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THE
POSTHUMOUS
DRAMATICK WORKS
OF THE LATE
RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

THE
POSTHUMOUS
DRAMATICK WORKS

OF THE LATE
RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. AND W. NICOL, BOOKSELLERS TO
HIS MAJESTY, PALL-MALL;
BY W. BULMER AND CO. CLEVELAND-ROW.

1813.

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TO THE READER.

THESE Dramas, which are now presented to the Public, were originally intended by my late beloved Father, as a bequest to me, together with his other posthumous works; but the unfortunate circumstances, which clouded the latter years of his life, induced him to yield to the opinion of many of his friends, who had frequently urged him, to resort to the publication of them by subscription. This mode, however reluctantly, he at last consented to adopt, and it was partially crowned with success; some friends being found who generously contributed to the undertaking; and here I must notice with gratitude the Earl of Lonsdale, the late Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, Sir James Graham, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Sharpe, Mr. Wm. Long, Mr. Thomas Greene, &c. &c.

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The work was in preparation, and intended for publication, in the spring of 1811, when after a sudden and short illness, death stopt the fertile pen of their author, while he was employed in completing the now-unfinished drama of Demetrius, which I have given genuine to the Public, conceiving it would prove more acceptable, even in its present defective state, than had its catastrophe been supplied by another; in this opinion, the friends I have consulted have coincided, as well as in my wish of publishing the Dramas, without any subsequent revisal, or addition from any other hand, how capable soever of the task. I have said thus much as some excuse to those friends, who I am sensible would readily have offered their service, to produce these Dramas in a more perfect state. But the feelings of a Daughter, wishing to publish the posthumous works of a revered Father, in the precise state she found them, I flatter myself will sufficiently account to delicate minds, for this determination. Finding myself totally unable to put the work to the press, after the severe and afflictive loss I had sustained, I was under the necessity of continuing the subscription in my own name, to enable me to do so; and I embrace this method of

returning my sincere acknowledgments, to those who have favoured this undertaking. It has given me real gratification, to have it at length in my power, to fulfil the intentions and wishes of my late beloved Parent, towards his Subscribers. Indeed I may truly say to be able to do so, has shed the brightest beam of comfort that has cheered my heart, during the many dark hours of severe suffering and affliction, which I have experienced, since it pleased Providence to deprive me of his paternal care.

FRANCES MARIANNE JANSEN.

Hastings, June 1, 1813.

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THE
SYBIL,
OR
THE ELDER BRUTUS.
A TRAGEDY.

Crudelis ubique
Luctus, ubique pavor et plurima mortis imago.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sextus Tarquinius.

Lucius Junius Brutus.

Titus, *his son.*

Collatinus.

Valerius Poplicola.

Vitellius.

Centurion.

Præfect of the Guard.

Roman Soldier attending on Tullia.

Lucretius.

Tullia, *wife of Tarquin.*

Tarquinius, *his daughter.*

Priestess of Rhæa.

The Cumæan Sybil.

First Temple Virgin of Rhæa.

*Roman People, Soldiers, Virgins of Rhæa, Servants
of Collatinus, Senators, and Ghost of Servius
Tullus, late King of Rome.*

SCENE, Rome.

PLANTAS DE LA SIERRA

En la Sierra de Guadalupe, en el Estado de Coahuila, se encuentran las siguientes plantas:

- 1. *Quercus agrifolia* (Encina)
- 2. *Pinus mitis* (Pino Mitis)
- 3. *Juniperus sp.* (Juniper)
- 4. *Abies sp.* (Abeto)
- 5. *Thuja sp.* (Tuya)
- 6. *Podocarpus sp.* (Podocarpus)
- 7. *Juniperus sp.* (Juniper)
- 8. *Abies sp.* (Abeto)
- 9. *Thuja sp.* (Tuya)
- 10. *Podocarpus sp.* (Podocarpus)

THE
SYBIL,
OR
THE ELDER BRUTUS.

ACT I.

A Square before the Palace of Tarquin. A number of common people collected together are discovered upon the drawing up of the curtain.

First Roman.

WILL any body say to me that he has seen this thing?

2 Rom. What thing, neighbour, are you speaking of?

1 Rom. Marry, sir, a thing to puzzle those that be wiser than either you or me—A woman—if indeed that can be a woman, which every body talks of and nobody hath seen; whose prophecies are in every man's mouth, yet no man is bold enough to say he has heard them, or aver that he believes in them.

2 Rom. If it is the Sybil you are speaking of—

1 Rom. It is the Sybil we are speaking of; who speaks of any other thing?

2 Rom. Then I am he that hath seen her, and these are the ears that have heard her prophecy.

1 *Rom.* May we believe you?

2 *Rom.* As you list for that ; but I will rehearse to you the manner of it, then judge ye for yourselves. Certain idle fellows of the city, to the number of a score or upwards, had collected themselves in the square of the Capitol for the purpose of making mockery of a poor witless idiot, whom you all know, Lucius Junius by name. For this unmanly pastime of theirs, I was reproving them somewhat angrily, when lo ! in a moment there stood before my eyes a female figure, tall and comely in person, wild in her attire, and of an aspect such as awed me to behold. The scoffers fled ; I kept my post and silently awaited the event, perceiving she address'd herself to speak—"Thou hast well done," she cried, "honouring a fool, for, mark my words—A fool shall set Rome free."—This said, she vanish'd from my sight.

1 *Rom.* I'll mock no more at Junius for one.

3 *Rom.* Nor I, but reverently accost his worship as oft as I encounter him.

4 *Rom.* This will bring fools in credit with the people.

1 *Rom.* And humble those that in their self-esteem are oracles of wisdom.

3 *Rom.* Look, look ! what comes ?

2 *Rom.* It is the Sybil ; it is she herself!—Run, run, and save yourselves. How her eyes glare ! she's terrible to look at.

1 *Rom.* Oh ! that I were fool enough to be in her favour, and not so over-wise as to run away from her !

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The SYBIL.

Awake, ye torturers of the human heart !

Start from your iron beds and come on earth,
 Ye furies, that with scorpions sting the soul!
 I, the Cumæan prophetess, the Sybil,
 Fate's awful harbinger, invoke your presence.
 The winds, which in my native caves are pent,
 Blow me from the Æolian shores to Rome
 O'er the curl'd waves, which my light feet ne'er
 touch'd.

This is thy palace, Tarquin! hither late
 I brought the mystic volume, which thou, wretch,
 Three times repuls'd and scorn'd the friendly fates.
 The last sun rises on thy bloody house.
 Come night, and this proud palace shall be ashes.
 Did not my warning voice cry out—A fool,
 A fool shall set Rome free? Behold, he comes!
 Brutus, the fool predicted—He shall seize
 The dagger reeking from Lucretia's wound,
 And with that violated matron's blood
 Cement the fabric of immortal Rome. [Exit.

*Scene changes. A state Apartment in the Palace
 of Tarquin.*

TULLIA, and SEXTUS TARQUINIUS.

Tul. Away! thou'rt mad.

Sex. I've privilege for that;
 I am in love.

Tul. Yes, with thy kinsman's wife:
 Out on thee, wanton!

Sex. With the wife of Jove,
 So she'll put by her cloud and take the form
 Of my Lucretia.

Tul. Thy Lucretia! thine!
 Is Collatinus dead? Thus would'st thou sport
 With a chaste matron's fame?

Sex. Is't nothing, then,

To be the son of Tarquin, and a prince?
To have powers, opportunities and means,
With strong desires to push them on? Ye Gods,
Give reason to mechanics! I'll be mad,
Mad as my mother Tullia.

Tul. Peace, reviler!
When was I mad?

Ser. When was you mad, good mother?
When with ambition's phrenzy in your soul,
And all Rome's empire in your view, you drove
Your chariot wheels o'er your dead father's body
Up to the shouting Forum.

Tul. 'Twas the cause,
The cause, my Sextus; and for this base clay,
How differs it from the dull earth we tread on,
When the life's gone?

Ser. Nay, if you talk of cause,
Mine is a cause to bring the Gods amongst us:
Why, Jove, the king of Gods, hath left Olympus,
And turn'd himself into a grazing beast
For one not half so fair as my Lucretia.

Tul. Into what beast, what reptile art thou
chang'd?
Why art thou not at Ardea? Why not foremost
To mount the breach, and shew these sullen nobles,
Who murmur at our greatness, that the race
Of Tarquins reigns by valor as by might. [*Trumpet.*
Hark! 'tis thy father's trumpet—welcome, sol-
dier!

Enter VITELLIUS.

What tidings from our royal lord and husband?

Vit. Health and a happy greeting—Your
brave sons,

Titus and Aruns, are return'd from Delphi.

Tul. Where are the princes?

Vit. In the camp at Ardea.
The king determines with tomorrow's sun
To mount the breach. You are expected, Sextus.

Ser. Love hath his duties, sir, as well as war.
Have our wise brothers brought their fool from
Delphi?

Vit. I left him with the pages in the court
Hüstling for drachmas.

Tul. Whom? What fool?

Vit. A man,
Who, when he had a name, was Lucius Junius:
A braver citizen Rome never boasted,
And wise and learn'd withal; now chang'd, alas!
A spectacle which humbles me to look on.

Ser. Now, by the Gods! I much desire to see
him.

I want a fool; a ready antick thing,
To run on errands, and to make me sport.

Tul. What pleasure can such spectacles afford?

Ser. Oh, there is much good moral in a fool;
Besides, I dreamt of such a thing last night,
And I will see him.

Tul. If thou wilt, thou must.
But is he harmless in his moody humours?

Ser. Tame as my horse, which, tho' devoid of
reason,
Shall turn, shall stop, and at my angry bidding
Shall kneel till I am throned on his back;
And this shall Junius; the like instinct stirs
Him and my horse—no more.

Tul. Set him before us. [*Exit Vitellius.*]

He turn'd to folly on his brother's death:
That brother Tarquin kill'd. If there's on earth
A thing I dread, it is a fool. The Sybil,
Whose mystic book at such a price we bought,
Augur'd the race of Tarquins should be kings,
Till a fool drove us hence, and set Rome free.

Sex. A very foolish augury, good mother,
 For Sabine superstition only fit.
 But these are not good Numa's nursing days;
 The world is grown from infancy to manhood.
 Stand but our power till Junius pull it down,
 And it shall be immortal—Lo! he comes:
 This dread prediction of the frantic Sybil,
 This scourge of kings, this terror of the Tarquins,
 Rome's great deliverer.

VITELLIUS brings in LUCIUS JUNIUS

Tul. Gods, is this the man,
 This Lucius Junius? 'Tis a goodly prison
 For beggary to dwell in; a rich tomb
 To harbour nought but emptiness. O Nature,
 That thou should'st be thus prodigal in matter,
 And yet forget a mind! Will he speak to us
 If we do question him?

Vit. I think he will:
 Yet sometimes, when the moody fit doth take him,
 He will not speak for days; yea, rather starve
 Than utter nature's cravings: then anon
 He'll prattle shrewdly, with such witty folly
 As almost betters reason.

Tul. Hark thee, fellow!
 How art thou call'd?

L. Jun. A fool.

Tul. Fool, for thy nature;
 Thou answer'st well, but I demand thy name.

L. Jun. Nothing but fool.

Tul. His faculties are brutish;—
 Brutus shall be thy name.

L. Jun. Thanks to your grace!

Sex. Dost like thy new name, gentle Brute?

L. Jun. So well,

Who will may take the fool: I care not who—
Your Highness, an it like you.

Sex. I the fool!

Sirrah, good words, or I will have thee beaten.

L. Jun. A fool thou wilt not beat—a brute
thou dar'st not,

For the dull ass will kick against his striker,
If struck too harshly.

Tul. Let me hear no more;

There's mischief in his folly. Send him hence.

Sex. Nay, let us hear him, for the fool's sen-
tentious.

I'll search him with more questions. Hark thee,
Brutus,

Thou wast at Delphi with our princely bro-
thers—

Stand the brave pair in health?

L. Jun. Praise to the Gods!

They stood where others fell.

Sex. What dost thou mean?

Explain thyself.

L. Jun. They bore away the prize
From fourteen Grecian cities.

Sex. Hah! what prize?

L. Jun. The prize for drinking.

Sex. Is it truth he speaks?

Vit. I am his witness. 'Twas at Bacchus' feast
Giv'n by Hipparchus the Athenian tyrant—
Two Thericlean cups of mighty girth,
That would have puzzled Bitias. Oh! the Greeks
Drink deep, and dance more than our Salian
priests.

I saw their comic scoffers mount the car,
With lees of wine besmear'd, in antick sport
Mocking the crowd—T'was a rare mummery.

Sex. Why then we might have kept our fool
at home,

For Greece is stock'd already. Tell us now
 What said the Pythia to our prodigy,
 The snake i'th' Capitol?

L. Jun. An ugly reptile;
 She will'd us not to speak of it—The Gods
 Endure it not; Hercules was scar'd i'th' cradle,
 And young Apollo, since he fought the Python,
 Cannot abide to look upon a snake.

Tul. Put you none other questions to Apollo?
 [To Vitellius.]

Vit. Your sons did ask who should be chief in
 Rome.

Tul. Hah! what replied the oracle to that?

Vit. With pains and strugglings the prophetic
 dame

This destiny reported from her God:
 "Great and most glorious shall that Roman be,
 Who shall first greet his mother with a kiss!"

Sex. Hail, mother! [Salutes the Queen.]

L. Jun. Woe for me, I have no mother—
 And yet I kiss'd her first.

Tul. Thou kiss'd her? thou—?

L. Jun. Yea, madam; for just then my foot
 did slip

In the fresh blood of a new-slaughter'd victim,
 And falling I did kiss my mother—Earth.

Tul. Oh, that the earth had swallow'd thee
 — outright

Till thou had'st kiss'd the center! I perceive
 The Gods are leagu'd with folly to destroy us.
 My very blood chills at my heart—Away! [Exit.]

Sex. Hark thee, thou Brutus, I in part suspect
 Thou ap'st this folly; if I find thee trifling,
 Or juggling with the Pythia for predictions,
 By all the Gods, I'll have thee flay'd, thy skin
 Strip'd into thongs to strangle thee withal,
 Dissembling varlet! [Seizes him.]

L. Jun. Take away your hands ;
They come too near my throat. [*They struggle.*

Vit. My lord, forbear!
Threat'ning a fool you do but wrong yourself.

Sex. But that I love his son, the noble Titus,
My dagger should have pierc'd his throat ere
now,

And sent him to his mother Earth for ever.
He shall be watch'd.—*Vitellius*, follow me. [*Exit.*

Vit. The Gods restore thee, *Brutus*, to thyself,
And us to thee! Farewell! [*Exit.*

L. Jun. A little longer,
A little longer yet support me, patience!
The day draws on : it presses to the birth—
I see it in the forming womb of time—
The embryo liberty. Hah ! 'tis my son—
Down, rebel nature, down!

TITUS enters.

Tit. Welcome to Rome!
Would I might welcome thee to reason too!
Ah, woe is me, that ever I was born
To call thee father ; rather would I cross
My direst foe on earth than meet this ruin.
Yes, thou hast lips that utter, limbs that move,
An outward form and fashion of a man,
But where's the light o' the building, where's
the soul,
Which should inform those lips, direct those
limbs,

And lead thee back to the lost road of glory?

L. Jun. Give me thy hand—nay, give it me—

Tit. What would'st thou?
Speak to thy son.

L. Jun. I had a thing to say,
But I have lost it. Let it pass—no matter.

Tit. Look not upon me with those eyes, but speak ;
Utter thy cravings—Art at ease. poor creature?
Who injures, who annoys thee? Tell thy friend.
How can I serve thee? What dost lack?

L. Jun. Preferment.

Thou can'st do much at court.

Tit. Ah! this is nothing.

L. Jun. So much the fitter for a fool's petition,
And a court promise.

Tit. Oh, this trifling racks me.

L. Jun. Lend me thine ear: I'll tell a secret
to thee

Worth a whole city's ransom: This it is ;
Nay ponder it and lock it in thy heart—
There are more fools, my son, in this wise world
Than the gods ever made.

Tit. Say'st thou, my father?

Expound this riddle. If thy mind doth harbour
Aught that imports a son like me to know,
Or knowing to atchieve ; if there be aught
Of grace or comfort to be done to thee,
Or to thy weeping country, so it stand
Within the order of things possible,
How hard soe'er, declare it.

L. Jun. Now, my son,
Should the great Gods, who made me what thou
seest,

Repent, and in their vengeance cast upon me
The burden of my senses back again—
What would'st thou say?

Tit. Oh, my lamented father,
Would the kind Gods restore to thee thy reason—

L. Jun. Then, Titus, then I should be mad
with reason.

Had I the sense to know myself a Roman,
This hand should tear this heart from out my ribs,

Ere it should own allegiance to a tyrant.
 If, therefore, thou dost love me, pray the Gods
 To keep me what I am—Where all are slaves,
 None but the fool is happy.

Tit. We are Romans,
 Not slaves.

L. Jun. Indeed! why, who art thou?

Tit. Thy son.

Dost thou not know me?

L. Jun. You abuse my folly.

I know thee not—Wert thou my son, ye
 Gods!

Thou would'st tear off this sycophantic robe,
 Tuck up thy tunic, trim these curled locks
 To the short warrior cut, vault on thy steed;
 Then, scampering thro' the city, call to arms
 And shout for liberty—

Tit. Defend me, Gods! [Starts.

L. Jun. Hah! does it stagger thee?

Tit. For liberty?

Said'st thou for liberty?—It cannot be.

L. Jun. Indeed! 'tis well—No more.

Tit. What would my father?

L. Jun. Begone, you trouble me.

Tit. Nay, do not scorn me.

L. Jun. Said I for liberty? I said it not:

The awful word breath'd in a coward's ear

Were sacrilege to utter. Hence, begone!

Said I you were my son? 'Tis false: I'm foolish;

My brain is weak and wanders; you abuse it.

Tit. Ah, do not leave me; not in anger leave
 me!

L. Jun. Anger? what's that? I am content
 with folly;

Anger is madness, and above my aim. [Music.

Hark! here is music for thee, food for love;

And beauty to serve in the rich repast.

Tarquinia comes. Go, worship the bright sun,
And let poor Brutus wither in the shade. [*Exit.*]

Tit. Oh, truly said! bright as the golden sun
Tarquinia's beauty beams, and I adore.

Soft music. TARQUINIA enters, preceded by *Dam-*
sels bearing a Crown of gold, some with Censers,
&c. proper for the Ceremonials of a dedication to
Fortune.

What dedication or what holy service
Doth the fair client of the Gods provide,
Decking their shrines, and with these dulcet
sounds

Making the fane harmonious? Mighty Jove,
Is there in thy celestial synod one,
Who will not listen to Tarquinia's prayer?

Tar. I go to Fortune's temple, there to kneel
Before the blazing altar, and suspend
Upon the votive shrine this golden crown:
While incense fills the fane, and holy hymns
Are chanted for my brothers' safe return,
When the consenting Goddess smiles upon me,
What shall I ask for Titus?

Tit. Though the Goddess,
In her blind bounty, should unthrone the world,
To make me one vast empire, my ambition,
If by thy love unblest, would slight the gift:
Therefore of Fortune I have nought to ask,
She hath no interest in Tarquinia's heart;
Nature, not Fortune, must befriend me there.

Tar. Well hast thou said: Chance rules not
my affections;
And, as I think thy heart like mine is true,
Truth with its own reflection must agree,
Honour to honour, love accord to love,
And I to Titus.

Tit. Oh, support me, Gods!
Am I so blest above all human kind?
Pitied, approv'd, belov'd? And may this heart,
So long the victim of conflicting passions,
At length repose in hope?

Tar. Now hear and mark me —
Impressions, which low minds are taught to hide,
My soul, superior to reserve, avows;
Fearing no insult I affect no art:
Thy gentle manners, Titus, have endear'd thee,
Although a subject Roman, to Tarquinia:
My brother Sextus wears thee next his heart;
The queen herself of all our courtly youth
First in her favour holds the noble Titus:
And though my royal father well may keep
A jealous eye upon thy Junian race,
A race unfriendly to the name of King,
Yet thee he cherishes, with generous joy
The monarch sees thy early virtue shoot,
And with a parent's fondness rears its growth.

Tit. Sweet fruits are sometimes couch'd in
bitter rinds,
So is my love within a hostile name;
But neither name, nor nature, nor the voice
Of my lost father, could he wake to reason,
Not all the wrongs that tyranny could pile
On my afflicted head, not all the praise
That patriot gratitude could shower upon me,
Can shake the faithful purpose of my heart,
To sever it from love and my Tarquinia.

Tar. Tis well! but ere you bind my faith,
reflect!
You say your father, should he wake to reason,
Could not divide you from me; have you set
His awful form in a prospective view?
Can you resist the terrors of his voice,
If in a tone oracular he warn you

To shake off this soft passion? Who can say
When this new inspiration may arouse him?

Tit. The time I know not, but myself I know:
This life may be extinguish'd, and the heart
Must cease to beat, when death will have it so;
But whilst I live, I live to thee alone.

Tar. Approve that firmness in the shock of
 trials,
And if my love can recompense thy virtue,
Nor tortures, nor temptations, nor the wreck
Of Rome and empire shall divide me from thee.
To this I pledge my hand. Now to the temple.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

*The Capitol. The Equestrian Statue of Tarquin.
Night.*

The SYBIL.

Now, in this dead and secret hour of night,
 Tarquin, on hellish violation bent,
 With silent tread steals to the innocent couch
 Of chaste Lucretia—Think not, ravisher,
 Indignant virtue shall survive pollution;
 By her own hand a Roman wife can fall.
 Now, Brutus, throw thy mask of folly off;
 Father of freedom, Rome's deliverer, rise;
 Put fire into the languid souls of men,
 Let loose your ministers of wrath amongst them,
 And mark this hideous night with ruin, Gods!
 Launch forth thy thunders, Capitolian Jove,
 Nor let that vaunting tyrant proudly ride
 In presence of thy temple. Strike him down,
 Ye lightnings! lay his trophies in the dust,
 And vindicate the majesty of justice.
 Hark! 'tis begun! flash, ye blue, forked fires!
 Loud-bursting thunders, roar! and tremble,
 Earth! [Exit.
[Thunder and Lightning—during which the
 Statue of Tarquin is struck down to the
 Earth.

SEXTUS TARQUINIUS and VITELLIUS.

Vit. Was ever night so dreadful?

Sex. None so blest:

A proud reluctant beauty I have master'd,
 And the kind Gods—I thank them for the favour—
 With their own music crown my triumphs—

Hark !

[Thunder.

Vit. What do I see ? your father's statue fallen,
 Unhors'd and headless—Gods, avert the omen !
 The Capitol's great founder laid thus low
 By Jove's own thunder at the basest foot
 Of the proud pile he rear'd.

Sex. Oh, father Tarquin,
 Put from all use religion amongst men ;
 Down with the shrines of the unthankful Gods,
 Who, whilst we rear immortal fanes to them,
 Strike at our brittle trophies, nor allow us
 The frail memorial of a few short years.

Vit. The elements are out of course, the hea-
 vens,
 As if in anger at the impenitent earth,
 On the Tarquinian mount rain'd blood.

Sex. Away !
 Haunt me no more with omens—I'm secure ;
 The proud, the virtuous, the untam'd Lucretia
 Is—let these conscious lightnings tell you what—
 The torches of accommodating night,
 That usher'd Jove to Semele—The moon,
 She too amidst the tumult, she at times
 Her maid'nish mantle put aside and gaz'd,
 Wishfully gaz'd—loud thunders roll'd the whilst,
 And echo'd heavenly plaudits to my joys.

Vit. What hast thou done ? declare !

Sex. What have I done ?
 What the sun does, that amorous reveller,
 When through the barrier of the frozen north
 Flaming he bursts : Spring and the laughing Hours
 Look on, and scatter roses in the lap
 Of marriageable Earth : he all the whilst,
 With glowing cheeks and kisses kindling fire,

Rifles her sweets ; the winter in her veins,
 The snows that on her unsmircht bosom lie,
 Melt at the quick'ning touch—So came the son
 Of Tarquin, burning fierce with hot desires,
 To chaste Lucretia's chamber—

Vit. Oh, no more!

Imagination cannot feign an act
 So horrible as this. I tell thee, Prince,
 If thou hast wrong'd this matron—

Sev. If I've wrong'd her—

If—be accurst henceforth all peevish scruples,
 All honourable folly!—Still I press'd,
 Still she refus'd, and ran through all the maze
 Of womanish evasion: Fir'd at length
 I threaten'd force; she rail'd, and in a tone
 Of high declamatory virtue call'd
 On heav'n and earth—I seiz'd her—frantic then,
 And louder than the Pythian priestess grown,
 She shriek'd out—Collatinus! Husband, help!
 A slave rush'd in—I sprung upon the caitiff,
 And drove my dagger through his clam'rous
 throat;

Then turning to Lucretia, now half dead
 With terror, swore by all the gods at once,
 If she resisted, to the heart I'd stab her,
 Yoke her fair body to the dying slave,
 And then, with dreadful imprecations, after
 Rivet pollution to her name for ever.

Vit. Oh deed, that whelms in ruin all your
 hopes,

And gives your name to general execration
 Till time shall be no more: Take leave of peace,
 Bid honour, empire, Rome farewell for ever.
 —Hark, they are up! That yell of female slaves
 Bursts from Lucretia's house—She dies, she dies!
 And see the frantic husband!—

Sev. Mad as Nessus.

A single arm cannot oppose a host;
 Courage must yield to numbers—Give him way!
 [Exeunt.]

COLLATINUS, *followed by VALERIUS and sundry others.*

Col. Friends, citizens of Rome, avenge my cause!
 Shake off inglorious sleep and seize your arms—
 Lucretia dies—she bleeds for Rome and you.
 Revenge, revenge!

Val. My noble friend and kinsman,
 To you and to your cause Valerius vows
 Faith and affiance, till this direful act
 Shall be aton'd with judgment on th' offender;
 But let me counsel you to calm this passion;
 Loud cries avail us nothing.

Col. Call my slaves,
 Provide me lights, and on a funeral bier
 Place her pale corpse, and so let all go forth.
 It cannot be but dead Lucretia's wound
 Shall plead most eloquently.

Val. Be it so!
 Retire we for that purpose.

BRUTUS appears.

Col. Hah! what's that?

L. Jun. A thing not worth a name.

Val. 'Tis Lucius Junius:

Pass on and stay him not—The hour is precious.
 [Exeunt *Col. Val. and Servants.*]

L. Jun. [*contemplating the fallen Statue.*] Fall'n
 idol, art thou laid thus low? Tis well.
 For this I thank you, Gods, that when you point
 Your shafts at human pride, it is not chance,

'Tis wisdom levels the commission'd blow.
 But I, a thing of no account, a slave—
 I to your forked lightnings bare my bosom
 In vain—for what's a slave, a dastard slave,
 A fool, a Brutus?—Hark! the storm rides on,
 The scolding winds drive through the clattering
 rain,
 And loudly screams the haggard witch of night.
 Why should this Collatinus quit his pillow
 And breast the thunder, when his soft-arm'd wife
 Might wrap him in Elysium? As I pass'd
 His doors but now, the south indeed blew high,
 And yet methought I heard a screaming yell
 Louder than all the storm. My thoughts grow
 wild,
 Engender with the scene, and pant for action.
 With your leave, Majesty, I'll sit beside you
 [*Sits on the fallen Statue.*
 And ruminatè awhile—Oh! for a cause,
 A cause, just Gods!—Soft you, what stir is this?

VALERIUS *enters with Attendants.*

Val. By Numa's altar on the Cælian mount
 Dwells Caius Quintius the pontifical:
 Bear him this writing—Be not put aside
 With the stale shifts of lazy servitors,
 But do thine errand boldly—This to Tatius!
 This to my son-in-law Fabricius!—This,
 And above all, to the plebeian Decius;
 You'll find him at the house of Servius Cotta.
 In the old square west of Diana's grove
 By Rhea's fountain—Haste and tell my friends
 With Collatinus I expect their coming.
 Pray them to use their earliest speed. Away!
 [*Exeunt attendants severally.*

L. Jun. Valérius—Hoa!

Val. Who calls me?

L. Jun. Brutus.

Val. Go!

Get thee to sleep. [*Val. is departing.*]

L. Jun. Valerius!—

Val. Peace! I say,

Thou foolish thing. Why dost thou call so loud?

L. Jun. Because I would be heard. The time
may come

When thou shalt want a fool.

Val. Prithee, begone!

I have no time to hear thy prattle now.

L. Jun. By Hercules, but you must hear.

[*Rises and advances.*]

Val. You'll anger me.

L. Jun. Waste not your noble anger on a fool.

'Twere a brave passion in a better cause.

Val. Thy folly's cause enough.

L. Jun. Rail not at folly.

'Tis a convenient cloak to hide a slave:

Cast off this idle trick of anger from you;

Dance to the music of your chains, as I do,

A merry measure, laugh aloud and live,

Not by your wits, that were to starve in Rome,

Where the whole mass and congregation breathes

Exquisite folly; each sense savours of it,

Sight, taste, touch—all is fool—There's but one

wise,

And him the Gods have kill'd.

Val. Kill'd whom?

L. Jun. Behold!

Oh! sight of pity—Majesty in ruins—

Down on your knees; down to your kingly idol!

Val. Let slaves and sycophants do that; not I.

L. Jun. Wilt thou not kneel?

Val. Begone; you trouble me.

Valerius kneels not to the living Tarquin.

L. Jun. Indeed! belike you wish him laid as low.

Val. What if I do?

L. Jun. Jove tells thee what to do—
Strike!—Oh! the difference 'twixt Jove's wrath
and thine!

He at the crowned tyrant aims his shaft,
Thou, mighty man, would'st frown a fool to
silence,

And spurn poor Brutus from thee.

Val. What is this?

Let me look nearer at thee. Is thy mind,
That long lost jewel, found, and Lucius Junius
Dear to my heart restor'd? or art thou Brutus,
The scoff and jest of Rome, and this a fit
Of intermittent reason?

L. Jun. I am Brutus.

Folly, be thou my Goddess! I am Brutus.

If thou wilt use me, so! If not, farewell.

Why dost thou pause? Look on me! I have
limbs,

Parts and proportions, shoulders strong to bear,
And hands not slow to strike. What more than
Brutus

Could Lucius Junius do?

Val. A cause like ours

Asks both the strength of Brutus and the wisdom
Of Lucius Junius.

L. Jun. Tell not me of wisdom;

If there be no part that a fool can act,

A very foolish cause you have, good cousin.

Hah! what slow-moving train of fiery shapes

Visits the sleeping night? Is mine eye faithful,

Or was it but the error of the time?

And hark! a groan. Who and what are they?

Val. Romans;

Sad, mournful men, a family of woe;

Thy friends and kinsmen once. Oh! Brutus,
 Brutus,
 Wert thou not soul-enslav'd; to all sense lost,
 More dull and sordid than the trodden earth,
 They have a tale to tell—

*[The Body of Lucretia is brought in upon a bier,
 attended by a numerous train bearing torches.]*

COLLATINUS and other Romans.

L. Jun. Stand, ho! there; stand!
 Your burden of mortality set down,
 And answer yield me what dead thing you carry;
 Why at this hour come ye like spectres rather
 From fiery Phlegethon, than men and Romans?
 Speak; Brutus questions.

Col. Noisy fool, avaunt!
 Thrust him aside, and pass.

Val. Do him no wrong;
 But if thy griefs will let thee, pause awhile,
 And as thy friends and neighbours stand around
 thee,
 Kind-hearted Romans, whom thy loud lament-
 ings,
 Spite of Jove's thunder, have this night unhous'd,
 Speak thy full sorrows!

Col. Set the body down—
 Hard task and heavy, Romans, you impose;
 But since it is your pleasure to demand
 Why we your peaceful slumbers have invaded
 With cries above the storm—Simply 'tis this—
 Lucretia's dead—Bear with me for a while—

[Weeps.]

L. Jun. Lucretia dead!—

Col. There on that bier she sleeps
 Never again to wake; a beauteous flower,
 An innocent sweet rose, by the rude hand

Of violence pluckt up—Oh Gods, oh Gods!
 She was the mark and model of the time,
 The mould in which each female face was form'd
 To look like her; she was the very shrine
 And sacristy of virtue: every knee,
 Whilst the Gods went unworshipt, bent to her:
 You all can witness, when that she went forth
 It was a holiday in Rome; old age
 Forgot its crutch, labour its task, all ran,
 And mothers turning to their daughters cried—
 There, there's Lucretia! Give me, ye blest
 Powers,

A daughter like Lucretia, other boon
 I ask not, great Disposers!—

L. Jun. Under favour,
 You straggle from the point at which we stick.
 Speak of the manner of her death, so please you;
 Leave numb'ring her perfections, which we knew,
 And knew as numberless, as if you strove
 To sum up grain by grain the countless sand
 On the surf-beaten shore—These things to tell
 us

Argues no thrift of words.

1 Rom. Hear the fool, neighbours,
 How gravely he declaims—

2. Rom. And wisely too.

Since he hath been at Delphi he speaks oracles.

3 Rom. Can this be Lucius Junius?

1 Rom. List again!—

L. Jun. If Nature's hand hath cropt this early
 flower,

Why do we grieve? for it was Nature's giving;
 And these deep sobs wrung from your bleeding
 heart

She, your stern creditor, exacts as usance
 For her imparted loan. In one plain word,
 If she came fairly by her death, declare it,

And so dismiss us to our beds at once
From the night air—If not, proceed!

Col. Oh friends,

This night, this fatal night, from Ardea's walls
Wing'd with fond speed I came. I found her,
Romans,

Not deckt as she was wont with nuptial smiles,
Love's proper greeting, but transform'd with woe,
A spectacle to start from: On her cheek,
In place of rosy health, a turbid spot
Of livid purple burn'd, in her sunk eyes
Despair sate deep-engulph'd; rous'd at my cries
She rais'd her head, and in a voice once sweet
And tunable as young Apollo's lyre,
Now hoarse and crackt with horror, bade me fly,
Fly her polluted arms, which damned lust
And brutal violation had defil'd.

L. Jun. Hah! violation—Do we dwell in dens,
Caverns and rocks, or amongst men in Rome?
Lives he who wrong'd Lucretia? Speak; declare!

1 *Rom.* How steadily he questions!

2 *Rom.* Mark his eye,

What a new form he wears! Answer to Brutus.

Col. He lives who did the wrong.

L. Jun. Oh shame, shame, shame!

Romans, your courage sleeps. 'Tis not for nothing
The Thunderer keeps this coil above your heads.
Rise, snatch your arms, and you, much injur'd
Roman,

Give us to know the wretch, who dar'd defile
This lifeless innocent.

Col. Sextus Tarquinius.

L. Jun. To the moon, folly? Vengeance, I
embrace thee!

Col. Hah! 'tis the inspiration of the Gods
Speaks with thy organs. Can'st thou pardon, Brutus,
What in the phrenzy of my grief I utter'd?

L. Jun. I heeded not your phrenzy, nor your grief;

Your cause, your cause is all. How died Lucretia?

Col. By her own hand she died—

L. Jun. Heroic matron!

Col. Here is the dagger! On its bloody point
Her life's last drops yet hang—

L. Jun. Give me the dagger!

Come, let me grasp it—Hail, thou sacred wea-
pon,

Virtue's deliverer, hail!—With this sharp steel,
Empurpled with the purest blood on earth
I cut your chains of slavery asunder.

Hear, Romans, hear! did not the Sybil tell you,
A fool should set Rome free? I am that fool;
Brutus bids Rome be free.

Col. Oh glorious Brutus,
Thus let me press thee to my aching heart;
Thus weeping on thy neck adore the Gods,
Who have restor'd thee to avenge my wrongs,
And in my wrongs my country.

L. Jun. Peace; be still.
Think not to melt me by this woman's wailing.
No; one perpetual, one relentless frown
Shall sear up this fixt brow, nor shall my heart
E'er beat a peaceful measure, these rude locks
Feel the disposer's touch, till I have buried
This dagger in the lewd adulterer's heart.

1 *Rom.* Live, Brutus, valiant Brutus! Down
with Tarquin!

2 *Rom.* We'll have no Tarquins. We will have
a Brutus.

3 *Rom.* Let's to the Capitol, and shout for
Brutus.

L. Jun. I your king!
Brutus your king! no, fellow citizens,
If mad ambition in this guilty frame

Had strung one kingly fibre, yea but one,
By all the Gods, this dagger which I hold
Should rip it out, tho' it entwain'd my heart.

Val. Then I am with thee, noble, noble Brutus!
Brutus the new restor'd, Brutus by Sybil,
By Pythian prophetess foretold, shall lead us.

L. Jun. Now take the body up! Bear it be-
fore us
To Tarquin's palace; there we'll light our
torches,
And in the blazing conflagration rear
A pile for these chaste relics, that shall send
Her soul amongst the stars. On! Brutus leads
you.

ACT III.

A Court belonging to Tarquin's Palace. In the front a grand entrance, with folding Gates closed.

TULLIA with a Soldier.

Tul. Where is the prefect, who commands our guards?

Why don't you sally and disperse these rioters?

Sold. Madam, the insurgents have repuls'd your guard;

The western gate is forc'd; Flavius Corunna,
The captain of the watch, is kill'd amongst them.

Tul. Go, tell the carrion slaves if they persist
I'll have their heads upon the gates this night;
But if they'll come like sober citizens
At noon, the prætor shall redress their wrongs.

[Exit Soldier.]

SEXTUS enters.

Tul. You have done well, sir! was it not enough
To have your range through all our willing dames,
But you must stain an honourable bed,
And force our noblest matron?

Sex. What's my crime?

What have I done but what Rome's founder did?
Our Sabine mothers made not half this coil,
When by their lusty ravishers compell'd
They peopled Rome by rapes.

Tul. Lucretia's dead.

Sex. The more fool she to die for such a toy.

Tul. I tell thee, madman, thou hast torn by
the roots

Thy father's empire up. Where are thy senses?
Dost thou not see; canst thou not hear? All
Rome

Is up in arms and thundering at our gates
For just revenge.

Sex. Revenge!—Our slaves our masters?
Imperial Deities, revenge for slaves?
Give them the torture; send them to the Furies,
And let them learn revenge of those who teach it.

Roman Soldier returns.

Sold. All's lost! The palace is in flames; nor
threats,
Nor supplications move; the frantic throng
Madder than bacchanalians toss their brands
And spread the blaze around; they thirst for
blood,
Prince, for thy blood.

Sex. My blood! By father Mars,
They shall not buy a drop from out these veins,
But at a price shall make them rue the purchase.
[*Draws his sword and rushes out, followed by the
soldier.*

Tul. Gods! whither shall a frantic mother fly?
Accursed seige of Ardea! Oh, one cohort,
That I had here one cohort!—Tarquin, Tarquin,
Where art thou? save thy wife, thy son, thy city!
Ah! if amidst my legions I might fall,
Death were not then inglorious; but to perish
By the vile scum of Rome, hunted by dogs,
Baited to death by brawling base mechanics—
Shame insupportable!

TITUS enters.

Tit. What is this rage?

Whence are these rioters that storm your palace?

Tul. Rome as one man revolts. Heav'n guard our lives!

Why come you thus alone? Where is Tarquinia?

Tit. Lo, where she stands immovable, aghast, List'ning the shock. I do but fly for succour. Where is the prince; where's Sextus?

Tul. Where? Oh heavens!

His madness hath undone us. Where is Sextus? Perhaps ev'n now the barbarous ruffians hurl him

Alive into the flames, or piecemeal drag Along the streets his mangled trunk—

Tit. No more.

Let me go forth.

VITELLIUS meets and stops him.

Vit. Turn, noble Roman, turn;
Set not your life upon a desperate stake.
Fly, seize the moment, wretched queen, and fly!
Hark, they are at your gates! [*A shout.*

Tul. Is my son slain?

Vit. Furious he sprang upon the rabble throng,
And hew'd his desperate passage; but the time
Admits no further question—Save yourself!

Tul. I was not born to fly. Let the tide enter;
Let the vile rabble look upon the eyes
Of majesty, and tremble.

Vit. They are mad;

Nay, more than mad: 'Tis phrenzy multiplied,
When a fool leads them on.

Tul. Hah! say what fool?

Vit. Your new-nam'd fool, your Brutus.

Tit. Death! my father—

Tul. Oh Sybil! Oh my fate! Farewell to greatness!

I've heard my doom. 'Tis past.

Tit. Earth, earth inclose me!
Where shall I hide my shame?

Tul. Haste to Tarquinia.

If there be yet a spark of nature left
In thy stern father's bosom, call it forth,
And keep destruction off—

Tit. Or die defending. [*Exit.*

Tul. It comes, it bursts upon us—See! we fall,
*[The Gate is burst open, and a magnificent
edifice is discovered in flames.]*

We sink. Rome's glory moulders into ashes;
Round her gilt domes the serpent flames ascend
And hiss her to perdition. Open, earth,
Yawn to the pit of Acheron, and gulph
Me and mankind at once. Come, snaky Furies,
Lash us with fire from Pluto's hottest forge,
And desolation swallow all things up.

[Brutus is seen amidst the ruins with followers.]

Hah! art thou come? Do I behold thee, Brutus?
Horrid prediction! Fool, that art my fate;
[*He advances.*

Vulture of Caucasus, that gnaw'st my heart!
Barbarian, stop! what seek'st thou?

L Jun. Justice; vengeance.

Tul. Vengeance on whom?

L Jun. Thee and thy guilty race.

Lucretia's murder'd spirit will have vengeance:
A husband frantic with his wrongs, a father
Broken with grief and bending to his grave,
These and a suffering nation cry for justice.

Tul. Is this your justice? Look upon these
flames.

Have I deserv'd this? Hath your absent king?

L. Jun. Tarquins, we cast you from us. Where is Sextus?

Yield up your son and live.

Tul. Thou fool unnatural!

Senseless of soul, dost think I am that monster
To yield my son to thee? No, not for worlds;
Not for a thousand lives, had I so many;
Nor could I if I would: Thank'd be the Gods,
There lives of my brave race to crush thy treason,
Audacious rebel!

L. Jun. Seize the parricide!

[*They advance and surround her.*]

Tul. Avaunt! I am your queen.

L. Jun. They have no queen.

You reign no longer. In those fires you see
The funeral pile of royalty.

Tul. Away!

Give me a sword, and let me fall like Tullia.

L. Jun. No, we reserve our swords for nobler
uses

Than to make war with women: To the Tarquins,
To your adulterous son we leave that shame.

Tul. If then 'twill better sate thy cruelty,
Precipitate me quick into those flames,
And with the wreck of empire mix my ashes.

L. Jun. Nor that, nor other death expect from
us.

Take her to Rhæa's temple, take her hence,
And lodge her with her ancestors.

Tul. Ye Gods,

My father's sepulchre—I'll not approach it.

L. Jun. 'Twill furnish wholesome recollection.
Hence!

Tul. Not to that fatal place—send me not
thither.

L. Jun. 'Tis fixt.

Vit. Will Brutus hear an ancient friend?

L. Jun. Brutus will hear; but Brutus owns no friend,

That leagues not with him in the cause of justice.

Tul. Choose the most loathsome dungeon—
there confine me,

Or give me death instead. My heart recoils
Against that temple.

L. Jun. There, and only there,
By your dead father's tomb, you must abide
The judgment of the state.

Tul. Then by the Gods,
Whom for the last time I invoke, whose shrines
I've incens'd o'er and o'er, though now forsaken,
Now at my utmost need—Nor earth, nor air,
Nor the wide sea from its unbounded stores,
Shall minister support; if no means else
Of ready death present themselves, I'll starve;
No particle of food shall pass these lips,
Till, in the void of nature, hungry madness
With blank oblivion ent'ring shall confound
And cancel all perception—Now lead on!

[*Exeunt Tul. and Vit. with guards.*]

VALERIUS to BRUTUS.

L. Jun. Hail to my friend! smile not these
ruins on thee?

Val. Yes, Brutus; yet it is not in these fires,
The yells of dying wretches, nor the crash
Of falling palaces Valerius joys;
It is the day-spring of reviving freedom,
The dawn of brighter hopes that cheers my
bosom,

And makes these terrors pass away like clouds
Before the uprising sun.

L. Jun. For me, Valerius,
Come danger in what hideous shape it may,

Come death, I reckon not, so I may bequeath
 To my son's sons deliverance and redemption
 From the dire race of Tarquin. We have now
 Far overleapt discretion, and must swim
 To the glad shore, where beck'ning fortune stands,
 Or perish in the gulph wherein we've plung'd.

Val. Then let us on together, noble Brutus,
 And breast the torrent. Our assembled friends
 With Tarquin's spoils have rear'd a mighty pile
 For dead Lucretia. They expect our coming.

L. Jun. Proceed: I'll follow thee. [*Exit Val.*]

TITUS meets BRUTUS as he is going off.

Tit. Turn, Oh my father,
 And look upon thy son.

L. Jun. What wouldst thou? speak!

Tit. Yes, if amidst these horrors I can find
 Courage to give my agonies a voice.

L. Jun. No more of this—be brief and to the
 point.

Tit. If thou hast reason, oh, have mercy also!
 But if in madness thou hast done this deed—

L. Jun. I am not mad but as the lion is,
 When he breaks down the toils, that tyrant craft
 Hath spread to catch him. Think not we will
 suffer

These monsters to profane the air of heaven
 With their unholy breath. Is there a heart
 Within one Roman bosom does not pant
 With ardour to avenge Lucretia's death?

Tit. Justice demands atonement for the deed;
 But is this justice?

L. Jun. At the birth of freedom
 Frantic and wild are the first struggling throes,
 That cast the mighty embryo on the world:
 Cradled in blood the herculean infant lies,

Till with maturer years he casts the slough
 And film of imperfection ; Peace and justice
 And comely order welcome his approach,
 And loves and graces triumph in his train.

Tit. What mighty project labours in thy bosom?
 Horror pervades my soul.

L. Jun. The time is short,
 And other calls than nature's must be serv'd.
 There is some lurking passion at thy heart,
 Something which sets thy faculties at variance,
 And leaves but half a soul for Rome and me.
 Art thou my son ?

Tit. Be witness for me, nature,
 I am ; but, till the Gods restor'd thy reason,
 I was an orphan with a living father—

L. Jun. Go on ; confess thy weakness and
 dismiss it.

Tit. 'Twas in the sleep of my dear father's
 reason,
 When Tarquin's freedman in a saucy mood
 Vented vile jests at thy unhappy weakness,
 Stung to the quick, I snatch'd a weapon up
 And fell'd him to my foot.

L. Jun. Why, 'twas well done.
 The knave was saucy and you slew him—On !

Tit. 'Twas on this very spot Tarquinia stood,
 And when her wrathful father had denounc'd
 Immediate death on this my filial act,
 She, with the tongue of interceding pity,
 And tears that stream'd in concert with her suit,
 Implor'd, prevail'd, and gave me life—and love.

L. Jun. 'Tis well ! behold, I give her life for life :
 Rome may be free altho' Tarquinia lives.
 This I concede ; but more if thou attemptest,
 If, in dishonour of my great design,
 Mine and thy fame thou damn'st at this great
 hour

With any boyish weakness—if thou waverest —
 By all the Gods !—Nay, if thou dost not take
 Her image, tho' with smiling Cupids deck'd,
 And pluck it from thy heart, there to receive
 Rome and her glories in without a rival,
 Thou art no son of mine, thou art no Roman—
 Nay, mark me, Titus !—thou art lost—thou'rt
 dead. [Exit.

Tit. Where is that power in nature, that can
 pluck

Her image from my bosom? Can the voice
 Of a descended God command it from me?
 It cannot be: these horrors that surround me,
 This awful interdiction, the dread frown
 Of a stern father, now transform'd from less
 To more than man, all, all in vain conspire
 To tear away her chains; a look, a word,
 The gentlest breath, that whispers to my ear
 The music of her voice, enslaves my sense,
 And charms down all resistance. Hah! she
 comes,

And sorrowing comes—Had I not love enough
 Without the aid of pity to augment it?
 Fatally sad she looks—

TARQUINIA enters.

Tarquinia, speak!

Speak, thou too beauteous mourner!

Tar. I attend

To know if this sad crisis will decide
 For truth or treason; if the son of Brutus
 Will take me to his pity and protection,
 Or stab with perfidy the heart that loves him.

Tit. Cruel suspicion! Do my eyes inspire
 Thoughts of such horror? beam they not upon
 thee

Unutterable fondness? Oh! thou dear one,
I live but to preserve thee.

Tar. To what end

Am I preserv'd? I will not breathe the air
That rank rebellion taints, nor live one hour
Longer than Tarquin's daughter ought to live.

Tit. Banish these gloomy thoughts: dear to
my soul

Your honour as your person. You are free:
I have my father's sanction for your safety.

Tar. Insolent sanction! Thou should'st not
have ask'd

My life of Brutus.

Tit. Not have ask'd thy life?

Say rather I should not have been his son:
But 'twas the will of nature, and has made me
So hateful to thee, thou would'st sooner die
Than live in safety, at my suit preserv'd.

Tar. I scorn a life that is preserv'd by Brutus;
I scorn to outlive parents, brothers, friends,
And stand like some lone column in a desert,
Pointing where late a princely city rose.
No; I'll not live a solitary relict,
A walking pageant to swell out the train
Of some proud demagogue, whom I must thank
For charitable air; I'll die with those
Whom this dire night hath murder'd.

Tit. Who are murder'd?

Whom hath the sword of Brutus slain? Not one
Of all thy kindred--

Tar. Say'st thou? Lives my mother?

Tit. She lives—and Sextus, even he escapes
The storm, which he has rais'd, and flies to
Ardea.

Tar. Speed him, ye winds, with eagle swift-
ness thither!

And may those thunders, that now shake the walls

Of tottering Ardea, like a whirlwind burst
 On this devoted city, whelm its towers,
 And crush the traitorous hive beneath their
 ruins.

Now, Titus, where is now thy promis'd faith?
 Did'st thou not swear no dangers should divide
 us?

Tit. I did; and, constant to my oath, behold me
 Thy faithful guardian in this night of terrors.

Tar. Be still my guardian; snatch me from
 these terrors,
 Bear me to Ardea, be the friend of nature,
 And give the rescued daughter to the arms
 Of her protecting parent; thus you gain
 The praise of men, the blessing of the Gods,
 And all that honour, all that love can grant.

VALERIUS enters.

Val. Hah! art thou found? Hear me, thou
 son of Brutus!

I come to thee at thy great father's bidding—
 Hear and obey! He wills thee to repair
 To Mars's fane, where Rome's chief citizens
 Assemble, to elect the public Guardians
 Of peace and justice. How shall I report?

Tit. Say, when the son of Brutus hath obey'd
 The calls of mercy, he'll attend on those
 Of justice and his father.

Val. Hah! no more?

Tit. Valerius, I well know, would not exact
 From his own son other reply than this.

Val. Beware! remember as a friend I've
 warn'd you. *[Exit.*

Tit. Oh my distracted heart! where shall I
 turn me?

Tar. By all the guardian deities, whose shrines

I've incens'd daily for thy sake, my Titus ;
 By all the demons, who prepare the heart
 To rush upon the self-destroying stroke,
 The same dire moment, which gives thee to
 Brutus,
 Gives me to death.

Tit. Oh thought of horror ! Gods,
 Can ye inflict distress deeper than mine?

Tar. Why do you waver ? Cast away this
 weakness ;
 Be glorious in your cruelty, and leave me.
 Lo ! I am arm'd—Farewell !—How I have lov'd
 you

My death shall witness, how you have deceiv'd me
 Let your own conscience tell. Now to your
 father !

Now go and mingle with those murderers ;
 Go, teach those fiends what perjury can do,
 And shew your hands bath'd in Tarquinia's blood ;
 The filial deed shall welcome you to Brutus,
 And fill his gloomy soul with savage joy.

Tit. Take, take me hence for ever ! Let me
 lose

In these dear arms the very name of son,
 All claims of nature, every sense but love.

Tar. The Gods that guard the majesty of
 Rome,
 And that sweet Power, whose influence turns
 thy heart
 To pity and compliance, shall reward
 And bless thee for the deed.

Tit. Can he be blest
 On whom a father's direful curse shall fall ?—

Tar. A madman's imprecation is no curse.

Tit. Can he have peaceful dreams, whose very
 blood

Against the fountain of his life rebels ?

Oh! I have heard a voice, I have beheld
A countenance so awfully severe,
'Twill never from my memory.

Tar. Be a man!

Tit. Yes, whilst thy love upholds me I can
stand

Against the world's contempt; remember only
For whose dear sake I am undone; remember
My heart was honour's once.

Tar. And shall be ever.

Come, I will shew thee where bright honour
grows,
Where thou shalt pluck it from the topmost
branch,
And wear it in its freshest fairest bloom.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

A Street in Rome with the Temple of Mars in view.

The SYBIL.

Hail, Rome! arise, thou mistress of the world!
 From her Cumean cavern once again
 The Sybil hails thee with prophetic voice.
 Tarquin, the seventh and the last of kings,
 Pass off, begone! The fool, the fool expels thee.
 Thus, thus I cast a spell into the air—

Lo! the charm works; the sun himself is sick,
 And dimly glimmers through a lurid cloud.
 The Fates will have more blood. Hide, hide thine
 eyes,

Oh mother Nature; weep thyself to water,
 Ere the terrific vision bursts upon thee,
 And the stern father dooms his son to death—
 Oh justice, horrible to human feelings!—
 And now behold! the father falls—he dies—
 Brutus himself expires—Th' adulterous prince
 And the fierce consul meet, they fight, they fall—
 See where they lie! their broken arteries spout,
 And the parcht earth drinks up their mingling
 blood.

And you, ye senators in Mars's fane,
 First-born of freedom, here assembled, hail!
 From farthest Ganges to the western isles
 Your's is the world. Prepare your necks, ye
 nations,
 Stoop to the yoke—The Sybil's word is fate.

[*Exit.*

VALERIUS *with a Centurion*—LUCRETIUS *meets him.*

Lucre. Hail, venerable Roman ! are the people
Still sitting in assembly ?

Val. They have chosen
A senate of the prime nobility,
And nominated Consuls for the year
Great Brutus and thy injur'd son-in-law,
With every office, form and ordination,
That constitute a state for peace or war.

Lucre. Prais'd be the Gods ! sorrowing I have
inurn'd
Lucretia's chaste remains, and from her ashes
Now see the phoenix liberty arise.

What more hath life to give ?

Val. Live for thy country.
Within this temple Rome's first senate meets :
There, on the awful stage where wisdom acts,
Reverend with years, Lucretius will complete
And round the sacred circle.

Lucre. Ah, Valerius,
What can a sorrow-broken heart conceive
Worthy of Rome and Brutus ? Yet I'll enter.
Wilt thou not lead the way ?

Val. Some business waits me,
Which being dispatch'd I'll follow—[*Exit Lucre.*
Now, Centurion,

Are all things well ?

Cent. All things are well. Last night
It was my fortune on the watch to encounter,
And with some loss to take an armed band
Of citizens, revolting to the army
Of your dethroned tyrant.

Val. Call forth Brutus,

Call forth the Consul, Lictors !

[*Lictors enter the temple.*

'Tis to Brutus,

His Country's father, you must make report.

Oh shame ! that any should be found so lost

To glory. Where have you bestow'd your pri-
soners ?

But hark ! the Consul comes—To him your answer
Will be address'd more fitly.

*BRUTUS comes forth preceded by his Lictors bearing
the fasces.*

Health to Brutus !

Shame and confusion to the foes of Rome !

Now without preface, soldier, to your business.

Cent. As I kept watch before the Latian gate,
Ere break of day, an armed company
Burst on a sudden through the barrier guard,
Pushing their course for Ardea. Straight alarm'd
I wheel'd my cohort round and charg'd them home :
Sharp was the conflict for a time and doubtful,
Till, on the seizure of Tarquinia's person,
A young patrician—

L. Jun. Hah ! patrician ?

Cent. Such

His dress bespoke him, though to me unknown.

L. Jun. Proceed !—What more ?

Cent. The lady being taken,
This youth, the life and leader of the band,
His sword high waving in the act to strike,
Dropt his uplifted weapon, and at once
Yielded himself my pris'ner— Oh Valerius,
What is amiss that thus the Consul changes ?

L. Jun. Why do you pause ? Go on !

Cent. Their leader seiz'd,

The rest surrender'd. Him a settled gloom
 Possesses wholly, nor as I believe
 Hath a word pass'd his lips; to all my questions
 Still obstinately shut.

L. Jun. Set him before me. [*Exit Centurion.*]

Val. Oh! my brave friend, horror invades my
 heart.

L. Jun. Peace, peace! contain thyself.

Val. I know thy soul

A compound of all excellence, and pray
 The mighty Gods to put thee to no trial
 Beyond a mortal bearing.

L. Jun. No, they will not—

Nay, be secure they cannot. Prithee, friend,
 Look out, and if the worst that can befall me
 Be verified, turn back and give some sign
 What thou hast seen—Thou canst excuse this
 weakness,

Being thyself a father. [*Val. gives the sign.*
 Hah! enough:

I understand thee—Since it must be so,
 Do your great pleasure, Gods! Now, now it
 comes!

[*Titus and Tarquinia are brought in guarded.*]

Tit. My father! Give me present death, ye
 Powers!

Cent. What have I done? Art thou the son
 of Brutus?

Tit. No, Brutus scorns to father such a son.
 Oh! venerable judge, wilt thou not speak?
 Turn not away; hither direct thine eyes,
 And look upon this sorrow-smitten form,
 Then to thine own great heart remit my plea,
 And doom as nature dictates.

Val. Peace, you'll anger him—

Be silent and await! Oh suffering mercy,
 Plead in a father's heart and speak for nature!

Tar. Oh, earth, earth, earth! if in thy bound-
 less stores,
 Parent of all things living, thou hast treasur'd
 One healing drop of mercy, on the heart
 Of this relentless father let it fall,
 And melt the rock within him. Turn him, Gods,
 Turn him to what yourselves delight in most,
 To pity, to forgiveness. Ye blest stars,
 Whom grateful mortals rais'd to the bright
 spheres
 In which ye shine, and gave you names in
 Heaven,
 Mildly benignant as ye are, ye will not
 Withhold your influence: And thou, changeful
 moon,
 Thou, that can'st sway our senses at thy will,
 Make wisdom foolish, and make folly wise,
 Oh, virgin Goddess, as thou hast restor'd
 The long-lost mind of Brutus, touch it now
 With mercy mild as thine own silver beams!

*[Brutus turns away from his son, waves his hand to
 the Centurion as a signal to remove him to a
 further distance, and then addresses himself to
 Valerius.]*

L. Jun. Valerius!—

Val. What would'st thou, noble Roman?

L. Jun. 'Tis said thou hast pull'd down thine
 house, Valerius,

The stately pile that with such cost was rear'd.

Val. I have, but what doth Brutus thence
 infer?

L. Jun. It was a goodly structure: I remember
 How fondly you survey'd its rising grandeur,
 With what a fatherly delight you summon'd
 Each grace and ornament, that might enrich
 The child of your creation, till it swell'd
 To an imperial size, and overpeer'd

The petty citizens, that humbly dwelt
 Under its lofty walls in huts and hovels,
 Like emmets at the foot of tow'ring Ætna:
 Then, noble Roman, then with patriot zeal,
 Dear as it was and valued, you condemn'd,
 You levell'd the proud pile; and in return
 Was by your grateful countrymen surnam'd,
 And shall to all posterity descend—
 Poplicola.

Val. Yes, Brutus, I conceive
 The awful aim and drift of thy discourse,
 But I conjure thee to reflect—

L. Jun. Away!

Doth no one but Valerius love his country
 Dearer than house, or property, or children?
 Come to the Senate, there thou'lt see if Brutus
 Earn not a name as glorious as Poplicola.
 Soldier, meanwhile guard faithfully your pris'ner;
 The Senate will determine on his fate. [*Going.*]

Tar. Stop, turn and hear the daughter of your
 king!

I speak for justice—mercy thou hast none.
 If it be treason in a night like this,
 When Tarquin's palace blazes to the skies,
 And you, the masters and the lords of Rome,
 Bid murder scour the streets—if then to fly,
 When you have fir'd the roof upon the heads
 Of undefended women, be a crime
 To your new state and self-created Senate,
 I am your criminal; single in guilt,
 Singly I claim your judgment—

L. Jun. You have said:

Here let your plea conclude.

Tar. For him—your son—

By tears, entreaties, by the threats of death,
 With dagger drawn and pointed at my heart,
 By the resistless energy of love,

By gratitude's strong call, I drew him off
 From your stern summons to defend and save
 A helpless fugitive—And doth there live,
 Who calls himself a man, that had done less
 For a fond woman? I preserv'd his life,
 Who shall condemn him for protecting mine?

L. Jun. We try the crime; the motive Heav'n
 will judge.

My honour he hath stabb'd—I pardon that.
 He hath done more, he hath betray'd his coun-
 try—

That is a crime which every honest heart,
 That beats for freedom, every Roman feels,
 And the full stream of justice must have way.

Tar. Because thy soul was never sway'd by
 love

Can'st thou not credit what his bosom felt?

L. Jun. I can believe that beauty such as
 thine

May spread a thousand fascinating snares
 To lure the wavering and confound the weak;
 But what is honour, which a sigh can shake?
 What is his virtue, whom a tear can melt?
 Truth, valour, justice, constancy of soul—
 These are the attributes of manly natures:
 Be woman e'er so beauteous, man was made
 For nobler uses than to be her slave.

Tar. A glorious cause no doubt you take in
 hand,

And most auspiciously your freedom dawns,
 Hard, unrelenting man! Are these the fruits
 Of filial piety, and hath thy son
 Wearied the Gods with prayers, till they restor'd
 A mind, and gave thee reason? Would to Hea-
 ven,
 They'd giv'n thee mercy too! 'twould more
 become thee

Than these new ensigns, Brutus; more than all
Thy lictors, haughty Consul, or thy robes
Dipt in the blood—oh horror!—of a son—

L. Jun. No more—By all the Gods, I'll hear
no more.

Tit. A word for pity's sake—Before thy feet,
Humbled in soul, thy son and prisoner kneels.
Love is my plea; a father is my judge;
Nature my advocate—I can no more:
If these will not appease a parent's heart,
Strike thro' them all, and lodge your vengeance
here.

L. Jun. Break off! I will not, cannot hear
thee further.

The affliction nature hath impos'd on Brutus,
Brutus will suffer as he may—Enough
That we enlarge Tarquinia: Go, be free!
But go from Rome, go to your father's court;
There your bright eyes may play their harmless
fires

Around the flattering circle, here your beauty
With mortal anguish wrings the parent's heart,
And death and ruin ambush in your smiles.
Lictors, secure your prisoner; point your axes,
And follow to the temple: For the lady,
Be it your care, Centurion, to provide
Safe conduct out of Rome.—Now to the Senate.

[*Exit.*

Val. Ill-fated youth, I have a father's heart
Within this breast, that melts at your contrition,
And fain would be your advocate with Brutus,
Yet trembles at the rigour of his justice.
Be patient, and in nature place your hope. [*Exit.*

Cent. Come, lady, you must part.

Tar. Part! must we part?

You shall not tear him from me; I will die
Embracing the sad ruin I have made.

Cent. You've heard the Consul.

Tar. Thou hast heard the King,
Fought for him whilst he led you on to conquest.
Thou art a soldier, and should'st spurn an office,
Which malefactors, tho' condemn'd for murder,
Would rather die by torture than perform.

Tit. Hear, I conjure thee, hear! If thou dost
wish
That I should meet the peril of my fate
With any manly firmness, or dost cherish
A hope, how faint soe'er, that I should 'scape it,
By that hope I conjure thee to accord
To Brutus, and accept his promis'd safeguard.
Your words, your looks, your beauty feeds his
wrath;
In that fair face he reads my guilty love,
And pity flies his heart; let passion pause;
Leave me to solitude, to silence leave me;
Then nature's gentlest whispers may be heard.

Tar. Say'st thou? Conduct me to the dreariest
waste.
That ever melancholy madness trod,
And let my swelling heart in silence burst;
Plunge me in darkneis, shroud this fatal form
In everlasting night, I am content.
Lo! I obey—This is the test of love;
This is the sacrifice—I part to save thee.

Tit. See, I am warn'd—farewell, my life's last
joy!

When my eyes lose thy image, they may look
On death without dismay. To those blest
Powers,

Who gave thee every virtue, every grace,
That can ensure perfection, I commit thee.

[*Exit with Lictors.*

Tar. 'Tis past! Now, misery, I am all thine
own. [Exit with Centurion.

Scene changes.

*The Temple of Rhæa with the tomb of Servius Tullus,
late King of Rome. Lamps burning.*

Priestess of Rhæa, Virgins of the Temple.

Priest. Daughters of Rhæa; since the lords of
Rome

Have to your holy hands consign'd the charge
Of their now captive queen, inform your priestess
How your sad prisoner abides her durance.
Is her great soul yet humbled, or indignant
Doth it still breathe defiance and contempt?

1 *Virg.* Sullen and silent she resolves on death:
She will not taste of nourishment.

Priest. Alas!—

I cannot doubt but you have urg'd her to it.

1 *Virg.* Much, but to none effect—Lo! here
are viands— [Pointing to a table.

All means have been attempted—See, she comes!

TULLIA enters.

Tul. When the breath stops, the body shall
have peace;

But who can tell me where the soul shall go?
Which of you, virgins, can resolve that question?

Priest. I pray you, royal lady, be entreated
To take some nourishment.

Tul. I tell you no.

The wants of nature are below my thoughts:
I am myself a spirit; I live on air,
And meditation is my proper diet.

Priest. Think what a train of weary hours
have pass'd
Since you had taste of food.

Tul. 'Tis well! so many
Being gone by, the fewer are to come.

Priest. If it were only in regard of us,
Not of yourself, consent.

Tul. Kind-hearted souls!
Carry your trenchers to the hungry cells
Of starving debtors, so your charity,
Wasted on me, shall cheer a thankful heart.

Priest. How can you live to meet your royal
 husband,
To fold your children in your arms again,
If you resist support?

Tul. Hah! well remember'd—
What news from Ardea? Will he march for Rome?
Hark! do you hear his trumpet? Is he coming?
Uncover!—This is hope, and worth the feeding—
What have you done? Oh, this is luxury.
Methinks you take me for a queen, when thus
You tempt my palate. Who serv'd in these
 dainties?

Priest. Your willing ministers, the sisterhood
Of your own Goddess Rhæa.

Tul. Why 'tis well.
But doth your king know of this bounty, virgins?

Priest. What king? We comprehend you not.

Tul. What king?
Brutus, the king of Rome. Knows he of this?

Priest. What shall we say? Yes, Brutus knows
 of this.

Tul. And would he I should eat?

Priest. He would.

Tul. Amazement!
Doth he not wish my death?

Priest. By these means never:
He wills you to support life's fainting frame
With all due nourishment.

Tul. Merciful villain!

Detested be the nourishment he gives !
 All food he touches turn to poison, Gods,
 Though it lay waste creation. Subtle traitor !
 Yes, he would have me live to page his triumphs :
 I know the utmost of his mercy—No ;
 I will not live ; I will not page his triumphs ;
 I'll starve, I'll die the death—Bear off your viands ;
 I will not taste, though immortality
 Were grafted to each atom—Take them hence !

Priest. If such be your resolve, let the crime fall
 On your own head ! We are free.

Tul. Hark, what is that ?

Heard you that groan ?

Priest. It is your fancy's coinage ;
 We heard no groan.

Tul. Again !—'Tis deep and hollow :
 It issues from the vault—Set the door open !
 Unbar it, I command you. By the Gods,
 The voice is more than human which I hear—
 Open, I say !

Priest. It is your father's tomb.

Tul. My father ! righteous Gods, I kill'd my
 father,
 And these deep groans are his. Daughters of Rhæa,
 Have you not heard the parricidal act ?
 Was it not told you how I drove my steeds
 Spangled with blood across my father's trunk,
 Dragging his breathing carcass at my wheels ?
 Yes, I did this—I was the wretch who did it ;
 I did not think of heaven and heavenly justice,
 Ambition was my God—Now, now it comes—
 Horrible retribution !

Priest. Wretched daughter,
 If thou hast done this deed, prepare thy spirit
 By wholesome meditation for atonement,
 And let no passion interrupt the task
 Of penitence and prayer.

Tul. I'll pray no more.

There is no mercy in the skies for murder,
Therefore no praying, none; 'tis all in vain:
I have a plea for my impenitence—
Madness: I tell thee, woman, I am mad;
These groans have made me mad; all the night
through

They howl'd distraction to my sleepless brain.
You've shut me up with Furies to torment me,
And starv'd me into madness. I am famish'd;
Hunger hath made me furious—Oh, some food—
For charity some food!

Priest. Behold 'tis here!

'Tis at your lips, and courts you to receive it.

Tul. 'Tis false! it is no food; 'tis all a cheat
Invented to torment me; should I taste
Or touch it only, instantly your spirits
Would howl and hiss me into worse perdition
Than hell hath yet a name for—I'll go forth—
Ah no, I'm giddy—Sick to death and giddy—
Sleep, sleep, relieve me! Lead me to the couch.

[*They lead her to a Couch on which she reclines.*]

Priest. A sleep which is death's prelude falls
upon her;
Or is it death itself? She breathes. How awful
Is that still pause the ling'ring spirit makes
Before it wings its flight! Mark, virgins, mark!
Now to the altar of your Goddess Rhæa,
And there with expiatory hymns and prayers
Invoke a requiem to her parting soul.

[*Exeunt Priestess and Virgins.*]

*Solemn Music at a distance. When it ceases, the
SYBIL appears.*

Syb. Sleep'st thou, detested parricide? Sleep
on!

Though wasted Nature slumbers, conscience
wakes,
And the grim Furies haunt thy soul with dreams,
Worse than thy waking terrors. See, she shakes!
Death's pangs convulse her heart. Yet, ere she
die,

By dread commission from the avenging Fates
I must command this stony vault to open,
And give its miserable relics up.

Come forth, thou phantom of a murder'd king,
And look upon thy daughter!—Hah! 'tis here!

[Ghost of Servius Tullus comes forth.]

Wake, impious daughter, and behold thy father!

[Tullia starts out of sleep.]

Tul. Strike me, great Gods, oh, strike me with
your bolts!

What do I see?—'Tis he; it is my Father!

Do I yet live?—Am I awake?—Begone!

Wilt thou not hence? Take off thine eyes; they
kill me.

Nay, then 'tis done—Earth, earth, receive and
hide me. *[She falls to the ground and expires.]*

Syb. Hence, shadowy terror, hence! The
fates dismiss thee.

Death strikes his victim, and my task concludes.

[Curtain falls.]

ACT V.

The interior of the temple of Mars. Brutus seated in the Consular chair. Titus is brought in by the Lictors with their axes turn'd edge-ways towards him: At a signal from Brutus they withdraw. Titus approaches his father.

L. Jun. Prisoner, approach, we now forego
the names

Of son and father, sad exchange! to meet
As criminal and judge. Nay, do not kneel!
Man doth not owe to man such low submission.

Tit. But guilt to virtue doth; repentance owes
Prostration to the Gods, and thou, oh Brutus,
Art like a God on earth. Not to Rome's Consul,
But Rome's deliverer, bend I the knee.

L. Jun. Stand up and hear me. 'Tis a dread
commission

I now must open—Traitors, who conspire
Against mature societies, may urge
Their acts as bold and daring; and, tho' villains,
Yet are they manly villains—But to stab
The cradled innocent as thou hast done,
To strike thy country in the mother-pangs
Of struggling child-birth, and direct thy dagger
To freedom's infant throat, is deed so black,
That my foil'd tongue refuses it a name.

Tit. Let me supply it—Death.

L. Jun. Oh Gods, oh Gods!

Tit. Nay, do not shrink; I am not yet so far
Apostate from my great original,
As to survive disgrace.

L. Jun. Thou hast pronounc'd

The fatal word that Justice must decree—
 Hard word, and painful for a father's tongue—
 Thou art my son.

Tit. No, I have lost the name.

I was thy son, and had my father deem'd me
 Worthy to share his thoughts, had I but known
 The secret of his heart, I had devoted
 My soul to honour and escap'd this ruin.

L. Jun. Ah, Titus, 'twas because I mark'd your
 weakness;

You were a courtly, young, ambitious lover,
 The friend of Sextus, and I fear'd to trust you.

Tit. Wisely you acted for the general good:
 Had I deceiv'd you Rome had lost a father,
 Now losing me she has little to lament.

L. Jun. Justice demands that I should wield
 her sword

With an impartial hand: whom can I strike,
 If I should spare my son? But when I make
 This sacrifice to justice, it is not
 That Brutus feels less than a father feels,
 But that he does all that a Roman should.
 And now 'tis past—Go—

Tit. Whither?

L. Jun. Must I add
 To public execution?

Tit. Say not that:
 Shall thy son suffer like a common felon?

L. Jun. How else do traitors suffer?

Tit. Shameful fate!

My head struck off, and my disjointed limbs—

L. Jun. Stop! —What hast thou to urge? If
 thou hast aught,
 Rigour admits that I should hear the plea.
 Speak!

Tit. I had once a hope—

L. Jun. What was thy hope?

Tit. That I might fall as noble Romans fall,
By my own sword.

L. Jun. Let me reflect!—Away!
It is the trick and sophistry of mercy;
It mocks at justice and defrauds the law.

Tit. Nor law nor justice should have more
than life,
And with the body kill the spirit too.
I have a weapon here, a bosom friend,
That could have marshall'd me a secret road,
Without a father's privilege, to death;
But I resolv'd the wond'ring world should see
The unshaken firmness of a patriot's soul:
And, careful of thy fame, reserv'd the blow,
Till at thy feet I might receive my doom,
And, dying, float them with my filial blood.

L. Jun. Stop thy rash hand! Give me some
pause for thought!
Put back thy weapon—Oh! that I could find
Some course to satisfy my country's honour,
And save thy forfeit life!—but 'twill not be.
Yet I will grant thy pray'r—A shameful death
Thou shalt not suffer. In the public square
Before the people—Oh support me, Gods!—
Give me a voice to speak!—Thou must ascend
The scaffold there prepar'd; then in the view
Of Rome's appeas'd citizens, then, Titus—
Strike at thy heart.

Tit. Upon my knees I thank thee!
Thus let me press thy venerable hand,
And print my life's last gratitude upon it!

L. Jun. Arise, arise! You come too near my
heart.

Tit. What signal shall there be when I may
strike?

L. Jun. When I come forth, and from the
temple porch

Hold up my hand, then—need I add the rest?
Remember!

Tit. Righteously.

L. Jun. Farewell for ever!

Lictors, attend! conduct your prisoner forth;
And, whilst you march with slow and solemn
step,

Let the funereal minstrels, as they are wont,
Sound their sad prelude to the mournful act.

*[Titus is carried out by the Lictors; a dead march,
which gradually dies away as it becomes more
distant. Brutus remains seated in a melancholy
posture on his tribunal.]*

L. Jun. *[rising.]* How heavily these melan-
choly sounds

Ring out the knell of death; and now they
cease—

Thy pilgrimage, poor youth, is at an end:

A few sad steps have brought thee to the brink
Of that tremendous precipice, whose depth
No thought of man can fathom. Now thou stand'st

Upon thy grave with sorrow-smitten eye,

And dagger underneath thy mantle grasp'd,

Watching my signal—Now vindictive justice

Bids me go forth—This silence is my summons.

Hard, hard condition mine! Limbs, bear me up

Against this shock of nature, to support

The dreadful office, which the Gods impose

On me their trembling minister, whose heart

They should have cas'd in marble; and made dead

To human feelings, ere they bade me meet

A spectacle, that harrows up the soul

With terror and dismay—There lies the road

That I must take—One effort, and 'tis past. *[Exit.]*

*[Whilst Brutus is off the Stage, a deep and
distant groan is heard, and he re-enters
the temple in great agitation.]*

BRUTUS *re-enters.*

Oh agonizing sight!—The deed is done :
Justice is satisfied ; my son expires.

VALERIUS *to* BRUTUS.

Val. My friend, where art thou ? Let my arms
enfold

And comfort thy brave heart ; let me partake
Thy manly sorrows : Brutus is not childless ;
Each grateful Roman henceforth is thy son.

L. Jun. Come, gallant friend, it were not fit
you knew

What passes here ; for you and I must act
Like men in whom the common herd can spy
No gust nor flaw of passion, to unstring
The nerves that now should brace them to the
pitch :

This is no time for wailing and lamenting ;
Tarquin will march for Rome—for, do him right,
The man is no mean soldier.

Val. We must shape
Our measures to like promptitude with his :
Great enterprizes only are achiev'd
By great and noble darings. We must face
The peril of the attempt, as men resolv'd
To conquer or to die.

L. Jun. Ah my brave friend,
Were life as stale and wearisome to all
As 'tis to Brutus, we should entertain
War as a mistress ; where the battle burns
There we should throng, there we should choak
their ranks

With piles of slain and torrents of our blood,
And welcome victory in the arms of death.

COLLATINUS *the Consul, with Senators and others,*
who support TITUS.

Col. Consul, behold thy son! a few short
moments

Are left of life, and 'tis his last request,
That at thy feet he may have leave to die.

L. Jun. And have I no friend left to strike a
sword

For very charity into this heart?

Why do you heap these agonies upon me,
And call me Consul? Who will watch for Rome,
When you have kill'd your centinel? — Ap-
proach,

Thou bleeding ruin, thou last mangled wreck
Of all my joys, that were embark'd with thee;
And perish'd in the surge, that was thy grave.
Can'st thou speak to me?

Tit. Venerable judge,
Father of Rome and freedom, may this blood,
By thy commandment spilt, wash out my crime.
And shall this heart, before its pulses stop,
Be blest with thy forgiveness?

L. Jun. All the peace
That my forgiveness can bestow I grant;
The Gods will give the rest: in this sad heart
No record will remain of thy offence;
Thy punishment hath cancell'd that, and now
Nought but thy early virtues, the fair promise
Of my fond hopes, all blasted in the bud,
Shall dwell in my remembrance—Hah! he dies!
Support him in your arms—The quivering lids
Close on his sightless eyes: convulsion tears
His laboring heart; it rises to his throat—
He gasps, he writhes in anguish—he expires!

[*Titus falls into the arms of the people.*]

Val. Bear him away! quench not the light of Rome,
That yet survives in Brutus. Valiant Consul,
Great above men in sorrows as in soul,
Rouse from the meditation on this scene,
And cheer thy drooping friends.

L. Jun. Approach, my friends,
Ye that are fathers, and be taught by me
To reverence justice. Mark if I bestow
One tear upon the dead. I'll not embalm
His body with the brine which hirelings shed,
To trick their funerals forth with purchas'd woe:
If I make salt this earth, 'twill be with blood,
The blood of Tarquins, hot libidinous blood,
Not with weak women's tears; let grief stand off,
Till nobler guests are serv'd.

Centurion enters.

Cent. Health to the Consul!
The king draws down his powers upon your town.
As with Tarquinia I was on my way,
Our party by a cohort in the van
Of the main army was constrain'd to halt,
And question'd of our purpose: This explain'd,
Sextus Tarquinius, arm'd from heel to head,
Rode forth and bade me render up to him
The lady under guard; I did—When he,
Their greeting past, dismiss'd me with these
words—

This courtesy, said he, which I accept
From your revolting masters as a pledge
Of their return to duty, hath so far
Unedg'd my sword, that I will come to Rome
Prepar'd to treat of peace and composition,
And, ere I strike, to hear—

L. Jun. Arm, warriors, arm!

Put not your faith in Tarquins; if they treat,
 'Tis only when they tremble. Friends, go forth,
 Marshal our city's force without the walls,
 And let our trumpets answer to their tongues,
 When they would parley. Sound out an alarm!
 [*Trumpets. Brutus, Collatinus, &c. exeunt.*]

Manent VALERIUS and Centurion.

Cent. Noble Valerius, may I crave your ear
 To a few words apart?

Val. Speak and be brief.

Cent. If Brutus may be wrought to interchange
 A hostage with the king, I have the word
 Of Tarquin's daughter for a peaceful truce,
 With pardon and redress of all that's past.

Val. What hostage would the king demand of
 Brutus?

Cent. Titus his son, whom in a luckless hour
 I made my prisoner—Hah! you shake your head:
 Is there no hope he will be mov'd to staunch
 The blood, that else in torrents must be spilt?

Val. Titus is dead.

Cent. Then, Discord, to thy work!
 The sword is out—We conquer or we die. [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene without the walls of Rome. Trumpet sounds
 a parley. Brutus, follow'd by Valerius and other
 armed Romans.*

L. Jun. Look out, and say what company is
 that

Whose trumpet sounds a parley—By the Gods,
 I will not trust these Tarquins with the hearing.
 No other conference shall they hold with Brutus
 Than shield to shield and sword oppos'd to sword,

Amid the din of battle. Good Valerius,
Advance and stop these parleyers—

TARQUINIA *with* VITELLIUS *and others.*

Tar. Where is Brutus;
Where is the Consul?—Oh, redeem the time,
Save your devoted town, your children, wives,
Your altars from destruction! In my hand
I hold the sacred instrument of peace,
Stamp'd with the royal signet to assure
The credit of the deed. If you have wrongs,
Here's that will heal your wrongs; if doubts or
fears,
Here's evidence to make suspicion blush.
Scorn not this embassy because I bear it,
Who than a woman fitter to assuage
The angry feuds of men, and into love
Convert your hatred?

L. Jun. Messenger more fair
Your father could not send, I do admit;
But holding no allegiance to the sender,
And resolute to cast our tyrant off,
We pray you to avoid so rude a brawl,
As needs will follow, when our noisy trumpets
Charge to the onset and bray out for battle.

Tar. If you reject us in the fond belief
That fear provokes this embassy, look out
And scan your danger well, ere you defy it.
Will you not hear me, Brutus? In one word
The truce is seal'd. Give up your son a hostage,
And I, the daughter of a king, commit
My life into your keeping.

L. Jun. That we gave you
When both were living—Titus is no more.

[*Exeunt L. Jun. Val. &c.*

Tar. Monster of cruelty! Unnatural father!

Thou murderer, what hast thou to do with peace,
 Hated by Gods and men? Why do I live?
 Come to my heart, deliverer! [*Offers to kill herself.*

Vit. Stop thy hand!

Hence, hateful weapon! Why this desperate act?
 Will it revive the dead? Will Brutus feel
 The dagger that destroys thee? Will it seat
 Thy father on his throne? 'Twill tear his heart
 With agonies, and quench the glorious hope
 Of Victory, now hovering on the wing
 'Twixt either host. Behold how many heroes
 Assemble to revenge the death you mourn—
 And see! a warrior comes, whose glittering form
 Brings light and life to chase despair away.

SEXTUS TARQUINIUS *and Soldiers.*

Sex. How now, my sister! why thus plung'd
 in grief?

Brave natures face misfortune, cowards fly it.
 Not in the round of habitable earth
 Was there a man I lov'd like Titus Junius.
 I know the fatal story—He is slain;
 Our Mother too, after strange sort is dead;
 I hate a preface to a tale of horror—
 So now thou hast it all.

Tar. Immortal Powers,

Who on your suffering creature cast this load
 Of misery, to your all-commanding will
 Submissive I bow down my vassal neck,
 Nor murmur at your providence—Behold
 A wretch, on whom the brightest hopes had
 dawn'd,
 Now whelm'd in dark despair; a heart, in which
 Affection glow'd, and every tender string
 Thrill'd with the touch of sympathy, now torn
 And rent with agony; a form, alas!

Which flattery said you moulded with some
 care,
 Now scorn'd and cast without remorse away,
 Like sherds that shiver in the potter's hand :
 If still it be your pleasure to take hence
 All that makes life a blessing, and yet bid
 Your ling'ring victim live, I will obey,
 Till, soften'd by my patience, you relent,
 And mercifully end my woes in death.

Ser. Haste thee, Vitellius, lead her to the fane
 Of Jūno Sospita ; there she may rest
 In safety till this storm of grief subsides.

[*Exit Vitellius with Tarquinia.*

What means the king that he delays his march?
 Go one of you, and from you rising ground
 Look out, and make report what you espy.

[*Exit Soldier.*

Hah ! who art thou ?—

BRUTUS, VALERIUS, and other Romans.

L. Jun. Brutus, the foe of tyrants.
 Yield, ravisher ! behold thou art inclos'd.
 Let these disarm and pass : their lives we scorn ;
 Thou, violator of the marriage bed,
 Thou must atone to justice.

Ser. Sound to arms !
 Call up the king to action—

L. Jun. Call the king ?
 Where is your vigilance ? Your king is fled ;
 Your soldiers are dispers'd ; they pile their arms,
 And shout for liberty.

The Soldier returns.

Sol. Oh fatal truth !
 All, all is flight, confusion, and revolt.

Sex. Dastard, 'tis false: my Romans cannot fly—

Hear me, thou Brutus! life to life I dare thee
In equal combat, branding thee a traitor,
The assassin of a son, whom, oh dire murderer—
Thou didst deserve as much as thou dost heaven.

L. Jun. Tho' thy base deed, defiler, well might
warrant .

Contemptuous seizure, yet this bold encounter
Shall to no other chastisement expose thee
Save as this arm shall punish—I accept
Thy challenge, ravisher, and wield a sword
Edg'd with Lucretia's wrongs.

Val. What is't you do ?

Consul, remember Rome.

L. Jun. Remember Rome !

It is for Rome I strike ; it is your cause,
Ye Gods, and to your justice I commit it.
Valerius, by our friendship I conjure thee,
Come not betwixt us—Romans, I command you,
Stand all aloof ; if I am here to fall,
Give honourable passage and protection
To this bold son of Tarquin—conquering me,
He will deserve to live.

Sex. 'Tis fairly said !

Thus to the manes of thy murder'd son
I make libation of thy blood—

[*They fight and Brutus is wounded.*

Break off !

Thou'rt wounded—breathe awhile.

L. Jun. Gods, can there be
Such noble bearing in a cause so vile ?

Val. Brutus, you bleed apace.

Sex. Go, stop your sluices,
And come afresh. I scorn a fainting foe.

L. Jun. Foil'd by a stripling ! I disdain the
thought. [*They fight and Sextus falls.*

Val. Oh, nobly fought! He falls, he faints,
he dies—

Freedom and Rome survive.

[*Vitellius runs in and receives Sextus in his arms
as he is falling.*

Vit. Peace, nor insult

The brave, tho' vanquish'd—See, the hero dies!
The mightiest of the race of Tarquin dies.

[*Sextus dies.*

Val. Short are the conqueror's triumphs—
Help to save him;

Friends, Romans, countrymen, your Consul falls,
The pillar of your nation is o'erthrown.

[*Brutus sinks to the ground.*

L. Jun. Mourn not for me! The interposing
Gods

Have snatch'd a sorrow-wounded soul to rest.
I've liv'd enough for fame, for Rome and free-
dom;

And, when I'm dead, pluck forth this heart, my
friends:

You'll find in mournful colours pictur'd there
The dear-lov'd image of a dying son—

Farewell to all!—Lucretia is reveng'd—

Valerius, reach thy hand—my friend—'tis past!
[*Dies.*

THE
WALLOONS.

A COMEDY.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Solomon Dangle.
Davy Dangle
Father Sullivan
Daggerly
Drelincourt
Montgomery
Pat Carey
Bumboat
Tipple
Joyce
Servant
Officers, &c.

Lady Dangle
Agnes
Kitty Carrington
Mrs. Partlett

SCENE. Sir Solomon's House, near Plymouth.

Time, Part of Two Days.

PROLOGUE.

*Let cynic pride with supercilious air,
Arraign the venial failings of the fair ;
To night with juster aim our Poet shews
In female hearts what genuine virtue glows.
Not that stern passion, that unlovely flame,
Which sear'd the bosom of the Spartan dame,
Who saw, nor shed one sad maternal tear,
Her slaughter'd son extended on the bier :
Then cold and careless press'd the nuptial bed,
Or to her couch the casual stranger led ;
And dead to each soft feeling, ask'd from fate
Another boy, to perish for the State.
Round British nymphs more winning graces move,
They melt with pity, and they glow with love.
Yet while their bosoms own the tender fire,
Their generous minds can check each fond desire ;
The promis'd joy with patriot zeal forego,
Nor own a lover in their country's foe.
Nor, Britons, you our moral scenes despise,
Still from the Stage does true instruction rise.
Let no mean thought your ardent souls engage,
Nor party rancour, nor religious rage ;
But all alike with generous warmth embrace,
Whose kindred virtues speak their British race :
In every age, in every state we find,
One passion govern every gallant mind.
Tho' wealth allure, tho' just resentment move,
That ruling passion is their country's love.
Then rush, united ! midst the war's alarms,
And face, unmov'd, the hostile world in arms.
Lives there a youth will shun the noble strife,
Or doubt in such a cause to stake his life,
Who hears me now the glorious prize proclaim,
His mistress' favour, and his country's fame.*



THE
WALLOONS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sir Solomon Dangle's.

*Father SULLIVAN discovered sitting in a Chair,
Lady DANGLE on her knees, by the side of it.*

Father S. Come, come, daughter, I'll not abate an item of your penance, 'tis a slight fine for a long renewal, a mere pepper-corn homage to the lord of the manor.

Lady D. Ah, Father Sullivan, you are a hard man. [Rises.]

Father S. I'm an easy man, too easy, o' my conscience--What, be content; you have wip'd off a long chalk with a few tears, all is well; think no more of what is past, you are a free woman.

Lady D. A foolish one I am, to make a losing bargain in iniquity; you share half the profits of the stock, and I pay all the debts of the partnership; I never heard of any penances of your performing.

Father S. Physicians take no physic.

Lady D. No, in faith, they satisfy themselves with the fee, but my stomach will bear no more dosing; I'll recreate myself awhile in the clear

climate of a free country; air and exercise will keep me in health without the quackery of penance. If I had confest to my husband, I had come off as easily.

Father S. But you have no husband at hand to confess to. — Woman, woman, you forget yourself: I am no saint, as yet at least I am none; but you have frowardness enough to provoke me, if I was one—Come, madam, I must talk to you in another strain—nay, and you must hear me too.—You are not the wife of one husband, as I take it.

Lady D. Bigamy is no sin in the Decalogue, I don't find it in the Tables.

Father S. But you may tumble upon it in the Statutes, you may read it in the black letter, and a Chancery decree is as hard of digestion as the tables of stone.—You talk to me as if I was not privy to your marriage in Portugal; not content with being Mrs. Drelincourt there, you must be Lady Dangle here, and lead your poor Sir Solomon in a noose up and down this mansion at pleasure. The Church of Rome put one string to your bow, and the Church of England put another.

Lady D. Then you'll confess at least I have the old proverb for my security.

Father S. But your second is a slip knot in the fingers of the law, daughter of mine, and then where's your expedient?

Lady D. Ready at hand; no longer off than your neck, good father; whilst that knot holds, your life is safe; slip it, and it shall strangle you; there's a gibbet for treason, as well as a black letter for bigamy—when I lose the name of Dangle, Sullivan have a care you don't find it.

Father S. What, my letters to France, my

foreign correspondence? Cases of conscience, points of casuistry; nothing more, upon the faith of my order.

Lady D. But I have no faith in your order; I am rather dispos'd to trust the evidence of my own senses:—don't we live here in the neighbourhood of Plymouth? Have I not copied reams of paper for you, with the returns of the dock, and conditions of the ships, the destination of the fleet, the—

Father S. The devil you have! and who's the traitor then, yourself or I? did'st think I was fool enough to trust my neck in your keeping? a son of St. Francis to be duped by a woman?—No, no, my lady, turn informer when you will, I put you at defiance—You have none of my hand-writing in evidence.

Lady D. Humph, that's true;—What are we doing after all? Partners in the game, betraying each other's hand:—a mighty foolish business on both sides.

Father S. Come, let's be friends.

Lady D. Why, who began first? Not I.

Father S. What matters who began the quarrel, when both are interested to make an end of it? Give me your hand.

Lady D. There 'tis.

Father S. A truce.

Lady D. An everlasting league.

Father S. Offensive and defensive:—United thus, our firm is current as the Bank.—Here are you jointur'd in the terra firma of Old England, mistress of a noble house, mounted with retinue like a princess of the blood of France, a splendid equipage, an ample fortune, a commodious husband, a paradise about you,—

Lady D. And a subtle tempter at my elbow under the cowl of a friar.

Father S. Call me rather an indulgent confessor, a devoted friend, a—

Lady D. Devil luring with forbidden fruit—oh, you're a fine one: but I have no time for trifling now; I have had a letter from Lisbon, it tells me Drelincourt has taken into the Spanish service.

Father S. Why that's good news; a separation for life; there's an end of all danger from that quarter; so much for one of your husbands. Now could you bring sir Solomon to give his daughter Agnes to your nephew Patrick—

Enter Servant, with Letter.

Serv. Please you, my lady, a letter for his reverence. [*Gives letter and exit.*]

Father S. This letter threatens you with a visitor.

Lady D. Who is that?

Father S. My colleague in London, the man of information, he that made the cypher for Mons. de Sartine—Daggerly.

Lady D. Daggerly! I should be glad you would not bring him into my family.

Father S. What's to be done when the man invites himself? he's upon his way from Plymouth, and will be here within the hour; the fellow is indispensable. Apropos, I have news here for sir Solomon,—Daggerly writes me that the Milford frigate is arriv'd with a Spanish prize full of officers, captur'd off Cadiz; now it runs in my head, that sir Solomon's son David went out in this very frigate.

Lady D. It may be so, it happen'd before my time; he has never heard from the boy since I knew him. Come, I shall lose my walk, take your hat, and go with me, 'tis a lovely morning.
 [*Excunt, she leaning on his arm.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Mrs. PARTLETT, TIPPLE, and JOYCE.

Tip. And could you in your conscience believe, Mrs. Partlett, that our old master sir Solomon would be taken in after this fashion by an outlandish—I was going to say whore of Babylon, but I won't call names.

Mrs. Part. Names, Mr. Tipple! her name isn't up in this neighbourhood for nothing: as for master, since Mr. Davy went out of the house, and this woman came into it, he has never had a happy day; if he had the plague he could not be in a worse condition: every body pities him, but nobody ventures near him.

Tip. He was a famous man at quarter sessions in my first lady's time; then the neighbours were entertain'd, and the credit of the house was kept up as it should be: now the grass might grow under the beer barrels, if huntsman and I didn't keep the path open.

Joyce. Not a man in this shire, nor the next to it, cheer'd a hound better than Sir Solomon; now the poor gentleman can no more speak to a dog, than a dog can speak to him.

Mrs. Part. To morrow, come the day, will be three long years, since master Davy went to sea; merry rest his heart, if he were amongst us, he would make the house alive again.

Joyce. What though he was a little unlucky, and run from school, and wouldn't take to his book learning, he was sharp enough at other matters; there wasn't a hound in the pack, nor a whelp in the kennel, but he knew his tongue as well as if he had been his feeder.

Tip. He was always at his gambols in the kitchen, or in the pantry, or the servants' hall; the familiarest creature in life; always on his tricks with the maids, or the justice folks, or his worship himself.

Mrs. Part. Ah!

Enter DAVY DANGLE, follow'd by BUMBOAT, with a Bundle slung on a crook over his shoulders.

Davy. Avast hailing! don't you know me, mother Partlett?

Mrs. Part. Master Davy, as I'm a living woman.

Davy. Why aye to be sure I am—You may see that without spectacles.

Mrs. Part. Oh lud, oh lud! I'm beside myself with joy. [*Embraces him.*]

Davy. Heave off your grappling hooks, and give me sea room—veer away more cable, old girl, and let me swing—How is it, friend Tipple? Ah, Joyce, we have an entapis once again after a plaguy long chase.

Bumb. Seventeen leagues and a half by the log; Cape Finisterre bearing east, north-east, and by east, upon the weather bow, when we first set top gallants to give chase to the Spaniard.

Davy. Why, who's talking of the Spaniard, lubber? what tack are your wits upon now, Bumboat? we are come to an anchor, and your small venture

of brains is out upon a cruise. Come, down with your trumpery — lower away, handsome—How does father do, I ask you? what cheer over head? where's sister Agnes? shew that fellow to a warm birth by the kitchen fire, I'll rig myself in the galley, I've a better jacket in the bundle. Go along, Bumboat, and make ready.

Tip. Welcome, welcome, master Davy: the tap shall run old October for this fortnight.

Joyce. Lord love him, he's as humoursome as ever: come along, brother, follow.

[*Exeunt Servants and Bumboat.*]

Mrs. Part. Lackaday, master Davy, a woeful change in this house since you left it.

Davy. What's the matter now; has father kickt the bucket?

Mrs. Part. I don't know what that may be, an like you, but Sir Solomon has married another wife.

Davy. Is that all? and what's become of sister Agnes? Is she come to her moorings under Cape Rugg, or out upon a cruise yet?

Mrs. Part. Miss Agnes is single, and as pretty, and as gay, and as good-humour'd as ever: but poor Sir Solomon—

Davy. Is not the wisest of his name; I never thought he was—and my mother-in-law is a termagant.

Mrs. Part. That she is, and a papish, which is more; and she keeps a huge lazy fellow of a friar in the house, one father Sullivan.

Davy. Does she so? 'tis all before the wind with father then I see, he may e'en take in his small sails before the mast, when she has got such a bouncing driver at her poop.

Mrs. Part. Driver indeed? they drive at a fine rate truly, they have drove every thing out

of the window in this poor house ; there's the billiard-chamber turn'd into a chapel, would you think it ? all the fine old brown wainscot stript off, the arras that I have brush'd these forty years unript, and a parcel of trumpery paper pasted up in its stead ; the canopy bedsteads that went up to the cieling with plumes and tassels at the top, laid smack and smooth, and cramm'd into corners.

Davy. Aye, aye, they were too taunt ; 'twas well consider'd.

Mrs. Part. Then my mistress wants to make a match with your sister and her nephew Pat Carey, and my poor master he's persuaded into any thing.

Davy. But what says Agnes to the matter ? Is she agreeable ?

Mrs. Part. Agreeable ! Lackaday, she hates him, and is as melancholy on the occasion as midnight—besides, for a fine, young, buxom thing like miss to take up with such a whipster as Pat Carey, a rickety bandy brat, that does not come up to her apron string—a tadpole of a fellow with a head like a moon lanthorn, with no better reversion than a horsepond for his inheritance, a notable match indeed for the loveliest young lady in the whole county of Devon.

Davy. Don't you break your head about that business, mother, leave me to clap a whiff in his ensign, never fear ; I have a letter in my pocket will do his business ; seal'd orders for another course than what he steers, from a lover worth a round dozen of such land lubbers as him. Well, Quarter Master, are all things ready in the kitchen ?

Enter BUMBOAT.

Bum. Aye, aye, master, all ready.

Davy. Bear a hand then, I must dowse these old trowsers and bend a new suit of rigging, before I hail the fine folks above stairs.

Mrs. Part. He looks charmingly; he's the head and shoulders taller than he was before he went to sea. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Sir SOLOMON, Lady DANGLE, and Father SULLIVAN, from Garden, through a Glass door.

Lady D. Positively, Sir Solomon, this garden front is the most ridiculous thing upon the face of the earth; 'tis masonry run mad; such a jumble of windows, and doors, and buttresses, shouldering one another out of all proportion, garnished with weathercocks, and spouts, and battlements, like a twelfth cake, with a whole rookery of chimnies on the top, the Rock of Lisbon is not more irregular.

Sir S. Come, come, you have made a tolerable morning's work,—there is the dove-house and the dog-kennel under order of execution; the gable end of the parish church sentenc'd without reprieve; I would fain have pleaded benefit of clergy for that, but to no purpose, 'tis a lost cause, and the sin of heresy into the bargain—let me see, there was something else—ay, the pear tree wall against the rabbit warren—but that has escap'd with transportation, whilst the apple-tree orchard, like the protestant martyrs by wicked queen Mary, is condemn'd to the

flames—Pretty well all this for one short turn upon the terrace in a summer's morning.

Lady D. One should rather take it for a frosty morning by the sharpness of your wits.

Sir S. And 'tis well I have 'em, for at this rate, by my troth, I shall have little else to live by — why I'm not the Prince of Condé, nor John o' Gaunt, nor Friar Bacon, nor I, there's a bottom to my purse, as well as an end to my patience.

Lady D. Well, Sir Solomon, if you have no taste to see my improvements, or no candour to acknowledge them, it's not my fault, nor will it ever be my concern.

Sir S. Oh yes, my lady, I see 'em, feel 'em, and confess 'em; meet 'em at every turn, hear of 'em in all companies, and carry 'em about me wherever I go; I am improv'd out of my house, and at this rate shall be improv'd out of my estate; have I ever possess a comfort within these doors that has not suffer'd some improvement? there was the little green parlour, which I call'd my study, where I hung my fowling pieces and dog-couples, a place I could call my own, where I could ask a favourite fox hound to take a snap with me on occasion, which I may'nt do in any of your apartments, why 'tis in improvement, a colony of tame pigeons, and a huge aviary of small birds have taken possession, and the old tenant is ejected.

Father S. In truth, madam, Sir Solomon has his grievances.

Sir S. As to what your reverence has under settlement, grace forbid I should complain of that: 'twas indeed a snug chamber where I administer'd Burn's Justice, or a tankard of beer to my neighbours according to their different

occasions; parson and I have play'd many a batch at back gammon, and smoak'd many a pipe together, but your reverence has improv'd it with so many death's heads and marrow-bones, that neither of us care much for coming into their company.

Father S. As to me, Sir Solomon, if I have encroach'd upon any of your enjoyments I can readily dispense with 'em; I covet no man's goods.

Sir S. Such of my goods as you occupy are totally at your reverence's service.

Father S. Nor do I wish to be hook'd into any family dispute between man and wife.

Sir S. 'Tis much more considerate, and like a spiritual peace-maker, to comfort either party separately—'Gad I'll pluck up a little courage, now son David is come home—but where is he? Ben! Will! Harry! Where are all my fellows?

Lady D. What is all this racket for, in the name of wonder?

Sir S. A trifle! nothing but my son come home after three years absence, the heir apparent of this crooked old castle; 'twill serve him for ballast upon his next voyage; he won't find a hovel on his estate to shelter a cow, when your ladyship has finish'd your improvements of it;—o'my conscience I believe I shall volunteer the next trip with him myself,—Your ladyship has turn'd my beds into hammocks, 'tis only changing my parlour for a cabin, and the thing is done.

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Father!

Sir S. Davy! my son Davy! how dost thou, my brave boy?

Davy. Brave and hearty, thank you father—
Servant, madam, humble servant, doctor.

Father S. You are welcome home, young gentleman. [*Exeunt Sullivan and Lady Dangle.*]

Davy. Thank you :—What, they won't bring to : not they, egad,—they stand right on.—Father, is that the woman you have married ?

Sir S. Aye boy, that's she.

Davy. She carries her ports high—and what's he that has her under convoy ?

Sir S. Her confessor, her—

Davy. Say no more, father, I apprehend you : one of the Pope's gallies; a'goes monstrously by the head.

Sir S. No, no, 'tis I that go by the head, Davy.

Davy. Oh, that's it—He has got foul of your carv'd work, has he, the thief? If I had him aboard, he should soon have a wife of his own.

Sir S. What dost thou mean by that, boy ?

Davy. Why, I'd marry him to the gunner's daughter, as they call it, warm his hide with a round dozen or two, that's what I would do for him.—But where's sister Agnes all this while ?

Sir S. Who waits there ?

Enter Servant.

Send my daughter hither, tell her her brother is arriv'd.

Serv. My young lady is out a walking.

Sir S. Go in search of her. [*Exit Servant.*]

Davy. But where did you come athwart my lady, father ?

Sir S. Why as luck would have it, in Lisbon, Davy ; a fever I caught at an election dinner, settled on my lungs, and I was fain to go to Lisbon in the packet for my recovery—Agnes

went with me, we lodg'd in a house with this gentlewoman; she spoke English, and I could not speak Portugueze, and in short, Davy, so it happen'd, I know not how—but I married her.

Davy. Ay, natural enough in a port—but you are not tackt in the lungs still, father? Your pipe seems clear enough now.

Sir S. Yes, yes, my lad, now death would be my deliverance, I'm in no danger of it—but you don't tell me how you like the sea, Davy?

Davy. Very well in fair weather; just like matrimony.

Sir S. And have you brought home any prize-money?

Davy. Not much of that, father.

Enter Servant.

Serv. One Mr. Daggerly and a young lady desire to wait upon your worship.

Sir S. Shew them in. [*Exit Serv.*]

Davy. Who's that I wonder?

Sir S. A friend of our priest's; I've a swarm of 'em about me; the crows will flock to the carcass of an ass.

Enter DAGGERLY and KITTY CARRINGTON.

Dag. Sir Solomon, I kiss your hands. I beg permission to present my niece, Miss Carrington. Kitty, make your reverence to the gentlemen. I impose a dreadful task, Sir Solomon, on the modesty of my nature, when I am compell'd to be my own introduction; but my friend, Mr. Sullivan, I perceive, is elsewhere.

Davy. He has got a sheathing of copper, notwithstanding all his modesty. *Servant, Miss.*

Kitty. Humble servant, sir.—Pray you now, what may it be o'clock? I'm as hungry as a hawk.

Dag. Kitty, Kitty, recollect yourself!

Kitty. Why so I do, uncle, but we have been so jolted, and jostled in that filthy diligence.

Dag. Hush, child, hush.

Sir S. You are from London, sir?

Dag. I am from the metropolis, sir; a tour of curiosity brought me into these parts; I am prodigiously fond of a sea port; there is something peculiarly animating in the contemplation of our naval armaments; I have an enthusiasm for my country, and the fitting out of a fleet is a spectacle I delight in—this young gentleman, I perceive, is in the service,—your son, I presume, sir Solomon.

Sir S. My son at your service.

Dag. I know a little of the navy myself; we have had hard gales in the Channel.

Davy. Fisherman's gales, south-west, and by south.

Dag. An apt navigator, I perceive you can box your compass; there's a frigate come in with a Spanish prize.

Davy. So they say.

Dag. Cruelly maul'd; they say the Spaniard would have taken her if a line of battle ship had not come in sight.

Davy. Aye, aye!

Dag. Nay, I am well assur'd she struck her colours, that our people ran from their guns, and the captain took 'em down with his own hand.

Davy. And do you believe it?

Dag. Why should I not?

Davy. Because it's a lye, and so I tell you.

Dag. A lye, youngster!

Sir S. Davy, Davy, you don't know what you say.

Davy. The devil I don't, father, when I was in the action myself: what does he know of the matter, for to go to tell me what I saw with my own eyes. The Spaniards fought their ships well, like brave fellows, I don't say to the contrary, I should be a scrub if I did; but we fought a little better, else we should never have taken her. Why she over-rated us out of the world; and as for another ship of ours in sight, why I won't call it a lye, because it's not polite, but it's an errant flam, d'ye see.

Sir S. And wast thou in the fight, my brave boy? You never told me of this, Davy.

Davy. Why should I, father? what signifies talking of those things? for my part 'tis nothing, we do as we are bid—but when the courage of my captain comes to be overhaul'd, as if he had dows'd the colours, d'ye see, its false reckoning, and so I'll maintain it to the best he that ever wore a head.

Sir S. And so thou shalt, my boy, it does thee credit, and if this gentleman is a true Englishman, he will like thee the better for it. We have the world for our enemies, the least we can do is to stand by each other—but here comes my lady.

Enter Father SULLIVAN and LADY DANGLE.

Dag. Your ladyship's most obedient.

Father S. My dearest friend, let me take you in my arms—Who's this young lady with you, Mr. Daggerly?

Dag. My niece Carrington, you have often heard me talk of my niece.

Father S. [*apart.*] Your niece, indeed!

Lady D. Mr. Sullivan, you can amuse your

friend till dinner time by shewing him the house; this young lady will be glad to visit her apartment. Come, miss, I'll shew you the way.

[*Exeunt Lady Dangle and Kitty.*]

Dag. Harkee, Kitty, carry yourself discreetly—A ward of mine, Sir Solomon, a child of my own training, a sheet of white paper for innocence.

Sir S. If a man was to draw a bill upon her paper tho', I'm mistaken if she would refuse payment upon sight. Come, Davy, we will leave the friends to themselves. Every man to his own vocation till dinner time.

Davy. Never fear but we shall rendezvous, on the signal for anchoring in Table Bay.

[*Exeunt Sir Solomon and Davy.*]

Father S. And is this young woman that you travel with, a necessary part of your equipage?

Dag. Indispensible! a girl of her sort answers a double purpose, cheers the hours of a man of business, and blinds the eyes of the inquisitive and curious;—when I saunter carelessly thro' the dock with my girl upon my arm, who will think that I am at that instant taking measures of its destruction?

Father S. I differ from you in opinion, and see more danger in the expedient than discretion; but we'll talk more upon that subject in a fitter place.—I always thought your vices would follow you to the grave, now I perceive they are likely to lead you thither. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Sir Solomon's.

Enter DAVY and AGNES.

Agnes. At last we're alone, and now for my letter—a thousand welcomes, my dear boy, and a thousand, thousand thanks—I thought they never would have arisen from table.

[reads letter.

Davy. 'Tis a perilous long scrawl; I can't for the heart of me conceive what folks in love can write about. Well, to be sure, I hate it mortally, I never could bring myself to send the scrape of a pen to father since I've been out—not one: if a body keeps up a fairish reckoning, that's well enough for one I think: why, to be sure, he must have copied out of the log-book, what else can a man in a ship have to write about; does he tell you any thing of the gale of wind we had off Ushant?

Agnes. Breezes, Davy, breezes, zephyrs that waft the soft sighs of love, as tender as the breath of man e'er drew, and you shall hear them; listen, my dear boy, listen and you shall hear the sweetest words.

Davy. But indeed I wont; I'd rather hear the howling of a cottage cur; if you are pleas'd I'm content; that's enough; Montgomery is an honest fellow, and a brave heart, and a seaman's friend; and though he mounts a Spanish cockade, has a blind side towards Old England d'ye see, and for that I like him; therefore, sister, if you're agreed, make short work of it, open your

mind to father, and there's an end:—after making such a wise match for himself, he can't complain of yours.

Agnes. That will bear a doubt, but marrying Montgomery is out of the question.

Davy. What, you won't have him because his father forfeited his estate,

Davy. No, Davy, no, that will never be my objection to Montgomery—I have a soul above such considerations.

Davy. Why I hope you have, Agnes—but then dy'e see, it can be nothing else than his religion.

Agnes. I could get over that too in a husband, provided he was as well dispos'd to toleration, as I am. Montgomery is a man of sense, and has suffer'd enough for his religion to be sincere in it; I can make no objection to him on that score.

Davy. Why no, Agnes, in your way he may be as fit for service, but in ours it won't do to be praying to Santiago and San Antonio, when one good seaman in foul weather is worth two saints in any weather.

Agnes. It may be so—but don't think I would marry any man in the uniform of an enemy!—I would die first—his poverty I would share,—his religion let him keep to himself—but England is my country, and I will never renounce it—but here comes a husband of my good mother-in-law's recommending, behold a sample of her choice—

Enter PAT CAREY.

Now, cousin Carey, who sent you out upon discovery? what cat's in the barn, that your owl flies out at the window?

Pat. Be quiet, miss Agnes, and let me pass about my business, you're for ever a jeering and flouting at me.

Agnes. Oh you unthankful thing you, did not I stand between you and a good horse-whipping t' other day, when father Sullivan surpriz'd you in the heretical act of reading Bell and the Dragon, to the maids in the laundry? and what book have you got under your arm now? the Calendar of Compliments.

Pat. 'Tis no such thing; so let me go I do desire of you.

Agnes. But I will see what it is; do you know what it is to pique a lady's curiosity.

Pat. Not I, I never had nothing to say to none of them; but if you must know, 'tis a Thomas Aquinas, burst it, I've a whole page to get by heart before vespers: I would it was in the fire for me.

Davy. Give me, and I'll heave it overboard in a hurry; there it goes; he never took such a jump in his life.

Pat. The lud ha' mercy on my poor bones; they'll rattle for this.

Davy. Never fear, my stout fellow, I'll stand by you—What, 'tis time to ha' done being a school-boy. Snap your fingers at daddy Sullivan; value him not a rope's end.

Pat. Aye but it's a godly book, and it's a sin for to throw it out of the window.

Agnes. Not at all, if he's a true saint, he would light on his legs, though he tumbled from the top of the house.

Pat. But will you stand by me, cousin Agnes, and you, master Davy?

Davy. To the last; pluck up a good heart and fear nothing.

Pat. Why, there then let him sowse, and get up as fast as he can—By jingo this is rare, I'm glad you're come amongst us—Oh, but I forget to tell you, miss, your father wants you to play a tune to him in the music rooms, he bid me send you to him out of hand.

Agnes. And if you had not done it, 't would be more than that head of thine is worth.

[*Exit Agnes.*]

Pat. But you'll not flinch me after all, cousin Davy?

Davy. True blue never flinches; though his mettle be heavier than ours, we are two to one, and that you know is odds—Never fear but we will pepper his running rigging—We'll make him scud I warrant you.

Pat. He hits woundy hard; he has got a back-handed flick with him, that makes one's ears sing Miserere for an hour: then he jerks me in such short ribbers De Profundis, that one's guts set up a howl as if a pack of hounds were in 'em—he can tip you the fifth button to a hair.

Davy. Is that his game? Why then, d'ye see, we'll fortify the bread room with a can of stout rumbo; our way at sea is to clear ship for action, by land they fight best with full stomachs.

Enter KITTY CARRINGTON.

Kitty By my faith I'm glad I've found you: never was so tir'd in my born days: mercy be good unto me, what a stiff starch'd piece of formality this lady of yours is! Why I had quite and clean other notions of the country, than I find it: I thought it was all joy and jollity, that you all talk'd and laugh'd, and drank at one and the same time; that your dinners consisted of

roast beef, fat turkies and plum-puddings, with buckets of beer, and bowls of punch I could swim in—that a country squire was a sleek, rosy, round-fac'd man, sitting in his elbow chair, with his family about him, smother'd in the smoke of his tobacco pipe; but I find it clear another case; my lady as prim as if she was sitting for her picture—Sir Solomon as melancholy as a moulting chicken, and every body in the dumps, and the country the completest bore in the universe.

Davy. Come then, my lass, you shall go with us into the cable-tier; and we'll have a little chat over a tiff of grog.

Kitty. Any where rather than back again to the parlour. A quaker's meeting, or a methodist conventicle, is a merry meeting compared to that.

Davy. You shall mess with us in a snug birth of my own; 'tis Saturday night, and that's a rule with us at sea to drink our wives and mistresses; now you shall be both one and t'other.

Kitty. How can that be, I would fain know?

Davy. Why you shall be his wife and my mistress.

Kitty. That's what you sailors call working double tides, is it not? What say you to that, young Obadiah.

Pat. So my aunt consents, I shall not gainsay it. Love begets love, they say, and you are civiller to me by one half than my cousin Agnes: she has seen the world, and sets me at nought. She's a wit, and calls names, but you're good-natur'd, and no whit wiser than myself.

Kitty. Aye, that you learnt from my uncle yonder, he's always snubbing one, and calling one fool before company: but I'll tell you a

secret—he's no uncle of mine—I'll play him a trick before I'm a day older, mark my words for that.

Davy. And I'll make one in the fray; come, let us go and hatch mischief.

Pat. Oh! if I could but hamper that old hobgoblin of a friar, how I would make him roar for it! Huntsman and I once put a hedge-hog in his bed, but I don't know how it happened, he was never a whit the worse for it, whilst Dolly the chambermaid was laid up with a sore foot for a fortnight.

Kitty. Do you know, I don't think you altogether so intolerable, to be sure you are of the shortest, but that I could eke out in time; face about—So, what journeyman botcher cas'd you in this doublet—You've a ragged head of hair of your own—Faugh!

Pat. 'Tis rather of the straightest: but that comes of Betty the laundress not allowing me a night-cap; but aunt says I shall have side curls, and a false tail, upon Michaelmas day.

Davy. And that's a bloody day in the goose's calendar. Come, about ship! Let us get our liquor on board, and then for a cruize against the enemies of fun and good fellowship—Make sail, my good boy, I'll take the nymph frigate in tow—Come, my brave girl! give a round turn to your hawsers and scud. [*He takes her arm.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Father SULLIVAN and DAGGERLY.

Dag. I found two of them that spoke English, they told me they had been taken off the port

of Cadiz ; both are men of sense, and the elder an officer of rank and experience ; I sounded them at first warily, and at a distance, but finding them, upon discourse, men to my mind, made, as if by measure, for my purpose, I open'd to them the whole of our design.

Father S. Did you so, Mr. Daggerly, then I think you went great lengths upon a short acquaintance, greater than any prudent man is warranted to go ; you say they spoke English—were they native Spaniards ?

Dag. I did not ask the question ; but should think by their dialect they were not.

Father S. Why, then, I tell you, and remember what I tell you, if they have a drop of English blood in their veins, they are not fit associates in our design.

Dag. What then do you say to me, who am an Englishman ?

Father S. That's an interrogatory to which I decline an answer.—Remember, this project of setting fire to the shipping is a cockatrice of your own hatching, and the only help I can subscribe to your undertaking is my prayers : unless indeed you should need any spiritual assistance before you are run up to the yard-arm in a noose.

Dag. Do you run back from your engagements ? Do you start and fly off in the crisis of projection ? And do you think to palm that sorry fetch upon one of my experience, upon one that knows you ?—Has the gold of France stuck to my fingers only, and not fill'd your palm ? Vulture as thou art, when I have pick'd it up by grains, thou hast gorg'd it by mouthfuls.

Father S. 'Tis false ! You swallow it as deep as hell, greedy as the grave, but lifeless as the

corpse that fills it. Then you have the carnal petulance of a monkey; witness this trollop whom you rail about. Are you a man of great occasions, you an engine in the hand of fate to maim the empire at a blow? Holy St. Francis, what a stroke to set this fleet blazing!—what a bonfire for the foes of Britain, for France, for Europe, for the world, for, on my conscience, it is all in league against them.

Dag. Fine talk, and that's your fort—I've long remark'd it, you have words at will, but, in the day of danger, you can turn and double, and go every way except right on—I can liken thee to nothing better than a piper, uttering fine tones when slightly touch'd, but griped too hard, the hollow reed is shiver'd and becomes unserviceable.

Father S. What are your services, I fain would ask?

Dag. Better in all respects than yours.

Father S. 'Tis false. A newspaper retail of threadbare information, a string of paltry essays, which our common article-mongers shall give you cheaper and better in the open market of treason: you are no more than a petty pilferer at a fire, snatching by piece-meal what you should demolish in the gross: the mere hen-roost robber of the state.

Dag. Don't provoke me, Sullivan, your life is in my power; and if it were not for that cloak thou hast borrowed of religion, I'd drag thee by the throat to the gallows, thou Jesuit in the frock of a friar.

Enter LADY DANGLE hastily.

Lady D. Bless me, gentlemen—Is any thing the matter?

Father S. As how, my dearest daughter, what should be the matter?

Lady D. You were very loud, I protest I thought you were at high words with each other.

Father S. Ha! ha! ha! how natural was your mistake: my friend Mr. Daggerly was pleasantly recounting an adventure on the road, and the gentle susceptibility of your nature construed it into a quarrel.

Lady D. And was that all?

Father S. Nothing in life more certain.

Lady D. Upon your word?

Father S. Upon the word and veracity of a priest: a droll rencontre on the road; if you'll go back to the drawing room, I'll repeat it to you after my way, and I'm mistaken if you do not join as heartily in the laugh as either of us: come, my good friend, you deserve to hear your story murder'd by my telling, for fright'ning her ladyship—but harkee, Daggerly, pitch your voice a note lower when you tell that story another time—a full note lower do you mind—hang dog.

[*Aside. Exeunt Father S. and Lady D.*

Dag. Hell-hound! oh that I had my fingers at his wind-pipe. [Exit *Dag.* following.]

Enter AGNES and Servant.

Agnes. Where is the foreign officer who deliver'd this note to you?

Serv. I left him at the garden-lodge, he said

he would wait there for your answer; he is attended by a serjeant.

Agnes. Did you carry no message to my father?

Serv. None; he desired the note might be given into no hands but yours.

Agnes. [*aside.*] I'm puzzled how to act. It pains me to deny myself, and yet I don't know how I can with propriety receive his visit. At the garden-lodge you say?

Serv. Yes, madam.

Agnes. Present my compliments to captain Montgomery: say that I am walking out, and if it is agreeable to him to take a short turn in the shrubbery, I'll meet him in the horn-bean walk—you can shew him to the place—go, deliver what I tell you. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.

The Garden.

Enter MONTGOMERY *meeting* AGNES, *runs and kisses her hand.*

Mont. I am blest to meet you: this concession was most kind—the same sweet nature that I knew at Lisbon, with beauty more matur'd.

Agnes. But you, methinks, are alter'd.

Mont. By the addition of my chains.

Agnes. By the addition of an hostile uniform: the livery of the house of Bourbon; we've enemies enough, God knows, and you have added to the number, a generous one no doubt, but still an enemy.

Mont. A prisoner, if you please, for such I am in every sense; how can I be an enemy on this

ground, where the brother has possession of my sword, and the sister of my soul.

Agnes. But an exchange may set you free.

Mont. In one sense only; in the other, I am everlastingly enslaved.

Agnes. I'm sorry for it.

Mont. You've made a better choice; you've wisely banish'd from your thoughts an outlaw'd adventurer, a wretch whose sole inheritance is an attainder; one, whom an unhappy attachment to his religion, compels him for support to bathe his sword, howe'er reluctant, in the bowels of his country.

Agnes. You was not in the Spanish service, when I knew you at Lisbon.

Mont. I was then supported by the precarious bounty of an uncle in London; that resource stopt, and, as I was not born for carrying burdens, I carried arms; the service of Spain offer'd, and I enter'd a cadet in the Walloons. Can you condemn me? I serve for bread, and not by choice.

Agnes. O Montgomery! Montgomery! but go on.

Mont. I was bound with a party of recruits to Minorca, when your frigate brought us to action off the coast of Spain; we were evidently superior, yet the fight was obstinately maintain'd. O my Agnes, suffer me so to call you once more, what I felt when I saw the English colours fly, and heard the English sailors cheer, no language can express. Desperate at length they grappled and boarded us, a youthful hero, in the ardor of attack, was amongst the first that leap'd upon the gangway; he fell in the attempt, and I had him down at the point of my sword; his early courage, his defenceless posture, or call it rather the immediate influence of thy guardian angel,

stopt the stroke——He was the brother of my Agnes.

Agnes. May Heaven reward your magnanimity, and may no British weapon ever find your heart! Suffer me, I beseech you, to present you to my father. I have very little interest in this family, but such obligations cannot pass without acknowledgment.

Mont. Excuse me for the present; I am here under guard, and must return immediately. One thing I cannot excuse myself from mentioning to you under the seal of secrecy, and in the way of prevention against alarm, which is, that you have a traitor in your house.

Agnes. A traitor!

Mont. An incendiary of the blackest sort; a visitor in your family: one Daggerly.

Agnes. The villain! I can readily believe it; but how have you discovered him?

Mont. He has been tampering with the colonel of my company, a fellow-prisoner of mine, but one too well attach'd to England to conspire with assassins for its destruction; I will not trouble you with a long story, but he has impeach'd him to the commandant at Plymouth, and will be here upon assignation before sun-rise to-morrow; when, upon getting the proofs in his hands, the traitor will be arrested on the spot. I am sure you will not suffer this affair to pass your lips; I shall accompany him, when that is over, you will honour my friend and me by presenting us to your father;—and I am bold to say, a worthier man than Don Vincente, Europe does not contain.

Agnes. I am all astonishment! and who is this brave enemy—who is this good Don Vincente?

Mont. An exil'd Briton like myself.

Agnes. O England! England! when wilt thou awake from this unnatural lethargy!

Mont. I shall have more to tell you then, and something to surprise you; something, let me hope, to please you; when next we meet, perhaps I shall not be the enemy of England.

Agnes. You are the friend, the guardian of it; and its gratitude, I will believe it, shall restore you what your fathers not yourself have forfeited.

Mont. We'll hope the best—If I might flatter myself your heart was vacant—

Agnes. No, 'tis full; it overflows with gratitude, with admiration; melted with pity, and—

Mont. Oh stop not—I'm agoniz'd to hear you conclude.

Agnes. Oppress'd with love.

Mont. Thus, thus let me express my joy; I cannot hold it back; it rushes on my heart—and I must give it vent or die.

[*Falls on his knees, seizes both her hands, she drops on his neck and weeps.*]

Agnes. Oh, sir, you're noble; I have said too much: release me, or I faint—farewell.

Mont. To morrow.

Agnes. Till then farewell.

Mont. One word, and then I go. If our intelligence involves a priest retain'd in your family, I hope he is no friend of yours.

Agnes. My friend!—my horror—my aversion.

Mont. Till then farewell; may every saint in Heaven be your guard. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.

A Chamber.

DAVY, PAT, and KITTY, at a Table with Glasses,
&c. TIPPLE, JOYCE, and Servants attending.

Tip. Lord love him how comical he is ! This is rare now, the old house looks as it should do. He makes my eyes run over with laughter.

Joyce. Merry rests his heart ! Mine leaps five-barr'd gates with joy.

Kitty. Davy—

Davy. What say'st thou, my doxy ?

Kitty. Make Pat sing me that song again, that you taught him, about the fight at sea.

Serv. Do, do, master Pat, sing it once again.

Davy. Hawl in the slack then, boys. Hand us a tiff of grog : why, Pat, your eyes are set in your head—Dowse the glims, my heart, and turn in ; all hands to sleep, like a Dutchman in a trade wind.

Kitty. No, no, the song, the song.

Davy. Then hang my old hat upon your bulk-head ; here goes—Messmates, turn your wigs—Off with the old jig.

SONG.

1.

'Twas up the wind three leagues and more,
We spic'd a lofty sail ;
Set your top-gallant sails, my boys,
And closely hug the gale.

*Nine knots the nimble Milford ran,
Thus, thus the master cried,
Hull up she rais'd the chase in view,
And soon was side by side.*

2.

*Dowse your Dutch ensign, up St. George,
To quarters now all hands;
With lighted match beside his gun,
Each British warrior stands.
Give fire, our gallant captain cries,
'Tis done, the cannons roar,
Stand clear, Monsieurs, digest these pills
And then we'll send you more.*

3.

*Our chain-shot whistles in the wind,
Our grape descend like hail;
Hurrah, my souls! three chearing shouts,
French hearts begin to quail.
And see 'tis done, she strikes, she yields;
Down, haughty flag of France:
Now board her, boys, and on her staff
The English cross advance.*

4.

*There let it ever fly, my hearts,
To awe these Gallic slaves,
So freely toss the can about,
For Britons rule the waves,
There let it ever fly, &c. &c.*

[A violent knocking at the door.

Davy. A hoy! there! who's without?

Father S. [without.] Open the door, 'tis I.

Tip. Mercy upon us, 'tis Mr. Sullivan—Away, away!— [*Servants exeunt with glasses hastily.*]

Davy. A topsail vessel, by the Lord Harry: clear the ship, my brave boys.

Father S. [*without.*] Open the door, I say; or I'll burst it—

Pat. Old Father Francis! Let him enter, I'll keep my post.

[*Sits at table with Davy's hat on. Davy opens the door.*]

Enter Father SULLIVAN.

Davy. There, sir, we've no close quarters: how do you like us now you see us?

Father S. Here's the whelp that I am in search of. Why, you ungracious imp, are these your frolics? Sirrah, you are tipsey—

[*Sullivan shakes Pat by the shoulder.*]

Pat. Well, and what do you infer from that?—That I have been drinking, I suppose.

Father S. That you'll be scourg'd, you impious prophaner of a peaceful family: is this the education I have given you? are these your vespers?

Pat. Yes, and the more shame yours for interrupting my devotions.

Father S. This comes of keeping company with reprobates and roysters—He was an innocent lad, young man, till you came into the house—Evil communication corrupts good manners.

Davy. Aye, so they say—that you cribb'd out of the copy book.

Father S. I'll copy this fellow—Sirrah, where's my Thomas Aquinas?

Pat. Where I wish you'd follow him.

Father S. And where is that, graceless?

Pat. Hoisted out at the window. If you'll jump after him, you'll overtake him on the garden steps.

Father S. Shall I so—you unfledg'd cuckoo—shall I so. [*Sullivan pulls Pat out of the chair, he falls on the ground.*]

Pat. Help, Christian people!—for the love of mercy, help!—

Enter Lady DANGLE, and Servants with lights.

Lady D. What is the cause of all this outcry?

Davy. Cause enough, my lady; this two-handed son of the church has kill'd your nephew.

Lady D. The Lord be good unto me—Help me to lift him up;—here, chafe his temples with lavender water; I don't see any bruises he has about him. Where are you hurt, my dear?

Pat. Inward bruises! Inward bruises! he knock'd me down like a calf.

Father S. 'Tis false—In short the truth speaks for itself,—you see the lad is tipsey.

Pat. Giddy with my fall, no more—As for tipsey, that's a fetch of his own; where should we get liquor? who should give it us; I'll be judg'd by the servants, if we've had a drop since dinner.

Serv. Not a drop, not a drop.

All. A clear case.

Father S. A most audacious falsehood! they'll witness any thing for him, or against me.

Lady D. Take him to his chamber.

Davy. Aye, take him to the doctor to be drest.

Pat. Thank you, but I have had my dressing by the doctor already; leave my bodily wounds to get well of themselves—but to take away my reputation—to say I was tipsey! oh, shocking

and abominable ! it cuts me to the heart, father, to think what you must have upon your conscience — If your reverence preaches against lying any more, I hope the devil will make one of your congregation, for there's nobody but the old one himself can come within a bar's length of you at that sport.

Serv. Poor thing ! Poor thing !

[*Exeunt Pat, Davy, and Servants.*]

Lady D. And now, Mr. Sullivan, you have taken your leave of my nephew's tuition.

Father S. With all my heart, madam, and of your house too.

Lady D. And pray, miss, how came you in this company ?

Kitty. Meaning me, madam ?

Lady D. You, madam.

Kitty. Because I preferr'd their merry meeting to the grave solemnity of a silent meeting.

Lady D. If my company does not suit, you had best resort to what you like better ; you'll find society at Plymouth, more to your taste, mine is no disorderly family ; I keep no house of entertainment for travellers of your description.

Kitty. No, in truth ; I find no entertainment in it.

Lady D. Saucy minx ! [Exit *Lady Dangle.*]

Kitty. Ha ! ha ! ha ! bellweather ! Well, sir, and what is your pleasure ? am I to undergo your discipline as well as my lady's ?

Father S. No ; I admire your spirit.

Kitty. Indeed !

Father S. What's more, I am charm'd with your wit.

Kitty. My wit !

Father S. And let me whisper in your ear, I

like your person. Quit this Daggerly you are in company with, and attach yourself to me; nay, never hesitate, I know you — know you are no niece of his: come, walk this way—I've something to impart to you.

[*Exeunt Sullivan and Kitty.*]

ACT III.

Enter Father SULLIVAN and DAGGERLY.

Father S. We are more private in this room; and now, Mr. Daggerly, if I was a man new or unknown to you, I might expect to find some want of credit for what I am about to say; but having been long acquainted, I persuade myself you will believe me when I tell you that I am incapable of malice and dissimulation; the infirmities of human nature who is free from? and I am free to own a hastiness of temper is my fault; a sudden susceptibility; a momentary spark; no more—if I have offended you, I ask your pardon; give me your hand. I hope we are friends.

Dag. Why to be sure, if what you say—but in matters of honour I am nice to a degree—however, an apology from a gentleman to a gentleman, there is no holding out against that—there is my hand, and where I give my hand, I give my heart—I believe there does not live a man of a more forgiving temper than myself.

Father S. Humility becomes me; it is the characteristic of my profession; but let me say for myself, that sullenness and revenge never had place in my bosom;—no, what you see me, that I am, a plain, warm man, that love my friend, incapable of dissimulation; be my failings what they may, I thank providence, hypocrisy is not amongst the number.

Dag. Fair reck'nings make long friends.

Father S. And so they do; fair dealing is the

best, and that reminds me, my good friend, that I have some property of yours on account. Your quarterage is yet unpaid.—I've bills upon our house in town to the amount—here, will you take them?

Dag. As you please for that; I never doubted your punctuality—Stay, let me see; heyday! this overpays me.

Father S. No matter, what's a trifle between friends? let it lie over, we can settle balances at any future time.

Dag. I will express it so in my receipt.

Father S. What talk you of receipt? I will not hear of it. I take receipts of my tradesmen; in transactions of honour, honour is my acquittance—And now to business; have you resolv'd upon your plan of operation?

Dag. I think I have digested it pretty thoroughly, and with the assistance of these Spaniards, I do not see where it can fail.

Father S. That's well, that's very well; 'twill be a blow; a brain-blow to this sinking country; this fleet that's now collected is her grand effort.

Dag. Yes, and her last; and sometimes, let me own it to you, father, that consideration staggers me.

Father S. As how, good friend?

Dag. I know not how it is, it touches me with something like remorse.

Father S. A weakness, think no more of it.

Dag. No, no, you've satisfied me on that point before; but sometimes involuntary thoughts will disturb the tenor of the firmest resolutions.

Father S. Why so they will; but recollect that if, by a stroke like this, you cut the sinews of the war, you prevent the effusion of Christian blood: what are these armaments but engines of

destruction, and who will arraign the man that strikes a sword out of the hands of an assassin? When are you to meet these Spaniards?

Dag. To-morrow by day break in the hazel copse at the bottom of the garden; I settled time and place with Montgomery, who was here not many hours ago.

Father S. Who is Montgomery?

Dag. One of the Walloon officers we were speaking of; did I never mention his name to you before?

Father S. Never.

Dag. Nor Drelincourt, the other?

Father S. Are you sure that is his name?

Dag. I am sure he says it is.

Father S. Of what age may he be?

Dag. About my age—Are you acquainted with him, that you enquire about him?

Father S. [*aside.*] That's more than I'll confess to you.—I am not; did you inform these officers of my being a party in the project?

Dag. I did.

Father S. And what said they on the occasion?

Dag. It has escap'd me what they said, but I think Drelincourt made a trite observation, that there was no plot without a priest in it.

Father S. It were much to be wish'd, methinks, that you would put your thoughts in writing; precision in orders is the soul of enterprize; these men are strangers to the place, and a mistake on their part may be fatal to the whole; let me recommend it to you to make a kind of precis of the project—you have time for this before you sleep—there are materials in your bed-chamber.

Dag. I think you are in the right—I'll do it.

Father S. Do so—Nay, man, put a good face upon the business.

Dag. I think I do—my heart is full, farewell.
[*Exit Dag.*]

Father S. Remember—So much for Buckingham—This Drelincourt is certainly the husband of my lady Dangle; how strangely incidents combine and double in my plot. I never can believe these officers are hearty in the cause, nay, I am sure, they will impeach the leaky fellow, and hang him: I know the principles of Drelincourt too well to trust him; though disqualified by his religion, and outlaw'd for his loyalty, still the blockhead is an Englishman in spite of common-sense: I must be beforehand in discovery, and this booby justice of peace, Sir Solomon, is commodious enough for my purpose:—as for her double-dealing ladyship, so snappish, and so insolent of late, I'll lower her tone—apropos, she's here.

Enter Lady DANGLE. She crosses.

Humph, she's resolv'd to bear it through—My lady, stop a moment—will you not vouchsafe a word—a look? am I so out of favour, so undone in your esteem?

Lady D. I beg, sir—I desire, Mr. Sullivan—

Father S. And I beg too—I have desires—nay frown not, peaceable, conciliating desires they are; you have accus'd me wrongfully about your nephew, what of that? I am willing to ask pardon for the wrong I have receiv'd, since you are the offender.

Lady D. Come, come, I know—

Father S. What is it you know?

Lady D. That you are insinuating, subtle, flexible, and false.

Father S. And you are soft, easy, good-natur'd, and undone.

Lady D. What d'ye mean?

Father S. In a word you are—Mrs. Drelin-court!—Good night.

Lady D. Stay, sir, explain your meaning.

Father S. Nay, nothing, but when you are dispos'd to receive the visit of an old acquaintance, here is one at hand, no further off than Plymouth.

Lady D. You speak in riddles.

Father S. Your husband Drelincourt's among the Spanish prisoners—now the riddle's solv'd—upon the sacred honour of my function I speak truth—I see you doubt me still, but you may satisfy yourself to-morrow. I give you joy. What are the vanities of this world to you? the calm retirement of a Spanish convent suits your temper better; now your pride, your passions, conscience, will be put to rest. Farewell.

Lady D. Tormentor, stay!—O Sullivan, if you have sense of pity, if my bounty, if my weakness ever touch'd your heart, or stirr'd it in my favour, extricate me at this horrid crisis. [*Kneels.*]

Father S. O you are much too humble; pray you rise; what is it you would have me do?

Lady D. Conceal me, shelter me from this disgrace:—if Drelincourt should claim me, witness not against me. You have the proofs, and only you.

Father S. I understand you—you would have me forsworn. Not I, for the world; I have not such a pliant conscience; no, I am not so insinuating, subtle, flexible, nor false.

Lady D. Cruel! consider what I've been to you.

Father S. I'll tell you what you've been; my tyrant and my slave; all things by turns, but all things in extremes. You drew my character, now take your own; you have been wavering, weak, perverse, and foolish. Your fondness has been freakish, your courtesy offensive, and your humility insulting; you are not only a double wife but a double woman; you have more faces than you have husbands, more follies than you have faults, and more malice than the devil—And yet perhaps I may be brought to serve you.

Lady D. Do that and share my fortune.

Father S. A small part will serve my turn; but I'll not trust to promises—I am resolv'd to quit this kingdom, and retire to France, immediately, to-morrow—my absence sets your heart at rest, equip me for my journey, give me cash.

Lady D. Most readily: what will content you?

Father S. You've made a purse, I know you have; examine your scrutore: go, get you hence, and fetch me what you have hoarded from your gull, your Solomon.

Lady D. But will you then be faithful; will you not betray me after all?

Father S. I'll not be haggled with upon conditions. Go. [Exit *Father S.*

Lady D. I must obey him, for the villain has me every way in his power; I must buy out his mercenary malice at the price of all my industry has scrap'd together; and, for the first time, sacrifice my interest to my reputation: If I could retaliate, upon the score of treason, I would gladly trap him in his own snares; but he has cunningly contriv'd it so, that the attempt must criminate myself—if he retires to France, the purchase of his absence cannot be too dear:—

I'll be assur'd that Drelincourt's in England first, and for that purpose—

Enter Sir SOLOMON and DAVY.

Ah! you startle me!

Sir S. I interrupt your meditations.

Lady D. Not in the least; or if you did, it's an interruption I must always profit by.

Sir S. Your most obedient—and I think it happy that I have found you in a disposition so obliging.

Lady D. It is my duty to be found so always.

Sir S. I hope you're serious; for I own I have thought that word was out of use, in your ladyship's lips at least.

Davy. Come, father, bear down at once, you are fairly to windward; all this is mere manœuvring.

Sir S. I have a little proposal to submit to you, my dear; a small thing, that for form's sake I consult you upon, not in the least doubting your most ready concurrence.

Lady D. Without more preface, what may that small thing be, Sir Solomon?

Sir S. Nay, in truth, it is not so much my request as my son David's.

Lady D. If anything can add to the pleasure I shall take in obeying your commands, my dear, it must be the consideration that he has an interest in the request.

Davy. Why that's fair, and enough said—so in short, my lady, father desires you would consent to my inviting the two Spanish prisoners, Drelincourt and Montgomery.

Lady D. Invite them to this house?

Davy. That's all; I've a sailor here is stepping

to Plymouth, and will carry the message in a hurry.

Lady D. But I am in no such hurry to send it: I would have Sir Solomon understand himself and me a little better; I would have a few words in private with him, before such steps are taken. Would you turn your house into a barrack? they have quarters provided for them without your trouble; I desire no such visitors in my family.

Davy. Father, the wind's about; heave out your best bower, or we're all aground.

Sir S. You surprise me, Lady Dangle; is this fair proceeding? do I object to your acquaintance? for instance, Daggerly and his niece, are they of my inviting? Sullivan, is he my visitor? am I to have no voice in the house? Is there a neighbouring gentleman who has not left me off? Even the parson has forsaken my house; the very rats have quitted the wreck.

Lady D. And a happy riddance you have of them; what in the world was your house when I first came to it, but the resort of country squires, and poaching attorneys; a mob of linsey woolsey grooms, and a kennel of fox hounds? The feast of the Lapithæ was not more barbarous.

Davy. What feast was that, father?

Sir S. Your ladyship is beyond me now—but this I know, that you found me a very happy man; living at my ease in the centre of my tenants and acquaintance, leading a very jocund, jovial, innocent life; my hall resounded then with laughter and festivity; the cloyster of the Carthusians is not now more melancholy; roast beef is driven out, and saints and soup maigre have taken possession of it.

Lady D. 'Twas a den of drunkenness, Sir Solomon, I have reform'd it to a scene of decorum.

Sir S. 'Twas Christmas, and you have turn'd it into Lent; in this country, madam, popularity depends upon the spigot; that indeed you have stopt; you have reform'd me out of all men's good opinion: curse on such reformation, say I.

Lady D. Sir Solomon, you are determin'd to be the death of me; I perceive you are throwing yourself into one of your tantrums; if you begin swearing, I shall take my leave of you: but remember, as sure as ever these Spaniards enter one door, I will go out of another.

[*Exit Lady Dangle.*

Davy. So, she's off, and we are in possession of the field,—away with her, say I—luff up, father,—stand to it handsomely, and the day is your own.

Sir S. I think I've done pretty well, Davy, for one bout.

Davy. Aye, aye, she's before the wind, — never stand here knotting and splicing, but to it again—here comes sister Agnes.

Enter AGNES.

Sir S. How now, my child, what's the best news with thee?

Agnes. I met my lady in tears—what is the matter?

Davy. A little bit of a tussle with father, d'ye see, that's the whole of it.

Sir S. You have unhappily been witness of many such—in short, daughter, this woman's temper is insupportable; my life is miserable; no humble cousin to a rich old maid, ever liv'd

more under the harrow, than I to my lady Dangle: but I'm justly punish'd; your mother was an angel: I had one great prize in the lottery of life, and embarking in it again am undone.

Davy. Bad luck now, father, better another time.

Sir S. You can remember, child, what artifice she us'd to hook me in: a wiser man might have been deceiv'd by her.

Agnes. Certainly the widow Carey at Lisbon, was a very different woman from Lady Dangle in England.

Sir S. Would you believe that she opposes my inviting the Spanish prisoners—violently opposes it? nay, declares she will leave the house upon their coming into it.

Agnes. And what can you wish for more? let her put her threats in execution.

Sir S. Humph!

Davy. Aye, let her bolt; I'll cast an old shoe after her, for one.

Sir S. 'Tis for the credit of our country that our prisoners should report well of us: I have no acquaintance with these officers, speak neither French nor Spanish, and can at best but entertain them with dumb shew.

Agnes. How so, sir? surely you remember young Montgomery, that you was so fond of at Lisbon.

Sir S. Montgomery! is he one of them? is he in the Spanish service?

Davy. Why aye, to be sure he is, did'nt I tell you so before, father? now, Agnes, if I was you, I would tell all and about it; what signifies mincing the matter—He's in love with sister, and sister's in love him—now the mischief's out.

Sir S. Is this true, daughter?

Davy. Look ye there now, how you stand, simpering, and sideling, as if you was before a justice?—Can't you speak out, Agnes? there's neither sin nor shame in the case, as I take it; is there, father?

Sir S. I don't know what to say to that; we've had enough of foreigners, methinks.

Agnes. Montgomery is not a foreigner.

Sir S. But he's a beggar.

Davy. Pray, father, had my lady any fortune?

Sir S. But he's a Catholic.

Davy. Pray, father, what religion is my lady of?

Sir S. Hold thy tongue, boy, on that subject; one fool in a family is one too many: I would not compel your choice, daughter, but I would resist your ruin.

Agnes. And whatever my dear father opposes, I most solemnly promise and declare I will never do; neither will I ever marry any man, who carries arms against my country.

Sir S. That's my good girl; spoke like my own daughter—now let Montgomery come when he will, I have nothing to fear: you never deceiv'd me yet, Agnes, and I am sure you never will. Come, children, let's to supper.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Hall in Sir Solomon's House.

Enter PAT.

Pat. Gemini! how my head turns round!—It whirligigs like a top; now cannot I tell for

the life of me, whether it is love or liquor that has set my brains a galloping at this rate : here comes miss Kitty, I'll ask her opinion ; she, belike, knows more of the matter than I do.

Enter KITTY.

O you young sparkling rogue, I'm glad I've caught you, and alone too.—Hush, let me shut the door ;—now don't be frighten'd.

Kitty. Lord love you, master Pat, what should frighten me ? be at no pains about that. Speak your mind.

Pat. And so I will, i'fackins ; I am terribly in love with you. I know it, and what is more, I suspect it :—first and foremost, d'ye see, because I'm grievously fall'n away within this half hour, and have no stomach for my supper ; secondly, and so on, because I've a perilous swimming in my eyesight, every thing is turn'd upside down and topsy-turvy ; so that I walk on my hands, with my heels where my head should be.

Kitty. Don't you go about to say such things of me, master Pat ; you know you have been drinking and rioting with Davy Dangle, and now you would lay your ears, and your eyes, your heels and your head at my door : shame upon you ; how am I in fault ?

Pat. Why don't you remember you gave me a box on the ear, for attempting to kiss you in the blue bed chamber : at that moment I began to fall in love with you, aye, and the same cuff on the ear clos'd the bargain.

Kitty. Well, if you are in love with me, what must I do to cure you of it ?

Pat. Marry me.

Kitty. That's a comical receipt, methinks:— what will your aunt say to that?

Pat. Oh, but we'll not call her into council: we'll have a post-chaise as well as other people: I hope, miss Kitty, you can have no objection to running off with me.

Kitty. No, to be sure; I'll do it, if it were only to be reveng'd on my lady.—When will you be ready?

Pat. To morrow morning before light.

Kitty. But I bargain for four horses.

Pat. Oh, that's half the battle: aunt paid my quarterage this very day.

Kitty. And how shall I be dress'd for the frolic?—who would give a farthing for running off, unless it was in a fancy habit.

Pat. That's true, and now I think of it, the players are at Plymouth: what do you think of Polly? I should make a monstrous good Macheath.

Kitty. You Macheath, indeed! why that's a woman's part, you simpleton.—I'll tell you what I'll do, and there's an end; borrow Davy's uniform.

Pat. A rare thought; we'll let him into the secret.

Kitty. With a smart cock'd hat, I shall make a pretty little dapper fellow: I love a sailor dearly—Do you think we shall be pursued?

Pat. I hope so; 'tis a pity we are both orphans, that we can't have an advertisement from our disconsolate parents.

Kitty. Our disconsolate friends will do as well: most parents are in the secret themselves. Then there comes out a description of our persons in the papers, and that reads so charmingly—A young lady, not an hundred miles

from Plymouth, ran away from her disconsolate friends, upon a matrimonial trip to Scotland—She was dress'd—then comes in the best of it, in a sea officer's uniform, a smart hat, and cockade, black velvet stock, her hair braided and turn'd up with a comb, and a hanger, in a belt, slung across her shoulders.

Pat. I hope to my heart, that Daggerly and Father Sullivan will break their necks in pursuit of us.

Kitty. But mind you now, Mr. Pat, I bargain against coming back in the Diligence together; for you know now, that nothing in this life should tempt me to marry such a little, ugly, go by the ground as yourself, but the love of frolic.

Pat. And what do you suppose persuades me to dance after such a wild goose as you are, Kitty, but the love of the chase? the bird, d'ye see, is but a goose when caught, but there's fun in running after it.

Kitty. So far we're agreed then, and now let's find out master Davy: of a certainty, he must have been a good friend to matrimony, that first invented running off to Scotland. Let's be gone.

Pat. Miss Kitty, one kiss to seal the bargain.

Kitty. Hold there, master Pat; he that takes earnest before-hand, seldom stands to his bargain in our way of business: so come along without it.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Father SULLIVAN, with a paper, and DAGGERLY.

Father S. Now, Mr. Daggerly, now your embryo hath a shape; here I can see the miniature of manhood; these tables I am perfect in: here lies the heart of Britain, through these arteries runs the life-blood that scarce feeds her faint emaciated frame; in these ships, these warlike armaments, I trace the nerves that yet enable her to raise her shield against a host of foes, that crowd and press upon her; here yawns the grave behind her, dark and deep — she totters on the brink, strike, and she falls for ever; strike, and behold the gold of France as rich as Danaë's shower fills up the piece, and rolls in floods upon you.

Dag. Aye! Floods of promises; but what ensues if the performance fails?

Father S. What most men shrink from, some men bravely meet, and no man can escape.

Dag. 'Tis true, but I'm provided; here's my remedy—*[shews a pistol.]* It's partner's at your service.

Father S. I thank you; but I'm arm'd in my philosophy! And do you always carry those things charg'd about you?

Dag. Always; they serve a double purpose; to defend my life, or on occasion to dismiss it: and I must wonder, Sullivan, how you possess yourself in such tranquillity.

Father S. By ancient habits of reflection, by a soul superior to the shifts and turns of fortune.

Dag. Now would I give the world for your composure. You amaze me; but you was not born in England, you have no compunction, I am distracted, agoniz'd, and being scarce myself, I am but half a villain.

Father S. Pish, 'tis ridiculous timidity.

Dag. No, sir, but something presses on my mind.

Father S. What's that?

Dag. I take you for my friend; nay, I persuade myself, I am sure you are my friend.

Father S. No doubt I am—what then?

Dag. Then like a friend receive what I shall tell you. This is a damning business we're upon; nay, do not think I'll flinch from it; no, I'll not go back; but, Sullivan, I'll now reveal the only secret I have ever held back from you—I was, not long since, in the confidential pay of this country, and upon the rupture with France, propos'd to my employers a project of a similar nature with this I am now upon; and I must still believe Brest would have been in flames as Plymouth may to-night: but, would you think it, Sullivan? they rejected it with manly indignation! you will call it indolence, and want of enterprize. I thought it such, and turned my baffled purposes to t'other side—but now, I know not how it is, the act seems noble; my conscience turns perversely in my face, and I must glory in the country I destroy.

Father S. Is this the wondrous offspring that your mountain labours with? I'll tell you what, I have look'd deeply into human nature, and I see in you a little shamefac'd hypocrite at work; close to your heart, you think it conscience, but I call it cowardice.

Dag. You'll anger me!

Father S. I care not if I do, 'twill rouse you: what are those resources of self-murder that you carry with you? symptoms of a timorous spirit, give 'em up—traitors that will impeach you—witnesses that will depose against you; the armour of a man is resolution; a naked savage is an hero; entrench a soldier to the teeth, you make a coward of him—come, by our friendship, by your own safety, by our common cause.

Dag. Either you have some wondrous faculty, or I am influenc'd by some under spirit that has sworn allegiance to your over-ruling genius. Take 'em.

Father S. I thank you; now, like Cortez, you have burnt your ships, and cut off the temptation to retreat; but you are disturb'd, go to your chamber and compose yourself; I'll call upon you at the hour appointed. Go.

Dag. You'll come to me when the Spaniards are arriv'd?

Father S. Without fail: you may depend upon me.

Dag. I trust to you entirely—be careful of the paper, as you regard my life. [*Exit Dag.*]

Father S. This rascal is honest, just as atheists are religious. He gives testimony to truth, as he would deliver his purse to a highwayman; and puts down to charity what he pays to compulsion. I hate such mongrels in iniquity, lurchers that forsake the pack, and lie in wait to snap upon the game, when nobler animals have run it down. This fellow's of a mawkish composition, like medicines sweeten'd to deceive a child. Honey in the mouth, but physic in the bowels. His paper lays him at my mercy, and now that I've disarm'd him I'll bequeath him to the gallows; and I do it, not only because I know these

Walloons will impeach his plot, but to revenge upon him what his folly blabb'd about his French intrigues. So much for that: now for this foolish woman; I have little time to spare to her.

Enter Lady DANGLE.

Well, madam, have you thought of what I told you?

Lady D. Have you determined on leaving England?

Father S. You answer me, it seems, by interrogatories.

Lady D. I claim to treat with you upon conditions.

Father S. But what if I require you to surrender at discretion? as I take it, lady Dangle, you are fairly at my mercy; I believe you find 'twas truth I told you: Drelincourt's in England—but come—I can remember former things, though you are short of memory; we have been friends, I'll be sincere and brief: the Lisbon packet lies at Falmouth, is it your pleasure I depart to-morrow?

Lady D. I understand you—this is what you want.

Father S. How much has your munificence provided? let me see.

Lady D. Would it were poison to your touch.

[*Aside.*

Father S. You drive hard bargains, madam; you purchase your redemption cheaply—but no matter.

Lady D. But you'll set off to-morrow; that you promise me?

Father S. No sooner for your urging it—but yet I'll go. I see your husband coming; I have business with him, leave us.

Lady D. You'll not betray me, Sullivan?

Father S. Psha! you're an idle woman; I have other matters to discuss with him; your silly business is dismiss'd.

Lady D. I stand on thorns till he's gone.

[*Exit Lady D.*]

Enter Sir SOLOMON.

Sir S. You was in conversation with my wife; I hope I do not interrupt any serious business?

Father S. Not at all; we had finish'd what we were upon.

Sir S. I am sorry to hear it; for either you have been too scanty in your admonitions, good father, or she has fail'd to profit by them as she ought.

Father S. I am concern'd you should think there is a fault on either side: has any new complaint arisen?

Sir S. They multiply so fast, I know not how to answer you: 'tis not for me to pry into the secrets of your ministry, father, but I am fearful lady Dangle is not fair in her confession; for if she were, I think your wisdom would apply some remedy against relapses. She is now a perfect mistress in the art of matrimonial teasing; if it be right a husband should enjoy no earthly comfort, and malice be a merit, lady Dangle may in time be calendar'd among the Saints: in short, father, I am completely miserable, and your charge has the sole credit of making me so.

Father S. Sir Solomon, I'll be sincere with you; but let us in the first place be private; suffer me to secure the door. I have long been witness of your chagrin, but it is easier to lament than remedy it: let me ask you once again, if

anything has lately happen'd, more than common.

Sir S. I think not, unless I was to mention the circumstance of her opposing my desire to invite the Walloon officers to my house.

Father S. In that she was peremptory?

Sir S. Violent, not to be mov'd.

Father S. She has a reason for that you are not aware of.

Sir S. It may be so; I am very little acquainted with her reasons; she seems generally to act without reason, in her conduct towards me.

Father S. I may conclude then, you are heartily weary of her society.

Sir S. As sick as Pharaoh was of the plagues of Egypt.

Father S. And would be thankful to the man that could release you from it.

Sir S. As thankful as poor Friday was to Robinson Crusoe.

Father S. I am weary of it too. I'll tell you, sir, it is a rule with me, when I perceive a mind incorrigible, to surrender it to its impenitence; —I leave your house to-morrow.

Sir S. Are you serious?

Father S. Irrevocably fixt: 'tis not my habit to make speedy resolutions, or revoke 'em when I have made 'em.

Sir S. The worse luck mine: what a tug against tide shall I have to myself, when you lay down the oar.

Father S. As I shall manage it, perhaps not. I shall speak freely to you. I am dispos'd to render you an essential service; and, sacred as we hold all secrets utter'd by the penitent in their confession, yet, if the crime is glaring, and the criminal persist in the commission of it,

'tis our duty to disclose it, and redress it openly. And let me tell you, sir, a sin so flagrant is in habitual practice in your house, I dare not any longer trust myself beneath this roof.

Sir S. Providence defend me! what is't you mean?

Father S. To be plain, Adultery.

Sir S. Monstrous and abominable! but who is the committer of it?

Father S. You.

Sir S. I?

Father S. Both of you.

Sir S. If his infallible holiness the Pope was to swear to the charge, he could not make out above half of it.

Father S. And I repeat the charge against you both.

Sir S. Prove it.

Father S. Nothing so easy: the lady you call your wife, is married to another man; she has a prior husband living.

Sir S. A prior husband living! mercy of mercies! if this should be true—don't make a fool of me, good father, don't make a fool of me.

Father S. 'Tis true, you shall see him face to face; I'm not an idle talker, am I now thy friend?

Sir S. My friend? You are the lamp of Aladdin; no Genii in a fairy tale, no poet in his fifth act, nor minister on his dismissal, ever dealt out favours so profusely: but who is the husband? for in the midst of my joy, though repriev'd at the foot of the gallows, bear me witness that I pity from my soul the poor man that is to be executed in my stead.

Father S. That man is Drelincourt, one of your Walloon prisoners: he is coming to your house: for the present, carry yourself to your

lady as usual, and as much better as you can; let nothing that you've heard escape you, and question me no further—other matters demand your attention; your house not only harbours an adultress, but a traitor, an incendiary, your guest, this Daggerly.

Sir S. And why then, give me leave to ask, did you invite him to my house?

Father S. The best may be deceiv'd; let it suffice, I have proof positive here in my hand, the whole delineation of his plot, written by himself: I'll swear to his writing, and can collate it with his letters.

Sir S. I'm all astonishment: instruct me what to do.

Father S. Your part is plain; you act in the Commission of the Peace; receive my deposition, and issue your warrant for his apprehension, here in your house.

Sir S. In my own house? immediately!

Father S. Without a moment's loss, you have a constable in the parish, send for him instantly, but do it quietly, without a bustle; go to your office silently, make no disturbance, I'll meet you there. Away.

Sir S. I'll do as you would have me; but I'm in such a flurry, I scarce can find the way.

Father S. What, man, compose yourself, the burden of the business lies with me.

Sir S. Why, now, I rather think the man that is to be hang'd has some share of it: I wish he had prov'd Lady Dangle's husband, for in that case, of two evils, the gallows would have been the least.

Father S. I'll go down the back stairs, and meet you at your office — so, so, quietly.

[*Exeunt Sir S. and Father S.*]

SCENE II.

*A Garden.**Enter DAVY and PAT.*

Davy. And so this is the scheme, friend Pat, your addle-head has been hatching, to run away with Daggerly's girl?

Pat. Yes, this is the scheme, Davy; how do you like it?

Davy. O wondrously, you're making a plaguy long voyage to prove yourself a fool at the end of it: why, who set up this devil's dance in your noddie, that nothing should serve you, but to thrust your ears into the noose of cuckoldom? Kitty Carrington indeed! carry her to Scotland! carry her to the Pike of Teneriffe as soon; why what signifies making a fool of yourself, and fancying you sail under orders for the virgin islands? no such thing.

Pat. All's one for that, dy'e see, when the frolic's afoot; but you'll not spoil sport by peaching, cousin Davy?

Davy. Who, I peach? Irons could not force that out of me: as for veering away a little bit of advice, d'ye see, that's all fair; if you don't like it, coil it up again, and there's an end.

Pat. And you'll lend Kitty your jacket, waist-coat, and breeches?

Davy. Why, to 'be sure I will—but harkee, messmate, I've given you a piece of my mind, but if you like a salt eel better than fresh provisions, there's an end of it, and so good 'bye to you.

Pat. Good bye, cousin Davy.—Jealous of my

good fortune, but I'm too cunning to be out-witted. [Exit Pat.

Enter MONTGOMERY.

Davy. Captain Montgomery.

Mont. What, my gallant boy ! give me your hand, my hearty fellow : I have news will please you, you must take leave of the cable tier, and mount another uniform : your brave captain has represented your behaviour in boarding our frigate, and a commission is come down for your promotion out of course ; you are now a lieutenant on your old quarter deck.

Davy. Why, if it be so, captain, it is their kindness, more than my deserts, as a body may say : they might have found a better man, and not have gone far a-field to seek for him, methinks.

Mont. Ah, Davy, Davy, yours is indeed a service ; — but I'll draw no comparisons, I've done with Spain, and 'tis not fair to quit it and abuse it too.

Davy. Better and better still ; you've done with Spain ? then before George that's the best news I have heard this day ; give me your hand ; why then the king has one more brave subject than he had.

Mont. Yes, heav'n be prais'd, my natural sovereign now is my liege lord, and legal master.

Davy. So you will strike the red cockade ; oh, Montgomery, I know somebody that will sing jubilate for this.

Mont. I've other news, but that I keep for my belov'd Agnes. Is Mr. Daggerly still in your family ?

Davy. Yes, yes, he's here ; but come, you

wish to see my sister; she's now alone, and I'll conduct you to her; my lady keeps her room: father and the priest are in close quarters; Daggerly is lock'd into his chamber, and the coast is clear, follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Chamber.

DAGGERLY seated at table, with Papers.

Dag. How it stings me! curse on't! it is impossible to keep it off—conscience, thou devil eternal, will nothing silence thee, will nothing smother thee? I have deceiv'd myself, there is an immortality, and thou art! O God! I do repent. [*Starts up.*]—Impossible! I sink beneath the weight of crimes;—I cannot stir the load that lies upon my soul; I sweat with terror; I am lost for ever.—Hell, if thou dost exist, I come—I will dispatch myself outright! where are my pistols? Madman, fool, they are gone, I am disarm'd—who's there? what noise is that? I am betray'd—where are my papers? hark! [*gentle rapping at the door.*] Who are you? what do you want? I am busy.

Father S. [*without.*] Open the door, 'tis I—'tis Sullivan.

Dag. Have patience, I beseech you.

[*Huddles up his papers.*]

Father S. Why don't you let me in?

Dag. Who are you?

Father S. A friend—be quick.

Dag. I come, I come, 'tis he: I recollect; is all well, Sullivan?

Father S. All's well; make haste, I say.

Dag. There then, now enter. [*Opens door.*]

Enter Father SULLIVAN.

O my friend!

Father S. What ails you, sir?

Dag. I cannot tell you; I have been in torments, but the sight of you revives me. Why would you leave me to myself? I'm better now you're here; speak to me, but let it be of comfort: let me hear your voice,—by all that's sacred, you amaze me, Sullivan, your eye is fix'd, compos'd; your step is firm, undaunted; are you more than man?

Father S. 'Tis plain that you are less: now were it charity,—mere Christian charity, to take your life.

Dag. Indeed, good friend, I wish'd for death, but now.

Father S. Then take your wish. Surrender!
[*Presents a pistol.*]

Dag. What is't you mean?

Father S. To hang you.—Officers of justice, enter.

Enter Officers.

There's your prisoner, execute your warrant.

Dag. O Sullivan, can this be so?

[*Drops on his knee, but rises suddenly, and takes out his papers, which Sullivan snatches from him.*]

Father S. Secure his papers! ha! the bills I gave you, these are my property: 'tis well I've found them. Come, officers, dispatch: the coach is at the door; to prison with him. Nay, no railing—or if you must, rail at yourself—

you would have been a villain upon record, but the fool preponderates, and now, you're nothing but a simple knave.

Dag. Devil! deceiver! have you no remorse? you that are guiltier than myself, have you no feeling?—You that seduc'd me, traitor?

Father S. Psha! 'tis thus superior understandings treat their little worthless agents. You know me not:—nor could you reach my motives if you did; I am not what I seem.—Away with him.

Dag. Stop for a moment.—That you have brought me to the punishment I merit, galls me not so severely, Sullivan, as the apprehension that you have thereby escap'd it: since you have moulded me into your plots and conspiracies, life has been insupportable; and it is not now so much my complaint that I am sacrific'd, as that you are sav'd: still it is some consolation to think, that in destroying me you disappoint yourself; your triumphs, and those of France are blasted: and amidst all my crimes this mitigating thought, perhaps, may interpose to rescue me from utter execration, that I die, exulting in the deliverance of my country.

[*The Officers take off Daggerly.*

Father S. Now, France, thy scheme is blasted, curse upon his folly! this was a necessary act of self-defence,—here my commission ends: I now must enter on another service. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Garden.**Enter MONTGOMERY and AGNES.*

Mont. Yes, my Agnes, the generosity of my sovereign has revers'd the family attainder, and by my uncle's will I am heir to an ample property; such are the good tidings I have this day receiv'd; but what are these? till this dear hand shall seal the bond of my felicity, 'tis blank and waste.

Agnes. And how are you convinc'd that I am form'd to make you happy? what is the security you build on, that you pass judgment on my merits with such positive assurance.

Mont. How can I better answer than in the language of the poet:

*“ I've look'd thee over with a lover's eye,
 “ Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy,
 “ Thou'rt all perfection, or all blindness I.”*

Agnes. You do well, Montgomery, to take poetry in aid when you resort to flattery; but it is not so much your blindness to the truth, as our artifice in disguising it, that misleads your judgment.

Mont. If there were oracles on earth, and it was religion to believe in them, they could not shake my mind from the persuasion it is fix'd in.

Agnes. And what is apter to misjudge than prepossession? You've only look'd upon the

fairer side, believe me; the lover sees no other in his first advances: let the husband turn the picture, and the reverse too frequently revolts him with disgust.

Mont. I own it, and these cautions which you feign to be dictating to me, I take for granted are in reality address'd to yourself: 'Tis well consider'd, and becomes the prudence of your character.

Agnes. My prudence! 'tis amongst my failings that I have no prudence; as a proof of it, I am open to confess there never was a day, an hour, since first I knew Montgomery, save only whilst he was in arms against my country, that I would not readily have married him, though poverty in all its worst extremes had been my lot.

Mont. Most generous confession! my life! my soul! now am I justified in my devotion?

Agnes. But, valuing your repose above my own, I made a sacrifice of all that in the world I had held dear, and parted from you with an aching heart. [Weeps.]

Mont. O my Agnes, what a portion in time's treasure have we lost! but let us snatch the remnant, and may Heaven prolong it whilst you call it happy!

Agnes. That only can terminate when you cease to be;—now leave me to myself; I'm little us'd to happiness, and this has been too much; let me retire: but may our separation be a short one.—Montgomery, you'll not despise me for my sincerity, nor think more lightly of the heart you won, because I could not hold it out against you.

Mont. May I be banish'd from mankind, when I abuse such generous sincerity! And will you leave me?

Agnes. For a few minutes only; look, your friend is coming. [Exit *Agnes.*

Enter DRELINCOURT.

Mont. O, Drelincourt, my friend, support me!

Drel. What is the matter?

Mont. Joy, joy in the excess; and that, like grief, can only be discharg'd upon a heart like yours: bear it, partake it, for it overwhelms my bosom, turns my brain, and only can be vented by my tears.

Drel. I comprehend it all; and as your happiness flows in, my own afflictions give way, and are no more remember'd. The lady who departed on my coming—

Mont. Is my wife; our hearts are wedded, and for ever one.

Drel. May Heav'n confirm their union! Yes, my brave friend, I know thee well; and we have worn out many a cheerless day together; we have look'd death and danger in the face, and I have seen thee meet the shock with a compos'd, intrepid spirit: from that moment I have held thee to my heart, and never shalt thou lose that hold, till it shall beat no more.

Mont. And when you know my *Agnes*, *Drelincourt*, you'll place her there beside me; let us follow: how many hours have past, do you think, since she went from me?

Drel. As lovers count their hours, some three or four.

Mont. Come, then, I'm all impatience till I present you to her; nay, man, for pity's sake, make haste.

Drel. O love and youth! how fast you fea-

ther-footed beings post upon the stretch of expectation. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Father SULLIVAN.

Father S. There the informers go. 'Tis well I lost no time in the prevention of their purpose; they have enter'd the house, I knew they would impeach him: honourable fools! what has their country done for them? and what is that incurable disease, that inborn amor patriæ of a Briton, that no corrosive can burn it out of him? Give him a naked hovel on an English heath, the surly mastiff turns into his native straw, and growls defiance from his den. It is not so with me, my arteries, like theirs, are fed with British blood, but injuries have turn'd it into gall; and if I could extinguish this proud Island at a blow, I have revenge enough to urge me to the deed. But hark, who's here? I'll step aside.

Enter PAT, and KITTY drest in uniform.

Pat. Fairly bolted! clear off, by all that's lucky! O Jupiter Ammon, what a tuning will my aunt keep, up stairs and down stairs, when she misses her lost sheep! Such a hue and cry through the parish, plumbing of wells, and dragging of ponds: rare work for the crier. Kitty, what will uncle Daggerly say to all this?

Kitty. Who cares? not I. His family feelings won't break his heart: he has not been my uncle above three days.

Pat. Married your aunt three days ago.

Kitty. Married my aunt, you gudgeon—no! he's only my travelling uncle, just as you will be my travelling husband.

Pat. Oho! that's it. Why then, if I am to be only your travelling husband, let us set out upon our journey without loss of time: the post-chaise is at the bottom of the park.

Father SULLIVAN comes forward.

Father S. Is it so, sirrah? but I shall put a spoke in your wheel at least.

Pat. Oh the vengeance! am I trapped? good, Mr. Sullivan, have pity on my youth, I am but a young beginner.

Father S. Stay where you are, I must have a word with this volunteer.

Kitty. Well, sir, what is your pleasure with me?

Father S. You have a post-chaise in waiting.

Kitty. I have.

Father S. It must carry me on my way towards Falmouth. Daggerly is seiz'd, Lady Dangle on the wing, you are blown, and I am on my departure.

Pat. And what's to become of me? hang myself on the trees, and make a dinner for the kites.

Father S. I have no time to waste on such a subject; get back to your aunt; but if you, who seem equipt for elopement, have a mind to take your chance with me, there is a place in the chaise at your service; I offer you this, child, in mere pity and sincerity of heart; if you are otherwise determined, shift for yourself. Come, resolve; there is no time to be lost.

Kitty. You hear what he says, Pat; have you the heart to stand by me?

Pat. Who I? lud a mercy, do but look at him; my ribs ake at the very sight of him.

Kitty. Why a barn-door fowl will fight for his walk, but you are bred on a dunghill. Come, Mr.

Sullivan, I accept your offer, because I have no other choice left; but never hope to make prize of this uniform, when there is a man to defend it. [Exit.

Father S. Go, get you home, you simple gull, and tell your aunt the legacy I left her, by rescuing her booby from the hands of a harlot.

[Exit.

Pat. The murrain go along with you for an old mischief-making interloper, and the pestilence to boot! ah, master Davy, I'm rejoic'd to see you; for the love of good-fellowship, make after that wicked priest, and recover Kitty from his clutches.

Enter DAVY with BUMBOAT, &c.

Davy. Heyday, you are beside yourself; speak in plain English.

Pat. Why, father Sullivan is gone off with Kitty Carrington.

Davy. Well, and who is the gainer by that? I give him joy of his bargain.

Pat. He is carrying her away to Falmouth; the post-chaise is waiting, and you may take leave of your uniform.

Davy. Say you so? is she cas'd in my doublet?

Pat. To be sure she is: did'nt you lend it to her?

Davy. About ship then! that uniform never goes into a French port, with my consent: what point did he steer to?

Pat. Follow me, we'll quickly overtake him.

Davy. Bumboat, pipe all hands to quarters, and run him right aboard.

Bum. Ay, ay, master, we'll soon fetch him up with a wet sail. [Exeunt.

DRELINCOURT and MONTGOMERY meeting Sir SOLOMON.

Mont. Sir Solomon, give me leave to introduce Colonel Drelincourt to you.

Sir S. I rejoice to see you, good sir; be assur'd I réjoice to see you—Go, go, Montgomery, leave us old folks to ourselves, you have better attractions in another place. [*Exit Mont.*]—You are heartily welcome to Dangle Hall; I should be happy you would make my house your own; but alas, I am here but a tag in office, a mere cipher in the accompt, a thing upon sufferance, nothing more.

Drel. I am sorry to hear it, Sir Solomon; how comes this to pass?

Sir S. By the most natural consequence in life, Colonel—I am married: my wife plays first fiddle, I am but an underling ripieno in the band: ah, sir, things go ill with a garrison when the white flag flies on the citadel.

Drel. 'Tis an ugly signal, I confess; but the law is a good casemate, and the strong holds of a husband can't easily be forc'd by a wife, if he is resolv'd to stand manfully on his defence.

Sir S. The strong holds of a husband, quotha! what are they? her holds are stronger than mine. You are married yourself, Colonel, are you not?

Drel. I am, to my sorrow.

Sir S. Why there it is now, and if a man like you is married to his sorrow, what the devil should I be married to? sorrow and sadness into the bargain.

Drel. But when I found I could not live in peace with my wife, we parted by consent.

Sir S. And perhaps it was the only thing you ever did by consent. And was your wife a ter-magant?

Drel. A devil.

Sir S. O Lord, but mine's a legion of 'em; a huge two-handed domineering dame, out of all sight above my match; she was slim and slender, poverty-struck, when I married her, humble as a trout; but good commons have run her up to a size above all land carriage; if I was to pass her by the waggon, I should be ruin'd by the new tax. Lookee, Colonel, lookee, there she goes; that's she. [*Points to the window.*]

Drel. Providence defend me!

Sir S. And me too for the love of mercy; if you start, I may well stare.

Drel. Is that woman your wife?

Sir S. Yes; and I am afraid I am her husband, unless you are so kind to take her off my hands.

Drel. Where did you meet her? how did you engage with her? are you actually married to her?

Sir S. Infandum Regina, jubes renovare dolorem. Married her in Portugal, a plague upon all warm climates and blue skies; the pure air of Lisbon put the freak into my head, and the fogs of England put it out again, with repentance in its stead.

Drel. Your deliverance is at hand; honour obliges me to avow her for my wife, and your contract is dissolv'd.

Sir S. Come to my arms, come to my arms! a reprieve, a reprieve! where are my children? where are my servants, my tenants, my neighbours? I proclaim a general jubilate in the family; my horses shall neigh in concert, and my hounds open in full cry in the chorus; the vizen

is bolted, and we run off hot on the entapis: I shall love a Spaniard the longest hour I have to live; take every thing I have; carry away my castle like a shell upon your back; leave me in the worst ditch on my estate, and I'll thank you for the exchange.

Drel. You are in luck, I must confess: I shall take her back to Lisbon, put her into the convent of Repentants, then return to England, where the bounty of my sovereign has restor'd me to the privileges and comforts of a Briton.

Sir S. I can't speak with you; I am dumb with ecstasy.

Enter AGNES and MONTGOMERY.

O my dear children, the happiest event in nature for your poor father! I've slipt my skin like a snake, and am a new creature; ask me no questions how and about it, but Lady Dangle is Colonel Drelincourt's wife: he has got the woman, and I am in Paradise without her.

Agnes. Is it possible? has she made a double marriage?

Sir S. Yes, and 'twas the best action of her life.

Mont. O, my poor Colonel, have you stumbled on your wife again after all!

Sir S. Yes, but the grand stumble was at starting: take warning, Montgomery, there is no such loop-hole for you to creep out of: but however, I will not discourage a young man from taking a bold leap, because an old fool like me has broken his neck in the attempt.

Mont. Sir Solomon, have I your permission to present miss Agnes to Colonel Drelincourt?

Sir S. No, let me join your hands, and thus

present you both—Now have I no other quarrel with you, Montgomery, but for your not demanding my daughter before you was restor'd to your estate; then I could have shewn the sincerity of my approbation by the disinterestedness of my choice.

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Put Solomon at the bottom of that sentence, father, for he never utter'd a wiser in his life. Ahoy! you Bumboat, bring yourself this way—You've got these folks in safe hold?

Enter BUMBOAT.

Bum. Safe enough, master, never fear; cockswain and his crew have 'em in keeping.

Sir S. What's the matter now, Davy? more adventures on foot?

Davy. Only stopt his reverence on the smuggling tack with Kitty, till he can shew clearances.

Sir S. What dost thou mean, boy? if Father Sullivan is moving off with Kitty Carrington, we'll readily give up one to be quit of the other.

Davy. Say you so? then open the cage and let them fly: Bumboat, release your prisoners.

Drel. Hold, if you please; this Sullivan has been an accessory in Daggerly's plot, and though I am little vers'd in your laws, Sir Solomon, I am of opinion you should bring him to examination before the Commandant at Plymouth; at least, as I take it, you cannot convict Daggerly without his evidence.

Sir S. That's true, that's true, by all means keep him in safe holding;

Enter PAT, hastily.

Pat. Mercy o' me, my aunt is in such a fury! I beseech your worship to stand by me.

Sir S. You apply to the wrong person for protection; but what's the matter? you seem frightened out of your wits.

Pat. Oh yes, they are lost, and out of sight a long while since.

Sir S. But how have you provok'd your aunt? what is your fault?

Pat. No fault in life; nothing, an't please you, but an innocent desire to see the world with Kitty Carrington.

Sir S. Why you was not going to elope, sirrah, was you?

Pat. How could I help it? all the house was on the wing; every body pairing off in couples, two and two; nothing going forward but marrying or hanging; so I thought out of two evils I would chuse the least—but I hear my lady coming, for the love of mercy stand between me and her fingers. [*Exit Pat hastily.*]

Drel. Suppose we desired the young people to retire; she is this instant entering the room.

Sir S. By all means—Go, my dears—But you'll stand by me. [*Exeunt Mont. Agnes, and Darcy.*]

Drel. Fear nothing, stand your ground.

Enter Lady DANGLE; she comes unexpectedly up to Drelincourt.

Lady D. Where is that profligate, that impudent—Who are you? What have we here?—Ah!

Sir S. You've seen that gentleman before, I believe.

Drel. Your humble servant, Mrs. Drelincourt;—well met in England, madam; you have establish'd yourself in a very comfortable house: I presume you are upon a visit in this family.

Sir S. Yes, and she will make it a tolerable long one, if your coming does not put an end to it.

Drel. I request you, madam, to get yourself in readiness for departure this evening; small preparation will suffice; you need not encumber yourself with much baggage; the convent of Repentants will provide you with a habit; you will be suitably furnish'd with what you most stand in need of; frequent fastings, humiliating penances, and painful vigils.

Lady D. Who are you, sir, that talk to me in this manner? what madman has broke into my house to insult me?—Sir Solomon, I claim your protection.

Drel. Come, come, this affectation won't serve you; Sir Solomon, I demand of you the surrender of my wife.

Sir S. I never answer'd a demand with so good a will; take her.

Lady D. Hold, let me speak with you apart.

Sir S. Well, what are your commands?

Lady D. Sir Soloman, if you have any sense of pity, any spark of affection left, I do conjure you to protect me: I will be grateful to you for it, loving and obedient; I own my faults and will amend 'em; I know at times, my dear, I have not been so gentle as I ought.

Sir S. Very true, my dear, I can recollect some instances of what you say.

Lady D. But I'll be evermore your tender dutiful wife, if you'll forgive what's past.

Sir S. That is really very well said; let me

recommend to you to repeat it to that gentleman, his right is prior to mine.

Lady D. He has no right; he cannot prove his marriage: if you will protect me, 'tis not in the power of man to force us asunder.

Sir S. But will you really be so dutiful and obliging in future?

Lady D. I solemnly protest to you I will.

Sir S. Indeed! then I should be the basest of men to deprive Colonel Drelincourt of such a blessing. I give you joy, sir, you have done wonders; Mrs. Drelincourt is become a miracle of complacency, and meekness; you have no need to look out for a convent, she is fairly one of the Repentants already.

Lady D. Sir Solomon, I perceive you have neither mercy nor manhood, and if you was now to offer me your protection, I would reject it with scorn. Colonel Drelincourt, I am at your disposal.

Drel. Well, madam, I will repeat no past grievances.

Lady D. Nor will I defend past errors; I shall only observe, that I did not connect myself with him, till I was abandon'd by you; I mention this, not so much in extenuation of my conduct, as in justification of my taste.

Drel. 'Tis true I did abandon you, but as I mean you should hear no reproaches but what come from yourself, I forbear to remind you of the occasion of it; you will recollect, however, that I left all my worldly means in your disposal, and went a beggar, into foreign service, for a peaceable subsistence.

Lady D. Deal by me as you may, I acknowledge, Drelincourt, you are a man of honour and integrity. I have only one question to ask for

the sake of justice; did Sullivan betray me to you? aye or no?

Sir S. I am not bound to secrecy; he did betray you.

Lady D. Then I am at liberty to retort his treachery; cunning as he is, his malice has overshoot its mark; but is he yet within your reach?

Sir S. He is under custody in my house: and look! they are bringing him this way.

Father SULLIVAN is brought in by Bumboat and Sailors.

Father S. Well, sir, you see me here under custody in a free country. I demand of your wise worship by what authority these people have presumed to arrest and detain my person.

Sir S. Colonel, what shall I answer to that?

Drel. Suffer me to speak to him: Mr. Sullivan, you are suspected as an accomplice in Daggerly's plot, and therefore you are detain'd.

Father S. I am an evidence; but is it your practice, Sir Solomon, to imprison your witnesses?

Lady D. No, sir, but fresh matter, new conspiracies may come to light, in which you are a principal.—You can recollect this hand-writing; these letters should have come to your hands, as I take it, but fortunately within this hour they fell into mine: you have betray'd me, Sullivan, now I have repaid you interest upon interest.

Father S. Death and destruction!—give 'em to me, let me read 'em.

Lady D. That were a foolish deed: no, sir, you'll hear 'em, that will be enough.

Father S. Confusion! She has trapp'd me. [*Aside.*]

Drel. Hah ! do you start ? the law has caught you then at last.

Father S. Are you, that was so late the outcast of this kingdom and its laws, become the assertor of them ? Despicable man, I would not change condition with you ; no : in injuries I am your equal, but in resentment of them your superior ; I am, like you, a subject born, exil'd like you for my religion, but where I found protection, thither I transferr'd my allegiance. Now you will trouble me with no farther questions, for I'm not dispos'd to answer.

Sir S. I'm heartily rejoic'd to hear it ; come, Colonel, let us pass him over to those, who can better deal with him : he is a pestilent fellow, and I would he was once fairly out of my house.

Drel. Take him hence, my lads ; there are officers from Plymouth in attendance, and I will accompany you thither myself.

Father S. Ridiculous ! contemptible ! — well, madam, you are now reveng'd ?

Lady D. Why would you urge me to it ? Why provoke me to retaliate ?

Father S. Psha ! you have two husbands, as I take it ; I have but half as many lives, do you call that retaliation ? Come.

[*Exit Father S. attended.*]

Sir S. A welcome riddance !

Drel. And now, Sir Solomon, this melancholy business past, the happier scenes that shall succeed, will brighten by the contrast. See, they open to your view.

Enter MONTGOMERY, AGNES, and DAVY.

Joy to you both ! Montgomery, may you and your betrothed experience that happiness which

I have miss'd: this, I am bold to tell you, madam; that the man, my friend, whom you have honour'd by your choice, has a heart to merit all that fortune, beauty, virtue can bestow.

Mont. I thank you, Drelincourt, but 'tis my heart and not my tongue must tell you what I feel—Sir Solomon, we ask your blessing.

Sir S. Take it, my dears, and with it, all that I possess amongst you. Davy, my brave fellow, what say'st thou? wilt thou give thy father an elbow chair by the chimney side, and hear him tell old stories in a winter's evening? 'tis all that I desire for the rest of my days.

Davy. Aye, will I father: and many and happy may they be! In the mean time though I'll take another spell against the monsieurs; our brave admiral has fill'd the port with prizes, and I would fain make fellow in the fray.

Sir S. And may victory follow thee and thy country wherever thou goest!

Mont. O Drelincourt, my gallant friend, I cannot part with you: stay and partake my happiness; that, by our joint example, England's truant sons, seeing what ready reconciliation waits them, may return, and make our re-united empire once again a family of peace.

THE
C O N F E S S I O N.
A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS.

Irritat, muleet, falsis terroribus implet. **HOR.**

10106. 1000

10107. 1000

10108. 1000

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Walter Scroop.

The Earl of Leicester.

Sir Hugh de Lacy.

Ambrose, *a monk.*

Andrew, *servant to Sir Walter.*

Peter, *a soldier.*

Sir Reginald, *sirnamed De Tours.*

Griffith, *squire to Sir Hugh de Lacy.*

Lady Scroop.

Lady Adela de Bellamont, *daughter to the Earl of Leicester.*

Knights, Monks, &c.

The knight wore a white habit and a full red cross, charged in the midst with a white scallope. Instituted by Richard I.

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THE
CONFESSION.

ACT I.

Scene, a Grove of Trees, under which Sir WALTER SCROOP is discovered sitting and reading. Lady SCROOP enters, and after observing him some little time, approaches and addresses him.

Lady S. Aye! there he sits—a melancholy man, feeding on what consumes him—I'll accost him—Sir Walter Scroop, Sir Walter Scroop, what are you about?

Sir W. Reading my offices.

Lady S. I would you were performing them. All, all is lost, and you sit reading—what will that do for you?

Sir W. Teach me to bear my loss—but that is a lesson you won't let me learn—so farewell to my book! Now, Lady Scroop, what would you have me do?

Lady S. Go to your castle, and convoke your people, to make a thorough search amongst the ruins. Good chance but something may be yet recover'd; and though 'twere little, where so much is lost that little will be welcome.

Sir W. What can be lost when Adela is sav'd?

Lady S. And whom have we to thank for that?

Sir W. Heaven's providence.

Lady S. Well, that is first of all; who can deny it? But when you are so thankful for her safety, can you forget the gallant youth, who risk'd his life to snatch her from the flames?

Sir W. No! I do not forget that Adela was sav'd by Reginald.

Lady S. Then why not give him what he sav'd?

Sir W. Away! you are mad.

Lady S. Give him but what his courage has preserv'd, his virtues merit, and his heart adores; and that is Adela.

Sir W. And who is Adela? and who am I, to give the daughter of the Earl of Leicester to Reginald, an unknown, nameless foundling? my Lady Scroop, my Lady Scroop, let me hear no more of this, as you respect my honour, conscience, and my peace of mind.

Lady S. Well! I have done.

Sir W. See that you have; and never let that wish or pass your lips, or harbour in your heart, whilst you have life.

Lady S. We'll drop the subject. Only be content. I do not wish to press into your secrets.

Sir W. You know that Adela is Leicester's daughter; you know that nothing more is known of Reginald, but as the child of parents, who through shame or poverty expos'd him as a foundling, and threw him on my pity for support. What is there else to know? what other secrets have I conceal'd?

Lady S. That is for you to answer, not for me. What secrets you entrust to me I keep, what you withhold I do not seek to know—Let that suffice—but look! here comes the good father Ambrose. I'll leave you with him. May his holy comfort lighten your heavy heart!

[*Exit Lady S.*

Friar AMBROSE enters to SIR WALTER.

Sir W. Hail, father!

Amb. Peace be with you!—Sir Walter Scroop, here is a holy man upon his pilgrimage, and late from France, who brings you tidings of the Earl of Leicester—He would be private with you.

Sir W. Let him come. I am alone: no one shall interrupt us. [*Exit Ambrose.*]

Sir WALTER SCROOP alone.

Tidings of Leicester! Ah, ill-fated Earl,
Why, why art thou not here to save thy daughter,
Whose heart unconscious feeds a hapless passion
For Reginald—Oh horror—for the son
Of her own mother. Heaven avert the crime
Hateful to God and man! Ungrateful Queen,
'Tis in your cause the noble Leicester suffers;
Oh, Richard, Cœur-de-lion truly nam'd,
Why do you not restore your exil'd friend?
But see, the pilgrim comes—Heaven's grace de-
fend me,
He comes in likeness of the Earl himself;
His air, his step—'Tis he! my honour'd lord!—

Earl of LEICESTER enters habited like a Pilgrim.

Earl of L. Hah! is it so, my old and valued friend,

Am I so little chang'd by ten years exile,
That, soon as seen, I'm known, ev'n in this garb?
Well, be it so! Justice at length relents,
And Leicester soon will be himself again.
But more of this hereafter—My fond heart,
A father's heart, yearns to embrace my child.

Sir W. You'll find her fair and good as she is lovely.

Earl of L. I met her on my way. I found her fair,

Blooming, and full of grace. I could not speak,
And she, who knew me only as a pilgrim,
Turn'd, bow'd, and bade God bless me as we
pass'd.

The reverend father stood in mute amaze
To see my bosom labour, and the tears
Gush from my eyes, yet modestly forbore
Enquiry of the cause; so on we pass'd
To this umbrageous grove, where the cool breeze
Hath fann'd my fainting spirits into life.

Sir W. You met the Lady Adela, my lord?
'Twas not with my connivance she went forth.
Was she alone, or how was she attended?

Earl of L. Of her own sex attendant she had
none;

A youth, who on his mantle wore the cross,
Walk'd by her side—

Sir W. Oh, my thrice honour'd lord,
For Heaven's sweet sake, command her to avoid
That dangerous youth, ere love ensnares her heart;
Chaste as the unsunn'd snow your daughter is,
But Leicester's heiress must not so descend
From her high privilege, to waste a thought
On him, whose unknown parent, when she dropt
Her infant at my door, gave him indeed
The name of Reginald, but left his birth
A secret wrapt in mystery and darkness.

Earl of L. What you relate of this mysterious
youth
Is not entirely new; much I have heard,
That does you honour, for the noble breeding
Which you have giv'n him. I have heard withal
That at the seige of Tours, this Reginald,

Whom you have father'd, was the first to mount
The desperate breach ; for which heroic act
Prince Richard knighted him upon the field.

Sir W. Upon the very breach—

Earl of L. And this brave Knight,
Belov'd by Adela, by you approv'd,
And for his valour honour'd by his King,
Is your own son—Avow him, and receive
My child, the dearest object of my love,
And the best gift my friendship can bestow.

Sir W. Not for ten thousand worlds—Forbid
it, Heaven !

Conscience, and truth, and nature, cry against it.
By every blessed saint in Heav'n I swear
He's not my son ; if I should say he were,
'Twould be a perjury as deep as hell.

Brave though he be and virtuous, (for I scorn
To set him forth for other than he is)

Sooner than give my sanction to that crime,
This hand should lodge this dagger in my heart.

Earl of L. Patience, good friend ! you are by
much too warm.

Sir W. Can friendship be too warm ? Till it
be known

What parents gave this nameless foundling birth,
The Earl of Leicester cannot call him son.

The kingly sword may with a touch confer
A title on the merest son of earth,

But true nobility is of itself,

And holds its honours, not by grace or sufferance,
But by inherent property and right.

Earl of L. True, an appeal like this, when
calmly urg'd,

Weighs more with me than vehemence of words.

Now, if you guess where these young lovers haunt,
Conduct me thither.

Sir W. This way we shall meet them. [*Exeunt.*

PETER and ANDREW enter.

And. Come hither, Peter; did you note that stranger, who pass'd us but this minute with Sir Walter?

Peter. Yes, he is a pilgrim.

And. No more a pilgrim than yourself. I've said it.

Peter. He is dress'd like a pilgrim.

And. Pooh, how you babble! hold your tongue and listen. Which is the fitter person, do you think, to treat of matters secret and profound, I, or your silly self?

Peter. You, master Andrew, you. Talk on, I pray you; I dearly love to hear you talk.

And. Humph! I don't much dislike to hear myself. You must perceive there is a certain thing, which I possess in reasonable abundance, and you stand much in need of—I mean wisdom. Now there are three ways of acquiring wisdom: experience is the first—you have none of that: books are the next—but them you cannot read: the third and last, and best of all the three, is genius; of that, friend Peter, you have not one grain. How lucky then for you that I am here, to drop a little sense into your noddle!

Peter. Pray, master Andrew, hav'nt you just now a drop or two in your own?

And. No matter. Open both your ears, and edify. I told you that the stranger was no pilgrim; and why? because I knew him for the Earl of Leicester. Now there's a secret; see you keep it close.

Peter. And why is it a secret?

And. Hav'nt I said enough? Must I explain to you, that old King Henry banish'd the Earl

of Leicester for good cause; and young King Richard, for no cause at all, unless it be to pil-
lage his estates, keeps him in banishment? Now
there you have it; and what are you the wiser
for all this?

Peter. Not much, in troth. 'Tis no concern
of mine.

And. There you are out. It is concern of
your's, for you shall find the Earl will make short
work with your Sir Reginald, and drive him out
to those same holy wars, of which thou can'st
discuss the why and wherefore, about as learnedly
as thou can'st calculate eclipses, or chop logic.

Peter. Well; I can fight; will not that
serve?

And. Yes, it will serve to prove thou art a
dolt, to run thy head against a Saracen, and ask
him civilly to knock thy brains out.

Peter. But how if I knock his?

And. He'll thank you for it; for then you waft
him in a whiff to Paradise; you give him black-
eyed girls, and beds of roses, where he quaffs
coffee, that flows by in rivers, under the branches
of pistachio trees.

Peter. Ah, master, you're too eloquent for
me; but this I know, if my young master, brave
Sir Reginald, is to be turn'd adrift, there will be
water shed by some bright eyes, that shall be
nameless.

And. Torrents of tears, and hurricanes of sighs;
You may quote me for that. Bad times are
coming on; sorrowful times.

Peter. Oh lud, how I hate sorrow! 'Tis so
dull; I never could abide it.

And. No, nor will ever feel it. Now I hate
sorrow too; but what do I? Ev'n what a
wise man should—comfort myself, as you per-

ceive, in time, that I may have wherewith to comfort others.

Peter. Aye, you find all your comfort in the cellar.

And. Well, and a blessing on his heart who built it! he must have known the worth of wine, who rear'd such sturdy arches to protect his liquor.

Peter. You was there all the time the castle was on fire.

And. Where could I be so well? I quench'd my thirst, and others burnt their fingers—Hold! who comes here?

Sir HUGH DE LACY enters.

Sir H. The good-day to you, worthy gentlemen! if you have knowledge of a certain knight, Sir Walter Scroop by name, I shall esteem it an act of courtesy to bring me to him.

And. Puissant sir, I am the man to serve you, being familiar with the knightly person of Sir Walter Scroop, whereas this honest soldier only waits upon his horse.

Sir H. Adjust your own precedencies, only be pleas'd to give me quick dispatch, as bearing from the Queen commands of no small moment.

And. I am her highness's obsequious slave, and will incontinently give dispatch to you, being a man as loyally dispos'd, though I say it of myself, as any subject in the realm of England. Sir, I perceive you're for the holy wars; truly a most praise-worthy enterprize, for which his holiness the Pope will bless you, being a mortal foe to Mahomet, although himself a preacher up of peace.

Sir H. At present, with your leave, we'll quit the Pope, and go in search of Sir Walter.

And. This way, so please you. The grove is intricate; I'll be your guide.—Peter, you know your place. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes and discovers the Castle of Sir Walter Scroop in ruins, by fire. ADELA is standing in a pensive posture, contemplating the ruins. The Earl of LEICESTER, preceded by Sir WALTER SCROOP, enters, and upon seeing his daughter stops short.

Sir W. Lo, where your daughter stands.

Earl of L. Hush, hush, be still.

[*Adela advances towards the Castle, and kneels.*

Lady A. All gracious Providence, whose mercy sav'd me from these devouring flames, which, but for thy vouchsafement, and the courage of my deliverer, had amidst these ruins mingled my ashes, deign to accept my praises! And oh! whilst here thy rescued creature, kneeling, calls to mind the horrors of that moment, may I not, without offence, put up a prayer for him, who was thy timely messenger to save me? And, as it was the hand of Reginald that snatch'd me from these fires, so shall no other hand but his e'er lead me to thy sacred altar—

Sir W. [*advancing.*] Stop!—

Lady A. [*rises and turns to Sir Walter.*] Why should I stop? To him, and him alone, I plight my faith, and call on Heaven to register my vow.

Sir W. Recall it! Supplicate to be absolv'd from that rash vow, and fall upon your knees once more to Heaven, or you are lost for ever.

Lady A. I had been lost, inevitably lost, And left my reliques in that flaming mass, Had not the generous Reginald preserv'd me.

This your own eyes beheld, your lips confess'd,
 Your conscience witnesses. What is my crime?
 If chaste affection, purity of heart,
 And the full sense of honour, be no crimes,
 How am I lost?

Sir W. 'Tis not to me alone
 You vent these warm effusions. Be advis'd:
 Look round, examine before whom you speak,
 Ere you speak that, of which you may repent.

Lady A. Your warning comes too late; you
 brought this stranger,
 A pilgrim, as it seems, unseen of me,
 To steal upon my privacy, and catch
 The secret aspirations of my soul,
 Whilst I pour'd forth my conscious vows to
 him,
 With whom alone its inmost thoughts repose.
 Was that fair dealing? Though disastrous times
 Made me your charge, and threw me on your
 care,
 I am the daughter of the Earl of Leicester:
 My noble father would not treat me thus.

Sir W. You are the daughter of the Earl of
 Leicester—
 That is confest; but what is Reginald?

Lady A. What is he? By his virtues more
 ennobled
 Than all, who, in themselves obscure and mean,
 Have nothing but an ancestry to boast of.
 He on the splendour of his own achievements
 Erects his title, in despite of birth;
 They wear their lazy honours by descent.

Earl of L. Urge her no more—I know your
 father well,
 His thoughts are open to me as my own.
 Would you persist in what you now have vow'd,
 If he were present?

Lady A. 'Tis a strong appeal
To one, who would not grieve his wounded
heart
For the world's worth; yet could I not depart
From what I've pledg'd in hearing of high
Heaven,
Though his thrice-honour'd person stood before
me.

Earl of L. Do you retain no memory of his
person?

Lady A. Alas, alas! when fortune tore him
from me,
So young was I, that in my mind I kept
No register of forms, however dear.
My father, from his country long estrang'd,
Is lost to my remembrance.

Earl of L. This will help it.

[*Produces a picture.*

Here is his portraiture—Not as he was,
When in his happier days, but as he is;
An exile, and a pilgrim, like to me.
Take it; compare it!

Lady A. Like to you—Oh Heaven!—
If this be Leicester's likeness, you—oh you
Are Leicester's self—You are my long-lost
father—

[*She sinks gradually on her knee, as she speaks.*
Let me not kneel in error—Oh declare!
Are you indeed my father?

Earl of L. To my heart,
My throbbing heart, I press thee; oh my child!
I am, I am thy father—

Sir W. Cease, my lord;
Break off!—We are observ'd.

[*Sir Hugh de Lacy appears at the side scene,
brought in by Andrew. They speak apart.*

And. There is Sir Walter Scroop; you can't

mistake him. He in the pilgrim's habit is no pilgrim ; he is the banish'd Earl of Leicester ; I tell you that, so it remains a secret. The lady is Adela de Bellamont, his daughter, a piece of rare humanity, worthy your notice—farewell ! [*Exit.*]

Sir HUGH DE LACY advances.

Sir H. Sir Walter Scroop, the Queen, our gracious regent,
Sends you kind greeting ; and whereas she holds
Your faithful services in high regard,
In her free bounty to repair the loss
Of this fair castle, she bestows upon you
Her house of Feversham to hold in fee,
With all that it contains.

Sir W. A princely boon,
For which I do remain her humble beadsman,
To the last hour of life.

Sir H. I have besides,
News not less welcome to your friendly ear
For the brave Earl of Leicester—a full pardon,
With restitution of his manors, rents,
Castles, and royalties ; to the extent
Of all that he enjoy'd, when, in defence
Of the attainted honour of the Queen,
Enrag'd he drew his sword : for which the King,
Our second Henry, banish'd and despoil'd him.
If now he hears me, and in doubt conceals
His noble person in the homely garb
Of a poor pilgrim, he will cast it off,
And let an old true friend, who shares his joy,
Enfold him in his arms.

Earl of L. Come to my heart !
Thus, thus enfolded, Leicester lives again.
Brave Knight, throughout all Christendom ac-
knowledg'd

Mirror of chivalry, behold I cast,
 At thy command, these pilgrim weeds away ;
 And to my queen, the gracious Eleanor,
 Devote myself her ever-bounden knight :
 Again to draw my sword in her defence,
 If slander calls it forth, in her good cause
 Content to suffer banishment or death.

Sir H. Then buckle on your armour, gallant
 lord,

And join your peers at Vergelay, where France
 Holds friendly congress with our English king.
 There you shall find us ; thither we are bound,
 And good Sir Walter Scroop must be content
 To part from Reginald.

Sir W. Heav'n knows how gladly :
 Now, now I live again.

[*Aside.*]

Sir H. His king expects
 The youthful hero, whom, from helm to spur
 All bath'd in gore, he knighted on the breach.
 The gallant Richard in the blood, that flow'd
 From his gash'd cuirass, dipt his sword, and drew
 Across his buckier thrice the streaming blade ;
 Then bade him rise, Sir Reginald de Tours,
 And gave him licence evermore to wear
 That brave device emblazon'd on his shield.

Lady A. Do you note that, my father ?

Sir H. Now to you,
 Most fair and noble lady, I am charg'd
 With a commission from our gracious Queen —
 A broider'd scarf, by her own fingers wrought,
 She sends by me, commanding you to invest
 With that her princely gift your own true
 knight ;
 Who, when the savage flames embay'd you
 round,
 Bravely to save your life expos'd his own,
 As did your father his, when evil tongues,

Than fire more fierce, conspir'd to blast her
fame.

Lady A. To the commands of my benignant
Queen,

Her humble handmaid, I profoundly bow.

But if, when summon'd to invest her knight,

My quivering nerves disgrace the awful task,

Let this reflection mitigate my fault—

The hands will tremble when the heart dissolves.

Sir W. Enough!— and hark, the convent bell
proclaims

An hour past noon— [*A distant clock strikes one.*]

Whilst, issuing from the gate,

An armed warrior this way bends his steps.

Sir H. 'Tis he; 'tis Reginald!—he turns aside;

My soul's in arms to greet him—Let us follow!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Chamber. Sir HUGH DE LACY, and REGINALD.

Sir H. To part from those, who well deserve
our love,
Is no slight task, no trivial sacrifice;
But we are soldiers, and when duty calls,
All those fine chords, that twine about the heart,
In honour's grasp are feeble as the threads,
Which the light spider weaves upon the grass:
Therefore, my hero, let us live to day
As for ourselves, to-morrow for our fame.

Sir R. Oh brave De Lacy, oh my more than
father,
To-morrow, and as many more to-morrows
As in the book of fate are number'd out
For my allotment, I devote as due
To him, whose badge I wear, and to my King,
Who bought me at a price so far beyond
The measure of my worth; but as the soldier,
Who never heard the trumpet sound to battle,
At the first charge may tremble, even so,
In love a novice, I approach the hour,
That takes me hence, with terror and dismay:

Sir H. Love is no hero's passion.

Sir R. Virtuous love,
And such is mine to Adela, inspires
Virtuous ambition.

Sir H. In the warrior's eye
The fire should never languish; to his heart,
Wrapt in its iron case, no fond desire,
No soft unmanly passion should approach:
The feeble darts that love's weak urchin throws,

Pierce not that bosom from whose temper'd
mail

The blunted spear rebounds, and, if it pants,
It pants for glory, or with anger swells.

Sir R. Illustrious chief, I know it is not here,
In Feversham's soft shades, that glory dwells,
But in the dusty plains of Palestine,
Where Saladin draws out his turban'd host.
The soldier's music is the battle's shout,
The clashing cymbal and the neighing steed ;
To see a wood of spears uprear'd in air,
Their broad blades glittering in the golden sun,
As they were tipt with fire ; whilst over all
The red-cross banner waves, and victory soars.
If these are objects glorious in his eyes
Who never lov'd, how must they fire my soul,
Whose great ambition is to earn a name,
That Leicester's daughter may not blush to
share ?

Sir H. Leicester, indeed, might boast as high
descent

As any subject in our English realm ;
If Leicester, so illustrious in himself,
For valour and for virtue so renown'd,
Had need of such poor aids ; but when you say
Your great ambition is to earn a name,
Have you forgot De Tours ? Is that a name
Which any noble maid might blush to share ?

Sir R. The hunter names his hounds, so may
the King
His soldiers : chance, that gave, may take
away
That fleeting favour, and the day may come,
That some ignoble mother, when she sees
Her beggar's brat a prosperous gentleman,
May let her vanity outrun her shame,
And claim me as her base-born progeny.

Sir H. No, no, that claim will never rise to
light ;

Seal'd to perpetual silence, it must sleep,
Under the guard of honour. If the name
Of her, who gave you being, were pronounc'd,
The blood, that circles in your veins, would
stop,

And cause the pulses of your heart to cease
With wonder and amaze.

Sir R. I now perceive
You, that have been the patron of my fame,
My father let me call you, are possess'd
Of the important secret, which to impart
If prayers could move you, I would kneel to
know.

Look at this cross! the symbol of my faith,
Is this dishonour's badge? Why am I held
Worthy to wear it; if unworthy deem'd
To hold in trust a circumstance, on which
My every hope of happiness, perhaps
The very safety of my soul depends?

Sir H. Urge me no more; nor time nor place
accord,

Nor is thy heart prepar'd to entertain
The awful wonder, till, at distance thrown
From all that here surround us, seas shall roll,
And mountains rise, and nations intervene
'Twi'x't thee and Adela; then, as we pace
The sacred soil, which our Redeemer trod,
I will unfold: 'Till then forbear thy suit,
Avoid conjecture, 'twill destroy thy peace;
And above all, beware Sir Walter Scroop! [*Exit.*]

Sir R. How awfully those warning words con-
firm

What Nature hath impress'd upon my heart—
Beware Sir Walter Scroop—And see, he comes!

Sir WALTER and Lady SCROOP enter.

Sir W. My son, since all-disposing fate ordains
That we must part, my consolation is,
Your virtues have repaid me all the cares
That your whole life hath cost me: you go forth
Grac'd with the royal favour of your Queen,
Nobly appointed in a cause as noble.
New scenes of glory wait you in the East,
Where the prime spirits of the Christian world
With rival zeal will wage their holy war.

Lady S. Can any war be holy?
Men may wage war for plunder, for revenge,
For their ambition; but to fight for Him,
Who fought not for himself, to my humble reason
Cannot be reconcil'd.

Sir R. Had Heav'n endow'd
Its creatures with benevolence like your's,
War never had been known; the sword had slept.
But if God gives me victory in the battle,
For your dear sake I will remember mercy,
And spare my fallen foe. So, when withdrawn,
Perhaps for ever, to far distant climes,
I still shall keep your image in my sight,
Still lay your bright example to my heart,
And profit by the lessons you have taught.

Lady S. Child of my love, my pray'rs shall
tell to Heaven
What my tongue dare not, what it cannot speak.
Go, and if just the cause in which you fight,
Conquest will follow your triumphant arms;
But if the fathers of the Church mistake
The peaceful spirit of our meek religion,
And draw the sword to slaughter guiltless men,
Whose only error springs from education,
Vain will be all your efforts. But I've done—

'Tis not a woman's province to discuss
Questions of this high import.

Sir W. Truly said.

So, even so, my good old mother talk'd,
When for the first time I went forth to battle;
And mothers so will talk to the world's end;
Yet nations will fall out, and men will fight,
In spite of all that peacemakers can say.

A Messenger enters.

Mess. Sir Knight, you are expected at the
convent:

The Earl of Leicester waits.

Sir R. I shall attend. [*Exit Messenger.*]

To both my generous friends at once—farewell!
I now anticipate that painful word,
Lest, when to-morrow comes, and brave De Lacy
Points to the harbour, where our galley rides,
My tongue should fail me, and the fervent thanks,
Which my full heart conceives, die on my lips.

[*Exit.*]

Sir WALTER and Lady SCROOP.

Sir W. Weep not, my gentle Margaret; dry
your tears!

For mark how happy fortune smiles upon us.

Thanks to the bounty of our Queen, we change
A ruin'd castle for a royal palace.

To-morrow Reginald embarks for France;

To-morrow we to Feversham repair,

Therefore farewell to all my cares to-morrow.

I keep it as a double holiday,

A day the whitest in the calendar.

Lady S. So you are happy, I shall be content.

Sir W. I know your goodness, and severely feel
My temper's past defects. Oh, 'twas unkind,

It was inhuman, with remorse I own it,
 To hurt a heart so tender and so true.
 Why did I not confide to you the secret,
 That sour'd my nature, and destroy'd my peace?

Lady S. Ah, why indeed? I am your wife, and
 scorn

To be the base betrayer of your trust.

Sir W. Then hear my story, and let that atone—
 You may remember, more than twenty years
 Have pass'd, since Henry, in despite of Rome,
 Drove the arch-prelate Becket from his see :
 'Twas then the Earl of Leicester was dispatch'd
 To calm the angry Pontiff—hard the task,
 And twelve long months of absence had elaps'd,
 Whilst here at Feversham his countess liv'd
 In solitude with the neglected Queen,
 Our royal Eleanor—

Lady S. I well remember,
 Whilst faithless Henry haunted Woodstock bower,
 His slighted consort pass'd the dreary time
 Unnotic'd and forlorn.

Sir W. It was the hour
 Of midnight, when a summons from the palace
 Rous'd me from sleep; I follow'd my conductress,
 Who led me to the chamber of a lady,
 Within whose arms a smiling cherub lay :
 'Twas Leicester's consort, and her new-born babe,
 Our darling Reginald—

Lady S. Oh, horror, horror !
 Brother of Adela—Unhappy son
 Of her, whom living we esteem'd a saint,
 Whom Leicester follow'd to the grave with tears
 And sighs, that melted the beholders hearts.
 But say, what further evidence of guilt?—
 Did she confess it?

Sir W. Hear the rest, and judge.—
 Languid and faint, with trembling voice she said—

“ If ever pity touch'd your manly heart,
 As a true knight, I do conjure you take
 This helpless innocent, protect his life,
 And save a wretched mother from disgrace !”
 What need of words? I took the lovely babe,
 Bound to concealment, rear'd him as you know,
 And never hath the secret pass'd my lips,
 Till now that in your bosom I repose it.

Lady S. This could not be a secret from the
 Queen;

For they were fast and undivided friends.

Sir W. Right sure she knows it, and I put the
 favours

Now shower'd on us to Reginald's account.

Lady S. So it should seem, and yet 'tis some-
 what strange

The Queen should be so lenient to a crime,
 And so indignant of the imputation,
 When pointed at herself—One question more—
 Who is the father?

Sir W. That eludes conjecture :
 There I am wholly lost.

Lady S. Turn, turn the hearts
 Of these unconscious lovers, gracious Heaven !
 Now bear him hence, ye waves ! waft him, ye
 winds,

Till on the shores of Palestine he lands,
 There in the blood of infidels to quench
 The incestuous flame, that demons, who delight
 In Virtue's fall, have kindled in his breast.

Sir W. Enough ! 'tis done. To-morrow he
 departs.

Retire, my love, and calm your troubled thoughts.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to a Hall in the Convent of Feversham.

The Earl of LEICESTER alone.

Ye sacred walls, by my forefathers rear'd
In the first William's day, with filial awe
Once more I visit you. Amongst their tombs
Silent I walk, as fearing to offend
With my rude steps their venerable shades.

AMBROSE enters with ADELA.

Amb. Illustrious patron of our ancient house,
Behold this noble maid, whose inmost thoughts
I've search'd, and find them pure, though sorely
rent
With agony for loss of him she loves.
You were a husband once, your heart hath felt
Those strong affections, which, if rudely cross'd,
Bear down the soul with overwhelming woe,
Ev'n to the loss of reason, you can judge
With candour, you with mercy can decide.
Her conscience is my charge, her choice is yours.
[*Exit.*]

LEICESTER and ADELA.

Earl of L. Come hither, Adela! that holy man
Speaks as he feels, but he is not a father.
To him, the world is nothing; names, degrees,
And titles, are but feathers in his scale;
Virtue alone he weighs—

Lady A. What else is worthy?

Earl of L. Beware, my child, how you indulge
such thoughts,
As bear a show of metaphysic truth,

But, when applied to practice, mock your reason.
We, that are call'd to fill distinguish'd parts
On the world's stage, must so deport ourselves
As not to languish in the world's esteem.

You are my only stay; on you devolves
The fortune of my house; you have a name;
What name hath Reginald?

Lady A. De Tours. A name
Above all names, ennobled by his king,
Earn'd by his sword, emblazon'd in his blood,
And written on his shield in characters
So legible, that all the world may read.

Earl of L. True; these are honours that his
valour won,
And worthily he wears. These you record
In glowing language; why not add to these
The royal trophy by De Lacy brought,
The scarf, by which you must prepare to deck
The knight, whom kings applaud and queens
adorn?

With all these honours grac'd, let him go forth,
Let Palestine be sav'd, and he is yours.

Lady A. Ere Palestine is sav'd, I shall be lost.

Earl of L. Your mother was as precious to
my sight
As Reginald to yours, yet at the call
Of honour, I left all my heart held dear.

Lady A. You did; my father; but you carried
with you
The consciousness of having left to chance
No power to cancel that heart-binding bond,
Which holy church had seal'd

Earl of L. She lov'd my fame;
She was Lord Pembroke's daughter, nobly born.

Lady A. And yet you lov'd her from a nobler
motive—
Her virtues and endowments.

Earl of L. Ah my child,
Now as I turn my tearful eyes upon thee,
Methinks I see her.

Lady A. Would to Heaven you did!
Her gentle shade would plead with such a look
Of soft seraphic pity, you would melt,
And own that he alone, who sav'd the life
Of your poor Adela, deserves her love.

REGINALD enters to them.

Earl of L. Welcome, brave Reginald! at
length we meet,
And face to face I see the valiant knight,
Who to his followers, in the breach at Tours,
Trac'd out the road to conquest in his blood.

Sir R. Praise from the man, who is himself
adorn'd
With glory's brightest wreath, is praise indeed.

Earl of L. I hear the King has called a gallant
band
Of chosen knights, to be his body's guard,
And fellows in the field.

Sir R. I hear the same.

Earl of L. I'm told withal that you are nam'd
as one
In this heroic list, and that the scarf
By the queen-mother sent you, is the badge
Of your election.

Sir R. When that sacred scarf,
Is wrapt around me by an angel's hand,
If my heart so enfolded, does not feel
A hero's fire, I must be less than man.

Earl of L. Go then, and tear the charmed
standard down
Of haughty Saladin; go, make his moons
Stoop in the dust before the conqu'ring cross.

Like a true knight, in danger's front oppose
 Your new-emblazon'd shield before the breast
 Of your brave King; while infidels, who dream
 The gates of Paradise are opening to them,
 Infuriate rush to meet predestin'd death.
 Then come with all your laurels blooming fresh,
 And by the honour that is in me—Hah!

AMBROSE the Monk enters.

We are prevented—

Lady A. No—upon my knees
 I do implore you, fill the sentence up,
 Complete the promise; let not honour's name
 Be pledg'd, to vanish like an idle word;
 But, in the hearing of this holy man,
 Oh, speak your purpose, speak!

Amb. If I offend,
 Let me depart.

Lady A. No, no, you can't offend.
 My father is not angry; he is kind,
 Generous, and full of pity—

Earl of L. Cease, my child;
 Give me your hand—And now, if Reginald,
 With heart affianc'd to this noble maid,
 Upon the faith of a true knight, will swear
 To do her loyal service in the wars,
 Keeping his honour pure, his love entire,
 And so returning shall demand her hand
 In holy wedlock, solemnly I pledge
 My sacred word, on him I will bestow her.
 The word has pass'd; the holy man has heard it;
 Now let him witness and record my vow.

Sir R. Oh, lead me to the altar; let me swear
 In hearing of high Heaven—

Amb. Be patient, son!
 The church is occupied, the choir attends.

To chant their office as the form directs,
 Whilst Adela invests you with the scarf,
 Thereto deputed by the royal sender.

Lady A. Ah, cruel father, why with this delay
 Torture my throbbing heart? Why interpose
 To dash my hope; just springing to the birth?
 Take me, oh take me to some darkling cell,
 There in conventual-gloom let me abide,
 Till light and life and Reginald return.

Earl of L. No, Adela, the father counsels
 well.

'Twere fit that vows so solemn should be pledg'd
 Before the altar; first array your knight
 With all the forms that chivalry prescribes;
 Then, by the hand of his dear mistress deckt
 With honour's brightest trophy, let him kiss
 The sacred shrine, and with the double tie
 Of love and of religion bind his oath.

ACT III.

Sir WALTER and LADY SCROOP.

Lady S. Certain it is he has pledg'd himself to Reginald to give him Adela to wife, when he returns from Palestine, and the war shall be over.

Sir W. Who tells you this?

Lady S. Adela herself.

Sir W. Well, let that pass. So long as the Earl of Leicester confines himself to promises, I shall be silent. Nothing short of the last necessity, nothing less than the irresistible call upon my conscience to prevent the horror of an incestuous marriage, shall force the secret from me. I have had dispatches from the Queen within this hour.

Lady S. I understand a courier has been with you!

Sir W. Yes, and with fresh injunctions to observe the strictest secrecy from all the parties, she adds fresh bounties to ensure my silence. She graciously informs me, it is in contemplation to create me Lord Scroop of Feversham, in consideration of my loyalty, and the care I have bestow'd upon the education of Reginald; and to this she subjoins, that "whatever may be my conjectures as to the authors of his birth, let them on no account transpire, as I regard her favour."

Lady S. There is a mystery in all her Majesty's proceedings with respect to Reginald; that I cannot fathom. The eagerness with which she

recommends this marriage, is what I cannot find a motive for.

Sir W. I only know what motives govern me; of her's I cannot judge. Promises, such as Leicester has refer'd to the termination of the war, will not force me upon discovery; but, if melted by the entreaties of his daughter, dazzled by the graces of Reginald, or deluded by the sophistry of Father Ambrose, he should desperately attempt to join their hands in holy wedlock; I will rescue the altar from profanation, and my own conscience from responsibility, at whatever peril.

Lady S. To execute that duty faithfully, you must closely watch the motions of the monk; I know how much he has at heart the consummation of this dreadful match. Adela has access to him on the plea of confession at all hours; Reginald has been lodg'd in the convent, ever since we were reduc'd to take refuge in this small habitation. Recollect that Adela is to give the scarf to her knight this very evening—a dangerous ceremony. What could possess the Queen to impose that upon a sister, which is only the office of a mistress to her lover?

Sir W. That is with the queen to answer—

ANDREW enters, followed by PETER.

Sir W. How now, Andrew! why this interruption?

And. So please you, Sir Walter, this poor fellow, Peter by name, son of your old servant Deborah, who acts as dry nurse to your hens and chickens, has conceiv'd a most pious inclination for the holy wars, and hopes you will be pleas'd to dispense with his vassalage, and favour

him with a discharge. Peter, stand forward and make your bow.

Sir W. I recollect him now about the castle.

Peter. Yes, I have been about the castle, man and boy, ever since I was born.

Lady S. And what has put it into your head, Peter, to turn soldier?

And. Ever since he notic'd a Saracen's head upon a sign-post he has been seiz'd with a most inveterate resolution to drive them out of Palestine.

Peter. Yes, I should like to drive them out, and list myself under Sir Reginald. I'll fight for him whilst I have breath in my body.

Sir W. Make out his discharge, and give him a noble in his pocket to drink the health of his brave commander.

And. Oh lord, sir, give him nothing to drink. Peter is an honest fellow, and knows by experience that honesty is its own reward. He is quite satisfied of that, having had the honour of working for you, without pay, these many years past.

Sir W. Do as you are order'd, and let me not be troubled with your foolish comments.—Come, Lady Scroop; we have business of another sort.

[*Exeunt Sir Walter and Lady Scroop.*]

Manent ANDREW and PETER.

Peter. Master Andrew, a word with you, under favour.

And. Say on, my lad of valour; speak thy mind, thou terrible antagonist of the Sultan Saladin.

Peter. Aye, there you've hit upon it; that's the pinch. I would fain know the right of it,

that I may have wherewith to talk a bit to mother, who is cruelly set against that Holy Land.

And. Out upon her, foolish woman, she little knows what comforts wait you in that charming country.

Peter. I pray you let me know of what sort they are, for I dearly love to have my comforts about me. You have been amongst those same Saracens, master Andrew, and have the gift of describing; I beseech you, make me a little acquainted with them.

And. Oh, as for that, you'll soon get acquainted with them, friend Peter; they are not at all ceremonious; they have a familiar way of saluting you with their battle-axes, and few Christian skulls are obdurate enough to stand out against them.

Peter. If that be all, let 'em come on. I can handle the battle-axe perhaps as well as they can.

And. They have also a way of handling the sabre, which chops off the head at a stroke. When that happens, the man who has lost his head, seldom makes any use of his body afterwards.

Peter. No, he dies, we'll suppose. Well, be it so: a man can die but once, that's my comfort.

And. If a Saracen takes you prisoner, he will allow you the honour of making your public entry, sitting upon the back of a scurvy ass, with your face towards the crupper, and your ignoble parts towards Mecca; in this posture he will entertain you with a flogging, during which you cut capers, to the infinite recreation of all true believers in their false prophet.

Peter. Let 'em flog; let 'em flay me; they

can do no more, and I dare say I can bear it. When I run, they are welcome to catch me; whilst I stand still, they shall not have me for a little—so no more of that. Whilst we fare well, our hearts won't fail, and soldiers make their quarters good: please God and the king, we shall live upon the fat of the land.

And. Yes, upon fat crows, and fat kites; you will live sumptuously upon rats and mice; dine deliciously upon frogs and newts, and rotten biscuit, that the weevils have mumbled into dust, with water soup out of the ditches, to wash it down, and pig-nuts for a desert, if you have the luck to find 'em.

Peter. Never fear me; I am one of those that love to live well, but, if provisions run short, there is nothing like content.

And. Then for lodging; you have the earth for your bed, a stone for your pillow, and the sand for your coverlid.

Peter. And that is altogether as good as a blanket; so I shall lie warm at least, which is a luxury I delight in; so now, master Andrew, I thank you heartily for your good news, and if you have any commands where I am going, let me know 'em, for I shall be off to-morrow. Now let us look out for the Saracen's head, take a parting flaggon to our next merry meeting, and keep it up till we have turn'd our noble into nine-pence.

And. Well said, my honest fellow; thou hast the spirit of a true man of Kent, and let Saladin and his Saracens look to it. Come on!

[*Exeunt arm in arm.*]

Scene changes to the Convent.

Sir HUGH DE LACY and AMBROSE the Monk.

Sir H. Father, we know what care you have bestow'd

On our young hero, Reginal de Tours,
From infancy to manhood, training on
His ductile mind to Virtue's full expanse.
Nor I, alone, who love him as a son,
But Eleanor, our gracious Queen, has kept
A faithful register of your deservings,
Which will not pass without their due reward.

Amb. They are rewarded, sir, when nam'd by
you;

They also are repaid by the delight,
With which I see my pupil rise to fame,
Right nobly won and royally bestow'd:
But when you tell me that my gracious Queen
Deigns to remember me, a poor recluse,
That has renounc'd the world, and by the world
Conceives himself forgotten, I must wonder,
That midst so many great and public cares,
Object so mean can occupy a thought.

Sir H. You must not say you have renounc'd
the world,
Whilst it has claims upon you. You have made
Your pupil virtuous, you must make him happy.

Amb. Oh that I could! behold me grey with
years:

What is my life, unless I live for him?
Why beats this heart, why toils this aching brain,
But for his sake? I am a man of peace,
And boasting ill becomes an humble monk;
But, in the cause of that beloved youth,
Place me in danger's front, I'll not go back.

Sir H. Do you not see how ardently he loves
The peerless daughter of the Earl of Leicester?
Did he not snatch her from the blazing ruins
Of yonder castle? does he not deserve her?

Amb. He does deserve her, and she meets his
love.

Sir H. Who then forbids their union? does
the pride
Of Leicester rouse at his mysterious birth?

Amb. The Earl of Leicester, with a noble candour,

Has promis'd him his daughter, when the war,
In Palestine now kindled, shall be quench'd.

Sir H. But who can promise when that time
shall be?

None but the great Disposer of events.
Torrents of Christian blood shall first be spilt,
Ere that fierce conflagration shall be quench'd.
I know the power of Saladin how vast;
Though all the kings of Europe shall combine
To shake his mighty empire, their own thrones
Shall be the first to tremble with the shock.
Where is the period then of war like this,
And what is happiness delay'd but pain?
Why does not Leicester join their hands this
night?

Amb. That is at once my council and my wish.

Sir H. Then might the wedded Adela embark
With other noble matrons for Messina,
Where Richard's fleet and army will repose
Till the confederates shall collect their force.

Amb. Propose the marriage then; who like
yourself,
With influence only second to the Queen's,
Can so persuade; or, if occasion need,
Who with such high authority control?

Sir H. If then the Queen through me should
 speak the word,
 Would you obey it?

Amb. I could not refuse,
 Knowing the honour of Sir Hugh de Lacy.

Sir H. But if herself should speak—

Amb. Behold me ready!

Sir H. Be ready then—for in this scroll she
 speaks.

Take it, peruse it; 'tis address'd to you;
 By her own hand 'tis written; on the wax
 Her royal seal is stamp'd—And know withal,
 When the contents are satisfied, I hail you,
 Abbot of Tewkesbury, and mitred lord. [*Exit.*

AMBROSE *alone.*

Abbot of Tewkesbury!—a princely boon,
 And doubly grateful as my native spot.
 But on what terms? A Queen not over chaste,
 A lady once divorc'd and twice arraign'd,
 May dictate terms to make my conscience start,
 My holy function blush—Why then at once,
 Guilty ambition, hence!—Now to the test—
 [*Opens the packet and reads.*

“ To the Right Holy Father Ambrose of
 Tewkesbury, greeting—

“ When this shall be delivered to you by
 my faithful servant, Sir Hugh de Lacy, let it be
 your warrant forthwith to join the hands of Re-
 ginald de Tours, my knight at arms, and Adela
 de Bellamont, my well-belov'd, in holy wedlock,
 without let or gainsay, such being my pleasure,
 and their lawful inclinations. If Leicester, who
 owes me for no less than life and fortune, be-

comes contentious upon the matter of Reginald's mysterious birth, so as to be no otherwise appeas'd, deliver to him in secrecy the letter herein-enclos'd; if not, forbear, as you respect my favour, to violate the seal—

Your's, in all honourable service,

ELEANOR, Regent."

It shall be so! I spy no flaw in this,
No just impediment, that should arrest
The consecration of their mutual love.

REGINALD *enters.*

How now, my son! why that disorder'd brow?

Sir R. As I was passing hither, in the cloister
I met Sir Walter Scroop. He seiz'd my hand,
And bade me stop: silent awhile he stood,
And gaz'd upon me; then, as one surpriz'd
By sudden transport, threw his arms around me,
And press'd me to his heart. At length he cried—
Let me not seem unkind, when I confess,
Such are the terrors that alarm my soul
For one so justly dear, so truly good,
That I shall bless the hour that takes you hence.

Amb. His reason wanders; many a time he
has talk'd

In the same strain to me. Did you reply?

Sir R. I simply ask'd him to disclose the cause,
That so disturb'd his peace.

Amb. 'Tis all in vain.

I've made the same enquiry o'er and o'er,
It only feeds his phrenzy.

Sir R. So it seem'd;

For on my question, with disorder'd look,
He wildly answer'd—Would I know the cause

That rais'd the storm of passions in his heart,
 I must betake me to the silent vault
 Where sleeps the wife of Leicester, and invoke
 Her spirit to awake and find a voice.
 This said, an instant horror seem'd to strike
 His trembling frame ; he started, and was gone.

Amb. Let this suffice. You need no other proof.
 I saw him when his castle was on fire :
 Congeal'd with horror and amaze he stood,
 And in those moments, whilst you rush'd through
 flames

To save the dying Adela, despair,
 That fixt him motionless, had seiz'd his brain ;
 And now, when fearful recollection strikes
 His shatter'd senses, he conceals himself
 Amongst the tombs, and communes with the dead.
 Therefore it is he raves of Leicester's wife ;
 For there he mostly haunts.

Sir R. I think, indeed,
 It is the horror of that dismal night
 That has derang'd his mind ; for sure till then
 A kinder gentleman there did not live,
 To me at least the best and warmest friend ;
 But now how chang'd, how sullen and morose
 To all around him ! Most of all to me ;
 For now, when even Leicester smiles upon me,
 He, still professing friendship, still opposes
 All that my most inveterate foe could urge
 To thwart my hopes of Adela.

Amb. Your hopes
 Shall become certainties this very night.

Sir R. Father, what mean you ?

Amb. To obey the voice
 Of Nature, and to circumvent the plots,
 That now are hatching to defeat those hopes,
 Which, built on promises, are built on air.
 But Heav'n, whilst I keep guard upon its altar,

Shall not be mock'd by promises, or plots,
Man's weak devices—Adela, come forth!—

Sir R. Hah, Adela!

Amb. Be calm! and see, she comes.

ADELA enters.

Lady A. Father, what cause so urgent?—Gracious Heaven,
Is it for him, for him that I am summon'd?
What has befallen him? Oh, quickly speak!

Amb. Be not alarm'd—Sir Reginald de Tours,
By that heroic title, greater far
Than any from inheritance deriv'd,
By the resplendent trophies that you wear
On your emblazon'd shield, and, more than all,
By that your sacred Cross I do adjure you,
Look on this noble maiden; and declare
If in true faith and purity of soul,
By chaste and holy love alone inspir'd,
You have assail'd and won her virgin heart.

Sir R. Need I reply? To Heav'n and you are known
Each secret thought within my heart conceiv'd;
And, as I've lodg'd her heav'nly image there,
What foulness can inhabit where she dwells?

Amb. Enough! now hear me.—Holy Church,
whose rites
My part is to administer, in me
Speaks; and by me consents to join your hands
In the pure bond of wedlock. Let not doubt
Perplex your minds: upon myself I take
The peril of the act. This night you wed,
This hour, this instant—

[A short but solemn strain is heard as at a distance.

But I'm summon'd. Hark!
They have begun to celebrate their mass

For Leicester's safe return. That service past,
Come to the private chapel, and be secret. [*Exit.*

REGINALD *and* ADELA.

Sir R. My Adela, my soul's supreme delight,
How I respect thee, honour and adore thee,
Words are too weak to tell. Thou'st heard the
monk ;

A man too wise to sport with idle words,
Too just to deal in fallacies and plots,
Yet I conjure thee weigh what he proposes
With what thy father promis'd, and decide
As fits the dignity of Leicester's daughter.

Lady A. What is my father's promise? Can I
weigh

A vapour, a deceitful, distant spark,
Glimmering, but not with hope ; a treacherous
light,

That only serves to lure me to my grave?
If in my father's promise I confide,
To-morrow we must part ; you to the east,
Where every morning's sun will rise in blood ;
I to a convent's solitary gloom,
Nightly to wander by the moon's pale beam
Midst hollow vaults, that echo to my groans,
Till melancholy and despair shall end me.

Sir R. Then let the holy father join our hands,
And honour's plea stand by till love be heard.
Then shall my wedded Adela ascend
The vessel, that transports her husband hence ;
And noble Leicester, when upon our knees
Suppliant we fall, and with our mingling tears
Bathe his paternal feet, shall feel his heart
Melt to forgiveness, and confess thy life
Was worth preserving, though with honour's loss.

Lady A. He is a hero ; he has been a husband :

We shall not part unblest ; he will forgive us :
 By his own sufferings taught, he knows to feel
 When others suffer. I have pray'd for mercy ;
 Before the shrine of my protecting saint
 I sent up my petition, when the voice
 Of the good Ambrose rais'd me from my knees.
 That mercy I had ask'd of Heav'n, through him,
 My earthly saint, descending, was transfus'd,
 And reach'd me in the hour of my affliction.

Sir R. Prepare to meet him then—for, hark !
 he comes—

Sir WALTER SCROOP enters.

Sir Walter Scroop !—

Sir W. Unwelcome though I am,
 Once more I seek you—

Sir R. You have found me, sir.

Sir W. I have ; and still shall haunt you, still
 shall walk

My ghostly rounds within these hallow'd walls,
 At once to guard the living and the dead
 From the unseen destruction, that will burst
 Like thunder, if, though warn'd, you still per-
 sist

To feed and cherish a forbidden flame.

Sir R. Sir Walter, with some trouble I for-
 bear

To notice your intrusion as I might,
 Were not my anger temper'd by compassion
 For the sad state to which your mind, of late
 So luminously furnish'd, is reduc'd.
 But tempt me not. I am no more than man,
 And these are dangerous trials.

Sir W. Threaten not ;
 For that is insult, which I never answer

But with defiance and contempt. Behold!
Here is my bosom—strike!

Lady A. Forbid it, Heaven!

My generous, kind protector, fear him not:
He would not harm you for the worth of worlds.
Cover that honour'd bosom. Let me breathe
My peace into it; oh! let me allay
The storm that ruffles it, and thus protect
Him, whose unwearied care protected me.

Sir W. Angelic innocence, sweet pitying
saint,

For your compassion, thanks. But let him strike;
Let his sword pierce my heart! It will be mercy,
For then thou wilt not, can'st not take a hand
Dipt in my blood, but must abhor the monster,
Who stabb'd his benefactor in revenge
For his too anxious effort to preserve him.

Sir R. You give too hard a name to my of-
fence.

I never struck an enemy unarm'd,
How should I stab a friend? within this hour
Twice you have come upon me by surprise.
Your talk has been mysterious, wild, abrupt;
No argument, nor method of discourse.
And now you break into those sacred moments,
Too few to waste, too precious to be lost.
If aught is doing that you wish undone,
Or aught neglected you would have me do,
Speak your full mind; discharge your troubled
thoughts,
And be yourself again.

Sir W. Lo, I am calm;

And now, the whilst our noble Leicester makes
His votive offerings at Saint George's shrine,
If my sweet Adela will recollect
There is a poor deserted thing at home,
Who nurs'd her as a mother, and now longs

To embrace her darling, I should fondly hope
She will not think the minutes much mispent,
Which she devotes to one, who dearly loves her.

Lady A. Your gentle lady merits all my love,
And all my gratitude: with every wish,
That she conceives, my duty shall comply.
Proceed! I follow—Reginaid, remember!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

A Sacristy, or Chapel, in the Convent of Feversham.

LEICESTER *enters.*

Once more I've visited the house of death,
Where sleep the ancient fathers of my race,
Patriots and heroes great in peace and war.
There, o'er the tomb of the departed chief,
The plumed casque that brac'd his conqu'ring
brow,

And time-worn banner, once so proudly borne,
(Their tatter'd remnants now with dust besprent)
Serve but to shew how death's terrific power
Mocks at our frail memorials. Oh, thou King!
The last which Time shall conquer, why so
awful

Here in thy dark domain, where silence reigns,
When in the battle's din I've heard thy screams
Rending the air, and fac'd thee undismay'd?
As I pass'd onwards through the vaulted aisles,
A chilly horror seiz'd on all my frame;
Cold damps bedew'd my brow: methought I
felt

The marble pavement, upon which I stood,
Tremble beneath my feet. I look'd, and lo!
I was then treading on the very stone,
That cover'd the remains of my dead wife.
Oh horror, horror! her beloved name
Was trampled by my sacrilegious feet.
Instant I knelt, I sunk upon the spot,
I hid my face between my hands, my tears
Water'd the pavement, my whole heart dissolv'd
In agonizing woe—

AMBROSE *the Monk appears.*

Earl of L. How now! why this?
Who and whence art thou?

Amb. My thrice-honour'd lord,
The brethren of the convent have perform'd
Their solemn service for your blest return.

Earl of L. Where are your masses for her
soul, who was
The very soul, that gave this body life,
And dying carried with her all its joys?
Why have you buried her in silent earth?
Where is the epitaph, that speaks her praise
And my affliction? Where the stately tomb,
Around whose sculptur'd sides, angels attend
With wings outspread to waft her soul to bliss?
Is this your care for the lamented wife
Of him, who, though in exile, would have risk'd
The forfeit of his life to close her eyes,
Had not Death struck her with so swift an
arrow,
That, ere I knew the danger, all was lost?

Amb. My lord, your humble beadsmen have
not ceas'd
To chaunt their requiems o'er your lady's grave;
Nor have they scrupled, from their public stock,
To rear a costly cœnotaph, the which,
Far in advance, but waits the master's hand
To perfect its adornments, and record
To all posterity the honour'd name
Of Leicester's consort, noble Pembroke's daugh-
ter.

Earl of L. In honouring her they take the
surest course
To bind me to their service, and I blush
For my unjust complaint. It now remains

To ask their gracious leave for the investment
Of our young Knight, within these sacred walls,
In form and order, as may best become
The wearer and the donor of the scarf.

Amb. The holy brotherhood are all prepar'd
To give the ceremony such display
As may evince their duty to the Queen,
And grace the hero, destin'd to obtain
The beauteous haud that decks him for the
fight.

Earl of L. You were his teacher, you array'd
his mind

In that rich clothing, which so far outshines
The borrow'd splendour of exterior show.
But zeal for those we love sometimes regards
The claims of others with too little care ;
And friendship cunningly inclines the beam,
Whilst hood-wink'd justice cannot spy the
fraud.

Now tell me, if you were as much my friend
As you are his, would you not pause in doubt
Upon the measure, which you now promote ?
Would you, as counsel to the Earl of Leicester,
Advise him to bestow his only child,
The heiress of his honours, on that youth
Mysterious and unknown? Nay, let me add,
Denounc'd by Scroop in such emphatic terms,
As seem to indicate a conscious dread
Of some tremendous secret unreveal'd.

Amb. To these in order—I admit my zeal
In its full force, but I deny its power
To warp my mind against the truth and you.
For Reginald, I hold him so ennobled
In his own virtue, that I know no name
Or title, which, although by birth obscure,
He by his character would not exalt ;
Therefore I hold him worthy to obtain

That hand in marriage, which your promise
gives.

As for Sir Walter Scroop and his protest,
I think him either wandering in his reason,
Or dark in his designs, and what is dark
I've rarely fail'd to find is foul withal.
If he knows aught, that should forbid the mar-
riage,

Why does he hide it; if not, wherefore hint it?

Earl of L. You've said it, and I close with
your reply;

Determin'd that if Reginald returns
From Palestine, his honour unimpeach'd,
He weds my daughter.

Amb. Bear with me awhile—

Have you consider'd how, by this delay,
You risque the health, the happiness, the life
Of your beloved daughter?

Earl of L. Hah! the life?—

Amb. Hear me with patience!—I did say the
life;

And, knowing all the force of her affection,
I do repeat, and seriously affirm
My full conviction, that I've us'd no word
Too strong for the occasion.

Earl of L. That she loves him
I cannot doubt.

Amb. Her's is no common love,
Be sure of that; no momentary passion.
The blood of Leicester and of Pembroke glows
In her high-swelling heart, and ere it bends
To the strong gust of sorrow, it will break.
But see! they come—I could have spar'd them
now.

[*Aside.*]

REGINALD and ADELA enter.

Lady A. My father here ! We are betray'd, my
Reginald.

The monk, the monk, has fail'd us. [Apart.

Sir R. Be compos'd !—

Illustrious lord, we are not unprepar'd
For this encounter, nor have far to seek
For him, whom we must thank for the occasion.
As for myself, my course of life is known ;
But where to search for those, who gave me life,
If there be one that knows, I am not he.
Lost to all filial feelings, nature still
Speaks in my heart, alive to all the claims
That man is heir to : beauty charms my sight,
Virtue my soul ; but when they both unite
In this fair creature, should I be a man,
If I did not confess and feel their power ?
This is at once my crime and my defence.
Conscious of my obscurity, I strive,
I struggle with my passion, but in vain ;
Destin'd at once to love and to despair.

Earl of L. Now, daughter, on your part pursue the strain

Of fair confession. I am turn'd to hear.

Lady A. My part is easy, for my plea is short.
As by his courage I was sav'd from death,
So, if bereft of him, it had been well
That I had died at once, nor been reserv'd
For torments worse than those which I escap'd.

Earl of L. But you agnize in me a father's
right
To guide your judgment, and approve your
choice.

Lady A. When banishment bereft me of your
care,

I was an orphan with a living father :
 My mother too was lost; Heav'n claim'd its
 saint,
 And took her up from this bad world to bliss.
 The Lady Scroop (may blessings light upon
 her!)

Was kind and tender—She was humble also;
 She taught me where to place my just regards,
 And virtue for its own sake how to prize.
 Then, then it was this noble hero came,
 With all his laurels clustering on his brow,
 And, with the love of glory at my heart,
 (To which, as Leicester's daughter, I was born,)
 I gave that heart to him, who, if the world
 Had been the prize for valour, would have won it.

Earl of L. And he shall win fresh laurels to
 adorn

The nuptial couch, that waits his glad return.

Sir R. Here I must claim your patience, and
 demand

Of that good father if he has divulg'd
 The secret purpose that has brought us hither.

Amb. No, no, my son. Where would your
 question point?

Sir R. To that tribunal, which in every heart
 Conscience erects, and at whose bar arraigns
 The meditation of each guilty thought.

My lord, I have no claim upon your promise,
 For I came hither to espouse your daughter,
 Thereto encourag'd by this pious man.
 He'll not deny it.

Amb. No; I meet the charge,
 And trust the motive justifies the deed.

Earl of L. Can any motive justify a fraud?

Amb. Was it in Reginald a fraud to save
 Your daughter from the flames? By the like
 fraud

I purpos'd to preservè and bless her life.
 If nothing but your promise were oppos'd
 'Twixt life and death, death would have been
 her lot.

I search'd her heart, was inmost with her
 thoughts;

You only scann'd her with a stranger's eye.
 If more there needs for my defence, the Queen
 Stands in the peril, and avows the fraud,
 If such it can be call'd when own'd by her.

Earl of L. Have you the proof of this?

Amb. I have the proof

Imperative, by noble Lacy vouch'd.

Earl of L. If this Sir Hugh de Lacy shall attest,
 And the Queen wills it so, so let it be!

I am content: in me is no delay.

But first in order let the fair betroth'd

Fulfil the royal mandate, and array

Her Knight, or e'er she weds him. That per-
 form'd,

Prepare the altar; let the rites proceed. [*Exit.*]

Sir R. Now, Adela, with honour unimpeach'd,
 And a clear conscience, I embrace my blessing.

Lady A. Thus twice by Heav'n and you pre-
 serv'd, I claim

The right, which other loyal wives enjoy,
 To share the voyage with my wedded knight.

Sir R. Father, your pardon! I confess I wrong'd
 you,

When, on the sight of Leicester, I believ'd
 You had disclos'd the purpose of our meeting.

Amb. No more of that: your error has been
 happy,

And I forgive it; but on this condition,

That you attend me to the oratory;

That so, with hearts prepar'd, you may approach
 The sacred altar, there to join your hands. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene, as at the opening of the play.

ANDREW *and* GRIFFITH *meeting.*

Grif. I pray you, honest friend, am I in my right way to the convent?

And. Truly, sir, I should doubt it. You are in your right way to the Holy Land; I perceive, but whether that will lead you to the convent may deserve some pause.

Grif. My question was a simple one. Don't let me spend more time upon your answer than I should save by your information.

And. You shall lose neither time nor patience by me, sir; for I will attend you to the very convent's gate. I have been a soldier myself, and the very sight of a soldier exhilarates my heart. May I request the communication of your name and rank?

Grif. My name is Griffith, at your service: I have the honour to be attach'd to Sir Hugh de Lacy, as his body-squire, and my business is with him.

And. Sir Hugh de Lacy is a valorous gentleman; a more accomplish'd knight Christendom does not boast. He was governor of Ireland, and I remember to be told, that when O Ruark, the Irish chieftain, drew him to a parley, and treacherously attempted to knock out his brains with his battle-axe, a gallant Welshman of your name thrust his rapier through the body of the assassin, and laid him dead at his feet.

Grif. He did. That Welshman was my father!

And. Blessed be Saint David for his sake! Sir, I kiss the very hem of your garment with the most profound respect.

Grif. By no means: only put me in my way to the convent; we can discourse as we walk.

And. We can so, and truly I shall be happy to know your sentiments of this war, that is about to be set on foot in Palestine.

Grif. The war in Palestine will be a bloody war.

And. You are right, perfectly right. Wars are apt to be bloody. I have been in Palestine; these eyes have seen Jerusalem.

Grif. I almost doubt if mine will see the convent.

And. They need not, sir, for look! your knight is coming. I told you you would lose no time with me.

Sir HUGH DE LACY and Sir WALTER SCROOP.

Sir H. Griffith, well met! What tidings of our knights?

Grif. All ready, all accoutred bright in arms,
To grace the ceremony, that invests
Their brave associate with the royal scarf;
They only wait till you shall give the word.

Sir H. Bear them my greetings back, and say
the hour

Is now at hand to put themselves in march.
Tell them withal, that for their courtesy
I render them my thanks with all my heart,
In brotherly regard, and will report
This their kind service, as it well deserves,
To the Queen-regent, my most gracious mistress.

Grif. This I shall do. What farther?

Sir H. Nothing more.

Farewell, brave Griffith!—Use your best dispatch.

[*Exit Grif.*]

And. Most puissant and magnanimous knight,

I humbly crave your pardon, upon the very knees of my heart, for the deficiency of my respect, when you were pleas'd to command my services to conduct you to Sir Walter Scroop; at which time I had not cognizance of your illustrious and princely person.

Sir H. Friend, your behaviour needed no apology.

And. Oh, my thrice-honour'd sir, if I had known it was Sir Hugh de Lacy I was speaking to, I would have strove to put my language into better trim; for I may say without offence to any, there is not in the realm a man, who holds your excellency in more true respect.

Sir W. Silence that foolish tongue, and know your distance! you have said enough. Depart!

And. That you should think I have said enough, I do not marvel; having yourself said nothing till this moment. But I depart, and humbly take my leave. [Exit.

Sir H. Sir Walter Scroop, it moves my wonder much, whilst all these honours fall so thick upon you, You are not happy? what's the cause of this?

Sir W. Our spirits rise and fall without a cause.

Sir H. The health indeed is out of fortune's reach.

But you are thankful to the bounteous Queen.

Sir W. Heaven knows my heart.

Sir H. Lord Scroop of Feversham—
A princely mansion and a rich domain—
These are no trivial boons—

Sir W. Far, far above
My mean deservings.

Sir H. I wo'nt call them such.
Your loyalty has stood the test of time
In various trials; but I'll not disguise

How much her Highness holds you in esteem.
For your paternal care of the young knight,
Whose fortune she espouses.

Sir W. What I've done
For him, in Christian charity I've done
As for a creature thrown upon my mercy.
I look'd not to her favour for reward.

Sir H. And yet, without expecting it, you find
Your charity is no unfruitful virtue.
This creature, that was thrown upon your mercy,
Has brought good fortune with him to your house;
And gives no less protection than he finds.

Sir W. The Queen is wondrous kind. Were
she his mother,
She could not be more zealous.

Sir H. Hah! his mother?
You say that by the way of illustration;
But 'tis too bold a figure. Such a word,
Dropt in the ears of babblers, might induce
Dangerous conjectures.

Sir W. Misconceive me not,
Where the deep secret of his birth is buried,
There I have left it.

Sir H. Let it there abide
Till his great deeds shall throw concealment off,
And he stand forth confest in all his fame.

Sir W. That day will never come.

Sir H. That day is come;
If Leicester makes conditions for his daughter,
And states his high nobility debas'd.

Sir W. He must not dare to think of Leicester's
daughter.

Sir H. Not dare to think! Let me not meet
the man,
Yourself excepted, who dares tell me that.

Sir W. Be witness for me, truth, I did not court
This painful subject: It was forc'd upon me.

But if the Earl of Leicester gives his daughter
To the mysterious youth, whom I have foster'd,
He is disgrac'd, undone, and lost for ever.

Sir H. I'll hear no more. You neither know
of whom
You speak these words, nor who I am that hear
them.

The Earl of LEICESTER enters.

Earl of L. How now, my friends! why do
your eyes exchange
Those angry glances? what has pass'd between
you?

Sir H. Whate'er it was, your coming has dis-
pers'd it,
For in the presence of an honour'd friend
Anger has time to cool.

Earl of L. Heaven's grace forbid
The falling out of friends, each to the other
So dear, and both to me so truly kind.
In you, Sir Walter, and your worthy Lady,
I see the guardians of my long-lost child;
You nurs'd her native virtues, but you left
Her gentle heart accessible to love.
From you, Sir Hugh de Lacy, I receiv'd
The first impressions, that dispos'd my mind
Towards the young hero, of whose gallant deeds
You made such fair report. In him I saw
That courtly 'haviour and becoming grace,
That mark the august and sacred character
Of chivalry, and when I heard my child
With artless innocence confess her love,
I listen'd without anger, and forgave her;
Nay, more—I promis'd, when the war was over,
I would confirm her choice, and join their hands.

Sir H. And where's the man, who will presume
to say,
That Leicester is degraded by that choice?
You're silent, sir— [To *Sir Walter*.

Earl of L. Be patient, my good friend!
No man will say it; 'twould be now too late.
My sacred word is pledg'd—They wed this night.

Sir W. Angels of mercy, interpose to save
them!

Sir H. There is my gage! I hurl it to the
ground

With indignation, and demand the lists
Against the man, who dares to breathe a word
Injurious to Sir Reginald de Tours;
Whom I pronounce a true and noble knight,
In all points worthy of great Leicester's choice—

[*Sir Walter Scroop turns away and exit.*

Lo where he goes! 'Tis so detraction shrinks
When truth provokes the appeal.

Earl of L. Redoubted knight,
If you regard me, take your gauntlet up.
Let us not stain our festival with blood.

Sir H. My heart goes with my hand in what
I've done;

Why should I draw it back? Not I alone,
The Queen herself, who by her scarf creates
Sir Reginald the *Servant of her love*,
Is pledg'd in honour to defend her knight.

Earl of L. And who but Leicester shall defend
the Queen?

I hold that right as mine. Leave Scroop to me.
If, as report suggests, he is infirm
Of mind and craz'd, he may demand your pity,
He cannot stir your anger.

Sir H. On that plea
I take my gauntlet up. And now, my lord,

Confiding in your word, (as who may not?)
I shall convoke our knights, who wait my call,
To grace the nuptials of your noble daughter
With their companion, Reginald de Tours.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT V.

A Cloister belonging to the Convent.

Sir WALTER and Lady SCROOP.

Sir W. I'll not be follow'd. Leave me.

Lady S. Oh, for mercy
Hear me, direct me, save me from despair.
This dreadful secret weighs my nature down ;
My soul sinks under it.

Sir W. You wrung it from me ;
In an unguarded moment you surpriz'd me.
Sorrow had seal'd my bosom, till the news
Of Reginald's departure burst upon me
In one short gleam of joy ; then, then it was
You sooth'd me into folly, and betray'd me.

Lady S. You do me wrong. Your secret is
secure.
I've had the poor devoted victims with me ;
Witness'd their fond endearments, seen their
 transports,
Heard them announce their now-impending doom,
And not betray'd you.

Sir W. That avails me nothing :
Whilst I forbore to speak, I had my choice
Still to be dumb, but when I let you share
My secrets, I compell'd you to partake
The horrors of concealment, and embark'd
Your conscience in like peril with my own.
Single in guilt, perhaps I had preferr'd
Remorse to ruin, splendid misery
To honourable death. But now 'tis done ;
All shall come out. I will not sink your soul

To save my wretched life: therefore away!
 I wait for Leicester here: I stand to guard
 This passage to the altar, and present
 My bosom to De Lacy's fierce assault.

Lady S. What do you tell me? oh, too much,
 too much!

Or fly your danger, or let me partake it.

Sir W. No; I've already done the fatal deed,
 That draws inevitable ruin on us.

Farewell to all our honours, all our hopes!
 To the stern dictates of imperious conscience
 I sacrifice the world and all its joys.

Lady S. I will not, cannot leave you thus dis-
 tress'd.

Sir W. This last, this fond embrace, and then
 —no more.

I have now strung my spirit to the pitch,
 And will not suffer weakness to approach me
 In the soft form of woman. Fare thee well!
 Begone at once, for by my soul I swear,
 If you persist, 'twill be to see me fall
 By my own sword.

Lady S. Heaven's mercy be your guard! [*Exit.*]

Sir WALTER SCROOP alone.

Nature, religion, laws divine and human,
 Cry out on incest, and denounce these nuptials.
 What then, what then? They know not their
 offence;

And where there is no consciousness of guilt,
 No punishment can follow the commission.
 There's hope for them; but hope includes not me.
 Man cannot penetrate the thoughts of man,
 But there is one, to whom all thoughts are known,
 And in whose sight all secrets stand confest.
 He, ere pollution shall approach his altar,

Can call the self-accusing spirit up,
 Give insubstantial air a shadowy form,
 And rescue nature from the impending curse.
 Rise then, dead Adela, awake from sleep,
 Thou, that art here entomb'd, ascend to sight,
 Shade of a conscious mother—

Lady SCROOP appears.

Hah! begone!
 Have I not warn'd you hence? why do you come
 To fright imagination, and enhance
 The terror of my thoughts?

Lady S. Be not amaz'd.

I come not to alarm you, but to guard;
 To give your spirit time for recollection,
 And wake you from your trance—Leicester ap-
 proaches. [*Exit Lady S.*

Sir WALTER SCROOP.

Now then, my heart, be firm! vain terrors, hence!
 And thou, my evil genius, that art busy
 With thy accurst temptations to seduce
 My conscience from its properties, avaunt!
 Yes, thou unsparing monitor, thou just
 But merciless remembrancer, I know
 Not all the world can bribe thee to withdraw
 Thine arrows from my bosom, and allow
 Sweet sleep to enter, till I have fulfill'd
 Thy strict commandment; nor can I acquit
 My account with Heaven till I am clear with thee.
 Now, Leicester, I am ready—Lo, he comes—

Earl of LEICESTER enters.

Earl of L. You're happily encounter'd, good
Sir Walter.

I've much desir'd this meeting—Ah, my friend,
Give me your hand—All is not well, I fear ;
You are not chearful as you wont to be.
When every face is lighted up with smiles,
You damp our joys with sullenness and sorrow.

Sir W. It is not that I've lost the sense of joy,
Or ceas'd to sympathize in what concerns you,
If I am sad : not so, my honour'd lord ;
Your happiness is dear to me as ever ;
Believe me on my word. But above all,
Let not De Lacy, or the Monk, persuade you
That I have lost possession of my mind,
And gone astray from reason. They will tell you
That I am mad ; it is themselves are mad,
When they would tempt you to this fatal act.

Earl of L. Though I could well conjecture
what you mean
By fatal act, yet, if you mean me well,
Deal fairly with me. I am sick of hints ;
I abhor mystery. Honesty disclaims it.

Sir W. Then arm yourself with patience ;
good my lord,
As I am mov'd by friendship, when I tell you
You must adjourn these inauspicious nuptials
To future time, and some far-distant chance,
That never shall take place.

Earl of L. Away ! you're mad.

Sir W. Unless 'tis madness for your sake to
suffer
These pangs, with which you wring confession
from me,
And sacrifice my peace of mind to yours,

I am not mad. I know I must abide
De Lacy's vengeance, Eleanor's displeasure,
With loss of all my hopes, my friends, my fortune,

Perhaps my life itself; and yet I swear
You must not, shall not wed your Adela
To Reginald de Tours.

Earl of L. Is he not worthy;
Is he not virtuous, brave? did not the sword
Of Richard knight him in the breach at Tours?
Doth not the Queen array him with her scarf?
Do not De Lacy, Ambrose, press the nuptials?
Though of mysterious birth, does he not carry
The mark of true nobility upon him?

Sir W. All, all, that can compose and build
him up
To human excellence, he does contain
And centre in himself. Virtuous and brave
He surely is; and nobly born withal,
Alas, too nobly—There the sorrow lurks,
There the deep secret lies, which to uproot
Unseats my very heart. 'Twas in the year,
When you were on your embassy to Rome,
That Reginald was born.

Earl of L. Go on: proceed!

Sir W. The Queen, our regent, then was in
disgrace;
And Henry, who was moving for divorce,
Kept her imprison'd here at Feversham.

Earl of L. 'Tis fresh in my remembrance.
Pass that over!

Sir W. The Lady Leicester, your departed
wife,
Shar'd her confinement, cheer'd her solitude,
And liv'd an inmate with her in the castle.

Earl of L. They were the truest, dearest friends
on earth;

It seem'd as if one heart inspir'd them both.
 Eighteen long months my Adela remain'd
 In solitude, and led a widow'd life,
 Whilst at the sovereign Pontiff's court I plied
 My long depending inauspicious suit.

Sir W. 'Twas then that Reginald first saw the
 light.

In the mid-hour of night I was awaken'd,
 And secretly conducted to the palace.
 A female, whom I knew not, led me on
 By various turnings to a lady's chamber:
 She held her new-born infant in her arms,
 And fervently implor'd me to protect him.
 I took him, rear'd him, lov'd him as my own;
 'Twas Reginald, 'twas this unconscious son
 Of a mysterious mother—

Earl of L. Stop! 'Tis she,
 In whose defence, on my anointed King
 Furious I drew my sacrilegious sword.
 Oh my prophetic soul, it is confirm'd!
 What need of words? For tell-tale nature speaks,
 And in a mother's fondness finds the source
 Of all the multitude of honours shower'd
 On this descendant from a race of kings.
 No more—These vaulted cloisters shall not catch
 The echo of a name, that should be sacred.

Sir W. No, you must seek a name more sacred
 still,
 More hard for me to speak, and you to hear.
 Think only what your horror would have been,
 Had you permitted them to join their hands,
 And found one common mother of them both.

Earl of L. Why that is she that lies in holy
 earth;
 That is dead Adela—

Sir W. Oh fatal truth!
 She was the mother—

Earl of L. I will have conviction.
Tear up the pavement; drag her from her coffin,
And let me see her heart. I will be satisfied.
Where is the wretch, the villain that seduc'd
her?

Sir W. My lord, my lord, these transports
will unfit you
For that immediate duty, which demands
Your instant presence to forbid the nuptials.

Earl of L. Are they not married? That im-
patient monk,
Hath he not solemniz'd th' incestuous rites?

Sir W. No, be assur'd. Let us not waste the
time,
But haste, and save them.

Earl of L. Oh, my heart, my heart! [*Exeunt.*

*Scene draws off, and discovers the Abbey Church of
the Convent.*

Sir HUGH DE LACY and REGINALD.

Sir H. Here, whilst our brave companions of
the cross
Dispose themselves in march, I must arrest
Your fond impatience for a few short minutes,
And call your best attention to the matter,
Which I shall now unfold.

Sir R. I have an ear
For ever open to your sage advice,
A heart for ever ready to obey you.

Sir H. You see these knights, the noblest in
the realm,
What honours they intend you. 'Tis the Queen
That prompts them to this service; 'tis for her
They deign to move in a dependent sphere,

Like satellites around your splendid orb.
 Was ever knight so graced as you will be,
 When, by the hands of love and beauty deck'd,
 Upon your mailed cuirass you display
 In glittering folds the favours of a queen?

Sir R. I'm lost in wonder, nor can trace a
 cause

Why all these bounties should descend on me,
 But that our gracious Queen is mov'd with pity
 For a deserted creature.

Sir H. Let your reason

Resolve these questions, ere you talk of pity —
 Why are you now permitted to espouse
 The wealthiest heiress in the realm of England?
 Why, but because the Queen protects your suit?
 Leicester's recall'd from exile, all his honours
 Restor'd, his fines and forfeitures revers'd,
 What are they but the price for his consent?
 The princely largess she bestows on Scroop,
 And Ambrose from an humble monk become
 A mitred abbot—can you fail to find
 The source of all these bounties in yourself?
 How can affection speak in plainer terms,
 And what more can the fondest mother do
 For a beloved son?

Sir R. What can I say?

I will not talk of gratitude; I feel it.

Sir H. There is yet more—Scroop will oppose
 your marriage;

But Scroop's deceiv'd, and does not know your
 parents.

She, that impos'd you on him for her son,
 Is long since dead; but she, that bore you, lives,
 And will avow you.

Sir R. Oh, reveal her to me,
 And be my more than father!

Sir H. Were I less,

Or other than by nature what I am,
I should be much unworthy such a son.

Sir R. Sir!—I must hope you cannot mean to mock me.

How must I understand those awful words?

Sir H. I am your father, but you must reserve
Your knees for her, who has the better claim:
Stand not as one amaz'd; but hear me further—
Dear to my soul thou art, and whilst these arms
Enfold and press thee to a father's bosom,
Oh! recollect 'twas virtue made thee great.
Keep her, my son, for ever in thy sight!—
When fortune in full splendour bursts upon thee,
Undazzled by the blaze, recal to mind,
When first adventuring forth into the world,
There was a path to lazy pride unknown,
A path, which none but virtuous heroes trod,
That led thee up to fame.

Sir R. Oh, guard me still!

And, if the false lights of a treacherous world
Mislead and puzzle my uncertain course,
Then, then come forth, recal my devious steps,
And put me in the glorious track again!

Sir H. Be sure of that, my son; and, as this
arm,
Whilst 'at thy side I fought, hath thrown my
shield

Before thy gallant breast, and on its orb
Receiv'd the javelin, that was hurl'd at thee,
So to temptation's shafts will I oppose
My counsel, and protect thee from disgrace.

Sir R. I feel my danger. When I was obscure,
A thing whom no one own'd, I was as proud
As conscience would allow of, and aspir'd
To make myself a station with the best.
But now, when brought from darkness into light,
I see that fame is no inheritance,

That honour can't descend, but must be earn'd;
 And in proportion as the name you give
 Is loftier far than any I could gain,
 So is my task the harder to deserve it.

Sir H. Break off, my son. Behold where
 Leicester comes.

LEICESTER *followed by* SCROOP.

Earl of L. Where is my daughter? I forbid
 the nuptials:

They are profane, unnatural, and accurst.
 Avoid the altar; fly!—What dost thou here?
 Begone, thou son of an adulterous mother;
 Begone, and never let me see thee more!

Sir H. Leicester, forbear! You know not what
 you say.

You are deceiv'd. Scroop is himself deceiv'd.
 Both are in error. With a single word
 I could convince you—but the monk ap-
 proaches—

AMBROSE *enters, and after him* LADY SCROOP
with ADELA *follow.*

Father, deliver what you have in charge
 From the Queen-mother to the Earl of Leicester,
 And let her speak—

[*Ambrose delivers a seal'd paper to Leicester.*
Leicester opens and reads.

Earl of L. Oh Heaven and earth!
 This paper superscribed, The Confession
 Of the unhappy, guilty Eleanor—
 Brings with it peace to me and all.
 Attend, whilst I unfold the important scroll.
 "Let none persuade you to suspect your wife:

" She is a saint in bliss. I am the mother
 " Of Reginald de Tours—Lacy the father.
 " The wrongs I suffer'd from the faithless King,
 " If judg'd with candour, might extenuate,
 " But Heaven alone can pardon my offence."
 Oh! bless'd confession! which gives happiness
 To those whose virtues merit the heav'n-born
 gift!

Join, join your hands, ye consecrated pair!
 Father and son, thrice welcome to my arms.
 O, Scroop, when now all mystery is dispell'd,
 Let all mistakes be buried in oblivion.
 From deepest sorrow I emerge to joy:
 Darkness is banish'd, and a glorious light
 Beams from the throne on this illustrious youth.
Amb. Joy to my Reginald! We've seen him
 rise

To honours nobly earn'd, and ere he knew
 The greatness he was born to, make himself,
 By his own virtues great, till he became
 The founder of his own nobility.

Sir W. O Reginald, what bliss will now be
 mine,
 When at the nuptial altar I behold
 That happy union, which I blindly strove,
 In conscience, though in error, to prevent.

Sir R. So many are my blessings, and so vast
 My debt of gratitude, I must entreat
 That you will judge me not by my professions,
 But by the test of actions, and believe me
 In words alone defective, not in heart.
 Here is my guardian angel; whilst I keep
 And merit this protection, I am safe.

Lady S. Oh, my beloved Adela, to tell
 What agonies have rent this tortur'd heart
 For your dear sake, exceeds the power of words.
 But all is past; the sorrows that bedew'd

Those beauteous eyes with tears, are now dispers'd
 Like clouds, that flit before the uprising sun,
 When Nature bursts in all her charms upon us.

Lady A. That you, so gentle and so full of pity,
 Have not to witness and bewail my fate,
 I am most happy : much it glads me also,
 That now my noble father will confess
 His daughter is not humbled by her choice :
 But it was Reginald, obscure, unknown,
 The virtuous hero, whom I lov'd and honour'd
 For merits all his own. Crowns could not add
 One atom to the stature of his fame,
 One feather to his weight in my esteem.
 Had he been conscious of his high descent,
 He might have been less humble, I less fond,
 And each o'erlook'd by each, had never met.

Earl of L. Enough, my friends ! for now the
 altar waits ;
 Its holy ministers prepare to chant
 Their choral strains, as chivalry directs.
 That ceremony past, the Knight, array'd
 In all his royal honours, shall from me
 Receive his blooming bride, and whilst the priest
 His nuptial benediction shall pronounce,
 The attendant warriors shall attest that none
 But hand so brave should join with hand so fair.

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THE
PASSIVE HUSBAND.

A COMEDY.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

LIBRARY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Toby Truckle
Leonard.
Starling.
Runic.
Lord Glenandry.
Clifton.
Patrick Malooney.

Lady Truckle.
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THE
PASSIVE HUSBAND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PATRICK *alone.*

WELL, to be sure it must be for the pleasure of my good company, that misfortune sticks so close to me. Oh that I could shake the foul witch off my back. I am tir'd of her. But go your ways; old time; sorrow can't last for ever, nor you neither. A blessed piece of luck was mine to find myself in this big castle, till my poor master; in the folly of his dotage, tackled himself to a tear-cap of a wife, and suffer'd her to hoist the petticoat on the flag-staff of his citadel. Out upon him for it! By the life of me, this poor passive Sir Toby Truckle has no more manhood in him than my mother.—Ah, here he comes, Heaven help him, silly gentleman!

Sir TOBY enters.

Truc. How now, Patrick, where's my lady?

Pat. Gone out in the coach.

Truc. I'm glad of it; 'tis a fine morning, and a little airing will do her good: poor love, her nerves are all to pieces.

Pat. The Devil mend 'em, say I! [*Aside.*]

Truc. What's that you mutter?

Pat. Nothing but my prayers.

Truc. Sirrah, 'tis false. You never say your prayers.

Pat. Yes, I do, backwards: It is a penance set me by the priest.

Truc. Come, I know better, and I fairly warn you, if you don't keep a good tongue towards my lady, you will be stript and turn'd out of this house barefoot, as you came into it.

Pat. Mighty well; I am us'd to it. I can find my way home again without the help of shoes, thanks to my education: I am a true Connaught-boy for that. Ah, sweet little Ireland, why did I ever run away from you? To be sure I had a reason when I did it, but it has slipt my memory, and that's about the same case as if I had forgot it.

Truc. You are a silly, thoughtless fellow, and your zeal for your poor master will be the ruin of you; you know I can't protect you, if you provoke the displeasure of my lady.

Pat. I know that well; this scurvy thread-bare jacket is a witness I have no protector but your honour. My lady's servants lead a glorious life, live full, drink freely, game, swear, kiss the maids, have all the pretty luxuries and freedoms, that gentlemen of their cloth should have; whilst I, who have a little taste for all these things, am glad to scrub shoes, clean clogs, whet knives, and scout on errands to earn the scraps and heel-taps of their leaving.

Truc. Ah, my poor fellow, times go hard with thee, but they may mend. My Lord Glenandry's coming.

Pat. Arrah, long life to him! he is your friend;

the benediction of good old Saint Patrick be round about him, and all the other saints; if I knew their names, I would not fail to call upon them—And does my dear young master, Mr. Clifton, come with him?

Truc. Clifton comes with him.

Pat. Humph! then we are in deep water and afloat.

Truc. Hold your tongue, fellow, I will have no mutiny; my friends know better than to interfere in family affairs.

Pat. Oh if you find contentment, that's enough. Your family affairs are in safe hands. If being quit of all authority in your own house is happiness, you have it.

Truc. I'll hear no more of this—Go, get my horse, I shall ride out and meet my Lord Glendry and his nephew Clifton.

Pat. Ride out! Indeed you will not.

Truc. Why not?

Pat. Because another person has rode out before you, and made free to take your horse.

Truc. What person takes my horse without my leave?

Pat. One, that takes every thing without your leave, but his departure. A mighty free and easy gentleman, Mr. Starling.

Truc. Did you tell him the horse was saddled for me?

Pat. He saw that plain enough, and was at all the trouble of letting out your stirrups.

Truc. You are a jackanapes—begone! Here comes Mr. Starling from his airing. Now we shall hear.

STARLING enters.

Star. How do, how do? fine morning—fresh air—took a spanking gallop—nothing like it—clear'd my head, but damn your horse!

Pat. Damn his rider, if you please.

Truc. Begone, I say!—the fellow's mad: will nothing stop his tongue—out of my sight, impertinence!

Pat. Meaning me, your honour?

Truc. Whom else should I mean?

Pat. Nay, I didn't know but the gentleman might come in for a share of it—I am gone.

[Exit Pat.]

Star. Your fellow is a wit, Sir Toby.

Truc. He is a fool, Mr. Starling, and not worth your notice. But what has happen'd to my horse that you should give him so bad a word?

Star. A vile garron—a rank tumble-down. Ecce signum! roll'd me in the dirt—broke his knees and cut a star in his own forehead with a flint, that might have made a hole in mine. A filthy beast! never mount upon his back again, Sir Toby, whilst you have life.

Truc. Methinks you have taken care I never shall: but this misfortune, Sir, you make so light of, is a serious one to me.

Star. Think no more of it. Laugh at care, as I do; copy me—always happy; that's your true philosophy.

Truc. I can't copy your philosophy. I have a heart.

Star. So have I: what then? I keep that mutinous member to its duty—make it work at the pump, and not presume to steer the ship.

Truc. Your rule may be a good one, but my

amusements are not so many, that I can lose any one without regretting it.

Star. My dear good friend, let nothing discompose you. Contentment is always in our power, and our tempers are of our own making. Look at me! what am I by Nature? a mere lump of clay; experience is the potter, that moulds me into human shape. If I have no other prerogative but that of strutting on two legs, I am only a man by courtesy, and, wanting the plumage of a bird, can scarce be rank'd above a goose.

Truc. All this may be very fine, but I don't see the application of it. You must have liv'd long enough in this family, Mr. Starling, to understand my situation in it.

Star. Perfectly, my good friend, and contemplate all your enjoyments with supreme satisfaction.—An excellent wife, a lovely daughter, a plentiful fortune, and an elegant table—therefore, do you see, here I am, ever at your elbow, always at your service. 'Tis not in the charms of my own snug independence, to seduce me from you; not all the pressing invitations of my thousand noble friends, can persuade me to desert you.

Truc. Oh, pray don't disoblige your noble friends; I have had a very large proportion of your favour; I would not wish to engross it all.

Star. You are kind; I feel your candour, and it attaches me the closer to you. In short, my friendship is such, that I throw aside the rest of the world, and devote myself to you without requiring any return; and though my house, my fortune, my all are at your service, I am not offended that you make no use of them—but look! my lady is return'd from her airing.

Lady TRUCKLE enters.

Truc. Joyful sight! Welcome, my lady: I rejoice to see you looking so well.

L. Truc. Aye, so you always say; but I am never well.

Truc. Indeed! Good lack, I was in hopes your airing would have reviv'd your spirits.

L. Truc. No, no, Sir Toby, it has sunk my spirits, extinguished every spark of hope that ever this wretched place of yours can be reform'd to any thing that may resemble comfort. As for elegance, that is out of question; the barbarous taste of your ancestors has put a negative upon that to all posterity: they have positively plac'd your castle in the vilest sink they could pick out of all your whole domain.

Truc. That is no fault of mine, my lady, nor is it in my power to remedy it.

L. Truc. No, truly, you have neither the art to improve nature, nor the nature that can be improv'd by art.

Truc. Right, madam, I and my castle are alike in that, too homely to content your ladyship, and too much depress'd to admit of being rais'd.

L. Truc. Ah! you have hit upon a comparison: I have found it out long ago—Heyday, Starling, what have you been doing with yourself?

Star. Sir Toby's cursed horse had well nigh broke my bones.

L. Truc. Execrable beast! Why didn't you take my gray mare?

Truc. Why didn't you, Mr. Starling, when you know to a certainty she is the better horse?

L. Truc. Humph! that is your opinion — Where's Leonard; where's my son?

Star. Close at his books with Runic his preceptor: it is their hour for study.

L. Truc. Yes, yes, they know the value of their time, and turn each hour to profit. You are a judge of learning, Mr. Starling; you are a scholar. What do you think of Leonard? Does he come on?

Star. Rapidly. His education was a little overlook'd at first—

L. Truc. That was his father's fault.

Truc. No doubt of it.

L. Truc. How can you tell? What should you know of it?

Truc. I only know it couldn't be your ladyship's.

L. Truc. In points of scholarship, my good Sir Toby, you might be silent without loss of information to your company, or credit to yourself—but I am speaking now to Mr. Starling—What book is my son now reading with his tutor?

Star. Ovid, Madam.

L. True. Pray, didn't Ovid write something about love?

Star. Ovid wrote a great deal about love; no less than the whole art of it.

L. Truc. I always suppos'd love had some dealings with nature; I did not know it was the subject of art—If it is, methinks he might find better instructors in that art than old Runic—don't you think so, my good Toby?

Truc. I don't know what to think: I never read a single line of Ovid, and am as little fitted to give lectures in the art of love as Runic is.

L. Truc. That is unlucky, as your fair daughter seems to need a lecture. You are her father; why do you permit her to hesitate and trifle with her happiness? Where will she find a match in all respects so suitable, as with my son—a sober, modest, prudent, pious youth? Marry her to him, and you ensure your daughter's happiness, and make our house a house of harmony. Do this, and you and I are friends for ever; if not, I shall believe that you are in the secret of some lectures, and in the practice of some arts, Sir Toby, that you won't own.

Truc. My lady, I-I-I should think—

L. Truc. Well, what should you think?

Star. Suffer me, dear madam, to interpose on behalf of my friend, Sir Toby, and request you will hear him with more patience. I am satisfied he can make a very good defence.

Truc. I beg your pardon, Mr. Starling; I am satisfied I shall make a very bad one, for I have only to remark to my lady, that when she calls upon me to exert my authority, she should direct me where I am to look for it. [*Exit.*]

L. Truc. The man's a fool.

Star. But that's no fool's remark.

L. Truc. Can you suppose I would endure the frivolities of such a silly old coxcomb, if it was not that I am labouring to accomplish this great purpose for my son? but alas! Starling, how to obtain this heiress—Leonard makes no way, and she, unluckily, inherits neither the folly, nor the flexibility of her father.

Star. No, o' my conscience, she is a deep one, and a determin'd one.

L. Truc. Do you suppose she has any other attachment?

Star. None that I can discover; yet I have made love to her confidante in the hope of finding out her secrets.

L. Truc. Don't, don't make love to that wench. I can't bear the thought of your lowering yourself to flatter such a trollop, and if you persist, I shall infallibly turn her out of doors.

Star. My dear lady, this is quite ridiculous—by my soul it is. What is the girl to me but as she may assist your purposes?

L. Truc. No matter; if I never gain my purposes but by such means, I had rather they were lost. In short, I positively prohibit you from ever speaking to that girl again.

Star. Are you in earnest? are you in your senses?

L. Truc. Serious, and sound in mind. I do forbid you ever to interchange a word, a look, which may bring on a moment's dalliance with that pert, vain hussy.

Star. How long have I been married to you, madam? Sure you mistake me for Sir Toby Truckle.

L. Truc. You'll break my heart, unfeeling as you are.

Star. Harkye, my lady, when you are in these humours, I have but one way to keep any terms with you, and that is by avoiding you. [*Exit.*

Lady TRUCKLE.

L. Truc. Begone, vile man, I'll never see you more. No, no, sir, I'll not suffer you to stay another hour, no, not another instant within these doors—

[*Meets Runic.*

RUNIC enters.

Run. Why so, my lady? How have I offended?

L. Truc. You! You offended!—

Run. How have I incurr'd this vehement displeasure? Am I to blame if your son's faculties don't profit by my teaching? If he is dull and stupid, can I help it?

L. Truc. You, you are dull and stupid, not my son.

Run. Madam, that charge cannot apply to me, nor ever was imputed but by you.

L. Truc. Then why did you come in my way? why did you crawl out of your hole, you book-worm? Is that old pedant's gown and conjurors cap a proper dress to appear before a lady?

Run. 'Tis very well; then give me my discharge, and seek a better master for your booby.

L. Truc. Dotard, I neither saw you, spoke of you, nor thought of you. My anger was directed at another.

Run. Oh, then I cry you mercy. I protest I thought it was to me that you address'd it. I am sure the torrent met me at the door.

L. Truc. Why did you put yourself in the way of it? It was the wretch going out of the door, not you coming into it, that mov'd my anger—It was that impudent Starling—

Run. Oh the villain, oh the vagabond! dismiss him, drive him out, let him pack up his wallet and begone.

L. Truc. He shan't stay another hour, another instant—I'll not endure him in my sight.

Run. No, no, no, Starling's a foul bird, a lazy pilfering knave, like the cuckow, building no nest of his own, but stealing into others and plundering them of their comforts and repose.

L. Truc. He does, he does, and though he vapours about his independence, I dare say he has not a foot of land upon earth.

Run. Not a single sod of grass upon the face of the whole habitable globe: a fellow so incurably undone, that he has not in his contemplation the possible reversion of a single guinea: a jackanapes, that pretends to be a wit, a man of genius—

L. Truc. Come, come, he has wit, he has genius.

Run. Yes, he has wit enough to chatter nonsense to a chambermaid, and as much genius as serves him to tell lies, and make mischief in a family.

L. Truc. Upon my word you are very bitter; but he has earn'd it at your hands, for he makes as free with you.

Run. With me does he make free? What does the puppy say of me?

L. Truc. He says you have no more instruction in you than a way-post, which barely serves to tell the right hand from the left—That you are an author he admits, for he maintains you have written more than you ever read, and more than any body else will read; he does not deny that you are a critic, for to that he says your ignorance is no obstacle; and for your pretensions to be call'd a philosopher, he asserts they are about as good as those which a monkey has to pass muster for a judge, only because he has the wrinkles of one.

Run. Does Starling say all this of me? A blockhead, that has no more brains than an Egyptian mummy; an ignoramus, that can't spell one page of Greek, and would as soon unravel the labyrinth of Crète, as conjugate a

single verb—I'll punish him; I'll epigrammatise the silly dunce; I'll post him up in a lampoon, that shall Mac-Flecknoe him to all posterity.

L. Truc. He gives you credit for it; he admits your skill in libelling; he says your pen has the property, like the camera obscura, of turning every object upside down that comes within its range.

Run. Fools have had their flatterers, and pick-pockets their historians. Starling has malice enough to conceive all the ill of me which you relate, but he has not wit enough to clothe it in the words which you have given it. I shall therefore humbly take my leave of a family, where authorities are all revers'd; where women govern men, and favourites govern women, whilst honest folks are made to suffer for their quarrels. In short, madam, I shall no longer sacrifice my time, and your money, to the fruitless task of teaching Latin to a pupil, who has not yet been taught to speak his mother-tongue.

L. Truc. Prithee, good philosopher, moderate your passion—Look, here my Leonard comes—Can't you take, in good part, a little harmless raillery. If I've offended you, I'm sorry for it.

Run. Enough, lady, more than enough; I'm satisfied.

LEONARD enters.

L. Truc. Now, son, what's your business?

Leon. Now, mother, what's your pleasure?

L. Truc. My pleasure is that you should be wise and happy.

Leon. I hope my happiness won't depend on that; for of whom am I to learn wisdom?

L. Truc. Of your tutor, of this learned preceptor, who is vers'd in all the wisdom of the ancient Greeks.

Leon. Law, mother, don't you know the Greeks had only seven wise men amongst them all? What is that to the present times, when there are seventeen in this house wise enough to outwit the master of it? Why look at Starling! Isn't he a wise fellow? To be sure he is, else how should he contrive to make a fool of you?

Run. Have a care, pupil; it does not become a son to say such words to his mother.

Leon. Then why does my mother say such words to her husband? Answer me that, old boy.

Run. Neither does the scholar speak in such terms to his master. The Grecian youth were modest in the presence of their teachers.

Leon. But we are wiser than the Greeks; didn't I tell you so? If age has made you wise, why shoudn't it make the world so? And if I am old enough to take a wife, don't you think I am able to walk without a leading string? Besides, it lowers me in the eyes of miss Matilda. What matters it for me to construe Ovid, if I can't find out the art of making love to please her? But here is one a-coming, who will teach me in an hour more than I can learn of this plaid night-gown in a twelvemonth.

L. Truc. Who is coming, child?

Leon. Why, Clifton—who but he? And he's my friend, and when he is come, we will throw away old books, and turn over a new leaf.

Servant enters.

Serv. Please your ladyship, the Lord Glenandry is arriv'd, and Mr. Clifton.

Leon. There, there! Now, mother, you shall see such happy doings—

L. Truc. Glenandry and Clifton!—I did not wish for their company. I know not who invited them—

Leon. I did—Sir Toby did—every body did—all the house invited them, all the house is happy at their coming. Come away, mother—Philosopher, cast your old skin, and put yourself into clean linen and a whole coat; throw off your cap, and give your brains a holiday—turn your gravity into good humour, and your face will be brighten'd by it, as rusty iron is by scouring.

ACT II.

Sir TOBY—Lord GLENANDRY—CLIFTON.

Truc. My very good lord, and my very best friend, I am overjoy'd to see you. Clifton, here's my hand, my heart is in it.

L. Glen. Friend Toby, I thank you. I am a man of few professions. 'Tis enough: I've said it.

Truc. If you had not said it, you are welcome again and again. I pray you to be perfectly at home in my poor cottage.

L. Glen. Sir, you shall not call it a cottage in my hearing; it is a palace. I, myself, am owner of a stately castle, but it would be libelling a cottage to call it by that name; for the lapse of ages, and the poverty of its possessors, have let in the winds and weather, and kept all else from entering, but those who will accept of a warm welcome, and can put up with a cold lodging.

Truc. I should be one of that description, were I within reach of it, and if I live to travel to the Highlands—

L. Glen. You will be a lucky man, if you live to travel out of them.

Truc. A little change of scene, however, woudn't be amiss—

Clif. And a short absence from my lady, Sir Toby—

Truc. Any absence from her, friend Clifton, would seem short.

L. Glen. Come, we'll not talk of our troubles. Where's my pretty rose-bud? Where's my god-daughter, Matilda?

Truc. I dare say she is at her toilette; when she has plum'd her wings, she'll soon fly to you.

L. Glen. How does honest Leonard come on? Has my lady lick'd young Bruin into shape? Do you know, Toby, I don't think him perfectly intolerable.

Truc. 'Tis a good condition'd cub, that's the truth of it.

Clif. 'Tis well you acknowledge it, for Bruin is my very hearty friend, and if any body belabours him, I shall take up the cudgels in his cause.

Truc. There's no love lost between you. Here he comes, with my empress in his hand.

Clif. And followed by the old philosopher. Persecution leads the van, and melancholy marches in the rear.

LEONARD and Lady TRUCKLE enter.

Leon. My dear, dear friend — [*runs to Clifton and embraces him.*] Let me snatch you to my heart, which jumps for joy to meet you.—My lord, I kiss your shoe-strings—there's a courtly phrase—Fire and faggot! Are you going to fight, that you're bedizen'd out in regimentals?

L. Glen. That's as it may be. Here we are, my boy! and with my lady's leave we come to ask a soldier's ration of her hospitality. We are station'd on your coast, and have billeted ourselves on your castle for a day or two.

L. Truc. The lord Glenandry must be always welcome; Sir Toby's friends are mine.

Truc. I humbly thank your ladyship.

L. Truc. I am also very happy to see Mr. Clifton—If we did not welcome our brave defenders, we should not merit their protection.

Leon. By Saint George and the dragon, mother, if Clifton turns out into the field, I'll not hide in the house, dam'me, I'll make one amongst them.

Run. Fie, pupil, fie upon you! bona verba, puer, bona verba.

Leon. Bonus, bona, bonum—that's good, which you are not—puer, pueri, that's a boy, which I am not; so your Latin does not hit either of us, and is good for nothing—Oh, Clifton, do you know that I'm in Ovid; there's a liquorish poet for you; makes old Runic's mouth water. Mark, what a flashy coat the old boy has got on! There's a cut of Queen Anne for you! The coat is fresh and flourishing, but the botcher that cut it out is dust and ashes years ago.

L. True. Child, child, your spirits run away with you.

Leon. How can I help it? Clifton looks so queer, I can't keep my countenance.

Clif. Hush, my good fellow, hush! Age must be respected in whatever apparel.

Leon. Indeed! then I ask pardon of Runic's old coat for laughing at it.

Run. You see, my lord, what discipline we are in. I blush that this should pass before your lordship, but I cannot help it. I have laboured to no purpose; some understandings won't receive instruction; impressions will not be retain'd in water.

L. Glen. Be at no concern about me, my good sir; this is not the first time you and I have met. Though a man of arms from my childhood, I respect your learning, and hope to edify by your conversation; neither do I the less esteem you for being born, like myself, on the other side the Tweed

Run. 'Tis true, my lord, we are countrymen, and when your lordship's ample patrimony was forfeited, my small inheritance was sacrific'd to the same cause.

L. Glen. Aye, aye, brother-sufferer, we must thank the country, that allows us to atone for the errors of our ancestors—And whilst you embellish it with your talents, I'll defend it with my life.

Leon. That's a good one; there's a mouthful of moonshine for old Runic, he'll swallow it, and be satisfied. But look, Clifton, look! Here she comes in the full blaze of beauty—Stand clear, and keep a guard upon your heart, or she'll snap it out of your ribs at a glance.

MATILDA enters.

Clif. Ye Gods, what beauty! Houries of Paradise, you're all eclips'd! [Aside.

L. Glen. Matilda, my sweet lassie, come to your god-father and take a blessing—Bless you, my child! be good as you are fair, and you will teach us how to guess at angels.

Mat. My lord Glenandry ever is most kind, except when he forgets how very vain his flattery must make me.

L. Glen. Child, I can't flatter: here's your father knows I have been too plain a speaker all my days; therefore I am, as I have always been, a rough old Highlander with empty pockets.

Truc. You honour truth, I full well know, my Lord, and all men honour you.

L. Glen. Enough, my friend, more than enough for me. Be pleas'd to say a word for this young soldier, to your fair daughter, and let him pay his homage.

Truc. Daughter, this gentleman is Mr. Clifton; by his mother's side nephew to the Lord Glenandry, and by his father's of a respectable—

L. Truc. Bless me, Sir Toby, where's the necessity to give the gentleman's genealogy to your daughter? his name will sure suffice for the common purposes of introduction.

L. Glen. Madam, Sir Toby knows how vain I am of my nephew, and politely flatters me by announcing him as such.

Leon. And if he'll be pleas'd to add that Clifton is my friend, I shall be vain too.

L. Truc. Hold your tongue—If your Lordship can be gratified by any flattery of Sir Toby's, I'm happy you are pleas'd; only I thought he had surfeited you before. Pray don't let me stop so interesting a subject—Proceed, Sir Toby, with your narrative: I shall, for one, be happy to attend to such an orator, on such a theme.

Leon. Now, mother, if I may be so bold, that's a mere flam of yours to flout a gentleman, and put him down in company of his friends: though I'm no conjaror, I can find that out.

L. Truc. Who bade you speak, dunce?

Leon. I can discover too, dunce as I am, you are not pleas'd with anybody's praises, but your own; else, if you were, I could amuse your ears from this time till to-morrow, with the praises of this good fellow, and not tell one lie.

L. Truc. Be silent, sirrah! remember I'm your mother.

Leon. Yes, and by the same token I am your son—and that I had rather be, begging Sir Toby's pardon, than your husband.

L. Truc. Was ever the like heard? will you bear this, Sir Toby? will you bear it?

Truc. Madam, I'm us'd to bearing; I can bear anything.

Leon. More shame for you: oh, was I you, Sir Toby, how I'd tickle her.

L. Truc. My Lord Glenandry—My Lord Glenandry—

L. Glen. Madam—

L. Truc. I should have expected you would not have been a silent hearer of such saucy language to a mother.

L. Glen. I never was a husband, and don't see much reason to regret it at present.

Leon. There, mother, there! you'll put marriage out of fashion, and stop the procreation of mankind.

L. Truc. And where are you all this while, you pedagogue, you dronish, drowsy lump of dumb philosophy? why don't you stir, why don't you rouse yourself, and call your booby to account for this?

Run. Madam, when you call to recollection what is becoming your own character, none here present will offend against it.

L. Truc. You are a fool; I'll appeal to none of you; you are all in a league—and you, miss, you—however you affect to stare and start, and play off your pretty flutterings—you shall repent—

Leon. Bear up, mother. You don't come on in this quarter. Here are two of us to turn out for Matilda, and two to one are odds at any game.

L. Truc. Harkye, Sir Toby! If this house is mine, I shall expect to see it clear'd of your companions; till then, I'll neither eat, drink, sleep, or lodge beneath your roof—

Leon. Good news! we shan't be the less merry for the lack of your society.

L. Truc. This day shall prove if I am mistress, aye or no. [*Exit.*

Leon. Whuh! there she goes. She has bolted, and is off.

Mat. Alas, my Lord, I'm sorry you and Mr. Clifton should receive this greeting in my father's house.

Leon. This! this is nothing but a breeze to what we have sometimes. Is it, Sir Toby?

Truc. I wish I had a little of your spirit; I am so much asham'd, I cannot speak.

L. Glen. Come, come, 'tis more than time to speak, friend Toby. You must speak, you shall speak, and to the purpose.

Run. His Lordship gives good counsel—You must speak.

Truc. Then it must be only in your ear, my Lord.

L. Glen. Be it so! Let us take a cool walk in the garden, and leave the young folks to themselves. Friend Leonard, thou art a gallant fellow; give me thy hand!

Leon. There it is, my Lord—hand and heart. All I say is, let every man be master in his own house; it is not fit that I, my mother's son, should eat Sir Toby's roast, and turn the spit against him. That would be scandalous—wouldn't it, Clifton?

Clif. Right, my hero! nature speaks with thee, and truth, however told, is always eloquent.

L. Glen. Come, my good friend, give me your arm. Let us sally.

[*Exeunt L. Glen. and Truc.*

Leon. Runic, my heart, I hope you bear no malice. If I've cross'd you, I ask your pardon.

Run. Enough! 'tis forgiven. *Salva est res.*

Leon. Very good, that's as much as to say there is a salvo for every thing. Now do you see, if you are for sheering off, don't let us stop you.

Run. A broad hint, pupil, that you wish me gone. Well, 'tis my time for meditation, and I now have seen enough to illustrate by example—*furens quid fœmina possit.* [Exit.

LEONARD, CLIFTON, MATILDA.

Leon. Now we three will have our own talk, and be comfortable.

Mat. You must pardon me; I cannot stay with you; I must positively be going.

Leon. Look ye there now; there's a kick-up for all comfort. Clifton, can't you think of something to amuse Miss Matilda with? tell her about your battles; talk to her about fighting. All ladies like a soldier's story. No matter whether they are true, only make 'em terrible.

Mat. I should doubt if Mr. Clifton has anything so terrible to tell, as the battle just now over; in which, it seems, Leonard, you bore the brunt of the action, and Mr. Clifton got off unhurt.

Clif. Not so, madam; it was impossible for me to behold it, and escape unwounded.

Leon. I told you so, Matilda—he pitied your poor father; there is not a kinder heart in creation, though he has the courage of a tiger.

Clif. It is not courage, if I have it, that can defend my heart from the impression it has received. That must remain with it for life.

Leon. No — come, Clifton, that is a small stretch upon the truth, I'm afraid. My mother

is a trimmer, to be sure, and 'tis painful to hear how she belabours poor Sir Toby; but out of sight is out of mind with me—Isn't that natural, Miss Matilda?

Mat. I have been told so, but perhaps Mr. Clifton's nature may differ from yours in that particular.

Clif. I am sensible it does. By all that's lovely I have seen that object, of which my mind will never lose the image to the last hour of my existence.

Leon. Well, if my mother's image was to haunt me but half a quarter of that time, my friend, I should be cruelly weary of it. If you had said as much of Matilda, and sworn by all that's lovely to the truth of it, I should have had no scruple to believe you.

Mat. Oh, that would be preposterous, to suppose your friend should apply such expressions to me upon our very first meeting.

Leon. No, no, I don't say he would, because, though you are very handsome, he is very bashful, and would be asham'd to tell you so.

Mat. Are you sure of that? a soldier, and bashful?

Leon. Extremely so, though I can witness how he was struck at the first glance of you; for I was at his elbow—but that's neither here nor there: Clifton's a man of honour, and I shall tell him how things stand between you and me, bye and bye, when I have him in a corner.

Mat. Yes, yes, he'll believe every word you tell him upon that subject, I dare say—but don't quite persuade him I am dying for you—Don't do that!

Leon. No, no, that's nonsense—dying for love is out of question—yet I am far gone, and could

give you a proof of it upon paper—nay, and 'tis in rhyme too; for you must know, Clifton, I have been dabbling in the love poets, and have penn'd a little specimen all out of my own fancy.

Mat. Bless me, Leonard, have you paid homage to the Muse?

Leon. To the Muse? no, I have nothing to say to the Muse, 'tis all about you—here 'tis!—shall I read it?

Mat. By all means read it—and with good emphasis.

Leon. I'll read it as well as I can—here goes—only remember I am the person speaking, and you are the person spoken of—Listen—

“How fair she is I can't declare;

“The reason is, she is so fair:

“How much I love I cannot tell,

“The reason is, I love so well.”

Clif. Bravo, poet! This is rhyme and reason too.

Leon. Isn't it—*The reason is, I love so well*—You see I give a reason for every thing.

Clif. Which is more than most poets do.

Leon. Is it good?

Clif. Incomparable.

Leon. Miss Matilda, do you like it?

Mat. I am charm'd with it. But methinks you did not set it off in the reading: suppose you gave it to your friend to repeat: he'll do it more justice.

Leon. With all my heart. I shall be glad to hear it again. I'm a true poet for that, never tir'd of my own compositions—here, Clifton, let us see what you can make of it.

Clif. Have patience for a moment—I must con it over—now then—to you, madam!—

“ If what I think I might declare,
 “ I’d say you are divinely fair;
 “ If what I feel I dar’d to tell,
 “ I’d say none ever lov’d so well.”

Mat. Humph! there’s no parrying that. [*Aside.*

Leon. The dickens, Clifton, what are you about? you have read ’em wrong—let me see the paper—The vengeance, here they are! couldn’t you read ’em as they are written? you have made nonsense of ’em.

Mat. Certainly he has, for he has robb’d them of their reason.

Clif. Not of their love, I hope.

Mat. No surely; love and reason seldom go together.

Leon. I can’t tell what you are at. You puzzle me—If my lines were good at first, I can’t think why you alter’d them.

Mat. In the true spirit of criticism—to make them worse—for no other purpose. However, Leonard, as I shall put all the fine things he says to me, to your account, you need not be afraid of employing him as your spokesman.

Leon. Oh then by the living—I’ll rest my own imagination, and employ his—but whither now, Matilda? Wherefore are you going?

Mat. To rest, like you, my fancy, and give time to your ingenious friend to rest his. I rather think, considering his exertions, a sober hour or two of recollection will not be misapplied.

Leon. I’ll talk him over then, and send him to you.

Mat. As you will for that. Furnish him only with a brief, and if his extreme bashfulness don't stand in his way, I don't think you can find an abler advocate. [Exit.]

Leon. There, there, you see we're all agreed, this is just as I could wish it. Now, my good fellow, here lies my case in a very few words. I am to marry Matilda as soon as I'm of age: that's settled. I have one more year to be dependant on my mother, and wind up my education—That you know is Runic's concern; I need not fuss myself about that.

Clif. No, surely, if it will go on of its own accord.

Leon. It will; but look'ye now, I've no vast turn for books, and perhaps they do no good.

Clif. If you have no turn for them, perhaps they do not.

Leon. Very well then, here am I living like a toad under a harrow, with my mother, and spunging upon Sir Toby—that isn't what I like. My passion is to be a soldier, like you: can't you make my lord, your uncle, get me a commission? I should be happy to be in the ranks with you, and fight by your side.

Clif. Thank you, my brave fellow, for your zeal, but what's to be done with Matilda in the mean while?

Leon. That's the very point I'm coming to; there you must stand in my place, do you see, and keep her steady. You heard her say I couldn't find an abler advocate; and I am prepar'd to say I can no where find a better friend.

Clif. If I were not your friend after this mark of your confidence, I should be a very base poltroon; but you seem to forget that I am not the fittest person in the world to undertake this

trust—First, as I am a soldier, and at my country's call—Secondly, as I am a young man like yourself, and, it may be, not less sensible to the attractions of beauty, and the allurements of love.

Leon. What then, what then? you could drive love out of your thoughts for my sake, as well as I could out of mine, for yours.

Clif. It might be a dangerous trial for either of us.

Leon. Not at all, not at all. Put me to the test.

Clif. I am not quite so sure of myself: Matilda is very captivating.

Leon. Yes, she's a fine girl, a very fine girl—but what of that? There are many fine girls in the world, and few good friends. I'll flinch no danger for the friend that I love.

Clif. Thou art a noble fellow, and thy honest heart shall never be wounded by me. Let me only have another interview with thy lovely mistress, and if I cannot serve thee, I promise, on my honour, I will not betray thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Scene, a Garden.

Sir TOBY and Lord GLENANDRY.

Truc. You are right, my lord—a booby as I was, a blockheadly ass, to think of marrying again, when I had no more need of a wife than a bear has for a blanket. But she took me in with her temper; which was all milk and roses, whilst I courted her; all smiles and dimples in the days of dalliance, till in the extravagance of my folly I was persuaded that she lov'd me, and began to think she had discover'd graces I was not conscious of possessing.

L. Glen. Guineas, my good Sir Toby, were the graces she discover'd, and the smiles, and dimples she display'd were caus'd by the attractions which you carried, not in your person, but in your pockets.

Truc. I believe so, my lord, for though she has long since lost all affection for my person, she has retained her passion for my property, and gone pretty deep into it, let me tell you. Yes, yes, I pass for nothing but a cypher in the account, dust in the scale, a thing that goes for nought. All is my lady's, she commands on deck, I only tug the oar: her voice is paramount; rings round the house, rattles in every ear—mine is never heard, Heaven help me, but in sighs, and those I'm fain to vent in holes and corners, where she's out of hearing. One ragged

servant, and one wretched horse, is all my state and equipage—

L. Glen. Damnation, Toby, were I in your place—

Truc. The very devil could not put you in a worse.

L. Glen. No matter, were she twin sister to Glendower, with all his imps and devils at her beck, I would compel her to obey my will.

Truc. But how if she would not?

L. Glen. I'd starve her, shut her up, divorce her.—In short, I'd either break her spirit or her neck.

Truc. Lord love you, break her spirit! Tame a tiger, turn aqua vitæ into water-gruel, make me a warrior and a hero like yourself—then your work is but half done, then you must stand a battle for your freedom; then you must fight it out, for she'll not yield whilst she has hands or tongue to stir against you.

L. Glen. You are too passive; only be a man, and you will find her nothing but a woman.

Truc. And what is more invincible than woman? We can't for honour's sake employ our weapons, and when we only fight them with their own, they are sure to conquer us.

PATRICK runs to them.

Pat. Ah, by the living Powers, they're down upon us: Stand for your life, Sir Toby, now or never.

Truc. What is the matter, Patrick? Why, you are all over blood.

Pat. You may say that—it is a bloody matter. The Devil rules the roast, and the cooks ride upon their spits like witches. Oh that I had had a

bit of Irish timber, to have put a simple question to their heads!

L. Glen. Speak to the purpose, man, if fear will let you.

Pat. Fear! No, the devil of a fear have I; or, if I had, I'd sooner keep it to myself than bring it into your lordship's company, noble general, where fear was never yet, nor ever will be.

L. Glen. I have accus'd you falsely, I perceive; for you're an Irishman, and of course are not afraid of seeing your own blood:—I only hope it really is your own.

Pat. Every atom of it; and was my father's before it was mine; and he was not sparing of it neither, for he spilt every drop of it in battle over and over again.

L. Glen. So much for your father's battles, now for your own.

Pat. The holy Saint Patrick give a thousand years to my lord general, for the gracious things he has said of my own dear country! Whereby I had hop'd to have been bless'd with your noble honour's remembrance, having serv'd in your regiment in America, and fitt by your side at the battle of Bunker's Hill:

L. Glen. Patrick Mahoony; I recollect you now full well, fellow soldier.

Pat. May it never be a lessening to your lordship's honour to call a poor private, fellow soldier; and may no soldier be asham'd to look his officer in the face, when his servitude is over!

L. Glen. Now to your story—tell us what has happen'd.

Pat. Why then 'tis all a tantarum of my lady's. Wou'd you believe it, she has stopt the spits, forbid the dinner, lock'd the cellar doors, and

warn'd the housemaids not to sheet the beds at peril of their places. There's a frolic; there's a conundrum with the devil to it!—So thereupon, do you see, I spoke my mind amongst 'em pretty freely, and damn'd 'em all for fools and sycophants in humouring such a cursed cat-o-mountain. But though I spoke as civilly as might be, whuh! such a clatter—cooks and scullion-wenches, housemaids and laundry-maids at once upon me—a regiment of tear-coats—blood and oons! no chance in life amongst so many claws to 'scape a scratching.

L. Glen. Well, brother soldier, wounds are no disgrace, when gain'd in battle. Get you gone and dress them, and as I see you've suffer'd in your rigging, my nephew is provided to supply you. The rest your master will adjust.

Truc. Alas! I know not how.

L. Glen. Send him away, however, and we'll consult upon it.

Truc. Go, my poor fellow, make your peace amongst them.

Pat. Ah, blood! there never can be peace or plenty, whilst such a Jezebel is let to rule. [*Exit.*

Truc. What's to be done?

L. Glen. Any thing rather than starve.

Truc. I have no power to right myself: the servants won't obey me.

L. Glen. Till you dislodge your shrew, or tie her tongue up, you can have no power, no peace.—Who is this gentleman?

STARLING *walks towards them.*

Truc. By all my hopes, 'tis Starling. He's my friend; his influence with my lady can do much: I'll move him to assuage her— [*Meets him.*

L. Glen. Unhappy man, no human means can help him. His mind has lost all energy. [*Aside.*

Truc. Oh, my dear Ned, you come upon a wish—

Star. Indeed!—Who's that?

Truc. I'm overjoy'd to see you—

Star. Hold a moment:—Isn't that the Lord Glenandry?

Truc. It is, it is—what then? I have business for you.

Star. Let business wait—I must be known to him—present me to his lordship

Truc. My dear, dear fellow, help me out this once, and I'll present you then as my best friend.

Star. I'll present myself—My Lord Glenandry, my right noble lord, permit me to assure you there's not a man in England more respects you than Edward Starling—Ned with my familiars, and to your lordship any thing, and all things.

L. Glen. Sir, I am proud to know you, as the friend of this much injur'd gentleman, Sir Toby.

Star. Yes, my good lord, I am Sir Toby's friend—his fast, his faithful friend.

L. Glen. He wants a friend, and you may just now render him a most material piece of service.

Star. Proud to do it, my lord—ever ready to serve my friends—No man does more good offices, and makes less parade of them than myself, though I say it.

L. Glen. If you did not say it, Sir, we should not be the less dispos'd to believe it. At present I believe your friend has nothing else to require of you, but to allay a small disturbance in his family, where I am given to understand your influence is predominant.

Star. Not so, my lord, not quite so—but what is the business, and how am I to set about it?

L. Glen. Simply, Sir, to bring my lady to her reason, the servants to their duty, and restore your friend to his tranquillity.

Truc. That's all, Ned—there, you have the whole of it.

Star. Sir!—and my lord!—all human power is limited—to say that I'll engage to bring my lady to any state of mind resembling reason, would be to say that I will melt the Glacieres, remove Mount Caucasus, control the winds, and perform labours, that would break the backs of Hercules, or Theseus, or any of the demi-gods and heroes, who fought their way into the constellations.

L. Glen. Do what you can however—if not all, do something. A man of your address need not despair. In every human heart there must be found some fibre not quite petrified, some string, that still will vibrate; no one shall persuade me it can be absolute and perfect stone—but come, we'll not lose time in these discussions—Let us walk towards the house. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene Lady Truckle's Apartment.

Lady TRUCKLE, and LOFTY her Woman.

L. Truc. I'll have that Irishman turn'd out of doors.

Mrs. L. I hope your ladyship wo'nt do that—poor fellow! it was but natural in him to speak up for his master.

L. Truc. Hey-day, Mrs. Lofty, do you dispute my orders?

Mrs. L. I shall hardly do that, my lady—

nobody in this house, I should think, will oppose your authority. I only beg leave to observe, that if you turn Patrick away, Sir Toby, for aught I can see, must wait upon himself.

L. Truc. You are very considerate for Sir Toby, methinks: 'tis more than Sir Toby is for you, or me, or any one—bringing his Myrmidons into the house to turn it upside down, confound all order, and provoke the son to rise against the mother.

Mrs. L. To be sure, my lady, whoever has done that, there is no excuse to be made for such behaviour.

Mrs. L. None, none; now, Lofty, you talk sense—This Lord Glenandry—this old Highlander—Can't you see what it is that brings him hither? The carcass lures the eagle. All a plot to foist his nephew in upon Sir Toby, and snap the heiress: a piece of Scottish cunning, to patch up the tatters of his rebel confiscations with a good English rent-roll: that's his project, and my blind booby Leonard does not spy the trap that's set to catch him.

Mrs. L. Oh the wretches! If such are their designs, they don't deserve to be let sleep beneath this roof one night.

L. Truc. Nor shall they, traitors—Hark! who's at the door? Look out, I'll not admit Sir Toby.

[*Lofty goes to the door.*]

Mrs. L. Madam, 'tis Mr. Starling—Will you see him?

L. Truc. No, he's a traitor, and the worst of traitors. I'll never see him more.

Mrs. L. Men are but men; none are without their failings, and if he's penitent, why 'tis but Christian charity to hear him.

L. Truc. You're a good creature, Lofty, and

for this once, at your intercession, I'll give the wretch a hearing. So you may let him in.

Mrs. L. Yes, I know that, and I may leave him with you. [Exit.

STARLING enters.

L. Truc. I am astonish'd at your confidence. What do you want? how dare you to come hither? Don't hope that I'll forgive you: say what you will, I'll not believe a word. I let you in only to humour Lofty, and because 'tis matter of indifference to me, whether I am alone, or in the company of one, on whom I do not waste a thought.

Star. Come, come, my lady, I'm in no fault, therefore I ask no pardon. Sit down, and let me talk to you—

L. Truc. Assurance! I sit down with you?

Snar. You sha'nt refuse me—Aye, you may flame; when you flame, I am warm'd. 'Tis then I love you most. Give me a Semele, whose haughty spirit invites the flame by which she is consum'd. A tame soft thing, made up of milk and gruel, is but a mess, where every beggar's cur may come and gorge his brutal appetite, till he revolts and nauseates what he fed on.

L. Truc. What is all this? why all this rhapsody?

Star. Will you sit down and hear? you know I love you more than all the world, and fear you less than anybody in it. Therefore sit down, for by the powers of love, I will be heard.

L. Truc. Let go my hand, then—Don't be so ridiculous, and I'll sit down—There—Now what have you to say?

Star. You charg'd me wrongfully about that

Lucy. 'Tis only with proud people I am proud; therefore I answer'd to your sharp rebuke in terms as sharp. It anger'd me to find you could suspect me of such low intrigues.

L. Truc. Well, if I may believe this was your motive, and that you really scorn such mean attachments—

Star. From my heart I scorn them.

L. Truc. Then I acquit you.

Star. Thus we seal our peace— [*Kisses her hand.*] And now, my dearest lady, hear me further.—You must not be so hard upon Sir Toby— You must not, by my soul! It is not for your honour or your safety to drive him to extremities.

L. Truc. Away! If this is all you have to tell me, I'll hear no more.

Star. Nay, but a little reason in your wrath. Be absolute in power, only don't quite disgrace him in the eyes of his illustrious visitor. Hold fast the sceptre; keep it firm in hand, but don't strike lest you shatter it in pieces.

L. Truc. Go, get you gone; I've done with you for ever.

Star. Not so, not so. Convince me of my error, and I'll acknowledge it.

L. Truc. You silly man, how can you not perceive the ruin you are drawing on yourself? Who but yourself will suffer, if this lord, this second-sighted Scot, is let to stay, and by his cunning, undermine my power. My booby son already has revolted, and is their own; their next prize will be Matilda, and who can tell but they may spur that sluggish ass, Sir Toby, till he kicks off his burden?—Then what are you? The victim of your own folly.

Star. I see it, dearest lady, by this light! I see it, and retract all I have said.

L. Truc. Go, then, and send Sir Toby to me; for since you have been drawn in to mediate, I must, to give you credit with your client, in some way strike upon a change of measures, milder in appearance, but not less efficacious in result.

Star. By heavens, I stand in admiration of you, and am as much enchanted with your wit and intuition, as I am ashamed of my own dullness and stupidity.

L. Truc. Why certainly you are a dear dull soul, that is the truth of it. But thrust yourself into no more commissions, and cautiously avoid that Highland chief; whose sight is as keen as his climate, whose ambition is as towering as his mountains, and in whose heart rebellion springs spontaneous and self-sown. Now get you gone, I must digest my measures.

Star. When shall we meet again?

L. Truc. I know not; here I shall remain all day, and never quit my chamber till the house is cleared of these intruders.

Star. May I not visit you in your retirement?

L. Truc. I'll think of it, and as I may determine, you shall be advis'd of it by faithful Lofty—She has got the key.

Star. And that commands the avenues to happiness, that mocks the paradise of Mahomet.

L. Truc. Nonsense! The tomb of Mahomet, and not his paradise, will be a better picture of your state; for I will neither raise you up to happiness, nor sink you to despair. Not a word more—begone!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Scene the Garden.

LEONARD, CLIFTON.

Leon. Now, my good fellow, we have pounded her. The walk is barricadoed on both sides; she can't escape us here, unless she had wings.

Clif. Are you quite sure she has not! Angels have them; why may not she? Leonard, I think I never can incur the charge of double-dealing with the friend that trusts me; Yet, if any thing could make me dread it, it would be the consciousness of what I felt in presence of Matilda.

Leon. Oh, never fear; I warrant you have felt as much or more for others of her sex, and been no worse for it.

Clif. No, on my honour.

Leon. What, then you prefer her to all the pretty women you have seen?—

Clif. Decidedly; without any competition.

Leon. Then, I suppose, in your opinion, Clifton, I am the happiest dog this day alive.

Clif. If you think of her as I do, you are.

Leon. You have heard, no doubt, that she's a tempting prize, heiress of all Sir Toby's great possessions?

Clif. I've heard as much; but were these all her charms, I could withstand her easily, being contented with my competency, and not extremely anxious to encrease it.

Leon. Why then 'tis clear you like her for herself, and therein we agree. I have enough, were I but happy, and were I not, money won't make me so.

Clif. You say 'tis settled that you are to marry

her; if so, why do you wish to engage me in a struggle the most severe that honour can be put to? Sure it can't give you any real pleasure to torture me with envy.

Leon. No, hang it, that is scandalous to think of. I only wish that you should see more of her, and know her better. It may be your cure.

Clif. Why truly, Leonard, if I should discover that she had chang'd one grace of nature's giving, for the proud glances, which those minions deal, who bury their attractions in their coffers, farewell, Matilda!

Leon. You have hit the case at once; there lies the block at which I stumble. I suspect she flouts me because, do you see, I am a homebred fellow, ill-drest and awkward, stupid as you see me; with no wit, art, or genius to amuse her; nothing to recommend me but a heart, which, as it harbours no deceit itself, would fain not be deceiv'd. Look at her, therefore, for my sake, my friend; she cannot blind your eyes as she can mine, for you are skilful in the ways of women; I know them only by the worst of samples—my domineering mother.

Clif. Honest, honest heart! I'll do thee justice, suffer what I may.

Leon. I'm sure you will; I know you are my friend, not from the merits that you find in me, but from your own benevolence, and because you see how much I love you. So if you find occasion in your talk to give me a kind lift in her good liking, so it be fair withal, and nothing more than such poor qualities as I possess can warrant and make good, why, you will do it—So there's an end—I'm off, for she's in sight.

[*Exit.*

Clif. Oh! who could injure such simplicity.

MATILDA approaches to CLIFTON.

Mat. Didn't I catch a glimpse of Leonard with you?

Clif. He had just left me as you came in sight.

Mat. Why did he so?

Clif. Because his generous confidence allows me to avail myself of this fortunate occasion to tender you my apologies for an error, into which I have been unknowingly surpriz'd.

Mat. What error, Mr. Clifton, do you charge yourself with?

Clif. The error of an act that had been base in the extreme, if ignorance of your peculiar situation had not conceal'd it from me.

Mat. What peculiar situation am I in? You make your mystery only more obscure.

Clif. I understand the friend, who just now left me, is to be made the happiest of mankind; and by the truth that's in me, I conceive so highly of the intrinsic goodness of his heart, that I should hold myself in just abhorrence for suffering those sensations to transpire, which honour would have warn'd me to repress, if I had been appris'd of your engagement.

Mat. You know the nature, then, of my engagement?—

Clif. In general only, not by circumstance.

Mat. I'll tell you then. My father, as you see, is under the dominion of a tyrant, sinking beneath the burden of a yoke, he has not strength to bear, nor courage to throw off. One hope he had, one sacrifice to make, that seem'd to promise freedom and redemption: I was to be the victim; I was to marry Leonard; to the son of

her first husband my unhappy parent was to engage his daughter and estate.

Clif. And were these terms impos'd upon your father, or freely tender'd?

Mat. Can *you* ask that question? Surely you know they were impos'd upon him.

Clif. Not I, so help me, truth!

Mat. Has Lord Glenandry never told you that?

Clif. Never.

Mat. You much surprise me;—but to end my story—Penetrated by the sufferings of my father, and by his importunity besieg'd, I did—but wherefore should I boast myself? What did I more than many others would, and all should do?—I sacrificed myself to save a father.

Clif. Is it indeed a sacrifice?—Leonard, if not adorn'd with all the graces, is blest with many virtues.

Mat. Grant him a thousand virtues, add to them (what he has not) accomplishments as many, I must for ever see my father's tyrant reflected in his image, and be wretched.

Clif. You cut me to the heart. As Leonard's friend, what is there I can do for mutual explanation?

Mat. Nothing. A promise cannot be revok'd—by me it cannot;—but consult your uncle. He knows the nature of the sacrifice, which my poor father made to purchase peace.—Ask him of that—You say he has never told you.

Clif. Never, upon my honour.

Mat. If you're sincere in that assertion, ask him; prevail with him to tell you what he knows of that obscure transaction.

Clif. You have rais'd my curiosity to the height. I'll never quit him till I know the secret.

Mat. And when you know it, if you still retain the impressions which you profess to have felt, perhaps you will, like me, lament a promise that enslaves a heart, as sensible to feel, and not less pain'd by feeling those impressions than your own. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

RUNIC, and Mrs. LOFTY.

Mrs. L. So, Mr. Runic, if you were as chang'd in countenance as in kindness, I should not know you. Time was you would look in upon us now and then, and take a jelly or a cup of tea, and condescend to chat with us poor folks; but now you pass us by, and look so proud.

Run. I am no whit less humble than I should be; for, to speak truth, the conduct of your lady is so outrageous, and, as I believe, so criminal withal, that I do not chuse to give my company or countenance to those that are in confidence with her. There is my answer to your charge, Mrs. Lofty; it is a plain one, and you are free to tell it to your unworthy mistress.

Mrs. L. I shan't do that; I am no mischief-maker, Mr. Runic.

Run. You can make none that I'm concern'd about; for I don't care how soon she is inform'd that I despise her.

Mrs. L. Aye, you are a gentleman, and speak your mind. I'm but a servant, and must hold my tongue.

Run. Yes, if you've sold your liberty of speech, you will be silent.

Mrs. L. Servants should be so.

Run. They should be honest too, and not cabal against their masters. Wicked schemes may prosper for a short time; but when they are found out, the shame they fix upon the plotters of them will be perpetual. The day is not far

off, depend on it, when all these evil doings of your lady will be laid open: then Starling, you, and all that shar'd her favour, will share her fall.

Mrs. L. Nay, that is certain; I expect no less: she drives so furiously, no one is safe, that has to do with her; for my part, I dislike her goings on as much as you can, but how to act—Will you advise me, sir?

Run. A better counsellor will do that for you.

Mrs. L. Who can be a better?

Run. Conscience:—Consult that friend; if it reproaches you with being privy to those guilty meetings, that dare not face the light, you can't but know, they are the criminals who shelter vice, not those who expose it.

Mrs. L. Well, to be sure you learned men are wizzards, and if my thoughts were in a book before you, you could not see them clearer. Ah my good sir, it is in vain to counterfeit with you; there are sad doings in this family; and, as you rightly say, the wicked must be brought to shame at last—and that of course must be my lady's fate—then what becomes of me, if I am found to have known her evil courses, and conceal'd them?

Run. Ruin'd without redemption, sham'd, disgrac'd, discarded without pity—

Mrs. L. Oh, frightful! that's the very end of all things, and what I have been turning in my thoughts all this day long—this is not right, said I—this is not as it should be—Here am I eating my poor master's bread, and opening the door for the thief that plunders him—but look!—talk of a certain person and he appears—Farewell at present; we will meet again, and then I'll tell you more.

[*Exit.*

STARLING enters, and is passing over.

Run. Whither so fast, whither away so fast?
—A word with you, Mr. Starling—

Star. My dear, dear Runic, any other time a volume. I am now upon the wing to find Sir Toby.

Run. You cannot find Sir Toby, for Sir Toby will not be found. He and the Lord Glenandry are gone forth, and far a-field by this time, Heaven knows where: your search is therefore fruitless, so I pray you lend me your ears, and what I'll pour into them may prove a grand specific, to preserve them whole and secure from danger of excision.

Star. What danger are they in, except of being bor'd with your long-winded prose?

Run. You are merry, sir—merry at my expense; but I forgive you; for to do you justice, your wit is of that merciful description, it has not heart and soul to hurt a fly. My lady told me many pleasant things, not one of which I credit you for saying; or if you did, I know you've not the courage to avow it—else I would let you know I have a sword—

Star. I know it well; I know you have a sword, and also know it is the only thing about you that has a point or carries any edge—but to convince you that I have some courage, I'm free to own that I retorted on you for your acrimonious criticisms of my late publication.

Run. It defied criticism: it was rank nonsense.

Star. I don't want any body to tell me that: I write professedly rank nonsense.

Run. Why do you so?

Star. Because I write to live, and 'tis the rea-

diest money at the market. Was Aristotle now to set up school, we'd kick him out of it, and maintain to his beard, that we can fabricate a perfect whole, although without beginning, end, or middle.

Run. Oh then, ingenious sir, it should appear you're wiser than the Greeks.

Star. And honest—*or woe betide us.* Witness the master of them all, old Homer, who has been now convicted of having forg'd the siege of Troy upon us, for which your friend, that gave false evidence, merits the pillory.

Run. What friend do you allude to?

Star. Your friend Pythagoras, that cried down beans, and spoilt the sale of bacon.

Run. Ridiculous! How is Pythagoras concern'd about the siege of Troy?

Star. Didn't the knave pretend that he was there in person of Euphorbus? Shame upon him, he set up a false alibi—What have you to say for him?

Run. A true disciple of Pythagoras lets folly talk, and keeps contemptuous silence;—but hark ye, sir, we'll leave the Greeks and Trojans to fight it out, and call up a new question.

Star. What is your question? State it.

Run. What sort of principle do you conceive that man to possess, who undermines the authority, betrays the trust, and abuses the hospitality of the benefactor, from whom he receives daily favours, and to whom he makes daily professions of inviolable attachment?

Star. Go to your books, and seek of them an answer. I have nothing to do with it.

Run. Pardon me, sir, you have much to do with it—Your meetings with Sir Toby's shrewish wife are known, and will be trac'd to your con-

viction, unless you have the address to ward the blow, by turning over to the injur'd party.

Star. What meetings have I had with Lady Truckle, except to serve Sir Toby? Who dares to accuse me?

Run. I dare: I am the man, that will accuse you.

Star. Do so—here comes Sir Toby—I am ready.

Sir TOBY enters.

Truc. My dear dear Starling, have you seen my lady? Have you pleas'd her? Give me some good news, for I have no hope but in your mediation.

Star. There, Mr. Runic, now produce your charge.

Truc. What charge, what charge?

Star. The blackest, and the falsest. He charges me with base ingratitude to you, my benefactor and my friend—Am I ungrateful? Speak!

Truc. No, no—Ungrateful! Runic does but jest.

Star. He further says that I betray your trust, abuse your hospitality, and conspire with Lady Truckle to overthrow your authority—Am I this villain? Answer!

Truc. No, no, 'tis all a flam, a false alarm of Runic's to make sport with you. I have nothing to accuse you of, but much to thank you for, if you have made my peace with my lady.

Star. Your peace is made.

Truc. Then you are the best friend I have in all the world.

Star. Do you hear that, Master Runic?

Run. Yes, yes, I hear it.

Star. And are you now convinc'd?

Run. Fully convinc'd, and know not which is most to be admir'd—Sir Toby's intuition, or your honesty;—but 'tis my maxim—*Qui vult decipi, decipiatur.* [Exit.

Truc. What is the English of that?

Star. Simply, that he has been in a deception, and now is undeceiv'd — but come, I must conduct you to your lady.—

Truc. Ah, my good friend, what could I do without you? [Exeunt.

Scene changes.

LEONARD and CLIFTON enter.

Leon. Now, my dear fellow, here we are together, snug and secure—I long to hear how you came off with miss—How are you?—Heart-whole?—Has she drawn the arrow, or does it stick?

Clif. Why should you wish to know? That's to myself.

Leon. Nothing is to yourself that I can share in. Besides, you promis'd me to deal sincerely, and tell me all that pass'd.

Clif. You shall know all: Honour demands that of me; and as my dealings have been fair and open, I have no concealments, nothing to hold back that it concerns you to be inform'd of—but as to that same arrow, my good friend, we'll leave it where it was.

Leon. Ah! now I see you are but half my friend, whilst I am wholly yours. You'll just do what you bargain'd for, and no more. You'll not confide in me—'tis very well.

Clif. Nay, don't be angry with me.

Leon. No, I am angry with myself for conceiving you could ever think of me, as I do of you. I know I am your inferior in so many points, that I ought not to expect you would produce me amongst your fine acquaintance, where my awkward manners would disgrace you—but still I hop'd, however low you held me in point of understanding, you would find no cause to doubt my heart.

Clif. Nor do I, by my soul! I think your heart the seat of truth, of honour and benevolence.

Leon. Oh, now you say too much. I am only honest as far as my small judgment can distinguish the right from wrong.

Clif. And is not that enough to shew you upon what motives I decline your question? How can it gratify your friendly feelings to know what passes in my secret thoughts about a lady, for whom if I have unfortunately conceiv'd a liking, you of all men are the last, to whom in delicacy I should reveal it?

Leon. Why so? What have I done?

Clif. What have you done? Need you be put in mind of your own happiness? Have you not the lady fast bound by promise?

Leon. Does she acknowledge the promise?

Clif. Yes, and will fulfil it.

Leon. Why that's fair and honest. Then she's a woman of her word, you see.

Clif. I did not doubt it, and you may believe I did not strive to unsettle her good faith.

Leon. No, hang it, that had been a sneaking trick quite out of character.—Starling might play that game; Clifton disdains it.—So then she'll marry me, it seems—I have her sure—she holds to her engagement?—

Clif. Religiously.

Leon. That's right—And I suppose forsee a world of happiness in store with such a well-pair'd mate. I'm just the very man that hits her fancy.—Should you have believ'd it?

Clif. I wish to believe the time may shortly come when you will be so. The more she knows of you the more she will approve you.

Leon. Oh, then she is not dying for me at present?

Clif. Not absolutely dying.

Leon. Perhaps, if she was free to chuse again, she thinks that she might mend her choice.

Clif. Perhaps she does, but that is with herself.

Leon. It is so; and perhaps again—it may be her peculiar way of thinking, to fancy such a clown as you might suit her better than such a gentleman as me.

Clif. I cannot speak to that.

Leon. Oh, I ask pardon: That is another of your secrets which you keep to yourself—You will permit me, however, to suppose that such a thing is possible.

Clif. Urge me no further—I have done you justice.

Leon. Thank you, my boy.—You've given me a good word: she must be charm'd with that.—You have also told me just what I knew before—Thank you for that. If you hear more of the same sort of news, you'll tell it me with the same fidelity—And look, she's coming—fare you well! I'll leave you.

Clif. Hold! I'll not be left with her again.

Leon. Chuse for yourself—I'm off.

[Exit hastily.]

MATILDA enters to CLIFTON.

Mat. Leonard again! I'm destin'd to break up your conferences. — Have you seen your uncle?

Clif. I have not met him, and my patience is tortur'd the meanwhile.

Mat. I have the very letter which he wrote to my poor passive father, when he had made the fatal compromise, by which I am bound to be the wretched wife of that poor youth, who never can know happiness with me.

Clif. Let me peruse it; let me see that letter.

Mat. I cannot give it you—indeed I cannot.

Clif. Then read it to me. You can sure do that.

Mat. That's worse—Oh, Clifton, you, of all men living, are he to whom I could not read that letter.

Clif. Indeed! Have I an interest in that letter.

Mat. How can I say what interest you may take in what I deem the greatest of misfortunes? 'Twould be presumption in me to suppose that you must sympathize in my affliction.

Clif. Must I not sympathize with her, in whom my whole soul—but I will not speak; I will not violate my word to Leonard—Loveliest of women, and for ever lost! If, as your scruples lead me to suspect, I had a name and interest in that letter before I knew you, and my uncle then forbore to tell me of my unknown loss; judge what would be my agony now to read it, when I have seen you, look'd away my heart, and never can efface the deep impression, which you have planted there.

Mat. Take it, however; read it when I'm

absent, and when you meet a name, that I will own would have been dear to me above all names, if you indeed feel all that you profess, we shall be mutually the most wretched beings, that ever cruel honour tore asunder.

Clif. I have, like you, betroth'd myself to Leonard: he has a heart for friendship; but the man exists not, that can behold such beauty and resign it.

Mat. Or if he could, his mercenary mother, whose soul is wedded to Sir Toby's coffers, has me in fetters. The fatal bond of promise, guarded by law and sanctified by honour, is in her hands, and what her avarice covets, her power will command—but hark! what's that?—Some spy is on the watch: this house is full of ears. Away, away! we've talk'd too long already.

Clif. Farewell. I will believe the guardian angel, that has thy happiness in charge, will save thee. [*Exeunt.*

LEONARD enters.

Leon. Now, had that Clifton been sincere with me, I were the meanest scoundrel in creation for listening to his talk; but I suspected what I've heard; and as he would not trust me with his heart, I trusted my own ears with his discourse—Oh by Saint Barnabas, I'll fit him for his tricks! I'll pay him off for all his double-dealing; I'll let him know that I can mark my game, as cunningly as he can—I'll to my mother, get the staff in hand—then I am for him. [*Exit.*

Scene changes. Sir TOBY and Lady TRUCKLE.

L. Truc. You see, Sir Toby, I am fair and open. I put myself and son into your hands. Only make

good the contract you have sign'd; marry the parties, and in that very hour I resign all authority and rule into your daughter's hands. The humble cottage, which I have fitted up for my retreat, shall then be all I will retain for life.

Truc. My lady, I consent. Have you the bond?

L. Truc. Yes; yes, I have the contract in safe keeping—Assure yourself of that; and here it is.

Truc. You will not in mean time dislodge my guests—

L. Truc. I'll not disturb them for this day, Sir Toby; but, mark my words—to-morrow they depart.

Truc. 'Tis their intention, madam.

L. Truc. Let them keep it.

Truc. When shall I break your pleasure to my daughter?

L. Truc. Not till that Clifton's gone, by any means—besides, I must communicate with my son; I must reprove him; he has much pleas'd me.

Truc. If he has half my dread of your displeasure, he'll easily be wrought to make submission. Has your ladyship any further commands at present?

L. Truc. None; you may go and be merry with your friends; only be wise withal—if you know how.

Truc. I'll do my best to gain your approbation.

[*Exit.*]

LEONARD enters.

L. Truc. Oh thou ungracious boy! Oh thou reviler of a tender mother, whose careful days and sleepless nights are pass'd in meditations for thy good, ungrateful! What can you say to me, that may atone?

Leon. If I was eloquent, I'd make a speech; if hypocritical, I'd squeeze out tears; but being neither, I can only fall upon my marrow-bones, and ask your pardon. Pray, pray forgive me!

L. Truc. Rise, you are forgiven. I cannot long be angry with my Leonard.

Leon. No, your poor Leonard is so very penitent, and you have such a soft and tender heart, that I was sure you couldn't hold out long.

L. Truc. But you must never treat me so again.

Leon. Oh never, never utter a bad word, as I hope to be married.

L. Truc. Do you then hope it? Are you eager for it?

Leon. Sharp as a hungry tiger—Oh my dear mother, when I have got Matilda, and (what is better far) Sir Toby's fortune; there'll be a happy fellow! then you must think I shall be rich and great, and my own master—

L. Truc. Aye, and I hope—prudent and wise withal.

Leon. Never doubt me; I am well born for that. No wife shall Jerry me; I am too much my mother's son to suffer it. No, no, I'll follow your receipt exactly: I'll manage my good dame by the same rule, as you do your good man: isn't that right?

L. Truc. Well, we shall see; but have you gain'd Matilda?

Leon. Leave that to me. I have her in a noose.

L. Truc. It would be better, if you had her heart.

Leon. Do you think so? Woman's love is troublesome. A fond wife is for ever in the way, and interrupts our amusements. You are not over fond of your Sir Toby, and yet how happily you live together!

L. Truc. That's nothing to the purpose. I suspect that Clifton, whom you think so much your friend, is playing false with you.

Leon. Do you indeed! Oh the egregious thief! But let him play, I have him on the hook—provided you have only kept that what-d'ye-call it, that secures my marriage.

L. Truc. Kept it, my child! No doubt but I have kept it—if you mean the bond and solemn obligation of the contracting parties—here it is.

Leon. Yes, yes, that's it. The very thing I want. Give me but that in hand, and I defy him.

L. Truc. No, no, 'tis safe with me: so long as I retain, and can produce it, Sir Toby will not venture to dispute it.

Leon. Oh if he did, I'd deal with him: you don't know what a spirit I possess. But let me read it; let me con it over. It is but right, you know, that every man should be acquainted with his own security.

L. Truc. Well, there it is, if you can make it out.

Leon. I warrant—Heyday! here's a crooked scrawl—these e's are s's, and the r's are q's. This will require some spelling: I must take this into my reading room—

L. Truc. No, no, I will not trust it out of sight.

Leon. Oh monstrous, mother, not to trust your son. Don't you suppose I know the value of it. Bless your dear soul, I prize it as my eyes: 'tis this that puts Matilda in my power, gives me Sir Toby's wealth, all that I can wish—'tis this that lays my rival at my feet,—possest of this, I now can look that Clifton in the face, who dar'd to call my spirit into question, and treat him in the manner he deserves—Oh my dear

mother, let me embrace you for this precious gift!—

L. Truc. 'Tis not a gift, my child, it is a trust, a sacred trust, on which your all depends.

Leon. Right, my dear mother, 'tis a sacred trust, and I will put it to a sacred use.

ACT V.

Lord GLENANDRY meeting CLIFTON.

Clif. My lord, well met. We have miss'd you all this morning.

L. Glen. Yes, Clifton, I have acted the old soldier, and when I could not keep the field with honour, have prudently withdrawn myself from trouble; and made a short excursion with old Runic, to fill up time, and leave Sir Toby to patch up a peace as speedily as he could—for he that can't give battle, must submit to let the conqueror dictate.

Clif. Aye, 'tis a wretched, hen-peck'd, heartless creature, who has so long submitted to his tyrant, that nothing can redeem him.

L. Glen. I don't know that; I should not quite despair, if he had any spark of manhood left.

Clif. He does not merit to be call'd a man, much less a father, who, for the purchase of a few hours peace, could pledge his daughter's happiness for ever.

L. Glen. It must be own'd, that matches so contracted are rarely happy, and I much suspect Matilda would gladly catch at any lawful means, that could release her from that obligation.

Clif. So they were fair and honourable in their nature, I think she would embrace them; though in justice to Leonard I must say, he has as good a title to be happy as honest nature can bestow upon him.

L. Glen. But honesty alone, with clownish manners and an uncultivated understanding, will never suit Matilda.

Clif. I know your lordship once had other wishes, and rated me so much above my merits, as to account me worthy of that honour, for which, in gratitude, I am ever bound.

L. Glen. Who told you this? who divulg'd this secret?

Clif. Matilda had the goodness to impart to me your letter to her father on that subject.

L. Glen. Surely Matilda, when she shew'd that letter, either suppos'd you indifferent to the contents, or had not much consideration for your feelings, if you were not.

Clif. Oh, my dear uncle, she is all perfection, and I have lost a blessing past compute.

L. Glen. You love her, Clifton?—

Clif. Oh, to distraction love her—

L. Glen. And she returns your love?—

Clif. We are both unfortunate. Would I had never seen her.

RUNIC enters.

L. Glen. So, my good friend, what news?

Run. When you had left the cottage, which my lady has fitted up, and where, as we suspected, she holds her meetings with that fellow Starling, I straightly question'd the old dame about them. At first, she had her lesson and evaded; but when I threaten'd her, and represented the ruin she was drawing on herself, she waver'd, was alarm'd, and in conclusion gave up, and made confession so complete of that bad woman's guilt, that if Sir Toby will but face the question, I am full arm'd with proofs to bear him through it.

L. Glen. I never doubted what would be the result of your inquiries; but how far to push them will merit some reflection on our part.

Run. My lord, I am challeng'd to produce my proofs; my honour is committed, and I must either shew this woman's baseness, or pass for a defamer.

L. Glen. 'Tis not an enviable office, however, to dabble in the dirt of such a business; but we shall see—

Mrs. LOFTY appears.

What does this woman want? she beckons you—

Run. Oh, Mrs. Lofty, what are your commands?

Loft. A word in private with you, if you please.

[*Exeunt Runic and Lofty.*]

L. Glen. Now, Clifton, does not this discovery inspire some better hopes?

Clif. If 'tis a point with you to save Sir Toby, and if he's willing to be sav'd, it does.

L. Glen. But may it not be turn'd to your advantage, by rescuing Matilda from her marriage?

Clif. I cannot see it in that light, my lord. I cannot comprehend how the exposure of this bad woman's guilt could free Matilda from a solemn promise in favour of her son, nor do I think that son should suffer for his mother's crimes.

L. Glen. But what, if terror might induce the mother to give the contract up?

Clif. What if it did? her act could not dissolve it; nor would I take Matilda on those terms, much as I love her, much as I adore her—certain it is, that she regrets her fate; but I am not so base, so lost to honour, as to concur in any operations for traversing her promise to Leonard, whose fair and open dealings claim from me a conduct no less candid on my part.

L. Glen. I see your delicacy, nephew, and respect it.

RUNIC enters hastily.

Run. I have it, my good lord, I have it here *in scriptis—signatum et sigillatum*—Listen, I beseech you, to this grand and imperial epistle, which our female Tiberius writes—*a Capreis*—

“Runic, it seems, suspects us—Runic shall be
“discharg’d. You say our assignation for this
“evening must not take place: I say it must, it
“shall. Guarded by faithful Lofty, and secur’d
“by locks and bolts, we may defy discovery.
“Come therefore, and fear nothing. Come, I
“say, or tremble at the vengeance I will take.
“The marriage is in train; when that is over,
“all points are gain’d, and I am yours for
“ever.”—

How say you now, my lord? will not this bring her towering spirit down? it will, it must. We have her on her knees.

L. Glen. ’Tis very strong—and this she writes to Starling?—

Run. Even this, which her compunctious confidante betrays—But look, Sir Toby comes—

L. Glen. And Starling with him—put the letter by, and not a word about it.

Sir TOBY enters, followed by STARLING.

Truc. Ah, my dear lord, I’m overcome with shame, to think our harmony should have been interrupted by these domestic jars—but you are ever kind to your poor friend, and Clifton too, I hope, will overlook it.

L. Glen. If you’re contented, all is well with us.

Truc. This worthy gentleman has made my peace.

L. Glen. 'Tis a good thing to have a friend, Sir Toby.

Truc. It is indeed; I find the sweets of it. By Mr. Starling's means, I hope to pass one happy day in your society!

Star. I trust, you have many happy days in store. My efforts sha'n't be wanting.

L. Glen. Why that is kind—And now, good sir, I have a boon to beg.

Star. My lord, command me. What is it, I pray you?

L. Glen. Simply, that you will undertake for me what you have executed so well for your friend—procure an audience for me of my lady, that I may pay my court, and make my peace.

Star. Oh, my good lord, you condescend too far. I'm positive my lady don't require it; and, if her health permitted her to quit her chamber, she would wait on you.

L. Glen. By no means; I shall much prefer the honour of waiting upon her, and if you'll mediate for me that permission, and take me in your hand, you'll much oblige me.

Star. My lord, my lord, I fly at your command. [Exit.

L. Glen. Runic, a word with you—Give me the letter—Don't hint a syllable of this to Sir Toby. [Apart.

Run. Upon my honour, no—there is the letter.

L. Glen. Now, my good friend, if you are thus thankful for one day of peace with your oppressor, what will you say to me, if I can set you clear of her for life?

Truc. What will I say, my lord? run mad for joy—but that can never be; that happy hour is not for me. My liberty is lost, and (which is worse) my daughter's.

Run. Whose fault was that, Sir Toby, but your own?

Truc. You don't know what it is to be a husband.

Run. Say rather you forgot you were a father.

L. Glen. Hold, you are too severe. If I, who am the uncle of this gentleman, do not complain, who has a better right?

Truc. Oh, that I had the power to call him son!

STARLING *enters.*

Star. My Lord Glenandry, when it is your pleasure, I will attend upon you to my lady.

L. Glen. Be pleas'd to lead the way—Runic, remember! [*Exit with Starling.*]

Run. Sir Toby, will you trust yourself with me; and wait my lord's return?

Truc. Most readily—Ah Clifton, that I might but see the day, when I may say, Matilda is your own!

Clif. That day can never be.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Runic.*]

LEONARD *comes in.*

Leon. What day can never be? There's an old saying—Every dog has his day, and this is mine. This is my holiday, and here's the almanac, that marks it down in black and white for ever. Oh, I could kiss this paper, I could hug it. There is a name in it as dear to me as my own eyes—Do you guess whose it is?

Clif. Your own perhaps—Matilda's and your own.

Leon. You're right, my heart! You've jump'd at once upon it. I am set down upon this pre-

cious paper the happiest rogue alive. I know you envy me; but I can't help it, Clifton, I can't help it. You must come with me, and partake my transport.

Clif. Impossible. You must excuse me.

Leon. I can't excuse you, by my soul I cannot. You'll kill me, if you refuse me—Nay, I'll kill myself, and haunt you when I'm dead for your unkindness. Ghosts are in fashion now, and I'll be with you. Come, be persuaded—there's a dear good fellow! You will not sure refuse to see Matilda—I know you like her; she's a charming girl, and (which is more) likes you—I'm sure she does—Come, I'm not jealous—let me beg you'll see her—You have her heart; I have her upon paper.

Clif. You're a strange being, Leonard, and provoke me to risk what honour never should encounter—Yet I'll go with you.

Leon. That's my noble fellow—Damme, I'll make you dance upon your head. [Exeunt.]

Scene changes.

Lady TRUCKLE—to her Lord GLENANDRY and STARLING.

L. Glen. I thank your ladyship for thus admitting me in company with this gentleman,—who, both as criminal and witness, knows the truth of what I shall advance. Your agents have betray'd you; nay, you have betray'd yourself, for I have here your letter to this favour'd gentleman; stopp'd on its passage, and in my possession; it puts you at my mercy, but I doubt not you will be wise, and not provoke my justice. I am

your husband's friend, but I'm a soldier, and though I give no quarter to resistance, I spare the weak and fallen.

L. Truc. I am yet to learn, my lord, what right you claim to tamper with my people as a spy, whilst you are treated as a guest and friend; nor can I see how it becomes a soldier to act the paltry part of an informer.

L. Glen. Spare your reproaches, madam, if you please, and understand yourself as well as me. I am no spy, nor am I yet intitled to be call'd an informer, your husband being still in ignorance of your proceedings. But, if you force me into active measures, I shall not think my character degraded by rescuing an opprest and injur'd husband, and publishing your guilt to all the world—As for you, sir—

Star. Oh, pray, my lord, forbear to urge my failings; I confess them freely, and throw myself at once upon your mercy.

L. Glen. You have done well, sir, and I hope my lady will recollect herself, and do the same.

L. Truc. Let me know what it is that you expect; for if I must be ruin'd by concessions, I'll sooner face your charge and brave my danger.

L. Glen. Give up your power, and set your husband free—Retire, and separate upon terms proportion'd to your pretensions and Sir Toby's means. Your character shall then have all protection that we can give it, you must add the rest by your own future conduct and discretion. Thus may you save yourself, your son, and this unhappy man, whose ruin else will be inevitable.

L. Truc. Guilty or not, it is in vain to struggle; you have me in your toils. Consult my husband, let me know his terms; I put myself into your

lordship's hands, until I leave this house; (which I propose to do to-morrow morning.) [*Exit.*]

Star. My lord, I hope you'll hear one word in mitigation.

L. Glen. A thousand, sir, if less will not suffice.

Star. I am not guilty, neither is my lady. What we had been to-morrow, I'll not say.

L. Glen. Sir, if I might believe you, it would be most welcome information.

Star. By all that's sacred, I declare the truth.

L. Glen. How came my lady then not to assert her innocence?

Star. My lady had her motives. I hope you'll not compel me to disclose them. A separation has been long her object, and when her tyranny could not provoke Sir Toby to propose it, she became desperate; and had my scruples, or, if you will, my fears been less repulsive, she would have gone the length of a divorce. Therefore she kept no check upon her servants, and hence it is they have adjudg'd her guilty.

L. Glen. I understand her motives—Are you now prepar'd to break off all connection with this lady?

Star. Most peremptorily, and for ever.

L. Glen. Then follow me, and if you are sincere, I'll turn your steps into the road of honour,

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes.

LEONARD, followed by CLIFTON, leads in MATILDA.

Leon. Now mind, Matilda, here I have you safe, bound hands and feet in fetters; and I've brought this man to witness how I mean to treat you. In the first place, because I know you

think me an awkward clownish fellow, I intend to case myself forthwith in Clifton's livery, and buy the privilege of being shot at. I am resolv'd in short to be a soldier, and fight myself into some reputation.

Mat. So far, so good. What next?

Leon. The next thing is, that when I take the field, I must not be encumber'd with a wife, whining and whimpering as you would be; for that, as Clifton knows, would damp my fire, and melt my heart, which must be pity-proof, and hard as adamant—so, do you see, I mean to take a furlough by myself of half a dozen years or so, before I buckle to the marriage yoke.

Mat. What's to become of me in the mean time?

Leon. In the mean time, because I scorn the trick of holding any lady's heart by law, which I believe is only to be held by love and liking; here I give you up this paper, on condition that you'll transfer your promise, therein made, to him, whom I have therein nam'd—that's fair—Isn't it, Clifton? Now I'm even with your for altering my verses.

Clif. My heart's too full; I cannot speak my feelings.

Leon. Well! have you look'd it over? Now don't think, because I give you up to this brave fellow, that I don't know the value of my gift. If you don't take it on the terms I offer, by Gog and Magog I'll exact the bond in my own right; for, next to Clifton, I account myself the best intitled to your hand and heart.

Mat. Oh Leonard, Leonard, what shall I say to you? Thou art a noble fellow.

Leon. I'm not a noble fellow, take that with you—A noble fellow never yet gave up a lovely

girl, as I have given up you: a noble fellow never thinks his friend superior to himself, as I do Clifton—a noble fellow never lurks and listens to private conversation, as I did, when you and Clifton open'd your fond hearts to one another—but I'm reveng'd upon you both at last for not confiding in me—There's the bond! If you will pay it to my order, well!—If not, I'll sue it out from you in person. I leave you to adjust it as you may. *[Exit hastily.]*

Clif. Did ever friendship soar to such a pitch? Was ever generosity like this?

Mat. According to the value that you set upon the gift, so is the giver's bounty.

Clif. What estimate can reach the value of a gift, that is inestimable? But will the mistress of my soul accord to the conditions Leonard has impos'd?

Mat. They're very hard, but how can I evade them, unless, like him, you will release me also?

Clif. Release you! Oh, that these fond arms could hold you for ever to a heart that doats upon you!

Mat. Why this is not releasing me, it must be confest, unless it is from life by over-squeezing—So pray take pity on me, and give your prisoner a little air after my tortures—Come, you may follow, but I'll not trust you even with my hand.

Clif. You can't be cruel; those soft melting eyes, like a chastising angel's, beam with pity, and smile upon the object which they punish.

[Exeunt.]

Scene changes.

Sir TOBY and my Lady with Lord GLENANDRY.

Truc. Why to be sure, my lady, in your presence 'tis not polite to say that I am happy. Yet I have got the words upon my tongue, and they will out. I am the happiest fellow, at this moment, in the three kingdoms.

L. Truc. You are very welcome to all the happiness that you can find, provided you make good the terms agreed on. Those sign'd and seal'd, we part upon the instant, and why we ever came together, I don't know. Our tempers could not mix.

Truc. Indeed they could not, your ladyship's had the property of rising to the top, mine of sinking to the bottom: you say truly, they could never mix.

LEONARD enters.

Leon. Here am I, good folks! whether merry or melancholy I cannot exactly say, but somewhat savouring of both—Glad to have left a good fellow happy, but sorry to have given a pretty girl away. 'Fore George, I believe I must rejoice in my generosity, and repent of it afterwards. Ah mother, thank you for the bond; I have given it to Matilda—Ah, Sir Toby, thank you for your daughter, I have given her to Clifton—And here they come—May I perish, if I don't believe their's is one of the few matches that are made in heaven: they look as happy as if they belong'd to it—don't they?

CLIFTON *and* MATILDA *enter.*

Clif. Sir Toby, at your feet I implore a confirmation of that blessing, which the generosity of this best of benefactors has bestowed upon me.

Truc. O lord, O lord, O lord, I shall run mad with joy.

L. Glen. If this be so, my friend, I am in a fair way to keep you in countenance; you'll have company in your madness.

L. Truc. Harkye, son of mine, have you actually given up the obligation I put into your hands.

Leon. Given it up! no; I made it more an obligation than I found it. Here lies the case, mother, strange as it may seem, there's no accounting for the whims of women; so, do you know, though I am what you see, an Apollo for wit and beauty, and your son (which is a great recommendation), yet this silly girl thought little about me, and a great deal about Clifton—What could I do with her? I could not take a wife without a heart, so I chose to keep a heart without a wife.

L. Truc. 'Tis no matter, you was born a fool, and you will die a fool. Your father was one before you. [*Exit.*

Leon. So I should suspect by the choice he made.

RUNIC *enters.*

Ah, old Runic, are you here? philosophers are not such rarities as you would make of them. Which of your old Greeks would have given up Matilda? Drown it—there is not one of your seven wise men would have been fool enough to have done it.

Run. If you have done this, pupil, you have done a thing unparallel'd in history.

Leon. In Ovid's History of Love, I believe, there is nothing like it, so throw away your books; I told you we were wiser than the ancients. I'll read no more of them—Come, Sir Toby, call about you; let us go to dinner.—

Truc. Egad, and I will call about me, now my lady is dispos'd of—and we will have a merry meal. I'm as little fond of books as you are, Leonard; learning comes by labour, but eating and drinking come by inspiration—Holla! who's there? Who waits? Where are you all?—

[Two livery Servants run in, and after them Patrick smartly dressed.]

Pat. Ready, so please you! Stand by, understrappers! I am his honour's gentleman—don't you perceive it? I wonder what can make you so officious. There, there! abscond, and wait till you are wanted— *[Puts them out.]*

Truc. How's this, how's this? Patrick, and out of livery?

Pat. You may say that; I was out of livery afore I had given over to be in it: so, do you see, I was embolden'd by my modesty to make a little kind of round-about, that went straight forward to the point of favour with his kind honour Clifton, to bestow this bit of drapery on your humble servant—The blessing on his heart; 'twas done at once; for, Take this key, he cried, my honest fellow, unlock my trunk, and pick out the suit you think will best become you, to attend upon your lovely mistress—so when I had my choice thus freely given, I thought I would make free to choose the best.

L. Glen. Spoke like an honest soldier, and an old one.

Mat. In my opinion, Patrick, a plainer suit would have become you better.

Pat. Ah, don't say that—don't let me hear you say that rose-colour is not becoming, lady, when your own pretty lips bear witness to its beauty.

Truc. Well answer'd, Patrick! You have long partook your master's sorrows, it is but justice you should share his joys; and now the only question is, whether Clifton, who has gain'd a wife, or I, who have got rid of one, is happier of the two.

Clif. What happiness on earth can be so great, as the possession of a heart like this?

L. Glen. Then guard it, Clifton, for in times like these virtue needs every prop that we can give it—The world, broke loose from order, arms against it; the law, scarce equal to the task alone, looks to the Muse for succour; and if she, seduc'd by fashion, hath this night held up a false and specious mirror, dash it from you and break the charm: for we appeal to Nature, and by her candid verdict stand or fall.

TORRENDAL.

A TRAGEDY.

ALPHABETICAL

INDEX

OF

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Courland.

Torrendal.

Baron Vanhoven.

Murinski.

Lodowick.

Adam.

A Monk.

Officer.

Guards, &c. &c.—Servants of the Baron, &c.

Alicia, Countess Torrendal.

Baroness Vanhoven.

Marian, Wife to Lodowick.

SCENE, Courland.



TORRENDAL.

ACT I.

Scene, the interior of a Cottage in Courland, belonging to Lodowick the Wood-cutter. He is sitting in his Chair dosing. Marian his Wife enters, and walking up to him, shakes him by the Shoulder.

LODOWICK, MARIAN.

Mar. Rouse yourself Lodowick, you have dropt asleep, and your pipe is out.

Lod. Aye, dame, 'tis dead, and turn'd to ashes.

Mar. Shall I fill it afresh?

Lod. No, let it be.

Mar. Shall I fetch you something to wet your lips? You are weary, poor fellow.

Lod. Not a drop. What's the hour?

Mar. Past nine, and a dark night.

Lod. Is Torrendal come in?

Mar. No, he is yet out, wandering about the forest. I have set a candle in the upper window.

Lod. You have done right. He must needs want a guide, whose senses are so totally astray, that when he is out of sight 'tis but a chance if ever he's seen more.

Mar. Alas, poor man, if we can't cure him of these rambling fits, some night or other he'll be trapp'd by robbers, and leave his wretched bones in this wild forest.

Lod. Robbers! who'll rob him? Every body

flies him he's such a spectacle. Six months and more he has been feeding upon little else but sighs and groans for an abandon'd wife, not worth a thought.

Mar. Ah, Lodowick, he cannot shake her from his thoughts. Some sorrows yield to time; his never will: body and mind they have destroy'd him wholly.

Lod. Yes; sorrow is slow poison; he sinks under it. It grieves my heart to see him pine away day after day, and take no nourishment. If we set meat before him, he'll not touch it: the wild roots of the forest are his food, and better beverage than the brook affords ne'er moistens his parch'd lip. The time has been, when I remember him as fine a man as ever stepp'd the earth,—“the handsome Torrendal—the gallant Courlander,” so he was call'd.

Mar. He was, he was. I never shall forget the day he enter'd Mittau with the troops that serv'd in Poland—you was in his train—aye, that you was—and rode a stately charger, though now you are fain to hoof it to the copse on your bare brogues, and labour for your living.

Lod. Well, we must take what providence decrees; murmuring won't mend it. Count Torrendal was once a happy man; we liv'd with him, and led a happy life; now he is miserable, and lives with us.—So the world goes—and for myself, I care not; so let it go! I have nothing to complain of: I have my senses, and an honest wife; he has thrown his wits away upon a wanton.

Mar. Aye, shame upon her! she is a wicked woman, that I will say—a base deceitful woman—is she not? when I reflect how happily they liv'd together, how good, how kind to her he ever was, I am astonish'd how she could be brought

to abandon so excellent a husband, and become mistress to the Duke of Courland.

Lod. Wife, 'tis a rule with me never to wonder at what a woman does. The Countess Torrendal has only shewn the world she had more vanity than virtue, and why her husband should, from that discovery, lose his reason, puzzles my wits as much as it does his—but hark! he's at the door.

[*A knocking is heard.*]

MURINSKI calls from without.

Mur. Within there—cottagers!

Mar. That's not our master's voice. Do not go out unarm'd; take your sword with you!

Lod. Pooh! what are you afraid of? Who's at the door?

Mur. [*from without*] A traveller, that has lost his way and is benighted.

Lod. Enter!

[*Opens the door and admits MURINSKI.*]

Mur. I thank you. 'Twas a kindly deed, when moon and stars are wanting, to hang out that charitable light; it augurs well of your philanthropy.

Lod. It augurs only that the night is dark, and we've a friend abroad in this wild place, whom we are expecting. Did you meet any person hereabouts?

Mur. I met a man, who pointed out your cottage.

Mar. Where have you left him? What have you done with him?

Mur. Suspect me not, good dame. I am a gentleman, by name Murinski, in the especial service of the duke.

Lod. Were you the duke himself, you should

not stir out of these doors till I am satisfied my friend is safe. If, as you say, he pointed out the cottage, why did he not come with you?

Mur. He did, till some few paces from your door he struck into the wood and disappear'd. I call'd to him, but to confess the truth, his gesture was so wild, his voice so stern, and his tall figure, through the misty gloom, so strikingly terrific, I was not over-anxious to detain him, he being arm'd withal, and I defenceless.

Lod. You have seen enough to guess at his misfortune: he is derang'd in mind.

Mur. I did suspect it. Nothing could I wring from him by the way, but broken murmurs in a hollow voice, and sighs between that seem'd to rend his breast. His step was slow and solemn, ill adapted to my impatience, and I own my heart shook with alarm, when, stopping on the sudden, he seiz'd my wrist, and in a tone, that seem'd more like the scream of pain than human speech, demanded—"Was I married?"—To which, when I gave answer I was not—" 'Tis well for you," he cried, "that you are not, else had I beat your brains out with this club, in very charity to save your wits."

Lod. Aye, that's the pinch; there is the point that wrings him—But hark! he is coming.

[*Torrendal strikes the door with his club-stick.*
Pray you, stand aside; wait, till we see what humour he is in. Marian will speak to him.—

[*Marian opens the door, Torrendal enters.*

Mar. Oh welcome, welcome! we have been looking for you this long long hour. Where, in the name of wonder, have you been rambling at this time of night?

Tor. Where the wolf rambles—up and down the forest.

Night is my day; I walk not in the sun,
 For fear my shadow, falling on the bosom
 Of mother Earth, should turn her milk to gall.
 The tears I shed are cankerous as the drops
 Of rain distilling from that pois'nous tree,
 Beneath whose shade no vegetation lives.
 Here, Lody, put my staff into its place—
 I met a traveller—Hah! there he is—
 How fare you, sir? you journey in the dark.
 It is surprising, with how little light
 Some men will find their way through this blind
 world.

Mur. What do I see? Can Torrendal be living?
 That voice, that air, that form—and yet how
 chang'd!

Tor. Heaven keep your wits! what is that dis-
 turbs you?

Do you see aught in me to move your wonder?

Mur. Much to engage my pity.

Tor. Why, what ails me?

My wounds are out of sight. If I'd as many
 As there are stars, so they were in my flesh,
 I would not wince; but stab me in my spirit,
 Who can heal me? What say'st thou, Lodowick?
 Thou art a wood-cutter, the foe of nature,
 It is thy trade to murder vegetation;
 Didst ever know the tree that fail'd to die,
 When thy sharp axe had cut it to the heart?

Lod. Come, sir, we'll call to mind the good
 old maxim—"Repeat no grievances"—

Tor. Right! you are right; we'll hold to that
 good maxim,

And make our griefs our sport: I'll be as merry
 As misery can make me. Tales of woe,
 That wring the whimpering tear from reason's
 eye,

Madness shall laugh at. I'm in cue for mirth.

Lod. Then happy be the hour! let us to supper! Our fare is homely, but our welcome's hearty: Marian has oaten cakes and roots on the fire; Shall we go set them out?

Tor. By all means, Lody; set out what you have. Nature gives largely; we can spare a part. And harkye, my good wench, this man is weary; Spread him my bearskin for his bed to-night. I can read soldier in his face, and that's a billet For bed and board in every house he enters— Go; leave me with him!

Mar. I will, I will. Heaven comfort your kind heart. [*Exeunt Marian and Lodowick.*]

TORRENDAL, MURINSKI.

Tor. Ah, will that pray'r be heard? Now, sir, I know you. When I was Torrendal, and had a heart, I shar'd it with Murinski—

Mur. Oh, my friend, If I have held that trust in happier days, 'Tis now, when Torrendal has need of comfort, I would fain share his heart and its afflictions.

Tor. No, no, forget me; I am gone to ruin; I am as one that's dead and out of memory, And when I throw these wither'd arms about you, I press you to a cold and lifeless corpse, That chills you with its touch. [*Embraces him.*]

Mur. It warms, it cheers me, It gives a spring to all those tender cords, That early friendship twin'd about my heart.

Tor. Do you still hold your station with the duke?

Mur. I do.

Tor. Then wherefore ask to know my sorrows? They are before you—every hour in sight—

Each moment that you meet that shameless duke
 And my false wife must give them to your view.
 You best can witness how I lov'd Alicia,
 You then can best conjecture what I suffer.

Mur. I hope you mean never to see her more.

Tor. I see her every where, by night, by day,
 Sleeping or waking, still her vision haunts me;
 I saw her in the forest where you met me;
 She was then with me, walking by my side:
 There is no place secure; darkness can't hide her,
 Nor solitude, nor silence can exclude her.

Mur. Do these good cottagers, with whom you
 harbour,
 Know you for Torrendal?

Tor. They, and none else.
 I know there is a rumour of my death;
 I humour that report. You must be secret—

Mur. As your own thoughts.

Tor. What brings you to these parts?

Mur. I'm sorry you inquire, for I must tell you.
 The Duke of Courland meditates a visit
 To the old baron of Vizinga castle.

Tor. We shall be neighbours—Comes my mi-
 sery with him?

Yes, yes, she comes; I see her in his train:
 He travels in his proper state of splendour,
 With his full equipage of crimes about him.
 Now let Vanhoven conjure all his demons;
 And preternat'ral wonders aid the skill
 Of this far-fam'd magician.

Mur. I have heard
 Most wond'rous fables told of this impostor.

Tor. It is an age of wonders, and Vanhoven
 The wonder of the age. If you've a friend
 In t'other world, whom you would wish to see,
 Vanhoven is your man to call him up,
 Though he were bedded in the Baltic wave,

And he shall come in person, or by proxy,
 No matter which—There is a curious fellow,
 Adam by name, an imp of the old wizzard,
 Who shall act Cæsar's ghost so like to Cæsar,
 That Brutus, were he living, should not know him
 From the true ghost, that met him at Philippi.

Mur. How far from hence does this Vanhoven
 dwell?

Tor. Scarce three bow-shots from hence his
 castle lies,

A mould'ring monument of ancient days,
 Buried in swamps, through which no trodden path,
 No smoking chimney lures the traveller;
 His hall ne'er echoes with the festive song,
 But from the hollow tower the night bird screams,
 And croaking ravens chorus to the yell
 Of the starv'd watch-dog howling to the moon:
 There, in his moated fortress deep entrench'd,
 In feudal state the musing baron sits,
 Whilst his torn banners, hanging by the wall,
 Recall, in retrospection, times foregone—
 Pondering his spells, he sits; at dead of night
 The neighb'ring peasant hears, or thinks he hears,
 Deep sighs and dismal groans of troubled ghosts
 Torn from their peaceful graves—Such is Van-
 hoven,

Fit host, I ween, for his unholy guests.

[*Adam walks in cloked, and carrying a lantern,
 which he deliberately extinguishes, and puts by.*

Mur. Soft, who comes here? what solemn
 thing is this,

That stalks in as by right, and gives no warning?

Tor. This is the fellow that I told you of,
 Death's major-domo, he that keeps the key
 Of all the cells, charnels, and catacombs
 Where ghosts are quarter'd—How now, master
 Adam!

What business brings you here, and why that lantern?

Adam. My business is with Lodowick the woodman;
And for the lantern, I must needs want light,
When neither moon nor stars are in the skies.

Tor. Can phosphorus want light? Let the stars go to bed;
Let the good housewife Night put out her candles,
You, and the self-illuminated owl,
May travel without lanterns—Hoa! within there—
[Calls for Lodowick.

Mur. I understand, grave sir, that you belong
To the great sage, whose fame the world resounds
with,
Baron Vanhoven—

Adam. I'm his servant, sir.

Mur. The wisdom that you carry in your looks,
Shews you a servant worthy such a master.

Adam. Sir, I'm not wise, not positively wise.

Tor. No, but he follows wisdom at the heels,
As a cur does a beggar;
With the next turn he'll catch her by the skirts—
This mummery disgusts me—Let us leave him—
Here, Lodowick, where are you?—You are
wanted—

[*Exeunt Torrendal and Murinski.*

[*As Torrendal and Murinski are going out, they meet Lodowick, who comes from the inner room.*

LODOWICK, ADAM.

Lod. Ah, master Adam, what is your good pleasure?

Adam. Hear me, thou vassal of the great Vanhoven!
The Duke of Courland and his peerless mistress

are coming to Vizinga. You must up, and drive the forest by the peep of day.

Lod. Why must I drive the forest?

Adam. To kill him venison for his princely guest.

Lod. I'll kill him a wild boar; methinks, friend Adam, the flesh of swine will better suit his highness, and breed a chyle more generous and congenial than flesh of timorous deer—What have those peaceful creatures done, that I should kill them?

Adam. What have they done, that you should let them live?

Lod. They are my friends; they visit me at my work, and when the echo of my hatchet lures their harmless curiosity, they come and stand, and gaze with such a listening look, that I can fancy myself another Orpheus, and my rude tool a lyre.

Adam. Fancy yourself what you are, the vassal of the Lord Vanhoven, and let those friends of yours, that are so fond of music, dance into his kitchen, or, take my word, friend Orpheus, he'll make you dance out of this house to the tune of an ejection.

Lod. I hope he'll not do it; my father, and my father's father have held it for a pretty many years.

Adam. If you had held it from the days of Noah, you will be ousted, so I tell you, friend, unless you stir betimes, and bring us something to set the spits a-turning. Lay down your hatchet, and take up your gun; that's music we have some ear for. What, what! princes must fare like princes; courtiers palates must be tickled with savoury sauces, and favourite ladies must have favourite bits—partridge or quail, or

a nice thrush in vine-leaves must be serv'd up to the all-powerful countess.

Lod. To her! to Courland's mistress! Let her fast, and physic her hot blood with such poor fare as may beget repentance, and atone to an unhappy husband, in whose heart her gross adulteries have planted daggers.

Adam. What's that you talk of? Are you mad or drunk, or both at once, to give your tongue such license? Adulteress! she cannot be, for Torrendal is dead.

Lod. Oh, is he so? It had escap'd my memory.

Adam. If you escape the gallows, I shall wonder. Why, you are worse than your mad guest himself. I'll stay no longer in your company; I have given you your orders; so remember; I have done with you.

Lod. Stop! you have drawn me unawares to say more than I ought in prudence to have said. If you are dispos'd to take advantage of it, I am at your mercy; you may cite me before the baron, and he may cite me before the duke, and there will be an end; your spite can go no further: the worst that can befall me, will be to suffer for my affection to a noble master, for such was the Count Torrendal to me.

Adam. Well, well! that's some excuse: you lov'd your master, and resent his wrongs. I shan't betray you; but take better heed how you make other people's cause your own. And now I've often thought to ask you, Lodowick, who is this strange mysterious man, who has liv'd with you for months, and no one knows by his true name?

Lod. Who is he?

Adam. Aye, who is he, and how do you contrive to keep an idler at your cost, who strolls

about, and never, as I am told, has turn'd his hand to any useful labour?

Lod. He was not bred to labour, and, had he been, he is too ill to work.

Adam. Then why do you maintain him?

Lod. Because when I was poor, and he had plenty, I was maintain'd by him. As for who he is, and what he is, you will excuse me: he is an innocent man, and an injur'd man.

Adam. A crazy one, I believe.

Lod. The greater his misfortune; he thinks much, and is at times derang'd; but he is now calmer, and more compos'd than I have known him for months foregone.

Adam. Well, I'll not trouble you with more questions—Give me your hand!—You have said enough. Good night! remember me to Marian.

Lod. Thank you, friend Adam! I'll be with you early, and bring you something, if my gun don't fail me.

Adam. Do so; it will be welcome, for we are unprovided: between you and me, honest Lodowick, in our castle the larder is the emptiest room in the house, and the kitchen is the coolest; the very rats are upon short allowance. Therefore bring something with you by all means—Come, you shall light my lantern at your candle, and then once more—Good night. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

Scene, an Apartment in the Castle of Vizinga: the Style that of ancient Architecture.

Baron VANHOVEN and Baroness.

Van. Here, madam, read this letter from the duke; read it, and see what honours he intends us.

Bar. Excuse me: I am not gratified by his flattery; if you are, read it yourself.

Van. Well, so I will; but why do you pronounce it to be flattery? Does not philosophy merit respect?

Bar. Ah, my good baron, your philosophy is something so mysterious and so dark, that my common sense can't comprehend it—but read your letter, if you please—I'll hear it.

Van. Do so! attend! 'Tis written all through with his highness's own hand— [Reads.]

To the Baron Vanhoven.

[*Secret and confidential.*]

“ Learned Sir!

“ I am on my way to visit you, drawn by the
 “ report of your miraculous performances, to the
 “ castle of Vizinga, as suitors were of old to the
 “ Oracle of Delphi. I bring with me a fair client
 “ to your shrine, the relict of the deceased Count
 “ Torrendal. She has scruples of much moment
 “ to refer to you, the which if you can resolve to
 “ her satisfaction and repose, you will establish
 “ the fame of your philosophy in its fullest lustre,

“ and shew yourself to be that illuminated sage,
 “ which some want faith to believe you are, but
 “ which I am willing to hope you will approve
 “ yourself to be.

“ Yours, in all worthy service,
 “ COURLAND.”

Well, baroness, what have you to say to this?

Bar. Nothing, for I can discover nothing in that letter, but danger to you, and disappointment to the writer of it.

Van. What danger do you apprehend to me? Explain yourself!

Bar. I don't wish to explain myself; perhaps I cannot, at least to your satisfaction I am sure I cannot. There is so much credulity in mankind now towards things incredible, and so little faith in things worthy to be credited, that it is very possible they may expect of you something that you cannot perform, and ought not if you could.

Van. What do you suppose it is they may expect of me?

Bar. 'Tis hard to say what an imperious libertine, and an ambitious woman, may expect: one thing you are warn'd of—the lady has doubts; and well she may: conduct, like her's, will naturally entail some scruples on the conscience; these you are to have the honour of appeasing: I know not what resources you may have in your philosophy; but, for my part, I can't conceive what honour it will gain by finding salvos for adultery.

Van. What do you know of my philosophy?

Bar. But little, yet too much: this, however, I know, (and you who are a husband won't dispute it)—wives should be honest.

Van. Yes, and those wives, whom nature stints

in beauty, are honest by their fate. The Countess Torrendal can plead temptations, that few, if any, who arraign her conduct, would have withstood.

Bar. Temptations! What should tempt her to abuse so excellent a husband? All the world pities him, and condemns her.

Van. What does she care about the world's opinion, and how is he the better for its pity? The gentleman is dead.

Bar. I understand that is not quite so certain; this may be amongst the lady's scruples, that she may think your art can ascertain.

Van. Well, madam, if she does, I am prepar'd.

Bar. Ah, baron, baron, 'tis a fatal omen for the world's peace, when men take up such arrogant opinions; and think themselves illuminated beings, when they have shut their eyes against that light, which heaven, in mercy, had reveal'd to save them. But I have done; thank heaven, my humble task is simply to prepare you food and lodging for your expected guests—the sooner that task is discharg'd, the better—so farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Van. Well! Socrates was married, so am I. She has guess'd right, however, at the motives of Courland's visit; I shall be requir'd to raise the ghost of Torrendal—

ADAM *appears.*

Van. Adam, come in! I have something to impart to you. Shut the door!—Adam, I have reason to suspect this visit of the Duke of Courland's, will call upon us to exert our art; if so, I would wish to set our mystery off in its best form.

Adam. Well, sir, we have got a famous apparatus.

Van. For common purposes we are provided, but not for all—Suppose I should be put to raise a certain ghost—

Adam. We have shadows for the purpose.

Van. But shadows should be like their substances. The death of Torrendal is yet in doubt—What if the duke command me to exhibit his apparition? I don't know his person; who will describe him to me?

Adam. Lodowick, your vassal; the wood-cutter, that lives here in your forest: he was servant to the count for years.

Van. Find out that Lodowick immediately, and send him to me.

Adam. So please you, sir, he is gone out to shoot game for the castle—but his friend is here; the guest he harbours in his house is walking now hard by—

Van. Well, if he is, what knows he of the matter?

Adam. 'Tis hard to say, most venerable sir, what he does not know.

Van. Indeed! I'm told he is unsound of mind.

Adam. He may be so at times, or he may seem so to those who cannot rightly comprehend him.

Van. That's true, that's true. Genius appears like madness to the vulgar. You have rais'd my curiosity to see him—Adam admit him instantly.

[*Exit Adam.*]

VANHOVEN *alone.*

How many a man, in this misjudging world,
By loftiness of thought, or depth of study
In sciences abstruse, appears insane,
Wild, and eccentric to the level eye

Of common observation! One of these
This man, perchance, may be—Hah! he appears—

TORRENDAL enters.

My servant tells me you attend to see me—

Tor. I covet that high honour—Who does not,
That has respect for science?

Van. I'm told you dwell
With Lodowick, my vassal—

Tor. Sapient baron,
Under your sage protection I am harbour'd,
By your poor vassal in his humble cottage.
I have known better days—but they are past.

Van. Your phrase bespeaks you of no vulgar
breeding,

And what I had in mind to ask of him,
You can perhaps resolve—It has been told me,
This Lodowick, with whom you sojourn, liv'd
And serv'd in Poland with Count Torrendal—
Know you if this be so?

Tor. Sir, so it is.

Van. I never saw the person of the count:
He could describe him to me.

Tor. I should think so.

Van. But can you say (for that imports me
most),

If Lodowick was with him when he died?

Tor. Died!—

Van. What alarms you? Torrendal is dead—
Know you not that?

Tor. Yes—Torrendal is dead—
His nobler part is perish'd—He is dead.

Van. You knew him, I should guess—

Tor. I knew him once—

No one could know him now—He's greatly
chang'd—

Van. All men are chang'd by death.

Tor. And some by sorrow.

Death cannot quench the soul as misery can ;
The worm preys only upon carcases :
Misery can make the living man a corpse,
And render frightful the fairest work of heav'n.

Van. Do you now speak of Torrendal as living?

Tor. No, no, I told you Torrendal is dead.
Who ever lov'd as he did, and outliv'd
The loss of what he lov'd? Is there in man
That heart, which injuries deep as he has suffer'd,
And fell ingratitude cannot destroy?

Van. You're speaking of his wife—

Tor. Aye, of his wife—

Van. Of her, who now is Courland's reigning
mistress—

Tor. Of her—of her—of her.

Van. You are much mov'd.

Tor. Not much—not much. Dark deeds will
come to light.

For sure I am, lord baron, there is kept
A register of every secret crime ;
That whatsoever we have lost on earth,
By man's injustice, shall be found in heav'n ;
The injured husband's soul shall rest in peace.
But for this woman—

Van. You seem to know the tale
So variously related ; some acquit,
And not a few condemn her. She is coming
Here to Vizinga : 'tis a princely visit,
Unsought and unexpected, for I give
My thoughts to study.

Tor. Yes, and wonderous things
Are bruited of your studies : it is said
That you unlock the graves, and, by your spells,
Call up the spirits of departed men,
Though buried fathoms deep at the sea-bottom.

This is most wonderful—But, mighty seer,
Are there no spirits, who resist your spells?

Van. The spirits of the dead, as of the living,
Are various in their kinds; some will oppose
And mutiny against the potent spell,
That in the end constrains them to appear.

Tor. Of what degree are these?

Van. I'll tell thou that—When injuries have
been done

To the deceas'd, and I call up their spirits
In presence of the persons who have wrong'd
them,

So strong must be the charm, that shall enforce
The angry and reluctant ghost to rise,
And, when he comes, 'tis with threat'ning face,
And yell so hideous, as must needs appall
The stoutest heart with terror and amaze—
For instance—in the dreadful case of murder,
The scene is more than nature can abide.

Tor. I can believe it: let me then suppose
An injur'd husband rising from the grave
Upon the call of his adulterous wife—

Van. The adulterous wife might die upon the
spot.

Tor. She might—but would she? No, they do
not die

Of such slight cause; their consciences are sear'd,
And 'tis not sounds or shadows can affright them.
They only tremble at the living husband,
The dead is out of thought. If your frail guest
Would see the shadow of her injur'd lord,
You need not tax your art to raise his ghost,
Any stale mummery will pass on her,
Who only wants to sanction her offence,
And hold a show of conscience to the world.

Van. Who you may be, I know not; your dis-
course

Betokens observation, and a judgment
That, little dazzled by exterior seeming,
Looks deep into the heart!—I now must leave you.
To-morrow I would fain renew our talk,
So each to other shall be better known.

Tor. I'm yours, at any hour.

Van. I'm with the sun;
His orient beams ne'er find these eyelids clos'd
In dull ignoble sleep. With the first dawn
I will expect you at the castle gate;
There shall be found, who will conduct you to me.
Till then, farewell!—

Tor. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.

Van. Why do they say this man is craz'd? 'Tis
false;
His reason is disturb'd, but not destroy'd:
As glass, when broken into fragments, seems
More sparkling than when perfect and entire,
So do his wits break out in brighter gleams,
Wand'ring and wild, than when by judgment
fix'd. [Exit.

*Scene changes to another Apartment in the Castle
of Vizinga.*

Baroness VANHOVEN and a Monk.

Bar. Father, I want your counsel how to act
in a divided duty. The Duke of Courland is ex-
pected here, and brings his favourite mistress,
Countess Torrendal. My honour and my con-
science both revolt against the company of that
bad woman. My husband mocks these scruples,
and requires me to entertain her—Must I obey
him?

Monk. No, you must not: I warn you to

beware: if he has made, as I suspect he has, an impious compact with the evil spirits, at his soul's peril, it cannot be for any worthy purpose that Courland brings his guilty mistress hither; therefore, daughter, separate yourself in time from their society, for, I predict, their witchcrafts and adulteries will draw some just and dreadful judgment down ere they depart.

Bar. I fearfully expect it. Thanks, good father! give me your prayers, and take me to your peace. Let us withdraw: we fall on evil times. [Exeunt.

ADAM enters.

Adam. The baron in his conjuring room, the baroness with her confessor, the Duke of Courland at the door, and nobody to receive him but I, Adam, and only I—Well, here he comes—a prince is but a man.

*Duke of COURLAND, Countess TORRENDAL,
Attendants.*

Duke. At length we have conquer'd all our difficulties, and with much toil and labour, through ways so wild and rugged, as would have baffled travellers less zealous, reach'd the mansion of the omniscient sage—but where's our host to give us welcome? Does the baron know of our arrival?

Adam. Most gracious prince, I have sent to give him notice. The baron occupies a distant quarter, and had withdrawn to study.

Duke. We can excuse him, sir; he is a philosopher and not a courtier—but look! he comes—

VANHOVEN *enters and makes a profound reverence.*

Baron Vanhoven, we are come thus far to lay a trouble on you; but as the feast we look for don't consist in table dainties, we have so contriv'd to take you by surprise, that we may levy simply a soldier's ration on your castle, and no more.

Van. Your highness does me infinite grace, and I pray you to accept the homage of a poor hermit, who has nought to offer but cordial welcome to his homely cell.

Duke. In point of solitude, it may resemble what you are pleased to style it; but, when found, it is a stately castle.

Van. 'Tis like its owner, old and out of fashion.

Count. It is the seat of science, and so far it may be said to be out of fashion.

Duke. I once had wrote you letters, learned sir, inviting you to court; but, when I weigh'd the value of your time, I thought the sacrifice a public loss, and therefore came with this my fair companion, that I might have to say I had seen Vanhoven, the wonder of the age.

Van. Your highness flatters your poor host too highly. Time, and a patient thought, will teach us something; and sages, who by study have discover'd the wond'rous powers and properties of nature, will do those things that make the vulgar stare, and set them down for sorcerers and magicians.

Duke. This modest answer raises my high-opinion of your great merits: I must now remind you, that all men, who possess superior talents, must pay a tax to curiosity, and you, of all men living in these times, stand at the highest rate

in that assessment. Now, baron, you must know that I have vested all such my right and title in this lady, whom I shall leave with you to state her claims, and that your conference may not be disturb'd, be pleas'd to shew me where I may withdraw.

Van. This door, sir, opens to a gallery—There's space at least, but little to amuse. Is it your pleasure to enter?—Your highness commands here: my duty is to obey.

Duke. I leave my pledge with you. We shall soon meet again. [*Exit with Attendants.*]

VANHOVEN, *Countess* TORRENDAL.

Van. Now, lady, speak your pleasure! We are private.

Count. It may be so; but there is nothing here,

That marks the school of the philosopher;
No mystic books, no symbols of your art:
This is a room of state; it is not here
That you perform those wonders, that excite
The world's amazement, and my anxious hopes.
Where is your place of study? Shew me that.

Van. Instruction is not limited to place:
Plato could teach in groves, and Socrates
Could moralize even in the public streets.

Count. But Socrates had private intimations
From his familiar demon—So have you—
Those awful visions, those mysterious meetings,
There, there it is I am curious to be present.

Van. That curiosity you might repent of.

Count. I come to know my fate; disclose that
to me,

And in whatever terrors you may clothe
The revelation, I am arm'd to meet them.

Van. Then tell me what it is that you would know:

Let me have clear perception of your wishes.

Count. 'Tis said, that by your spells you can call up

The spirits of the dead from out their graves;
And shew them in their proper form and feature
To such as you admit into your circle--

I solemnly adjure you to declare
If this, which I have heard, be true or false.

Van. Excuse me, lady; these are mysteries
I may not speak of: you must wave that question;
You may proceed to others; well assur'd
That what I shall attempt, I can perform.

Count. Resolve me then if Torrendal be dead—

Van. What proof do you require?

Count. Ocular proof.

Van. You're a bold woman. Would you see
his ghost?

Count. Stop! give me time: fix not your eyes
upon me;
You stagger my resolve.

Van. What are these doubts? You know that
he is dead;
Why then disturb his spirit? Let him rest.

Count. If I had peace, his spirit should have
rest,

But I am rack'd with terror and suspense.
The man that brought me tidings of his death,
Might be impos'd upon, might be suborn'd,
He did not see him dead; no one is found
To vouch that fact by evidence of sight.

Van. But what is the report? Where did he die?

Count. In Lithuania.

Van. By what kind of death;
Natural, or violent?

Count. 'Tis said he sicken'd,

And died by slow disease; but from the hour
 In which he left me, by the duke's command,
 To serve in Poland, not a word e'er reach'd me
 By letter, or by message; to relieve
 My anxious heart: twelve tedious months roll'd on;
 And all was silent, cruel, cold neglect;
 Can you then wonder if I fly to you,
 Whose spell the tenants of the grave obey,
 To call that awful apparition forth,
 And end at once my life or my suspense?

Van. That spectre will be terrible to sight,
 The weakness of your sex may sink before it.

Count. If you have look'd on spectres, and out-
 liv'd it,
 Ev'n so may I; therefore prepare your spell,
 For I'm resolv'd. The peril of the act
 Be on my head!

Van. Then let me warn the duke,
 And I no longer will oppose your wish.

Count. So let it be! Where shall we meet,
 and when?

Van. When darkness thickens, and the even-
 ing star
 Trims his pale lamp, will be the hour to meet:
 The place, my cell, beneath the western tower;
 There you must come in silence and alone,
 If come you will in spite of my protest;
 And when the ghost of him, that was your husband,
 Torn from the bowels of a distant grave,
 In shadowy terror stalks around the circle,
 Where you stand trembling—

Count. Break off your description!
 Leave me to meditation—

Van. Heaven direct
 That meditation, and divert your thoughts
 From this ill-omen'd enterprise!—Farewell!

[*Exit.*

Countess TORRENDAL.

Why do I pause? There is no cure for conscience,
 Nothing to save my honour, and build up
 My fortune into greatness, but this ghost:
 Let me be once assur'd that he is dead,
 And I am Courland's consort, not his mistress:
 Ambition thus in me becomes a virtue;
 And what have I to fear from him when dead,
 Whom living I ne'er wrong'd, but truly lov'd,
 Till absent he forgot me? then, indeed,
 When I had lost his heart, I lost myself,
 And Courland triumph'd—Now, if some should
 ask

What kind of spirits are they, good or evil,
 Which minister their aid to this magician,
 Is that for me to answer? No, for him.
 If, by his power, with these, to me unknown,
 He can compel my husband's ghost to rise,
 How terrible soever, let him come,
 'Tis but his shade, and I will look upon him.

ACT III.

Lodowick's Cottage.

TORRENDAL *sitting*—MARIAN *in attendance.*

Mar. Good master, you have slept.

Tor. I have, good mistress;
The humming of your wheel lull'd me to sleep.

Mar. Marry, my wheel has wrought a blessed
work,
Heav'n's mercy heal you!

Tor. If I am not heal'd,
It was at least a merciful delusion,
That led me to believe it. I have dreamt,
And in my vision a wing'd cherub came,
Who on my throbbing temples laid his hand,
Moist with celestial dew; methought the touch
Thrill'd every nerve, and to my brain so swift
The magic virtue ran, that I was heal'd.

Mar. Oh joyful hearing! as the truth is in me,
I have not seen your features so compos'd
This many and many a day.

Tor. Be not deceiv'd;
This visitation is not for my cure,
But my correction: 'tis a quick'ning call,
Rousing my torpid faculties to action,
With reason lent me for a time to guide them.

Mar. What do you mean?

Tor. That I have now my senses
But as a loan, which providence imparts
To arm me for the task I have in hand.

Mar. Ah, sir, sir, sir, do you relapse so soon?
Have you forgot your dream? Your looks are
chang'd;
They terrify me now.

Tor. Go, call your husband ;
 Tell him I'd speak with him. Kind, friendly
 creature,
 I would not harm thee for the worth of worlds ;
 But when the tempest tears the forest up,
 The shatter'd oak may fall, and in its wreck
 Whelm the poor lamb, that fled to it for shelter.
 Go, send your husband to me. [*Exit Marian.*

TORRENDAL alone.

What ! shall adultery pass unreveng'd ?
 Shall a man take my wife from me and live ?
 I can bear poverty, and cold, and hunger,
 And be as patient as I ought to be ;
 But, when a shameless villain stains my honour,
 Then to be tame, what is it but to abet
 The crime we dare not punish ?
 I know there is a law for our redress,
 But when the culprit is above the law,
 A man's own spirit must be his avenger,
 And his own sword becomes the sword of justice.

LODOWICK enters.

Lod. Now, my good master, what has pass'd
 with Marian
 To ruffle and disturb you ? Let me hear it—
 Nay, if you chafe your forehead, I can guess
 How it is with you—Pray you now, sit down,
 And I'll sit by you.

Tor. Lodowick ! [*They sit.*

Lod. Say on. I'm all attention.

Tor. 'Tis not possible
 That I and Courland both survive this night :
 If I am lost, what will become of thee ?

Lod. Think not of me. I have made up my mind.

Tor. Thou art a hero, Lodowick; I know it—
But Marian, your poor Marian—Ah, that touches;
That makes you shake your head—that sorrow
sinks

Deep in your heart, and brings the waters up—
I would weep too, but that my brain on fire
Dries up the fountain that should feed my eyes,
And I can't shed one tear—Still I've a soul,
That feelingly conceives all I should say
At our last parting, but I cannot speak it—
Here, take this casket! It will keep off want.
Give it to Marian, and when night comes on,
Fly, for your lives.

Lod. No.

Tor. What means no?

Lod. I never can, I never will desert you:
As for this casket,
I'll place it, where I hope, with heav'n's permis-
sion,

You may resort to find it.

Tor. You are a strange being—

Lod. I am an honest one.

Say only, do you mean the duke should die?

Tor. Wretch, monster, murderer of my bosom's
peace! [Starts up.

Lod. Think no more of him—He will hunt to
day;

I know each haunt and covert of the forest—

Tor. What do you mean? you have once lent
your bosom

To the sword's point for me, but 'twas in battle,
'Twas when I thought myself the happy husband
Of a beloved wife, and I forgave you;
But, now, when I am weary of the world,
There's no redemption left for me but death.
To undermine the virgin's chastity,
The parent's peace, the wife's fidelity,

The husband's honour, these are modern arts,
 Events too trivial to create surprise,
 And crimes too common to extort a blush—
 I am not made for such a world as this.

Lod. Then seek a better, sir, and let me follow
 you,

For now I am convinc'd there is no hope
 To turn your thoughts from vengeance to con-
 tempt.

Tor. No, no, contempt can film a shallow wound,
 Deep ones will rankle where it cannot reach.
 You know in what obscurity I found
 This false unfaithful woman—a poor orphan,
 One, who with beauty to inflame desire,
 Had poverty to expose her to seduction ;
 I felt the passion, but disdain'd the crime.
 When I had put necessity aside,
 And she was free to choose, I made my suit ;
 We married, and she knows not to this hour
 Whose hand it was that rescued her from want.

Lod. That was indeed a gen'rous noble act.

Tor. Three years she led a life without reproach ;
 So fond was I, my very soul was love :
 At length the war in Poland call'd me from her ;
 The Duke of Courland, with dissembled friend-
 ship,

Profess'd to pity me, and at our parting
 Begg'd I would trust my wife to his protection :
 His age, his station, his imposing gravity,
 Conspir'd to blind me—I bequeath'd her to him,
 And mark what misery he has heap'd upon me !

MARIAN *enters hastily.*

Mar. Sir, sir, the baron—the great Lord Van-
 hoven—

The BARON enters.

Tor. Leave us! [*Exeunt Lodowick and Marian.*]
You're welcome, sir, to this poor cottage—
It is a wholesome practice, now and then,
To cast a look on humble poverty,
And see how very little will suffice
For simple nature, where contentment is.
What is your pleasure?

Van. First, accept this purse—

Tor. Excuse me, sir; money I never lov'd,
And since I have been taught to live without it,
It would but trouble me.

Van. Give me your hand!

You are no common person, I perceive:
You should be one of us—

Tor. I shall be soon, when you and I are pent
In the dark house together.

Van. What d'ye mean?

I am not dying.

Tor. No, nor yet far off:

As for myself, being a ghost already,
You cannot keep me long out of my grave.

Van. I understand you now, and you have
struck

Upon the very business brings me hither;
The lady favourite will see her husband—

Tor. Well, let her see him!

Only let me be there, and she shall see him.

Van. What do you mean? Are you of the
illumin'd?

Tor. Not I; not I— Only let me be there,
I may help on the process.

Van. How can that be,
Seeing you know it not?

Tor. Describe it to me!

Van. Then mark me—When the chamber is prepar'd,
And all my magic apparatus fixt,
The parties enter—Silence is commanded,
And I withdraw to pray—

Tor. Whom do you pray to,
And for what do you pray?

Van. Be not curious.
When incantations have arous'd the spirits,
Their coming is announc'd by various sounds;
The air is troubled, and the chamber shakes:
With horrid yells the evil demons come;
The good and friendly with harmonious strains,
And voices sweet as the Æolian lyre—

Tor. There is variety in that at least.

Van. Hear me! for now the crisis is at hand;
This is the shock—Cold sweat bedews my brow,
My knees shake under me, and all my frame
Is paralyz'd with horror; bars and bolts
Cannot fence off the energetic spirits,
Full of the spell; the chamber doors burst open,
And the ghost enters—

Tor. That will be a meeting
Of flesh and spirit curious to behold.
Where will this scene be acted?

Van. In my cell,
Under the western turret.

Tor. At what hour?

Van. An hour past midnight.

Tor. May not I be present?

Van. Can you be secret?

Tor. As the grave—nay more—
For you can open graves, but not one thought,
That's buried in this bosom.

Van. You may come;
But come alone—Be faithful, and farewell!

[*Exit.*

TORRENDAL.

Oh thou, that in my vision I beheld,
 Cherub divine, let fall one healing drop
 Of that sweet balm, in which thy wings are dipt,
 And touch these aching temples yet again
 With thy lethæan hand; strengthen my heart
 For this expected meeting; let not rage
 Possess me wholly, keep alive one spark
 Of pity and compassion, to remind me
 That even madness should respect a woman.

[*Exit.*

An Apartment in the Baron's Castle.

Countess TORRENDAL alone.

The evil that we feel, is but a feather,
 If weigh'd against the evil that we dread.
 Though 'tis beyond the compass of my reason
 To comprehend the power, by which this sorcerer
 Performs the feats, that are reported of him,
 Does that impeach his power? No, it does not:
 How many thousand wonders in creation
 Mock the philosophy of reasoning man!
 Put this into the number, and it adds
 No more than one drop to the boundless ocean.

Duke of COURLAND enters.

Duke. Now, by my life, Alicia, it repents me
 That we came hither; three times since the
 morning
 Have I surpris'd you thus alone, withdrawn
 From our society and wrapt in thought,

Where are those smiles, that dimpled on your cheeks?

Those eyes, whence ambush'd Cupids took their aim,

And launch'd their arrows at beholders hearts?

Let us begone at once.

Count. Not for the world.

Duke. Why? what good purpose can our stay effect?

Why did we quit the pleasures of the court,

To visit this old wizzard in his cell?

Count. The pleasures of the court! No, call them rather

The agonies, the torments—which to escape,

Hither I come; and, rather than remain

In painful ignorance of what I am,

Urge on the revelation of my fate,

With all its horrors—Is not this a cause?

Duke. You thought it such, and therefore I embrac'd it;

But first consider if you have need to fly

To spells and charms, and next be well assur'd,

Ere you proceed to drag the shrouded corpse

Out of his grave, that you have nerves to meet him.

I should have thought, convinc'd that he is dead,

You might be well content to let him sleep.

Count. If he is dead, we cannot harm his spirit,

If he is living, I shall sleep no more.

Duke. Why should you doubt against the evidence

Of living witnesses, who, from all quarters,

Confirm the death of Torrendal? Oh, why

Ransack the graves, where dull oblivion sleeps,

And fly to old Vanhoven and his magic,

Only to puzzle that, which needs no proof?

Count. Where are those witnesses, of whom you speak?

I never saw them; never question'd them.
You tell me he is dead; but conscience says
I should have paus'd upon that information.

Duke. Did you not pause? Yes; tantalizing
fair one,

How many sighs it cost me to persuade
And soften that hard heart, yourself can witness.

Count. Alas, how cheaply can seduction furnish
Those feign'd unfeeling sighs, which only serve
To flatter and betray! Such were your sighs—
But what are those heart-rending agonies
Your victim suffers, what those sighs she vents
For ruin'd honour and lost peace of mind!
Those, those are deep indeed.

Duke. No more of this.

Your conduct, my Alicia, needs no plea;
And, if it did, your husband's gross neglect,
The solemn promise of my hand in marriage,
And your unshaken patience till his death,
Must silence all reproach.

Count. Here then we quit
This painful and unprofitable subject—
And look! Murinski comes to call you forth
To your field sports—

MURINSKI enters.

Duke. I shall not hunt to-day.
My spirits are oppress'd, I know not why,
And at my heart I feel a sad foreboding,
As if some dreadful thing were coming on.

Count. If it will come, it will—What says Mu-
rinski?

Mur. I'm no diviner, madam.

Count. No, nor yet

A lover of the chase, else, I should think,
 You'd recommend diversion of the spleen
 By cheering exercise, as nature's remedy.

Mur. I am a soldier, and my course of life
 Has never given me leisure to seek out
 Other pursuits, than were impos'd upon me
 By duty and my calling.

Count. I believe you,
 And say it to your face,
 You're a bad courtier.

Duke. Then take him well to task, and teach
 him better—
 I leave him in your hands—and so farewell!
 [Exit Duke.

MURINSKI, *Countess.*

Count. Murinski, there is something at your
 heart,
 That lies too deep for my discovery,
 When I was simply a plain soldier's wife,
 We were the best of friends, what is the reason,
 When I have now some power, and much good
 will
 To serve your fortune, you stand off at distance,
 And seem to slight my favour?

Mur. You have said it:
 I am a sorry courtier.—

Count. Come, come, that general answer will
 not serve;
 You must be more explicit.

Mur. I shan't please you.

Count. You do not, when you practise these
 evasions.
 Tell me at once the cause of your reserve!

Mur. Then I must fairly own myself unworthy
 Of your protection, for 'tis my misfortune

To love the memory, and lament the fate
Of an unhappy friend, whom you forget.

Count. Do I forget? No, from the grave I call
him :

Hither I come—here, to the gates of death,
To him, whose powerful spell can bid them open,
And let the incarcerated spirit forth,
Behold I come—If it is your misfortune
To bear him in remembrance, it is mine
Not to forget the agonies I suffer'd,
When fatal proof that I was quite forsaken
Rent my distracted heart, and with despair,
Mingling revenge, compell'd me to accept
Those guilty honours, which, whilst he surviv'd,
Faithless although he was, I still withstood.

Mur. To proofs, if proofs you have, I must
submit ;

But to reports and tales, by which too many
Contrive to damn the fame of absent men,
I yield no credit—From his boyish days
I knew your husband ; honour rul'd his heart,
And the whole tenor of his life was truth.

Count. Go on, go on ! for every word you utter
Sinks deep into my heart. I never knew him
But as the noblest, gentlest, best of men :
But from the day he left me, to the hour
Which clos'd his life, no word of kind remem-
brance,

By letter or by message, ever reach'd me ;
So chang'd were his affections, he renounc'd me,
Set me aside, revok'd his nuptial oath,
And died the husband of another wife,

Mur. Stop there ! If those who tell you of his
marriage,
Tell of his death, I hold them false in both.
You should have listen'd to those tales with
caution :

When you can give me proof of his decease,
I have a certain record to produce,
Which might, perhaps, awaken some sensations
More to his honour than to your repose.

Count. What record? Let me know it, I con-
jure you.

Mur. The night before he went to join the army,
He put a sealed paper in my hand,
Of which the substance was a free bequest
Of his whole property, without conditions,
To you and your disposal—Of this trust
I am the keeper—Wealthy he was not,
For ere he married you, he had bestow'd
Half of his property upon an orphan.

Count. What do I hear? I tremble whilst I ask
Who was that orphan?

Mur. Need you to be told
That orphan was yourself?

Count. Oh, heaven and earth!

Mur. He never told you this?—

Count. Oh, never, never.

Mur. Of this truth, I stand
The living witness, for my hand convey'd
The secret bounty, and my heart alone
Was privy to the motive that inspir'd it:
His generous mind disdain'd to court your praise,
Or bribe your gratitude, whilst he aspir'd
To merit your free choice.

Count. Oh why, just Heaven,
Did he conceal this from me, why did you?
What guilt, what misery had I then escaped!

Mur. If I could have suppos'd he had con-
ceal'd it,
I had not nam'd it now.

Count. Lost, lost for ever!
If any guardian spirit had but whisper'd
This secret in my ear, I had been sav'd;

If you, if Torrendal had but reveal'd it,
 I should not be the guilty thing I am:
 That gratitude, which now hath been my ruin,
 Would then have been my rescue—Wretched
 Alicia!

Deluded, credulous woman, I'm betray'd,
 Lur'd into vice by what had been my virtue:
 That artful duke permitted me to thank him,
 To call him benefactor, friend, preserver,
 And in the grateful weakness of my heart
 Precipitate myself into his snares—
 Deceiv'd in this, I may be so in all;
 If more you know of my long-absent husband,
 Living or dead, declare it!

Mur. I have done.
 What I have told incautiously escap'd me;
 When more you ask, I must decline to answer.

[*Exit.*

Countess TORRENDAL.

Rise then, O Torrendal, rise from the grave,
 And let this awful night decide my doom!
 If with terrific mien and angry brow
 Threat'ning you come, the same mysterious power,
 That gives to incorporeal air a form,
 May also give a voice, and what the living
 Cannot, or will not tell, the dead may utter;
 Then with suspended breath, in mute attention,
 Lost to the sense of every other object,
 I'll stand and gaze, and listen to the tale,
 Till, when the sad recital you shall close,
 And vanish from my sight, my conscious heart
 Shall vent one dying groan, and burst asunder.

ACT IV.

Lodowick's *Cottage*. Lodowick *enters with his Gun, and is met by Marian*.

Mar. So, master, what have you been doing with your gun at this late hour?

Lod. Nothing. I simply carry it for defence.

Mar. I scarce believe you. Put it aside, however, and I'll talk to you.

Lod. There—Now what would you?

Mar. Count Torrendal is shut up in his chamber—

Lod. Well! what of that?

Mar. How quick you are. Don't think to blind me, Lodowick; I am sure there is some project in your head, when you go out at this time of the evening, arm'd with your gun. You have not struck a stroke of work this whole day, but have been prowling up and down the forest—I know you have. What have you been about?

Lod. Beating the woods for game.

Mar. Never tell me; your dogs have been tied up; I guess what game it is you have been beating for. You never kept a secret from me yet, and, as I hope, I never have betray'd one.

Lod. No, no, my honest Marian, were all wives faithful to their trust as you are, I had not now gone arm'd, as you have seen me; Count Torrendal had kept his senses, that fine mind, so fraught with genius, had not been overthrown. Can you suppose that Courland shall escape us?

Mar. Can I suppose that you will turn assassin?

Lod. We kill things venomous, we crush the serpent, the watchful shepherd destroys the wolf that ravages his fold, and shall we spare this wretch? No, no, we will not—but look! our master comes—stand aside, Marian! He seems much disorder'd—

TORRENDAL in his proper dress as the Count.

Tor. There, there it is again! a floating ball
Of vaporous fire, that dances in the air,
And now 'tis seen no more—
Ev'n so my senses come and go by fits;
Sometimes a lucid gleam of light revives me,
And then it vanishes, and all is dark—
Oh, my distracted brain! It whirls, it wanders—
Ah, Lody, art thou here? I'm much disturb'd—

Lod. If there be any thing I can do for you,
Behold me ready with my life to serve you.

Tor. The killing recollection of the day,
When last I wore this dress, was all too much:
It was the day I parted from Alicia.
Methought I felt her hanging on my neck
In all the frenzy of dissembled woe;
I look'd to see, if her false tears, that stream'd
Upon my mantle, had not left behind
Tracks of the scalding venom, that compos'd
them:

The faint remembrance of a certain pledge,
Bestow'd at parting, struck upon my mind;
I search'd, and found, appending to my robe,
Her miniature enamell'd to the life—
Heav'ns! what was then my agony! my eye
Glanc'd on her image, and my brain caught fire,
Frantic I rent the faithless bauble off,

And dash'd it on the floor—Alas, alas!
Time was I should have worshipp'd what I spurn'd.

Mar. Ah, my good lord, indulge not these reflections;

They are the food, that melancholy feeds on,
Till, surfeited with sorrow, the heart sickens,
And the soul dies within us.

Tor. How is this, Lodowick?
Did not I give you means for her escape?
Why have you been thus careless of her safety?
Send her away!

Lod. Marian, you must withdraw—

Mar. Now, in his utmost need, must I desert him?

Lod. Only withdraw—

Mar. Heav'n in its mercy save him!
[*Exit Marian.*]

Tor. The evening star is up, and night comes on.
I must away—

Lod. Whither, and what to do?

Tor. I have ask'd my heart that question; I
have sought

Counsel of heav'n by prayer—I have weigh'd
Forbearance in one scale; revenge in the other—
Mercy with justice, and the upshot is,
Justice prevails—Lo! I am arm'd for vengeance!

Lod. A dagger! put it up. No, no, my lord,
We'll use no daggers: I have speedier means.
He would not hunt to-day; I know not why:
Had he once stept without the castle gates,
I'd mark'd him for my own.

Tor. You shall not do it:
You have a virtuous wife, for whom to live;
I've liv'd to see the wreck of every blessing,
And having nothing left, can lose no more.
Therefore no words—I go to meet the duke;
My honour is engag'd to the magician;

I've one ingredient more than he's aware of
 To mingle with his spell—a villain's blood—
 And doubt me not, but I will make a ghost
 Ere he can raise one—Silence! no opposing;
 Else will the storm, now lull'd, burst out afresh,
 And tear my brain to atoms.

Lod. I have done.

Tor. 'Tis well.

Lod. Permit me only to attend you—

Tor. Can you be firm? Can you possess your
 spirit,

Nor let the horrors of the scene appall you,
 Though incantations shake the solid earth,
 And ghosts were rent from out their yawning
 graves

With yells, that, echoing through the charmed air,
 Pluck the stars down upon you.

Lod. Let them come!

Fools gaze at falling stars, and, as for ghosts,
 Can I be scar'd with shadows of the dead,
 Who fear no living man? Doubt not of me;
 When you advance I will not lag behind.

Tor. Then we're agreed. Now, vengeance, to
 thy work! [*Exeunt.*

An Apartment in the Baron's Castle.

VANHOVEN, *Baroness.*

Van. Now, madam, wherefore, and with whom,
 have you been closeted this many an hour?

Bar. My confessor has been with me.

Van. Oh, has he so? Women and monks keep
 the world still in dotage. The time will be, when
 our enlighten'd sect shall teach them better
 things.

Bar. Heaven in its mercy keep that time at distance,
Or take me from the world before it comes!
Your sect indeed! we do not need their help
To make that worse which is too bad already.

Van. Speak reverently of my sect—you had best.

Bar. I know my peril, and I know their power;
But, notwithstanding, I am bold to tell you,
You will repent the business of this night.

Van. What know you of this night, or any night,
Day, hour, or minute, that is yet to come,
Blest or unblest? Can you expound the signs?
Can you interpret the hermetic code,
Cast horoscopes, or read the stars—Away!
You are an idle woman: I predict
This night will be auspicious to my fame.
Go; leave the room. I have business with my
servant.

ADAM enters.

Bar. Infatuated man! will nothing warn you
Till infamy and ruin burst upon you?
Then you will rue this folly, then your spirit
Will be as abject, as 'tis now presumptuous.

[*Exit.*

VANHOVEN, ADAM.

Van. Well, Adam, is the laboratory ready, and
all the apparatus set in order?

Adam. All ready, and in order, potent sage.
When ghosts obey you, how should I stand out?

Van. This curious lady will not be content un-
less she sees the process.

Adam. She shall see it, and hear it too. I have
overhaul'd the machinery, and if it is your plea-

sure to be accompanied in your incantations with groanings and noises under ground—

Van. Surely it is, when was it not my pleasure?

Adam. Oh, then I'll do it to your heart's content in the true style of the infernal spirits; I have also music for the good ones: if fire and smoke are wanted, I have rosin, sulphur, and phosphorus—in short, the circle is chalk'd out, the black hangings are put up, the lamps lighted, the cauldron drugg'd, the green dragon display'd, and death drawn out of his case, a beautiful likeness, and what I dare say the company will see with as much satisfaction as they would the original itself.

Van. All this is very well; but get back to your post as quickly as you can, for it is now the hour we should expect the lady—Away, away! The duke himself is coming. [*Exit Adam.*]

Duke of Courland enters.

Duke. Vanhoven!

Van. Sir.

Duke. The countess has prevail'd;
I've yielded my consent. Are you prepar'd
To do the fearful thing that she requires?

Van. I am prepar'd; but let it be remember'd
I do not court the office, royal sir:
I have your highness's command to obey her,
And if she will persist to urge the spell,
The spectre of her husband will appear.

Duke. What shape will he assume?

Van. Such as he was,
Such he will be.

Duke. I envy her not the interview;
She's a bold woman, if she looks upon him.

Van. Your highness then will not attend the process—

Duke. Not present, but at hand. I've plac'd a guard

Within your call, ready for all occasions;
Give but the signal, I'll be instant with you.
If, by your spell, you can return her to me,
Convinc'd her husband Torrendal is dead,
You'll do me noble service—so farewell!

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene, without the Castle.

TORRENDAL followed by LODOWICK.

Tor. Why do you follow me? Go home, go home!

I cannot suffer it. I charge you, leave me.

Lod. Well, if I must, I must—and yet 'tis hard,
Having kept pace so far, I must now stop
Short of the end, and part perhaps for ever.

Tor. Give me thy hand! If, for the last time,
now

We part no more to meet in this bad world,
'Tis not for ever; where our finite ends
Our infinite begins; there is to come
That which shall never cease, that which no time,
No thought of man can measure, or compute:
There we may meet again—Therefore farewell,
Thou honest heart—Peace! not a word—'Tis past.

[*Exit.*]

LODOWICK alone.

Lod. Well, well, it must have way—I cannot help it.

I knew that when the fatal moment came
That we must part, I could not stand the shock;

My heart gave warning as we walk'd together,
 And many a tear of sorrow by the way
 Fell unperceiv'd, but not a word had I
 To give one thought expression; he too held
 Obstinate silence till we reach'd this spot,
 The period of his journey—perchance his life.

Officer and Guard of Soldiers enter and seize him.

Offi. Who are you, friend, and what do you do here?

Lod. Nothing.

Offi. That answer won't suffice—Once more your name and business?

Lod. My name is Lodowick; that is soon told; my business, being none, I cannot tell it. Now, who are you, that put these questions to me?

Offi. We are the Duke of Courland's body-guard; and you must go with us.

Lod. Well; if I must, it will not be the first time I've march'd with soldiers. Shew me to the duke!

Offi. Search him first; examine, if he has no secret weapons—His language is suspicious—And look! I've found this dagger in his bosom.

Lod. Well, it was in my bosom, and you found it; where is the great discovery in that?

Offi. Take him away, and hold him in safe keeping. [*Exeunt.*

Scene, the western Tower of the Castle; Moonlight.

VANHOVEN enters alone.

Van. Oh, Rabbi Abraham, Geber, Flamel, Behmen,

Ye magic masters, now direct and guide me !
 Weak minister were I without your aid.
 Whence are these omens, that conspire to shake
 me ?

As I came forth, my wife, in wild amaze,
 Seizing my robe, and dropping on her knees,
 Conjur'd me to desist—I put her from me ;
 Whereat she rose, and, with uplifted hands,
 Mad as the Pythian prophetess, exclaim'd—
 “Go, desperate man, this night your impious orgies
 “ Shall draw a dreadful judgment on your house,
 “ And bloody shall the consummation be”—
 I heard, but staid not ; when, upon the instant,
 The night-bird scream'd amain, the watch-dog
 howl'd,

And utter'd forth a yell, so like the wailings
 Of tortur'd spirits, that it chill'd my blood.

[*Clock strikes one.*]

Hark ! the clock warns me that my hour is come—
 Where is my proselyte ? Where is the stranger,
 That promis'd to attend ?—Adam, come forth !

ADAM comes forth.

Adam. Master, what would you ? From beneath
 the wings
 Of the all-potent dragon I come forth
 To know your pleasure—All things are prepar'd.

Van. That's well, that's well.

Adam. You tremble, mighty sir.

Van. Do I ? The night-air chills me through
 my mantle,

And my flesh shivers—Let me have your arm—
 Now we will enter—Hark, I hear the steps
 Of one approaching—On, good Adam, on !

[*They enter the Tower, and the lights immediately
 appear in the windows of the Magic Chamber.*]

TORRENDAL *enters alone.*

Tor. The wizzard is at work. His lamps are
burning,
And his charm'd cauldron, fed with sulph'rous
drugs,
Makes foul the wholesome air, till the moon sickens
With his accursed spell—Be firm, my heart!
For now, (if such permission be to man)
The evil spirits muster at his call,
And hell-engender'd thoughts are wafted round
By the contagious blasting of their breath.
I will no longer bide within their sphere,
Lest my weak brain should suck the poison in,
And, on the sight of my adulterous wife,
Tempt me to draw this murderous dagger forth,
And plunge it in her heart—Oh save me heaven!
In mercy save!—I turn to thy protection. [*Exit.*]

The Countess, as she enters, sees and watches TORRENDAL.

Count. That—that—Oh, that is he!—The moon-
beam now
Strikes on his passing figure—'Tis no shadow—
'Tis he—'tis Torrendal; it is my husband,
His form, his air, his slow and stately step—
Oh turn, and, if thou'rt living, speak to me!
If dead, the dead have spoken—

TORRENDAL *is seen again.*

Hah! he turns;
My voice has reach'd him—Whatsoe'er thou art,
Spirit or substance, of the air or earth,
Real or spell-created, yet thou wear'st

A form and feature awfully so like
 To what I lov'd and lost, that I will kneel
 And worship thee in sorrow—

[*She kneels—Torrendal approaches.*

Tor. Rise, Alicia!

Him, that you seek, you see—your living husband.
 The heart, your cruelty has rent, yet beats,
 And reason, which at times forsakes me, serves
 Now to demand, what tempted you to wrong me;
 Why, when your bosom seem'd the native soil
 Of purity and truth, did you invite
 A devil to sow it with the rankest seeds
 Of treach'ry and pollution?

Count. Strike, oh strike!

That guilty bosom now invites your sword.

Tor. No, not for worlds—I've pledg'd myself
 to heaven,

And, what I've sworn to guard, will not destroy.
 Oh, faithless, cruel, and perfidious woman,
 What can you urge to palliate your offence?
 I never gave you cause to treat me thus;
 I never wrong'd you, my unbroken faith,
 Firm to this hour as truth itself, remains:
 In perfect love, through all vicissitudes
 Of good or adverse fortune, I preserv'd
 And treasur'd up your image in my heart;
 When in my tent, upon the eve of battle,
 I sought my God in pray'r, for you, my soul,
 Its first, most fervent aspirations breath'd;
 Nor in the fight, while death and slaughter rag'd,
 Nor after, when with shouts we rent the air
 For victory gain'd, did I forget Alicia.

Count. Indeed! Is't possible? Have I been
 dup'd

By the vile arts of an insidious villain,
 And lur'd to my destruction? I was taught
 To think you false, nor, from the hour we parted,

To this sad moment, has a word e'er reach'd me,
To tell me I was yet in your remembrance.

Tor. In camp, in city, station'd, or on march,
I seiz'd on every opportunity
To write, remonstrate, and bewail your silence.
At length, to all hope lost, my senses wand'ring,
And my heart torn with anguish, I address'd
A mournful letter, blotted with my tears,
To that vile duke, imploring him to tell me
What fatal chance—

Count. Oh, infamy more base,
Malice more black than ever yet was hatch'd
In heart of demon! he suppress'd it all—

VANHOVEN comes forth.

Tor. How now! Disturb us not—

Van. Illustrious lady,
The spell is cast. What stays you?

Tor. Hence! be gone!

Your spells and sorceries are not needed now.

Van. Hah! is it you?—Behold, the duke approaches—

I must escape in time— *[Exit hastily.*

The Duke enters.

Duke. What do I see? May I believe my eyes?
It is the very form of Torrendal—

Tor. Wretch, I am Torrendal.

Duke. Where are my guards?

[The Guards enter; the Duke shrinks back.

Tor. Detected, trembling dastard, reptile-like,
Do you shrink back and crouch into your shell,
When challeng'd forth to meet an equal foe;
One robb'd of more than half his natural powers
By wrongs, by miseries you have pil'd upon him?
What do you start from? Are you valiant only

Against the feeble sex? Have you no weapons
But slanders, perjuries, and lies to wound with?
And are you leagu'd only to do the work,
And learn the cozening tricks of petty devils?

Duke. Can you hear this, and not avenge me,
soldiers?

Tor. If you are soldiers, give a soldier passage;
Open your files, or, single as I am,
I will assail him in the midst of you.
Nay then—defend yourself—

*[He rushes upon the Guard, and strikes at the Duke,
in which action he is disarmed by the Soldiers.]*

Duke. Stop, stop his hand!

Tor. Ye are not soldiers, ye are slaves.

Duke. Out with your swords! Put him to in-
stant death!

Count. Oh, hold, hold, hold! The sword that
pierces him,
Shall pass through me.

Duke. Alicia, are you mad?
Would you protect a traitor, an assassin?

Count. He, an assassin! No, 'tis you, 'tis I—
We are assassins—Look at him, Oh look!
How sunk his eyes, how ghastly wan his cheek!
Famine and sorrow have consum'd his heart,
And turn'd his brain—that noble mind is lost;
He's not himself; how then can he be judg'd
For actions not his own?

Duke. Lo, where his dagger,
Aim'd at my heart, and, only turn'd aside
By this good friend, has rent and gash'd my robe—
Do you not see it?

Count. Yes, I see it clearly.
He rent your garment, you have torn his heart.

Duke. Take him away. Justice demands the
traitor;
And he shall die the death.

Tor. Yes, you may now
 Enjoy the luxury of protracted vengeance,
 Load me with fetters, prison me in darkness,
 Arraign me as a traitor and assassin,
 And, to complete the mockery of justice,
 Pass sentence on my life : when you've done this,
 You have done all—there closes my account—
 Then be prepar'd, adulterer, for thine own.

Duke. I'll hear no more. Away with him! he dies.

Count. Stop yet a moment—Grant a moment's pause—

Oh Torrendal, oh husband, turn not from me!
 Have pity for a sinful, suffering creature.
 I do not dare to raise my eyes for hope,
 And ask forgiveness, but I'll humbly kneel
 To beg you will not spurn my wretched corpse,
 When, on the bloody scaffold at your feet,
 Writhing in agonies of death I fall,
 And my soul sinks whilst yours ascends to heav'n.

Tor. Live, and repent! I do not fear to die,
 For when the world has thrown aside all order,
 Heav'n lost its worship, guilt forgot its shame
 And man his nature, who would wish to live?

[*He is taken off by the Guard.*]

Count. I'll follow him to death—

Duke. Away! you're mad.

[*The Countess follows Torrendal, the Duke turns away, and departs with his Attendants on the opposite side.*]

ACT V.

Duke of Courland, MURINSKI.

Duke. Murinski, you amaze me: it should seem
As if you thought my life might be attempted,
And the assassin pardon'd—Here! behold,
See where his poniard pass'd—Was not this stab
Aim'd at the heart within?

Mur. So it appears.

Duke. Appears! it speaks, it marks the full
intent

Of a determin'd vengeful murderer;
And shall he live? Why do you purse your brow,
And shake your head, as if in discontent.
At what my justice dooms? Utter your thoughts;
Keep not this sullen silence.

Mur. I lament

That you should not conceive it for your honour
To judge the miseries of mankind with mercy,
And take the plea of madness in excuse
For what a madman does: there have been princes
As sacred as yourself, who have endur'd
The stab of phrenzy, and exacted nothing
From justice, but security in future
For others and themselves.

Duke. You have said enough
To raise my admiration of the virtues
Both of the great example you refer to,
And your own eloquence in the defence
Of a convicted traitor. This might seem
As if you lov'd the cause, which you espouse
With so much warmth, but that I recollect
You've been the bosom friend of Torrendal;

Therefore whilst prejudice inspires your plea,
Justice will bar my ears against the voice
Of such an advocate. You have been heard;
Your sentiments are known—you may withdraw.

[*Exit Murinski.*]

Baroness VANHOVEN enters, followed by the Baron.

Bar. Hear me, my gracious lord—

Duke. Ere I do that,

Say, are you not the lady of that baron,
Who stands abash'd behind you?

Bar. Sir, I am.

Duke. You may proceed.

Bar. If I forbore to pay

My thankful duty when your highness deign'd
To visit this lone mansion, 'twas because

My heart presag'd, with horror, the disgrace
That would in time befall that impious sect,

Of which my husband was, but is no longer,
A much-deluded follower. My lord,

His vanity misled him to affect
Powers, which no mortal, but by heav'n's appoint-

ment,

Yet ever did, or ever can possess.

Duke. That he is innocent of all capacity

To call up spirits and disturb the dead,

I well believe; that he is quite as harmless

In what regards the living, I must doubt,

Till time discloses: all, that yet appears,

Is, that his sovereign, underneath his roof,

Has had his life attempted by a ruffian,

Whom he employ'd and train'd to play the ghost

In his mock magic.

Van. No, upon my life:

Heaven knows my heart, I harbour'd no offence

Against your royal person, and the laws

Of sacred hospitality—The man,
 Who now turns out to be Count Torrendal,
 Was only known to me as a craz'd fellow,
 Who sojourn'd with one Lodowick, a woodman.

Duke. That Lodowick is seiz'd. Bring him
 before us!

Van. I never knew Count Torrendal by person.
 This Lodowick, if he'll speak, can witness for me,
 And so can Torrendal, that I am clear
 Of all collusion in this black affair.

LODOWICK is brought in.

Duke. Now, fellow; you are seiz'd as an ac-
 complice;
 Your intercourse with Torrendal is known;
 If you would gain your pardon, make confession
 Of all you know touching this trait'rous plot.

Lod. I've been a soldier, sir, and serv'd your
 highness

In many an action: it was once my fortune,
 When Torrendal, my captain, was unhors'd,
 Wounded, and on the ground, to save his life,
 And cover him in battle; from that day
 He took me to himself, made me his servant,
 I had almost said his friend: after the war,
 Being disbanded, and the count in Poland,
 Hither I came, and having serv'd my country
 With my best strength, deem'd it my second
 duty

To give the remnant to my aged parents:
 In this retreat my noble master sought me
 In his affliction—If your highness thinks
 It was a crime in me to give him shelter,
 It is a crime of which I can't repent—
 As for the baron here, I do believe,
 Nay, I am sure, he did not know the count.

Duke. Baron and lady, I have done with you,
You may retire. [*Exeunt Vanhoven and Baroness.*]

I've yet another question—
And on your conscience answer it in truth!
Do you conceive the countess was consenting,
And party in the attempt upon my life!

Lod. No, on my soul. I would she were as
clear
Of every other guilt.

Duke. Why did you hide
That dagger in your bosom?

Lod. To defend,
At my life's peril, my distracted master.

Duke. You are a dangerous man.

Lod. I have been, sir,
When I have met your enemies in arms,
And in my course of duty am not clear
From shedding human blood; but never yet,
Ev'n in the heat of battle, have I fail'd
To spare the life of him, who ask'd it of me.

Duke. You spoke but now of your distracted
master—
Why did you so? Is Torrendal insane?

Lod. Oh yes, yes, yes. His mind is overthrown.

Duke. How? by what means?

Lod. When you ask that of me,
A plain blunt soldier, you must hear the truth
Boldly averr'd—You and his guilty wife
Have wreck'd his senses, and destroy'd his peace.

Duke. Hence from my sight! be gone; I'll
hear no more! [*Exit Lodowick with guard.*]
And see, Alicia—Now, be firm my heart!

Countess enters.

Alicia, you have seen my life attempted,
And, in the immediate terror of the moment,

Have stood betwixt the assassin and my vengeance ;

It was a woman's fear, and I forgave it.

Count. You're infinitely kind : I came to thank you.

Duke. You answer calmly, and it much contents me.

Count. Oh, I am very calm.

Duke. Then, with like calmness,
I will proceed to reason on th' events
Of this disastrous night : Vanhoven's magic
Is, as you see, a despicable cheat ;
Yet has it serv'd to terminate those doubts
That hung upon you, and obscur'd your hopes.

Count. Yes, I can now unravel all the plan,
Which, with unwearied pains, you have pursued
To make me what I am. I find him living,
Who you persuaded me to think was dead ;
I see that all his faithfulness, his truth,
His untold bounties, shower'd in secret on me,
Have either been distorted into crimes,
Or else assum'd as merits of your own ;
And nothing now is wanting, but to take
His forfeit life, and stamp a damning act,
Devils would start from, with the name of justice.

Duke. Why this is railing, madam, and not reason :
You said you would be calm.

Count. And I am calm.

Duke. We have been friends—

Count. Yes, yes, we have been friends,
Close, conscious friends, that have conspir'd together,
And know each other's hearts. I will not speak
To you of mercy—You shall never name
Peace, or a word of comfort more to me.

Duke. Why this despair? You still preserve
your place

In my affections, and where love inhabits
Why should you doubt if mercy may be found?

Count. Where love inhabits?—Love! I thought
that word

Was sacred only to the hallow'd lips
Of the chaste virgin and unblemish'd wife.
There was a time I felt its influence here;
Oh! that was happy! 'twas my fostering angel,
And underneath its wings all, all was peace;
But it is gone; a cruel falcon came
And drove my dove away—'Tis gone for ever.

[*A Soldier enters, speaks apart to the Duke, whilst
Alicia had withdrawn to the back part of the
Stage.*

Duke. Say'st? 'Tis well—I'll see him once
again— [Exit Guard.

Now, my Alicia, now thy fortune hails thee
Duchess of Courland—Torrendal is dying—

Count. Dying! Eternal infamy light on thee;
And as thou'st shut out mercy from thy heart,
Heav'n, from all mercy, shuts out thee.

TORRENDAL is led in between two of the Guard.

Hah! 'tis my husband—Angels spread your wings
To waft his spirit to those realms of glory,
To which all earthly splendour, when compar'd,
Is as a glow-worm to the mid-day sun.

Tor. Peace, peace! Be silent! you, my Lord
of Courland,

You, that delight in blood, should entertain
Assassins more expert; the coward stabber,
You sent to murder me, has only mangled,

Duke. Whether he struck by my command, or
not,

I am not careful how the world may judge;
 For, if he did, it is but blow for blow,
 And universal justice warrants that.

Tor. Yes, for they tell me that my dagger's
 point,
 When levell'd at your heart, has rent your robe:
 'Twas done in phrenzy, for the injury
 From you I had sustain'd; yet I am glad
 My hands are clear from spilling blood so foul;
 And though I have the melancholy plea
 Of a distracted brain for my acquittal,
 I leave it to the searcher of all hearts;
 I urge it not on you. When every conscience
 Shall give its secrets up, there stands a witness,
 Who must depose the truth.

Count. Oh, hear me now,
 Whilst yet my senses hold, in pity hear me;
 For I have sinn'd in error, and been plung'd
 In this foul ruin more by others craft
 Than my own nature: when I fell from virtue,
 'Twas not ambition, 'twas not vanity;
 A thousand thousand times unmov'd I saw
 That base seducer kneeling at my feet;
 My heart was still my husband's—Nay, when time
 Roll'd on in cold neglect, and not one line
 Of consolation ever reach'd my hand.

Tor. Day after day I urg'd my fond complaints—
 Sir, what became of these? Oh, shame to honour!

Count. Blush, blush, if shame can reach you!
 Even then

Had any friend of honour interpos'd,
 I had not been the guilty thing I am:
 Then was the time Murinski should have urg'd
 The secret bounties, you had left untold,
 And he was privy to—Alas for me!
 I never knew the wond'rous debt I ow'd you.
 Oh, fatal ignorance! I suffer'd him

To steal those praises, that were due to you,
And, cheated into gratitude, was lost.

Tor. Enough!—Oh, prince, are these the glorious acts,
Which heav'n requires of those whom it appoints

To be the friends and guardians of mankind?
Look at the wreck of that once-beauteous creature,
How sad, how wan, how chang'd from what she was—

Be it your boast to have betray'd the friend,
That trusted to you his heart's dearest treasure;
'Tis mine, that even now, whilst in my flesh
I wear the stab you gave me, rack'd with pain,
My senses wand'ring, and the ebbing stream
Of my life-blood, cold, gathering at my heart,
I yet survive to tell thee to thy face—
Thou art a villain—

Duke. Villain!—Stop his tongue;
Away with him to death! He, that strikes short
A second time, shall answer with his life.

Be gone; depart; let none presume to speak.

[*Torrendal is taken off by the Soldiers.*

[*The Countess remains.*

Duke. Why do you stay?

Count. Mercy!—

Duke. I'll hear no more. [Exit hastily.

Count. Nor shall you—Aid me now, vindictive justice!

And let this dagger plead, since mercy cannot.

[*She rushes out after him.*

[*She returns holding the dagger.*

'Tis done! he reel'd, he fell without a groan;
There, where he fell, he lies—Go, get thee hence,
Thou bleeding witness of a fearful deed!

[*Throws the dagger away.*

Oh, that I only could have kill'd his crimes,

And spar'd him life to make his peace with heaven!
Hark, what is that? What noise? And here comes
one,

A holy man—Make haste, make haste, good
father!

There's one within, if his soul is not fled,
Has need enough of prayers—Go in, go in!

[*The Monk, who had entered during this speech,
goes into the Duke's Apartment.*]

The Scene changes.

*A gloomy Chamber or Prison, belonging to the Castle.
Torrendal is discovered in the hands of the Soldiers.*

Tor. Why do you pause? Behold, I bare my
bosom

Already gash'd and bleeding: here beneath
A heart yet beats, that panted once for glory,
A soldier's heart—If thou hast been a soldier,
Do thy work fitly, do it manfully;
Strike at my heart, but strike me not in malice:
I never did thee wrong—

MURINSKI enters, followed by LODOWICK.

Mur. Break up your guard!
Soldiers, your duke and sovereign is no more.
I am your captain, and on me devolves
To answer for your prisoner— [*Soldiers withdraw.*
Oh, my friend,
Heard you the welcome tidings that I bring?
Courland is dead—I come to set you free.

Tor. Your rescue comes too late; death sets
me free,
Lo, where his shaft has enter'd!

Mur. No, my hero,
You have stood many a ruder shock than this;
We'll heal this gash—this is a shallow wound,

Tor. 'Tis deeper than you think for. Ah! my
friend,
My honest Lody, hast thou found me out?
Thy master's sorrows will be soon at rest.

Lod. Oh, how this rends my heart! Come, let
us bear you
Into a fresher air—We may find help:
Lean on my arm—

Tor. It has already sav'd me;
It can do so no more; yet, as it was
My first support, so shall it be my last.
[*They lead him out.*]

*Scene changes to a Chamber, in which is a State-
Bed, or Couch, and over it a Canopy with a Cur-
tain drawn before it, concealing the Body of the
Duke of Courland.*

The COUNTESS discovered.

Count. Either it is the error of my senses,
And those, which I have look'd on, are but
shadows,

Or else some strange contagious horror strikes
All that have life, and palsies every tongue.
They come, they pass, and, in their passing, snatch
A fearful glance, at the blood-sprinkled corpse
Of their dead prince; but no one stops to ask
Who did the murderous deed. I saw the monk
Stand by the body, muttering to himself
His solemn offices for the soul's peace:
He turn'd a look on me, and wav'd his head
In silent reprobation, yet he spoke not:

Murinski follow'd—him no horrors aw'd ;
 Eager he gaz'd upon the prostrate corpse ;
 Then stooping laid his hand upon the heart,
 To be resolv'd if life's last pulse had stopt ;
 Whereof assur'd, he beckon'd to the guard
 To take the body up—then with the air
 And speedy step of one, who seem'd intent
 To spread some happy tidings, he departed.

Baroness VANHOVEN and Monk enter.

Bar. Where is the desperate maniac, that has
 murder'd
 The Duke of Courland underneath my roof?

Count. Oh, then I find it was not all a vision,
 For here is one at last has found a voice.
 But hush ! be silent—Look, he comes, he comes !

TORRENDAL led in by MURINSKI and LODOWICK.

Oh, pity me, my husband, turn your eyes
 In pity on a poor distracted creature !
 How now ! what ails him ? Why d'ye bear him up ?
 Ah !—he is dying. Look ! there's blood upon him !
 But I have slain the wolf that tore his flesh—
 There, there he lies !—

*[She runs, draws the curtain rapidly aside, and
 discovers the body of the Duke laid out on the
 bed or couch.]*

Dead, dead—You see him dead ;
 Touch him, he's cold—call him, he cannot hear—
 Accuse him, he can't answer—If you ask
 Who kill'd him, it was I—'twas I who did it—
 He had no mercy for my injur'd husband,
 I, I had none for him—

Tor. Peace ! Hear me speak !
 'Tis with my dying voice I now appeal

To Heaven's blest mercy, not for thee alone,
 (Thy phrenzy ev'n an earthly judge would spare)
 But also for the soul of that sad wretch,
 With whose dead corpse I bury all resentment,
 And so may Heaven to me like pardon deal,
 As I to him!

Count. Oh, hast thou not a pardon
 Left to bestow on thy repentant wife?
 That I may lay it to my sinking heart,
 And at my death's hour meditate upon it.

Tor. Oh, that these drops, which fond remem-
 brance wrings
 From my now-closing eyes, had power to blanch
 Thy faded virtue, and restore it pure
 As from the Maker's hand! Now, bear me up!
 I yet would speak—Oh, ye frail, faithless wives,
 Let this sad story sink into your hearts,
 And leave an awful lesson to the world,
 What fools in nature, and what slaves to sin
 Those wretches are, who sacrifice their peace
 To a seducer, and then trust his honour
 To bear them up against the stings of conscience,
 The scorn of virtue, and the wrath of heaven.

[Curtain falls.]

LOVERS RESOLUTIONS.



Ne nunc quidam, cum accursor ultro?



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Earl of Burville.

Lieut. General Highmore.

Major Manford.

Mapletoft.

Tim Mapletoft, *his nephew.*

Worthington, *nephew to Mrs. Mapletoft.*

David, *an old servant to Manford.*

Ben, *servant to Mapletoft.*

Servant to Lord Burville.

Lady Caroline Malcolm.

Mrs. Mapletoft.

Fanny Rivers.

Mistress of the Lodging-house.

SCENE, London.

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LOVERS RESOLUTIONS.

ACT I.

Scene, a Chamber in a Lodging-house.

Major MANFORD and DAVID.

Man. Methinks, David, considering this uniform has seen some service, it looks tolerably fresh.

Dav. I am not of that opinion, I don't think it worthy of your honour; for look, there's a patch in the skirt of it.

Man. Aye, there was a reason for that.

Dav. I know it. 'Twas a shot-hole; what of that? Who wants to make a parade of it? The botcher should have fine-drawn it.

Man. He should. Your observation's right. Have you been to the agent?

Dav. Not I. Hadn't time to go. I've been otherwise employ'd.

Man. How have you been employ'd?

Dav. Sitting for my picture.

Man. Why you ridiculous old coxcomb! sitting for your picture!—And my ingenious Miss has been exercising her art upon that old weather-beaten, war-worn face—

Dav. Even so, and very like it is.

Man. So much the worse; she's a monkey for her pains.

Dav. That may be, but I know one who would

put a value upon that old weather-beaten face, if the owner of it were in his grave.

Man. Indeed! who may that be?

Dav. Yourself. I know that Major Manford's heart is kind to his old David, notwithstanding I am rough and crabbed. 'Tis my nature; that's enough. By the way, your honour, this same Mapletoft, that lodges in the house with us, is but a queer old fellow as I take it.

Man. And are you not a queer old fellow, as I take it? therefore you are fit companions for each other.

Dav. I don't think that. He has no talk in him; not a word to say for himself in our way, Major.

Man. Hold your silly tongue, and don't talk about your betters. The man is a very good man—See who is upon the stairs: I hear somebody coming. Lord Burville!

DAVID goes to the door, and Lord BURVILLE enters.

Your most obedient servant, my Lord Burville. To what am I indebted for this visit?

L. Bur. Allow me a few minutes of your privacy, and I'll inform you.

Man. Leave the room—[*Exit David.*] Will your lordship be seated? [*They sit.*]

L. Bur. Major Manford, I will not take up your time in recapitulating past events, equally known, and equally painful to us both. Two years are now past since my daughter Caroline's unhappy marriage with Sir Richard Malcolm broke off all engagements between you and her; you went on distant service, whilst she remain'd the victim of his intolerable temper. At length she fled to me; they were separated, and soon after

he ended his miserable days. This event took place about a year ago, and the notoriety of it probably reach'd you.

Man. I certainly did hear of it.

L. Bur. I trust you also heard, that not the slightest imputation of misconduct attach'd to Lady Caroline—[*Manford bows.*] I now proceed to my immediate business—Your long and honourable attachment to her is not forgotten; her heart, still faithful to its first impressions, reverts to you with superadded fondness. I have now seen my error, and anxious to atone for it, tender you my daughter.

Man. There was a time, my lord, when such an offer would have made me too happy for a mortal; I must suppose there hardly liv'd a man, who would not proudly, joyfully have embrac'd it. That time is past. I must decline it now.

L. Bur. Decline it! Why, what motives can you have?

Man. Oh! for my motives—don't inquire of them.

L. Bur. You are not married?—

Man. No.

L. Bur. Nor otherwise attach'd—

Man. To my profession only. You may go on and question me; so long as what you ask suits me to answer, I'll give you honest truths.

L. Bur. You lov'd my daughter.

Man. That requires no answer.

L. Bur. Whilst I was adverse to your suit, you sought her; now I am friendly to it, why refuse her?

Man. That goes to motives; I have already pass'd that question by.

L. Bur. You can't suspect her honour; that has stood investigation, and is clear. You cannot

think the worse of her, because, in duty to her father, she obey'd, and suffer'd by obedience.

Man. That is a merit on her part towards you, which does not rest with me, my lord, to appreciate.

L. Bur. However slightly you may think of me, you can't but own my family is noble.

Man. You told me once I was too poor, my lord. I have not added to my stock one guinea. When a man is to be weigh'd against money, put all his laurels into the scale, they are but feathers.

[*He rises, and after a while sits down again.*]

L. Bur. You are too warm, too high upon that question. I do not weigh your merit against money: or, if I did, my daughter has enough for your scale and her own, to make them balance. Will that apology appease your anger.

Man. I am not angry, I am only firm.

L. Bur. Well, sir, if I had sinned against you ten times over, concession could not well go lower—Your humble servant—[*Rises to go.*] I shall tell my daughter—But hold—perhaps 'tis not too great a favour to ask, if you will call on her yourself.

Man. No, no, that must not be.

L. Bur. Have you a heart? By heaven I almost doubt it. Sir, I must tell you now (for 'tis in vain to disguise from you every particular) she lives but on the hope of my success, and I should fear, in reporting your stern refusal, I might destroy my daughter. There are things have come to light, that call upon your honour, not less than on your mercy, to protect her.

Man. What things are they, that call upon my honour?

L. Bur. Letters:

Man. There are no letters of mine, at least;

for never did I write one line to her, since she abandon'd me for that wretch Sir Richard; I have heard of letters, but I plead to none.

L. Bur. Grant that you wrote no letters.

Man. It shall be granted; for it is the truth, and I own it.

L. Bur. Patience, if you please—I grant the letters all were of her own writing—the effusions of a suffering heart, that sued for pity and implor'd your sympathy.—

Man. I never open'd one. She was a wife.

L. Bur. The more my sorrow, and I should have hoped the greater your commiseration would have been; but I'm mistaken: I thought I had been talking to a man. I find I have been pleading to a rock. [Exit.

MANFORD alone.

[After a pause.] Bear up, proud heart! for better 'twere to burst, than to debase thyself by mean submission to a capricious woman's veering humour—A creature soil'd and sated to a surfeit with those disgustful vanities, which her perverted taste preferred to solid, virtuous, dignified contentment. She spurn'd me from her; she invites me back. Shall I be so lur'd by a wanton's whistle? No, I will not. That haughty earl now stoops: Why does he so? because he vainly hop'd my poverty would tempt me to take the leavings of Sir Richard Malcolm—Not I, not I, not I—

FANNY RIVERS enters.

Fan. May I come in?

Man. Yes, yes, you may come in.

Fan. I have brought you David's portrait—
How do you like it? [Shows a drawing.]

Man. Very well, as a specimen of your art and his ugliness. Wonderful to say, you have made it quite as frightful as the original.

Fan. Ah, now you are in one of your grave fits. I wish I knew the way to fetch you out of it.

Man. The way is not to notice it, or attempt it. You have been visiting old Mapletoft.

Fan. 'Tis a good creature. I have been singing to him.

Man. Mere waste of breath. The owl has no ear for the song of the nightingale.

Fan. He begg'd it of me—What was I to do?

Man. Just what you did, my child, and whenever the talents you possess can furnish pleasure, without diminution of your dignity; as you have done to Mapletoft, do to others.

Fan. I thank you. I shall follow your instructions.

Man. Fanny, you know how truly I regard you, for your poor brother's sake. He was a gallant officer, and my friend. With his last breath he recommended you to my protection. We have fared upon our little, as we could. Some taste for drawing, and a pleasing voice, have been resources, which your humble nature has not disdain'd to turn to some account.

Fan. Yes, and look here what Mapletoft has given me. [Shows a purse.]

Man. Well!

Fan. Did I do wrong to take it?

Man. No, my child. There is more honour due to you for your humility, than praise to him for his munificence. You did right not to refuse his present.

Fan. I am so happy when you approve of me—

Man. Fanny, I do conjure and strictly charge you never to let your thoughts present me to you in any other light, than as your brother's honourable friend, and your inflexibly sincere protector. Your beauty moves in me no other feelings, but an increased solicitude and care to guard your innocence. Your pretty actions, with all those kind attentions that you pay me, are but remembrancers to whisper to me, that when a soldier to a soldier gives the charge of virtue, 'tis a pledge so sacred, that but to look upon it with an eye of longing, is enough to warn that man that there is something mischievous within him, which, if he means to keep his honour pure, he must at once expel. Nay, do not weep—this is not chiding—

Fan. No, you don't chide; but still you make me weep.

Man. Why do I make you weep?

Fan. Because, I think, perhaps, I have done wrong, and could not help it; nay, perhaps, again I may do wrong, and with the same unconsciousness of my offence.

Man. Come, we'll converse no longer on this subject, I have no head for arguing just now, and for my heart—I have felt it lighter than it is at present—So you shall sing me into better spirits; and we'll have tea, and send for Mapletoft; his harmless nonsense of all narcotics is the most lethæan. [Exeunt.

Scene changes to Mapletoft's Apartment.

MAPLETOFT and Mrs. MAPLETOFT.

Map. No, no, dame Deborah, since this great fortune has come bounce upon us, we'll do the tasty thing, and live genteely.

Mrs. Map. How shall we live genteely? Who'll live with us, but such as come to pillage and make game of us? Sam Mapletoft, Sam Mapletoft, I tell you, you never will shake off your homely breeding. 'Tis in the bone of you, and will not out.

Map. Well, well, though a man can't new make himself, he may mend himself. I think I get on in my talk pretty well.

Mrs. Map. Aye, if you didn't get on so fast, it would be all the better; I wish, my good man, you could once be convinc'd, that when you've literally nothing to say, you have positively the best reason in the world for saying nothing.

Map. Why that's very well; but consider, consider—I have some little right to talk; 'tis but loss of time at the worst, and I can afford to lose that: my fortune is not to make; I have money in my pocket.

Mrs. Map. Aye, money, money don't make us wiser—Look at Major Manford, listen to him.

Map. Well, I do listen, and I do like him, like him mainly. He's a fine man, and I'm fond of his company; and he seems very well pleas'd with mine, for I talk to him about country matters, and tell him how to manage an estate.

Mrs. Map. Unluckily, he has no estate to manage.

Map. And I have no battles to fight, yet he tells me of his battles—So we're pretty much on the square for that. Every man in his own way. Now here'll be nephew Timothy, I look for him every hour. He is a mighty talker. Then we shall hear something.

Mrs. Map. Yes, we shall hear much, understand little, and profit less. But he is *your* nephew. I have no share in him.

Map. No, no, Jack Worthiman is *your* nephew, and he'll be up, I reckon, before night. I gave him an invitation, for he's a hearty fellow, and I shall be glad to see him. Jack knows horses and dogs, and sheep and bullocks, but books—books, Lord love him, he knows no more about them than I do. Now Timothy knows every thing—

Mrs. Map. Or pretends to know—

BEN enters, and afterwards TIMOTHY.

Ben. 'Squire! Master Timothy is com'd. Here he is. [Exit.

Tim. Honour'd uncle, your faithful! Aunt, your humble! Rejoice to see you. Had your letter per post, 26th ultimo? Struck work directly: left the shop to the foreman; hadn't time to say Good bye to any body: all the town cried out, Where's Tim Mapletoft agoing? Jump'd into my gig; was off in a crack, and behold here I am.

Map. But where's the need of all this haste, friend Timothy? If you had staid to set your shop in order, and had not come these two days, we might have outliv'd it—

Tim. I believe it, and many many more days besides, for I never saw you look better in all my life, uncommonly well, I do protest and vow—And you, madam, quite fresh and blooming.

Mrs. Map. Aye, you are the very quintessence of all politeness. Your dealings lie so much with the ladies, that you understand how to flatter them.

Tim. Why to be sure, in our way of business we must lay out a pretty many eye-traps for the ladies—Millinery and mercery, hosiery and hattery, drapery of all sorts, from the silver muslin to the Russia tick—The best quality for ten miles round frequent my shop—The elegant Miss Figgins have new nam'd it—The School of the Graces.

Map. Well, never mind your shop, just now; you are not in it; so don't talk about it. I was willing to catch a sight of you as I pass'd through London, and perhaps to settle a few matters before I go down into the North.

Tim. Good! the sooner matters are settled the better; and London is no place for you: quite out of your element here, I should suppose. I reckon you're going to visit your new concerns.

Map. Even so.

Tim. Under favour, uncle, was this gentleman, who left you his property, any relation of our family?

Map. None; he had no relations that I can hear of. He was a poor orphan parish-boy, when I took pity on him, and gave him his outset in the world. Industry, and a lucky stroke in business, made his fortune rapidly. He died unmarried in the prime of life, and rememb'ring one good turn deserves another, as the proverb has it, left the bulk of his fortune to your humble servant.

Tim. He did right. I commend him. Gratitude, gratitude I hold to be one of the genteelest virtues a man of fashion can possess. It puts me

in mind of a famous good story I was telling to Sir William Woodcock the other day.

Map. No, don't let it put you in mind of any story, for I've no time to hear it. Your aunt and I are engaged to visit a worthy gentleman, who lodges in the same house with us, and 'tis now time for us to be going—And look! here comes his servant to tell us so.

DAVID enters.

Dav. Major Manford and Miss Rivers are expecting the pleasure of your company above stairs.

Mrs. Map. Come, Mapletoft, let us get rid of his jargon, and hear reason and good sense instead.

Map. Hark'ye, friend Timothy, you will stay where you are; we are not upon those terms with Major Manford to take you with us.

Mrs. Map. Neither wou'd the history of your shop be discourse exactly calculated for the entertainment of Miss Rivers.

Tim. My shop, Madam! Miss Rivers might perhaps find better entertainment in my shop, than any discourse cou'd give her; but I don't intrude; my company has been sought after by hundreds, that are at least equals of Major Manford and Miss Rivers.

Map. Come along, dame! Friend Timothy, spite of thy learning thou art a puppy, thou hast ever been a puppy, and I suppose thou wilt ever be a puppy. *[Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Mapletoft.]*

TIM MAPLETOFT and DAVID.

Tim. *[To David as he is going out.]* A word with

you friend. You hear that old fellow? Do you know why he takes those freedoms with me? Because I am his nephew. And why, think you, do I put up with them? Because he's my uncle. Now you are a man who look as if you had seen the world, your master most probably has seen it also; don't you suppose the company of a person like me, must be much more acceptable to a person like your master, than that old crab my uncle?

Dav. You have question'd me, now let me ask you one question in my turn. How long have they let you out of the hospital?

Tim. Hospital! What do you take me to be, that I shou'd have any thing to do with the hospital?

Dav. I take you to be crazy.

Tim. And I take you to be a very impertinent fellow.

Dav. Well, but don't tell me so, for I'm not a very patient fellow.

Tim. Oh! very well. Then I'll have nothing more to say to you, but amuse myself with a walk, whilst my uncle makes his visit. How long have I been out of the hospital, indeed! A fine joke! A pretty question truly from a fellow of his servile degree, to a person of my endowments.

[*Exit.*

Dav. If that whelp has any ears, I suspect by the itching of my fingers, I shall shortly have a pluck at 'em.

BEN *runs in.*

Ben. Ah! Brother David, give me hold of your hand—You won't flout me, though I be but a clown, for I do love a soldier hugely, that's the truth on't.

Dav. Well you're a hearty fellow, but your Timothy, your mountebank, I've a rod in soak for him.

Ben. Dang it, don't you spare him—A cross grain'd cranky toad as ever crawl'd. I hates him heartily, and so does mistress, and now her nephew, master Johnny Worthiman, is comed to town, all will go smoothly. Aye, he's a right one, he's clean another thing from that proud whelp. I pray you, stay till he comes up; he is only snapping a bit in the kitchen—And look ye! he is here already.

WORTHIMAN *enters.*

Worth. So; here I am, and this is London. Joy go with it! Brother soldier, how are you; how are times with you?

Dav. Thank you, noble captain, I'm content.

Worth. That's well; but I'm no captain. Honour enough for me to side a private in a brave troop of yeomen; I am an Isle of Thanet man, do you see—But surely, surely, I shou'd know your face. Was'nt you with Captain Manford in my house during the embarkation?

Dav. To be sure I was, and you are our kind host Mr. Worthiman; Lord, Lord, how glad my Major will be to see you! I'll run up and tell him.

Worth. Is Captain Manford in this house?

Dav. Yes, and will be in this room in a whiff, but he is Major now; remember that. [*Exit.*]

Worth. A finer fellow never drew a sword. Is uncle Mapletoft with him?

Ben. Yes, and your aunt too. Your cousin Timothy is in town.

Worth. My cousin! No, we're neither kin nor kind. He is too great a man for me: I have nothing to do with him.

Major MANFORD to WORTHIMAN.

Man. Worthiman, my dear friend, my hospitable host, how glad I am to see you. How are all friends in the Island? how are your horses, your cows, your pigs, your poultry; how is your cherry-cheek'd dairy maid; but above all, my hero, how are your gallant yeomen and their noble Captain?

Worth. All brave and hearty—Major I'm to call you. Well, I'm proud to see you. They told me you was wounded.

Man. A trifle, a trifle—tumbled down and got up again—You and I, Jack, don't give in for a knock-down blow—Do we, my heart?

Worth. No, no, no; that won't do, will it? And when will you come and see us? I've nurs'd up the cropt mare for you; she's in topping order. Lawk-a-day, I wish I was out of this town.

Man. You are but just come into it. We shall find something to amuse you. You like a good song for instance, don't you?

Worth. Dearly.

Man. And if a good girl sings it, and a pretty girl, you wou'd like it none the less.

Worth. A great deal the better. There is not a fellow in England fonder of a good girl, and more shy of a bad one. Zooks, I never go near none of 'em!

Man. That's well. Follow me then, and I'll carry you to one of the right sort. By my soul, Worthiman, to fall in thus unexpectedly with a kind friend, whom I am so very much oblig'd to, is a pleasure I have not felt this many and many a day.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Earl of Burville's House.

Lord BURVILLE and General HIGHMORE.

L. Bur. Well, my good brother, I have now repeated to you every circumstance, and, as nearly as I cou'd recollect, every word, that pass'd during my interview with Major Manford. Give me leave to ask if you paid any attention to it?

Gen. Profound.

L. Bur. I am glad of it, for it is highly interesting to me, and I really fear'd your thoughts were otherwise employ'd, as you never made the smallest remark, or express'd the slightest emotion.

Gen. I hope not; to interrupt a gentleman in his story is not my practice, and to be mov'd; or, as you term it, to express emotion, is not my character. I am immoveable.

L. Bur. But you have an opinion.

Gen. As yet none. I am not hasty in forming opinions, for when once that is done I never alter them. I am unchangeable.

L. Bur. Then I believe, General, I need trouble you no farther, but may go to my daughter.

Gen. Certainly you may; but you will not trouble me if you do not talk to me. I am meditating.

L. Bur. [*Aside.*] What shall I do? I am unwilling to carry bad news to poor Caroline, and

I am curious to discover what the result of these profound meditations may be.

Gen. My Lord and brother, I have made up my opinion. Give me a pinch of snuff, if you please—This it is.—When Major Manford offer'd himself to your daughter, you had a right to refuse him. When you offer'd your daughter to Major Manford, he had a right to refuse you. I am peremptory.

L. Bur. Is that all you have to say upon the subject?

Gen. That is not all. I have to say, that the Earl of Burville has lower'd himself extremely. I blush for him. He might as well have cried his daughter at the cross.

L. Bur. What cou'd I do? She is broken-hearted, she is dying.

Gen. Ladies never die of broken hearts. I have decided.

L. Bur. Have you decided upon any thing else!

Gen. I have decided that your honour is at issue, and you must act with energy in the support of it. When you separated your daughter from Sir Richard Malcolm, it was a point of law; the sword had nothing to do with it. But when the fellow's dirty business was over, I felt it incumbent on me to quarrel with him, and for the honour of my family, I insulted him in the lobby of the Opera House. It was unavoidable, and, to do the fellow justice, he seem'd to think so himself, for he took it patiently.

L. Bur. I presume you wou'd not have me make the same experiment upon Major Manford.

Gen. No, no; you have not those lengths to take with Major Manford, seeing he is an officer

and a gentleman. But as you have lower'd yourself in his eyes, you must strive to regain his good opinion by seeking occasion to affront him. There is no doubt but he will fight you, when, I flatter myself, you will have an opportunity of re-establishing your reputation. I have said it. You have my advice. Good day to you. [*Exit.*]

Lord BURVILLE.

You are a madman, o' my conscience, a rank madman, and I am a fool for condescending to consult you.

Lady CAROLINE enters.

L. Car. Oh! my father, how could you be so long return'd, and not tell me what has pass'd with Major Manford?

L. Bur. Because I had nothing to tell you that would give you comfort. He is inflexible.

L. Car. He has reason. I expected it. I love him the better for his inflexibility, because I honour him the more.

L. Bur. To relate what I said to him, would be too painful, to repeat what he said to me, would be too humiliating. In short, there is no hope.

L. Car. I do not seek to encourage any hope. I deserve none, and am reconciled to despair. It is all at an end. I know my fate, and am prepared to support it. I take for granted he will marry Fanny Rivers; I can't suppose he would let her live with him, if he was not engaged to her.

L. Bur. I put that question to him—He replied, that he was engaged to his profession.

L. Car. Ah, that's equivocal; she may be call'd a part of his profession. I understand she is the sister of a brother officer, and bequeath'd to his protection. Generous Manford! his heart is honour's sanctuary; no baseness can dwell there. He will protect the relict of his friend—thrice happy girl!—he'll marry her.

L. Bur. As I went down the stairs, I cross'd upon her. She's very beautiful.

L. Car. Yes, yes, I doubt it not. Any features that nature has not marr'd, will appear beautiful, when the heart's gladden'd with the blest assurance of being destined to a man like him. I had that conscious source of beauty once; she has it now. Therefore she flourishes, and I am faded.

L. Bur. My child, my child, you agonize my heart, to think that I have been the cause of this.

L. Car. No; I acquit you. 'Twas not in your nature to be my tyrant; 'twas not in your power. If I lov'd you too well not to obey you, though I am ruin'd, why do I regret it? Henceforth, my lord, I will be quite resign'd. You shall not have the pain to hear one sigh, for fear you should interpret it as a reproach—Now tell me, how is my lost friend in health?

L. Bur. Well, it should seem. A few shades darker for his expedition.

L. Car. That is no detriment—But, he was wounded. Is he well of that?

L. Bur. Perfectly, I should suppose. I saw no signs to the contrary.

L. Car. I knew, I knew my Manford was a hero. Oh, that I might but see him once again!

L. Bur. I wish'd him to come to you, and humbly ask'd it of him as a favour—

L. Car. Well—

L. Bur. He refused it.

L. Car. In what way? Angrily?

L. Bur. No, no, not angrily; but with great emotion.

L. Car. There's hope in that—there is a gleam of hope in that emotion. Oh! my lord, my lord, if you could but describe his manner to me, I would not quite despair. But hold—I do conjure you not to attempt it. You may give his words; you cannot give his voice; you may describe his action; to be felt, it must be seen, and no eyes but my own can, in that action, see and read his heart. I beg you'll leave me to reflect awhile.

L. Bur. Most readily, my child—Alas! poor thing, how she loves him still! [*Aside, and exit.*]

Lady CAROLINE alone.

No; that won't do; I must not press upon him; there is an indelicacy in that—and might offend him—I'll not venture that—If I must not aspire to that noble heart, I will at least not forfeit his respect—The people, where he lodges, keep a shop. I know the house, and if I had it watch'd till he was out, I might drop in and see this famous beauty. 'Tis said she sings enchantingly, and I was told her drawings are exhibited for sale—If that be so, I'm free to purchase of her; but I won't let her know me—I have a project forming in my thoughts; but I must shape it, and consult my father. [*Exit.*]

Major Manford's Apartments.

MANFORD and DAVID.

Man. Have you clean'd those pistols, as I bade you?

Dav. I have, your honour.

Man. Have you loaded them?

Dav. I had no orders.

Man. Load 'em.

Dav. I will. May I be so bold as to ask, if your honour is going to turn out?

Man. Don't be inquisitive. Do as I bid you.

Dav. I shall do as you bid me, and I won't be inquisitive; but, if your honour takes the field, I shan't keep in the house. That's all. [*Exit.*]

Man. There is a certain General Highmore, a crazy fighting fellow; and so quarrelsome, that he is hardly fit to go loose in civilized society. I think it probable, Lord Burville's visit may devolve upon me a favour of the like sort from his sword-and-pistol brother, this same crack'd-brain'd man of war.

WORTHIMAN *looks in.*

Wor. Oh, I'm glad you are alone. I want to speak to you. I am thinking, Major, that I had best turn short about, and go home again. I have seen you, and I have seen my relations, and I have nothing more to do in town.

Man. What's the matter now?

Wor. Nay, nothing, but that I shall be much better in the country. London don't suit me. I believe the air don't agree with me. It has a strange effect upon my spirits.

Man. Well, but you'll stay and hear another song.

Wor. No, no; I won't hear any more songs, if you please. I rather believe I have heard one too many; it is so unlike the songs we sing in the country, it puts me out of conceit with 'em. Besides, it raises ugly notions in me: it causes me to envy you, Major Manford, and that, I take it, is as bad a thing as can belong to me.

Man. You need not envy me, my friend, for I am neither maker of the songs, or the lover of the songstress.

Wor. How; What! Not the lover of what is so lovely! I beg your pardon, major; but I think you can't be in earnest.

Man. Upon my honour, I'm sincere. I told you Fanny Rivers's situation, as to me; and now I tell you the true state of my heart as to her.

Wor. Well, you amaze me. I was not ten minutes in her company before—But what am I talking of?—A dunce, a dunderhead, that has not three ideas—plague on't, a pretty fool I should be—No, no, I'll go home again: I've no plot upon uncle Mapletoft's fortune; besides, he is, in fact, no uncle of mine. I wouldn't give *that* [*snaps his fingers.*] for his fortune. Major, I'll go home again.

DAVID enters.

Dav. A gentleman desires to see you, who calls himself Lieutenant-General Highmore. I don't recollect any such general in our campaigns.

Man. No matter what you recollect. Shew the gentleman up. [*Exit David.*] Worthiman you must leave us.

Wor. Yes, I mean to leave you; but mayn't I go and take leave of Miss Fanny? she ask'd me

as I came up the stairs. But I was daunted then, and came to you. I am in better heart now.

Man. Go, go, my good fellow; she'll welcome you—My visitor is coming. [*Exit Worthiman.*]

General HIGHMORE enters.

Gen. Your most humble servant, Major Manford! I presume I need not announce myself to you.

Man. General Highmore, I believe—

Gen. The same. My brother, the Earl of Burville, has inform'd me of his conference with you: he has been express and circumstantial. You have done no more than what you had a right to do, in refusing my niece; but my brother is degraded by the manner of your doing it—you comprehend me, sir?—

Man. Not very clearly.

Gen. I am not apt to be obscure. I will endeavour to be more explicit. The Earl of Burville must not be treated by Major Manford, in the way that Major Manford has been pleased to treat him.

Man. I thought you said that I had done no more than I had a right to do.

Gen. True, as to fact, not to form. My brother has deposited his reputation in your hands, and I must have it back again, as pure as when he committed it to your keeping. Am I perspicuous?

Man. No, I protest you have fairly puzzled me. It should seem to me, that this is not your affair, but Lord Burville's. Do you bring me any message from him?

Gen. No, sir, I bring no message. I am principal.

Man. Oh, then I understand you. Lord Burville has nothing to say to me, but you have. You are his champion, and are come to demand an apology, or provoke a rencontre? [*The General nods assent.*] You shall be satisfied directly. Your character is so well known, as a profess'd duellist, that I have nothing more to do than to call for my pistols, and take my distance. That shall be near enough, I promise you: I never did turn out, and one of us, at least, shall never turn back again.

Gen. Are you so bloody, sir?

Man. Spare your remarks. I won't be trifled with. You shall have no apology. What have I done to you, or to your brother, or to your niece, that should provoke you to attempt my life, or wantonly expose your own? Do you think a soldier, who has fought the enemies of his nation in a climate, whose sun smites with blindness, and whose blasts are pestilential, is to be driven into any measures by the terror of a duel? Dedman! fetch my pistols. [*David looks in, and exit.*]

Gen. You are warm, sir: you are also vociferous, and high in mouth.

Man. Never mind what I am. Look to yourself. I execrate a duellist; I regard him as a mad dog, and will put him to death in self-defence with as little remorse—[*David returns with the pistols.*] Oh! very well! They are loaded, are they not?

Dav. Aye, aye, sir, and prim'd too. They are in beautiful order.

Man. Lock the door. Put them on the table. Now take your choice, sir, and examine your pistol.

Dav. [*To the General.*] I am sure you'll like it, General; feather spring, take notice.

Gen. Major Manford, give me leave to observe, that you are a considerable deal too quick in this business. In the first place, I have given you no absolute challenge; in the next place, if I had, I never fail to give a gentleman time to settle his affairs.

Man. Pooh! I have none to settle. I have done my duty to my king and country: I have a clear conscience, and I appeal to heaven, that this duel is not of my own seeking.

Gen. Is it of mine?

Man. What else did you come here for?

Gen. Simply to expostulate about my brother.

Man. Did he desire you to do that?

Gen. I cannot say he did.

Man. Did Lady Caroline?

Gen. No, most incontrovertibly no.

Man. 'Tis clear then what you came for—To discover the temperature of my spirit, and regulate your own accordingly. It is not so *my* general would have done. He was no duellist. He died for England; but not by English hands, as you or I must, if you choose to persist.

Gen. Sir, I am not contentious without cause. Your language is too high. 'Tis you, yourself, that urge this duel on me. My courage has been tried, as well as yours. We neither of us can gain by this rencontre.

Man. If you think so, a few words may probably dismiss it.

Gen. I am not verbose. But for apologies, I never make them. You have been ill-treated, I confess that; and therefore make allowances for warmth. Now, sir, as no living being can wave a duel with greater impunity than I can, I tender you my hand. If you decline it, I take your pistol.

Man. Oh, your hand, your hand; I'll never turn out with a brother soldier, if I can help it. Thus we seal our peace.

Gen. And establish our friendship. Any message to my lord and brother?

Man. You brought me none from him.

Gen. Any to the Lady Caroline, my niece?

Man. For the same reason, none.

Gen. I understand you. You have taken your resolutions. In the like case, I should be, in the like manner, pertinacious. Adieu! [*Exit.*

Day. I thought that stiff-back'd fellow wouldn't fight. Shall I draw the charges, Major? When you offer'd him so civilly to take a pistol, I wonder how he could find in his heart to refuse you.

Man. Put the pistols by, and no comments upon what has pass'd. I am going out. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes.

WORTHIMAN and FANNY.

Fan. Surely, that General makes a long visit to the Major.

Wor. He's gone, and the Major has walk'd out.

Fan. I am afraid then your politeness to me has kept you at home.

Wor. Politeness! No, Miss Fanny, I have no claim to that. My manners are not suited to the politeness of high life, and my amusements are of a very different sort from what are call'd the pleasures of the town.

Fan. I dare say they are much more rational, and much more eligible. Time don't hang heavy on your hands, I can well believe.

Worth. Why, I have a good deal of occupation out of doors, and 'tis well I have; for there's little within to cheer me; no mother, no sister, no wife—And as for reading, my education has not look'd that way; though I can take up a book now and then, and shou'd much oftener, if I had a sensible companion to encourage me in it.

Fan. The Major tells me that you have a delightful situation, and a very comfortable mansion—At least you made it such to him.

Worth. I wish to my heart he may have lik'd it well enough to come again—And, oh Miss Fanny, if you wou'd condescend to visit a plain yeoman with him—The Lord have mercy upon me! what a happy fellow you wou'd make me—Dearest heart alive, how I wou'd strive to find some entertainment for you! Let me see, let me see, perhaps you like riding.

Fan. Of all things. A horse is my delight.

Worth. Then, I can suit you—The gentlest, prettiest creature—and will carry you so safe and easy—How I shall fondle it for your sake! But do you really think the Major will like to come?

Fan. I am very certain he can come to no one he likes so well.

Worth. You charm me to hear you say so. Perhaps you take pleasure in a garden. I have abundance of flowers. I am very fond of them myself.

Fan. You can't be more so than I am. In short the pleasures of the country, are the only pleasures I can truly taste.

Worth. Lord, Lord, how proud and happy you have made me! how I will work to get the garden gay against you come—And the roan-horse—No body shall back him from this day forward, but myself—I'll break him to the side-saddle, I'll

make his mouth as light as a feather. I turn my back on no body for that. And I'll have such beds of flowers—And, let me see, I'll paper—Yes, that I will, I'll paper the brown oak parlour.

Fan. No, don't do that; don't paper the brown oak parlour.

Worth. Shan't I? I am afraid you'll think it gloomy—suppose I painted it?

Fan. High treason. You'll spoil it if you paint it.

Worth. Then I won't touch it. If I had only something of your doing; any one of your cast-off drawings to hang up—How I should doat upon it!

Fan. If that wou'd please you, any of my drawings are at your service. None can be too good for Major Manford's friend.

Worth. You are too good. Your kindness overpowers me. I must not stay with you. I beg your pardon—I know I am not worthy to approach you. Heaven in its mercy bless you and protect you! [Exit.

Fan. What a kind soul that is! Yes, yes, I see he merits the esteem of my belov'd protector.

The Mistress of the Lodgings, followed by Lady CAROLINE.

Mist. Miss Rivers, this lady desires to be introduced to you—She has been looking at your drawings, and wishes to communicate her opinion of them. [Exit.

Fan. The lady does me honour. Have you seen any of my humble performances, Madam, that you approve of?

L. Car. All; I approve of all: but drawing is not your only talent; I understand you are musical.

Fan. Simply an amateur, Madam; not a professor.

L. Car. You sing, I am told.

Fan. I attempt it, when my friends condescend to desire it.

L. Car. When I may deserve that title, I hope I may enjoy that gratification. I have seen your collection below stairs, which I am to account with you for. I understand you have other drawings which you do not expose for sale.

Fan. A few portraits of my friends. Wou'd you wish to see them?

L. Car. You wou'd very much oblige me.

Fan. [*Opens her port-folio.*] This was my deceas'd brother. I believe it resembles what he was.

L. Car. A most interesting countenance. It resembles you.

Fan. I have been told so. I wou'd the likeness held throughout. It never fell to my lot to experience equal perfection in a human being, except in one man, one friend in my affliction, and, thank Heaven, he is living.

L. Car. You have the portrait of that friend, I hope.

Fan. Yes, yes, I have that treasure. If the evil day shou'd ever come when I shall lose that friend. You weep.—How happens it you are so tender, to weep for one you never saw before?

L. Car. Go on, go on! Don't ask me why I weep. Describe his virtues, tell me all his bounties, then let me see if you have skill to paint the graces of his person.

Fan. Ah, then I see you know him.

L. Car. You have found me. I came to impose upon you; but I cannot.

Fan. You are Lady Caroline Malcolm.

L. Car. I am that unhappy one. [*She sinks into*

a chair.] Don't be alarm'd, my dear; I shall not faint. I am recovering—Don't shew me Manford's picture if I ask you; that might be dangerous; never let me see him, whilst I have life. I cannot be your rival; therefore don't hate me, for I will be your friend. I have taken all your drawings; never more shall you be so degraded. Accept this pocket-book; nay, I entreat you, I insist upon it; it will supply you till I have more to give you. Will you admit me at this hour tomorrow, and will you be alone?

Fan. I must consult the Major, and shew him what you have been pleas'd to give me.

L. Car. Do so; do every thing that he approves, and then your conscience will approve of you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

MAPLETOFT, *Mrs.* MAPLETOFT, WORTHIMAN,
TIM.

Map. Come along, gentlemen both. Here we are all together; a family party; I and my dame, my nephew and her nephew. Now to business.—Timothy Mapletoft, man-milliner and mercer, hatter and hosier, and as many more et cæteras as may belong to you, I will begin with you.

Tim. Hear I am, uncle; speak your pleasure.

Map. Timothy, I did never hear that your mother's honesty was call'd in question, therefore I may conclude you are my own brother's son; and of course my nephew: the premises being granted, I can't traverse the conclusion.

Tim. May I be further, uncle, if I don't think the air of London has set a new edge upon your wits. I never heard you hold forth so eloquently before.

Map. Will you be silent? If you will not, I shall pass you by, and turn to Worthiman—Being my nephew, you are my next of kin; being my next of kin, you shou'd be my heir; but whether that will so turn out or not, depends upon yourself.

Tim. Oh, then its all settled, for I have all the good will in life that it shou'd so turn out, and speedily.

Map. I am oblig'd to you; but I don't mean to leave this life one hour the sooner for your wishing it.

Worth. You have overshot yourself, Timothy; you had best mind your brief.

Tim. Farmer Worthiman, mind your plough and your pig-stye, and don't tutor me in the graces. My uncle knows I did not wish to shorten his days; I only wish'd him to shorten his discourse.

Map. And when did you ever speak, chattering puppy, that every body didn't wish you to shorten your discourse? stand aside, while I address myself to the farmer, as you call him—John Worthiman, farmer, yeoman, volunteer! what have you to say for yourself?

Worth. Nothing. I have nothing to say for myself.

Map. What! have you nothing—You that employ the plough for the sustenance of your countrymen, and carry a sword for their defence, have you nothing to say for yourself—And is this man-milliner to say all? I wou'dn't be thought to despise any one for his vocation; a man may measure out inkle and tape all the days of his life, and be an honest member of the community, but when he vapours over a character like yours, my blood boils in my veins, and makes me eloquent—Worthiman, I call upon you to speak.

Worth. Uncle, I am no talker, and on this subject I choose to be silent. Timothy is your right heir, I have no claim to one farthing of your money. I said a foolish thing when I jested him about minding his brief. I wish the words had never pass'd my lips; I am asham'd of myself; 'twas unfair, and I ask his pardon.

Tim. Oh, very well, I am glad you take shame to yourself. Now, uncle, I hope you will hear me again.

Mrs. Map. Timothy Mapletoft, if you are wise, say nothing. Depend upon it you will ruin your own cause.

Tim. Thank you, good madam, but I know what I'm about. I was not born yesterday. I have carried on business in the capital of the county where I live, with unrivall'd reputation. My uncle himself has sat in my shop and witness'd the crowds of customers that flock'd to it. He has seen me serve them with a dexterity and address, that, I am sure, must have done me honour in his opinion. He has been present at the club when I have been call'd to the chair, and elected toast-master; he has heard me give my song, when the whole room has echoed with applause of my falsetta-cadence at the close of it—Shall I give it you?

Map. Keep your tongue still, and don't expose yourself to the contempt of the company.

Tim. I may expose myself to the contempt of this company, but I was not treated with contempt by the company at the Hand and Collyflower assembly, when I was unanimously voted M. S. Master of the Ceremonies. Cou'd Worthiman have executed that office? Cou'd a grazier have officiated for the Graces? He cou'd not. He may perhaps know his place in the manœuvres of a squadron, but, believe me, he wou'd have been grievously out of the ranks in the evolutions of a cotillion.

Map. Have you done?

Tim. For the present.

Map. Then take my advice, and walk out into the streets; ask the first man you meet, the way to Lad-lane; betake yourself with all speed to the Swan with two necks, secure an outside place for to-morrow's stage-coach, seat yourself for once on the roof, and let the penance you shall there endure, work repentance for the folly you have been guilty of. Take notice, I don't turn

you out of my house, but as you advis'd me to shorten my discourse; I recommend you to shorten your stay.

[*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Mapletoft.*]

TIMOTHY, WORTHIMAN.

Tim. You think, perhaps, you have vex'd me, Mr. Worthiman; that is not in your power. You flatter yourself that you can blind my eyes; that you cannot do. I understand your plot, be assured.

Worth. What do you understand it to be?

Tim. Nothing more than an ingenious device, with your good aunt's assistance, to work me out of my uncle's favour, and worm yourself into it.

Worth. I'll answer that in three words, and then hold no further conversation with you on the subject—You are mistaken.

Tim. I'll tell you this, Sir, for your comfort—I am not, as you are, of a fighting profession. There was a moment when I meditated to turn out a volunteer as you have done: it might have been a proud day for England if I had done so; but the corps wou'd not buy their plumes at my shop, and I indignantly declined the service. I do not wear a sword, else I shou'd call you out; but I handle a pen, and you shall hear from me.

Worth. I hope so; but let me hear from you as a friend; above all things, keep your resolution, and don't call me out. We have been so long expecting, and so constantly prepared to obey the call, that if ever you were to make the experiment upon me, I might perhaps take you at your word, and in an unlucky moment, deprive the world of a man-milliner.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Scene changes.

MANFORD and WORTHIMAN.

Worth. Major, I want a bit of your advice. Here am I every minute getting on faster and faster at a teasing rate, and can't find out for the life of me whether I'm in the right track or the wrong. Now, if you know Miss Fanny's mind about me, I think you wou'd not see me run my head against a disappointment, and not warn me of it.

Man. Certainly not; but are you fairly in to the full length of love, or only smitten with a pretty face?

Worth. Lord, with a face! How can you talk of that? If Miss Fanny had no beauty, I shou'd be in love with her for her modesty and good nature, and all that.

Man. But as she has beauty, Worthiman, we don't know how much *all that* wou'd go for without it.

Worth. Well, well, she is out of sight so far above me, that by my soul, I wou'd not be in love with her if I cou'd help it; for I shou'dn't like to make myself a puppy, and be sent about my business by her: that wou'd hit hard. But if you say to me—John, get thee home; thou hast no chance; why, I'll be off before you can look round.

Man. I don't say that, nor do I say, go on, unless you find yourself encouraged by her.

Worth. Why, sometimes I think yes, and sometimes no. She says she likes the country; what of that? There are more countries in the world than mine. She takes delight in flowers, and she

loves horses ; why, that's no proof that she loves those who keep 'em. So you see, Major, I'm hamper'd cruelly ; and like enough, I, that have been happy for my whole life past, may now be miserable for my whole life to come.

Man. No, your own heart will always make you happy.

Worth. Nay, I'm not sure that love has not chang'd even that. I am no longer the contented man that I have been, I never yet look'd over my own hedge with envy on my neighbour's property, but now, now I am the most dissatisfied fellow breathing ; I want to be richer, and greater, and wiser, and every way better than I am, to be worthy of Miss Rivers.

Man. Well, get you gone. I hear her coming hither, and we must have some private conversation.

Worth. Lord, Lord, what a nice creature she is !

[*Exit.*

FANNY RIVERS to MANFORD.

Fan. Was not that Mr. Worthiman ?

Man. Yes, that was Mr. Worthiman. He and I have been in close conference ; and what do you infer from that, Fanny ?

Fan. Nay, nothing, Sir. What shou'd I infer ?

Man. Why, you may suppose, if you please, that you yourself was in part the subject of our conference. I am apt to speak of you to those I confide in, for I think of you very much, and feel for you very sincerely.

Fan. You are ever good to me.

Man. I certainly have it most anxiously at heart, to see you happy and establish'd. I know your worth ; and can estimate your beauty and accomplishments at their full value. But what

are these attractions, my poor Fanny, but aggravated danger, were you to remain single, and be out of my protection?

Fan. Dear sir, don't speak of that, at least not now, for I have something to impart to you, of which my heart is full, and throbbing with impatience to unburden itself. Pray, do not start at what I am about to tell you; but give me time to explain myself—I have been visited by Lady Caroline Malcolm—

Man. Fanny—

Fan. Remember my petition, and hear me. She was introduc'd to me, as a purchaser of my productions, and in the course of our conversation, you being mention'd, her agitation became uncontrollable, and she discover'd herself to me.

Man. What caus'd her agitation?

Fan. I had shewn her my brother's portrait, and was about to shew her yours. She had anxiously desired to see it; but it was not produced.

Man. You have done wrong.

Fan. Then I have err'd in ignorance. Oh! sir, I never yet upheld my judgment against yours; but in this single instance conscience and humanity plead for me. Picture to yourself a being of her exquisite sensibility surprised into a discovery, and fainting, as it were, in my very arms. What was I to do? Could I insult her situation? Was it for me to aggravate her affliction?

Man. No, no, oh no! I have wrongfully accused you. I should have pitied her, I should have supported her—How then could you do less?

Fan. I'm glad you see my conduct in that light, for if the forfeiture of your good opinion had

been attach'd to what I did, I must have sympathized with one, whose agony arose from such a cause.

Man. Fanny, for my sake, give no more descriptions; but, if you have any circumstance untold, briefly relate it.

Fan. She presented me with this. I have not open'd it. [*Shews the pocket-book.*]

Man. The pocket-book I gave her. Open it; come, come, untie it, and see what it contains.

Fan. Mercy defend me! What can all these be? [*Takes out bank-bills.*]

Man. Too much, too much—I can't examine them. Put 'em up again, put 'em up again.

Fan. Here is a writing. Shall I read it to you?

Man. I don't know—Give me time. Read it to yourself, and use your own discretion.

Fan. I must not read it to you. It is too flattering.

Man. Give it me. [*reads.*] “Madam, I now restore to you the last memorial of an injured man, who, though for ever lost, will be for ever lov'd. It is not fit that I should keep a token of him, whom you deserve, and I do not. The sum inclos'd shall annually be repeated, whether I live or die—Yours, Caroline.”—Here, take it, take it. [*He rises.*]

Fan. What must I do with it?

Man. How can I tell? Can't you perceive I am not fit to answer you? Why do you urge such questions?— [*Exit.*]

FANNY *alone.*

Oh! heav'ns, he is angry. No, that cannot be. His noble heart is torn with struggling passions—And see! he comes again.

MANFORD returns.

Man. My dear, dear child, forgive those hasty words! I cannot pain thy gentle heart, my Fanny, and be at peace one moment.

Fan. Enough, my generous friend, more than enough. 'Tis done away. 'Tis past.

Man. You see, you know the cause. Fanny, Fanny, how I have lov'd that woman!—

Fan. How you do love her! Come, you must forgive. Errors repented of, correct the heart.

Man. Hush!—

Fan. No, sir, you are studious to point out my happiness; now let me shew you where your own is fixt.

Man. What can you know of Lady Caroline? She has a thousand captivating ways. You are all credulity, and she can talk.

Fan. She can do more than talk. Here is a witness—*[Shews the pocket-book.]* and now, sir, I must tell you, I expect her with every moment.

Man. What! expect her here! Will she come here again? I must not see her.

Fan. She does not look for it; she does not wish it; nay, she condition'd with me that I should be alone.

Man. Oh, very well! She does not wish to see me—'Tis very well. I understand it all.

Fan. My dear, dear sir, what are you talking of?

Man. Of nothing—of a woman. I have done. I am all over wounded, and am silent, whilst she cries out, who has not got a scratch.

Mistress of the House enters.

Mis. The lady, who was here yesterday, desires to know if she can see Miss Rivers alone.

Man. Oh, yes, alone—Miss Rivers is alone—The lady may come up. [*Exit Mistress of the House.*] She will not see me—Well, well, that may be, as I shall please—Fanny, we'll have no more of these visits. [*Exit.*]

FANNY alone.

I never saw him in this way before. I am so terrified, I scarce know how I shall support myself in this dilemma.

Lady Caroline enters to FANNY RIVERS.

L. Car. I venture once more to intrude upon you, Miss Rivers, for a few minutes. I confess it was curiosity led me hither, for the first time; I now come to you for the last time in friendship and affection, to renew the tender of my services. Does Major Manford know that I am with you?

Fan. He does.

L. Car. Is he at home?

Fan. He is at home.

L. Car. Then, my dear, I have only to say to you, that, resolv'd as I am to relinquish all hope of conciliating Major Manford, the only consolation I have left is, that of enabling you to make him happy.

Fan. Lady Caroline, I beg pardon, but really I don't clearly comprehend you.

L. Car. Nay, my dear, I presume you read my

note, and have examined the contents of the pocket-book.

Fan. Your note, madam, has been read, but the amount of your donation has not been examined.

L. Car. You'll find it to be two hundred pounds. That sum I mean to settle on you as an annuity; well knowing that those humble resources, which you avail yourself of in your single state, Manford's spirit would not suffer you to condescend to, as his wife.

Fan. As his wife! that I can never be. Lady Caroline, you are in an error that has led you to misapply your favours, you must allow me to return them to you.

L. Car. Stop, if you please. Inform me first, if you are well assured of what you tell me.

Fan. I tell you perfect truth.

L. Car. Have you Manford's permission for it? Have you his word, his authority for what you say?

Fan. All; every thing, that can convince me it is not in his contemplation, nor ever ought to be in mine.

L. Car. Never ought to be! Then you have had hopes?

Fan. None. His honour never suffer'd me to have them.

L. Car. 'Tis wonderful. You certainly deserve him. He must admire you, and I am persuaded the only obstacle to your obtaining him is want of fortune. That I have now supply'd from my abundance: take it, and be happy! Comfort enough for me that I have aton'd.

Fan. Madam, that offer is so truly noble, I only wish, for your sake and for Major Manford's, that he were present to have heard you make it.

MANFORD *enters.*

Man. My Lady Caroline, my servant tells me, your father waits—

L. Car. Sir! Major Manford! I'll attend my father as soon as I am able.

Man. Ah, madam, these are unprofitable, painful visits. I should not so lament them, Lady Caroline, if no one suffer'd by them but myself.

Fan. Alas, you frighten me, you look so pale, my dear, dear sir, I'm sure you are not well.

Man. I am wounded both by friend and enemy—In spirit and in body.

L. Car. [*runs to him.*] Help, help! he'll faint. Call for some help directly—Oh, Manford, Manford, how my heart bleeds for you!

Man. Don't be alarm'd. I thank you for your kind and tender care of me. 'Twill soon be over. I am recovering.

L. Car. Rest upon me! I can support you still.

Man. If we poor soldiers could be so supported, we should seek out for wounds, or perhaps feign them.

WORTHIMAN *and* DAVID *enter.*

But here's my friend, and honest David—'Tis not the first time he has borne me off.

Dav. Come, come, Major; I knew this wound would trouble you. You must lie down upon the couch awhile.

Man. Worthiman, I charge you take care of Lady Caroline; conduct her to her coach. Lord Burville waits.

L. Car. May I not stay with you?

Man. No, no; this soldier and my Fanny here will take me to my chamber. Worthiman, be careful of the lady.

[*Fanny and David lead out Manfred.*]

Lady CAROLINE and WORTHIMAN.

L. Car. Heaven guard his life! Ah, Mr. Worthiman, you are his friend. You may return to him; I never must.

Wor. Don't say so, Lady Caroline. I can't hear you speak so despairingly, and not feel for you. My friend feels for you too: I am sure he does. He couldn't be the brave man that he is—He couldn't be a man at all, if he did not. Don't cry, don't cry! I cannot bear to see it. Dry up your tears, and get into the coach. I'll come and tell you how he is directly—Within an hour at most.

L. Car. Will you indeed?

Wor. I will, upon my soul; and bring you comfort too—at least I hope so.

L. Car. Then you have a generous heart, and I am with you. Give me your hand.

Wor. There it is—A hard one—but not such my heart. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

Major MANFORD, *WORTHIMAN*, and *DAVID*.

Dav. I pray your honour not to think of going out of doors as yet.

Wor. No, no, indeed, Major, you must be content to stay at home and nurse yourself.

Dav. I know the nature of those gun-shot wounds. I have been seiz'd in the same way many a time, when I thought myself quite well, and all was over. After I got this knock upon my skull, I had such vagaries in my head at times, that people thought me crazy. Ah, Mr. Worthiman, folks at home little think what we poor soldiers suffer.

Man. John, have you sent to Lady Caroline, to say that I'm recover'd?

Wor. She shall be inform'd of it.

Dav. Please your honour, I am of opinion that the best doctors in the world are women, especially if they are handsome. I never shall forget the serjeant's pretty wife, that brought me to, when I was left for dead upon the sand hills yonder.

Man. Go, get you gone. Leave me with Mr. Worthiman.

Dav. Well, I am glad you are come about again, however. [*Exit David.*]

Man. David chatters at random. But there is meaning mix'd with his nonsense. His remark about women is not far from the truth; they are no bad doctors, Worthiman, after all. I dare say you would have taken my fit to have lain in Fanny's arms, as I did in Lady Caroline's.—

Wor. For half an hour of such delight, upon my soul, I would have endured torments. By the way, Major, I did not think, just then, that you were very much to be pitied.

FANNY RIVERS *enters.*

Fan. Ah, my dear sir, thank heaven you are recover'd! How you did frighten us! Poor Lady Caroline—

Man. Well, if you please, poor Lady Caroline—though I was just then thinking of poor Fanny—I am free to own to you, I now begin to doubt my resolution, and seriously suspect I must betake myself to the coward's resource, and run away.

Wor. No, hang it, Major, better stand your ground, and die a sturdy, valiant, married man, than run away and linger out your life, a sneaking bachelor.

Man. Worthiman, don't talk treason. I don't want your counsel; I only ask, if I come to your door, whether you'll let me in.

Wor. Will I! Oh! hang it, Major, will I not, come how you may; but if you bring my lady, I've room for two.

Man. Well, never fear me. I shan't come alone. This dear good girl will not desert her friend, even in his flight. Will you make room for her?

Wor. Jerusalem! Make room—I'll pull the barns down, but I'll make room for her. Sulphur and smoke, what a bright day will that be, when I see her enter my humble cottage. She must stoop that lovely head, if she has plumes upon it, to enter my low doors. I am fain to do it, when I have got my helmet on, myself. Take

notice, Miss Fanny, you said you lov'd a horse—didn't you say it?

Fan. I did, and I repeat it.

Wor. Well then, remember when the troop turns out, and I am in the saddle on my charger, you will love one of us.

Fan. True; but don't quarrel with your horse about it. I shall wish well to both.

Man. Now then, my dear, no trifling; you see our friend here loves you at his heart. You would not hurt him; 'tis not in your nature. If you are not disposed to make him happy; don't go to his house and make him miserable.

Fan. Well, sir, after what you have said, I can't plead ignorance of conditions; so that if you were this moment on your departure, and the carriage at the door, I would, I would—Worthiman, what do you guess I would do? I would get into it, and take the consequences. [*Exit.*]

MANFORD, WORTHIMAN.

Man. There, John; I think this looks auspiciously. If I can see you and my Fanny happy, 'twill be a balance against many sorrows.

Wor. I thank you, Major, but I check my joy, because I think one friend should not be merry, whilst t'other friend is sad. But still, I hope, you're not resolv'd to leave that charming woman, in whose fond arms you seem'd content to die. Can you not also be content to live, and let her live? You would not treat your enemy, if he was at your feet, as you treat her.

Man. That's a strong charge. You have not heard my wrongs.

Wor. Are any wrongs too great to be forgiven?

Man. If you can prove, when I am once deceived, I ought to trust the person that deceiv'd me, you then, and not till then, may set up a defence for her duplicity.

Wor. Well, Major, I was always taught to think, that mercy and forgiveness were inseparable from the character of a hero; but, I perceive, no man is a hero in every moment of his life.

Man. Come, come, we don't agree; so let us part, whilst we are friends. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Scene changes to Lord Burville's House.

Lord BURVILLE, General HIGHMORE, Lady CAROLINE.

Gen. My lord and brother, and my lady niece, I am glad you lay aside all thoughts of Manford. 'Tis not for your honour to entertain them; 'tis not for your repose. Observe, I don't speak hypothetically.

L. Bur. You seldom do, and in this case, perhaps, you have reason for your confidence.

Gen. I have. I've been with Manford; I am in his bosom. We quarrell'd, I confess, and well nigh fought; but I saw reason, and for once I was pacified.

L. Car. I am glad to hear it.

Gen. You may be glad, for you were the cause of it. Now then, to avoid all future quarrels, I must recommend a journey to the country with all convenient speed. In that advice I am categorical.

L. Bur. But, brother, sure the town is big enough for him and us; besides, it does not suit me.

Gen. It does not suit you! Will Lord Burville

say it does not suit him, when I say his reputation dictates his departure out of the sphere of public observation?

L. Bur. General, you are not a father, and I am. I don't wish to carry the corpse of my daughter into the country, so long as I can keep her alive by staying in town. I am not quite so fond of that sort of reputation, as you would have me to be. To be more explicit with you, Caroline does not quite abandon hope.

Gen. Hope is a cheat, a counterfeit, that palms false coin upon us for true. When fortune is in my power, I command her; when she is not, I never deign to court her. I am inexorable to her flattery.

L. Car. True, uncle, you are perfect in all points; I am a poor weak woman, as you see me, aiming to catch at every straw that floats, in hopes to save myself from deep despair. My father, heaven reward him for his goodness, has pity for me, and is patient. You, I know, have great consideration for my honour; but, as you never have experienc'd the strength of love, you never have submitted to the weakness of pity.

Gen. No, madam, I have been no slave to love. It was a flaw in Manford's character, a stain, a blot, that glory has rubb'd out. I prob'd him to the quick, and found him sound, immutably resolv'd not to relapse into his former weakness; and I tell you, that, as you should not deceive yourself with hope, you should not trouble him with perseverance. If what I've said persuades you to release him, 'tis well; if not, I shall uphold him in his resolution. This is my fixt declaratory purpose, founded on judgment incontrovertible. Good day to you! [*Exit.*]

L. Bur. Poor silly soul, how he does weary

me with his dogmatical nonsense! Don't you expect a messenger from Manford?

L. Car. I do, and have given orders to let him in. 'Tis Worthiman, the bosom friend of Manford, I am expecting—and behold, he's here!

WORTHIMAN enters.

L. Car. You are punctual to your promise—Now, what news?

Worth. Good news. The Major has had no relapse.

L. Car. Is he quite recover'd—

Worth. I think so.

L. Bur. Sir, you are welcome: I rejoice to see you, and cordially I thank you for your care of my poor Caroline.

Worth. My Lord, I'm proud to be of any service to my Lady Caroline, or to your Lordship, in my humble way.

L. Car. Pray, let me ask you, have you any message?

Worth. From Manford, none. But I am not out of hope, from what I see, things may be coming round. My Lord, you'll pardon me for my plainness with Lady Caroline, I'm under promise to tell the truth, and that suits me best.

L. Bur. It suits me also, sir; so pray proceed.

Worth. Nay, I have little more than what I've told. I wou'd not flatter Lady Caroline, but yet I cannot for my soul conceive how any man can long hold out against her. I only guess at others by myself.

L. Bur. Then you make flattering guesses, let me tell you.

L. Car. Did your friend know that you were coming hither?

Worth. I told him so. He charg'd me to report to him if you were well, and found no ill effects from your alarm.

L. Car. That was most kind.

Worth. I don't see that; I think he might have said a good deal more, and not been overkind. Yet, to do him justice, I do believe he felt more than his words express'd.

L. Car. That, that was kinder still.

Worth. I can't discover any thing extraordinary in that either, but your Ladyship knows best. I'll now take my leave, and if any thing material occurs, I'll be sure to come to you.

L. Car. Thank you, my good friend, heartily I thank you. My love to Fanny—If Manford recollects to ask about me, tell him I'm well; no more.

Worth. You are right—No more. If he comes on no faster, 'tis not the lady's part to make the play, as we say on the turf. Farewell, my Lord, farewell, Lady Caroline! If in vain for Manford your bright eyes glisten, I know not of what materials he is made—Not human flesh and blood, I should guess. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes. The Lodging-House.

TIM MAPLETOFT *meeting* DAVID.

Tim. How do you do, courteous sir? I am proud to meet you. I court your acquaintance, for I perceive a great benignity and natural sweetness in your attractive features. If your occasions call you down to Maidstone, I'm in a public line of business there, and shall be glad to entertain you.

Dav. Oh, very well; I suppose you keep a public-house of entertainment—What's the sign of it?

Tim. The sign, the sign! I don't hang out a sign. I'm not a publican. I don't look like a publican.

Dav. I don't know that you do. What are you then? A dancing-master?

Tim. You are wider still; though dancing is my pastime; it is not my profession.

Dav. Then dammee if I care what you are. Only I'm sure you're not a gentleman.

Tim. So far you're right, for in the strictness of speaking, I am both male and female; a man-milliner—Two sexes in one; the judgment of the man, and the genius of the milliner.

Dav. Oh, very well. I have but one character, and I wou'd not change it for both your's. I am a soldier; now, what do you want with me?

Tim. Your friendship and assistance; in return for which I'll give you such a piece of nankeen cloth, as shall set you up with pantaloons and waistcoats as long as you live.

Dav. Well, how much friendship do you look to have for your nankeen?

Tim. As much as may facilitate my approach to the object of my adoration.

Dav. And what kind of thing is the object of your adoration?

Tim. The most delectable of all things; your young mistress, the lovely and elegant Miss Fanny Rivers.

Dav. What! have you got a box of caps to shew her? she won't buy of you; she won't deal with a man, that robs the poor women of their trade.

Tim. I don't want her to buy; I don't wish to

introduce my box. It wou'd only be in my way when I throw my person at her feet.

Dav. Oh, now I understand you. You have your person to dispose of, and you wish to throw it at her feet. I'll accommodate you directly. Have you got the nankeen ready? I'll introduce you without loss of time.

Tim. My dear, dear friend, I am everlastingly bound to you.

Dav. Oh, not at all. 'Tis only one flight higher in the two-pair-of-stairs. I'll show you up to her apartment directly; you need not trouble your head how to come down again; for you'll return home by a short way out of the window; you'll have a quick journey, for you'll never touch ground till you find yourself in the area. Now if you don't like to put yourself in my hands, apply to my master.

Tim. No, no, I'm too wise for that. I'll run no risques of that sort—If the servant talks of throwing me out of the window, the master can't do less than kick me down the stairs. A fine family I've got amongst—but I can tell 'em, my love is not to be slighted—Many a fair one before now has sigh'd in secret—and even if I shou'd stoop to Dolly Dowlass, poor soul! she might be taught, under my tuition, to make a genteel appearance. [Exit.

MANFORD enters.

Man. David, the General is come again. Go, and attend upon him.

Dav. I believe, I need not load the pistols this time. [Exit.

General HIGHMORE enters.

Gen. Manford, I'm yours. I won't repeat professions. I am your friend, and come to give you a proof of it.

Man. I never doubted you. But what has occur'd that calls for your good offices?

Gen. I do not like the proceedings of my family. The Earl of Burville, though he is my brother, is a weak man, I hardly know a weaker. Sir, on my word, I say it to you in confidence, though a peer of the realm, he has not the wit of a wood-pigeon.

Man. You under value him: indeed you do.

Gen. Sir, give me leave—I have been labouring to set him right, but advice does him no good. Nay, I rather think I have left him in worse confusion than I found him.

Man. That is sometimes the case.

Gen. It is very many times the case between him and me. His head is not malleable; I cannot hammer any sense into it. His faculties are obtuse.

Man. To what particular instance of that do you now refer?

Gen. Sir, I cannot prevail upon him to exonerate you from all farther trouble or concern on my niece's account, say what I will. 'Though she weeps incontinently as soon as ever you are nam'd, I cannot convince him that you are not to be melted by her tears.

Man. I should be very sorry if you could.

Gen. Pardon me, sir, I should be very sorry if I neglected any thing, that can make for your repose, and settle so tedious a business. My brother, not content with tormenting others, torments himself also. Because, Caroline has

call'd in her lawyer to make her will, he foolishly conceives she will make her exit. I know that has been said upon the coming in of the doctor, but I never heard it applied to the lawyer.

Man. General, I must plainly tell you, the greatest favour you can shew me, and the only one, is to let your brother and niece act for themselves, and not trouble yourself to interfere any farther between them and me.

Gen. I hope to do that effectually, for if my advice is taken, you hear no more of Caroline, and she goes out of town to-morrow.

Man. Then, sir, I follow her.

Gen. You follow her!

Man. Yes, sir, I follow her. Upon the slightest alarm, she supports me; if I suffer, she is all agitation, all alive to pity. Shall I sit still, while she is on the rack? No, sir, nor you, nor any man alive, shall force her from me, when my consolation is wanted to support her.

Gen. You astonish me: your mutability surprises me. I leave you all resentment, I find you all tenderness. I do not feel myself extremely well consider'd in all this. What fatality attends me, that, wherever I turn, I find confusion gathering all around me?

Man. You bring it with you, General, you don't find it.

Gen. You are not strictly courteous when you say so. I leave you; I withdraw; you charge upon me. My friendship is suspended; it lies over with other lesser points ad referendum.

[*Exit.*

MANFORD.

Man. That man has more persuasion in his blunders, than others have in all their eloquence. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

TIM MAPLETOFT *alone.*

Tim. I have thought it over very coolly, and I am quite positive I am in love with Fanny Rivers. Her charms will make me happy, her wit will make me gay, and her genius will make me rich. What enchanting tambour waistcoats and embroider'd muslins shall I display upon my counter, from patterns of her drawing! I have penn'd her a very elegant epistle—Some passages, I confess, are not quite new, but, if the author had not thought of them, I should; so they are all the same as my own. I left it on her table. It's a good thought, and will save her all that pretty confusion, which young ladies choose to be in, when proposals are made to them. Yes, yes; I left it on her table—To Miss Fanny Rivers; these! Zooks, here's my uncle.

MAPLETOFT *enters.*

Map. Timothy, you have got out of one scrape, take care how you get into another. Remember that humility becomes a man in your humble station.

Tim. It does so, uncle. I'll be very humble.

Map. When you are in company with your betters—which you easily may—don't be fond of chattering. Silence will become you best.

Tim. It will so, uncle. I'll be very silent.

Map. When you are call'd upon to speak,

which is not likely to happen often—Speak to the point only, and speak modestly.

Tim. I will, uncle. I'll be very modest, and go the point directly.

Map. Above all things, don't be so eternally talking about your shop. When you are in it, be in it; when you are out of it, be out of it.

Tim. Thank you, uncle. I'll be out of it altogether, and never say another word about it. Any thing more in my way, uncle? I hope you haven't done: I could hear you for ever.

Map. If you mind these few maxims, they will do you no harm; if you do not mind these, more would do you no good.

Tim. Very true, uncle. More wouldn't do me the least good. These are quite enough.

Map. The wisest step you can take, will be to look out for a sober, staid, discreet woman, and marry.

Tim. I will, uncle. I'll look out sharp for just such a woman, and when I have found her, if she happens to be very young and very pretty, you know I can't help it: if she plays and sings and draws, and has all the accomplishments in the world, it won't be my fault. I need not like her the less for that. I'll be sure to look about me, and when I've settled it in my mind to marry her, suppose I write her a letter, and leave it on her table—What do you think of that, uncle? It shall be very humble; there shan't be a word of the shop in it; no chattering, but to the point directly.

DAVID enters with a Letter.

Dav. Here, Mr. Timothy Mapletoft, man-miliner, here's your letter that you left upon Miss

Fanny's table. It won't do. She sends it back to you.

Map. A letter! Sirrah, had you the assurance to leave a letter on Miss Fanny's table?

Dav. Yes, and to drop a few hints about you. Read it, sir, read it.

Map. [*Opens the letter, puts on his spectacles, and reads.*] "Adorable lady! a glance from your bright eyes has lighted up the flames of love in my combustible heart"—

Tim. That's not my own. I took that out of a book.

Map. "I am heir to a rich old uncle, who means, some time or another, to die, and leave me his fortune"—

Tim. That is my own.

Map. So is not the fortune, or ever will be. [*Reads.*] "These things being premised, I throw myself at your feet, and wait your answer"—

Tim. That's all, excepting name at the bottom. I think, uncle, that is short, and to the point.

Map. I'll be short too—Get out of my house; pack up your band-boxes and be off! that's to the point.

Dav. Walk out, walk out, and be devoutly thankful, that he who built the house, did not forget to make a door, and thereby save you from a flying leap over the iron spikes, which, being only a man-milliner, and not a Mamaluke, you might not have clear'd. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes.

MANFORD *and* WORTHIMAN.

Man. Well, my good friend, you have had a long tête-à-tête with your beloved Fanny. Let me hope all matters are adjusted to mutual satisfaction.

Wor. No, Major, no. I'm terribly cast down. She's very kind and good; I can't deny it; but 'tis a bitter waiting-job for me; nay, I despair of it altogether, for I conclude you never mean to marry, and till that comes to pass, she is determin'd to remain single.

Man. Is that her resolution?

Wor. That is her resolution. Nothing can move her. I'm sure I can't. She'll tell you so herself.

FANNY RIVERS *enters.*

Man. Fanny, what's this I hear of you? You will not marry Worthiman, unless I marry first—Absurd! Why do you make these terms against yourself, and him and me, whose happiness is so wrapt up in yours?

Fan. Sir, you have been the orphan's only friend, my dear, my honour'd, my rever'd protector. You sought out this gentleman, you threw him in my way, and 'twas my fortunate chance to gain his love. I know, I am assur'd, if you were happy, I should be so. But, as I am persuaded that cannot be your lot till you are reconcil'd to Lady Caroline, I will never leave you with my own will, and if you force me from you, it is not Worthiman that shall protect me; for recollect,

it was your own command, that I should not enter his house to make him miserable.

Man. Fanny, your strong and resolute appeal strikes to my heart. When your humility assumes this tone, 'tis fit that my pride should understand itself, and stoop as it now does. It has led me too far; I'd give this arm from off this body to call back that too hasty, that insulting resolution, with which I have oppos'd the meek advances, the penitence, the persevering affection of Lady Carblinc, whose patience, if she is not more than mortal, must be swearied out, and turn'd to hatred.

Fan. No, on my life! Let me go to her, sir.

Man. Go, Fanny, go; when an angel pleads, who can despair?

Wor. Major, let me go too.

Man. Go, both of you—And, Fanny, take the pocket-book. Tell her, I wish'd it only to belong to her, that has possession of my heart, and as such beg her to keep it. I shall follow you. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes; Lord Burville's House.

Lord BURVILLE, Lady CAROLINE.

L. Car. My father, my dear father, I am come to set you free from all that heavy load, which I have laid upon your patient spirit. You have suffer'd much for your poor Caroline; I fled from persecution, you receiv'd me; and now, when I'm rejected by the man, who should have had more feeling, your arms are open to me. Take me then entire, and may I prove that comforter to you, that you have been to me! From

this time forth, you shall not hear the name of Manford pass my lips.

L. Bur. Come to my arms! indeed, indeed, my child, we have bent the knee too long to that proud idol.

L. Car. Spare him, however. He was deeply hurt. High spirits will burst out into strong flames, and great affection turns to great resentment. Yet I should think he might have been appeas'd; twice have I visited his house, and once you have waited on him. What else I've done, becomes me not to name. Too much, perhaps, for my own dignity I've stoop'd. If he could feel, he must ere now have felt.

Servant enters.

Serv. A lady and gentleman from Major Manford's request to be admitted to your ladyship.

L. Car. What shall I say?

L. Bur. Admit them.

[*Exit Servant.*]

L. Car. My lord, you'll have the goodness not to leave me.

WORTHIMAN and FANNY enter.

Fan. We have the honour of waiting upon you, Lady Caroline, by the desire of Major Manford.

L. Car. What is it, he has been pleas'd to encharge you with to me?

Fan. He hopes you'll let this little token rest with you, to whom he first devoted it, and that you'll still believe his heart goes with it—Will you not deign to take it? [*Offers the pocket-book.*]

L. Car. On these terms, how can I? It is but mockery to annex his heart to any thing he sends

to me—except yourself, Miss Rivers. However, if you must return it back—There is a table.

[*Fanny deposits it.*]

Fan. I'm very sorry that my first commission is so receiv'd, as to give little hope that what I have in further charge to ask, can meet with your consent.

L. Car. What else have you to ask?

Fan. Permission, that Major Manford may be admitted to your ladyship.

L. Car. Oh, if you knew the agony it gives to tear open a wound, staunch'd only, but not heal'd, you would not ask it. No, no, you know too well how I have sunk myself in seeking him; you cannot wish to humble me still lower; for your own sex's dignity you cannot. You, Mr. Worthiman, will witness for me how eagerly I caught at any mark of kindness from him, even to self-deception.

Wor. Yes, I can witness it, because it's true: but 'tis the worst truth that I ever witness'd.

L. Bur. If Major Manford's visit is to me, I will receive him, but my daughter cannot.

L. Car. I presume, Miss Rivers, what I took the liberty of inclosing in that pocket-book for your acceptance, is return'd with it.

Fan. I believe so, madam. I've not examin'd it. Will you be pleas'd to open it?

L. Car. Why should I? I'm sure his pride has spurn'd my humble offerings.

Wor. No, no; if that gives you offence, 'tis I, that am in fault there, not he; I should be sorry not to defend him where I can, with truth; for after all, by my soul, I never knew his equal.

L. Car. I stand corrected—[*Opens the pocket-book.*] Ah! what have we here? Did you put this in?

Fan. No, madam ; What is it ?

L. Car. Himself—For never did I see a portrait so speakingly alive. Look here, my lord ! the very man—Is it not finely done ?

L. Bur. I am no judge. Return it to Miss Rivers.

L. Car. I should rather hope Miss Rivers will allow me to keep it, if it were only for the artist's sake.

Fan. If you have nothing else but that in view, you will return it for the artist's sake.

Servant enters.

Serv. Major Manford desires Mr. Worthiman to be inform'd that he is waiting.

Wor. Very well, sir, I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Now, Lady Caroline, if you are resolv'd not to see him, send him his dismissal by me, and not by your servant. I am sure, with your kind heart, you don't wish to take the most ungracious way of doing it.

L. Car. Indeed, sir, I do not.

Wor. Especially as he is just now not very well—

L. Bur. Does he suffer any ill effects from his wound ?

Wor. No, no, my lord ; if you had seen him, as I have seen, you would well know what sort of wound it is he suffers by. Ah ! I have seen him in critical situations. I have had him in my house, when a man wouldn't give a week's purchase for his life. You recollect the time, my lady, when he embark'd for Holland.

L. Car. Yes, yes, I recollect that time too well. A fatal time to both of us it was.

Wor. Well, I don't speak for that. He had his

share of it, that I can witness. I never saw a man so heart-broken. The first day that I noticed him, was on the beach at Deal. He was speaking to his soldiers, and they cheer'd him. In all my days, I never saw the face and form of man at once so noble and so pitiable. I couldn't stand it: I came up to him, and ask'd him if he'd take a yeoman's welcome—I had a house hard by—the town was crowded, and I could lodge him comfortably at least—He turn'd a look upon me—Gracious heaven! I shall never forget it.

L. Car. No, no, I see it. She has caught it here—[*Looking at the portrait.*] Go on, go on!

Wor. Well! his commanding officer came up to him—They stepp'd aside. I thought I had lost my man, and sorry enough I was. He came back after awhile, and took me by the hand—His men were not to embark for a few days, and he would pass them at my house. My heart leap'd for joy. I had my horses waiting; we mounted, and were off. He staid but three days with me at that time; but when he came back a wounded officer, I had him with me for a month—and he that lives with Manford for a month, if he has any heart, will be his friend for life. Now, Lady Caroline, if you dismiss him, though 'tis a painful office, let me take it.

L. Car. Ah, never shall you take a painful office of my imposing; nor will I disguise how grossly I deceive myself, in thinking I ever could give Manford a repulse. My lord, my father, will you not forgive me, if I consent to see him once again?

L. Bur. Act for yourself, my dearest Caroline; but if you see him, let your interview be private. I dare say Miss Rivers will be good enough to excuse it.

Fan. Most readily, my lord.

[*Exeunt Lord Burville and Fanny.*]

L. Car. Go then, and tell your friend that I expect him.

[*Exit Worthiman.*]

Lady CAROLINE.

Now, now, my heart, support me in this trial! If he comes, as I fear he does, to take his last farewell, it had been better to have spar'd this meeting.

MANFORD enters.

Man. Lady Caroline, I come to make a fair confession to you. According to my sense of what is honour, a breach of promise in a point so sacred as that, where heaven is call'd upon to witness our engagements, will warrant all the firmest resolutions that we can take against a second trust. Those resolutions I persisted in, and thought that I was arm'd against your efforts to shake my constancy. I was mistaken.

L. Car. You may redeem your error.

Man. No, I cannot. I am no longer master of my heart; whilst I was in your arms, I left it with you. Your tears, your tenderness, your condescension, and great munificence to Fanny Rivers, are mediators not to be withstood. When I determin'd to reclaim my heart, I did not mean ever to see you more.

L. Car. Now hear me on my part—Upon the first suspicion of a change in my behaviour, you flew off, at once, and would not hear of any explanation. The army was your refuge; there you gain'd the fame you sought; and, cover'd with the shade of your own laurels, left me pierc'd with thorns. Repeatedly I wrote; you never

open'd one of my letters, and amongst the number you sent back *This*, which, if you had perus'd, you would have found (if not a full defence) at least a palliation of my conduct, sign'd and attested by my dying husband. Here is the paper, read it at your leisure; it will unfold a system of deceit, practis'd upon me to impress my mind with doubts, and fabricated tales of you.

Man. Hah, Lady Caroline, I now perceive I've been the slave of blind impetuous passion, whilst you have been all patience and forbearance. What can I say, what can I do to atone? Inflict some penance on me, I beseech you. Punish this proud heart, humble it to the dust.

L. Car. What can I do with it? I cannot hurt it. That is not in my nature. Yet I will strive to teach it that contentment, which shall aspire no higher, than to live in love and harmony with humble me, till glory calls you from me. Then no showers from these fond eyes shall interpose, to obscure the sun-shine of your fame—My country shall not say—"That British matron (unworthy of the name) withholds my hero"—No, if you fall in arms, I can die with you.

Man. Oh, to my heart, my soul, dearer than ever, thus let me hold you! Oh, my Caroline, my ever-lov'd lamented Caroline, you are, you are my wife, a soldier's wife, that loves, yet sacrifices what she loves to a superior claim, the call of honour. Where, where is your father?

Lord BURVILLE, followed by WORTHIMAN, FANNY, and General HIGHMORE.

L. Bur. Here is her father, happy to embrace and bless you both. Freely, joyfully with my whole heart I give my blessing to you. Here is

your friend too, and his fair elect; and last, though not in dignity the least, here is the brave Lieutenant-general, who thinks, although you're but a wavering fellow, and don't know how to hold a resolution, you might have chang'd it, and had less excuse for it.

Man. The General knows my failings; I don't know his, unless, perhaps, a small propensity to pull the noses of his fellow-subjects—Fanny, I hope I have now depriv'd you of all pretence to tantalize your lover.

Fan. Why yes, I rather think in our debate, a reference to example may decide it.

Wor. Od'slife, I'll go and get the old house ready. Thank the fates, the cropt mare is in the stable ready for me. She'll go it in no time.

Fan. Yes, but take notice, you must not go and paper the brown-oak parlour.

Wor. I won't, I won't.

Fan. Nor daub it over with paint; mind.

Wor. I'll be hang'd if I touch it. But I'll bargain to have my lady and Manford stuck up over the chimney. Then, when my friends and neighbours are about us, and you sit by me, a sweet smiling angel, I'll point up to my gallant Major, and cry—"There is the man to whom I owe this "blessing!"—Then, I suppose, I may kiss you—

[Salutes her.

Fan. Yes, but not now.

[Struggling.

Gen. Major! introduce your friend!

Man. General, this is John Worthiman, my friend: one of that uncorrupted class of Kentish yeomanry, which is at once the pride and support of our country. You won't like him the less for being my friend, nor think the worse of his taste for being this lady's admirer.

Gen. As your friend, I doubt not but the gen-

tleman has singular merit, as that lady's admirer he has not the merit of being singular. If he had not saluted the lady, as he did, I should not have courted his acquaintance. I should have held him phlegmatic and cold.

Wor. As you are neither, General, let me introduce you to the lady.

Gen. Ahem! [*Takes out his handkerchief.*] Snuff is a most uncomely and opprobrious fashion— Now, exquisite young lady, with permission— [*Salutes her.*] Lord Burville, I shall marry. It is conclusive.

L. Car. That's right, uncle! We'll foot it most merrily on your wedding-day.

Gen. No, there will be no footing on my wedding-day, no scraping fiddlers, and no capering misses. I must have time to ruminate in silence.

MAPLETOFT and Mrs. MAPLETOFT usher'd in.

Serv. Mr. and Mrs. Mapletoft. [*Exit.*]

L. Bur. Come in, come in, my kind and welcome guests! This is a happy house. We are all married, or in the way to be married; even the General is ruminating upon it. I took the liberty to send my coach. 'Twas infinitely kind in you to come upon so short a summons.

Map. My lord, we are country folks, and don't study ceremony. We respect Major Manford, and we love the sweet young lady he has protected and been a brother to. I don't mean, my lord, to do a little for her and her spouse, on the wedding-day. Where my heart is open, I don't shut my hand. Worthiman is not my nephew, but my wife's. I have a nephew of my own, 'tis true—but he's no great things—

TIM enters, carrying Band-boxes, &c. and dressed in his driving Coat for a Journey.

Tim. Yes, but he is though,—and carries great things about him, which, methinks, you might have taken into the coach with you, and not oblig'd me to haul 'em through the streets to the amusement of the vulgar populace. You have turn'd me out of your house; you know, and how am I to stow all these band-boxes in my gig?

L. Bur. You shall not stow them in your gig, my good fellow; but stow them in my house, and yourself at my supper, with the best fare the house affords. There shall not be one heavy heart on this night, that I can lighten!

Tim. There, there, uncle; there never was a man of fashion, who did not take to me as naturally as a water-spaniel does to a horse-pond.

L. Bur. Come, come, Mr. Mapletoft, I won't hear a word against your nephew. He is my guest, and in this house he shall eat, and drink, and sleep, and do as he likes. I hope, I shall never see a cloud upon any brow, which may be in my power to dispel, for the rest of my life to come

Man. That's right, my lord, that's noble. Timothy is a good fellow, a man of fashions, studies the fine arts, understands beauty, and sings a good song.

Tim. Yes, that I do. Will you hear it? I have one ready; it's a very funny one; it will make you die with laughing.

L. Bur. Save it, save it, my dear fellow, till after supper. Now, Manford, you are the master of this house. See that your friends want

nothing. In giving you my Caroline, I have given you my all.

Man. No, my dear lord, I will not rob you of that sweet comforter, who should endear the coming of your days. The greater her devotion shall be to you, the dearer she will be to me. Your approbation will be her greatest grace and ornament. We have known sorrow: what the world calls pleasure, we shall not court. Those tender charities, those offices of friendship and affection, that bring contentment and a peaceful conscience, will be our best attainments. If we keep these *Resolutions*, we shall act our parts without reproach, and close them with applause.



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