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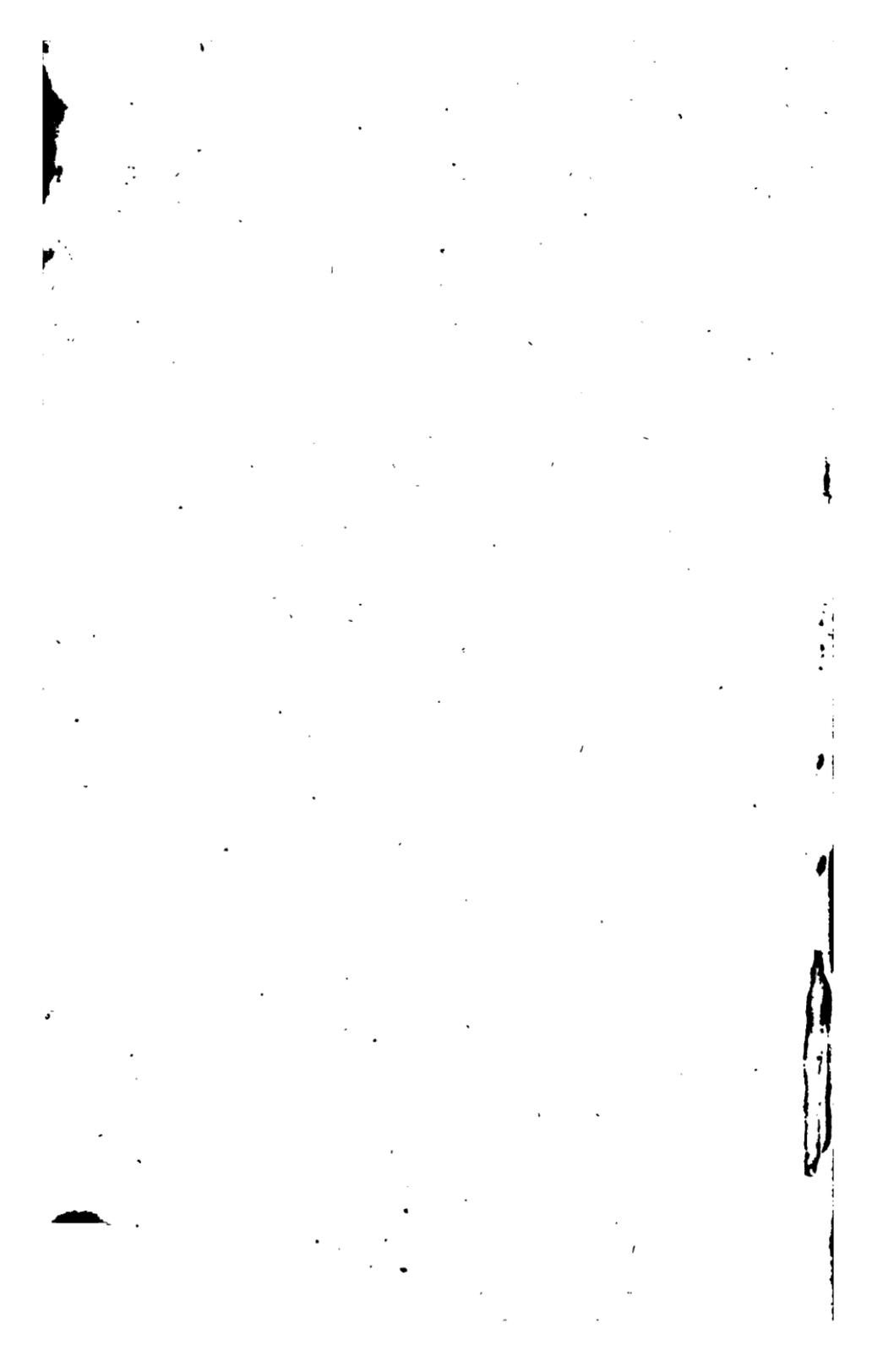
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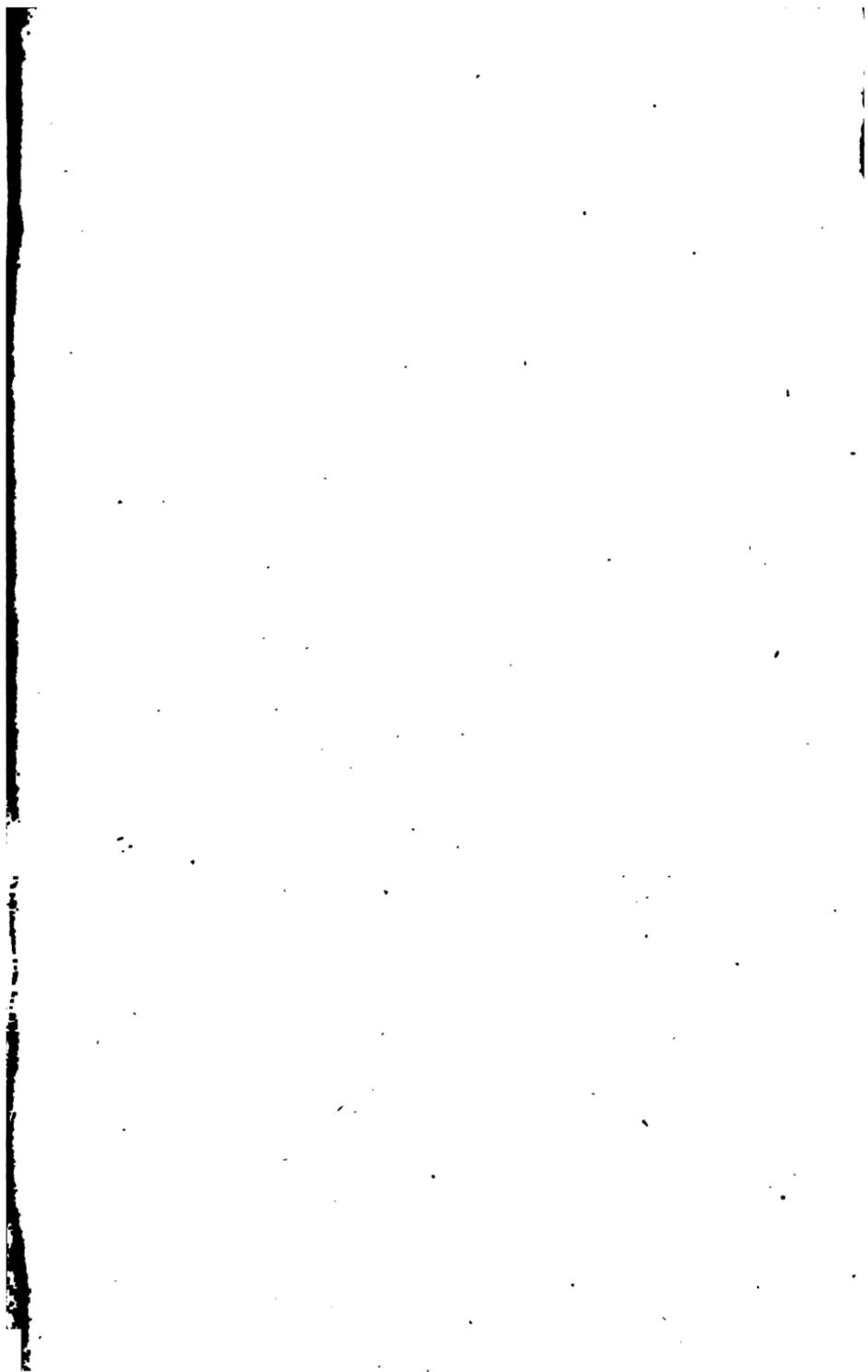


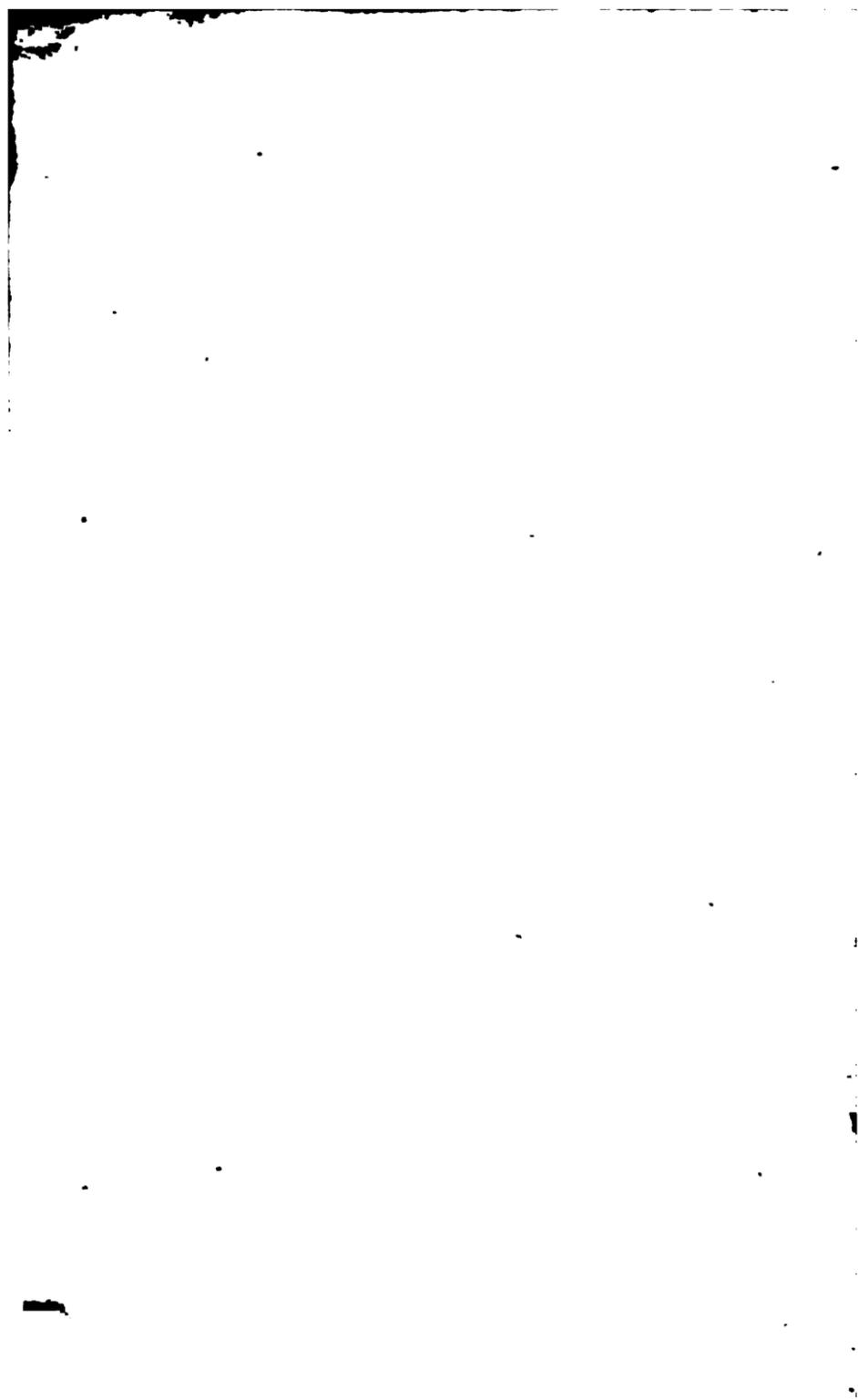
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THE
Miscellaneous Works,

IN
VERSE AND PROSE,

OF
GORGES EDMOND HOWARD, ESQ.

VOL. I.

1911

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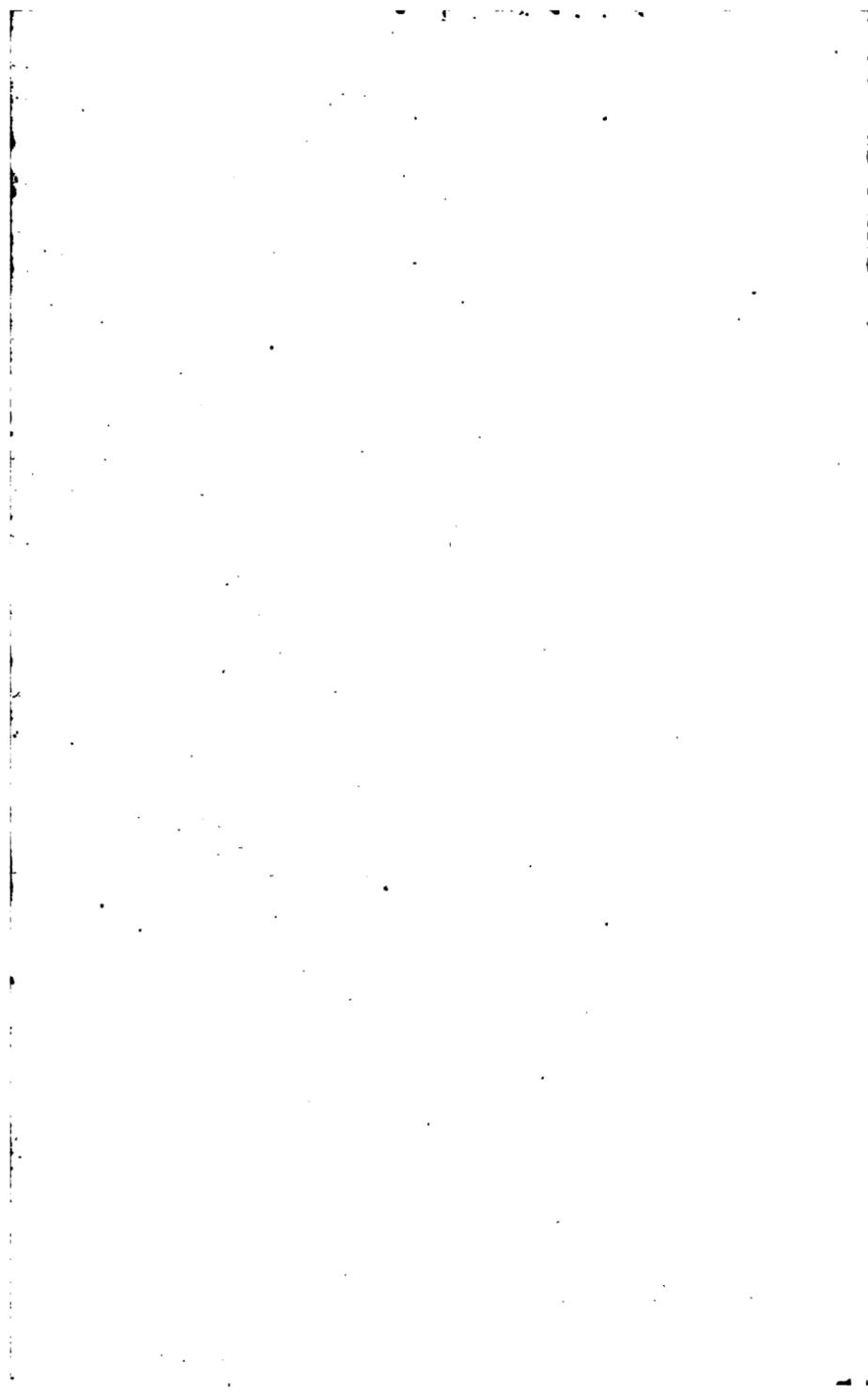
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GORGES EDMOND HOWARD ESQ.^r Ætat. 63.



T H E
Miscellaneous Works,
I N
V E R S E A N D P R O S E,
O F
G O R G E S E D M O N D H O W A R D, E S Q.,

A U T H O R O F
S E V E R A L T R E A T I S E S O F L A W, E Q U I T Y, A N D R E V E N U E.

“ Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis,
“ Ut possis animo quemvis sufferre laborem.”

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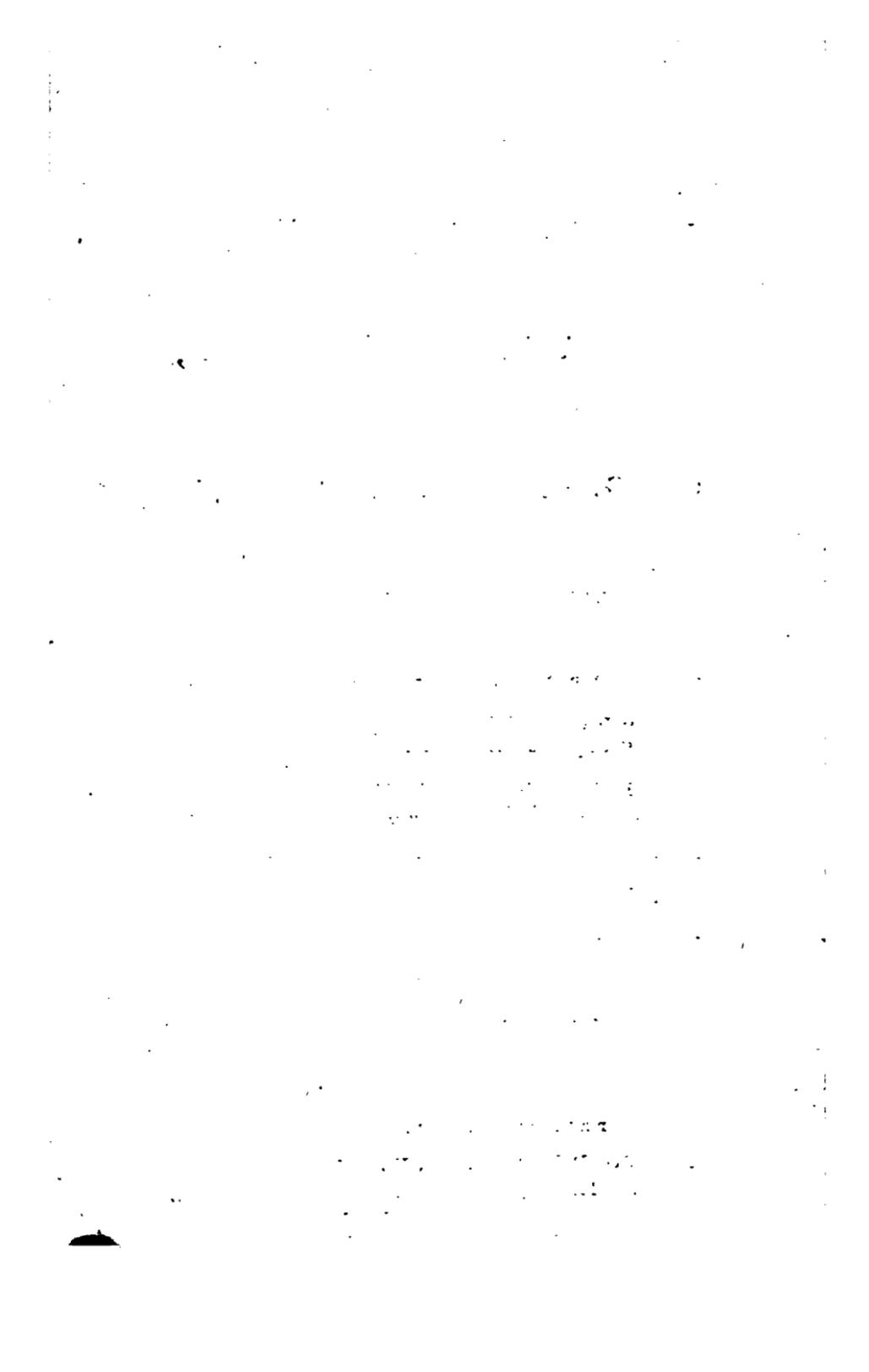
Let lighter pleasures mingle with thy care,
That mental labours thou may'st better bear.

I N T H R E E V O L U M E S.

V O L. I.

D U B L I N :
P R I N T E D B Y R. M A R C H B A N K,
A N D S O L D B Y S. P R I C E, W. W A T S O N, E. L Y N C H,
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M, DCC, LXXXII.



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Mr. Sam. Whyte, Principal of the English Grammar School, Grafton-Street,
Thomas Winder, Esq; principal Secretary to the Revenue of Customs.



* * I DID conceive that the bare mentioning that I intended the benefit, which I might have expected by this work, for that first of Charities, the LYING-IN-HOSPITAL, would have brought in ten Subscribers for one I have had: but, notwithstanding this my intention has been so signified these two years past and upwards, not only in dispersed printed proposals, but in advertisements
in

in public papers at no small expences for subscriptions, and that when I was told the finances of the charity would not afford to risk advancing the expence of publishing, had offered it myself, yet not any have been procured thereby; and the number of Subscribers which I have myself been able to get (not having time to solicit in person) has been so small, and the expence of publishing so heavy, that, but for my good-will to the charity, and my respect to those who gave me the honour of their names, as my proposals were not to print until three hundred subscriptions were had, I would have returned them to such of the Subscribers as had paid.

WHEREFORE, and as I had intended a legacy for this charity in my *Will*, but, for reasons, chose this method of giving it in my life-time, I shall send into it One Hundred and Thirty Sets, bound and lettered on the back, according to the published proposals, clear of all expences to it, which will produce about One Hundred and Six pounds for its benefit, and is almost double the amount of the subscriptions paid and to be paid; (for I am to observe, that several of the names therein are of persons to whom I had presented them) and, as I have printed much more than I purposed at the time of my proposals, I hope to be enabled to give some advantage also to some other charities or charity.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY,
THE EARL OF CARLISLE,

LORD LIEUTENANT GENERAL AND
GENERAL GOVERNOR OF IRELAND.

MY LORD,

AS I am convinced, were I, according to the usual course of this species of address, to proceed with a detail of your Excellency's universally confessed illustrious race, eminent qualifications and superiour abilities, confirmed by those high and weighty trusts reposed in you at such an uncommon early period of life, in which you had been called thereto, with your unremitted labours for the good of those over whom you were appointed to preside, and whose blessings will attend you on your now-announced departure, I could not more offend your exquisite delicacy: I shall therefore only say, that if these my leisure amusements, which I have thus presumed to offer at your Excellency's shrine, shall be so honoured as to meet in any degree the approbation of
that

DEDICATION.

that Attic taste, with which the youthful sallies of your rich imagination have convinced the world you are so especially endowed, I shall esteem well recompensed those my lamp-light, sleepless hours they have at times ingrossed: Yet, at the same time, should they not succeed in this respect, as I could wish, the sentiments of Religion and Virtue, those ever sure promoters of the Peace and Happiness of Society, which I have meant should breathe through this my very humble offering, wherever I could with propriety introduce them; and as, in the few controversial matters of Constitutional Policy, on which I have therein treated, instead of attempting to deceive, or inflame, (as is too often the case) I have endeavoured, all I could, to explain and conciliate; withal, as the benefits of it are intended for charity, I therefore flatter myself that it will be indulged with that patronage which will much contribute to make happy,

YOUR EXCELLENCY'S

MOST RESPECTING, DUTIFUL

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

G. E. HOWARD.

P R E F A C E.

IN WHICH ARE

SEVERAL MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

WITH

A FEW OF THE TIMES.

AS some of my Essays and Productions have met with a favourable reception from the Publick, and the approbation of several of the first in judgment and taste; and as it has been a matter of surprize to numbers, not only how a person reared as I have been in the servile, ceaseless drudgery state, for years, of a profession where the tender feelings of humanity are too often nearly extinguished, could preserve such heart-affecting sentiments as are breathed (as it is said) through my dramatic productions; or on the other hand, who had the smallest spark of that celestial fire, that gives such rapturous joys to its possessors, could have endured to pen (as I have done) a dozen volumes in the Law, of all studies none less pleasing, or, I may say, more insipid; or, in short, that a person so eternally immersed in business, could ever have found time to write a single

present for the press; it may not, therefore, be disagreeable to satisfy their curiosity in these particulars, far as I can, and to give some account of my Life.

I was born in the town of Coleraine, in the county of Londonderry, on the 28th of August, 1715. My father was of the first subject family in England; and my mother was allied to some of the first English families in Ireland. He was in the army several years; and, after having gone through much service, and spending, or rather losing a small patrimony, which he got on the death of his elder brother, having been obliged to sell it, to pay the debts of others, for whom he had been surety, which an over-kindness in his nature could not refuse, died but a half-pay captain of Dragoons: so that all he ever did for me, was to give me a good school education under Doctor THOMAS SHERIDAN, then esteemed the first schoolmaster that ever had been in this kingdom; where I remained until I was fitted for the University of Dublin.

I was at first intended for the church, and my passion was to be a fellow of the said University; but Mr. NIXON, then the Clerk of the Pleas-office of the Exchequer, having conceived a liking for me, offered to take me an apprentice to him, without any fee; and, as in his office I might quickly earn somewhat to maintain me, these considerations induced my mother, whose finances were but small, and others, my relations and friends, to persuade me to accept of this offer, which I accordingly did, though against my inclinations abundantly.

dantly. The consequence of this was, that for three years, I gave but little attention to my business; and at length, having had some difference with my said law master, and the then Spanish war being proclaimed, I left him, and engaged as a cadet in general OTWAY's regiment of foot, where I carried arms for near twelve months; at the end of which period, my relations and friends having again interfered, I returned to my service; in which I continued an additional year, to compensate for the time I had been absent: Yet, for almost two years more, my application to the business in the profession was with much indifference; in which interval, I not only wrote several of the little odes in this publication, which were inserted in our public papers of those times, but also formed the sketch of a tragedy on the Story of ABRADATUS, ARASPES, and PANTHEA, in XENOPHON, which I finished some short time after I had been sworn an attorney.

This piece was to have been exhibited on the stage here, but having, by preferring thus my pleasures to my profit, neglected some little suit, with which I had been intrusted, and thinking myself in honour bound to repair the loss (which was some cost in the cause) out of my own scanty finances, and recollecting what had been said to me by a very celebrated witty genius, on reading a translation by me of one of the odes of HORACE into English verse, when I was at school, of which he approved, "That if I proceeded in the way I had begun, I might have the honour of starving in a garret;" on the very

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morning

morning that the tragedy was to have been put into rehearsal, I threw the manuscript into the fire, and made a solemn vow not to write a line of poetry for five years.

I then applied assiduously to learn the business of my profession; and I accordingly not only read the law with great diligence for some time, with an intention to be called to the bar, but I offered my service, without any reward, to an attorney of eminence, and acted as his clerk for near two years; when shortly after, marrying one of the daughters of PHILIP PARRY, Esq; who had been a captain of foot, from my aforesaid alliance to several of the first of quality and fortune, and other connexions*, with a successful conduct of some few law affairs of consequence, in which I fortunately happened to be employed, business flowed upon me in such a torrent, that in a few years, I was receiver to six pretty considerable estates of noblemen and gentlemen, besides some smaller ones, in all eleven, and was at the same time attorney for the owners, as I also was for many others; had four employments in the law way in the revenue, and also had two other employments, viz. register to the trustees for BURTON'S bank, and register and treasurer under the act of Parliament for opening the passages
in

* I should not have mentioned aught of my ancestry, as it is of little value, but where their descendants inherit their virtues, had I not been of a profession, so in the whole, (yet therefore unjustly) abated; for as the poet truly as elegantly expresses it,

They who on glorious ancestors enlarge,	
Produce their debt instead of their discharge.	YOUNG.
What can ennoble slaves, or rōts, or cowards?	
Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.	Pope.

in the city of Dublin; every one of which, except the first, were given to me successively without seeking them, from the character I had established in business; so that for two and twenty years and upwards, it was the astonishment of every one how I could possibly go through what I did; and yet in this interim, I published my **TREATISES ON THE LAW AND EQUITY SIDE OF THE EXCHEQUER** in four large octavo volumes, and several other Miscellaneous Tracts in prose and verse; but God had blessed me not only with an excellent constitution, but an inexhaustible fund of spirits; then I used a deal of exercise of almost every kind, especially that of all the most invigorating, fencing; however, not being quite made of steel, I was at length seized with so violent a disorder, that my life was pronounced in imminent danger; and that my incessant labour of mind and head had been the cause of it; that if I did not immediately give up some of the prodigious weight of business then on my hands, I could not possibly live, and that I must go to Bristol instantly: Accordingly, having then made a sufficient fortune, though without boasting, not near the sum I might have amassed; (for, besides, having ever avoided taking any thing from tenants, or in my employments, save the usual or ordinary emoluments, or advantaging myself either from leases, or purchases of any of the estates of which I was receiver, although I frequently had offers thereof, as is well known this day, by which I might have been worth, I may say, several thousands more than I at present possess, I ever had lived liberally, from the time I was enabled to do so, having but two daughters, one of them, **ANNE** the eldest,

eldest, lately deceased, who was married to **HAMILTON GORGES**, of Killbrew in the County of Meath, Esq; my near kinsman, the other, **ELIZABETH**, married to **CHARLES ORBY HUNTER**, Esq; of Crowland in Lincolnshire) on the aforesaid advice of my physicians, though then not fifty years of age, I gave up at once in agencies, employments, and law and equity business, upwards (I may say with safety) of 1600*l.* a year, yet still retained too much.

I was reduced to such a state of weakness, as not to be able to walk from my carriage to the boat; but before I landed at Parkgate, having been about four days and five nights at sea, I found myself much better than when I entered the ship; and, after my landing, improved so every day, that when I got to my journey's end, I found I wanted no waters; and after having travelled through different parts of England, purely for amusement and exercise, in about two months I returned to Ireland as well in health as ever I had been.

During my confinement by my illness in Ireland, above three months, I formed the plan of my tragedy of **ALMEYDA**, or the **RIVAL KINGS**, on Mr. **HAWKESWORTH**'s very pretty Eastern tale of **ALMORAN** and **HAMET**, and during the course of my English expedition, I finished it; and in about two years more, from the observations and friendly hints of several of my literary acquaintance, having abundantly improved it, I published it.

Encouraged by the unexpected approbation which this my first dramatic essay met with, I set about

about my other tragedy, the SIEGE OF TAMOR, on the choicest story perhaps in any history, for that first of efforts (as Mr. ADDISON terms it) of the human genius, working incessantly at it, in all intervals of recess from business, (for I had yet four employments, two of them very laborious ones, as also several suits of consequence for private persons in the courts, some of which I could not in honour give up, as I had been many years concerned therein) and in about three years, with the like friendly assistance as I met with in the composing my former production, I finished this. It was printed, as was the other, both in England and Ireland; and the several magazines and reviewers in both kingdoms, as also in Scotland, have bestowed on it the most flattering honours. *

Thus

* With all these eulogiums in England on this production, the particulars whereof are shortly mentioned in my address to the Readers thereof, which are in the following work, the question may most properly arise, Why it has never been exhibited there? I shall only here relate, as more of this matter is in the place I have mentioned, that I had offended, only by not crouching to the then, despotic ruler of the drama; at the same time, by all confessed, as equal, if not superior, to any theatrical performer that any nation upon earth can boast of, who had offended me. But some of the strange productions, the exhibitions of which have, since the publication of mine, been encouraged and promoted both by him and others in this way, whose own evince what their capacities of judging are, (all which, with their usual manœuvres in postponing or preferring, I shall leave to the decision of the candid and judicious) have contented me fully; I shall only observe, that some of their favourites have since thought fit to adopt, not only some of the sentiments in my two first dramatic performances, but also whole lines in the very words thereof, though so transposed, in order to disguise the plagiarism, they scarcely are intelligible prose: As these same geniuses have likewise done by the productions of others, as may be easily seen.

Thus plunged in the pleasures of the imagination, it is easy to conceive, that the business or study of my profession, so diametrically opposite to them, could not fail of growing very irksome, if not quite disgusting; for if there be a being in the creation, to which, above all others, the muses bear an especial antipathy, it must be a deep read, plodding, special pleader; nor is the sophister behindhand in his aversion to them; however, I thought, whilst I retained my occupation in the profession, the closest attention thereto was not only a moral, but a religious and indispensable duty; wherefore, as I ever was a most early riser in the morning, some hours before many of the men of business in this kingdom have a thought of stirring, and but very seldom wasted an evening in the way that numbers of them do, so that in general, I laboured about fourteen hours, sometimes fifteen, of the four and twenty, I determined with myself that after nine or ten at farthest in the forenoon, I would not pay any further court to the muses; but, alas! I found I had undertaken what I could not execute; an unfinished thought when I broke off intruded on me whilst I walked the streets, so that I have often slipped into shops and entries, and scribbled for minutes; on which account, I was actually, in the last war, seized in the Castle-yard by a centinel as a spy, and brought to the guard-room, to the high entertainment of all who heard of it: And many are the accidents my limbs have met with when in this musing mood.

Wherefore, had it not been for this talent for poetry, which, wherever it appears, however inferior

rior it may be, is undoubtedly inborn, and therefore hard to be suppressed, I might have been worth many thousands more than I have been ever possessed of; for I most solemnly declare, that at any time of my life, I had far more pleasure in composing a single line of versification to my satisfaction, than in any pecuniary earning whatever; besides, to my certain knowledge, not only a deal of business had on this account been withheld from me, but also removed from my management, from an apprehension or conception, (and I cannot but admit it to be just in the general,) that a man of profession who has a taste for polite literature, or the BELLES LETTRES, and indulges it, can never be that drudge to any serious, solid business, which it most certainly requires him to be, especially if he publishes; that is, in plain terms, that he is a man of millions, who can be a poet, and at the same time an able lawyer, physician or divine; which brings those lines of MARTIAL to my memory:

“ Dum modo caudicum dum te modo rhetora fingis,
 “ Et non decernis Taure, quid esse velis,
 “ Peleos et Piiami transit vel Nestoris ætas,
 “ Et serum fuerit jam tibi desinere,
 “ Eja age, rumpe moras quo te spectabimus usque,
 “ Dum quid sis dubitas, jam potes esse nihil.

“ Sometimes a lawyer, sometimes a divine,
 “ You say you'll be, yet neither are; in fine,
 “ Before you fix your choice you lose an age,
 “ Fit to retire, before you mount the stage;
 “ Three bishops are gone off within the year,
 “ If you have any soul you'll now appear;
 “ Or else there's so much business in the laws,
 “ A post, if rob'd could never want a cause;
 “ Rouse then at length! resolve on some fix'd station,
 “ 'Tis time you cease to be annihilation.”

And

And again,

“ An office suits not with a poet’s brain,
 “ Or scenes of business with the Muse’s strain;
 “ Wrapt in wild extacy, she wings her way,
 “ Spurns at the croud, and struggles into day.” WYTHE.

So that, I would strongly recommend it to all young men who have this taste, yet wish to prosper in any serious profession to which they have been bred, to crush it in the shell; for to have any degree of excellence in both, he must be a phenomenon; and should he be deficient in either, he may lose his credit in both, or make as bad an exchange as the Hero in HOMER, who gave his golden for a brazen armour; or as did the dog in the fable, that quitted the substance in pursuit of the shadow: For imagination is but an inferior power of the understanding, reason being as far above it in dignity, as it is in use; and the ability of saving the life of an accused innocent, of protecting an unjustly attacked property, or recovering that which had been tortiously withheld or taken, are powers of far more solid use and real value to society, than the richest fancy that ever flowed from the banks of the Helicon; yet perverted, no less mischievous. Nor are abilities in the two other professions less valuable; which reminds me of what ARCHIDAMUS king of Sparta said to a physician who persisted in making verses, without any success; “ I wonder,” said he, “ that you should rather choose to be counted a bad poet, than a good physician.”

Nay, in these worldly, sapient times, the very sound, *poet*, carries contempt in it; and with such
 it

it is treated by even the meanest rank in society, let the character of the person be worthy as it may : And then outdoing is so close upon reproaching, as every thing that shineth in some degree tarnishes whatever is near it ; and so few can bear superiority in others, that it seldom fails of meeting envy and hatred with affected contempt.

When with much pains this much-priz'd fame is got,

'Tis an affront to those who have it not,

In some it causes hate, in others fear,

Instructs our foes to rail, our friends to sneer ;

With prudent haste, the worldly-minded fool

Forgets the little which he learn'd at school ;

The elder brother to vast fortunes born,

Looks on all sciences with an eye of scorn.

Dependant brethren the same features wear,

And younger sons are stupid as the heir.

In senates, at the bar, in church and state,

Genius is vile, and learning out of date.

CHURCHILL.

The case is pretty much the same with professed humourists and jokers; for any talent this way, when indulged, begets such a love of company, as destroys all serious attention, and will take from the dignity of the highest character. So from the same
MARTIAL,

Bellus homo et magnus vis idem COTTA videri :

Sed qui bellus homo est COTTA, pusillus homo est.

COTTA, thou wouldst appear in Wisdom's Guise,

But the design proclaims thee otherwise.

Wherefore, also, a reputation for this talent, is but a bad exchange for the character of wisdom.

Immediately after I had published my SIEGE OF TAMOR, I began the tragedy of the FEMALE GAMESTER,

GAMESTER, which I published in the year 1778; and on which also, I had letters from several, not only in this kingdom, but in England, with the most flattering compliments; all which have made me ample amends, as well for any of the malignant treatment which authors usually receive from those whose envy shew their inferiority, as for the time I have bestowed on my performances; but let them enjoy their malevolence with their loss, like those who having been deprived of any corporal beauty or abilities, too often hate all those who possess them. The praise of the distinguished few, is preferable to the applause of the undiscerning millions.

However, very fortunately, before this passion for dramatic writing had possessed me so abundantly, I had published, in four large octavo volumes, the **LAW AND EQUITY SIDE OF THE EXCHEQUER** here; the latter of which hath been introduced in the house of lords of Great Britain, especially in the case of lord **IRNHAM** and **LUTTREL**, as the printed appeal will evince; and had nearly collected materials for my **TREATISE OF THE EXCHEQUER AND REVENUE OF IRELAND**, which have been since reduced into two quarto volumes in print; for whose reputation, I appeal to all the courts.* I had also collected most of the materials for the first volume of the **CHANCERY PRACTICE**; § and I afterwards published the

CASES

* And I have now collected materials for a third; but have not, for the reasons herein after mentioned, time to adjust them.

§ There have been several alterations made in the *practice* of the above courts, and new rules made, since the aforesaid Treatises

tises

CASES ON THE POPERY LAWS, which have also been produced in that same highest court of judicature, and for which I had a most honourable acknowledgment from that one of the first of Judges, the lord **CAMDEN**, in a letter to me from his noble and most worthy friend, our chancellor here, as I had from several others of distinguished judgment; but the late act for relaxing of those laws, which shortly after passed, has caused many of them to remain on hands, which, with the second volume of the **CHANCERY PRACTICE**, I published in my sixtieth year; and in my sixty-fifth and sixty-sixth years, that most laborious and expensive work in two quarto volumes, the first, an Abstract of all the English, British, and Irish statute laws, relating to the revenue of Ireland, with notes and readings on several thereof, with many choice and special precedents, without which, the confusion from the multiplicity of these laws since the publication thereof by Mr. **FLEMING**, upwards now of forty years, would at this day have been insurmountable; the second, a Collection of several British and Irish statutes, from the several statutes relating to the trade and revenue of Ireland, in the sessions of 1779 and 1780, also, with Observations thereon, and several various special precedents, this last, at the instance of the board of commissioners; so that these and the other before mentioned works, with the **Law Grievances**, in a thin octavo volume, make

tises were printed, which it would be well if the officers of the respective courts would collect and publish, with corrections also of such mistakes as I may perhaps have committed in any of them. I should be sorry it could be said, that this is the only country in the world, where but one man hath essayed a work of this sort.

make no less than twelve volumes, relating to law, equity and revenue; in the publication of which, notwithstanding their general utility hath (I believe I may venture to say) been established, yet I have lost several hundreds by them, and if my time be taken into the account, I may also say some thousands. * It would grieve me not a little, were this my

* This may seem odd to some; but a certain late great man, and of high station in the law, who had perused my Treatises of the Law and Equity Sides of the Exchequer in the manuscript, by which they were not a little improved, upon my mentioning my intention of publishing them, most fully apprised me of the troubled sea on which, after all my time and labour in compiling the original work, I was about to embark; and which I have as fully since experienced: The heavy expence thereof, the trouble, and the considered, and as such treated, meanness of soliciting subscriptions, with the various disappointments therein; the few in this kingdom, who (as that great man also said) read much, or, from their finances or mode of living, can afford to purchase books; the selfishness and too often most unworthy treatment of authors, by the herd of printers and stationers, I but only say *too often*, as I have met with quite a different treatment from some of the trade; the inexpressible anxiety in attending the press through the progress of the impression; (and here I think it is incumbent on me to declare my obligations hitherto, not only to the Printer hereof, but to Mr. RICHARD LEWIS, the corrector of the press, for their ingenuity, care and attention therein, whilst I was absorbed in business;) and then, besides, it was conceived by several members of the profession in the different departments thereof, that I had made too free with them in some of my prefaces; and lastly, the envy, not always unattended with malignity, with which the birth of any production of the least merit is to encounter, may warrant well unfortunate authors with the man of UZ to say, "O that mine enemy had written a book!"

Accordingly, my aforesaid first productions lay on my hands until they became an incumbrance to my house, having unluckily
caused

my luckless case, to be that also of all such, whose zeal for the service of the public, should lead them to exceed the duty of their offices.

As to the little odes and idyls which I have ventured to publish, I should never have done it, had not several of my friends, of whose judgment and integrity I had the highest opinion, persuaded me to it; some of them written so early as during my apprenticeship, when I was very young; but the most of them several years afterwards, when I had the honour of being one of a club, several of whom might have had credit in the age of an AUGUSTUS. We dined together once at least in every week, when every faculty and power being in exercise, some productions from thence, for the next meeting were generally the consequence, which, if approved of, were sent to the public papers. Of several of this sort of extempore productions (for so I may term them) I was one of the composers; and some of them are published herewith.

In the year 1757, dining one day with the late Mr. BRISTOW, then one of the commissioners of the revenue, and others, shortly after Essex-Bridge had been finished, at the then noted chop-house called *sots-hole* adjoining thereto, in the passage leading from the Bridge to Essex-Street, and lamenting the narrowness and irregularity of that passage, and being

caused to be printed no less than two thousand sets of the said two first of my Treatises; so that I sold the large remainder of the impression thereof, for, I may say, next to nothing; and yet, by ambition and the thirst of fame impelled, I have still pursued these labours.

ing told that some of the houses there had been presented as nuisances, it was conceived that I should instantly apply to, and treat with the proprietors for a sufficient number of feet in depth to the front, so that the new houses to be built might range in a line with the walls of the bridge, and having succeeded, Mr. BRISTOW advanced the money, which he got from Parliament afterwards, and I drew up the heads of a bill, to widen not only that passage, but also all other narrow passages in the city which needed it; which having been passed into a law, I was appointed the sole conductor and manager thereof, under the commissioners thereby appointed; and, accordingly, the present grand passage to the seat of government was made, and parts of Essex and Dame-Streets were widened.

But while I was proceeding on this business, and the time had come for the several inhabitants to remove from their houses, some who were lodgers or room-keepers only, and had not by the act a moment to continue their possession, after the money adjudged to their landlords had been paid to, and the deeds of conveyance executed by them, having conceived that they had a right to continue their possession six months after, and this having come to my knowledge on a Saturday, and that no less than fourteen bills for injunctions would be on the file before the Tuesday following, when the work was to begin, and knowing well the prodigious delay such suits would produce, I immediately directed the undertaker I had employed, to have as many workmen and labourers as he could get, (as numbers had been engaged) ready with ladders and other tools
and

and instruments, on a moment's warning, but with as much secrecy as possible, to unroof the several houses of those who were to file those bills; and, accordingly, a great number of them began some hours before it was day, and by eight o'clock in the morning, the slates were totally stripped off, and several of the inhabitants, men, women and children, had run directly from their beds into the streets; some of them, in their fright, conceiving (it being then war time) that the city had been taken by storm; whereupon, instead of injunctions, bills of indictment were talked of; but I heard no more of the matter, save that, for some time, it afforded excellent sport to the city.

Immediately after this, the then chief governour, the earl, afterwards duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, who in greatness of soul is exceeded by none, sent to me to attend him with the several surveys which had been taken of the passages; and when I brought them to him, having asked me (as it had been found it was not possible to carry on the aforesaid passage in a direct line with any entrance into the Castle-yard, without destroying a considerable part of the buildings therein, which could not be spared) if I had thought of any object as a termination for the new street? I told his excellency, that a new chapel for government had been thought of, with a high cupola; but as the merchants of Dublin had not any place to transact their public business in, save a coffee-house, and the open street, that an exchange would be most acceptable to them: He quickly adopted the idea; and never quitted the pursuit, until he got the

ground for it, and a charter of incorporation from his majesty, as appears by several letters I received from his lordship after he returned to England, and had been created a duke; and lord viscount TOWNSHEND, his successor, laid the first stone of it.

Now, for all my ingenuity, labour and time in this, I may with safety say, if I did not lose, I never gained a shilling; for an association (to give it the mildest term) having been entered into by several persons, to purchase the grounds at a low rate, and I being informed of this, and regarding the trust reposed in me, and the advantage of the publick, more than my interest, I not only bid myself, but got others to bid on me, until I raised the ground from 25 to 35s. and some of it more a foot, and from 21 to 25 years purchase, and afterwards gave up three feet of the ground I had purchased at the corner of Essex-street, for the new buildings, which were to have been ranged with the custom-house, to the great disadvantage of the two houses I afterwards built there, without exacting a shilling. I submitted it to the commissioners.

And on the final settling of my accounts, of many thousands of pounds, a resolution was made by the committee, who were appointed by the house of commons for the purpose, on the 13th of February, 1762, in which I am mentioned in such a way, as must ever give me the highest satisfaction; as must also the previous resolution of the 16th of January, 1762, by the commissioners appointed by
Parliament,

Parliament, as to my whole conduct in that business.

And shortly after these my services, the freedom of the guild of merchants was granted me, which was followed by that of the city, without my knowing the least of the matter, until presented to me in the following words :

MEMORANDUM,

That at MICHAELMAS ASSEMBLY,

1766,

GORGES EDMOND HOWARD, ESQ.

MERCHANT,

Was ADMITTED to the

FRANCHISES and LIBERTIES

Of the CITY of

D U B L I N;

BY GRACE ESPECIAL GRATIS;

And the rather for his Endeavour to obtain

AN EXCHANGE:

And accordingly took the Oaths, and

WAS ADMITTED.

IN TESTIMONY,

The SEAL of the TROUSEL OFFICE is hereunto affixed,

And the same is signed by the TOWN CLERK thereof,

THIS 22D OCT. 1766,

HENRY GONNE.

Had the exchange been built ten yards back, with the old statue of king GEORGE I. which stood on Essex bridge in the front, as I wished it to be, and laboured all I could to have effected, and which jealousy only frustrated, it would not only have prevented any disagreeable appearance which at present attends it, and which I foresaw, such as its being crowded upon Parliament-street, that, at a very little distance, there seems not the least space between them, as also, that it is not facing Parliament-street, &c. &c. but would have greatly embellished the city, as a termination to one of the longest public streets therein.

I also wished to have the duke of NORTHUMBRLAND's bust, who got the ground and charter for this exchange, and most generously bestowed a very fine white marble pedestrial statue for the ornament thereof, placed in its hall, and did all I could for the purpose; and having conceived the exchange committee had determined it, I wrote two several inscriptions for their choice, which are in the volume of my poetical productions; but what has prevented this return to his grace, if they intended it, is a mystery I could never unravel.

Another matter in my life's course, by which I have received some credit was this; in collecting the materials for my Law and Equity Tracts, and the proceedings of the courts, and, from my own extensive experience, I had ample opportunity of observing the several defects and grievances therein; and as I proceeded, I selected, and at length
published

published them in a small octavo, printed by Mr. OLIVER NELSON in Skinner-row, in the year 1763, several of which I afterwards reduced into heads of a bill for the amendment of the laws, &c.

Of these, I made several copies at my own expence, and gave them to several of the members; they were much approved of by numbers, and passed the two houses; but some who held offices and employments in several departments in the law, conceiving their emoluments might thereby be prejudiced, opposed them in the council, as a certain great man (of whose veracity there can be no doubt) told me, unless they were reimbursed by the publick, who, they conceived, were better able to do so, than they as individuals should suffer; and it being then too late to apply further, there was an end of the bill for that time. But the same great man also told me, that several matters, contained in those heads of a bill, were in the power of the judges to rectify; and some of them were accordingly rectified, and a few others afterwards brought in as clauses in other bills. * There was also in those heads of a bill which were so rejected, a clause for regulating the admission and practice
of

* Upon these my early publications, the late lord chief justice CAULFIELD did me the honour to take me by the hand in the hall of the Four Courts, and had me instantly sworn an attorney of the court of King's-Bench where he presided, without any of the usual preliminary requisites upon such occasions; and with expressions I should blush to mention. As did also lord chief justice ASTON, of the court of Common Pleas, in the same manner, and with like honourable declarations, and without any expence.

of attornies; but with the most indefatigable pains and perseverance, I was afterwards the means of obtaining a most effectual law for the purpose.

Immediately after this, at several meetings of most of the principal attornies in this kingdom, who, some years before, had done me the honour to appoint me the president of the profession, all the delays, defects and grievances in the practice and proceedings of the several courts, which had occurred to them during the course of their experience, were collected and digested, (several of which are in the second volume of my Chancery Practice) and a memorial, to have them corrected and redressed, was presented to several of the judges, who seemed to approve of it highly, yet but little has been done therein; however, if the aforesaid act be properly pursued, and with firmness executed, this profession, instead of being, as has been too often in many of its members, a pest and scourge to society, and from thence contempt induced on the whole, (which is not a little impolitic in its employers, as it hardens the wicked, and disheartens or renders careless the good; besides, they are an instrument which cannot be dispensed with) will, in a few years, unless the dispensing power the judges have by the act be too indulgently exercised, (which cannot be supposed of any person of virtue, honesty, or regard to the publick, or himself and his posterity) be a very valuable advantage thereto, and its members be as well considered and received in society, as any other gentlemen whatever, which hath not been the case.

Nor

Nor is this treatment of them, in truth, to be wondered at, for even their appearances are not, in the general, the most graceful: The birth, education, occupation, mode of life and connexions therefrom, affix a certain cast or set to the features, and an air to the whole outward man, by which his calling or profession in life, may, in the general, be easily distinguished, as they do also mould his mind; both which are hardly ever vincible, save only, that if these qualities happen to be in one of very low degree,* from the transition thence, and to which they not a little contribute, upon any advantageous change of fortune, is as generally, to a pragmatistical, saucy priggishness, with an insufferable pertness or insolence, enough from such a character, to provoke the philosophy of a SOCRATES, notwithstanding, perhaps a former most abject servility to all, even to those, who, notwithstanding all the efforts of these little people to conciliate their countenance, too often (it is feared) at the expence of others, hold them (nor in this respect unjustly) none more cheaply; which led that masterly painter of the human mind, thus to portray this philosophical thesis on physiognomy or appearances, in his moral essays, where a man had several sons, bred in several different occupations:

TOM struts a soldier, open, bold and brave ;...

WILL sneaks a scrivener, &c. POPE.

so that here the want of education is manifest.

Adde quod ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes,
Eniollit mores, nec sinit esse feros OVID.

To learn with pleasing toil each liberal art,
Corrects the manners, and improves the heart.

* Of which I have in my time known many, such as common footmen and others, not only of the meanest, but most worthless in society.

So this might correct them in several respects, especially as to those incautious affirmations or assurances, of which, not only too many of them, but in truth, some also of those of an higher rank in the profession, are too lavish, yet think of no more: * But, sure, it cannot be conceived, that either zeal for a client, (or, suppose, to win others,) or the hurry of business, those common pleas of excuse, could justify that vice, of all the most detestable, (should it be the case) a deficiency of veracity, A SUPPRESSIO VERI, OR A SUGGESTIO FALSI; and this perhaps to the injury of the right of another; or that a habit of it may, (as some would insinuate) be confined only to the proceedings of the profession?—It not only forfeits the character of a gentleman, but is beneath the dignity of a man. To conclude then on this topick,

Suspicione si quis errabit sua
 Et rapiet ad se quod est commune omnium,
 Stulte nudabit animi conscientiam. PHÆDR.

Thus translated.

If any hence shall, from a conscious mind,
 Conceive from aught here said, that he's design'd,
 Straight must the cap on the doct's temples fall,
 Whilst he proclaims himself a principal.

I now come to another field of my life, in which also I have severely as unjustly suffered, Politicks:
 Nor

* There are about fifty of this higher class of the profession in one of the departments of our legislature at present: A profession, whose members, if qualified as it requires, are of all in society, the most capable of serving it and their country; if otherwise, dangerous; yet, this I think will not be denied, that their mode of education and paths to preferment have been, for some years past, a good deal different from what they formerly were, so that one might be induced to think that inspiration had not ceased.

Nor should I here have mentioned this, but as a lesson to those whom I wish well, that have an itch for political scribbling, without that command of temper, as requisite, as it is uncommon thereto. In the year 1743, I was appointed to a small employment, solicitor for the king's rents, at 20l. a year salary; which, although of no small consequence, yet had been so neglected by my predecessors therein, that many thousands were lost to the crown and publick. I saw this very quickly; and laboured incessantly, until I made myself master of the business of my office; when afterwards in the year 1747, in the administration of the earl of HARRINGTON, it having appeared, that the whole revenue of this kingdom had been in a very relaxed state for several years, orders were issued by government to officers in different departments, to make returns of the state and condition of several branches of the revenue, and the cause of their decline; accordingly returns were made; but some of them not being satisfactory, and these in very material departments, lord JOCELYN, then lord chancellor, (which station he filled with the highest reputation) having seen some of my manuscript collections relating to the revenue of this kingdom, so far as I had then proceeded, his lordship, as also Mr. BRIAN, then one of the commissioners thereof, and afterwards in the same situation in England, and in much repute for his knowledge therein, and who, for the reasons I have mentioned, had been sent hither by the ministry of England, having represented me to government as a person fit to undertake a considerable part of the aforesaid work, I was accordingly employed, and in above six months completed

completed it, for which I was rewarded generously; and for my diligence in this office, was afterwards, unsought for by me, in about four years appointed to the three several distinct offices, one after another, of solicitor for the casual revenue, clerk of the informations in Dublin port, and solicitor for the forfeited estates, with the most flattering eulogies for my services; as the several minute books of the board of commissioners at the respective times will evince.

In consequence of this, in the year 1753, when the great question arose, “as to the previous consent of the crown, being or not being necessary to the application by Parliament, of part of the redundancy then in treasury, to the discharge of so much of the national debt,” some days before it came on, the then attorney general having before seen the manuscript of my Treatise of the Exchequer and Revenue of Ireland, (which has been since published in two quarto volumes, and contains the constitution of this kingdom) desired I might bring it to a person high in office; I did so; and shortly after, I was again sent for, and directed to publish in a pamphlet, some pages thereof, which were marked for the purpose, in order only to explain the question, which I did under the title of *A short Account of such Parts of his Majesty's Hereditary Revenue in the Kingdom of Ireland, as are unappropriated, and of his private estate therein.*

And as it contained a tolerable satisfactory account of his majesty's said hereditary revenue, its institution

institution and produce, on which the then question was conversant, it passed immediately through a second edition, and I know a guinea was given for one of them by a secretary many years afterwards.

And now pamphlets on both sides sprung up every day; some of them by persons the most capable of writing on the subject in the kingdom in those days, and I was immediately dubbed a mercenary court scribbler, although I had made no alterations in that which I had written long before, nor any additions thereto, save some observations on the question then in contest, which I having entered into with warmth, a paper warfare began, and a terrible time I had of it: I had nearly two duels on my hands, which were happily prevented; happily I say, however ill I had been treated, (for it is a dreadful issue, even to the bravest, who have any sense of religion, or regard to the laws of society) many of my acquaintances, and some of my friends became my enemies, and although they afterwards changed sides, yet they retained their ill will towards me; and so violent were the mob inflamed against me, by these furious, popular writers, that a party of them would have taken my life one night near my own house, had not I and my servant been luckily well armed.

And here I cannot now avoid observing, that in politicks as in religion, they, who are established, either from a consciousness of their being in the right, or being too assured of their security, are not near
so

so attentive, wary and active, as those who from faction oppose, or being out would fain be in.

The zeal of *faction* ceaseless vigils keeps,
Whilst heedless *surety* undisturbed sleeps.

Having also, in the course of a few years before the aforesaid period, done many other considerable services, and brought in many thousands more to the revenue, and conceiving that the time of those my aforesaid sufferings, was most seasonable to apply to them for an encrease or addition to the emoluments of my offices, which were exceeding small, and had injured me greatly by the time they engrossed from the far more beneficial business of my profession at large, I accordingly presented a memorial to the purpose, to his excellency the then chief governor, who having immediately referred it to the commissioners of the revenue, for their report as to the facts it contained, they accordingly, after having made a very strict examination into my conduct in my several employments, and got authenticated from several public offices, the many services I had performed, they, on the 30th of March, 1754, enumerated them in a very particular manner to his excellency, by which it appeared, that, by my most laborious researches and indefatigable activity, I had brought in many thousands; in one of my departments, to wit, in my office as solicitor for the king's rents, seventeen thousand and upwards, which had been long before the right of the crown, but which might otherwise have never been acquired; besides securing the rents for the future; and that the profits of my several offices were,

were, in the whole, extremely poor, and concluded with saying, *that my merit was great*: as by the said report in the minute book of the commissioners, and in the secretary's office in the castle, may more fully appear.

For all this, it was settled I was to get three hundred pounds a year addition to my then four employments, the very poundage of which would have amounted to more; but alas! a coalition of the then contending parties having been in agitation; and I having, by my zealous writings on the side I espoused, much offended the opposite one, it was made a point that I should not be rewarded at all; however, not too much to trouble my readers, it was at length signified to me, that I should get one hundred a year, with a request from my patron, as worthy a governor as ever administered here, to be satisfied for the present; at the same time, assuring me, that it should be soon made up to the sum I was promised; but he was quickly after recalled, and not having afterwards the influence he had, I never heard more of the matter.

This so affected me, that I resolved never more to interfere with matters of politicks; and, accordingly, for several years after, I pursued the business of my profession with redoubled diligence, which, with the addition of the great fatigue I underwent in opening the passages, and that laborious work, the aforesaid Treatise of the Exchequer and Revenue of Ireland, together with many other severe labours, brought on me the fit of sickness I have before

fore mentioned: But at length, in about thirteen years after, very many and great inconveniencies having arisen from the power which the lords justices, who had been from time to time, for a long series of years, appointed here in the viceroy's absence, had assumed, or rather created and established, that even the common necessary business of the nation in the house of commons could not, without the concurrence of a jurto here, (for such there constantly was) or, if they chose to oppose it, be effected; so that by turning the artillery of government against themselves, which was the case in the distribution of employments; a viceroy here, as lord CHESTERFIELD used to express it, was but a mere figure of state pageantry, an alteration was therefore devised in the arrangement of the political government of this kingdom, by confining future chief governors to residence during their continuance in office; and new matters of contest having thereupon arisen, and especially on the several subjects of prorogations, POYNINGS' law, altered and rejected money bills, &c. &c. and pamphlets having been daily published on the popular side of the question, I was not only summoned, but most flatteringly courted, as I have written vouchers to shew, again to enter the lists; and my weakness and vanity could not resist. But all my former campaigns were but trifles to this; they lasted but for months at a time, whereas this continued for as many years.

The person fixed on for correcting these abuses, and settling the good government of the kingdom,
was

was the fittest for the purpose, perhaps in his majesty's dominions; a nobleman perfectly well acquainted with the world, and of such brilliant wit and true humour, as would have made him (as I have before mentioned of some others) a favourite in the court of an AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, or a CHARLES II. a soldier and a bold one, yet of most tender feelings and equal humanity; a statesman, whom nothing could deter from doing what he once conceived was fit to be done; and, accordingly, he effectually completed the business he was sent on.

For this great work, according to the usual fate of all in his situation, he was by some applauded highly, and by others censured; LAUDATUR AB HIS, CULPATUR AB ILLIS; yet more beneficial laws to this kingdom had not been obtained in any other administration whatever.

O conditiones miseras administrandarum provinciarum! in quibus diligentia plena simultatum est, negligentia vituperationum; ubi severitas periculosa est; liberalitas ingrata; sermo insidiosus; assentatio pernicioſa, frons omnium familiaris; multorum animus iratus; iracundiæ occultæ, blanditiæ apertæ: venientes prætores expectant, præsentibus inserviunt, abeuntes deserunt.

CICERO PRO L. FLACCO.

Which I have thus ventured to translate:

Such is the fate, unhappy viceroys find,
 And such the curse for this high rank design'd;
 That if upright, sure envy will ensue:
 So, censur'd oft, for what they dared not do.
 If grave, severe esteem'd, and yet if free,
 'Tis straight pronounc'd, a simple levity.

Each

Each visage placid, though with smother'd hate,
 For truth and honour seldom follow state.
 For bounties thankless, yet still craving more,
 And one refusal damns all grants before.
 Coming, what joy! how worshipp'd whilst they stay;
 But how deserted on the parting day! *

It so happened, that I had the honour to be one of his favourites, and often at his hospitable, generous table; where I never had the happiness of sitting, that the following excellent and apposite lines in SHAKESPEARE'S comedy of *Love's Labour Lost*, did not occur to my memory.

A merrier

* At this period, (as was the case for years before) every public paper in this city, was a vehicle for the envenomed, defamatory productions of a democratical faction or party; so that the people, who were totally uninformed of any political business, save on one side only, (for no printer who valued his own interest, dared attempt to publish a syllable that might tend to undeceive; there being none to support them, as they who conceive themselves as established, are not only as negligent, but as parsimonious and cautious; as the factious are liberal, attentive and active) were in as constant a state of deception, as of ferment and outrageous insult on government and magistrates of every rank, to which their demagogues could lead them as they listed; so that the laws (as in such cases ever must be the consequence) were rendered almost totally ineffectual to the purposes for which they were framed. And thus it was, until at length some of the geniuses I have before mentioned, influenced by the flashes of wit, and brilliancy of humour, which our then ruler every instant displayed, having engaged to support a printer, published such a paper during the rest of his administration, so replete with productions of the sort I have mentioned, that even the most bigotted on the opposite side, were eager to read them, and they had the wished for effect. In London there are constantly papers on both sides, although not always to be found together in the same coffee-house, which houses are frequented accordingly; so willing is mankind in such cases to be deceived.

Et qui vult decipi, decipiatur.

————A merrier man,
 Within the limits of becoming mirth,
 I never spent an hour's talk withal.
 His eye begets occasion for his wit,
 For every object that the one doth catch.
 The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
 Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
 Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
 That aged ears play truant at his tales,
 And younger hearers are quite ravished,
 So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

He never laughed at his own joke, which also
 brought to my remembrance those other lines in the
 same comedy.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
 Of him that hears, never in the tongue
 Of him that makes it.

Nor did he ever intrude into company your ap-
 posite stories, (as they are termed) nor retail the
 wit of others; he wanted no reflected light, he was
 himself a luminary.

That he was opposed in every measure he at-
 tempted, may well be supposed; nor was ever man
 more illiberally as unjustly treated: So that my
 pen was, as I before mentioned, not a little em-
 ployed, as were several of others much more able,
 whom he most gratefully and generously rewarded.
 Nor was it his fault, that I did not share his bounty
 equal with any; but my misfortune was, that he
 never made me any offer but in one line, which he
 meant well for me, but of which, for the reasons
 mentioned in my Advice to a Newly-Elected
 Member of Parliament, in the third volume of

these my Miscellaneous Works, I had declined the acceptance; wherefore, and as from my zeal to serve the revenue, I had some years before that period given up almost all other business whatsoever, and therewith, I may safely say, and could this instant demonstrate, many times the profits I ever had by my revenue employments, and had also by that zeal, my attachment to him, and many services to government, and thereby to the publick, as several of his letters to me will evince, gained (which may seem strange, yet is most true) the malevolence of numbers, I importuned him to think of me otherwise; which somewhat produced his displeasure.

No sooner was this perceived by some little flattering scribblers, who, among others, had attached themselves to him, than conceiving it might win his favour to exert their detraictory talents on me, and being from envy well inclined to it, accordingly, in the several daily liberty papers, (as they are most unjustly called) and several other fugitive pieces, not only by them, but by the hirelings of the then opponents to government, I was for a considerable time the marked out subject on which to exercise their ill nature, envy and malevolence; yet all confined to my political and literary works; for my moral character was, thank Heaven! as far above their reach to hurt, as were the characters of some of them inferior to it. But, above all, several the most infamous and execrable productions both in prose and verse, which the sorry imaginations of my adversaries (for such purposes most fertile) could devise or invent; among others, the allegorical

gical poem, called, *THE LIFE OF MAN, AN APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC, &c. &c.* a syllable of any of which I had never seen till in print, were published as mine, with my name placed to them: Nay, the very confidential discourse at my table, where some of these truly *JUDAS*-like guests had been often kindly and hospitably treated, was betrayed; and several of my very learned and agreeable friends and acquaintances, of as worthy characters as ever existed, (with whom I had unfortunately mixed them) exposed, derided and abused in a poetical satire, false as scandalous, entitled, *AN EPIS-TLE TO ME BY THE LATE ALDERMAN GEORGE FAULKNER*, the then printer of the *Dublin Journal*.

Nor did they yet rest here, but published several satyrical epigrams, as written by me, on different persons; especially one on the said *Mr. FAULKNER*, a single letter of any of which I had never seen or heard of, until I met them in the public papers, making me many enemies.

Si natura neget, facit indignatio versum. Juv. Sat. i.

Thus did I suffer, for as much political scribbling as would fill a tolerable volume; (nine parts in ten of which, I wish not a trace to remain on the face of the earth) although I could with safety say, were I this instant expiring, that I never intentionally published a line against the real interest of my country, or the character of any individual. I ever had a soul above such things; nor does there live a man, who loves his country, its constitution and legal li-

berly more: I had no other intentions or views, than to explain and conciliate; but faction knows no greater offence: Besides, several of them were written in such hurry, that I have blushed in private at the perusal of them since.

However, I am bold to flatter myself, that some of my works will live, when the wretched productions of ill-natured, envious scribblers, or ill-mannered gibbers, shall be as if they had never existed. And the more to torture their spleen, I will, on this occasion, venture to boast, that I have from the courts been publicly honoured with such compliments on account of my works, which have been quoted in my presence, as make me ample amends for all this malignity of heart; and this by such as are most capable of judging.

Diram qui contudit Hydram.

Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,

Comperit invidiam supremo sine domari.

HOR. Epist. lib. ii.

Who crush'd the Hydra when to life renew'd,

And monsters dire with fatal toil subdu'd,

Found that the monster Envy never dies,

Till low in equal death her conqueror lies. FRANCIS.

But now, as to the pecuniary rewards which, it has been said, I had received for all I have so written in the political way, and suffered, I do here also, on all the credit that I ever had in my life, most solemnly declare, I never got a single sixpence; nor had I such an expectation; and as to my benefits by the revenue, both in salaries and rewards for services done, they are many degrees short of those which, from my zeal for the service

service of the revenue, I had given up; for I made then above two thousand pounds a year by my private employments, agencies and professional business, and for many years did not clear four hundred a year by the revenue; though, it is true, I might, but for the reasons I before mentioned, have gained much more; and thus exchanged freedom for dependance.

In about eighteen years after the aforesaid additional salary of one hundred a year had been granted me, having, in that interval, done many further considerable services, and brought in and saved many thousands to the revenue of the kingdom, not only in the recovering of several estates which had been theretofore concealed and withheld from the crown, and large arrears thereof; but in the years 1770 and 1771, in the said administration of lord viscount TOWNSEND, I succeeded in as important a cause to the revenue of this kingdom, as ever had arisen: It was in the case of his majesty against the lands of Benmore, &c. in the county of Galway, which had been depending several years, and was thus: The persons who held the estates of papists, and, after the rebellion in 1641, had, by the commissioners for putting in execution the acts of settlement and explanation, been decreed innocent, having conceived that they were not subjected by the acts, to the payment of quit rent, refused it; on which a suit was commenced by the crown some few years after I was made solicitor, and the matter was strongly contested for several years; but among the many searches and re-
searches

searches I had made among the ancient records of the kingdom, for that laborious work, my aforesaid Treatise of the Exchequer and Revenue of Ireland, I found in the lord treasurer's remembrancer's office of the exchequer, that, between the years 1670 and 1674, the matter had been most solemnly determined twice in favour of the crown; which see in vol. I. thereof, page 225, to 228, and vol. II. page 123; whereupon, at length, after such a continued contest, on the death of a principal party, and my reviving the suit against the heir and tenants, during his excellency the earl of HARCOURT'S administration, the crown had a further absolute judgment: Now, had they succeeded in this, the consequence must have been, not only the loss of all this part of the quit rents, which make a considerable portion thereof, but it was intended also, to seek a restitution of all which had been paid before, from the beginning to the day of the determination: So that I may with safety say, I, by my indefatigable labour in this, had saved many thousands to the revenue; and if I added a higher rank of numbers to my account, I should not be unjustified. All which services, the records of the Exchequer in the several departments thereof, for his majesty's estates, rents and revenues, will shew.

And afterwards, in the same administration, I, by his excellency's directions, drew up from all the acts of Parliament relating to the king's revenue, for upwards of a century then last past, the several departments of the customs and excise, and the powers distinctly belonging to the commissioners thereof, on the intended division of the then conjunctive

junctive board of both, an extreme laborious work, and which I will venture to say, there were but few in the kingdom could have effected. It was afterwards settled by his majesty's law servants; and is in vol. II. of my said Treatise of the Exchequer and Revenue of Ireland.

After all these public services, and several others, which might be too tedious to mention, I applied to the then commissioners of excise, within whose department, according to the then late division of the board, this business was, for a gratuity; but was given to understand, that all such applications must originate with government.* Accordingly, I preferred my memorial to his excellency, then upon the point of being removed, with an account of my said services, flattering myself it would not receive a moment's delay, who referred it to the commissioners to report thereon; which they accordingly did on the second day of November, 1772, as follows:

“ We think it our duty, in justice to the memorialist, to declare, that he has shewn great abilities and application in the service of the revenue; and that since he has been solicitor for the forfeited estates, lands to a very considerable amount have been detected and recovered to the crown; particularly those in the counties of Roscommon and Galway, mentioned in the memorial; on which account he has not received any extraordinary recompences.—How far the salary annexed to his
“ other

* This was an alteration for the same reason (among others) that had produced a resident chief governor; so that all patronage, and every power in their board, of themselves to reward, were thereby totally removed.

“ other appointments, is proportioned to the time,
 “ and of the talents necessary to execute the duty
 “ of them with accuracy and propriety, is humbly
 “ submitted to your excellency’s decision: But, as
 “ the office of solicitor for the forfeited estates has
 “ been of great advantage to the revenue, by the
 “ lands which have been recovered, especially that
 “ of Sir JOHN HURLY, and has cost the memorial-
 “ ist much application, time, and personal fatigue,*
 “ we are humbly of opinion, that the memorialist
 “ should receive some consideration on that ac-
 “ count; either by a permanent salary annexed to
 “ the office, or by occasional gratuities, in propor-
 “ tion to the value of the land recovered; although
 “ we cannot take upon us to determine in which
 “ method, or to what amount, the allowance should
 “ be made.”

And thereupon the sum of 500*l.* was ordered me in money; 100*l.* a year salary as solicitor for the forfeited estates, there not having been any salary annexed to it before; and 70*l.* a year added to my salary of 30*l.* a year, as solicitor for the casual revenue: But the true consideration of my services was reserved for the exalted spirit, benevolence and true generosity of that most accomplished nobleman, the earl of HARCOURT; who being apprised of my faithful services, without any solicitation, or other application from me, or from any one on my behalf, but from the general accounts he said he had of me, bestowed on me the very important, confidential employment, of solicitor for the revenue of Ireland; which

* In one case only, the mesne profits, amounting to above three thousand six hundred pounds, had been paid into the treasury.

which he conceived, (as he had been so informed) was well worth 1200l. a year, and more; so that I then held the four several legal departments belonging thereto: Yet this continued but for about ten months; when, as was intended, I resigned the three of them I had before, to wit, solicitor for the king's rents, solicitor for the casual revenue, and solicitor for the forfeited estates; but this reducing my income to a good deal less than I had before, two hundred a year at least, the old established profits of the said office, being, as I never take more, but little above one-half of what they were conceived to be; whilst the labour of the one only, is (I may with safety say) three-fold all the others together: Having held it now above six years, with hardly as many days rest, as can be fully testified by numbers; so that I was obliged to relinquish almost all the social pleasures of life; and may truly say with the poet,

—— Whose fore task,

Does not divide the Sunday from the week,

And makes the night joint labourer with the day.

SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET.

Wherefore, his excellency not only gave me an additional salary of 100l. a year, which my predecessor had for his services, but also a further additional salary of the like annual sum of 100l. and, to my eternal honour, it is expressed in his directory letter to the commissioners of the revenue for the purpose, that this his excellency's voluntary donation, (for so it was) was as a testimony of my services to the revenue and the publick; which I prized more than if it had been fifty thousand, and not so attended.

In

In England, there are no less than four different departments in my present employment, executed by as many different persons; viz. in the customs, a solicitor for the London and Western ports, at 300*l.* a year; for the Northern ones, at 250*l.* a year; for the bonds and criminal prosecutions, one also at 250*l.* a year; and one for the excise, at 610*l.* a year for himself and clerks: And yet I have, at this instant, as much legal and other business on my hands for the revenue, as any two others of the most expert and able of the profession, I will venture to say, could in the *ordinary* hours allotted for business, possibly execute; having had no less in various ways at a time, than two hundred suits to prosecute; by which, were I to be paid as I would be for common clients, I should make three-fold at least the yearly profits I have in this confidential and important office; all which may be most fully evinced from the custom-house books, in the several departments of both custom and excise; as in those also in the several offices of the courts, but chiefly in the Exchequer, Equity, Law and Revenue; and the almost daily necessary attendance thereon in the courts, as also on the court of appeals, during the sittings of them all, besides the frequent ones on the four law servants of the crown, on consultations, &c. &c. On the great increase of business, even several years ago, in the revenues of this kingdom, it was thought, and most justly, the customs and excise were too much then for a single secretary, and the offices were accordingly divided; and the solicitor has not less business than them both together; they are employed in the general, about six hours in the day, I seldom less than twelve; at the office

office, often in evenings, in all weathers; and till after nine at night, to the infinite neglect of my own private affairs; by which, and my resigning all the other employments and business I had, I have not suffered less, I may with safety say, than twenty thousand pounds; within these sixteen years: They have many days of rest in the year; I have not even the sabbath; and am often at work in the winter before it is day; so that, were it not for as much order as perhaps was ever observed in an office, I should be in eternal distraction, having ever been attentive to that excellent maxim of the great lord BACON, yet by very few observed here, "That one moment to regularity, saves hours of confusion;" and, then, they have each of them several clerks allowed them, paid on the establishment, whereas, I, out of five hundred and fifty pounds a year, for me and clerks, constantly pay about one hundred and fifty to four; and have often several more, at no small expences; and yet, when I got this office, two were in the general sufficient; so that, as my salary is fixed, and that the other emoluments of the office, save on the bills of supply and revenue, are, for the reasons I have mentioned, scarcely worth relating, and no fees as an attorney, the more the revenue gains, the less of course my profits must be; and they are greatly reduced.

At length, a good deal worn down with such fatigue, as not one in a million could have endured; besides, having, by the unavoidable duties of my office, incurred the displeasure, nay, the hatred of numbers (some of rank and fortune, and some my intimate

intimate acquaintances and friends, who had unfortunately been sureties for deficient collectors, against whom I was obliged to issue the very heavy, yet proper legal process of the law, at the suit of the crown, as it is against the body, goods and lands of the debtor; so that, in time, I may be left in solitude) I represented my case in the strongest terms I could word it, to the succeeding government, (the period of whose administration of this kingdom, from a combination of most extraordinary, fortunate circumstances, and unforeseen events, will be recorded in its annals, as the æra of the confirmation of its fair commercial freedom at least) but it passed unnoticed; the cause (as I heard) was, "That government could not, in regard to the publick, think of multiplying offices," (which had been hinted at, as wished in my memorial) "and that his excellency was determined to be most cautious in increasing the expences of the public management." In the general consideration of it, a most laudable resolution, and must highly endear to a nation, every viceroy, who with truth and uniformity pursues it; who will not wantonly, or for private, or not beneficial purposes to the publick, lavish or bestow improperly its revenues; yet, at the same time, will not suffer that fairest of all claims, which great and faithful services for many years deserve, to be neglected or sent empty away, through the want of any other interest, which, in such case, should ever be unnecessary; and this from the very same principle, a regard to the public advantage; within which consideration, I so far flatter myself as to conceive my case was fully involved: However, as it hath pleased Heaven to bless me with good
flamina,

stamina, and not inferior vigour of mind, I will, notwithstanding my years, now near sixty-seven, thirty-nine of which have been devoted to the revenue, unless the bow by being overstrained be broken; or the string of it knapped in funder, do all I can to serve it; although it should happen, that, like the old pack horse, I shall expire in the harness; for in constant labour I have lived since I was able to work, and never could endure a moment's idleness.

There is yet another matter in my life's history, in which I am also bold to derive some honour to myself, and that is in an attempt I made by a pamphlet, which I wrote and published in the year 1761, in the administration of the earl of HALIFAX, in order to induce a relaxation of the popery laws; so far especially, as to suffer persons of that religion to take longer tenures and securities for their money; on which, his then secretary sent for me by his excellency's order, told me my scheme was highly approved of; and would be adopted, and desired I might pursue it. Accordingly, the heads of a bill were immediately prepared, and carried by a great majority through the house of commons; and afterwards passed the privy council with but two dissenting voices.

But, as if some unlucky fate hung over this people, in truth I may say the kingdom, although I told them it would be absolutely necessary to employ an agent to transact the business in England, and to attend the attorney and solicitor-general there,

there, as it might be considered as a private bill, and offered myself to go for my expences only, and without any reward for my labour or time; yet my advice was not approved of, as they conceived it might be an offence to his excellency, who had so heartily espoused the bill; and, accordingly, it was never returned, by which the kingdom was abundantly injured; very near half a million of money having (as it was said) been sent away from it, within a little space; however, shortly afterwards, a very large and rich silver epergne was sent to me, with this inscription engraved around the bowl of it,

“ THIS EPERGNE was presented to GORGES EDMOND HOWARD, Esq; by the Catholics of Ireland, for his Candour and Humanity, in endeavouring to obtain a Relaxation of the Popery Laws.”

and on each of the saucers this motto,

“ Hibernicis Catholicis Hibernico fideli datur.”

But as an act has been lately obtained, far more favourable to these people than the one I had promoted, which has not only given them some security for their property and happiness, but will contribute much to make the kingdom a flourishing one; and as further favours may be yet vouchsafed them, it may be hoped, that all animosities, on account of some few differences in religious ceremonies, will exist no longer; and as the far-famed catholic poet says,

For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

POPE.

After

After all this ceaseless, indefatigable labour, it pleased the almighty disposer of all things, to visit me in the evening of it with many heavy distresses; not only in the family way, in the losses of a most virtuous and affectionate wife and daughter, who died within some months of each other, * but in a deprivation within a course of sixteen years, by several different sets of remorseless plunderers, some of them more abandoned far than highwaymen, (if breach of confidence and faith, and living afterwards by the aid of an ill-judged law, in affluence and unconcerned ease without restitution, be an aggravation of the offence) though not within the verge of capital punishment, of a considerable portion of my very hardly-earned property; who can challenge the world, to say, with truth, I ever wronged or withheld from any man a shilling of his: Nor is this all; I have been treated with the blackest ingratitude, that most execrable of all vices, as most injurious to society, as it is the destruction of every principle of benevolence, friendship

* The first lies buried in St. MARY'S Church-Yard; whose character, as it is allowed by all to whom she was known, is most truly portrayed in the following Epitaph on her Monument, which is in the church:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
 ISABELLA HOWARD,
 (OTHERWISE PARRY,)
 WIFE OF GORGES EDMOND HOWARD, ESQ.
 WHO, LIVING, WAS AN EXAMPLE
 OF EVERY SOCIAL VIRTUE;
 AND, DYING, OF THE PLACID RESIGNATION
 OF A TRULY PIOUS, WELL SPENT LIFE.

ship and charity. I have lent my money to my much seeming friend, and have lost both; nay, the very seeking of my own, if with any importunity, hath been (as is too much the custom here) considered as a personal offence; nor did I ever indulge a debtor, after I had been compelled to sue him, that he did not turn it to my immediate disadvantage or loss. I have been most liberal in my affections, bounties and other kindnesses, to some who have afterwards, not only not even thanked, but have slighted or insulted me; How I have felt its effects, and the colours in which I have endeavoured to portray this vice, my *SIEGE OF TAMOR, APHORISMS, &c.* will manifest; whereas, I always thought, I could never enough acknowledge any services done me; and yet have this to say, which I believe few others have, that, notwithstanding the low circumstances wherein I have mentioned I was at my setting out in the world, I never, to my recollection, was obliged to any man for the loan of, or for his being security for me for a guinea, or ever suffered a person to call a second time for a bill; but as I wrote an uncommon good hand and swift, I laboured for a time, even in the lowest station of a clerk, to earn honest bread; so that had I been as attentive to one part of those excellent precepts, which the immortal and unrivalled *SHAKESPEARE* in his *HAMLET* causes *POLONIUS* to give his son *LAERTES* on sending him into the world, as I was to the other, I should have saved thousands I have lost; but what is still far more grievous, such trouble has attended the seeking the recovery thereof, as fifty times the sum would not have recompensed.

Neither

Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

And then, for almost fifty years of my life, in every of the several, various employments and offices of different businesses wherein (as I have mentioned) I had been engaged, I was in such a continued state of inferior subjection, that what from the consideration, how seldom real merit is, in a constitution of liberty, from the compelled present system of affairs, by the almost constant opposition of self-interested parties, chiefly considered in the promotion of those who have been appointed to power over others; their proneness from the very nature of man to the abuse of it, and their too general disregard to the deserts of underlings, together with the undistinguished and therefore most unjust (as I have also mentioned) abhorrence, with which the profession I am of, is treated, to the very appellation of which, an idea of contempt is ever annexed, my situation has been such, as had I an enemy to whom I wished an especial punishment, and that he had any spirit, or taste, it should be, to be condemned to it: So that, as I could never flatter, nor concur, decide, or act in any respect against my conscience, sense, or judgment, nor pay servile court to any, (great, or powerful, however they were,) and ever had a fervency and freedom of speech, which, or any advantage of abilities, a mean or ignorant superior cannot endure; * and never having been in the ordinary tract of preferment, but an indefatigable, useful office-drudge, I had but little chance of being relieved.

VOL. I.

¶

1.

* See Ecclesiasticus, iv. 27.

Is there a man, ye Gods! I ought to hate,
 Attendance and dependance be his fate,
 Still let him busy be, and in a crowd,
 And very much a slave, and very proud.

COWLEY.

And Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, in his *Treatise of Health and Long Life*, says thus: "Now, it is certain, that as nothing damps or distresses the spirits, like great subjections or slavery, so nothing nourishes, revives and fortifies them, like a great enjoyment of Liberty."

And then to crown this train of my disasters, on the 10th of November, 1781, a fire broke out from one of the rooms of the custom-house at noon day, by which the losses may be more than, were I to live these many years, I may know the whole of; several deeds belonging to myself and others, with all the numerous, nay, I may almost say, innumerable other papers, books, manuscripts, money, vouchers for money, bills, receipts, &c. which were in my apartments there, having, from my broken-open inward office, presses and drawers, whilst I was lying on my back, with a desperate wound in one of my legs, been hurried away in several large wheat sacks, bags, boxes and trunks, to five several different places, through a prodigious crowd in the streets, several of which papers and writings, were, for several days after, brought to me, some of them so trod under foot, as to be nearly effaced, and others of them which have been since missed never yet returned, to my no small distress in many restless nights. And yet, 'midst all this malice of accident, in the sixty-seventh year of my age, I had not even the least respite, having been carried up
 and

and down the custom-house stairs in extreme torture, for very near two months; such was the unrelaxed (in the mean while) duty of my office, and such my zeal for it.

So, that nothing but that fortitude with which true religion only inspires us, in the principles of which I had been strictly reared from my infancy, with the soul-cheering words thereof, "Come unto me
"all ye that travel and are heavy laden, and I will
"give you rest,"* could have supported me. How different this from those gloomy, though excellent lines of Dr. YOUNG, in his *Force of Religion, or Vanquished Love*?

Ah mortals! short of sight, who think the past
O'erblown misfortunes still shall prove the last;
Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft' in life prove one continued chain;
Fears bury fears, and ills on ills attend,
Till life and sorrow meet one common end.

Then, let me mention another matter, by which I have suffered not a little, as a caution to those of my profession, who may be so employed for others as I have been; which is, not to trust to himself alone, in the transaction of any matter of moment of his own, or 'tis a thousand to one, but he repents of his self-sufficiency, or saving: I have experienced it forely; and that I had far better have paid another for transacting it, as also a lawyer a reasonable fee threefold, for his advice therein.

However, I will yet have the confidence of a man, and will not despair of relief. Aided not only

with the aforeſaid particular and moſt honourable reports of different revenue boards in my favour, on references to them by government, but alſo the general accounts which have for ſome years paſt been likewiſe ſo returned by them to each ſucceſſive governour, of the qualifications of their ſubordinate officers, in which (as I have heard and ſeen) I was eſpecially mentioned; together with the letters which I have from time to time received from ſeveral of the noblemen who have filled that moſt exalted ſtation here, (at this inſtant in my poſſeſſion) expreſſive alſo of the many ſervices, which, in their reſpective adminiſtrations, I had done for *government*, the *revenue* and the *publick*; and which, if promulgated, would do my memory honour, when not an atom of my mortal frame exiſted; I ſay, with all theſe teſtimonials aided, (excluſive of the ſeveral thouſands which have been, by my unremitted induſtry, labour and much loſs, for the reaſons I have already mentioned, in the aforeſaid numerous ſuits, recovered of the balances due by deceaſed and diſmiſſed collectors, the far greater portion of which were ſo incurred by neglect, or otherwiſe, many years before my having been appointed ſolicitor,) ſome really noble and benevolent mind, to whom my caſe may be hereby, or otherwiſe, made known, and in whoſe power it will be to relieve me, may conceive me not unworthy of attention, and of removing me into ſome other ſtate, from which I may, before the cloſe of my moſt hitherto laborious life, acquire ſome reaſonable portion of dignity, profit, comfort and eaſe, as a reward for all my ceafeleſs ſervices.

To

To conclude: this work will make my publications fifteen volumes, four in quarto, and eleven in octavo, my losses by which have been mentioned before. If then my having served the Publick thereby; if having made a fortune by hard, and, I hope, honest labour, for almost seven-and-forty years in my profession, (almost thirty-nine thereof in the revenue) a labour harder far than his who tills the ground; and if, relaxing a little, I have at times indulged myself in a real or conceived taste for the BELLES LETTRES, I claim not in any thing any degree of that pre-eminence, to which Dr. YOUNG, in his excellent production, "The True Estimate of Human Life," hath given the epithet of painful, for which that certain tax of envy and hatred, too often even of friends, hath been paid: Yet, if this hath been my fate, I have this very satisfactory comfort, that I never published a line in the least offensive to religion, or virtue; on the contrary, hope I have endeavoured, all I could, to forward the advantage of both; so, with the following farewell lines:

Let wiflings, now, their various comments use,
 Coldly approve, or wantonly abuse;
 If these my essays happily shall find
 The wish'd applause of each discerning mind,
 'Tis such alone to deathless fame can raise,
 And Envy's scoff shall prove extorted praise.

I have, at the close of the last volume, inserted a few of the poetical addresses to me, on some of my essays; among which are a few epigrams, formerly written by some of my friends, and dispersed through several of the public papers, in answer to those invidious ones in prose and verse, which, for a course of years, had been not only published therein, but also, in the several volumes of the BACHELOR, BARATARIANA, and PRANCERIANA.

And

And after my Tragedy of the SIEGE OF TAMOR had been printed for these works, upon well considering one of Mr. ADDISON's letters in the Spectators, on dramatic writing, I compos'd an alteration for the last scene of it, so as to make the end of its catastrophe unhappy, which is inserted at the close of the third volume; so that, should it ever be thought worthy of representation, the *Theatric rulers* may choose whichever of the conclusions they may conceive will better answer their purposes.

Jan. 15, 1782.

P. S. After the following works had been printed, (now some months since) having waited for Subscriptions, as the profits are intended for Charity, as also until I could acquire a little leisure to read over the same, in order to mark out, as usual, any Errata therein, several new matters have arisen in respect to some of the subjects on which I had therein treated, and laws have either been made, or at present are in progress, for the purposes; for instance, (among others,) a *Relaxation of the Popery Laws*; a *National Bank*; an *Habeas Corpus act*; the *Encouragement of Agriculture and our Fisheries*, the greatest objects (after the before-granted Freedom of Trade) for the advancement and advantage of this kingdom, which have occurred since it had its existence, and must to the real Patriot, and all truly virtuous minds, for ever endear to it that most gracious and exalted administration (now on the verge of its period) which hath not only promoted, but hath so heartily and strenuously exerted itself for the effecting thereof, of which, it is thought proper to apprize the reader.

April 9th, 1782.

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E R R A T A.

V O L. I.

- Page xvi, line 26, *Before profession, insert learned.*
10, l. 2, *Place the word long before the word did.*
16, l. 27, *Instead of on all the read upon their.*
69, l. 12, *Dele k in fanatick.*
72, l. 1, *For shew read show.*
77, l. 14, *For shewn read shown.*
87, last l. *For wife read mate, and for happened read hap'd or chanc'd.*
243, l. 1, *For happ'ly read haply.*
272, l. 3, *Insert that before last, and dele that before as.*

V O L. II.

- Page 55, l. 2, *Instead of hereafter read before, and instead of cenure read calumny.*
156, l. 15, *Before dead insert a.*
251, last l. *For cenure read calumny.*
275, last l. *Under the word heart insert young.*
321, l. 28, *After direct insert ?*

V O L. III.

- Page 155, l. 31, *Dele y in difficulty.*
223, l. 4, *After the word support insert, and the next word, As, to begin with a small a.*
236, l. 10, *Dele s in judges.*
237, l. 13, *After the word mentioned insert,*
307, l. 8, *After the word well-wiwers, dele, and insert to.*

ODES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

ON

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

Vol. I.

B

1907

1908

1909

1910

V.

Then straight pronounce, or frown me dead;
 'T would far kinder prove,
 Than thus to keep in doubt and dread,
 If you, or hate, or love.



T O B E L I N D A,

O N H E R

IMPUTING TO A COLD AN INFLAMMATION
 IN HER EYES AFTER CRYING.

ANNO MDCCL.

I.

BELINDA, say, what dims those eyes,
 Which beam delicious light?
 Dost thou in pity part disguise,
 Because the whole's too bright?

II.

Perhaps, the act is not thine own,
 Some baleful Northern blast,
 Brib'd by the Sun that's jealous grown,
 Their lustre has o'ercastr'd?

III.

Or the vain Moon to make her Night
 Outshine the blaze of Day;
 Hath borrow'd a new robe of light,
 From their more dazzling ray?

IV.

Had this but been, before I gaz'd,
 With adoration there;
 They might, like eyes less bright, have pleas'd;
 And I have shunn'd love's snare.

V. Yet

V.

Yet rather than they thus remain,
 Like * CLYTIA let me lie;
 Still gazing on with pleasing pain;
 Though lost like her I die.



T O S A C H A R I S S A.

I.

WHILE some for face, and some for mien,
 And some for wit I've lov'd;
 With each just pleas'd as long as seen;
 How free your STREPHON rov'd!

II.

If this prov'd coy, or that unkind,
 Perhaps a third was true;
 Were they as fickle as the wind,
 Then I was fickle too.

III.

But when I all those charms explore,
 So eminent in thee;
 My vagrant heart can rove no more;
 It is no longer free.

T O

* CLYTIA was a nymph whom APOLLO (or the Sun) lov'd; but he forsaking her, she lay gazing on him, until, at length pining away, she was chang'd into a Sunflower, which is said to turn continually towards the Sun.

T O B E L I N D A,

ON HER DESIRING HIM NEVER MORE
TO LOOK AT HER.

I.

FORBID to look at those dear eyes!
O rigour too severe!
I could for thee ev'n death despise,
But can't that sentence bear.

II.

I, by such fatal arts, but strove
To tell my secret pain,
Since thou would'st not of slighted love
Permit me to complain.

III.

Those eyes not lesser transport gave,
Than the light's gladfome ray
Gives to the dungeon-prison'd slave,
Who wears in dark the day.

IV.

Permit me then, this boon to claim,
That like the hapless fly,
I may still hover round the flame,
By which I'm doom'd to die.

T O

T O B E L I N D A.

I.

BELINDA, send me back mine eyes;
Too long, alas! they've dwelt on thine!
But if that thence they've learn'd disguise,
Keep them, I pray, they are not mine.

II.

Too long my heart hath been thy slave,
Restore it (as I gave it) true;
But if, like thine, it can deceive;
Keep it; for then 'tis fit for you.

III.

Yet, let both heart and eyes be sent,
Tho' skill'd in all thy cruel art;
Shou'd e'er thy flinty breast relent;
I'll strive to act the tyrant part.



T O H I S C O L D M I S T R E S S.

I.

BELINDA! fain would I be told,
Whence can the cause arise,
That thou'rt so fair, and yet so cold,
'Tis ev'ry swain's surprize.

II. The

S O D E S, E P I G R A M S, &c.

II.

The vital streams that through thee creep,
Are colder sure than snow ;
Those cheeks, wherein L ove's arrows sleep,
No change of colour know.

III.

O ! may that Artista's * fate be mine,
Whom his form'd statue fir'd !
And thou, like it, by aid divine,
Be with life's heat inspir'd !



T O D O R I N D A,

ON HER CALLING THE AUTHOR A ROVER.

I.

SAY, prithes, why dost thou upbraid,
That vainly I attempt to rove ?
Ah ! let me seek some kinder maid ;
Since 'tis confess'd, thou canst not love.

II.

Sure such a tender breast as thine,
Ne'er harbour'd such a cruel thought ;
That I must still in slav'ry pine,
To swell the conquests thou hast wrought !

III.

But trust me, thou may'st set me free,
And thus thy pity's credit save ;
Until I meet one equal thee,
My heart must still remain thy slave.

T H E

T H E A D V I C E,

A S H O R T P A S T O R A L.

D A M O N.

I.

AH! cease, unhappy DAMON! cease,
To court so much in vain!
DORINDA, whom thou striv'st to please,
Declares thy touch is pain.

II.

Recal in time thy hapless heart,
To tyrant love betray'd;
For fruitless sure is all thine art,
To win that heav'nly maid.

S T R E P H O N.

III.

Go, bid the Ethiop change his die,
And take the Northern hue!
Or bid the unwieldy Porpoise fly,
As bid me not be true!

IV.

Go, bid the rivers backward run,
And up the mountain move!
Or bid DORINDA virtue shun;
Forbid me then to love.

V.

No, DAMON! I, in spite of all,
Must perish by her hate;
Since sense of virtue proves my fall,
Who then can mourn my fate?

A S O N G.

A S O N G.

I.

STREPHON did long BELINDA love ;
 But still he lov'd in vain ;
 No suff'ring could the shepherd move,
 To tell his secret pain.

II.

Whene'er the lovely maid appear'd
 Confusion seiz'd the youth ;
 That ev'n his modest eye still fear'd
 To speak the fatal truth.

III.

One night he sought to ease his breast,
 And make his passion known ;
 Yet cou'd no more, than wish her rest,
 Who robb'd him of his own.

IV.

Ah ! Love ! thou too much tyrant art,
 Nor limit will allow !
 Is't not enough, thou rul'st the heart ?
 Must reason likewise bow ?



O N S E E I N G

B E L I N D A,

O N H E R M O T H E R ' S D E A T H.

I.

HER head upon her arm reclin'd,
 Pensive and pale she sat ;
 And sweetly languish'd, as design'd,
 All hearts to captivate.

II. A

II.

A silent melancholy tear
 Stole down her lily cheek;
 E'en grief itself sat lovely there;
 She sigh'd, but could not speak.

III.

Her eyes a lustre faint display'd,
 Not half as usual bright;
 With beams like these, the sun's array'd,
 When mists have veil'd his light.

IV.

But when th' obstructing clouds remove,
 Who'll then her radiance bear?
 Unpity'd I that fate must prove;
 Unpity'd must despair,



O N A M O S T

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY'S POWDERING

HER VERY BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

I.

CANST thou, by any art of thine,
 Improve the lily's hue?
 Or make the rose by thy design,
 More lovely than it grew?

II.

Then strive not to improve that face,
 Where tints more beauteous vie,
 What Nature gave, let Nature grace,
 And Art neglected lie.

The

The Author of the foregoing little Ode having met it cut on a pane of glass, and his Mistress on whom he wrote it having proved unkind, he *extempore* subscribed the following lines :

T H E A D V I C E.

I.

STREPHON! let not the fairest face
 In thee a victim find ;
 Nor e'er thy fond affection place
 But on the charms of mind.

II.

Behold ! how soon the blushing rose,
 When blown, begins to fade,
 How soon the valley's pride * doth lose
 The sweets it once display'd.

III.

So, beauty's transient radiance flies,
 As fades the short-liv'd flow'r ;
 The soul alone, that bliss supplies,
 Which death cannot devour.



T O B E L I N D A,
 ON HER SAYING HE WAS FICKLE.

S O N G.

I.

HAD you, BELINDA, e'er but shewn
 One sign of love ; I ne'er had known
 A thought for nymph but thee :

But

* The lily.

But still to flight and yet upbraid,
 If I but seek a kinder maid,
 Betrays a cruelty.

II.

Yet, should you now pronounce me free,
 I, exile like, should pant for thee,
 My only home of love ;
 For, in each fair I yet have spy'd,
 I but some glimpse of thee descry'd,
 But none my heart cou'd move.

III.

Then, never let that form of Heav'n,
 Impeach its truth, as if 'twas given,
 To hide a mind less fair ;
 Pity is Heav'n's peculiar grace,
 Let pity in thy soul take place,
 Its truth, as image, wear.



A S O N G.

I.

WHEN NANCY charm'd the verdant plain,
 In all her sweetness dress'd,
 O! then I could a crown disdain ;
 No youth was e'er more bless'd.

II.

All Nature's works, as well as I,
 Methought admir'd the sight ;
 And with each other seem'd to vie,
 To give the fair delight.

III. The

III.

The meadows smil'd ; the hills were drefs'd,
 In all their gayest geer ;
 The birds in songs, their joys exprefs'd,
 And Spring was all the year.

IV.

But now the lovely Nymph is fled,
 How sadly chang'd the scene !
 The Winter shews its dreary head,
 And Spring no more is seen.



WRITTEN EXTEMPORE,

ON SEEING TWO BEAUTIFUL SISTERS.

I.

SYLVIA, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
 Can ev'ry heart command ;
 And CHLOE'S air and angel's face,
 Who sees that can withstand ?

II.

When two such matchless nymphs as these,
 At once attack my sight ;
 Both form'd, with equal charms to please,
 To give sublime delight.

III.

I'm like the steed between two ricks,
 Of sweetly scenting hay,
 That starv'd ; at loss on which to fix,
 Or where the preference pay.

ON A BEAUTIFUL
YOUNG LADY'S GIVING THE AUTHOR AN
ALMOST FADED ROSE FROM HER BOSOM.

I.

THE faded flower you thus bestow,
When first its fragrant sweets did blow,
Was deem'd the garden's pride;
Yet why should we its fate lament?
That life in bliss was surely spent,
Which on that bosom died.

II.

But who that could its place supply,
Would fear unnumber'd deaths to die?
Let not my wish be vain!
With joy its destiny I'd share,
O! kindly, quickly seat me there,
Or take your gift again.



E X T E M P O R E,
ON A CERTAIN LORD'S REFUSING TO PAY THE
FEES OF HONOUR ON TAKING HIS SEAT.

I.

WHO can lord FROTH with justice blame,
That he refus'd to pay
The fees of honour's empty name,
When th' essence was away?

II.

Conscious of wanting that within
Which title can't bestow;
To pay its price, had folly been,
In him, who sought but show.

ON THE DEATH OF THE
 HON. WILLIAM ST. LAURENCE,
 YOUNGER SON OF THE RIGHT HON. LORD HOWTH,
 WHO DIED AT SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

I.

WHAT eye hath seen so sweet a youth!
 He was perfection's glass;
 His soul knew honour, sense and truth,
 In life's most early class.

II.

O Death! that such a lovely flow'r,
 Cou'd not escape thy blast!
 Thou didst its new-blown bloom devour,
 Before its morn was past.



ON THE
 RECOVERY OF THE AUTHOR'S WIFE
 FROM A FIT OF SICKNESS.

I.

SNATCH'D from the grasp of envious Death,
 My Love regains her fragrant breath,
 And opes her radiant eyes:
 The flow'rs returning to her cheek,
 Again their fav'rite mansion seek,
 And with more lustre rise.

II.

Again she looks as sweet as May,
 As blooming, beauteous, mild and gay,
 And cheer'd is ev'ry face:
 Propitious Heav'n! prolong her date,
 Nor early suffer in her fate,
 The death of ev'ry grace.

A F A B L E,

ON A QUARREL

BETWEEN THE LAWYERS AND ATTORNIES
ON THE MUNSTER CIRCUIT, IN THE YEAR MDCCL.

IT is a proverb, true as old;
A proverb, that must ever hold;
“ That strange events are brought about,
“ When spoilers with themselves fall out;
“ And many secrets then made known,
“ Which to the honest bring their own.”

Long had the Kites and Hawks combin'd,
To prey on all the feather'd kind;
The Vulture, he was judge supreme
Of all complaints small birds shou'd frame;
Whence, Ravage uncontroul'd did fly,
Thro' ev'ry region of the sky:
The widow's cries, the orphan's tears,
Ne'er mov'd, howe'er they reach'd their ears;
So that nor walk, nor grove, nor wood,
Was safe from rapine, free from blood.

Thus it proceeded, 'till at last,
Some Hawks arose of fancied taste,
Striplings, just started from a college,
Fraught with conceit, as void of knowledge,
Who at the Inns some terms attending,
For th' art of suing and defending,
Had just got so much of the science,
As to set all things at defiance;
For birds and beasts of each degree
Once thought and reason'd, well as we,

Thro' ev'ry path of knowledge walk'd,
 And as a first-rate pleader talk'd ;
 Yet, tho' unskill'd in learn'd debate,
 With bold effrontery replete,
 Cou'd that supply from Billingsgate :
 And wou'd, inflam'd, with STENTOR's brawl,
 On suitor, judge or jury fall ;
 Or well retain'd for client's cause,
 Mistate not only facts but laws.
 Amongst these Branchers * 'twas agreed,
 ' That Kites were of inferior breed ;
 ' And that to Hawks 'twas foul disgrace,
 ' To herd with such a vagrant race ;'
 Applause, straight, quick as lightning flew,
 Thro' all the rav'nous, grinning crew.

Soon as the Kites this news had heard,
 They to the Vulture judge repair'd.
 Says he, (and the old bird cou'd talk)
 " Why, I myself was once a Hawk,
 " And think you petty-fogging knaves,
 " But little better than our slaves ;
 " And if this sentence ye deny,
 " I'll join to drive you from the sky."

Thus disappointed of redress,
 The Kites were left in sore distress ;
 When one arose who valued not
 The proudest Hawk a single jot.
 " What ho ! my fellow Kites (said he)
 " Shall we this practis'd insult see ?
 " And not with spirit high resent it ;
 " I'll answer they shall soon repent it.

" If

* Young Hawks.

" If you'll with patience hear me speak,
 " And not of Hawks vain counsel seek ;
 " Albeit, in truth we all must know,
 " Their conduct to ourselves we owe :
 " You see, my worthy friends ! full well,
 " Nay, ev'ry unfledg'd Kite can tell,
 " That scarce a single Lark wou'd fall
 " Amidst the talons of them all,
 " But for us Kites ; who ev'ry day,
 " Into their clutches drive the prey ;
 " With thousands feed their rav'nous maws,
 " Whilst we near starve with meagre jaws :
 " Nay some so very servile are ;
 " Still us'd the tyrants to revere ;
 " That (so the plund'ers liv'd at ease)
 " Their offals wou'd those wretches please ;
 " While others, not content with this,
 " The rumps they feather'd humbly kiss ;
 " And when a Hawk appears before them,
 " As Jove, these cringing slave adore him.
 " Let's join and put them to defiance ;
 " We soon shall starve them to compliance !
 " Let us, unanimous, agree,
 " And never more their cat'ers be !
 " Let's scorn the strutting generation,
 " We'll make their very TERMS VACATION !"
 Straight pleasure seiz'd the hungry crew,
 And off with full assent they flew.

No longer Kites to Hawks are slaves,
 Nor prey to glut their fellow knaves ;
 But publish ev'ry art and wile,
 Which Hawks had practis'd to beguile,

And make unwary fowls their prey ;
Thus birds grew wiser ev'ry day.

Now, the catastrophe behold !
The Hawks their very feathers fold ;
And when a sorry Kite they meet,
Fall prostrate, and salute his feet.

At length, by sad experience taught,
A parley with the Kites is fought.
They meet : when thus a sage old Falcon—
“ My friends ! our days were once most halcyon ;
“ When we in social flocks conjoin'd,
“ Our mutual interests design'd ;
“ Sure then, in us, 'tis strange mistake,
“ And of our sense must question make,
“ Who, only thrive by foreign war,
“ Thus idly, with ourselves to jar !
“ Let us determine this dissension ;
“ And of all grudges for prevention,
“ Let us again our force unite ;
“ Let Kite and Hawk, and Hawk and Kite,
“ Like brethren prove that birds of feather,
“ Must flock in harmony together.”

This sage advice he scarcely ends,
When shouts proclaim'd them once more friends.

T H E A D V I C E,
TO MISS POLLY GUNNING*.

I.

I GRANT it, POLLY; and declare,
I never yet saw nymph more fair,
Nor form'd for more delight;
Such beauties in that shape we trace,
As first-form'd statues would disgrace,
With eyes as diamonds bright.

II.

Your lips, which coral far excel,
Or sweets that in the rose-bud dwell,
Your pearly teeth adorn;
The bloom your dimpl'd cheeks display,
Abash all colours of the May,
Or blushes of the morn'.

III.

Those sable locks, that sportive deck
In wanton curls your lovely neck,
Smooth as the polish'd stone;
Such lively painted contrast show,
As Ravens on a hill of snow,
Yet far by your's outshone.

IV.

Preserve then, with the choicest care,
Those graces, Nature grants so rare,
And of such boons be nice;
The things of highest value known,
Lose greatly, if too often shewn;
Their real worth and price.

V. Ob-

* Afterwards Countess of COVENTRY.

V.

Observe, the radiant prince of day!
 To his though kind, as constant ray,
 Scarce notice we afford:
 But in those gloomy regions, where,
 Seldom his glad'ning beams appear;
 He's courted; he's ador'd.

VI.

Man, born for labour, proud and vain,
 Still prizes most, what's hard to gain,
 And ev'ry thing that's rare.
 This conqu'ror then, at distance hold;
 He warmer glows, as you seem cold,
 But scorns the willing fair.



O N T H E S A M E,

ON MR. POPE'S DRAWING HER PICTURE.

I.

WHEN first th' all-conqu'ring God of Love,
 The peerless GUNNING spy'd,
 He vow'd that to the realms above
 Her form should be supply'd.

II.

Straight POPE in tints an artist fam'd,
 To win the prize essay'd,
 Till in despair at length he claim'd,
 Of ev'ry Pow'r their aid.

III. When

III.

When Beauty's queen, the work to crown,
 Came from her roseate bow'rs ;
 And with her brought the painted down,
 That breathes on vernal flow'rs.

IV.

Assisted thus, he soon refin'd,
 (Which else had ne'er been done)
 Those charms the goddess had design'd,
 The semblance of her own.



THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

Tune—"As Granville's soft Numbers."

I.

A H CHLOE ! sweet tyrant ! how long shall I be,
 A slave to thy charms, still unpitied by thee ?
 Since a passion so faithful, no favour can gain ;
 Yet to flatter thy pride, must I still hug thy chain ?
 Of all thy admirers, consider how few,
 Like STREPHON have lov'd, and like STREPHON
 been true ?

II.

When I fall at thy feet, and thy pity implore,
 My constancy urge, and how much I adore ;
 Thy looks speak my doom with so gentle an air,
 That I bless the dear eyes, by which I despair,
 Thou say'st thou canst pity, but canst not approve,
 "To barter thine heart, but with him thou canst
 "love."—

III. To

III.

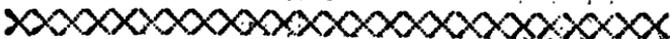
To others thou'rt easy, familiar and gay ;
 But scarce afford'st me ev'n a word in a day ;
 And when thou vouchsaf'st it, alas ! thou'rt so true,
 Thy heart in thine eyes appears full to my view :
 Ah ! tell me, I pray thee, how canst thou thus be,
 So cruel to him, who so dotes upon thee ?

IV.

Despairing of love, I have us'd ev'ry art,
 This fond, fatal passion to tear from my heart ;
 But vainly, alas ! 'tis so rivetted there,
 That I cannot the thought of its liberty bear :
 Of all I've address'd, in none cou'd I see,
 Ev'n half the perfections, that blaze forth in thee.

V.

When to Heav'n I resort for ease of my cares ;
 Thy image intrudes, and engrosses my pray'rs ;
 So oft in the groves, I thy beauties proclaim,
 That Echo grows tir'd, with repeating thy name.
 Dear maid, then be kind, or straight doom me to
 death !
 Yet, still I shall bless thee with my parting breath.



THE HAUGHTY LOVER.

I.

WHY throbs my heart thus, and why flutters
 it so, [know ;
 When fair DAPHNE appears ? O Love ! let me
 Other

Other beauties I can with indifference view:—
 Love quickly return'd, “ Why the fault's not in
 “ you.

II.

“ 'Twas fix'd at her birth, by my mother and me,
 “ That she of her sex should the paragon be ;
 “ So, vainest of youths, thou'lt no cause to complain,
 “ Who but sharest the fate, with each other fond
 “ swain.”

III.

Then, since DAPHNE'S reign is unrival'd decreed,
 Instruct my fond heart, in the way to succeed !
 O ! I pant for the prize !—The God then replied,
 “ Sue with sense, love and truth, and thou'lt not be
 “ denied.”



E X T E M P O R E,

O N H E A R I N G A

CERTAIN CELEBRATED BEAUTY BLAMED BY SOME
 OF HER OWN SEX FOR HER SPRIGHTLINESS.

I.

PA T T Y—persist in conqu'ring still ;
 Let peevish prudes say what they will,
 And call thee proud Coquette.
 'Tis envy of those matchless charms,
 That face, which every heart alarms ;
 That lively turn of wit.

II. Tell

II.

Tell them with equal sense and truth,
 That beauty join'd to wit and youth,
 Will gay and sprightly be;
 That mirth from innocence still flows;
 A joy that virtue only knows;
 A joy that dwells with thee.



O N T H E
 SPEECHES MADE IN THE SEVERAL CITY-HALLS
 BY SOME LICENTIOUS ORATORS,
 FIRST AGAINST THE
 LORD MAYOR AND ALDERMEN OF DUBLIN,
 AND AT LENGTH AGAINST ALL GOVERNMENT.

I.

IN second RICHARD's luckless reign,
 As annals tell, a direful train
 Of rebels vile arose:
 WAT TYLER, LITTSTAR, and JACK STRAW,
 With JOHNNY BALL, and JOHNNY RAW,
 But WAT their chief they chose.

II.

Two begging priests, and one ale vender,
 A tyler, with a law pretender,
 Were chiefs of this fell crew*,
 They speech'd in city halls aloud,
 And fir'd with words th' admiring crowd,
 And ills they never knew.

* That their names, as also their occupations, from which some of them took their names, were as above, see RAPIN's and other Histories of ENGLAND.

III. That

III.

That kings and beggars were the same,
 Since all alike from ADAM came,
 Was what the Friar taught :
 That all things should to all be common,
 Distinction therefore giv'n to no man,
 The doctrine soon was caught.

IV.

WAT TYLER and his friend JACK STRAW,
 Pronounc'd that there should be no law,
 But what themselves should frame :
 That in the land, there was not one,
 Wise, good, or just, save they alone,
 Or such as they should name.

V.

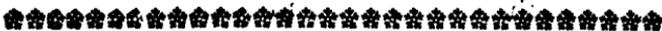
The chiefs of law and gospel bled,
 Before the Sovereign could make head
 Against this rabble rout :
 At length with aldermanic hand
 The city mayor reliev'd the land,
 And drove Rebellion out.

VI.

No wonder then this rebel's fate,
 Provokes the TYLER of each state,
 With aldermen to quarrel :
 The cur that feels the lash's smart,
 Will never after fail to start
 At sight of it, and snarl.

ON THE STATE
OF THE KINGDOM AND NAVY AT THE
TIME OF ADMIRAL BYNG'S DEFEAT.

WHEN Britons with the lark arose and slept,
Not midnight hours o'er Chance's tables kept.
When viands pure and barley's mellow juice,
Was all the honest wholesome fare in use.
Ere nerve-impairing tea, and pois'nous gin,
Had made a race, not half what men had been.
Then, then BRITANNIA through the world was fear'd,
And her proud flag triumphant rode rever'd,
'Twas then one British ship was bold to mate,
Ev'n two of Gaul's proud flag of equal rate:
But now should they surpass us, but one gun,
We are o'ermatch'd we cry, we turn, we run.—
Rouse, HAWKE! rouse, BRODERICK! and with mar-
tial fire,
Once more our languid countrymen inspire;
Rescue old BLAKENEY, that Hibernian brave,
Your king, your country, and its honour save.



THE
MODERN LASS IN HIGH DRESS,
IN MDCCLVI.

I.

HASTE all ye bucks and lads of fire,
And view a modern nymph's attire;
Here's every charm to win the fight,
And give to sense and heart delight.

II, Behold

II.

Behold my jet-black locks that flow,
 In sportive curls on neck of snow !
 My polish'd shoulders plump and bare,
 And swelling hills beneath, so fair !

III.

A down my back, ev'n to my waist,
 With boundless joys your fancy feast !
 Through plackets then, those juts descry,
 Would lure the pious hermit's eye.

IV.

The beauties too of limbs below,
 Which friendly, curtail'd garments show ;
 And if th' indulgent gale blows high,
 Others, that there adjacent lie.

V.

So little art our grandames knew,
 That ev'n a foot, man must not view,
 And straight, would make a wond'rous rout,
 If bubby peep'd from tucker out.

VI.

But we their offspring far more sage,
 Than that prepost'rous prudish age,
 From old or young, the gay and grave,
 Veil not the charms kind Nature gave.

ON THE DEATH OF
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE MARLAY.

REmorseless Death! is MARLAY then thy prize?
 In learning eminent, in judgment wise,
 Of manners easy, and of taste refin'd,
 The pleasing portrait of a polish'd mind;
 Soul of true humour, yet in sense a sage,
 The POLLIO, the MÆCENAS of the age;
 Gentle he liv'd, and as he liv'd expir'd;
 Said, "Peace be with you," and in peace retir'd*.



O N A D R U M.

I.

IMMORTAL SHAKESPEARE long had reign'd
 The test of taste and sense;
 The stage new laurels daily gain'd,
 And drove all barb'rism thence.

II. 'Twas

* It was observed, that his lordship was never in better spirits, than he was the night before his death; and having waked very early in the morning, he called his man-servant, and told him he was not very well, but that it would soon be over with him; but not to disturb the family, until the usual time of rising, then said, "God be with you all," and died.

II.

'Twas then the soul at once enjoy'd
 Improvement and delight,
 The day in active good employ'd,
 In innocence the night.

III.

Dulness and Vice beheld with grief,
 How fast their empires fell;
 And straightway call'd for their relief,
 On all the powers of Hell.

IV.

'Twas thought, so long the scheme was scann'd,
 To light it ne'er would come;
 When some arch fiend proclaim'd it plann'd,
 And call'd its name a DRUM.

V.

Straight Reason's choicest pleasures fled
 With all Life's social joys;
 And baneful Gaming in their stead
 All taste, all grace destroys.



TO HIS FRIEND W—D—, Esq.

WHO HAD PROMISED TO MAKE HIM A GERMAN FLUTE SIX
 YEARS BEFORE, AND HAD FINISHED IT ALL TO THE KEY.

THE SUMMONS.

SIX moons have now pass'd, I'll no longer be
 mute,
 Since charm'd with my music you promis'd a flute;
 And

And its worth to enhance, you yourself were to
make it,

And so inspired shou'd I be, that like PAN I shou'd
shake it,

Thus to work my friend fell, straight the magical
boat *,

On the shelf lay neglected, for works of more *note*,
Tho' within an hour's work of sailing to Japan,
Self-moving, self-rowing, without help of a man.

An Orrery † too, all the planets to shew,
Which to finish scarce wanted a hammer's one blow;
Ev'n NEWTON your friend stood half-form'd on
your plate ‡;

With DRYDEN, LOCKE, MILTON, and others as
great :

Thus it far'd with the flute, finish'd all but the key;
When that shall be done he's a wise man can say;
For some dæmon, in spite to such talents, hath sworn,
They're too much for one man, and not to be borne;
And in order your much envied fame to diminish,
Hath resolv'd, that you never shall any thing finish,
But, for this your treatment, now hear what's to
follow ;

You've greatly displeas'd the great piper APOLLO;
Who twice with the Nine from Parnassus descended,
And thus disappointed, have flown back offended ;
For,

* A boat he had then partly made, which was to row of
itself.

† This is a very ingenious performance, but was not
finished until some years after the above was written.

‡ A pair of chased candlesticks, partly finished very ele-
gantly with several illustrious heads on them, since also very
elegantly finished by this gentleman, who for his mathe-
matical knowledge and mechanic abilities is highly esteemed.

For, on this fam'd flute, I had promis'd a solo;
 In short, your excuses amount to a NOLO;
 Wherefore, the next moon, to his temple in air,
 You are, at your peril, requir'd to appear,
 And for your safe passage a cloud will attend you,
 On Sugar-loaf-hill; so your good stars defend you!



TO HIS AFORESAID FRIEND;

FOR CONTUMACY, IN NOT OBEYING THE AFORESAID
 SUMMONS.

THE SENTENCE.

TIS now almost three moons, since you, my
 good friend,
 Were summon'd APOLLO's high court to attend,
 Is your promise forgot? Or is't your intent,
 To give me a pipe, when my breath is all spent?
 Or has PAN, in dread of a rival so great,
 Secreted the key, which you say was of plate?
 Be the case as it will; 'twill no longer be borne,
 For APOLLO declares, and by Styx he has sworn,
 (Since you to his court no obedience will pay,
 Nor its summons regard, be it oft' as it may)
 If you your engagements don't straightway fulfil,
 He'll surely deprive you of all taste and skill,
 In sonnet or song; and vows ere the next moon,
 That your fav'rite viol shall ne'er be in tune*;

VOL. I.

D.

Or

* He plays very well on the bass viol.

Or shall sound like the rattling of long iron bars,
 Dragg'd over rough pavement on rumbling low
 cars;

Or the portentous screaming of screech-owls and
 daws,

Or the ear-piercing jar, from the filing of saws;

Or which is far harsher, the wrangle of laws;

And, as if you had felt the Tarantula's sting,
 You in phrensy shall dance whensoever I sing.



MISS LEGONDE', OR THE CONTEST.

I.

LONG had the contest reign'd between
 The God of Wealth and Beauty's Queen,
 O'er wedlock to preside;
 Whether adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
 Love shou'd of tempting gold take place,
 At length was to be try'd.

II.

An ill form'd lump straight PLUTUS chose,
 With squinting eyes and crooked nose,
 And scarce of human shape;
 But daub'd it o'er with gold and pearls;
 And soon the hearts of dukes and earls,
 Fix'd on this woman-ape.

III.

The Paphian queen, alarm'd, afraid,
 Of pow'r so great, invok'd the aid,
 Of ev'ry God and Grace;
 Their gifts were granted at her call,
 When straight LEGONDE', form'd of all,
 Unveil'd her matchless face.

IV. Now

IV.

Now let each youth prepare to prove
 The worth, the judgment of his love,
 And all Gold's lures despise!
 Convince, such dross can ne'er controul
 The gen'rous elevated soul,
 And shew that they have eyes!



T H E R E P R O O F.

TO MISS LETTY G—E.

I.

WHY, LETTY! why these needless arts!
 Sufficient o'er your subject hearts,
 Is Nature's guileless reign;
 I grieve, behind that angel face,
 So fraught with innocence and grace,
 To find a thought that's vain.

II.

The pendant, trembling at your ear,
 Was hung but as a foil, I fear,
 Beneath your brighter eye;
 The pearls around your neck with those,
 Which your balm-breathing lips disclose,
 Were ne'er design'd to vie.

III.

The lily, rais'd to be disgrac'd,
 With equal insult too was plac'd,
 Its whiteness to deride;
 The rose that on your bosom lies,
 Withers, o'erpower'd with sweets, and dies
 A victim to your pride.

IV.

And yet shou'd your attire be plain,
 We might alike esteem it vain,
 And proudly meant to show,
 How much your native charms concern
 All ornament, that dress or gem,
 Or any arts bestow.



O N S E E I N G

MRS. FITZHENRY PLAY THE PART OF
 JANE SHORE.

WHILE practis'd imposition masks our age,
 And studied Fiction treads the world's wide
 stage;
 Nature, to make reprisals upon Art,
 Hath in her turn resolv'd to act a part;
 With equal craft, her ancient realm to claim,
 And seize her right in her opponent's name.

For this—as when the Delphic pow'r inspir'd
 The labouring priests, by his fullness fir'd;
 So, Nature veil'd within a mortal dame,
 Assumes the organs of FITZHENRY'S frame;
 Each limb she warms, and ev'ry nerve she plies,
 Beats at her heart, and lightens from her eyes;
 Our colder forms the kindling spark partake,
 And slumb'ring virtues at her voice awake.

When we behold the mourner sunk in woe,
 Our breasts too labour, and our eyes o'erflow;

Or,

Or, if affection's joy she chance to express,
 Tears gush alike in streams of tenderness:
 Our thrilling blood, and stiff'ning hair, avow
 The horror mark'd on her contracted brow.

With sympathetic pow'rs supremely strong,
 The priestess thus arrests the list'ning throng;
 Informs their joys and griefs, their hopes and fears;
 And they in fact become, what she appears.



S O N G.

I.

IS there no balsam that can ease
 The wounded shepherd's heart?
 Or do love's pangs so strangely please,
 We court th' envenom'd dart?

II.

Ah! yes, fond youth! such med'cines are,
 Could'st thou those med'cines find,
 Wou'd CHLOE cease to look so fair,
 Or would she prove more kind.



S O N G.

I.

WHO has peerless KITTY seen?
 Fairest nymph that treads the green!
 Object sweet of fond desire!
 Who can look and not admire.

II. In

II.

In her soul-delighting eyes,
 Love, the little lurcher, lies ;
 There he keeps his hoard of darts,
 Whence he wounds and sports with hearts.

III.

Or perch'd on her coral lips,
 Thence delicious nectar sips ;
 Or his wonted ambush seeks,
 In the dimples of her cheeks.

IV.

Fly, ye youths ! her beauties shun ;
 Every gazer is undone ;
 Chief, her eyes, as Basilisks dread,
 Which but win to strike us dead.



A PICTURE.

WHEN plac'd in office in full-bottom'd wig,
 We spy a solemn, faucy, prank'd-up prig ;
 To all below him insolently proud ;
 To all above him, meanest of the croud ;
 Insulting tyrant, when he can o'erbear,
 But when oppos'd, a very doe in fear ;
 Such, CLYTUS, trust me, you will ever find,
 Is the base owner of A LITTLE MIND :
 But if, on the reverse, we chance to see
 High-station vested with humility ;
 Though strict, yet placid, cautious of offence,
 Blending complacency with manly sense ;
 Lowly in heart, though in exalted sphere ;
 We straight pronounce, THE NOBLE MIND IS THERE.

T O

T O T H E
 CONDUCTORS OF THE PUBLIC NEWS-PAPER,
 CALLED THE MONITOR*:

I.

PROCEED, vile hirelings! please the rout;
 Cull ev'ry lucklefs foible out,
 Amidst the human store!
 Like flies, that foul corruption love,
 Still from the sounder parts remove,
 And fix upon the fore!

II.

Behold! your friends around you wait;
 Pale Envy, Faction, Falsehood, Hate,
 All ready at your call!
 Thus aided, whilst immask'd you lie,
 Scorn Truth, and ev'ry Pow'r defy;
 Hell will not let you fall.



A N H Y M N,
 FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE FOUNDLING
 HOSPITAL.

I.

LIST, all ye nations! O give ear!
 Whilst babes and sucklings sing,
 And lisping tongues the ways declare,
 Of Heav'n's all-gracious King!

HALLELUJAH, &c.

II. Of

* This infernal paper, which, to the disgrace of human nature, sold most rapidly, destroyed the peace and happiness of many a worthy family for ever.

II.

Of fond parental aid bereft!
 All care, all comfort gone!
 The God, to whom alone we're left,
 Hath deeds of wonder done.

HALLELUJAH, &c.

III.

For us, his little ones, distress'd,
 He softens flinty hearts;
 And fostering thro' a stranger's breast,
 The genial stream imparts.

HALLELUJAH, &c.

IV.

By Him secur'd from vice and shame,
 We may Sin's wiles defy;
 Such deeds our grateful homage claim,
 To all Eternity.

HALLELUJAH, &c.

V.

O! then let all their voices raise,
 'Till Earth and Heav'n resound!
 Let old and young exalt His praise,
 Whose goodness knows no bound!

HALLELUJAH, &c.

ON THE DEATH OF
 PHILIP DOYNE, ESQ.*
 MARCH, MDCCLXV.

I.

Mourn, mourn, IERNE! Wisdom, Virtue, mourn!
 To elegiac notes attune each string!
 From earth, alas! your much-lov'd DOYNE is torn,
 In brighter spheres, sublimer strains to sing.

II.

There he, enthron'd with the seraphic choir,
 In those blest seats of ever-during joy,
 Shall tune to wonder his melodious lyre,
 Where love nor mourns, nor pleasures ever cloy.

III.

Are then thy sorrowing friends no more to hear
 Th' enchanting music of thy matchless strains?
 Sweet, as when blossoms deck the infant year,
 The wood-lark warbles o'er the verdant plains.

IV.

Had I one spark of that celestial flame,
 Which like a comet blaz'd, then fled away;
 In lays immortal, soon would I proclaim
 The op'ning glories of thy short-liv'd day.

V.

But pow'rs like thine since Heav'n on few bestows,
 Accept the tribute of this humble verse;
 Mean tho' it be, yet from the heart it flows;
 The last love-offering at thy mournful hearse.

A THOUGHT

* One of the first poetic geniuses this kingdom has produced.

A
T H O U G H T
U P O N
S T A T E S M E N A N D P A T R I O T S.

I.

IN Heaven old Satan held high place,
But his fell Spirit, void of grace,
Still thirsted to be higher;
In his Creator's face he flew,
Corrupted numbers, factious grew,
Incendiary and liar.

II.

At length, from those blest'd Seats expell'd,
Where he forever might have dwell'd,
To black despair resign'd;
He seeks, by ev'ry art and wile,
The good to vitiate, and beguile
Th' unwary and the blind.

III.

'Tis thus the selfish tool of state,
When just disgrace hath mark'd his fate,
Or Patriot false proceeds;
Whilst he who acts with upright heart,
Though forc'd through wayward chance to part,
Will aid his country's needs.*

A N

* See the Annual Registers for several years past.

A N

ODE ON THE FIRST OF AUGUST, MDCCXIV.

AS SUNG IN THE
ROTUNDA THE FIRST OF AUGUST, MDCCCLIX.

The Music compos'd by Signor THOMAS GIORDANI.

R E C I T A T I V E.

HA S T E, Bards, and tune the golden lyre!
Ye sacred Nine, the song inspire!
From Heav'n descend, and let the lay
Be worthy of this glorious day!
Strike ev'ry string, each joyful measure prove;
Let ev'ry voice sound LIBERTY and LOVE.

A I R.

BRITANNIA! raise thy drooping head;
The fierce oppressor's chains defy!
Rejoice! the gloomy night is fled,
That threaten'd thy lov'd LIBERTY.

Propitious hour!—Fell Discord flies,
With Superstition's fiery rage;
Sedition yields, Rebellion dies,
And fruitful Peace shall bless the age.

C H O R U S.

Lo, mighty BRUNSWICK comes!—with heart and
voice,
Let BRITAIN sing, and BRITAIN'S sons rejoice!

R E C I-

R E C I T A T I V E.

No more will GAUL her vaunts display,
 Nor boast of universal sway;
 Our Genius sends us GEORGE the Great,
 Our Isle to rule, and EUROPE's fate;
 Sprung from a race magnanimous, whose blood,
 Was still devoted to their Country's good.

A I R.

Happy Isle! all joy possessing,
 Fav'rite of the Pow'rs above!
 Still may FREEDOM crown thy blessing,
 Still may BRITONS Freedom love!

Youths, for valour far renown'd!
 Nymphs to move each soft desire!
 How mild the task, how sweet the wound,
 When fond love and glory fire!

C H O R U S.

O joy compleat! let acclamations ring!
 Hail! hail the auspicious day, and bless our King.

R E C I T A T I V E.

No more the trumpet sounds to wars,
 No more the glitt'ring sword appears;
 Her ensigns Victory doth display,
 And Peace triumphant crowns the day!
 When Arts and Industry shall droop no more,
 And Commerce free shall bless our happy shore.

A I R.

A I R.

Not the dawn of morning light,
 To the wretch who wakes in pain;
 Nor th' approach of downy night,
 To the weary'd, drowfy swain,

Can such joy, such rapture give,
 As lost LIBERTY regain'd;
 Nor, like it, the heart relieve,
 Though by toil and blood obtain'd.

C H O R U S.

Hear, Heav'n! indulgent hear a Nation's voice!
 FREEDOM and BRUNSWICK are our equal choice,
 Still may our ardent wishes meet thy grace,
 Freedom immortal, and an endless race!

F O R T H R E E V O I C E S.

F I R S T V O I C E.

Haste, virgins! with the youths advance!
 Awake the concert and the dance!

S E C O N D V O I C E.

To chearful Mirth your hearts dispose!
 Mirth and Virtue ne'er were foes.

T H I R D V O I C E.

Lo! the Loves and Graces join,
 With the jolly God of wine.

A L L.

The flow'ry chaplet bring, and sparkling bowl
 And joy and harmony to crown the whole.

Note. The Music of this was esteemed very fine, and is
 in the Lying-in-Hospital.

T H E

THE BASHFUL LOVER,

EXTEMPORE TO HIS FRIEND.

I.

SAY, THYRSIS, why that look so pale!
 What mean those sighs that swell the gale,
 When ROSALIND appears?
 Thy downcast eye, thy modest mien,
 Thy fault'ring speech whene'er she's seen,
 Betray the Lover's fears.

II.

She must, she can't but feel the flame,
 From sympathy of souls the same,
 But virgin pride denies,
 That maids returns of love should show,
 Save what in morn-like blushes glow,
 Or steal from conscious eyes.



THE

POWER OF LOVE.

I.

SAY, SYLVIA! say, how can'st thou hate,
 The youth who trusts thee with his fate?
 Whose bliss or bane is in thy pow'r,
 Or bleß him, or his heart restore.

II. But

II.

But if thou wilt a tyrant prove,
Thou may'st, yet not the flame remove,
What can, alas! thy pow'r disarm,
When even thy very failings charm ?



A N I N S C R I P T I O N

FOR A BUST OF THE

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

TO BE ERECTED IN

A NICH IN THE EXCHANGE, WHICH IS TO BE BUILT OPPOSITE
TO PARLIAMENT-STREET, IN DAME-STREET.

BEHOLD the Chief, of uncorrupted heart,
Who to the Statesman joins the Patriot part !
PERCY, still mindful of his sacred trust,
True to his King, as to his Country just !

Bounteous as great, to all a friend he lives,
And deems himself but rich in that he gives ;
With ev'ry grace, can ev'ry heart engage,
And shines the bright example of the age.

This MARBLE, grateful to his worth, we raise,
His living Honour is a NATION'S Praise.

. ANOTHER

ANOTHER INSCRIPTION.

WHEN Painting's radiant tints through time
 decay,
 And all her bright creation fades away :
 When mould'ring statues, faithless to their trust,
 In silence sink, and mix with vulgar dust :
 Still shall NORTHUMBERLAND'S illustrious name,
 To latest ages grace the Rolls of Fame*.



ON THE

JUNCTION OF JANUARY AND MAY.

MEZENTIUS the cruel, a tyrant of old,
 Who in torture took sport, as in story is told,
 The dead to the living inhumanly tied,
 Who yok'd thus, to rottenness languish'd and died ;
 So GRIPE, in his dotage, full threescore and five,
 Conceits he's in love, and 'tis-fit he should wive,
 Fair CHLOE hath woo'd, to partake of his bed,
 Who consents for his pelf the foul mummy to wed.

ON

* An Exchange has been since erected, for which the City is for ever indebted to his Excellency, but the Bust has not yet been erected.

ON THE DEATH OF
LADY TOWNSHEND.

I.

HARK! hark!—Why tolls this passing bell
With more than usual doleful knell,
As if all Nature bled!
What means the universal sigh!
This flood of grief in every eye!—
Is the lov'd TOWNSHEND dead!
She's gone! she's gone! resounds from shore to shore,
Ev'n infants lisp, that TOWNSHEND is no more.

II.

She's gone, she's gone! O loss immense!
For virtue, prudence, truth and sense,
The first by all confess'd;
Serene amid the pomp of state;
In gentle manners, truly great;
In blessing ever blest'd.
Yet why lament her fate? why mourn her dead?
TOWNSHEND, a Saint, to reign with Saints is fled.



T H E A D V I C E,
T O P A T R I O T S.

PA TRIOTS! proceed, and court applause!
Be bold, and call it FREEDOM's cause!
Rail on, without controul or awe,
'Gainst Viceroy, Council, POYNINGS' Law!

That GOVERNMENT is ever wrong,
 Be still the burdén of your song !
 On all its measures loudly squabble,
 And fire with groundless fears the rabble :
 Or, like LA MANCHA'S frantic Knight,
 Your own created phantoms fight ;
 Till some soft lenient shall, in season,
 Restore your intellects to reason.



ON IN S AND OUT S.

I.

PRITHEE, dear Tom ! what means this rout,
 Of who is IN, or who is OUT ?
 For whilst there's Title, Place, or Pension,
 There will be contest and dissention.

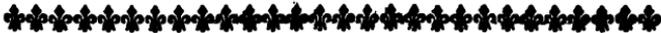
II.

So, save in Truth it founded be,
 We may no change of measures see ;
 Not, though an Angel of first-rate,
 Were Premier-President of State.

ON C——L L———L'S

STANDING CANDIDATE FOR MIDDLESEX.

IN ROME, when the horrible GULPH first appear'd,
 And the Senate the voice of the Oracles heard,
 That it ne'er more should close, but fierce flames
 should emit,
 Till what they priz'd most were cast into the pit :
 All then were at loss, what this Jewel could be,
 When a SOLDIER on horseback, quite arm'd
 cap-a-pee,
 To the gaping destruction stood dauntless expos'd,
 And plunging in boldly, the fissure straight clos'd :
 So, in BRITAIN, when Faction had rag'd through
 the state,
 Valiant L——L stepp'd forth, and reliev'd her from
 fate.



ON A VERY

BEAUTIFUL GIRL,

WITH BAD TEETH.

I.

KITTY, of all the Nymphs most fair,
 That trip it o'er the plain,
 To whom each Youth pours forth his pray'r,
 Or tunes his love-sick strain.

E 2

II. Yet

II.

Yet such, alas! is her hard fate,
 Too cruel to endure;
 Should she but smile, she must defeat
 The conquest she'd ensure.



TO A

CERTAIN NOBLEMAN,

ON HIS

SAYING HE WISHED FOR THE PICTURE OF A
 CELEBRATED BEAUTY.

I.

FOND Swain! I find your wish is such,
 Some Painter should on canvass touch,
 The beauties of MONROE;
 But where's th' adventurer will dare,
 The happy mixture to prepare,
 Her peerless charms to show?

II.

Yet, by those radiant beauties fir'd,
 And my ambitious Muse inspir'd,
 Let me some hints supply:
 To Nature's stores then straight resort,
 Cull ev'ry tint, the Goddess court,
 This piece to dignify.

III.

First, let the cheek with blushes glow:
 Just as, when damask roses blow,
 Glist'ning with morning dew;

Contrasted

Contrasted with the virgin white,
 With which the lily glads the sight ;
 Blend them in lovely hue.

IV.

And truly then, that cheek to grace,
 Upon her flowing tresses place,
 The chesnut's auburn down ;
 Her lips you may in fort depaint,
 By cherries ripe, yet, ah ! 'twere faint,
 Shou'd they with her's be shown.

V.

Next, be her eyes with lustre bright,
 E'en as the Sun's reflected light
 Upon the glassy lake ;
 Tinge them with die of azure blue,
 Such, as in vernal sky we view,
 Each wand'ring heart to take.

VI.

Let the transparent web of lawn,
 Be o'er the virgin bosom drawn,
 As snow though fair, yet cold ;
 That Love may through the veil espy,
 What else 'twere more than mortal eye,
 With safety could behold.

VII.

But O ! to trace th' internal grace,
 That beams divinely in her face——
 How vain the Muse would soar !
 If e'er celestial Cherub came,
 To bless thy sight, in mystic dream,
 Snatch that !—the task is o'er.

ON

THE ABSENCE AND RETURN OF THREE
FAVOURITE SISTERS.

I.

OF late, Love's Queen, all in despair,
Sped through each region of the air,
Her Graces were astray ;
To seek them MAIA's winged son,
From Pole to Pole had anxious flown ;
It was a bustling day,

II.

CUPID, who had to earth been sent,
Return'd, with haste and toil near spent,
' And vow'd, he saw them there ;
' That, 'twas on fam'd IBERNE's shore,
' Than which, with Beauties none shines more,
' On the terrestrial sphere.'

III.

Straightway a troop of little Loves,
That tend their Queen where'er she moves,
And bask in her sweet eyes,
Flew for her Nymphs, whom, when they brought,
'Twas found, the little Urchins caught,
The three MONTGOMERIES.

IV.

Soon as their charms shone full to view,
The PAPHIAN Goddesses jealous grew,
She fear'd her future reign ;

Her

Her boy she chid for his mistake,
Nor would forgive, till he took back
The three to earth again.



A N

ODE ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH DAY,
AS SUNG IN THE
ROTUNDA THE FOURTH DAY OF JUNE, MDCCLXXI

The Music by Mr. BARTHELEMON.

CHORUS.

CELESTIAL Maids, descend and sing!
With rapture swell each trembling string!
All voices, hail th' auspicious day,
That usher'd in the BRUNSWICK ray!

A I R.

Whilst conqu'rors joy in din of arms,
And fill the Globe with war's alarms;
Great GEORGE'S glory is to be
The BEST, the Father of the FREE;
The Prince, who light and life imparts,
To science and the brilliant arts.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

In lofty strains let all their voices raise!
And ring, through Heav'n's high vault, our Sovereign's praise!

A I R.

A I R.

Behold yon smiling, verdant plain,
 Enfanguin'd late with heaps of slain !
 Hark, how the Plowman tunes his lay,
 And welcomes in our Monarch's day ;
 Who bade the combat cease to bleed,
 And prostrate worlds from slavery freed !

C H O R U S.

Haste, hither haste, ye Nymphs and Shepherds all,
 And celebrate the glorious festival !

A I R.

See him, in the glow of youth,
 Old in virtue, sense and truth ;
 Mirror of connubial love,
 Gentle, constant as the dove ;
 Tender Parent, faithful Friend,
 Gracious, bounteous without end.

R E C I T A T I V E A C C O M P A N I E D.

Hail too ! fair Queen, with ev'ry virtue warm,
 That may a Monarch and his People charm !

T R I O.

BRITAIN'S Sovereign, heart of love !
 Be happy as the blest'd above !
 Pray'rs of Myriads still attend you !
 Still the guardian Pow'rs defend you !
 So may your great, unrival'd name,
 Be consecrate to deathless Fame !

GRAND

GRAND CHORUS.

When Death shall blot out ev'ry name,
And Time shall break the trump of Fame;
When tongues shall cease, and worlds consume,
Thy praise shall live, thy glories bloom.

Note. The Music of this was much approved of, and is in the Lying-in-Hospital; and I have heard it performed at Mary-le-Bone, LONDON.



T O M R. L E S L I E,

ON HIS POEM ON THE LAKE OF KILLARNEY,

E X T E M P O R E.

WH Y Nature, Fancy, or the Muse invoke?
Or was it, LESLIE, but the Poet's stroke?
You are, yourself, sweet Bard, although so meek,
The very Deities, whose aid you seek.



T O T H E

H O N O U R A B L E M I S S T O W N S H E N D,

O N H E R B I R T H D A Y.

I.

SW E E T little Seraph! may this day,
For years to come, demand a lay,
But far surpassing mine!
O! may'st thou equal still in worth,
The parent dear, that brought thee forth;
Now 'midst the Saints divine!

II. So

II.

So shall thy outward beauties bright,
 Like her's, yield that sublime delight,
 Which Time can ne'er efface,
 Wherein some happy youth shall find
 The portrait of that heav'nly mind,
 Which did lov'd FERRERS grace.



WRITTEN ON A BEE'S STINGING
 MISS ELIZABETH HOWARD
 IN THE EYE.

I.

AS o'er the mead ELIZA pass'd,
 'Twas on an April day;
 By far superior sweets downcast,
 Each flow'r seem'd in decay.

II.

An angry Bee, spoil'd of his feast,
 Full soon the cause did spy;
 When, in revenge, he sped in haste,
 And stung her lovely Eye.

III.

While with th' envenom'd shaft she smarts,
 Says COLIN, with good glee;
 'Tis thus You wound and torture hearts,
 'A Tyrant like this Bee.'

TO A CERTAIN
GREAT PATRIOT AND CALCULATOR,

IN IMITATION OF
THE FOURTEENTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK
OF HORACE'S ODES. MDCCLXIII.

WHILST you, great Knight, with eloquence
Unheard before, enforce your sense,
Your algebraic skill display,
And treach'rous courtiers quite dismay;
From bending galleries win applause,
Whilst you assert your Country's cause;
Yet 'midst the tide of your career,
Suppose a friendly hint you hear:
You say our vessel scarce can brave
The fury of th' insulting wave;
Its rudder broke, its anchor lost,
At the fierce tempest's mercy tost;
And soon must be to storms a sport,
Quite driv'n from ev'ry friendly port.
This then the case, say, is it wise,
On things minute to turn your eyes?
And, 'stead of snatching ev'ry aid
Kind Heav'n within your reach hath laid,
To seek the broken rudder's price,
What sum the rended ropes would splice?
Hark! hark! the fatal Eastern blasts!
The oars are gone, all torn the masts!
Haste! haste, your mazy numbers quit,
At time of such extremes unfit,
Or soon the gath'ring surge will sweep
The bark, near shatter'd, to the deep.

INSCRIP-

INSCRIPTION for the Tomb-Stone of JOHN
WYNNE BAKER, Esq; in the Church-Yard of
CELBRIDGE Parish, in the County of KILDARE.

To the Memory of
JOHN WYNNE BAKER, Esq.
Formerly of HAWFORD, in WORCESTERSHIRE,
But late of WYNSFIELD, in the County of KILDARE, F. R. S.
Honorary Member of the Dublin Society, and
Member of the Agriculture Society for the Hundred of SALFORD,
In the County Palatine of LANCASTER,
Who departed this Life
On the 22d Day of August, M,DCC,LXXV.
In the XLIXth Year of his Age.

To express the Loss in the Death
Of this most ingenious Man in private, social Life,
As Husband, Parent, Neighbour, and Friend;
And in a public Consideration,
As one of the First Improvers of Husbandry,
And its Implements in this Kingdom,
Its History can produce;
Would require far ampler Space
Than the small Surface of this little Monument:
But, alas!
His Superiority begot him Enemies,
Whose Severity,
Though it broke his noble Spirit,
And untimely sent him from us,
In the Summer of his Days,
Yet could not injure that Repute,
Which will for ever live!

* * * * *

URIT ENIM FULGORE SUO QUI PRÆGRAVAT ARTES
INFRA SE POSITAS; EXTINGTUS AMABITUR IDEM.

HOR. Epist. I. Lib. 2.

Thus translated by the Author ; by whom this Inscription, as a small Tribute to the Memory of his Friend, was composed.

What though his lustre, who, in arts excels,
Enflame the rancour'd heart, where Envy dwells!
When he's extinct, fair Virtue's pow'r to prove,
His full-earn'd Glory shall extort their Love.



E X T E M P O R E,

ON THE SPEECH MADE BY THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY FLOOD,

IN THE

HOUSE OF COMMONS OF IRELAND,

THE TWENTIETH OF DECEMBER, MDCCLXXII.

ON THE RESOLUTIONS RESPECTING THE EXTENSION OF THE TRADE OF IRELAND.

I.

THAT what Philosophers relate,
Is true, that Spirits transmigrate,
Lo ! how FLOOD's language flows !
With fire of GRECIAN patriot rage,
And sweetness of the ROMAN sage,
No bounds his fancy knows.

II. IF

II.

If GREECE and ROME, since they began,
Can each but boast one peerless man,
In eloquence who shone,
Hail! happy Island, doubly blest'd,
Of two such Orators possess'd,
United both in one!



WRITTEN EXTEMPORE
IN CLONTARF CHURCH-YARD,
FOR A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,
ON HIS LAMENTING NOT MEETING
MISS DIANA VERNON
AT CHURCH, AND THAT IT PREVENTED HIS
SAYING HIS PRAYERS.

WHEN seated in the house of pray'r,
I spy not lovely DIAN there,
The duties of the place forgetting,
My time is spent in ceaseless fretting:
So, when all-beauteous she appears,
She seizes all my hopes and fears,
What can, alas! such charms withstand,
Which from Heav'n's throne can thus command?

BEAUTY

BEAUTY IN RETIREMENT.

I.

'T WAS in the bloomy month of May,
 'As o'er a wild I chanc'd to stray,
 I first LUCINDA spy'd ;
 Whereon, a little moss-crown'd cot
 Was doom'd the Virgin's humble lot,
 Who'd been of Courts the pride.

Thus fair the modest lily blows,
 And thus the blushing rival rose,
 Its fragrancy exhales,
 And plaintive PHILOMELA sings
 Sweetly, as in the bow'rs of kings,
 Though in the lowly vales.

III.

So, in the bosom of the earth,
 Till prying Avarice gives it birth,
 Conceal'd the Brilliant lies,
 Yet in the dusky cell of night,
 Uninjur'd in its native light,
 Its lustre never dies.

IV.

What Prince, who, in this rural shade,
 Was bless'd with this enchanting maid,
 A higher boon would crave ?
 But those vain joys that lure the great,
 With all the pageantry of state,
 Would to their votaries leave ?

E X T E M P O R E,

ON FIRST SEEING

L A D Y B U C K I N G H A M.

I.

W H E N to the brilliant rooms of court,
 To feast my fancy, I resort,
 All rang'd Love's fav'rites there;
 We may in each a lustre trace,
 Of hue, expression, form, or grace,
 And each be counted fair.

II.

But O! when BUCKINGHAM appears,
 Who Beauty's zone triumphant wears,
 Where's all that charm'd before!
 No more their splendor we descry,
 No more they catch th' admiring eye,
 They conquer then no more.

III.

Thus, on the bosom of the night,
 In absence of the Queen of light,
 Gleams ev'ry twinkling star;
 But soon as she ascends her throne,
 She rules the hemisphere alone,
 All fade, all disappear.

O N

ON A LATE
ORATORICAL CONTEST

IN A
CERTAIN SENATORIAL ASSEMBLY IN UTOPIA.

ASSIST, kind Muse! whilst I relate
The Crisis of a Nation's fate,
And how, from Slav'ry, it was freed,
To which it long had been decreed.

The doors are op'd, the conscript seers
Assembled are, to meet their peers;
The Prolocutor takes the chair,
Of aspect grave, and yet his air,
Such penetration deep displays,
As choicest spirits awes with ease:
The galleries too, from which the cause,
And combatants must win applause,
Are filled with such a motley scene†,—
(But, hold!—let me not be profane)
That one might think at the first view,
All Nature's opposites there grew.
In front, each beauteous tint appears,
Which flow'r-enamell'd border wears*;
Whilst the rear shews a sable ground,
Where plants less pleasing far abound.

F 2

Say

† Numbers of all sorts, who, neglecting their callings, waste their time there, and have the assurance to clap or groan, and hiss, just as they are affected.

* The ladies, whose curiosity has led them to sit there for twelve or fourteen hours.

Say now, my Muse! who first, who last,
 If thou their names recorded hast,
 In this renown'd assembly rose,
 To thunder 'gainst their country's foes?

Some of the chieftains not yet come,
 Silence awhile reign'd through the dome;
 At length, one rose, of less degree,
 That th' audience might not idle be,
 So, for a while, there was of chatter,
 More rather, than of sense or matter.
 Thus, in the far-fam'd BROUGHTON'S booth,
 The Tyro's of the bruising youth,
 To shew their rudiments, engage,
 Until the victors mount the stage.
 So, when the drama's curtains rise,
 The mimicks, who first meet our eyes,
 May each in his low sphere delight,
 Until the hero of the night,
 In all his regal pomp appears,
 And struts and frets, or laughs and sneers.

The forces all at length appearing,
 A motion was for the house clearing,
 Which caused a mighty fermentation,
 As 'gainst the justice of the nation,
 Since ev'ry man claims right to hear
 That, of which he a part must bear.
 Amidst this rage, with voice tremendous,
 STENTOR roar'd out, " Good Heav'n, defend us!"
 And raising to the crowd his eyes,
 Repeatedly aloud he cries,

" What!

“ What ! turn our Lords, the People, out ?
 “ Curs'd be the tongue that threw that out !
 “ The fountain they, whence only springs
 “ The pow'r subordinate of kings.”

Then, with such phrase as OYSTER KATE,
 Plies her fierce foes at Billingsgate ;
 Or, as the wire-caged, prating Pye,
 Abuses ev'ry passer-by ;
 And with fist clinched, and looks of war,
 As us'd by pleaders at the bar,
 He each opponent strives to scare ;
 Regardless, and cares not a sou,
 For all are heroes IN THE HOUSE.

Straight, AULICUS, who made the motion,
 Arose, and with not less commotion,
 Nor phrases of less direful import,
 Which gave the upper regions high sport ;
 For well each auditor there knew,
 That neither of them spoke what's true ;
 That neither, but on one side voted,
 However truth and facts were quoted,
 That one deceiver strives to keep in :
 The other by degrees to creep in.
 Mere puppets both ; no manhood left,
 Of will and judgment quite bereft*.

Next RUSTICUS, as stiffly true,
 As who'er breath fanatick drew.
 From whom, no Viceroy ever yet,
 A vote, or even a smile could get ;

This

* He who is inviolably yoked to a faction, or party, is as much a slave, as he who is under the influence, of a court.

This motion, a court scheme declares,
 And ere it pass, he'd die, he swears :
 Then, in loud accents boldly cries,
 " All courts, and courtiers, I despise,
 " As I do title, place or pension ;
 " My country is my sole attention."
 With high applause the galleries rung,
 Who on his thrilling accents hung,
 To tell of all, who, in this way,
 Then strove their talents to display,
 Would take the longest Summer's day. }

Next, JANUS, with his two-fold face,
 To the CROWD one, and one to place,
 A noted trimmer, sly and keen,
 Yet thinks his projects quite unseen,
 In phrase sophistic, strove t' explain,
 This knotty question, but in vain :
 His words were wind, as neither side,
 Would in his wav'ring heart confide.

At length, Rage having had its vent,
 And, in debate, the night half spent,
 Up rose ANGELICUS, whose face,
 Display'd each manly, winning grace,
 Which flows from honour, truth, and sense,
 Those native springs of eloquence ;
 Whose candour scorns the false assertion,
 As it does ev'ry strain'd exertion,
 Or joke, or gibe, or quibbling pun,
 Or wand'ring tale from theme begun,
 By low minds us'd to win the rout,
 To trumpet forth their feats without :

But

But with calm, firm, collected pow'rs,
 He blaſts falſe Rhetorick's glittering flow'rs,
 And Chicanery quick flies away,
 As darkneſs at the approach of day.

Abash'd, the cringing courtier hears,
 So, the mock patriot, ſhrinking, fears;
 And ev'ry babbling tongue is huſh'd,
 Howe'er, before, with triumph huſh'd:
 Nor, was time miſs'd, or elſe it ſtaid,
 A captive to ſuch muſick made;
 For by the whole, 'twas underſtood,
 He only fought the public good.
 Thus, infant ſreams, the air ſerene,
 In little purlings ſeek the main;
 But when the current, rous'd by ſhow'rs,
 Impetuous, amidſt them pours,
 Their murm'rings are not heard of more,
 Until the ſweepy flood is o'er.

No ſooner had he clos'd, when all agree,
 To his great utter'd fiat,—LET'S BE FREE.



T O A

Y O U N G L A D Y,

W H O H A D A

SABLE TIPPET ON AN EXTREME WHITE NECK;

I.

WH Y hang upon that lovely neck,
 Whoſe white all other whites excels,
 That ſable, which can never deck,

The tint that there unrivall'd dwells?

H. Would'ſt

Or whose base heart, self-love and pride to sway, }
 He loaths the donor whom he can't repay, }
 And scorns the hand that rais'd him from the clay ; }
 The fiend of Envy, who, at others' praise,
 Pines in his soul, as in his flesh decays ;
 Th' apostate patriot, for his crime high plac'd,
 Or won by titles, is but more disgrac'd ;
 Foul factions jarring in the sham debate,
 In this alone agreed,——TO SINK A STATE ;
 The courts, where contests rage, unhallow'd halls !
 Where, the low, wrangling pleader loudly brawls,
 And all the harpies of the law unite,
 To fleece the suitor, and confound all right,
 From these, and all such worldly cares retir'd,
 Come, sweet MELPOMENE ! by thee inspir'd,
 Once more, the tragic buskin let me wear !
 Once more, attempt to win the sigh and tear !
 Come, roseate Health ! that paints the rustic face
 With colours, would all INDIA'S tints disgrace,
 Thee absent, we no earthly bliss can know,
 But bless'd with thee, may combat ev'ry woe.
 And O, come, Truth ! with thy attendant Peace,
 Who only giv'st those joys that never cease :
 Here, near the banks of LIFFEY'S pearly shore,
 Where Nature lavishes her richest store,
 That in hill, dale, and wood, and wave unite,
 To feast the fancy, as to glad the sight ;
 Here, with the lark, my cheerful voice I'll raise,
 In matin hymns, to chaunt th' Eternal's praise ;
 And so, at eve, when I to rest repair,
 My thanks I'll render for His daily care ;
 Nor shall my tribute at the noontide cease,
 When on the moss-crown'd bank reclin'd at ease,

In

In sylvan shade, or on the flow'ry plain,
 I will for all things thank; ev'n thank for pain.
 O then! when those last awful moments come,
 Wherein Thou shalt ordain my final doom,
 Let me, like her, Thou didst of late remove,
 To the blest'd mansions of eternal love;
 Whose honest heart no falshood ever knew,
 As to herself, so to all others true;
 In peace of soul, and to thy will divine,
 My life, when its last spark expires, resign.
 Yet, till that period, grant me, gracious Pow'r!
 Some faithful friend, to cheer the mournful hour;
 Whose social converse suits his mental worth,
 To whose kind heart I may my griefs pour forth;
 And who, when Nature further aid denies,
 May charitably close my sinking eyes.



T O A

L A D Y, H I S F R I E N D,

ON HER TELLING THE AUTHOR

SHE HEARD HE WAS TO BE MARRIED

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

HOW could my friend conceive that I,
 Near sixty-five, (full time to die)
 Should with a las's not twenty wed,
 And take a scornful mate to bed.
 As soon the turtle may unite,
 In fondness, with the rav'ning kite:

Or

Or tim'rous fawn delight to sport,
 With wolves, or the fell tyger court,
 As youth with age in friendship live,
 Or heart for heart in transport give.
 Alas! some nurse would fuit me best,
 Who'd lull the invalid to rest,
 For Nature, to her laws still true,
 Will her unvaried course pursue.



ON THE RESOLVERS.

DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI.

I.

HOW blefs'd are we in this bright age,
 When each mechanic is a sage,
 In ev'ry kind of knowlege!
 Statesmen, casuists, rhetoricians,
GRAND RESOLVERS, politicians,
 As if from court or college.

II.

Heroes, who value not a sou,
 The menac'd laws of any house,
 Of commons, or of peers:
 Will teach the proudest prince to know,
 That 'tis from them all pow'r must flow,
 By which a nation steers.

III.

Lo! how upon their awful summons,
 All trembling stand the frighted commons,
 Who dar'd oppose their will;

Diffolve!

Dissolve! dissolve! their leaders cry,
 The fearful sounds ring through the sky,
 And kings with terror fill.

IV.

Proceed, great men! and win applause,
 Be TULLYS in your country's cause,
 Your sorry trades despise;
 What, though some luckless champion starves,
 All must confess, he fame deserves,
 Who for his country dies.



ON THE DEATH OF THE

LORD VISCOUNT SOUTHWELL,

AUGUST XXIX, MDCCLXXX.

SOUTHWELL, a truly noble peer,
 Is gone, alas! to all most dear,
 Adorn'd with ev'ry pow'r to please,
 Of manners sweet, polite with ease,
 The faithful friend, benign to all,
 And ever prompt at Pity's call.
 But Heav'n was pleas'd, in vengeance, to remove
 From a false world, such worth to realms of love.

O N

ON SEEING A PRINT OF THE
 COUNTESS OF CARLISLE,
 FROM A PAINTING BY G. ROMNEY.

I.

HOW could'st thou, ROMNEY, daring man!
 Such arduous task design?
 That thou could'st CARLISLE'S features plan,
 Or paint such charms divine?

II.

The pencil trembling in thine hand,
 Did it not rouse thy fear?
 Or how could'st thou its art command,
 Whilst to such ruin near?

III.

It ne'er before control had known,
 It ne'er met face so fair;
 Nor could it there have flattery shewn,
 Or added grace, or air.

IV.

But since thou hast pourtray'd those eyes,
 And such attempts begun,
 All meaner objects hence despise,
 And next attempt the SUN*.

T O

* This is a third Ode in this Collection on the subject of painting a beauty,

A L M E Y D A :

OR, THE

R I V A L K I N G S.

A

T R A G E D Y.

SEMITA CERTE

TRANQUILLE PER VIRTUTEM PATET UNICA VITÆ.

JUVENAL, SAT. X.



TO THE
Q U E E N.

MADAM,

PERMIT me to lay at your Majesty's feet, in testimony of my unfeigned duty and loyalty, the following little **DRAMATIC ESSAY**. If, in the characters of **HAMET** and **ALMEYDA**, there be any resemblances of the great originals I would essay to paint; if any sentiments which can please or affect a gentle, generous, and princely heart; and if no expression occur therein, capable of offending the most refined delicacy, I shall think my time and labour well bestowed, and your Majesty's approbation will complete the felicity of,

MADAM,

Your Majesty's most faithful,

most dutiful, and

most devoted Servant,

GORGES EDMOND HOWARD.

1941

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2. 1. 1941

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T O T H E
R E A D E R.

IN the CRITICAL REVIEW, of September, 1769, the Writers have given me great honour for this Tragedy. They first observe, that the fable is taken from the Novel of ALMORAN and HAMET; but that it had been stripped of all the preternatural incidents, which were unsuitable to the Drama.— They then mention the fable as it is in the Tragedy, in the construction of which (say they) the Poet has adhered to the unities of time, place, and action; but are of opinion, that, in the incident, whereby the catastrophe is produced, it had been better, instead of the tyrant ALMORAN's being killed by the traitor OSMIN, he had fallen a sacrifice to the rage of the People: yet it was thought by others, not inferior in judgment, that though the alteration proposed might better suit the principles of humours of some, it would not have been as agreeable to poetical justice; but this is submitted to the Readers. However, a Gentleman of credit and fortune, who dined at a public table with Mr. GARRICK, at the time of the Jubilee, and to whom I had just before sent it, told me, that this FIRST of the DRAMA judges

and performers, had there spoken of this production in the highest terms of approbation ; yet, at the same time, said, that it wanted several alterations in the arrangements of its parts, to fit it for a Stage-Exhibition ; which I accordingly sought to effect. I had letters too from some Friends, who had applied to him thereon, that he so expressed himself ; but I believe I also had failed in some expected *obeisances* to him,

The Reviewers then proceed to the citation of several Passages, on the Sentiments and Poetry of which, they bestow the most flattering encomiums, and conclude with saying : “ That this Tragedy, in point of diction and versification, is equal to most compositions of the kind.”

For several years after, many quotations were inserted from it, upon various occasions, in the public News-papers, both in DUBLIN and LONDON, and especially the latter ; and I have in my possession, letters thereon from several of the first Judges in the two kingdoms, which, with many letters also, on others of my Productions, I meant to have published, but feared they might have swelled this Work too much ; besides, a few, had, in their letters, enjoined me therefrom.

This

This is the fourth Edition of this Tragedy, one of which was in England ; but the first Edition, that was printed here, was taken up by me before fifty had been sold, and committed to the flames ; as a whole, though small, Scene, in the fourth Act, that led to the Catastrophe, had been omitted in the Press, which made it a heap of confusion.

PERSONS

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

M E N.

ALMORAN,	{ Brothers, and joint Kings of Persia.
HAMET,	
OSMIN,	{ A Persian Nobleman, Grand Vizier.
OMAR,	
CALED,	The Sedre, or Chief Priest.
	{ A Persian Nobleman, Captain of the Guards.
AKARES,	
ZAMA,	{ An Armenian Prince, chief commander of the Persian Forces.
MIRVAN,	
	{ Two Persian Noblemen, Friends to Hamet.

W O M E N.

ALMEYDA,	{ A Circassian Lady, Daughter to Abdalla, Ambassador to the Court of Persia.
ELMIRA,	
	{ Princess of Persia, Sister to Almorán and Hamet.

Soldiers, Guards, Attendants, Mutes.

SCENE, the City of Ispahan, the Capital of Persia, and Places adjacent thereto.

ALMEYDA:

Had luckily an infant male brought forth,
 Which just expir'd, as we had reach'd the dwelling,
 The friendly shepherd plac'd you in its stead ;
 And she, a stranger to the kind deceit,
 As her own offspring rear'd you, till you grew
 Of age for the first rudiments of science ;
 When to the public schools you were consign'd,
 Where you with rapid course all youths excell'd.
 At length, your fame reaching the royal ear,
 Your fortune grew apace.

Osm. Without more proof,
 All this may as a forgery be rejected.

Old M. There are upon your body various marks ;
 Which, at your birth, were well observ'd by several
 Of those, who were the followers of your fortune :
 Chiefly, a sable mole on your left arm,
 Of more than usual size.

Osm. Such marks I have :
 Yet are not all, who could attest these verities,
 Save you, by time and accident remov'd ?

Old M. From nature's course, there yet may be
 enow,
 Who (were it brought to test) could vouch the facts.

Osm. But say, where have you sojourn'd since that
 hour ?

Old M. In exile far remote, until the death
 Of the usurper's son, the mighty SOLYMAN ;
 Whose long and glorious reign all hopes defeated
 Of those, who were devoted to your house.
 Since that dread day, I've in concealment dwelt
 (Yet not far hence) in hourly expectation,
 That fortune might at length return propitious ;
 And now the wish'd-for period seems approaching.

Osm. (Stepping apart.) Yes, 'tis at hand ; the
 storm is gathering thick :

Whilst

Whilst Devastation, with gigantic stride,
 Stalks uncontroul'd o'er this devoted land.—
 Without, the Tartar almost at our gates ;
 Within, such feuds between these brother kings,
 As can but in their common ruin end.
 Shall I not then avail me of the time ?
 Shall I not seize this throne, the ancient seat
 Of my renown'd progenitors for ages ?—
 But hither CALED comes.—'Tis somewhat strange,
 He should pursue me at this early hour.
 Retire, kind friend, awhile. *[To the Old Man.*

[Exit.

Enter CALED.

Cal. Great Vizier, hail !

Ofm. First let me greet you, on your safe return,
 From all the perils of your high command
 In distant climes, to this your native soil ;
 Next, on the just renown your arms have won,
 And all those honours which the state decrees you.

Cal. My Lord, your friendship leads your tongue
 to praises,

Which far outweigh the merit of my claim,
 But much I'm griev'd, from ev'ry voice to hear
 The sinking glory of this mighty Empire.
 War, like a boist'rous and devouring sea,
 Bursts o'er all bounds, and floats our plains with gore.
 These northern spoilers (like the noxious swarms,
 That blast with baneful breath the vernal bud)
 Thrice through the gloomy horrors of the night,
 Thrice through the sultry heat of scorching noon,
 With unremitted speed, have urg'd their way ;
 And now 'tis rumour'd, that in Hyra's desert,
 Not distant two days march, they stand embattled.

Ofm.

Osm. To tell our dread king ALMORAN these tidings,

Rous'd me to seek him at this early moment,
In yon dark grove, his much accustom'd walk.

Cal. To me, so long from Persia's regions absent,
'Tis strange, that thus our two young kings abandon
Their fertile fields to waste and desolation.

Osm. Equally jealous, they avoid all conference,
Nor trust each other with the sole command,
In aught that may occur of high import :
Wherefore, on the Armenian prince AXARES
Devolves the weight of war ; and even now,
Chos'n by our rival kings, he leads those troops,
With which ere while great SOLYMAN prevail'd
Against confederate worlds.

Cal. Can they resign
The wreath of conquest to a stranger's brow,
Both great in arms, but chiefly ALMORAN ?
He, some moons ere their warlike father slept,
Twice to their frozen deserts chas'd these savages,
Who even then had dar'd attempt our frontiers.

Osm. For martial prowess, none bore higher glory :
Yet now, from discontent resign'd to indolence,
He lives immur'd within the soft Seraglio,
Deaf to the calls of valour and of glory.

Cal. But say, my lord, why did our late wise king
Divide the strength of Asia's noblest empire
Between his sons ? for, in the womb though twinn'd,
Yet ALMORAN was ever held first born,
And rightful heir to PERSIA'S boundless realms.

Osm. To temper with the gentle HAMET'S mild-
ness,
The spirit, which he griev'd to see in ALMORAN.

Cal.

Cal. Souls thus discordant ne'er can yoke in
friendship;
Besides, the envied honours of a throne
No partner brook.

Ofm. So the event has prov'd :
For, when the WILL of SOLYMAN appear'd,
The fatal WILL, which shar'd the throne and pow'r,
Which ALMORAN from birth deem'd only his;
Indignant he withdrew and shunn'd resort,
Our holy Prophet and his rites blaspheming;
And curs'd his country, royal fire, and fortune.
The state stood motionless : for, if not summon'd,
T'was instant death but to approach his presence.

Cal. Who then first dar'd to break on his retire-
ment ?

Ofm. OMAR, vicegerent of our holy Prophet,
That good old man, that oracle of truth,
Embolden'd by the many faithful services
That his sage counsel oft had done the state,
Assum'd the dang'rous task, by me attended:

Cal. Thou speak'st him justly. Well I knew his
worth,

When the great SOLYMAN selected him
From all the Imans of the sacred mosques,
As the preceptor of his much-lov'd HAMET.

Ofm. The king alarm'd quick started from his sofa,
And drew his poniard, ere he mark'd the victim :
But prostrate when he view'd the hoary sage,
By virtue's presence aw'd, awhile he paus'd.
The pious OMAR dauntless spoke his errand :
The monarch grew enrag'd, his eyes flash'd fire ;
When sudden (with these words—' Ha ! this from
' thee !')

He plung'd the deadly weapon in his bosom.

Cal.

Cal. Disastrous stroke! How could he rashly
punish,
With such fell rage, for such a slight offence?

Osm. It had besides been whisper'd in the court,
That 'twas this priest had schem'd the late king's WILL.

Cal. And doth he still retain this gloom of soul,
This negligence, so fatal to the state?

Osm. If e'er he acts, it seems a painful task:
For he each moment of his life deems wasted,
Which is not sacrific'd to sensual appetite.
And now, although the chambers of his palace
Shine with the brightest beauties of the East,
'Tis joyless all: cloy'd yet unsatisfy'd,
His harass'd sense still languishes for more;
But above all, he pants for that fam'd beauty,
The fair Circassian, lord ABDALLA's daughter.

Cal. What! the fix'd consort of our monarch
H A M E T ?
For such report I've heard, since my arrival.

Osm. The secret poison preys upon his vitals;
Nor sports, nor wine, nor musick can alluage it:
All these but serve to nourish the disease.—

Cal. But soft! Is not that he, who bends his way
Along yon distant walk?

Osm. 'Tis surely so.
Thus often, from the midnight hour till morn,
Lonely he wanders through those gloomy labyrinths.
Behind these trees we may unseen observe him.

Cal. What strange convulsions seem to shake his
frame!

But now he moves this way, I shall withdraw.

[*Cal.* goes off.
Osm.

Osm. What though in friendship we've been long united,
 And his preferment I have much promoted;
 Yet could I wish, he had not yet return'd.
 He's of a spirit, strong in its fidelity
 To his appointed trust:—which, with his zeal,
 For this fell tyrant, damps my soul's aspiring.
 [*He retires behind some trees.*]

S C E N E II.

ALMORAN.

Alm. 'Twere better not to be, than thus to be.
 There's not a dungeon wretch to torture doom'd,
 Who may not boast a state of ease, to mine.
 Spoil'd of my birth-right, of those joys, those transports,
 To which on tow'ring wings my fancy soar'd;
 And in their stead (curs'd fate!) what have I gain'd?
 In crown a partner, and in love a rival!
 O! 'tis too much for patience to endure!—
 And yet, he hath by flatt'ring arts so won
 The public voice, and our great father's memory
 Starts so rever'd, that contest now were dang'rous.
 But soft! methought, I just now saw our vizier;
 An engine, none more fit to aid my purpose.

OSMIN appears, and prostrates himself.

Vizier of Persia, rise: you come in-season.

Osm. Still may my services forerun your wish!
 So shall each toil and danger be a pleasure,
 And life itself well lost.

Alm.

Am I a king?

Osm. A king! dread Sir!

Alm.

Alm. Ay, ay, a king by halves;
A puppet king.—Accursed—hell-form'd WILL!
Better a slave.—What says the public voice?

Ofm. But that the pious OMAR gave it sanction,
(Whose ev'ry word was sacred held as oracle,
By ev'ry rank throughout the realms of Persia)
Ne'er would the people ——

Alm. Death and perdition!——What!
Shall base-born slaves presume to circumscribe
The power of kings, and canton out dominions?
O! I shall burst with rage!

Ofm. By our great prophet!
There's scarce a vassal in this mighty empire,
But waits impatient for your royal summons,
To rise in arms and vindicate your right.

Alm. Still have I mark'd thee zealous in my service,
Nor shalt thou find me an ungrateful debtor.

Ofm. The Gods, great king, have sovereign pow'r
bestow'd,
As means of sov'reign joy, on those they love.
Unbounded sway is for unbounded pleasure;
The lot of heroes, with our holy prophet.—
But then to think, for whom you've been despoil'd!

Alm. And shall I bear it? Can I live to see
This shadow of a king, this ape of royalty,
Share Persia's throne? Restrain, my daring soul,
Whose boundless wish the world's whole empire
grasps?

An abject wretch (more fit to whine in mosques
To priest-rul'd matrons, and fanatic dreamers)
Triumph victorious o'er me, in the heart
Of that all-conqu'ring fair, ABDALLA's daughter,
For whom I burn with never-ceasing flames!

Ofm.

Osm. She shines, by all confess'd, the brightest maid
 The East can boast of in its store of beauties.
 Still in remembrance shall I bear the day,
 Her father made his entrance as ambassador,
 To pay the homage of Circassia's realms.
 She rode beside him on a burnish'd car ;
 But such a blaze of charms, eye hath not seen.
 Th' enraptur'd gazers stood entranc'd with wonder,
 And murmur'd blessings as she pass'd along.
 But by what means could you obtain the view
 Of this choice treasure, which your happy rival
 Hoards up as jealous of the very light ?

Alm. 'Twas on a summer's morn, just when the
 dawn

Had usher'd in the blushing beams of day,
 As at the palace battlements I stood
 To catch the cooling breeze, I spy'd the fair ;
 When to a fount, in an adjoining garden,
 With some attendants she repair'd to bathe.—
 Around her lovely form, a slender robe
 Floated luxuriant, white as virgin snow,
 Till by the brighter splendour of her limbs
 Outshone, it faded, as th' enamour'd zephyrs,
 Wantonly sporting, fann'd the folds aside.
 But, when her veil and garment were remov'd,
 And all her native charms blaz'd full to view ;
 Not more refulgent beams the silver Moon,
 When, from the vesture of a wintry cloud,
 Through whose pellucid veil she faintly glimmers,
 Bursting, she pours forth all her peerless lustre.
 Dazzled awhile I stood, quite lost in ecstasy ;
 And ne'er have since known rest.

Osm. To-morrow's eve,
 'Tis rumour'd, has been fix'd for her espousals.

Alm.

Alm. It must not,——shall not be——

Osm. Pronounce your will.

Alm. Yet let me pause a while.—The time's not apt :
 Invasion at our gates ; our subjects mutinous :
 And then, this partner-monarch seeks to win,
 By arts most servile, popular applause ;
 Whilst I disdain to yield, or flatter those,
 Whom fate hath doom'd the vassals of my sway.
 This day, AXARES, the Armenian prince,
 Is to relate, before us and our nobles,
 The answer we demanded of these Tartars.
 'Till then, revolve in mind our deep designs.

[Almorán goes off.]

Osm. Divided empire!—disappointed love!—
 The basis these of all my mighty prospects.
 His haughty spirit thence will ne'er know rest,
 Till Persia's crown and this Circassian beauty
 Are his without a rival;—and for this,
 HAMET must bleed,—bleed by a brother's hand.
 Why, be it so :——'twill make him more detested.
 Then, whilst in pleasure sunk he wastes the day,
 To sweep him hence, and vault into his seat,
 Must be my timely deed.—It shall be so.
 Should fortune speed my schemes, then shall each
 tongue

Applaud the just assertion of my claim :
 If not, all must confess, I greatly dar'd. [He goes off.]

S C E N E III.

A Mansion near the Palace.

To ALMEYDA enter ELMIRA.

Elm. May all the transports, that for ever wait
 On virtuous love, be thine! Let me salute thee,

By

By the much wish'd-for names of queen and sister.
 But was it kind ; or, did it suit that friendship,
 Which our fond souls have plighted to each other ;
 That I should be a stranger to these tidings,
 Until I shar'd them with the general ear ?

Alm. Censure me not, sweet princess, till you hear
 me.

It was his will, who must rule mine for ever.

Elm. I'm satisfy'd.—'Twas friendship's jealousy ;
 Which, true like mine, can but ill brook reserve.
 Yet fain would I be told, most happy maid,
 How first his love began, and how it grew :
 For, had'st thou been, if possible, more fair
 Than those immortal daughters of delight,
 Reserv'd to crown our holy prophet's love,
 Yet were he stranger to thy worth of soul,
 He would have view'd thee as the painted flower,
 Whose beauty ceases with the morn that rear'd it,
 Form'd but to charm the sense.

Alm. - You may remember,
 Sometime before great SOLYMAN, your sire,
 Was from his throne to paradise remov'd,
 Circassia was renown'd o'er all the East
 For sports of exercise and feats of arms.
 Thither this ardent prince (in thirst of glory)
 Pass'd in disguise, to practise with our youths,
 As a young Persian soldier named ZANGER :
 But his demeanour was to all so courteous,
 With manly beauty, dignity of aspect ;
 That all esteem'd him, far beyond his seeming.
 When, on a time of solemn festival,
 Sacred to mirth, to beauty, and to arms ;
 Winning the prize from all the rival princes,

Radiant in golden arms, and trophied spoils,
 And all the grandeur of the gorgeous East ;
 He laid it at my feet, with such a grace,
 As stamp'd his image on my heart for ever.

Elm. Saw you him soon again ?

Alm. Not till the night,
 A fire consum'd the mansion where I lodg'd,
 Contiguous to some buildings of the palace.
 For, shortly after our first happy meeting,
 He from our coast was summon'd, to the funeral
 Of your renowned sire, just then deceased :
 At the same time, my father being order'd,
 As our ambassador to hasten hither,
 To pay the usual tribute to your kings,
 I him accompanied ; for, ever since
 He lost the much-lov'd partner of his soul,
 (A loss, we never can enough deplore)
 I've sought to soften all his hours of sorrow
 With duteous love.—Pardon my gushing tears.

Elm. Nay, let them flow : they ease the bur-
 then'd heart.

Yet much I wish to hear your story's sequel.

Alm. The flames o'er all the lofty dome had rag'd,
 Ere I awoke ; rous'd by the piercing cries
 Of an attendant slave, that in them perish'd.
 Frantic with fear I hasted to the casement,
 Whither my shrieks brought numbers ; 'mongst the
 rest,

The royal HAMET, as I after found ;
 Who call'd aloud, that I should cast me down.
 At length, no other choice but death remaining,
 Trusting to fate, I from the window leap'd.

Elm.

Elm. The height so great, 'tis strange how you
escap'd.

Alm. I was receiv'd, ere I could reach the pave-
ment ;

When straight I was convey'd to his apartment,
Through the tumultuous croud, as death insensible:
But, when I had regain'd my scatter'd spirits,
Finding my head reelin'd upon his bosom,
No cov'ring o'er me but a slender garment,
In a strange place ; I should have straight expir'd,
Had not my father at the instant enter'd.

Elm. But all this while, did not your soul recal
The fond impressions of your dear deliverer ?

Alm. Though there for ever fix'd, yet such was then
My deep disorder'd state, they scap'd my notice.

Elm. Had he not some remembrance ?

Alm. O ! he had :

And, when my father the succeeding day
Prostrate appear'd to pay our dutious thanks,
Instant he rais'd him, and express'd his wish,
Most earnestly, I had accompanied him !
And will'd it might be so without delay.
This when I heard, alarm'd I knew not wherefore,
My heart all flutter'd like a frighted bird ;
But 'twas my father's will, and I obey'd :
But think, my princess, what was my surprize,
When in my life's protector I descry'd
The conqu'ror of my heart !

Elm. And what ensu'd ?

Alm. The thrilling transport so o'erpower'd my
soul,

That I was near bereft of every sense ;
Which he observing, gently took my hand ;
Gave it with soft emotion to my father,

Vowing, 'twas worse than death to part with it.
 Then, gazing on me, he again address'd him :
 " This precious treasure, will you now restore me ?
 " A slave I seek not, but I court a queen,
 " If she can yield her heart in love to HAMET,
 " Not her hand only, to a king in form,
 " I will be her's alone, she mine for ever."

My father only could assent by silence,
 Such was his transport at my happy fortune !

Elm. Our holy prophet speed the happy union !

But 'tis some nine moons since ; whence this delay ?

Alm. In the first tide of grief he vow'd that
 mourning

To the lov'd memory of your royal sire.

Elm. Say, then the happy hour that crowns your
 love ?

Alm. At eve to-morrow in the royal mosque.

Elm. With joy unfeign'd I will attend you thither.

Alm. Kind Heav'n ! impower me to repay this
 goodness. [*They go off.*]

A C T.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

A Gallery in the Palace.

H A M E T alone.

Ham. **T**HIS brother's strange deportment is alarming;

And all things round us wear a gloomy aspect :
His heart, I know, is desperate as base.——

O royalty!——mere bubble!——dream of bliss!
The toil-tir'd peasant, when his task is o'er,
On mossy couch enjoys that sweet repose,
Which flies from palaces and beds of down.

Enter OSMIN at a small distance.

Osm. (Aside.) Alone, as I could wish! Now, now's
the time,

I must provoke his gentle soul to rage :
Already I've inflam'd his brother's fury,

[He advances, and prostrates himself.]

Ham. Vizier, arise! your countenance bespeaks
Business of much import.

Osm. Puissant prince!

Permit me to remind you of the hour
Appointed for the Armenian prince in council,
There to relate the issue of his embassy,
And the fierce Tartar's answer.

Ham. First declare,

Have you as yet disclos'd (as I directed)
My purpos'd nuptials, to the king my brother?

Osm. I did without delay.

Ham. You seem perplex'd?——

Wherefore

Wherefore that pause? why fix your eyes on earth?
 Why such presage of some approaching ill?
 Unfold yourself.

Osm. Of heroes though the first!
 Are there not strokes within the reach of fortune,
 Which unexpected may surprize and sink
 Your fortitude of soul?

Ham. What can this mean?
 Some fearful secret lurks beneath that question:
 Explain it quickly, if you prize my favour.

Osm. Could you submit, were it fate's hard decree,
 To yield your lov'd ALMEYDA to a rival?

Ham. ALMEYDA!—rival!—fate!—you talk in
 mystery.—

Torture me not:—thou putt'st me on the rack.—
 By our great prophet! neither crown, nor life,
 Is half so dear to me, as my ALMEYDA.

Osm. Since thus the mere idea can alarm you,
 What if this fair were torn from your embrace?

Ham. Without more stay of circumstance, re-
 lieve me.

Not woe pronounc'd is to the soul so dreadful,
 As doubt and dark surmise.

Osm. Then hear, dread prince!
 When by your mandate I had so disclos'd
 Your purpos'd nuptials to your royal brother;—
 At mention of the name of your ALMEYDA,
 Sudden he started; fury fill'd his aspect:
 I stood resign'd to fate; when, quick as thought,
 He check'd the bursting passion; said, "'twas well:"
 Then, with his hand, he wav'd me from his presence.

Ham. Wherefore?—Oh speak!—What knows
 he of ALMEYDA?
 See her he could not.

Osm.

Ofm. Sir, he has seen her.

Ham. Where? how? when?—Some Demon has bewray'd her.

Ofm. By chance, sometime she bath'd, and from that hour——

Ham. Now I'm a wretch indeed!—Tell, tell it all.

Ofm. By all her beauties fir'd, with love he rages.

Ham. Call it not love: the very thought's profane.

His lewd licentious fancy never knew
 The enchanting raptures of a virtuous flame:
 His ministers of lust range all the East,
 For the first beauties; that a new variety
 May rouse the languor of his sated appetite.
 One fair alone I claim: and of that one,
 This most inhuman brother would despoil me.
 Dishonour blast me! should he but attempt
 To foil the lustre of this brilliant gem,
 If my chaste mother's blood, that in his veins
 Flows equal as in mine, should stay mine arm!
 Nor should this sword be sheath'd, till I had vengeance.

Ofm. It works, as I could wish. (*aside*)——O mighty prince!

Should it e'er reach your angry rival's knowledge,
 That I have thus presum'd; there is no torture,
 He would not think too mild: though, witness,
 heav'n!

'Tis love of peace alone that urg'd me to it;
 With this regard, that to prevent disasters
 Is easier far, than heal them when befall'n.

Ham. Fear not! Your caution shall have just observance.

Proceed you to the council: I shall follow.

[*Ofm* goes off.]

This vizier seems my friend: yet he's a statesman;
 And

And in the chains of interest so fetter'd,
'Twere dangerous trusting him.—But he returns.

OSMIN re-enters.

Ofm. Illustrious prince, your brother with the nobles
In council wait you.

Ham. I shall instant join them.

[*He goes off.*]

Ofm. Having wrought HAMET thus to my design,
I know not now an obstacle, but CALED.
Yet even he the mighty work shall forward.
Weak in his judgment, strong in his attachment,
He may be hurried into rash extremes,
Which must undo the cause he strives to serve.
This to effect, shall all my powers employ.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

The Presence Chamber.

ALMORAN, HAMET, the Nobles and chief Officers.

AXARES enters.

Ax. Illustrious rulers of the Eastern world!
In due observance of your high behests,
I hasted to the camp of the barbarians;
There to demand, Why thus with hostile rage
They unprovok'd had ravag'd your dominions.
Conducted to their chieftain, named OCTAR,
He, with stern aspect, bold and brief thus answer'd:
“ We are adventurers of a common world;
“ And follow in our search, of wealth and glory,
“ Where fate and fortune lead. Our sport is war.”

Alm.

Alm. I am for further parley, not more hazard:
Some yielded terms may purchase their retreat.

Ham. Far be remov'd from us such dang'rous
counsel!

What! league with plunderers? submit to slavery?
Or hold of them a subject realm in fealty!
Should this be known to these our fierce invaders,
Soon would they storm our gates.—O Persia!
Persia!

Great seat of empire, that so oft' hast given
Monarchs and conqu'rors to the Eastern world,
How art thou fall'n?—O SOLYMAN, my father!
Were but thine hallow'd relicks borne before us,
They more would fright these outcasts of the earth,
Than hosts of Persian troops, such as are now!
No more, our youths the smoaking chariots drive;
No more, in forests chase the foaming boar,
Nor rein the fiery steed, nor glory court:
All these are now exchang'd for wanton dance,
For am'rous song, for feast and revelry,
And ev'ry soul-energating delight!

Alm. Brother, the rigid censures you've bestow'd,
Ill suit the state of these most perilous times.
Wherefore, henceforth, by the great fount of light!
I shall all counsel shun with thee; nor rest,
Until the crown, my lawful right of heritage,
Be mine unpartner'd, mine without a rival.

Ham. Full well thou know'st, my right with
thing is equal:
And, though thy pow'r were boundless as thy pride,
I dare proclaim that right, I will maintain.

Alm. Unsheath the sword then, and let that decide.

Ham. First, to the states of Persia and the people
I will my cause refer.

Alm.

Alm. To this good steel,
Alone I shall appeal ; which ne'er shall rust
Till Persia's diadem be solely mine. [*He goes off.*]

Ham. My lords, I trust, your wisdom will be wary,
That nought, which hath here pass'd between your
kings,
Should, at this season, reach the vulgar ear.
You, noble youth [*to Axares*] with all our other cap-
tains,

Already to your stations are appointed.—
My countrymen! my friends!—O! suffer not
These luckless feuds to hurt the gen'ral cause!
United, we may hold in scorn these savages;
Divided, we must fall an easy sacrifice.
So, each man to his duty.—*AXARES, stay.*

[*They all, except Axares, withdraw.*]

Thou'rt now the only friend, since *OMAR*'s fall,
To whom my soul can safely tell its sorrows.
From our first infant years together rear'd,
In danger oft' by mutual aid preserv'd,
I hold thee as a portion of myself.

Ax. Long, long may the renowned *HAMET* live,
To shield his people, and support an empire!

Ham. O prince! there is, besides, a tender subject,
For which alone my soul can deign to fear.

Ax. My faithful heart with ardour pants, to learn
The danger, that can thus alarm my prince,
And shake his noble fortitude.

Ham. Know then,
'Tis not alone my share of Persia's throne,
Of which this lawless brother seeks to rob me:
But this insatiate, lustful, bloody tyrant,
Thirsts for my life; for more than life, *AXARES*:
He burns, to ravish my *ALMEYDA* from me.

Ax.

As. First perish all the tyrants of the globe!
 Hath he not dar'd you to unsheath the sword?
 And now's the very tide of opportunity,
 While ev'ry happy circumstance conspires
 To aid the great design. Without our walls,
 A num'rous host of Persia's warlike sons
 Embattled stand, awaiting me their leader:
 'Midst all these troops, trust me, there's scarce a man,
 Who was not ripe for desperate revolt,
 Ere OMAK fell beneath his murd'ring sword.
 The nobles too, nay, ev'ry rank in Persia,
 All groan beneath his yoke; all wish relief;
 And all on thee alone have fix'd their hopes.
 What then forbids, but that ———

Han. Pronounce it not.

I shudder at the thought.—All-gracious Heaven!
 From civil rage (that many-headed monster)
 Save, in thy mercy—ever save my people!——
 O prince! if once this fury be unchain'd,
 As soon we might th' impetuous flame repress,
 Or stay the torrent of the mountain flood:
 Nor death, nor pestilence, nor all the woes
 Of wild ambition, or the thirst of glory,
 Such dire effects produce;——all ties dissolv'd,
 That nature, love, or friendship had cemented,
 For the fell rage of malice and revenge:
 Nor end its evils, when its spirit dies;
 But, like some foul contagion in the blood,
 Transmit their bane to ages yet unborn.
 What then, shall I, vicegerent here of Heaven,
 Plunge all the nations to my charge committed,
 In this calamity, these hideous woes?
 Shall I, a mortal, fate's dread pow'r usurp,

And

And from th' Almighty wrest the bolt of vengeance?
No, rather fall the ruin on this head!

But O! protect, good heaven, protect my country!

As. How blest'd the nations, where such virtue
reigns!

But are not your espousals to be soon?

Ham. To-morrow was th' appointed happy day:
But first this open, this ill-boding breach,
Instant attention claims, and every mean
Which prudence can suggest; all else is lost.
Wherefore, I'll hasten to apprise my love,
Of the delay it threatens to our bliss.
You, to the field, to bind your brows with honour.
O, valiant prince! when was a time before,
That my lov'd country's voice, that sacred call,
Urg'd me to arms, and I the conflict shunn'd?
Kind heav'n restore thee to thy friend, thy HAMET,
A victor with triumphant wreaths adorn'd!

[He goes off.]

As. Never, O! never may I thence return!
And then! (too flatt'ring thought, yet ah! how vain?)
The fair, the dear, divinely fair ALMEYDA
May heave a sigh, and drop a silent tear.
But soft, my soul!—Why all these love-sick dreams?
Is she not soon to be another's right?
The destin'd consort of my prince? my friend?
Yet, witness, heav'n! I knew not of their loves,
Until my heart was past recovery lost.—
But wherefore stay I here? the battle calls!
I'll rush, where danger wears its blackest front;
There, there to meet inevitable fate.

[He goes off.]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

ALMEYDA alone.

Al. This message from lord HAMET much alarms me.

Enter ELMIRA.

Elm. Pardon this sudden entrance on your privacy!
But since we parted, as I pass'd the palace,
What time the nobles were from council moving,
Methought each visage seem'd with horror pal'd,
As if some sad calamity impended :
And now 'tis rumour'd, that my rival brothers
Have each to other vow'd eternal enmity.

Al. Heav'n, that such feuds should 'twixt such kindred rage !

Elm. O! wonder not: they are in souls as different,
As in their persons like.—Fierce and impetuous,
The haughty ALMORAN all virtue spurns ;
Whilst the delight of all, the gen'rous HAMET,
Was ever gentle, as the southern gale,
That breathes upon the bosom of the spring :
And yet, should wanton opposition thwart him,
He firmly will pursue the just design,
Which honour prompts, or public good demands ;
Though tumults rise, and faction swell the storm.

Al. 'Tis as my heart presag'd: for oh! but now,
One of th' illustrious HAMET's chief attendants,
With visage pale and wild, trembling all o'er,
In fault'ring accents spoke his near approach.
Ah! love, relentless tyrant of the heart !

Hast

Hast thou no pleasure, unallay'd with pain?
 What anguish waits the disappointed passion!
 And, in the mutual flame, what endless fears
 Imagination forms, to rack the soul!
 Protect, ye pow'rs! the lord of all my wishes!
 Spare him, and pour your vengeance all on me!

[*A knocking is heard.*]

Elm. Permit me to retire.—Ere next we meet,
 May all these gloomy clouds of fortune vanish,
 And nought but sun-shine meet your future days!

Alm. Eternal blessings crown thy matchless virtues!
 [Elmira goes off.]

Enter HAMET.

Ham. Ye guardian powers, surround my love forever!

The time is pregnant with such dire disasters,
 That sudden thus thy HAMET hastes to tell thee,
 That those wish'd moments, which but now were fix'd
 To light up all his future bliss of life,
 Should be inviolate, unmix'd with sorrow,
 How pale she grows!—Good heav'n! what have I
 done? [Aside.]

Why swell thine eyes thus with the burbling tear,
 Which trembling hangs before their radiant brightness,

As mists before the morn?—O! answer me.

Alm. Pardon, my lord, the weakness of my sex!
 An host of warring thoughts, of hopes and fears,
 Of joys and doubts, alas! of dark forebodings,
 Of late possess and sink my soul to sadness;
 And all my restless slumbers still are haunted
 With airy shapes and phantasies most fearful.

Ham.

Ham. Soul of my soul! these visionary terrors,
Seldom are absent from the tender heart :
But HAMET's life shall be ALMEYDA's buckler.

Alm. Alas! my lord, I shudder at the thought,
When I reflect upon the heavy trials,
To which my envy'd fortune may expose me ;
When I consider how the haughty ALMORAN
May scorn the choice your heart hath deign'd to make,
Which might have honour'd Asia's proudest princes:
But above all—oh! should yourself repent!—

Ham. By thy dear self I swear, (nor doubt my truth,
For on thy fair opinion rests my being,)
But that I am not master of my fate,
Nor choice or will possess but for my people ;
I could henceforth without regret renounce
The pomp of diadems and blaze of greatness,
To dwell with thee in some secure retirement.
Nor envy fear : so far thy virtues pass
All imitation, that it ne'er can reach thee.
Awhile, the public charge demands my duty.
O! let me then on this lov'd hand impress
The farewell of an heart, without thee desolate.

[He goes off.]

Alm. Heav'n! what is hope? that long, long
look'd-for happiness?
That coming joy, the sigh of expectation?
The distant bliss approaches; 'tis at hand,
Just in our grasp; we think to seize, to hold it:
When, at the very moment of possessing,
'Tis gone, 'tis vanish'd, wafted far away ;
Never, alas! oh! never to return.

[She goes off.]

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

The Palace Garden.

ALMORAN.

Alm. I ordered CALED, captain of our guards,
To meet me on this walk. He is a man,
Whom, from the lowest ebb of fortune's current,
I have to station rais'd beyond his hopes ;
And he appears to be of grateful spirit :
In such we may confide.—But he is here.

Enter CALED.

Henceforth I nominate you chief commander
Of all our hosts, in this and ev'ry region ;
Which honour'd rank, to our deserv'd reproach,
Too long hath been entrusted to a stranger.

Cal. Words cannot testify my faithful gratitude :
Deeds must supply their want.—Your will, my Sovereign ?

Alm. Then see, that secretly a trusty party
Of your command be ready, well appointed,
To seize th' Armenian prince, my foe profess'd,
And give him to my vengeance. If sudden,
'Twill crush resistance, and ensure success.
For this your warrant, you have here my signet.
Yet hold !—Awhile you must attend at hand ;
Some weighty matters of more urgent quality,
Demand attention to be first accomplish'd.
So, now retire, and wait my quickest summons.

Cal. I have no will, but as my Prince directs.

[*He goes off.*]

Alm. Yet farther to secure him, I have rais'd
Such jealousies between him and our vizier,
That each shall labour to excel in service.

A C T

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The Palace.

HAMET alone.

Ham. **D**ESPOIL me of my right!—my regal right!—
My brother too!—against my father's will?—
Yet, what of that!—But ALMEYDA!— [*Flourish
of trumpets.*]—What is this!—

An HERALD is introduced.

Bold slave!

Her. Pardon, dread prince, my station!
I come with summons from the mighty ALMORAN.
Your presence he demands at noon to-morrow,
In the broad space before the royal mosque,
In public there, in presence of the nobles,
The priests of ev'ry order, and the people,
To vindicate your claim to half the throne.
Where, if you fail to appear, 'twill be pronounc'd,
You have that claim relinquish'd in his favour.

Ham. Vassal, away!—nor farther tempt my wrath.
[*Herald goes off.*]

Meet him! for what?—Admit my right is doubtful?
And that, when ev'ry engine is at work,
Which in foul deeds to pride and lust can minister?—
Yet numbers, proof against his wiles and menaces,
The first in rank and pow'r, have vow'd to see
The will of their lov'd SOLYMAN supported.—
Their counsel at this crisis were of moment. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E , II.

The Palace.

Enter OSMIN and CALED.

Osm. OMAR alive ! say'st thou ?——Death to my hopes ! [*Afide.*

Cal. At eve, as I approach'd the royal mosque,
Two factions stood oppos'd, with rage transported ;
And each with shouts proclaim'd a diff'rent king.

Osm. Did any shout for HAMET ?

Cal. At first but few ;
Until this sage (who stood above the rest,
Veil'd in the habit of an ancient hermit,
With venerable front all silver'd o'er)
Besought permitted speech : which though obtain'd,
Yet, in submissive seeming awful silence,
A while he paus'd, as cautious to offend ;
Then, thrice he bow'd his head. The factious crowd,
Thence far more urgent grew that he should speak.

Osm. The practis'd artifice of each incendiary,
To cheat the giddy crowd. I pray proceed.

Cal. At length, with aspect mild, he humbly ques-
tion'd,

“ If any prince, of all the globe's first monarchs,
“ Equal'd in worth their glorious, godlike HAMET ;
“ Whose love (said he) was as your realms extensive.
“ His life, a constant course of watchful toils,
“ And ceaseless study, for his people's safety :”
Then look'd around, as pausing for reply.
But not a whisper murmuring dissent,
With out-stretch'd arms he boldly then demanded,
“ Had

“ Had they no gratitude ? Could they forget,
 “ How oft’, when lawless pow’r, of life regardless,
 “ Had ev’n to wanton massacre condemn’d them,
 “ This prince stood forth, and quell’d the tyrant’s
 “ fury ?

“ So chaste, so strict in his regard to truth,
 “ He would not deviate from her sacred path,
 “ Either to win, or to secure an empire.”

Osm. ’Tis he !——mine enemy !——(*aside*). But
 th’ event ?

Cal. Roaring for liberty, a while they rag’d ;
 Till his soft phrase appeas’d the rising tumult,
 Charm’d it to peace, and won their still attention :
 When dauntless he pronounc’d, “ That real liberty
 “ Could only be of lawful rule the offspring ;
 “ Which, by restraining each from doing wrong,
 “ Assur’d their rights to all : that none e’er held
 “ Those rights more sacred, than th’ exalted H A M E T ;
 “ Whilst bloody A L M O R A N, all subjects deem’d
 “ Th’ appointed slaves of kings.” Yea, in their rage,
 They even dar’d to call him, murdering tyrant ;
 Who slew their O M A R, and aloud claim’d vengeance.
 On this, the crafty priest (*casting aside*
 The outward garb, in which he stood disguis’d)
 Burst into view.—Amaz’d, a while they stood :
 Then rushing on, they rear’d him on their shoulders,
 With shouts of joy, that pierc’d the vault of heav’n !

Osm. These tumults may advance my bold design.
 Both cannot live, and both perhaps may fall. [*Aside.*
 [*To Calad*] This is sedition, treason, foul rebellion !
 But ’tis most strange, how you escap’d their notice ;
 Which must have fatal prov’d, amidst this outrage ?

Cal. ’Twas duskish ; and a friendly porch conceal’d me,
 During this dreadful scene of wild disorder.

But is't not fit, that we relate these matters,
Of such high import, to our monarch ALMORAN?

Osm. Most certain; if 'tis safe, whilst thus his spirit
On all sides is inflam'd.

Cal.

That task be mine.

From distant climes by his command I hasted,
For the most weighty purpose now in hand;
That the high sceptre of the Eastern world,
By birth and by our laws his right of heritage,
As such, may be possess'd by him alone.

Osm. Indeed!—I like not this, it bodes me ill,
Short is the fav'rite's pow'r, when trust is shar'd. [*Aside.*
In nought, my lord, the wisdom of a prince
Shines more conspicuous, than in choice of council:
Your known abilities and faithful service
By all confess'd, do honour to the posts
You fill so greatly, and make states your debtors.

Cal. Would, noble vizier, that with suited phrase,
I could repay you, this your gen'rous courtesy!
But truth of heart needs not the gloss of words;
In a blunt soldier's language then, accept
My warmest thanks, although uncouth, sincere.

Osm. The royal ALMORAN hath fix'd to-morrow
At noon, before the royal mosque, to claim
His just and single right to Persia's realms.
You have been sommon'd to attend him thither?

Cal. I have: and for the purpose have prepar'd
A hardy band, devoted to his will.

Osm. Diseases desp'rate, desp'rate aids demand.
Our late dread sov'reign, in his languid moments,
Most foully was abus'd; else such bequest
Of a divided empire ne'er had happen'd.
How opportunely then, you've come to serve him!

Cal.

Cal. Ne'er shall these eye-lids close, 'till it's accomplish'd. [*He goes off.*]

Ofm. This flattery might by some be deem'd unworthy ;

But this rough soldier, for his brutal valour,
 Stands foremost in the favour of the tyrant.—
 Much envied statesman ! What hast thou to boast of ?
 Condemn'd to be a slave, the slave of slaves !
 To smile on villains, frown on humble merit ;
 To mock deluded fools with airy promises ;
 And live in one unvaried shameless course
 Of art, dissimulation, and deceit ! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

ALMORAN and a RUFFIAN.

Alm. Is it done ?

Ruf. Dread sov'reign ! 'twas impossible.

Alm. 'Twere better not essay'd then.—What prevented ?

Ruf. Ere I could reach the door of his apartment,
 I was secur'd——

Alm. And my design discover'd !

Ruf. Fear not my faith. I should have been impal'd,

Had not my hidden poniard scap'd their search ;
 And even so, your signet only sav'd me.

Alm. Would you had scap'd without it ! But again
 You'll make the bold attempt ?

Ruf. Your zealous slave
 Already is provided with the means.

Alm. My bounty shall surpass your warmest hopes.
Ruf.

Ruf. Amidst the secrets of a learned Mage,
Whom in his clofe of life I had attended,
I found a powder of refiftlefs virtue.

Alm. Thou trusty minifter of fate!—Proceed.

Ruf. 'Tis the foft down of an Egyptian flower;
So fine, it almoft mocks the fight; and yet,
Such effence it contains of mortal quality,
That if awhile confin'd, it fudden strikes,
With instant death, whom e'er the fcent approaches,
Which, when expos'd to air, it ftraight diffufes.

Alm. Moft friendly drug! and thou of friends the firft!
But then for fafety, with well-fuited habit
Your femblance change, t' elude the keenest eye.

Ruf. With that too, is your flave already furnifh'd.
There's not a clime, nor varied mode of life,
For which the Mage's treasure is not stor'd
With habits fuitable: befides, from childhood,
I have by ufe fo to my will fubdu'd
My lineaments and limbs; that in a moment
I can my fhape and vifage fo transform,
That my moft intimate, the instant after,
My alter'd perfon could not recognize.

Alm. My happy ftars ordain'd thee for my purpofe,
Hafte, and fucceed! Time on his rapid wing
Wafts fair occafion; and my keen revenge,
Impetuous as his flight, brooks no delay.
Keep ftill my fignet for your laft refource;
And fee me foon.

Ruf. Sure, as your flave furvives.

[*He goes off*]

Alm. That muft not be; and fo I have provided.
Soon as the deed is done, an arm as desperate,
Shall flop the breath, which might difclofe this bufinefs;
Or awe me with its threats to bafe compliance. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Before the Palace.

Enter OMAR, in the habit of a hermit.

Om. Under this friendly guise, I have thus far
'Scap'd even Suspicion's eye; yet, weary'd much,
I now approach the apartments of Lord HAMLET:

[Hamlet appears.

And lo! he moves this way. 'Tis opportune.

[He prostrates himself.

May all the blessings of our holy prophet,
Ever await the ruler of the East!

Ham. Rise, sage! those hoary locks demand respect.
He's something more, than this mean garb bespeaks.

[Aside

Your business pray?

Om. What—know you not, my prince,
The voice, once so familiar to your ear?

Ham. Ha!—What art thou?—OMAR?—Impossible!

Some phantom, some illusion of the sense!

Om. No phantom, no illusion. OMAR lives.

Ham. What miracle, what deity restor'd thee?

Om. The tyrant's poniard mis'd its deadly aim,
And did but slightly scar mine aged bosom:

But, as my death alone would quell his fury,
I straightway fell, as if bereft of life;

And so was to the sepulchre consign'd.

Ham. But how wert thou releas'd from the dark
chambers,

In which I saw thee clos'd?

Om.

Om. A trusty slave,
 That night, was by appointment to have freed me :
 But, ere he came, a poor hard-fated wretch,
 Who long had been (as I soon after learn'd)
 The watchman of the place, thither repair'd,
 Soon as the night had spread her sable curtain ;
 Lur'd by the hopes, that he might booty make,
 (As I o'erheard him mutter to himself)
 Of some rich ornaments, with which my corse
 Was, by your special mandate, then embellish'd,
 As the last pious pledge of parting friendship.
 Approaching, with a lanthorn in his hand ;
 Soon as he op'd the tomb, I seiz'd his arm :
 Quite scar'd, he su'd for mercy.——I besought him,
 To lead me quickly to some friendly shelter ;
 So gave him all the treasure that he fought.
 With hands uprais'd, he blest me o'er and o'er ;
 Then led me to his dwelling, which, he said,
 Had been the cell of some sequester'd hermit,
 Midst a thick wood, well-nigh conceal'd from sight.
 There I remain'd in secret, till I learn'd
 The horrid machinations form'd against you.

Ham. Let me embrace thee, best of friends and men!
 Guide of the faithful, guardian of my youth!

Om. Thus favour'd then, may I presume to ask ;
 Do you, great prince, the son of mighty SOLYMAN,
 Mean, as 'tis said, to wed ABDALLA'S daughter ?

Ham. Mean it !—I do, and glory in the choice.

Om. I see, my prince, you are subdu'd by beauty.

Ham. To say, in common phrase, that she is
 beautiful ;
 Fair, as the blossom'd spring, or blushing morn ;
 Were

Were far too poor, to speak of her perfection.
 But that alone could ne'er have won my love :
 'Twas but the friendly light, that led my soul
 To the rich treasures of her heavenly mind ;
 Her sense, her truth, her innocence, her virtue :
 These are the charms, that have subdu'd thy HAMET ;
 Charms, that will last, when life's gay bloom is gone ;
 When fancy fades, and passion is no more.
 Hast thou not said ?—" What though the pompous
 " glare

" Of titles, birth, or empire, awe vain gazers ;
 " 'Tis but the worth of soul that gives true dignity."

Om. These my first precepts, still remain my tenets.
 Think not, I wish you to renounce a passion,
 Which honour, truth, and wisdom, must approve.
 No, my lov'd prince ! My heart exults to see
 Such goodness and such greatness.

Ham. Yet, fear, think not
 Her origin obscure : the lord ABDALLA,
 Noble himself, is of a race illustrious ;
 Once mighty monarchs of the Eastern world.
 She wants not title then, t' enhance that worth ;
 Which, were she lowly born, must fix my choice,
 And give my diadem its brightest lustre.—
 Shall I then tamely see this lawless ravisher
 Invade my rights, and triumph in his spoils ?
 Or he, or I, must fall : my soul's resolv'd.

Om. Avert it, heav'n ! Compose yourself, my prince !
 Th' all-ruling Pow'r will ne'er permit such wrongs.

Ham. O ! 'tis most easy, when the heart's untouch'd,
 To give calm counsel, and to talk of patience.
 But these are fruitless now.—Awhile my love,
 Like some smooth stream in silence gently flow'd,
 And

And stole in sweet meanders to my heart :
 But, now, oppos'd, it swells with boundless fury ;
 And, like a torrent, bears down all before it.

Om. Great souls, like thine, unmov'd bear fortune's
 strokes :

The timid only, in the hour of trial,
 Tremble, or shrink at the approaching danger.
 When the rude monarch of the boist'rous winds
 Confin'd in caverns keeps his ruffian guards ;
 The scaly natives of the azure flood,
 Upon its smooth and glassy surface glide :
 But, when he bursts his adamantine doors,
 And the fierce tempest rages o'er the main,
 In shoals the finny race th' abyss explore,
 Or court the shelter of the friendly rocks ;
 While undismay'd the huge Leviathan,
 Tho' mountain rise on mountain threat'ning ruin,
 Triumphant rides amidst the roar of seas.

Ham. Thou oracle of truth ! thy heav'nly counsel
 Gives balmy comfort to my drooping spirit :
 As would a vision, sent by special grace,
 To some expiring wretch, perplex'd with doubts,
 Of peace and paradise his soul assuring ;
 All now is calm again.

Om. But say, my prince !
 Have you yet caus'd the people to be founded ?
 Their love imports you much.

Ham. I doubt them not.
 Persians were once renown'd for noble souls,
 Honest and brave ; though fiery, placable,
 Zealous for right ; then only apt to err,
 When guile mistled them in the shape of virtue.
 And, tho' the times have not their wonted health,
 Numbers enow remain, by honour fir'd,

To

To stem the tide of vice, to save their country.
Hast thou yet heard of this fell tyrant's summons,
Which by an herald he hath dar'd to send me?

Om. I heard it all; nor is it to be slighted:
Careless security oft' fatal proves.
To business then, my prince: it claims dispatch.
Already I've harangu'd and sooth'd the people.

[They go off.]

S C E N E V.

A Gallery in the Palace.

ALMORAN and CALED.

Alm. Whence this rude noise, at such late hour of
night? *[A great shout.]*

Cal. Dread Sir! as hither I in haste resorted,
I met the people in tumultuous outrage;
When, as they sped along, the name of OMAR
Was echo'd through the regions of the air.

Alm. Would they were all as he!

Cal. OMAR still lives.

Alm. 'Tis false: I stake my life.—It cannot be:
With this good sword I fell'd the hoary traitor.

Cal. Not fate itself's more sure. These eyes be-
held him,

When, unobserv'd this eve before the mosque,
I heard him rouse the people to sedition;
Who one and all cried out, 'No king but HAMET!'

Alm. Some foul imposture this.—Confusion! hell!
Haste, call my guards! let waste and slaughter loose!
Who mercy shews, him I pronounce a traitor.

Cal. A pow'rful band, by largesses secur'd,
Train'd up to slaughter and with death familiar,

In

In a fix'd quarter wait my instant summons.
 These in disguise will mingle with the crowd:
 Where, if a single voice shall dare oppose
 Your right, alone and uncontroul'd to sway
 The Persian realms; such vengeance will ensue,
 As future ages shall relate with horror.

Alm. Away! and bear in mind, I seek no prisoners. [Caled goes off.]

'Tis now the hour of rest: and gentle sleep,
 (That flies my pillow) wraps in sweet oblivion
 The weary'd sense of all, whose souls are tranquil.
 Am I a king? Yet shall I live thus wretched,
 Barr'd of those joys for which I hourly languish?
 Shall I behold them, rifed by another?
 My rival too? What can the damn'd feel worse?—
 Her image, as she bath'd, still haunts my thoughts!
 Curs'd force of beauty, that can thus subdue me!
 That thus in thraldom holds my captive soul;
 And tyrant-like, despoils it of all power,
 Of ev'ry wish t' escape the pleasing snare!
 Ev'n reason loiters, lur'd by the enchantment;
 Until this haughty conqueror of hearts
 Hath made its prize secure.

Enter OSMIN.

[Almorán starts, and seizes his scymetar,
 Who dares intrude?

Osm. I come upon my mighty monarch's summons.

Alm. Do you regard my peace, or prize my favour?

Osm. Doubt first, that darkness will ensue the light;
 Or that 'tis day, when the bright sun shines forth.

Alm.

Alm. True proof of service lies in deeds, not words.

Osm. Speak but your will, that I may prove my zeal.
Imagination cannot form a danger,

That OSMIN would not hazard for his prince.

Alm. Then list.—I wish to rule alone.—You pause!

Osm. It shall be so, the means are in my pow'r.

Alm. Say how?—Be quick!—My soul's on fire
to know——

Osm. Griev'd, that this fatal instrument of mischief,
(The WILL of our late king, the mighty SOLYMAN,
Which at his dying moments was extorted)

Should spoil you thus of your inherent right;
I've stolen it from the place, where 'twas secur'd.

Alm. Ha! say'st thou so?—Where is it?—

Osm. Dread sir, 'tis here.

[*Osm* produces the will. *Almor*an seizes it.]

Alm. Now is the crown mine only, spite of fortune.

Yet, vizier, more remains to be effected :

The fair Circassian!—O! by th' immortal MITHRA!

I must possess her, else farewell all peace.

Osm. So may it prove! And now a thought occurs.

Alm. Pronounce it straight.

Osm. Invention, aid me now! [*Aside.*

Was it not fix'd by our two mighty monarchs,

To meet to-morrow on the plains of Isfahan

Soon as it dawn'd, to view this second host,

Now destin'd to be sent against the Tartars,

To crush them at a blow?

Alm. It was.—What then?

Osm. Hath this Circassian beauty ever seen you?

Alm. I cannot say: but whither tend these ques-
tions?

Osm.

Ofm. Let him alone attend ; while you at home
 The more delicious joys of love pursue.
 I have a garb prepar'd, he often wears :
 Wherein attir'd, and by the dawn assisted,
 With the similitude that is betwixt you,
 You'll quickly gain admittance to her chamber,
 Where he so oft hath visited in secret.
 Then, if she takes you for your happy rival,
 In the surprize you may, perhaps, persuade her,
 To grant an earnest of those wish'd for joys
 So near at hand : if not, force must prevail.
 The prize is then your own.

Alm. Transporting thought !
 Already fancy wings me to enjoyment.——
 First of all beings ! deity of light !
 Grant, that in this high enterprize I prosper ;
 And at thy shrine I will for ever worship,
 Tho' musties rage, and prophets threat perdition !——

[He goes off.]

Ofm. Dissimulation is Ambition's hand-maid ;
 And he that would ascend, must lowly act.
 The lofty pine, whose branches pierce the clouds,
 Its humble root first fixes in the earth :
 No deed so foul, ambition must not stoop to,
 Things seem to forward well my future fortune :
 For, whether she complies, or will not yield,
 It equally shall serve. So let them work.——
 Low minds were form'd, as vassals to the world ;
 The world itself, for tow'ring souls like mine.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter in haste ALMORAN and OSMIN meeting.

Alm. H A V E you secur'd her?
Osm. Whom, my dread lord?

Alm. The proud Circassian maid.

Osm. What means my prince?
I trust you have succeeded?

Alm. Confusion! no.—
Some dream disturb'd her, as I reach'd her couch;
That, in wild murm'ring accents in her sleep,
She call'd for aid on HAMET and her prophet.
I gently took her hand from her fair bosom:
Whereat she wak'd, with such soul-piercing shrieks;
That all, who slept contiguous to her chamber,
With speed rush'd in; at head of them, her father:
But him I straight dispatch'd.

Osm. What hinder'd then?

Alm. Frantic she cast her on his ghastly corse:
She scream'd; she tore her hair; she smote her bosom.
With horror struck, I stood a while quite tranc'd;
Then quickly shrunk from view. Mean time she
fled!—

Away! secure her, as you prize your safety!—
Yet hold! stay on thy life!—Of these delays
Advantage may be taken by this brother,
This pageant king, this mockery of state.

Osm. Besides, he much hath won the people's love.

Alm.

Alm. Delusion all ;—They in their hearts contemn
 His abject spirit; that can basely cringe,
 And court the slaves, who at his nod should tremble;
 Whose spurious courage, and whose bold demeanour,
 Spring only from the fears of dastard rulers.
 The tim'rous hand ne'er tam'd the fiery steed :
 'Tis to the brave alone, he deigns to yield.

Osm. And yet, great prince, whilst thus divisions
 rage,
 Wou'd you succeed, 'tis meet that feign'd compliance
 Take place of chastisement and harsh rebuke.
 There is in ev'ry state a sort of spirits,
 For ever restless, foes to peace and order,
 Themselves most vicious; slaves to ev'ry faction,
 Masking their private views, with specious show
 Of public virtue, liberty, and love.
 These, with the pomp of phrase, mere empty sounds,
 Allure the simple, and inflame the rabble;
 Then lead them, as they list.—Such instruments,
 In times like these, are oft' of wondrous moment;
 And must be won, to serve. Besides, dread sir!
 Such arts have been much practis'd by your rival.

Alm. Accursed fate! to what am I debas'd?
 To turn mean suitor to these abject vassals,
 And be a fawning king, a splendid slave!
 I know them well ;—light as the gossamer,
 Sport of each blast, and as the blast inconstant;
 Restless alike, in good or evil fortune,
 Just as their selfish leaders drive them on.
 What man can say, he holds their love a moment?
 To day ador'd, to-morrow held in scorn;
 Both, with the same blind zeal.—Yet, venal slaves!
 There is not one, but may be bought for gold:

Perpetual

Perpetual strife is their supreme delight ;
 And, when they find no foreign cause for contest,
 They turn the love of quarrel on their country.
 Howe'er, give orders to convene the nobles,
 Straightway to meet me at the royal mosque ;
 Where I'll demand that right, of which I'm spoil'd.
 [Osmin goes off.]

There's nought to oppose me, now: the WILL'S NO
 more.

Ere this, I hope too, my detested rival,
 Of diadem and beauty sleeps regardless :
 O! by th' all-pow'ful deity I worship,
 Should fortune mock me there, this shall not fail.
 [Puts his hand to his sword, and goes off.]

S C E N E II.

A forest, at a small distance from the city of Isfahan.

HAMET, MIRVAN, and others.

A Tempest.

Ham. Was ever such a morn of terrors seen?
 What rage of warring winds! what bursts of thunder!
 With such tremendous sheets of flashing fire,
 That nature shudder'd at the threaten'd ruin.

Mir. O sir! all fear'd, all trembled, for your safety.

Ham. But for the shelter of a friendly oak,
 Whose sturdy trunk for centuries had brav'd
 Heav'n's flaming bolt, and rough encount'ring blasts,
 I must have perish'd in the hideous conflict.
 I fear the forces, that were now to meet us
 On the adjacent plain, have suffer'd much.

Mir. Such, as escap'd the light'nings' baneful dart,
(For many fell) have sought the thicket's shelter.

Enter Z A M A.

Za. Our holy prophet guard the East's great ruler!
But now, as to the limits of this forest
Anxious I hasted, fearful for your safety,
Amidst this dire convulsion of the elements,
I saw a wand'ring fair with an attendant,
Not distant far, in seeming sore distress.

Ham. 'Tis strange!—What fate expos'd her to
these terrors?—

Let's seek her out: perhaps we yet may save her.
Heav'n forms the hero to protect the fair.

[*They go off.*]

S C E N E III.

Scene changes, and ALMEYDA is discovered, with an
ATTENDANT supporting her.

Att. No longer can my tir'd, though willing, arm
Support her weight: Let's rest beneath this rock.
This wood, though near the confines of the palace,
May yield us safe retreat. The trees stand thick;
Its paths all darksome, and perplex'd; besides,
Our fell pursuers, midst this train of horrors,
Appall'd have lost their way.

Alm. Mercy, good heav'n!
I shiver!--Oh! I'm cold,--cold--cold to death!

Att. Alas! she faints, and no assistance near!

A cave opens, and an OLD MAN comes forth.

Old M. Methought, I heard the voice of deep dis-
tress.—

Say,

Say, what art thou, and who this helpless fair,
To all this rage of tempest thus expos'd ?

Att. O! help to rescue her from this deep trance!
[*The Old Man approaches near to Almeyda.*

Old M. I have a medicine compos'd of simples,—
Whose friendly virtues I have oft experienc'd :
I will essay it here. [*he administers it*] Again she breathes;
And to her death-pale cheek the rose returns,
As loth so sweet a mansion to forsake.

Enter HAMET, ZAMA, MIRVAN, and Attendants.

Za. This is the party, that I just now met.

Ham. Am I awake? Or are these midnight
visions?

By the eternal Pow'r, it is my love!—
What could have brought her to this state of misery!

Alm. Where am I? Are not you a man?—stand
off.—

See!—see!—My father!—Spectacle of horror?—
There,—there,—on yon cold turf!—Pale,—bloody
corse!—

O HAMET! HAMET! had I been the victim,
Then had I bless'd thee with my parting breath.

Ham. Father!—blood!—HAMET!—victim!—
Most wonderful!—

Old M. O! try, sweet lady, to compose your spirits!
Ill can that tender frame support these tumults.

Alm. Who could suspect his tender, ardent vows!
Or that such heav'nly form conceal'd deceit!—
Dart, dart your bolts, ye thunders, at my head!—
'Tis death alone can rid me of my woes.

Ham. What fraud is this! What hell concerted
scheme!—

By sacred truth! by our chaste, mutual loves!
 Not nature's self is to her course more true,
 Than I to thee, thou dear celestial maid!
 O speak!—Those eyes that glare upon me thus,
 Yet see me not, nor with thy soul hold sympathy—
 It is thy HAMET sues.

Alm. Why,—let him come!—
 He will not kill me:—that would be too kind.—
 Rage, tempest! rage!—Thou'rt not so fierce, as
 man.—
 Take, take my life!—But save! oh! save from
 infamy

A wretched orphan, destitute of succour!

Ham. Can no one here this mystery unfold?

Att. Wou'd she were favour'd with some place of
 safety!

Where, when the tempest of her soul is calm'd,
 We may her tale of grievous woe discover.

Old M. Within this cell she may securely rest.
 A faithful old companion of my days,
 Who now seeks water at a neighbouring fountain,
 On her return shall minister all comfort,
 Our humble lodge and scanty means can furnish.

Ham. Alas! she sinks again!—Help! bear her in!

[They go into the cave.]

S C E N E IV.

The Palace.

ALMORAN, OSMIN, and CALED.

Alm. What, no news yet of this pretender's fate?

Cal. None yet have reach'd us: but he can't escape.
 Ev'n of his guards, some have been won to serve you:
 Nor

Nor is there one, who, for the price now offer'd,
Would not betray the prophet they adore.

[A sound of trumpets.

Alm. This speaks some tidings.

Enter an OFFICER, who falls prostrate.

Off. Great king of kings!

Alm. Rise, slave! and when your fear-struck heart
permits,

Pronounce the news you bring! There is no misery
In fate's black stores, that look doth not presage.

Off. Under the shelter of a dusky mist,
At dawn of morn, the Tartars stole upon us;
What though your troops had, all the night before,
To guard against surprize, untented watch'd.
Their van, a body of gigantic size,
With iron maces arm'd, whose fatal stroke,
Nor temper'd helm, nor buckler could resist:
These, wildly rushing on with hideous shouts,
Through every rank amaze and terror spread;
And rout awhile ensued.

Alm. Ha! cowards!—rebels!—
I am betray'd!—Ill-omen'd slave! what further?

Off. But for the brave AXARES, who repress'd
The hot pursuit, and stay'd the victor foe,
They had been at our gates.

Alm. Peace, dastard! peace!
This arm, with half your numbers, thrice hath chas'd
This savage rabble to their dreary wilds,

Enter another OFFICER.

2d *Off.* Pardon your slave! As from the camp I
hastid,

I met our late king HAMET on full speed,

Regardless

Regardless of the tempest's wrathful wreck :
 Nor far behind a body of your troops,
 Headed by two of Persia's chief commanders,
 MIRVAN and ZAMA, of his firmest friends,
 To join AXARES the Armenian prince.

Alm. All, all retire awhile : I choose some privacy :—

Yet wait within a call ; the time is short. [*They go off.*
 Curs'd stars !—Damnation ! whither fled my senses,
 That this Armenian dog should now exist ?
 That one, so link'd to my detested rival,
 Should at this day be leader of our armies ?
 This brother too !—Yet may some few hours give
 Both to my vengeance,—Then, I scorn the Tartar.—
 Should there be in my breast a single spark
 Of love or pity left, I henceforth banish it,
 As foreign from the safety of a crown ;
 And fear alone my future rule shall stablish.

[*He goes off.*

S C E N E V.

A plain near a forest, in view of the city ; where appear HAMET and OMAR, the lords MIRVAN, ZAMA, and others, at a small distance.

Ham. What led you to this place of deep concealment ?

Om. It is the same, whither I was conducted,
 The night I was releas'd from my interment ;
 And where oft' since in safety I have rested.

Ham. Shews she no glimm'ring of returning reason ?

Om.

Om. O! no.—All's darkness still, and wild despair:
Nor does the slave, that led her to this covert,
Less strangely talk, than his distressed charge.

Ham. And shall I leave her now? distracting thought!
Midst all this mazy labyrinth of woe?

Om. The public safety, thine, and her's demand it:
Some moments must decide the fate of all.

Ham. But oh! what torment can exceed that interval?
Didst thou but know her worth, and how I love,
Thou wouldst not wonder, should wild phrensy seize
me.

But this will too much grieve thy tender nature.

Om. Despair not, prince! Yet may th' auspicious
Pow'r,

That shields the guiltless and delights in virtue,
Restore ALMEYDA to her faithful HAMET.
The ills, that have befall'n, let's strive to heal;
What yet with threat'ning aspect low'r upon us,
Forewarn'd we may, with heav'n's kind aid prevent.

Ham. Then, for a while, I'll tear me from this
mourner,

And to thy friendly care and heav'n consign her.—
Now, fate, dispose of HAMET as thou wilt.

[*He moves towards his attendants.*]

At length, my lords, the tempest's rage hath ceas'd,
And the heav'n's cheer us with a milder aspect.

Was not our brother to have met the forces,
Here on this plain, that are to join the camp?

Za. Perhaps he shunn'd the terrors of the morn.

A MESSENGER in haste.

Mes. Fly, fly, dread prince! your life hangs on a
moment.

Within this little space our monarch ALMORAN,
Taking

Taking advantage of your early absence,
 Conven'd the priests, the nobles, and the people,
 Before the royal mosque; where he pronounc'd
 Your claim to half of Persia's throne a forgery.
 In vain the people strove t' assert your right;
 A chosen band of hireling ruthless ruffians,
 With keen-edg'd falchions, cut their bloody way,
 And strew'd the pavements with our slaughter'd ci-
 tizens;

An herald then aloud proclaim'd you, traitor;
 And for your head whole provinces are offer'd.

Ham. I fear not aught, while Persia's troops stand
 firm.

Mef. O! trust them not; for bribes have reach'd
 all ranks:

But these dispatches will inform you further.

[*He delivers a letter to the king, which he reads.*]

“Most puissant prince!

“This morning, just as it dawn'd, lord ALMO-
 “RAN, disguised in one of your habits, by some foul
 “stratagem, got admittance to the fair ALMEYDA's
 “apartment.”

ALMEYDA's!—ha!—and in my dress disguis'd!

[*He reads on.*]

“Not succeeding in the attempt he made upon her
 “virtue, he would have forc'd her, had not her fa-
 “ther lord ABDALLA, rous'd by her shrieks, rush'd
 “into her chamber. The tyrant straightway slew
 “him: but, amidst the confusion, she most happily
 “escaped, and has not since been heard of.”——

ALMEYDA much abus'd!——perhaps undone!
 Her father slain!—and all, she thinks, by me!—
 Where is the messenger?

Mir.

Mir. He scarcely staid to breathe.

Ham. ALMEYDA lost—and with her ev'ry joy!—
Burst! burst, my brain!—come, dear distraction!
come!—

Let us away! let's range the spacious globe!
Let's to the forests, to the stony desert!
To barren sands, and everlasting snows!
Not the grim leopard, nor the bristly boar,
The fierce hyæna, or the rav'nous tyger,
Equal in savage wildness this despoiler.—
There, there, she flies.—See! ALMORAN pursues her
Through the rude brake, all o'er besp'ear'd with
blood.—

Za. O! may your slave beseech you, to have pa-
tience.

Ham. Who talks of patience? preach it to the
tempest.—

He has her now! Now, now, he seizes her!—

To me she cries!—This, tyrant, to thy heart!—

[*He totters a while and falls.*]

Za. Alas! he's fall'n!—

Mir. Help, my lord, to raise him.

Za. How he trembles! [*They raise him up.*]

Mir. The phrensy, which hath wrought
His tortur'd heart, will quickly waste itself,
And all be calm again. [*Hamet sighs.*]

Za. His soul returns.

Ham. Where have I been?—A trembling shakes
my frame;
Cold damps bedew me o'er; and I'm all lan-
guid.—

My lords, I blush at this unmanly weakness,
When ev'ry motive urges me to action.

Shall

Shall I not fly this instant to the palace,
And with a thousand gashes mark the monster?

Mir. Parties are out on every side to seize you;
And then, meanwhile, the foe may reach our gates.

Ham. Not the fond turtle, that beholds its mate
By the fierce falcon o'er the plain pursu'd,
In horror lost, unable to assist,
E'er felt such pangs, as wring this tortur'd heart.

Za. Some scouts report, that the Armenian prince
Is posted near this plain, within a forest,
Which you, dread prince, with hurried speed, may
reach.

Without delay, we shall collect the forces
The storm dispers'd, and lead them to your banners.

Ham. Now, by the sacred ashes of our fire,
Th' immortal SOLYMAN! ere the next sun,
One throne, one earth, shall not contain us both.

[They go off different ways.]

S C E N E VI.

A Forest.

An OLD MAN from a cave.

Old M. That they can here remain conceal'd—
impossible.

If they're discover'd, death's my certain portion.
'Tis true, this holy man hath been most bounteous:
But avarice encreases with its gains;
And large rewards are offer'd to secure them.—
Then, they're my guests, and here in sacred trust,
And faith and truth plead strongly in their favour:
And yet our SOLYMAN, so just esteem'd,
Whole countries ravag'd from that cause alone.

Yea,

Yea, ev'n the sceptre he so greatly sway'd,
 Was by his fire from its possessor ravish'd :
 From prince to peasant, then, 'tis plunder all.
 Besides, 'tis said, they're traitors to the state :
 If so, 'twere 'gainst my duty to conceal them.
 In youth and age I've been, twice twenty years,
 The wretched guardian of yon gloomy mansions ;
 Where pride lies low, and all distinction rests :
 And now, it seems, as if my friendly stars
 This booty offer'd, that mine eye of life
 May with some comfort close.—So speed me,
 fortune ! [He goes off.]

S C E N E VII.

A field near a large plain, where the Persian army
 is encamped,

AXARES, the Armenian prince, is discovered lying
 on the earth.

Ax. Am I awake? and is that heav'n's great light,
 Which flames thus crimson o'er yon eastern hill?
 All nature seems refresh'd with sweet repose :
 But I, to whose tir'd sense and love-sick heart,
 Nor cheerful day, nor care-composing night,
 Can bring relief.—O wretched heart, sad seat
 Of constant sorrow.—Would I were at peace!
 Sure, stern misfortune hath not in its quiver
 A shaft of keener woe, than hopeless love!

HAMET appears.

Ham. This way, methought the voice of mourn-
 ing came.

My

My friend!—'Tis as I fear'd.—Ah! my AXARES!
 Howe'er thou may'st assume the placid mien,
 To hide the grief, that rankles in thine heart,
 It breaks through all disguise.

Ax.

Alas! my prince!

Who, that has feelings, can unmov'd behold
 The bloody carnage of the late fought field,
 With all the waste, that fell ambition makes?

Ham. But is there not beside some bosom grief?
 Which, canker like, preys on thy youthful bloom,
 And pales thy cheek?—I am myself a man,
 O'erwhelm'd with sorrow: and, were it a time,
 Could such a train of bitter woes relate,
 Which have befall'n me since we parted last,
 That thou would'st wonder, I now live to tell them.

Ax. I've heard, I feel them all. But they may
 terminate,
 And with sure bliss and triumph crown thy sufferings:
 Mine ne'er can end.—Wherefore, O! covet not
 To win that secret, which, till on life's verge,
 I must conceal: but soon that hour will come.

[Flourish of trumpets.]

Ham. Hark! the soul-firing trumpet sounds to arms.

Ax. It wakes the morning watch. The hour ap-
 proaches,

Th' important hour, that must decide the fate
 Of you, my prince, and Asia's mighty empire.
 There was a time, when Persia's warlike sons
 Shone foremost in the lists of fame and glory.

Ham. But with great SOLYMAN all virtue fled;
 And in its stead, came luxury and vice,
 With all the fell attendants of their train;

Feeble

Feeble effeminacy, foul corruption,
Unmanly pleasures, cowardice of heart.

Ax. What, though awhile the active spirit slumber,
Yet, when the heav'n-born spark, which now lies
smother'd,

Shall at the flame of virtue be rekindled,
'Twill shine and blaze forth with redoubled lustre.

As now, at sight of their inspiring HAMLET,

The drooping spirits of your troops revive ;

And all wait, earnest, for the approaching combat.

Ham. Wou'd they were prov'd ! this sudden fire
may languish.

Ax. Propitious heav'n seems to your wish indulgent.

Along yon hill, far as mine eyes can reach,

I mark a cloud, the dust of many feet :

'Tis sure the Tartar foe ! They mean surprize.

Ham. Shall we advance, and charge them on their
march ?

Ax. Our troops are ready form'd upon the plain.

Suppose we wait them there ? The space is large.

Ham. Their distance yet, may yield some pause
for counsel :

Let's then away.—My breast with ardour glows ;

And ev'ry nerve with double strength seems brac'd.

O, thou Supreme ! who rul'st the fate of empires !

Grant, meet success may crown our just designs !

Our country rescue, from these fell barbarians ;

And, on this tyrant king, avenge the world !

[They go off.]

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

A council of war in a pavilion, on a plain where
the Persian army are encamped.

HAMET, AXARES, MIRVAN, ZAMA, and others.

Ham. **T**HIS sudden halt, from their so rapid
march,

Beyond the wood, bespeaks some deep design.

Ax. To lure us, 'tis most like, to break the order,
In which we here most firmly stand embattled.

Mir. Or else, to pass between us and the city,
Now in their view.

Za. Such an attempt were fruitless:
Two only ways lead thither from the wood,
And both meet on this plain. [*A clarion sounds.*]

Ham. Some tidings this.

Enter in haste an OFFICER.

Off. Dread prince! but now, as on my watch I
mov'd,

I heard a voice from a contiguous copse,
Muttering (midst others) these alarming sounds;
HAMET,—letter,—poison.—Rushing towards it,

I spy'd a stranger in a foreign garb;
And in his hand a paper; which, confus'd,
He hastily unclos'd, and viewing tore,
Casting the broken fragments to the wind.

Straight his whole frame was horribly convuls'd;
And all that we could learn, ere he expir'd,

Was,

Was, that HIS FATE, was for OUR PRINCE intended:
But afterwards, on searching him, we found
This royal signet of our dread king ALMORAN.

Ham. That looks not well.

Ax. Howe'er 'tis fortunate ;
As it betrays designs of black intent,
And may portend some further boon from heaven.

Enter another OFFICER.

Off. Some scouts report, the Tartars are in motion.

Ham. Each to his post!—We'll wait them on the plain. *[They go off.]*

S C E N E II.

The Palace.

ALMORAN and OSMIN.

Alm. Wherefore this shout? *[A shout is heard.]*

Osm. It sounds the voice of triumph.

Enter CALED and falls prostrate.

Alm. Your haste speaks eager zeal:—your tidings?—rise.

Cal. OMAR, great prince! with the Circassian fair—

Alm. Are seiz'd!—Thanks to the almighty source of light,

And thee!—The transports of my soul!—How?—Where?—

Cal. Deep in the bosom of a neighbouring wood,
Descends a cave, with ivy mantled o'er,
There lay this fair, and still might there have rested,
From ev'ry eye conceal'd, but those alone
(And they but few) to her retirement privy;

Had

Had not her host for the rich bribe betray'd her,
 With her I found that old seditious priest,
 OMAR, the minion of the brainless rabble ;
 In the same hermit's guise, in which, before,
 He dar'd pronounce against your sacred rights.

Alm. These services surpass all means of gratitude,
 And leave your prince a beggar in your debt.
 But how have you dispos'd of these rich prizes ?

Cal. The hoary priest without attends your summons.—

Alm. With ALMEYDA ?

Cal. Too weak to keep our pace,
 She's left in trusty hands upon the way.

Alm. Then, nothing's done: without her, all is vain.

Cal. Had you beheld her, you'd pronounce me blameless.

In speechless trance, the lovely mourner sat
 Pale as a lily, from whose tender leaf
 Remorseless show'rs had swept its snowy down ;
 And seem'd regardless of all future fortune.

Alm. Talk not of pity: 'tis the voice of fools ;
 And suits not enterprize. Let her be lodg'd
 In some retir'd apartment of the palace :
 Thither, will I on love's swift wings repair ;
 And on the luscious banquet feast for ever.
 Meanwhile away ! produce the rebel priest.

[Caled withdraws, and returns with Omar and guards.]

Why throbs my heart thus, at a slave's approach ?

[Aside.]

What hast thou now to hope, seditious wretch ?

Om. What hast thou not to fear, mistaken prince ?

Alm. Presumptuous vassal ! weak, as-arrogant !
 Where is the pow'r that ALMORAN can fear ?

Om.

Om. Thine own, vain man ; to thee, of all most dangerous.

Alm. Haste !—bring the rack !—Infernal powers, assist !

Invent new tortures for this hoary caitiff !

Om. Though whelm'd in wretchedness ; secure in virtue,

I dare defy the monarch of the East.

Thou may'st this aged flesh with pincers tear :

But there is that within thou can'st not reach,

Which dares despise thee, ev'n upon the rack.

Alm. Dost thou not wish to die ?

Om. That would betray

The daflard foul, that dares not meet ill fortune.

Yet, who would wish to live, and living see

Monsters like thee, heav'n's substitutes on earth !

Alm. Thanks for the thought ! I will enjoy it fully ;

And thou shalt live ; and thou shalt see my triumph ;

And shalt thy boasted fortitude indulge,

EV'N ON THE RACK to which thou hast defy'd me.

Yet shalt that wretched carcase be preserv'd,

Whilst by a single spark of life 'tis warm'd,

To be a jest and mockery at revels ;

Till rack'd with envy, thou shalt beg to die.

Om. I cannot envy what I must despise :

Use then your savage will as suits it best.

Yet hear, proud monarch ! tremble at this sentence.

That Pow'r supreme, whose laws thou dar'st profane,

Albeit his vengeance stands a while suspended,

Ere long will crush thee with a sudden ruin.

Alm. Mutes !—slaves !—Away with him, —Ye know my will. [They bear him off,

Away !—dispatch the necessary orders ! [To Caled.

[*Aside.*] That done, attend me in the audience chamber :

Some matters of high import claim your counsel.

[*All go off but Osmin.*

Osmin. A private conference in the audience chamber!

'Twas surely so, or much my ear deceiv'd me.

This cannot bode me well.—Behind the arras,

I may in safety learn his black designs.—

I'll haste before them to the place appointed.—

I doubt, my secret plots and correspondence,

By some cross accident, have been disclos'd.

Is then my downfal doom'd? Are all my glories,

And all the golden prospects I had cherish'd,

In one short moment blasted?—Fearful thought!

Now friends, like shadows, with the light will vanish;

And ev'ry tongue be ready to accuse;

All benefits forgot, each fault remember'd:

Nor will invention's baneful aid be wanting,

To blacken and defame?—Some desperate cast

Alone can save.—Kind fortune, be my guide!

[*He goes off.*

S C E N E III.

Near the Field of Battle.

Enter MIRVAN and other Officers.

Mir. Here halt; and guard this pass: it is of moment.

Confusion hath already seiz'd the foe,

And rout as quick will follow.—Saw you our king?

Off. I did. He's every where; and gives his orders

Calm and compos'd amidst a thousand deaths.

Enter

Enter HAMET and several Persian Officers.

Ham. Stop the pursuit! only a part hath fled.
This may be stratagem: their centre stands.
But this way hastes a party of our troops.

Enter ZAMA, Officers, &c.

Za. Hail, Asia's glorious prince! the day is your's.
Whilst the fierce Tartar chieftain Ostar fought,
Slaughter mov'd with him, and the event hung
doubtful:

But the Armenian prince, the brave AXARES,
Midst the thick carnage fought the savage hero:
When meeting arm to arm, in combat fierce,
All gor'd with wounds, they both together fell.
The Tartar straight expir'd: the prince yet lives,
Pouring incessant blessings on his HAMET.

Ham. O dear-bought victory! Conduct me to him.
[*They go off.*]

S C E N E IV.

A part of the Field of Battle, where AXARES is supported: HAMET, ZAMA, and others approach him.

Ham. O prince! O my AXARES! O my friend!
Wherefore? O wherefore was that fatal rashness;
That needless plung'd, where fiercest slaughter rag'd,
And courted danger, valour might have shunn'd?

Ax. At length, thank heav'n! my day of life is o'er;
And sorrow, long conceal'd, hath reach'd its limit:
'Tis what I much have wish'd, 'tis what I fought.
But oh! permit me to implore your pardon,

Whilst I the source of all my woes reveal;
 The secret grief that prey'd on your AXARES.—
 Know then, I lov'd;—but lov'd, alas! in vain.

Ham. Our world holds not a maid, how rich so'er
 In wealth or titles, who were not exalted,
 If lov'd by thee, the pride of Asia's youths.

Ax. Thanks with my latest breath!—O patience
 then!—

I lov'd—I lov'd Almeyda.

Ham. Ha! Almeyda!

Ax. O! stay your censure, 'till I tell you all.
 I journey'd with her from Circassia's court,
 Whither I had on embassy been sent,
 Shortly before your royal father slept.
 Her matchless form, her soul-enchancing converse,
 Soon made a captive of my ravish'd soul,
 Then quite unconscious of your early loves:
 With flatter'ing hopes, I let the fond delusion
 Convey me from myself, far, far to sea,
 Ere I perceiv'd the shore had been forsaken:
 But how I've struggled since to wean my heart,
 And to regain its freedom, witness heaven!
 I courted pleasures; then I sought retirement;
 Then plung'd amidst the foremost ranks of war:
 But all rebell'd against me; all conspir'd,
 To sink me deeper, and compleat my ruin.

Ham. Ill-fated youth!—Wou'd heav'n, this had
 not been!

Ax. O grieve not more at my disastrous fortune!
 Soon to those blest abodes I shall be wafted,
 Where love no more in fruitless sighs shall mourn;
 Nor pine for joys, it cannot hope to reach.
 Delay not then, but hasten to the city:
 The tyrant hath not one, t' espouse his cause;

Save

Save those, whom fear or bribe, not love hath won.—
 My spirits sink apace ; and darkness gathers.
 May all the Pow'rs that in chaste love delight
 With never-fading transports bless you both,
 You,—you, most happy prince,—and your Almeйда!
 Farewel! Oh think no more of me!—Farewel!

[Dies.

Ham. Oh! first in honour, friendship, truth, and
 valour!

Lost!—lost for ever to this mournful heart!—
 There—there, he lies like the new blooming plant
 By the rude blast o'erturn'd,—a beauteous ruin!

Enter an OFFICER.

Off. All-glorious prince! such of the Tartar troops,
 As 'scap'd the slaughter of th' ensanguin'd field,
 Are all furrounded at a narrow pass;
 And claim your royal clemency.

Ham. We grant it ;
 Yet, only as it suits the public safety :
 It might be dang'rous now to set them free.
 Next, for this conqueror, this noble youth,
 A grateful tomb of monumental brass
 Shall tell posterity his matchless fame,
 And all the heart-felt sorrows of his friend.

[They go off.

S C E N E V.

An Antichamber in the Palace.

OSMIN.

Osmin. This is th'appointed place; whither I've come,
 Like some night-watching thief on rapine bent,
 Appall'd

Appall'd at ev'ry breeze, each stirring leaf.
 O guilt! thy wages should be passing-great,
 To recompense the terrors that await thee.——
 But wherefore this? 'Tis now too late for scruples:
 Ambition's on the wing, and must not pause.
 'Tis the event alone gives fame or infamy:
 If we miscarry, down we sink inglorious;
 But, if by fortune favour'd, then are heroes.——
 I hear the tread of feet: be this my stand.

[He retires behind the arras.]

Enter ALMORAN.

Alm. Again I'm baffled.——Sure, 'tis incantation!
 Nor prayers nor threats could move: she scorn'd
 them all.

Yet, by the sun! although beyond all suff'rance,
 Her virgin purity so aw'd my soul,
 And to such wild excess my passion drove me;
 I could have cast my sceptre at her feet;
 Have vow'd myself her doting slave for ever:
 And then, some wayward fortune brought our sister
 Amidst this parley screaming to the chamber,
 Where this proud fair was lodg'd by my appointment.
 Yet she must yield,—(*Sound of trumpets*) But hark!
 some new alarm!

Enter an OFFICER.

Off. All adoration to the East's great monarch!
 The Tartars are dispers'd: their leader slain.

Alm. Of HAMET what?—Speak, or I'll strike thee
 dead.

Ent r

Enter another OFFICER.

2d Off. Dread king! a pow'ful party of your forces,
With conquest flush'd, and headed by lord HAMET,
Speed hither on their march; proclaiming him
Sole monarch of your realms.

Alm. Be dumb for ever!
Shut all the gates!—Cover the walls with troops!—
Rouse all the citizens!—away!—yet hold.—
This rival brother still hath been their minion. [*Aside.*
My horse!—I'll head my guards!—yet hold again—
That must not be:—to stake a crown possess'd,
Against a rash and casual cast, were madness.
Curs'd fate! On what, on whom can I rely?—
Doubts rise on doubts:—Confusion meets confusion.

1st Off. Threefold his force, my liege, of Persia's
troops,
Won to your cause, and led by valiant Caled,
Sped to oppose him on his progress hither.

Alm. As I could wish.—Where's the Armenian
prince?

Off. He fell in single combat with the Tartar.

Alm. [*aside*] I now despise this shallow rash ad-
venturer!

Then treasure hath been lavish'd 'mongst his followers.
Away! and let me know each moment's fortune.

[*Officer goes off.—Flourish of trumpets.*

This, by the light! is triumph.—If my rival's,
[*Draws his sword.*

This shall not miss his heart: too long I've trifled.

Enter CALED.

Cal. First and sole monarch of the East, live ever!
The rebel party, which lord HAMET headed,
Fled

Fled at th' approach of your undaunted troops :
 In the pursuit, it was my chance to seize him ;
 And now in chains he waits your final sentence.

Alm. Had thy keen poniard done me quicker justice,
 My thanks had been entire : yet much is due.——
 Be this my birth-day ! I ne'er liv'd before.
 Give orders, that our vizier be secur'd :
 There is no safety, whilst that traitor lives.
 Ev'n since the morning, some of his dispatches,
 Of dang'rous import to our crown and safety,
 Not only to my rival, but the Tartar,
 Were seiz'd upon the way, and hither brought.
 As thou'rt a man, in whom I can confide,
 This signet take and tablets : there you'll find
 The names of those, my will to death hath doom'd ;
 Of whom, OSMIN the first. See it be done.

[*Alced goes off.*]

[*Great flourish of trumpets.*]

Enter HAMET in chains, officers and guards.

[*Apart to an attendant.*] Hasten to th' adjacent chamber : hither bring

The captive maid.—Now shall I, spite of fortune,
 Sate with revenge and love my thirsting soul.

Ham. Dispatch me straight, if thou would'st rid
 thy soul

Of all the terrors my existence give thee.

Alm. That would not fill the measure of my vengeance.

No, I'll first wring thy heart ; 'till thou shalt curse
 The hour that gave thee being, and thy prophet :
 Then will I hurl thee to eternal misery.

Ham. Vain wretch ! thou vauntest far beyond thy
 pow'r.

Wert

Wert thou now arm'd with ev'ry fiercest torment,
 Wherewith the fiends amidst the burning lake
 With never-ceasing rage pursue the damn'd ;
 Thou could'st not awe the soul, that knows no fear,
 Save to transgress the righteous will of heaven.

Enter an Officer, with ALMEYDA, and women attendants.

O! by our holy prophet, my ALMEYDA!—
 What, what are whips to this? Pincers, or sulphur?
 What, all the tortures hell has in its stores?

Al. Save!—Save me, Heav'n!— [She faints.

Ham. See!—See! she sinks!—she falls!—
 My presence strikes her dead.—Indulge me, sirs!
 I am in chains, and cannot shun my doom.

[He approaches her.]

O! for one moment's life! that ere we part,
 For ever part, my injur'd love may know,
 That her most faithful HAMET never wrong'd her.

Alm. Shall I bear this? Mutes, drag him to his fate!
 Not all the pow'rs of darkness, nor of light,
 Shall rob me now of this delicious prize.

Ham. Forbear awhile, and double then your vengeance.

She moves!—she wakes!—she lives!—all bounteous
 heav'n!—

Alas! how grief hath worn her—Oh! this meeting
 Is life,—is death,—is rapture,—is despair!

Al. Where is he now? It was the prince;—
 'twas HAMET.

Ham. It is thy HAMET.—Guardian angels, shield
 her!

Al. That e'er his soul could harbour such a
 thought!—

That

That e'er such godlike semblance veil'd deceit !—
 That e'er he should attempt !—Alas! my heart
 Would fain persuade itself amidst its sufferings,
 That he's still innocent :—and must he bleed !

[She turns to Almorán, and falls on her knees.]

If yet thou think'st there is not blood enough,
 And thy insatiate soul still thirsts for more ;
 On me,—on me alone, exhaust its rage.
 He cannot, must not, shall not die for me.

Alm. The fault is yours,

Al. Tell,—tell it.—Say the ransom ?

Alm. For ever, from this hour, renounce your loves;
 And yield, fair mourner, to my fond embrace ;
 Thou then, of all the beauties that give lustre
 To our seraglio's paradise of joys,
 Where pleasures revel in eternal round,
 Shalt sov'reign empress reign, by all ador'd.
 Then would his instant fate transport my soul ! *[Aside.]*

Al. Talk'st thou of honour, with the loss of virtue ?
 If these are the conditions of thy mercy,
 Bring forth the rack, and glut thy savage soul.

Alm. Virtue ! an empty phantom, mere imposture ;
 Contriv'd by knaves, to cheat believing fools
 Of all those joys they would themselves ingross ;
 Such joys, such ecstasies as thou canst give.

Ham. What do I hear ?—Sure, all heav'n's wrath
 is wasted ;

Or this blasphemer is its chosen instrument
 To wreak due vengeance on a guilty land !—
 Forbear, angelic maid, to sue for me !
 Depriv'd of thee, death can no terrors bring ;
 Nor can I know a paradise without thee.
 Give then, O ! give me, but one parting glance ;

That

That I may bear with me the dear impression,
 Until we meet again in those blest'd dwellings
 Of ceaseless love and ever-blooming beauty ;
 Our destin'd lot, ere many moments pass.—
 [*To Almorán*] Insulting tyrant ! most presumptuous
 monster !

Who seek'st to violate those sacred flames,
 Whose smallest spark ne'er to that breast found passage ;
 And, to effect thy lawless brutal purposes,
 Dar'st ev'n profane the awful name of virtue :
 If there be justice in the realms above,
 Thou stand'st upon the brink of sure perdition.

Alm. Slaves, bear them hence ! Why am I not
 obey'd ?

Her to my chamber, him to instant death :
 I then all pow'rs defy. OSMIN ere this
 Hath met the fate his perfidy demanded.

[*As the Mutes are moving towards Hamet and Almeyda, Osmin rushes from behind the arras, and stabs Almorán.*]

Osmin. No, tyrant !—OSMIN lives,—to greet thee
 thus.

Alm. His poniard's in my heart.—This then to
 thine. [*Stabs Osmin and falls.*]

Eternal curses on th' ill-fated stars,
 That rul'd my natal hour, and mock me thus ! [*Dies.*]

Osmin. Quick, seize on CALED !—He the signet
 bears

For purposes of blood : I'm doom'd the first.
 [*To Almeyda.*] Divine, much injur'd maid ! dry up
 those tears.

When I'm no more, as I shall quickly be,

This

This writing will inform you, that your HAMET
 Is innocent, as I, alas! am guilty
 Of all the wrongs you have unjustly suffer'd.
 Oh! what are now my flattering dreams of greatness!
 Take,—take them all, for but one added moment!—
 And must I meet the awful eye of justice!—
 Hide me, ye mountains! Swallow me, ye seas!
 I go,—I go,—down,—down!—Oh, mercy! mercy!
[Dies.]

Enter lords MIRVAN and ZAMA, with several
 Persian officers.

Mir. Hail, mighty prince! Already this event
 Hath reach'd your troops, now posted round your
 palace;
 And they, the court, with numbers of your people,
 In joyful throngs pour in, to pay their homage.

Ham. Throughout our realms proclaim a general
 pardon.

Already death hath rioted too much.—

This truth henceforth let erring mortals know;
 True peace from conscious worth alone can flow:
 Though wild ambition, leagu'd with lawless lust
 And rage infernal, should assail the just;
 Heav'n still makes virtue its peculiar care,
 Nor shall they fail, who bravely persevere.

T H E

THE
SIEGE OF TAMOR.

A
T R A G E D Y.

VINCET AMOR PATRIÆ.

VIRG. ÆN. LIB. VI.



T O T H E
R E A D E R.

I HAVE before mentioned that the several CRITICAL PUBLICATIONS, both in England and Ireland were emulous in the praise of this Tragedy; and first the *Critical Reviewers* in the month of July, 1773, speak of it thus:

“ This Tragedy,” say they, “ is founded upon a
“ transaction in the Irish Annals of the 9th century;
“ a period, when the manners of that country may
“ be supposed to afford room for poetical descrip-
“ tions, of which Mr. HOWARD has judiciously
“ availed himself. It appears, that he had at first
“ concluded the Drama with the death of some of
“ the principal personages, but afterwards changed
“ it to a happy issue on the opinion of several friends,
“ as being the most consonant to poetical justice; one
“ of those, however, persisted against any alteration
“ of the catastrophe: for our own part, we are of
“ opinion, that the termination of the Tragedy,
“ either the one way or the other, does not mate-
“ rially affect the antecedent acts of the poem;
“ and though we would by no means approve of
“ establishing the idea of poetical justice, into a
“ general

“ general law, we confess ourselves to be pleased
 “ with the observance of it in this instance, as our
 “ minds are thereby more agreeably affected at the
 “ fate of characters in whose favour the ingenious
 “ author has so deeply interested the passions of the
 “ audience. The merit of this Tragedy authorizes
 “ us to rank it among the best dramatic productions
 “ of modern times: and Mr. HOWARD does no
 “ less honour to Ireland by this happy exertion of
 “ his own genius, than by the favourable light in
 “ which he has placed his characters of that coun-
 “ try.”

Then the MONTHLY REVIEW for October, 1773, speaks of it as follows:

“ There is,” “ say they, “ so much difference
 “ between dramatic and other poetical abilities, that
 “ a writer who possesses no inferior portion of the
 “ latter, may nevertheless be destitute of the former.
 “ We remember to have heard a gentleman who has
 “ distinguished himself by his dramatic productions,
 “ observe, modestly with regard to himself indeed,
 “ but justly enough, perhaps, at the same time, that
 “ writing for the stage is rather a knack, than an ef-
 “ fect of genius; certain it is, that there are many
 “ unexhibited plays infinitely superior in point of
 “ composition to numbers that have been played
 “ even with success; among these ranks the SIEGE
 “ OF TAMOR.”

They

They next observe, that “ Every one in the least acquainted with the History of Ireland, knows the high heroic spirit which inspired the ancient natives of that country ; their boundless thirst of glory ; their obstinacy of honour ; the enthusiasm of their military virtues, which, in their contests, either among their own little kingdoms, or with strangers, frequently led them to the most sanguinary extremes :” and that “ with such characteristics, Mr. HOWARD has properly represented them in his Tragedy ;” but that “ if his heroes, according to the modern, or even to the rational idea of heroism, appear to go beyond the utmost verge of nature, the spirit of their country and their times will, if remembered, reconcile us to their conduct.”

They then give a short sketch of the fable on which this Tragedy was founded ; having (as they have mentioned in a note, p. 247,) given a more full account thereof in the last volume of their Review, p. 472.

After which they remark, that the besieged in the city, having been reduced by toil and famine to the utmost extremity!—the period at which the Play commences—“ the terms which the ferocious enemy insisted on were shocking to humanity, viz. that the brave and christian prince MALSECHLIN, should prostitute his daughter EERNESTHA, his only child, to the Pagan Dane. This circumstance throws so strong an interest into the Drama, that the latter part of it is filled with the most heart-rending Scenes.”

Then they have inserted, the whole of the third Scene of the third Act, at the idea of the Dane's polluting the Princess, to which they ascribe much merit, as being well wrought up.

Having quoted the account given in Act V. Sc. V. by ZINGAR to ALANOR (two Danish Chiefs) of EERNESTHA's being rescued from TURGESIUS by NIALL, King of Ulster, who at the same time kills the Danish tyrant, they add this animadversion on the character of NIALL :

“ There is something extravagantly great, both
 “ in the fortune and character of NIALL, something,
 “ possibly, too Quixotic ; but the desperate circum-
 “ stances and situation of the besieged made the
 “ DIGNUS VINDICE NODUS.

“ This Tragedy, though full of the horrid bu-
 “ siness of distress and conflict, is not destitute of
 “ the softer scenes ; nor has the Author failed in that
 “ tenderness and delicacy of language which they
 “ require.” And in proof of this remark, they quote
 the second Scene in the third Act, with the following
 observation thereon :

“ There is considerable poetical merit in the
 “ above verses, and the second Scene of the first
 “ Act, which presents us with the first interview
 “ between NIALL and EERNESTHA, is executed
 “ with the same happy descriptive vein of Genius.”
 And the whole of this Scene is here inserted ; after
 which they thus conclude :

“ These last specimens are meant, as much to
 “ shew

“ shew the Poetical Abilities of Mr. HOWARD, as
 “ his talent for Dramatic Writing, of that, however,
 “ the Play before us is certainly no unfavourable
 “ proof.—His Language, at the same time that it
 “ retains its dignity, is sufficiently colloquial, and to
 “ unite these qualities is no very easy task. Sometimes
 “ the Author seems to have failed in it, as for instance,
 —“ there’s no strength can bear these watchings”.

“ That he awaits you in your anti-chamber.” *

“ But these are indeed most trifling defects, and
 “ hardly visible under the merit of so interesting
 “ and so spirited a performance.”

There were also several others, to whom I was not less obliged, such as the Editor of the HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE, of November, 1772, on this Tragedy; the like of April, 1773, on both ALMEYDA and this; the London MONTHLY REVIEWERS, September, 1773, page 234, on my Productions in general: But, of all, the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE of February, 1774, composed, as it is said, by some of the first Geniuses of that very aspiring people, has, as I have mentioned before, so honoured me, that I hope I shall be indulged in this vanity.

They begin their account of it with the following lines:

“ To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 “ To raise the genius and to mend the heart,
 “ To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
 “ Live o’er each Scene, and be what they behold;

M 2

“ For

* These two lines are altered in this Edition.

“ For this the tragic Muse first trod the stage,
 “ Commanding tears to stream through every age :
 “ Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 “ And foes to virtue wonder’d how they wept.”

“ Such, according to one of our most eminent
 “ Poets, was the original intention, and such were
 “ the genuine effects of Tragedy ; but though flow-
 “ ing eyes and refined manners have sometimes
 “ been produced by this enchanting Tutorefs, we
 “ are sorry to remark, that her attempts have often
 “ proved abortive and ineffectual : Industry has
 “ been often substituted for genius, and false or-
 “ naments for real merit. Hence our pleasure is
 “ extremely heightened, when we find a Piece upon
 “ which we are under no necessity of inflicting these
 “ censures.”

Then after a short account of the Fable of the Tragedy, they quote several passages from it ; the first, the Scene between MALSECHLIN the Monarch of Ireland, when he is about to acquaint his Daughter with her destiny of being to be delivered up to the Danish invader, as a ransom for the city, which Scene they then introduce with the following words :

“ This admirable Scene, we shall lay before
 “ our Readers, as a specimen of the pathetic pow-
 “ ers of the Author.”

Then after a short, but elegant, recital, of the subsequent incidents, as they arise in the piece, they thus conclude :

“ In

“ In a word, the Fable is interesting, regular, and properly conducted; the Characters are strongly marked, and consistently maintained; the sentiments natural and pathetic; and the diction elegant, correct, and spirited.”

For these insertions in the aforesaid several Reviews, to manifest the rage of Envy, and its disregard to Truth, it was asserted in one of the public Journals here, “ That I had paid five hundred pounds.”

A Gentleman of the Bar in this kingdom, and a Member of Parliament, told me, he heard Mr. GARRICK, to whom I had sent this Tragedy, say, it was a Performance would give the highest entertainment to the Publick, and be of equal emolument to him, as any Production of his time; and Mr. MOSSOR had articed with me for it, and told me, in the presence of a very learned Divine, who was a Witness to the instrument, “ That he should make a fortune by it:” How it happened that it was not played by either of them, as also some transactions of nearly a similar sort, in relation to my Tragedy of ALMEYDA, with the letters and other writings which had passed on these occasions, (now in my possession) together with the artifices, schemes, and management of Stationers and others, I had prepared to insert in my Preface, as a warning to those who would engage in such pursuits, to the neglect of others more material, as they had better seek for bread in a mine. But as the principal

Persons

Persons of whom I conceived I had a right to complain, are now no more, and the relation being hardly worth the while of a Reader, I thought it far more fit to let it perish in eternal oblivion, and the mimic Monarchs rest.

“ Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves ;

“ Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves ;

“ Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes ;

“ Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves.

Which, for the English reader, I have thus translated :

Not for yourselves, ye birds! your nests you build ;
 Not for yourselves, ye flocks! your fleece you bear ;
 Not for yourselves, ye bees, you range the field ;
 Nor, oxen! drag you, for yourselves, the share.

Nor are these all the discouragements that an infant Genius in this species of writing has in these times to encounter ; party-writing, libel, opera, romance, and every trifling novelty, have so engrossed the general attention, that there are but few who can endure to read any other productions. Wherefore, let all such votaries to fame, for ever bear this well known truth in mind : that though the Works and Names of many in our English History are as deservedly immortal, as any others in any History of any nation whatever, yet the bodies of several of them perished for want : they had not a MÆCENAS for a Patron, nor an AUGUSTUS for their Monarch. But in truth, the change of times to dissipation and corruption, will ever mar the progress of genius, save in the mean productions I have mentioned.

PROLOGUE,

P R O L O G U E,

By MR. PETER SEGUIN.

THE Grecian first, and next the Roman name,
Had long monopoliz'd the trump of fame;
At length, Britannia caught the lofty sound,
And heroes, lovers, patriots rose around,

To us alone, the niggard fates refuse
The honours of the far-recording muse;
Although, Hibernia's patriots might presume
To rival those of Sparta or of Rome;
Although, her heroes were as bold in fight,
Her swains as faithful, and her nymphs as bright.

Here too, of yore, stupendous deeds were done,
High conquests enterpriz'd, high honours won.
To the fam'd facts ten thousand harps were strung,
And what our fires achiev'd, their poets sung;
Yet here, alas! we boast no HOMER born,
No SHAKESPEAR rose, an intellectual morn!
T' exalt our fame perennial and sublime,
Above the dart of Death, and tooth of Time;
While Gothic fires attack'd us as their prey,
And, with our records, swept our name away,

But lo! a bard, a native bard, at last,
Treads back the travels of ten ages past;
Plunging the gulph of long-involving night,
Plucks forth the tale of virtue to the light,
And gives the living glory to your sight,

}
O shame!

P R O L O G U E.

O shame! not now to feel, not now to melt
At woes, that whilom your fam'd country felt;
Let your swol'n breasts, with kindred ardours glow!
Let your swol'n eyes with kindred passions flow!
So shall the treasure, that alone endures,
And all the worth of ancient times—be yours!

Behold a royal, lovely, trembling maid!
Timid, yet fix'd; determin'd, though dismay'd;
Advent'rous, by a feeble arm, to gain
What mighty hosts had enterpriz'd in vain;
Advent'rous, at one daring stroke, to save
Her fire, her fame, her country, from the grave!

Bow, manhood, bow! the deed with wonder view,
And give her bright'ning sex the glory due.
O! be your merits on yourselves impress!
Take, take her patriot spirit to your breast,
With all that can ennoble or refine,
And lift the soul from human to divine;
Till rising in your worth this isle shall prove
The nurse of valour, and the land of love.

EPILOGUE,

E P I L O G U E,

By HENRY BROOKE, Esq;

THIS night exhibits matter, true, as strange,
A Sage in law, turn'd Bard—Gods! what a
change!

Tir'd of the jargon of his hum-drum books,
Hismould'ring PLOWDENS, VENTRISES and COKES,
Sick of the unintelligible sputter
Of pleas, replies, rejoinder and rebutter,
He sighs to taste forsooth of finer fare,
Rises to light, and breathes Parnassian air.
Talks you of sentiment, affects to chat
Of Virtù, the Belles-lettres, and all that;
Writes sonnets (fact) and sends them to the press,
Yea, aims to fabricate a play——no less;
Twenty to one, within a little time,
He gives you COKE on LYTTLETON in rhyme.

But, to my point, concerning the male fellows;
What think you of his NIALL, ladies? tell us.
Ye see, whate'er the race that's to the fore,
There have been clever lads in time of yore:
None of your flimsy shrinkers from a cuff,
Your wishy-washy, shimmy-shammy stuff;
Your half-sex'd things, who sit you the whole morning
Curling, retouching, tiring and adorning;
O, shame to manhood! here, the question set,
Should these be fathers, what will be their * get?

Now,

* A term with jockies and horse-breeders.

E P I L O G U E.

Now, for his heroine——ay, by the maſs!
Let Europe ſhew me ſuch another laſs!
What feats ſhe enterpriz'd! what feats achiev'd!
A country by a ſingle wench retriev'd!
Her country! yes, her country——we are told,
A country was a precious thing of old;
Though now——
Of no uſe in the world——but to be fold.

Well, let that paſs,—as far as I can ſmatter,
Would ye, my honeſt feelings of the matter?
I'd ſee my country burnt, ere I had ran
The riſque ſhe did——unleſs I lik'd the man;
What! to be raviſh'd? and againſt one's will?
A frightful caſe!——I tremble for her ſtill.
Had not her love ruſh'd timely in to ſave her,
Could ſhe have then with-held the wiſh'd for favour?
Good heav'n!——but to your judgments I ſhall
leave her.

A D V E R -

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT may not be amiss to inform the Reader, that Tamor, the Place where this Tragedy is supposed to have been acted, was formerly of great note, situate in the County of East-Meath, and is now called Tara.

For the religion, manners and customs of the Irish and Danes at the time the story on which I founded my plot is related *, and that IRELAND was at a time, the Island of Saints, the Seat of the Muses, and the Nursery of Heroes, yet retained some of their wild and superstitious rites and ceremonies, as druids, bards, &c. and that the Danes were at that time, absolute pagans and savages, believing in oracles, prophetic dreams, witches, apparitions, and prodigies of every kind, I would refer my Readers to the ingenious Mr. O'CONNOR's dissertation on the history of IRELAND, as also to KEATING's and WARNER's history thereof, and to MALLETT's introduction to the history of DENMARK.

* The ninth century.

PERSONS

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

I R I S H.

MALSECHLIN, King of Leinster, and Monarch of Ireland.
NIALL, King of Ulster.
SIORNA, Primate of Ireland.
RELI, Prince of Breffney, } two of Malsechlin's
DONNAL, An Irish Chieftain, } Generals.
MORAN, Bishop of Meath.
REGAN, An Irish Officer.
ULLIN, }
CARRIL, } Two Irish Bards.

D A N E S.

TURGESIUS, King of Denmark.
ALANOR, }
ZINGAR, } Danish Lords and Chieftains.
OSRICK, }

Officers, Soldiers, Attendants and others.

W O M E N.

EERNESTHA, Daughter of Malsechlin.
ITHONA, Her Confidante.

Virgins and attendant Women.

SCENE, the City of Tamor, and the Danish Army encamped before it, at some distance, on a great Plain.

T H E

THE
SIEGE OF TAMOR.



A C T I.

S C E N E I.

A council chamber in the castle of Tamor.

Enter RELI and MORAN.

RELI.

WHAT is the hour of night?

Mor. 'Tis near the dawn ;
But at this season of the year, the darkness
Scarce robs us of the day.

Reli. It happens well,
It may prevent surprisè ; for night and day
Are now to us alike, who know no rest.—
How bears our king the mighty woes that press him?

Mor. Ev'n as a rock, whose proud and jutting brow
Fears not the weakness of its wave-worn base,
And frowns upon the surge that works its ruin.

Reli.

Reli. The terms propos'd before the last assault,
Save to the king alone, seem'd fair to all,
And in our perilous and desperate state,
Such as we ev'n with honour might receive.

Mor. But he, still obstinate, disdains to yield ;
And now, 'tis said, an herald is arriv'd,
With the last summons the victorious Dane
Vouchsafes to send to these devoted walls :
Hence is the council suddenly assembled.

Reli. And must all perish, spite of proffer'd mercy ?

Mor. Or rather say, to sooth a testy humour ;
But yet, methinks, you would not have it so.

Reli. I would I could prevent !

Mor. Then, hear me, prince.
Long have we been in confidence united,
And much have I been honour'd with your friendship ;
Nor are you stranger to my many sufferings,
The slights and all th' unmerited indignities
With which our monarch hath of late oppress'd me ;
But above all, when he bestow'd the primacy
Against my right, against his royal promise,
(Which should be sacred held as holy writ)
On a mere stranger, that mean, servile flatterer,
The proud STORNA, his new-chosen fav'rite.

Reli. All were surpris'd, but none could learn the
cause.

Mor. Who can such wrongs forget ? who will forgive ?
I am not, (would I were) of your mild nature ;
Yet would not, gentle prince, disturb your peace.

Reli. To meet repeated injuries insensible,
Betrays an apathy of soul, not fortitude.

Mor. Nor hath this king less wrong'd yourself than
me.

Reli.

Reli. O! no—his heart is spotless as the sun,
Warm as its heat, and as its light diffusive.

Mor. It grieves my soul to see you thus deceiv'd.
'Tis plain, your passion for his scornful daughter,
Whom pray'rs, nor tears, nor vows of heart, can move,
Hath made you blind to what is seen by all.

Reli. Your words confound me much—'tis—'tis
too true,

I once so lov'd that beauteous, cruel princess,
Ev'n to idolatry, that nought besides
In earth, or heav'n, could win a thought from her.

Mor. Did she approve your flame?

Reli. To say she did
I might unjustly charge her. To speak truly,
She still reluctant seem'd to hear my vows,
And with indifference to behold my anguish.

Mor. Knew you the cause? and did you still pursue?

Reli. I cherish'd hope, indulging in the thought
It might be virgin coyness; then, her manner,
Tho' distant thus, was yet so gently-winning,
It made my very tortures not displeasing.
But oh! since her return from Leinster's hills,
Whither she scap'd that ever-fatal night,
Meath's palace by the Dane was laid in ashes,
The detestation which she cannot hide,
So racks my soul, that life's not worth my care.

Mor. Perhaps some youth more happy wins her
heart?

Reli. Wherefore it is, I cannot form a thought.

Mor. Know then, the rumour is that such a youth,
Of place and name unknown, in lucky moment,
With deed of wond'rous valour interpos'd,
And from the spoiler snatch'd the beauteous innocence.

Reli. Daggers! death!—What spoiler?

Mor.

Mor. The bloody Dane.
Nor is this yet the worst.

Reli. Worse cannot be.

Mor. I fear I prefs too much ?

Reli. Go on, I pray.

Mor. What said her royal fire to your fond suit ?

Reli. Her heart, he said, was her's, and should be free :
Yet, howsoe'er he might the matter weigh,
The time was then unapt, amid the ruin
With which our hapless country stood surrounded.

Mor. He taught another lesson to his daughter.

Reli. How ! have a care ; mean you the good old
king ?

Mor. Young prince, I would not speak, but what
I know.

Rest then assur'd, he has deceiv'd your honesty.
Hath he not charg'd her on her filial duty,
Most strictly charg'd her, never to debase
Her royal house, nor match beneath its dignity ?

Reli. What, meaning me ?

Mor. It was of you he spoke,—
“ The tributary ruler of a district.”

Reli. It cannot be. It is against his nature ;
'Gainst all the virtues of his noble soul.

Mor. I see my friendship hurries me too far,
You wish to be deceiv'd—I've been too free.

Reli. Were you a witness to this fatal charge ?

Mor. I said as much before.

Reli. And heard the words ?

Mor. I vouch it on the credit of my priesthood.

Reli. I'm all on fire—ye pow'rs ! what—this to
me !—

To me, whose lineage as his own is royal ?
To me, who twice had in the bloody field

Shelter'd

Shelter'd his aged body with mine own?

Ungrateful!—what!—despise me?

Mor. There are means

By which this cruel fair may yet be yours,

Reli. Be home!—you trifle with my peace!—what means?

Mor. May I now trust you with a fearful secret?

Reli. Doubt not my truth: I link my fate with yours, [Sound of a trumpet.

Mor. This speaks the king's approach to meet the council.

Reli. Wherefore, in haste relate. [Second sound.

Mor. Time won't permit;

Let it suffice now, till we meet again,

That 'twixt the Dane and me some intercourse,

Respecting much your interest and mine,

Hath lately pass'd; mean while, I pray you, prince,

Be silent of this matter.—

Reli. As the grave.

How tardy time will creep, till next we meet!

S C E N E II.

Discovers MALSECHLIN, in council with SIORNA,

MORAN, RELI, DONNAL, and other Lords and

Chieftains.

Mal. My lords and chiefs, our hasty midnight summons

Is to receive this message from the Dane;

So, for your counsel, what may yet be done

For freedom, or for life.

Mor. For life, my liege;

Something may yet be done by quick submission;

For freedom, nothing. What avails our courage,

If whilst we shut out foes we keep in famine?
 Three days are past since our desponding troops,
 Before by toil and keen disease near wated,
 Have tasted aught of food, save such as brutes,
 If not by sharpest hunger press'd, would loath;
 And now they fall by heaps in every street.
 Confusion, death and horror rage around us,
 Nor prudence can prevent, nor valour save.

Mal. Then, let us borrow safety from despair.
 No choice remains. Though danger press on danger,
 And horrors multiply, true fortitude
 Disdains to yield, and greater grows by suffering.

Reli. Yet might we not despair, yet might we hope,
 Did not each hour bring news of fresh supplies,
 Of fleets and armies from Norwegia's shores.

Mal. O! may th' almighty arm at once o'er-
 whelm

This spacious isle beneath the circling main,
 Its name and its memorial quite efface,
 And sink it from the annals of the world,
 Ere the last remnant of her free-born sons
 Stretch forth their willing necks to vile subjection!
 We had you summon'd hither to consult
 On means of safety, not of sure dishonour.

Don. Kingdoms by fear alone have oft been lost.

Mor. As oft too have they fall'n by vain presumption.

Sior. What do I hear, ye tutelary powers!
 Banish destructive discord from our councils!
 Submit to Denmark!—O! forbid it, heaven!
 Beneath the veil of proffer'd terms, this spoiler
 Means only to betray—submit to slav'ry!
 Ere this should be, to-morrow's Sun shall view
 This head uncoiff'd, these aged limbs encas'd

In rigid iron; whilst I fight and bleed
A champion for the cross against these pagans.

Enter an Officer.

Off. My liege, the herald from th' invader's camp
Hath been admitted at the western gate,
And craves your instant ear.

Mal. Conduct him hither.

Enter ZINGAR.

Zin. I come, the voice of Denmark's mighty monarch,
Before whose throne, the northern world lies prostrate,
Bearing his latest and his fix'd resolves.

Mal. Be brief; nor thus with needless circumstance,
Suspend the hostile purpose of your embassy.

Zin. Then briefly thus. Our lord of monarchs
wills,
That you do forthwith send your beauteous daughter
An hostage of your fealty; on this,
He'll straight withdraw his forces from your walls,
And fix you on the Meathian throne secure;
But should you fail, he swears by mighty Woden,
This island shall not henceforth have a name.
To this, he seeks no answer but compliance.
Mean while, he wills all hostile acts shall cease. [*Exit.*

Mal. Ha! what said the cariff? haste, bring him
back!

Empale him on the rampart!

Sior. With submission,
By this delay, my liege, we gain some hours
Of respite and of truce; what they may bring
Of new resource, seems worthy of a pause.

Mal. My child, my daughter! damn'd, insulting
tyrant!

An hostage, said he not?—what, turn a parricide?
By mine own hand to yield this lovely innocent
To an undying death? to stain her honour,
And the high honour of her royal line
With everlasting infamy? perish first!

Perish MALSECHLIN! perish all his race!

Sior. Yea, perish all, all in one gen'ral ruin!
And may contagion from our heaps of slain
Quickly disperse in thick consuming plagues
O'er all their host, ere we should thus submit!

Mal. Where are you now, my sons? where,
where, my champions?

My first-born CONNAL, first in glory's field;

CORMAC and HEBER of the forward spear,

And DERMOD of the massy shield? where DONNAL,

Whose voice was foremost in the charge of battle?

DONOCH the rock, and CONARY the roc,

And MAONY that shot upon the prey,

As with an eagle's wing? alas! alas!

As some old oak, of ev'ry branch despoil'd,

Upon the blasted heath, how have you left me

Naked to the storm! yet thanks, gracious heav'n!

Fighting for freedom, they have nobly perish'd,

And liberty shed tears upon their graves——

That—that—all that I have endur'd——But——this——

[*He goes off much agitated, and the council breaks up.*]

MORAN and RELI come forward.

Reli. What! yield the town to slaughter and to rapine?

Mor. Again I tell you, prince, that 'tis agreed

Betwixt

Betwixt the Dane and me, on oath most sacred;
That not a life shall fall.

Reli. It cannot be.

Mor. You keep the western gate ?

Reli. It is my watch.

Mor. And your stout clan of those who guard the
walls,

Five hundred tell at least ?

Reli. 'Tis so, what then ?

Mor. With your concurrence I have fix'd, that
there

The foe shall on a signal be admitted ;

Resistance then were vain, all must submit.

And more, t' ensure success, I have engag'd

The valiant REGAN, whose repeated wrongs,

From this insulting king, bear hard upon

His noble spirit, firmly to our party.

Should this miscarry, I've prepar'd a frigate

At the next beach, which may convey us hence

In safety with our friends to Cambria's shore.

Reli. And how by this, am I to gain the princess ?
For with such hopes methought you flatter'd me.

Mor. Amidst th' alarm you may with ease convey
her

To the same vessel ; thence, your after treatment

May win her to your wish.

Reli. Big with the thought,

My soul can know no rest, till it's accomplished.

Mor. Thus shall you snatch her from most sure
perdition.

Reli. Would that it were without a stain effected !

Mor. Necessity compels and will excuse ;

No means besides can save, and gratitude

Must in the end work strongly in your favour.

Reli.

Reli. It ne'er can be. Is not her heart another's?
And oh! love's joys without the heart are lifeless.
But were her scorn to kill me, yet I could not,
By heav'n! I could not bear to do her wrong.

Mor. Then cease, and see her made a helpless prey
To some relentless ruffian's violation.

Reli. Name it no more—there's madness in the
thought.

I would at all events convey her hence,
Soon as the Danes possess the western gate;
Wherefore, I'll haste to fix a chosen party
For the great purpose fit; a while farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The Danish camp on a great plain, the city of
Tamor in view.

TURGESIUS, ALANOR, and other Chieftains
and Officers.

Turg. Why not renew th' attack upon the walls?
The ling'ring progress of this siege distracts me;
Besides a breach was made; what sav'd them then?

Off. Sure of success we mounted it triumphant,
But found a trench before us wide and deep,
Through which a torrent ran; and from within,
Such show'rs of darts and stones were pour'd incessant
Upon your troops, to narrow space confin'd,
The breach was quickly choak'd with slaughter'd heaps.

Turg. Be henceforth women call'd; ye are not men.
Ye had mere shadows only to encounter,
Nought but the refuse of disease and famine,

Whom

Whom even the wind of your well-brandish'd falchions

Had levell'd to the earth, had ye but fought.

Arms will no more become you, hang them up,
And let rust waste them, for your fame is perish'd.

[To Alanor] What from MALSEHLIN? will he
send his daughter?

Ala. As yet the messenger is not return'd.

Turg. Away then to the walls; tell this fool king,
That instantly he send her to the fort,
Else, valour fail me! if another sun
Sets, ere his Tamor shall be laid in ashes.

Ala. Dare I presume?

Turg. Be wise, nor tempt my wrath.

'Twas you I trusted to secure her for me
The night I seiz'd her when I storm'd Meath's castle;
How she escap'd I have not yet been satisfy'd.

Ala. By Denmark's Gods! I did what man could
do:

Witness the scars from wounds I then receiv'd!

Turg. No more;—away, and execute my orders.

[Alanor goes off.]

Gods! when I first beheld her lovely form,
'Midst all the horrors of that dreadful night,
The crackling flames, the shrieks and dying groans,
Prostrate imploring mercy at my feet,
All thought she was from the celestial mansions,
Thither dispatch'd, to stay the bloody carnage:
Th' uplifted sword stood in the air suspended,
And desolation at her presence smil'd.

I must possess her, tho' 'twere at the price
Of all the conquests that my arms have won.

Enter

Enter ALANOR.

Ala. My liege, I feiz'd a stranger near the fort,
Who says he brings some message from the walls,
To be imparted to your royal ear.

Turg. Let him approach; methinks I know his errand.

Exit ALANOR; and re-enters with an Irish Chieftain.

Chief. Thus low, before Ierne's mighty conqueror,
MORAN, Meath's prelate, bade your servant bow,
And bless your victor arms.—He and young RELI,
Brenney's stout prince, who guards the western gate,
Have sent me to assure you of their aid.

For this, a body of your chosen forces,
By me conducted, there shall win admittance.

Turg. With grateful thanks to our much honour'd friends,

Tell them, TURONSUS, whom thou hast beheld,
Accepts the fair conditions of their service.

Say, if I win the city by their aid,

My love and gratitude shall in return

All expectation pass. You also, chieftain,

For this your friendship shall meet due reward.

See him conducted from the fort in safety.

Yet first, it may be fit to sound him further.

[*To Alanor apart.*]

For these foul traitors, let them be the first

That in the conflict fall beneath your swords.

[*They turn go off.*]

He who betrays one master will another;

Whene'er the lure of self-advantage prompts him.

Enter

Enter in haste a Chieftain of TORGEIUS's party.

Chief. Pardon this bold intrusion, but the importance

Of the report I bring claims quick dispatch.

Your fleet has by the desperate foe been baffled.

Turg. By Thor! 'tis false. Whence got they
fleets, or troops?

Chief. They were collected by the fierce CREAL-
LACHAN,

MOMONIA's prince, your tributary vassal,
Who hath of late revolted; for high deeds,
Amidst Ierne's chiefs, of first renown.

Turg. Where was this battle fought?—'tis all a
dream.

Chief. From off the stormy point of Dunum's rocks,
For three successive days the fleets engag'd;
When, conquest to your ships at length inclining,
(I speak, my liege, but what mine eyes beheld)
Two of their chiefs in separate gallies sped,
And, closing with the mighty floating castles,
Wherein your two most valiant leaders fought,
Boarding, they seiz'd them in their finewy arms,
And instant plung'd into the gulphy deep.
What thence ensued, already I've related.

Turg. Instant, let all be ready for the onset,
Our ladders, batt'ring engines, balls of fire.
By the immortal shades of our great ancestors!
By all who gloriously in battle fell!
Should this old king not forthwith send his daughter,
Nor sex, nor age shall 'scape.—Proclaim it straight.
Eternal Woden! mighty God of battles!
Whom on the cloudy top of Torneo's hill

In

186 THE SIEGE OF TAMOR.

In thunder oft we've heard, if e'er your votary
Hath with triumphant spoils your fanes adorn'd,
Or with the blood of victors lav'd your altars,
Be now propitious! give us to destroy
This christian isle, that dares contemn your power,
And with irrev'rence treat your sacred rites.
Aided by thee, we will their temples waste.
From Liffey's banks to Banna's rapid tide,
Havock and death shall ceaseless wade in blood.

[Exit.

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

A Platform before the Castle.

MALSECHLIN and ULLIN.

Mal. **A**RE my unequal'd sorrows ne'er to cease?
Eight sons have bled by the invader's
sword:

My queen, my soul's far dearer part, consum'd
Amidst the conflagration of my palace,
When hither I was driv'n—a daughter now,
The comfort of mine age—the only pledge
Of chaste connubial joys that fate had spar'd,
To be—heart-killing thought! to be demanded,
A sacrifice to this fell pagan's lust!

Ul. My sympathizing heart feels all your sorrows.

Mal. Fathers alone can feel a father's sufferings;
But mine stand first; which now, like death's cold
hand,

Weigh down the curtains of mine aged fight.

Ul. 'Tis nature's friendly summons to repose;
Such watchings would exhaust the strength of youth.

Mal. I will obey; follow me to my chamber,
And bring thy plaintive harp, with it a lay,
If such thou hast, will suit my mighty woes.

[*Exit* Ullin.]

Enter DONNAL.

O! DONNAL! DONNAL! should our scheme miscarry,
And my sweet dove become this vulture's prey—
Have you yet sent our answer to the Dane?

Don.

Don. By this 'tis at the camp.

Mal. Would 'twere recall'd!
I like it not, all chances are against it——
And yet my country——

[*A tumultuous noise is heard.*]

Ha! what can this mean?

Don. It seems the voice of tumult.

Mal. Haste, inquire.

[*Donnal goes out.*]

Heav'n fure has doom'd me never to know rest!

DONNAL re-enters in haste.

Don. My liege, a numerous party of the citizens
Assembling throug the passage to the castle,
And with admittance to your royal presence.

Mal. So let it be. The ears, the hearts of kings
Be ever free and open to their people.
The power heav'n gives us, is to guard their rights,
Redress their wrongs, and make subjection happy.

Don. But, through impatient fears, should they
demand,

Instant compliance with the proffer'd terms,
(For such the rumour was, as I pass'd hither)
Say, would, my liege, the city then surrender?

Mal. Should it be aught that reason must not yield,
And that our gentle counsel cannot sooth them,
Then must stern fortitude oppose the torrent:
The public trust, the public safety claims it.

Enter a body of Citizens.

What would our citizens?

1st Cit. O best of kings!
There is no pow'r on earth can save us now,
And Denmark in some moments will o'erwhelm us.

Enter

Enter more Citizens.

2d *Cit.* Worn out with famine, toil, disease and watching,

We can no longer bear our grievous burthen :
Ev'n as we walk, we drop ; the famish'd foldier,
Under the pressure of his arms, expires,
And hideous groans and howlings fill our streets.

3d *Cit.* And, should we wait the storming of the breach,

They'll spare nor age, nor sex.

4th *Cit.* Alas ! our wives, our daughters !

Mal. And what's your purpose ?

1st *Cit.* To throw our gates wide open to the foe,
And prostrate to implore the conqueror's mercy.

Mal. Not so, my sons ; I will not so betray you.

Mercy—and from TURGESIUS ?—No, my people,
As soon you may the savage tyger sooth,
To give you friendly shelter in his den :

Nor sex, nor innocence can move his pity.

1st *Cit.* If we submit, it may.

2d *Cit.* Ope, ope our gates.

3d *Cit.* His heralds twice have brought us terms
of parley.

Mal. Hath this fell pagan ever yet kept faith ?

He talks of peace, but treach'ry's in his heart.

Doth he not triumph in the breach of compacts,

By which our isle's one universal waste ?

On us alone our country's fate depends.

What, what are tortures ? what a thousand deaths,

To loss of honour, loss of heav'n-born freedom ?

Life is not life, where liberty is lost.

Cit. Peace, hear him ! hear him ! hear our glorious
monarch.

Mal.

Mal. But, if you choose to be eternal slaves,
 Call in your masters, stretch your grov'ling necks
 Beneath the feet of your insulting tyrants.
 Had it not been for our intestine broils,
 The Dane with all his northern pow'rs united
 Ne'er could have brought us to this ebb of misery.
 Think on the losses I've already borne!
 O! think on what I yet may bear for you.
 If this content you not, take—take your king,
 If that ye came for; bind these aged arms,
 And yield me up the pledge of your allegiance.
 Remember yet, whatever limb you seize
 Of this old corse, ye then arrest a part
 Hath bled for you.

Cit. First perish! perish all!
 Lead on—lead on—to instant death lead on!
 Better to fall at once, than die by piecemeal.
 Better a thousand deaths than vile subjection.

Mal. True, true, my friends! but let us bravely die.
 'Tis not a sudden start of desp'rate rapture
 That gives true valour's proof: the trumpet's clang
 May rouse to courage ev'n the dastard soul;
 But to view death, in silent, slow approach,
 In the recesses, in the gloomy chambers
 Of famine and disease—to hear the voice
 Of helpless infancy in fruitless cries
 Pour forth its moan to those were wont to succour,
 'Till on its lips the fault'ring accents die;
 To see the languid eye of fainting beauty
 Speak more than tongue of eloquence can utter,
 Until it close in death: All this to see,
 Yet to stand firm, were to be truly conquerors.
 Such were your ancestors in this fam'd city.
 And shall their sons be less? you pause, my friends—

Soul-

Soul-pleasing fight! I spy the bursting tear;
 The tide of patriot love that swells your hearts.
1st Cit. Hath ever prince for people shewn such
 love?

A love that conquers nature's fondest ties?

All. We will ourselves ascend and man the walls.

Mal. Transporting sounds! now victory is ours.
 Again, our sinking tow'rs shall raise their heads;
 Again, our ramparts brave th' insulting foe;
 Come, bloody Dane! come, learn our fix'd resolve;
 Ierne scorns thy pow'r, and will be free.

All. Freedom or death. Ierne shall be free.

[They go off with exclamations.]

Mal. O DONNAL! I'm quite spent.

Don. Heav'n send relief!

Mal. Relief—where?—Whence? Where?
 Impossible.

Hath not the ruthless savage claim'd my child?
 My only child—and oh! for what?—Dread
 question!

I dare not utter it, it leads to madness—
 To murder—murder of her, and by this hand—
 A father's hand—rather than—what?—O! stop—
 Stop, thought!—each image you present strikes
 terror,

And wrings my agonizing soul with tortures.

Don. O sir! suppress these thoughts—not youth
 itself,

Could bear such toils, and on that precious life
 Depend the hopes of all. Permit me then,
 To pray, that you admit some small repose.

Mal. Lend me thine arm; support me to my
 chamber—

And tell the good STORNA, I would see him,

Ev'n

THE SIEGE OF TAMOR.

Ev'n now, come to yourself—DONNAL! DON-

My thoughts are desperate—I must conquer them,
Or they will conquer me.

Don. Hear'st thou grant the first!

{They go off.

S C E N E II.

A Grove near the castle of Tamor, and a gothic
Cathedral, at a small distance,

Enter NIALL in the habit of a peasant.

Niall. This is the sacred grove, and yon the altar.
About this hour, 'tis said, the daily passes
This way, to matin service in the temple.

—*Erneftina and Ithona appear at a small distance.*

And lo! two hither move in female garb,
And one is veil'd, perhaps it is my love.
This friendly tuft conceals me from their view.

—*Erneftina and Ithona approach.*—*Attendants at a
small distance.*

Eern. Here let us pause a while—the early bell
For matin service hath not toll'd as yet.
How lovely looks the morn midft all this ruin!
The feather'd warblers of this vocal grove
In perfect transport chaunt their love-tun'd lays,
Unconscious of restraint to mar their blifs,
The flow'ry fields in vast profufion pour
Their treasur'd sweets, and fill with rich perfumes,

Wasted

Wafted on zephyr's wings, the fragrant air,
 And all in concert hail the cheerful day;
 Whilst all my thoughts are sorrow and despair.

Ith. Ah! princess, why wilt thou indulge such thoughts?

Why let them prey thus on thy gentle soul?

Eern. What else, *ITHONA*, suits these times of horror?

Look round; is there the faintest gleam of hope?
 Abroad, the devastation of my country,
 Within, the desolation of my heart.

And have my stars, my cruel stars decreed,
 That never more these longing eyes shall meet.
 The blooming youth, who once, near Leinster's hills,
 From quick perdition in blest'd moment snatch'd me!
 Thrice hath the Sun its annual course pursu'd,
 Since I beheld him, as the morning fair,
 Pure as unshaded light, and chaste as truth.
 Alas! at times, my tortur'd fancy shews him
 A floating corse on the tempestuous main,
 Or gor'd with wounds upon the sandy beach.
 Allthought, all search is vain, wretched *EERNESTHA!*

Ith. Then why thus dwell upon this mournful subject,

And nourish fruitless woe? Exert thy soul.

Eern. O my *ITHONA!* there's a secret pleasure
 In cherish'd sorrow, which it only knows.

Ith. So we deceive ourselves and court our ruin.
 Forbear to think of him, and the lov'd image
 In time may quit your heart.

Eern. Impossible!

'Tis fix'd for ever there——O! he was more,
 Than old heroic story ever told

Of dignity, of valour, or of beauty. [*Musick is heard.*
But hark! whence are these sounds? this solemn
harmony,

That binds the captive sense, and fills the soul
With heav'nly rapture and with holy ardour!

Ith. 'Tis from the pious choir of priests and bards,
Who at the altar serve in yonder temple.

Eern. Here then, I'll kneel adoring on the earth;
The place is sacred all, and claims our reverence.

[*She kneels.*

Supreme in mercy, as in love unbounded!
To thy celestial mansions if the pray'rs
Of innocence arise, and flame before thee,
O save our country from this wreck of war!
And, if he lives, dear object of my fondness,
Restore the wanderer to these longing eyes,
Or join me with him in the peaceful grave!

[*Niall advances, and presents himself before her.*

I shudder with amazement—gracious Pow'rs!
My sense is sure disturb'd, and shadows swim
In mock appearances before my sight!
Stay—stay, thou dear enchanting vision! stay.

[*Puts by her veil.*

Niall. Transcendent happiness! mine only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul!
I am that wanderer, that once happy youth,
Whom thou near Liffey's shore didst deign to hear,
And listen to the language of his heart.

Eern. Enrapturing sounds! by all my hopes, 'tis
he!

Propitious Heav'n restores him to my wishes!
O! turn thee from my blushes.

Niall.

Niall. Let them glow ;
They speak the virtues of thy heav'nly soul,
And more inspire me with seraphic love.

Eern. How tedious have I counted ev'ry hour,
Since from that blest retirement I was torn,
Where sense and honour won my ravish'd soul ?
But say, what led you hither ? too adventurous !
To these devoted walls consign'd to ruin.

Niall. No more a wretched exile, but a king,
Whose various fortunes thou perhaps hast heard,
(For rumour hath not let them pass unnotic'd)
At length, I've rous'd whole kingdoms, now in arms.
For thee I march to war ; for thee to conquer ;
For thee, to live, or die.

Eern. Where are the kingdoms ?
And where the troops that thou hast rous'd to arms ?
'Tis visionary all, the dreams of love,
Fatally rash, thou triflest with my peace,
Thus to expose thy life to certain peril.

Niall. Love urg'd me on, and love no peril fears.
Oft, when the gloomy shades of night have stolen
Upon my toilsome way, I've laid me down,
The sod my couch, my canopy the skies,
Champion for thee, and for my wasted country.
Good heav'n, that constancy like ours regards,
For his EERNESTHA, will protect her NIALL.

Eern. NIALL ! What is't I hear ?——undone
EERNESTHA !
'Tis not thy name—speak—speak again—

Niall. It is.
It is that name so hateful to thine house.

Eern. Fly hence——Oh ! fly—thou must not
see me more.

Niall. Not see thee more!—my only joy of life!—
First, bid me die! 'twere mercy to that sentence;
And I will blefs thee with my parting breath.

Eern. Ah me! O prince! that thought were
death to me.

Think on the enmity between our houfes—
If thou dost love EERNESTHA, instant shun her;
Death, certain death attends a moment's stay.

Niall. Love thee! and shun thee! thou wert ne'er
so cruel;

Thy nature cannot harbour such a thought.
Heav'n! must I suffer for my fire's transgression?
By that same Pow'r! and by thy precious self!
I am of the imputed crime as innocent,
As thou art of a thought that is not pure.
'Thou fairest excellence! 'twould burst my heart
Could'st thou conceive a thought against thy NIALL.

Eern. That I believe thee true, not truth more
true;

With soul as noble, as the first of heroes,
Witness the love, my heart has now betray'd!
But should my royal father find thee here,
And learn withal that I was privy to it,
No pow'r on earth could shield thee from perdition;
What then would be the fate of thy EERNESTHA?

Niall. Then, I'll away, and join my conqu'ring
troops,

Now hither on their march from Newry's hills,
Once more to meet the bloody Dane in battle,
And snatch this city from his menac'd vengeance.

Eern. I bade thee go, but thought not when I
spake it.

Do not thus hasten, from mine eyes to tear
The last, last sight of all that they hold precious.

Alas!

Alas! what will your slender force avail
Against the numbers of these fierce assailants?

Niall. Did they surpass the sands upon the beach,
And thou the prize, I should with scorn behold them.
O! I could stay for ever, parting thus,
And for one further look from those dear eyes,
Were endless woe the hazard, I might risk it.

But, on my flying hence, all safety rests.
Ere a new morn, joyous, with conquest crown'd,
NIALL again shall visit his EERNESTHA,
And bring an heart with constant love o'erflowing.

Eern. Go then, brave prince, EERNESTHA
bids thee go.

Guarded by heav'n, to conquest haste and glory:
Yet, amidst charging hosts remember me,
And for EERNESTHA'S safety prize thine own.

Niall. 'Tis glory calls, I hear the sacred voice,
The voice of liberty—it fires my soul,
And fame and victory attend its summons.
I must deserve, before I claim reward;
Denmark must fall, Ierne must be free;
And my EERNESTHA Empress of the North.

*[He embraces her and hastes off, she sinks into the
arms of Ithona, but after a pause recovers.]*

Eern. Where is the prince? what gone? haste,
call him back,

I have not told him half I had to say.

Ith. I fear, he's sped too far: to seek him now,
Were perilous.

Eern. O! I could undismay'd
Pursue the conqu'ror through each scene of fortune;
Where female step had ne'er been mark'd before.
When love so true has seiz'd the virgin's heart,

And

And foul and sense thus equally are charm'd,
 Where is the danger that she will not meet?
 What toil not suffer for the favour'd youth?
 Great pow'r of destiny! whose arm directs
 The deadly arrow in its feather'd flight,
 O! from my hero turn its fatal point!
 'Tis not a partial pray'r; he fights the cause
 Of pure religion, liberty, and love. [*They go off.*]

S C E N E III.

The plain where the Danes are encamped.

Enter TURGESIUS and ZINGAR, and then
 ALANOR with REGAN.

Turg. What from the Irish king?

Alan. My liege, this herald.

Turg. Declare your embassy.

Reg. " Thus far, great king, our mighty monarch yields to your proposal.—After the fall of
 " the succeeding night, his only child, our princess,
 " with fifteen others of our brightest virgins, shall,
 " upon these conditions, be sent to your pavilion;
 " that if upon the view of them, she shall not be
 " your choice, then she with the remaining fourteen shall be restor'd in safety to the city; but
 " should it be her doom to be preferr'd, the others
 " then to be dismissed inviolate."

Turg. 'Tis granted all, but see no time be lost.

[*Regan goes off.*]

Not one shall be restor'd; this night, the traitors,
 RELI and MORAN, will admit our forces. [*Aside.*]

Enter

Enter an Officer hastily and in disorder.

What's the alarm?

Off. A soldier now arriv'd,
All faint with travel and with loss of blood,
Just reach'd our camp, and but declar'd his tidings,
Then sunk upon the spot.

Turg. What tidings! speak.

Off. That NIALL, with a mighty new-rai'd force,
Some two nights since, surpriz'd your troops at Newry,
And with a bloody slaughter seiz'd the town.

Turg. Ha! what! NIALL?

Off. Such, sir, was the report.

Turg. Impossible! the valiant AMELANUS,
Our first-born son, commands our forces there.
Soon as proud TAMOR shall be wrapp'd in flames,
Thither I'll turn the tide of war, and give
Their towns and provinces long since subdu'd,
And now at suff'rance held, to spoil and plunder.
Haste then, ALANOR, rouse my martial Danes;
Tell them, TURGESIUS still commands the war,
That name so dreadful to the western world.
Tell them, they fight beneath the sacred banner,
Where its dark wings the magic raven spreads,
And on the foe denounces sure dismay.

[Alonor goes off.]

ZINGAR, approach; your noble, fearless soul
My sternest purposes hath often known,
And I may trust you with my inmost thoughts;
Have you heard aught of NIALL's late achievements?

Zing. Of certainty not much.

Turg. 'Twas said, he perish'd
The night his fire's strong castle was reduc'd.

Zing.

Zing. Such was the time's report, but it prov'd false.
 Since when, this prince, of fiery restless spirit,
 Hath in disguise and undiscover'd rang'd
 Through every quarter of this spacious isle,
 Rousing the remnant of its scatter'd clans,
 For their last desperate cast.

Turg. Lightnings blast him!
 But what can such a boy, unskill'd in war,
 With the thin sweepings of his famish'd followers?
 Yet, could I know a particle of fear,
 Or shrink at aught, it were at this same NIALL.
 Ere from Norwegia's desolated shores,
 The Danish navy waded o'er the main
 This storm of arms, from Lapland's frozen climes
 I summon'd ev'ry hell-devoted mage,
 Whose incantations bound th' imprison'd winds;
 They bade the boist'rous spirits of the deep
 Guide to Ierne's coast the floating war,
 And told me, victory should wave my flags
 O'er all the western isles; but then, with words
 Of horrid import, also bade me shun
 A prince nam'd NIALL.

Zing. Empty terrors all;
 Legends of crafty seers, or the vain whimsies
 Of superstitious dreamers, who believe
 The airy coinage of their fear-rack'd brains,
 And evils prophecy that never happen.

Turg. So may it prove! yet ceas'd not there
 these bodements;
 But now, sleep stealing on my wearied sense,
 Methought, as through the spacious vault I pass'd
 That fronts the sacred fane of war's great deity,
 The silver lamps that light the marble roof,
 Without a wasted breath of air around,

As by a hand invisible, at once
 Were all extinguish'd——That in their sepulchres
 The hallow'd bones long rested were disturb'd,
 And from their tombs and shrines the sheeted dead
 In dreadful apparition stalk'd before me.

Zing. Weak were his might, my liege, op-
 pos'd to your's.

Turg. True.——But he hath a soul would face
 an host :

Still in remembrance shall I bear his prowess
 'Midst the fierce conflict on EAMANIA'S plains,
 The morning of the night I storm'd its castle,
 Though he could scarcely then count eighteen sum-
 mers.

From the firm lines he drove our bravest chiefs,
 And for a while, impetuous forc'd his way,
 Like some stout vessel through th' opposing waves,
 Until, fatigu'd with slaughter, he retreated.

Zing. And if report says true, 'twas he who rescu'd
 Their monarch king in Boyne's last bloody fight,
 Who else beneath your conqu'ring arm had fall'n ;
 But we his utmost efforts may defy ;
 Scarce two days swiftest march would bring them
 hither ;

The circuit they must take to shun the forts,
 That lie 'twixt us and them, is long and toilsome.

Turg. Much you mistake ; these hardy islanders
 Are fleet as stags, of ev'ry suff'ring patient ;
 Nor lack they aught but union with themselves,
 To send the world their gauntlet of defiance.
 Witness the day, on Eanna's banks they fought,
 Our number theirs five fold ; like baited lions
 To fury rous'd, they turn'd on their pursuers ;

With

With dewy moss they stopp'd their gaping wounds,
And with fresh vigour the fierce war renew'd.

[*A great shout at a distance.*]

Zing. This shout seems from the walls.

Furg.

Away, and learn.

[*Zingar goes off.*]

Weak, wretched man! are not life's real ills
Thy daily destin'd lot, enough to bear,
But must illusive fancy wring the soul
With visionary terrors far more dreadful?
Ye gods! that phantoms thus should scare the soul,
Which danger frights not, and which slaughter
 charms! [Goes off.]

A C T

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

To MALSECHLIN enter DONNAL.

Don. **A**S from the battlements I mark'd the camp,
A stranger, in a rustic mantle clad,
Seem'd as if lurking near the northern gate;
Descending speedily, I had him seiz'd;
When, with an air, unlike the face of guilt,
Proudly he frown'd, and cast a stern regard
Back on the hostile camp; his form is strength,
His aspect beauty, and his port is awe,
For such they burst forth from the coarse-spun cov'ring
Which vainly o'er his native lustre hung.

Mal. Learn'd you his name, or what his errand
hither?

Don. All this I fought, but still he shunn'd reply,
Save only this; conduct me to your king,
I bring momentous tidings to his ear.
He now awaits your will.

Mal. Let him approach.

[Donnal *hastes off.*]

Fortune, tho' adverse long, may now relent.

Re-enter DONNAL with NIALL in the habit of a peasant.

Niall. Illustrious monarch, may the all-just pow'rs
Give period to your woes, and send you peace!
I come the grateful messenger of joy;
To tell you, heav'n assists the righteous cause,
And vict'ry hath grac'd the arms of freedom.
I come all speed from Newry's stormy cliffs,
Whose precipices stream with Danish gore.

Young

Young NIALL there, with a collected force,
 Some thousand hardy veterans, the remains
 Of many a well-fought field, his own liege people,
 Sons of the North, inur'd to toil and danger,
 Assail'd the town, when scarce a Dane escap'd.

Mal. NIALL!—what——Ullad's prince! did he
 not fall,

(For so 'twas rumour'd) 'mid the gen'ral slaughter,
 The night the Dane destroy'd his treach'rous house?

Niall. No, heav'n that hour preserv'd the prince
 alone:

And now his victor troops are on their way
 To meet th' invasive foe before your walls.

Mal. How! shall the offspring of his faithless sire
 By whose unnatural aid, the savage Dane
 Hath pour'd upon this heav'n-forfaken isle
 The flood of war in boundless desolation,
 Be friend to us, his country, or to freedom?

Niall. Yes, prince, he's your's, your country's
 friend and freedom's.

Mal. Can we that fatal moment e'er forget
 When these invaders fled before our banners,
 Dispers'd and routed? victory was our's,
 Had not that false old king, then basely leagu'd
 In secret treaty with this ruthless plunderer,
 With a fresh force pour'd sudden on our rear,
 And turn'd the fortune of the day against us?
 That bloody day, which spoil'd me of five sons,
 Five youths, five heroes in the bloom of glory!

Niall. O! 'tis too true, young NIALL knows it true;
 He feels it all, for you and for his country.
 This, this hath rous'd him to redress your wrongs,
 And shortly he'll effect the glorious purpose,
 Or greatly perish in the high attempt.

Mal.

Mal. Illusion all!—but did he now lead myriads,
Though unoppos'd, they could not reach our walls
Ere we must fall, or yield to the assailants.

Niall. Never, O! never, may Iërne yield!
Ne'er be a vassal to a foreign yoke!
Behold the stag, that haunts the vasty desert!
Free and delighted 'midst its wastes he roams,
Nor fears the hunter's wiles. High o'er the cliff,
Whose awful brow o'er shades the foamy deep,
Mark how the tow'ring eagle builds her nest!
All, all of earth, of air, aloud proclaim,
That liberty, though join'd with toil, with want,
And peril imminent, is nature's charter.

Mal. Your name and fortunes, youth? I wish to
learn them.

Niall. I am a soldier, and a friend to freedom.

Mal. Greater thou canst not be, wert thou a king,

Niall. Nor further seek, I pray. My sword, my life,
I hold devoted to my country's service;
For her I conquer, or for her I fall.
Beneath Iërne's banners here I stand
Her list'd champion.—Here, in her defence,
Will shed each drop of blood that warms my heart,
And in the agonies of death lament,
I had no more to lose in such a cause!

Mal. DONNAL, apart with me. (*Takes Donnal to
the other side of the stage*) You may remember,
In our late fatal conflict at the Boyne,
I should have fall'n beneath the giant Dane,
When in the field he had oppos'd me singly,
Had not a youth who then fought near our standard,
Straight forward sprung, and on his shield quick
snatch'd

The stroke design'd for me; then with his falchion

At

At my assailant made.—Mid the havock
 I quick lost sight of him, but ever since
 My soul hath gratefully retain'd his image,
 Of which, this stranger bears a striking semblance.
 I'll leave you with him to enquire his fortunes.

[Goes off.]

Niall. O, mighty TAMOR ! O ! ye sacred tow'rs !
 The seat of empire, glory of our isle !
 Hath fate at length decreed thy walls to tremble ?

Don. Whoe'er thou art, my soul claims kindred to
 thee,

And fain would hold acquaintance with thy name,
 As with thy virtues.

Niall. Did you know old NIALL ?

Don. I knew him well, have fought beneath his
 banners :

I saved young NIALL's life, the fatal hour,
 His sire fell victim to the Dane's dark treach'ry.
 A beardless stripling then, but of much prowess,
 What hath befall'n him since, I have not learn'd.

Niall. Were you preserver of young NIALL's life ?

Don. I was.

Niall. Then NIALL thanks you.

[Throws open his mantle.]

Don. Greatest, first of men !

Our country's refuge, and the dread of Denmark !
 Thus let me kneel.

Niall. No, rise, embrace thy friend.

Yes, valiant chieftain, well I know the worth
 With which thy soul's endow'd ; that worth,
 Which can alone make truly eminent.
 The friend to virtue is the noblest hero.

Don. How have you reach'd these walls ? th' at-
 tempt was dangerous,

Niall.

Niall. My soul with danger hath been long acquainted,

And in your presence thrice I've fought disguis'd,
Since the fell Dane o'erthrew our royal house.

Don. Ha! was it you who sav'd our aged monarch
At Boyne's late bloody field?

Niall. So heaven decreed.

O! aid me, thou exterminating spirit!
Speed, like the fatal pestilence unseen,
That blasts with fetid death the wholesome life!
Already to the camp of proud TURGESIUS
My conqu'ring soldiers haste and burn for war,
And Tamor shall again be freedom's seat;
Love then, perchance, may recompense my toils.
O! could I hope, that our renown'd old monarch,
Would, for his country sav'd, his crown and liberty,
Give to my arms the blooming, dear EERNESTHA,
All toils, all suff'rings would be then o'erpaid.

Don. It moves my wonder, where you could have
met

This royal maid, this virgin excellence,
For discord long hath rag'd between your houses.

Niall. Then hear and wonder more. Three years
are past,

Since in disguise I travers'd o'er this isle,
Once more to rouse her free-born sons to arms.
By night I travell'd, and retir'd by day;
When, near the craggy steeps of Leinster's hills,
Just as the morn had streak'd the eastern sky,
At a close place, where two roads cross'd, I met
A litter guarded by a small detachment,
Hasting upon their way with eager speed:
The tender sound of wailing caught mine ear,
And touch'd my heart; aloud, I bade them stop,

And

And seiz'd the reins ; when one drew forth his sword,
 And struck upon mine helm ; infant, I laid
 Him, and another, and another breathless :
 Their fellows, then but two, fled in dismay,
 Leaving a boastless conquest.

Don. First of heroes !
 Of father's life, of daughter's honour too,
 Of both the great preserver !—but say on.

Niall. Straight with a hasty hand I rent away
 The cover from the carriage, when, O ecstasy !
 A ray of brightness that surpass'd the morn
 Rose on my sight and soul—speechless, I bow'd
 With reverential awe, and led her forth ;
 She trembled, look'd around, and at my feet
 Thankful she sunk ; respectfully I rais'd her ;
 Compleat, great youth, she cry'd, thy glorious deed,
 And save me from the fear of further peril.
 Looking around, at some small distance thence,
 A lonely cottage, near a wood I spy'd
 Down in a dale, and wash'd by Liffey's wave ;
 Thither, with hasty steps, we bent our way,
 When, tapping at the door, an hoary anchoret,
 With face time-worn, and furrow'd o'er with care,
 Came forth, and with much courtesy receiv'd us.

Don. And did you sojourn there for any while ?

Niall. Soon as I knew the treasure I had sav'd,
 Which she awhile conceal'd, a trusty courier
 Was with the tidings to our king dispatch'd.
 At length, when thrice three days had pass'd away,
 Spent in Elysium, (for from her voice,
 Flow'd accents passing song ; whilst from her eyes,
 The fluid glory came, as when the sun
 Plays on the lucid stream) a chosen party

Came

Came from the city to conduct her hither,
And left me desolate.

Don. She often told,
Nor seem'd displeas'd to be invited to it,
Your wond'rous prowess in her happy rescue ;
But ne'er disclos'd the name of her deliverer.

Niall. Fearing the enmity between our houses,
I only told, I was an exil'd prince,
Who hardly had escap'd the general wreck :
But, ere we parted, O most sweet remembrance !
With mutual vows we seal'd our mutual faith.

Don. Have you, since your arrival, seen the prince's ?

Niall. O ! yes ! and have disclos'd myself and fortunes.

Don. Great prince ! you come, as if design'd by heav'n,

Her champion, her protector, whom this savage
Hath as an hostage claim'd, and who, at eve,
Must be——

Niall. Ha !——what ?

Don. To his pavilion sent.

Niall. Inhuman sacrifice ! eternal shame !
To stoop to such base terms—so, her sweet innocence
Is doom'd to be the price of our redemption ?
What could they more impose within your walls ?
Rage fires my breast and doubly nerves my arm.
I'll rush through all his host, pluck out his heart,
And cast the victim reeking at her feet.

Don. O ! 'twere the certain way to ruin all.
The king as yet regards you as his foe ;
Reflect then on the danger that you run,
Should he here find you lurking in disguise.

Niall. Perish such thoughts! was NIALL born to
fear?

Though lost to fortune, yet I live to glory.
I bring with me from ULLAD's wasted province
Some twenty of the fairest youths of Erin,
All of our royal stock, of sure affiance;
Whose faces, not yet sunn'd, and scarcely bearded,
Glow like the morning rose; yet are their souls
To fear of peril strangers, and with me
Knit in the golden links of fond affection;
With me, they all are sworn to live, or perish,
To perish, or to conquer.

Don. What! now here?

Niall. No, in a village a few furlongs distant,
They wait impatient for my call to action.

Don. Till then, it will be fit you rest conceal'd;
On that alone depends our future fortune.

Niall. Just is your counsel, but high swells my
spirit.

A while farewell, we soon shall meet in blood. [*Exit.*]

Don. Thus, the fierce lion from the light retires,
To darksome cave; until the hour of prey;
Night calls him forth, he slumbers then no more,
And death and terror mark his fatal steps. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

An apartment in the castle.

EERNESTHA sitting in a melancholy posture, soft musick playing.

Eern. How sweet is musick to the mind at ease,
When felt thus pleasing to despair like mine!
Such heav'nly strains our ancient druids us'd
In their mysterious rites, what time, the moon,
Night's awful empress, from her clouded throne
Survey'd the nether world, and silence came
Under the wings of night; that hallow'd hour,
Amidst their consecrated groves were heard
Harmonious numbers wild; the list'ning bard,
Felt glowings more than human, and conceiv'd,
That all around was holy and inspir'd.

Enter **ITHONA**.

Ith. These watchings, princess, every strength
exceed.

Eern. What heart distress'd like mine can taste
repose?

Affliction hath from infancy pursu'd me,
And hope and peace have long forsook my bosom.

Ith. Dispel this sad dependency of soul;
Observe the changes of this life, how various;
The fate that frowns to-day, may smile to-morrow.

Eern. Alas! unstable, empty as the cloud
That sweeps along the vale, are all our hopes.
O! could I to that calm retreat return,

Amid the woodland walks, the winding vales,
 And springs that sparkle from the marble rocks?
 Where, in love's accents, soft as breeze of spring
 Warm'd by the sunny beam, the blooming youth,
 First breath'd his ardent vows and won my heart.
 The happy peasant, there, in rural innocence
 Lives on with liberal frugality,
 In envied health to his allotted day,
 Whilst peaceful plenty crowns his honest toils,
 Nor sighs to see his eye of life descend.
 There, rapture echoes through the list'ning groves;
 Contentment sparkles in the virgin's eye,
 And truth and pleasure, festive dance and song,
 Fill up the happy hours, the same for ever.

Enter a Woman Attendant.

Atten. Madam, the king is in your anti-chamber,
 Where he impatiently expects your presence.

Eern. What can this mean? dismay has seiz'd my
 soul.

Ith. Heav'n! how you tremble! rest upon my arm.

Eern. Thou would'st not wonder, didst thou know
 but all:

This morn, as through the gallery I pass'd,
 I met my father; and oh! could'st thou think it?
 When I, his blessing crav'd, he turn'd aside,
 And rush'd into his chamber.

Ith.

It is most like,

He saw you not; his sorrows weigh him down.

Eern. I must away, but let me quickly see thee:
 To the woe-burthen'd heart 'tis some relief
 To breathe its sufferings to the faithful bosom.

Ith. Thou canst not feel a woe unfelt by me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

An anti-chamber to the apartment of the Princess.

The Scene opens and discovers the King standing in the middle of the stage in deep reflection.

Mal. 'Tis horrible——but ere it be accomplished,
Beyond recal, let me once more review
The dreadful motive——He demands my daughter,
——

But oh! for what?—for purpose the most savage—
And shall I yield?—yet should I not—aye, there—
There's the dilemma?—no—it must not be—
This—rather this (*pulling out a dagger*) shall pierce
her tender bosom,

Or so deface with scars that beauteous form,
Ev'n lust should start at it. [*E Ernestha appears*] Ha!
she is here.

How nature at the sight revolts and trembles!
I, for a moment, must conceal this weapon. [*Aside.*

Eern. How am I blest'd, sir, to attend your pleasure!

Mal. Protecting angels spread their wings around
her!

Shield! shield her!—Oh!

Eern. A groan so deep! Ah, sir?
My heart dies in me at the sound—whence?—
wherefore?—

Woe's me! he cannot speak, turn, turn this way:
What is the sacrifice that Heav'n demands?

You look not on me——it must be my trespass—
Speak, speak to me, or my poor heart will burst.

None had your favour more than your EERNESTHA,
How have I lost it?

Mal.

Mal. Thou hast not lost it——
 No, my EERNESTHA, no; this very moment,
 Thou art far dearer to my soul than ever;
 And yet, this interview, 'tis like, will be
 The last delight thy presence e'er can yield me.

Eern. Defend me, heav'n! Oh! fir, am I the cause?
 Am I to blame?

Mal. No, no, it is my fondness;
 My country lost; a tyrant's cruelty;
 Thy honour, virtue, and thy matchless beauty,
 These, these the fatal cause.

Eern. O fearful sounds!
 And wilt thou then abandon me for ever?

Mal. Now, now, my heart, be steady! [*Afide.*]—

See'st thou this? [*Shows a dagger.*]

Eern. I do! I do!

Mal. And in thy father's hand?

Eern. I see it all.

Mal. And not tremble?

Eern. No, fir.

Mal. It is design'd for thee——my child! for
 thee——

Eern. If 'tis your will, I'm ready to receive it.

Mal. Ha! fear'st thou not to die?

Eern. My mother's virtue and my father's spirit
 Have arm'd my heart against death's blackest frowns.
 Early you taught me that it had no terrors
 But to the guilty mind.

Mal. Thou disarm'st me.

[*He puts up the dagger.*]

Thy filial piety, thy wond'rous fortitude,
 Have struck thy father with remorse and shame,
 And

And sav'd him from a fearful desperation ;

Yet art thou sav'd for that——for that far worse——

Ern. Now, now, I fear indeed——tell, tell me, sir!

Upon my knees I beg——

[*She kneels.*

[*He walks to and fro much disturbed.*

Alas ! those throbs.

Will burst your tender bosom. Ha ! you weep——

The tear you would restrain steals down your cheek,

Woe stops your speech——O sir ! pronounce my doom,

Whate'er it be, no death can equal this.

Mal. I will——I will——but 'tis of such a nature,

'Twill make thy mother's bones start in their grave,

And me in after-times rever'd with horror.

Know then——Oh ! Oh !——I can no more——thy presence

Will not suffer it——haste, fly to SIORNA——

He'll tell the horrid tale——fly, fly, my child,

I dare not longer trust myself with thee.

Ern. Your will's my law, and from my best obedience

No terrors can affright me.

Mal.

Yet, yet hold——

I had well nigh forgot, nor is it strange ; [*Aside.*

Come to my arms——Once more——now, take this dagger,

This instrument of death, my last, best gift :

Conceal and keep it as thy well-known guardian,

And bear thy mother's virtues in remembrance ;

Heav'n may direct it in the hour of peril

To save thy sex's fame, thine house's honour,

To save thee from pollution——Oh ! farewell.

[*He goes off.*

[*Ernestha*

[Ernestha aloes, fixed in astonishment, with the dagger in her hand.]

Ern. Pollution!—was't not so!—this dagger too!

And it at first conceal'd—"His last, best gift."—
 'Gainst his ERNESTHA'S life—but this is strange!—
 Perhaps, he knows of NAALT'S visit here;
 That hateful name; and of our mutual vows,
 In which, heav'n knows my innocence of heart:
 Yet though those vows are in its courts recorded,
 Ere I would wound his peace who gave me being,
 And from that hour with tenderness hath rear'd me;
 I would renounce the dear-bod'd youth for ever—
 Oh! 'twas severe, nor like his tender nature,
 To leave me thus in darkness and distraction.

Enter ITHONA.

What is my doom? pronounce it—I'm prepared.

Ith. What can my prince's mean? good heav'n!
 a dagger!

Ern. Ask me no questions—I am lost for ever—
 But he refer'd me to the good STORNA,
 To him then, I will fly, to learn my ruin:
 Lead, lead me, virgins! to the sacred altar!
 This day shall be my bridal; this the day,
 On which I part from earth to mount to heaven.
 Thou Pow'r supreme! who know'st our inmost
 thoughts,
 Do but protect, as you shall find me innocent;
 If to affect a youth for valour fam'd,
 For truth, for wisdom, O! for every virtue,
 Be deem'd a crime, I am indeed most guilty.

[Goes off, Ithona follows her.]

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Changes to a gallery in the castle.

SIORNA and DONNAL meet.

Sior. Distraction's in thine eye—have the Danes enter'd?

Are we devoted all? declare the woe.

Don. I know not what: near this, I met our king;
Deep on his brow, imprinted sorrow sat
Majestic, as a cloud upon the morn;
So, that a while, I unperceiv'd remain'd.
At length, with sudden start, he said, away,
Haste, send the good SIORNA to my chamber.

Sior. But briefly first; what's now the city's state?

Don. All, all despair to hail another morn.
Some with wild accents hurry through the streets,
They know not whither; others motionless
Like victims patient wait the uplifted steel.

Sior. There was a council of the chief inhabitants:
Did any there point out a likely stay,
Whereon to found a hope?

Don. No, not a man.
Silent they sat in mournful convocation,
As o'er the corse of their deceased country;
Each sadly looking at his own dismay,
Reflected from the aspect of his fellows.

Sior. Then nought is left to rescue us, save that,
Would cause the savage of the wilds to shudder.
Good heav'n! what conflict rages in that bosom,
That nature or its country must forego?

Don.

Don. Why then comply ? why yield to the fell
 terms
 Of this insulting Dane ? not heav'n itself
 More trial claims, than mortals can endure.
 A father!——

Sior. True——but of his people first.
 Such his exalted sentiment of soul,
 And such the patriot flame that conquers nature,
 And mortals makes immortal.

Don. But he waits you ;
 Even your presence now, will yield him comfort.

[They go off.]

A C T

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

The Danish camp.

TURGESIUS and ALANOR.

Ala. **D**READ sir, I from this height espy a courier,
Who seems with hasty steps to speed this
way.

Turg. What means this sudden and unusual tremor.
[Aside.

Enter OSRICK.

Ofr. The gods preserve our king! disastrous fortune!

The prince your son, the glorious AMELANUS——

Turg. Is slain perhaps!—Or worse, hath shunn'd
the foe!

Ere that, a thousand deaths!——But to the matter.

Ofr. Soon as the tidings reach'd him, then at rest
In Newry's castle, at the dead of night,

(The country all around us quite subdu'd)

That NIALL by surprise had storm'd the suburbs,

Alarm'd, yet undismay'd, our gallant prince,

All efforts us'd that prudence then suggested,

Or valour 'midst confusion could achieve;

Yet, at the dawn of morn the gates were forc'd.

Howe'er, your troops, although from sleep just
started,

Of cov'ring heedless, by their prince led on,

Full soon had freed the town, when the fierce NIALL,

Singly himself opposing to the conqueror——

Turg.

Turg. Ye gods! my soul's on fire—Quickly, the sequel.

Ofr. Straightway, the troops on either side fell back,
Whilst, like two lions for the prostrate prey,
These rival heroes fought with equal prowess;
Until at length, upon our prince's helmet,
The craggy fragment of a broken rock
Was from a turret cast; adown he sunk.

Turg. Doth he yet breathe?

Ofr. He doth, but scarcely more;
His gen'rous foe, at his own safety's peril,
Shielded the sinking prince, till by his friends
He from the fatal pavement was convey'd.
The carnage then grew dreadful, NIALI's sword
Resistless mow'd down ranks, and streets stream'd
blood.

Turg. Was there no second left that dar'd oppose
him?

Ofr. Whilst death thus rioted, amidst the tumult,
A voice, as from the clouds, in accents shrill,
Pronounc'd these dismal sounds, "the Danes are lost,"
No sooner utter'd, than our fear-struck troops
Fled in confusion, spite of every effort.

Turg. How long since that event?

Ofr. A day and night,
Nor could I thence speed sooner, every pass
That hither leads directly, was secur'd
By parties of the foe before the assault.

Turg. But this way ZINGAR moves,

ZINGAR enters,

What new alarm?

Zing. The prince is dead, but will in fame live
ever.

Turg.

Turg. Ill-fortun'd stars ! he was the soul of valour,
 And death dwelt in his sword ; where'er it mov'd,
 The battle was consum'd, and conquest follow'd.
 Had his opposer on the same spot fall'n
 Beneath his arm, I then had been content.
 Accept his spirit, mighty god of battle !
 Five other sons remain to thee devoted,
 And each for valour full renown'd as he.
 With shrieks and groans we'll celebrate his funeral,
 And blood of thousands shall appease his manes.
 Ye wrathful pow'rs ! that yon near-ruin'd walls
 Should brave us thus——what are the pris'ners now ?
Zing. Five score at least, and mostly citizens.
Turg. A thought occurs, which cannot fail to bring
 These desperate islanders to quick compliance.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

An apartment in the castle.

To MALSECHLIN enter SIORNA.

Mal. Where, where's my child ? - O ! where is my
 EERNESTHA ?

Hast thou disclos'd my fatal sentence to her ?
 Doth she yet live ? did she not call me cruel,
 Unjust and most unnatural of fathers ?
 Tell me, I pray, minutely tell me all.

Sior. When I had led her to the holy altar,
 And hinted in the tenderest phrase her doom,
 Silent at first, and motionless she stood,
 Which rather seem'd th' effect of deep surprize
 Than aught of terror ; whence, at length recov'ring,
 Down

Down on her knees the lovely victim fell;
 When, for a while, in ardent pray'r remaining,
 At length, with deep-fetch'd sighs, her bosom heaving,
 She rose, and with a fixt and piercing eye,
 Serene but awful as inspired beauty,
 To me she turn'd, then wav'd her hand and said,
 " You may proceed, the conflict now is over :
 " With innocence and strength divine confirm'd,
 " My father's spirit, and his last, best gift,
 " This steel" (which from within her robe she drew)
 " I now have nought from tyranny to fear,
 " Nor aught to wish but our lov'd country's freedom."

Mal. May the almighty pow'r her soul confirm,
 And nerve her arm to execute my purpose !
 Should heaven's dread vengeance not be yet com-
 pleted,

And that she perish in the high attempt,
 Virgins and bards shall yearly at her tomb,
 In tuneful numbers sing her deathless praise,
 And deck it with the flowrets of the spring.

Enter DONNAL.

Mal. Your looks do more than speak—The city's
 storm'd !—

Don. O spectacle of horror ! gracious sovereign,
 Twelve of our citizens, who by hard fate,
 Were on the last assault made prisoners,
 Are now restor'd, mangled and maim'd all o'er :
 With them this menace, that if our fair princess
 Meets not the Dane forthwith at his pavilion,
 Above an hundred more, now in the camp,
 Like treatment shall receive ; the bleeding victims,
 Much press to be admitted to your presence.

Mal.

Mal. Spare us the horrid fight. O monster!
monster!—

What could provoke him to this deed of horror?
The time's not yet expir'd for her departure.

Don. 'Tis rumour'd, that his first-born son lies slain
At Newry's walls, and thus he seeks revenge.

[*A cry is heard.*

Mal. Some further woe—DONNAL, away and
learn. [Exit DONNAL.

All-gracious heaven! conduct me through this maze!
If to be king, I must be more than mortal,
Why was I form'd so weak?

DONNAL re-enters.

Quick, speak it all.

Don. A second message of the like import
With that before receiv'd, and further threats.

Mal. [*To Siorna*] You say her soul's resolv'd?

Sior. 'Tis fix'd as fate.

Mal. [*To DONNAL*] Haste then, and tell, our
word shall be fulfill'd. [Exit DONNAL.

Each moment teems with some unpractis'd scene

Of savage cruelty.—Whether posterity,

Deems this a deed of glory or of horror,

Yet, must each tongue confess, I am a man,

By heav'n appointed to extreme of sorrow.

[*They go off.*

SCENE

254 THE SIEGE OF TAMOR.

S C E N E—III.

The grove near the castle.

RELI alone.

Reli. How fearful is my state? yon murmuring
brook,

Yea, ev'ry breeze that blows, seems to pronounce
The hideous sound of traitor.—Conscience! con-
science!

But what is conscience?—O! a busy worm,
That no cessation knows, but still intrudes,
Ev'n in the moment of propos'd enjoyment,
To disappoint its bliss; nor yet content,
In bitter after-thoughts pursues the soul,
Making life wretched, and its period dreadful.

[*He muses.*]

MORAN appears.

Mor. Now is my safety and revenge at hand.
I did ere this expect the Breffnian prince.

[*He observes Reli.*]

Ha! soft—How plung'd in thought! I like not this.

Reli. Dreadful, distracting state!—Protect me,
heav'n!

Mor. I fear, young prince, I interrupt your privacy.

Reli. Wou'd we had ne'er embark'd in this foul
business.

Mor. This is some qualm of love. Methought
her flights
Had quench'd the flame, and you had gain'd your
freedom?

Reli.

Reli. So, for a while I thought, but was deceiv'd ;
The smother'd fire bursts forth with double rage.

Mor. Go, read your sentence in her scornful eyes.
Away, fall prostrate, tell her at her feet,
Tell the proud tyrant of your suppliant heart,
Your fate depends upon a word, a look,
And that, the more she scorns, the more you'll dote.

Reli. 'Tis not a time for such unkind rebuke.
The dread event that must for ever blast
The blooming glories which my youth hath won,
Rise in reproachful colours to my view,
And shame and horrors haunt my restless thoughts.

Mor. Then bear your wrongs, and kiss th' op-
pressor's rod.

Away—disclose the whole ; for mercy sue ;
And in a loathsome dungeon waste life's remnant.
But would you sacrifice those friends, whom we
Have in this enterprize seduc'd to join us ?

Reli. [*He pauses*].—I'm satisfy'd.

Mor. Then, to the mighty work.
Delays are dangerous, when chance presents
Occasion to our wish ; and oft, high deeds
Are by the fire of expedition won,
Whilst slow-pac'd prudence, of success still doubting,
Sees the rich prize in triumph borne away.

Reli. My troops are ready, and but wait my orders.

Mor. I shall not fail you at the hour appointed.

[*As he goes off*] His state alarms me much, I dread
th' event.

[*As Reli goes off the contrary way the king meets him.*]

Mal. Ha ! prince, you start ? does sight of me
alarm you ?

It is not usual this. Why, from your post ?

VOL. I.

Q

Reli.

Reli. 'Tis but some moments since—I am returning.

Mal. Your eyes regard not me to whom you speak,
But wand'ring seem and wild. Look on me, pray.

Reli. [*Afide*] I cannot—round his venerable visage,
Or so my guilt-struck fancy now conceives,
A dazzling glory beams that damps my soul.

Mal. You are pale—you tremble—

Reli. [*After a pause and some seeming agitation*] I
have a malady, [*Laying his hand on his head.*
Which seizes me at times, and now I find—
[*He turns from the king*] What mean these lights that
flash upon mine eyes!

Now—now I'm on the verge—earth, swallow me!

[*Goes hastily off.*

Mal. His mind seems much disturb'd; some secret grief

Preys on his noble soul; in worth and valour
No youth surpasses him. I'll have him follow'd.

DONNAL appears.

'Tis opportune—met you the Breffnian prince?

Don. I did, my liege, and much he seem'd disorder'd,

Passing me by, and mutt'ring to himself.

Mal. Unhappy youth! [*Solemn music is heard*]

Whence these inspiring sounds?

Don. For the procession to the holy altar
With our devoted princes, and they wait
Our sovereign's presence in the cypress arbour,
A little distance hence.

Mal. I am prepar'd.

Mean while, it were most fit to seek the prince—
I dread this desperation of his soul.

[*They go off.*

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

An altar on another part of the same grove, and
the cross advanced.

MALSECHLIN leading the Princess his daughter,
robed in white, with several attendant virgins.

SIORNA, MORAN, Priests and Bards in their pro-
per vestments.

The bell tolling as they pass along, then stops.

1st Bard sings.

BEING of unbounded might !
Fount of purity and light !
Great and bounteous, good and just !
Foe to tyranny and lust !
Shield our princess, gracious pow'r !
Save in that tremendous hour !

CHORUS.

May th' immortal pow'r above,
To our pray'rs propitious prove !

2d Bard.

Hear the royal father sue,
Father of his people too !
Lo ! his great, his patriot soul
Offers one to save the whole.
See his tears ! O ! hear his sighs !
His only child's the sacrifice.

Q 2

CHORUS,

C H O R U S.

May the immortal power above
To our pray'rs propitious prove!

1st Bard.

Mark the pagan, savage Dane,
Tyrant, ruthless, as obscene!
Straight your hottest bolts apply,
Sudden let your thunders fly!
Level at his baneful head,
Instant strike him, strike him dead!

C H O R U S.

Strike him, strike him with the lightning's blast,
O! let this moment be his last!

2d Bard.

From the spoiler snatch the fair,
Take her to your guardian care!
Spotless rather let the maid
Shrouded in her tomb be laid!
Save from violence, from shame!
Take her life, or save her fame!

C H O R U S.

Save, all-bounteous heav'n, from shame:
O! save a virgin's spotless fame!

SIORNA advances,

Sior. Lo! lo! the holy image moves,
It nods assent, our rites approves.

[The bell tolls again, they all advance to the altar, and the scene closes.]

SCENE

S C E N E V.

A field near a wood, the camp and city in view.

NIALL still in the same habit, and CARRIL an Irish bard.

Niall. Near yon dark wood, you are to wait our
troops,

Now just at hand from Newry's conquer'd walls.

CORMAC my kinsman, in my name and stead,

In armour clad, like that I chiefly wear,

Is to conduct th' attack upon the camp,

Which though of large extent, yet doubt I not,

To meet him timely at the Dane's pavilion;

My armour-bearer with all meet equipment

Will wait him here. The means heav'n hath suggested,

Each flatt'ring hope excites that with its aid,

NIALL shall shield the idol of his heart.

Car. May this dread night for ever make her yours!

Niall. We shall, we must succeed: not love alone,

But country, liberty, and fame unite,

To rouse to valour's deeds.—My soul's all fire!—

Car. Immortal prince! how will these high exploits

To future times by sacred bards be sung?

These shall thy CARRIL sing on Ullad's lakes

To the joint musick of the silver string:

That when our dear, our bleeding country lay

Prostrate and faint, yet struggling with the hands

Which would have fix'd the galling yoke upon her,

Then, the brave NIALL, as her guardian angel,

Oppos'd his conqu'ring arm and staid the ruin.

Niall. But hark! I hear the tread of nimble feet,

Horses and men on speed. We must away.

[*They go off.*]

S C E N E VI.

A platform before the castle of Tamor.

To MALSECHLIN and SIORNA enter DONNAL.

Mal. Welcome, brave chieftain, from the well-fought ramparts!

All tongues, as wont, are lavish in your praise.

Don. Our sov'reign's safety is reward sufficient.

Enter ULLIN.

Ul. All-ruling pow'rs preserve our gracious monarch!

Some dark conspiracy is surely brooding,
If not for action ripe.

Mal. Conspiracy!
Heav'n! have we not sufficient foes without?
Quickly relate.

Ul. There's yet no certainty.
What was conceiv'd, was from the unshap'd speeches
Of a disorder'd brain.

Mal. We wish to hear.

Ul. But now, as on the broad parade I stood,
A shout was heard, when straight a mighty crowd
Approach'd my stand; at head of them a youth,
Whose garb and mien bespoke a frantic mood;
I soon perceiv'd it was the gallant RELI,
Wild as the tempest, as the tiger furious.
Give me my sword, repeatedly he cry'd,
(Of which it seems they had before disarm'd him,
Having pierc'd sev'ral, as he rush'd along :)
I caus'd him to be seiz'd.!

Mal.

Mal. What follow'd then?

Ul. He rav'd, blasphem'd, call'd holy MORAN traitor.

Then, would he strangely gabble of our princess;
But ever and anon, cry'd out with vehemence,
Beware the western gate—the Danes—the Danes!—
With such like broken and disjointed phrases.

Mal. 'Tis what I fear'd. When last by chance I met him,

He seem'd upon the verge of reason's ruin.
Yet wild how'er his phrase, it claims attention.
Where is he now?

Ul. Confin'd and strictly watch'd.

Mal. Away, and bring the prelate MORAN hither. *[Officer goes off.]*

Some treason is at hand—His soul is fitted
To ev'ry enterprize of dark intent.
Knew you before of this young prince's phrensy?

[To Donnal.]

Don. Not aught of outrage, save what now has happen'd.

But some time past, a gloomy melancholy
Hath prey'd upon his soul, observ'd by all,
As all conceiv'd 'twas disappointed love.
No youth, ere this, more grac'd the court and field.

Mal. And none a fairer semblance wore of virtue.

Enter Officer and Guards with MORAN.

Mor. Is this fit treatment for the rank I bear?
Or for the sacred function that I fill?
There is a pow'r, before whose throne, even kings
Shall tremble for such daring sacrilege.

Mal.

Mal. Who rules that throne, shuts traitors from
his presence,
And your flagitious crimes shall meet due punishment.

Mor. Traitor—crimes—punishment—ha! this to
me? *[Falls on his knees.*

Sulphur, and flames, and everlasting torments
Pursue all those, who dare with impious hands
Assail heav'n's sacred, and appointed messenger!

Mal. To heav'n untrue, you can be true to none,
Away! for Breffney's prince, his doleful state
May chance to wring the heart of this impenitent.

Ul. My liege, he is no more. Soon as he reach'd
The prison room, headlong against its wall
He sprang, and smear'd it with his blood and brains.

Enter REGAN, who falls on his knees to the King.

Reg. O gracious king! behold a suppliant wretch,
A vile accomplice in the blackest treason,
By the insidious MORAN first seduc'd,
As was th' unhappy, yet most virtuous prince,
Who, but for him, deserv'd a better fate.
There is not time now to disclose the whole;
But for quick safety, let an added force,
Sure friends, be posted at the western gate,
Else, ere some moments pass, all may be lost.

Mal. DONNAL, away! see it be done. *[He goes off.]*
Proceed.

Reg. 'Twas fix'd, a chosen party of the foe
Should at this gate be secretly admitted.
I seek not to avert the punishment
My black offence deserves; yet to defer it
A little while, may prove the gen'ral safety.

Mal.

Mal. Great is your guilt, but 'twill not rank with his.

I did not heap such favours upon you.

Was ever such return? [*To Siorna,*

Sior. Frequent, my liege..

Good offices from the unworthy mind

Ne'er meet the fair return; but hatred oft'

The gen'rous deed pursues.

Mal. O ingratitude!

Offspring of pride!—thou monster of the heart!

That adder-like, still wound'st the fost'ring bosom,

Nulling the ties of harmony and love.

For thee, the rebel host were banish'd heaven;

Not even the fount of patience and of mercy

Could bear thee undisturb'd!

Sior. Forget it, sir.

The sordid soul, insatiable and thankless

As the unfathom'd gulf, that swallows seas,

Builds new demands on ev'ry free compliance,

And one rejected cancels thousands granted.

Heav'n's grace shines manifest in this discovery,

And further mercy may be yet in store.

Mal. For Breffney's valiant prince I much am griev'd;

His offer of espousals with our daughter,

Though not receiv'd, (as her free maiden choice
I ne'er would force) was open, fair and noble.

But for this worm, who by our sunshine rais'd,

First wing'd the air, but with the ray now vanishes,

Our country calls for public justice on him:

So, bear him to the dungeon.

Mor. Mercy! mercy!

Scourge me, and rack me! plunge me in all misery

That

That nature can endure ; but spare a life,
 Whose wretched remnant is not worth your vengeance.
 [*He is taken off.*]

Mal. Mean wretch ! his spirit dastard is as
 treach'rous,

To drag in infamy a loathed being
 Would to the noble mind all fears surpass.

Sior. True virtue knows no fear but to transgress,
 Whilst terrors endless wait upon the guilty.

Mal. Nor yet, was this the whole of his foul per-
 fidy.

His art had so seduc'd my fair opinion,
 That to his charge I gave my darling daughter,
 Whom he, with wicked wiles essay'd to taint,
 And from fair virtue's sacred paths to win.

Sior. Was this disclos'd before ?

Mal. No, 'twas conceal'd.

For rumour often blows into a flame
 The spark, which else midst embers had expir'd ;
 Or like a treach'rous advocate betrays
 The very cause it seemeth to defend.
 But day declines, and the dread hour approaches
 Which must decide for all ; and I would give
 This favour'd interval of fate to prayer. [*They go off.*]

ACT

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

The camp before Tamor.

ALANOR and ZINGAR.

Zing. **S**OME dread catastrophe is sure at hand!
 Beneath yon western hill, this eve, the sun
 Departing seem'd a crimson'd globe of blood :
 Since when ill-boding owls have ceaseless clamour'd,
 Hov'ring unusually in flocks around us,
 With other sounds and sights of black presage,
 Scaring the sense.

Alan. Nor are they here confin'd.
 Those fierce and wond'rous conflicts in the heavens,
 Which by accounts are nightly seen in Denmark,
 Lead also into thoughts of sad portent ;
 But from like causes like effects will flow,
 There need not prodigies to bring them on.
 Slaughter and death incessant grow familiar,
 And Denmark groans beneath a tyrant's yoke.
 Sets there a sun, that is not stain'd with blood
 Of faithful subjects, or of captive foes ?
 And on the vanquish'd, such unheard-of tortures
 Are daily exercis'd in wanton sport,
 As outrages humanity.

Zin.

Forbear!—

TURGESIUS

TURGESIUS appears.

Turg. Chieftains, you seem disturb'd ; ere this
'twas deem'd

That Tamor's walls should ne'er reproach us more.
Why they yet stand, at hazard of your safeties,
I charge you to disclose.

Zin. Dread sovereign,
The plann'd assault upon the western gate
Was by some fatal accident discover'd,
Or we have been betray'd ; and, of your troops,
All those who had been secretly admitted
Within the walls by those esteem'd your friends,
Were without mercy slaughter'd.

Turg. Traitors all !
Repair this loss, or you, and you shall suffer.
Let fire, and sword, and desolation loose,
Nor leave a trace of people, nor of city
For the next morning's sun.

Enter OSRICK.

Ofr. In haste I come,
With the glad tidings that Ierne's princess,
With fifteen other virgins her associates,
Are now upon their way to meet our sovereign.

Turg. Transporting news ! but speak your cer-
tainty.

Ofr. These eyes beheld them ere I left the suburbs,

Turg. Did you then note them well ?

Ofr. Well as I could.

A silken veil conceal'd the face of each,
And sable mantles of a slender texture
Hung from their shoulders even to their feet.

Yet

Yet one seem'd eminent above the rest
For air and grace, as midst the train she mov'd.

Turg. Not her fam'd charms that laid Troy's
towers in ashes,

Nor those that mark'd the Cyprian queen supreme,
Equall'd the lustre of this peerless princess,

Who shall this night, my long-dured toils o'erpay.

The fifteen other virgins we will give

To our first valiant chiefs.

All. Health to our monarch!

Turg. Be smooth the voice and rugged brow of
war,

To welcome our fair visitants! mean while

Fill up our goblets, fill them to the brim,

And let the heavens resound your monarch's joy.

[They all go off.]

S C E N E II.

The castle of Tamor.

Enter MALSECHLIN with a letter in his hand, and
DONNAL.

Mal. Ha! NIALL in the city?—in disguise?

Is't possible?—within our palace too?—

We are betray'd.—Can you unravel it?—

I must be satisfy'd,

Don. My liege, the stranger,

Whom I this morning seiz'd in peasant's garb,

And brought before you, was that royal exile.

Mal. And did you know it then?

Don.

Not until after

My sov'reign had consign'd him to my charge.

Mal.

Mal. Then you've conceal'd a foe, and all is lost.

Don. O! trust me, sir, our monarch's royal house
Knows not a surer friend than this young prince.

Mal. It cannot be. Let him be brought before us.

Don. He left the city some hours since to meet
His late collected clans, now on their march
From Newry's walls, and each succeeding moment
Teems with the flattering hopes of their arrival,
To shield our princess, and to free our country.

Mal. By heav'n! 'tis false—all, all are leagu'd
against me.

Throw wide our gates—call in the bloody Dane—
Haste—send my daughter hither—what's the pause?

Don. Ere this, she's at the hostile camp, or near it,
As were the fix'd conditions of the parley—

Mal. That nature shudders at—fly—bring her back.
Had heav'n decreed, these aged eyes should see her,
Wand'ring in wretchedness from door to door,
Her tender frame expos'd to each inclemency,
And sinking from the want of sustenance,
I might have borne it,—yes,—yes, I might.—But—

Enter SIORNA.

I'll kill her—kill myself—*He!*—Look ye there!—
The lustful monster drags her to his couch,
And lift! Oh! lift her shrieks!—yes, yes—'twas I—
I, your father—most unnatural father—
But see!—Oh see!—her mother frowns me dead.

[*He sinks.*]

Sior. Support him! help! what's this increase of woe?

Mal. It matters not—my wits—but fate draws near.
I thought you honest once.

[*To Donnal.*]

Don.

Don. When I am not,
When I deceive my prince, or truth conceal,
May your displeasure, ev'ry bitter punishment,
Here and hereafter wait on my transgression!

Mal. [To Siorna] O priest! the offspring of old
treacherous NEALL,

Hath been a secret spy within our walls,
And hath escap'd. What pow'r can save us now?

Sior. Awhile suspend this torrent of despair.
Unsearchable, as wife, are all heav'n's ways,
And on the verge of ruin, yet may save,
But suffers not its creatures to arraign
Its high decrees. Let pagans still despair.
No prince for fortitude stands more renown'd.

Mal. I am a man—a mortal man, no more,
Have ev'ry feeling, weakness, imperfection,
The destin'd portion of our frail existence,
And now torn down, am near a second childhood.

Enter an OFFICER abruptly.

Mal. What from the camp?

Off. Even to their tents, dread sovereign,
I won a daring passage—all expos'd,
And fearless of a foe, they lie unfenc'd
By guards, or by entrenchment; all is mirth,
Carousal, shout, and riot, as in triumph.
Over a prostrate people.

Mal. Thanks, good heav'n!
Haste, let us seize the glorious, great occasion,
Let's from the wreck collect some chosen spirits,
Who with their king may, like the hunted pard,
On their assailants turn—ope wide our gates,
Rush down the hill of Tamor like a torrent;

Burst

Burst on their camp, and on these fell invaders
Hurl destruction.

Sior. Never, ye pow'rs! O never!
May we such hazard risk for doubtful safety,
What's valour 'gainst such odds?

Mal. What else can save?
Is there a choice, but slavery or death?
The transport that has seiz'd me, conquers nature,
And nerves a-new mine aged arm for vengeance.

Sior. Yet, you have martial chieftains left enow
To lead your forces to such desperate action;
But should you fall, your country is no more.
My heart grows light, my spirits mount apace;
I spy fate gathering in black clouds around
In treasur'd vengeance; Denmark, ere appriz'd
Of her destruction, falls——

Mal. Heav'n! grant my prayer.
That this though old, once executing arm
May be the instrument of your dread wrath
On these fell persecutors of your saints,
These bold profaners of your sacred altars!
I burn for this encounter; let's away! [*They go off.*]

S C E N E III.

A field; the Danish camp in view.

NIALL with several Irish CHIEFTAINS, and soldiers
at a small distance.

Niall. Thus far heav'n grants us earnest of success.
Our cause is their's. But lo! what mean those lights
Which sudden blaze so num'rous midst their tents,
Making night vie with day?

Chief.

Chief. Some festival,
Or pagan orgies, [*Great shouts from the camp*] and
these shouts confirm it.

The distance now 'twixt us and them seems small.

Niall. These lights will serve us much, whilst in
the shade,

We can unmark'd by them direct our aim.

Grant me, ye pow'rs! this one, this last request,

That arm to arm, I may once more oppose

This pagan hell-hound, plunderer of innocence;

Once more may meet him in the field of death,

Rescue my love, and save my gasping country.

[*They go off.*]

S C E N E IV.

The Danish camp.

TWO OF NIALL'S CHIEFTAINS.

1st Chief. If in pursuit, as swift as in the flight,
These foreign plunderers could acquit themselves,
They would be dang'rous victors. Stop awhile;
Our swords claim rest, and Slaughter's self is glutted.

2d Chief. It is a bloody night, its radiant queen,
Scar'd at the horrid carnage, veils her face.

1st Chief. Where fights the prince? Soon as from
Newry's walls

We reach'd the camp, and the assault began,

You to the right, I to the left was sent,

And in the center of this tented plain

We all were by appointment to have met.

2d Chief. Fierce as the tyger, which sharp hunger
drives

Vol. I.

R

Amidst

Amidst the bleating flock, he hath bestrew'd
 With slaughter'd carcases the groaning field,
 In his dread passage to the Dane's pavilion,
 The mark at which his ardent spirit aim'd.

1st Chief. 'Tis on a mount surrounded by a ditch;
 Yon must be it that lies upon our right.

[*A noise of shrieks and groans.*]

2d Chief. How many ghosts that peal of groans
 bespeaks!

As was the day, so shall the night be ours.

1st Chief. Haste then, let's seek our prince, and
 hail him conqu'ror. [*They go off.*]

S C E N E V.

The Danish camp.

ALANOR, ZINGAR and others.

Zing. All is confusion, and we are unarm'd.

Alan. We met prepar'd for transports, not for
 slaughter.

Zing. I bleed apace,

Alan. Nor better is my fate.

Thrice, the fair heroine her stroke repeated.

I feel it here! — the damps of death are on me. —
 Doth our king live?

Zing. Ere this, he breathes no more.

Haling the sinking princess to the couch

Within his tent, of her sore cries regardless,

She, with a poniard, which her robe conceal'd,

Struck at his heart; but ere it reach'd its aim,

He caught it with the trembling hand that rear'd it;

When

When NIALL, happ'ly at the instant ent'ring,
 Seiz'd him, and wresting the same weapon from him,
 In his fierce bosom plung'd it! thus exulting,
 " This for my father——for my country this——
 " And this, and this, and this for my EERNESTHA!"
 Then cast him as a dog from the pavilion.

Enter OSRICK.

Of. Fly, fly, my lords, these females, chang'd to
 lions,
 Back'd by young NIALL with a mighty host,
 Sweep all before them with resistless fury. [*Loud shouts.*
 Their near approach, these loud huzzas proclaim.
 [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Another part of the camp.

NIALL and several Irish CHIEFTAINS and Soldiers
 meet.

Niall. Or friends? Or foes?

Chief. Friends all to the great NIALL,
 For so the voice bespeaks.

Niall. Hasten with me then,
 Hasten, soldiers! would you save our king, our all.
 But now, as I had fell'd the ruthless ravisher,
 And snatched my princess from the foul embrace,
 A rumour spread, that our old, glorious monarch
 Was by the foe surrounded near some fort.

[*They hurry off.*

S C E N E VII.

Another part of the camp.

EERNESTHA in a sable mantle, conducted by an Irish
CHIEFTAIN and a SOLDIER attendant.

Chief. Yet may this rumour of his death be false.

Ern. Oh! 'tis too true! I heard the fatal cry
All round the tent, whence he was summon'd from me
To save my royal sire, that he was fall'n.
Shew, shew me where he lies!

Chief. I know not where.

Sold. I much mistake, or on this rising ground
I saw him fall; I know his armour well.

Ern. Then, on this spot I will indulge despair,
And give my sorrows vent. O NIAL! NIAL!
Art thou for ever fled? and am I left
To mourn in fruitless tears thy loss for ever?
Oh agonizing thought! no more——no more,
That form shall rise on my transported sight,
Doubling the joy of morn——no more, that voice
Sink on my soul, in accents that might charm
The wrath of growling savages to concord—
I blush not now to breathe my soul's whole fondness.
Without me, oft he vow'd, he could not live;
For me, he vow'd, he'd lose a thousand lives;
Sweet were the vows, and oh! for me he died!

[*Shouts at a distance.*]

Chief. Haste to yon tent—the perils of this place
Ill suit your tender sex.

Ern.

Eern. Talk not of peril,
'Twas here he fell, and here let me remain,
Till fate unites us in one common funeral.

[She casts herself upon the ground.]

MALSECHLIN and DONNAL appear.

A number of Irish CHIEFTAINS, Officers, Soldiers, &c.
meet them with lights and loud buzzas.

All. Long live MALSECHLIN, monarch of our isle!
The bloody Dane lies lifeless on the field.
Tamor is freed, and victory is your's.

Mal. O! DONNAL, what a wond'rous change of
fortune!

Know'st thou its cause?

Don. 'Twas NIALL wrought it all.
As through the yew-tree grove the princels pass'd,
At close of evening, towards the Dane's pavilion,
There, fifteen youths, all of undaunted spirit,
Apparell'd like the virgins her associates,
Met her, and in their stead in haste proceeded,
With secret weapons arm'd, to meet the ravisher.

Mal. And then—her fate?—my soul is on the
rack.

Chief. She's quite entranc'd; nor hears, nor sees
her father.

Eern. O wedded of my soul! my plighted lord!
Still am I thine, for ever, ever thine;
The grave shall smooth our bridal bed, my NIALL!
And we will sleep a long, long night together.

[Malfechlin observes the princels and her attendants, and moves towards them.]

Mal.

Mal. Ha! what—my child—say—say—art thou
unfully'd?

Eern. Oh! canst thou pardon, that conceal'd from
thee,

I have, unduteous, long indulg'd a passion,
Yet chaste as snow, for an hard-fortun'd youth,
Who now lies deaf to all my fruitless sorrow?
But, was there time to tell thee all his virtues,
Thou could'st not blame me, that I lov'd—great

NIALL.

Mal. But of the Dane?

Eern. O fir! what most you dread
Had sure befall'n me in that hideous moment,
Had not my guardian angel, first of heroes,
Rush'd in to my deliverance; what succeeded,
This chief may tell—but NIALL is no more.

Mal. Fame, burst thy trump! Henceforth, it will
be useless.

Knapt is the spear, unstrung the bow of battle;
And Erin's light for ever is extinguish'd!
Gather, ye clouds! from every quarter haste,
And cover all our mourning years with darkness!
Ye mountains, bow your proud, aspiring heads!
Ye lofty spires! now tumble to the dust;
Our boasting hath its period——Ha! she sinks.

[*He takes her in his arms.*]

Eern. O fir! the icy arms of death alone
Can yield a sure relief to your EERNESTHA,
And soon the frost of grief will nip her flow'r.
It is at hand, thank heav'n! permit me, then,
To crave your blessing, that your latest looks
May fall upon me with their wonted fondness.

Mal.

Mal. Thou hast it all.

[*Shouts at a distance, flourish of trumpets, and triumphant music.*]

Hark! hark!—what shouts are these?

[*Near shouts and flourish of music.*]

Don. These are the clarions and the fifes of Ulster.

Mal. DONNAL, look out. [*He goes off.*] Great power of destiny!

Arm us to all events.

DONNAL returns in surprize and exultation.

Don. Tidings, my liege!

Tidings of joy and wonder!—'tis himself.

He comes—he comes—the great, the conquering NIALL,

In all his glory!

Flourish—Enter NIALL attended.

Eern. O my heart, 'tis he!

Niall. My king!—my father!— [*Embrace.*]

My love!—my EERNESTHA!— [*Embrace.*]

Mal. 'Twas rumour'd, that you fell amidst the tumult?

Niall. Such was the error, but it was my kinsman, The valiant CORMAC; who, this glorious night, In armour clad like mine, led on my troops, Whilst with a chosen band I watch'd my princess, By which we have achiev'd the mighty work.

Mal. Would he had liv'd to share the general triumph!

But we will build up trophies to his name,
High as his fam'd exploits.—But of the foe?

Niall.

Niall. At least two-thirds, if the report be true,
 Bestrew the field: the rest cannot escape.
 [*Turning to Earnestha.*] Ah! do not tremble so,
 sweet, gentle dove.

What hast thou now to fear?

Eern. As one just wak'd
 From death to life, from darkness into glory,
 My heart still doubts the witness of mine eyes,
 And shrinks beneath its weight of blessedness.

Niall. This tent will yield safe shelter for the present.

Mal. But say, great prince, here, on this glorious
 field,

What shall thy country give thee in return
 For all the amazing deeds thou hast achiev'd?

Niall. Vast is the wish of my ambitious soul;
 Not less than this bright gem, which unacquir'd,
 Empire were joyless, nor could conquest charm.

Mal. Take——take thy wish, and with her take
 as freely

That scepter which thy conqu'ring arm hath sav'd.
 Worn down with years and toil, I wish for rest.
 What blessings have this night been pour'd upon us!
 Our daughter rescu'd, and our country freed.
 To that Great Being then, our thanks be render'd!
 By whom, we hence may learn, how they are favour'd,
 Who dare for Freedom and their Country bleed.

THE
FEMALE GAMESTER.

A
T R A G E D Y.

Et quando uberior vitiorum copia ? quando
Major avaritiæ patuit finus ? alea quando
Hos animos ? neq; enim loculis comitantibus itur,
Ad casum tabulæ, positâ sed luditur arcâ.

JUV. SAT. I.

Sure none in crimes could erst beyond us go !
None such a lust for sordid avarice show !
Was e'er the Die so worn in ages past ?
Purses, nay Chests, are now flak'd on a cast.

MEMORANDUM

TO : DIRECTOR

FROM : SAC, [illegible]

DATE: [illegible]

SUBJECT: [illegible]

T O T H E
C O U N T E S S O F C H A R L E M O N T ,
T H E
L A D Y V I S C O U N T E S S S O U T H W E L L ,
A N D
L A D Y L I F F O R D .

AS the example of Persons of rank and quality, must ever have a powerful influence upon all others in society, and as I know none among the many eminently virtuous characters of your sex, (for which this kingdom is above all others distinguished) with whom I have the honour of being acquainted, more conspicuous than your Ladyships, for excellence of conduct in every female department in life, I, therefore, thus presume in taking the liberty of presenting the following **DRAMATIC ESSAY** to your patronage, and am, with the highest respect,

Your LADYSHIPS'

Most obedient servant, &c.

T H E A U T H O R .



T O T H E
R E A D E R.

I HAVE always been of the same opinion with the Author of the Preface to the translation of BRUMOY's Greek Theatre; in which, speaking of Tragedy, he hath expressed himself in the following lines: " In England, the subject is frequently too much exalted, and the Scenes are too often laid too high. We deal almost solely in the fate of Kings and Princes, as if misfortunes were chiefly peculiar to the great. But our Poets might consider, that we feel not so intensely the sorrows of higher powers, as we feel the miseries of those who are nearer upon a level with ourselves. The revolution and fall of empires affect us less, than the distresses of a private family. HOMER himself had wandered like ULYSSES, and although by the force of imagination he so nobly described the din of battle, and the echoing contests of fiery princes, yet his heart still sensibly felt the indigence of the wandering ITHACAN, and the contemptuous treatment shewn to the beggar, whose soul and genius deserved a better fate."

This

This having confirmed me in my opinion, I set about the following dramatic attempt upon that horrid vice of Gaming, of all others the most pernicious to society, and growing every day more and more predominant amongst all ranks of people, so that even the examples of a Prince, and Princess, pious, virtuous, and every way excellent, as ever a people were blessed with, contrary to the well-known axiom,

Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis,

have had but small effect.

I finished it, part in prose, and part in blank verse, in about six weeks, and having shewn it to several of my literary acquaintance, the far greater part were of opinion, that it should be entirely one, or the other; but, as the scene was laid in private life, and chiefly among those of middling rank, it ought to be entirely prose; and that, not much exalted; and accordingly, with no small labour, I turned it all into prose. But in some short time after, having communicated this to Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, his words (as well as I remember) were,

“ That he could hardly consider a prose Tragedy
 “ as dramatic; that it was difficult for the Per-
 “ formers to speak it; that let it be either in the
 “ middling or in low life, it may, though in metre
 “ and spirited, be properly familiar and colloquial;
 “ that, many in the middling rank are not without
 “ erudition;

“ erudition ; that they have the feelings and sensa-
 “ tions of nature, and every emotion in conse-
 “ quence thereof, as well as the great, and that
 “ even the lowest, when impassioned, raise their
 “ language ; that the writing of prose is generally
 “ the plea and excuse of poverty of Genius.”
 And some others being of the same opinion, I have
 now chang’d it all into metre.

Fired is the Muse ! and let the Muse be fired.

Who’s not inflam’d, when what he speaks he feels ?

YOUNG.

The introduction by the moderns of confidents, those friends in Tragedy, to whom the chief personages discover their secrets and situation, has been also objected to by critics. The discovery is indeed purposely made to the audience, and supplies the want of a chorus. But to speak in Monsieur BRU-MOY’S OWN style ; “ If HOMER, in his Epic poem, “ found a PATROCLUS necessary to his ACHILLES, “ and VIRGIL an ACHATES to ÆNEAS, such ex- “ amples may well justify the Dramatic Poets in “ calling in the assistance of associates, who gene- “ rally appear of more use than ornament to the “ piece.” Besides, were it not for them, long and disgusting soliloquies must be innumerable, especially if there be any plot in the piece of either love, ambition, or conspiracy. In short, as he again says, “ they are the mortar which forms the proper ce- “ ment to fix the corner stones of the building.”

But

But I declare, that the avoiding on the one hand, a style too high, as on the other, too mean and vulgar for the subject, or the persons concerned therein, has been a task far more difficult to me than any of the best formed lines in either of my other Tragedies, so that I tremble at the thought of the reception this may meet with ; and had it not been on account of the moral it inculcates, and the solicitation of some of my friends, I never should have published it.

PROLOGUE,

PROLOGUE,

BY MR. R. LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF THE CANDID PHILOSOPHER, &c. &c.

THE Muse prolific of a Vet'ran Bard
Again brings forth;—but yet with labour hard.
Nor is it strange, that such a Muse feels pain,
When her child starts, like PALLAS, from the brain,
Arm'd at all points; when bold, she dares engage,
With Truth's bright arms, the monsters of the age;
When with just aim she points keen Satire's dart,
And stabs the foul fiend GAMING to the heart.

Yet has our Bard, to simple Nature true,
Not brought up scenes of grandeur to your view;
Not sought by magic arts to strike your eyes,
Nor made the gods descend, or fiends arise:
His plan is humble, and his fable plain,
The town his scene, and artless is his strain:
Yet in that strain some lambent sparks still glow
Of that bright flame which shew'd ALMEYDA'S woe,
Which far-fam'd TAMOR'S Siege so well display'd,
To fire each hero, and to charm each maid.

Attend, ye Fair and Brave!—Our daring Bard
Hopes in your smiles to meet his best reward.
And you, ye Critics! if to censure bent,
Think on this fact, and scorn the harsh intent,
Our Bard would fain discordant things unite,
As hard to reconcile as day and night:
He strives within chaste Hymen's bands to draw
The tuneful maids and pages of the law;
Or, what's alike—nor think he means a joke—
MELPOMENE to wed with old judge COKE.
Yet still, if you'll not let his faults pass free,
The Grecian reverence pay to sixty-three.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

M E N.

ANDREWS, merchant and banker.

WILSON, }
GOODWIN, } merchants, his neighbours.

Lord BELMOUR, an English peer.

Lord WESTON, nephew to lord BELMOUR.

JEFFERSON, first clerk and cashier to Mr. ANDREWS.

THOMAS, steward to Mr. ANDREWS.

W O M E N.

Mrs. ANDREWS.

Lady BELMOUR.

CONSTANTIA, daughter to Mr. ANDREWS, by a former wife.

LUCIA, her kinswoman.

MARIA, waiting-woman to Mrs. ANDREWS, and wife to THOMAS.

Attendants and other servants, bailiffs, &c.

S C E N E, L O N D O N.

T H E

Thom. Some accident.

I know a truer flame was ne'er profess'd :
A fondness which commenced in his apprenticeship,
Here in this house, then but the late lord's nephew,
Nor next in heirship to estate or title.

Mar. And sure all must approve his well-judg'd
choice!

In charms and virtues there are none surpass her.

Thom. Heav'n grant my fears are groundless! but,

MARIA,

To think on what of late I daily see,
Afflicts my soul.

Mar. What is't your fears suggest?

Thom. A wasted fortune and a sinking credit,
With the near ruin of this worthy family ;
The thought materially concerns us both.

Mar. But, why again, should we distress ourselves
For that we cannot help?

Thom. Ungenerous thought!

Duty and love and gratitude demand it.

'Twas here we met each other; here we wedded,
And ever have receiv'd the kindest treatment.
But what disturbs me most—I have been privy
To matters which I should not have conceal'd
From our good friend her father.

Mar. Think not of it,
It is not possible to save them now.

Thom. Would in his second marriage he had met
With one more suited to his years and rank!

Mar. But are not all things for the better alter'd?
Our house fill'd often with the best of company?

Thom. The best said'st thou? O! no, the worst of all,
A shameless crew of fashionable pillagers;

So

So that this bank house, by their nightly riot,
 Might rather seem a rake-frequented tavern,
 And ruin is their sport. Is not each servant
 A worn-out victim to those midnight revels,
 Without a sabbath's rest? (For in these times,
 All sanctity is scoff'd at by the great,
 And heaven's just wrath defy'd.) An honest master,
 Scarcely a month beyond his fiftieth year,
 (Heart-rent with trouble at these sad proceedings,)
 Wears to the eye a visage of fourscore:
 Nor to be wondered at.

Mar. You dream too much.

Thom. O! it is seen by all. Oft through his groves,
 With folded arms and downcast looks he saunters,
 Ev'n 'midst the dank inclemency of night.

Mar. You're too severe, too scrupulous; why, man,
 My mistress is a perfect saint, compar'd
 With some of those I formerly have serv'd.

Thom. Her conduct has of late been foully censur'd.
 But I've disclos'd the whole to our kind neighbours
 WILSON and GOODWIN, his most faithful friends—

Mar. For which ten thousand blisters scald your
 tongue! [*Aside.*]

Thom. Who are resolv'd (the task how'er un-
 grateful)

Quickly to lay his desp'rate state before him.

Mar. But pray, why should not we as well as others,
 Avail ourselves of something, whilst all's going?

Thom. Think'it thou to tempt me by a thought so
 vile?

No; I defy ev'n Envy's cankering tongue
 To brand me with the name of faithless steward;
 Still steady to my trust, nor love, nor fear,

Shall

Shall reason from my soul, its inbred honesty.
 What then would be the transport of the thought,
 That I, from wreck had sav'd this shatter'd bark,
 Though poverty and want were my reward!

Mar. I see you are as obstinate as usual,
 And still persist in your old-fashion'd ravings.
 Does not experience daily prove that wealth
 Alone gives honour; poverty disgrace?

Thom. All this concerns this transient world alone;
 Nor is it worth a single moment's thought.
 A slender pittance, earn'd by honest industry,
 Surpasses mines of wealth acquir'd by fraud.

Mar. It cannot sure be wrong to make reprisals!
 Hath she not got in loan from us our earnings
 From time to time, nor heeds our pressing calls?

Thom. Ay, as she wastes the honest tradesman's dues,
 Which from her husband she receives to pay.
 But would her crime be an excuse for ours?
 Were that the rule, 'twould be a desperate world.

Mar. 'Tis not a wonder he should be distress'd.
 Six months are scarcely past since one cashier,
 In whom you know he plac'd the highest confidence,
 Absconded with some thousands.

Thom. So 'tis said,

[*Bell rings.*

But time will quickly shew the truth of all.

Mar. Heard you the bell? 'tis he, just come to town.

Thom. And well he came so late, or he had met
 On their retreat, that group of restless rioters,
 Who day and night pursue this misled woman.

[*Bell rings again.*

It is the bell again. I am resolv'd
 To speak my fears, receive them as he may.

Mar.

Mar. Prithce, forbear till you revolve it further.

[*He goes off.*]

Doubtless she's daily plunging into ruin
The poor infatuated man her husband,
Whom fondness hath made blind to her misconduct.
But I must hear what passes at this meeting ;
Wherefore, I'll to the closet next the chamber,
Where usually they meet for private conference.

[*She goes off.*]

S C E N E II.

Another room in Mr. ANDREWS'S house.

Mr. ANDREWS and THOMAS.

Andr. What strange disorder runs thro' all this
house !

It seems more like a place of midnight revelling,
Than habitation of a sober family,
And every servant in it looks a spectre.

[A servant delivers Mr. ANDREWS a letter, which he
reads ; servant retires.]

“ This from your late unfortunate cashier, serves
“ to inform you that he never wrong'd you ; 'tis
“ true, he was deficient much when he depart-
“ ed, yet, by that Power to whom all thoughts
“ lie open ! he knows not how it happened ;
“ but, if the present rumours are not false, your
“ greatest foe is nearest to your heart.”

Such

Such secret notices of late are frequent.

When was this letter brought ?

Thom. 'Twas left last night.

Andr. Is my wife up ?

Thom. She's not long gone to rest.

Andr. Too much her practis'd course. Unthinking woman !

Thus she precipitates our common ruin. [*Aside,*

Did not you tell me that my neighbour WILSON

Had been enquiring for me here to-day ?

Thom. He was three times, and now I hear his voice.

Andr. 'Tis opportune ; return when he departs.

[*Thomas goes off,*

Enter WILSON.

Welcome ! thrice welcome ! truest, best of friends.

Wil. I hope 'twill speedily be in my power,
As 'tis my wish sincere, to give you joy
On the most happy marriage of your daughter.

Andr. A thousand thanks ! 'twas to have been to-morrow,

But is postponed a while.

Wil. There is no prize,
Wealthy, or noble, which she doth not merit,

Andr. Again I thank my friend ; but tell me
wherefore,

We meet not now as we were wont ? time was
When scarce a single day knew us asunder ;
Of late we're so for weeks.

Wil. Where lies the blame ?
You then were us'd to join your happy friends,
In all their harmony and mirthful innocence ;

But

But you and yours have quite estrang'd yourselves,
Scorning to mingle in our humble circles.

Andr. And is this mode of life to us peculiar?
The tide of fashion, in these days of riot,
Sweeps all before it that its torrent meets.

Wil. To our eternal shame!—All sense is fled,
And ev'ry social pleasure with their virtues.
Nor boast we more that wholesome plain œconomy
Which made our ancestors so justly fam'd
For honesty, and every gen'rous deed;
But in its stead a splendid, wasteful vanity
(Regardless of the toiler's hard-earn'd claims,)
Pervades each rank, and all distinction levels:
Too sure fore-runners of the loss of freedom.

Andr. Your picture is as just as it is gloomy.
But you can firmly stem th' infection's tide,
And 'scape the censure we so justly merit.
Yet you'd not blame your friend, if you knew all.

[He walks to and fro.]

Wil. I cannot longer justify myself,
To be a mute spectator of such ruin,
As hourly threatens this respected family. *[Aside.]*
To flatter, or conceal would ill become
That friendship you have said you so esteem.
My heart is open then, and can't acquit you.
You've lost that fortitude you once possess'd.

Andr. O WILSON! I confess your charge is just.
The truth is, I'm no longer master here,
Nor of my family, nor of myself;
And yet you may remember, no man liv'd
More happily than I with my first wife.

Wil. She had all the virtues that adorn her sex.

Andr.

Andr. And was withal of such a gentle nature,
That I could ne'er conceive that ev'n in thought,
She would impede or contradict my wish.

Wil. The loss was great. 'Tis now about ten
years?

Andr. Not more: you also know, that shortly after,
(Full short indeed!) I wedded with the present.

Wil. Not with the approbation of your friends.
Our women even then were greatly alter'd,
Their manners as their education different.
Their beauties too, are as their hearts deceitful,
While art supplies the spoil of their excesses.
I'm happy in the thoughts of being single.

Andr. Condemn not all for some; and prize their
worth.

By them we are refin'd; by them inspir'd;
For them, we ev'ry toil and danger court,
That lead to glory and make fame immortal.
Trust me, my friend, there's no terrestrial blessing
Equals the union of two souls in virtue.

Wil. Your wife was then but young?

Andr. About sixteen,
And I in years superiour to her father.
Yet she appear'd of such congenial manners
With my first wife, whose intimate she was,
It led me to this early second marriage.
And ev'n long after, such was her behaviour,
That I insensibly forgot my loss;
For tho' by birth and family allied,
To several of the first in rank and fortune;
Yet did not that the least affect her conduct,
Which she still suited to our humbler station;
A tender parent and a loving wife.

Wil.

Wil. And such might have remain'd, had she not
quit

The innocent society of those,
Who best were suited to her state in life.

Andr. O! 'tis most true; and I have often thought
My happiness too great for long continuance.
The toil, fatigue and numerous disappointments;
(The sure attendants on a life of business)
Were sooth'd and sweeten'd by the fond endearments,
With which she met me in the hours of leisure.
Oft hath she vow'd, that she despis'd the profit,
How great so'er, that fundar'd us at times.
But all the halcyon days I once enjoy'd,
Do but conspire to aggravate the misery,
Which now quite weighs me down.

Wil. Nor is it strange.
Your house is grown a nuisance to its neighbours,
Where twice in every week, if not more frequent,
A motley crowd at midnight hour assembles;
Whose ruffian-like attendants in the street,
Alarm the peaceful, and disturb their quiet.

Andr. I know, I feel it all.

Wil. Its inside too
Is not less riotous; where this same medly
Waste the whole night, destroying health and fortune,
Of ev'ry social duty quite regardless.

Andr. They've been unseen by me. My health's
weak state
Will not admit my sleeping in the city;
Whence also, I am often whole days absent;
As my neglected finances disclose.
Have you at any time beheld these scenes?

Wil. Once, on the invitation of your spouse.

Andr.

And. Relate them, if not irksome.

Wil. At your instance.
Then, the first object 'midst this wild assembly,
(For such the night's proceedings fully prov'd it)
That urg'd my wonder, was the heavy purses
Which were display'd there, even by the women,
Without remorse or shame.

And. Ay, there!—Proceed.

Wil. After the night had been near three parts
wasted,
Full half the meeting more like spectres seem'd
Than of this world. The clamour then grew great;
Whilst ev'ry torturing passion of the soul
Glar'd in the ghastly visages of several.
Some grinn'd in rage, some tore their hair, whilst
others,

Upon their knees, with hands and eyes uplifted,
In curses dar'd assail all-ruling Providence
Under the varied names of Fate and Fortune.
Nor is there one in the black list of crimes,
Which these infernals seem'd not prompt to perpetrate,
Whilst on a cast their trembling fortunes hung.

And. O WILSON! every passion, every power
Of the great human soul are by this vice,
This fatal vice of all, quite, quite absorb'd,
Save those which its fell purposes excite!
Oh! that most vile seducer lady BELMOUR!
Wer't not for her, my wife had been a stranger
To all those evils; I to all my misery.

Wil. But have our sex surrender'd their prerogative?
Or have I liv'd to see the world revers'd?
You are a man—

And.

Andr. I know not what I am.
 Alas! my friend is stranger to these matters!
 When once a woman deviates from discretion,
 Setting her heart on every vain pursuit,
 No husband then rests master of his fate.
 Fond love no limit knows to its submission,
 Not more than beauty to its thirst for empire,
 Whose tears are not less pow'rful than its smiles.
 Nay, ev'n dislike, 'gainst reason, oft must yield,
 Whilst the mind's quiet is an object priz'd;
 So is the sex from its sweet purpose chang'd!—

Wil. Your state then seems quite hopeless of relief?

Andr. O! could I wean her from this one sad vice!
 Wipe out this only speck in her rich volume!
 Then, all my woes should cease; then, would I write,
 In truth's fair characters, her matchless worth,
 Nor blush to boast the fondness of my heart.

Wil. Your love admits some doubt.

Andr. My love of her!—

Wil. Ev'n so.

Do you not tamely see her, ev'ry day,
 Destroying wantonly her precious health?
 But what is more—I shall proceed too far.

Andr. Go on, I am prepar'd.

Wil. Her reputation—

Andr. Her reputation!

Wil. I have said it.

Andr. Heav'n!

Wil. It has not 'scap'd the busy tongue of censure.
 Yet let appearances be what they may,
 I think she's innocent.

Andr. What, innocent!

Against appearances!—impossible.
 All sense disclaims the thought; these neglected,
 Neglect

Neglect of virtue is the sure attendant,
 And ev'n the firmest may be then seduced ;—
 'Tis as the noon-day plain.—Who? who's the villain?
 The murderer of my peace? By heav'n! he dies.

Wil. Madness indeed! all may be mere surmise;
 Wherefore, at present it will be most prudent,
 To hush the sad ideas of suspicion.
 A little time must prove its truth, or falsehood;
 Besides, the person charg'd is of high rank.

Andr. O! there's no rank can sanctify such outrage.
 LORD BELMOUR! say—

Wil. Yes—he—or why that name?

Andr. They nearly are a-kin—and yet of late
 His visits have been rather more than usual.
 But have you any proof for this your hint?

Wil. It is the current rumour of the neighbourhood,
 Else I should ne'er have dar'd to wound your ear;
 But friendship urges the unpleasing task—
 You tell me, you sleep mostly in the country?

Andr. What then? he may, ev'n when I sleep in
 town,

Pass nights with her, and all unknown to me.

Wil. You puzzle me.

Andr. 'Tis easily explain'd.

For some time past we've slept in separate chambers,
 For when she had exchange'd her harmless life
 For the destructive course she now pursues,
 Her hours became so late and so uncertain,
 My rest was quite disturb'd.

Wil. Unhappy state!

Have you discours'd her calmly on these matters?
 Few of her sex possess superiour talents.

Andr. Her temper is so chang'd, so sour'd of late,
 Which

Which with her sad misconduct still increases ;
 And she so prides herself on her alliances,
 And the careffes of her vain associates,
 That neither I, nor her neglected children,
 Dare ev'n attempt the least discourse with her.
 Did you know all, 'twould rend your tender heart,

*[He pauses a while, then walks about much
 disturbed.]*

Wil. He has abundance more to hear of yet ;
 Two bills this very day, went off unpaid,
 A stroke too fatal, e'er to be recover'd. *[Aside.*
 Affliction is heav'n's trial of our patience,
 As of its love sure proof ; and oft' our benefit.

Andr. Can you continue friend to such lost fortune ?

Wil. How it would grieve me could you even
 doubt it !

The surest test of friendship is affliction,
 'Tis then, the faithful heart displays itself,
 Whilst vain professors vanish in the gloom.

Andr. Tell me—Oh tell me ! what would you
 advise ?

Wil. Against we meet on the Exchange to-day,
 I will revolve it well.

Andr. Reward your goodness, heav'n ! *[Wilson goes off.]*

Re-enter THOMAS.

Andr. Oh what a fatal change in my affairs !
 Have you observ'd it, THOMAS, yet been silent ?

Thom. I almost wish I knew not how to answer ;
 But since it is his will I must obey. *[Aside.*
 Dare then your faithful servant speak some truths,
 With which his heart is full ?

Andr. What prevents you ?

Thom.

Thom. I dare not—yet—[*aside*] suppose 'twere of
a wife,
So lov'd, so doted on?—

Andr. Prithee, proceed.

Thom. Then know, last night, that as I lay awake,
And hearing near the compting-house a noise,
I rose, and in the dark mov'd softly towards it ;
When I (unseen by her) beheld her passing
Quickly from thence, and in her hands a light,
And key, with which she op'd the iron chest.

Andr. [*After some pause*] Good heav'n ! that she
could injure me so deeply——

My credit——but I cannot bear to expose her !
Means have been us'd to stop all further mischief,
On some suspicions of mine own before.
So for the present, must appear to doubt it. [*Aside.*
[*To Thomas*] For this, I owe you my most grateful
thanks.

I've ever found you faithful to my interest ;
Yet, as your zeal may have alarm'd your fears,
Speak not of this, until I weigh it further,
Not even to your wife.

Thom. I shall obey. [*Thomas goes off.*

Andr. What an unhappy man !—It is impossible—
I ne'er knew one in ev'ry thought more pure
Than she was once—and now to be so chang'd—
I will not see her more—and yet—O heav'n !—
'Tis demonstration only can convince me.

Ah ! lovely woman, didst thou ne'er design
But in thy proper sphere alone to shine,
Using with modesty each winning art,
To fix, as well as captivate the heart,
Love's purest flame might gild the nuptial days,
And Hymen's altars then for ever blaze.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

An apartment in Mr. ANDREWS'S house.

Mrs. ANDREWS and MARIA.

Mrs. Andr. I'M quite amaz'd at what you have related.

[She walks to and fro much agitated.]

Mar. I must now discover, how her husband
Receiv'd the tidings of a secret key :
She would not rest, until reveng'd of mine. *[Aside.*

Mrs. Andr. Can you now help me? I am much
distress'd.

Mar. You know I am devoted to your service.

Mrs. Andr. So I have ever thought.—Heav'n!
what a state!

Compell'd to sooth ev'n those my soul abhors. *[Aside.*

Mar. Madam, I'm griev'd to see your spirits
finking.

But hear me, and I think I can propose
A scheme by which it may be so contriv'd,
As to retort this charge on your fair character,
Cruel as false, respecting the lord BELMOUR,
On your base neighbour WILSON, the inventor,
With honour to yourself.

Mrs. Andr. What, and he innocent?

Mar. Hath he not wrong'd you?—beyond all
redress?

Labour'd to blast your spotless fame for ever,
Whilst you are innocent ?

Mrs. Andr. Yet much to blame. [*Aside.*

Mar. Wherefore, your honour calls aloud for
vengeance.

Mrs. Andr. True ; his harsh, cruel, groundless,
information

Hath to my poor mind's peace been most injurious.

Mar. It is the only means I can devise,
At once to wipe away this foul aspersion,
And all the other mischiefs that may follow.

Mrs. Andr. But how, I pray ? none bear more
fair repute.

Mar. Yet vers'd in gallantry.

Mrs. Andr. So I have heard.

Mar. That answers well ; suppose then, in a letter,
You mention earnestly, his having made
Some overtures injurious to your honour,
And should he persevere, that you'll disclose
This breach of truth and friendship to your husband ?
Then, let this letter, as it were by chance,
Fall in my master's way.—Consider this.

Mrs. Andr. [*Pauses*] A most ingenious thought !—
but to pursue it—[*Pauses again.*]

Shall I at such dark villainy connive !—
Are there no means to 'scape the tongue of calumny,
But by inhibiting her infectious breath,
And blasting innocence with sland'rous falsehood ?
Chang'd howsoe'er I be, yet my soul shudders
Ev'n at the thought of an unjust revenge—
I ne'er could reconcile it to myself.

Mar. Again I say, your own defence demands it.
It is the sole resource you have to save you.

Mrs.

Mrs. Andr. I am myself the cause of all these miseries. [*Aside.*]

I see great difficulties in this matter.

Mar. I, not any—do you but write this letter ;
The rest be mine—but soft !—my master's voice—

Mrs. Andr. What shall I do ? I would not meet him now.

Mar. You must not, till our purpose is effected.
Be not distress'd—I'll urge a fit excuse.
So, to your chamber, and prepare the letter.
No patience can submit to such indignities. [*Goes off.*]

Mrs. Andr. I dread the very thoughts of this—
and yet—

To rest beneath so vile an accusation—
It cannot—must not be—I should be false,
And to myself unjust—and then, revenge
Upon this slanderer—I'm much perplex'd. [*Goes off.*]

S C E N E II.

Changes to another room in Mr. ANDREWS's house.

Enter Mr. ANDREWS, leaning on THOMAS and another person ; CONSTANTIA attending him.

Thom. This outward room is large, the air more free.

Andr. Faint !—very faint !—support me to yon couch. [*They seat him on a couch.*]

I hop'd at length heav'n's goodness had determin'd
To give my soul its so long wish'd-for peace.

Const. Of late, these fierce attacks give fresh alarm.
Preserve him, heav'n,—O sir ! behold your daughter.—

Andr. Tir'd nature hath got respite for a while,
 Yet weaken'd much—my final rest is near.
 [To the servants.] Withdraw awhile; but wait within
 a call.

CONSTANTIA! stay; come nearer to your father.
 Give me your hand, I wish a private conference
 On somewhat of much moment ere we part.

Const. You make your daughter happy; for of late,
 I've thought, you did not see me with that pleasure
 To which I had been us'd; I, therefore fear'd,
 You some distress had met, or that CONSTANTIA,
 Had witlessly, (when some ill fate presidid,)
 The best of parents and of friends offended.

Andr. You never did; it is against your nature.
 You've ever been affectionate as dutiful;
 But the pestponing thus a second time
 (And on lord WESTON'S side) the purpos'd wedding,
 Which all must say, our station weigh'd with his,
 Besides his princely qualities of mind,
 Would highly honour us, disturbs me much:
 Yet, wou'd I hope, th' affections of your heart
 Are not so fix'd upon this noble youth,
 You cou'd not wean them thence, shou'd it be fit.

Const. What is't I hear! undone! be still, my
 heart! [Aside.

Hath not a letter, sir, disclos'd the cause?

Andr. Such letter I receiv'd, yet it is laid,
 His uncle, the lord BELMOUR, hath of late,
 Spoken of this, to which he once consented,
 In terms of discontent; which, if as told,
 I would to the alliance of an emperour,
 Prefer the badge of want.

Const.

Const. [*She kneels*] O most indulgent!
 Ever-honour'd fir! let not a thought for me
 Distress your tenderness. Heav'n be my judge!
 That did my faithful heart approve him more
 (If possible) than I have truly told you,
 And that its choice was not with your assent,
 My task should be, to tear it thence for ever.
 And, but I know lord WESTON has a soul,
 Possess'd of every virtue heav'n bestows,
 I wou'd far rather wed in mine own rank,
 Where truth and happiness are oft'ner found,
 Than midst the glaring grandeur of the great.

Andr. Come to thy father's arms, thou sweet re-
 semblance

Of the perfections of your much-lov'd mother;
 A loss each day felt more—yet, my CONSTANTIA,
 What tho' your charms and virtues shou'd surpass
 All that e'er center'd in a virgin frame,
 To be the choice of this exalted youth
 Causes a thousand fears in my fond heart.

Const. O fir! how you alarm me! heav'n! what
 fears?

Andr. CONSTANTIA singled out, preferr'd to
 numbers

Of the first rank, who would exult to win him,
 Will rouse up ev'ry baneful blast of envy;
 Perfections such as thine ne'er 'scape malignity.

Const. The example of that honour to her sex,
 My dear lost mother, with the wholesome lessons
 Instill'd by you, will so direct my steps,
 I may those blasts escape your fondness fears.

Andr. Yet, should this change in your condition
 happen,

This also treasure in your mind; that man,

As

As in his frame, so is his spirit rough ;
 Whilst your more tender sex was form'd by heav'n,
 To sooth those cares, which from his state still flow,
 With winning grace, and smooth life's rugged paths.
 That she who best submits will surest reign ;
 In youth be idolized, in age revered.
 But when perverse contention marks her conduct,
 And passion's transitory joys are pall'd,
 The past offence will to the mind recur,
 And all that once had charm'd be quite forgot.

Const. Good heav'n ! of two such parents make
 me worthy.

Enter MARIA.

Andr. Some message from my wife—withdraw
 awhile.

Const. [*As she goes off*]. Alas ! I fear some deep dis-
 tress affects him.

Andr. Where is your mistress ?

Mar. In her chamber, sir.

Andr. Go tell her I am here, and wish to see her.

Mar. Good sir ! she has been greatly indispos'd :
 But somewhat eas'd, was in a friendly slumber,
 Till rous'd at hearing that some sudden ailment
 Had just now seiz'd you, she dispatch'd me hither,
 And most impatient waits for my return
 With tidings of your health, to her so precious.

Andr. This woman is so hackney'd in all baseness,
 That even truth from her would be disgrac'd. [*Aside.*
 Had her condition far exceeded all
 Your seeming tender fears ; or did I hear
 The peal of her death bell, I shou'd not wonder.
 Was she not up all night ? Was ever seen

Such

Such rapid havock as this life of riot
 Spreads o'er her bloom, which ev'ry art abash'd,
 Now vainly practis'd to repair its ruin!
 Sad victim to the world's most baleful fashions!

Mar. Some friends staid later here last night than
 usual.

But if you knew how much she's indispos'd,
 I'm sure 'twould pierce your heart; as I well know,
 You love her tenderly, as she does you.

Andr. Wou'd I had lov'd her less, or ne'er had
 seen her!

Retire awhile, I pray—I wou'd be private.

Mar. [*As she goes off*] We now shall execute the
 scheme I plann'd.

Andr. I am the veriest wretch that breathes the air,
 And nought but desperation is before me.

[*A Servant Boy enters hastily at a different door, as if
 passing to another room, with a letter in his hand,
 starts, (as if at seeing his master) and affects to
 conceal the letter.*]

Andr. You seem confus'd—What paper's that?

Boy. 'Tis, sir—'tis a letter—

Andr. From whom? and to whom?

Boy. From, sir,—Why, 'tis—

[*He seizes the boy's hand, who drops the
 letter, and whilst his master is taking it
 up, runs off.*]

Andr. Ha! what, gone off! how guilt betrays itself!
 Here is some secret scheme—'tis my wife's hand.
 The superscription to my old friend WILSON—
 I never yet approv'd of opening letters
 By any, save by those to whom address'd;

But

But to detect deceit, such means are just;
 And here it seems, as matters were on foot,
 With which, 'tis meant I should not be acquainted.
 Besides, of late, I have at times surpriz'd them
 In close and intimate discourse together;
 When, it now strikes me, they seem'd much con-
 founded.

Upon the whole, I think I ought to read it:
 Necessity demands the doubtful deed.

[He opens and reads the letter.]

“ SIR,

“ I might have thought the repulse you so lately
 “ receiv'd, with the declaration I then made of ac-
 “ quainting my husband with your conduct, would
 “ have deterred you from ever making any further
 “ attempt.—How fatal might the consequences
 “ prove should I discover your behaviour to him?
 “ Is this your friendship? Know, base man! that
 “ whatever my follies and indiscretions may be in
 “ other respects, there is not any distress shall lead
 “ me to an act against the honour of

“ ELIZABETH ANDREWS.”

Andr. Am I awake! or is this all a dream?
 My friend—seduce my wife? it cannot be!

[Looks again on the letter.]

It surely is her hand—it must be so.
 She's now but in her prime, and few so beautiful—
 Then his strict charge this morning, not to mention
 What he himself had told me was reported
 Of her and the lord BELMOUR, with this letter,
 Are proofs which make this matter nearly certain.
 What ruin is at hand! ———

[He pauses.]

Enter

Enter MARIA hastily.

Woman, your business?

Mar. My lady, sir, is up, and begs to see you,
Or she will wait on you.

Andr. I choose the latter. [*She goes off.*]
How wond'rous condescending of a sudden!
Shou'd this be a true charge in this dread' letter,
All he has mentioned of her and lord BELMOUR,
May be a base invention for his purpose.—
Yet, may not both be true?—distracting state!

Enter Mrs. ANDREWS.

[*He in profound thought, and not observing her.*]

Mrs. Andr. He heeds me not. The letter strongly
works. [*Aside.*]
I've been inform'd, sir, that you wish'd to see me.
You seem disturb'd; acquaint me with the cause.

Andr. Forbear to question me. I am not well.

Mrs. Andr. You yield too much to melancholy
thoughts.

Andr. True---Melancholy hath been long my
portion;
As I've too long the fatal cause conceal'd:
But ev'ry duty now, to heaven, to you,
To my poor children, to myself, all, all
Demand it from the husband and the father,
That you, oh! you, are the sole, fatal cause.

[*She offers to withdraw, he shuts the door.*]

Mrs. Andr. How your looks scare me! what have
I committed?

Andr.

Andr. O! many things you should not have committed.

To number all the mischiefs which your conduct,
Your most misguided conduct hath induc'd
On those, to whom, each law divine and human
Had bound you in affection's strongest ties,
Were but a needless waste of time and speech.

[*Aside*] Heav'n! what contempt and scorn her looks
betray!

O Gaming! cursed vice! parent of all!
How callous grow the hearts of all thy votaries!
And how hast thou this once soft bosom chang'd!
Nor is her form less alter'd than her mind.

[*Turning to her*] Perverse and obstinate! as adders
deaf!

Mrs. Andr. Your words are not unheard.

Andr. It matters not;

Without due heed, 'twere speaking to the winds.
Have you yet thought, how you could bear the
change,

The bitter change from affluence to poverty,
Which ev'ry want will bring to your remembrance?
We both must in one ruin be involv'd.

Mrs. Andr. I know no life I lead that is not suited
To what I am entitled by my birth:

An honour, sir, of which you seem insensible.

Andr. True honour only lies in virtuous deeds.
But had you been the daughter of a prince,
'Twere fit you suitably demean'd yourself,
To that condition you had freely chosen.

Mrs. Andr. By gloomy minds, and years by ail-
ments sour'd,
Remembering not past seasons in themselves,
Ev'n pleasures innocent are deem'd offence.

Andr.

Andr. No—no ; it lies not in their decent use ;
 'Tis the extreme that constitutes the fault,
 By which, ev'n Virtue's sacred self might err ;
 But they who break a single law, would others,
 If lured alike ; so violate the whole.

Mrs. Andr. Ha ! is it come to this ? arraign my
 virtue ?

Andr. This quick impatience is self-accusation.
 I have not even hinted at it yet.

Mrs. Andr. Whilst I am conscious of my own
 heart's innocence,
 I scorn the censure of a slanderous world ;
 It cannot injure me.

Andr. Soft ! have a care.
 No virtue with that thought is safe a moment.
 O ! 'tis a jewel of such brilliant lustre,
 And so resistless wins the admiration,
 That even vice, in its appearance mask'd,
 Pays homage at its shrine.

Mrs. Andr. What is't I hear ?
 I see th' ill-natur'd purpose of your summons.
 But who are they, sir, who have dar'd traduce me ?
 Some, it is like, of your low-rank'd associates ?

Andr. This war of words is wandering from the
 purpose.
 Now, mark me well—the man who dares insult
 A woman's modesty, must have descry'd
 Somewhat in her behaviour that would warrant
 Such outrage of abuse.—Is this your hand ?

[*Shewing her the letter.*]

Mrs. Andr. Let me see it.

[*He gives her the letter, which she reads hastily, then tears it to pieces.*]

Now,

Now, let me tell you, sir,
 'Twas a base action to uncloſe this letter,
 Or any other not to you addreſs'd.
 What a curs'd helliſh plot hath here been ſchem'd
 Againſt my peace! oh! oh! MARIA—oh!

[She faints upon the ſofa.]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. Alas! alas! my poor lady! good ſir!
 What hath ſhe done to merit this unkindneſs?
 You've always been the tendereſt of husbands.

Andr. Forbear this idle talk; attend your miſtreſs.
[Aſide] What fool was I to truſt her with this letter!
 Yet, why was ſhe ſo haſty to deſtroy it?
 Heav'n! in what deep perplexities I'm plung'd!

[He goes off.]

Mrs. Andr. What! gone! Leave me in the ſad
 ſeeming ſtate
 In which I caſt myſelf!—and unconcern'd!
 Would I had died before I wrote that letter!
 Deſperate act! I knew not what I did.

Mar. Madam, deſpair not; this will ſoon blow
 over,
 You're young and beauteous; he, in his decline.
 You can command him, as beſt ſuits your pleaſure;
 But let not ſcruples rule you at this criſis:
 In my poor judgment, 'twould undo us all.
 Conſult your friend, the faithful lady BELMOUR;
 None can adviſe you better on this ſubject.

Mrs. Andr. O! but MARIA, this is not the whole.
 My ill ſucceſs at play for ſome time paſt,
 Hath far exceeded all hath yet befall'n me:
 This hurried me to borrow of lord BELMOUR
 A thouſand pieces, which, with the ſeveral ſums

I've

I've lost to him (not small), must now be paid ;
 But above all,—ill fate ! is the discovery
 Of the false key to my wrong'd husband's chest :
 Which must be so ; as other locks are fix'd
 On it, and every door that leads thereto.

Mar. The work this, of my old officious husband.

[*Walks apart and pauses.*]

Now for due vengeance for the killing slights,
 That youth, the scornful JEFFERSON, hath cast
 On me, and my ill-fated fondness for him. [*Returning.*]
 What think you of a further application
 To the cashier ; your worthy friend young JEFFERSON ?

Mrs. Andr. I cannot : he already hath assur'd me,
 He dares not venture to supply me further.

Mar. I doubt not but he told you so ; and yet,
 My hopes are surety still for his compliance.
 There is no danger he'd not risk to serve you.

Mrs. Andr. Whence comes this zeal ?

Mar. From a passion for you,
 As violent perhaps, as e'er possess'd
 The heart of man, and which he cannot hide.
 You surely must have seen it ? It destroys him.

Mrs. Andr. I have, 'tis true, observ'd him much
 confus'd

At times I spoke to him ; but this, I thought,
 Might have proceeded from a bashful modesty,
 As I conceive his readiness to serve me,
 Did from a generous spirit to oblige.

Mar. I tell you, madam, 'tis the height of fond-
 ness.

A fever, that he lately had, in which
 His ceaseless ravings were of you, confirm'd it.

He

He shuns all company, neglects his food,
And wanders often, as would one insane.

Mrs. Andr. Astonishment!

Mar. He cannot quit the house
His 'prenticeship has full two years expir'd,
And twice he hath prepar'd him for the Indies.
I know the inmost secrets of his soul :
Besides, of late, he's often much intoxicated,
Who was before the paragon of temperance.
Do but consent to let me call him hither ;
One look from you will banish every fear,
Unlock each chest, and lay its stores before you.

Mrs. Andr. Stop! at your peril stop! the very
thought
Chills my whole blood—I'd perish first in want.

Mar. Then you must quit your honourable friends,
And live for ever in forlorn obscurity.
But pardon me, if I've been too officious.

Mrs. Andr. My present calls require at least a
thousand :
For though my fund be not quite exhausted,
Fortune hath made me bankrupt yet to numbers.
'Tis true, that many are far more my debtors,
Yet are not all like me in payment punctual.
But I will instant haste to lady BELMOUR,
My faithful counsel in the time of trouble.

Mar. As I could wish.

Mrs. Andr. Then for awhile withdraw.

[*MARIA goes off.*]

How dreadful now, is ev'n a moment's privacy!
How different from those happy hours of innocence,
When my sweet little ones were prattling round me,
With a fond husband and a tender father,

Pouring

Pouring his blessings upon them and me!
 But now I can no more endure to see them,
 Than I can bear to look into myself.
 How often hath he said, " One hour's remorse
 " Outweighs whole years of transitory joys !"
 How true he spoke ! but wherefore these reflections?
 When every mischief hath been done already,
 And cannot be recall'd !

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, the coach.

Mrs. Andr. Be not you absent ; I shall soon return,
 And may have business of some moment with you.

Mar. I fear we have too much on hand already. [*Aside.*] [*They go off.*]

S C E N E III.

Another room in Mr. ANDREW'S'S house.

JEFFERSON alone.

Jeff. My actions must at length fall heavy on me,
 And crush me at a blow : but oh ! this passion,
 This fruitless passion, I've so long indulg'd
 For this enchanting woman, drives me on,
 Alas ! from one transgression to another,
 And I deceive myself.—Ha ! here's MARIA.
 Wou'd I cou'd shun her ! as of late her visits
 Have been more frequent than occasions warrant,
 Yet much she hath profess'd herself my friend,
 And my heart's secret won.

Enter

Enter MARIA.

Mar. I disturb you.

Jeff. Why to speak truly, I had just now sought
Some private intercourse with mine own heart:

Mar. Of late, I think you use too much of that.
But if you knew from whom I am a messenger,
I also think, I should not be unwelcome.
But I'll withdraw.

Jeff. No, speak your business quickly.

Mar. Alas! my poor mistress!

Jeff. What of her? speak——

Mar. Fortune has been of late so adverse to her,
And she's become indebted to such numbers,
I fear she can no more appear in publick,
But must retire, unless your goodness serves her.
She often speaks with gratitude of JEFFERSON:
Did you but see in what distress she languishes,
You'd hazard worlds to minister relief.

Jeff. Full well you know, how I'm inclin'd to
serve her;
But her demands encrease with my compliance,
And I have injur'd much the best of masters.
I know no other banker cou'd support it.

Mar. Most happy youth! there does not live another,
Of whom my mistress would have sought these favours.

O! cou'd I venture, I could say much more.—
Thus far however, I'll be bold to utter;
That were our worthy master gone to rest,
(And all observe he's every day declining)
You are the only man her heart would choose.—
But I have gone too far.

Jeff.

Jeff. Transporting sounds!
My soul is all attention!—Pray proceed.

Mar. I cannot—O! I must not.

Jeff. Why?

Mar. Her honour.

Jeff. Say, are you truly serious in this matter?
Or, but amusing me with idle hopes?

Mar. Pray have you ever found me such a trifler?

Jeff. I cannot say I have, and yet—

Mar. Yet, what?

Jeff. Her virtue!

Mar. Why you are virtuous, yet cannot avoid
This passion for the loveliest of women:

Nor may she be insensible to you.

No youth more wins our sex's admiration.

Among the rest, the beautiful, gentle LUCIA,

In secret languishes: it is too plain:

Though ev'ry art be practis'd to conceal it.

Jeff. Forbear this now. None prize her virtues
more:

Nor am I to her outward charms insensible.

But when the heart is to one object wedded,

No lure can win it thence.—You flatter me?

Mar. I don't.—You under-prize yourself.—View
this.—

Jeff. View what? [*Eagerly.*]

Mar. It is a locket with her precious hair,
Which she has sent by me. Refuse it not.

Jeff. Refuse it!—O! whilst life exists I'll wear it,
Close to that heart which is for ever hers.

I am all ecstasy, delicious woman! [*He kisses it.*]

Mar. [*Aside.*] A lucky hit, and works as I could
wish.

Jeff. Gratefully thank her for the precious token.

Mar. And now as to her present exigencies ?

Jeff. To what may they amount ?

Mar. About a thousand.

Jeff. 'Tis quite impossible.

Mar. Less will not do.

Jeff. Besides the mischief I have done my master,
I stand myself upon the verge of ruin.

Mar. Were you to see her, you'd not lose a moment
In this last act, so be yourself the messenger.

Jeff. First, tell her then, that she shall be supply'd,
Let the event be fatal as it may.

Mar. Most gen'rous youth ! she shall know all
your goodness. [*She goes off.*]

Jeff. How quickly every resolution vanishes !
And how am I now chang'd from what I was !

Like some weak skiff, that for a while had stood
Safe on the tranquil bosom of the flood ;
Until at length, the mountain torrents sweep
Its faint resistance headlong to the deep,
Where in large gulps the foamy brine it drinks,
And in the dread abyss for ever sinks. [*Exit.*]

A C T

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

A chamber in lord BELMOUR'S house.

Lady BELMOUR at her toilet, her Waiting-woman attending.

Lady Bel. HOW pale I look!

Attend. My lady rose too early.

Lady Bel. Why, what's the time?

Attend. 'Tis past the noon, but it is scarce four hours

Since you lay down to rest. [*A tap at the door.*]

Lady Bel. Who can this be?

[*The attendant goes to the door and returns.*]

Attend. 'Tis Mrs. ANDREWS, madam, in her chariot.

Lady Bel. What, at this hour?—and yet in truth no wonder,

That thus her rest's disturb'd. It would require
The wealth of India to support her losses.
And were she now possess'd of all its stores,
I and my friends cou'd rid her of the burthen.
Perhaps, she comes to pay me the five hundred
I won of her, when last we play'd together?
Or with the flattering hopes to make reprisals?
So I may double it before we part:

For she's unskill'd enough to lose a million.
 Away!--I'll wait her in the damask chamber.

[They go off different ways.]

S C E N E II.

Changes to another apartment.

Lady BELMOUR alone. Enter Mrs. ANDREWS.

Lady Bel. My dearest ANDREWS! I rejoice to see
 you.

Mrs. Andr. I always found you friendly and obli-
 ging.

Lady Bel. But why this gloom on that angelic face?
 Why not as sprightly as you us'd to be?
 Surely you'll not conceal the cause from me,
 Whose wishes for you are sincere as earnest!

Mrs. Andr. How happy am I in this honour'd
 favour!

You know my loss at play for some time past
 Hath been prodigious; it hath reach'd my husband.

Lady Bel. Were I in your case, that should not
 disturb me.

Is not the jealous dotard twice your age?
 Such incidents shou'd more confirm my empire.

Nay, my offence shou'd be his accusation,
 Nor wou'd I rest until he shou'd acknowledge
 The fault was his, not mine; so, rouse your spirits.

Mrs. Andr. Impossible, I've injur'd him too deeply;
 Have lost with his esteem, his love for ever.

Lady Bel. Then farewell further intercourse be-
 tween us.

[Aside.]

Despond

Despond not thus, all will be well again.
 I think you owe me just five hundred pieces?
 Yet let not that disturb you in the least:
 It may be in your power to pay me soon.

Mrs. Andr. I would not forfeit your regard and
 friendship,
 For fifty times the sum.

Lady Bel. Imagine not,
 That I cou'd doubt your honour, were it thousands.
 Your strict and constant perseverance in it,
 Has won you the esteem and love of all;
 And to convince you of my high opinion,
 I'll hazard this five hundred with you now.
 The day is early yet.

Mrs. Andr. O press me not;
 My mind's too much distress'd with what has happen'd;
 But I have brought the honourable debt.

[*She takes out several notes from a pocket-book.*
 These make the whole, I think.

Lady Bel. Most honour'd friend!
 But may I trespass on your gen'rous spirit?
 Your stock I see, is not a little weighty.
 Cou'd you supply me with five hundred more
 For a few hours? I have no doubt to treble them,
 At a small party, I expect this instant:
 And I'll repay them gratefully this evening
 At lady MELDMAY'S, where we are to meet.
 I, and three more this morning hold a bank;
 In which, if you wou'd choose to share a chance,
 Fortune perhaps might favour you this way.

Mrs. Andr. Not now; but here's the further sum
 you wish for;
 And fail not to repay it as you promise.
 'Tis but a part of what I owe to others.

Lady

Lady Bel. I wou'd not disappoint you for the world.
My obligations are beyond expreffion.
Grant heav'n, your prefent troubles quickly vanifh.

Mrs. Andr. And may you meet the fortune which
you hope for! *[She goes off.]*

Lady Bel. 'Tis wonderful, how fhe acquires all
this.

Her husband's ruin'd, my diffipated lord,
Moft lavifhly, I hear, fupplies her wants;
Whilft even for domeftic calls his purfe
Is niggardly unclos'd; and what he f pares,
Muft be in ftricteft mode accounted for:
Nor does he know a pleafure, abfent from her.
To keep this fum then, were but fair reprisals. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E III.

Mr. ANDREWS's houfe.

Mr. ANDREWS and THOMAS.

Andr. What monfters luft will make us when we
yield

Our reafon to its rage, and let it rule!
My neighbour! my companion! Oh! the man,
Whom I to ferve, would have risk'd every bleffing,
To feek to wound me in the tendereft point!
Then, under friendfhip's fhow masking his treachery,
Endeavour falfe to accufe another—
Moft infernal villain!

Thom. 'Tis impoffible.
Say, is there one of more exalted virtues?
Or one who fo efteems and honours you?

Andr.

Andr. Oh! my wife's letter proves beyond all question,

This breach of friendship, gratitude and honour.

Thom. All forgery.

Andr. She did not deny it.

Thom. Where is it?

Andr. I have it not, she tore it.

Thom. Tore it! how got she it?

Andr. It matters not.

Thom. There's something more in this, than yet you know of.

Andr. If any thing by chance hath reach'd your ear,

Against the safety ev'n of an enemy,

Stain not your fair repute with the foul secret.

The faithful tongue will utter what the heart

In justice prompts, though death were the event.

Thom. Then, sir, the letter is a black contrivance.

And would you now forgive this tell-tale honesty,

I shou'd not hesitate to name the forger.

Andr. These intermissions aggravate the misery.

Thom. Prepare then for the shock. It was your wife.

Boldly I speak the truth; for much she's wrong'd,

If since she has been link'd with those high miscreants,

Who, whilst they plunder, hold her in derision,

Her soul's not ripe for ev'ry desp'rate project.

[*Andrews walks about much disturb'd.*]

Patience, good sir! I rest not on suspicion.

Andr. Audacious wretch, away!—quick, shun my rage!

Thom. I meant you well. [*Aside as he goes off.*]

How piteous is his case!

[*Exit.*]

Andr.

Andr. How can I meet him, and we both survive it!
Dread interval! would I had ne'er been born.
[Goes off.]

S C E N E IV.

Mr. ANDREWS's house.

Mrs. ANDREWS and MARIA.

Mrs. Andr. Well, I believe if all my debts were paid,
I ne'er should hazard more.

Mar. And so return
To the dull, lonely life you once pursued?
Forbid it your good angel! 'twould destroy you.

Mrs. Andr. O! but that life, MARIA, was
estrang'd
To those anxieties which haunt me now.
I cannot bear to be alone a moment.

Mar. For that good reason, act like lady BELMOUR;
Like her be resolute, and scorn despair.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Lord BELMOUR, madam, tenders his respects.

Mrs. Andr. [*Aside.*] How I dread these visits!
Besides, of late,
He hath been more particular than usual;
So that it hath become the general notice.
[*To the Servant.*] Withdraw awhile. [*To Maria.*] I
will not be at home.

Mar. What, not to him?
That gallant, gen'rous nobleman! your friend!

Mrs.

Mrs. Andr. A creditor for more than I can pay.

Mar. Bless us! where are your boasted gains of late,
And where the sum you just receiv'd from JEFF-
PERSON?

Mrs. Andr. Of late, I have miss'd notes for several
sums.

Mar. I doubt she suspects me. [*Aside.*] Madam,
'tis like,
You've lent them to some friends?

Mrs. Andr. Of this again.
Have you yet rais'd the money on my jewels?

Mar. The broker thinks the pledge is not sufficient.

Mrs. Andr. For three thousand! they cost that
sum twice told.

Mar. He'll not lend more than two.

Mrs. Andr. I must submit,
[*Aside.*] Shameful return this to the gen'rous donor!
Part was his present on our bridal day,
And part the day, he bore the city's honours.
He thought he never could enough adorn me,

Mar. But we forget—his lordship waits admission,

Mrs. Andr. I cannot see him,—yet, shou'd I re-
fuse it,

As my curs'd stars have destin'd me his debtor,
He may, perhaps, conceive, it want of honour.

Mar. He scorns such thoughts; ev'n in his
younger days,

As in his mien, so in all noble deeds,
Fair rumour tells, he was surpass'd by none.

Mrs. Andr. Say, is your master in the house?

Mar. No, madam.

Mrs. Andr. Well then, this once.—How I abhor
myself!

[*Maria goes off.*
Enter

Enter Lord BELMOUR.

Lord Bel. How does my charming creditor this morning?

Mrs. Andr. Your debtor, I suppose you mean, my lord?

Lord Bel. Thou never was't my debtor. I'm thy slave;

And in the pleasing chains would live for ever.

To view that lovely form! those radiant eyes,

And listen to the language of those lips!

What sum can be a recompense for these!

O! that such matchless, such resistless beauty,

Shou'd be condemn'd to the cold arms of age!

Or one of vulgar breed!—'tis—Oh! it is—

Mrs. Andr. I know not what you mean. You talk in mystery.

[*He attempts to take her hand, at which she seems very uneasy, withdrawing it.*]

My lord, I must beseech you to desist,

Or I must hence retire.

Lord Bel. But hear me first.

This is a free discharge of all demands.

[*Produces a paper.*]

This other writing binds me, as your debtor,

In two thousand. [*Produces another paper.*]

Mrs. Andr. I see his base designs.

He seeks to take advantage of my wants. [*Aside.*]

I need no further proofs of your intentions.

I have already heard too much.

[*She walks to and fro much disorder'd.*]

Lord Bel. Too much!

'Tis strange! what have you heard? that I do love,
Admire,

Admire, adore you, O! beyond all utterance:
 But why conceive, that I intend you injury?
 Were my possessions as the globe extensive,
 You might command the whole, as you may him,
 Who lives, or dies, as you shall smile, or frown.

Mrs. Andr. Into what mischiefs do you mean to
 plunge me?

Or wherefore do you dare insult me thus?
 Is it because I'm wedded to a citizen,
 (Forgetting that I am of your own kindred)
 That you these liberties presume? Know, sir,
 That through the world, an honest British trader
 Esteem and honour meets. But, were I lower
 Than vanity directs you to conceive me,
 And you of the first rank; where freedom reigns,
 You have no right to offer me such insult.

Lord Bel. Talk not of rank to one who loves as
 I do;

The pride of kings beneath those eyes might languish,
 And prostrate thus, and trembling wait their sentence,
 [*He falls on his knees, seizes her hand,
 which she forces from him.*]

Mrs. Andr. What have you seen in my deport-
 ment, sir,

To warrant this intrusion? 'tis unworthy.

Lord Bel. Will you not then vouchsafe one glance
 of pity?

Is there no ray of hope; no room for pardon?
 O, inexorable!

Mrs. Andr. Protect me, heav'n! [*Afide.*]
 Sir, at your peril, speak to me again.

Lord Bel. Teach, teach me first, how this devo-
 ted heart,
 Shall gain its freedom, or forget its fondness.

That

That voice conveys such rapture to my soul,
That I would hear it, though 'twere sure perdition.

Mrs. Andr. These hackney'd phrases, use to those
they suit :

To me, they are accumulated insults. [*He rises.*]

Lord Bel. Forego such thoughts; I nothing
meant but honour.

My wife and I, having resolv'd to sunder,
(For without love we met, and so have liv'd,)

Hope ev'ry moment our divorce for ever;
When both may wed again, as each best likes;
A practice now full easily accomplish'd.

Then, that your husband's fate is near its period,
'Tis said, some recent symptoms have pronounc'd:

Wherefore, it soon may be my happy lot,
To make thee partner of my rank and fortune,
As thou'rt already emprefs of my heart.

—Accept then, I beseech thee, these small tokens.

[*He gives her the papers, which she, in great
confusion, insensibly takes.*]

And now with that sweet breath, surpassing far
The spiey perfume of the budding rose,
Pronounce the sentence of my life, or death.

Mrs. Andr. To what an abject state am I reduc'd!
The time has been; I'd not have heard a king
Discourse me thus. [*Aside.*]—I charge you, sir, desist.

Lord Bel. I find 'tis vain to press my suit at present.
An humour this, to which 'twere better yield.
Best flatter it. [*Aside.*]—O! I am quite abash'd.
Your merited rebukes so awe my soul,
That I shall live from this day forth in penitence,
And adoration of your heav'nly virtues:
Let me then read in thy relenting eye
My peace restor'd, or seal my final doom!

Mrs.

Mrs. Andr. Your future conduct must determine it.

Lord Bel. Permit me then, I pray.—

[*He seizes her hand, and kisses it.*]

We are to meet

At lady MELDMAY's drawing-room to-night ;
Till then—[*Aside as he goes off.*]—The prize is mine.
She now must yield.

Mrs. Andr. Are these his papers ? heav'n ! what
have I done ?

I'll instantly dispatch them after him ;
Yet that were dang'rous too ; they might miscarry ;
And then in person to return them to him,
May cause another interview between us.—
What mischiefs have I heap'd upon myself ! [*Goes off.*]

S C E N E V.

Mr. ANDREWS's house.

ANDREWS and JEFFERSON.

Andr. What,---my old faithful steward!--O !
impossible.

And yet, this finding of the secret key
Of the cash-chest, (with which he charg'd my wife)
And medals in his trunk---but then the letter,
Giving me information of this matter
Has not the writer's name---that causes doubt---
Then, his surprize, which seem'd so unaffected,
With his most firm behaviour, so unlike
The consciousness of guilt, when in his presence
They were discover'd there, favour him much.

Wherefore,

Wherefore, till this affair be further canvass'd,
I wou'd not fend him to a public prison.

[He walks to and fro.

Jeff. I shall obey.--He never judg'd more justly.

[Aside, as he goes off.

Enter a Servant, with a letter to Mr. ANDREWS,
which he reads.

Andr. The Speedwell cast away! a heavy loss!
Ills upon ills in train pursue each other.
Heard you of this before?

Jeff. Such rumour was
On the Exchange to-day, but not with certainty.

Andr. However she's insur'd, and highly too.
Go fetch the policy, I wish to see it.
Or rather wait me in the compting-house.

Jeff. *[As he goes off.]* O heav'n! I gave the mo-
ney to his wife. *[Exit.*

Andr. He seem'd confus'd, and mutter'd to him-
self;

My fears anticipate some dread event.
But what of this? shou'd it be heav'n's high will,
That the remorseless billows should engulf
The remnant of my wealth; yet this--all this,
I cou'd with patient resignation bear,
And toil with pleasure for an honest pittance.
But oh! to lose that precious, treasur'd gem,
Which my whole soul engross'd---to see another,
In my disgrace exult---yet more---yet more---
My children---oh my children---must ye suffer!
Away all thoughts of peace henceforth for ever.

[Goes off.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Lord WESTON'S apartments.

Lord BELMOUR and Lord WESTON.

Lord Bel. Well, nephew, have you yet consider'd
better .

Of your love-frolick for the merchant's daughter ?
You may meet numbers through this spacious city
With wealth superior far to her possessions ;
Nor need you languish for their hearts a moment.

Lord West. The common light shines not more
unreserv'd ;

Their very charms fatigue the public eye.

But, sir, my spirit scorns an easy conquest.

Lord Bel. Fine sounding words, yet answer not
my question.

You too much from the world seclude yourself ;

Which serves to add fresh fuel to the flame.

Long have I been, as I may say, your parent,

And have at present in my thoughts for you,

A wife well suited to your rank and fortune.

Lord West. Thanks, my good lord ! I doubt not
your kind wishes ;

But here, where all life's happiness depends,

Permit me to determine for myself.

True joys dwell only with united hearts,

And solitude is far the wiser choice

Than wedlock where domestic bliss is absent.

How vain is then the hope of such delights

With

With those of Fashion's stamp, whose only merit,
Is, that they are of this all-conqu'ring sex,
Of ev'ry other excellence regardless?

Lord Bel. Again, young lord, I tell you, shou'd
you wed

With the first merchant's daughter of the world,
'Twould to your lineage be disgrace for ever.

Lord West. Disgrace lies only in the want of virtue,
That excellence, in which she most abounds.

Lord Bel. How long have you surrender'd to this
dotage?

Lord West. Almost from infancy; for even then,
A mutual sympathy inspir'd our souls;
Which first commenc'd in her good father's house,
(Whom I then serv'd,) when all I knew of love,
Was that her presence ever gave me pleasure,
As did her absence pain--I even thought,
The air blew sweeter from the place she breath'd.
But when her heav'nly mind disclos'd its beauties,
My heart then fix'd beyond the power of change.

Lord Bel. All, all romance, with which your head
seems fill'd.

But briefly to decide this matter, know,
'Tis now full thirty summers since I wedded,
Yet have not had one offspring to inherit
My large possessions, which I can bestow,
As best my pleasure suits: and you're the one,
Who in my mind stands fairest for adoption;
My heir apparent, as my next a-kin.
Reflect too, that your income is unequal
To that high rank in life, it shou'd support.

Lord West. The more I lose, the more I prize
myself,

In persevering thus—but, my lov'd uncle!
 What can impede the progress of my bliss,
 When your consent hath sanctified my choice?

Lord Bel. What though I yielded once to your
 fond suit,

It is now rumour'd, and by all believ'd,
 Not only that her father is reduc'd
 To bankruptcy and want, but that the whole
 Of the large fortune which an uncle left her
 Is wasted with the rest.

Lord West. Is this her fault?

Is she to suffer for another's act?
 CONSTANTIA hath that ever-during worth,
 Which wealth or grandeur's glitter far outweighs:
 That heav'nly mind, which will, when time hath cool'd
 The fever of the heart, and reason rules,
 Cause mutual friendship and domestic blessing.
 But shou'd ev'n this misfortune be as rumour'd,
 I have this one occasion more of proving
 My constancy, and how I prize her virtues;
 Then, to secure for ever that esteem
 By me preferr'd to all terrestrial blessings.

Lord Bel. Infatuated boy! you form perfections
 Which only have existence in your fancy.
 But pray, consider, what the world will say.

Lord West. The world! base world! to censure
 gen'rous deeds;
 You mean, perhaps, my lord, those slaves of fashion,
 Who barter real for fictitious happiness;
 Alas! their judgment is not worth a thought:
 If I'm approv'd of by the wise and honest,
 I shall be happy, and despise that world,
 Where virtue is discourag'd,—vice exalted,—

Corruption an adopted cherish'd system,
And ev'ry manly sentiment extinguish'd.

Lord Bel. For shame, young lord, call reason to
your aid !

Lord West. From beauty only, it might have pre-
serv'd me ;

But reason is CONSTANTIA's ceaseless advocate.

Lord Bel. Once more forsake her, if you prize
my favour,

The world's esteem, or your own future welfare.
Away to distant regions ; seek improvement ;
There is no love that absence cannot cure.

Lord West. Absence !—No death transcends that
thought.—O sir !

'My fondness is to such excess, so true,
That were heav'n's bliss assur'd me to forsake her,
My soul might tremble for its own resolve.
But what would worlds be worth with loss of honour !
With loss of peace, its constant sure attendant !

Lord Bel. Since then all soothing arguments are
fruitless ;

'Tis fit t' apprise you that you yet remain
Under my wardship by your father's will ;
And now to wed, would be by law a nullity.

Lord West. Unrighteous, partial law ! whose keen
restraint

'Gainst female innocence alone is pointed,
Whilst villains riot in its spoils unpunish'd,
So that love's chaste, connubial joys no more,
On its fleet wings, but in the tardy pace
Of fordid interest move. But, thank kind heaven !
My will is free to choose ; else, my good lord,
The parish proofs deceive.

Lord

Lord Bel. Perish all love!
 That one of the first families in Britain,
 Shou'd by such whims of folly be dishonour'd!
 A moment more, and I shall lose all patience!

[He goes off hastily.]

Lord West. It grieves my soul that we should
 differ thus :

He still has acted as a tender parent
 To me an orphan to his care intrusted.
 But pride and pageantry engross him wholly ;
 With these, an avaricious selfish passion,
 For some years past hath quite possess'd his heart,
 And stagnated the streams of its benevolence,
 Save where by humour, or by pleasure prompted.

But no mean views shall ever make me slight
 The sacred vows of love I once did plight.
 The heart that's true, will still remain the same ;
 Though crosses press, they but refine the flame :
 And more sure joys the virtuous passion wait
 With calm content, than with the pomp of state. *[Exit.]*

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

A room in Mr. GOODWIN'S house.

GOODWIN and WILSON.

Wil. **T**HIS letter just now brought from our friend ANDREWS, Is subscrib'd to me, and yet most surely, By its contents, it was design'd for you.

[Gives him the letter, which he reads.]

Good. What proof this of his sad, distracted state! Nor wonder; his distress encreases hourly. Midst which, one of his ships, it is reported, With a rich cargo, fraught from India's shores, Was lately wreck'd; and that by some neglect, It had not been insur'd.—'Tis rumour'd too, That some of his acceptances are noted.

Wil. Most true, I have myself paid several; The just return to him, who, from his friends, His purse on like occasion ne'er with-held.

Good. His bosom glows with all the heav'nly feelings
Of gen'rous amity and social love.
So boundless too, he cou'd not rest and know,
That ev'n a worthy stranger felt distress.

Enter

Enter a SERVANT and delivers a letter to Mr. GOODWIN, which he opens and peruses.

'Tis all a mystery ; or perfect madness.
It can't be meant for me. [*To the servant.*] Where got you this ?

Serv. Your neighbour ANDREWS sent it to your house.

Good. Do you withdraw. [*Servant withdraws.*] I pray you hear it read. [*Reads out.*

“ That you are the blackest of all villains you
“ must yourself admit. What, induce me to sus-
“ pect my wife with another (as you did this
“ morning) in order to carry on your own adulte-
“ rous schemes ? such an attempt against my ho-
“ nour, peace of mind, and all that is most dear
“ to me ! If you regard your safety you will be
“ cautious of our meeting.

“ JAMES ANDREWS.”

Wil. Give me the letter, 'twas design'd for me.
Some like discourse as is in part there hinted,
This morning pass'd between us—Give it, pray.

Good. 'Tis plain, two misdirections have been written ;

Yet, let me stipulate this one condition,
That you command yourself ; for 'twill require
Your utmost fortitude. [*Gives the letter.*

Wil. By heav'n ! some stratagem,
Of deep and black contrivance is on foot ;
For there's no mischief, but that artful woman
Hath heart and head to scheme.

Enter

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. [*To Goodwin.*] Sir, your friend ANDREWS.

Good. [*To Wilfon.*] And do you choofe to meet him ?

Wil. Shou'd I shun him,
It might induce him to conclude me guilty.

Good. [*To his servant.*] You—conduct him hither.
I dread the event. [*Servant goes off.*]

And yet well know your fortitude and temper.

Wil. Fear not.—I pity him ; he's much disturb'd.

Enter Mr. ANDREWS.

Andr. [*To Goodwin.*] Did you receive some lines from me to-day ?

Good. To my surprize I did, which I suppose By the contents were otherwise intended.

Andr. Most strange mistake ! I wrote them for that villain.

Wil. Ha ! villain in my teeth, what mean you, fir ?

Andr. Have you not wrong'd me ? injur'd me most basely ?

Wil. Unhappy man ! 'twas never in my thoughts.

Andr. By heav'n, 'tis false ! [*To Goodwin.*] You have perus'd my letter.

Good. I have by accident, as I inform'd you.

Andr. Is he not then the blackest of all villains ?

Wil. Licentious railer, cease your foul invective,
Nor patience prefs too far : but for that amity,
In which we've liv'd, I cou'd not have endur'd
Ev'n half of this unmerited ill-treatment.
Again, I tell you, I'm an utter stranger
To ev'ry charge in your impassion'd letter,
Nor know I what it means.

Andr.

Andr. Again, 'tis false.

Good. O! my good friends, forbear; I've heard too much.

Permit me then to speak between you both.
What is affirm'd on one side, on the other
As firmly is denied: wherefore, it lies
On him who made the charge to shew his proof.

Andr. Then, at your instance only;—'twas a letter,
From my ill-fated wife to this deceiver,
Which on the way by accident I seiz'd;
Wherein th' attempts he made (advantage taking
Of the distress her indiscretion caus'd)
To his adult'rous purpose to seduce her,
Are manifest.

Wil. Deluded, undone man!
How this insidious woman hath depriv'd him
Of that sage judgment which he once possess'd!

Good. Where is the letter?

Andr. Unluckily destroy'd.

Wil. And are these all the grounds on which you
charge

An old and faithful friend with such a breach
Of virtue, honour, and of all that's worthy?
O most abandon'd woman! weak as wicked.

Andr. Recal your words, base slanderer, else this hand
Shall pluck forth the rude tongue that utter'd them.

Good. Forbear, I pray! you will alarm my family.

Wil. [To Goodwin.] This is too much for ev'n
a brother's bearing.

Nor can I longer answer for myself. [Goes off.]

Andr. [After remaining some time deep in thought.]

Guilty! O guilty! every thing confirms it.

Had my sworn enemy distress'd me thus,

Time

312 THE FEMALE GAMESTER.

Time might have sooth'd the anguish of my soul ;
 But oh ! what mode of patience can endure
 To find the traitor in my bosom friend !

Good. Rather think him innocent.

Andr. Yet how ?

Did not the blush of conscience mark his visage ?
 The thought, the very thought, inflames to madness.

Good. He seem'd surpriz'd, but shew'd no sign of
 guilt.

'Twere better sure, to sift this matter calmly ;
 Passion but mars the purpose it pursues.

Andr. O ! cou'd I hope for doubt !

Good. You've known him long ?

Andr. These thirty years ; no brothers e'er lov'd
 better :

And so exalted was, so pure the friendship,
 Which 'twixt our souls in harmony subsisted,
 Each knew no joy the other did not feel,
 And all our evils were by sharing lighten'd :
 He was my second self, as I was his,
 Like streams whose currents mix and flow together.

Good. And have you ever found him in a falsehood ?

Andr. In his fidelity I so confided,
 That with the dearest treasure of my soul
 I had entrusted him—and now he's lost ;
 For ever lost—yet, yet to think—O heav'n !
 That this unhappy woman, once so virtuous,
 Cou'd ever thus have chang'd. O GOODWIN !

GOODWIN !

There's not a peasant in the clay-built hut,
 Who daily with his toil-tir'd arm acquires
 A scanty pittance for life's common wants,
 Whose state is not a paradise to mine !

Good.

Good. Despond not thus, there's nothing certain yet ;
Wherefore, compose awhile your ruffled spirit,
And bear with manly fortitude these trials :
The tempest may th' inferior regions shake,
Whilst those of higher sphere rest undisturb'd
Above the threaten'd ruin !

Andr. [*After some pause.*] Oh ! tell me then, what
says report of her ?

Good. A dangerous request !

Andr. But cou'd you see your friend so deeply
wrong'd ?

Wrong'd in the tenderest point ! and yet be silent ?
What says the world of this lord BELMOUR'S visits ?
You start—

Good. Its rumours may be false—however,
Since you so press it, I will thus far venture—
Suppose, that after you have left the city,
To sleep as usual at your rural dwelling,
This, or some other night, you should return ?
And at some near-appointed station wait,
Until some friendly watch, whom you can trust,
Shall give you notice of the secret visit ?

Andr. Thanks for this hint, it shall be so this night.

Good. Mean while, you must be calm, or may
prevent
The purposes you covet to accomplish. [*They go off.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

Mr. ANDREWS's house.

Mrs. ANDREWS and MARIA.

Mar. Alas! what shall I do? 'tis I, 'tis I,
That should be punish'd.

Mrs. Andr. Punish'd! for what?

Mar. I've brought my husband to a shameful end.

Mrs. Andr. Why this alarm? explain the mystery.

Mar. Your safety only, and a rash resentment
(Not dreaming of the fatal consequence)
Made me convey the key into his trunk.

And JEFFERSON by note, without his signature,
Inform'd your husband he shou'd find it there.

Mrs. Andr. Suspend, I pray you, your distress awhile.
As yet, he's but imprison'd in his room:
You know my husband has a tender heart,
And loves him much.

Mar. Alas! his doom is fix'd:
With everlasting infamy to wait
On him, and his, how innocent soever;
Nor shall I 'scape the bitter tongue of scandal.

Mrs. Andr. Ere that shou'd happen, I'd accuse
myself.

Again then, I beseech you, be compos'd.
And now, MARIA, I've been just inform'd,
That JEFFERSON withdrew some hours ago,
And is not to be found.

Mar. And what of this?

Mrs.

Mrs. Andr. Shou'd it be true, it must be thought
by all,
That the discovery of the secret key
Was schem'd by him alone to screen himself.

Mar. You've quite reviv'd my spirits with the
thought.

I think the whole is like to fall on JEFFERSON.

Mrs. Andr. This night, I am to be at lady
MELDMAY'S;
But lady BELMOUR claims my first attention.

Mar. I thought that those unfortunate discoveries
Had lower'd your spirits so, you had resolv'd
To keep at home this night.

Mrs. Andr. Your hint is just.
But it is now too late to send excuse.
Where's my husband ?

Mar. He left the city early.

Mrs. Andr. 'Tis time to dress—attend me at my
toilet— [They go off.]

S C E N E III.

Mr. ANDREWS'S house.

LUCIA alone.

Luc. I but now met him, and methought he
shunn'd me.
Unusual this from his most gentle nature.
But deep distress seem'd on his brow imprinted,
And rumours are unkind to him of late,
Though none stood higher once in fair repute.
O JEFFERSON ! would I cou'd tear thee hence,
From

From this fond heart, and its lost peace restore!—
But soft! I hear my dear CONSTANTIA'S voice.

Enter CONSTANTIA.

Const. O LUCIA! I'm of women most unhappy;
No more must I of that chos'n youth have hope,
In whom my ev'ry thought, my soul is center'd.

Luc. You quite astonish me—it cannot be.
Even the day was fix'd for your espousals.

Const. O! but lord BELMOUR, his relentless uncle,
Hath just now charg'd my father, that henceforth
His visits here be countenanced no more;
Vowing most solemnly, that shou'd we wed,
He'd disinherit him. Besides in speech
He hath much slighted us.

Luc.

Most distressful!

Const. From such examples, LUCIA, we may learn
To dread those prospects of illusive fortune,
Which shew like havens on a treach'rous shore,
And lure us to our ruin.

Luc.

Happy man!

How by the tyrant custom art thou favour'd!
Canst speak the anguish of the love-sick heart,
And from the hand that wounds implore relief:
Whilst we in silent secrecy must shelter
The deadly shaft, that rooted rankles there,
And wastes the virgin bloom. Nor is this all;
Should but the modest blush, the fault'ring speech,
Or the disorder of the conscious soul,
Betray the fondness it would fain conceal;
Not only cold indifference, but neglect,
Is full too oft the base return we meet.—

Const.

Const. Ha! LUCIA! whence these fears? am I
despis'd?

What have I done! I have betray'd myself.
O! I conjure thee, by the sacred tie
Of honour, friendship, confidence and love,
Speak nought of this, but leave me to despair!

Luc. Alas! 'tis my poor heart betrays itself. [*Aside.*
Why to despair? by all those sacred ties!
Thou wert not in my thoughts in what I've utter'd,
Hath yet lord WESTON heard these fatal tidings?

Const. Full well you know how long he hath been
absent:

'Tis that distracts my soul—How hath he vow'd,
That if a day pass'd by, and we asunder,
He felt it as the absence of an age!

Luc. My dear CONSTANTIA! banish all such
thoughts,
He hath a soul superior to all falsehood.
Affairs, 'tis said, of moment call'd him hence,
And his return is ev'ry hour expected.

Const. True, he is all that's gen'rous, great and
noble,

All that stirs envy and respect in man,
Or love in woman. O my friend, my LUCIA!
Thou know'st not half the fondness of mine heart:
Oft have I wish'd (so will love's fancy rave)
That he had been the guardian of a flock,
And I the sovereign of unbounded realms,
To make him partner of that heart and throne:
Or that we had been rear'd, 'midst rural innocences,
A low, yet happy pair; with what delight,
My tender frame had shared the harvest toil,
To close with intercourse of souls the day!

Enter

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, lord WESTON'S in the anti-chamber.

Const. [*To the servant*] Withdraw awhile—

[*He withdraws.*]

Be still, my flutt'ring heart !

Haste, LUCIA, if thou lov'st me, make excuse :

Say, I am indispos'd—retir'd—yet stay.

Why thus conceal the truth which must be known ?

Tell him, I cannot, must not, dare not see him—

Yet, stay again—where is my father now ?

Luc. I know not ; he went forth some hours ago.

Const. 'Tis fit, lord WESTON knows my father's orders,

That I no more admit his visits here.

Say, what would you advise ? pause not, but speak.

Luc. I'd see him, for the reason you have mention'd ;

Not rashly cast away a gem so precious.

Const. How soon we yield to that the heart approves !
Who waits without ? [*Enter a servant*] Conduct lord WESTON hither.

Enter Lord WESTON. LUCIA withdraws.

Lord West. Am I so blest'd to view thee once again !
O ! my CONSTANTIA, could'st thou but conceive
What I have suffer'd in this tedious absence,
Of which the cause hath been conceal'd from thee !
Yet, whilst I languish'd on the verge of fate,
Thy image ne'er forsook my tortur'd fancy,
And its wild ravings were of nought but thee.

Const.

Const. Would heav'n this interview had not been
now ! [*Aside.*

Lord West. Ha ! not a word ! not even a look this
way !

All ailments, every pang were ease to this.

I read some dreadful sentence in thine eye.—

What mean those shiverings?—Why that look of
anguish ?

Sure, cruelty ne'er wore a form like thine !

Const. What can I say ? my tongue denies its
office. [*Aside.*

My lord, you have by this untimely visit,
Led me to break my father's strict injunction.

A father, dear as my heart's vital drops.

Lord West. What do I hear ? O ! are we not united ?
By sacred, mutual, faithful vows united ?
Of which I now am come to claim performance.

Const. It is forbid—forbid, most sure, for ever !
I'm but the daughter of a bankrupt citizen,
(Th' ungentle terms with which I am reproach'd,)
Of whom, shou'd you think more—

Lord West. What is't you mean ?

Const. Lord BELMOUR would renounce you then
for ever ;

And 'tis most fit, my lord, you should comply.
He is your uncle, and can much befriend you.

Lord West. O my CONSTANTIA ! cruel, dear
CONSTANTIA !

Can't thou conceive that any earthly views,
Could for the loss of thee requite an heart,
That cannot form a bliss from heav'n without thee ?
By that chaste passion, which no time can alter !
Not mines of wealth, nor all life's splendid pomp,
Can weigh with me against that worth of soul,

With

With which thou art enrich'd so far above
 All others of thy sex I yet have seen,
 Far as thy beauteous form excels them all.
 Do but pronounce a peril, or a suffering
 To prove my constancy, save loss of thee.

Const. My lord, these honours far exceed my merit.

Lord West. By heav'n! this coldness may to madness drive me.

Am I to suffer for another's rashness,
 Of which, the new-born babe is not more innocent?
 Perhaps, some other hath usurp'd thine heart?
 'Tis plain; too plain—You cannot doubt my truth!

Const. Do not distress me thus—you know my heart;

As well you know, that on that truth alone
 I would repose my ev'ry hope in life.—

Lord West. Then haste thee with me, and for ever
 bless me:

A reverend priest attends to do the office,
 To which your father hath long since consented.

Const. Oh! oh! forbear,—I shudder at the thought.
 I've told you all—You know a parent's right;
 Parent, not only of my life, but mind,
 Wherein he every wholesome seed implanted,
 And watch'd with never-ceasing care their growth.

Lord West. Nor hath the soil been faithless to its trust.

Const. Could you then hope from an unduteous
 daughter,

To meet in wedded state, the due compliance
 Heav'n hath ordain'd, or I expect its blessings?
 You would yourself on serious thoughts condemn me.

Lord West. [*He falls on his knees.*] How far thou
 soar'st above all human excellence!

And

And how thy virtues raise those peerless charms !
 I have transgress'd—but Oh ! vouchsafe thy pity !
 It was the zeal of fondness, and the fear
 Of losing thee, that urg'd me to the question,
 Which hath thy delicacy so offended.

Const. O ! if you ever lov'd me—prize my peace!
 Go, whilst my wav'ring heart can hold its purpose.
 These tell-tale eyes proclaim an interest there,
 Which time or fortune never can erase.
 But now, this meeting might to both prove fatal.

Lord West. Wipe, wipe away that tear ! thy
 sovereign pow'r
 Needs not an aid to bid my heart obey.
 Yet, O permit me, like the sentenc'd criminal,
 Who dreads the fatal stroke, awhile to parley !
 But go where e'er I may, my heart will bear
 The dear impression of thy image on it,
 Nor time nor absence ever shall efface it. [*He goes off.*]

Const. How have I suffer'd by this forc'd behaviour,
 Gainst my soul's feelings, to this matchless youth !
 But O ! in what enchanting phrase, he urg'd
 His love, his fears and never-failing constancy !
 I cannot rest, till LUCIA knows it all. [*She goes off.*]

S C E N E IV.

Lord BELMOUR'S house.

To Lady BELMOUR, enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Mrs. ANDREWS waits upon your ladyship.

Lady Bel. Mrs. ANDREWS !—why did you admit
 her ?

VOL. I.

Y

Serv.

Serv. I had conceiv'd it was your general order.

Lady Bel. I've chang'd my mind—I will not be at home ;

Yet stay a little—tell her, I shall see her,
At lady MELDMAY'S drawing-room to-night.

[*He goes off.*]

'Tis like, she comes for what I got this morning :
All which and more ill fortune swept away.

Enter Mrs. ANDREWS.

Mrs. Andr. What ! my good friend ! my dearest lady BELMOUR !

Not see her ANDREWS ! her most faithful ANDREWS !
'Tis some mistake ? perhaps, the servant's fault ?

Lady Bel. He had my orders, though you thus intrude.

Mrs. Andr. Such a behaviour !—I am all amazement.—

Whence is the cause ? I pray explain yourself.

Lady Bel. If, madam, you are bent on altercation, I speedily shall leave you to yourself.

So to your business, brief.—

Mrs. Andr. As you could wish ;
Then, the five hundred you this morning borrow'd.

Lady Bel. You surely dream, or are not in your senses !

Mrs. Andr. If I retain them long, 'tis not your fault.
Lady BELMOUR ! Honour !—

Lady Bel. Ha ! this from you ?
When persons of my station condescend

To such connexions, they most justly merit
The treatment you have now presum'd to offer.

Mrs. Andr. You cannot surely mean to rob me thus ?

Lady

Lady Bel. To rob you! you mistake; you owe
me more

Than will be ever in your pow'r to pay.

Mrs. Andr. For what I pray?

Lady Bel. You are not ignorant.

Mrs. Andr. I am, as I shall answer it to heaven.

Lady Bel. Not only for my husband's fond affection,
But his fortune; which, (tis well known to all)
He lavishes on you—so that your visits
Can but reflect dishonour; wherefore, cease them.

Mrs. Andr. [*Going off.*] This is too much; un-
grateful, faithless woman! [*She goes off.*]

Lady Bel. This treatment may hereafter serve her
much.

Even the meanest with the highest vie:
Their manners as their fashions vainly aping,
As might provoke the fourest spleen to laughter.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

An inn on Cornhill near Mr. ANDREWS's house.

MARIA to the HOSTESS.

Mar. Madam, a ticket from this inn informs me,
That some one in the house has wish'd to see me.

Host. A person in a common peasant's habit,
Came here some moments since and sent for you,
Upon some pressing business, as he told me.

Mar. Is he here now?

Host. He is; I'll shew the room. [*They go off.*]

S C E N E VI

Changes to a back room.

Lord BELMOUR in the habit of a countryman, and
MARIA,

Lord Bel. Am I not well disguis'd?

Mar. Lord BELMOUR!—Wondrous!
You might have pass'd me twenty times unknown.
But pray, my lord, the purpose of this meeting?

Lord Bel. First say, how fares it with your lovely
mistress?

Mar. Her present troubles are beyond expression.
Oh! her distress is great.

Lord Bel. I'm on the rack.
My fortune, life, my all's at her command.
Unfold yourself, if you regard my peace.

Mar. Know then, her very ill success at play,
(Which has of late ev'n all conception pass'd)
Hath led her to use means, and such assistance,
That she some honourable claims might answer,
As otherwise she would have shudder'd at.
And many a tale has reach'd her husband's ear.

Lord Bel. As I could wish. [*Aside.*] Unmerited
ill fortune!

Mar. Oh! but this is not all.

Lord Bel. 'Tis, 'tis too much.
Yet would I know the whole, that I may fly
On expedition's wing to her relief.—
Speak on.—

Mar. I cannot.

Lord

Lord Bel. Torture me no further.

Mar. Alas! my master cruelly hath charg'd her,
(How shall I name it!) with indecent conduct;
But chiefly, sir, with you.

Lord Bel. Most fortunate!
This will outrun whole years of fond entreaty—[*Aside.*
Ungen'rous, false accuser! thus to treat
The loveliest of her sex; but first, MARIA,
We must relieve her from her present exigencies;
With which somewhat acquainted, I, her friend,
(None more sincere) am with the means prepar'd;
And 'twas for that alone I schem'd this meeting.
But for the purpose, you must so contrive it,
As to convey me to her chamber secretly,
This very night.

Mar. Heav'n! how you frighten me!
I would not for the world do such an act.

Lord Bel. Your fears are without cause; I mean
it only,
Lest any prying babbler might observe us,
At such late hour, as we must be together.
And I can have none other opportunity,
Of giving her the quick relief she needs.
Wherefore, her friend must serve her at this juncture.
I know your faithful heart.—

Mar. O! but my lord.—

Lord Bel. Behold these two, MARIA; [*Shows her
two purses*] each of these
Contains an hundred pieces; one of them,
You must vouchsafe at present to accept;
The other, trust me, shall be also yours,
Soon as I safely gain the wish'd-for station.

[*Puts one of the purses into her hand.*
Your master left the city just at sunset?

Mar.

Mar. My lord! my lord!

Lord Bel. You must, you shall accept it.

Mar. Well, my good lord, to save my injur'd
mistress—*[She puts up the purse in her pocket.*

The backway thro' the warehouse is the safest,
When the moon's down; for 'twill be late to-night,
When she returns from lady MELDMAY's supper.

Lord Bel. As sure as I exist—till then farewell!

[He goes off.

Mar. To what have I agreed?—Yet why repent?

If not temptation proof, it matters not,
When first she fails, or by whose means it happens;
If she resists, I'll stand out to the last,
And swear a thousand oaths, that I am innocent.
At all events, there are two hundred pieces,
Which will be most convenient, should my husband
Be to a trial brought—So chance direct! *[She goes off,*

A C T

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

An office in Mr. ANDREWS's house, and a clerk sitting therein.

Enter JEFFERSON in a cloak.

Jeff. **B**E not surpriz'd ; it is an old acquaintance.
Have a few moments absence so estrang'd you?

Clerk. O JEFFERSON! those moments have occasion'd

Many and various rumours of your fortune ;
Wherefore, permit me to rejoice to see you !
But whence this sudden ghastliness of visage !
The hue of death itself !

Jeff.

It matters not.

You never more may from this moment see me :—
But this is foreign to my present business.
There are some matters of most deep concern
Which I must straight impart to our good master ;
For which, this night I sought him at his villa,
(Whither I heard he had resorted early)
But much to my surprize, he was not there.
I pray inform me, where I now may find him.

Clerk. What shall I do ? I am enjoin'd to secrecy.
Are you full sure they're of such high concern
As may excuse me in such breach of confidence ?

Jeff.

Jeff. I should not else have urg'd it to you thus.

Clerk. Try the new tavern in th' adjacent alley.
(There, melancholy man, he waits my coming,
At an approaching hour) [*Afide.*] But, JEFFERSON,
Should you disclose who pointed out your course,
I may for ever forfeit his regard.

Jeff. Rest well assur'd, no motive should compel it,
And blessings wait upon thee for this kindness!

Clerk. [*To Jefferson as he goes off.*] Yet hold awhile;
I nearly had forgot.
This night, the gentle LUCIA fought you here,
But disappointed, left you this remembrance.
'Tis for five hundred pounds.

Jeff. Too gen'rous maid!
O! had my truant, and ungrateful heart
Her merit justly priz'd, I might this day,
In honour, as in virtue have been happy,
Not thus a wretched outcast of the world—
I pray return it with a thousand blessings—
Heart-rending kindness!—Oh!—again farewell!

[*He goes off.*]

Clerk. His countenance betray'd some desp'rate
fortune.

Enter MARIA.

Mar. Was not that JEFFERSON?

Clerk. 'Twas he indeed!

Mar. Undone!—undone for ever!—My poor
husband!— [*Afide.*]

I spoke to him, but he declin'd an answer,
And rush'd into the street.

Clerk. Unhappy youth!
He told me I should ne'er behold him more.

Mar.

Mar. Again I am at ease—[*Afide.*] But if for certain
He hath our master plunder'd, as 'tis rumour'd,
Should he not be secured?

Clerk. His errand hither,
Was to have seen our master.

Mar. Undone again! [*Afide as she goes off.*]

Clerk. She seems not less disturb'd than him she
fought.

'Tis fit I follow her, and seek her meanings,
Which from her scatter'd words I could not gather.
Besides, she mutter'd strangely to herself.
Some sad disasters are I fear approaching,
Whilst every countenance betrays distress. [*He goes off.*]

S C E N E II.

A room in a tavern.

ANDREWS and JEFFERSON together, the first walking to and fro in much agitation.

Andr. And is this surely so? my blood runs chill.
Oh! tell me, how, or when I've been thine enemy,
That thou could'st calmly mean me all this mischief.
I cannot credit it.

Jeff. 'Tis, 'tis too true— [*Weeps.*]

Andr. I once thought JEFFERSON the child of
virtue.

Jeff. To fix me such, your lessons were not wanting.
But oh! when we indulge one vicious passion,
A train of others unforeseen will follow,
Until at length all virtue is extinguish'd.

Andr.

Andr. What's to be done ! distress crouds on
distress—

Inhuman ! barbarous ! most abandon'd woman !
And thou curs'd instrument !—Yet hold, my heart !—
I see contrition in his mournful eye,
And feel soft pity throbbing in my bosom :
Deluded youth !—no object for revenge— [*Afide.*

Jeff. I am indeed accurs'd ; I have betray'd
The most indulgent master, best of friends !
But you will shortly have sufficient vengeance.
A dose I this night drank will rid me speedily
Of that sad life I can endure no longer.

Andr. Oh ! 'twas a desp'rate act !—Could'st thou
conceive,
A crime, to the Almighty so offensive,
Would for thy other failings make atonement ;
May there not yet be help ?

Jeff. 'Tis now too late,
The deadly drug works fast, and I grow faint—

Andr. 'Twere better to have liv'd whole years in
penitence,
Or wild despair, to expiate your guilt.

Jeff. Oh ! cou'd I hope for your assisting prayers,
'Twould be some comfort to my fainting soul.
You are so good, you cannot but have interest
In those blest dwellings, whence my foul offences
May have excluded me, alas, for ever !
Nor dare I lift or eye or hand for mercy.

Andr. Sad-fated youth ! my own distracted state
Is suited ill to intercourse with heaven.
But lose no time yourself : that righteous judge,
Whom you have so repeatedly offended,

Abounds

Abounds in mercy, as he doth in justice ;
And pray'r is at his throne a pow'rful advocate.

Jeff. And you, as sure as that Great Pow'r is just,
Will meet the due reward of all your virtues.
When I go hence, I pray you read this paper—
My fate draws near—so now, farewel for ever !

[He goes off.]

Andr. What horrid images crowd on my soul !
Yet wofemay follow—blood perchance and murder—
But will not injur'd honour,—ruin'd peace,
For ever ruin'd, justify revenge !— *[Pauses.]*
I am resolv'd—So for this writing now---

[He opens it and reads.]

“ Most injured SIR,

“ Inclos'd you have my will, by which, as some
“ small recompense for the many wrongs I have
“ done you, I have bequeathed you all the little
“ fortune I have left. Oh ! lend your prayers, and
“ pity a repentant wretched sinner.

“ WILLIAM JEFFERSON.”

Some recompense !—There can be none for me.
The moment is at hand, the fearful moment,
When I'm to seek for that, which, when discover'd,
My sure perdition feels—yet even certainty
Were ease to that I feel—tremendous state !
Like some benighted traveller quite 'wilder'd,
I see no friendly ray to guide my steps---
But 'midst my woes, I've let this hapless youth,
Plung'd in despair, escape me unattended.
I'll haste to seek him out---Yet, cannot now :
Troubles more intimate claim ev'ry thought.

Enter

Enter one of his CLERKS.

I near despair'd of seeing you: 'tis almost light.
What has delay'd you so?

Clerk. It was your wife.

Andr. My wife!

Clerk. Yes, fir, she's but at home some moments.

Andr. Was she attended?

Clerk. One went in before her.

Andr. What, into my house?

Clerk. Yes, fir.

Andr. Man, or woman?

Clerk. A man, fir.

Andr. Hah!—And know you who he is?

Clerk. Lord BELMOUR, fir.

Andr. Are you sure?

Clerk. As I exist---

For waiting, as 'twas your desire I should,
'Till I could warn you of your wife's return,
And walking 'twixt the dwelling and the warehouse,
I by a light, which glimmer'd from the moon,
Then almost waned, descry'd a man and woman
Close standing at the wicket of the gate,
That leads into the lane. I stood conceal'd,
Until lord BELMOUR and MARIA pass'd me
Towards the house.

Andr. Can I now pass that way?

Clerk. You may; I lock'd the doors, and have
the keys.

Andr. Come, deep and sweet revenge! 'twere
virtue here. *[Aside.*

It must be near the dawn. Go on, I'll follow.
Life's now a curse; death then my only wish.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Mr. ANDREWS'S house.

THOMAS and MARIA.

Mar. Who releas'd you ?*Thom.* Our unhappy master.*Mar.* Is he in town, and up at this late hour ?*Thom.* He's in the house; and heaven grant, MARIA,
He holds his reason : for he rush'd impetuous,
With looks as madness wild, into the room,
Where I sat tied ; when falling on his knees,
He crav'd my pardon ; then, from my bruis'd arms
He cut the cords, and hastily ran off.*Mar.* Which way ?*Thom.* Towards the compting-house.*Mar.* O heav'n !*Thom.* Why this alarm ?*Mar.* His arms are there.*Thom.* 'Tis true,And never man appear'd more desperate.
Wherefore, as ev'n a moment's loss were dangerous ;
I'll for his neighbours speed, WILSON and GOOD-
WIN. *[He goes off.]**Mar.* The mischief is at hand, and 'twill require
My deepest skill, or I'm undone for ever.
But to the last I will assert my innocence. *[A bell rings.]*
This is my mistress, and from her bedchamber.*[Rings again.]*Again it rings ; and with unusual violence.—
I must away—What fights may meet me now !—*[She goes off.]*

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Another apartment.

CONSTANTIA and LUCIA.

Const. Oh! LUCIA, LUCIA, I shall die with
terrors—

What can these noises mean? [*A groan is heard.*]

Heard you that groan?

Luc. Sure life expir'd with it!—A woman's voice—

Enter hastily WILSON and GOODWIN, THOMAS
and other Servants, at which CONSTANTIA and
LUCIA shriek.

Const. Protect us, heaven!---what are you?

Wil. A messenger,

In utmost hurry rous'd us from our beds,
And pray'd us to haste hither with all speed,
To save a family.

Const. Oh sirs!---heav'n grant
'Tis not too late---some sad event, I dread—

[*A groan, and then another.*]

They're from the room where Mrs. ANDREWS sleeps:

[*Constantia swoons, and is taken off with
Lucia.*]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. Woe! woe unutterable!---sights of horror!
All welt'ring in their gore---haste! haste with me.

[*They go off.*]

[*Back*]

[*Back Scene opens and discovers Mrs. Andrews's bed-chamber---Lord Belmour on the ground with his sword in his hand bloody, and Mr. Andrews with his also drawn and bloody, in a fix'd posture, resting on it, and looking on the ground.*]

Good. O heav'n! what havock's here! [*To Andrews*] Alas! my friend,

What have you done?

Wil.

He's quite insensible.

Perhaps this woman can inform us--speak--

Mar. I will, I will. Hearing the bell twice rung
With violence unusual from the chamber
In which my mistress lay, I thither flew;
Where entering, with amazement I beheld
Lord BELMOUR there, and her upon her knees:
Sudden, my master, with an unsheath'd sword
In rage rush'd in, and instantly assail'd him,
(Who also had drawn his) they fought awhile;
When with a hideous groan lord BELMOUR reel'd,
But quick recovering, with redoubled fury
At his assailant made--when, she, quite wild,
Rush'd on lord BELMOUR's sword, and fell with him.

Wil. 'Tis better done by him, than by our friend.

Andr. Done--what done? all is not done as yet--
this--

[*He is going to stab himself, Goodwin and Wilton rush on him, and wrest his sword from him.*]

Good. What would your madness do? too much
already,

This fatal scene exhibits to our view.

Andr. Deaf, deaf to all,---away,---away with
counsel!---

'Tis clear as noonday light---burst---burst, my brain!---

Lord

Lord Bel. Listen—oh listen to a dying criminal—
Your wife is innocent—I, I alone—

Andr. Peace, villain, peace!—how came you in
her chamber?

Lord Bel. Without her knowledge—Oh! 'twas
by that woman, [*Pointing to Maria.*]
My vile accomplice in the foul attempt.

Mar. Mercy! O mercy! and I'll tell the whole.
Oh! she is innocent—I, all to blame—

Wil. 'Tis fit a magistrate be sent for in-
stantly:

As also meet assistance to these wounded,
Who seem to need it much. [*A servant goes off.*]

Lord Bel. Good sirs!

Let me be hence convey'd—I can't escape—
And heav'n will in some moments give full justice.
[*He is led out.*]

Andr. And let me also fly these scenes of horror,
Or I shall wilder be than the chain'd wretch
That beats the dungeon walls.

[*As he is passing by Mrs. Andrews, she seizes
the skirt of his coat.*]

Mrs. Andr. Oh sir!—my husband!—

Andr. Take! take the vile adu'tres from my fight.

Mrs. Andr. For charity, forbear those bitter words.
True, I have injur'd you beyond all hopes
Either of your indulgence, or heav'n's mercy.
But by that Pow'r! before whose just tribunal,
I shortly shall be summon'd to appear,
My soul abhors the base imputed guilt,
(How strong foe'er appearance speak against me)
Ev'n in thought.

Andr. Abandon'd, faithless woman!
Oh! that her foul disgrace clos'd with her eyes!

Then

Then might I undisturb'd behold this havock. [*Aside.*
Did not I find you on your knees to him?

Mrs. Andr. I was beseeching him to leave the
room.

Andr. How came he there?

Mrs. Andr. By the same Pow'r supreme!
You're not yourself of that event more ignorant.
Soon as my woman for the night had left me,
He from the closet rush'd into my chamber.

Andr. Oh! I have been too hasty---much too
rash.---

Mrs. Andr. You will not think so, when you hear
the whole.

The wretched nobleman, you now have punish'd,
Is not less guilty than if I had yielded.
Yet, think not that I mean t' acquit myself;
My conduct led him to the vile attempt:
And, oh! with rage and thirst of vengeance fir'd,
I was too busy in th' infernal plot,
Contain'd in that false letter to your friend,
The honest, gen'rous, and most faithful WILSON.
I also had your old and trusty steward
Accus'd of crimes to which he was a stranger;
And JEFFERSON to me owes his perdition.

Andr. Cease! cease! poor self-convicting mourn-
er, cease!--

This cannot be---'tis the sick fancy's dream.

Mrs. Andr. Oh! that it were untrue, as thou art
kind.

Yes; this, all this, and more I have committed.
I have undone thee---I, thy bosom's favourite,---
And am the fatal source of all these horrors.
But my swift hast'ning fate will be some recom-
pence.---

I bleed within apace, and grow most faint-----
 How happy was I once, and how ungrateful !

Andr. 'Tis, 'tis too much---

Mrs. Andr. Alas ! I see it is.---

How these reflections rack my madding brain !---
 Turn, Oh ! turn that tender aspect from me !
 'Tis worse than scorpion rods, or whips of steel.
 Abhor me ; scorn me ; tear me from thy fondness,
 And every imprecation pour upon me :
 For hope is fled, and I would court despair.
 Some suff'rings here might lessen those hereafter,
 I would not covet else a moment's life.---

Andr. Would I could sooth her tortur'd soul to rest !
 Her sorrows rend my heart.---Oh thou sweet penitent !
 There's not an angel in the heav'nly mansions,
 That will not sue for thee.

Mrs. Andr. Yet, there is something
 I would petition as my last request---
 Let me conjure thee then, most injur'd excellence !
 By all the happy hours we liv'd together,
 Ere one infernal passion seiz'd my heart !
 Have pity on the harmless, dear-lov'd innocents,
 Whom I must leave amidst a cruel world !
 And when you shall my rueful story tell,
 Be thus far kind, and say, as is the truth,
 Oh ! say, she was not an adulteress.

Andr. I will, I'll speak thee as my soul conceives
 thee,
 Spotless, and free as Virtue's self from blemish.

Mrs. Andr. Then, may with me, thy sorrows have
 an end !---

Andr. Oh ! canst thou then forgive my wild up-
 braiding ?

Mrs.

Mrs. Andr. I blame thee not--so let me be convey'd

From thy dread presence, and this fatal spot :
They are too much for weakness to endure.

Andr. No, no, I'll watch thee whilst a single spark
Of that lov'd life remains, and sooth thy woes.

Mrs. Andr. Too kind!--Forbear!--Were your
fond wish indulg'd,

It would but add new weight to your afflictions,
Oh! agonizing thoughts!--Oh! my poor soul!--

Andr. She droops;--she dies--and oh! by saving
me--

Physicians, surgeons, ev'ry help be sent for!--

Mrs. Andr. 'Twere fruitless all, unless their
friendly aid

Some balm could minister to deep despair--
Rage on, distress--haste, madness! quench my soul--
Hark! hark! that voice!--the door of mercy's
clos'd--

Andr. [*To the attendants.*] Straightway, convey
her hence to mine own chamber.

[*She is carried off, and as he is following her, several bailiffs enter rudely with Constantia.*]

Const. Protect my father, heav'n! undone--
undone--

Wil. What can these ruffians mean? whom do
you seek?

Bail. He is our prisoner on several writs.

[*Pointing to Mr. Andrews.*]

Andr. Ay, ay, come on--'Tis fit I shou'd be
punish'd.

Take, drag me hence, ye ministers of justice!
Death, death, or madness only can relieve me.

Good.

Good. What is the whole demand?

Bail. Above four thousand?

Wil. He shall not sink for that: I'll be his pledge.

And. Most gen'rous, injur'd friend, this is too much.

Good. [*To Wilson.*] I'll join you in the bonds.---

Prepare them, sirs. [*To the bailiffs, who go off.*]

Const. Thanks, best of friends! but you shall never suffer.

My fortune, independent of my father,
Far more than this for which you have engag'd,
Shall be your pledg'd security.

Andr. Daggers!—daggers!

Wasted---all wasted, in the general wreck. [*Aside.*]

Wil. 'Tis fit lord Weston should be straight ap-
priz'd

Of the sad fate of his unhappy uncle;
These two nights past, since his return to town,
He hath repos'd with me.

Good. I hear his voice.

Enter lord WESTON hastily.

Lord West. Where, where's my father! take, O
take your son!

And let me fly as such into your arms!
Just hearing of your undeferv'd calamities,
From your remorseless creditors below,
I have engag'd for all their claim'd demands,
And come to wipe the tear from ev'ry eye.

Andr. Cold sweats bedew my feeble, trembling
limbs,

And

And ev'ry object round me grows a blank.
 Good heav'n ! support me, to these tasks unequal——

[*As he is falling, Wilson and Thomas
 support him.*]

Wil. The feelings of his heart o'erpow'r him so,
 He cannot give them vent ; it may prove fatal——
 He's all convuls'd : let's place him on this seat.

[*Constantia attends him.*]

Lord West. [*He moves towards Constantia.*]

My angel—My CONSTANTIA ! O those tears !
 And looks of desperation pierce my soul.
 Your father lives—Fortune again may favour :
 But I am your's, and will be so for ever.

Wil. O my good lord !
 There are disasters yet within these walls,
 More fatal far, which claim our instant aid.

Lord West. I've heard them all—my uncle is no
 more——

Would that he had not fall'n in such a cause !

Wil. But heav'n hath will'd it, and we must submit.

With smiles delusive, other crimes decoy,
 To hazard future ills for present joy :
 Gaming alone no transient rapture knows,
 No gleam of pleasure for eternal woes ;
 Distrust and anxious fears its birth attend ;
 And wild distraction waits its guilty end.







