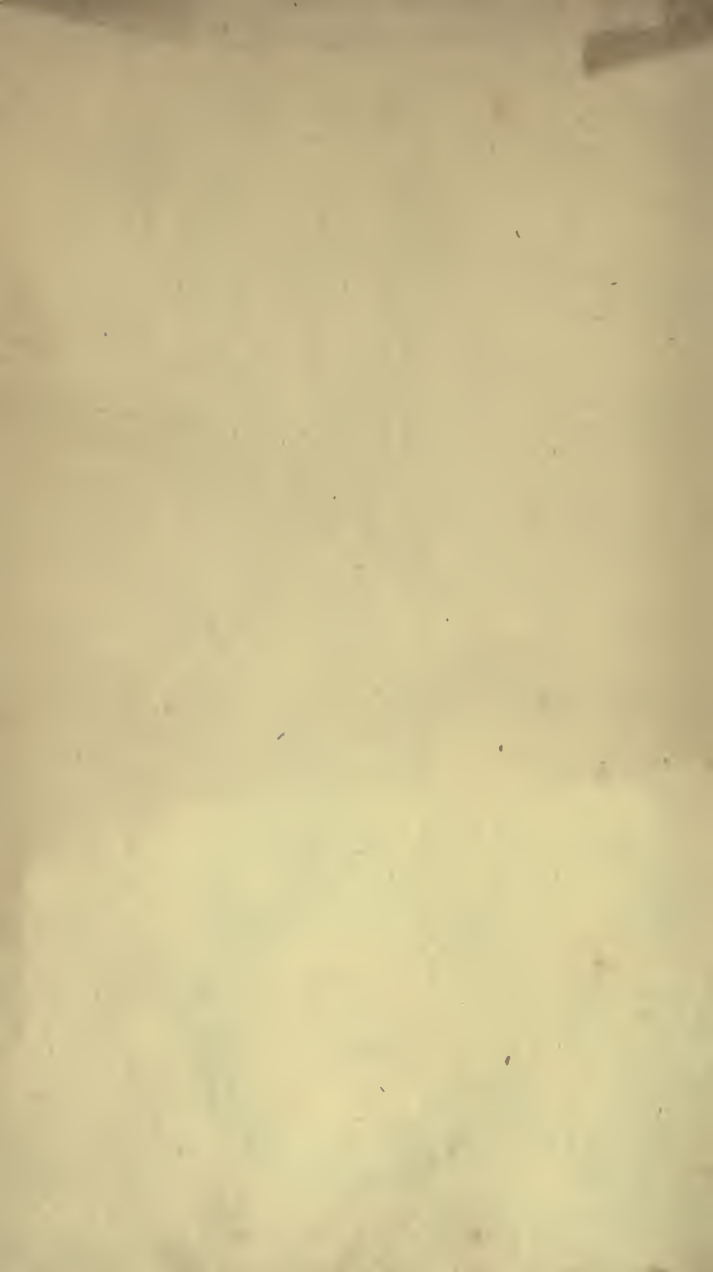




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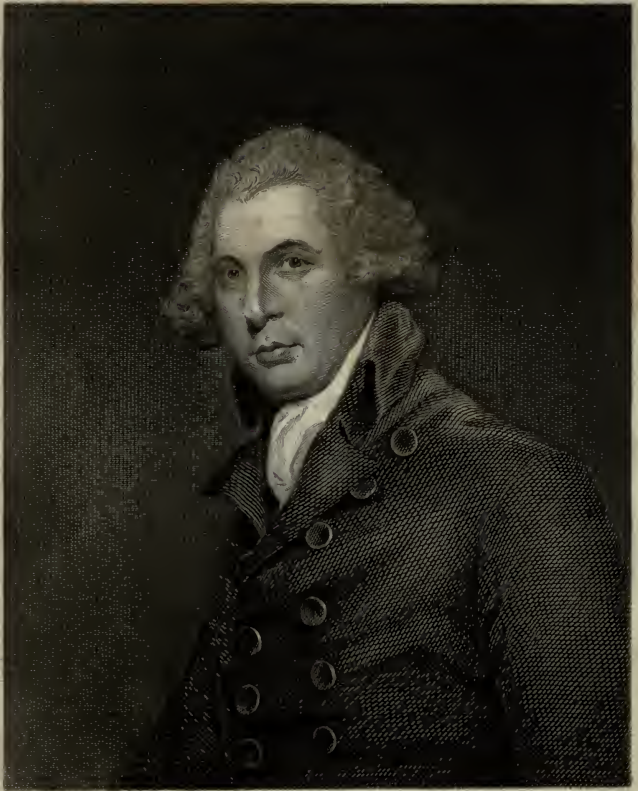






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WILLIAM BRINSLEY PORTER

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THE
MODERN STANDARD DRAMA,

A COLLECTION

OF THE MOST POPULAR ACTING PLAYS,

With Critical Remarks,

ALSO THE STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES, CAST OF
CHARACTERS, ETC.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT.

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c.

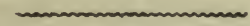
VOLUME VII.

CONTAINING

ROAD TO RUIN,
MACBETH,
TEMPER,
EVADNE,

BERTRAM,
THE DUENNA,
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING,
THE CRITIC,

WITH A PORTRAIT & MEMOIR OF RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.



NEW YORK:

JOHN DOUGLAS, No. 11 SPRUCE STREET.

AND FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1848.

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REGISTRATION

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IN

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MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

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With a Portrait and Memoir of R. B. SHERIDAN.

STUDY OF THE HISTORY OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The University of California was founded in 1868 by the California State Legislature. It was the first public university in the United States. The university's motto is "E PLURIBUS UNUM".

The university is a public research university. It is one of the largest and most diverse universities in the world. The university is a member of the Association of American Universities.

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MEMOIR OF SHERIDAN.

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

On leaving school he did not go to the University, probably because his father was poor. Early in life, Sheridan married Miss Linley, the singer, a beauty, then only sixteen, with whom all the world were in love. Sheridan ran away with her to a secret marriage in France. He then fought a duel on her account, and finally, on her return to England, by the extorted permission of her father, repeated the nuptial ceremony by licence, in the year 1773.

The approaches of want of money, or more likely the pressure of it, appears to have hastened the composition of our author's first drama, "The Rivals," which was brought out at Covent Garden in January, 1775. Though it failed on its first night, judicious pruning made it the favorite which it has since remained. The gayety of success, and, some say, gratitude to

the good actor, who was substituted for the bad one in *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, produced in the ensuing spring the farce of "St. Patrick's Day, or the Scheming Lieutenant," which turns upon an amusing trick *à la Molière*, and met with the like prosperity. The "Duenna" followed.

Our author now became one of the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre; how, nobody can tell, for nobody knew where the money came from. On the production of the "School for Scandal," which was in the year 1777, he reached the height of his brilliant career. It was preceded by the re-fashionment, not worth more than alluding to, of Vanburgh's "Relapse," under the title of "A Trip to Scarborough." He was at this period six-and-twenty, an age at which many prose comic writers have produced their best, though Shakspeare himself could hardly have given us "Lear" and "Hamlet." But this apparent precocity has excited more admiration than it deserves; for the truth is, that the "great world" of artificial society is a very little world to become intimate with, compared with Shakspeare's. Passions there, like modes, run very much in patterns, and lie on the surface; and folly, which is the object of satire, is by its nature a thing defective, and therefore sooner read through than the wisdom of the wise, or the universality of nature. A man, like Sheridan or Congreve, may very well know all that is to be known in the circles of conventional grace or absurdity, by the time he has spent more than half his life. Feeling, he needs but little; imagination, not at all. The stars might be put out, the ocean drunk up, almost every thing which makes the universe as it is might vanish, including the heart of man in its largest and deepest sense, and if a single ball-room survived, like some foolish fairy corner, he might still be what he is. A little fancy and a good deal of scorn, a terseness, a polish, and a sense of the incongruous, are all the requisites of his nature—admirable in the result, compared with what is superior to them—nothing (so to speak,) by the side of the mighty waters, and interminable shores, and everlasting truth and graces, of the masters of the dramatic art *poetical*.

The "School for Scandal," with the exception of too great a length of dialogue without action in its earlier scenes, is a

very concentration and crystallization of all that is sparkling, clear, and compact, in the materials of prose comedy; as elegantly elaborate, but not so redundant or apparently elaborate as the wittiest scenes of Congreve, and containing the most complete and exquisitely wrought-up bit of effect in the whole circle of comedy—the screen scene.

The year 1779 produced "The Critic;" and, after a long political interval, Sheridan's contributions to the stage concluded in the years 1798 and 1799, with adaptations of other people's versions of "The Stranger" and "Pizarro."

In the year 1792, Sheridan lost his first wife; and in 1795, being then in his forty-fourth year, he married his second, Miss Ogle, daughter of a Dean of Winchester, a lady, young, accomplished, and ardently devoted to him. Miss Ogle brought him a fortune, also, of five thousand pounds; and with this sum and fifteen thousand more, which he contrived to raise by the sale of Drury Lane shares, an estate was bought in Surrey. But, alas! he had long been in difficulties, and knew not how to retreat. This unhappy and brilliant man dragged out a heavy remainder of existence, between solaces that made him worse, and a loyalty to his Prince which did him no good. He died near a dying wife, amidst the threats of bailiffs, and forsaken by that Prince, and by all but his physician and a few poetic friends, (God bless the imagination that leaves men in possession of their hearts!) on Sunday, the 7th July, 1816, in Saville Row, Burlington Gardens, and in the sixty-fifth year of his age. When his accounts were settled, it was a surprise to everybody to find for how small a sum, comparatively speaking, improvidence had rendered him insolvent. His death should never be mentioned without adding the names of his physician, Dr. Bain, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Thomas Moore, and Lord Holland, as those of his last, and, we believe, only comforters.

"Sheridan," says Hazlitt, "was not only an excellent dramatic writer, but a first-rate parliamentary speaker. His characteristics as an orator were manly, unperverted good sense, and keen irony. Wit, which has been thought a two-edged weapon, was by him always employed on the same side of the question—I think, on the right one. His set and more laboured speeches were proportionably abortive and unimpressive; but

no one was equal to him in replying, on the spur of the moment, to pompous absurdity, and unravelling the web of flimsy sophistry. He was the last accomplished debater of the House of Commons."

In person, Sheridan was above the middle size, and of a make robust and well-proportioned. In his youth, his family said he had been handsome ; but, in his latter years, he had nothing left to show for it but his eyes. "It was, indeed, in the upper part of his face," says Mr. Moore, "that the spirit of the man chiefly reigned ; the dominion of the world and the senses being rather strongly marked out in the lower." Sheridan had by his first wife a son, Thomas, who died in the prime of life, and is said to have inherited his mother's sweetness of nature, as well as his father's wit.

We have been indebted principally to Mr. Leigh Hunt's critical and biographical sketch of Sheridan for this brief memoir.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT.

No. XLIX.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

A Comedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY THOMAS HOLCROFT

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CASTS OF CHARACTERS,
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK :

JOHN DOUGLAS, No. 11 SPRUCE STREET.

1848.

MODERN STANDARD PAPER

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

“THE author of this excellent comedy, says Cumberland, “is Thomas Holcroft, who from an humble sphere of life, by unwearied industry and powerful talent, rose to considerable literary eminence. He is a very voluminous author, having written no less than *thirty-one* dramatic pieces—indeed, *more* have been ascribed to him—besides sundry novels and translations. His greatest effort is *The Road to Ruin*—a comedy that will live as long as the language in which it is written. Mr. Holcroft made himself politically notorious by voluntarily surrendering himself to a charge of *high treason*, in the autumn of 1794. But the liberties of the people of England were not to be sacrificed by an arbitrary and frivolous indictment: *three* of the accused were tried, and honourably acquitted, the remaining *eight* (Mr. Holcroft was among the number) were *discharged without trial!* In private life, Mr. Holcroft was amiable and inoffensive. His memoirs have been written and published since his death by his daughter, Miss Fanny Holcroft.”

We were told not long since by Thomas Cooper, the veteran actor, that when Holcroft read the *Road to Ruin* to the actors in the Green Room, nearly all were dissatisfied with their parts. From the success of Quick, in the character of a choleric old father, with some touches of pathos, in Holcroft's play of “The German Hotel,” Holcroft had written the part of *Old Dornton*, with a particular view to its personation by Quick. But the latter claimed *Silky* as his legitimate part, and *Silky* he must have. Holcroft then appealed to Munden to play *Old Dornton*, but Munden decided that he could do nothing with it; and it was not till after much persuasion, that he was induced to venture upon it. Lewis, though pleased with the play, thought

that he should make a failure in *Goldfinch*; and thus were all the principal actors displeased with their parts.

The result showed that the actor is not always the best judge of his own capabilities or those of a play. Munden made an immense hit in *Old Dornton*. A writer in one of the English magazines says it was his best part.

“It was worth a journey from the Orkneys to see Munden play *Old Dornton*, especially when Elliston played Harry. The scenes between them were delicious. Here *Ars celare artem* became Munden’s motto. In his delineation of the fond, confiding, indulgent, but justly offended father, he appears to have adopted a higher standard, and kept a higher guard on himself than usual. Here was none of that grinding, that mouthing, that exaggeration which generally deteriorated his performances. So simply, so forcibly, yet so naturally, did little Joey pourtray the struggle between parental affection and a sense of his duty, that our best sympathies were awakened, and we quite forgot in the interest we felt for the unhappy father, that his sorrows were fictitious. And Munden looked the worthy old banker as well as he played him. I would have taken his word for millions. I would have staked my whole fortune in an atmospheric railway to the moon, had *Old Dornton*’s name been down among the directors. Authors are seldom satisfied with the actors who play in their pieces, but Holcroft must have been fastidious indeed to find fault with such a performance as Munden’s *Old Dornton*.”

Lewis was no less successful in *Goldfinch*. Cooper told us, that he gave to the perpetually recurring catch-phrase of “that’s your sort!” a variety of intonation, which made it always new and effective. At the age of seventy, Lewis was a younger man on the stage than any of our modern personators of volatile and vivacious young men.

The “*Road to Ruin*” was first performed at Covent Garden in 1792. Its success was very great; and it was a source of considerable profit to the author.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Drury Lane, 1824.</i>	<i>Covent Garden, 1825.</i>	<i>Park, 1846.</i>
<i>Old Dornton</i>	Mr. Munden.	Mr. W. Farren.	Mr. Bass.
<i>Harry Dornton</i>	" Elliston.	" Cooper.	" Dyott.
<i>Goldfinch</i>	" Harley.	" Jones.	" Barrett.
<i>Mr. Milford</i>	" Penley.	" Bartley.	" Chanfrau.
<i>Mr. Sulky</i>	" Terry.	" Blanchard.	" Sutherland.
<i>Silky</i>	" Knight.	" Henry.	" G. Andrews.
<i>Mr. Smith</i>	" Mercer.	" Collett.	" McDouall
<i>Hatter</i>	" Turnour.	" Evans.	
<i>Jacob</i>	" Webster.	" Barucs.	" Povey.
<i>Hosier</i>	" Povey.	" Ryals.	" Gallot.
<i>Furrier</i>	" Randall.	" Ryals.	
<i>Sheriff's Officer</i>	" Read.	" Crampton.	" Milot.
<i>Footman</i>	" Seymour.	" Heath.	" Heath.
<i>Widow Warren</i>	Mrs. Harlowe.	Mrs. Glover.	Mrs. Vernon.
<i>Sophia</i>	Miss S. Booth.	Miss Goward.	" Hunt.
<i>Jenny</i>	Mrs. Orger.	Mrs. Daly.	" Dyott.
<i>Mrs. Ledger</i>	" Willmott.	" Hutton.	Miss Flynn.
<i>Miliner</i>	Miss Phillips.	" Brown.	
<i>Mantumaker</i>	Mrs. Webster.	Miss H. Boden.	

OLD DORNTON.—Old-fashioned black suit, black silk stockings, three-cornered hat, shoes and buckles.

HARRY DORNTON.—Blue dress coat, white waistcoat, black silk breeches and knee-buckles, black silk stockings, shoes and buckles, dress hat.

GOLDFINCH.—Scarlet sporting-frock, buff waistcoat, white cord breeches, with gilt buttons and long silk knee-strings, high-crowned hat, top boots.

MILFORD.—Blue dress coat, white waistcoat and trousers, white silk stockings, round black hat.

SULKY.—Old-fashioned brown suit, covered buttons, striped silk stockings, shoes, and large buckles.

SILKY.—Twilled striped suit, large buttons, brown silk stockings, shoes and buckles.

MR. SMITH.—Blue coat, white waistcoat, black trousers, black silk stockings, shoes with strings.

WIDOW WARREN.—*First dress*: White satin, trimmed with green. *Second dress*: White satin, with a profusion of gold spangles, white satin turban, with ditto, and white plumes.

SOPHIA.—White muslin, with a slight pink trimming.

JENNY.—Plain muslin dress and apron, trimmed with pink ribbon, white stockings, black shoes.

MRS. LEDGER.—Plain, matronly, coloured dress, bonnet and cloak.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Dornton's House.*

Enter MR. DORNTON, L.

Dor. (c.) Past two o'clock, and not yet returned—
Well, well—(R.)—it's my own fault!—Mr. Smith! (L.)

Enter MR. SMITH, L.

Mr. S. (L. c.) Sir.

Dor. (c.) Is Mr. Sulky come in?

Mr. S. No, sir.

Dor. Are you sure Harry Dornton said he should return to-night?

Mr. S. Yes, sir.

Dor. And you don't know where he is gone?

Mr. S. He did not tell me, sir.

Dor. [Angrily.] I ask you if you know?

Mr. S. I believe to Newmarket, sir.

Dor. You always believe the worst!—I'll sit up no longer.—Tell the servants to go to bed. And, do you hear? should he apply to you for money, don't let him have a guinea.

Mr. S. Very well, sir.

Dor. I have done with him; he is henceforth no son of mine! Let him starve!

Mr. S. He acts very improperly, sir, indeed.

Dor. Improperly! How? [*Taking his hand.*] What does he do?
[Alarmed.

Mr. S. Sir!

Dor. Have you heard anything of—

Mr. S. [*Confused.*] No—no, sir—Nothing—nothing but what you yourself tell me.

Dor. Then how do you know he has acted improperly?

Mr. S. He is certainly a very good-hearted young gentleman, sir!

Dor. Good-hearted! How dare you make such an assertion?

Mr. S. Sir!

Dor. How dare you, Mr. Smith, insult me so? Is not his gaming notorious? his racing, driving, riding, and associating with knaves, fools, debauchees, and black-legs?

Mr. S. Upon my word, sir, I—

Dor. Upon your word! But it's over! His name has this very day been struck out of the firm! Let his drafts be returned. It's all ended! And observe, not a guinea! If you lend him any yourself, I'll not pay you. I'll no longer be a fond, doating father! Therefore, take warning! Take warning, I say! Be his distress what it will, not a guinea! Though you should hereafter see him begging, starving in the streets, not so much as the loan or the gift of a single guinea! [*With vehemence.*]

Mr. S. (c.) I shall be careful to observe your orders, sir.

Dor. Sir! (c.) Why, would you see him starve? Would you see him starve, and not lend him a guinea? Would you, sir? Would you?

Mr. S. Sir! Certainly not, except in obedience to your orders!

Dor. [*With amazement and compassion.*] And could any orders justify your seeing a poor unfortunate youth, rejected by his father, abandoned by his friends, starving to death?

Mr. S. There is no danger of that, sir.

Dor. I tell you, the thing shall happen! He shall starve to death! [*Distressed at the supposition.*] I'll never look on him more as a son of mine! and I'm very certain, when I have forsaken him, all the world will forsake him, too. [*Weeps.*] Yes, yes! he is born to be a poor wretched out-cast.

Mr. S. I hope, sir, he still will make a fine man.

Dor. Will! there is not a finer, handsomer, nobler-looking youth in the kingdom; no, not in the world!

Mr. S. I mean, a worthy man, sir.

Dor. How can you mean any such thing? The company he keeps would corrupt a saint.

Mr. S. Sir, if you will only tell me what your pleasure is, I will endeavour to act like a faithful servant.

Dor. I know you are a faithful servant, Mr. Smith.—*[Takes his hand.]* I know you are.—But you—you are not a father.

Enter MR. SULKY, L.—Exit Mr. Smith.

Dor. Well, Mr. Sulky, have you heard anything of him?

Sul. (L. c.) Yes.

Dor. And, hey?—*[Impatiently.]* Any thing consoling—any thing good?

Sul. No.

Dor. No?—No, say you!—Where is he? What is he about?

Sul. I don't know.

Dor. Don't?—You love to torture me, sir!—You love to torture me.

Sul. Humph!

Dor. For heaven's sake, tell me what you have heard!

Sul. I love to torture you.

Dor. Put me out of my pain! If you are not a tiger, put me out of my pain!

Sul. *[Slowly drawing a newspaper out of his pocket.]* There: read!

Dor. Dead?

Sul. Worse!

Dor. Mercy defend me! where? what?

Sul. The first paragraph in the postscript: the beginning line in capitals.

Dor. *[Reads.]* "The junior partner of the great banking-house not a mile from the post-office, has again been touched at Newmarket, for upwards of ten thousand pounds. *[Pause.]* It can't be!

Sul. Humph!

Dor. Why, can it?

Sul. Yes.

Dor. How do you know? What proof have you that it is not a lie?

Sul. His own hand-writing.

Dor. How?

Sul. Bills at three days' sight, to the full amount, have already been presented.

Dor. And accepted?

Sul. Yes.

Dor. But—why—were you mad, Mr. Sulky? Were you mad?

Sul. I soon shall be.

Dor. Is not his name struck off the firm?

Sul. They were dated two days before.

Dor. The credit of my house begins to totter!

Sul. Well it may!

Dor. What the effect of such a paragraph may be, I cannot tell.

Sul. I can:—Ruin!

Dor. Are you serious, sir?

Sul. I am not inclined to laugh.—A run against the house, stoppage, disgrace, bankruptcy!

Dor. Really, Mr. Sulky, you—

Sul. Yes, I know I offend. I was bred in your house, you used me tenderly, I served you faithfully, and you admitted me a partner. Don't think I care for myself. No, I can sit at the desk again. But you! you! first man of the first commercial city on earth, your name in the Gazette! Were it mine only, I would laugh at it. What am I? who cares for me? [Crosses, R.]

Dor. Where is the vile—[Calling.] Mr. Smith—Thomas—William!

Enter MR. SMITH, L.

Call all the servants together, Mr. Smith; clerks, footmen, maids, every soul! Tell them their young master is a scoundrel.

Mr. S. Very well, sir.

Dor. Sir? Bid them shut the door in his face! I'll turn the first away that lets him set his foot in this house ever again!

Mr. S. Very well, sir.

Dor. Very well, sir! Damn your very well, sir! I tell you, it is not very well, sir. He shall starve, die, rot in the street! Is that very well, sir?

[*Exeunt Dornton and Smith, L.*]

Sul. (R.) He has a noble heart. A fond father's heart! The boy was a fine youth; but he spoiled him; and now he quarrels with himself and all the world, because he hates his own folly. [*A knocking at the street door, L.*] So! here is the youth returned. [*Knocking again.—Exit, L.*]

Enter DORNTON, with Servants, L.

Dor. (C.) Don't stir!—On your lives, don't go to the door! Are the bolts and locks all fastened?

Servants. All, sir.

Dor. Don't mind his knocking! Go to bed, every soul of you, instantly, and fall fast asleep! He shall starve in the streets! [*Knocking again.*] Fetch me my blunderbuss! Make haste!

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter HARRY DORNTON, MILFORD, and POSTILLIONS, L.

Pos. (L. C.) We smoked along, your honour!

Har. [*Knocks at D. F. L. C.*] I know you did. Had you been less free with your whip, you would have been a crown the richer. Your next step should be to turn drummers, and handle the cat-o'-nine-tails.

Pos. It is very late, your honour.

Har. Begone! I'll give you no more.

[*Knocks.—Exeunt Postillions, L.*]

Dornton. [*At the window over him, with Mr. Sulky, throwing up the sash, and presenting the blunderbuss.*] Knock again, you scoundrel, and, you shall have the full contents, loaded to the muzzle, rascal!

Har. So! I suspected dad was in his tantrums.

Mil. You have given him some cause.

Har. Very true. [*To his father.*] Consider, my dear sir, the consequences of lying out all night!

Dor. Begone, villain!

Har. Bad women, sir; damps, night air!

Dor. Will you begone?

Har. Watch-houses, pickpockets, cut-throats!

Sul. Come, come, sir. [Shutting the window.

Mil. We shall not get in.

Har. Pshaw! how little do you know of my father. The door will open in less than fifteen seconds.

Mil. Done, for a hundred!

Har. Done! done! [Take out their watches—the door opens.] I knew you were had; double or quits, we find the cloth laid, and supper on the table.

Mil. No, it won't do. [Exeunt into the house.

SCENE III.—*Dornton's House.*

Enter HARRY DORNTON, MILFORD, and FOOTMAN, L.

Foot. (L. c.) My old master is in a bitter passion, sir.

Har. (L. c.) I know it.

Foot. He is gone down to turn the servant out of doors that let you in.

Har. Is he? Then go you and let your fellow-servant in again.

Foot. I dare not, sir.

Har. Then I must. [Exit, L.

Foot. (L. c.) He inquired who was with my young master.

Mil. Well!

Foot. And when he heard it was you, sir, he was ten times more furious. [Exit, R.

Re-enter HARRY DORNTON, R.

Har. (c.) All's well that ends well. This has been a cursed long voyage, Milford!

Mil. (c.) I'm a hundred and fifty in.

Har. And I ten thousand out.

Mil. I believe I had better avoid your father for the present.

Har. I think you had. Dad considers you as my tempter; the cause of my ruin.

Mil. And I, being in his debt, he conceives he may treat me without ceremony.

Har. Nay, damn it, Jack, do him justice: it is not the money you had of him, but the ill-advice he imputes to you, that galls him.

Mil. I hear he threatens to arrest me.

Har. Yes! He has threatened to strike my name out of the firm, and disinherit me, a thousand times.

Mil. Oh, but he has been very serious in menacing me.

Har. And me too.

Mil. You'll be at the tennis-court to-morrow?

Har. No.

Mil. What, not to see the grand match?

Har. No.

Mil. Oh, yes, you will.

Har. No, I am determined.

Mil. Yes, over night; you'll waver in the morning.

Har. No. It is high time, Jack, to grow prudent.

Mil. Ha, ha, ha! My plan is formed: I'll soon be out of debt.

Har. How will you get the money?

Mil. By calculation.

Har. Ha, ha, ha!

Mil. (R.) I am resolved on it. How many men of rank and honour, having lost their fortunes, have doubly recovered them?

Har. And very honourably!

Mil. Who doubts it?

Har. Ha, ha, ha! Nobody! nobody!

Mil. But pray, Harry, what is it you find so attractive in my late father's amorous relict?

Har. Ha, ha, ha! What, the Widow Warren?

Mil. She seems to think, and even reports, you are to marry her!

[*Both sit at table, c.*

Har. Marry? Her? A coquette of forty, who ridiculously apes all the airs of a girl! Fantastic, selfish, and a fool! And marry? Disgusting idea! Thou wert philosophising, as we drove, on the condition of a post-horse—

Mil. Well!

Har. I would rather be a posthorse,—nay, the brute that drives a posthorse, than the base thing thou hast imagined!

[*Rises and comes forward.*

Mil. Then why are you so often there?

Har. (C.) Because I can't keep away.

Mil. (R. c.) What, is it her daughter, Sophia!

Har. Lovely, bewitching innocent!

Mil. The poor young thing is fond of you?

Har. I should be half mad if I thought she was not; yet am obliged to half hope she is not.

Mil. Why?

Har. What a question! Am I not a profligate, and in all probability ruined? Not even my father can overlook this last affair! No! heigho!

Mil. The loss of my father's will, and the mystery made of its contents by those who witnessed it, are strange circumstances!

Har. In which the widow triumphs. And you, being a bastard, and left by the law to starve, she willingly pays obedience to laws so wise.

Mil. She refuses even to pay my debts.

Har. And the worthy alderman, your father, being overtaken by death in the south of France, carefully makes a will, and then as carefully hides it where it is not to be found; or commits it to the custody of some mercenary knave, who has made his market of it to the widow. So, here comes the supposed executor of this supposed will!

Enter MR. SULKY, L.

My dear Mr. Sulky, how do you do?

Sul. (L.) Very ill!

Har. Indeed? I am very sorry! What's your disorder?

Sul. (L. c.) You!

Har. (c.) Ha, ha, ha!

Sul. Ruin, bankruptcy, infamy!

Har. The old story!

Sul. To a new tune.

Har. Ha, ha, ha!

Sul. You are—

Har. What, my good cynic?

Sul. A fashionable gentleman.

Har. I know it.

Sul. And fashionably ruined.

Har. No;—I have a father.

Sul. Who is ruined likewise.

Har. Ha, ha, ha! Is the Bank of England ruined?

Sul. I say, ruined. [*Milford walks about, R.*] Nothing less than a miracle can save the house. The purse of Fortunatus could not supply you.

Har. No; it held nothing but guineas. Notes, bills, paper for me!

Sul. Such effrontery is insufferable. For these five years, sir, you have been driving to ruin more furiously than—

Har. An ambassador's coach on a birth-night. I saw you were stammering for a simile.

Sul. Sir!

Har. Youth mounts the box, seizes the reins, and Jehus headlong on in the dark; passion and prodigality blaze in the front, bewilder the coachman, and dazzle and blind the passengers; wisdom, prudence, and virtue are overset and maimed, or murdered; and at last, repentance, like the footman's flambeau lagging behind, lights us to dangers, when they are past all remedy.

Sul. Your name is struck off the firm. I was the adviser.

Har. You were very kind, Mr. Sulky.

Sul. Your father is at last determined.

Har. Ha, ha, ha! Do you think so?

Sul. You'll find so! [*To Milford.*] And what brought you here, sir?

Mil. (R.) A chaise and four.

Sul. (R. c.) It might have carried you to a safer place. When do you mean to pay your debts?

Mil. When my father's executor prevails on the Widow Warren to do me justice. [*Harry sits.*]

Sul. And which way am I to prevail?

Mil. And which way am I to pay my debts?

Sul. You might have more modesty than insolently to come and brave one of your principal creditors, after having ruined his son by your evil counsel.

Har. [*Seated in the background.*] Ha, ha, ha! Don't believe a word on't, my good grumbler: I ruined myself: I wanted no counsellor.

Mil. My father died immensely rich; and though I am what the law calls illegitimate, I ought not to starve.

Sul. You have had five thousand pounds, and are five more in debt.

Mil. Yes; thanks to those who trust boys with thousands.

Sul. You would do the same, now that you think yourself a man.

Mil. [*Firmly.*] Indeed, I would not.

Sul. Had you been watching the widow at home, instead of galloping after a knot of gamblers and pickpockets, you might perhaps have done yourself more service.

Mil. Which way, sir?

Sul. The will of your late father is found!

Mil. Found?

Sul. I have received a letter, from which I learn it was at last discovered, carefully locked up in a private drawer; and that it is now a full month since a gentleman of Montpellier, coming to England, was intrusted with it. But no such gentleman has yet appeared.

Mil. If it should have got into the hands of the widow—

Sul. Which I suspect it has! You are a couple of pretty gentlemen! But beware! misfortune is at your heels! Mr. Dornton vows vengeance on you both, and justly. He is not gone to bed; and, if you have confidence enough to look him in the face, I would have you stay where you are.

Mil. I neither wish to insult, nor be insulted. [*Exit, R.*]

Sul. [*Retiring up the stage to table.*] Do you know, sir, your father turned the poor fellow into the street, who compassionately opened the door for you?

Har. Yes; and my father knows I as compassionately opened the door for the poor fellow in return.

Sul. Very well, sir! Your fame is increasing daily.

Har. [*Rising.*] I am glad to hear it.

Sul. Humph! Then perhaps you have paragraphed yourself?

Har. [*Comes forward with him.*] Paragraphed! Where? where?

Sul. (R. c.) In the St. James's Evening.

Har. (c.) Me?

Sul. Stating the exact amount—

Har. Of my loss?

Sul. Yours.—You march through every avenue to fame, dirty or clean.

Har. Well said! Be witty when you can; sarcastic you must be, in spite of your teeth. But I like you the better. You are honest. You are my cruet of Cayenne, and a sprinkling of you is excellent.

Sul. Well, sir, when you know the state of your own

affairs, and to what you have reduced the house, you will be less ready to grin.

Har. Reduced the house! ha, ha, ha!

[*Dornton appears, L.*

Enter DORNTON, with a newspaper in his hand, L.

Dor. (L.) So, sir!

Har. [*Bowing, L. c.*] I am happy to see you, sir.

Dor. You are there, after having broken into my house at midnight!—And you are here, [*holding up the paper,*] after having ruined me and my house by your unprincipled prodigality! Are you not a scoundrel?

Har. No, sir; I am only a fool.

Sul. (R.) Good night to you, gentlemen. [*Gong, R.*

Dor. Stay where you are, Mr. Sulky. I beg you [*Crosses, R., to Sulky,*] to stay where you are, and be a witness to my solemn renunciation of him and his vices!

Sul. (R.) I have witnessed it a thousand times.

Dor. But this is the last. [*To Harry.*] Are you not a scoundrel, I say?

Har. (c.) I am your son.

Dor. [*Calling, L.*] Mr. Smith! bring in those deeds.

Enter MR. SMITH, with papers, L.

You will not deny you are an incorrigible squanderer?

Har. (L. c.) I will deny nothing.

Dor. (c.) A nuisance, a wart, a blot, a stain upon the face of nature!

Har. A stain that will wash out, sir.

Dor. A redundancy, a negation; a besotted, sophisticated incumbrance; a jumble of fatuity; your head, your heart, your words, your actions, all a jargon; incoherent and unintelligible to yourself, absurd and offensive to others? [*Smith retires, L.*

Har. I am whatever you please, sir.

Dor. Bills never examined, every thing bought on credit, the price of nothing asked! Conscious you were weak enough to wish for baubles you did not want, and pant for pleasures you could not enjoy, you had not the effrontery to assume the circumspect caution of common sense! And to your other destructive follies, you must add the detestable vice of gaming!

Har. These things, sir, are much easier done than defended.

Dor. But here. [*To Smith, who advances, L.*] Give me that parchment! The partners have all been summoned! Look, sir! your name has been formally erased!

Har. The partners are very kind.

Dor. The suspicions already incurred by the known profligacy of a principal in the firm, the immense sums you have drawn, this paragraph, the run on the house it will occasion, the consternation of the whole city—

[*Smith retires to background.*

Har. All very terrible, and some of it very true.

[*Half aside.*

Dor. [*Passionately.*] If I should happily outlive the storm you have raised, it shall not be to support a prodigal, or to reward a gambler! You are disinherited! Read!

[*Taking more papers from Smith, c.*

Har. Your word is as good as the Bank, sir.

Dor. I'll no longer act the doting father, fascinated by your arts!

[*Smith stands, R.*

Har. I never had any art, sir, except the one you taught me.

Dor. I taught you! What, scoundrel? what?

Har. That of loving you, sir.

Dor. Loving me!

Har. Most sincerely!

Dor. [*Forgetting his passion.*] Why, can you say, Harry—Rascal, I mean—that you love me?

Har. I should be a rascal indeed, if I did not, sir.

Dor. Harry! Harry! [*Greatly agitated.*] No; confound me if I do! Sir, you are a vile—

Har. I know I am.

Dor. And I'll never speak to you more. [*Going, L.*

Har. Bid me good night, sir. Mr. Sulky, here, will bid me good night, and you are my father! Good night, Mr. Sulky!

Sul. (R.) Good night.

[*Exit, R.*

Har. Come, sir!

Dor. Good—[*Struggling with passion.*] I won't! If I do—

Har. Reproach me with my follies, strike out my name, disinherit me—I deserve it all, and more. But say, "Good night, Harry!"

Dor. I won't! I won't! I won't!

Har. (L.) Poverty is a trifle,—we can whistle it off; but ~~scarcity~~—

Dor. I will not!

Har. Sleep in enmity! And who can say how soundly? (L.) Come! good night.

Dor. I won't! I won't! [Runs off, L.]

Har. Say you so? [Goes back to the table.] Why, then, my noble-hearted dad, [Returning,] I am indeed a scoundrel!

Re-enter MR. DORNTON, R.

Dor. (R.) Good night!

[Exit, R.]

Har. (C.) Good night!

[Exit, L.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The House of the Widow Warren.*

Enter JENNY and MRS. LEDGER, L.

Jen. (L.) I tell you, good woman, I can do nothing for you.

Mrs. L. (L.) Only let me see Mrs. Warren.

Jen. And get myself snubbed. Not I, indeed.

Enter SOPHIA, R.

Soph. (R.) La, Jenny! Yonder's my mamma, with a whole congregation of milliners, mantua-makers, mercers, haberdashers, lacemen, feathermen, and—and all the world, consulting about second mourning.

Jen. (L. c.) I know it.

Soph. (c.) It will be six months, to-morrow, since the death of my father-in-law; and she has been busy giving orders for this fortnight, that everything might be brought home and tried on to-day. I do believe she'll sleep in her new clothes!

Jen. How you run on, miss!

Soph. What would my dear grandma say, if she saw her? Why, she is even more fond of finery than I am!

Jen. Sure, miss, you are not a bit of finery?

Soph. [*Skipping about.*] Oh, but I am. I wonder why she won't let me wear high-heeled shoes? I am sure I am old enough; I shall be eighteen next Christmas-day, at midnight; which is only nine months and two days! And since she likes to wear slips, and sashes, and ringlets, and—nonsense, like a girl, why should not I have high heels, and gowns, and satins, and trains, and sweeps, [*Mimicking.*] and—and like a woman?

Jen. It's very true what your mamma tells you, miss: you have been spoiled by your old fond grandmother, in Gloucestershire.

Soph. Nay, Jenny, I won't hear you call my dear grand-ma' names! Though everybody told the loving old soul she would spoil me.

Jen. And now your mamma has sent for you up to town, to finish your *heddecoration*.

Soph. Yes, she began on the very first day. There was the stay-maker sent for to screw up my shape; the shoe-maker to cripple my feet; the hair-dresser to burn my hair; the jeweller to bore my ears; and the dentist to file my teeth.

Jen. Ah! You came here such a hoyden! [*To Mrs. L.*] What, an't you gone yet, mistress?

Soph. La, Jenny, how can you be so cross to people? What is the matter with this good woman?

Jen. Oh, nothing but poverty!

Soph. Is that all? Here, [*Rummaging her pockets.*] give her this half-crown, and make her rich!

Jen. Rich, indeed!

Soph. What, is not it enough? La, I am sorry I spent all my money yesterday! I laid it out in sweetmeats, cakes, a canary bird, and a poll parrot. But I hope you are not very, very poor?

Mrs. L. (L.) My husband served the late alderman five-and-twenty years. His master promised to provide for him; but his pitiless widow can see him thrown with a broken heart upon the parish.

Sop. Oh, dear!—Stop!—Stop a bit! [*Capering off, L.*] Be sure you don't go!

Enter MR. SULKY, R.

Sul. (R.) Where's your mistress, girl?

Jen. (c.) My name is Jane Cocket, sir.

Sul. Where's your mistress ?

Jen. Busy, sir.

Sul. Tell her to come down.—Don't stare, girl, but go and tell your mistress I want her.

Jen. [*Aside.*] Humph! Mr. Black-and-gruff! [*Exit, R.*]

Re-enter SOPHIA, running with great eagerness, R.

Soph. I've got it! Here! Take this, good woman; go home and be happy! Take it, I tell you!

[*Offering a purse.*]

Sul. (c.) Who is this? Mrs. Ledger! How does your worthy husband?

Mrs. L. Alack, sir, ill enough: likely to starve in his latter days.

Sul. How! Starve?

Mrs. L. The widow refuses to do anything for him.

Sul. (l. c.) Humph!

Mrs. L. Service, age, and honesty, are poor pleas with affluence, ease, and Mrs. Warren.

Sul. Humph!

Mrs. L. You, sir, I understand, are the late alderman's executor?

Sul. I can't tell.

Mrs. L. Perhaps you may be able to serve my husband?

Sul. I don't know. However, give my respects to him. He shan't starve: tell him that.

Soph. Nay, but take this in the meantime.

Sul. Ay; take it, take it. [*Exit Mrs. Ledger, L. S. E.*]
And who are you, Miss Charity?

Soph. Me, sir? oh! I—I am my grandma's grand-daughter.

Sul. Humph!

Soph. Sophia Freelove.

Sul. Oh!—The Widow's daughter, by her first husband?

Soph. Yes, sir.

Re-enter JENNY, R.

Sul. Where's your mistress?

Jen. (R.) Coming, sir. So! [*To Sophia.*] You have stolen your mamma's purse, miss?

Soph. La, don't say so; I only ran away with it! She was bargaining for some smuggled lace with one of your acquaintance, and I thought I could dispose of her money to better advantage.

Jen. Without her consent?

Soph. Yes, to be sure; I knew I never should dispose of it in that manner with her consent.

Jen. Well! here comes your mamma. [Exit, L.]

Enter the WIDOW WARREN, R., in a fantastic, girlish Morning-dress, surrounded by Milliners, &c., and their Attendants, with Band-boxes, all talking as they enter. Sophia humming a tune, and capering about in the back-ground.

Widow. (R.) So you'll be sure not to forget my chapeau-a-la-Prusse, Mr. Mincing?

Hatter. (R.) Certainly not, madam.

Widow. (C.) And you'll make a delicate choice of the feathers?

Hatter. The selection will be elegant, madam.

Widow. Yes, I know, Mr. Mincing, you're a charming man! And you will let me have my pierrot a-la-Coblentz by nine in the morning, Mrs. Tiffany?

Mantua-maker. (R.) To a minute, ma'am.

Sul. Madam, when you have a moment's leisure—

Widow. Be quiet, you fright; don't interrupt me.—And my caraco a-la-hussar, and my bavaraises a-la-duchesse. And put four rows of pearl in my turban.

Milliner. Ver vell, me ladyship.

Widow. And you'll all come together exactly at nine?

Omnes. We'll all be here!

Widow. And don't forget the white ermine tippets, and the black fox muffs, and the Kamschatka furs, that you mentioned, Mr. Weazel!

Furrier. I'll bring a fine assortment, madam.

Widow. And, and, and—No; no—you may all go;—I can think of nothing else;—I shall remember more tomorrow.

Hatter, Furrier, Milliner, &c. Thank you, madam!—Very much obliged to you, ma'am!—De ver good bonjour to me ladyship. [Together—Exeunt, R.]

Widow. (R.) What was it you were saying, Mr. Sulky? —Pray, child, what have you done with my purse?

Soph. Given it away, ma'.

Widow. (R. C.) Given it away, minikin?

Soph. Yes, ma'.

Widow. (C.) Given my purse away? To whom? For what purpose?

Soph. (L. C.) La, ma', only—only to keep a poor woman from starving!

Widow. I protest, child, your grandmother has totally ruined you!

Sul. (C.) Not quite, madam; she has left the finishing to you.

Widow. What were you saying, Mr. Sulky?

Sul. You won't give me leave to say anything, madam.

Widow. You know you are a shocking troublesome man, Mr. Sulky! I have a thousand things to remember, and can't bear teasing. It fatigues my spirits! So pray relate this very urgent business of yours in a single word. What would you have?

Sul. Justice.

Widow. Lord, what do you mean? Do you think I am in the commission?

Sul. Yes, of follies innumerable!

Widow. You are a sad savage, Mr. Sulky! And who is it you want justice for?

Sul. Your late husband's son, John Milford.

Wid. Now pray don't talk to me? You are a very intrusive person! You quite derange my ideas! I can think of nothing soft or satisfactory while you are present.

Sul. Will you hear me, madam?

Widow. I can't! I positively can't! It is an odious subject.

Soph. Nay, ma', how can you be so cross with my brother Milford?

Widow. Your brother, child?—Country education!—How often, minikin, have I told you he was no brother of yours?

Soph. La, ma', he was your husband's son!

Widow. Yes, his ba—Faugh!—Odious word!—Your brother?

Soph. Yes, that he is! For he is in distress.

Sul. Humph!

Widow. (R.) And would you now—you who pretend to be a very prudent—ridiculous kind of a person, wish to see me squander the wealth of my poor dear little old dead man on Mr. Milford and his profligate companions?

Sul. Not I, indeed, madam; though the profligate to whom you make love should happen to be one of them!

Widow. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, the monster! I make love!—You have no eyes, Mr. Sulky! [*Walking about with a conceited air.*] You are really blind! But I know whom you mean.

Sul. I mean young Dornton, madam.

Widow. To be sure you do! Whom could you mean? Elegant youth! Rapturous thought!

Soph. I am sure, sir, young Mr. Dornton is no profligate!

Sul. [*Significantly.*] You are sure?

Soph. Yes, that I am.

Sul. Humph!

Soph. And it's very scandalous, very scandalous indeed, to say he is my ma's lover!

Sul. Humph!

Soph. Because he is a fine genteel young gentleman; and you know ma' is—

Widow. (c.) Pray, minikin, be less flippant with your tongue.

Soph. Why, la, ma', you yourself know you are too—

Wid. Go up to your chamber, child!

Soph. I am sure, ma', I say it is very scandalous to call the handsome Mr. Dornton your lover!

[*Exit, skipping, R.*]

Sul. (c.) Do you blush?

Widow. (R.) Blush, indeed! Blush? Ha, ha, ha! You are a very unaccountable creature, Mr. Sulky!—Blush at the babbling of a child?

Sul. Who is your rival?

Widow. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! My rival? The poor minikin! My rival? But I have a message for you! Now do compose your features to softness and complacency! Look pleasant if you can! Smile for once in your life!

[*Crosses to Sulky, R.*]

Sul. Don't make love to me! I'll have nothing to say to you!

Widow. (R.) Ha, ha, ha! Love?

Sul. Yes, you make love to Dornton! Nay, you make love to the booby Goldfinch! Even I am not secure in your company!

Widow. Ha, ha, ha! You are a shocking being, Mr. Sulky! But if you should happen to see Mr. Dornton, do astonish your acquaintance; do a good-natured thing, and tell him I am at home all the day. Love to you? Ha, ha, ha! Oh, you figure! You caricature of tenderness! You insupportable thing! [Exit, R.

Sul. [Sighs.] Ah! All labour in vain! [Crossing.

Enter JENNY, L.

Stand out of the way, girl! [Exit, L.

Jen. (c.) There she goes! [Looking after the Widow.] That's lucky! This way, sir!

Enter HARRY DORNTON, followed by a Servant with bills in his hand, L.

My mistress is gone up to her toilette, sir; but I can send you somebody you may like better! [Exit, R.

Har. (c.) Obliging abigail! [Looking over his papers.] 'Sdeath! What, all these tradesmen's bills!

Ser. All, sir. Mr. Smith sent me after you with them.

Har. When were they brought?

Ser. Some last night, but most this morning.

Har. Ill news travels fast, and honesty is devilish industrious. Go round to them all, return their bills, and bid them come themselves to-day. Has Mr. Williams, the ho-sier, sent in his bill?

Ser. No, sir.

Har. I thought as much; tell him to come with the rest, and on his life not to fail.

Ser. Very well, sir. [Exit, L.

Enter SOPHIA, in high spirits, R.

Soph. (R. c.) Oh, Mr. Dornton, I am glad to see you! Do you know, I've got the song by heart that you were so good as to teach me!

Har. And do you know, my charming Sophia, you are the most delightful, beautiful, bewitching scholar that ever took a lesson!

Soph. La, Mr. Dornton, I'm sure I'm very stupid!

Har. That you are all intelligence, all grace, all wit!

Soph. To be sure, my ma' caught me singing it, and she was pettish; because, you know, it's all about love, and ends with a happy marriage.

Har. But why pettish?

Soph. La, I can't tell. I suppose she wants to have all the marriage in the world to herself! It's her whole talk! I do believe she'd be married every morning that she rises, if anybody would have her!

Har. Think not of her, my sweet Sophia, but tell me—

Soph. (c.) What?

Har. I dare not ask.

Soph. Why?

Har. Lest I should offend you.

Soph. Nay, now, Mr. Dornton, that is not right of you! I am never offended with anybody, and I am sure I should not be offended with you! My grandma' always said I was the best-tempered girl in the world.—What is it?

Har. Were you? [*Taking her hand.*] Did you ever know what it is to love?

Soph. La, now, how could you ask one such a question? You know very well, one must not tell! Besides, you know, too, one must not be in love!

Har. Why not?

Soph. Because—Because I'm but a girl. My grandma' has told me a hundred times, it's a sin for anybody to be in love before they be a woman grown, full one-and-twenty; and I am not eighteen!

Har. Love, they say, cannot be resisted.

Soph. Ah, but I have been taught better!—it may be resisted: nobody need be in love unless they like: and so I won't be in love, for I won't wilfully do amiss. No! I won't love any person, though I should love them ever so dearly!

Har. [*Aside.*] Angelic innocence! [*Aloud.*] Right, lovely Sophia, guard your heart against seducers.

Soph. Do you know it is full five weeks since Valentine's Day; and, because I'm not one-and-twenty, nobody sent me a Valentine!

Har. And did you expect one?

Soph. Nay! I can't say but I did think! In Glouces-

tershire, if any young man happens to have a liking for a young woman, she is sure to hear of it on Valentine's Day. But perhaps Valentine's Day does not fall so soon here, as it does in the country.

Har. Why, it is possible you may yet receive a Valentine.

Soph. Nay, now, but don't you go to think that I am asking for one; for that would be very wrong of me, and I know better. My grandma' told me I must never mention nor think of such things till I am a woman, full one-and-twenty grown; and that, if I were to find such a thing at my window, or under my pillow, or concealed in a plum-cake—

Har. A plum-cake?

Soph. Yes, I assure you, I have heard of a Valentine sent baked in a plum-cake—and, indeed, I would not receive such a thing for the world—no, not from the finest man on earth, if I did not think him to be a true and faithful, true, true lover!

Har. But how must he prove his faith and truth?

Soph. Why, first, he must love me very dearly!—With all his heart and soul! And then he must be willing to wait till I am one-and-twenty.

Har. And would not you love in return?

Soph. N—yes, when I come to be one-and-twenty.

Har. Not sooner?

Soph. Oh, no! I must not!

Har. Surely, you might, if you pleased?

Soph. Oh, but you must not persuade me to that! If you do, I shall think you are a bad man, such as my grandma' warned me of!

Har. And do you think me so?

Soph. Do I?—No!—I would not think you so for a thousand, thousand golden guineas!

Har. [*Aside.*] Fascinating purity! What am I about? To deceive or trifle with such unsuspecting affection would indeed be villainy!

Goldfinch. [*Without, L.*] Is she above? must see her!

Soph. (L.) La, I hear that great, ridiculous, horse-jockey, Goldfinch, coming up! [*Sighs.*] Good bye, Mr. Dorn-ton.

Har. (R.) Heaven bless you, Sophia!—Sweet Sophia, Heaven bless you, my lovely angel! heigho!

Soph. Heigho!

Gold. [*Without, L.*] Is she here?

Ser. [*Without, L.*] I don't know, sir.

Enter GOLDFINCH, L.

Gold. (L.) Ha, my tight one!

Har. [*Surveying him.*] Well, Charles?

Gold. How you stare!—an't I the go? that's your sort!

Har. Ha, ha, ha!

Gold. Where's the widow?

Har. Gone up to dress, and will not be down these two hours.

Gold. (c.) A hundred to eighty, I'd sup up a string of twenty horses in less time than she takes to dress her fetlocks, plait her mane, trim her ears, and buckle on her body clothes!

Har. (c.) You improve daily, Charles!

Gold. (L. c.) To be sure? that's your sort! An't I a genus? [*Strutting about.*]

Har. Quite an original!—You may challenge the whole fraternity of the whip to match you!

Gold. Match me! Newmarket can't match me!—That's your sort. [*Strutting.*]

Har. Oh, no! ha, ha, ha! you are harder to match than one of your own pied ponies—a very different being from either your father or grandfather.

Gold. Father or grandfather!—Shakebags, both.

Har. How!

Gold. Father a sugar-baker, grandfather, a slop-seller:—I'm a gentleman—that's your sort!

Har. Ha, ha, ha! and your father was only a man of worth!

Gold. Kept a gig! [*Contemptuously.*] Knew nothing of life! never drove four!

Har. No, but he was a useful member of society.

Gold. A usef—what's that?

Har. Ha, ha, ha! A pertinent question.

Gold. A gentleman like me a useful member of society! bet the long odds, nobody ever heard of such a thing!

Har. You have not acquired your character in the world for nothing, Charles!

Gold. World! what does the world say?

Har. Strange things. It says you have got into the hands of jockeys, Jews, and swindlers; and that, though old Goldfinch in his day was one of the richest men on 'Change, his son will shortly become poorer than the poorest black-leg at Newmarket.

Gold. Damn the world!

Har. With all my heart, damn the world, for it says little better of me!

Gold. Bet you seven to five the Eclipse colts against the Highflyer, the second spring meeting.

Har. No.—I have done with the Highflyer and Eclipse too. So you are in pursuit of the widow?

Gold. Full cry; must have her.

Har. Ha, ha, ha! heigho! you must?

Gold. All up with me else! If I don't marry the widow, I must smash! I've secured the knowing one.

Har. Whom do you mean; the maid?

Gold. Promised her a hundred on the wedding-day.

Enter JENNY, R.

Jen. My mistress can't see you at present, gentlemen.

Gold. Can't see me? [*Vexed.*] Take Harriet an airing in the phaeton.

Har. What, is Harriet your favourite?

Gold. To be sure; I keep her.

Har. You do?

[*Jenny retires, L.*]

Gold. Fine creature!

Har. Well bred?

Gold. Just to my taste! Like myself, free and easy. That's your sort!

Har. A fine woman?

Gold. Prodigious! Sister to the Irish Giant! Six feet in her stockings!—That's your sort!—Sleek coat, flowing mane, broad chest, all bone! Dashing figure in a phaeton!—Sky-blue habit, scarlet sash, green hat, yellow ribands, white feathers, gold band and tassel!—That's your sort!

Har. Ha, ha, ha! Heigho! Why, you are a high fellow, Charles!

Gold. To be sure! know the odds—hold four in hand—turn a corner in style—reins in form—elbows square—wrist pliant—hayait!—drive the Coventry stage twice a week all summer—pay for an inside place—mount the box

—tip the coachy a crown—beat the mail—come in full speed—rattle down the gateway—take care of your heads! never killed but one woman and a child in all my life—that's your sort! [Going to L.]

Jen. [*Aside to Goldfinch.*] Take him with you!

[*Exit, L.*]

Gold. Want a hedge? Take guineas to pounds—Precipitate against Dragon?

Har. No.

Gold. [*Aside.*] Wish I could have him a few!—odd or even for fifty.

Har. Ha, ha, ha! odd enough.

Gold. Will you cut a card, hide in the hat, chuck in the glass, draw cuts, heads or tails, gallop the maggot, swim the hedgehog, anything?

Har. Nothing.

Gold. I'm up to all—that's your sort! [*Aside.*] Get him with me and pigeon him.—Come and see my grays—been to Tattersall's and bought a set of six—smokers! beat all England for figure, bone, and beauty! Hayait, charmers! that's your sort! bid for two pair of mouse ponies for Harriet!

Har. Ha, ha, ha! The Irish Giantess drawn by mouse ponies!

Gold. Come and see 'em.

Har. No.—I am weary of the company of stable-boys.

Gold. Why so? Shan't play you any tricks. If they squirt water at you, or make the colts kick you, tell me, and I'll horsewhip 'em—Arch dogs! deal of wit!

Har. When they do, I'll horsewhip them myself.

Gold. Yourself? 'Ware that!—wrong there!

Har. I think I should be right.

Gold. Do you! what—been to school?

Har. To school! why, yes—I—

Gold. Mendoza! oh! good morrow! [Going, L.]

Har. Ha, ha, ha! There goes one of my friends! heigho!

Enter MILFORD, hastily, L., followed by GOLDFINCH.

Gold. What is it, Jack, tell me! [Eagerly.]

Mil. (c.) Come, Harry! we shall be too late! they are about to begin! we may have what bets we please!

Gold. (c.) Where? what?

Mil. The great match! the famous Frenchman, and Will the Marker! A thousand guineas a-side!

Gold. What, tennis?

Mil. Yes. The Frenchman gives fifteen and a bisk.

Gold. To Will the marker?

Mil. Yes.

Gold. Will, for a hundred!

Mil. Done!

Gold. Done, done!

Har. I bar the bet; the odds are five to four already.

Gold. What, for the Mounseer?

Har. Yes.

Gold. I'll take it, five hundred to four.

Har. Done!

Gold. Done, done!

Har. No, I bar!—I forgot—I have cut. I'll never bet another guinea.

Mil. You do, for a hundred?

Har. Done!

Mil. Done, done! ha, ha, ha!

Har. Pshaw!

Gold. What a cake!

Mil. But you'll go?

Har. No.

Mil. Yes, you will. Come, come, the match is begun! everybody is there! the Frenchman is the first player in the world!

Har. It's a noble exercise!

Mil. Ay! Cato himself delighted in it.

Har. (R. c.) Yes, it was much practised by the Romans.

Gold. The Romans! who are they?

Har. Ha, ha, ha!

Mil. Ha, ha, ha!—Will you go, or will you not, Harry?

Har. I can't, Jack. My conscience won't let me!

Mil. Pshaw! Zounds, if we don't make haste, it will be all over!

Har. Do you think it will?—No—I won't—I must not.

Mil. [Taking hold of him.] Come along, I tell you.

Har. No.

Mil. They have begun!

Gold. Have they?—I'm off! [Exit, L.]

Mil. [Still struggling with Harry.] What folly!—come along.

Har. No, I will not.

Mil. [Leaving him and going.] Well, well, if you're so positive—

Har. (L.) [Calling.] Stay, Jack; stay—I'll walk up the street with you, but I won't go in.

Mil. Double or quits the hundred that you won of me last night, you do!

Har. I don't, for a thousand!

Mil. [Without, L.] No, no, the hundred.

Har. I tell you, I won't! I won't go in with you.

Mil. Done, for the hundred!

Har. Done, done! [Exeunt, L.]

SCENE II.—*The Parlour of the Tennis Court.—Markers discovered, engaged with Rackets and Balls.*

SHERIFF'S OFFICER, two Followers, and one of the Markers,
L.—Shout.

Marker. Hurrah!

Officer. Pray, is Mr. Milford in the court?

Mar. I'll bet you gold to silver, the Frenchman loses! hurrah! [Exit, R.]

Enter MR. SMITH from the Court, C. D. F.

Mr. S. He is not there.

Offi. Are you sure?

Mr. S. The crowd is very great, but I can neither see him nor any of his companions.

Offi. Then he will not come.

Mr. S. I begin to hope so!

Offi. [Examining his writ.] "Middlesex to wit—one thousand pounds—Dornton against John Milford."

Mr. S. You must take none but substantial bail. [Shout.] What a scene!

Offi. He will not be here.

Mr. S. Heaven send! [Shout.]

Enter GOLDFINCH, L., and a MARKER running across.

Gold. Is the match begun?

Marker. The first game is just over.

Gold. Who lost?

Marker. The Frenchman!

Gold. Hurrah!

Marker. Hurrah!

Gold. Damn the Mounseers!—That's your sort.

[*Exit into the Court, in the back scene.*]

Mr. S. That's one of his companions. [*Aside.*] I begin to tremble!—Stand aside! Here they both come!

Offi. Which is he?

Mr. S. The second.

[*Shout, C. D. F.*]

Enter HARRY DORNTON and MILFORD, in haste, L.

Har. I hear them! I hear them! Come along!

Mil. Ha, ha, ha!—Harry!—You would not go!—You were determined!

[*Shout.*]

Har. Zounds! Come along!

[*Exit in haste, C. D. F.—Milford follows him, laughing.*]

Offi. [*Stopping him.*] A word with you, sir, if you please.

Mil. With me? Who are you? What do you want?

Offi. You are my prisoner.

Mil. Prisoner! Damnation! Let me go.

Offi. I must do my duty, sir.

Mil. Here, here! this is your duty.

[*Taking out his purse*]

Mr. S. [*Advancing.*] It must not be, sir.

Mil. Mr. Smith!—What! at the suit of Dornton?

Mr. S. Yes, sir. 'Tis your own fault. Why do you lead his son to these places? He heard you were to bring him here.

Mil. Furies! Marker! [*To a Servant passing.*] Tell Harry Dornton to come to me instantly.

Ser. Yes, sir.

[*Exit, C. D. F.—Shout.*]

Mil. Zounds! Let me but go and see the match!

Mr. S. You must not, sir.

Enter MARKER, M. D.

Mil. [*To another Marker.*] Marker!

Mar. Sir!

Mil. Who wins?

Mar. The Frenchman has the best on't.

Mil. Tell Harry Dornton I am here in trouble. Desire him to come this moment.

Mar. Very well, sir. [Exit, c. d. f.—Shout.

Mil. [To *Officer.*] I'll give you ten guineas for five minutes!

Mr. S. Take him away, sir.

Off. You must come along, sir.

Mil. [To a *Marker, returning, c. d. f.*] Have you told him?

Mar. He can't come, sir.

Mil. Very well, Harry! very well! [To *Second Marker.*] Well, sir?

Mar. He would not leave the court for a thousand pounds! [Exit, c. d. f.

Off. Come, come, sir! [To his two *Attendants.*] Bring him along!

Mil. Hands off, scoundrels! [Shout, c. d. f.] Fiends!
[Exeunt, L.

SCENE III.—*The House of Mr. Silky.—A Room of Business.—Ledger, Letter-file, Inkstand, &c.*

SILKY discovered, and JACOB entering, L.

Sil. (L. c.) Well, Jacob! Have you been?

Jac. (R.) Yes, sir.

Sil. Well, and what news? How is he? Very bad?

Jac. Dead, sir.

Sil. [Eagerly.] Dead?

Jac. As Deborah!

Sil. [Aside.] I'm a lucky man! [Aloud.] Are you sure he is dead, Jacob?

Jac. (R. c.) I saw him with my own eyes, sir.

Sil. That's right, Jacob! I'm a lucky man! And what say the people at the hotel? Do they know who he is?

Jac. Oh, yes, sir! He was rich! A gentleman in his own country!

Sil. And did you take care they should not know you?

Jac. To be sure, sir! You had given me my lesson!

Sil. Ay, ay, Jacob! That's right!—You are a fine boy! Mind me, and I'll make a man of you! And you think they had heard nothing of his having called on me?

Jac. Not a word!

Sil. [Aside.] It was a lucky mistake!—Well, Jacob!

Keep close! Don't say a word, and I'll give you—I'll give you a crown!

Jac. You promised me a guinea, sir.

Sil. Did I, Jacob? did I? Well, well! I'll give you a guinea! But be close! Did you call at the Widow Warren's?

Jac. Yes, sir.

Sil. And will she see me?

Jac. She desires you will be there in an hour.

Sil. Very well, Jacob. Keep close! Not a word about the foreign gentleman, or his having been here a week ago, or his being taken suddenly ill and dying! [*Aside.*] It is a lucky stroke!—Close, Jacob, my boy!

Jac. But give me the guinea, sir!

Sil. What, now, Jacob?

Jac. If you please, sir. You may forget—

Sil. Well, there, Jacob; there! You'll be a rich man, Jacob! a cunning fellow! I read it in your countenance, Jacob! Close, Jacob, and then—

Jac. Perhaps you'll give me another guinea?

Sil. Well said, Jacob! you'll be a great man. Mind what I say to you, and you'll be a great man! [*Knocking, R.*] Here's somebody coming! go, Jacob! close!

Jac. And another guinea?

[*Exit, R.*

Sil. This is a lucky stroke!

Enter GOLDFINCH, R.

So, Mr. Goldfinch! what do you want?

Gold. Money—a thousand pounds directly.

Sil. (c.) Fine talking, Mr. Goldfinch! money's a scarce commodity! times are ticklish!

Gold. (R. c.) Tellee, I must have it.

Sil. Give me but good security, and you know I'm your friend.

Gold. Yes, good security and fifty per cent!

Sil. Why, look you there, now! for all you know the last annuity I had of you, I gave a full hundred more than was offered by your friend, Aaron, the Jew!

Gold. My friend? your friend! you collogue together!

Sil. Hear you, now! for all you know I have always been your friend—always supplied you with money, have not I? and, when I saw you were running to ruin, I ne-

ver told you of it, did I? I was willing to make all things easy!

Gold. Easy enough! you have pretty well eased me!

Sil. There is your companion, Jack Milford; I shall be a heavy loser by him!

Gold. Ah! It's all up with poor Jack! he's fixed at last!

Sil. What do you mean?

Gold. Old Dornton has sent the Nab-man after him!

Sil. And arrested him?

Gold. Yes, he's touched!

Sil. [*Crosses, R., and calls.*] Jacob!

Enter JACOB, R.

Run as fast as you can to my good friend, Mr. Strawshoe, the attorney, and tell him to take out detainers for all the debts I have bought up against Mr. Milford; make haste!

Jac. Yes, sir.

[*Exit, R.*

Gold. I thought you were Jack Milford's friend, too!

Sil. So I am, Mr. Goldfinch! but I must provide for my family!

Gold. Come, come!—The bit! tellee I want the coal, directly! Sale at Tattersall's to-morrow morning! three pot-eight-o' brood mares, with each an Eclipse colt! would not lose 'em for all Lombard Street—so will you let me have the bit?

Sil. Dear, dear! I tell you, I can't, Mr. Goldfinch!

Gold. Then some other Jew must. [*Crosses, R.*

Sil. (*L. c.*) Jew! hear you! hear you! this is to be the friend of an ungrateful spendthrift! Calls me Jew! I, who go to morning prayers every day of my life, and three times to tabernacle on a Sunday!

Gold. (*R. c.*) Yes! you cheat all day, tremble all night, and act the hypocrite the first thing in the morning.

[*Going, R.*

Sil. Nay, but stay, Mr. Goldfinch! stay! I want to talk to you! I have a scheme to make a man of you!

Gold. What! bind me 'prentice to an usurer.

Sil. Psha! you are in pursuit of the Widow Warren?

Gold. Well.

Sil. Now, what will you give me, and I'll secure her to you?

Gold. You ?

Sil. I.

Gold. Which way ?

Sil. I have a deed in my power,—I won't tell you what, but I have it, by which I can make her marry the man I please, or remain a widow all her life ; and that I am sure she will never do if she can help it.

Gold. You a deed ?

Sil. Yes, I.

Gold. Show it me.

Sil. Not for twenty thousand pounds !—Depend upon me, I have it ! I tell you I'm your friend, and you shall have her ; that is, on proper conditions.—If not, Mr. Goldfinch, you shall not have her.

Gold. Indeed, Old Judas ; well, what are your conditions ?

Sil. I find the late alderman died worth a hundred and fifty thousand pounds !

Gold. Ay !

Sil. Every farthing, Mr. Goldfinch ! and my conscience tells me that, risk, and character, and all things considered, I must come in for my thirds.

Gold. Your conscience tells you that !

Sil. Yes, it does, Mr. Goldfinch ;—fifty thousand is a fair price.

Gold. For the soul of a miser.

Sil. If you'll join me, say so.

Gold. Fifty thousand !

Sil. Not a farthing less ! What, will there not be a hundred thousand remaining ?

Gold. Why, that's true !—It will cut a fine dash !

Sil. To be sure it will ! Come with me ; I'll draw up a sketch of an agreement. After which, we must fight cunning. The widow is a vain, weak woman.—You must get her written promise.

Gold. Written ?

Sil. Under her own hand ; with a good round penalty in case of forfeiture.

Gold. Well said, old one.

Sil. Not less than twenty thousand pounds ! A jury would grant half.

Gold. Damme, you're a good one !

Sil. That would secure something, and we would snack.

Gold. Damme! you're a deep one!

Sil. Ah, ha, ha, ha! Do you think I am, Mr. Goldfinch?
—Signed on a stamp!

Gold. You know a thing or two!

Sil. Ah, ha, ha, ha! Do you think I do, Mr. Goldfinch?

Gold. You can teach 'em to bite the bubble!

Sil. Ah, ha, ha, ha! You joke, Mr. Goldfinch, you joke!

Gold. But the devil will have you at last!

Sil. Lord forbid, Mr. Goldfinch! Don't terrify me! I hate the devil, Mr. Goldfinch; indeed I do! I hate the name of him! Heaven keep me out of his fiery clutches!

Gold. No: he has you safe enough. Bait his trap but with a guinea, and he is sure to find you nibbling.

Sil. Don't talk about the devil, Mr. Goldfinch! Pray don't! But think about the Widow: secure her.

Gold. I must have the coal, though, this evening.

Sil. Don't lose a moment, Mr. Goldfinch.

Gold. Must not lose the Eclipse colts!

Sil. Pshaw, Mr. Goldfinch, think less of the colts, and more of the widow! Get her promise in black and white.

[*Goldfinch going, R.*

Gold. [*Turns back.*] Tellee, I must have 'em.

Sil. All will then be safe.

Gold. Must have 'em.

[*Exeunt, L.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The House of the Widow Warren.*

Enter JENNY and SOPHIA, R.

Jen. (c.) Oh, Miss! I have got something for you.

Soph. (R. c.) Something for me! What is it? What is it?

Jen. [*Holding her hand behind her.*] What will you give me?

Soph. Oh, I'll give you—[*Feeling in her pocket.*] La.

I've got no money! But I'll give you—a kiss and owe you sixpence.

Jen. No. A shilling without the kiss.

Soph. Well, well, a shilling.

Jen. There, then. [*Giving her a small parcel.*]

Soph. La! what is it? [*Reads.*] *To Miss Sophia Free-love.* And such a beautiful seal! It is a pity to break it. [*Opening the paper.*] La! Nothing but a plum-cake!

Jen. Is that all?

Soph. [*Considering.*] Ecod!—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! I do think—As sure as sixpence, it is!—It is!—

Jen. Is what?

Soph. Oh, la, it is!

Jen. What's the matter with the girl?

Soph. Ecod, Jenny, it is the most curious plum-cake you ever saw!

Jen. I see nothing curious about it!

Soph. (R.) [*Kneeling.*] Oh, but you shall see! Give me a knife!—Oh, no, that will spoil all!—Look you, Jenny, look!—Do but look! [*Breaks open the cake and finds a Valentine enclosed.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha! I told you so! The sweet, dear—! [*Kisses it.*] Did you ever see such a plum-cake in your whole life, Jenny?—And look here! [*Opening the Valentine.*] Oh, how beautiful!—The shape of a honey-suckle!—What should that mean?—And two doves cooing! But here!—Here's the writing:

“The woodbine sweet, and turtle dove,
Are types of chaste and faithful love.
Ah! were such peace and truth but mine,
I'd gladly be your Valentine!”

[*Repeating.*] Were such peace and truth but mine!

La, now, Mr. Dornton, you know they are yours!

Jen. So, so! Mr. Dornton sends you valentines, Miss!

Soph. Oh, yes, Jenny! He is the kindest, sweetest, handsomest gentleman!

Jen. You must give me that valentine, Miss.

Soph. Give it you!

Jen. Yes, that I may show it your mamma.

Soph. Indeed! but don't you think it! I would not give you this tiny bit of paper,—no, not for a diamond as big—as big as the whole world!—And if you were to take it from me, I'd never love you, nor forgive you, as long as I live!

Jen. Oh! but indeed, Miss, I'm not obliged to keep secrets for nothing!

Soph. Nay, Jenny, you know I am very good to you. And here!—Here! Don't tell ma', and I'll give you this silver thimble.

[*Exit Jenny, L.—Sophia retires to the background.*]

Enter WIDOW WARREN and MR. SULKY, L.

Widow. (R.) You are a very shocking person, Mr. Sulky!—The wild man of the woods broke loose! Do return to your keeper, good orang-outang; and don't go about to terrify children!

Sul. I tell you, madam, Mr. Milford is arrested.

Soph. My brother?

Sul. Locked up at a bailiff's in the next street.

Soph. Oh, dear!

Widow. (c.) And pray, now, what is that to me?

Sul. Madam!

Widow. I am not arrested.

Sul. Would you were!

Widow. Oh, the savage!

Sul. The pitiless only should feel pain. The stony-hearted alone should be enclosed by walls of stone.

Soph. [*Comes forward on L.*] Don't be cross with ma', sir: I'm sure she'll release my brother.

Widow. You are sure, minikin?

Soph. (L. c.) Yes, ma'; for I am sure, no soul on earth would suffer a fellow-creature to lie and pine to death, in a frightful, dark dungeon, and fed with bread and water!

Sul. (R. c.) Your late husband recommended the payment of his son's debts.

Widow. Recommended?

Sul. Yes.

Widow. But leaving it to my own prudence.

Sul. More's the pity.

Widow. Which prudence I shall follow.

Sul. It will be the first time in your life—You never yet followed prudence, you always ran before it.

Soph. Nay, come, dear ma'; I am sure you have a pitiful heart; I am sure you could not rest in your bed if my poor brother was in prison.

Widow. Hold your prattle, child.

Soph. Ah, I am sure you'll make him happy, and pay his debts.

Widow. Why, Jenny!

[*Calling.*

Sul. You won't?

Enter JENNY, R.

Soph. La, dear sir, have patience—

Sul. [*To Soph.*] You are an angel! [*To Widow.*] And you are—

[*Exit, L.*

Soph. Nay, pray, sir, do stay! [*Exit, following.*

Widow. I am glad the monster is gone; he is a very intolerable person.—Pray, Jenny, how did it happen that Mr. Dornton went away without seeing me?

Enter SERVANT and SILKY, L.

Ser. Mr. Silky, madam.

Widow. Leave us, Jenny. [*Jenny exits, R.*] So, Mr. Silky.—What is this very urgent business of yours?

Sil. (L.) [*Looking cautiously round.*] Are we safe, madam? Will nobody interrupt us; nobody overhear us?

Widow. (c.) No, no.—But what is the meaning of all this caution?

Sil. [*Carefully drawing the will from his pocket.*] Do you know this hand-writing, madam?

[*Both sit.*

Widow. Ah!—It is my poor old dear man's, I see.

Sil. You have heard of a will he left in France?

Widow. Pshaw! Will, indeed! He left no will.

Sil. Yes, he did, madam.

Widow. I won't believe it! He loved me too well to rob me of a single guinea! Poor simple soul! I was his darling!

Sil. His darling, madam?—With your permission, I will just read a single clause, in which his darling is mentioned! Look, madam, it is the alderman's hand! [*Reads.*] “But as I have sometimes painfully suspected the excessive affection which my said wife, Winifred Warren, professed for me during my decline, and that the solemn protestations she made never to marry again, should she survive me, were both done with sinister views, it is my will that, should she marry, or give a legal promise of marriage, written or verbal, that she shall be cut off with an

annuity of six hundred a year; and the residue of my effects in that case to be equally divided between my natural son, John Milford, and my wife's daughter, Sophia Freelove.'

Widow. Six hundred a year! An old dotard! brute! monster! I hate him now as heartily as when he was alive! But pray, sir, how came you by this will?

Sil. Why, it was odd enough! and yet easy enough! My name is Silky, madam—

Widow. Well?

Sil. And you know the executor's name is Sulky—

Widow. Well?

Sil. The gentleman that delivered it only made a mistake of a letter, and gave it to Mr. Silky instead of Mr. Sulky.

Widow. And where is that gentleman?

Sil. Ah, poor man—He is dead!

Widow. Dead?

Sil. And gone.—

Widow. And does Mr. Sulky know of this will being delivered?

Sil. Not a syllable; it's all close and smooth.

Widow. So much the better. Come, give it me, and—

Sil. Excuse me there, madam; I can't do that.

Widow. Why so?

Sil. My conscience won't let me; I must provide for my family.

Widow. And pray, what provision is this will to make for your family, Mr. Silky?

Sil. Why, madam, I have a proposal.—You know the power of your own charms?

Widow. Which, I believe, is more than you do, Mr. Silky—

Sil. Hah! Don't say so, madam;—Don't say so! Would I were a handsome, rich, and well-born youth:—But you know Mr. Goldfinch?—Ah, ha, ha, ha! I could tell you a secret!

Widow. What, that he is dying for me, I suppose?

Sil. Ah!—So smitten!—Talks of nothing else!

Widow. And is that any secret, think you?

Sil. The alderman, I find, died worth more than a plum and a half—

Widow. Well ?

Sil. I have talked the matter over with my friend, Mr. Goldfinch, and he thinks it but reasonable, that for a secret of so much importance, which would almost sweep the whole away, I should receive one-third.

Widow. Fifty thousand pounds, Mr. Silky ?

Sil. I can't take less.

Widow. Why, you are a greater rogue than even I thought you !

Sil. Lord, madam, it's no roguery ; it's only a knowledge of the world ; a young husband, with a hundred thousand pounds, or poor six hundred a-year, without any husband !

Widow. You are a very shocking old miser, Mr. Silky ; a very repulsive sort of a person ; what heart you had is turned to stone ; you are insensible of the power of a pair of fine eyes ! But I have made a conquest that places me beyond your reach—I mean to marry Mr. Dornton.

Sil. [*Rising surprised.*] What ! old Mr. Dornton, madam ?

Widow. [*Rising.*] Old Mr. Dornton, man ! I never saw the figure in my life—no ! The gay and gallant young Mr. Dornton ! the pride of the city, and the lawful monarch of my bleeding heart !

Sil. Ha, ha, ha ! young Mr. Dornton !

Widow. So you may take your will and light your fires with it ; you will not make a penny of it in any other way. Mr. Sulky, the executor, is Mr. Dornton's partner, and when I marry Mr. Dornton, he will never inflict the absurd penalty.

Sil. Ha, ha, ha ! No, madam ! when you marry Mr. Dornton, that he certainly never will ! but if any accident should happen to prevent the match, you will then let me hear from you ?

Widow. Lord, good man ! don't mention the horrid idea ! do leave me to my delightful meditations ! I would indulge in soft sensibility and dreams of bliss ; and not be disturbed by dead men's wills, or the sordid extortions of an avaricious old rogue !

Sil. Very well, madam ! the secret for the present remains between ourselves. You'll be silent for your own

sake! only remember, ha, ha, ha! if you should want me, I live at number forty. My name is on the door. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Dornton! Good morning, madam! [*Going, L.*] Mr. Dornton! ha, ha, ha! you'll send if you should want me? [*Exit laughing, L.*

Widow. Jenny!

[*Calling.*

Enter JENNY, R.

Jen. Ma'am!

Widow. As I was saying, Jenny, pray, how did it happen that Mr. Dornton went away without seeing me?

Jen. Indeed, ma'am, I don't know.

Widow. Cruel youth!

Jen. I'm sure, ma'am, I wonder how you can like him better than Mr. Goldfinch.

Widow. Mr. Goldfinch is very well, Jenny; but Mr. Dornton; oh, incomparable!

Jen. I'm sure, ma'am, if I was a rich lady, and a handsome lady, and a fine lady, like you, I should say Mr. Goldfinch for my money.

Widow. Should you, Jenny? Well, I don't know.

[*Languishing.*

Goldfinch. [*Without, L.*] Tellee I must see her!

Widow. As I live, here he comes;—he is such a boisterous person! How do I look, Jenny?

Jen. [*After examining.*] You had better go up to your toilette for a minute.

Widow. That smooth-tongued old extortioner has put me into such a fluster.—Don't let him go, Jenny.

Jen. Never fear, ma'am.

Widow. I'll not stay too long.

[*Exit, R.*

Enter GOLDFINCH, L., his clothes dirtied by a fall.

Gold. (L.) Here I am—all alive.

Jen. (c.) Dear; what's the matter?

Gold. (L. c.) Safe and sound; fine kick up!

Jen. Have you been thrown?

Gold. Pitched five-and-twenty feet into a ditch—souse.

Jen. Dear me!

Gold. Pretty commence; no matter—limbs whole—heart sound—that's your sort!

Jen. Where did it happen?

Gold. Bye-road—back of Islington—had them tight in hand, too—came to short turn and a narrow lane—up flew a damned dancing-master's umbrella—bounce—off they went—road repairing—wheelbarrow in the way—crash—out flew I—whiz—fire flashed—lay stunned—got up—looked foolish—shafts broke—Snarler and Blackguard both down—Black-and-all-black paying away—pannels smashed—traces cut—Snarler lamed!

Jen. Terrible!

Gold. Damned mad!—cursed a few, cut up Black-and-all-black, horsewhipped Tom, took coach, and drove hero like a devil in a whirlwind.

Jen. 'Tis very well your neck's not broke.

Gold. Little stiff—no matter—damn all dancing-masters and their umbrellas!

Jen. You had better have been here, Mr. Goldfinch. You stand so long, shilly shally, that you'll be cut out at last. If you had but a licence now in your pocket, I'd undertake to have you married in half an hour.

Gold. Do you think so?

Jen. Think! I'm sure on't.

Gold. Damme, I'll post away and get one—must not lose her; the game's up, if I do!—must have her!—be true to me, and I'll secure you the hundred. I'll be back from the Commons in a smack. [Exit Jenny, L.

Enter WIDOW WARREN, R.

Ah, Widow! here am I!

[Runs to her, kisses her eagerly, and dirties her clothes.

Widow. (R.) I protest, Mr. Goldfinch!—was ever the like! [Looking at herself.

Gold. (C.) Never mind, brush off—I'm the lad!—been to Hatchet's—bespoke the wedding-coach.

Widow. But—Sir—

Gold. Pannels stripe painted—hammer-cloth fringed—green and white—curtains festooned—patent wheels—silver furniture—all flash—light as a bandbox—trundle and spin after my grays like a tandem down hill—pass—show 'em the road—whurr—whizz-gig—that's your sort!

Widow. It will be superb!

Gold. Superb! [With contempt.] Tellee it will be the thing!—the go—the stare—the gape—the gaze!—the rich

widow and the tight one!—there they go—that's your sort—I'm the boy that shall drive you!

Widow. Pardon me, Mr. Goldfinch;—if a certain event were, by the wise disposition of Providence, to take place, I should think proper to drive.

Gold. You drive! If you do, damme!

Widow. Sir!

Gold. I'm christened and called Charles—Charles Goldfinch—the knowing lad that's not to be had—winter and summer—fair weather and foul—low ruts or no ruts—never take a false quarter. No, no, widow—I drive—hayit—ah! ah!—get on—St—St—touch Whitefoot on the flank—tickle Snarler in the ear—cut up the Yelper—take out a fly's eye—smack, crack—that's your sort!

Widow. I assure you, Mr. Goldfinch, you entertain very improper suppositions concerning—

Gold. Go for the licence.

[*Going.*]

Widow. Nay, but surely, Mr.—

Gold. Go for the licence—resolved—taken it here.

[*Pointing to his forehead.*]

Widow. If retrospect and—and affection threw no other obstacles in the way—yet the—the world—prudence—

Gold. The world!—prudence!—damn the world—damn prudence!

Widow. Oh, but, sir—

Gold. The world nor nobody else has nothing to do with neither your prudence nor mine—we'll be married immediately—

Widow. Immediately, Mr. Goldfinch? I—

Gold. What, you won't?

Widow. Nay, Mr. Goldfinch—I—do not—absolutely renunciate—but I—wish—

Gold. It was over—know you do—go for the licence—

Widow. Pray, dear Mr. Goldfinch—

Gold. Go for the licence, I tellie—

Widow. Only a word—

Gold. To the wise—I'm he—go for the licence—that's your sort!

[*Exit, L.*]

Widow. Mr. Goldfinch—I declare—

[*Exit, following, L.*]

SCENE II.—*Dornton's House.*

Enter MR. DORNTON and MR. SMITH, R.

Dor. (R.) Still the same hurry, the same crowd, Mr Smith?

Mr. S. (R.) Much the same, sir: the house never experienced a day like this; Mr. Sulky thinks we shall never get through.

Dor. Is Milford taken?

Mr. S. Yes, sir.

Dor. Unprincipled prodigal! my son owes his ruin to him alone. But he shall suffer.

Mr. S. My young master's tradesmen are waiting.

Dor. Bid them come in. [*Exit Smith, L.*] All my own fault, my own fond folly: denied him nothing, encouraged him to spend; and now—

Re-enter MR. SMITH, followed by upwards of twenty Tradesmen, L., who stand across background.

Mr. S. (c.) This way, gentlemen.

Dor. (c.) Zounds, what an army!—a vile, thoughtless profligate!

Enter CLERK, L.

Clerk. [*To Dornton.*] You are wanted in the counting-house, sir.

Dor. Very well. I'll be with you in a moment, gentlemen—abandoned spendthrift!

[*Exit, followed by Mr. Smith, L.*]

First T. I don't like this! what does this mean?

Second T. Danger!

Third T. He has been a good customer—none of your punctual paymasters, that look over their accounts.

First T. Oh, a different thing! nothing to be got by them—always take care to affront them.

Second T. Perhaps it is a trick of the old gentleman to inspect into our charges.

Third T. I don't like that: rather hear of any tax than of taxing my bill.

First T. Humph! tradesmen begin to understand these things, and allow a reasonable profit.

Second T. Can't have less than fifty per. cent for retail credit trade!

Third T. To be sure not; if a man would live in style, and have a fortune, as he ought.

First T. Hush! mind—all devilish-hard run.

Omnes. Certainly.

First T. Not a guinea in the house; to-morrow's Saturday—Hem!

Re-enter MR. DORNTON, L.

Dor. Your servant, gentlemen, your servant.—Pray, how happens it that you bring your accounts in here?

First T. We received notice, sir.

Dor. You have none of you any demands on me!

First T. Happy to serve you, sir.

Second T. We shall be glad of your custom, sir.

Omnes. All! all!

Dor. And do you come expecting to be paid?

First T. Money, sir, is always agreeable!

Second T. Tradesmen find it a scarce commodity!

Third T. Bills come round quick!

Fourth T. Workmen must eat!

Second T. For my part, I always give a gentleman, who is a gentleman, his own time.

Dor. I understand you! And what are you, sir, who seem to stand apart from the rest?

Hosier. [*Advancing, R.*] A hosier, sir. I am unworthy the company of these honest gentlemen, who live in style. I never affront a punctual paymaster, not I; and, what they will think strange, I get more by those who do look over their bills than those who do not!

First T. Humph!)

Second T. Blab! } [*Aside.*]

Third T. Shab! }

Dor. And what may be the amount of your bill, sir?

Hosier. A trifle, for which I have no right to ask.

Dor. No right! what do you mean?

Hosier. Your son, sir, made me what I am; redeemed me and my family from ruin; and it would be an ill requital of his goodness to come here, like a dun, at such a time as this; when I would rather, if that could help him, give him every shilling I have in the world.

Dor. Would you ? would you ? [*Greatly affected.*] You look like an honest man ! But what do you here, then ?

Hosier. Mr. Dornton, sir, knew I should be unwilling to come, and sent me word he would never speak to me more if I did not ; and, rather than offend him, I would even come here on business like this.

Dor. [*Shaking him by the hand.*] You are an honest fellow ! an unaccountable !—and so, Harry has been your friend ?

Hosier. Yes, sir : a liberal-minded friend ; for he lent me money, though I was sincere enough to tell him of his faults.

Dor. Zounds, sir ! how came you to be a weaver of stockings !

Hosier. I don't know, sir, how I came to be at all ; I only know that here I am.

Dor. A philosopher !

Hosier. I am not fond of titles, sir ; I'm a man.

Dor. Why, is it not a shame, now, that the soul of Socrates should have crept and hid itself in the body of a stocking-weaver ? Give me your bill.

Hosier. Excuse me, sir.

Dor. Give me your bill, I tell you ! I'll pay this bill myself.

Hosier. I cannot, must not, sir.

Dor. Sir, I insist on—

[*All press forward.*]

Enter HARRY DORNTON, L.

So, sir ! [*Turning angrily round.*] Why have you assembled these people, into whose debt you have dishonestly run, wanting the power to pay : and who have as dishonestly trusted you, hoping to profit exorbitantly by your extravagance ?

Har. (L.) Oh, sir, you don't know them ! They are a very complaisant, indulgent kind of people ? Are not you, gentlemen ?

First T. Certainly, sir.

Omnes. Certainly.

Har. (c.) Be kind enough to wait a few minutes without, my very good friends. [*Exeunt Tradesmen, L.*] Mr. Williams—

[*Takes his hand.*]

Dor. (c.) How dare you introduce this swarm of locusts here ? How dare you ?

Har. (L. c.) [*With continued good humour.*] Despair, sir, is a dauntless hero.

Dor. Have you the effrontery to suppose that I can or shall pay them? What is it you mean?

Har. To let you see I have creditors.

Dor. Cheats! bloodsuckers!

Har. Some of them: but that is my fault. They must be paid.

Dor. Paid!

Har. The innocent must not suffer for the guilty.

Dor. You will die in an almshouse!

Har. May be so; but the orphan's and the widow's curse shall not meet me there.

Dor. Harry! Zounds! Paid! Whom do you mean to rob?

Har. My name is Dornton, sir.

Dor. Are you not— [*Overpowered with his feelings.*

Har. Yes, sir.

Dor. Quit the room! Begone!

Har. You are the best of men, sir, and I—But I hate whining. Repeutance is a pitiful scoundrel, that never brought back a single yesterday. Amendment is a fellow of more mettle. But it is too late. Suffer I ought, and suffer I must. My debts of honour discharged, do not let my tradesmen go unpaid.

Dor. You have ruined me!

Har. The whole is but five thousand pounds.

Dor. But?—The counter is loaded with the destruction you have brought upon us all.

Har. No, no—I have been a sad fellow, but not even my extravagance can shake this house.

Enter MR. SMITH, L., in consternation.

Mr. S. Bills are pouring in so fast upon us, we shall never get through!

Har. [*With astonishment.*] What? What?

Mr. S. We have paid our light gold so often over, that the people are very surly!

Dor. Pay it no more! Sell it instantly for what it is worth, disburse the last guinea, and shut up the doors!

Har. [*To Mr. Smith.*] Are you serious?

Mr. S. Sir!

Har. [*Impatiently.*] Are you serious, I say? Is it not some trick to impose upon me?

Mr. S. Look into the shop, sir, and convince yourself! If we have not a supply in half an hour, we must stop!

[*Exit, L.*]

Har. [*Wildly.*] My father! Sir! [*Turning away.*] Is it possible? Disgraced? Ruined? In reality ruined? By me? Are these things so?

Dor. Harry, how you look! You frighten me!

Har. [*Starting.*] It shall be done!

Dor. What do you mean?—Calm yourself, Harry.

Har. Ay! by heaven!

Dor. Hear me, Harry!

Har. This instant!

[*Going, R.*]

Dor. [*Calling.*] Harry!

Har. Don't droop! [*Returning.*] Don't despair! I'll find relief! [*Aside.*] First to my friend—He cannot fail! But if he should!—Why, ay, then, to Megara! I will marry her, in such a cause, were she fifty widows and fifty furies!

Dor. Calm yourself, Harry!

Har. I am calm! Very calm! It shall be done.—Don't be dejected—You are my father—You were the first of men in the first of cities—Revered by the good, and respected by the great—You flourished prosperously!—But you had a son!—I remember it.

Dor. Why do you roll your eyes, Harry?

Har. (L.) I won't be long away.

Dor. (L.) Stay where you are, Harry! [*Seizing his hand.*] All will be well! I am very happy! Do not leave me! I am very happy! Indeed I am, Harry—Very happy!

Har. Heaven bless you, sir! You are a worthy gentleman! I'll not be long!

Dor. Hear me, Harry! I am very happy!

Enter MR. SMITH, L.

Mr. S. Sir, shall we send to the Bank for a thousand pounds' worth of silver?

Har. [*Furiously.*] No, scoundrel!

[*Breaks away and exit, L.*]

Dor. Harry! Harry! I am very happy! Harry

Dornton—I am very happy! Very happy!

[Exit, Mr. Smith following, L.]

SCENE III.—*The House of Mr. Silky.*

Enter SILKY and JACOB, R.

Sil. Mr. Goldfinch not called yet, Jacob?

Jac. No, sir.

Sil. Nor any message from the widow?

Jac. No, sir. [Knocking, R.]

Sil. See who knocks, Jacob. [Exit Jacob, R.] I dare say it is one or t'other! They must come to me at last!

Enter HARRY DORNTON, in wild haste, following JACOB, R.

Har. [Entering.] Are you sure he is at home?

Jac. He is here, sir. [Exit, R.]

Har. Mr. Silky— [Panting.]

Sil. Ah! my dear Mr. Dornton, how do you do! [Both sit.] I hope you are very well? I am exceedingly glad to see you! This call is so kind, so condescending. It gives me infinite pleasure.

Har. Mr. Silky, you must instantly grant me a favour!

Sil. A favour! What is it? How can I serve you? I would run to the world's end!

Har. You must exert your whole friendship!

Sil. Friendship, sir? Say duty! 'Twas you that made a man of me! I should have been ruined, in the Bench, I know not where or what, had you not come forward and supported me at the critical moment! And now I can defy the world.

Har. [Impatiently.] Hear me! I know you can.

Sil. Oh, yes! The sun you lent me, a lucky speculation, five years of continual good fortune, and other little lifts have made me—I won't say what. But your father, and perhaps another or two excepted,—I say, perhaps I'll show my head with the proudest of 'em.

Har. Why, then, I am a fortunate man!

Sil. To be sure you are. How can I serve you?—What can I do? Make me happy.

Har. You can rescue me from phrensy.

Sil. Can I?—I am proud! Infinitely happy!—What? How? I am a lucky fellow! Tell me which way? Where can I run? What can I do?

Har. [*Hesitating.*] The request is serious—trying.

Sil. So much the better! So much the better! Whom could I serve, if not you?—You! The son of the first man in the city!

Har. [*Wildly.*] You mistake!

Sil. I don't! You are, you are! Dornton and Co. may challenge the world, the house of Hope perhaps excepted!

Har. Woful mistake.

Sil. Pooh!

Har. Our house is in danger of stopping payment!

Sil. Sir! [*Rises.*] Stop payment!

Har. My follies are the cause!

Sil. [*Turning away.*] Stop payment!

Har. I have not been used to ask favours—but—

Sil. Stop payment!

Har. [*Rises.*] What means this alteration in your countenance?

Sil. Oh, dear, no! Ha, ha, ha! Not in the least! Ha, ha, ha! I assure you, I, I, I—

Har. I have told you our situation. Yourself and two other friends must jointly support my father by your credit, to the amount of fifty thousand pounds. Mark me!—Must!

Sil. Fifty thousand pounds, Mr. Dornton! Fifty thousand pounds! Are you dreaming? Me? Fifty thousand pounds! Me? Or half the sum? Or a fifth of the sum? Me?

Har. Prevaricating scound—Hear me, sir!

Sil. [*In fear.*] Yes, sir!

Har. I must be calm. [*Bursting out.*] Are you not a—! I say—sir—You have yourself informed me of your ability, and I must insist! Observe, sir! I insist on your immediate performance of this act of duty!

Sil. Duty, and fifty thousand pounds! Are you mad, Mr. Dornton? Are you mad? Or do you think me mad?

Har. I think you the basest of wretches!

Sil. Nay, Mr. Dornton, I would do anything to serve you—Any thing, I protest to heaven! Would go any where, run—

Har. Of my errands, wipe my shoes! Any dirty me-

nial office that cost you nothing. And this you call showing your gratitude?

Sil. Is it not, Mr. Dornton?

Har. [*His anger increasing.*] And will you give no help to the house?

Sil. Nay, Mr. Dornton—

Har. After the favours you have been for years receiving, the professions you have been daily making, and the wealth you have by these means been hourly acquiring—will you not, sir?

Sil. [*Retreating.*] Nay, Mr. Dornton—

Har. [*Advancing.*] Will you not, sir?

Sil. Don't hurt a poor old man! I can't!

Har. [*Throwing him from him.*] Scoundrel! [*Exit, R.*]

Sil. Bless my heart! Stopped payment!—The house of Dornton!—Fifty thousand pounds!—I declare, I am all of a tremble! Jacob!

Enter JACOB, R.

Have we any bills on the house of Dornton?

Jac. I have just been examining the books, sir.—We have bills to the amount of—

Sil. How much? How much? A thousand pounds?

Jac. Three, sir.

Sil. Three!—Three thousand? Bless my heart!

Jac. We heard the news the very moment after young Dornton came in!

Sil. Run, pay the bills away!

Jac. Where, sir?

Sil. Any where! Anybody will take 'em! Run with them to my dear friend, Mr. Smallware! it is too far for him to have heard of the crash. Begone! Don't leave him! Give my very best respects to him! He will oblige me infinitely! Fly! And, Jacob—Make haste, go to the clearing-house, and get it whispered among the clerks. Then, if there are any of Dornton's bills to be bought at fifty per cent. discount, let me know. I will buy up all I can. [*Exit Jacob, L.*] It's a safe speculation—I know the house—there must be a good round dividend. [*Exit, L.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The House of the Widow Warren.*

Enter JENNY, L., followed by HARRY DORNTON, who, with an oppressed heart, but half drunk with wine and passion, assumes the appearance of wild and excessive gaiety.

Har. Away, Handmaid of Hecate! Fly!

Jen. Lord, sir, you don't mean as you say?

Har. Will you begone, Cerbera! Invite my Goddess to descend in a golden shower, and suddenly relieve these racking doubts.

Jen. Goddess! I knew whom you meant—Miss Sophy!

Enter WIDOW, R., and exit Jenny, dissatisfied, R.

Widow. [*Smiling.*] Mr. Dornton!

Har. Widow! Here am I! Phaeton the second, hurled from flaming car! I come burning with fierce desires, devoutly bent on committing the deadly sin of matrimony! May these things be? Speak, my saving angel!

Widow. Nay, but—Dear Mr. Dornton—

Har. Do not imagine, amiable Widow, that I am mad! No, no, no! Only a little flighty—Left my father furiously, drank three bottles of Burgundy frantically, flew in amorous phrensy to the attack, and will carry the place or die on the spot! Powder and poison await my choice; and let me tell you, sweet Widow, I am a man of my word! So you'll have me, won't you?

Widow. Oh, Mr. Dornton!

Har. Why, you would not see my father perish? Would you? and me expire? would you?

Widow. Am I so very cruel?

Har. Then say yes!—yes, or—Pistols—Daggers—Canon-balls!

Widow. Yes, sir! yes, yes!

Har. Hold, fair Widow! Kind Widow, hold! Be not rash! I am the veriest villain!—Avoid me!—A ruined—But that were indeed a trifle—My father! Him! him have I ruined! Heard you that? Bring forth your hoards! Let him once more be himself, and bid me kiss the dust!

Widow. [*Aside.*] Elegant youth!

Har. And wilt thou, Widow, be his support? [*Eagerly.*]
Wilt thou?

Widow. Cruel question! How can I deny?

Har. Immortal blessings be upon thee! My father—

Widow. Will be all rapture to hear—

Har. [*Shakes his head.*] Ah, ha, ha, ha! [*Sighs.*] You don't know my father! A strange, affectionate—! That loves me—! Oh! He—! And you see how I use him. But no matter!—Tol de rol lol!—We'll be married to-night!

Widow. Oh, fie!

Har. Ay, my Madonna! To-night's the day! The sooner the better! 'Tis to rescue a father, blithesome Widow! A father! To save him have I fallen in love! Remember!—Sin with open eyes, Widow—Money—I must have money. Early in the morn, ere counters echo with the ring of gold, fifty thousand must be raised!

Widow. It shall, Mr. Dornton!

Har. Why, shall it? Shall it? Speak again, beautiful vision, speak! Shall it?

Widow. Dear Mr. Dornton, it shall!

Har. Remember! Fifty thousand the first thing in the morning!

Widow. And would not a part this evening—

[*Coquetting.*]

Har. [*Suddenly.*] What sayest thou? Oh, no!—Whoo! Thousands—

Widow. I have a trifling sum.

Har. [*Eagerly.*] How much—

Widow. Six thousand—

Har. Six!

Widow. Which I meant to have disposed of, but—

Har. No, no! I'll dispose of it, dear Widow! [*Kisses her.*] I'll dispose of it in a twinkling! [*Elated.*] Doubt not my gratitude—Let this, and this— [*Kissing.*]

Widow. Fie! You are a sad man. But I'll bring you a draft!

Har. Do, my blooming Widow! Empress of the golden isles, do!

Widow. But remember, this trifle is for your own use.

Har. No, my pearl unparalleled! My father! My fa-

ther's! Save but my father, and I will kiss the ground on which thou treadest, and live and breathe but on thy bounty!

[*With self-indignation.*

[*Exit Widow, R.*

At least till time and fate shall means afford
Somewhat to perform, worthy of man and me

Enter JENNY, L., peeping.

Jen. Sir!

Har. Ah, ha! my merry maid of May!

Jen. I suppose you are waiting to see Miss Sophy, now you have got rid of the old lady.

Har. Got rid of the old lady? Thou brazen pinplacer! thou virgin of nine-and-twenty years' occupation! No! I have not got rid of the old lady! the old lady! the old lady is to be my blooming, youthful bride! and I, happy youth, am written and destined in the records of eternity her other half! Heigho!

Jen. Lord, sir, what rapturation!—but stay a little, and I'll tell Miss Sophy her mamma wants her, here; so, then—Hush!

[*Retires, L., making a sign.*

Enter WIDOW WARREN, R.

Widow. Here's the draft.

Har. Thanks, my Sultana!—this halcyon night, the priest, pronouncing conjurations dire—

Widow. Fie! I won't look at you!

Har. Ay, to-night we'll marry! shall we not?

[*Sitting down and coquetting.*

Enter SOPHIA, skipping, R. U. E., but stops short on seeing them.

To-night shall be a night of wonder; and we'll love like—[*Aside.*] like Darby and Joan.

Widow. [*Languishing.*] I shall hate you intolerably!

[*Sophia advancing on tip-toe, L.*

Har. Hey for the parson's permission! Hey, my sublime Widow!

Widow. To steal thus upon one at an unguarded moment!

Har. But here first let me kneel, and thus to Ceres pay—

[*Going to kiss her hand in rapture, meets the eye of Sophia.*

Soph. [Coming between them with bursting trepidation, taking the Valentine from her bosom, and presenting it.]
There, sir!

Widow. Ah!

Soph. There, sir—oh, pray, sir, take it, sir!

Widow. Why, minikin—

Soph. I request, sir! I desire, sir!

Har. [Declining it.] Tol de rol—

Soph. [Tearing the paper piecemeal, and throwing it spitefully away.] Why, then, there, sir—and there, sir—and there, there, there, sir!

Widow. Poor minikin! I declare, she is jealous.

Soph. [Her sobs rising.] And I'll—I'll—Wri-i-i-ite to my—to my grandma-a-a-a directly—

Widow. Fie, child!

Soph. And I'll go do-o-own—into Glo-o-o-oster-shire—

Widow. Go up to your chamber, child!

Soph. And I'll tell my grandma-a what a false, base, bad man you are; and she shall ha-a-ate you and despise you; and I'll ha-a-a-ate you and despise you myself!

Widow. Poor thing!

Soph. And moreover, I'll hate and despise all mankind! and for your sake, [with great energy,] I'll live and die a maid!

Widow. Yes, child, that I dare be sworn you will.

Har. Widow! I'm a sad fellow! don't have me!—I'm a vile fellow! Sophy! you are right to despise me! I am going to marry your mother.

Soph. I'll go down into Glo-o-ostershire—I wo-ont live in such a false-hearted city! And you ought to be ashamed of yourself, ma', to make yourself so ridiculous!

Har. No, no, sweet Sylph, it is my fault! all my fault!

Widow. [Enraged.] Begone, Miss!

Har. [Interposing.] Sweet Widow! gentle Widow!—I've sold myself, Sophy! six thousand pounds is the earnest-money paid down, for the reptile Harry Dornton!—I love you, Sophy!

Widow. How, Mr. Dornton?

Har. I do, by heaven! take back your money, Widow. [Offering the draft.] I'm a sad scoundrel!

Soph. You are a base, faithless man,—you know you are! And you are a pitiless woman, a merciless woman,

for all you are my own mother, to let my poor brother Milford go to be starved to death in a dark dungeon!

Har. Milford in prison?

Soph. (c.) Yes, sir; arrested by your cruel, old, ugly father! I'm sure he is ugly, though I never saw him in my life—I'm sure he is an ugly, hideous, ugly monster!

[*Exit, R.*

Har. [Rising.] Is this true, Widow?

Widow. [Rising—stammering.] Sir—

Har. Arrested by my father?—squandering her money on a ruined reprobate, and won't release her husband's son!

Widow. Nay, but, dear Mr. Dornton—

Har. I'll be with you again presently, Widow! presently, presently!

Widow. [Speaking after him.] To-night, you know, Mr. Dornton!

[*Exit Harry, R.*

Enter JENNY, L.

Jen. Mr. Goldfinch is coming up, ma'am.

Widow. I have no time to waste with Mr. Goldfinch. I'll presently send him about his business. Mr. Dornton talks, I don't know how, Jenny: says it must be to-night.

Enter GOLDFINCH, L.

Gold. (L.) Well, widow?

Widow. Not so free, sir! [*Walks to R. disdainfully.*

Jen. [Aside to Gold.] Have you got the licence?

Gold. No.

Jen. No!

Gold. No—been to Tattersall's.

Jen. And not for the licence?

Gold. Tellee I've been to Tattersall's!

Jen. Ah! it's all over!

Gold. Made sure of the Eclipse colts!—must not lose 'em!

Jen. [Aside.] Stupid booby!

Widow. [Advancing.] What is your present business, sir?

Gold. My business? ha, ha, ha! that's a good one! I'll tell you my business— [*Approaching with open arms.*

Widow. [Haughtily.] Keep your distance, sir!

Gold. Distance, Widow? No; that's not the way. I should be double distanced if I did.

Widow. Were you indeed a man of deportment and breeding—

Gold. Breeding!—Look at my spurs!

Widow. Had you the manner, the spirit—But no, you are no gentleman—

Gold. Whew! no gentleman? [*Claps on his hat, and takes a lounging, impudent swagger.*] Damme, that's a good one!—Charles Goldfinch no gentleman?—Ask in the box-lobby! inquire at the school! [*In a boxing attitude.*]

Widow. Sir, you are a tedious person: your company is troublesome.

Gold. Turf or turnpike, keep the best of cattle—Walk, trot, or gallop—Run, amble, or canter—Laugh at every thing on the road—Give 'em all the go-by.—Beat the trotting butcher!—Gentleman!—That's your sort!

Jen. [*Aside to Goldfinch.*] Follow me. [*Exit, R.*]

Widow. I beg, sir, I may not be intruded upon with you or your horse-jockey jargon any more. [*Exit, R.*]

Gold. Here's a kick-up—dished again—I knew I should have no luck—started badly in the morning—damn all dancing-masters and their umbrellas. [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the House of a Sheriff's Officer.*

Enter HARRY DORNTON, with an OFFICER, R.

Har. Dispatch, man! dispatch! Tell Jack Milford I can't wait a moment!—hold—write an acquittal instantly for the thousand pounds. But say not a word to him of my intention.

Offi. A thousand, sir! it is almost five thousand!

Har. Impossible!

Offi. Here are detainers already lodged to that amount.

Har. Five thousand?

Offi. Must I write the acquittal for the sum total?

Har. No—yes, write it, however. Have it ready.—Early to-morrow morning it shall be paid.

Offi. In the mean time, there may be more detainers.

Har. Damnation! What shall I do?—Run, send him!—and, do you hear, a bottle of champagne and two run-

mers! Rummerns, mind!—Not a word to him!—[*Exit Officer, R.*] Five thousand!—And more detainers!

Enter OFFICER, R., with a Bottle and Glasses, MILFORD following.

Mil. [*With surprise.*] Mr. Dornton!

Har. [*Lying on the table in the background.*] How now, Jack! What's your wonder? I can't stay a moment with you, but I could not pass without giving you a call. Your hand, my boy, cheer up!

Mil. (R.) [*Coolly.*] Excuse me, sir!

Har. Why, Jack!—Pshaw! cast away this gloom, and be—Honest Jack Milford! You are now in tribulation; what of that? Why, man, the blessed sun himself is sometimes under a cloud! wait but till to-morrow!—Where is the wine! [*Fills the rummers.*] Come, drink and wash away grief! 'Sblood! never look frosty and askance, man, but drink, drink, drink!

Mil. [*Abruptly.*] Sir! I am not disposed to drink.

Har. Here's confusion to all sorrow and thinking!—I could a tale unfold—! But won't afflict you—I must fly—Yet I can do no good to-night—Hurrah! Jack! Keep up your spirits! Be determined, like me!—I am the vilest of animals that crawl the earth—Yet I won't flag!—I'll die a bold-faced villain.—I have sold myself—Am disinherited—Have lost—Ah, Sophia!—Hurrah, Jack!—Keep it up!—Round let the great globe whirl! and whirl it will, though I should happen to slide from its surface into infinite nothingness—Drink, my noble soul!

Mil. Your mirth is impertinent, sir!

Har. So it is, Jack—Damned impertinent! But ruin is around us, and it is high time to be merry!

Mil. Sir? I must inform you that, though I have been betrayed by you, and imprisoned by your father, I will not be insulted!

Har. Betrayed by me?

Mil. Ay, sir; I have had full information of your mean arts! It was necessary I should be out of the way, that your designs on Mrs. Warren might meet no interruption.

Har. [*Gets off table.*] Pshaw! Good day, Jack, good day!

[*Going, R.*]

Mil. (c.) And pray, sir, inform your father I despise his meanness, and spurn at his malice!

Har. (r.) [*Darting back to him.*] Jack Milford—Utter no blasphemy against my father! I am half mad! I came your friend—

Mil. (c.) I despise your friendship!

Har. (c.) That's as you please. Think all that is vile of me. I defy you to exceed the truth.—But utter not a word against my father!

Mil. Deliberately, pitifully malignant! Not satisfied with the little vengeance he himself could take, he has sent round to all my creditors!

Har. 'Tis false!

Mil. False!

Har. A vile, eternal falsehood!

Enter OFFICER, R., with papers and writs.

Offi. (r.) Gentlemen, did you call?

Har. [*Interrupting him.*] Leave the room, sir!

Offi. But—

Har. [*Angrily.*] We are busy, sir!

Offi. I thought—

Har. I tell you we are busy, and must not be interrupted! [*Exit Officer, R.*] Mr. Milford, you shall hear from me immediately. [*Exit, R.*]

Mil. (l.) [*After a pause.*] What were those papers? Surely I have not been rash! Nobody but his father could have brought my creditors thus on me all at once! He seemed half drunk or half frantic: said he was ruined, disinherited. Talked something of to-morrow. What could the purport of his coming be?

Enter OFFICER, R.

Well, sir?

Offi. (r. c.) Here is a note, sir.

Mil. From whom?

Offi. The young gentleman.

Mil. [*Reads, aside.*] I understand you are at liberty. How! at liberty! [*Officer bows—Reads.*] I shall walk up to Hyde Park: you will find me at the ring at six. Exactly at six. At liberty!

Offi. Your debts are all discharged.

Mil. Impossible! Which way? By whom?

Offi. Why, sir—that is—

Mil. No hesitation, but tell me by whom!

Offi. Sir—I thought I perceived some anger between you and the young gentleman?

Mil. Ask no questions, sir; make no delays. Tell me who has paid my debts? Tell me the truth. Consequences you do not suspect depend upon your answer.

Offi. I perceive, sir, there has been some warmth between you; and though the young gentleman made me promise silence and secrecy—

Mil. [*With astonishment.*] What, then, it was Mr. Dornton? [*Officer, R., bows.*] Madman! what have I done!
[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE III.—*The House of Dornton.*

Enter HARRY DORNTON, followed by MR. SMITH, L.

Har. (L.) And the danger not yet passed?

Mr. S. (L.) Far from it. Mr. Sulky has twice brought us supplies, and is gone a third time.

Har. (c.) Brave spirit! He would coin his heart! My father supports it nobly!

Mr. S. (R. c.) He is anxious only for you.

Har. Well, well. Ha, ha, ha! Tol lol—I'll bring him relief. Comfort him, assure him of it. Ay, hear me, heaven, and—To-night is too late, but to-morrow all shall be well—excellent well!

Mr. S. [*Significantly.*] You will marry the Widow?

Har. Have you heard? Ay, boy, ay—We'll marry. I will go and prepare her; we'll marry early in the morning, that all may be safe. I have told her the truth. She knows all—Why, ay, [*Looking at his watch,*] the proctor's, the lawyer's, the Widow's, and—[*Starts,*] at six!—the ring!—at six!—Fiends! Who can say what may—What, leave my father to perish? I'll not go! though all hell should brand me for a coward, I'll not go! Mr. Smith, take care of my father. Mark me, I recommend my father to you!
[*Exit, L.*]

Enter MR. DORNTON, R.

Dor. (R.) Where is Harry? (c.) Did not I hear his voice?

Mr. S. He is this moment gone, sir.

Dor. Gone!—Where?

Mr. S. Do you not suspect where, sir?

Dor. [*Alarmed.*] Suspect! What? Speak!

Mr. S. To the Widow Warren's.

Dor. For what purpose?

Mr. S. To marry her.

Dor. Marry! The Widow Warren!

Mr. S. And save the house by her fortune.

Dor. Generous Harry! Noble, affectionate boy! I'd
perish first! [*Walks about.*]

Mr. S. He seems very resolute. He has already had
six thousand pounds of her.

Dor. Marry her! I shall go mad! Where is Mr. Sul-
ky? [*Extremely agitated.*]

Mr. S. He is just returned. I hear him in the count-
ing-house.

Dor. Tell him I wish to speak to him. [*Exit Mr. Smith,*
L.] Harry Dornton and the Widow Warren! I shall die
in Bedlam!

Enter MR. SULKY, L., a pen in his hand.

Are we safe, Mr. Sulky?

Sul. (c.) For to-day, perhaps.

Dor. (c.) What bank have we to begin to-morrow?

Sul. I can't tell: I fear not thirty thousand.

Dor. Mr. Sulky, you—you—you—have this day shown
yourself an active partner and a sincere friend.

Sul. Humph!

Dor. I have long esteemed you! I esteem you more
and more.

Sul. Humph!

Dor. My son, Harry—[*Hesitating.*] You are a very good
man, Mr. Sulky; a compassionate man, though you don't
look so.

Sul. Humph!

Dor. 'Tis pity to see so noble a youth—I am sure you
would not wish him any harm, Mr. Sulky! I am sure
you would not!

Sul. Whom?

Dor. Harry Dornton. Would you? Would you?
Would you, Mr. Sulky?

Sul. A kind question.

Dor. Nay, I did not mean to be unkind, Mr. Sulky; you know I did not. Shall we not venture one step more to save him?

Sul. Save! Impossible! Ruin only can reform him! Total ruin!

Dor. You mistake, Mr. Sulky. His own misfortunes little affected him, but mine—He is struck to the heart! I know him!

Sul. So do I.

Dor. Struck to the heart! I'm sure on't! He'll be a good man! A great man!

Sul. Humph!

Dor. You know the Widow Warren, Mr. Sulky?

Sul. Don't you?

Dor. I never saw her in my life. I hear she is full forty, her manners absurd, her character cruel, and her morals—

Sul. Bad enough.

Dor. Six thousand pounds at this moment is a great sum! I own it! But do you think I ought not to venture?

Sul. Venture what?

Dor. To—to take it from our bank.

Sul. For what?

Dor. For—for the—the relief of Harry Dornton.

Sul. What you please! Take all! What is it to me?

Dor. Nay, but, Mr. Sulky, you surely don't see the thing in the right light?

Sul. I can starve, like the rest!

Dor. Very well, Mr. Sulky!—Very well! I perceive you can be interested, and—and—

Sul. And what?

Dor. Very well, Mr. Sulky! Very well!

Sul. I can stare bankruptcy in the face as steadfastly as you can.

Dor. Ay, ay, no doubt! The world is all alike! I am an old fool, and so shall live and die!

Sul. Why do you ask my advice? Take the money! Empty the coffers! Pour it all into his hat! Give him guineas to play at chuck-farthing, and bank bills to curl his hair!

Dor. Very well, Mr. Sulky! Friendship, generosity, a sense of justice! Oh, it's all a farce! [*Walks about.*]

Sul. Humph!

Dor. [*Rings.*] Very well, sir! Very well!

Enter SERVANT, L.

Is the carriage ready?

Ser. It's at the door, sir.

Dor. [*Going, L., turns back.*] So, Mr. Sulky, you would see him married to this widow, to whom you have so often, as well as now, given the worst of characters, rather than incur a little more risk for your friend?

Sul. Marry!

Dor. Yes, marry!

Sul. Whom?

Dor. The Widow Warren, I tell you.

Sul. Harry Dornton!

Dor. Yes, Harry Dornton!

Sul. When? Where?

Dor. Immediately! With unexampled affection, to save me, who am old and worthless, he would devote his youth, his great qualities, and his noble heart, to all the torments which such a marriage and such a woman can inflict!

Sul. Take the money!

Dor. Are you serious, Mr. Sulky?

Sul. Take the money! Away! Begone! I would indeed starve, inchmeal, rather than he should marry her!

Dor. Mr. Sulky, you are a worthy man, a true friend!

Sul. Curse compliments, make haste! [*Exeunt, L.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The House of the Widow Warren.*

Enter SOPHIA, L., JENNY, R.

Jen. (R. c.) So, Miss! Here's your mamma just coming down

Soph. (L. c.) [*Much agitated.*] Is she dressed ?

Jen. Oh, yes !—I have decorated her out like any king's coach-horse !

Soph. It's very well.

Jen. With her ribands and ringlets stuck about and dangle-ating down her back ; and all her—

Soph. It's very well. It's all very well. But it will be no wedding.

Jen. [*Aside.*] I hope not.

Soph. He told her to her face that he loved me, and offered to give her the money back. He'll never have her. And if he does, I don't care. I know I shall die broken-hearted, but I don't care. I'll tell all to my dear grand ma', for I'll not stay in this wicked city. No ! he sha'n't see me pine away. I know my ghost will haunt him ; but I can't help it. I never wished him any harm, and had he but been true-hearted, and have waited for me, I would—But it's no matter. He shan't see a tear that I shed, nor hear the least sigh that I heave.

Enter the WIDOW WARREN, R.

Jen. [*Admiring her.*] Well, ma'am—I declare you're a pictur—

Widow. (c.) Do you think I look tolerably, Jenny ? [*Walking and surveying herself.*] Shall I do execution ? What is the matter, child ?

Soph. Mark my words, he'll never have you.

Widow. Poor thing !

Soph. He never will. [*Knocking at the street-door, L.*

Widow. Run, Jenny, see who it is. [*Exit Jenny, L.*]
Go up to your chamber, child.

Soph. [*Much agitated.*] No, I will stay here.

Widow. Begone to your chamber, I say, miss.

Soph. Beat me, if you please ; kill me, but I will not.

Re-enter JENNY, L.

Jen. Here's an elderly gentleman, ma'am, asks to speak to you.

Widow. Will you begone, miss ?

Soph. Since it is not he, I don't want to stay. I only want to look him in the face once more. [*Exit, R.*

Widow. How is he dressed ?

Jen. In gray, ma'am.

Widow. In gray?

Jen. Yes, ma'am.

Widow. In dark gray?

Jen. Yes, ma'am.

Widow. [*Eagerly.*] Does he look like a parson, Jenny?

Jen. Why, ma'am, he's a soberly, snug, jobation-looking man enough.

Widow. Let him be shown in. [*Exit Jenny, L.*] I dare say it is the divine.

Enter JENNY, L., introducing MR. DORNTON.

Dor. (L.) Your humble servant, madam!

Widow. Sir, your very most humble servant!

[*With great respect.*]

Dor. (L. c.) I presume you are unacquainted with me?

Widow. (R. c.) [*With a simpering air.*] I believe I can penetrate, sir—

Dor. Can you, madam?

Widow. [*Holding her fan before her face.*] You—you come on the—part of—young Mr. Dornton?

Dor. [*Surprised.*] I do.

Widow. [*Aside.*] It is the parson?—[*Aloud.*] Would you be so indulgent as to be seated, sir?

Dor. Excuse me, madam!

Widow. Would you be pleased to take any refreshment, sir?

Dor. Madam!

Widow. A morsel of seed-cake, a French biscuit, a bit of orange-loaf, a glass of Constantia, or a jelly? I know these little cordial comforts are agreeable consolations to gentlemen of your cloth.

Dor. [*Surveying himself.*] Cloth!

Widow. No offence, I hope! I participate in them myself.

Dor. Hem! No doubt!

Widow. You are acquainted with Mr. Dornton?

Dor. Why—Yes—I am, I believe, one of his oldest acquaintance.

Widow. Then I dare say you have a great regard for him?

Dor. Hem!—Yes—I—had a—sort of a friendship for him, even before he was born.

Widow. Sir!—Oh—you are intimate with the family!

Dor. Yes—yes, madam!

Widow. And know his father?

Dor. Hem—[*Shrugs.*] Why—though I have kept him company from the day of his birth to this very hour, they tell me I don't know him yet!

Widow. Ay, indeed! is he so odd?

Dor. Sometimes—To my great regret, I have sometimes found him a very absurd old gentleman!

Widow. I am sorry for it!—Because, as I am soon to become—hymeneally—his intimate—relation—I—I—

[*With affected coyness.*

Dor. You would wish for a sensible, indulgent papa.—

[*Smiling.*

Widow. It's natural, sir.

[*Simpering.*

Dor. Ha! I dare not say too much in his favour.

Widow. Nay, though I have a vast—hum—ha—regard for young Mr. Dornton—I own I have no great predilection of opinion for the father!

Dor. [*Acrimoniously.*] Nor he for you, madam!

Widow. Do you think so?

Dor. I am sure so!

Widow. I warrant, sir, he is, as you say, a very precise, acrimonious old gentleman!

Dor. I said no such thing, madam!

Widow. Ah! a little caution, sir, to be sure, becomes gentlemen of your cloth.

Dor. Cloth again!—I don't know what you mean by my cloth! but Mr. Dornton, madam, is little older than yourself; nor does he think himself half so repugnant.

Widow. Sir!

Dor. [*Recollecting himself.*] Madam!—I beg pardon!—

I— [Bowling.—*A knocking, L.*

Widow. Oh! here, I dare say, comes the bridegroom!

[*Enraptured, crosses, L.*

Dor. [*Aside.*] My cursed vivacity! I can never tell her, after this, who I am.

[*Retires up the Stage.*

Enter HARRY DORNTON, in haste, L.

Widow. [*Eagerly meeting him.*] Oh, you rover!

[*Crosses, R.*

Har. Well, my kind Widow! [*Mr. Dornton gradually*

approaches.] My loving, compassionate Widow! (c.) I am come post haste to cast myself once more on your bounty.

Widow. (c.) Hush!

Har. To entreat instant commiseration and aid!

Widow. Hem! Hem! [Aloud.]

Har. I have not a minute to spare!

Widow. [*Whispers.*] He's here! He's come! A waspish, techy!—Hem!—[Aloud] Your friend has been here some time, Mr. Dornton!

Har. My friend! What friend?

Widow. Your friend, the clergyman.

[*Pointing to Mr. Dornton.*]

Har. Clergyman! [*Turns and sees his Father close at his elbow.*] My father!

Widow. His father! [A pause.]

Dor. (L. c.) Well, Harry, why do you look so blank? I am glad you are here. Your coming, and the mutual sincerity with which this lady and I have just spoken our sentiments, will save all circumlocution.—At present, we understand each other.

Widow. Sir—I—

Dor. Oh, madam, never retract. Let us continue the like plain honest dealing—

Widow. But—sir—Mr. Dornton's affection—

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! Affection, madam!

Har. Sir—

Dor. Harry, I know your motives—will never forget them. But the cause of them has ceased.

Har. Sir, beware! No false compassion! Remember not the vile reprobate that was your son! I spurn at the existence that is coupled with your misery.

Dor. Harry, our danger is over.

Har. Are you—are you serious?

Dor. Mr. Sulky is a worthy man! His rich uncle is dead, and has left him sole heir. Our books, too, have been examined, and exceed our best hopes.

Har. My—

Dor. Here is your money, madam. [*Offering it.*]

Har. My father saved! Tol de rol!

Widow. Nay, but—Mr. Dornton!—sir— [*Weeping.*]

Dor. I must beg you will take it—

Har. Rejoice, Widow! Rejoice! Sing! Shout Tol-de-rol!

Widow. I do not want the money, sir. Filthy money. And as to what I said, though you have arrested Mr. Milford—

Har. Ha! [*Pausing and looking at his watch.*]

Widow. I am sorry—I beg your pardon—And if Mr. Dornton—

Dor. Why don't you speak, Harry? Where are you going? [*Harry crosses hastily, L.*] Come back, Harry!—Stay, I say!

Har. I cannot stay! I must fly! My honour is at stake. [*Exit, L.*]

Dor. [*Alarmed.*] His honour! His honour at stake!—Here, here, madam! [*Offering money.*]

Widow. Nay, sir—

Dor. 'Sdeath, madam, take your money. [*Exit, L.*]

Widow. Cruel usage! Faithless men.—Blind! Stupid! I'll forsake and forswear the whole sex! [*Weeps.*]

Enter JENNY, L., with great glee, and stands unperceived, L.

Jen. (L.) Ma'am! ma'am! Mr. Goldfinch, ma'am!

Widow. Hey! Mr. Goldfinch! Was that what you said, Jenny? [*Brightens up.*] Where?

Jen. Below, ma'am. I persuaded him to come up, but he is quite surly.

Widow. Oh! He is coming. Well, I think I will see him—Yes—I think I will.

Jen. I always told you, ma'am, Mr. Goldfinch for me.

Widow. Did you?

Jen. But he says he will have your written promise this very night, or never speak to you more. I hear him. [*Adjusting the Widow's dress.*] Law, ma'am, you had better give a few touches—Hereabout—Your eyes will have double the spirit and fire.

Widow. Will they? [*Exit, R.*]

Enter GOLDFINCH, L.

Gold. (R.) Where's the dowager?

Jen. (t. c.) Hush! Mind what I said to you.—It is too late now for a licence, so be sure get the promise.—Don't flinch!

Gold. Me flinch? Game to the back bone?

Jen. Hush! [*Exit, R.*]

Re-enter the WIDOW WARREN, R.

Gold. (R.) Here I am once more, Widow.

Widow. (R.) Ah, rambler!

Gold. Are you cured of the tantrums?

Widow. (c.) Nay, Mr. Goldfinch—

Gold. (c.) Must I keep my distance?

Widow. Unkind!

Gold. (L. c.) Am I a gentleman now?

Widow. Killing!

Gold. Look you, Widow, I know your tricks. Skittish! Won't answer to the whip! Run out of the course! Take the rest.—So give me your promise.

Widow. My promise!

Gold. Signed and sealed.

Widow. Naughty man! You shan't; I won't let you tyrannize over my palpitating heart.

Gold. Palpi—What does she say?

Widow. Go, intruder!

Gold. Oh! what, you won't?

Widow. I'll never forgive you.

Gold. I'm off!

[*Going, L.*

Widow. Cruel man!

Gold. (L.) I'm off!

Widow. Mr. Goldfinch!

[*Calling.*

Gold. I'm off—

Widow. You shall have the promise!

Gold. Oh, ho! Why, then, I pull up— [Returning.

Widow. Barbarous youth! Could you leave me?— But I must send to Mr. Silky.

Gold. (L. c.) No, no! Let me have the promise directly! I'll go myself to Silky.

Widow. Will you, Mr. Goldfinch?

Gold. (c.) Will I not? Take a hack, mount the box— Hayit!—Scud away for the old scoundrel! I'm a deep one—Know the course every inch! I'm the lad for the widow! That's your sort!

Widow. Saucy man! I'll be very angry with you.

Gold. (L. c.) Soon be back.

Widow. Adieu! Fly swiftly, ye minutes!

Gold. But I must have the promise first!

Widow. I will go and write it. Come, dissembler, come!

[*Exit, languishing, R.*

Gold. She's an old courser! but I knew I should take her at the double.

Enter MILFORD, L.

Mil. (L.) So, Charles! where's the Widow?

Gold. The Widow's mine!

Mil. (L. c.) Yours?

Gold. I'm the lad! All's concluded—Going post for old Silky. [*Attempting to go, but is stopped by Milford.*]

Mil. Silky, did you say?

Gold. Am to pay the miserly rascal fifty thousand pounds down. But mum! That's a secret.

Mil. You are raving!

Gold. (L. c.) Tellee he has her on the hip; she can't marry without his consent.

Mil. (c.) But why?

Gold. Don't know. The close old rogue won't tell—Has got some deed, he says—some writing.

Mil. Indeed!

Gold. Yes—but it's a secret! I shall be a higher fellow than ever, Jack! Go to the second spring meeting—Take you with me—Come down a few to the sweaters and trainers—The knowing ones—The lads—Get into the secret—Lay it on thick—Seven hundred to five—Favourite against the field!—Done?—I'll do it again!—Done!—Five times over—ditto repeated!—Done, done!—Off they go!—Winner lays by—Pretends to want foot—Odds rise high! Take 'em—Winner whispered lame—Lags after—Odds higher—and higher. Take 'em—Creeps up—Breathes 'em over the flat—Works 'em up hill—Passes the distance-post—Still only second—Betting chair in an uproar!—Neck to neck!—Lets him out—Shows him the whip—Shoots by like an arrow—Oh, damme, a hollow thing! (L.) That's your sort. [*Exit, L.*]

Mil. (c.) Fifty thousand to Silky for his consent, because of some instrument, some writing?—If it should be the—It must—By heaven, it must! [*Exit, hastily, L.*]

SCENE II.—*The Ring in Hyde Park.*

Enter HARRY DORNTON, R. U. E., looking at his Watch.

Har. How long must I wait? I see nothing of Milford—I'll cut off that bailiff's ears if he has betrayed me.

Enter MR. DORNTON, R., out of breath.

Dor. (R.) So, Harry!

Har. (C.) My father again!

Dor. What do you do here, Harry?

Har. Sir—I—I want air.

Dor. So do I.—A pretty dance you have led me.—What brought you hither?—Where's the money you had of the Widow?—Where's the money, Harry?

Har. [Reluctantly.] Gone, sir.

Dor. Gone!

Har. Most of it.

Dor. (C.) And your creditors not paid? [*Pause.*] And your creditors not paid?

Har. No, sir.

Dor. [Raises his hands.] I suspected—I foreboded this! [*Harry walks about in the background.*] He has been at some gaming-house, lost all, quarrelled, and come here to put a miserable end to a miserable existence! Oh, who would be a father!

[*With extreme emotion.*]

Enter WAITER, R.

Waiter. (L.) [Surveying Mr. Dornton.] Pray—sir—Is your name Dornton?

Dor. It is.

Waiter. Then I am right—Mr. Milford, sir, has sent me with this note. [*Exit, R.*]

Har. [Advancing.] It is for me, sir!

Dor. How do you know, Harry?

Har. (R. C.) Sir, I am certain!—I must beg—

Dor. This is no time for ceremony!—[*Reads.*] *Dear Harry, forgive the provocation I have given you; forgive the wrongs I have done your father—Me!—I will submit to any disgrace rather than lift my hand against your life—I would have come and apologised even on my knees, but am prevented.*

J. MILFORD.

[*Stands a moment contemplating the letter.*] Why, Harry!—What!—What is this?—Tell me—Tell me! Is it in paying Milford's debts you have expended the money?

Har. It is, sir.

Dor. [Endeavouring to repress his feelings.] But how had he wronged me?—Why did you come here to fight him?

Har. Sir—he—he spoke disrespectfully of you.

[*A pause.*]

Dor. [*Looking with powerful emotion on his son, then suddenly taking his hand.*] Harry!

Har. [*Taking his father's hand, but turning to conceal his agitation.*] My father!

[*A pause.*]

Dor. Harry! Harry!

Har. Dear sir, let us fly to console poor Milford!

Dor. What you will, Harry! Do with me what you will—Oh, who would not be a father!

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE III.—*The House of the Widow Warren.*

Enter MILFORD and MR. SULKY, L.

Mil. (L. c.) That fool, Goldfinch, himself informed me, sir, that Silky is to receive fifty thousand pounds for his consent!

Sul. (c.) Fifty thousand! Zounds! Why, then, the old scoundrel must have got possession of the will.

Mil. Which is indubitably meant to be destroyed. Goldfinch is just returned with Silky. They are now with the widow, all in high glee, and are coming up here immediately, no doubt to settle the business in private.

Sul. What can be done?

Mil. We must hide ourselves somewhere, and spring upon them.

Sul. I hate hiding! It's deceit, and deceit is the resource of a rascal.

Mil. But there is no avoiding it! We cannot get legal assistance in time! Here are two closets—Do you go into one, and I'll shut myself up in the other. We shall hear what they are about, and can burst upon them at the proper moment.

Sul. Well, if it must be so—But it's a vile, paltry refuge!

Mil. I hear them coming! Make haste!

[*Exeunt into closets.*]

Enter SILKY, WIDOW, and GOLDFINCH, L.

Sil. [*First.*] Ha, ha, ha! I told you, madam, I should hear from you when you wanted me! I knew it must come to that. But you are a lucky man, Mr. Goldfinch!

and I'm a lucky man! Ay, and you are a lucky woman, too, madam! We are all in luck.

Gold. (c.) [*Arm-in-arm with Widow.*] Ay, danme, old one, you have been concerned in many a good thing in your time.

Sil. (r.) Ah, ha, ha, ha, ha! To be sure I have! I must provide for my family, Mr. Goldfinch?

Widow. (l.) It is indeed a fortunate event! Do you not participate my raptures, Mr. Goldfinch?

Gold. To be sure—It's a deep scheme; it's knowing a thing or two! Ha, old one? Pigeoning the greenhorns.

Sil. (r. c.) All so safe, too; so snug! I am so pleased, and so happy! It's all our own! Not a soul will know of it but our three selves.

Gold. Oh, yes—One more, old one.

Sil. [*Alarmed.*] Ay! Who? Who?

Gold. Your father—Beelzebub.

Sil. Lord! Mr. Goldfinch, don't terrify me!

Widow. (l. c.) To be sure, it must be owned you are a shocking old rogue, Mr. Silky! But there is no doing without you. So make haste with your deeds and your extortions! for really we should be very glad to be rid of your company—

Sil. Well, well, I'm ready—I'll not long interrupt your amorous haste. I'm a man of business. I expected how it would be, and have a legal instrument here, ready drawn up by my own hand; which, when it is signed and sealed, will make all safe.

Widow. But where is the will?

Sil. [*All three sit at a table, c.*] Oh, I have it.—First, however, let us be secure.

[*Locks both the chamber doors; is going to read, but looks round, sees the closet doors, and, with great anxiety and cunning, locks them too.*]

Gold. You're an old trader in sin! There's no being too deep for you!

Sil. Ah, ha, ha, ha! Do you think so, Mr. Goldfinch?

Gold. But I should like to see you on your death-bed!

[*A blow from one of the closets.*]

Sil. Bless my soul!—What's that?

Gold. Zounds! Odd enough! I believe he's coming for you before your time!

Widow. It was very strange !

Sil. I declare I am all of a tremble !

Widow. Come, come, let us get the shocking business over !—Where is the will ?

Gold. Don't shake so, man !

Sil. Well, well ! First sign the bond. [*Widow and Goldfinch going to sign, another knock heard.*] Lord have mercy upon me !

Gold. I smell sulphur.

Widow. Save me, Mr. Goldfinch !

Sil. The candles burn blue ! [A pause.]

Gold. Pshaw ! Zounds, it's only some cat in the closet !

Sil. I heard it in both the closets.

Gold. Why, then, there are two cats ! Come, I'll sign. [*Widow and Goldfinch sign the bond.*]

Sil. Where's the promise ?

Gold. Here it is. [*Laying it on the table.*]

Sil. And here is the will, which, that all may be safe, we will immediately commit to the flames. [*Is going to burn it in the candle. Four successive loud knocks are heard, two from each of the doors. Silky starts, drops one candle, and overturns the other. Stage dark.*] Lord have mercy upon us !

Gold. My hair stands on end !

Widow. [*Violent knocking at both closets and at the doors.*] Save me, Mr. Goldfinch ! Protect me ! Ah ! [*Shrieks.*]

[*Sulky and Milford burst open the closets, and seize on the bond and promise ; then open chamber doors ; at L., enter Jenny with lights, and at the other, Sophia, Harry Dornton, and Mr. Dornton.*]

Soph. (L.) Dear ma', what's the matter ?

Sul. Where is the will ? [*Silky recovers himself and snatches it up.*] Give it me, you old scoundrel ! Give it me this instant, or I'll throttle you ! [*Wrests it from him.*]

Mil. (c.) So, gentlemen ! you are a pretty pair of knaves.

Sul. (c.) And you are a very worthy lady.

Widow. (L. c.) Don't talk to me, man !—Don't talk to me !—I shall never recover my senses again !

[*Retires up Stage.*]

Har. What has happened, gentlemen ? How came you thus all locked up together ?

Dor. Are you here, Mr. Silky ?

Sul. Yes; there's the honest, grateful, friendly Mr. Silky! who would betray his friends, plunder the living, and defraud the dead, for the ease of his conscience, and to provide for his family.

Gold. Old one! You're done up!

Sul. And here is the girlish old coquette, who would rob her daughter and leave her husband's son to rot in a dungeon, that she might marry the first fool she could find.

Gold. Widow! you are dished! [*Sulky examines the will.*] Lost your last chance!

Dor. (L.) A broken gamester, nurtured in idleness, ignorance, and dissipation, whose ridings, racings, and drivings are over, and whose whole train of horses, dogs, curricles, phaetons, and fooleries must come to the hammer, immediately, is no great loss.

Soph. Oh, la!

Dor. I knew your father, sir: 'tis happy for him that he is dead. If you will forsake these courses and apply to trade—

Gold. (c.) Damn trade! Who's for the spring meeting? Cross 'em and wind 'em! Seven to five, you don't name the winner! (L.) I'm for life and a curric! A cut at the caster, and the long odds! Damn trade! The four aces, a back hand, and a lucky nick! I'm a deep one! That's your sort! [*Exit, L.*]

Sul. (R.) And now, madam—

Widow. [*Comes forward.*] Keep off, monster! You smell of malice, cruelty, and persecution.

Sul. No, madam: I smell of honesty! A drug you nauseate, but with which you must forcibly be dosed!—I have glanced over the will, and find I have the power.

Widow. Let me go, goblin!—You are a hideous person, and I hate the sight of you! Your breast is flint! flint! unfeeling gorgon, and I abominate you! [*Exit, R.*]

Soph. (c.) Nay, you are a kind, good, cross old soul! and I am sure you will forgive my poor ma'! We ought all to forget and forgive! Ought not we, Mr. Dornton?

Har. [*To Mr. Dornton.*] Do you hear her, sir?

Dor. (R. c.) Harry has told me of your innocent, pure, and unsuspecting heart—I love you for having called me an ugly monster.

Soph. [*To Har.*] La, Mr. Dornton, how could you—

Sul. (R. c.) Harry—Give me your hand—You have a generous and noble nature! But your generosity would have proved more pernicious than even your dissipation. No misfortunes—no, not the beggary and ruin of a father, could justify so unprincipled a marriage!

Dor. [*To Sulky.*] And now, my friend!

Mil. My father!

Har. (c.) My—

Sul. Whoo! If you wish to get another word from me to-night, have done! [*Turning to Silky.*] I hate fawning

Sil. (R.) Ah, Mr. Sulky, you will have your humour.

Sul. (R.) The indiscriminating generosity of this young man supported you in your day of distress; for which, serpent-like, you turned to sting your preserver.

Sil. Ah, you will have your humour.

Sul. Yes; and it is my humour to see that your villainy shall be exposed in its true colours. Hypocrisy, falsehood, and fraud, are your familiars. To screen your avarice, you made it believed that this gentleman had been the cause of lodging the detainers, and had done the dirty work of which even you were ashamed. But the creditors shall receive their full demand.

Dor. (R. c.) The proposal is just. Listen to that worthy man; and, if you can, be honest with a good grace. Everything will then be readily adjusted, and, I hope, to the satisfaction of all parties.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF
THE CURTAIN.

SILKY. SULKY. DORNTON. SOPHIA. HARRY. MILFORD.
R.] [L.]

THE END.

The first part of the reign of King Henry the Fourth was spent in the suppression of the rebellion of the Earl of Lancaster. The king's army, led by himself, defeated the rebels at the battle of Shrewsbury in 1394. This victory established the king's authority and led to the execution of the Earl of Lancaster.

The king's policy of centralization and the strengthening of the royal government was a major achievement of his reign. He established the Council of Regents, which was responsible for the administration of the kingdom in his absence. This council was composed of the most powerful nobles and was a forerunner of the modern cabinet.

The king's foreign policy was also successful. He secured the peace of Brétigny in 1360, which ended the Hundred Years War. This treaty gave France a large part of its territory and recognized the English king as the overlord of France. The king's efforts to reform the church and to improve the education of the nobles were also noteworthy.

The king's reign was marked by a period of relative peace and stability. The king's policies of centralization and reform led to the strengthening of the royal government and the establishment of a more efficient system of administration. The king's efforts to improve the education of the nobles and to reform the church were also successful.

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MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

No. L.

MACBETH.

A Tragedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS,
RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK :

JOHN DOUGLAS, No. 11 SPRUCE STREET.

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

MACBETH appears to have been one of the latest, as it is one of the greatest of Shakspeare's dramatic achievements. It is believed to have been written and first performed some time between the years 1603 and 1610. The traditions on which the plot is founded, are related by Hollingshed in his "Chronicles," first published in London, 1577; and also by George Buchanan, in his Latin "History of Scotland." Not only the historical outline, but the principal incidents of the drama, may be found in the works of these writers. The prophecy of Macbeth's destiny and that of Banquo's issue, the interview between Macduff and Malcolm, and the influence of Macbeth's wife, whom Hollingshed describes as "burning with unquenchable desire to beare the name of a queene," have all a legendary or semi-historical foundation in truth. It is worthy of note that Buchanan, who wrote as early as 1582, gave as a reason for omitting some of the supernatural parts of the tradition in relation to Macbeth, that they are more apt for the stage than for the historian—" *theatris aptiora quam historiæ.*"

There is reason to believe that Macbeth was often represented with success at the Globe during the life-time of the author; and that Burbage, who was the most distinguished tragedian of the day, was in the habit of personating the hero. The tragedy had been banished from the stage, however, for some time, when in 1672, Sir William Davenant produced a version of it at the Duke's theatre, "with alterations, amendments, additions and new songs." The admirable music for these and the other songs was composed by Matthew Locke, and, amid all the mutations of musical taste, it has retained its popularity, being still always introduced in the representation of the tragedy at every liberally conducted theatre. But the other innovations of Davenant have been deservedly repudiated; although till Garrick's

time they had been so much in vogue, that "The Tattler" quotes Shakspeare's "Macbeth" from Davenant's alteration of it.

To Garrick belongs the merit of restoring to the stage the original Macbeth; and the present acting version is that which he prepared, and which was afterwards improved by Philip Kemble. The language, except in one or two of the choruses, is almost exclusively that of Shakspeare. Garrick, who excelled in the expression of conclusive throes and dying agonies, composed, as we learn from his biographer, a pretty long dying speech for Macbeth; but this is no longer retained. There are more of the elements of the sublime, as it seems to us, in this character, than in any other known to the drama; and this, perhaps, is the reason why it is so rarely embodied to the satisfaction of a judicious audience. The "Tattler" has celebrated Betterton for his excellence in the part. Quin's figure and countenance were much in his favor; but he was too monotonous and unimpassioned. Garrick, notwithstanding his diminutive stature, was probably the best of all the representatives of the character. From the first scene, in which he was accosted by the witches, to the last desperate encounter with Macduff, he is said to have been animated, consistent, and impressive. One of his cotemporaries speaks of his "*terrible graces of action*" in the banquet scene where he sees the ghost of Banquo—a scene, by the way, in which most modern performers fail utterly.

"Many stage critics," says Davies, "suppose the dagger scene to be one of the most difficult situations in acting. The sudden start on seeing the dagger in the air—the endeavor of the actor to seize it—the disappointment, the suggestion of its being only a vision of the disturbed fancy—the seeing it still in form most palpable, with the reasoning upon it,—these are the difficulties which the mind of Garrick was capable of encountering and subduing. So happy did he think himself in the exhibition of this scene, that, when he was in Italy, and requested by the Duke of Parma to give a proof of his skill in action, to the admiration of that prince, he at once threw himself into the attitude of *Macbeth* seeing the air-drawn dagger. The duke desired no farther assurance of Garrick's great excellence in his profession—being perfectly convinced by this specimen, that he was an absolute master of it.

“The merits of the scene preparatory and subsequent to the murder of Duncan, transcend all panegyric. What moral dehortations and dissuasions could produce such an effect, hostile to the crime, upon the human mind, as witnessing the anguish and remorse of Macbeth? The representation of this terrible part of the play by Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard, can no more be described than I believe it can be equalled. His distraction and agonizing horror were finely contrasted by her seeming apathy, tranquillity, and confidence. The beginning of the scene after the murder, was conducted in terrifying whispers. Their looks and their action supplied the place of words. The wonderful expression of heartfelt horror, with which Garrick displayed his bloody hands, can only be conceived by those who saw him.”

The character of *Lady Macbeth* seems to have found its most celebrated representative in Mrs. Siddons. “The moment she seized the part,” says Campbell, “she identified her image with it in the minds of the living generation.” It had long been her favorite study; and she has left some remarks upon it from her own pen, which are creditable to her good sense and powers of discrimination. Mrs. Jameson says: “In her impersonation of the part of *Lady Macbeth*, Mrs. Siddons adopted three different intonations in giving the words ‘We fail.’ (Scene VII. Act I.) At first, a quick contemptuous interrogation—We fail! Afterwards with the note of admiration—We fail! and an accent of indignant astonishment, laying the principal emphasis on the word *we*—We fail! Lastly, she fixed on what I am convinced is the true reading—We fail. With the simple period, modulating her voice to a deep, low, resolute tone, which settled the issue at once; as though she had said, ‘If we fail, why then we fail, and all is over.’ This is consistent with the dark fatalism of the character, and the sense of the lines following; and the effect was sublime almost awful.”

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Drury Lane, 1823. Covent Garden, 1823.</i>	<i>Park, 1847.</i>
<i>Duncan (King of Scotland,)</i> }	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Malcolm</i>	“ Thompson.	“ Mason.
<i>Donalbain</i>	“ Young.	“ Parsloe.
<i>Macbeth</i>	“ Pope.	“ Macready.
<i>Banquo</i>	“ Cooper.	“ Egerton.
<i>Macduff</i>	“ Penley.	“ Abbott.
<i>Lenox</i>	“ Penley.	“ Jefferies.
<i>Rosse</i>	Miss Carr.	“ Comer.
<i>Fleance</i>	“ Penley.	“ Comer.
<i>Siward</i>	Miss Carr.	Mast. Longhurst.
<i>Seyton</i>	“ Penley.	Mr. Crumpton.
<i>Lady Macbeth</i>	Mrs. W. West.	“ Claremont.
<i>Gentlewoman</i>	Miss Phillips.	Mrs. Ogilvie.
<i>Hecate</i>	Mr. G. Smith.	“ Boyle.
<i>1st Witch</i>	“ J. Barnes.	Mr. Taylor.
<i>2d Witch</i>	“ Knight.	“ Meadows.
<i>3d Witch</i>	“ Harley.	“ Blanchard.
		“ Evans.
		“ Povey.

Apparitions, Chorus of Witches, Murderers, Soldiers, &c.

COSTUMES.

MACBETH.—First dress: Scarlet plaid vest, kelt, and tartan, cap, feathers, and breast-plate. Second dress: Purple robe, lined with yellow satin, scarlet satin vest, edged with white ermine, and coronet for the head. Third dress: Kelt, tartan, cap, and armour.

MALCOLM.—Scarlet and green plaid vest, kelt, tartan, breast-plate, cap and feathers.

KING.—Crimson velvet robe and vest richly embroidered.

BANQUO.—Green plaid vest, kelt and tartan, breast-plate and cap.

MACDUFF.—Ibid.

LENOX.—Red and blue—Ibid.

ROSSE.—Blue and crimson—Ibid.

SIWARD.—Scarlet velvet doublet, trunks and cloak, breast-plate, hat and feathers.

SEYTON.—Green plaid vest, kelt, and tartan, cap and feathers.

PHYSICIAN.—Black velvet doublet, trunks, cloak, &c.

SERJEANT.—Green and red plaid vest, kelt, and tartan, cap, &c.

MURDERERS.—Green worsted plaid dresses.

LADY MACBETH.—First dress: Black velvet, trimmed with point lace, and plaid sarsnet scarf. Second dress: White satin, trimmed with silver, and scarlet cloth robe, trimmed with ermine and silver; coronet for the head. Third dress: White muslin morning wrapper, trimmed with lace, and a veil.—Ibid.

GENTLEWOMAN.—Green satin dress, trimmed with silver, and spangled veil.

HECATE.—Blue vest, with stars, shaded by blue gauze, robe of do., and cap ornamented with snakes.

WITCHES.—Similar, in some respects, but exceedingly grotesque.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

M A C B E T H .

A C T I .

SCENE I.—*The Open Country.—Thunder and Lightning.*

Three WITCHES discovered.

1st Witch. WHEN shall we three meet again—
In thunder, lightning, or in rain ?

2d Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's* lost and won.

3d Witch. That will be ere set of sun.

1st Witch. Where the place ?

2d Witch. Upon the heath.

3d Witch. There to meet with—

1st Witch. Whom ?

2d Witch. Macbeth.

[*Noise of a Cat.*

1st Witch. I come, Gray-malkin.

[*Noise of a Toad.*

2d Witch. Paddock calls.

1st Witch. Anon.

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair ;
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*Thunder and Lightning.—Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*The Palace at Forcs.—Flourish of Trumpets
and Drums, L.*

Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX,
ROSSE, and ATTENDANTS, L., *meeting a bleeding OFFI-
CER, R.*

King. (c.) What bloody man is that ? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

* The war in which Macbeth was engaged.

Mal. This is the serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Off. Doubtfully it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
From the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses is supplied;
And Fortune, on his damnéd quarrel smiling,
Showed like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carved out his passage, till he faced the slave;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps,
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Off. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour armed,
Compelled these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbished arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismayed not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Off. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both:—Go, get him surgeons.

[*Exeunt Officer and two Attendants, L.*

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Fife.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes!

Rosse. So should he look,
That seems to speak things strange.

Enter MACDUFF, R.

Macd. God save the King!

King. Whence camest thou, worthy Thane?

Macd. From Fife, great King,
Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The Thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict,
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,*
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.—

King. Great happiness!

Macd. That now
Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at St. Colmes' Inch,
Ten thousand dollars for our general use.

King. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest;—Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former titles greet Macbeth.

Macd. I'll see it done. [*Exeunt Macduff and Lenox, R.*]

King. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE III.—*A Heath.—Bridge in the background, over the Mountains.—Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter the Three WITCHES, meeting.

1st Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

2d Witch. Killing swine.

3d Witch. Sister, where thou?

1st Witch. A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mounched, and mounched, and mounched:—"Give
me," quoth I.

"Aroint thee,† witch!" the rump-fed ronyon‡ cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger;
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, I'll do.

2d Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

* Inclosed in armour of proof.

† Begone.

‡ Fat, bulky woman.

1st Witch. Thou art kind.

3d Witch. And I another.

1st Witch. I myself have all the other ;
 And the very ports they blow,
 All the quarters that they know
 I' the shipman's card.*
 I will drain him dry as hay :
 Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
 Hang upon his pent-house lid ;
 He shall live a man forbid :
 Weary seven nights, nine times nine,
 Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine :
 Though his bark cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be tempest-tost.—
 Look what I have.

2d Witch. Show me, show me.

1st Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
 Wrecked as homeward he did come.

[A March at a distance, over the Bridge.]

3d Witch. A drum, a drum ;
 Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
 Posters of the sea and land,
 Thus do go about, about.

[Join hands, and turn.]

2d Witch. Thrice to thine,—

3d Witch. And thrice to mine,—

1st Witch. And thrice again,—

All. To make up nine.

1st Witch. Peace :—the charm's wound up.

[They retire, R.]

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, and part of the Army, L. U. E.
 The remainder halt on the Bridge.

Macb. Command they make a halt upon the heath.

[Within.] Halt,—halt,—halt.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't called to Fores ?—[Observing the
 Witches.] What are these,

So withered, and so wild in their attire,
 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
 And yet are on't ?—Live you ? or are you aught

* Sea-chart.

That man may question? You seem to understand me,
 By each at once her choppy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if ye can:—What are you?

1st Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

2d Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

3d Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter. [*Macbeth starts, confused.*]

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair?—[*To Witches.*] I'the name of truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that, indeed,
 Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
 You greet with present grace, and great prediction
 Of noble having, and of royal hope,
 That he seems wrapt withal: to me you speak not:
 If you can look into the seeds of time,
 And say, which grain will grow, and which will not,
 Speak, then, to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
 Your favours nor your hate.

1st Witch. Hail!

2d Witch. Hail!

3d Witch. Hail!

1st Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, though greater.

2d Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3d Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.

All. So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail! [*Going.*]

Macb. [*Crossing toward Witches.*] Stay, you imperfect speakers,—tell me more;

By Sinel's death, I know I am Thane of Glamis;
 But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,
 A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
 Stands not within the prospect of belief,
 No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
 You owe this strange intelligence? or why
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
 With such prophetic greeting?

[*Thunder and Lightning—Witches vanish, R.*

Speak, I charge you.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—Whither are they vanished?

Macb. Into the air; and what seemed corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And Thane of Cawdor, too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune and words.—[*Flourish, R.*]
Who's here?

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX, R.

Macd. The King hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and, when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with post: and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And poured them down before him.

Len. We are sent
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Macd. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy Thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. [*Aside.*] What! can the devil speak true?

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives; why do you dress
me
In borrowed robes?

Macd. Who was the Thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,

Which he deserves to lose ;
 For treasons capital, confessed, and proved,
 Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor !
 The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
 [*To Ban.*] Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
 When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me,
 Promised no less to them ?

Ban. That, trusted home,
 Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
 Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But, 'tis strange :
 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
 In deepest consequences.—Cousin, a word, I pray you.
 [*They retire up the Stage.*]

Macb. [*In front.*] Two truths are told,
 As happy prologues to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
 This supernatural soliciting
 Cannot be ill ; cannot be good.—If ill,
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,
 Commencing in a truth ?—I'm Thane of Cawdor !
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
 Against the use of nature ? Present fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings :
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my single state of man, that function
 Is smothered in surmise ; and nothing is,
 But what is not.

Ban. [*To Macduff and Lenox.*] Look, how our partner's
 rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may
 crown me,
 Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
 Like our strange garments : cleave not to their mould,
 But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what, come may,
 Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour:—my dull brain was wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registered where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the King.—

[*Aside to Banquo.*]

Think upon what hath chanced; and, at more time,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*March.—Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Palace at Fores.—Flourish of Trumpets
and Drums.*

*Enter KING DUNCAN, DONALBAIN, MALCOLM, ROSSE, and
two CHAMBERLAINS, L.*

King. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet returned?

Mal. My liege,

They are not yet come back;
But I have spoke

With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confessed his treasons;
Implored your highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it. He died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—

Enter MACDUFF, MACBETH, BANQUO, and LENOX, L.

Oh, worthiest cousin,
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,

Thatswiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion, both of thanks and payment,
Might have been mine ! only I've left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties : and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants ;
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither :
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so : let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There, if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you, whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm ; whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland : which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for you ;
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach ;
So humbly take my leave.

[*Aside, and crossing, R.*] The Prince of Cumberland !—

That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires !
Let not light see my black and deep desires :
The eye wink at the hand ! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit, R.*]

King. True, worthy Banquo ; he is full so valiant,

And in his commendations I am fed ;
 It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
 Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome ;
 It is a peerless kinsman.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE V.—*Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, R., reading a Letter.

Lady M.—“*They met me in the day of success ; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them farther, they made themselves—air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the King, who all-hailed me, Thane of Cawdor ; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, Hail, king that shalt be ! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*”

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be
 What thou art promised !—Yet do I fear thy nature :
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
 To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great ;
 Art not without ambition : but without
 The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
 That would'st thou holily ; would'st not play false,
 And yet would'st wrongly win : thou'dst have, great Glamis,
 That which cries, “*Thus thou must do, if thou have it ;*”
 And that, which rather thou dost fear to do,
 Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear ;
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
 To have thee crowned withal.

Enter SEYTON, L.

What is your tidings ?

Sey. The King comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it!
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have informed for preparation.

Sey. So please you, it is true: our Thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending—
He brings great news. [*Exit Seyton, L.*
The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, all you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose; nor keep pace between
The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, "Hold, hold!"—

Enter MACBETH, L.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow—as he purposes.

Lady M. Oh, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters.—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,

Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
 But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
 Must be provided for: and you shall put
 This night's great business into my dispatch;
 Which shall to all our days and nights to come,
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
 To alter favour ever is to fear:
 Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE VI.—*The Gates of Inverness Castle.—Flourish of
 Trumpets and Drums.*

Enter KING DUNCAN, BANQUO, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
 MACDUFF, LENOX, ROSSE, and ATTENDANTS, R.

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
 Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
 Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
 The temple-haunting martlet,* does approve,
 By his loved mansionry, that the Heaven's breath
 Smells wooingly here; no jutting frieze,
 Buttress, or coign† of vantage, but this bird
 Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle.
 Where they most breed and haunt,—I have observed
 The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH, SEYTON, and two LADIES, from the
Castle Gates.

King. See, see! our honoured hostess!
 The love that follows us sometimes is our trouble,
 Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
 How you shall bid Heaven yield us for your pains,
 And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
 In every point twice done, and then done double,
 Were poor and single business, to contend
 Against those honours, deep and broad, wherewith
 Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
 And the late dignities heaped up to them,
 We rest your hermits.

* A kind of swallow.

† Coigne, (Fr.) a corner.

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
 We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
 To be his purveyor; but he rides well;
 And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
 To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
 We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
 Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,*
 To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
 Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand;
 Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
 And shall continue our graces towards him.
 By your leave, hostess.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt through
 the Castle Gates.*]

SCENE VII.—*Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.*

Enter MACBETH, R.

Macb. If it 'were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere
 well,

It were done quickly. If the assassination
 Could trammelf up the consequence, and catch
 With his surcease, † success!—That but this blow
 Might be the be-all, and the end-all, here—
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
 We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
 We still have judgment here, that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
 To our own lips.—He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,—
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself.—Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off:

* Account.

† Intercept.

‡ Extinction.

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other side—How now! what news?

Enter LADY MACBETH, R.

Lady M. He has almost supped: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he asked for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honoured me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which should be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? hath it slept since,
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love.—Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,—
Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' th' adage?

[*Crossing, L.*

Macb. 'Pr'ythee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man—
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it, then,
That made you break the enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more than man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn
As you have done to this!

Macb. If we should fail—

Lady M. We fail!—

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck* only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenchéd natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?†

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled; and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.—
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt, R.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.—The Gallery.*

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, with a Torch, R.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

* From Alembick, a still.

† Murder.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. There's husbandry in Heaven—
Their candles are all out.—

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the curséd thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose!

Enter SEYTON, with a Torch, and MACBETH, L.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's abed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largesse* to your officers:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.—

I dreamed last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have shewed some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counselled.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!

[*Exeunt Fleance and Banquo, up stairs, L.*]

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell.—Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Seyton, L.*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,

* Large sse, (French) gift, present.

The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee!
 I have thee not: and yet I see thee still!
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation
 Proceeding from the heat-oppresséd brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest.—I see thee still!
 And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing!
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world,
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
 Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 Towards his design
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
 And take the present horror from the time
 Which now suits with it. *[Clock strikes Two.]*
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan! for it is a knell
 That summons thee to Heaven, or to hell!
[Exit, L.—Thunder and Lightning.]

Enter LADY MACBETH, L.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made
 me bold;
 What hath quenched them, hath given me fire:—Hark!
 —Peace!
 It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
 Which gives the stern'st good-night—*[Crossing, R.]*—He
 is about it;
 The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
 Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugged their
 possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done!—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,—
He could not miss them!—Had he not resembled
My father, as he slept, I had done't!—My husband!

Enter MACBETH, R.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Did'st thou not hear a
noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark! Who lies i'the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Showing his hands.*]

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried
"Murder!"

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and addressed them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried, "God bless us:" and "Amen," the
other;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear. I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways: so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,

*The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.*

Lady M. What do you mean ?

Mac. Still it cried, *sleep no more!* to all the house :
*Glamis hath murdered sleep ; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more !*

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried ? Why, worthy
Thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things ; go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
They must lie there : Go, carry them ; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more :
I am afraid to think what I have done ;—
Look on't again, I dare not !

Lady M. Infirm of purpose !
Give me the daggers. The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil.—If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit, R.—Knocking within, M. D.*]

Macb. Whence is that knocking ?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me ?
What hands are here ? Ha ! they pluck out mine eyes !
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand ? No ; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
To wear a heart so white.—[*Knocking.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry —retire we to our chamber :
A little water clears us of this deed :
How easy is it, then ? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*]—Hark ! more
knocking :
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us.

And shew us to be watchers.—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed—'twere best not know myself.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, would thou
could'st! [*Exeunt—Knocking again.—Lady Mac-*
beth pulls Macbeth away, L.

Enter MACDUFF, LENOX, and SEYTON, M. D.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Sey. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?
Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH and SEYTON, L.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good morrow, both!

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him:
I have almost slipped the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physics pain.
This is the door. [*Throwing open the door leading to the*
King's bedchamber, R.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit, R.*

Len. Goes the King hence to-day?

Macb. He does—he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i'the air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confused events,
New-hatched to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamoured the livelong night; some say, the earth
Was feverish, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF, R.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb. & Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o'the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox, R.*

Awake! awake!—

Ring the alarum bell!—Murder! and treason!

Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself!—up, up, and see

The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,

To countenance this horror!—

[*Bell rings out.*

Enter BANQUO and ROSSE down the stairs, L. U. E.

Oh, Banquo, Banquo,

Our royal master's murdered!

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX, R.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,

I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,

There's nothing serious in mortality:

All is but toys; renown and grace are dead;

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees

Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN, down the stairs, R. U. E.

Mal. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know it?

The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood

Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.

Macd. Your royal father's murdered!

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done't :
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwiped, we found
Upon their pillows ; they stared, and were distracted ;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

[*Exeunt Malcolm and Donalbain, R.*]

Macb. Oh, yet do I repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. [*Starting.*] Wherefore did you so ?

Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious,
Loyal, and neutral in a moment ? No man :
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser, reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood ;
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance : there the murderers,
Steeped in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breached with gore : Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
"Courage, to make his love known ?

Ban. Fears and scruples shake us ;
In the great hand of Heaven I stand ; and, thence,
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macd. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i'the hall together ;
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*A Wood on the Skirt of a Heath.—Thunder
and Lightning.*

Enter the Three WITCHES, and a Chorus of WITCHES, L.

1st Witch. Speak, sister, speak—is the deed done ?

2d Witch. Long ago, Long ago :
Above twelve glasses since have run.

3d Witch. Ill deeds are seldom slow,
Nor single ; following crimes on former wait ;
The worst of creatures fastest propagate.

Chor. Many more murders must this one ensue ;
 Dread horrors still abound,
 And every place surround,
 As if in death were found
 Propagation too.

1st Witch. He must—

2d Witch. He shall—

3d Witch. He will spill much more blood,
 And become worse, to make his title good.

1st Witch. Now let's dance.

2d Witch. Agreed.

3d Witch. Agreed.

Chor. We should rejoice when good kings bleed.

1st Witch. When cattle die, about we go ;
 When lightning and dread thunder
 Rend stubborn rocks in sunder,
 And fill the world with wonder,
 What should we do ?

Chor. Rejoice, we should rejoice.

2d Witch. When winds and waves are warring,
 Earthquakes the mountains tearing,
 And monarchs die despairing,
 What should we do ?

Chor. Rejoice, we should rejoice.

3d Witch. Let's have a dance upon the heath,
 We gain more life by Duncan's death.

1st Witch. Sometimes like brinded cats we show,
 Having no music but our mew,
 To which we dance in some old mill,
 Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel,
 To some old saw, or bardish rhyme,—

Chor. Where still the mill clack does keep time.

2d Witch. Sometimes about a hollow tree,
 Around, around, around dance we ;
 Thither the chirping cricket comes,
 And beetles singing drowsy hums ;
 Sometimes we dance o'er ferns or furze,
 To howls of wolves, or barks of curs ;
 And when with none of these we meet—

Chor. We dance to the echoes of our feet.

3d Witch. At the night raven's dismal voice,
 When others tremble, we rejoice.

Chor. And nimbly, nimbly, dance we still,
To th' echoes from a hollow hill. [*Exeunt different ways.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.*

Enter MACDUFF, *meeting* LENOX.

Len. How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Len. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Len. Alas the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborned:

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled: which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Len. 'Gainst nature still;

Thrifless ambition, that will raven up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already named; and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Len. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill;

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of his bones.

Len. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Len. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there!—
adieu,

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

[*Exeunt, Macduff, R., Lenox, L.*]

SCENE II.—*The Palace at Fores.*

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, R.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,

As the weird women promised; and, I fear,
 Thou playedst most foully for't; yet it was said,
 It should not stand in thy posterity;
 But that myself should be the root and father
 Of many kings; if there come truth from them,
 (As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
 Why, by the verities on thee made good,
 May they not be my oracles as well,
 And set me up in hope? [*Flourish of Trumpets & Drums*
 But hush; no more.

Enter MACBETH, as King; SEYTON, LENOX, ROSSE, and
 ATTENDANTS, M. D.

Macb. [*To Banquo.*] Here's our chief guest:
 If he had been forgotten,
 It had been as a gap in our great feast,
 And all things unbecoming.
 To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
 And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
 Command upon me; to the which, my duties
 Are with a most indissoluble tie
 Forever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,
 (Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,)
 In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
 Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
 'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
 I must become a borrower of the night,
 For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestowed
 In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
 Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
 With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
 When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
 Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
 Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord; our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.— [Exeunt Banquo and Fleance, L.
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night: to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, Heaven be with you!

[Exeunt all but Macbeth and Seyton, M. D.
Sirrah, a word: Attend those men our pleasure?

Sey. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.— [Exit Seyton, L.

To be thus, is nothing:—
But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep:—
He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hailed him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them, the gracious Duncan have I murdered;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man
To make them kings—The seed of Banquo kings!—
Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?

Enter SEYTON, with two OFFICERS, L.—Exit Seyton, L.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1st Off. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now,
Have you considered of my speeches?
Do you find

Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospelled,
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave,

And beggared yours forever ?

2d Off. I am one, my liege.
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

1st Off. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

1st Off. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine ; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life : and though I could
With bare-faced power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For sundry weighty reasons.

2d Off. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us—

1st Off. Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this
hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves ;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time—
The moment on't ; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace ; always thought,
That I require a clearness : And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
Fleance, his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me,
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour : Resolve yourselves apart ;
I'll come to you anon.

1st Off. We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight ; abide within.

[*Exeunt Officers, L.*

It is concluded :—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [Exit, L.

Enter LADY MACBETH, as Queen, and SEYTON, R.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court ?

Sey. Ay, madam; but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Sey. Madam, I will.

[*Exit, L.*

Lady M. Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH, L.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,—
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotched the snake, not killed it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let

The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie,
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

[*Retires, R.*

Lady M. Come on; gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.

Macb. Oh, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet: they are assailable.
Then be thou jocund; ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-bone beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done ?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling* night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale !—Light thickens ; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood :
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
* While night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words : but hold thee still ;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.

[*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE III.—*A Park, near the Palace, at Fores.*

Enter the Two OFFICERS, L.

1st Off. The west yet glimmers with some streaks of
day :

Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

2d Off. Hark ! I hear horses.

Banquo. [*Within.*] Give us a light, there, ho !

1st Off. Then it is he ; the rest

That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court.

2d Off. His horses go about.

1st Off. Almost a mile ; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate,
Make it their walk.

2d Off. A light, a light !

1st Off. 'Tis he.

Enter FLEANCE, with a Torch, and BANQUO, R.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

[*Exeunt Fleance and Banquo, L.*

1st Off. Let it come down.

[*Exeunt, L.*

Ban. [*Within.*] Oh, treachery ! Fly, good Fleance,
fly, fly, fly !—

Fle. [*Within, L.*] Murder ! murder ! murder !

* Seeler, (French) to seal, to close the eyes.

Ban. [Within, L.] Thou may'st revenge.—Oh, slave!
Oh, Oh, Oh! [Dies.]

Re-enter OFFICERS.

1st Off. Who did strike out the light?

2d Off. Was't not the way?

1st Off. There's but one down; the son is fled.

2d Off. We have lost the best half of our affair.

1st Off. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Banqueting Room in the Palace, at Fores.*
Music.—A Banquet prepared.

MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, SEYTON, ATTENDANTS, GUARDS, &c., *discovered.*

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first, And last, the hearty welcome.

Rosse. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society,
And play the humble host:

Our hostess keeps her state; but in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks:—

Both sides are even; here I'll sit i' the midst.
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—

Enter FIRST OFFICER, L. Macbeth leaves the throne to meet him.

There's blood upon thy face.

1st Off. 'Tis Banquo's, then.

Macb. Is he dispatched?

1st Off. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats:—Yet he's
good,

That did the like for Fleance.

1st Off. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

Macb. Then comes my fit again; I had else been perfect:

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the casing air;
But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?

1st Off. Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenchéd gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:—

There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves again. [*Exit Officer, L.*]

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold,
That is not often vouched; while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both.

Len. May it please your highness, sit?

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roofed,
[*Crossing, R.*]
Were the graced person of our Banquo present,
Whom I may rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!—

[The blood-stained ghost of BANQUO enters, L., and occupies the vacant chair.]

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

Macb. [*Seeing Banquo.*] Which of you have done this?

Len. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it ; never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise ; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends :—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth ; 'pray you, keep seat ;
The fit is momentary ; upon a thought,
He will again be well : If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion.
Feed, and regard him not.—[*Leaves the Throne, and goes
to Macbeth.*] Are you a man ?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. Oh, proper stuff !
This is the very painting of your fear ;
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said
Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear), would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authorised by her grandam. Shame itself !
Why do you make such faces ? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there ! [*Pointing to Ban.*] behold !
look ! lo !—How say you ?—
Why, what care I ? If thou canst nod, speak, too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Exit Ghost, L.*

Lady M. What ! quite unmanned in folly !

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame ! [*Returns to the Throne.*

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal ;
Ay, and since, too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear ; the times have been,
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end ; but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools ! This is more strange
Than such a murder is. [*Crosses, L.*

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget :—

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;
 I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
 To those that know me. Come, love and health to all ;
 Then I'll sit down :—[*Goes to Throne.*]—Give me some
 wine, fill full.—

[*Seyton pours out wine and presents it to Macbeth.*]

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
 And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ;
 Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,
 And all to all.

BANQUO'S *Ghost re-appears, R.*

Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! Let the earth hide thee !
 Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
 Which thou dost glare with !

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
 But as a thing of custom : 'tis no other ;
 Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare :
 Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
 The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
 Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
 Shall never tremble. Or, be alive again,
 And dare me to the desert with thy sword !
 If, trembling, I inhibit thee, protest me
 The baby of a girl.—Hence, horrible shadow !
 Unreal mockery, hence !—[*Exit Ghost, R., Macbeth fol-
 lowing to the door.*] Why so ; being gone,
 I am a man again.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good
 meeting,
 With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
 And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
 Without our special wonder ? You make me strange
 Even to the disposition that I owe,
 When now I think you can behold such sights,
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
 When mine are blanched with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord ?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not ; he grows worse and
 worse ;

Question enrages him; at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt all but King and Queen.*]

Macb. It will have blood: they say, blood will have
blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd.—I will to-morrow,
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: For mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stepped in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE V.—*The Open Country.*—*Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter the three WITCHES, L., meeting HECATE, R.

1st Witch. Why, how now, Hecate? you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldames, as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
While I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never called to bear my part,

Or show the glory of our art ?
 But make amends now : Get you gone,
 And at the pit of Acheron
 Meet me i'the morning ; thither he
 Will come to know his destiny.—
 Your vessels and your spells provide,
 Your charms, and everything beside :
 I am for the air ; this night I'll spend
 Unto a dismal, fatal end. [Exeunt Witches, L.

SPIRITS descend in Hecate's chair.

1st Spir. Hecate, Hecate, Hecate ! Oh, come away !

Hec. Hark ! I am called ; my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and waits for me.

2d Spir. Hecate, Hecate, Hecate ! Oh, come away !

Hec. I come, I come, with all the speed I may.—
 Where's Stadlin ?

3d Spir. Here ;—

Hec. Where's Puckle ?

4th Spir. Here ;—

5th Spir. And Hoppo, too, and Hellwaine, too ;

6th Spir. We want but you, we want but you.

Enter the Chorus of WITCHES, R. and L.

Chor. Come away, make up the count.

Hec. With new fall'n dew,
 From church-yard yew,
 I will but 'noint, and then I mount.

1st Spir. Why thou stay'st so long, I muse.

Hec. Tell me, Spirit, tell what news ?

2d Spir. All goes fair for our delight.

Hec. Now I'm furnished for the flight.

[Places herself in her Chair.

Now I go, and now I fly,
 Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.
 Oh, what a dainty pleasure's this,
 To sail in the air,
 While the moon shines fair,
 To sing, to toy, to dance and kiss !
 Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
 Over seas, our mistress' fountains,
 Over steeples, towers, and turrets,
 We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.

Chor. We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.
 [*Hecate and the Spirits ascend into the air—the Witches
 exeunt various ways.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Cave.—In the Middle, a Cauldron boiling.—
 Thunder.*

The three WITCHES discovered.

1st Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

2d Witch. Thrice: and once the hedge-pig whined.

2d Witch. Harper cries, 'Tis time, 'tis time.

1st Witch. Round about the cauldron go;

In the poisoned entrails throw.—

Toad, that under the cold stone,
 Days and nights has thirty-one;
 Sweltered venom, sleeping got,
 Boil thou first i'the charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2d Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
 In the cauldron boil and bake;
 Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
 Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
 Adder's fork, and blind worm's sting,
 Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
 For a charm of powerful trouble,
 Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3d Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
 Witches' mummy; maw and gulf
 Of the ravined salt-sea shark;
 Root of hemlock, digged i'the dark;
 Liver of blaspheming Jew;
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
 Silvered in the moon's eclipse;

Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips
 Finger of birth-strangled babe,
 Ditch-delivered by a drab,
 Make the gruel thick and slab :
 Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
 For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

1st Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
 Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, R.—SPIRITS, and Chorus of WITCHES, L.

Hec. Oh, well done ! I commend your pains ;
 And every one shall share i'the gains.
 And now about the cauldron sing,
 Like elves and fairies in a ring,
 Enchanting all that you put in.

MUSIC AND SONG.

Hecate. Black spirits and white,
 Red spirits and grey,
 Mingle, mingle, mingle,
 You that mingle may.

1st Spir. Tiffin, Tiffin,
 Keep it stiff in.

2d Spir. Firedrake, Puckey,
 Make it lucky.

3d Spir. Liard, Robin,
 You must bob in.

Chor. Around, around, around, about, about ;
 All ill come running in, all good keep out !

4th Spir. Here's the blood of a bat.

Hec. Put in that, put in that.

5th Spir. Here's Libbara's brain.

Hec. Put in a grain.

6th Spir. Here's juice of toad, and oil of adder ;
 These will make the charm grow madder.

Hec. Put in all these ; 'twill raise a pois'nous stench !
 Hold—here's three ounces of a red-haired wench.

Chor. Around, around, around, about, about ;
 All ill come running in, all good keep out !

Hec. By the pricking of my thumbs,

Something wicked this way comes : — [Noise without.
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

[*Excunt all but the three Witches.*

Enter MACBETH, descending steps, L. U. E.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags !
What is't you do ?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me
To what I ask you.

1st Witch. Speak.

2d Witch. Demand.

3d Witch. We'll answer.

1st Witch. Say, if thou'd'st rather hear it from our
mouths,

Or from our master's ?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1st Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow : — Grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low ;
Thyself, and office, deftly show. [Thunder.]

FIRST APPARITION, *an Armed Head, rises.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power, —

1st Witch. He knows thy thought ;
Hear his speech, but say thou naught.

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware Macduff !
Beware the Thane of Fife. — Dismiss me — enough.

[*Descends.*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks ;
Thou hast harped my fear aright : But one word more —

1st Witch. He will not be commanded : Here's another.
More potent than the first. [Thunder.]

SECOND APPARITION, *a Bloody Child, rises.*

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! —

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute : laugh to scorn
The power of man ; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.]

Macb. Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?
 But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
 And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
 That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
 And sleep in spite of thunder. [Thunder.]

THIRD APPARITION, a Child crowned, with a bough in his hand, rises.

What is this,
 That rises like the issue of a king,
 And wears upon his baby brow the round
 And top of sovereignty?

App. Listen, but speak not to't.

All. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
 Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
 Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
 Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
 Shall come against him. [Descends.]

Macb. That will never be:
 Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
 Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
 Yet my heart
 Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, (if your art
 Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
 Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
 And an eternal curse fall on you!—
 [Thunder.—The Cauldron sinks.]

Let me know,
 Why sinks that cauldron?
 And what noise is this? [A deep groan.]

1st Witch. Show!

2d Witch. Show!

3d Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
 Come like shadows, so depart.

[Apparitions of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; and Banquo passes across from R. U. E. to

-L. U. E.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
 Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls;—and thy hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first :—
 A third is like the former :—Filthy hags,
 Why do ye show me this ?—A fourth ? Start, eyes !—
 What ! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ?
 Another yet ?—A seventh ?—I'll see no more :—
 And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
 Which shows me many more :

Enter BANQUO.—The Witches vanish, R.

Horrible sight !—Now, I see, 'tis true ;
 For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,
 And points at them for his.—What ! is this so ?
 Where are they ? Gone ? Let this pernicious hour
 Stand aye accurséd in the calendar !—
 Come in, without, there !

Enter SEYTON, L.

Sey. What's your grace's will ?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters ?

Sey. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you ?

Sey. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
 And damned all those that trust them !—I did hear
 The galloping of horses : Who was't came by ?

Sey. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
 Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England ?

Sey. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits :
 The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
 Unless the deed go with it : From this moment,
 The very firstlings of my heart shall be
 The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
 To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done :
 The castle of Macduff I will surprise ;
 Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword
 His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
 That trace his line. No boasting like a fool :
 This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool.—
 Where are these gentlemen ?

[*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE II.—*The Country—in England.*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF, R.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom; Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike Heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yelled out
Like syllables of dolour.

Mal. What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well;
He hath not touched you yet.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my do
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just;
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee!

Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke!
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds; I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;

And here, from gracious England, have I offer
 Of goodly thousands: But for all this,
 When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
 Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
 Shall have more vices than it had before;
 More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
 By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
 All the particulars of vice so grafted,
 That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
 Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
 Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
 With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
 Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned
 In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
 Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful;
 But there's no bottom, none,
 In my voluptuousness.
 Nay, had I power, I should
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
 Uproar the universal peace, confound
 All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh, Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak,

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live!—Oh, nation miserable,
 With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptred,
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne
 By his own interdiction stands accursed,
 And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
 Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
 Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
 These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
 Have banished me from Scotland.—Oh, my breast,
 Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
 Child of integrity, hath from my soul

Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
 To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth,
 By many of these trains, hath sought to win me
 Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
 From over-credulous haste: But Heaven above
 Deal between thee and me! for even now
 I put myself to thy direction, and
 Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
 For strangers to my nature.

What I am truly,
 Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
 Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
 All ready at a point, was setting forth:
 Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness,
 Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
 'Tis hard to reconcile.—See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Enter Rosse, L.

Macd. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: Good Heaven, betimes remove
 The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country!
 Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
 Be called our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
 Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
 Are made, not marked: where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
 Is there scarce asked, for whom; and good men's lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,
 Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh, relation,
 Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
 Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife ?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children ?

Rosse. Well, too.

Macd. The tyrant has not battered at their peace ?

Rosse. No ; they were all at peace when I did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech ; how goes it ?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot :
Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither : gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men ;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like ! But I have words,
That would be howled out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they ?
The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast ?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe ; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me ; quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue forever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph ! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surprised ; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughtered : to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful Heaven !—

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife killed, too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—Oh, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did Heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff!
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. Oh, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—*[Kneels.]* But, gentle
Heaven,

Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him, too!

[Exeunt, R.]

A C T V .

SCENE I.—*Lady Macbeth's Room in the Castle at Dunsinane.*

Enter GENTLEWOMAN and PHYSICIAN, L.

Phy. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Phy. What at any time have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Phy. You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.—Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

[*They retire, L.*]

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a Taper, R.

Phy. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Phy. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Phy. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Phy. Hark! she speaks.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two; Why, then, 'tis time to do't!—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Phy. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean!—No more o' that, my lord; no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Phy. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that; Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Phy. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried: he cannot come out of his grave.

Phy. Even so.

Lady M. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit, R.*

Phy. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Phy. More needs she the divine than the physician.—

Look after her;

Remove from her the means of all annoyance,

And still keep eyes upon her.—

Good Heaven, forgive us all!

[*Exeunt, Physician, L., Gentlewoman, R.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle at Dunsinane.—Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*

Enter MACBETH and six GENTLEMEN, L.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all: Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane, I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm? Was not he born of woman? The spirits that know All mortal consequences, have pronounced me thus:

“Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that’s born of woman,
Shall e’er have power on thee.”—Then fly, false Thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter SECOND OFFICER, R.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got’st thou that goose look?

2d Off. There are ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

2d Off. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-livered boy! What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

2d Off. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.— [*Exit Officer, R.*]

Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or dis-seat me now.
I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that, which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have: but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON, R.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I’ll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armour.

Sey. ’Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I’ll put it on.—

Enter PHYSICIAN, L.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.— [*Exit Seyton, v*]
How does your patient, doctor?

Phy. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that :
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased ;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart ?

Phy. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Enter SEYTON, R., with the King's Truncheon, and a GENTLEMAN with his Armour.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.
Give me my staff :
Seyton, send out :—Doctor, the Thanes fly from me :—
If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence ?—Hearest thou of
them ?

Phy. Ay, my good lord ; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt, R.*

SCENE III.—*Birnam Forest.—A March.*

*Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, LENOX, ROSSE, and
SOLDIERS, L. U. E.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Macd. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us ?

Len. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew hira down a bough,

And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Len. It shall be done.

Rosse. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Macd. 'Tis his main hope :
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt :
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Siw. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Macd. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate ;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate :
Towards which, advance the war.

[*March.—Exeunt into the Wood, R.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Ramparts of the Castle at Dunsinane.—
Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*

Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and ATTENDANTS, L.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls :
The cry is still " They come :"—Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie,
'Till famine, and the ague, eat them up :
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.

[*A cry within of women, L.*]

What is that noise ?

Sey. It is the cry of women, good my lord.

[*Exit Seyton, L.*]

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears ;
The time has been, my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir

As life were in't : I have supped full with horrors ;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry ?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter ;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more ; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing—

Enter FIRST OFFICER, R.

Thou comest to use thy tongue : thy story quickly

1st Offi. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which, I say, I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

1st Offi. [*Kneeling.*] As I did stand my watch upon the
hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave !

1st Offi. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so :
Within this three mile may you see it coming ;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
'Till famine cling thee : if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much :—
I pull in resolution ; and begin,
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth :—" Fear not, 'till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane :"—and now a wood

Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
 If this, which he avouches, does appear,
 There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
 I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
 And wish the state o'the world were now undone.—
 Ring the alarum bell:—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
 At least we'll die with harness on our back!

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE V.—*A Plain before the Castle at Dunsinane.—
 Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*

MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, LENOX, and SOLDIERS, with
Boughs, discovered.

Mal. Now near enough; your leafy screens throw
 down,
 And show like those you are:—You, worthy uncle,
 Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
 Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
 Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
 According to our order.

Len. This way, my lords, the castle's gently rendered.

Siw. Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
 Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak: give them all
 breath,
 Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Alarums.—Exeunt several ways.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Court in the Castle of Dunsinane.—Alarums.*

Enter MACBETH, from the gates.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
 But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he,
 That was not born of woman? Such a one
 Am I to fear, or none. [Alarums.—Exit, L.]

Enter MACDUFF, R.

Macd. That way the noise is:—Tyrant, show thy face,
 If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
 My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
 I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms

Are hired to bear their staves ; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbattered edge,
I sheathe again, undeeded.
Let me find him, fortune !
And more I beg not.

[*Alarums.—Exeunt, L*

SCENE VII.—*The Gates of the Castle at Dunsinane.*

Enter MACBETH through the gates.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword ? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

[*Going to R.*

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee :
But get thee back, my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words ;
My voice is in my sword : thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out.

[*Fight.—Alarums.*

Macb. Thou lovest labour :
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant* air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed :
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm ;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast served,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripped.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man !
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense ;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope—I'll not fight with thee.
[*Retires towards the Castle gates.*

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
"Here you may see the tyrant."

* Not to be cut, indivisible.

Macb. I will not yield,
 To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
 And to be baited with the rabble's curse!
 Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
 And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
 Yet I will try the last;—
 Lay on, Macduff;

And damned be him that first cries, "Hold! enough."

[*Alarums.—They fight.—Macbeth falls and dies.—
 Flourish of drums and trumpets.—Shouting within.*]

Enter MALCOLM, ROSSE, LENOX, SIWARD, GENTLEMEN,
 and SOLDIERS.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: the time is free:
 I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl,
 That speak my salutation in their minds;
 Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
 Hail, King of Scotland!

All. King of Scotland, hail!

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
 Before we reckon with your several loves,
 And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
 Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
 In such an honour named. What's more to do,
 That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
 We will perform in measure, time, and place:
 So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
 Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Exeunt.*]

THE END.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT.

No. LI.

T E M P E R .

A Comedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY ROBERT BELL.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS,
RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK :

JOHN DOUGLAS, No. 11 SPRUCE STREET.

1848.

MOORE STANBARD SWAMP

1870

1870

T. H. M. I. R. R.

1870

1870

1870

1870

1870

1870

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

WE are again dipping our pen in ink, to comment on the merits of a comedy we have never seen upon the stage. This is one of the most difficult tasks of criticism. It is impossible to form a satisfactory judgment of a play, otherwise than on its representation. Managers, the most experienced, are as frequently wrong as right, when they undertake to pronounce on the merits of a dramatic manuscript. Stage directors and the green room circle are quite as apt to be at fault. On this account we feel some hesitation in speaking of the new five-act comedy of *Temper*, which has been represented with success at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, and which now lies before us in the London copy, ready to be incorporated in our series. With such lights as we enjoy, however, we must speak of it; reserving to ourselves the right of modifying our critical opinion upon a better acquaintance.

The comedy before us is a light, lively, and gentlemanly production, presenting scenes and characters of modern society with truth and vivacity. The conversation is easy and well-sustained; very much the same as we might expect from pretty well educated people in the ordinary walks of life in the year 1847. There is no straining after great effects, and consequently no very pointed failure. It is natural, perfectly, from the first page to the last. There is nothing in it which might not well have been done and said, precisely as it purports to have been done and said. Our credulity would not be much taxed or tasked to believe the whole comedy a transcript from real life. All the characters, doubtless, might be picked up at any end of London, to a point the same as they figure in the pages before us. So far, therefore, as a drama should be a representative of realities, this play possesses merits of a high order. It pictures

our own times, as the productions of the times of Charles II. put upon the stage contemporary scenes and characters. It makes men and women talk as they are in the habit of talking, and not uniformly with elaborate sentimentality or polished witicism. Mr. Bell rarely ventures upon *Sheridanizing* his dialogue, and when he attempts it he sometimes fails. There is the germ of a good thing, for instance, in the speech of *Sir Charles* to *Lady Tempest*—"Love drew on you at sight, like a promissory note, and endorsed you with my name, expecting you would honor my hopes on demand. You have been overdue ever since." Any one who may undertake to unravel the meaning of this witticism, will find himself in an inextricable metaphorical confusion. These faults, however, are infrequent. The language is generally unexceptionable.

There is no special plot to the piece. It derives its name, apparently, from the lovers' quarrels, or the matrimonial troubles of *Sir Charles* and his lady, which are intended to represent the ill consequences that might result from the indulgence of an infirm temper. Our author is altogether too good-natured, however, to suffer these consequences to take their course. The lovers are reconciled as they are on the point of being made miserable for life, and before the curtain drops, the married couple, who have been snarling at each other through five acts, come to as good an understanding as *Lady Teazle* and *Sir Peter* do in the third act of the "*School for Scandal*." The main action of the piece, however, is hardly that which has furnished the author with his title.

The characters of the comedy are very clever modifications of the familiar personages of the stage. *Lady Tempest* is another *Lady Racket*, *Mrs. Herbert* is a bustling, chattering, rattling widow; and *Florence Wilmot* a girl of all proper sentiment, damaged somewhat, but not spoiled by indulgence. She is disposed to have her own way in every thing, and her lover, *Mr. Cyril Tempest*, appears not to have had tact enough to parry her foibles, but is likely to become their victim. The two maiden ladies of a certain age, *Miss Oldfangle* and *Miss Fielding*, are types of a class that has been familiar to novelists and dramatists for a couple of centuries. They are played off a-

gainst each other in the earlier scenes, and in the last act, are made to work in combination, in a style sufficiently piquant and amusing. *Sir Marmaduke Topple* exhibits the failings of old age in a manner quite inoffensive, and differs from the common old gentlemen of the stage in points enough to stamp him with originality. *Mr. Hope Emerson* is perhaps the hero of the piece. He is a compound of half a dozen well established characters; reckless, impudent, dashing, a fortune-hunter, and diner-out by profession, a man of the world, and fashionable swindler in a small way, a cross, in short, of the Charles Surface tribe with the Jeremy Diddler. *Mr. Godfrey* is not much of anybody, and *Sir Charles Tempest* is a man who may have much reason to consider himself a sort of provoked husband.

We can well imagine that, in representation, with the aid of trimmings, and properties, and clever acting, "Temper" may prove a very popular comedy. Some of the parts are capable of being made exceedingly effective. Placide would identify himself with *Sir Marmaduke*, and make a character of it that no one else could rival or imitate. Wallack or Barrett could give us *Mr. Hope Emerson* to a charm, and almost any good stock company could furnish us with fair representatives of the young lovers. The elderly maidens and the chatty widow would find, without difficulty, competent performers. With these parts well sustained, there is action sufficient, and sufficient liveliness of dialogue, to insure this comedy a success equal to that of almost any one of its contemporaries.

Since writing the above, we have turned to the *London Examiner* of the 22d May, for a notice of the first representation of this comedy :

"It was played," says the admirable dramatic critic of that journal, "on Monday night, for the first time, and better played than any comedy which we have for some time seen at this theatre. The parts seemed to suit the actors better. We may mention in particular Mrs. Gloyer, Miss Fortescue, Miss Priscilla Horton, Mr. Webster, and Mr. Farren. Comedy's prosperous days might have profited by their careful acting. Mr. Farren's character was that of an octogenarian baronet, who makes forcibly feeble efforts to conceal his manifest imbecility, and the actor's real defects of articulation seemed but as part of a very finished and elaborate assumption. There is one scene in which this ancient gentleman affects a sort of *Lord Ogleby*, without the refinement of that faded but delicate old beau, which we should

like to see retrenched. It is the only drawback from an excellent picture of natural and simple old age, very finely filled in by the actor. *Sir Marmaduke Topple's* foil is his lusty, loud, talkative, good-natured sister, admirably embodied by Mrs. Glover. Another good lady, fresh from the country, has brought up the gawky and elderly country virgins to see the sights, and set their caps at the metropolis. The depths of old-maidism were in Miss Horton's voice, and all its sharpness bridled forth in Miss Humby. A gentleman who is kept by his cab, (*Mr. Hope Emerson*, played by Mr. Webster,) conceives certain designs against these spinsters, but they are more than a match for him. Perhaps the best piece of acting in the whole comedy, however, is that of Miss Fortescue. The part is not very prominent, but it is very delicately and well drawn, and the actress does it perfect justice. It is on this young lady, and a certain *Sir Charles Tempest* and his wife (played passably well by Mr. Hudson and Mrs. Seymour), that the author rests his main design of exhibiting the quicksands and shoals of "Temper;" and it lost no advantage it could derive from intelligent feeling and unobtrusive earnestness of expression in Miss Fortescue. Mr. Bell's comedy is, in short, well worthy of its success, and we hope it will have a long run."

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Haymarket, 1847.	Broadway, 1847.
<i>Sir Marmaduke Topple</i>	Mr. Farren.	Mr. H. Wallack.
<i>Sir Charles Tempest</i>	" Hudson.	" Dawson.
<i>Mr. Godfrey</i>	" Tilbury.	" Vaché.
<i>Mr. Hope Emerson</i>	" Webster.	" Lester.
<i>Cyril Tempest</i>	" Howe.	" Fleming.
<i>Notary</i>	" Howard.	" Walters.
<i>Sam</i>	" Clark.	
<i>John</i>	" Ennis.	" Thomson.
<i>William</i>	" Coe.	" Dennison.
<i>Tiger</i>	Master Ennis.	Master Kneas.
<i>Lady Tempest</i>	Mrs. Seymour.	Mrs. Hield.
<i>Mrs. Herbert</i>	" Glover.	" Winstanley.
<i>Florence Wilmot</i>	Miss Fortescue.	Miss Telbin.
<i>Miss Oldfangle</i>	" P. Horton.	" Gordon.
<i>Miss Fielding</i>	Mrs. Humby.	Mrs. Watts.
<i>Lydia</i>	Miss A. Woulds.	Miss Carman.

The Costumes are those of the present day.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

T E M P E R .

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Drawing Room at Sir Charles Tempest's.*

SIR CHARLES *in a window-recess on one side, stretched on a sofa, listlessly teasing a bird in a cage over his head.*—

LADY TEMPEST *on the other side, seated, observing him.*
A pause.

Lady T. Sir Charles!

Sir C. M—m!

Lady T. Can you find nothing better to do than teasing that poor bird? [*Sir Charles whistles to the bird.*] Why don't you—

Sir C. [*In a roar.*] Because I don't choose.

Lady T. There it is. Anybody may speak to you except your wife.

Sir C. Lady Tempest!

Lady T. Sir Charles!

Sir C. B—r—r—r—r—

[Throws himself back in vexation on the sofa.]

Lady T. There again! You will really destroy my nerves.

Sir C. [*Leaps up.*] You have no nerves—no heart. You are made of cast metal. You are wearing me out, madam. You are a perpetual drop—plash! plash! plash! If I were a stone, I must wear out in time.

Lady T. [*Coming forward and speaking slowly and calmly.*] Now what *have* I said to you this morning?

Sir C. Niggle—niggle—niggle!

Lady T. Ah! you are always happy abroad, and miserable at home.

Sir C. And you are never happy anywhere.

Lady T. You are always dissatisfied unless you have company.

Sir C. And you are never satisfied whether you have company or not.

Lady T. Ridiculously open-hearted to people you never saw before.

Sir C. What then? You consider common good nature a crime?

Lady T. Good nature! I wish people would call things by their right names. Your last acquaintance is always the dearest friend you have in the world.

Sir C. I happen, madam, to love human nature—you love nothing but self.

Lady T. 'Tis a pity your human nature doesn't include your family. Do talk intelligibly for once. Have you taken any trouble to procure that secretaryship for your brother, which Lord Southern offered you?

Sir C. I hate asking favours.

Lady T. Asking? The place was offered to you.

Sir C. Well—I hate taking favours for my own brother.

Lady T. But you have no objection to take them for utter strangers. Ah! Sir Charles, Sir Charles! You have one hopeless fault in your character.

Sir C. Lady Tempest—Lady Tempest—what may that be?

Lady T. You don't know how to say "No."

Sir C. I don't? You shall see, madam. I'll show you whether I can say "No," or not. I can't say "No"—can't I?

Lady T. Oh! I dare say you can—in the wrong place! [Takes a letter out of her pocket.] You know the handwriting—Dr. Grasp—[He snatches the letter.] Oh! You may read it.

Sir C. It is Grasp's handwriting.

Lady T. [Sarcastically.] A physician—without practice. A person nobody knows—whom I never saw but once—has the impertinence to write to me, thanking me—me!—for your great kindness in procuring for his son—(I didn't even know he had a son!)—the situation of private secretary to Lord Southern.

Sir C. [*Aside.*] What a fool that Grasp is!

Lady T. And you prefer leaving your brother to idleness, which will be his ruin. The poor boy is sure to do something foolish for want of occupation.

Sir C. Listen to me, madam. You have entertained yourself the whole morning with my faults. Let me tell you some of yours. You talk too much—your tongue is worse than a steam-engine—you oppose everything—nothing pleases you—you are the antagonist principle—you do not understand society—your ignorance and your temper will widow you, madam.

Lady T. You don't threaten me with suicide, I hope!

Sir C. You shall have no such chance—I intend to live forever!

Lady T. So do I.

Sir C. Separation is inevitable. I have told you so a thousand times.

Lady T. I know you have.

Sir C. Don't deceive yourself. You shall find somebody else to worry to death—I have made up my mind.

Lady T. Oh! very well!

[*They walk up and down in a violent passion.*]

Enter MR. GODFREY, R.

God. Beg pardon—don't let me interrupt your amusement.

Sir C. My dear Godfrey, you are the only man in the universe whose opinion—[*Godfrey checks him.*] on some subjects, I—

Lady T. You know what value to place on that profession, Mr. Godfrey.

Godf. Its exact value—a puff of air.

Sir C. That's so like you—the best-hearted fellow in England—I don't care about your looks.

Lady T. He says that to everybody.

Sir C. Don't mind my wife—she—[*Godfrey checks him.*] she was weaned on vinegar and bitter almonds.

Lady T. You know him, Mr. Godfrey. [*Godfrey looks ambiguously.*] I understand you, sir. His friends think I am always in the wrong.

Godf. They think you're both in the wrong. Society doesn't trouble itself to make nice distinctions in such cases.

Sir C. The very observation I have made over and over again to Lady Tempest.

Lady T. If it were not for my endurance, we should quarrel every day of our lives.

Sir C. We *do* quarrel every day of our lives—night, noon, and morning—we do nothing else.

Godf. Before your friends!

Lady T. No; only before you.

Sir C. We look upon you as the intimate friend of the family.

Godf. You are very obliging. Suppose, by way of variety, you were just to praise each other. 'Tis wonderful the effect of a little flattery.

Sir C. Praise *her*? the most gentle, amiable—

Lady T. And you, the most domestic, judicious—

Sir C. We are too fond of each other—

Lady T. We don't know what it is to have a word of difference—

Sir C. Such tenderness—

Lady T. Such prudence—

Sir C. Iron—

Lady T. Water—

Sir C. No more soul than a stone—

Lady T. No more sense than a post—

Sir C. Wasp!

Lady T. Toad!

Sir C. Fury!

Lady T. Monster!

[*Exit, L.*]

Sir C. Huzza!—she's gone! Now, my dear fellow, I breathe again. What's the news? How d'ye do? Huzza!

Godf. If that's the effect of praise, you had better stick to the old system. Be quiet; I want to talk to you on business.

Sir C. I hate business! [*Godfrey checks him.*] Well, I'm ready.

Godf. Florence Wilmot was of age yesterday.

Sir C. Well!

Godf. Our legal responsibility, as trustees under her father's will, is at an end.

Sir C. Well!

Godf. Has it ever occurred to you that we have a moral responsibility also?

Sir C. Oh, certainly!

Godf. Until she was of age, she was to live either under your protection or mine. Now, as I am a bachelor, of course the charge fell upon you.

Sir C. What is all this to lead to?

Godf. Are you quite sure you have fulfilled your moral obligations to her?

Sir C. Moral!—You don't imagine—moral?

Godf. You have done everything that became a guardian?

Sir C. Everything. She has had an unlimited command of money, and her own way from first to last.

Godf. And this you consider fulfilling your moral obligations?

Sir C. To be sure! She's a charming girl—deucedly clever, and as tractable as a child. If you have any thoughts of matrimony, she's the very—

[*Godfrey checks him.*]

Godf. Pish!—Tractable! She's hot-brained, self-willed, and full of passion. Clever! She's what is called a girl of intellect—a *girl* of intellect!

Sir C. So she is—a highly intellectual girl.

Godf. I wish you'd speak English!

Sir C. Now don't talk in that way—it is so like Lady Tempest!

Godf. Intellectual girl! You might as well talk of the Invisible girl. What's the use of a girl's intellect but to make her idle and obstinate? She can play billiards, break in horses, and read Latin; and as to her temper, you might as well try to curb a whirlwind.

Sir C. But I never tried to curb her.

Godf. Then what do you mean by saying she's tractable? Lady Tempest herself would be tractable, if you'd let her do everything she likes. Suppose she took it into her head to marry?

Sir C. I'd give her such a wedding breakfast!

Godf. I'm not surprised your wife tyrannises over you. You have not a grain of common sense. This girl, with a fortune of 30,000*l.* at her own disposal, is left to be whipped up by the first feathery scamp hanging on the skirts of society, that happens to make love to her. Your house is nothing better than a house of call for every whipper-

snapper you meet; and out of this chance medley you'd allow her to pick out a husband for herself.

Sir C. On principle, my dear Godfrey. Young women cannot see too much of the world—select society, as it is called, only contracts their ideas.

Godf. I never knew they had any. Pray, how long has your brother, Cyril, returned from college?

Sir C. Six months.

Godf. Then by this time he is about as useless a human being as you could desire.

Sir C. Oh! Cyril is a student. He has no taste for company.

Godf. So much the better.

Sir C. He is always poring over his books.

Godf. So much the worse. He ought to study men.

Enter SERVANT, R.

Ser. Mr. Hope Emerson.

Godf. This is one of your fly-trap acquaintances. I shall go.

Sir C. Nonsense! Emerson's a capital fellow—a man you particularly ought to know—show him up. [*Exit Servant.*] He leads the fashion in cabs—the best judge of horses in Europe.

Godf. Every friend of yours is remarkable for something superlative.

Enter MR. HOPE EMERSON, R.

Emer. My dear Tempest, what have you done with Peter?

Sir C. He's gone. Lady Tempest heard me call him Peter the Great, because he was so fat, and instantly dismissed him.

Godf. She was quite right. You have no business to jest with your servants.

Emer. Who is your friend, Tempest?

Sir C. [*Aside.*] An excellent fellow—as rich as Cræsus.

Emer. [*Aside.*] The very man I should like to know. Introduce me.

Sir C. Allow me—Mr. Hope Emerson, a very old friend—

Godf. Ahem!

Sir C. Mr. Godfrey, a distinguished—

Godf. That will do. You may be as sure, sir, that I am as eminent in my way, as you are for your knowledge of horses.

Emer. Horses? What does he mean?

Sir C. Mean? Oh!—you're fond of a spanking horse, you know.

Emer. Am I?—So I am. A horse with fine action—snuff the wind—paw—paw—

Sir C. [To Godfrey.] You see he understands all about it.

Godf. His stud must be quite a curiosity.

Emer. My stud?

Godf. Why, for a gentleman who leads the fashion in cabs—

Emer. Ha! you very rich men are always such dry wags.

Godf. Rich?

Emer. I drive a cab, certainly; but I have never been able to determine whether I keep the cab, or the cab keeps me.

Godf. Well, there is something very remarkable in that.

Emer. A cab keeps one afloat in the best society. Do you understand that? [*Godfrey shakes his head.*] I didn't suppose you would, Godfrey—I think you said Godfrey?—I am a strict diner-out. No man can cultivate dining-out, as an art, without a cab. You will see my cab sometimes for three or four hours together at a door. Some people like that. It has an air of style. Intense sky-blue, picked out with cream colour and silver—the smallest tiger known in natural history—glazed hat—cockade—azure handkerchief—superfine black frock—white cords—the tiniest top-boots. Sure to be asked before I leave the house. If they don't ask me, I ask myself.

Godf. Have you no apprehension that, if this were known, they might shut the door in your face?

Emer. My dear friend—Godfrey, I think?—everything depends upon its being extensively known. People at last begin to say, "Oh! it's his way." That's my charter. Shut the door in my face? I'd plead privilege, and knock again!

Godf. Unparalleled effrontery!

Emer. Tact, Godfrey—knowledge of the world. But I don't mean to dine out all my life. I shall probably marry one of these days—when I hit upon somebody who comes up to my terms.

Godf. [*Aside.*] The fellow is a sort of social brigand.

Enter CYRIL TEMPEST, R.

Godf. Ha! Cyril—how d'ye do, boy? What's the matter?—You look as pale——

Cyril. [*Confused.*] Pale? Do I look pale?

Godf. 'Tis your confounded books——

Cyril. No—no—it is not study—I——

Godf. What then?

Cyril. I didn't know I looked pale.

Godf. Now you look scarlet.

Sir C. Cyril, don't you know Mr. Hope Emerson?

[*Cyril bows coldly towards him.*]

Godf. I like the young fellow's manner to that swindler—Cyril! [Takes him up the stage.]

Emer. Do you dine at home to-day, Tempest?

Sir C. I hardly know. My wife is in one of her tempers, and on such occasions I never dine at home—unless I can make up a party.

Emer. Put me down for one. I'll go to the club and canvass for a couple more.

Sir C. You are the best-hearted fellow in the world.

Enter SERVANT, R.

Serv. Mrs. Chatterton Herbert and Sir Marmaduke Topple.

Godf. More visitors? Good morning, Sir Charles.

Sir C. You really must not go. What would they think to see you flying out just as they are coming in?

Godf. I have a mortal aversion to that woman. Her tongue is so incessant, that if I only saw her picture I should stop my ears.

Emer. Do I know them?

Sir C. They live in Derbyshire—people of immense consideration—trace back to the conquest; as for Sir Marmaduke, her brother—who has come up to town to consult the physicians—one of the most—

Godf. Unfortunate men in England. Her voice has crushed his brain. A man might as well live in a belfry, as in the same house with her. Poor Sir Marmaduke! I knew him when he was a fine rattling fellow—now, his memory is gone, and he can hardly connect three sentences. She has reduced him to this. Let me out some back way. I wouldn't meet them for—

Mrs. Herbert [*Outside.*] Very well—I'll come up myself—I know the way. [*The Servant goes out as she enters, speaking rapidly.*] Ha! ha! my dear Sir Charles, how d'ye do? and how d'ye do, and how d'ye do again? and Cyril, and Mr. Godfrey—I'm so glad to see you all again! And how is my dear Lady Tempest? and my charming Florence? Quite well? And who is this? [*Pointing to Emerson.*] A friend of yours? How d'ye do? We shall be delighted to see you in the country. Such adventures; we came by the rail-road. First time I was ever on a rail-road, and I promise you it shall be the last. Oh! horrid—poor Sir Marmaduke was so frightened!—And two country ladies have come up with me who were never in London before; isn't that charming? Two genuine country ladies, my dear Sir Charles. We all went to the opera last night—how they did stare at the ballet! I actually thought one of them would have fainted; ladies of good family, too; unmarried; sure to marry before they leave town—oh! I told them so. And where is my dear Lady Tempest? In her own room? I know the way. I must run away with her. I have twenty calls to make, and nobody to talk to in the carriage. Poor Sir Marmaduke, you know, can't bear talking. I'm so glad to see you all again. Good bye! I'll leave Sir Marmaduke with you till we return. Good bye! How monstrous well you're looking, to be sure, Mr. Godfrey! Good bye! Dear Lady Tempest—in her own room—I know the way.

[*Exit, L.—The gentlemen walk up and down to recover themselves.*]

Sir C. She has such a flood of spirits.

Godf. [*Aside.*] I wish she was drowned in it.

Enter SIR MARMADUKE TOPPLE, slowly, R.

Sir M. Is she gone?

Godf. She is thank Heaven!

Sir M. Ah! [Draws a deep breath.]

Godf. Well, and how does my good old friend?

Sir M. Gaily, gaily—ah!

Sir C. And how have you left all your friends in Derby?

Sir M. Gaily—gaily.

Emer. All gaily? Pleasant neighborhood, that.

Sir C. You are as young as ever.

Sir M. Yes, truly.

Godf. But you have come up to consult the physicians?

Sir M. I can't sleep o' nights—my head is bad—

Godf. [Aside.] I don't wonder at that!

Sir M. But I feel very well—my appetite is good—my memory is prodigious. I remember the French Revolution as if it were yesterday.

Sir C. The first Revolution?

Sir M. Truly, truly. I remember the price of corn was very high—and there were terrible shipwrecks in Scotland—and—there was a great frost—and—a great number of people put to death.

Emer. And do you remember the second Revolution?

Sir M. No: I do not remember the second Revolution.

Godf. And so you have brought two country ladies to town with you?

Sir M. Will you come and see them?

Godf. Not I—I'm not a marrying man.

Emer. I shall be delighted to wait upon you. Did you say Marmaduke?

Sir C. Sir Marmaduke Topple—Mr. Emerson.

Sir M. Mr. Emerson! I beg pardon—I quite forgot you—you're very well, I hope?

Emer. Never better, my dear Topple. Delighted to make your acquaintance—shall come and spend a couple of months with you in the country—proud to pay my respects to the ladies—I am engaged to-day—dine with Tempest here—but to-morrow—your own hour—no ceremony with me.

Sir M. A very obliging gentleman.

Godf. Very.

Sir C. And so you have given up Parliament altogether?

Sir M. No—it gave me up. I was thrown out at the last contested election. In my time there were no contested elections.

Sir C. Ah! You used to walk over the course in those days.

Sir M. Truly, truly. There was no trouble but a speech from the hustings—"Gentlemen, I thank you from my heart for this mark of confidence—to represent your interests in parliament for the sixth time, and shall be proud to return unsullied the trust you have placed in my hands." Then, huzza! and up went the caps; and so there was a chairing, and a great dinner, and flags, and toasts, and speeches, and—that was the way they made members of Parliament in my time.

Godf. Great changes since then, Sir Marmaduke.

Sir M. Truly—truly. They ask plaguy questions, and—and—cross-examine you, as if you were a criminal in the dock.

Emer. In fact, there is nothing left for country gentlemen now but the assembly and the quarter sessions.

Sir M. Good—good. We have our assize balls, and our bench of justices—and—and—a strange case came before us once—a very curious case, very—let me see—Yes!—it was a man—no; it was his wife—dear me!—There were a great number of witnesses, I remember, and he—no, she—dear me—it's all gone—gone—gone!

Godf. Your memory is not quite so prodigious, my old friend, as you imagine.

Sir M. Yes—it is. I have a capital memory—except here and there—names, dates, places, things, slip somehow—but I have a capital memory.

Godf. Well, we must not tax it too heavily so soon after your journey. I must come to see you.

Sir M. Do—do. I have two such spinsters, Godfrey, from the country.

Godf. Ah! the old spirit, I see, is not extinct yet. I have a bundle of letters to write. I will make free with your library, Tempest.

Sir C. To be sure. [*Exit Godfrey, R.*] Rough, but a real diamond.

Sir M. And I must go too—now, I remember—I—

Sir C. But you must wait for your carriage.

Emer. I'll take you in my cab, and you can introduce me to the ladies.

Sir M. Pleasant fellow—he wants to be introduced to the ladies!

Emer. Of course I do.

Sir M. A knowing dog—ho! ho! I remember—I was once as great a rake—I—ho! ho!—I wish I was young again. [*Exit with Emerson, R.—Sir Charles looks after them for a few minutes, then throws himself into a chair moodily.*]

Cyril. My poor brother! How his high spirits sink the moment he is left alone. He seems to live only in the excitement of company. [*To him.*] Charles, why do you plague yourself by asking these disreputable people to dinner?

Sir C. To escape the greater plague of a family dinner with my wife. But why do you presume to call my friends disreputable?

Cyril. Tush! You know well enough that such men as Emerson have no standing.

Sir C. I know no such thing. You are as bad as Lady Tempest. Everything I do at home is wrong. I'll lock myself up till dinner-time. [*Exit, L.*]

Cyril. Could I be so, were I married? I think not. To be sure, I could not marry such a woman as Lady Tempest. She wants refinement, heart, enthusiasm—[*A guitar is lightly touched behind; he starts.*] 'Tis Florence! [*Listens. Florence sings a snatch of a song outside.*] She ceases—yet there is a palpitation still in the air.

Enter FLORENCE hastily, R. U. E.

Flo. Oh! I thought there was nobody here.

Cyril. What have you done with your guitar?

Flo. Thrown it away. I never satisfy myself.

Cyril. Strange, then, the emotions you produce in others!

Flo. Pray, no compliment, Mr. Tempest.

Cyril. Why do you call me Mr. Tempest?

Flo. Why? because—you are come home from college. I have a great awe of college.

Cyril. But Mr. Tempest is so formal.

Flo. What should I call you, then?

Cyril. Cyril.

Flo. You do not call me Florence.

Cyril. It would be too familiar.

Flo. I suppose that's a specimen of Oxford logic. Do you know you get very stupid? I wish you'd invent something to amuse me.

Cyril. A lover of books can never want amusement.

Flo. But one can't be always moping over books. Besides, I have read every book in this house twice over. I wish you'd manufacture a new book for me.

Cyril. Manufacture? Have you read the *Arcadia* yet? [*She shakes her head.*] You promised me to try.

Flo. Well, I kept my word—I did try. But it wouldn't do. I hate the old spelling—us for vs, and ys for is, and honor with o-u-r; and the antiquated words and tangled sentences. Oh! I couldn't.

Cyril. You do yourself injustice. You are startled on the threshold. If you would take courage, and enter the enchanted temple, you would be charmed—it is so full of intellectual beauty—beauty, too, so like your own! This is not the sphere for you, Miss Wilmot.

Flo. Oh, dear! why not?

Cyril. The people my brother collects about him are frivolous, empty—

Flo. Not one word against them. They are *his* friends, and therefore *mine*.

Cyril. But—

Flo. I don't like buts, they make people look so grave; and I am dying of *ennui*. Now, will you think of something amusing. I'll give you a task—write my character.

Cyril. Miss Wilmot!

Flo. There, now, there's paper—begin.

Cyril. Your character?

Flo. Of course you'll not tell the whole truth, but you are too proud of your judgment to compromise it altogether. Come!

Cyril. I cannot. I should not know where to begin.

Flo. I'll tell you. First, she likes her own way—all women do—but give it to her, and perhaps she won't care to take it. Second, she's quick in resentment—

Cyril. But quicker to forgive!

Flo. That's as may be. Third, she has a temper!

Cyril. The summer lightnings that make the atmosphere more pure and balmy. Give me the pen. You have inspired me.

Flo. Well, that's delightful. Don't be afraid of offending me—I know my faults better than you do.

[*Occupies herself about the room, humming a song.*]

Cyril. How my hand trembles! [*Rises, struggling to conceal his emotion, after having written.*] There, I have written something. [*She runs over to take it.*] Stay—one moment—don't read it yet—till I am gone.

[*Rushes out, L.*]

Flo. What a flurry he's in. [*Reads and becomes suddenly agitated—reads again.*] What is the meaning of this? [*Reads aloud, with a broken voice.*] Florence! Florence!—well—why should I be frightened at my own name? Florence—pardon me—I dare not speak what I am going to write. No, no, it is some folly—how violently I tremble! I hope you will forgive. Why, it is blotted!—tears! tears! nonsense! I love you! one look will bid me hope or despair.—CYRIL. Love! Cyril! my sense of right and wrong is confounded. Does he—Cyril—love? Every thing is changed in a moment! I seem scarcely to tread the earth—my heart beats as if it had wings! Love! That I should have a human being's whole happiness—his!—in my hands, to make or destroy with a word. Let me think.

[*Sinks into a chair.*]

CYRIL enters slowly, L.

Cyril. [*Approaches and kneels before her.*] Florence!

Flo. Not now!—not now!

Cyril. Florence! dear Florence! say that you forgive me! [*At this moment, Godfrey enters at one door, and Sir Charles at another. Godfrey makes a sign to intimate the confirmation of his suspicions. Cyril, seeing them, rises in confusion. Curtain falls.*]

END OF ACT I.

A C T I I .

SCENE I.—*Sir Marmaduke Topple's.*

Enter SAM, showing in SIR CHARLES and EMERSON, R.

Sam. Sir Marmaduke is not down yet; but I will inform my lady. [*Going.*]

Emer. Stay—stop, John. How d'ye do, John? You remember me, John?

Sam. I should say not, sir; [*Tittering.*] he! he!—

Emer. You're mistaken, John—

Sam. Noa—it's you that's mistaken. My name ain't John.

Emer. To be sure it ain't—I forgot.—[*Aside.*] I'll get some information out of this fellow. But I say, John—

Sam. Sam, sir.

Emer. Ay, Sam—of course, Sam—you've brought up two ladies to town with you, Sam—

Sam. Noa—I ha'nt brought 'em up—they come by rail.

Emer. Yes, yes; very handsome, Sam?—eh?

Sam. That's good—[*Tittering*] he! he!

Emer. Young?—Rich, Sam?—eh?

Sam. *bursts into a roar of laughter.*

Emer. What the devil's the fellow laughing at? Can't you give me a plain answer, sir?—[*SAM grows serious.*] Very rich, no doubt, Sam?

Sam. I'm sure I don't know. [*Exit, L.*]

Emer. There's a sample of national character. It is no business of his, and therefore he knows nothing about it, although he has lived under the noses of these people all his life.

Sir C. Take my word for it, the speculation is safe. One of them is of a famous old county family, and old families always have fortune or interest, which is just the same thing.

Emer. Not at all. Interest is all very well for a young curate, who would marry his grandmother in the hope of dropping into a family living. But what can interest do for me? I have been all my life laboriously acquiring the habit of idleness, and it would be a sort of social suicide to sink into red tape and routine. No; I have invested

my whole capital in the careful manufacture of a gentleman, and have, at least, a right to live on the interest. When I marry, it must be a sinecure.

Sir C. But the fact is, they must be rich. They have houses and estates in the country—live in a certain style—old style, to be sure—but it must cost something.

Emer. Don't be deceived. It is incredible upon what small incomes single women contrive to make a show in the country. They have no expenses: a couple of blind horses and an hereditary chariot last them all their lives—they never see company—keep all their grandeur for church on Sundays—and pass for great fortunes with a man of all-work in tarnished livery, and a staring brick house without a single good room in it, from the crazy gazebo on the top to the empty wine-cellar at the bottom.

Sir C. Why, you are the most exorbitant fellow—

Emer. My dear Tempest, I am in the market. I am to be sold, like a picture at auction, and if nobody bids up to my value—why, I must buy myself in, that's all.

Enter MRS. HERBERT, MISS CAMILLA OLDFANGLE, and
MISS SARAH FIELDING.

Mrs. Her. Now, this is very kind of you, Sir Charles; and we really did want somebody to talk to—didn't we? and your friend, Mr.—I'm so glad to see you, Mr. —, how d'ye do? You haven't seen my friends here from Derbyshire before—how could I be so stupid? Here, my dear ladies—my old friend, Sir Charles Tempest—and *his* friend—bless me, how stupid I am! I have quite forgotten your name—no matter; many a worthy man has lost his good name before now. Sir Charles's friend, my dear ladies; Sir Charles, Miss Camilla Oldfangle—the Oldfangles of Brierly Hall; the *old* Oldfangles, for I needn't tell you, Sir Charles, there are plenty of *Newfangles*—but my friend is not one of them; and, Sir Charles, Miss Sarah Fielding—no relation, I believe, to Tom Jones, or any of that set—but one of the old Fieldings, for all that.

Sir C. And this is your first visit to London, ladies?

Mrs. Her. Absolutely. Isn't it astonishing? Down-right Phillises, I call them—Floras and Phillises come up in search of their Corydons and Strephons—doesn't it look like it?

Emer. They only want straw hats, streamers, and pastoral crooks, to realize the image!

Miss Old. Oh! Mrs. Herbert.

Miss Field. How can you talk so?

} *Together.*

Emer. But, positively, never to have been in London is an enviable distinction in this age of locomotion.

Mrs. Her. Formerly your traveller was a great lion, and people used to listen with wonder to his stories.

Sir C. And now, nobody would wonder if he were to tell them that he had ridden post from Constantinople to Calcutta on the back of an alligator.

Emer. The age of wonder is over. Everybody knows everything. The only true exclusiveness left is to know nothing.

Miss Old. But London—

Sir C. Oh! London is no longer what it was. The good old curiosity sights are all gone; the Vauxhalls, the theatres, alas! even the theatres. In the early days of the drama, people of quality used to take a turn in the park after the play; but now, the play is over before they have done dinner.

Miss Field. Still one is ashamed of never having seen London.

Emer. By no means. It is quite refreshing to meet a lady who has never seen London. One has no opportunity of studying such rarities now, for the race of country cousins is at an end; that delicious creature of florid flesh and blood, smothered in a cloud of white muslin and a shower of roses, who displayed such indefatigable industry in going to the play, and thought the day too short for Miss Linwood's gallery, the wax-works, and Wombwell's menagerie. Positively, ladies, you are most interesting specimens of an extinct species.

Mrs. H. Extinct! They have not the least notion of extinguishing their species, I promise you; have you, my dears? Oh! nonsense with your blushes—I mustn't tell tales—but I assure you—Mr.—Mr.—

Emer. Hope Emerson.

Mrs. H. Mr. Hope Emerson, they are the life and soul of the country.

Miss O. Dear Mrs. Herbert, how you do run on! We are the quietest people in the world. Are we not, Miss Fielding?

Miss F. We live in total seclusion—none of your town habits—no late hours.

Miss O. No dissipation, jealousy, or scandal in our tranquil retirement.

Emer. What a picture of felicity! [*Aside to SIR C.*] Can't you contrive to engage them in some way?

Sir C. [*Aside.*] I'll do it. [*Aloud.*] But we have not seen Sir Marmaduke this morning.

Mrs. H. Ah! poor Sir Marmaduke. I always make him come to breakfast in the country—but London, you know—

Sir C. Ah! to be sure—very bad habits in London, Miss Fielding—and—[*He draws MRS. HERBERT and MISS FIELDING over to a sofa.*]

Emer. Novelty is always exciting, Miss Oldfangle. Camilla, I think you said—fascinating name that! Camilla—quite an historical name; there is something somewhere of how

Swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the bending corn—

Or something of that kind.

Miss O. Oh! dear, yes—

And skims along the main.

That quotation has been applied to me a thousand times.

Emer. Has it, indeed? Well, then, Camilla—swift Camilla—

Miss O. Don't you think you make rather free, sir, on so very short an acquaintance?

Emer. Not at all. I am always free. You know me as well in five minutes as in twenty years. The best plan, depend upon it. No mysteries—no false ceremony, Camilla.

Miss O. [*Aside.*] What an impudent fellow it is!

Emer. And so you have buried yourself all this time in the country. I envy the very lawn of your house. I fancy you walking alone in the deer-park, or losing your way in the woods. By the way, you have a large estate connected with Brierly—Brierly—I think you said Brierly?

Miss O. Brierly Hall.

Emer. Ah! Brierly Hall; extensive, no doubt—park plantation, very ancient—

Miss O. The antiquity of the Oldfangles—

Emer. Yes, yes, but I don't mean that; of course, you are very old—I mean your family; but, great property in the county?—influence, I mean—

Miss O. The Oldfangles, I hope—

Emer. Ah! very true; the Oldfangles, to be sure. Excuse me, but, Miss Sarah—I think you said Sarah—your friend Miss Fielding, very old family, too?

Miss O. Old family? Miss Fielding?

Emer. I thought so.

Miss O. Very respectable, I believe, but—

[*With an air of supercilious contempt.*]

Emer. I understand, no blood. [*Aside.*] More likely to have money. Fortunate for her she should be so very rich.

Miss O. [*With astonishment.*] Eh?

Emer. I say, it is fortunate she is rich.

Miss O. Rich? Miss Fielding rich? Poor thing, I generally call for her on wet Sundays to take her to church in my carriage. Rich? I believe she has a life interest in a trifle in the Three per Cents. I wish she was rich, for I have a sincere regard for her.

Emer. [*Aside.*] So I perceive.

Miss O. You never saw such a bit of a place as she lives in, so pinched up, such a Lilliput Cottage, such a patch of a garden, and a shrubbery that you could cover with a pocket-handkerchief. I wish she was rich, poor thing! for I am sure she has no other attractions.

Emer. [*Aside.*] By all the rural divinities, Flora and Phillis are jealous of each other! [*To her.*] But then she is so contented—her disposition—

Miss O. You don't know her; the most wretched, carping temper, always out of humour, except before strangers, then she is all smiles and simper. My dear sir, you have only seen her company-face.

Emer. [*Aside.*] No jealousy or scandal in our retirement.

Mrs. H. [*Rising and coming forward.*] But tell me, Sir Charles, is all this really true that we hear about Florence?—dear Florence! I remember her a mere poppet; her father was an old friend of Sir Marmaduke's, and here dear Lady Tempest writes to me, and tells me that she

and Cyril are actually engaged. Why, she is only one-and-twenty, and going to be married! What do you think of that, ladies? Do tell me all about it.

Sir C. Faith, there's nothing to tell. They are in love with each other, and resolved to be married without loss of time. Florence is her own mistress, and, of course, must have her own way.

Mrs. H. And a very suitable match it will be.

Sir C. Could not have hit upon two people in the universe so admirably adapted to each other. Cyril is fond of books, so is Florence: Florence has high notions, so has Cyril: in fact, they agree in everything. By the by, the settlements are to be signed and sealed at four o'clock, so I must be running away.

Emer. One word, Sir Charles: you dine here to-day?

Sir C. Eh?—no—I—

Emer. No excuse, we can't do without you.

Sir C. But—are you invited?

Emer. I invited myself, and now I invite you—nothing extraordinary in that. I dined with you yesterday, you shall dine with me to-day. What say you, ladies?

Mrs. H. Oh! by all means. And you will bring us all the news about the settlements, and how every thing passes off.

Sir C. Then till seven, adieu! [Exit, R.]

Mrs. H. He's such a good creature—so universal—such a husband, too! Ah! no wonder for Florence to fall in love with matrimony in *his* house.

Sir Marmaduke. [Outside.] Gently, gently; not so fast, Sam.

Enter SIR MARMADUKE, leaning on SAM, L.

Mrs. H. Here's Sir Marmaduke, dressed at last. Good morning, Sir Marmaduke. How d'ye do to-day?

Miss O. } How d'ye do, Sir Marmaduke?
Miss F. }

Emer. Delighted to see you, Topple. How d'ye do?

[They gather round him.]

Sir M. How d'ye do? How d'ye do?—[*Sam leads him to a chair, and exit, L.*]—All gaily? all gaily? I've had such a quiet morning—breakfasted in my own room—no clatter—no gong in my ears—my head's as clear [*Exulting-*

ly)—I'm—I'm ready for—[*Looking round for Mrs. Herbert, and seeing her, drops his voice into a whisper*—any thing!

Mrs. H. We have such delightful news for you, Sir Marmaduke—a marriage, too, of an old friend. You remember Florence Wilmot—how delighted he will be to hear it!—and young Cyril Tempest, brother of your old friend Sir Charles—you remember Cyril—just home from college; surely you remember Cyril—Cyril Tempest.

Sir M. There, there—you crowd too many things, don't talk so fast—slowly, slowly—my head's all in an addle again. Who? who? what? what? Slowly, my good soul.

Mrs. H. Cyril Tempest, brother to Sir Charles—

Sir M. Ay, Cyril—I know, Cyril—a youth—he called on me—and—and—such a strange conversation! There was he, Cyril, a boy—gabbling away about a new generation of people I never heard of—and I—I—he didn't know one of my contemporaries, not one—we could not understand each other—it was like people speaking different languages. But he's very young.

Mrs. H. Well, he's going to be married to Florence Wilmot. You recollect your old friend Sir Thomas Wilmot—

Sir M. My old friend Wilmot going to be married?

Mrs. H. Married? No; poor Sir Thomas has been dead these five years.

Sir M. Dead! So he has—I forgot that! Poor Wilmot. We entered Parliament together—both striplings—I recollect as if it were yesterday his first speech—that was in—no matter! “Mr. Speaker,” said he, rising with dignity—[*He rises and advances to the front*—“I maintain—and I always have maintained—that—ah!—ha!—hum!—ha!—that—,” it was considered a capital speech at the time.

Emer. Ah! we shall never hear such speakers again, Topple.

Sir M. Never—never—we had orators then—now we have nothing but spouters!

Mrs. H. Oh! once you get into politics and parliament, it's no use to tell you any news—so we'll leave you, gentlemen, to discuss your hard questions by yourselves. Bye,

bye, Mr. Emerson—don't forget you dine with us—bye, bye, Sir Marmaduke, I'm going to take the ladies to return a few visits, and drop a bundle of cards—and perhaps we may look in at Howell and James's—such a bewildering variety of spring fashions—absolutely necessary you should see them without an hour's delay, for the fashions change so rapidly in London, that actually a new dress will sometimes go out of date before it gets out of the hands of the milliner. So—bye, bye.

[Exit hurrying off the ladies, R. A pause.]

Emer. Extremely agreeable woman—Mrs. Herbert, I think—

Sir M. I am afraid she talks a little too much for strangers—I'm used to it! How is your head?

Emer. Thank you—much as usual.

Sir M. But she's an excellent woman—a very good woman—does a great deal of good in the country—knows everybody's business—keeps a sort of apothecary's shop for the poor—sometimes overdoes it a little, though, and—[*Confidentially*—physics her servants to such excess, that when they are really ill they sham well to escape!

Emer. Base ingratitude. She's a widow, of course?

Sir M. I like you—you ask such odd questions. She has been a widow—I don't know how many years—and likely to continue so, I think.

Emer. Don't know that. Widows without encumbrances,—no encumbrances, Topple?

Sir M. No encumbrances, Topple? Ah! you're a wag—encumbrances!

Emer. Do you know, I am particularly taken with your country ladies.

Sir M. With both of them?

Emer. No—not that: but—one hardly knows which has the larger claims to admiration, for person, birth, fortune—fortune, Topple. Suppose a friend of yours—hypothetically, you know—were to think of marrying one of them, now which one of them would you candidly—as a friend—advise—

Sir M. Why, I should say that it was all the same which of them he married—hypothetically.

Emer. Ah! I see, you won't let me into the secrets. Well, *n'importe*. I shall find them out for myself. I dine with you to-day.

Sir M. Do you? What an odd man you are—very odd. You put me in mind of—I beg pardon—I have forgotten your name.

Emer. Emerson—Hope Emerson.

Sir M. Hope Emerson. Hope—Hope—well, I shall be very glad to see you at dinner.

Emer. And Sir Charles?

Sir M. Does Sir Charles dine with me, too? Why, I shall have quite a dinner-party, I declare—very well—very well—shall be glad to see you. What a very odd man he is.

Emer. Come, take my arm.

Sir M. I can't for the life of me think who you are like. Are you of the Hopes of Oxford?

Emer. No. I am the only Hope of my family.

Sir M. You're a wag. Nobody can say you're come of a hopeful family. [*Exeunt, r.*

SCENE II.—*Library at Sir Charles Tempest's.—A Table, with Papers, &c.*

LADY TEMPEST and MR. GODFREY seated at opposite sides.

A NOTARY at the back. SIR CHARLES walking about.

Godf. People will talk. How can you help them?

Sir C. But I don't want to help them. Let them talk.

Godf. And say that you entrapped her into a marriage with your brother?

Sir C. Entrapped?

Lady T. To be sure they will; and it looks very like it, too, with her large fortune, and Cyril without a penny.

Sir C. Lady Tempest—madam—I wish you were married to her for one week! Just let us have a little common sense about this.

Godf. I wish you would.

Sir C. Entrapped! Don't you know it is her own act—not mine?

Godf. Well?

Sir C. Well? I have nothing to do with it. What do you mean by entrapped?

Godf. Why, this—that things have fallen out exactly as I foretold. You gave her her own way, and she has taken it. By pure accident, instead of falling into the

clutches of some scheming imposter, the girl has hit upon a gentleman—but then he happens to be your brother. Are you so silly as to suppose people wont put their own construction on the affair? But where is she all this time? I thought she was in a terrible hurry to get every thing settled.

Lady T. Oh! you must wait for her. Sir Charles has given her so much her own way, that you may be sure she'll not hurry herself.

Sir C. Sir Charles does everything wrong. But I could tell you the worst thing he ever did.

Lady T. Do tell me.

Sir C. An act which, could he undo it as easily, you would not be so fluent with your tongue, madam. I will seek Florence myself. [Exit, L.

Lady T. I am much to be pitied, Mr. Godfrey.

Godf. M—m—m.

Lady T. Does it strike you as something extraordinary his going to fetch Florence himself?

Godf. Well—I think it is rather marked.

Lady T. You do?

Godf. Much better let her come alone.

Lady T. [Aside.] So I think, too.

Enter SIR CHARLES, leading FLORENCE, R.

Sir C. She was waiting, naturally enough, for Cyril. I knew *she* was not to blame.

Flo. [Looks round.] Where is Cyril?

Sir C. 'Tis very strange! He knew the hour?

Flo. Oh! knew it!—What a question!

Godf. Well—Miss Wilmot—we are ready; but we must wait for Cyril.

Flo. Wait!

Godf. The pause may not be without its use. Young lady, have you seriously reflected on the step you are about to take?

Flo. I have—and am more resolved than ever.

Godf. [Aside.] Of course—invincible, womanly obstinacy! [To her.] You know that Cyril has neither fortune nor profession—nothing but the education of a gentleman. Have you reflected on the casualties that may occur? It is only common prudence to provide against contingencies by settlements of some kind.

Flo. I will have no settlements of any kind. The man who is worthy of being my husband, must be worthy of my whole fortune.

Godf. The man who is worthy of being her husband! Good—good! I wonder what will come next.

Sir C. Noble sentiment!

Godf. Noble fiddle-de-dee! If the girl is determined to ruin herself, you at least ought not to encourage her.

Flo. Where is Cyril? Does no one know anything of him? [*Sir Charles and Godfrey look vacantly at each other.*]

Lady T. Playing billiards, perhaps—or deep in some musty old book.

Flo. He was to have been here at four.

[*Looks at her watch.*]

Sir C. [*Looks at his watch.*] It is nearly half-past.

Godf. [*Looks at his watch.*] It wants ten minutes to five.

Flo. [*Aside.*] To humiliate me thus! It is unendurable. Love heightens my pride, and makes my cheeks burn with the sense of insult.

Enter CYRIL, hastily, R.

Sir C. & Godf. Oh! he is here.

Cyril. Dear Florence—

Flo. No—no apologies.

Cyril. You are angry?

Flo. Angry? No!

Cyril. To be late at such a moment—but when you know the cause—

Flo. [*To Godfrey.*] We are ready.

Godf. Well—we have nothing to do but to fill up these blanks and sign.

Flo. What are the blanks?

Notary. For the amount and names. The deed recites certain properties, freehold and funded, belonging to Florence Wilmot, which, according to her desire, must be settled upon—

Flo. Herself.

Godf. Herself! Why, you said this moment, that the man who was worthy to be your husband—

Flo. I have changed my mind.

Godf. Passion!—passion!—passion!—infernal passion! All because you have been an hour behind time. Oh!

temper—temper—diabolical temper! Let this be a lesson to you, young gentleman; you have lost 30,000*l.* by being five minutes late.

Cyril. I am glad of it.

Godf. You are? You are as great a fool as—

Cyril. Your pardon, sir. It is exactly as I could have desired. I have no fortune of my own—it is yet to be carved—and shall be! It will then be time enough to think of settlements. Florence must retain in her own hands her own fortune. Let such a deed be prepared, and I will sign it—but no other.

Godf. Fine heroics, upon my word. [*To Sir C.*] I told you how it would end. What do you think of your intellectual girl now? [*Turning to Cyril.*] And so you have given us the trouble of dancing attendance here for nothing? You may now settle it between yourselves. Good morning!

[*Exit, r., followed by Notary with deeds.—Lady Temperest raises her hands with a motion of supercilious pity, and exits at the opposite side.—Cyril and Florence take chairs at a distance.*]

Sir C. [*After a pause.*] What is the meaning of this? *Cyril*, will you be good enough to explain. [*Cyril turns away.*] *Florence*, you will tell me? [*Florence turns away.*] What! won't you tell me? No? [*Walks about and looks at them alternately.*] Pooh! it's only a lovers' quarrel. They'll come to themselves when they're left alone.

[*Exit, L.*]

Cyril. [*Rises and walks towards Florence.*] I am to blame, *Florence*. I confess my fault.

Flo. Fault!

Cyril. Come—you will forgive me?

Flo. I wish I could forgive myself.

[*Rising.*]

Cyril. For what?

Flo. Credulity. I thought lovers were all impatience—it is wonderful how soon they grow indifferent.

Cyril. Nay—indifferent!

Flo. Lovers' vows and sick men's resolutions!

Cyril. [*A pause.*] You will allow me to explain.

Flo. Oh! certainly.

Cyril. I will not provoke your doubts by telling you with what speed I flew along the streets. Well! in my impetuous haste, crushing through where there happen-

ed to be a crowd, confusion arose—a carriage with a lady in it was standing at the door of a shop—the horses took fright, being uncontrolled, for the coachman was feasting his eyes on the shop-window—

Flo. They ran away, and you ran after them.

Cyril. I was carried along by the rush of people. The lady screamed for help—I, who had caused the accident, could not look on without making an attempt to succour her. At last the horses were stopped—I extricated her—she was dreadfully agitated—knew nothing of town—her friends had gone into a shop—she couldn't tell which—a quarter of an hour was lost!—couldn't even tell the name of the street where she lived—five minutes more gone!—thought it was a square or a crescent—I counted every second as if it were a grain of life—the crowd gathered round us—more and more delay. I tried to escape—half an hour was gone! five-and-thirty minutes!—my head began to spin—I don't know how it ended—I left her in a shop and fled—and—and—this, in fact, is my apology.

Flo. Which is none at all. Horses take fright every day—a hundred times a day, and if every one were to stop till they were caught, or the nerves of agitated ladies composed, the business of life would stand still. Apology!

Cyril. It was an accident—

Flo. That exposed me to the sarcasms of Lady Tempest, who already thought me sufficiently silly in this affair.

Cyril. Lady Tempest? What matter what she says?

Flo. But it does matter. It makes it appear as if I—
I—were urging—as if—you have wounded me beyond atonement. If it were to do again—

Cyril. And if it were?

Flo. I should know the value of my liberty, and not part with it so rashly.

Cyril. Do you say this seriously?

Flo. Of course I do.

Cyril. You mean, if you had your liberty again you would not part with it to me? You leave me no course but to restore it to you at once. I must not hesitate—I dare not—I should falter, and forget what is due to us both. From this moment, Miss Wilmot, you are free.

Flo. With many thanks I accept your liberality, and promise you I shall be wiser next time.

Cyril. And happier, too, I hope.

Flo. Oh! that is one of Mr. Godfrey's "contingencies," for which I must take my chance.

Cyril. Yet I shall never cease to hope you may find that happiness—

Flo. [*Slightly agitated.*] Nobody will give you credit for sincerity, Mr. Tempest.

Cyril. Why should my sincerity be doubted?

Flo. Because it is not in nature for any man to believe that happiness could be conferred by a rival.

Cyril. I can have no rival, for I have already renounced all claims. The bright dream I dared to indulge is over. Let me make the only atonement in my power, by offending no more.

[*Exit, R.*

Flo. So! How wayward some people are. No—he has not the slightest notion of coming back. So much the better! I am very glad of it. There is an end of every thing. We are now nothing to each other—nothing. And I am free—free to go where I like, and do what I like—and I will use my freedom, too. And to end thus! Cyril!—no. He is gone. Why should I repeat his name? Gone—gone! I cannot stay any longer in this house—under the roof with him—to meet him every day—no—but where shall I go?—Where?—Mrs. Herbert's? Sir Marmaduke was an old friend of my father's. Let what may happen, I must not remain another day in *this* house.

[*Exit, L.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—SIR MARMADUKE TOPPLE'S. *Boudoir at the back.*

Enter FLORENCE, followed by SAM, R.

Flo. Mrs. Herbert is out?

Sam. But Sir Marmaduke is at home, my lady.

Flo. No use in speaking to him. He can't understand

—but I suppose I must. There—hand that to Sir Marmaduke [*Hands a card—exit Sam, r.*] Rather an awkward subject to talk to him about; but I must carry it off as carelessly as I can. I will take the liberty of collecting myself a little here. [*Enters the boudoir.*]

Enter SIR MARMADUKE, examining the card, l.

Sir M. I can't make out a letter—one requires a magnifying glass to explore such a conundrum. Miss—Miss—who? What can Miss—want with me? [*Looks round.*] Nobody here—it's very odd—very!

FLORENCE peeps in at the back, and while SIR MARMADUKE is again examining the card, goes to the piano.

FLORENCE sings.

Oh! Time is a very old man,
With crutches and locks of white,
And Love is a sweet little boy,
With arrows and eyes of light.
And yet they're the very same age,
Since people agree, they say,
That from the beginning of Time,
Love reckons his own birth-day.

Sir M. [*Starts in great surprise at first; but gradually relaxes into complete enjoyment of the song, and ends by accompanying the time with motions of his head, &c., his whole figure being thrown into an expression of delight.*] Charming!—go on!—wonderful!—go on! [*Continues to follow the rhythm of the music, without turning round.*]

Flo. [*Stealing upon him gently from behind.*] How d'ye do, Sir Marmaduke?

Sir M. Gaily—gaily. [*Continues to beat time.*]

Flo. I am glad my little song pleases you.

Sir M. Your little song? Dear me, how absent I am. I am very happy to see you, Miss—Miss—[*Looks at the card*]—beg pardon—but I've forgotten your name.

Flo. No, you have not.

Sir M. No—no—not forgotten—I have a capital memory—but—

Flo. You have not forgotten your old friend, Sir Thomas Wilmot? “Peeping Tom” you used to call him amongst yourselves.

Sir M. Peeping Tom!—ha!—ho!—m!—

Flo. I am his daughter—Florence Wilmot.

Sir M. His daughter! I remember! [*Motions for a chair.*] My dear old friend, Wilmot! Well—well—you are his daughter—very like him—very!—just his nose—now laugh; do, do—he had a peculiar laugh; that's it!—it broke over his whole face; wonderful!

Flo. I knew you would be glad to see me, sir.

Sir M. Glad!—to be sure—well—go on—his very voice, too—

Flo. Why, sir—the truth is—you know, sir, I'm just of age?

Sir M. Just of age, are you?—well—

Flo. I am my own mistress now, sir—and—and—I want a little good advice.

Sir M. You shall have it—you shall have it, too. Your own mistress, are you?—sit down—sit down.

[*She takes a chair.*]

Flo. Since my father's death, I have lived with one of my guardians, Sir Charles Tempest.

Sir M. I see—I see—and now—

Flo. Exactly—now I am of age—and—certain circumstances have occurred—

Sir M. [*Looks at her inquiringly.*] What?—what?—you must confide everything to me.

Flo. So I will, sir. It was for that I came here.

Sir M. You did? That was very good of you. Go on.

Flo. It is very awkward!

Sir M. What strong sensibility she has! Your feelings distress you—you must rally—take example by me—I never allow my sensibility to overcome me. [*Aside.*] I wonder what's the matter?

Flo. In short, sir, I do not like to remain any longer at Sir Charles Tempest's. Indeed, I have made up my mind—I will not, I have my own reasons.

Sir M. Very right—you have your own reasons. [*Aside.*] I wonder what are her reasons. [*Rising.*]

Flo. Lady Tempest is very obliging. [*Rising.*]

Sir M. Yes—yes—

Flo. And Sir Charles is very amiable—but—

Sir M. But you have your own reasons for leaving the house. [*Aside.*] I wonder what are her reasons for coming here!

Flo. And so—I hope you will not think I have taken an improper liberty, sir.

Sir M. An improper liberty—no—no. What did Sir Charles do?

Flo. Nothing, sir.

Sir M. No? But what did you do?

Flo. Nothing, sir—only I have left his house.

Sir M. Well—well—and who took improper liberties?

Flo. Sir? Oh!—I—hoped that you would not—

Sir M. No—eh!—did you hope that I would not—

Flo. I know, sir, there was some risk in my coming here.

Sir M. Risk, was there? I am the only gentleman in the house.

Flo. Of course I am prepared for people making observations.

Sir M. So am I! But what—what—what—is it all about?

Flo. Indeed, sir, I have explained—

Sir M. [*Aside.*] Very odd—the creature blushes—she turns away her head. Upon my life—I—hem!—no—no!—no!

Flo. I know I have taken a step that exposes me to ill-natured—

Sir M. No—nobody shall talk of you. I will protect you.

Flo. How kind! My father's early friend. I knew you would receive me—

Sir M. With open arms!

Flo. How generous of you! But—

Sir M. No buts. You are here, and you shall stay here. I am charmed to see you. Your eyes charm me—between you and me, I'm not so old but I can feel a glow from a beautiful eye, like your's—like your's. Old!—It's a mistake—I'm in the prime of life—I remember—let me see—yes—well—let it go—I love your candour—people can't be too candid. And so you resolved to come to see me, did you? Well,—you're a very good girl—What can I do for you, eh?

Flo. Why, sir, if you think I might remain here till you were returning to the country—

Sir M. Remain? You must never leave me. You

must come into the country and light us up. You shall revive the old manor, and bring back the good old times. You shall be our May queen, and lead off at the harvest home; and you shall have your pensioners, and your horses,—and I shall begin the world again.

Flo. Your goodness overwhelms me, but Mrs.—

Sir M. Eh? who?

Flo. I am quite frightened to think what Mrs. Herbert will say.

Sir M. Mrs. Herbert say? She shall say nothing—nothing. I will silence her. Silence Mrs. Herbert? Ha—a—o—m!

Flo. Your sanction, sir, I know is—

Sir M. Come, I will establish you before she comes back. She shall find you in possession, and it will not be easy to eject you from my house. And so you would come to see me? Her eyes are full of sunbeams! Come, child, come—if Peeping Tom could see his old friend now!

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*Hall at SIR CHARLES TEMPEST'S, Porter's chair at the side.—Ring at the street-door.*

Enter WILLIAM, R.

Wil. That's the post. [*Looks about, opens the door stealthily, receives a letter, puts it hastily into his pocket, and closes the door.*] What a strange family it is! Here, Sir Charles will have me intercept all his letters, lest they should get into her ladyship's hands. If my lady knew that I did it, she'd discharge me on the spot, as she did Peter—and I don't know but she'd be right. But then, if I didn't do it, Sir Charles would send me about my business without a moment's notice. The old proverb, between two stools. Talk of the—hem!—there is Sir Charles himself. What's in the wind now? He has let himself in with his latch-key.

Enter SIR CHARLES, cautiously, from the street, R.

Sir C. Is the post in?

Wil. Yes, sir.

Sir C. Any letters?

Wil. One, sir.

[*Handing it to him, stealthily.*]

Sir C. Where is Lady Tempest?

Wil. In the drawing-room, sir.

Sir C. A female hand—who can it be? Florence Wilmot? How curious. [*Reads.*] “I hope, dear Sir Charles, you will not think me imprudent; but the painful situation in which I am placed, has led me to form the resolution of leaving your house.” Leaving my house! “I ought to have written to Lady Tempest, but I could not; you must make my apology with the best grace you can. Haste. Florence Wilmot.” What does all this mean? “P.S.” Ah! now for the pith of the business. “If you *must* follow me, you will find me at Sir Marmaduke’s.” Florence left my house—painful situation—follow her! To be sure, I will follow her instantly! William—go to my dressing-room—get me a pair of gloves—I want to go out immediately—and—William—a brush. Confound the dust—and—William,—no noise—if you should meet Lady Tempest, you’re dumb—you understand?

Wil. Oh! yes—I understand, sir. [*Exit, R.*]

Sir C. [*Draws the chair to the centre, and sits down.*] This is the most extraordinary affair—[*Lydia crosses the stage at the back, R. to L.*] Ha! is that Lydia? Where are you going, Lydia?

Lydia. Nowhere particular, sir.

Sir C. Nowhere, eh? Well, Lydia, when are you going to be married?

Lydia. Oh! sir.

Enter WILLIAM, R.

Sir C. That’s right. Give me the gloves. Now, then—[*William stoops down to brush off the dust.*] William’s the man, is he?

Lydia. Sir?

Sir C. I suspected you both, long ago.

Enter JOHN, R.

Lydia. Lor, sir, William’s nigh double my age—

Sir C. It’s John, is it?

John. Sir?

Sir C. Get on—get on—are your fingers made of lead, rascal—

Enter LADY TEMPEST, R.

You're sure Lady Tempest is in the drawing-room ?

Wil. I think so, sir.

Sir C. You're intolerably slow, and I am in an intolerable hurry.

Lady T. [*Aside.*] So, so.

Sir C. John, I don't dine at home to-day, but not a word to Lady Tempest. I believe there is not one of you but would do anything for me—as for Lady Tempest—[*John sees Lady Tempest, stands agape for a moment, and then creeps away*—now the other side—[*Lydia sees her, and follows John.*] She never conciliates any one—no, no—all snap, scold, jangle, jangle, for ever—[*William sees her and goes off on tip-toe.*] Well, only one side done. Why, William, Lydia—[*Gets up, wheels the chair round, and discovers Lady Tempest observing him.*] Watching me ?

[*In the confusion he drops the letter behind the chair.*]

Lady T. Sir Charles, I have overheard every word you have said.

Sir C. The more discreditable to yourself. Why did you listen ?

Lady T. Oh ! Sir, not content with the worst treatment to my face, but you must scandalize me behind my back. To collect my servants together for the purpose of—

Sir C. You need not trouble yourself to make a speech—the meeting is broken up. You see I have vacated the chair.

Lady T. Do not suppose, sir, you can carry off this insult with a banter.

Sir C. Then I will leave it behind me— [Going.]

Lady T. And with it all the troubles of your family. What is to be done about your brother ?

Sir C. Whatever you like.

Lady T. Of course you don't know, for you have not been at home since, that every thing is broken off with Florence.

Sir C. Broken off ?

Lady T. What's to be done ?

Sir C. Make it up again, to be sure.

Lady T. That's your opinion ? You really think so ?

Sir C. I really think so.

Lady T. So do I.

Sir C. You do?

Lady T. I do.

Sir C. [*Aside.*] We have been married seven years, and I am ready to take oath this is the first time we ever agreed upon any thing.

Lady T. [*Aside.*] He thinks so. That's suspicious.— There must be something at the bottom of it. I'll change my mind. Hem!

Sir C. [*Aside.*] Oh! she has some sinister motive. I'll disappoint her. I'll take the opposite side. Hem!

Lady T. By the way of consideration—

Sir C. I find, however, on reflection—

Lady T. It appears to me—

Sir C. Looking at it in that light—

Lady T. That—

Sir C. That—

Lady T. Well?

Sir C. Eh?

Lady T. That what?

Sir C. That—if they cannot be happy together—they are much better apart. My opinion is, that they ought to separate—while they can.

[*Putting on his gloves to go out.*]

Lady T. You don't dine at home to-day?

Sir C. Don't I?

Lady T. You think I am ignorant of your movements, but you are mistaken. Answer me this direct question.

Sir C. Postpone it till I am in the humour, and I will answer you a dozen—but when that may be, is more than I can promise. In the mean while, I leave you in undisputed possession of the field, and, with all conceivable courtesy, wish your ladyship good morning. [*Exit, L.*]

Lady T. Oh! he's a brute. There is something going on, and I'm determined to find it out. I hate all mysteries—except my own. What's this? A letter. There's nothing I dislike more than prying into people's letters. But what can one do? [*Opens the letter, looks at the signature, examines the address, &c.*] Florence Wilmot! I knew there was a scheme—and she's in it! [*Reads rapidly.*] “leave the house,”—“ought to have written to Lady Tempest”—so—so—gone to Sir Marmaduke's—“if”—

“he must follow her”—and he’s gone, no doubt. He neglects me for every body—any body. No, wife’s flesh and blood can stand this. I will separate from him—I have threatened him often—*now* I think I have real provocation; but, first I’ll—I’ll discharge every servant in the house! [Exit, R.]

SCENE III.—*Drawing-room at Sir MARMADUKE’S.*

SIR MARMADUKE and FLORENCE discovered.

Sir M. Very well, my dear. I told you it would be so. Mrs. Herbert is my sister—a motherly woman—talks too much—but not in my presence. I am master in my own house. When you told her that I had received you, of course she was delighted?

Flo. She took the greatest interest in me.

Sir M. Well, we must go into the country. It is not necessary to consult Mrs. Herbert, I suppose. I have given directions for packing up.

Flo. You do not mean to leave London, sir?

Sir M. Indeed I do, though. I have ordered every thing for to-morrow morning. Why not? To-morrow will be Thursday—no—let me see—Saturday?

Flo. But, sir, I am not prepared?

Sir M. Pooh!—pooh!—prepared—nonsense. I know Mrs. Herbert will want to stay—but I am master in my own house. She shan’t argue me out of my resolution.

Flo. But it is so sudden—a fortnight hence, sir—even a week.

Sir M. Silly child—who knows what may happen in a week? You must come into the country with me. I will take care of you. Silly child—I am my own master, I believe.

Flo. [Aside.] Leave town to-morrow! Oh! I must see Mrs. Herbert instantly. [Exit, L.]

Sir M. I came to town to consult the physicians—I don’t want ’em. They may throw the pharmacopœia into the fire, and the College of Physicians with it. Let me see, I am eighty-two, I believe. I am not sure. A man at my age can never be quite sure of anything. As well as I remember, I was eighty-two when I came to town. I was born in—I forget. Sixty something. What differ-

ence does it make? I shall go back some twenty years younger. I can hear better—that's five years good. I have recovered my lungs—ha!—that's as clear as a bell; five years more. I have lost the pain in my back—no! pretty well! I can walk without a shake—all good signs. I am not afraid of Mrs. Herbert's voice—that's worth twenty years in itself. Here she is!

Enter MRS. HERBERT, L.

Mrs. H. Why, brother!

Sir M. Sister!

Mrs. H. Have you lost your senses?

Sir M. I'm only coming to 'em.

Mrs. H. What's the meaning of all this noise in the house?

Sir M. Gently—gently.

Mrs. H. What have you been doing, brother?

Sir M. I believe, sister, I am master in my own house.

Mrs. H. What's that?

Sir M. I say, I believe—

Mrs. H. Tut, tut. You have ordered the servants to pack up for the country! and we are only three days in town—haven't seen a single sight except the Opera and the Park—been absolutely nowhere—called on nobody—nobody come to see us yet—our visitors, who never were in town before, dying to go here and there and everywhere—and I, who haven't been in town these ten years, I have been nowhere, and wanting to go to a hundred places, and you talk of going back to-morrow morning, and set the servants packing up like a set of fools, and the whole place in a state of disorder, hurry-scurry, jingle-jangle, and—what do you mean by it, brother? Go to the country? You haven't, surely, the remotest intention of thinking of leaving town, have you? The thing's impossible! I have ordered dresses, and Miss Oldfangle has ordered dresses, and we have asked people to come here, and written notes to every body, and asked all the Tempests to dinner to-morrow. You haven't, surely, the least imaginable idea of the possibility of leaving town to-morrow, Sir Marmaduke?

Sir M. No, no—there, there—my good soul, my head's flying open.

[*Sinks into a chair.*]

Mrs. H. Of course, I knew that. Go out of town before we have even looked about us! I hardly know the name of the street yet.

Enter MISS OLDFANGLE and MISS FIELDING, L.

Oh! my dears, it's all a false alarm. Poor Sir Marmaduke meant nothing of the kind. It's all a mistake, a cruel mistake, to agitate you so; but, there's good souls, run and give orders that the packing's to be stopped immediately. Tell them we are not going to the country; I don't know when—and there—run, run, and hark ye, mind you don't stumble over somebody—I forget his name—you know who. [*Exeunt MISS OLDFANGLE and MISS FIELDING, R.*] What good creatures they are, to be sure. What spirits and good nature. Happy will be the man that gets one of them for his wife.

Enter MR. GODFREY, R.

Are you come to propose, Mr. Godfrey?

Godf. Propose? pshaw! I come to know what's the matter. Can any body tell me what's the matter?

Sir M. Who? what?

Godf. I have just come from Tempest's. The house looks as if it were in quarantine, and the servants crawl about as if they were struck with the plague. Florence has suddenly disappeared; Lady Tempest looks as stony and mysterious as a sphynx; all I could get from her was a miserable shake of the head, and a "Go to Sir Marmaduke, he's at the bottom of it!"

Sir M. You'll throw me into a delirium. Come to me,—for what? I know nothing. Mrs. Herbert puts every thing out of my head.

Mrs. H. How can you talk so? I found him just now preparing to return home—what do you think of that? Only three days in town—the whole place topsy-turvy—all the people in the house, up and down and in and out like mad. Of course I refused to go; didn't it stand to reason? I hadn't been in London, I'm sure I forget how long, and he says I put every thing out of his head, of course I put *that* out of his head, and a good thing, too, for he'd go on—

Sir M. There—there, my good creature; have it your

own way—only you could say that in fewer words. Her heart is all right, sir—but the tongue—the tongue!

Godf. The old story. Well, tell me now about Florence; what's all this about Florence?

Sir M. Florence—Florence Wilmot! a sweet girl, sir; an ingenuous girl—I mean to adopt her—she shall come to live with me at Topples Manor,—a charming girl, sir.

Godf. Stuff—nonsense. She'll turn your house out of windows, and bring such a racket about your ears—talk of Mrs. Herbert's tongue—why, it's muffled in comparison!

Sir M. Godfrey, you know nothing about it. Her voice is as low as the song of a small bird in the bushes—(I've shot 'em many a time)—tongue! she doesn't talk; she twitters. Pretty, chirping music, compared with a ring of iron bells in a steeple.

Godf. But why does this bird fly away so clandestinely?

Sir M. That's her business, sir—and mine. I betray no secrets; if a young lady does me the honour to confide in me, her secret is locked up safe here. People shouldn't ill-use young ladies; no secrets from her, sir.

Godf. Secrets? Then there *is* a mystery.

Mrs. H. No—no. Mystery? Heaven help your head, Mr. Godfrey, it is only a lovers' quarrel; don't you see how it happened? the young people fell out—the most natural thing in the world—all the young people in my time used to fall out, but then they were sure to fall in again; and take my word for it, pretty, saucy Florence will do the same. She's the very model of a girl to plague a man, only to make him the happier for it in the end; besides, you know there never was a wedding without a crossing, and we have a saying in our country, that no man alive can expect to wive and thrive in the same year.

Enter HOPE EMERSON with MISS OLDFANGLE and MISS FIELDING, R.

Ah! na!—So you did stumble over somebody, did you?—ah! you cunning creatures. Mr. Emerson, delighted to see you; why, you are looking quite a picture this morning—is he not?

Emer. Pretty well, thank you. Have been trying a horse this morning—a little flushed—Godfrey, how d'ye do? one must try one's own horses—grooms are never to

be depended upon. Tattersall's is a sort of Stock Exchange—the grooms are the brokers, and their masters the scrip that is bought and sold a dozen times a day. My last groom made a fortune out of me. He used to sell me at a premium in the morning—buy me up at a discount—watch the market, and then sell me out in the evening at a frightful profit. By-the-by, Topple, how d'ye do ?

Mrs. H. Not very well : his head gets a little out of sorts. The fact is, my dear Mr. Emerson, London is too noisy for him.

Sir M. Nothing but alarms ever since I came to town : [*Aside.*] And that Mr.—what's his name ?—is one of them.

Emer. I have just come from Tempest's—the strangest state of things—perfectly inexplicable—a strong word—but I say advisedly, that Tempest's house is in a condition that is perfectly inexplicable.

Miss O. Good gracious !

Miss F. How very odd !

Emer. Odd ! unutterable. I have a decided objection to what is called a “sensation.” It ruffles one, and makes one feel hot, and puts one's hair out of order. But I confess I did feel something approaching to a “sensation.”

Mrs. H. What did you see, in the name of wonder ?

Emer. I saw more wonders than tongue can tell. There seemed to be a sort of domestic spasm taking effect in the house : as if the building had got a sudden hiccup, and tumbled every thing out of its place. The stairs seemed to reel—the carpet was crooked. Then there was only one servant, and he shied up into a corner as soon as he saw me. The drawing-room looked as if it had had a violent fit of hysterics—chairs, tables, ottomans, in convulsions—

Mrs. H. And Lady Tempest ?

Emer. Statuesque : with a suspicious smile in her eye, she went on, saying that she had made up her mind, and that if I wanted any information, I had better come here.

Sir M. Is the house under execution ?

Emer. Why, I think not—but she told me you knew all about it.

Sir M. I ? I'm not sheriff of the county !

Enter SIR CHARLES, R.

Mrs. H. Ah! Here's Sir Charles himself—he'll tell us all about it. We're in an agony to know the why and the wherefore—there, now—I'll not say a word—only make haste and tell us all about it.

Sir C. That's exactly what I came here to know.

Mrs. H. Why, don't you know?

Sir C. I know nothing but this—that Florence and Cyril have quarrelled, that Lady Tempest is in a horrible flurry, that Florence suddenly left my house, and that I received a letter from her by the post, telling me that if I wanted any news of her, I must come to Sir Marmaduke.

Mrs. H. Why, Sir Marmaduke—

Godf. Then you are at the bottom of it, after all.

Emer. Ah! Sir Marmaduke.

[The ladies gather round him.]

Sir M. What do you want me to say? I'll say anything, only let me be quiet. It seems they send everybody to me. Very well. I can't help that. I'll do the best I can. So they have seized upon your house, Sir Charles—sorry to hear it—and this good-natured fellow here—are you come to dinner?—glad to see you. There, I hope you are all satisfied. Now do, there's a good soul, do let me have a little quietness.

Sir C. [*Drawing Mrs. Herbert aside.*] Where's Florence?

Mrs. H. In the next room.

Sir C. Send for her quickly. I'll explain presently.

Mrs. H. Dear Miss Fielding, will you look for Florence, and bring her here? But don't say a word.

Miss F. Oh! trust me.

[Exit, L.]

Sir C. [*Aside to Mrs. H.*] I have seen Cyril. He does not know a syllable about Florence's retreat—does not even know she has left my house. So I thought I would lay a trap for them both. I desired him to meet me here. I expect him every instant. Good generalship?

Mrs. H. Capital! Are you sure he'll come?

Sir C. Come? He's here already.

Enter CYRIL, R.

Mrs. H. Ha! Cyril—it's quite a sight for a blind man-

to see you. What a stranger you are! Well, well—you must make up for it, and come every day while we are in town—always charmed to see you. Bless me! how pale you look—but you must rally—you really must—it's all a pack of folly, you know, for a young fellow like you to lose your spirits—and—Cyril, there's somebody here you little expect to see—eh? What do you think of that? Prepare yourself for a surprise—you'll be delighted!

Cyril. Madam—I—

Mrs. H. Hush! somebody's coming that will put some colour in your cheek.

Enter FLORENCE and MISS FIELDING at the opposite sides.

Cyril. Miss Wilmot! Charles, you should have told me this. It was not kindly or wisely done.

Miss F. Why—no—yes!—it is he!

Sir M. [*Starting up.*] He?—who? Is the roof going to fall in? [*Cyril gazes for a moment at Florence, and goes out, R.*

Emer. These country people have such violent feelings. Sarah is going to faint.

Mrs. H. Here, take my salts, my dear—run, somebody, and get a little water—take her to the window—don't talk, my dear—I know what it is—faintness, and a little sickness—a very common thing with young ladies—keep yourself quiet—a few drops of sal volatile, and some burnt feathers under your nose, will bring you all right again.

[*They crowd about her. Curtain drops.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Sir Marmaduke Topple's.*

Enter MRS. HERBERT, followed by MR. GODFREY, from dinner, L.

Mrs. H. What a strange, unaccountable sort of man you are, to be sure, Mr. Godfrey; to leave poor Sir Mar-

maduke alone over his wine, to come to talk to me. What can you possibly have to say to me that you mightn't have said at dinner; I, too, who know so well that you absolutely dislike the society of women—oh! you needn't deny it, I know it well enough.

Godf. I don't deny it.

Mrs. H. Now, really, that is very rude of you;—the fact is, you're as crusty as old port—when you're left to yourself you're well enough, but if anybody disturbs you, you're clouded in a minute. But I should, just for curiosity, like to know why you dislike women?

Godf. Because their tongues are everlastingly going.

Mrs. H. Mere exuberance of spirits. They haven't the least harm in it, and if they only had judicious friends like you to regulate them—

Godf. Regulate? One might as well try to regulate a fire-shell. They must explode.

Mrs. H. You actually think that a woman cannot control her tongue?—that she must talk?—that she can't—

Godf. Will you listen to me, Mrs. Herbert? I came to talk to you—I don't want you to talk—I want you to listen.

Mrs. H. You don't know us, sir; women can be dumb as statues, when they please, and you shall acknowledge it, too.

Godf. I didn't come here to discuss the whole sex—one is enough at a time. Will you listen to me quietly for three minutes? Have you had any conversation with Florence about Cyril? [*She assents.*] Well?—eh?—What did she say?—Nothing? [*She looks vaguely.*] Did she tell you why the match was broken off? [*She shakes her head.*] No? Is there any other attachment in the way? [*She looks vaguely.*] What do you mean by that? What did she say? Did she say anything? Can you give me any information? Have you lost the use of your tongue? No? Then why don't you speak? I want to reconcile these young fools.

Mrs. H. You do?

Godf. Thank Heaven, she has recovered her speech!

Mrs. H. You see we can be silent, Mr. Godfrey.

Godf. Pshaw! you can be anything—I know it! What's to be done? I can get nothing out of Cyril, except that he has broken off the engagement himself.

Mrs. H. And nearly broken her heart at the same time
Godf. I'm glad of it.

Mrs. H. Why, you Vandal!

Godf. Because he has broken his own, too—and two broken hearts are of no earthly use but to mend each other.

Mrs. H. The lady's particularly; none but an idiot would venture on a heart with a flaw in the title.

Godf. [*Draws a newspaper out of his pocket.*] Look here. I'll read it for you—an announcement in one of the fashionable paragraphs this morning—"On dit—a marriage is on the tapis between a gentleman well known in the West-end circles, and residing in May Fair, and a lady of large fortune on a visit in the neighbourhood of Portland place." Do you understand that? Florence, ma'am—Florence is the lady of large fortune.

Mrs. H. Ah! what a scandalous thing to put us into the papers. I'll go to Florence at once.

Godf. Better not. [*Throws the paper on table.*] Perhaps she knows nothing about it, and it will only put new wickedness into her head? But who's the gentleman in May Fair?—I see it—that scamp Emerson. I see it all.

Mrs. H. Emerson! oh! bless you—ha! ha! ha! It's not Florence—it's one of my country beauties, with a large fortune!—ha! ha! Don't make yourself miserable. Florence—bless you! it's not Florence. I'm convinced she loves Cyril. Now you go back to Sir Marmaduke, and keep him engaged—he delights in a gossip over his wine—and I'll have a talk with Florence, and bring 'em together face to face, and put an end to it—it's all a pack o' nonsense—lovers' quarrels, as they used to say in Latin; when I was a girl, I had the Latin quite glib; but Latin or Greek, you know, it's all the same in English—human nature, Mr. Godfrey, is as good in one language as another. Leave it all to me, but I tell you I've a shrewd suspicion there's a little temper at the bottom of it all.

Godf. A little? It's all temper! [*Aside.*] She's an excellent woman. Talk? I could listen to her with pleasure for a month.

Mrs. H. [*Returning.*] That temper's a terrible thing, Mr. Godfrey—it makes every body uncomfortable, and puts everything out, and nothing goes on as it ought to do, where girls—

Godf. There—there—it's coming on again. [*Mrs. H. puts her finger on her lip, and goes off.*] I believe a woman would rather be dumb than talk in moderation. It's like drink—total abstinence is easier than temperance!

[*Exit, R.*

Enter MISS OLDFANGLE and MISS FIELDING from the boudoir. They dawdle about the room, and take chairs at a distance from each other; Miss Oldfangle having taken up the newspaper.

Miss O. [*With an air of weariness.*] Lawk! this London is a shockingly idle place.

Miss F. Very, my dear.

Miss O. One is lost here in the crowd.

Miss F. Yes, it does bring down *some* people to their proper level.

Miss O. I'm sure I don't know what you mean by that, my dear.

Miss F. Nothing, my dear; only one must say something, you know.

Miss O. Then I wish you'd tell us the truth of that story about Mr. Tempest, Miss Fielding. I'm sure it was very strange that you should show such uncommon agitation at sight of a gentleman you never saw before.

Miss F. What's that? I show agitation?

Miss O. I merely remarked that it was very particular to faint away before everybody when Mr. Tempest came in—especially as it was well known he was an engaged man.

Miss F. Pray, my dear, did you ever hear of a woman fainting when there was nobody present? An engaged man! There are such things as glass windows, my dear, and if you accuse me of an improper motive for fainting—

Miss O. Well—do you deny it?

Miss F. You know well enough that the horses ran away, and that I might have been killed but for Mr. Tempest, who stopped them. Do you think I'd have fainted if I knew he was engaged?

[*Rising and going to the window.*

Miss O. [*Aside.*] She's looking out for Mr. Emerson. How astonished she'd be if she knew that he has all but made me an offer,

Miss F. [*Aside.*] She's watching me like a cat. She suspects Emerson is coming. Let her sit there and pretend to read the paper. She'll want something to amuse her when he comes, for I'm sure he won't trouble himself with her. He has half proposed for me already.

Miss O. Well!—of all the things—it is not possible!—it is—it means me! [*Drops the paper.*]

Miss F. Me! What's the matter? Are you going to faint?

Miss O. Nothing—I—[*Putting her foot on the paper—aside.*] if she sees it, she'll take it to herself.

Miss F. I'm quite surprised at you, Miss Oldfangle—don't you know it's very indelicate to cry out in that hysterical kind of way? [*Stooping to take up the paper.*]

Miss O. No—it's nothing—don't mind, my dear.

Miss F. [*Aside.*] There's something in that paper she doesn't want me to see! Why, my dear, you look dreadfully pale!

Miss O. Do I?

Miss F. Your lips are quite white! You must be ill—I'll alarm the house.

Miss O. [*Suddenly rising.*] No—no, for Heaven's sake—I'm quite well now.

Miss F. [*Snatching the paper.*] Then you shouldn't frighten one so.

Miss O. [*Aside.*] What a suspicious, ill-mannered, ugly thing she is! She'll find it all out now—let her! How mortified she'll be when she discovers that Mr. Emerson's attentions to me are already notorious in the fashionable circles. That I should be scarcely a week in town and get into the newspapers! The spiteful creature will drown herself. [*Exit, L.*]

Miss F. Lord help us, how she swirls off! I wonder what's in the paper. [*Reads.*] “Matrimony. A gentleman, aged 40, is anxious to meet with a lady”—I should not be a bit astonished if she was to answer an advertisement for a wife. Here's something marked—“marriage on the tapis—gentleman—May Fair—lady—large fortune—Portland Place.” Why, this is Portland Place—lady on a visit—that's me—gentleman—that's Emerson! But how could they have found out that he was in love with me? The newspaper's a witch! Marriage on the tapis

—that's a little too much, though. He hasn't proposed yet—but it's all the same; he has said such things—and looked rings and licenses at me, till I haven't the heart to say No! How thunderstruck he'll be to find it in print. I'll keep this, [*Puts it into her pocket,*] and shew it to him. It will bring him to the point at once. I suppose a man can't well deny such a thing when he sees it in a newspaper. [*Exit, L.*]

Enter EMERSON, drawing CYRIL after him, R.

Emer. Courage, my good fellow, courage!

Cyril. Courage—what should I fear?

Emer. That's what I want to know. Look at me. My plans have been upset a hundred times through life; but no man ever saw me betray a defeat. Face every thing. Turn round upon a difficulty, and look at it straight into the eyes, and you'll make it ashamed of itself. Stare it out of countenance. Nothing can stand that.

Cyril. I would in any other case—but—

Emer. But! resolution swallowed in a but! Weak men keep their principles for theory, and their exceptions for practice. Listen to me. You know you frightened Miss Fielding nearly into a fit, and then vanished without a word of explanation.

Cyril. There was nothing to explain. Happened to save her from an accident in the streets—I wish I had never seen her!—and so the moment she recognised me here, she must throw herself into a fit, as you call it. I couldn't help that.

Emer. But it is only polite to call and inquire—

Cyril. Well—well—I'm here.

Emer. And, being here, I want you to do me a little service. The fact is, I am in a dilemma—not in logic, but in women. Will you help me?

Cyril. How?

Emer. I must be candid with you. Circumstances are desperate with me. I have expended a fortune in social speculations—laying down surveys of single women of reputed fortune, and just when the plans and sections were completed, finding the issue—smoke. It is the calamity of the age—great projects ending in bubbles.

Cyril. But what can I do?

Emer. You can make love to a woman for me.

Cyril. Make love for you?

Emer. Don't let us quarrel about terms. I can't afford to make love in your way. It will cost *you* nothing to make love in mine.

Cyril. What do you mean?

Emer. These two Derbyshire spinsters here, are said to have great county fortunes. That's the problem I want to solve; but I find I cannot manage it alone. Women, like birds, are shy of a single springe; perplex them by a choice, their heads become giddy, they flutter, and drop into the trap.

Cyril. And you seriously want me to make pretence of—

Emer. If you had the smallest knowledge of the sex, you would do it for your own sake. Florence Wilmot—oh! I know all about your affairs—she's going on at a shocking rate; she's in such riotous spirits, flustering everybody with her horrible gaiety at such a moment.—Pique her, man! If you can't touch her feelings, pique her vanity.

Cyril. Florence in riotous spirits?

Emer. I wish you could hear her laugh.

Cyril. No—no. And I thought her such a miracle!

Emer. Ah! all women, like conjurers' tricks, are miracles to the ignorant. Just make love to one of these wood nymphs—

Cyril. Make love? It would drive me mad—I cannot!

Emer. Who does? love is not made, it grows.

Cyril. And the soil is the human heart!

[Clasps his hands in emotion over his eyes.]

Emer. By no means improved by watering. Hush! here they are.

Enter MISS OLDFANGLE and MISS FIELDING, L.

Ladies, your devoted. Mr. Tempest comes to throw himself at your feet for having disconcerted you so strangely yesterday, but it seems he had not the least idea of the mischief he had done.

Miss O. Oh! no mischief, I am sure. Did he, my dear?

Miss F. Well, really it was all my fault. But one can't help a little sensibility on such an occasion.

Miss O. Oh! Mr. Tempest will promise not to shock you again, my dear. Won't you, Mr. Tempest? [*Aside.*] I wish he'd offer to talk to her.

Cyril. You may safely go security for me to your friend.

Emer. But then you must enter into recognizances never to be run away with again in his presence.

Miss O. Unless he runs away with her himself, Mr. Emerson.

Miss F. No danger of that, my dear, when the superior attractions of Miss Oldfangle are in the way.

Miss O. You are so very good-natured. But Mr. Tempest has too much taste to be of that opinion.

Cyril. [*Aside.*] What a ridiculous wrangle I have got myself into!

Emer. A challenge, Tempest. A new Judgment of Paris.

Cyril. [*Taking up a drawing from the table.*] A very pretty landscape, touched with feeling and boldness. Pray, who is the artist?

Miss F. That's instinct. Miss Oldfangle, to be sure.

Miss O. A mere trifle—don't look at it. It is one of my very worst.

Miss F. There's a portfolio full of them in the next room.

Cyril. I am half an amateur myself—at least, a great admirer. If Miss Oldfangle would gratify me—

Miss O. They're nothing, I assure you.

Miss F. Don't believe her. She has drawn half Derbyshire. She's famous for likenesses, too—she'll take yours, if you sit to her. Do make her, Mr. Tempest!

Cyril. You will not refuse me the pleasure—

Miss O. Really—I assure you—mere sketches—how provoking! [*Going off reluctantly with Cyril, r.*]

Emer. Did you observe that?

Miss F. What?

Emer. She's jealous to distraction of you.

Miss F. Oh! fie—nonsense!

Emer. True, child, as you live. Sarah! what a tremulous softness there is in that name. Very extraordinary—it's like a fate!

Miss F. What's like a fate ?

Emer. The name of Sarah. Sarah ! Curious that I should always have had a sort of romantic attachment for the name of Sarah. It was my boy-dream. Sarah !

Miss F. Now, you'll get bewildered if you go on at that rate. Why should Miss Oldfangle be jealous of me, I want to know ?

Emer. Why ? Look in the glass, child, and you'll see at once.

Miss F. Pooh ! she's jealous of every body.

Emer. But of you in particular. She confessed as much to me.

Miss F. She did ? What did she say ?

Emer. It was not so much what she *said*, as what she *hinted*. Some women have great talents for hinting.

Miss F. Hinting ? Did she presume to hint about me ?

Emer. You must not compromise me ?

Miss F. Of course, I won't.

Emer. The fact is, she's abominably envious of your superior style of living ; she cannot forgive you because— one hardly knows how to talk about such low things—but she's envious to death of your estate—in short, the Fielding property sets her beside herself.

Miss F. Oh ! she's envious of my property ? I'm sure that's more than I am of hers.

Emer. [*Aside.*] I suspected as much. [*To her.*] Old family, I believe ?

Miss F. Old family ? Old cobwebs ! As to Brierly Hall, it's a mere kennel. She is the laughing stock of the whole county, with her pride and her meanness.

Emer. Ay, Brierly Hall—a tumble-down old place, no doubt—but then her dividends—

Miss F. If she has any, they must be amongst the unclaimed dividends. Why, she's poverty itself.

Emer. You astonish me !

Miss F. She can't even afford to keep the old hovel in repair. She has nothing but a paddock, and lives on the grass. Brierly Hall ? Famine Hall, say I.

Emer. How people may be deceived in this world.— But now that you mention it, I always thought there was an uneasy pretension about her.

Miss F. And vanity equal to any thing. I shouldn't be surprised, now, if she thought that you—

Emer. Nor I—out in her calculation, though, Sarah.

Miss F. I should say so.

Emer. No—from the first moment I saw you, I felt—I need not say what I felt.

Miss F. No; I have it here. [*Taking out the paper.*] Have you seen the *Post* to-day?

Emer. I fancy I have.

Miss F. Did you notice a paragraph in it about a certain gentleman and a lady in Portland Place?

Emer. [*Aside.*] I should imagine so, seeing that I wrote it myself.

Miss F. Read it.

Emer. [*Aside.*] I suppose I ought to be taken by surprise. How very wonderful! Where could they have got their information?

Miss F. I thought I should have dropped when I read it. Isn't it astonishing?

Emer. Paralysing! Love in a cottage was my ambition; but here it says "large fortune"—that's what puzzles me.

Miss F. And me too. They're coming back. One never can get five minutes in this house—follow me into the next room by-and-by.

Miss F. returns to join MISS OLDFANGLE and CYRIL as they enter, L.

Emer. More puzzled than ever. A shrubbery you could cover with a pocket-handkerchief—a paddock, and live on the grass. Lilliput Cottage and Famine Hall! I am beginning to think they are a couple of rural impostors.

Cyril. Miss Oldfangle is really quite an artist.

Miss F. I told you so. If you could see her cut out a profile with a pair of scissors!—a snip or two, and there's a head can do every thing but speak. She has done all the gentlemen for ten miles round; and, when she can't get any one to sit to her, she cuts out a fancy portrait, and calls it Alexander the Great or the Duke of Wellington. She's great in the Duke's nose! She has all her nieces, and nephews, and cousins, framed over the mantel-piece:

such fine long foreheads and round chins, all looking one way, like a procession. [*Aside.*] I have half a mind to show him the paragraph. He's sure to talk of it.

[*Miss Oldfangle and Emerson move towards the boudoir.*]

Cyril. Perhaps she's going to take Mr. Emerson's likeness.

Miss F. No great likelihood of that, between you and me. Look here, Mr. Tempest. I know you are a discreet young gentleman; and if you should feel very much surprised at what I am going to show you, you will not betray—

Cyril. You may trust me.

Miss F. I think I may—and yet men have so little control over themselves.

Cyril. Pray explain: you provoke my curiosity.

Miss F. Well, there—read that paragraph. There's somebody alluded to there, you know very well.

[*Averts her head while he is reading.*]

Cyril. What is this? Fickle, perfidious woman!

Miss F. Mercy upon us! What does he mean?

Cyril. In two or three days, too—two or three hours! That you should encourage the addresses of another!—oh, woman! woman!

Miss F. Mr. Tempest!

Cyril. I thought you had character—intellect—pride—beauty—every thing that could make a woman prize herself. Now I understand Emerson's allusions.

Miss F. What! did he allude?

Cyril. What if all love were at an end between us, you might still have commanded my respect.

Miss F. You don't mean that?

Cyril. Such shameless haste.

Miss F. Mr. Tempest, will you listen to me?

Cyril. Listen? you can say nothing to contradict this?

Miss F. I know I can't. I acknowledge it all; but who in the name of fortune could have imagined that you—

Cyril. True—true. I have no right to complain. I know that.

Miss F. It's very flattering in you, Mr. Tempest—very—but—

Cyrl. Don't speak to me in that foolish way. There's somebody coming. 'Tis Florence! I must compose myself. She shall not have the satisfaction of seeing me in this state of—oh! cruel Florence!

[*Goes into the boudoir.*

Miss F. Perfidious woman! Here's a catastrophe! If the young man goes on in this way he'll make Emerson jealous; and then shouldn't we have a scene! Oh! I'll go after him, and separate them at all events.

[*Exit, L. U. E.*

Enter FLORENCE, followed by MRS. HERBERT, L.

Flo. What can I say more? I'm sure you mean it kindly, madam—but you distress me—I cannot bear it.

Mrs. H. Tush, my dear—I know what sort of stuff girls are made of—I was a girl myself once—and had my share of the love nonsense, too, let me tell you. Come, come, you had better be advised by me—forgive and forget—a good old maxim, my dear.

Flo. My dear madam—

Mrs. H. Ay, ay, all very well; but what is it all about?—a trumpety quarrel, after all.

Flo. No, we had no quarrel.

Mrs. H. No quarrel! Then why is the match broken off?

Flo. Why? These things appear so silly to every body else! I know what people say when they hear of them, and how can I hope to make such a foolish trifle appear reasonable to you?

Mrs. H. Why, there it is—convicted out of your own mouth. If it's a foolish trifle, why don't you give it up like a sensible girl?

Flo. Ah! foolish to you—a trifle to all the world beside—but such trifles sometimes influence the whole lives of the actors in them. Not trifles to the young, slight and idle as they seem: how they haunt us day and night—give shapes of sorrow to our dreams, and bring upon us cares as real as any which afflict the old. But, indeed, this is not my case; my heart is perfectly at ease, be assured of that!

Mrs. H. Florence, I knew your mother from childhood. You have exactly her temper—she was like marble when

her pride was touched, although she had a noble and most generous nature. You cannot deceive me, nor is it right you should. You are alone in the world—no adviser—young, lovely, rash, with a fortune in your hands, which will make you the prey of speculators that are prowling about like wolves. Ah! you think yourself secure, but I know the world better. I was your mother's *confidante* through every thing—her close friend through life—I must be yours; my judgment may not be the best, but it will be a comfort for you to know there is an old friend who loves you as fondly as if you were her own child. I know you are miserable, Florence.

Flo. No, no, I am not. I have struggled against that, and overcome it, I think. You are so good to me!

Mrs. H. There—there—you will be better presently. Confide in me, child.

Flo. I do feel a little crushed, but it will pass away. It was this—Cyril Tempest, I know not how, we were much together—he guided my tastes—indulged and flattered them—I felt the superior mind—I was conscious only of the pleasure of traversing the new regions into which his knowledge led me—starry wonders that grew brighter as he spoke! I thought of nothing more, for that was happiness enough—calm, gentle, pure! Why could it not have lasted, without other feelings coming in to destroy the peace of both?

Mrs. H. Poor child!—go on.

Flo. Well, one day—I know not how it was—Cyril said something—no, he did not speak, he wrote it—the one word leaped into my brain—a new existence opened before me—fountains of love, that had been shut up in the recesses of my heart, gushed forth at once. It was like magic—I was a changed being—overwhelmed with surprise, and fear, and joy—and yet I wondered I had not foreseen it all before—it was so clear!

Mrs. H. It is a very old story, my dear. But after making this wonderful discovery, and settling every thing, how did it happen?

Flo. I will tell you. Perhaps you will think me passionate, but—ah!

[*Sees Cyril talking to Miss Fielding within.*]

Mrs. H. What's the matter now?

Flo. Excuse me—some other time—it is very ridiculous—
—I—

Mrs. H. [*Looking back and seeing Cyril.*] Ah! that's it—
—was there ever any thing so lucky? Cyril!

Flo. You will not, surely?

Mrs. H. But I will, surely.

Flo. I intreat you not—

Mrs. H. Cyril Tempest, come here. Come down here. Bless the boy, how frightened he looks.

Cyril. Madam.

Mrs. H. Now, Cyril, go over this moment to Florence, and tell her you are very sorry, and all that—for I'm sure you're to blame—it's no use trying to explain—I don't want any explanations—go over at once, and do as I tell you. Well, why don't you go? I suppose you don't expect her to be the first, do you?

Cyril. I have nothing to say, madam, except that, under existing circumstances, I beg to apologise for my presence here, and take my leave. [*Aside.*] My brain's on fire. [*Exit, R.*

Flo. You are amazed at that.

Mrs. H. Struck dumb!

Flo. Yet these are the foolish trifles at which sage people laugh, but which wring young hearts. We ought not to have met—we must not meet again. After this you will not ask me to see Cyril Tempest—you will not speak to me about the past. It is over. Call it pride, folly, what you will; blame me, too, rather than him, in your own thoughts—but keep silence, and you will see how happy I shall be by and by—in a little time—time—time!

[*Mrs. Herbert draws her away to the back.*

Enter SIR MARMADUKE and GODFREY from dinner, I.

Sir M. What signifies dates, sir? That Burgundy is liquid sunshine—Ah! ladies [*Looking to the boudoir*—how d'ye do, ladies?—ran away from your wine—sunshine, sir. There's a pulse, Godfrey [*Feeling his own pulse*—the pulse of a boy—

Godf. Burgundy fever.

Sir M. No—the youthfulness of my blood.

Godf. At eighty?

Sir M. Eighty? I can taste honey, for all that. The

mind is young, sir—eighteen! My spirits mount to the stars; and while old fellows like you are creeping about the earth, I am dancing with the Aurora Borealis. Eighty may go hang.

[*Servants appear with coffee, and in the course of the scene, Miss Oldfangle, Miss Fielding, Emerson, and the others, move about, and form groups at the back.*

Mrs. H. Mr. Godfrey, won't you take coffee? I am sure you and Sir Marmaduke have had gossip enough for one evening. Talk of ladies!

Sir M. [*Approaching Florence.*] Art dreaming, child? Have you found fairy money in your dream?

Flo. Yes—to waken up a bankrupt. I beg pardon, sir—indeed, I was thinking of that pleasant house to which you promised to take me—far away from this. I am now quite ready to go.

Sir M. Good—good. You shall go. I have set my heart on it. Shall we run away—you and I? What a plaguy stir it would make, if we were to elope!

Flo. I'm afraid, sir, we should have Mrs. Herbert post haste after us.

Sir M. But the chariot of Venus would outstrip the winds, with these pretty hands to guide the traces of the doves. If I were a young fellow, now! My dear, you must marry out of the way, or, upon my honour, I shall be obliged to run off with you myself.

Flo. Ah! Sir Marmaduke, what a gallant man you must have been—long ago!

Sir M. Don't say long ago. It makes me think I'm old. I am willing enough to forget all about that—if people would let me.

Flo. I have heard my father talk of what you were, when you and he were at college.

Sir M. Ah!—ha—I was an incorrigible rogue.

Flo. How you drove tandem to admiration—

Sir M. And used to shoot the turnpikes like an arrow!

Flo. How you rode, cricketed, hunted—

Sir M. I could take a six-foot hedge with a ha-ha—

Flo. And danced the minuet—the reel—

Sir M. And Sir Roger de Coverly—

Flo. Ah! that was sixty years ago!

Sir M. So it was!—so it was! Time does spoil one's

dancing, somehow; but not the affections. Like trees, the older they grow the deeper they take root. You shall see—I will take you to the manor—you shall get up your spirits, come back to town, and be married.

Flo. Oh! no—I will never marry.

Sir M. But you shall. Godfrey tells me something about somebody—but he so confuses things.

Flo. Ah! sir, let us first get into the country, and then we shall have time to think of the future.

Enter SERVANT, R.

Ser. Lady Tempest is below, inquiring if Sir Charles is here.

Mrs. H. Then why don't you show her up?

Godf. Let us get away first. She's come to vent some of her domestic wrongs, and I don't think any of us are in a humour to hear her.

Sir M. I'm sure I'm not. We must have no wrongs to-night. Godfrey, let us finish our argument over another bottle of Burgundy.

Mrs. H. Tell Lady Tempest I'll come to her in a moment.

[*Exit Servant, R.*]

Emer. [*To the ladies.*] For Heaven's sake, let us make our escape into the next room. She's perfectly intolerable.

[*Retiring with them into the boudoir.*]

Godf. Her name scatters them like a shot in a preserve.

Mrs. H. Well, 'tis very ill-natured of you all to run away from poor Lady Tempest. But I mustn't keep her waiting. I'm sure it's very kind of her to call—we have so many things to say to each other, and one never can get time in London to speak to one's friends. [*Exit, R.*]

Sir M. Come, Godfrey, vanish! or she'll be back upon us.

[*Sir Marmaduke and Godfrey go out, L.*]

Flo. Alone! It is my lot. Light hearts and careless live in the crowd, which is the deepest solitude to me.—But why should I dwell on these miserable feelings? I have but one lesson to learn—to forget. He has forgotten me—shut his heart upon me. I will try to forget him.

END OF ACT IV.

A C T V.

SCENE I.—SIR MARMADUKE'S.

Enter MRS. HERBERT, *meeting* MISS OLDFANGLE, and MISS FIELDING.

Mrs. H. Oh! my dears—such news—such horrible news about poor Cyril Tempest—you'll be shocked. He has got an appointment as a sort of minister, or something, to go out to Africa—Africa! Only think—certain death—swamps, plague, pestilence, putrid fever—isn't it horrible?

Miss O. And Florence?

Mrs. H. Knows nothing about it. They won't let me tell her. I'm dying to go and speak to her about it—there she is, looking as quiet as if nothing was going to happen, and this dreadful doom hanging over her. I'm sure it will kill her, although she thinks herself so brave.

Miss F. But if—

Mrs. H. Ah! there's always a but or an if, till it's too late. We're all alike—as hard to make out as hieroglyphics—at least, so Mr. Emerson says.

Miss O. } Mr. Emerson!
Miss F. }

Mrs. H. I told you how it would be. You have fairly turned the poor man's head.

Miss O. Who?

Miss F. I'm sure, not I.

Mrs. H. I have been making inquiries about him.

Miss F. [*Eagerly.*] You have?

Miss O. Well?

Mrs. H. Well, I thought it my duty; and so I asked Sir Charles point-blank who he is, what he is, and all about it.

Miss F. I'm sure he is a very pleasant man.

Miss O. He has such a wonderful flow of words.

Mrs. H. But, I am sorry to say, of nothing else. Oh! I got at the facts: nobody knows how he lives—he doesn't know himself.

Miss O. The horrid man!

Mrs. H. In short, he is nothing more nor less than an

impostor—a sort of woman-swindler—a—a—fortune-hunter.

Miss F. He's a wretch!

Mrs. H. So he is; but he belongs to a very numerous class of wretches that infest the most fashionable circles. Come, lunch is ready—not a word to Florence—and as to Mr. Hope Emerson—I only hope no friend of mine may be deluded by him, that's all! [Exit, L.]

Miss O. [*Aside.*] Deluded! I could bite my tongue off with vexation. [Exit, L.]

Miss F. So it comes to this—a speculator in unprotected women. I'll never believe in a man or a newspaper again. May Fair is a snare for unsuspecting innocence. I only wish I had turned him out to grass at Brierly Hall. Here he comes. I'll transfer him to her on the spot.

Enter HOPE EMERSON, R.

Emer. Ha! how fortunate to meet you alone.

Miss F. I would have thought so yesterday.

Emer. You alarm me! Some tender melancholy, Sarah!

Miss F. No more of that. It was a charming delusion while it lasted. But my friend—my friend.

Emer. Your friend? what friend?

Miss F. My dear friend, Miss Oldfangle. She thinks of leaving us.

Emer. [*Aside.*] Her dear friend. [*To her.*] Well, you are not sorry to get rid of her?

Miss F. Get rid of her?

Emer. Let her starve herself amongst the rats at Famine Hall.

Miss F. Rats! an heiress in her own right—with her brilliant prospects—starve—rats!

Emer. Heiress?—brilliant pros—

Miss F. How unfeeling men are. Miss Oldfangle might have had the best match in the county—but this fatal visit to London—

Emer. Did I understand you to say that your charming friend is an heiress?

Miss F. What does it signify? Wealth cannot bind up a wounded spirit. She came to town happy—she goes home to pine in secret.

Emer. Then she—you méan to say—

Miss F. Do not think I will destroy my friend; make what atonement you can to her—but for me—never—never! Rats? oh! men—men! [Exit, R.]

Emer. Rats—men—never—never: pine in secret—an heiress in her own right, with brilliant prospects, to pine in secret? I hope I have too much humanity to suffer such a thing. If I have inspired a passion, in such a quarter, I'm ready to sacrifice myself.

Enter MISS OLDFANGLE, R.

Miss O. [Aside.] He here! I wish I could make him over to her. I'll do it. She shall have the benefit of him in full.

Emer. Ah! swift Camilla—never was freedom more welcome to the prisoner—health to a sick man, [Aside,] or an unexpected legacy to a poor one—

Miss O. No raptures, sir—it is not a time for—

Emer. Come—no false delicacy—all that's gone by.—You know my way. I am quite aware of the state of your feelings.

Miss O. You are? Poor Miss Fielding!

Emer. Poor Miss Fielding?

Miss O. Her happiness is every thing to me; and you know, you must know, the state of *her* feelings. I am sorry to say it cannot be disguised any longer. You have robbed her of her peace forever!

Emer. Pooh—pooh!

Miss O. Do you think to pooh pooh the affections of my friend? She's full of sensibility—she'll go and die in solitude, and her noble fortune will pass away to strangers.

Emer. Noble fortune? Lilliput Cottage, a patch of a garden, and a trifle in the Three per Cents!

Miss O. Ah! that's it: because a woman chooses to be wooed for herself alone. You never could have believed that?

Emer. I don't know what to believe.

Enter MISS FIELDING, behind.

Robbed her of her peace? I didn't think she possessed any thing worth stealing. She? To suppose that I ever

encouraged her! Why, such a thing never entered my head. But I'll convince you of this: see how I shall treat her the first time we meet.

Miss O. Well—let me see.

[*Crossing and discovering Miss Fielding.*

Emer. [*Looking at them alternately with easy assurance.*] Fatal effects of jealousy. You have found each other out.

Miss O. And unmasked a hypocrite.

Miss F. A felonious hypocrite.

Emer. Don't quarrel about me, ladies. You positively must not carry the joke too far.

Miss O. Don't be alarmed. We have carried the joke quite as far as we intended.

Miss F. Why, we knew you from the first.

Miss O. Come, my dear, let us go in and laugh.

Emer. I beg you will not trouble yourselves, ladies, to get up a laugh on my account.

Miss F. It's irresistible— isn't it? To think—ha!—ha! We wish you a very good morning, Mr. Hope Emerson.

Miss O. And should you ever make an excursion on speculation from May Fair into Derbyshire, don't forget to drop cards at Lilliput Cottage—

Miss F. And Famine Hall! [*Exeunt, L.*

Emer. Genius makes bold experiments, and blockheads reap the profit. They will go back to their grazing grounds inflated with vanity, and get married to a couple of pig-headed fellows in top-boots, on the strength of their London adventures; while genius, like virtue, must be its own reward.

Enter GODFREY, hastily, R.

Godf. Confound that skip-jack—angling for a dinner.

Emer. Dinner? Delighted to fall in with you, Godfrey!

Godf. I understand—I saw your cab at the door.

Emer. Take you anywhere for an hour—no engagement—quite at your service—dine at home?

Godf. No—I dine out.

Emer. Here? eh?

Godf. Yes—here. Sir Charles dines here—a family party. Hadn't you better go?

Emer. Go? Suicide! My dear Godfrey, I dine with you. Particularly fond of family parties.

Godf. Dine with me? I tell you I dine *here*.

Emer. I know you do—*here*—the very place of all others I should like to dine in to-day. I have a reason—not a word—no ceremony with me—

Godf. But I tell you—

Emer. Not one step farther. *Here!* My dear Godfrey, I'd dine with you anywhere. What's the value of friendship if—not one step— [Exit, R.]

Godf. Friendship!—Holloa!—come back—no, don't come back! I hope he may break his neck down the stairs. Dine with me—holloa!—the rascal will say I asked him. Cyril coming to take leave, too—I shall knock him down. Damn the scoundrel, I'll kick him out of the window.

Enter LADY TEMPEST, R.

Lady T. Ah! Mr. Godfrey.

Godf. Plague upon plague!

Lady T. You have heard, I suppose—

Godf. Of course, I have.

Lady T. And of course you blame me. Every body blames me—you all go with Sir Charles—his popularity carries every thing before it out of doors—at home he's a barbarian. I haven't seen him since yesterday morning—I never see him—I am literally abandoned; but nobody believes me, because I never complain.

Godf. You are too meek by half, ma'am.

Lady T. I try to conceal his misconduct, and put myself to the greatest pain to affect an appearance of content. But it's no use. Whatever happens, Lady Tempest is in fault—nobody else. By and by it will be said I drove away Florence.

Godf. Likely enough.

Lady T. I knew you'd say that. And I shouldn't be surprised if it were said that I made Sir Charles so miserable, that he never could bear to be at home.

Godf. That I think very probable.

Lady T. That I broke his heart at last.

Godf. No; they'll never say that.

Lady T. I'm determined not to bear it any longer. I've

tried conciliation in vain—tears, smiles, every thing but reproaches. My house is deserted—Cyril goes nobody knows where—Florence disappears—and Sir Charles flies after her. What would the world think of a woman who could endure such treatment?

Godf. What would the world think of a woman who could deserve it?

Lady T. Deserve it? An angel could do nothing with such a man as Sir Charles. But I will put an end to it. I know he's here—I will confront him with his friends, and leave him for ever.

Enter MRS. HERBERT, L.

Mrs. H. Dear Lady Tempest—delighted to see you. How kind of you to come. Oh! Mr. Godfrey, we have had such a narrow escape of that everlasting Emerson. I am told he has just been here and gone. To tell you the truth, we were horridly frightened lest he should ask himself to dinner.

Godf. [*Aside.*] He *has* asked himself;

Enter EMERSON'S TIGER, L.

And, by all the powers of darkness, here comes his imp.

Mrs. H. Who is that creature?

Godf. Mr. Hope Emerson's dwarf—dwarfs are all the rage—the smallest specimen of natural history extant.—How the consummate young villain stares: I'd give five pounds to lay a cat-o'-nine tails on his back.

Mrs. H. And pray, sir, what is your business with me?

Tiger. Beg pardon, my lady, my business is with Mr. Godfrey.

Godf. With me?

Tiger. Are you Mr. Godfrey?

Godf. Yes, you—

Tiger. My master sent me to say, that when you asked him to dinner to-day, you forgot to mention the hour.

Godf. I ask him to dinner? Get out of the house this moment, you jackanapes, or I'll break every bone in your body! [*Tiger runs off.*] I knew I should lose my temper—beg pardon—I—I—a gnat in top boots! the fact is—this Emerson—this horse-leech—this—when he found I was to dine here—

Mrs. H. Invited himself—ha! ha!

Godf. Just so. [*Painfully.*] Ha! ha!

Mrs. H. Dear Lady Tempest—what is the matter?

Lady T. Ah! Mrs. Herbert, I have deceived every body—even you.

Mrs. H. Deceived, my dear?

Lady T. I have borne such injuries in secret—but the cruelty of Sir Charles can no longer be hidden.

Mrs. H. Why, I thought—

Lady T. All my friends thought the same—that I was so happy—little dreaming what I was suffering from his inhumanity.

Mrs. H. I thought he was the best-hearted man in the world.

Godf. He's all heart—he's in a state of perpetual circulation.

Lady T. You see the society side of his character—if you could only see him at home! Abroad he passes off his delinquencies as mere amiable foibles, and gets credit from strangers for the kindest disposition, which overflows everywhere except in his own house. Oh! these amiable tyrants. He is here—stay with me, dear Mrs. Herbert

Enter SIR CHARLES, R.

Sir C. Lady Tempest!

Lady T. You are surprised to see me, sir—

Sir C. An unexpected pleasure, my dear.

Lady T. A novelty, considering how rarely we meet.

Sir C. Hush, my dear—

Lady T. I will not hush—our friends here are prepared to witness our separation.

Sir C. You really must not expose yourself.

Lady T. No—but I will expose you. I once possessed your affection.

Sir C. Why, of course you did.

Lady T. It was what is called a love match.

Sir C. Now, what is the use, Lady Tempest, of going back on such follies?

Lady T. What have I done to forfeit your love?

Sir C. Nay, if it come to that, what have you done to keep it?

Lady T. You live abroad, and it is only when I look at my wedding-ring, I can believe myself a wife.

Sir C. And as that slight hoop encircles your finger, so would you make my house a prison for me.

Lady T. Alas! its slightness is but a type of the frailness of our union.

Sir C. Rather, madam, of its delicacy.

Lady T. You hear him. He talks like the most considerate of husbands.

Sir C. So I am. I scrupulously conceal your faults.

Lady T. Can you name one?

Sir C. Fifty—but one shall include all—your ignorance of the art of making home happy. If you would learn the charm you must change your acids for sweets, throw open the windows, and let in a little sunshine. But when a woman hisses small complaints in a man's ears all day long, and suffers the gaiety he looks for in her face to become dimmed by peevish humours, her magnetic influence is gone. Women, like loadstones, lose their attraction, when they suffer the rust of a fretful temper to eat away their brightness.

Lady T. This is the way he always tries my patience. But it must come to a separation.

Sir C. No, madam—not must.

Lady T. No?

Sir C. No—no—no! You told me I could not say no.

Lady T. Mr. Godfrey—

Godf. Don't bring me into it.

Lady T. You know—

Sir C. What, have you been setting her on to this?

Lady T. Speak boldly. You know how he has treated me.

Godf. Speak boldly? I am in such a rage I can hardly speak at all. I know nothing about it—I—I—

Lady T. Have you not witnessed our quarrels?—don't you know that we have never agreed for one moment together—

Godf. Yes—I am ready to swear that, and if you will cross-examine me, I must declare that the cause is at your ladyship's door.

Sir C. You see how your evidence breaks down.—Have you no other witness to call to ill usage?

Lady T. If Mr. Godfrey—

Sir C. A word, Lady Temper, on the other side. Love

drew on you at sight, like a promissory note, and endorsed you with my name, expecting you would honour my hopes on demand. You have been overdue ever since. The vivacity that originally fascinated me has given way to spleen and fretfulness; the radiant glory of the youthful bride is set in peevish gloom; and I am driven out from this repulsive atmosphere to seek enjoyment abroad. How say you, before this jury, empannelled by yourself, guilty or not guilty?

Lady T. Suppose I should say guilty?

Sir C. Then I should pronounce sentence thus:—The court receives your plea as a saving grace in mitigation of punishment, and considering that the other party in this suit is not wholly exempt from blame, the judgment of the court is, that you, Arabella Tempest, commonly called Lady Tempest, shall enter into recognizances to niggle, snap, and scold no more, and to keep the peace in your own house for the term of your natural life.

Lady T. Is the wretch sincere?

Sir C. My hand on it.

Lady T. And mine.

Sir C. And this contract shall be binding—

Lady T. Not during your sweet will and pleasure—

Sir C. No, but your good behaviour?

Mrs. H. A most edifying moral, and a good lesson for people like you, Mr. Godfrey, who have no faith in the reformation of women.

Godf. Do you think they'll patch up their quarrels?

Mrs. H. Patch? To be sure they will.

Godf. But patched garments never sit comfortably.—The wearer is always uneasy till he gets a new suit.

Mrs. H. You infidel! Ha! Florence.

Enter SIR MARMADUKE and FLORENCE, L.

Sir M. A word, Godfrey. I've found it all out—I have laid a plot—don't put me out by a long speech—I have it all clear, clear.

Godf. Well?

Sir M. Well! It shall be well. I have a good fortune and no heir. What would you advise me to do with it?

Godf. Endow charities.

Sir M. To be jobbed and dined upon by strangers, that

my name should survive in the mercenary squabbles of an alms-house? No; I have a better use for my money. I mean to make an independent gentleman of him.

Godf. Who?

Sir M. This boy—Cyril Tempest. Why, don't you know there was a falling out about settlements? I don't exactly know what. Well, sir; these young people, they broke off. And he's going to Africa. Poor boy! he thinks himself a hero going to martyrdom. It's a piece of dam—I beg your pardon—pride—pride.

Godf. But making him independent won't mend the matter?

Sir M. No; I'll mend the matter first, and make him independent after. Don't you understand? I have set my heart on making that poor child happy. Well, sir; she's ill—very ill. I have found it all out. And so I intend to bring it all about again, and they shall be married and come to Topple Manor. It will give me something to do—such a racket of tops and balls—such a hubbub of hoops and dolls.

Godf. Considering the torments such a project would inflict upon your head, I must say it reflects honour upon your heart. But how is it to be accomplished? Cyril has accepted his appointment, and is on the eve of his departure.

Sir M. I have settled that. He'll be here immediately. Not a word to Mrs. Herbert. That good soul would spoil everything.

Flo. [*Coming down.*] You see, Sir Marmaduke, I am improving under your care. They tell me I am looking better to-day.

Sir M. You musn't ensnare me, you gipsy, with your good looks. You know you refused to elope with me.

Flo. Did I?

Sir M. But we must find somebody you like better—eh? And when we do, Florence, you must not trifle with your happiness. There, just as you look now—you remind me of a face, it flits across me, and vanishes.

Flo. One that you remember, sir—long ago?

Sir M. A life is gone by—the interval is lost—but I remember it like yesterday. I see it sometimes in your eyes for a moment, and years come back, and then it fades—and all is blank again.

Flo. What was it, sir? Some one you loved, who died?

Sir M. 'Twas like a child playing in the sun, and suddenly struck blind: he never sees the light again, but he carries it in his memory to the grave.

Flo. And she you loved, died? Perhaps 'twere better so.

Sir M. No—no. What did I say? Strange shadows came between us—but I forget—I forget. People who love each other in their youth should not let clouds fall between them.

Enter SERVANT, R.

Ser. Mr. Cyril Tempest.

[*Exit, R.*]

Enter CYRIL, R.

Mrs. H. Ah! Cyril—we were wondering whether we should ever see you again. But is this true—this terrible news we hear, that you are going to Africa?

Cyril. I have come to say farewell.

[*Pause.*]

Sir C. You see it is as I told you.

Mrs. H. But not so very suddenly, I hope?

Cyril. I leave England to-night.

Mrs. H. To-night!

[*Florence, who had gone to the back, comes forward.*]

Cyril. The vessel sails with despatches. I have no choice.

Sir M. Africa—Africa. Why, sir, it's certain death!

Mrs. H. I thought nobody went there, but people who were tired of their lives?

Cyril. Perhaps so.

Flo. [*In a low voice, thinking aloud.*] Africa—oh! no, no!

Mrs. H. But you surely don't go to your doom cheerfully?

Cyril. Why not? What can an idle man like me have to live for here?

Sir C. Therefore he goes to find something to die for there.

Mrs. H. One would suppose there could be no great difficulty in finding something worth dying for at home.

Sir M. It is rank folly, sir, that a young fellow, full of

sinews and blood-vessels, should go out of his way to look for death. Death will come time enough.

Flo. It seems incredible!

[*Sir Marmakuke and the rest gradually move up the stage to go off, c.*

Cyril. Miss Wilmot, I see, almost doubts that I am going?

Flo. Almost? Why should I doubt? I scarcely know—indeed, I cannot believe—

Cyril. It is certainly not a very enviable prospect—but we have not always our own selection in such matters.

Flo. I cannot believe it.

Cyril. The doubt will soon be set at rest. I came to say farewell!

Flo. It is true, then?

Cyril. I must not linger here—I shall lose myself.—Where are our friends? We are alone!

Flo. Why do you leave your country?

Cyril. To escape a life of wretchedness at home. I cannot live in England!

Flo. You! with such just right to look for worthier honours?

Cyril. No—there is nothing for me here but bitterness. I am glad we have met again, Miss Wilmot, that I may relieve myself of a reproach. When I last saw you, I was labouring under an impression—since explained away—which made me abrupt, and—Forgive me, and farewell!

Flo. 'Twas nothing. I do not think of that. Answer me one question frankly: am I concerned in this self-inflicted exile? You do not answer me!

Cyril. Of what avail can it be to speak of such things?

Flo. Give me an honest answer.

Cyril. Can you doubt the cause?

Flo. I do. I doubt every thing myself. I have been in a trance, and can hardly gather up its incoherent memories.

Cyril. Florence! If you will inflict new misery upon me, you have the power and must use it. What have I to live for? Spare me, and let me go.

Flo. No—it is the crisis of my life. I must be just. I cannot dissemble now. It is on my account you have accepted this dreadful office?

Cyril. Why do you search me thus ?

Flo. Until this moment I did not believe in the reality of that feeling. I thought it was pique and vanity, and would pass and be forgotten, as lightly as it came.—Listen. We are free, and I may speak now. I cast aside all scruples. I will not have the thought weigh me down hereafter, that I did you an injustice. It would kill me. From the first, I was in the wrong—from the very first. My pride was hurt : I have not been used to checks. Oh ! I knew my fault—I told you I had a temper !—my pride, that falsified my heart, was wrung, and I resented it severely. But I have suffered more than you—be satisfied ! I dare not say this, were we not about to part.

Cyril. I cannot trust myself with words.

Flo. In hasty anger I spoke rashly—you took me at my word—I expected submission, for I was accustomed to have my will—your abruptness startled, stunned me—how whole lives are sometimes wrecked in moments of sudden passion ! I thought myself secure in my resentment—in your transient vexation. But that is over. We must at least be friends.

Cyril. Friends !

Flo. Let what may happen, we should think kindly of each other.

Cyril. That gracious word recalls me to life.

Flo. You will not leave England, then ? Promise me that :—you would not condemn me to such remorse ?

Cyril. You can save me—you alone. My love for you extinguishes all other thoughts—it absorbs my whole being—it has been tested by coldness, by rejection, by despair, and still survives. It will last to the end. You can save me, Florence ! You will—you will ! Do not speak—my heart is too full to bear the thrilling tones—but, with veiled eyes, averted to hide their forgiving and generous tears, stretch out your hand. It will be a token of pardon and of hope.

[He flings himself upon his knees before her, and she slowly extends her hand.]

Enter SIR MARMADUKE, and the rest at the back.

Sir M. What's this ? I have a strange singing in my ears. Are you asking her to go with you to Africa ?

Cyril. No, sir; but praying her to let me stay in England?

Sir M. It can't be, sir; Florence never intends to marry. Eh? child?

Flo. Except with your approval, sir.

Sir M. Then, I suppose you must have it. There—boy! she loves you. She knows her own heart best.—Don't break it, or you will break mine, too. There—there; and now, you gipsy, what would Peeping Tom say, could he witness this?

Flo. [*Kneeling at one side.*] He would bless you, sir, as I do, for your goodness to his poor child.

Sir M. Well—the settlements will come by and by—and Topple Manor in reversion.

Mrs. H. And my pretty truants are reconciled after all. I knew it would be so. I told Godfrey it was only a lovers' quarrel, and quarrels of that kind, all the world over, have exactly the same ending.

Godf. And the lady, as in duty bound, goes to Africa.

Sir C. No—Africa comes to the lady. He gives up a quarter of the globe for her.

Cyril. 'Twere nothing to give up the whole world for her, without whom the whole world were worthless to me.

Sir C. Very successfully turned; just my style to Lady Tempest—before we were married.

Godf. I hope he wont imitate your style so closely after marriage.

Lady T. That's very ill-natured. Sir Charles has been saying such handsome things to me in the next room, that I think his style considerably improved.

Godf. There was considerable room, madam.

Mrs. H. Fie, Mr. Godfrey; you should never betray family secrets.

Godf. I am neither a physician nor a parish priest—people shouldn't confess to me.

Sir C. But, Cyril, what's to be done with your commission?

Mrs. H. Bestow it upon Emerson. Ship him off, by all means, in his cab to the Gold Coast. I'm sure it has been the struggle of his existence to get there.

Sir M. Ay, ay, settle him as speedily as possible, or we shall have him popping in at the wedding dinner. And

now I think of it, we must send down to the Manor and have all the bells rung—we must not forget that—and we must have flowers strewn all the way to the church, and then, by and by, we shall have the bells rung again, and another merry-making. And hark ye, Florence, when the time comes that you shall have young heads like your own to train, teach them a little moral out of your own experience—teach them the value of forbearance and self-control—show them how the happiness of years may be perilled in a single moment by one fault of temper. Educate their hearts, and love will do the rest.

THE END.

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MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT.

No. LII.

E V A D N E :

OR,

THE STATUE.

A Play

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY RICHARD SHEIL.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CASTS OF CHARACTERS,
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK :

JOHN DOUGLAS, No. 11 SPRUCE STREET.

1848.

MOORE'S STANDARD DRAMA

ACTING BY THE COMPANY

NO. 12

EMANUEL

THE STORY

IN TWO

ACTS

BY J. M. MOORE

WITH THE STORY OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE AND THE HISTORY OF THE DRAMA

NEW YORK

THE CENTRAL BOOK CONCERN

1888

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE following is the preface of the author of the London edition of this play, published by Murray, in 1819:—

“The author has employed a part of the fable of Shirley’s ‘*Traitor*,’ in the construction of his plot. In that tragedy, a kinsman, and favorite of the Duke of Florence, contrives to excite in him a dishonorable passion for the sister of a Florentine nobleman, as the means of procuring the murder of the Duke by the hand of the injured brother, and thus opening the way for his own elevation to the throne.

“To that extent only, the plot of this tragedy is derived from Shirley. The incidents, situations, distribution, characters, and language, such as they are, the author hopes he may be pardoned for observing, are his own. It will, perhaps, be thought, that this detracts from his claim to the merit of originality—he does not think so. No one contends against the originality of ‘*Douglas*,’ because Home took his plot from an old ballad, and even profited by the ‘*Merope*’ of Voltaire. Rowe’s ‘*Fair Penitent*’ is a still stronger case; that fine tragedy is modelled on Massinger’s ‘*Fatal Dowry*;’ Otway and Southerne rarely invented their plots.

“The author trusts his introduction of these names will not be misinterpreted. He mentions them for the purpose of justifying himself, by the authority of their example.”

It was when a young man, and engaged in the study of the law, that Mr. Shiel betook himself to dramatic writing, with the view of increasing an income, which was by no means too abundant for his wants. The success of “*The Apostate*,” his first production, was encouraging; and “*Bellamira*” and “*Evadne*” soon followed. The last named-play is that by which he is most favorably known in the theatrical, if not the literary world. It was written for Miss O’Niell, who, in the part of the heroine, justified the author’s estimate of her powers, and won new laurels for herself and him. The following remarks upon the play and its performance, by one who witnessed one of its earliest representations, seem to us just and appropriate:—

“To the plot and the incidents, by which it is worked out, we can offer almost unqualified praise. It has quite enough of unity for all the purposes of the drama. The guilty ambition of *Ludovico* is the spring which sets every part in motion. Every incident flows naturally and intelligibly from its immediate and assigned cause, and all conduce to bear him on nearer towards the object of his desires—the crown—till at length, in the last scene, he is on the point of seizing it—but at the very moment when he seems to feel its golden round upon his brow, and in imagination presses the sceptre in his grasp, retribution falls upon him like a thunderbolt, and closes his career.

“The events on which the chief interest of the piece depends, are brought about with great skill. They are every one made ‘probable to thinking.’ It is impossible for *Vicentio* to resist the evidence which *Ludovico* offers him of *Evadne’s* falsehood, when coupled with the changing of the pictures—it impossible for *Colonna* to refuse the office which *Ludovico* forces upon him, of killing the *King*—and it is impossible for the *King* himself—young and not wholly depraved as he is—to withstand the appeal which *Evadne* makes to him, in the shadowy presence of her great and glorious ancestors. The minor incidents, too—the treachery of *Olivia*—the combat between *Colonna* and *Vicentio*—the intended sacrifice of his hand, which *Vicentio* makes to *Olivia*, &c., are all absolutely essential to the progress of the plot, and yet none have the appearance of being forced, or out of place.

“The charm of the piece is the character of *Evadne*. She is a woman in the truest and strictest, yet most delightful sense of the term. Love, trusting and endearing love, is the very breath of her existence. She has deliberately chosen *Vicentio* to be lord of her life—the home and temple of her thoughts and affections—and nothing can turn them aside from their course. He may discard *her*, but she cannot forsake *him*.

“Of the language of the play we must speak in terms of censure. It is everywhere disfigured by marks of feebleness and haste. The imagery is frequently harsh and extravagant, or far-fetched and affected, or made up of mere commonplaces.

“It would be difficult for a play to be better acted throughout,

than this was on its first presentation at Covent Garden. Mr. Macready's *Ludovico* displayed finished judgment in every part. Some passages of it were very fine—particularly those in which he resumes his natural haughty and ambitious character, after he has been hypocritically humble before the *King*. Mr. Young played *Colonna* in a fine, free, loose, oriental style ; and he gave the declamatory parts with great power. The young and high-spirited *Vicentio* was also extremely well adapted to Mr. C. Kemble. But Miss O'Neill in *Evadne*, was really and truly herself. The character is better suited to her powers than any she has yet played, except, perhaps, *Julia* and *Desdemona*."

This play is rather better known to the frequenters of the provincial theatres than to those of the metropolis ; but it has merits and capabilities, which will long redeem it from obscurity. Remarkable effect is given to the character of *Evadne* by Mrs. Shaw, whose fine talents ought to be oftener exerted in this and kindred parts. This play was originally produced at Covent Garden, in 1818.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Covent Garden, 1818.</i>	<i>Bowery, 1847.</i>
<i>The King of Naples</i>	Mr. Abbott.	Mr. Jordan.
<i>Ludovico, his favourite</i>	" Macready.	" Neafie.
<i>Colonna</i>	" Young.	" Booth.
<i>Vicentio</i>	" C. Kemble.	" Clarke.
<i>Spalatro</i>	" Connor.	" Venue.
<i>Evadne</i>	Miss O'Neill.	Mrs. Shaw.
<i>Olivia</i>	Mrs. Faucit.	" Madison.

SCENE—*Naples.*

COSTUMES.

THE KING.—King's shirt of royal purple velvet, reaching nearly to the ankle, handsomely trimmed with gold leather and spangles, also with ermine, hanging sleeves, with tight ones under; richly trimmed over-robe of dark green velvet and gold, white silk tights, black velvet shoes, and handsome fillet of jewels, &c.

LUDOVICO.—Cream-coloured tight pantaloons, trimmed up the sides with red and gold, jacket and fly to match, same style as Iago's, white plumes and cap, yellow Hessian boots, gold tassels, sword, and gauntlets.

COLONNA.—Same style as Ludovico, but scarlet tights trimmed with gold, yellow jacket and fly, trimmed with red and gold, cap and red plumes, yellow Hessian boots, sword and white gauntlets.

VICENTIO.—White tight pantaloons, white jacket and fly, same as Ludovico, all handsomely trimmed with red and gold, white hat and plumes, white gloves, hand ruffles and sword.

SPALATRO.—Scarlet shirt, trimmed round the bottom with gold, amber scarf, hat and white plumes, white tights, boots, sword and gauntlets.

CONSPIRATORS.—*Ibid.*

GUARDS.—Armour, shirts, leggings, and helmets.

EVADNE.—Pearl white satin boddice and train, all richly trimmed with gold.

OLIVIA.—Same as Evadne's, but of scarlet velvet.

PAGES.—Buff tunics, trimmed with black and silver, white silk tights, ankle boots, and white scarfs.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*·
L. C., *Left of Centre*.

E V A D N E ;

OR, THE STATUE.

A C T I.

SCENE I.—*The Palace of the King of Naples.*

The KING, SPALATRO, and Ten Courtiers, Six Guards, and Two Banners, discovered.

King. DIDST say the Marquis of Colonna prays
Admission to our presence ?

Spal. Ay, my liege ;
He stands in the ante-chamber, with a brow
As stern as e'er was knitted in the folds
Of rancorous discontent.

King. I have noted oft
His absence from the court, the which I deem
His envy of our true Ludovico.

Spal. Deem it no little benefit, my liege ;
His deep and murky smile, his gathered arms,
In whose close pride he folds himself ; his raw
And pithy apothegms of scorn, have made him
Our laughter and our hatred ; we are all
Grown weary of this new Diogenes,
Who rolls his hard and new philosophy
Against all innocent usage of the court.

King. We must not bid him hence : he has a sister—

Spal. The fair Evadne !

King. Fairer than the morn !
Who has not seen her, knows of beauty less
Than blind men of Aurora. For her sake
We give him ample scope, and we are glad
He comes to visit us.

Colonna. [*Without.*] I'll hear no more.
Colonna does not often impertune
With his unwelcome presence. Let me pass:
For once, I must be heard.

Enter COLONNA, L., followed by two Courtiers.

My liege!

1st Cour. Hold back!

2d Cour. What right hast thou to rush before the sight
Of sacred royalty?

Col. The right that all
Good subjects ought to have: to do him service.

My liege— [*Courtiers retire L., and Spal. crosses to R.*]

King. You are welcome;
And would you had brought your lovely sister, too.

Col. My sister, did you say? my sister, sire?
She is not fit for courts; "she would be called—

'For she has something left of nature still,—

'A simple creature here. She cannot cast

'Unholy glances from a sidelong eye,

'Or give her untouched body to the wreath

'Of mazy dances, where all decency

'Is lost in pleasure's 'wilder'd labyrinth.

"She is not fit for courts," and I have hop'd

She never will. But, let it pass:—I come

To implore a favour of you.

King. Whatsoe'er

Colonna prays, sure cannot be refused.

Col. The favour that I ask is one, my liege,

That princes often find it hard to grant.

Tis simply this—that you will hear the truth.

King. Proceed, and play the monitor, my lord.

Col. I see your courtiers here do stand amazed—

Of them I first would speak. There is not one

Of this wide troop of glittering parasites,

That circle you, as priests surround their god,

With sycophantic incense, but in soul

Is your base foe! These smilers here, my liege,

Whose dimples seem a sort of honeycomb

Filled and o'erflowing with suavity;

These soft melodious flatterers, "my liege,

"That flourish on the flexibility

“Of their soft countenances, are the vermin
 “That haunt a prince’s ear with the false buzz
 “Of villanous assentation.” These are they
 Who from your mind have flouted every thought
 Of the great weal of the people. These are they
 Who from your ears have shut the public cry,
 And with the poisoned gales of flattery
 Create around you a foul atmosphere
 Of unresounding denseness, through the which
 Their loud complaints cannot reverberate,
 And perish ere they reach you.

King. Who complains?
 Who dares complain of us?

Col. All dare complain
 Behind you—I, before you! Do not think,
 Because you load your people with the weight
 Of camels, they possess the camel’s patience.
 A deep groan labours in the nation’s heart;
 The very calm and stillness of the day
 Gives augury of the earthquake. All without
 Is as the marble smooth, and all within
 Is rotten as the carcase it contains.
 Though ruin knock not at the palace gate,
 Yet will the palace gate unfold itself
 To ruin’s felt-shod tread.

King. [*Aside.*] Insolent villain

Col. “Your gorgeous banquets, your high feasts of gold,
 ‘Which the four quarters of the rifled world
 “Heap with their ravished luxuries; your pomps,
 “Your palaces, and all the sumptuousness
 “Of painted royalty will melt away,
 “As in a theatre the glittering scene
 “Doth vanish with the shifter’s magic hand,
 “And the mock pageant perishes.” My liege,
 A single virtuous action hath more worth
 Than all the pyramids; and glory writes
 A more enduring epitaph upon
 One generous deed, than the sarcophagus
 In which Sesostris meant to sleep.

Spal. [*Coming forward.*] Forbear!
 It is a subject’s duty to arrest
 Thy rash and blasphemous speech.

King. Let him speak on !
The monarch who can listen to Colonna,
Is not the worthless tyrant he would make me.

Col. I deem you not that tyrant : if I did—
No ! Nature, framing you, did kindly mean,
And o'er your heart hath sprinkled many drops
Of her best charities. But you are led
From virtue and from wisdom far away,
By men, whose every look's a lie ; whose hearts
Are a large heap of cankers, and of whom
The chief is a rank traitor !

King. Traitor ! whom meanest thou ?

Col. Your favourite, your minister, my liege ;
That smooth-faced hypocrite, that—

King. Here he comes !

Col. It is the traitor's self : I am glad of it,
That to his face I may confront—

Enter LUDOVICO, R., and advances rapidly to the King.

Lud. My liege,
I hasten to your presence, to inform you—
[Starting.] Colonna here !

Col. The same—Colonna's here !
And if you wish to learn his theme of speech,
Learn that he spoke of treason and of you !

Lud. Did I not stand before the hallowed eye
Of majesty, I would teach thee with my sword
How to reform thy phrase ; but I am now
In my king's presence, and, with awe-struck soul,
As if within religion's peaceful shrine,
Humbly I bend before him.—What, my liege,
Hath this professor of austerity,
And practiser of slander, vomited
Against your servant's honour ?

King. He hath called you—

Col. A traitor ! and I warn you to beware
Of the false viper nurtured in your heart.
He has filled the city with a band of men,
By fell allegiance sworn unto himself.
There are a thousand ruffians, at his word
Prepared to cut our throats ; the city swarms
With murderers' faces ; and though treason now

Moves like a muffled dwarf, 'twill speedily
 Swell to a blood-robed giant! If, my liege,
 What I have said doth not unfilm your eye,
 'Twere vain to tell you more. "And I desire not
 "To hear a traitor doling out before you
 "His fluent protestation, till at last,
 "With insolent mockery of attested Heaven,
 "From the believing ear of royalty
 "He sucks its brains out. I have said, my liege,
 "And tried to interrupt security
 "Upon her purple cushion; he, perhaps,
 "Will find some drowsy syrup to lay down
 "Her opening eyelids into sleep again,
 "And call back slumber with a lullaby
 "Of sweetest adulation." Fare you well!

Lud. Hold back!

Col. Not at your summons, my good lord.
 The courtly air doth not agree with me,
 And I respire it painfully.—My liege,
 Hear my last words: Beware Ludovico!

Lud. Villain, come back!

Col. I wear a sword, my lord.

[*Exit, L.*

Lud. He flies before me; and the sight of him
 He dares accuse, came like the morning sun
 On the night-walking enemy of mankind,
 That shrinks before the day-light. Yes, he fled,
 And I would straight pursue him, and send back,
 On my sword's point, his falsehoods to his heart;
 But that I here, before the assembled court,
 Would vindicate myself. A traitor! who,
 In any action of Ludovico,
 Finds echo to that word?

King. I cannot think
 Thou hast repaid me with ingratitude.

Lud. I do not love to make a boisterous boast
 Of my past services, and marshal fo
 In glittering array the benefit
 That I have done my sovereign. What I did,
 Was but my duty. Yet would I inquire,
 If he who has fought your battles, and hath made
 A very thrall of victory; who oft
 Has back to Naples from the field of fight

Led your triumphant armies, "while the breeze
 "Spread out the royal banner, with its fold
 "Of floating glory, and yourself exclaimed,
 "'Twas unprofaned by one small drop of blood;
 "If he, who from your shoulders has ta'en off
 "The heavy mass of empire, to relieve
 "His sovereign from the ponderous load of rule,
 "And leave you but its pleasures"—he whose hand
 Hath lined the oppressive diadem with down,
 And ta'en its pressure from the golden round;—
 If he, whose cheek hath at the midnight lamp
 Grown pale with study of his prince's weal,
 Is like to be a traitor?—who, my liege,
 Hath often, like the daylight's god, transpierced
 The hydra-headed monster of rebellion,
 And stretched it bleeding at your feet? who oft
 Hath from the infuriate people exorcised
 The talking demon, *Liberty*, "and choked
 "The voice of clamorous demagogues"?—I dare
 To tell you, 'twas Ludovico!

King. It was.

Lud. Who calls me traitor? He whose breath doth
 taint

Whate'er it blows on—he—

But ask yourself, my lord, if I be mad?

For were I that, that he would make Ludovico,

The cells of frenzy, not the scaffold's plank,

Would best beseem my treason. "In your love

'My fortunes grow and flourish unto Heaven;

'And I should win by treason but the load

'Of the world's execration, while the fierce

'And ravenous vulture of remorse would tear

'The vitals of my soul, and make my heart

"Its black, immortal banquet!—I a traitor!

"At first, I only meant to scorn; but now,

"The bursting passion hath o'ermastered me,

"And my voice chokes in anguish." Oh, my liege,

Your giving audience to this rancorous man,

Who envies me the greatness of your smile,

Hath done me wrong, and stabs me through and through.

A traitor!—your Ludovico!

King. My lord—

Lud. [*Kneels.*] Here is my heart! If you have any mercy,
Strike through that heart, and as the blood flows forth,
Drown your suspicions in the purple stream.

King. Arise, Ludovico, and do not think
I have harboured in my breast a single thought
That could dishonour thee. [*Raises and embraces him*

Lud. My royal master!
The power of gratitude mounts from my heart
And rushes to mine eyes, that are too apt
To play the woman with me. See, they are falling—
Oh! let them not profane your sacred cheek,
But bathe my prince's feet.

King. Ludovico,
We have wronged thee, not by doubt,
But by our sufferance of Colonna's daring—
Whom from my sight into the dungeon's depth
I had flung, but that I hope—Let us apart—
[*Draws Ludovico aside in front, L.*

But that I hope, Ludovico, that yet
I may possess me of his sister's charms.

Lud. There you have struck upon the inmost spring
Of all Colonna's hate; for in obedience
To your high will, I humbly made myself
Your pleasure's minister, and to her ear
I bore your proffered love, which, he discovering,
Hath tried to root me from my prince's heart—

King. Where thou shalt ever flourish! But, Ludovico,
But thou hast told her!—Is there hope, my friend?

Lud. She shall be yours—nay, more—and well you
know
That you may trust your servant—not alone
Colonna's lovely sister shall be yours:
But, mark my speech, Colonna's self shall draw
The chaste white curtains from her virgin bed,
And lead you to her arms!

King. What! her fierce brother
Yield his consent?

Lud. Inquire not how, my liege,
I would accomplish this—trust to my pledge—
This very night.

King. To-night! Am I so near

To heaven, Ludovico ?

Lud. You are, my liege.

[*Aside.*] To-night upon the breast of paradise
You shall most soundly sleep.

King. My faithful friend !

And dost thou say, Colonna will himself— ?

Lud. Colonna's self shall bear her to your arms,
And bid her on to dalliance.

King. Oh, my friend,

Thou art the truest servant that e'er yet
Tended his sovereign's wish : but dost not fear,
Her purposed marriage with Vicentio
May make some obstacle ?

Lud. I have recalled him
From Florence, whither, as ambassador,
In honourable exile he was sent.

King. Recalled him ! 'Twas to interrupt his love
That he was sent.

Lud. My projects need his coming.

For I intend to make Vicentio
An instrument to crown you with her charms !

King. How shall I bless thee, my Ludovico ?
Dost thou think

'Tis strange I pine for her—but why inquire
Of thee, who once wert kindled by her charms !

Lud. My liege ! [*A little disturbed.*]

King. She did prefer Vicentio.

Lud. She shall prefer you to Vicentio.

King. My dear Ludovico, within my soul
More closely will I wear thee !
Tell her we'll shower all honour on her head.
And here, Ludovico, to testify
That we have given ourselves, bear to her heart
This image of her king !

Lud. I am in all your servant.

King. My Ludovico,
We never can reward thee ! Come, my friends,

[*Crosses, R.*]

Let's to some fresh imagined sport, and wile
The languid hours in some device of joy,
To help along the lazy flight of time,
And quicken him with pleasure. My Ludovico !

Remember! [*Flourish.—Exeunt King and ten of the Courtiers, R.—Banners and Guards, R. U. E.—Spalatro and four other Conspirators remain behind with Ludovico.*]

Lud. He is gone,
And my unloosened spirit dares again
To heave within my bosom!—Oh, Colonna,
With an usurious vengeance I'll repay thee,
And cure the talking devil in thy tongue.

[*To Spalatro.*—Give me thy hand, and let thy pulse again
Beat with a temperate and healthful motion,
Of full security. We are safe, my friends,
And in the genius of Ludovico,
An enterprise shall triumph.

Spal. We began to tremble when you entered—but
full soon
With admiration we beheld you tread
Secure the steeps of ruin, and preserve us.

Lud. That damned Colonna!—by the glorious star
Of my nativity, I do not burn
For empire with a more infuriate thirst,
Than for revenge!

Spal. My poniard's at your service.

[*First and Second Conspirators half draw their daggers.*]

Lud. Not for the world, my friends!
I'll turn my vengeance to utility,
And must economize my hate—Whom think you
Have I marked out assassin of the King?

Spal. Piero, perchance—he strikes the poniard deep.

Lud. A better hand at it.

Spal. Bartolo, then—

He pushes the stiletto to the heart.

Lud. No!

Spal. Then yourself will undertake the deed.

Lud. That were against all wisdom—No, my friends,
Colonna—

Spal. What, Colonna?—he that now
Accused you here?

Lud. Colonna!—

Spal. 'Tis impossible!—

From his great father he inherited
A sort of passion in his loyalty:

In him it mounts to folly.

Lud. Yet, Spalatro,
I'll make a murderer of him.
Your leave awhile, my friends.—[*Exeunt Conspirators.*]

Know you not,
He has a sister?

Spal. Yes, the fair Evadne,
You once did love yourself.

Lud. There thou hast touched me.
And I am weak enough to love her yet,
If that indeed be love that doth consume me:
It is a sort of monster in my heart,
Made up of horrid contrarieties!
She scorns me for that smooth Vicentio—
Not only does he thwart me in my love,
But, well I know his influence in the state
Would, when the King is sent to paradise,
Be cast between me and the throne—he dies!—
Colonna too shall perish, and the crown
Shall with Evadne's love be mine.

Enter PAGE, L.

How now?

Page. My lord, the Lady Olivia
Waits on your highness.

Lud. I desired her here,
And straight I will attend her. [Exit Page, L.]
With a straw

A town may be consumed, and I employ
This woman's passion for Vicentio,
As I would use a poisoned pin, to kill.

Spal. She long hath loved Vicentio.

Lud. He shall wed her—

And from the hand of Hymen, death shall snatch
The nuptial torch, and use it for his own!
I haste me to her presence.

[*Takes out the King's picture.*] Come, fair bauble,
Thou now must be employed.—[*To Spal.*] Dost thou not
think,

Even in this image, that he bears the soft
And wanton aspect with the which he bid me
To cater for his villainous appetite—

And with what luxury?—Evadne's charms!
Evadne that I love!

Spal. But didst thou not
Thyself evoke that passion in his breast?

Lud. I did, 'tis true—but for mine own success.
I hate him!

There is the very face with which he first
Poured his unholy wishes in mine ear—
Ha! dost thou smile upon me?—I will turn
Those glittering eyes, where love doth now inhabit,
To two dark, hollow palaces, for death
To keep his mouldering state in.
He dares to hope that I will make myself
The wretched officer of his desires,
And smooth the bed for his lascivious pleasures—
But I full soon will teach his royalty,
The beds I make are lasting ones, and lie
In the dark chambers of eternity!

[*Exeunt, L.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter OLIVIA and LUDOVICO, R.

Lud. Dispose of it as I instructed you;

[*Giving her the King's picture.*

You know that I have pledged myself to make
Vicentio yours. To-day yourself have given
The means to turn that promise into deed.

Oliv. My own heart

Tells me, 'tis a bad office I have ta'en;
But this unhappy passion drives me on,
And makes my soul your thrall.—Thus I have crept,
Obedient to your counsels, meanly crept
Into Evadne's soft and trusting heart,
And coiled myself around her—Thus, my lord,
Have I obtained the page of amorous sighs
That you enjoined me to secure—I own

'Twas a false deed, but I am gone too far
To seek retreat, and will obey you still.

Lud. And I will crown your passion with the flowers
Of Hymen's yellow garland—Trust me, Olivia,
That once dissevered from Evadne's love,
He'll soon be taught to prize your nobler frame,
And more enkindled beauty—Well, 'tis known,
Ere he beheld the sorceress,
He deemed you fairest of created things,
And would have proffered love, had not—

Oliv. I pray you,
With gems of flattery do not disturb
The fount of bitterness within my soul;
For dropped though ne'er so lightly, they but stir
The poisoned waters as they fall.—I have said
I will obey you.

Lud. With this innocent page,
Will I light up a fire within Vicentio,—
But you must keep it flaming:—I have ta'en
Apt means to drive him into jealousy,
By scattering rumours (which have reached his ear)
Before he comes to Naples,—e'en in Florence
Have I prepared his soft and yielding mind
To take the seal that I would fix upon it.
I do expect him with the fleeting hour,—
For to my presence he must come to bear
His embassy's commission, and be sure
He leaves me with a poison in his heart,
Evadne's lips shall never suck away.

Oliv. Then will I hence, and, if 'tis possible,
Your bidding shall be done.—Vicentio!

Enter VICENTIO, R.

Vic. Hail to my lord!

Lud. Welcome, Vicentio!
I have not clasped your hand this many a day!
Welcome from Florence. In your absence, sir,
Time seemed to have lost his feathers.

Vic. It was kind
To waste a thought upon me.—Fair Olivia,
Florence hath dimmed mine eyes, or I must else
Have seen a sunbeam sooner.—[*Crosses, c.*]—Fair Olivia,

How does your lovely friend ?

Oliv. What friend, my lord ?

Vic. I trust naught evil hath befallen Evadne,
That you should feign to understand me not.

How does my beautiful and plighted love ?

Oliv. How does she, sir ? I pray you, my good lord,
To ask such tender question of the King. [*Exit, L.*]

Vic. [*Aside.*] What meant she by the King ?

Lud. You seem, Vicentio,
O'ershadowed with reflection—should you
Not have used some soft detaining phrase to one,
Who should at least be pitied ?

Vic. I came here
To re-deliver to your hands, my lord,
The high commission of mine embassy,
That long delayed my marriage. You, I deem
My creditor, in having used your sway
In my recall to Naples.

Lud. In return for such small service,
I hope
That you will not forget Ludovico,
When, in the troop of thronging worshippers,
At distance you behold his stooping plume
Bend in humility.

Vic. What means my lord ?

Lud. Act not this ignorance—your glorious fortune
Hath filled the common mouth—
Your image stands already in the mart
Of pictured ridicule.—Come, do not wear
The look of studied wonderment—you know
Howe'er I stand upon the highest place
In the King's favour, that you will full soon
Supplant the poor Ludovico.

Vic. I am no *Œdipus*.

Lud. You would have me speak in simpler phrase ;
Vicentio,
You are to be the favourite of the king.

Vic. The favourite of the king !

Lud. Certes, Vicentio.
In our Italian courts, the generous husband
Receives his monarch's recompensing smile,
That with alchymic power can turn the mass

Of dull, opprobrious shame, to one bright heap
Of honour and emolument.

I bid you joy, my lord—why, how is this?
Do you not yet conceive me? Know you not,
You are to wed the mistress of the King?
Colonna's sister—ay, I have said it, sir,—
Now do you understand me?

Vic. Villain, thou liest!

Lud. What? are you not to marry her?

Vic. Thou liest!

Though thou wert ten times what thou art already,
Not all the laurels heaped upon thy head
Should save thee from the lightnings of my wrath!

Lud. If it were my will,
The movement of my hand should beckon death
To thy presumption. But I have proved too oft
I bore a fearless heart, to think you dare
To call me coward—and I am too wise
To think I can revenge an injury
By giving you my life. But I compassionate,
Nay, I have learned to esteem thee for a wrath,
That speaks thy noble nature.

Fare thee well!

[Crosses, L.]

Thy pulse is now too fevered for the cure
I honestly intended—yet, before
I part, here take this satisfying proof
Of what a woman's made of.

[Gives him a letter]

Vic. It is her character!

Hast thou shed phosphor on the innocent page,
That it has turned to fire?

Lud. Thou hast thy fate.

Vic. 'Tis signed, "Evadne!"

Lud. Yes, it is—farewell!

Vic. For Heaven's sake, hear me,—Stay.—Oh, pardon
me

For the rash utterance of a frantic man—
Speak! in mercy speak!

Lud. I will

In mercy speak, indeed.—In mercy to
That fervid generosity of heart
That I behold within thee.

Vic. From whom is this?

Lud. From whom? look there!

Vic. Evadne!

Lud. 'Tis written to the King and to my hand,
For he is proud of it, as if it were
A banner of high victory, he bore it,
To evidence his valour.—It is grown
His cup-theme now, and your Evadne's name
Is lisped with all the insolence on his tongue
Of satiated triumph—he exclaims—
The poor Vicentio!

Vic. The poor Vicentio!

Lud. [*Aside.*] What! shall he murder him?—no, no—
Colonna!

The poor Vicentio!—and he oftentimes
Cries, that he pities you!

Vic. He pities me!

Lud. I own that sometime I was infidel
To all the bombast vaunting of the King,
But—

Vic. 'Tis Evadne!—I have gazed upon it,
In hope that with the glaring of mine eyes,
I might burn out the false and treacherous word—
But still 'tis there—no more—else will it turn
My brain to a red furnace.—Look you, my lord—
Thus as I rend the cursed evidence
Of that vile woman's falsehood—thus I cast
My love into the winds, and as I tread
Upon the poisoned fragments of the snake
That stings me into madness, thus, Ludovico,
Thus do I trample on her!

[*Crosses, L.*

Lud. Have you ne'er heard,—
For 'twas so widely scattered in the voice
Of common rumour, that the very wind,
If it blew fair for Florence—

Vic. I have heard
Some whispers, which I long had flung away
With an incredulous hatred from my heart—
But now, this testimony has conjured
All other circumstances in one vast heap
Of damnéd certainty!—Farewell, my lord—

[*Crosses, L.*

Lud. Hear me, Vicentio.
Vengeance is left you still—the deadliest, too,

That a false woman can be made to feel :
 Take her example—be not satisfied
 With casting her for ever from your heart,
 But to the place that she has forfeited,
 Exalt a lovelier than—but I perceive
 You are not in a mood to hear me now—
 Some other time, Vicentio—and, meanwhile,
 Despite your first tempestous suddenness,
 You will think that I but meant your honour well
 In this proceeding.

Vic. I believe I owe you
 That sort of desperate gratitude, my lord,
 The dying patient owes the barbarous knife,
 That delves in throes of mortal agony,
 And tears the rooted cancer from his heart ! [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Colonna's Palace.*

Enter EVADNE, M. D., looking at a picture.

Eva. 'Tis strange he comes not ! through the city's gates
 His panting courser passed before the sun
 Had climbed to his meridian, yet he comes not !—
 Ah ! Vicentio,
 To know thee near me, yet behold thee not,
 Is sadder than to think thee far away ;
 For I had rather that a thousand leagues
 Of mountain ocean should dissever us,
 Than thine own heart, Vicentio.—Sure, Vicentio,
 If thou didst know with what a pining gaze
 I feed mine eyes upon thine image here,
 Thou wouldst not now leave thine Evadne's love
 To this same cold idolatry.

*Enter OLIVIA, unperceived, L. U. E., down on R., and touches
 Evadne on the shoulder.*

I will swear
 That smile's a false one, for it sweetly tells
 No tarrying indifference.—Olivia !

Oliv. I have stolen unperceived upon your hours
 Of lonely meditation, and surprised
 Your soft soliloquies to that fair face.—
 Nay, do not blush—reserve that rosy dawn

For the soft pressure of Vicentio's lips.

Eva. You mock me, fair Olivia,—I confess,
That musing on my cold Vicentio's absence,
I quarrelled with the blameless ivory.

Oliv. He was compelled, as soon as he arrived,
To wait upon the great Ludovico ;
Meanwhile, your soft, expecting moments, flow
In tender meditation on the face,
You dare to gaze upon in ivory
With fonder aspect, than when you behold
Its bright original ; for then 'tis meet
Your pensive brows be bent upon the ground,
And sighs as soft as zephyrs on the wave,
Should gently heave your heart.—Is it not so ?
Nay, do not now rehearse your heart, I pray ;—
Reserve those downcast lookings for Vicentio ;
That's a fair picture—let me, if you dare
Entrust the treasure to another's hand,
Let me look on it. [Takes Vicentio's picture.

What a sweetness plays
On those half-opened lips !—He gazed on you,
When those bright eyes were painted.

Eva. You have got
A heart so free of care, than you can mock
Your pensive friend with such light merriment.
But hark ! I hear a step.

Oliv. Now fortune aid me
In her precipitation.

Eva. It is himself !—
Olivia, he is coming.—Well I know
My Lord Vicentio hastens to mine eyes !
The picture—pr'ythee, give it back to me—
I must constrain you to it.

Oliv. [*Who has substituted the picture of the King.*] It is
in vain
To struggle with you, then—with what a grasp
You rend it from my hand, as if it were
Vicentio that I had stolen away.

[*Gives her the King's picture, which Evadne places in
her bosom.*

[*Aside.*] I triumph !—He is coming—I must leave you,
Nor interrupt the meeting of your hearts

By my officious presence!

[*Exit, L.*

Eva. It is himself!

Swiftly he passes through the colonnade!

Oh! Vicentio,

Thy coming bears me joy as bright as e'er

Beat through the heart of woman, that was made

For suffering, and for transport!—Oh, Vicentio!

Enter VICENTIO, L.

Are you, then, come at last?—do I once more

Behold my bosom's lord, whose tender sight

Is necessary for my happiness

As light for heaven!—My lord!—Vicentio!—

I blush to speak the transport in my heart,

But I am rapt to see you.

Vic. [*Aside.*] Dissembling woman!

Eva. How is this, my lord?

You look altered.

Vic. But you do not look altered—would you did!

Let me peruse the face where loveliness

Stays, like the light, after the sun is set.

Sphered in the stillness of those heaven-blue eyes,

The soul sits beautiful; “the high white front,

“Smooth as the brow of Pallas, seems a temple

“Sacred to holy thinking!” and those lips

Wear the sweet smile of sleeping infancy

They are so innocent.—Oh! Evadne,

Thou art not altered—would thou wert!

Eva. Vicentio,

This strangeness I scarce hoped for.—Say, Vicentio,

Has any ill befallen you?—I perceive

That it's warm blood hath parted from your cheek:—

Ah me! you are not well, Vicentio.

Vic. In sooth, I am not.—There is in my breast

A wound that mocks all cure—no salve, nor anodyne,

Nor medicinal herb, can e'er allay

The festering of that agonizing wound

You have driven into my heart!

Eva. I?

Vic. Why, Evadne,

Why did you ever tell me that you loved me?

Why was not I in mercy spurned away,

Scorned, like Ludovico? for unto him
 You dealt in honour, and despised his love :
 But me you soothed and flattered—sighed and blushed—
 And smiled and wept, for you can weep ; (even now
 Your tears flow by volition, and your eyes,
 Convenient fountains, have begun to gush,)
 To stab me with a falsehood yet unknown
 In falsest woman's perfidy ! [*Turns from her.*

Eva. Vicentio,

Why am I thus accused? What have I done?

Vic. What!—are you grown already an adept
 In cold dissimulation? Have you stopped
 All access from your heart into your face?
 Do you not blush?

Eva. I do, indeed, for you!

Vic. The King!

Eva. The King?

Vic. Come, come, confess at once, and wear it high
 Upon your towering forehead—swell your port—
 Away with this unseemly bashfulness,
 That will be deemed a savageness at court—
 Confront the talking of the busy world—
 Tell them you are the mistress of the King,
 Tell them you are Colonna's sister, too ;
 But hark you, madam,—prithee, do not say
 You are Vicentio's wife ! [*Taking Stage, l.*

Eva. Injurious man!

Vic. The very winds from the four parts of heaven
 Blew it throughout the city—

Eva. And if angels
 Cried, trumpet-tongued, that I was false to you,
 You should not have believed it.—You forget,
 Who dares to stain a woman's honesty,
 Does her a wrong, as deadly as the brand
 He fears upon himself.—Go; go, Vicentio—
 You are not what I deemed you!—Mistress?—fie!
 Let me not behold
 The man who has reviled me with a thought
 Dishonouring as that one!—for shame! for shame!
 Oh! Vicentio,
 Do I deserve this of you?

Vic. If I had wronged her!—

Eva. I will not descend
To vindicate myself—dare to suspect me!—
My lord, I am to guess that you came here,
To speak your soul's revolt, and to demand
Your plighted vows again,—If for this
You tarry here, I freely give you back
Your late repented faith—Farewell forever!

[*As she is going, R.*

Vic. Evadne!

Eva. Well, my lord?—

Vic. Evadne, stay!—

Eva. Vicentio!

[*With a look of reproaching remonstrance.*

Vic. Let me look in thy face—
Oh, 'tis impossible!—I was bemocked,
And cheated by that villain!—nothing false
Sure ever looked like thee; and yet wilt thou
But swear—

Eva. What should I swear?—

Vic. That you did not
Betray me to the King.

Eva. Never!—

Vic. Nor e'er
Didst write in love to him?

Eva. Oh, never, never!—I perceive, Vicentio,
Some villain hath abused thy credulous ear—
But no!—I will not now enquire it of thee—
When I am calmer—I must hence betimes,
To chase these blots of sorrow from my face,—
For if Colonna should behold me weep,
So tenderly he loves me, that I fear
His hot, tempestuous nature—Why, Vicentio,
Do you still wrong me with a wildered eye,
That sheds suspicion?

Vic. [*Aside.*] I now remember
Another circumstance, Ludovico
Did tell me as I came—I do not see
My picture on her bosom.

Eva. Well, Vicentio?

Vic. When I departed hence, about your neck
I hung my pictured likeness, which mine eyes,
Made keen by jealous vigilance, perchance

Desire upon your breast.

Eva. And is that all ?

And in such fond and petty circumstance,
Seek you suspicion's nourishment ?—Vicentio,
I must disclose my weakness—here, Vicentio,
I have pillowed your dear image on a heart
You should not have distrusted.

[*Draws the King's Picture from her bosom.*

Here it is—

And now, my lord, suspect me if you can.

Vic. [*Starting.*] A horrid phantom, more accursed than
e'er

Yet crossed the sleep of frenzy, stares upon me—

Speak—speak at once—

Or—let it blast thee too.

Eva. Sure some dark spell,

Some fearful witchery—I am struck to ashes,—

Amazement, like the lightning—give it me,

And I will fix it in my very eyes,

Clasp it against my sight—'Tis not Vicentio !—

Vic. It is the King !

Eva. Oh ! do not yield it faith,—

Give not thy senses credence ? Oh, Vicentio,

I am confounded, maddened, lost, Vicentio !

Some demon paints it on the coloured air—

'Tis not reality that stares upon me !—

Oh ! hide it from my sight !—

Vic. Chance has betrayed thee,

And saves my periled honour—Here, thou all fraud,

Thou mass of painted perjury,—thou woman !—

And now I have done with thee, and pray to heaven

I ne'er may see thee more. [*Going, L.*] But, hold !—I must

Recall that wish again—The time will come

When I would look on thee—then, Evadne, then,

When the world's scorn is on thee, let me see

Thee, old in youth, and bending 'neath the load

Of sorrow, not of time—then let me see thee,

And mayest thou, as I pass, lift up thy head

But once from the sad earth, and then, Evadne,

Look down again forever !

[*Exit, R.*

Enter COLONNA, M. D., in time to see Vicentio go off.—Evad-

ne, at first not perceiving that he is gone, and recovering from her stupefaction.

Eva. I will swear—

Give it back to me—Oh! I am innocent!

[*Rushes up to Colonna, who advances, R., mistaking him for a moment for Vicentio.*

By heaven, I am innocent!

Col. Who dares to doubt it,—

Who knows thee of that noble family,
That cowardice in man, or wantonness
In woman, ever tarnished?

Eva. [*Aside.*] He is gone!—

Col. But how is this, Evadne? In your face
I read a wilder'd air has ta'en the place
Of that placidity, that used to shine
Forever on thy holy countenance.

Eva. Now, as I value my Vicentio's life—

Col. One of love's summer clouds, I doubt me, sister,
Hath floated o'er you, though 'twere better far
That it had left no rain drops.—What has happened?

Eva. There's nothing has befallen, only—

Col. What, only?

Eva. I pray you, pardon me—I must begone!

Col. Evadne, stay! let me behold you well—

Why do you stand at distance? nearer still,—
Evadne!—

Eva. Well?

Col. Vicentio—

Eva. [*Assuming an affected lightness of manner.*]

Why, Colonna—

Think you that I'm without my sex's arts,
And did not practise all the torturings
That make a woman's triumph?

Col. 'Twas not well.

I hoped thee raised above all artifice
That makes thy sex but infancy matured.
I was at first inclined to follow him,
And ask what this might mean?

Eva. Then he had told

That I had played the tyrant.—Had you seen
How like my peevish lap-dog he appeared,

Just beaten with a fan.—Ha! ha! Colonna,
 You will find us all alike.—Ha! ha! my heart
 Will break. [Bursts into tears.

Col. Farewell!

Eva. What would you do?

Col. Let all the world

Hold me a slave, and hoard upon my head
 Its gathered infamy—be all who bear
 Colonna's name scorn-blighted—may disgrace
 Gnaw off all honour from my family,
 If I permit an injury to thee
 To 'scape Colonna's vengeance!—

Eva. Hold, my brother!

I will not leave thy sight!

Col. Then follow me;

And if thou art abandoned, after all
 Vicentio's plighted faith, thou shalt behold—
 By heavens, an emperor should not do thee wrong,
 Or, if he did, though I'd a thousand lives,
 I had given them all to avenge thee.—I'll inquire
 Into this business; and if I find
 Thou hast lost a lover, I will give him proof,
 I've my right arm, and thou thy brother still. [Exeunt, R.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Naples.—The Front of Olivia's House, R. D. F.*

Enter LUDOVICO and VICENTIO, L.

Lud. There is Olivia's house!

Vic. Thou hast resolved me.

I thank thee for thy counsel, and at once [Crosses, R.
 Speed to its dread performance. [Raps, R. D. F.

Enter a SERVANT, R. D. F.

'Bides the lady Olivia in her home?

Serv. She does, my lord.

[Exit, R. D. F.

Vic. Farewell, Ludovico! thou see'st, my friend,
For such I ever hold thee, that I pass
The stream of destiny. Thou sayest, Ludovico,
'Tis necessary for my fame.

Lud. No less —

By marrying Olivia, you disperse
The noises that abroad did sully you,
Of having given consent to play the cloak
To the King's dalliance.

Vic. Oh, speak of it
No more, Ludovica! Farewell, my friend,
I will obey your counsels.— [*Exit into Olivia's house.*]

Lud. Fare you well,
My passionate, obsequious instrument,
Whom now I scorn so much, I scarcely let thee
Reach to the dignity of being hated.

Enter the King, L., disguised.

King. My faithful servant, my Ludovico!

Lud. My prince! I did not hope to meet you here!
What, in this masqued attire, has made you veil
The dazzling brightness of your royalty,
And led you from your palace?

King. I have ta'en
Concealment's wonted habit, to escape
The hundred eyes of curiosity,
And, wearied with the rotatory course
Of dull unchanging pleasure, sought for thee.
Shall she be mine, Ludovico?

Lud. My liege,
I marvel not at the impatient throb
Of restless expectation in your heart.
And know, my liege, that not in vain I toil,
To waft you to her bosom, for Vicentio
Renounces her forever! and but moved
By my wise counsels, hath already prayed
The fair Olivia's hand.

King. How, my Ludovico,
Didst thou accomplish it?

Lud. I turned to use
The passion of Olivia; while Evadne traced
A letter to Vicentio, suddenly

The news of his expected coming reached
 Her panting breast, and in the rush of joy,
 Unfinished on her table did she leave
 The page of amorous wishes, which the care
 Of unperceived Olivia haply seized,
 And bore unto my hand.—Vicentio's name
 Was drowned in hurried vocatives of love,
 As thus—"My lord—my life—my soul,"—the which
 I made advantage of, and did persuade him
 'Twas written to your highness,—and with lights
 Caught from the very torch of truest love,
 I fired the furies' brands—

King. My faithful friend!

Lud. Then with your picture did Olivia work
 Suspicion into frenzy—when he came
 From your Evadne's house, I threw myself,
 As if by fortune, in his path:—I urged
 His heated passions to my purposes,
 And bade him ask Olivia's hand, to prove
 How much he scorned her falsehood.—Even now
 He makes his suit, for there Olivia dwells,
 And as you came, he entered.

King. But wherein
 Will this promote the crowning of my love?

Lud. I said Colonna's self should be the first
 To lead you to her arms—

King. Thou didst, Ludovico,
 The which performed, I'll give thee half my realm.

[*Crosses, R.*

Lud. [*Aside.*] You shall give all!

King. Accomplish this, my friend,
 Thou art my great Apollo!

Lud. No, my liege,
 You shall be Jove,
 And taste more joys than the Olympian did,
 In golden showers in Danae's yielding heart.

King. Ludovico, thou art as dear to me
 As the rich circle of my royalty.
 Farewell, Ludovico; I shall expect
 Some speedy tidings from thee—fare thee well!
 To-night, Ludovico.

[*Exit, R.*

Lud. To-night, you perish!

Colonna's dagger shall let out your blood,
 And lance your wanton and high-swelling veins.—
 That I should stoop to such an infamy!
 Evadne here!

Enter EVADNE, L.

Not for the King, but for myself I mean,
 A feast fit for the gods!

Eva. [*With some agitation.*] My Lord Ludovico—

Lud. The beautiful Evadne!

What would the brightest maid of Italy
 Of her poor servant?

Eva. Sir, may I entreat
 Your knowledge where the Count Vicentio
 'Bides at this present instant? I have been informed
 He 'compained you here.

Lud. It grieves me sore
 He hath done you so much wrong.

Eva. What may you mean?

Lud. 'Tis talked of in the whispering gallery,
 Where envy holds her court:
 Who would have thought Vicentio's heart was like
 A plaything stuck with Cupid's lightest plumes,
 Thus to be tossed from one heart to another?
 Or rather, who had thought that you were made
 For such abandonment?

Eva. I scarce can guess—

Lud. I did not mean to touch so nice a wound.
 If you desire to learn where now he bides,
 I can inform you.

Eva. Where, Ludovico?

Lud. Yonder, Evadne, in Olivia's house.

Eva. Olivia's house? what would he there?

Lud. You know
 Vicentio and Olivia are to-day—

Eva. My lord?

Lud. Are to be married—

Eva. Married, my lord?

Vicentio and Olivia to be married!

Lud. I am sorry that it moves you thus—Evadne;
 "Had I been used as that ingrate, be sure
 "I ne'er had proved like him"—I would not thus

Have flung thee like a poppy from my heart,
A drowsy, sleep-provoking flower :—Evadne,
I had not thus deserted you !

[Exit, R.

Eva. Vicentio,
Olivia and Vicentio to be married ?
I heard it—yes—I am sure I did—Vicentio !
Olivia to be married !—and Evadne,
Whose heart was made of adoration—
Vicentio in her house ? there—underneath
That woman's roof—behind the door that looks
To shut me out from hope.—I will myself—

[Advancing, then checking herself.

I do not dare to do it—but he could not.—
He could not use me thus—he could not—Ha !

Enter VICENTIO, from Olivia's House, R. D. F.

Vic. Evadne here ?

Eva. Would I had been born blind,
Not to behold the fatal evidence
Of my abandonment !—Am I condemned
Even by the ocular proof, to be made sure
That I'm a wretch forever !

Vic. [Advances, R.] Does she come
To bate me with reproaches ? or does she dare
To think that she can angle me again
To the vile pool wherein she meant to catch me ?
I'll pass her with the bitterness of scorn,
Nor seem to know her present to my sight.

[Crosses, L., and passes her.

Now I'm at least revenged.

[Going, L.

Eva. My lord, I pray you—
My lord, I dare entreat—Vicentio—

Vic. Who calls upon Vicentio ? Was it you ?
What would you wish with him, for I bear the name.

Eva. Sir, I—

Vic. Go on.—[Aside.] I'll taunt her to the quick.

Eva. My lord, I—

Vic. I pray you, speak—I cannot guess,
By such wild broken phrase, what you would have
Of one who knows you not.

Eva. Not know me ?

Vic. No—

Let me look in your face—there is indeed
 Some faint resemblance to a countenance
 Once much familiar to Vicentio's eyes,
 But 'tis a shadowy one ;—she that I speak of
 Was full of virtues, as the milky way
 Upon a frozen night is thick with stars.
 She was as pure as an untasted fountain,
 Fresh as an April blossom, kind as love,
 And good as infants giving charity !—
 Such was Evadne :—fare you well ?

Eva. My lord,

Is't true what I have heard ?—

Vic. What have you heard ?

Eva. Speak—are you to be married—let me hear it—
 Thank heav'n, I've strength to hear it.

Vic. I scarce guess

What interest you find in one that deems
 Himself a stranger to you.

Eva. Sir—

Vic. But if

You are indeed solicitous to learn
 Aught that imports me, learn that I to-day
 Have asked the fair Olivia's hand, in place of one—

Eva. You have bedewed with tears, and that henceforth
 Will fear no lack of tears, though they may fall
 From other eyes than yours.—So, then, Vicentio,
 Fame did not wrong you,—You are to be married ?

Vic. To one within whose heart as pure a fire
 As in the shrine of Vesta, long has burned.
 Not the coarse flame of a corrupted heart,
 To every worship dedicate alike,
 A false perfidious seeming.—

Eva. I implore you

To spare your accusations.—I am come—

Vic. Doubtless to vindicate yourself.

Eva. Oh, no !—

An angel now would vainly plead my cause
 Within Vicentio's heart—therefore, my lord,
 I have no intent to interrupt the rite
 That makes that lady yours ; but I am come
 Thus breathless as you see me—would to heav'n
 I could be tearless, too !—“ you will think, perhaps,

“ That 'gainst the trembling fearfulness I sin,
 “ That best becomes a woman, and that most
 “ Becomes a sad abandoned one.”

Vic. Evadne—

Evadne, you deceive yourself.

Eva. “ I knew

“ I should encounter this—

“ But I will endure it”—nay, more, my lord,
 Hear all the vengeance I intend.—

Vic. Go on.—

Eva. May you be happy with that happier maid,
 That never could have loved you more than I do,
 But may deserve you better!—May your days,
 Like a long stormless summer, glide away,
 And peace and trust be with you!—“ May you be
 “ The after-patterns of felicity,
 “ That lovers, when they wed, may only wish
 “ To be as blest as you were ; loveliness
 “ Dwell round about you, like an atmosphere
 “ Of our soft southern air, where every flower
 “ In Hymen's yellow wreath may bloom and blow !
 “ Let nature, with the strong domestic bond
 “ Of parent tenderness, unite your hearts
 “ In holier harmony ; and when you see
 “ What you both love, more ardently adore !”
 And when at last you close your gentle lives,
 Blameless as they were blesséd, may you fall
 Into the grave as softly as the leaves
 Of two sweet roses on an autumn eve,
 Beneath the soft sighs of the western wind,
 Drop to the earth together!—for myself—
 I will but pray—[*Sobbing.*]—I will but pray, my lord

Vic. [*Aside.*] I must begone, else she may soon regain
 A mastery o'er my nature.

Eva. Oh, Vicentio,

I see that I am doomed a trouble to you.

I shall not long be so.

There's but one trouble I shall ever give-

To any one again. I will but pray

The maker of the lonely beds of peace

To open one of his deep, hollow ones,

Where misery goes to sleep, and let me in ;—

If ever you chance to pass beside my grave,
I am sure you'll not refuse a little sigh.
And if my friend, (I still will call her so,)
My friend, Olivia, chide you, pr'ythee tell her
Not to be jealous of me in my grave.

Vic. The picture! In your bosom—near your heart—
There, on the very swellings of your breast,
The very shrine of chastity, you raised
A foul and curséd idol!

Eva. You did not give me time—no— not a moment,
To think what villainy was wrought to make me
So hateful to your eyes.—It is too late;
You are Olivia's, I have no claim to you—
You have renounced me—

Vic. Come, confess—confess—

Eva. What, then, should I confess?—that you, that
heaven,
That all the world seems to conspire against me,
And that I am accursed?—But let me hold—
I waste me in the selfishness of woe,
While life, perchance, is periled.—Oh, Vicentio,
Prithee, avoid Colonna's sight!

Vic. Evadne?—

You do not think to fright me with his name?

Eva. Vicentio, do not take away from me
All that I've left to love in all the world!
Avoid Colonna's sight to-day.—Vicentio,
Only to-day avoid him,—I will find
Some way to reconcile him to my fate—
I'll lay the blame upon my hapless head!—
Only to-day, Vicentio.

Enter COLONNA, R. S. E.

Col. (R.) Ha! my sister!

Where is thy dignity? Where is the pride
Meet for Colonna's sister?—hence!—My lord—

Vic. (L.) What would you, sir?

Col. Your life:—you are briefly answered.
Look here, sir.—To this lady you preferred
Your despicable love! Long did you woo,
And when at last, by constant adoration,
Her sigh revealed that you were heard, you gained

Her brother's cold assent.—Well, then—no more—
 For I've no patience to repeat by cause
 The wrong that thou hast done her. It has reached
 Colonna's ear, that you have abandoned her—
 It rings through Naples, my good lord—now, mark me—
 I am her brother—

Vic. Well—

Eva. (c.) Forbear! forbear!

I have no injury you should resent
 In such a fearful fashion.—I—my brother—
 I am sure I never uttered a complaint
 Heaved with one sigh, nor shed a single tear.
 Look at me, good Colonna!—now, Colonna,
 Can you discern a sorrow in my face?
 I do not weep—I do not—look upon me—
 Why, I can smile, Colonna. [*Bursts into tears.*]
 Oh! my brother!—

Col. You weep, Evadne! but I'll mix your tears
 With a false villain's blood.—If you have left
 A sense of anght that's noble in you still—

Vic. My lord, you do mistake, if you have hope
 Vicentio's name was e'er designed to be
 The cloak of such vile purpose—

Col. How? explain—
 I understand you not.

Eva. Forbear, Colonna;
 Before your face, and in the face of heaven,
 I freely do resign him; I forgive him,
 And may heaven follow my example, too!

Col. But I will not, Evadne.—I shall deal
 In-briefest phrase with you.—Is't true, my lord,
 You have abandoned her?

Vic. Is't true, my lord,
 That to the king—

Col. The king?

Vic. And could you think
 That I am to be made an instrument
 For such a foul advancement? do you think
 That I would turn my name into a cloak?—

Eva. Colonna, my dear brother! Oh, Vicentio!
 My love, my life, my—pardon me, my lord,
 I had forgot—I have no right to use

Words that were once familiar to my lips :
But, for Heaven's sake, I do implore you here—

Col. Sir, you said something, if I heard aright,
Touching the king ;—explain yourself.

Vic. I will !

I will not wed his mistress !

Eva. [*With reproach.*] Oh, Vicentio !

Whom mean you, sir ?

Vic. Look there !

Col. Evadne ! ha ?

Vic. Evadne !

Col. [*Crosses, c., and strikes him with his glove.*] Here's
my answer ! follow me !

Beyond the city's gates, I shall expect you. [*Exit, L.*

Eva. [*Clinging to Vicentio, who has his sword drawn,
and kneeling to him.*] You shall not stir !

Vic. If from his heart I poured

A sea of blood, it would not now content me.

Insolent villain ! dost thou stay me back ?

Away ! unloose me !

Eva. Olivia, hear me—listen to my cry—

It is thy husband's life that now I plead for ;

Save, oh, save him !

Vic. Then must I fling thee from me.

That swift as lightning on the whirlwind's wings,

I rush to my revenge !

Eva. Oh ! my poor heart !

Choak not, thou struggling spirit, in my breast !

Hear me, Olivia !—Olivia, hear me !

[*Vicentio drags Evadne off, R., she clinging round his
neck.*

END OF ACT III.

A C T I V .

SCENE I.—*The Bay, and View of Naples.*

Enter COLONNA and VICENTIO, L., with their swords drawn, passing across to R.

Col. Yonder, my lord, beside the cypress grove,
Fast by the churchyard—there's a place, methinks,
Where we may 'scape the eye of observation.

Vic. I follow, sir—the neighbourhood of the grave
Will suit our purpose well, for you or I
Must take its measure ere the sun be set. [*Exeunt, R.*]

Enter LUDOVICO, L. S. E., as they go off.

Lud. Ha! there they go!—the furies, with their whips
Of hissing serpents, lash you to your fate!
My dull and passionate fools—you fall at last
Into the pit I have dug for you—the grave.
You grasp the murdering hilt, while I, in thought,
Already clench the glorious staff of empire.
I hate you both!—One of you has denounced me—
The other, robbed me of a woman's love.
They have already entered in the grove
Of funeral cypress.—Now they are lost
Amid the crowded trunks—and yet a moment,
And they will be about it!—Now, Vicentio,
Thy fate is sealed.—Colonna's arm—
Ha! who comes here?
Evadne!—yes—my eyes deceive me not—
'Twas happiest chance that led me to the field—
She must be interrupted—let me think—
I have it.

Enter EVADNE, L.

Eva. For heaven's sake, whoe'er you are,
Tell me which way they passed—doth not this lead
To the eastern gate of the city?—Ha! Ludovico!
My lord, my lord—my brother, and Vicentio—

Lud. I know it all—and I shall thank the fate
That made Ludovico the messenger

Of such blest tidings to Evadne's ear—
Your brother and Vicentio.

Eva. Speak, my lord—
For heaven's sake, speak!

Lud. They are secure—thank heaven,
Their purpose is prevented.—

Eva. Secure!
My brother and Vicentio are secure!

Lud. By providential circumstance, before
Their purpose was accomplished, both were seized,
And all their furious passions are as hushed
As the still waters of yon peaceful bay.

Eva. Ludovico, I cannot speak how much
Thou hast bound me to thee, by the holy sounds
Thou hast breathed upon mine ear!—But, tell me, sir,
Where, how, and when was this?—What blessed hand—
“Speak, my lord!”

Lud. 'Twas I!

Eva. 'Twas you, Ludovico?

Lud. The same!

Hearing Olivia's marriage with Vicentio,
I saw the dreadful issue, and I flew
With the strong arm of power to intercept them.

Eva. 'Twas you, Ludovico—what shall I say?
I know not what to tell you.—But, heav'n bless you!
A thousand times, heaven bless you!—On my knees,
And at your feet, I thank you. [Kneels.]

Lud. Beautiful Evadne!
Loveliest beneath the skies, where everything
Grows lovely as themselves! Nay, do not bend
Your eyes, and hide beneath these fleecy clouds,
Stars beaming as the evening one, nor turn
That cheek away, that, like a cold rose, seems
Besprankt with snow!—nor strive to win from me
Those hands, which he who formed the lily, formed
With imitative whiteness—I will presume,—
For your dear sight hath made a madman of me,
To press my rapture here—

[About to take her hand, which she carelessly withdraws.]

Eva. My lord, I own
That you surprise me, and were I not bound
By strenuous obligation, I should say,

Perchance you did offend me—But I will not !
 Accept my gratitude, and be you sure
 These thanks are from a warm and honest heart.
 Farewell !

[Crosses, R.

Lud. You fly me, then !

Eva. I do not fly your presence, but I go
 To seek my brother's bosom—

Lud. And Vicentio's !

Eva. You would be merry, sir.

Lud. I have not cause—

Nor shall you, madam. You would fly me thus,
 To rush at once into my rival's arms—

Nay, do not start—he well deserves the name—
 I know him by no other.

Eva. Sir, I hope

You will not revive a subject that has long
 Between us been forgotten.

Lud. What ! forgotten ?

I did not think to hear it—said you forgotten ?

Nay, do not think you leave me—in return
 For such small service as I have done to-day,
 I beg your audience—tell me what's forgotten ?
 I would hear it from your lips.

Eva. I did not mean—

Forgive, and let me go.

[Crosses, R.

Lud. What ? what forgotten ?

Your heartlessness to all the maddening power
 Of the tumultuous passions in my heart !—

What ! what forgotten ? all the injuries

You have cast upon my head—the stings of fire

You have driven into my soul—my agonies,

My tears, my supplications, and the groans

Of my indignant spirit ! I can hold

My curbed soul no more—it rushes out !

What ? what forgotten ?—me—Ludovico ?

Eva. I pray you, my good lord, for heaven's sake, near
 me.

Lud. What ! to behold him, like a pilferer,
 With his smooth face of meanless infancy,
 And his soft moulded body, steal away
 That feathered thing, thy heart.

Eva. Ludovico,

What may this sudden fury mean?—you do
But act these horrid passions to affright me!
For you to-day preserved him, did you not?
Did you not say you saved Vicentio?

Lud. I will permit you shortly to embrace him—
I will not long detain you from his arms—
But you will find him grown as cold a lover
As moonlight statues—his fond arms will hang
In loosened idleness about your form,—
And from those lips, where you were wont to t'imbibe
The fiery respiration of the heart,
You will touch the coldness of the unsunned snow,
Without it's purity.

Eva. I now perceive
What you would hint, my lord:—doubtless you deem
Vicentio hath preferred Olivia's love?

Lud. If you can wake his heart to love again,
I'll hold you for a sorceress—no, Evadne,
You ne'er shall be Vicentio's—but mine!

Eva. Thine!

Lud. Mine!—I have said it, and before to-night
I'll verify the prophecy.

Eva. I know not
What lies within the dark and horrid cave
Of your imagination; but be sure
I had rather clasp Vicentio dead—I see
That you recoil with passion.

Lud. By the fires—
Down, down, my burning heart!—So you would rather
Within Vicentio's cold and mouldering shroud,
Warm into love, than on this beating heart?
But be it so—you will have occasion soon
To try the experiment—and then, Evadne,
You will more aptly judge.

Eva. Ha! a strong glare,
Like the last flash from sinking ships, has poured
A horrid radiance on me—Ha! Ludovico—
Let it be frenzy that before my face
Spreads out that sheet of blood—

Lud. Well, my Evadne?

Eva. Demon, hast thou mocked me?

Lud. Didst thou not scorn—didst thou not madden me?

Didst thou not—Ha! [Seeing Colonna, crosses, R.

By heavens, it is himself!—

All is accomplished—and upon my front

Methinks I clasp the round of royalty!

Already do I clasp thee in mine arms!

Evadne!—There—look there—Colonna comes,

[Crosses, L.

And on that weapon, flaming from afar,

He bears the vengeance of Ludovico.

[Exit, L.

Enter COLONNA, R., with his sword bloody.

Col. Evadne here!

Eva. My brother!

Col. Call me so—

For I have proved myself to be thy brother.

Look here!

Eva. There's blood upon it!

Col. And there should be.

Eva. Thou hast—

Col. I have revenged thee!

Eva. Thou hast slain—

Villain, thou hast slain Vicentio?

Col. I have revenged thee—

For any wrong done to my single self,

I should, perhaps, repent me of the deed;

But, for a wrong to thee—Why dost thou look

Up to the heavens with such a 'wildered gaze?

Eva. To curse thee, and myself, and all the world!

Villain, thou hast slain Vicentio!—thou hast slain him

Who was as dear unto my frantic heart,

As thou art horrible!—and 'tis to me

Thou comest to tell me, too—thou comest to bear

That weapon weltering with my lover's blood,

And stab these blasted eye-balls—Hide thee, villain!

Hide thee within the centre of the earth!

Thou art all made of blood—and to the sun

Art grown detestable—[Crosses, R.] Vicentio!

My lord! my bosom's throb! my pulse of life!

My soul! my joy—my love!—my all the world!

Vicentio! Vicentio!

[Crosses, L.

Col. Thy passionate grief

Doth touch me more than it beseems mine honour.

Eva. Strike that infernal weapon through my heart!
Colonna, kill me!
Kill me, my brother!

Col. Prithee, my Evadne,
Let me conduct thy grief to secrecy—
I must from hence prepare my speedy flight,
For now my head is forfeit to the law!

Enter SPALATRO, with OFFICER and eight GUARDS, R.

Spal. Behold him here. Sir, I am sorry for
The duty which mine office hath prescribed!
You are my prisoner.

Col. Sir, there is need
Of little words to excuse you—I was talking
Of speeding me from Naples, as you came,
But I scarce grieve you interrupt my flight,—
Here is my sword.

Spal. You are doomed to death!

Eva. To death!

Spal. The king himself,
Hearing your combat with Vicentio,
Hath sworn, that who survived, shall by the axe—

Col. You speak before a woman—I was well
Acquainted with my fate before you spoke it.

Eva. Death! must you die, Colonna? must you die?
Oh! no—no—no! not die, sir,—say not die—

[*Crosses, c.*

Col. Retire, my sister—sir, I follow you—

Eva. Oh, not die, Colonna! no, Colonna,
They shall not take thee from me!

Col. My sweet sister!
I pray you, gentlemen, one moment more—
This lady is my sister, and indeed
Is now my only kin in all the world,
And I must die for her sake—my sweet sister!

Eva. No, no, not die, my brother—Oh! not die!

Col. Evadne! sweet Evadne! Let me hear

[*Evadne becomes gradually insensible.*

Thy voice before I go—I prithee, speak—
That even in death I may remember me
Of its sweet sounds, Evadne—She has fainted!
Sir, I have a prayer to you.

Spal. It shall be granted.

Col. My palace is hard by—let some of these
Good guardians of the law attend me thither.

Evadne, for thy sake, I am almost loth
To leave a world, the which, when I am gone,
Thou wilt find, I fear, a solitary one!

[*Exit, bearing Evadne, and followed by Spalatro and
Guards, R.*]

SCENE II.—A Prison.

Enter LUDOVICO, R., meeting SPALATRO, L.

Lud. Where is Colonna?—Not yet arrived?

Spal. Guarded, he bore
His sister to his palace, from the which
He will be soon led here.—

Lud. Spalatro, as I passed, a rumor came,
Colonna's sword had but half done the work,
And that Vicentio was not stabbed to death—
If he still lives—but till I am sure of it,
No need to speak my resolution,—
Thou art his friend—

Spal. Such I'm indeed accounted,
But, save yourself, none doth deserve the name.

Lud. Then, hie thee hence, Spalatro, to inform me
If yet Vicentio breathes—[*Spalatro crosses, R.*]—and after-
wards,

I'll make some trial of thy love to me.

[*Exit Spalatro, R. D.*]

Enter COLONNA, OFFICER, and eight GUARDS, L.

Col. Conduct me to my dungeon!—I have parted
From all that bound my bosom to the world—
Ludovico!

Lud. The same.

Col. Come you, my lord,
To swill with drunken thirst, the poor revenge
That makes a little mind's ignoble joy?

Lud. Guards! I discharge Colonna from your care;
He is no more your prisoner—Hence!

[*Exeunt Officer and Guards, L.*]

My lord,

Such is the vengeance of Ludovico!

Col. What is a man, doomed to the stroke of death,
To understand by this?

Lud. That I am his friend,
Who called me traitor!

Col. Such I call you still.

Lud. Well, then, I am a traitor.

Col. There is here

A kind of marvellous honesty, my lord.

Lud. In you, 'twas nobleness to bear the charge,

"And yet 'twas glory to deserve it, too.

"Your father was the tutor of the king,

"And loyalty is your inheritance—

"I am not blind to such exalted virtue,"

And I resolved to win Colonna's heart,

As hearts like his are won!—Unto the king,

Soon as Vicentio's fate had reached mine ear,

I hastened and implored your life.

Col. My life!—

Well, sir, my life?

[*With indifference.*

Lud. Upon my knees I fell,

Nor can I speak the joy that in my heart

Leaped, when I heard him say, that thou shouldst live.

Col. I am loth to owe you gratitude, my lord,

But, for my sister's sake, whom I would not

Leave unprotected on the earth, I thank you!

Lud. You have no cause to thank me; for, Colonna,

He did pronounce your death, e'en, as he said,

He gave you life.

Col. I understand you not.

Lud. Your honour's death, Colonna, which I hold

The fountain of vitality.

Col. Go on!

I scarce did hear what did concern my life,

But aught that touches honour—

Lud. Oh! Colonna,

I almost dread to tell thee.

Col. Prithee, speak!

You put me on the rack!

Lud. Wilt thou promise me,—

I will not ask thee to be calm, Colonna,—

Wilt promise me, that thou wilt not be mad?

Col. Whate'er it be, I will contain myself.
 You said 'twas something that concerned mine honour.
 The honour of mine house—he did not dare
 To say my blood should by a foul attaint
 Be in my veins corrupted; from their height
 The mouldering banners of my family
 Flung to the earth; the 'scutcheons of my fame
 Trod by dishonour's foot, and my great race
 Struck from the list of nobles?

Lud. No, Colonna,
 Struck from the list of men!—he dared to ask
 As a condition for thy life, (my tongue
 Doth falter as I speak it, and my heart
 Can scarcely heave,) by heavens, he dared to ask
 That, to his foul and impious clasp, thou shouldst
 Yield up thy sister.

Col. Ha!

Lud. The king doth set a price
 Upon thy life, and 'tis thy sister's honour.

Col. My sister!

Lud. Ay, thy sister!

Col. What!—my sister!

Lud. Yes!—your sister, sir,—Evadne!

Col. Evadne! Thou hast plunged into mine ear
 A sword of fire, and draw'st it to and fro
 Athwart my brain—my sister!

Lud. Hold, Colonna!

Col. By yon heaven,
 Though he were born with immortality,
 I will find some way to kill him!
 My sister!

Lud. Do not waste in idle wrath—

Col. My fathers! do you hear it in the tomb?
 Do not your mouldering remnants of the earth
 Feel horrid animation in the grave,
 And strive to burst the ponderous sepulchre,
 And throw it off?—My sister! oh! yon heavens!
 Was this reserved for me? for me!—the son
 Of that great man that tutored him in arms,
 And loved him as myself?—I know you wonder
 That tears are dropping from my flaming eyelids;
 But 'tis the streaming of a burning heart,

And these are drops of fire.—My sister!

Lud. Now—

Do you now call me traitor? Do you think
'Twas such a crime, from off my country's heart
To fling this incubus of royalty?—

Am I a traitor? is't a sin, my lord,
To think a dagger were of use in Naples?

Col. Thou shalt not touch a solitary hair
Upon the villain's head!—his life is mine;
His heart is grown my property—Ludovico,
None kills him but myself!—I will, this moment,
Amid the assembled court, in face of day,
Rush on the monster, and, without a sword,
Tear him to pieces!

[*Going, L.*

Lud. Nay, Colonna,

Within his court he might perchance escape you—

But, if you do incline to do a deed

Antiquity would envy,—with the means

He hath furnished you himself!—He means, Colonna,

In your own house that you should hold to-night

A glorious revelry, to celebrate

Your sovereign's sacred presence; and so soon

As all the guests are parted, you yourself

Should lead your sister to him—

Col. That I should

Convert the palace of mine ancestors

Into a place of brothelry—myself!—

Tell me no more, I prithee, if thou wouldst

I should be fit for death!—

Lud. In honour be

A Roman, an Italian in revenge.

“Waste not, in idle or tempestuous sound,

“Thy great resolve. The king intends to bear

“The honour of his presence to your house.”—

Nay, hold!—I'll tell him you consent—he straight

Will fall into the snare, and then, Colonna,

Make offering of his blood to thy revenge!

Col. I thank thee for thy warning—'tis well thought
on—

I'll make my vengeance certain, and commend

Thy wisdom in the counselling.

Lud. Then, hic thee hence!

And make meet preparation for the banquet.
I'll straight return, and tell him you're all joy
In the honour of his coming.

Col. The rigorous muscles of my clenched hand
Already feel impatience for the blow
That strikes the crownéd monster to the heart.

[*Exeunt, Colonna, L., Ludovico, R.*]

END OF ACT IV.

—◆—
A C T V .

SCENE I.—*A vast Hall in Colonna's Palace, filled with Statues.—The Moon streams in through the Gothic windows, and appears to fall upon the Statues. A Chamber-door at back.*

Enter LUDOVICO and the KING, R.

Lud. This is the way, my liege. Colonna bade me
Conduct you to your chamber, while he went
To seek the fair Evadne, and conduct
Her soft reluctance to your highness' arms.

King. Ludovico, thou hast proved thyself to-day
The genius of my happier destiny;
Thee must I thank, for 'twas thy rarer wit
Did guide me on to heaven.

Lud. [*Aside.*] I'll send you there.

King. When first I heard Vicentio fell beneath
The hot Colonna's sword, I do confess,
It smote me sore; but now 'tis told abroad,
That he hath passed all peril.

Lud. I am glad
His death doth not conduct you to your joys.
Vicentio bears a slight, unharmed wound,
That sheds his blood, but perils not his life:
But let him pass—let not a thought of him
Flit round the couch of love.

King. Good night, my friend,
And prithee, bid Colonna swiftly lead her
To the expecting transports of my heart.

Lud. I will bid him speed her coyness.

King. Hie thee, Ludovico,
For every moment seems an age.

[*Exit into chamber, R. U. E.*]

Lud. An age!

For you, nor minute, hour, nor day, nor year,
Nor age, shall shortly be.

“’Tis now the dead of night—That sounds to me
“Like an apt word,—for nature doth to me
“Show like a giant corse.—This mighty world,
“Its wide and highly-vaulted sepulchre,
“And yonder moon a tomb-lamp! when the king
“Lies dead to boot, all things will then appear
“In a more full proportion.”—Ha! he comes!
My dull and unconscious instrument!—Colonna!

Enter COLONNA, with a dagger, L. U. E.

Welcome, my friend, for such I dare to call you.—
The king’s already to his bed retired,
Where death will be his paramour.

Col. I have heard

Vicentio was not wounded unto death—
Would this were sooner known!

Lud. Why, my good lord?

Col. Because the king would not have offered me
Such an indignity, nor should I now
Tread into murder.

Lud. Murder!—I had hoped
You would not, on the threshold of the deed,
Stay tottering thus—One would deem
It was a deed of sin, and not of honour,
That you had undertaken.

Col. By yon heaven,
I cannot stab him like a slave that’s hired
To be a blood-shedder! I cannot clench
This hand, accustomed to a soldier’s sword,
Around this treacherous hilt, and with the other
Squeeze the choked spirit from the gasping throat—
Then kneel upon his bosom, and press out
The last faint sigh of life! Down, damnéd steel!
Fit instrument for cowards—[*Throws down the dagger near*
R.] I will play

A warrior's part, and arm him for the fight!—
Give me thy sword, that I may put defence
Into the tyrant's hand, and nobly kill him.

Come forth!

[*Going to R. U. E.*

Lud. Hold, madman, hold!—what wouldst thou do?

Col. Bravely encounter him—not take his life
Like a mercenary stabber.

Lud. Hast thou thought
That he may be the victor, too?

Col. My death

Will not be thought inglorious.

Lud. There's some praise
In falling by the hand of royalty;
But when you are laid within your sepulchre,
And rot most honourably, then, I fear me,
A lesser shame will not befall your house
For all the graven marbles on your tomb!
Your sister—

Col. Ha!

Lud. Your sister will not find,
When you are dead, a bulwark in your grave.
Where will she find a guardian arm?—thine arm
Will be the food of the consuming worm,
While in the hot embraces of the king—

Col. I did not think on that.

Lud. But I perhaps mistake you all this while—
You have better thought upon the dignity
He means your house.

Col. You do not dare—

Lud. I dare to tell you this—
Who can forgive such injury as thine,
Hath half consented to it.—“How is it
“The glorious resolve hath cooled within thee?
“Hath anything befallen that should have blown
“On the red iron of thy heated wrath,
“And steeped thee back to meekness?”—Was the touch
Of his warm amorous hand, wherein he palmed
Her struggling fingers, ice upon your rage
When he did tread upon her yielding foot
Beneath the cloth of gold—

Col. If I had seen it,
He had not lived an instant!

Lud. When you turned,
 He flung his arms around, and on her cheek
 He pressed his ravenous lips!—'Sdeath, sir, consider—
 You pray the King of Naples to your roof,—
 You hail his coming in a feast that kings
 Could scarce exceed in glory—It is blown
 Through all the city, that he sleeps to-night
 Within your sister's bed; and, it is said,
 That you, yourself, have smoothed the pillow down.

Col. Where is he? let me see him who presumes
 To think the blasphemy.

Lud. Behold him here!

I, sir—yes, I—Ludovico, dare think
 With every man in Naples, if the king
 Should leave your roof with life, that he has tasted
 The fruit he came to pluck.

Col. No more—no more—
 He perishes, Ludovico!

Lud. That's well—

I am glad to see you pull into your heart

[Crosses and takes up the dagger.]

Its brave resolve again—and if there be
 Aught wanting to confirm thee, think, Colonna,
 Think that you give your country liberty,
 While you revenge yourself!—Go, my Colonna—
 Yonder's the fated chamber—plunge the steel

[Gives the dagger to Colonna.]

Into his inmost heart, and let the blood
 Flow largely.

Col. I'll call to thee when it is done.

Lud. Hark thee! he'll cry for life—and well I know
 The pleading for existence may have power
 Upon thy noble nature—then, Colonna,
 Drown every shriek with chaste Evadne's name,
 And stab him as thou criest it!

[Exit, R. U. E.]

[Colonna advances towards the chamber door, c.]

Col. I will do it!—he dies!

[Pushes the door, and finds, from his agitated condition, that it is difficult to move.]

“I can scarce move the door—it will not yield!

“It seems as if some mighty hand were laid

“Against it to repel me.”

[*Voice exclaims, L. U. E.*] Hold!

Col. [*Starting.*] It was only
My thought informed the air with voice around me—
“Why should I feel as if I walked in guilt,
“And trod to common murder”—he shall die!
Come, then, enraging thought, into my breast,
And turn it into iron!

[*Voice, L. U. E.*] Hold!

Col. It shot
With keen reality into mine ear.
A figure in the shadow of the moon,
Moves slowly on my sight.
What art thou?

EVADNE *advances, L. U. E., from behind the Statues.*

Eva. My brother!

Col. How, my sister!

Come you across my purpose?

Eva. From my chamber

That to the great hall leads, I did behold you,
In dreadful converse with Ludovico.—
Your looks at the banquet did unto my fears
Forbode no blessed issue, for your smiles
Seemed veils of death, and underneath your brows
I saw the silent furies.—“Oh, Colonna,—
“Thank heaven, the safety of Vicentio
“Has given me power to watch your dangerous steps!”
What would you do?

Col. Get thee to rest.

Eva. Is that high front, Colonna,
One to write Cain upon?—Alas, Colonna,
I did behold you with Ludovico,
By yonder moon, and I as soon had seen thee
Commune with the great foe of all mankind—
What wouldst thou do?

Col. Murder!

Eva. What else, Colonna,
Couldst thou have learned from Ludovico?

Col. In yonder chamber lies the king—I go
To stab him to the heart!

Eva. 'Tis nobly done!

I will not call him king—but guest, Colonna—

Remember, you have called him here—remember,
You have pledged him in your father's golden cup;
Have broken bread with him—the man, Colonna—

Col. Who dares to set a price upon my life—
What think'st thou 'twas?

Eva. I think there's naught too dear
To buy Colonna's life.

Col. 'Twas a vast price
He asked me, then—you were to pay it, too—
It was my Evadne's honour.

Eva. Ha!

Col. He gives my life upon condition—Oh, my sister,
I am ashamed to tell thee what he asked.

“*Eva.* What! did he?”

Col. Thou dost understand me now?
Now, if thou wilt, abide thee here, Evadne,
Where thou mayest hear his groan. [*Going in.*]

Eva. Oh! my dearest brother,
Let not this hand, this pure, this white, fair hand,
Be blotted o'er with blood.

Col. [*Aside.*] How is this? She seems
To bear too much of woman in her heart;
She trembles—yet she does not shrink—her cheek
Is not inflamed with anger, and her eye
Darts not the lightning!

Is it possible
She has ta'en the sinful wish into her heart?
By heaven, her pride is dazzled at the thought
Of having this same purple villain kneel,
Aud bend his crown before her—She's a woman!
Evadne!

Eva. Well?

Col. The king expects me to
Conduct you to his chamber—Shall I do so?

Eva. I prithee, be not angry at my prayer—
But bid him come to me.

Col. What, bid him come to thee?

Eva. And leave me with him here.

Col. What! leave thee with him?

Eva. Yes, I implore it of thee—prithee, Colonna,
Conduct my sovereign here.

Col. [*Aside.*] Yes—I will try her—

I know not what she means, but, hitherto,
I deemed her virtuous. If she fall, she dies.
I'll here conceal myself, and if in word
She give consent, I'll rush upon them both
And strike one heart through the other.

Eva. Send him to me.

Col. [*Aside.*] There's a wild purpose in her solemn
eye—

I know not if 'tis sin, but I will make
A terrible experiment.—[*Aside.*] What, ho!
My liege, I bear fulfilment of my promise—
Colonna bears Evadne to your arms!

Enter the KING from the chamber, M. D.

King. Colonna, my best friend, how shall I thank thee?
But where is my Evadne?

Col. There, my lord!

King. Colonna, I not only give thee life,
But place thee near myself; henceforth thou wilt wear
A nobler title in thy family,—
And to thy great posterity we'll send
My granted dukedom.

Col. Sir, you honour me.

My presence is no longer needed here.

[*Aside.*] A word's consent despatches them!

[*Conceals himself behind the pillars, R. U. E.*]

King. My fair Evadne! lay aside thy sad
And drooping aspect, in this hour of joy!
Stoop not thy head, that like a pale rose bends
Upon its yielding stalk—thou hast no cause
For such a soft abashment, for be sure
I'll place thee high in honour.

Eva. Honour, sir!

King. (R.) Yes; I'll exalt thee into dignity,
Adorn thy name with titles—All my court
Shall watch the movement of thy countenance,
Riches and power shall wait upon thy smile,
And in the lightest bending of thy brow,
Death and disgrace inhabit.

Eva. And, my liege,
That will inhabit my own heart?

King. My love!

Come, my Evadne—what a form is here !
 The imaginers of beauty did of old
 O'er three rich forms of sculptured excellence
 Scatter the naked graces ; but the hand
 Of mightier nature hath in thee combined
 All varied charms together.

Eva. You were speaking
 Of sculpture, sir—I do remember me,
 You are deemed a worshipper of that high art.
 Here, my lord, [Pointing to the Statues.
 Is matter for your transports !

King. Fair Evadne !
 Do you not mean to mock me ? Not to gaze
 On yonder lifeless marbles, did I come
 To visit you to-night, but in the pure
 And blue-veined alabaster of a breast,
 Richer than heaves the Parian that has wed
 The Florentine to immortality.

Eva. You deem me of a light, capricious mood,
 But it were hard if (woman as I am)
 I could not use my sex's privilege—
 Though I should ask you for yon orb of light,
 That shines so brightly, and so sadly there,
 And fills the ambient air with purity—
 Should you not fain, as 'tis the wont of those
 Who cheat a wayward child, to draw it down,
 And in the sheeted splendour of a stream
 To catch its shivering brightness !—It is my pleasure
 That you should look upon these reverend forms
 That keep the likeness of mine ancestry—
 I must enforce you to it !—

King. Wayward woman !
 What arts does she intend to captivate
 My soul more deeply in her toils ?

Eva. Behold ! [Going to a statue, R. S. E.
 The glorious founder of my family !
 It is the great Rodolpho !—Charlemagne
 Did fix that sun upon his shield, to be
 His glory's blazoned emblem ; for at noon,
 When the astronomer cannot discern
 A spot upon the full-orbed disk of light,
 'Tis not more bright than his immaculate name !

With what austere and dignified regard
 He lifts the type of purity, and seems
 Indignantly to ask, if aught that springs
 From blood of his, shall dare to sully it
 With a vapour of the morning!

King. It is well;

His frown has been attempered in the lapse
 Of generations, to thy lovely smile.—
 I swear, he seems not of thy family.
 My fair Evadne, I confess, I hoped
 Another sort of entertainment here.

Eva. Another of mine ancestors, my liege—

[*Pointing to a statue, L. U. E.*

Guelfo, the murderer!

King. The murderer!

I knew not that your family was stained
 With the reproach of blood.

Eva. We are not wont

To blush, though we may sorrow for his sin,
 If sin indeed it be. His castle walls
 Were circled by the siege of Saracens,—
 He had an only daughter, whom he prized
 More than you hold your diadem; but when
 He saw the fury of the infidels
 Burst through his shattered gates, and on his child
 Dishonour's hand was lifted, with one blow
 He struck her to the heart, and with the other,
 He stretched himself beside her.

King. Fair Evadne,

I must no more indulge you, else, I fear,
 You would scorn me for my patience; prithee, love,
 No more of this wild phantasy!

Eva. My liege,

But one remains, and when you have looked upon it,
 And thus complied with my request, you will find me
 Submissive to your own. Look here, my lord,—
 Know you this statue? [Pointing to a statue, L. S. E.

King. No, in sooth, I do not.

Eva. Nay—look again—for I shall think but ill
 Of princely memories, if you can find
 Within the inmost chambers of your heart
 No image like to this—look at that smile—

That smile, my liege—look at it!

King. It is your father!

Eva. [*Breaking into exultation.*]

Ay!—'tis indeed my father!—'tis my good,
Exalted, generous, and god-like father!
Whose memory, though he had left his child
A naked, houseless roamer through the world,
Were an inheritance a princess might
Be proud of for her dower! It is my father!
Whose like in honour, virtue, and the fine
Integrity that constitutes a man,
He hath not left behind him! there's that smile,
That, like perpetual day-light, shone about him
The clear and bright magnificence of soul!
Who was my father?

[*With a proud and conscious interrogatory.*]

King. One, whom I confess
Of high and many virtues.

Eva. Is that all?

I will help your memory, and tell you, first,
That the late King of Naples looked among
The noblest in his realm for that good man,
To whom he might intrust your opening youth,
And found him worthiest. In the eagle's nest,
Early he placed you, and beside his wing
You learned to mount to glory! Underneath
His precious care you grew, and you were once
Thought grateful for his service. His whole life
Was given to your uses, and his death— [*King starts*
Ha! do you start, my lord? On Milan's plain
He fought beside you, and when he beheld
A sword thrust at your bosom, rushed—it pierced him!
He fell down at your feet,—he did, my lord!
He perished to preserve you!—[*Rushes to the statue.*]

Breathless image,

Although no heart doth beat within that breast,
No blood is in those veins, let me enclasp thee,
And feel thee at my bosom.—Now, sir, I am ready—
Come and unloose these feeble arms, and take me!—
Ay, take me from this neck of senseless stone,—
And to reward the father with the meet
And wonted recompense that princes give—

Make me as foul as bloated pestilence,
As black as darkest midnight, and as vile
As guilt and shame can make me.

King. She has smitten
Compunction through my soul!

Eva. Approach, my lord!
Come, in the midst of all mine ancestry,
Come, and unloose me from my father's arms—
Come, if you dare, and in his daughter's shame,
Reward him for the last drops of the blood
Shed for his prince's life!—

King. Thou hast wrought
A miracle upon thy prince's heart,
And lifted up a vestal lamp, to show
My soul its own deformity—my guilt!

Eva. [*Disengaging herself from the statue.*]
Ha! have you got a soul?—have you yet left,
Prince as you are, one relic of a man?
Have you a soul?—He trembles—he relents—
I read it in the glimmering of his face;
And there's a tear, the bursting evidence
Of nature's holy working in the heart!
Oh, heav'n, he weeps! my sovereign, my liege!
Heart! do not burst in ecstasy too soon!
My brother! my Colonna!—hear me—hear!
In all the wildering triumph of my soul,
I call upon thee! [*Turning, she perceives Colonna advancing from among the statues, R. U. E.*

There he is—my brother!

Col. (c.) Let me behold thee,
Let me compress thee here!—Oh, my dear sister!
A thousand times mine own!—I glory in thee,
More than in all the heroes of my name!—
I overheard your converse, and methought
It was a blessed spirit that had ta'en
Thy heavenly form, to show the wondering world
How beautiful was virtue!—[*To the King.*] Sir,—

Eva. (L.) Colonna,
There is your king!

Col. Thou hast made him so again!
Thy virtue hath recrowned him—and I kneel
His faithful subject here!

King. (R.) Arise, Colonna!
 You take the attitude that more befits
 The man who would have wronged you, but whose heart
 Was by a seraph called again to heaven!
 Forgive me!

Col. Yes, with all my soul I do!
 And I will give you proof how suddenly
 You are grown my prince again.—Do not inquire
 What I intend, but let me lead you here,
 Behind these statues.—

[*Places the King behind the Statues, R. U. E.*
 Retire, my best Evadne! [*Exit Evadne, L.*
 Ho! Ludovico!
 What, ho! there!—Here he comes!

Enter LUDOVICO, L.

Ludovico,
 I have done the deed.—

Lud. He is dead?

Col. Through his heart,
 E'en as thou badest me, did I drive the steel,
 And as he cried for life, Evadne's name
 Drowned his last shriek!

Lud. So!

Col. Why, Ludovico,
 Stand you thus rapt? Why does your bosom heave
 In such wild tumult? Why is it you place
 Your hand upon your front? What hath possessed you?

Lud. [*With a strong laugh of irony.*] Fool!

Col. How is this?

Lud. So, thou hast slain the king?

Col. I did but follow your advice, my lord.

Dud. Therefore, I call ye—fool!—From the king's
 head,

Thou hast ta'en the crown, to place it on mine own!
 Therefore I touched my front, for I did think
 That, palpably, I felt the diadem
 Wreathing its golden round about my brow!
 But, by yon heaven, scarce do I feel more joy
 In climbing up to empire, than I do
 In knowing thee my dupe!

Col. I know, my lord,
 You bade me kill the king.

Lud. And since thou hast slain him,
Know more—'twas I that first within his heart
Lighted impurity ;—'twas I, Colonna,—
Hear it—'twas I that did persuade the king
To ask thy sister's honour, as the price
Of thine accorded life !

Col. You ?—

Lud. Would'st hear more ?
To-morrow sees me king ! I have already
Prepared three thousand of my followers
To call me to the throne—and when I am there,
I'll try thee for the murdering of the king,—
And then—What, ho, there ! Guards !—then, my good
lord,
When the good trenchant axe hath struck away
That dull and passionate head of thine—What, ho !—

Enter OFFICER and eight GUARDS, R.

I'll take the fair Evadne to mine arms,
And thus—
On yonder traitor seize !—
With sacrilegious hand, he has ta'en away
The consecrated life of majesty,
And—

The KING comes forward in C., R. U. E.

What do I behold ? is not my sense
Mocked with this horrid vision,
That hath started up
To make an idiot of me ?—is it not
The vapour of the senses that has framed
The only spectacle that ever yet
Appalled Ludovico ?

King. Behold thy king !

Lud. He lives !—I am betrayed—but let me not
Play traitor to myself :—befriend me still,
Thou guarding genius of Ludovico !
My liege, my royal master, do I see you
Safe from the plots of yon accurséd traitor ?
And throwing thus myself around your knees,
Do I clasp reality ?

King. Traitor, arise !

Nor dare pollute my garment with a touch!
I know thee for a villain!—Seize him, Guards!

Lud. [*Drawing his sword.*] By this right arm, they dare
not—this right arm,

That to the battle oft hath led them on,
Whose power to kill they know, but would not feel!—
I am betrayed—but who will dare to leap
Into the pit wherein the lion's caught,
And hug with him for death? Not one of this
Vile herd of trembling wretches!

[*To King.*] Thou art meet alone to encounter me,
And thus, in the wild bravery of despair,
I rush into thy life!

[*Colonna intercepts and stabs him—he falls.*]

Colonna, thou hast conquered.

Oh, that I could,

Like an expiring dragon, spit upon you!—

That I could—thus I fling the drops of life

In showers of poison on you—May it fall

Like Centaur-blood, and fester you to madness!

Oh! that I could—

[*Grasps his sword, and, in an effort to rise, dies.—Shouts
without, R. U. E.*]

[*Voices without.*] Vicentio! The lord Vicentio!

*Enter VICENTIO, R.—Evadne, as she comes forward, utters
a shriek of joy, and rushes to his arms.*

Vic. And do I clasp thee thus? Oh, joy unlooked-for?

Eva. Vicentio! my brother, too!

King. Thou hast a second time preserved thy prince!

Fair Evadne,

We will repair our injuries to thee,

And wait, in all the pomp of royalty,

Upon the sacred day that gives thy hand

To thy beloved Vicentio!

Col. And the nuptials

Shall at the pedestal be solemnized,

Of our great father!

Eva. And ever, as in this blest moment, may

His guardian spirit, with celestial love,

Spread its bright wings to shelter us from ill,

With nature's tenderest feelings looking down,
Benignant on the fortunes of his child!

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF
THE CURTAIN.

OFFICER.	LUDOVICO'S BODY.	GUARDS.	
COLONNA.	VICENTIO.	EVADNE.	KING
R.]			[L.

THE END

The first part of the day was spent in the
study of the history of the country.

We then went to the bank of the river
and saw the great number of fish.

The water was very clear and the
fish were all of different kinds.

We saw many of the same kind
as we saw in the lake.

The fish were all very large and
the water was very deep.

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as we saw in the lake.

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MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT.

No. LIII.

B E R T R A M :

A Tragedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY REV. CHARLES MATURIN.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS,
RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK :

JOHN DOUGLAS, No. 11 SPRUCE STREET.

1848.

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BY

W. D. HOWE

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

WHEN Sir Walter Scott had forwarded Maturin's tragedy of '*Bertram*' to Lord Byron, at that time a member of the committee of Drury Lane, his lordship, struck with its merits, had it immediately prepared for representation. Its success was sudden and immense. At that time, although known as an author from the period of his publishing "*Montorio*," while yet almost a youth, he was but a poor and struggling curate, with a young and increasing family, possessed of extremely polished tastes and elegant habits, which cannot be indulged in without expense. On his arrival in London, he was very much flattered and caressed by some persons of rank on the committee of the theatre; and being invited to their houses, he was captivated by the *agremens* of their society—the splendour and elegance that surrounded them; and his corresponding taste made him imagine that he could transfer something of this on his return to his own residence, and that he could be the cause and centre of pursuits and pleasures similar to those that had attracted him. Having derived considerable emolument from the author's night and copyright of "*Bertram*," and deeming now that a source of un-failing independence was opened to him, he proceeded to furnish his house in a style of extravagant elegance and expense, and to give entertainments. The walls of his parlors were done in panels, with scenes from his novels, painted by an artist of some eminence; the richest carpets, ottomans, lustres, and marble tables ornamented the withdrawing-rooms; the most beautiful papers covered the walls, and the ceilings were painted to represent clouds, with eagles in the centre, from whose claws depended brilliant lustres. But, alas! nothing is more uncertain than dramatic writing. The best dramatists produce five failures to one successful piece. Maturin's subsequent dramas, *Don Manuel* and *Fredolfo*, added neither to his fame, nor his income. He became embarrassed; and was obliged to write laboriously for bread.

Notwithstanding his dramatic labors, Maturin is said to have been universally beloved by his parishioners, who were proud of having a man of such talents in their pulpit; although the more religious lamented what they considered the false direction of those talents, and others reprehended or ridiculed his attachment to public amusements, his eccentric dress, and his passion for dancing; yet his gaiety of manner, fascinating conversation, and gentle, good-natured disposition, disarmed even prudent censure of its bitterness, and often converted blame to admiration. His curacy was that of St. Peter, in Dublin—the parish in which he was resident. He died in that city, October 30th, 1824.

Edmund Kean was the original Bertram. The part was well suited to the fiery, impetuous style of that remarkable actor; and he gained a celebrity in it, which has been attained by no subsequent personator of the character. Although the incidents of this tragedy cannot be called unnatural, considered in connection with the clime and the race, where, and among which they occur, yet they are such as modern refinement would exclude, if possible, from the stage. The popularity of the piece has consequently suffered some abatement; though this may be owing, in part, to the absence of an actor with those Kean-like qualities, which could give us a fitting embodiment of the outlawed Count. Not many years since, a fearful interest was given to the denouement of the tragedy, at its representation in a Western city—Natchez, we believe. Either from accident, or design, the actor, a young man, who had performed the part with exceeding spirit, on coming to the last lines—

“ I died no felon’s death—

A warrior’s weapon freed a warrior’s soul !”—

gave reality to the scene by stabbing himself, and falling dead upon the stage.

Bertram was originally produced, May, 1816, at Drury Lane Theatre. Miss Somerville was the original Imogine, and is said to have contributed much to the success of the piece, which was performed twenty-two nights during the remainder of the season, and four nights the season that followed.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Park, 1844.

St. Aldobrand,	Mr. Jamieson.
Bertram,	“ Booth.
Prior,	“ Gann.
1st Monk,	“ Lovell.
2d Monk,	“ Crocker,
3d Monk,	“ Bridges.
4th Monk,	“ Freeland.
1st Robber,	“ Povey.
2d Robber,	“ Gallot.
3d Robber,	“ King.
Page,	Miss Kinlock.
Child,	“ King.
Imagine,	Mrs. Sloman.
Clotilde,	“ Lovell.
Teresa,	“ Burrows.

COSTUMES.

- ST. ALDOBRAND.**—Full suit of gold armour, surcoat, and helmet.
- BERTRAM.**—Brown shirt and drapery, cross-bar steel breastplate, flesh leggings and arms, sandals, &c.
- PRIOR.**—Brown monk’s gown, large black cape, fleshings, and sandals.
- MONKS.**—Black gowns, fleshings, and sandals.
- ROBBERS.**—Dressed as Bertram, but inferior in quality.
- PAGE.**—Buff shirt and scarlet scarf, small buff boots.
- CHILD.**—Dressed in white.
- KNIGHTS.**—Full silver armour, helmets, &c.
- IMOGINE.**—Moreen velvet dress, trimmed with gold.
- CLOTILDE.**—White satin dress, trimmed with point lace.
- TERESA.**—Ditto.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

B E R T R A M .

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Night.*—*A Gallery in the Convent of St. Anselm—a large Gothic Window in the c. of it, through which the lightning is seen flashing—a Gothic door, R. A door, L. Thunder, lightning, rain, and wind.*

Enter FIRST and SECOND MONKS, in terror, at the door, L.

1st Monk. Heaven for its mercy!—what a night is here!
Oh! didst thou hear that peal?

2d Monk. The dead must hear it. [*A pause—thunder.*]
Speak! speak, and let me hear a human voice!

1st Monk. While the dark terror hurtled distantly,
Lapt in the skirts of the advancing clouds,
I cowered with head full low upon my pallet,
Till the strong light
Did, clear as noonday, show each object round me.
Relic, and rosary, and crucifix,
Did rock and quiver in the bickering glare—
Then forth I rushed, in agony of fear.

2d Monk. Among the tombéd tenants of the cloister,
I walked and told my beads;
But, by the momentarily gleams of sheeted blue,
Did the pale marbles glare so sternly on me,
I almost deemed they lived, and fled in horror!

1st Monk. There is much comfort in a holy man
In such an hour as this. [*Knocking, R. D.*] Ho! wake thee,
Prior!

2d Monk. Oh! come forth, holy Prior, and pray for us!

Enter the PRIOR, at the Gothic door, R. D.

Prior. All peace be with you!—'Tis a fearful hour.

1st Monk. Hath memory a parallel to this?

2st Monk. How hast thou fared in this most awful time?

Prior. [*Crossing, c.*] I bowed me at the cross for those
whose heads

Are naked to the visiting blasts of Heaven,
In this, its hour of wrath—

For the lone traveller on the hill of storms,
For the tossed shipman on the perilous deep;
Till the last peal, that thundered o'er mine head,
Did force a cry of—mercy for myself!

1st Monk. Oh! holy Prior, this is no earthly storm.
The strife of fiends is on the battling clouds!

Prior. Peace, peace—thou rash and unadvised man!
The hand of Heaven, not man, is dealing with us,
And thoughts like thine do make it deal thus sternly.

Enter THIRD MONK, pale and breathless, L. D.

[*Crossing to Third Monk.*] Speak! thou hast something
seen!

3d Monk. A fearful sight!

Prior. What hast thou seen?

3d Monk. A piteous, fearful sight!

A noble vessel, labouring with the storm,
Hath struck upon the rocks beneath our walls;
Her deck is crowded with despairing souls,
And, in the hollow pauses of the blast,
We heard their perishing cries.

Prior. Now haste ye forth—haste all!

3d Monk. It cannot be—it is too late;
One hour will hush their cries, and by the morn
Thou wilt behold the ruin—wreck and corse,
Float on the weltering wave!

Prior. (*c.*) Wave high your torches on each crag and
cliff—

Let many lights blaze on our battlements—
Shout to them in the pauses of the storm,
And tell them there is hope!—
And let our deep-toned bell its loudest peal
Send cheerily o'er the deep;

'Twill be a comfort to the wretched souls,
In their extremity. All things are possible;
Fresh hope may give them strength, and strength deliver-
ance!

I'll hie me forth with you. [Crosses, L.

3d Monk. Wilt thou go forth?
Hardly the vigorous step of daring youth
May hold its footing on those wave-washed crags;
And how wilt thou abide!

1st Monk. 'Tis tempting Heaven!

Prior. To succour man, not to tempt Heaven, I go!
Heaven will protect its servant! [Exeunt, L. D.

SCENE II.—*The Sea-Shore. Rocks, L. U. E. The Convent illuminated in the background, R. U. E. A Storm—thunder and lightning. The bell tolls at intervals. A Ship sinking. A group of Monks discovered on the rocks with torches.*

Enter the PRIOR and FIRST MONK, L. S. E.

Prior. [Clasping his hands, L. C.] Holy St. Anselm!
what a sight is here!

1st Monk. (L.) Pray for their souls—their earthly part
is doomed!

Prior. Oh! that a prayer could hush the elements!
Hold! I do espy a hope, a blessed hope—
That wave hath heaved her from the rock she struck on,
And every arm on board is plied for safety!

1st Monk. Lo! the recoiling surge drives fiercely o'er
her!

In, holy Prior, or ere their drowning shriek
Do rive the sense—in, in, and tell thy beads!

Prior. I will not in, while to that hopeless wreck
One arm doth cling—while o'er the roaring waste
One voice be raised for help—I will not hence!

Monk. [On the rocks, L. U. E.] She sinks—she sinks!
Oh, hour of woe and horror!

[The Prior falls into the arms of the First Monk, and
the Scene closes.]

SCENE III.—*The Gallery, as in Scene I.**Enter FIRST MONK and the PRIOR, L. D.*

1st Monk. (L.) Now rest you, holy Prior, you are much moved—

Prior. (R. C.) [*Not heeding him.*] All—all did perish!

1st Monk. Change those drenched weeds—

Prior. I wist not of them—Every soul did perish!

Enter THIRD MONK, hastily, L.

3d Monk. No! there was one did battle with the storm
With careless, desperate force; full many times
His life was won and lost, as though he recked not—
No hand did aid him, and he aided none—
Alone he breasted the broad wave, alone
That man was saved.

Prior. Where is he? lead him hither.

Enter two MONKS, leading in the STRANGER, L. D.

Praise to St. Anselm, thou redeeméd soul,
Raise high thy living voice in prayer and praise!
For wondrous hath his mercy been to thee.

2d Monk. (C.) He hath not spoken yet.

Stran. Who are those around me? where am I?

Prior. On the shore of Sicily.

The Convént of St. Anselm this is called;
Near is the Castle of Lord Aldobrand.

[*The Stranger makes an effort to break from the Monks,
but falls, through weakness, into their arms.*]

A name far known, if, as thy speech imports,
Thou'rt of Italian birth. Tell us thy name.

Stran. A man of woe.

Prior. What is thy woe, that Christian love may heal
it?

Hast thou upon the pitiless waters lost
Brother, or sire, or son?—Did she thou lovest
Sink in thy straining sight?—
Or have the hoardings of thy worldly thrift
Been lost with yonder wreck?

[*To these questions the Stranger gives signs of dissent.*
Why dost thou, then, despond?

Stran. Because I live!

Prior. Look not so wild. Can we do aught for thee?

Stran. Yes! plunge me in the waves from which ye snatched me!

Prior. I'll question not with him, his brain is wrecked;
For ever in the pauses of his speech,
His lip doth work with inward mutterings,
And his fixed eye is rivetted fearfully
On something that no other sight can spy.
Food and rest will restore him: lead him in.

[The Monks attempt to lead him towards the Gothic door, R.]

Stran. *[Dashing them away.]* Off! ye are men!—there's poison in your touch!—
But I must yield, for this hath left me strengthless.

[He sinks, exhausted, into the arms of the Monks, and is borne off, fainting, R. D., the Prior following.]

SCENE IV.—A Hall in the Castle of St. Aldobrand.

Enter PIETRO, L., and TERESA, R., meeting.

Pie. Ha! Teresa waking! Was ever such a tempest?

Ter. The lady Imogine would watch all night,
And I have tended on her. What hath roused thee?

Pie. Tell me what would give me sleep in such a night.
I know of but one remedy for fear and wakefulness; that
is a flagon of wine. I hoped the thunder would have
waked old Hugo to open the cellar-door for me.

Ter. He hath left his bed. E'en now I passed him
Measuring the banquet-hall with restless steps,
And moody, fretful gestures. He approaches.

Enter HUGO, R.

Pie. Hugo, well met. Does e'en thy age bear memory
of so terrible storm?

Hugo. They have been frequent lately.

Pie. They are ever so in Sicily.

Hugo. So it is said. But storms, when I was young,
Would still pass o'er like Nature's fitful fevers,
And rendered all more wholesome.

Ter. Heaven grant its wrath visit not my kind lady!

Hugo. Still may she be as happy in these halls,
As when she tripped the green a rural maid,
Ere her good father's ruin—
Or our lord saw and loved her!

Pie. [*Looking off, R.*] See, if Madam Clotilda be not roused.

Ter. I'm glad, for she's our lady's loved companion
And chosen attendant. [*Crosses, c.*]

Enter CLOTILDA, R.

Clo. Is your lady risen?

Ter. She hath not rested through the night.
Long ere the storm arose, her restless gestures
Forbade all hope to see her blessed with sleep.

Clo. Since her lord's absence it is ever thus.
But soon he will return to his loved home,
And the gay knights and noble wassailers
Banish her lonely melancholy. [*A horn heard without, L.*]

Monk. [*Without, L.*] What, ho!

Hugo. There's one at the gate.
My fears presage unwelcome messengers
At such untimely hours.

Clo. Attend the summons, Hugo.
I seek the Lady Imogine. If 'tis aught
Concerns her or our lord, follow me thither.

[*Exeunt, Clotilda and Teresa, R., Hugo and Pietro, L.*]

SCENE V.—*A Gothic Apartment in the Castle of St. Aldobrand—a table, candles, chairs, books, &c., R. C.*

IMOGINE *discovered, sitting at the table, looking at a picture.*

Imo. Yes,

The limner's art may trace the absent feature,
And give the eye of distant weeping faith
To view the form of its idolatry;

But, oh! the scenes 'mid which they met and parted—

The thoughts, the recollections sweet and bitter—

Th' Elysian dreams of lovers, when they loved—

Who shall restore them?

If thou could'st speak,

Dumb witness of the secret soul of Imogine,

[*Rises.*]

Thou might'st acquit the faith of womankind ;
 Since thou wast on my midnight pillow laid,
 Friend hath forsaken friend, the brotherly tie
 Been lightly loosed, the parted coldly met,
 Yea, mothers have with desperate hands wrought harm
 To little lives from their own bosoms lent.
 But woman still hath loved, if that indeed
 Woman e'er loved like me.

— Enter CLOTILDA, L.

Clo. The storm seems hushed : wilt thou to rest, lady ?

Imo. I feel no lack of rest.

Clo. Then let us stay,

And watch the last peal murmuring on the blast ;
 I will sit by the while, so thou wilt tell
 Some moving story to beguile the time.

Imo. I am not in the mood.

Clo. I pray thee, tell me of some shadowy thing
 Crossing the traveller on his path of fear
 On such a night as this.

Imo. Thou simple maid,

Thus to enslave thy heart to foolish fears.

Clo. Far less I deem of peril is in such,
 Than in those tales women most like to list to,
 The tales of love—for they are all untrue.

Imo. Lightly thou says't that woman's love is false,
 The thought is falser far—

For some of them are true as martyr's legends,
 As full of suffering faith, of burning love,
 Of high devotion, worthier heaven than earth !
 Oh ! I do know a tale—

Clo. Of knight or lady ?

Imo. Of one who loved. She was of humble birth,
 Yet dared to love a proud and noble youth.

His sovereign's smile was on him, glory blazed
 Around his path, yet did he smile on her.

Oh ! then, what visions were that blessed one's !
 His sovereign's frown came next.

An exiled outcast, houseless, nameless, abject,
 He fled for life, and scarce by flight did save it.
 No hoary beadsman hid his parting step,
 God speed ! no faithful vassal followed him ;

For fear had withered every heart but hers,
Who, amid shame and ruin, loved him better.

Clo. Did she partake his lot ?

Imo. She burned to do it,

But 'twas forbidden.

Clo. How proved she, then, her love ?

Imo. Was it not love to pine her youth away ?

In her lone bower she sat all day to hearken
For tales of him, and—soon came tales of woe.
High glory lost, he recked not what was saved ;
With desperate men in desperate ways he dealt ;
A change came o'er his nature and his heart,
Till she that bore him had recoiled from him,
Nor knew the alien visage of her child !
Yet still *she* loved, yea, still lived hopeless on !

[*Crosses, L.*

Clo. Hapless lady ! What hath befallen her ?

Imo. Full many a miserable year hath passed—
She knows him as one dead, or worse than dead ;
And many a change her varied life hath known,
But her heart none.

In the lone hour of tempest and of terror,
Her soul was on the dark hill's side with Bertram—
Yea, when the launchéd bolt did sear her sense,
Her soul's deep orisons were breathed for him.
Was this not love ? yea, thus doth woman love !

[*Crosses, R.*

Clo. Hast thou e'er seen the dame ? I pray thee, paint
her.

Imo. They said her cheek of youth was beautiful
Till withering sorrow blanched the white rose there ;
And I have heard men swear her form was fair ;
But grief did lay its icy finger on it,
And chilled it to a cold and joyless statue.

Clo. I would I might behold that wretched lady
In all her sad and waning loveliness.

Imo. Thou would'st not deem her wretched ; outward
eyes
Would hail her happy.
They've decked her form in purple and in pall ;
When she goes forth, the thronging vassals kneel,
And bending pages bear her footcloth well ;

No eye beholds that lady in her bower,—
That is *her* hour of joy, for then she weeps,
Nor does her husband hear.

Clo. Sayst thou her husband ?

How could she wed, she who did love so well ?

Imo. How could she wed ! What could I do but wed ?
Hast seen the sinking fortunes of thine house ?—

Hast felt the gripe of bitter, shameful want ?—

Hast seen a father on the cold, cold earth ?—

Hast read his eye of silent agony,

That asked relief, but would not look reproach

Upon his child unkind ?

I would have wed disease, deformity,

Yea, griped death's grisly form, to 'scape from it ;—

And yet some sorcery was wrought on me,

For earlier things do seem as yesterday,

But I've no recollection of the hour

They gave my hand to Aldobrand.

Clo. Blesséd saints !

And was it thou indeed ?

Imo. I am that wretch !—

The wife of a most noble, honoured lord—

The mother of a babe, whose smiles do stab me !

[*Crosses, L.*

Clo. Hath time no power upon thy hopeless love ?

Imo. Yea, time hath power, and what a power I'll tell
thee :

A power to change the pulses of the heart

To one dull throb of ceaseless agony—

To hush the sigh on the resigned lip,

And lock it in the heart—freeze the hot tear,

And bid it on the eyelid hang forever !—

Such power hath time o'er me.

[*Crosses, R.*

Clo. And has not, then,

A husband's kindness—

Imo. Mark me, Clotilda !

And mark me well ! I am no desperate wretch,

Who borrows an excuse from shameful passion,

To make its shame more vile.

I am a wretched, but a spotless wife :

I've been a daughter, but too dutiful.

But, oh ! the writhings of a generous soul,

Stabbed by a confidence it can't return,
 To whom a kind blow is a word on th' heart—
 I cannot paint my wretchedness! [Bursts into tears.

Clo. Nay, nay,

Dry up your tears; soon will your lord return;
 Let him not see you thus by passion shaken.

Imo. Oh! wretched is the dame, to whom the sound,
 "Your lord will soon return," no pleasure brings!

Clo. Some step approaches. [Looking off, L.] 'Tis St.
 Anselm's Monk.

Imo. Remember!

Enter FIRST MONK, L.

Now, what wouldst thou, reverend father?

1st Monk. St. Anselm's benison on you, gracious dame!
 Our holy Prior by me commends him to you.
 The wreck that struck our rocks i' th' storm,
 Hath thrown some wretched souls upon his care,
 (For many have been saved since morning dawned);
 Wherefore, he prays the wonted hospitality
 That the free noble usage of your castle
 Doth grant to shipwrecked and distressed men.

Imo. Bear back my greetings to your holy Prior;
 Tell him, the lady of St. Aldobrand
 Holds it no sin, although her lord be absent,
 To ope her gates to wave-tossed mariners.
 Now Heaven forefend your narrow cells were cumbered,
 While these free halls stood empty! Tell your Prior,
 We hold the custom of our castle still.

[Exeunt, Imogene and Clotilda, R., First Monk, L.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Convent—a couch, R. C.*

*The STRANGER discovered sleeping on the couch, and the
 PRIOR, L., watching him.*

Prior. He sleeps—if it be sleep; this starting trance.

Whose feverish tossings and deep-muttered groans,
Do prove the soul shares not the body's rest.

[*Hanging over him.*

How the lip works! how the bare teeth do grind,
And beaded drops course down his writhen brow!
I will awake him from this horrid trance;

This is no natural sleep. Ho! wake thee, stranger!

Stran. What would'st thou have? my life is in thy
power.

Prior. Most wretched man, whose fears alone betray
thee—

What art thou?—Speak!

Stran. Thou sayst I am a wretch,
And thou sayest true—these weeds do witness it—
These wave-worn weeds—these bare and bruised limbs—
What would'st thou more? I shrink not from the ques-
tion.

I am a wretch, and proud of wretchedness;
'Tis the sole earthly thing that cleaves to me.

Prior. Lightly I deem of outward wretchedness,
For that hath been the lot of blessed saints;
But, in their dire extreme of outward wretchedness,
Full calm they slept in dungeons and in darkness,—
Such hath not been thy sleep.

Stran. Didst watch my sleep?
But thou couldst gain no secret from my ravings.

Prior. Thy secrets! wretched man, I reckon not of them;
But I adjure thee, by the church's power,
(A power to search man's secret heart of sin,)
Show me thy wound of soul.

Weep'st thou the ties of nature or of passion,
Torn by the hand of Heaven?

Oh, no! full well I deemed no gentler feeling
Woke the dark lightning of thy withering eye.

What fiercer spirit is it tears thee thus?
Show me the horrid tenant of thy heart!

Or wrath, or hatred, or revenge, is there—

[*The Stranger suddenly starts from the couch, raises
his clasped hands, and comes forward, R.*

Stran. I would consort with mine eternal enemy,
To be revenged on him!

Prior. Art thou a man, or fiend, who speakest thus?

Stran. I was a man ; I know not what I am—
 What others' crimes and injuries have made me—
 Look on me ! What am I ? [Advances, c.

Prior. [*Retreating to L. corner.*] I know not.

Stran. I marvel that thou say'st it,
 For lowly men full oft remember those
 In changed estate, whom equals have forgotten.
 A passing beggar hath remembered me,
 When with strange eyes my kinsmen looked on me.
 I wore no sullied weeds on that proud day,
 When thou, a bare-foot monk, didst bow full low
 For alms, my heedless hand hath flung to thee.
 Thou dost not know me ! [Approaching him.

Prior. Mine eyes are dim with age—but many thoughts
 Do stir within me at thy voice.

Stran. List to me, monk. It is thy trade to talk,
 As reverend men do use in saintly wise,
 Of life's vicissitudes and vanities.
 Hear one plain tale that doth surpass all saws—
 Hear it from me—Count Bertram!—ay, Count Bertram!
 The darling of his liege and of his land,
 The army's idol, and the council's head—
 Whose smile was fortune, and whose will was law—
 Doth bow him to the Prior of St. Anselm
 For water to refresh his parchéd lip,
 And this hard-matted couch to fling his limbs on !

Prior. Good Heaven and all its saints !

Bertram. Wilt thou betray me ?

Prior. Lives there the wretch beneath these walls to
 do it ?

Sorrow enough hath bowed thy head already,
 Thou man of many woes.—
 Far more I fear lest thou betray thyself.
 Hard by do stand the halls of Aldobrand,
 (Thy mortal enemy and cause of fall,)
 Where ancient custom doth invite each stranger,
 Cast on this shore, to sojourn certain days,
 And taste the bounty of the castle's lord.
 If thou goest not, suspicion will arise ;
 And if thou dost, (all changéd as thou art,)
 Some desperate burst of passion will betray thee,
 And end in mortal scathe— [A pause.

What dost thou gaze on with such fixed eyes ?

Ber. What sayest thou ?

I dreamed I stood before Lord Aldobrand,
Impenetrable to his searching eyes—
And I did feel the horrid joy men feel
Measuring the serpent's coil, whose fangs have stung
them;

Scanning with giddy eye the air-hung rock,
From which they leapt and live by miracle ;—
To see that horrid spectre of my thoughts
In all the stern reality of life—
To mark the living lineaments of hatred,
And say, this is the man whose sight should blast me ;
Yet, in calm, dreadful triumph, still gaze on :—

It is a horrid joy. [Crosses, L.

Prior. Nay, rave not thus,

Thou wilt not meet him ; many a day must pass,
Till from Palermo's walls he wend him homeward,
Where now he tarries with St. Anselm's knights.
His dame doth dwell in solitary wise,
Few are the followers in his lonely halls—
Why dost thou smile in that most horrid guise ?

Ber. [*Repeating.*] His dame doth dwell alone ! Per-
chance his child—

Oh ! no, no, no ! it was a damnéd thought.

Prior. I do but indistinctly hear thy words,
But feel they have some fearful meaning in them.

Ber. Oh, that I could but mate him in his might !

Oh, that we were on the dark wave together, [*Crosses, R.*
With but one plank between us and destruction,
That I might grasp him in these desperate arms,
And plunge with him amid the weltering billows,
And view him gasp for life !—and—
Ha ! ha !—I see him struggling !—

I see him !—ha ! ha ! ha ! [A frantic laugh.

Prior. Oh, horrible !

Help !—Help to hold him, for my strength doth fail !

Enter two MONKS, R.—they support Bertram.

Enter FIRST MONK, L.

1st Monk. The lady of St. Aldobrand sends greeting—

Prior. Oh, art thou come; this is no time for greeting—
Help—bear him off—thou see'st his fearful state.

[*Exeunt, bearing off Bertram, R.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle of St. Aldobrand.*

Enter HUGO, L., showing in Bertram's Comrades.

Hugo. This way, friends, this way, good cheer awaits
you.

1st Sail. Well, then, good cheer was never yet bestowed
On those who need it more.

Hugo. To what port bound
Did this fell storm o'ertake you?

1st Sail. No matter,
So we find here a comfortable haven.

Hugo. Whence came you?

1st Sail. Psha! I cannot answer fasting.

Hugo. Roughness, the proverb says, speaks honesty;
I hope the adage true.

Come, come, the feast's prepared within; this way.

[*Exit, R.*]

1st Sail. Now, comrades, we will honour our host's
bounty
With jovial hearts, and gay forgetfulness
Of perils past and coming.

GLEE.—SAILORS.

We be men escaped from dangers,
Sweet to think of o'er our bowls;
Wilds have ne'er known hardier rangers,
Hall shall ne'er see blither souls.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE III.—*A Terraced Rampart of the Castle of St. Aldobrand, from R. to L.—a part of the Castle is seen, R., the rest concealed by Woods.—Moonlight.*

*IMOGINE discovered, R. U. E.—she gazes at the Moon for
- some time, and then slowly advances.*

Imo. Mine own loved light,
That every soft and solemn spirit worships,
That lovers love so well—strange joy is thine,
Whose influence o'er all tides of soul hath power,
Who lend'st thy light to rapture and despair!—

Bertram—Bertram!

How sweet it is to tell the listening night
The name beloved—it is a spell of power
To wake the buried slumbers of the heart,
Where memory lingers o'er the grave of passion,
Watching its tranced sleep!

Enter CLOTILDA, L. U. E.

Clo. Why dost thou wander by this mournful light,
Feeding sick fancy with the thought that poisons?

Imo. I will but weep beneath the moon awhile.
Now do not chide my heart for this sad respite.

Clo. Nay, come with me, and view those storm-'scaped
men

A feasting in thy hall; 'twill cheer thy heart.
Of perils 'scaped by flood and fire they tell,
And many an antique legend wild they know,
And many a lay they sing—[*Chorus and laughter without,*
L. U. E.] Hark! their deep voices

Come faintly on the wind.

Imo. Their wild and vulgar mirth doth startle me.
But as I passed the latticed gallery
One stood alone.—I marked him where he stood.
His face was veiled; faintly a light fell on him;
But through soiled weeds his muffled form did show
A wild and terrible grandeur.

Clo. I marked him, too. He mixed not with the rest,
But o'er his wild mates held a stern control;
Their rudest burst of riotous merriment
Beneath his dark eye's stilling energy
Was hushed to silence.

Imo. He never spoke?

Clo. No, he did naught but sigh.

Imo. Call him hither.

There is a mystery of woe about him
That strongly moves my fancy.

Clo. Wilt thou confer alone, at night, with one
Who bears such fearful form?

Imo. Why, therefore send him—
All things of fear have lost their power o'er me.

[*Exit Clotilda, L. U. E.—Imogene appears to be debating with herself how to receive him.*

If he do bear, like me, a withered heart,
I will not mock him with a sound of comfort.

Enter BERTRAM, slowly, L. U. E., his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the earth—Imogene does not recognize him.

A form like that hath broken on my dreams
So darkly wild, so proudly stern,
Doth it rise on me waking?

[*Bertram comes forward, L. C., and stands without looking at her.*]

Stranger, I sent for thee, for that I deemed
Some wound was thine, that yon free band might chafe,—
Perchance thy worldly wealth sunk with yon wreck—
Such wound my gold can heal—the castle's almoner—

Ber. The wealth of worlds were heaped on me in vain.

Imo. Oh, then, I read thy loss. Thy heart is sunk
In the dark waters pitiless; some dear friend,
Or brother, loved as thine own soul, lies there.
Gold I can give, but can no comfort give,
For I am comfortless.

Ber. [*Striking his breast.*] No dews give freshness to
this blasted soil!

Imo. Strange is thy form, but more thy words are
strange.

Fearful it seems to hold this parley with thee,
Tell me thy race and country.

Ber. What avails it?

The wretched have no country: that dear name
Comprises home, kind kindred, fostering friends,
Protecting laws,
But none of these are mine; I have no country—
And for my race, the last dread trump shall wake
The sheeted relics of mine ancestry,
Ere trump of herald to the armed lists
In the bright blazon of their stainless coat,
Calls their lost child again.

Imo. [*Aside.*] I shake to hear him!—

There is an awful thrilling in his voice!

[*Aloud.*] If nor my bounty nor my tears can aid thee,
Stranger, farewell; and 'mid thy misery

Pray, when thou tell'st thy beads, for one more wretched.

Ber. Stay, gentle lady, I would somewhat with thee.

[*Imogene retreats terrified.*]

Thou shalt not go. [*Detains her.*

Imo. Shalt not?—Who art thou?—Speak!

Ber. And must I speak?

There was a voice which all the world but thee
Might have forgotten, and had been forgiven.

Imo. My senses blaze!—Between the dead and living
I stand in fear!—Oh, Heaven!—It cannot be!
Those thick black locks—those wild and sun-burnt fea-
tures,

He looked not thus—but then that voice—

[*Tottering towards him.*

It cannot be!—for he would know my name.

Ber. Imagine!— [*She shrieks and falls into his arms.*
Imagine!—yes.

Thus pale, cold, dying, thus thou art most fit
To be enfolded to this most desolate heart—
A blighted lily on an icy bed—

Nay, look not up, 'tis thus I would behold thee.
That pale cheek looks like truth—I'll gaze no more;
That fair, that pale, dear cheek, these helpless arms—
If I look longer, they will make me human.

Imo. [*Starting from him.*] Fly—fly! the vassals of thine
enemy wait
To do thee dead.

Ber. Then let them wield the thunder!
Fell is their dint, who're mailéd in despair.
Let mortal might sever the grasp of Bertram!

[*Seizes her.*

Imo. Release me! [*Aside.*] I must break from him—he
knows not—

Oh!

Ber. [*Releasing her.*] Imagine, madness seizes me—
Why do I find thee in mine enemy's walls?
What dost thou in the halls of Aldobrand?
Infernal light doth shoot athwart my mind—
Swear thou art a dependent on his bounty;
That chance, or force, or sorcery brought thee hither.
Thou canst not be—my throat is swoll'n with agony—
Hell hath no plague—Oh, no, thou couldst not do it.

Imo. [*Kneeling, c.*] Mercy!

Ber. Thou hast it not, or thou wouldst speak—
Speak—speak! [*With frantic violence.*

Imo. I am the wife of Aldobrand,—
To save a famishing father did I wed.

Ber. I will not curse *her*—but the hoarded vengeance—

Imo. Ay—curse, and consummate the horrid spell,
For broken-hearted, in despairing hour,
With every omen dark and dire, I wedded—
Some minist'ring demon mocked the robéd priest;
With some dark spell, not holy vow they bound me,
Full were the rites of horror and despair.
They wanted but—the seal of Bertram's curse.

Ber. [*Not heeding her.*] Talk of her father! Could a
father love thee

As I have loved? In want, and war, and peril,
Things that would thrill the hearer's blood to tell of,
My heart grew human when I thought of thee!—
Imagine would have shuddered for my danger,—
Imagine would have bound my leechless wounds—
Imagine would have sought my nameless corse,
And known it well—and she was wedded!—wedded!—
Was there no name in hell's dark catalogue
To brand thee with, but mine immortal foe's?—
And did I 'scape from war, and want, and famine,
To perish by the falsehood of a woman? [*Crosses, R.*]

Imo. Oh, spare me, Bertram!—oh, preserve thyself!

Ber. A despot's vengeance, a false country's curses,
The spurn of menials whom this hand had fed—
In my heart's steeléd pride I shook them off,
As the bayed lion from his hurtless hide
Shakes his pursuers' darts—
One dart alone took aim, thy hand did barb it!

[*Crosses, L.*]

Imo. He did not hear my father's cry—Oh, heaven!—
Nor food, nor fire, nor raiment; and his child
Knelt madly to the hungry walls for succour,
Ere her wrought brain could bear the horrid thought,
Or wed with him—or—see thy father perish.

Ber. Thou tremblest lest I curse thee,—tremble not.
Though thou hast made me, woman, very wretched,
Though thou hast made me—But I will not curse thee.
Hear the last prayer of Bertram's broken heart,
That heart which thou hast broken, not his foes!—
Of thy rank wishes the full scope be on thee;

May pomp and pride shout in thine adderred path,
 Till thou shalt feel and sicken at their hollowness;
 May he thou'st wed be kind and generous to thee,
 Till thy wrung heart, stabbed by his noble fondness,
 Writhe in detesting consciousness of falsehood;
 May thy babe's smile speak daggers to that mother
 Who cannot love the father of her child,
 And in the bright blaze of the festal hall,
 When vassals kneel, and kindred smile around thee,
 May ruined Bertram's pledge hiss in thine ear—
 Joy to the proud dame of St. Aldobrand—
 While his cold corse doth bleach beneath her towers!

[*Going, L.*

Imo. [*Detaining him.*] Stay!

Ber. No.

Imo. Thou hast a dagger.

Ber. Not for woman.—

Imo. It was my prayer to die in Bertram's presence,
 But not by words like these.— [*Falls.*

Ber. [*Turning back.*] On the cold earth!—
 I do forgive thee from my inmost soul!—

The CHILD of Imogine rushes in, L., and clings to her.

Child. Mother!

[*Bertram eagerly snatches up the child.—A pause.*

Ber. God bless thee, child!—Bertram hath kissed thy
 child! [*Rushes off, L.*

Imo. Bertram—Bertram!

[*The Child clings to her, and the Curtain falls.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Wood.*

Euter ST. ALDOBRAND with a PAGE, R. U. E., *speaking.*

Ald. Hold thou my good steed, page; the moon is
 down;

We've far outstript the knights, but slacker speed

Hath found a surer road. Where, think'st thou, are we ?
 Vainly I listen through the night so still
 For bell that tells of holy convent near ;
 All is dark, still, and lorn. Where deem'st thou are we ?

Page. Oh, we are nigh a fell and fearful spot,
 For by the last gleams of the sunken moon
 I saw the towers—

Ald. What towers are these, boy ?

Page. The ruined towers that 'tis said are haunted.

Ald. Then not four leagues divide me from mine
 home.—

Mine home—it is a pleasant sound,—there bide
 My dame and child—all pleasant thoughts dwell there.

[*A bell tolls, L. U. E.*

Hark ! 'tis the convent bell, forego thy tale—
 The blessed thoughts of home are in that sound
 That near my castle's gallant walls doth float—

[*A Chorus of Knights heard faintly from the Forest,*
L. U. E.

What voices swell upon the midnight air ?

Page. St. Anselm's knights.

Ald. Yes, 'tis their pious wont,

When journeying near the sound of convent bell,
 'Mid flood or fire, to raise the holy hymn
 That chaunts the praise of their protecting saint.
 List to the solemn harmony,
 Guided by that we may rejoin their company.

[*Exeunt, L.—The Chorus is heard again, and continues
 drawing nearer as the scene changes.*

SCENE II.—*The Convent.*

*The PRIOR discovered reading, L. C., and BERTRAM, R. C.,
 viewing him with the attention of one who envies him.*

Ber. How many hours have passed since matin-bell ?

Prior. I know not, till it sound again to vespers.

Time passes o'er us with a noiseless lapse :
 Our hours are marked alone by prayer and study,
 And know no change but by their mute succession.

Ber. Yea ; thus they live, if this may life be called,
 Where moving shadows mock the parts of men.
 Prayer follows study, study yields to prayer,

Bell echoes bell, till, wearied with the sunmons,
The ear doth ache for that last welcome peal
That tolls an end to listless vacancy.

[They rise and come forward.]

The storm for Bertram! and it hath been with me,
Dealt with me branch and bole, bared me to th' roots,
And where the next wave bears my perished trunk,
In its dread lapse, I neither know, nor reck of.

Prior. Thou desperate man, whom mercy woos in vain,
Although with miracles she pleads—
Forbear, I say, to taint these holy echoes
With the fell sounds of thy profane despair.

Ber. Good monk, I am beholden to your patience.
Take this from one, whose lips do mock at praise;
Thou art a man, whose mild and reverend functions
Might bid my better angel half return.
But—'tis impossible—I will not trouble thee—
The wayward Bertram and his moody mates
Are tenants all unmeet for cloistered walls:—
We will find fitter home.

Prior. Whither wilt thou resort?

Ber. Is there no forest
Whose shades are dark enough to shelter us?
Or cavern rifted by the perilous lightning,
Where we must grapple with the tenanting wolf
To earn our bloody lair?—there let us bide,
Nor hear the voice of man, nor call of heaven.

Prior. Wend not, I charge thee, with those desperate
men.

Full well I wot who are thy fearful mates.—
In their stern strife with the incenséd deep,
That dashed them bruised and breathless on our shores,
When their drenched hold forsook both gold and geer,
They griped their daggers with a murderer's instinct.
—I read thee for the leader of a band
Whose trade is blood—

Ber. Well, then, thou knowest the worst—
I am their leader,
And let the worst be known!

Prior. Mark what I read: renounce that horrid league—
Flee to the Castle of St. Aldobrand:
His power may give thee safety, and his dame

May plead for thee against the law's stern purpose—
All as thou art unknown—

Ber. His dame plead for me!—

When my cold corse, torn from some felon wheel,
Or dug from lightless depth of stony dungeon,
Welters in the cold gaze of pitiless strangers,
Then fling it at his gate, whose curséd stones
My living foot treads never,—yet beware
Lest the corse burst its cearments stark, and curse thee!

[*Crosses, L.*

Prior. Hush, hush these horrid sounds. Where wilt
thou bide?

Near us nor knight nor baron holds his keep,
For far and wide thy foeman's land extends.

Ber. The world hath ample realms beyond his power.
The frozen mountain, or the burning sand,
Would be more wholesome than the fertile realm
That's lorded o'er by Aldobrand. [Exit, L.

Prior. Wild admiration thrills me to behold
An evil strength, so above earthly pitch—
Descending angels only could reclaim thee.

Enter SECOND MONK, R.

2d Monk. The lady of St. Aldobrand in haste
Craves swift admittance to your sacred cell.

Prior. She is a gracious and a pious dame,
And doth our cell much honour by her presence.

[Exit Second Monk, R.]

Enter IMOGINE, R.—she kneels to Prior.

Prior. (L. C.) The blessings of these sainted walls be
on thee!

Why art thou thus disturbed? What moves thee, daughter?

Imo. Nay, do not raise me with those reverend hands.
I am a wretched, soul-struck, guilty woman.

Prior. Thou dost amaze me; by mine holy order,
I deemed no legends of our cloistered saints
Held holier records of pure sanctity,
Than the clear answer of thy stainless life
To shrift's most piercing search—

Imo. [Rising.] Oh, holy Prior! I am a wretch!

I've nursed a slumbering serpent till it stung me,
And from my heart's true guardian hid its foulness.

Prior. Thou'st done an evil deed—
For sin is of the soul, and thine is tainted :
But most I blame thee, that from thy soul's guardian
Thou hiddest thy secret guilt.

Imo. I knew it not.
Last night, oh ! last night told a dreadful secret :—
The moon went down, its sinking ray shut out
The parting form of one beloved too well. •
With naught that loved me, and with naught to love,
I stood upon the desert earth alone—
I stood and wondered at my desolation—
And in that deep and utter agony,
Though then, than ever most unfit to die,
I fell upon my knees, and prayed for death.

Prior. Art thou a wife and mother, and canst speak
Of life rejected by thy desperate passion—
These bursting tears, wrung hands, and burning words,
Are these the signs of penitence or passion ?
“ Thou comest to me, for to my ear alone
“ May the deep secret of thy heart be told,
“ And fancy riot in the luscious poison—
“ Fond of the misery we paint so well,
“ Proud of the sacrifice of broken hearts,
“ We pour on heav'n's dread ear, what man's would shrink
from—
“ Yea, make a merit of the impious insult,
“ And wrest the functions of mine holy office
“ To the foul ministry of earthly passion.”

Imo. Why came I here ! I had despair at home—
Where shall the wretch resort whom Heaven forsakes ?

Prior. Thou hast forsaken Heaven.
Speed to thy castle, shut thy chamber door,
Bind fast thy soul by every solemn vow
Never to hold communion with that object—
If still thy heart's responses yield no harmony—
Weary thy saint with agonies of prayer ;
On the cold marble quench thy burning breast ;
Number with every bead a tear of soul ;
Press to thy heart the cross, and bid it banish
The form that would usurp its image there.

Imo. [*Kneeling.*] One parting word—

Prior. No, not one parting look—

One parting thought—I charge thee on thy soul.
 [Turns away and crosses, R.]

Imo. [*Turning away.*] He never loved.

[Seizes his robes.]

Prior. Why clingest thou to my raiment?

Thy grasp of grief is stronger on my heart—

Enter FIRST MONK *and* PAGE, R.

1st Monk. Hail, holy Prior, and hail, thou noble dame!
 With joyful heart I break upon your privacy.

[Prior crosses, C.]

St. Aldobrand before his own good gates
 Doth rein his war-steed's pride; the warder's horn
 Full merrily rings his peal of welcome home.
 I hied me onward with the joyful tidings
 To greet his happy dame.

Prior. Now, by my beads, the news is wond'rous welcome.
 [To Page, L. corner.]

Hath thy brave lord in safety reached his home?

[Apart to Imogene, L. C.]

Clear thy dimmed brow, for shame! hie to thy lord,
 And show a dame's true duty in his welcome. [To Page.]
 Came with thy lord the knights of good St. Anselm,
 Bearing the banner of their guardian saint
 Safe from the infidel scathe?

Page. They come with speed—
 Though lated in the forest's wildering maze;
 Last night their shelter was the broad brown oak.

Prior. High praise be given! Haste! summon all our
 brethren. [Exit First Monk, R.]

Th' occasion, noble dame, doth call me from thee—

So, Benedicite. [Exeunt Prior and Page, R.]

Imo. That word should mean—

A blessing rest on me.—I am not blest—
 Would I were seared in guilt, or strong in innocence!
 I dare not search my heart; some iron vow
 Shall bind me down in passive wretchedness,
 And mock the force of my rebellious heart.

As she kneels, enter BERTRAM, L.

Ha! art thou there?

Come kneel with me, and witness to the vow
I offer to renounce thee, and to die.

Ber. Nay, it is meet that we renounce each other.
Have we not been a miserable pair?
Hath not our fatal passion cursed, not blessed us?
Had we not loved, how different were our fates;
For thou hadst been a happy, honoured dame,
And I had slept the sleep of those that dream not—
But life was dear, while Imogine did love.

Imo. Witness my vow, while I have breath to speak it.

Ber. Then make it thus—why dost thou shrink from me?

Despair hath its embrace as well as passion.
May I not hold thee in these folded arms?
May I not clasp thee to this blasted heart?
When the rich soil teemed with youth's generous flowers,
I felt thee, sunshine; now thy rayless light
Falls like a cold moon on the blasted heath,
Mocking its desolation.—Speak thy vow—
I will not chide thee, if the words should kill me.

Imo. [*Sinking into his arms.*] I cannot utter it.

Ber. Have we not loved, as none have ever loved,
And must we part as none have ever parted?
I know thy lord is near; I know his towers
Must shut thee from my sight—the curfew-hour
Will send me on a far and fearful journey.
Give me one hour, nor think thou givest too much,
When grief is all the boon.

Imo. One hour to thee?

Ber. When the cold moon gleams on thy castle walls,
Wilt thou not seek the spot where last we met?
That be our parting spot. Oh! Imogine,
Heaven, that denies the luxury of bliss,
Shall yield at least the luxury of anguish,
And teach us the stern pride of wretchedness—
That hour shall light my parting step of darkness—
Imogine's form did gleam on my last glance,
Imogine's breath did mix with my last sigh,
Imogine's tear doth linger on my cheek,
But ne'er must dew my grave.

Imo. I am desperate
To say I'll meet thee, but I will, will meet thee:

No future hour can rend my heart like this,
Save that which breaks it.

The CHILD runs in, R., and clings to Imogine.

Child. Dear mother, my father is returned, and kissed
and blessed me.

Imo. [*Falling on the Child's neck.*] What have I done?
My child! forgive thy mother.

Ber. [*Surveying Imogine with stern contempt.*]
Woman! oh, woman! and an urchin's kiss
Rends from thy heart thy love of many years.
Go, virtuous dame, to thy most happy lord,
And Bertram's image taint your kiss with poison.

Imo. 'Tis but the last—and I have sworn to meet him.
My boy, my boy, thy image will protect me!

[*She kneels, c., and kisses her Child, as the Act Drop falls.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Beneath the Castle Walls.—Night, dark.*

BERTRAM appears, L. U. E., in the utmost agitation—he
extends his arms towards the spot where the Moon has
just disappeared.

Ber. Thou hidest away thy face, and wilt not view me;
All the bright lights of heaven are dark above me.
Beneath the black cope of this starless night
There lurks no darker soul—
My fiend-like glory hath departed from me—
Bertram hath naught above the meanest losel—
I should have bearded him in halls of pride—
I should have mated him in fields of death—
Not stol'n upon his secret bower of peace,
And breathed a serpent's venom on his flower.

[*Looks up at the Casement of the Tower, R. U. E., at
which a light appears—he gazes at it.*]
She is there!

She weeps—no husband wipes her tears away—
 She weeps—no babe doth cheer the guilty mother.
 Aldobrand—No! I never will forgive thee,
 For I am sunk beneath thee.

Enter two ROBBERS, of Bertram's Band, L.

Who art thou?

1st Rob. Why dost thou wander in the woods alone,
 Leaving thy mates to play with idle hilts,
 Or dream with monks o'er rosary and relic?

2d Rob. Give us a deed to do.

Ber. [*Crossing, c.*] Ho! hear ye, villains,
 I know ye both—ye are slaves, that for a ducat
 Would rend the screaming infant from the breast
 To plunge it in the flames;
 Yea, draw your keen knives 'cross a father's throat,
 And carve with them the bloody meal ye earned.
 Villains, rejoice! your leader's crimes have purged you;
 You punished guilt—I preyed on innocence—
 Ye have beheld me fallen—Begone! begone!

1st Rob. (R.) Why, then, Heaven's benison be with
 you!

Thou'lt need it if thou tarriest longer here.

Ber. (C.) How, slave, what fear you?

2d Rob. (L.) Fly! this broad land hath not one spot to
 hide thee.

Danger and death await thee in those walls.

Ber. They'd fell a blasted tree—well—let it fall—
 But, though the perished trunk feel not the wound,
 Woe to the smiting hand—its fall may crush him.

1st Rob. Lord Aldobrand

Holds high commission from his sovereign liege
 To hunt thy outlawed life through Sicily.

Ber. [*Wildly.*] Who?—what? [*Crosses, L.*]

2d Rob. (C.) We mingled with the men at arms
 As journeying home. Their talk was of Count Bertram,
 Whose vessel had from Manfredonia's coast
 Been traced towards this realm.

1st Rob. And if on earth his living form were found,
 Lord Aldobrand had power to seal his doom.

Ber. [*Bursting into ferocity.*] Villain! abhorréd villain!
 Hath he not pushed me to extremity?

Are these wild weeds, these scarred and scathed limbs,
 This wasted frame, a mark for human malice?
 There have been those, who, from the high bark's side
 Have whelmed their enemy in the flashing deep;
 But who hath watched to see his struggling hands,
 To hear the sob of death? Fool!—idiot!—idiot!—
 'Twas but e'en now, I would have knelt to him
 With the prostration of a conscious villain—
 I would have crouched beneath his spurning feet—
 I would have felt their trampling tread, and blessed it,—
 For I had injured him, and mutual injury
 Had freed my withered heart. Villain! I thank thee.

1st Rob. Wilt thou fly?

Ber. Never! On this spot I stand
 The champion of despair—this arm my brand—
 This breast my panoply—and for my gage—
 (Oh, thou hast rest from me all knightly pledge!)
 Take these black hairs, torn from a head that hates thee—
 Deep be their dye, before that pledge is ransomed,
 In thine heart's blood or mine! [*Wild with passion.*]

Why strivest thou with me?

Lord Aldobrand, I brave thee in thy halls!
 Wrecked, famished, wrung in heart, and worn in limb!
 For bread of thine this lip hath never stained—
 I bid thee to the conflict!—Ay, come on!
 Coward! hast armed thy vassals?—Come, then, all—
 Follow! ye shall have work enough.—Follow!

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*Imogine's Apartment—a door, L. C.,—a table
 c., with a lamp burning on it.*

*Enter IMOGINE, L. S. E.—she walks for some time in great
 agitation.*

Imo. Away! thou glarest on me—thy light is hateful!
 Oh! that a mountain's weight were cast upon me;
 Oh! that the wild, wide ocean heaved o'er me;
 Oh! that I could into the earthy centre
 Sink, and be nothing.—

“Sense, memory, feeling, life, extinct and swallowed,
 “With things that are not, or have never been,
 “Lie down and sleep the everlasting sleep.”
 If I run mad, some wild word will betray me.

Nay, let me think—what am I?—no, what was I?—

[*A long pause.*]

I *was* the honoured wife of Aldobrand;

I *am* the scornéd minion of a ruffian.

Enter CLOTILDA, R.

Who art thou that thus comest on me in darkness?

Clo. The taper's blaze doth make it bright as noon.

Imo. I saw thee not, till thou wert close to me;

So steal the steps of those who watch the guilty.

How darest thou gaze thus earnestly upon me?

What see'st thou in my face?

Clo. Despair.

Imo. See'st thou despair alone?

Nay, mock me not, for thou hast read more deeply,

Else why that piercing look?

Clo. I meant it not:

But since thy lonely walk upon the rampart,

Strange hath been thy demeanour; all thy maidens

Do speak in busy whispers of its wildness.

Imo. Oh! hang me shuddering on the baseless crag—

The vampire's wing—the wild-worm's sting be on me,—

But hide me, mountains, from the man I've injured.

Clo. Whom hast thou injured?

Imo. Whom doth woman injure?

Another daughter dries a father's tears;

Another sister claims a brother's love;

An injured husband hath no other wife,

Save her who wrought him shame.

Clo. I will not hear thee.

Imo. We met in madness, and in guilt we parted—

Oh! I see horror rushing to thy face—

Do not betray me, I am penitent—

Do not betray me, it will kill my lord—

Do not betray me, it will kill my boy,

My little one, that loves me.

[*Kneels.*]

Clo. Wretched woman—

Whom guilt hath flung at a dependent's feet,

Rise—rise! How can'st thou keep thy fatal secret?

Those fixed and bloodshot eyes, those wringing hands—

Imo. And were I featureless, inert, and marble,

Th' accuser *here* would speak.

Clo. Wilt thou seek comfort from the holy Prior?

Imo. When I was innocent, I sought it of him;
Now that my heart condemns me, what avails
The pardon of my earthly, erring judge? [*Crosses, R.*
What fearful sound is that?

Clo. Alas! a feller trial doth abide thee;
I hear thy lord's approach.
Madness is in thy looks; he'll know it all.

Imo. Why, I am mad with horror and remorse.
He comes—he comes, in all that murderous kindness.
Oh! Bertram's curse is on me.

St. Aldobrand. [*Without.*] Take my helmet, boy.

Enter ST. ALDOBRAND, R.

How fares my dame? Give me thy white hand, love.

[*Exit Clotilda, L.*

Well may man toil for such an hour as this.

Imo. [*Standing timidly near him, c.*]

Yea, happier they, who on the bloody field
Stretch when their toil is done.

Ald. What means my love?

Imo. Is there not rest among the quiet dead?
But, is there surely rest in mortal dwellings?

Ald. Deep loneliness hath wrought this mood in thee.
For like a cloistered votaress, thou hast kept,
Thy damsels tell me, this lone turret's bound—
Not thine to parley at the latticed casement
With wandering wooer, or—

Imo. [*Wildly.*] For mercy's sake, forbear!

Ald. How farest thou?

Imo. [*Recovering.*] Well—well—a sudden pain o' th'
heart.

Ald. Knowest thou the cause detained me hence so
long?

Imo. [*Trying to recollect herself.*] Was it not war?

Ald. Ay, and the worst war, love,

When our fell foes are our own countrymen.
Thou knowest the banished Bertram.—His mad ambition
Strove with the crown itself for sovereignty;
The craven monarch was his subject's slave;
In that dread hour my country's guard I stood,
From the state's vitals tore the coiléd serpent,

First hung him writhing up to public scorn,
Then flung him forth to ruin.

Imo. Thou need'st not tell it.

Ald. Late from Taranto's gulf his bark was traced
Right to these shores.

Imo. Think'st thou he harbours here?

Ald. Why art thou thus, my Imogine, my love?
Why is this?

Imo. I am dying, Aldobrand; a malady
Preys on my heart, that medicine cannot reach.
When I am cold, when my pale sheeted corse
Sleeps the dark sleep no venom'd tongue can wake,
List not to evil thoughts of her whose lips
Have then no voice to plead.

Take to thine arms some honourable dame,
And—if he dies not on his mother's grave—
Still love my boy as if that mother lived.

Ald. Banish such gloomy dreams—
'Tis solitude that makes thee speak thus sadly.
No longer shalt thou pine in lonely halls;
Come to thy couch, my love—

Imo. Stand off!—unhand me!—
I have a vow—a solemn vow is on me—
If I ascend the bed of peace and honour
Till that—

Ald. Till what?

Imo. My penance is accomplished.

Ald. Nay, heav'n forefend I should disturb thy ori-
sons—

The reverend Prior were fittest counsellor.

Farewell!

[*Crosses, L.*

Imo. [*With a sudden impulse, falling on her knees.*]

Yet, ere thou goest, forgive me, oh! my husband!

Ald. Forgive thee!—What?

Imo. Oh! we do all offend.

Ald. I well may pardon what I ne'er have felt.

[*Imogine follows him on her knees and kisses his hand.*

Farewell!—farewell!

[*Exit, L.*

Imo. There is no human heart can 'bide this conflict—
All dark and horrible. Bertram—

But, oh! within these walls, before mine eyes,
Who would have died for him, while life had value.

He shall not die!—
 Ha! I hear a step—
 It hath the speech-like thrilling of *his* tread:
 It is himself.

Enter BERTRAM, C. D.

Why comest thou thus? what is thy fearful business?

Ber. (L. c.) Guess it, and spare me.

[*A long pause, during which she gazes at him.*

Canst thou not read it in my face?

[*Throwing his dagger on the ground.*

Speak thou for me.

Show me the chamber where thy husband lies;

The morning must not see us both alive.

Imo. [*Screaming and struggling with him.*]

Ah! horror! horror!

Have pity on me, I have had much wrong.

[*Falls at his feet.*

Ber. [*Looking on her with pity for a moment.*]

Thou fairest flower!

Why didst thou fling thyself across my path?

My tiger spring must crush thee in its way,

But cannot pause to pity thee.

[*Crosses, R.*

Imo. Thou must; I ne'er reproached thee—

Kind, gentle Bertram—my beloved Bertram—

For thou wert gentle once, and once beloved,—

Have mercy on me!—Oh! thou couldst not think it—

[*Looking up and seeing no relenting in his face, she starts up wildly.*

By heaven, he shall not perish!

Ber. He shall not live!

Thou callest in vain—

The armed vassals all are far from succour.

My band of blood are darkening in their halls—

He shall fall nobly, by my hand shall fall!

Enter BANDITTI, C. D.

Ha! those felon slaves are come—

[*Snatching up the dagger.*

He shall not perish by their ruffian hands! [*Exit, L.*

Imo. [*Gazing around her, and slowly recovering recollection, repeats his last words.*] "He shall not perish!"

Oh! it was all a dream!

Rushes towards the Banditti, who advance and point their swords to resist her.—A clashing of swords without, L.

Enter CLOTILDA, L.

St. Aldobrand. [Without.] Off, villain! off!

Bertram. [Without.] Villain, to thy soul!—for I am Bertram!

Enter ST. ALDOBRAND, L., retreating before BERTRAM—he rushes forward and falls at the feet of Imogine.

Ald. Oh! save my boy.

[Dies.—Imogine faints—Bertram stands over the body of St. Aldobrand, holding the dagger, with his eyes intently fixed on it, and the Banditti range at the back, as the Act Drop falls.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Chapel in the Convent of St. Anselm—the shrine splendidly illuminated and decorated.—The PRIOR discovered rising from before the Altar.*

Enter MONKS and KNIGHTS in procession, I. U. E.—the Monks march forward and range, R.—the Knights come forward with banners, and range, R. U. E.—Music. The Knights and Monks advance in procession, the Prior bearing the banner, which he has received from the principal Knight.

HYMN.

Guardian of the good and brave,
 Their banner o'er thy shrine we wave;
 Monk, who counts the midnight bead,
 Knight, who spurs the battle steed,
 He, who dies 'mid clarion's swelling,
 He, who dies 'mid requiem's knelling—
 Alike thy care, whose grace is shed
 On cowed scalp and helmed head—

Thy temple of the rock and flood
 For ages 'mid their wrath has stood—
 Thy midnight bell, through storm and calm,
 Hath shed on listening ear its balm.

The THIRD MONK rushes in distractedly, l. s. e.

3d Monk. Forbear! forbear!

Prior. (c.) Why comest thou thus with voice of desperate fear,

Breaking upon our solemn ceremony?

3d Monk. Despair is round our walls, a wailing spirit,
 "Yea, the mixed wailings of the infernal host
 "Burst deafeningly amid the shuddering blast"—
 No earthly lip might utterance give to such.

Prior. Thou'rt wild with watching;
 'Twas but the night wind's hollow sweep,
 Mocking the sounds of human lamentation.

[*A scream heard, l. s. e.*

3d Monk. Hush—look—it comes again!

[*The scream again heard.*

Prior. Defend us, heaven!

'Twas horrible indeed—'tis in our walls.

Ha! through the cloister there doth something glide.

Enter IMOGINE, hurriedly, l. s. e.—she rushes forward with her CHILD, her hair dishevelled, her dress stained with blood.

Imo. Save me! save me!

Prior. Save thee from what?

Imo. From earth, and heaven, and hell,—

All, all are armed, and rushing in pursuit!

[*The Prior, Monks, and Knights gather round, and converse together.*

All. Who—what—what hath befallen thee!—Speak!

Imo. (c.) Oh! wait not here to speak, but fly to save him,

For he lies low upon the bloody ground.

1st Monk. (l.) She speaks in madness; ask the frightened boy—

Hath aught befallen his father?

Imo. Ask him not—

He hath no father—we have murdered him—

Traitress and murderer—we have murdered him—

They'll not believe me for mine agony—
Is not his very blood upon my raiment?
Recks not the charnel stream of murder from me?

Prior. [*Vehemently.*] Impossible!

Imo. Ay, heaven and earth do cry, impossible!
The shuddering angels shriek, impossible!
But fiends do know it true.

Prior. [*Solemnly.*] Spirits of madness do possess this woman!

Who did the deed?

[*Imogine sinks gradually from his fixed eye, till, hiding her face, she sinks on the ground in silence.*]

1st Monk. (L.) I do believe it, horrid as it seems.

Prior. I'd not believe her words, I do her silence.

Now—draw your swords, brave knights—avenge! pursue!

[*Exeunt, tumultuously, Knights, Monks, and Attendants, L. U. E.—the Prior is following, when Imogine, who is still kneeling, grasps him by the robe.*]

Prior. [*With mixed emotion, turning to her.*]

Thou art a wretch! I did so love and honour thee—
Thou'st broke mine aged heart.—That look again—
Woman, let go thy withering hold!

Imo. I dare not—

I have no hold but upon Heaven and thee.

Prior. [*Tearing himself from her.*]

Hear thou, and—hope not—if by word or deed,
Yea, by invisible thought, unuttered wish,
Thou hast been ministrant to this horrid act,—
With full collected force of malediction,
I do pronounce unto thy soul—despair! [*Exit, L. S. E.*]

Imo. [*Looking round on the Chapel, after a long pause.*]

They've left me—all things leave me—all things human—
Follower and friend—last went the holy man—
The last—but yet he went—
To leave the guilty in their guiltiness.

Child. Dear mother, take me home.

Imo. Thou hast no home!

She, whom thou callest mother, left thee none—
We're hunted from mankind.

What form is that? Why have they laid him there?

[*Recoils.*]

The cold blue wound whence blood hath ceased to flow,
The stormy clenching of the baréd teeth—

I see them all!—

[*Shrieks.*

It moves!—it moves!—it rises—it comes to me!—

'Twill break the eternal silence of the grave—

'Twill wind me in its creaking, marrowless arms!

Hold up thy hands to it—it was thy father!—

Ha! it would have thee too!—Off!—save me!—off!

[*Rushes off with the Child, R.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle of St. Aldobrand—a door, C. F.*

Enter PRIOR, L.

Prior. His halls are desolate; the lonely walls
Echo my single tread through the long galleries;
The hurrying knights can trace nor friend nor foe;
The murderer hath escaped.

Enter KNIGHTS, MONKS, &c., L., *supporting* CLOTILDA.

Knight. We found this trembling maid, alone, concealed.

Prior. (c.) Speak! Tell of Bertram—of thy lord—the vassals—

Clo. (L. c.) Oh! give me breath, for I am weak with fear.

Short was the bloody conflict of the night;
The bandits, loaded with the castle's spoil,
Are gone; I saw them issue from the walls,
But yet I dared not venture forth; while Bertram—

Prior. Go on—go on!

Clo. He bore the murdered body
Alone into yon chamber.

[*Points, c.*

There hath he sat in dread society;
The corse and murderer are there together.

[*The Knights draw their swords and rush towards the door, c.*

Prior. [*Interposing.*] Hold! champions, hold!
The arm of flesh were powerless on him now.

Mark how the faltering voice of feeble age

Shall bow him to its bidding. [*Striking the door.*] Ho!
come forth,

Thou man of blood—come forth! thy doom awaits thee!

[*A noise of bolts heard.*

BERTRAM opens the door, c. f., and slowly advances—his dress is stained with blood—he grasps the hilt of a dagger, and his look is so marked and grand, that the Knights and Monks make way for him, as he comes forward, R. C.—Exit Clotilda, L.

Ber. I am the murderer!—Wherefore are ye come?—
Wist ye whence I come?

The tomb—where dwell the dead—and I dwelt with him
Till sense of life dissolved away within me.

[Looking ghastly round.

I am amazed to see ye living men;
I deemed that when I struck the final blow,
Mankind expired, and we were left alone,
The corse and I were left alone together,
The only tenants of a blasted world.

“Dispeopled for my punishment, and changed
“Into a penal orb of desolation.”

Prior. (R.) Advance, and seize him, ere his voice of
blasphemy

Shall pile the roof in ruins o'er our heads!

[Knights advance.

Ber. Advance, and seize me, ye who smile at blood,
For every drop of mine a life shall pay!

I'm naked, famished, faint, my brand is broken—

Rush, mailed champions, on the helpless Bertram!

[They sink back.

Now prove what fell resistance I shall make.

[Throwing down the dagger.

There! Bind mine arms, if ye do list to bind them;
I came to yield, but not to be subdued.

Prior. Oh! thou, who o'er thy stormy grandeur flingest

A struggling beam that dazzles, awes, and vanishes—

Thou, who dost blend our wonder with our curses,—

Why did'st thou this?

Ber. He wronged me, and I slew him!—

To man but thee I ne'er had said even this.

Now speed ye swift from questioning to death.

[They surround him.

One prayer, my executioners, not conquerors:

Be most ingenious in your cruelty—

Let rack and pincer do their full work on me—

'Twill rouse me from that dread unnatural sleep
In which my soul hath dreamt its dreams of agony.—
This is my prayer, ye'll not refuse it to me.

[*As the Knights are leading him off, L., the Prior
lays hold of him.*

Prior. Yet bend thy steeléd sinews, bend and pray :
The corse of him thou'st murdered lies within.

[*A long pause.*

Ber. I have offended Heaven, but will not mock it :
Give me your racks and tortures, spare me words.

[*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE III.—*A dark Wood—a Cavern, R. U. E.—Rocks
and Precipices above.*

IMOGINE discovered, reclining against the Cavern.

Imo. [*Sighing heavily after a long pause.*]

Or night or morning is it ?

I wist not which, a dull and dismal twilight
Pervading all things, and confounding all things,
Doth hover o'er my senses and my soul.

[*Comes forward, shuddering, c.*

The moon shines on me, but it doth not light me.

The surge glides past me, but it breathes not on me.

My child ! my child ! where art thou ? come to me !

I know thou hidest thyself for sport, to mock me—

Yet come, for I am scared with loneliness.

I'll call on thee no more. Lo ! there he glides—

And there, and there—he flies from me—he laughs !—

I'll sing thee songs the churchyard spirits taught me—

I'll sit all night on the gray tombs with thee,—

So thou wilt turn to me. He's gone ! he's gone !

*Enter CLOTILDA, the PRIOR, and two MONKS, L., with
torches.*

Clo. She's here—she's here ! And is it thus I see her ?

Prior. All-pitying Heaven, release her from this mi-
sery !

Imo. Away ! unhand me ! ye are executioners—

I know your horrible errand ! Who hath sent you ?

This is false Bertram's doing—

How I did love—and how am I requited !

Well, well, accuse me of what crime you will,

I ne'er was guilty of not loving thee.

[*The Prior takes hold of her.*

Oh, spare the torture, and I will confess—

Nay, now, there needs it not—his look's enough—

That smile hath keener edge than many daggers.

[*Sinks in Clotilda's arms.*

Clo. How could this wasted form sustain the toils,
Bearing her helpless child.

Imo. [*Starting up.*] I was a mother—'twas my child I bore ;

The murderer hung upon my flying steps.

Oh ! how we laughed to see the baffled fiend

Stamp on the shore, and grind his iron teeth,

While safe and far, I braved the wave triumphant,

And shook my dripping locks like trophied banner,—

I was a mother then.

Prior. Where is thy child ?

Clo. Oh ! he lies cold within the forest glen.

Why dost thou urge her with the horrid theme ?

Prior. It was to wake one living chord o' the heart ;

And I will try, though mine own breaks at it.

Where is thy child ?

Imo. [*With a frantic laugh.*] The forest fiend hath snatched him !

Prior. Hopeless and dark—even the last spark extinct.

Enter THIRD MONK, hastily, L. U. E.

3d Monk. Bertram—the prisoner Bertram—

Prior. Hush ! thou'lt kill her.

Haste thee, Clotilda,—holy brethren, haste !

Remove her hence—[*Pointing to Cavern.*] ay, even to that sad shelter.

[*Looking off, L. U. E.*

I see the approaching torches of the guard,

Flash their red light athwart the forest's shade.

Bear her away. Oh ! my weak eye doth fail

Amid these horrors.

[*Imogine is borne to the Cavern, R. U. E., and Prior follows.—A gleam of torch-light falls on the Rocks, L. U. E.—Bertram, Knights, and Monks are seen winding down the Precipices, the clank of Bertram's chains the only sound heard.*

Enter BERTRAM, KNIGHTS, and MONKS.—*Bertram between two Monks, who bear torches.*

1st Monk. (R. C.) Leave him with us, and seek the Prior, I pray you.

Knight. [*Apart to 1st Monk.*] He may yet try to escape. We'll watch concealed.

[*Exeunt all but Bertram and 1st and 2d Monks.*

1st Monk. Brief rest is here allowed thee—murderer, pause.

How fearful was our footing on those cliffs,
Where time had worn those steep and rocky steps;
I counted them to thee as we descended,
But thou, for pride, wast dumb.

Ber. (C.) I heard thee not.

2d Monk. (L. C.) Look round thee, murderer! drear thy resting place—

This is thy latest stage—survey it well.

Dare thine eye scan that spectred vacancy?

Ber. I do not mark the things thou tell'st me o.

1st Monk. Wretch! if thy fear no spectred inmate shapes—

Ber. [*Starting from his trance.*]

Cease, triflers! Would you have me feel remorse?
Leave me alone—nor cell, nor chain, nor dungeon
Speaks to the murderer with the voice of solitude.

1st Monk. Be it so.

In cruelty of mercy will we leave thee.

[*Exeunt Monks into the Cavern, R. U. E.*

Ber. If they would go in truth—but what avails it?

[*Meditates in gloomy reflection for some minutes, and his countenance slowly relaxes from its stern expression.*

Enter PRIOR, unobserved, from the Cavern—he stands opposite Bertram in an attitude of supplication, who, seeing the Prior, assumes his former sternness.

Ber. (L. C.) Why art thou here? There was a hovering angel

Just lighting on my heart, and thou hast scared it.

Prior. (R.) Yea, rather with my prayers I'll woo it back.

In very pity of thy soul I come
 To weep upon that heart I cannot soften. [*A long pause.*
 Oh! thou art on the verge of awful death—
 Think of the moment, when the veiling scarf
 That binds thine eyes, shall shut out earth forever;
 When in thy dizzy ear hurtles the groan
 Of those who see the smiting hand upreared,
 Thou canst but feel—that moment comes apace.

[*Bertram smiles.*

But terrors move in thee a horrid joy,
 And thou art hardened by habitual danger
 Beyond the sense of aught but pride in death.

[*Bertram turns away.*

Can I not move thee by one power in nature?
 There have been those whom Heaven hath failed to move,
 Yet moved they were by tears of kneeling age. [*Kneels.*
 I waive all pride of ghostly power o'er thee—
 I lift no cross, I count no bead before thee—
 By the locked agony of these withered hands,
 By these white hairs, such as thy father bore,
 (Whom thou could'st ne'er see prostrate in the dust,)
 With toil to seek thee here my limbs do fail;
 Send me not broken-hearted back again;
 Yield, and relent, Bertram, my son! my son!

[*Weeping—then looking up eagerly.*

Did not a gracious tear bedew thine eye?

Ber. Perchance a tear had fallen, hadst thou not marked it.

Prior. [*Rising with dignity.*]

Obdurate soul!—then perish in thy pride!

Hear in my voice thy parting angel speak,—

Repent—and be forgiven!

[*Crosses, L.*

[*Bertram turns towards him with strong emotion, when a shriek is heard from the Cavern—Bertram stands fixed in horror.*

Prior. [*Stretching out his hands towards the Cavern.*]

Plead thou for me!—thou!—whose wild voice of horror
 Has pierced the heart my prayers have failed to touch.

Ber. [*Wildly.*] What voice was that?—yet do not dare
 to tell me—

Name not her name, I charge thee!

Prior. Imagine—

A maniac through these shuddering woods she wanders,
But in her madness never cursed thy name.

[*A shriek is heard from the Cavern—Bertram attempts to rush towards it, but stands stupefied—Imogine rushes from it in distraction, bursting from the arms of Clotilda—they are followed by Monks and Knights, who remain at the back.*

Imo. Away—away—away!—no wife—no mother!

[*Rushes forward till she meets Bertram, who stands in speechless horror.*

(R. c.) Give me my husband—give me back my child—
Nay, give me back myself!

They say I'm mad, but yet I know thee well.

Look on me: they would bind these wasted limbs—

I ask but death—death from thy hand—that hand

Can deal death well, and yet thou wilt not give it.

Ber. (L.) [*Gazing at her for a moment, then rushing to the Prior, and sinking at his feet.*]

Who hath done this? Where are the racks I hoped for?

Am I not weak? am I not humbled now?

[*Groveling at the Prior's feet, and then turning to the Knights.*

Hast thou no curse to blast—no curse for me?

Is there no hand to pierce a soldier's heart?

Is there no foot to crush a felon's neck?

Imo. [*Raising herself at the sound of his voice.*]

Bertram!

Ber. Imogine!—Imogine!—Imogine!

[*He rushes towards her, and repeats "Imogine" feebly; as he approaches, he utters her name again, passionately; he draws nearer, and seeing her looks of madness and desperation, repeats it once more in despair, but dares not approach her, till, perceiving her falling into Clotilda's arms, he catches her in his.*

Imo. Have I deserved this of thee?

[*She dies slowly, with her eyes fixed on Bertram, who continues to gaze on her, unconscious of her having expired.*

Prior. 'Tis past. [*To the Monks.*] Brethren, remove the
corse. [*The Knights and Monks advance—Bertram waves them off, still supporting the body.*

Ber. [*Starting up.*] She is not dead—
She must not, shall not die, till she forgives me!

Speak—speak to me! [*Kneeling to the corse.*
Yes, she will speak anon. [*Turning to the Monks.*

[*A long pause—he drops on the corse.*
She speaks no more.—Why do ye gaze on me?
I loved her—yea, I love—in death I love her—
I killed her, but I loved her.

What arm shall loose this grasp of love and death?

[*The Knights and Monks surround, and attempt to
tear Bertram from the body—he snatches a sword
from one of the Knights, who retreats in terror, as
it is pointed at him—Bertram, resuming all his for-
mer sternness, bursts into a disdainful laugh.*

Thee!—against thee!—Oh, thou art safe, thou worm!

Bertram hath but one fatal foe on earth—

And he is here! [*Stabs himself.*

Prior. [*Rushing forward.*] He dies—he dies!

Ber. [*Struggling with the agonies of death.*]

I know thee, holy Prior—I know ye, brethren—

Lift up your holy hands in charity.

[*With a burst of wild exultation.*

I died no felon death—

A warrior's weapon freed a warrior's soul. [*Dies.*

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF
THE CURTAIN.

	KNIGHTS.	KNIGHTS.	KNIGHTS.	
MONKS.				MONKS.
	CLOTILDA.			
		BERTRAM.		
		IMOGINE.		
FIRST M.	SECOND M.		PRIOR.	THIRD M.
R.]				[L.

THE END.

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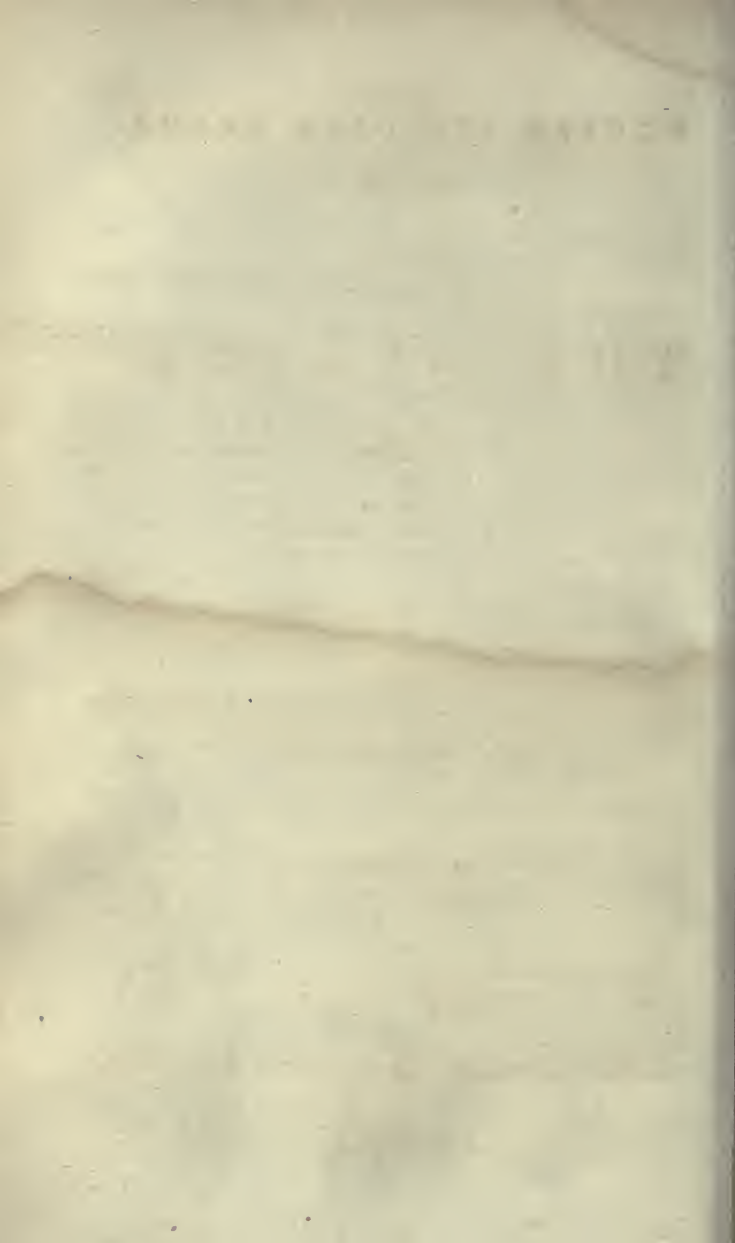
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EDWIN STODOLSKY

W. B. LICKNER

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MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

No. LIV.

THE DUENNA.

An Opera

IN THREE ACTS.

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

NEW YORK:

JOHN DOUGLAS, NO. 11 SPRUCE STREET.

1848.

MOORE STEWARD DRAPER

NO 10

THE INDEX

1850

IN GREAT BRITAIN

BY STEWARD DRAPER

Printed and Sold by W. Clowes and Sons, 7, St. Dunstons Church Lane, London, E.C.

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

The "Duenna" is one of those sterling specimens of Old English Opera, which were the delight of the last age. Combining, as they did, a pleasing union of lyrical charms with those of dramatic situation, witty dialogue, and strongly marked character, they appealed alike to the taste and judgment of the audiences, which in those days looked for *sensè* as well as *sound*, even in an Opera. The mutations of public taste, in theatrical affairs, is a subject worthy of observation to the speculative inquirer, as the stage is supposed "to show the manners living as they rise." We may mark by the Dramatic Literature of a period, the gradations of public taste, and the gradual developments of that species of fastidious refinement which has entirely banished the nervous and intellectual character of the old English Drama, and substituted, in its place, an ephemeral and hybrid species of Stage Entertainment, the sole merit of which is, its transient novelty, and its powers to beguile the vacant hour.

The Lyrical Drama has undergone even a greater radical change. Modern refinement has completely banished the old English Opera from the stage. "The Beggar's Opera," "Love in a Village," "Lionel and Clarissa," "The Duenna," with the long array of Musical Farces and Interludes, all written by the leading wits of the last century, and embellished with the compositions of the first Musical Geniuses of the age, beaming as they did with wit, satire, and embodiments of character, equal in force and life-like reality, to the matchless comedies of the Standard Drama; these are all now mouldering on the managers' shelves, or are only saved from oblivion in collections like our own, where they are occasionally resuscitated, to show that they possess a *literary* merit that survives the decay of their bye-gone acted glories. The rage for the Italian Lyrical Drama, which has so completely superseded the old English Opera, is

in perfect harmony with the characteristics of the age. Fashion has stamped it with its seal—and that alone would give it supremacy. But its voluptuous and intoxicating attractions are greater recommendations. It ministers to the affectations of refinement, now the indispensable qualifications of the modern *élegante*. It does not call for any exercise of the thinking powers, from those who find draughts on their understanding troublesome, and it even conciliates the intellectual, from the exquisite skill by which modern musical art has contrived to make the harmonious expression of sounds, the exponents of thoughts.—While Modern Opera is thus omnipotent, we fear there is little hope for any return to the Old English Opera, which had only simple melody, wit, and character, for its recommendations.

“The Duenna” was the third dramatic effort of Sheridan’s. It was produced in 1775, and met with such unqualified success, that it obtained an uninterrupted run of seventy-five nights, broken in, however, by the conscientious scruples of Leoni, the original *Don Carlos* of the piece, who, being a Jew, would not perform on Fridays.

Although “The Duenna,” as a dramatic composition, may be considered unworthy of the author of the “School for Scandal,” yet Sheridan was first indebted to this production for his reputation. The beautiful poetry of the songs, ranked him among the Poets of the age, and the dialogue was sufficiently lively and amusing to constitute it an elegant and pleasing entertainment.

The plot is supposed to have been taken from Wycherly’s “Country Wife.” The celebrated scene of *Friar Paul* and his brethren, is also borrowed—as is also the character of *Margaret*, the Duenna, from Bickerstaff’s *Ursula*, in the “Padlock.” But in little *Isaac*, the Jew, we trace the originality and the genius of Sheridan; it is a rich piece of sterling comic humour, worthy of the creator.

One speech of *Isaac’s* has become an incorporated phrase in our language. We allude to the declaration, “That conscience has nothing to do with politics.”

“The Duenna” has afforded an opportunity for display to the finest vocalists of the English stage. In our own times, the

Carlos of Braham and Sinclair, and the *Clara* of Miss Stephens, (the present Countess of Essex.) were finished specimens of the highest order of musical talent. These, too, were then but stock actors, at moderate salaries. The same modern refinement we have before glanced at, will now only listen to a Prima Donna at £200 or £300 sterling per night. It forms a curious illustration of the simplicity of the times when the "Beggar's Opera" was produced, to know that the celebrated Miss Fenton, subsequently the Countess of Bolton, received fifteen shillings a week for her performance of *Polly*, which sum was raised to thirty shillings, in consequence of her matchless performance of the character. These were, indeed, primitive times. H.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Drury Lane, 1823.</i>	<i>Park, 1828.</i>
<i>Don Jerome</i>	Mr. Gattie	Mr. Placide.
<i>Don Ferdinand</i>	" Horn.	" Horn.
<i>Don Antonio</i>	" Melrose.	" Richings.
<i>Carlos</i>	" Braham.	" Jones.
<i>Isaac Mendoza</i>	Miss Clara Fisher.	" Fisher.
<i>Lopez</i>	Mr. Williams.	" King.
<i>Father Paul</i>	" Pope.	" Rich'ngs.
<i>Lay Brother</i>	" Hughes.	
<i>Francis</i>	" Coveney.	
<i>Augustine</i>	" Read.	
<i>Lorenzo</i>	" Povey.	
<i>Lewis</i>	" Honner.	
<i>Sancho</i>	" Douglas.	
<i>Clara</i>	Miss Stephens.	Miss Hughes.
<i>Louisa</i>	" Povey.	Mrs. Austin.
<i>Margaret, the Duenna</i>	Mrs. Harlowe.	" Wheatly.
<i>Louisa's Maid</i>	Miss Cooper.	Miss Turnbull.
<i>Clara's Maid</i>	" Phillips.	Mrs. Conway.

COSTUMES.

- DON JEROME.**—Brown velvet doublet, cloak, and trunks, embroidered; light blue satin puffs.
- DON FERDINAND.**—Purple Spanish coat, white vest trimmed with silver, and white pantaloons.
- CARLOS.**—White Spanish cloak and white vest, trimmed with silver, white pantaloons.
- ISAAC.**—Light green Spanish cloak, and orange breeches, trimmed with white and silver; white stockings.
- FATHER PAUL.**—Grey friar's gown and sandals.
- LAY BROTHER.**—Brown serge dress; bare legs.
- LOPEZ.**—Brown serge.
- CLARA.**—*First dress*:—White, trimmed with silver, spangled points, hanging sleeves. *Second dress*: Grey calico, white muslin veil, cross and beads.
- LOUISA.**—*First dress*: Pink satin body, trimmed with silver, hanging sleeves, white drapery, trimmed with pink and silver points. *Second dress*: Black sarsnet with hanging sleeves, trimmed with scarlet satin points, black veil.
- THE DUENNA.**—In every respect the same as Louisa's.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

Passages marked with Inverted Commas are usually omitted in the Representation.

THE DUENNA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter LOPEZ, R., with a dark Lanthorn.

Lop. Past three o'clock! soh! a notable hour for one of my regular disposition, to be strolling like a bravo through the streets of Seville! Well, of all services, to serve a young lover is the hardest—not that I am an enemy to love; but my love and my master's differ strangely—Don Ferdinand is much too gallant to eat, drink, or sleep—now, my love gives me an appetite—then I am fond of dreaming of my mistress, and I love dearly to toast her—This cannot be done without good sleep and good liquor; hence my partiality to a feather bed and a bottle—what a pity, now, that I have not further time for reflections! but my master expects thee, honest Lopez, to secure his retreat from Donna Clara's window, as I guess—[*Music without.*]*—*hey! sure! I heard music! so, so! who have we here? Oh, Don Antonio, my master's friend, come from the masquerade, to serenade my young mistress, Donna Louisa, I suppose: soh! we shall have the old gentleman up presently—lest he should miss his son, I had best lose no time in getting to my post. [*Exit, R.*

Enter ANTONIO and LORENZO, with Masks and Music, L.

SONG.—ANTONIO.

Tell me, my lute, can thy soft strain
So gently speak thy master's pain?
So softly sing, so humbly sigh,
That though my sleeping love shall know
Who sings—who sighs below,
Her rosy slumbers shall not fly!
Thus may some vision whisper more
Than ever I dare speak before.

1st Mask. Antonio, your mistress will never wake, while you sing so dolefully; love, like a cradled infant, is lulled by a sad melody.

Ant. I do not wish to disturb her rest.

1st Mask. The reason is, because you know she does not regard you enough to appear, if you awakened her.

Ant. Nay, then, I'll convince you. [Sings.

The breath of morn bids hence the night,
Unveil those beauteous eyes, my fair:
For till the dawn of love is there,
I feel no day, I own no light.

LOUISA.—[*Replies from a Window.*]

Waking, I hear thy numbers chide.
Waking, the dawn did bless my sight,
'Tis Phœbus sure, that woos, I cried,
Who speaks in song, who moves in light.

DON JEROME.—[*From another window.*]

What vagabonds are these I hear,
Fiddling, fluting, rhyming, ranting,
Piping, scraping, whining, canting,
Fly, scurvy minstrels, fly!

TRIO.

Lou. Nay, pr'ythee, father, why so rough?

Ant. An humble lover I.

Jer. How durst you, daughter, lend an ear
To such deceitful stuff?

Quick from the window, fly!

Lou. Adieu, Antonio!

Ant. Must you go?

Lou. } We soon, perhaps, may meet again;

and } For though hard fortune is our foe

Ant. } The God of Love will fight for us.

Jer. Reach me the blunderbuss.

Ant. & } The God of Love, who knows our pain.

Lou. } Hence, or these slugs are through your brain.

[*Exeunt Jerome and Louisa from the Window. Antonio and Lorenzo, R.*]

SCENE II.—*A Piazza.*

Enter FERDINAND and LOPEZ, R.

Lop. Truly, sir, I think that a little sleep, once in a week, or so—

Fer. Peace, fool, don't mention sleep to me.

Lop. No, no, sir, I don't mention your low-bred, vulgar, sound sleep; but I can't help thinking that a gentle slumber, or half an hour's dozing, if it were only for the novelty of the thing—

Fer. Peace, booby, I say!—Oh, Clara, dear, cruel disturber of my rest!

Lop. And of mine, too.

Fer. 'Sdeath! to trifle with me at such a juncture as this—now to stand on punctilios—love me! I don't believe she ever did.

Lop. Nor I either.

Fer. Or is it, that her sex never know their desires for an hour together?

Lop. Ah, they know them oftener than they'll own them!

Fer. Is there, in the world, so inconstant a creature as Clara?

Lop. I could name one.

Fer. Yes; the tame fool who submits to her caprice.

Lop. [*Aside.*] I thought he couldn't miss it.

Fer. Is she not capricious, teasing, tyrannical, obstinate, perverse, absurd? ay, a wilderness of faults and follies; her looks are scorn, and her very smiles—'sdeath! I wish I hadn't mentioned her smiles! for she does smile such beaming loveliness, such fascinating brightness—Oh, death and madness! I shall die if I lose her.

Lop. Oh, those damned smiles have undone all.

AIR.—FERDINAND.

Could I her faults remember,
 Forgetting every charm,
 Soon would impartial Reason
 The tyrant Love disarm.
 But when enraged I number
 Each failing of her mind,
 Love still suggests each beauty,
 And sees—while Reason's blind.

Lop. Here comes Don Antonio, sir.

Fer. Well, go you home—I shall be there presently.

Lop. Ah, those cursed smiles. [*Exit,*]

Enter ANTONIO, L.

Fer. Antonio, Lopez tells me he left you chaunting before our door—was my father waked?

Ant. Yes, yes; he has a singular affection for music, so I left him roaring at his barred window, like the print of Bajazet in the cage. And what brings you out so early?

Fer. I believe I told you, that to-morrow was the day fixed by Don Pedro and Clara's unnatural step-mother, for her to enter a convent, in order that her brat might possess her fortune; made desperate by this, I procured a key to the door, and bribed Clara's maid to leave it unbolted; at two this morning, I entered, unperceived, and stole to her chamber—I found her waking and weeping.

Ant. Happy Ferdinand!

Fer. 'Sdeath! hear the conclusion—I was rated as the most confidant ruffian, for daring to approach her at that hour of night.

Ant. Ay, ay, this was at first?

Fer. No such thing; she would not hear a word from me, but threatened to raise her mother, if I did not instantly leave her.

Ant. Well, but at last?

Fer. At last! why, I was forced to leave the house, as I came in.

Ant. And did you do nothing to offend her?

Fer. Nothing, as I hope to be saved—I believe I might snatch a dozen or two of kisses.

Ant. Was that all? well, I think I never heard of such assurance!

Fer. Zounds! I tell you, I behaved with the utmost respect.

Ant. Oh, Lord, I don't mean you, but in her—but hark ye, Ferdinand, did you leave your key with them?

Fer. Yes; the maid, who saw me out, took it from the door.

Ant. Then, my life for it, her mistress elopes after you.

Fer. Ay, to bless my rival, perhaps—I am in a humour to suspect everybody—you loved her once, and thought her an angel, as I do now.

Ant. Yes, I loved her till I found she wouldn't love me, and then I discovered that she hadn't a good feature in her face.

AIR.

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;

I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
 But where my own did hope to sip.
 Has the maid, who seeks my heart,
 Cheeks of rose, untouched by art?
 I will own the colour true,
 When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure?
 I must press it, to be sure;
 Nor can I be certain then,
 Till it, grateful, press again;
 Must I, with attentive eye,
 Watch her heaving bosom sigh?
 I will do so, when I see
 That heaving bosom sigh for me.

Besides, Ferdinand, you have full security in my love for your sister; help me there, and I can never disturb you with Clara.

Fer. As far as I can, consistently with the honour of our family, you know I will; but there must be no eloping.

Ant. And yet, now, you would carry off Clara?

Fer. Ah, that's a different case—we never mean that others should act to our sisters and wives, as we do to theirs.—But to-morrow, Clara is to be forced into a convent.

Ant. Well, and am not I so unfortunately circumstanced? To-morrow, your father forces Louisa to marry Isaac, the Portuguese—but come with me, and we'll devise something, I warrant.

Fer. I must go home.

Ant. Well, adieu!

Fer. But, Antonio, if you did not love my sister, you have too much honour and friendship to supplant me with Clara.

AIR.—ANTONIO.

Friendship is the bond of reason;
 But if beauty disapprove,
 Heaven dissolves all other treason,
 In the heart that's true to love.
 The faith which to my friend I swore,
 As a civil oath I view;
 But to the charms which I adore,
 'Tis religion to be true.

[*Exit, R.*

Fer. There is always a levity in Antonio's manner of replying to me on this subject, that is very alarming—'Sdeath! if Clara should love him after all! [*Exit, L.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Don Jerome's House.*

Enter LOUISA and DUENNA, L.

Lou. But, my dear Margaret, my charming Duenna, do you think we shall succeed?

Duen. I tell you again, I have no doubt on't; but it must be instantly put to the trial.—Everything is prepared in your room, and for the rest we must trust to fortune.

Lou. My father's oath was, never to see me till I had consented to—

Duen. 'Twas thus I overheard him say to his friend, Don Guzman: "I will demand of her to-morrow, once for all, whether she will consent to marry Isaac Mendoza; if she hesitates, I will make a solemn vow never to see or speak to her, till she returns to her duty."—These were his words.

Lou. And on his known obstinate adherence to what he has once said, you have formed this plan for my escape—But have you secured my maid in our interest?

Duen. She is a party in the whole; but remember, if we succeed, you resign all right and title in little Isaac, the Jew, over to me.

Lou. That I do, with all my soul; get him, if you can, and I shall wish you joy, most heartily. He is twenty times as rich as my poor Antonio.

AIR.—LOUISA.

Thou canst not boast of fortune's store,
My love, while me they wealthy call,
But I was glad to find thee poor,
For, with my heart, I'd give thee all.
And then the grateful youth shall own,
I loved him for himself alone.

But when his worth my heart shall gain,
Nor word or look of mine shall show
That I the smallest thought retain
Of what my bounty did bestow.
Yet still his grateful heart shall own,
I loved him for himself alone.

Duen. I hear Don Jerome coming—Quick, give me the last letter I brought you from Antonio—you know that it is to be the ground of my dismissal—I must slip out to seal it up, as undelivered.

[*Exit.—Jerome speaking within, L.*

Enter DON JEROME and FERDINAND, L.

Jer. What, I suppose you have been serenading, too! Eh! disturbing some peaceable neighbourhood with villainous catgut, and lascivious piping! Out on't! you set your sister, here, a vile example; but I come to tell you, madam, that I'll suffer no more of these midnight incantations—these amorous orgies, that steal the senses in the hearing; as they say Egyptian embalmers serve mummies, extracting the brain through the ears; however, there's an end of your frolics—Isaac Mendoza will be here presently, and to-morrow you shall marry him.

Lou. Never, while I have life.

Fer. Indeed, sir, I wonder how you can think of such a man for a son-in-law.

Jer. Sir, you are very kind to favour me with your sentiments—and pray, what is your objection to him?

Fer. He is a Portuguese, in the first place.

Jer. No such thing, boy; he has forsworn his country.

Lou. He is a Jew.

Jer. Another mistake: he has been a Christian these six weeks.

Fer. Ay, he left his old religion for an estate, and has not had time to get a new one.

Lou. But stands like a dead wall between church and synagogue, or like the blank leaves between the Old and New Testament.

Jer. Anything more?

Fer. But the most remarkable part of his character is his passion for deceit and tricks of cunning.

Lou. Though, at the same time, the fool predominates so much over the knave, that I am told he is generally the dupe of his own art.

Fer. True, like an unskilful gunner, he usually misses his aim, and is hurt by the recoil of his own piece.

Jer. Anything more?

Lou. To sum up all, he has the worst fault a husband can have—he's not my choice.

Jer. But you are his; and choice on one side is sufficient—two lovers should never meet in marriage—be you sour as you please, he is sweet-tempered, and for your good fruit, there's nothing like ingrafting on a crab. Anything more?

Lou. I detest him as a lover, and shall ten times more as a husband.

Jer. I don't know that—marriage generally makes a great change—but, to cut the matter short, will you have him or not?

Lou. There is nothing else I could disobey you in.

Jer. Do you value your father's peace?

Lou. So much, that I will not fasten on him the regret of making an only daughter wretched.

Jer. Very well, ma'am, then mark me—never more will I see or converse with you till you return to your duty—no reply—this and your chamber shall be your apartments; I never will stir out, without leaving you under lock and key, and when I'm at home no creature can approach you but through my library—we'll try who can be most obstinate—out of my sight—there remain till you know your duty. [Pushes her out, M. D.]

Fer. Surely, sir, my sister's inclinations should be consulted in a matter of this kind, and some regard paid to Don Antonio, being my particular friend.

Jer. That, doubtless, is a very great recommendation—I certainly have not paid sufficient respect to it.

Fer. There is not a man living I would sooner choose for a brother-in-law.

Jer. Very possible; and if you happen to have e'er a sister, who is not at the same time a daughter of mine, I'm sure I shall have no objection to the relationship—but at present, if you please, we'll drop the subject.

Fer. Nay, sir, 'tis only my regard for my sister makes me speak.

Jer. Then pray, sir, in future, let your regard for your father make you hold your tongue.

Fer. I have done, sir—I shall only add a wish that you would reflect what at our age you would have felt, had you been crossed in your affection for the mother of her you are so severe to.

Jer. Why, I must confess I had a great affection for your mother's ducats, but that was all, boy—I married her for her fortune, and she took me in obedience to her father, and a very happy couple we were—we never expected any love from one another, and so we were never disappointed—if we grumbled a little now and then, it was

soon over, for we were never fond enough to quarrel, and when the good woman died, why, why—I had as lieve she had lived, and I wish every widower in Seville could say the same—I shall now go and get the key of this dressing-room—so, good son, if you have any lecture in support of disobedience to give your sister, it must be brief; so make the best of your time, d'ye hear? [Exit, R.

Fer. I fear, indeed, my friend Antonio has little to hope for—however, Louisa has firmness, and my father's anger will probably only increase her affection.—In our intercourse with the world, it is natural for us to dislike those who are innocently the cause of our distress; but in the heart's attachment, a woman never likes a man with ardour till she has suffered for his sake. [Noise.] Soh! what bustle is here? between my father and the Duenna—I'll e'en get out of the way. [Exit, L.

Enter DON JEROME, with a Letter, pulling in the DUENNA, R.

Jer. I'm astonished! I'm thunderstruck! here's treachery and conspiracy with a vengeance! you, Antonio's creature, and chief manager of this plot for my daughter's eloping! you, that I placed here as a scarecrow?

Duen. What?

Jer. A scarecrow—to prove a decoy-duck—what have you to say for yourself?

Duen. Well, sir, since you have forced that letter from me, and discovered my real sentiments, I scorn to renounce them.—I am Antonio's friend, and it was my intention that your daughter should have served you as all such old tyrannical sots should be served—I delight in the tender passions, and would befriend all under their influence.

Jer. The tender passions! yes, they would become those impenetrable features!—why, thou deceitful hag! I placed thee as a guard to the rich blossoms of my daughter's beauty—I thought that dragon's front of thine would cry aloof to the sons of gallantry—steel traps and spring guns seemed writ in every wrinkle of it—but you shall quit my house this instant—the tender passions, indeed! go, thou wanton sybil, thou amorous woman of Endor, go!

Duen. You base, scurrilous, old—but I won't demean myself by naming what you are—yes, savage, I'll leave your den; but I suppose you don't mean to detain my apparel—I may have my things, I presume?

Jer. I took you, mistress, with your wardrobe on—what have you pilfered, eh?

Duen. Sir, I must take leave of my mistress, she has valuables of mine; besides, my cardinal and veil are in her room.

Jer. Your veil, forsooth! what, do you dread being gazed at? or are you afraid of your complexion? well, go take your leave, and get your veil and cardinal! soh! you quit the house within these five minutes—In—in—quick! [*Exit Duenna, M. D.*] Here was a precious plot of mischief!—these are the comforts daughters bring us!

AIR.

If a daughter you have, she's the plague of your life,
 No peace shall you know, though you've buried your wife,
 At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her!
 Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter,
 Sighing and whining,
 Dying and pining,
 Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

When scarce in their teens, they have wit to perplex us,
 With letters and lovers forever they vex us,
 While each still rejects the fair suitor you've brought her,
 Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!
 Wrangling and jangling,
 Flouting and pouting,
 Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

Enter LOUISA, M. D., dressed as the Duenna, with Cardinal and Veil, seeming to cry.

This way, mistress, this way—what, I warrant, a tender parting; soh! tears of turpentine down those deal cheeks—Ay, you may well hide your head—yes, whine till your heart breaks; but I'll not hear one word of excuse—so you are right to be dumb,—this way.

[*Pushing her out.—Exeunt, R.*

Enter DUENNA.

Duen. So speed you well, sagacious Don Jerome! Oh, rare effects of passion and obstinacy—now shall I try

whether I can't play the fine lady as well as my mistress, and if I succeed, I may be a fine lady for the rest of my life—I'll lose no time to equip myself. [*Exit, M. D.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Court before Don Jerome's House.*

Enter DON JEROME and LOUISA, L.

Jer. Come, mistress, there is your way—The world lies before you, so troop, thou antiquated Eve, thou original sin—hold, yonder is some fellow skulking, perhaps it is Antonio—go to him, d'ye hear, and tell him to make you amends, and as he has got you turned away, tell him I say it is but just he should take you himself, go. [*Exit Louisa, L.*] Soh! I am rid of her, thank Heaven! and now I shall be able to keep my oath, and confine my daughter with better security. [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE V.—*The Piazza.*

Enter CLARA and her MAID, R.

Maid. But where, madam, is it you intend to go?

Clara. Anywhere to avoid the selfish violence of my mother-in-law, and Ferdinand's insolent importunity.

Maid. Indeed, ma'am, since we have profited by Don Ferdinand's key, in making our escape, I think we had best find him, if it were only to thank him.

Clara. No—he has offended me exceedingly.

[*Retire, R. U. E.*]

Enter LOUISA, L.

Lou. [*Apart.*] So, I have succeeded in being turned out of doors—but how shall I find Antonio? I dare not inquire for him, for fear of being discovered; I would send to my friend Clara, but that I doubt her prudery would condemn me.

Maid. [*Apart to Clara.*] Then suppose, ma'am, you were to try if your friend Donna Louisa would not receive you.

Clara. [*Apart.*] No, her notions of filial duty are so severe, she would certainly betray me.

Lou. [*Apart.*] Clara is of a cold temper, and would think this step of mine highly forward.

Clara. Louisa's respect for her father is so great, she would not credit the unkindness of mine.

[*Louisa turns, and sees Clara and Maid.*

Lou. Ha! who are those? sure one is Clara—if it be, I'll trust her—Clara! [Advances.

Clara. Louisa! and in masquerade, too!

Lou. You will be more surprised when I tell you, that I have run away from my father.

Clara. Surprised, indeed! and I should certainly chide you most horribly, only that I have just run away from mine.

Lou. My dear Clara! [Embrace.

Clara. Dear sister truant! and whither are you going!

Lou. To find the man I love, to be sure—And, I presume, you would have no aversion to meet with my brother?

Clara. Indeed I should—he has behaved so ill to me, I don't believe I shall ever forgive him.

AIR.—CLARA.

When sable night, each drooping plant restoring,
 Wept o'er the flowers her breath did cheer,
 As some sad widow o'er her babe deploring,
 Wakes its beauty with a tear;
 When all did sleep, whose weary hearts did borrow
 One hour from love and care to rest,
 Lo! as I pressed my couch in silent sorrow,
 My lover caught me to his breast;
 He vowed he came to save me
 From those who would enslave me!
 Then kneeling,
 Kisses stealing,
 Endless faith he swore;
 But soon I chid him thence,
 For had his fond pretence
 Obtained one favour then,
 And he had pressed again,
 I feared my treacherous heart might grant him more.

Lou. Well, for all this, I would have sent him to plead his pardon, but that I would not yet awhile have him know of my flight. And where do you hope to find protection?

Clara. The Lady Abbess of the Convent of St. Catherine is a relation and kind friend of mine—I shall be secure with her, and you had best go thither with me.

Lou. No; I am determined to find Antonio first; and, as I live, here comes the very man I will employ to seek him for me.

Clara. Who is he? he's a strange figure!

Lou. Yes, that sweet creature is the man whom my father has fixed on for my husband.

Clara. And will you speak to him? are you mad?

Lou. He is the fittest man in the world for my purpose—for, though I was to have married him to-morrow, he is the only man in Seville, who, I am sure, never saw me in his life.

Clara. And how do you know him?

Lou. He arrived but yesterday, and he was shown to me from the window as he visited my father.

Clara. Well, I'll begone.

Lou. Hold, my dear Clara—a thought has struck me—will you give me leave to borrow your name, if I see occasion?
[*Crosses, L.*]

Clara. It will but disgrace you—but use it as you please—I dare not stay. [*Going.*] But, Louisa, if you should see your brother, be sure you don't inform him that I have taken refuge with the Dame Prior of the Convent of St. Catherine, on the left hand side of the Piazza, which leads to the Church of St. Antony.

Lou. Ha! ha! ha! I'll be very particular in my directions where he may not find you. [*Exeunt Clara and Maid, L.*] So! my swain, yonder, has done admiring himself, and draws nearer.
[*Retires, R.*]

Enter ISAAC and CARLOS, R., with a Pocket-Glass.

Isaac. [*Looking in the Glass.*] I tell you, friend Carlos, I will please myself in the habit of my chin.

Car. But, my dear friend, how can you think to please a lady with such a face?

Isaac. Why, what's the matter with the face? I think it is a very engaging face; and I am sure, a lady must have very little taste, who could dislike my beard. [*Sees Louisa.*] See, now!—I'll die if here is not a little damsel struck with it already.

Lou. Signior, are you disposed to oblige a lady, who greatly wants your assistance?
[*Unveils.*]

Isaac. Egad, a very pretty black-eyed girl! she has certainly taken a fancy to me, Carlos—first, ma'am, I must beg the favour of your name.

Lou. [*Aside.*] So! it's well I am provided.—My name, sir, is Donna Clara d'Almanza.

Isaac. What!—Don Guzman's daughter? I'faith, I just now heard she was missing.

Lou. But sure, sir, you have too much gallantry and honour to betray me, whose fault is love?

Isaac. So! a passion for me! poor girl! Why, ma'am, as for betraying you, I don't see how I could get anything by it; so you may rely on my honour; but as for your love, I am sorry your case is so desperate.

Lou. Why so, signior?

Isaac. Because I am positively engaged to another—an't I, Carlos?

Lou. Nay, but hear me.

Isaac. No, no; what should I hear for? It is impossible for me to court you in an honourable way; and, for anything else, if I were to comply now, I suppose you have some ungrateful brother, or cousin, who would want to cut my throat for my civility—so, truly, you had best go home again.

Lou. [*Aside.*] Odious wretch!—But, good Signior, it is Antonio d'Ercilla, on whose account I have eloped.

Isaac. How! what! it is not with me, then, that you are in love?

Lou. No, indeed, it is not.

Isaac. Then you are a forward, impertinent simpleton! and I shall certainly acquaint your father.

Lou. Is this your gallantry?

Isaac. Yet hold—Antonio D'Ercilla, did you say?—egad, I may make something of this—Antonio D'Ercilla!

Lou. Yes; and if ever you hope to prosper in love, you will bring me to him.

Isaac. By St. Iago, and I will, too—Carlos, this Antonio is one who rivals me (as I have heard) with Louisa—now, if I could hamper him with this girl, I should have the field to myself; hey, Carlos! A lucky thought, isn't it?

Car. Yes, very good—very good—

Isaac. Ah! this little brain is never at a loss—cunning Isaac! cunning rogue! Donna Clara, will you trust yourself awhile to my friend's direction?

Lou. May I rely on you, good signior?

Car. Lady, it is impossible I should deceive you.

AIR.

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
 I ne'er could injure you ;
 For though your tongue no promise claimed,
 Your charms would make me true.
 To you no soul shall bear deceit,
 No stranger offer wrong ;
 But friends in all the aged you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passions rest,
 And act a brother's part ;
 Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong ;
 For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
 And brothers in the young.

Isaac. I'll conduct the lady to my lodgings, Carlos ; I must haste to Don Jerome—perhaps you know Louisa, ma'am ? She's divinely handsome—isn't she ?

Lou. You must excuse me not joining with you.

Isaac. Why, I have heard it on all hands.

Lou. Her father is uncommonly partial to her ; but I believe you will find she has rather a matronly air.

Isaac. Carlos, this is all envy—you pretty girls never speak well of one another—hark ye, find out Antonio, and I'll saddle him with this scrape, I warrant ! Oh, 'twas the luckiest thought !—Donna Clara, your very obedient—Carlos, to your post. [Crosses, R.

DUET.

Isaac. My mistress expects me, and I must go to her,
 Or how can I hope for a smile ?

Lou. Soon may you return a prosperous wooer,
 But think what I suffer the while :
 Alone and away from the man whom I love,
 In strangers I'm forced to confide.

Isaac. Dear lady, my friend you may trust, and he'll prove
 Your servant, protector, and guide.

AIR.—CARLOS.

Gentle maid, ah ! why suspect me ?
 Let me serve thee—then reject me.
 Canst thou trust, and I deceive thee ?
 Art thou sad, and shall I grieve thee ?
 Gentle maid, ah ! why suspect me ?
 Let me serve thee—then reject me.

TRIO.

Lou. Never may'st thou happy be,
If in aught thou'rt false to me.

Isaac. Never may he happy be,
If in aught he's false to thee.

Car. Never may I happy be,
If in aught I'm false to thee.

Lou. Never may'st thou, &c.

Isaac. Never may he, &c.

Car. Never may I, &c.

[*Exeunt, Carlos and Louisa, L., Isaac, R.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Library in Don Jerome's House.*

Enter DON JEROME and ISAAC, L.

Jer. Ha! ha! ha! run away from her father! has she given him the slip? Ha! ha! ha! poor Don Guzman!

Isaac. Ay; and I am to conduct her to Antonio; by which means, you see, I shall hamper him so that he can give me no disturbance with your daughter—this is trap, isn't it? a nice stroke of cunning, heh?

Jer. Excellent! excellent! yes, yes, carry her to him, hamper him, by all means, ha! ha! ha! poor Don Guzman! an old fool! imposed on by a girl!

Isaac. Nay, they have the cunning of serpents, that's the truth on't.

Jer. Psha! they are cunning only when they have fools to deal with—why don't my girl play me such a trick—let her cunning overreach my caution, I say—heh, little Isaac!

Isaac. True, true; or let me see any of the sex make a fool of me—No, no, egad, little Solomon, (as my aunt used to call me,) understands tricking a little too well.

Jer. Ay, but such a driveller as Don Guzman.

Isaac. And such a dupe as Antonio.

Jer. True; sure never were seen such a couple of credulous simpletons; but come, 'tis time you should see my

daughter—you must carry on the siege by yourself, friend Isaac.

Isaac. Sir, you'll introduce—

Jer. No—I have sworn a solemn oath not to see or speak to her till she renounces her disobedience: win her to that, and she gains a father and a husband at once.

Isaac. Gad, I shall never be able to deal with her alone; nothing keeps me in such awe as perfect beauty! Now there is something consoling and encouraging in ugliness.

SONG.

Give Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,
But health and good humour to make her his toast,
If straight, I don't mind whether slender or fat,
And six feet or four, we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complexion, I vow I don't care,—
If brown it is lasting, more pleasing if fair;
And though in her face I no dimples should see,
Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
And her eyes may be e'en any colour but green;
Be they light, grey, or black, their lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice, only let her have two.

'Tis true, I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
And white teeth, I own, are genteeler than black;
A little round chin, too's, a beauty, I've heard,
But I only desire she mayn't have a beard.

Jer. You will change your note, my friend, when you've seen Louisa.

Isaac. Oh, Don Jerome, the honour of your alliance—

Jer. Ay, but her beauty will affect you—she is, though I say it, who am her father, a very prodigy—there you will see features with an eye like mine—yes, i'faith, there is a kind of wicked sparkling—something of a roguish brightness, that shows her to be my own.

Isaac. Pretty rogue!

Jer. Then, when she smiles, you'll see a little dimple in one cheek only; a beauty it is certainly, yet you shall not say which is prettiest, the cheek with the dimple, or the cheek without.

Isaac. Pretty rogue!

Jer. Then the roses on those cheeks are shaded with a sort of velvet down, that gives a delicacy to the glow of health.

Isaac. Pretty rogue!

Jer. Her skin pure dimity, yet more fair, being spangled here and there with a golden freckle.

Isaac. Charming pretty rogue! pray how is the tone of her voice?

Jer. Remarkably pleasing—but if you could prevail on her to sing, you would be enchanted—she is a nightingale—a Virginian nightingale—but come, come; her maid shall conduct you to her antichamber.

Isaac. Well, egad, I'll pluck up resolution, and meet her frowns intrepidly.

Jer. Ay! woo her briskly—win her and give me a proof of your address, my little Solomon.

Isaac. But hold—I expect my friend Carlos to call on me here—If he comes, will you send him to me?

Jer. I will—Lauretta, come—she'll show you to the room—what! do you droop? here's a mournful face to make love with!

[*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE II.—*Louisa's Dressing-Room.*

Enter MAID and ISAAC, R.

Maid. Sir, my mistress will wait on you presently.

[*Goes to M. D.*

Isaac. When she's at leisure—don't hurry her. [*Exit Maid, M. D.*] I wish I had ever practised a love scene—I doubt I shall make a poor figure—I couldn't be more afraid if I was going before the Inquisition—so! the door opens—yes, she's coming—the very rustling of her silk has a disdainful sound.

Enter DUENNA, dressed as Louisa, M. D.

Now dar'n't I look round for the soul of me—her beauty will certainly strike me dumb if I do. I wish she'd speak first.

Duen. Sir, I attend your pleasure.

Isaac. So! the ice is broke, and a pretty civil beginning too! hem! madam—miss—I'm all attention.

Duen. Nay, sir, 'tis I who should listen, and you propose.

Isaac. Egad, this isn't so disdainful, neither—I believe I may venture to look—no—I dar'n't—one glance of those roguish sparklers would fix me again.

Duen. You seem thoughtful, sir—let me persuade you to sit down.

Isaac. So, so; she mollifies apace—she's struck with my figure! this attitude has had its effect.

Duen. Come, sir, here's a chair.

Isaac. Madam, the greatness of your goodness overpowers me—that a lady so lovely should deign to turn her beauteous eyes on me so—

[*She takes his hand, he turns and sees her.*]

Duen. You seem surprised at my condescension.

Isaac. Why, yes, madam, I am a little surprised at it. [*Aside.*] Zounds! this can never be Louisa—she's as old as my mother!

Duen. But former prepossessions give way to my papa's commands.

Isaac. [*Aside.*] Her papa! Yes, 'tis she, then—Lord, lord! how blind some parents are!

Duen. Signior Isaac!

Isaac. Truly, the little damsel was right—she has rather a matronly air, indeed! ah! 'tis well my affections are fixed on her fortune, and not her person.

Duen. Signior, won't you sit?

[*Sits.*]

Isaac. Pardon me, madam, I have scarce recovered my astonishment at—your condescension, madam—[*aside.*]—she has the devil's own dimples, to be sure!

Duen. I do not wonder, sir, that you are surprised at my affability—I own, signior, that I was vastly prepossessed against you, and being teased by my papa, I did give some encouragement to Antonio; but then, sir, you were described to me as quite a different person.

Isaac. Ay, and so were you to me, upon my soul, madam.

Duen. But when I saw you, I was never more struck in my life.

Isaac. That was just my case, too, madam: I was struck all on a heap, for my part.

Duen. Well, sir, I see our misapprehension has been mutual—you expected to find me haughty and averse, and I was taught to believe you a little, black, snub-nosed fellow, without person, manners, or address.

Isaac. Egad, I wish she had answered her picture as well.

Duen. But, sir, your air is noble—something so liberal in your carriage, with so penetrating an eye, and so bewitching a smile!

Isaac. Egad, now I look at her again, I don't think she is so ugly.

Duen. So little like a Jew, and so much like a gentleman!

Isaac. Well, certainly there is something pleasing in the tone of her voice.

Duen. You will pardon this breach of decorum in praising you thus, but my joy at being so agreeably deceived, has given me such a flow of spirits!

Isaac. Oh, dear lady, may I thank those dear lips for this goodness? [*Kisses her.—Aside.*] Why, she has a pretty sort of velvet down, that's the truth on't!

Duen. Oh, sir, you have the most insinuating manner, but indeed you should get rid of that odious beard—one might as well kiss a hedge-hog.

Isaac. Yes, ma'am, the razor wouldn't be amiss—[*Aside,*]—for either of us.—Could you favour me with a song?

Duen. Willingly, sir, though I am rather hoarse—ahem!
[*Begins to sing.*]

Isaac. Very like a Virginia nightingale—ma'am, I perceive you're hoarse—I beg you will not distress—

Duen. Oh, not in the least distressed;—now, sir.

SONG.

When a tender maid
Is first essayed,
By some admiring swain,
How her blushes rise,
If she meets his eyes,
While he unfolds his pain!
If he takes her hand, she trembles quite,
Touch her lips, she swoons outright,
While a pit a pat, &c.,
Her heart avows her fright.

But in time appear
Fewer signs of fear,
The youth she boldly views;
If her hand he grasps,
Or her bosom clasps,
No mantle blush ensues.
Then to church well pleased the lovers move,

While her smiles her contentment prove,
 And a pit a pat, &c.,
 Her heart avows her love.

Isaac. Charming, ma'am! Enchanting! and, truly, your notes put me in mind of one that's very dear to me; a lady, indeed, whom you greatly resemble!

Duen. How! is there, then, another so dear to you!

Isaac. Oh, no, ma'am, you mistake; it was my mother I meant.

Duen. Come, sir, I see you are amazed and confounded at my condescension, and know not what to say.

Isaac. It is very true, indeed, ma'am; but it is a judgment—I look on it as a judgment on me, for delaying to urge the time when you'll permit me to complete my happiness, by acquainting Don Jerome with your condescension.

Duen. Sir, I must frankly own to you, that I can never be yours with my papa's consent.

Isaac. Good lack! how so?

Duen. When my father, in his passion, swore he would never see me again till I acquiesced in his will, I also made a vow, that I would never take a husband from his hand; nothing shall make me break that oath: but if you have spirit and contrivance enough to carry me off without his knowledge, I'm yours.

Isaac. Hum!

Duen. Nay, sir, if you hesitate—

Isaac. I'faith, no bad whim this—if I take her at her word, I shall secure her fortune, and avoid making any settlement in return; thus, I shall not only cheat the lover, but the father too—Oh, cunning rogue, Isaac! Ay, ay, let this little brain alone—Egad, I'll take her in the mind.

Duen. Well, sir, what's your determination?

Isaac. Madam, I was dumb only from rapture—I applaud your spirit, and joyfully close with your proposal; for which, thus let me, on this lily hand, express my gratitude.

Duen. Well, sir, you must get my father's consent to walk with me in the garden. But by no means inform him of my kindness to you.

Isaac. No, to be sure, that would spoil all: but, trust

me, when tricking is the word—let me alone for a piece of cunning; this very day you shall be out of his power.

Duen. Well, I leave the management of it all to you; I perceive plainly, sir, that you are not one that can be easily outwitted.

Isaac. Egad, you're right, madam—you're right, i'faith.

Enter MAID, R.

Maid. Here's a gentleman at the door, who begs permission to speak with Signior Isaac.

Isaac. A friend of mine, ma'am, and a trusty friend—let him come in. [*Exit Maid, R.*] He is one to be depended on, ma'am.

Enter CARLOS, R.

[*Aside.*] So, coz.

Car. I have left Donna Clara at your lodgings—but can no where find Antonio.

Isaac. Well, I will search him out myself—Carlos, you rogue, I thrive, I prosper.

Car. Where is your mistress?

Isaac. There, you booby, there she stands.

Car. Why, she's damned ugly!

Isaac. Hush!

[*Stops his mouth.*]

Duen. What is your friend saying, signior?

Isaac. Oh, ma'am, he is expressing his raptures at such charms as he never saw before, eh, Carlos?

Car. Ay, such as I never saw before, indeed!

Duen. You are a very obliging gentleman—well, Signior Isaac, I believe we had better part for the present. Remember our plan.

Isaac. Oh, ma'am, it is written in my heart, fixed as the image of those divine beauties—adieu, idol of my soul! yet once more permit me—

[*Kisses her.*]

Duen. Sweet, courteous sir, adieu!

Isaac. Your slave eternally—Come, Carlos, say something civil at parting.

Car. I'faith, Isaac, she is the hardest woman to compliment I ever saw; however, I'll try something I had studied for the occasion.

SONG.

Ah! sure a pair was never seen,
So justly formed to meet by nature;

The youth excelling so in mien,
 The maid in ev'ry grace of feature.
 Oh, how happy are such lovers,
 When kindred beauties each discovers,
 For surely she
 Was made for thee,
 And thou to bless this lovely creature.
 So mild your looks, your children thence
 Will early learn the task of duty,
 The boys with all their father's sense,
 The girls with all their mother's beauty.
 Oh! how happy to inherit
 At once such graces and such spirit!
 Thus while you live
 May fortune give
 Each blessing equal to your merit.

[*Exeunt, Isaac and Carlos, R., Duenna, M. D.*

SCENE III.—*A Library.*

JEROME and FERDINAND discovered.

Jer. Object to Antonio? I have said it: his poverty can you acquit him of that?

Fer. Sir, I own he is not over rich; but he is of as ancient and honourable family as any in the kingdom.

Jer. Yes, I know the beggars are a very ancient family in most kingdoms; but never in great repute, boy.

Fer. Antonio, sir, has many amiable qualities.

Jer. But he is poor; can you clear him of that, I say? Is he not a gay, dissipated rake, who has squandered his patrimony?

Fer. Sir, he inherited but little; and that, his generosity, more than his profuseness, has stripped him of; but he has never sullied his honour, which, with his title, has outlived his means.

Jer. Pshaw! you talk like a blockhead! nobility, without an estate, is as ridiculous as gold-lace on a frieze coat.

Fer. This language, sir, would better become a Dutch or English trader, than a Spaniard.

Jer. Yes; and those Dutch and English people, as you call them, are the wiser people. Why, booby, in England they were formerly as nice, as to birth and family, as we are: but they have long discovered what a wonderful purifier gold is; and now, no one there regards pe-

digree in anything but a horse—Oh, here comes Isaac! I hope he has prospered in his suit.

Fer. Doubtless, that agreeable figure of his must have helped his suit surprisingly.

Jer. How now? [*Ferdinand walks aside.*]

Enter ISAAC, L.

Well, my friend, have you softened her?

Isaac. Oh, yes! I have softened her.

Jer. What, does she come to?

Isaac. Why, truly, she was kinder than I expected to find her.

Jer. And the dear little angel was civil, hey?

Isaac. Yes, the pretty little angel was very civil.

Jer. I'm transported to hear it.

Isaac. [*Aside.*] Ay, and if all the family were transported, it would not signify.

Jer. Well, and you were astonished at her beauty, hey?

Isaac. I was astonished, indeed? pray, how old is miss?

Jer. How old? let me see—eight and twelve—she is twenty.

Isaac. Twenty?

Jer. Ay, to a month.

Isaac. Then, upon my soul, she is the oldest looking girl of her age in Christendom!

Jer. Do you think so? but, I believe, you will not see a prettier girl.

Isaac. Here and there one.

Jer. Louisa has the family face.

Isaac. [*Aside.*] Yes, egad, I should have taken it for a family face, and one that has been in the family some time, too.

Jer. She has her father's eyes.

Isaac. Truly, I should have guessed them to have been so—[*Aside.*] If she had her mother's spectacles, I believe she would not see the worse.

Jer. Her Aunt Ursula's nose, and her grandmother's forehead, to a hair.

Isaac. [*Aside.*] Ay, 'faith, and her grandfather's chin to a hair.

Jer. Well, if she was but as dutiful as she's handsome

—and hark ye, friend Isaac, she is none of your made-up beauties—her charms are of the lasting kind.

Isaac. I'faith, so they should—for if she be but twenty now, she may double her age, before her years will overtake her face.

Jer. Why, zounds, Master Isaac! you are not sneering, are you?

Isaac. Why, now, seriously, Don Jerome, do you think your daughter handsome?

Jer. By this light, she's as handsome a girl as any in Seville.

Isaac. Then, by these eyes, I think her as plain a woman as ever I beheld.

Jer. By St. Iago, you must be blind.

Isaac. No, no: 'tis you are partial.

Jer. How! have I neither sense nor taste? If a fair skin, fine eyes, teeth of ivory, with a lovely bloom, and a delicate shape—if these, with a heavenly voice, and a world of grace, are not charms, I know not what you call beautiful.

Isaac. Good lack, with what eyes a father sees!—As I have life, she is the very reverse of all this: as for the dimity skin you told me of, I swear, 'tis a thorough nanken as ever I saw! for her eyes, their utmost merit is not squinting—for her teeth, where there is one of ivory, its neighbour is pure ebony, black and white alternately, just like the keys of a harpsichord. Then, as to her singing and heavenly voice—by this hand—she has a shrill, cracked pipe, that sounds, for all the world, like a child's trumpet.

Jer. Why, you little Hebrew scoundrel, do you mean to insult me? out of my house, I say!

Fer. Dear sir, what's the matter?

Jer. Why, this Israelite here has the impudence to say your sister's ugly.

Fer. He must be either blind or insolent.

Isaac. So, I find they are all in a story. Egad, I believe I have gone too far!

Fer. Sure, sir, there must be some mistake? it can't be my sister whom he has seen.

Jer. 'Sdeath, you are as great a fool as he! what mistake can there be? did not I lock up Louisa, and hav'n't

I the key in my own pocket? And didn't her maid show him into the dressing-room? and yet you talk of a mistake! no, the Portuguese meant to insult me—and, but that this roof protects him, old as I am, this sword should do me justice.

Isaac. I must get off as well as I can—her fortune is not the less handsome.

DUET.

Isaac. Believe me, good sir, I ne'er meant to offend,
My mistress I love, and I value my friend;
To win her, and wed her, is still my request,
For better, for worse, and I swear I don't jest.

Jer. Zounds! you'd best not provoke me, my rage is so high—

Isaac. Hold him fast, I beseech you, his rage is so high—
Good sir, you're too hot, and this place I must fly.

Jer. You're a knave and a sot, and this place you'd best fly.

Isaac. Don Jerome, come, now, let's lay aside all joking, and be serious.

Jer. How?

Isaac. Ha! ha! ha! I'll be hanged if you haven't taken my abuse of your daughter seriously.

Jer. You meant it so, did not you?

Isaac. Oh, mercy, no! a joke—just to try how angry it would make you.

Jer. Was that all, i'faith? I didn't know you had been such a wag, ha! ha! ha! By St. Iago! you made me very angry, though—well, and do you think Louisa handsome?

Isaac. Handsome! Venus de Medicis was a sybil to her.

Jer. Give me your hand, you little jocose rogue—Egad, I thought we had been all off.

Fer. So! I was in hopes this would have been a quarrel: but I find the Jew is too cunning.

Jer. Ay, this gust of passion has made me dry—I am seldom ruffled—order some wine in the next room—let us drink the poor girl's health—poor Louisa! ugly, heh? Ha! ha! ha! 'Twas a very good joke, indeed!

Isaac. [*Aside.*] And a very true one, for all that.

Jer. And, Ferdinand, I insist upon your drinking success to my friend.

Fer. Sir, I will drink success to my friend, with all my heart.

Jer. Come, little Solomon, if any sparks of anger had remained, this would be the only way to quench them.

TRIO.

A bumper of good liquor
 Will end a contest quicker
 Than justice, judge, or vicar.
 So fill a cheerful glass,
 And let good humour pass.
 But if more deep the quarrel,
 Why, sooner drain the barrel,
 Than be the hateful fellow
 That's crabbed when he is mellow.
 A bumper, &c.

[*Exeunt, R.*]SCENE IV.—*Isaac's Lodgings.**Enter* LOUISA, L.

Lou. Was ever truant daughter so whimsically circumstanced as I am! I have sent my intended husband to look after my lover—the man of my father's choice is gone to bring me the man of my own—but how dispiriting is this interval of expectation!

Enter CARLOS, L.

So, friend, is Antonio found?

Car. I could not meet with him, lady; but I doubt not, my friend Isaac will be here with him presently.

Lou. Oh, shame! you have used no diligence—Is this your courtesy to a lady, who has trusted herself to your protection?

Car. Indeed, madam, I have not been remiss.

Lou. Well, well, but if either of you had known how each moment of delay weighs upon the heart of her who loves, and waits the object of her love, oh, ye would not then have trifled thus!

Car. Alas, I know it well!

Lou. Were you ever in love, then?

Car. I was, lady: but while I have life, will never be again.

Lou. Was your mistress so cruel?

Car. If she had always been so, I should have been happier.

SONG.

Oh, had my love ne'er smiled on me,
 I ne'er had known such anguish:

But think how false, how cruel she,
 To bid me cease to languish.
 To bid me hope her hand to gain,
 Breathe on a flame half perished;
 And then with cold and fixed disdain,
 To kill the hope she cherished.

Not worse his fate, who on a wreck,
 That drove as winds did blow it;
 Silent had left the shattered deck,
 To find a grave below it.
 Then land was cried—no more resigned,
 He glowed with joy to hear it;
 Not worse his fate, his woe to find,
 The wreck must sink ere near it.

Lou. As I live, here is your friend coming with Antonio—I'll retire for a moment to surprise him. [Exit.

Enter ISAAC and ANTONIO, R.

Ant. Indeed, my good friend, you must be mistaken! Clara D'Almanza in love with me, and employ you to bring me to meet her! It is impossible!

Isaac. That you shall see in an instant—Carlos, where is the lady? [*Carlos points to M. D.*] In the next room, is she?

Ant. Nay, if that lady is really here, she certainly wants me to conduct her to a dear friend of mine, who has long been her lover.

Isaac. Pshaw! I tell you, 'tis no such thing—you are the man she wants, and nobody but you. Here's ado to persuade you to take a pretty girl that's dying for you!

Ant. But I have no affection for this lady.

Isaac. And you have for Louisa, hey? but take my word for it, Antonio, you have no chance there—so you may as well secure the good that offers itself to you.

Ant. And could you reconcile it to your conscience to supplant your friend?

Isaac. Pish! Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politics—why, you are no honest fellow, if love cannot make a rogue of you—so come, do go in and speak to her, at least.

Ant. Well, I have no objection to that.

Isaac. [*Opens the door.*] There—there she is—yonder by the window—get in, do—[*Pushes him in and half shuts the door.*] Now, Carlos, now I shall hamper him, I war-

rant—stay, I'll peep how they go on—egad, he looks confoundedly posed—now she's coaxing him—see, Carlos, he begins to come to—ay, ay, he'll soon forget his conscience.

Car. Look—now they are both laughing!

Isaac. Ay, so they are—yes, yes, they are laughing at that dear friend he talked of—ay, poor devil, they have outwitted him.

Car. Now he's kissing her hand.

Isaac. Yes, yes, 'faith, they're agreed—he's caught, he's entangled—my dear Carlos, we have brought it about. Oh, this little cunning head! I'm a Machiavel—a very Machiavel.

Car. I hear somebody enquiring for you—I'll see who it is. [Exit, R.

Enter ANTONIO and LOUISA, M. D.

Ant. Well, my good friend, this lady has so entirely convinced me of the certainty of your success at Don Jerome's, that I now resign my pretensions there.

Isaac. You never did a wiser thing, believe me—and as for deceiving your friend, that's nothing at all—tricking is all fair in love, isn't it, madam?

Lou. Certainly, sir, and I am particularly glad to find you are of that opinion.

Isaac. Oh, lud! yes, ma'am—let any one outwit me, that can, I say—but here, let me join your hands—there, you lucky rogue! I wish you happily married, from the bottom of my soul!

Lou. And I am sure, if you wish it, no one else should prevent it.

Isaac. Now, Antonio, we are rivals no more; so let us be friends, will you?

Ant. With all my heart, Isaac.

Isaac. It is not every man, let me tell you, that would have taken such pains, or been so generous to a rival.

Ant. No, 'faith; I don't believe there's another beside yourself in all Spain.

Isaac. Well, but you resign all pretensions to the other lady?

Ant. That I do, most sincerely.

Isaac. I doubt you have a little hankering there still?

Ant. None in the least, upon my soul.

Isaac. I mean after her fortune?

Ant. No, believe me—You are heartily welcome to everything she has.

Isaac. Well, i'faith, you have the best of the bargain, as to beauty, twenty to one—now I'll tell you a secret—I am to carry off Louisa this very evening.

Lou. Indeed!

Isaac. Yes, she has sworn not to take a husband from her father's hand—so, I've persuaded him to trust her to walk with me in the garden, and then we shall give him the slip.

Lou. And is Don Jerome to know nothing of this?

Isaac. Oh, lud, no! there lies the jest—Don't you see that, by this step, I overreach him? I shall be entitled to the girl's fortune, without settling a ducat on her; ha! ha! ha! this is trap!—I'm a cunning dog, an't I? A sly little villain, eh?

Ant. Ha! ha! ha! you are, indeed!

Isaac. Roguish, you'll say, but keen, eh?—devilish keen?

Ant. So you are indeed—keen—very keen.

Isaac. And what a laugh we shall have at Don Jerome's, when the truth comes out! hey?

Lou. Yes, I'll answer for it, we shall have a good laugh when the truth comes out, ha! ha! ha!

Enter CARLOS, R.

Car. Here are the dancers come to practise the fandango you intended to have honoured Donna Louisa with.

Isaac. Oh, I sha'nt want them, but as I must pay them, I'll see a caper for my money—will you excuse me?

Lou. Willingly.

Isaac. Here's my friend, whom you may command for any services. Madam, your most obedient—Antonio, I wish you all happiness. [*Aside.*] Oh, the easy blockhead! what a tool I have made of him! This was a master-piece!

[*Exit, R.*

Lou. Carlos, will you be my guard again, and conduct me to the convent of St. Catherine?

Ant. Why, Louisa, why should you go there?

Lou. I have my reasons, and you must not be seen to go with me; I shall write from thence to my father; per-

haps, when he finds what he has driven me to, he may relent.

Ant. I have no hope from him—Oh, Louisa, in these arms should be your sanctuary.

Lou. Be patient but for a little while—my father cannot force me from thence. But let me see you there before evening, and I will explain myself.

Ant. I shall obey.

Lou. Come, friend—Antonio, Carlos has been a lover himself.

Ant. Then he knows the value of his trust.

Car. You shall not find me unfaithful.

TRIO.

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast
Where love has been received a welcome guest.
As wand'ring saints poor huts have sacred made,
He hallows every heart he once has swayed;
And when his presence we no longer share,
Still leaves compassion as a relic there.

[*Exeunt, Carlos and Louisa, R., Antonio, L.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Library.*

Enter JEROME and SERVANT, L.

Jer. Why, I never was so amazed in my life! Louisa gone off with Isaac Mendoza! what! steal away with the very man whom I wanted her to marry—elope with her own husband, as it were—it is impossible!

Ser. Her maid says, sir, they had your leave to walk in the garden, while you was abroad—The door by the shrubbery was found open, and they have not been heard of since. [*Exit, R.*

Jer. Well, it is the most unaccountable affair! 'sdeath! there is certainly some infernal mystery in it, I can't comprehend!

Enter SERVANT, with a Letter, R.

Ser. Here is a letter, sir, from Signior Isaac. [*Exit, R.*

Jer. So, so, this will explain—ay, Isaac Mendoza—let me see—

[*Reads.*

Dearest Sir,

You must, doubtless, be much surprised at my flight with your daughter—[Yes, 'faith, and well I may]—I had the happiness to gain her heart at our first interview—[The devil you had!]—*But she unfortunately having made a vow not to receive a husband from your hands, I was obliged to comply with her whim—[So, so!]*—*We shall shortly throw ourselves at your feet, and I hope you will have a blessing ready for one who will then be*

Your son-in-law,

ISAAC MENDOZA.

A whim, hey? Why, the devil's in the girl, I think! This morning, she would die sooner than have him, and before evening, she runs away with him!—Well, well, my will's accomplished—let the motive be what it will—and the Portuguese, sure, will never refuse to fulfil the rest of the article.

Enter Second SERVANT, with a Letter.

Ser. Sir, here's a man below, who says he brought this from my young lady, Donna Louisa. [*Exit.*

Jer. How! yes, it is my daughter's hand indeed! Lord, there was no occasion for them both to write: well, let's see what she says—

[*Reads.*

Dearest Father,

How shall I entreat your pardon for the rash step I have taken—how confess the motive?—[Pish! hasn't Isaac just told me the motive?—one would think they weren't together when they wrote!]—*If I have a spirit too resentful of ill usage, I have also a heart as easily affected by kindness—[So, so, here the whole matter comes out! her resentment for Antonio's ill usage has made her sensible of Isaac's kindness—yes, yes, it is plain enough—well;]*—*I am not married yet, though with a man, I am convinced, adores me—[Yes, yes, I dare say Isaac is very fond of her;]*—*But I shall anxiously expect your answer, in which, should I be so fortunate as to receive your consent, you will*

make completely happy,

Your ever affectionate Daughter,

LOUISA.

My consent? to be sure she shall have it!—egad, I was never better pleased—I have fulfilled my resolution—I knew I should—Oh, there's nothing like obstinacy!—Lewis!

Enter SERVANT, R.

Let the man who brought the last letter wait; and get me a pen and ink below. I am impatient to set poor Louisa's heart at rest—holloa! Lewis! Sancho!

Enter SERVANTS, R.

See that there be a noble supper provided in the saloon to-night—serve up my best wines, and let me have music, d'ye hear?

Ser. Yes, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

Jer. And order all my doors to be thrown open—admit all guests, with masks or without masks—I'faith, we'll have a night of it—And I'll let them see how merry an old man can be.

SONG.

Oh, the days when I was young,
When I laughed in fortune's spite,
Talked of love the whole day long,
And with nectar crowned the night!
Then it was, old Father Care,
Little recked I of thy frown,
Half thy malice youth could bear,
And the rest a bumper down.

Truth, they say, lies in a well,
Why, I vow, I ne'er could see,
Let the water-drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me.
For when sparkling wine went round,
Never saw I falsehood's mask,
But still honest truth I found,
In the bottom of each flask.

True, at length my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring decay:
Few the locks that now I own,
And the few I have are grey.
Yet, old Jerome, thou may'st boast,
While thy spirits do not tire,
Still beneath thy age's frost
Glow a spark of youthful fire.

[*Exit, R.*

SCENE II.—*The New Piazza.**Enter FERDINAND and LOPEZ, R.*

Fer. What, could you gather no tidings of her? Nor guess where she was gone? Oh, Clara! Clara!

Lop. In truth, sir, I could not.—That she was run away from her father, was in everybody's mouth,—and that Don Guzman was in pursuit of her, was also a very common report—where she was gone, or what was become of her, no one could take upon them to say.

Fer. 'Sdeath and fury, you blockhead! she can't be out of Seville.

Lop. So I said to myself, sir—'Sdeath and fury, you blockhead, says I, she can't be out of Seville—Then some said, she had hanged herself for love; and others have it, Don Antonio had carried her off.

Fer. 'Tis false, scoundrel! no one said that.

Lop. Then I misunderstood them, sir.

Fer. Go, fool, get home, and never let me see you again till you bring me news of her. [*Exit Lopez.*] Oh, how my fondness for this ungrateful girl has hurt my disposition!

Enter ISAAC, L.

Isaac. So, I have her safe, and have only to find a priest to marry us. Antonio may now marry Clara, or not, if he pleases!

Fer. What! what was that you said of Clara?

Isaac. Oh! Ferdinand! my brother-in-law, that shall be, who thought of meeting you!

Fer. But what of Clara?

Isaac. I'faith, you shall hear.—This morning, as I was coming down, I met a pretty damsel, who told me her name was Clara d'Almanza, and begged my protection.

Fer. How?

Isaac. She said she had eloped from her father, Don Guzman, but that love for a young gentleman in Seville was the cause.

Fer. Oh, Heavens! did she confess it?

Isaac. Oh, yes, she confessed at once—but then, says she, my lover is not informed of my flight, nor suspects my intention.

Fer. [*Aside.*] Dear creature! no more I did indeed! Oh, I am the happiest fellow!—Well, Isaac!

Isaac. Why, she entreated me to find him out for her, and bring him to her.

Fer. Good heavens, how lucky! Well, come along, let's lose no time. [*Pulling him.*]

Isaac. Zooks! where are we to go to?

Fer. Why, did anything more pass?

Isaac. Any thing more? Yes; the end on't was, that I was moved with her speeches, and complied with her desires.

Fer. Well, and where is she?

Isaac. Where is she? why, don't I tell you, I complied with her request, and left her safe in the arms of her lover!

Fer. 'Sdeath, you trifle with me!—I have never seen her.

Isaac. You! Oh, lud, no!—how the devil should you? 'Twas Antonio she wanted: and with Antonio I left her.

Fer. [*Aside.*] Hell and madness! What, Antonio d' Ercilla?

Isaac. Ay, ay, the very man; and the best part of it was, he was shy of taking her at first.—He talked a good deal about honour, and conscience, and deceiving some dear friend; but, lord, we soon overruled that.

Fer. You did?

Isaac. Oh, yes, presently—such deceit, says he—Pish! says the lady, tricking is all fair in love—but then, my friend, says he—Pshaw! damn your friend, says I.—So, poor wretch, he has no chance—no, no; he may hang himself as soon as he pleases.

Fer. I must go, or I shall betray myself.

Isaac. But stay, Ferdinand, you han't heard the best of the joke.

Fer. Curse on your joke.

Isaac. Good lack! what's the matter now? I thought to have diverted you.

Fer. Be racked! tortured! damned—

Isaac. Why, sure you are not the poor devil of a lover, are you? I'faith, as sure as can be, he is—This is a better joke than t'other, ha! ha! ha!

Fer. What, do you laugh? you vile, mischievous var-

let? [*Collars him.*] But that you're beneath my anger, I'd tear your heart out. [*Throws him from him.*]

Isaac. O mercy! here's usage for a brother-in-law!

Ferd. But, hark ye, rascal! tell me directly where these false friends are gone, or, by my soul—[*Draws.*]

Isaac. For Heaven's sake, now, my dear brother-in-law, don't be in a rage—I'll recollect as well as I can.

Ferd. Be quick then!

Isaac. I will, I will—but people's memories differ—some have a treacherous memory—now mine is a cowardly memory—it takes to its heels, at sight of a drawn sword, it does, i'faith; and I could as soon fight as recollect.

Fer. Zounds! tell me the truth, and I won't hurt you.

Isaac. No, no, I know you won't, my dear brother-in-law—but that ill-looking thing there—

Fer. What, then, you won't tell me?

Isaac. Yes, yes, I will; I'll tell you all, upon my soul—but why need you listen sword in hand?

Fer. Why, there. [*Puts up.*] Now!

Isaac. Why, then, I believe they are gone to—that is, my friend Carlos told me, he had left Donna Clara—dear Ferdinand, keep your hands off—at the Convent of St. Catharine!

Fer. St. Catharine!

Isaac. Yes; and that Antonio was to come to her there.

Fer. Is this the truth?

Isaac. It is indeed—and all I know, as I hope for life.

Fer. Well, coward, take your life—'Tis that false, dishonourable Antonio who shall feel my vengeance.

Isaac. Ay, ay, kill him—cut his throat, and welcome.

Fer. But for Clara—infamy on her, she is not worth my resentment.

Isaac. No more she is, my dear brother-in-law—I'faith, I would not be angry about her—she is not worth it, indeed.

Fer. 'Tis false! she is worth the enmity of princes.

Isaac. True, true, so she is; and I pity you exceedingly for having lost her.

Fer. 'Sdeath, you rascal! how durst you talk of pitying me!

Isaac. Oh, dear brother-in-law, I beg pardon, I don't pity you in the least, upon my soul!

Fer. Get hence, fool, and provoke me no further; nothing but your insignificance saves you.

Isaac. I'faith, then my insignificance is the best friend I have.—I'm going, dear Ferdinand—What a cursed hot-headed bully it is! [Exeunt, L.

SCENE III.—*The Garden of the Convent.*

Enter LOUISA and CLARA, R. U. E.

Lou. And you really wish my brother may not find you out?

Clara. Why else have I concealed myself under this disguise?

Lou. Why, perhaps, because the dress becomes you; for you certainly don't intend to be a nun for life.

Clara. If, indeed, Ferdinand had not offended me so last night.

Lou. Come, come, it was his fear of losing you made him so rash.

Clara. Well, you may think me cruel—but I swear, if he were here this instant, I believe I should forgive him.

SONG.—CLARA.

By him we love offended,
How soon our anger flies.
One day apart, 'tis ended,
Behold him, and it dies.

Last night, your roving brother,
Enraged I bade depart,
And sure his rude presumption
Deserved to lose my heart.

Yet, were he now before me,
In spite of injured pride,
I fear my eyes would pardon
Before my tongue could chide.

Lou. I protest, Clara, I shall begin to think you are seriously resolved to enter on your probation.

Clara. And, seriously, I very much doubt whether the character of a nun would not become me best.

Lou. Why, to be sure, the character of a nun is a very becoming one at a masquerade, but no pretty woman, in her senses, ever thought of taking the veil for above a night.

Clara. Yonder I see your Antonio is returned—I shall only interrupt you; ah, Louisa, with what happy eagerness you turn to look for him! [Exit, R.]

Enter ANTONIO, L.

Ant. Well, my Louisa, any news since I left you?

Lou. None—the messenger is not yet returned from my father.

Ant. Well, I confess, I do not perceive what we are to expect from him.

Lou. I shall be easier, however, in having made the trial; I do not doubt your sincerity, Antonio; but there is a chilling air around poverty, that often kills affection, that was not nursed in it. If we would make love our household god, we had best secure him a comfortable roof.

SONG.—ANTONIO.

How oft, Louisa, hast thou told,
Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown,
Thou would'st not lose Antonio's love
To reign the partner of a throne.
And by those lips, that spoke so kind,
And by that hand, I've pressed to mine,
To be the lord of wealth and power,
By heavens, I would not part with thine.

Then how, my soul, can we be poor.
Who own what kingdoms could not buy?
Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
In serving thee, a monarch I.
Thus uncontrolled, in mutual bliss,
And rich in love's exhaustless mine,
Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
And I'll take kingdoms back from thine.

Enter MAID, L., with a Letter.

Lou. My father's answer, I suppose.

Ant. My dearest Louisa, you may be assured, that it contains nothing but threats and reproaches.

Lou. Let us see, however.—[Reads.] *Dearest Daughter, make your lover happy; you have my full consent to marry as your whim has chosen, but be sure to come home and sup with your affectionate father.*

Ant. You jest, Louisa!

Lou. [Gives him the letter.] Read—read!

Ant. 'Tis so, by Heavens!—sure there must be some

mistake, ; but that's none of our business.—Now, Louisa, you have no excuse for delay.

Lou. Shall we not then return and thank my father?

Ant. But first let the priest put it out of his power to recall his word.—I'll fly to procure one.

Lou. Nay, if you part with me again, perhaps you may lose me.

Ant. Come, then—there is a friar of a neighbouring convent is my friend: you have already been diverted by the manners of a nunnery, let us see whether there is less hypocrisy among the holy fathers.

Lou. I'm afraid not, Antonio—for in religion, as in friendship, they who profess most are ever the least sincere. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CLARA, R.

Clara. So, yonder they go, as happy as a mutual and confessed affection can make them, while I am left in solitude. Heigho! love may perhaps excuse the rashness of an elopement from one's friend, but I am sure, nothing but the presence of the man we love can support it—Ha! what do I see! Ferdinand, as I live! how could he gain admission—by potent gold, I suppose, as Antonio did—How eager and disturbed he seems—he shall not know me as yet. [*Draws her Veil.*

Enter FERDINAND, R.

Fer. Yes, those were certainly they—my information was right. [*Going.*

Clara. [*Stops him.*] Pray, signior, what is your business here?

Fer. No matter—no matter—Oh, they stop.—[*Looks out.*] Yes, that is the perfidious Clara, indeed!

Clara. [*Aside.*] So, a jealous error—I'm glad to see him so moved.

Fer. Her disguise can't conceal her—No, no, I know her too well.

Clara. Wonderful discernment! but, signior—

Fer. Be quiet, good nun, don't tease me—By Heavens, she leans upon his arm, hangs fondly on it! Oh, woman! woman!

Clara. But, signior, who is it you want?

Fer. Not you, not you, so pr'ythee, don't tease me.

Yet pray stay—gentle nun, was it not Donna Clara d'Almanza just parted from you?

Clara. Clara d' Almanza, signior, is not yet out of the garden.

Fer. Ay, ay, I knew I was right—And pray, is not that gentleman, now at the porch with her, Antonio d'Er-cilla?

Clara. It is indeed, signior.

Fer. So, so; now but one question more—can you inform me for what purpose they have gone away?

Clara. They are gone to be married, I believe.

Fer. Very well—enough—now, if I don't mar their wedding! [*Exit, L.*

Clara. [*Unveils.*] I thought jealousy had made lovers quick-sighted, but it has made mine blind—Louisa's story accounts to me for this error, and I am glad to find I have power enough over him to make him so unhappy. But why should not I be present at his surprise when undeceived? When he's through the porch, I'll follow him; and, perhaps, Louisa shall not singly be a bride.

SONG.

Adieu, thou dreary pile, where never dies
The sullen echo of repentant sighs:
Ye sister mourners of each lonely cell,
Inured to hymns and sorrow, fare ye well;
For happier scenes I fly this darksome grove,
To saints a prison, but a tomb to love.

[*Exit, L.*]

SCENE IV.—A Court before the Priory.

Enter ISAAC, L., crossing the Stage—Enter ANTONIO, L.

Ant. What, my friend Isaac!

Isaac. What, Antonio! wish me joy! I have Louisa safe.

Ant. Have you?—I wish you joy, with all my soul.

Isaac. Yes, I am come here to procure a priest to marry us.

Ant. So, then, we are both on the same errand: I am come to look for Father Paul.

Isaac. Ha! I am glad on't—but, i'faith, he must tack me first, my love is waiting,

Ant. So is mine—I left her in the porch.

Isaac. Ay, but I am in haste to get back to Don Jerome.

Ant. And so am I too.

Isaac. Well, perhaps he'll save time, and marry us both together—or I'll be your father, and you shall be mine. Come along—but you're obliged to me for all this.

Ant. Yes, yes! [Exeunt, R.]

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Priory.*

FRIARS at the Table, drinking.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

This bottle's the sun of our table,
His beams are rosy wine;
We, planets, that are not able,
Without his help, to shine.
Let mirth and glee abound,
You'll soon grow bright,
With borrowed light,
And shine as he goes round.

Paul. Brother Francis, toss the bottle about, and give me your toast.

Fran. Have we drank the Abbess of St. Ursuline?

Paul. Yes, yes; she was the last.

Fran. Then I'll give you the blue-eyed nun of St. Catharine's.

Paul. With all my heart. [*Drinks.*] Pray, brother Augustine, were there any benefactions left in my absence?

Fran. Don Juan Corduba has left a hundred ducats, to remember him in our masses.

Paul. Has he! let them be paid to our wine-merchant, and we'll remember him in our cups, which will do just as well. Anything more?

Aug. Yes; Baptista, the rich miser, who died last week, has bequeathed us a thousand pistoles, and the silver lamp he used in his own chamber, to burn before the image of St. Anthony.

Paul. 'Twas well meant, but we'll employ his money better—Baptista's bounty shall light the living, not the dead.—St. Anthony is not afraid to be left in the dark, though he was—See who's there.

[A knocking, L.—Francis goes to the door, and opens it.]

Enter PORTER, L.

Por. Here's one without in pressing haste to speak with Father Paul.

Fran. Brother Paul!

[*Paul comes from behind a Curtain, with a Glass of Wine, and in his hand a piece of Cake.*]

Paul. Here! how durst you, fellow, thus abruptly break in upon our devotions?

Por. I thought they were finished.

Paul. No, they were not—were they, Brother Francis?

Fran. Not by a bottle each.

Paul. But neither you nor your fellows mark how the hours go—no, you mind nothing but the gratifying of your appetites; ye eat, and swill, and sleep, and gormandize, and thrive, while we are wasting in mortification.

Por. We ask no more than nature craves.

Paul. 'Tis false, ye have more appetites than hairs! and your flushed, sleek, and pampered appearance, is the disgrace of our order—out on't—if you are hungry, can't you be content with the wholesome roots of the earth; and if you are dry, isn't there the chrystal spring? [*Drinks.*] Put this away, [*gives the glass,*] and show me where I'm wanted. [*Porter drains the glass—Paul going, turns.*] So, you would have drank it, if there had been any left. Ah, glutton! glutton! [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Court before the Priory.*

Enter ISAAC and ANTONIO, R.

Isaac. A plaguy while coming, this same Father Paul—He's detained at vespers, I suppose, poor fellow.

Ant. No, here he comes.

Enter PAUL, L.

Good Father Paul, I crave your blessing.

Isaac. Yes, good Father Paul, we are come to beg a favour.

Paul. What is it, pray?

Isaac. To marry us, good Father Paul; and in truth, thou dost look the very priest of Hymen.

Paul. In short, may be called so; for I deal in repentance and mortification.

Isaac. No, no, thou seemest an officer of Hymen, because thy presence speaks content and good humour.

Paul. Alas! my appearance is deceitful. Bloating I am indeed! for fasting is a windy recreation, and it hath swollen me like a bladder.

Ant. But thou hast a good fresh colour in thy face, Father; rosy, i'faith.

Paul. Yes, I have blushed for mankind, till the hue of my shame is as fixed as their vices.

Isaac. Good man!

Paul. And I have laboured, too, but to what purpose? they continue to sin under my very nose.

Isaac. Efects, Father, I should have guessed as much, for your nose seems to be put to the blush more than any other part of your face.

Paul. Go, you're a wag.

Ant. But to the purpose, Father—will you officiate for us?

Paul. To join young people thus clandestinely is not safe: and, indeed, I have in my heart many weighty reasons against it.

Ant. And I have in my hand many weighty reasons for it. Isaac, haven't you an argument or two in our favour about you?

Isaac. Yes, yes; here is a most unanswerable purse.

Paul. For shame! you make me angry: you forget who I am, and when importunate people have forced their trash—ay, into this pocket, here—or into this—why, then the sin was theirs. [*They put Money in his Pockets.*] Fie, now how you distress me! I would return it, but that I must touch it that way, and so wrong my oath.

Ant. Now, then, come with us.

Isaac. Well, when your hour of repentance comes, don't blame me.

Ant. No bad caution to my friend Isaac. [*Aside.*] Well, well, Father, do you do your part, and I'll abide the consequence.

Isaac. Ay, and so will I.

[*They are going, R.*

Enter LOUISA, L., running.

Lou. Oh, Antonio, Ferdinand is at the porch, and inquiring for us.

Isaac. Who? Don Ferdinand! he's not inquiring for me, I hope?

Ant. Fear not, my love, I'll soon pacify him.

Isaac. Egad, you won't—Antonio, take my advice, and run away: this Ferdinand is the most unmerciful dog! and has the cursedest long sword!—and, upon my soul, he comes on purpose to cut your throat.

Ant. Never fear, never fear.

Isaac. Well, you may stay if you will; but I'll get some one to marry me; for, by St. Iago, he shall never marry me again, while I am master of a pair of heels.

[Runs out, R.]

Enter FERDINAND, L.—Louisa veils.

Fer. So, sir, I have met you at last.

Ant. Well, sir.

Fer. Base, treacherous man! whence can a false, deceitful soul, like yours, borrow confidence to look so steadily on the man you've injured?

Ant. Ferdinand, you are too warm:—'tis true, you find me on the point of wedding one I love beyond my life; but no argument of mine prevailed on her to elope—I scorn deceit as much as you—By Heaven, I knew not she had left her father's, till I saw her.

Fer. What a mean excuse! You have wronged your friend, then, for one whose wanton forwardness anticipated your treachery—of this, indeed, your Jew pander informed me; but let your conduct be consistent, and since you have dared to do a wrong, follow me, and show you have a spirit to avow it.

Lou. Antonio, I perceive his mistake—leave him to me.

Paul. Friend, you are rude, to interrupt the union of two willing hearts.

Fer. No, meddling priest, the hand he seeks is mine.

Paul. If so, I'll proceed no further. Lady, did you ever promise this youth your hand?

[To Louisa, who shakes her head.]

Fer. Clara, I thank you for your silence—I would not have heard your tongue avow such falsity; be't your punishment to remember, I have not reproached you.

Enter CLARA, L.

Clara. What mockery is this?

Fer. Antonio, you are protected now, but we shall meet.

[*Going, Clara holds one arm, and Louisa the other.*]

DUET.

Lou. Turn thee round, I pray thee,
Calm awhile thy rage.

Clara. I must help to stay thee,
And thy wrath assuage.

Lou. Couldst thou not discover
One so dear to thee?

Clara. Canst thou be a lover,
And thus fly from me?

[*Both unveil.*]

Fer. How's this! my sister! Clara, too—I'm confounded!

Lou. 'Tis even so, good brother.

Paul. How! what impiety! Did the man want to marry his own sister?

Lou. And arn't you ashamed of yourself, not to know your own sister?

Clara. To drive away your own mistress—

Lou. Don't you see how jealousy blinds people?

Clara. Ay, and will you ever be jealous again?

Fer. Never—never—you, sister, I know will forgive me—but how, Clara, shall I presume—

Clara. No, no, just now you told me not to tease you—“Who do you want, good Signior?” “Not you, not you.” Oh, you blind wretch! but swear never to be jealous again, and I'll forgive you.

Fer. By all—

Clara. There, that will do—you'll keep the oath just as well.

[*Gives her hand.*]

Lou. But, brother, here is one, to whom some apology is due.

Fer. Antonio, I am ashamed to think—

Ant. Not a word of excuse, Ferdinand—I have not been in love myself without learning that a lover's anger should never be resented—but come—let us retire with

this good Father, and we'll explain to you the cause of this error.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

Oft does Hymen smile to hear
 Wordy vows of feigned regard;
 Well he knows when they're sincere:
 Never slow to give reward;
 For his glory is to prove
 Kind to those who wed for love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*A Grand Saloon.*

Enter DON JEROME, SERVANTS, and LOPEZ, R.

Jer. Be sure, now, let everything be in the best order—let all my servants have on their merriest faces—but tell them to get as little drunk as possible, till after supper. So, Lopez, where's your master? shan't we have him at supper?

Lop. Indeed, I believe not, sir—he's mad, I doubt; I'm sure he has frightened me from him.

Jer. Ay, ay, he's after some wench, I suppose? a young rake! Well, well, we'll be merry without him.

Enter a SERVANT, R.

Serv. Sir, here is Signior Isaac.

Enter ISAAC, R.

Jer. So, my dear son-in-law—there, take my blessing and forgiveness.—But where's my daughter? where's Louisa?

Isaac. She's without, impatient for a blessing, but almost afraid to enter.

Jer. Oh, fly and bring her in. [*Exit Isaac, R.*] Poor girl, I long to see her pretty face.

Isaac. [*Without.*] Come, my charmer! my trembling angel!

Enter ISAAC and DUENNA, R.—*Don Jerome runs to meet them—she kneels.*

Jer. Come to my arms, my—[*Starts back.*] Why, who the devil have we here?

Isaac. Nay, Don Jerome, you promised her forgiveness; see how the dear creature droops!

Jer. Droops, indeed! Why, gad take me, this is old Margaret—but where's my daughter, where's Louisa?

Isaac. Why, here, before your eyes—nay, don't be abashed, my sweet wife!

Jer. Wife with a vengeance! Why, zounds, you have not married the Duenna!

Duen. [*Kneeling.*] Oh, dear papa! you'll not disown me, sure!

Jer. Papa! papa! Why, zounds, your impudence is as great as your ugliness!

Isaac. Rise, my charmer, go throw your snowy arms about his neck, and convince him you are—

Duen. Oh, sir! forgive me! [*Embraces him.*]

Jer. Help! murder!

Servants. What's the matter, sir!

Jer. Why, here, this damned Jew has brought an old harridan to strangle me.

Isaac. Lord, it is his own daughter, and he is so hard-hearted he won't forgive her.

Enter ANTONIO and LOUISA, R.—They kneel.

Jer. Zounds and fury! what's here now? who sent for you, sir, and who the devil are you?

Ant. This lady's husband, sir?

Isaac. Ay, that he is, I'll be sworn; for I left them with the priest, and was to have given her away.

Jer. You were?

Isaac. Ay; that's my honest friend, Antonio; and that's the little girl I told you I had hampered him with.

Jer. Why, you are either drunk or mad—this is my daughter.

Isaac. No, no; 'tis you are both drunk and mad, I think—here's your daughter.

Jer. Hark ye, old iniquity, will you explain all this, or not?

Duen. Come, then, Don Jerome, I will—though our habits might inform you all—look on your daughter, there, and on me.

Isaac. What's this I hear?

Duen. The truth is, that in your passion this morning, you made a small mistake; for you turned your daughter out of doors, and locked up your humble servant.

Isaac. Oh, lud! oh, lud! here's a pretty fellow, to turn his daughter out of doors, instead of an old Duenna!

Jer. And, Oh, lud! oh, lud! here's a pretty fellow, to marry an old Duenna instead of my daughter—but how came the rest about?

Duen. I have only to add, that I remained in your daughter's place, and had the good fortune to engage the affections of my sweet husband here.

Isaac. Her husband! why, you old witch, do you think I'll be your husband now? this is a trick, a cheat, and you ought all to be ashamed of yourselves.

Ant. Hark ye, Isaac, do you dare to complain of tricking?—Don Jerome, I give you my word, this cunning Portuguese has brought all this upon himself, by endeavouring to overreach you, by getting your daughter's fortune, without making any settlement in return.

Jer. Overreach me!

Lou. 'Tis so, indeed, sir, and we can prove it to you.

Jer. Why, gad take me, it must be so, or he could never have put up with such a face as Margaret's—so, little Solomon, I wish you joy of your wife with all my soul.

Lou. Isaac, tricking is all fair in love—let you alone for the plot.

Ant. A cunning dog, ar'n't you? A sly little villain, eh?

Lou. Roguish, perhaps; but keen, devilish keen!

Jer. Yes, yes; his aunt always called him little Solomon.

Isaac. Why, the plagues of Egypt upon you all!—but do you think I'll submit to such an imposition?

Ant. Isaac, one serious word—you'd better be content as you are; for believe me, you will find, that in the opinion of the world, there is not a fairer subject for contempt and ridicule, than a knave become the dupe of his own art.

Isaac. I don't care—I'll not endure this—Don Jerome, 'tis you have done this—you would be so cursed positive about the beauty of her you locked up, and all the time, I told you she was as old as my mother, and as ugly as the devil!

Duen. Why, you little insignificant reptile!

Jer. That's right—attack him, Margaret.

Duen. Dares such a thing as you pretend to talk of beauty?—A walking rouleau!—a body that seems to owe

all its consequence to the dropsy!—a pair of eyes like two dead beetles in a wad of brown dough!—a beard like an artichoke, with dry shrivelled jaws, that would disgrace the mummy of a monkey!

Jer. Well done, Margaret!

Duen. But you shall know that I have a brother, who wears a sword, and if you don't do me justice—

Isaac. Fire seize your brother, and you too! I'll fly to Jerusalem, to avoid you.

Duen. Fly where you will, I'll follow you.

Jer. Throw your snowy arms about him, Margaret. [*Exeunt Isaac and Duenna, L.*] But, Louisa, are you really married to this modest gentleman?

Lou. Sir, in obedience to your commands, I gave him my hand within this hour.

Jer. My commands!

Ant. Yes, sir; here is your consent, under your own hand.

Jer. How! would you rob me of my child by a trick, a false pretence? and do you think to get her fortune by the same means? Why, 'slife, you are as great a rogue as Isaac!

Ant. No, Don Jerome; though I have profited by this paper, in gaining your daughter's hand, I scorn to obtain her fortune by deceit. There, sir. [*Gives a letter.*] Now give her your blessing for a dower, and all the little I possess shall be settled on her in return. Had you wedded her to a prince, he could do no more.

Jer. Why, gad take me, but you are a very extraordinary fellow! But have you the impudence to suppose no one can do a generous action but yourself? Here, Louisa, tell this proud fool of yours, that he's the only man I know that would renounce your fortune; and, by my soul, he's the only man in Spain that's worthy of it.—There, bless you both: I'm an obstinate old fellow when I'm in the wrong; but you shall now find me as steady in the right.

Enter FERDINAND and CLARA, R.

Another wonder still! why, sirrah! Ferdinand, you have not stole a nun, have you?

Fer. She is a nun in nothing but her habit, sir—look nearer, and you will perceive 'tis Clara d'Almanza, Don

Guzman's daughter; and, with pardon for stealing a wedding, she is also my wife.

Jer. Gadsbud, and a great fortune.—Ferdinand, you are a prudent young rogue, and I forgive you; and, ifecks, you're a pretty little damsel. Give your father-in-law a kiss, you smiling rogue.

Clara. There, old gentleman: and now mind you behave well to us.

Jer. Ifecks, those lips ha'n't been chilled kissing beads—'Egad, I believe I shall grow the best humoured fellow in Spain—Lewis! Sancho! Carlos! d'ye hear? are all my doors thrown open? Our children's weddings are the only holydays our age can boast; and then we drain, with pleasure, the little stock of spirits time has left us. [*Music within.*] But see, here come our friends and neighbors!

Enter MASQUERADERS from the back of the Stage.

And, 'ifaith, we'll make a night on't, with wine, and dance, and catches—then old and young shall join us.

FINALE.

Jer. Come now for jest and smiling,
Both old and young beguiling,
Let us laugh and play, so blythe and gay,
Till we banish care away.

Lou. Thus crowned with dance and song,
The hours shall glide along,
With a heart at ease, merry, merry glees,
Can never fail to please.

Fer. Each bride with blushes glowing,
Our wine as rosy flowing,
Let us laugh and play, so blythe and gay,
Till we banish care away.

Ant. Then healths to every friend,
The night's repast shall end,
With a heart at ease, merry, merry glees,
Can never fail to please.

Clara. Nor, while we are so joyous,
Shall anxious fear annoy us,
Let us laugh and play, so blythe and gay,
Till we banish care away.

Jer. For generous guests like these,
Accept the wish to please.
So we'll laugh and play, so blithe and gay,
Your smiles drive care away.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

No. LV.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

A Comedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS,
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK:

JOHN DOUGLAS, NO. 11 SPRUCE STREET,

AND FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1848.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA

THE GREAT GATSBY

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE most acute and learned of the commentators on Shakspeare, have agreed in pronouncing this Play to be one of the most perfect creations of his mighty genius. Indeed, it would be in vain to look for two more highly finished specimens of sprightliness and wit, than are embodied in the characters of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*; and then again *Dogberry*, whose very name has passed into an aphorism, the type of a class; and *Verges*, the superannuated echo of the "Jack in office." These characters alone form a collection, at once so varied and inimitable, as to present an enduring freshness on the stage, while they are the delight and charm of the closet.

"Much Ado About Nothing," is supposed to be one of the later productions of our Poet's pen. There seems internal evidence in the finish and discriminative style of the composition, to warrant this assumption. The gladiatorial display of wit between *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, and the epigrammatic point of the dialogue throughout, indicate a taste refined by actual intercourse with educated and high-bred society, to which Shakspeare had access only in the zenith of his poetical fa c.

There is not, perhaps, another of the numerous plays of Shakspeare that affords such a special example of his powers of interesting an audience by dramatic incidents and beauty of language, independent of plot, as is afforded in this comedy. The chief agents of the story are *Hero* and *Claudio*, and yet how little we think of these main features, when compared with the interest excited by the war of wit between the subordinate actors, *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, and the incomparable scenes in which *Dogberry* is concerned.

Shakspeare appears to have borrowed his plot of this play, as was his usual custom. The learned research of his annotators, have ascribed the original to various sources; Pope ascribes it to Ariosto—others aver that traces of the plot are to be found in Spencer's "F ery Queen." It seems, however, to be established, that a novel of Bandello's afforded the real origin of his fable. The incidents of this novel of Bandello's, afforded the dramatist materials for the story of *Hero*, and furnished the incidents of her false accusation, feigned death and subsequent

restoration, leaving the filling up of the picture to his own boundless and fertile imagination.

The title of this play has also engaged the speculative enquiries of the annotators; the most ingenious of these, is the one lately published by Dr. Ulrici, the German critic, whose truly original commentaries on Shakspeare, have excited universal attention and admiration.

The learned critic assumes, "That the play is a representation of the contrast and contradiction between life, in its real essence, and the aspect which it presents to those who are engaged in its struggle; and this contradiction is set forth in an acted commentary on the title of the *Drain*—a series of incidents which, in themselves neither real, nor strange, nor important, are regarded by the actors as being all these things."

When we trace the incidents of this play, and analyse the results growing out of the apparent contradictory means, used to produce the ends attained, we are willing to subscribe to the ingenious theory of the critic, and believe that he has seized upon the abstract truth Shakspeare intended to convey, both in his title and the action of the comedy.

This play holds its place upon the stage as one of the most popular of Shakspeare's Comedies. The leading parts are so eminently adapted to the display of the higher order of histrionic talent, that while actors and actresses are to be found who can embody the wit, humor, and high-toned honor of *Benedick*, and the shrewd, sarcastic vivacity of *Beatrice*, giving at the same time her courtly bearing with finished ease and grace, there is little danger, even in the present depreciated state of public taste, but that "*Much Ado About Nothing*" must hold its supremacy on the English and American stage.

When Garrick rose like a meteor, on the theatrical horizon, and by the aid of his original genius, introduced entirely new characteristics in acting; exhibiting true transcripts of nature, as opposed to the pompous, inflated style heretofore in vogue; this comedy was seized upon by the great Roscius, as affording a full display for his inimitable powers. The cotemporary critics of the age have left behind them vivid descriptions of his fine delineation of *Benedick*. *Beatrice* also found most able representatives in Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Abingdon, although the

conceptions of the part given by these once celebrated actresses, were widely distinct. Mrs. Pritchard brought out in full relief the objectionable, virago-like character of *Beatrice*, while Mrs. Abingdon subdued these salient points, and divested the wit and sarcasm of the scornful *Beatrice* of any appearance of malice and malignity. We have seen a similar conception of this admired part, most exquisitely rendered in our times by Mrs. Charles Kean; and all who have witnessed the representation, must have enjoyed the exquisite embodiment. Indeed, in spite of *Hero's* description of her merry cousin, we incline to the belief, that *Beatrice* was witty and sarcastic, from the mere joyousness of her animal spirits—rather than from a vain or malignant nature.

Mrs. Kean adopted this view of the character: it is the most feminine, and we may add, the most poetical conception of the part. In her hands, it certainly became one of the most delightful pieces of high-bred comedy of modern times.

The inimitable *Benedick* of Charles Kemble cannot be passed over, in our notices of good actors associated with this play. The character, in fact, as far as its more delicate shades of coloring, and perfect embodiment, seems to have become comparatively extinct, with the retirement of this great actor. The richness, depth, and force with which he combined the "wit, the humorist, the gentleman and the soldier," which form the characteristics of this celebrated creation, appears impossible of approach by any of his successors in the part. Macready, with all his artistical execution and scholastic finish, did not succeed in *Benedick*. Charles Kean is pleasing, gentlemanly, and effective in the part, but he evidently plays the character as being conscious that he is but aiding in the exquisite personation of his wife's *Beatrice*. Mr. Murdock has also lately assumed this difficult character; but, with all its many excellencies, he has not restored to us the *Benedick* of Shakspeare.

Dogberry is associated in the minds of the American playgoer, with the admirable personation of the character by Mr. Harry Placide, and the no less able embodiment of it by Bass; the latter seems to revel in the exuberance of humor which the poet has thrown around this truly original character. It is an admirable specimen of the true comic vein. H.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Covent Garden, 1823.</i>	<i>Park, 1832.</i>	<i>Ches't, Phil., 1845.</i>
<i>Benedick</i>	Mr. C. Kemble.	Mr. Chas. Kemble.	Mr. C. Kean.
<i>Don Pedro</i>	" Connor.	" Richings.	" E. Shaw.
<i>Don John</i>	" Hunt.	" Flynn.	" Morris.
<i>Count Claudio</i>	" Abbott.	" Barry.	" Frederic.
<i>Leonato</i>	" Egerton.	" Clarke.	" J. Scott.
<i>Antonio</i>	" Bartley.	" Fisher.	" J. Green.
<i>Friar</i>	" Chapman.	" Nexsen.	" Jervis.
<i>Borachio</i>	" Horrebrow.	" Blakely.	" C. Smith.
<i>Conrad</i>	" Comer.	" Collet.	" Duff.
<i>Balthasar</i>	" Baker.	" Jackson.	" Rae.
<i>Sexton</i>	" Jefferies.	" King.	" Dunn.
<i>Dogberry</i>	" W. Farren.	" Wilkinson.	" Burton.
<i>Verges</i>	" Keeley.	" Povey.	" Thayer.
<i>Seacoal</i>	" King.	" Hayden.	" Eberle.
<i>Oatcake</i>	" Barnes.	" Conway.	" Wright.
<i>Hero</i>	Miss Foote.	Mrs. Sharpe.	Mrs. Rogers.
<i>Beatrice</i>	" Chester.	Miss F. Kemble.	" Chas. Kean.
<i>Ursula</i>	" Green.	" Durie.	Miss Coad.
<i>Margaret</i>	" Shaw.	" Conway.	Mrs. Dunn.

COSTUMES.

BENEDICK.—Crimson jacket, embroidered with gold, white satin and gold trunks, white silk pantaloons, russet boots, with scarlet tops, blue silk sash, a sword, round purple hat, and white plumes. *Second dress*: Slate-coloured cloak, with white trimming.

DON PEDRO.—Purple jacket, embroidered, scarlet and gold trunks, white pantaloons, russet boots, round black velvet hat, and white plumes.

CLAUDIO.—Blue jacket, embroidered, scarlet and gold trunks, blue sash, sword, white silk pantaloons, russet boots, round black velvet hat, and white plumes.

LEONATO.—Black jacket, trimmed with bugles, black trunks, sword, stockings, shoes, and roses.

DON JOHN.—Scarlet and gold jacket, with low points all round the bottom, blue trunks, sword, white pantaloons, russet boots, with light blue tops, round blue hat, and white plumes.

BALTHASAR.—Light blue jacket, white trimming, fawn-coloured pantaloons, russet boots, round hat, and plumes.

ANTONIO.—See Leonato.

BORACHIO.—Olive-brown jacket, trimmed with black, light blue pantaloons, trimmed with the same, russet boots, and scarlet tops.

CONRAD.—Light blue jacket, buff pantaloons, and russet boots.

DOGBERRY.—Coarse French grey coat, with a belt of the same colour, coarse grey pantaloons, very low, nearly covering his shoes, huge formal black hat.

VERGES.—Coarse dark suit, blue stockings, black shoes, large black hat.

SEXTON.—A suit of coarse black, no hat.

FRIAR.—Coarse grey frock.

OATCAKE AND WATCHMEN.—Coarse grey and brown dresses, large leather belts, long staves.

BEATRICE.—White satin dress, with a long train, richly ornamented with gold and silver.

HERO.—Pink satin dress, with silver trimming. *Second dress* White satin, with white muslin veil.

MARGARET.—Slate-coloured satin dress, ditto.

URSULA.—Yellow satin train, ditto, purple velvet body, ditto.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Court before Leonato's House.*—LEONATA, reading a letter, HERO, BEATRICE, and BALTHASAR, advancing through a gate, L. U. E.

Leon. (L. c.) I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro, of Arragon, comes this night to Messina.

Bal. (L.) He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Bal. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Bal. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina, will be very much glad of it.

Bal. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Bal. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed.

Bea. (R.) I pray you, is Signior Montanto returned from the wars?

Bal. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. (R. c.) My cousin means Signior Benedick, of Padua.

Bal. Oh, he's returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Bea. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. 'Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Bal. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Bea. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he's a very valiant trencher man; he hath an excellent stomach.

Bal. And a good soldier too, lady.

Bea. And a good soldier to a lady; but what is he to a lord?

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece:—there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her; they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Bea. Alas, he gets nothing by that!—In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one; so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse, for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new sworn-brother.

Bal. Is it possible?

Bea. Very easily possible; he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat—it ever changes with the next block.

Bal. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Bea. No; an' he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion?

Bal. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Bea. Oh, lord, he will hang upon him like a disease! he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. [*Crosses, L.*] Heaven help the noble Claudio! If he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pounds ere he be cured.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

Bea. No, not till a hot January.

Bal. Don Pedro is approached. [*Flourish of trumpets.*
[*Exit, L.*

*Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, and BENEDICK,
and stand on R., Ladies, L.*

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, but you encounter it.

Leon. (c.) Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace; for, trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes its leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter?

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Ben. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no, for then were you a child.

Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Ben. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is!

[*All retire up the stage except Benedick and Beatrice.*

Bea. (L.) I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick! nobody marks you.

Ben. (R.) What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Bea. Is it possible Disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Ben. [*Meet at c.*] Then is courtesy a turn-coat!—But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart, that I had not a hard heart! for truly I love none.

Bea. A dear happiness to women! they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank Heaven, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for

that! I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Ben. Heaven keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Bea. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours.

Ben. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher!

Bea. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.

Ben. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer! But keep your way, o' Heaven's name!—I have done.

Bea. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Pedro. [*All advancing to c.—Ben., R., Bea., L.*] This is the sum of all:—Leonato, Signior Claudio, and Signior Benedick, my dear friend, Leonato, hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer; I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince, your brother, I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you; I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it, your grace, lead on.

Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio, through the gate in L. of back ground, and file off at L. U. E.*]

Claud. (R. c.) Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Ben. (L. c.) I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Ben. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment!

Ben. Why, i'faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that,

were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and, being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'st I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly, how thou lik'st her.

Ben. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Ben. Yea, and a case to put it into. But, speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack? Come, in what key shall a man take you?

Claud. In mine eyes, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on!

Ben. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an' she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December! But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Ben. Is't come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion?—Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i'faith! and thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Enter DON PEDRO, through the gate.

Pedro. (L.) What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Ben. (c.) I would your grace would constrain me to tell!

Pedro. I charge thee, on thy allegiance!

Ben. You hear, Count Claudio—I can be as secret as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but on my allegiance—mark you this, on my allegiance. He is in love. With whom?—now that is your grace's part. Mark, how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. (r.) If this were so, so were it uttered.

Ben. Like the old tale, my lord—is it not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, heaven forbid it should be so!

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, heaven forbid it should be otherwise!

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought!

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine!

Ben. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine!

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Ben. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Ben. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, all women shall pardon me: because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Ben. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord—not with love: prove, that if ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house, for the sign of blind Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Ben. If I do, hang me in a bottle, like a cat, and shoot at me!

Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Ben. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write—"Here is good horse to hire," let them signify under my sign—"Here you may see Benedick, the married man."

[Crosses, R.]

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid hath not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Ben. [*Returns to c.*] I look for an earthquake too, then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporise with the hours!—In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Ben. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of heaven; from my house, if I had it—

Pedro. The sixth of July; your loving friend, Benedick.

Ben. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometimes guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on, neither:—ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience; and so I leave you. [*Exit through centre gate.*]

Claud. (R. c.) My liege, your highness may now do me good.

Pedro. (L. c.) My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson, that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

Pedro. No child but Hero; she's his only heir:
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. Oh, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I looked upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am returned, and that war thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging, soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying I liked her, ere I went to wars.

Pedro. Then thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,
And I will break with her.
Was't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the
flood?

Look, what will serve, is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero, I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner, with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father, will I break:
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine:
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt through Gate.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in Leonato's House.*

Enter DON JOHN and CONRAD, R.

Con. (R.) What the good-jer, my lord! why are you
thus out of measure sad?

John. (L.) There is no measure in the occasion that
breeds it, therefore, the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bring-
eth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

John. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I
have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have
stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am
drowsy, and tend no man's business; laugh when I am
merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this,
till you may do it without controlment. You have, of late,
stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you new-
ly into his grace: where it is impossible you should take
true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself:
it is needful that you frame the season for your own har-
vest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose

in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any; in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering, honest man, it must not be denied, but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and unfranchised with a clog! therefore, I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make use of your discontent.

John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here?

Enter BORACHIO, L.

What news, Borachio?

Bor. I came yonder, from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. (c.) Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he, for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bor. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bor. Even he!

John. A proper squire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bor. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

John. A very forward March chick! Come, come; let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure; that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him in any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. (r.) To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued. 'Would the cook were of my mind!

[Exeunt, L.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, L.

Leon. (R. c.) How came you to this?

Ant. (L. c.) I tell you, the Prince and Count Claudio, walking in the thick-pleached alley of the orchard, were overheard by a man of mine. It was agreed upon, that the Prince should, in a dance, woo Hero, as for himself, and, having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow. I will send for him, and you shall question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself. But do you acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be better prepared for her answer, if, peradventure, this be true. Here she comes.

Enter HERO and BEATRICE, L.

Was not Count John here at supper.

Hero. (L.) I saw him not.

Bea. (L.) How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I'm heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Bea. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the midway, between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, ever more tattling.

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face—

Bea. With a good leg, and a good foot, ankle and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world—if he could get her good-will.

[*Hero and Antonio retire up the Stage and talk together.*]

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be'st so shrew of thy tongue!

Bea. For the which blessing, I am at Heaven upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face! I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. (c.) You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Bea. (L. c.) What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me: and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Ant. [*To Hero, advancing.*] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father?

[*Antonio and Hero stand on R.*]

Bea. Yes, faith; it is my coasin's duty to make a courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please you:" [*Crosses, R.*] but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please me."

Leon. (L.) Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Bea. Not till heaven make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marle? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren, and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Ant. Niece, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Bea. (L. c.) The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the Prince be too important, tell him, there is a measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is a Scotch jig, a measure, and a clinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes

repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the clinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Bea. I have a good eye, uncle ; I can see a church by day-light. [Music within.]

Leon. The revellers are entering.

[Retire up the stage.—Music.]

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BALTHASAR, DON JOHN, BORACHIO, CONRAD, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, masked.

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend ?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk ; and, especially, when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company.

Hero. I may so, when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so ?

Hero. When I like your favour ; for Heaven defend the lute should be like the case !

Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof ; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

A DANCE.

Enter BENEDICK, L. U. E., followed by BEATRICE, laughing.

Bea. (L. c.) Will you not tell me who told you so ?

Ben. (c.) No, you shall pardon me.

Bea. Nor will you not tell me who you are ?

Ben. Not now. [Pedro and Hero stand R.]

Bea. That I was disdainful—and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales ;—Well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Ben. What's he ?

Bea. I am sure you know him well enough.

Ben. Not I, believe me.

Bea. Did he never make you laugh ?

Ben. I pray you, what is he ?

Bea. Why, he is the prince's jester : a very dull fool : only his gift is in devising impossible slanders ; none but libertines delight in him ; and the commendation is not in

his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him; I am sure he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Ben. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Bea. Do, do; he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night.

[*The company beginning to leave the room.*]

We must follow the leaders.

[*Music.—Exeunt all but Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.*]

John. (L. c.) Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father, to break with him about it: the ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bor. (L. c.) And that is Claudio; I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well: I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bor. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don John and Borachio, L.*]

Claud. Thus answer I, in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio—
'Tis certain so;—The prince woos for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not: farewell, therefore, Hero.

Enter BENEDICK, L.

Ben. (L. c.) Count Claudio?

Claud. (R. c.) Yea, the same.

Ben. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Ben. Even to the next willow, about your own business, Count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like a usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Ben. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Ben. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you.

[*Exit Claudio, L.*

Ben. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha! it may be I go under that title, because I am merry. Yea; but so: I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Enter DON PEDRO, R.

Pedro. Now, Signior, where's the Count? Did you see him?

Ben. (c.) Troth, my lord, I played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of his young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

Pedro. (R. c.) To be whipped! what's his fault?

Ben. The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Ben. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland, too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Ben. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danced with her, told her, she is much wronged by you.

Ben. Wronged! she wronged! she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her! She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me! She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have cleft his club, to make the fire, too. I would to Heaven, some scholar would conjure her: for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary, and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her.

Bea. Leon. Claud. and Hero. [Within.] Ha! ha! ha!

Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Ben. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand, now, to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Ben. Oh, lord, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [Exit Benedick, r.

Enter BEATRICE, LEONATO, CLAUDIO, and HERO, L.

Pedro. (L. c.) Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Bea. (L.) So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

Pedro. Why, how now, Count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. (c.) Not sad, my lord.

Pedro. How, then—sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Bea. The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, Count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good-will obtained: name the day of marriage, and Heaven give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes; his grace hath made the match, and all grace say amen to it!

Bea. Speak, Count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, [*Beatrice sighs,*] as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Bea. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak, neither.

Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Bea. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Bea. Good lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world, but I, and I am sun-burned! I may sit in a corner, and cry, "Heigho, for a husband!"

Pedro. (R.) Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Bea. I would rather have one of your father's getting.

Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Bea. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working days; your grace is too costly to wear every day:—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

Pedro. Your silence most offends me; and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Bea. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that I was born. Cousins, Heaven give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Bea. [*Crossing, R.*] I cry you mercy, uncle. By your grace's pardon. [*Exit, R.*]

Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady! Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

Pedro. (R.) Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring the Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, if it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. (L.) And I, my lord.

Pedro. (L.) And you, too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick: and I, with your two helps, will

so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in Leonato's House.*

Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO, R.

John. (L.) It is so: the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bor. (c.) Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment, will be medicinal to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How can'st thou cross this marriage?

Bor. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly, that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Show me briefly how.

Bor. I think I told your lordship a year since how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bor. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bor. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince, your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio, whose estimation you do mightily hold up, to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bor. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other issue?

John. Only to despise them, I will endeavour anything.

Bor. Go, then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation

who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Borachio! and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding; for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bor. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exeunt, Borachio, R., John, L.*]

SCENE III.—*Leonato's Garden.*

BENEDICK *seated.*

Ben. I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife: and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now he is turned orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair—yet I am well: another is wise—yet I am well: another virtuous—yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not

come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none: virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of whatever colour it please Heaven. Ha! the Prince, and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the harbour. [Withdraws.]

Enter, R. U. E., DON PEDRO, LEONATO, CLAUDIO, BALTHASAR, and SINGERS.—Don Pedro, &c., stand R., Singers stand L.

Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord:—how still the evening is, As hushed on purpose to grace harmony!

Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself? Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song again.

GLEE.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.

Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo',
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

Pedro. Dost thou hear, Balthasar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for, to-morrow night, we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber window.

Bal. The best I can, my lord.

Pedro. Do so; farewell! [*Exeunt Balthasar and Singers, L.*] Come hither, Leonato: What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece, Beatrice, was in love with Signior Benedick? [*They sit.*]

Claud. Oh, ay! [*Aside.*] Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits.—I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath, in all outward behaviours, seemed ever to abhor.

Ben. [*Listening at R. U. E.*] Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection—it is past the infinite of thought.

Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. Counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. [*Aside.*] Bait the hook well: this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit you—You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me! I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Ben. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. [*Aside.*] He hath ta'en the affection; hold it up.

Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Ben. So, so!

Leon. My daughter says, the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that she is sometime afraid she will do desperate outrage to herself.

Pedro. It were good, if Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. 'Tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you all know, hath a contemptible spirit.

Ben. Very well!

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

Pedro. Well, we will hear farther of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady. [*Bell rings.*]

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

[*They rise.*]

Claud. [*Aside.*] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

Pedro. [*Aside.*] Let there be the same net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see.—Let us send her to call him to dinner.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

Ben. [*Advances softly to c.*] This can be no trick: The conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured; they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her: they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry:— [*Crosses to R.*] I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; [*Returns to c.*] 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous;—'tis so, I cannot reprove it: and wise—but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit:—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage. But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: the world must be peopled. [*Walks about, agitated.*] When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this

day, she's a fair lady. [*Takes off his hat and wipes it—adjusts his dress.*] I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE, R.

Bea. (R.) Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Ben. (L. c.) Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Bea. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Ben. You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Bea. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior? fare you well. [*Exit, R.*]

Ben. Ha! "Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner;"—there's a double meaning in that. "I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me"—that's as much as to say, "Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks." If I do not take pity on her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew:—I will go get her picture. [*Exit, R.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Leonato's Garden.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA, L.

Hero. (R. c.) Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour, There shalt thou find my cousin, Beatrice; Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us; And bid her steal into the garden here, To listen our propose: This is thy office: Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

[*Exit Margaret, L.*]

(R.) Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, Our talk must only be of Benedick: When I do name him, let it be thy part To praise him more than ever man did merit:

My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice : of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.

Enter BEATRICE, R., and retires back on R.

[*Aside.*] Now begin ;
For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. (c.) [*Aside.*] Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. (c.) No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful ;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely ?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothéd lord.
They did entreat me to acquaint her of it :
But I persuaded him, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so ? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon ?

Hero. O, God of Love ! I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man :
But nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice ;
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on ; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak : she cannot love,
Nor take no shape, nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so ;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth : I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward : if fair-faced,
She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister ;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot : if tall, a lance ill-headed ;

If low, an agate very vilely cut :
 If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds ;
 If silent, why, a block moved with none.
 So turns she every man the wrong side out ;
 And never gives to truth and virtue, that
 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. But who dare tell her so ? If I should speak,
 She'd mock me into air ; Oh, she would laugh me
 Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
 Therefore let Benedick, like covered fire,
 Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly :
 It were a better death than die with mocks.

Urs. Yet tell her of it ; hear what she will say.

Hero. No, rather will I go to Benedick,
 And counsel him to fight against his passion :
 And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
 To stain my cousin with : one doth not know
 How much an ill word may impoison liking.

Urs. Oh, do not do your cousin such a wrong ;
 She cannot be so much without true judgment,
 Having so swift and excellent a wit,
 As she is prized to have, as to refuse
 So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
 When are you married, madam ?

Hero. Why, every day ;—to-morrow.

Urs. [*Aside.*] She's limed, I warrant you ; we have
 caught her, madam.

Hero. [*Aside.*] If it proves so, then loving goes by haps :
 Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula, R.—Beatrice advances cau-
 tiously.*]

Bea. What fire is in mine ears ? Can this be true ?

Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much ?
 Contempt, farewell ! and maiden pride, adieu !

No glory lives behind the back of such.
 And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee :
 Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand ;
 If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
 To bind our loves up in a holy band :

For others say, thou dost deserve ; and I
Believe it better than reportingly.

[*Exit, R.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in Leonato's House.*

Enter DON PEDRO, LEONATO, CLAUDIO, and BENEDICK, L.

Pedro. (R.) I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then I go toward Arragon.

Claud. [*Crossing, R.*] I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

Pedro. (C.) Nay, I will only be bold with Benedick for his company ; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth ; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him ; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper ; for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

Ben. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. (L.) So say I ! methinks you are sadder.

Claud. (R.) I hope, he be in love.

Pedro. Hang him, truant ! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love : if he be sad, he wants money.

Ben. (L. C.) I have the tooth-ache.

Pedro. Draw it.

Ben. Hang it !

Pedro. What ! sigh for the tooth-ache ?

Leon. Which is but a humour, or a worm ?

Ben. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing of old signs ; he brushes his hat o' mornings : what should that bode ?

Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet ; can you smell him out by that ?

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lutestring.

Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him : conclude, conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Ben. Yet this is no charm for the tooth-ache.—Old signior, [*To Leon.*] walk aside with me; [*Retiring, R.*] I I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato, R.*]

Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. (L.) 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have, by this time, played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

Enter DON JOHN, L.

John. (c.) My lord and brother, Heaven save you!

Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

Pedro. In private?

John. If it please you;—yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

Pedro. What's the matter?

John. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

Pedro. You know he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

John. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest: for my brother, I think he holds you well; and, in dearness of heart, hath help to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you, and, circumstances shortened, for she hath too long been a talking-of, the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Disloyal!

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till farther warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber

window entered; even the night before her wedding day; if you love her, then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

Pedro. I will not think it.—

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, SEACOAL, OATCAKE, and Four WATCHMEN, L. U. E.

Dog. (R. c.) Are you good men and true?

Ver. (c.) Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Ver. (L. c.) Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

Ver. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: heaven hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

Sea. (R.) Both which, Master Constable,—

Dog. (c.) You have. I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give heaven thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity.

You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch ; therefore, bear you the lantern. This is your charge : You shall comprehend all vagrom men ; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Sea. (R. c.) How if he will not stand ?

Dog. Why, then take no note of him, but let him go ; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank heaven you are rid of a knave.

Ver. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dog. True ; and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets ; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

Sea. We will rather sleep than talk ; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman ; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend : only, have a care that your bills be not stolen :—Well, you are to call at all the alehouses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Sea. How if they will not ?

Dog. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober ; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

Sea. Well, sir.

Dog. If you meet a thief you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man ; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Sea. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him ?

Dog. Truly, by your office, you may ; but I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled : the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Ver. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will ; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Ver. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call

to the nurse, and bid her still it.

Sea. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dog. Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baas, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Ver. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Ver. Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on't, with any man, that knows the statues, he may stay him; marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Ver. By'r lady, I think it be so.

Dog. Ha! ha! ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.— Come, neighbour. [*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges, L.*]

Sea. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Re-enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, L.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu! be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges, L.*]

Enter BORACHIO, R.

Bor. (R.) What, Conrade!—

Sea. [*Aside to his Party, on the L.*] Peace, stir not.

Bor. Conrade, I say!

Enter CONRADE, R.

Con. (R.) Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Stand thee close, then; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Sea. (L.) [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bor. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bor. Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for, when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That shows thou art unconfirmed: thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bor. I mean the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bor. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool.—But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Sea. [*Aside, as before.*] I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief these seven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bor. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bor. See'st thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty?

Cqd. Art thou not thyself giddy with the fashion, too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion.

Bor. Not so, neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber window; bids me a thousand times good night—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the Prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master, Don John, saw afar off, in the orchard, this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

Bor. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio;—
[*Watchmen preparing to attack.*] but the devil my master, knew she was Margaret: away went Claudio enraged; [*Watchmen advance.*] swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over night, and send her home again without a husband.

Sea. (R. c.) We charge you, in the Prince's name, stand!

Oat. (c.) Call up the right master constable. [*Exit a Watchman, L.*] We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery ever was known in the commonwealth.

Sea. And one Deformed is one of them; I know him; he wears a lock.

Con. [*Seacoal and Watchman seize Bor. and Con.*] Masters, masters—

Sea. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters—

Sea. Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us. [*Exeunt L., with prisoners in custody.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, DOGBERRY, and VERGES, R.

Leon. (L.) What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dog. (c.) Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that discerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see 'tis a busy time with me.

Dog. Marry this it is, sir!

Ver. (c.) Yes, in truth it is, sir!

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dog. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, Heaven help, I would desire they were! but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Ver. Yes, I thank Heaven, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honestest than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ha?

Dog. Yea, an 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis;

for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Ver. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Ver. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dog. A good old man, sir;—he will be talking—as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out;—Heaven help us! it is a world to see! Well said, i'faith, neighbour Verges!—An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:—An honest soul, i'faith, sir! by my troth, he is, as ever broke bread! but, Heaven is to be worshipped—All men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dog. Gifts, that Heaven gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

[*Crossing to R.*

Dog. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them examined this morning before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dog. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Fare you well!

[*Exit, R.*

Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol; we are now to examination these men.

Ver. And we must do it wisely.

Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you: here's that, [*Touching his forehead,*] shall drive some of them to a non-com: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt, L.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Chapel.*

DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR, CLAUDIO, BEN-
EDICK, HERO, and BEATRICE, *discovered.*

Leon. (c.) Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. (r. c.) You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. (l. c.) No.

Leon. To be married to her, Friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count?

Hero. (r. c.) I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment, why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. Oh, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Bea. (l.) How now? Interjections?

Claud. Stand thee by, Friar:—Father, by your leave; Will you, with free and unconstrained soul, Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as Heaven did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—

There, Leonato, take her back again:

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:

Behold, how like a maid she blushes here!

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. (L. c.) What do you mean, my lord ?

Claud. Not to be married,
Not knit my soul to an approvéd wanton—

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquished the resistance of her youth—

Claud. No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large ;
But, as a brother to a sister, showed
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seemed I ever otherwise to you ?

Claud. Out on thy seeming ! I will write against it :
[*Benedick retires up the stage.*

You seem to me as Dian in her orb :
As chaste, as is the bud ere it be blown ;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pampered animals,
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide ?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you ?

Pedro. What should I speak ?

I stand dishonoured, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a wanton here.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream ?

John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Hero. True, oh, Heaven !

Claud. Leonato, stand I here ?

Is this the prince ? Is this the prince's brother ?

Is this face Hero's ? Are our eyes our own ?

Leon. All this is so ; but what of this, my lord ?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter,

And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child !

Hero. Oh, Heaven defend me ! how am I beset !—
What kind of catechizing call you this ?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero ? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach ?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero ;

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he, talked with you yesternight,
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one ?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talked with no man at that hour, my lord.

Pedro. Leonato,

I am sorry, you must hear :—Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grievéd Count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window ;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confessed the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie ! fie ! they are

Not to be named, my lord, not to be spoke of ;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them : Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. Oh, Hero, what an angel had'st thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart !
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair ! farewell !
For thee, I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

[*Hero swoons in the arms of Beatrice. Exeunt Don
Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*]

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me ?

Bea. Why, how now, cousin ? wherefore sink you
down ?

Ben. [*Advancing to Hero and Beatrice.*] How doth the
lady ?

Bea. Dead, I think ;—Help, uncle !

Hero ! why, Hero ! uncle ! Signior Benedick ! Friar !

Leon. Oh, fate, take not away thy heavy hand !

Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wished for.

Bea. How now, cousin Hero ?

Friar. [*Advancing to c.*] Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up ?

Friar. Yea ; Wherefore should she not ?

Leon. (L.) Wherefore ? Why doth not every earthly
thing.

Cry shame upon her ? Could she here deny
The story, that is printed in her blood !

Do not live, Hero: do not open thine eyes:
 For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
 Thought I, thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
 Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
 Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
 Chid I for that, at frugal Nature's frame?
 I've one too much by thee! Oh, she is fallen
 Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
 Hath drops too few to wash her clean again!

Ben. (t. c.) Sir, sir, be patient!
 For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
 I know not what to say.

Bea. Oh, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Ben. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Bea. No, truly not; although until last night,
 I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirmed, confirmed! Oh, that is stronger
 made,
 Which was before barred up with ribs of iron!
 Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?
 Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
 Washed it with tears? Hence! from her! let her die!

Friar. (c.) Hear me a little;
 For I have only silent been so long,
 And given way unto this course of fortune,
 By noting of the lady: I have marked
 A thousand blushing apparitions start
 Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
 In angel whiteness, bear away those blushes.
 Call me a fool;

Trust not my reading, nor my observation,
 If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here,
 Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:
 Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,
 Is, that she will not add to her damnation
 A sin of perjury: she not denies it:
 Why seek'st thou, then, to cover with excuse
 That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he, you are accused of?

Hero. They know, that do accuse me: I know none:
 If I know more of any man alive,

Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
 Let all my sins lack mercy! [*Crosses, L., and kneels,*] Oh,
 my father,

Prove you that any man with me conversed
 At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
 Maintained the change of words with any creature,
 Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. (L. c.) There is some strange misprision in the
 Princes.

Ben. (L.) Two of them have the very bent of honour;
 And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
 The practice of it lives in John, the bastard,
 Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not; if they speak but truth of her,
 These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
 The proudest of them shall well hear of it.

Friar. Pause awhile,
 And let my counsel sway you in this case.
 Claudio has left your daughter here for dead;
 Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
 And publish it, that she is dead indeed.

Leon. What shall become of this? what will this do?

Friar. She dying, as it must be so maintained,
 Upon the instant that she was accused,
 Shall be lamented, pitied, and excused,
 Of every hearer: So will it fare with Claudio:
 When he shall hear she died upon his words,
 The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
 Into his study of imagination;
 And every lovely organ of her life
 Shall come apparelled in more precious habit,
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 Than when she lived indeed: then shall he mourn,
 And wish he had not so accused her;
 No, though he thought his accusation true.
 Let this be so, and doubt not, but success
 Will fashion the event in better shape,
 Than I can lay it down in likelihood.

Ben. Signior Leonato, let the Friar advise you:
 And though, you know, my inwardness and love
 Is very much unto the Prince and Claudio,
 Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this

As secretly, and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently, away;
Come, lady, die, to live: this wedding-day,
Perhaps, is but prolonged; have patience, and endure.

[*Exeunt, R., all but Benedick and Beatrice.*]

Ben. (R. c.) Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this
while?

Bea. (c.) Yea, and I will weep awhile longer.

Ben. [*Advances to her.*] I will not desire that.

Bea. You have no reason: I do it freely.

Ben. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

Bea. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me, that
would right her!

Ben. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Bea. A very even way, but no such friend.

Ben. May a man do it?

Bea. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Ben. [*Pausing.*] I do love nothing in the world so well
as you: [Takes her hand.

Is not that strange?

Bea. As strange as the thing I know not: It were as
possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you:
but, believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing,
nor I deny nothing:—I am sorry for my cousin.

Ben. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me!

Bea. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Ben. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will
make him eat it, that says I love not you.

Bea. Will you not eat your word?

Ben. With no sauce that can be devised to it: I pro-
test I love thee!

Bea. Why, then, Heaven forgive me!

Ben. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Bea. You have stayed me in an happy hour: I was
about to protest I loved you.

Ben. And do it, with all thy heart!

Bea. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is
left to protest.

Ben. Come, bid me do anything for thee.

Bea. Kill Claudio.

Ben. Ha! not for the wide world!

Bea. You kill me to deny it:—Farewell! [*Going, R.*]

Ben. Tarry, sweet Beatrice!

Bea. I am gone, though I am here:—There is no love in you:—nay, I pray you, let me go.

Ben. Beatrice,—

Bea. In faith, I will go!

Ben. [*Follows and pulls her back.*] We'll be friends first.

Bea. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Ben. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Bea. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—Oh, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour!—Oh, Heaven, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place!

Ben. Hear me, Beatrice.

Bea. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying!

Ben. Nay, but Beatrice—

Bea. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone!

Ben. Beat—

Bea. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-confect—a sweet gallant, surely! Oh, that I were a man, for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones, too:—He is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it: I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Ben. Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand, I love thee!

Bea. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Ben. Think you, in your soul, the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Bea. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul!

Ben. Enough, I am engaged; [*Puts on his hat.*] I will challenge him.

Bea. Will you?

Ben. Upon my soul I will. I'll kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account.

Bea. You'll be sure to challenge him?

Ben. By those bright eyes, I will.

Bea. My dear friend, kiss my hand again.

Ben. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead, and so farewell.

Bea. Benedick, kill him, kill him, if you can.

Ben. As sure as he is alive, I will.

[*Exeunt, Beatrice, R., Benedick, L.*]

SCENE II.—A Prison.

DOGGERY, VERGES, SEACOAL, and OATCAKE discovered, seated.—*Dogberry and part of the Watch L. of Table, Prisoners and other Watchmen, R.*

Dog. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Enter SEXTON, L.

Ver. Oh, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sex. Which be the malefactors?

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Ver. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before Master Constable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me.

Enter WATCH, bringing in BORACHIO and CONRADE, R.

What is your name, friend?

Bor. Borachio.

Dog. Pray write down Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, and my name is Conrade.

Dog. Write down Master Gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve Heaven?

Bor. & Con. Yes, sir, we hope.

Dog. Write down, that they hope they serve Heaven—and write Heaven first; for Heaven defend but Hea-

ven should go before such villains ! Masters, it is proved already, that you are little better than false knaves ; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves ?

Con. Marry, sir, we are none.

Dog. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you !—but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah ! a word in your ear, sir : I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bor. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dog. Well, stand aside—'Fore Heaven, they are both in a tale !—Have you writ down, that they are none ?

Sex. Master Constable, you go not the way to examine ; you must call the watch, that are their accusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that's the efiest way :—Let the watch stand forth :—Masters, I charge you, in the Prince's name, to accuse these men !

Sea. This man said, sir, that Don John, the Prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down,—Prince John, a villain :—Why, that is flat perjury, to call a Prince's brother, villain !

Bor. Master Constable—

Dog. 'Pray thee, fellow, peace ! I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sex. What heard you him say else ?

Oat. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Dog. Flat burglary, as ever was committed !

Ver. Yea, by the mass, that it is !

Sex. What else, fellow ?

Sea. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain ! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sex. What else ?

Sea. This is all.

Sex. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away : Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this, suddenly died.—Master Con-

stable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's. I will go before, and show him their examination.

[Exit, R.

Dog. (R.) Come, let them be opinioned.—Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away, you are an ass! you are an ass!

Dog. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? Oh, that he were here, to write me down an ass!—but, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not, that I am an ass:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee, by good witness!—I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses: and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him:—Bring him away. Oh, that I had been writ down—an ass! [Exeunt, R.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Court before Leonato's House, same as Act I, Scene I.*

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Ant. (L.) If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leon. (L. C.) I pray thee, cease thy counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine,
Bring me a father, that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelmed like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;—
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience,
To those that wring under the load of sorrow:
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure

The like himself; therefore give me no counsel.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently;
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those who do offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason; nay, I will do so;
My soul doth tell me, Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the Prince,
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Ant. Here comes the Prince and Claudio, hastily.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, L., and cross, R.

Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords—

Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well, my
lord:

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

Pedro. (R.) Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man

Ant. If he could right himself with quarreling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. (R.) Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou!
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword—
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear!
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man! Never flear and jest at me!
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool,
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wronged my innocent child and me,
That I am forced to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,

Do challenge thee to trial of a man ;

[*Going, c., and drawing his sword.*]

I say, thou hast belied my innocent child.

Pedro. Yon say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare ;

Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,

His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you !

Leon. Canst thou so daff me ?

Ant. Let him answer me :

Come, follow me, boy ; come, boy, follow me ;

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence ;

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will !

Leon. (c.) Brother—

Ant. (c.) Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milksops !

That dare as well answer a man, indeed,

As I dare take a serpent by the tongue ?

Leon. Brother Antony—

Ant. Hold you content ! What, man ! I know them,
yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple ;

Scambling, outfacing, fashion-mong'ring boys,

That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,

And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,

How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,

And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Anthony—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter ;

Do not you meddle—let me deal in this.

Pedro. (r. c.) Gentlemen both, we will not wake your
patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death ;

Cut, on my honour, she was charged with nothing

But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord—

Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No ?

Brother, away : I will be heard !

Ant. And shall,

Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Antonio through gate in c.
back scene.*]

Pedro. See, see,
Here comes the man we went to seek!

Enter BENEDICK, L.

Claud. (c.) Now, Signior,
What news?

Ben. (L.) Good day, my lord.

Pedro. Welcome, Signior!

You are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off, with two old men without teeth.

Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

Ben. In a false quarrel, there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee, for we are high proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou use thy wit?

Ben. (L. c.) It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?

Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale!—Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What, though care killed a cat, thou hast metal enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, if you charge it against me; I pray you, choose another subject. I don't like it.

Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more! I think, he be angry indeed! [Retires up the Stage.]

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Ben. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. Heaven bless me from a challenge!

Ben. You are a villain! I jest not—I will make it good, how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you! Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

Pedro. [Advancing.] What, a feast, a feast!

Claud. I'faith, I thank him, he hath bid me to a calf's head; the which, if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught.

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath: Here dwells Benedick, the married man? [*Goes, R. C., and turns.*]

Ben. Fare you well, boy! you know my mind—I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, Heaven be thanked, hurt not!—My lord, [*Takes off his hat,*] for your many courtesies, I thank you—I must discontinue your company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina; you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady: For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet, and till then, peace be with him! Let me hear from you. [*Exit, L.*]

Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice!

Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely!

Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!—Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, with CONRADE and BORACHIO bound, followed by SEACOAL, OATCAKE and the WATCH, L. Pedro and Claudio stand R.

Dog. (c.) Come you, sir! if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an' you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

Pedro. How now? two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claud. Harken after their offence, my lord.

Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dog. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders: sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady: thirdly, they have verified unjust things: and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Pedro. First, I ask thee, what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they

are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. (R.) Rightly reasoned, and in his own division.

Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: What's your offence?

Bor. (L.) Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light: who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John, your brother, incensed me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret, in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villainy they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame: the lady is dead, upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Pedro. [To Claudio.] Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he uttered it!

Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bor. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pedro. He is composed and framed of treachery: and fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear in the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dog. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time, our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter; And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Ver. Here comes Master Signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Enter LEONATO, SERVANTS, and SEXTON, L.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes: That, when I note another man like him, I may avoid him: Which of these is he?

Bor. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave that, with thy breath, hast killed

Mine innocent child ?

Bor. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain! thou beliest thyself;
Here stand a pair of honourable men,—
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:

[*Turning to Claudio and Pedro.*

I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak: Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinned I not,
But in mistaking.

Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. (L. c.) I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here,
How innocent she died;
To-morrow morning, come you to my house;
And, since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost a copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. Oh, noble sir,
Your over kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer, and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. (R.) To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming,
To-night I take my leave. [*Exeunt Pedro and Claudio, R.*
This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was packed in all this wrong.

Bor. No, by soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In anything that I do know by her.

Dog. Moreover, sir, which, indeed, is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment; and also the watch heard him talk of one Deformed—pray you examine him upon that point.

Leon. (c.) I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dog. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise heaven for you!

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dog. Heaven save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoners, and I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. Heaven keep your worship—I wish your worship well. Heaven restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart; and, if a merry meeting may be wished, Heaven prohibit it! Come, neighbour. [*Exeunt Dogberry, Verges, Sexton, Seacoal, Oatcake, and the Watch, L.*]

Leon. [*To Servants.*] Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt through the court gate.*]

SCENE II.—A Hall in Leonato's House.

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, L.

Ben. (L. c.) 'Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Mar. (c.) Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Ben. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deserve it!

Mar. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Ben. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Mar. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Ben. A most manly wit, Margaret : it will not hurt a woman : and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice.

Mar. Well, I will call Beatrice to you. [Exit, R.

Ben. [*Sings.*] The God of Love,
That sits above,

And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean in singing ; but in loving, Leander, the good swimmer, Troilus, the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over, as my poor self, in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme ; I have tried ; I can find out no rhyme to lady but baby, an innocent rhyme ; for school, fool, a babbling rhyme ; for scorn, horn, a hard rhyme ; very ominous endings ! No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, for I cannot woo in festival terms.—

Enter BEATRICE, R.

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I called thee ?

Bea. (R. C.) Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Ben. O, stay but till then !

Bea. Then, is spoken ; fare you well now :—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath past between you and Claudio.

Ben. Claudio undergoes my challenge ; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts did thou first fall in love with me ?

Bea. For them all together ; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me ?

Ben. Suffer love ! a good epithet ! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Bea. In spite of your heart, I think ; alas, poor heart ! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours ; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Ben. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Bea. It appears not in this confession ; there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Ben. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours—if a man do not erect, in this age, his own tomb ere he die, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Bea. And how long is that, think you?

Ben. Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum; therefore, it is most expedient for the wise, (if Don Worm his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praise-worthy.—And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Bea. Very ill.

Ben. And how do you?

Bea. Very ill, too.

Ben. Serve heaven, love me, and mend.

Here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA, l.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle; it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the Prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don Johu is the author of all, who is fled and gone. [Exit, l.]

Bea. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Ben. I will live in thy eyes, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy heart; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle. [Excunt, l.]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, HERO, FRIAR, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA, and other Ladies, r.

Friar. (l. c.) Did not I tell you she was innocent?

Leon. (l.) So are the Prince and Claudio, who accused her,

Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this;
Although against her will, as it appears.

Ant. (r.) Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Ben. (c.) And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. [To the Ladies, who stand, r.] Well, daughter,
and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;

And, when I send for you, come hither masked :
 The Prince and Claudio promised by this hour
 To visit me. [*Exeunt Hero, Beatrice, and all the Ladies, R.*
 You know your office, brother ;
 You must be father to your brother's daughter,
 And give her to young Claudio.

Ant. Which I will do with a confirméd countenance.

Ben. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, Signior ?

Ben. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good Signior,
 Your neice regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her : 'tis most true.

Ben. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
 From Claudio and the Prince : but what's your will ?

Ben. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical :

But, for my will, my will is, your good-will
 May stand with ours, this day to be conjoined
 In the estate of honourable marriage ;—
 In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Here come the Prince and Claudio.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, L.

Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. We here attend you ; Are you yet determined
 To-day to marry with my brother's daughter ?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.

Leon. Call her forth, brother : Here's the friar ready.

[*Exit Antonio.*

Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick : Why, what's the mat-
 ter,

That you have such a February face,
 So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness ?

Ben. Oh, here they come !

*Enter ANTONIO, with HERO, BEATRICE, URSULA, and other
 Ladies, masked, R.*

Claud. (R. C.) Which is the lady I must seize upon ?

Ant. (R.) This same is she, and I do give you her.

[*Presenting Hero.*

Claud. Why, then she's mine : Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar ;
I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife ;

[*Unmasking.*

And when you loved, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero ?

Hero. Nothing certainer :

One Hero died defiled, but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am innocent.

Pedro. The former Hero ! Hero, that is dead !

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify ;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death :
Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Ben. (L. c.) Soft and fair, Friar. Which is Beatrice ?

Bea. (L. c.) I answer to that name.

[*Beatrice and the other Ladies unmask.*

What is your will ?

Ben. Do not you love me ?

Bea. No, no more than reason.

Ben. Why, then, your uncle, and the Prince, and Claudio,
Have been deceived, for they swore you did.

Bea. Do not you love me ?

Ben. No, no more than reason.

Bea. Why, then, my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceived, for they did swear you did.

Ben. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Bea. They swore that you were well nigh dead for me.

Ben. 'Tis no such matter :—Then, you do not love me !

Ben. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her ;

For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,

Fashioned to Beatrice. [*Gives the paper to Beatrice*

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

[*Gives the paper to Ben. and retires, R. of Claudio.*]

Ben. A miracle!—here's our own hands against our hearts! Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity!

Bea. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life; for I was told you were in a consumption.

Ben. Peace, I will stop your mouth.—

Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

Ben. I'll tell thee what, Prince, a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No; if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.

Enter OFFICER, L.

Offi. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with arméd men back to Messina.

Pedro. I think not on him till to-morrow; I'll devise brave punishments for him. [Exit Officer, L.]

Ben. Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer, which, out of question thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look narrowly to thee.

Ben. Come, come, we are friends. Prince, thou art sad.

Pedro. Yes, I've got the tooth-ache.

Ben. Got the tooth-ache! Get thee a wife, and all will be well. Nay, laugh not, laugh not.—

Your gibes and mockeries I laugh to scorn;
No staff more rev'rend than one tipt with horn.

The first part of the paper is devoted to a general
 description of the country and its resources. It
 is then divided into several sections, each
 dealing with a different aspect of the
 subject. The first section is devoted to the
 general history of the country, and the
 second to a description of the various
 branches of industry and commerce.
 The third section is devoted to a
 description of the various branches of
 agriculture, and the fourth to a
 description of the various branches of
 manufacturing industry. The fifth
 section is devoted to a description of
 the various branches of commerce, and
 the sixth to a description of the
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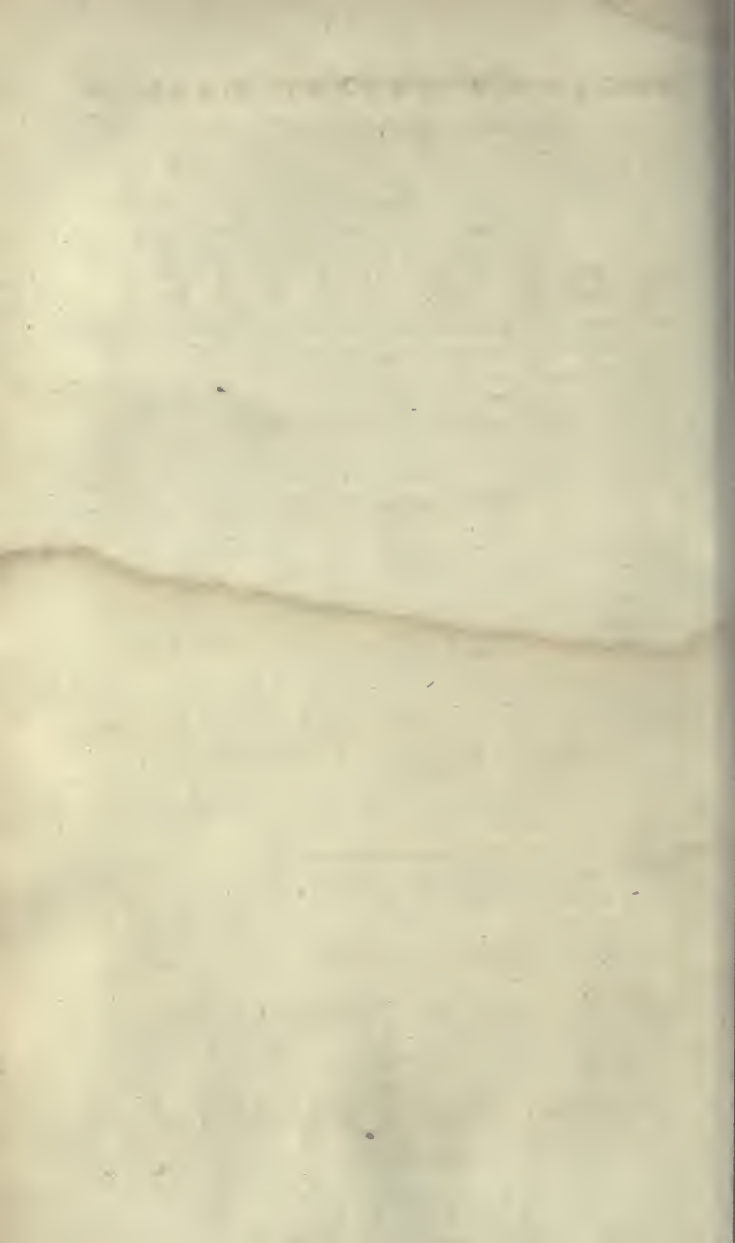
THE GILFILLAN

A COMPANY LIMITED

INCORPORATED IN GREAT BRITAIN

AND IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

MEMORANDUM FOR THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
SUBJECT: THE GILFILLAN COMPANY LIMITED
RE: THE PROPOSED ISSUANCE OF BONDS
AND STOCK OF THE COMPANY
AND THE PROPOSED REDEMPTION OF THE
BONDS AND STOCK OF THE COMPANY
AND THE PROPOSED REDEMPTION OF THE
BONDS AND STOCK OF THE COMPANY



MODERN STANDARD DRAMA,

No. LVI.

THE CRITIC:

OR,

A TRAGEDY REHEARSED.

A Dramatic Piece

IN TWO ACTS.

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

ALSO THE STAGE BUSINESS, CASTS OF CHARACTERS,
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK:

JOHN DOUGLAS, No. 11 SPRUCE STREET.

1848.

PRICE 12½ CENTS.

WOMEN STANDERS DRAM

BY

THE CRITIC

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF THE

ARTS AND LETTERS

OF THE

THE

NEW YORK

1850

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE "Critic" was obviously suggested by the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal," of which, indeed, it is a very palpable imitation. But in its adaptation to the stage, it is a great improvement on its clever prototype. Although many attempts have since been made in the same vein, it holds its place as the best "dramatization" of the humors of the green-room and the *coulisses*. In his double capacity of Manager and Author, Sheridan had abundant opportunities for detecting many of those characteristic absurdities and unrehearsed stage-effects, which he has ingeniously introduced in this piece.

The character of *Sir Fretful Plagiary* is generally believed to have been intended for Cumberland, author of "The West Indian," and one or two more successful, and some dozen unsuccessful plays. The surmise is probably not unfounded. A day or two after the production of one of Sheridan's Comedies, it is said, a friend met the author, and told him he had seen Cumberland at the theatre on its representation. "Ah, well," replied Sheridan, "what did he say to it?" "He wasn't seen to smile from the beginning to the end of the Comedy," said the friend. "Come, now, that's very ungrateful of him," retorted Sheridan; "for I went to see his *tragedy* the other evening, and laughed through the whole of it."

"Mr. Puff's history of the art and mystery of puffing," says a London theatrical critic, "like Touchstone's several degrees of the lie, is humorous and legitimate satire. Sheridan, from his promiscuous and unrestrained intercourse with society, high and low, literary and illiterate, had a perfect knowledge of life in all its singular varieties, from the six-bottle *bon vivant* to the mere newspaper hack, who *dives* for a dinner. Our author took the hint of the *auctioneers* from Foote's farce of 'The Minor,' (Foote having the original before him in the celebrated Lang-

ford,) which Morton, considering as fair game, has made excellent use of in Sir Abel Handy's scene with Farmer Ashfield, in the comedy of 'Speed the Plough.' *Dangle* and *Sneer* are introduced chiefly for the purpose of shewing up *Sir Fretful* and *Puff*. *Dangle*, who is said to have been intended for a Mr. Thomas Vaughan, author of 'The Hotel,' is one of those theatrical amateurs, who besiege a manager with impertinent flattery and gratuitous advice—one of those green-room loungers,

'Who for a *play-house* freedom sell their *own* ;'

while *Mr. Sneer* is one of those carping characters, who inherit wit in the same degree with the ape,—he has just sufficient to make him mischievous. It would seem that 'The Critic' was intended as a good-humored advertisement to the tragedy-writers of that day, not to offer any more of their productions to the manager of Drury Lane. We have for some time past been wanting just such another seasonable hint to stop the importation of certain *tragedies*, the authors of which are gentlemen of very violent words with very timorous meanings ; who load their language with fustian and finery, to hide the poverty and nakedness of their sentiment.

"It is impossible to conceive any thing in comedy finer than the original cast of 'The Critic.' Dodd, Parsons, Palmer, King, Bannister, and Miss Pope! Acting never went beyond Parsons in *Sir Fretful*. Farren is good---Matthews is better---but Parsons was supreme. Tom King, as *Puff*, had an unceasing vivacity, a true comic spirit, a neat and rapid delivery---every word told. This attention to a clear and distinct enunciation made him one of the best prologue-speakers on the stage. King, to an unblushing effrontery, added considerable smartness and whim. In impudent, pragmatrical varlets, he was unrivalled. Liston hardly came up to Bannister in *Don Feroles Whiskerandos*. His acting was certainly inferior. But then Liston's countenance—the *antipodes* of tragedy—became a thousand times more comical from its outré association with daggers and blank verse. The very idea that Liston was going to be pathetic was enough to convulse an audience. We have seen him *die* in a very droll manner,—but his queer expostulation with Mr. Puff, that '*he couldn't stay dying all night,*' was, perhaps, his most ludicrous

effect. It was when Liston felt his dignity offended, and he endeavored to appear *hurt*, that he was most irresistible. Miss Pope, in *Tilburina*, never had an equal. Her ample hoop—her costume—(stark mad, in white satin!)—her love-lorn ravings were the tip-top of burlesque tragedy. Often have we been delighted with the humor of this exquisite actress, of whom Churchill so truly prophecied. Hers was a style, of which modern play-goers can have not the least idea. It was of the *old school*, the result of genius, study and observation. Mr. Fawcett's performance of *Puff* savors too much of his *Caleb Quotem*—he repeats the good things, as it were, *by rote*; Mr. Jones is more of the *author*, who feels some anxiety for the success of his tragedy. He has a fidgety impatience about him, to which the peculiarity of his face and figure gives great effect. He looks like a gentleman who lives by his wits, and who seldom dines, but at other people's expense. Of the history of his mendacious arts, we believe every word; we are certain, in *this instance*, that he is not telling us a lie! We may here remark, that an actor of Moody's genius did not disdain the character of *Lord Burleigh*, in which

‘ More is *meant* than meets the ear :’

but Moody could do more by a single *shake of the head*, than many who, in the present day, are accounted good comedians, can do by chattering and grinning for an hour upon the stretch.”

From this description it will be seen of what consequence the smallest characters in this admirable farce were considered in the palmy days of the theatre. The starring system has broken up the old *schools* of acting; and now, in order to see a prominent part well played, we must be content to have all the others of a play indifferently represented. The *Critic* was first acted at Drury Lane in the year 1779; and it is always a favorite piece upon the American stage.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Drury Lane, 1779.</i>	<i>Arch, Phil., 1847.</i>	<i>Park, 1847.</i>
<i>Dangle</i>	Mr. Dodd.	Mr. C. Smith.	Mr. Chanfrau.
<i>Sneer</i>	" Palmer.	" J. C. Dunn.	" Stark.
<i>Sir Fretful Plagiary</i>	" Parsons.	" Thayer.	" Bass.
<i>Prompter</i>	" Phillimore.	" Jervis.	" Jones.
<i>Puff</i>	" King.	" G. Barrett.	" G. Barrett.
<i>Mrs. Dangle</i>	Mrs. Hopkins.	Mrs. Rogers.	Miss Gordon.

Characters of the Tragedy.

<i>Lord Burleigh</i>	Mr. Moody.	Mr. Jervis.	Mr. Gallot.
<i>Gov. of Tilbury Fort</i>	" Wrihten.	" Greene.	" Anderson.
<i>Earl of Leicester</i>	" Farren.	" Wright.	" A. Andrews.
<i>Sir Walter Raleigh</i>	" Burton.	" Eberle.	" McDouall.
<i>Sir Christ'r Hatton</i>	" Waldron.	" Rac.	" Matthews.
<i>Master of the Horse</i>	" Kenny.	" Warden.	" Milot.
<i>Beefeater</i>	" Wright.	" Burke.	" Sprague.
<i>Whiskerandos</i>	" Bannister.	" Burton.	" Fisher.
<i>Sentinel</i>	" Heath.	" Stewart.	" Heath.
<i>First Niece</i>	Miss Collet.	Mrs. Dunn.	Miss Flynn.
<i>Second Niece</i>	" Kerby.	" Ribas.	Mrs. Burrows.
<i>Confidant</i>	Mrs. Bradshaw.	" Hughes.	" Dyott.
<i>Tilburina</i>	Miss Pope.	" Greene.	" Vernon.

COSTUMES.

DANGLE.—Blue coat, white waistcoat, black pantaloons, black silk stockings, and pumps.

SNEER.—Blue coat, waistcoat, and breeches, ditto silk stockings, pumps and latches, and cocked hat.

SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY.—Brown coat, with steel buttons, embroidered satin waistcoat, brown breeches, white silk stockings, shoes, buckles, powdered wig and tail, three-cornered hat, lace frill, ruffles, and gloves.

PUFF.—Blue coat, white waistcoat, black pantaloons, black silk stockings, pumps, gloves, and cocked hat.

Characters of the Tragedy.

LORD BURLEIGH.—Dark velvet old English dress, with trunks, cloak, and hat with feathers, red stockings, and russet shoes.

GOVERNOR OF TILBURY FORT.—Crimson velvet robe, body, and trunks, richly spangled, crimson stockings, russet boots, hat and feathers, sword, belt, and gauntlets.

EARL OF LEICESTER.—Blue or purple velvet body, trunks, and cloak, blue stockings, russet shoes, sword, hat and feathers, and gauntlets.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.—Brown velvet shape, with cloak, red stockings, russet shoes, hat and feathers, sword, belt, gauntlets, ruff, &c.

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON.—Light blue shape, cloak and belt, hat and feathers, blue stockings, shoes, ruff, and gauntlets.

MASTER OF THE HORSE.—Grey shape, blue stockings, cloak, hat and feathers, sword, belt, gauntlets, and russet shoes.

BEEFEATER.—Dark velvet shape, yeoman-of-the-guard's coat over, red stockings, russet shoes, round, flat, black velvet hat and ribbons, and large ruff.

WHISKERANDOS.—Black velvet body and trunks, with white silk puffs, and silver buttons, large ruff, white shoes with red ribbons, cross-belt and sword, sugar-loaf hat, and large plume of various coloured feathers, and ruffles.

MRS. DANGLE.—Neat white muslin morning dress.

TILBURINA.—Brocade silk dress, with hoops, elbow sleeves, with lace ruffles, dress open in front, showing white satin richly embroidered petticoat, jewelled stomacher, gloves, and large fan. Queen Elizabeth's frill, crimson satin high-heeled shoes, embroidered, full-powdered head-dress ornamented with lace, lappets, and jewels.
Second dress: White satin, white shoes, &c.

CONFIDANT.—Old satin hooped dress of silk, powdered head-dress, with lappets, high-heeled shoes, &c.

NIECES.—Crimson and green satin robes, white satin dresses, richly spangled, and veils.

THE CRITIC.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Breakfast table, with coffee-equipage, two chairs, MR. (L.) and MRS. DANGLE, (R.) discovered at breakfast, reading newspaper.*

Dan. [*Reading.*] PSHAW!—Nothing but politics—and I hate all politics but theatrical politics.—Where's the Morning Chronicle?

Mrs. D. Yes, that's your Gazette.

Dan. So, here we have it.—

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

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

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

Mrs. D. No, no, you will never read anything that's

worth listening to:—haven't you made yourself the jest of all your acquaintance by your interference in matters where you have no business? Are you not called a theatrical Quidnunc, and a mock Mæcenas to second-hand authors?

Dan. True; my power with the Managers is pretty notorious; but is it no credit to have applications from all quarters for my interest?—From lords to recommend fiddlers, from ladies to get boxes, from authors to get answers, and from actors to get engagements.

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

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

Mrs. D. [*Rising.*] Yes, but wasn't the farce damned, Mr. Dangle? And to be sure it is extremely pleasant to have one's house made the motley rendezvous of all the lackeys of literature.

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

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

Dan. Very well, madam, very well.

Enter SERVANT, L.

Serv. Mr. Sneer, sir, to wait on you.

Dan. Oh, show Mr. Sneer up. [*Exit Servant, L.*] Plague on't, now we must appear loving and affectionate, or Sneer will hitch us into a story.

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

Dan. You are enough to provoke—

Enter MR. SNEER, L.

Ha, my dear Sneer, I am vastly glad to see you. My dear, here's Mr. Sneer; Mr. Sneer, my dear; my dear, Mr. Sneer.

Mrs. D. Good morning to you, sir.

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

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

[*Gives Dangle two manuscripts.*]

Dan. [*Reading.*] "Bursts into tears, and exit." What, is this a tragedy?

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

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

Sneer. [*Crossing, c.*] I am quite of your opinion, Mrs. Dangle.

Dan. [*Looking at the other MS.*] But what have we here?—This seems a very odd—

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

Dan. Egad, this is new, indeed!

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

Dan. That is to unite poetry and justice indeed!

Enter SERVANT, L.

Serv. Sir Fretful Plagiary, sir.

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

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

Sneer. Very much to the credit of your charity, madam, if not of your judgment.

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

Sneer. Never! He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six-and-thirty.

Dan. Very true, egad—though he's my friend.

Sneer. Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures; though, at the same time, he is the sorest man alive, and shrinks, like scorched parchment, from the fiery ordeal of true criticism.

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

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

Dan. Oh, yes; he sent it to me yesterday.

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

Dan. Why, between ourselves, egad I must own—though he's my friend—that it is one of the most—He's here—[*Aside.*] finished and most admirable perform—

Sir F. [*Without, L.*] Mr. Sneer with him, did you say?

Enter SIR FRETFUL, L. He crosses to L. C.

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

Sneer. (R. c.) You never did any thing beyond it, Sir Fretful—never in your life.

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

Mrs. D. (R.) They are only laughing at you, Sir Fretful, for it was but just now that—

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

Sir F. Oh, Lord, I am sure Mr. Sneer has more taste and sincerity than to—[*Aside,*] A damned double-faced fellow!

Dan. Yes, yes—Sneer will jest—but a better humoured—

Sir F. Oh, I know—

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

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

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

Sir F. No, no, I thank you; I sent it to the manager of Covent Garden Theatre this morning.

Sneer. I should have thought, now, that it might have been cast (as the actors call it,) better at Drury Lane.

Sir F. Oh, lud! no—never send a play there while I live—harkee!

[*Whispers Sneer.*

Sneer. “*Writes himself!*” I know he does—

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

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

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

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

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

Sneer. But your present work is a sacrifice to Melpomene, and he, you know, never—

Sir F. That's no security. A dexterous plagiarist may do anything.—Why, sir, for aught I know, he might take out some of the best things in my tragedy, and put them into his own comedy.

Sneer. That might be done, I dare be sworn.

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

Dan. If it succeeds.

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

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

Sir F. How?

Sneer. Swear he wrote it.

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

Sneer. Then I am sure you ought to be very much obliged to me.

Sir F. Hey!—Sir!

Dan. Oh, you know, he never means what he says.

Sir F. Sincerely, then—you do like the piece?

Sneer. Wonderfully!

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

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

Sir F. With most authors it is just so, indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious!—But, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

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

Sir F. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sneer. I think it wants incident.

Sir F. Good God!—you surprise me!—wants incident!

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

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

Dan. Really, I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient; and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

Sir F. Rises, I believe you mean, sir—

Dan. No; I don't, upon my word.

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

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

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

Sir F. [*Crossing to Mrs. Dangle.*] Upon my soul, the women are the best judges after all!

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

Sir F. Pray, madam, do you speak as to duration of time; or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

Mrs. D. Oh, lud! no. I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

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

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

Sir F. [*Crosses, L., and back to R. c.*] Oh, if Mr. Dan-

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

Mrs. D. I hope to see it on the stage next. [*Exit, R.*]

Dan. Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

Sir F. [*Crosses, c.*] The newspapers!—Sir, they are the most villainous—licentious—abominable—infernal—Not that I ever read them! no! I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

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

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

Sneer. (R.) Why, that's true—and that attack now on you the other day—

Sir F. What? where?

Dan. Aye, you mean in a paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

Sir F. Oh, so much the better—Ha! ha! ha!—I wouldn't have it otherwise.

Dan. Certainly, it is only to be laughed at; for—

Sir F. You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

Sneer. Pray, Dangle—Sir Fretful seems a little anxious!

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

Dan. Sneer, do you recollect?—[*Aside.*] Make out something.

Sneer. I will. [*To Dangle.*] Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

Sir F. Well, and pray, now—not that it signifies, what might the gentleman say?

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

Sir F. Ha! ha! ha! Very good!

Sneer. That, as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your common-place book, where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the Lost and Stolen Office.

Sir F. Ha! ha! ha! Very pleasant!

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

Sir F. Ha! ha!

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

Sir F. Ha! ha!

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

Sir F. Ha!

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

Sir F. [*After great agitation.*] Now, another person would be vexed at this.

Sneer. Oh! but I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you.

Sir F. I know it—I am diverted—Ha! ha! ha!—not the least invention!—Ha! ha! ha! very good! very good!

Sneer. Yes—no genius! Ha! ha! ha!

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

Sir F. To be sure—for, if there is any thing to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it; and if it is abuse—why one is always sure to hear of it from one damned good-natured friend or another!

Enter SERVANT, L.

Serv. Mr. Puff, sir, has sent word that the last rehearsal is to be this morning, and that he'll call on you presently.

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

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

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

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

Dan. Nay, I only thought—

Sir F. And let me tell you, Mr. Dangle, 'tis damned affronting in you to suppose that I am hurt, when I tell you I am not.

Sneer. But why so warm, Sir Fretful?

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

[*Exit, L.*]

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

Dan. I'll answer for it, he'll thank you for desiring it.

Re-enter SERVANT, L.

Serv. Mr. Puff, sir.

Dan. My dear Puff!

Enter PUFF, L.

Puff. My dear Dangle, how is it with you?

Dan. Mr. Sneer, give me leave to introduce Mr. Puff to you.

Puff. Mr. Sneer is this? [*Crossing to Sneer.*] Sir, he is a gentleman whom I have long panted for the honour of knowing—a gentleman, whose critical talents and transcendant judgment—

Sneer. Dear sir—

Dan. Nay, don't be modest, Sneer; my friend Puff only talks to you in the style of his profession.

Sneer. His profession!

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

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

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

Dan. No! I believe they took it all in good part.

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

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

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

Sneer. Indeed!

Puff. Even the auctioneers, now—the auctioneers, I say, though the rogues have lately got some credit for their language—not an article of the merit their's!—Take them out of their pulpits, and they are as dull as cata-

logues!—No, sir; 'twas I first enriched their style—'twas I first taught them to crowd their advertisements with panegyric superlatives, each epithet rising above the other—like the bidders in their own auction-rooms! From ME they learned to enlay their phraseology with variegated chips of exotic metaphor: by ME, too, their inventive faculties were called forth. Yes, sir, by ME they were instructed to clothe ideal walls with gratuitous fruit—to insinuate obsequious rivulets into visionary groves—to teach courteous shrubs to nod their approbation of the grateful soil! or, on emergencies, to raise upstart oaks, where there never had been an acorn; to create a delightful vicinage, without the assistance of a neighbour; or fix the temple of Hygeia in the fens of Lincolnshire!

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

Sneer. Service! if they had any gratitude, they would erect a statue to him. But pray, Mr. Puff, what first put you on exercising your talents in this way?

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

Sneer. How, pray?

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

Sneer. By your misfortunes?

Puff. Yes, sir, assisted by long sickness, and other occasional disorders; and a very comfortable living I had of it.

Sneer. From sickness and misfortune!

Puff. Harkee!—By advertisements—"To the charitable and humane!" and "To those whom Providence hath blessed with affluence!"

Sneer. Oh—I understand you.

Puff. And, in truth, I deserved what I got; for I suppose never man went through such a series of calamities in the same space of time!—Sir, I was five times made a bankrupt, and reduced from a state of affluence, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes! Then, sir, though a

very industrious tradesman, I was twice burnt out, and lost my little all, both times! I lived upon those fires a month. I soon after was confined by a most excruciating disorder, and lost the use of my limbs! That told very well; for I had the case strongly attested, and went about to collect the subscriptions myself.

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

Puff. What, in November last?—Oh, no! When I called on you I was a close prisoner in the Marshalsea, for a debt benevolently contracted to serve a friend! I was afterwards twice tapped for a dropsy, which declined into a very profitable consumption! I was then reduced to—Oh, no—then, I became a widow with six helpless children—after having had eleven husbands pressed, and being left every time eight months gone with child, and without money to get me into an hospital!

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

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

Sneer. Most obligingly communicative, indeed. But surely, Mr. Puff, there is no great *mystery* in your present profession?

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

Sneer. Reduced to rule?

Puff. Oh, lud, sir! you are very ignorant, I am afraid.—Yes, sir—Puffing is of various sorts:—the principal are—the Puff direct—the Puff preliminary—the Puff collateral—the Puff collusive—and the Puff oblique, or Puff by implication. These all assume, as circumstances

require, the various forms of—Letter to the Editor—Occasional Anecdote—Impartial Critique—Observation from Correspondent—or Advertisements from the Party.

Sneer. The Puff direct, I can conceive—

Puff. Oh, yes, that's simple enough—for instance—A new Comedy or Farce is to be produced at one of the theatres (though, by the bye, they don't bring out half what they ought to do): the author, suppose Mr. Smatter, or Mr. Dapper, or any particular friend of mine—very well; the day before it is to be performed, I write an account of the manner in which it was received—I have the plot from the author—and only add—Characters strongly drawn—highly coloured—hand of a master—fund of genuine humour—mine of invention—neat dialogue—attic salt!—Then for the performance—Mr. Baker was astonishingly great in the character of *Sir Harry!* That universal and judicious actor, Mr. Eger-ton, perhaps never appeared to more advantage than in the *Colonel*: but it is not in the power of language to do justice to Mr. Jones!—Indeed, he more than merited those repeated bursts of applause which he drew from a most brilliant and judicious audience! In short, we are at a loss which to admire most—the unrivalled genius of the author, the great attention and liberality of the managers, the wonderful abilities of the painter, or the incredible exertions of all the performers!

Sneer. That's pretty well, indeed, sir.

Puff. Oh, cool, quite cool, to what I sometimes do.

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

Puff. Oh, lud! yes, sir; the number of those who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves is very small indeed!

Dan. Ha! ha! ha!—'gad, I know it is so.

Puff. As to the Puff oblique, or Puff by implication, it is too extensive, and branches into so many varieties, that it is impossible to be illustrated by an instance; it is the last principal class of the Art of Puffing—an art which I hope you will now agree with me, is of the highest dignity.

Sneer. Sir, I am completely a convert both to the importance and ingenuity of your profession; and now, sir,

there is but one thing which can possibly increase my respect for you, and that is, your permitting me to be present this morning at the rehearsal of your new tragedy—

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

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

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

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

Puff. No; it will not be yet this hour, for they are always late at that theatre: besides, I must meet you there, for I have some little matters to send to the papers, and a few paragraphs to scribble before I go. [*Looking at memorandums.*] Here is 'a Conscientious Baker, on the Subject of the Army Bread,' and 'a Detester of Visible Brick-work, in favour of the new-invented Stucco;' both in the style of Junius, and promised for to-morrow.—Here is an invention for the running our mail-coaches by steam, and lighting them by gas.—I have also a very ingenious design for a self-acting air-pump, to be fixed in the confined streets, which is to supersede the necessity of country excursions for the benefit of the health. Here are likewise many other valuable memorandums, most of which, I have no doubt, but I shall render equally practicable, and of the greatest importance to the nation. So, egad, I have not a moment to lose. [*Excunt.*]

END OF ACT I.

A C T II.

SCENE I.—*The Theatre.*

Enter DANGLE, PUFF, and SNEER, L., as before the Curtain,—three chairs on L.

Puff. (c.) No, no, sir; what Shakspeare says of actors may be better applied to the purpose of plays: *they* ought to be 'the abstract and brief chronicles of the times.' Therefore when history, and particularly the history of our own country, furnishes anything like a case in point, to the time in which an author writes, if he knows his own interest, he will take advantage of it; so, sir, I call my tragedy, 'The Spanish Armada;' and have laid the scene before Tilbury Fort.

Sneer. (r.) A most happy thought, certainly!

Dan. Egad, it was; I told you so. But pray, now, I don't understand how you have contrived to introduce any love into it.

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

Sneer. No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope?

Puff. Oh, lud! no, no. I only suppose the Governor of Tilbury Fort's daughter to be in love with the son of the Spanish Admiral.

Sneer. Oh, is that all?

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

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

Sneer. Certainly, nothing is unnatural, that is not physically impossible.

Puff. Very true—and, for that matter, Don Ferolo

Whiskerandos—for that's the lover's name—might have been over here in the train of the Spanish Ambassador; or Tilburina, for that is the lady's name, might have been in love with him, from having heard his character, or seen his picture; or from knowing that he was the last man in the world she ought to be in love with, or for any other good female reason. However, sir, the fact is, that though she is but a knight's daughter, egad! she is in love like any princess!

Dan. Poor young lady! I feel for her already!

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

Enter UNDER PROMPTER, L.

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

Puff. 'Egad, then, we'll lose no time.

Under P. Though, I believe, sir, you will find it very short, for all the performers have profited by the kind permission you granted them.

Puff. Hey! what?

Under P. You know, sir, you gave them leave to cut out or omit whatever they found heavy or unnecessary to the plot, and I must own they have taken very liberal advantage of your indulgence. [*Exit Under P., L.*]

Puff. Well, well! They are in general very good judges; and I know I am luxuriant. Gentlemen, be seated. [*Sneer and Dangle sit, L.*] Now, Mr. Woodarch, [*To Leader of the Band,*] please to play a few bars of something soft, just to prepare the audience for the curtain's rising.

[*The Band strike "Bobbing Joan," very forte.*]

Puff. [*Having stopped them with much difficulty.*] Now, really, gentlemen, this is unkind. I ask you to play a soothing air, and you strike up Bobbing Joan! [*To Sneer, &c.*] These gentlemen will have their joke at rehearsal, you see. [*To Orchestra.*] Come, gentlemen, oblige me. [*The Band play a few bars of soft music.*] Aye, that's right—for we have the scenes and dresses; egad, we'll go to it, as if it was the first night's performance; but you need not mind stopping between the acts. Soh! stand clear, gentlemen. Now, you know there will be a cry of down!—down!—hats off!—silence!—Then up curtain—and let us see what our painters have done for us.

SCENE II.—*The curtain rises, and discovers Tilbury Fort. Two Sentinels asleep on the ground, c.*

Dan. Tilbury Fort!—very fine, indeed!

Puff. Now, what do you think I open with?

Sneer. Faith, I can't guess—

Puff. A clock.

Sneer. A clock!

Puff. Hark!—[*Clock strikes four.*] I open with a clock striking, to beget an awful attention in the audience—it also marks the time, which is four o'clock in the morning, and saves a description of the rising sun, and a great deal about gilding the eastern hemisphere.

Dan. But, pray, are the sentinels to be asleep?

Puff. Fast as watchmen.

Sneer. Isn't that odd, though, at such an alarming crisis?

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

Sneer. Oh, that accounts for it!—But tell us, who are these coming?

Puff. These? They are—Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Christopher Hatton. You'll know Sir Christopher, by his turning out his toes—famous, you know, for his dancing. I like to preserve all the little traits of character. Now, attend.

Enter SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON and SIR WALTER RALEIGH, R.

'*Sir C.* True, gallant Raleigh!'

Dan. What, had they been talking before?

Puff. Oh, yes; all the way as they came along. I beg pardon, gentlemen, [*To the Actors,*] but these are particular friends of mine. Mr. Sneer and Mr. Dangle, Mr. Keeley and Mr. Meadows, both very promising gentlemen in their profession, I assure you. [*The Actors take off their hats, and bow very low.*] I know it's against the rule to

introduce strangers at a rehearsal, but as they are particular friends of mine, I thought you would excuse. Don't mind interrupting these fellows when any thing strikes you.

[*To Sneer and Dangle.*

'*Sir C.* True, gallant Raleigh!

'But oh, thou champion of thy country's fame,

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

'A question which I never asked before.

'What mean these mighty armaments ?

'This general muster ? and this throng of chiefs ?

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

Puff. What, before the play began ? How the plague could he ?

Dan. That's true, 'ifaith !

Puff. But you will hear what he thinks of the matter.

'*Sir C.* Alas, my noble friend, when I behold'—

Puff. [*Interrupts him.*] My good friend, you entirely forget what I told you the last rehearsal—that there was a particular trait in Sir Christopher's character—that he was famous, in Queen Elizabeth's time, for his dancing—pray, turn your toes out. [*With his foot, he pushes Sir C.'s feet out, until they are nearly square.*] That will do—now, sir, proceed.

'*Sir C.* Alas, my noble friend, when I behold

'Yon tented plains in martial symmetry

'Arrayed—when I count o'er yon glittering lines

'Of crested warriors—

'When briefly all I hear or see bears stamp

'Of martial preparation, and stern defence,

'I cannot but surmise. Forgive, my friend,

'If the conjecture's rash'—

Puff. [*Interrupting.*] A little more freedom,—if you please. Remember that Sir Christopher and Sir Walter were on the most familiar footing. Now, as thus—

[*Quotes the line flippantly.*

'*Sir C.* [*Imitates his manner.*] I cannot but surmise.

Forgive, my friend,

'If the conjecture's rash—I cannot but

'Surmise—the state some danger apprehends !'

Sneer. A very cautious conjecture that !

Puff. Yes, that's his character ; not to give an opinion, but on secure grounds.—Now, then.

'*Sir W.* Oh, most accomplished Christopher.'

Puff. Keep up the Christopher! 'Oh, most accomplished Christopher.' He calls him by his Christian name, to show that they are on the most familiar terms.

'*Sir W.* Oh, most accomplished Christopher, I find
'Thy fears are just.

'*Sir C.* But where, whence, when, what, which, and
whose,

'The danger is—methinks, I fain would learn.

'*Sir W.* You know, my friend, scarce two revolving
suns'—

Puff. [*Stopping him.*] Suit the word to the action, and
the action to the word.

'You know, my friend, scarce two revolving suns.'

[*Passes his hands one over the other, with a circular
motion.*

'*Sir W.* [*Using the same action.*] You know, my friend,
scarce two revolving suns,

'And three revolving moons,'—

Puff. No, no: send your moons the other way, or
you'll bring about an eclipse! [*Repeats the same lines
again the second time, turning his hands the contrary way.*

'*Sir W.* [*Using Puff's action.*] You know, my friend,
scarce two revolving suns,

'And three revolving moons, have closed their course,

'Since haughty Philip, in despite of peace,

'With hostile hand hath struck at England's trade.

'*Sir C.* I know it well.

'*Sir W.* Philip, you know, is proud Iberia's king!

'*Sir C.* He is.

'*Sir W.* You know, beside, his boasted armament,

'The famed Armada, by the Pope baptized,

'With purpose to invade these realms—

'*Sir C.* Is sailed:

'Our last advices so report.

'*Sir W.* While the Spanish Admiral's chief hope,

'His darling son, by chance a prisoner hath been ta'en,

'And in this fort of Tilbury'—

Puff. [*Mocking his tone.*] 'Tilbury!' Don't speak of
Tilbury Fort, as if it was a gin-shop! Keep up its con-
sequence. 'And in this fort of Tilbury!'

[*Sir Walter repeats the line after Puff's manner.*

'*Sir C.* Is now confined.

' *Sir W.* You also know'—

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

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

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

Puff. Foregad, now, that is one of the most ungrateful observations I ever heard; for the less inducement he has to tell all this, the more I think you ought to be obliged to him; for I am sure you'd know nothing of the matter without it.

Dan. That's very true, upon my word.

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

' *Sir C.* Enough, enough—'tis plain—and I no more
' Am in amazement lost !'

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

Sneer. No, indeed: his has been a most disinterested curiosity !

Dan. Really, I find, we are very much obliged to them both.

Puff. To be sure you are. Now, then, for the Commander-in-Chief, the Earl of Leicester ! who, you know, was no favourite but of the Queen's. We left off 'in amazement lost !'—

' *Sir C.* Am in amazement lost.

' But see where noble Leicester comes ! supreme
' In honours and command.'

Sneer. But who are these with him ?

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

Enter EARL OF LEICESTER, GOVERNOR, *and* MASTER of
the HORSE, R.

' *Lei.* How's this, my friends ! is't thus your new-fledged
zeal

' And pluméd valour moulds in roosted sloth ?
 ' Why dimly glimmers that heroic flame,
 ' Whose reddening blaze, by patriot spirit fed,
 ' Should be the beacon of a kindling realm ?
 ' Can the quick current of a patriot heart
 ' Thus stagnate in a cold and weedy converse,
 ' Or freeze in tideless inactivity ?
 ' No ! rather let the fountain of your valour
 ' Spring through each stream of enterprise,
 ' Each petty channel of conducive daring,
 ' Till the full torrent of your foaming wrath
 ' O'erwhelm the flats of sunk hostility !'

Puff. [*Runs up and embraces him.*] Allow me to introduce Mr. Horrebow to you—Mr. Dangle and Mr. Sneer.

[*Returns to L.*

' *Sir W.* No more ! the freshening breath of thy rebuke

' Hath filled the swelling canvass of our souls !
 ' And thus, though fate should cut the cable of

[*All take hands.*

' Our topmost hopes, in friendship's closing line,
 ' We'll grapple with despair, and if we fall,
 ' We'll fall in Glory's wake !

[*They part hands.*

' *Lei.* [*Slowly.*] There spoke Old England's genius !'

Puff. No, no, sir : Old England's genius never spoke in that way. She must be a devilish queer genius if she did. No, sir, keep it up. [*Quotes with heroic bombast.*]
 ' There spoke Old England's genius !'

' *Lei.* [*With Puff's manner.*] There spoke Old England's genius !

' Then, are we all resolved ?

' *All.* We are—all resolved.

' *Lei.* To conquer—or be free.

' *All.* To conquer—or be free.

' *Lei.* All ?

' *All.* All !'

Dan. Nem. con., egad !

Puff. Oh, yes, where they *do* agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful.

' *Lei.* Then, let's embrace—[*They embrace,*] and now—

[*Kneels.*

Sneer. What the plague, is he going to pray ?

Puff. Yes, hush! In great emergencies, there is nothing like a prayer!

'*Lei.* Oh, mighty Mars!

Puff. Stop, my dear sir! You do not expect to find Mars there. No, sir: whenever you address the gods, always look into the upper gallery.

'*Lei.* [*Looking up to the gallery.*] Oh, mighty Mars!

Dan. But why should he pray to Mars?

Puff. Hush!

'*Lei.* Oh, mighty Mars, if, in thy homage bred,

'Each point of discipline I've still observed;

'Nor but by due promotion, and the right

'Of service, to the rank of Major-General

'Have risen;—

Puff. Keep up the Major-General! [*Repeats the line with force.*] 'To the rank of Major-General have risen!' Tip them the Major-General, pray.

'*Lei.* [*After Puff's manner.*] 'To the rank of Major-General

'Have risen; assist thy votary now!

'*Gov.* [*Kneels on Leicester's R.*] Yet do not rise—hear me!

'*Mast. of H.* [*Kneels on Governor's R.*] And me!

'*Sir W.* [*Kneels on Leicester's R.*] And me!

'*Sir C.* [*Kneels on Sir W.'s L.*] And me!

Puff. [*Kneels, L.*] And me! Now, mind your hits;—pray all together.

'*All.* Behold thy votaries submissive beg,

'That thou wilt deign to grant them all they ask;—

Puff. No, no, gentlemen, the emphasis is upon the word *all*. Thus:

'Behold thy votaries submissive beg,

'That thou wilt deign to grant them *all* they ask!

Now, gentlemen.

'*All.* Behold thy votaries submissive beg,

'That thou wilt deign to grant them *all* they ask;

'Assist them to accomplish all their ends,

'And sanctify whatever means they use

'To gain them!

Sneer. A very orthodox quintetto!

Puff. Vastly well, gentlemen, indeed, for persons who are not much in the habit of praying. Is that well man-

aged or not? I believe you haven't such a prayer as that on the stage.

Sneer. Not exactly.

Lei. [To *Puff.*] But, sir, you haven't settled how we are to get off here.

Puff. You could not go off kneeling, could you?

Lei. Oh, no, sir, impossible!

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

Sneer. Oh, never mind: so as you get them off, I'll answer for it, the audience won't care how.

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

'*All.* And sanctify whatever means we use to gain them.'

[*Exeunt, R.*]

Dan. Bravo! a fine exit.

Sneer. Stay a moment.

The SENTINELS get up.

'*1st. Sen.* All this shall to Lord Burleigh's ear.

'*2d. Sen.* 'Tis meet it should.'

[*Exeunt Sentinels, R.*]

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

Puff. Only a pretence; there's the art of it; they were spies of Lord Burleigh's. But take care, my dear Dangle, the morning gun is going to fire.

Dan. Well, that will have a fine effect.

Puff. I think so, and helps to realize the scene. [*Cannon, three times from battery, L.*] What the plague!—three morning guns!—there never is but one! Aye, this is always the way at the theatre—give these fellows a good thing, and they never know when to have done with it. You have no more cannon to fire?

Prompt. [*From within, L.*] No, sir.

Puff. Now, then, for soft music.

Sneer. Pray what's that for?

Puff. It shows that Tilburina is coming; nothing introduces you a heroine like soft music. Here she comes.

Dan. And her confidant, I suppose?

Puff. To be sure: here they are—inconsolable—to the minuet in Ariadne!

[*Soft music in Orchestra.*]

Enter TILBURINA and CONFIDANT, R.

‘ *Til.* Now flowers unfold their beauties to the sun,
 ‘ And, blushing, kiss the beam he sends to wake them.
 ‘ The striped carnation, and the guarded rose,
 ‘ The vulgar wall-flower, and smart gilly-flower,
 ‘ The polyanthus mean—the dapper daisy,
 ‘ Sweet William, and sweet marjorum—and all
 ‘ The tribe of single and of double pinks!
 ‘ Now, too, the feathered warblers tune their notes
 ‘ Around, and charm the listening grove—The lark!
 ‘ The linnet! chaffinch! bullfinch! goldfinch! greenfinch!
 ‘ —But, oh! to me no joy can they afford!
 ‘ Nor rose, nor wall-flower, nor smart gilly-flower,
 ‘ Nor polyanthus mean, nor dapper daisy,
 ‘ Nor William sweet, nor marjorum—nor lark,
 ‘ Linnet, nor all the finches of the grove!’

Puff. [*Holding his handkerchief to his eyes.*] Your white handkerchief, madam—there, if you please.

Til. I thought, sir, I wasn’t to use that ’till ‘heart-rending woe.’

Puff. Oh, yes, madam—at ‘the finches of the grove,’ if you please,

‘ *Til.* —Nor lark,

‘ Linnet, nor all the finches of the grove!’ [*Weeps.*]

Puff. Vastly well, madam!

Dan. Vastly well, indeed!

‘ *Til.* For, oh, too sure, heart-rending woe is now
 ‘ The lot of wretched Tilburina!’

Dan. Oh! ’tis too much.

Sneer. Oh!—it is, indeed.

‘ *Con.* (R.) Be comforted, sweet lady—for who knows,
 ‘ But Heaven has yet some milk-white day in store.

‘ *Tit.* Alas, my youthful—gentle Nora,

‘ Thy tender youth as yet hath never mourned
 ‘ Love’s fatal dart.

‘ *Con.* But see where your stern father comes;
 ‘ It is not meet that he should find you thus.’

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

Til. Indeed, sir, you'll find they will not be missed.

Puff. Very well—very well!

Til. The cue, ma'am, if you please.

' *Con.* It is not meet that he should find you thus.

' *Til.* Thou counsel'st right, but 'tis no easy task
' For barefaced grief to wear a mask of joy.

Enter GOVERNOR, R.

' *Gov.* How's this—in tears?—O—'

Puff. There's a round O! for you.

Sneer. A capital O!

' *Gov.* Tilburina, shame!

' Is this a time for maudlin tenderness,

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

' That haughty Spain's Pope-consecrated fleet

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

' Like a clipped guinea, trembles in the scale!

' *Til.* [*Seizing Governor's hand.*] Then, is the crisis of
my fate at hand!

I see the fleet's approach—I see'—

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

Sneer. Yes; a kind of poetical second-sight!

Puff. Yes.—Now, then, madam.

' *Til.* —I see their decks

' Are cleared!—I see the signal made!

' The line is formed!—a cable's length asunder!

' I see the frigates stationed in the rear;

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

' I hear the victor's shouts—I also hear

' The vanquished groan—and now 'tis smoke—and now

' I see the loose sails shiver in the wind!

' I see—I see—what soon you'll see'—

[*Swoons in the Governor's arms.*]

Puff. [*In rapture, taking Tilburina's hand.*] Mrs. Gibbs, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Dangle and Mr. Sneer. This is Mrs. Gibbs, one of the very best actresses on the stage, I assure you, gentlemen.

' *Gov.* Hold, daughter! peace! this love hath turned thy brain:

' The Spanish fleet thou cans't not see—because

' —It is not yet in sight !'

Dan. Egad, though, the Governor seems to make no allowance for this poetical figure you talk of.

Puff. No ; a plain matter-of-fact man ; that's his character.

' *Til.* But will you, then, refuse his offer ?

' *Gov.* I must—I will—I can—I ought—I do.

' *Til.* His liberty is all he *asks.*'

Puff. His liberty is all *he* asks.'

Sneer. All *who* asks, Mr. Puff?—Who is—he ?

Puff. Egad, sir, I can't tell. Here has been such cutting and slashing, I don't know where they have got to myself.

Til. Indeed, sir, you will find it will connect very well.

' *Til.* A retreat in Spain !

' *Gov.* Outlawry here !

' *Til.* Your daughter's prayer !

' *Gov.* Your father's oath !

' *Til.* My lover !

' *Gov.* My country !

' *Til.* Tilburina !

' *Gov.* England !

' *Til.* A title !

' *Gov.* Honour !

' *Til.* A pension !

' *Gov.* Conscience !

' *Til.* A thousand pounds !

' *Gov.* [*Starts.*] Hah ! thou hast touched me nearly !

' *Til.* Canst thou—

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

' *Gov.* No more ; I would not hear thee plead in vain ;

' The *father* softens—but the *Governor*—

' Is resolved !

[*About to exit.*

Puff. My dear sir, give that a little more force, if you please—' but the Governor's *resolved* !'

' *Gov.* [*Imitating Puff's manner.*] The father softens—
but the governor

' Is resolved !

[*Exit, quickly, l.*

' *Til.* 'Tis well—hence, then, fond hopes—fond passion
hence ;

' Duty, behold I am all over thine—

' *Whis.* [*Without, R.*] Where is my love—my—behind!

Puff. My what?—What's that, Mr. Penson?

Enter WHISKERANDOS, R.

Puff. Have the goodness to let me hear that line again.

' *Whis.* Where is my love—my behind?

Puff. No, no, sir!—' Where is my love—my—behind the scenes'—*spoken* behind the *scenes*.

Whis. Oh, I beg pardon, sir, but I assure you it is written so in my part. [*Exit, R.—Puff* crosses to *Sneer and Dangle*.

Enter WHISKERANDOS, R.

' *Whis.* (R.) Where is my love—my—beauteous enemy,

' My conquering Tilburina! How! is't thus

' We meet? Why are thy looks averse? What means

' That falling tear—that frown of boding woe?

' Hah! now, indeed, I am a prisoner!

' Yes, now I feel the galling weight of these

' Disgraceful chains—which, cruel Tilburina!

' Thy doating captive gloried in before.

' But thou art false, and Whiskerandos is undone!

' *Til.* Oh, no; how little dost thou know thy Tilburina.

' *Whis.* Art thou, then, true? Begone cares, doubts,
and fears,

' I make you all a present to the winds;

' And if the winds reject you—try the waves.'

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

' *Til.* Yet must we part?—Stern duty seals our doom:

' Though here I call yon conscious clouds to witness,

' Could I pursue the bias of my soul,

' All friends, all rights of parents I'd disclaim,

' And thou, my Whiskerandos, should'st be father

' And mother, brother, cousin, uncle, aunt,

' And friend to me!

' *Whis.* Oh, matchless excellence! And must we part?

' Well, if—we must—we must—and in that case

' The less is said the better.'

Puff. Heyday! here's a cut!—What! are all the mutual protestations out?

Til. Now, pray, sir, don't interrupt us just here; you ruin our feelings!

Puff. Your feelings!—but zounds, my feelings, ma'am!

' *Whis.* (R.) One last embrace.

' *Til.* (L.) Now—farewell for ever!

' *Whis.* For ever!

' *Til.* Aye, for ever!

[*Going, R. and L.*

Puff. S'death and fury!—Gadslife! Sir! Madam, I really can't suffer this—if you go out without the parting look, you might as well dance out—Here!

' For ever! Aye, for ever!

[*Holding forth his arms, as to embrace.*] Give them the last puff of your tragedy bellows!

' *Whis.* [*With arms extended.*] For ever! Oh!

' *Til.* Aye, for ever, oh! [*They rush into each other's arms, then reluctantly part and exeunt, Whiskerandos, R., Tilburina, L.*

Con. But pray, sir, how am I to get off here?

Puff. You! pshaw! what the devil signifies how you get off! [*Pushes the Confidant off, R.—Drop scene lowers; Sneer and Dangle rise.*

Dan. Oh, charming!

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

Enter UNDER PROMPTER, L.

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

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

Under P. Sir, the performers have cut it out.

Puff. Cut it out!

Under P. Yes, sir.

Puff. What! the whole account of Queen Elizabeth?

Under P. Yes, sir.

Puff. And the description of her horse and side-saddle?

Under P. Yes, sir.

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

Prompter. [*From within, L.*] Sir, indeed, the pruning knife—

Puff. The pruning knife—zounds! the axe! Why, here has been such lopping and topping, I shan't have the

bare trunk of my play left presently. Very well, sir—the performers must do as they please; but, upon my soul, I'll print it every word.

Sneer. That I would, indeed.

Puff. Very well, sir—then, we must go on. [*Exit Under Prompter, L.*] Well, now, if the scene is ready—we'll go on. [*The Drop scene rises, and discovers a Wood scene. A carpet spread on the stage, and a chair in the centre.*] So, now for my mysterious yeoman.

Enter a BEEFEATER, L. S. E.

'*Beef.* Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee !'

Sneer. Haven't I heard that line before?

Puff. No, I fancy not. Where, pray?

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

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

Sneer. Very true.

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

'*Beef.* Though hopeless love finds comfort in despair,
'It never can endure a rival's bliss !

'But soft'—

Puff. Put your finger to your head when you say that—and don't gallop off—steal cautiously off.

'*Beef.* But soft—I am observed.'

[*Exit Beefeater, stealthily, R.*]

Dan. That's a very short soliloquy.

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

Sneer. A most sentimental Beefeater that, Mr. Puff.

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

Sneer. What, a hero in disguise?

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

Enter BURLEIGH, L. S. E., goes slowly to the chair and sits.

Sneer. Mr. Puff!

Puff. Hush! vastly well, sir! vastly well! a most interesting gravity!

Dan. What, isn't he to speak at all?

Puff. Egad, I thought you'd ask me that. Yes, it is a very likely thing, that a minister in his situation, with the whole affairs of the nation on his head, should have time to talk! But hush! or you'll put him out.

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

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

Dan. That's very true, upon my word!

[Burleigh comes forward, c., shakes his head.

Puff. Shake your head more—more—damn it, man, shake your head as if there was something in it.

[Burleigh shakes his head extravagantly, and exit, R.

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

Puff. You don't take it?

Sneer. No, I don't, upon my soul.

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

Sneer. The devil!—Did he mean all that by shaking his head?

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

Sneer. Oh, here are some of our old acquaintance.

Enter HATTON and RALEIGH, R.

'*Sir C.* My niece, and *your* niece, too!

· By Heaven! there's witchcraft in't. He could not else
' Have gained their hearts. But see where they approach;
' Some horrid purpose lowering on their brows!

'*Sir W.* Let us withdraw, and mark them.

[They retire up.

Enter the TWO NIECES, R. and L.

- '1st. Nie. (L.) Ellena here!
 'But see the proud destroyer of my peace.
 'Revenge is all the good I've left. [Aside.
 '2d Nie. (R.) He comes, the false disturber of my quiet.
 'Now, vengeance, do thy work!' [Aside.

Enter WHISKERANDOS, L. S. E.

- 'Whis. Oh, hateful liberty—if thus in vain
 'I seek my Tilburina!
 'Both Nei. And ever shalt! [Sir Christopher and Sir
 Walter come forward, R. and L.
 'Sir C. & Sir W. Hold! we will avenge you.
 'Whis. Hold you—or see your nieces bleed.'
 [The two Nieces draw their two daggers to strike
 Whiskerandos; the two Uncles, at the instant, with
 their two swords drawn, catch their two Nieces' arms,
 and turn the points of their swords to Whiskeran-
 dos, who immediately draws two daggers, and holds
 them to the two Nieces' bosoms.

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

Sneer. Why, then, they must stand there for ever.

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

Enter BEEFEATER, with his halberd, R.

- 'Beef. In the Queen's name, I charge you all to drop
 'Your swords and daggers!

[They drop their swords and daggers.

Sneer. That is a contrivance, indeed.

Puff. Aye—in the Queen's name.

'Sir C. Come, niece!

'Sir W. Come, niece!

[Exeunt with the two Nieces, R. and L.

- 'Whis. (L.) What's he, who bids us thus renounce our
 guard?

‘ *Beef.* (R.) Thou must do more! renounce thy love!

‘ *Whis.* Thou liest, base Beefeater!

‘ *Beef.* Ha! Hell! the lie!

‘ By Heaven, thou’st roused the lion in my heart!

‘ Off, yeoman’s habit! base disguise! off! off!

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

‘ Am I a Beefeater now?

‘ Or beams my crest as terrible as when

‘ In Biscay’s Bay I took thy captive sloop?

‘ *Whis.* I thank thee, fortune! that hast thus bestowed

‘ A weapon to chastise this insolent.

[*Takes up one of the swords.*

‘ *Beef.* I take thy challenge, Spaniard, and I thank

‘ Thee, fortune, too!

[*Takes up the other sword.*

‘ *Whis.* Vengeance and Tilburina!

‘ *Beef.* Exactly so! [*They fight, and, after the usual number of wounds given, Whiskerandos falls.*

‘ *Whis.* Oh, curséd parry! The last thrust in tierce

‘ Was fatal! Captain, thou hast fencéd well!

‘ And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene

‘ For all eter- -

‘ *Beef.* —nity, he would have added, but stern death’—

Puff. Oh, my dear sir, you are too slow: now mind me. Sir, shall I trouble you to die again!

Whis. Certainly, sir! ‘And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene

‘ For all eter—

[*Rolls himself up in the carpet.*

‘ *Beef.* —nity, he would have added’—

Puff. No, sir, that’s not it: once more, if you please, and I’ll kill you myself.

Whis. [*Unrolling himself.*] I wish, sir, you would practice this without me: I can’t stay dying here all night.

[*Exit, L.*

Puff. Very well, we’ll go over it by and by. I must humour these gentlemen!

‘ *Beef.* Farewell, brave Spaniard! and when next’—

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

Beef. That’s true, sir; then I’ll join the fleet.

Puff. If you please. [*Exit Beefeater.*] Now, enter Tilburina!

Sneer. Egad, the business comes on quick here.

Puff. Yes, sir: now she comes in stark mad, in white satin.

Sneer. Why in white satin?

Puff. Oh, Lord, sir, when a heroine goes mad, she always goes into white satin—don't she, Dangle?

Dan. Always—it's a rule.

Puff. Yes, here it is. [*Looking at the book.*] 'Enter Tilburina, stark mad, in white satin, and her Confidant, stark mad, in white linen.'

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

Sneer. But what the deuce! is the Confidant to be mad, too?

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

Til. The wind whistles—the moon rises—[*Screams,*] see,

'They have killed my squirrel in his cage!— [*Kneels.*

'Is this a grasshopper?—Ha! no, it is my

'Whiskerandos. You shall not keep him—

'I know you have him in your breeches pocket—

'An oyster may be crossed in love!—Who says

'A whale's a bird?—Ha! did you call, my love?—

'He's here!—He's there!—He's every where!—

'Ah me! he's no where!' [*Exit Tilburina, R.—The Confidant imitates Tilburina, and exit, R.*

Puff. There! do you ever desire to see any body madder than that?

Sneer. Never, while I live! And, pray, what becomes of her?

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

Sneer. What, you bring that in at last?

Puff. Yes, yes; you know my play is called the *Spanish Armada*, otherwise, egad, I have no occasion for the

battle at all. Now, then, for my magnificence! my battle! my noise! and my procession! You are all ready?

Prompt. [Within, L.] Yes, sir.

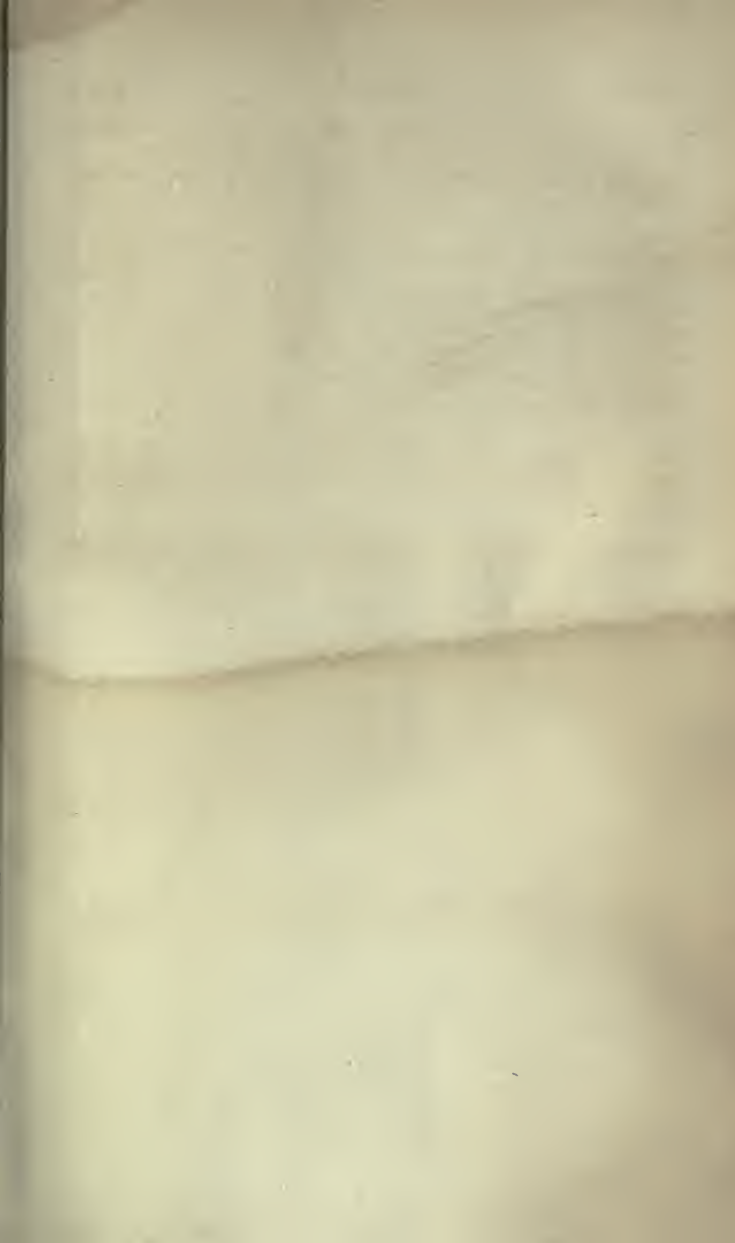
Puff. Very well. Now, then, change the scene, and then for our grand display.

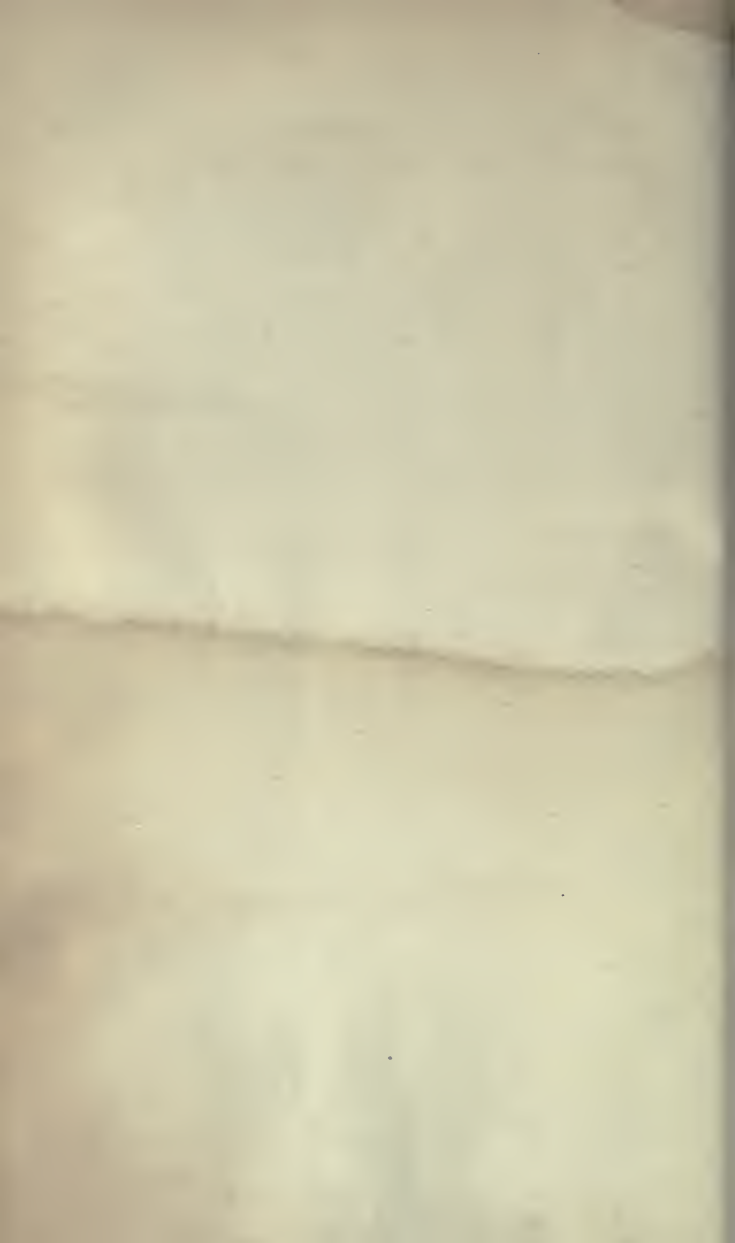
[*The scene changes to a view of the Spanish Armada, in close action with the British fleet. Music plays "Britons strike home." Spanish fleet destroyed by fire-ships &c. English fleet advances—Music plays "Rule Britannia." During this scene, Puff directs and applauds everything: then,*]

Well, pretty well—but not quite perfect; so, ladies and gentlemen, if you please, we'll rehearse this piece again on the first opportunity. [Curtain drops.]

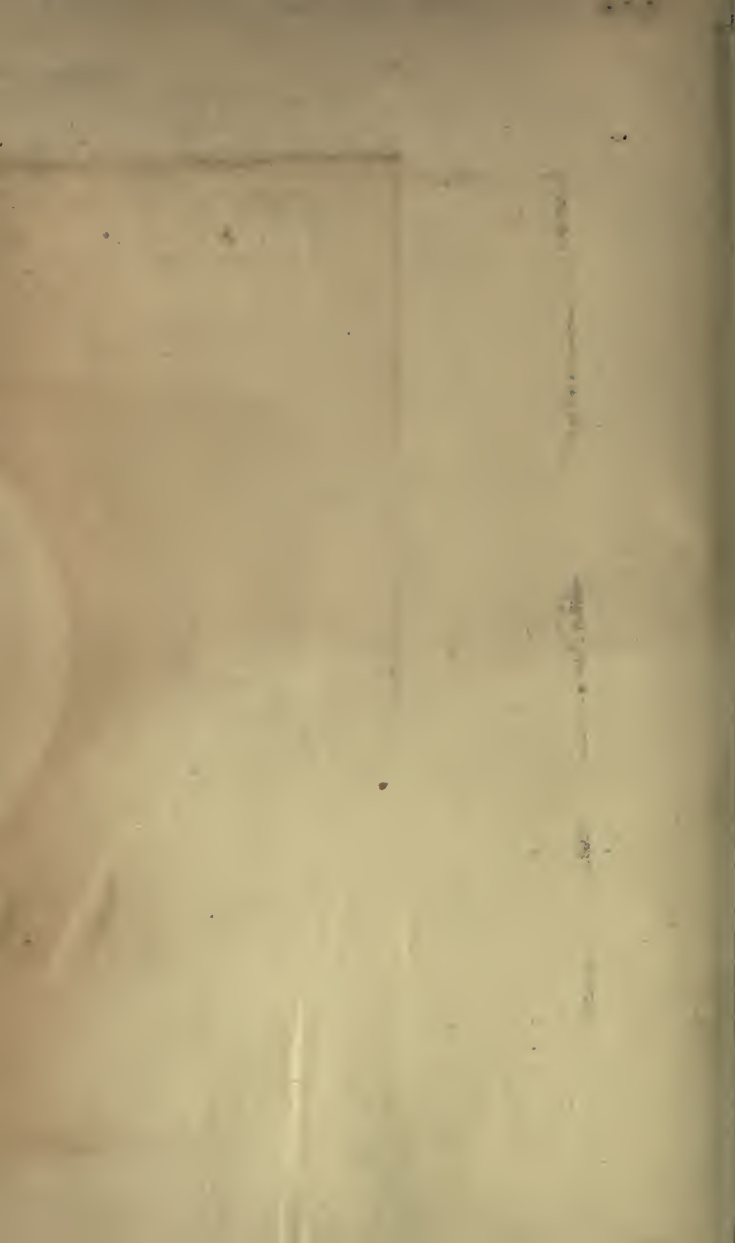
DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

R.] PUFF. SNEER. DANGLE. [L.]









Author Sargent, Epes (ed.)

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