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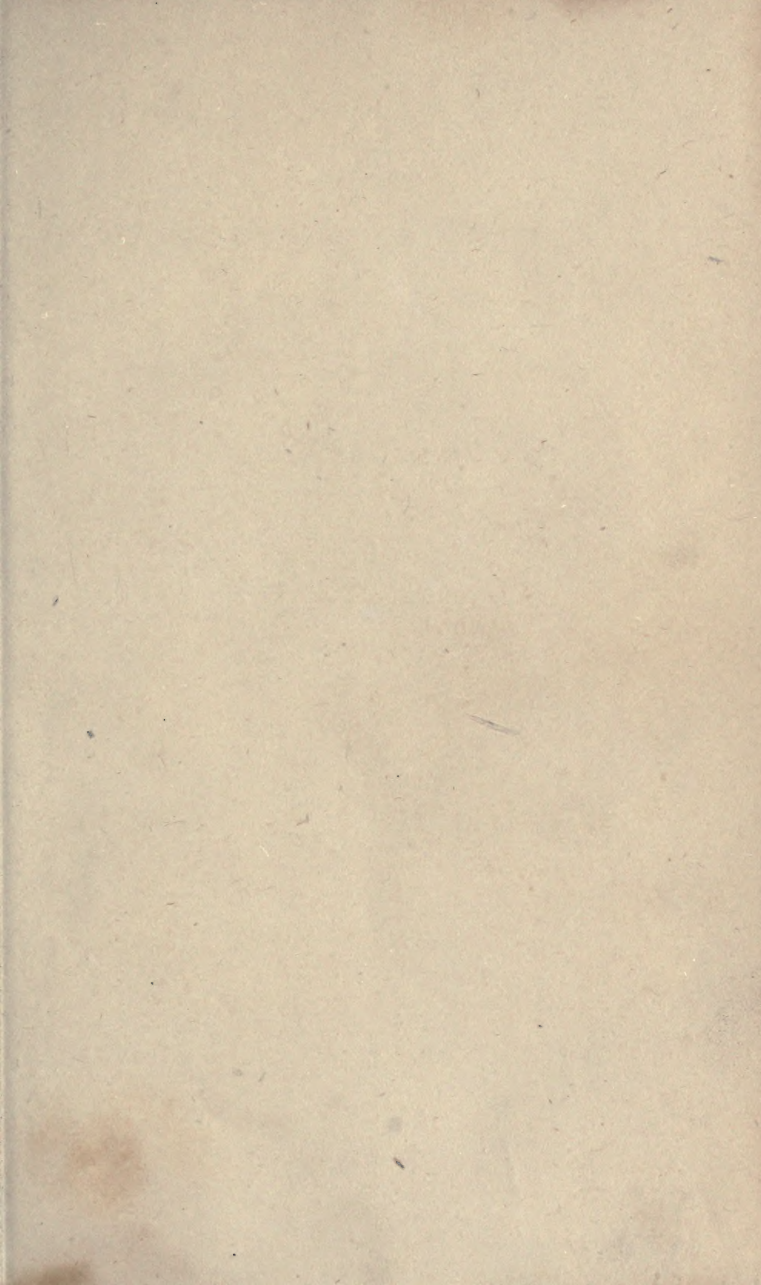






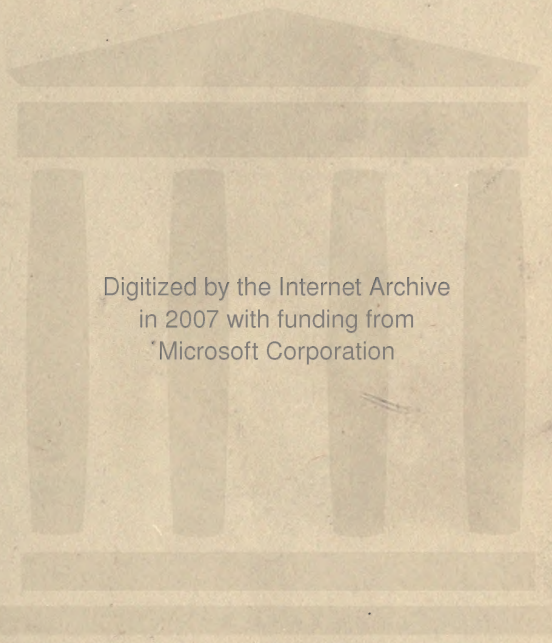












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MRS. ANNA CORA MOWATT

Drawn and Engraved for the "Modern Standard Drama."



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THE

# MODERN STANDARD DRAMA :

A COLLECTION

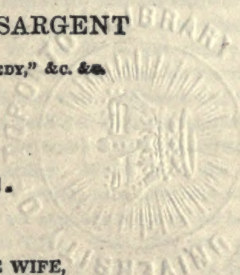
OF THE MOST POPULAR ACTING PLAYS,

With Critical Remarks,

ALSO THE STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES, ETC.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT

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



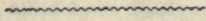
VOLUME I.

CONTAINING

ION,  
FAZIO,  
THE LADY OF LYONS,  
RICHELIEU,

THE WIFE,  
THE HONEY-MOON,  
THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL,  
MONEY.

WITH A PORTRAIT AND MEMOIR OF MRS. A. C. MOWATT.



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NEW YORK:

BERFORD & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.

1847.

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THE

# MODERN STANDARD DRAMA

A COLLECTION

OF THE MOST POPULAR ACTING PLAYS

With Critical Remarks

ALSO THE STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES, ETC.

EDITED BY MISS BARBARA BURNHAM



VOLUME I

CONTENTS

- THE WIFE
- THE HONEY-MOON
- THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL
- NORTH
- THE LADY OF LYONS
- THE MERCHANT

WITH A FOREWORD AND MEMOIR BY MISS A. E. BOWEN

1887  
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NEW YORK:

BEARD & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE

1887



## MEMOIR OF MRS. A. C. MOWATT.

ANNA CORA MOWATT is the daughter of Samuel G. Ogden, Esq., of the city of New York. Her mother's grandfather was Francis Lewis, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. At an early period in life, and long before she had seen the interior of a theatre, Mrs. Mowatt evinced a marked predilection for dramatic writing as well as for the acting of plays. In her thirteenth year she studied Voltaire's *Alzire*, and remodelled it for a private theatrical representation. Her spirited performance of the part of the heroine is yet vividly remembered by those who witnessed it. Some years after her marriage Mrs. M. visited Europe, and passed sufficient time in France and Germany to acquire a remarkable colloquial facility in the languages of the two countries. While residing in Paris she was a frequent student of Rachel's classical and severe style of acting. While here she also wrote a five-act play, entitled "Gulzara," which, soon after her return to the United States, was performed by an amateur corps at her beautiful country-seat, at Flatbush, near New York. This play was published entire in the New World newspaper, in 1840. It is in blank verse, and evinces dramatic talent of a very high order. Not many months after its representation Mrs. Mowatt was induced, by reverses of fortune, to give public recitations from the poets. In this undertaking she met with a degree of success, which her most sanguine friends had not ventured to anticipate. Both in Boston and New York she drew large audiences, composed of the most cultivated classes. But the elocutionary effort required by these sustained recitations, proved far greater than that called for on the stage in the most effective feminine characters; and she abandoned the profitable career that seemed opening for her, lest her health should suffer in these unsupported exertions. She now fell back upon her literary talents; and, with an industry that has few parallels, wrote novels, tales, poems and compilations for publishers and magazines, until, in the winter of 1845, she resolved to try her hand upon a five-act comedy. "*Fashion*" was the result. It was produced at the Park Theatre in the spring, and met with a success which certainly has not attended any other American comedy—having been played eighteen successive nights, to excellent houses. In Philadelphia it also had an equally prosperous run.

It was now that Mrs. Mowatt first formed the intention of going upon the stage. She appeared in June of the same year upon the Park boards in the character of Pauline in the "Lady of Lyons." The house was crowded in every part; and we doubt if ever debutante met with a success so brilliant and unequivocal. When the curtain fell on the fifth act the whole audience rose, and, by their cheers, bravoes, bouquets and waving of handkerchiefs, gave the stamp of their enthusiastic approbation to the young and gifted actress. A rank among the foremost was at once awarded her by the public voice. That rank she has maintained by the many admirable personations she has added to her Pauline. In none is there any mark of the novice in look, tone or action. Her Juliana, Juliet, Mariana, and Lucy Ashton are admitted by the best critics to be performances that have never been surpassed on the American boards by any actress foreign or native. This may seem almost incredible when it is considered that up to this period Mrs. M. has hardly been six months upon the stage; but it should be remembered that she did not enter unprepared upon her profession. Her elocutionary powers had been almost incessantly cultivated from a child; her memory was one of extraordinary vigor and tenacity; and nature had given that personal grace of carriage and gesture, which the most arduous trainings of art cannot so well supply.

Jan. 1, 1846.

No. I.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

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

---

ION ;

A Tragedy

IN FIVE ACTS

BY THOMAS NOON TALFOURD

SERGEANT AT LAW.

---

"I left no calling for 'his idle trade,  
No duty broke, no father disobeyed."

---

FROM THE AUTHOR'S LATEST EDITION.

With the Stage Directions, Descriptions of Costumes, &c.

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NEW YORK:

BERFORD & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.

1847.



THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF

SCOTLAND

IN

SEVEN VOLUMES

THE SECOND

VOLUME

OF

THE

REIGN

OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF

SCOTLAND

IN

SEVEN VOLUMES

## EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

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THE Tragedy of Ion was first publicly produced at the Coven' Garden Theatre, on the night of Mr. Macready's benefit, 26th of May, 1836. It had been printed, and privately circulated, some months before, but it was not until a London audience had given it the stamp of their approbation, that an edition, large enough to supply the demand of the public, was issued.

The success of this piece in the representation was as decided as it was remarkable and unexpected. That a play so strictly classical in its construction and language, so pervaded by the spirit of the mythology of ancient Greece, and so destitute of those melo-dramatic *coups de theatre*, which are usually considered necessary in order to "bring down the house"—that such a play should not only charm the scholar and the man of letters in the closet, but attract, night after night, large popular audiences, in the representation, might well have been a matter of surprise to the author and his friends.

Not only in England but in the United States, "Ion" continues to be one of the most attractive of stock plays. It was feared by those, who read the piece previous to its performance, that the character and mission of the "de-

voted" hero were such as to place him out of the pale of the sympathies of a modern popular audience; but it is a great triumph of the author's genius, that notwithstanding the formidable obstacles with which he has to contend, he has placed his tragedy prosperously upon the modern stage, so that it ranks not only among the most beautiful closet dramas, but the most successful acting plays in the English language.

"The title of *Ion*," says Mr. Talfourd, "is borrowed from the Tragedy of Euripides, which gave the first hint of the situation in which its hero is introduced—that of a foundling youth educated in a temple and assisting in its services; but otherwise there is no resemblance between this imperfect sketch and that exquisite picture."

Of Macready's impersonation of the hero, the author says: "It was one of the most remarkable triumphs of art, which has graced the stage of late years. Although other of his performances are abstractedly greater, none I believe approach this as an effort of art, estimated with reference to the nature of the materials which he animated, to the difficulties which he subdued, and to the preconceptions which he charmed away. By the graces of beautiful elocution, he beguiled the audience to receive the drama as belonging to a range of associations which are no longer linked with the living world, but which retain an undying interest of a gentler cast, as a thing which *might have been*; and then, by his fearful power of making the fantastic real, he gradually rendered the whole possible—probable—true! The consequence of this extraordinary power of vivifying the frigid, and familiarising the remote, was to dissipate the fears of my friends; to render the play an object of attraction during the short remainder of the season; and to embolden others to attempt the part, and encourage other audiences



to approve it, even when the power which first gave it sanction was wanting."

In regard to Miss Ellen Tree, who, in this country, "illustrated the hero, and made the story of his sufferings and his virtues familiar to transatlantic ears," Mr. Talfourd says: "Who is there who does not feel proud of the just appreciation, by the great American people, of one who is not only the exquisite representative of a range of delightful characters, but of all that is most graceful and refined in English womanhood,—or fail to cherish a wish for her fame and happiness, as if she were a particular friend or relation of his own?"

The moral tone of this exquisite play is throughout vigorous and healthy. The strong anti-monarchical principles, which it inculcates, are manifest on every page; and should contribute largely to its popularity in republican America. The characters of Ion and Adrastus are portrayed and contrasted with a master hand; and the subordinate persons of the drama are all skilfully individualized. Indeed, the play promises long to retain its high place among the most admired and perfect specimens of the British drama.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

|                                   | <i>Original Cast at Covent Garden.</i> | <i>Haymarket, 1832.</i> | <i>Park, 1845.</i> |
|-----------------------------------|--|-------------------------|--------------------|
| <i>Ion, a Foundling</i> . . . . . | Mr. Macready.                          | Miss Ellen Tree.        | Mrs. Chas. Kean.   |
| <i>Adrastus</i> . . . . .         | " Dale.                                | Mr. Vandenhoff.         | Mr. Charles Kean   |
| <i>Medon, High Priest,</i>        | "                                      | " Selby.                | " Barry.           |
| <i>Otesiphon</i> . . . . .        | " H. Wallack.                          | " Bennett.              | " Dyott.           |
| <i>Cassander</i> . . . . .        | " Howard.                              | " Russell.              | " S. Pearson.      |
| <i>Agenor</i> . . . . .           | " Pritchard.                           | " Haines.               | " Bland.           |
| <i>Cleon</i> . . . . .            | " Tilbury.                             | " Gough.                | " Vache.           |
| <i>Phocion</i> . . . . .          | " G. Bennett.                          | " James Vining.         | " Crocker.         |
| <i>Timocles</i> . . . . .         | " Harris.                              | " Galot.                | " M. Douall.       |
| <i>Crythes</i> . . . . .          | " C. Hill.                             | " Worrell.              | " Gourlay.         |
| <i>Soldier</i> . . . . .          |  |                         | " Gallot.          |
| <i>First Priest</i> . . . . .     |  |                         | " King.            |
| <i>Second Priest</i> . . . . .    |  |                         | " Heath.           |
| <i>Irus</i> . . . . .             | Miss Lane.                             | Miss E. Phillips.       | Mrs. Knight.       |
| <i>Clemanthe</i> . . . . .        | " Ellen Tree.                          | " Miss Taylor.          | Miss Crocker.      |
| <i>Abra</i> . . . . .             | " Lacy.                                |                         | Mrs. Burrows       |

## COSTUMES.

- ION.**—Grecian shirt and toga edged with Grecian border, fleshings and sandals  
*Second dress:* Same as Adrastus.
- ADRASTUS.**—Grecian shirt, gold breast-plate and lamberkins, fleshings, sandals, regal robes, and crown.
- MEDON.**—White surplice, white robes of toga form, gold bands, vitta round head with white ribbons, fleshings and sandals.
- CTESIPHON.**—Grecian shirt, lamberkins, breast-plate, helmet, fleshings and sandals.
- CRYTHES.**—Same as Ctesiphon.
- PHOCION.**—Grecian shirt, white toga, fleshings, and sandals.
- CASSANDER.**—Same as Phocion.
- AGENOR.**—White surplice, white robes, fleshings, and sandals—like a Priest of Apollo.
- CLEON and TIMOCLES.**—Same as Agenor.
- IRUS.**—Grecian white shirt, fleshings and sandals.
- SOLDIERS.**—Grecian shirts, breast-plates, lamberkins, helmets, fleshings, and sandals.
- CLEMANTHE.**—White and gold Grecian hood-dress, white dress and ribands.
- ABRA.**—Plain Grecian dress.

*Priests, Soldiers, &c.*

Scene, ARGOS.—The time of the Action is comprised in one day and night, and the following morning.

## EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

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

## RELATIVE POSITIONS.

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

*N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, are usually omitted in the representation.*

I O N :  
A Tragedy

---

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The interior of the Temple of Apollo, which is supposed to be placed on a rocky eminence.—Early morning.—The interior lighted by a single lamp suspended from the roof.—AGENOR resting against a column, R.—IRUS seated on a bench at the side of the scene, L.*

*AGENOR comes forward and speaks, c.*

*Agenor.* WILL the dawn never visit us? These hours  
Toil heavy with the unresting curse they bear  
To do the work of desolating years!  
All distant sounds are hush'd;—the shriek of death  
And the survivors' wail are now unheard,  
As grief had worn itself to patience. Irus!  
I'm loth so soon to break thy scanty rest,  
But my heart sickens for the tardy morn;  
Sure it is breaking; speed and look—yet hold—  
Know'st thou the fearful shelf of rock that hangs  
Above the encroaching waves, the loftiest point  
That stretches eastward?

*Irus.* Know it? Yes, my lord;  
There often have I bless'd the opening day,  
Which thy free kindness gave me leave to waste  
In happy wandering through the forests.



*Agen.* Well,  
 Thou art not then afraid to tread it ; there  
 The earliest streak from the unrisen sun  
 Is to be welcomed ; tell me how it gleams,  
 In bloody portent, or in saffron hope,  
 And hasten back to slumber.

*Irus.* I shall hasten ;  
 Believe not that thy summons broke my rest ;  
 I was not sleeping.

[*Exit, L.*

*Agen.* Heaven be with thee, child !  
 His grateful mention of delights bestow'd  
 On that most piteous state of servile childhood  
 By liberal words chance-dropp'd, hath touch'd a vein  
 Of feeling which I deem'd forever numb'd,  
 And, by a gush of household memories, breaks  
 The icy casing of that thick despair  
 Which day by day hath gather'd o'er my heart,  
 While, basely safe, within this column'd circle,  
 Uplifted far into the purer air,  
 And by Apollo's partial love secured,  
 I have, in spirit, glided with the Plague,  
 As in foul darkness or in sickliest light  
 It wafted death through Argos : and mine ears,  
 Listening athirst for any human sound,  
 Have caught the dismal cry of confused pain,  
 Which to this dizzy height the fitful wind  
 Hath borne from each sad quarter of the vale  
 Where life was.

*Re-enter IRUS, L.*

Are there signs of day-break ?

*Irus.* None ;  
 The eastern sky is still unbroken gloom.

*Agen.* It cannot surely be. Thine eyes are dim  
 (No fault of thine) for want of rest, or now  
 I look upon them near, with scalding tears.  
 Hath care alighted on a head so young !  
 What grief hast thou been weeping ?

*Irus.* Pardon me ;  
 I never thought at such a mournful time  
 To plead my humble sorrow in excuse

Of poorly-rendered service : but my brother—  
 Thou may'st have noted him,—a sturdy lad,  
 With eye so merry and with foot so light  
 That none could chide his gamesomeness—fell sick  
 But yesterday, and died in my weak arms  
 Ere I could seek for stouter aid ; I hoped  
 That I had taught my grief to veil its signs  
 From thy observant care ; but when I stood  
 Upon the well-known terrace where we loved,  
 Arm link'd in arm, to watch the gleaming sails—  
 His favourite pastime, for he burn'd to share  
 A seaman's hardy lot—my tears would flow,  
 And I forgot to dry them. But I see  
 Cleon is walking yonder ; let me call him ;  
 For sure 'twill cheer thy heart to speak with him.

*Agen.* Call him, good youth, and then go in to sleep,  
 Or, if thou wilt, go weep. [Exit IRUS, L.

I envy thee  
 The privilege, but Jupiter forefend  
 That I should rob thee of it!

*Enter CLEON, L.*

*Cleon.* Hail, Agenor !  
 Dark as our lot remains, 'tis comfort yet  
 To find thy age unstricken.

*Agen.* Rather mourn  
 That I am destined still to linger here,  
 In strange unnatural strength, while death is round me.  
 I chide these sinews that are framed so tough  
 Grief cannot palsy them ; I chide the air  
 Which round this citadel of nature breathes  
 With sweetness not of this world ; I would share  
 The common grave of my dear countrymen,  
 And sink to rest, while all familiar things  
 Old custom has endeared are failing with me,  
 Rather than shiver on in life behind them.  
 Nor should these walls detain me from the paths  
 Where death may be embraced, but that my word,  
 In a rash moment plighted to our host,  
 Forbids me to depart without his license,  
 Which firmly he refuses.

*Cleon.* Do not chide me,  
 If I rejoice to find the generous Priest  
 Means, with Apollo's blessing, to preserve  
 The treasure of thy wisdom;—nay, he trusts not  
 To promises alone; his gates are barr'd  
 Against thy egress:—none, indeed, may pass them,  
 Save the youth Ion, to whose earnest prayer  
 His foster-father grants reluctant leave  
 To visit the sad city at his will:  
 And freely does he use the dangerous boon,  
 Which, in my thought, the love that cherish'd him,  
 Since he was found within the sacred grove  
 Smiling amidst the storm, a most rare infant,  
 Should have had sternness to deny.

*Agon.* What, Ion,  
 The only inmate of this fane, allow'd  
 To seek the mournful walks where death is busy!—  
 Ion, our sometime darling, whom we prized  
 As a stray gift, by bounteous Heaven dismiss'd  
 From some bright sphere which sorrow may not cloud,  
 To make the happy happier? Is he sent  
 To grapple with the miseries of this time,  
 Whose nature such ethereal aspect wears  
 As it would perish at the touch of wrong?  
 By no internal contest is he trained  
 For such hard duty; no emotions rude  
 Have his clear spirit vanquish'd;—Love, the germ  
 Of his mild nature, hath spread graces forth,  
 Expanding with its progress, as the store  
 Of rainbow colour which the seed conceals  
 Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury,  
 To flush and circle in the flower. No tear  
 Hath fill'd his eye save that of thoughtful joy,  
 When, in the evening stillness, lovely things  
 Press'd on his soul too busily; his voice,  
 If in the earnestness of childish sports,  
 Raised to the tone of anger, check'd its force,  
 As if it fear'd to break its being's law,  
 And falter'd into music: when the forms  
 Of guilty passion have been made to live  
 In pictured speech, and others have wax'd loud



In righteous indignation, he hath heard  
 With sceptic smile, or from some slender vein  
 Of goodness, which surrounding gloom conceal'd,  
 Struck sunlight o'er it: so his life hath flow'd  
 From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,  
 In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure  
 Alone are mirror'd; which, though shapes of ill  
 May hover round its surface, glides in light,  
 And takes no shadow from them.

*Cleon.* Yet, methinks,  
 Thou hast not lately met him, or a change  
 Pass'd strangely on him had not miss'd thy wonder.  
 His form appears dilated; in those eyes,  
 Where pleasure danced, a thoughtful sadness dwells;  
 Stern purpose knits the forehead, which till now  
 Knew not the passing wrinkle of a care;  
 Those limbs which in their heedless motion own'd  
 A stripling's playful happiness, are strong  
 As if the iron hardships of the camp  
 Had given them sturdy nurture; and his step,  
 Its airiness of yesterday forgotten,  
 Awakes the echoes of these desolate courts,  
 As if a hero of gigantic mould  
 Paced them in armour.

*Agan.* Hope is in thy tale.  
 This is no freak of Nature's wayward course,  
 But work of pitying Heaven; for not in vain  
 The gods have pour'd into that guileless heart  
 The strengths that nerve the hero;—they are ours.

*Cleon.* How can he aid us? Can he stay the pul-  
 Of ebbing life,—arrest the infected winds,  
 Or smite the hungry spectre of the grave?

*Agan.* And dost thou think these breezes are our foes,—  
 The innocent airs that used to dance around us,  
 As if they felt the blessings they convey'd,  
 Or that the death they bear is casual? No!  
 'Tis human guilt that blackens in the cloud,  
 Flashes athwart its mass in jagged fire,  
 Whirls in the hurricane, pollutes the air,  
 Turns all the joyous melodies of earth  
 To murmurings of doom. There is a foe,

Who in the glorious summit of the state  
 Draws down the great resentment of the gods,  
 Whom he defies to strike us;—yet his power  
 Partakes that just infirmity which Nature  
 Blends in the empire of her proudest sons—  
 That it is cased within a single breast,  
 And may be pluck'd thence by a single arm.  
 Let but that arm, selected by the gods,  
 Do its great office on the tyrant's life,  
 And Argos breathes again!

*Cleon.* A footstep!—hush!

Thy wishes, falling on a slavish ear,  
 Would tempt another outrage: 'tis a friend—  
 An honest though a crabbed one—Timocles:  
 Something hath ruffled him. Good day, Timocles!  
 [TIMOCLES passes in front.

He will not speak to us.

*Agen.* But he shall speak.

Timocles—nay then, thus I must enforce thee! [*Staying him.*  
 Sure thou wilt not refuse a comrade's hand,  
 That may be cold ere sunset.

*Tim.* (*giving his hand.*) Thou may'st school me;  
 Thy years and love have license; but I own not  
 A stripling's mastery; is't fit, Agenor?

*Agen.* Nay, thou must tell thy wrong: whate'er it prove,  
 I hail thy anger as a hopeful sign,  
 For it revives the thought of household days,  
 When the small bickerings of friends had space  
 To fret, and Death was not forever nigh  
 To frown upon Estrangement. What has moved thee?

*Tim.* I blush to tell it. Weary of the night  
 And of my life, I sought the western portal:  
 It opened, when ascending from the stair  
 That through the rock winds spiral from the town,  
 Ion, the foundling cherish'd by the Priest,  
 Stood in the entrance: with such mild command  
 As he has often smilingly obey'd,  
 I bade him stand aside and let me pass;  
 When—wouldst thou think it?—in determined speech,  
 He gave me counsel to return; I press'd  
 Impatient onward: he, with honey'd phrase

His daring act excusing, grasped my arm  
 With strength resistless; led me from the gate;  
 Replaced its ponderous bars; and, with a look  
 As modest as he wore in childhood, left me.

*Agen.* And thou wilt thank him for it soon: he comes—  
 Now hold thy angry purpose, if thou can'st!

*Enter ION, L.*

*Ion.* I seek thee, good Timocles, to implore  
 Again thy pardon. I am young in trust,  
 And fear, lest, in the earnestness of love,  
 I stayed thy course too rudely. Thou hast borne  
 My childish folly often,—do not frown  
 If I have ventured with unmanner'd zeal  
 To guard the ripe experiences of years  
 From one rash moment's danger.

*Tim.* Leave thy care.  
 If I am weary of the flutterer life,  
 Is mortal bidding thus to cage it in?

*Ion* (*crosses c*). And art thou tired of being? Hast the grave  
 No terrors for thee? Hast thou sunder'd quite  
 Those thousand meshes which old custom weaves  
 To bind us earthward, and gay fancy films  
 With airy lustre various? Hast subdued  
 Those cleavings of the spirit to its prison,  
 Those nice regards, dear habits, pensive memories,  
 That change the valour of the thoughtful breast  
 To brave dissimulation of its fears?  
 Is Hope quench'd in thy bosom? Thou art free,  
 And in the simple dignity of man  
 Standest apart untempted;—do not lose  
 The great occasion thou hast pluck'd from misery,  
 Nor play the spendthrift with a great despair,  
 But use it nobly!

*Tim.* What, to strike? to slay

*Ion.* No!—not unless the audible voice of Heaven  
 Call thee to that dire office; but to shed  
 On ears abused by falsehood, truths of power  
 In words immortal,—not such words as flash  
 From the fierce demagogue's unthinking rage,  
 To madden for a moment and expire,—



Nor such as the rapt orator imbues  
 With warmth of facile sympathy, and moulds  
 To mirrors radiant with fair images,  
 To grace the noble fervour of an hour ;—  
 But words which bear the spirits of great deeds  
 Wing'd for the Future ; which the dying breath  
 Of Freedom's martyr shapes as it exhales,  
 And to the most enduring forms of earth  
 Commits—to linger in the craggy shade  
 Of the huge valley, 'neath the eagle's home,  
 Or in the sea-cave where the tempest sleeps,  
 Till some heroic leader bid them wake  
 To thrill the world with echoes !—But I talk  
 Of things above my grasp, which strangely press  
 Upon my soul, and tempt me to forget  
 The duties of my youth ; pray you forgive me.

*Tim.* Have I not said so ?

*Agen.* Welcome to the morn !

The eastern gates unfold, the Priest approaches ;

*[As Agenor speaks, the great gates at the back of the Scene open ; the Sea is discovered far beneath,—the dawn breaking over it.]*

*MEDON, the Priest, enters, attended.*

And lo ! the sun is struggling with the gloom,  
 Whose masses fill the eastern sky, and tints  
 Its edges with dull red ;—but he will triumph ;  
 Bless'd be the omen !

*Medon.* God of light and joy,  
 Once more delight us with thy healing beams !  
 If I may trace thy language in the clouds  
 That wait upon thy rising, help is nigh—  
 But help achieved in blood.

*Ion.* Say'st thou in blood ?

*Medon.* Yes, Ion !—why, he sickens at the word,  
 Spite of his new-born strength : the sights of woe  
 That he will seek have shed their paleness on him.  
 Has this night's walk shown more than common sorrow ?

*Ion.* I pass'd the palace where the frantic king  
 Yet holds his crimson revel, whence the roar  
 Of desperate mirth came, mingling with the sigh  
 Of death-subdued robustness, and the gleam

Of festal lamps 'mid spectral columns hung  
 Flaunting o'er shapes of anguish, made them ghaſtlier.  
 How can I ceaſe to tremble for the ſad ones  
 He mocks—and him, the wretchedeſt of all ?

*Tim.* And canſt thou pity him ? Doſt thou diſcern,  
 Amidſt his impious darings, plea for him ?

*Ion.* Is he not childleſs, friendleſs, and a king ?  
 He's human ; and ſome pulſe of good muſt live  
 Within his nature—have ye tried to wake it ?

*Medon.* Yes ; I believe he felt our ſufferings **once** ;  
 When, at my ſtrong entreaty, he deſpatch'd  
 Phocion, my ſon, to Delphos, there to ſeek  
 Our cauſe of ſorrow ; but, as time dragg'd on  
 Without his meſſenger's return, he grew  
 Impatient of all counſel,—to his palace  
 In awful mood retiring, wildly call'd  
 The reckleſs of his court to ſhare its ſtores,  
 And end all with him. When we dared diſturb  
 His dreadful feaſting with a humble prayer  
 That he would meet us, the poor ſlave, who bore  
 The meſſage, flew back ſmarting from the ſcourge,  
 And mutter'd a decree that he who next  
 Unbidden met the tyrant's glance, ſhould die.

*Agen.* I am prepared to brave it.

*Cleon.* So am I.

*Tim.* And I—

*Ion.* O, Sages, do not think my prayer  
 Beſpeaks unſeemly forwardneſs—ſend me !  
 The coarſeſt reed that trembles in the maſh,  
 If Heaven ſelect it for its inſtrument,  
 May ſhed celeftial muſic on the breeze,  
 As clearly as the pipe whoſe virgin gold  
 Befits the lip of Phœbus ;—ye are wiſe ;  
 And needed by your country ; ye are fathers !  
 I am a lone ſtray thing, whoſe little life  
 By ſtrangers' bounty cheriſh'd, like a wave,  
 That from the ſummer ſea a wanton breeze  
 Lifts for a moment's ſparkle, will ſubſide  
 Light as it roſe, nor leave a ſigh in breaking.

*Medon.* Ion, no ſigh !

*Ion.* Forgive me, if I ſeem'd

To doubt that thou wilt mourn me if I fall;  
 Nor would I tax thy love with such a fear,  
 But that high promptings, which could never rise  
 Spontaneous in my nature, bid me plead  
 Thus boldly for the mission.

*Medon.* My brave boy!

It shall be as thou wilt. I see thou art call'd  
 To this great peril, and I will not stay thee.  
 When wilt thou be prepared to seek it?

*Ion.* Now.

Only before I go, thus, on my knee,  
 Let me in one word thank thee for a life  
 Made by thy love a cloudless holiday;  
 And, oh, my more than father! let me look  
 Up to thy face, as if indeed a father's,  
 And give me a son's blessing.

*Medon.* Bless thee, son!

I should be marble now; let's part at once.

*Ion.* If I should not return, bless Phocion for me;  
 And, for Clemanthe—may I speak one word,  
 One parting word, with my fair playfellow?

*Medon.* If thou wouldst have it so, thou shalt.

*Ion.* Farewell then!

Your prayers wait on my steps. The arm of Heaven  
 I feel, in life or death, will be around me. [Exit, l.]

*Medon.* O grant it be in life! Let's to the sacrifice.

[Exeunt. R.]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment of the Temple.*

*Enter CLEMANTHE, followed by ABRA, R.*

*Clem.* Is he so changed?

*Abra.* His bearing is so alter'd,  
 That, distant, I scarce knew him for himself;  
 But, looking in his face, I felt his smile  
 Gracious as ever, though its sweetness wore  
 Unwonted sorrow in it.

*Clem.* He will go

To some high fortune, and forget us all,  
 Reclaim'd (be sure of it) by noble parents;  
 Me, he forgets already; for five days,  
 Five melancholy days, I have not seen him.

*Abra.* Thou knowest that he has privilege to range  
The infected city ; and, 'tis said, he spends  
The hours of needful rest in squalid hovels  
Where death is most forsaken.

*Clem.* Why is this ?

Why should my father, niggard of the lives  
Of aged men, be prodigal of youth  
So rich in glorious prophecy as his ?

*Abra.* He comes to answer for himself. I'll leave you.

[*Exit, R.*]

*Clem.* Stay! Well my heart may guard its secret best  
By its own strength.

*Enter ION, L.*

*Ion.* How fares my pensive sister ?

*Clem.* How should I fare but ill, when the pale hand  
Draws the black foldings of the eternal curtain  
Closer and closer round us—Phocion absent—  
And thou, forsaking all within thy home,  
Wilt risk thy life with strangers, in whose aid  
Even thou canst do but little ?

*Ion.* It is little :

But in these sharp extremities of fortune,  
The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter  
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing  
To give a cup of water ; yet its draught  
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,  
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame  
More exquisite than when nectarean juice  
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.  
It is a little thing to speak a phrase  
Of common comfort, which by daily use  
Has almost lost its sense ; yet on the ear  
Of him who thought to die unmourn'd, 'twill fall  
Like choicest music ; fill the glazing eye  
With gentle tears ; relax the knotted hand  
To know the bonds of fellowship again ;  
And shed on the departing soul a sense,  
More precious than the benison of friends  
About the honoured death-bed of the rich,  
To him who else were lonely, that another  
Of the great family is near and feels.



*Clem.* Oh, thou canst never bear these mournful of  
fices!

So blithe, so merry once! Will not the sight  
Of frenzied agonies unfix thy reason,  
Or the dumb woe congeal thee?

*Ion.* No, Clemanthe:

They are the patient sorrows that touch nearest!  
If thou hadst seen the warrior, when he writhed  
In the last grapple of his sinewy frame  
With conquering anguish, strive to cast a smile  
(And not in vain) upon his fragile wife,  
Waning beside him,—and, his limbs compos'd,  
The widow of the moment fix her gaze  
Of longing, speechless love, upon the babe,  
The only living thing which yet was hers,  
Spreading its arms for its own resting-place,  
Yet with attenuated hand wave off  
The unstricken child, and so embraceless die  
Stiffing the mighty hunger of the heart;  
Thou could'st endure the sight of selfish grief  
In sullenness or frenzy;—but to-day  
Another lot falls on me.

*Clem.* Thou wilt leave us!

I read it plainly in thy altered mien.  
Is it for ever?

*Ion.* That is with the gods!

I go but to the palace, urged by hope,  
Which from afar hath darted on my soul,  
That to the humbleness of one like me  
The haughty king may listen.

*Clem.* To the palace!

Knowest thou the peril—nay, the certain issue  
That waits thee? Death!—The tyrant has decreed it,  
Confirmed it with an oath; and he has power  
To keep that oath; for, hated as he is,  
The reckless soldiers who partake his riot  
Are swift to do his bidding.

*Ion.* I know all!

But they who call me to the work can shield me,  
Or make me strong to suffer.

*Clem.* Then the sword

Falls on thy neck! O gods! to think that thou,  
 Who in the plenitude of youthful life  
 Art now before me, ere the sun decline,  
 Perhaps in one short hour, shalt lie cold, cold,  
 To speak, smile, bless no more!—Thou shalt not go!

*Ion.* Thou must not stay me, fair one: even thy father,  
 Who (blessings on him!) loves me as his son,  
 Yields to the will of Heaven.

*Clem.* And can he do this!  
 I shall not bear his presence, if thouallest  
 By his consent: so shall I be alone.

*Ion.* Phocion will soon return, and juster thoughts  
 Of thy admiring father close the gap  
 Thy old companion left behind him.

*Clem.* Never!  
 What will to me be father, brother, friends,  
 When thou art gone—the light of our life quench'd—  
 Haunting like spectres of departed joy  
 The home where thou wert dearest?

*Ion.* Thrill me not  
 With words that, in their agony, suggest  
 A hope too ravishing,—or my head will swim,  
 And my heart faint within me.

*Clem.* Has my speech  
 Such blessed power? I will not mourn it then,  
 Though it had told a secret I had borne  
 Till death in silence: how affection grew  
 To this, I know not:—day succeeded day,  
 Each fraught with the same innocent delights,  
 Without one shock to ruffle the disguise  
 Of sisterly regard which veil'd it well,  
 Till thy changed mien reveal'd it to my soul,  
 And thy great peril makes me bold to tell it.  
 Do not despise it in me!

*Ion.* With deep joy  
 Thus I receive it. Trust me, it is long  
 Since I have learn'd to tremble 'mid our pleasures,  
 Lest I should break the golden dream around me  
 With most ungrateful rashness. I should bless  
 The sharp and perilous duty which hath press'd  
 A life's deliciousness into these moments,—

Which here must end. I came to say farewell,  
And the word must be said.

*Clem.* Thou can'st not mean it!  
Have I disclaimed all maiden bashfulness,  
To tell the cherished secret of my soul  
To my soul's master, and in rich return  
Obtained the dear assurance of his love,  
To hear him speak that miserable word  
I cannot—will not echo?

*Ion.* Heaven has called me,  
And I have pledged my honour. When thy heart  
Bestowed its preference on a friendless boy,  
Thou didst not image him a recreant; nor  
Must he prove so, by thy election crown'd.  
Thou hast endow'd me with a right to claim  
Thy help through this our journey, be its course  
Lengthen'd to age, or in an hour to end;  
And now I ask it!—Bid my courage hold,  
And with thy free approval send me forth  
In soul apparelled for my office!

*Clem.* Go!

I would not have thee other than thou art,  
Living or dying; and if thou shouldst fall—

*Ion.* Be sure I shall return.

*Clem.* If thou shouldst fall,  
I shall be happier as the affianced bride  
Of thy cold ashes, than in proudest fortunes—  
Thine—ever thine— [She faints in his arms

*Ion (calls.)* Abra!—So best to part—

*Enter ABRA, with attendant, R.*

Let her have air; be near her through the day;  
I know thy tenderness—should ill news come,  
Of any friend, she will require it all.

[ABRA bears CLEMANTHE out, &c.]

Ye gods, that have enriched the life ye claim  
With priceless treasure, strengthen me to yield it!

[Exit, L.]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A terrace of the Palace.*

ADRASTUS, CRYTHES, and GUARDS, *from the Terrace, c.*

*Adras.* The air breathes freshly after our long night  
Of glorious revelry. I'll walk awhile.

*Cry.* It blows across the town: dost thou not fear  
It bear infection with it?

*Adras.* Fear! dost talk  
Of fear to me? I deem'd even thy poor thoughts  
Had better scann'd their master. Prithee tell me,  
In what act, word, or look, since I have borne  
Thy converse here, hast thou discern'd such baseness  
As makes thee bold to prate to me of fear?

*Cry.* My liege, of human might all know thee fearless;  
But may not heroes shun the elements  
When sickness taints them?

*Adras.* Let them blast me now!—  
I stir not—tremble not! These massive walls  
Whose date o'erawes tradition, gird the home  
Of a great race of kings, along whose line  
The eager mind lives aching, through the darkness  
Of ages else unstoried, till its shapes  
Of arméd sovereigns spread to godlike port,  
And, frowning in the uncertain dawn of time,  
Strike awe, as powers who ruled an elder world,  
In mute obedience. I, sad heritor  
Of all their glories, feel our doom is nigh;  
And I will meet it as befits their fame:  
Nor will I vary my selected path  
The breadth of my sword's edge, nor check a wish  
If such unkingly yielding might avert it.

*Cry.* Thou art ever royal in thy thoughts.

*Adras.* No more—  
I would be private. [*Exit CRYTHES, with guards, R.*  
Grovelling parasite!  
Why should I waste these fate-environ'd hours,  
And pledge my great defiance to despair,  
With flatterers such as thou!—as if my joys



Required the pale reflections cast by slaves  
 In mirror'd mockery round my throne, or lack'd  
 The aid of reptile sympathies to stream  
 Through fate's black pageantry? Let weakness seek  
 Companionship: I'll henceforth feast alone.

*Enter a SOLDIER, R.*

*Sol.* My liege, forgive me.

*Adras.* Well! speak out at once  
 Thy business and retire.

*Sol.* I have no part  
 In the presumptuous message that I bear.

*Adras.* Tell it, or go. There is no time to waste  
 On idle terrors.

*Sol.* Thus it is, my lord:—  
 As we were burnishing our arms, a man  
 Enter'd the court, and when we saw him first  
 Was tending towards the palace; in amaze  
 We hail'd the rash intruder; still he walk'd  
 Unheeding onward, till the western gate  
 Barr'd further course: then turning, he besought  
 Our startled band to herald him to thee,  
 That he might urge a message which the sages  
 Had charged him to deliver.

*Adras.* Ha! the greybeards,  
 Who, 'mid the altars of the gods, conspire  
 To cast the image of supernal power  
 From earth, its shadow consecrates. What sage  
 Is so resolved to play the orator  
 That he would die for't?

*Sol.* He is but a youth,  
 Yet urged his prayer with a sad constancy  
 Which could not be denied.

*Adras.* Most bravely plann'd!  
 Sedition worthy of the reverent host  
 Of sophist traitors; brave to scatter fancies  
 Of discontent 'midst sturdy artizans,  
 Whose honest sinews they direct unseen,  
 And make their proxies in the work of peril!  
 'Tis fit, when burning to insult their king,  
 And warn'd the pleasure must be bought with life,

Their valour send a boy to speak their wisdom!  
 Thou know'st my last decree; tell this rash youth  
 The danger he incurs; then let him pass,  
 And own the king more gentle than his masters.

*Sol.* We have already told him of the fate,  
 Which waits his daring; courteously he thank'd us,  
 But still with solemn aspect urged his suit.

*Adras.* Tell him once more, if he persists, he dies—  
 Then, if he will, admit him. Should he hold  
 His purpose, order Crythes to conduct him,  
 And see the headsman instantly prepare  
 To do his office.

[*Exit* SOLDIER.]

So resolved, so young—

'Twere pity he should fall; yet he *must* fall,  
 Or the great sceptre, which hath sway'd the fears  
 Of ages, will become a common staff,  
 For youth to wield or age to rest upon,  
 Despoil'd of all its virtues. He *must* fall,  
 Else, they who prompt the insult will grow bold,  
 And with their pestilent vauntings through the city  
 Raise the low fog of murky discontent,  
 Which now creeps harmless through its marshy birth-place  
 To veil my setting glories. He is warn'd;  
 And if he cross yon threshold, he shall die.

*Enter* CRYTHES and ION, R.

*Cry.* The king!

*Adras.* Stranger, I bid thee welcome;  
 We are about to tread the same dark passage,  
 Thou almost on the instant. Is the sword [To CRYTHES  
 Of justice sharpen'd, and the headsman ready?

*Cry.* Thou may'st behold them plainly in the court:  
 Even now the solemn soldiers line the ground;  
 The steel gleams on the altar; and the slave  
 Disrobes himself for duty:

*Adras.* (to ION.) Dost thou see them?

*Ion.* I do.

*Adras.* By Heaven, he does not change!  
 If, even now, thou wilt depart, and leave  
 Thy traitorous thoughts unspoken, thou art free.

*Ion.* I thank thee for thy offer; but I stand

Before thee for the lives of thousands, rich  
 In all that makes life precious to the brave ;  
 Who perish not alone, but in their fall  
 Break the far spreading tendrils that they feed,  
 And leave them nurtureless. If thou wilt hear me  
 For them, I am content to speak no more.

*Adras.* Thou hast thy wish then. Crythes ! till yon dial  
 Casts its thin shadow on the approaching hour,  
 I hear this gallant traitor. On the instant,  
 Come without word, and lead him to his doom.  
 Now leave us.

*Cry.* What, alone ?

*Adras.* Yes, slave ! alone.

He is no assassin !

[*Exit* CRYTHES, &c.]

Tell me who thou art.

What generous source owns that heroic blood,  
 Which holds its course thus bravely ? What great wars  
 Have nursed the courage that can look on death,  
 Certain and speedy death, with placid eye ?

*Ion.* I am a simple youth, who never bore  
 The weight of armour,—one who may not boast  
 Of noble birth or valour of his own.  
 Deem not the powers which nerve me thus to speak  
 In thy great presence, and have made my heart  
 Upon the verge of bloody death as calm,  
 As equal in its beatings, as when sleep  
 Approach'd me nestling from the sportive toils  
 Of thoughtless childhood, and celestial dreams  
 Began to glimmer through the deepening shadows  
 Of soft oblivion,—to belong to me !

These are the strengths of Heaven : to thee they speak,  
 Bid thee to hearken to thy people's cry,  
 Or warn thee that thy hour must shortly come !

*Adras.* I know it must ; so mayst thou spare thy warn-  
 ings.

The envious gods in me have doom'd a race,  
 Whose glories stream from the same cloud-girt founts,  
 Whence their own dawn'd upon the infant world ;  
 And I shall sit on my ancestral throne  
 To meet their vengeance ; but, till then, I rule  
 As I have ever ruled, and thou wilt feel.

*Ion.* I will not further urge thy safety to thee ;  
 It may be, as thou sayst, too late ; nor seek  
 To make thee tremble at the gathering curse  
 Which shall burst forth in mockery at thy fall :  
 But thou art gifted with a nobler sense—  
 I know thou art, my sovereign !—sense of pain  
 Endured by myriad Argives, in whose souls,  
 And in whose fathers' souls, thou and thy fathers  
 Have kept their cherish'd state ; whose heartstrings, still  
 The living fibres of thy rooted power,  
 Quiver with agonies thy crimes have drawn  
 From heavenly justice on them.

*Adras.* How ! my crimes ?

*Ion.* Yes ; 'tis the eternal law, that where guilt is,  
 Sorrow shall answer it ; and thou hast not  
 A poor man's privilege to bear alone,  
 Or in the narrow circle of his kinsmen,  
 The penalties of evil, for in thine  
 A nation's fate lies circled.—King Adrastus !  
 Steel'd as thy heart is with the usages  
 Of pomp and power, a few short summers since  
 Thou wert a child, and canst not be relentless.  
 Oh, if maternal love embraced thee then,  
 Think of the mothers who with eyes unwet  
 Glare o'er their perishing children : hast thou shared  
 The glow of a first friendship, which is born  
 'Midst the rude sports of boyhood, think of youth  
 Smitten amidst its playthings ; let the spirit  
 Of thy own innocent childhood whisper pity !

*Adras.* In every word thou dost but steel my soul.  
 My youth was blasted : parents, brother, kin—  
 All that should people infancy with joy—  
 Conspired to poison mine ; despoil'd my life  
 Of innocence and hope—all but the sword  
 And sceptre—dost thou wonder at me now ?

*Ion.* I knew that we should pity—

*Adras.* Pity ! dare  
 To speak that word again, and torture waits thee !  
 I am yet king of Argos. Well, go on—  
 Thy time is short, and I am pledged to hear.

*Ion.* If thou hast ever loved—



*Adras.* Beware! beware!

*Ion.* Thou hast! I see thou hast! Thou art not marble,  
And thou shalt hear me!—Think upon the time  
When the clear depths of thy yet lucid soul  
Were ruffled with the troublings of strange joy,  
As if some unseen visitant from heaven  
Touch'd the calm lake, and wreathed its images  
In sparkling waves! Recall the dallying hope  
That on the margin of assurance trembled,  
As loth to lose in certainty too bless'd,  
Its happy being; taste in thought again  
Of the stolen sweetness of those evening walks,  
When pansied turf was air to wingéd feet,  
And circling forests, by ethereal touch  
Enchanted, wore the livery of the sky,  
As if about to melt in golden light  
Shapes of one heavenly vision; and thy heart,  
Enlarged by its new sympathy with one,  
Grew bountiful to all!

*Adras.* That tone! that tone!

Whence came it? from thy lips! it cannot be—  
The long-hush'd music of the only voice  
That ever spake unbought affection to me,  
And waked my soul to blessing! O sweet hours  
Of golden joy, ye come! your glories break  
Through my pavilion'd spirit's sable folds!  
Roll on! roll on! Stranger, thou dost enforce me  
To speak of things unbreathed by lip of mine  
To human ear: wilt listen?

*Ion.* As a child.

*Adras.* Again! that voice again! thou hast seen me  
moved

As never mortal saw me, by a tone  
Which some light breeze, enamour'd of the sound,  
Hath wafted through the woods, till thy young voice  
Caught it to rive and melt me. At my birth  
This city, which, expectant of its Prince,  
Lay hush'd, broke out in clamorous ecstasies;  
Yet, in that moment, while the uplifted cups  
Foam'd with the choicest product of the sun,  
And welcome thunder'd from a thousand throats,

My doom was seal'd. From the hearth's vacant space,  
 In the dark chamber where my mother lay,  
 Faint with the sense of pain-bought happiness,  
 Came forth, in heart-appalling tone, these words  
 Of me the nurseling :—" Woe unto the babe !  
 Against the life which now begins, shall life,  
 " Lighted from thence, be arm'd, and, both soon quench'd,  
 " End this great line in sorrow !"—Ere I grew  
 Of years to know myself a thing accursed,  
 A second son was born, to steal the love  
 Which fate had else scarce rifled : he became  
 My parents' hope, the darling of the crew  
 Who lived upon their smiles, and thought it flattery  
 To trace in every foible of my youth—  
 A prince's youth !—the workings of the curse.  
 My very mother—Jove ! I cannot bear  
 To speak it now—looked freezingly upon me !

*Ion.* But thy brother—

*Adras.* Died. Thou hast heard the lie,  
 The common lie that every peasant tells  
 Of me his master,—that I slew the boy.  
 'Tis false ! One summer's eve, below a crag  
 Which, in his wilful mood, he strove to climb,  
 He lay a mangled corpse : the very slaves,  
 Whose cruelty had shut him from my heart,  
 Now coined their own injustice into proofs  
 To brand me as his murderer.

*Ion.* Did they dare  
 Accuse thee ?

*Adras.* Not in open speech : they felt  
 I should have seized the miscreant by the throat,  
 And crushed the lie, half-spoken, with the life  
 Of the base speaker ; but the lie look'd out  
 From the stolen gaze of coward eyes, which shrank  
 When mine have met them ; murmur'd through the crowd  
 That at the sacrifice, or feast, or game,  
 Stood distant from me ; burnt into my soul  
 When I beheld it in my father's shudder !

*Ion.* Didst not declare thy innocence ?

*Adras.* To whom ?  
 To parents who could doubt me ? To the ring

Of grave impostors, or their shallow sons,  
 Who should have studied to prevent my wish,  
 Before it grew to language; hailed my choice  
 To service as a prize to wrestle for;  
 And whose reluctant courtesy I bore,  
 Pale with proud anger, till from lips compress'd  
 The blood has started? To the common herd,  
 The vassals of our ancient house, the mass  
 Of bones and muscles framed to till the soil  
 A few brief years, then rot unnamed beneath it,  
 Or, deck'd for slaughter at their master's call,  
 To smite and to be smitten, and lie crush'd  
 In heaps to swell his glory or his shame?  
 Answer to them? No! though my heart had burst,  
 As it was nigh to bursting!—To the mountains  
 I fled, and on their pinnacles of snow  
 Breasted the icy wind, in hope to cool  
 My spirit's fever—struggled with the oak  
 In search of weariness, and learn'd to rive  
 Its stubborn boughs, till limbs, once lightly strung,  
 Might mate in cordage with its infant stems;  
 Or on the sea-beat rock tore off the vest  
 Which burnt upon my bosom, and to air  
 Headlong committed, clove the water's depth  
 Which plummet never sounded;—but in vain.

*Ion.* Yet succour came to thee?

*Adras.* A blesséd one!

Which the strange magic of thy voice revives,  
 And thus unlocks my soul. My rapid steps  
 Were, in a wood-encircled valley, stayed  
 By the bright vision of a maid, whose face  
 Most lovely, more than loveliness reveal'd,  
 In touch of patient grief, which dearer seem'd  
 Than happiness to spirit sear'd like mine.  
 With feeble hands she strove to lay in earth  
 The body of her agéd sire, whose death  
 Left her alone. I aided her sad work,  
 And soon two lonely ones, by holy rites,  
 Became one happy being. Days, weeks, months,  
 In stream-like unity flow'd silent by us  
 In our delightful nest. My father's spies—

Slaves, whom my nod should have consign'd to stripes  
Or the swift falchion—tracked our sylvan home  
Just as my bosom knew its second joy,  
And, spite of fortune, I embraced a son.

*Ion.* Urged by thy trembling parents to avert  
That dreadful prophecy?

*Adras.* Fools! did they deem  
Its worst accomplishment could match the ill  
Which they wrought on me? It had left unharm'd  
A thousand ecstasies of passion'd years,  
Which, tasted once, live ever, and disdain  
Fate's iron grapple! Could I now behold  
That son, with knife uplifted at my heart,  
A moment ere my life-blood followed it,  
I would embrace him with my dying eyes,  
And pardon destiny! While jocund smiles  
Wreathed on the infant's face, as if sweet spirits  
Suggested pleasant fancies to its soul,  
The ruffians broke upon us; seized the child;  
Dash'd through the thicket to the beetling rock  
'Neath which the deep wave eddies: I stood still  
As stricken into stone; I heard him cry,  
Press'd by the rudeness of the murderer's gripe,  
Severer ill unfearing—then the splash  
Of waters that shall cover him for ever;  
And could not stir to save him!

*Ion.* And the mother—

*Adras.* She spake no word, but clasped me in her arms,  
And lay her down to die. A lingering gaze  
Of love she fix'd on me—none other loved,—  
And so pass'd hence. By Jupiter, her look!  
Her dying patience glimmers in thy face!  
She lives again! She looks upon me now!  
There's magic in't. Bear with me—I am childish.

*Enter CRYTHES, and Guards, R.*

*Adras.* Why art thou here?

*Cry.* The dial points the hour.

*Adras.* Dost thou not see that horrid purpose pass'd?  
Hast thou no heart—no sense?

*Cry.* Scarce half an hour



Hath flown since the command on which I wait.

*Adras.* Scarce half an hour!—years—years have roll'd since then.

Begone! remove that pageantry of death—  
It blasts my sight—and hearken! Touch a hair  
Of this brave youth, or look on him as now  
With thy cold headsman's eye, and yonder band  
Shall not expect a fearful show in vain.

Hence, without word! [Exit CRYTHES, R.]

What wouldst thou have me do?

*Ion.* Let thy awakened heart speak its own language;  
Convene thy Sages;—frankly, nobly meet them;  
Explore with them the pleasure of the gods,  
And, whatso'er the sacrifice, perform it.

*Adras.* Well! I will seek their presence in an hour;  
Go summon them, young hero: hold! no word  
Of the strange passion thou hast witness'd here.

*Ion.* Distrust me not!—Benignant powers, I thank ye!  
[Exit, R.]

*Adras.* Yet stay—he's gone—his spell is on me yet;  
What have I promised him? To meet the men  
Who from my living head would strip the crown  
And sit in judgment on me?—I must do it—  
Yet shall my band be ready to o'erawe  
The course of liberal speech, and, if it rise  
So as too loudly to offend my ear,  
Strike the rash brawler dead!—What idle dream  
Of long-past days had melted me? It fades—  
It vanishes—I am again a king!

## SCENE II.—*The Interior of the Temple*

[*Same as Act I. Scene I.*]

CLEMANTHE seated—ABRA attending her.

*Abra.* Look, dearest lady!—the thin smoke aspires  
In the calm air, as when in happier times  
It show'd the gods propitious: wilt thou seek  
Thy chamber, lest thy father and his friends,  
Returning, find us hinderers of their council?  
She answers not—she hearkens not—with joy

Could I believe her, for the first time, sullen!  
Still she is rapt.

*Enter AGENOR, L.*

Oh, speak to my sweet mistress;  
Haply thy voice may rouse her.

*Agen.* Dear Clemanthe,  
Hope dawns in every omen; we shall hail  
Our tranquil hours again.

*Enter MEDON, CLEON, TIMOCLES, and Others, L.*

*Medon.* Clemanthe here!

How sad! how pale!

*Abra.* Her eye is kindling—hush!

*Clem.* Hark! hear ye not a distant footstep?

*Medon.* No.

Look round, my fairest child; thy friends are near thee.

*Clem.* Yes! now 'tis lost—'tis on that endless stair!

Nearer and more distinct—'tis his—'tis his—

He lives! he comes! [*Rises and rushes to back of the stage,*  
*at which ION appears, c. and returns with her, c.*

Here is your messenger,

Whom Heaven has rescued from the tyrant's rage,

Ye sent him forth to brave. Rejoice, old men,

That ye are guiltless of his blood!—why pause ye?

Why shout ye not his welcome?

*Medon.* Dearest girl,

This is no scene for thee; go to thy chamber,

I'll come to thee ere long. [*Exeunt CLEMANTHE and ABRA.*

She is o'erwrought

By fear and joy for one whose infant hopes

Were mingled with her own, even as a brother's.

*Tim.* Ion!

How shall we do thee honour?

*Ion.* None is due,

Save to the gods whose gracious influence sways

The king ye deem'd relentless;—he consents

To meet ye presently in council:—speed;

This may be nature's latest rally in him,

In fitful strength, ere it be quench'd for ever!

*Medon.* Haste to your seats! I will but speak a word

With our brave friend, and follow; though convened

In speed, let our assembly lack no forms

Of due observance, which to furious power  
Plead with the silent emphasis of years.

[*Exeunt all but MEDON and ION, L.*

Ion, draw near me; this eventful day  
Hath shown thy nature's graces circled round  
With firmness which accomplishes the hero:—  
And it would bring to me but one proud thought—  
That virtues which required not culture's aid  
Shed their first fragrance 'neath my roof, and there  
Found shelter;—but it also hath reveal'd  
What I may not hide from thee, that my child,  
My blithe and innocent girl—more fair in soul,  
More delicate in fancy, than in mould—  
Loves thee with other than a sister's love.  
I should have cared for this: I vainly deem'd  
A fellowship in childhood's thousand joys  
And household memories had nurtured friendship  
Which might hold blameless empire in the soul;  
But in that guise the traitor hath stolen in,  
And the fair citadel is thine.

*Ion.* 'Tis true.

I did not think the nurseling of thy house  
Could thus disturb its holiest inmate's duty  
With tale of selfish passion;—but we met  
As playmates who might never meet again,  
And then the hidden truth flash'd forth and show'd  
To each the image in the other's soul  
In one bright instant.

*Medon.* Be that instant blest  
Which made thee truly ours. My son! my son!  
'Tis we should feel uplifted, for the seal  
Of greatness is upon thee; yet I know  
That when the gods, won by thy virtues, draw  
The veil which now conceals their lofty birth-place,  
Thou wilt not spurn the maid who prized them lowly.

*Ion.* Spurn her! My father!

*Enter CTESIPHON, C.*

*Medon.* Ctesiphon!—and breathless—  
Art come to chide me to the council?

[*Crosses to c.*

*Ctes.* No;  
To bring unwonted joy; thy son approaches.

*Medon.* Thank Heaven! Hast spoken with him? is he well?

*Ctes.* I strove in vain to reach him, for the crowd,  
Roused from the untended couch and dismal hearth  
By the strange visiting of hope, press'd round him!  
But, by his head erect and fiery glance,  
I know that he is well, and that he bears  
A message which shall shake the tyrant. (*Shouts without.*)  
See!

The throng is tending this way—now it parts  
And yields him to thy arms.

*Enter PHOCION, I.*

*Medon.* Welcome, my Phocion—  
Long waited for in Argos; how detain'd  
Now matters not, since thou art here in joy.  
Hast brought the answer of the god?

*Pho.* I have:  
Now let Adrastus tremble!

*Medon.* May we hear it?

*Pho.* I am sworn first to utter it to him.

*Ctes.* But it is fatal to him!—say but that!

*Pho.* Ha, Ctesiphon!—I mark'd thee not before;  
How fares thy father?

*Ion (to PHOCION).* Do not speak of him.

*Ctes. (overhearing ION).* Not speak of him! Dost think  
there is a moment

When common things eclipse the burning thought  
Of him and vengeance?

*Pho.* Has the tyrant's sword—

*Ctes.* No, Phocion; that were merciful and brave  
Compared to his base deed; yet will I tell it [*crosses to c.*]  
To make the flashing of thine eye more deadly,  
And edge thy words that they may rive his heartstrings.  
The last time that Adrastus dared to face  
The Sages of the state, although my father,  
Yielding to nature's mild decay, had left  
All worldly toil and hope, he gathered strength,  
In his old seat, to speak one word of warning.  
Thou know'st how bland with years his wisdom grew,  
And with what phrases, steep'd in love, he sheath'd  
The sharpness of rebuke; yet, ere his speech



Was closed, the tyrant started from his throne,  
 And with his base hand smote him ;—'twas his death-stroke !  
 The old man tottered home, and only once  
 Raised his head after.

*Pho.* Thou wert absent ? Yes !

The royal miscreant lives.

*Ctes.* Had I beheld

That sacrilege, the tyrant had lain dead,  
 Or I had been torn piecemeal by his minions.  
 But I was far away ; when I return'd,  
 I found my father on the nearest bench  
 Within our door, his thinly silver'd head  
 Supported by wan hands, which hid his face,  
 And would not be withdrawn ; no groan, no sigh  
 Was audible, and we might only learn,  
 By short convulsive tremblings of his frame,  
 That life still flicker'd in it—yet at last,  
 By some unearthly inspiration roused,  
 He dropp'd his wither'd hands, and sat erect  
 As in his manhood's glory—the free blood  
 Flush'd crimson through his cheeks, his furrow'd brow  
 Expanded clear, and his eyes opening full,  
 Gleam'd with a youthful fire ;—I fell in awe  
 Upon my knees before him—still he spake not,  
 But slowly raised his arm untrembling ; clench'd  
 His hand as if it grasp'd an airy knife,  
 And struck in air : my hand was join'd with his  
 In nervous grasp—my lifted eye met his  
 In steadfast gaze—my pressure answer'd his—  
 We knew at once each other's thought ; a smile  
 Of the old sweetness play'd upon his lips,  
 And life forsook him. Weaponless I flew  
 To seek the tyrant, and was driven with scoffs  
 From the proud gates which shelter him. He lives—  
 And I am here to babble of revenge !

*Pho.* It comes, my friend—haste with me to the king !

*Ion.* Even while we speak, Adrastus meets his council ;  
 There let us seek him : should ye find him touch'd  
 With penitence, as happily ye may,  
 Oh, give allowance to his softened nature !

*Ctes.* Show grace to him !—Dost dare ?—I had forgot,

Thou dost not know how a son loves a father!

*Ion.* I know enough to feel for thee; I know  
 Thou hast endured the vilest wrongs that tyranny  
 In its worst frenzy can inflict;—yet think,  
 O think! before the irrevocable deed  
 Shuts out all thought, how much of power's excess  
 Is theirs who raise the idol:—do we groan  
 Beneath the personal force of this rash man,  
 Who forty summers since hung at the breast  
 A playful weakling; whom the heat unnerves;  
 The north-wind pierces; and the hand of death  
 May, in a moment, change, to clay as vile  
 As that of the scourged slave whose chains it severs?  
 No! 'tis our weakness gasping, or the shows  
 Of outward strength that builds up tyranny,  
 And makes it look so glorious:—If we shrink  
 Faint-hearted from the reckoning of our span  
 Of mortal days, we pamper the fond wish  
 For long duration in a line of kings:  
 If the rich pageantry of thoughts must fade,  
 All unsubstantial as the regal hues  
 Of eve which purpled them, our cunning frailty  
 Must robe a living image with their pomp,  
 And wreath a diadem around its brow,  
 In which our sunny fantasies may live  
 Empearl'd, and gleam, in fatal splendour, far  
 On after ages. We must look *within*  
 For that which makes us slaves;—on sympathies  
 Which find no kindred objects in the plain  
 Of common life—affections that aspire  
 In air too thin—and fancy's dewy film  
 Floating for rest; for even such delicate threads,  
 Gather'd by fate's engrossing hand, supply  
 The eternal spindle whence she weaves the bond  
 Of cable strength in which our nature struggles!

*Ctes.* Go, talk to others, if thou wilt;—to me  
 All argument, save that of steel, is idle.

*Medon.* No more;—let's to the council—there, my son,  
 Tell thy great message nobly; and for thee,  
 Poor orphan'd youth, be sure the gods are just! [*Exeunt L.*]

SCENE III.—*The great Square of the City.* ADRASTUS seated on a throne; AGENOR, TIMOCLES, CLEON, and others, seated as Councillors—SOLDIERS line the Stage at a distance.

*Adras.* Upon your summons, Sages, I am here;  
Your king attends to know your pleasure; speak it.

*Agen.* And canst thou ask? If the heart dead within thee  
Receives no impress of this awful time,  
Art thou of sense forsaken? Are thine ears  
So charm'd by strains of slavish minstrelsy,  
That the dull groan and frenzy-pointed shriek  
Pass them unheard to Heaven? Or are thine eyes  
So conversant with prodigies of grief,  
They cease to dazzle at them? Art thou arm'd  
'Gainst wonder, while, in all things, Nature turns  
To dreadful contraries;—while Youth's full cheek  
Is shrivell'd into furrows of sad years,  
And 'neath its glossy curls untinged by care  
Looks out a keen anatomy;—while Age  
Is stung by feverish torture for an hour  
Into youth's strength; while fragile Womanhood  
Starts into frightful courage, all unlike  
The gentle strength its gentle weakness feeds,  
To make affliction beautiful, and stalks  
Abroad, a tearless and unshuddering thing;—  
While Childhood, in its orphan'd freedom blithe,  
Finds, in the shapes of wretchedness which seem  
Grotesque to its unsadden'd vision, cause  
For dreadful mirth, that shortly shall be hush'd  
In never-broken silence; and while Love,  
Immortal through all change, makes ghastly Death  
Its idol, and with furious passion digs  
Amid sepulchral images for gauds  
To cheat its fancy with?—Do sights like these  
Glare through the realm thou shouldst be parent to,  
And canst thou find the voice to ask “our pleasure?”

*Adras.* Cease, babbler;—wherefore would ye stun my  
ears

With vain recital of the griefs I know,  
And cannot heal?—will treason turn aside  
The shafts of fate, or medicine Nature's ills?

I have no skill in pharmacy, nor power  
To sway the elements.

*Agen.* Thou hast the power  
To cast thyself upon the earth with us  
In penitential shame : or, if this power  
Hath left a heart made weak by luxury  
And hard by pride, thou hast at least the power  
To cease the mockery of thy frantic revels.

*Adras.* I have yet power to punish insult—look  
I use it not, Agenor !—Fate may dash  
My sceptre from me, but shall not command  
My will to hold it with a feebler grasp ;  
Nay, if few hours of empire yet are mine,  
They shall be colour'd with a sterner pride,  
And peopled with more lustrous joys, than flush'd  
In the serene procession of its greatness,  
Which look'd perpetual, as the flowing course  
Of human things. Have ye beheld a pine  
That clasp'd the mountain-summit with a root  
As firm as its rough marble, and, apart  
From the huge shade of undistinguish'd trees,  
Lifted its head as in delight to share  
The evening glories of the sky, and taste  
The wanton dalliance of the heavenly breeze,  
That no ignoble vapour from the vale  
Could mingle with—smit by the flaming marl,  
And lighted for destruction ? How it stood  
One glorious moment, fringed and wreathed with fire  
Which show'd the inward graces of its shape,  
Uncumber'd now, and midst its topmost boughs,  
That young Ambition's airy fancies made  
Their giddy nest, leap'd sportive ;—never clad  
By liberal summer in a pomp so rich  
As waited on its downfall, while it took  
The storm-cloud roll'd behind it for a curtain,  
To gird its splendours round, and made the blast  
Its minister to whirl its flashing shreds  
Aloft towards heaven, or to the startled depths  
Of forests that afar might share its doom !  
So shall the royalty of Argos pass  
In festal blaze to darkness ! Have ye spoken ?



*Agen.* I speak no more to thee!—Great Jove, look down!  
[*Shouts without.*]

*Adras.* What factious brawl is this? disperse it, soldiers.  
[*Shouting renewed.—As some of the soldiers are about to march,*  
*PHOCION rushes in, followed by CTESIPHON, ION and MEDON.*  
Whence is this insolent intrusion?

*Pho.* King!

I bear Apollo's answer to thy prayer.

*Adras.* Has not thy travel taught thy knee its duty?  
Here we had school'd thee better.

*Pho.* Kneel to thee!

*Medon.* Patience, my son! Do homage to the king.

*Pho.* Never!—Thou talk'st of schooling—know, Adrastus  
That I have studied in a nobler school,  
Than the dull haunt of venal sophistry,  
Or the lewd-guard-room;—o'er which ancient Heaven  
Extends its arch for all, and mocks the span  
Of palaces and dungeons; where the heart  
In its free beatings, 'neath the coarsest vest,  
Claims kindred with diviner things than power  
Of kings can raise or stifle—in the school  
Of mighty Nature—where I learn'd to blush  
At sight like this, of thousands basely hush'd  
Before a man no mightier than themselves,  
Save in the absence of that love that softens.

*Adras.* Peace! speak thy message.

*Pho.* Shall I tell it here?

Or shall I seek thy couch at dead of night,  
And breathe it in low whispers!—As thou wilt.

*Adras.* Here—and this instant!

*Pho.* Hearken then, Adrastus,  
And hearken, Argives—thus Apollo speaks:—  
(*Reads a scroll*) “Argos ne'er shall find release  
Till her monarch's race shall cease.”

*Adras.* 'Tis not God's will, but man's sedition speaks:  
Guards! tear that lying parchment from his hands,  
And bear him to the palace.

*Medon.* Touch him not,—  
He is Apollo's messenger, whose lips  
Were never stain'd with falsehood.

*Pho.* Come on, all!

*Agen.* Surround him, friends! Die with him!

*Adras.* Soldiers, charge

Upon these rebels; hew them down. On! on!

[*The Soldiers advance and surround the people: they seize PHOCION. ION rushes from the back of the stage, and throws himself between ADRASTUS and PHOCION.*

*Pho.* (to ADRASTUS.) Yet I defy thee.

*Ion.* (to PHOCION.) Friend! for sake of all,  
Enrage him not—wait while I speak a word—  
My sovereign, I implore thee, do not stain [*To ADRASTUS*  
This sacred place with blood: in Heaven's great name  
I do conjure thee—and in *hers*, whose spirit  
Is mourning for thee now!

*Adras.* Release the stripling—

Let him go spread his treason where he will.  
He is not worth my anger. To the palace!

*Ion.* Nay, yet an instant!—let my speech have power  
From Heaven to move thee further: thou hast heard  
The sentence of the god, and thy heart owns it;  
If thou wilt cast aside this cumbrous pomp,  
And in seclusion purify thy soul  
Long fever'd and sophisticate, the gods  
May give thee space for penitential thoughts;  
If not—as surely as thou standest here,  
Wilt thou lie stiff and weltering in thy blood,—  
The vision presses on me now.

*Adras.* Art mad?

Resign my state? Sue to the gods for life,  
The common life which every slave endures,  
And meanly clings to? No; within yon walls  
I shall resume the banquet, never more  
Broken by man's intrusion. Councillors,  
Farewell!—go mutter treason till ye perish!

[*Exeunt ADRASTUS, CRYTHES and Soldiers, L.*

*Ion.* (stands apart leaning on a pedestal.) 'Tis seal'd!

*Medon.* Let us withdraw, and strive

By sacrifice to pacify the gods! [*MEDON, AGENOR, and  
Councillors retire; they leave CTESIPHON, PHOCION and  
ION. ION still stands apart, as rapt in meditation.*

*Ctes.* 'Tis well; the measure of his guilt is fill'd.  
Where shall we meet at sunset?

*Pho.* In the grove  
Which with its matted shade imbrowns the vale:  
Between those buttresses of rock that guard  
The sacred mountain on its western side,  
Stands a rude altar—overgrown with moss,  
And stain'd with drippings of a million showers,  
So old, that no tradition names the power  
That hallow'd it,—which we will consecrate  
Anew to freedom and to justice.

*Ctes.* Thither,  
Will I bring friends to meet thee. Shall we speak  
To you rapt youth? [Pointing to ION]

*Pho.* His nature is too gentle.  
At sunset we will meet.—With arms?

*Ctes.* A knife—  
One sacrificial knife will serve.

*Pho.* At sunset! [*Exeunt CTESIPHON R. PHOCION C.L.*]

*Ion (comes forward).* O, wretched man, thy words have  
seal'd thy doom!

Why should I shiver at it, when no way,  
Save this, remains to break the ponderous cloud  
That hangs above my wretched country!—death—  
A single death, the common lot of all,  
Which it will not be mine to look upon,—  
And yet its ghastly shape dilates before me;  
I cannot shut it out; my thoughts grow rigid,  
And as that grim and prostrate figure haunts them,  
My sinews stiffen like it. Courage, Ion!  
No spectral form is here; all outward things  
Wear their own old familiar looks; no dye  
Pollutes them. Yet the air has scent of blood,  
And now it eddies with a hurtling sound,  
As if some weapon swiftly clove it. No—  
The falchion's course is silent as the grave  
That yawns before its victim. Gracious powers!  
If the great duty of my life be near,  
Grant it may be to suffer, not to strike! [Exit, R.]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Terrace of the Temple.*

*Enter CLEMANTHE and ION. R.*

*Clem.* Nay, I must chide this sorrow from thy brow,  
Or 'twill rebuke my happiness;—I know  
Too well the miseries that hem us round;  
And yet the inward sunshine of my soul,  
Unclouded by their melancholy shadows,  
Bathes in its deep tranquillity one image—  
One only image, which no outward storm  
Can ever ruffle. Let me wean thee, then,  
From this vain pondering o'er the general woe,  
Which makes my joy look ugly.

*Ion.* No, my fair one,  
The gloom that wrongs thy love is unredeem'd  
By generous sense of others' woe; too sure  
It rises from dark presages within,  
And will not from me.

*Clem.* Then it is most groundless!  
Hast thou not won the blessing of the perishing  
By constancy, the fame of which shall live  
While a heart beats in Argos?—hast thou not  
Upon one agitated bosom pour'd  
The sweetest peace? and can thy generous nature,  
While it thus sheds felicity around it,  
Remain itself unblest'd?

*Ion.* I strove awhile  
To think the assured possession of thy love  
With too divine a burthen weigh'd my heart,  
And press'd my spirits down:—but 'tis not so;  
Nor will I with false tenderness beguile thee,  
By feigning that my sadness has a cause  
So exquisite! Clemanthe! thou wilt find me  
A sad companion;—I who knew not life,  
Save as the sportive breath of happiness,  
Now feel my minutes teeming, as they rise,  
With grave experiences; I dream no more



Of azure realms where restless beauty sports  
 In myriad shapes fantastic ; dismal vaults  
 In black succession open, till the gloom  
 Afar is broken by a streak of fire  
 That shapes my name—the fearful wind that moans  
 Before the storm articulates its sound ;  
 And as I pass'd but now the solemn range  
 Of Argive monarchs, that in sculptured mockery  
 Of present empire sit, their eyes of stone  
 Bent on me instinct with a frightful life,  
 That drew me into fellowship with them,  
 As conscious marble ; while their ponderous lips—  
 Fit organs of eternity—unclosed,  
 And, as I live to tell thee, murmur'd, “ Hail !  
 HAIL ! ION THE DEVOTED !”

*Clem.* These are fancies,  
 Which thy soul, late expanded with great purpose,  
 Shapes, as it quivers to its natural circle  
 In which its joys should lurk, as in the bud  
 The cells of fragrance cluster. Bid them from thee,  
 And strive to be thyself.

*Ion.* I will do so !  
 I'll gaze upon thy loveliness, and drink  
 Its quiet in ;—how beautiful thou art !—  
 My pulse throbs now as it was wont ;—a being,  
 Which owns so fair a glass to mirror it,  
 Cannot show darkly.

*Clem.* We shall soon be happy ;  
 My father will rejoice to bless our love,  
 And Argos waken ;—for her tyrant's course  
 Must have a speedy end.

*Ion.* It must ! It must !

*Clem.* Yes ; for no empty talk of public wrongs  
 Assails him now ; keen hatred and revenge  
 Are roused to crush him.

*Ion.* Not by such base agents  
 May the august lustration be achieved :  
 He who shall cleanse his country from the guilt  
 For which Heaven smites her, should be pure of soul,  
 Guileless as infancy, and undisturb'd  
 By personal anger as thy father is,

When, with unswerving hand and piteous eye,  
 He stops the brief life of the innocent kid  
 Bound with white fillets to the altar ;—so  
 Enwreathed by fate the royal victim heaves,  
 And soon his breast shall shrink beneath the knife  
 Of the selected slayer !

*Clem.* 'Tis thyself

Whom thy strange language pictures—Ion ! thou—

*Ion.* She has said it ! Her pure lips have spoken out  
 What all things intimate :—didst thou not mark  
 Me for the office of avenger—*me* ?

*Clem.* No ;—save from the wild picture that thy fancy—  
 Thy o'erwrought fancy drew ; I thought it look'd  
 Too like thee, and I shudder'd.

*Ion.* So do I !

And yet I almost wish I shudder'd more,  
 For the dire thought has grown familiar with me—  
 Could I escape it !

*Clem.* 'Twill away in sleep.

*Ion.* No, no ! I dare not sleep—for well I know  
 That then the knife will gleam, the blood will gush,  
 The form will stiffen !—I will walk awhile  
 In the sweet evening light, and try to chase  
 These fearful images away.

*Clem.* Let me

Go with thee. Oh, how often, hand in hand,  
 In such a lovely light have we roam'd westward  
 Aimless and blessed ; when we were no more  
 Than playmates :—surely we are not grown stranger  
 Since yesterday !

*Ion.* No, dearest, not to-night :

The plague yet rages fiercely in the vale,  
 And I am placed in grave commission here  
 To watch the gates ;—indeed, thou must not pass ;  
 I will be merrier when we meet again,—  
 Trust me, my love, I will ; farewell !

[*Exit, L.*

*Clem.* Farewell, then !

How fearful disproportion shows in one  
 Whose life hath been all harmony ! He bends  
 Toward that thick covert where in blessed hour  
 My father found him, which has ever been

His chosen place of musing. Shall I follow ?  
 Am I already grown a selfish mistress,  
 To watch his solitude with jealous eye,  
 And claim him all ? That let me never be—  
 Yet danger from within besets him now,  
 Known to me only—I will follow him !

[*Exit, L.*]

SCENE II.—*An opening in a deep Wood—in front an old gray Altar.*

*Enter ION.*

*Ion.* O winding pathways, o'er whose scanty blades  
 Of unaspiring grass mine eyes have bent  
 So often when by musing fancy sway'd,  
 That craved alliance with no wider scene  
 Than your fair thickets border'd, but was pleased  
 To deem the toilsome years of manhood flown,  
 And, on the pictured mellowness of age  
 Idly reflective, image my return  
 From careful wanderings, to find ye gleam  
 With unchanged aspect on a heart unchanged,  
 And melt the busy past to a sweet dream  
 As then the future was ;—why should ye now  
 Echo my steps with melancholy sound,  
 As ye were conscious of a guilty presence ?  
 The lovely light of eve, that, as it waned,  
 Touch'd ye with softer, homelier look, now fades  
 In dismal blackness ; and yon twisted roots  
 Of ancient trees, with whose fantastic forms  
 My thoughts grew humourous, look terrible,  
 As if about to start to serpent life,  
 And hiss around me ;—whither shall I turn ?—  
 Where fly ?—I see the myrtle-cradled spot  
 Where human love, instructed by divine,  
 Found and embraced me first ; I'll cast me down  
 Upon the earth as on a mother's breast,  
 In hope to feel myself again a child.

[*Retires into the wood.*]

*Enter CTESIPHON, CASSANDER, and other Argive Youths.*

*Ctes.* Sure this must be the place that Phocion spoke of ;—  
 The twilight deepens, yet he does not come.

Oh, if, instead of idle dreams of freedom,  
He knew the sharpness of a grief like mine,  
He would not linger thus !

*Cass.* The sun's broad disk  
Of misty red, a few brief minutes since,  
Sank 'neath the leaden wave ; but night steals on  
With rapid pace to veil us, and thy thoughts  
Are eager as the favouring darkness.

*Enter PHOCION.*

*Ctes.* Welcome !  
Thou know'st all here.

*Pho.* Yes ; I rejoice, Cassander,  
To find thee my companion in a deed  
Worthy of all the dreamings of old days,  
When we, two rebel youths, grew safely brave  
In visionary perils. We'll not shame  
Our young imaginations. Ctesiphon,  
We look to thee for guidance in our aim.

*Ctes.* I bring you glorious news. There is a soldier,  
Who, in his reckless boyhood, was my comrade,  
And though by taste of luxury subdued  
Even to brook the tyrant's service, burns  
With generous anger to avenge that grief  
I bear above all others. He has made  
The retribution sure. From him I learnt,  
That when Adrastus reached his palace court,  
He paused, to struggle with some mighty thro' of  
Of passion ; then call'd eagerly for wine,  
And bade his soldiers share his choicest stores,  
And snatch, like him, a day from Fortune. Soon,  
As one worn out by watching and excess,  
He stagger'd to his couch, where now he lies  
Oppress'd with heavy sleep, while his loose soldiers,  
Made by the fierce carousal vainly mad  
Or grossly dull, are scatter'd through the courts  
Unarm'd and cautionless. The eastern portal  
Is at this moment open ; by that gate  
We all may enter unperceived, and line  
The passages which gird the royal chamber,  
While one blest hand within completes the doom



Which Heaven pronounces. Nothing now remains,  
 But that, as all would share this action's glory,  
 We join in one great vow, and choose one arm  
 Our common minister. Oh, if these sorrows  
 Confer on me the office to return  
 Upon the tyrant's shivering heart the blow  
 Which crush'd my father's spirit, I will leave  
 To him who cares for toys the patriot's laurel  
 And the applause of ages !

*Pho.* Let the gods  
 By the old course of lot reveal the name  
 Of the predestined champion. For myself,  
 Here do I solemnly devote all powers  
 Of soul and body to that glorious purpose  
 We live but to fulfil.

*Ctes.* And I !

*Cass.* And I !

*Ion.* (*who has advanced from the wood, rushes to the altar and exclaims*) And I !

*Pho.* Most welcome ! The serenest powers of justice,  
 In prompting thy unspotted soul to join  
 Our bloody councils, sanctify and bless them !

*Ion.* The gods have prompted me ; for they have given  
 One dreadful voice to all things which should be  
 Else dumb or musical ; and I rejoice  
 To step from the grim round of waking dreams  
 Into this fellowship which makes all clear.  
 Wilt trust me, Ctesiphon ?

*Ctes.* Yes ; but we waste  
 The precious minutes in vain talk ; if lots  
 Must guide us, have ye scrolls ?

*Pho.* Cassander has them ;  
 The flickering light of yonder glade will serve him  
 To inscribe them with our names. Be quick, Cassander !

*Ctes.* I wear a casque, beneath whose iron circlet  
 My father's dark hairs whiten'd ; let it hold  
 The names of his avengers !

[*CTESIPHON takes off his helmet and gives it to CASSANDER,  
 who retires with it R.*]

*Pho* (*to CTESIPHON.*) He whose name

'Thou shalt draw first shall fill the post of glory.  
 Were it not also well, the second name  
 Should designate another, charged to take  
 The same great office, if the first should leave  
 His work imperfect ?

*Ctes.* There can scarce be need ;  
 Yet as thou wilt. May the first chance be mine !  
 I will leave little for a second arm !

[CASSANDER returns with the helmet.

*Ctes.* Now, gods, decide !

[CTESIPHON draws a lot from the helmet.

*Pho.* The name ! Why dost thou pause ?

*Ctes.* 'Tis Ion !

*Ion.* Well I knew it would be mine !

[CTESIPHON draws another lot.

*Ctes.* Phocion ! it will be thine to strike him dead  
 If he should prove faint-hearted.

*Pho.* With my life  
 I'll answer for his constancy.

*Ctes.* (to ION.) Thy hand !  
 'Tis cold as death.

*Ion.* Yes, but it is as firm.  
 What ceremony next ?

[CTESIPHON leads ION to the altar, and gives him a knife.

*Ctes.* Receive this steel,  
 For ages dedicate in my sad home  
 To sacrificial uses ; grasp it nobly,  
 And consecrate it to untrembling service  
 Against the king of Argos and his race.

*Ion.* His race ! Is he not left alone on earth ?  
 He hath no brother, and no child.

*Ctes.* Such words  
 The god hath used, who never speaks in vain.

*Pho.* There were old rumours of an infant born,  
 And strangely vanishing ;—a tale of guilt  
 Half hush'd, perchance distorted in the hushing,  
 And by the wise scarce heeded, for they deem'd it  
 One of a thousand guilty histories,  
 Which, if the walls of palaces could speak,  
 Would show that, nursed by prideful luxury,  
 To pamper which the virtuous peasant toils,

Crimes grow unpunished, which the pirate's nest,  
 Or want's foul hovel, or the cell which justice  
 Keeps for unlicensed guilt, would startle at!  
 We must root out the stock, that no stray scion  
 Renew the tree, whose branches, stifling virtue,  
 Shed poison-dews on joy.

[*ION approaches the altar, and lifting up the knife, speaks*  
 —Ye eldest gods,

Who in no statues of exactest form  
 Are palpable; who shun the azure heights  
 Of beautiful Olympus, and the sound  
 Of ever-young Apollo's minstrelsy;  
 Yet, mindful of the empire which ye held  
 Over dim Chaos, keep revengeful watch  
 On falling nations, and on kingly lines  
 About to sink forever; ye, who shed  
 Into the passions of earth's giant brood  
 And their fierce usages the sense of justice;  
 Who clothe the fated battlements of tyranny  
 With blackness as a funeral pall, and breathe  
 Through the proud halls of time-embolden'd guilt  
 Portents of ruin, hear me!—In your presence,  
 For now I feel ye nigh, I dedicate  
 This arm to the destruction of the king  
 And of his race! Oh! keep me pitiless;  
 Expel all human weakness from my frame,  
 That this keen weapon shake not when his heart  
 Should feel its point; and if he has a child  
 Whose blood is needful to the sacrifice  
 My country asks, harden my soul to shed it!—  
 Was not that thunder?

*Ctes.* No; I heard no sound.

Now, mark me, Ion! Thou shalt straight be led  
 To the king's chamber; we shall be at hand;  
 Nothing can give thee pause. Hold! one should watch  
 The city's eastern portal, lest the troops,  
 Returning from the work of plunder home,  
 Surround us unprepared. Be that thy duty.

[*To PHOCIUM*

*Pho.* I am to second Ion if he fail.

*Ctes.* He cannot fail;—I shall be nigh. What, Ion!

*Ion.* Who spake to me? Where am I? Friends, your pardon:

I am prepared; yet grant me for a moment,  
One little moment, to be left alone.

*Ctes.* Be brief then, or the season of revenge  
Will pass. At yonder thicket we'll expect thee.

[*Exeunt all but ION, L.*]

*Ion.* Methinks I breathe more freely, now my lot  
Is palpable, and mortals gird me round,  
Though my soul owns no sympathy with theirs.  
Some one approaches—I must hide this knife—  
Hide! I have ne'er till now had aught to hide  
From any human eye. [*He conceals the knife in his vest.*]

*Enter CLEMANTHE, U. E. L.*

Clemanthe here!

*Clem.* Forgive me that I break upon thee thus:  
I meant to watch thy steps unseen; but night  
Is thickening; thou art haunted by sad fancies  
And 'tis more terrible to think upon thee,  
Wandering with such companions in thy bosom,  
Than in the peril thou art wont to seek  
Beside the bed of death.

*Ion.* Death, say'st thou? Death?  
Is it not righteous when the gods decree it?  
And brief its sharpest agony? Yet, fairest,  
It is no theme for thee. Go in at once,  
And think of it no more.

*Clem.* Not without thee!  
Indeed, thou art not well; thy hands are marble;  
Thine eyes are fixed; let me support thee, love—  
Ha! what is that gleaming within thy vest?  
A knife! Tell me its purpose, Ion!

*Ion.* No;  
My oath forbids.

*Clem.* An oath! Oh, gentle Ion,  
What can have link'd thee to a cause which needs  
A stronger cement than a good man's word?  
There's danger in it. Wilt thou keep it from me?

*Ion.* Alas I must. Thou wilt know all full soon—

[*Voices without call "Ion!" L.*]



Hark! I am call'd.

*Clem.* Nay, do not leave me thus.

*Ion* 'Tis very sad (*voices again*)—I dare not stay—  
farewell! [Exit, 1st. R. L.

*Clem.* It must be to Adrastus that he hastes!

If by his hand the fated tyrant die,  
Austere remembrance of the deed will hang  
Upon his delicate spirit like a cloud,  
And tinge its world of happy images  
With hues of horror. Shall I to the palace,  
And, as the price of my disclosure, claim  
His safety? No!—'Tis never woman's part  
Out of her fond misgivings, to perplex  
The fortunes of the man to whom she cleaves;  
'Tis hers to weave all that she has of fair  
And bright in the dark meshes of their web,  
Inseparate from their windings. My poor heart  
Hath found its refuge in a hero's love,  
Whatever destiny his generous soul  
Shape for him;—'tis its duty to be still,  
And trust him till it bound or break with his. [Exit, L.

SCENE III.—*A chamber in the Temple.*

*Enter MEDON, followed by ABRA, R.*

*Medon.* My daughter not within the temple, sayst thou?  
Abroad at such an hour? Sure, not alone  
She wandered: tell me truly, did not Phocion  
Or Ion bear her company? 'Twas Ion—  
Confess—was it not he? I shall not chide,  
Indeed I shall not.

*Abra.* She went forth alone;  
But it is true that Ion just before  
Had taken the same path.

*Medon.* It was to meet him.  
I would they were returned: the night is growl  
Of an unusual blackness. Some one comes—  
Look if it be my daughter.

*Abra (looking out).* No: young Irus,  
The little slave, whose pretty tale of grief  
Agenor, with so gracious a respect,

This morning told us.

*Medon.* Let him come : he bears  
Some message from his master.

*Enter IRUS, L.*

*Medon (to IRUS).* Thou art pale :  
Has any evil happened to Agenor ?

*Irus.* No, my good lord : I do not come from him ;  
I bear to thee a scroll from one who now  
Is numbered with the dead ; he was my kinsman,  
But I had never seen him till he lay  
Upon his death-bed ; for he left these shores  
Long before I was born, and no one knew  
His place of exile. On this mournful day  
He landed, was plague-stricken, and expired.  
My gentle master gave me leave to tend  
His else unsolaced death-bed ; when he found  
The clammy chillness of the grave steal on,  
He called for parchment, and, with trembling hand,  
That seem'd to gather firmness from its task,  
Wrote earnestly ; conjured me take the scroll  
Instant to thee—and died. [*IRUS gives a scroll to MEDON.*

*Medon (reading the scroll).* These are high tidings.  
Abra ! is not Clemanthe come ? I long  
To tell her all.

*Enter CLEMANTHE.*

*Medon.* Sit down, my pensive child.  
Abra, this boy is faint : see him refreshed  
With food and wine before thou lett'st him pass.

*Irus.* I have been too long absent from Agenor,  
Who needs my slender help.

*Medon.* Nay, I will use  
Thy master's firmness here, and use it so  
As he would use it. Keep him prisoner, Abra,  
Till he has done my bidding. [*Exeunt ABRA and IRUS, R.*

Now, Clemanthe,  
Though thou hast play'd the truant and the rebel,  
I will not be too strict in my award,  
By keeping from thee news of one to thee  
Most dear—nay, do not blush—I say most dear.

*Clem.* It is of Ion ! No,—I do not blush,

But tremble. O my father, what of Ion?

*Medon.* How often have we guessed his lineage noble!  
And now 'tis proved. The kinsman of that youth  
Was with another hired to murder him  
A babe;—they tore him from his mother's breast,  
And to a sea-girt summit, where a rock  
O'erhung a chasm, by the surge's force  
Made terrible, rush'd with him. As the gods  
In mercy ordered it, the foremost ruffian,  
Who bore no burden, pressing through the gloom  
In the wild hurry of his guilty purpose,  
Trode at the extreme verge upon a crag  
Loosen'd by summer from its granite bed,  
And suddenly fell with it; with his fall  
Sank the base daring of the man who held  
The infant; so he placed the unconscious babe  
Upon the spot where it was found by me;  
Watched till he saw the infant safe; then fled,  
Fearful of question; and returned to die.  
That child is Ion. Whom dost guess his sire?  
The first in Argos!

*Clem.* Dost thou mean Adrastus?

He cannot—must not—be that tyrant's son!

*Medon.* It is most certain. Nay, my thankless girl,  
He hath no touch of his rash father's pride;  
For Nature, from whose genial lap he smiled  
Upon us first, hath moulded for her own  
The suppliant of her bounty;—thou art bless'd:  
Thus, let me bid thee joy.

*Clem.* Joy, sayst thou?—joy!

Then I must speak—he seeks Adrastus' life!  
And at this moment, while we talk, may stain  
His soul with parricide.

*Medon.* Impossible!

Ion, the gentlest—

*Clem.* It is true, my father!

I saw the weapon gleaming in his vest;  
I heard him called!

*Medon.* Shall I alarm the palace?

*Clem.* No: in the fierce confusion, he would fall  
Before our tale could be his safeguard. Gods!  
Is there no hope, no refuge?

*Medon.* Yes, if Heaven  
Assist us. I bethink me of a passage,  
Which, fashioned by a king in pious zeal,  
That he might seek the altar of the god  
In secret, from the temple's inmost shrine  
Leads to the roya' chamber. I have tracked it  
In youth for pastime. Could I tread it now,  
I yet might save him.

*Clem.* Oh, make haste, my father!  
Shall I attend thee?

*Medon.* No: thou would'st impede  
My steps:—thou'rt fainting! when I have lodged thee safe  
In thy own chamber, I will light the torch  
And instantly set forward.

*Clem.* Do not waste  
An instant's space on me: speed, speed, my father!  
The fatal moments fly—I need no aid;—  
Thou seest I am calm, quite calm.

*Medon.* The gods protect thee!

[*Exeunt MEDON L., CLEMANTHE R*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The royal Chamber.*

*ADRASTUS on a couch asleep.—Enter ION with the knife.*

*Ion.* Why do I creep thus stealthily along  
With trembling steps? Am I not arm'd by Heaven  
To execute its mandate on a king  
Whom it hath doom'd? And shall I alter now,  
While every moment that he breathes may crush  
Some life else happy?—Can I be deceived,  
By some foul passion, crouching in my soul,  
Which takes a radiant form to lure me on?  
Assure me, gods!—Yes; I have heard your voices;  
For I dare pray ye now to nerve my arm  
And see me strike! [ *He goes to the couch.*



He's smiling in his slumber,  
 As if some happy thought of innocent days  
 Play'd at his heart-strings : must I scare it thence  
 With death's sharp agony ? He lies condemn'd  
 By the high judgment of supernal Powers,  
 And he shall know their sentence. Wake, Adrastus !  
 Collect thy spirits, and be strong to die !

*Adras.* Who dares disturb my rest ? Guards ! Soldiers !  
 Recreants !

Where tarry ye ? Why smite ye not to earth  
 This bold intruder ?—Ha, no weapon here !  
 What wouldst thou with me, ruffian ?

[*Rising.*

*Ion.* I am none,  
 But a sad instrument in Jove's great hand  
 To take thy life, long forfeited—Prepare !  
 Thy hour is come !

*Adras.* Villains ! does no one hear ?

*Ion.* Vex not the closing minutes of thy being  
 With torturing hope, or idle rage ; thy guards,  
 Palsied with revelry, are scatter'd senseless,  
 While the most valiant of our Argive youths  
 Hold every passage by which human aid  
 Could reach thee. Present death is the award  
 Of Powers who watch above me, while I stand  
 To execute their sentence.

*Adras.* Thou !—I know thee—

The youth I spared this morning, in whose ear  
 I pour'd the secrets of my bosom. Kill me,  
 If thou dar'st do it ; but bethink thee, first,  
 How the grim memory of thy thankless deed  
 Will haunt thee to the grave !

*Ion.* It is most true ;

Thou sparedst my life, and therefore do the gods  
 Ordain me to this office, lest thy fall  
 Seem the chance forfeit of some single sin,  
 And not the great redress of Argos. Now—  
 Now, while I parley—Spirits that have left,  
 Within this hour, their plague-tormented flesh  
 To rot untomb'd, glide by, and frown on me,  
 Their slow avenger—and the chamber swarms  
 With looks of Furies—Yet a moment wait,

Ye dreadful prompters!—If there is a friend,  
Whom, dying, thou wouldst greet by word or token,  
Speak thy last bidding.

*Adras.* I have none on earth.

If thou hast courage, end me!

*Ion.* Not one friend!

Most piteous doom!

*Adras.* Art melted?

*Ion.* If I am,

Hope nothing from my weakness; mortal arms,  
And eyes unseen that sleep not, gird us round,  
And we shall fall together. Be it so!

*Adras.* No; strike at once; my hour is come: in thee  
I recognize the minister of Jove,  
And, kneeling thus, submit me to his power. [Kneels.

*Ion.* Avert thy face!

*Adras.* No; let me meet thy gaze;  
For breathing pity lights thy features up  
Into more awful likeness of a form  
Which once shone on me; and which now my sense  
Shapes palpable—in habit of the grave,  
Inviting me to the sad realm where shades  
Of innocents, whom passionate regard  
Link'd with the guilty, are content to pace  
With them the margin of the inky flood  
Mournful and calm; 'tis surely there; she waves  
Her pallid hand in circle o'er thy head,  
As if to bless thee—and I bless thee too,  
Death's gracious angel!—Do not turn away.

*Ion.* Gods! to what office have ye doom'd me—Now!

[*ION raises his arm to stab ADRASTUS, who is kneeling, and gazes steadfastly upon him. The voice of MEDON is heard without, calling, "ION!" "ION!" ION drops his arm.*

*Adras.* Be quick, or thou art lost!

[*As Ion has again raised his arm to strike, MEDON rushes in behind him, c.*

*Medon.* Ion, forbear.

Behold thy son, Adrastus!

[*ION stands for a moment stupified with horror, drops the knife, and falls senseless on the ground.*

*Adras.* What strange words  
Are these, which call my senses from the death  
They were composed to welcome? Son! 'tis false—  
I had but one—and the deep wave rolls o'er him!

*Medon.* That wave received, instead of the fair nurseling,  
One of the slaves who bore him from thy sight  
In wicked haste to slay;—I'll give thee proofs.

*Adras.* Great Jove, I thank thee!—raise him gently—  
proofs!

Are there not here the lineaments of her  
Who made me happy once—the voice, now still,  
That bade the long-sealed fount of love gush out,  
While with a prince's constancy he came  
To lay his noble life down; and the sure,  
The dreadful proof, that he whose guileless brow  
Is instinct with her spirit, stood above me,  
Arm'd for the traitor's deed!—It is my child!

[*Ion, reviving, sinks on one knee before ADRASTUS.*

*Ion.* Father!

[*Noise without.*

*Medon.* The clang of arms!

*Ion* (*starting up*). They come! they come!  
They who are leagued with me against thy life.  
Here let us fall!

*Adras.* I will confront them yet.  
Within I have a weapon which has drunk  
A traitor's blood ere now;—there will I wait them:  
No power less strong than death shall part us now.  
[*Exeunt ADRASTUS and ION, as into an inner chamber U. E. I.*

*Medon.* Have mercy on him, gods, for the dear sake  
Of your most single-hearted worshipper!

*Enter CTESIPHON, CASSANDER, and others, L.*

*Ctes.* What treachery is this?—the tyrant fled,  
And Ion fled too!—Comrades, stay this dotard,  
While I search yonder chamber.

*Medon.* Spare him, friends,—  
Spare him to clasp awhile his new-found son;  
Spare him as Ion's father!

*Ctes.* Father! yes—  
That is indeed a name to bid me spare:—  
Let me but find him, gods! [*Rushes into an inner chamber*

*Medon (To CASSANDER and others).* Ha, ye but seen  
What I have seen, ye would have mercy on him.

*CRYTHES enters with Soldiers, R.*

Ha, soldiers! hasten to defend your master;  
That way—

[*As CRYTHES is about to enter the inner chamber U. E. L. CTESIPHON rushes from it with a bloody dagger, and stops them.*

*Ctes.* It is accomplished: the foul blot  
Is wiped away. Shade of my murdered father,  
Look on thy son, and smile!

*Cry.* Whose blood is that?  
It cannot be the king's!

*Ctes.* It cannot be!  
Think'st thou, foul minion of a tyrant's will,  
He was to crush, and thou to crawl for ever?  
Look there, and tremble!

*Cry.* Wretch! thy life shall pay  
The forfeit of this deed.

[*CRYTHES and soldiers seize CTESIPHON.*

*Enter ADRASTUS mortally wounded, supported by ION, U. E. L.*

*Adras.* Here let me rest;—  
In this old chamber did my life begin,  
And here I'll end it: Crythes! thou hast timed  
Thy visit well, to bring thy soldiers hither  
To gaze upon my parting.

*Cry.* To avenge thee;—  
Here is the traitor!

*Adras.* Set him free at once:—  
Why do ye not obey me? Ctesiphon,  
I gave thee cause for this;—believe me now  
That thy true steel has made thy vengeance sure;  
And as we now stand equal, I will sue  
For a small boon—let me not see thee more.

*Ctes.* Farewell!

[*Exit, R.*

*Adras.* (*To CRYTHES and soldiers.*) Why do ye tarry  
here?

Begone!—still do ye hover round my couch?  
If the commandment of a dying king



Is feeble, as a man who has embraced  
 His child for the first time since infancy,  
 And presently must part with him for ever,  
 I do adjure ye leave us! [*Exeunt all but ION and ADRASTUS*]

*Ion.* Oh, my father!

How is it with thee now?

*Adras.* Well; very well;—

Avenging Fate hath spent its utmost force  
 Against me; and I gaze upon my son  
 With the sweet certainty that naught can part us  
 Till all is quiet here. How like a dream  
 Seems the succession of my regal pomps  
 Since I embraced thy helplessness! To me  
 The interval hath been a weary one;  
 How hath it passed with thee?

*Ion.* But that my heart

Hath sometimes ached for the sweet sense of kindred,  
 I had enjoy'd a round of happy years  
 As cherish'd youth e'er knew.

*Adras.* I bless the gods

That they have strewn along thy humble path  
 Delights unblamed; and in this hour I seem  
 Even as I had lived so; and I feel  
 That I shall live in thee, unless that curse—  
 Oh, if it should survive me!

*Ion.* Think not of it;

The gods have shed such sweetness in this moment,  
 That, howsoe'er they deal with me hereafter,  
 I shall not deem them angry. Let me call  
 For help to staunch thy wound; thou art strong yet,  
 And yet may live to bless me.

*Adras.* Do not stir;

My strength is ebbing fast; yet, as it leaves me,  
 The spirit of my stainless days of love  
 Awakens; and their images of joy,  
 Which at thy voice started from blank oblivion,  
 When thou wert strange to me, and then half-shown  
 Look'd sadly through the mist of guilty years,  
 Now glimmer on me in the lovely light  
 Which at thy age they wore. Thou art all thy mother's,  
 Her elements of gentlest virtue cast  
 In mould heroical.

*Ion.* Thy speech grows fainter ;  
Can I do nothing for thee ?

*Adras.* Yes ;—my son,  
Thou art the best, the bravest, of a race  
Of rightful monarchs ; thou must mount the throne  
Thy ancestors have fill'd, and by great deeds  
Efface the memory of thy fated sire,  
And win the blessing of the gods for men  
Stricken for him. Swear to me thou wilt do this,  
And I shall die forgiven.

*Ion.* I will.

*Adras.* Rejoice,  
Sufferers of Argos !—I am growing weak,  
And my eyes dazzle ; let me rest my hands,  
Ere they have lost their feeling, on thy head.—  
So !—So !—thy hair is glossy to the touch  
As when I last enwreath'd its tiny curl  
About my finger ; I did image then  
Thy reign excelling mine ; it is fulfill'd ;  
And I die happy. Bless thee, King of Argos !

[*Dies.*

*Ion.* He's dead ! and I am fatherless again.—  
King did he hail me ? shall I make that word  
A spell to bid old happiness awake,  
Throughout the lovely land that father'd me  
In my forsaken childhood ?

[*He sees the knife on the ground and takes it up.*

Most vain dream !

This austere monitor hath bid thee vanish  
Ere half-reveal'd. Come back, thou truant steel ;  
Half of thy work the gods absolved thee from—  
The rest remains ! Lie there ! [*He conceals the knife in  
his vest. Shouts heard without.*

The voice of joy !

Is this thy funeral wailing ? Oh, my father !  
Mournful and brief will be the heritage  
Thou leavest me ; yet I promised thee in death  
To grasp it ;—and I will embrace it now.

*Enter AGENOR.*

*Agen.* Does the king live ?

*Ion.* Alas ! in me ! The son  
Of him whose princely spirit is at rest.

Claims his ancestral honours.

*Agen.* That high thought  
Anticipates the prayer of Argos, roused  
To sudden joy. The Sages wait without  
To greet thee: wilt confer with them to-night,  
Or wait the morning?

*Ion.* Now;—the city's state  
Allows the past no sorrow. I attend them. [*Exeunt, L*]

SCENE II.—*Before the Gate of the City.*

PHOCION *on guard.*

*Pho.* Fool that I was to take this idle office,  
At most inglorious distance from the scene  
Which shall be freedom's birth-place; to endure  
The phantasies of danger, which the soul  
Uncheer'd by action coldly dallies with  
Till it begins to shiver! Long ere this,  
If Ion's hand be firm, the deed is past,  
And yet no shout announces that the bonds  
Of tyranny are broken. [*Shouts at a distance.*]  
Hark! 'tis done!—

*Enter CTESIPHON, L.*

All hail, my brother freeman!—art not so?—  
Thy looks are haggard—is the tyrant slain?  
Is liberty achieved!

*Ctes.* The king is dead.  
This arm—I bless the righteous Furies!—slew him.

*Pho.* Did Ion quail, then?

*Ctes.* Ion!—clothe thy speech  
In phrase more courtly; he is king of Argos.  
Accepted as the tyrant's son, and reigns.

*Pho.* It cannot be; I can believe him born  
Of such high lineage; yet he will not change  
His own rich treasury of unruffled thoughts  
For all the frigid glories that invest  
The loveless state in which the monarch dwells,  
A terror and a slave. [*Shouts again.*]

*Ctes.* Dost hear that shout?  
'Tis raised for him!—the craven-hearted world  
Is ever eager thus to hail a master,

And patriots smite for it in vain. Our Soldiers,  
In the gay recklessness of men who sport  
With life as with a plaything ; Citizens,  
On wretched beds gaping for show ; and Sages,  
Vain of a royal sophist, madly join  
In humble prayer that he would deign to tread  
Upon their necks ; and he is pleased to grant it.

*Pho.* He shall not grant it ! If my life, my sense,  
My heart's affections, and my tongue's free scope  
Wait the dominion of a mortal will,  
What is the sound to me, whether my soul  
Bear " Ion " or " Adrastus " burnt within it  
As my soul's owner ? Ion tyrant ? No !  
Grant me a moment's pleading with his heart,  
Which has not known a selfish throb till now,  
And thou shalt see him smile this greatness from him.

*Ctes.* Go teach the eagle when in azure heaven  
He upward darts to seize his madden'd prey,  
Shivering through the death-circle of its fear,  
To pause and let it 'scape, and thou mayst win  
Man to forego the sparkling round of power,  
When it floats airily within his grasp !

*Pho.* Why thus severe ? Our nature's common wrongs  
Affect thee not ; and that which touch'd thee nearly  
Is well avenged.

*Ctes.* Not while the son of him  
Who smote my father reigns ! I little guess'd  
Thou wouldst require a prompter to awake  
The memory of the oath so freshly sworn,  
Or of the place assign'd to thee by lot,  
Should our first champion fail to crush the race—  
Mark me !—" the race " of him my arm has dealt with.  
Now is the time, the palace all confused,  
And the prince dizzy with strange turns of fortune,  
To do thy part.

*Pho.* Have mercy on my weakness !  
If thou hadst known this comrade of my sports,  
One of the same small household whom his mirth  
Unfailing gladden'd ;—if a thousand times  
Thou hadst, by strong prosperity made thoughtless,  
Touched his unfathered nature in its nerve



Of agony, and felt no chiding glance;—  
 Hadst thou beheld him overtax his strength  
 To serve the wish his genial instinct guessed,  
 Till his dim smile the weariness betrayed,  
 Which it would fain dissemble; hadst thou known  
 In sickness the sweet magic of his care,  
 Thou couldst not ask it.—Hear me, Ctesiphon!  
 I had a deadly fever once, and slaves  
 Fled me: he watched, and glided to my bed,  
 And soothed my dull ear with discourse which grew  
 By nice degrees to ravishment, till pain  
 Seem'd an heroic sense, which made me kin  
 To the great deeds he pictured, and the brood  
 Of dizzy weakness flickering through the gloom  
 Of my small curtain'd prison, caught the hues  
 Of beauty spangling out in glorious change,  
 And it became a luxury to lie  
 And faintly listen. Canst thou bid me slay him

*Ctes.* The deed be mine! Thou'lt not betray me?

[*Going.*

*Pho.* Hold!

If by our dreadful compact he must fall,  
 I will not smite him with my coward thought  
 Winging a distant arm; I will confront him  
 Arm'd with delicious memories of our youth,  
 And pierce him through them all,

*Ctes.* Be speedy, then!

*Pho.* Fear not that I shall prove a laggard, charged  
 With weight of such a purpose. Fate commands,  
 And I live now but to perform her bidding.

[*Exeunt CTESIPHON, R. PHOCION, L.*

SCENE III.—*A Terrace in the Garden of the Palace—  
 moonlight.*

*Enter ION and AGENOR, C.*

*Agen.* Wilt thou not in to rest?

*Ion.* My rest is here—

Beneath the greatness of the heavens, which awes  
 My spirit, tossed by sudden change, and torn  
 By various passions, to repose. Yet age

Requires more genial nourishment—pray seek it—  
I will but stay thee to inquire once more  
If any symptom of returning health  
Bless the wan city?

*Agen.* No: the perishing  
Lift up their painful heads to bless thy name,  
And their eyes kindle as they utter it;  
But still they perish.

*Ion.* So!—give instant order,  
The rites which shall confirm me in my throne,  
Be solemnized to-morrow.

*Agen.* How! so soon,  
While the more sacred duties to the dead  
Remain unpaid?

*Ion.* Let them abide my time—  
They will not tarry long. I see thee gaze  
With wonder on me—do my bidding now,  
And trust me till to-morrow. Pray go in,  
The night will chill thee else.

*Agen.* Farewell, my lord!

[*Exit, R.*

*Ion.* Now all is stillness in my breast—how soon  
To be displaced by more profound repose,  
In which no thread of consciousness shall live  
To feel how calm it is!—O lamp serene,  
Do I lift up to thee undazzled eyes  
For the last time? Shall I enjoy no more  
Thy golden haziness, which seemed akin  
To my young fortune's dim felicity?  
And when it coldly shall embrace the urn  
That shall contain my ashes, will no thought  
Of all the sweet ones cherish'd by thy beams,  
Awake to tremble with them? Vain regret!  
The pathway of my duty lies in sunlight,  
And I would tread it with as firm a step,  
Though it should terminate in cold oblivion,  
As if Elysian pleasures at its close  
Gleam'd palpable to sight as things of earth.  
Who passes there?

*Enter PHOCION, U. E. L. who strikes at ION with a dagger.*

*Pho.* This to the king of Argos! [ION struggles with  
him, seizes the dagger, which he throws away.

*Ion.* I will not fall by thee, poor wavering novice  
In the assassin's trade!—thy arm is feeble.

[*He confronts PHOCION.*  
*Phocion!*—Was this well aim'd? thou didst not mean—

*Pho.* I meant to take thy life, urged by remembrance  
Of yesterday's great vow.

*Ion.* And couldst thou think  
I had forgotten?

*Pho.* Thou?

*Ion.* Couldst thou believe,  
That one, whose nature had been arm'd to stop,  
The life-blood's current in a fellow's veins,  
Would hesitate when gentler duty turn'd  
His steel to nearer use! To-morrow's dawn  
Shall see me wield the sceptre of my fathers:  
Come, watch beside my throne, and, if I fail  
In sternest duty which my country needs,  
My bosom will be open to thy steel,  
As now to thy embrace!

*Pho.* Thus let me fall  
Low at thy feet, and kneeling, here receive  
Forgiveness! do not crush me with more love  
Than lies in the word "PARDON."

*Ion.* And that word  
I will not speak;—what have I to forgive?  
A devious fancy, and a muscle raised  
Obedient to its impulse! 'Dost thou think  
The tracings of a thousand kindnesses,  
Which taught me all I guessed of brotherhood,  
Are in the rashness of a moment lost?

*Pho.* I cannot look upon thee: let me go  
And lose myself in darkness.

*Ion.* Nay, old playmate,  
We part not thus:—the duties of my state  
Will shortly end our fellowship: but spend  
A few short minutes with me. Dost remember  
How in a night like this we climb'd yon walls—  
Two vagrant urchins, and with tremulous joy  
Skimm'd through these statue-border'd walks, that gleam'd  
In bright succession? Let us tread them now;  
And think we are but older by a day,

And that the pleasant walk of yester-night  
 We are to-night retracing. Come, my friend!  
 What, drooping yet! thou wert not wont to seem  
 So stubborn. Cheerily, my Phocion—come!

[*Exeunt, r.*

END OF ACT IV.

—◆—  
 A C T V.

SCENE I.—*The terrace of the Palace.—Time, the morning  
 of the second day.*

*Two SOLDIERS on guard.*

1 *Sol.* A stirring season, comrade! our new prince  
 Has leap'd as eagerly into his seat,  
 As he had languished an expectant heir—  
 Weary of nature's kindness to old age.  
 He was esteem'd a modest stripling: strange  
 That he should, with such reckless hurry, seize  
 The gaudy shows of power!

2 *Sol.* 'Tis honest nature;  
 The royal instinct was but smouldering in him,  
 And now it blazes forth. I pray the gods  
 He may not give us cause to mourn his sire.

1 *Sol.* No more: he comes.

*Enter ION, c.*

*Ion.* Why do ye loiter here?  
 Are all the statues deck'd with festal wreaths  
 As I commanded?

1 *Sol.* We have been on guard  
 Here, by Agenor's order, since the nightfall.

*Ion.* On guard! Well, hasten now, and see it done.  
 I need no guards. [Exeunt Soldiers.

The awful hour draws near—  
 I am composed to meet it.—Phocion comes:  
 He will unman me; yet he must not go,  
 Thinking his presence painful.



*Enter PHOCION, L.*

Friend, good morrow!  
Thou play'st the courtier early.

*Pho.* Canst thou speak  
In that old tone of common cheerfulness,  
That blithely promises delightful years,  
And hold thy mournful purpose?

*Ion.* I have drawn  
From the selectest fountain of repose  
A blesséd calm:—when I lay down to rest,  
I fear'd lest bright remembrances of childhood  
Should with untimely visitation mock me;  
But deep and dreamless have my slumbers been.  
If sight of thee renews the thoughts of life  
Too busily—I prize the love that wakes them.

*Pho.* Oh! cherish them, and let them plead with thee  
To grant my prayer,—that thou wouldst live for Argos,  
Not die for her;—thy gracious life shall win,  
More than thy death, the favour of the gods,  
And charm the marble aspect of grim Fate  
Into a blesséd change: I, who am vow'd,  
And who so late was arm'd Fate's minister,  
Implore thee!

*Ion.* Speak to me no more of life!  
There is a dearer name I would recall—  
Thou understand'st me—

*Enter AGENOR, L.*

*Agen.* Thou hast forgot to name  
Who shall be bidden to this evening's feast.

*Ion.* The feast! most true; I had forgotten it.  
Bid whom thou wilt; but let there be large store,  
If our sad walls contain it, for the wretched  
Whom hunger palsies. It may be few else  
Will taste it with a relish.

[ *Exit AGENOR, L.*

(*ION resumes his address to PHOCION, and continues it, broken by the interruptions which follow.*) I would speak  
A word of her who yester-morning rose  
To her light duties with as blithe a heart  
As ever yet its equal beating veil'd  
In moveless alabaster;—plighted now,

In liberal hour, to one whose destiny  
 Shall freeze the sources of enjoyment in it,  
 And make it heavy with the life-long pang  
 A widow'd spirit bears!—

*Enter CLEON, L.*

*Cleon.* The heralds wait  
 To learn the hour at which the solemn games  
 Shall be proclaim'd,

*Ion.* The games!—yes, I remember  
 That sorrow's darkest pageantries give place  
 To youth's robustest pastimes—Death and Life  
 Embracing :—at the hour of noon.

*Cleon.* The wrestlers  
 Pray thee to crown the victor.

*Ion.* If I live,  
 Their wish shall govern me.

[*Exit CLEON, L.*

Could I recall

One hour, and bid thy sister think of me  
 With gentle sorrow, as a playmate lost,  
 I should escape the guilt of having stopp'd  
 The pulse of hope in the most innocent soul  
 That ever passion ruffled. Do not talk  
 Of me as I shall seem to thy kind thoughts,  
 But harshly as thou canst; and if thou steal  
 From thy rich store of popular eloquence  
 Some bitter charge against the faith of kings,  
 'Twill be an honest treason.

*Enter CASSANDER, R.*

*Cass.* Pardon me,  
 If I entreat thee to permit a few  
 Of thy once cherished friends to bid thee joy  
 Of that which swells their pride.

*Ion.* They'll madden me.—  
 Dost thou not see me circled round with care?  
 Urge me no more. [*As CASSANDER is going, ION leaves*  
*PHOCION, and comes to him.*

Come back, Cassander! see  
 How greatness frets the temper. Keep this ring—  
 It may remind thee of the pleasant hours  
 That we have spent together, ere our fortunes

Grew separate ; and with thy gracious speech  
Excuse me to our friends. [Exit CASSANDER, R.]

*Pho.* 'Tis time we seek  
The temple.

*Ion.* Phocion ! must I to the temple ?

*Pho.* There sacrificial rites must be perform'd  
Before thou art enthroned.

*Ion.* Then I must gaze  
On things which will arouse the struggling thoughts  
I had subdued—perchance may meet with her  
Whose name I dare not utter. I am ready. [Exit, L.]

SCENE II.—*The Temple.*

CLEMANTHE and ABRA, discovered.

*Abra.* Be comforted, dear lady ;—he must come  
To sacrifice.

*Clem.* Recall that churlish word,  
That stubborn "*must*," that bounds my living hopes,  
As with an iron circle. He *must* come !  
How piteous is affection's state, that cleaves  
To such a wretched prop ! I had flown to him  
Long before this, but that I fear'd my presence  
Might prove a burthen,—and he sends no word,  
No token that he thinks of me ? Art sure  
That he *must* come ? The hope has torture in it ;  
Yet it is all my bankrupt heart hath left  
To feed upon.

*Abra.* I see him now with Phocion  
Pass through the inner court.

*Clem.* He will not come  
This way, then, to the place for sacrifice.  
I can endure no more ; speed to him, *Abra* ;  
And bid him, if he holds Clemanthe's life  
Worthy a minute's loss, to seek me here.

*Abra.* Dear lady !—

*Clem.* Do not answer me, but run,  
Or I shall give you crowd of sycophants  
To gaze upon my sorrow. [Exit ABRA, L.]  
It is hard ;  
Yet I must strive to bear it, and find solace

In that high fortune which has made him strange.  
He bends this way—but slowly—mournfully.  
O, he is ill; how has my slander wronged him!

*Enter* ION, L.

*Ion.* What wouldst thou with me, lady?

*Clem.* Is it so?

Nothing, my lord, save to implore thy pardon,  
That the departing gleams of a bright dream,  
From which I scarce had waken'd, made me bold  
To crave a word with thee;—but all are fled—  
And I have naught to seek.

*Ion.* A goodly dream;  
But thou art right to think it was no more,  
And study to forget it.

*Clem.* To forget it?

Indeed, my lord, I cannot wish to lose  
What, being past, is all my future hath,  
All I shall live for: do not grudge me this,  
The brief space I shall need it.

*Ion.* Speak not, fair one,  
In tone so mournful, for it makes me feel  
Too sensibly the hapless wretch I am,  
That troubled the deep quiet of thy soul  
In that pure fountain which reflected heaven,  
For a brief taste of rapture.

*Clem.* Dost thou yet  
Esteem it rapture, then? My foolish heart,  
Be still! Yet wherefore should a crown divide us?  
Oh, my dear Ion! let me call thee so  
This once at least—it could not in my thoughts  
Increase the distance that there was between us,  
When, rich in spirit, thou to strangers' eyes  
Seem'd a poor foundling.

*Ion.* It must separate us!  
Think it no harmless bauble, but a curse  
Will freeze the current in the veins of youth,  
And from familiar touch of genial hand,  
From household pleasures, from sweet daily tasks,  
From airy thought, free wanderer of the heavens,  
For ever banish me!



*Clem.* Thou dost accuse  
Thy state too hardly. It may give some room,  
Some little space, amid its radiant folds,  
For love to make its nest in !

*Ion.* Not for me :

My pomp must be most lonesome, far removed  
From that sweet fellowship of human kind  
The slave rejoices in ; my solemn robes  
Shall wrap me as a panoply of ice,  
And the attendants who may throng around me  
Shall want the flatteries which may basely warm  
The sceptral thing they circle. Dark and cold  
Stretches the path, which, when I wear the crown,  
I needs must enter ;—the great gods forbid  
That thou should'st follow in it !

*Clem.* Oh, unkind !

And shall we never see each other ?

*Ion.* (after a pause.) Yes !

I have asked that dreadful question of the hills  
That look eternal ; of the flowing streams  
That lucid flow for ever ; of the stars,  
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit  
Hath trod in glory : all were dumb ; but now,  
While I thus gaze upon thy living face,  
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty,  
Can never wholly perish ;—we *shall* meet  
Again, Clemanthe !

*Clem.* Bless thee for that name ;

Call me that name again ! thy words sound strangely  
Yet they breathe kindness. Shall we meet indeed ?  
Think not I would intrude upon thy cares,  
Thy councils, or thy pomps ;—to sit at distance,  
To weave, with the nice labour which preserves  
The rebel pulses even, from gay threads  
Faint records of thy deeds, and sometimes catch  
The falling music of a gracious word,  
Or the stray sunshine of a smile, will be  
Comfort enough ;—do not deny me this ;  
Or, if stern fate compel thee to deny,  
Kill me at once !

*Ion.* No ; thou must live, my fair one ;

There are a thousand joyous things in life,  
Which pass unheeded in a life of joy  
As thine hath been, till breezy sorrow comes  
To ruffle it; and daily duties paid  
Hardly at first, at length will bring repose  
To the sad mind that studies to perform them.  
Thou dost not mark me.

*Clem.* Oh, I do! I do!

*Ion.* If for thy brother's and thy father's sake  
Thou art content to live, the healer Time  
Will reconcile thee to the lovely things  
Of this delightful world,—and if another,  
A happier—no, I cannot bid thee love  
Another!—I did think I could have said it,  
But 'tis in vain.

*Clem.* Thou art mine own, then, still?

*Ion.* I am thine own! thus let me clasp thee; nearer!  
Oh, joy too thrilling and too short!

*Enter AGENOR, R.*

*Agen.* My lord,  
The sacrificial rites await thy presence.

*Ion.* I come.—One more embrace—the last, the last  
In this world! Now farewell! [*Exeunt AGENOR and ION.*

*Clem.* The last embrace!

Then he has cast me off!—No, 'tis not so;  
Some mournful secret of his fate divides us:  
I'll struggle to bear that, and snatch a comfort  
From seeing him uplifted. I will look  
Upon him on his throne; Minerva's shrine  
Will shelter me from vulgar gaze: I'll hasten,  
And feast my sad eyes with his greatness there! [*Exit, R.*

SCENE III.—*The great Square of the city,—on the L.  
a throne of state prepared,—on the R. an altar,—the statues  
decorated with garlands.*

*Enter CTESIPHON and CASSANDER, R. U. E.*

*Ctes.* Vex me no more, by telling me, Cassander,  
Of his fair speech; I prize it at its worth:  
Thou'lt see how he will act when seated firm  
Upon the throne the craven tyrant fill'd,

Whose blood he boasts, unless some honest arm  
Should shed it first.

*Cas.* Hast thou forgot the time  
When thou thyself wert eager to foretell  
His manhood's glory from his childish virtues?  
Let me not think thee one of those fond prophets,  
Who are well pleased still to foretell success,  
So it remain their dream.

*Ctes.* Thou dost forget  
What has chill'd fancy and delight within me—

[*Music at a distance.*  
Hark!—servile trumpets speak his coming—watch,  
How power will change him. [ *They stand aside.*

*The Procession.* Enter U. E. R. MEDON, AGENOR, PHOCION, TIMOCLES, CLEON, *Sages and People*—ION last in royal robes. *He advances amidst shouts.*

*Ion.* I thank you for your greeting—Shout no more,  
But in deep silence raise your hearts to Heaven,  
That it may strengthen one so young and frail  
As I am, for the business of this hour.  
Must I sit here?

*Medon.* Permit thy earliest friend,  
Who has so often propp'd thy tottering steps,  
To lead thee to thy throne,—and thus fulfil  
His fondest vision.

*Ion.* Thou art still most kind—

*Medon.* Nay, do not think of me—my son! my son!  
What ails thee? When thou should'st reflect the joy  
Of Argos, the strange paleness of the grave  
Marbles thy face.

*Ion.* Am I indeed so pale?  
It is a solemn office I assume;  
Yet thus, with Phœbus' blessing, I embrace it.

[*Sits on the throne.*

Stand forth, Agenor!

*Agen.* I await thy will.

*Ion.* To thee I look as to the wisest friend  
Of this afflicted people—thou must leave  
Awhile the quiet which thy life hath earn'd,  
To rule our councils; fill the seats of justice

With good men—not so absolute in goodness,  
As to forget what human frailty is;—  
And order my sad country.

*Agen.* Pardon me—

*Ion.* Nay, I will promise 'tis my last request :  
Thou never couldst deny me what I sought  
In boyish wantonness, and shalt not grudge  
Thy wisdom to me, till our state revive  
From its long anguish ;—it will not be long  
If Heaven approve me here. Thou hast all power  
Whether I live or die.

*Agen.* Die ! I am old—

*Ion.* Death is not jealous of thy mild decay,  
Which gently wins thee his ; exulting Youth  
Provokes the ghastly monarch's sudden stride,  
And makes his horrid fingers quick to clasp  
His shivering prey at noontide. Let me see  
The captain of the guard.

*Cry.* I kneel to crave  
Humbly the favour which thy sire bestow'd  
On one who loved him well.

*Ion.* I cannot thank thee,  
That wakest the memory of my father's weakness ;  
But I will not forget that thou hast shared  
The light enjoyments of a noble spirit,  
And learned the need of luxury. I grant  
For thee and thy brave comrades, ample share  
Of such rich treasures as my stores contain,  
To grace thy passage to some distant land,  
Where, if an honest cause engage thy sword,  
May glorious laurels wreath it ! In our realm,  
We shall not need it longer.

*Cry.* Dost intend  
To banish the firm troops before whose valour  
Barbarian millions shrink appall'd, and leave  
Our city naked to the first assault  
Of reckless foes ?

*Ion.* No, Crythes !—in ourselves,  
In our own honest hearts and chainless hands  
Will be our safeguard ;—while we seek no use  
Of arms we would not have our children blend



With their first innocent wishes ; while the love  
 Of Argos and of justice shall be one  
 To their young reason ; while their sinews grow  
 Firm 'midst the gladness of heroic sports,—  
 We shall not ask, to guard our country's peace,  
 One selfish passion, or one venal sword.  
 I would not grieve thee ;—but thy valiant troop—  
 For I esteem them valiant—must no more,  
 With luxury which suits a desperate camp,  
 Infect us. See that they embark, Agenor,  
 Ere night.

*Cry.* My lord—

*Ion.* No more—my word hath pass'd.

Medon, there is no office I can add  
 To those thou hast grown old in ;—thou wilt guard  
 The shrine of Phœbus, and within thy home—  
 Thy too delightful home—befriend the stranger  
 As thou didst me ;—there sometimes waste a thought  
 On thy spoil'd inmate !

*Medon.* Think of thee, my lord ?

Long shall we triumph in thy glorious reign—

*Ion.* Prithee no more. Argives ! I have a boon  
 To crave of you ;—whene'er I shall rejoin  
 In death the father from whose heart in life  
 Stern fate divided me, think gently of him !  
 For ye, who saw him in his full-blown pride,  
 Knew little of affections crush'd within,  
 And wrongs which frenzied him ; yet never more  
 Let the great interests of the state depend  
 Upon the thousand chances that may sway  
 A piece of human frailty ! Swear to me  
 That ye will seek hereafter in yourselves  
 The means of sovereign rule :—our narrow space,  
 So happy in its confines, so compact,  
 Needs not the magic of a single name  
 Which wider regions may require to draw  
 Their interests into one ; but, circled thus,  
 Like a bless'd family by simple laws,  
 May tenderly be governed ; all degrees  
 Moulded together as a single form  
 Of nymph-like loveliness, which finest chords

Of sympathy pervading shall suffuse  
 In times of quiet with one bloom, and fill  
 With one resistless impulse, if the hosts  
 Of foreign power should threaten. Swear to me  
 That ye will do this !

*Medon.* Wherefore ask this now ?  
 Thou shalt live long ! The paleness of thy face,  
 Which late appalled me, is grown radiant now,  
 And thine eyes kindle with the prophecy  
 Of lustrous years.

*Ion.* The gods approve me, then !  
 Yet will I use the function of a king,  
 And claim obedience. Promise, if I leave  
 No issue, that the sovereign power shall live  
 In the affections of the general heart,  
 And in the wisdom of the best.

*Medon and others (kneeling).* We swear it !

*Ion.* Hear and record the oath, immortal powers !  
 Now give me leave a moment to approach  
 That altar, unattended. [*He goes to the altar.*]  
 Gracious gods !

In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,  
 Look on me now ; and if there is a Power,—  
 As at this solemn time I feel there is,—  
 Beyond ye, that hath breathed through all your shapes  
 The spirit of the beautiful that lives  
 In earth and heaven :—to ye I offer up  
 This conscious being, full of life and love,  
 For my dear country's welfare. Let this blow  
 End all her sorrows ! [*Stabs himself and falls. CTESI-*  
*PHON rushes to support him.*]

Ctesiphon, thou art  
 Avenged, and wilt forgive me.

*Ctes.* Thou hast pluck'd  
 The poor disguise of hatred from my soul,  
 And made me feel how shallow is the wish  
 Of vengeance. Could I die to save thee !

*CLEMANTHE rushes forward.*

*Clem.* Hold !  
 Let me support him—stand away ! indeed

I have best right, although ye know it not,  
To cling to him in death.

*Ion.* This is a joy  
I did not hope for—this is sweet indeed!  
Bend thine eyes on me!

*Clem.* And for this it was  
Thou wouldst have weaned me from thee? Couldst thou  
think  
I would be so divorced?

*Ion.* Thou art right, Clemanthe:  
It was a shallow and an idle thought—  
'Tis past! No show of coldness frets us now,  
No vain disguise, my love. Yet thou wilt think  
On that, which, when I feign'd, I truly said—  
Wilt thou not, sweet one?

*Clem.* I will treasure all.

*Enter IRUS, L.*

*Irus.* I bring you glorious tidings—Ha! no joy  
Can enter here.

*Ion.* Yes—~~is~~ it as I hope?

*Irus.* The pestilence abates.

*Ion* (*springs on his feet*). Do ye not hear?  
Why shout ye not?—ye are strong—think not of me.  
Hearken! the curse my ancestry had spread  
O'er Argos, is dispelled—Agenor, give  
This gentle youth his freedom, who hath brought  
Sweet tidings that I shall not die in vain!—  
And Medon! cherish him as thou hast one  
Who, dying, blesses thee;—my own Clemanthe!  
Let this console thee also—Argos lives—  
The offering is accepted—all is well!

*Dis.*

*The Curtain Falls.*

No. II.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

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



FAZIO :

OR,

THE ITALIAN WIFE :

A Tragedy.

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY THE REV. H. H. MILMAN.

WITH STAGE DIRECTIONS, AND COSTUMES, MARKED AND CORRECTED  
BY J. B. ADDIS, PROMPTER.



NEW YORK :

BERFORD & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.

1847.





## EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

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HENRY HART MILMAN, the author of *Fazio*, and many other works, poetical and historical, was born in London, February 10th, 1791; and was the youngest son of Sir Francis Milman, a physician of eminence. After passing nine years at Eton, our poet went to Oxford, at which University he obtained the greatest number of prizes that ever fell to the lot of one individual. Some of these were for English and some for Latin compositions.

In the year 1817, Mr. Milman entered into holy orders, and in 1821, he was elected professor of poetry in the University, an office, which, we believe, he still continues to hold. The works by which he was first distinguished were principally poetical; and of these "*Fazio*" was the first. It was followed by "*The Fall of Jerusalem*," "*Samor*, an heroic poem," "*Anne Boleyn*," "*The Martyr of Antioch*," and other productions evincing great dramatic ability and a chastened taste. Of late years, his labours appear to have been of a different character. He has contributed largely to the *Quarterly Review*; and his "*History of the Jews*," and "*Notes to Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*," have given him a high rank as a historian.

The play of "Fazio" was written while Mr. Milman was at Oxford, and was published somewhere near his twenty-fifth year. It found its way upon the stage without his interference, and indeed without his consent being in any single instance solicited.

"Its first appearance," says the author, "was, I believe, at the Surrey Theatre, where it was brought forward under the name of 'The Italian Wife,' and it had been acted some time before I was aware that the piece of that name was my work. That theatre was then, I believe, only licensed for operatic performances, but the company contrived to elude this restriction by performing all kinds of Dramas with what they called a musical accompaniment. Every now and then the string of a solitary violin was heard, when the actors went on in their parts without the slightest regard to the said accompaniment, and so represented any regular drama which might suit their purpose. It was in this manner that I first saw the performance of Fazio, but I remember that the actress, who personated Bianca, was by no means deficient in power, and only wanted a better audience to improve her taste. Fazio was afterwards acted with complete success at Bath, and this, I believe, inclined the managers of Covent Garden to bring it forward on the London stage. This was done without even the common courtesy of giving me notice of their intention. The first information which I received on the subject, was the request of Mr. C. Kemble, with whom I was then but slightly acquainted, through my intimate friend, his gifted sister, Mrs. Siddons, to permit him to read the part of Fazio to me."

The play is founded on a story, which was quoted in

the Annual Register for 1795, from the "Varieties of Literature;" but great liberties have been taken with it. Some of the materials employed in it may also be found among the tales of Boccacio.

Miss O'Neill first made the reputation of *Fazio* as an acting drama by her impressive acting in *Bianca*. This part was afterwards performed with great success both in England and the United States, by Miss Kemble, whose personation of the character must ever live in the remembrance of those who had the good fortune to witness it. Indeed, few parts, in the whole range of the British drama, afford such a scope for the exercise of the powers of a tragic actress of great genius. Intense as are the passions depicted, there is nothing overstrained in the language and sentiments, to which the frenzied wife gives utterance. The heart of a popular audience sympathises with her deeply and painfully throughout.

"*Fazio*" is no less worthy of admiration in the closet than it is deeply interesting in the representation. It will, we believe, long be regarded as one of the most felicitous dramatic productions, that have infused hope and life into the stage since the Shakspearian era.



## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

|                                 | <i>Park, 1832.*</i> | <i>Park, 1846.</i> |
|---------------------------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| <i>Duke of Florence</i> .....   | Mr. Clarke.         | Mr. Stark.         |
| <i>Gonsalvo</i> .....           | " Blakely.          | " Anderson.        |
| <i>Aurio</i> .....              | " Connery.          | " Sprague.         |
| <i>Giraldi Fazio</i> .....      | " Keppel.           | " Davenport.       |
| <i>Bartolo</i> .....            | " Barry.            | " Barry.           |
| <i>Falsetto</i> .....           | " Richings.         | " A. Andrews.      |
| <i>Philario</i> .....           | " Flynn.            | " Sutherland       |
| <i>Theodore</i> .....           | " Harvey.           | " M' Douall.       |
| <i>Antonio</i> .....            | " Jackson           | " Gallot.          |
| <i>Piero</i> .....              | " "                 | " Milot.           |
| <i>Gentleman</i> .....          | " Nexsen            | " Matthews.        |
| <i>Bianca</i> .....             | Miss Fanny Kemble.  | Mrs. Mowatt.       |
| <i>Countess Aldabella</i> ..... | Mrs. Sharpe.        | Mrs. Abbott.       |
| <i>Clara</i> .....              | Mrs. Durie.         | Miss Hall.         |

*Senators, Guards, &c.*

\* Miss Fanny Kemble's first appearance in America.

## COSTUMES.

**FAZIO.**—*First dress:* Brown doublet and trunks, trimmed and puffed with black, hat and stockings to match; brown Spanish cloak.—*Second dress:* Light-coloured tunic with gold embroidery, white pantaloons, russet boots, hat and feathers.—*Third dress:* Similar to first.

**BARTOLO.**—Dark-coloured doublet and trunks, dark breeches, and hat.

**DUKE.**—Velvet dress of crimson or lilac, with purple robe, richly embroidered with gold; velvet cap and feather.

**GONSALVO and AURIO.**—Scarlet gowns trimmed with crimine, and black caps.

**THEODORE and ANTONIO.**—Fancy-coloured jackets, blue silk sashes, buff pantaloons, russet boots, round hats and plumes.

**PIERO.**—Gray doublet, trimmed, trunks and stockings.

**PHILARIO, FALSETTO, and DANDOLO.**—After the style of Fazio's second dress, but of different colours.

**BIANCA.**—*First dress:* Slate-coloured robe trimmed with black velvet, with a girde of the same.—*Second dress:* Rich satin dress, with a purple flowing robe embroidered with gold.—*Third dress:* Similar to the first.

**ALDABELLA.**—White satin dress with straw-coloured silk boddice and train richly ornamented with gold and silver.

**CLARA.**—Plain white dress.

## EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

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

## RELATIVE POSITIONS.

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

*N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, are usually omitted in the representation.*

# F A Z I O :

## A Tragedy.

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### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room with crucibles and apparatus of Alchymy.*

*Enter FAZIO and BIANCA, R.*

*Faz.* (R. C.) Why, what a peevish, envious fabulist  
Was he, that vowed cold wedlock's atmosphere  
Wearies the thin and dainty plumes of love ;  
That a fond husband's holy appetite,  
Like the gross surfeit of intemperate joy,  
Grows sickly and fastidious at the sweets  
Of its own chosen flower ! My own Bianca  
With what delicious scorn we laugh away  
Such sorry satire !

*Bian.* (L. C.) Which of thy smooth books  
Teaches this harmony of bland deceit ?  
Oh, my own Fazio ! if a serpent told me  
That it was stingless in a tone like thine,  
I should believe it. Oh, thou sweetly false !  
That at cold midnight quitt'st my side to pore  
O'er musty tomes, dark sign'd and character'd  
O'er boiling skellets, crucibles and stills,  
Drugs and elixirs.

*Faz.* Ay, chide on, my love ;  
The nightingale's complaining is more sweet,

Than half the dull unvarying birds that pipe  
Perpetual amorous joy.—Tell me, Bianca,  
How long is't since we wedded ?

*Bian.* Would'st thou know  
The right and title to thy weariness ?—  
Beyond two years.

*Faz.* Days, days, Bianca! Love  
Hath in its calendar no tedious time,  
So long as what cold lifeless souls call years.  
Oh, with my books, my sage philosophy,  
My infants, and their mother, time slides on  
So smoothly, as 'twere fall'n asleep, forgetting  
Its heaven-ordainéd motion. We are poor ;  
But in the wealth of love, in that, Bianca,  
In that we are eastern sultans. I have thought,  
If that my wondrous alchymy should win  
That precious liquor, whose transmuting dew  
Makes the black iron start forth brilliant gold,  
Were it not wise to cast it back again  
Into its native darkness ?

*Bian.* Out upon it !—  
Oh, leave it there, my Fazio! leave it there !—  
I hate it! 'Tis my rival, 'tis thy mistress !  
Ay, this it is that makes thee strange and restless,  
A truant to thine own Bianca's arms,  
This wondrous secret.

*Faz.* Dost thou know, Bianca,  
Our neighbour, old Bartolo ?

*Bian.* O yes, yes !  
That yellow wretch, that looks as he were stain'd  
With watching his own gold ; every one knows him,  
Enough to loathe him. Not a friend hath he,  
Nor kindred nor familiar ; not a slave,  
Not a lean serving wench : nothing e'er entered  
But his spare self within his jealous doors,  
Except a wandering rat ; and that, they say,  
Was famine-struck, and died there.—What of him ?

*Faz.* Yet he, Bianca, he is of our rich ones :  
There's not a galliot on the sea, but bears  
A venture of Bartolo's ; not an acre,  
Nay, not a villa of our proudest princes,

But he hath cramp'd it with a mortgage; he,  
 He only stocks our prisons with his debtors.  
 I saw him creeping home last night: he shudder'd  
 As he unlock'd his door, and looked around  
 As if he thought that every breath of wind  
 Were some keen thief: and when he lock'd him in,  
 I heard the grating key turn twenty times,  
 To try if all were safe. I look'd again  
 From our high window by mere chance, and saw  
 The motion of his scanty moping lantern;  
 And, where his wind-rent lattice was ill stuffed  
 With tattered remnants of a money-bag,  
 Through cobwebs and thick dust I spied his face,  
 Like some dry wither-boned anatomy,  
 Through a huge chest-lid, jealousy and scantily  
 Uplifted, peering upon coin and jewels,  
 Ingots and wedges, and broad bars of gold,  
 Upon whose lustre the wan light shone muddily,  
 As though the New World had outrun the Spaniard,  
 And emptied all its mines in that coarse hovel.  
 His ferret eyes gloated as wanton o'er them,  
 As a gross Satyr on a sleeping Nymph!  
 And then, as he heard something like a sound,  
 He clapp'd the lid to, and blew out the lantern.  
 And I, Bianca, hurried to thy arms,  
 And thanked my God that I had braver riches.

*Bian.* Oh, then, let that black furnace burst! dash down  
 Those ugly and mis-shapen jars and vials.  
 Nay, nay, most sage philosopher, to-night,  
 At least to-night, be only thy Bianca's. [*She clings to him.*]

*Faz.* (*Looking fondly on her.*) Why, e'en the prince of  
 bards was false and slanderous,  
 Who girt Jove's bride in that voluptuous zone,  
 Ere she could win her weary lord to love;  
 While my earth-born Bianca bears by nature  
 An ever-blooming cestus of delight!

*Bian.* So courtly and so fanciful, my Fazio!  
 Which of our dukes hath lent thee his cast poesies?  
 Why, such a musical and learned phrase  
 Had soften'd the marchesa, Aldabella,  
 That high signora, who once pamper'd thee



Almost to madness with her rosy smiles ;  
 And then my lady queen put on her winter,  
 And froze thee till thou wert a very icicle,  
 Had not the lowly and despised Bianca  
 Shone on it with the summer of her pity !

*Faz.* Nay, taunt not her, Bianca, taunt not her !  
 Thy Fazio loved her once. Who, who would blame  
 Heaven's moon, because a maniac hath adored it,  
 And died in his dotage ? E'en a saint might wear  
 Proud Aldabella's scorn, nor look less heavenly.  
 Oh, it dropp'd balm upon the wounds it gave ;  
 The soul was pleas'd to be so sweetly wrong'd,  
 And misery grew rapturous. Aldabella !  
 The gracious ! the melodious ! Oh, the words  
 Laugh'd on her lips ; the motion of her smiles  
 Shower'd beauty, as the air-caress'd spray  
 The dews of morning ; and her stately steps  
 Were light as though a wing'd angel trod  
 Over earth's flowers, and feared to brush away  
 Their delicate hues ; ay, e'en her very robes  
 Were animate and breathing, as they felt  
 The presence of her loveliness, spread around  
 Their thin and gauzy clouds, ministering freely  
 Officious duty on the shrine where Nature  
 Hath lavish'd all her skill.

*Bian.* A proud loose wanton !

*Faz.* She wanton !—Aldabella loose !—Then, ~~th~~ <sup>th</sup> ~~30~~  
 Are the pure lilies black as soot within,  
 The stainless virgin snow is hot and rancid,  
 And chastity—ay, it may be in heaven,  
 But all beneath the moon is wild and haggard.  
 If she be spotted, oh, unholiness  
 Hath never been so delicately lodged  
 Since that bad devil walk'd fair Paradise.

*Bian.* Already silent ? Hath your idol quaff'd  
 Enough of your soft incense ? Fazio ! Fazio !  
 But that her gaudy bark would aye disdain  
 The quiet stream whereon we glide so smooth,  
 I should be fearful of ye.

*Faz.* Nay, unjust !  
 Ungenerous Bianca ! who foregoes,

For the gay revel of a golden harp,  
 Its ecstacies and rich enchanting falls,  
 His own domestic lute's familiar pleasing ?  
 But thou, thou vain and wanton in thy power,  
 Thou know'st canst make e'en jealousy look lovely,  
 And all thy punishment for that bad passion  
 Be this—[ *Kisses her* ]—Good night!—I will but snatch a  
 look

How the great crucible doth its slow work,  
 And be with thee; unless thou fanciest, sweet,  
 That Aldabella lurks behind the furnace;  
 And then, Heaven knows how long I may be truant.

[*Exit* BIANCA, R.]

*Faz.* (R. c. *solus.*) Oh, what a star of the first magnitude  
 Were poor young Fazio, if his skill should work  
 The wond'rous secret your deep-closeted sages  
 Grow grey in dreaming of! Why, all our Florence  
 Would be too narrow for his branching glories;  
 It would o'erleap the Alps, and all the north  
 Troop here to see the great philosopher.  
 He would be wealthy too—wealthy in fame;  
 And that's more golden than the richest gold.

[*A groan without.*

Holy St. Francis! what a groan was there!

*Bar.* (*Without*). Within there!—Oh! within there,  
 neighbour! Death!  
 Murder, and merciless robbery!

FAZIO opens the door—*Enter* BARTOLO.

*Faz.* What! Bartolo!

*Bar.* Thank ye, my friend! Ha! ha! ha! my old limbs!  
 I did not think them half so tough and sinewy.  
 St. Dominic! but their pins prick'd close and keen.  
 Six of 'em, strong and sturdy, with their daggers,  
 Tickling the old man to let loose his ducats!

*Faz.* Who, neighbour, who!

*Bar.* Robbers, black crape-faced robbers,  
 Your only blood-suckers, that drain your veins,  
 And yet their meagre bodies aye grow sparer.  
 They knew that I had moneys from the Duke,  
 But I o'erreach'd them, neighbour: not a ducat,

Nay, not a doit, to cross themselves withal,  
 Got they from old Bartolo.— Oh, I bleed!  
 And my old heart beats minutes like a clock.

*Faz.* A surgeon, friend!

*Bar.* Ay, one of your kind butchers,  
 Who cut and slash your flesh for their own pastime,  
 And then, God bless the mark! they must have money!  
 Gold, gold, or nothing! Silver is grown coarse,  
 And rings unhandsomely. Have I 'scaped robbing,  
 Only to give?— Oh there! there! there! Cold, cold,  
 Cold as December.

*Faz.* Nay, then, a confessor!

*Bar.* A confessor! one of your black smooth talkers,  
 That drone the name of God incessantly,  
 Like the drear burthen of a doleful ballad!  
 That sing to one of bounteous codicils  
 To the Franciscans or some hospital!  
 Oh! there's a shooting!—Oozing here!—Ah me  
 My ducats and my ingots scarcely cold  
 From the hot Indies! Oh! and I forgot  
 To seal those jewels from the Milan Duke!  
 Oh! misery, misery!—Just this very day,  
 And that mad spendthrift Angelo hath not sign'd  
 The mortgage on those meadows by the Arno.  
 Oh! misery, misery!—Yet I 'scap'd them bravely,  
 And brought my ducats off!—

[Dies

*Faz.* Why, e'en lie there, as foul a mass of earth  
 As ever loaded it. 'Twere sin to charity  
 To wring one drop of brine upon thy corpse.  
 In sooth, Death's not nice-stomach'd, to be cramm'd  
 With such unsavoury offal. What a god  
 'Mong men might this dead wither'd thing have been,  
 That now must rot beneath the earth, as once  
 He rotted on it! Why, his wealth had won  
 In better hands an atmosphere around him,  
 Musical ever with the voice of blessing,—  
 Nations around his tomb, like marble mourners,  
 Vied for their pedestals.—In better hands?  
 Methinks these fingers are nor coarse nor clumsy.  
 Philosophy! Philosophy! thou'rt lame  
 And tortoise-pacéd to my fleet desires!

I scent a shorter path to fame and riches.  
 The Hesperian trees nod their rich clusters at me,  
 Tickling my timorous and withdrawing grasp ;—  
 I would, yet dare not ;—that's a coward's reckoning.  
 Half of the sin lies in "I would." To-morrow,  
 If that it find me poor, will write me fool,  
 And myself be a mock unto myself.  
 Ay, and the body murder'd in my house !  
 Your carrion breeds most strange and loathsome insects—  
 Suspicion's of the quickest and the keenest—  
 So, neighbour, by your leave, your keys ! In sooth  
 Thou hadst no desperate love for holy church ;  
 Long-knolléd bell were no sweet music to thee.  
 A " God be with thee " shall be all thy mass ;  
 Thou never loved'st those dry and droning priests.  
 Thou'lt rot most cool and quiet in my garden ;  
 Your gay and gilded vault would be too costly. [Exit,  
*with the body of Bartolo.*

## SCENE II.—A Street.

*Enter FAZIO with a dark lantern, R.*

*Faz.* I, wont to rove like a tame household dog,  
 Caress'd by every hand, and fearing none,  
 Now prowl e'en like a gray and treasonous wolf.  
 'Tis a bad deed to rob, and I'll have none on't :  
 'Tis a bad deed to rob—and whom ? the dead ?  
 Ay, of their winding-sheets and coffin nails.  
 'Tis but a quit-rent for the land I sold him,  
 Almost two yards to house him and his worms ;  
 Somewhat usurious in the main, but that  
 Is honest thrift to your keen usurer.  
 Had he a kinsman, nay a friend, 'twere devilish.  
 But now whom rob I ? why the state—In sooth,  
 Marvellous little owe I this same state,  
 That I should be so dainty of its welfare.  
 Methinks our Duke hath pomp enough ; our Senate,  
 Sit in their scarlet robes and ermine tippets,  
 And live in proud and pillar'd palaces,  
 Where their Greek wines flow plentiful.—Besides,  
 To scatter it abroad amid so many,



It were to cut the sun out into spangles,  
 And mar its brilliance by dispersing it.  
 Away! away! his burying is my Rubicon!  
 Cæsar or nothing! Now, ye close-lock'd treasures,  
 Put on your gaudiest hues, outshine yourselves!  
 With a deliverer's, not a tyrant's hand,  
 Invade I thus your dull and peaceful slumbers,  
 And give you light and liberty. Ye shall not  
 Moulder and rust in pale and pitiful darkness,  
 But front the sun with light bright as his own. [Exit, L.]

SCENE III.—*The Street near Fazio's door.*

*Re-enter FAZIO with a sack, R: he rests it.*

*Faz.* My steps were ever to this door, as though  
 They trod on beds of perfume and of down.  
 The wingéd birds were not by half so light,  
 When through the lazy twilight air they wheel  
 Home to their brooding mates. But now, methinks,  
 The heavy earth doth cling around my feet.  
 I move as every separate limb were gyved  
 With its particular weight of manacle.  
 The moonlight that was wont to seem so soft,  
 So balmy to the slow respired breath,  
 Icily, shiveringly cold falls on me.  
 The marble pillars, that soared stately up,  
 As though to prop the azure vault of heaven,  
 Hang o'er me with a dull and dizzy weight.  
 The stones whereon I tread do grimly speak,  
 Forbidding echoes, ay, with human voices:  
 Unbodied arms pluck at me as I pass,  
 And socketless pale eyes look glaring on me.  
 But I have passed them: and methinks this weight  
 Might strain more sturdy sinews than mine own.  
 Howbeit, thank God, 'tis safe! Thank God!—for what?  
 That a poor honest man's grown a rich villain. [Exit L.]

SCENE IV.—*Fazio's House.*

*Enter FAZIO with his sack, R., which he opens and surveys.*

*Faz.* I thank ye, bounteous thieves! most liberal thieves!  
 Your daggers are my worship. Have ye leap'd

The broad and sharp-stak'd trenches of the law,  
Mock'd at the deep damnation that attaints  
The souls of murderers, for my hands unbloodied,  
As delicately, purely white as ever,  
To pluck the golden fruitage? Oh, I thank ye,  
Will chronicle ye, my good friends and true.

*Enter BIANCA L.—Fazio conceals the treasure.*

*Bian.* (L. c.) Nay, Fazio, nay; this is too much: nay,  
Fazio,

I'll not be humoured like a froward child,  
Trick'd into sleep with pretty tuneful tales.

*Faz.* (R. c.) We feast the Duke to-morrow: shall it be  
In the Adorni or Vitelli palace?

They're both on sale, and each is fair and lofty,

*Bian.* Why, Fazio, art thou frantic? Nay, look not  
So strangely—so unmeaningly. I had rather  
That thou would'st weep, than look so wildly joyful.

*Faz.* Ay, and a glorious banquet it shall be:  
Gay servants in as proud caparisons,  
As though they served immortal gods with nectar.  
Ay, ay, Bianca! there shall be a princess;  
She shall be lady of the feast. Let's see  
Your gold and crimson for your fair-hair'd beauties:—  
It shall be gold and crimson. Dost thou know  
The princess that I mean?—Dost thou, Bianca?

*Bian.* Nay, if thou still wilt flout me, I'll not weep:  
Thou shalt not have the pitiful bad pleasure  
Of wringing me to misery. I'll be cold  
And patient as a statue of my wrongs.

*Faz.* I have just thought, Bianca, these black stills  
An ugly and ill-fitting furniture:  
We'll try an they are brittle. (*Dashing them in pieces.*) I'll  
have gilding,  
Nothing but gilding, nothing but what looks glittering:  
I'm sick of black and dingy darkness. Here,

(*Uncovering the sack,*)  
Look here, Bianca, here's a light! Take care;  
Thine eyesight is too weak for such a blaze.  
It is not daylight; nay, it is not morn—

And every one is worth a thousand florins.  
Who shall be princess of the feast to-morrow ?

Within, within, I'll tell thee all within. *[She bursts into tears.*  
*Exeunt L.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Palace of Fazio.*

*Enter FALSETTO, DANDOLO, PHILARIO, and a Gentleman.*

*Fal.* Serve ye lord Fazio ?

*Gent.* Ay, sir, he honours me  
With his commands.

*Fal.* 'Tis a brave gentleman !  
Tell him Signior Falsetto, and Philario  
The most renowned Improvisatore,  
And Signior Dandolo, the court fashionist,  
Present their duty to him.

*Gent.* Ay, good sirs.  
*(Aside.)* My master hath a Midas touch ; these fellows  
Will try if he hath ears like that great king. *[Exit L.*

*Enter FAZIO, splendidly dressed, L.*

*Fal.* (R. C.) Most noble lord, most wonderful philosopher !  
We come to thank thee, sir, that thou dost honour  
Our Florence with the sunlight of your fame.  
Thou that hast ravish'd nature of a secret  
That maketh thee her very paragon ;  
She can but create gold, and so canst thou ;  
But she doth bury it in mire and murk,  
Within the unsunn'd bowels of the earth ;  
But thou dost set it on the face of the world,  
Making it shame its old and sullen darkness.

*Faz.* (c.) Fair sir, this cataract of courtesy  
O'erwhelms my weak and unhabituate ears.  
If I may venture such uncivil ignorance,  
Your quality?

*Fal.* I, my good lord, am one  
Have such keen eyesight for my neighbour's virtues,  
And such a doting love for excellence,  
That when I see a wise man, or a noble,  
Or wealthy, as I ever hold it pity  
Man should be blind to his own merits, words  
Slide from my lips; and I do mirror him  
In the clear glass of my poor eloquence.

*Faz.* In coarse and honest phraseology,  
A flatterer.

*Fal.* Flatterer! Nay, the word's grown gross.  
An apt discourser upon things of honour,  
Professor of art panegyrical.  
'Twere ill, were I a hawk, to see such bravery,  
And not a thrush to sing of it. Wealth, sir,  
Wealth is the robe and outward garb of man,  
The setting to the rarer jewelry,  
The soul's unseen and inner qualities.  
And then, my lord, philosophy! 'tis that,  
The stamp and impress of our divine nature,  
By which we know that we are gods, and are so.  
But wealth and wisdom in one spacious breast!  
Who would not hymn so rare and rich a wedding?  
Who would not serve within the gorgeous palace,  
Glorified by such strange and admired inmates?

*Faz.* (*aside.*) Now the poor honest Fazio had disdain'd  
Such scurvy fellowship; howbeit, Lord Fazio  
Must lacquey his new state with these base jackalls.

(*To him*) Fair sir, you'll honour me with your company.

(*To Dan.*) May I make bold, sir, with your state and title?

*Dan.* Oh, my lord, by the falling of your robe,  
Your cloth of gold one whole hair's-breadth too low,  
'Tis manifest you know not Signior Dandolo.

*Faz.* A pitiable lack of knowledge, sir.

*Dan.* My lord, thou hast before thee in thy presence  
The mirror of the court, the very calendar  
That rules the swift revolving round of fashion;



Doth tell what hues do suit what height o' the sun ;  
 When your spring pinks should banish from the court  
 Your sober winter browns ; when July heat  
 Doth authorize the gay and flaunting yellows ;—  
 The court thermometer, that doth command  
 Your three-piled velvet abdicate its state  
 For the airy satins. Oh, my lord, you are too late,  
 At least three days, with your Venetian tissue.

*Faz.* I sorrow, sir, to merit your rebuke  
 On point so weighty.

*Dan.* Ay, signior, I'm paramount  
 In all affairs of boot, and spur, and hose ;  
 In matters of the robe and cap, supreme ;  
 In ruff disputes, my lord, there's no appeal  
 From my irrefragibility.

*Faz.* Sweet sir,  
 I fear me, such despotic rule and sway  
 Over the persons of our citizens  
 Must be of danger to our state of Florence.

*Dan.* Good sooth, my lord, I am a very tyrant.  
 Why, if a senator should presume to wear  
 A cloak of fur in June, I should indict him  
 Guilty of leze-majesté against my kingship :  
 They call me Dandolo, the King of Fashions—  
 The whole empire of dress is my dominion.  
 Why, if our Duke should wear an ill-grain'd colour  
 Against my positive enactment, though  
 His state might shield him from the palpable shame  
 Of a rebuke, yet, my good lord, opinion,  
 Public opinion, would hold signior Dandolo  
 Merciful in his silence.

*Faz.* A Lycurgus !

*Dan.* Good, my lord ! dignity must be upheld  
 On the strong pillars of severity.  
 Your cap, my lord, a little to the north-east,  
 And your sword—thus, my lord—pointed out this way,  
 [Adjusting him.

In an equilateral triangle. Nay,  
 Nay, on my credit, my good lord, this hose  
 Is a fair woof. The ladies, sir, the ladies,  
 (For I foresee you'll be a ruling planet.)

Must not be taught any heretical fancies,  
 Fantastical infringements of my codes—  
 Your lordship must give place to Signior Dandolo  
 About their persons.

*Faz.* Gentle sir, the ladies  
 Must be too deeply, irresistibly yours.

*Dan.* (R. C.) No, signior, no; I'm not one of the gallants,  
 That pine for a fair lip, or eye, or cheek,  
 Or that poetical treasure, a true heart.  
 But, my lord, a fair-ordered head-dress makes me  
 As love-sick as a dove at mating-time;  
 A tasteful slipper is my soul's delight:  
 Oh, I adore a robe that drops and floats,  
 As it were lighter than the air around it;  
 I doat upon a stomacher to distraction,  
 When the gay jewels, gracefully dispos'd,  
 Make it a zone of stars: and then a fan,  
 The elegant motion of a fan is murder,  
 Positive murder to my poor weak senses.

*Faz.* (C. turning to *Philario.*) But here's a third: the  
 improvisatore,  
 Gentle *Philario*, lurks, methinks, behind.

*Phil.* (L. C.) Most noble lord! it were his loftiest boast  
 To wed your honours to his harp. To hymn  
 The finder of the philosophic stone,  
 The sovereign prince of alchymists; 'twould make  
 The cold verse-mechanist, the nice balancer  
 Of curious words and fair compacted phrases,  
 Burst to a liquid and melodious flow,  
 Rapturous and ravishing but in praise of thee!  
 But I, my lord, that have the fluent vein,  
 The rapid rush—

*Faz.* Fie, sir! Oh fie! 'tis fulsome.  
 Sir, there's a soil fit for that rank weed flattery  
 To trail its poisonous and obscene clusters:  
 A poet's soul should bear a richer fruitage—  
 The aconite grew not in Eden. Thou,  
 That thou, with lips tipt with the fire of heaven,  
 Th' excursive eye, that in its earth-wide range  
 Drinks in the grandeur and the loveliness,  
 That breathes along this high-wrought world of man;

That hast within thee apprehensions strong  
 Of all that's pure and passionless and heavenly—  
 That thou, a vapid and a mawkish parasite,  
 Should'st pipe to that witch Fortune's favourites !  
 'Tis coarse— 'tis sickly—'tis as though the eagle  
 Should spread his sail-broad wings to flap a dunghill ;  
 As though a pale and withering pestilence  
 Should ride the golden chariot of the sun ;  
 As one should use the language of the gods  
 To chatter loose and ribald brothelery.

*Phil.* My lord, I thank thee for that noble chiding—  
 Oh, my lord, 'tis the curse and brand of poesy,  
 That it must trim its fetterless free plumes  
 To the gross fancies of the humoursome age ;  
 That it must stoop from its bold heights to court  
 Liquorish opinion, whose aye wavering breath  
 Is to it as the precious air of life.  
 Oh ! in a capering, chambering, wanton land,  
 The lozel's song alone gains audience,  
 Fine loving ditties, sweet to sickness ;  
 The languishing and luscious touch alone  
 Of all the full harp's ecstacies, can detain  
 The palled and pampered ear of Italy.  
 But, my lord, we have deeper mysteries  
 For the initiate—Hark !—it bursts !—it flows !

SONG.—PHILARIO.

Rich and Royal Italy !  
 Dominion's lofty bride !  
 Earth deem'd no loss of pride  
 To be enslaved by thee.  
 From broad Euphrates' bank,  
 When the sun look'd through the gloom,  
 Thy eagle's golden plume  
 His orient splendour drank ;  
 And when at eve he set  
 Far in the chamber'd west,  
 That bird of brilliance yet  
 Bathed in his gorgeous rest.

Sad and sunken Italy!  
The plunderer's common prey!  
When saw the eye of day  
So very a slave as thee?  
Long, long a bloody stage  
For petty kinglings tame,  
Their miserable game  
Of puny war to wage.  
Or from the northern star  
Come haughty despots down,  
With iron hand to share  
Thy bruised and broken crown?  
Fair and fervid Italy!  
Lady of each gentler art,  
Yet couldst thou lead the heart  
In mild captivity.  
Warm Raphael's Virgin sprung  
To worship and to love;  
The enamour'd air above  
Rich clouds of music hung.  
Thy poets bold and free  
Did noble wrong to time,  
In their high rhymed majesty  
Ravishing thy clime.  
Loose and languid Italy!  
Where now the magic power,  
That in thy doleful hour  
Made a queen of thee?  
The pencil cold and dead,  
Whose lightest touch was life;  
The old immortal strife  
Of thy high poets fled.  
From her inglorious urn  
Will Italy arise?  
Will golden days return  
'Neath the azure of her skies?  
This is done, oh! this is done,  
When the broken land is one;  
This shall be, oh! this shall be,  
When the slavish land is free!



SCENE II.—*The Public Walks of Florence.*

*Enter* FAZIO, FALSETTO, DANDOLO, and PHILARIO, R.

*Fal.* (L. c.) Yonder, my lord, is the lady Aldabella,  
The star of admiration to all Florence.

*Dan.* (c.) There, my lord, there is a fair drooping robe—  
Would that I were a breath of wind to float it!

*Faz.* (L.) Gentlemen, by your leave I would salute her.  
Ye'll meet me anon in the Piazza. [*Exeunt all but FAZ, L.*]

*Faz.* Now, lofty woman, we are equal now,  
And I will front thee in thy pitch of pride.

*Enter* ALDABELLA, L. *She speaks, after a salutation on each side.*

*Ald.* (c.) Oh, thou and I, Sir, when we met of old,  
Were not so distant, nor so chill. My lord—  
I had forgot, my lord! You dawning signiors  
Are jealous of your state: you great philosophers  
Walk not on earth; and we poor groveling beings,  
If we would win your eminent regards,  
Must meet ye i' the air. Oh! it sits well  
This scorn, it looks so grave and reverend.

*Faz.* (R. c.) Is scorn, in lady Aldabella's creed,  
So monstrous and heretical?

*Ald.* Again,  
Treason again, a most irreverent laugh,  
A traitorous jest before so learn'd a sage!  
But I may joy in thy good fortune, Fazio.

*Faz.* In sooth, good fortune, if 'tis worth the joy,  
The haughty Lady Aldabella's joy!

*Ald.* Nay, an thou hadst not dash'd so careless off  
My bounteous offering, I had said—

*Faz.* What, lady?

*Ald.* Oh, naught—mere sound—mere air!—Thou'rt  
married, Fazio:  
And is thy bride a jewel of the first water?  
I know thou wilt say, ay; 'tis an old tale,  
Thy fond lip-revel on a lady's beauties:  
Methinks I've heard thee descant upon loveliness,  
Till the full ears were drunken with sweet sounds.

But never let me see her, Fazio: never!

*Faz.* And why not, lady? She is exquisite—  
Bashfully, humbly exquisite; yet Florence  
May be as proud of her, as of the richest  
That fire her with the lustre of their state.  
And why not, lady?

*Ald.* Why! I know not why!  
Oh, your philosophy! 'tis ever curious.  
Poor lady Nature must tell all, and clearly,  
To its inquisitorship. We'll not think on't:  
It fell from me unawares; words will start forth  
When the mind wanders.—Oh no, not because  
She's merely lovely:—but we'll think no more on't.—  
Didst hear the act?

*Faz.* Lady, what act?

*Ald.* The act  
Of the great Duke of Florence and his Senate,  
Entitled against turtle doves in poesy.  
Henceforth that useful bird is interdict,  
As the mild emblem of true constancy.  
There's a new word found; 'tis pure Tuscan too;  
*Fazio's* to fill the blank up, if it chime;  
If not, Heaven help the rhymester.

*Faz.* (*Apart.*) With what an airy and a sparkling grace  
The language glances from her silken lips!  
Her once-loved voice how exquisite it sounds,  
E'en like a gentle music heard in childhood!

*Ald.* Why yes, my lord, in these degenerate days  
Constancy is so rare a virtue, angels  
Come down to gaze on't: it makes the world proud.  
Who would be one o' the many? Why, our Florence  
Will blaze with the miracle. 'Tis true, 'tis true:  
The odour of the rose grows faint and sickly,  
And joys are finest by comparison.—  
But what is that to the majestic pride  
Of being the sole true phœnix?

*Faz.* Gentle lady,  
'Thou speak'st as if that smooth word constancy  
Were harsh and brassy sounding in thy ears.

*Ald.* No, no, signior; your good old-fangled virtues  
Have gloss enough for me, had it been my lot

To be a miser's treasure : if his eyes  
Ne'er open'd but on me, I ne'er had wept  
At such a pleasant faithful avarice.

*Faz.* Lady, there was a time when I did dream  
Of playing the miser to another treasure,  
One not less precious than thy stately self.

*Ald.* Oh yes, my lord, oh yes ; the tale did run  
That thou and I did love : so ran the tale.  
That thou and I should have been wed—the tale  
Ran so, my lord—Oh memory, memory, memory !  
It is a bitter pleasure, but 'tis pleasure.

*Faz.* A pleasure, lady !—why then cast me off  
Like an indifferent weed ?—with icy scorn  
Why choke the blossom that but woo'd thy sunshine ?

*Ald.* Ah, what an easy robe is scorn to wear !  
'Tis but to wrinkle up the level brow,  
To arch the pliant eye-lash, and freeze up  
The passionless and placid orb within—  
Castelli ! oh Castelli !

*Faz.* Who was he, lady ?

*Ald.* One, my good lord, I loved most fondly, fatally.

*Faz.* Then thou didst love ? love, Aldabella, truly,  
Fervently, fondly ?—But what's that to me ?

*Ald.* Oh yes, my lord, he was a noble gentleman ;  
Thou know'st him by his title, Condé d'Orsoa ;  
My nearest kinsman, my good uncle :—I,  
Knowing our passionate and fanciful nature,  
To his sage counsels fetter'd my wild will.  
Proud was he of me, deem'd me a fit mate  
For highest princes ; and his honest flatteries  
So pamper'd me, the fatal duteousness  
So grew upon me—Fazio, dost thou think  
My colour wither'd since we parted ? Gleam  
Mine eyes as they were wont ?—Or doth the outside  
Still wear a lying smooth indifference,  
While the unseen heart is haggard wan with woe ?

*Faz.* Is't possible ? And didst thou love me, lady ?  
Though it be joy vain and unprofitable  
As is the sunshine to a dead man's eyes,  
Pleasureless from his impotence of pleasure ;  
Tell me and truly—

*Ald.* My grave sir confessor,  
 On with thy hood and cowl.—So thou wouldst hear  
 Of pining days and discontented nights ;  
 Ah me's and doleful airs to my sad lute.  
*Fazio*, they suffer most who utter least.—  
 Heaven, what a babbling traitor is the tongue !—  
 Would not the air freeze up such sinful sound ?—  
 Oh no, thou heard'st it not. Ah me ! and thou,  
 I know, wilt surfeit the coarse common ear  
 With the proud *Aldabella's* fall.—Betray me not ;  
 Be charier of her shame than *Aldabella*. ee

[*FAZIO falls on his knees to her.*

My lord ! my lord ! 'tis public here—no more—  
 I'm staid for at my palace by the Arno.  
 Farewell, my lord, farewell !—Betray me not :—  
 But never let me see *her*, *Fazio*, never. [Exit, l.

*Faz. (solus.)* Love me !—to suffering love me !—why,  
 her love

Might draw a brazen statue from its pedestal,  
 And make its yellow veins leap up with life.  
 Fair Chastity, thou hast two juggling fiends  
 Caballing for thy jewel : one within,  
 And that's a soft and melting devil, Love ;  
 Th' other without, and that's a fair rich gentleman,  
*Giraldi Fazio* : they're knit in a league.  
 And thou, thou snowy and unsociable virtue,  
 May'st lose no less a votaress from thy nunnery  
 Than the most beautiful proud *Aldabella*.  
 Had I been honest, 'twere indeed to fall ;  
 But now 'tis but a step down the declivity.  
*Bianca* ! but *Bianca* !—bear me up,  
 Bear me up, in the trammels of thy fondness  
 Bind thou my slippery soul. Wrong thee, *Bianca* ?  
 Nay, nay, that's deep indeed ; fathomless deep  
 In the black pit of infamy and sin :  
 I am not so weary yet of the upper air.  
 Wrong thee, *Bianca* ! No, not for the earth ;  
 Not for earth's brightest, not for *Aldabella*. *Exit, r.*



SCENE III.—*Palace of Fazio.**Enter FAZIO and BIANCA, R.**Faz.* (L. c.) Dost thou love me, Bianca!*Bian.* (R. c.) There's a question

For a philosopher!—Why, I've answer'd it  
 For two long years; and, oh, for many more,  
 It will not stick upon my lips to answer thee.

*Faz.* Thou'rt in the fashion, then. The court, Bianca,  
 The ladies of the court, find me a fair gentleman;  
 Ay, and a dangerous wit too, that smites smartly.

*Bian.* And thou believest it all!

*Faz.* Why, if the gallants,  
 The lordly and frank spirits of the time,  
 Troop around thee with gay rhymes on thy beauties,  
 Tinkling their smooth and amorous flatteries,  
 Shalt thou be then a solemn infidel?

*Bian.* I shall not heed them; my poor beauty needs  
 Only one flatterer.

*Faz.* Ay, but they'll press on thee,  
 And force their music into thy deaf ears.  
 Think ye, ye should be coy, and calm, and cold?

*Bian.* Oh, no!—I fear me a discourteous laugh  
 Might be their guerdon for their lavish lying.

*Faz.* But if one trip upon your lip, or wind  
 Your fingers in his sportive hand, think ye  
 Ye could endure it?

*Bian.* Fazio, thou wrong'st me  
 With such dishonest questionings. My lord,  
 There's such an awe in virtue, it can make  
 The anger of a sleek smooth brow like mine  
 Strike the hot libertine to dust before me.  
 He'd dare to dally with a fire in his hand,  
 Kiss rugged briars with his unholy lips,  
 Ere with his rash assault attain my honour.

*Faz.* But if ye see me by a noble lady,  
 Whispering as though she were my shrine whereon  
 I lay my odorous incense, and her beauty  
 Grow riper, richer at my cherishing praise;  
 If she lean on me with a fond round arm,

If her eye drink the light from out mine eyes,  
 And if her lips drop sounds for my ear only ;  
 Thou'lt arch thy moody brow, look at me gravely,  
 With a pale anger on thy silent cheek.  
 'Tis out of keeping, 'tis not the court fashion—  
 We must forego this clinging and this clasping ;  
 Be cold, and strange, and courteous to each other ;  
 And say, " How doth my lord ?" " How slept my lady ?"  
 As though we dwelt at opposite ends o' the city.

*Bian.* What hath distemper'd thee ?—This is unnatural ;  
 Thou could'st not talk thus in thy stedfast senses.  
 Fazio, thou hast seen Aldabella !——

*Faz.* Well,  
 She is no basilisk—there's no death in her eyes.

*Bian.* Ay, Fazio, but there is ; and more than death—  
 A death beyond the grave—a death of sin—  
 A howling, hideous, and eternal death—  
 Death the flesh shrinks from.—No, thou must not see  
 her !

Nay, I'm imperative—thou'rt mine, and shalt not.

*Faz.* Shalt not !—Dost think me a thick-blooded slave,  
 To say " Amen" unto thy positive " shalt not ?"  
 The hand upon a dial, only to point  
 Just as your humourous ladyship choose to shine !

*Bian.* Fazio, thou sett'st a fever in my brain ;  
 My very lips burn, Fazio, at the thought :  
 I had rather thou wert in thy winding-sheet  
 Than that bad woman's arms ; I had rather grave-worms  
 Were on thy lips than that bad woman's kisses.

*Faz.* Howbeit, there is no blistering in their taste :  
 There is no suffocation in those arms.

*Bian.* Take heed ! we are passionate ; our milk of love  
 Doth turn to wormwood, and that's bitter drinking.  
 The fondest are most phrenetic : where the fire  
 Burneth intensest, there the inmate pale  
 Doth dread the broad and beaconing conflagration.  
 If that ye cast us to the winds, the winds  
 Will give us their unruly restless nature ;  
 We whirl and whirl ; and where we settle, Fazio,  
 But he that ruleth the mad winds can know.  
 If ye do drive the love out of my soul.

That is its motion, being, and its life,  
 There'll be a conflict strange and horrible,  
 Among all fearful and ill-visioned fiends,  
 For the blank void; and their mad revel there  
 Will make me—oh, I know not what—hate thee!—  
 Oh, no!—I could not hate thee, Fazio:  
 Nay, nay, my Fazio, 'tis not come to that;  
 Mine arms, mine arms, shall say the next “shall not;”  
 I'll never startle more thy peevish ears,  
 But I'll speak to thee with my positive lips.

[*Kissing and clinging to him.*]

*Faz.* Oh, what a wild and wayward child am I!—  
 Like the hungry fool, that in his moody fit  
 Dash'd from his lips his last delicious morsel.  
 I'll see her once, Bianca, and but once;  
 And then a rich and breathing tale I'll tell her  
 Of our full happiness. If she be angel,  
 'Twill be a gleam of Paradise to her,  
 And she'll smile at it one of those soft smiles,  
 That make the air seem sunny, blithe and balmy.  
 If she be devil—Nay, but that's too ugly;  
 The fancy doth rebel at it, and shrink  
 As from a serpent in a knot of flowers.  
 Devil and Aldabella!—Fie!—They sound  
 Like nightingales and screech-owls heard together.  
 What! must I still have tears to kiss away!—  
 I will return—Good night!—It is but once.  
 See, thou'st the taste o' my lips now at our parting;  
 And when we meet again, if they be tainted,  
 Thou shalt—oh no, thou shalt not, canst not hate me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Palace of Aldabella.*

*Enter ALDABELLA, L.*

*Ald.* My dainty bird doth hover round the lure,  
 And I must hood him with a skilful hand:  
 Rich and renown'd, he must be in my train,  
 Or Florence will turn rebel to my beauty.

*Enter CLARA, FAZIO behind, R. U. E.*

Oh, Clara, have you been to the Ursulines?

What says my cousin, the kind Lady Abbess ?

*Cl.* (R.) She says, my lady, that to-morrow noon  
Noviciates are admitted ; but she wonders,  
My Lady Abbess wonders, and I too  
Wonder, my lady, what can make ye fancy  
Those damp and dingy cloisters. Oh, my lady !  
They'll make you cut off all this fine dark hair—  
Why, all the signiors in the court would quarrel,  
And cut each other's throats for a loose hair of it.

*Ald.* Ah me ! what heeds it where I linger out  
The remnant of my dark and despised life ?—  
Clara, thou weariest me.

*Cl.* Oh, but, my lady,  
I saw their dress : it was so coarse and hard-grain'd,  
I'm sure 'twould fret your ladyship's soft skin  
Like thorns and brambles ; and besides, the make on't !—  
A vine-dresser's wife at market looks more dainty.

*Ald.* Then my tears will not stain it. Oh, 'tis rich  
enough

For lean and haggard sorrow. (*Appearing to perceiv*  
FAZIO, *exit* CLARA, L.) Oh, my lord !

You're timely come to take a long farewell.  
Our convent gates are rude, and black, and close :  
Our Ursuline veils of such a jealous woof,  
There must be piercing in those curious eyes,  
Would know if the skin beneath be swarth or snowy.

*Faz.* (R. C.) A convent for the brilliant Aldabella ?  
The mirror of all rival loveliness,  
The harp to which all gay thoughts lightly dance,  
Mew'd in the drowsy silence of a cloister !

*Ald.* (L. C.) Oh, what regards it, if a blind man lie  
On a green lawn or on a steamy moor !  
What heeds it to the dead and wither'd heart,  
Whose faculty of rapture is grown sere,  
Hath lost distinction between foul and fair,  
Whether it house in gorgeous palaces,  
Or mid wan graves and dismal signs of care !  
Oh, there's a grief, so with the threads of being  
Ravelled and twined, it sickens every sense :  
Then is the swinging and monotonous bell  
Musical as the rich harp heard by moonlight ;



Then are the limbs insensible if they rest  
On the coarse pallet or the pulpy down.

*Faz.* What mean ye, lady?—thou bewilder'st me.  
What grief so wanton and luxurious  
Would choose the lady Aldabella's bosom  
To pillow on?

*Ald.* Oh, my lord, untold love—  
Nay, Fazio, gaze not on me so: my tongue  
Can scarcely move for the fire within my cheeks—  
It cankereth, it consumeth, untold love.  
But if it burst its secret prison-house,  
And venture on the broad and public air,  
It leagueth with a busy fiend call'd Shame;—  
And they both dog their game, till Misery  
Fastens upon it with a viper's fang,  
And rings its being with its venomous coil.

*Faz.* Misery and thee!—oh, 'tis unnatural!—  
Oh, yoke thee to that thing of darkness, misery!—  
That Ethiop, that grim Moor!—it were to couple  
The dove and kite within one loving leash.  
It must not be; nay, ye must be divorced.

*Ald.* Ah no, my lord! we are too deeply pledg'd.  
Dost thou remember our old poet's\* legend  
Over Hell gates—"Hope comes not here?" Where hope  
Comes not, is hell; and what have I to hope?

*Faz.* What hast to hope?—Thou'rt strangely beautiful.

*Ald.* Would'st thou leave flattery thy last ravishing  
sound  
Upon mine ears?—'Tis kind, 'tis fatally kind.

*Faz.* Oh, no! we must not part, we must not part.  
I came to tell thee something: what, I know not.  
I only know one word that should have been;  
And that—Oh! if thy skin were seam'd with wrinkles,  
If on thy cheek sat sallow hollowness,  
If thy warm voice spake shrieking, harsh, and shrill;  
But to that breathing form, those ripe round lips,  
Like a full parted cherry, those dark eyes,  
Rich in such dewy languors—I'll not say it—  
Nay, nay, 'tis on me now!—Poison's at work!  
Now listen to me, lady—We must love.

*Ald.* Love!—Ay, my lord, as far as honesty.

*Faz.* Honesty!—'Tis a stale and musty phrase;  
At least at court: and why should we be traitors  
To the strong tyrant Custom?

*Ald.* My lord Fazio—

Oh, said I *my* lord Fazio?—thou'lt betray me:  
The bride—the wife—she that I mean—My lord,  
I am nor splenetic nor envious;  
But 'tis a name I dare not trust my lips with.

*Faz.* Bianca, oh, Bianca is her name;  
The mild Bianca, the soft fond Bianca.  
Oh, to that name, e'en in the Church of God,  
I pledged a solemn faith.

*Ald.* Within that Church,  
Barren and solitary my sad name  
Shall sound, when the pale nun profess'd doth wed  
That her cold bridegroom Solitude: and yet—  
Her right—ere she had seen you, we had lov'd.

*Faz.* (*Frantically, c.*) Why should we dash the goblet  
from our lips,  
Because the dregs may have a smack of bitter?  
Why should that pale and clinging consequence  
Thrust itself ever 'twixt us and our joys?

*Ald.* (*R. c.*) My lord, 'tis well our convent walls are  
high,

And our gates massy; else ye raging tigers  
Might rush upon us simple maids unveil'd.

*Faz.* A veil! a veil! why, Florence will be dark  
At noon-day: or thy beauty will fire up,  
By the contagion of its own bright lustre,  
The dull dead flax to so intense a brilliance,  
'Twill look like one of those rich purple clouds  
On the pavilion of the setting sun.

*Ald.* My lord, I've a poor banquet here within;  
Will't please you taste it?

*Faz.* Ay, wine, wine! ay, wine!  
I'll drown thee, thou officious preacher, here! (*Clasping  
his forehead.*)

Wine, wine!

[*Exeunt, R.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Palace of FAZIO.**Enter* BIANCA, L.

*Bian.* (c.) Not all the night, not all the long, long night,  
 Not come to me! not send to me! not think on me!  
 Like an unrighteous and unburied ghost,  
 I wander up and down these long arcades.  
 Oh, in our old poor narrow home, if haply  
 He lingered late abroad, domestic things  
 Close and familiar crowded all around me;  
 The ticking of the clock, the flapping motion  
 Of the green lattice, the grey curtain's folds,  
 The hangings of the bed myself had wrought,  
 Yea, e'en his black and iron crucibles,  
 Were to me as my friends. But here, oh here,  
 Where all is coldly, comfortlessly costly,  
 All strange, all new in uncouth gorgeousness,  
 Lofty and long, a wider space for misery—  
 E'en my own footsteps on these marble floors  
 Are unaccustom'd, unfamiliar sounds.—  
 Oh, I am here so wearily miserable,  
 That I should welcome my apostate Fazio,  
 Though he were fresh from Aldabella's arms.  
 Her arms!—her viper coil!—I had forsworn  
 That thought, lest he should come again and find me mad,  
 And so go back again, and I not know it.  
 Oh that I were a child to play with toys,  
 Fix my whole soul upon a cup and ball—  
 Oh, any pitiful poor subterfuge,  
 A moment to distract my busy spirit  
 From its dark dalliance with that curséd image!  
 I have tried all: all vainly—Now, but now  
 I went in to my children. The first sounds  
 They murmur'd in their evil-dreaming sleep  
 Was a faint mimicry of the name of father.  
 I could not kiss them, my lips were so hot.  
 The very household slaves are leagued against me,

And do beset me with their wicked floutings,  
 "Comes my lord home to night!"—and when I say,  
 "I know not," their coarse pity makes my heart-strings  
 Throb with the agony.—

*Enter PIERO, R.*

Well, what of my lord?

Nay, tell it with thy lips, not with thy visage.

Thou raven, croak it out if it be evil:

If it be good, I'll fall and worship thee;

'Tis the office and the ministry of gods

To speak good tidings to distracted spirits.

*Piero.* Last night my lord did feast—

*Bian.* Speak it at once—

Where? where?—I'll wring it from thy lips.—Where?  
 where?

*Pier.* Lady, at the Marchesa Aldabella's.

*Bian.* Thou liest, false slave! 'twas at the Ducal Palace,

'Twas at the arsenal with the officers;

'Twas with the old rich senator—him—him—him—

The man with a brief name; 'twas gaming, dicing,

Riotously drinking.—Oh, it was not there;

'Twas any where but there—or if it was,

Why like a sly and creeping adder sting me

With thy black tidings?—Nay, nay; good, my friend;

Here's money for those harsh intemperate words.—

But he's not there: 'twas some one of the gallants,

With dress and stature like my Fazio.

Thou wert mistaken:—no, no; 'twas not Fazio.

*Piero.* It grieves me much; but, lady, 'tis my fear  
 Thou'lt find it but too true.

*Bian.* Hence! hence!—Avaunt,

With thy cold courteous face! Thou seest I'm wretched

Doth it content thee? Gaze—gaze—gaze!—perchance

Ye would behold the bare and bleeding heart,

With all its throbs, its agonies.—O Fazio!

O Fazio! Is her smile more sweet than mine!

Or her soul fonder?—Fazio, my lord Fazio!

Before the face of man, mine own, mine only;

Before the face of Heaven Bianca's Fazio,

Not Aldabella's.—Ah that I should live



To question it!—Now henceforth all our joys,  
 Our delicate endearments, all are poison'd.  
 Ay! if he speak my name with his fond voice,  
 It will be with the same tone that to her  
 He murmured hers:—it will be, or 'twill seem so.  
 If he embrace me, 'twill be with those arms  
 In which he folded her: and if he kiss me,  
 He'll pause, and think which of the two is sweeter.

*Piero.* Nay, good my lady, give not entertainment  
 To such sick fancies: think on lighter matters.  
 I heard strange news abroad; the Duke's in council,  
 Debating on the death of old Bartolo,  
 The grey lean usurer. He's been long abroad,  
 And died, they think.

*Bian.* Well, sir, and what of that?  
 And have I not the privilege of sorrow,  
 Without a menial's staring eye upon me?  
 Who sent thee thus to charter my free thoughts,  
 And tell them where to shrink, and where to pause?  
 Officious slave, away!—(*Exit.*)—Ha! what saidst thou?  
 Bartolo's death! and the Duke in his council!—  
 I'll rend him from her, though she wind around him,  
 Like the vine round the elm. I'll pluck him off,  
 Though the life crack at parting.—No, no pause;  
 For if there be, I shall be tame and timorous:  
 That milk-faced mercy will come whimpering to me,  
 And I shall sit and meekly, miserably  
 Weep o'er my wrongs.—Ha! that her soul were fond  
 And fervent as mine own! I would give worlds  
 To see her as he's rent and torn from her.  
 Oh, but she's cold; she cannot, will not feel.  
 It is but half revenge—her whole of sorrow  
 Will be a drop to my consummate agony.—  
 Away, away: oh, had I wings to waft me!

[*Exit, R.*]

SCENE II.—*Council Chamber.*

*The Duke and his council discovered.*

*Duke. (c.)* 'Tis passing strange, a man of such lean habits,  
 Wealth flowing to him in a steady current,  
 Winds wafting it unto him from all quarters,

Through all his seventy toilsome years of life,  
 And yet his treasury so spare and meagre.  
 Signior Gonsalvo, were the voice that told us  
 Less tried and trusty than thine own, our faith  
 Would be a rebel to such marvellous fact.

*Gon.* (R. C.) Well may your Highness misdoubt me,  
 myself

Almost misdoubting mine own positive senses.  
 No sign was there of outward violence,  
 All in a state of orderly misery,  
 No trace of secret inroad ; yet, my liege,  
 The mountains of his wealth were puny molehills,  
 A few stray ducats ; piles indeed of parchments,  
 Mortgages, deeds, and lawsuits heaped to the roof,  
 Enough to serve the armies of all Tuscany  
 At least for half a century with new drumheads.

*Aurio.* (L. C.) Haply, my liege, he may have gone abroad,  
 And borne his riches with him.

*Duke.* Signior Aurio,  
 That surmise flavours not of your known wisdom.  
 His argosies encumber all our ports,  
 His unsold bales rot on the crowded wharfs ;  
 The interest of a hundred usuries  
 Lieth unclaim'd.—Besides, he hath not left  
 Our city for this twenty years :—a flight  
 So unprepared and wanton suits not well  
 Your slow and heavy-laden usurer.

*Enter ANTONIO, R.*

*Anto.* My liege, a lady in the antechamber  
 Boasts knowledge that concerns your this day's council.

*Duke.* Admit her.

*Enter BIANCA, R.*

How ! what know'st thou of the death  
 Of old Bartolo ?—be he dead, in sooth ?  
 Or of his riches ?

*Bian.* The east side o' the fountain,  
 In the small garden of a lowly nouse  
 By the Franciscan convent, the green herbs  
 Grow boon and freely, the manure is rich  
 Around their roots : dig there, and you'll be wiser.

*Duke.* Who tenanted this house ?

*Bian.* Giraldi Fazio.

*Duke.* What of his wealth ?

*Bian.* There's one in Florence knows  
More secrets than beseems an honest man.

*Duke.* And who is he ?

*Bian.* Giraldi Fazio.

*Gon.* My liege, I know him : 'tis the new 'sprung  
signior,

This great philosopher. I ever doubted  
His vaunted manufactory of gold,  
Work'd by some strange machinery.

*Duke.* Theodore,

Search thou the garden that this woman speaks of.  
Captain Antonio, be't thy charge to attach  
With speed the person of this Fazio.

*Bian.* (*Rushing forward to ANTO.*) You'll find him at  
the Marchesa Aldabella's :

Bring him away—no mercy—no delay—  
Nay, not an instant—not time for a kiss,  
A parting kiss. (*Aside.*) Now come what will,  
Their curst entwining arms are riven asunder.

*Duke.* And thou, thou peremptory summoner !  
Most thirsty after justice ! speak !—Thy name ?

*Bian.* Bianca.

*Duke.* Thy estate, wedded or single ?

*Bian.* My lord—

*Duke.* Give instant answer to the court.

*Bian.* Oh, wedded, but most miserably single.

*Duke.* Woman, thou palterest with our dignity,  
Thy husband's name and quality ?—Why shakest thou  
And draw'st the veil along thy moody brow,  
As thou too wert a murderess ?—Speak, and quickly.

*Bian.* (*Faltering.*) Giraldi Fazio.

*Duke.* 'Tis thy husband, then—

Woman, take heed, if, petulant and rash,  
Thou would'st abuse the righteous sword of law,  
That brightest in the armoury of man,  
To a peevish instrument of thy light passions,  
Or furtherance of some close and secret guilt :  
Take heed, 'tis in the heaven-stamp'd roll of sins,

To bear false witness——Oh, but 'gainst thy husband,  
 Thy bosom's lord, flesh of thy flesh!—To set  
 The blood-hounds of the law upon his track!  
 If thou speak'st true, stern justice will but blush  
 To be so cheer'd upon her guilty prey.  
 If it be false, thou givest to flagrant sin  
 A heinous immortality. This deed  
 Will chronicle thee, woman, to all ages,  
 In human guilt a portent and an era:  
 'Tis of those crimes, whose eminent fame Hell joys at;  
 And the celestial angels, that look on it,  
 Wish their keen airy vision dim and narrow.

*Enter THEODORE, R.*

*Theo.* My liege, e'en where she said, an unstripp'd  
 corpse  
 Lay carelessly inearth'd; old weeds hung on it,  
 Like those that old Bartolo wont to wear;  
 And under the left rib a small stiletto,  
 Rusted within the pale and creeping flesh.

*Enter ANTONIO with FAZIO, R.*

*Ant.* My liege, the prisoner.

*Duke.* (c.) Thou'rt Giraldi Fazio.

Giraldi Fazio, thou stand'st here arraign'd,  
 That, with presumption impious and accurst,  
 Thou hast usurp'd God's high prerogative,  
 Making thy fellow mortal's life and death  
 Wait on thy moody and diseas'd passions;  
 That with a violent and untimely steel  
 Hast set abroach the blood, that should have ebb'd  
 In calm and natural current: to sum all  
 In one wild name—a name the pale air freezes at,  
 And every cheek of man sinks in with horror—  
 Thou art a cold and midnight murderer.

*Faz.* (R. c.) My liege, I do beseech thee, argue not,  
 From the thick clogging of my clammy breath,  
 Aught but a natural and instinctive dread  
 Of such a bloody and ill-sounding title.  
 My liege I do beseech thee, whate'er reptile



Hath cast this filthy slime of slander on me,  
 Set him before me face to face: the fire  
 Of my just anger shall burn up his heart,  
 Make his lip drop, and powerless shuddering  
 Creep o'er his noisome and corrupted limbs,  
 Till the gross lie choak in his wretched throat.

*Duke.* Thou'rt bold.—But know ye aught of old Bartolo?  
 Methinks, for innocence, thou'rt pale and tremulous—  
 That name is to thee as a thunderclap;  
 But thou shalt have thy wish—Woman, stand forth:  
 Nay, cast away thy veil.—Look on her, Fazio.

*Faz.* Bianca!—No, it is a horrid vision!  
 And, if I struggle, I shall wake, and find it  
 A miscreated mockery of the brain.  
 If thou'rt a fiend, what hellish right hast thou  
 To shroud thy leprous and fire-seamed visage  
 In lovely lineaments, like my Bianca's?  
 If thou'rt indeed Bianca, thou wilt wear  
 A ring I gave thee at our wedding time.  
 In God's name do I bid thee hold it up;  
 And, if thou dost, I'll be a murderer,  
 A slaughterer of whole hecatombs of men,  
 So ye will rid me of the hideous sight.

*Duke.* Giraldi Fazio, hear the court's award:  
 First, on thy evil-gotten wealth the State  
 Setteth her solemn seal of confiscation;  
 And for thyself—

*Bian.* (*Rushing forward to c.*) Oh, we'll be poor again.  
 Oh, I forgive thee!—We'll be poor and happy!  
 So happy, the dull day shall be too short for us.  
 She loved thee, that proud woman, for thy riches;  
 But thou canst tell why I love Fazio.

*Duke.* And for thyself—'Tis in the code of Heaven,  
 Blood will have blood—the slayer for the slain.  
 Death is thy doom—the public, daylight death:  
 Thy body do we give unto the wheel:  
 The Lord have mercy on thy sinful soul!

*Bian.* Death!—Death!—I meant not that!—Ye  
 mean not that!

What's all this waste and idle talk of murder?  
 He slay a man—with tender hands like his?—

With delicate mild soul?—Why, his own blood  
 Had startled him! I've seen him pale and shuddering  
 At the sad writhings of a trampled worm:  
 I've seen him brush off with a dainty hand  
 A bee that stung him.—Oh, why wear ye thus  
 The garb and outward sanctity of law?  
 What means that snow upon your reverend brows,  
 If that ye have no subtler apprehension  
 Of some inherent harmony in the nature  
 Of bloody criminal and bloody crime?  
 'Twere wise t' arraign the soft and silly lamb  
 Of slaughtering his butcher: ye might make it  
 As proper a murderer as my Fazio.

*Duke.* Woman, th' irrevocable breath of justice  
 Wavers not: he must die.

*Bian.* Die! Fazio die!—  
 Ye grey and solemn murderers by charter!  
 Ye ermined manslayers! when the tale is rife  
 With blood and guilt, and deep and damning, oh,  
 Ye suck it in with cold insatiate thirst:  
 But to the plea of mercy ye are stones,  
 As deaf and hollow as the unbowell'd winds.  
 Oh, ye smooth Christians in your tones and looks,  
 But in your heats as savage as the tawny  
 And misbelieving African! ye profane,  
 Who say, "God bless him! God deliver him!"  
 While ye are beckoning for the bloody axe,  
 To smite the unoffending head!—His head!  
 My Fazio's head!—the head this bosom cherished  
 With its first virgin fondness.

*Duke.* Fazio, hear;  
 To-morrow's morning sun shall dawn upon thee:  
 But when he setteth in his western couch,  
 He finds thy place in this world void and vacant.

*Bian.* To-morrow morning!—Not to-morrow morning!  
 The damning devils give a forced faint pause,  
 If the bad soul but feebly catch at heaven.  
 But ye, but ye, unshriven, unreconciled,  
 With all its ponderous mass of sins, hurl down  
 The bare and shivering spirit.—Oh, not to-morrow!

*Duke.* Woman, thou dost outstep all modesty:

But for strong circumstance, that leagues with thee,  
We should contemn thee for a wild mad woman,  
Raving her wayward and unsettled fancies.

*Bian.* Mad! mad!—ay, that it is! ay, that it is!  
Is't to be mad to speak, to move, to gaze,  
But not to know how, or why, or whence, or where?  
To see that there are faces all around me,  
Floating within a dim discolour'd haze,  
Yet have distinction, vision but for one?  
To speak with rapid and continuous flow,  
Yet know not how the unthought words start from me  
Oh, I am mad, wildly, intensely mad.  
'Twas but last night the moon was at the full;  
And ye, and ye, the sovereign and the sage,  
The wisdom and the reverence of all Florence,  
E'en from a maniac's dim disjointed tale,  
Do calmly judge away the innocent life,  
The holy human life, the life God gave him.

*Duke.* (c.) Giraldo Fazio, hast thou aught to plead  
Against the law, that with imperious hand  
Grasps at thy forfeit life?

*Faz.* (R. c.) My liege, this soul  
Rebels not, nay, repines not at thy sentence;  
Yet, oh! by all on earth, by all hereafter,  
All that hath cognizance o'er unseen deeds,  
Blood is a colour stranger to these hands.  
But there are crimes within me, deep and black,  
That with their clamorous and tumultuous voices  
Shout at me, "Thou should'st die, thy sins are deadly;"  
Nor dare my oppressed heart return, "'Tis false."

*Bian.* (L. c.) But I, I say, 'tis false: he is not guilty:  
Not guilty unto death: I say he is not.  
God gave ye hearing, but ye will not hear;  
God gave ye feeling, but ye will not feel;  
God gave ye judgment, but ye falsely judge.

*Duke.* Captain Antonio, guard thy prisoner.  
If it be true, blood is not on thy soul,  
Yet thou objectest not to the charge of robbery?

Thou dost not. Robbery, by the the laws of Florence,  
Is sternly coded as a deadly crime: [FAZIO bows.]

Therefore, I say again, Giraldi Fazio,  
The Lord have mercy on thy sinful soul !

[*They follow the DUKE.*

*Bian.* (*Seizing and detaining AURIO.*)

My lord ! my lord ! we have two babes at home—  
They cannot speak yet ; but your name, my lord,  
And they shall lisp it, ere they lisp mine own—  
Ere that poor culprit's yonder, their own father's  
Befriend us, oh ! befriend us ! 'Tis a title  
Heaven joys at, and the hard and savage earth  
Doth break its sullen nature to delight in—  
The destitute's sole friend——And thou pass too !  
Why, what a common liar was thy face,  
That said the milk of mercy flowed within thee !——  
Ye're all alike.—Off ! Off !—Ye're all alike.

[*Exeunt all but FAZIO, the Officer, and BIANCA, R.*

*Bian.* (*Creeping to FAZIO.*)

Thou wilt not spurn me, wilt not trample on me,  
Wilt let me touch thee—I, whose lips have slain thee ?  
Oh, look not on me thus with that fond look—  
Pamper me not, for long and living grief  
To prey upon—O, curse me, Fazio—  
Kill me with cursing : I am thin and feeble—  
A word will crush me—any thing but kindness.

*Faz.* Mine own Bianca ! I shall need too much mercy  
Or ere to-morrow, to be merciless.

It was not well, Bianca, in my guilt  
To cut me off—thus early—thus unripe :  
It will be bitter, when the axe falls on me,  
To think whose voice did summon it to its office.  
No more—no more of that : we all must die.  
Bianca, thou wilt love me when I'am dead :  
I wrong'd thee, but thou'lt love me when I'm dead.

*Bian.* What, kiss me, kiss me, Fazio !—'tis too much  
And these warm lips must be cold clay to-morrow.

*Anto.* Signior, we must part hence.

*Bian.* What ! tear me from him ;  
When he has but a few short hours to give me !  
Rob me of them !—He hath lain delicately :  
Thou wilt not envy me the wretched office



Of strewing the last pillow he shall lie on—  
Thou wilt not—nay, there's moisture in thine eye—  
Thou wilt not.

*Anto.* Lady, far as is the warrant  
Of my stern orders—

*Bian.* Excellent youth! Heaven thank thee!  
There's not another heart like thine in Florence.  
We shall not part, we shall not part, my Fazio!  
Oh, never, never, never—till *to-morrow*.

*Faz.* (*As he leads her out.*)  
It was not with this cold and shaking hand  
I led thee virgin to the bridal altar. [Exit, R.]

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## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*A prison.*

*FAZIO and BIANCA, discovered.*

*Faz.* (L. c.) Let's talk of joy, Bianca: we'll deceive  
This present and this future, whose grim faces  
Stare at us with such deep and hideous blackness:  
We'll fly to the past. Dost thou remember, love,  
Those gentle moonlights, when my fond guitar  
Was regular, as convent vesper hymn,  
Beneath thy lattice, sometimes the light dawn  
Came stealing on our voiceless intercourse,  
Soft in its grey and filmy atmosphere?

*Bian.* (c.) Oh yes, oh yes!—There'll be a dawn to-morrow

Will steal upon us.—Then, oh then—

*Faz.* Oh, think not on't!—  
And thou remember'st too that beauteous evening  
Upon the Arno; how we sail'd along,  
And laugh'd to see the stately towers of Florence  
Waver and dance in the blue depth beneath us.  
How carelessly thy unretiring hand  
Abandon'd its soft whiteness to my pressure?

*Bian.* Oh yes!——To-morrow evening, if thou close  
Thy clasping hand, mine will not meet it then—  
Thou 'lt only grasp the chill and senseless earth.

*Faz.* Thou busy, sad remembrancer of evil!——  
How exquisitely happy have we two  
Sate in the dusky and discoloured light,  
That flicker'd through our shaking lattice bars!  
Our children at our feet, or on our laps,  
Warm in their breathing slumbers, or at play  
With rosy laughter on their cheeks!—Oh God!——  
Bianca, such a flash of thought cross'd o'er me,  
I dare not speak it.

*Bian.* Quick, my Fazio!  
Quick, let me have't—*to-morrow* thou 'lt not speak it.

*Faz.* Oh, what a life must theirs be, those poor innocents!  
When they have grown up to a sense of sorrow—  
Oh, what a feast will there be for rude misery!  
Honest men's boys and girls, whene'er they mingle,  
Will spurn them with the black and branded title,  
"The murderer's children:" Infamy will pin  
That pestilent label on their backs; the plague-spot  
Will bloat and blister on them till their death-beds;  
And if they beg—for beggars they must be—  
They'll drive them from their doors with cruel jeers  
Upon my riches, villainously style them  
"The children of Lord Fazio, the philosopher."

*Bian.* *To-morrow* will the cry begin,—*to-morrow*—  
It must not be, and I sit idle here!  
Fazio, there must be in this wide, wide city,  
Piercing and penetrating eyes for truth,  
Souls not too proud, too cold, too stern for mercy.  
I'll hunt them out, and swear them to our service.  
I'll raise up something—oh, I know not what—  
Shall boldly startle the rank air of Florence  
With proclamation of thy innocence.  
I'll raise the dead! I'll conjure up the ghost  
Of that old rotten thing, Bartolo; make it  
Cry out i' the market place, "Thou didst not slay him!"  
Farewell, farewell! If in the walls of Florence  
Be any thing like hope or comfort, Fazio,  
I'll clasp it with such strong and stedfast arms,

I'll drag it to thy dungeon, and make laugh  
This silence with strange uncouth sounds of joy.

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

*Enter* FALSETTO, DANDOLO, PHILARIO, R.

*Fal.* Good Signior Dandolo, here's a prodigal waste  
Of my fair speeches to the sage philosopher.  
I counted on at least a two months' diet,  
Besides stray boons of horses, rings, and jewels.

*Dan.* (R. c.) Oh, my Falsetto, a coat of my fashion  
Come to the wheel!—It wrings my very heart,  
To fancy how the seams will crack, or haply  
The hangman will be seen in't!—That I should live  
To be purveyor of the modes to a hangman!

*Enter* BIANCA, L.

*Bian.* They pass me by on the other side of the street ;  
They spurn me from their doors ; they load the air  
With curses that are flung on me ; the Palace,  
The Ducal Palace, that should aye be open  
To voice of the distress'd, as is God's heaven,  
Is ring'd around with grim and armed savages,  
That with their angry weapons smite me back,  
As though I came with fire in my hand, to burn  
The royal walls : the children in the streets  
Break off their noisy games to hoot at me ;  
And the dogs from the porches howl me on.  
But here's a succour.—( *To* FALSETTO. ) Oh, good sir, thy  
friend,

The man thou feastedst with but yesterday,  
He to whose motion thou wast a true shadow,  
Whose hand rain'd gifts upon thee—he, I mean,  
Fazio, the bounteous, free, and liberal Fazio—  
He's wrongfully accused, wrongfully doom'd :  
I swear to thee 'tis wrongfully.—Oh, sir,  
An eloquent honey-dropping tongue like thine,  
How would it garnish up his innocence,  
Till Justice would grow amorous, and embrace it!

*Fal.* Sweet lady, thou o'ervaluest my poor powers :—

Any thing in reason to win so much loveliness  
To smile on me.—But this were wild and futile.

*Bian.* In reason?—'Tis to save a human life—  
Is not that in the spacious realm of reason?—  
Kind sir, there's not a prayer will mount hereafter  
Heavenward from us or our poor children's lips,  
But in it thy dear name will rise embalm'd :  
And prayers have power to cancel many a sin,  
That clogs and flaws our base and corrupt nature.

*Fal.* Methinks, good Dandolo, 'tis the hour we owe  
Attendance at the lady Portia's toilette.—  
Any commision in our way, fair lady ?

*Dan.* Oh, yes ! I'm ever indispensable there  
As is her looking glass.—

*Bian.* Riotous madness !  
To waste a breath (*detaining them*) upon such thin-blown  
bubbles !

Why thou didst cling to him but yesterday,  
As 'twere a danger of thy life to part from him ;  
Didst swear it was a sin in Providence  
He was not born a prince.—(*To Dan.*) And thou, sir, thou—  
Chains, sir, in May—it is a heavy wear ;  
Hard and unseemly, a rude weight of iron.—  
Faugh ! cast ye off this shape and skin of men ;  
Ye stain it, ye pollute it—he the reptiles  
Ye are.—(*To Phil.*) And thou, sir—I know in whose porch  
He hired thee to troll out thy fulsome ditties :  
I know whose dainty ears were last night banqueted  
With the false harlotry of thy rich airs.

*Phil.* I do beseech thee, lady, judge me not  
So harshly. In the state, Heaven knows, I'm powerless—  
I could remove yon palace walls, as soon  
As alter his sad doom. But if to visit him,  
To tend him with a soft officious zeal,  
Waft the mild magic of mine art around him,  
Making the chill and lazy dungeon air  
More smooth, more gentle to the trammell'd breathing :—  
All that I can I will, to make his misery  
Slide from him light and airily.

*Bian.* Wilt thou ?  
Why then there's hope the devil hath not all Florence.



Go—go!—I cannot point thee out the way :  
 Mine eyes are cloudy ; it is the first rain  
 Hath dew'd them, since—since when I cannot tell thee.—  
 Go—go!— [ *Exeunt Philario and Dandolo, L.*  
 One effort more—and if I fail—  
 But by the inbred and instinctive tenderness  
 That mingles with the life of womanhood,  
 I cannot fail—and then, thou grim to-morrow,  
 I'll meet thee with a bold and unblench'd front. [ *Exit, L.*

SCENE III.—*Palace of Aldabella.*

*Enter* ALDABELLA, R.

*Ald.* (R. c.) Fazio in prison ! Fazio doom'd to die !—  
 I was too hasty ; should have fled, and bashfully  
 Beckoned him after ; lured him, not seized on him.  
 Proud Aldabella a poor robber's paramour !  
 Oh, it sounds dismal ! Florence must not hear it.—  
 And sooth, his time is brief to descant on it.—

*Enter* BIANCA, L.

And who art thou, thus usherless and unbidden  
 Scarest my privacy ?

*Bian.* (*Aside, L. c.*) I must not speak yet ;  
 For if I do, a curse will clog my utterance.

*Ald.* Nay, stand not with thy pale lips quivering nothings—

Speak out, and freely.

*Bian.* Lady, there is one—  
 Fie, fie upon this choking in my throat—  
 One thou didst love,—Giraldi Fazio ;—  
 One who loved thee,—Giraldi Fazio.—  
 He's doom'd to die, to die to-morrow morning ;  
 And lo, 'tis eve already !—

*Ald.* He is doom'd ?—  
 Why, then, the man must die.—

*Bian.* Nay, gentle lady  
 Thou'rt high-born, rich, and beautiful : the prince—  
 The prime of Florence wait upon thy smiles,  
 Like sunflowers on the golden light they love

Thy lips have such sweet melody, 'tis hung upon  
 Till silence is an agony. Did it plead  
 For one condemn'd, but oh, most innocent,  
 I would be a music th' air would fall in love with,  
 and never let it die till it had won  
 its honest purpose.

*Ald.* What a wanton waste  
 Of idle praise is here!

*Bian.* Nay think, oh think,  
 What 'tis to give again a forfeit life :  
 Ay, such a life as Fazio's!—Frown not on me :  
 Thou think'st that he's a murderer—'tis all false ;  
 A trick of Fortune, fancifully cruel,  
 To cheat the world of such a life as Fazio's.

*Ald.* Frivolous and weak : I could not if I would.

*Bian.* Nay, but I'll lure thee with so rich a boon—  
 Hear—hear, and thou art won. If thou dost save him,  
 It is but just he should be saved for thee.  
 I give him thee—Bianca—I, his wife—  
 I pardon all that has been, all that may be—  
 Oh, I will be thy handmaid ; be so patient—  
 Calmly, contentedly, and sadly patient—  
 And if ye see a pale or envious motion  
 Upon my cheek, a quivering on my lips,  
 Like to complaint—then strike him dead before me.  
 Thou shalt enjoy all—all that I enjoy'd :—  
 His love, his life, his sense, his soul be thine ;  
 And I will bless thee, in my misery bless thee.

*Ald.* What mist is on thy wild and wandering eyes ?  
 Know'st thou to whom and where thou play'st the raver ?  
 I, Aldabella, whom the amorous homage  
 Of rival lords and princes stirs no more,  
 Than the light passing of the common air—  
 I, Aldabella, when my voice might make  
 Thrones render up their stateliest to my service—  
 Stoop to the sordid sweepings of a prison ?  
 I—

*Bian.* Proud-lipped woman, earth's most gorgeous sov-  
 ereigns  
 Were worthless of my Fazio ! Foolish woman,  
 Thou cast'st a jewel off ! The proudest lord

That ever revell'd in thy unchaste arms,  
 Was a swarth galley-slave to Fazio.  
 Ah me! ah me! e'en I, his lawful wife,  
 Know't not more truly, certainly than thou.—  
 Hadst thou loved him, I had pardon'd, pitied thee :  
 We two had sate, all coldly, palely sad ;  
 Dropping, like statues on a fountain side,  
 A pure, a silent, and eternal dew.  
 Hadst thou outwept me, I had loved thee for't—  
 And that were easy, for I'm stony here. [*Putting her hand  
 to her eyes.*]

*Ald.* Ho there! to th' hospital for the lunatics!  
 Fetch succour for this poor distraught—

*Bian.* What said I?

Oh pardon me, I came not to upbraid thee—  
 Think, think—I'll whisper it, I'll not betray thee :  
 The air's a tell-tale, and the walls are listeners ;—  
 Think what a change! Last night within thy chamber ;  
 (I'll not say in thy arms ; for that displeases thee,  
 And sickens me to utter,) and to-night  
 Upon a prison pallet, straw, hard straw ;  
 For eastern perfumes, the rank noisome air ;  
 For gentle harpings, shrilly clanking chains ;—  
 Nay, turn not off: the worst is yet to come.  
 To-morrow at his waking, for thy face  
 Languidly, lovingly down drooping o'er him,  
 The scarr'd and haggard executioner!

*Ald.* (*Turning away.*) There is a dizzy trembling in  
 mine eye ;

But I must dry the foolish dew for shame.

Well, what is it to me? I slew him not ;

Nay, nor denounced him to the judgment-seat.

I out debase myself to lend free hearing

To such coarse fancies.—I must hence to-night

I feast the lords of Florence.

[*Exit, R.*]

*Bian.* They're all lies :

Things done with in some far and distant planet,

Or offscum of some dreamy poet's brain,

All tales of human goodness! Or they're legends

Left us of some good old forgotten time,

Ere harlotry became a queenly sin,

And housed in palaces. Oh, earth's so crowded  
 With Vice, that if strange Virtue stray abroad,  
 They hoot it from them like a thing accurst.  
 Fazio, my Fazio!—but we'll laugh at them :  
 We will not stay upon their wicked soil,  
 E'en though they sue us not to die and leave them. [*Exit L.*]

## SCENE IV.—FAZIO'S House.

*Enter* BIANCA, L.

*Bian.* (c.) Ah, what a fierce and frantic coil is here,  
 Because the sun must shine on one man less !  
 I'm sick and weary—my feet drag along.  
 Why must I trail, like a scotch'd serpent, hither ?  
 Here to this house, where all things breathe of Fazio ?  
 The air tastes of him—the walls whisper of him.—  
 Oh, I'll to bed ! to bed !—What find I there ?  
 Fazio, my fond, my gentle, fervent Fazio ?  
 No !—Cold stones are his couch, harsh iron bars  
 Curtain his slumbers—oh, no, no,—I have it—  
 He is in Aldabella's arms.—Out on't !  
 Fie, fie !—that's rank, that's noisome !—I remember—  
 Our children—ay, my children—Fazio's children.  
 'Twas my thoughts' burthen as I came along.  
 Were it not wise to bear them off with us  
 Away from this cold world !—Why should we breed up  
 More sinners for the Devil to prey upon ?  
 There's one a boy—some strumpet will enlace him,  
 And make him wear her loathsome livery.  
 The other a girl : if she be ill, she'll sink  
 Spotted to death—she'll be an Aldabella :  
 If she be chaste, she'll be a wretch like me,  
 A jealous wretch, a frantic guilty wretch.—  
 No, no : they must not live, they must not live !

[*Exit into a back chamber, L. D. F. After a pause she returns.*]

It will not be, it will not be—they woke  
 As though e'en in their sleep they felt my presence ;  
 And then they smiled upon me fondly, playfully,  
 And stretch'd their rosy fingers to sport with me :



The boy did arch his eyebrows so like Fazio,  
 Though my soul wish'd that God would take them to him,  
 That they were 'scaped this miserable world,  
 I could but kiss them; and, when I had kissed them,  
 I could as soon have leap'd up to the moon,  
 As speck'd or soil'd their alabaster skins.—  
 Wild that I am!—Take them t' another world—  
 As though I, I, my husband's murderess,  
 In the dread separation of the dead,  
 Should meet again those spotless innocents!  
 Oh, happy they!—they will but know to-morrow  
 By the renewal of the soft warm daylight. [Exit, R.]

## END OF ACT IV.

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.—A Street—Morning Twilight.

*Enter* BIANCA.

*Bian.* Where have I been?—I have not been at rest,—  
 There's yet the stir of motion in my limbs.  
 Oh, I remember—'twas a hideous strife  
 Within my brain:—I felt that all was hopeless,  
 Yet would not credit it; and I set forth  
 To tell my Fazio so, and dared not front him  
 With such cold comfort. Then a mist came o'er me,  
 And something drove me on, and on, and on,  
 Street after street, each blacker than the other,  
 And a blue axe did shimmer through the gloom—  
 Its fiery edge did waver to and fro—  
 And there were infants' voices, faint and wailing,  
 That panted after me. I knew I fled them;  
 Yet could not choose but fly. And then, oh, then,  
 I gazed and gazed upon the starless darkness,  
 And blest it in my soul, for it was deeply  
 And beautifully black—no speck of light!

And I had feverish and fantastic hopes  
 That it would last for ever, nor give place  
 To th' horrible *to-morrow*.—Ha, 'tis there!  
 'Tis the grey morning light aches in mine eyes—  
 It is that *morrow*!—Ho!—Look out! look out!  
 With what a hateful and unwonted swiftness  
 It scares my comfortable darkness from me!—  
 Fool that I am! I've lost the few brief hours  
 Yet left me of my Fazio!—Oh, away,  
 Away to him!—away!

[*Exit.*SCENE II.—*The Prison—totally dark, except a lamp.*

FAZIO and PHILARIO.

*Faz.* I thank thee: 'twas a melancholy hymn,  
 But soft and soothing as the gale of eve,  
 The gale whose flower-sweet breath no more shall pass  
 o'er me.

Oh, what a gentle ministrant is music  
 To piety—to mild, to penitent piety!  
 Oh, it gives plumage to the tardy prayer  
 That lingers in our lazy earthly air,  
 And melts with it to heaven.—To die: 'tis dreary;  
 To die a villain's death, that's yet a pang.  
 But it must down: I have so steep'd my soul  
 In the bitter ashes of true penitence,  
 That they have put on a delicious savour,  
 And all is halcyon quiet, all within.  
 Bianca!—where is she?—why comes she not?  
 Yet I do almost wish her not to come,  
 Lest she again enamour me of life.

*Phil.* Hast thou no charge to her, no fond bequest?  
 It shall lose little by my bearing it.

*Faz.* Oh yes, oh yes!—I have her picture here:  
 That I had seen it in one hour of my life,  
 In Aldabella's arms had it looked on me,  
 I should have had one sin less to repent of.  
 I'm loth the coarse and vulgar executioner  
 Should handle it with his foul gripe, or pass  
 His ribald jests upon it.—Give it her.

[*With the picture he draws out some gold, on which he*  
 E\* *looks with great apparent melancholy.*

*Phil.* And this too, sir ?

*Faz.* Oh, touch it not, Philario !

Oh, touch it not !—'tis venomous, 'tis viperous !  
 If there be bottomless sea, unfathom'd pit  
 In earth's black womb—oh, plunge it, plunge it deep,  
 Deep, dark ! or if a devil be abroad,  
 Give it to him, to bear it whence it came,  
 To its own native hell.—Oh no, no, no !—  
 He must not have it : for with it he'll betray  
 More men, more noble spirits than Lucifer  
 Drew down from heaven. This yellow pestilence  
 Laid waste my Eden ; made a gaudy bird of me,  
 For soft temptation's silken nets to snare.  
 It crept in to us—Sin came with it—Misery  
 Dogg'd its foul footsteps—ever-deep'ning Sin,  
 And ever-dark'ning Misery.—Philario,  
 Away with it !—away !—(*Takes the picture.*)—Here's fair-  
 er gazing.

Thou wouldst not think these smooth and smiling lips  
 Could speak away a life—a husband's life.  
 Yet, ah ! I led the way to sin—I wronged her :  
 Yet Heaven be witness, though I wronged her, loved her,  
 E'en in my heart of heart.

*Enter* BIANCA, L.

*Bian.* Who's that Bianca,  
 That's loved so deeply ?—Fazio, Fazio, Fazio—  
 It is that *morrow* !—

*Faz.* Nay, look cheeringly :  
 It may be God doth punish in this world  
 To spare hereafter.

*Bian.* Fazio, set me loose !—  
 Thou clasp'st thy murderess.

*Faz.* No, it is my love,  
 My wife, my children's mother !—Pardon me,  
 Bianca ; but thy children—I'll not see them :  
 For on the wax of a soft infant's memory  
 Things horrible sink deep, and sternly settle.  
 I would not have them, in their after-days,  
 Cherish the image of their wretched father  
 In the cold darkness of a prison-house.

Oh, if they ask thee of their father, tell them  
That he is dead, but say not how.

*Bian.* No, no—

Not tell them, that their mother murder'd him

*Faz.* But are they well, my love ?

*Bian.* What, had I freed them

From this drear villains' earth, sent them before us,  
Lest we should miss them in another world,  
And so be fetter'd by a cold regret  
Of this sad sunshine ?

*Faz.* Oh, thou hast not been  
So wild a rebel to the will of God !  
If that thou hast, 'twill make my passionate arms,  
That ring thee round so fondly, drop off from thee,  
Like sere and wither'd ivy ; make my farewell  
Spoken in such suffocate and distemper'd tone,  
"Twill sound more like——

*Bian.* They live ! thank God, they live !  
I should not rack thee with such fantasies :  
But there have been such hideous things around me,  
Some whispering me, some dragging me ; I've felt  
Not half a moment's calm since last we parted,  
So exquisite, so gentle, as this now—  
I could sleep on thy bosom, Fazio.

*Re-enter ANTONIO, R.*

*Ant.* Prisoner,  
Thine hour is come.

*Bian.* It is not morning yet—  
Where is the twilight that should usher it ?  
Where is the sun, that should come golden on ?  
Ill-favoured liar, to come prate of morning,  
With torch-light in thy hand to scare the darkness.

*Ant.* Thou dost forget ; day's light ne'er pierceth here :  
The sun hath kindled up the open air.

*Bian.* I say, 'tis but an hour since it was evening,  
A dreary, measureless, and mournful hour,  
Yet but an hour.

*Faz.* I will obey thee, officer !  
Yet but a word—Bianca, 'tis a strange one—  
Can'st thou endure it, dearest ?—Aldabella——



*Bian.* Curse her!

*Faz.* Peace, peace!—'tis dangerous; sinners' curses  
Pluck them down tenfold from the angry heavens  
Upon the curser's head.—Beseech thee, peace!  
Forgive her—for thy Fazio's sake, forgive her.

*Bian.* Any thing not to think on her——Not yet——  
They shall not kill thee—by my faith they shall not!  
I'll clasp mine arms so closely round thy neck,  
That the red axe shall hew them off, ere shred  
A hair of thee: I will so mingle with thee,  
That they shall strike at random, and perchance  
Set me free first——

[*The bell sounds, her grasp relaxes, and she stands torpid.*  
*Fazio kisses her, which she does not seem to be conscious of.*

*Faz.* Farewell, farewell, farewell!—  
She does not feel, she does not feel!—Thank heaven,  
She does not feel her Fazio's last, last kiss!—  
One other!—cold as stone—sweet, sweet as roses. [*Exit R.*

*Bian.* (*Slowly recovering, R. C.*) Gone, gone!—he is not  
air yet, not thin spirit!—  
He should not glide away—he is not guilty—  
Ye murder and not execute.—Not guilty!  
[*Exit, followed by Philario, R.*

SCENE III.—*A magnificent apartment in the palace of Aldabella—every appearance of a ball prolonged till morning.*

DUKE, LORDS, FALSETTO, DANDOLO, and ALDABELLA  
*discovered.*

*Duke.* 'Tis late, 'tis late; the yellow morning light  
Streams in upon our sick and waning lamps.  
It was a jocund night: but good my friends,  
The sun reproves our lingering revelry;  
And, angry at our scorning of his state,  
Will shine the slumber from our heavy eyes.

*Gon.* There's one, my liege, will sleep more calm than  
we:  
But now I heard the bell with iron tongue

Speak out unto the still and common air  
The death-stroke of the murderer Fazio.

*Duke.* So, lady, fare thee well : our gentlest thanks  
For thy fair entertaining.—Ha ! what's here ?

*Enter* BIANCA, *l. followed by* PHILARIO.

*Bian.* Ha ! ye've been dancing, dancing—so have I :  
But mine was heavy music, slow and solemn—  
A bell, a bell : my thick blood roll'd to it,  
My heart swung to and fro, a dull deep motion.

[*Seeing* ALDABELLA

'Tis thou, 'tis thou !—I came to tell thee something.

*Ald.* (*Alarmed and shrieking.*) Ah me ! ah me !

*Bian.* Nay, shrink not—I'll not kill thee :  
For if I do, I know, in the other world,  
Thou'lt shoot between me and my richest joys.—  
Thou shalt stay here—I'll have him there—all—all of him.

*Duke.* What means the wild-hair'd maniac ?

*Bian.* (*Moving him aside.*) By and by—

[*To* ALDABELLA.

I tell thee, that warm cheek thy lips did stray on  
But yesternight, 'tis cold and colourless :  
The breath, that stirr'd among thy jetty locks,  
That was such incense to thee—it is fled :  
The voice, that call'd thee then his soul of soul—  
I know it—'twas his favourite phrase of love—  
I've heard it many a time myself—'twas rapturous ;  
That mild, that musical-voice is frozen now :  
The neck whereon thy arms did hang so tenderly,  
There's blood upon it, blood—I tell thee, blood.  
Dost thou hear that ? is thy brain fire to hear it ?  
Mine is, mine is, mine is.

*Duke.* 'Tis Fazio's wife.

*Bian.* It is not Fazio's wife. Have the dead wives ?  
Ay, ay, my liege ; and I know thee, and well—  
Thou art the rich-robed minister of the laws.  
Fine laws ! rare laws ! most equitable laws !  
Who robs his neighbour of his yellow dust,  
Or his bright sparkling stones, or such gay trash,  
Oh, he must die, die for the public good.

And if one steal a husband from his wife,  
 Do dive into her heart for its best treasure,  
 Do rend asunder whom Heaven link'd in one—  
 Oh, they are meek, and merciful, and milky—  
 'Tis a trick of human frailty—Oh, fine laws!  
 Rare laws! most equitable laws!

*Duke.* Poor wretch,  
 Who is it thus hath wrong'd thee?

*Bian.* (*To the Duke.*) Come thou here.

[*The others crowd around her—she says to FALSETTO,*  
 Get back, get back: the god that thou ador'st,  
 Thy god is dead, thou pitiful idolater!

[*To DANDOLO—shewing her dress.*

I know they are coarse and tatter'd—Get thee back.

[*To the DUKE.*

I tell thee, that rich woman—she——My liege,  
 I'll speak anon—my lips do cling together,  
 There's dust about my tongue—I cannot move it.

*Duke.* Ho, there! some wine!

*Bian.* Thank thee, 'tis moist—I thank thee!

[*As she raises the goblet to her lips, she sees ALDABELLA, and dashes it away.*]

Her lips have been upon it—I'll have none on't.

*Ald.* My liege, thou wilt not hearken to the tale  
 Of a mad woman, venting her sick fancies  
 Upon a lady of my state and honour!

*Duke.* Lady, there is one state alone, that holds  
 Above the range of plumed and restless justice  
 Her thronéd majesty—the state of Virtue.  
 Poor sad distraught, speak on.

*Bian.* I am not mad.

Thou smooth-lipp'd slanderer! I have been mad,  
 And then my words came vague, and loose, and broken;  
 But now, there's mode and measure in my speech.  
 I'll hold my brain; and then I'll tell my tale  
 Simply and clearly. Fazio, my poor Fazio—  
 He murdered not—he found Bartolo dead.  
 The wealth did shine in his eyes—and he was dazzled.  
 And when that he was gaily gilded up,

She, she, I say—nay, keep away from her,  
 For she hath witchcraft all around her—she  
 Did take him to her chamber. Fie, my liege!  
 What should my husband in her chamber? then,  
 Ay—then, I madden'd.—Hark! hark! hark! —the bell,  
 The bell that I set knolling—hark—Here, here,  
 Massy and cold it strikes—Here, here. [*Clasping her fore-  
 head.*]

*Gon.* Sad woman!

Tear not so piteously thy disorder'd hair!

*Bian.* I do not tear my hair: there should be pain  
 If that I did; but all my pain's within. [*With her hand to  
 her bosom.*]

It will not break, it will not break—'tis iron.

*Duke.* If this be true—

*Phil.* My liege, it is the tale  
 That Fazio told me ere he died.

*Bian.* Ay, sir,  
 The dying lie not—he, a dying man,  
 Lied not—and I, a dying woman, lie not:  
 For I shall die, spite of this iron here.

*Duke (to ALDABELLA.)* There is confession in thy guilty  
 cheeks.

Thou high-born baseness! beautiful deformity!  
 Dishonoured honour!—How hast thou discredited  
 All that doth fetter admiration's eye,  
 And made us out of love with loveliness!  
 I do condemn thee, woman, by the warrant  
 Of this my ducal diadem, to put on thee  
 The rigid convent vows: there bleach anew  
 Thy sullied breast; there temper thy rank blood  
 Lay ashes to thy soul; swathe thy hot skin  
 In sackcloth; and God give thee length of days,  
 T' atone, by this world's misery, this world's sin.

[*Exit ALDABELLA, R.*]

*Bian.* Bless thee, Heaven bless thee!—Yet it must not  
 be.

My Fazio said we must forgive her—Fazio  
 Said so; and all he said is best and wisest.

*Duke.* She shall have her desert: aught more to ask of us?



*Bian.* My children—thou'lt protect them—Oh, my liege;  
Make them not rich: let them be poor and honest.

*Duke.* I will, I will.

*Bian.* Why, then, 'tis time, 'tis time.  
And thou believ'st he is no murderer? (*Duke bows as-  
sent.*)

Thou'lt lay me near him, and keep her away from us.  
It breaks, it breaks, it breaks,—it is not iron *{Dies.*

*The Curtain Falls.*

No. III.

**THE MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.**

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

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

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THE  
**LADY OF LYONS;**  
OR,  
**LOVE AND PRIDE.**

A Play.

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

FROM THE AUTHOR'S LATEST EDITION.

WITH THE STAGE DIRECTIONS, COSTUMES, &c.

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NEW YORK:

BERFORD & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.

1847.

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## EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE failure of Mr. Bulwer's tragedy of the *Duchess de la Valliere*, his first dramatic production, instead of discouraging him from again venturing upon this perilous species of composition, seems to have inspired him with the determination of proving to the public, that he could write a good acting drama, whatever the critics might say to the contrary. He tried again; and produced the "Lady of Lyons." This beautiful play is founded on a well-known French tale, entitled, "The Bellows-Mender," in which the main incidents of the plot may be found. Bulwer seems to have been less indebted, however, to this source for his materials, than Shakspeare was to the *nouvelettes* of his day, for many of his noblest tragedies.

The "Lady of Lyons" was produced anonymously at Covent Garden Theatre, the early part of February, 1838—that establishment being then under the management of Mr. Macready. "The studious concealment of the author's name," says a journal of the day, "was doubtless intended to obviate the influence of the personal prejudice that Mr. Bulwer and his friends assigned as the motive of the opposition to his first dramatic production—the now forgotten *Duchess de la Valliere*." The intention of the author, in producing the play anonymously, seems rather to have been to entrap the critics, who had assailed him as incompetent to write for the stage, into praising his new work. If this was his plan, it eminently succeeded. Those writers who had most vehemently condemned the unfortunate "Duchess," were loudest in praise of the "Lady of Lyons," and its unknown author.



But we are far from thinking that their sincerity ought to be impugned on this account. The "Duchess" failed as decidedly upon the American stage as at Covent Garden.

The "Lady of Lyons" deservedly met with a far different fate both in England and the United States. In London, a portion of its great success was attributed to the masterly acting of Macready in the character of the hero; but its repeated production, under less auspicious circumstances, has proved that it contains within itself the qualities, which must always render it popular in the representation. Nor will it be found less pleasing in the closet. It is a drama "of that mixed style, partaking of the elements both of tragedy and comedy, that, in default of a more definite appellation is termed, *par excellence*, a play." The intermingling of pathos and humour, of sentiment and fun, give to it a variety, which, in connexion with the deep interest of the plot, is undoubtedly one of the chief constituents of its success.

At the Park Theatre, Miss Ellen Tree in Pauline, and Mr. Forrest in Claude Melnotte, introduced this play to an American audience in the most effective and admirable manner. More recently, we have had an opportunity of witnessing the original Claude, Mr. Macready, who in that part, as well as in all others which he attempts, is ever the perfect artist and the consummate actor.

The following table shows the results of the experiments conducted during the year 1900. The first column gives the date of the experiment, the second column the number of plants used, and the third column the number of plants which have produced fruit. The fourth column gives the number of seeds which have been sown, and the fifth column the number of seeds which have germinated. The sixth column gives the number of plants which have died during the experiment, and the seventh column the number of plants which have been left standing at the end of the experiment.

| Date    | No. of plants | No. of plants which have produced fruit | No. of seeds sown | No. of seeds which have germinated | No. of plants which have died | No. of plants which have been left standing at the end of the experiment |
|---------|---------------|---|-------------------|------------------------------------|-------------------------------|--|
| Jan. 1  | 10            | 5                                       | 100               | 80                                 | 2                             | 8  |
| Jan. 15 | 10            | 6                                       | 100               | 85                                 | 1                             | 9  |
| Jan. 30 | 10            | 7                                       | 100               | 90                                 | 1                             | 9  |
| Feb. 15 | 10            | 8                                       | 100               | 95                                 | 1                             | 9  |
| Feb. 30 | 10            | 9                                       | 100               | 100                                | 1                             | 9  |
| Mar. 15 | 10            | 10                                      | 100               | 100                                | 0                             | 10   |
| Mar. 30 | 10            | 10                                      | 100               | 100                                | 0                             | 10   |
| Apr. 15 | 10            | 10                                      | 100               | 100                                | 0                             | 10   |
| Apr. 30 | 10            | 10                                      | 100               | 100                                | 0                             | 10   |
| May 15  | 10            | 10                                      | 100               | 100                                | 0                             | 10   |
| May 30  | 10            | 10                                      | 100               | 100                                | 0                             | 10   |
| Jun. 15 | 10            | 10                                      | 100               | 100                                | 0                             | 10   |
| Jun. 30 | 10            | 10                                      | 100               | 100                                | 0                             | 10   |
| Jul. 15 | 10            | 10                                      | 100               | 100                                | 0                             | 10   |
| Jul. 30 | 10            | 10                                      | 100               | 100                                | 0                             | 10   |
| Aug. 15 | 10            | 10                                      | 100               | 100                                | 0                             | 10   |
| Aug. 30 | 10            | 10                                      | 100               | 100                                | 0                             | 10   |
| Sep. 15 | 10            | 10                                      | 100               | 100                                | 0                             | 10   |
| Sep. 30 | 10            | 10                                      | 100               | 100                                | 0                             | 10   |
| Oct. 15 | 10            | 10                                      | 100               | 100                                | 0                             | 10   |
| Oct. 30 | 10            | 10                                      | 100               | 100                                | 0                             | 10   |
| Nov. 15 | 10            | 10                                      | 100               | 100                                | 0                             | 10   |
| Nov. 30 | 10            | 10                                      | 100               | 100                                | 0                             | 10   |
| Dec. 15 | 10            | 10                                      | 100               | 100                                | 0                             | 10   |
| Dec. 30 | 10            | 10                                      | 100               | 100                                | 0                             | 10   |

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

|  | <i>Park, 1845.</i> | <i>Park, 1846.</i> |
|--|--------------------|--------------------|
| <i>Claude Melnotte</i> .....               | Mr. Chas. Kean.    | Mr G. Vandenhoff.  |
| <i>Colonel Damas</i> .....                 | " Bass.            | " Bass.            |
| <i>Beauseant</i> .....                     | " Fleming          | " Crocker          |
| <i>Glavis</i> .....                        | " De Walden.       | " De Walden.       |
| <i>Mons. Deschappelles</i> .....           | " M'Douall.        | " Anderson.        |
| <i>Landlord</i> .....                      | " Anderson.        | " M'Douall.        |
| <i>Gaspar</i> .....                        | " Gallot.          | " Gallot.          |
| <i>Capt. Gervais (First Officer)</i> ..... | " Bulard.          | " Bulard.          |
| <i>Capt. Dupont (Second do.)</i> .....     | " Gourlay.         | " Gourlay          |
| <i>Major Desmoulins (Third do.)</i> .....  | " S. Pearson.      | " Heath.           |
| <i>Notary</i> .....                        | " Heath.           | " King.            |
| <i>Servant</i> .....                       | " King.            |                    |
| <i>Pauline</i> .....                       | Mrs. C. Kean.      | Mrs. A. C. Mowatt. |
| <i>Madame Deschappelles</i> .....          | " Mrs. Vernon.     | " Vernon.          |
| <i>Widow Melnotte</i> .....                | " Barry.           | " Barry.           |
| <i>Janet</i> .....                         | Miss Flynn.        | Miss Flynn.        |
| <i>Marian</i> .....                        | Mrs. Burrows.      | Mrs. Burrows       |

## COSTUMES.

**BEAUSEANT.**—*First dress:* Frock coat trimmed with black fur; black tight pants; Hessian boots. *Second dress:* Black frock coat; white vest; white tight pants; Hessian boots; modern hat.

**GLAVIS.**—*First dress:* Blue frock coat, undress military; black tight pants; Hessian boots; modern hat. *Second dress:* Black body coat; white vest; white pants, tight; Hessian boots, &c.

**COLONEL DAMAS.**—*First dress:* Blue uniform coat, trimmed with white facings, and silver lace; white tight military boots; chapeau and tri-coloured cockade. *Second dress:* Blue coat trimmed with gold, epaulettes, and elegant military chapeau and plume; white sash.

**MONSIEUR DESCHAPPELLES.**—Black velvet suit, square cut.

**LANDLORD.**—Red coat; striped French vest and breeches.

**GASPAR.**—Blue smock frock; blue vest; breeches and gaiters.

**CLAUDE MELNOTTE.**—*First dress:* Blue smocked frock, worked; blue tights. *Second dress:* Rich green shirt, spangled, large sleeves; white silk tights; and cap. *Third dress:* (Same as first.) *Fourth dress:* Dark blue frock coat trimmed with light blue facings, and buttons; blue military pantaloons, light blue stripes on sides; chapeau and tri-coloured cockade.

**OFFICERS.**—Dark blue coats, turned up with light blue and silver; epaulettes; white tights; military boots; chapeau and tri-coloured cockades.

**SERVANT**—[*To Deschappelles.*] Handsome livery.

**SERVANT**—[*At the Inn.*] Peasant dress.

**MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.**—Rich pink dress; straw hat and feathers.

**PAULINE.**—*First dress:* Pink satin, neatly trimmed, and train. *Second dress* Plain white silk dress.

**WIDOW.**—Swiss peasant dress.

**JANET.**—Peasant dress.

**MARIAN.**—White muslin dress.

## EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

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

## RELATIVE POSITIONS.

'R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; K. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

# THE LADY OF LYONS.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A large room in the house of M. DESCHAPPELLES at Lyons. PAULINE reclining on a sofa, R; MARIAN, her Maid, fanning her, R.—Flowers and notes on a table beside the sofa. MADAME DESCHAPPELLES, seated, C.—The Gardens are seen from the open window.*

*Madame D.* Marian, put that rose a little more to the left.—(MARIAN alters the position of a rose in PAULINE'S hair.) Ah, so!—that improves the air,—the *tournure*,—the *je ne sais quoi!*—You are certainly very handsome, child!—quite my style!—I don't wonder that you make such a sensation!—Old, young, rich, and poor, do homage to the Beauty of Lyons!—Ah! we live again in our children,—especially when they have our eyes and complexion!

*Pauline (languidly).* Dear mother, you spoil your Pauline!—(aside.) I wish I knew who sent me these flowers!

*Madame Deschap.* No, child!—if I praise you, it is only to inspire you with a proper ambition.—You are born to make a great marriage. Beauty is valuable or worthless according as you invest the property to the best advantage.—Marian, go and order the carriage. [*Exit MARIAN, C. L.*]

*Pauline.* Who can it be that sends me, every day, these beautiful flowers? How sweet they are!

*Enter SERVANT, C. L.*

*Servant.* Monsieur Beauseant, madame.



*Madame Deschap.* Let him enter. Pauline, this is another offer!—I know it is!—Your father should engage an additional clerk to keep the account-book of your conquests.

*Enter BEAUSEANT, L. C.*

*Beauseant.* Ah, ladies, how fortunate I am to find you at home!—(*aside.*) How lovely she looks!—It is a great sacrifice I make marrying into a family in trade!—they will be eternally grateful!—(*aloud.*) Madam, you will permit me a word with your charming daughter.—(*approaches PAULINE, who rises disdainfully.*)—Mademoiselle, I have ventured to wait upon you, in a hope that you must long since have divined. Last night, when you outshone all the beauty of Lyons, you completed your conquest over me! You know that my fortune is not exceeded by any estate in the Province,—you know that, but for the Revolution, which has defrauded me of my titles, I should be noble. May I, then, trust that you will not reject my alliance? I offer you my hand and heart.

*Pauline (aside).* He has the air of a man who confers a favour. (*aloud.*) Sir, you are very condescending—I thank you humbly; but being duly sensible of my own demerits, you must allow me to decline the honour you propose.

[*Curtesies and turns away.*]

*Beauseant.* Decline! impossible!—you are not serious!—Madame, suffer me to appeal to *you*. I am a suitor for your daughter's hand—the settlements shall be worthy her beauty and my station. May I wait on M. Deschappelles?

*Madame Deschap.* M. Deschappelles never interferes in the domestic arrangements,—you are very obliging. If you were still a Marquis, or if my daughter were intended to marry a commoner,—why, perhaps, we might give you the preference.

*Beauseant.* A commoner,—we are all commoners in France now.

*Madame Deschap.* In France, yes; but there is a nobility still left in the other countries in Europe. We are quite aware of your good qualities, and don't doubt that you will find some lady more suitable to your pretensions

We shall be always happy to see you as an acquaintance, M. Beauseant?—My dear child, the carriage will be here presently.

*Beauseant.* Say no more, Madam!—say no more!—*(aside.)* Refused! and by a merchant's daughter!—refused! It will be all over Lyons before sunset!—I will go and bury myself in my chateau, study philosophy, and turn woman-hater. Refused! they ought to be sent to a mad-house!—Ladies, I have the honour to wish you a very good morning. *[Exit BEAUSEANT, C. L.]*

*Madame Deschap.* How forward these men are!—I think, child, we kept up our dignity. Any girl, however inexperienced, knows how to accept an offer, but it requires a vast deal of address to refuse one with proper condescension and disdain. I used to practise it at school with the dancing-master!

*Enter DAMAS, C. L.*

*Damas.* Good morning, cousin Deschappelles.—Well, Pauline, are you recovered from last night's ball?—So many triumphs must be very fatiguing. Even M. Glavis sighed most piteously when you departed; but that might be the effect of the supper.

*Pauline.* M. Glavis, indeed!

*Madame Deschap.* M. Glavis!—as if my daughter would think of M. Glavis!

*Damas.* Hey-dey!—why not?—His father left him a very pretty fortune, and his birth is higher than yours, cousin Deschappelles. But perhaps you are looking to M. Beauseant—his father was a Marquis before the Revolution.

*Pauline.* M. Beauseant!—Cousin, you delight in tormenting me!

*Madame Deschap.* Don't mind him, Pauline!—Cousin Damas, you have no susceptibility of feeling,—there is a certain indelicacy in all your ideas.—M. Beauseant know already that he is no match for my daughter!

*Damas.* Pooh! pooh! one would think you intended your daughter to marry a prince!

*Madame Deschap.* Well, and if I did?—what then?—Many a foreign prince—

*Damas (interrupting her).* Foreign prince!—foreign fiddlestick!—you ought to be ashamed of such nonsense at your time of life.

*Madame Deschap.* My time of life!—That is an expression never applied to any lady, till she is sixty-nine and three-quarters; and only then by the clergyman of the parish.

*Enter SERVANT, C. L.*

*Servant.* Madame, the carriage is at the door.

[*Exit SERVANT, C. L.*]

*Madame Deschap.* Come, child, put on your bonnet—you really have a very thorough-bred air—not at all like your poor father.—(*fondly.*) Ah, you little coquette! when a young lady is always making mischief, it is a sure sign that she takes after her mother!

*Pauline.* Good day, cousin Damas—and a better humour to you—(*going back to the table and taking the flowers.*) Who *could* have sent me these flowers?

[*Exeunt PAULINE and MADAME DESCHAPPELLES.*]

*Damas.* That would be an excellent girl if her head had not been turned. I fear she is now become incorrigible! Zounds, what a lucky fellow I am, to be still a bachelor! They may talk of the devotion of the sex—but the most faithful attachment in life is that of a woman in love—with herself!

[*Exit, C. L.*]

SCENE II.—*The exterior of a small Village Inn—sign the Golden Lion—a few leagues from Lyons, which is seen at a distance.*

*Beauseant, (without, R.)* Yes, you may bait the horses; we shall rest here an hour.

*Enter BEAUSEANT and GLAVIS, R.*

*Glavis.* Really, my dear Beauseant, consider that I have promised to spend a day or two with you at your chateau—that I am quite at your mercy for my entertainment—and yet you are as silent and gloomy as a mute at a funeral, or an Englishman at a party of pleasure.

*Beauseant.* Bear with me.—The fact is, that I am miserable!

*Glavis.* You—the richest and gayest bachelor in Lyons ?

*Beauseant.* It is because I am a bachelor that I am miserable.—Thou knowest Pauline—the only daughter of the rich merchant, Mons. Deschappelles ?

*Glavis.* Know her !—Who does not ?—as pretty as Venus and as proud as Juno.

*Beauseant.* Her taste is worse than her pride—(*drawing himself up.*) Know, Glavis, she has actually refused *me* ?

*Glavis (aside).* So she has me !—very consoling ! in all cases of heart-ache, the application of another man's disappointment draws out the pain, and allays the irritation.—(*Aloud.*) Refused you ! and wherefore ?

*Beauseant.* I know not, unless it be because the Revolution swept away my father's title of marquis—and she will not marry a commoner. Now, as we have no noblemen left in France, as we are all citizens, and equals, she can only hope, that, in spite of the war, some English Milord or German count will risk his life by coming to Lyons and making her my lady. Refused me, and with scorn !—By heaven, I'll not submit to it tamely—I'm in a perfect fever of mortification and rage.—Refused me, indeed !

*Glavis.* Be comforted, my dear fellow—I will tell you a secret. For the same reason, she refused *ME* !

*Beauseant.* You !—that's a very different matter ; but give me your hand, Glavis—we'll think of some plan to humble her. By Jove, I should like to see her married to a strolling player !

*Enter LANDLORD and his DAUGHTER, from the Inn, L. D. in F.*

*Landlord.* Your servant, citizen Beauseant—servant, Sir. Perhaps you will take dinner before you proceed to your chateau ; our larder is most plentifully supplied.

*Beauseant.* I have no appetite.

*Glavis.* Nor I. Still it is bad travelling on an empty stomach. Come, landlord, let's see your bill. What have you got ? [*Takes and looks over bill of fare. Shout without*] “ Long live the Prince !—Long live the Prince ! ”

*Beauseant.* The Prince !—what Prince is that ? I thought we had no princes left in France.

*Landlord.* Ha, ha ! the *le* always call him Prince. He



has just won the prize in a shooting-match, and they are taking him home in triumph.

*Beauseant.* Him! and who's Mr. Him?

*Landlord.* Who should he be but the pride of the village, Claude Melnotte?—of course you have heard of Claude Melnotte.

*Glavis* (*giving back the bill of fare*). Never had that honour. Soup—ragout of hare—roast chicken, and in short, all you have!

*Beauseant.* The son of old Melnotte the gardener?

*Landlord.* Exactly so—a wonderful young man!

*Beauseant.* How wonderful!—are his cabbages better than other people's?

*Landlord.* Nay, he doesn't garden any more; his father left him well off. He's only a genus.

*Glavis.* A what?

*Landlord.* A genus!—a man who can do every thing in life, except any-thing that's useful;—that's a genus.

*Beauseant.* You raise my curiosity—proceed.

*Landlord.* Well then, about four years ago, old Melnotte died, and left his son well to do in the world. We then all observed that a great change came over young Claude, he took to reading and Latin, and hired a professor from Lyons, who had so much in his head that he was forced to wear a great full-bottom wig to cover it. Then he took a fencing-master, and a dancing-master, and a music master, and then he learned to paint; and at last it was said, that young Claude was to go to Paris, and set up for a painter. The lads laughed at him at first; but he is a stout fellow, is Claude, and as brave as a lion, and soon taught them to laugh the wrong side of their mouths; and now all the boys swear by him, and all the girls pray for him.

*Beauseant.* A promising youth, certainly! And why do they call him prince?

*Landlord.* Partly because he is at the head of them all, and partly because he has such a proud way with him, and wears such fine clothes—and in short—looks like a prince.

*Beauseant.* And what could have turned the foolish fellow's brain? The Revolution, I suppose?

*Landlord.* Yes—the Revolution that turns us all topsy turvy—the revolution of Love.

*Beauseant.* Romantic young Corydon! And with whom is he in love?

*Landlord.* Why—but it is a secret, gentlemen.

*Beauseant.* Oh! certainly.

*Landlord.* Why, then, I hear from his mother, good soul! that it is no less a person than the beauty of Lyons, Pauline Deschappelles.

*Beauseant and Glavis.* Ha! ha! capital!

*Landlord.* You may laugh, but it is as true as I stand here.

*Beauseant.* And what does the beauty of Lyons say to his suit?

*Landlord.* Lord, sir, she never even condescended to look at him, though when he was a boy he worked in her father's garden.

*Beauseant.* Are you sure of that?

*Landlord.* His mother says that Mademoiselle does not know him by sight.

*Beauseant (taking GLAVIS aside).* I have hit it—I have hit it;—here is our revenge! Here is a prince for our haughty damsel. Do you take me?

*Glavis.* Deuce take me if I do!

*Beauseant.* Blockhead!—it's as clear as a map. What if we could make this elegant clown pass himself off as a foreign prince? lend him money, clothes, equipage for the purpose?—make him propose to Pauline?—marry Pauline? Would it not be delicious?

*Glavis.* Ha! ha!—Excellent! But how shall we support the necessary expenses of his highness?

*Beauseant.* Pshaw! Revenge is worth a much larger sacrifice than a few hundred louis; as for details, my valet is the truest fellow in the world, and we shall have the appointment of his highness's establishment. Let's go to him at once, and see if he be really this Admirable Crichton.

*Glavis.* With all my heart,—but the dinner?

*Beauseant.* Always thinking of dinner! Hark ye, landlord, how far is it to young Melnotte's cottage? I should like to see such a prodigy.

*Landlord.* Turn down the lane, then strike across the common, and you will see his mother's cottage.

*Beauseant.* True, he lives with his mother.—(aside.) We

will not trust to an old woman's discretion; better send for him hither. I'll just step in and write him a note. Come, Glavis.

*Glavis.* Yes,—Beauseant, Glavis and Co. manufacturers of princes, wholesale and retail,—an uncommonly genteel line of business. But why so grave?

*Beauseant.* You think only of the sport—I of the revenge.  
[*Exeunt within the Inn, D. in F.*

SCENE III.—*The interior of MELNOTTE'S Cottage; flowers placed here and there; a guitar on an oaken table, with a portfolio, &c.; a picture on an easel, covered by a curtain; fencing foils crossed over the mantel-piece; an attempt at refinement in spite of the homeliness of the furniture, &c.; a staircase to the right conducts to the upper story.*

(*Shout without, R. U. E.*) "Long live Claude Melnotte! Long live the Prince!"

*Widow Melnotte.* Hark!—there's my dear son; carried off the prize, I'm sure; and now he'll want to treat them all.

*Claude Melnotte (opening the door).* What, you wont come in, my friends! Well, well, there's a trifle to make merry elsewhere. Good day to you all,—good day!—(*Shout.*) "Hurrah! Long live prince Claude!"

*Enter CLAUDE MELNOTTE, L. D. in F. with a rifle in his hand.*

*Melnotte.* Give me joy, dear mother! I've won the prize! never missed one shot! Is it not handsome, this gun?

*Widow.* Humph! Well, what is it worth, Claude?

*Melnotte.* Worth! What is a ribbon worth to a soldier? Worth---everything! Glory is priceless!

*Widow.* Leave glory to great folks. Ah! Claude, Claude! castles in the air cost a vast deal to keep up! How is all this to end? What good does it do thee to learn Latin, and sing songs, and play on the guitar, and fence and dance, and paint pictures? all very fine; but what does it bring in?

*Melnotte.* Wealth! wealth, my mother!--wealth to the mind---wealth to the heart---high thoughts---bright dreams

---the hope of fame---the ambition to be worthier to love Pauline.

*Widow.* My poor son!--the young lady will never think of thee.

*Melnotte.* Do the stars think of us? Yet if the prisoner see them shine in his dungeon, would'st thou bid him turn away from *their* lustre? Even from this low cell, poverty, ---I lift my eyes to Pauline and forget my chains. (*Goes to the picture and draws aside the curtain.*) See, this is her image---painted from memory.---Oh, how the canvass wrongs her! (*takes up the brush and throws it aside.*) I shall never be a painter. I can paint no likeness but one, and that is above all art. I would turn soldier---France needs soldiers! But to leave the air that Pauline breathes! What is the hour,---so late! I will tell thee a secret, mother. Thou knowest not that for the last six weeks I have sent every day the rarest flowers to Pauline; she wears them. I have seen them on her breast. Ah! and then the whole universe seemed filled with odours! I have now grown more bold---I have poured my worship into poetry---I have sent my verses to Pauline---I have signed them with my own name. My messenger ought to be back by this time: I bade him wait for an answer.

*Widow.* And what answer do you expect, Claude?

*Melnotte.* That which the Queen of Navarre sent to the poor troubadour;—"Let me see the Oracle that can tell nations I am beautiful!" She will admit me. I shall hear her speak---I shall meet her eyes---I shall read upon her cheek the sweet thoughts that translate themselves into blushes. Then, then, oh, then,---she may forget that I am the peasant's son!

*Widow.* Nay, if she will but hear thee talk, Claude!

*Melnotte.* I foresee it all. She will tell me that desert is the true rank. She will give me a badge—a flower—a glove! Oh, rapture! I shall join the armies of the Republic---I shall rise---I shall win a name that beauty will not blush to hear. I shall return with the right to say to her—"See how love does not level the proud, but raise the humble!" Oh, how my heart swells within me!--Oh, what glorious Prophets of the Future are Youth and Hope!

[*Knock at the door D. in F.*



*Widow.* Come in.

*Enter GASPAR, D. in F.*

*Melnotte.* Welcome, Gaspar, welcome. Where is the letter? Why do you turn away, man? where is the letter? (*GASPAR gives him one.*) This!—This is mine, the one I entrusted to thee. Didst thou not leave it?

*Gaspar.* Yes, I left it.

*Melnotte.* My own verses returned to me! Nothing else?

*Gaspar.* Thou wilt be proud to hear how thy messenger was honoured. For thy sake, Melnotte,—I have borne that which no Frenchman can bear without disgrace.

*Melnotte.* Disgrace, Gaspar! Disgrace?

*Gaspar.* I gave thy letter to the porter, who passed it from lackey to lackey till it reached the lady it was meant for.

*Melnotte.* It reached her, then;—are you sure of that? It reached her,—well, well!

*Gaspar.* It reached her, and was returned to me with blows. Dost hear, Melnotte? with blows! Death! are we slaves still, that we are to be thus dealt with, we peasants?

*Melnotte.* With blows? No, Gaspar, no; not blows?

*Gaspar.* I could show thee the marks, if it were not so deep a shame to bear them. The lackey who tossed thy letter into the mire, swore that his lady and her mother never were so insulted. What could thy letter contain, Claude?

*Melnotte (looking over the letter).* Not a line that a serf might not have written to an empress. No, not one!

*Gaspar.* They promise thee the same greeting they gave me, if thou wilt pass that way. Shall we endure this, Claude?

*Melnotte (wringing GASPAR'S hand).* Forgive me, the fault was mine, I have brought this on thee; I will not forget it; thou shalt be avenged! The heartless insolence!

*Gaspar.* Thou art moved, Melnotte; think not of me; I would go through fire and water to serve thee; but—  
blow! It is not the *bruise* that galls,—it is the *blush* Melnotte!

*Melnotte.* Say, what message? How insulted?—Wherefore?—What the offence?

*Gaspar.* Did you not write to Pauline Deschappelles, the daughter of the rich merchant?

*Melnotte.* Well?

*Gaspar.* Are you not a peasant—a gardener's son?—that was the offence. Sleep on it, Melnotte. Blows to a French citizen, blows!

[*Exit D. in F.*

*Widow.* Now you are cured, Claude!

*Melnotte* (*tearing the letter*). So do I scatter her image to the winds—I will stop her in the open streets—I will insult her—I will beat her menial ruffians—I will—(*turns suddenly to WIDOW*). Mother, am I hump-backed—deformed—hideous.

*Widow.* You!

*Melnotte.* A coward—a thief—a liar?

*Widow.* You!

*Melnotte.* Or a dull fool—a vain, drivelling, brainless idiot?

*Widow.* No, no.

*Melnotte.* What am I then—worse than all these? Why, I am a peasant! What has a peasant to do with love? Vain Revolutions, why lavish your cruelty on the great? Oh, that we,—we the hewers of wood and drawers of water, had been swept away, so that the proud might learn what the world would be without us!—

[*Knock at the D. in F.*

*Enter SERVANT from the Inn, D. in F.*

*Servant.* A letter for Citizen Melnotte.

*Melnotte.* A letter! from her, perhaps—who sent thee?

*Servant* (R.) Who? Monsieur—I mean Citizen Beauseant, who stops to dine at the Golden Lion, on his way to his chateau.

*Melnotte.* Beauseant!—(*reads*.) “Young man, I know thy secret—thou lovest above thy station. If thou hast wit, courage and discretion, I can secure to thee the realization of thy most sanguine hopes; and the sole condition I ask in return is, that thou shalt be steadfast to thine own ends. I shall demand from thee a solemn oath to marry her whom thou lovest; to bear her to thine home on thy

wedding night. I am serious—if thou wouldst learn more, lose not a moment, but follow the bearer of this letter to thy friend and patron, “CHARLES BEAUSEANT.”

*Melnotte.* Can I believe my eyes? Are our own passions the sorcerers that raise up for us spirits of good or evil? I will go instantly. [*Exit Servant D. in F.*

*Widow.* What is this, Claude?

*Melnotte.* “Marry her whom thou lovest”—“bear her to thine own home,”—O, revenge and love! which of you is the stronger?—(*gazing on the picture.*) Sweet face, thou smilest on me from the canvass; weak fool that I am, do I then love her still? No, it is the vision of my own romance that I have worshipped; it is the reality, to which I bring scorn for scorn.—Adieu, mother; I will return anon. My brain reels—the earth swims before me.—(*Looking again at the letter.*) No, it is *not* mockery; I do not dream! [*Exit D. in F.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Gardens of M. DESCHAPPELLES' House, at Lyons—the House seen at the back of the Stage.*

*Enter BEAUSEANT and GLAVIS from the House, L. S. E.*

*Beauseant.* Well, what think you of my plot? Has it not succeeded to a miracle? The instant that I introduced his Highness, the Prince of Como, to the pompous mother and the scornful daughter, it was all over with them; he came—he saw—he conquered; and, though it is not many days since he arrived, they have already promised him the hand of Pauline.

*Glavis.* It is lucky, though, that you told them his Highness travelled incognito, for fear the directory (who are not very fond of princes) should lay him by the heels: for he

has a wonderful wish to keep up his rank, and scatters our gold about with as much coolness as if he were watering his own flower-pots.

*Beauseant.* True, he is damnably extravagant; I think the sly dog does it out of malice. However, it must be owned that he reflects credit on his loyal subjects, and makes a very pretty figure in his fine clothes with my diamond snuff-box.

*Glavis.* And my diamond ring! But do you think that he will be firm to the last? I fancy I see symptoms of relenting: he will never keep up his rank, if he once let out his conscience.

*Beauseant.* His oath binds him; he cannot retreat without being forsworn, and those low fellows are always superstitious! But, as it is, I tremble lest he be discovered; that bluff Colonel Damas (Madame Deschappelles' cousin) evidently suspects him; we must make haste and conclude the farce; I have thought of a plan to end it this very day.

*Glavis.* This very day! Poor Pauline! her dream will be soon over.

*Beauseant.* Yes, this day they shall be married; this evening, according to his oath, he shall carry his bride to the Golden Lion, and then pomp, equipage, retinue, and title, all shall vanish at once; and her Highness the Princess shall find that she has refused the son of a Marquis, to marry the son of a gardener.—Oh, Pauline! once loved, now hated, yet still not relinquished, thou shalt drain the cup to the dregs,—thou shalt know what it is to be humbled!

*Enter, from the House, L. S. E., MELNOTTE as the Prince of Como, leading in PAULINE; MADAME DESCHAPPELLES fanning herself; and Colonel DAMAS.*

BEAUSEANT and GLAVIS bow respectfully. PAULINE and MELNOTTE walk apart.

*Madame Deschap.* Good morning, gentlemen; really I am so fatigued with laughter, the dear Prince is so entertaining. What wit he has! any one might see that he has spent his whole life in courts.

*Damas.* And what the deuce do you know about courts, cousin Deschappelles? You women regard men just as



you buy books—you never care what is in them, but how they are bound and lettered. 'Sdeath, I don't think you would even look at your bible, if it had not a title to it.

*Madame Deschap.* How coarse you are, cousin Damas!—quite the manners of a barrack—you don't deserve to be one of our family; really we must drop your acquaintance when Pauline marries. I cannot patronize any relations that would discredit my future son-in-law, the Prince of Como.

*Melnotte (advancing).* These are beautiful gardens, Madame. (BEAUSEANT and GLAVIS retire.)—Who planned them?

*Madame Deschap.* A gardener named Melnotte, your Highness—an honest man who knew his station. I can't say as much for his son—a presuming fellow, who—ha! ha!—actually wrote verses—such doggerel!—to my daughter.

*Pauline.* Yes—how you would have laughed at them, Prince—you who write such beautiful verses!

*Melnotte.* This Melnotte must be a monstrous impudent person!

*Damas.* Is he good-looking?

*Madame Deschap.* I never notice such *canaille*—an ugly, mean-looking clown, if I remember right.

*Damas.* Yet I heard your porter say he was wonderfully like his Highness.

*Melnotte (taking snuff).* You are complimentary.

*Madame Deschap.* For shame, cousin Damas!—like the Prince, indeed.

*Pauline.* Like you! Ah, mother, like our beautiful Prince! I'll never speak to you again, cousin Damas.

*Melnotte (aside).* Humph!—rank is a great beautifier! I never passed for an Apollo while I was a peasant; if I am so handsome as a prince, what should I be as an emperor?—(aloud.) Monsieur Beauseant, will you honour me? [Offers snuff.

*Beauseant.* No, your Highness, I have no small vices.

*Melnotte.* Nay, if it were a vice you'd be sure to have it, Monsieur Beauseant.

*Madame Deschap.* Ha! ha!—how very severe!—what wit!

*Beauseant (in a rage and aside).* Curse his impertinence!

*Madame Deschap.* What a superb snuff-box!

*Pauline.* And what a beautiful ring!

*Melnotte.* You like the box—a trifle—interesting per haps from associations—a present from Louis XIV. to my great-great-grandmother. Honour me by accepting it.

*Beauseant (plucking him by the sleeve).* How!—what the devil! My box!—are you mad! It is worth five hundred louis.

*Melnotte (unheeding him and turning to PAULINE).* And you like this ring! Ah, it has indeed a lustre since your eyes have shone on it (*placing it on her finger*). Henceforth hold me, sweet enchantress, the Slave of the Ring.

*Glavis (pulling him).* Stay, stay—what are you about? My maiden aunt's legacy—a diamond of the first water You shall be hanged for swindling, sir.

*Melnotte (pretending not to hear).* It is curious, this ring: it is the one with which my grandfather, the Doge of Venice, married the Adriatic!

[MADAME and PAULINE examine the ring.]

*Melnotte (to BEAUSEANT and GLAVIS).* Fie, gentlemen, princes must be generous!—(*turns to DAMAS, who watches them closely*). These kind friends have my interest so much at heart, that they are as careful of my property as if it were their own.

*Beauseant and Glavis (confusedly).* Ha! ha!—very good joke that!

[*Appear to remonstrate with MELNOTTE in dumb show.*]

*Damas.* What's all that whispering? I am sure there is some juggle here; hang me, if I think he is an Italian, after all. 'Gad! I'll try him. *Servitore umillissimo, Eccellenza.\**

*Melnotte.* Hum—what does he mean, I wonder?

*Damas.* Godo di vedervi in buona salute.†

*Melnotte.* Hem—hem!

*Damas.* Fa bel tempo—che si dice di nuovo?‡

*Melnotte.* Well, Sir, what's all that gibberish?

\* Your Excellency's most humble servant.

† I am glad to see you in good health.

‡ Fine weather. What news is there?

*Damas.* Oh, oh!—only Italian, your Highness!—The Prince of Como does not understand his own language!

*Melnotte.* Not as you pronounce it: who the deuce could?

*Madame Deschap.* Ha! ha! cousin Damas, never pretend to what you don't know.

*Pauline.* Ha! ha! cousin Damas; you speak Italian, indeed!

[*Makes a mocking gesture at him.*]

*Beauseant* (to GLAVIS). Clever dog!—how ready!

*Glavis.* Ready, yes; with my diamond ring!—Damn his readiness!

*Damas.* Laugh at me!—laugh at a colonel in the French army!—The fellow's an impostor; I know he is. I'll see if he understands fighting as well as he does Italian—(*Goes up to him, and aside*). Sir, you are a jackanapes!—Can you construe that?

*Melnotte.* No, Sir! I never construe affronts in the presence of ladies; by-and-by I shall be happy to take a lesson—or give one.

*Damas.* I'll find the occasion, never fear!

*Madame Deschap.* Where are you going, cousin?

*Damas.* To correct my Italian. [*Exit into house, L. S. E.*]

*Beauseant* (to GLAVIS). Let us after, and pacify him; he evidently suspects something.

*Glavis.* Yes!—but my diamond ring?

*Beauseant.* And my box!—We are over-taxed, fellow-subject!—we must stop the supplies, and dethrone the Prince.

*Glavis.* Prince!—he ought to be heir-apparent to King Stork!

[*Exeunt into house, L. S. E.*]

*Madame Deschap.* Dare I ask your Highness to forgive my cousin's insufferable vulgarity?

*Pauline.* Oh, yes!—you will forgive his manner for the sake of his heart.

*Melnotte.* And for the sake of his cousin. Ah, Madam, there is one comfort in rank—we are so sure of our position that we are not easily affronted. Besides, M. Damas has bought the right of indulgence from his friends, by never showing it to his enemies.

*Pauline.* Ah! he is, indeed, as brave in action as he is rude in speech. He rose from the ranks to his present grade,—and in two years.

*Melnotte.* In two years!—two years, did you say?

*Madame Deschap. (aside).* I don't like leaving girls alone with their lovers; but with a prince, it would be so ill-bred to be prudish!

[*Exit into house, L. S. E.*

*Melnotte.* You can be proud of your connection with one who owes his position to merit,—not birth.

*Pauline.* Why, yes; but still—

*Melnotte.* Still what, Pauline?

*Pauline.* There is something glorious in the Heritage of Command. A man who has ancestors is like a Representative of the Past.

*Melnotte.* True; but, like other representatives, nine times out of ten he is a silent member. Ah, Pauline! not to the Past, but to the Future, looks true nobility, and finds its blazon in posterity.

*Pauline.* You say this to please me, who have no ancestors; but you, Prince, must be proud of so illustrious a race!

*Melnotte.* No, no! I would not, were I fifty times a prince, be a pensioner on the Dead! I honour birth and ancestry when they are regarded as the incentives to exertion, not the title-deeds to sloth! I honour the laurels that overshadow the graves of our fathers. It is our fathers I emulate, when I desire that beneath the evergreen I myself have planted, my own ashes may repose! Dearest, could'st thou but see with my eyes!

*Pauline.* I cannot forego pride when I look on thee, and think that thou lovest me. Sweet Prince, tell me again of thy palace by the lake of Como; it is so pleasant to hear of thy splendours, since thou didst swear to me that they would be desolate without Pauline; and when thou describest them, it is with a mocking lip and a noble scorn, as if custom had made thee disdain greatness.

*Melnotte.* Nay, dearest, nay, if thou wouldst have me  
paint

The home to which, could Love fulfil its prayers,  
This hand would lead thee, listen!\* A deep vale

\* The reader will observe that Melnotte evades the request of Pauline. He proceeds to describe a home, which he does not say he possesses, but to which he would lead her, "could love fulfil its prayers." This caution is intended as a reply to a sagacious critic who censures the description



Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world,  
Near a clear lake, margined by fruits of gold  
And whispering myrtles; glassing softest skies  
As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows,  
As I would have thy fate!

*Pauline.* My own dear love!

*Melnotte.* A palace lifting to eternal summer  
Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower  
Of coolest foliage musical with birds,  
Whose songs should syllable thy name! At noon  
We sit beneath the arching vines, and wonder  
Why Earth could be unhappy, while the Heavens  
Still left us youth and love! We'd have no friends  
That were not lovers; no ambition, save  
To excel them all in love; we'd read no books  
That were not tales of love—that we might smile  
To think how poorly eloquence of words  
Translates the poetry of hearts like ours!  
And when night came, amidst the breathless Heavens  
We'd guess what star should be our home when love  
Becomes immortal; while the perfumed light  
Stole through the mists of alabaster lamps,  
And every air was heavy with the sighs  
Of orange groves and music from sweet lutes,  
And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth  
I' the midst of roses!—Dost thou like the picture?

*Pauline.* Oh! as the bee upon the flower, I hang  
Upon the honey of thy eloquent tongue!  
Am I not blest? And if I love too wildly,  
Who would not love thee, like Pauline?

*Melnotte (bitterly).* Oh, false one!  
It is the *prince* thou lovest, not the *man*;  
If in the stead of luxury, pomp, and power,  
I had painted poverty, and toil and care,  
Thou had'st found no honey on my tongue;—Pauline,  
Tha: is not love!

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because it is not an exact and prosaic inventory of the characteristics of the Lake of Como!—When Melnotte, for instance, talks of birds, “that syllable the name of Pauline,” (by the way a literal translation from an Italian poet,) he is not thinking of ornithology, but probably of the Arabian Nights. He is venting the extravagant, but natural enthusiasm, of the Poet and the Lover.

*Pauline.* Thou wrong'st me, cruel Prince!  
'Tis true I might not at the first been won,  
Save through the weakness of a flattered pride;  
But *now!*—Oh! trust me,—could'st thou fall from power  
And sink——

*Melnotte.* As low as that poor gardener's son  
Who dared to lift his eyes to thee?

*Pauline.* Even then,  
Methinks thou would'st be only made more dear  
By the sweet thought that I could prove how deep  
Is woman's love! We are like the insects, caught  
By the poor glittering of a garish flame!  
But oh, the wings once scorched,—the brightest star  
Lures us no more; and by the fatal light  
We cling till death!

*Melnotte.* Angel!  
(*Aside.*) O conscience! conscience!  
It must not be!—her love hath grown a torture  
Worse than her hate. I will at once to Beauseant,  
And——ha! he comes.—Sweet love, one moment leave  
me.

I have business with these gentlemen—I—I  
Will forthwith join you.

*Pauline.* Do not tarry long! [*Exit into House, L. S. E.*]

*Enter BEAUSEANT and GLAVIS from House, L. S. E.*

*Melnotte.* Release me from my oath,—I will not marry  
her!

*Beauseant.* Then thou art perjured.

*Melnotte.* No, I was not in my senses when I swore to  
thee to marry her! I was blind to all but her scorn!—  
deaf to all but my passion and my rage! Give me back  
my poverty and my honour!

*Beauseant.* It is too late,—you must marry her! and this  
day! I have a story already coined,—and sure to pass  
current. This Damas suspects thee,—he will set the  
police to work; thou wilt be detected—Pauline will  
despise and execrate thee. Thou wilt be sent to the com-  
mon gaol as a swindler.

*Melnotte.* Fiend!

*Beauseant.* And in the heat of the girl's resentment,

(you know of what resentment is capable) and the parents' shame, she will be induced to marry the first that offers—even perhaps your humble servant.

*Melnotte.* You! No! that were worse—for thou hast no mercy! I will marry her—I will keep my oath. Quick, then, with the damnable invention thou art hatching;—quick, if thou would'st not have me strangle thee or myself.

*Glavis.* What a tiger? Too fierce for a Prince; he ought to have been the Grand Turk.

*Beauseant.* Enough—I will despatch; be prepared.

[*Exeunt BEAUSEANT and GLAVIS into House, L. S. E.*]

*Enter DAMAS, from the house, L. S. E., with two swords.*

*Damas.* Now, then, sir, the ladies are no longer your excuse. I have brought you a couple of dictionaries; let us see if your Highness can find out the Latin for *bilbo*.

*Melnotte.* Away, Sir!—I am in no humour for jesting.

*Damas.* I see you understand something of the grammar; you decline the noun substantive “small sword” with great ease; but that won't do—you must take a lesson in *parsing*.

*Melnotte.* Fool!

*Damas.* Sir,—a man who calls me a fool insults the lady who bore me; there's no escape for you—fight you shall, or—

*Melnotte.* (L.) Oh, enough, enough!—take your ground. (*They fight; DAMAS is disarmed.—MELNOTTE takes up the sword and returns it to DAMAS respectfully.*) A just punishment to the brave soldier who robs the state of its best property—the sole right to his valour and his life!

*Damas.* (R.) Sir, you fence exceedingly well; you must be a man of honour—I don't care a jot whether you are a prince; but a man who has *carte* and *tierce* at his fingers' ends must be a gentleman.

*Melnotte* (*aside*). Gentleman! Ay, I was a gentleman before I turned conspirator; for honest men are the gentlemen of Nature! Colonel, they tell me you rose from the ranks.

*Damas.* I did.

*Melnotte.* And in two years?

*Damas.* It is true ; that's no wonder in our army at present. Why, the oldest general in the service is scarcely thirty, and we have some of two-and-twenty.

*Melnotte.* Two-and-twenty.

*Damas.* Yes ; in the French army, now-a-days, promotion is not a matter of purchase. We are all heroes because we may be all generals. We have no fear of the cypress because we may all hope for the laurel.

*Melnotte.* A general at two-and-twenty (*turning away*).—Sir, I may ask you a favour one of these days.

*Damas.* Sir, I shall be proud to grant it. It is astonishing how much I like a man after I've fought with him.

[*Hides the swords, R.*

*Enter MADAME and BEAUSEFANT from house, L. S. E.*

*Madame Deschap.* Oh, Prince !—Prince !—What do I hear ? You must fly,—you must quit us !

*Melnotte.* I !

*Beauseant.* Yes, Prince ; read this letter, just received from my friend at Paris, one of the Directory ; they are very suspicious of princes, and your family take part with the Austrians. Knowing that I introduced your Highness at Lyons, my friend writes to me to say that you must quit the town immediately or you will be arrested,—thrown into prison,—perhaps guillotined ! Fly ! I will order horses to your carriage instantly. Fly to Marseilles ; there you can take ship to Leghorn.

*Madame Deschap.* And what's to become of Pauline ? Am I not to be a mother to a princess, after all ?

*Enter PAULINE and M. DESCHAPPELLES from house, L. S. E.*

*Pauline (throwing herself into MELNOTTE'S arms).* You must leave us !—Leave Pauline !

*Beauseant.* Not a moment is to be wasted.

*Mons. Deschap.* I will go to the magistrates and inquire—

*Beauseant.* Then he is lost : the magistrates, hearing he is suspected, will order his arrest.

*Madame Deschap.* And shall I not be Princess Dowager ?

*Beauseant.* Why not ? There is only one thing to be



done :—send for the priest—let the marriage take place at once, and the Prince carry home a bride!

*Melnotte.* Impossible!—(*Aside.*) Villain!—I know not what I say.

*Madame Deschap.* What, lose my child?

*Beauseant.* And gain a Princess!

*Madame Deschap.* Oh, Monsieur Beauseant, you are so very kind,—it must be so,—we ought not to be selfish,—my daughter's happiness is at stake. She will go away, too, in a coach and six!

*Pauline.* Thou art here still,—I cannot part from thee,—my heart will break.

*Melnotte.* But thou wilt not consent to this hasty union,—thou wilt not wed an outcast,—a fugitive.

*Pauline.* Ah! If thou art in danger, who should share it but Pauline?

*Melnotte (aside).* Distraction!—If the earth could swallow me!

*Mons. Deschap.* Gently!—gently! The settlements—the contracts—my daughter's dowry!

*Melnotte.* The dowry!—I am not base enough for that; no, not one farthing!

*Beauseant (to MADAME).* Noble fellow! Really, your good husband is too mercantile in these matters. Monsieur Deschappelles, you hear his Highness; we can arrange the settlements by proxy,—'tis the way with people of quality.

*Mons. Deschap.* But—

*Madame Deschap.* Hold your tongue!—Don't expose yourself!

*Beauseant.* I will bring the priest in a trice. Go in all of you and prepare; the carriage shall be at the door before the ceremony is over.

*Madame Deschap.* Be sure there are six horses, Beauseant! You are very good to have forgiven us for refusing you; but, you see—a prince!

*Beauseant.* And such a prince! Madame, I cannot blush at the success of so illustrious a rival.—(*Aside.*) Now will I follow them to the village—enjoy my triumph, and to-morrow—in the hour of thy shame and grief, I think, proud girl, thou wilt prefer even these arms to those of the gardener's son.

[*Exit* BEAUSEANT.]

*Madame Deschap.* Come, Monsieur Deschappelles—give your arm to her Highness that is to be.

*Mons. Deschap.* I don't like doing business in such a hurry—'tis not the way with the house of Deschappelles & Co.

*Madame Deschap.* There now—you fancy you are in the counting-house—don't you ?

[*Pushes him to PAULINE.*

*Melnotte.* Stay,—stay, Pauline—one word. Have you no scruple—no fear ? Speak—it is not yet too late.

*Pauline.* When I loved thee, thy fate became mine.—Triumph or danger—joy or sorrow—I am by thy side.

*Damas.* Well, well, Prince, thou art a lucky man to be so loved. She is a good little girl in spite of her foibles—make her as happy as if she were not to be a princess, (*slapping him on the shoulder.*) Come, Sir, I wish you joy—**young—tender—lovely ; zounds, I envy you !**

*Melnotte* (*who has stood apart in gloomy abstraction*). **Do YOU !\***

\* On the stage the following lines are added :—

“ Do you ? Wise judges are we of each other.  
 “ Woo, wed, and bear her home !” so runs the bond  
 To which I sold myself—and then—what then ?  
**Away !—I will not look beyond the Hour.**  
 Like children in the dark, I dare not face  
 The shades that gather round me in the distance  
 You envy me—I thank you—you may read  
 My joy upon my brow—I thank you, Sir !  
 If hearts had audible language, you would hear  
**How mine would answer when you talk of ENVY !**

PICTURE.—END OF ACT II.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Exterior of the Golden Lion—time, twilight. The moon rises during the Scene.*

*Enter LANDLORD and his DAUGHTER, from the Inn. L. D. F.*

*Landlord.* Ha! ha! ha! Well, I never shall get over it. Our Claude is a prince with a vengeance now. His carriage breaks down at my inn—ha! ha!

*Janet.* And what airs the young lady gives herself! “Is this the best room you have, young woman?” with such a toss of the head!

*Landlord.* Well, get in, Janet, get in and see to the supper; the servants must sup before they go back.

[*Exeunt LANDLORD and JANET, L. D. F.*]

*Enter BEAUSEANT and GLAVIS, R.*

*Beauseant.* You see our Princess is lodged at last—one stage more, and she’ll be at her journey’s end—the beautiful palace at the foot of the Alps!—ha! ha!

*Glavis.* Faith, I pity the poor Pauline—especially if she’s going to sup at the Golden Lion (*makes a wry face*). I shall never forget that cursed ragout.

*Enter MELNOTTE from the Inn, L. D. F.*

*Beauseant.* Your servant, my Prince; you reigned most worthily. I condole with you on your abdication. I am afraid that your highness’s retinue are not very faithful servants. I think they will quit you at the moment of your fall—’tis the fate of greatness. But you are welcome to your fine clothes—also the diamond snuff-box, which Louis the XIV. gave to your great-great-grandmother.

*Glavis.* And the ring with which your grandfather the Doge of Venice married the Adriatic.

*Melnotte.* Have I kept my oath, gentlemen? Say—have I kept my oath?

*Beauseant.* Most religiously.

*Melnotte.* Then you have done with me and mine—away with you!

*Beauseant.* How, knave?

*Melnotte.* Look you, our bond is over. Proud conquerors that we are, we have won the victory over a simple girl—compromised her honour—embittered her life—blasted in their very blossoms, all the flowers of her youth. This is your triumph,—it is my shame! (*Turns to BEAUSEANT.*) Enjoy that triumph, but not in my sight. I was her betrayer—I am her protector! Cross but her path—one word of scorn, one look of insult—nay, but one quiver of that mocking lip, and I will teach thee that bitter word thou hast graven eternally in this heart—*Repentance!*

*Beauseant.* His Highness is most grandiloquent.

*Melnotte.* Highness me no more! Beware! Remorse has made me a new being. Away with you! There is danger in me. Away!

*Glavis (aside).* He's an awkward fellow to deal with; come away, Beauseant.

*Beauseant.* I know the respect due to rank. Adieu, my Prince. Any commands at Lyons! Yet hold—I promised you 200 louis on your wedding-day; here they are.

*Melnotte (dashing the purse to the ground).* I gave you revenge, I did not sell it. Take up your silver, Judas; take it. Ay, it is fit you should learn to stoop.

*Beauseant.* You will beg my pardon for this some day. (*Aside to GLAVIS.*) Come to my chateau—I shall return hither to-morrow to learn how Pauline likes her new dignity.

*Melnotte.* Are you not gone yet?

*Beauseant.* Your Highness' most obedient, most faithful—

*Glavis.* And most humble servants. Ha! ha!

[*Exeunt BEAUSEANT and GLAVIS, R.*]

*Melnotte.* Thank heaven, I had no weapon, or I should have slain them. Wretch! what can I say? where turn? On all sides mockery—the very boors within—(*Laughter from the Inn.*)—'Sdeath, if even in this short absence the exposure should have chanced! I will call her. We will go hence. I have already sent one I can trust to my mother's house; there, at least; none can insult her agony—gloat



upon her shame! There alone must she learn what a villain she has sworn to love. [*As he turns to the door,*

*Enter PAULINE from the Inn, L. D. F.*

*Pauline.* Ah, my Lord, what a place! I never saw such rude people. They stare and wink so. I think the very sight of a prince, though he travels incognito, turns their honest heads. What a pity the carriage should break down in such a spot!—you are not well—the drops stand on your brow—your hand is feverish.

*Melnotte.* Nay, it is but a passing spasm; the air—

*Pauline.* Is not the soft air of your native south. [*Pause.* How pale he is—indeed thou art not well. Where are our people? I will call them.

*Melnotte.* Hold!

I—I am well,

*Pauline.* Thou art!—Ah! now I know it. Thou fanciest, my kind Lord—I know thou dost—Thou fanciest these rude walls, these rustic gossips, Brick'd floors, sour wine, coarse viands, vex Pauline; And so they might, but thou art by my side, And I forget all else!

*Enter LANDLORD, from D. F. the servants peeping and laughing over his shoulder.*

*Landlord.* My Lord—your Highness—Will your most noble Excellency choose—

*Melnotte.* Begone, Sir! [*Exit LANDLORD, laughing.*

*Pauline.* How could they have learn'd thy rank? One's servants are so vain!—nay, let it not Chafe thee, sweet Prince!—a few short days, and we Shall see thy palace by its lake of silver, And—nay, nay, spendthrift, is thy wealth of smiles Already drained, or dost thou play the miser?

*Melnotte.* Thine eyes would call up smiles in deserts, fair one!

Let us escape these, rustics. Close at hand There is a cot, where I have bid prepare Our evening lodgement—a rude, homely roof, But honest, where our welcome will not be Made torture by the vulgar eyes and tongues

That are as death to Love! A heavenly night!  
 The wooing air and the soft moon invite us.  
 Wilt walk? I pray thee, now,—I know the path,  
 Ay, every inch of it!

*Pauline.* What, *thou!* methought  
 Thou wert a stranger in these parts. Ah! truant,  
 Some village beauty lured thee;—thou art now  
 Grown constant.

*Melnotte.* Trust me.

*Pauline.* Princes are so changeful!

*Melnotte.* Come, dearest, come.

*Pauline.* Shall I not call our people  
 To light us?

*Melnotte.* Heaven will lend its stars for torches!  
 It is not far.

*Pauline.* The night breeze chills me.

*Melnotte.* Nay,

Let me thus mantle thee;—it is not cold.

*Pauline.* Never beneath thy smile!

*Melnotte (aside).* Oh, Heaven! forgive me! [*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—MELNOTTE'S cottage---WIDOW bustling about---  
*A table spread for supper.*

*Widow.* So, I think that looks very neat. He sent me a line so blotted that I can scarcely read it, to say he would be here almost immediately. She must have loved him well indeed, to have forgotten his birth: for though he was introduced to her in disguise, he is too honourable not to have revealed to her the artifice which her love only could forgive. Well, I do not wonder at it; for though my son is not a prince, he ought to be one, and that's almost as good. [*Knock at the D. in F.*] Ah! here they are.

*Enter MELNOTTE and PAULINE, from D. in F.*

*Widow.* Oh, my boy, the pride of my heart!—welcome, welcome! I beg pardon, Ma'am, but I do love him so!

*Pauline.* Good woman, I really—Why, Prince, what is this?—does the old woman know you? Oh, I guess you have done her some service: another proof of your kind heart, is it not?

*Melnotte.* Of my kind heart, ay!

*Pauline.* So, you know the prince ?

*Widow.* Know him, Madame ?—ah, I begin to fear it is you who know him not !

*Pauline.* Do you think she is mad ? Can we stay here, my Lord ? I think there's something very wild about her.

*Melnotte.* Madame, I—No, I cannot tell her ! My knees knock together : what a coward is a man who has lost his honour ! Speak to her—speak to her—(to his mother)—tell her that—oh, Heaven, that I were dead !

*Pauline.* How confused he looks !—this strange place—this woman—what can it mean ? I half suspect—Who are you, Madame ?—who are you ? can't you speak ? are you struck dumb ?

*Widow.* Claude, you have not deceived her ?—ah, shame upon you ! I thought that, before you went to the altar, she was to have known all ?

*Pauline.* All ! what ? My blood freezes in my veins !

*Widow.* Poor lady !—dare I tell her, Claude ?

[*MELNOTTE makes a sign of assent.*

Know you not then, Madame, that this young man is of poor though honest parents ? Know you not that you are wedded to my son, Claude Melnotte ?

*Pauline.* Your son ! hold ! hold ! do not speak to me—(approaches MELNOTTE and lays her hand on his arm.) Is this a jest ? Is it ? I know it is : only speak—one word—one look—one smile. I cannot believe—I, who loved thee so—I cannot believe that thou art such a—No, I will not wrong thee by a harsh word ; speak !

*Melnotte.* Leave us ; have pity on her, on me : leave us.

*Widow.* Oh, Claude ! that I should live to see thee bowed by shame ! thee, of whom I was so proud !

[*Exit WIDOW, by the staircase, R. U. E.*

*Pauline.* Her son ! her son !

*Melnotte.* Now, lady, hear me.

*Pauline.* Hear thee !

Ay, speak. Her son ! have fiends a parent ? speak, That thou may'st silence curses. Speak !

*Melnotte.* No, curse me :

Thy curse would blast me less than thy forgiveness.

*Pauline (laughing wildly).* "This is thy palace, where the perfumed light

" Steals through the mists of alabaster lamps,  
 " And every air is heavy with the sighs  
 " Of orange groves, and music from sweet lutes.  
 " And murmurs of low fountains, that gush forth  
 ' I' the midst of roses! Dost thou like the picture?"  
*This* is my bridal home, and *thou* my bridegroom!  
 O fool! O dupe! O wretch! I see it all—  
 The bye-word and the jeer of every tongue  
 In Lyons! Hast thou in thy heart one touch  
 Of human kindness? if thou hast, why, kill me,  
 And save thy wife from madness. No, it cannot,  
 It cannot be! this is some horrid dream:  
 I shall wake soon (*touching him*). Art flesh? art man? or but  
 The shadows seen in sleep? It is too real.  
 What have I done to thee? how sinn'd against thee,  
 That thou shouldst crush me thus?

*Melnotte.* Pauline! by pride,  
 Angels have fallen ere thy time; by pride—  
 That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould—  
 The evil spirit of a bitter love,  
 And a revengeful heart, had power upon thee.—  
 From my first years, my soul was fill'd with thee:  
 I saw thee, midst the flowers the lowly boy  
 Tended, unmarked by thee, a spirit of bloom,  
 And joy and freshness, as if spring itself  
 Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape!  
 I saw thee! and the passionate heart of man  
 Enter'd the breast of the wild-dreaming boy;  
 And from that hour I grew—what to the last  
 I shall be—thine adorer! Well! this love,  
 Vain, frantic, guilty, if thou wilt, became  
 A fountain of ambition and bright hope:  
 I thought of tales that by the winter hearth  
 Old gossips tell—how maidens, sprung from Kings,  
 Have stoop'd from their high sphere; how Love, like Death  
 Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook  
 Beside the sceptre. Thus I made my home  
 In the soft palace of a fairy Future!  
 My father died; and I, the peasant-born,  
 Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise  
 Out of the prison of my mean estate;  
 And, with such jewels as the exploring Mind



Brings from the caves of Knowledge, buy my ransom  
 From those twin gaolers of the daring heart—  
 Low Birth and iron Fortune. Thy bright in age,  
 Glass'd in my soul, took all the hues of glory,  
 And lured me on to those inspiring toils  
 By which man masters men!

A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages :  
 For thee I sought to borrow from each Grace,  
 And every Muse, such attributes as lend  
 Ideal charms to Love. I thought of thee,  
 And Passion taught me poesy—of thee!  
 And on the painter's canvas grew the life  
 Of beauty—Art became the shadow  
 Of the dear star-light of thy haunting eyes!  
 Men called me vain, some mad—I heeded not,  
 But still toil'd on, hoped on, for it was sweet,  
 If not to win, to feel more worthy thee!

*Pauline.* Has he a magic to exorcise hate?

*Melnotte.* At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour  
 The thoughts that burst their channels into song,  
 And sent them to thee—such a tribute, lady,  
 As beauty rarely scorns, even from the meanest.  
 The name—appended by the burning heart  
 That long'd to show its idol what bright things  
 It had created—yea, the enthusiast's name  
 That should have been thy triumph, was thy scorn!  
 That very hour—when passion, turned to wrath,  
 Resembled hatred most; when thy disdain  
 Made my whole soul a chaos—in that hour  
 The tempters found me a revengeful tool  
 For their revenge! Thou hadst trampled on the worm—  
 It turn'd and stung thee!

*Pauline.* Love, Sir, hath no sting.

• What was the slight of a poor powerless girl,  
 To the deep wrong of this most vile revenge?  
 Oh, how I loved this man! a serf! a slave!

*Melnotte.* Hold, lady! No, not slave! Despair is free!  
 I will not tell thee of the throes, the struggles,  
 The anguish, the remorse. No, let it pass!  
 And let me come to such most poor atonement  
 Yet in my power. *Pauline!*

[*Approaching her with great emotion, and about to take her hand.*

*Pauline.* No, touch me not!  
I know my fate. You are, by law, my tyrant;  
And I—oh Heaven! a peasant's wife! I'll work,  
Toil, drudge; do what thou wilt; but touch me not:  
Let my wrongs make me sacred!

*Melnotte.* Do not fear me.  
Thou dost not know me, Madame: at the altar  
My vengeance ceased, my guilty oath expired!  
Henceforth, no image of some marbled saint,  
Niched in cathedral's aisles, is hallow'd more  
From the rude hand of sacrilegious wrong.  
I am thy husband; nay, thou need'st not shudder:  
Here, at thy feet, I lay a husband's rights.  
A marriage thus unholy—unfulfilled—  
A bond of fraud—is, by the laws of France,  
Made void and null. To-night, then, sleep—in peace.  
To-morrow, pure and virgin as this morn  
I bore thee, bathed in blushes, from the altar,  
Thy father's arms shall take thee to thy home.  
The law shall do thee justice, and restore  
Thy right to bless another with thy love.  
And when thou art happy, and hast half forgot  
Him who so loved—so wrong'd thee, think at least  
Heaven left some remnant of the angel still  
In that poor peasant's nature!  
Ho! my mother!

*WIDOW comes down stairs. R. U. E.*

Conduct this lady—(she is not my wife;  
She is our guest, our honoured guest, my mother!)  
To the poor chamber where the sleep of virtue  
Never beneath my father's honest roof,  
E'en villains dared to mar! Now, lady, now,  
I think thou wilt believe me.—Go, my mother.

*Widow.* She is not thy wife!

*Melnotte.* Hush! hush! for mercy sake  
Speak not, but go. [WIDOW ascends the stairs, R. U. E.  
(*Melnotte sinking down.*) All angels bless and guard her!

PICTURE.

END OF ACT III.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Cottage as before*—MELNOTTE seated before a table—writing implements, &c.—(Day breaking.)

*Melnotte.* Hush, hush!—she sleeps at last!—thank Heaven, for awhile she forgets even that I live! Her sobs, which have gone to my heart the whole, long desolate night, have ceased!—all calm—all still! I will go now; I will send this letter to Pauline's father—when he arrives, I will place in his hands my own consent to the divorce, and then, O France! my country! accept among thy protectors, thy defenders—the Peasant's Son! Our country is less proud than custom, and does not refuse the blood, the heart, the right hand of the poor man!

WIDOW comes down stairs, R. U. E.

*Widow.* My son, thou hast acted ill, but sin brings its own punishment. In the hour of thy remorse, it is not for a mother to reproach thee.

*Melnotte.* What is past is past. There is a future left to all men, who have the virtue to repent and the energy to atone. Thou shalt be proud of thy son, yet; meanwhile, remember this poor lady has been grievously injured. For the sake of thy son's conscience, respect, honour, bear with her. If she weep, console; if she chide, be silent! 'Tis but a little while more; I shall send an express fast as horse can speed to her father. Farewell! I shall return shortly.

*Widow.* It is the only course left to thee; thou wert led astray, but thou art not hardened. Thy heart is right still, as ever it was, when in thy most ambitious hopes, thou wert never ashamed of thy poor mother!

*Melnotte.* Ashamed of thee! No, if I yet endure, yet live, yet hope, it is only because I would not die till I have redeemed the noble heritage I have lost—the heritage I took unstained from thee and my dead father—a proud conscience and an honest name. I shall win them back yet; Heaven bless you.

[Exit, D. in F.

*Widow.* My dear Claude! how my heart bleeds for him.

[PAULINE looks down from above, and after a pause descends.

*Pauline.* Not here! he spares me that pain at least; so far he is considerate—yet the place seems still more desolate without him. Oh, that I could hate him; the gardener's son! and yet how nobly he---no---no---no, I will not be so mean a thing as to forgive him!

*Widow.* Good morning, Madam; I would have waited on you if I had known you were stirring.

*Pauline.* It is no matter, Ma'am; your son's wife ought to wait on herself.

*Widow.* My son's wife; let not that thought vex you, Madam—he tells me that you will have your divorce. And I hope I shall live to see him smile again. There are maidens in this village, young and fair, Madam, who may yet console him.

*Pauline.* I dare say—they are very welcome; and when the divorce is got, he will marry again. I am sure I hope so.

[Weeps.

*Widow.* He could have married the richest girl in the province, if he had pleased it; but his head was turned, poor child! he could think of nothing but you. [Weeps.

*Pauline.* Don't weep, mother!

*Widow.* Ah, he has behaved very ill, I know; but love is so headstrong in the young. Don't weep, Madam.

*Pauline.* So, as you was saying; go on.

*Widow.* Oh, I cannot excuse him, Ma'am; he was not in his right senses.

*Pauline.* But he always—always (*sobbing*) loved—loved me, then?

*Widow.* He thought of nothing else; see here—he learnt to paint that he might take your likeness (*uncovers the picture*). But that's all over now; I trust you have cured him of his folly. But, dear heart, you have had no breakfast!

*Pauline.* I can't take anything—don't trouble yourself.

*Widow.* Nay, Madam, be persuaded: a little coffee will refresh you. Our milk and eggs are excellent. I will get out Claude's coffee-cup---it is of real Sevre; he saved up all his money to buy it three years ago, because the name of *Pauline* was inscribed on it.

*Pauline.* Three years ago! Poor Claude! Thank you.



I think I will have some coffee. Oh, if he were but a poor gentleman, even a merchant; but a gardener's son! and what a home! Oh, no, it is too dreadful! [*They seat themselves at the table—BEAUSEANT opens the lattice and looks in F.*

*Beauscant.* So—so—the coast is clear! I saw Claude in the lane; I shall have an excellent opportunity.

[*Shuts the lattice and knocks at the D. in F.*

*Pauline* (*starting*). Can it be my father? He has not sent for him yet? No, he cannot be in such a hurry to get rid of me.

*Widow.* It is not time for your father to arrive yet; it must be some neighbour.

*Pauline.* Don't admit any one. [*WIDOW opens the D. in F.*

BEAUSEANT *pushes her aside and enters.*

Ah! Heavens! that hateful Beauseant! This is indeed bitter.

*Beauscant.* Good morning, Madam! Oh, Widow, your son begs you will have the goodness to go to him in the village—he wants to speak to you on particular business; you'll find him at the inn, or the grocer's shop, or the baker's, or at some other friend's of your family—make haste!

*Pauline.* Don't leave me, mother! don't leave me!

*Beauscant* (*with great respect*). Be not alarmed, Madam. Believe me your friend, your servant.

*Pauline.* Sir, I have no fear of you, even in this house! Go, Madam, if your son wishes it; I will not contradict his commands whilst at least he has still the right to be obeyed.

*Widow.* I don't understand this; however, I shan't be long gone. [*Exit D. in F.*

*Pauline.* Sir, I divine the object of your visit—you wish to exult in the humiliation of one who humbled you. Be it so; I am prepared to endure all—even your presence!

*Beauscant.* You mistake me, Madam—Pauline, you mistake me! I come to lay my fortune at your feet. You must already be disenchanted with this impostor; these walls are not worthy to be hallowed by your beauty! Shall that form be clasped in the arms of a base-born peasant? Beloved, beautiful Pauline! fly with me—my carriage waits without—I will bear you to a home more meet for your reception. Wealth, luxury, station—all shall yet be yours.

I forget your past disdain—I remember only your beauty, and my unconquerable love!

*Pauline.* Sir, leave this house—it is humble: but a husband's roof, however lowly, is, in the eyes of God and man, the temple of a wife's honour! Know that I would rather starve—yes! with him who has betrayed me, than accept your lawful hand, even were you the prince whose name he bore! Go!

*Beauseant.* What, is not your pride humbled yet?

*Pauline.* Sir, what was pride in prosperity, in affliction becomes virtue.

*Beauseant.* Look round: these rugged floors—these homely walls—this wretched struggle of poverty for comfort—think of this! and contrast with such a picture the refinement, the luxury, the pomp that the wealthiest gentleman of Lyons offers to the loveliest lady. Ah, hear me!

*Pauline.* Oh! my father! why did I leave you? why am I thus friendless? Sir, you see before you a betrayed, injured, miserable woman! respect her anguish!

*MELNOTTE opens the D. in F. and silently pauses at the threshold.*

*Beauseant.* No! let me rather thus console it; let me snatch from those lips one breath of that fragrance which never should be wasted on the low churl, thy husband.

*Pauline.* Help! Claude! Claude! have I no protector?

*Beauseant.* Be silent! (*showing a pistol.*) See, I do not come unprepared even for violence. I will brave all things—thy husband and all his race—for thy sake. Thus, then, I clasp thee!

*Melnotte (dashing him to the other end of the stage).*

*Pauline*—look up, *Pauline*! thou art safe.

*Beauseant (levelling his pistol).* Dare you thus insult a man of my birth, ruffian?

*Pauline.* Oh, spare him—spare my husband! *Beauseant*—*Claude*—no—no!

[*Faints.*]

*Melnotte.* Miserable trickster! shame upon you! brave devices to terrify a woman! coward—you tremble—you have outraged the laws—you know that your weapon is harmless—you have the courage of the mountebank, not the bravo! *Pauline*, there is no danger.

*Beauseant.* I wish thou wert a gentleman—as it is, thou art beneath me. Good day, and a happy honey-moon.—  
(*Aside.*) I will not die till I am avenged.

[*Exit* BEAUSEANT, D. in F.]

*Melnotte.* I hold her in these arms—the last embrace !  
Never, ah, never more, shall this dear head  
Be pillowed on the heart that should have shelter'd  
And has betray'd ! Soft—soft ! one kiss—poor wretch !  
No scorn on that pale lip forbids me now !  
One kiss—so ends all record of my crime !  
It is the seal upon the tomb of Hope,  
By which, like some lost, sorrowing angel, sits  
Sad Memory evermore—she breathes—she moves—  
She wakes to scorn, to hate, but not to shudder  
Beneath the touch of my abhorréd love.

[*Places her on a seat.*]

There—we are strangers now !

*Pauline.* All gone—all calm—  
Is every thing a dream ? thou art safe, unhurt—  
I do not love thee ; but—but I am a woman,  
And—and—no blood is spilt ?

*Melnotte.* No, lady, no ;  
My guilt has not deserved so rich a blessing  
As even danger in thy cause.

*Enter* WIDOW, from D. in F.]

*Widow.* My son, I have been every where in search of you ; why did you send for me ?

*Melnotte.* I did not send for you.

*Widow.* No ! but I must tell you your express has returned.

*Melnotte.* So soon ! impossible !

*Widow.* Yes, he met the lady's mother and father on the road ; they were going into the country on a visit. Your messenger says that Monsieur Deschappelles turned almost white with anger, when he read your letter. They will be here almost immediately. Oh, Claude, Claude ! what will they do to you ? How I tremble ! Ah, Madam ! do not let them injure him—if you knew how he doated on you !

*Pauline.* Injure him ! no, Ma'am, be not afraid ;—my father ! how shall I meet him ? how go back to Lyons ? the

scoff of the whole city! Cruel, cruel, Claude! (*In great agitation*).—Sir, you have acted most treacherously!

*Melnotte*. I know it, Madam.

*Pauline* (*aside*). If he would but ask me to forgive him!  
—I never can forgive you, Sir!

*Melnotte*. I never dared to hope it.

*Pauline*. But you are my husband now, and I have sworn to—to love you, Sir.

*Melnotte*. That was under a false belief, Madam; Heaven and the laws will release you from your vow.

*Pauline*. He will drive me mad! If he were but less proud—if he would but ask me to remain—hark, hark! I hear the wheels of the carriage—Sir—Claude, they are coming; have you no word to say ere it is too late—quick—speak!

*Melnotte*. I can only congratulate you on your release. Behold your parents!

*Enter MONSIEUR and MADAME DESCHAPPELLES and COLONEL DAMAS, D. in F.*

*Mons. Deschap*. My child!—my child!

*Madame Deschap*. Oh, my poor Pauline!—what a villainous hovel this is! Old woman, get me a chair—I shall faint—I certainly shall. What will the world say? Child, you have been a fool. A mother's heart is easily broken.

*Damas*. Ha, ha!—most noble Prince—I am sorry to see a man of your quality in such a condition; I am afraid your Highness will go to the House of Correction.

*Melnotte*. Taunt on, Sir—I spared *you* when you were unarmed—I am unarmed now. A man who has no excuse for crime, is indeed defenceless!

*Damas*. There's something fine in the rascal, after all!

*Mons. Deschap*. Where is the impostor? Are you thus shameless, traitor? Can you brave the presence of that girl's father?

*Melnotte*. Strike me, if it please you—you *are* her father!

*Pauline*. Sir—sir, for my sake;—whatever his guilt, he has acted nobly in atonement.

*Madame Deschap*. Nobly! Are you mad, girl? I have no patience with you—to disgrace all your family thus!



Nobly! Oh you abominable, hardened, pitiful, mean, ugly, villain!

*Damas.* Ugly! Why he was beautiful, yesterday.

*Pauline.* Madam, this is his roof, and he is my husband. Respect your daughter, and let blame fall alone on her.

*Madame Deschap.* You—you—oh, I'm choking.

*Mons. Deschap.* Sir, it were idle to waste reproach upon a conscience like yours—you renounce all pretensions to the person of this lady?

*Melnotte.* I do. (*Gives a paper.*) Here is my consent to a divorce—my full confession of the fraud, which annuls marriage. Your daughter has been foully wronged—I grant it, Sir; but her own lips will tell you, that from the hour in which she crossed this threshold, I returned to my own station, and respected hers. Pure and inviolate, as when yestermorn you laid your hand upon her head and blessed her, I yield her back to you. For myself—I deliver you forever from my presence. An outcast and a criminal, I seek some distant land, where I may mourn my sin, and pray for your daughter's peace. Farewell—farewell to you all forever!

*Widow.* Claude, Claude, you will not leave your poor mother? She does not disown you in your sorrow—no, not even in your guilt. No divorce can separate a mother from her son.

*Pauline.* This poor widow teaches me my duty. No, mother, no—for you are now *my* mother also!—nor should any law, human or divine, separate the wife from her husband's sorrows. Claude, Claude—all is forgotten—forgiven—I am thine for ever!

*Madame Deschap.* What do I hear?—Come away, or never see my face again.

*Mons. Deschap.* Pauline, we never betrayed you!—will you forsake us for him?

*Pauline* (*going back to her father*). Oh, no! but you will forgive him, too; we will live together—he shall be your son.

*Mons. Deschap.* Never! Cling to him and forsake your parents! His home shall be yours—his fortune yours—his fate yours: the wealth I have acquired by honest industry shall never enrich the dishonest man.

*Pauline.* And you would have a wife enjoy luxury while a husband toils! Claude, take me; thou canst not give me wealth, titles, station—but thou canst give me a true heart. I will work for thee, tend thee, bear with thee, and never never shall these lips reproach thee for the past.

*Damas.* I'll be hanged if I am not going to blubber!

*Melnotte.* This is the heaviest blow of all!—What a heart I have wronged! Do not fear me, Sir; I am not at all hardened—I will not rob her of a holier love than mine. Pauline! angel of love and mercy! your memory shall lead me back to virtue! The husband of a being so beautiful in her noble and sublime tenderness may be poor—may be low-born—(there is no guilt in the decrees of Providence!)—but he should be one who can look thee in the face without a blush,—to whom thy love does not bring remorse,—who can fold thee to his heart and say,—“Here there is no deceit!”—I am not that man!

*Damas (aside to MELNOTTE).* Thou art a noble fellow, notwithstanding, and wouldst make an excellent soldier. Serve in my regiment. I have had a letter from the Directory—our young General takes the command of the army in Italy; I am to join him at Marseilles—I will depart this day if thou wilt go with me.

*Melnotte.* It is the favour I would have asked thee, if I had dared. Place me wherever a foe is most dreaded,—wherever France most needs a life!

*Damas.* There shall not be a forlorn hope without thee!

*Melnotte.* There is my hand! Mother! your blessing. I shall see you again,—a better man than a prince,—a man who has bought the right to high thoughts by brave deeds. And thou! thou! so wildly worshipped, so guiltily betrayed,—all is not yet lost!—for thy memory, at least, must be mine till death! If I live, the name of him thou hast once loved shall not rest dishonoured; if I fall, amidst the carnage and the roar of battle, my soul will fly back to thee, and Love shall share with Death my last sigh! More—more would I speak to thee!—to pray!—to bless! But, no!—when I am less unworthy I will utter it to Heaven!—I cannot trust myself to—(turning to DESCHAPPELLES.) Your pardon, Sir:—they are my last words—Farewell!

[Exit, D. in F.]

*Damas.* I will go after him,—France will thank me for this. [Exit D. in F.]

*Pauline* (starting from her father's arms). Claude! Claude!—my husband!

*Mons. Deschap.* You have a father still!

PICTURE.—END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Streets of Lyons.*

(TWO YEARS AND A HALF FROM THE DATE OF ACT IV.)

*Enter First, Second and Third OFFICERS, L.*

*First Officer.* Well, here we are at Lyons, with gallant old *Damas*: it is his native place.

*Second Officer.* Yes; he has gained a step in the army since he was here last. The Lyonnese ought to be very proud of stout General *Damas*.

*Third Officer.* Promotion is quick in the French army. This mysterious *Morier*,—the hero of *Lodi*, and the favourite of the Commander-in-Chief,—has risen to a colonel's rank in two years and a half.

*Enter DAMAS, as a General, L.*

*Damas.* Good morrow, gentlemen; I hope you will amuse yourselves during our short stay in Lyons. It is a fine city; improved since I left it. Ah! it is a pleasure to grow old,—when the years that bring decay to ourselves do but ripen the prosperity of our country. You have not met with *Morier*?

*First Officer.* No: we were just speaking of him.

*Second Officer.* Pray, General, can't you tell us who this *Morier* really is?

*Damas.* Is?—why a Colonel in the French army.

*Third Officer.* True. But what was he at first?

*Damas.* At first?—Why a baby in long clothes, I suppose.

*First Officer.* Ha!—ha!—Ever facetious, General!

*Second Officer (to Third).* The General is sore upon this point; you will only chafe him.—Any commands, General?

*Damas.* None.—Good day to you!

[*Exeunt Second and Third Officers, R.*

*Damas.* Our comrades are very inquisitive. Poor Morier is the subject of a vast deal of curiosity.

*First Officer.* Say interest, rather, General. His constant melancholy,—the loneliness of his habits,—his daring valour,—his brilliant rise in the profession,—your friendship, and the favours of the Commander-in-Chief,—all tend to make him as much the matter of gossip as of admiration. But where is he, General? I have missed him all the morning.

*Damas.* Why, Captain, I'll let you into a secret. My young friend has come with me to Lyons, in hopes of finding a miracle.

*First Officer.* A miracle!—

*Damas.* Yes, a miracle! In other words,—a constant woman.

*First Officer.* Oh!—an affair of love!

*Damas.* Exactly so. No sooner did he enter Lyons than he waved his hand to me, threw himself from his horse, and is now, I warrant, asking every one, who can know anything about the matter, whether a certain lady is still true to a certain gentleman!

*First Officer.* Success to him!—and of that success there can be no doubt. The gallant Colonel Morier, the hero of Lodi, might make his choice out of the proudest families in France.

*Damas.* Oh, if pride be a recommendation, the lady and her mother are most handsomely endowed. By the way, Captain, if you should chance to meet with Morier, tell him he will find me at the hotel.

*First Officer.* I will, General. [Exit, R.

*Damas.* Now will I go to the Deschappelles, and make a report to my young Colonel. Ha! by Mars, Bacchus, Apollo,—here comes Monsieur Beauseant!

*Enter BEAUSEANT, R.*

Good morrow, Monsieur Beauseant! How fares it with you?



*Beauseant. (Aside).* Damas! that is unfortunate;—if the Italian campaign should have filled his pockets, he may seek to daffle me in the moment of my victory. *(Aloud.)* Your servant, General,—for such, I think, is your new distinction! Just arrived in Lyons?

*Damas.* Not an hour ago. Well, how go on the Deschappelles? Have they forgiven you in that affair of young Melnotte? You had some hand in that notable device,—eh?

*Beauseant.* Why, less than you think for! The fellow imposed upon me. I have set it all right now. What has become of him? He could not have joined the army, after all. There is no such name in the books.

*Damas.* I know nothing about Melnotte. As you say, I never heard the name in the Grand Army.

*Beauseant.* Hem!—you are not married, General?

*Damas.* Do I look like a married man, Sir?—No, thank Heaven! My profession is to make widows, not wives.

*Beauseant.* You must have gained much booty in Italy! Pauline will be your heiress—eh?

*Damas.* Booty! Not I! Heiress to what? Two trunks and a portmanteau,—four horses,—three swords,—two suits of regimentals, and six pair of white leather inexpressibles! A pretty fortune for a young lady!

*Beauseant (aside).* Then all is safe! *(Aloud.)* Ha! ha! Is that really all your capital, General Damas? Why, I thought Italy had been a second Mexico to you soldiers.

*Damas.* All a toss up, Sir. I was not one of the lucky ones! My friend Morier, indeed, saved something handsome. But our Commander-in-Chief took care of him, and Morier is a thrifty economical dog,—not like the rest of us soldiers, who spend our money carelessly as if it were our blood.

*Beauseant.* Well, it is no matter! I do not want fortune with Pauline. And you must know, General Damas, that your fair cousin has at length consented to reward my long and ardent attachment.

*Damas.* You! the devil! Why, she is already married. There is no divorce!

*Beauseant.* True; but this very day she is formally to authorize the necessary proceedings,—this very day she is

to sign the contract that is to make her mine within one week from the day on which her present illegal marriage is annulled.

*Damas.* You tell me wonders!—Wonders! No; I believe anything of women!

*Beauseant.* I must wish you good morning.

[*As he is going, L.*

*Enter DESCHAPPELLES, R.*

*Mons. Deschapp.* Oh, Beauseant! well met. Let us come to the notary at once.

*Damas (to Deschappelles).* Why, cousin?

*Mons. Deschapp.* Damas, welcome to Lyons. Pray call on us; my wife will be delighted to see you.

*Damas.* Your wife be—blessed for her condescension! But (*taking him aside*) what do I hear? Is it possible that your daughter has consented to a divorce?—that she will marry Monsieur Beauseant?

*Mons. Deschapp.* Certainly! what have you to say against it? A gentleman of birth, fortune, character. We are not so proud as we were; even my wife has had enough of nobility and princes!

*Damas.* But Pauline loved that young man so tenderly.

*Mons. Deschapp. (taking snuff.)* That was two years and a half ago!

*Damas.* Very true. Poor Melnotte!

*Mons. Deschapp.* But do not talk of that impostor. I hope he is dead or has left the country. Nay, even were he in Lyons at this moment, he ought to rejoice that, in an honourable and suitable alliance, my daughter may forget her suffering and his crime.

*Damas.* Nay, if it be all settled I have no more to say. Monsieur Beauseant informs me that the contract is to be signed this very day.

*Mons. Deschapp.* It is; at one o'clock precisely. Will you be one of the witnesses?

*Damas.* I?—No; that is to say—yes, certainly!—at one o'clock I will wait on you.

*Mons. Deschapp.* Till then, adieu—come, Beauseant.

[*Exeunt BEAUSEANT and DESCHAPPELLES, L.*

*Damas.* The man who sets his heart upon a woman  
Is a chameleon, and doth feed on air :  
From air he takes his colours, holds his life,—  
Changes with every wind,—grows lean or fat ;  
Rosy with hope, or green with jealousy,  
Or pallid with despair—just as the gale  
Varies from north to south—from heat to cold !  
Oh, woman ! woman ! thou shouldst have few sins  
Of thine own to answer for ! Thou art the author  
Of such a book of follies in a man,  
That it would need the tears of all the angels  
To blot the record out !

*Enter MELNOTTE, pale and agitated, R.*

I need not tell thee ! Thou hast heard—

*Melnotte.* The worst !

I have !

*Damas.* Be cheered ; others are as fair as she is !

*Melnotte.* Others !—the world is crumbled at my feet !  
She *was* my world ; filled up the whole of being—  
Smiled in the sunshine—walk'd the glorious earth—  
Sate in my heart—was the sweet life of life :  
The Past was hers ; I dreamt not of a Future  
That did not wear her shape ! Memory and Hope  
Alike are gone. Pauline is faithless ! Henceforth  
The universal space is desolate !

*Damas.* Hope yet.

*Melnotte.* Hope, yes !—one hope is left me still—  
A soldier's grave ! Glory has died with Love !  
I look into my heart, and where I saw  
Pauline, see Death !

*(After a pause.)* But am I not deceived ?

I went but by the rumour of the town.

Rumour is false,—I was too hasty ! *Damas,*  
Whom hast thou seen ?

*Damas.* Thy rival and her father.

Arm thyself for the truth ! He heeds not—

*Melnotte.* She

Will never know how deeply she was loved !  
The charitable night, that went to bring  
Comfort to day, in bright and eloquent dreams,

Is henceforth leagued with misery! Sleep, farewell,  
Or else become eternal! Oh, the waking  
From false oblivion, and to see the sun,  
And know she is another's!—

*Damas.* Be a man!

*Melnotte.* I am a man!—it is the sting of woe,  
Like mine, that tells us we are men!

*Damas.* The false one  
Did not deserve thee.

*Melnotte.* Hush!—No word against her!  
Why should she keep, thro' years and silent absence,  
The holy tablets of her virgin faith  
True to a traitor's name? Oh, blame her not;  
It were a sharper grief to think her worthless  
Than to be what I am! To-day,—to-day!  
They said “to-day!” This day, so wildly welcomed—  
This day, my soul had singled out of time  
And mark'd for bliss! This day! oh, could I see her,  
See her once more unknown; but hear her voice,  
So that one echo of its music might  
Make ruin less appalling in its silence!

*Damas.* Easily done! Come with me to her house;  
Your dress—your cloak—moustache—the bronzed hue  
Of time and toil—the name you bear—belief  
In your absence, all will ward away suspicion.  
Keep in the shade. Ay, I would have you come.  
There may be hope! Pauline is yet so young,  
They may have forced her to these second bridal  
Out of mistaken love.

*Melnotte.* No, bid me hope not!  
Bid me not hope! I could not bear again  
To fall from such a heaven! One gleam of sunshine,  
And the ice breaks, and I am lost! Oh, Damas,  
There's no such thing as courage in a man;  
The veriest slave that ever crawl'd from danger  
Might spurn me now. When first I lost her, Damas  
I bore it, did I not? I still had hope,  
And now I—I— [*Bursts into an agony of grief.*]

*Damas.* What, comrade! all the women  
That ever smiled destruction on brave hearts,  
Were not worth tears like these!



*Melnotte.* 'Tis past—forget it.

I am prepared ; life has no farther ills !  
The cloud has broken in that stormy rain,  
And on the waste I stand, alone with Heaven !

*Damas.* His very face is changed ! a breaking heart  
Does its work soon !—Come, Melnotte, rouse thyself :  
One effort more. Again thou'lt see her.

*Melnotte.* See her !

There is a passion in that simple sentence  
That shivers all the pride and power of reason  
Into a chaos !

*Damas.* Time wanes ;—come, ere yet  
It be too late.

*Melnotte.* Terrible words—“ *Too late !*”  
Lead on. One last look more, and then—

*Damas.* Forget her !

*Melnotte.* Forget her, yes !—For death remembers not.

[*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE II.—*A room in the house of MONSIEUR DESCHAPPELLES ; PAULINE seated in great dejection.*

*Pauline.* It is so, then. I must be false to Love,  
Or sacrifice a father ! Oh, my Claude,  
My lover and my husband ! have I lived  
To pray that thou mayst find some fairer boon  
Than the deep faith of this devoted heart,—  
Nourish'd till now—now broken !

*Enter MONSIEUR DESCHAPPELLES, L.*

*Mons. Deschap.* My dear child,  
How shall I thank—how bless thee ? Thou hast saved—  
I will not say my fortune—I could bear  
Reverse, and shrink not—but that prouder wealth  
Which merchants value most—my name, my credit—  
The hard-won honours of a toilsome life—  
These thou hast saved, my child !

*Pauline.* Is there no hope ?  
No hope but this ?

*Mons. Deschap.* None. If, without the sum  
Which Beauseant offers for thy hand, this day

Sinks to the west—to-morrow brings our ruin !  
 And hundreds, mingled in that ruin, curse  
 The bankrupt merchant ! and the insolent herd  
 We feasted and made merry, cry in scorn  
 " How pride has fallen !—Lo, the bankrupt merchant !"  
 My daughter, thou hast saved us !

*Pauline.* And am lost !

*Mons. Deschap.* Come, let me hope that Beauseant's  
 love——

*Pauline.* His love !

Talk not of love—Love has no thought of self !  
 Love buys not with the ruthless usurer's gold  
 The loathsome prostitution of a hand  
 Without a heart ! Love sacrifices all things,  
 To bless the thing it loves ! *He* knows not love.  
 Father, his love is hate—his hope revenge !  
 My tears, my anguish, my remorse for falsehood—  
 These are the joys he wrings from our despair !

*Mons. Deschap.* If thou deem'st thus, reject him !  
 Shame and ruin

Were better than thy misery ;—think no more on't.  
 My sand is well-nigh run—what boots it when  
 The glass is broken ? We'll annul the contract.  
 And if to-morrow in the prisoner's cell  
 These aged limbs are laid, why still, my child,  
 I'll think thou art spared ; and wait the Liberal Hour  
 That lays the beggar by the side of kings !

*Pauline.* No—no—forgive me ! You, my honour'd  
 father,—

You, who so loved, so cherish'd me, whose lips  
 Never knew one harsh word ! I'm not ungrateful :  
 I am but human !—hush ! *Now*, call the bridegroom—  
 You see I am prepared—no tears—all calm ;  
 But, father, *talk no more of love !*

*Mons. Deschap.* My child,

'Tis but one struggle ; he is young, rich, noble ;  
 Thy state will rank first 'mid the dames of Lyons ;  
 And when this heart can shelter thee no more,  
 Thy youth will not be guardianless.

*Pauline.* I have set

My foot upon the ploughshare—I will pass

The fiery ordeal.—(*Aside.*) Merciful Heaven, support me!

And on the absent wanderer shed the light  
Of happier stars—lost ever more to me!

*Enter* MADAME DESCHAPPELLES, BEAUSEANT, GLAVIS and  
NOTARY, L. C.

*Madame Deschap.* Why, Pauline, you are quite in *des-habille*—you ought to be more alive to the importance of this joyful occasion. We had once looked higher, it is true; but you see, after all, Monsieur Beauseant's father *was* a Marquis, and that's a great comfort! Pedigree and jointure!—you have them both in Monsieur Beauseant. A young lady decorously brought up should only have two considerations in her choice of a husband:—first, is his birth honourable,—secondly, will his death be advantageous? All other trifling details should be left to parental anxiety!

*Beauseant (approaching, and waving aside MADAME).*  
Ah, Pauline! let me hope that you are reconciled to an event which confers such rapture upon me.

*Pauline.* I am reconciled to my doom.

*Beauseant.* Doom is a harsh word, sweet lady.

*Pauline (aside).* This man must have some mercy—his heart cannot be marble. (*Aloud.*) Oh, sir, be just—be generous!—Seize a noble triumph—a great revenge!—Save the father, and spare the child!

*Beauseant (aside).* Joy—joy alike to my hatred and my passion! The haughty Pauline is at last my suppliant. (*Aloud.*) You ask from me what I have not the sublime virtue to grant—a virtue reserved only for the gardener's son! I cannot forego my hopes in the moment of their fulfilment!—I adhere to the contract—your father's ruin, or your hand!

*Pauline.* Then all is over. Sir, I have decided.

[*The clock strikes One.*]

*Enter* DAMAS and MELNOTTE, L. C.

*Damas.* Your servant, cousin Deschappelles.—Let me introduce Colonel Morier.

*Madame Deschap. (curtseying very low).* What, the celebrated hero? This, is, indeed, an honour!

[*MELNOTTE bows and remains in the back-ground.*]

*Damas (to PAULINE).* My little cousin, I congratulate you! What, no smile—no blush? You are going to be divorced from poor Melnotte, and marry this rich gentle man. You ought to be excessively happy!

*Pauline.* Happy!

*Damas.* Why, how pale you are, child!—Poor Pauline! Hist—confide in me! Do they force you to this?

*Pauline.* No!

*Damas.* You act with your own free consent?

*Pauline.* My own consent—yes.

*Damas.* Then you are the most—I will not say what you are.

*Pauline.* You think ill of me—be it so—yet if you knew all—

*Damas.* There is some mystery—speak out, Pauline.

*Pauline (suddenly).* Oh! perhaps you can save me! you are our relation—our friend. My father is on the verge of bankruptcy—this day he requires a large sum to meet demands that cannot be denied; that sum Beauseant will advance—this hand the condition of the barter. Save me if you have the means—save me! You will be repaid above!

*Damas.* I recant—Women are not so bad after all!—*(Aloud.)* Humph, child! I cannot help you—I am too poor!

*Pauline.* The last plank to which I clung is shivered!

*Damas.* Hold—you see my friend Morier: Melnotte is his most intimate friend—fought in the same fields—slept in the same tent. Have you any message to send to Melnotte?—any word to soften this blow?

*Pauline.* He knows Melnotte—he will see him—he will bear to him my last farewell—*(approaches MELNOTTE)*—He has a stern air—he turns away from me—he despises me!—Sir, one word, I beseech you.

*Melnotte.* Her voice again! How the old time comes o'er me!

*Damas (to MADAME).* Don't interrupt him. He is going to tell her what a rascal young Melnotte is; he knows him well, I promise you.

*Madame Deschap.* So considerate in you, cousin Damas!



[DAMAS approaches DESCHAPPELLES; converses apart with him in dumb show.—DESCHAPPELLES shows him a paper, which he inspects, and takes.]

*Pauline.* Thrice have I sought to speak; my courage fails me.

Sir, is it true that you have known—nay, are you The friend of—Melnotte?

*Melnotte.* Lady, yes!—Myself And Misery know the man!

*Pauline.* And you will see him, And you will bear to him—ay—word for word, All that this heart, which breaks in parting from him, Would send, ere still for ever.

*Melnotte.* He hath told me You have the right to choose from out the world A worthier bridegroom;—he foregoes all claim Even to murmur at his doom. Speak on!

*Pauline.* Tell him, for years I never nursed a thought That was not his; that on his wandering way, Daily and nightly, poured a mourner's prayers. Tell him ev'n now that I would rather share His lowliest lot,—walk by his side, an outcast,— Work for him, beg with him,—live upon the light Of one kind smile from him, than wear the crown The Bourbon lost!

*Melnotte (aside).* Am I already mad? And does delirium utter such sweet words Into a dreamer's ear? (*Aloud.*) You love him thus, And yet desert him?

*Pauline.* Say, that, if his eye Could read this heart,—its struggles, its temptations— His love itself would pardon that desertion! Look on that poor old man—he is my father; He stands upon the verge of an abyss; He calls his child to save him! Shall I shrink From him who gave me birth? withhold my hand, And see a parent perish? Tell him this, And say—that we shall meet again in Heaven!

*Melnotte (aside).* The night is past; joy cometh with the morrow.

(*Aloud.*) Lady—I—I—what is this riddle? what  
The nature of this sacrifice?

*Pauline* (*pointing to DAMAS*). Go, ask him!

*Beauseant* (*from the table*). The papers are prepared—  
we only need

Your hand and seal.

*Melnotte*. Stay, lady—one word more!

Were but your duty with your faith united,  
Would you still share the low-born peasant's lot?

*Pauline*. Would I? Ah, better death with him I love  
Than all the pomp—which is but as the flowers  
That crown the victim!—(*turning away.*) I am ready.

[*MELNOTTE rushes to DAMAS.*]

*Damas*. There—

This is the schedule—this the total.

*Beauseant* (*to DESCHAPPELLES, showing notes*). These  
Are yours the instant she has signed; you are  
Still the great House of Lyons!

[*The Notary is about to hand the Contract to PAULINE,  
when MELNOTTE seizes and tears it.*]

*Beauseant*. Are you mad?

*Mons. Deschap*. How, Sir! What means this insult!

*Melnotte*. Peace, old man!

I have a prior claim. Before the face  
Of man and Heaven I urge it! I outbid  
Yon sordid huckster for your priceless jewel

[*Giving a pocket book.*]

There is the sum twice-told! Blush not to take it:  
There's not a coin that is not bought and hallow'd  
In the cause of nations with a soldier's blood!

*Beauseant*. Torments and death!

*Pauline*. That voice! Thou art—

*Melnotte*. Thy husband!

[*PAULINE rushes into his arms.*]

*Melnotte*. Look up! Look up, Pauline!—for I can bear  
Thine eyes! The stain is blotted from my name.  
I have redeemed mine honour. I can call  
On France to sanction thy divine-forgiveness!  
Oh, joy! Oh, rapture! By the midnight watchfires

Thus have I seen thee!—thus foretold this hour!  
 And 'midst the roar of battle, thus have heard  
 The beating of thy heart against my own!

*Beauseant.* Fool'd, duped, and triumph'd over in the hour  
 Of mine own victory! Curses on ye both!  
 May thorns be planted in the marriage bed!  
 And love grow sour'd and blacken into hate,  
 Such as the hate that gnaws me! [Crosses to L.

*Damas.* Curse away!  
 And let me tell thee, *Beauseant*, a wise proverb  
 The Arabs have,—“Curses are like young chickens,  
 [Solemnly

And still come home to roost!”

*Beauseant.* Their happiness  
 Maddens my soul! I am powerless and revengeless.  
 [To Madame.

I wish you joy! Ha, ha! the gardener's son! [Exit, L. c.  
*Damas* (to *GLAVIS*). Your friend intends to hang himself!  
 Methinks

You ought to be his travelling companion!

*Glavis.* Sir, you are exceedingly obliging! [Exit L. c.

*Pauline.* Oh!

My father, you are saved,—and by my husband!

Ah! blessed hour!

*Melnotte.* Yet you weep still, *Pauline*!

*Pauline.* But on thy breast!—these tears are sweet and  
 holy!

*Mons. Deschap.* You have won love and honour, nobly,  
 Sir!

Take her;—be happy both!

*Madame Deschap.* I'm all astonish'd!

Who, then, is Colonel Morier?

*Damas.* You behold him!

*Melnotte.* Morier no more after this happy day!

I would not bear again my father's name

Till I could deem it spotless! The hour's come!

Heaven smiled on Conscience! As the soldier rose

From rank to rank, how sacred was the fame

That cancell'd crime, and raised him nearer thee!

*Madame Deschap.* A colonel and a hero! Well, that  
 something!

He's wondrously improved! I wish you joy, Sir!

*Melnotte.* Ah! the same love that tempts us into sin,  
If it be true love, works out its redemption!  
And he who seeks repentance for the Past  
Should woo the Angel Virtue in the Future!

PICTURE.

MELNOTTE.

PAULINE.

MADAME D.

DAMAS.

MONSEUR D

R.

R. C.

R.

L. C.

L.

*The Curtain falls*



Received of the Treasurer of the State of New York  
the sum of \$1000.00

for the purchase of land for the State of New York  
in the County of Albany

in full for the purchase of land for the State of New York  
in the County of Albany

for the purchase of land for the State of New York  
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No. IV:

**THE MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.**

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

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

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**R I C H E L I E U ;**

OR,

**THE CONSPIRACY**

*A Play.*

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

FROM THE AUTHOR'S LATEST EDITION.

WITH THE STAGE DIRECTIONS, COSTUMES, ETC

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NEW YORK:

LESLIE BROWN & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.

1847.

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## EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

The play of RICHELIEU is far the most elaborate of Mr. Bulwer's dramatic productions. It was originally performed, March 7th, 1839, at the Covent Garden Theatre, to an overflowing house—Macready appearing as the Cardinal, and Miss Helen Faucit as Julie. It was put on the stage with every possible advantage of scenery and costume, and efficiently sustained throughout, in all its characters, by an excellent company. Its success was remarkably brilliant; and, for a series of nights, it drew crowded and delighted audiences.

The author seems to have been partially indebted for his materials, to the historical novels of Alfred de Vigny, from whose admirable picture of the character of Richelieu, in "Cinq-Mars," he has borrowed some leading traits. He acknowledges his obligations to these and other sources in his preface. The original merits of the play, however, are obvious and great; and it may be regarded as one of the most unexceptionable modern contributions to the English Standard Drama. It abounds in passages of great beauty, and of a high order of poetry.

Simultaneously with its appearance in England, the play was received in this country by Mr. Forrest, to whom it had been consigned by Mr. Bulwer, to be introduced upon the American Stage. It is unnecessary for us to say, with what ability the task was performed by our great tragedian. His personation of the old, high-spirited Cardinal, is alone sufficient to vindicate his claims to a lasting histrionic reputation. It has never been surpassed—and to our mind, never been equalled—by the most eminent of his cotemporaries.



## AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO RICHELIEU.

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THE administration of Cardinal Richelieu, whom (despite all his darker qualities,) Voltaire and History justly consider the true architect of the French monarchy, and the great parent of French civilization, is characterised by features alike tragic and comic. A weak king—an ambitious favourite; a despicable conspiracy against the minister, nearly always associated with a dangerous treason against the State—these, with little variety of names and dates, constitute the eventful cycle through which, with a dazzling ease, and an arrogant confidence, the great luminary fulfilled its destinies. Blent together, in startling contrast, we see the grandest achievements and the pettiest agents;—the spy—the mistress—the capuchin;—the destruction of feudalism;—the humiliation of Austria;—the dismemberment of Spain.

Richelieu himself is still what he was in his own day—a man of two characters. If, on the one hand, he is justly represented as inflexible and vindictive, crafty and unscrupulous; so, on the other, it cannot be denied that he was placed in times in which the long impunity of every license required stern examples—that he was beset by perils and intrigues, which gave a certain excuse to the subtlest inventions of self-defence—that his ambition was inseparably connected with a passionate love for the glory of his country—and that, if he was her dictator, he was not less her benefactor. It has been fairly remarked by the most impartial historians, that he was no less generous to merit than severe to crime—that, in the various departments of the State, the Army, and the Church, he selected and distinguished the ablest aspirants—that the wars which he conducted were, for the most part, essential to the preservation of France, and Europe itself, from the formidable encroachments of the

**Austrian House**—that, in spite of those wars, the people were not oppressed with exorbitant imposts—and that he left the kingdom he had governed in a more flourishing and vigorous state than at any former period of the French history, or at the decease of Louis XIV.

The cabals formed against this great statesman were not carried on by the patriotism of public virtue, nor the emulation of equal talent: they were but court struggles, in which the most worthless agents had recourse to the most desperate means.—In each, as I have before observed, we see combined the twofold attempt to murder the minister and to betray the country. Such, then, are the agents, and such the designs, with which truth, in the Drama, as in History, requires us to contrast the celebrated Cardinal; not disguising his foibles or his vices, but not unjust to the grander qualities (especially the love of country,) by which they were often dignified, and, at times, redeemed.

The historical drama is the concentration of historical events. In the attempt to place upon the stage the picture of an era, that license with dates and details, which Poetry permits, and which the highest authorities in the Drama of France herself, have sanctioned, has been, though not unsparingly, indulged. The conspiracy of the Duc de Bouillon is, for instance, amalgamated with the denouement of *The Day of Dupes*; and circumstances connected with the treason of Cinq-Mars (whose brilliant youth and gloomy catastrophe tend to subvert poetic and historic justice, by seducing us to forget his base ingratitude and his perfidious apostacy,) are identified with the fate of the earlier favourite Baradas, whose sudden rise and as sudden fall passed into a proverb. I ought to add, that the noble romance of Cinq-Mars suggested one of the scenes in the fifth act; and that for the conception of some portion of the intrigue connected with De Mauprat and Julie, I am, with great alterations of incident, and considerable if not entire reconstruction of character, indebted to an early and admirable novel by the author of *Picciola*.

*London, March, 1839.*

## PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

**LOUIS THE THIRTEENTH,**  
**GASTON,** Duke of Orleans, (brother to Louis XIII.)  
**BARADAS,** (Favourite of the King, first gentleman of the Chamber, Premier, Ecuyer, &c.)  
**CARDINAL RICHELIEU,**  
**THE CHEVALIER DE MAUPRAT,**  
**THE SIEUR DE BERINGHEN,** (in attendance on the King,\* one of the conspirators.)  
**JOSEPH,** (a Capuchin, Richelieu's confidant,)  
**HUGUET,** (an officer of Richelieu's household guard—a Spy,)  
**FRANCOIS,** (first Page to Richelieu,)  
 First Courtier,  
 Captain of the Archers,  
 First, }  
 Second, } Secretaries of State.  
 Third, }  
 Governor of the Bastile,  
 Gaoler,  
 Courtiers, Pages, Conspirators, Officers, Soldiers, &c.

**JULIE DE MORTEMAR,** (an Orphan Ward to Richelieu.)  
**MARION DE LORME,** (Mistress to Orleans, but in Richelieu's pay.)

\* Properly speaking, the King's First Valet de Chambre, a post of great importance at that time.

### NOTE.

THE length of the Play necessarily requires curtailments on the Stage—the passages thus omitted are those inserted with inverted commas. Many of the passages thus left out, however immaterial to the audience, must obviously be such as the reader would be least inclined to dispense with—viz: those which, without being absolutely essential to the business of the Stage, contain either the subtler strokes of character, or the more poetical embellishments of description. A more important consequence of these suppressions is, that Richelieu himself is left too often, and too unrelievedly, to positions which place him in an *amiable* light, without that shadowing forth of his more sinister motives and his fiercer qualities which is attempted in the written play. Thus, the *character* takes a degree of credit due only to the *situation*. To judge the Author's conception of Richelieu fairly, and to estimate how far it is consistent with historical portraiture, the Play must be *read*.

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### THEATRICAL MEMORANDA.

**R.** means Right; **L.** Left; **C.** Centre; **R. C.** Right of Centre; **L. C.** Left of Centre; **D. F.** Door in Flat; **R. D.** Right Door; **L. D.** Left Door; **S. E.** Second Entrance; **U. E.** Upper Entrance; **C. D.** Centre Door.

•• The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience.

# RICHELIEU :

OR,

## THE CONSPIRACY.

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### ACT I.

#### FIRST DAY.

SCENE I.—*A room in the house of MARION DE LORME ; a table towards the front of the stage (with wine, fruits, &c.,) at which are seated BARADAS, Four Courtiers, splendidly dressed in the costume of 1641-2 ;—the DUKE of ORLEANS reclining on a large fauteuil ;—MARION DE LORME, standing at the back of his chair, offers him a goblet, and then retires. At another table, DE BERINGHEN, DE MAUPRAT, playing at dice ; other Courtiers, of inferior rank to those at the table of the DUKE, looking on.*

*Orleans (drinking).* HERE'S to our enterprize !—

*Baradas (glancing at MARION)* Hush, Sir !—

*Orleans (aside).* Nay, Count ;

You may trust her ; she doats on me ; no house

So safe as Marion's. "At our statelier homes

"The very walls do play the eaves-dropper.

"There's not a sunbeam creeping o'er our floors

"But seems a glance from that malignant eye

"Which reigns o'er France ; our fatal greatness lives

"In the sharp glare of one relentless day.

"But Richelieu's self forgets to fear the sword

"The myrtle hides ; and Marion's silken robe

"Casts its kind charity o'er fiercer sins

"Than those which haunt the rosy path between

"The lip and eye of beauty. Oh, no house

"So safe as Marion's."



*Baradas.* Still, we have a secret,  
And oil and water—woman and a secret—  
Are hostile properties.

*Orleans.* Well—Marion, see  
How the play prospers yonder. [*MARION goes to the next  
table, looks on for a few moments, then exit.*]

*Baradas* (*producing a parchment*). I have now  
All the conditions drawn; it only needs  
Our signatures: upon receipt of this,  
(Where to is joined the schedule of our treaty  
With the Count-Duke, (1) the Richelieu of the Escorial,)  
Bouillon will join his army with the Spaniard,  
March on to Paris,—there, dethrone the King:  
You will be Regent; I, and ye, my Lords  
Form the new Council. So much for the core  
Of our great scheme.

*Orleans.* But Richelieu is an Argus:  
One of his hundred eyes will light upon us,  
And then—good bye to life.

*Baradas.* To gain the prize  
We must destroy the Argus:—Ay, my Lord,  
The scroll the core, but blood must fill the veins  
Of our design; while this despatched to Bouillon,  
Richelieu despatched to Heaven!—The last *my* charge.  
Meet here to-morrow night. You, Sir, as first  
In honour and in hope, meanwhile select  
Some trusty knave to bear the scroll to Bouillon;  
'Midst Richelieu's foes, I'll find some desperate hand  
To strike for vengeance, while we stride to power.

*Orleans.* So be it;—to-morrow, midnight.—Come, my  
Lords.

*Exeunt ORLEANS, and the Courtiers in his train. Those at  
the other table rise, salute ORLEANS, and re-seat themselves*

*De Beringhen.* Double the stakes.

*De Maup.* Done.

*De Ber.* Bravo; faith, it shames me  
To bleed a purse already *in extremis*.

*De Maup.* Nay, as you've had the patient to yourself  
So long, no other doctor should despatch it.

(*DE MAUPRAT throws and loses.*)

*Omnes.* Lost! Ha, ha—poor De Mauprat!

*De Ber.* One throw more ?

*De Maup.* No ; I am bankrupt (*pushing gold*). There goes all—except

My honour and my sword.

*De Ber.* Long cloaks and honour

Went out of vogue together, when we found  
We got on much more rapidly without them ;  
The sword, indeed, is never out of fashion,—  
The devil has care of *that*.

*First Gamester.* Ay, take the sword  
To Cardinal Richelieu :—he gives gold for steel,  
When worn by brave men.

*De Maup.* Richelieu !

*De Ber.* (*to BARADAS.*) At that name  
He changes colour, bites his nether lip.  
Ev'n in his brightest moments whisper "Richelieu,"  
And you cloud all his sunshine.

*Bar.* I have mark'd it,  
And I will learn the wherefore.

*De Maup.* The Egyptian  
Dissolved her richest jewel in a draught :  
Would I could so melt time and all its treasures,  
And drain it thus. [*Drinking.*]

*De Ber.* Come, gentlemen, what say ye :  
A walk on the Parade ?

*Omnes.* Ay, come, De Mauprat.

*De Maup.* Pardon me ; we shall meet again, ere night-fall.

*Bar.* I'll stay and comfort Mauprat.

*De Ber.* Comfort !—when  
We gallant fellows have run out a friend,  
There's nothing left—except to run him through !  
There's the last act of friendship.

*De Maup.* Let me keep  
*That* favour in reserve ; in all beside  
Your most obedient servant.

*Exeunt DE BERINGHEN, &c. Manent DE MAUPRAT and  
BARADAS.*

*Bar.* You have lost—  
Yet are not sad.

*De Maup.* Sad !—Life and gold have wings,

And must fly one day :—open, then, their cages  
And wish them merry.

*Bar.* You're a strange enigma :—  
Fiery in war—and yet to glory lukewarm ;—  
All mirth in action—in repose all gloom—  
These are extremes in which the unconscious heart  
Betrays the fever of deep-fix'd disease.  
Confide in me ! our young days roll'd together  
In the same river, glassing the same stars  
That smile i' the heaven of hope ;—alike we made  
Bright-winged steeds of our unform'd chimeras,  
Spurring the fancies upward to the air,  
Wherein we shaped fair castles from the clouds :  
Fortune of late has sever'd us—and led  
*Me* to the rank of Courtier, Count, and Favourite,—  
*You* to the titles of the wildest gallant  
And bravest knight in France—are you content ?  
No ;—trust in me—some gloomy secret—

*De Maup.* Ay :—

A secret that doth haunt me, as, of old,  
Men were possess'd of fiends !—Where'er I turn,  
The grave yawns dark before me !—*I will* trust you :—  
Hating the Cardinal, and beguiled by Orleans,  
You know I join'd the Languedoc revolt—  
Was captured—sent to the Bastile—

*Bar.* But shared

The general pardon, which the Duke of Orleans  
Won for himself and all in the revolt,  
Who but obey'd his orders.

*De Maup.* Note the phrase ;—

"*Obey'd his orders.*" Well, when on my way  
To join the Duke in Languedoc, I (then  
The down upon my lip—less man than boy)  
Leading young valours—reckless as myself,  
Seized on the town of Faviaux, and displaced  
The Royal banners for the Rebel. Orleans,  
(Never too daring,) when I reach'd the camp,  
Blamed me for acting—mark—*without his orders* :  
Upon this quibble Richelieu razed my name  
Out of the general pardon.

*Bar.* Yet released you  
From the Bastile—

*De Maup.* To call me to his presence,  
And thus address me :—" You have seized a town  
Of France, without the orders of your leader,  
And for this treason, but one sentence—DEATH."

*Bar.* Death!

*De Maup.* " I have pity on your youth and birth,  
Nor wish to glut the headsman ;—join your troop,  
Now on the march against the Spaniards ;—change  
The traitor's scaffold for the soldier's grave ;—  
Your memory stainless—they who shared your crime  
Exiled or dead—your king shall never learn it."

*Bar.* O tender pity !—O most charming prospect !  
Blown into atoms by a bomb, or drill'd  
Into a cullender by gunshot !—Well ?—

*De Maup.* You have heard if I fought bravely.—Death  
became  
Desired as Daphne by the eager Daygod.  
Like him I chased the nymph—to grasp the laurel !  
I could not die !

*Bar.* Poor fellow !

*De Maup.* When the Cardinal  
Review'd the troops—his eye met mine ;—he frown'd,  
Summon'd me forth—" How's this ?" quoth he ; " you have  
shunn'd  
The sword—beware the axe !—'twill fall one day !"  
He left me thus—we were recalled to Paris.  
And—you know all !

*Bar.* And, knowing this, why halt you,  
Spell'd by the rattlesnake,—while in the breasts  
Of your firm friends beat hearts, that vow the death  
Of your grim tyrant ?—wake !—Be one of us ;  
The time invites—the King detests the Cardinal,  
Dares not disgrace—but groans to be deliver'd  
Of that too great a subject—join your friends,  
Free France, and save yourself.

*De Maup.* Hush ! Richelieu bears  
A charmed life :—to all who have braved his power,  
One common end—the block !

*Bar.* Nay, if he live,  
The block your doom.

*De Maup.* Better the victim, Count,



Than the assassin.—France requires a Richelieu,  
But does not need a Mauprat. Truce to this;—  
All time one midnight, where my thoughts are spectres.  
What to me fame!—What love?—

*Bar.* Yet dost thou love *not* ?

*De Maup.* Love?—I am young——

*Bar.* And Julie fair! (*Aside.*) It is so.

Upon the margin of the grave—his hand  
Would pluck the rose that I would win and wear!  
(*Aloud.*) Thou lovest—

*De Maup.* “ Who, lonely in the midnight tent,  
“ Gazed on the watch-fires in the sleepless air,  
“ Nor chose one star amidst the clustering hosts  
“ To bless it in the name of some fair face  
“ Set in his spirit, as the star in Heaven?  
“ For our divine Affections, like the Spheres,  
“ Move ever, ever musical.

*Bar.* “ You speak

“ As one who fed on poetry.

*De Maup.* “ Why, man,

“ The thoughts of lovers stir with poetry  
“ As leaves with summer wind.—The heart that loves  
“ Dwells in an Eden, hearing angel-lutes,  
“ As Eve in the First Garden. Hast thou seen  
“ My Julie, and not felt it henceforth dull  
“ To live in the common world—and talk in words  
“ That clothe the feelings of the frigid herd?—  
“ Upon the perfumed pillow of her lips—  
“ As on his native bed of roses flush'd  
“ With Paphian skies—Love smiling sleeps:—Her voice  
“ The blest interpreter of thoughts as pure  
“ As virgin wells where Dian takes delight,  
“ Or Fairies dip their changelings!—In the maze  
“ Of her harmonious beauties—Modesty  
“ (Like some severer Grace that leads the choir  
“ Of her sweet sisters) every airy motion  
“ Attunes to such chaste charm, that Passion holds  
“ His burning breath, and will not with a sigh  
“ Dissolve the spell that binds him!—Oh, those eyes  
“ That woo the earth—shadowing more soul than lurks  
“ Under the lids of Psyche!—Go!—thy lip

“Curls at the purpled phrases of a lover—  
 “Love thou, and if thy love be deep as mine,  
 “Thou wilt not laugh at poets.

*Bar. (aside.)* “With each word  
 “Thou wak’st a jealous demon in my heart,  
 “And my hand clutches at my hilt—

*De Maup. (gaily.)* No more!—  
 I love!—Your breast holds both my secrets;—Never  
 Unbury either!—Come, while yet we may,  
 We’ll bask us in the noon of rosy life:—  
 Lounge through the gardens, flaunt it in the taverns,—  
 Laugh,—game,—drink,—feast:—If so confined my days,  
 Faith, I’ll enclose the nights.—Pshaw! not so grave;  
 I’m a true Frenchman!—*Vive la bagatelle!*

*As they are going out enter HUGUET, and four Arquebusiers.*

*Huguet.* Messire De Mauprat,—I arrest you!—Follow  
 To the Lord Cardinal.

*De Maup.* You see, my friend,  
 I’m out of my suspense; the tiger’s play’d  
 Long enough with his prey.—Farewell! Hereafter  
 Say, when men name me, “Adrien de Mauprat  
 Lived without hope, and perished without fear!”

[*Exeunt DE MAUPRAT, HUGUET, &c.*

*Bar.* Farewell! I trust forever! I design’d thee  
 For Richelieu’s murderer—but, as well his martyr!  
 In childhood you the stronger, and I cursed you;  
 In youth the fairer, and I cursed you still;  
 And now my rival!--While the name of Julie  
 Hung on thy lips, I smiled---for then I saw  
 In my mind’s eye, the cold and grinning Death  
 Hang o’er thy head the pall! Ambition, Love,  
 Ye twin-born stars of daring destinies,  
 Sit in my house of Life! By the King’s aid  
 I will be Julie’s husband, in despite  
 Of my Lord Cardinal. By the King’s aid  
 I will be minister of France, in spite  
 Of my Lord Cardinal; and then; what then?  
 The King loves Julie; feeble prince! false master!

[*Producing and gazing on the parchment.*  
 Then, by the aid of Bouillon, and the Spaniard,

I will dethrone the King ; and all—ha !—ha !  
All, in despite of my Lord Cardinal.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—*A room in the Palais Cardinal, the walls hung with arras. A large screen in one corner. A table covered with books, papers, &c. A rude clock in a recess. Busts, statues, bookcases, weapons of different periods, and banners suspended over RICHELIEU'S chair.*

RICHELIEU and JOSEPH.

*Rich.* And so you think this new conspiracy  
The craftiest trap yet laid for the old fox ?—  
Fox!—Well, I like the nickname ? What did Plutarch  
Say of the Greek Lysander ?

*Joseph.* I forget.

*Rich.* That where the lion's skin fell short, he eked it  
Out with the fox's ! A great statesman, Joseph.  
That same Lysander ?

*Joseph.* Orleans heads the traitors.

*Rich.* A very wooden head then ! Well ?

*Joseph.* The favourite,  
Count Baradas—

*Rich.* A weed of hasty growth  
First gentleman of the chamber,—titles, lands,  
And the King's ear ! It cost me six long winters  
To mount as high, as in six little moons  
This painted lizard—But I hold the ladder,  
And when I shake, he falls ! What more ?

*Joseph.* A scheme  
To make your orphan-ward an instrument  
To aid your foes. You placed her with the Queen,  
One of the royal chamber, as a watch  
I' th' enemy's quarters—

*Rich.* And the silly child  
Visits me daily, calls me "Father,"—prays  
Kind heaven to bless me. And for all the rest,  
As well have placed a doll about the Queen !  
She does not heed who frowns, who smiles ; with whom.  
The King confers in whispers ; notes not when  
Men who last week were foes, are found in corners  
Mysteriously affectionate ; words spoken

Within closed doors she never hears ; by chance  
 Taking the air at keyholes—Senseless puppet !  
 No ears, nor eyes ! And yet she says “ She loves me ! ”  
 Go on—

*Joseph.* Your ward has charmed the King.

*Rich.* Out on you !

Have I not, one by one, from such fair shoots  
 Pluck'd the insidious ivy of his love ?  
 And shall it creep around my blossoming tree  
 Where innocent thoughts, like happy birds, make music  
 That spirits in Heaven might hear ? They're sinful too,  
 Those passionate surfeits of the rampant flesh,—  
 The Church condemns them ; and to us, my Joseph,  
 The props and pillars of the Church, most hurtful.  
 The king is weak—whoever the king loves,  
 Must rule the king ; the lady loves another,  
 The other rules the lady, thus we're balked  
 Of our own proper sway. The king must have  
 No goddess but the State :—the State ! That's Richelieu !

*Joseph.* This not the worst ; Louis, in all decorous,  
 And deeming you her least compliant guardian,  
 Would veil his suit by marriage with his minion,  
 Your prosperous foe, Count Baradas !

*Rich.* Ha ! ha !

I have another bride for Baradas !

*Joseph.* You, my lord ?

*Rich.* Ay—more faithful than the love  
 Of fickle woman : when the head lies lowliest  
 Clasping him fondest ;—Sorrow never knew  
 So sure a soother,—and her bed is staitless !

*Joseph (aside).* If of the grave he speaks, I do not wonder  
 That priests are bachelors.

*Enter FRANCOIS.*

*Francois.* Mademoiselle De Mortemar !

*Rich.* Most opportune—admit her. (*Exit FRANCOIS.*)

In my closet

You'll find a rosary, Joseph ; ere you tell  
 Three hundred beads, I'll summon you.—Stay, Joseph ;  
 I did omit an Ave in my matins,—  
 A grievous fault ; atone it for me, Joseph ;



There is a scourge within ; I am weak, you strong ;  
I were but charity to take my sin  
On such broad shoulders. Exercise is healthful.

*Joseph.* I ! guilty of such criminal presumption  
As to mistake myself for you—No, never !  
Think it not ! (*Aside.*) Troth, a pleasant invitation !

[*Exit* JOSEPH.]

*Enter* JULIE DE MORTEMAR.

*Richelieu.* That's my sweet Julie ! why, upon this face  
Blushes such daybreak, one might swear the Morning  
Were come to visit Tithon.

*Julie* (*placing herself at his feet*). Are you gracious ?  
May I say "Father ?"

*Rich.* Now and ever !

*Julie.* Father !

A sweet word to an orphan.

*Rich.* No ; not orphan

While Richelieu lives ; thy father loved me well ;  
My friend, ere I had flatterers (now, I'm great,  
In other phrase, I'm friendless)—he died young  
In years, not service, and bequeathed thee to me ;  
And thou shalt have a dowry, girl, to buy  
Thy mate amid the mightiest. Drooping ?—sighs ?—  
Art thou not happy at the court ?

*Julie.* Not often.

*Rich.* (*aside.*) Can she love Baradas ? Ah ! at thy heart  
There's what can smile and sigh, blush and grow pale,  
All in a breath ! Thou art admired—art young ;  
Does not his Majesty commend thy beauty—  
Ask thee to sing to him ?—and swear such sounds  
Had smooth'd the brows of Saul ?

*Julie.* He's very tiresome,  
Our worthy King.

*Rich.* Fie ! kings are never tiresome,  
Save to their ministers. What courtly gallants  
Charm ladies most ?—De Sourdiac, Longueville, or  
The favourite Baradas ?

*Julie.* A smileless man—  
I fear and shun him.

*Rich.* Yet he courts thee ?

*Julie.* Then

He is more tiresome than his Majesty.

*Rich.* Right, girl, shun Baradas. Yet of these flowers  
Of France, not one, in whose more honeyed breath  
Thy heart hears summer whisper?

*Enter HUGUET.*

*Huguet.* The Chevalier  
De Mauprat waits below.

*Julie* (*starting up*). De Mauprat!

*Rich.* Hem!

He has been tiresome too!—Anon. [*Exit HUGUET.*

*Julie.* What doth he?

I mean—I—Does your Eminence—that is—  
Know you Messire de Mauprat?

*Rich.* Well!—and you—

Has he address'd you often?

*Julie.* Often! No—

Nine times: nay, ten;—the last time by the lattice  
Of the great staircase. (*In a melancholy tone.*) The Court  
sees him rarely.

*Rich.* A bold and forward royster!

*Julie.* He? nay, modest,

Gentle, and sad, methinks.

*Rich.* Wears gold and azure?

*Julie.* No; sable.

*Rich.* So you note his colours, Julie?

Shame on you, child, look loftier. By the mass,  
I have business with this modest gentleman.

*Julie.* You're angry with poor Julie. There's no cause.

*Rich.* No cause—you hate my foes?

*Julie.* I do!

*Rich.* Hate Mauprat?

*Julie.* Not Mauprat. No, not Adrien, father.

*Rich.* Adrien!

Familiar!—Go, child; no,—not *that* way;—wait  
In the tapestry chamber; I will join you,—go.

*Julie.* His brows are knit; I dare not call him father!

But I *must* speak. Your Eminence—

*Rich.* (*sternly*). Well, girl!

*Julie.* Nay,

Smile on me—one smile more ; there, now I'm happy.  
Do not rank Mauprat with your foes ; he is not,  
I know he *is* not ; he loves France too well.

*Rich.* Not rank De Mauprat with my foes ? So  
be it.

I'll blot him from that list.

*Julie.* That's my own father.

[*Exit JULIE.*]

*Rich.* (*Ringing a small bell on the table.*) Huguet !

*Enter HUGUET.*

De Mauprat struggled not, nor murmur'd ?

*Huguet.* No : proud and passive.

*Rich.* Bid him enter.—Hold :

Look that he hide no weapon. Humph, despair  
Makes victims sometimes victors. When he has enter'd,  
Glide round unseen ; place thyself yonder (*pointing to the  
screen*) ; watch him ;

If he show violence—(let me see thy carbine ;

So, a good weapon) ; if he play the lion,

Why—the dog's death.

*Exit HUGUET ; RICHELIEU seats himself at the table, and  
slowly arranges the papers before him. Enter DE MAUPRAT,  
preceded by HUGUET, who then retires behind the screen.*

*Rich.* Approach, Sir. Can you call to mind the hour,  
Now three years since, when in this room, methinks,  
Your presence honoured me ?

*De Mauprat.* It is, my lord,

One of my most—

*Rich.* (*dryly*). Delightful recollections. (2)

*De Maup.* (*aside*.) St. Denis ! doth he make a jest of axe  
And headsman ?

*Rich.* (*sternly*.) I did then accord you

A mercy ill requited—you still live ?

*De Maup.* “ To meet death face to face at last.

*Rich.* “ Your words

“ Are bold.

*De Maup.* “ My deeds have not belied them.

*Rich.* “ Deeds !

“ O miserable delusion of man's pride !

“ Deeds ! cities sack'd, fields ravaged, hearths profaned,

“ Men butcher'd ! In your hour of doom behold

“ The *deeds* you boast of! From rank showers of blood,  
 “ And the red light of blazing roofs, you build  
 “ The rainbow Glory, and to shuddering Conscience  
 “ Cry,—Lo, the Bridge to Heaven?

*De Maup.* “ If war be sinful,

“ Your hand the gauntlet cast.

*Rich.* “ It was so, Sir.

“ Note the distinction : I weigh’d well the cause  
 “ Which made the standard holy ; raised the war  
 “ But to secure the peace. France bled—I groan’d ;  
 “ But look’d beyond ; and, in the vista, saw  
 “ France saved, and I exulted. You—but you  
 “ Were but the tool of slaughter—knowing naught,  
 “ Forseeing naught, naught hoping, naught lamenting,  
 “ And for naught fit,—save cutting throats for hire.  
 “ Deeds, marry, deeds !

*De Maup.* “ If you would deign to speak

“ Thus to your armies ere they march to battle,  
 “ Perchance your Eminence might have the pain  
 “ Of the throat-cutting to yourself.

*Rich. (aside).* “ He has wit,

“ This Mauprat.—(*Aloud*)—Let it pass ; there is against you  
 “ What you can less excuse.” Messire de Mauprat,  
 Doom’d to sure death, how hast thou since consumed  
 The time allotted thee for serious thought  
 And solemn penance ?

*De Maup. (embarrassed.)* The time, my Lord ?

*Richelieu.* Is not the question plain ? I’ll answer for  
 thee.

Thou hast sought nor priest nor shrine ; no sackcloth  
 chafed

Thy delicate flesh. The rosary and the death’s-head  
 Have not, with pious meditation, purged  
 Earth from the carnal gaze. What thou hast *not* done  
 Brief told ; what done, a volume ! Wild debauch,  
 Turbulent riot :—for the morn the dice-box—  
 Noon claim’d the duel—and the night the wassail :  
 These, your most holy, pure preparatives  
 For death and judgment ! Do I wrong you, Sir ?

*De Maup.* I was not always thus :—if changed my  
 nature,



Blame that which changed my fate.—Alas, my Lord,  
 “ There is a brotherhood which calm-eyed Reason,  
 “ Can wot not of betwixt Despair and Mirth.  
 “ My birth-place mid the vines of sunny Provence,  
 “ Perchance the stream that sparkles in my veins  
 “ Came from that wine of passionate life, which erst,  
 “ Glow’d in the wild heart of the Troubadour :  
 “ And danger, which makes steadier courage wary,  
 “ But fevers me with an insane delight ;  
 “ As one of old who on the mountain-crag  
 “ Caught madness from a Mænad’s haunting eyes,  
 “ Were you, my Lord,—whose path imperial power,  
 “ And the grave cares of reverent wisdom guard  
 “ From all that tempts to folly meaner men,—  
 Were you accursed with that which you inflicted—  
 By bed and board, dogg’d by one ghastly spectre—  
 The while within you youth beat high, and life  
 Grew lovelier from the neighbouring frown of death—  
 The heart no bud, nor fruit—save in those seeds  
 Most worthless, which spring up, bloom, bear, and wither  
 In the same hour—Were this your fate, perchance,  
 You would have erred like me !

*Richelieu.* I might, like you,  
 Have been a brawler and a reveller ;---not,  
 Like you, a trickster and a thief.—

*De Maup.* (*advancing threateningly*). Lord Cardinal!—  
 Unsay those words !—

[*HUGUET deliberately raises his carbine.*]

*Rich.* (*waving his hand.*) Not quite so quick, friend  
 Huguet ;

Messire de Mauprat is a patient man,  
 And he can wait !—

You have outrun your fortune ;---  
 I blame you not, that you would be a beggar---  
 Each to his taste !---but I do charge you, Sir,  
 That, being beggar’d, you would coin false moneys  
 Out of that crucible, called DEBT.---To live  
 On means not yours---be brave in silks and laces,  
 Gallant in steeds, splendid in banquets ;---all  
 Not *yours*—ungiven—unherited—unpaid for ;—  
*This* is to be a trickster ; and to filch

Men's art and labour, which to them is wealth,  
 Life, daily bread,—quitting all scores with—“ Friend,  
 You're troublesome !”—Why this, forgive me,  
 Is what—when done with a less dainty grace—  
 Plain folks call “ *Theft* !”—You owe eight thousand pistoles,  
 Minus one crown, two liards !—

*De Maup. (aside.)* The old conjurer !—  
 Sdeath, he'll inform me next how many cups  
 I drank at dinner !—

*Rich.* This is scandalous,  
 Shaming your birth and blood.—I tell you, Sir,  
 That you must pay your debts—

*De Maup.* With all my heart,  
 My Lord. Where shall I borrow, then, the money ?

*Rich. (aside and laughing.)* A humorous dare-devil !  
 —The very man

To suit my purpose—ready, frank, and bold !

[*Rising, and earnestly.*

Adrien de Mauprat, men have called me cruel ;—  
 I am not ; I am *just* !—I found France rent asunder,—  
 The rich men despots, and the poor banditti ;—  
 Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple ;  
 Brawls festering to Rebellion ; and weak Laws  
 Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.—  
 I have re-created France ; and, from the ashes  
 Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,  
 Civilization on her luminous wings  
 Soars, phoenix-like, to Jove !—what was my art ?  
 Genius, some say,—some, Fortune,—Witchcraft, some :  
 Not so ;—my art was JUSTICE !—Force and fraud  
 Misname it cruelty—you shall confute them !  
 My champion you !—You met me as your foe.  
 Depart my friend—You shall not die—France needs you.  
 You shall wipe off all stains,—be rich, be honour'd,  
 Be great.—[*DE MAUPRAT falls on his knee—RICHELIEU*  
*raises him.*] I ask, Sir, in return, this hand,  
 To gift it with a bride, whose dower shall match,  
 Yet not exceed, her beauty.

*De Maup.* I, my Lord,—  
 I have no wish to marry.

[*Hesitating.*

*Rich.* Surely, Sir,  
 To die were worse.

*De Maup.* Scarcely; the poorest coward  
Must die,—but knowingly to march to marriage—  
My Lord, it asks the courage of a lion!

*Rich.* Traitor, thou triflest with me!—I know *all!*  
Thou hast dared to love my ward—my charge.

*De Maup.* As rivers  
May love the sunlight—basking in the beams,  
And hurrying on!—

*Rich.* Thou hast told her of thy love?

*De Maup.* My Lord, if I had dared to love a maid,  
Lowliest in France, I would not so have wrong'd her.  
As bid her link rich life and virgin hope  
With one, the deathman's gripe might, from her side,  
Pluck at the nuptial altar.

*Rich.* I believe thee;  
Yet since she knows not of thy love, renounce her;  
Take life and fortune with another!—Silent?

*De Maup.* Your fate has been one triumph. You know  
not  
How bless'd a thing it was in my dark hour  
To nurse the one sweet thought you bid me banish.  
Love hath no need of words;—nor less within  
That holiest temple—the heaven-built soul—  
Breathes the recorded vow.—Base knight,—false lover  
Were he, who barter'd all that brighten'd grief,  
Or sanctified despair, for life and gold.  
Revoke your mercy; I prefer the fate  
I look'd for!

*Rich.* Huguet! to the tapestry chamber  
Conduct your prisoner.

(*To MAUPRAT.*) You will there behold  
The executioner:—your doom be private—  
And Heaven have mercy on you!

*De Maup.* When I'm dead,  
Tell her, I loved her.

*Rich.* Keep such follies, Sir,  
For fitter ears;—go—

*De Maup.* Does he mock me?

[*Exeunt DE MAUPRAT and HUGUET.*]

*Rich.* Joseph,  
Come forth.

*Enter JOSEPH.*

Methinks your cheek has lost its rubies ;  
I fear you have been too lavish of the flesh ;  
The scourge is heavy.

*Joseph.* Pray you, change the subject.

*Rich.* You good men are so modest !—Well, to business !  
Go instantly—deeds—notaries !—bid my stewards  
Arrange my house by the Luxembourg—*my* house  
No more !—a bridal present to my ward,  
Who weds to-morrow.

*Joseph.* Weds, with whom ?

*Rich.* De Mauprat.

*Joseph.* Penniless husband !

*Rich.* Bah ! the mate for beauty  
Should be a man, and not a money-chest !  
When her brave sire lay on his bed of death,  
I vow'd to be a father to his Julie ;—  
And so he died—the smile upon his lips !—  
And when I spared the life of her young lover,  
Methought I saw that smile again !—Who else,  
Look you, in all the court—who else so well,  
Brave, or supplant the favourite :—balk the King—  
Baffle their schemes ?—I have tried him :—he has honour  
And courage ;—qualities that eagle-plume  
Men's souls,—and fit them for the fiercest sun  
Which ever melted the weak waxen minds  
That flutter in the beams of gaudy Power !  
Besides, he has taste, this Mauprat :—When my play  
Was acted to dull tiers of lifeless gapers, (3)  
Who had no soul for poetry, I saw him  
Applaud in the proper places ; trust me, Joseph,  
He is a man of an uncommon promise !

*Joseph.* And yet your foe.

*Rich.* Have I not foes enow ?—  
Great men gain doubly when they make foes friends.  
Remember my grand maxims !—First employ  
All methods to conciliate. (4)

*Joseph.* Failing these ?

*Rich.* (*fiercely.*) All means to crush ; as with the  
opening, and



The clenching of this little hand, I will  
Crush the small venom of these stinging courtiers.  
So, so, we've baffled Baradas.

*Joseph.* And when  
Check the conspiracy?

*Rich.* Check, check? Full way to it.  
Let it bud, ripen, flaunt i' the day, and burst  
To fruit—the Dead Sea's fruit of ashes; ashes  
Which I will scatter to the winds.

Go, Joseph;  
When you return, I have a feast for you—  
The last great act of my great play; the verses,  
Methinks are fine,—ah, very fine.—*You write*  
Verses! (5)—*(aside) such verses!* You have wit,  
discernment.

*Joseph (aside).* Worse than the scourge! Strange that  
so great a statesman  
Should be so bad a poet.

*Rich.* What dost say?

*Joseph.* That it is strange so great a statesman should  
Be so sublime a poet.

*Rich.* Ah, you rogue:  
Laws die; books never. Of my ministry  
I am not vain; but of my muse, I own it.  
Come, you shall hear the verses now. (*Takes up a MS.*)

*Joseph.* My lord,  
The deeds, the notaries!

*Rich.* True, I pity you;  
But business first, then pleasurc. [*Exit JOSEPH*

*Rich.* (*seats himself, and reading.*) Ah, sublime!

*Enter DE MAUPRAT and JULIE.*

*De Maup.* Oh, speak, my lord! I dare not think  
you mock me.

And yet——

*Rich.* Hush, hush—this line must be considered!

*Julie.* Are we not both your children!

*Rich.* What a couplet!——

How now! Oh, sir—you live!

*De Maup.* Why, no, methinks.  
Elysium is not life.

*Julie.* He smiles! you smile,  
My father! From my heart for ever, now,  
I'll blot the name of orphan!

*Rich.* Rise, my children,  
For ye are mine—mine both;—and in your sweet  
And young delight, your love—(life's first-born glory,)  
My own lost youth breathes musical!

*De Maup.* I'll seek  
Temple and priest henceforward:—were it but  
To learn Heaven's choicest blessings.

*Rich.* Thou shalt seek  
Temple and priest right soon; the morrow's sun  
Shall see across these barren thresholds pass  
The fairest bride in Paris. Go, my children;  
Even *I* loved once!—Be lovers while ye may.  
How is it with you, sir? You bear it bravely:  
You know, it asks the courage of a lion.

[*Exeunt DE MAUPRAT and JULIE.*

Oh, godlike Power! Wo, Rapture, Penury, Wealth—  
Marriage and Death, for one infirm old man  
Through a great empire to dispense—withhold—  
As the will whispers! And shall things, like motes  
That live in my day-light; lackeys of court wages,  
Dwarf'd starvelings; manikins, upon whose shoulders  
The burthen of a province were a load  
More heavy than the globe on Atlas—cast  
Lots for my robes and sceptre? France, I love thee!  
All earth shall never pluck thee from my heart!  
My mistress, France; my wedded wife, sweet France;  
Who shall proclaim divorce for thee and me!

[*Exit RICHELIEU*

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

## SECOND DAY

SCENE I.—*A splendid Apartment in MAUPRAT'S new House. Casements opening to the Gardens, beyond which the domes of the Luxembourg Palace.*

*Enter BARADAS.*

*Bar.* Mauprat's new home:—too splendid for a soldier!

But o'er his floors—the while I stalk—methinks  
My shadow spreads gigantic to the gloom  
The old rude towers of the Bastile cast far  
Along the smoothness of the jocund day.  
Well, thou hast 'scaped the fierce caprice of Richelieu;  
But art thou farther from the headsman, fool?  
Thy secret I have whisper'd to the King:  
Thy marriage makes the King thy foe. Thou stand'st  
On the abyss—and in the pool below  
I see a ghastly, headless phantom mirror'd:  
Thy likeness, ere the marriage moon hath waned.  
Meanwhile—meanwhile—ha, ha! if thou art wedded,  
Thou art not wived!

*Enter MAUPRAT (splendidly dressed).*

*De Maup.* Was ever fate like mine?  
So blest, and yet so wretched!

*Bar.* Joy, de Mauprat!

Why, what a brow, man, for your wedding-day!

*De Maup.* Jest not.—Distraction!

*Bar.* What! your wife a shrew

Already? Courage, man—the common lot!

*De Maup.* Oh, that she were less lovely, or less loved!

*Bar.* Riddles again!

*De Maup.* You know what chanced between  
The Cardinal and myself.

*Bar.* This morning brought

Your letter—faith, a strange account! I laugh'd  
And wept at once for gladness.

*De Maup.* We were wed  
At noon—the rite performed, came hither—scarce  
Arrived, when——

*Bar.* Well!——

*De Maup.* Wide flew the doors, and lo!  
Messire de Beringhen, and this epistle!

*Bar.* 'Tis the King's hand!—the royal seal!

*De Maup.* Read—read!

*Bar.* (*reading.*) “Whereas Adrien de Mauprat, Colonel and Chevalier in our armies, being already guilty of high treason, by the seizure of our town of Faviaux, has presumed, without our knowledge, consent, or sanction, to connect himself by marriage with Julie de Mortemar, a wealthy orphan attached to the person of Her Majesty, without our knowledge or consent,—We do hereby proclaim and declare the said marriage contrary to law. On penalty of death, Adrien de Mauprat will not communicate with the said Julie de Mortemar by word or letter, save in the presence of our faithful servant, the Sieur de Beringhen, and then with such respect and decorum as are due to a Demoiselle attached to the Court of France, until such time as it may suit our royal pleasure to confer with the Holy Church on the formal annulment of the marriage, and with our Council on the punishment to be awarded to Messire de Mauprat, who is cautioned for his own sake, to preserve silence as to our injunction, more especially to Mademoiselle de Mortemar. Given under our hand and seal at the Louvre. LOUIS.”

*Bar.* (*returning the letter.*) Amazement!—Did not  
Richelieu say, the King  
Knew not your crime?

*De Maup.* He said so.

*Bar.* Poor de Mauprat!

See you the snare, the vengeance worse than death,  
Of which you are the victim?

*De Maup.* Ha!

*Bar.* (*aside.*) It works;

(*JULIE and DE BERINGHEN in the gardens.*)

You have not sought the Cardinal yet, to——



*De Maup.* No!

Scarce yet my sense awaken'd from the shock!  
Now I will seek him.

*Bar.* Hold—beware! Stir not  
Till we confer again.

*De Maup.* Speak out, man!

*Bar.* Hush!

Your wife!—De Beringhen!—Be on your guard—  
Obey the royal orders to the letter.  
I'll look around your palace. By my troth,  
A princely mansion!

*De Maup.* Stay—

*Bar.* So new a bridegroom  
Can want no visitors.—Your servant, Madam,  
Oh, happy pair—oh, charming picture!

[*Exit through a side door.*]

*Julie.* Adrien,

You left us suddenly—are you not well?

*De Maup.* Oh, very well—that is—extremely ill.

*Julie.* Ill, Adrien? (*taking his hand*).

*De Maup.* Not when I see thee.

(*He is about to lift her hand to his lips, when DE BERINGHEN coughs, and pulls his mantle. DE MAUPRAT drops the hand and walks away.*)

*Julie.* Alas!

Should he not love me?

*De Ber.* (*aside*). Have a care: I must  
Report each word, each gesture to his Majesty.

*De Maup.* Sir, if you were not in his Majesty's service,  
You'd be the most officious, impudent,  
Damn'd busy-body ever interfering  
In a man's family affairs.

*De Ber.* But as

I do belong, sir, to his Majesty—

*De Maup.* You're lucky!—Still, were we a story higher,  
'Twere prudent not to go too near the window.

*Julie.* Adrien, what have I done? Say, am I changed  
Since yesterday?—or was it but for wealth,  
Ambition, life—that—that—you swore you loved me?

*De Maup.* I shall go mad! I do, indeed I do—

*De Ber. (aside).* Not love her! that were highly disrespectful.

*Julie.* You do—what, Adrien?

*De Maup.* Oh! I do, indeed——

I do think, that this weather is delightful!

A charming day! the sky is so serene!

And what a prospect!—(*To De Beringhen.*) Oh! you Pop injay!

*Julie.* He jests at me!—he mocks me!—yet I love him, And every look becomes the lips we love!

Perhaps I am too grave?—You laugh at Julie;

If laughter please you, welcome be the music!

Only say, Adrien, that you love me.

*De Maup. (kissing her hand.)* Ay;

With my whole heart I love you!——

Now, Sir, go,

And tell that to his Majesty! Who ever

Heard of its being a state-offence to kiss

The hand of one's own wife?

*Julie.* He says he loves me,

And starts away, as if to say "I love you"

Meant something *very* dreadful.—Come, sit by me—

I place your chair!—fie on your gallantry.

(*They sit down; as he pushes his chair back, she draws hers nearer.*)

*Julie.* Why must this strange Messire de Beringhen.

Be always here? He never takes a hint.

Do you not wish him gone?

*De Maup.* Upon my soul

I do, my Julie!—Send him for your *bouquet*,

Your glove, your—anything—

*Julie.* Messire De Beringhen,

I dropp'd my glove in the garden by the fountain,

Or the alcove, or—stay—no, by the statue

Of Cupid; may I ask you to——

*De Bering.* To send for it?

Certainly. (*ringing a bell on the table.*) André, Pierre (your rascals—how

Do ye call them?)

*Enter SERVANTS.*

A b—*Madame* has dropp'd her glove

In the gardens, by the fountain, or the alcove :  
Or—stay—no, by the statue—eh?—of Cupid.  
Bring it.

*De Maup.* Did ever now one pair of shoulders  
Carry such wagon-loads of impudence  
Into a gentleman's drawing-room ?

Dear Julie,

I'm busy—letters—visitors—the devil !  
I do beseech you leave me—I say—leave me.

*Julie* (*weeping*). You are unkind. [Exit.

*(As she goes out, Mauprat drops on one knee and  
kisses the hem of her mantle, unscen by her.)*

*De Bering.* Ten millions of apologies—

*De Maup.* I'll not take one of them. I have as yet  
Withstood all things—my heart—my love—my rights,  
But Julie's tears!—When is this farce to end ?

*De Bering.* Oh ! when you please. His Majesty re-  
quests me,

As soon as you infringe his gracious orders,  
To introduce you to the Governor  
Of the Bastile. I should have had that honour  
Before, but, 'gad, my foible is good nature :  
One can't be hard upon a friend's infirmities.

*De Maup.* I know the king can send me to the scaffold.  
Dark prospect !—but I'm used to it ; and if  
The Church and Council by this hour to-morrow,  
One way or other settle not the matter,  
I will——

*De Bering.* What, my dear Sir ?

*De Maup.* Show you the door,  
My dear, dear Sir ; talk as I please, with whom  
I please, in my own house, dear Sir, until  
His Majesty shall condescend to find  
A stouter gentleman than you, dear Sir,  
To take me out : and now you understand me,  
My dear, most dear—Oh, damnably dear Sir !

*De Bering.* What, almost in a passion ! you will cool  
Upon reflection. Well, since *Madame's* absent,  
I'll take a small refreshment. Now, don't stir ;  
Be careful ;—how's your Burgundy !—I'll taste it—

Finish it all before I leave you. Nay,  
No form ;—you see I make myself at home.

*Exit DE BERINGHEN.*

*De Maup. (going to the door, through which BARADAS  
had passed.)* Baradas ! Count !

*Enter BARADAS.*

You spoke of snares—of vengeance  
Sharper than death—be plainer.

*Bar.* What so clear ?

Richelieu has but two passions.

*De Maup.* Richelieu !

*Bar.* Yes !

Ambition and revenge---in you both blended.  
First for ambition---Julie is his ward,  
Innocent---docile---pliant to his will---  
He placed her at the court---foresaw the rest---  
The King loves Julie !

*De Maup.* Merciful Heaven ! The King !

*Bar.* Such Cupids lend new plumes to Richelieu's  
wings :

But the court etiquette must give such Cupids  
The veil of Hymen—(Hymen but in name).  
He looked abroad—found you his foe ;—*thus* served  
Ambition—by the grandeur of his ward,  
And vengeance—by dishonour to his foe !

*De Maup.* Prove this.

*Bar.* You have the proof—the royal Letter :—  
Your strange exemption from the general pardon,  
Known but to me and Richelieu ; can you doubt  
Your friend, to acquit your foe ? The truth is glaring—  
Richelieu alone could tell the princely lover  
The tale which sells your life,—or buys your honour !

*De Maup.* I see it all !—Mock pardon—hurried nuptials!  
False bounty !—all !—the serpent of that smile ;  
Oh ! it stings home !

*Bar.* You yet shall crush his malice :  
Our plans are sure ;—Orleans is at our head ;  
We meet to night ; join us, and with us triumph.

*De Maup.* To-night ?—Oh Heaven !—my marriage  
night !—Revenge !

*Bar.* “ What class of men whose white lips do not curse



" The grim, insatiate, universal tyrant ?  
 " We, noble-born---where are our antique rights---  
 " Our feudal seignories---our castled strength,  
 " That did divide us from the base Plebeians,  
 " And made our swords our law---where are they ?---trod  
 " To dust---and o'er the graves of our dead power  
 " Scaffolds are monuments---the Kingly house  
 " Shorn of its beams---the Royal Sun of France  
 " 'Clipsed by this blood-red comet. Where we turn,  
 " Nothing but Richelieu !---Armies---Church---State---Laws  
 " But mirrors that do multiply his beams.  
 " He sees all---acts all---Argus and Briaræus---  
 " Spy at our boards---and deathsman at our hearths,  
 " Under the venom of one laidley nightshade,  
 " Wither the lilies of all France.

*De Maup. (impatiently.)* " But Julie---

*Baradas, (unheeding him.)* " As yet the Fiend that serves  
 hath saved his power

" From every snare ; and in the epitaphs  
 " Of many victims dwells a warning moral  
 " That preaches caution. Were I not assured  
 " That what before was hope is ripen'd now  
 " Into most certain safety, trust me, Mauprat,  
 " I still could hush my hate and mark thy wrongs,  
 " And say " Be patient ! " --- Now, the King himself  
 " Smiles kindly when I tell him that his peers  
 " Will rid him of his Priest. You knit your brows,  
 " Noble impatience ! Pass we to our scheme !  
 'Tis Richelieu's wont, each morn within his chapel,  
 (Hypocrite worship ended,) to dispense  
 Alms to the mendicant friars,—in that guise  
 A band (yourself the leader) shall surround  
 And seize the despot.

*De Maup.* But the King ? but Julie ?

*Bar.* The King, infirm in health, in mind more feeble,  
 Is but the plaything of a Minister's will.

Were Richelieu dead, his power were mine ; and Louis  
 Soon should forget his passion and your crime.

But whither now ?

*De Maup.* I know not ; I scarce hear thee ;  
 A little while for thought : anon I'll join thee ;

But now, all air seems tainted, and I loathe  
The face of man! [*Exit DE MAUPRAT through the gardens.*]

*Bar.* Start from the chase, my prey!  
But as thou speed'st, the hell-hounds of Revenge  
Pant in thy track and dog thee down.

*Enter DE BERINGHEN, his mouth full, a napkin in his hand.*

*De Ber.* Chevalier,  
Your cook's a miracle,---what, my Host gone?  
Faith, Count, my office is a post of danger;  
A fiery fellow, Mauprat! touch and go,---  
Match and saltpetre,---pr-r-r-r!

*Bar.* You  
Will be released ere long. The king resolves  
To call the bride to court this day.

*De Ber.* Poor Mauprat!  
Yet, since *you* love the lady, why so careless  
Of the King's suit!

*Bar.* Because the lady's virtuous,  
And the king timid. Ere he win the suit  
He'll lose the crown,---the bride will be a widow---  
And I---the Richelieu of the Regent Orleans.

*De Ber.* Is Louis still so chafed against the Fox,  
From snatching yon fair dainty from the Lion?

*Bar.* So chafed that Richelieu totters. Yes, the King,  
Is half conspirator against the Cardinal.  
Enough of this. I've found the man we wanted,---  
The man to head the hands that murder'd Richelieu,---  
The man, whose name the synonyme for daring.

*De Ber.* He must mean me! No' Count, I am, I own,  
A valiant dog---but still---

*Bar.* Whom can I mean  
But Mauprat?---Mark, to-night we meet at Marion's,  
There shall we sign: thence send this scroll (*showing it*)  
to Bouillon.  
You're in that secret (*affectionately*) one of our new Coun-  
cil.

*De Ber.* But to admit the Spaniard---France's foe---  
Into the heart of France,---dethrone the King!  
It looks like treason, and I smell the headsman.

*Bar.* Oh, Sir, too late to falter; when we meet

We must arrange the separate, coarser scheme,  
 For Richelieu's death. Of this despatch De Mauprat  
 Must nothing learn. He only bites at vengeance,  
 And he would start from treason. We must post him  
 Without the door at Marion's---as a sentry  
 (*Aside*)---So, when his head is on the block---his tongue  
 Cannot betray our more august designs!

*De Ber.* I'll meet you, if the King can spare me. (*Aside.*)

---No!

I am too old a goose to play with foxes,  
 I'll roost at home. Meanwhile, in the next room  
 There's a delicious pâté, let's discuss it.

*Bar.* Pshaw! a man filled with a sublime ambition  
 Has no time to discuss your pâtés.

*De Ber.* Pshaw!

And a man filled with as sublime a pâté  
 Has no time to discuss ambition.—Gad,  
 I have the best of it!

*Enter JULIE hastily with first COURTIER.*

*Julie (to COURTIER).* A summons, Sir,  
 To attend the Louvre?—On *this* day, too?

*Courtier.* Madame,

The royal carriage waits below.—(*To DE BERINGHEN.*)  
 You will return with us.

*Julie.* What can this mean?—

Where is my husband?

*Bar.* He has left the house

Perhaps till nightfall—so he bade me tell you.

Alas, were I the lord of such fair treasure—

*Julie (impatiently).* Till nightfall?—Strange—my heart  
 misgives me!

*Cour.* Madame,

My orders will not brook delay.

*Julie (to BARADAS.)* You'll see him—

And you will tell him!

*Bar.* From the flowers of Hybla

Never more gladly did the bee bear honey,

Than I take sweetness from those rosiest lips,

Though to the hive of others!

*Cour. (to DE BERINGHEN.)* Come, Messire.

*De Ber. (hesitating).* One moment, just to—

*Cour.* Come, Sir.

*De Ber.* I shall not

Discuss the pâté after all. 'Ecod,  
I'm puzzled now. I don't know who's the best of it!

[*Exeunt JULIE, DE BERINGHEN, and COURTIER.*]

*Bar.* Now will this fire his fever into madness!

All is made clear; Mauprat *must* murder Richelieu—  
Die for that crime:—I shall console his Julie—  
This will reach Bouillon!—from the wrecks of France  
I shall carve out—who knows—perchance a throne!  
All in despite of my Lord Cardinal.

*Enter DE MAUPRAT from the gardens.*

*De Mauprat.* Speak! can it be?—Methought that from  
the terrace

I saw the carriage of the King—and Julie!  
No!—no!—my frenzy peoples the void air  
With its own phantoms!

*Bar.* Nay, too true.—Alas!

Was ever lightning swifter, or more blasting,  
Than Richelieu's forked guile?

*De Maup.* I'll to the Louvre—

*Bar.* And lose all hope! The Louvre!—the sure  
gate

To the Bastile!

*De Maup.* The King—

*Bar.* Is but the wax,

Which Richelieu stamps! Break the malignant seal,  
And I will raze the print. Come, man, take heart!  
Her virtue well could brave a sterner trial  
Than a few hours of cold imperious courtship.  
Were Richelieu *dust*—no danger!

*De Maup.* Ghastly Vengeance!

To thee and thine august and solemn sister,  
The unrelenting Death! I dedicate  
The blood of Armand Richelieu! When Dishonour  
Reaches our hearths Law dies, and Murder takes  
The angel shape of Justice!

*Bar.* Bravely said!

At midnight,---Marion's!---Nay, I cannot leave thee



To thoughts that——

*De Maup.* Speak not to me!—I am yours!—  
But speak not! There's a voice within my soul,  
Whose cry could drown the thunder. Oh! if men  
Will play dark sorcery with the heart of man,  
Let them, who raise the spell, beware the fiend!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A room in the Palais Cardinal (as in the first Act).*

RICHELIEU and JOSEPH.

FRANCOIS, *writing at a table.*

*Joseph.* Yes;—Huguet, taking his accustom'd round,—  
Disguised as some plain burgher,—heard these rufflers  
Quoting your name:—he listen'd—"Pshaw!" said one,  
"We are to seize the Cardinal in his palace  
To-morrow!"—"How?" the other ask'd;—"You'll hear  
The whole design to-night; the Duke of Orleans  
And Baradas have got the map of action  
At their fingers' end"—"So be it," quoth the other,  
"I will be there,—Marion de Lorme's—at midnight!"

*Rich.* I have them, man, I have them!

*Jos.* So they say

Of you, my Lord;—believe, me, that their plans  
Are mightier than you deem. You must employ  
Means no less vast to meet them!

*Rich.* Bah! in policy

We foil gigantic danger, not by giants,  
But dwarfs.—The statues of our stately fortune  
Are sculptured by the chisel—not the axe! (1)  
Ah! were I younger—by the knightly heart  
That beats beneath these priestly robes, (2) I would  
Have pastime with these cut-throats! Yea, as when,  
Lured to the ambush of the expecting foe,  
I clove my pathway through the pluméd sea!  
Reach me yon falchion, Francois—not that bauble  
For carpet-warriors—yonder—such a blade  
As old Charles Martel might have wielded, when  
He drove the Saracen from France.

(FRANCOIS brings him one of the long two-handed swords worn in the middle ages.)

With this,

I, at Rochelle, did hand to hand engage  
The stalwart Englisher—no mongrels, boy,  
Those island mastiffs!—mark the notch, a deep one,  
His casque made here,—I shore him to the waist!  
A toy—a feather, then! (*Tries to wield, and lets it fall.*)

You see, a child could

Slay Richelieu now.

*Francois (his hand on his hilt).* But now, at your  
command

Are other weapons, my good lord.

*Rich. (who has seated himself as to write, lifts the pen.)*

True—THIS!

Beneath the rule of men entirely great  
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold  
The arch enchanter's wand!—itself a nothing!  
But taking sorcery from the master hand  
To paralyze the Cæsars, and to strike  
The loud earth breathless! Take away the sword—  
States can be saved without it! (*Looking on the clock.*)  
'Tis the hour—

Retire, sir.

[*Exit FRANCOIS.*

*A knock—a door, concealed in the arras, opens cautiously.*

*Enter MARION DE LORME.*

*Joseph (amazed).* Marion de Lorme!

*Rich.* Hist! Joseph,

Keep guard.

(*JOSEPH retires to the principal entrance.*)

My faithful Marion!

*Marion.* Good my lord,

They meet to-night in my poor house. The Duke  
Of Orleans heads them.

*Rich.* Yes; go on.

*Marion.* His Highness

Much question'd if I knew some brave, discreet,  
And vigilant man, whose tongue could keep a secret,  
And who had those twin qualities for service,  
The love of gold, the hate of Richelieu.

*Rich.* You——

*Marion.* Made answer, "Yes, my brother;—bold and trusty :

Whose faith, my faith could pledge;"—the Duke then bade me

Have him equipp'd and arm'd—well mounted—ready This night to part for Italy.

*Rich.* Aha!—

Has Bouillon too turn'd traitor?—So methought!

What part of Italy?

*Marion.* The Piedmont frontier,  
Where Bouillon lies encamp'd.

*Rich.* Now there is danger!

Great danger! If he tamper with the Spaniard,

And Louis list not to my council, as,

Without sure proof he will not, France is lost!

What more?

*Marion.* Dark hints of some design to seize  
Your person in your palace. Nothing clear—  
His Highness trembled while he spoke:—the words  
Did choke each other.

*Rich.* So! Who is the brother,

You recommended to the Duke?

*Marion.* Whoever

Your eminence may father!

*Rich.* Darling Marion! (3)

[*Goes to the table, and returns with a large bag of gold.*]

There—pshaw—a trifle! What an eye you have!

And what a smile, child!—(*kisses her.*)—Ah! you fair  
perdition—

'Tis well I'm old!

*Marion.* (*aside and seriously.*) What a great man he is!

*Rich.* You are sure they meet?—the hour?

*Marion.* At midnight.

*Rich.* And

You will engage to give the Duke's despatch  
To whom I send?

*Marion.* Ay, marry!

*Rich.* (*aside.*) Huguet? No;

He will be wanted elsewhere. Joseph?—zealous,

But too well known—too much the elder brother!

Mauprat?—alas! it is his wedding day!  
 Francois?—the Man of Men!—unnoted—young—  
 Ambitious—(*goes to the door*)—Francois!

*Enter FRANCOIS.*

*Rich.* Follow this fair lady:

(Find him the suiting garments, Marion;) take  
 My fleetest steed: arm thyself to the teeth;  
 A packet will be given you, with orders,  
 No matter what! The instant that your hand  
 Closes upon it—clutch *it*, like your honour,  
 Which Death alone can steal, or ravish; set  
 Spurs to your steed—be breathless, till you stand  
 Again before me. Stay, Sir! You will find me  
 Two short leagues hence—at Ruelle, in my castle.  
 Young man, be blithe! for—note me—from the hour  
 I grasp that packet, think your guardian star  
 Rains fortune on you!

*Fran.* If I fail—

*Rich.* Fail—fail?

In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves  
 For a bright manhood, there is no such word  
 As—*fail!*—You will instruct him further, Marion.  
 Follow her—but at distance;—speak not to her,  
 Till you are housed;—Farewell, boy! Never say  
 “*Fail*” again.

*Fran.* I will not!

*Rich.* (*patting his locks.*) There’s my young hero!—

*Excunt FRANCOIS and MARION.*

*Rich.* So, they would seize my person in this place?  
 I cannot guess their scheme:—but my retinue  
 Is here too large!—a single traitor could  
 Strike impotent the fate of thousands;—Joseph,  
 Art sure of Huguet?—Think—we hang’d his father!

*Joseph.* But you have bought his son;—heap’d favours  
 on him!

*Rich.* Trash!—favours past—that’s nothing! In h’s hours  
 Of confidence with you, has he named the favours  
 To come he counts on?

*Joseph.* Yes:—a Colonel’s rank,  
 And Letters of Nobility.

*Rich.* What, Huguet!



(Here HUGUET enters, as to address the Cardinal, who does not perceive him.)

*Huguet.* My own name, soft!—[glides behind the screen.

*Rich.* Colonel and Nobleman!

My bashful Huguet—that can never be!—

We have him not the less—we'll *promise it!*

And see the King withholds!—Ah, kings are oft

A great convenience to a minister!

No wrong to Huguet either!—Moralists

Say, Hope is sweeter than Possession!—Yes—

We'll count on Huguet! Favours *past* do gorge

Our dogs; leave service drowsy—dull the scent,

Slacken the speed;—favours to *come*, my Joseph,

Produce a lusty, hungry gratitude,

A ravenous zeal, that of the commonest cur

Would make a Cerberus. You are right, this treason

Assumes a fearful aspect:—but once crush'd,

Its very ashes shall manure the soil

Of power; and ripen such full sheaves of greatness,

That all the summer of my fate shall seem

Fruitless beside the autumn!

[HUGUET holds up his hand menacingly, and creeps out.

*Joseph.* The saints grant it!

*Rich.* (solemnly.) Yes—for sweet France, Heaven grant it!—O my country,

For thee—thee only—though men deem it not—

Are toil and terror my familiars!—I

Have made thee great and fair—upon thy brows

Wreath'd the old Roman laurel:—at thy feet

Bow'd nations down.—No pulse in my ambition

Whose beatings were not measured from thy heart!

“In the old times before us, patriots lived

“And died for liberty—

*Joseph.* “As you would live

And die for despotry—

*Rich.* “False monk, not so!

“Not for the purple and the power wherein

“State clothes herself,—I love my native land—

“Not as Venetian, Englisher, or Swiss,

“But as a Noble and a Priest of France;

“‘All things for France’—lo, my eternal maxim!

"The vital axle of the restless wheels  
 "That bear me on! With her, I have entwined  
 "My passions and my fate—my crimes, my virtues—  
 "Hated and loved, (4) and schemed, and shed men's blood,  
 "As the calm crafts of Tuscan sages teach  
 "Those who would make their country great. Beyond  
 "The map of France, my heart can travel not,  
 "But fills that limit to its farthest verge;  
 "And while I live—Richelieu and France are one."  
 We priests, to whom the Church forbids in youth  
 The plighted one—to manhood's toil denies  
 The soother helpmate—from our wither'd age  
 Shuts the sweet blossoms of the second spring  
 That smiles in the name of Father—we are yet  
 Not holier than humanity, and must  
 Fulfil Humanity's condition—Love!  
 Debarr'd the Actual, we but breathe a life  
 To the chill marble of the Ideal—Thus,  
 In thy unseen and abstract Majesty,  
 My France—my Country, I have bodied forth  
 A thing to love. What are these robes of state,  
 This pomp, this palace? perishable baubles!  
 In this world two things only are immortal—  
 Fame and a People!

*Enter HUGUET.*

*Huguet.* My Lord Cardinal,  
 Your eminence bade me seek you at this hour.

*Rich.* Did I?—True, Huguet.—So—you overheard  
 Strange talk amongst these gallants? Snares and traps  
 For Richelieu?—Well—we'll balk them; let me think—  
 The men at arms you head—how many?

*Huguet.* Twenty, (5)  
 My Lord.

*Rich.* All trusty?

*Huguet.* Yes, for ordinary  
 Occasions—if for great ones, I would change  
 Three-fourths at least?

*Rich.* Ay, what are great occasions?

*Huguet.* Great bribes!

*Rich.* (to JOSEPH.) Good lack, he knows some paragons  
 Superior to great bribes!

*Huguet.* True gentlemen,  
Who have transgress'd the laws—and value life,  
And lack not gold; your Eminence alone  
Can grant them pardon. *Ergo*, you can trust them!

*Rich.* Logic!—So be it—let this *honest* twenty  
Be arm'd and mounted.—(*Aside.*) So they meet at midnight,  
The attempt on me to-morrow—Ho! we'll strike  
'Twi'x wind and water.—(*Aloud.*) Does it need much time  
To find these ornaments to Human Nature?

*Huguet.* My Lord the trustiest are not birds  
That love the daylight.—I do know a haunt  
Where they meet nightly.

*Rich.* Ere the dawn be grey,  
All could be arm'd, assembled, and at Ruelle  
In my old hall?

*Huguet.* By one hour after midnight.

*Rich.* The castle's strong. You know its outlets, Hu  
guet?

Would twenty men, well posted, keep such guard  
That not one step—(and Murder's step is stealthy)—  
Could glide within unseen?

*Huguet.* A triple wall—  
A drawbridge and portcullis—twenty men—  
Under my lead, a month might hold that castle  
Against a host.

*Rich.* They do not strike till morning,  
Yet I will shift the quarter—bid the grooms  
Prepare the litter—I will hence to Ruelle  
While day-light last—and one hour after midnight  
You and your twenty saints shall seek me thither!  
You're made to rise!—You are, Sir;—eyes of lynx  
Ears of the stag, a footfall like the snow;  
You are a valiant fellow;—yea, a trusty,  
Religious, exemplary, incorrupt,  
And precious jewel of a fellow, Huguet!  
If I live long enough,—ay, mark my words—  
If I live long enough, you'll be a Colonel—  
Noble, perhaps!—One hour, Sir, after midnight.

*Hug.* You leave me dumb with gratitude, my lord;  
I'll pick the trustiest (*aside*) Marion's house can furnish!

*Exit HUGUET.*

*Rich.* How like a spider shall I sit in my hole,  
And watch the meshes tremble.

*Jos.* But, my lord,  
Were it not wiser still to man the palace,  
And seize the traitors in the act?

*Rich.* No; Louis,  
Long chafed against me—Julie stolen from him,  
Will rouse him more. He'll say I hatch'd the treason,  
Or scout my charge;—He half desires my death:  
But the despatch to Bouillon, some dark scheme  
Against *his* crown—*there* is our weapon, Joseph!  
With that all safe—without it all is peril!  
Meanwhile to my old castle; *you* to court,  
Diving with careless eyes into men's hearts,  
As ghostly churchmen should do! See the King;  
Bid him peruse that sage and holy treatise,  
Wherein 'tis set forth how a Premier should  
Be chosen from the Priesthood—how the King  
Should never listen to a single charge  
Against his servant, nor conceal one whisper  
That the rank envies of a court distil  
Into his ear—to fester the fair name  
Of my—I mean his Minister!—Oh! Joseph,  
A most convincing treatise. (6)  
Good—all favours,  
If Francois be but bold, and Huguet honest.—  
Huguet—I half suspect—he bow'd too low—  
'Tis not his way.

*Jos.* This is the curse, my lord  
Of your high state; suspicion of all men.

*Rich.* (*sadly*). True; true; my leeches bribed to poison  
pages  
To strangle me in sleep—my very King  
(This brain the unresting loom, from which was woven  
The purple of his greatness) leagued against me—  
Old—childless—friendless—broken—all forsake—  
All—all—but—

*Jos.* What?

*Rich.* The indomitable heart  
Of Armand Richelieu!

*Jos.* Nought beside?



*Rich.* Why, Julie,  
My own dear foster-child, forgive me! Yes;  
This morning, shining through their happy tears,  
Thy soft eyes bless'd me!--and thy Lord,—in danger  
He would forsake me not.

*Jos.* And Joseph——

*Rich.* (after a pause.) You——  
Yes, I believe you---yes; for all men fear you---  
And the world loves you not. And I, friend Joseph,  
I am the only man, who could, my Joseph,  
Make you a Bishop. (7) Come, we'll go to dinner,  
And talk the while of methods to advance  
Our Mother Church. (8) Ah, Joseph,---*Bishop Joseph!*  
[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT II.

## ACT III.

SECOND DAY.--MIDNIGHT.

SCENE I.--*Richelieu's Castle at Ruelle---A gothic chamber---Moonlight at the window, occasionally obscured.*

*Rich.* (reading) [1.] "In silence, and at night, the conscience feels

That life should soar to nobler ends than Power."  
So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist!  
But wert thou tried? Sublime Philosophy,  
Thou art the Patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,  
And bright with beck'ning angels, but alas!  
We see thee, like the Patriarch, but in dreams,  
By the first step---dull-slumbering on the earth.  
I am not happy!--with the Titan's lust  
I woo'd a goddess, and I clasp a cloud.  
When I am dust, my name shall, like a star,

In this soliloquy the lines from 28 to 40 are spoken on the stage.

Shine through wan space, a glory---and a prophet  
 Whereby pale seers shall from their aëry towers  
 Con all the ominous sigus, benign or evil,  
 That make the potent astrologue of kings.  
 But shall the Future judge me by the ends  
 That I have wrought, or by the dubious means  
 Through which the stream of my renown hath run  
 Into the many-voiced unfathomed Time?  
 Foul in its bed lie weeds---and heaps of slime,  
 And with its waves---when sparkling in the sun,  
 Oft times the secret rivulets that swell  
 Its might of waters---blend the hues of blood.  
 Yet are my sins not those of CIRCUMSTANCE,  
 That all-pervading atmosphere, wherein  
 Our spirits, like the unsteady lizzard, take  
 The tints that colour, and the food that nurtures?  
 O! ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands  
 In the un vex'd silence of a student's cell;  
 Ye, whose untempted hearts have never toss'd  
 Upon the dark and stormy tides where life  
 Gives battle to the elements,—and man  
 Wrestles with man for some slight plank, whose weight  
 Will bear but one—while round the desperate wretch  
 The hungry billows roar—and the fierce Fate,  
 Like some huge monster, dim-seen through the surf,  
 Waits him who drops;—ye safe and formal men,  
 Who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand  
 Weigh in nice scales the motives of the Great,  
 Ye cannot know what ye have never tried!  
 History preserves only the fleshless bones  
 Of what we are—and by the mocking skull  
 The would-be wise pretend to guess the features!  
 Without the roundness and the glow of life  
 How hideous is the skeleton! Without  
 The colourings and humanities that clothe  
 Our errors, the anatomists of schools  
 Can make our memory hideous!

I have wrought

Great uses out of evil tools—and they  
 In the time to come may bask beneath the light  
 Which I have stolen from the angry gods,

And warn their sons against the glorious theft,  
 Forgetful of the darkness which it broke.  
 I have shed blood—but I have had no foes  
 Save those the State had (2)—if my wrath was deadly,  
 'Tis that I felt my country in my veins,  
 And smote her sons as Brutus smote his own. (3)  
 And yet I am not happy—blanch'd and sear'd  
 Before my time—breathing an air of hate,  
 And seeing daggers in the eyes of men,  
 And wasting powers that shake the thrones of earth  
 In contest with the insects—bearing kings  
 And braved by lackies (4)—murder at my bed ;  
 And lone amidst the multitudinous web,  
 With the dread Three—that are the fates who hold  
 The woof and shears—the Monk, the Spy, the Headsman.  
 And this is Power ! Alas ! I am not happy. (*After a pause.*)  
 And yet the Nile is fretted by the weeds  
 Its rising roots not up : but never yet  
 Did one last barrier by a ripple vex  
 My onward tide, unswept in sport away.  
 Am I so ruthless then that I do hate  
 Them who hate me ? Tush, tush ! I do not hate ;  
 Nay, I forgive. The Statesman writes the doom,  
 But the Priest sends the blessing. I forgive them,  
 But I destroy ; forgiveness is mine own,  
 Destruction is the State's ! For private life,  
 Scripture the guide—for public, Machiavel.  
 Would Fortune serve me if the Heaven were wroth ?  
 For chance makes half my greatness. I was born  
 Beneath the aspect of a bright-eyed star,  
 And my triumphant adamant of soul  
 Is but the fix'd persuasion of success.  
 Ah !—here !—that spasm !—again ! How **Life and Death**  
 Do wrestle for me momentarily ! And yet  
 The King looks pale. I shall outlive the King !  
 And then, thou insolent Austrian—who didst gibe  
 At the ungainly, gaunt, and daring lover, (5)  
 Sleeking thy looks to silken Buckingham,—  
 Thou shalt—no matter ! I have outlived love.  
 O ! beautiful—all golden—gentle youth !  
 Making thy palace in the careless front

And hopeful eye of man—ere yet the soul  
 Hath lost the memories which (so Plato dream'd)  
 Breath'd glory from the earlier star it dwelt in—  
 O! for one gale from thine exulting morning,  
 Stirring amidst the roses, where of old  
 Love shook the dew-drops from his glancing hair!  
 Could I recall the past—or had not set  
 The prodigal treasures of the bankrupt soul  
 In one slight bark upon the shoreless sea;  
 The yoked steer, after his day of toil,  
 Forgets the goad and rests—to me alike  
 Or day or night. Ambition has no rest!  
 Shall I resign?—Who can resign himself?  
 For custom is ourself! As drink and food  
 Become our bone and flesh—the aliments  
 Nurturing our nobler part, the mind—thoughts, dreams,  
 Passions and aims, in the revolving cycle  
 Of the great alchemy—at length are made  
 Our mind itself! and yet the sweets of leisure—  
 An honour'd home—far from these base intrigues—  
 An eyrie on the heaven-kiss'd heights of wisdom—

*(Taking up the book.)*

Speak to me, moralist! I'll heed thy counsel.  
 Were it not best—

*Enter FRANCOIS hastily, and in part disguised.*

*Richelieu (flinging away the book).* Philosophy, thou  
 liest!

Quick—the despatch!—Power—Empire! Boy—the  
 packet!

*Francois.* Kill me, my lord!

*Rich.* They knew thee—they suspected—

They gave it not—

*Francois.* He gave it—he—the Count  
 De Baradas—with his own hand he gave it!

*Rich.* Baradas! Joy! out with it!

*Francois.* Listen.

And then dismiss me to the headsmen.

*Rich.* Ha!

Go on.

*Francois.* They led me to a chamber. There



Orleans and Baradas—and some half-score,  
Whom I knew not—were met——

*Rich.* Not more!

*Francois.* But from

Th' adjoining chamber broke the din of voices,  
The clattering tread of armed men :—at times  
A shriller cry, that yelled out, “Death to Richelieu!”

*Rich.* Speak not of *me*: thy *country* is in danger!  
Th' adjoining room—So, so—a *separate* treason!  
The one thy ruin, France!—the meaner crime,  
Left to their tools—my murder!

*Francois.* Baradas

Questioned me close—demurr'd—until, at last,  
O'erruled by Orleans—gave the packet—told me  
That life and death were in the scroll :—This gold—

*Rich.* Gold is no proof——

*Francois.* And Orleans promised thousands,  
When Bouillon's trumpets in the streets of Paris  
Rang out the shrill answer: hastening from the house,  
My footstep in the stirrup, Marion stole  
Across the threshold, whispering, “Lose no moment  
Ere Richelieu have the packet: tell him, too—  
Murder is in the winds of Night, and Orleans  
Swears, ere the dawn the Cardinal shall be clay.”  
She said, and trembling fled within: when lo!  
A hand of iron griped me! Thro' the dark,  
Glean'd the dim shadow of an armed man:  
Ere I could draw, the prize was wrested from me,  
And a hoarse voice gasp'd—“Spy, I spare thee, for  
This steel is virgin to thy lord!”—with that  
He vanish'd.—Scared and trembling for thy safety,  
I mounted, fled, and, kneeling at thy feet,  
Implore thee to acquit my faith—but not,  
Like him, to spare my life.

*Rich.* Who spake of *life*?

I bade thee grasp that treasure' as thine *honour*—  
A jewel worth whole hecatombs of lives!  
Begone! redeem thine honour! Back to Marion—  
Or Baradas—or Orleans—track the robber—  
Regain the packet—or crawl on to Age—  
Age and gray hairs like mine—and know, thou hast lost

That which hath made thee great and saved thy country.  
See me not till thou'st bought the right to seek me.  
Away! Nay, cheer thee! thou hast not fail'd yet—  
*There's no such word as "fail!"*

*Francois.* Bless you, my Lord,  
For that one smile! I'll wear it on my heart  
To light me back to triumph. (6) (*Exit.*)

*Rich.* The poor youth!  
An elder had ask'd life! I love the young!  
For as great men live not in their own time  
But the next race,—so in the young my soul  
Makes many Richelieus. He will win it yet.  
Francois! He's gone. My murder! Marion's warning!  
This bravo's threat! O for the morrow's dawn!  
I'll set my spies to work—I'll make all space  
(As does the sun) an Universal Eye—  
Huguet shall track—Joseph confess—ha! ha!  
Strange, while I laugh'd I shudder'd, and ev'n now  
Thro' the chill air the beating of my heart  
Sounds like a death-watch by a sick man's pillow;  
If Huguet *could* deceive me—hoofs without—  
The gates uncloset—steps, near and nearer!

*Enter JULIE.*

*Julie.* Cardinal!  
My father! (*falls at his feet.*)

*Rich.* Julie at this hour! and tears!  
What ails thee?

*Julie.* I am safe; I am with thee!

*Rich.* Safe! why in all the storms of this wild world  
What wind would mar the violet?

*Julie.* That man—  
Why did I love him?—clinging to a breast  
That knows no shelter?

Listen—late at noon—  
The marriage-day—ev'n then no more a lover,  
He left me coldly! Well, I sought my chamber  
To weep and wonder; but to hope and dream.  
Sudden a mandate from the king,—to attend  
Forthwith his pleasure at the Louvre.

*Rich.* Ha!  
You did obey the summons; and the king

Reproach'd your hasty nuptials,

*Julie.* Were that all!

He frown'd and chid; proclaim'd the bond unlawful;  
Bade me not quit my chamber in the palace,  
And there at night—alone—this night! all still,  
He sought my presence—dared!—thou read'st the heart,  
Read mine—I cannot speak it!

*Rich.* He, a king!

You—woman; well, you yielded!

*Julie.* Cardinal!

Dare you say “yielded?” Humbled and abash'd,  
*He* from the chamber crept—this mighty Louis;  
Crept like a baffled felon!—yielded! Ah!  
More royalty in woman's heart  
Than dwells within the crowned majesty  
And sceptred anger of a hundred kings!  
Yielded! Heavens!—yielded!

*Rich.* To my breast,—close—close!

The world would never need a Richelieu, if  
Men—bearded, mailed men—the Lords of Earth—  
Resisted flattery, falsehood, avarice, pride,  
As this poor child with the dove's innocent scorn  
Her sex's tempters, Vanity and Power!—  
He left you—well!

*Julie.* Then came a sharper trial!

At the king's suit, the Count de Baradas  
Sought me, to soothe, to fawn, to flatter, while  
On his smooth lip insult appear'd more hateful  
For the false mask of pity: letting fall  
Dark hints of treachery, with a world of sighs  
That heaven had granted to so base a lord  
The heart whose coldest friendship were to him  
What Mexico to misers! Stung at last  
By my disdain, the dim and glimmering sense  
Of his cloak'd words broke into bolder light,  
And THEN—ah! then, my haughty spirit fail'd me!  
Then I was weak—wept—oh! such bitter tears!  
For (turn thy face aside, and let me whisper  
The horror to thine ear) then did I learn  
That he—that Adrien—that my husband—knew  
The king's polluting suit, and deemed it *honour!*

*Then* all the terrible and loathsome truth  
Glared on me ; coldness—waywardness—reserve—  
Mystery of looks—words—all unravell'd !—and  
I saw the impostor where I had lov'd the God !

*Rich.* I think thou wrong'st thy husband—but proceed.

*Julie.* Did you say “ wrong'd ” him ? Cardinal, my father,  
Did you say “ wrong'd ? ” Prove it ! and life shall grow  
One prayer for thy reward and his forgiveness !

*Rich.* Let me know all.

*Julie.* To the despair he caused  
The courtier left me ; but amid the chaos  
Darted one guiding ray—to 'scape—to fly—  
Reach Adrien, learn the worst—'twas then near midnight :  
Trembling I left my chamber—sought the queen—  
Fell at her feet—reveal'd the unholy peril—  
Implored her aid to flee our joint disgrace.  
Moved, she embraced and soothed me ; nay, preserved :  
Her word sufficed to unlock the palace-gates ;  
I hasten'd home—but home was desolate—  
No Adrien there ! Fearing the worst, I fled  
To thee, directed hither. As my wheels  
Panted at the gates—the clang of arms behind  
The ring of hoofs—

*Rich.* 'Twas but my guards, fair trembler.  
(So Huguet keeps his word, my omens wrong'd him.)

*Julie.* Oh, in one hour what years of anguish crowd !

*Rich.* Nay, there's no danger now. Thou need'st rest.  
Come, thou shalt lodge beside me. Tush ! be cheer'd,  
My rosiest Amazon—thou wrong'st thy Theseus.  
All will be well—yet, yet all well.

[*Exeunt through a side door.*]

SCENE II.—*The moonlight obscured at the casement.*

*Enter HUGUET—DE MAUPRAT in complete armour, his vi-  
zor down.*

*Hug.* Not here !

*De Maup.* Oh, I will find him, fear not. Hence, and  
guard

The galleries where the menials sleep—plant sentries  
At every outlet. Chance should throw no shadow



Between the vengeance and the victim! Go!  
 Ere yon brief vapour that obscures the moon,  
 As doth our deed pale conscience, pass away,  
 The mighty shall be ashes.

*Hug.* Will you not  
 A second arm?

*De Maup.* To slay one weak old man?  
 Away! No lesser wrongs than mine can make  
 This murder lawful. Hence!

*Hug.* A short farewell!

*Exit.*

*Re-enter RICHELIEU, not perceiving DE MAUPRAT.*

*Rich.* How heavy is the air! the vestal lamp  
 Of the sad moon, weary with vigil, dies  
 In the still temple of the solemn heaven!  
 The very darkness lends itself to fear—  
 To treason—

*De Maup.* And to death!

*Rich.* My omens lied not!  
 What art thou, wretch?

*De Maup.* Thy doomsman!

*Rich.* Ho, my guards!

Huguet! Montbrassial! Vermont!

*De Maup.* Ay, thy spirits

Forsake thee, wizzard; thy bold men of mail  
 Are *my confederates*. Stir not! but one step,  
 And know the next—thy grave!

*Rich.* Thou liest, knave!

I am old, infirm—most feeble—but thou liest!  
 Armand de Richelieu dies not by the hand  
 Of man—the stars have said it (7)—and the voice  
 Of my own prophet and oracular soul  
 Confirms the shining Sybils! Call them all—  
 Thy brother butchers! Earth has no such fiend—  
 No! as one paricide of his father-land,  
 Who dares in Richelieu murder France!

*De Maup.* Thy stars

Deceive thee, Cardinal; thy soul of wiles  
 May against kings and armaments avail,  
 And mock the embattled world; but powerless now  
 Against the sword of one resolved man,  
 Upon whose forehead thou hast written shame!

*Rich.* I breathe ;—he is not a hireling. Have I wronged thee ?

Beware surmise—suspicion—lies ! I am  
Too great for men to speak the truth of me !

*De Maup.* Thy acts are thy accusers, Cardinal.  
In his hot youth, a soldier, urged to crime  
Against the State, placed in your hands his life ;—  
You did not strike the blow—but o'er his head,  
Upon the gossamer thread of your caprice,  
Hovered the axe.—His the brave spirit's hell,  
The twilight terror of suspense ;—your death  
Had set him free ;—he purposed not, nor prayed it.  
One day you summoned—mocked him with smooth pardon.  
Showered wealth upon him—bade an angel's face  
Turn earth to paradise——

*Rich.* Well !

*De Maup.* Was this mercy ?

A Cæsar's generous vengeance ?—Cardinal, no !  
Judas, not Cæsar, was the model ! You  
Saved him from death for shame ; reserved to grow  
The scorn of living men—to his dead sires  
Leprous reproach—scoff of the age to come—  
A kind convenience—a Sir Pandarus  
To his own bride, and the august adulterer !  
Then did the first great law of human hearts,  
Which with the patriot's, not the rebel's name  
Crowned the first Brutus, when the Tarquin fell,  
Make misery royal—raise this desperate wretch  
Into thy destiny ! Expect no mercy !  
Behold De Mauprat !

[Lifts his visor.]

*Rich.* To thy knees, and crawl  
For pardon ; or, I tell thee, thou shalt live  
For such remorse, that, did I hate thee, I  
Would bid thee strike, that I might be avenged !  
It was to save my Julie from the king,  
That in thy valour I forgave thy crime ;—  
It was, when thou—the rash and ready tool—  
Yea, of that shame thou loath'st—did'st leave thy hearth  
To the polluter—in these arms thy bride  
Found the protecting shelter thine withheld.

(Goes to the side door.)

Julie de Mauprat---Julie!

*Enter JULIE.*

Lo! my witness!

*De Maup.* What marvel's this?---I dream! My Julie  
---*thou!*

This, thy beloved hand?

*Julie.* Henceforth all bond  
Between us twain is broken. Were it not  
For this old man, I might, in truth, have lost  
The right---now mine---to scorn thee!

*Rich.* So, you hear her!

*De Maup.* Thou with some slander hast her sense in-  
fected!

*Julie.* No, Sir; he did excuse thee in despite  
Of all that wears the face of truth. Thy *friend*---  
Thy *confidant*---familiar---*Baradas*---  
Himself revealed thy baseness,

*De Maup.* Baseness!

*Rich.* Ay;

That *thou* didst *court* dishonour!

*De Maup.* Baradas!

Where is thy thunder, Heaven? Duped! snared! undone!  
Thou---thou couldst not believe him! Thou dost love me!  
Love cannot feed on falsehood!

*Julie (aside).* Love him! Ah!

Be still, my heart! Love you I did:---how fondly,  
Woman---if women were my listeners now---  
Alone could tell! For ever fled my dream:  
Farewell---all's over!

*Rich.* Nay, my daughter, these  
Are but the blinding mists of day-break love  
Sprung from its very light, and heralding  
A noon of happy summer. Take her hand  
And speak the truth, with which your heart runs over---  
That this Count Judas---this incarnate falsehood---  
Never lied more, than when he told thy Julie  
That Adrien loved her not---except, indeed,  
When he told Adrien, Julie could betray him.

*Julie (embracing De Maup.)* You love me, then! you  
love me! and they wrong'd you!

*De Maup.* Ah, could'st thou doubt it?

*Rich.* Why, the very mole  
 Less blind than thou! Baradas loves thy wife :--  
 Had hoped her hand--aspired to be that cloak  
 To the king's will, which to thy bluntness seems  
 The Centaur's poisonous robe--hopes even now  
 To make thy corpse his footstool to thy bed!  
 Where was thy wit, man? Ho! these schemes are glass!  
 The very sun shines through them.

*De Maup.* O, my Lord,  
 Can you forgive me?

*Rich.* Ay, and save you!

*De Maup.* Save!--  
 Terrible word! O, save *thyself*: these halls  
 Swarm with thy foes: already for thy blood  
 Pants thirsty murder!

*Julie.* Murder!

*Rich.* Hush! put by  
 The woman. Hush! a shriek—a cry—a breath  
 Too loud, would startle from its horrent pause  
 The swooping Death! Go to the door, and listen!  
 Now for escape!

*De Maup.* None—none! Their blades shall pass  
 This heart to thine.

*Rich.* (*dryly.*) An honourable outwork,  
 But much too near the citadel. I think  
 That I can trust you now (*slowly and gazing on him:*)—  
 yes;

I can trust you.

How many of my troop league with you?

*De Maup.* All!—

We are your troop!

*Rich.* And Huguet?—

*De Maup.* Is our captain.

*Rich.* A retributive Power! This comes of spies.  
 All? then the lion's skin too short to-night,—  
 Now for the fox's!

*Julie.* A hoarse gathering murmur!  
 Hurrying and heavy footsteps!

*Rich.* Ha! the posterns!

*De Maup.* No egress where no sentry!

*Rich.* Follow me—



I have it! to my chamber—quick! Come, Julie!  
Hush! Mauprat, come!

*Murmur at a distance—“Death to the CARDINAL!”*

*Rich.* Bloodhounds, I laugh at ye! ha! ha! we wil.  
Baffle them yet. Ha! ha!

*Exeunt Julie, Mauprat, Richelieu*

*Huguet (without).* This way—this way!

SCENE III.—*Enter HUGUET and the Conspirators.*

*Hug.* De Mauprat's hand is never slow in battle;  
Strange, if it falter now! Ha! gone!

*First Conspirator.* Perchance  
The fox had crept to rest; and to his lair  
Death, the dark hunter tracks him.

*Enter MAUPRAT throwing open the doors of the recess, in  
which a bed, whereon RICHELIEU lies extended.*

*Maup.* Live the King!  
Richelieu is dead!

*Huguet (advancing towards the recess; MAUPRAT follow-  
ing, his hand on his dagger.)* Are his eyes open?

*De Maup.* Ay;  
As if in life!

*Huguet (turning back).* I will not look on him.  
You have been long.

*De Maup.* I watched him till he slept.  
Heed me. No trace of blood reveals the deed;—  
Strangled in sleep. His health had long been broken—  
Found breathless in his bed. So runs our tale,  
Remember! Back to Paris—Orleans gives  
Ten thousand crowns, and Baradas a lordship,  
To him who first gluts vengeance with the news  
That Richelieu is in heaven! Quick, that all France  
May share your joy!

*Huguet.* And you?

*De Maup.* Will stay to crush  
Eager suspicion—to forbid sharp eyes  
To dwell too closely on the clay; prepare  
The rites, and place him on his bier—this *my* task.  
I leave to you, sirs, the more grateful lot  
Of wealth and honours. Hence!

*Huguet.* I shall be noble !

*De Maup.* Away.

*First Conspirator.* Five thousand crowns !

*Omnes.* To horse ! to horse ! [*Exeunt Conspirators.*]

SCENE IV.—*Still night.*—*A room in the house of COUNT DE BARADAS, lighted, &c.*

ORLEANS and DE BERINGHEN.

*De Ber.* I understand. Mauprat kept guard without :  
Knows naught of the despatch—but heads the troop  
Whom the poor Cardinal fancies his protectors.  
Save us from such protection !

*Orleans.* Yet if Huguet,  
By whose advice and proffers we renounced  
Our earlier scheme, should still be Richelieu's minion,  
And play us false—

*De Ber.* The fox must then devour  
The geese he gripes. I'm out of it, thank Heaven !  
And you must swear you smelt the trick, but seem'd  
To approve the deed to render up the doers.

*Enter BARADAS.*

*Bar.* Julie is fled :—The King, whom now I left  
To a most thorny pillow, vows revenge  
On her—on Mauprat—and on Richelieu ! Well ;  
We loyal men anticipate his wish  
Upon the last—and as for Mauprat,—

(*Showing a writ.*)

*De Ber.* Hum !  
They say the devil invented printing ! Faith,  
He has some hand in writing parchment—eh, Count ?  
What mischief now ?

*Bar.* The King at Julie's flight  
Enraged will brook no rival in a subject—  
So on this old offence—the affair of Faviaux—  
Ere Mauprat can tell tales of *us*, we build  
His bridge between the dungeon and the grave.

*Orleans.* Well ; if our courier can but reach the army,  
The cards are ours ! and yet, I own I tremble.  
Our names are in the scroll—discovery, death !

*Bar.* Success ! a crown !

*De Ber. (apart to Baradas.)* Our future regent is  
No hero.

*Bar. (to De Beringhen.)* But his rank makes others  
valiant;

And on his cowardice I mount to power.

Were Orleans Regent—what were Baradas?

Oh! by the way—I had forgot your highness,  
Friend Huguet whisper'd me, "Beware of Marion:  
I've seen her lurking near the Cardinal's palace."

Upon that hint—I've found her lodgings elsewhere.

*Orleans.* You wrong her, Count:—Poor Marion! she  
adores me.

*Bar. (apologetically.)* Forgive me, but——

*Enter PAGE.*

*Page.* My Lord, a rude, strange soldier,  
Breathless with haste, demands an audience.

*Bar.* So!

The Archers?

*Page.* In the ante-room, my Lord,  
As you desired.

*Bar.* 'Tis well, admit the soldier.

[*Exit Page*]

Huguet! I bade him seek me here!

*Enter HUGUET.*

*Huguet.* My Lords,  
The deed is done. Now, Count, fulfil your word,  
And make me noble!

*Bar.* Richelieu dead?—art sure?  
How died he?

*Huguet.* Strangled in his sleep:—no blood,  
No tell-tale violence.

*Bar.* Strangled? monstrous villain!  
Reward for murder! Ho, there!

[*Stamping*]

*Enter CAPTAIN with five Archers.*

*Huguet.* No, thou durst not!

*Bar.* Seize on the ruffian—bind him—gag him! Off  
To the Bastile!

*Huguet.* Your word—your plighted faith!

*Bar.* Insolent liar!—ho, away!

*Huguet.* Nay, Count ;  
I have that about me, which——

*Bar.* Away with him !

[*Exeunt HUGUET and Archers.*]

Now, then, all's safe ; Huguet must die in prison,  
So Mauprat :—coax or force the meaner crew  
To fly the country. Ha, ha ! thus, your highness,  
Great men make use of little men.

*De Ber.* My Lords,

Since our suspense is ended—you'll excuse me ;  
'Tis late—and, *entre nous*, I have not supp'd yet !  
I'm one of the new Council now, remember ;  
I feel the public stirring here already ;  
A very craving monster. *Au revoir !*

[*Exit DE BERINGHEN.*]

*Orleans.* No fear, now Richelieu's dead.

*Bar.* And could he come

To life again, he could not keep life's life—  
His power,—nor save De Mauprat from the scaffold,—  
Nor Julie from these arms—nor Paris from  
The Spaniard—nor your highness from the throne !  
All ours ! all ours ! in spite of my Lord Cardinal !

*Enter PAGE.*

*Page.* A gentleman, my Lord, of better mien  
Than he who last—

*Bar.* Well, he may enter.

[*Exit PAGE.*]

*Orleans.* Who

Can this be ?

*Bar.* One of the conspirators :  
Mauprat himself, perhaps.

*Enter FRANCOIS.*

*Fran.* My Lord——

*Bar.* Ha, traitor !

In Paris still !

*Fran.* The packet—the despatch—  
Some knave play'd spy without, and reft it from me,  
Ere I could draw my sword.

*Bar.* Play'd spy *without* !  
Did he wear armour ?



*Fran.* Ay, from head to heel.

*Orleans.* One of our band. Oh, heavens!

*Bar.* Could it be Mauprat?

Kept guard at the door—knew naught of the despatch—  
How HE?—and yet, who other?

*Fran.* Ha, De Mauprat!

The night was dark—his vizor closed.

*Bar.* 'Twas he!

How could he guess?—'sdeath! if he should betray us.  
His hate to Richelieu dies with Richelieu—and  
He was not great enough for treason. Hence!  
Find Mauprat—beg, steal, filch, or force it back,  
Or, as I live, the halter—

*Fran.* By the morrow

I will regain it, (*aside*) and redeem my honour!

[*Exit FRANCOIS.*

*Orleans.* Oh! we are lost—

*Bar.* Not so! But cause on cause

For Mauprat's seizure—silence—death! Take courage.

*Orleans.* Should it once reach the King, the Cardinal's  
arm

Could smite us from the grave.

*Bar.* Sir, think it not!

I hold De Mauprat in my grasp. To-morrow,  
And France is ours! Thou dark and fallen Angel,  
Whose name on earth's AMBITION—thou that mak'st  
Thy throne on treasons, stratagems, and murder—  
And with thy fierce and blood-red smile canst quench  
The guiding stars of solemn empire—hear us—  
(For we are thine)—and light us to the goal!

END OF ACT III.

## ACT IV.

## THIRD DAY.

SCENE I.—*The Gardens of the Louvre.*

ORLEANS, BARADAS, DE BERINGHEN, *Courtiers*, &c.

*Orleans.* How does my brother bear the Cardinal's death?

*Bar.* With grief, when thinking of the toils of State; With joy, when thinking on the eyes of Julie:— At times he sighs, "Who now shall govern France?" Anon exclaims—"Who now shall baffle Louis?"

*Enter LOUIS and other Courtiers. They uncover.*

*Orleans.* Now, my liege, now, I can embrace a brother.

*Louis.* Dear Gaston, yes. I do believe you love me;— Richelieu denied it—sever'd us too long. A great man, Gaston! Who shall govern France?

*Bar.* Yourself, my liege. That swart and potent star Eclipsed your royal orb. He served the country. But did he *serve*, or seek to *sway* the King?

*Louis.* You're right—he was an able politician (1) That's all:—between ourselves, Count, I suspect The largeness of his learning—specially In falcons (2)—a poor huntsman, too!

*Bar.* Ha—ha!  
Your Majesty remembers—

*Louis.* Ay, the blunder  
Between the *greffier* and the *souillard*, when—

[*Checks and crosses himself.*]

Alas! poor sinners that we are! we laugh  
While this great man—a priest, a cardinal,  
A faithful servant—out upon us!

*Bar.* Sire,  
If my brow wear no cloud, 'tis that the Cardinal  
No longer shades the King.

*Louis* (*Looking up at the skies*). Oh Baradas!  
Am I not to be pitied?—what a day  
For—

*Bar.* Sorrow?—No, sire!

*Louis.* Bah! for *hunting*, man.

And Richelieu's dead; 'twould be an indecorum  
Till he is buried—(*yawns*)—life is very tedious.  
I made a madrigal on life last week;  
You do not sing, (3) Count? Pity; you should learn.  
Poor Richelieu had no ear—yet a great man.  
Ah! what a weary weight devolves upon me!  
These endless wars—these thankless Parliaments—  
The snares in which he tangled States and Kings,  
Like the old fisher of the fable, Proteus,  
Netting great Neptune's wariest tribes, and changing  
Into all shapes when Craft pursued himself:  
Oh, a great man!

*Bar.* Your royal mother said so,  
And died in exile.

*Louis,* (*sadly*). True: I loved my mother! (4)

*Bar.* The Cardinal dies. Yet day revives the earth  
The rivers run not back. In truth, my liege,  
Did your high orb on others shine as him,  
Why, things as dull in their own selves as I am  
Would glow as brightly with the borrowed beam. (5)

*Louis.* Ahem! He was too stern.

*Orleans.* A very Nero.

*Bar.* His power was like the Capitol of old—  
Built on a human skull.

*Louis.* And, had he lived,  
I know another head, my Baradas,  
That would have propp'd the pile: I've seen him eye thee  
With a most hungry fancy.

*Bar.* (*anxiously*). Sire, I knew  
You would protect me.

*Louis.* Did you so? of course!  
And yet he had a way with him—a something  
That always—But no matter, he is dead.  
And, after all, men called his King "The Just," (6)  
And so I am. Dear Count, this silliest Julie,  
I know not why, she takes my fancy. Many

As fair, and certainly more kind : but yet  
 It is so. Count, I am no lustful Tarquin,  
 And do abhor the bold and frontless vices  
 Which the Church justly censures ; yet, 'tis sad  
 On rainy days to drag out weary hours—(7)  
 Deaf to the music of a woman's voice—  
 Blind to the sunshine of a woman's eyes.  
 It is no sin in Kings to seek amusement ;  
 And that is all I seek. I miss her much :  
 She has a silver laugh—a rare perfection.

*Bar.* Richelieu was most disloyal in that marriage.

*Louis (querulously).* He knew that Julie pleased me :—  
 a clear proof

He never loved me !

*Bar.* Oh, most clear ! But now  
 No bar between the lady and your will !  
 This writ makes all secure : a week or two  
 In the Bastile will sober Mauprat's love,  
 And leave him eager to dissolve a hymen  
 That brings him such a home.

*Louis.* See to it, Count ; [Exit BARADAS.  
 I'll summon Julie back. A word with you.

*(Takes aside First Courtier and DE BERINGHEN, and passes, conversing with them, through the gardens.)*

*Enter FRANCOIS.*

*Fran.* Ail search, as yet, in vain for Mauprat ! Not  
 At home since yesternoon—a soldier told me  
 He saw him pass this way with hasty strides ;  
 Should he meet Baradas they'd rend it from him—  
 And then—benignant Fortune smiles upon me—  
 I am thy son ! If thou desert'st me now,  
 Come Death, and snatch me from disgrace. But no !  
 There's a great Spirit ever in the air  
 That from prolific and far-spreading wings  
 Scatters the seeds of honour—yea, the walls  
 And moats of castled forts, the barren seas,  
 The cell wherein the pale-eyed student holds  
 Talk with melodious science—all are sown



With everlasting honours, if our souls  
Will toil for fame as boors for bread——

*Enter DE MAUPRAT.*

*Maup.* Oh, let me——

Let me but meet him foot to foot—I'll dig  
The Judas from his heart;—albeit the King  
Should o'er him cast the purple!

*Fran.* Mauprat! hold:—

Where is the——

*Maup.* Well! What would'st thou?

*Fran.* The despatch!

The packet. LOOK ON ME—I serve the Cardinal—  
You know me. Did you not keep guard last night,  
By Marion's house?

*Maup.* I did:—no matter now!

They told me *he* was *here*!

*Fran.* O joy! quick—quick—

The packet thou didst wrest from me?

*Maup.* The packet?

What, art thou he I deemed the Cardinal's spy  
(Dupe that I was)—and overhearing Marion—

*Fran.* The same—restore it! haste!

*Maup.* I have it not:

Methought it but revealed our scheme to Richelieu,  
And, as we mounted, gave it to——

*Enter BARADAS.*

Stand back!

Now, villain! now, I have thee!

(*To Francois.*)—Hence, Sir! *Draw!*

*Fran.* Art mad? the King's at hand! leave *him* to  
Richelieu!

Speak—the despatch—to whom—

*Maup.* (*Dashing him aside, and rushing to BARADAS.*)

Thou triple slanderer!

I'll set my heel upon thy crest! (*A few passes.*)

*Fran.* Fly—fly!

The King!

*Enter at one side, LOUIS, ORLEANS, DE BERINGHEN,  
Courtiers, &c., at the other, the Guards hastily.*

*Louis.* Swords drawn, before our very palace!  
Have our laws died with Richelieu?

*Bar.* Pardon, Sire,—

My crime but self-defence. (8) (*Aside to KING.*) It is De Mauprat!

*Louis.* Dare he thus brave us?

[BARADAS goes to the guard and gives the writ.

*Maup.* Sire, in the Cardinal's name—

*Bar.* Seize him—disarm—to the Bastile!

(DE MAUPRAT seized, struggles with the guard—FRANCOIS restlessly endeavouring to pacify and speak to him—when the gates open.)

Enter RICHELIEU and JOSEPH, followed by arquebusiers.

*Bar.* The dead

Return'd to life!

*Louis.* What! A mock death! this tops

The infinite of insult.

*Maup.* (*breaking from guards*). Priest and Hero!

For you are both—protect the truth!

*Rich.* What's this? (*Taking the writ from guard.*)

*De Ber.* Fact in philosophy. Foxes have got

Nine lives as well as cats!

*Bar.* Be firm, my liege.

*Louis.* I have assumed the sceptre—I will wield it!

*Joseph.* The tide runs counter—there'll be shipwreck somewhere.

(BARADAS and ORLEANS keep close to the KING—whispering and prompting him, when RICHELIEU speaks.)

*Rich.* High treason—Faviaux! still that stale pretence!

My liege, bad men (ay, Count, most *knavish* men!)

Abuse your royal goodness. For this soldier,

France hath none braver—and his youth's hot folly,

Misled—(by whom *your Highness* may conjecture!)—

Is long since cancell'd by a loyal manhood.

I, Sire, have pardoned him.

*Louis.* And we do give

Your pardon to the winds. Sir, do your duty!

*Rich.* What, Sire? you do not know—Oh, pardon me—

You know not yet, that this brave, honest heart,

Stood between mine and murder! Sire! for my sake—  
For your old servant's sake—undo this wrong.  
See, let me rend the sentence.

*Louis.* At your peril!

This is too much.—Again, Sir, do your duty!

*Rich.* Speak not, but go:—I would not see young  
Valour

So humbled as grey Service!

*De Maup.* Fare you well!

Save Julie, and console her.

*Fran.* (*aside to Mauprat.*) The Despatch!

Your fate, foes, life, hang on a word! to whom?

*De Maup.* To Huguet.

*Fran.* Hush—keep council! silence—hope!

[*Exit MAUPRAT and Guard.*]

*Bar.* (*aside to Francois.*) Has he the packet?

*Fran.* He will not reveal—

(*Aside.*) Work, brain! beat, heart! “*There's no such word  
as fail.*”

[*Exit FRANCOIS.*]

*Rich.* (*fiercely.*) Room, my Lords, room! The mi-  
nister of France

Can need no intercession with the king.

(*They fall back.*)

*Louis.* What means this false report of death, Lord  
Cardinal?

*Rich.* Are you then anger'd, Sire, that I live still?

*Louis.* No; but such artifice—

*Rich.* Not mine:—look elsewhere!

*Louis.*—my castle swarm'd with the assassins.

*Bar.* (*advancing.*) We have punish'd them already.  
Huguet now

In the Bastile. Oh! my Lord, *we* were prompt  
To avenge you—*we* were—

*Rich.* *WE?* Ha! ha! you hear,

My liege! What page, man, in the last court grammar  
Made you a plural? Count, you have seized the *hiring*:—  
Sire, shall I name the *master*?

*Louis.* Tush! my Lord,

The old contrivance:—ever does your wit  
Invent assassins,—that ambition may  
Slay rivals—

*Rich.* Rivals, sire! in what?  
Service to France! *I have none!* Lives the man  
Whom Europe, paled before your glory, deems  
Rival to Armand Richelieu?

*Louis.* What, so haughty?  
Remember, he who made, can unmake.

*Rich.* Never!  
Never! Your anger can recall your trust,  
Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,  
Rifle my coffers,---but my name--- my deeds.  
Are royal in a land beyond your sceptre!  
Pass sentence on me, if you will; from Kings,  
Lo, I appeal to Time! "Be just, my liege---  
"I found your kingdom rent with heresies  
"And bristling with rebellion; lawless nobles  
"And breadless serfs; England fomenting discord;  
"Austria---her clutch on your dominion; Spain  
"Forging the prodigal gold of either Ind  
"To arm'd thunderbolts. The Arts lay dead,  
"Trade rotted in your marts, your Armies mutinous,  
"Your Treasury bankrupt. Would you now revoke  
"Your trust, so be it! and I leave you, sole,  
"Supremest Monarch of the mightiest realm,  
"From Ganges to the Icebergs. Look without---  
"No foe not humbled! Look within! the Arts  
"Quit, for our schools, their old Hesperides,  
"The golden Italy! while throughout the veins  
"Of your vast empire flows in strengthening tides  
"TRADE the calm health of nations!

"Sire, I know  
"Your smoother courtiers please you best---nor measure  
"Myself with them,--- yet sometimes I would doubt  
"If Statesmen, rock'd and dandled into power  
"Could leave such legacies to kings!"

(*LOUIS appears irresolute.*)

*Bar.* (*passing him, whispers.*) But Julie,  
Shall I not summon her to court?

*Louis* (*motions to BARADAS and turns haughtily to the Cardinal*). Enough!  
Your Eminence must excuse a longer audience.



To your own palace :—For our conference, this  
Nor place—nor season.

*Rich.* Good my liege, for *Justice*,  
All place a temple, and all season, summer !  
Do you deny me justice ? Saints of Heaven !  
He turns from me ! *Do you deny me justice ?*  
For fifteen years, while in these hands dwelt Empire,  
The humblest craftsman—the obscurest vassal—  
The very leper shrinking from the sun,  
Tho' loathed by Charity, might ask for justice !  
Not with the fawning tone and crawling mien  
Of some I see around you—Counts and Princes—  
Kneeling for *favours* ;—but, erect and loud,  
As men who ask man's rights ! my liege, my Louis,  
Do you refuse me justice—audience even—  
In the pale presence of the baffled Murderer ? (9)

*Louis.* Lord Cardinal—one by one you have sever'd  
from me

The bonds of human love—all near and dear  
Mark'd out for vengeance—exile or the scaffold.  
You find me now amidst my trustiest friends,  
My closest kindred ;—you would tear them from me ;  
They murder *you* forsooth, since *me* they love.  
Enough of plots and treasons for one reign !  
Home ! Home ! and sleep away these phantoms !

*Rich.* Sire !

I—patience, Heaven ! sweet Heaven ! Sire, from the foot  
Of that Great Throne, these hands have raised aloft  
On an Olympus, looking down on mortals  
And worshipp'd by their awe—before the foot  
Of that high throne,—spurn you the gray-hair'd man,  
Who gave you empire—and now sues for safety ?

*Louis.* No :—when we see your Eminence in truth  
At the *foot* of the throne—we'll listen to you. [*Exit Louis*  
*Orleans.* Saved !

*Bar.* For this, deep thanks to Julie and to Mauprat !

*Rich.* My Lord de Baradas—I pray your pardon--  
You are to be my successor ! your hand, sir !

*Bar.* (*aside.*) What can this mean ?

*Rich.* It trembles, see ! it trembles !

The hand that holds the destinies of nations

Ought to shake less! Poor Baradas! poor France!

*Bar.* Insolent——

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

*Rich.* Joseph—Did you hear the king?

*Joseph.* I did—there's danger! Had you been less haughty (10)——

*Rich.* And suffer'd slaves to 'chuckle—"see the Cardinal—

How meek his Eminence is to day"—I tell thee

This is a strife in which the loftiest look

Is the most subtle armour——

*Joseph.* But——

*Rich.* No time

For ifs and buts. I will accuse these traitors!

Francois shall witness that De Baradas

Gave him the secret missive for De Bouillon,

And told him life and death were in the scroll.

I will—I will——

*Joseph.* Tush! Francois is your creature;

So they will say, and laugh at you! *your witness*

*Must be that same Despatch.*

*Rich.* Away to Marion!

*Joseph.* I have been there—she is seized—removed—  
imprisoned——

By the Count's orders.

*Rich.* Goddess of bright dreams,

My Country, shalt thou lose me now, when most

Thou need'st thy worshipper? My native land!

Let me but ward this dagger from thy heart,

And die—but on thy bosom!

*Enter JULIE.*

*Julie.* Heaven! I thank thee!

It cannot be, or this all-powerful

Would not stand idly thus.

*Rich.* What dost thou here?

Home!

*Julie.* Home? is *Adrien* there? you're dumb—yet strive

For words; I see them trembling on your lip.

But choked by pity. *It was truth—all truth!*

Seized—the Bastile—and in your presence too!  
 Cardinal, where is Adrien? Think! he saved  
 Your life: your name is infamy, if wrong  
 Should come to his!

*Rich.* Be sooth'd, child.

*Julie.* Child no more;

I love, and I am woman! Hope and suffer;  
 Love, suffering, hope,—what else doth make the strength  
 And majesty of woman? Where is Adrien?

*Rich.* (to *Joseph.*) Your youth was never young—you  
 never loved:

Speak to her.

*Joseph.* Nay, take heed—the king's command,  
 'Tis true—I mean—the—

*Julie.* (to *Richelieu*) Let thine eyes meet mine;  
 Answer me but one word—I am a wife—  
 I ask thee for my *home*, my *FATE*, my *ALL*!  
 Where is my *husband*?

*Rich.* You are Richelieu's ward,  
 A soldier's bride: they who insist on truth  
 Must out-face fear; you ask me for your husband!  
 There—where the clouds of heaven look darkest, o'er  
 The domes of the Bastile!

*Julie.* I thank you, father;  
 You see I do not shudder. Heaven forgive you  
 The sin of this desertion!

*Rich.* (detaining her.) Whither would'st thou?

*Julie.* Stay me not. Fie! I should be there already.  
 I am thy ward, and haply he may think  
 Thou'st taught *me* also to forsake the wretched!

*Rich.* I've fill'd those cells—with many—traitors all.  
 Had *they* wives too? Thy memories, Power, are solemn!  
 Poor sufferer! think'st thou that yon gates of woe  
 Unbar to love? Alas! if love once enter,  
 'Tis for the last farewell; between those walls  
 And the mute grave (11)—the blesséd household sounds  
 Only heard once—while hungering at the door,  
 The headsman whets the axe.

*Julie.* O, mercy! mercy!  
 Save him, restore him, father! Art thou not  
 The Cardinal-King? the Lord of life and death—

Beneath whose light, as deeps beneath the moon,  
The solemn tides of Empire ebb and flow?—  
Art thou not Richelieu?

*Rich.* Yesterday I was!—  
To-day a very weak old man! To-morrow,  
I know not what!

*Julie.* Do you conceive his meaning?  
Alas! I cannot. But, methinks, my senses  
Are duller than they were!

*Joseph.* The King is chafed  
Against his servant. Lady, while we speak,  
The lackey of the ante-room is not  
More powerless than the Minister of France.

*Rich.* “And yet the air is still; Heaven wears no cloud;  
“From Nature’s silent orbit starts no portent  
“To warn the unconscious world; albeit, this night  
“May with a morrow teem which, in my fall,  
“Would carry earthquake to remotest lands,  
“And change the Christian globe. What would’st thou,  
    woman?  
“Thy fate and his, with mine, for good or ill,  
“Are woven threads. In my vast sum of life,  
“Millions such units merge.

*Enter FIRST COURTIER.*

*F. Cour.* Madame de Mauprat!  
Pardon, your Eminence—even now I seek  
This lady’s home—commanded by the King  
To pray her presence.

*Julie.* (*clinging to Richelieu.*) Think of my dead father!—  
Think, how, an infant, clinging to your knees,  
And looking to your eyes, the wrinkled care  
Fled from your brow before the smile of childhood,  
Fresh from the dews of Heaven! Think of this,  
And take me to your breast.

*Rich.* To those who sent you!  
And say, you found the virtue they would slay,  
Here—couch’d upon this heart, as at an altar,  
And sheltered by the wings of sacred Rome!  
Begone!

*F. Cour.* My Lord, I am your friend and servant!



Misjudge me not ; but never yet was Louis  
So roused against you ;—shall I take this answer ?—  
It were to be your foe,

*Rich.* All time my foe.

If I, a Priest, could cast this holy Sorrow  
Forth from her last Asylum !

*F. Cour.* He is lost.

[*Exit*

*Rich.* God help thee, child ! she hears not ! Look up on  
her !

The storm that rends the oak, uproots the flower.  
Her father loved me so ! and in that age  
When friends are brothers ! She has been to me  
Soother, nurse, plaything, daughter. Are these tears ?  
Oh ! shame, shame ! dotage !

*Joseph.* Tears are not for eyes

That rather need the lightning, which can pierce  
Through barréd gates and triple walls, to smite  
Crime, where it cowers in secret ! The Despatch !  
Set every spy to work ; the morrow's sun  
Must see that written treason in your hands,  
Or rise upon your ruin.

*Rich.* Ay—and close

Upon my corpse ! I am not made to live—  
Friends, glory, France, all reft from me ; my star  
Like some vain holiday mimicry of fire,  
Piercing imperial heaven, and falling down  
Rayless and blacken'd to the dust—a thing  
For all men's feet to trample ! Yes ! to-morrow  
Triumph or death ! Look up, child ! Lead us, Joseph.

*As they are going out,*

*Enter BARADAS and DE BERINGHEN.*

*Bar.* My Lord, the King cannot believe your Eminence  
So far forgets your duty, and his greatness.  
As to resist his mandate ! Pray you, Madam,  
Obey the King—no cause for fear !

*Julie.* My father !

*Rich.* She shall not stir !

*Bar.* You are not of her kindred—

An orphan—

*Rich.* And her country is her mother !

*Bar.* The country is the King!

*Rich.* Ay, is it so;

Then wakes the power, which in the age of iron  
Burst forth to curb the great, and raise the low.  
Mark, where she stands, around her form I draw  
The awful circle of our solemn church!  
Set but a foot within that holy ground,  
And on thy head—yea, though, it wore a crown—  
I launch the curse of Rome!

*Bar.* I dare not brave you!

I do but speak the orders of my King.  
The church, your rank, power, very word, my Lord,  
Suffice you for resistance;—blame yourself,  
If it should cost you power!

*Rich.* That *my* stake. Ah!

Dark gamester! *what is thine?* Look to it well!—  
Lose not a trick. By this same hour to-morrow  
Thou shalt have France, or I thy head!

*Bar.* (*aside to De Beringhen.*) He cannot  
Have the Despatch?

*De Ber.* No: were it so, your stake  
Were lost already.

*Joseph.* (*aside.*) Patience is your game:  
Reflect you have not the Despatch!

*Rich.* O! monk!

Leave patience to the saints—for *I* am human!  
Did not thy father die for France, poor orphan!  
And now they say thou hast no father! Fie!  
Art thou not pure and good? if so, thou art  
A part of that—the Beautiful, the Sacred—  
Which in all climes, men that have hearts adore  
By the great title of their mother country!

*Bar.* (*aside.*) He wanders!

*Rich.* So cling close unto my breast,  
Here where thou droop'st—lies France! I am very feeble—  
Of little use it seems to either now.  
Well, well—we will go home.

*Bar.* In sooth, my Lord,  
You do need rest—burthens of the state  
O'ertask your health!

*Rich.* (*to JOSEPH.*) I'm patient, see!

*Bar. (aside).* His mind  
And life are breaking fast?

*Rich. (overhearing him.)* Irreverent ribbald!  
If so, beware the falling ruins! Hark!  
I tell thee, scorner of these whitening hairs,  
When this snow melteth there shall come a flood!  
Avaunt! my name is Richelieu—I defy thee!  
Walk blindfold on; behind thee stalks the headsman.  
Ha! ha!—how pale he is! Heaven save my country!

*Falls back in Joseph's arms.*

*(Exit Baradas, followed by De Beringhen, betraying his exultation by his gestures.)*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

FOURTH DAY.

**SCENE I.**—*The Bastille—a corridor—in the back-ground the door of one of the condemned cells.*

*Enter JOSEPH and GAOLER.*

*Gaoler.* Stay, father, I will call the Governor.

*[Exit Gaoler.*

*Jos.* He has it, then—this Huguet,—so we learn  
From Francois:—Humph! Now if I can but gain  
One moment's access, all is ours! The Cardinal  
Trembles 'tween life and death. His life is power.—  
Smite one—slay both! No Æsculapian drugs,  
By learned quacks baptized with Latin jargon,  
E're bore the healing which that scrap of parchment  
Will medicine to Ambition's flagging heart.  
France shall be saved—and Joseph be a bishop!

*Enter GOVERNOR and GAOLER.*

*Gov.* Father, You wish to see the prisoners Huguet  
And the young knight De Mauprat?

*Jos.* So my office,  
And the Lord Cardinal's order warrant, son!

*Gov.* Father, it cannot be; Count Baradas  
Has summon'd to the Louvre Sieur De Mauprat.

*Jos.* Well, well! But Huguet—

*Gov.* Dies at noon!

*Jos.* At noon!

No moment to delay the pious rites  
Which fit the soul for death—quick, quick—admit me!

*Gov.* You cannot enter, monk! Such are my orders!

*Jos.* Orders! vain man!—the Cardinal still is minister.  
His orders crush all others!

*Gov.* (*lifting his hat.*) Save his king's!  
See, monk, the royal sign and seal affix'd  
To the Count's mandate. None may have access  
To either prisoner, Huguet or De Mauprat,  
Not even a priest, without the special passport  
Of Count De Baradas. I'll hear no more!

*Jos.* Just Heaven! and are we baffled thus!—Despair!  
Think on the Cardinal's power—beware his anger.

*Gov.* I'll not be menaced, Priest! Besides, the Cardinal  
Is dying and disgraced—all Paris knows it.  
You hear the prisoner's knell

[*Bell tolls.*]

*Jos.* I do beseech you—

The Cardinal is not dying—But one moment  
And—hist!—five thousand pistoles!—

*Gov.* How! a bribe,  
And to a soldier gray with years of honour!  
Begone!—

*Jos.* Ten thousand—twenty!—

*Gov.* Goaler—put  
This monk without our walls.

*Jos.* By those gray hairs,  
Yea, by this badge (*touching the cross of St. Louis worn by  
the GOVERNOR.*)—the guerdon of your valour—  
By all your toils—hard days and sleepless nights—  
Borne in your country's service, noble son—  
Let me but see the prisoner!—

*Gov.* No!—

*Jos.* He hath  
Secrets of state—papers in which—



*Gov. (Interrupting.)* I know—  
Such was his message to Count Baradas,  
Doubtless the Count will see to it—

*Jos.* The Count!

Then not a hope!—You shall—

*Gov.* Betray my trust!

Never—not one word more—you heard me, gaoler?

*Jos.* What can be done?—distraction!—Richelieu yet  
Must—what?—I know not—thought, nerve, strength, for-  
sake me.

Dare you refuse the Church her holiest rights?

*Gov.* I refuse nothing—I obey my orders—

*Jos.* And sell your country to her parricides!

Oh, tremble yet—Richelieu—

*Gov.* Begone!

*Jos.* Undone!

[Exit JOSEPH.

*Gov.* A most audacious shaveling—interdicted,  
Above all others, by the Count—

*Gaoler.* I hope, Sir,

I shall not lose my perquisites. The Sieur  
De Mauprat will not be reprieved?

*Gov.* Oh, fear not:

The Count's commands by him who came for Mauprat  
Are to prepare headsman and axe by noon;  
The Count will give you perquisites enough;  
Two deaths in one day!

*Gaoler.* Sir, may Heaven reward him!

Oh, by the way, that troublesome young fellow,  
Who calls himself the prisoner Huguët's son,  
Is here again—implores, weeps, raves, to see him.

*Gov.* Poor youth, I pity him!

*Enter DE BERINGHEN, followed by FRANCOIS.*

*De Ber. (to FRANCOIS.)* Now, prithee, friend,  
Let go my cloak; you really discompose me.

*Fran.* No, they will drive me hence: my father! Oh!  
Let me but see him once—but once—one moment!

*De Ber. (to GOVERNOR.)* Your servant, Messire,—this  
poor rascal, Huguët,  
Has sent to see the Count de Baradas  
Upon state secrets that afflict his conscience.

The Count can't leave his Majesty for an instant ;  
I am his proxy.

*Gov.* The Count's word is law !

Again, young scapegrace ! How com'st thou admitted ?

*De Ber.* Oh ! a most filial fellow : Huguet's son !

I found him whimpering in the court below.

I pray his leave to say good bye to father,

Before that very long unpleasant journey

Father's about to take. Let him wait here

Till I return.

*Fran.* No ; take me with you.

*De Ber.* Nay ;

After *me*, friend—the public first !

*Gov.* The Count's

Commands are strict. No one must visit Huguet

Without his passport.

*De Ber.* Here it is ! Pshaw ! nonsense !

I'll be your surety. See, my Cerberus,

He is no Hercules !

*Gov.* Well, you're responsible.

Stand there, friend. If, when you come out, my Lord ;

The youth slip in, 'tis *your* fault.

*De Ber.* So it is !

[*Exit through the door of cell, followed by the GAOLER.*

*Gov.* Be calm, my lad. Don't fret so. I had once

A father too ! I'll not be hard upon you,

And so stand close. I must not see you enter ;

You understand. Between this innocent youth

And that intriguing monk there is, in truth,

A wide distinction.

*Re-enter GAOLER.*

Come, we'll go our rounds :

I'll give you just one quarter of an hour ;

And if my Lord leave first, make my excuse.

Yet stay, the gallery's long and dark ; no sentry

Until he reach the grate below. He'd best

Wait till I come. If he should lose the way,

We may not be in call.

*Fran.* I'll tell him sir,— [ *Exeunt Gov. and GAOLER.*

*H.* A wise son that knoweth his own father.

I've forged a precious one! So far, so well!  
 Alas, what then? this wretch has sent to Baradas—  
 Will sell the scroll to ransom life. Oh, Heaven!  
 On what a thread hangs hope! [*Listens at the door.*  
 Loud words—a cry! [*Looks through the key-hole.*  
 They struggle! Ho!—the packet!!!  
 [*Tries to open the door.*

Lost! He has it—  
 The courtier has it—Huguet, spite his chains,  
 Grapples!—well done! Now—now! [*Draws back.*  
 The gallery's long!  
 And this is left us!  
 [*Drawing his dagger, and standing behind the door.*  
*Re-enter DE BERINGHEN, with the packet.*

Victory! Yield it robber—  
 Yield it—or die— [*A short struggle.*  
*De Ber.* Off! ho!—there!—  
*Francois, (grappling with him.)* Death or honour!  
 [*Excant struggling.*

SCENE II.—*The King's closet at the Louvre. A suite of  
 'rooms in perspective at one side.*

BARADAS and ORLEANS.

*Bar.* All smiles! the Cardinal's swoon of yesterday  
 Heralds his death to-day; could he survive,  
 It would not be as minister—so great  
 The king's resentment at the priest's defiance!  
*All smiles!* and yet, should this accurs'd De Mauprat  
 Have given our packet to another—'Sdeath!  
 I dare not think of it!

*Orleans.* You've sent to search him?

*Bar.* Sent, Sir, to search?—that hireling hands may find  
 Upon him, naked, with its broken seal,  
 That scroll, whose every word is death! No—no—  
 These hands alone must clutch that awful secret.  
 I dare not leave the palace, night or day,  
 While Richelieu lives—his minions—creatures—spies—  
 Not one must reach the king!

*Orleans.* What hast thou done?

*Bar.* Summon'd De Mauprat hither.

*Orleans.* Could this Huguet,

Who pray'd thy presence with so fierce a fervour,  
Have thieved the scroll ?

*Bar.* Huguet was housed with us,  
The very moment we dismiss'd the courier.  
It cannot be ! a stale trick for reprieve.  
But, to make sure, I've sent our trustiest friend  
To see and sift him. Hist ! here comes the King—  
How fare you, Sire ?

*Enter LOUIS.*

*Louis.* In the same mind I have  
Decided ! yes, he would forbid your presence,  
My brother,—your's, my friend,—then, Julie, too ;  
'T'hwarts—braves—defies—*(suddenly turning to BARADAS.)*

We make you minister.

Gaston, for you—the baton of our armies.  
You love me, do you not ?

*Orleans.* Oh, love you, Sire ?

*(Aside)* Never so much as now.

*Bar.* May I deserve

Your trust *(aside.)*—until you sign your abdication !  
My liege, but one way left to daunt De Mauprat,  
And Julie to divorce.—We must prepare  
The death-writ ; what, tho' sign'd and seal'd ? we can  
Withhold the enforcement.

*Louis.* Ah, you may prepare it ;  
We need not urge it to effect.

*Bar.* Exactly !

No haste, my liege *(looking at his watch and aside)*. He may  
live one hour longer.

*Enter COURTIER.*

*Court.* The Lady Julie, Sire, implores an audience.

*Louis.* Aha ! repentant of her folly !—Well,  
Admit her.

*Bar.* Sire, she comes for Mauprat's pardon,  
And the conditions—

*Louis.* You are minister,  
We leave to you our answer.

As JULIE enters,—the Captain of the Archers, by another  
door,—and whispers BARADAS.



*Capt.* The Chevalier  
De Mauprat waits below.

*Bar.* (*aside.*) Now the despatch!

[*Exit with Officers.*

*Enter JULIE.*

*Julie.* My liege, you sent for me. I come where Grief  
*Should* come when guiltless, while the name of King  
Is holy on the earth!—Here, at the feet  
Of Power, I kneel for mercy.

*Louis.* Mercy, Julie,  
Is an affair of state. The Cardinal should  
In this be your interpreter.

*Julie.* Alas!  
I know not if that mighty spirit now  
Stoop to the things of earth. Nay, while I speak,  
Perchance he hears the orphan by the throne  
Where Kings themselves need pardon; O, my liege,  
Be father to the fatherless; in you  
Dwells my last hope!

*Enter BARADAS.*

*Bar.* (*aside.*) He has not the despatch;  
Smiled while we search'd, and braves me.—Oh!

*Louis,* (*gently.*) What would'st thou?

*Julie.* A single life.—You reign o'er millions.—What  
Is one man's life to you?—and yet to *me*  
'Tis France—'tis earth—'tis everything!—a life—  
A human life—my husband's.

*Louis,* (*aside.*) Speak to her,  
I am not marble,—give her hope—or—

*Bar.* Madam,  
Vex not your king, whose heart, too soft for justice,  
Leaves to his ministers that solemn charge.

[*LOUIS walks up the stage.*

*Julie.* You *were* his friend.

*Bar.* I *was,* before I loved thee.

*Julie.* Loved me!

*Bar.* Hush, Julie: could'st thou misinterpret  
My acts, thoughts, motives, nay, my very words,  
Here—in this palace?

*Julie.* Now I know I'm mad,  
Even that memory fail'd me.

*Bar.* I am young,  
Well-born and brave as Mauprat :—for thy sake  
I peril what he has not—fortune—power ;  
All to great souls most dazzling. I alone  
Can save thee from thy tyrant, now my puppet !  
Be mine : annul the mockery of this marriage,  
And, on the day I clasp thee to my breast,  
De Mauprat shall be free,

*Julie.* Thou durst not speak  
Thus in *his* ear (*pointing to Louis.*) Thou double traitor !—  
tremble.

I will unmask thee.

*Bar.* I will say thou ravest.  
And see this scroll ! its letters shall be blood !  
Go to the King, count with me word for word :  
And while you pray the life—I write the sentence !

*Julie.* Stay, stay. (*rushing to the king.*) You have a kind  
and princely heart,  
Tho' sometimes it is silent : you were born  
To *power*—it has not flushed you into madness,  
As it doth meaner men. Banish my husband—  
Dissolve our marriage—cast me to that grave  
Of human ties, where hearts congeal to ice,  
In the dark convent's everlasting winter—  
(Surely eno' for justice—hate—revenge—)  
But spare this life, thus lonely, scathed, and bloomless ;  
And when thou standst for judgment on thine own,  
The deed shall shine beside thee as an angel.

*Louis,* (*much affected.*) Go, go, to Baradas : and annul  
thy marriage,

And——

*Julie,* (*anxiously, and watching his countenance.*) Be his  
bride !

*Louis.* A form, a mere decorum ;  
Thou know'st I love thee.

*Julie.* O thou sea of shame,  
And not one star. (*The KING goes up the stage, and passes  
through the suite of rooms at the side in evident emotion.*)

*Bar.* Well, thy election, Julie ;  
This hand---his grave !

*Julie.* His grave ! and I--

*Bar.* Can save him.---

Swear to be mine.

*Julie.* That were a bitterer death !

Avaunt, thou tempter ! I did ask his life

A boon, and not the barter of dishonour.

The heart can break, and scorn you ; wreak your malice ;

Adrien and I will leave you this sad earth,

And pass together hand in hand to Heaven !

*Bar.* You have decided. (*withdraws to the side scene for a moment, and returns.*) Listen to me, Lady ;

I am no base intriguer. I adored thee

From the first glance of those inspiring eyes ;

With thee entwined ambition, hope, the future.

*I will not lose thee !* I can place thee nearest—

Ay, to the throne—nay, on the throne, perchance ;

My star is at its zenith. Look upon me ;

Hast thou decided ?

*Julie.* No, no ; you can see

How weak I am ; be human, Sir—one moment.

*Baradas* (*stamping his foot, DE MAUPRAT appears at the side of the stage, guarded.*)

Behold thy husband !—Shall he pass to death,

And know thou could'st have saved him ?

*Julie.* Adrien, speak !

But say you wish to *live* !—if not your wife,

Your slave,—do with me as you will ?

*De Maup.* Once more !—

Why this is mercy, Count ! Oh, think, my Julie,

Life, at the best, is short,——but love immortal !

*Baradas*, (*taking JULIE'S hand.*) Ah, loveliest---

*Julie.* Go, that touch has made me iron.

We have decided--death !

*Bar.* (*to DE MAUPRAT.*) Now, say to whom

Thou gavest the packet, and thou yet shalt live.

*De Maup.* I'll tell thee nothing.

*Bar.* Hark,---the rack !

*De Maup.* Thy penance

For ever, wretch!--What rack is like the conscience?

*Julie.* I shall be with thee soon.

*Bar.* (*giving the writ to the Officer.*) Hence to the headsman.

[*The doors are thrown open. The Huissier announces*  
"His Eminence the Cardinal Duke de Richelieu."

*Enter RICHELIEU, attended by Gentlemen, Pages, &c., pale, feeble, and leaning on JOSEPH, followed by three Secretaries of State, attended by Sub-secretaries with papers, &c.*

*Julie, (rushing to Richelieu.)* You live---you live---and Adrien shall not die!

*Rich.* Not if an old man's prayers, himself near death, Can aught avail thee, daughter! Count, you now Hold what I held on earth:---one boon, my Lord, This soldier's life.

*Bar.* The stake---my head!---you said it.

I cannot lose one trick. Remove your prisoner.

*Julie.* No!---No!---

*Enter LOUIS from the rooms beyond.*

*Rich.* (*to Officer.*) Stay, Sir, one moment. My good liege,

Your worn-out servant, willing, Sire, to spare you Some pain of conscience. would forestall your wishes. I do resign my office.

*De Maup.* You!

*Julie.* All's over.

*Rich.* My end draws near. These sad ones, Sire, I love them,

I do not ask his life; but suffer justice To halt, until I can dismiss his soul, Charged with an old man's blessing.

*Louis.* Surely!

*Bar.* Sire---

*Louis.* Silence---small favour to a dying servant.

*Rich.* You would consign your armies to the bator Of your most honour'd brother. Sire, so be it! Your minister, the Count de Baradas; A most sagacious choice!--Your Secretaries Of State attend me, Sire, to tender up The ledgers of a realm.--I do beseech you, Suffer these noble gentlemen to learn



The nature of the glorious task that waits them,  
Here, in my presence.

*Louis.* You say well, my Lord.

(*To secretaries as he seats himself.*) Approach, Sirs.

*Rich.* I—I—faint!—air—air—

[*JOSEPH and a gentleman assist him to a sofa, place  
beneath a window.*

I thank you—

Draw near, my children.

*Bar.* He's too weak to question,  
Nay, scarce to speak;—all's safe.

SCENE III.—*Manent RICHELIEU, MAUPRAT and JULIE, the last kneeling beside the Cardinal; the officer of the guard behind MAUPRAT. JOSEPH near RICHELIEU, watching the KING. LOUIS. BARADAS at the back of the KING's chair, anxious and disturbed. ORLEANS at a greater distance, careless and triumphant. The Secretaries. As each Secretary advances in his turn he takes the portfolios from the Sub-secretaries.*

*First Secretary.* The affairs of Portugal,  
Most urgent, Sire;—One short month since the Duke  
Braganza was a rebel.

*Louis.* And is still!

*First Secretary.* No, Sire; *he has succeeded!* He is now  
Crown'd King of Portugal—craves instant succour  
Against the arms of Spain.

*Louis.* We will not grant it  
Against his lawful king. Eh, Count?

*Bar.* No, Sire.

*First Secretary.* But Spain's your deadliest foe; whatever  
Can weaken Spain must strengthen France. The Cardinal  
Would send the succours;—(*solemnly,*)—balance, Sire, of  
Europe!

*Louis.* The Cardinal!—balance!—We'll consider.—Eh,  
Count?

*Bar.* Yes, Sire; fall back.

*First Secretary.* But——

*Bar.* Oh! fall back, Sir.

*Joseph.* Humph!

*Second Secretary.* The affairs of England, Sire, most ur-  
gent; Charles

The First has lost a battle that decides  
One half his realm—craves moneys, Sire, and succour.

*Louis.* He shall have both.—Eh, Baradas?

*Bar.* Yes, Sire.

(Oh that Despatch!—my veins are fire!)

*Rich.* (*feebly, but with great distinctness.*) My liege,  
Forgive me, Charles's cause is lost! A man,

Named Cromwell, risen—a great man! your succour

Would fail—your loans be squander'd! Pause—reflect.(1)

*Louis.* Reflect. Eh, Baradas?

*Bar.* Reflect, Sire.

*Joseph.* Humph!

*Louis.* (*aside.*) I half repent! No successor to Richelieu  
Bound me thrones totter! dynasties dissolve!

The soil he guards alone escapes the earthquake!

*Joseph.* Our star not yet eclipsed!—you mark the King?  
Oh! had we the Despatch!

*Rich.* Ah! Joseph! Child—  
Would I could help thee.

*Enter GENTLEMAN, whispers JOSEPH, they exeunt hastily.*

*Bar.* (*to SECRETARY.*) Sir, fall back.

*Second Secretary.* But—

*Bar.* Pshaw, Sir!

*Third Secretary, (mysteriously.)* The secret correspon-  
dence, Sire, most urgent.—

Accounts of spies—deserters—heretics—

Assassins—poisoners—schemes against yourself?

*Louis.* *Myself!* most urgent! [*Looking on the documents.*]

*Re-enter JOSEPH with FRANCOIS, whose pourpoint is streaked  
with blood. FRANCOIS passes behind the Cardinal's attendants,  
and sheltered by them from the sight of BARADAS, &c., falls  
at RICHELIEU'S feet.*

*Francois.* O! my Lord!

*Rich.* Thou art bleeding!

*Francois.* A scratch—I have not fail'd! [*gives the packet*

*Rich.* Hush! [*looking at the contents.*]

*Third Secretary, (to KING.)* Sire, the Spaniards  
Have reinforced their army on the frontiers.

The Duc de Bouillon—

*Rich.* Hold! In this department—  
A paper—here, Sire,—read yourself—then take  
The Count's advice in't.

*Enter DE BERINGHEN hastily, and draws aside BARADAS.*

(*RICHELIEU, to Secretary, giving an open parchment.*)

*Bar.* (*bursting from DE BERINGHEN.*) What! and rest it  
from thee!

Ha!—hold!

*Joseph.* Fall back, son,—it is your turn now!

*Bar.* Death!—the Despatch!

*Louis, (reading.)* To Bouillon—and sign'd Orleans!—  
Baradas too—league with our foes of Spain!—  
Lead our Italian armies—what! to Paris!—  
Capture the King—my health require repose!  
Make me subscribe my proper abdication!  
Orleans, my brother, Regent! Saints of Heaven!

These are the men I loved! [*BARADAS draws,—attempts  
to rush out,—is arrested. ORLEANS, endeavoring to es-  
cape more quickly, meets JOSEPHS' eye, and stops short.*

*RICHELIEU falls back.*

*Joseph.* See to the Cardinal!

*Bar.* He's dying!—and I yet shall dupe the King!

*Louis, (rushing to RICHELIEU.)* Richelieu!—Lord Car-  
dinal!—'tis I resign!—

Reign thou!

*Joseph.* Alas! too late!—he faints!

*Louis.* Reign, Richelieu!

*Richelieu, (feebly.)* With absolute power?—

*Louis.* Most absolute!—Oh, live!

If not for me—for France!

*Rich.* FRANCE!

*Louis.* Oh! this treason!

The army—Orleans—Bouillon—Heavens! the Spaniard!  
Where will they be next week?—

*Rich. (starting up).* There,—at my feet!

(*To First and Second Secretary.*) Ere the clock strike!—

The Envoys have their answer!

(*To Third Secretary, with a ring.*) This to De Chavigny  
—he knows the rest—

No need of parchment here—he must not halt

For sleep—for food—In *my* name,—MINE—he will  
 Arrest the Duc de Bouillon at the head  
 Of his army!—Ho! there, Count de Baradas  
 Thou hast lost the stake!—Away with him! (2)

[*As the Guards open the folding-doors, a view of the ante-  
 room beyond, lined with Courtiers. BARADAS passes  
 thro' the line.*

Ha!—ha!—

[*Snatching DE MAUPRAT's death warrant from the Officer.*  
 See here, De Mauprat's death-writ, Julie!—  
 Parchment for battledores!—Embrace your husband!  
 At last the old man blesses you!

*Julie.* O joy!

You are saved, you live—I hold you in these arms.

*De Maup.* Never to part—

*Julie.* No—never. Adrien—never!

*Louis, (pceevishly).* One moment makes a startling cure,  
 Lord Cardinal. (3)

*Rich.* Ay, Sire, for in one moment there did pass  
 Into this wither'd frame the might of France!—  
 My own dear France—I have thee yet—I have saved thee!  
 I clasp thee still!—it was thy voice that call'd me  
 Back from the tomb! What mistress like our country?

*Louis.* For Mauprat's pardon!—well! But Julie,—  
 Richelieu!

Leave me one thing to love!

*Rich.* A subject's luxury!

Yet, if you must love something, Sire,—*love me!*

*Louis, (smiling in spite of himself.)* Fair proxy for a  
 young fresh Demoiselle!

*Rich.* Your heart speaks for my clients:—Kneel, my  
 children,

And thank your King—

*Julie.* Ah, tears like these, my liege,  
 Are dews that mount to Heaven.

\* *Louis.* Rise—rise—be happy.

[*RICHELIEU beckons to DE BERINGHEN.*

*De Ber. (falteringly).* My lord—you are—most—hap-  
 pily recover'd.

*Rich.* But you are pale, dear Beringhen:—this air  
 Suits not your delicate frame—I long have thought so.



Sleep not another night in Paris :—Go,—  
Or else your precious life may be in danger.  
Leave France, dear Beringhen!

*De Ber.* I shall have time,  
More than I ask'd for,—to discuss the pâté. [Exit.

*Rich.* (to ORLEANS). For you, repentance—absence, and  
confession!

(To FRANCOIS). Never say *fail* again. Brave Boy!

(To JOSEPH). He'll be—

A Bishop first.

*Joseph.* Ah, Cardinal—

*Rich.* Ah, Joseph!

(To LOUIS, as *De Mauprat* and JULIE converse apart.)

See, my liege—see thro' plots and counterplots—  
Thro' gain and loss—thro' glory and disgrace—  
Along the plains, where passionate Discord rears  
Eternal Babel—still the holy stream  
Of human happiness glides on!

*Louis.* And must we  
Thank for *that* also—our prime minister?

*Rich.* No—let us own it :—there is ONE above  
Sways the harmonious mystery of the world  
Ev'n better than prime ministers.

Alas!

Our glories float between the earth and heaven  
Like clouds that seem pavilions of the sun,  
And are the playthings of the casual wind;  
Still, like the cloud which drops on unseen crags  
The dews the wild flower feeds on, our ambition  
May from its airy height drop gladness down  
On unsuspected virtue ;—and the flower  
May bless the cloud when it hath pass'd away. (4)

THE END.

## NOTES TO RICHELIEU.

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### NOTES TO ACT I.

(1) Olivares, Minister of Spain.

(2) There are many anecdotes of the irony, often so terrible, in which Richelieu indulged. But he had a love for humour in its more hearty and genial shape. He would send for Boisrobert "to make him laugh,"—and grave ministers and magnates waited in the ante-room, while the great Cardinal listened and responded to the sallies of the lively wit.

(3) The Abbé Arnaud tells us that the queen was a little avenged on the Cardinal by the ill-success of the tragic comedy of Mirame—more than suspected to be his own—though presented to the world under the foster name of Desmarests. Its representation (says Pelisson) cost him 300,000 crowns. He was so transported out of himself by the performance, that at one time he thrust his person half out of his box to show himself to the assembly; at another time he imposed silence on the audience that they might not lose "*des endroits encore plus beaux.*" He said afterwards to Desmarests: "Eh bien, les Français n'auront donc jamais de goût. Ils n'ont pas été charmés de Mirame!" Arnaud says pithily, "On ne pouvoit alors avoir d'autre satisfaction des offenses d'un homme qui étoit maître de tout, et redoutable à tout le monde." Nevertheless, his style in prose, though not devoid of the pedantic affectations of the time, often rises into very noble eloquence.

(4) "Vialart remarque une chose qui peut expliquer la conduite de Richelieu en d'autres circonstances:—c'est que les seigneurs à qui leur naissance ou leur mérite pouvoit permettre des prétensions, il avoit pour système, de leur accorder au-delà même de leurs droits et de leurs espérances, mais, aussi, une fois comblés—si, au lieu de reconnoître ses services ils se levoient contre lui, il les traitoit sans miséricorde."—*Anquetil*. See also the Political Testament, and the Mémoires de Cardinal Richelieu, in Petitot's collection.

(5) "Tantôt fanatique—tantôt fourbe—fonder les religieuses de Calvaire—*faire des vers.*" Thus speaks Voltaire of Father Joseph. His talents, and influence with Richelieu, grossly exaggerated in his own day, are now rightfully estimated.

"C'étoit en effet un homme infatigable—portant dans les entreprises, l'activité, la souplesse, l'opiniâtreté propres à les faire réussir."—*Anquetil*. He wrote a Latin poem, called "La Turciade," in which he sought to excite the kingdoms of Christendom against the Turks. But the inspiration of Tyrtæus was denied to Father Joseph.

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### NOTES TO ACT II.

(1) Richelieu not only employed the lowest, but would often consult men commonly esteemed the dullest. "Il disoit que dans des choses de très grande importance, il avoit expérimenté, que les moins sages donnoient souvent les meilleurs expédiens."—*Le Clerc*.

(2) Both Richelieu and Joseph were originally intended for the profession of arms. Joseph had served before he obeyed the spiritual inspiration to become a Capuchin. The death of his brother opened to Richelieu the Bishopric of Luçon; but his military propensities were as strong as his priestly ambition. I need scarcely add that the Cardinal, during his brilliant campaign in Italy, marched at the head of his troops in complete armour. It was under his administration that occurs the last example of proclaiming war by the chivalric defiance of herald and cartel. Richelieu valued himself much on his personal activity,—for his vanity was as universal as his ambition. A nobleman of the house of Grammont one day found him employed in *jumping*, and, with all the *savoir vivre* of a Frenchman and a courtier, offered to jump against him. He suffered the Cardinal to jump higher, and soon after found himself rewarded by an appointment. Yet, strangely enough, this vanity did not lead to a patronage injurious to the state; for never before in France was ability made so essential a requisite in promotion. He was lucky in finding the cleverest fellows among his adroitest flatterers.

(3) Voltaire openly charges Richelieu with being the lover of Marion de Lorme, whom the great poet of France, Victor Hugo, has sacrificed History to adorn with qualities which were certainly not added to her personal charms.—She was not less perfidious than beautiful.—Le Clerc, properly, refutes the accusation of Voltaire, against the discretion of Richelieu; and says, very justly, that if the great minister had the frailties of human nature, he learnt how to veil them,—at least when he obtained the scarlet. In earlier life he had been prone to gallantries which a little prepossessed the King (who was formal and decorous, and threw a singular coldness into the few attachments he permitted to himself) against the aspiring intriguer. But these gayer occupations died away in the engagement of higher pursuits or of darker passions.

(4) Richelieu did in fact so thoroughly associate himself with the State, that, in cases where the extreme penalty of the law had been incurred, Le Clerc justly observes that he was more inexorable to those he had favoured—even to his own connections—than to other and more indifferent offenders. It must be remembered as some excuse for his unrelenting sternness, that, before his time, the great had been accustomed to commit any disorder with impunity—even the crime of treason, “*anparavant on ne faisoit poser les armes aux rebelles qu'en leur accordant quelque récompense.*” On entering into the administration, he therefore laid it down as a maxim necessary to the existence of the State, that “no crime should be committed with impunity.” To carry out this maxim, the long established license to crime made even justice seem cruel. But the victims most commiserated from their birth or accomplishments, as Montmorenci, or Cinq Mars, were traitors in actual conspiracy against their country, and would have forfeited life in any land where the punishment of death existed, and the lawgiver was strong enough to vindicate the law. Richelieu was in fact a patriot unsoftened by philanthropy. As in Venice (where the favourite aphorism was, Venice first, Christianity next,) so, with Richelieu, the primary consideration was, “what will be the best for the Country?” He had no abstract principle, whether as a politician or a priest, when

applied to the world that lay beyond the boundaries of France. Thus he, whose object was to found in France a splendid and imperious despotism—assisted the Parliamentary party in England, and signed a treaty of alliance and subsidies with the Catalan rebels for the establishment of a Republic in Barcelona;—to convulse other Monarchies was to consolidate the growing Monarchy of France. So he, who completely crushed the Protestant party at home, braved all the wrath of the Vatican, and even the resentment of the King, in giving the most essential aid to the Protestants abroad. There was, indeed, a largeness of view in his hostility to the French Huguenots, which must be carefully distinguished from the intolerance of the mere priest. He opposed them, not as a Catholic, but as a Statesman. The Huguenots were strong republicans, and had formed plans for dividing France into provincial commonwealths; and the existence of Rochelle was absolutely incompatible with the integrity of the French Monarchy. It was a second capital held by the Huguenots, claiming independent authority, and the right to treat with Foreign Powers. Richelieu's final conquest was marked by a humanity, that had nothing of the bigot. The Huguenots obtained a complete amnesty, and had only to regret the loss of privileges and fortifications which could not have existed with any security to the rest of France.

(5) The guard attached to Richelieu's person was, in the first instance, fifty arquebussiers, afterwards increased to two companies of cavalry and two hundred musqueteers. Huguet is, therefore, to be considered merely as the lieutenant of a small detachment of this little army. In point of fact, the subdivisions of the guard took it in turns to serve.

(6) This tract, on the "Unity of the Minister," contains all the doctrines, and many more to the same effect, referred to in the text, and had a prodigious influence on the conscience of the poor king. At the onset of his career, Richelieu, as deputy of the clergy of Poitou, complained in his harangue to the king that ecclesiastics were too rarely summoned to the royal councils, and invoked the example of the Druids!

(7) Joseph's ambition was not, however, so moderate; he refused a bishopric, and desired the Cardinal's Hat, for which favour Richelieu openly supplicated the Holy See, but contrived, somehow or other, never to effect it, although two ambassadors applied for it at Rome.

(8) The peculiar religion of Père Joseph may be illustrated by the following anecdote:—An officer, whom he had dismissed upon an expedition into Germany, moved by conscience at the orders he had received, returned for farther explanations, and found the Capuchin *disant sa masse*. He approached and whispered "But, my father, if these people defend themselves—" "Kill all," (Qu'on tue tout,) answered the good father, continuing his devotion.

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#### NOTES TO ACT III.

(1) I need not say that the great length of this soliloquy adapts it only for the closet, and that but few of the lines are preserved on the stage. To the reader, however, the passages omitted in representation



will not, perhaps, be the most uninteresting in the play, and may be deemed necessary to the completion of the Cardinal's portrait,—action on the stage supplying so subtly the place of words in the closet. The self-assured sophistries which, in the text, mingle with Richelieu's better-founded arguments in apology for the darker traits of his character, are to be found scattered throughout the writings ascribed to him. The reader will observe that in this self-confession lies the latent poetical justice,—which separates happiness from success.

(2) It is well known that when, on his death-bed, Richelieu was asked if he forgave his enemies, he replied, "I never had any, but those of the state." And this was true enough, for Richelieu and the state were one.

(3) Richelieu's vindication of himself from cruelty will be found in various parts of Petitot's Collection, vols. xxi. xxx.

(4) Voltaire has a striking passage on the singular fate of Richelieu, recalled every hour from his gigantic schemes to frustrate some miserable cabal of the ante-room. Richelieu would often exclaim, that "Six pieds de terre (as he called the king's cabinet) lui donnaient plus de peine que tout le reste de l'Europe." The death of Wallenstein, sacrificed by the Emperor Ferdinand, produced a most lively impression upon Richelieu. He found many traits of comparison between Ferdinand and Louis—Wallenstein and himself. In the Memoirs—now regarded by the best authorities as written by his sanction, and in great part by himself—the great Frenchman bursts (when alluding to Wallenstein's murder) into a touching and pathetic anathema on the *misere de cette vie* of dependence on jealous and timid royalty, which he himself, while he wrote, sustained. It is worthy of remark, that it was precisely at the period of Wallenstein's death that Richelieu obtained from the king an augmentation of his guard.

(5) Richelieu was commonly supposed, though I cannot say I find much evidence for it, to have been too presuming in an interview with Anne of Austria, (the Queen,) and to have bitterly resented the contempt she expressed for him. The Duke of Buckingham's frantic and Quixotic passion for the Queen is well known.

(6) The fear and the hatred which Richelieu generally inspired were not shared by his dependants and those about his person, who are said "to have adored him."—*Ses domestiques le regardaient comme le meilleur des maîtres.—Le Clerc.* In fact, although *il étoit orgueilleux et colère*,—he was *en même temps, affable et plein de douceur dans l'abord*; and he was no less generous to those who served than severe to those who opposed him.

(7) In common with his contemporaries, Richelieu was credulous in astrology's less lawful arts. He was too fortunate a man not to be superstitious.

#### NOTES TO ACT IV.

(1) Omitted in representation from line 13 to 66.

(2) Louis XIII. is said to have possessed some natural talents, and in earlier youth to have exhibited the germs of noble qualities; but a blight seems to have passed over his maturer life. Personally brave,

but morally timid,—always governed, whether by his mother or his minister, and always repining at the yoke. The only affection amounting to a passion that he betrayed was for the sports of the field; yet it was his craving weakness, and this throws a kind of false interest over his character, to wish to be loved. He himself loved no one. He suffered the only woman who seems to have been attached to him to wither in a convent—he gave up favourite after favourite to exile or the block. When Richelieu died, he said, coldly, “Voilà un grand politique mort!” and when the ill-fated but unprincipled Cinq Mars, whom he called *le cher ami*, was beheaded, he drew out his watch at the fatal hour, and said with a smile, “I think at this moment that *le cher ami* fait une vilaine mine.” Nevertheless his conscience at times (for he was devout and superstitious) made him gentle; and his pride and his honour would often, when least expected, rouse him into haughty but brief resistance to the despotism under which he lived.

(3) Louis had some musical taste and accomplishment, wherewith he often communicated to his favourites some of that wearisome *eunni* under which he himself almost unceasingly languished.

(4) One of Louis's most bitter complaints against Richelieu was the continued banishment of the Queen Mother. It is impossible, however, not to be convinced that the return of that worthless intriguer was wholly incompatible with the tranquillity of the kingdom. Yet, on the other hand, the poverty and privation which she endured in exile are discreditable to the generosity and the gratitude of Richelieu—she was his first patron, though afterwards his most powerful persecutor.

(5) In his Memoirs Richelieu gives an amusing account of the insouciance and arts of Baradas, and observes with indignant astonishment, that the favourite was never weary of repeating to the King that he (Baradas) would have made just as great a minister as Richelieu. It is on the attachment of Baradas to La Cressias, a maid of honour to the Queen Mother, of whom, according to Baradas, the King was enamoured also, that his love for the Julie de Mortemar of the play has been founded. The secret of Baradas's sudden and extraordinary influence with the King seems to rest in the personal adoration which he professed for Louis, with whom he affected all the jealousy of a lover, but whom he flattered with the ardent chivalry of a knight. Even after his disgrace he placed upon his banner, “*Fiat voluntas tua.*”

(6) Louis was called *The Just*, but for no other reason than that he was born under the *Libra*.

(7) Louis XIII. did not resemble either his father or his son in the ardour of his attachments; if not wholly platonic, they were wholly unimpassioned; yet no man was more jealous, or more unscrupulously tyrannical when the jealousy was aroused.

(8) One of Richelieu's severest and least politic laws was that which made duelling a capital crime. Never was the punishment against the offence more relentlessly enforced; and never were duels so desperate and so numerous. The punishment of death must be evidently ineffectual so long as to refuse a duel is to be dishonoured, and so long as men hold the doctrine, however wrong, that it is better to part with the life that Heaven gave than the honour man makes. In fact, the greater the danger he incurred, the greater was the punctilio of the cavalier of the time in braving it.

(9) For the haughty and rebuking tone which Richelieu assumed in his expostulations with the King, see his *Memoirs* (passim) in (Petitot's collection, vols. 22—30 (*bis.*) Montesquieu, in one of his brilliant antitheses, says well of Richelieu, "Il avila le roi, mais il illustra le règne."

(10) However "*orgueilleux*" and "*colère*" in his disputes with Louis, the Cardinal did not always disdain recourse to the arts of the courtier;—once, after an angry discussion with the king, in which, as usual, Richelieu got the better, Louis, as they quitted the palace together, said rudely, "Sortez le premier, vous êtes bien le roi de France." "Si je passe le premier," replied the minister, after a moment's hesitation, and with great adroitness, "ce ne peut être que comme le plus humble de vos serviteurs;" and he took a flambeau from one of the pages, to light the king as he walked before him—"en reculant et sans tourner le dos."

(11) Selon *Passage de Louis XIII.*, faire arrêter quelqu'un pour crime d'état, et le faire mourir, l'était, à peu près le même chose.—*Le Clerc.*

(12) Like Cromwell and Rienzi, Richelieu appears to have been easily moved to tears. The Queen Mother, who put the hardest interpretation on that humane weakness, which is natural with very excitable temperaments, said that "Il pleurait quand il voulait." I may add to those who may be inclined to imagine that Richelieu appears in parts of this scene too dejected for consistency with so imperious a character, that it is recorded of him that "quand ses affaires ne cruisssoient pas, il se trouvoit abattu et epouvanté, et quand il obtenoit ce qu'il souhaitoit, il étoit fier et insultant."

#### NOTES TO ACT V.

(1) See in "*Cinq Mars*," vol. v. the striking and brilliant chapter from which the interlude of the Secretaries is borrowed.

(2) The passion of the drama requires this catastrophe for Baradas. He, however, survived his disgrace, though stripped of all his rapidly-acquired fortunes—and the daring that belonged to his character won him distinction in foreign service. He returned to France after Richelieu's death, but never regained the same court influence. He had taken the vows of a knight of Malta, and Louis made him a Prior.

(3) The sudden resuscitation of Richelieu (not to strain too much on the real passion which supports him in this scene) is in conformance with the more dissimulating part of his character. The extraordinary mobility of his countenance (latterly so deathlike, save when the mind spoke in the features) always lent itself to stage effect of this nature. The queen mother said of him, that she had seen him one moment so feeble, cast down, and "semi-mort," that he seemed on the point of giving up the ghost—and the next moment he would start up full of animation, energy and life.

(4) The image and the sentiment in the concluding lines are borrowed from a passage in one of the writings attributed to the Cardinal

No. V.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

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



THE WIFE:

A TALE OF MANTUA.

A Play,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

WITH THE STAGE DIRECTIONS,

MARKED AND CORRECTED AS PLAYED AT THE PARK THEATRE, BY  
J. B. ADDIS, PROMPTER.

NEW YORK:

BERFORD & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.

1847.



## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

|                                | <i>Park, 1846.</i>       | <i>Federal St. Boston.</i> |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| <i>Julian St. Pierre</i> ..... | Mr. Davenport.           | Mr. James Wallack.         |
| <i>Antonio</i> .....           | " Bass.                  | " Gilbert.                 |
| <i>Leonardo Gonzago</i> .....  | " Dyott.                 | " Bland.                   |
| <i>Ferrardo</i> .....          | " Stark.                 | " Fleming.                 |
| <i>Count Florio</i> .....      | " Sutherland.            | " H. Russell.              |
| <i>Lorenzo</i> .....           | " A. Andrews.            | " Gallagher.               |
| <i>Hugo</i> .....              | " Gallot.                | " W. Germon.               |
| <i>Bartolo</i> .....           | " Fisher.                | " Whiting.                 |
| <i>Bernardo</i> .....          | " Anderson.              | " S. D. Johnson.           |
| <i>Carlo</i> .....             | " Sprague.               | " Parsons.                 |
| <i>Marco</i> .....             | " Matthews.              | " Smith.                   |
| <i>Pietro</i> .....            | " Jones.                 | " Stephens.                |
| <i>Joanier</i> .....           | " Harris.                | " Parker.                  |
| <i>Advocate</i> .....          | " M <sup>r</sup> Douall. | " Benson.                  |
| <i>Stephano</i> .....          |                          | " Adams.                   |
| <i>First Officer</i> .....     | " Heath.                 |                            |
| <i>Second do.</i> .....        | " Milot.                 |                            |
| <i>Cosmo</i> .....             |                          |                            |
| <i>Mariana</i> .....           | Mrs. Mowatt.             | Mrs. Bland.                |
| <i>Floribel</i> .....          | Miss Hall.               | Miss Boquet.               |

*Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Attendants, &c.*

## EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

The *Hunchback* of Mr. Knowles, was soon followed by the production of the *Wife*. This beautiful play was originally represented the 24th April, 1833, at the Covent Garden Theatre--the author appearing as Julian St. Pierre, Miss Ellen Tree as Mariana, and Mr. Charles Kean as Leonardo. It was played upwards of fifty nights during the season.

There are many passages of exquisite poetry in this piece, and some well contrived *coups de theatre*, which never fail of effect when common justice is done them in the representation. Among the latter we may enumerate the scene where Leonardo discovers himself--that between Mariana and the friar--the trick, by which St. Pierre gets possession of the dagger of the villain Duke, and is enabled to compel him to sign the confession of his own infamous practices--the sudden appearance of the slandered Duchess in the tent of her husband, and the subsequent entrance of St. Pierre, followed by his recognition of his sister and his own death.

Nothing could be more finely conceived than the magnanimous incredulity, with which Leonardo listens to the accusations against his wife. The character of Mariana is beautifully sketched. The combination of energy of will and independence of judgment with the depth and constancy of all the tenderest affections--the interweaving of the traits which command respect, with those which inspire love--the reconciliation of all that is gentle, tender and adorable in the feminine attributes, with the moral courage that prefers death to oppression, and the intellectual boldness, which makes her more than a match in argument for the priest, who would control her actions,--all form an admirable and natural picture of a true woman placed in circumstances of trial and perplexity.

The character of St. Pierre is one of the most marked, interesting and original that we have had upon the stage, since the days of the Elizabethan dramatists. It is that of a youth trained up to crime, and

soiled with guilt, but who is haunted with a sense of the good and the beautiful, which in the end breaks forth to overwhelm his tempter and instructor in depravity, with consternation and defeat.

The *Wife* merits a place among the highest in our list of stock plays. It is not, however, one of those pieces, which it is safe to trust to an inferior *corps dramatique*. The first three acts in particular, are likely to *drag* in the representation unless the principal characters are sustained with ability and spirit. The two closing acts are so full of fine points, that it would be difficult even for dullness to render them ineffective.

### Dramatis Personæ and Costumes.

ST. PIERRE.—Ragged doublet and trunks, old hat. Second dress, very handsome cavalier dress.

LEONARDO.—Handsome black shape, trimmed with yellow and gold. Second dress, armour-shirt and legging, with gold helmet.

FERRARDO.—Handsomely trimmed red tunic and vest, dark blue velvet cloak trimmed with silver.

FLORIO.—Blue merino tunic trimmed with silver, crimson trunks trimmed with gold, red cloak richly trimmed, black cap and feathers.

ANTONIO.—Black silk shirt trimmed with velvet, black velvet surplus trimmed with black silk ribbon, black velvet skull-cap.

LORENZO.—Black cloak and square cap.

HUGO.—Grey cloth shape trimmed with black.

BARTOLO.—Do.

BERNARDO.—Fawn-coloured shirt, trimmed with black velvet.

CARLO.—Do.

MARCO.—Black tunic, trunks, and hat.

PIETRO.—Do.

COSMO.—Do.

STEPHANO } Blue shape, striped, and buttons. Second dress, yellow velvet  
AND OFFICERS, } tunic, good breastplate and cap.

ADVOCATE.—Black tunic and trunks, cloak, and square cap.

COURIER.—Blue shirt trimmed with black velvet, breastplate and cap.

MARIANNE.—(Dress according to taste of Actress.)

FLORIBEL.—Do.

### EXITS and ENTRANCES.

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

### RELATIVE POSITIONS.

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

\* \* \* The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience.

R.

RC.

C.

LC.

L.

# THE WIFE :

## A Tale of Mantua.

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### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A street in Mantua.*

*Enter* LEONARDO GONZAGA *and* LORENZO, L.

*Leon.* So, in my native city, thanks to heaven,  
'Ten years and more elapsed, I stand again !  
A boy it sent me forth, takes back a man.  
Hail to it ! 'Tis mine old acquaintance still,  
In nothing strange—unaltered. To a stone  
The same I left it ! Glad am I to see it—  
None better loves its venerable face.

*Lor.* I am glad to see you smile.

*Leon.* I do so, Signor.

I am a boy again ! The days come back  
When smallest things made wealth of happiness  
And ever were at hand ! when I did watch  
With panting heart the striking of the clock,  
Which hardly sounded ere the book was shut.  
Then for the race—the leap—the game ! O Signor,  
The vigor and endurance of such joy !  
Is't e'er to come again ? And care so light,  
That, looking back, you smile you thought it care,  
And call it part of pleasure ! I'm again  
In Mantua ! [*Crosses to L.*

*Lor.* Then here we say farewell.

*Leon.* Not so : acquaintance, born and nurtured in



Adversity, is worth the cherishing.

'Tis proved steel, which one may trust one's life to.  
You are a stranger here in Mantua,  
Which I am native to. What brings you hither?  
If 'tis a cause no scruple of just weight  
Forbids thee to unfold, unbosom thee,  
And in return for what thou part'st with, take  
The zeal and honor of a hearty friend,  
And service, too, to boot. You pause, from doubt  
Either of my ability or faith.

If this, I'm sorry for 't—if that, take heed.  
You know not by the eye the practised limb  
Where the informed and active sinew lies,  
'That's equal to the feat. What, silent still?  
'Sdeath, man! a dwarf is not to be despised,  
For he may have a giant for his friend,  
And so be master of a giant's strength.  
Come, come, have confidence;—'tis the free rein  
Which takes the willing courser o'er the leap  
He'd miss if you did check him.

*Lor.* There are men  
Whose habits in abeyance hold their natures,  
Which still remain themselves. Your temperament  
Is of the sanguine kind,—and so is mine.  
But lo, the difference! Thy frankness brooks  
No pause; thy wish is scarce conceived ere told  
As if men's hearts were open as their looks,  
And trust were due to all. The law hath been  
My study, Signor; and, these three years past,  
My practice too; and it hath taught me this—  
To doubt, with openness to be convinced,  
Is to remain on this side danger,—yet  
No fraction less of generosity  
Which it becomes a noble mind to cherish.

*Leon.* And doubt you me?

*Lor.* No, Signor; but drew back  
When you with instant promptness did advance  
Where I, with all the heart to take the step,  
Had still, I fear, been standing. You shall know  
Ny errand hither. I am nephew—

*Leon.* Stop  
Till these pass on!

*Enter* BERNARDO, BARTOLO, CARLO, *and others, R.*

*Car.* Will not the Duke postpone the cause?

*Bar.* I tell thee no.

*Bar.* And wherefore?

*Bar.* What's that to thee?—Is not he the Duke? Shall such a piece of flesh and bones as thou art, question the Duke?

*Car.* Why not?

*Bar.* Why not? Would any one believe he had been born in Mantua? Now mark how I will answer him. Dost thou drink Burgundy?

*Car.* No, but water.

*Bar.* Then thou art, compared to the great duke, what water is to Burgundy.

*Ber.* Say on, Bartolo. Well! The duke refuses to postpone the cause; and what then?

*Bar.* Why then the cause comes on.

*Ber.* And what will be the end on't?

*Bar.* That knows the duke.

*Ber.* She was a bold girl, when they forced her to the church, to refuse to give her hand there, and claim the protection of the curate.

*Bar.* He was a bolder man to have any thing to say to so mettlesome a piece of stuff.

*Car.* And to refuse a count!

*Bar.* Her cause will not thrive the better for that, unless, indeed, the duke be wrath with the count for honorably affecting a commissary's ward.

*Leon.* [*Aside.*] You seem intent on their discourse.

*Lor.* [*Aside.*] I am so.

*Ber.* You saw her, Bartolo, did you not?

*Bar.* Yes, I was passing by when they were forcing her into the church, and followed them in.

*Car.* Is she as handsome as they say?

*Bar.* Humph!--handsome!--handsome is this, and handsome is that. Notwithstanding I think I dare pronounce her handsome, very handsome! nay, I will go farther, and confess that were she a countess, or a duchess, I would call her the most beautiful woman in Mantua.

*Ber.* But why wishes the curate to have the cause postponed?

*Bar.* To wait for a learned doctor of the law, for whom

he has sent to Rome, but who has not yet arrived, though hourly looked for.

*Car.* What! must one send for law to Rome?

*Bar.* Yes, if one cannot find it in Mantua.

*Car.* Cannot one find law in Mantua?

*Bar.* Not if it all be bought up. There's not a legal man of note whom the count has not retained; so was the curate forced to send for his nephew to Rome—a man, it is reported, of great learning, and of profound skill in his profession, though hardly yet out of his nonage.

*Leon.* [*Aside.*] You color, Signor! 'tis of you he speaks.

*Car.* Fears he to come to Mantua, or what?

*Bar.* 'Tis thought that the brigands have detained him—a plague upon the rascals! A word in your ears, Signors. You all know that Bartolo is a loyal man.

*All.* We do, Bartolo.

*Bar.* Said I ever a word against the duke?

*All.* No.

*Bar.* You are right, Signors: nor would I, tho' the duke were to hang every honest man in Mantua, for is he not the duke?—and is not Bartolo a loyal man? Now, if I speak of the duke's cousin, whom the brigands, they say, have killed, speak I against the duke!

*All.* No.

*Bar.* Is't treason to say, "a pity that he was killed"?

*All.* No.

*Bar.* Ah, Signors, had he succeeded his father, he would have made a proper duke. Is this saying any thing against his cousin that is the duke?

*All.* No.

*Bar.* I warrant me, no! Catch Bartolo talking treason. Who says a word against the duke? He dies, as Bartolo is a loyal man. But fare you well, Signors. The trial comes on at noon—and noon will soon be here.

*Ber.* We go your way.

*Bar.* Come on, then. Remember I said not a word against the duke. • [*Exeunt Bartolo and others, 1.*

*Leon.* Of you he spoke—was it not so?

*Lor.* It was.

*Leon.* You come to Mantua to plead the cause Of this fair damsel. You were here before, But that the brigands intercepted you,—

Your hurt, but my advantage, whose escape  
 Long time their captive, you contriv'd. And now,  
 To prove my friendship more than wordy vaunting :  
 I have the power to serve you. Take me with you.  
 Your clerk, you said, opposing vain resistance,  
 The hot-brained robber slew. Suppose me him :  
 I have a smattering of his vocation,  
 A notion of the mystery of yours ;  
 And I would hear by their own lips recited,  
 This worthy priest and beauteous damsel's cause,  
 For reasons which—you smile.

*Lor.* A thought did cross me.

*Leo.* I know thy thought—'tis wrong ! 'Tis not the heat  
 Of youthful blood which prompts—you smile again.

*Lor.* Your pardon.—If I did, you have to thank  
 The quickness of your apprehension.

*Leon.* Mark me !—

I have loved my last—and that love was my first !  
 A passion like a seedling that did spring,  
 Whose germ the winds had set ; of stem so fine,  
 And leaf so small, to inexperienced sight  
 It passed for naught—until, with swelling trunk,  
 And spreading branches bowing, all around,  
 It stood a goodly tree ! Are you content ?  
 This was my sadness, Signor, which the sight  
 Of my dear native city banished ;  
 Which thy misgiving hath brought back again ;  
 And which will be the clothing of my heart,  
 While my heart calls this breast of mine its house.

*Lor.* I pray you, pardon me !

*Leon.* I pray you, peace !

Time presses—Once again, have confidence,  
 And take me with you to your uncle's home.  
 More than you credit me, I may bestead you.  
 Wilt take my hand ?

*Lor.* I will !

*Leon.* Have with you then !

*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE II.—*Antonio's house.*

*Enter ANTONIO and PIETRO, R.*

*Ant.* What lacks it now of noon ?



*Piet.* An hour or more.

*Ant.* No chance of his arrival!—This delay  
Perplexes me! Is it neglect?—I thought  
His answer would have been his presence here,  
Prompt as my summons: yet he neither comes  
Nor sends excuse. 'Tis very strange. She holds  
The same sedate and lofty carriage still?

*Piet.* She does, and native seems it to the maid  
As her fair brōw, wherefrom it calmly looks,  
As from its custom'd and assured seat:  
A gentleness that smiles without a smile:  
For 'tis the sweetness, not of any part,  
But all—look, speech, and act,—delights the heart  
That's near her. Silence is her humor: yet  
She never shuns discourse: while what she says,  
Hath one unwearied constant burden still,  
A blessing on your reverence.

*Ant.* Poor girl!  
She owes me naught.  
She was afflicted, persecuted, and  
I succor'd her!—I, standing at the altar!  
Beneath my master's roof! His livery  
Blazon'd, as ne'er was earth's king's, upon me!  
What could I less?

*Piet.* Fails he to come, for whom  
Your reverence looks to plead the damsel's cause?  
Must it perforce go on?

*Ant.* It must; and I  
Myself will be her advocate, before  
The haughty duke. For problems of deep law,  
Will give him axioms of plain truth, and paint  
Her thrilling grievance to the life with tears,—  
Which, pity seeing, shall to every heart  
That owns her gentle influence, commend,  
And gather tears to aid them.

*Enter STEPHANO, L.*

*Ste.* May it please you,  
Two strangers, craving audience, wait below.

*Ant.* Admit them! [*Exit STEP. L.*] 'Tis my nephew!  
Worthy Pietro,  
Have all in readiness, that we appear  
Before the duke when cited. [*Exit PIETRO, R.*]

*Enter* LEONARDO GONZAGA and LORENZO, L.

So Lorenzo!

*Lor.* Save you, my reverend uncle!

*Ant.* Now a week

I've looked for you—but waive me the explanations.  
Thou'rt come, and to the business that has brought thee.  
I have possessed thee of the damsel's cause  
In all its bearings—art prepared to plead it?

*Lor.* I am, so please your rev'rence;—but with us  
That evidence is best which is direct.

That the Count Florio seeks the damsel's hand,—  
That wills her guardian she should give it him,—  
That she resists her uncle and the count,—  
I know, but not the cause of her dissent.

Children to guardians do obedience owe;  
A match so lofty warrants some enforcement,  
Which not on slight grounds, should the maid resist.

*Ant.* Ground know I none, save strong aversion.

*Lor.* Pray you

Vouchsafe us conference with the maid herself.

Her disposition shall this gentleman

That's come with me—my trusty clerk—set down.

*Ant.* I'll bring her to you; but, I charge you, boy.

You keep in mind you are her advocate.

For she, indeed, of those rare things of earth,  
Which of the debt that's due to it, rob Heaven,

That men set earth before it, is the rarest!

Then guard thee, nephew!—rather with thine ears  
And tongue discourse with her, than with thine eyes,

Lest thou forget it was her cause, not she

That summon'd thee to Mantua!

*Lor.* Fear me not!

[*Exit Antonio, R.*

*Leon.* A service of some danger, it should seem,  
Your rev'rend uncle has engaged you in:

And by his pardon, for your safety—

*Lor.* Is't from your own misgivings that you doubt me?

*Leon.* No:—as I said before, my heart is safe—

Love proof, with love! which, if it be not, Signor,  
A passion that can only once be felt—

Hath but one object—lives and dies with us—

And, while it lives, remains itself, while all

Attachments else keep changing—it is nothing!

I used to laugh at love and deem it fancy ;  
 My heart would choose its mistress by mine eyes,  
 Whom scarce they found ere my heart sought a new one.  
 I knew not then the 'haviour of the soul—  
 How that's the loveliness which it doth lodge,  
 A world beyond the loveliness of form !  
 I found it ! when or where—for weal or woe—  
 It matters not ! I found it ! wedded it !  
 Never to be divorced from that true love  
 Which taught me what love was !

*Lor.* You wedded it ?—

Then was your passion blest ?

*Leon.* No, Signor, no !

Question no farther, prithee ! Here's your uncle.

*Enter ANTONIO and MARIANA, R.*

*Ant.* Lo, nephew ! here's the maid  
 To answer for herself !

*Lor.* [*To Leon.*] She's fair indeed !  
 Description ne'er could give her out the thing,  
 One only glance avows her !—Prithee, look !

*Leon.* Show her to Time, who has not seen the fairest !  
 Remember, Signor, Time's no gazer, but  
 Doth ever keep his eye upon his road,  
 His feet in motion ;—noon is just at hand.

*Lor.* I thank you. Note my questions—her replies.  
 Your guardian—is he your relation too ?

*Mar.* No,—would he were ! That stay had needs be  
 strong,  
 Which failing, we've no other left to cling to.

*Leon.* Oh, music !—

*Lor.* What's the matter ?

*Leon.* I did hear  
 A bird, whose throat did beggar all the grove,  
 And of its rich and famed minstrel makes  
 A poor and common chorister !

*Lor.* Hear her !  
 You'll have no ear for any other bird ;  
 Look at her, and you'll have no ear for her,  
 Your tranced vision every other sense  
 Absorbing !—Gave you promise to the count ?

*Mar.* None !

*Lor.* Nor encouragement ?

*Mar.* Such as aversion  
Gives to the thing it loathes.

*Lor.* Have you a vow  
Or promise to another ?—that were a plea  
To justify rejection. You are silent.  
And yet you speak—if blushes speak, as men  
Declare they do. Come, come, I know you love.  
Give me to know the story of your love !  
That, thereupon, I found my proper plea  
To show your opposition not a thing  
Of fantasy, caprice, or frowardness,  
But that for which all hearers shall commend you,  
Proves it the joint result of heart and reason,  
Each other's act approving.—Was't in Mantua  
You met ?

*Mar.* No, Signor ; in my native land.

*Lor.* And that is—

*Mar.* Switzerland.

*Lor.* His country, too ?

*Mar.* No, Signor, he belonged to Mantua.

*Lor.* That's right—you are collected and direct  
In your replies. I dare be sworn your passion  
Was such a thing, as by its neighborhood  
Made piety and virtue twice as rich  
As e'er they were before. How grew it ! Come,  
Thou know'st thy heart—look calmly into it,  
And see how innocent a thing it is  
Which thou dost fear to show.—I wait your answer.  
How grew your passion ?

*Mar.* As my stature grew,  
Which rose without my noting it, until  
They said I was a woman. I kept watch  
Beside what seemed his death-bed. From beneath  
An avalanche my father rescued him,  
The sole survivor of a company  
Who wandered through our mountains. A long time  
His life was doubtful, Signor, and he called  
For help, whence help alone could come, which I,  
Morning and night, invok'd along with him.—  
So first our souls did mingle !



*Lor.* I perceive :—you mingled souls until you mingled hearts ?

You lov'd at last. Was't not the sequel, maid ?

*Mar.* I loved indeed ! If I but nursed a flower  
Which to the ground the rain and wind had beaten,  
That flower of all our garden was my pride :—  
What then was he to me, for whom I thought  
To make a shroud, when, tending on him still  
With hope, that, baffled still, did still keep up,  
I saw at last the ruddy dawn of health  
Begin to mantle o'er his pallid form,  
And glow—and glow—till forth at last it burst  
Into confirmèd, broad, and glorious day !

*Lor.* You loved, and he did love ?

*Mar.* To say he did,  
Were to affirm what oft his eyes avouch'd,  
What many an action testified—and yet—  
What wanted confirmation of his tongue.  
But if he loved—it brought him not content !  
'Twas now abstraction—now a start—anon  
A pacing to<sup>a</sup> and fro—anon, a stillness,  
As naught remain'd of life, save life itself,  
And feeling, thought, and motion, were extinct !  
Then all again was action ! Disinclined  
To converse, save he held it with himself ;  
Which oft he did, in moody vein discoursing,  
And ever and anon invoking Honor,  
As some high contest there were pending, 'twixt  
Himself and him, wherein her aid he needed.

*Lor.* This spoke impediment ; or he was bound  
By promise to another ; or had friends  
Whom it behoved him to consult, and doubted ;  
Or 'twixt you lay disparity too wide  
For love itself to leap.

*Mar.* I saw a struggle,  
But knew not what it was.—I wondered still,  
That what to me was all content, to him  
Was all disturbance ; but my turn did come.  
At length he talked of leaving us ; at length  
He fixed the parting day—but kept it not—  
O how my heart did bound !—Then first I knew  
It had been sinking. Deeper still it sank

When next he fixed to go; and sank it then  
To bound no more! He went.

*Lor.* To follow him,  
You came to Mantua?

*Mar.* What could I do?—

Cot, garden, vineyard, rivulet, and wood,  
Lake, sky, and mountain, went along with him,—  
Could I remain behind? My father found  
My heart was not at home; he loved his child,  
And asked me, one day, whither we should go?  
I said, 'to Mantua.' I follow'd him  
To Mantua! to breathe the air he breathed,  
To walk upon the ground he walked upon,  
To look upon the things he look'd upon,  
To look, perchance, on him! perchance to hear him,  
To touch him! never to be known to him,  
Till he was told, I lived and died his love.

*Lor.* I pray you, Signor, how do you get on?  
I see you play the woman well as I,  
And, sooth to say, the eye did never weep  
In which her story could not find a tear!  
How get you on? indite you word for word  
As she delivers it? How's this! The page  
As blank as first you found it!—all our pains  
Have gone to lose our time.

*Leon.* I have a gift  
Of memory, Signor, which belongs to few.  
What once I hear, stands as a written page  
Before me; which, if asked, I can repeat  
True to the very letter. You shall have  
A proof of this. I have a friend or two  
I fain would snatch a word with—that despatched  
I'll meet you at the duke's, and bring with me  
The damsel's story, word for word set down,  
And win your full content; or give you leave  
To brand me an impostor, or aught else  
A man should blush to pass for. Will you trust me?

*Lor.* I will.

*Leon.* You may, for you shall ne'er repent you.  
I'll bring you aid you little count upon. [*Aside.*] [*Exit, L.*]

*Ant.* Nay, nephew, urge your friend to stay. A space  
You have for brief refreshment: and, in sooth,

You want it, who, from travel just alighted,  
Must needs to business go.

*Lor.* Detain not him ;  
Some needful avocations call upon him.  
I wait your pleasure.

*Ant.* Daughter, come.  
Some effort has it cost to tell your story,  
But profit comes of it ;—your cause is strong.  
Your vows, which virtually are another's,  
Heaven doth itself forbid you give the Count !  
Is't not so, nephew ?

*Lor.* There I'll found the plea,  
Which to the conscience of the Duke I'll put.  
Knows he—whom, at his death (which I'm advised  
Took place in Mantua) your father named  
Your guardian—knows the commissary this,  
Which thou hast now related ?

*Mar.* Not that I know of.  
My father's death was sudden.—Long time since  
He and the commissary were acquaintance ;  
What passed between them, save the testament  
Which left me ward unto the commissary,  
I am a stranger to.

*Lor.* Since you came hither  
Have you seen him, for sake of whom you came ?

*Mar.* No !

*Lor.* Nor hast a clue, direct or indirect,  
To find him out ?

*Mar.* No, Signor.

*Lor.* And how long  
Have you sojourned in Mantua ?

*Mar.* Two years.

*Lor.* And is your love the same ?

*Mar.* Am I the same ?

*Lor.* Such constancy should win a blessing.

*Ant.* Yes !

And strange as 'tis, what seems to us affliction  
Is oft a hand that helps us to our wish.  
So may it fall with thee—if heaven approves !

*Excunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Hall of Justice in the Duke's Palace.*

*On one side* BARTOLO, BERNARDO, CARLO *and others* ; *on the other, Lords and Ladies, &c. &c.*

*Bar.* Silence, Signors! Keep order! The parties in the cause are coming—here they are!

*Enter* MARIANA *leaning on* ANTONIO, *attended by* LORENZO; *after them the Count* FLORIO, *and various Doctors of the Law.*

*Bar.* That is the maiden, and that the curate upon whom she leans.

*Ber.* And where's the Count?

*Bar.* Yonder, surrounded by the Doctors of the Law.

*Ber.* The maid is very fair.

*Bar.* Yes, for a burgher's daughter. [*Flourish of Drum and Trumpet.*] Hush! the duke approaches. The cause will straight come on.

*Enter the* DUKE FERRARDO GONZAGA *and attendants, U. E. R.*  
*The whole assembly rise.*

*Fer.* Your seats! your seats! [*The assembly sit.*  
Bring on this cause! Who answers for our friend,  
The Count?

*Advocate.* My lord; so please you, I.

*Fer.* Proceed.

*Advocate.* The question lies between the Count and this,  
The guardian of the maid—whose froward act  
Your highness is possess'd of—on the one side;  
The maid herself, and that the reverend man,  
Who countenance doth lend unto that act,  
Upon the other. Hereon founds the count  
His right unto the maiden's hand.—The will  
And promise of her guardian, unto whom  
Behoves her choice to bow—for choice herself  
The maid of right, hath none—This were the case,  
Proposed her guardian to affiancè her  
To one in rank as far beneath the maid



As is the maid beneath the count, But lo,  
The difference! By this alliance does  
She gain a consort of a rank so high  
And wealth so broad, he were pretender fit  
To hand of any maid in Italy!—  
Such is our cause. In the first place the right  
To give away the maid; and in the next  
That right exerted for her highest good.

*Bar.* He is a good spokesman—the duke deliberates.

*Lor.* My friend is lost, almost as soon as found.  
He has deceived me. No! he comes at last,  
And keeps indeed his promise, if he brings  
Such friends as these to back us!

*Enter LEONARDO GONZAGA as clerk to LORENZO; followed  
by several persons of distinction, U. R.*

*Bar.* Observe you, Signors! Are not those who just entered relatives and friends of him that were the duke, had not mishap stepped in 'twixt him and his father's seat?

*Fer.* They are.

*Bar.* Do they abet the maid? You see they take their station round her:—they are not wont of late to frequent the palace.

*Bar.* Peace! the duke is going to speak.

*Fer.* Count, on what plea claim you the maiden's hand?

*Flo.* Her guardian hath affianced her to me.

*Fer.* Speak you, her guardian,—states the count the fact?

*Hugo.* He does, so please your highness!

*Fer.* What's her age?

*Hugo.* She lacks a year of her majority.

*Fer.* Her rank?

*Hugo.* Her father was a burgher.

*Fer.* Wealth

Has she been left?

*Hugo.* What charily enjoy'd,

From manual labor might, perhaps, exempt her.

*Fer.* And stoops the count so low to be despis'd—  
Rejected—spurned? Let the maid be given  
Back to her guardian's custody; and if  
Obedience be refused, let him enforce it!  
The cause is judged!

*Lor.* Your highness' pardon, but  
The other side's to hear.

*Fer.* Who's he that speaks?

*Lor.* The counsel for the maid.

*Fer.* Let him be wise,

And not gainsay our pleasure. It is told!  
The cause is over—finally adjudg'd.

*Lor.* How far your highness' power extends I know?  
Yet though it reach unto my life, that life  
I hold to be my good, and husband not  
A minute longer than it ministers  
Unto mine honor's profitable use.  
The duty which I should discharge in vain,—  
Not through its own demerit, but defect  
In him whose will availeth more than right,—  
I leave undone;—but 'gainst the power protest  
Which makes me—servant unto justice—slave  
Unto oppression. For the pangs that wring  
That maiden's heart, be answerable thou,  
Not I!

*Ant.* Your highness—

*Fer.* Peace! I will not hear thee, father!

*Ant.* Then heaven will hear me! I do call on it  
For judgment on the man who wrongs this maid!  
And sure as I do call 'twill answer me,—  
And speak to thee—be thou that wicked man—  
When power thou hast no longer to cry 'peace!'

*Fer.* That wicked man!

*Ant.* O poverty of earth—

That men do deeds which win them evil names,  
And spurn the names, but not the deeds which win them!  
What truth instructeth me shall I not speak?  
Suffer'd the maid from any violence  
Should he not die? What callest thou the deed  
Which would condemn her to a loathed bed?  
Think'st thou there's virtue in constrained vows,  
Half utter'd—soulless—falter'd forth in fear,  
To purge the nauseousness of such a deed,  
That heaven won't smell the damning odour on't?  
And if there is, then truth and grace are naught!  
Then sanctity is naught! yea, Heaven itself!  
And in its empyreal essence lies

No savour of its sweetness !

*Fer.* Peace, I say !

*Ant.* Thou can'st not bid the thunder hold its peace—  
Why criest thou peace to me ? Nay, bid me speak—  
That thou may'st bear to hear the thunder speak—  
The herald, earth-accredited of heaven—  
Which when men hear, they think on heaven's king  
And run the items o'er of the account  
To which he's sure to call them.

*Fer.* Dread my power !

*Ant.* Dread thou the power, from which thou hold'st  
thy power !

Proud man, I brave thee where thou sit'st, and in  
The ear of earth and heaven denounce the sentence  
Which gives that injured maid to violence !

*Fer.* I'll hear no more !—The cause is judged—the maid  
Her rightful guardian take !

*Mar.* [*Advancing to centre.*] And if he does  
He takes a corse ! Lo ! death is at my lips ;

[*Taking a small vial from her bosom.*]

The hand or foot that offers to approach,  
Commits a murder ! In this vial bides  
The bane of fifty lives ! pass but a drop,  
Were now the sexton told to dig my grave,  
Were now his foot upon the shovel set,  
'Ere he began, I should be ready for it !  
Who stirs ? Lo, here I sink upon my knee !  
Or let the count his hateful suit forego,  
Or let my guardian his consent revoke,  
Or let the duke recall his foul decree,  
Or hence, by mine own limbs, I never rise !

*Fer.* Why to the count this strong repugnance, girl ?

*Mar.* Give thou thy oath that none shall stir, I'll speak.

*Fer.* I give it thee.

*Mar.* I am a maid betrothed !

All but the rites, a wife ! A wedded heart  
Altho' unwedded hand ! Reflect on that !  
Making me give my hand unto the count,  
You make me give what is another's right :—  
Constraining me to an unrighteous act,  
And doing violence to heaven itself,  
Which curses lips, that move 'gainst consciences !

*Fer.* Lives he of whom you speak in Mantua ?

*Mar.* In Mantua he told me he did live.

*Fer.* What ! know you not the place of his sojourn ?

*Mar.* Yes ! where he still sojourns, where'er he is !

*Fer.* What place is that ?

*Mar.* My heart ! Tho' travels he  
By land or sea—though I'm in Mantua,  
And he as distant as the pole away—  
I look but into that and there he is,  
It's king enthron'd, with every thought, wish, will,  
In waiting at his feet !

*Fer.* This is the mood,  
The phantasy of girlhood ! Do we hold  
Our power of suff'rance of a baby maid,  
Who mocks us with a threat she durst not keep ?  
Secure her ?

*Mar.* Lo, the phial's at my lips !  
Let him who would do a murder, do it !  
Had he a thousand hands to wait upon thee,  
The slightest movement of this little one,  
Would make them useless all !

*Leon.* My Mariana !

*Fer.* She has dropt the phial.

*Leon.* [*Coming forward.*] Stir not on your lives !  
My Mariana !

*Mar.* 'Tis he !

*Leon.* It is, my love !  
'Tis he who won thy heart, not seeking it !  
'Tis he whose heart thou won'st, not knowing it !  
Who saw thee rich in all but fortune's gifts,  
And—servant unto them, though lord of them,—  
Balanced their poor esteem against thy wealth,  
Which fortune could not match ! Accountable  
To others, never I revealed the love  
I did not see the way for thee to bless,  
As only thou would'st bless it ! Now, that way  
Is clear ! is open ! lies before my sight,  
Without impediment, or any thing  
Which, with the will, I cannot overleap !  
And now, my love before ! my love till now !  
And still my love !—now, now I call thee wife,  
And wed thee here—here—here—in Mantua !



*Fer.* Remove that slave, who knows not where he is!

*Leon.* Descend, great duke, who know'st not where  
thou sit'st!

*Fer.* Where do I sit?

*Leon.* Why, in thy cousin's seat!

*Fer.* He's dead!

*Leon.* He's not! He lives, and claims his seat,  
Backed by his kinsmen, friends, and every one  
That owns a loyal heart in Mantua! [*Throws off his*  
Do you not know me, cousin? *gown.*

*Fer.* Leonardo!

*Leon.* Six years have we been strangers, but I see  
You know my father's face, if not your cousin's?

*Fer.* I do, and yield to you that father's seat.

*Leon.* Cousin, the promptness of your abdication  
Invests it with a grace to which we bow.

We'll spare your sight the pain of our accession,  
And pray that, with the parties in this cause—  
(I mean the count and guardian of the maid)—  
You now withdraw, and at your former mansion  
Wait intimation of our further pleasure.

I would not have you speak, so please you, now:  
When we confer, it must be privily.

Yet, out of honor to our common blood,  
Well as in pledge of no unkind intent,

Your hand before you go! [*They shake hands.*

*Fer.* Nay, let me speak

At least my thanks, your highness, and my welcome,  
[*Exeunt Ferrardo, Florio, and Hugo, 1.*

*Ant.* Rise, Signors, rise!

Live Leonardo, Duke of Mantua! [*Flourish.*

*Leon.* We thank you, friends! This welcome is of the  
heart.

For you we take this seat. Thou reverend man,  
Be confessor unto the duke of Mantua;  
Thou man of law and honor, be his friend,  
And advocate of state; and both of you  
Lead hither that abstracted maid! But no!  
That office should be mine. [*Descends.*] In Italy  
Shines there a brow on which my coronet  
Could find so proud a seat? My Mariana,  
Wilt be my bride? Nay, do not tax thy tongue

With that thy looks have scarce the power to speak!  
 Come, share my seat with me! Come, Mariana!  
 The consort of the Duke of Mantua!

[*She faints in his arms as the scene closes.*]

SCENE II.—*A room in the Palace.*

*Enter COSMO and COURIER. L.*

*Cos.* The duke? which duke? I know not which; we had two within the last ten minutes; I know not which duke it is that thou wantest.

*Cou.* I tell thee, the duke of Mantua.

*Cos.* Is thy business public or private?

*Cou.* Dost thou not see I come from Rome? There are great matters on foot, which it behoves the Duke to know; and herein, if I mistake not, he is apprised of them.

*Cos.* Nay; then, thy business is public, and of course concerns the reigning duke.

*Cou.* Of course it does.

*Cos.* I'll bring thee to him.

*Cou.* Lead on!

[*Crosses to c.*]

*Enter BARTOLO, BERNARDO, and MARCO, meeting them, R.*

*Bar.* Signor Cosmo!

*Cos.* Don't stop me, Signor Bartolo, I am in haste.

*Bar.* Nay, a word—only a word. Who is that?

*Cos.* A courier from Rome.

*Bar.* I was right, Bernardo. Save you, Signor. You come, I hear, from Rome. How are they all at Rome?

*Cou.* Well, Signor—all that I am acquainted with.

*Bar.* They have a great deal of news in Rome?

*Cou.* Sufficient, Signor.

*Bar.* One likes to hear the news.

*Cou.* I trouble myself little about it.

*Bar.* That is because 'tis your vocation to hear it. Nobody is in love with his vocation. Now, 'tis the reverse with me. I mind the news as much as I mind my meals. Pray you, Signor, have mercy upon a hungry man, and tell me the news from Rome.

*Cou.* Great news, Signor,—there's going to be a war.

*Bar.* A war! A war, Bernardo,—Cosmo:—and pray you, Signor, with what power are they going to war?

*Cou.* With the French.

*Bar.* The devil!

*Cou.* You will have a fine opportunity for showing your valor, Signor.

*Bar.* I thank you, Signor. I never was an ostentatious man. I am content to be a man of valor—I don't care to show it; but I thank you for the news. Come along, Bernardo—Carlo. A war, Signors, a war! What a glorious thing is a war! There's news! [*Exeunt L*]

SCENE III.—*The Vestibule before the Ducal Palace.*

*Enter ST. PIERRE, L.*

*St. Pier.* Here be my seat upon the palace steps,  
Although they hang me from the portico!—  
Have a heart, Poverty, thou hast naught to lose—  
Nor land, nor mansion, nor habiliments,  
That thou should'st play the craven! That thou call'st  
Thy life—what is it? Hunger!—Nakedness!  
A lodging 'neath the eaves! ten scornful looks  
For one of pity; and that one a proof  
That thou'rt an anguish to the aching sight!  
Then what car'st thou for cuffs? Nay, cuff again,  
That they may fall the heavier!—satisfied  
That he, who brains thee, does thee, Poverty,  
A thousand times the good, he does thee ill!—  
Come—keep the portal of the mighty duke  
Who made thee what thou art; nor let him pass  
'Till from his fear thou wring'st an alms, or else  
A quick release obtainest from his wrath!

*Fer.* [*Without.*] Be sure thou keep'st the hour.

*St. Pier.* Talk of the fiend,  
They say, and here he comes! here comes the duke.

*Fer.* [*Entering.*] Hoa! clear the vestibule!

*St. Pier.* Great Duke, descend!  
No retinue doth stop your gracious way!  
Here is no throng,—for poverty sits here,  
Craving a foot of your fair palace steps,  
For lack of better resting place.

*Fer.* Who are you?  
What do you here?

*St. Pier.* Wait, mighty Duke, an alms!

I could not ask the humble craftsman one,  
 I used to cuff him ; nor the tradesman one,  
 I used to make him doff his cap to me ;—  
 Nor yet the merchant one, he gave me way,  
 Or I gave him my shoulder ;—nor the courtier,  
 My hilt I handled soon as he touched his ;—  
 In brief, I passed by all degrees of men,  
 To beg an alms of the most gracious duke.

*Fer.* Here !

*St. Pier.* What ! a florin ? give it to the street,  
 For the abased eye of vagantry.  
 I make no livelihood of raggedness !

*Fer.* Scorn'st thou my gift ?

*St. Pier.* Thy gift and thee, great Duke !  
 Nay, frown not ! choler doth disturb digestion,  
 And that would mar thy afternoon's repast ;  
 Leave wrath to me, who have not tasted food  
 Since Wednesday last,—nor look for meal to-day.

*Fer.* Why, that would buy thee five !

*St. Pier.* What were five meals  
 To starve anew ! I should not light on thee  
 A second time to beg another alms !  
 Thou would'st take care to shun me ! better starve  
 Outright,—for, saving thee, most gracious duke,  
 There's not a man in Mantua I'd stoop  
 To ask a ducat of.

*Fer.* Well, there's a ducat.

*St. Pier.* It will not do.

*Fer.* What hoa there !

*St. Pier.* Softly, duke !

Hush ! better far that we confer alone,  
 For thy sake ! mark !—for thy sake, gracious duke !

*Fer.* What means the villain ?

*St. Pier.* Right, duke, that's my name !  
 What do I mean ? I'll tell thee what I mean.  
 My wardrobe wants replenishing ; it puffs  
 The wind ; my hat is like to lose its crown ;  
 My robe is all the covering I have ;  
 My shoes are minus nearly half the soles ;  
 And then I fain would change my lodgings, duke,  
 Which, sooth to say, is e'en the open street—  
 Less spacious would content me ; last of all



I would be master of a larder, duke,  
 Would serve me, at the shortest, good a month,  
 That I might live so long at ease, and see  
 If aught turned up would make it worth my while  
 To shake a hand with the fair world again,  
 And live on terms with it. Most gracious duke,  
 Give me a hundred ducats!

*Fer.* Dost thou think

To rob me at the palace gates!

*St. Pier.* Who robs

Provides him weapons. I have none, great duke,  
 Nor pistol, rapier, poinard,—not a knife:  
 I parted with them one by one for food.

For weeks have they been provender to me!

Think upon that, great duke, that at a meal

Spend'st twenty times their product; and, so please you,  
 Give me a hundred ducats.

*Fer.* Thou art mad!

*St. Pier.* No, by St. Jago! try me! I have the use  
 Of my wits. I'll neither leap into a flood,  
 Nor run into the fire! I do know

The day of the week, the month of the year, the year;

I'll tell you which are fast days, and which are not;

But that's no wonder—I have kept so many.

To balance this, I'll tell you the feast days too!

I'll write and cipher for you:—finally,

I'll give you all the fractions and their sums,

Lie in a hundred ducats!

*Servants enter from the Palace, r.*

*Fer.* Seize him!

[*They advance.*]

*St. Pier.* Stop

Till you have learn'd my name! Imports you much

To know! 'tis affix'd, most gracious duke,

To certain documents which only wait

Your leave to see the light.

*Fer.* What documents?

*St. Pier.* Shall these o'erhear, or private be our speech?

*Fer.* [*To servants.*] You may withdraw a pace or two.

*St. Pier.* You see,

Great duke, I am not mad.

*Fer.* What documents?

*St. Pier.* One memorandum for a hundred crowns,  
 For whipping one that did offend your grace :—  
 I paid me with the pleasure of the task,  
 Nor asked the hire, but kept the document.  
 Another, for enticing to a haunt  
 Of interdicted play, a wealthy heir ;—  
 I scorned the hire for that,—though, shame to say it,  
 I did not scorn to earn it—but I kept  
 The document.—A third—

*Fer.* Enough—*St. Pierre!*

*St. Pier.* Aha! you know me now?

*Fer.* How changed thou art,—  
 I ne'er had known thee!

*St. Pier.* It were strange if want  
 Look'd like abundance—which was never yet  
 Akin to it.

*Fer.* Here, take my purse!

*St. Pier.* 'Tis rich—  
 Holds it a hundred ducats?

*Fer.* Twice the sum—  
 I want thee—that suffice.

*St. Pier.* That does suffice!

*Fer.* Get thee habiliments, more rich than these,—  
 Appointments, too, fit to consort with them,  
 And come thou to mine ancient mansion straight.

*St. Pier.* I must dine first.

*Fer.* Eat sparingly.

*St. Pier.* Indeed!  
 I see thou want'st me then. I'll go and dine.

*Fer.* Thy tears are not a pledge for continence.

*St. Pier.* I'll dine upon a crust—nay, fear me not—  
 What time am I to take in all?—two hours?

*Fer.* The half might serve thee.

*St. Pier.* Well: we'll say the half—  
 The quarter will suffice me, if thou wilt.

*Fer.* Make it as brief as may be.

*St. Pier.* Work that's sweet  
 Is quickly done—I'll come in half an hour. [Exit R.]

*Fer.* That which had been my bane an hour ago  
 Is now my medicine! This fellow owns  
 A quick and subtle wit; a reckless daring;  
 And hath a winning tongue withal, and 'haviour;

Easy of conscience, too—yet still contrived  
 To keep some credit with the court. “I know  
 “The use of him. He has been mine, and mine  
 “He needs must be again! So! Suddenly  
 “He quitted Mantua, and left with none  
 “A clue to find the cause,—nor lacked he then  
 “Wardrobe or ducat. Misery has changed him—  
 “Her work abundance quickly shall undo.”  
 I know the use of him, and I will use him. [Exit, L.]

“Enter COUNT FLORIO, L.

“Now, count, what brings you hither?  
 “*Flo.* News, my lord,  
 “Ensures my welcome! A brief honeymoon  
 “Hath fate decreed your cousin: scarce he takes  
 “The seat were fitter yours, and weds his bride,  
 “Ere comes advice the states must take the field  
 “Against the power of France.  
 “*Fer.* Good news, indeed!  
 “*Flo.* Forthwith he hies to Rome—  
 “*Fer.* Most welcome news!  
 “*Flo.* And, by entreaty of his council, you—  
 “As next in rank and lineage—are appointed  
 “Our regent in his absence.  
 “*Fer.* That’s the best news!  
 “*Flo.* His heart, that was against you, softened  
 “By prosperity, or by your ready yielding,  
 “Or giving way unto the sudden exigence,  
 “He offers reconciliation by your friends,  
 “And straight you are invited to his presence.  
 “*Fer.* I come! Great news! I thank you—glorious  
 news!” [Exeunt, L.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—An apartment in the Palace.

Enter FERRARDO and FLORIO, L.

*Fer.* Another victory!

*Flo.* So the rumor runs.

*Fer.* Why, fortune plays the minion to him! Does  
His wish not only, but anticipates it!  
Chief after chief she thrusts aside, that he  
May head the war, and, when he takes the lead,  
Her moody favor, wavering before—  
Alternate sun and cloud—shines fully forth  
With strong and steady beam. Have many fallen?

*Flo.* A host, 'tis said, on either side.

*Fer.* No wound,  
No hurt for him?

*Flo.* 'Tis so reported.

*Fer.* Ha!

*Flo.* Tho' twice he changed his charger—one disabled,  
The second wounded mortally!

*Fer.* And he  
As safe as sitting in his ducal chair!  
Why dangers, that are thorns to other men,  
For him do change to flowers!

*Flo.* The duchess still  
Persists in her seclusion.

*Fer.* There again  
I'm baffled! would she mingle with the court,  
I'd make for him the home of peace what fails  
The field of war to prove. I know my cousin,—  
For boyhood, thoughtless, often shows the man  
Which manhood, wary, hides. A sense he has,  
That's sickly tender to the touch of shame.  
I have seen him, at a slight imputed fault  
Colour to flame—anon grow ashy pale—  
The dew in drops upon his forehead starting,  
His tongue without its use—his mouth agape—  
His universal frame vacuity  
Of action and of power,—and anon  
The glare, and din, and tossing of the tempest!  
To wound his honor to the quick, would be  
To sting his core of life!

*Flo.* Thou couldst not hope  
To wound it thro' his wife—"whose love for him,  
"Gives, in his absence, all things to neglect!  
"Her bounding palfrey cannot woo her forth!  
"The palace vibrates with the dance, and still  
"She keeps her lonely cell. You talk to her



“Of plays and shows—a statue lists to you:

“She visits no one—no one she receives.

“What chance of practising upon a wife,

“Who, for an only absent lord, observes

“A sterner widowhood, than many hold

“In honor of a dead one!”—why do you smile?

*Fer.* To think, to what account a little art  
Might turn a little swerving, in a case  
Of self denial, carried thus like her's  
To the admired extreme! I would St. Pierre  
Had kept his restless spirit more in check,  
Paid to my will submission, as he used,  
And not enlisted in my cousin's train,  
But stopped in Mantua! My plans were laid,  
Were sure, and long ere this had been matured,  
But for his wilfulness.

*Flo.* Of what avail  
Had been his presence here?

*Fer.* I should have found  
A use for him. Ne'er yet I knew the ear  
He could not keep a hold of, once he caught it.  
That fellow with his tongue has won more hearts  
Than any twenty men in Mantua,  
With tongues, and forms, and faces! I had contriv'd  
To throw him in her way.

*Flo.* There were no chance—

*Fer.* I know, but I could make appearances  
Supply the place of facts—especially  
In her husband's absence—so that confidence  
Itself would construe guilt, where no guilt was!  
So would I show her to the eyes of all,  
That, though she were the snow itself new fallen,  
Men would believe her spotted!

*Flo.* If 'tis true  
That he was charged with the despatches hither  
Of this new victory—

*Fer.* Saint Pierre?

*Flo.* Saint Pierre.

*Fer.* 'Tis so reported?

*Flo.* 'Tis.

*Fer.* Then proves it true,  
Before he is an hour in Mantua

He must be stripped of every ducat! Mind,  
Of that must thou take care!

[*Shouts.*

What mean those shouts?

*Flo.* They herald, doubtless, the approach of him,  
That's bearer of the news.

*Fer.* If 'tis Saint Pierre,  
The moment he alights, away with him  
To a house of play—you are his master—haste!  
Your signal he will answer readily,  
As doth the bird of game his challenger!

*Flo.* I'll do my best.

[*Exit, L.*

*Fer.* So do.—The confessor!

The cards come round to me! A score to one,  
I hold the winning hand. His reverence,  
I have contriv'd to make at last my friend.  
Your churchman dearly loves a convertite,  
And he believes me his. A kindly man,  
But, once resolv'd, to error positive;—  
And from his calling, credulous to weakness  
Touching the proneness of the flesh to sin—  
I have well considered him.

*Enter ANTONIO, R.*

Your blessing, father.

*Ant.* Thou hast it, son.

*Fer.* Whence come you now? No doubt  
From the performance of some pious deed—  
The shriving of some sin-oppressed soul—  
The soothing of some sorrow-stricken heart—  
Or sweet relieving of some needy child  
Of merciless adversity.

*Ant.* No, my son,—

But from a trespasser that's yet unshriven;  
A daughter who has swerv'd, and on whose soul  
I had thought as soon to find the soil of sin  
As tarnish upon new-refined gold!  
A wife, who in the absence of her lord,  
Lived like thy cousin's wife; with means to bless  
Desires incontinent; a miracle  
Of self-secluded, lonely chastity.

*Fer.* He comes in the very vein! You spoke just now  
Of my cousin's wife. There's news of my dear cousin,

And, with submission, I would recommend  
Her grace to show herself to day. Methinks.  
If only for her health, she keeps herself  
Too much alone.

*Ant.* So have I told her grace.

*Fer.* Indeed! I marvel that she perseveres  
in the face of our admonishment! More strict  
Would she be thought, than you, a holy man  
Would counsel her to be? Forgive me, father,  
If 'tis uncharitable in me, but  
I never loved extremes! Your constant weather  
Is still the moderate, father. Storms and calms  
Arc brief.

*Ant.* You are right, my son.

*Fer.* I had been pleased  
Less had she shown her fondness for her lord.  
Love, of its own fidelity assured,  
Ne'er studies the display on't!

*Ant.* Nay, she loves  
Her lord.

*Fer.* And yet 'tis the predicament  
Of love to wane upon possession. Where  
I see much guard, I ever do infer  
Some doubt; I do not mean deliberate—  
Instinctive only. Passion is passion, father;  
Earth, which the nigher we draw to heaven, the more  
We cast away.

*Ant.* You reason well, my son.

*Fer.* I would not have you think I doubt her grace!  
Yet had she more confided in herself,  
Lived like herself—appeared among the court—  
Courteous to all—particular to none,  
Save those to whom, next to her lord, she owes  
Her highest duty—my reliance on her  
Were stronger! Is't uncharitable, father,  
To say so?—speak, and frankly.—Wherefore else  
Put I my heart into your saintly hands?

*Ant.* Nay, son—I think you speak in charity,  
As one who blames through love. We'll see the duchess,  
And jointly recommend to her a life  
Of less severe restraint.

*Fer.* I thank your reverence!

You know I owe her grace some small amends,  
And trust me, father, gladly would I make them!

[*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE II.—*Ante-room in the chamber of the Duchess—A window over-looking the street*

*Enter FLORIBEL.*

*Flor.* A merry life for twenty-one to lead,  
And in a woman too! from morn till night  
Mew'd in a lonely tower! Heigho! It is  
My lady's will. I would she had been born  
In Mantua, where wives their husbands love  
In reason! Well!—We'll live in hope she'll learn  
In time. I used to lead a dozen kinds  
Of life in a day!—Now, in a dozen days  
I lead but one! Ere breakfast, was a nun;  
Then play'd the housewife; after that, to horse!  
Then, dinner o'er, a Naiad on the lake,  
Floating to music! Evening changed the scene  
Again; and night again,—which I did close  
In my balcony, list'ning by the moon  
The melting cadence of the serenade!  
Now morning, evening, noon and night, are naught,  
But morning, evening, noon and night. No change  
Save in their times and names! What I get up  
I last throughout the day, and so lie down,  
The solitary lady of the duchess!  
And how I bear it? Wonderfully!—Past  
Belief! I'll do't no longer! If I do,  
Then never was I born in Mantua. [*Shouts.*  
What's that? the city all astir!—a crowd  
Before the palace—I will ope the casement:  
I feel as I could leap into the street! [*Opens casement.*

*Enter MARIANA, L.*

*Mar.* What do you at the casement, Floribel?

*Flor.* Look from it, Madam.

*Mar.* That I see. At what

Is it you look?

*Flor.* At happy people, Madam.

Some standing, others walking, others running;



All doing what they list—like merry birds  
At liberty.

*Mar.* Come from the casement—shut it.

*Flor.* Nay, rather approach it, Madam! Do!  
And look from't too—there's news, and from your lord!  
Look—there's the courier!

*Mar.* [*Approaching the window.*] Where?

*Flor.* That cavalier,  
Who tries to pass along, but cannot, so  
The throng do press upon him.

*Enter FERRARDO and ANTONIO, L.*

*Fer.* [*Aside to Antonio.*] At the casement!

*Mar.* Who is that cavalier?

*Flor.* The courier, Madam.

*Mar.* I know, but who is he?

His family—his name? I cannot take  
My eyes from his face! Who is he! Can't you tell?  
I have a strange desire to know his name!

*Fer.* [*Aside to Antonio.*] Father!

*Flor.* I'll fly and learn it.

*Mar.* Do, good girl!

And soon as you have learn'd fly back again.

[*Exit FLOR. R.*]

*Fer.* [*Aside to Ant.*] I pray you mark, but speak not—  
[*Approaches the window on tiptoe, returns, and speaks to himself.*]

It is St. Pierre!

Incredible! [*To Antonio.*] It is the courier, father,  
Of whom they were discoursing.

*Mar.* I have lost him!

He has entered the palace—I should like again  
To see him—I should like to speak to him!

*Fer.* [*Aside to Antonio.*] My life on't she will hold a  
court to-day—

Accost her, father.

*Ant.* Benedicite,

Fair daughter.

*Mar.* Father!—What, his grace!—I think  
Or I mistake, there's news of my dear lord?

*Ant.* Madam, there is, and happy news. Your lord  
Has won another victory!

*Fer.* All Mantua

Would have a heart of overflowing joy,  
 Would but your highness notify your will  
 To let it speak its happiness, and pay  
 Congratulations to you. May I hope  
 You do not pause from doubt? Your confessor  
 Approves your highness somewhat should relax  
 Your life of close seclusion.

*Mar.* [*After a pause.*] Be it so.

*Fer.* [*Aside to Antonio.*] I told you, father—

*Re-enter FLORIBEL, R.*

*Flor.* Madam, he is called—

[*Mariana beckons her to silence.*]

*Fer.* St. Pierre—you mean the courier  
 That brought these happy tidings?

*Mar.* Floribel,

I want your aid. My lord, and reverend father,  
 Soon as my toilet's made I shall descend.

[*Exeunt Mariana and Floribel, R.*]

*Ant.* What kind of man is this?

*Fer.* A kind of devil,

That grasps you with his eye, as fascinate  
 Serpents, 'tis said, their prey:—a tongue to match  
 In glozing speech, the master-fiend himself!  
 I'm troubled, father. Was the dame you spoke of  
 Indeed a pattern, like my cousin's wife,  
 Of saintly self-denial?

*Ant.* Yes, my son.

*Fer.* I grieve we urged her highness with her presence  
 To grace the court to-day I tremble for her.  
 Come, shall I tell thee something?—No, I will not!  
 When you can lead the sea, you'll sound the depth  
 Of woman's art. Would you believe it—no!  
 While there's a doubt suspicion should be dumb.  
 Think'st thou I would have backed her guardian's suit  
 But that I knew he had his reasons? 'Sdeath,  
 What am I doing? Come, your reverence,  
 The man of proper charity condemns not,  
 Except upon enforcement. All is right!

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in the Palace.**Enter FLORIO and COSMO, L.**Flo.* Where is the regent ?*Cos.* With the confessor,  
In the chamber of the duchess. Nay, my lord,  
He has quitted it, and is here.*Flo.* You may withdraw. [*Exit Cosmo, R.*]*Enter FERRARDO, L.**Fer.* Well, where's St. Pierre ? I thought you were  
together ?*Flo.* We were, but parted for a moment. Fortune,  
In the task you set me, kindly has forestalled me.  
Halting to bait within some miles of this,  
He met a friend, whose hand he scarce had shaken  
Ere the ready dice were out. In brief, your grace,  
He has entered Mantua ducatsless. Of my own counsel  
I broke to him your need of his assistance,  
Touching your consin's wife, and promised him—  
A pledge I knew your highness will redeem—  
Replenished coffers, would he undertake  
To pleasure you.*Fer.* Will he do it ?*Flo.* Sullenly,  
But fully, he consented—he is here.*Fer.* Retire awhile. [*The Count retires.*]*Enter ST. PIERRE, R.*Welcome, St. Pierre !—welcome my friend !—I'm glad  
To see you.*St. Pier.* Would you take me for a knave ?*Fer.* What mean you ?*St. Pier.* Would you take me for a knave ?*Fer.* No.*St. Pier.* No ? Why then I'm fit to do your pleasure.  
Come !—to my work—when am I to begin ?*Fer.* The matter ?*St. Pier.* I have lived an honest life  
These six months—knavery is new to me !  
I set about it feverishly.

*Fer.* What!

Is't knavery to net a pretty woman?

They catch birds so.

*St. Pier.* Pshaw!—I am past the time.

*Fer.* Mind is the brightness of the body—lights it  
When years, its proper but less subtle fire,  
Begins to dim. Man, I could tell thee how  
She conned thy visage from her casement; sent  
Her confidant to learn thy name; seemed lost,  
At losing thee! Win thou discourse with her,  
And hold it when thou winn'st it—'twill content me  
Thou make her but the object of remark.  
Away! Go lean on yonder pedestal,  
And watch thy opportunity to draw  
Her notice towards thee—Thy obeisance does it;  
Or anything most slight;—her lord's success  
Is plea that you accost her; she is new  
To the court, a stranger to its law of distance,  
Which 'tis expedient thou infringe. Couldst master  
Aught that's about her person—say a ring,  
A brooch, a chain, in curiosity  
Besought of her for near inspection, then  
Mislaid or dropped—not to be found again,—  
It were a thousand ducats in thy hand.  
'Sdeath, man, hold up thy head, and look at fortune,  
That smiles on thee, and aids thee to embrace her!  
What dost thou gaze at?

*St. Pier.* Who is that?

*Fer.* The duchess.

*St. Pier.* Indeed, a lady of surpassing beauty!

*Fer.* An irksome task, methinks, I've set you—Come!  
About it! to thy post!

*St. Pier.* Surpassing fair!

[*Exit.*

*Fer.* [*Looking after him.*] He has caught her eye al-  
ready,—excellent!

He bows to her! Does she curtsey!—yes, i'faith!

And to the very ground! You're welcome, Sir!

He speaks to her! How take she his advances?

She entertains them! They pass on in converse!

Hold it but on, she's lost!

[*Florio comes down.*

Do you see?

*Flo.* So soon!



I wish him fortune! As I loved her once  
I even loathe her now!

*Fer.* Could you believe it?

He crosses her, and straight her eye is caught!  
He speaks, and straight is master of her ear!  
Solace for baffled hopes! From infancy  
I loathed my cousin for his elder right,  
And leaped into his seat with lighter spring,  
That he, I thought, had missed it! He returns,  
And I, with humbled brow, in sight of all  
Descend, that he may mount! I'll pay him shame  
For shame; but he shall have't with interest!  
Where is the confessor? I must to him.  
Mix with the company, and point to them  
The eye of questioning remark: with looks  
Speak sentences! More surely does not raise  
One wave another wave, than marvel grows  
On marvel. Interjections have a world  
Of argument. 'Incredible!' 'Odd!' 'Strange!'  
Will make a thousand hearers prick their ears,  
And conjure wonders out of commonest things.  
Then with commiseration you may do  
A murder easily! 'Alack!' 'Alas!'  
Use daggers that seem tears. Away! away!  
For now or never is the golden hour!

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another room in the Palace.*

*Enter MARIANA and ST. PIERRE, C.*

*Mar.* I thank you for the story of your travels:  
You make me wish to see the world, of which  
Such wonders you relate. I think you said,  
You were but newly come to Mantua?  
You must have been in Mantua before, then,  
So many seem to know you.

*St. Pier.* I have been  
Before in Mantua.

*Mar.* 'Tis very strange,  
But when I saw thee first I felt as if  
We were of old acquaintance! have we met  
Before?

*St. Pier.* No, lady.

*Mar.* It is very strange :  
You have never been in Switzerland ?

*St. Pier.* Oh yes,  
It is my birth-place.

*Mar.* Ay ! so it is mine.  
'Tis a dear country ! never met we there ?

*St. Pier.* No.

*Mar.* No ! 'tis odd ! how many years is't since  
You were in Switzerland ?

*St. Pier.* 'Tis fifteen years.

*Mar.* So long ! I was an infant then—no, no,  
We have not met before. 'Tis odd—at least.

You are my countryman ! [*Hobbling out her hands to him.*

[*Visitors have been occasionally crossing the stage during this scene, observing MARIANA and ST. PIERRE, L. and go off R. Enter in the back ground ANTONIO and FER-  
RARDO.*

*Fer.* Had I been told it,  
I would not have believed it.

*Mar.* Switzerland  
Is a dear country ! Switzerland !

*St. Pier.* It is  
The land of beauty and of grandeur, lady,  
Where looks the cottage out on a domain  
The palace cannot boast of. Seas of lakes,  
And hills of forests ! crystal waves that rise  
'Midst mountains all of snow, and mock the sun,  
Returning him his flaming beams more thick  
And radiant than he sent them. Torrents there  
Are bounding floods ! and there the tempest roams  
At large, in all the terrors of its glory !  
And then our valleys ! ah, they are the homes  
For hearts ! our cottages, our vineyards, orchards—  
Our pastures studded with the herd and fold !  
Our native strains that melt us as we sing them !  
A free—a gentle—simple honest people ! [*Crosses to R.*

*Mar.* I see them, Signor,—I'm in Switzerland,  
I do not stand in Mantua !—dear country !  
Except in one thing, I'm not richer, Signor,  
Than when I was a child in Switzerland,  
And mistress only of this little cross.

[*Pressing the cross to her breast.*

*St. Pier.* [*Anxiously.*] Your pardon, lady! Pray you let me see

That cross again!

*Mar.* Right willingly.

*Ant.* [*Coming forward.*] Hence, Signor!

*Mar.* Father!

*Ant.* I pray your grace retire—but first Command that libertine from the apartment!

*St. Pier.* [*Sternly surveying alternately Antonio and Ferrardo.*] I go, your reverence, of mine own accord.

[*Exit, followed by Ferrardo, R.*]

*Mar.* Father, what meant you by that word, which turned

My very blood to ice?

*Ant.* Behoves your highness

To keep your eye upon your husband's honor,  
If not upon your own!

*Mar.* How!

*Ant.* Heaven alone

Can judge the heart; men must decide by actions,  
And yours to-night, to all have given offence.

*Mar.* Offence!

*Ant.* A woman hath in every state  
Most need of circumspection; most of all  
When she becomes a wife!—she is a spring  
Must not be doubted; if she is, no oath  
That earth can utter will so purge the stream  
That men will think it pure.

*Mar.* Is this to me?

*Ant.* Women who play the wanton—

*Mar.* Father!

*Ant.* Daughter!

That look and tone of high command become  
Thy state indeed.

*Mar.* No father, not my state—  
They become me!—state greater—higher far,  
One who deserved that name I blushed to hear—  
And thou, a reverend man, should'st blush to use—  
Might fill! but though it were an empress's,  
I would defy her in her breast to seat  
The heart that's throned in mine! If 'tis a crime  
To boast—heaven pardon you—you have made me sin!

*Ant.* Behoves us heed appearances ?

*Mar.* No, father,

Behoves us heed desires and thoughts ! and let  
Appearances be what they may—you  
Shall never shape them so, that evil men  
Will not their own construction put upon them.  
Father, it was the precept of my father.

*Ant.* He little knew the world.

*Mar.* He knew what's better,  
Heaven and the smile of his own conscience !  
What have I done ?

*Ant.* Given cause of scandal, daughter.

*Mar.* How ?

*Ant.* By a preference so marked, it drew  
The eyes of all upon you.

*Mar.* Evil eyes—

Which see defect in frank and open deeds !  
The gentleman appeared mine old acquaintance—  
That drew me towards him :—I discovered now  
He was my countryman—that makes allies  
Of even foes that meet in foreign lands,  
Then well may couple strangers ;—he discoursed  
Of my dear native country, till its peaks  
Began, methought, to cleave the sky, as there  
They stood before me !—I was happy—pleased  
With him that made me so. Out of a straw  
To raise a conflagration. [Crosses to L.

*Ant.* You forget

You are not now the commissary's ward,  
But consort to the duke of Mantua.—  
You're a changed woman.

*Mar.* No, i' faith, the same !

My skin is not of other texture—This,  
My hand, is just the hand I knew before !  
If my glass tells the truth, the face and form  
I have to-day, I had to-day last year !  
My mind is not an inch the taller grown  
Than mellowing time hath made it in his course !  
And, for my heart—it beats not in my breast,  
If, in the ducal chair of Mantua,  
'Tis not the same I had when I did sit  
On some wild turret of my native hills,



And burn with love and gratitude to heaven,  
That made a land so fair, and me its daughter!

*Ant.* Hear me! you have wronged your lord.

*Mar.* I have wronged my lord?

How have I wronged my lord?

*Ant.* By entertaining

With marked and special preference, a man  
Until to-day a perfect stranger to thee.

*Mar.* Go on.

*Ant.* He is a libertine.

*Mar.* Go on!

*Ant.* A woman who has such a friend has naught  
To do with honest men!

*Mar.* Go on!

*Ant.* A wife

Has done with friend—her heart, had it the room  
Of twenty hearts, her husband ought to fill,—  
A friend that leaves not space for other friends,  
Save such as nature's earliest warrant have  
To house there.

*Mar.* You are right in that! Go on.

*Ant.* A court's a place where men have need to watch  
Their acts and words not only, but their looks;  
For prying eyes beset them round about,  
That wait on aught but thoughts of charity.  
What were thy words I know not, but thy acts  
Have been the comment of the Court to-day.  
Of eyes that gaped with marvel—groups that stood  
Gazing upon thee—leaning ears to lips,  
Whose whispers, were their import known to thee,  
Had stunned thee worse than thunder!

*Mar.* So! Go on.

*Ant.* What if they reach thy consort?

*Mar.* What!

*Ant.* Ay, what!

*Mar.* He'll spurn them as he ought—as I do spurn them.  
For shame! for shame! Me thou shouldst not arraign,  
But rather those who basely question me!  
Father, the heart of innocence is bold!  
Tell me, how comes your Court to harbor one  
Whom I should blush to speak to? If its pride  
Be not the bearing that looks down on vice,

What right has it to hold its head so high!  
 Endure at Court what from our cottage door  
 My father would have spurned!—If that's your Court,  
 I'll be nor slave nor mistress of your Court!  
 Father, no more! E'en from thy reverend lips  
 I will not hear what I've no right to list to.  
 What!—taint my lord with question of my truth!  
 Could he who proved my love on grounds so broad  
 As I have given my lord, on grounds so mean  
 Descend to harbor question of my love—  
 Though broke my heart in the disseverment,  
 He were no longer lord or aught of mine!

[*Going R.*

Father, no more! I will not hear thee! Frown—  
 Heaven does not frown!—to heaven I turn from thee.

[*Exit R.*

*Ant.* This confidence offends me.—Swerving virtue  
 Endureth not rebuke—while that, that's steadfast  
 With smiling patience, suns the doubt away,  
 Wherewith mistrust would cloud it! 'Tis not right—  
 An eye so firm-resentful—speech so lofty—

[*Mariana enters unperceived and kneels to him, R.*

An air of such defiance--

*Mar.* Father!

*Ant.* Daughter!

*Mar.* I am thy daughter! O my father, bless me?  
 Were I the best, I were not 'bove thy charity,  
 Were I the worst, I should not be beneath it!

*Ant.* Thou hast my blessing.

*Mar.* Ere I break my fast  
 To-morrow, father, I'll confess to thee,  
 And thou shalt know how little or how much  
 I merit what thou giv'st me! so good night!

*Ant.* Good night, fair daughter. Benedicite!

[*Exeunt severally.*

END OF ACT III.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A street.*

*Enter* BARTOLO, BERNARDO, CARLO *and others.*

*Bar.* Hush, Signors! speak softly! 'Tis treason, and we may be hanged for it. So the matter stands! The young duchess, I fear me, is an old sinner—and what a saint she looked! Let no man marry a wife who looks like a saint. Please Providence, mine shall be as ill-favored as Satan!

*Ber.* 'Tis a way to make sure of a wife.

*Bar.* It is, Signors. Such is the value of beauty. Let any man take his own case. Now myself, for instance—how many a scrape should I have avoided had I been born as ill-favored as some people! He is the happiest man, be assured, whom no one has reason to envy.—Now thou art a happy man, Bernardo.

*Ber.* I thank you, Signor Bartolo.

*Car.* But when happened this?

*Bar.* I told you it happened about half an hour ago.

*Ber.* Prithee, Signor, tell it us again?

*Bar.* Well then, draw near and remember you are sworn to secrecy.

*All.* We are, we are!

*Bar.* You all know that I am fond of the news—though I have as little curiosity as any man. Well, where can one get news if not at the palace? So, to the palace I went this morning, as I do every morning.—Few persons have admittance at the palace as I have, for they are people of discretion at the palace, and suffer not rogues that come peeping and prying—spies and blabbers—scoundrels of no trust or honesty—but I have admittance to the palace, for they know me.

*Ber.* Well!

*Bar.* When I entered it was all confusion! One running this way, another that way. One whispering this person, and every one with wonder in his looks! I warrant you I did not look the figure of wonder too.

*Car.* Go on, good Bartolo.

*Bar.* Well: I happened to have a friend or two at the

palace.—Lucky for me that I have so—there is no doing anything there without a friend.—‘Would that such a one was here,’ said I to myself; scarce had I said it, when in runs the very man I was thinking of.

*Ber.* Excellent!

*Bar.* Just in the nick of time, or I verily believe I should have died of wonder;—at the same time, every one knows I am the least curious man in Mantua. Well, in runs my friend, just in the nick of time. ‘The matter?’ cried I. ‘Treason,’ whispered he, ‘but I dare not breathe it for my life.’—‘What is it?’ said I; ‘I’ll be as mute as the marble under my feet.’ ‘You shall hear it,’ cried he, ‘for you are a lad of discretion, and have a guard upon your tongue.’ You see, Signors, that I have a character at the palace.

*Ber.* Go on, Bartolo.

*Bar.* Well; as I told you before, the substance was this—and nothing more nor less; Julian St. Pierre, who has lately returned to the court, and for his wild practices would have been dismissed from it many a year ago, but for the favor of the Duke Ferrardo,—this Julian St. Pierre, I say, was half an hour ago discovered stealing from the ante-room that leads to the duchess’ chamber, and secured upon the spot.

*Ber. and Car.* Go on.

*Bar.* I have no more to tell you—you know as much as I do.—But be discreet! a silent tongue betokens a wise head! I cannot stay with you longer. I have some friends in the next street to see; others in the street beyond! more again, in the street beyond that! I know not how many I have to see! I have the whole city to see. Now be discreet!—remember, I got it as I gave it, on promise of secrecy—be discreet!—discovered half an hour ago, stealing from the ante-room that leads to the duchess’s chamber!—be discreet, I say—a silent tongue, a wise head!—Be discreet—be discreet! [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*Ante-room leading to the Duchess’ apartment.*

*Enter MARIANA, L.*

*Mar.* Or I have had sweet dreams, whose fleeting forms  
Have but the charm of their fair presence left;  
Or by my couch hath some good angel watched



And upon my lapsed unconscious spirit breathed  
 The balmy fragrance of his heavenly visit ;  
 So light my heart as it were clad with wings  
 And floated in the sun ! My lord—my lord !  
 How's this ? 'tis strange ! at thought of my dear lord  
 My soaring heart hath dropp'd at once to earth  
 It is the incidents of yesternight  
 The thought of him recals ! I feel as though  
 I fear'd my lord ! or is't the world I fear ?  
 The world which yesternight I did defy,  
 But now begin to think upon its snares,  
 And feel, as they beset me round so thick,  
 I cannot step but I do tread upon  
 The precincts of perdition ! Blessed mother !  
 My heart is heavy as just now 'twas light.

*Enter ANTONIO, L.*

My confessor ! here's comfort ! welcome, father.  
 For mercy's sake what's this ! " I welcome thee,  
 " And thou to me giv'st naught but an all hail !  
 " Why, what's the matter ? can I be awake ?"  
 Father, I need kind looks and words to-day,—  
 My heart is sick, O earth, how sick ! I look'd  
 For thee to bring me peace—alack ! alack !  
 Why do your eyes of mercy turn to swords.  
 " Only they pierce where feeling is more quick !"  
 Father, be pitiful : 'tis not the proud  
 And forward woman braved thee yesternight,  
 But thy repentant daughter kneels to thee !

*Ant.* Repentance is a grace !—but it is one  
 That grows upon deformity—fair child  
 To an unsightly mother !—Nor, indeed,  
 Always a grace !—'tis oftentimes—too oft,  
 The bootless terror of the stranded soul,  
 When ebbing passion leaves it all alone,  
 Upon the bleak and dreary shoals of sin !—  
 So its of different kinds—which kind is thine ?

*Mar.* Father !

*Ant.* Thy lord ! thy lord !

*Mar.* What of my lord ?

*Ant.* Nay, rather answer thou, what of thy lord ?  
 I know that he is duke of Mantua,

Noble, and fair and good ! Hath high allies,  
 Heads the proud war, in wisdom and in arms,  
 The foremost plume of the van ! and, crown of all,  
 I know he thinks himself, of every wish  
 Which heaves that breast of thine, the paramount,  
 The happy lord !

*Mar.* He thinks himself—

*Ant.* And presses

The 'larum-curtain'd couch of restless war,  
 In hopes to change it for that downy one  
 Where he did leave, as he imagined, safe,  
 His dearest honor by thy side reposing,—  
 And little dreams that stain has reach'd it there !

*Mar.* That stain has reach'd it there !

*Ant.* You slept alone  
 Last night ?

*Mar.* I slept alone ?—yes—I did sleep alone !  
 What idle words are these ?—I slept alone ?  
 I know I slept alone last night !—the night  
 Before !—the night preceding that !— alone ?  
 How could I otherwise than sleep alone,  
 When my dear lord's away ?

*Ant.* Thou lookest—

*Mar.* How ?

*Ant.* And speak'st—

*Mar.* How—how do I look and speak ?

*Ant.* Like innocence.

*Mar.* Dost doubt my innocence !

*Ant.* They say

Thou didst not sleep alone !

*Mar.* Who say so ?

*Ant.* All

The palace.

*Mar.* They !—I cannot speak the word,  
 Which doth imply the acting of a part  
 Unparalleled in shame !

*Ant.* Another part,  
 Which doth involve a ten-fold deeper shame,  
 They do refer the acting of to thee !

*Mar.* Art thou my friend ?

*Ant.* Has thou not proved me so ?

*Mar.* I have. Forgive me that I questioned thee

But when I know my heart's supreme content  
 In its own clearness—not in act alone,  
 But wish; nor wish alone, but thought of sin;—  
 When I know this and think of yesternight,  
 And worse than yesternight do find to-day,  
 I 'gin to think the world is made of hate,  
 And doubt if thou—e'en thou are not my foe!  
 Oh, do not be my foe! indeed—indeed—  
 The helpless maid that hung upon thy robe  
 To beg protection and receive it there,  
 Unchanged in all—save that she is a wife,  
 And as a wife more bound than e'er to heaven—  
 In strait more piteous than she knelt e'en then,  
 Clings, kneeling, to it now! What's said of me?  
 And on what ground?—for not the robe I hold  
 Less conscious is of ground of foul report  
 Than I am!

*Ant.* Left thy chamber any one  
 This morning, whom thy honor should forbid  
 To cross its threshold?

*Mar.* No!

*Ant.* Art sure! 'tis said  
 There did—The man was seen!

*Mar.* The man!

*Ant.* The man  
 Departing from this ante-chamber!—this,  
 Which none except thy lord, myself, and those  
 Who wait upon thy person, do frequent

*Mar.* Who was the man?

*Ant.* Seen in the very act  
 Of slinking from your door!

*Mar.* Who was the man?

*Ant.* The same that last night held thee in discourse.

*Mar.* I'm lost!

*Enter* FERRARDO, LORENZO, COSMO, and others, L.

*Fer.* Lady, by your leave, we wish  
 To pass into your chamber.

[*Ferrardo and Lorenzo pass in, the others remain.*]

*Ant.* You are lost?

*Mar.* I'm lost—but I am innocent!

*Fer.* [*Returning with Lorenzo.*] My Lords,

You know who owns this scarf?

*Cos.* It is St. Pierre's!

*Fer.* 'Twas found beneath the couch—our advocate  
Of state it was that saw it there: are ye satisfied!

*Cos.* We are, your grace?

*Ant.* Find earth where grows no weed, and you may  
find

A heart wherein no error grows. I thought  
Thy heart without one—thought it was a garden  
So thickly set with with flowers, no weed had room  
To shoot there! Who would sin, who knew how shame  
Confounds the trespasser! I cannot stay,  
My tears be vouchers for me that I loved her,  
And fain would doubt the lapse I must allow. [*Exit, L.*]

*Fer.* My worthy friends, follow the confessor,  
I wish to speak in private with her highness.

[*Exeunt Lorenzo, Cosmo, and Lords, L.*]

I am your friend! you are accused of treason—  
The grounds against you are conclusive ones;  
Your judges will be those who will not spare you,  
And soon and summary will be your trial;  
The penalty of your offence is death!  
You are now a prisoner—I pity you,  
Would save you! Will! As soon as dusk sets in—  
In a convenient spot without the town,  
To which in secret you shall be conveyed,  
I shall have horses waiting—

[*Mariana shrieks and starts up from her knee, on which  
she had remained in a state of mental stupefaction.*]

Hush!

*Mar.* For flight?

*Fer.* For flight!—by dawn you shall be far away  
From Mantua.

*Mar.* At dusk?

*Fer.* At dusk;—as soon

As dusk begins to fall, expect me here,  
And thou shalt have supply of gold enough  
To pay the charges of thy journey—yea,  
Maintain thee in abundance where thou wilt.

*Mar.* I may depend upon thee?

*Fear.* Fear me not.

Remember now—at dusk.

*Mar.* I will! at dusk!

[*Exeunt severally.*]



SCENE III.—*Another Chamber in the Palace.**Enter FERRANDO, R*

*Fer.* His heart is in my power as 'twere a thing  
Which in my hand I held, and I could crush  
With a grasp! Nor can it 'scape my power! her name--  
That flower of woman's pride, which ta'en away,  
From a bright paragon she turns a thing  
For basest eyes to look askant upon--  
Is blasted past the power of rain and sun  
To bring it to its pristine hue again.  
Now for St. Pierre—he also must to-night  
Take leave of Mantua. [*Unlocks door.*] Come forth, my  
friend!

*Enter ST. PIERRE, C.*

Dost thou not know me? What an air is this!  
A king could not a loftier assume  
At high offence! 'Twas thus with thee last night—  
Nothing but moody looks,—until the count  
With much persuasion waded you to our feast;  
I wondered at thee.

*St. Pier.* Are we alone?*Fer.* What's this?

*St. Pier.* Are we alone! where are the craven minions  
That overpowered me in the corridor,  
And at thy bidding dragged me hither?

*Fer.* Pshaw!

Art thou no wiser than to heed them? knowst not  
'Twas done upon my instruction—mine—thy friend's?

*St. Pier.* Are we alone?*Fer.* We are alone.*St. Pier.* Art sure

That door is unattended? that no minions  
Watch it without?

*Fer.* I am.*St. Pier.* Wilt lock it?*Fer.* [*Locking it and returning.*] There!*St. Pier.* [*Springing upon him.*] Villain!*Fer.* What means this violence?*St. Pier.* You struck me

When I contended with the recreants,  
That smite this moment what the one before  
They fawn'd upon!—Across their arms you struck,  
And fell'd me with the blow!—now take it back!

*Fer.* Stop! you'll repent it if you strike!

*St. Pier.* I tell thee,

I ne'er received a blow from mortal man  
But I did pay it back with interest!—One by one  
I have parted with those virtues of a man  
Which precept doth inculcate; but one grace  
Remains—the growth of nature—the true shoot  
Abuse could not eradicate, and leave  
The trunk and root alive,—one virtue—manhood!  
The brow whereon doth sit disdain of threat,  
Defiance of aggression, and revenge  
For contumely. You did strike me! Come!  
I must have blow for blow!

*Fer.* [*Drawing his dagger.*] Let fall thy hand  
Upon my person—lo, my dagger's free,  
And I will sheathe it in thy heart!

*St. Pier.* I care not,  
So I die quits with thee!

*Fer.* I would not kill thee,  
So don't advance thy hand! Nay, listen first,  
And then, if thou wilt, strike me!—Strike!—abuse  
Thy friend, who, when he struck thee, was thy friend  
As much as he is now, or ever was:  
Who struck thee but that he should seem thy foe,  
To hide indeed how much he was thy friend.  
Nay, if the lack of quittance for a blow—  
Which but in show was one, for 'tis the thought  
That makes the act—must constitute us foes,  
My dagger's up! now give a blow indeed,  
For one that seemed but one.

*St. Pier.* I take't in thought,  
And let thy person unprofaned go.

*Fer.* No animal so wild it will not tame,  
Save man! Come, calm thyself, sit down—as yet  
Thou know'st not whether to caress thy friend  
Or tear him! Should'st thou tear him? Come, sit down.  
There's not a man in Italy save thee  
Would fret—and he the master all at once

Of good ten thousand ducats! Still a brow!  
 Odd's man, be merry! rub thy hands and laugh,  
 Thou art rich—look here. [Showing a casket.]

*St. Pier.* How came I yesternight  
 To sleep in the chamber of the Duke? And why  
 This morning, when I left the ante-room,  
 Was I assaulted by thy minions?

*Fer.* Pshaw!

Enough, thou slept'st where thou didst sleep, next chamber  
 To the duke's wife, and thereby mad'st thy fortune.  
 For every ducat of the sum I named  
 Is thine—but render me one service more.

*St. Pier.* Name it.

*Fer.* Just write for me in boasting vein,  
 Confession thou did'st pillow yesternight  
 There, where the honor of the duke forbids  
 That head save his should lie.

Why do you gaze? 'Tis easily done.

*St. Pier.* It is.

*Fer.* It takes but pen and ink, and here they are;  
 Make use of time! the hour that is not used  
 Is lost, and might have been the luckiest,  
 Converted to account: what ponder'st thou?

*St. Pier.* The manner best to execute thy wish:  
 I'm hardly in the vein—'twould put me into't  
 Would'st thou relate the means whereby I came  
 To lie in the duke's chamber.

*Fer.* 'Twould retard thee!

*St. Pier.* No, it will rather help me. When I write  
 Ofttimes I miss the thought, too much intent  
 On finding it,—looking at something else,  
 Lo, there it stands before me of itself!  
 How came I in the chamber of the duke?

*Fer.* You supposed, you may remember, with the Count  
 And me?

*St. Pier.* I do.

*Fer.* 'Twas planned between us.

*St. Pier.* Well?

*Fer.* And for our end we kept the revel up—  
 I mean the Count and I—for, as I said  
 Before, thou wast not in the joyous vein,—  
 Till all the palace had retired to rest.

*St. Pier.* My lord, may't please you, stop—my thought has come.

A fair commencement! excellent! most fair!  
 You see how much you help me!—there—go on:  
 You revelled till the palace was at rest—  
 What then?

*Fer.* Why, then, finding thee jealous still  
 Of the kindly grape, we drugged your cup, and when  
 The potion worked, conveyed you in your sleep,—  
 To sound or stir profound as that of death,—  
 Into the chamber of the duke—of the key  
 Of which I keep a duplicate—and there  
 We laid you in his bed.

*St. Pier.* Break off again  
 While I go on!—You see, my lord, how great  
 A help you are to me! It comes as fast  
 As though I were inditing what you spoke—  
 Your grace rehearsed to me. Most excellent:  
 And now proceed again!

*Fer.* Where left I off?

*St. Pier.* Where you had laid me in his highness' bed.

*Fer.* You're right. There left we thee to sleep that  
 night,

With a partition only 'twixt his wife  
 And thee, and that made frailer by a door,—  
 The lock of which I from its use absolved,  
 And casting 'neath her highness' couch thy scarf,  
 As proof of closer neighborhood to her,  
 Withdrew to foretaste of revenge.

*St. Pier.* Enough!

*Fer.* Enough?

*St. Pier.* Tut, tut! I only meant  
 Your highness to break off, while I resume.  
 My thoughts do flow again—better and better!  
 Your grace—a hundred ducats, I have done  
 Almost as soon as you—go on—what end  
 Proposed your highness to yourself by this?

*Fer.* To blast her name, and in the death of that  
 Involve my cousin's life! accordingly  
 By my direction wert thou watched and seized,  
 And hither brought as partner in a crime,  
 Whose penalty is death—which thou shalt 'scape—



'Scape with enriched life—so ne'er again  
Thou show'st thy face in Mantua, and keep'st  
Thy counsel.

*St. Pier.* [Writing.] Have you done?

*Fer.* I have.

*St. Pier.* And so

Have I—a fair commencement! better far  
Continuation! and the winding up  
The fairest of the whole! howsoe'er of that  
Your highness shall be judge:—'sdeath, here's a word  
I did not mean to write, for one I wanted!  
I needs must take it out.—I pray your highness  
Lend me a knife.

*Fer.* I have not one.

*St. Pier.* Well, then,  
Your dagger—if the edge of it is sharp.

*Fer.* There 'tis.

*St. Pier.* And there is the confession, duke,  
Sign it.

*Fer.* Why, this is my confession!

*St. Pier.* Ay,  
Indeed, your highness?

*Fer.* Word for word.

*St. Pier.* You'll own  
I'm something of a clerk—I hardly hoped  
It would have pleased your highness! My lord duke,  
Sign the confession.

*Fer.* Why?

*St. Pier.* It pleases me.  
If that contents thee not, I'm in thy power,  
And I'd have thee in mine! Your highness sees  
I am frank with you.

*Fer.* Can it be you, St. Pierre?

*St. Pier.* No—it is you!—and not the peasant lad,  
Whom fifteen years ago in evil hour  
You chanced to cross upon his native hills,—  
In whose quick eye you saw the subtle spirit  
Which suited you, and temyted it; who took  
Your hint and followed you to Mantua  
Without his father's knowledge—his old father,  
Who, thinking that he had a prop in him  
Man could not rob him of, and heaven would spare,

Blessed him one night, ere he laid down to sleep,  
And waking in the morning found him gone!

[FERRARDO *attempts to rise.*

Move not, or I shall move—you know me!

*Fer.* Nay,

I'll keep my seat. St. Pierre, I trained thee like  
A cavalier!

*St. Pier.* You did—you gave me masters,  
And their instructions quickly I took up  
As they did lay them down! I got the start  
Of my contemporaries!—not a youth  
Of whom could read, write, speak, command a weapon,  
Or rule a horse with me! you gave me all—  
All the equipments of a man of honor,—  
But you did find a use for me, and made  
A slave, a profligate of me. [FERRARDO *about to rise.*

I charge you keep your seat!

*Fer.* You see I do!

St. Pierre, be reasonable!—you forget  
There are ten thousand ducats.

*St. Pier.* Give me, duke,

The eyes that looked upon my father's face!  
The hands that helped my father to his wish!  
The feet that flew to do my father's will!  
The heart that bounded at my father's voice!

And say that Mantua were built of ducats,  
And I could be its duke at cost of these,  
I would not give them for it! Mark me, duke!

I saw a new-made grave in Mantua,  
And on the head-stone read my father's name;—  
To seek me doubtless, hither he had come—  
To seek the child that had deserted him—  
And died here,—ere he found me.

Heaven can tell how far he wandered else!

Upon that grave I knelt an altered man,  
And rising thence, I fled from Mantua. Nor had returned  
But tyrant hunger drove me back again  
To thee—to thee!—My body to relieve  
At cost of my dear soul! I have done thy work,  
Do mine! and sign me that confession straight.

I'm in your pow'r, and I'll have thee in mine!

*Fer.* Art thou indeed in earnest?

*St. Pier.* Look in my eyes.

*Fer.* Saint Pierre, perhaps I have underpaid thee ?

*St. Pier.* Sign !

*Fer.* I'll double the amount !

*St. Pier.* Come, sign !

*Fer.* Saint Pierre,

Will forty thousand ducats please thee ?

*St. Pier.* There's

The dial, and the sun is shining on it—

The shadow is on the very point of twelve—

My case is desperate ! Your signature

Of vital moment is unto my peace !

My eye is on the dial ! Pass the shadow

The point of noon, the breadth of but a hair

As can my eye discern—and, that unsigned,

The steel is in thy heart—I speak no more !

*Fer.* Saint Pierre !—Not speak ?—Saint Pierre !

*St. Pier.* Is it signed ?

*Fer.* [*Writing hurriedly.*] It is !

*St. Pier.* Your signet, as a proof I am at large.

Now take my station in that closet—No

Attempt at an alarm—In, in, I say !

Hold wind we'll make the port.—I thank your highness !

[*Opens door, speaks aloud, and Exit.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

[The First Scene of this Act is entirely omitted on the Stage.]

SCENE I.—*A street in Mantua.*

*Enter BARTOLO and BERNARDO meeting.*

*Ber.* Whither so fast, Bartolo ?

*Bar.* I know not !—any where—every where. I would I were as many men as there are streets in Mantua, that I might be in every part of the city at the same time. Have you any news !

*Bar.* No.

*Bar.* Nothing of St. Pierre ?

*Bar.* No.

*Bar.* Nothing of the Duchess !

*Bar.* No.

*Bar.* I have fasted twelve hours together and upwards, and never hungered for a meal—as I hunger for news. Is not that Carlo ? Signor Carlo !—Hoa ! hilloa !—here—Signor Carlo !—make haste—make haste !

*Enter CARLO, running.*

*Car.* Well, Signor Bartolo !—what's the matter ?

*Bar.* Can you tell me any news ?

*Car.* No, Signor.

*Bar.* Nothing of the Duchess ?

*Car.* No.

*Bar.* Nothing of St. Pierre ?

*Car.* No.

*Bar.* Can I meet with no one who will tell me any news ?

*Car.* By the bye, a horseman just now alighted near the palace.

*Bar.* [*Going to run off.*] Indeed !

*Car.* Stop ! you wont find him now.

*Bar.* Well !

*Car.* He had ridden at full speed.

*Bar.* He had ! go on, Signor Carlo.

*Car.* In less than a minute a crowd gathered round him—men, women, and children—asking all at once for the news.

*Bar.* Go on, dear Signor Carlo !

*Car.* You never heard such a clatter—' Have they found the duchess ?'—' Have they caught St. Pierre ?' ' The news'—' The news !' and not a soul would hold his tongue to listen to the news ; and what do you think it was ?

*Bar.* I am dying to know !

*Car.* Why his wife had got scalded, and he had come to town for a leech.

*Bar.* There's news for you at last, Signor Bartolo ! But whither were you running ?

*Car.* To my breakfast—I have been up since four—have you breakfasted yet ?



*Ber.* No.

*Car.* Wilt thou go home with me ?

*Ber.* I care not if I do ! But look at Signor Bartolo—what's the matter, Signor ?

*Ber.* I wonder if they will not be overtaken—The poor duchess.

*Ber.* Mark if he is not weeping—what a tender-hearted lad he is !

*Ber.* I am a tender-hearted lad, Signor Bernardo—I can cry by the hour ! Tell me a doleful tale, and see if my handkerchief is not out.

*Ber.* And what are you weeping for now ?

*Ber.* To think of the duchess—if she should be caught ! The poor duchess—the fair duchess ! what a sight it would be ! Though I had to walk a hundred miles, I'd come to see it.

*Ber.* What would you come to see !

*Ber.* [*Crying.*] Her execution, Signor Bernardo. How I would hold my breath ! How my heart would beat ! How I would weep for the poor dear duchess !

*Enter MARCO, hastily.*

*Marco.* They are caught ! They are caught !

*Bar.* Are they, dear Signor Marco ? kind Signor Marco—when, where, and how ?

*Marco.* On the other side of the lake—ten minutes ago ; and by half a dozen burghers that luckily fell in with them.

*Bar.* Oh dear ! put your hand to my heart, Signor Carlo. Feel how it beats ! Kind Signor Marco, go on ! 'Tis all over with them !

*Marco.* And so it ought to be—two arrant thieves.

*Bar.* Thieves ! Signor Marco ! thieves !

*Marco.* Ay, thieves ! what could you call them ? They found upon them a salver of gold and two massy cups of the same metal, all marked with the duke's arms. If that is not thievery, I know not what is.

*Bar.* Signor Carlo—Signor Bernardo ! Heard you ever the like ? To carry off the duke's plate ! Go on, dear Signor Marco,—how lucky I had not gone before you came—go on—do, prithee ! I suppose they will wait for the duke before anything is done ?

*Marco.* Not they! what need to wait for the duke—summary justice will be done upon them.

*Bar.* Summary justice! think of that! O dear, Signor Bernardo! Signor Carlo, O dear, I shall never be able to stand it.

*Marco.* Stand what?

*Bar.* The sight—good, kind, dear Signor Marco, doesn't your heart bleed for them?

*Marco.* Does yours, Signor Bartolo?

*Bar.* It does; look at my eyes. If you never saw rain from a pair of eyes before, there 'tis for you. Rain pelting—Signor Marco, pelting rain. Summary justice, say you?

*Marco.* Yes, they are to be whipt at noon.

*Bar.* Whipped! Bernardo!—Carlo! Whipped! You do not say whipped?

*Marco.* But I do!

*Bar.* Who are to be whipped!

*Marco.* Why, the two rascals who broke into the duke's jewellers last night.

*Bar.* What a fool you are, Signor Marco! I thought it was St. Pierre and the duchess that had been taken. And we shall have no execution after all! See, Signors, see! A horseman at full speed has just passed the end of the street, in the direction of the palace. News—Signors, news! Who makes the best use of his legs, shall have the first on't.

[*Exit running—the rest following.*]

SCENE II.—*A tent.*

LEONARDO, OFFICER, and *Soldiers discovered.*

*Leon.* I'faith, a glorious close! our brief campaign  
Hath pass'd like sport upon a summer's day,  
Without a cloud:—a game, where fortune lay  
All on one side—and that was ours!  
Give order for the striking of our tents  
At earliest dawn—I'll but salute the sun,  
And straight for Mantua. [*Exeunt Officer and Soldiers*]

O sweet the sight  
Of his dear native land to him who brings  
A brow, with honors laden, back to it!  
Dear Mantua, that twice has given me life!  
Once in the breath which first I drew in it,

Now in the gift, without the having which  
 That breath were given in vain! How does my wife,  
 Bright crown of my bright fortunes? O my heart—  
 How does my love?—the plume of victory  
 I've won, but wear not till I see it nod  
 In the bright mirror of her glistening eye.  
 When shall that be?—to-morrow?—blest to-morrow,  
 Would—would thou wast to-day!

*Enter Second Officer, R.*

*Off.* Your cousin, and the nobles who compose  
 Your highness' council, with your confessor,  
 And advocate of state, attend without—in haste, and new  
 From Mantua.

*Leon.* The tidings of our truce  
 Can scarce have reached them yet? Bad news flies quick,  
 I deem'd not good was of so swift a wing.  
 Admit them.

*Enter FERRARO, FLORIO, ANTONIO, LORENZO, and  
 NOBLES, C.*

Welcome, cousin—welcome all!  
 Note of our victory I see has reached you,  
 And ye are come to give me greeting, which  
 I gladly should have journey'd to receive:—  
 But where's my duchess? She had been, methinks,  
 A fair addition to your cavalcade—  
 You might have brought her with you.

*[To Ferraro, who drops his eyes.]*

Strangers yet—  
 Nay, then, the fault, I'm positive, is yours,  
 Had you but dropp'd a hint of your intent,  
 And given a glance of invitation to her,  
 She would have ta'en it as a ready friend,  
 Given you her hand, and thank'd you for the leave  
 To bear you company.

*Fer.* Your highness' pardon;  
 A man can't help his doubts, e'en if he would,  
 And I have grounds, and solid ones, for mine.

*Leon.* Fie, fie—offend in any other thing,  
 And ere you ask you're pardoned! Here are friends—  
 Friends of my love's and mine—tried friends, and yet

Not friends in this—to leave my wife behind,  
 Who loves me best,—when they in zeal of love  
 Are here to give me joy of my high fortune.  
 How does my lady, friend? How does she, father?  
 Why comes she not to greet me?—You should be  
 Her harbingers—a step or two before?  
 Or bring ye charge from her to expedite  
 My long'd return to Mantua, as if  
 My heart were not remembrancer enough?  
 For never speed me, heaven, if life is life—  
 If I do feel I live beneath the sun,—  
 Am what I am, the very fool of fortune,—  
 Until I stand in her sweet sight again.

[*Ferrardo and Florio whisper.*

Why whisper, ye?

[*Antonio and Lorenzo whisper.*

And ye do whisper, too—

Ha! By your looks, I noted not before,

Ye come to tell me of disaster! speak!

The sum on't? 'Tis heavy—what is it?

Come, name me the amount! Is it my dukedom?

Or what?—'tis nothing of my wife—say that—

And say aught else which stern misfortune prompts!

Blow wind, mount wave,—no rock to shut me thence,

I see the strand to run my bark ashore,

And smile upon my shipwreck.

*Fer.* 'Tis of her

We came to speak.

*Leon.* 'Tis no mishap to her—

For you do speak in anger, not in grief.

If what you come to say affects reproach—

Reproach of her! speak out—speak ye the truth,

Ye cannot speak in anger!

*Fer.* That our duty

Permitted us to leave you in that mind!

*Leon.* Pshaw! do thy duty—be it duty—'tis

Beyond its power of other mind to make me.

*Fer.* Thy lady is false to thee.

*Leon.* [*Drawing.*] Thy tongue is false

To thee.—It puts thy life in jeopardy;

Recall thy words, or die.

*Flo.* My gracious liege,

He speaks the truth!



*Leon.* Thou too!

*Lor.* Your highness' patience.

What speaks your cousin, fain would I deny,  
But cannot.

*Leon.* I do only doubt which way  
To point my sword!

*Ant.* Your highness—

*Leon.* What say you?

Speak out, thou reverend man!—there only wants  
Thy tongue to prove how little heavenward do  
The thoughts of men incline, when her—heaven's work—  
That bears, as never did a thing of earth,  
The glorious impress of its shining hand—  
These men would filch from heaven. Come, side with  
them,

And say my wife is false!

*Ant.* My gracious liege,

Restrain your ire at what you would not hear,  
And audience give to what you ought to hear.  
If facts, avouched by eyes, may be believed,  
I say—that would not say it—thou art wronged.  
Peruse that paper—there you have our grounds  
For saying what we say.

*Lor.* O read, my liege!

“Think 'tis our duty speaks, and what it says  
“Says at the cost of our unfeigned love,—  
“Which, sooner than mischarge should undermine  
“Thy towering happiness, would be itself  
“The seaward mole, to meet the rushing wave  
“And break its fury ere it bursts on thee!  
“But wind and tide together setting in  
“Will sometimes overwhelm all obstacles—  
“So needs must fall this heavy surge on thee  
“Which we let o'er in drowning!”

*Leon.* I read it—not

That I do fear it—or give credence to it.

*Fer.* Your highness sees how fact doth hinge on fact.

*Leon.* No!—I see nothing!

*Fer.* Nothing!

*Leon.* Not a jot

That might not be contrived, and against which  
Improbability doth not set its face.

My lord—my lord—you love me not—nor you—  
 Nor you—I doubt if any loves me here :  
 I doubt all things but that my wife is true—  
 I will to Mantua, this very hour,  
 To crave her pardon that I listen to you.

*Fer.* My lord, she's fled from Mantua.

*Leon.* She is what ?

*Fer.* She's fled from Mantua, as also is  
 Her paramour.

*Leon.* Recall that word, or else  
 Thou mak'st me do a murder ! Is she fled ?  
 Cousin, thou murder'st me ! Speaks he the truth ?  
 Gainsay him, and I heed not what ye say !  
 Cousin, thou didst but hear that she was fled,  
 Thou dost not speak from thine own knowledge ?

*Fer.* Else

I had not spoken.

*Leon.* Fled—in company—

*Fer.* What else could I infer ?—

*Leon.* Thou but infer'st it.

Come then, all's well !—Let her be fled or not,  
 She has fled perhaps to friends, perhaps to me !

*Enter SECOND OFFICER, with MARIANA, c.*

*Second Offi.* My liege, the duchess.

*Leon.* Ha ! I told you so !

Welcome, my loved—my wronged—my innocent—  
 Welcome, my loyal wife !

*Mar.* My liege, stand off !

Embrace me at the peril of your honor !  
 Your cousin here ! the count ! your confessor !  
 And he !—and these the members of your council,  
 My tongue may save its labor, then. Yet whose  
 So fit to tell my husband, he's the lord  
 Of a dishonored bed,—as her's, whose heart,—  
 That ne'er admitted thought of man save him,  
 Knew not its part that was not given to him,  
 Before itself as dearer heart set him,  
 Sun, earth, life, health, desire, knew naught but him—  
 Yet could not guard the jewel paramount  
 Of what it loved so well, but by an act  
 Without a motive—monstrous to belief—

Which reason unto madness would refer—  
 Nay, doubt that even madness' self could do!  
 What it so loved, did spoil, and bring at once  
 From proudest wealth to basest penury!

*Leon.* No—thou did'st never swerve.—Truth dwells in  
 thee,

Thou art all radiant with it!

*Mar.* Not a doubt!

My trusting lord! my dear and honor'd lord!

[*Throws herself at his feet.*]

*Leon.* [*Endeavoring to raise her.*] Up to my heart!

*Mar.* No—by thy love!

*Leon.* I say

I'll have thee up—thy place is here!

*Mar.* “ [*Preventing him.*] My lord!”

What holds that paper? tell me, is it not

My accusation? Let me see it—True

From first to last.—The facts not otherwise

Than here set down. Would'st take me to thy heart,

And this against me?

“ *Leon.* Yes.

“ *Mar.* Nay, speak again,

“ And think before you speak. Say that the duke

“ Your cousin, loves you not! say that the count

“ Doth owe you grudge!—say these, the members of

“ Your highness' council, are suborn'd by them—

“ Here stand two honest men who take their side!

“ Would'st take me to thy heart, and this against me?”

*Leon.* I would.

*Mar.* And if you would, you should not do it!

*Leon.* It is a plot.

*Mar.* It is—

But thou, my lord, must prove it to be one!

Else it hath oped a chasm 'twixt thee and me,

Which, till thou close it up, or bridge it o'er

With stable-footed truth, that all may trust,

May not be cross'd.—Leap it—and all is lost!

*Leon.* Canst give me clue to find it out?

*Mar.* Methinks

I can. Thy cousin counsell'd me to fly,

To 'scape, as he did say, the penalty

Of my imputed crime,—but, as I thought,

To furnish of that crime conclusive proof :—  
 Supplied me too with ample store of gold—

*Leon.* Traitor! I see it all—and do not you?

My cousin and my subject though thou art,  
 To solemn mortal combat I defy thee!  
 That from thy lips, at point of my true sword,  
 Admission I extort of an attempt  
 To slur my lady's honor :—for thy soul  
 No shriving knows, no healing speech with priest,  
 Till by confession it heaves off that sin.  
 Come forth?

*Mar.* No! no! let me be guilty thought,  
 But, oh! in peril place not thou thy life!  
 Or let me prove myself my innocence  
 By ordeal of poison or of fire;

“Or take from me, of unpolluted blood,

“Lucretia's proof of an unstained soul,

“Unable to survive her body's shame.”

Do ought but put thy life in jeopardy!

“*Leon.* And she could injure me!

“*Fer.* It is the trick

“Of lapsed virtue to affect excess,

“Which sound desert would sooner wrong itself

“Than claim pretension to.

“*Leon.* It is the trick

“Of villainy to lie.” Come forth!

*Fer.* Lead on!

“*Mar.* [*Embracing his knees.*] My lord! my lord my  
 husband!”

*Leon.* Loose thine arms!

*Mar.* It is mine heart-strings hold thee, not mine arms.  
 Wilt snap them? If thou wilt thou hast a right!  
 They are thine own! but wilt thou use that right?

*Leon.* Take her away!

*Mar.* When fails our dearest friend  
 There may be refuge with our direst foe.

[*Rushing up to Ferrardo.*

Oh! why art thou my foe? how lies my peace  
 Between thy good and thee? Is it thy good  
 To slay my peace! Wilt thou not look upon me?  
 Alas! thine eyes are better turn'd away!  
 For gazing on them, human as they are,



I have a feeling of a heart of stone :  
 " And from my hopeless tears thy spirit flies,  
 " That frozen on my lids I feel them hang !"  
 Thou rock ! Affliction did I plead to thee—  
 I turn from thee, Despair !

*Leon.* Come forth !

*Fer.* Lead on !

*Enter St. PIERRE, behind, c.*

*Mar.* No way to hold thee from thy bloody purpose !  
 Stop ! thou wilt do a murder ! Art thou sure  
 Thy wife is innocent ! Thou know'st not what  
 Thou go'st to ! " Whate'er befalls, the sin  
 " Of all the deed 'tis I must answer for—  
 " The hapless wife that on thy house and thee  
 " Brought ruin !—have compassion on her soul,  
 " If not upon thy own"—nay, then, yet hear me—stop—  
 I'll put an end to all—I am—

*Fer.* Guilty !

*Mar.* No !

To save thy life—my own—and his that's heart  
 Unto my life—I cannot speak the lie !

*Leon.* And if thou could'st I'd not believe thy tongue—  
 Though Truth's as soon could lie.

*Fer.* No tongue on earth  
 Can clear her—she is false—to eyes and ears  
 Convicted !—she is an adulteress !

*St. Pier.* [*Rushing forward.*] Liar !  
 She is as true as thou art false !

*Fer.* A caitiff  
 That robb'd me, and did put my life in peril—  
 But I'll be quits with him.

*Leon.* Prevent him !

[*Several interfere, but not till St. Pierre is wounded*

*St. Pier.* Not  
 Quite home, your Grace—yet near, I hope, enough !  
 Your Highness, you do hear a dying man ;  
 Your wife is innocent !

*Fer.* A poor gallant  
 That would not say as much !

*St. Pier.* Your Highness read  
 This paper ! Hold his Grace !

*Fer.* 'Twas forced from me.

*St. Pier.* Only the signature, my lord—the rest  
Was voluntary—word for word—what fell  
From his own lips.

*Fer.* You passed the night beside her—  
Alone—none near you—within whisper of her!  
Find pen to draw 'cross that.

*St. Pier.* I pray your Highness,  
Wears not your wife a little rustic cross,  
Carv'd by no craftsman's hand?

*Mar.* I do—the same  
I show'd thee when we spoke together.

*St. Pier.* 'Twas  
Your brother gave it you.

*Mar.* It was.

*St. Pier.* I think,  
Some fifteen years ago?

*Mar.* So many years  
Have pass'd since that dear brother gave it me.  
I was a child then—he almost a man!

*St. Pier.* You woke one morning, did you not, and saw  
That brother standing, weeping by your bed:—  
He blessed you, put that cross upon your neck,  
Kissed you, and bade farewell to you, and went—  
You never saw him more.—Pray you come near!  
O God! my mother's face!

*Mar.* My brother—Ambrose!

“*St. Pier.* Yes, Mariana!

“*Fer.* I'st a masque, your highness,  
“They've got up to amuse you?

“*Leon.* Hence with him!

“The Count too!

“*Fer.* I'm your slave, most gracious cousin,—

“Yet is there one thing wherein I am free.

“*Leon.* And what is that?

“*Fer.* To hate thee! and I do so!”

[*Exeunt FERRARDO and COUNT attended.*

*Mar.* Brother, I said I knew thee! Thou forgot'st  
Thy sister's little face to woman's gown;  
But I remembered thine enough to feel  
'Twas something once had been familiar dear!

O that my memory had better kept  
What my heart treasured—thou didst prove how well!  
“Wilt thou not speak to me! Hear'st thou, my brother?  
“*St. Pier.* Our father's cottage, Mariana!”

*Mar.* Ha!

Thou faintest!

*St. Pier.* No—it is nothing, sister!  
What makes thee look so pale and vanishing?  
Don't go from me! Alas—'tis I am going!  
“I have confessed myself!” Pray for me, sister!  
Mine eyes have lost thee!—But I feel thee still,  
That's comfort!—yet—I have thee in my arms—  
Thou fadest too from them—fast! fast!—thou art gone!  
[*St. Pierre dies.*

THE EN

No. VI.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

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



THE HONEY-MOON:

A Play,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY JOHN TOBIN

WITH THE STAGE DIRECTIONS, COSTUMES, &c.

MARKED AND CORRECTED AS PLAYED AT THE PARK THEATRE, BY  
J. B. ADDIS, PROMPTER.



NEW YORK:

BERFORD & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.

1847.



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THE ROBERT MOORE

1891

ST. LOUIS, MO.

BY THE AUTHOR

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

AND A PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR

NEW YORK

WILEY & SONS, 460 N. 4TH ST.

## EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THERE are few more delightful comedies in the English language than this. The language is fluent, rich, and harmonious; the moral tone is good, and the comic incidents are exceedingly effective. John Philip Kemble gave as a reason for not accepting this play, when it was offered to him; that it was too much of a plagiarism from Beaumont & Fletcher's "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew," and other old comedies. The objection is not a valid one; as Tobin was less indebted to these plays for his hints, than the dramatists named were to their predecessors. He farther deserves the credit of having preserved all the spirit, without a particle of the grossness, of his favourite models.

JOHN TOBIN, who wrote "The Curfew," "The Honeymoon," and one or two other dramatic pieces, was born at Salisbury, in England, January 28th, 1770. He was educated for the law; but his taste for dramatic writing was too predominant to be superseded by the allurements of Blackstone and Coke. "Between the opposite claims on his attention from the law and the muses," says Mrs. Inchbald, "he became negligent of all healthful exercise; and as neither his person nor constitution was robust, progressive indisposition was the result of his incessant avocations, and soon arrived at such an alarming crisis, that, by the advice of his physicians, he went into Cornwall, and remained there till a warmer climate was prescribed."

In 1804, the invalid embarked at Bristol for the West Indies. The vessel on arriving at Cork was detained for

some days ; but, on the 7th of December, it sailed from that port ; on which day—without any apparent change in his disorder to indicate the approach of death,—he expired.

The history of the *Honey-Moon* affords a remarkable instance of the fact that actors and managers are often the poorest judges of that species of dramatic writing, which is destined to be effective in the representation. Poor Tobin found it impossible to persuade either actor or manager to take this piece under his protection, and produce it upon the stage ; and the disappointed author died without knowing that he had written one of the most brilliant and successful acting comedies in the English language. The *Honey-Moon* was not represented till the year succeeding his death ; and then its success was almost unparalleled.

The part of "*Juliana*" has had many representatives in this country, who have won merited celebrity in the character. Mrs. Mowatt is one of the latest of these ; and we doubt if any of her predecessors have ever presented a more just, spirited and picturesque embodiment of the author's conception.





## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

|                                   | <i>Drury Lane, 1824.</i> | <i>Park, 1846.</i> |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------|
| <i>Duke Aranza</i> .....          | Mr. Elliston.            | Mr. G. Vandenhoff. |
| <i>Jacques</i> .....              | " Harley.                | " Bass.            |
| <i>Lampedo</i> .....              | " Oxberry.               | " Fisher.          |
| <i>Rolando</i> .....              | " Russell.               | " Dyott.           |
| <i>Count Montalban</i> .....      | " Barnard.               | " Bland.           |
| <i>Balthazar</i> .....            | " Thompson               | " Vache.           |
| <i>Lopez</i> .....                | " Knight.                | " De Walden.       |
| <i>Campillo</i> .....             | " Meredith.              | " Anderson.        |
| <i>Servant to Balthazar</i> ..... | " Coveney.               | " Gallot.          |
| <i>Juliana</i> .....              | Mrs. Edwin.              | Mrs. Mowatt.       |
| <i>Volante</i> .....              | Miss F. Kelly.           | Mrs. Abbott.       |
| <i>Zamora</i> .....               | Mrs. Orger.              | Miss Crocker.      |
| <i>Hostess</i> .....              | Mrs. Harlowe.            | Mrs. Vernon.       |

*Servants to Duke, Rustics, &c.*

## COSTUMES.

- DUKE.**—Wedding dress.—Second dress: Peasant's grey or drab tunic, drab slouch hat, blue worsted pantaloons, and russet boots. Third dress: splendid satin ducal vest, rich velvet robe trimmed with green and silver, white silk pantaloons, white shoes, &c.
- COUNT.**—A fawn-coloured jacket and tabs, with green and silver trimming, pantaloons of the same, hat, and feathers, and russet boots, gauntlets, sword and belt. Second dress: Monk's gown.
- ROLANDO.**—Messina uniform (or Pierre's dress,) russet boots and spurs, gauntlets, cap and feathers, sword and belt.
- BALTHAZAR.**—Drab jacket and trunks, trimmed with green ribbon bows and tin tags, grey wig.
- LAMPEDO.**—Black close shape, red stockings, black shoes, small three-cornered hat, and cane.
- CAMPILLO.**—Drab-coloured jerkin and trunks, blue stockings and russet shoes.
- LOPEZ.**—A peasant jacket and trunks, light blue stockings, russet shoes, round white hat, and long light hair.
- JAQUEZ.**—Handsome velvet shape, large cloak, red stockings with silver clocks, white shoes, sword, and red curled wig.
- PEDRO.**—Jerkin and trunks, blue stockings, russet shoes.
- JULIANA.**—Wedding dress. Rich white satin and silver, large drooping white feathers, and jewels. Second dress: light blue, or slate-coloured body, and petticoat plainly trimmed with black binding or silk. blue stockings, and black shoes. Third dress: neat white muslin.
- VOLANTE.**—Handsome satin dress, with ornaments, and feathers.
- ZAMORA.**—Page's tunic, and pantaloons, russet ankle boots, and cap. Second dress: handsome satin and silver dress, and large veil.
- HOSTESS.**—Black dress, with red points, point lace apron, and cap.

## EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

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

## RELATIVE POSITIONS.

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

*N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, are usually omitted in the representation.*

# THE HONEYMOON.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—A Street in Madrid.

*Enter DUKE and MONTALBAN, L. followed by a servant. He crosses behind to R.*

*Duke.* [*Speaking to Servant.*] This letter you will give my steward;—this To my old tenant, Lopez. Use despatch, sir; Your negligence may ruin an affair Which I have much at heart.—[*Exit servant, R.*]—Why, how now, Count!

You look but dull upon my wedding-day,  
Nor show the least reflection of that joy  
Which breaks from me, and should light up my friend.

*Count.* (L.) If I could set my features to my tongue,  
I'd give your highness joy. Still, as a friend,  
Whose expectation lags behind his hopes,  
I wish you happy.

*Duke.* You shall see me so,—  
Is not the lady I have chosen fair?

*Count.* Nay, she is beautiful.

*Duke.* Of a right age?

*Count.* In the fresh prime of youth, and bloom of womanhood.

*Duke.* A well-proportion'd form, and noble presence?

*Count.* True.

*Duke.* Then her wit? Her wit is admirable!

*Count.* There is a passing shrillness in her voice.

*Duke.* Has she not wit?

*Count.* A sharp-edged tongue, I own ;  
But uses it as bravoës do their swords—  
Not for defence, but mischief. Then, her gentleness !  
You had almost forgot to speak of that.

*Duke.* Ay, there you touch me ! Yet though she be  
prouder  
Than the vex'd ocean at its topmost height,  
And every breeze will chafe her to a storm,  
I love her still the better. Some prefer  
Smoothly o'er an unwrinkled sea to glide ;  
Others to ride the cloud-aspiring waves,  
And hear, amid the rending tackles' roar,  
The spirit of an equinoctial gale.  
What though a patient and enduring lover—  
Like a tame spaniel, that, with crouching eye,  
Meets buffets and caresses—I have ta'en,  
With humble thanks, her kindness and her scorn ;  
Yet, when I am her husband, she shall feel  
I was not born to be a woman's slave ! [Crosses L  
Can you be secret ?

*Count.* You have found me so  
In matters of some moment.

*Duke.* Listen, then :

“ I have prepared a penance for her pride,  
“ To which a cell and sackcloth, and the toils  
“ Of a barefooted pilgrimage, were pastime.”—  
As yet she knows me, as I truly am,  
The Duke Aranza : in which character  
I have fed high her proud and soaring fancy  
With the description of my state and fortunes,  
My princely mansions, my delicious gardens,  
My carriages, my servants, and my pomp.  
Now mark the contrast.—In the very height  
And fullest pride of her ambitious hopes,  
I take her to a miserable hut  
(All things are well digested for the purpose ;)  
Where, throwing off the title of a duke,  
I will appear to her a low-born peasant.  
There, with coarse raiment, household drudgery,  
Laborious exercise, and cooling viands,  
I will so lower her distemper'd blood,  
And tame the devil in her, that, before

We have burnt out our happy honeymoon,  
 She, like a well-train'd hawk, shall, at my whistle,  
 Quit her high flights, and perch upon my finger,  
 To wait my bidding. [Crosses, R.

*Count.* Most excellent! A plot of rare invention!

*Duke.* "When, with a bold hand, I have weeded out  
 "The rank growth of her pride, she'll be a garden  
 "Lovely in blossom, rich in fruit; till then,  
 "An unpruned wilderness."—But to your business.  
 How thrives your suit with her fair sister, Count?

*Count.* The best advancement I can boast of in it  
 Is, that it goes not backward. She's a riddle,  
 Which he that solved the sphinx's would die guessing.  
 If I but mention love, she starts away,  
 And wards the subject off with so much skill,  
 That whether she be hurt or tickled most,  
 Her looks leave doubtful. Yet I fondly think  
 She keeps me (as the plover from her nest  
 Fearful misleads the traveller) from the point  
 Where live her warmest wishes, that are breathed  
 For me in secret.

*Duke.* You've her father's voice?

*Count.* Yes: and we have concerted, that this evening,  
 Instead of Friar Dominick, her confessor,  
 Who from his pious office is disabled  
 By sudden sickness, I should visit her;  
 And, as her mind's physician, feel the pulse  
 Of her affection.

*Duke.* May you quickly find  
 Her love to you the worst of her offences!  
 For then her absolution will be certain.  
 Farewell! I see Rolando.  
 He is a common railer against women;  
 And, on my wedding-day, I will hear none  
 Blaspheme the sex. Besides, as once he failed  
 In the same suit that I have thriven in,  
 'Twill look like triumph. 'Tis a grievous pity  
 He follows them with such a settled spleen,  
 For he has noble qualities.

*Count.* Most rare ones—

A happy wit, and independent spirit.

*Duke.* And he is brave, too.



*Count.* Of as tried a courage  
As ever walk'd up to the roaring throats  
Of a deep-ranged artillery ; and planted,  
'Midst fire and smoke, upon an enemy's wall,  
The standard of his country.

*Duke.* Farewell, Count.

*Count.* Success attend your schemes !

*Duke.* Fortune crown yours !

[*Exit, R.*]

*Enter* ROLANDO, L.

*Count.* Signor Rolando, you seem melancholy.

*Rol.* As an old cat in the mumps. I met three women—  
I marvel much they suffer them to walk  
Loose in the streets, whilst other untamed monsters  
Are kept in cages—three loud talking women !  
They were discoursing of the newest fashions,  
And their tongues went like—I have since been thinking  
What most that active member of a woman  
Of mortal things resembles.

*Count.* Have you found it ?

*Rol.* Umph ! Not exactly—something like a smoke-  
jack ;

For it goes ever without winding up :  
But that wears out in time—there fails the simile.  
Next I bethought me of a water-mill ;  
But that stands still on Sundays ;  
Woman's tongue needs no reviving sabbath.  
And, besides,  
A mill, to give it motion, waits for grist :  
Now, whether she has aught to say or no,  
A woman's tongue will go for exercise.  
In short, I came to this conclusion :  
Most earthly things have their similitudes,  
But woman's tongue is yet incomparable.—  
Was't not the duke that left you ?

*Count.* 'Twas.

*Rol.* He saw me,  
And hurried off !

*Count.* Ay ! 'Twas most wise in him,  
To shun the bitter flowings of your gall.—  
You know he's on the brink of matrimony.

*Rol.* Why now, in reason, what can he expect,

To marry such a woman ?

A thing so closely pack'd with her own pride,  
She has no room for any thought of him.

Why, she ne'er threw a word of kindness at him,  
But when she quarrell'd with her monkey.—Then,

As he with mightly minstrelsy doled out

A lying ballad to her peerless beauty,

Unto his whining lute, and, at each turn,

Sigh'd like a paviour, the kind lady, sir,

Would lift the casement up—to laugh at him.

And vanish like a shooting star; whilst he,

Like an astronomer in an eclipse,

Stood gazing on the spot whence she departed :

Then, stealing home, went supperless to bed,

And fed all night upon her apparition,—

Now, rather than espouse a thing like this,

I'd wed a bear that never learnt to dance,

Though her first hug were mortal.

*Count.* Peace, Rolando !

You rail at woman as priests cry down pleasure ;

Who, for the penance which they do their tongues,

Give ample license to their appetites.

“ Come, come, however you may mask your nature,

“ I know the secret pulses of your heart

“ Beat towards them still.” A woman hater ! Pshaw !

A young and handsome fellow, and a brave one—

*Rol.* Go on.

*Count.* Had I a sister, mother, nay, grandam,

I'd no more trust her in a corner with thee,

Than cream within the whiskers of a cat.

*Rol.* Right ! I should beat her. You are very right,

I have a sneaking kindness for the sex ;

And could I meet a reasonable woman,

Fair without vanity, rich without pride,

Discreet though witty, learn'd, yet very humble ;

That has no ear for flattery, no tongue

For scandal ; one who never reads romances ;

Who loves to listen better than to talk,

And rather than be gadding would sit quiet ;

I'd marry, certainly. You shall find two such,

And we'll both wed together.

*Count.* You are merry.—

Where shall we dine together ?

*Rol.* Not to-day.

*Count.* Nay, I insist.

*Rol.* Where shall I meet you, then ?

*Count.* Here at the Mermaid.

*Rol.* I dont like the sign ;

A mermaid is half woman.

*Count.* Pshaw, Rolando !

Yon strain this humour beyond sense or measure.

*Rol.* Well, on condition that we're very private,  
And that we drink no toast that's feminine,  
I'll waste some time with you.

*Count.* Agreed.

*Enter ZAMORA, L. (disguised as Eugenio).*

*Rol.* Go on, then ;

I will but give directions to my page,  
And follow you.

*Count.* A pretty smooth-faced boy !

*Rol.* The lad is handsome ; and for one so young—  
Save that his heart would flutter at a drum,  
And he would rather eat his sword than draw it—  
He is the noblest youth in Christendom.  
When before Tunis,  
I got well scratch'd for leaping on the walls  
Too nimbly, that same boy attended me.  
'Twould bring an honest tear into thine eye,  
To tell thee how, for ten days, without sleep,  
And almost nourishment, he waited on me ;  
Cheer'd the dull time, by reading merry tales ;  
And when my festering body smarted most,  
Sweeter than a fond mother's lullaby  
Over her peevish child, he sung to me,  
That the soft cadence of his dying tones  
Dropp'd like an oily balsam on my wounds,  
And breathed an healing influence throughout me.—  
But this is womanish !—Order our dinner,  
And I'll be with you presently.

*Count.* I will not fail.

[*Exit Count, R.*]

[*ZAMORA comes forward, L.*]

*Rol.* The wars are ended, boy.

*Zam.* I'm glad of that, sir.

*Rol.* You should be sorry if you love your master.—

*Zam.* Then I am very sorry.

*Rol.* We must part, boy!

*Zam.* Part?

*Rol.* I am serious.

*Zam.* Nay, you cannot mean it.

Have I been idle, sir, or negligent?

Saucy I'm sure I have not.—If aught else,

It is my first fault: chide me gently for it—

Nay, heavily;—but do not say, we part!

*Rol.* I'm a disbanded soldier, without pay;

Fit only now, with rusty swords and hemlets,

To hang up in the armoury, till the wars

New burnish me again; so poor, indeed,

I can but leanly cater for myself,

Much less provide for thee.

*Zam.* Let not that

Divide us, sir; the thought of how I fared

Never yet troubled me, and shall not now.

“Indeed, I never followed you for hire,

“But for the simple and the pure delight

“Of serving such a master.”—If we must part,

Let me wear out my service by degrees;

To-day omit some sweet and sacred duty,

Some dearer one to-morrow; slowly thus

My nature may be wean'd from her delight:

But suddenly to quit you, sir!—I cannot!—

I should go broken-hearted.

*Rol.* Pshaw, those tears!

Well, well, we'll talk of this some other day.

I dine with Count Montalban at the Mermaid:

In the mean time, go and amuse yourself

With what is worthiest note in this famed city.—

But hark, Eugenio! 'Tis a wicked place;

You'll meet (for they are weeds of every soil)

Abundance here of—women;—keep aloof!

For they are like the smooth, but brittle, ice,

That tempts th' unpractised urchin to his ruin.

They are like comets, to be wonder'd at,

But not approach'd:

Go not within their reach!—

[*Exit, R*

*Zam.* Doubt me not, sir.—

What a hard fate is mine!—To follow thus



With love a gentleman that scorns my sex,  
 And swears no great or noble quality  
 Ever yet lived in woman!—When I read to him  
 The story of Lucretia, or of Portia,  
 Or other glorious dame, or some rare virgin,  
 Who, cross'd in love, has died—'mid peals of laughter,  
 He praises the invention of the writer ;  
 Or growing angry, bids me shut the book,  
 Nor with such dull lies wear his patience out.—  
 What opposition has a maid like me  
 To turn the headstrong current of his spleen !—  
 For though he sets off with a lavish tongue  
 My humble merits, thinking me a boy,  
 Yet, should I stand before his jaundiced sight  
 A woman, all that now is fair in me  
 Might turn to ugliness ; all that is good  
 Appear the smooth gloss of hypocrisy ;—  
 Yet I must venture the discovery,  
 Though 'tis a fearful hazard. This perplexity  
 Of hopes and fears makes up too sad a life ;  
 I will, or lose him quite, or be his wife. [Exit, L.]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Balthazar's House.*

*Enter BALTHAZAR and VOLANTE, L.*

*Bal.* Not yet apparell'd ?

*Vol.* 'Tis her wedding day, sir :

On such occasions women claim some grace.

*Bal.* How bears she

The coming of her greatness ?

*Vol.* Bravely, sir.

Instead of the high honors that await her,  
 I think that, were she now to be enthroned,  
 She would become her coronation :

For, when she has adjusted some stray lock,  
 Or fix'd, at last, some sparkling ornament,  
 She views her beauty with collected pride,

Musters her whole soul in her eyes, and says, [*Crosses, R.*]  
 "Look I not like an empress?"—but she comes.—

*Enter JULIANA in her wedding dress, L.*

*Jul.* Well, sir, what think you ? Do I to the life

Appear a duchess, or will people say,  
She does but poorly play a part which nature  
Never design'd her for?—But, where's the duke?

*Bal.* Not come yet.

*Jul.* How? not come?—the duke not come!

*Vol.* Patience, sweet sister; oft without a murmur  
It has been his delight to wait for you.

*Jul.* It was his duty.—Man was born to wait  
On woman, and attend her sovereign pleasure!  
This tardiness upon his wedding-day  
Is but a sorry sample of obedience.

*Bal.* Obedience, girl!

*Jul.* Ay, sir, obedience!

*Vol.* Why, what a wire-drawn puppet you will make  
The man you marry!—I suppose, ere long,  
You'll choose how often he shall walk abroad  
For recreation; fix his diet for him;  
Bespeak his clothes, and say on what occasions  
He may put on his finest suit—

*Jul.* Proceed.

[*Crosses, c.*

*Vol.* Keep all the keys, and, when he bids his friends,  
Metre out a modicum of wine to each.

Had you not better put him in a livery  
At once, and let him stand behind your chair?  
Why, I would rather wed a man of dough,  
Such as some school-girl, when the pie is made,  
To amuse her childish fancy, kneads at hazard  
Out of the remnant paste—a paper man,  
Cut by a baby. Heavens preserve me ever  
From that dull blessing—an obedient husband!

*Jul.* And make you an obedient wife!—A thing  
For lordly man to vent his humours on;  
A dull domestic drudge to be abused.  
“If you think so, my dear:” and, “As you please:”  
And, “You know best;”—even when he nothing knows.  
I have no patience—that a free-born woman  
Should sink the high tone of her noble nature  
Down to a slavish whisper, for that compound  
Of frail mortality they call a man,  
And give her charter up to make a tyrant!

*Bal.* You talk it most heroically.—Pride  
May be a proper bait to catch a lover,

But, trust me, daughter, it will not hold a husband.

*Jul.* Leave that to me—and what should I have caught,  
If I had fish'd with your humility?—

Some pert apprentice, or rich citizen,  
Who would have bought me; some poor gentleman,  
Whose high patrician blood would have descended  
To wed a painter's daughter and—her ducats—

I felt my value, and still kept aloof;  
Nor stopp'd my eye till I had met the man,  
Pick'd from all Spain, to be my husband, girl;  
And him I have so managed, that he feels  
I have conferred an honour on his house,  
By coyly condescending to be his.

*Bal.* He comes.

[*Crosses, L.*  
*Knocking, R.*

*Vol.* Smooth your brow, sister.

*Jul.* For a man!

He must be one not made of mortal clay, then.

*R.* Enter Four ATTENDANTS 1st, the DUKE 2nd; the  
Attendants remain on R.

Oh! you are come, sir? I have waited for you!—  
Is this your gallantry? at such a time, too?

*Duke.* I do entreat your pardon;—if you knew  
The pressing cause—

*Vol.* Let me entreat for him.

*Bal.* Come, girl, be kind.

*Jul.* Well, sir, you are forgiven.

*Duke.* You are all goodness; let me on this hand—

[*Crosses to her, taking her hand, which she withdraws.*

*Jul.* Not yet, sir;—'tis a virgin hand as yet,  
And my own property:—forbear awhile,  
And, with this humble person, 'twill be yours.

*Duke.* Exquisite modesty!—Come, let us on!  
All things are waiting for the ceremony;  
And, till you grace it, Hymen's wasting torch  
Burns dim and sickly.—Come, my Juliana.

[*Duke offers Juliana his hand, she refuses and crosses R.*  
*Balthazar bowing to the Duke passes him, and leads*  
*Juliana off; Duke goes next, Attendants follow.*  
*Lively Music. Exeunt, R.*

## ACT 1 I.

## SCENE I.—A Cottage.

*Table and two chairs. A door on at 1st E. L.*

*Enter the DUKE, leading in JULIANA, L. D.*

*Duke.* [*Brings a chair forward, c. and sits down.*] You are welcome home.

*Jul.* [*Crosses R.*] Home! You are merry; this retired spot

Would be a palace for an owl!

*Duke.* 'Tis ours.—

*Jul.* Ay, for the time we stay in it.

*Duke.* By Heaven,

This is the noble mansion that I spoke of!

*Jul.* This!—You are not in earnest, though you bear it With such a sober brow.—Come, come, you jest.

*Duke.* Indeed I jest not; were it ours in jest, We should have none, wife.

*Jul.* Are you serious, sir?

*Duke.* I swear, as I'm your husband, and no duke.

*Jul.* No duke?

*Duke.* But of my own creation, lady.

*Jul.* Am I betrayed—Nay, do not play the fool!

It is too keen a joke.

*Duke.* You'll find it true.

*Jul.* You are no duke, then?

*Duke.* None.

*Jul.* Have I been cozened?

[*Aside.*]

And have you no estate, sir?

No palaces, nor houses?

*Duke.* None but this:—

A small snug dwelling, and in good repair.

*Jul.* Nor money, nor effects?

*Duke.* None that I know of.

*Jul.* And the attendants who have waited on us—

*Duke.* They were my friends; who, having done my business,

Are gone about their own.



*Jul.* Why, then, 'tis clear.—

[*Aside.*

That I was ever born!—What are you, sir?

*Duke.* [*Rises.*] I am an honest man—that may content you.

Young, nor ill-favour'd—should not that content you?

I am your husband, and that must content you.

*Jul.* I will go home! [*Going, L.*

*Duke.* You are at home, already. [*Staying her.*

*Jul.* I'll not endure it!—But remember this—

*Duke.* or no duke, I'll be a duchess, sir? [*Crosses, L.*

*Duke.* A duchess! You shall be a queen,—to all who, by the courtesy, will call you so.

*Jul.* And I will have attendance!

*Duke.* So you shall,

When you have learnt to wait upon yourself.

*Jul.* To wait upon myself! Must I bear this?

I could tear out my eyes, that bade you woo me,  
And bite my tongue in two, for saying yes! [*Crosses, R.*

*Duke.* And if you should, 'twould grow again.—

I think, to be an honest yeoman's wife

(For such, my would-be duchess, you will find me,)

You were cut out by nature.

*Jul.* You will find, then,

That education, sir, has spoilt me for it.—

Why! do you think I'll work?

*Duke.* I think 'twill happen, wife.

*Jul.* What! Rub and scrub

Your noble palace clean?

*Duke.* Those taper fingers

Will do it daintily.

*Jul.* And dress your victuals

(If there be any)?—Oh! I could go mad! [*Crosses, L.*

*Duke.* And mend my hose, and darn my nightcaps neatly:

Wait, like an echo, till you're spoken to—

*Jul.* Or like a clock, talk only once an hour?

*Duke.* Or like a dial; for that quietly

Performs its work, and never speaks at all.

*Jul.* To feed your poultry and your hogs!—Oh, monstrous!

And when I stir abroad, on great occasions,

Carry a squeaking tithe pig to the vicar;

Or jolt with higglers' wives the market trot,  
To sell your eggs and butter!

[Crosses, R

*Duke.* Excellent!

How well you sum the duties of a wife!

Why, what a blessing I shall have in you!

*Jul.* A blessing!

*Duke.* When they talk of you and me,

Darby and Joan shall no more be remembered;—

We shall be happy!

*Jul.* Shall we?

*Duke.* Wondrous happy!

Oh, you will make an admirable wife!

*Jul.* I'll make a devil.

*Duke.* What?

*Jul.* A very devil.

*Duke.* Oh, no! We'll have no devils.

*Jul.* I'll not bear it!

I'll to my father's!—

*Duke.* Gently: you forget

You are a perfect stranger to the road.

*Jul.* My wrongs will find a way, or make one.

*Duke.* Softly!

You stir not hence, except to take the air;

And then I'll breathe it with you.

*Jul.* What, confine me?

*Duke.* 'Twould be unsafe to trust you yet abroad.

*Jul.* Am I a truant schoolboy?

*Duke.* Nay, not so;

But you must keep your bounds.

*Jul.* And if I break them

Perhaps you'll beat me.—

*Duke.* Beat you!

The man that lays his hand upon a woman,

Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch

Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward.—

I'll talk to you, lady, but not beat you.

*Jul.* Well, if I may not travel to my father

I may write to him, surely!—And I will—

If I can meet within your spacious dukedom

Three such unhop'd-for miracles at once,

As pens, and ink, and paper.

*Duke.* You will find them

In the next room.—A word, before you go.—  
You are my wife, by every tie that's sacred ;  
The partner of my fortune and my bed—

*Jul.* Your fortune !

*Duke.* Peace !—No fooling, idle woman !  
Beneath th' attesting eye of Heaven I've sworn  
To love, to honour, cherish, and protect you.  
No human power can part us. What remains, then ?  
To fret, and worry and torment each other,  
And give a keener edge to our hard fate  
By sharp upbraidings, and perpetual jars ?—  
Or, like a loving and a patient pair  
(Waked from a dream of grandeur, to depend  
Upon their daily labour for support,)  
To soothe the taste of fortune's lowliness  
With sweet consent, and mutual fond endearment ?—  
Now to your chamber—write whate'er you please ;  
But pause before you stain the spotless paper,  
With words that may inflame, but cannot heal !

*Jul.* Why, what a patient worm you take me for !

*Duke.* I took you for a wife ; and, ere I've done,  
I'll know you for a good one.

*Jul.* You shall know me

For a right woman, full of her own sex ;  
Who, when she suffers wrong, will speak her anger ;  
Who feels her own prerogative, and scorns,  
By the proud reason of superior man,  
To be taught patience, when her swelling heart  
Cries out revenge !

[*Exit at door in c.*]

*Duke.* Why, let the flood rage on !

There is no tide in woman's wildest passion  
But hath an ebb.—I've broke the ice, however.—  
Write to her father !—She may write a folio—  
But if she send it !—'Twill divert her spleen,—  
The flow of ink may save her blood-letting.  
Perchance she may have fits !—They are seldom mortal,  
Save when the Doctor's sent for.—  
Though I have heard some husbands say, and wisely,  
A woman's honour is her safest guard,  
Yet there's some virtue in a lock and key. [*Locks the door.*]  
So, thus begins our honey-moon.—'Tis well !  
For the first fortnight, ruder than March winds,

She'll blow a hurricane. The next, perhaps,  
 Like April, she may wear a changeful face  
 Of storm and sunshine : and, when that is past,  
 She will break glorious as unclouded May ;  
 And where the thorns grew bare, the spreading blossoms  
 Meet with no lagging frost to kill their sweetness.—  
 Whilst others, for a month's delirious joy  
 Buy a dull age of penance, we, more wisely,  
 Taste first the wholesome bitter of the cup,  
 That after to the very lees shall relish ;  
 And to the close of this frail life prolong  
 The pure delights of a well-governed marriage. [*Exit, R.*]

SCENE II.—*Balthazar's house.*

*Enter* BALTHAZAR, followed by the COUNT, disguised as a  
 Friar, R.

*Bal.* These things premised, you have my full consent  
 To try my daughter's humour ;  
 But observe me, sir !——  
 I will use no compulsion with my child :  
 If I had tendered thus her sister Zamora,  
 I should not now have mourned a daughter lost !

*Enter* VOLANTE, L.

*Vol.* What is your pleasure ?

*Bal.* Know this holy man ;

[*Introducing the Count to her.*]

It is the father confessor I spoke of.  
 Though he looks young, in all things which respect  
 His sacred function he is deeply learned.

*Vol.* It is the Count !

[*Aside.*]

*Bal.* I leave you to his guidance :

[*Crosses, R.*]

To his examination and free censure,  
 Commit your actions and your private thoughts.

*Vol.* I shall observe, sir—

[*Exit Balthazar, R.*]

Nay, 'tis he, I'll swear !

[*Aside.*]

*Count.* Pray Heaven she don't suspect me ! Well,  
 young lady, you have heard your father's commands ?

*Vol.* Yes : and now he has left us alone, what are we  
 to do ?

*Count.* I am to listen, and you are to confess.



*Vol.* What! And then you are to confess, and I am to listen?—Oh! I'll take care you shall do penance though!  
[*Aside*

*Count.* Pshaw!

*Vol.* Well; but what am I to confess!

*Count.* Your sins, daughter; your sins.

*Vol.* What! all of them?

*Count.* Only the great ones.

*Vol.* The great ones! Oh, you must learn those of my neighbors, whose business it is, like yours, to confess every body's sins but their own. If now you would be content with a few trifling peccadilloes, I would own them to you with all the frankness of an author, who gives his reader the paltry errata of the press, but leaves him to find out all the capital blunders of the work itself.

*Count.* Nay, lady, this is trifling: I am in haste.

*Vol.* In haste! Then suppose I confess my virtues? You shall have the catalogue of them in a single breath.

*Count.* Nay, then, I must call your father.

*Vol.* Why, then, to be serious:—If you will tell me of any very enormous offences which I may have lately committed, I shall have no objection in the world to acknowledge them to you.

*Count.* It is publicly reported, daughter, you are in love

*Vol.* So, so! Are you there! [*Aside.*] That I am in love?

*Count.* With a man—

*Vol.* Why, what should a woman be in love with?

*Count.* You interrupt me, lady.—A young man.

*Vol.* I'm not in love with an old one, certainly.—But is love a crime, father?

*Count.* Heaven forbid!

*Vol.* Why, then, you have nothing to do with it.

*Count.* Ay, but the concealing it is a crime.

*Vol.* Oh, the concealing it is a crime?

*Count.* Of the first magnitude.

*Vol.* Why, then, I confess—

*Count.* Well, what?

*Vol.* That the Count Mantalban—

*Count.* Go on!

*Vol.* Is—

*Count.* Proceed!

*Vol.* Desperately in love with me.

*Count.* Pshaw! That's not the point!

*Vol.* Well, well, I'm coming to it: and not being able in his own person to learn the state of my affections, has taken the benefit of clergy, and assumed the disguise of a friar.

*Count.* Discovered!

*Vol.* Ha! ha! ha!—You are but a young masquerader or you wouldn't have left your vizard at home. Come, come, Count, pull off your lion's apparel, and confess your self an ass. [*Count takes off the Friar's gown*]

*Count.* Nay, Volante, hear me!

*Vol.* Not a step nearer!—The snake is still dangerous, though he has cast his skin. I believe you are the first lover on record, that ever attempted to gain the affections of his mistress by discovering her faults. Now, if you had found out more virtues in my mind than there will ever be room for, and more charms in my person than ever my looking-glass can create, why, then, indeed—

*Count.* What then?

*Vol.* Then I might have confessed what it's now impossible I can ever confess; and so farewell, my noble count confessor! [*Exit, L.*]

*Count.* Farewell

And when I've hit upon the longitude,  
And plumb'd the yet unfathomed ocean,  
I'll make another venture for thy love.  
Here comes her father.—I'll be fooled no longer.

*Enter BALTHAZAR, R.*

*Bal.* Well, sir, how thrive you?

*Count.* E'en as I deserve:

Your daughter has discovered, mock'd at, and left me.

*Bal.* Yet I've another scheme.

*Count.* What is't?

*Bal.* My daughter,

Being a lover of my art, of late  
Has vehemently urged to see your portrait;  
Which, now 'tis finish'd, I stand pledged she shall.  
Go to the picture room—stand there conceal'd:  
Here is the key. I'll send my daughter straight:  
And if, as we suspect, her heart leans tow'rds you,

In some unguarded gesture, speech, or action,  
Her love will suddenly break out.—Away! [COUNT *crosses*, R.  
I hear her coming.

*Count.* There's some hope in this.

*Bal.* It shall do wonders.—Hence! [Exit COUNT, R.

*Enter VOLANTE, L.*

*Vol.* What, is he gone, sir?

*Bal.* Gone! D'ye think the man is made of marble?  
Yes, he is gone.

*Vol.* For ever?

*Bal.* Ay, for ever.

*Vol.* Alas, poor Count!—Or has he only left you  
To study some new character? Pray, tell me,  
What will he next appear in?

*Bal.* This is folly.

'Tis time to call your wanton spirits home—  
You are too wild of speech.

*Vol.* My thoughts are free, sir;

And those I utter—

*Bal.* Far too quickly, girl;

Your shrewdness is a scarecrow to your beauty.

*Vol.* It will fright none but fools, sir: men of sense must  
naturally admire in us the quality they most value in them-  
selves; a blockhead only protests against the wit of a wo-  
man, because he cannot answer her drafts upon his under-  
standing. But now we talk of the Count, don't you re-  
member your promise, sir?

*Bal.* Umph! [*Aside.*] What promise, girl?

*Vol.* That I should see your picture of him.

*Bal.* So you shall, when you can treat the original with  
a little more respect.

*Vol.* Nay, sir, a promise!

*Bal.* Well, you'll find the door open. [*VOLANTE crosses*  
R.] But, before you go, tell me honestly, how do you like  
the count, his person, and understanding?

*Vol.* Why, as to his person, I don't think he's handsome  
enough to pine himself to death for his own shadow, like  
the youth in the fountain—nor yet so ugly as to be fright-  
ened to dissolution if he should look at himself in a  
glass. Then, as to his understanding, he has hardly wit  
enough to pass for a madman, nor yet so little as to be

taken for a fool. In short, sir, I think the Count is very well worth any young woman's serious contemplation—when she has no other earthly thing to think about.

[*Runs off, R.*]

*Bal.* So the glad bird, that flutters from the net,  
Grown wanton with the thought of his escape,  
Flies to the limed bush, and there is caught.  
I'll steal and watch their progress.

[*Exit, R.*]

SCENE III.—*The Picture Room.*

*The Count discovered concealing himself behind his portrait.*

*Enter VOLANTE, R.*

*Vol.* Confess that I love the Count!—A woman may do a more foolish thing than to fall in love with such a man, and a wiser one than to tell him of it. [*Looks at the picture.*] 'Tis very like him—the hair is a shade too dark—and rather too much complexion for a despairing enamorado. Confess that I love him!—Now there is only his picture: I'll see if I can't play the confessor a little better than he did. [*She advances in centre of the stage to speak the following. The Count comes from behind the picture and listens.*] “Daughter, they tell me you're in love?”—“Well, father, there is no harm in speaking the truth.”—“With the Count Montalban, daughter?”—“Father, you are not a confessor, but a conjuror!”—“They add, moreover, that you have named the day for your marriage?”—“There, father, you are misinformed; for, like a discreet maiden, I have left that for him to do.” Then he should throw off his disguise—I should gaze at him with astonishment—he should open his arms, whilst I sunk gently into them—[*The Count catches her in his arms.*]—The Count!

*Enter BALTHAZAR, R. Ū. E.*

—My father, too! Nay, then, I am fairly hunted into the toil. There, take my hand, Count, while I am free to give it.

*Enter OLMEDO, with a Letter, R.*

*Olm.* A letter, sir.

[*Exit, R.*]

*Bal.* From Juliana.

[*Opens the letter.*]

*Vol. (c.)* Well, what says she, sir?



Count. (L.) This will spoil all.

[Aside.]

Vol. It bears untoward news :

Is she not well, sir ?

Bal. (R.) 'Tis not that !

Vol. What then, sir ?—

See how he knits his brow !

Bal. Here must be throats cut.

Vol. What moves you thus, sir ?

Bal. That would stir a statue !

Your friend's a villain, sir ! [Crosses to the Count.] Read,  
read it out—

And you, if I mistake not, are another !

Vol. What can this mean ?

Bal. Peace ! hear him read the letter.

Count. [Reads.] "*Dearest father ! I am deceived, be-  
trayed, insulted !*"

*The man whom I have married, is no duke !*"

Vol. No duke !

Bal. I'll be revenged ! Read, sir—read !

Count. [Reads.] "*He has neither fortune, family, nor  
friends.*"—

Bal. You must have known all this, sir—But proceed !

Count. [Reads.] "*He keeps me a prisoner here, in a mi-  
serable hovel ; from whence, unless I am speedily rescued by  
your interference, you may never hear more of your forlorn,  
abused,*"

"JULIANA."

Bal. What answer you to this, sir ?

Count. Nothing.

Vol. How !

Bal. 'Tis plain you are a partner in the trick

That robb'd a doting father of his child.

Count. Suspend your anger but a few short days,

And you shall find, though now a mystery

Involves my friend—

Bal. A mystery ! What mystery ?

There are no mysteries in honest men :

What mystery, I say, can salve this conduct ?

Is he a duke ?

Count. I cannot answer that.

[Crosses, R.]

Bal. Then he's a villain !

Count. Nay, upon my soul,  
He means you fairly, honourably, nobly.

*Bal.* I will away to night,—Olmedo! Perez!  
Get my horses!  
You have some mystery, too, sir! But, ere I set  
My sole surviving hope on such an hazard,  
I'll look into your countship's pedigree;  
And for your noble, honourable duke,  
I'll travel night and day until I reach him!  
And he shall find I am not yet so old  
But that my blood will flame at such an insult,  
And my sword leap into my grasp. Believe me,  
I will have full revenge!

*Count.* You shall.

*Bal.* I will, sir!  
And speedily!

*Count.* Proceed, then, on your journey.  
With your good leave, I'll bear you company.  
And as the traveller, perplex'd awhile  
In the benighting mazes of a forest,  
Breaks on a champaign country, smooth and level,  
And sees the sun shine glorious, so shall you, sir,  
Behold a bright close, and a golden end,  
To this now dark adventure.

*Vol.* Go, my father!

*Bal.* You speak in riddles, sir; yet you speak fairly.

*Count.* And, if I speak not truly, may my hope  
In this fair treasure be extinct for ever!

*Bal.* Then quickly meet us here, prepared for travel:  
If, from the cloud that overhangs us now,  
Such light should break as you have boldly promised,  
My daughter and my blessing still are yours, sir.

*Count.* Blest in that word, I quit you.

[*Exit, R.*

*Bal.* Come, girl!

[*Crosses, R.*

This shall be sifted thouroughly: till then  
You must remain a fresh ungather'd flower.

*Vol.* Well, sir; I am not yet so overblown,  
But I may hang some time upon the tree,  
And still be worth the plucking.

[*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE IV.—*The cottage.*—*Table, chair.*

*Enter the DUKE, R. in a peasant's Dress: he unlocks the  
Door in Flat.*

*Duke.* She hath composed a letter; and what's worse,

Contrived to send it by a village boy  
 That pass'd the window.—Yet she now appears  
 Profoundly penitent. It cannot be ;  
 'Tis a conversion too miraculous.  
 Her cold disdain yields with too free a spirit ;  
 Like ice, which, melted by unnatural heat—  
 Not by the gradual and kindly thaw  
 Of the resolving elements—give it air,  
 Will straight congeal again.—She comes—I'll try her.

*Enter JULIANA, in a Peasant's Dress, through Door in Flat.*

Why, what's the matter now ?

*Jul.* That foolish letter !

*Duke.* What ! You repent of having written it ?

*Jul.* I do, indeed. I could cut off my fingers  
 For being partners in the act.

*Duke.* No matter ;  
 You may indite one in a milder spirit,  
 That shall pluck out its sting.

*Jul.* I can—

*Duke.* You must.

*Jul.* I can.

*Duke.* You shall.

*Jul.* I will, if 'tis your pleasure.

*Duke.* Well replied !

Now see plainly you have found your wits,  
 And are a sober, metamorphos'd woman.

*Jul.* I am, indeed.

*Duke.* I know it ; I can read you.  
 There is a true contrition in your looks :—

There is no penitence in masquerade—

Are you not playing on me ?

*Jul.* Playing, sir.

*Duke.* You have found out the vanity of those things  
 Which you lately sigh'd so deep ?

*Jul.* I have, sir.

*Duke.* A dukedom !—Pshaw !—It is an idle thing.

I have begun to think so.

*Jul.* That's a lie !

[*Aside.*

Is this tranquil and retired spot  
 Worth in real pleasures, than a palace ?  
 I like it infinitely.

*Duke.* That's another!

[*Aside.*

The mansion's small, 'tis true, but very snug.

*Jul.* Exceeding snug!

*Duke.* The furniture not splendid,  
But then all useful!

*Jul.* All exceeding useful;  
There's not a piece on't but serves twenty purposes.

[*Aside.*

*Duke.* And, though we're seldom plagued by visitors,  
We have the best of company—ourselves.

Nor, whilst our limbs are full of active youth,  
Need we loll in a carriage, to provoke  
A lazy circulation of the blood,

[*Takes her arm, and walks about.*

When walking is a nobler exercise.

*Jul.* More wholesome too.

*Duke.* And far less dangerous.

*Jul.* That's certain!

*Duke.* Then for servants, all agree,  
They are the greatest plagues on earth.

*Jul.* No doubt on't!

*Duke.* Who, then, that has a taste for happiness,  
Would live in a large mansion, only fit  
To be an habitation for the winds;  
Keep gilded ornaments for dust and spiders;  
See every body, care for nobody;  
When they could live as we do?

*Jul.* Who, indeed?

*Duke.* Here we want nothing.

*Jul.* Nothing!—Yes, one thing.

*Duke.* Indeed! What's that?

*Jul.* You will be angry!

*Duke.* Nay—

Not if it be a reasonable thing.

*Jul.* What wants the bird, who, from his wiry prison,  
Sings to the passing travellers of air  
A wistful note—that she were with them, sir?

*Duke.* Umph! What, your liberty? I see it now.

[*Aside.*

*Jul.* 'Twere a pity in such a paradise  
I should be caged!

*Duke.* Why, whither would you, wife?



*Jul.* Only to taste the freshness of the air,  
That breathes a wholesome spirit from without ;  
And weave a chaplet for you, of those flowers  
That throw their perfume through my window bars,  
And then I will return, sir.

*Duke.* You are free ;—

[*Juliana crosses L., Duke takes her R. hand.*

But use your freedom wisely.

*Jul.* Doubt me not, sir !—

I'll use it quickly too.

[*Aside, and Exit, L.*

*Duke.* But I do doubt you.—

There is a lurking devil in her eye,  
That plays at bopeep there, in spite of her.—  
Her anger is but smother'd, not burnt out—  
And ready, give it vent, to blaze again.  
You have your liberty—  
But I shall watch you closely, lady,  
And see that you abuse it not.

[*Exit, L.*

END OF ACT II.



### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Inn.*

*ROLANDO sitting at a Table with wine.—Two Chairs.*

*Rol.* 'Sdeath, that a reasonable thinking man  
Should leave his friend and bottle for a woman !—  
Here is the Count, now, who, in other matters,  
Has a true judgment, only seethe his blood  
With a full glass beyond his usual stint,  
And woman, like a wildfire, runs throughout him --  
Immortal man is but a shuttlecock,  
And wine and women are the battledores  
That keep him going !—What ! Eugenio !

*Enter ZAMORA, (as Eugenio,) L.*

*Zam.* Your pleasure, sir ?

*Rol.* I am alone, and wish you to finish the story you  
began,

It is mournful, yet 'tis pleasing !

*Zam.* It was, indeed, a melancholy tale  
From which I learnt it.

*Rol.* Lives it with you still!

*Zam.* Faintly, as would an ill-remember'd dream, sir:  
Yet so far I remember—Now my heart— [Aside.  
'Twas of a gentleman—a soldier, sir,  
Of a brave spirit; and his outward form  
A frame to set a soul in. He had a page,  
Just such a boy as I, a faithful stripling,  
Who, out of pure affection, and true love,  
Follow'd his fortune to the wars.

*Rol.* Why this  
Is our own history.

*Zam.* So far indeed,  
But not beyond, it bore resemblance, sir.  
For in the sequel (if I well remember)  
This loving boy—(so, sir, the story ran)—  
Turn'd out to be a woman.

*Rol.* How! a woman?

*Zam.* Yes, sir, a woman.

*Rol.* Live with him a twelvemonth,  
And he not find the secret out!

*Zam.* 'Twas strange!

*Rol.* Strange! 'twas impossible! At the first blush,  
A palpable and most transparent lie!  
Why, if the soldier had been such an ass,  
She had herself betray'd it!—

*Zam.* Yet, tis said,  
She kept it to her death;—that oft as love  
Would heave the struggling passion to her lips,  
Shame set a seal upon them; thus long time  
She nourish'd, in this strife of love and modesty,  
An inward slow-consuming martyrdom,  
Till, in the sight of him her soul most cherished,—  
Like flow'rs, that on a river's margin fading  
Through lack of moisture, drop into the stream,—  
So, sinking in his arms, her parting breath  
Reveal'd her story.

*Rol.* You have told it well, boy!—

*Zam.* I feel it deeply, sir; I knew the lady.

*Rol.* Knew her! You don't believe it?

*Zam.* What regards

Her death I will not vouch for; but the rest—  
 Her hopeless love, her silent patience,  
 The struggle 'twixt her passion and her pride—  
 I was a witness to.—Indeed, her story  
 Is a most true one.

*Rol.* She should not have died!—  
 A wench like this were worth a soldier's love,  
 And were she living now——

*Enter the COUNT, L.*

*Zam.* [*Aside.*] 'Tis well!      [*Rolando crosses to Count*  
*Count.* Strange things have happen'd, scince we parted,  
 captain!—

I must away to-night.

*Rol.* To-night? and whither?

*Count.* 'Tis yet a secret. Thus much you shall know,  
 If a short fifty miles you'll bear me company,  
 You shall see——

*Rol.* What?

*Count.* A woman tamed.

*Rol.* No more!

I'll go a hundred!—Do I know the lady?

*Count.* What think you of our new-made duchess?

*Rol.* She?

What mortal man has undertaken her?—  
 Perhaps the keeper of the beasts, the fellow  
 That puts his head into the lion's mouth,  
 Or else some tiger-tamer to a nabob?

*Count.* Who, but her husband?

*Rol.* With what weapons?

*Count.* Words.

*Rol.* With words? Why, then, he must invent a lan-  
 guage

Which yet the learned have no glimpses of.  
 Fasting and fustigation may do something;  
 I've heard that death will quiet some of them;  
 But words!—mere words! cool'd by the breath of man!—  
 He may preach tame a howling wilderness;  
 Silence a full-mouth'd battery with snow-balls;  
 Quench fire with oil; with his repelling breath  
 Puff back the northern blast; whistle 'gainst thunder:  
 These things are feasible—But still a woman

With the nine parts of speech!—

[Crosses, L.

Count. You know him not.

Rol. I know the lady.

Count. Yet, I tell you

He has the trick to draw the serpent's fang,  
And yet not spoil her beauty.

Rol. Could he discourse, with fluent eloquence,  
More languages then Babel sent abroad,  
The simple rhet'ric of her mother tongue  
Would pose him presently; for woman's voice  
Sounds like a fiddle in a concert, always  
The shrillest, if not loudest, instrument.

But we shall see. [Excunt Count and Rolando, L.

Zam. He was touch'd, surely, with the piteous tale  
Which I deliver'd; and but that the Count  
Prevented him, would have broken freely out  
Into a full confession of his feeling  
Tow'rds such a woman as I painted to him:—  
Why, then, my boy's habiliments, adieu!  
Henceforth, my woman's gear—I'll trust to you. [Exit, R.

SCENE II.—*The Duke's Palace. A State Chair, c.*

*Enter* CAMPILLO, *the Duke's Steward,* and PEDRO, R.

Ped. But can no one tell the meaning of this fancy?

Cam. No: 'tis the duke's pleasure, and that's enough  
for us. You shall hear his own words:—

“For reasons, that I shall hereafter communicate, it is necessary that Jaquez should, in all things, at present, act as my representative; you will, therefore, command my household to obey him as myself, until you hear further from  
(Signed) ARANZA.”

Ped. Well, we must wait the upshot. But how bears Jaquez his new dignity?

Cam. Like most men in whom sudden fortune combats  
against long-established habit. [Laughing without, R. U. E.

Ped. By their merriment, this should be he.

Cam. Stand aside, and let us note him. [Exit PEDRO, L.

*Enter* JAQUEZ, R. U. E. *dressed as the Duke,* followed by six ATTENDANTS, who in vain endeavour to restrain their laughter.



*Jaq.* Why, you ragamuffins! What d'ye titter at? Am I the first great man that has been made off hand by a tailor! Show your grinders again, and I'll hang you like onions, fifty on a rope. I can't think what they see ridiculous about me, except, indeed, that I feel as if I was in armour, and my sword has a trick of getting between my legs like a monkey's tail, as if it was determined to trip up my nobility.—And now, villains! Don't let me see you tip the wink to each other, as I do the honours of my table. If I tell one of my best stories, don't any of you laugh before the jest comes out, to shew that you have heard it before:—take care **that** you don't call me by my Christian name, and then pretend it was by accident; that shall be transportation at least:—and when I drink a health to all friends, don't fancy that any of you are of the number.—

*Enter PEDRO, L.*

Well, sir?

*Ped.* There is a lady without presses vehemently to speak to your grace.

*Jaq.* A lady?

*Ped.* Yes, your highness.

*Jaq.* Is she young?

*Ped.* Very, your grace!

*Jaq.* Handsome?

*Ped.* Beautiful, your highness!

*Jaq.* Send her in.—[*Exit PEDRO, L.*]—You may retire; [*The attendants retire up the Stage a little.*] I'll finish my instructions bye-and-bye.—Young and handsome!—I'll attend to her business in *propria persona*. Your old and ugly ones I shall despatch by deputy. Now to alarm her with my consequence, and then sooth her with my condescension. I must appear important: big as a country pedagogue, when he enters the school-room with—a-hem! and terrifies the apple-munching urchins with the creaking of his shoes. I'll swell like a shirt bleaching in a high wind; and look burly as a Sunday beadle, when he has kicked down the unballowed stall of a profane old apple woman.—Bring my chair of state!—Hush!

*The attendants place the state chair, c.*

*Enter PEDRO and JULIANA. Pedro goes to the other attendants.*

*Jul.* I come, great duke, for justice!

*Jaq.* You shall have it.

Of what do you complain?

*Jul.* My husband, sir!

*Jaq.* I'll hang him instantly!—What's his offence?

*Jul.* He has deceived me.

*Jaq.* A very common case;—few husbands answer their wives' expectations.

*Jul.* He has abused your grace—

*Jaq.* Indeed! If he has done that, he swings most loftily. But how, lady, how?

*Jul.* Shortly thus, sir:

Being no better than a low-born peasant,  
He has assumed your character and person—

*Enter the DUKE, L.*

Oh! you are here?—This is he, my lord.

[*Crosses behind chair to R.*

*Jaq.* Indeed! [*Aside.*] Then I must tickle him. Why, fellow, d'ye take this for an alehouse; that you enter with such a swagger?—Know you where you are, sir?

*Duke.* The rogue reproves me well! I had forgot.—  
[*Aside.*

Most humbly I entreat your grace's pardon,  
For this unusher'd visit; but the fear  
Of what this wayward woman might allege  
Beyond the truth—

*Jul.* I have spoken naught but truth.—

*Duke.* Has made me thus unmanerly.

*Jaq.* 'Tis well! You might have used more ceremony.  
Proceed. [To Juliana.

*Jul.* This man, my lord, as I was saying,  
Passing himself upon my inexperience  
For the right owner of this sumptuous palace,  
Obtain'd my slow consent to be his wife:  
And cheated, by this shameful perfidy,  
Me of my hopes—my father of his child.

*Jaq.* Why, this is swindling;—obtaining another man's goods under false pretences,—that is, if a woman be a

good—that will make a very intricate point for the judges.  
—Well, sir, what have you to say in your defence?

*Duke.* I do confess I put this trick upon her ;  
And for my transient usurpation  
Of your most noble person, with contrition  
I bow me to the rigour of the law.—  
But for the lady, sir, she can't complain.

*Jul.* How, not complain ? To be thus vilely cozen'd,  
And not complain !

*Jaq.* Peace, woman !—Though Justice be blind, she is  
not deaf.

*Duke.* He does it to the life !— [Aside.  
Had not her most exceeding pride been doting,  
She might have seen the diff'rence, at a glance,  
Between your grace and such a man as I am.

*Jaq.* She might have seen that certainly—Proceed.

*Duke.* Nor did I fall so much beneath her sphere,  
Being what I am, as she had soar'd above it,  
Had I been that which I have only feign'd.

*Jaq.* Yet you deceived her ?

*Jul.* Let him answer that.

*Duke.* I did : most men in something cheat their wives,  
Wives gull their husbands ; 'tis the course of wooing.  
Now, bating that my title and my fortune  
Were evanescent, in all other things  
I acted like a plain and honest suitor.  
I told her she was fair, but very proud :  
That she had taste in music, but no voice ;  
That she danced well, yet still might borrow grace  
From such or such a lady. To be brief,  
I praised her for no quality she had not,  
Nor over-prized the talents she possess'd :—  
Now, save in what I have before confess'd,  
I challenge her worst spite to answer me,  
Whether, in all attentions, which a woman—  
A gentle and a reasonable woman—  
Looks for, I have not to the height fulfill'd,  
If not outgone, her expectations ?

*Jaq.* Why, if she has no cause of complaint since you  
were married—

*Duke.* I dare her to the proof on't,

*Jaq.* Is it so, woman ?

[To Juliana.

*Jul.* I don't complain of what has happen'd since ;  
The man has made a tolerable husband ;  
But for the monstrous cheat he put upon me  
I claim to be divorced.

*Jaq.* It cannot be !

*Jul.* Cannot ! my lord ?

*Jaq.* No.—You must live with him.

*Jul.* Never !

*Duke.* Or, if your grace will give me leave—  
We have been wedded yet a few short days—  
Let us wear out a month as man and wife ;  
If at the end on't, with uplifted hands,  
Morning and ev'ning, and sometimes at noon,  
And bended knees, she doesn't plead more warmly  
Than e're she prayed 'gainst stale virginity,  
'To keep me for her husband—

*Jul.* If I do !—

*Duke.* Then let her will be done, that seeks to part us !

*Jul.* I do implore your grace to let it stand  
Upon that footing !

*Jaq.* Humph !—Well, it shall be so !—With this provi-  
so—that either of you are at liberty to hang yourselves in  
the mean time. [Rises.

[*The Attendants remove the chair back, and exeunt, R. U. E.*

*Duke.* We thank your providence.—Come, Juliana—

*Jul.* Well, there's my hand—a month's soon past, and  
then—

I am your humble servant, sir.

*Duke.* For ever.

*Jul.* Nay, I'll be hang'd first.

*Duke.* That may do as well.

Come, you'll think better on't !

*Jul.* By all—

*Duke.* No swearing.

*Jul.* No, no—no swearing.

*Duke.* We humbly take our leaves.

[*Exeunt Duke and Juliana, L.*

*Jaq.* I begin to find, by the strength of my nerves, and  
the steadiness of my countenance, that I was certainly in-  
tended for a great man ;—for what more does it require to  
be a great man, than boldly to put on the appearance of  
it ?—How many sage politicians are there, who can scarce



comprehend the mystery of a mouse-trap;—valiant generals, who wouldn't attack a bulrush unless the wind were in their favour; profound lawyers, who would make excellent wig-blocks;—and skilful physicians, whose knowledge extends no farther than writing death-warrants in Latin; and are shining examples—that a man will never want gold in his pocket, who carries plenty of brass in his face!—It will be rather awkward, to be sure, to resign at the end of a month:—but, like other great men in office, I must make the most of my time, and retire with a good grace, to avoid being turned out—as a well-bred dog always walks down stairs, when he sees preparations on foot for kicking him into the street. [Exit, R.]

SCENE III.—*An Inn.*

*Enter BALTHAZAR as having fallen from his Horse, supported by VOLANTE and the COUNT, and preceded by the Hostess, L.*

*Hostess.* This way, this way, if you please.—Alas, poor gentleman! [*Brings a chair.*] How do you feel now, sir?  
[*They set him down.*]

*Bal.* I almost think my brains are where they should be——

Confound the jade!—Though they dance merrily  
To their own music.

*Count.* Is a surgeon sent for?

*Hostess.* Here he comes, sir.

*Enter LAMPEDO, L.*

*Lam.* Is this the gentleman?

[*Advances towards Balthazar.*]

*Bal.* I want no surgeon; all my bones are whole.

*Vol.* Pray take advice!

*Bal.* Well!—doctor, I have doubts

Whether my soul be shaken from my body,—  
Else I am whole.

*Lam.* Then you are safe, depend on't;

Your soul and body are not yet divorced—

Though if they were, we have a remedy.

Nor have you fracture, sir, simple or compound:—

Yet very feverish ! I begin to fear  
Some inward bruise—a very raging pulse !—  
We must phlebotomize !

*Bal.* You won't ! Already  
There is too little blood in these old veins  
To do my cause full justice.

*Lam.* Quick, and feverish !—  
He must lie down a little ; for as yet  
His blood and spirits being all in motion,  
There is too great confusion in the symptoms,  
To judge discreetly from.

*Bal.* I'll not lie down !

*Vol.* Nay, for an hour, or so ?

*Bal.* Well, be it so.

*Hostess.* I'll shew you to a chamber ; this way, this way,  
if you please. [*Exeunt all but Lampedo, R.*

*Lam.* 'Tis the first patient, save the miller's mare,  
And an old lady's cat, that has the phthisic,  
That I have touch'd these six weeks.—Well, good hostess !

*Re-enter* HOSTESS, R.

How fares your guest ?

*Hostess.* He must not go to-night !

*Lam.* No ; nor to-morrow—

*Hostess.* Nor the next day, neither !

*Lam.* Leave that to me.—

*Hostess.* He has no hurt, I fear ?

*Lam.* None :—but, as you are his cook, and I'm his  
doctor,

Such things may happen.—You must make him ill,

And I must keep him so—for, to say truth,

'Tis the first biped customer I've handled

This many a day :—they fall but slowly in—

Like the subscribers to my work on fevers.

*Hostess.* Hard times, indeed !—No business stirring my  
way.

*Lam.* So I should guess, from your appearance, *Hostess.*  
You look as if, for lack of company,  
You were obliged to eat up your whole larder.

*Hostess.* Alas ! 'Tis so—

Yet I contrive to keep my spirits up.

*Lam.* Yes ; and your flesh too.—Look at me !

*Hostess.* Why, truly,  
You look half starved.

*Lam.* Half starved! I wish you'd tell me  
Which half of me is fed. I show more points  
Than an old horse, that has been three weeks pounded—  
"Yet I do all to tempt them into sickness.  
"Have I not in the jaws of bankruptcy,  
"And to the desolation of my person,  
"Painted my shop, that it looks like a rainbow?  
"New double-gilt my pestle and my mortar,  
"That some, at a distance, take it for the sun?  
"And blazed in flaming letters o'er my door.  
"Each one a glorious constellation,  
"Surgeon, Apothecary, Accoucheur—  
"(For midwife is grown vulgar)?—Yet they ail not:  
"Phials and gallipots still keep their ranks,  
"As if there was no cordial virtue in them.  
"The healing chime of pulverising drugs  
"They shun as 'twere a tolling bell, or death-watch.  
"I never give a dose, or set a limb!"

But, come, we must devise, we must devise  
How to make much of this same guest, sweet Hostess.

*Hostess.* You know I always make the most of them.

*Lam.* Spoke like an ancient tapstress!—Come, let's  
in—

And, whilst I soothe my bowels with an omelette  
(For, like a nest of new-waked rooklings, Hostess,  
They caw for provender,) and take a glass  
Of thy Falernian—we will think of means—  
For though to cure men be beyond our skill,  
'Tis hard, indeed, if we can't keep them ill. [*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Cottage, a Table and three Chairs.*

*Enter the DUKE, bringing in JULIANA, L. D.*

*Duke.* Nay, no resistance!—For a month, at least,  
I am your husband.

*Jul.* True!—And what's a husband?

*Duke.* [*Puts her over to the R.*] Why, as some wives  
would metamorphose him,  
A very miserable ass, indeed!

“ Mere fullers’ earth, to bleach their spotted credit ;  
 “ A blotting paper, to drink up their stains !”

*Jul.* True, there are many such.

*Duke.* And there are men,  
 Whom not a swelling lip, or wrinkled brow,  
 Or the loud rattle of a woman’s tongue—  
 Or what’s more hard to parry, the warm close  
 Of lips, that from the inmost heart of man  
 Plucks out his stern resolves—can move one jot  
 From the determined purpose of his soul,  
 Or stir an inch from his prerogative.—  
 Ere it be long, you’ll dream of such a man.

*Jul.* Where, waking, shall I see him ?

*Duke.* Look on me !  
 Come, to your chamber !

*Jul.* I won’t be confined !

*Duke.* Won’t !—Say you so ?

*Jul.* Well, then, I do request  
 You won’t confine me.

*Duke.* You’ll leave me ?

*Jul.* No indeed !  
 As there is truth in language, on my soul  
 I will not leave you !

*Duke.* You’ve deceived me once—

*Jul.* And, therefore, do not merit to be trusted.  
 I do confess it :—but, by all that’s sacred,  
 Give me my liberty, and I will be  
 A patient, drudging, most obedient wife !

*Duke.* Yes : but a grumbling one ?

*Jul.* No ; on my honour,  
 I will do all you ask, ere you have said it.

*Duke.* And with no secret murmur of your spirit ?

*Jul.* With none, believe me !

*Duke.* Have a care !  
 For if I catch you on the wing again,  
 I’ll clip you closer than a garden hawk,  
 And put you in a cage, where day-light comes not ;  
 Where you may fret your pride against the bars,  
 Until your heart break. [*Knocking at the Door.*] See who’s  
 at the door !— [*She goes and opens it.*]



*Enter LOPEZ, L. D.*

My neighbor Lopez!—Welcome, sir; my wife—

[*Introducing her.*  
A chair! [*To Juliana.—She brings a chair to Lopez, and throws it down, L.*] Your pardon—you'll excuse her, sir—

A little awkward, but exceeding willing.

One for your husband!—[*She brings another Chair, and is going to throw it down as before; but the Duke looking stedfastly at her, she desists, and places it gently by him.*] Pray be seated, neighbor!

Now you may serve yourself.

*Jul.* I thank you, sir,  
I'd rather stand.

*Duke.* I'd rather you should sit.

*Jul.* If you will have it so—'Would I were dead!

[*Aside.—She brings a chair, and sits down, R.*

*Duke.* Though now I think again, 'tis fit you stand,  
That you may be more free to serve our guest.

*Jul.* Even as you command!

[*Rises.*

*Duke.* You will eat something?

[*To Lopez.*

*Lopez.* Not a morsel, thank ye.

*Duke.* Then you will drink!—A glass of wine, at least?

*Lopez.* Well, I am warm with walking, and care not if  
I do taste your liquor.

*Duke.* You have some wine, wife?

*Jul.* I must e'en submit!

[*Exit, R.*

*Duke.* This visit, sir, is kind and neighborly.

*Lopez.* I came to ask a favor of you. We have to-day  
a sort of merry-making on the green hard by—'twere too  
much to call it a dance—and as you are a stranger here—

*Duke.* Your patience for a moment.

*Re-enter JULIANA with a Horn of Liquor, R.*

*Duke.* [*Taking it.*] What have we here?

*Jul.* 'Tis wine—you called for wine!

*Duke.* And did I bid you bring it in a nut-shell?

*Lopez.* Nay, there is plenty!

*Duke.* I can't suffer it.

You must excuse me. [*To Lopez.*] When friends drink  
with us,

'Tis usual, love, to bring it in a jug,  
Or else they may suspect we grudge our liquor.

*Jul.* I shall remember.

[*Exit, R.*]

*Lopez.* I am ashamed to give so much trouble.

*Duke.* No trouble; she must learn her duty, sir;  
I'm only sorry you should be kept waiting.  
But you were speaking—

*Lopez.* As I was saying, it being the conclusion of our  
vintagè, we have assembled the lads and lasses of the vil-  
lage—

*Re-enter JULIANA, R.*

*Duke.* Now we shall do!

[*Pours out.*]

Why, what the devil's this?

*Jul.* Wine, sir.

*Duke.* This wine?—'Tis foul as ditch-water!—  
Did you shake the cask?

*Jul.* What shall I say? [*Aside.*] Yes, sir.

*Duke.* You did?

*Jul.* I did.

*Duke.* I thought so!

Why, do you think, my love, that wine is physick,  
That must be shook before 'tis swallowed?—

Come, try again!

*Jul.* I'll go no more!

[*Puts down the wine on the ground.*]

*Duke.* You won't?

*Jul.* I won't.

*Duke.* You won't?

[*Showing the Key.*]

You had forgot yourself, my love.

*Jul.* Well, I obey!

[*Takes up the wine, and exit, R.*]

*Duke.* Was ever man so plagued!

"You have a wife, no doubt, of more experience,

"Who would not by her awkwardness disgrace

"Her husband thus? This 'tis to marry

"An inexperienced girl!"

I'm ashamed to try your patience, sir;

But women, like watches, must be set

With care, to make them go well.

*Enter JULIANA, R.*

Ay, this looks well!

[*Pouring it out.*]

*Jul.* The heavens be praised !

*Duke.* Come, sir, your judgment ?

*Lopez.* 'Tis excellent !—But, as I was saying, to-day we have some country pastimes on the green.—Will it please you both to join our simple recreations ?

*Duke.* We will attend you. Come, renew your draught sir !

*Lopez.* We shall expect you presently ; till then, good even, sir.

*Duke.* Good-even, neighbor. [*Exit Lopez, L. D.*] Go and make you ready.

*Jul.* I take no pleasure in these rural sports.

*Duke.* Then you shall go to please your husband. Hold ! I'll have no glittering gewgaws stuck about you, To stretch the gaping eyes of idiot wonder, And make men stare upon a piece of earth As on the star-wrought firmament—"no feathers  
"To wave as streamers to your vanity—  
"Nor cumbrous silk, that with its rustling sound  
"Makes proud the flesh that bears it." She's adorned Amply, that in her husband's eye looks lovely—  
The truest mirror that an honest wife  
Can see her beauty in !

*Jul.* I shall observe, sir.

*Duke.* I should like to see you in the dress I last presented you.

*Jul.* The blue one, sir ?

*Duke.* No, love, the white.—Thus modestly attired,  
An half-blown rose stuck in thy braided hair,  
With no more diamonds than those eyes are made of,  
No deeper rubies than compose thy lips,  
No pearls more precious than inhabit them ;  
With the pure red and white, which that same hand  
Which blends the rainbow tinges in thy cheeks :  
This well proportioned form, (mark not I flatter)  
In graceful motion to harmonious sounds,  
And thy free tresses dancing in the wind :—  
Thou'lt fix as much observance, as chaste dames  
Can meet without a blush. [*Exit Juliana, down the flat*  
I'll trust her with these bumpkins. There no coxcomb  
Shall buz his fulsome praises in her ear,  
And swear she has in all things, save myself,

A most especial taste. No meddling gossip  
 “ (Who, having claw’d or cuddled into bondage  
 “ The thing misnamed a husband, privately  
 “ Instructs less daring spirits to revolt)”  
 Shall, from the fund of her experience, teach her  
 When lordly man can best be made a fool of.  
 Ye that would have obedient wives, beware  
 Of meddling woman’s kind officious care.

[*Exit, L.*]

END OF ACT III.

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 A C T I V .
SCENE I.—*The Inn.**Enter LAMPEDO 1st; and HOSTESS 2nd, R.**Hostess.* Nay, nay, another fortnight.*Lam.* It can’t be.

The man’s as well as I am :—have some mercy !—  
 He hath been here almost three weeks already.

*Hostess.* Well, then, a week ?*Lam.* We may detain him a week.*Enter BALTHAZAR behind, from door in flat, R. in his Night-gown, with a drawn Sword.*

You talk now like a reasonable hostess,  
 That sometimes has a reck’ning—with her conscience.

*Hostess.* He stills believes he has an inward bruise.

*Lam.* I would to Heaven he had ! Or that he’d slipt  
 His shoulder blade, or broke a leg or two,  
 (Not that I bear his person any malice)  
 Or lux’d an arm, or even sprain’d his ankle !

*Hostess.* Ay, broken any thing except his neck.

*Lam.* However, for a week I’ll manage him,  
 Though he has the constitution of a horse—  
 A farrier should prescribe for him !

*Bal.* A farrier ![*Aside.*]

*Lam.* To-morrow we phlebotomize again ;  
 Next day my new-invented patent draught :—



Then I have some pills prepared.

On Thursday we throw in the bark; on Friday—

*Bal.* [*Coming forward, c.*] Well, sir, on Friday?—  
what on Friday? come,

Proceed—

*Lam.* Discovered!

*Hostess.* Mercy, noble sir! [*They fall on their knees.*]

*Lam.* We crave your mercy.

*Bal.* On your knees? 'tis well!

Pray, for your time is short.

*Hostess.* Nay, do not kill us!

*Bal.* You have been tried, condemned, and only wait  
For execution. Which shall I begin with?

*Lam.* The lady, by all means, sir!

*Bal.* Come, prepare. [*To the Hostess.*]

*Hostess.* Have pity on the weakness of my sex!

*Bal.* Tell me, thou quaking mountain of gross flesh,  
Tell me, and in a breath, how many poisons—  
If you attempt it!—[*To Lampedo, who is endeavoring to  
make off, l.*]—you have cooked up for me?

*Hostess.* None, as I hope for mercy!

*Bal.* Is not thy wine a poison?

*Hostess.* No, indeed, sir!

'Tis not, I own, of the first quality:

But—

*Bal.* What?

*Hostess.* I always give short measure, sir,  
And ease my conscience that way.

*Bal.* Ease your conscience!

I'll ease your conscience for you!

*Hostess.* Mercy, sir!

*Bal.* Rise, if thou canst, and hear me.

*Hostess.* Your commands, sir?

*Bal.* If in five minutes all things are prepared  
For my departure, you may yet survive.

*Hostess.* It shall be done in less.

*Bal.* Away, thou lump-fish! [*Exit Hostess.*]

*Lam.* So, now comes my turn!—'tis all over with me!—  
There's dagger, rope, and ratsbane in his locks!

*Bal.* And now, thou sketch and outline of a man!  
Thou thing that hast no shadow in the sun!  
Thou eel in a consumption, eldest born

Of Death on Famine! Thou anatomy  
Of a starved pilchard!—

*Lam.* I do confess my leanness.—I am spare!  
And therefore spare me!

*Bal.* Why, wouldst thou have made me  
A thoroughfare for thy whole shop to pass through?

*Lam.* Man, you know, must live!

*Bal.* Yes: he must die, too.

*Lam.* For my patients' sake!

*Bal.* I'll send you to the major part of them.—

The window, sir, is open;—come, prepare—

*Lam.* Pray consider!

I may hurt some one in the street.

*Bal.* Why, then, I'll rattle thee to pieces in a dice-box,  
Or grind thee in a coffee-mill to powder;

For thou must sup with Pluto:—So, make ready!

Whilst I, with this good small-sword for a lancet,

Let thy starved spirit out—for blood thou hast none—

And nail thee to the wall, where thou shalt look

Like a dried beetle with a pin stuck through him.

*Lam.* Consider my poor wife!

*Bal.* Thy wife!

*Lam.* My wife, sir!

*Bal.* Hast thou dared think of matrimony, too?

No flesh upon thy bones, and take a wife!

*Lam.* I took a wife, because I wanted flesh.

I have a wife and three angelic babes,

Who, by those looks are well nigh fatherless!

*Bal.* Well, well! Your wife and children shall plead  
for you.

Come, come, the pills! Where are the pills? Produce  
them!

*Lam.* Here is the box.

*Bal.* Were it Pandora's, and each single pill  
Had ten diseases in it, you should take them.

*Lam.* What, all?

*Bal.* Ay, all; and quickly too!—Come, sir, begin!

[*Lampèdo takes one.*] That's well:—another.

*Lam.* One's a dose!

*Bal.* Proceed, sir!

*Lam.* What will become of me?—

Let me go home, and set my shop to rights,

And, like immortal Cæsar, die with decency !

*Bal.* Away ! And thank thy lucky star I have not  
Brayed thee in thine own mortar, or exposed thee  
For a large specimen of the lizard genus.

*Lam.* 'Would I were one—for they can feed on air !

*Bal.* Home, sir ! And be more honest.

*Lam.* If I am not,  
I'll be more wise, at least !

[*Exeunt L. Lampedo 1st, Balthazar threatening him 2nd.*]

SCENE II.—*A Wood. A bank on the R. 2nd E.*

*Enter ZAMORA, in Woman's Apparel, veiled, R.*

*Zam.* Now, all good spirits that delight to prosper  
The undertakings of chaste love, assist me !  
Yonder he comes : I'll rest upon this bank.—  
If I can move his curiosity,  
The rest may follow.

[*She reclines on the Bank, pretending to sleep.*]

*Enter ROLANDO, L.*

*Rol.* What, ho ; Eugenio !  
He is so little apt to play the truant,  
I fear some mischief has befallen him. [*Sees Zamora*]  
What have we here ?—A woman !—By this light,  
Or rather by this darkness, 'tis a woman !  
Doing no mischief—only dreaming of it !—  
It is the stillest, most inviting spot !  
We are alone !—If, without waking her,  
I could just brush the fresh dew from her lips,  
As the first blush of morn salutes the rose—  
Hold, hold, Rolando ! Art thou not forsworn,  
If thou but touchest even the finger's end  
Of fickle woman ?—I have sworn an oath,  
That female flesh and blood should ne'er provoke me ;—  
That is, in towns or cities : I remember  
There was a special clause,—or should have been,—  
Touching a woman sleeping in a wood :  
For though to the strict letter of the law  
We bind our neighbours, yet, in our own cause,  
We give a liberal and large construction

To its free spirit. Therefore, gentle lady—

[*She stirs as if awaking.*]

Hush!—She prevents me. Pardon, gentle fair one,

That I have broke thus rudely on your slumbers!

But, for the interruption I have caused,

You see me ready, as a gentleman,

To make you all amends.

*Zam.* To a stranger [*coming down on R.*]

You offer fairly, sir; but from a stranger—

*Rol.* What shall I say?—Not so; you are no

Stranger!

*Zam.* Do you then know me?—Heaven forbid! [*Aside.*]

*Rol.* Too well.

*Zam.* How, sir?

*Rol.* I've known you, lady, 'bove a twelvemonth,

And, from report, loved you an age before!

Why, is it possible you never heard

Of my sad passion?

*Zam.* Never.

*Rol.* You amaze me!

*Zam.* What can he mean?

[*Aside*]

*Rol.* The sonnets I have written to your beauty

Have kept a paper-mill in full employ:

And then the letters I have given by dozens

Unto your chambermaid!—But I begin,

By this unlooked-for strangeness you put on,

Almost to think she ne'er delivered them.

*Zam.* Indeed she never did—He does but jest. [*Aside.*]

I'll try. [*Aside.*] Perhaps you misdirected them?

What superscription did you put upon them?

*Rol.* What superscription?—None!

*Zam.* None!

*Rol.* Not a tittle!

Think ye, fair lady, I have no discretion?

I left a blank, that, should they be mislaid,

Or lost, you know—

*Zam.* And in your sonnets, sir,

What title was I honoured by?

*Rol.* An hundred!—

All but your real one.

*Zam.* What is that?

[*Quickly*]

*Rol.* She has me!



Faith, lady, you have run me to a stand.  
 I know you not—never before beheld you—  
 Yet I'm in love with you extempore ;  
 And though, by a tremendous oath, I'm bound  
 Never to hold communion with your sex,  
 Yet has your beauty, and your modesty—  
 Come, let me see your face—

*Zam.* Nay ; that would prove .  
 I had no modesty, perhaps nor beauty.—  
 Besides, I too have taken a rash oath,  
 Never to love but one man.

*Rol.* At a time ?

*Zam.* One at all times.

*Rol.* You're right :—I am the man.

*Zam.* You are, indeed, sir !

*Rol.* How ? Now *you* are jesting !

*Zam.* No, on my soul !—I have sent up to Heaven  
 A sacred and irrevocable vow ;  
 And if, as some believe, there does exist  
 A spirit in the waving of the woods,  
 Life in the leaping torrent, in the hills  
 And seated rocks a contemplating soul  
 Brooding on all things round them, to all nature  
 I here renew the solemn covenant—  
 Never to love but you !

*Rol.* And who are you ?

*Zam.* In birth and breeding, sir, a gentlewoman :  
 And, but I know the high pitch of your mind  
 From such low thoughts maintains a towering distance,  
 I would add, rich ; yet is it no misfortune.—  
 Virtuous, I will say boldly. Of my shape,  
 Your eyes are your informers. For my face,  
 I cannot think of that so very meanly,  
 For you have often praised it.

*Rol.* I !—Unveil, then,  
 That I may praise it once again.

*Enter VOLANTE, L.*

*Zam.* Not now, sir,  
 We are observed

[*Crosses, L.*

*Rol.* [*Seeing Volante.*] Confusion !—This she-devil—  
 'Tis time, then, to redeem my character—

I tell you, lady, you must be mistaken,  
I tell you, 'tis not I. [*Aloud.*] Here, on this spot. [*Aside.*]

*Zam.* I humbly beg your pardon.

*Rol.* Well, you have it;—  
Remember.—

*Zam.* Trust me! [*Exit, L.*]

*Rol.* A most strange adventure! Pray, lady, do you know who that importunate woman is that just left us?

*Vol.* No, signor.

*Rol.* [*They walk by each other, he whistling, and she humming a tune.*] Have you any business with me?

*Vol.* I wanted to see you, that's all. They tell me you are the valiant captain that has turned woman-hater, as the boy left off eating nuts, because he met with a sour one.

*Rol.* Would I were in a free-mason's lodge!

*Vol.* Why there?

*Rol.* They never admit women.

*Vol.* It must be a dull place.

*Rol.* Exceedingly quiet.—How shall I shake off this gad-fly!—Did you ever see a man mad!

*Vol.* Never.

*Rol.* I shall be mad presently.

*Vol.* I hope it won't be long first. I can wait an hour or so.

*Rol.* I tell you, I shall be mad!

*Vol.* Will it be of the merry sort?

*Rol.* Stark, staring, maliciously, mischievously mad.

*Vol.* Nay, then I can't think of leaving you, for you'll want a keeper.

*Rol.* I would thou hadst one! If I were valiant, now, to beat a woman—

*Vol.* Well! Why don't you begin? Pshaw! you have none of the right symptoms. You don't stare with your eyes, nor foam at the mouth. Mad, indeed! You're as much in your sober senses as I am.

*Rol.* Then I am mad incurably! Will you go forward?

*Vol.* No.

*Rol.* Backward?

*Vol.* No.

*Rol.* Will you stay where you are?

*Vol.* No. Rank and file, captain : I mean to be one of your company.

*Rol.* Impossible ! You're not tall enough for anything but a drummer : and then the noise of your tongue would drown the stoutest sheep-skin in Christendom.

*Vol.* Can you find no employment for me ?

*Rol.* No : you are fit for nothing but to beat hemp in a workhouse, to the tuneful accompaniment of a beadle's whip.

*Vol.* I would be content to be so employed, if I was sure you would reap the full benefit of my labour.

*Rol.* Nay, then, I'll go to work another way with you.—What, ho, Eugenio ! Sergeant ! Corporal !

*Vol.* Nay, then, 'tis time to scamper : he's bringing his whole regiment on me ! [Exit *Volante*, R., *Rolando* L.

SCENE III.—*A Rural Scene.*

*Music.*—*A Dance of Rustics.* LOPEZ seeing the DUKE and JULIANA approach.

*Lop.* Hold ! Our new guests.

*Enter the DUKE and JULIANA, R.*

Neighbours, you are kindly welcome.

Will't please you join the dance, or be mere gazers ?

*Duke.* I am for motion, if this lady here  
Would trip it with me.

*Lop.* My wife, sir—at your service ;  
If it be no offence, I'll take a turn with your's.

*Duke.* By all means. Lady, by your leave—

[*Salutes Lopez's wife.*

*Lop.* A good example—

[*Attempts to salute Juliana ;—she boxes his ears.*

*Jul.* Badly followed, sir !

*Lop.* Zounds ! What a tingler !

*Duke.* Are you not ashamed !

[*To Juliana.*

My wife is young, sir ; she'll know better soon

Than to return a courtesy so tartly :—

Your's has been better tutored !

[*Salutes her.*

*Lop.* Tutored ! Zounds !—

I only meant to ape your husband, lady !

He kisses where he pleases.

*Jul.* So do I, sir;  
Not where I have no pleasure.

*Duke.* Excellent!

[*Aside.*

*Jul.* My lips are not my own. My hand is free, sir.

*Lop.* Free! I'll be sworn it is!

*Jul.* Will't please you take it!

*Duke.* Excuse her rustic breeding: she is young;  
But you will find her nimble in the dance.

*Lop.* Come, then, let's have a stirring roundelay.

[*Music.—They dance, Juliana at first perversely, but afterwards entering into the spirit of it; and then go off with their partners, R. U. E.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Cottage. Two Chairs.*

**JULIANA** sitting at her Needle; the **DUKE** steals in behind,  
through **D.** in flat.

*Duke.* Come, no more work to-night!—[*Sits by her.*]  
It is the last

That we shall spend beneath this humble roof:  
Our fleeting month of trial being past,  
To-morrow you are free.

*Jul.* Nay, now you mock me,  
And turn my thoughts upon my former follies.  
You know, that, to be mistress of the world,  
I would not leave you.

*Duke.* No!

*Jul.* No, on my honour.

*Duke.* I think you like me better than you did!—  
And yet 'tis natural: Come, come, be honest;  
You have a sort of hankering,—no wild wish,  
Or vehement desire, yet a slight longing,  
A simple preference—if you had your choice,—  
To be a duchess, rather than the wife  
Of a low peasant?

"*Jul.* No, indeed you wrong me!



“ *Duke.* I marked you closely at the palace, wife.  
 “ In the full tempest of your speech, your eye  
 “ Would glance to take the room’s dimensions,  
 “ And pause upon each ornament; and then  
 “ There would break from you a half-smothered sigh,  
 “ Which spoke distinctly—‘ These should have been mine :  
 “ And, therefore, though with a well-tempered spirit,  
 “ You have some secret swellings of the heart  
 “ When these things rise to your imagination.”

*Jul.* No, indeed : sometimes in my dreams, I own,—  
 You know we cannot help our dreams !—

*Duke.* What then ?

*Jul.* Why, I confess, that sometimes, in my dreams,  
 A noble house and splendid equipage,  
 Diamonds and pearls, and gilded furniture,  
 Will glitter, like an empty pageant, by me ;  
 And then I am apt to rise a little feverish.  
 But never do my sober waking thoughts,—  
 As I’m a woman worthy of belief,—  
 Wander to such forbidden vanities.  
 Yet, after all it was a scurvy trick—  
 Your palace and your pictures, and your plate ;  
 Your fine plantations, your delightful gardens,  
 That were a second Paradise—for fools  
 And then your grotto, so divinely cool ;  
 Your Gothic summer-house, and Roman temple  
 ’Twould puzzle much an antiquarian  
 To find out their remains.

*Duke.* No more of that !

*Jul.* You had a dozen spacious vineyards, too.  
 Alas ! The grapes are sour ;—and, above all,  
 The Barbary courser that was breaking for me.—

*Duke.* Nay, you shall ride him yet.

*Jul.* Indeed !

*Duke.* Believe me,  
 We must forget these things.

*Jul.* They are forgot ;  
 And, by this kiss, we’ll think of them no more,  
 But when we want a theme to make us merry.

*Duke.* It was an honest one, and spoke thy soul ;  
 And by the fresh lip and unsullied breath,  
 Which joined to give it sweetness—

*Enter BALTHAZAR, L.*

*Jul.* [*Crosses, c.*] How! My father!

*Duke.* Signior Balthazar! You are welcome, sir,  
To our poor habitation.

*Bal.* Welcome! Villain,  
I come to call your dukeship to account,  
And to reclaim my daughter.

*Duke.* [*Aside.*] You will find her  
Reclaimed already, or I have lost my pains.

*Bal.* Let me come at him!

*Jul.* Patience, my dear father!

*Duke.* Nay, give him room. Put up your weapon, sir—  
'Tis the worst argument a man can use,  
So let it be the last! As for your daughter,  
She passes by another title here,  
In which your whole authority is sunk—  
My lawful wife!

*Bal.* Lawful!—His lawful wife!  
I shall go mad! Did not you basely steal her,  
Under a vile pretence?

*Duke.* What I have done  
I'll answer to the law.  
Of what do you complain?

*Bal.* Why, are you not  
A most notorious, self-confessed imposter?

*Duke.* True! I am somewhat dwindled from the state  
In which you lately knew me; nor alone  
Should my exceeding change provoke your wonder—  
You'll find your daughter is not what she was.

*Bal.* How, Juliana?

*Jul.* 'Tis, indeed, most true.  
I left you, sir, a froward foolish girl,  
Full of capricious thoughts and fiery spirits,  
Which, without judgment, I would vent on all;  
But I have learned this truth indelibly,—  
That modesty, in deed, in word, and thought,  
Is the prime grace of woman; and with that,  
More than by frowning looks and saucy speeches,  
She may persuade the man that rightly loves her,  
Whom she was ne'er intended to command.

*Bal.* Amazement! Why, this metamorphosis

Exceeds his own!—What spells, what cunning witchcraft  
Has he employed?

*Jul.* None: he has simply taught me  
To look into myself: his powerful rhet'ric  
Hath with strong influence impressed my heart,  
And made me see at length the thing I have been,  
And what I am, sir.

*Bal.* Are you then content  
To live with him?

*Jul.* Content? I am most happy!

*Bal.* Can you forget your crying wrongs?

*Jul.* Not quite, sir:

They sometimes serve to make us merry with.

*Bal.* How like a villain he abused your father?

*Jul.* You will forgive him that, for my sake.

*Bal.* Never!

*Duke.* Why, then 'tis plain you seek your own revenge,  
And not your daughter's happiness.

*Bal.* No matter.

I charge you, on your duty as my daughter,  
Follow me!

*Duke.* On a wife's obedience,  
I charge you, stir not!

*Jul.* You, sir, are my father;  
At the bare mention of that hallowed name,  
A thousand recollections rise within me,  
To witness you have ever been a kind one:  
This is my husband, sir!

*Bal.* Thy husband; well—

*Jul.* 'Tis fruitless now to think upon the means  
He used—I am irrevocably his:  
And when he pluck'd me from my parent tree,  
To graft me on himself, he gathered with me  
My love, my duty, my obedience;  
And, by adoption, I am bound as strictly  
To do his reasonable bidding now,  
As once to follow yours.

*Duke.* Most excellent!

[*Aside.*

*Bal.* Yet I will be revenged!

*Duke.* You would have justice?

[*To Balthazar.*

*Bal.* I will.

*Duke.* Then forthwith meet me at the duke's. [*Crosses, c.*

*Bal.* What pledge have I for your appearance there ?

*Duke.* Your daughter, sir.—Nay, go, my Juliana !

'Tis my request :—within an hour at farthest,  
I shall expect to see you at the palace.

*Bal.* Come, Juliana.—You shall find me there, sir.

*Duke.* Look not thus sad at parting, Juliana ;  
All will run smooth yet.

*Bal.* Come !

*Jul.* Heaven grant it may !

*Duke.* The duke shall right us all, without delay.

[*Exeunt Balthazar and Juliana, L., Duke, R.*]

SCENE II.—A Wood.

*Enter VOLANTE, and Four of the Count's Servants, masked, L.*

*Vol.* That's he stealing down the pathway yonder.  
Put on your vizors—and remember, not a word !

[*They retire, L., 3d E*]

*Enter ROLANDO, R.*

Now I shall be even with your hemp-beating. [*Exit, L.*]

*Rol.* Here am I come to be a woman's toy,  
And, spite of sober reason, play the fool.—

'Tis a most grievous thing, that a man's blood  
Will ever thwart his noble resolution,

And make him deaf to other argument

Than the quick beating of his pulse. [*They come forward,  
and surround him.*] Hey-day !

Why, what are these ? If it be no offence,

May I inquire your business ?

[*They hold a Pistol to each side of his head.*]

Now I can guess it. Pray, reserve your fire !—

[*They proceed to bind him.*]

What can this mean ?—Mute, gentlemen—all mute ?

Pray, were ye born of woman ?—Still ye are mute !

Why, then, perhaps you mean to strangle me.

[*They bind him to a Tree, L. U. E., and go off.*]

How ! Gone ? Why, what the devil can this mean !

It is the oddest end to an amour !—



*Enter VOLANTE, and three other Women, 1.*

*Vol.* This is the gentleman we're looking for.

*Rol.* Looking for me? You are mistaken, ladies:  
What can you want with such a man as I am?

I am poor, ladies, miserably poor;—

I am old too, though I look young; quite old;

The ruins of a man. Nay, come not near me!

I would for you I were a porcupine,

And every quill a death!

*Vol.* By my faith, he rails valiantly, and has a valiant sword too, if he could draw it! Was ever poor gentleman so near a rope without being able to hang himself!

*Rol.* I could bear to be bound in every limb,  
So ye were tongue-tied.—

That I could cast out devils to torment you!—

Though ye would be a match for a whole legion.

*Vol.* Come, come. [*They pinch and tickle him.*]

*Rol.* Nay, ladies, have some mercy; drive me not  
To desperation:—though, like a bear,  
I'm fixed to the stake, and must endure the baiting.

[*They make a circle, and dance round him. Rolando, after repeated struggles, disengages his right arm, with which he draws his sword, and cuts the ropes that bind him.*]

*Vol.* The bear is breaking his chain. 'Tis time to run then.

[*The Women run off, 1.; he extricates himself, and comes forward.*]

*Rol.* So, they are gone! What a damnable condition I am in! The devils, that worried St. Anthony, were a tame set to these! My blood boils! By all that's mischievous, I'll carbonado the first woman I meet! If I do not, why I'll marry her. Here's one already!

*Enter ZAMORA, veiled, R.*

*Zam.* I've kept my word, sir.

*Rol.* So much the worse! For I must keep my oath.—  
Are you prepared to die?

*Zam.* Not by your hand.—

I hardly think, when you have seen my face,  
You'll be my executioner.

*Rol.* Thy face!

What, are you handsome!—Don't depend on that!  
If those rosy fingers, like Aurora's  
Lifting the veil from day, should usher forth  
Twin sparkling stars, to light men to their ruin;  
Balm-breathing lips, to seal destruction on;  
An alabaster forehead, hung with locks  
That glitter like Hyperion's; and a cheek  
Where the live crimson steals upon the white,  
You have no hope of mercy!

*Zam.* [*Unveiling.*] Now, then, strike!

*Rol.* Eugenio?

*Zam.* Your poor boy, sir!

*Rol.* How, a woman?

A real woman?

What a dull ass have I been! Nay, 'tis so.

*Zam.* You see the sister of that scornful lady,  
Who, with such fixed disdain, refused your love,  
Which, like an arrow failing of its aim,  
Glancing from her impenetrable heart,  
Struck deep in mine: in a romantic hour,  
Unknown to all, I left my father's house,  
And followed you to the wars.—What has since happened  
It better may become you to remember  
Than me to utter.

*Rol.* I am caught at last!

Caught by a woman, excellently caught,  
Hampered beyond redemption!—Why, thou witch!  
That, in a brace of minutes, hast produced  
A greater revolution in my soul  
Than thy whole sex could compass! Thou enchantress,  
Prepare! For I must kill thee certainly!—

[*Throws away his sword.*]

But it shall be with kindness.—My poor boy!

[*They embrace.*]

I'll marry thee to-night:—Yet have a care!—  
For I shall love thee most unmercifully.

*Zam.* And as a wife should you grow weary of me,  
I'll be your page again.

*Rol.* We'll to your father!

*Zam.* Alas! I fear I have offended him  
Beyond the reach of pardon.

*Rol.* Think not so!

In the full flood of joy at your return,  
He'll drown his anger, and absolving tears  
Shall warmly welcome his poor wanderer home.  
What will they say to me? Why, they may say,  
And truly, that I made a silly vow,  
But was not quite so foolish as to keep it. [Exit L.

SCENE III.—*The Duke's Palace.*

*Enter BALTHAZAR and JULIANA, the COUNT and VOLANTE,  
preceded by PEDRO, R.*

*Bal.* You'll tell his highness, I am waiting for him.

*Ped.* What name?

*Bal.* No matter; tell him an old man,  
Who has been basely plundered of his child,  
And has performed a weary pilgrimage  
In search of justice, hopes to find it here.

*Ped.* I will deliver this. [Exit Pedro, L. U. E.

*Bal.* And he shall right me;  
Or I will make his dukedom ring so loud  
With my great wrongs, that—

*Jul.* Pray, be patient, sir.

*Bal.* Where is your husband?

*Jul.* He will come, no doubt.

*Count.* I'll pawn my life for his appearance, quickly!

*Enter PEDRO, L. U. E.*

*Bal.* What news, sir?

*Ped.* The duke will see you presently.

*Bal.* 'Tis well!

Has there been here a man to seek him lately?

*Ped.* None, sir.

*Bal.* A tall, well-looking man enough,  
Though a rank knave, dress'd in a peasant's garb?

*Ped.* There has been no such person.

*Bal.* No, nor will be!

It was a trick to steal off quietly,  
And get the start of justice. He has reach'd,  
Ere this, the nearest sea-port, or inhabits  
One of his air-built castles.

[Trumpets and Kettle-Drums, L. U. E.]

*Ped.* Stand aside !

*Enter the DUKE, superbly dressed, preceded by JAQUEZ, and followed by Attendants, and six Ladies.*

*Duke.* Now, sir, your business with me ?

*Bal.* How ?

*Jul.* Amazement !

*Duke.* I hear you would have audience.

*Jaq.* Exactly my manner !

*Bal.* Of the duke, sir !

*Duke.* I am the duke.

*Bal.* The jest is somewhat stale, sir.

*Duke.* You'll find it true.

*Bal.* Indeed !

*Jaq.* Nobody doubted my authority.

*Jul.* Be still, my heart !

*Bal.* I think you would not trifle with me now ?—

*Duke.* I am the duke Aranza.

*Count.* Tis e'en so.

[*To Balthazar.*

*Duke.* And, what's my greater pride, this lady's husband ;

[*Crosses to Juliana, takes her hand, and leads her, I. c.*

Whom, having honestly redeem'd my pledge,  
I thus take back again. You now must see  
The drift of what I have been lately acting,  
And what I am. And though, being a woman  
Giddy with youth and unrestrained fancy,  
The domineering spirit of her sex  
I have rebuked too sharply ; yet 'twas done,  
As skilful surgeons cut beyond the wound,  
To make the cure complete.

*Bal.* You have done most wisely,  
And all my anger dies in speechless wonder.

*Jaq.* So does all my greatness !

*Duke.* What says my Juliana ?

*Jul.* I am lost, too,

In admiration, sir ; my fearful thoughts  
Rise, on a trembling wing, to that rash height,  
Whence, growing dizzy once, I fell to earth.  
Yet since your goodness, for the second time,  
Will lift me, though unworthy, to that pitch  
Of greatness, there to hold a constant flight,



I will endeavour so to bear myself,  
That in the world's eye, and my friends' observance—  
And, what's far dearer, your most precious judgment—  
I may not shame your dukedom.

*Duke.* Bravely spoken!

Why, now you shall have rank and equipage—  
Servants, for you can now command yourself—  
Glorious apparel, not to swell your pride,  
But to give lustre to your modesty.  
All pleasures, all delights, that noble dames  
Warm their chaste fancies with, in full abundance  
Shall flow upon you; and it shall go hard  
But you shall ride the Barbary courser too.—  
Count, you have kept my secret, and I thank you.

*Count.* Your grace has reason; for, in keeping that,  
I well nigh lost my mistress. On your promise,  
I now may claim her, sir. [To Balthazar]

*Bal.* What says my girl?

*Vol.* Well, since my time is come, sir—

*Bal.* Take her, then.

*Duke.* But who comes yonder?

*Count.* 'Sdeath! Why, 'tis Rolando.

*Duke.* But that there hangs a woman on his arm,  
I'd swear 'twas he!

*Vol.* Nay, 'tis the gentleman.

*Duke.* Then have the poles met!

*Vol.* Oh, no, only two of the planets have jostled each  
other. Venus has had too much attraction for Mars.

*Enter L. ROLANDO with ZAMORA, veiled.* [All laugh.]

*Count.* Why, captain!

*Duke.* Signior Rolando!

*Rol.* [After they have laughed some time.] Nay, 'tis a  
woman!

And one that has a soul too, I'll be bound for't.

*Vol.* He must be condemned to her for some offence as  
a truant horse is tied to a log, or a great school-boy carries  
his own rod to the place of execution. (All laugh.)

*Rol.* Laugh till your lungs crack, 'tis a woman still.

*Count.* I'll not believe it till I see her face.

*Vol.* It is some boy, dress'd up to cozen us!

*Rol.* 'Twas a boy dress'd up to cozen me!

Suffice it, sirs, that being well convinced—  
 In what I lately was a stubborn sceptic—  
 That women may be reasonable creatures ;  
 And finding that your grace, in one fair instance,  
 Has wrought a wondrous reformation in them,  
 I am resolved to marry—[ *They all laugh* ]—for 'tis odds  
 (Our joint endeavours lab'ring to that end)  
 That, in another century or two,  
 They may become endurable. What say you ?  
 [ *To the Duke.* ] Have I your free consent ?

*Duke.* Most certainly.

*Rol.* Yours, sir ?

[ *To the Count.* ]

*Count.* Most readily.

*Rol.* And yours ?

[ *To Balthazar.* ]

*Bal.* Most heartily.

*Jaq.* He does not ask mine !

*Rol.* Add but your blessing, sir, and we are happy !—

What think you of my page ?—

[ *Zamora unveils and kneels to Balthazar.* ]

*Vol.* How !

*Bal.* Zamora !

*Zam.* Your daughter, sir ; who, trembling at your feet—

[ *Crosses to Balthazar.* ]

*Bal.* Come to my heart !—

You knew how deeply you were rooted there,  
 Or scarce had ventured such a frolic.

*Zam.* That, sir,

Should have prevented me !

*Bal.* There ; she is yours, sir,—

If you are still determined.

*Rol.* Fix'd as fate !

Nor in so doing do I change my mind ;

I swore to wed no woman—she's an angel.

*Vol.* Ay, so are all women before marriage ; and that's  
 the reason their husbands so soon wish them in heaven  
 afterwards.

*Duke.* Those who are tartly tongued ; but our example  
 This truth shall manifest—A gentle wife  
 Is still the sterling comfort of man's life ;  
 To fools a torment, but a lasting boon  
 To those who wisely keep their Honey-Moon.



No. VII.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA,

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

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



THE

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL:

A Comedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

WITH THE STAGE DIRECTIONS, COSTUMES, &c.



NEW YORK:

BERFORD & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.

1847.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

# REPORT OF THE SCARLETT

BY J. H. VAN VAN NEST

1920  
CHICAGO, ILL.

## EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

"It seems not a little extraordinary," says Moore in his *Life of Sheridan*, "that nearly all our first-rate comedies should have been the production of very young men. Those of Congreve were all written before he was five-and-twenty. Farquhar produced the *Constant Couple* in his two-and-twentieth year, and died at thirty. Vanburgh was a young ensign when he sketched out the *Relapse* and the *Provoked Wife*, and Sheridan crowned his reputation with the *School for Scandal* at six-and-twenty. It is, perhaps, still more remarkable to find, as in the instance before us, that works which, at this period of life, we might suppose to have been the rapid offspring of a careless but vigorous fancy—anticipating the results of experience by a sort of second-sight inspiration—should, on the contrary, have been the slow result of many and doubtful experiments, gradually unfolding beauties unforeseen even by him who produced them, and arriving at length, step by step, at perfection. That such was the tardy process by which the *School for Scandal* was produced, will appear from the first sketches of its plan and dialogue."

This comedy, which, by general consent, seems to be placed at the head of the English Comic Drama, was first acted the eighth of May, 1777, at Drury Lane. It was not printed, however, till many years afterwards. Few pieces ever equalled it in success; and it continues to hold its pre-eminent place as the most perfect specimen of an acting comedy in the language.

Fault has been often found with the moral tendencies of the piece; and it must be confessed that the spendthrift injustice of Charles is too leniently dealt with. We could never admire that species of generosity, which would

## EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

rob a creditor to lavish money upon one, who might have been in no greater want of it than he to whom it was legally due. Sir Peter Teazle is the least objectionable character in the piece, morally considered; and even *he* is disposed to make light of the supposed peccadillo of Joseph in the fourth act, until he finds that the lady behind the screen is his own wife. Some exceptionable sentiments are put into the lips of Sir Oliver in palliation of the extravagances of his favorite nephew; but the hypocrisy of Joseph is painted in colors deservedly repulsive. The song by Sir Harry Bumper is almost the only thing in the play, that bears the marks of puerility.

Successful as this charming comedy is in the representation, it can hardly be regarded as a safe model for a young writer. "There is too much merely ornamental dialogue, and, with some very fine theatrical situations, too much intermission in the action and business; and, above all, there is too little real warmth of feeling, and too few indications of noble or serious passion, thoroughly to satisfy the wants of readers and spectators—even in a comedy."

"When will these people leave talking, and begin to do something?" was the exclamation of an illiterate person in the pit the first night of the performance of this comedy. But how much more to be admired is the skill of the author, which could supply the defect of situation and action by those dazzling scintillations of wit, which irradiate every page of his immortal work?

The most celebrated living representative of the character of Sir Peter Teazle on the English stage is Mr. W. Farren. The late Mr. Finn was unrivalled in the part in the United States; and now Mr. H. Placide has a well-earned reputation as *the* Sir Peter *par excellence*. We have rarely witnessed so faultless a personation as his on our boards.

## PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

A SCHOOL for Scandal ! tell me, I beseech you,  
Needs there a school this modish art to teach you ?  
No need of lessons now, the knowing think ;  
We might as well be taught to eat and drink.  
Caused by a dearth of scandal, should the vapours  
Distress our fair ones—let them read the papers ;  
Their powerful mixtures such disorders hit ;  
Crave what you will—there's *quantum sufficit*.  
“ L rd ! ” cries my Lady *Wormwood* (who loves tattle,  
And puts much salt and pepper in her prattle),  
Just ris'n at noon, all night at cards when threshing  
Strong tea and scandal—“ Bless me, how refreshing !  
“ Give me the papers, *Lisp*—how bold and free ! (*sips*)  
“ *Last night Lord L.* (*sips*) *was caught with Lady D.*  
“ For aching heads what charming *sol volatile* ! (*sips*)  
“ *If Mrs. B. will still continue flirting,*  
“ *We hope she'll DRAW, or we'll UNDRAW the curtain.*  
“ Fine satire, poz—in public all abuse it,  
“ But, by ourselves, (*sips*) our praise we can't refuse it.  
“ Now, *Lisp*, read you—there, at that dash and star : ”  
“ Yes, ma'am—*A certain lord had best beware,*  
“ *Who lives not twenty miles from Grosvenor Square ;*  
“ *For should he Lady W. find willing,*  
“ *Wormwood is better* ”—“ Oh ! that's me, the villain !  
“ Throw it behind the fire, and never more  
“ Let that vile paper come within my door.”  
Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the dart ;  
To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.  
Is our young bard so young, to think that he  
Can stop the full spring-tide of calumny ?  
Knows he the world so little, and its trade ?  
Alas ! the devil's sooner raised than laid.  
So strong, so swift the monster there's no gagging :  
Cut Scandal's head of, still the tongue is wagging.  
Proud of your smiles once lavishly bestow'd,  
Again our young Don Quixote takes the road ;  
To show his gratitude he takes his pen,  
And seeks this hydra, Scandal, in his den.  
For your applause all perils he would through—  
He'll fight—that's write—a cavaliero true,  
Till every drop of blood—that's ink—is spilt for you.



## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

|                              | <i>Covent Garden, 1826.</i> | <i>Niblo's, 1845.</i> | <i>Fed. St. Boston, 1846.</i> |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------|-------------------------------|
| <i>Sir Peter Teazle</i> .... | Mr. W. Farren.              | Mr. H. Placide.       | Mr. H. Placide.               |
| <i>Sir Oliver Surface</i> .. | " Fawcett.                  | " Phillips.           | " Gilbert.                    |
| <i>Joseph Surface</i> .....  | " Young.                    | " Matthews.           | " Bland.                      |
| <i>Charles Surface</i> ..... | " C. Kemble.                | " Crisp.              | " G. Barrett.                 |
| <i>Crabtree</i> .....        | " Blanchard.                | " John Sefton.        | " T. Placide.                 |
| <i>Sir Benj. Backbite</i> .. | " Jones.                    | " Walcot.             | " Brougham.                   |
| <i>Rowley</i> .....          | " Chapman.                  | " Sprague.            | " Benson.                     |
| <i>Moses</i> .....           | " Farley.                   | " T. Placide.         | " S. D. Johnson.              |
| <i>Trip</i> .....            | " Power.                    | " Chippendale.        | " Russell.                    |
| <i>Snake</i> .....           | " Claremont.                | " Jones.              | " W. Germon.                  |
| <i>Careless</i> .....        | " Baker.                    | " Gallagher.          | " Gallagher.                  |
| <i>Sir Harry Bumper</i> ..   | " Isaacs.                   | " Plumer.             | " Whiting.                    |
| <i>Lady Teazle</i> .....     | Miss Chester.               | Mrs. Mowatt.          | Mrs. Bland.                   |
| <i>Maria</i> .....           | Miss Scott.                 | Miss Matthews.        | Miss Wagstaff.                |
| <i>Lady Sneerwell</i> .....  | Mrs. Vining.                | Mrs. Chippendale.     | Mrs. Gilbert.                 |
| <i>Mrs. Candour</i> .....    | Mrs. Gibbs.                 | Mrs. Watts.           | Mrs. H. Cramer.               |

*Sir Toby, Two Male Servants, and Maid.*

## COSTUMES.

- SIR PETER.**—Drab or salmon-coloured velvet coat and breeches trimmed with silver, white satin vest, white silk stockings, shoes, buckles, lace ruffles, &c.
- SIR OLIVER.**—Brown coat and waistcoat with embroidered button-holes, black satin breeches, silk stockings, shoes, buckles, three-cornered hat, brown camlet over-coat, embroidered.—Second dress: Plain camlet drab over-coat.
- JOSEPH SURFACE.**—Blue or black coat, white waistcoat, black pantaloons, black silk stockings, and pumps.
- CHARLES SURFACE.**—Green coat, white waistcoat, light breeches, white silk stockings, dress shoes.
- CRABTREE.**—Purple velvet cloak lined with blue satin, satin waistcoat, embroidered satin breeches, white silk stockings.
- BACKBITE.**—Fashionable coloured dress coat, white and crimson waistcoats, flesh-coloured tight pantaloons, silk stockings, pumps, and opera hat.
- ROWLEY.**—Great coat, black breeches and waistcoat—gray camlet over-coat.
- MOSES.**—Black velvet coat, waistcoat, and breeches, trimmed with narrow gold lace, black stockings, and shoes with buckles.
- CARELESS.**—Black coat and pantaloons, white waistcoat, black silk stockings and pumps.
- SIR HARRY.**—Blue coat, white waistcoat, and black pantaloons.
- TRIP.**—Handsome dress livery.
- SNAKE.**—Black coat, waistcoat, and trowsers, silk stockings, and pumps.
- JOSEPH'S SERVANT.**—Plain blue coat, yellow waistcoat and breeches, white stockings, and shoes.
- LADY TEAZLE.**—Elegant white gauze dress, handsomely worked with silver flowers, white satin petticoat and body, and plume of feathers.
- MARIA.**—White satin dress with black trimming.
- LADY SNEERWELL.**—White dress, neatly trimmed.
- MRS. CANDOUR.**—White satin petticoat and body, and flowered gauze dress over.

### EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

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

### RELATIVE POSITIONS.

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

# THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*Lady Sneerwell's House.*

*Discovered* LADY SNEERWELL, R. *at the dressing table ;*  
SNAKE *drinking chocolate, L.*

*Lady S.* THE paragraphs, you say, Mr. Snake, were all inserted ?

*Snake.* They were, madam ; and as I copied them myself in a feigned hand, there can be no suspicion whence they came.

*Lady S. (R.)* Did you circulate the report of Lady Brittle's intrigue with Captain Boastall ?

*Snake. (L.)* That's in as fine a train as your ladyship could wish. In the common course of things, I think it must reach Mrs. Clackitt's ears within four and twenty hours ; and then, you know, the business is as good as done.

*Lady S.* Why, truly, Mrs. Clackitt has a very pretty talent, and a great deal of industry.

*Snake.* True, madam, and has been tolerably successful in her day. To my knowledge she has been the cause of six matches being broken off, and three sons being disinherited ; of four forced elopements, as many close confinements, nine separate maintenances, and two divorces. Nay, I have more than once traced her causing a tête-à-tête in the Town and Country Magazine, when the parties, perhaps, had never seen each other's face before in the course of their lives.

*Lady S.* She certainly has talents, but her manner is gross.

*Snake.* 'Tis very true.—She generally designs well, has a free tongue and a bold invention; but her colouring is too dark, and her outlines often extravagant. She wants that delicacy of tint and mellowness of sneer, which distinguish your ladyship's scandal.

*Lady S.* Ah! You are partial, Snake.

*Snake.* Not in the least—every body allows that Lady Sneerwell can do more with a word or a look than many can with the most laboured detail, even when they happen to have a little truth on their side to support it.

*Lady S.* Yes, my dear Snake; and I am no hypocrite to deny the satisfaction I reap from the success of my efforts. [*They rise.*] Wounded myself in the early part of my life by the envenomed tongue of slander, I confess I have since known no pleasure equal to the reducing others to the level of my own reputation.

*Snake.* Nothing can be more natural. But, Lady Sneerwell, there is one affair in which you have lately employed me, wherein, I confess, I am at a loss to guess your motives.

*Lady S.* I conceive you mean with respect to my neighbour, Sir Peter Teazle, and his family?

*Snake.* I do. Here are two young men, to whom Sir Peter has acted as a kind of guardian since their father's death; the eldest possessing the most amiable character, and universally well spoken of—the youngest, the most dissipated and extravagant young fellow in the kingdom, without friends or character: the former an avowed admirer of your ladyship's, and apparently your favourite; the latter attached to Maria, Sir Peter's ward, and confessedly beloved by her. Now, on the face of these circumstances, it is utterly unaccountable to me, why you, the widow of a city knight, with a good jointure, should not close with the passion of a man of such character and expectations as Mr. Surface; and more so, why you should be so uncommonly earnest to destroy the mutual attachment subsisting between his brother Charles and Maria.

*Lady S.* Then at once to unravel this mystery, I must inform you, that love has no share whatever in the intercourse between Mr. Surface and me.

*Snake.* No?

*Lady S.* His real attachment is to Maria, or her fortune; but finding in his brother a favoured rival, he has been obliged to mask his pretensions, and profit by my assistance.

*Snake.* Yet I am still more puzzled why you should interest yourself in his success.

*Lady S.* Heavens! how dull you are! Cannot you surmise the weakness which I hitherto, through shame, have concealed even from you? Must I confess, that Charles, that libertine, that extravagant, that bankrupt in fortune and reputation, that he it is for whom I'm thus anxious and malicious, and to gain whom I would sacrifice every thing?

*Snake.* Now, indeed, your conduct seems consistent; but how came you and Mr. Surface so confidential?

*Lady S.* For our mutual interest. I have found him out a long time since. I know him to be artful, selfish, and malicious—in short, a sentimental knave; while, with Sir Peter, and indeed with all his acquaintance, he passes for a youthful miracle of prudence, good sense, and benevolence.

*Snake.* Yes: yet Sir Peter vows he has not his equal in England—and above all, he praises him as a man of sentiment.

*Lady S.* True—and with the assistance of his sentiment and hypocrisy, he has brought him entirely into his interest with regard to Maria; while poor Charles has no friend in the house, though, I fear, he has a powerful one in Maria's heart, against whom we must direct our schemes.

*Enter SERVANT, L.*

*Serv.* Mr. Surface.

*Lady S.* [*Crosses c.*] Show him up. [*Exit Servant, L.*] He generally calls about this time. I don't wonder at people giving him to me for a lover.

*Enter JOSEPH SURFACE, L.*

*Joseph S.* (L.) My dear Lady Sneerwell, how do you do to-day? Mr. Snake, your most obedient.

*Lady S.* (c.) Snake has just been rallying me on our mutual attachment; but I have informed him of our real



views. You know how useful he has been to us, and believe me, the confidence is not ill-placed.

*Joseph S.* Madam, it is impossible for me to suspect a man of Mr. Snake's sensibility and discernment.

*Lady S.* Well, well, no compliments now; but tell me when you saw your mistress, Maria—or, what is more material to me, your brother.

*Joseph S.* I have not seen either since I left you; but I can inform you that they never meet. Some of your stories have taken a good effect on Maria.

*Lady S.* Ah! my dear Snake! the merit of this belongs to you; but do your brother's distresses increase?

*Joseph S.* Every hour. I am told he has had another execution in the house yesterday. In short, his dissipation and extravagance exceed everything I ever heard of.

*Lady S.* Poor Charles!

*Joseph S.* True, madam; notwithstanding his vices, one cannot help feeling for him. Poor Charles! I'm sure I wish it were in my power to be of any essential service to him; for the man who does not feel for the distresses of a friend, even though merited by his own misconduct, deserves——

*Lady S.* O Lud! you are going to be moral, and forget that you are among friends.

*Joseph S.* Egad, that's true! I'll keep that sentiment till I see Sir Peter. However, it is certainly a charity to rescue Maria from such a libertine, who, if he is to be reclaimed, can only be so by one of your ladyship's superior accomplishments and understanding.

*Snake.* I believe, Lady Sneerwell, here's company coming, I'll go and copy the letter I mentioned to you. Mr. Surface, your most obedient.

*Joseph S.* [*Crossing to Snake.*] Sir, your very devoted. [*Exit Snake.*] Lady Sneerwell, I am very sorry you have put any further confidence in that fellow.

*Lady S.* Why so?

*Joseph S.* (r.) I have lately detected him in frequent conference with old Rowley, who was formerly my father's steward, and has never, you know, been a friend of mine.

*Lady S.* And do you think he would betray us?

*Joseph S.* Nothing more likely. Take my word for it,

faithful even to his own villany.—Ah! Maria!

*Enter MARIA, L.*

*Lady S.* (c.) Maria, my dear, how do you do?—What's the matter?

*Maria.* (L.) Oh! there is that disagreeable lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has just called at my guardian's with his odious uncle, Crabtree; so I slipped out, and ran hither to avoid them.

*Lady S.* Is that all?

*Joseph S.* (R.) If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.

*Lady S.* Nay, now you are severe; for I dare swear the truth of the matter is, Maria heard *you* were here.—But, my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done, that you should avoid him so?

*Maria.* Oh, he has done nothing—but 'tis for what he has said; his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance.

*Joseph S.* Ay, and the worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him—for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend; and his uncle Crabtree's as bad.

*Lady S.* Nay, but we should make allowance.—Sir Benjamin is a wit and a poet.

*Maria.* For my part, I own, madam, wit loses its respect with me, when I see it in company with malice.—What do you think, Mr. Surface? [*Crosses to him.*]

*Joseph S.* Certainly, madam; to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast, is to become a principal in the mischief.

*Lady S.* (L.) Pshaw!—there's no possibility of being witty without a little ill nature: the malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick.—What's your opinion, Mr. Surface?

*Joseph S.* (R.) To be sure, madam; that conversation, where the spirit of raillery is suppressed, will ever appear tedious and insipid.

*Maria.* (c) Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable; but in a man, I am sure, it is always contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalry, and a thou-

sand little motives to depreciate each other; but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one.

*Enter* SERVANT, L.

*Serv.* Madam, Mrs. Candour is below, and if your ladyship's at leisure, will leave her carriage.

*Lady S.* Beg her to walk in.—[*Exit Servant, L.*] Now Maria, however, here is a character to your taste; for though Mrs. Candour is a little talkative, every body allows her to be the best natured and best sort of woman.

*Maria.* Yes,—with a very gross affectation of good nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

*Joseph S.* I'faith that's true, Lady Sneerwell: whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

*Lady S.* Hush!—here she is!—

*Enter* MRS. CANDOUR, L.

*Mrs. Can.* My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century?—Mr. Surface, what news do you hear?—though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

*Joseph S.* (R.) Just so, indeed, ma'am.

*Mrs. C.* [*Crosses to Maria.*] Oh, Maria! child,—what! is the whole affair off between you and Charles?—His extravagance, I presume—the town talks of nothing else

*Maria.* (R. C.) I am very sorry, ma'am, the town has so little to do.

*Mrs. C.* (L. C.) True, true, child: but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, Sir Peter, and Lady Teazle, have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

*Maria.* 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so.

*Mrs. C.* Very true, child:—but what's to be done?—People will talk—there's no preventing it. Why, it was out yesterday I was told that Miss Gadabout had eloped with Sir Filigree Flirt.—But, Lord! there's no minding

what one hears ; though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

*Maria.* Such reports are highly scandalous.

*Mrs. C.* So they are, child—shameful, shameful ! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes.—Lord, now, who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion ? Yet such is the ill-nature of people, that they say her uncle stopped her last week just as she was stepping into the York Mail with her dancing master.

*Maria.* I'll answer for it, there are no grounds for that report.

*Mrs. C.* Ah, no foundation in the world, I dare swear ; no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month, of Mrs. Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino—though, to be sure, that affair was never rightly cleared up.

*Joseph S.* The license of invention some people take is monstrous indeed.

*Maria.* 'Tis so ; but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable.

*Mrs. C.* To be sure they are : tale-bearers are as bad as the tale-makers—'tis an old observation, and a very true one. But what's to be done ? as I said before ; how will you prevent people from talking ? To-day, Mrs. Clackitt assured me Mr. and Mrs. Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance ; she likewise hinted that a certain widow in the next street, had got rid of her dropsy, and recovered her shape in a most surprising manner. And at the same time, Miss Tattle, who was by, affirmed, that Lord Buffalo had discovered his lady at a house of no extraordinary fame ; and that Sir Harry Bouquet and Tom Saunter were to measure swords on a similar provocation. But, Lord, do you think I would report these things ? No, no ! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as the tale-makers.

*Joseph S.* Ah, Mrs. Candour ! if every body had your forbearance and good-nature !

*Mrs. C.* I confess, Mr. Surface, I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs ; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance, I own I always love to think the best. [*Lady Sneerwell and Maria retire a little up.*] By the by, I hope 'tis not true that your brother is absolutely ruined ?



*Joseph S.* I am afraid his circumstances are very bad indeed, ma'am.

*Mrs. C.* Ah! I heard so—but you must tell him to keep up his spirits; every body almost is in the same way—Lord Spindle, Sir Thomas Splint, and Mr. Nicket—all up, I hear, within this week; so if Charles is undone, he'll find half his acquaintance ruined too, and that, you know, is a consolation.

*Joseph S.* Doubtless, ma'am—a very great one.

*Enter SERVANT, L.*

*Serv.* Mr. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite.

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Lady S.* So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you; positively you sha'n't escape.

*Enter CRABTREE, 1st, and SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE 2nd, L.*

*Crab.* Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand—[*Crosses to Mrs. Candour.*]—Mrs. Candour, I don't believe you are acquainted with my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite? Egad! ma'am, he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet, too; is'nt he, Lady Sneerwell?

*Sir B. (L.)* O fie, uncle!

*Crab.* Nay, egad, it's true; I back him at a rebus or a charade against the best rhymer in the kingdom.—Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on Lady Frizzle's feather catching fire?—Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs. Drowzie's conversazione. Come now;—your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and—

*Sir B.* Uncle, now—pr'thee—

*Crab.* I'faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready he is at these things.

*Lady S.* I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish anything.

*Sir B.* To say truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print; and as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties. [*Crosses to Maria.*] However, I have some love elegies

which, when favoured with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public.

*Crab.* 'Fore heaven, ma'am, they'll immortalise you!—you will be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa.

*Sir B.* Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall murmur through a meadow of margin.—'Fore Gad they will be the most elegant things of their kind!

*Crab.* [*Crossing to Mrs. Candour.*] But, ladies, that's true—have you heard the news?

*Mrs. C.* What, sir, do you mean the report of—

*Crab.* No, ma'am, that's not it—Miss Nicely is going to be married to her own footman.

*Mrs. C.* Impossible!

*Crab.* Ask Sir Benjamin.

*Sir B.* 'Tis very true, ma'am; every thing is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoke.

*Crab.* Yes—and they do say there were very pressing reasons for it.

*Lady S.* (L.) Why, I have heard something of this before.

*Mrs. C.* (L. c.) It can't be—and I wonder any one should believe such a story, of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

*Sir B.* (R. c.) O lud! ma'am, that's the very reason 'twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so reserved, that every body was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

*Mrs. C.* Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp, as a fever is generally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny sickly reputation, that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robuster characters of a hundred prudes.

*Sir B.* True, madam—there are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution; who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their wants of stamina by care and circumspection.

*Mrs. C.* Well, but this may be all a mistake. You know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

*Crab.* That they do, I'll be sworn, ma'am.—Did you ever hear how Miss Piper came to lose her lover and her character last summer at Tunbridge?—Sir Benjamin, you remember it?

*Sir B.* Oh, to be sure!—the most whimsical circumstance.

*Lady S.* How was it, pray?

*Crab.* Why, one evening, at Mrs. Ponto's assembly, the conversation happened to turn on the breeding Nova Scotia sheep in this country. Says a young lady in company, I have known instances of it—for Miss Letitia Piper, a first cousin of mine, had a Nova Scotia sheep that produced her twins.—What! cries the lady dowager Dundizzy (who you know is as deaf as a post), has Miss Piper had twins?—This mistake, as you may imagine, threw the whole company into a fit of laughter. However, 'twas the next day every where reported, and in a few days believed by the whole town, that Miss Letitia Piper had actually been brought to bed of a fine boy and girl; and in less than a week there were some people who could name the father, and the farm-house where the babies were put out to nurse.

*Lady S.* Strange, indeed!

*Crab.* Matter of fact, I assure you.—[*Crosses to Surface.*]—O lud! Mr. Surface, pray is it true that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home?

*Joseph S.* (R.) Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

*Crab.* [L. of *Joseph.*] He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember him, I believe?—Sad comfort whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on!

*Joseph S.* Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure; but I hope no busy people have already prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

*Sir B.* To be sure he may: for my part, I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say; and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

*Crab.* That's true, egad, nephew. If the old Jewry was a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman:—no man more popular there, 'fore Gad! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine; and that whenever he is

sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

*Sir B.* Yet no man lives in greater splendour. They tell me, when he entertains his friends he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities; have a score of tradesmen waiting in the antechamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

*Joseph S.* This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen, but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

*Maria.* Their malice is intolerable. [*Crosses L.*] Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good morning: I'm not very well. [*Exit Maria, L.*]

*Mrs. C.* O dear! she changes colour very much.

*Lady S.* Do, Mrs. Candour, follow her: she may want your assistance.

*Mrs. C.* That I will, with all my soul, ma'am.—Poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be!

[*Exit Mrs. Candour, L.*]

*Lady S.* 'Twas nothing but that she could not bear to hear Charles reflected on, notwithstanding their difference

*Sir B.* The young lady's *penchant* is obvious.

*Crab.* But, Benjamin, you must not give up the pursuit for that: follow her, and put her in good humour. Repeat her some of your own verses. Come, I'll assist you.

*Sir B.* [*Crosses to Surface.*] Mr. Surface, I did not mean to hurt you; but depend on't your brother is utterly undone. [*Crosses L.*]

*Crab.* [*Crosses to Surface.*] O lud, aye! undone as ever man was.—Can't raise a guinea! [*Crosses L.*]

*Sir B.* [*Crosses to Surface.*] And every thing sold, I'm told, that was moveable.— [*Crosses L.*]

*Crab.* [*Crosses, c.*] I have seen one that was at his house.—Not a thing left but some empty bottles that were overlooked, and the family pictures, which I believe are framed in the wainscots— [*Crosses, L.*]

*Sir B.* [*Crosses, c.*] And I'm very sorry, also, to hear some bad stories against him. [*Going, L.*]

*Crab.* Oh! he has done many mean things, that's certain.

*Sir B.* But, however, as he's your brother— [*Going, L.*]

*Crab.* We'll tell you all another opportunity.

[*Exeunt Crabtree and Sir Benjamin, L.*]



*Lady S.* Ha! ha! 'tis very hard for them to leave a subject that they have not quite run down.

*Joseph S.* And I believe the abuse was no more acceptable to your ladyship than to Maria.

*Lady S.* I doubt her affections are farther engaged than we imagine. But the family are to be here this evening, so you may as well dine where you are, and we shall have an opportunity of observing farther; in the mean time, I'll go and plot mischief, and you shall study sentiment.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—*Sir Peter's House.*

*Enter SIR PETER, L.*

*Sir P.* When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men—and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tift a little going to church, and came to a quarrel before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution—a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race ball. Yet now she plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of the fashion and the town, with as ready a grace as if she had never seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humours: yet, the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it.

*Enter ROWLEY, R.*

*Rowley.* Oh! Sir Peter, your servant; how is it with you, sir?

*Sir P.* (L.) Very bad, master Rowley, very bad. I meet with nothing but crosses and vexations.

*Rowley.* (R.) What can have happened since yesterday?

*Sir P.* A good question to a married man!

*Rowley.* Nay, I'm sure, Sir Peter, your lady cannot be the cause of your uneasiness.

*Sir P.* Why, has anybody told you she was dead?

*Rowley.* Come, come, Sir Peter, you love her, notwithstanding your tempers don't exactly agree.

*Sir P.* But the fault is entirely hers, master Rowley. I am, myself, the sweetest tempered man alive, and hate a teasing temper: and so I tell her a hundred times a day.

*Rowley.* Indeed!

*Sir P.* 'Ay! and what is very extraordinary, in all our disputes she is always in the wrong! But Lady Sneerwell, and the set she meets at her house, encourage the perverseness of her disposition. Then, to complete my vexations, Maria, my ward, whom I ought to have the power of a father over, is determined to turn rebel too, and absolutely refuses the man whom I have long resolved on for her husband; meaning, I suppose, to bestow herself on his profligate brother.

*Rowley.* You know, sir, I have always taken the liberty to differ with you on the subject of these two young gentlemen. I only wish you may not be deceived in your opinion of the elder: For Charles, my life on't! he will retrieve his errors yet. Their worthy father, once my honoured master, was, at his years, nearly as wild a spark; yet, when he died, he did not leave a more benevolent heart to lament his loss.

*Sir P.* You are wrong, Master Rowley. On their father's death, you know, I acted as a kind of guardian to them both, till their uncle Sir Oliver's Eastern liberality gave them an early independence: of course, no person could have more opportunities of judging of their hearts, and I was never mistaken in my life. Joseph is indeed a model for the young men of the age. He is a man of sentiment, and acts up to the sentiments he professes; but for the other, take my word for't, if he had any grain of virtue by descent, he has dissipated it with the rest of his inheritance. Ah! my old friend Sir Oliver will be deeply mortified when he finds how part of his bounty has been misapplied.

*Rowley.* I am sorry to find you so violent against the young man, because this may be the most critical period of

his fortune. I came hither with news that will surprise you.

*Sir P.* What! let me hear.

*Rowley.* Sir Oliver is arrived, and at this moment in town.

*Sir P.* How you astonish me! I thought you did not expect him this month.

*Rowley.* I did not; but his passage has been remarkably quick.

*Sir P.* Egad, I shall rejoice to see my old friend. 'Tis sixteen yeas since we met.—We have had many a day together:—but does he still enjoin us not to inform his nephews of his arrival?

*Rowley.* Most strictly. He means, before it is known, to make some trial of their dispositions.

*Sir P.* Ah! there needs no art to discover their merits—however, he shall have his way: but, pray, does he know I am married?

*Rowley.* Yes, and will soon wish you joy.

*Sir P.* What, as we drink health to a friend in a consumption. Ah! Oliver will laugh at me. We used to rail at matrimony together: but he has been steady to his text. Well, he must be at my house, though!—I'll instantly give orders for his reception. But, master Rowley, don't drop a word that Lady Teazle and I ever disagree.

*Rowley.* By no means.

*Sir P.* For I should never be able to stand Noll's jokes; so I'd have him think, Lord forgive me! that we are a very happy couple.

*Rowley.* I understand you:—but then you must be very careful not to differ while he is in the house with you.

*Sir P.* Egad, and so we must—and that's impossible. Ah! master Rowley, when an old bachelor marries a young wife, he deserves—no—the crime carries its punishment along with it.

[*Exeunt Rowley, R., Sir Peter, L.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Sir Peter's House.*

*Enter* LADY TEAZLE and SIR PETER, L.

*Sir P.* Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

*Lady T.* (R.) Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in every thing; and what's more, I will too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

*Sir P.* [L.] Very well, ma'am, very well—so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

*Lady T.* Authority! No, to be sure!—if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

*Sir P.* Old enough!—ay—there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

*Lady T.* My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman ought to be.

*Sir P.* No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a green-house, and give a fête champêtre at Christmas.

*Lady T.* Lord, Sir Peter, am I to blame, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

*Sir P.* Oons! madam—if you had been born to this, I should'nt wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

*Lady T.* No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

*Sir Peter.* Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style:—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with



a bunch of keys at your side ; your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted of your own working.

*Lady T.* O yes ! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led.—My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt book,—and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

*Lady T.* And then, you know, my evening amusements ! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up ; to play Pope Joan with the curate ; to read a novel to my aunt ; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase. [*Crosses, L.*]

*Sir P.* (R.) I am glad you have so good a memory.—Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from ; but now you must have your coach—*vis-à-vis*—and three powdered footmen before your chair ; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a dock'd coach-horse.

*Lady T.* (L.) No—I swear I never did that : I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

*Sir P.* This, madam, was your situation ; and what have I done for you ? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank ; in short, I have made you my wife.

*Lady T.* Well, then,—and there is but one thing more you can make me add to the obligation, and that is—

*Sir P.* My widow, I suppose ?

*Lady T.* Hem ! hem !

*Sir P.* I thank you, madam—but don't flatter yourself ; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you : however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint. [*Crosses, L.*]

*Lady T.* Then why will you endeavour to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense ?

*Sir P.* (L.) 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me ?

*Lady T.* Lud, Sir Peter ! would you have me be out of the fashion ?

*Sir P.* The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

*Lady T.* For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

*Sir P.* Ay—there again—taste—Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

*Lady T.* That's very true indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

*Sir P.* Ay, there's another precious circumstance—a charming set of acquaintance you have made there

*Lady T.* Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

*Sir P.* Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance: for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves!—Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clip-pers of reputation.

*Lady T.* What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

*Sir P.* Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

*Lady T.* Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

*Sir P.* Grace, indeed!

*Lady T.* But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse.—When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humour; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too:

*Sir P.* Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

*Lady T.* Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good bye to ye.

[*Exit Lady Teazle, R.*

*Sir P.* So—I have gained much by my intended exposition: yet, with what a charming air she contradicts every thing I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her

love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her ; and I think she never appears to such advantage, as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me.

[*Exit, L.*]

SCENE II.—*Lady Sneerwell's House.—Company sitting at the back of the stage at Card Tables.*

LADY SNEERWELL, MRS. CANDOUR, CRABTREE, SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE, and JOSEPH SURFACE, discovered ; Servants attending with Tea, &c.

*Lady S.* (R.) Nay, positively we will hear it.

*Joseph S.* Yes, yes, the epigram, by all means.

*Sir B.* O plague on't, uncle ! 'tis mere nonsense.

*Crab.* No, no ; fore Gad, very clever for an extern pore !

*Sir B.* (R. c.) But, ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstance. You must know, that one day last week, as Lady Betty Curricule was taking the dust in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phaeton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies ; upon which I took out my pocket-book, and in one moment produced the following :

Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies ;  
Other horses are clowns, but these maccaronies :  
To give them this title I'm sure is not wrong,  
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long.

*Crab.* There, ladies, done in the smack of a whip, and on horseback too.

*Joseph S.* (R.) A very Phœbus, mounted—indeed, Sir Benjamin.

*Sir B.* O dear, sir ! trifles—trifles.

*Enter MARIA and LADY TEAZLE, L.*

*Mrs. C.* I must have a copy.

*Lady S.* Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see Sir Peter ?

*Lady T.* I believe he'll wait on your ladyship presently.

*Lady S.* Maria, my dear, you look grave. Come, you shall sit down to piquet with Mr. Surface.

*Maria.* I take very little pleasure in cards—however I'll do as your ladyship pleases.

[*Retires up c. with Lady Sneerwell and Surface.*]

*Lady T.* I am surprised Mr. Surface should sit down

with her; I thought he would have embraced this opportunity of speaking to me, before Sir Peter came. [*Aside.*

*Mrs. C.* [*They all advance.*] Now, I'll die, but you are all so scandalous, I'll forswear your society.

*Lady T.* What's the matter, Mrs. Candour?

*Mrs. C.* They'll not allow our friend Miss Vermillion to be handsome.

*Lady S.* [*Comes down, l.*] Oh, surely, she is a pretty woman.

*Crab.* I am very glad you think so, ma'am.

*Mrs. C.* She has a charming fresh colour.

*Lady T.* [*Crosses, c.*] Yes, when it is fresh put on.

*Mrs. C.* O fie! I'll swear her colour is natural: I have seen it come and go.

*Lady T.* I dare swear you have, ma'am: it goes off at night, and comes again in the morning.

*Mrs. C.* Ha! ha! ha! how I hate to hear you talk so! But surely now, her sister *is*, or *was*, very handsome.

*Crab.* Who? Mrs. Evergreen? O Lord! she's six and fifty if she's an hour!

*Mrs. C.* Now positively you wrong her; fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost—and I don't think she looks more.

*Sir B.* (r. c.) Ah! there's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

*Lady S.* (l.) Well, well, if Mrs. Evergreen does take some pains to repair the ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity; and surely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre caulks her wrinkles.

*Sir B.* Nay, now, Lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 'tis not that she paints so ill—but when she has finished her face, she joins it on so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur may see at once that the head is modern, though the trunk is antique.

*Crab.* Ha! ha! ha! Well said, nephew!

[*Servants give the characters coffee, &c. and wait behind.*

*Mrs. C.* Ha! ha! ha! Well, you make me laugh; but I vow I hate you for it. What do you think of Miss Simper?

*Sir B.* Why, she has very pretty teeth.



*Lady T.* Yes, and on that account, wher. she is neither speaking or laughing (which very seldom happens,) she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always ajar, as it were,—thus. [Shows her teeth.

*Mrs. C.* How can you be so ill-natured?

*Lady T.* Nay, I allow even that's better than the pains Mrs. Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture of a poor's box, and all her words appear to slide out edge-wise, as it were,—thus—*How do you do, madam? Yes, madam.* [Mimics.

*Lady S.* Very well, Lady Teazle; I see you can be a little severe.

*Lady T.* In defence of a friend it is but justice. But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

[Crosses to Sir Benjamin

*Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE, L.*

*Sir P.* Ladies, your most obedient. Mercy on me! here is the whole set! a character dead at every word, I suppose. [Aside.

*Mrs. C.* I am rejoiced you are come, Sir Peter. They have been so censorious—they'll allow good qualities to nobody.

*Sir P.* That must be very distressing to *you*, indeed, Mrs. Candour.

*Mrs. C.* Not even good nature to our friend Mrs. Pursy.

*Lady T.* What, the fat dowager who was at Mrs. Quadrille's, last night?

*Mrs. C.* Nay, but her bulk is her misfortune; and when she takes such pains to get rid of it, you ought not to reflect on her.

*Lady S.* That's very true, indeed.

*Lady T.* Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey; laces herself by pullies; and often in the hottest noon in summer, you may see her on a little squat poney, with her hair plaited up behind like a drummer's, and puffing round the Ring on a full trot.

*Mrs. C.* I thank you, Lady Teazle, for defending her.

*Sir P.* Yes, a good defence truly!

*Mrs. C.* But, Sir Benjamin is as censorious as Miss Sallow.

*Crab.* Yes, and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious—an awkward gawky, without any one good point under heaven.

*Mrs. C.* Positively, you shall not be so severe. Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine by marriage, and as for her person, great allowance is to be made; for, let me tell you, a woman labours under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl at six and thirty.

*Lady S.* Though surely, she is handsome still—and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candlelight, it is not to be wondered at.

*Mrs. C.* True, and then as to her manner; upon my word, I think it is particularly graceful, considering she never had the least education: for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner, and her father a sugar-baker at Bristol.

*Sir B.* Ah! you are both of you too good-natured!

*Sir P.* Yes, damned good-natured! This their own relation! mercy on me! [*Aside.*

*Sir B.* And, Mrs. Candour is of so moral a turn.

*Mrs. C.* Well, I will never join ridiculing a friend; and so I constantly tell my cousin Ogle; and you all know what pretensions she has to be critical on beauty.

*Crab.* Oh, to be sure! she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen; 'tis a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

*Sir B.* So she has, indeed—an Irish front—

*Crab.* Caledonian locks—

*Sir B.* Dutch nose—

*Crab.* Austrian lips—

*Sir B.* Complexion of a Spaniard—

*Crab.* And teeth *à la Chinois*—

*Sir B.* In short, her face resembles a *table d'hôte* at Spa—where no two guests are of a nation—

*Crab.* Or a congress at the close of a general war—wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to have a different interest, and her nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

*Mrs. C.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir P.* Mercy on my life!—a person they dine with twice a week. [*Aside.*

*Mrs. C.* Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh

off so—for, give me leave to say, that Mrs Ogle—

*Sir P.* [*Crosses to Mrs. Candour.*] Madam, madam, I beg your pardon—there's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues. But when I tell you, Mrs. Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you'll not take her part.

[*Mrs. Candour turns up the stage.*]

*Lady S.* Ha! ha! ha! Well said, Sir Peter! but you are a cruel creature,—too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

*Sir P.* Ah! madam, true wit is more nearly allied to good-nature than your ladyship is aware of.

*Lady T.* True, Sir Peter; I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

*Sir B.* Or rather, suppose them man and wife, because one so seldom sees them together.

*Lady T.* But Sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by parliament.

*Sir P.* 'Fore heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as poaching on manors, and pass an act for the preservation of fame, as well as game, I believe many would thank them for the bill.

*Lady S.* O Lud! Sir Peter; would you deprive us of our privileges?

*Sir P.* Ay, madam; and then no person should be permitted to kill characters and run down reputation, but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.

*Lady S.* Go, you monster!

*Mrs. C.* But, surely, you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear?

*Sir P.* Yes, madam, I would have law merchant for them too; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the indorsers.

[*Servant enters L. and whispers Sir Peter.*]

*Crab.* Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.

*Lady S.* Come, ladies, shall we sit down to cards in the next room?

*Sir P.* [*To the Servant.*] I'll be with them directly.—I'll get away unperceived. [*Apart.*] [*Exit Servant. L.*]

*Lady S.* Sir Peter, you are not going to leave us!

*Sir P.* Your ladyship must excuse me; I'm called away by particular business. But I leave my character behind me. [*Exit Sir Peter, L.*

*Sir B.* Well—certainly, Lady Teazle, that lord of yours is a strange being: I could tell you some stories of him that would make you laugh heartily, if he were not your husband.

*Lady T.* O, pray don't mind that;—why don't you?—come, do let's hear them. [*Joins the rest of the company going into the next room L. U. E. Surface and Maria advance.*

*Joseph S.* Maria, I see you have no satisfaction in this society.

*Maria.* (L.) How is it possible I should?—If to raise malicious smiles at the infirmities or misfortunes of those who have never injured us, be the province of wit or humour, Heaven grant me a double portion of dulness!

*Joseph S.* (R.) Yet they appear more ill-natured than they are,—they have no malice at heart.

*Maria.* Then is their conduct still more contemptible; for, in my opinion, nothing could excuse the intemperance of their tongues, but a natural and uncontrollable bitterness of mind.

*Joseph S.* But can you, Maria, feel thus for others, and be unkind to me alone?—Is hope to be denied the tenderest passion?

*Maria.* Why will you distress me by renewing this subject?

*Joseph S.* Ah, Maria! you would not treat me thus, and oppose your guardian, Sir Peter's will, but that I see that profligate Charles is still a favoured rival.

*Maria.* Ungenerously urged!—But whatever my sentiments are for that unfortunate young man, be assured I shall not feel more bound to give him up, because his distresses have lost him the regard even of a brother.

[*Crosses, R.*

*Joseph S.* (L.) Nay, but Maria, do not leave me with a frown: by all that's honest, I swear—Gad's life, here's Lady Teazle!—[*Aside.*]—You must not—no, you shall not—for, though I have the greatest regard for Lady Teazle—

*Maria.* Lady Teazle!



*Joseph S.* Yet, were Sir Peter to suspect—

*Enter LADY TEAZLE, L. U. E. and comes forward, c.*

*Lady T.* What is this, pray! Does he take her for me?—Child, you are wanted in the next room.—[*Exit MARIA, L. U. E.*]—What is all this, pray?

*Joseph S. (L.)* O, the most unlucky circumstance in nature! Maria has somehow suspected the tender concern I have for your happiness, and threatened to acquaint Sir Peter with her suspicions, and I was just endeavouring to reason with her when you came in.

*Lady T.* Indeed! but you seemed to adopt a very tender method of reasoning—do you usually argue on your knees?

*Joseph S.* O, she's a child, and I thought a little bombast—But, Lady Teazle, when are you to give me your judgment on my library, as you promised?

*Lady T.* No, no; I begin to think it would be imprudent, and you know I admit you as a lover no further than fashion requires.

*Joseph S.* True, a mere platonic cicisbeo—what every London wife is entitled to.

*Lady T.* Certainly, one must not be out of the fashion. However, I have so many of my country prejudices left, that, though Sir Peter's ill-humour may vex me ever so, it never shall provoke me to—

*Joseph S.* The only revenge in your power. Well—I applaud your moderation.

*Lady T.* Go—you are an insinuating wretch. [*Crosses L.*]—But we shall be missed—let us join the company.

*Joseph S.* But we had better not return together.

*Lady T.* Well—don't stay; for Maria sha'n't come to hear any more of your reasoning, I promise you.

[*Exit Lady Teazle, L. U. E.*]

*Joseph S.* A curious dilemma, truly, my politics have run me into! I wanted, at first, only to ingratiate myself with Lady Teazle, that she might not be my enemy with Maria; and I have, I don't know how, become her serious lover. Sincerely, I begin to wish I had never made such a point of gaining so very good a character, for it has led me into so many damn'd rogueries, that I doubt I shall be exposed at last.

[*Exit, R*]

SCENE III.—*Sir Peter Teazle's.*

*Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE and ROWLEY, L.*

*Sir O.* (R.) Ha! ha! ha! So my old friend is married, hey?—a young wife out of the country—Ha! ha! ha! That he should have stood bluff to old bachelor so long, and sink into a husband at last.

*Row.* (L.) But you must not rally him on the subject, Sir Oliver: 'tis a tender point, I assure you, though he has been married only seven months.

*Sir O.* Then he has been just half a year on the stool of repentance!—Poor Peter!—But you say he has entirely given up Charles,—never sees him, hey?

*Row.* His prejudice against him is astonishing, and I am sure, greatly increased by a jealousy of him with Lady Teazle, which he has been industriously led into by a scandalous society in the neighbourhood, who have contributed not a little to Charles's ill name. Whereas, the truth is, I believe, if the lady is partial to either of them, his brother is the favourite.

*Sir O.* (R.) Ay, I know there are a set of malicious, prating, impudent gossips, both male and female, who murder characters to kill time; and will rob a young fellow of his good name, before he has years to know the value of it. But I am not to be prejudiced against my nephew by such, I promise you.—No, no,—if Charles has done nothing false or mean, I shall compound for his extravagance.

*Row.* (R.) Then, my life on't, you will reclaim him.—Ah, sir! it gives me new life to find that *your* heart is not turned against him; and that the son of my good old master has one friend, however, left.

*Sir O.* What, shall I forget, Master Rowley, when I was at his years myself?—Egad, my brother and I were neither of us very prudent youths; and yet, I believe, you have not seen many better men than your old master was.

*Row.* Sir, 'tis this reflection gives me assurance that Charles may yet be a credit to his family.—But here comes Sir Peter.

[*Goes a little up.*]

*Sir O.* Egad, so he does.—Mercy on me!—he's greatly

altered—and seems to have a settled married look! One may read *husband* in his face at this distance!

*Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE, R.*

*Sir P. (R.)* Hah! Sir Oliver—my old friend! Welcome to England a thousand times!

*Sir O. (C.)* Thank you—thank you, Sir Peter! and i'faith I am glad to find you well, believe me.

*Sir P. (R.)* Oh! tis a long time since we met—fifteen years, I doubt, Sir Oliver, and many a cross accident in the time.

*Sir O.* Ay, I have had my share.—But what! I find you are married, hey, my old boy?—Well, well—it can't be helped—and so—I wish you joy with all my heart.

*Sir P.* Thank you, thank you, Sir Oliver.—Yes, I have entered into—the happy state;—but we'll not talk of that now.

*Sir O.* True, true, Sir Peter: old friends should not begin on grievances at first meeting—no, no, no.—

*Row. (L.)* Take care, pray, sir.—

*Sir O.* Well—so one of my nephews is a wild rogue, I find, hey?

*Sir P.* Wild!—Ah! my old friend, I grieve for your disappointment there; he's a lost young man, indeed. However, his brother will make you amends; Joseph is, indeed, what a youth should be. Every body in the world speaks well of him.

*Sir O.* I am sorry to hear it; he has too good a character to be an honest fellow. Every body speaks well of him!—Pshaw! then he has bowed as low to knaves and fools as to the honest dignity of genius and virtue.

*Sir P.* What, Sir Oliver! do you blame him for not making enemies?

*Sir O.* Yes, if he has merit enough to deserve them.

*Sir P.* Well, well—you'll be convinced when you know him. 'Tis edification to hear him converse; he professes the noblest sentiments.

*Sir O.* Oh! plague of his sentiments! If he salutes me with a scrap of morality in his mouth, I shall be sick directly.—But, however, don't mistake me, Sir Peter; I don't mean to defend Charles's errors: but before I form my judgment of either of them, I intend to make a trial

of their hearts ; and my friend Rowley and I have planned something for the purpose.

*Row.* And Sir Peter shall own for once he has been mistaken.

*Sir P.* Oh ! my life on Joseph's honour.

*Sir O.* Well—come, give us a bottle of good wine, and we'll drink the lad's health, and tell you our scheme.

[*Crosses, R.*

*Sir P.* *Allons* then !

*Sir O.* And don't, Sir Peter, be so severe against your old friend's son. Odds my life ! I am not sorry that he has run out of the course a little ; for my part, I hate to see prudence clinging to the green suckers of youth ; 'tis like ivy round a sapling, and spoils the growth of the tree.

[*Exeunt, R.*

END OF ACT II.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Sir Peter Teazle's.*

*Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE, SIR PETER TEAZLE, and ROWLEY, R.*

*Sir P.* (c.) Well, then, we shall see this fellow first, and have our wine afterwards :—but how is this, master Rowley ? I don't see the jet of your scheme.

*Row.* (R.) Why, sir, this Mr. Stanley, whom I was speaking of, is nearly related to them by their mother. He was once a merchant in Dublin, but has been ruined by a series of undeserved misfortunes. He has applied, by letter, since his confinement, both to Mr. Surface and Charles ; from the former he has received nothing but evasive promises of future service, while Charles has done all that his extravagance has left him power to do ; and he is, at this time, endeavouring to raise a sum of money, part of which, in the midst of his own distresses, I know he intends for the service of poor Stanley.

*Sir O.* (L.) Ah ! he is my brother's son.

*Sir P.* Well, but how is Sir Oliver personally to—

*Row.* Why, sir, I will inform Charles and his brother,



that Stanley has obtained permission to apply personally to his friends, and as they have neither of them ever seen him, let Sir Oliver assume his character, and he will have a fair opportunity of judging, at least, of the benevolence of their dispositions; and believe me, sir, you will find in the youngest brother, one, who, in the midst of folly and dissipation, has still, as our immortal bard expresses it,—“a heart to pity, and a hand, open as day, for melting charity.”

*Sir P.* Pshaw! What signifies his having an open hand or purse either, when he has nothing left to give? Well, well—make the trial, if you please. But where is the fellow whom you brought for Sir Oliver to examine, relative to Charles's affairs?

*Row.* Below, waiting his commands, and no one can give him better intelligence. This, Sir Oliver, is a friendly Jew, who, to do him justice, has done every thing in his power to bring your nephew to a proper sense of his extravagance.

*Sir P.* Pray let us have him in.

*Row.* Desire Mr. Moses to walk up stairs.

*Sir P.* But pray, why should you suppose he will tell the truth?

*Row.* Oh! I have convinced him that he has no chance of recovering certain sums advanced to Charles, but through the bounty of Sir Oliver, who he knows is arrived; so that you may depend on his fidelity to his own interests: I have also another evidence in my power, one Snake, whom I have detected in a matter little short of forgery, and shall shortly produce to remove some of your prejudices, Sir Peter, relative to Charles and Lady Teazle.

*Sir P.* I have heard too much on that subject.

*Row.* Here comes the honest Israelite.—

*Enter MOSES, R.*

This is Sir Oliver.

*Sir O.* Sir, I understand you have lately had great dealings with my nephew, Charles.

*Moses.* [*Crosses to Sir O.*] Yes, Sir Oliver, I have done all I could for him; but he was ruined before he came to me for assistance.

*Sir O.* That was unlucky, truly; for you had no opportunity of showing your talents.

*Moses.* None at all; I hadn't the pleasure of knowing his distresses till he was some thousands worse than nothing.

*Sir O.* Unfortunate, indeed!—But I suppose you have done all in your power for him, honest Moses?

*Moses.* Yes, he knows that;—this very evening I was to have brought him a gentleman from the city, who does not know him, and will, I believe, advance him some money.

*Sir P.* What, some Charles never had money from before?

*Moses.* Yes—Mr. Premium, of Crutched Friars, formerly a broker.

*Sir P.* Egad, Sir Oliver, a thought strikes me!—Charles, you say, does not know Mr. Premium?

*Moses.* Not at all.

*Sir P.* Now then, Sir Oliver, you may have a better opportunity of satisfying yourself than by any old romancing tale of a poor relation: go with my friend Moses, and represent Premium, and then, I'll answer for it, you'll see your nephew in all his glory.

*Sir O.* Egad, I like this idea better than the other, and I may visit Joseph afterwards, as old Stanley.

*Sir P.* True—so you may.

*Row.* Well, this is taking Charles rather at a disadvantage, to be sure;—however, Moses, you understand Sir Peter, and will be faithful?

*Moses.* You may depend upon me; [*Looks at his watch.*] this is near the time I was to have gone. [*Crosses L.*]

*Sir O.* I'll accompany you as soon as you please, Moses—But hold! I have forgot one thing—how the plague shall I be able to pass for a Jew?

*Moses.* There's no need—the principal is Christian.

*Sir O.* Is he? I'm very sorry to hear it. But then again, an't I rather too smartly dressed to look like a money lender?

*Sir P.* Not at all; 'twould not be out of character, if you went in your own carriage, would it, Moses?

*Moses.* Not in the least.

*Sir O.* Well—but how must I talk?—there's certainly

some cant of usury and mode of treating that I ought to know.

*Sir P.* O! there's not much to learn. The great point, as I take it, is to be exorbitant enough in your demands—hey, Moses?

*Moses.* Yes, that's a very great point.

*Sir O.* I'll answer for't I'll not be wanting in that. I'll ask him eight or ten per cent. on the loan, at least.

*Moses.* If you ask him no more than that, you'll be discovered immediately.

*Sir O.* Hey!—what the plague!—how much then?

*Moses.* That depends upon the circumstances. If he appears not very anxious for the supply, you should require only forty or fifty per cent.; but if you find him in great distress, and want the monies very bad, you may ask double.

*Sir P.* A good honest trade you're learning, Sir Oliver

*Sir O.* Truly, I think so—and not unprofitable.

*Moses.* Then, you know, you hav'n't the monies yourself, but are forced to borrow them for him from a friend.

*Sir O.* Oh! I borrow it of a friend, do I?

*Moses.* Yes; and your friend is an unconscionable dog: but you can't help that.

*Sir O.* y Mfriend an unconscionable dog, is he?

*Moses.* Yes, and he himself has not the monies by him, but is forced to sell stock at a great loss.

*Sir O.* He is forced to sell stock at a great loss, is he? Well, that's very kind of him.

*Sir P.* I' faith, Sir Oliver—Mr. Premium, I mean,—you'll soon be master of the trade.

*Sir O.* Moses shall give me further instructions as we go together.

*Sir P.* You will not have much time, for your nephew lives hard by.

*Sir O.* O! never fear: my tutor appears so able, that though Charles lived in the next street, it must be my own fault if I am not a complete rogue before I turn the corner. [Exeunt *Sir Oliver, Surface and Moses, L.*

*Sir P.* So, now, I think Sir Oliver will be convinced: you are partial, Rowley, and would have prepared Charles for the other plot.

*Row.* No, upon my word, Sir Peter.

*Sir P.* Well, go bring me this Snake, and I'll hear what he has to say, presently.—I see Maria, and want to speak with her. [*Exit Rowley, R.*] I should be glad to be convinced my suspicions of Lady Teazle and Charles were unjust. I have never yet opened my mind on this subject to my friend Joseph—I am determined I will do it—he will give me his opinion sincerely.

*Enter MARIA, J..*

So, child, has Mr. Surface returned with you ?

*Maria.* (L.) No, sir ; he was engaged.

*Sir P.* (R.) Well, Maria, do you not reflect, the more you converse with that amiable young man, what return his partiality for you deserves ?

*Maria.* Indeed, Sir Pèter, your frequent importunity on this subject distresses me extremely—you compel me to declare, that I know no man who has ever paid me a particular attention, whom I would not prefer to Mr. Surface.

*S. P.* So—here's perverseness!—No, no, Maria, 'tis Charles only whom you would prefer. 'Tis evident his vices and follies have won your heart.

*Maria.* This is unkind, sir. You know I have obeyed you in neither seeing nor corresponding with him : I have heard enough to convince me that he is unworthy my regard. Yet I cannot think it culpable, if, while my understanding severely condemns his vices, my heart suggests some pity for his distresses.

*Sir P.* Well, well, pity him as much as you please ; but give your heart and hand to a worthy object.

*Maria.* Never to his brother. [*Crosses, R.*]

*Sir P.* Go—perverse and obstinate ! but take care, madam ; you have never yet known what the authority of a guardian is ; don't compel me to inform you of it.

*Maria.* I can only say, you shall not have just reason. 'Tis true, by my father's will, I am for a short period bound to regard you as his substitute ; but I must cease to think you so, when you would compel me to be miserable.

[*Exit Maria, R.*]

*Sir P.* Was ever man so crossed as I am ? Every thing conspiring to fret me ! I had not been involved in matrimony a fortnight, before her father, a hale and hearty man,



died, on purpose, I believe, for the pleasure of plaguing me with the care of his daughter. [*Lady Teazle sings without.*] But here comes my helpmate! She appears in great good humour. How happy I should be if I could tease her into loving me, though but a little!

*Enter LADY TEAZLE, R.*

*Lady T.* Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you hav'nt been quarrelling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humoured when I am not by.

*Sir P. (L.)* Ah! Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humoured at all times.

*Lady T. (R.)* I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humoured now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

*Sir P.* Two hundred pounds! What, an't I to be in a good humour without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and i'faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it [*Gives her notes*]; but seal me a bond of repayment.

*Lady T.* O no—there—my note of hand will do as well. [*Offering her hand.*]

*Sir P.* And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you:—but shall we always live thus, hey?

*Lady T.* If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

*Sir P.* Well—then let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

*Lady T.* I assure you, Sir Peter, good nature becomes you—you look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who would deny me nothing—didn't you?

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, and you were kind and attentive—

*Lady T.* Ay, so I was, and would always take your part, when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

*Sir P.* Indeed!

*Lady T.* Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I did'nt think you so ugly by any means.

*Sir P.* Thank you.

*Lady T.* And I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

*Sir P.* And you prophesied right: and we shall now be the happiest couple—

*Lady T.* And never differ again?

*Sir P.* No, never!—though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always begin first.

*Lady T.* I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter; indeed, you always gave the provocation.

*Sir P.* Now see, my angel! take care—contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

*Lady T.* Then don't you begin it, my love!

*Sir P.* There, now! you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

*Lady T.* Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear—

*Sir P.* There! now you want to quarrel again.

*Lady T.* No, I am sure I don't:—but if you will be so peevish—

*Sir P.* There now! who begins first?

*Lady T.* Why you, to be sure. I said nothing—but there's no bearing your temper.

*Sir P.* No, no, madam; the fault's in your own temper.

*Lady T.* Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

*Sir P.* Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gipsy.

*Lady T.* You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

*Sir P.* Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more.

*Lady T.* So much the better.

*Sir P.* No, no, madam: 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you—a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest 'squires in the neighbourhood.

*Lady T.* And I am sure I was a fool to marry you—an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one who would have him. [Crosses, L.]

*Sir P.* Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

*Lady T.* No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who every body said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married. [Crosses, R.]

*Sir P.* (L.) I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there's an end of every thing. I believe you capable of every thing that is bad.—Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam.—Yes, madam, *you* and Charles are—not without grounds.

*Lady T.* (R.) Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

*Sir P.* Very well, madam! very well! A separate maintenance as soon as you please! Yes, madam, or a divorce!—I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors.

*Lady T.* Agreed! agreed!—And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple—and never differ again, you know—ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you—so, bye—bye. [Exit, R.]

*Sir P.* Plagues and torturés! Can't I make her angry either! Oh, I am the most miserable fellow! but I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper. [Exit, R.]

SCENE II.—*Charles Surface's House.*

*Enter TRIP, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, and MOSES, L.*

*Trip.* Here, master Moses! if you'll stay a moment, I'll try whether—what's the gentleman's name?

*Sir O.* Mr. Moses, what is my name ?

*Moses.* Mr. Premium.

*Trip.* Premium—very well. [*Exit Trip, taking snuff, R.*]

*Sir O.* (R.) To judge by the servants, one would'nt believe the master was ruined. But what!—sure, this was my brother's house ?

*Moses.* (L.) Yes, sir ; Mr. Charles bought it of Mr. Joseph, with the furniture, pictures, &c., just as the old gentleman left it. Sir Peter thought it a piece of extravagance in him.

*Sir O.* In my mind, the other's economy in selling it to him was more reprehensible by half.

*Re-enter TRIP, R.*

*Trip.* My master says you must wait, gentlemen : he has company, and can't speak with you yet.

*Sir O.* If he knew who it was wanted to see him, perhaps he would not send such a message ?

*Trip.* Yes, yes, sir : he knows you are here—I did not forget little Premium : no, no, no.

*Sir O.* Very well ; and I pray, sir, what may be your name ?

*Trip.* Trip, sir ; my name is Trip, at your service.

*Sir O.* Well then, Mr. Trip, you have a pleasant sort of place here, I guess ?

*Trip.* Why, yes—here are three or four of us pass our time agreeably enough ; but then our wages are sometimes a little in arrear—and not very great either—but fifty pounds a year, and find our own bags and bouquets.

[*Crosses to Moses.*]

*Sir O.* Bags and bouquets ! halters and bastinadoes !

[*Aside.*]

*Trip.* And, *a-propos*, Moses—have you been able to get me that little bill discounted ?

*Sir O.* Wants to raise money too !—mercy on me ! Has his distresses, too, I warrant, like a lord, and affects creditors and duns.

[*Aside.*]

*Moses.* (L.) 'Twas not to be done, indeed, Mr. Trip.

[*Gives Trip the note.*]

*Trip.* (c.) Good lack, you surprise me ! My friend Brush has endorsed it, and I thought when he put his name at the back of a bill 'twas the same as cash.



*Moses.* No! 'twouldn't do.

*Trip.* A small sum—but twenty pounds. Hark'ee Moses, do you think you couldn't get it me by way of an annuity?

*Sir O.* (R.) An annuity! ha! ha! a footman raise money by way of annuity! Well done, luxury, egad! [*Aside*

*Moses.* Well, but you must insure your place.

*Trip.* O with all my heart! I'll insure my place, and my life too, if you please.

*Sir O.* It's more than I would your neck. [*Aside*.

*Moses.* But is there nothing you could deposit?

*Trip.* Why, nothing capital of my master's wardrobe has dropped lately; [*Bell rings, R.*] but I could give you a mortgage on some of his winter clothes, with equity of redemption before November—or you shall have the reversion of the French velvet, or a post-obit on the blue and silver: [*Bell rings, R.*] these, I should think, Moses, with a few pair of point ruffles, as a collateral security. —[*Bell rings, R.*]—Egad, [*Crosses, R.*] I heard the bell! I believe, gentlemen, I can now introduce you. Don't forget the annuity, little Moses! This way, gentlemen. I'll insure my place, you know.

*Sir O.* If the man be a shadow of the master, this is the temple of dissipation indeed! [*Exeunt, R*

### SCENE III.—*Antique Hall.*

CHARLES SURFACE, CARELESS, SIR HARRY, &c. *at a table, with wine, &c.*

*Charles S.* [*seated at the head of the table*] 'Fore heaven, 'tis true!—there's the great degeneracy of the age. Many of our acquaintance have taste, spirit, and politeness; but, plague on't, they won't drink wine.

*Care.* [*Seated R. of table.*] It is so indeed, Charles! they give into all the substantial luxuries of the table, and abstain from nothing but wine and wit. O, certainly society suffers by it intolerably: for now, instead of the social spirit of raillery that used to mantle over a glass of bright Burgundy, their conversation is become just like the Spa water they drink, which has all the pertness and flatulency of Champagne, without its spirit or flavor.

*Sir H.* [*Seated L. of table.*] But what are they to do who love play better than wine?

*Care.* True! there's Sir Harry diets himself for gaming, and is now under a hazard regimen.

*Charles S.* Then he'll have the worst of it. What! you wouldn't train a horse for the course by keeping him from corn? For my part, egad! I am never so successful as when I am a little merry: let me throw on a bottle of Champagne, and I never lose.

*All.* Hey, what?

*Charles S.* At least, I never feel my losses, which is exactly the same thing.

*Care.* Ay, that I believe.

*Charles S.* And then, what man can pretend to be a believer in love, who is an abjurer of wine? 'Tis the test by which the lover knows his own heart. Fill a dozen bumpers to a dozen beauties, and she that floats at the top is the maid that has bewitched you.

*Care.* Now then, Charles, be honest, and give us your real favourite.

*Charles S.* Why, I have withheld her only in compassion to you. If I toast her, you must give a round of her peers, which is impossible—on earth.

*Care.* Oh! then we'll find some canonized vestals, or heathen goddesses that will do, I warrant.

*Charles S.* Here then, bumpers, you rogues! bumpers! Maria! Maria!

*Sir H.* Maria who?

*Charles S.* Oh, damn the surname—'tis too formal to be registered in Love's calendar;—Maria!

*All.* Maria!

[*They drink.*]

*Charles S.* But now, Sir Harry, beware, we must have beauty superlative.

*Care.* Nay, never study, Sir Harry: we'll stand to the toast, though your mistress should want an eye, and you know you have a song will excuse you.

*Sir H.* Egad, so I have! and I'll give him the song instead of the lady.

SONG.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;  
Here's to the widow of fifty;

Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,  
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

*Chorus.* Let the toast pass,—

Drink to the lass,

I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize ;

Now to the maid who has none, sir :

Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,

And here's to the nymph with but *one*, sir.

*Chorus.* Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow ;

Now to her that's as brown as a berry :

Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,

And now to the damsel that's merry.

*Chorus.* Let the toast pass, &c.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,

Young or ancient, I care not a feather ;

Se fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim.

And let us e'en toast them together.

*Chorus.* Let the toast pass, &c.

*All.* Bravo ! Bravo !

*Enter* TRIP, R., *and whispers* CHARLES SURFACE.

*Charles S.* Gentlemen, you must excuse me a little. Careless, take the chair, will you ? [*Rises, and comes forward, R.*

*Care.* [*Rises, and comes down, I.*] Nay, prithee, Charles, what now ? This is one of your peerless beauties, I suppose, has dropt in by chance ?

*Charles S.* No, faith ! To tell the truth, 'tis a Jew and a broker, who are come by appointment.

*Care.* O damn it ! let's have the Jew in.

*Sir H.* Ay, and the broker too, by all means.

*Care.* Yes, yes, the Jew and the broker.

*Charles S.* Egad, with all my heart ! Trip, bid the gentlemen walk in—[*Exit Trip, R.*]—though there's one of them a stranger, I can assure you.

*Care.* Charles, let us give them some generous Burgundy, and perhaps they'll grow conscientious.

*Charles S.* O hang 'em, no ! wine does but draw forth a

man's natural qualities; and to make them drink would only be to whet their knavery.

*Enter TRIP, MOSES, and SIR OLIVER SURFACE, R.*

*They cross to L.*

*Charles S.* So, honest Moses, walk in; walk in, pray, Mr. Premium—that's the gentleman's name; isn't it, Moses?

*Moses.* Yes, sir.

*Charles S.* Set chairs, Trip—sit down, Mr. Premium—glasses, Trip—sit down, Moses. [*They sit to L.*] Come, Mr. Premium, I'll give you a sentiment; here's *Success to usury!*—Moses, fill the gentleman a bumper.

*Moses.* *Success to usury!*

*Care.* Right, Moses—usury is prudence and industry, and deserves to succeed.

*Sir O.* Then—*here's all the success it deserves!*

*Care.* [*Rising, and coming forward.*] No, no, that won't do! Mr. Premium; you have demurred at the toast, and must drink it in a pint bumper.

*Sir H.* A pint bumper, at least.

*Moses.* O pray, sir, consider—Mr. Premium's a gentleman.

*Care.* And therefore loves good wine.

*Sir H.* Give Moses a quart glass—this is mutiny, and a high contempt for the chair.

*Charles S.* No, hang it, you shan't! Mr. Premium's a stranger.

*Care.* Plague on 'em, then!—if they won't drink, we'll not sit down with them. Come, Harry, the dice are in the next room—Charles, you'll join us when you have finished your business with the gentlemen?

*Charles S.* I will! I will! [*Exeunt all the gentlemen, R.* Careless!

*Care.* [*Returning.*] Well!

*Charles S.* Perhaps I may want you.

*Care.* O, you know I am always ready: word or bond, 'tis all the same to me. [*Exit, R.*

*Moses.* Sir, this is Mr. Premium, a gentleman of the strictest honour and secrecy; and always performs what he undertakes. Mr. Premium, this is—

*Charles S.* [*Putting Moses across to L.*] Pshaw! have



done.—Sir, my friend Moses is a very honest fellow, but a little slow at expression : he'll be an hour giving us our titles. Mr. Premium, the plain state of the matter is this: I am an extravagant young fellow, who want money to borrow—you I take to be a prudent old fellow, who has got money to lend.—I am blockhead enough to give fifty per cent. sooner than not have it ; and you, I presume, are rogue enough to take a hundred if you can get it. Now, sir, you see we are acquainted at once, and may proceed to business without farther ceremony.

*Sir O.* Exceeding frank, upon my word.—I see, sir, you are not a man of many compliments.

*Charles S.* Oh no, sir ; plain dealing in business I always think best.

*Sir O.* Sir, I like you the better for it—however, you are mistaken in one thing ; I have no money to lend, but I believe I could procure some of a friend ; but then he's an unconscionable dog ; isn't he, Moses ? And must sell stock to accommodate you—mustn't he, Moses ?

*Moses.* Yes, indeed ! You know I always speak the truth, and scorn to tell a lie !

*Charles S.* Right. [*Crosses centre.*] People that speak truth generally do : but these are trifles, Mr. Premium. What ! I know money isn't to be bought without paying for't !

*Sir O.* Well—but what security could you give ? You have no land, I suppose ?

*Charles S.* Not a mole-hill, nor a twig, but what's in the bough-pots out of the window !

*Sir O.* Nor any stock, I presume ?

*Charles S.* Nothing but live stock—and that's only a few pointers and ponies. But pray, Mr. Premium, are you acquainted at all with any of my connexions ?

*Sir O.* Why, to say truth, I am.

*Charles S.* Then you must know that I have a dev'lish rich uncle in the East Indies, Sir Oliver Surface, from whom I have the greatest expectations.

*Sir O.* That you have a rich uncle I have heard ; but how your expectations will turn out, is more, I believe, than you can tell.

*Charles S.* O no !—there can be no doubt. They tell me I'm a prodigious favourite, and that he talks of leaving me every thing.

*Sir O.* Indeed! this is the first I've heard of it.

*Charles S.* Yes, yes, 'tis just so—Moses knows 'tis true, don't you Moses?

*Sir O.* Egad, they'll persuade me presently I'm at Bengal. [Aside.]

*Charles S.* Now I propose, Mr. Premium, if its agreeable to you, a post-obit on Sir Oliver's life: though at the same time, the old fellow has been so liberal to me, that I give you my word, I should be sorry to hear any thing had happened to him.

*Sir O.* Not more than I should, I assure you. But the bond you mention happens to be just the worst security you could offer me—for I might live to a hundred, and never see the principal.

*Charles S.* O, yes, you would—the moment Sir Oliver dies, you know, you would come on me for the money.

*Sir O.* Then I believe I should be the most unwelcome dun you ever had in your life.

*Charles S.* What! I suppose you're afraid that Sir Oliver is too good a life?

*Sir O.* No, indeed, I am not; though I have heard he is as hale and healthy as any man of his years in Christendom.

*Charles S.* There again, now, you are misinformed. No no, the climate has hurt him considerably, poor uncle Oliver! Yes, yes, he breaks apace, I'm told—and is so much altered lately, that his nearest relations would not know him!

*Sir O.* No! Ha! ha! ha! so much altered lately, that his nearest relations would not know him! ha! ha! ha! egad—Ha! ha! ha!

*Charles S.* Ha! ha!—you're glad to hear that, little Premium?

*Sir O.* No, no, I'm not.

*Charles S.* Yes, yes, you are—ha! ha! ha!—You know that mends your chance.

*Sir O.* But I'm told Sir Oliver is coming over?—nay, some say he is actually arrived?

*Charles S.* Pshaw? Sure I must know better than you whether he's come or not. No, no; rely on't, he's at this moment at Calcutta—isn't he, Moses?

*Moses.* O yes, certainly.

*Sir O.* Very true, as you say, you must know better than I, though I have it from pretty good authority—hav'nt I, Moses?

*Moses.* (L.) Yes, most undoubted!

*Sir O.* (R.) But, sir, as I understand, you want a few hundreds immediately—is there nothing you could dispose of?

*Charles S.* (c.) How do you mean?

*Sir O.* For instance, now, I have heard that your father left behind him a great quantity of massy old plate?

*Charles S.* O Lud!—that's gone long ago.—Moses can tell you how better than I can.

*Sir O.* Good lack! all the family race cups and corporation bowls. [*Aside.*]—Then it was also supposed that his library was one of the most valuable and complete.

*Charles S.* Yes, yes, so it was—vastly too much so for a private gentleman. For my part, I was always of a communicative disposition, so I thought it a shame to keep so much knowledge to myself. [*Crosses, R.*]

*Sir O.* (c.) Mercy upon me! Learning that had run in the family like an heir-loom! [*Aside.*] Pray, what are become of the books?

*Charles S.* (R.) You must inquire of the auctioneer, Master Premium, for I don't believe even Moses can direct you.

*Moses.* I know nothing of books.

*Sir O.* So, so, nothing of the family property left, I suppose?

*Charles S.* Not much indeed; unless you have a mind to the family pictures. I have got a room full of ancestors above, and if you have a taste for old paintings, egad, you shall have 'em a bargain.

*Sir O.* Hey! what the devil! Sure, you would'nt sell your forefathers, would you?

*Charles S.* Every man of them, to the best bidder.

*Sir O.* What! your great uncles and aunts.

*Charles S.* Ay, and my great grandfathers and grandmothers too.

*Sir O.* Now I give him up. [*Aside.*] What the plague, have you no bowels for your own kindred? Odd's life, do you take me for Shylock in the play, that you would raise money of me on your own flesh and blood?

*Charles S.* Nay, my little broker, don't be angry; what need you care if you have your money's worth.

*Sir O.* Well, I'll be the purchaser: I think I can dispose of the family canvass. Oh, I'll never forgive him this! never! [Aside.]

*Enter CARELESS, R.*

*Care.* Come, Charles, what keeps you?

*Charles S.* I can't come yet: i'faith, we are going to have a sale above stairs: here's little Premium will buy all my ancestors.

*Care.* O, burn your ancestors!

*Charles S.* No, he may do that afterwards, if he pleases. Stay, Careless, we want you: egad, you shall be auctioneer; so come along with us. [Crosses, R.]

*Care.* Oh, have with you, if that's the case. I can handle a hammer as well as a dice-box! Going! going!

*Sir O.* Oh, the profligates! [Aside.]

*Charles S.* Come, Moses, you shall be appraiser, if we want one. Gad's life, little Premium, you don't seem to like the business?

*Sir O.* O yes, I do vastly. Ha! ha! ha! yes, yes, I think it a rare joke to sell one's family by auction—ha! ha!—O the prodigal! [Aside.]

*Charles S.* To be sure! when a man wants money, where the plague should he get assistance if he can't make free with his own relations?

*Sir O.* I'll never forgive him: never! never! [Exeunt, L.]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Picture Room at Charles's.*—*Large chair on L. 2nd E.*—*Family Pedigree hanging up in the Wing, R.*

*Enter CHARLES SURFACE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, MOSES, and CARELESS, L.*

*Charles S.* (R.) Walk in, gentlemen; pray walk in—here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the cod quest.



*Sir O.* (R. c.) And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

*Charles S.* Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait-painting;—no *volontier grace* or expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original, and not hurt the picture. No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness—all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

*Sir O.* Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

*Charles S.* I hope not.—Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am: here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family.—But, come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose.

[Brings chair forward, c.

*Care.* Ay, ay, this will do.—But, Charles, I hav'n't a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

*Charles S.* Egad, that's true; [Taking pedigree down from R. 1st. w.] what parchment have we here!—O, our genealogy in full. Here, Careless,—you shall have no common bit of mahogany; here's the family tree for you, you rogue,—this shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

*Sir O.* (L.) What an unnatural rogue!—an *ex post facto* parricide!

[Aside.

*Care.* Yes, yes, here's a list of your generation indeed; faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for'twill not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain.—Come, begin,—A-going, a-going, a-going!

*Charles S.* Bravo, Careless!—Well, here's my great uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet.—What say you, Mr. Premium?—look at him—there's a hero, not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipt captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be.—What do you bid?

*Sir O.* [Aside to Moses.] Bid him speak.

*Moses.* Mr. Premium would have you speak.

*Charles S.* Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

*Sir O.* Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds! [*Aside.*—Very well, sir, I take him at that.

*Charles S.* Careless, knock down my uncle Richard.—Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great aunt Deborah, done by Kneller in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness.—There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock.—You shall have her for five pounds ten—the sheep are worth the money.

*Sir O.* Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself! [*Aside.*—Five pounds ten—she's mine.

*Charles S.* Knock down my aunt Deborah, Careless!—This, now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the western circuit.—What do you rate him at, Moses?

*Moses.* Four guineas.

*Charles S.* Four guineas!—Gad's life, you don't bid me the price of his wig.—Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

*Sir O.* By all means.

*Care.* Gone!

*Charles S.* And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of parliament, and noted speakers; and what's very extraordinary, I believe, this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

*Sir O.* That is very extraordinary, indeed! I'll take them at your own price, for the honour of parliament.

*Care.* Well said, little Premium!—I'll knock them down at forty.

*Charles S.* Here's a jolly fellow—I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Norwich: take him at eight pounds.

*Sir O.* No, no: six will do for the mayor.

*Charles S.* Come, make it guineas, and I throw the two aldermen there into the bargain.

*Sir O.* They're mine.

*Charles S.* Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen.—But, plague on't, we shall be all day retailing in

this manner; do let us deal wholesale: what say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds, and take all that remains on each side in a lump.

*Care.* Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

*Sir O.* Well, well, any thing to accommodate you;—they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

*Care.* [*Having put the chair away comes forward, &c.*] What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

*Sir O.* Yes, yes, I mean that, though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

*Charles S.* What, that?—Oh! that's my uncle Oliver; 'twas done before he went to India.

*Care.* Your uncle Oliver!—Gad, then you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium? [*Slapping him on the shoulder.*]

*Sir O.* Upon my soul, sir, I do not; I think it as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive;—but I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

*Charles S.* No, hang it; I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad, I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in. [*Crosses, L.*]

*Sir O.* (R.) The rogue's my nephew after all! [*Aside.*—But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

*Charles S.* (L.) I'm sorry for't, for you certainly will not have it.—Oons, haven't you got enough of them?

*Sir O.* I forgive him every thing! [*Aside.*—But, sir, when I take a whim in my head I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

*Charles S.* Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

*Sir O.* How like his father the dog is! [*Aside.*—Well, well, I have done.—I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a resemblance—[*Aside.*—Here is a draft for your sum. [*Taking it out of his pocket book*

*Charles S.* Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds.

*Sir O.* You will not let Sir Oliver go?

*Charles S.* Zounds! no!—I tell you once more.

*Sir O.* Then never mind the difference, we'll balance

that another time—but give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles—I beg your pardon, sir, for being so free.—Come, Moses. [Crosses, L.]

Charles S. (R.) Egad, this is a whimsical old fellow! But hark'ee, Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen?

Sir O. (L.) Yes, yes, I'll send for them in a day or two.

Charles S. But hold; do now send a genteel conveyance for them, for I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

Sir O. I will, I will—for all but Oliver.

Charles S. Ay, all but the little nabob.

Sir O. You're fixed on that?

Charles S. Peremptorily.

Sir O. A dear extravagant rogue! [Aside.]—Good day!—Come, Moses.—Let me hear now who dares call him profligate! [Exit Sir Oliver Surface and Moses, L.]

Care. Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever met with.

Charles S. Egad, he's the prince of brokers, I think. I wonder how the devil Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow.—But hark! here's Rowley; do, Careless, say I'll join the company in a few moments

Care. (R.) I will—don't let that old blockhead persuade you to squander any of that money on old musty debts, or any such nonsense; for tradesmen, Charles, are the most exorbitant fellows.

Charles S. (L.) Very true, and paying them is only encouraging them. Ay, ay, never fear. [Exit Careless, R.]—So! this was an odd fellow, indeed.—Let me see—two-thirds of this, five hundred and thirty odd pounds, are mine by right. 'Fore Heaven! I find one's ancestors are more valuable relations than I took them for!—Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and very grateful servant.—

Enter ROWLEY, L.

Hah! old Rowley! egad, you are just come in time to take leave of your old acquaintance.

Row. (L.) Yes, I heard they were a going. But I wonder you can have such spirits under so many distresses.

Charles S. Why, there's the point! my distresses are so many, that I can't afford to part with my spirits; but I



shall be rich and splenetic, all in good time. However, I suppose you are surprised that I am not sorrowful at parting with so many near relations; to be sure, 'tis very affecting: but you see they never move a muscle, so why should I?

*Row.* There's no making you serious a moment.

*Charles S.* Yes, faith, I am so now. Here, my honest Rowley, here, get me this changed directly, and take a hundred pounds of it immediately to old Stanley.

*Row.* A hundred pounds! Consider only—

*Charles S.* Gad's life, don't talk about it; poor Stanley's wants are pressing, and if you don't make haste, we shall have some one call that has a better right to the money.

*Row.* Ah! there's the point! I will never cease dunning you with the old proverb—

*Charles S.* 'Be just before you're generous.'—Why, so I would if I could; but Justice is an old hobbling bel-dame, and I can't get her to keep pace with Generosity for the soul of me.

*Row.* Yet, Charles, believe me, one hour's reflection—

*Charles S.* Ay, ay, it's very true; but hark'ec, Rowley, while I have, by heaven I'll give; so damn your economy, and away to old Stanley with the money.

[*Exeunt Charles R., Rowley L.*]

## SCENE II.—A Saloon.

*Enter MOSES, R., and SIR OLIVER SURFACE.*

*Moses.* Well, sir, I think, as Sir Peter said, you have seen Mr. Charles in high glory; 'tis great pity he's so extravagant.

*Sir O.* But he would not sell my picture.

*Moses.* And loves wine and women so much.

*Sir O.* But he would not sell my picture.

*Moses.* And he games so deep.

*Sir O.* But he would not sell my picture.—O, here's Rowley.

*Enter ROWLEY, R.*

*Row. (R.)* So, Sir Oliver, I find you have made a purchase—

*Sir O.* (c.) Yes, yes, our young rake has parted with his ancestors like old tapestry.

*Row.* And here has he commissioned me to re-deliver you part of the purchase money—I mean, though, in your necessitous character of old Stanley.

*Moses.* (L.) Ah! there is the pity of all; he is so damned charitable.

*Row.* And I left a hosier and two tailors in the hall, who I'm sure, won't be paid, and this hundred would satisfy them.

*Sir O.* Well, well, I'll pay his debts, and his benevolence too.—But now I am no more a broker, and you shall introduce me to the elder brother as old Stanley.

*Row.* Not yet awhile; Sir Peter, I know, meant to call there about this time.

*Enter TRIP, R.*

*Trip.* O, gentlemen, I beg pardon for not showing you out; this way—[*Crosses, L.*—*Moses, a word.*

[*Exeunt Trip and Moses, L.*

*Sir O.* (L.) There's a fellow for you—would you believe it, that puppy intercepted the Jew on our coming, and wanted to raise money before he got to his master.

*Row.* (R.) Indeed!

*Sir O.* Yes, they are now planning an annuity business.—Ah! master Rowley, in my days servants were content with the follies of their masters, when they were worn a little thread-bare; but now, they have their vices, like their birth-day clothes, with the gloss on. [ *Exeunt, L.*

SCENE III.—*A Library, a large Screen, R. 3d E. Pembroke Table, L. U. E. with a book on it; two chairs.*

*JOSEPH SURFACE and a SERVANT discovered.*

*Joseph S.* No letter from Lady Teazle?

*Serv.* No, sir.

*Joseph S.* I am surprised she has not sent, if she is prevented from coming. Sir Peter certainly does not suspect me. Yet I hope I may not lose the heiress, through the scrape I have drawn myself into with the wife; however, Charles's imprudence and bad character are great points in my favour. [ *Knocking heard without, L.*

*Serv.* Sir, I believe that must be Lady Teazle.

*Joseph S.* Hold!—See whether it is or not before you go to the door: I have a particular message for you if it should be my brother.

*Serv.* 'Tis her ladyship, sir; she always leaves her chair at the milliner's in the next street.

*Joseph S.* Stay, stay; draw that screen before the window—[*Servant does so*]—that will do;—my opposite neighbour is a lady of a curious temper.—[*Servant exit.*]—I have a difficult hand to play in this affair. Lady Teazle has lately suspected my views on Maria; but she must by no means be let into the secret,—at least, till I have her more in my power.

*Enter LADY TEAZLE, I.*

*Lady T.* What, sentiment in soliloquy now? Have you been very impatient?—O Lud! don't pretend to look grave.—I vow I couldn't come before. [*Crosses, R.*]

*Joseph S.* (L.) O, madam, punctuality is a species of constancy, very unfashionable in a lady of quality.

[*Places chairs, and sits after Lady Teazle is seated.*]

*Lady T.* (R.) Upon my word you ought to pity me. Do you know Sir Peter is grown so ill-natured to me of late, and so jealous of Charles too—that's the best of the story, isn't it?

*Joseph S.* I am glad my scandalous friends keep that up. [*Aside.*]

*Lady T.* I am sure I wish he would let Maria marry him, and then perhaps he would be convinced; don't you, Mr. Surface?

*Joseph S.* Indeed I do not [*Aside.*]—Oh, certainly I do! for then my dear lady Teazle would be also convinced, how wrong her suspicions were of my having any design on the silly girl.

*Lady T.* Well, well, I'm inclined to believe you. But isn't it provoking, to have the most ill-natured things said of one?—And there's my friend, Lady Sneerwell, has circulated I don't know how many scandalous tales of me, and all without any foundation too—that's what vexes me.

*Joseph S.* Aye, madam, to be sure, that is the provoking circumstance—without foundation; yes, yes, there's the mortification, indeed; for when a scandalous tale is he-

lieved against one, there certainly is no comfort like the consciousness of having deserved it.

*Lady T.* No, to be sure, then I'd forgive their malice; but to attack me, who am really so innocent, and who never say an ill-natured thing of any body—that is, of any friend; and then Sir Peter too, to have him so peevish, and so suspicious, when I know the integrity of my own heart—indeed, 'tis monstrous!

*Joseph S.* But, my dear lady Teazle, 'tis your own fault if you suffer it. When a husband entertains a groundless suspicion of his wife, and withdraws his confidence from her, the original compact is broken, and she owes it to the honour of her sex to endeavour to outwit him.

*Lady T.* Indeed!—so that if he suspects me without cause, it follows, that the best way of curing his jealousy is to give him reason for't.

*Joseph S.* Undoubtedly—for your husband should never be deceived in you,—and in that case it becomes you to be frail in compliment to his discernment.

*Lady T.* To be sure, what you say is very reasonable; and when the consciousness of my innocence—

*Joseph S.* Ah! my dear madam, there is the great mistake: 'tis this very conscious innocence that is of the greatest prejudice to you. What is it makes you negligent of forms, and careless of the world's opinion?—why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you thoughtless in your conduct, and apt to run into a thousand little imprudences?—why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you impatient of Sir Peter's temper, and outrageous at his suspicions?—why, the consciousness of your innocence.

*Lady T.* 'Tis very true!

*Joseph S.* Now, my dear Lady Teazle, if you would but once make a trifling *faux pas*, you can't conceive how cautious you would grow, and how ready to humour and agree with your husband.

*Lady T.* Do you think so?

*Joseph S.* Oh! I am sure on't; and then you would find all scandal would cease at once; for, in short, your character at present is like a person in a plethora, absolutely dying from too much health.

*Lady T.* So, so; then I perceive your prescription is,



that I must sin in my own defence, and part with my virtue to preserve my reputation.

*Joseph S.* Exactly so, upon my credit, ma'am.

*Lady T.* Well, certainly this is the oddest doctrine, and the newest receipt for avoiding calumny!

*Joseph S.* An infallible one, believe me. Prudence, like experience, must be paid for.

*Lady T.* Why, if my understanding were once convinced—

*Joseph S.* Oh, certainly, madam, your understanding should be convinced.—Yes, yes—heaven forbid I should persuade you to do any thing you thought wrong. No, no, I have too much honour to desire it.

*Lady T.* Don't you think we may as well leave honour out of the argument? [Rises.

*Joseph S.* Ah! the ill effects of your country education, I see, still remain with you. [Rises.

*Lady T.* I doubt they do indeed; and I will fairly own to you, that if I could be persuaded to do wrong, it would be by Sir Peter's ill usage, sooner than your honourable logic, after all.

*Joseph S.* Then, by this hand, which he is unworthy of—  
[Taking her hand.

*Enter SERVANT, L.*

'Sdeath, you blockhead—what do you want?

*Serv.* I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought you would not choose Sir Peter to come up without announcing him.

*Joseph S.* Sir Peter!—Oons—the devil!

*Lady T.* Sir Peter! O Lud—I'm ruined—I'm ruined!

*Serv.* Sir, 'twasn't I let him in.

*Lady T.* Oh! I'm quite undone! What will become of me? Now, Mr. Logic—Oh! mercy, sir, he's on the stairs—I'll get behind here—and if ever I'm so imprudent again—  
[Goes behind screen.

*Joseph S.* Give me that book.

[Sits down, R. C.; Servant pretends to adjust his chair.

*Enter SIR PETER.*

*Sir P.* Ay, ever improving himself—Mr. Surface, Mr. Surface—  
[Taps Joseph on the shoulder.

*Joseph S.* Oh! my dear Sir Peter, I beg your pardon—

[*Gaping—throws away the book.*]—I have been dozing over a stupid book.—Well, I am much obliged to you for this call. You haven't been here, I believe, since I fitted up this room.—Books, you know, are the only things I am a coxcomb in.

*Sir P.* 'Tis very neat indeed.—Well, well, that's proper; and you can make even your screen a source of knowledge—hung, I perceive, with maps?

[*Walking up towards screen.*]

*Joseph S.* O, yes, I find great use in that screen.

[*Turning Sir Peter from the screen, R.*]

*Sir P.* I dare say you must, certainly, when you want to find any thing in a hurry.

*Joseph S.* Aye, or to hide any thing in a hurry either.

[*Aside*]

*Sir P.* Well, I have a little private business—

*Joseph S.* You need not stay. [*To the Servant, who places chairs. Exit Servant, L.*] Here's a chair, Sir Peter—I beg—

*Sir P.* [*Sits, L.*] Well, now we are alone, there is a subject, my dear friend, on which I wish to unburthen my mind to you—a point of the greatest moment to my peace; in short, my good friend, Lady Teazle's conduct of late has made me very unhappy.

*Joseph S.* [*Seated, R.*] Indeed! I am very sorry to hear it.

*Sir P.* Yes, 'tis but too plain she has not the least regard for me; but, what's worse, I have pretty good authority to suppose she has formed an attachment to another.

*Joseph S.* Indeed! you astonish me!

*Sir P.* Yes; and, between ourselves, I think I've discovered the person.

*Joseph S.* How! you alarm me exceedingly.

*Sir P.* Ay, my dear friend, I knew you would sympathise with me!

*Joseph S.* Yes—believe me, Sir Peter, such a discovery would hurt me just as much as it would you.

*Sir P.* I am convinced of it.—Ah! it is a happiness to have a friend whom we can trust even with one's family secrets. But have you no guess who I mean?

*Joseph S.* I haven't the most distant idea. It can't be Sir Benjamin Backbite?

*Sir P.* Oh, no! What say you to Charles?

*Joseph S.* My brother! impossible!

*Sir P.* Oh! my dear friend, the goodness of your own heart misleads you. You judge of others by yourself.

*Joseph S.* Certainly, Sir Peter, the heart that is conscious of its own integrity is ever slow to credit another's treachery.

*Sir P.* True—but your brother has no sentiment—you never hear him talk so.

*Joseph S.* Yet, I can't but think Lady Teazle herself has too much principle.

*Sir P.* Ay,—but what is principle against the flattery of a handsome, lively young fellow?

*Joseph S.* That's very true.

*Sir P.* And then, you know, the difference of our ages makes it very improbable that she should have any very great affection for me; and if she were to be frail, and I were to make it public, why the town would only laugh at me, the foolish old bachelor, who had married a girl.

*Joseph S.* That's true, to be sure—they would laugh.

*Sir P.* Laugh—ay, and make ballads, and paragraphs, and the devil knows what, of me.

*Joseph S.* No—you must never make it public.

*Sir P.* But then—that the nephew of my old friend, Sir Oliver, should be the person to attempt such a wrong, hurts me more nearly.

*Joseph S.* Ay, there's the point.—When ingratitude bars the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it.

*Sir P.* Ay—-I, that was, in a manner, left his guardian; in whose house he has been so often entertained; who never in my life denied him—any advice.

*Joseph S.* O, 'tis not to be credited. There may be a man capable of such baseness, to be sure; but for my part, till you can give me positive proofs, I cannot but doubt it. However, if it should be proved on him, he is no longer a brother of mine—I disclaim kindred with him: for the man who can break through the laws of hospitality, and tempt the wife of his friend, deserves to be branded as the pest of society.

*Sir P.* What a difference there is between you! what noble sentiments!

*Joseph S.* Yet, I cannot suspect Lady Teazle's honour.

*Sir P.* I am sure I wish to think well of her, and to

remove all ground of quarrel between us. She has lately reproached me more than once with having made no settlement on her: and, in our last quarrel, she almost hinted that she should not break her heart if I was dead. Now, as we seem to differ in our ideas of expense, I have resolved she shall have her own way, and be her own mistress in that respect, for the future; and if I were to die, she will find I have not been inattentive to her interest while living. Here, my friend, are the drafts of two deeds, which I wish to have your opinion on.—By one, she will enjoy eight hundred a year independent while I live; and, by the other, the bulk of my fortune after my death.

*Joseph S.* This conduct, Sir Peter, is indeed truly generous.—I wish it may not corrupt my pupil. [*Aside.*]

*Sir P.* Yes, I am determin'd she shall have no cause to complain, though I would not have her acquainted with the latter instance of my affection yet awhile.

*Joseph S.* Nor I, if I could help it. [*Aside.*]

*Sir P.* And now, my dear friend, if you please, we will talk over the situation of your hopes with Maria.

*Joseph S.* [*Softly.*]—O, no, Sir Peter; another time, if you please.

*Sir P.* I am sensibly chagrined at the little progress you seem to make in her affections.

*Joseph S.* I beg you will not mention it, sir. What are my disappointments when your happiness is in debate! [*Softly.*]—'Sdeath! I shall be ruined every way.

*Sir P.* And though you are so averse to my acquainting Lady Teazle with your passion, I'm sure she's not your enemy in the affair.

*Joseph S.* Pray, Sir Peter, now, oblige me. I am really too much affected by the subject we have been speaking of, to bestow a thought on my own concerns. The man who is entrusted with his friend's distresses can never—

*Enter SERVANT, L.*

Well, sir?

*Serv.* Your brother, sir, is speaking to a gentleman in the street, and says he knows you are within.

*Joseph S.* [*Rises.*] 'Sdeath, blockhead, I'm not within—I'm out for the day.

*Sir P.* [*Rises.*] Stay—hold—a thought has struck me:—you shall be at home.



*Joseph S.* [*Crossing to Servant.*] Well, well let him up. [*Exit Servant, L.*] He'll interrupt Sir Peter, however.

[*Aside.*

*Sir P.* (R.) Now, my good friend, oblige me, I entreat you.—Before Charles comes, let me conceal myself somewhere—then do you tax him on the point we have been talking, and his answer may satisfy me at once.

*Joseph S.* O fie, Sir Peter! would you have me join in so mean a trick?—To trepan my brother, too?

*Sir P.* Nay, you tell me you are sure he is innocent; if so, you do him the greatest service by giving him an opportunity to clear himself, and you will set my heart at rest. Come, you shall not refuse me: [*Going up*] here, behind this screen will be—Hey! what the devil! there seems to be one listener here already—I'll swear I saw a petticoat.

*Joseph S.* Ha! ha! ha! Well, this is ridiculous enough. I'll tell you, Sir Peter, though I hold a man of intrigue to be a most despicable character, yet, you know, it does not follow that one is to be an absolute Joseph either! Hark'ee, 'tis a little French milliner—a silly rogue that plagues me,—and having some character to lose, on your coming, sir, she ran behind the screen.

*Sir P.* Ah! Joseph! Joseph! Did I ever think that you—But, egad, she has overheard all I have been saying of my wife.

*Joseph S.* O, 'twill never go farther, you may depend upon it.

*Sir P.* No! then, faith, let her hear it out—Here's a closet will do as well.

*Joseph S.* Well, go in there.

*Sir P.* Sly rogue! sly rogue! [*Going into the closet, R.*

*Joseph S.* A narrow escape, indeed! and a curious situation I'm in, to part man and wife in this manner.

*Lady T.* [*Peeping.*]—Couldn't I steal off?

*Joseph S.* Keep close, my angel!

*Sir P.* [*Peeping out, R.*]—Joseph, tax him home.

*Joseph S.* Back, my dear friend!

*Lady T.* Couldn't you lock Sir Peter in?

*Joseph S.* Be still, my life!

*Sir P.* [*Peeping.*]—You're sure the little milliner won't blab?

*Joseph S.* In, in, my dear Sir Peter—'Fore gad, I wish I had a key to the door.

*Enter CHARLES SURFACE, L*

*Charles S.* Holla! brother, what has been the matter? Your fellow would not let me up at first. What! have you had a Jew or a wench with you?

*Joseph S.* (R.) Neither, brother, I assure you.

*Charles S.* (L.) But what has made Sir Peter steal off? I thought he had been with you.

*Joseph S.* He *was*, brother; but hearing you were coming, he did not choose to stay.

*Charles S.* What? was the old gentleman afraid I wanted to borrow money of him?

*Joseph S.* No, sir; but I am sorry to find, Charles, that you have lately given that worthy man grounds for great uneasiness.

*Charles S.* Yes, they tell me I do that to a great many worthy men—But how so, pray?

*Joseph S.* To be plain with you, brother—he thinks you are endeavoring to gain Lady Teazle's affections from him?

*Charles S.* Who, I? O Lud! not I, upon my word.—Ha! ha! ha! ha! So the old fellow has found out that he has got a young wife, has he?

*Joseph S.* This is no subject to jest on, brother. He who can laugh——

*Charles S.* True, true, as you were going to say—then, seriously, I never had the least idea of what you charge me with, upon my honour.

*Joseph S.* Well, it will give Sir Peter great satisfaction to hear this.

*Charles S.* To be sure, I once thought the lady seemed to have taken a fancy to me; but, upon my soul, I never gave her the least encouragement:—besides, you know my attachment to Maria.

*Joseph S.* But sure, brother, even if Lady Teazle had betrayed the fondest partiality for you——

*Charles S.* Why, look'ee, Joseph, I hope I shall never deliberately do a dishonourable action; but if a pretty woman was purposely to throw herself in my way—and that pretty woman married to a man old enough to be her father——

*Joseph S.* Well—

*Charles S.* Why, I believe I should be obliged to——

*Joseph S.* What?

*Charles S.* To borrow a little of your morality, that's all.—But, brother, do you know now that you surprise me exceedingly by naming *me* with Lady Teazle; for, 'faith, I always understood you were her favourite.

*Joseph S.* O, for shame, Charles! This retort is foolish.

*Charles S.* Nay, I swear I have seen you exchange such significant glances—

*Joseph S.* Nay, nay, sir, this is no jest.

*Charles S.* Egad, I'm serious.—Don't you remember one day when I called here—

*Joseph S.* Nay, prythee, Charles—

*Charles S.* And found you together—

*Joseph S.* Zounds, sir! I insist—

*Charles S.* And another time, when your servant—

*Joseph S.* Brother, brother, a word with you! Gad, I must stop him. [Aside.]

*Charles S.* Informed, I say, that—

*Joseph S.* Hush! I beg your pardon, but Sir Peter has heard all we have been saying. I knew you would clear yourself, or I should not have consented.

*Charles S.* How, Sir Peter! Where is he?

*Joseph S.* Softly; there! [Points to the closet, R.]

*Charles S.* O, 'fore heaven, I'll have him out. Sir Peter, come forth! [Trying to get to the closet.]

*Joseph S.* No, no— [Preventing him.]

*Charles S.* I say, Sir Peter, come into court—[Crosses, R.; pulls in Sir Peter.]—What! my old guardian!—What? turn inquisitor, and take evidence incog? O, fie! O, fie!

*Sir P.* Give me your hand, Charles—I believe I have suspected you wrongfully; but you mustn't be angry with Joseph—'twas my plan!

*Charles S.* Indeed!

*Sir P.* But I acquit you. I promise you I don't think near so ill of you as I did: what I have heard has given me great satisfaction.

*Charles S.* Egad, then, 'twas lucky you didn't hear any more—wasn't it, Joseph? [Apart to Joseph]

*Sir P.* Ah! you would have retorted on him.

*Charles S.* Ay, ay, that was a joke.

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, I know his honour too well.

*Charles S.* But you might as well suspect *him* as *me* in this matter, for all that—mightn't he, Joseph?

[*Apart to Joseph.*

*Sir P.* Well, well, I believe you.

*Joseph S.* Would they were both out of the room!

[*Aside.*

*Sir P.* And in future, perhaps, we may not be such strangers.

*Enter SERVANT, L.*

*Serv.* Lady Sneerwell is below, and says she will come up.

*Joseph S.* Lady Sneerwell! Gads life! she must not come here! [*Exit Servant, L.*] Gentlemen, I beg pardon—I must wait on you down stairs: here is a person come on particular business.

*Charles S.* Well, you can see him in another room. Sir Peter and I have not met for a long time, and I have something to say to him.

*Joseph S.* They must not be left together. [*Aside.*] I'll send Lady Sneerwell away, and return directly.—Sir Peter, not a word of the French milliner. [*Apart to Sir Peter, and goes out, L.*]

*Sir P.* [*Crossing to Joseph.*] I! not for the world!—[*Apart to Joseph.*]—Ah! Charles, if you associated more with your brother, one might indeed hope for your reformation. He is a man of sentiment—Well, there is nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment.

*Charles S.* Pshaw! he is too moral by half—and so apprehensive of his good name, as he calls it, that he would as soon let a priest into his house as a wench.

*Sir P.* No, no.—Come, come,—you wrong him.—No, no! Joseph is no rake, but he is no such saint either, in that respect.—I have a great mind to tell him—we should have such a laugh at Joseph. [*Aside.*

*Charles S.* Oh, hang him! He's a very anchorite, a young hermit.

*Sir P.* Hark'ee—you must not abuse him: he may chance to hear of it again, I promise you.

*Charles S.* Why, you won't tell him?

*Sir P.* No—but—this way. Egad, I'll tell him.—



[*Aside.*] Hark'ee—have you a mind to have a good laugh at Joseph?

*Charles S.* I should like it of all things.

*Sir P.* Then, i'faith, we will—I'll be quit with him for discovering me.—He had a girl with him when I called.

[*Whispers.*

*Charles S.* What! Joseph!—you jest.

*Sir P.* Hush!—a little French milliner—and the best of the jest is—she's in the room now.

*Charles S.* The devil she is! [Looking at closet.

*Sir P.* Hush! I tell you! [Points to screen

*Charles S.* Behind the screen! 'Slife, let us unveil.

*Sir P.* No, no—he's coming—you shan't, indeed!

*Charles S.* Oh, egad, we'll have a peep at the little milliner!

[*Endeavouring to get towards screen, Sir P. preventing.*

*Sir P.* Not for the world—Joseph will never forgive me—

*Charles S.* I'll stand by you—

*Sir P.* Odds, here he is! [*Joseph Surface enters, L. just as Charles Surface throws down the screen.*]

*Charles S.* (c.) Lady Teazle! by all that's wonderful!

*Sir P.* (r.) Lady Teazle! by all that's damnable!

*Charles S.* Sir Peter, this is one of the smartest French milliners I ever saw. Egad, you seem all to have been diverting yourselves here at hide and seek, and I don't see who is out of the secret.—Shall I beg your ladyship to inform me? Not a word!—Brother, will you be pleased to explain this matter? What! is Morality dumb too?—Sir Peter, though I found you in the dark, perhaps you are not so now! All mute!—Well—though I can make nothing of the affair, I suppose you perfectly understand one another—so I'll leave you to yourselves—[*Going.*]  
Brother, I'm sorry to find you have given that worthy man grounds for so much uneasiness.—Sir Peter! there's nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment. [*Exit Charles, L. They stand for some time looking at each other.*]

*Joseph S.* (L.) Sir Peter—notwithstanding—I confess—that appearances are against me—if you will afford me your patience—I make no doubt—but I shall explain every thing to your satisfaction.

*Sir P.* (R.) If you please, sir.

*Joseph S.* The fact is, sir, that Lady Teazle, knowing my pretensions to your ward Maria—I say, sir, Lady Teazle, being apprehensive of the jealousy of your temper—and knowing my friendship to the family—she, sir, I say,—called here—in order that—I might explain these pretensions—but on your coming—being apprehensive—as I said—of your jealousy—she withdrew—and this, you may depend on it, is the whole truth of the matter.

*Sir P.* A very clear account, upon my word; and I dare swear the lady will vouch for every article of it.

*Lady T.* [*Coming forward, c.*] For not one word of it, Sir Peter!

*Sir P.* How! don't you think it worth while to agree in the lie!

*Lady T.* There is not one syllable of truth in what that gentleman has told you.

*Sir P.* I believe you, upon my soul, ma'am!

*Joseph S.* [*Aside.*]—'Sdeath, madam, will you betray me?

*Lady T.* Good Mr. Hypocrite, by your leave, I'll speak for myself.

*Sir P.* Ay, let her alone, sir; you'll find she'll make out a better story than you, without prompting.

*Lady T.* Hear me, Sir Peter!—I came hither on no matter relating to your ward, and even ignorant of the gentleman's pretensions to her. But I came seduced by his insidious arguments, at least to listen to his pretended passion, if not to sacrifice your honour to his baseness.

*Sir P.* Now, I believe, the truth is coming, indeed?

*Joseph S.* The woman's mad!

*Lady T.* No, sir,—she has recovered her senses, and your own arts have furnished her with the means.—Sir Peter, I do not expect you to credit me—but the tenderness you expressed for me, when I am sure you could not think I was a witness to it, has so penetrated to my heart, that had I left the place without the shame of this discovery, my future life should have spoken the sincerity of my gratitude. [*Crosses to L.*] As for that smooth-tongued hypocrite, who would have seduced the wife of his too credulous friend, while he affected honourable addresses to his ward—I behold him now in a light so truly despicable, that I shall never again respect myself for having

listened to him.

[*Exit Lady Teazle, L.*

*Joseph S.* Notwithstanding all this, Sir Peter, Heaven knows—

*Sir P.* [*Crosses, L.*] That you are a villain! and so I leave you to your conscience.

*Joseph S.* You are too rash, Sir Peter; you shall hear me.—The man who shuts out conviction by refusing to—

*Sir P.* O, damn your sentiments!

[*Exeunt Sir Peter and Surface, talking, L.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Library.*

*Enter JOSEPH SURFACE and SERVANT, L.*

*Joseph S.* Mr. Stanley!—and why should you think I would see him? You must know he comes to ask something.

*Serv.* Sir, I should not have let him in, but that Mr. Rowley came to the door with him.

*Joseph S.* Pshaw! blockhead! to suppose that I should now be in a temper to receive visits from poor relations!—Well, why don't you show the fellow up?

*Serv.* I will, sir—Why, sir, it was not my fault that Sir Peter discovered my lady—

*Joseph S.* Go, fool! [*Exit Servant, L.*]—Sure Fortune never played a man of my policy such a trick before. My character with Sir Peter, my hopes with Maria, destroyed in a moment! I'm in a rare humour to listen to other people's distresses! I sha'nt be able to bestow even a benevolent sentiment on Stanley.—So! here he comes, and Rowley with him. I must try to recover myself, and put a little charity into my face, however. [*Exit, L.*

*Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE and ROWLEY, L.*

*Sir O.* What! does he avoid us!—That was he, was it not?

*Row.* It was, sir. But I doubt you are come a little too abruptly. His nerves are so weak, that the sight of a poor

relation may be too much for him. I should have gone first to break it to him.

*Sir O. (R.)* O, plague of his nerves! Yet, this is he, whom Sir Peter extols as a man of the most benevolent way of thinking!

*Row. (L.)* As to his way of thinking, I cannot pretend to decide; for, to do him justice, he appears to have as much speculative benevolence as any private gentleman in the kingdom, though he is seldom so sensual as to indulge himself in the exercise of it.

*Sir O.* Yet he has a string of charitable sentiments, I suppose, at his fingers' ends.

*Row.* Or rather, at his tongue's end, Sir Oliver; for I believe there is no sentiment he has such faith in as that "Charity begins at home."

*Sir O.* And his, I presume, is of that domestic sort which never stirs abroad at all.

*Row.* I doubt you'll find it so;—but he's coming. I mustn't seem to interrupt you; and you know immediately as you leave him, I come in to announce your arrival in your real character.

*Sir O.* True; and afterwards you'll meet me at Sir Peter's.

*Row.* Without losing a moment. [Exit, L.]

*Sir O.* I don't like the complaisance of his features.

*Enter JOSEPH SURFACE, R.*

*Joseph. (R.)* Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons for keeping you a moment waiting—Mr. Stanley, I presume.

*Sir O. (L.)* At your service.

*Joseph.* Sir, I beg you will do me the honour to sit down—I entreat you, sir!—

*Sir O.* Dear sir—there's no occasion—too civil by half! [Aside.]

*Joseph.* I have not the pleasure of knowing you, Mr. Stanley; but I am extremely happy to see you look so well. You were nearly related to my mother, Mr. Stanley, I think?

*Sir O.* I was, sir;—so nearly that my present poverty, I fear, may do discredit to her wealthy children, else I should not have presumed to trouble you.

*Joseph.* Dear sir, there needs no apology:—he that is



in distress, though a stranger, has a right to claim kindred with the wealthy. I am sure I wish I was one of that class, and had it in my power to offer you even a small relief.

*Sir O.* If your uncle, Sir Oliver, were here, I should have a friend.

*Joseph.* I wish he was, sir, with all my heart: you should not want an advocate with him, believe me, sir.

*Sir O.* I should not need one—my distresses would recommend me. But I imagined his bounty would enable you to become the agent of his charity.

*Joseph.* My dear sir, you were strangely misinformed. Sir Oliver is a worthy man, a very worthy man; but avarice, Mr. Stanley, is the vice of age. I will tell you, my good sir, in confidence, what he has done for me has been a mere nothing; though people, I know, have thought otherwise; and, for my part, I never chose to contradict the report.

*Sir O.* What! has he never transmitted you bullion—rupees—pagodas?

*Joseph.* O, dear sir, nothing of the kind:—No, no—a few presents now and then—china, shawls, congou tea, avadavats, and Indian crackers—little more, believe me.

*Sir O.* Here's gratitude for twelve thousand pounds!—Avadavats and Indian crackers! [Aside.]

*Joseph.* (R.) Then, my dear sir, you have heard, I doubt not, of the extravagance of my brother: there are few would credit what I have done for that unfortunate young man.

*Sir O.* (L.) Not I for one! [Aside.]

*Joseph.* The sums that I have lent him!—Indeed, I have been exceedingly to blame; it was an amiable weakness: however, I don't pretend to defend it,—and now I feel it doubly culpable, since it has deprived me of the pleasure of serving you, Mr. Stanley, as my heart dictates.

*Sir O.* Dissembler! [Aside.]—Then, sir, you can't assist me?

*Joseph.* At present, it grieves me to say, I cannot; but, whenever I have the ability, you may depend upon hearing from me.

*Sir O.* I am extremely sorry—

*Joseph.* Not more than I, believe me;—to pity without

the power to relieve, is still more painful than to ask and be denied.

*Sir O.* Kind sir, your most obedient humble servant.

*Joseph.* You leave me deeply affected, Mr. Stanley. William, be ready to open the door.

*Sir O.* O, dear sir, no ceremony.

*Joseph.* Your very obedient.

*Sir O.* Sir, your most obsequious.

*Joseph.* You may depend upon hearing from me, whenever I can be of service.

*Sir O.* Sweet sir, you are too good!

*Joseph.* In the mean time, I wish you health and spirits.

*Sir O.* Your ever grateful and perpetual humble servant.

*Joseph.* Sir, yours as sincerely.

*Sir O.* Now I am satisfied! [*Aside. Exit, l.*]

*Joseph.* This is one bad effect of a good character; it invites application from the unfortunate, and there needs no small degree of address to gain the reputation of benevolence without incurring the expense. The silver ore of pure charity is an expensive article in the catalogue of a man's good qualities; whereas the sentimental French plate I use instead of it, makes just as good a show, and pays no tax.

*Enter ROWLEY, l.*

*Row.* (l.) Mr. Surface, your servant: I was apprehensive of interrupting you, though my business demands immediate attention, as this note will inform you.

*Joseph.* (r.) Always happy to see Mr. Rowley,—a rascal! [*Aside.—Reads the Letter.*—Sir Oliver Surface!—My uncle arrived!

*Row.* He is, indeed: we have just parted with him—quite well, after a speedy voyage, and impatient to embrace his worthy nephew.

*Joseph.* I am astonished!—William, stop Mr. Stanley, if he's not gone.

*Row.* Oh! he's out of reach, I believe.

*Joseph.* Why did you not let me know this when you came in together?

*Row.* I thought you had particular business;—but I must be gone to inform your brother, and appoint him

here to meet your uncle. He will be with you in a quarter of an hour.

*Joseph.* So he says. Well, I am strangely overjoyed at his coming.—Never, to be sure, was any thing so damned unlucky. [Aside.]

*Row.* You will be delighted to see how well he looks.

*Joseph.* Oh! I am overjoyed to hear it—Just at this time! [Aside.]

*Row.* I'll tell him how impatiently you expect him.

[Exit, L.]

*Joseph.* Do, do; pray give my best duty and affection. Indeed, I cannot express the sensations I feel at the thought of seeing him—Certainly his coming just at this time is the cruellest piece of ill-fortune! [Exit, R.]

SCENE II.—*Sir Peter Teazle's.*

*Enter MAID and MRS. CANDOUR.*

*Maid.* (R.) Indeed, ma'am, my lady will see nobody at present.

*Mrs. C.* (L.) Did you tell her it was her friend, Mrs. Candour?

*Maid.* Yes, ma'am; but she begs you will excuse her.

*Mrs. C.* Do go again,—I shall be glad to see her, if it be only for a moment, for I am sure she must be in great distress. [Exit Maid, R.] Dear heart, how provoking! I'm not mistress of half the circumstances! We shall have the whole affair in the newspapers, with the names of the parties at length, before I have dropped the story at a dozen houses.

*Enter SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE, L.*

Oh, dear Sir Benjamin! you have heard, I suppose—

*Sir B.* (L.) Of Lady Teazle and Mr. Surface—

*Mrs. C.* (L.) And Sir Peter's discovery—

*Sir B.* O! the strangest piece of business, to be sure!

*Mrs. C.* Well, I never was so surprised in my life. I am sorry for all parties, indeed.

*Sir B.* Now I don't pity Sir Peter at all: he was so extravagantly partial to Mr. Surface.

*Mrs. C.* Mr. Surface! Why, 'twas with Charles, Lady Teazle was detected.

*Sir B.* No such thing, I tell you—Mr. Surface is the gallant.

*Mrs. C.* No, no, Charles is the man. 'Twas Mr. Surface brought Sir Peter on purpose to discover them.

*Sir B.* I tell you I had it from one—

*Mrs. C.* And I have it from one—

*Sir B.* Who had it from one, who had it—

*Mrs. C.* From one immediately—but here comes Lady Sneerwell; perhaps she knows the whole affair. [*Crosses, c.*

*Enter LADY SNEERWELL, L.*

*Lady S.* So, my dear Mrs. Candour, here's a sad affair of our friend Teazle.

*Mrs. C.* (c.) Ay, my dear friend, who would have thought—

*Lady S.* (L.) Well, there is no trusting appearances; though, indeed, she was always too lively for me.

*Mrs. C.* To be sure, her manners were a little too free; but then she was so young!

*Lady S.* And had, indeed, some good qualities.

*Mrs. C.* So she had, indeed. But have you heard the particulars?

*Lady S.* No; but every body says that Mr. Surface—

*Sir B.* (R.) Ay, there; I told you Mr. Surface was the man.

*Mrs. C.* No, no:—indeed the assignation was with Charles.

*Lady S.* With Charles! You alarm me, Mrs. Candour.

*Mrs. C.* Yes, yes, he was the lover. Mr. Surface, to do him justice, was only the informer.

*Sir B.* Well, I'll not dispute with you, Mrs. Candour; but, be it which it may, I hope that Sir Peter's wound will not—

*Mrs. C.* Sir Peter's wound! O, mercy! I didn't hear a word of their fighting.

*Lady S.* Nor I, a syllable.

*Sir B.* No! what no mention of the duel? [*Crosses, c.*

*Mrs. C.* (R.) Not a word.

*Sir B.* (C.) O, yes: they fought before they left the room.

*Lady S.* (L.) Pray, let us hear.

*Mrs. C.* Ay, do oblige us with the duel.



*Sir B.* "Sir," says Sir Peter, immediately after the discovery, "you are a most ungrateful fellow."

*Mrs. C.* Ay, to Charles—

*Sir B.* No, no, no—to Mr. Surface—"a most ungrateful fellow; and old as I am, sir," says he, "I insist on immediate satisfaction."

*Mrs. C.* Ay, that must have been to Charles; for 'tis very unlikely Mr. Surface should fight in his own house.

*Sir B.* Gad's life, ma'am, not at all—"Giving me immediate satisfaction." On this, ma'am, Lady Teazle, seeing Sir Peter in such danger, ran out of the room in strong hysterics, and Charles after her, calling out for hartshorn and water; then, madam, they began to fight with swords—

*Enter CRABTREE, L.; crosses L. C.*

*Crab.* With pistols, nephew—pistols; I have it from undoubted authority.

*Mrs. C.* [*Crosses to Crabtree.*] O, Mr. Crabtree, then it is all true!

*Crab.* (L. c.) Too true, indeed, madam, and Sir Peter is dangerously wounded—

*Sir B.* (R.) By a thrust in seagoon quite through his left side—

*Crab.* By a bullet lodged in the thorax.

*Mrs. C.* Mercy on me! Poor Sir Peter!

*Crab.* Yes, madam; though Charles would have avoided the matter, if he could.

*Mrs. C.* I told you who it was; I knew Charles was the person.

*Sir B.* My uncle, I see, knows nothing of the matter.

*Crab.* But Sir Peter taxed him with the basest ingratitude.

*Sir B.* That I told you, you know—

*Crab.* Do, nephew, let me speak!—and insisted on immediate—

*Sir B.* Satisfaction! Just as I said—

*Crab.* Odds life, nephew, allow others to know something too! A pair of pistols lay on the bureau, (for Mr. Surface, it seems, had come home the night before late from Salthill, where he had been to see the Montem with a friend, who has a son at Eton), so, unluckily the pistols were left charged.

*Sir B.* I heard nothing of this.

*Crab.* Sir Peter forced Charles to take one; and they fired, it seems, pretty nearly together. Charles's shot took effect, as I tell you, and Sir Peter's missed; but, what is very extraordinary, the ball struck against a little bronze Shakspeare that stood over the fire-place, grazed out of the window at a right angle, and wounded the postman, who was just coming to the door with a double letter from Northamptonshire.

*Sir B.* My uncle's account is more circumstantial, I confess; but I believe mine is the only true one, for all that.

*Lady S.* I am more interested in this affair than they imagine, and must have better information. [*Aside.*]

[*Exit Lady Sneerwell, L.*]

*Sir B.* Ah! Lady Sneerwell's alarm is very easily accounted for.

*Crab.* Yes, yes, they certainly do say—but that's neither here nor there.

*Mrs. C.* But, pray, where is Sir Peter at present?

*Crab.* Oh! they brought him home, and he is now in the house, though the servants are ordered to deny him.

*Mrs. C.* I believe so, and Lady Teazle, I suppose, attending him.

*Crab.* Yes, yes; and I saw one of the faculty enter just before me.

*Sir B.* Hey! who comes here?

*Crab.* O, this is he: the physician, depend on't.

*Mrs. C.* O, certainly: it must be the physician; and now we shall know.

*Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE, L.*

*Crab.* (R. c.) Well, doctor, what hopes?

*Mrs. C.* (R.) Ay, doctor, how's your patient?

*Sir B.* Now, doctor, isn't it a wound with a small-sword?

[*Coming down on Sir Oliver's L.*]

*Crab.* A bullet lodged in the thorax, for a hundred.

*Sir O.* Doctor! a wound with a small-sword! and a bullet in the thorax! Oons! are you mad, good people?

*Sir B.* (L.) Perhaps, sir, you are not a doctor?

*Sir O.* Truly, I am to thank you for my degree if I am.

*Crab.* Only a friend of Sir Peter's, then, I presume.—

But sir, you must have heard of his accident ?

*Sir O.* Not a word!

*Crab.* Not of his being dangerously wounded ?

*Sir O.* The devil he is !

*Sir B.* Run through the body—

*Crab.* Shot in the breast—

*Sir B.* By one Mr. Surface—

*Crab.* Ay, the younger.

*Sir O.* Hey ! what the plague ! you seem to differ strangely in your accounts : however, you agree that Sir Peter is dangerously wounded.

*Sir B.* O, yes, we agree in that. [*Crosses behind to R.*]

*Crab.* Yes, yes, I believe there can be no doubt of that.

*Sir O.* Then, upon my word, for a person in that situation, he is the most imprudent man alive ; for here he comes walking, as if nothing at all was the matter.

*Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE, L.*

Odd's heart, Sir Peter, you are come in good time, I promise you ; for we had just given you over.

*Sir B.* (R.) Egad, uncle, this is the most sudden recovery !

*Sir O.* (L. c.) Why, man, what do you out of bed with a small sword through your body, and a bullet lodged in your thorax ?

*Sir P.* (L.) A small sword, and a bullet !

*Sir O.* Ay, these gentlemen would have killed you without law or physic, and wanted to dub me doctor, to make me an accomplice.

*Sir P.* Why, what is all this ? [*Crosses to Sir B.*]

*Sir B.* We rejoice, Sir Peter, that the story of the duel is not true, and are sincerely sorry for your other misfortune. [*Goes up a little*]

*Sir P.* So, so ; all over the town already. [*Aside*]

*Crab.* Though, Sir Peter, you were certainly vastly to blame to marry at your years. [*Retires a little up*]

*Sir P.* (R. c.) Sir, what business is that of yours ?

*Mrs. C.* (R.) Though, indeed, as Sir Peter made so good a husband, he's very much to be pitied.

*Sir P.* Plague on your pity, ma'am ! I desire none of it.

[*Mrs. Crabtree crosses, L.*]

*Sir B.* [*Advances on his L.*] However, Sir Peter, you

must not mind the laughing and jests you will meet with on the occasion.

*Sir P.* Sir, sir, I desire to be master in my own house.

*Crab.* 'Tis no uncommon case, that's one comfort.

*Sir P.* I insist on being left to myself: without ceremony—I insist on your leaving my house directly.

*Mrs. C.* Well, well, we are going, and depend on't we'll make the best report of it we can.

*Sir P.* Leave my house!

*Crab.* And tell how hardly you've been treated—

*Sir P.* Leave my house!

*Sir B.* And how patiently you bear it.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Candour, Sir Benjamin, and Crabtree, L.*]

*Sir P.* Leave my house!—Fiends! vipers! furies! Oh! that their own venom would choke them! [*Crosses, L.*]

*Sir O.* They are very provoking, indeed, Sir Peter.

*Enter ROWLEY, L.*

*Row.* I heard high words: what has ruffled you, sir?

*Sir P. (c.)* Pshaw! what signifies asking? Do I ever pass a day without vexations?

*Row.* Well, I'm not inquisitive.

*Sir O. (r.)* Well, I am not inquisitive; I come only to tell you that I have seen both my nephews in the manner we proposed.

*Sir P.* A precious couple they are!

*Row.* Yes, and Sir Oliver is convinced that your judgment was right, Sir Peter.

*Sir O.* Yes, I find Joseph is indeed the man, after all.

*Row.* Ay, as Sir Peter says, he is a man of sentiment.

*Sir O.* And acts up to the sentiments he professes.

*Row.* It certainly is edification to hear him talk.

*Sir O.* Oh, he's a model for the young men of the age! —But, how's this, Sir Peter? You don't join us in your friend Joseph's praise, as I expected.

*Sir P. (c.)* Sir Oliver, we live in a damned wicked world, and the fewer we praise the better.

*Row. (L.)* What! do you say so, Sir Peter, who were never mistaken in your life?

*Sir P. (c.)* Pshaw! Plague on you both! I see by your sneering you have heard the whole affair. I shall go mad among you!



*Row.* Then, to fret you no longer, Sir Peter, we are indeed acquainted with it all. I met Lady Teazle coming from Mr. Surface's, so humble, that she deigned to request me to be her advocate with you.

*Sir P.* And does Sir Oliver know all this?

*Sir O.* Every circumstance.

*Sir P.* What, of the closet and the screen, hey?

*Sir O.* Yes, yes, and the little French milliner. O, I have been vastly diverted with the story! Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir P.* 'Twas very pleasant.

*Sir O.* I never laughed more in my life, I assure you: Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir P.* O, vastly diverting! Ha! ha! ha!

*Row.* To be sure, Joseph with his sentiments. Ha! ha!

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, his sentiments! Ha! ha! ha! Hypocritical villain!

*Sir O.* Ay, and that rogue Charles, to pull Sir Peter out of the closet! Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir P.* Ha! ha! 'Twas devilish entertaining, to be sure.

*Sir O.* Ha! ha! ha! Egad, Sir Peter, I should like to have seen your face when the screen was thrown down! Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, my face when the screen was thrown down! Ha! ha! ha! Oh, I must never show my head again!

*Sir O.* But come, come; it isn't fair to laugh at you, neither, my old friend; though, upon my soul, I can't help it.

*Sir P.* O, pray don't restrain your mirth on my account: it does not hurt me at all! I laugh at the whole affair myself. Yes, yes, I think being a standing joke for all one's acquaintance, a very happy situation. O, yes, and then, of a morning, to read the paragraph about Mr. S——, Lady T——, and Sir P——, will be so entertaining! I shall certainly leave town to-morrow, and never look mankind in the face again. [Crosses, R.]

*Row.* (c.) Without affectation, Sir Peter, you may despise the ridicule of fools: but I see Lady Teazle going towards the next room; I am sure you must desire a reconciliation as earnestly as she does.

*Sir O.* Perhaps my being here prevents her coming to you. [Crosses, L.] Well, I'll leave honest Rowley to medi-

ate between you, but he must bring you all presently to Mr. Surface's, where I am now returning, if not to reclaim a libertine, at least to expose hypocrisy. *[Exit, L.*

*Sir P.* Ah, I'll be present at your discovering yourself there, with all my heart; though 'tis a vile unlucky place for discoveries. She is not coming here, you see, Rowley.

*Row.* No, but she has left the door of that room open, you perceive. See, she is in tears.

*Sir P.* Certainly, a little mortification appears very becoming in a wife. Don't you think it will do her good to let her pine a little?

*Row.* Oh, this is ungenerous in you!

*Sir P.* Well, I know not what to think. You remember the letter I found of hers, evidently intended for Charles?

*Row.* A mere forgery, Sir Peter, laid in your way on purpose. This is one of the points which I intend Snake shall give you conviction of.

*Sir P.* I wish I were once satisfied of that. She looks this way. What a remarkably elegant turn of the head she has! Rowley, I'll go to her.

*Row.* Certainly.

*Sir P.* Though, when it is known that we are reconciled, people will laugh at me ten times more.

*Row.* Let them laugh, and retort their malice only by showing them you are happy in spite of it.

*Sir P.* I'faith, so I will! and, if I'm not mistaken, we may yet be the happiest couple in the county.

*Row.* Nay, Sir Peter, he who once lays aside suspicion—

*Sir P.* Hold, master Rowley! If you have any regard for me, never let me hear you utter any thing like a sentiment: I have had enough of them to serve me the rest of my life. *[Exeunt R.*

### SCENE III.—*The Library.*

*Enter LADY SNEERWELL and JOSEPH SURFACE, L.*

*Lady S.* Impossible! Will not Sir Peter immediately be reconciled to Charles, and of consequence no longer oppose his union with Maria? The thought is distraction to me.

*Joseph.* Can passion furnish a remedy?

*Lady S.* No, nor cunning either. O, I was a fool, an idiot, to league with such a blunderer!

*Joseph.* Sure, Lady Sneerwell, I am the greatest sufferer; yet you see I bear the accident with calmness. Well, I admit I have been to blame. I confess I deviated from the direct road to wrong, but I don't think we're so totally defeated neither.

*Lady S.* No!

*Joseph.* You tell me you have made a trial of Snake since we met, and that you still believe him faithful to us?

*Lady S.* I do believe so.

*Joseph.* And that he has undertaken, should it be necessary, to swear and prove, that Charles is at this time contracted by vows of honour to your ladyship, which some of his former letters to you will serve to support.

*Lady S.* This, indeed, might have assisted.

*Joseph.* Come, come; it is not too late yet. [*Knocking at the door, L.*] But hark! this is probably my uncle, Sir Oliver: retire to that room; we'll consult farther when he is gone.

*Lady S.* Well, but if *he* should find you out, too?

*Joseph.* Oh, I have no fear of that. Sir Peter will hold his tongue for his own credit's sake—and you may depend on it, I shall soon discover Sir Oliver's weak side!

*Lady S.* I have no diffidence of your abilities! only be constant to one roguery at a time. [*Exit Lady Sneerwell, R.*]

*Joseph.* I will, I will. So! 'tis confounded hard, after such bad fortune, to be baited by one's confederates in evil. Well, at all events, my character is so much better than Charles's, that I certainly—Hey!—what!—this is not Sir Oliver, but old Stanley again. Plague on't! that he should return to teaze me just now—I shall have Sir Oliver come and find him here—and—

*Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE, L.*

Gad's life, Mr. Stanley, why have you come back to plague me at this time? You must not stay now, upon my word.

*Sir O. (L.)* Sir, I hear your uncle Oliver is expected here, and though he has been so penurious to you, I'll try what he'll do for me.

*Joseph. (R.)* Sir, 'tis impossible for you to stay now, so

I must beg—Come any other time, and I promise you. you shall be assisted.

*Sir O.* No: Sir Oliver and I must be acquainted.

*Joseph.* Zounds, sir! then I insist on your quitting the room directly.

*Sir O.* Nay, sir—

*Joseph.* Sir, I insist on't: here, William! show this gentleman out. Since you compel me, sir,—not one moment—this is such insolence! [*Going to push him out, L.*]

*Enter CHARLES SURFACE, L.*

*Charles.* Hey day! what's the matter now! What, the devil, have you got hold of my little broker here? Zounds, brother! don't hurt little Premium. [*Crosses, c.*] What's the matter, my little fellow?

*Joseph.* (R.) So! he has been with you too, has he?

*Charles.* (C.) To be sure he has. Why, he's as honest a little—But sure, Joseph, you have not been borrowing money too, have you?

*Joseph.* Borrowing! No! But, brother, you know we expect Sir Oliver here every—

*Charles.* O, Gad, that's true! Noll mustn't find the little broker here, to be sure!

*Joseph.* Yet Mr. Stanley insists—

*Charles.* Stanley! why, his name's Premium.

*Joseph.* No, sir, Stanley.

*Charles.* No, no, Premium.

*Joseph.* Well, no matter which—but—

*Charles.* Ay, ay, Stanley or Premium, 'tis the same thing, as you say; for I suppose he goes by half a hundred names, besides A. B. at the coffee-house.

*Joseph.* 'Sdeath! here's Sir Oliver at the door. Now I beg, Mr. Stanley—

*Charles.* Ay, ay, and I beg, Mr. Premium—

*Sir O.* Gentlemen—

*Joseph.* Sir, by heaven you shall go!

*Charles.* Ay, ay, out with him, certainly!

*Sir O.* This violence—

*Joseph.* Sir, 'tis your own fault.

*Charles.* Out with him, to be sure.

[*Both forcing Sir Oliver out, L.*]



*Enter* LADY TEAZLE and SIR PETER, MARIA, and ROWLEY, L.

*Sir P.* My old friend, Sir Oliver—hey! What in the name of wonder—here are dutiful nephews—assault their uncle at a first visit!

*Lady T.* Indeed, Sir Oliver, 'twas well we came in to rescue you.

*Row.* Truly, it was; for I perceive, Sir Oliver, the character of old Stanley was no protection to you.

*Sir O.* Nor Premium either; the necessities of the former could not extort a shilling from that benevolent gentleman; and with the other, I stood a chance of faring worse than my ancestors, and being knocked down without being bid for.

*Joseph.* (R.) Charles!

*Charles.* (R.) Joseph!

*Joseph.* 'Tis now complete!

*Charles.* Very!

*Sir O.* (C.) Sir Peter, my friend, and Rowley too—look on that elder nephew of mine. You know what he has already received from my bounty; and you also know how gladly I would have regarded half of my fortune as held in trust for him: judge then of my disappointment in discovering him to be destitute of truth, charity, and gratitude.

*Sir P.* Sir Oliver, I should be more surprised at this declaration, if I had not myself found him to be selfish, treacherous, and hypocritical.

*Lady T.* And if the gentleman pleads not guilty to these, pray let him call *me* to his character.

*Sir P.* Then, I believe, we need add no more: if he knows himself, he will consider it as the most perfect punishment, that he is known to the world.

*Charles.* If they talk this way to honesty, what will they say to me, by and bye? [*Aside.*

[*Sir Peter, Lady Teazle, and Maria, retire.*]

*Sir O.* As for that prodigal, his brother, there—

*Charles.* Ay, now comes my turn: the damned family pictures will ruin me. [*Aside.*

*Joseph.* Sir Oliver—uncle, will you honour me with a hearing?

*Charles.* Now if Joseph would make one of his long speeches, I might recollect myself a little. [Aside.

*Sir O.* I suppose you would undertake to justify yourself? [To Joseph.

*Joseph.* I trust I could.

*Sir O.* Nay, if you desert your roguery in its distress, and try to be justified—you have even less principle than I thought you had. [To Charles.] Well, sir! you could justify yourself too, I suppose?

*Charles.* Not that I know of, Sir Oliver.

*Sir O.* What!—Little Premium has been let too much into the secret, I suppose?

*Charles.* True, sir; but they were *family* secrets, and should not be mentioned again, you know.

*Row.* Come, Sir Oliver, I know you cannot speak of Charles's follies with anger.

*Sir O.* Odd's heart, no more I can; nor with gravity either. Sir Peter, do you know, the rogue bargained with me for all his ancestors? sold me judges and generals by the foot, and maiden aunts as cheap as broken china.

*Charles.* To be sure, Sir Oliver, I did make a little free with the family canvass, that's the truth on't. My ancestors may certainly rise up in judgment against me; there's no denying it; but believe me sincere when I tell you—that if I do not appear mortified at the exposure of my follies, it is because I feel at this moment the warmest satisfaction in seeing you, my liberal benefactor.

*Sir O.* Charles, I believe you; give me your hand again: the ill-looking little fellow over the settee has made your peace.

*Charles.* Then, sir, my gratitude to the original is still increased.

*Lady T.* [Advancing, c., Maria on her left hand.] Yet, I believe, Sir Oliver, here is one whom Charles is still more anxious to be reconciled to.

*Sir O.* Oh, I have heard of his attachment there; and, with the young lady's pardon, if I construe right—that blush—

*Sir P.* Well, child, speak your sentiments!

*Maria.* Sir, I have little to say, but that I shall rejoice to hear that he is happy; for me—whatever claim I had

to his attention, I willingly resign to one who has a better title.

*Charles.* How, Maria!

*Sir P.* Hey day! what's the mystery now?—While he appeared an incorrigible rake, you would give your hand to no one else; and now that he is likely to reform, I'll warrant you won't have him.

*Maria.* His own heart and Lady Sneerwell know the cause.

*Charles.* Lady Sneerwell!

*Joseph.* (R.) Brother, it is with great concern I am obliged to speak on this point, but my regard to justice compels me, and Lady Sneerwell's injuries can no longer be concealed. [*Opens the door, R.*

*Enter LADY SNEERWELL, R.*

*Sir P.* So! another French milliner! Egad, he has one in every room in the house, I suppose.

*Lady S.* Ungrateful Charles! Well may you be surprised, and feel for the indelicate situation your perfidy has forced me into.

*Charles.* Pray, uncle, is this another plot of yours? For, as I have life, I don't understand it.

*Joseph.* I believe, sir, there is but the evidence of one person more necessary, to make it extremely clear.

*Sir P.* And that person, I imagine, is Mr. Snake. Rowley, you were perfectly right to bring him with us, and pray let him appear.

*Row.* Walk in, Mr. Snake.

*Enter MR. SNAKE, L.*

I thought his testimony might be wanted: however, it happens unluckily, that he comes to confront Lady Sneerwell, not to support her.

*Lady S.* (R.) A villain! Treacherous to me at last!—Speak, fellow; have you, too, conspired against me!

*Snake.* (L.) I beg your ladyship ten thousand pardons: you paid me extremely liberally for the lie in question; but I, unfortunately, have been offered double to speak the truth.

*Sir P.* Plot and counter-plot! I wish your ladyship joy of your negociation.

*Lady S.* [*Crosses, L.*] The torments of shame and disappointment on you all!

*Lady T.* Hold, Lady Sneerwell: before you go, let me thank you for the trouble you and that gentleman have taken, in writing letters from me to Charles, and answering them yourself; and let me also request you to make my respects to the scandalous college, of which you are president, and inform them, that Lady Teazle, licentiate, begs leave to return the diploma they granted her, as she leaves off practice, and kills characters no longer.

*Lady S.* You, too, madam—provoking—insolent—May your husband live these fifty years! [*Exit, L.*]

*Sir P.* Oons! what a fury!

*Lady T.* A malicious creature, indeed!

*Sir P.* [*On Lady Teazle's right hand.*] What! Not for her last wish?

*Lady T.* O, no!

*Sir O.* Well, sir, and what have you to say now?

*Joseph.* Sir, I am so confounded, to find that Lady Sneerwell could be guilty of suborning Mr. Snake in this manner, to impose on us all, that I know not what to say: however, lest her revengeful spirit should prompt her to injure my brother, I had certainly better follow her directly. For the man who attempts to—[*Crosses and exit, L.*]

*Sir P.* Moral to the last!

*Sir O.* Ay, and marry her,—Joseph, if you can. Egad! you'll do very well together.

*Row.* I believe we have no more occasion for Mr. Snake, at present.

*Snake.* (L.) Before I go, I beg pardon once for all, for whatever uneasiness I have been the humble instrument of causing to the parties present.

*Sir P.* Well, well, you have made atonement by a good deed at last.

*Snake.* But I must request of the company, that it shall never be known.

*Sir P.* Hey—What the plague!—Are you ashamed of having done a right thing once in your life?

*Snake.* Ah, sir, consider,—I live by the badness of my character; and if it were once known that I had been betrayed into an honest action, I should lose every friend I have in the world. [*Exit, L.*]



*Sir O.* Well, well; we'll not traduce you by saying any thing in your praise, never fear.

*Lady T.* See, Sir Oliver, there needs no persuasion now to reconcile your nephew and Maria.

*Sir O.* Ay, ay, that's as it should be; and, egad, we'll have the wedding to-morrow morning.

*Charles.* Thank you, dear uncle!

*Sir P.* What, you rogue! don't you ask the girl's consent first!

*Charles.* Oh, I have done that a long time—a minute ago—and she has looked yes.

*Maria.* For shame, Charles!—I protest, Sir Peter, there has not been a word.

*Sir O.* Well then, the fewer the better;—may your love for each other never know abatement!

*Sir P.* And may you live as happily together as Lady Teazle and I intend to do!

*Charles.* Rowley, my old friend, I am sure you congratulate me; and I suspect that I owe you much.

*Sir P.* Ay, honest Rowley always said you would reform.

*Charles.* Why, as to reforming, Sir Peter, I'll make no promises, and that I take to be a proof that I intend to set about it; but here shall be my monitor—my gentle guide—Ah! can I leave the virtuous path those eyes illumine?

Though thou, dear maid, should'st wave thy beauty's sway,  
Thou still must rule, because I will obey:

An humble fugitive from Folly view,

No sanctuary near but Love and you; [To the audience.

You can, indeed, each anxious fear remove,

For even Scandal dies, if you approve.

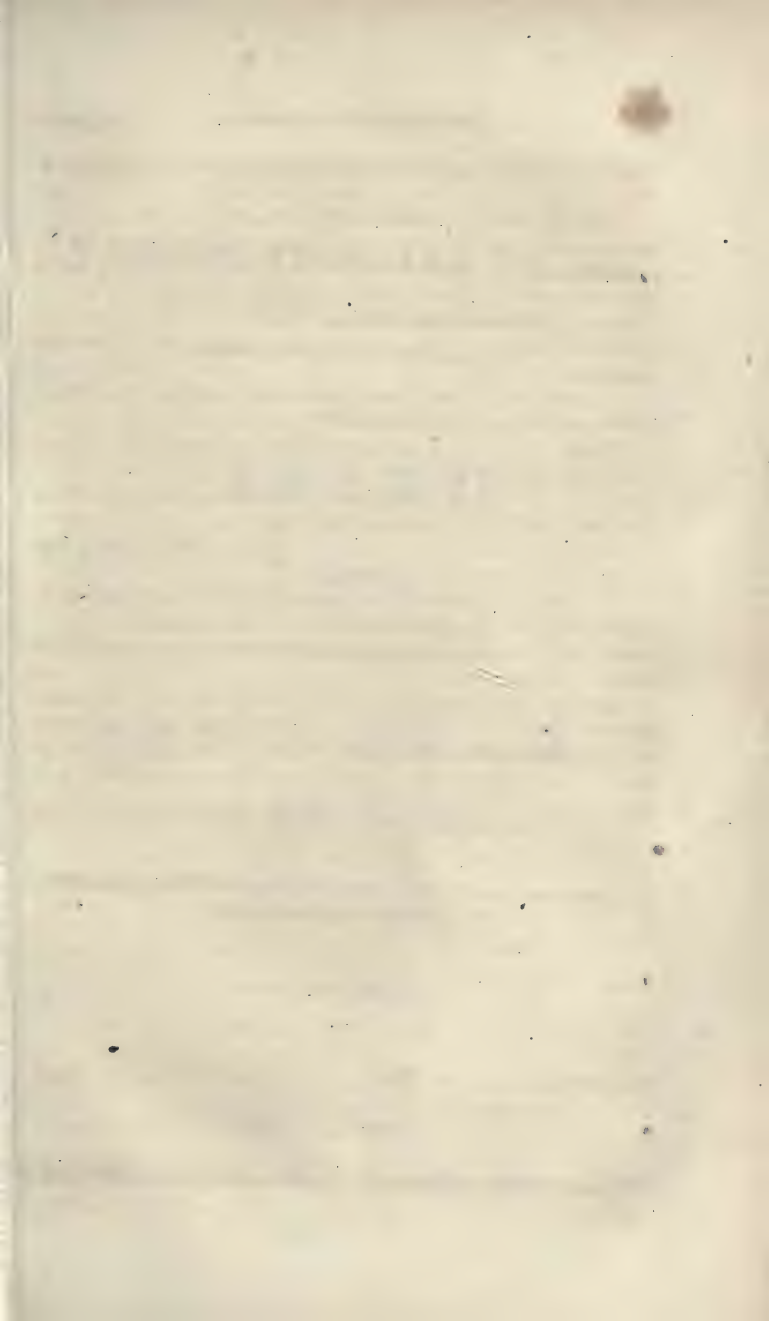
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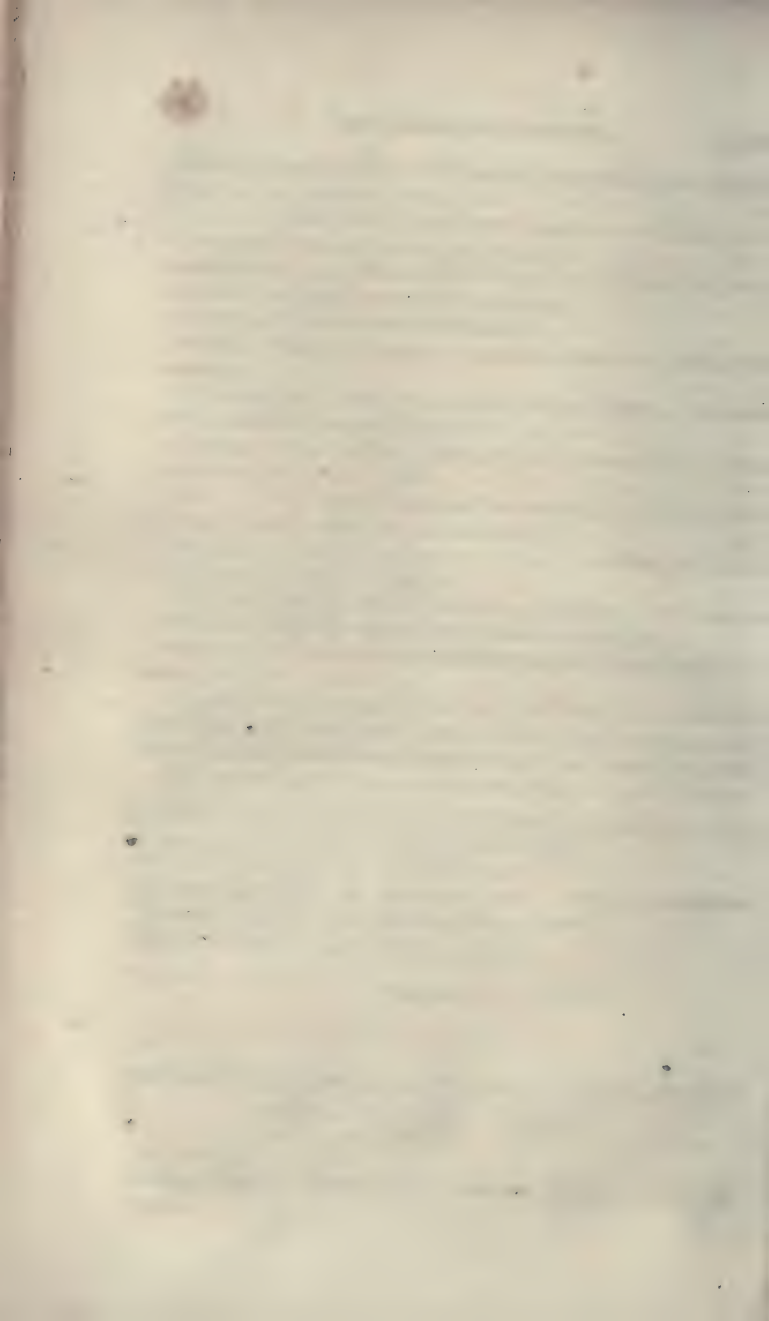
## DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

SIR O., SIR P., LADY T., CHARLES, MARIA, ROWLEY

R.]

[L





No. VIII.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

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

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M O N E Y :

A Comedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

AS PLAYED AT THE PARK THEATRE.

WITH STAGE DIRECTIONS, AND COSTUMES, MARKED AND CORRECTED  
BY J. B. ADDIS, PROMPTER.

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NEW YORK:

BERFORD & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.

1847.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 309

1970

1971

1972

1973

1974

1975

1976

1977

## EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE comedy of "Money" was originally produced the 8th of December, 1840, at the Haymarket Theatre in London. The critic of the *Literary Gazette* says of its performance: "A better acting or better acted play has not been brought out in our day, and we remember 'John Bull.' It often, by its sparkling allusions, recalled the 'School for Scandal' to our minds; and the drop-scene certainly fell upon every act amid bursts of applause at the skill displayed in the construction of these pauses, giving each a scenic effect and interest, which could not be improved. The strength of the play is not in plot—it is meagre; nor in actual and consequential circumstances, for there are some errors and improbabilities. But the genuine power of this performance belongs to an ancient, recognised, and high order of the comic—the power of seizing the characters and manners of the age, and holding the mirror up to society; and that, too, after it has so long been asserted that the progress of civilization had destroyed the materials for such a purpose. The characters all stand out well from the mass. *Dudley, alias Deadly Smooth* (Wrench), the cool, calculating gambler, who, when asked, 'Can you keep a secret?' happily replies, 'I have kept myself,' is one instance; *Graves* (Webster), ever lamenting his lost shrew of a wife, and betrayed into laughable extravagances by his very griefs, winding up the whole by

the witty hit, as he goes off with the widow (Mrs. Glover), 'Sainted Maria! thank Heaven you are spared this affliction!' is another. *Stout* (D. Rees), a radical M.P., all for the enlightenment of the nation, is a third original and striking part. In *Sir John Vesey* (Strickland), also, there are several traits of much originality; and *Sir Frederick Blount* (Lacy), a fashionable coxcomb, is nearly as good. *Lord Glossmore* (Vining), as an aristocratic contrast to *Stout*, is well imagined; and the principal character, that of *Evelyn* (Macready), extremely forcible, both in the feeling, and apparently reckless and bitterly satirical situations, in which he speaks and acts."

The present edition of "Money" conforms to the acting copy prepared for the Park Theatre. It was found impossible to adhere rigidly to the text of the closet edition, and at the same time adapt it to the wants of the actor. The alterations are not, however, of a character to mar the effect of the piece in the reading, while they are calculated to improve it in the acting.

REPORT MADE TO THE

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Main body of very faint, illegible text, likely the report's content.



## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

|   | <i>Haymarket, 1840.</i> | <i>Park, 1845.</i> |
|---|-------------------------|--------------------|
| <i>Alfred Evelyn</i> .....  | Mr. Macready.           | Mr. Chas. Kean.    |
| <i>Sir John Vesey</i> .....   | " Strickland.           | " Bass.            |
| <i>Lord Glossmore</i> .....   | " Vining.               | " Bland.           |
| <i>Sir Frederick Blount</i> .....   | " Lacy.                 | " De Walden.       |
| <i>Stout</i> .....  | " D. Rees.              | " G. Andrews.      |
| <i>Graves</i> .....   | " Webster.              | " Fisher.          |
| <i>Captain Dudley Smooth</i> .....  | " Wrench.               | " Roberts.         |
| <i>Sharp</i> .....  |                         | " Fleming.         |
| <i>Old Member</i> .....   |                         | " Gallot.          |
| <i>Sir John's Servant</i> .....   |                         | " Knight.          |
| <i>Toke</i> .....   |                         |                    |
| <i>Evelyn's Servant</i> .....   |                         |                    |
| <i>First and Second Members</i> .....   |                         |                    |
| <i>Crimson, a Portrait Painter</i> .....  |                         |                    |
| <i>Patent, a Coachmaker</i> .....   |                         |                    |
| <i>Frantz, a Tailor</i> .....   |                         |                    |
| <i>Tabouret, an Upholsterer</i> .....   |                         |                    |
| <i>Grab, a Publisher</i> .....  |                         |                    |
| <i>Clara Douglas</i> .....  |                         | Mrs. Chas. Kean.   |
| <i>Lady Franklin</i> .....  | Mrs. Glover.            | " Vernon.          |
| <i>Georgina</i> .....   |                         | " Abbott.          |
| <i>Officer, Club Members, Flat, Green, &amp;c. Waiters at the Club, Servants.</i> |                         |                    |

} In the representation, the passages  
} in which these characters appear, are  
} usually omitted.

## COSTUMES.

- ALFRED EVELYN.**—*First dress*: Black frock coat and vest, Oxford gray trousers, cloth-top shoes, and black neckerchief.—*Second dress*: Fashionable blue frock coat with velvet collar, buff vest with rolling collar, kerseymere trousers tightly strapped down, polished leather boots, black satin scarf, white riding gloves and black hat.—*Fourth Act, Scene I.*: Brocade dressing-gown.—*For dinner*: Black dress coat lined with black silk, white vest with rolling collar, black kerseymere trousers, black satin cravat embroidered with gold.—*Fifth Act*: Dress of second act.
- STOUT.**—Green cut-off coat with broad tails, striped vest, white cravat with large tie, nankeen trousers without straps, cloth-top shoes, large red pocket handkerchief, white hat with black crape round it, which is removed after the first act.
- SIR JOHN VESEY.**—Black dress coat and trousers, white vest and cravat, white hair, with double eye-glasses hanging by chain round neck.
- GLOSSMORE.**—Black frock coat and trousers, polished leather boots, black vest, white cravat, and light kid gloves.—*Second Act*: Coloured vest.—*Fourth Act*: Full dinner costume.
- GRAVES.**—Body coat and full black suit, black gloves. In third act, a gay-coloured silk handkerchief.
- BLOUNT.**—Fashionable black suit in first act, which is afterwards changed for one of a gay character.
- DUDLEY SMOOTH.**—Fashionable morning costume.—*Second dress*: Frock coat, light coloured pantaloons, glazed leather boots.—*Fourth act*: Very fashionable dinner dress.
- CLARA DOUGLAS.**—*First dress*: black berage walking-dress, high neck and long sleeves, slightly trimmed with black lace; hair plain, black shoes and stockings, black satin apron.—*Second dress*: White muslin demi-toilet, pink ribbons, gold bracelets and ornaments.—*Last dress*: Black velvet walking-dress, with ornaments of malakite and gold.
- LADY FRANKLIN.**—*Three first acts*: A gay-coloured silk dress.—*Fourth act*: Evening dress, with short sleeves and low body.—*Fifth act*: morning costume.
- GEORGINA.**—*First dress*: White muslin, c't high, and long sleeves trimmed with black ribbons and jet ornaments.—*Second act*: Coloured ribbons.—*Fourth act*: Dinner dress.—*Fifth act*: Coloured silk walking-dress and fashionable bonnet.

# M O N E Y .

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## A C T I.

SCENE I.—*A drawing-room in SIR JOHN VESEY'S house; folding doors at the back, which open on another drawing-room. To the right a table with newspapers, books, &c.; to the left a sofa writing-table.*

SIR JOHN, GEORGINA. (R. C.)

*Sir J.* (reading a letter edged with black.) Yes, he says at two precisely. "Dear Sir John, as since the death of my sainted Maria,"—Hum—that's his wife; she made him a martyr, and now he makes her a saint!

*Geo.* Well, as since her death?—

*Sir J.* (reading.) "I have been living in chambers, where I cannot so well invite ladies, you will allow me to bring Mr. Sharp, the lawyer, to read the will of the late Mr. Mordaunt (to which I am appointed executor) at your house—your daughter being the nearest relation. I shall be with you at two precisely."  
HENRY GRAVES."

*Geo.* And you really feel sure that poor Mr. Mordaunt has made me his heiress?

*Sir J.* Ay, the richest heiress in England. Can you doubt it? Are you not his nearest relation? Niece by your poor mother, his own sister. I feel that I may trust you with a secret. You see this fine house—our fine servants—our fine plate—our fine dinners: every one thinks Sir John Vesey a rich man.

*Geo.* And are you not, papa?

*Sir J.* Not a bit of it—all humbug, child—all humbug, upon my soul! There are two rules in life—First, men are valued not for what they *are*, but what they *seem* to be.

Secondly, if you have no merit or money of your own, you must trade on the merits and money of other people. My father got the title by services in the army, and died penniless. On the strength of his services I got a pension of 400*l.* a-year—on the strength of 400*l.* a-year, I took credit for 800*l.*: on the strength of 800*l.* a-year I married your mother with 10,000*l.*: on the strength of 10,000*l.* I took credit for 40,000*l.*, and paid Dickey Gossip three guineas a-week to go about everywhere calling me “Stingy Jack.”

*Geo.* Ha! ha! A disagreeable nickname.

*Sir J.* But a valuable reputation, When a man is called stingy, it is as much as calling him rich; and when a man's called rich, why he's a man universally respected. On the strength of my respectability I wheedled a constituency, changed my politics, resigned my seat to a minister, who, to a man of such stake in the country, could offer nothing less in return than a patent office of 2000*l.* a-year. That's the way to succeed in life. Humbug, my dear!—all humbug, upon my soul!

*Geo.* I must say that you—

*Sir J.* Know the world, to be sure. Now, for your fortune, as I spend all that I have, I can have nothing to leave you; yet even without counting your uncle, you have always passed for an heiress on the credit of your expectations from the savings of “Stingy Jack.” The same with your education. I never grudged anything to make a show—never stuffed your head with histories and homilies; but you draw, you sing, you dance, you walk well into a room; and that's the way young ladies are educated now-a-days in order to become a pride to their parents and a blessing to their husband—that is, when they have caught him. Apropos of a husband: you know we thought of Sir Frederick Blount.

*Geo.* Ah, papa, he is charming.

*Sir J.* He *was so*, my dear, before we knew your poor uncle was dead; but an heiress, such as you will be, should look out for a duke.—Where the deuce is Evelyn this morning?

*Geo.* I've not seen him, papa. What a strange character he is—so sarcastic; and yet he can be agreeable.

*Sir J.* A humorist—a cynic! one never knows how to take him. My private secretary, a poor cousin, has not got a

shilling, and yet, hang me if he does not keep us all at a sort of a distance.

*Geo.* But why do you take him to live with us, papa, since there's no good to be got by it?

*Sir J.* There you are wrong: he has a great deal of talent: prepares my speeches, writes my pamphlets, looks up my calculations. Besides, he *is* our cousin—he has no salary: kindness to a poor relation always tells well in the world; and benevolence is a useful virtue, particularly when you can have it for nothing. With our other cousin, Clara, it was different: her father thought fit to leave me her guardian, though she had not a penny—a mere useless incumbrance; so, you see, I got my half sister, Lady Franklin, to take her off my hands.

*Geo.* How much longer is Lady Franklin's visit to be?

*Sir J.* I don't know, my dear; the longer the better—for her husband left her a good deal of money at her own disposal. Ah, here she comes.

*Enter LADY FRANKLIN and CLARA. R.*

*Sir J.* My dear sister, we were just loud in your praise. But how's this?—not in mourning?

*Lady Frank.* Why should I go into mourning for a man I never saw?

*Sir J.* Still there may be a legacy.

*Lady Frank.* Then there'll be less cause for affliction.  
(*retires up a little.*)

*Sir J.* (*aside.*) Very silly woman! But Clara, I see you are more attentive to the proper decorum; yet you are very, *very*, *VERY* distantly connected with the deceased—a third cousin, I think.

*Clara.* Mr. Mordaunt once assisted my father, and these poor robes are all the gratitude I can show him.

*Sir J.* Gratitude! humph! I am afraid the minx has got expectations.

*Lady Frank.* So, Mr. Graves is the executor—the will is addressed to him? The same Mr. Graves who is always in black—always lamenting his ill fortune and his sainted Maria, who led him the life of a dog?

*Sir J.* The very same. His liveries are black—his carriage is black—he always rides a black galloway—and, faith, if he ever marry again, I think he will show his respect to the sainted Maria by marrying a black woman.



*Lady Frank.* Ha! ha! we shall see.—(*Aside.*) Poor Graves, I always liked him: he made an excellent husband.

*Enter EVELYN, [seats himself R. C. and takes up a book, unobserved.]*

*Sir J.* What a crowd of relations this Will brings to light: Mr. Stout, the Political Economist—Lord Glossmore—

*Lady Frank.* Whose grandfather kept a pawnbroker's shop, and who, accordingly, entertains the profoundest contempt for everything popular, *parvenu*, and plebeian.

*Sir J.* Sir Frederick Blount—

*Lady Frank.* Sir Fwedewick Blount, you mean, who objects to the letter R as being too *wough*, and therefore dwops its acquaintance: one of the new class of prudent young gentlemen, who, not having spirits and constitution for the hearty excesses of their predecessors, entrench themselves in the dignity of a lady-like languor. A man of fashion in the last century was riotous and thoughtless—in this he is tranquil and egotistical. He never does anything that is silly, or says anything that is wise. I beg your pardon, my dear; I believe Sir Frederick is an admirer of yours. Then, too, our poor cousin, the scholar—Oh, Mr. Evelyn, there you are! (*Crosses to L. corner.*)

*Sir J.* Evelyn—the very person I wanted: where have you been all day? Have you seen to those papers?—have you written my epitaph on poor Mordaunt?—Latin, you know!—have you reported my speech at Exeter Hall?—have you looked out the debates on the Customs?—and, oh, have you mended up all the old pens in the study?

*Geor.* And have you brought me the black floss silk?—have you been to Storr's for my ring?—and, as we cannot go out on this melancholy occasion, did you call at Hookham's for the last H. B. and the Comic Annual?

*Eve.* (*Always reading.*) Certainly, Paley is right upon that point; for, put the syllogism thus—(*looking up,*) Ma'am—Sir—Miss Vesey—you want something of me?—Paley observes, that to assist even the undeserving, tends to the better regulation of our charitable feelings—no apologies—I am quite at your service.

*Sir J.* Now he's in one of his humors!

*Lady Frank.* You allow him strange liberties, Sir John.

*Eve.* You will be the less surprised at that, madam, when I inform you that Sir John allows me nothing else. I am now about to draw on his benevolence.

*Lady Frank.* I beg your pardon, sir, and like your spirit. Sir John, I'm in the way, I see; for I know your benevolence is so delicate, that you never allow any one to detect it!  
[*Walks aside a little, L.*]

*Eve.* I could not do your commissions to-day; I have been to visit a poor woman who was my nurse and my mother's last friend. She is very poor, *very*—sick—dying—and she owes six months' rent!

*Sir J.* You know I should be most happy to do anything for yourself. But the nurse—[*aside*] (some people's nurses are always ill!)—there are so many impostors about!—We'll talk of it to-morrow. This most mournful occasion takes up all my attention. [*Looking at his watch.*] Bless me, so late! I've letters to write, and—none of the pens are mended!  
[*Exit, R.*]

*Geor.* [*Taking out her purse.*] I think I will give it to him: and yet, if I don't get the fortune after all!—papa allows me so little!—then I *must* have those ear-rings. [*Puts up the purse.*] Mr. Evelyn, what is the address of your nurse?

*Eve.* [*Writes and gives it.*] She has a good heart with all her foibles!—Ah! Miss Vesey, if that poor woman had not closed the eyes of my lost mother, Alfred Evelyn had not been this beggar to your father.

[*Clara looks over the address.*]

*Geor.* I will certainly attend to it, [*aside*] if I get the fortune.

*Sir J.* [*Calling without.*] Georgy, I say.

*Geor.* Yes, papa.

[*Exit, R.*]

*Evelyn* has seated himself again at the table (to the right) and leans his face on his hands.

*Clara.* His noble spirit bowed to this! Ah, at least here I may give him comfort. [*Sits down to write.*] But he will recognise my hand.

*Lady Frank.* [*Looking over her shoulder.*] What bill are you paying, Clara?—putting up a bank note?

*Clara.* Hush! O, Lady Franklin, you are the kindest of human beings. This is for a poor person—I would not

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*Geor.* [Taking out her purse.] I think I will give it to him: and yet, if I don't get the fortune after all!—papa allows me so little!—then I *must* have those ear-rings. [Puts up the purse.] Mr. Evelyn, what is the address of your nurse?

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[Clara looks over the address.]

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*Geor.* Yes, papa.

[Exit, R.]

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*Lady Frank.* [Looking over her shoulder.] What bill are you paying, Clara?—putting up a bank note?

*Clara.* Hush! O, Lady Franklin, you are the kindest of human beings. This is for a poor person—I would not



have her know whence it came, or she would refuse it. Would you?—No, he knows *her* handwriting also!

*Lady Frank.* Will I—what? give the money myself? with pleasure! Poor Clara—Why this covers all your savings—and I am so rich!

*Clara.* Nay, I would wish to do all myself! It is a pride—a duty—it is a joy; and I have so few joys! But, hush!—this way.

[*They retire into the inner room and converse in dumb show.*]

*Eve.* And thus must I grind out my life for ever!—I am ambitious, and Poverty drags me down!—I have learning, and Poverty makes me the drudge of fools!—I love, and Poverty stands like a spectre before the altar! But, no—if, as I believe, I am but loved again, I will—will—what?—turn opium-eater, and dream of the Eden I may never enter!

*Lady Frank.* [*To Clara.*] Yes, I will get my maid to copy and direct this—she writes well, and *her* hand will will never be discovered. I will have it done, and sent instantly. [*Exit, R.*]

CLARA advances to the front of the stage and seats herself—

EVELYN reading—Enter SIR FREDERICK BLOUNT, R. C.

*Blount.* No one in the woom!—Oh, Miss Douglas!—Pway don't let me disturb you. Where is Miss Vesey—Georgina? [*Taking Clara's chair as she rises.*]

*Eve.* [*Looking up, gives Clara a chair and re-seats himself.*] [*Aside.*] Insolent puppy!

*Clara.* Shall I tell her you are here, Sir Frederick?

*Blount.* Not for the world—vewy pwetty girl this companion!

*Clara.* What did you think of the Panorama the other day, cousin Evelyn?

*Eve.* [*Reading.*]

“I cannot talk with civet in the room,  
A fine puss gentleman that's all perfume!”

Rather good lines these.

*Blount.* Sir!

*Eve.* [*Offering the book.*] Don't you think so?—Cowper.

*Blount.* [*Declining the book.*] Cowper!

*Eve.* Cowper.

*Blount.* [*Shrugging his shoulders, to Clara.*] Stwange

person, Mr. Evelyn!—quite a chawacter!—Indeed the Panowama gives you no idea of Naples—a delightful place. I make it a wule to go there ewevy second year—I am vewy fond of twavelling. You 'd like Wome (Rome)—bad inns, but vewy fine wuins; gives you quite a taste for that sort of thing!

*Eve.* (*Reading.*)

“How much a dunce that has been sent to Rome  
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.”

*Blount.* [*Aside.*] That fellow Cowper says vewy odd things!—Humph!—it is beneath me to quawwell—  
[*Aloud.*] It will not take long to wead the Will, I suppose. Poor old Mordaunt—I am his nearest male welation. He was vewy eccentwic. [*Draws his chair nearer.*] By the way, Miss Douglas, did you wemark my cuwicle? It is bwinging cuwicles into fashion. I should be most happy if you would allow me to dwive you out. Nay—nay—I should, upon my word. [*Trying to take her hand.*

*Eve.* [*Starting up.*] A wasp!—a wasp!—just going to settle. Take care of the wasp, Miss Douglas!

*Blount.* A wasp!—where?—don't bwing it this way!—some people don't mind them. I've a particular dislike to wasps; they sting damnably!

*Eve.* I beg pardon—it's only a gad-fly.

*Enter SERVANT, R.*

*Serv.* Sir John will be happy to see you in his study, Sir Frederick. [*Exit Servant.*

*Blount.* Vewy well. Upon my word, there is something vewy nice about this girl. To be sure, I love Georgina—but if this one would take a fancy to me [*thoughtfully*]—Well, I don't see what harm it could do me!—*Au plaisir!*

[*Exit, R.*

*Eve.* Clara!

*Clara.* Cousin!

*Eve.* And you too are a dependent!

*Clara.* But on Lady Franklin, who seeks to make me forget it.

*Eve.* Ay, but can the world forget it? This insolent condescension—this coxcombry of admiration—more galling than the arrogance of contempt!—Look you now—

robe Beauty in silk and cachemire—hand Virtue into her chariot—lackey their caprices—wrap them from the winds—fence them round with a golden circle—and Virtue and Beauty are as goddesses, both to peasant and to prince. Strip them of the adjuncts—see Beauty and Virtue poor—dependent—solitary—walking the world defenceless; oh, *then* the devotion changes its character—the same crowd gather eagerly around—fools—fops—libertines—not to worship at the shrine, but to sacrifice the victim!

*Clara.* My cousin, you are cruel!

*Eve.* Forgive me! There is a something when a man's heart is better than his fortunes, that makes even affection bitter.

*Clara.* I can smile at the pointless innocence—

*Eve.* Smile—and he took your hand!—Oh, Clara, you know not the tortures that I suffer hourly! When others approach you, young—fair—rich—the sleek darlings of the world—I accuse you of your very beauty—I writhe beneath every smile that you bestow. [*Clara about to speak.*] No—speak not!—my heart has broke its silence, and you shall hear the rest. For you I have endured the weary bondage of this house—the fool's gibe—the hireling's sneer—the bread, purchased by toils, that should have led to loftier ends: yes, to see you—hear you; for this—for this I have lingered, suffered, and forborne. Oh, Clara! we are orphans both—friendless both; you are all in the world to me [*she turns away*]; turn not away—my very soul speaks in these words—I LOVE YOU!

*Clara.* No—Evelyn—Alfred—No! Say it not—think it not! it were madness.

*Eve.* Madness!—Nay, hear me yet. I *am* poor—peniless—a beggar for bread to a dying servant. True!—But I have a heart of iron! I have knowledge—patience—health,—and my love for you gives me at last ambition! I have trifled with my own energies till now, for I despised all things till I loved thee! With you to toil for—your step to support—your path to smooth—and I—I, poor Alfred Evelyn—promise at last to win for you even fame and fortune! Do not withdraw your hand—*this* hand—shall it not be mine? [*Kneels.*]

*Clara.* Ah, Evelyn! Never—never!

*Eve.* Never! [*Rises.*]

*Clara.* Forget this folly; our union is impossible, and to talk of love were to deceive both!

*Eve.* [*Bitterly.*] Because I am poor!

*Clara.* And I too! A marriage of privation—of penury—of days that dread the morrow! I have seen such a lot! Never return to this again. [*Crosses to R.*]

*Eve.* Enough—you are obeyed I deceived myself—ha!—ha!—I fancied that I too was loved. I whose youth is already half gone with care and toil!—whose mind is soured—whom nobody *can* love—who ought to have loved no one!

*Clara.* [*Aside.*] And if it were only *I* to suffer, or perhaps to starve!—Oh, what shall I say? Evelyn—Cousin!

*Eve.* Madam.

*Clara.* Alfred—I—I—

*Eve.* Reject me!

*Clara.* Yes! It is past! [*Exit, R.*]

*Eve.* Let me think. It was yesterday her hand trembled when mine touched it. And the rose I gave her—yes, she pressed her lips to it once when she seemed as if she saw me not. But it was a trap—a trick—for I was as poor then as now. This will be a jest for them all! Well! courage! it is but a poor heart that a coquet's contempt can break! And now that I care for no one, the world is but a great chess-board, and I will sit down in earnest and play with Fortune! [*Retires up to the table, R.*]

*Enter Lord GLOSSMORE, preceded by Servant, R.*

*Serv.* I will tell Sir John, my Lord! [*Exit, R.*]

[*EVELYN takes up the newspaper.*]

*Gloss.* The Secretary—hum!—Fine day, sir; any news from the East? [*to Evelyn.*]

*Eve.* (R.) Yes!—all the wise men have gone back there!

*Gloss.* Ha, ha!—not all, for here comes Mr. Stout, the great political economist.

*Enter STOUT, R.*

*Stout.* (R. c.) Good morning, Glossmore.

*Gloss.* (L.) *Glossmore!*—the Parvenu!

*Stout.* Afraid I might be late—been detained at the Vestry—astonishing how ignorant the English poor are!—took me an hour and a half to beat it into the head of a stupid old widow, with nine children, that to allow her



*Sharp.* [*reading.*] "I, Frederick James Mordaunt, of Calcutta, being at the present date of sound mind, though infirm body, do hereby give, will and bequeath—*imprimis*, to my second cousin, Benjamin Stout, Esq., of Pall Mall, London—[*Chorus exhibit lively emotion*—being the value of the Parliamentary Debates, with which he has been pleased to trouble me for some time past—deducting the carriage thereof which he always forgot to pay—the sum of 14*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.* [*Chorus breathe more freely.*

*Stout.* Eh! what!—14*l.*? Oh, hang the old miser!

*Sir J.* Decency—decency! Proceed, Sir.

*Sharp.* "Item—To Sir Frederick Blount, Baronet, my nearest male relative—[*chorus exhibit lively emotion*—

*Blount.* Poor old boy!

[*Georgina puts her arm over Blount's chair.*

*Sharp.* "Being, as I am informed, the best dressed young gentleman in London, and in testimony to the only merit I ever heard he possessed, the sum of 500*l.* to buy a dressing case. [*Chorus breathe more freely; Georgina catches her father's eye, and removes her arm.*]

*Blount.* [*Laughing confusedly.*] Ha! Ha! Ha! Vewy poor wit—low!—vewy—vewy low!

*Sir J.* Silence, now, will you?

*Sharp.* "Item.—To Charles Lord Glossmore—who asserts that he is my relation—my collection of dried butterflies, and the pedigree of the Mordaunts from the reign of King John.

[*Chorus as before.*

*Gloss.* Butterflies!—pedigree!—I disown the plebeian!

*Sir J.* [*Angrily.*] Upon my word, this is too revolting! Decency—go on.

*Sharp.* "Item.—To Sir John Vesey, Baron, Knight of the Guelph, F. R. S., F. S. A., &c.— [*Chorus as before.*

*Sir J.* Hush! Now it is really interesting!

*Sharp.* "Who married my sister, and who sends me every year the Cheltenham waters, which nearly gave me my death—I bequeath—the empty bottles.

*Sir J.* Why, the ungrateful, rascally, old—

*Chorus.* Decency, Sir John—decency!

*Sharp.* "Item.—To Henry Graves, Esq., of the Albany—

[*Chorus as before.*

*Graves.* Pooh, gentlemen—my usual luck—not even a ring, I dare swear!

*Sharp.* "The sum of 5,000*l.* in the Three per Cents.

*Lady Frank.* I wish you joy!

*Graves.* Joy—pooh! Three per Cents!—Funds sure to go! Had it been *land* now—though only an acre!—just like my luck.

*Sharp.* "Item—To my niece Georgina Vesey—

[*Chorus as before.*]

*Sir J.* Ah, now it comes!

*Sharp.* "The sum of 10,000*l.* India stock, being, with her father's reputed savings, as much as a single woman ought to possess.

*Sir J.* And what the devil, then, does the old fool do with all his money?

*Chorus.* Really, Sir John, this too revolting. Decency! Hush!

*Sharp.* "And, with the aforesaid legacies and exceptions, I do will and bequeath the whole of my fortune, in India stock, bonds, exchequer bills, three per cents, consols, and in the bank of Calcutta (constituting him hereby sole residuary legatee and joint executor with the aforesaid Henry Graves, Esq.) to Alfred Evelyn, now or formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge—[*Universal excitement.*]—Being, I am told, an oddity, like myself—the only one of my relations who never fawned on me, and who, having known privation, may the better employ wealth." [All rise.] And now, sir, I have only to wish you joy, and give you this letter from the deceased—I believe it is important. [Gives letter to Evelyn.]

*Eve.* [Crossing over to Clara.] Ah, Clara, if you had but loved me!

*Clara.* [Turning away.] And his wealth, even more than poverty, separates us for ever!

[All surround Evelyn with congratulations.]

*Sir J.* [To Georgina.] Go, child—put a good face on it,—he's an immense match! My dear fellow, I wish you joy: you are a great man now—a very great man!

*Eve.* [Aside.] And her voice alone is silent!

*Lord Gloss.* If I can be of any use to you—

*Stout.* Or I, sir—

*Blount.* Or I? Shall I put you up at the clubs?

*Sharp.* You will want a man of business. I transacted all Mr. Mordaunt's affairs

*Sir J.* Tush, tush! Mr. Evelyn is at home *here*. Always looked on him as a son. Nothing in the world we would not do for him! Nothing!

*Eve.* Lend me 10*l.* for my old nurse!

[*Chorus put their hands into their pockets.*]

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## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An anteroom in Evelyn's new house; at one corner, behind a large screen, Mr. SHARP writing at a desk, books and parchments before him.—Mr. CRIMSON, the portrait painter; Mr. GRAB, the publisher; Mr. TABOURET, the upholsterer; Mr. PATENT, the coachmaker; and Mr. FRANTZ, the tailor. Servants in livery cross to and fro the stage.*

*Pat.* [To *Frantz*, showing a drawing] Yes, sir; this is the Evelyn vis-a-vis! No one more the fashion than Mr. Evelyn. Money makes the man, sir.

*Frantz.* But de tailor, de schneider, make de gentleman! where de faders and de mutters make only de ugly little naked boys!

*Door at the back thrown open.—Enter EVELYN.*

*Eve.* A levee, as usual. Good day. Ah, Tabouret, your designs for the draperies; very well. And what do you want, Mr. Crimson?

*Crim.* Sir, if you'd let me take your portrait, it would make my fortune. Every one says you're the finest judge of paintings.

*Eve.* Of paintings! paintings! Are you sure I'm a judge of paintings?

*Crim.* Oh, sir, did'nt you buy the great Correggio for 4000*l.*?

*Eve.* True—I see. So 4000*l.* makes me an excellent judge of paintings. I'll call on you, Mr. Crimson. Good day. Mr. Grab—oh, you're the publisher who once refused me 5*l.* for my poem? you are right: it was sad doggre.

*Grab.* Doggrel! Mr. Evelyn, it was sublime! But times were bad then.

*Eve.* Very bad times with me.

*Grab.* But, now, sir, if you give me the preference, I'll push it, sir—I'll push it! I only publish for poets in high life, sir; and a gentleman of your station ought to be pushed!—500*l.* for the poem, sir!

*Eve.* 500*l.* when I don't want it, where 5*l.* once would have seemed a fortune.

"Now I am rich, what value in the lines!

How the wit brightens—how the sense refines!"

• [Turns to the rest who surround him.]

*Pat.* [Showing drawing.] The Evelyn vis-à-vis!

*Frantz.* [Opening his bundle and with dignity.] Sare, I have brought de coat—de great Evelyn coat.

*Eve.* Oh, go to—that is, go home!—Make me as celebrated for vis-à-vis', salvers, furniture, and coats, as I already am for painting, and shortly shall be for poetry. I resign myself to you—go! [Exeunt Patent, &c. R.]

Enter STOUT, R.

*Eve.* Stout, you look heated!

*Stout.* I hear you have just bought the great Groginhole property.

*Eve.* It is true. Sharp says it's a bargain.

*Stout.* Well, my dear friend Hopkins, member for Groginhole, can't live another month—but the interests of mankind forbid regret for individuals! The patriot Popkins intends to start for the boro' the instant Hopkins is dead!—your interest will secure his election!—now is your time!—put yourself forward in the march of enlightenment?—By all that is bigoted here comes Glossmore!

[Crosses to L.]

Enter GLOSSMORE, R.; SHARP still at his desk.

*Gloss.* So lucky to find you at home! Hopkins, of Groginhole, is not long for this world. Popkins the brewer, is already canvassing underhand (so very ungentlemanlylike!) Keep your interest for young Lord Cipher—a valuable candidate. This is an awful moment—the CONSTITUTION depends on his return! Vote for Cipher!

*Stout.* Popkins is your man!

*Eve.* [Musingly.] Cipher and Popkins—Popkins and



Cipher! Enlightenment and Popkins—Cipher and the Constitution! I AM puzzled! Stout, I am not known at Groginhole.

*Stout.* Your *property's* known there!

*Eve.* But purity of election—independence of votes—

*Stout.* To be sure: Cipher bribes *abominably*. Frustrate his schemes—preserve the liberties of the borough—turn every man out of his house who votes against enlightenment and Popkins!

*Eve.* Right!—down with those who take the liberty to admire any liberty except *our* liberty! That *is* liberty!

*Gloss.* Cipher has a stake in the country—will have 50,000*l.* a-year—Cipher will never give a vote without considering beforehand how people of 50,000*l.* a-year will be affected by the motion.

*Eve.* Right: for as without law there would be no property, so to be the law for property is the only proper property of law!—That *is* law!

*Stout.* Popkins is all for economy—there's a sad waste of the public money—they give the Speaker 5,000*l.* a-year, when I've a brother-in-law who takes the chair at the vestry, and who assures me confidentially he'd consent to be Speaker for half the money!

*Gloss.* Enough, Mr. Stout. Mr. Evelyn has too much at stake for a leveller.

*Stout.* And too much sense for a bigot.

*Eve.* Mr. Evelyn has no politics at all!—Did you ever play at *battledore*?

*Both.* Battledore!

*Eve.* Battledore!—that is, a contest between two parties: both parties knock about something with singular skill—something is kept up—high—low—here—there—everywhere—nowhere! How grave are the players! how anxious the by-standers! how noisy the *battledores*! But when this something falls to the ground, only fancy—it's nothing but cork and feather! Go, and play by yourselves,—I'm no hand at it! [*Crosses, L.*]

*Stout.* [*Aside.*] Sad ignorance!—Aristocrat!

*Gloss.* Heartless principles!—Parvenu!

*Stout.* Then you don't go *against* us!—I'll bring Popkins to-morrow.

*Gloss.* Keep yourself free till I present Cipher to you.

*Stout.* I must go to inquire after Hopkins. The return of Popkins will be an era in history. [Exit, R.]

*Gloss.* I must be off to the club—the eyes of the country are upon Groginhole. If Cipher fail, the constitution is gone! [Exit, R.]

*Eve.* [At table, R.] Sharp, come here, [Sharp advances,] let me look at you! You are my agent, my lawyer, my man of business. I believe you honest; but what is honesty?—where does it exist?—in what part of us?

*Sharp.* In the heart, I suppose.

*Eve.* Mr. Sharp, it exists in the pocket! Observe! I lay this piece of yellow earth on the table—I contemplate you both; the man there—the gold here—! Now, there is many a man in yonder streets, honest as you are, who moves, thinks, feels, and reasons as well as we do; excellent in form—imperishable in soul; who, if his pockets were three days empty, would sell thought, reason, body, and soul too, for that little coin! Is that the fault of the man?—no! it is the fault of mankind! God made man—Sir, behold what mankind have made a god! When I was poor I hated the world; now I am rich I despise it. [Rises.] Fools—knaves—hypocrites! By the by, Sharp, send 100*l.* to the poor bricklayer whose house was burnt down yesterday.

*Enter GRAVES, R.*

Ah, Graves, my dear friend! what a world this is!

*Graves.* It is an atrocious world!—it will be set on fire one day,—and that's some comfort!

*Eve.* Every hour brings its gloomy lesson—the temper sours—the affections wither—the heart hardens into stone! Zounds! Sharp! what do you stand gaping there for?—have you no bowels?—why don't you go and see to the bricklayer. [Exit Sharp, R.]

*Eve.* Graves, of all my new friends—and their name is Legion; you are the only one I esteem; there is sympathy between us—we take the same views of life. I am cordially glad to see you!

*Graves.* [Groaning.] Ah! why should you be glad to see a man so miserable?

*Eve.* [Sighs.] Because I am miserable myself!

*Graves.* You! Pshaw! you have not been condemned to lose a wife?

*Eve* But, plague on it, man, I may be condemned to take one! Sit down and listen. [*They seat themselves.*] I want a confidant! Left fatherless when yet a boy, my poor mother grudged herself food to give me education. Some one had told her that learning was better than house and land—that's a lie, Graves.

*Graves.* A scandalous lie, Evelyn!

*Eve.* On the strength of that lie I was put to school—sent to college, a sizar. Do you know what a sizar is? In pride he is a gentleman—in knowledge a scholar—and he crawls about, amidst gentlemen and scholars, with the livery of a pauper on his back! I carried off the great prizes—I became distinguished—I looked to a high degree, leading to a fellowship; that is, an independence for myself—a home for my mother. One day a young lord insulted me—I retorted—he struck me—refused apology—refused redress. I was a sizar! a Pariah!—a thing to be struck! Sir, I was at least a man, and I horsewhipped him in the hall before the eyes of the whole college! A few days, and the lord's chastisement was forgotten. The next day the sizar was expelled—the career of a life blasted. That is the difference between rich and poor: it takes a whirlwind to move the one—a breath may uproot the other! I came to London. As long as my mother lived I had one to toil for; and I did toil—did hope—did struggle to be something yet. She died, and then, somehow, my spirit broke—I resigned my spirit to my fate—I ceased to care what became of me. At last I submitted to be the poor relation—the hanger-on and gentleman-lackey of Sir John Vesey. But I had an object in that; there was one in that house whom I had loved at the first sight.

*Graves.* And were you loved again?

*Eve.* I fancied it, and was deceived. Not an hour before I inherited this mighty wealth, I confessed my love, and was rejected because I was poor. Now, mark: you remember the letter which Sharp gave me when the will was read?

*Graves.* Perfectly: what were the contents?

*Eve.* After hints, cautions, and admonitions—half in irony, half in earnest, (Ah, poor Mordaunt had known the world!) it proceeded—but I'll read it to you:—"Having selected you as my heir, because I think money a trust to be

placed where it seems likely to be best employed, I now—not impose a condition, but ask a favor. If you have formed no other and insuperable attachment, I could wish to suggest your choice: my two nearest female relations are my niece Georgina and my third cousin, Clara Douglas, the daughter of a once dear friend. If you could see in either of these one whom you could make your wife, such would be a marriage that, if I live long enough to return to England, I would seek to bring about before I die.” My friend, this is not a legal condition; the fortune does not rest on it; yet, need I say, that my gratitude considers it a moral obligation? Several months have elapsed since thus called upon—I ought now to decide: you hear the names—Clara Douglas is the woman who rejected me!

*Graves.* But now she would accept you!

*Eve.* And do you think I am so base a slave to passion, that I would owe to my gold what was denied to my affection?

*Graves.* But you must choose one in common gratitude; you ought to do so—yes, there you are right.

*Eve.* Of the two, then, I would rather marry where I should exact the least. A marriage, to which each can bring sober esteem and calm regard, may not be happiness, but it may be content. But to marry one whom you could adore, and whose heart is closed to you—to yearn for the treasure, and only to claim the casket—to worship the statue that you may never warm to life—Oh! such a marriage would be a hell the more terrible because Paradise was in sight.

*Graves.* Georgina is pretty, but vain and frivolous.—*[Aside.]* But he has no right to be fastidious—he has never known Maria!—*[Aloud.]* Yes, my dear friend, now I think on it, you will be as wretched as myself! When you are married we will mingle our groans together!

*Eve.* You may misjudge Georgina; she may have a nobler nature than appears on the surface. On the day, but before the hour, in which the will was read, a letter, in a strange or disguised hand, “*from an unknown Friend to Alfred Evelyn,*” and enclosing what to a girl would have been a considerable sum, was sent to a poor woman for whom I had implored charity, and whose address I had given only to Georgina.



*Graves.* Why not assure yourself?

*Eve.* Because I have not dared. For sometimes, against any reason, I have hoped that it might be Clara! [*Taking letter from his bosom and looking at it.*] No, I can't recognise the hand. Graves, I detest that girl! [*Rises.*]

*Graves.* Who? Georgina?

*Eve.* No; but I've already, thank heaven! taken some revenge upon her. Come nearer. [*Whispers.*] I've bribed Sharp to say that Mordaunt's letter to me contained a codicil leaving Clara Douglas 20,000*l.*

*Graves.* And didn't it?

*Eve.* Not a farthing! But I'm glad of it—I've paid the money—she's no more a dependant. No one can insult her now—she owes it all to me, and does not guess it, man, does not guess! owes it to me whom she rejected;—me, the poor scholar! Ha! ha! there's some spite in that, eh?

*Graves.* You're a fine fellow, Evelyn, and we understand each other. Perhaps Clara may have seen the address, and dictated this letter, after all!

*Eve.* Do you think so?—I'll go to the house this instant. (R.)

*Graves.* Eh? Humph! Then I'll go with you. That Lady Franklin is a fine woman. If she were not so gay, I think—I could—

*Eve.* No; no; don't think any such thing: women are even worse than men.

*Graves.* True; to love is a boy's madness!

*Eve.* To feel is to suffer!

*Graves.* To hope is to be deceived.

*Eve.* I have done with romance!

*Graves.* Mine is buried with Maria!

*Eve.* If Clara did but write this!—

*Graves.* Make haste, or Lady Franklin will be out!—A vale of tears—a vale of tears!

*Eve.* A vale of tears, indeed!

[*Exeunt, R.*]

*Re-enter GRAVES for his hat.*

And I left my hat behind me! Just like my luck! If I had been bred a hatter, little boys would have come into the world without heads!

[*Exit, R.*]

SCENE II.—*Drawing rooms at SIR JOHN VESEY'S, as in Scene I., Act I.*

*Enter LADY FRANKLIN and CLARA, R. C. laughing.*

*Clara.* Dear Lady Franklin, you really have the sweetest temper!

*Lady Frank.* (R.) I hope so—for it's the most becoming thing a woman can wear! Think of that when you marry. Oh, talking of marriage, I've certainly made a conquest of Mr. Graves.

*Clara.* Mr. Graves! I thought he was inconsolable.

*Lady Frank.* For his sainted Maria! Poor man! not contented with plaguing him while she lived, she must needs haunt him now she is dead.

*Clara.* But why does he regret her?

*Lady Frank.* Why? Because he has everything to make him happy. Easy fortune, good health, respectable character. And since it is his delight to be miserable, he takes the only excuse the world will allow him. For the rest, it's the way with widowers; that is, whenever they mean to marry again. But, my dear Clara, you seem absent—pale—unhappy;—tears, too!

*Clara.* No—no—not tears. No!

*Lady Frank.* Ever since Mr. Mordaunt left you 20,000*l.* every one admires you. Sir Frederick is desperately smitten.

*Clara.* [*With disdain.*] Sir Frederick!

*Lady Frank.* Ah! Clara, be comforted—I know your secret: I am certain that Evelyn loves you.

*Clara.* He did—it is past now. He misconceived me when he was poor; and now he is rich, it is not for me to explain.

*Lady Frank.* My dear child, happiness is too rare to be sacrificed to a scruple. Why does he come here so often?

*Clara.* Perhaps for Georgina!

*Enter SIR JOHN, R. C., and turns over the books, &c. on the table, as if to look for the newspaper.*

*Lady Frank.* Pooh! Georgina is my niece; she is handsome and accomplished—but her father's worldliness has spoilt her nature—she is not worthy of Evelyn! Let

me only tell him that you dictated that letter—that you sent that money to his old nurse. Poor Clara! it was your little all. He will then know, at least, if avarice be your sin.

*Clara.* He would have guessed it, had *his* love been like *mine*.

*Lady Frank.* Guessed it—nonsense! The handwriting unknown to him—every reason to think it came from Georgina.

*Sir J.* [*Aside, R.—at table.*] Hum! came from Georgina!

*Lady Frank.* Come, let me tell him *this*. I know the effect it would have upon his choice.

*Clara.* Choice! oh, that humiliating word! No, Lady Franklin, no! Promise me!

*Lady Frank.* But—

*Clara.* No! Promise—faithfully—sacredly. I have refused to share his poverty, and I should die with shame if he thought I had now grown enamored of his wealth. My kind friend, you will keep your promise?

*Lady Frank.* Yes, since it must be so.

*Clara.* Thanks. I—I—forgive me—I am not well.

[*Exit, R.*]

*Lady Frank.* What fools these girls are!—they take as much pains to lose a husband as a poor widow does to get one!

*Sir J.* Have you seen the Times newspaper? Where the deuce is the newspaper? I can't find the Times newspaper.

*Lady Frank.* I think it is in my room. Shall I fetch it?

*Sir J.* My dear sister—you're the best creature. Do!

[*Exit Lady Frank., R.*]

Ugh! you unnatural conspirator against your own family! What can this *letter* be? Ah! I recollect something.

*Enter GEORGINA, R. C.*

*Geor. (L.)* Papa, I want—

*Sir J.* Yes, I know what you want, well enough! Tell me—were you aware that Clara had sent money to that old nurse Evelyn bored us about the day of the will?

*Geor.* No! He gave me the address, and I promised, if—

*Sir J.* Gave you *the address*?—that's lucky! Hush!

*Enter GRAVES, EVELYN, and SERVANT, R.*

*Servant.* Mr. Graves—Mr. Evelyn. [*Exit Serv., R.*]

*Lady Frank.* [*Returning.*] Here is the newspaper.

*Graves.* Ay—read the newspapers!—they'll tell you what this world is made of. Daily calendars of roguery and woe! Advertisements from quacks, money-lenders, cheap warehouses, and spotted boys with two heads!—Turn to the other column—police reports, bankruptcies, swindling, forgery—Turn to the leading article! and your hair will stand on end at the horrible wickedness or melancholy idiotism of that half of the population who think differently from yourself. In my day I have seen already eighteen crises, six annihilations of Agriculture and Commerce, four overthrows of the Church, and three last, final, awful, and irremediable destructions of the entire Constitution! And that's a newspaper—a newspaper—a newspaper!

*Lady Frank.* (R. C.) Ha! ha! your usual vein! always so amusing and good humored!

*Graves.* [*Frowning and very angry.*] Ma'am—good-humored!—

*Lady Frank.* Ah! you should always wear that agreeable smile; you look so much younger—so much handsomer, when you smile!

*Graves.* [*softened.*] Ma'am—a charming creature, upon my word!

*Lady Frank.* You have not seen the last H. B.? it is excellent. I think it might make you laugh. But, by-the-by, I don't think you can laugh. [*Aside.*]

*Graves.* Ma'am—I have not laughed since the death of my sainted Ma—

*Lady Frank.* Ah! and that spiteful Sir Frederick says you never laugh, because—but you'll be angry?

*Graves.* Angry!—pooh! I despise Sir Frederick too much to let anything he says have the smallest influence over me! He says I don't laugh, because—

*Lady Frank.* You have lost your front teeth!

*Graves.* Lost my front teeth! Upon my word! ha! ha! ha! That's too good—capital! Ha! ha! ha! [*Laughing from ear to ear.*]

*Lady Frank.* Ha! ha! ha!

[*They retire to the table in the inner drawing-room.*]



*Eve.* [*Aside, at R. table.*] Of course Clara will not appear!—avoids me as usual! But what do I care?—what is she to me? Nothing! I'll swear this is her glove!—no one else has so small a hand. She'll miss it—so—so! Nobody's looking—I'll keep it just to vex her.

*Sir J.* [*To Georgina.*] Yes, yes—leave me to manage: you took his portrait, as I told you.

*Geor.* Yes—but I could not catch the expression. I got Clara to touch it up.

*Sir J.* That girl's always in the way!

*Enter CAPTAIN DUDLEY SMOOTH, R.*

*Smooth.* Good morning, dear John. Ah, Miss Vesey, you have no idea of the conquests you made at Almack's last night!

*Eve.* [*Examining him curiously while Smooth is talking to Georgina, (R.) at table.*] And that's the celebrated Dudley Smooth!

*Sir J.* (R.) More commonly called Deadly Smooth!—the finest player at whist, ecarté, billiards, chess, and piquet, between this and the Pyramids—the sweetest manners!—always calls you by your Christian name. But take care how you play cards with him!

*Eve.* He does not cheat, I suppose?

*Sir J.* No! but he always wins! He's an uncommonly clever fellow!

*Eve.* Clever? yes! When a man steals a loaf, we cry down the knavery—when a man diverts his neighbor's mill-stream to grind his own corn, we cry up the cleverness!—and every one courts Captain Dudley Smooth!

*Sir J.* Why, who could offend him? the best bred, civilest creature—and a dead shot! There is not a cleverer man in the three kingdoms.

*Eve.* A study—a study!—let me examine him! Such men are living satires on the world.

*Smooth.* [*Passing his arm caressingly over Sir John's shoulder.*] My dear John, how well you are looking! A new lease of life! Introduce me to Mr. Evelyn.

*Eve.* Sir, it's an honor I've long ardently desired.

[*Crosses to him. They bow and shake hands.*

*Enter* SIR FREDERICK BLOUNT, R.

*Blount.* How d'ye do, Sir John. Ah, Evelyn—I wished so much to see you!

*Blount.* A little this way. You know, perhaps, that I once paid my addresses to Miss Vesey; but since that vewy eccentwic will Sir John has shuffled me off, and hints at a pwior attachment—[*aside*—which I know to be false.

*Eve.* [*Seeing Clara.*] A prior attachment!—(Ha! Clara!) Well, well, another time, my dear Blount.

*Enter* CLARA, R.

*Blount.* Stay a moment—I want you to do me a favor with regard to Miss Douglas!

*Eve.* Miss Douglas!

*Blount.* Clawa has 20,000*l.* And I think, Clawa always liked me a little.

*Eve.* You! I dare say she did!

*Blount.* It is whispered about that you mean to pwopose to Georgina. Nay, Sir John more than hinted that was her pwior attachment!

*Eve.* Indeed!

*Blount.* Now, as you are all in all with the family, if you could say a word for me to Miss Douglas, I don't see what harm it could do me!—[*Aside.*] I will punish Georgina for her pwerfity.

*Eve.* 'Sdeath, man! speak for yourself! you are just the sort of man for young ladies to like—they understand you—You're of their own level. Pshaw! you're too modest—you want no mediator!

*Blount.* My dear fellow, you flatter me. I'm well enough in my way. But you, you know, would cawwy ewewything before you!—you're so confoundedly wick!

*Eve.* [*Turning to Clara.*] Miss Douglas, what do you think of Str Frederick Blount? Observe him. He is well dressed—young—tolerably handsome [*Blount bowing*—bows with an air—has plenty of small talk—everything to captivate. Yet he thinks that if he and I were suitors to the same lady, I should be more successful because I am richer? What say you? Is love an auction? and *do* women's hearts go to the highest bidder?

*Clara.* Their hearts? No!

*Eve.* But their hands—yes! [*She turns away.*] You turn away. Ah, you dare not answer that question!

*Geor.* [*Aside.*] Sir Frederick flirting with Clara? I'll punish him for his perfidy. You are the last person to talk so, Mr. Evelyn!—you, whose wealth is your smallest attraction—you, whom every one admires, so witty, such taste! such talent! Ah, I'm very foolish!

*Sir John.* [*Clapping him on the shoulder.*] You must not turn my little girl's head. Oh, you're a sad fellow! Apropos, I must show you Georgina's last drawings. She has wonderfully improved since you gave her lessons in perspective.

*Geor.* No, papa—No! pray, no! Nay, don't!

*Sir John.* Nonsense, child!—it's very odd, but she's more afraid of you than of any one!

*Smooth.* [*To Blount, taking snuff.*] He's an excellent father, our dear John, and supplies the place of a mother to her. [*Turns away to Lady Franklin and Graves.*]

*Evelyn and Georgina seat themselves stand look over the drawings: Sir John leans over them; Sir Frederick converses with Clara; Evelyn watching them.*

*Eve.* Beautiful!—a view from Tivoli. (Death! she looks down while he speaks to her!) Is there not a little fault in that coloring? (She positively blushes!) This Jupiter is superb. (What a d—d coxcomb it is! [*Rising.*]) Oh, she certainly loves him—I too can be loved elsewhere—I too can see smiles and blushes on the face of another!

*Geor.* Are you not well?

*Eve.* I beg pardon. Yes, you are indeed improved! Ah, who so accomplished as Miss Vesey?

[*Takes up the drawings; pays her marked attention in dumb show.*]

*Clara.* Yes, Sir Frederick, the concert was very crowded! (Ah, I see that Georgina consoles him for the past! He has only praises for her, nothing but taunts for me!)

*Blount.* I wish you would take my opewa box next Saturday—'t is the best in the house. I'm not wick, but I spend what I have on myself! I make a point to have evewything the best in a quiet way. Best opewa box—best dogs—best horses—best house of its kind. I want nothing to complete my establishment but the best wife!

*Clara* [*Abstractedly.*] That will come in good time, Sir Frederick.

*Eve.* Georgina refused the trifle—*she* courts him [*Taking up a portrait.*] Why, what is this?—my own—

*Geor.* You must not look at that—you must not indeed. I did not know it was there!

*Sir John.* Your own portrait, Evelyn! Why, child! I was not aware you took likenesses?—that's something new! Upon my word it's a strong resemblance.

*Geor.* Oh, no—it does not do him justice. Give it to me. I will tear it.—[*Aside.*] That odious Sir Frederick!

*Eve.* Nay, you shall not.

*Clara.* (So—so—he loves her then! Misery—misery? But he shall not perceive it! No—no—I can be proud too.) Ha! ha!—Sir Frederick—excellent—excellent—you are so entertaining—ha! ha! [*Laughs hysterically.*]

*Eve.* Oh, the affectation of coquets—they cannot even laugh naturally! [*Clara looks at him reproachfully, and walks aside with Sir Frederick.*] But where is the new guitar you meant to buy, Miss Vesey—the one inlaid with tortoiseshell?

*Sir John.* [*Taking him aside confidentially.*] The guitar—oh, to tell you a secret—she applied the money I gave her for it to a case of charity several months ago—the very day the will was read. I saw the letter lying on the table, with the money in it. Mind, not a word to her—she'd never forgive me!

*Eve.* Letter!—money! What was the name of the person she relieved?—not Stanton?

*Sir John.* I don't remember, indeed.

*Eve.* [*Taking out the letter.*] This is not her hand!

*Sir John.* No! I observed at the time it was not her hand, but I got out from her that she did not wish the thing to *be known!* and had employed some one else to copy it. May I see the letter? Yes, I think this is the wording. Still, how did she know Mrs. Stanton's address? you never gave gave it to me!

*Eve.* I gave it her. Sir John, to a man like me, this simple act of unostentatious generosity is worth all the accomplishments in the world. Miss Vesey, I will be honest—[*Miss Vesey advances, L. H.*] I say, then, frankly—[*as Clara approaches, raising his voice and looking fixedly at her*]—I have loved another—deeply—truly—bitterly—vainly! I cannot offer to you, as I did to her, the fair



first love of the human heart—rich with all its blossoms and its verdure. But if esteem—if gratitude—if an earnest resolve to conquer every recollection that would wander from your image; if these can tempt you to accept my hand and fortune, my life shall be a study to deserve your confidence. [*Clara stands motionless, clasping her hands, and then slowly seats herself.*]

*Sir John.* The happiest day of my life!

[*Clara falls back in her chair.*

*Eve.* [*Darting forward.—Aside.*] She is pale; she faints! What have I done? Clara!

*Clara.* [*Rising with a smile.*] Be happy, my cousin—be happy! Yes, with my whole heart I say it—be happy, Alfred Evelyn!

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The drawing-rooms of Sir John Vesey's house.*

*Enter SIR JOHN and GEORGINA.*

*Sir John.* And he has not pressed you to fix the wedding-day?

*Geor.* No; and since he proposed he comes here so seldom, and seems so gloomy. Heigho! Poor Sir Frederick was twenty times more amusing.

*Sir John.* But Evelyn is fifty times as rich!

*Geor.* Sir Frederick dresses so well!

*Sir John.* You'll have magnificent diamonds!

*Geor.* My own kind papa, you always put things so pleasantly. But do you not fear lest he discover that Clara wrote the letter to his old nurse?

*Sir John.* No; and I shall get Clara out of the house. But there is something else that makes me very uneasy.

You know that no sooner did Evelyn come into possession of his fortune than he launched out in the style of a prince.

*Geor.* But if he can afford it—

*Sir John.* Oh! so long as he stopped *there* I had no apprehension. But they say he has taken to gambling! and he is always with Captain Smooth. No fortune can stand Deadly Smooth! We must press the marriage at once.

*Geor.* Heigho! Poor Frederick! You don't think he is *really* attached to Clara?

*Sir John.* Upon my word I can't say. Put on your bonnet, and come to Storr and Mortimer's to choose the jewels.

*Geor.* The jewels!—yes—the drive will do me good. So you'll send away Clara?—she's so very deceitful.

*Sir John.* Never fear—yes—tell her to come to me.

[*Exit Georgina, R.*

Yes; I must press on this marriage; Georgina has not wit enough to manage him—at least till he's her husband, and then all women find it smooth sailing. But I can't think of his taking to gambling, for I love him as a son—and I look to his money as my own.

*Enter CLARA, R.*

*Sir John.* Clara, my love!

*Clara.* Sir—

*Sir John.* My dear, what I am going to say may appear a little rude and unkind, but you know my character is frankness.—To the point, then: my poor child, I'm aware of your attachment to Mr. Evelyn—

*Clara.* Sir! *my attachment?*

*Sir John.* It is generally remarked. Lady Kind says you are falling away. My poor girl, I pity you—I do, indeed!

*Clara.* I—I—[*Weeps.*]

*Sir John.* My dear Clara, don't take on; I would not have said this for the world, if I was not a little anxious about my own girl. Georgina is so unhappy at what every one says of your attachment—

*Clara.* Every one?—Oh, torture!

*Sir John.* That it prays on her spirits—it even irritates her temper! In a word, I fear these little jealousies and

suspicious will tend to embitter their future union—I'm a father—forgive me.

*Clara.* Embitter their union! Oh, never! What would you have me do, Sir?

*Sir John.* Why, you're now independent. Lady Franklin seems resolved to stay in town. You are your own mistress. Mrs. Carlton, aunt to my late wife, is going abroad for a short time, and would be delighted if you would accompany her.

*Clara.* It is the very favour I would have asked of you. [*Aside.*] I shall escape at least the struggle and the shame. When does she go?

*Sir John.* In five days—next Monday.—You forgive me?

*Clara.* Sir, thank you.

*Sir John.* [*Drawing the table r.*] Suppose, then, you write a line to her yourself, and settle it at once?

*Enter SERVANT, R. C.*

*Serv.* The carriage, Sir John; Miss Vesey is quite ready.

*Sir John.* James, if Mr. Serious, the clergyman, calls, say I am gone to the great meeting at Exeter Hall: if Lord Spruce calls, say you believe I'm gone to the rehearsal of Cinderella. Oh! and if MacFinch should come—(MacFinch, who duns me three times a-week)—say I've hurried off' to Garraways to bid for the great Bulstrode estate. Just put the Duke of Lofty's card carelessly on the hall table. [*Exit Servant, R. C.*] One must have a little management in this world. All humbug!—all humbug, upon my soul!

*Exit, C. D.*

*Clara.* [*Folding the letter.*] There—it is decided! A few days, and we are parted for ever!—a few weeks, and another will bear his name—his wife! Oh, happy fate! She will have the right to say to him—though the whole world should hear her—"I am thine!" And I embitter their lot—I am the cloud upon their joyous sunshine! And yet, O Alfred! if she loves thee—if she knows thee—if she values thee—and, when thou wrong'st her, if she can forgive thee, as I do,—I can bless her when far away, and join her name in my prayers for thee!

*Enter EVELYN, R. C.*

*Evc.* [*Speaking as he enters.*] Miss Vesey out? Well,

I will write a line. Chara! [*Aside.*] Do not let me disturb you, Miss Douglass.

*Clara.* Nay, I have done. [*Going, R.*]

*Eve.* I see that my presence is always odious to you. It is a reason why I come so seldom. But be cheered, Madam: I am here but to fix the day of my marriage, and I shall then go into the country—till—till——In short, this is the last time my visit will banish you from the room I enter.

*Clara.* [*Aside.*] The last time!—and we shall then meet no more! And to part thus for ever—in scorn—in anger—I cannot bear it!—[*Approaching him.*] Alfred, my cousin, it is true this may be the last time we shall meet—I have made my arrangements to quit England.

*Eve.* To quit England?

*Clara.* But, before I go, let me thank you for many a past kindness, which it is not for an orphan easily to forget.

*Eve.* [*Mechanically.*] To quit England!

*Clara.* Evelyn, now that you are betrothed to another—now, without recurring to the past—something of our old friendship may at least return to us.—And if, too, I dared, I have that on my mind which only a friend—a sister—might presume to say to you.

*Eve.* [*Moved.*] Miss Douglass—Clara—if there is aught that I could do—if, while hundreds—strangers—beggars—tell me that I have the power, by opening or shutting this worthless hand, to bid sorrow rejoice or poverty despair—if—if my life—my heart's blood—could render to you one such service as my gold can give to others—why, speak!—and the past you allude to,—yes, even that bitter past,—I will cancel and forget!

*Clara.* [*Holding out her hand.*] We are friends, then!—you are again my cousin!—my brother!

*Eve.* [*Dropping her hand.*] Ah! say on!

*Clara.* I speak, then, as a sister. Oh, Evelyn! when you inherited this vast wealth I pleased myself with imagining how you would wield the power delegated to your hands. I knew your benevolence—your intellect—your genius!—and I often thought that, in after years, when far away, I should hear your name identified with deeds and ends to which, for the *great*, fortune is but the instrument;



I often thought that I should say to my own heart—weeping proud and delicious tears—“And once this man loved me!”

*Eve.* No more, Clara! (oh, heavens,)—no more!

*Clara.* But *has* it been so?—have you been true to your own self? Pomp, parade, luxuries, follies!—all these might distinguish others, they do but belie the ambition and the soul of Alfred Evelyn! Oh, pardon me—I am too bold—I pain—I offend you.—Ah, I should not have dared thus much, had I not thought, at times, that—that—

*Eve.* That these follies—these vanities—this dalliance with a loftier fate, were your own work! You thought that, and you were right! But you—did not you reject me because I was poor? Despise me if you please!—my revenge might be unworthy—I wished to show you the luxuries, the gaud, the splendor I thought you prized—to surround with the attributes your sex seems most to value—the station that, had you loved me, it would have been yours to command. But vain—vain alike my poverty and my wealth! You loved me not in either, and my fate is sealed.

*Clara.* A happy fate, Evelyn!—you love!

*Eve.* And at last I am beloved.—[*After a pause, and turning to her abruptly.*] Do you doubt it?

*Clara.* No, I believe it firmly!—[*Aside.*] Were it possible for her not to love him?

*Eve.* Georgina, perhaps, is vain, and light—and—

*Clara.* No—think it not! And now, there is nothing unkind between us—not even regret—and surely [*with a smile,*] not revenge, my cousin—you will rise to your nobler self—and so, farewell!

*Eve.* No; stay—one moment; you still feel an interest in my fate! Have I been deceived? Oh, why, why did you spurn the heart whose offerings were lavished at your feet?

*Clara.* We part as friends.

*Eve.* Friends—and is that all? Look you, this is life! The eyes that charmed away every sorrow—the hand whose lightest touch thrilled to the very core—a little while—a year, a month, a day—and we smile that we could dream so idly. All—all the sweet enchantment, known but once, never to return again, vanished from the

world! And the one who forgets the soonest—the one who robs your earth forever of its summer, comes to you with a careless lip and says, “Let us part friends!” Go, go, Clara, go—and be happy if you can!

*Clara.* [*Weeping.*] Cruel, cruel, to the last! Heaven forgive you, Alfred! [*Exit, R.*]

*Eve.* Soft!—let me recall her words, her tones, her looks. *Does she love me?* Have I been the rash slave of a jealous anger? But I have made my choice—I must abide the issue!

*Enter GRAVES preceded by SERVANT, R. C.*

*Servant.* Lady Franklin is dressing, sir,

*Graves.* Well, I'll wait. [*Exit Servant, R.*] She was worthy to have known the lost Maria! So considerate to ask me hither—not to console me—that is impossible—but to indulge the luxury of woe. It will be a mournful scene.—[*Seeing Evelyn.*] Is that you, Evelyn? I have just heard that the borough of Groginhole is vacant at last. Why not stand yourself?—with your property you might come in without even a personal canvass.

*Eve.* I who despise these contests for the color of a straw—I to be one of the wranglers? never! [*Aside.*] And yet Clara spoke of ambition. She would regret me if I could be distinguished. [*Aloud.*] To be sure, after all, Graves, corrupt as mankind are, it is our duty to try at least to make them a little better. An Englishman owes something to his country.

*Graves.* He does, indeed!—[*Counting on his fingers.*] East winds, fogs, rheumatism, pulmonary complaints, and taxes. [*Evelyn walks about in disorder.*] You seem agitated—a quarrel with your intended? Oh! when you've been married a month, you won't know what to do with one!

*Evelyn.* You are a pleasant comforter. (*Crosses, L.*)

*Graves.* Do you deserve a comforter? One morning you tell me you love Clara, or at least detest her, which is the same thing—(poor Maria often said she detested me,) and that very afternoon you propose to Georgina!

*Eve.* Clara will easily console herself—thanks to Sir Frederick! [*Crosses, R.*]

*Graves.* Nevertheless, Clara has had the bad taste to refuse him. I have it from Lady Franklin.

*Eve.* My dear friend, is it possible?

*Graves.* But what then? You *must* marry Georgina, who, to believe Lady Franklin, is sincerely attached to—your fortune. Go and hang yourself, Evelyn; you have been duped by them.

*Eve.* By them—bah! If deceived, I have been my own dupe. *Duped*—if I thought it!—

*Graves.* To be sure! you tried Clara in your *poverty*: it was a safe experiment to try Georgina in your *wealth*.

*Eve.* Ha! that is true—very true. Go on.

*Graves.* You'll have an excellent father-in-law. Sir John positively weeps when he talks of your income!

*Eve.* Sir John, possibly—but Georgina?

*Graves.* Plays affection to you in the afternoon, after practising first with Sir Frederick in the morning.

*Eve.* On your life, Sir, be serious: what do you mean?

*Graves.* That in passing this way I see her very often walking in the square with Sir Frederick.

*Eve.* Ha! say you so?

*Graves.* What then? Man is born to be deceived. You look nervous—your hand trembles; that comes of gaming. They say at the clubs that you play deeply.

*Eve.* Ha! ha! Do they say that?—a few hundreds lost or won—a cheap opiate—anything that can lay the memory to sleep. The poor man drinks, and the rich man gambles—the same motive to both! But you are right; it is a base recourse—I will play no more.

*Graves.* I am delighted to hear it, for your friend Captain Smooth has ruined half the young heirs in London. Even Sir John is alarmed. By-the-bye, I forgot—do you bank with Flash, Brisk, Credit, & Co.?

*Eve.* So, Sir John is alarmed? [*Aside.*] Gulled by this coggin charlatan? I may beat him yet at his own weapons! Humph! Bank with Flash! Why do you ask me?

*Graves.* Because Sir John has just heard that they are in a very bad way, and begs you to withdraw anything you have in their hands.

*Eve.* I'll see to it. So Sir John is *alarmed* at my gambling?

*Graves.* Terribly! He even told me he should go himself to the club this evening to watch you.

*Eve.* To watch me! Good—I will be there.

*Graves.* But you will promise not to play.

*Eve.* Yes—to play. I feel it is impossible to give it up!

*Graves.* No—no! 'Sdeath, man! be as wretched as you please: break your heart, that's nothing! but damme, take care of your pockets!

*Eve.* I will be there—I will play with Captain Smooth—I will lose as much as I please—thousands—millions—billions; and if he presume to spy on my losses, hang me if I don't lose Sir John himself into the bargain! [*Going out and returning.*] I am so absent! What was the bank you mentioned? Flash, Brisk, and Credit. Bless me, how unlucky! and it's too late to draw out to-day! Tell Sir John I'm very much obliged to him, and he'll find me at the club any time before daybreak hard at work with my friend Smooth. [*Exit, R.*]

*Graves.* He's certainly crazy! but I don't wonder at it. What the approach of the dog-days is to the canine species, the approach of the honeymoon is to the human race.

*Enter SERVANT, R.*

*Serv.* Lady Franklin's compliments—she will see you in the *boudoir*, Sir.

*Graves.* In the *boudoir*!—go, go—I'll come directly.—  
[*Exit Servant.*]

My heart beats—it must be for grief. Poor Maria!—  
[*Searching his pockets for his handkerchief.*] Not a white one—just like my luck: I call on a lady to talk of the dear departed, and I've nothing about me but a cursed gaudy, flaunting, red, yellow, and blue abomination from India.

[*Exit, R.*]

SCENE II.—*A Boudoir in the same house. Two chairs on.*

*Lady Frank. (R.)* I take so much compassion on this poor man, who is determined to make himself wretched, that I am equally determined to make him happy! Well, if my scheme does but succeed, he shall laugh, he shall sing, he shall—Mum!—here he comes!



Enter GRAVES, R.

Graves. [*Sighing.*] Ah, Lady Franklin!

Lady Frank. [*Sighing.*] Ah, Mr. Graves! [*They seat themselves.*] Pray, excuse me for having kept you so long. Is it not a charming day?

Graves. An east wind, ma'am! but nothing comes amiss to you!—it's a happy disposition! Poor Maria!—*she*, too, was naturally gay.

Lady Frank. [*Aside.*] Yes, she was gay. So much life, and a great deal of spirit.

Graves. Spirit? Yes!—nothing could master it. She would have her own way! Ah! there was nobody like her!

Lady Frank. And then, when her spirit was up, she looked so handsome! Her eyes grew so brilliant!

Graves. Did not they? Ah! ah! ha! ha! ha! And do you remember her pretty trick of stamping her foot?—the tiniest little foot—I think I see her now. Ah! this conversation is very soothing.

Lady Frank. How well she acted in your private theatricals!

Graves. You remember her Mrs. Oakley, in "The Jealous Wife?" Ha! ha! how good it was!—ha! ha!

Lady Frank. Ha! ha! Yes, in the very first scene, when she came out with [*mimicking*] "Your unkindness and barbarity will be the death of me!"

Graves. No—no! that's not it! more energy. [*Mimicking.*] "Your unkindness and barbarity will be the DEATH of me." Ha! ha! I ought to know how she said it, for she used to practise it on me twice a-day. Ah! poor dear lamb! [*Wipes his eyes.*]

Lady Frank. And then she sang so well! was such a composer! What was that little French air she was so fond of?

Graves. Ha! ha! sprightly! was it not? Let me see—let me see.

Lady Frank. [*Humming.*] Tum ti—ti tum—ti—ti—ti. No, that's not it.

Graves. [*Humming.*] Tunt ti—ti—tum ti—ti—tum tum tum.

Both. Tum ti—ti—tum ti—ti—tum—tum—tum. Ha! ha!

*Graves.* [*Throwing himself back.*] Ah, what recollections it revives! It is too affecting.

*Lady Frank.* It is affecting, but we are all mortal.— [*Sighs.*] And at your Christmas party, at Cyprus Lodge, do you remember her dancing the Scotch reel with Captain Macnaughten?

*Graves.* Ha! ha! ha! To be sure—to be sure.

*Lady Frank.* Can you think of the step?—somehow thus, was it not? [*Dancing.*]

*Graves.* No—no—quite wrong!—just stand there. Now then, [*humming the tune*] La—la-la-la—La-la, &c. [*They dance.*] That's it—excellent—admirable!

*Lady Frank.* [*Aside.*] Now it's coming.

*Enter SIR JOHN, BLOUNT, and GEORGINA, R. They stand amazed. Lady Franklin continues to dance.*

*Graves.* Bewitching—irresistible! It's Maria herself that I see before me! Thus, thus—let me clasp—Oh, the devil! Just like my luck! [*Stopping opposite Sir John.*] [*Lady Franklin runs off, L.*]

*Sir John.* Upon my word, Mr. Graves!

*Georgina, Blount.* Encore—encore! Bravo—bravo!

*Graves.* It's all a mistake! I—I—Sir John. Lady Franklin, you see—that is to say—I. Sainted Maria! you are spared, at least, this affliction!

*Georgina, } Pray go on!—Don't let us interwupt you.*  
*Blount. } [Exeunt laughing, R.]*

SCENE III.—*The interior of \* \* \* \* 's Club; night; lights, &c. Small sofa tables, with books, papers, tea, coffee, &c. Several members grouped by the fireplace: one member with his legs over the back of his chair; another with his legs over his table; a third with his legs on the chimney-piece. To the left, and in front of the stage, an old member reading the newspaper, seated by a small round table; to the right a card table, before which CAPTAIN DUDLEY SMOOTH is seated and sipping lemonade: at the bottom of the stage another card table.*

GLOSSMORE and STOUT, C.

*Gloss.* You don't come often to the club, Stout?

*Stout.* No; time is money. An hour spent at a club is unproductive capital.

*Old Member.* [*Reading the newspaper.*] Waiter!—the snuff-box. [*Waiter brings it.*]

*Gloss.* So, Evelyn has taken to play? I see Deadly Smooth, "hushed in grim repose, awaits his evening prey." Deep work to-night, I suspect, for Smooth is drinking lemonade—keeps his head clear—monstrous clever dog!

*Enter EVELYN; salutes and shakes hands with different members in passing up the stage, c.*

*Eve.* How d'ye do, Glossmore? How are you, Stout? You don't play, I think! Political economy never plays at cards, eh?—never has time for anything more frivolous than rents and profits, wages and labor, high prices and low—corn laws, poor laws, tithes, currency—dot-and-go-one—rates, puzzles, taxes, riddles, and botheration! Smooth is the man. Aha! Smooth. Piquet, eh? You owe me my revenge!

[*Members touch each other significantly. Stout walks away with the snuff-box; Old Member looks at him savagely.*]

*Smooth.* My dear Alfred, anything to oblige.

[*They seat themselves.*]

*Old Member.* Waiter!—the snuff-box. [*Waiter takes it from Stout and brings it back to Old Member.*]

*Enter BLOUNT, c.*

*Blount.* So, so! Evelyn at it again—eh, Glossmore?

*Gloss.* Yes, Smooth sticks to him like a leech. Clever fellow, that Smooth!

*Blount.* Will you make up a wubber?

*Gloss.* Have you got two others?

*Blount.* Yes; Flat and Green.

*Gloss.* Bad players.

*Blount.* I make it a wule to play with bad players; it is five per cent. in one's favor. I hate gambling. But a quiet wubber, if one is the best player out of four, can't do one any harm.

*Gloss.* Clever fellow, that Blount!

[*Blount takes up the snuff-box and walks off with it; Old Member looks at him savagely.*]

[*Blount, Glossmore, Flat, and Green, make up a table at the bottom of the stage.*]

*Smooth.* A thousand pardons, my dear Alfred,—ninety repique—ten cards!—game!

*Eve.* [*Passing a note to him.*] Game! Before we go on, one question. This is Thursday—how much do you calculate to win of me before Tuesday next?

*Smooth.* *Ce cher Alfred!* He is so droll!

*Eve.* [*Writing in his pocket book.*] Forty games a-night,—four nights, minus Sunday—our usual stakes—that would be right, I think!

*Smooth.* [*Glancing over the account.*] Quite—if I win all—which is next to impossible.

*Eve.* It shall be possible to win twice as much, on one condition—Can you keep a secret?

*Smooth.* My dear Alfred, I have kept myself! I never inherited a farthing—I never spent less than 4,000*l.* a-year—and I never told a soul how I managed it.

*Eve.* Hark ye, then—a word with you. [*They whisper.*]

*Old Member.* Waiter!—the snuff-box.

[*Waiter takes it from Blount, &c.*]

*Enter SIR JOHN, c.*

*Eve.* You understand!

*Smooth.* Perfectly; anything to oblige.

*Eve.* [*Cutting.*] It is for you to deal.

[*They go on playing.*]

*Sir John.* [*Groaning.*] There's my precious son-in-law, that is to be, spending my consequence, and making a fool of himself. [*Takes up the snuff-box; Old Member looks at him savagely.*]

*Blount.* I'm out. Flat, a poney on the odd twick. That's wight. [*Coming up, counting his money.*] Well, Sir John, you don't play?

*Sir John.* Play, no! [*Evelyn passes money to Smooth.*] Confound him—lost again!

*Eve.* Hang the cards!—double the stakes!

*Smooth.* Just as you please—done! Anything to oblige.

*Sir John.* Done, indeed!

*Old Member.* Waiter!—the snuff-box.

[*Waiter takes it from Sir John.*]



*Blount.* I've won eight points and the bets—I never lose—I never play in the Deadly Smooth set!

[*Takes up the snuff-box; Old Member as before.*]

*Sir John.* [*Looking over Smooth's hand, and fidgeting backwards and forwards.*] Lord have mercy on us! Smooth has seven for his point. What's the stakes?

*Eve.* Don't disturb us—stakes, Sir John?—immense! Was ever such luck?—Do stand back, Sir John—I'm getting irritable!

*Old Member.* Waiter!—the snuff-box! [*Waiter brings it back.*]

*Blount.* One hundred pounds on the next game, Evelyn?

*Sir John.* Nonsense—nonsense—don't disturb him! All the fishes come to the bait! Sharks and minnows all nibbling away at my son-in-law!

*Eve.* One hundred pounds, Blount? Ah! the finest gentleman is never too fine a gentleman to pick up a guinea. Done! Treble the stakes, Smooth!

*Sir John.* I'm on the rack! [*Seizing the snuff-box.*] Be cool, Evelyn! Take care, my dear boy!—now don't ye—now don't!

*Eve.* What—what? You have four queens! five to the king. Confound the cards!—a fresh pack. [*Throws the cards behind him over Sir John. Waiter brings a new pack of cards to Evelyn.*]

*Old Member.* Waiter, the snuff-box. [*Different members gather round.*]

*First Member.* [*With back to audience.*] I never before saw Evelyn out of temper. He must be losing immensely!

*Second Member.* Yes, this is interesting!

*Sir John.* Interesting! there's a wretch!

*First Member.* Poor fellow! he'll be ruined in a month!

*Sir John.* I'm in a cold sweat.

*Second Member.* Smooth is the very devil.

*Sir John.* The devil's a joke to him!

*Gloss.* [*Slapping Sir John on the back.*] A clever fellow, that Smooth, Sir John, eh? [*Takes up the snuff-box; Old Member as before.*] 100*l.* on this game, Evelyn?

*Eve.* [*Half turning round.*] You! well done the Constitution! yes, 100*l.*!

*Old Member.* Waiter!—the snuff-box.

*Stout.* I think I'll venture!—200*l.* on this game, Evelyn?

*Eve.* [*Quite turning round.*] Ha! ha! ha!—Enlightenment and the Constitution on the same side of the question at last! O, Stout, Stout!—greatest happiness of the greatest number—greatest number, number one! Done, Stout!—200*l.*!—ha! ha! ha!—I deal, Stout. Well done, Political Economy—Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir John.* Quite hysterical—drivelling! Arn't you ashamed of yourselves? His own cousins!—all in a conspiracy—a perfect gang of them. [*Members indignant.*]

*Stout.* [*To members.*] Hush! he's to marry Sir John's daughter.

*First Member.* What, Stingy Jack's? oh!

*Chorus of Members.* Oh! oh!

*Evelyn.* [*Rising in great agitation.*] No more, no more—I've done!—quite enough. Glossmore, Stout, Blount—I'll pay you to-morrow. I—I—. Death! this is ruinous!

[*Seizes the snuff box; Old Member as before.*]

*Sir John.* Ruinous? I dare say it is! What has he lost? What *has* he lost, Smooth? Not much? eh? eh?

[*Omnes gather round Smooth.*]

*Smooth.* Oh, a trifle, dear John!—excuse me! We never tell our winnings. [*To Blount.*] How d'ye do, Fred? [*To Glossmore.*] By-the-bye, Charles, don't you want to sell your house in Grosvenor Square?—12,000*l.*, eh?

*Glossmore.* Yes, and the furniture at a valuation. About 3,000*l.* more.

*Smooth.* [*Looking over his pocket book.*] Um!—Well, we'll talk of it.

*Sir John.* 12 and 3—15,000*l.* What a cold-blooded rascal it is!—15,000*l.*, Smooth?

*Smooth.* Oh, the house itself is a trifle, but the establishment—I'm considering whether I have enough to keep it up, my dear John.

*Old Member.* Waiter, the snuff-box! [*Scraping it round, and with a wry face*]—And it's all gone!—[*Gives it to the waiter to fill.*]

*Sir John.* [*Turning round.*] And it's all gone!

*Eve.* [*Starting up and laughing hysterically.*] Ha! ha! ha! all gone? not a bit of it. Smooth, this club is so noisy. Sir John, you are always in the way. Come to

my house! come! Champaigne and a broiled bone. Nothing venture, nothing have! The luck must turn, and by Jupiter we'll make a night of it.

*Sir John.* A night of it!!! For Heaven's sake, Evelyn! EVELYN!!—think what you are about!—think of Georgina's feelings!—think of your poor lost mother!—think of the babes unborn!—think of—

*Eve.* I'll think of nothing! Zounds!—you don't know what I have lost, man; it's all your fault, distracting my attention! Pshaw—pshaw! Out of the way, do! Come, Smooth. Ha! ha! a night of it, my boy—a night of it!

[*Exeunt Smooth and Evelyn.*]

*Sir John.* [*Following.*] You must not, you shall not! Evelyn, my dear Evelyn!—he's drunk—he's mad! Will no one send for the police?

*Members.* Ha! ha! ha!—Poor old Stingy Jack!

*Old Member.* [*Rising for the first time, and in a great rage.*] Waiter, the snuff-box!

END OF ACT III.

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## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Anteroöm in EVELYN'S house, as in Scene I. Act II. Tabouret, Frantz, and other tradesmen.*

*Tab.* [*Half whispers.*] So, I hear that Mr. Evelyn is turned gamester! There are strange reports about to-day—I don't know what to make of it! We must look sharp, and make hay while the sun shines.

[*Omnes shake their heads approvingly.*]

*Enter Smooth, R. C. from the inner room, with a pocketbook and pencil in his hand.*

*Smooth.* [*Looking round.*] Hum! ha! Fine pictures! [*Feeling the curtains.*] The new-fashioned velvet, hem!—good-proportioned rooms! Yes, this house is better than Glossmore's! Oh, Mr. Tabouret, the upholsterer! you furnished these rooms! All of the best, eh!

*Tab.* Oh! the VERY best! Mr. Evelyn is not a man to grudge expense, Sir!

*Smooth.* He is not indeed. You've been paid, I suppose, Tabouret?

*Tab.* No, Sir, no—I never send in my bills when a customer is rich. [*Aside.*] Bills are like trees, and grow by standing.

*Smooth.* Humph! Not PAID? humph!

[*Omnes gather round.*]

*Tab.* [*To the tradesmen.*] It's the great card-player, Captain Smooth—finest player in Europe—cleaned out the Duke of Silly Val. Uncommonly clever man!

*Smooth.* [*Pacing about the room.*] Thirty-six feet by twenty-eight—Um! I think a bow-window *there* would be an *improvement*; could it be done easily, Tabouret?

*Tab.* Have you bought the house, sir?

*Smooth.* Bought it!—hum!—ha!—it depends—So you have not been paid yet?—um! Nor you—nor you—nor you? Hum? ah!

*Tab.* No, sir!—what *then*? No fear of Mr. EVELYN! Ha! ha!

*Omnes.* [*Anxiously.*] Ha! ha!—what *then*?

*Frantz.* Ah, sare, what den? I'm a poor man with a family: dis way, Captain! You've a little account in the books; and we'll e'en wipe it out altogether, if you'll say what you mean by that Umph! ha!

*Smooth.* Frantz, my dear fellow, don't oblige me to cane you; I would not have Mr. Evelyn distressed for the world. Poor fellow! he holds very bad cards. So you've not been paid yet? Don't send in your bills on any account—Mind! Yes; I don't dislike the house with some alteration. Good day to you—Hum! ha!

[*Exit, looking about him, examining the chairs, tables, &c.*]

*Tab.* Plain as a pikestaff!—staked his very house on an odd trick!

*Enter SHARP, c., agitated and in a hurry.*

*Sharp.* O Lord! O Lord!—who'd have thought it? Cards are the devil's book! John!—Thomas!—Harris!

[*Ringing the bell that was on the table.*]

*Enter TWO SERVANTS, c.*

Tom, take this letter to Sir John Vesey's. If not at home, find him—he will give you a cheque. Go to his banker's,



and get it cashed *instantly*. Quick—quick—off with you!

*Tab.* [*Seizing Servant.*] What's the matter?—what's the matter? How's Mr. Evelyn?

*Serv.* Bad—very bad! Sat up all night with Captain Smooth! [*Runs off, R.*]

*Sharp.* [*To the other Servant.*] Yes, Harris, your poor master! O dear! O dear! You will take this note to the Belgian minister, Portland-place. Passport for Ostend! Have the travelling carriage ready at a moment's notice!

*Tab.* [*Stopping Servant.*] Passport! Hark ye, my man; is he going to put the salt seas between us and our money?

*Serv.* Don't stop me—something wrong in the chest—change of air—late hours—and Captain Smooth! [*Exit, R.*]

*Sharp.* [*Walking about.*] And if the bank should break!—if the bank *is* broke, and he can't draw out!—bound to Smooth!

*Tab.* Bank!—what bank?

*Sharp.* Flash's bank! Flash, brother-in-law to Captain Smooth! What have *you* heard?—eh?—eh?

*Tab.* That there's an awful run on it!

*Sharp.* I must be off. Go—go—you can't see Mr. Evelyn to-day!

*Tab.* My account, Sir!

*Frantz.* O Sare, de great gentlemen always tink first of the tailor!

*Sharp.* Call again—call again at Christmas. The bank, the cards—the cards, the bank! O dear! O dear! [*Exit, C.*]

*Tab.* The bank!

*Frantz.* And all dat vill be seen of de great Evelyn coat is de back of it. *Donner and hagel!*—I vil arrest him—I vil put de salt on de tail of it!

*Tab.* [*Aside.*] I'll slip down to the city and see how the bank goes! Ay, ay, stick by each other—share and share alike—that's my way, Sir.

*Omnes.* Share and share alike. [*Exeunt, R.*]

*Enter* SERVANT, GLOSSMORE, and BLOUNT, C.

*Serv.* My master is not very well, my lord; but I'll let *him* know. [*Exit, C.*]

*Gloss.* I'm very curious to learn the result of his gambling *tete-a-tete* with Deadly Smooth!

*Blount.* Oh, he's so howwidly wick, he can afford even a *tete-a-tete* with Deadly Smooth!

*Gloss.* Poor old Stingy Jack: why, Georgina was *your* intended.

*Blount.* Yes; and I really liked the girl, though out of pique I pwoposed to her cousin. But what can a man do against money.

*Enter EVELYN, c.*

If we could start fair, you'd see whom Georgina would pwefer: but she's sacwified by her father! She as much as told me so! [*Crosses, B.*

*Eve.* So, so, gentlemen, we've a little account to settle—one hundred each.

*Both.* Don't talk of it.

*Eve.* Well, I won't!—[*Taking Blount aside.*] Ha! ha! you'd hardly believe it—but I'd rather not pay you just at present; my money is locked up, and I must wait, you know, for the Groginhole rents. So! instead of owing you one hundred pounds, suppose I owe you *five*? You can give me a cheque for the other four. And; hark ye! not a word to Glossmore.

*Blount.* Glossmore! the greatest gossip in London! I shall be delighted!—[*Aside.*] It never does harm to lend to a wick man; one gets it back somehow. By the way, Evelyn, if you want my gwey cab-horse, you may have him for two hundred pounds, and that will make seven!

*Eve.* [*Aside.*] That's the fashionable usury: your friend does not take interest—he sells you a horse. [*Aloud.*] Blount, it's a bargain.

BLOUNT [*writing the cheque, and musingly.*] No: I don't see what harm it can do to me; that off leg must end in a spavin.

*Eve.* [*to Glossmore.*] That hundred pounds I owe you is rather inconvenient at present; I've a large sum to make up for the Groginhole property—perhaps you would lend me five or six hundred more—just to go on with?

*Gloss.* Certainly! Hopkins is dead: your interest for Cipher would—

*Eve.* Why, I can't promise *that* at this moment. But

as a slight mark of friendship and gratitude, I shall be very much flattered if you'll accept a splendid grey cab-horse I bought to-day—cost two hundred pounds!

*Gloss.* Bought to-day!—then I'm safe. My dear fellow! you're always so princely!

*Eve.* Nonsense! just write the cheque; and, hark ye!—not a syllable to Blount!

*Gloss.* Blount? He's the town-crier! [*Goes to write.*]

*Blount.* [*giving Evelyn the cheque.*] Wansom's, Pall-mall East.

*Eve.* Thank you. So, you *proposed* to Miss Douglas!

*Blount.* Hang it! yes; I could have sworn that she fancied me; her manner, for instance, that very day you *pwoposed* for Miss Vesey—

*Gloss.* [*giving the cheque.*] Ransom's, Pall-mall East. Tell me, did you win or lose last night?

*Eve.* Win! lose! oh! No more of that, if you love me. I must send off at once to the banker's [*looking at the two cheques.*]

*Gloss.* [*Aside.*] Why! he's borrowed from Blount, too!

*Blount.* [*Aside.*] That's a cheque from Lord Glossmore!

*Eve.* Excuse me; I must dress; I have not a moment to lose. You remember you dine with me to-day—seven o'clock. You'll see Smooth. [*With tears in his eyes.*] It may be the last time I shall ever welcome you here!—What am I saying?—Oh, merely a joke!—good by—good by. [*Shaking them heartily by the hand.* [*Exit, c.*]

*Blount.* Glossmore!

*Gloss.* Blount!

*Blount.* I am afraid all's not wight!

*Gloss.* I incline to your opinion!

*Blount.* But I've sold my gwey cab-horse.

*Gloss.* Grey cab-horse! you! What is he really worth now?

*Blount.* Since he is sold, I will tell you—Not a sixpence!

*Gloss.* Not a sixpence! he gave it to me!

*Blount.* That was devilish unhandsome! Do you know, I feel nervous!

*Gloss.* Nervous? Let us run and stop payment of our cheques.

*Blount.* Hollo, John! where so fast?

*Enter SERVANT, c. in great haste.*

*Serv.* Beg pardon, Sir Frederick, to Pall-mall East—  
Messrs. Ransom. [Exit, R.]

*Blount.* [solemnly.] Glossmore, we are floored!

*Gloss.* Sir, the whole town shall know of it!

*Blount.* Vewy scurvy treament. [Exeunt, R.]

SCENE II.—*A Splendid Saloon in Evelyn's house.*

*Enter EVELYN and GRAVES.*

*Graves.* You've withdrawn your money from Flash and Brisk?

*Eve.* No.

*Graves.* No!—then—

*Enter SIR JOHN, LADY FRANKLIN, GEORGINA, and STOUT, R.*

*Sir John.* You got the cheque for 500*l.* safely?—too happy to—

*Eve.* [Interrupting him.] My best thanks? my warmest gratitude! So kind in you! so seasonable!—that 500*l.*—you don't know the value of that 500*l.* I shall never forget your nobleness of conduct.

*Sir John.* Gratitude! Nobleness!—[Aside.] I can't have been taken in?

*Eve.* And in a moment of such distress!

*Sir John.* [Aside.] Such distress! He picks out the ugliest words in the whole dictionary!

*Eve.* I've done with Smooth. But I'm still a little crippled, and you must do me *another* favor.

*Sir John.* What's coming now, I wonder?

*Eve.* Georgina's fortune is 10,000*l.* I always meant, my dear John, to present you with that little sum.

*Sir John.* Oh, Evelyn! your generosity is positively touching! [Wipes his eyes.]

*Eve.* But I have so many heavy debts at this moment—that—that—. But I see Georgina is listening, and I'll say what I have to say to her. [Crosses to her.]

*Sir John.* No, no—no, no. Girls don't understand business!

*Eve.* The very reason I speak to her. This is an affair, not of business but of *feeling*. Stout, show Sir John my Correggio.



*Sir John.* [*Aside.*] Devil take his Correggio! The man is born to torment me! [*Stout takes him in.*]

*Eve.* My dear Georgina, whatever you may hear said of me, I flatter myself that you feel confidence in my honor.

*Geor.* Can you doubt it?

*Eve.* I confess that I am embarrassed at this moment; I have been weak enough to lose money at play, and there are other demands on me. I promise you never to gamble again as long as I live. My affairs can be retrieved, but for the first few years of our marriage it may be necessary to retrench.

*Geor.* Retrench!

*Eve.* To live perhaps altogether in the country.

*Geor.* Altogether in the country!

*Eve.* To confine ourselves to a modest competence.

*Geor.* Modest competence! I knew something horrid was coming.

*Enter SIR F. BLOUNT, R.*

*Eve.* And now, Georgina, you may have it in your power at this moment to save me from much anxiety and humiliation. My money is locked up—my debts of honor must be settled—you are of age—your 10,000*l.* in your own hands—

*Sir John.* [*Stout listening as well as Sir John.*] I'm standing on hot iron!

*Eve.* If you could lend it to me for a few weeks—Can you give me this proof of your confidence? Remember, without confidence, what is wedlock.

*Sir John.* [*Aside to her.*] No! [*Aloud, pointing his glass at the Correggio.*] Yes, the picture may be fine.

*Stout.* But you don't like the subject!

*Geor.* [*Aside.*] He may be only trying me! Best leave it to papa.

*Eve.* Well——

*Geor.* You—you shall hear from me to-morrow—  
[*Aside.*] Ah, there's that dear Sir Frederick! [*Goes to Blount.*]

*Enter GLOSSMORE and SMOOTH, R.; Evelyn salutes them, paying Smooth servile respect.*

*Lady Frank.* [*To Graves.*] Ha! ha! To be so disturbed yesterday—was it not droll?

*Graves.* Never recur to that humiliating topic.

*Gloss.* [To *Stout*.] See how Evelyn fawns upon Smooth!

*Stout.* How mean in him! *Smooth*—a professional gambler—a fellow who lives by his wits! I would not know such a man on any account!

*Smooth.* [To *Gloss*.] So Hopkins is dead—you want CIPHER to come in for Groginhole, eh?

*Gloss.* What!—could you manage it?

*Smooth.* *Ce cher Charles*—anything to oblige!

*Stout.* Groginhole! What can he have to do with Groginhole? Glossmore, present me to Smooth.

*Gloss.* What! the gambler—the fellow who lives by his wits?

*Stout.* Why, his wits seem to be an uncommonly productive capital! I'll introduce myself. How d'ye do, Captain Smooth? We have met at the club, I think—I am charmed to make your acquaintance in private. I say, sir, what do you think of the affairs of the nation! Bad! very bad!—no enlightenment!—great fall off in the revenue!—no knowledge of finance! There's only one man who can save the country—and that's POPKINS!

*Smooth.* Is he in parliament, Mr. Stout? What's your Christian name, by-the-bye?

*Stout.* Benjamin—no; constituencies are so ignorant, they don't understand his value. He's no orator: in fact, he stammers so much—but devilish profound. Could not we ensure him for Groginhole.

*Smooth.* My dear Benjamin, it's a thing to be thought on.

*Eve.* [Advancing.] My friends, I wish to consult you. This day twelvemonth, I succeeded to an immense income, and as, by a happy coincidence, on the same day I secured your esteem, so now I wish to ask you if you think I could have spent that income in a way more worthy your good opinion?

*Gloss.* Impossible! excellent taste—beautiful house!

*Blount.* Vewy good horses—[aside to *Glossmore*,] especially the gwey cab!

*Lady Frank.* Splendid pictures.

*Graves.* And a magnificent cook, ma'am!

*Smooth.* [Thrusting his hands in his pockets.] It's my opinion, Alfred—and I'm a judge—that you could not have spent your money better!

*Omnes* [except *Sir John*]. Very true!

*Eve*. What say you, *Sir John*?

*Sir John*. Certainly—certainly! No, you could not have done better.—[*Aside.*] I don't know what to make of it.

*Geor.* Certainly.—[*Coaxingly.*] Don't retrench, my dear Alfred!

*Gloss.* Retrench! nothing so plebeian!

*Stout.* Plebeian, sir! worse than plebeian! it is against all the rules of public morality. Every one knows now-a-days, that extravagance is a benefit to the population—encourages art—employs labor, and multiplies spinning-jennies.

*Eve.* You reassure me!—I own I did think that a man worthy of friends so sincere, might have done something better than feast—dress—drink—play—

*Gloss.* Nonsense! we like you the better for it.—[*Aside.*] I wish I had my 600*l.* back, though.

*Eve.* And you are as much my friends now as when you offered me 10*l.* for my old nurse.

*Sir John.* A thousand times more so, my dear boy!

[*Omnes approve.*]

Enter SHARP, R.

*Smooth.* But who's our new friend?

*Eve.* Who! the very man who first announced to me the wealth which you allow I have spent so well. But what's the matter, Sharp? [Sharp whispering *Evelyn.*]

*Eve.* [*Aloud.*] The bank's broke!

*Sir John.* Broke!—what bank?

*Eve.* Flash, Brisk, and Co.

*Gloss.* [*To Smooth.*] And Flash was your brother-in-law. I'm very sorry.

*Smooth.* [*Taking snuff.*] Not at all, Charles—I did not bank there.

*Sir John.* But I warned you—you withdrew?

*Eve.* Alas! no!

*Sir John.* Oh!—not much in their hands?

*Eve.* Why, I told you the purchase money for Grogin-hole was at my bankers'. But no, no; don't look so frightened! It was not placed with Flash—it is at Hoare's—it is, indeed. Nay, I assure you it is! A mere trifle at Flash's—upon my word, now! To-morrow, Sharp, we'll

talk of this! One day more—one day at least for enjoyment!

*Sir John.* Oh! a pretty enjoyment!

*Blount.* And he borrowed 700*l.* of me!

*Gloss.* And 600*l.* of me!

*Sir John.* And 500*l.* of me!

*Stout.* Oh! a regular Jeremy Diddler! I say, you have placed your daughter in a very unsafe investment. Transfer the stock in hand to t'other speculation.

*Sir John.* [*Going to Georgina.*] Ha! I'm afraid we've been very rude to Sir Frederick. A monstrous fine young man!

*Enter TOKE, R.*

*Toke* [*To Evelyn*]. Sir, I beg your pardon, but Mr. Macfinch insists on my giving you this letter instantly.

*Eve.* [*Reading.*] How! Sir John, this fellow, Macfinch, has heard of my misfortunes, and insists on being paid;—a lawyer's letter—quite insolent!

*Toke.* And, Sir, Mr. Tabouret is below, and declares he won't stir till he's paid. [*Exit, R.*]

*Eve.* Won't stir till he's paid! What's to be done, Sir John?—Smooth, what *is* to be done?

*Smooth.* If he won't stir till he's paid, make him up a bed, and I'll take him in the inventory as one of the fixtures, Alfred!

*Eve.* It is very well for you to joke, Mr. Smooth. But—

*Enter Servant and Officer, giving a paper to EVELYN, and whispering.*

*Eve.* What's this? Frantz, the tailor. Why, you impudent scoundrel! Faith! this is more than I bargained for—Sir John, I'm arrested. [*Enter Servant, R.*]

*Stout.* [*Slapping Sir John on the back with glee.*] He's arrested, old gentleman! But I didn't lend him a farthing!

*Eve.* And for a mere song—150*l.* Sir John, pay this fellow, will you? or bail me, or something—while we go to dinner.

*Sir John.* Pay—bail—I'll be d—d if I do!—Oh, my 500*l.*! my 500*l.*! Mr. Alfred Evelyn, I want my 500*l.*!

*Graves.* I'm going to do a very silly thing—I shall lose both my friend and my money;—just like my luck!—Evelyn, go to dinner—I'll settle this for you.



*Lady Frank.* I love you for that!

*Graves.* Do you? then I am the happiest—Ah! ma'am, I don't know what I am saying!

[*Exeunt GRAVES and OFFICER, R.*]

*Eve.* [*To Georgina.*] Don't go by these appearances! I repeat, 10,000*l.* will more than cover all my embarrassments. I shall hear from you to-morrow?

*Geor.* Yes—yes! [*Going up, R.*]

*Eve.* But you're not going?—You, too, Glossmore?—you, Blount?—you, Stout?—you, Smooth?

*Smooth.* No; I'll stick by you—as long as you've a guinea to stake!

*Stout.* Don't stop me, Sir. No man of common enlightenment would have squandered his substance in this way. Pictures and statues!—baugh!

*Eve.* Why, you all said I could not spend my money better! Ha! ha! ha!—the absurdest mistake!—you don't fancy I'm going to prison?—Ha! ha!—Why don't you laugh, Sir John?—Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir John.* Sir, this is horrible levity!—Take Sir Frederick's arm, my poor injured, innocent child!—Mr. Evelyn, after this extraordinary scene, you can't be surprised that I—I—Zounds! I'm suffocating!

*Smooth.* But, my dear John, they've no right to arrest the dinner!

*Enter TOKE, C.*

*Toke.* Dinner is served.

*Gloss.* [*Pausing.*] Dinner!

*Stout.* Dinner!—it's a very good smell!

*Eve.* [*To Sir John.*] Turtle and venison too!

[*They stop irresolute.*]

*Eve.* That's right—come along. But, I say, Blount—Stout—Glossmore—Sir John—one word first: will you lend me 10*l.* for my old nurse?

[*Exeunt omnes, indignantly, R.*]

*Smooth and Evelyn.* Ha! ha! ha!

END OF ACT IV.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—\*\*\*\*\*'s Club.

*SMOOTH and GLOSSMORE, discovered.**Gloss.* Will his horses be sold, think you?*Smooth.* Very possibly, Charles!—a fine stud—hum! ha! Waiter, a glass of sherry!*Enter WAITER, c. with sherry.**Gloss.* They say he must go abroad!*Smooth.* Well! it's the best time of year for travelling, Charles.*Gloss.* We are all to be paid to-day; and that looks suspicious!*Smooth.* Very suspicious, Charles! Hum!—ah!*Gloss.* My dear fellow, you must know the rights of the matter: I wish you'd speak out. What have you really won? Is the house itself gone?*Smooth.* The house itself is certainly not gone, Charles, for I saw it exactly in the same place this morning at half past ten—it has not moved an inch!*[Waiter gives a letter to Glossmore.]**Gloss.* *[Reading.]* From Groginhole—an express!—What's this? I'm amazed!!! *[Reading.]* "They've actually at the eleventh hour started Mr. Evelyn; and nobody knows what his politics are! We shall be *beat!*—the constitution is gone!—Cipher!" Oh! this is infamous in Evelyn! Gets into Parliament just to keep himself out of the Bench.*Smooth.* He's capable of it!*Gloss.* Not a doubt of it, Sir!—not a doubt of it!*Enter SIR JOHN and BLOUNT, c. talking.**Sir John.* My dear boy, I'm not flint! I am but a man! If Georgina really loves you—and I am sure that she *does*—I will never think of sacrificing her happiness to ambition—she is yours; I told her so this very morning.*Blount.* *[Aside.]* The old humbug!*Sir John.* She's the best of daughters!—the most obedient, artless creature! Dine with me at seven, and we'll talk of the settlements.

*Enter* STOUT, *c. wiping his forehead, and taking* SIR JOHN *aside.*

*Stout.* Sir John, we've been played upon! My secretary is brother to Flash's head clerk; Evelyn had not 300*l.* in the bank!

*Sir John.* Bless us and save us! you take away my breath! But then—Deadly Smooth—the arrest—the—oh, he must be done up!

*Stout.* As to Smooth, he'd "do anything to oblige." All a trick, depend on it! Smooth has already deceived me, for before the day's over Evelyn will be member for Groginhole!

*Sir John.* But what could be Evelyn's *object*?

*Stout.* *Object*? Do you look for an object in a whimsical creature like that? A man who has not even any political opinions! *Object*! Perhaps to break off his match with your daughter! Take care, Sir John, or the borough will be lost to your family!

*Sir John.* Aha! I begin to smell a rat! But it's not too late yet.

*Stout.* My interest in Popkins made me run to Lord Spendquick, the late proprietor of Groginhole. I told him that Evelyn could not pay the rest of the money; and he told me that—

*Sir John.* What?

*Stout.* Mr. Sharp had just paid it him; there's no hope for Popkins! England will rue this day! [*Goes up stage.*]

*Sir John.* Georgina shall lend him the money! I'll lend him—every man in the house shall lend him—I feel again what it is to be a father-in-law! Sir Frederick, excuse me—you can't dine with me to-day. And, on second thoughts, I see that it would be very unhandsome to desert poor Evelyn now he's down in the world. Can't think of it, my dear boy—can't think of it. Very much honoured, and happy to see you as a friend. Waiter! my carriage! Um! What, humbug *Stingy Jack*, will they? Ah! a good joke, indeed! [*Exit, c.*]

*Blount.* Mr. Stout, what have you been saying to Sir John? Something against my character; I know you have; don't deny it. Sir, I shall expect satisfaction!

*Stout.* Satisfaction, Sir Frederick? as if a man of en-

lightenment had any satisfaction in fighting! Did not mention your name; we were talking of Evelyn. Only think!—he's no more ruined than you are.

*Blount.* Not wuined? Aha, now I understand!—So, so! Stay, let me see—she's to meet me in the square!—  
[*Pulls out his watch; a very small one.*]

*Stout.* [*Pulling out his own; a very large one.*] I must be off to the vestry.

*Blount.* Just in time!—ten thousand pounds! Gad, my blood's up, and I won't be tweeked in *this* way, if he were fifty times Stingy Jack! [*Exit, c.*]

SCENE II.—*The drawing-rooms in SIR JOHN VESEY'S house.*

*Enter LADY FRANKLIN and GRAVES, R.*

*Graves.* Well, well, I am certain that poor Evelyn loves Clara still: but you can't persuade me that she cares for him.

*Lady Frank.* She has been breaking her heart ever since she heard of his distress. Nay, I am sure she would give all she has could it save him from the consequences of his own folly.

*Graves.* [*Half aside.*] She would only give him his own money, if she did. I should like just to sound her.

*Lady Frank.* [*Ringing the bell.*] And you shall.

*Enter SERVANT, R.*

Where are the young ladies?

*Serv.* Miss Vesey is, I believe, still in the square; Miss Douglas is just come in, my lady.

*Lady Frank.* What, did not she go out with Miss Vesey?

*Serv.* No, my lady; I attended her to Drummond's, the bankers. [*Exit, R.*]

*Lady Frank.* Drummond's?

*Enter CLARA, R.*

Why, child, what on earth could take you to Drummond's at this hour of the day?

*Clara.* [*Confused.*] Oh, I—that is—I—Ah, Mr. Graves! How is Mr. Evelyn! How does he bear up against so sudden a reverse?

*Graves.* With an awful calm. I fear all is not right



here! [*Touching his head.*]—The report in the town is, that he must go abroad instantly—perhaps to-day!

[*Crosses to c.*

*Clara.* Abroad!—to-day!

*Graves.* But all his creditors will be paid; and he only seems anxious to know if Miss Vesey remains true in his misfortunes.

*Clara.* Ah! he loves her so *much*, then!

*Graves.* Um!—That's more than I can say.

*Clara.* She told me, last night, that he said to the last that 10,000*l.* would free him from all his liabilities—that was the sum, was it not?

*Graves.* Yes; he persists in the same assertion. Will Miss Vesey lend it?

*Lady Frank.* [*Aside.*] If she does I shall not think so well of her poor dear mother; for I am sure she'd be no child of Sir John's!

*Graves.* I should like to convince myself that my poor friend has nothing to hope from a woman's generosity.

*Lady Frank.* Civil! And are men, then, less covetous?

*Graves.* I know one man, at least, who, rejected in his poverty by one as poor as himself, no sooner came into a sudden fortune than he made his lawyer invent a codicil which the testator never dreamt of, bequeathing independence to the woman who had scorned him.

*Lady Frank.* And never told her?

*Graves.* Never! There's no such document at Doctors' Commons, depend on it! You seem incredulous, Miss Clara! Good day!

[*Crosses, R.*

*Clara.* [*Following him.*] One word, for mercy's sake! Do I understand you right? Ah, how could I be so blind! Generous Evelyn!

*Graves.* You appreciate, and *Georgina* will desert him. Miss Douglas, he loves you still.—If that's not just like me! Meddling with other people's affairs, as if they were worth it—hang them!

[*Exit, R.*

*Clara.* *Georgina* will desert him. Do you think so?

*Lady Frank.* She told me, last night, that she would never see him again. To do her justice, she's less interested than her father,—and as much attached as she can be to another. Even while engaged to Evelyn she has met Sir Frederick every day in the square.

*Clara.* And he is alone—sad—forsaken—ruined. And I, whom he enriched—I, the creature of his bounty—I, once the woman of his love—I stand idly here to content myself with tears and prayers! Oh, Lady Franklin, have pity on me—on him! We are both of kin to him—as relations we have both a right to comfort! Let us go to him—come!

*Lady Frank.* No! it would scarcely be right—remember the world—I cannot.

*Clara.* All abandon him—then I will go alone!

*Lady Frank.* But if Georgina do indeed release him—if she has already done so—what will he think! What but—

*Clara.* What but—that, if he love me still, I may have enough for both, and I am by his side! But that is too bright a dream. He told me I might call him brother! Where, now, should a sister be?—But—but—I—I—I tremble! If, after all—if—if—In one word—Am I too bold? The world—my conscience can answer *that*—but do you think that HE could despise me?

*Lady Frank.* No, Clara, no! Your fair soul is too transparent for even libertines to misconstrue. Something tells me that this meeting may make the happiness of both! You cannot go alone. My presence justifies all. Give me your hand—we will go together! [*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in EVELYN'S house.*

*Enter EVELYN, R.*

*Eve.* Yes; as yet, all surpasses my expectations. I am sure of Smooth—I have managed even Sharp; my election will seem but an escape from a prison. Ha! ha! True, it cannot last long; but a few hours more are all I require.

*Enter GRAVES, R.*

Well, Graves, what do the people say of me?

*Graves.* Everything that's bad!

*Eve.* Three days ago I was universally respected. I awake this morning to find myself singularly infamous. Yet I am the same man.

*Graves.* Humph! why gambling——

*Eve.* Cant! it was not criminal to gamble—it was criminal to lose. Tut!—will you deny that, if I had ruined Smooth instead of myself, every hand would have grasped mine yet more cordially, and every lip would have smiled congratulation on my success? Man—Man! I've not been rich and poor for nothing! The Vices and the Virtues are written in a language the World cannot construe; it reads them in a vile translation, and the translators are FAILURE and SUCCESS! You alone are unchanged.

*Graves.* There's no merit in that. I am always ready to mingle my tears with any man. [*Aside.*] I know I'm a fool, but I can't help it. Hark ye, Evelyn! I like you—I'm rich; and anything I can do to get you out of your hobble will give me an excuse to grumble for the rest of my life. There, now it's out.

*Eve.* [*Touched.*] There's something good in human nature after all! My dear friend, did I want your aid I would accept it, but I can extricate myself yet. Do you think Georgina will give me the same proof of confidence and affection?

*Graves.* Would you break your heart if she did not?

*Eve.* It is in vain to deny that I still love Clara.

*Graves.* What do you intend to do?

*Eve.* This:—If Georgina still adheres to my fortunes, if she can face the prospect, not of ruin and poverty, for reports wrong me there, but of a moderate independence; if, in one word, she loves me for myself, I will shut Clara for ever from my thought. I am pledged to Georgina, and I will carry to the altar a soul resolute to deserve her affection and fulfil its vows.

*Graves.* And if she reject you?

*Eve.* [*Joyfully.*] If she do, I am free once more! And then—then I will dare to ask, for I can ask without dishonor, if Clara can explain the past and bless the future!

*Enter SERVANT, R. with a letter.*

*Eve.* [*Crosses to meet him.—After reading it.*] The die is cast—the dream is over! Generous girl! Oh, Georgina! I will deserve you yet.

*Graves.* Georgina, is it possible?

*Eve.* And the delicacy the womanhood, the exquisite

grace of this! How we misjudge the depth of the human heart! I imagined her incapable of this devotion.

*Graves.* And I too!

*Eve.* It were base in me to continue this trial a moment longer: I will write at once to undeceive that generous heart. [*Writing.*]

*Graves.* I would have given 1000*l.* if that little jade Clara had been beforehand: but just like my luck! if I want a man to marry one woman, he's sure to marry another on purpose to vex me! [*EVELYN rings the bell.*]

*Enter* SERVANT, R.

*Eve.* Take this instantly to Miss Vesey; say I will call in an hour. [*Exit Servant.*] Why does my heart sink within me? Why, why, looking to the fate to come, do I see only the memory of what has been?

*Graves.* You are re-engaged then to Georgina!

*Eve.* Irrevocably.

*Enter* SERVANT, R., *announcing* LADY FRANKLIN and MISS DOUGLAS.

*Lady Frank.* My dear Evelyn, you may think it strange to receive such visitors at this moment; but, indeed, it is no time for ceremony. We are your relations—it is reported you are about to leave the country—we come to ask frankly what we can do to serve you?

*Eve.* Madam—I——

*Lady Frank.* Come, come—do not hesitate to confide in us; Clara is less a stranger to you than I am: your friend here will perhaps let me consult with him. [*Crosses and speaks, aside, to GRAVES.*—Let us leave them to themselves.

*Graves.* You're an angel of a widow; but you come too late, as whatever is good for anything generally does.

[*Goes up with Lady Franklin*]

*Eve.* Miss Douglas, I may well want words to thank you; this goodness—this sympathy—

*Clara.* [*Abandoning herself to her emotion.*] Evelyn! Evelyn! Do not talk thus!—Goodness! sympathy!—I have learned *all—all!* It is for ME to speak of *gratitude!* To you—you—I owe all that has raised the poor orphan from servitude and dependence! While your words were



so bitter, your deeds so gentle! Oh! noble Evelyn, this, then, was your revenge!

*Eve.* You owe me no thanks; that revenge was sweet! Think you it was nothing to feel that my presence haunted you, though you knew it not? Even if separated for ever—even if another's—even in distant years—perhaps in a happy home, listening to sweet voices, that might call you “mother!”—even then should the uses of that dross bring to your lips one smile—that smile was mine—due to me—due, as a sacred debt, to the hand that you rejected—to the love that you despised!

*Clara.* Despised! See the proof that I despised you! see: in this hour, when they say you are again as poor as before, I forget the world—my pride—perhaps too much my sex: I remember but your sorrow—I am here!

*Eve.* And is this the same voice that, when I knelt at your feet, and asked but *one day* the hope to call you mine,—spoke only of poverty, and answered, “Never?”

*Clara.* Because I had been unworthy of your love if I had ensured your misery. Evelyn, hear me! My father, like you, was poor—generous; gifted, like you, with genius, ambition; sensitive, like you, to the least breath of insult. He married, as you would have done—married one whose only dowry was penury and care! Alfred, I saw that genius the curse to itself!—I saw that ambition wither to despair!—I saw the struggle—the humiliation—the proud man’s agony—the bitter life—the early death!—and heard over his breathless clay my mother’s groan of self-reproach! Alfred Evelyn, now speak! Was the woman you loved so nobly, to repay you with such a doom?

*Eve.* Clara, we should have shared it!

*Clara.* Shared? Never let the woman who really loves, comfort her selfishness with such delusion! In marriages like this the wife cannot share the burden; it is he—the husband—to provide, to scheme, to work, to endure—to grind out his strong heart at the miserable wheel! The wife, also, cannot share the struggle—she can but witness despair! And, therefore, Alfred, I rejected you.

*Eve.* Yet you believe me as poor now as I was then.

*Clara.* But I am not poor; *we* are not so poor! Of this fortune, which is all your own—if, as I hear, one half would free you from your debts, why, *we have the other half still left*, Evelyn! It is humble—but it is not penury.

*Eve.* Cease, cease—you know not how you torture me. Oh—why were such blessed words not vouchsafed to me before?—why, why come they now—too late? Oh, heaven—too late!

*Clara.* Too late! What then have I said?

*Eve.* I am bound by every tie of faith, gratitude, loyalty, and honor, to another!

*Clara.* Another! Is she, then, true to your reverses? I did not know this—indeed, I did not! And I have thus betrayed myself! O, shame! he must despise me now!

[*Goes up.*]

*Enter SIR JOHN; at the same time GRAVES and LADY FRANKLIN come down.*

*Sir John.* [*With dignity and frankness.*] Evelyn, I was hasty yesterday. You must own it natural that I should be so. But Georgina has been so urgent in your defence, that—that I cannot resist her. What's money without happiness? So give me your security; for she insists on lending you the 10,000*l.*

*Eve.* I know; and have already received it.

*Sir John.* (R.) Already received it! Is he joking? Faith, for the last two days I believe I have been living amongst the Mysteries of Udolpho! Sister, have you seen Georgina?

*Lady Frank.* (R.) Not since she went out to walk in the square.

*Sir John.* [*Aside.*] She's not in the square nor the house. Where the deuce can the girl be?

*Eve.* I have written to Miss Vesey—I have asked her to fix the day for our wedding.

*Sir John.* [*Joyfully.*] Have you? Go, Lady Franklin, find her instantly—she must be back by this time; take my carriage, it is but a step—you won't be two minutes gone. [*Aside.*] I'd go myself, but I'm afraid of leaving him a moment while he's in such excellent dispositions.

*Lady Frank.* [*Repulsing Clara.*] No, no: stay till I return.

[*Exit, R.*]

*Sir John.* And don't be down-hearted, my dear fellow; if the worst come to the worst, you will have everything I can leave you. Meantime, if I can in any way help you—

*Eve.* Ha!—you!—*you*, too? Sir John, you have seen my letter to Miss Vesey?—[*aside*] or could she have learned the truth before she ventured to be generous?

*Sir John.* No; on my honor. [*Shouts without.* Hurrah—hurrah! Blue forever!] What's that?

*Enter SHARP, R.*

*Sharp.* Sir, a deputation from Groginhole—poll closed in the first hour—you are returned? Hollow, Sir—hollow!

*Eve.* And it was to please Clara!

*Sir John.* Mr. Sharp—Mr. Sharp—I say, how much has Mr. Evelyn lost by Messrs. Flash & Co.

*Sharp.* Oh, a great deal, Sir—a great deal.

*Sir John.* [*Alarmed.*] How!—a great deal!

*Eve.* Speak the truth, Sharp—concealment is all over.

*Sharp.* 223l. 6s. 3d.—a great sum to throw away.

*Sir John.* Eh! what, my dear boy?—what? Ha! ha! all humbug, was it?—all humbug, upon my soul! So, Mr. Sharp, is'nt he ruined after all?—not the least, wee, rascally, little bit in the world, ruined?

*Sharp.* Sir, he has never even lived up to his income.

*Sir John.* Worthy man! I could jump up to the ceiling! I am the happiest father-in-law in the three kingdoms.—[*Knocking, R.*] And that's my sister's knock, too.

*Clara.* Since I was mistaken, cousin—since, now, you do not need me—forget what has passed; my business here is over. Farewell!

*Eve.* Could you but see my heart at this moment, with what love, what veneration, what anguish it is filled! And must we part now—*now*, when—when—

*Enter LADY FRANKLIN and GEORGINA, followed by BLOUNT, who looks shy and embarrassed.*

*Graves.* Georgina herself—then there's no hope!

*Sir John.* What the deuce brings that fellow Blount here? Georgy, my dear Georgy, I want to—

*Eve.* Stand back, Sir John.

*Sir John.* But I must speak a word to her—I want to—

*Eve.* Stand back, I say—not a whisper—not a sign. If your daughter is to be my wife, to *her* heart only will I look for a reply to mine.

*Lady Frank.* [*To Georgina.*] Speak the truth, niece.

*Eve.* Georgina, it is true, then, that you trust me with your confidence—your fortune? Is it also true that, when you did so, you believed me ruined? Answer as if your father stood not there—answer as the woman's heart, yet virgin and unpolluted *should* answer, to one who has trusted to it his all!

*Geor.* What can he mean?

*Sir John.* [*Making signs.*] She won't look this way, she won't!—hang her—HEM!

*Eve.* You falter. I implore—I adjure you, answer!

*Lady Frank.* The truth!

*Geor.* Mr. Evelyn; your fortune might well dazzle me, as it dazzled others. Believe me, I sincerely pity your reverses.

*Sir John.* Good girl: you hear her, Evelyn?

*Geor.* What's money without happiness?

*Sir John.* Clever creature!—my own sentiments!

*Geor.* And, so, as our engagement is now annulled—papa told me so this very morning—I have promised my hand where I have given my heart—to Sir Frederick Blount.

*Sir John.* I told you—I? No such thing—no such thing: you frighten her out of her wits—she don't know what sh's saying.

*Eve.* Am I awake? But this letter—this letter, received to-day—

*Lady Frank.* [*Looking over the letter.*] Drummond's!—from a banker!

*Eve.* Read—read.

*Lady Frank.* “*Ten thousand pounds just placed to your account, from the same unknown friend to Alfred Evelyn!*” Oh, Clara, I know now why you went to Drummond's this morning!

*Eve.* Clara! What!—and the former one with the same signature—on the faith of which I pledged my hand and sacrificed my heart—

*Lady Frank.* Was written under my eyes, and the secret kept that—

*Eve.* Look up, look up, Clara—I am free! I am released! you forgive me? you love me?—you are mine! We are rich—rich! I can give you fortune, power—I can



devote to you my whole life, thought, heart, soul—I am all yours, Clara—my own, my wife!

*Sir John.* A pretty mess you've made of it, to humbug your own father! And you, too, Lady Franklin, I am to thank you for this!

*Lady Frank.* You've to thank me that she's not now on the road to Scotland with Sir Frederick; I chanced on them by the Park just in time to dissuade and save her. But, to do her justice, a hint of your displeasure was sufficient.

*Geor.* [*Half sobbing.*] And you know, papa, you said this very morning that poor Frederick had been very ill used, and you would settle it all at the club.

*Blount.* Come, Sir John, you can only blame yourself and Evelyn's cunning device! After all, I'm no such vewy bad match; and as for the 10,000*l.*—

*Ere.* I'll double it. Ah, Sir John, what's money without happiness?

*Sir John.* Pshaw—nonsense—stuff! Don't humbug me.

*Lady Frank.* But if you don't consent, she'll have no husband at all.

*Sir John.* Hum! there's something in that.—[*Aside to Evelyn.*] Double it, will you? Then settle it all *tightly* on her. Well—well—my foible is not avarice. Blount, make her happy. Child, I forgive you.—[*Pinching her arm.*] Ugh, you fool! [*Blount and Geor. go up.*]

*Graves.* [*To Lady Franklin.*] I'm afraid it's catching. What say you? I feel the symptoms of matrimony creeping all over me. Shall we? eh? Frankly, now, frankly—

*Lady Frank.* Frankly, now, there's my hand.

*Graves.* Accepted! Is it possible? Sainted Maria! thank Heaven you are spared this affliction.

*Enter SMOOTH, R.*

*Smooth.* How d'ye do, Alfred?—I intrude, I fear! Quite a family party.

*Blount.* Wish us joy, Smooth—Georgina's mine, and—

*Smooth.* And our four friends there, apparently have made up another rubber. John, my dear boy, you look as if you had something at stake on the odd trick

*Sir John.* Sir, you're very——Confound the fellow! and he's a dead shot too!

*Enter STOUT and GLOSSMORE hastily, talking with each other.*

*Stout.* I'm sure he's of our side; we've all the intelligence.

*Gloss.* I'm sure he's of our's if his fortune is safe, for we've all the property.

*Stout.* Just heard of your return, Evelyn! Congratulate you. The great motion of the session is fixed for Friday. We count on your vote. Progress with the times!

*Gloss.* Preserve the Constitution!

*Stout.* Your money will do wonders for the party!—Advance!

*Gloss.* The party respects men of your property! Stick fast!

*Eve.* I have the greatest respect, I assure you, for the worthy and intelligent flies upon both sides the wheel; but whether we go too fast or too slow, does not, I fancy, depend so much on the flies as on the Stout Gentleman who sits inside and pays the post-boys.

*Smooth.* Meaning John Bull. *Ce cher* old John!

*Eve.* Smooth, we have yet to settle our first piquet account, and our last! And I sincerely thank you for the service you have rendered to me, and the lesson you have given these gentlemen.—[*Turning to Clara.*] Ah, Clara, you—you have succeeded where wealth had failed! You have reconciled me to the world and to mankind. My friends—we must confess it—amidst the humours and the follies, the vanities, deceits, and vices that play their part in the Great Comedy of Life—it is our own fault if we do not find such natures, though rare and few, as redeem the rest, brightening the shadows that are flung from the form and body of the TIME with glimpses of the everlasting holiness of truth and love.

*Graves.* But for the truth and the love, when found, to make us tolerably happy, we should not be without——

*Lady Frank.* Good health;

*Graves.* Good spirits;

*Clara.* A good heart;

*Smooth.* An innocent rubber ;  
*Geor.* Congenial tempers ;  
*Blount.* A pwoper degwee of pwudence ;  
*Stout.* Enlightened opinions ;  
*Gloss.* Constitutional principles ;  
*Sir John.* A little humbug ;  
*Eve.* And——plenty of Money !

THE END.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF  
THE CURTAIN.

GLOSS. STOUT. BLOUNT. GEOR. EVE. CLA. SMOOTH. SIR JOHN. LADY F. GEOR.  
[L. E.]











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