let vain thoughts of *Gratitude* or *Friendship*
Unworthy the true sons of genuine Freedom,
Your Revolutionary breast invade!
" *War with the Palace, peace unto the Cottage*,"
Is the true motto which our standard bears.
For this vast streams of human blood have flow'd,
And to cement it more must yet be shed!
De Mountfort's Palace quickly must be levell'd;
And its proud tenants preish in its ruins.
The master first must view the smoking pile,
Next hear the shrieks of those he holds most dear,
And his own body last must feed the flame!

DURAND.

Durand to this no obstacle opposes,
But to the plan subscribes his full assent,
This vengeance on de Mountfort's house is glorious!
But pow'rful reasons stay it for a season.
The Count has lately had great wealth bequeath'd him,
By a rich uncle who in England died;
This must be seized on for the public good!

To England he must go, and there secure it,
It's hated master then we'll sacrifice !!!

DANTON.

Ah! said you Durand that the Count's intitled
To wealth in England by an uncle's death?
Dispatch then quick the necessary passports,
His journey hasten to that hated country—
ENGLAND *the bane and bar to* FRANCE'S *glory* !!
Meanwhile take care you safe secure the Countess—
Whom with her Daughter keep as pledges for him!
They must not touch a livre of this wealth,—
The Revolution must not lose a Sous!

DURAND.

All this with quick dispatch shall be accomplish'd:
And tho' his wife and daughter much oppose
His journey to the hated shores of England,
Be mine the arduous task to urge him to it!
Already I've the cred'lous Count persuaded,
The office which I hold in your Committee,
Is us'd but for his real good and service:
His warm and faithful friend, he hence believes me.
His wife, his daughter, and his large domains,
Are thus confided to me while he's absent,
And I intend good care to take of them,
As you and all the world will shortly see.

DANTON.

Durand, I see the true the genuine spirit

Of Revolution does your breast pervade.
THE TREE OF LIBERTY WE KNOW CAN'T FLORISH,
UNLESS ITS MOISTEN'D WELL WITH HUMAN BLOOD!!
Be it your care and mine, most worthy colleague,
To let it plenteous drink this precious moisture.

DURAND.

My labours to this glorious point all tend—
From it my thoughts and faculties ne'er stray;
But for the present I must take my leave,
And trust success our glorious cause will gild!

DANTON.

Durand farewell, and may the meed of triumph,
On LIBERTY, and on EQUALITY attend!
(*Exeunt both.*)

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Chateau of the Count de Mount-fort.—Countess and Sophia.

COUNTESS.

Sophia, child most lov'd and most deserving
A parent's strong affection, never did your mother,
More want your consolation and advice
That at this awful and most trying moment.
You are divided from a tender father,
I from an husband's love and anxious care;
Surrounded too with dangers and with horrors,

My heart forbodes a dreadful flood of sorrow,
Which, like a torrent, seems to flow upon us,
To Durand for protection and for safety,
In this our hour of trial must we look.

SOPHIA.

On the tried duty and affection of a daughter,
The best of mothers firmly may rely.
The life that mother gave, which her affection
In childhood's helpless state preserv'd and cherish'd,
Wou'd be bestow'd full well to guard the safety,
Or to preserve the comfort of that parent.
Form not I pray you then an hasty judgment,
If in appearance I should cruel seem.
Alas! what hard necessity is laid upon me,
The only stay to move that props our house:
Yet to be silent wou'd be to betray it!
Durand, believe me, you ere long will find
Is not that worthy character you think him;
And by relying on him you are courting
The greatest dangers to yourself and others.

COUNTESS.

From any other lips than yours, Sophia,
These words my strongest anger would incur:
But, as I know your care and warm affection,
Your fears too for my happiness and comfort,
To a mistaken view of Durand's conduct
I must attribute what you now have uttered.
Durand such proofs of tender care hath given,

For me and mine, that I could sooner waver
About my own existence than his *honor:*
I therefore hope Sophia will not torture
A Mother's heart with thoughts which tend to alter
Her high opinion of the worthy Durand.

SOPHIA.

Adjur'd thus by a kind and much lov'd Mother,
Espicial care I'll take not to intrude
Those sentiments which much I see displease you.
Convinc'd the motive of my seeming harshness
Is by my much lov'd parent understood,
I rest content with sense of conscious duty,
And look to Heav'n for comfort and support.

COUNTESS.

There spake the spirit of your pious Father,
Which pure and free's transmitted to his daughter,
And glows with native vigour in her breast.
Oft did your Father, under sore affliction,
By precept and example teach his children,
Those trials which by Heav'n are laid upon us,
With Christian patience should by us be borne.

SOPHIA.

Well are the lessons of de Mountfort graven
In lasting characters upon this heart.
O may that gracious Pow'r that reigns in Heav'n,
From whom all earthly Blessings plenteous come,
Grant, in the hour of danger and of trial,

Which fast approaches—*I* may them fulfil,
And may he strength and holy resignation,
With grace and favour in *your* breast inspire;
This earthly life when call'd on to surrender,
May bliss eternal crown your pious soul.

COUNTESS.

Heav'n grant those favors to my much lov'd daughter
Her filial piety calls down on me!
And may de Mountfort—when it is consistent
With Heav'n's high will—be safe restor'd unto us.

SOPHIA.

O may your pious Prayer be heard on high!
May Guardian Angels keep you from all dangers.

COUNTESS.

Farewell my Child! be you the care of Heav'n.

Exit Countess.

SCENE III.

Enter Nannette.

SOPHIA.

O Nannette, greatly is my heart oppress'd,
I need the aid of kind and gen'rous friendship,
And warm affection's soothing to uphold me
From sinking under trials hard to bear.
Well do you know what dangers are suspended

By this sad Revolution o'er our house ;
Surrounded by them all, the Count's departed
To England's shores on bus'ness of importance;
With good intention doubtless tho' mistaken,
His sheep he to the rav'nous Wolf commits,
And e'en the Countess joins in the delusion!
To Durand's care de Mountfort has committed
His Wife and Daughter while he's absent from them.
My Father and the Countess are persuaded
That Durand's zeal's sincere but 'tis deceitful,
And sad experience soon will prove this truth.
This moment has the Countess parted from me
And nought she'll hear that criminates his conduct.
To you, whom I have ever found most faithful,
These sorrows I confide and strict conjure you
To watch and warning give of pressing danger,
And 'specially to look to Durand's conduct.

NANNETTE.

With your deep sorrows much I sympathize!
And of the crafty Durand think like you.
Studious I'll try to ward all dangers from you,
The Countess' blindness we must much deplore,
Which greater care and prudence asketh from us;
But, as we're so completely in his pow'r,
To irritate him wou'd but haste our ruin.
His actions and his Councils we will watch,
And try by caution to escape his wiles.
PIERRE the secret conf'rence has imparted
Which DURAND with ferocious DANTON held:

The subject of that private consultation
He thinks may be this family's concerns!
His thoughts, he says, and efforts shall be pointed
To counteract his fraudful base designs.

SOPHIA.

NANNETTE I firmly think you're faithful to me,
For if you're not all earthly props must fail me,
And yet this friendship with PIERRE alarms me!
Inducing fears his master shou'd deceive you.
And, whilst our sinking house you try to save,
Unthinkingly you hurl it to the ground.
PIERRE, I fear, but *seems* to be our friend,
With greater certainty to work our ruin.
Of our concerns he'd gain thro' you the knowledge,
The better to advance his master's purpose.

NANNETTE.

Could I but for a moment feel persuaded
You thought me careless of your many bounties,
No words my bitter anguish cou'd express:
Too long I'd think the thread of life extended,
And anxious wish for Death to close my sorrows.
PIERRE, tho' forc'd by his untoward fortune
To serve a master *whom he knows unworthy,*
Is yet the steady friend of suff'ring Virtue.—
He may perhaps in *trifling things* be vain,
The *noble parts* which touch not of man's nature,
But yet, where *Truth* and *Honor* are concern'd,
He well deserves the noble meed of virtue!

SOPHIA.

NANNETTE I will not doubt your *Faith* or *Honor*,
But, midst the snares on all sides which beset us,
A dire necessity imposes on us
Much caution—and, to all but you, *reserve*.
Heav'n grant PIERRE may be what your describe him;
But, since we're in the pow'r of Durand, and the Countess
Thinks better of him than his deeds deserve,
We'll not attempt to rob her of this comfort:
Conjoin'd with friendly efforts of PIERRE,
We'll careful watch the plots of this base monster,
And, with Heav'n's help, may hope to counteract them.

NANNETTE.

If life and reason are continued to me,
They both shall be employ'd to do you service.
Impress'd with sentiments like your's of Durand,
I'll o'er his secret Councils watch with care,
And try all means his malice to subvert.
I haste to execute the trust you give me—
Be you, dear Madam, and your worthy Mother
Still under the immediate care of fav'ring Heav'n,
While Providence supports you thro' all dangers.—

SCENE IV.

Enter a Servant with a letter, who says,

SERVANT.

A messenger, my Lady's just arriv'd,
Who saw the Count embark with prosp'rous gales,
From him he brings dispatches for the Countess,
The one I now present is for yourself!

(*Exit Servant.*)

SOPHIA.

Takes the Letter and kisses it fervently, saying,

Welcome, thrice welcome, to my beating heart
Thou much priz'd token of a Parent's love!

While Sophia reads the letter to herself NANNETTE *says,*

Heav'n grant the kindly tenor of this letter
May balm to her afflicted mind apply:
May pitying Angels look with kind compassion
And gently hush and sooth her griefs to rest!

SOPHIA *gives the letter to Nannette, and while she reads it, says,*

Yes, dearest Father, I'll fulfil your wishes,
When you command to love and guard a Mother
Who all my care and tenderness deserves!
Cheerful I'd life resign to make her happy!
But to cast from my mind all fear of Durand,
Is more than I am able to perform.—
Alas! I fear events will shortly happen

Which still more clear will make his wicked purpose!
The *Good* and *Righteous*, who themselves act justly,
No guile suspect in those with whom they deal:
Had I not grounds of fear almost amounting
To certain proof of Durand's base designs,
I might think fairly of his specious actions,
Which, covered with the decent veil of goodness,
Conceal their heinous nature from our eyes.

SOPHIA *to Nannette.*

Nannette, what think you of my father's letter?
On its contents impart, I pray, your thoughts.

NANNETTE.

Besides the reasons which crowd thick upon us
For cautious fear where Durand is concerned,
Some circumstances lately I've discover'd,
Which prove the wisdom of this careful conduct.
Here comes Pierre, who can these facts disclose.

SCENE V.

PIERRE

Entering, addresses himself to Sophia.

Madam, excuse the liberty I take I pray you,
Unask'd of thus obtruding on your presence,
Which nought, except the hope of rend'ring service,
In threat'ning danger justly can excuse.—

SOPHIA.

Pierre, when I consider who's your master,
The rank he holds too in this doleful mansion,
I've reasons good to doubt your zeal towards me:
But, since Nannette has well reported of you,
My judgment for a season I'll suspend.
Say therefore if those snares you can develope
Which craft and cunning lay—or an expedient
You can suggest to aid in 'scaping from them?

PIERRE.

Madam, I own that I am Durand's servant,
But fortune and not choice has made me so.
Till lately naught I saw in his behaviour
Which honor's self cou'd blame—but late he's entered
Into a league with men of wicked habits:
I'll therefore counteract his plans of mischief,
Against the peace and welfare of your house.
Already is the *Chevalier Saint Andre*
Sent by his means to the republic army;
And other plans he tries those friends to sever
Who'd share and thereby ease each others griefs.

SOPHIA.

Already have I said I think you honest,—
Heav'n grant you really may deserve this title!
If you betray us we're undone indeed!
Receive my thanks e'en for the doleful tidings
You bring me of the brave St. Andre's state;

If pleasant and good tidings you can bring me,
Fear not I'll prove most truly grateful for it.

PIERRE

Madam my utmost care shall be exerted,
Nor pains I'll spare to execute your wishes!
Right gladly I wou'd pleasing news convey,
And humbly beg to me you wou'd continue
Your present favour, and hereafter judge me
As I shall act towards your noble House!

(Exeunt All.)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT THIRD.—SCENE I.

An Apartment in an Inn at Dover.—Count de Mountfort and Admiral Devonport.

ADMIRAL.

I give you joy my friend that safe you're landed
In England, where TRUE LIBERTY abounds,
I much rejoice you've 'scap'd the dang'rous tempest
And that myself assisted in your rescue.
But say how came you in that per'less danger
When late your sinking vessel I encounter'd?
If in my native country I can serve you
Point out the means and gladly I'll exert them!

COUNT.

Dear Davenport accept my grateful thanks
For timely rescue from a wat'ry grave.
If to one man on earth before another
This service I would owe, you are the person;
But all my heart you know, and words I doubt not,
Are useless to convince you of my feelings.
My narrative you'll find alas! a sad one!
And tho' I've acted from the purest motive,
My Heart misgives me I've not used the caution
A Father and a Husband ought to use.
Alas! I fear that dangers even greater,
Than those from which so late you kindly snatched me,
E'en now hang o'er my mourning Wife and Daughter.

ADMIRAL.

Be comforted dear Count, nor let deep sorrow
Nor sad foreboding grief oppress your Heart,
What more can erring mortals do in danger
Than act according to a good intention?
When that is right doubt not the great Preserver
Will bless the deed tho' not contriv'd by wisdom!
To me, dear friend, impart your grief, and doubt not
My life my fortune both are at your service.

COUNT.

Dear Davenport your friendship and your goodness
O'erpow'r my heart—yet greatly they console me!

How could I hope, while on my way to England,
To meet so kind so true a friend as you?
This dispensation of kind Providence infuses
So sweet a flavour in my cup of sorrow,
That I no more will harbour dismal thoughts,
Nor murmur 'gainst the wise decrees of Heav'n.
Enough of this—I hasten to my story!
The sad events of the late Revolution
No doubt you've heard e'en at their first beginning,
May you, my friend, ne'er feel as keen as I do
The dread reality of all these horrors.
In the proscription of the antient Nobles
'Twas deem'd a crime which could not be forgiven
In any to be noble, rich, or good.—
And I, to add still farther to my Sorrows,
Was known a favr'er of the exil'd Princes,
And an opposer of the New Republic.
Hence was my antient House mark'd out for ruin,
By the base regisides who thirst for blood:
My name was foremost on the list proscrib'd,
And, had not Durand's zeal and friendship sav'd me,
My name and sorrws only now would live!
—Why start you thus my friend, what dreadful Image
Has my sad tale of woe rais'd in your bosom?

ADMIRAL.

Did you not mention Durand as a man
Whose truth and honor you full well believ'd?
Unwelcome truth alas! I must discover
To put you on your guard against his cunning:

Know then Durand's a Monster, not a Man!
No doubt he had his object in dissembling—
Hypocrisy and guile on him sit easy!
But on this certain truth you may rely
That he's the basest and the worst of Men!!
Both of his parents were of French extraction,
But he was born in England, and his actions
So daring and so wicked *there* have been,
That they deserve severest chastisement.
I know the man—his various arts of cunning
And the complection of his actions well!
(*Here a groan escapes from de Mountfort.*)
You seem, my friend, much mov'd at this recital,
Pardon the pain I'm forc'd t'inflict upon you.

COUNT.

Alas! your words are daggers to my heart!!
—Unto the care of this detested monster—
De Mountfort's Wife and Daughter are committed.
Thinking him honest and my warmest friend—
What anguish and what grief can equal mine!!

ADMIRAL.

Forgive me! And believe I'd rather suffer
Ten times the pain I've now inflicted on you
Than thus give cause of lasting pain and sorrow!
Alas! that I should be the instrument
Of wounding one my heart so dearly loves!

COUNT.

(Pressing the Admiral's hand)

Most truly I believe your kind assertion :
You meant those words to warn me of my danger,
I therefore thank you for your friendly caution.
But give me your advice, your kind assistance,
To snatch my family from threat'ning ruin.

ADMIRAL.

Would Heaven my words could comfort and console you
As they have much disturb'd your stedfast mind,
Take courage yet my friend, there is a power
Enthron'd on high that careth for the righteous,
Which will watch o'er your safety and protect you;
And bring the counsels of the base to nought!
My station's off the coast of France to watch,
And favorable chance perhaps may happen
To save your family—which I'll improve.
Meanwhile to Heavn's high will submit your fortune,
And confidently hope for its support!

COUNT.

Your words, dear Davenport, are most consoling
Their kind their gentle counsel I'll obey.
But, while the present dark and dreary prospect
Hangs over those who're nearest to my heart,
You'll surely own there's cause for lamentation.
Whate'er may be the fate of me or mine,
With gratitude I'll think upon your kindness.

Adieu! dear friend, may Heav'n increase its blessings
Tenfold upon you for your gen'rous kindness:
Your voyage of life may prosp'rous gales attend on,
And death conduct you to a port of peace!!
Adieu! and may Heav'ns King protect the interests
Of you and yours, and plenteously show'r on you
Those blessings you've invoked upon my head!!

SCENE II.

SOPHIA *discovered sitting alone.*

O dread suspense, O interval of horror!
Dark boding fears and dreadful thoughts surround me!
Divided from my friends—What fate attends them,
Uncertain quite—yet sure that their condition
Beyond the power of thought must dreadful be,
I justly dread the worst that can befal them.—
For better would it be to know the utmost
That adverse fortune can inflict upon us,
Than thus by doubt to make our misery double.
Here comes the faithful Nannette, to her friendship
Will I resort for comfort in my sorrow.

Enter NANNETTE., *who says,*

Alas! that I should, thro' my wayward fortune,
Give pain or sorrow to your gen'rous heart!
The Countess now is plac'd in close confinement

And strictly guarded by the ruling pow'rs,
An intercepted letter from your Uncle
Is the pretence of this unmanly violence.

SOPHIA.

How was that letter, think you, intercepted?
Which has involv'd us in this new misfortune!

NANNETTE.

Durand alas! I fear was its contriver,
For Pierre lately has some facts discovered
Which point directly at this sad conclusion!
Of late he's seen much cause of just suspicion
And deeper he will search into this plot!

SOPHIA.

Heav'n grant Pierre may to our cause prove honest,
If he betrays us we are lost indeed.

NANNETTE.

I doubt not he'll prove faithful to our interest,
And thinking thus I've means concerted with him,
To free us from our present threat'ning danger.

SOPHIA.

This only hope remains for us to rest on,
Alas! what various trials crowd upon me,
What dreadful griefs oppress my labouring mind,
Sever'd from parents dear to my affections,
From him divided whom my heart approves:

Where shall I look for comfort and support?
But shall desponding thoughts invade my breast,
Or of Heav'ns kindly aid shall I despair?
Ah! no tho' trials great and sore afflict me,
The God of Justice, as he's fitly styled,
Will not permit the wicked long to triumph,
Nor long allow the good to be oppress'd!
May he relieve my parents from their trials,
And grant us all both happiness and peace.

NANNETTE.

Madam, you speak like one whose hopes and prospects
Are plac'd beyond the flecting things of time,
What pow'r has true religion on the mind!
And how superior are you in your sorrows
To that most base and cruel man who riots
In shameless wages of successful guilt.

SOPHIA.

Yes! those who hope and trust on the Creator
Rest on a pow'r that never will forsake them.
But they who tread the path of wicked dealing,
A master serve whose "wages will be DEATH."
"Dark and mysterious are the ways of heav'n,
"Shortsighted mortals seek them out in vain."
But yet on this the righteous man may trust—
If in this world he drains the cup of sorrow,
Hereafter of that living water shall he drink
Which flows directly from the throne of God:

And all the afflictions of this short existence
Hereafter shall be greatly overpaid.—
But haste, Nannette, and hither bring Pierre,
Who may some clue, perhaps, find to unravel
This web of mischief which involves us all.

NANNETTE.

Madam, I hasten to fulfil your orders
And hope my efforts may successful prove:
Of this be well assur'd—my best endeavours
Shall be exerted to assuage your griefs.

[*Exit Nannette.*]

SCENE III.

Enter a Servant, who says,

Madam, the Abbe Durand waits upon you,
And, if at leisure, gladly would address you.

SOPHIA.

Inform the Abbe I will see him now!

Exit Servant, enter Durand.

DURAND.

Madam, I sympathize with those sad sorrows
Which Heaven imposes on your worthy Mother:
A letter has been lately intercepted,
Sent her by those who're listed 'gainst the State,
And hence the Countess for a time's imprison'd,
But soon, I hope, she'll be again set free,

SOPHIA.

I thank you, Sir, for all your kind expressions,
For your warm feelings for my Mother's sorrows,
The grief heaped on her by my Father's absence
Might by my tenderness have been assuaged,
But, added to her own unjust confinement,
This trivial boon is to her wish denied.
Alas! what hope is there of her enlargement?

DURAND.

Madam, the little power I here possess
With those who rule the State shall be exerted,
This end, much wish'd for, fully to accomplish:
Nor do I think my efforts will be vain.
Yet in this sea of sorrow 'tis consoling
To hear your Father has thro' various dangers
Arriv'd in safety at his wish'd for port.

SOPHIA.

Yes Heav'n be praised, the dangers of the ocean
My Father has escap'd, and owes his safety
To a much valued friend, who promptly snatch'd him
Just sinking with his vessel in the waves.
Brave Admiral Davenport, this noble service,
For my good Father gladly has perform'd.

DURAND.

The meeting doubtless would be highly pleasing
Both to your noble Father and his friend!
In other points it also may be useful,

And much may aid your Father's urgent bus'ness,
And hereby expedite his wish'd return.
I've heard the Admiral has great pow'r in England,
Which he'll exert most warmly for his friend.

SOPHIA.

You know the Admiral then, and his connections?

DURAND.

Yes Madam, when a boy, he much caress'd me,
He and my Father long have been acquainted.

SOPHIA.

You'll try then to procure my Mother's freedom!
And use your interest for her liberation!

DURAND.

I'll do my utmost to fulfil your wishes,
And naught will leave untried that may promote them!

SOPHIA.

Farewell, Sir, and may all your kind endeavours
To aid my Mother have Heavn's blessing on them.
(*Exit Durand.*)

SCENE IV.

SOPHIA *alone.*

Heavn's how mysterious is this man's behaviour,
Were not the proofs so clear so strong against him,

I almost could believe that he were honest.
But well I know his seeming friendship's hollow,
And all his proffer'd kindness is deceitful:
Too soon I fear will time the truth unravel.
Alas! much honor'd Parents for what trials
By Heavn's appointment are ye yet reserv'd.
Dear partner of my heart what degradation
Is your brave spirit destin'd yet to bear!
Well would I be content to share your sorrows,
Could I thereby but ease their heavy burden.
Alas! this consolation's not allow'd me—
This small solace of suffring to the virtuous
Is by our wayward fortune yet witheld,
In hope of gaining ease from cruel trials,
The pious solid comfort may receive
By resignation to the will of Heav'n;
Hence may they blunt the edge of sore misfortune,
Hence bear those sorrows which they can't remove!!

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT FOURTH.—SCENE I.

Scene, a Library.—Duranul discovered sitting in a thoughtful posture: he comes forward in agitation, and says,

The Admiral and the Count have met together,
This to my plan no good success portends:—
The Admiral knows the tenour of my conduct,
And what base arts in England I have practised.
These will be all related to the Count—
And the fair character will thus be blasted,

Which I have need of to complete my plans!
When I am known my plots will be detected—
And foul disgrace will in the end o'erwhelm me
Yet placed within my grasp are all the parties
Except the Count—and he's in hated England.—
Their anger or approval of my conduct
Alike to me are objects of contempt:
Quick I'll assert may title to the person
Of this untoward girl, and warmly press her
To grant my *Pow'r* what she my *Prayers* denied.
But yet the hour of my most glorious triumph
Will not arrive until the Count's return:
Then, when his new-gain'd wealth we've well secur'd
We'll quickly make him mount the bloody scaffold,
And then my prize I'll seize, his charming daughter.

Pierry, entering with a letter, says,

A Courier, Sir, this moment brought this letter,
And waits to know what answer you return.

DURAND.

Wait here Pierre while I peruse the letter,
A speedy answer to it then I'll give,—

After reading it he says,

Go tell the messenger I'll soon be ready,
And answer the despatches he has brought!

(*Exit Pierre.*)

DURAND *alone and in great agitation.*

To what great dangers and to what dilemmas
The paths of crooked dealing lead their vot'ries,

None but the wicked man can truly tell!
"All is not gold that giltters to the eye!"
Nor will the schemes of craft, tho' laid with cunning,
Succeed according to our utmost wish.
How many who the paths of VICE *have trod*
Would to the road of VIRTUE *glad return,*
Were not their backward steps more hard to trace
Than those which now perforce they must pursue!
Were I dispos'd this family to save—
As much I've tried to work their utter ruin—
The consequence would be my own destruction.
So deep in Revolution's cause I've entered
That e'en my own existence hangs upon it.
Nor will I all that 'vantage ground forego
Which my good Stars have thrown into my lap.
My zeal for the Republic must be prov'd,—
And, as the due reward of all my service,
I, in the spoils of this rich Count shall revel.
Why therefore cherish base and abject fears
That all my well laid plans can be o'erthrown?
If I prove faithful to the REVOLUTION
My person and my projects are secure—
But hold—perhaps this is a trick of DANTON'S—
Completely to involve me in his snares!
He wishes to be rid of me, that he securely
May seize the game that I have hunted down!
I'll counteract him—and forestall his cunning
By plots well-laid to snare him in my toils.
Prompt and effectual I must be in striking
Thus wisely to prevent his striking me!!

(*Durand goes out at one door and Pierre enters at another.*)

SCENE II.

PIERRE

So, so, I find the plotter of this mischief
Is likely to be snared in his own toils!
Heav'n yet I hope will send the Count a rescue
And save his family from pending ruin!
Just punishment we trust will reach the Guilty
And Heav'n protect the Virtuous and the Good!
In this inspiring hope I'll rest contented,
And all the just decrees of Heav'n obey!

(*Bell rings, and exit Pierre*)

SCENE III.

Durand alone, enter Pierre.

DURAND.

Pierre, this letter give the messenger,
And quickly let him take it to his master.
Then straight return without delay unto me,
I've somewhat to emply your private ear!

PIERRE.

The messenger is waiting with impatience,
Your orders therefore strictly he'll obey!

DURAND *alone, in great agitation walks about striking his forehead.*

What course in this dilemma shall I take?
Shall I give up the prize of all my wishes?
And let the game slip thro' my well-laid toils?

When they are tight and firmly fixed arouud it?
No this sad disappointment must not be!
—And yet what *right* have I to make a prey
Of INNOCENCE and VIRTUE in distress?—
Virtue and *innocence* they're but a name
Which wise men laugh at, fools alone regard.
Why seize not pleasure as it fleeteth by us?
And leave far distant dangers to themselves!
This present life is all—the future nothing!
DEATH *makes a final end of our existence!*
FUTURITY'S *the bugbear of our fears!*
This LIFE *once o'er* DEATH'S AN ETERNAL SLEEP!
Th' oppressor and th' oppress'd rest in one tomb!
I now possess the pow'r—AND POW'R IS RIGHT!!
Wherefore each plan of pleasure I'll pursue,
To th' utmost and the vantage ground maintain,
On which good fortune now has kindly plac'd me:
But how shall I the vigilance elude
Of crafty Danton? Or what plea contrive
To lull to rest his deep and dark suspicions?
That he is at the bottom of this plot
My mind suggests no reasonable doubt.
The spoils of this devoted house he *solely* grasps at,
Altho' there's wealth enough for *both* our wishes;
Pierre too must assist in execution
Of these most splendid plans—I'll sound him!
And try how far he will advance our purpose.

Pierre entering says,

Your late commands, Sir, fully are obeyed,
And your dispatches soon will be deliver'd!

DURAND.

My orders you have executed well,
A master's gratitude shall pay your service.
Full well you know, Pierre, the late decree
Which by the Government has been proclaim'd,
That all who aught conceal against it's interests
Are to severest punishment consign'd.
'Gainst these decrees the Count, his wife, and daughter,
Have many hostile acts of late committed;—
To the Committee these must be reported—
You have been witness—and are privy to them!

PIERRE

Yes, sir, I know the order you have mention'd;
The oath I know too which you gave the Count;—
The pow'r which you possess with the Committee,
You swore you'd use to *save* and not *destroy* him.

DURAND.

All this I own is true—but ev'ry duty
Must be subservient to our Country's weal;
Besides the sacrifice we make is greater
When all our near and all our dear connections
We offer up on *Liberty's* fair altar!

PIERRE.

Doubtless the duty to our Country's sacred,
And no one lightly should rebel against it;
But here, the present Government's *unlawful*,
And honest men with courage should oppose it.
USURPERS CLAIM NO TITLE TO OUR FEALTY.

AND ERE LONG TIME THE HAND OF RETRIBUTION
MAY HURL THEM TO THEIR FORMER ABJECT STATE.

DURAND.

Subjects ought not too curiously to pry
Into foundation of the pow'r's which be!—
Their duty's only to obey the laws,
Not to inquire into the means that made 'em.
The present Government, whate'er's it's title,
Is that whose dictates we must firm obey;
We must support it's solid rights and interests,
Nor cavil at the orders which it gives.

PIERRE.

In lawful things we doubtless should submit
To those who rule us—but when aught is hostile
To our just fealty to our lawful Sovereign
The obligation to perform it is dissolv'd.

DURAND.

Know'st thou, Pierre, that for the slightest whisper
Of what thou now hast said—if told the Council,
Thy life would pay the forfeit of thy rashness.

PIERRE.

I know full well the danger that hangs o'er me,
And, if 'tis needful, will sustain them all;
They only of this transient life can rob me,
My hopes of future bliss they cannot reach!

DURAND.

Pierre, both well and nobly hast thou spoken,

Such thoughts deserve the warmest approbation,
And this with pleasure I bestow upon thee;
Now you've been plac'd within temptation's influence
To try your worth, and prove your high desert,
And from the trial you have come most pure!
Henceforward, trust me, I will hold your virtue
In just esteem, and amply will reward it.

(*Exit Pierre.*)

With speedy death—which soon shall overwhelm thee,
And all thy base rebellious plans o'erthrow.
O! shame thus to be baffled by a slave—
Thus circumvented—it shall not be borne!

(*Exit Durand.*)

SCENE IV.

Admiral Davenport, and Sophia.

ADMIRAL.

Be comforted, dear Madam, tho' your trials
'Tis true are hard and difficult to bear,
Yet Heav'n's approval and your conscious virtue
Will strength impart to bear you thro' them all.
In me the instrument of Heav'n you see,
Which snatch'd your Father from a wat'ry grave;
And, by kind Providence, I come commission'd
To pour the balm of comfort o'er your mind.
Who knows but I may yet have pow'r to render
Yourself and Mother greater aids than these?
Should fair occasion offer for your service,

No danger shall my stedfast soul appal,
No hazard fright me from my settled purpose;
I'll rescue both of you from pending dangers,
Or nobly perish in the just attempt.

SOPHIA.

Heav'n prosper and reward your kind intention,
My dying breath shall call forth blessings on you!
But now the Pow'rs of Darkness seem triumphant,
O'er innocence and weakness they prevail,
And HOPE is almost swallow'd by DESPAIR!
Short be the period of our earthly suff'rings,
Quick our removal to the Land of Bliss.

ADMIRAL.

Forgive me, if my mind must needs disprove
A thought which seems so much unworthy of you!
Distrust in the good Providence which rules our actions,
Must needs be hateful in the sight of Heav'n;
For tho' most cheerless, comfortless, and dreary
May be the aspect of our present fortune,
Heav'n, when it pleases, can relieve us from it;
By weak and seeming humble instruments,
Can work the gracious end of our deliv'rance.
For sake of your most good and pious Mother,
Who yet may be delivered from her thraldom—
For sake of your most exemplary Father,
Who loves you with a parent's fond affection—
For sake of brave St. Andre's virtuous passion,
Whose life and hopes depend upon your safety—
Sustain with courage all your present trials,

And give the world a bright and fair example
Of Virtue suff'ring undeserv'd oppression,
And bearing all with Christian resignation!!

SOPHIA, *with great emotion,*

O, gen'rous man, preserver of my Father!—
Supporter of his *Daughter's* sinking spirits—
Almost heart-broken and sore tried with sorrow,
Deep shall your precepts sink into this heart;
With most entire and perfect resignation,
Myself I will submit to Heav'n's high will.
If I'm preserv'd from thousand threat'ning dangers,
A Father on his wish'd return I'll comfort,
A Mother too will bless me with her love.
But if I fall beneath the hand of violence,
I'll bend with meekness to the stroke of death,
And hope to meet those near and dear relations
In realms where joy and peace for ever dwell.

ADMIRAL.

Such sentiments as these may be expected
From her who own's de Mountfort for her father,
Well they become the lips of her who's fostered
In paths of pure religion from her youth.
Whilst thus you think and act my best exertions,
Shall ne'er be wanting to assist your house!
But I must leave you—'tis with greatest hazard
I've gain'd this interview—and still greater dangers
Wou'd press around us were this meeting known.
Farewel! may heav'n protect and guard your safely

SOPHIA.

Adieu! may Heav'n show'r down its choicest blessings on you.

[*Exit Sophia.*

SCENE V.

Admiral Davenport alone, Pierre enters, and Admiral Davenport says,

Young man, your face seems quite familiar to me,
In Britain have you been? and did your father
E'er serve on board a British man of war?

PIRRRE.

My father, Sir, as common fame informs me,
Was kill'd on board your vessel whilst at sea
With *two* French ships of equal force contending:
One ship you took—the other scarce escap'd you,
And wretchedly shear'd off in woeful plight!
After my father's death the *Abbe Durand,*
Who holds a rank distinguish'd in this house,
Became my master—but my sad subjection
Will not, thank Heav'n, be now of long duration.

ADMIRAL.

Your father I shall always well remember—
He was as brave a man, as good a sailor
As ever step'd on board the British fleet!
In midst of slaughter, victory, and honour,
With two French ships engag'd he met his fate,

And bravely finish'd his career of glory.
To him I bore a great and strong affection,
And willingly wou'd shew it to his son ;—
Your Father sav'd my life in greatest danger,
When boarding a French ship of greater force,
This service naught but death can e'er efface.

PIERRE.

Most noble, Sir, for these your grateful praises,
Of my dear father pray receive my thanks:
When my engagement with the Abbe Durand,
Which will not long detain me is accomplished,
I'll gladly serve you with my utmost duty.

ADMIRAL.

Your offer with much pleasure I accept,
I like your sentiments, your worth and honour,
And for your father's sake will have you near me ;
But tell me what you think of Durand's conduct,
And his ill-treatment of his patron's house?

PIERRE,

Till very lately, Sir, I always thought him
The soul of honour and the friend of virtue !
But of the Revolution in this hapless country,
Of late he tried to fathom my opinion ;
The duty then he stated of informing
'Gainst those whose crimes just punishment deserved.
These crimes, he said, the Count had oft committed,
And me requir'd to testify that truth!
My heart revolted at th' atrocious action :

And when I thus express'd my genuine feelings,
With warmth too great to let him doubt my firmness,
He straight pretended he had only tried me,
To prove my worth and make my faith apparent;
But yet I doubt not he will soon denounce me
And when fit time presents will cut me off.
My safety therefore I should seek in flight,
Did I not hope to serve De Mountfort's house;
Could I but aid their sorrowful condition,
I'd cheerfully resign e'en life itself;
But nought shall make me prove their base destroyer,
Or e'er forget the gratitude I owe them.

ADMIRAL.

O brave and gen'rous youth, your kind exertions
In favor of De Mountfort's suff'ring house,
No doubt will meet it's just and due reward.
Mark then the conduct of the artful Durand,
For yet we may perhaps devise some means
To extricate them from his fraudful wiles;
My ship's now off the coast, and I'll endeavour
With gold to ope the Countess' prison doors,
Then with her Daughter quickly I'll convey her
On board my ship, now waiting for my presence,
When with the Count, her Husband, she may hope
Joyful once more to meet on England's shores.

PIERRE.

Heav'n prosper well the blest and kind intention,
And grant it's favor on the bold design!

There is, we know, a Pow'r that's far above us,
Which let's the wicked for a season flourish,
And e'en against the righteous they prevail;
But oft we see the goodness and the wisdom
Of the same Pow'r display'd in quite withdrawing
The guiltless from the snares of wicked men:
And, whilst Omnipotence the just protecteth,
It hurls it's vengeance on the base oppressor!

ADMIRAL.

May this consoling truth be firm establish'd!
Soon may our eyes the glorious sight behold,
That whilst the wicked boasts of short success,
The righteous may rely on Heav'n's support!
Farewell! and well remember my instructions,
Nor doubt but Heav'n will favor our designs!!
(*Exeunt both.*)

SCENE VI.

Scene, a Prison.—The Countess and Nannette, the former comes forward with a letter.

COUNTESS.

Alas! conviction flashes on my mind,
And shews the load of mis'ry which hangs o'er us;
This letter tells th' extent of Durand's baseness,
And if the proofs were not beyond all doubting,
I'd disbelieve such wickedness in man!
Wou'd Heav'n I'd credited my Daughter's warning;
O! that I'd guarded 'gainst this wretch's baseness!

Unwisely were the Count and I persuaded
Her thoughts by force of prejudice were biass'd.

NANNETTE.

Madam, the letter which you hold my mistress
Solicits you'd destroy when you've perus'd it,
Lest it's contents involve us all in ruin:
My lady, when she gave it to my care,
Requested safely I would send it to you,
Should chance permit me not to see yourself.
At length with peril I've gain'd access to you,
And heavy punishment would fall upon us,
Should this sad interview be but suspected:
In future too yourself would be prevented
From further aid receiving from my service.

COUNTESS, *tearing the letter, says,*

Thus your commission, Nannette, is fulfil'd,
And thus I profit by my Daughter's caution.
But tell me by what means she gain'd the knowledge
Which this important letter has conveyed,

NANNETTE.

From the warm zeal of Pierre for your interest,
And from his watching his vile master, Durand,
Whose late discovered baseness he despises,
And bears him hatred and abhorrence for it.
With Admiral Davenport your faithful friend,
Pierre has lately held a consultation,
And should occasion offer for your service
They'll both unite together to improve it.

COUNTESS.

Confin'd, alas! within this dismal dungeon,
For me what hope of LIBERTY remains?
And were it e'en restor'd me what advantage
Would thence arise, whilst I am far divided
From him whose converse only makes me happy.
But well I know if he shou'd quickly speed
To this sad land of misery and blood,
His sorrows and his dangers wou'd increase.
Perhaps he'd see his wife and daughter martyr'd.
And his own death might crown the guilty scene.

NANNETTE.

Justice forbid these trials and these sorrows
Should with full force descend upon your house!
Heav'n oft tries it's servants by affliction,
And few have felt their force more keen than you,
But let us well remember that the guilty
Oft times are trapped in their own deceits,
Whilst, like a bird escap'd the fowler's springes,
The innocent elude their fraudful wiles.

COUNTESS.

The truth's undoub'ed of your sage reflection,
Faithful adherent of my falling house!
On Heav'n's support I rest my hopes of safety,
Which has in all distresses sent me aid.
But tell me how my Daughter bears her trials,
How she supports the sorrows heap'd upon her?

NANNETTE.

MADAM, YOUR DAUGHTER IS A REAL CHRISTIAN,
And this is giving her the highest praise!
The precepts of her exemplary father,
Early instill'd with principles of virtue,
When sore oppress'd by hard and arduous trials,
Can well support her fixed and stedfast soul.

COUNTESS.

Thanks to the gracious Giver of all Blessings,
And may he help us to sustain our griefs.
Convey to my most dear and much lov'd Daughter
The prayers and wishes of a tender mother,
Who with Affection's warmth entirely loves her:
Tell her, if in this world we must be sever'd,
Yet shall we meet in realms of endless bliss;
In those blest scenes no terror can affright us,
No mis'ries and no sorrows hurt our peace.

NANNETTE.

Your pray'rs and wishes shall be safe deliver'd
To your lov'd Daughter, who'll rejoice at hearing
How calmly you're resign'd to Heav'n's high will.
May Providence support you with its succour,
And evermore sustain your righteous spirit.

COUNTESS.

Farewell, Nannette, remember my instructions,
And Heav'n protect you with it's guardian care!

END OF FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Scene, an Apartment in the Chateau de Mountfort.—Durand and Sophia.

DURAND.

Madam, I hope the time is not far distant
When your good mother shall once more be free;
I thought the prospect of your wish'd reunion
Would make you happy, hence I speeded with it.

SOPHIA.

Accept the thanks a grateful heart can give you,
For news so cheering to my sinking spirits.
Pray tell by what good chance this cheering prospect
By Heav'n supported gently opens on us!

DURAND.

By my exertions with the ruling powers,
Which soon I trust will end in full success!!

SOPHIA.

May Heav'n reward you for the gen'rous action;
If I'd the power as I've the inclination,
Gladly this act of kindness I'd return.

DURAND.

'Tis in your pow'r to bless the grateful Durand,
And render him the envy of mankind!
Give him an interest in your tender bosom
And take his warm affection in return!

SOPHIA *starting.*

Heav'ns what is this I hear! the Abbe Durand,
Professing vows of love to earthly objects,
When he long since his soul and its affections
Has dedicated solely to his Maker!

DURAND.

Why are you thus surprised or why displeased,
At declaration of my ardent passion;
Your charms will plead excuse in any bosom!
How is this inconsistent with profession
Of all my soul and faculties to Heav'n?

SOPHIA.

With that celibacy it's inconsistent
Our Church so strict requires of all her clergy!

DURAND.

Th' unnatural restraints which that religion
Had on its Ministers before impos'd
The ruling pow'rs have properly repeal'd.
Its priests the state of wedlock now may enter
Whene'er they chuse to venture on the trial.

SOPHIA.

If this were true, yet are you well acquainted,
St. Andre's merits have my heart obtained!
Had not the Revolution us divided,
In marriage vows I'd now been plighted to him:
And this my parents sanction'd with their full consent.

DURAND.

As things have happened this can never be!

The Chevalier joins the Republic army—
And were you now to hasten on your nuptials,
It would but speed the ruin of you both!!

SOPHIA.

Be this, Sir, as it may, my faith once plighted,
Can't be recalled again whene'er I please!
If Heav'n forbids my union with St. Andre,
This heart no other image e'er will cherish!

DURAND.

Madam, my offer'd love you then refuse!
The suit I make you scornfully despise. [*Angrily.*

SOPHIA.

Why should you be indignant at a conduct
You know it is not in my power to alter?
Had I an heart to give your well-tried service
A title to it justly might prefer:
But warm affection in return I have not.
What poor return, alas! for all your kindness
Would be the hand unless the heart went with it!

DURAND.

Madam, these poor excuses serve to shew me
Your *gratitude* for kindness is pretended;
And while the name you seem with warmth to cherish
The real virtue's absent from your heart:
But recollect *how useless is resistance*!
And, ere too late, grow wise from this conviction,
E'er long you may be call'd to grant my pow'r,
What now you dare deny to my entreaty.

An hour I grant you for your last resolve,
And then your final answer I'll demand.
(Exit Durand.)

SCENE II.

Nannette entering as Durand goes out.

NANNETTE.

May Heav'n preserve you from this threatn'ing danger
Durand's base conduct soon will call the vengeance
Of angry Heav'n upon his guilty head!
I've heard his cruel, base, unmanly insults,
And what has happen'd always did expect!

SOPHIA.

Reclining on Nannette's bosom, after a little while, recovers and says,

Dear faithful friend, my true, my kind supporter,
Under the pressure of unbounded sorrow,
What refuge is there for me but the grave?
Tho' Durand always seem'd both base and cruel,
Such dastard wickedness I scarce expected.

NANNETTE.

Alas! there's no degree of impious baseness,
No height of cruelty we may not look for,
From those who cherish Revolution's tenets,
Which are the moving springs of this man's conduct.
But yet surrounded as we are by dangers,
Let's not despair of pitying Heavn's assistance.
The good are often tried with sore affliction,
But if they're patient Heav'n will not forsake them.

Hope is not yet extinguished in my breast,
Let true religion cherish it in your's!
E'en now my heart soft whispers to my wishes,
That Heav'n will stop this monster's wild career,
And, while he thinks he's certain of his prey,
With righteous hands will snatch it quickly from him!

SOPHIA.

Heav'n grant your prophecy may be fulfill'd!
Our confidence will rest on that good Being
Whose pow'r upholds the weak, and scoffs to nothing
The vain devices of the wicked man.
Has Pierre aught accomplished to unravel
The impious plot this wretch has laid against us?
Soon must relief be sent, or 'twill be useless!

NANNETTE.

Pierre has told me, that with proofs most ample
He's ascertain'd his master's base design.
He says, that by the treachery of DURAND
St. Andre to the army has been sent;
'Twas he who plac'd your Mother in a prison;
And, far from trying to obtain her freedom,
He us'd his impious arts to keep her there!
'Tis known he both approv'd and expedited
Your Father's luckless journey into England,
That he more easily his plan might finish,
When thus your family were far divided.

SOPHIA.

What hopes can Pierre give us of escaping
The plots our enemy has laid to snare us?

NANNETTE.

St. Andre and the Admiral have concerted
A well-laid plan to free you from your danger;
But the particulars he has not told me.
By this he hopes the storm which overhangs us
May be dispers'd, and safety thus procur'd us.

SOPHIA.

Nannette, be circumspect in all your conduct,
For Durand's emissaries watch around us.
And from his recent conduct, doubt exists not
No means however base will be neglected
To bring his horrid purpose to effect.

NANNETTE.

Madam, farewell! my pow'r shall be exerted
To serve the int'rests of yourself and friends.

SOPHIA.

Farewell! and may complete success attend you!
(*Exeunt both.*)

SCENE III.

Admiral Davenport and the Chevalier St. Andre.—Scene, a Room at an Inn.

CHEVALIER.

Dear Davenport, my heart sincerely thanks you
For the warm int'rest you've so kindly taken
In what concerns De Mountfort's falling house!

ADMIRAL.

Did you but know how heartily I love them,
You would not wonder at my great exertions
To succour and support their sinking spirits.
The Count de Mountfort was my early friend,
Our friendship ripen'd into warm regard,
And brother's love scarce reach'd its gen'rous ardour!
Once in my cause the Count stept boldly forward,
When life or honour had been lost without it;
Now when the kindred of my noble friend
By adverse fortune sorely are oppress'd,
This hand and heart shall boldly be exerted
To aid their cause,—and at the risque of all things
I'll fearlessly advance to shield and guard them.

CHEVALIER.

And how, suppose you, can your gen'rous ardour
Effectual aid extend to their distress?

ADMIRAL.

My ship e'en now waits for me off the shore,
A party of brave comrades wait my orders
To take the Count's fair daughter to the coast,
And there a boat will waft them to the ship.
By means of gold I've brib'd the Countess' jailor
To aid her 'scape from her most dreary prison,
Our flight the jailor will himself attend,
And thus elude the vengeance that awaits him.
Your active aid, as well as mine, is wanted,
To carry this bold project to completion.

CHEVALIER.

On my co-operation rest assur'd:
Give me, dear Admiral, plainly your instructions
And I'll perform them at the risque of life.

ADMIRAL.

At dusk this evening come then to the Castle,
Where with strong guard the Countess is secur'd:
Here by a signal at the appointed moment,
The Countess and her keeper both will join us.
Ere midnight with good horses well provided
At the *Chateau de Mountfort* we'll arrive,
And, faithful Pierre giving us assistance,
From Durand's lawless grasp doubt not to rescue
The trembling victim of his brutal passion:
Then, ere the dawn of day shall peep upon us,
We hope to get in safety to the coast.

CHEVALIER.

Fear not that punctually I'll give attendance
Before the time appointed shall arrive:
But tell me quick what signal you've appointed,
To shew us to each other through disguise.

ADMIRAL.

The words agreed on for this great occasion
Are LOVE AND LOYALTY! we need no better!
My friends to that engagement will be punctual,
And if Heav'n favors us success will follow.
Farewell! and may our just and fair intentions
Be aided by the Guardian Powers of virtue!

[*Exeunt both.*

SCENE IV.

An apartment in Danton's House.—Danton & Durand.

DURAND.

Most kindly, noble colleague, did you snatch me
From threat'ning danger which was well nigh fatal:
Your friendly zeal hath well convinc'd the council
That I'm most firmly bound unto their int'rests;
Of the wise policy they're well persuaded,
Of sparing Mountfort's wife and beauteous daughter
Till he returns enrich'd by wealth for England,
To fall a nobler and more worthy victim!

DANTON.

You were indeed plac'd in a sad dilemma,
But for the sake of your good faith and service
We silenc'd soon the breath of foul suspicion!
Well 'tis contriv'd to seperate all the members
Of this devoted and quick falling house,
That thus our plans with more effect may speed
De Mountfort's Daughter must with care be guarded,
Lest she should chance our well-laid toils to scape,—
Our glorious triumph is but half completed
Unless she falls a sacrifice to FREEDOM.

DURAND.

Sophia doubtless must partake the potion
Which all her hated family must drain;
Full well we know she hates the REVOLUTION,
And therefore punishment severe awaits her,
Lest, by her means, the Count should be alarm'd,
And, thus appriz'd of danger, may escape it.

DANTON.

Your zeal in our good cause deserves approval,
Be cautious that the daughter slips not from you,
What tidings have you of the Chevalier?

DURAND.

Just now intelligence was brought unto me
He'd privately absconded from the army:
Ere long we may expect to hear he's enter'd
Into some plot or scheme to scape our toils,
And e'en to rescue the Count's daughter from us.
Quick let us plan some vigrous steps to hinder
The efforts of his active zeal against us.

DANTON.

Th' advice you give is sound and wise and good,
Nor must we hesitate to take precautions
That we more surely may his plots destroy.
We'll put this headstrong youth in close confinement,
And at the Guillotine he soon must bleed.

DURAND.

We'll haste to execute your plan with vigour,
Exert your power t'entrap the brave St. Andre,
I'll not be slack to second your attempt.

DANTON.

Adieu! and may success attend your labours
Which have the cause of Freedom for their object.
(Exit Danton.)

DURAND.

Now then I'll hasten to the full completion
Of all my deep laid plans and ardent wishes—
Sophia shall reward the pains I've taken;
And if she's dead to pleasure which I offer,
Perforce I'll bend her to my ardent will.
Now, now, my happiness approaches to me!
Honor, and bugbear conscience fare ye well,—
Durand no more is slave to longing wishes
But seizes happiness while in his grasp!!

[*Exit Durand.*

SCENE V.

Durand and Sophia.

DURAND, *Sternly.*

Madam, I come to take your final answer—
Whether my love now offer'd you will smile on,
Or by refusing force me to be cruel!

SOPHIA.

My resolution's fix'd nor aught can change it,—
My heart's firm purpose you long since have known,
And sudden changes suit not with my nature.
Desist then from pursuits *which must be fruitless,*—
Pursuits which certainly will make me wretched
Nor can one glimpse of pleasure give to you.

DURAND.

Ah! say you that my purpose "*must be fruitless,*"
Proud woman know the utmost of my power,

And when you know it tremble at my vengeance!
Your Father, Mother, *Self* are in my grasp,
And if to my request you chearful yield not,
My right my privilege I'll boldly seize on!!

SOPHIA.

Ah! now indeed you speak without disguise!
Now you display your dark your wicked purpose,
And to my eyes your base and cruel nature
Appears what long and justly too I've thought it!
Your threats and insults both are disregarded
And call forth indignation which they merit.

DURAND.

Know then proud woman and the truth remember
Your *Lover's*, *Mother's* lives hang on my word!
If you without delay smile on my wishes
Their lives and persons both are free from harm;
If you frown on me instant death's their portion!

SOPHIA.

Your threats and promises are disregarded,
Nor move they aught my fix'd and stedfast soul—
And know Sophia, or her friends desire not,
To eke life's moments out by vile dishonour;
Nor will they barter their immortal hopes
For vain delusive bribes of present bliss!

DURAND.

Madam, beware lest desperate you make me!
With your consent I'd gain those precious favors
Which LOVE and BEAUTY can confer upon me:
If you consent not wisely yet remember

Necessity excuses all you grant me.
For the last time I ask your final purpose,
And by your answer I shall shape my conduct.

SOPHIA.

Detested monster hence, how darst thou threaten,
Why dost thou force me to despise thee more!
Sophia's answer thou long since hast known,
And all thy coward threats will fail to move her.
But thou base man beware of God's just vengeance,
Whose hand is stretched o'er thy devoted head,
And will ere long in thunder fall upon thee.
[*Durand here advances to seize her.*

SOPHIA,

Drawing a dagger, and brandishing it, says,
Stand off base man, or meet thy instant death.

Admiral Davenport, Chevalier St. Andre, and attendants, here enter with drawn swords.

ST. ANDRE.

Turn base perfidious wretch, and quick receive
From me the chastisement thy crimes deserve!
(*He takes a sword from one of the attendants and gives it to Durand.*)
Here take this sword, and if thou canst defend thee,
Or else thy forfeit life yield up to justice!
For base, unmanly, cruel as thou art,
Th' assassin's part St. Andre acts not on thee!
(*Durand takes the sword, they fight, and after a few passes Durand falls.—During this contest Sophia faints and is supported by attendants.*)

DURAND.

Oh! I am justly punished, justly suffer!
Th' avenging hand of Heav'n has fallen on me!
And all my sins stand thickly crowding round me:
Can you—O noble, brave, and gen'rous Andre,—
Can you forgive a wretch who—dying—owns,
To you and to de Mountfort's injur'd house,
He caus'd the anguish which you've lately felt.

CHEVALIER.

Sincere forgiveness marks the genuine Christian,
As such unhappy man receive my pardon;
Would Heaven the same kind boon to thee were granted,
Where soon thy deeds will most of all require it.

DURAND.

Oh may that pious wish stand fair recorded
In mitigation of my riged sentence!!
But Oh! what hope remains to me of pardon
From her whose purity I had attempted?

SOPHIA.

(Having recovered from her Swoon says,)

My anger ceases with the power to hurt me,
Resentment vanishes when nought I fear.
O may my Christian wish for Heaven's forgiveness
Ascend with full effect to that stribunal!

DURAND.

And may kind Providence reward your wishes;
And shower down blessings on your happy nuptials;
For me alas! no hope of grace or mercy,

Remains to cheer my heart from dark despair:
Great crimes like mine will not be lightly treated
By him who justly judges all mankind.
Thro' *libertine* and *atheistic* notions
I had believ'd this life the whole of man;
That no futurity—no after reckoning—
Awaits us when we quit this mortal scene.
Alas! how loudly Conscience now reproves me,
And shews the folly of my base pursuits—
I die—I sink—no ray of hope supports me—
To the dark regions of unceasing woe.
O mercy—mercy—O for one moment's respite!—
[*dies.*

CHEVALIER.

There fled the soul of Infidelity;—
How aweful how affecting is the lesson!
His life one scene of guilt and deep deception,
His death was wretched, and devoid of hope!
What gain or pleasure lieth in his path?
What dangers we escape by flying from it!

SOPHIA.

"*The ways of Heav'n, tis said, are dark and intricate,*
Puzzled with Mazes and perplex'd with Errors,
Man's understanding searches them in vain!"
But God will in the end assert his wisdom,
Will make his Justice and his truth apparent,
And vindicate his ways to all mankind.—
Here view the wicked taken in his wiles,
The Good Man rescued from his fraudful snares!—
Let then our grateful thanks to him be given
Who's great to save and mighty to defend.

With grateful hearts let's use our present blessings,
And look for better in a future world!

ADMIRAL.

Such is the wise and proper use, my children,
We all should make of this affecting scene;
Let those who madly bawl for Revolution,
EQUALITY and LIBERTY their vain pretence;
Enjoy the sad effect of all their labours
In their own blood-stain'd and devoted country;
While we, who from experience gain true wisdom,
By other standards learn to date their value!
As far as I have pow'r I'll try to waft you
Far from this scene of horror and confusion;
I'll land you safe on England's happy shore,—
Where genuine Liberty takes root and grows:
The Countess waits and chides our tardy steps,
Th' Escort will guard us safely to the shore—
And, when the sun peeps o'er the Eastern skies,
We hope to see *White Albion's* Cliffs before us;
There with impatience waits the Count de Mounfort,
To clasp a Wife and Daughter to his heart,
With all an Husband's and a Father's Love!!

CURTAIN FALLS.

EPILOGUE.

At length the bustling busy scene is o'er,
The curtain's drop'd our Drama is no more;
But tho' the evanescent scene is past,
Long may the moral rising from it last:
Engrav'd in characters of lasting fame,
Deep in our inmost thoughts may it remain.
The good which Revolution brings is small,
The mis'ry certain, and involves us all.
O Revolution! source of ev'ry woe,
The good can suffer or the wicked do,
What hast thou gained by all thy fraudful toil
But mis'ry, pain, and sorrow---blood and spoil;
Sad Liberty, old thrones to overturn,
Equality of woes thyself to mourn;
Such scenes of wretchedness as we this night
Have seen, and are disgusted with the sight.
O Gallia bending to that monster fell,
Who firm around thee fix'd his wond'rous spell,
How wast thou punish'd for that dire misdeed,
Which made thy Monarch on the scaffold bleed!
An Alien rul'd thee with an iron rod,
And made thee bend before him as a God.
Unnumber'd ills upon thy head be pour'd,
Unsated vengeance on his brow still lour'd,
Whilst hundred thousands left upon the plain,
Of slaughter'd Frenchmen can't his pow'r maintain.
Just Retribution mark'd him for her own,
Her strong hand cast him from his blood-stain'd throne,
Him midst conflicting armies did she save,
To shew the mighty monarch now a slave.
Behold the man who lately rul'd the world,
From power's high Pinnacle by vengeance hurl'd,
No more hang Thrones or Sceptres on his nod,
Or prostrate King's bend to him as a God;
Of Majesty's bright beams himself bereft,

The name of *General* only with him left.
How can the Captive Caitiff in his isle,
Of friends bereft the tedious hours beguile.
Reflection, which supports the good man's mind,
For him must *whips* and *scorpions* ever find
Whilst Ghosts of murder'd thousands round his head,
Drive "nature's kind restorer," from his bed.
Ambition's projects, Empire's wild career,
Are all pass'd by and left far in the rear;
While *crimes* and *cruelties*, and *lust of power*,
His anxious days and sleepless nights devour:
"He measures out existance by his pain,"
But tears and sorrow now are all in vain!
Remorse and rage may tear his guilty heart,
Repentance ne'er with him can find a part.
At length worn out with horror, grief, and care,
For Death the wretched culprit must prepare;
But not one ray of hope can chear that hour,
Nor balm of consolation on it pour;
His parting breath must seal his awful fate.
While direful punishments on him await!
Learn Britons then, if aught can make you wise,
Those mighty blessings you possess to prize;
That spurious liberty to shun with care:
Whose ruthless vot'ries blood and rapine share.
And while we shew th' attentive nations round,
In Albion genuine Liberty is found,
Let us, to matchless deeds of valour prone,
Support our Altar---rally round the Throne,---
And, Heav'n protected, may our bliss increase,
While bloody Wars give way to Lasting Peace!

FINIS.

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