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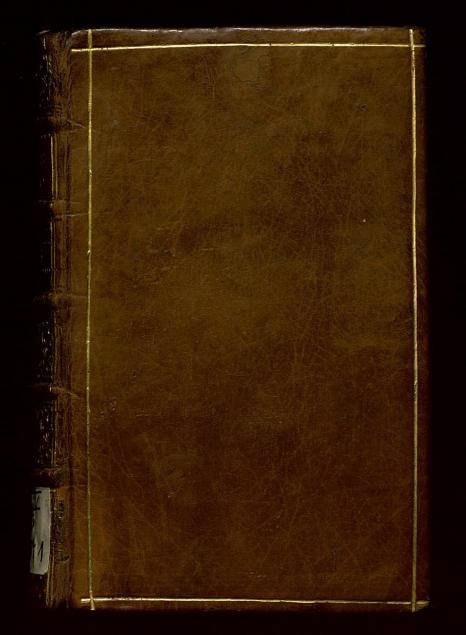
The Works Of Mr. George Lillo; With Some Account Of His Life

Containing, Silvia; or, The Country Burial. A Ballad Opera. George Barnwell, A Tragedy. The Life of Scanderbeg. And The Christian Hero, A Tragedy

Lillo, George

London, 1775

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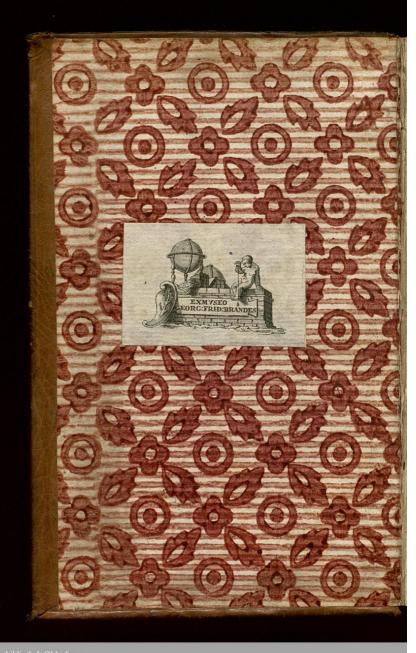


WORKS LILLO

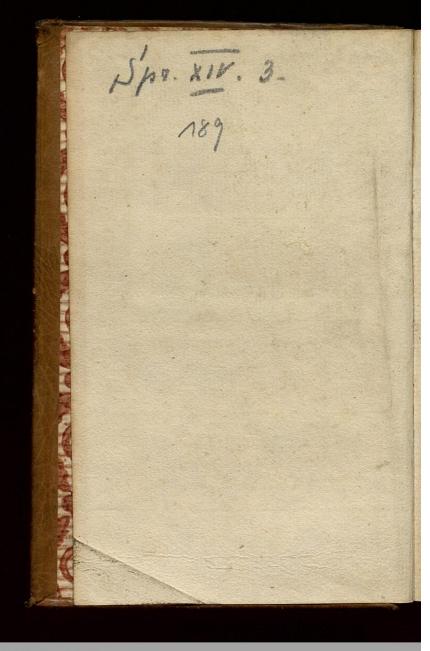




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THE

R

OF

Mr. GEORGE LILLO;

WITH

SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING,

SILVIA; or, The Coun- || The LIFE of SCANDER-TRY BURIAL. A Ballad Opera.

Tragedy.

BEG. And

GEORGE BARNWELL, A

The CHRISTIAN HERO, A Tragedy.

LONDON,

Printed for T. DAVIES, in Russell-Street, Covent-Garden, Bookfeller to the Royal Academy. M DCC LXXV.



EX BIBLIOTHECA OLDENBURGENSI.

DAVID GARRICK, Efq;

SIR,

PERMIT me to claim your patronage for the works of George Lillo, an author whose dramatic scenes are rich in plain sense and strong passion, in truth of character and sound moral.

The world is indebted to this writer for the invention of a new species of dramatic poetry, which may properly be termed the inferior or lesser tragedy.

Otway, Southern and Rowe had indeed taught the Tragic Muse a softer tone, and had lowered the buskin, to adapt it to characters beneath the rank of Kings, and Demigods; but still the persons of their

A 2 Dramas,



Dramas, though less illustrious, were of the noble and elevated order: Lillo formed his plots from private histories, and his characters seldom rose higher than the middle class of life.

In justification of his attempt to make Tragedy of more general use, Lillo * has observed, "that this species of Dramatic "Poetry is so far from losing its dignity by being accommodated to the circumstances of the generality of mankind, that it is more truly august in proportion to the extent of its influence, and the number that is properly affected by it, as it is more truly great to be the instrument of good to many who stand in need of our assistance, than to a very fmall part of that number."

I have no doubt of your being convinced of the utility of this lower kind of Tragedy, as you have established the strength of Lillo's argument by your own practice.

* Dedication to BARNWELL.

practice. The encouragement you gave to More's tragedy of the Gamester will be an acknowledged proof of what I affert, and I have reason to believe that some successful scenes in that pathetic play were indebted to you for more than their representation.

It was the misfortune of Lillo to compose many of his plays during a period when the stage was governed by two managers of very opposite taste, but equally inconsistent in their conduct with the interest of authors and actors, and the reasonable entertainment of the public.

The one, it is faid, had early imbibed a strange dislike to plays and players; either from some particular prejudices which cannot now be easily ascertained, or, which is more probable, from an uncommon fondness for an exotic species of Theatrical entertainment, called Pantomime. It is confessed that he carried this excrescence of the stage to its utmost per-

fection, and was univerfally esteemed a most excellent performer in the mummeries of his own contriving.

Besides, it cannot be denied that the fame man was a happy superintender of all pomps and ceremonies; he excelled in planning magnificent shews, such as coronations and triumphal entries, christenings, marriages and funerals, and all kind of processions, and spared no cost to decorate them.

His rival manager of the other theatre was fo far from having the leaft relish for dramatic poetry, that although he was a gentleman of birth and fortune, one easy in his behaviour and polite in his address, his greatest pleasure consisted in the encouragement of low athletics and mean buffoons, of wrestlers and boxers, of dancers and tumblers, by whose assistance and advice he brought all Sadlers Wells upon the stage, and gave various exhibitions of tall.

tall monsters and ridiculous mountebanks *.

With fuch managers Lillo's plain fense and unaffected manners could hope for little encouragement.

Had he lived to fee the happy revolution in the government of the Theatre introduced by you, he would have rejoiced to behold the greatest genius and most indefatigable industry constantly employed to render the stage respectable as well as flourishing, and the most consummate actor and judicious manager not only the avowed patron as well as kind instructor of actors, but the friend and fellow labourer of authors.

Lillo's modesty would have profited by the advice your perfect knowledge of the Drama would have suggested to him, and

* It must be granted that during the period I am speaking of, that is, from 1734 to 1739, this manager was prevailed upon to act Lillo's Christian Hero, and that he revived several of Shakespeare's Plays; particularly, As You Like It, and the Merchant of Venice; in which Quin, Macklin, Chapman, Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Clive appeared to great advantage.

his gratitude and integrity would have done justice to your candor and fagacity; for he would not only have taken a liberal advantage of your criticisms, but would have freely owned the force and value of them.

That you may long continue to live beloved and respected by all ranks of people, and happy in the consciousness of exerting your abilities for publick and private good, is the sincere and hearty wish of,

SIR,

Your most obedient

Humble fervant,

THE EDITOR.

SOME

ACCOUNT

OF THE LIFE OF

Mr. GEORGE LILLO.

HERE is no passion more incident to our nature than the desire to know the actions of men, whose genius have raised our admiration, and whose labours have given us instruction or entertainment. But however willing we may be to indulge so agreeable a curiosity, there are few authors, the history of whose lives can afford sufficient materials to fill a reasonable volume.

Such writers indeed as have been diffinguished by offices in the government of a kingdom, or such as have embraced particular party principles, or have sided with factions in the state, will always create materials for the biographer, and amusement for the reader.

Selden and Grotius, two eminent writers of the last century, were as much distinguished by their their misfortunes and their struggles with power,

as for their genius and learning.

Waller was a fenator and a statesman, as well as a polite scholar and a great poet. Swift, the friend and coadjutor of Harley and Bolingbroke, took on himself the protection of a kingdom in opposition to a great minister .- We peruse with pleasure the lives of writers whose transactions are varied and multifarious, who flep from their studies into the great theatre of the world, and who join the love of business to the cultivation of polite literature. But fuch examples are rare.

Addison and Pope were certainly great authors, but who can read with pleasure the cold yet correct narrative of Addison's life by Tickel? and when we have reduced the bulky history of Pope, compiled by Ruffhead, to its genuine fize, how little will remain that belongs properly to the fubject? The remarks on Pope's writings composed by a very learned man, and which were purpofely given to inrich this motley manufacture, do but more evidently expose the infipidity of the rest of the work, as the blaze of a torch ferves to discover the deformities of a dungeon.

A great genius has indeed firuck out a new path to fame in this beaten road of literature; Biography. The uncommon misfortunes, turbulent paffions, irregular conduct and unhappy fate of Richard Savage, fon of Earl Rivers, gave birth to one of the finest compositions in

our own or any other language.

It

It is generally faid that LILLO lived in obscurity and died in distress; variety of anecdote and choice of amusement cannot be expected from so unpromising a subject.

The short account of LILLo's life in Cibber's History of the Poets, is the only record hitherto published which contains any thing certain

or probable relating to him, but that is very defective and affords little information.

The author of the Companion to the Play-house contents himself with repeating what Cibber had related; he states no new facts respecting the writer or his works.—The compiler of a List of Dramatic Authors, published with Whincop's tragedy of Scanderbeg, betrays a want of candor, and is equally destitute of truth and accuracy.

Perhaps in reviewing the fate of Lillo's Plays we may strike out some sparks of intelligence, which may afford entertainment and il-

Justrate our author's character.

I think it is agreed on all hands, that LILLO was born on the 4th of February 1693, fome-where near Moorgate—That he learned and

practifed the business of a jeweller.

It is very fingular that no poetical effort of his should appear in print, at least under his name, till the year 1730, when he produced a Ballad Opera, called SILVIA or the COUNTRY BURIAL, which was acted at the Theatre Royal, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.—This is one of the best dramatic pieces which had then appeared, written in imitation of the celebrated Beggar's Opera; for

for SILVIA has invention in its fable, fimplicity in its manners, gaiety in its incidents, and variety as well as truth of character; but what will still more recommend it to the judicious, this Pastoral Burlesque Serio-Comic Opera was written with a view to inculcate the love of truth and virtue, and a hatred of vice and falshood.—Notwithstanding the apparent merit of the Country Burial it met with little success.

About a year after LILLO offered his GEORGE BARNWELL to Mr. Theophilus Cibber, manager of a company of comedians then acting at the Theatre of Drury Lane, during the

fummer feafon.

The author's friends, though they were well acquainted with the merit of BARNWELL, could not be without their fears for the success of a play, which was formed on a new plan—A history of manners deduced from an old ballad; and, which the witlings of the time called a

Newgate Tragedy.

It is true some of our best dramatic poets, in their most affecting pieces, had lowered the bushkin, and fitted it to characters in life inferior to Kings and Heroes; yet no writer had ventured to descend so low as to introduce the character of a merchant, or his apprentice, into a tragedy.—However the author's attempt was sully justified by his success; plain sterling sense, joined to many happy strokes of nature and passion, supplied the imagined desciencies of art, and more tears were shed at the representation of this home-spun drama, than at all

Mr. GEORGE LILLO. xiii

the elaborate imitations of ancient fables and ancient manners by the learned moderns.

Mr. Pope, who was present at the first acting of BARNWELL, very candidly observed that LILLO had never deviated from propriety, except in a few passages in which he aimed at a greater elevation of language than was consistent with character and situation *.

BARNWELL was acted about twenty nights in the hottest part of the year to crouded houses.

The great fuccess of this play excited the attention of Queen Caroline, who desired to see it in MSS †. A message was dispatched to Drury Lane Theatre, and Mr. Wilks waited upon her Majesty with the play. But I have not been able to learn whether the author gained any emolument from the Queen's curiosity. One circumstance which happened the first night that BARNWELL was acted is so singular that it ought not to be forgotten.

Certain witty and facetious persons, who call themselves the town, bought up large quantities of the ballad of George Barnwell, with an intent to make a ludicrous comparison between the old song, and the new tragedy; but so forcible and so pathetic were the scenes of the London Merchant, that these merry gentlemen were quite disappointed and assamel; they were obliged to throw away their ballads and take out their handkerchies; ‡.

. Encou-



^{*} Lillo's life by Cibber, Vol. I. + Gentleman's Magazine, July 1731. ‡ Cibber's life of Lillo.

Encouraged by the fuccess of this play, LILLO ventured upon a subject more arduous and fublime .-- About three or four years after, he wrote the CHRISTIAN HERO, which was acted at Drury Lane Theatre with tolerable fuccefs. The plot of the tragedy is to be found in the history of the Turks. The character of Scanderbeg, the hero of the play, refembles, that of Tamerlane, and is well contrasted with Amurath, the Turkish Sultan. characters in this tragedy are in general strongly marked; fome pathetic scenes of the CHRIS-TIAN HERO would not diffrace the works of our most esteemed dramatic writers. The manners of the Turks and Christians are well difcriminated. The interview in the fecond act between the generals of both armies, is happily conducted.—It is, I believe, an imitation of a fimilar parley between Caled and Eumenes in the Siege of Damascus. But the Scene in the CHRISTIAN HERO is greatly-heightened by the diffress of Scanderbeg, whose mistress, Althea, had fallen by the chance of war into the hands of his enemies.

Upon the whole it must be granted that the muse of LILLO was more adapted to an humble than a lofty theme, to plots not so intricate, nor so overcharged with episode, to characters less elevated, and situations more familiar.

The editor of a Tragedy of Scanderbeg, written by one Mr. Whincop, has ventured to charge the author of the Christian Hero with

Mr. GEORGE LILLO.

with stealing the hint of his play, from his

having feen Scanderbeg in MSS.

It is to be observed that this accusation was brought against Lillo eight years after his death, and near thirteen since his play was first acted. The charge rests solely on the credit of a nameless editor; and I think we may fairly reject it as an invidious attack upon the character of a man whose moral conduct has never been impeached, and who was greatly esteemed for his modesty and integrity. Besides, this tragedy of Scanderbeg (so much cried up by the editor and his friend) is a despicable performance, full of rant and bombast.

Towards the end of the acting scason in 1736, the FATAL CURIOSITY, one of Mr. LILLO'S most affecting tragedies, was acted at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket at the time when Fielding, our English Cervantes, was manager

of that playhouse.

It is not easy to guess why this excellent piece was not represented at one of the Theatres Royal; as our author's character as a writer was by this time well established. It cannot be doubted that Lillo applied to the managers of the more regular theatres, and had been rejected, so that he was reduced to the necessity of having his play acted at an inferior Play-house, and by persons not so well skilled in their profession as the players of the established Theatres.

However, Mr. Fielding, who had a just fense of our author's merit, and who had often in his humorous pieces * laughed at those ridiculous and absurd criticks who could not possibly understand the merit of BARNWELL because the subject was low, treated Lillo with great politeness and friendship. He took upon himfelf the management of the play, and the in-

struction of the actors.

It was during the rehearfal of the FATAL CURIOSITY that I had an opportunity to fee and to converse with Mr. LILLO.—Plain and simple as he was in his address, his manner of conversing was modest, affable and engaging. When invited to give his opinion how a particular sentiment should be uttered by the actor, he express himself in the gentless and most obliging terms, and conveyed instruction and conviction with good nature and good manners.

The plot of the FATAL CURIOSITY, like that of BARNWELL, was taken from private life.

An unhappy old man and his wife who lived at Penryn in Cornwall, impatient under their misfortunes and rendered desperate by extreme poverty, murdered their guest, a failor just returned from the Indies, for the sake of his wealth: to aggravate the atrociousness of the crime, upon examination, the murdered person proved to be their own son.

Lillo has happily varied some of the circumstances of this dismal story, and has added

others to render it more dramatic.

The

^{*} Particularly in Joseph Andrews.

Mr. GEORGE LILLO. xvii

The language of this play is more elevated than that of any of our author's works; in some few passages it must be owned that it is too rich and slowery, and partakes rather of the descriptive than the familiar stile suited to the subject and characters. However the author has seldom indulged himself in this luxuriancy of fancy; for in general his style is plain and easy, though vigorous and energetic; and he is remarkable in this tragedy and in his ELMERICK for a magnificent simplicity of style, so justly commended by Mr. Colman in Massenger and the rest of our old dramatic writers.

Fielding was not merely content to revise the FATAL CURIOSITY, and to instruct the actors how to do justice to their parts. He warmly recommended the play to his friends, and to the public. Besides all this he presented the author with a well written prologue; which, as it contains a just criticism on modern tragedies, the reader will not be displeased to find here.

PROLOGUE TO THE FATAL CURIOSITY.

"THE Tragic Muse has long forgot to please With Shakespeare's nature, or with Fletcher's ease: No passion mov'd, thro' five long acts you sit, Charm'd with the poet's language, or his wit. Fine things are said, no matter whence they fall; Each single character might speak them all.

But from this modern fashionable way, To-night, our author begs your leave to stray.

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No fustian hero rages here to-night;
No armies fall, to fix a tyrant's right:
From lower life we draw our fcene's distress:
—Let not your equals move your pity less!
Virtue distress in humble state support;
Nor think she never lives without the court.

ZVIII

Tho' to our scenes no royal robes belong,
And tho' our little stage as yet be young,
Throw both your scorn and prejudice aside;
Let us with favour not contempt be try'd;
Thro' the first acts a kind attention lend,
The growing scene shall force you to attend;
Shall catch the eyes of every tender fair,
And make them charm their lovers with a tear.
The lover too by pity shall impart
His tender passion to his fair one's heart:
The breast which others anguish cannot move,
Was ne'er the feat of friendship, or of love."

In the conduct of this play LILLO has shewn great judgement. The characters of Old Wilmot and his Wife exhibit strong pictures of pride heightened by poverty, impatience and despair. The reader is frequently though gradually prepared for the dreadful catastrophe in the last scene of the play.

This tragedy is I believe little known, and though I am an enemy to long citations, I shall quote some particular interesting speeches in the first and second act, and a whole scene in the last, which the reader will esteem a master-piece of writing.

Old Wilmot begins the play with a foliloquy that strongly marks his character and situation.

OLD

OLD WILMOT.

The day is far advanc'd; the chearful fun
Pursues with vigour his repeated course;
No labour lessening nor no time decaying
His strength, or splendor: evermore the same,
From age to age his influence sustains
Dependent worlds, bestows both life and motion
On the dull mass that forms the dusky orbs,
Chears them with heat, and gilds them with his
brightness.

Yet man, of jarring elements compos'd,
Who posts from change to change, from the first hour
Of his frail being till his dissolution,
Enjoys the sad prerogative above him,
To think, and to be wretched.—What is life,
To him that's born to die! or what that wisdom
Whose perfection ends in knowing we know nothing!

Mere contradiction all! A tragic farce, Tedious tho' short, and without art elaborate, Ridiculously sad—

In the following scene the author artfully contrives to make the unhappy old man discharge the only person who could have prevented the murder of his son, at the same time that he introduces the character of the amiable Charlot, on whose bounty they had hitherto subsisted, though now they were reduced to the lowest ebb of poverty. Old Wilmot when he parts with his faithful servant, Randal, who is willing to endure the utmost distress rather than quit his service, gives him such advice for his future conduct in the world as farther displays

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his diffresful fituation and the impatience of his his mind.

OLD WILMOT.

How long hast thou been with me?

RANDAL.

Fifteen years.

I was a very child when first you took me
To wait upon your son, my dear young master!
I oft have wish'd, I'd gone to India with him;
Tho' you, desponding, give him o'er for lost.

[OLD WILMOT wipes bis eyes.]

I am to blame—this talk revives your forrow For his absence.

OLD WILMOT.

How can that be reviv'd,
Which never died?

RANDAL.

The whole of my intent Was to confess your bounty, that supplied The loss of both my parents; I was long The object of your charitable care.

OED WILMOT.

No more of that; thou'st serv'd me longer since Without reward; so that account is balanc'd, Or rather I'm thy debtor—I remember, When poverty began to show her face Within these walls, and all my other servants, Like pamper'd vermin from a falling house, Retreated with the plunder they had gain'd, And left me, too indulgent and remiss For such ungrateful wretches, to be crush'd Beneath

Mr. GEORGE LILLO.

Beneath the ruin they had help'd to make, That you, more good than wife, refus'd to leave me.

RANDAL.

Nay, I befeech you, fir!--

OLD WILMOT.

With my distress,

XXI

In perfect contradiction to the world, Thy love, respect and diligence increas'd; Now all the recompence within my power, Is to discharge thee, Randal, from my hard, Unprofitable service.

RANDAL.

Heaven forbid!
Shall I forfake you in your worst necessity?
Believe me, sir, my honest foul abhors
The barb'rous thought.

OLD WILMOT.

What! canst thou feed on air? I have not left wherewith to purchase food. For one meal more.

RANDAL.

Rather than leave you thus, I'll beg my bread, and live on others bounty While I ferve you.

OLD WILMOT.

Down, down my fwelling heart, Or burst in silence: 'tis thy cruel fate Insults thee by his kindness—he is innocent Of all the pain it gives thee—Go thy ways—I will no more suppress thy youthful hopes Of rising in the world.

RANDAL.

'Tis true, I'm young,
And never try'd my fortune, or my genius:

2 3 Whick

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Which may perhaps find out fome happy means, As yet unthought of, to supply your wants.

OLD WILMOT.

Thou tortur's me-I hate all obligations
Which I can ne'er return—And who art thou,
That I shou'd stoop to take 'em from thy hand!
Care for thyself, but take no thought for me;
I will not want thee—trouble me no more.

RANDAL.

Be not offended, fir, and I will go. I ne'er repin'd at your commands before; But heaven's my witness, I obey you now With strong reluctance, and a heavy heart. Farewell, my worthy master!

OLD WILMOT.

Farewell-flay-As thou art yet a stranger to the world, Of which, alas! I've had too much experience, I shou'd, methinks, before we part, bestow A little counsel on thee - Dry thy eyes -If thou weep'ft thus, I shall proceed no farther. Dost thou aspire to greatness, or to wealth, Quit books and the unprofitable fearch Of wisdom there, and study human kind: No science will avail thee without that; But that obtain'd, thou need'ft not any other. This will instruct thee to conceal thy views, And wear the face of probity and honour, Till thou hast gain'd thy end; which must be ever Thy own advantage, at that man's expence Who shall be weak enough to think thee honest.

RANDAL.

You mock me, fure.

OLD

[Going.

Mr. GEORGE LILLO. xxiii

OLD WILMOT.
I never was more ferious.

RANDAL.

Why shou'd you counsel what you feorn'd to practife?

OLD WILMOT.

Because that foolish scorn has been my ruin.
I've been an idiot, but wou'd have thee wiser,
And treat mankind, as they wou'd treat thee, Randal;
As they deserve, and I've been treated by 'em.
Thou'st seen by me, and those who now despise me,
How men of fortune fall, and beggars rise;
Shun my example; treasure up my precepts;
The world's before thee — be a knave and prosper.
What art thou dumb?

[After a long pause.]

RANDAL.

Amazement ties my tongue!

Where are your former principles?

OLD WILMOT.
No matter;

Suppose I have renounc'd 'em: I have passions, And love thee still; therefore would have thee think, The world is all a scene of deep deceit, And he who deals with mankind on the square, Is his own bubble, and undoes himself. [Exit.

In the same act, Maria the servant and companion of Charlot, upon the approach of Agnes, the wife of Old Wilmot, prepares the reader by a short but fine delineation of her character.

MARIA.

Her faded dress, unfashionably fine, As ill conceals her poverty, as that

Strain'd

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Strain'd complaifance, her haughty swelling heart: Tho' perishing for want, so far from asking, She ne'er receives a favour uncompell'd, And while she ruins scorns to be oblig'd.

In the fecond act Young Wilmot persuades Randal to counterfeit a letter from Charlot, with a view to be introduced as a friend of the young lady to his distressed parents, with a view to have an opportunity to be fully acquainted with their unhappy situation, and to relieve them by making a discovery of himself when he should think it most proper.

This unhappy refinement of curiofity occafions the dreadful catastrophe which follows in

the last act.

The interview between Young Wilmot and his parents occasions a most pathetic scene, from which the reader will not be displeased to read the following extract.

ACT II.

OLD WILMOT.

The lady calls you here her valu'd friend; Enough, tho' nothing more should be imply'd, To recommend you to our best esteem.

— A worthless acquisition!— may she find Some means that better may express her kindness; But she, perhaps, hath purpos'd to inrich You with herself, and end her fruitless forrow For one whom death alone can justify For leaving her so long. If it be so, May you repair his loss, and be to Charlot A second, happier Wilmot. Partial nature,

Mr. GEORGE LILLO. XXV

Who only favours youth, as feeble age
Were not her offspring, or below her care,
Has feal'd our doom: no fecond hope shall spring
From my dead loins, and Agnes' steril womb,
To dry our tears, and dislipate despair.

AGNES.

The last and most abandon'd of our kind, By heaven and earth neglected or despis'd, The loathsome grave, that robb'd us of our son And all our joys in him, must be our refuge.

YOUNG WILMOT.

Let ghosts unpardon'd, or devoted siends, Fear without hope, and wail in such sad strains; But grace defend the living from despair. The darkest hours precede the rising sun; And mercy may appear, when least expected.

OLD WILMOT.

This I have heard a thousand times repeated, And have, believing, been as oft deceiv'd.

YOUNG WILMOT.

Behold in me an instance of its truth.

At sea twice shipwreck'd, and as oft the prey
Of lawless pirates; by the Arabs thrice
Surpriz'd, and robb'd on shore: and once reduc'd
To worse than these, the sum of all distress
That the most wretched feel on this side hell,
Ev'n slavery itself: yet here I stand,
Except one trouble that will quickly end,
The happiest of mankind.

OLD WILMOT.

A rare example Of fortune's caprice; apter to surprize, Or entertain, than comfort, or instruct. If you wou'd reason from events, be just,

And

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And count, when you escap'd, how many perish'd; And draw your inf'rence thence.

AGNES.

Alas! who knows, But we were render'd childless by some storm, In which you, tho' preserv'd, might bear a part.

YOUNG WILMOT.

How has my curiofity betray'd me Into superfluous pain! I faint with fondness: And shall, if I stay longer, rush upon 'em. Proclaim myfelf their fon, kifs and embrace 'em Till their fouls, transported with the excess Of pleasure and surprize, quit their frail mansions, And leave 'em breathless in my longing arms. By circumftances then and flow degrees, They must be let into a happiness Too great for them to bear at once, and live: That Charlot will perform: I need not feign To ask an hour for rest. [Aside.] Sir, I intreat The favour to retire where, for a while, I may repose myself. You will excuse This freedom, and the trouble that I give you: 'Tis long fince I have flept, and nature calls.

OLD WILMOT.

I pray no more: believe we're only troubled, That you shou'd think any excuse were needful.

YOUNG WILMOT.

The weight of this is fome incumbrance to me, [Takes a casket out of his hosom and gives it to his mother.]

And its contents of value: if you please To take the charge of it till I awake, I shall not rest the worse. If I shou'd sleep Till I am ask'd for, as perhaps I may, I beg that you wou'd wake me.

AGNES,

Mr. GEORGE LILLO. xxvii

AGNES.

Doubt it not:

Diffracted as I am with various woes, I shall remember that.

[Exit.

If I am not greatly mistaken, in all Dramatic Poetry, there are few scenes where the passions are so highly wrought up, as in the third Act of the FATAL CURIOSITY, where a man, contrary to the conviction of his mind and amidst all the agonies which reluctant nature feels, is tempted to the commission of a most desperate and shocking action. Lillo need not be assumed to yield to Shakespeare, who is superior to all other writers; but excepting the celebrated scenes of murder in Macbeth, these in the FATAL CURIOSITY, for just representation of anguish, remorse, despair, and horror, bear away the palm.

I shall make no apology for anticipating the reader's curiofity by giving this master piece of fine writing, as his perusing it here may engage him not only to read the whole play, but induce him to be better acquainted with the works of a man, who is so great a painter of the

terrible graces.

FATAL CURIOSITY, ACT III.

Enter Agnes alone with the casket in her hand.

WHO should this stranger be?—and then this casket—

He fays it is of value, and yet trusts it, As if a triste, to a stranger's hand— His considence amazes me—Perhaps

IE.

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It is not what he fays—I'm firongly tempted To open it, and fee.—No, let it rest. Why shou'd my curiosity excite me, To search and pry into th' affairs of others; Who have t'imploy my thoughts so many cares And sorrows of my own?—With how much ease The spring gives way!—surprizing! most prodi-

gious! My eyes are dazzled, and my ravish'd heart Leaps at the glorious fight - How bright's the luftre, How immense the worth of these fair jewels! Ay, fuch a treasure wou'd expel for ever Base poverty, and all its abject train; The mean devices we're reduc'd to use To keep out famine, and preserve our lives From day to day; the cold neglect of friends; The galling fcorn, or more provoking pity Of an infulting world-Poffes'd of these, Plenty, content, and power might take their turn, And lofty pride bare its aspiring head At our approach, and once more bend before us. - A pleasing dream !- 'Tis past; and now I wake More wretched by the happiness I've lost. For fure it was a happiness to think, Tho' but for a moment, such a treasure mine. Nay, it was more than thought-I faw and touch'd The bright temptation, and I fee it yet-'Tis here-'tis mine. I have it in possession--Must I resign it? must I give it back? Am I in love with mifery and want? To rob myself and court so vast a loss;--Retain it then. But how?-There is a way-Why finks my heart? why does my blood run cold? Why am I thrill'd with horror?-'Tis not choice, But dire necessity suggests the thought.

Enter

Mr. GEORGE LILLO, xxix

Enter OLD WILMOT.

The mind contented, with how little pains
The wand'ring senses yield to soft repose,
And die to gain new life! He's fall'n asleep
Already—happy man!—what dost thou think,
My Agnes, of our unexpected guest?
He seems to me a youth of great humanity:
Just ere he clos'd his eyes, that swam in tears,
He wrung my hand, and press'd it to his lips;
And with a look, that pierc'd me to the soul,
Begg'd me to comfort thee: and—dost thou hear me?
What art thou gazing on?—fie, 'tis not well—
This casket was deliver'd to you clos'd:
Why have you open'd it? shou'd this be known,
How mean must we appear?

AGNES.

And who shall know it?

OLD WILMOT.

There is a kind of pride, a decent dignity
Due to ourselves: which, spite of our missortunes,
May be maintain'd, and cherish'd to the last.
To live without reproach, and without leave
To quit the world, shews sovereign contempt,
And noble scorn of its relentless malice.

AGNES.

Shews fovereign madness and a scorn of sense. Pursue no farther this detested theme:
I will not die, I will not leave the world
For all that you can urge, until compell'd.

OLD WILMOT.

To chase a shadow, when the setting sun Is darting his last rays, were just as wise, As your anxiety for seeting life, Now the last means for its support are failing:

Were

THE LIFE OF

Were famine not as mortal as the fword,
This warmth might be excus'd—But take thy choice
—Die how you will, you shall not die alone.

AGNES.

Nor live, I hope.

OLD WILMOT.
There is no fear of that.

AGNES.

Then we'll live both.

OLD WILMOT. Strange folly! where's the means?

AGNES.

The means are there; those jewels____

OLD WILMOT.

Ha!—Take heed:
Perhaps thou dost but try me; yet take heed
There's nought so monstrous but the mind of man
In some conditions may be brought t'approve;
Thest, facrilege, treason, and parricide,
When slatt'ring opportunity intic'd,
And desperation drove, have been committed
By those who once wou'd start to hear them nam'd.

AGNES.

And add to these detested suicide, Which, by a crime much less, we may avoid.

OLD WILMOT.

Th' inhospitable murder of our guest!—— How cou'dst thou form a thought so very tempting, So advantageous, so secure and easy; And yet so cruel, and so full of horror?

AGNES.

'Tis less impiety, less against nature, To take another's life, than end our own.

OLD

Mr. GEORGE LILLO. xxxi

OLD WILMOT.

It is no matter, whether this or that
Be, in itself, the less or greater crime:
Howe'er we may deceive ourselves or others,
We act from inclination, not by rule,
Or none cou'd act amiss—and that all err,
None but the conscious hypocrite denies.
—O! what is man, his excellence and strength,
When in an hour of trial and desertion,
Reason, his noblest power, may be suborn'd
To plead the cause of vile assassination!

AGNES.

You're too severe: reason may justly plead For her own preservation.

OLD WILMOT.

Rest contented:
Whate'er resistance'I may seem to make,
I am betray'd within: my will's seduc'd,
And my whole soul infected. The defire
Of life returns, and brings with it a train
Of appetites that rage to be supply'd.
Whoever stands to parley with temptation,
Does it to be o'ercome.

AGNES.

Then nought remains,
But the swift execution of a deed
That is not to be thought on, or delay'd.
We must dispatch him sleeping: shou'd he wake,
'Twere madness to attempt it.

OLD WILMOT.

True, his strength
Single is more, much more than ours united;
So may his life, perhaps, as far exceed
Ours in duration, shou'd he 'scape this fnare.

Gen'rous.

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Gen'rous, unhappy man! O! what cou'd move thee To put thy life and fortune in the hands Of wretches mad with anguish!

AGNES.

By shabbing, suffocation, or by strangling, Shall we effect his death?

OLD WILMOT.

Why, what a fiend!— How cruel, how remorfeless and impatient Have pride, and poverty made thee?

AGNES.

Barbarous man! Whose wasteful riots ruin'd our estate,
And drove our son, ere the first down had spread
His rosy cheeks, spite of my sad presages,
Earnest intreaties, agonies and tears,
To seek his bread 'mongst strangers, and to perish
In some remote, inhospitable land—
The loveliest youth, in person and in mind,
That ever crown'd a groaning mother's pain!
Where was thy pity, where thy patience then?
Thou cruel husband! thou unnat'ral father!
Thou most remorseless, most ungrateful man,
To waste my fortune, rob me of my son;
To drive me to despair, and then reproach me
For being what thou'st made me.

OLD WILMOT.

Dry thy tears:
I ought not to reproach thee. I confess
That thou hast suffer'd much. so have we both.
But chide no more: I'm wrought up to thy purpose.
The poor, ill-fated, unsuspecting victim,

Ere

GEORGE LILLO. xxxiii

Ere he reclin'd him on the fatal couch, From which he's ne'er to rife, took off the fash, And costly dagger that thou saw'st him wear; And thus, unthinking, furnish'd us with arms Against himself. Which shall I use?

AGNES.

The fash.

OLD

If you make use of that I can affist.

OLD WILMOT.

No—'tis a dreadful office, and I'll spare
Thy trembling hands the guilt—steal to the door
And bring me word if he be still asleep.

Or I'm deceiv'd, or he pronounc'd himself
The happiest of mankind. Deluded wretch!
Thy thoughts are perishing, thy youthful joys,
Touch'd by the icy hand of grisly death,
Are withering in their bloom—but thought extinguish'd,

He'll never know the loss, nor feel the bitter Pangs of disappointment – then I was wrong In counting him a wretch: to die well pleas'd, Is all the happiest of mankind can hope for. To be a wretch, is to survive the loss Of every joy, and even hope itself, As I have done—why do I mourn him then For, by the anguish of my tortur'd soul, He's to be envy'd, if compar'd with me.

Enter AGNES with Young WILMOT's dagger.

AGNES.

The stranger sleeps at present; but so restless
His slumbers seem, they can't continue long,
Come, come, dispatch - Here I've secur'd his dagger.
Vol. I.

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OLD WILMOT.

O Agnes! Agnes! if there be a hell 'Tis just we shou'd expect it.

[Goes to take the dagger, but lets it fall.

AGNES.

Nay, for shame,

Shake off this panic, and be more yourself.

OLD WIL MOT.

What's to be done? on what had we determin'd?

AGNES.

You're quite dismay'd. I'll do the deed myself. [Takes up the dagger.

OLD WILMOT.

Give me the fatal steel
'Tis but a single murder,
Necessity, impatience and despair,
The three wide mouths of that true Cerberus,
Grim poverty, demands—They shall be stopp'd.
Ambition, persecution, and revenge
Devour their millions daily: and shall I—
But follow me, and see how little cause
You had to think there was the least remains
Of manhood, pity, mercy, or remorse
Left in this savage breast. [Going the surong way.

AGNES.

Where do you go?

The street is that way.

OLD WILMOT.

True! I had forgot.

AGNES.

Quite, quite confounded.

OLD WILMOT.

Well, I recover.

I shall find the way.

[Exits

Mr. GEORGE LILLO. XXXV

AGNES.

O foftly! foftly!

The least noise undoes us.—Still I fear him:

No—now he seems determin'd—O! that pause,
That cowardly pause!—his resolution fails—
'Tis wisely done to lift your eyes to heaven;
When did you pray before? I have no patience—How he surveys him! what a look was there!—How full of anguish, pity and remorte!—
He'll never do it—Strike, or give it o'er—
No, he recovers—but that trembling arm
May miss its aim; and if he fails, we're lost—
'Tis done—O! no; he lives, he struggles yet.

YOUNG WILMOT.

O! father! father!

[In another room.

AGNES.

Quick, repeat the blow.
What pow'r shall I invoke to aid thee, Wilmot!
---Yethold thy hand---inconstant, wretched woman!
What doth my heart recoil, and bleed with him
Whose murder was contriv'd---O Wilmot! Wilmot!

Notwithstanding all the friendly endeavours of Fielding, this play met with very little success at its first representation, and this was owing in all probability to its being brought on in the latter part of the season, when the public had been satiated with a long run of Pasquin.—But it is with pleasure I observe that Fielding generously persisted to serve the man whom he had once espoused; he tacked the FATAL CURIOSITY to his Historical Register, which was played with great success in the ensuing winter. The

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tragedy was acted to more advantage than before, and was often repeated, to the emolument of the author, and with the approbation of the

public.

It was the fate of LILLO to be reduced to the necessity of having his plays represented by inferior actors. In 1738, he gave to the players, acting during the fummer feafon at Covent-Garden, his play of MARINA, taken from an old tragedy attributed to Shakespeare, called, Pericles, Prince of Tyre. It is true the first editors of this great father of the English stage rejected Pericles, and several other pieces that had been printed with his name to them during his life-time. It is most likely that Shakespeare revised this old drama, and gave a few touches of his own inimitable pencil; that he added or altered a character or two, and wrote a scene here and there; which, like the luftre of Baffianus's ring* in the cavern, illuminated the furrounding darkness.

The preserving from oblivion scenes which will give perpetual pleasure in the reading, is undoubtedly meritorious, and LILLO deserves as much praise for saving the sketches of a Shakespeare, as he who carefully keeps amongst

* Marcus. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear A precious ring, that lightens all the hole, Which like a taper in some monument Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy checks, And shews the ragged entrails of the pit.

Tit. Andron. Act 2. Sc. 7.

This fine passage has been quoted to prove that Shakespeare wrote some part of this horrid tragedy.

Mr. GEORGE LILLO. xxxvii his rarities, a maimed statue of an illustrious artist.

There is fomething pleafingly wild in the character of Marina, which befpeaks her to be the offspring of fweet Fancy's child. At her first appearance she makes use of such happy, yet uncommon expressions, as will not permit us to doubt her origin.

ACT I. SCENE I.

MARINA.

No, I will rob gay Tellus of her weeds,
To firew thy grave with flowers. The yellows, blues,
The purple violets and marygolds
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy tomb,
While fummer days do last. Ah me, poor maid!
Born in a tempest when my mother dy'd,
And now I mourn a fecond mother's loss.
This world to me is like a lasting florm,
That swallows, piece by piece, the merchant's wealth,
And in the end himself.

In this romantic fable of MARINA, a hufband, contrary to all expectations, recovers his wife, and a father his daughter.

Pericles, when he views Marina, breaks out into an exclamation which could belong to none but our old inimitable bard.

PERICLES.

My long pent forrow rages for a vent, And will o'erflow in tears: fuch was my wife; And fuch an one my daughter might have been; My queen's fquare brows, her stature to an inch, As wand-like straight, as filver voiced, her eyes

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As jewels like, in pace another Juno;
And then like her the flarves the ears the feeds,
And makes them crave the more, the more the
fpeaks."

A love of truth, innocence, and virtue, a firm refignation to the will of Providence, and a deteffation of vice and falsehood, are conftantly infisted upon, and strongly inculcated in all the compositions of honest Lillo.

I shall only give another quotation from this play, which confifts of four very happy lines of

LILLO grafted upon the old flock :

"Ye fons and daughters of adverfity,
Preferve you innocence, and each light grief
So bounteous are the Gods to those who serve them)
Shall be rewarded with ten thousand joys"

Indifcriminate praise is as suspicious as undistinguishing censure. Both proceed from one common parent, ignorance: though the latter is softered by brutal malevolence, and the former cherished by indiscreet friendship.

In this play of MARINA, I think LILLO has preferved fome characters, and retained fome expressions of the old drama, which his judgment should have rejected. He did not resect that rude modes of speech, when manners are uncultivated, are tolerated by custom; and words which might have been spoken without centure in the drawing room of Elizabeth, a swearing and masculine queen, and even in the pre-

fence

Mr. GEORGE LILLO. XXXIX

fence of *James, a prince who loved and propagated an obscene jest, would scarce be permitted now in some houses devoted to pleasure. A modern audience rejects with disgust the companions and language of a brothel.

Though less virtuous than our ancestors, we are more refined and polite in our public enter-

tainments.

LILLO died the 3d of September, 1739.

He just lived to finish his tragedy of ELME-RICK, which he left to the care of his friend Mr. John Gray, a bookfeller, who was first a diffenting minister, and afterwards, upon his complying with the terms of admission into the church of England, rector of a living at Rippon in Yorkshire. The author made it his dying request, to his friend Gray, that he would dedicate his ELMERICK to Frederick, Prince of Wales .- Marcellus and Germanicus were not more beloved by the Romans, than Frederick was by the people of England. His eafiness of access, his readiness to succour the distressed, his encouragement of arts and sciences, and many other public and private virtues endeared him to perfons of all ranks.—Lillo had a great veneration for the prince, and had, in a masque called BRITANNIA and BATAVIA, exerted his poetical

Wilfon's life of Jamee,

^{*} This religious king, who wrote commentaries on some parts of Scripture, diverted himself with the bandy jokes of a bishop (I think it was Neal of Rochester) during the time of divine service at the chapel royal.

poetical skill on the marriage of his Royal Highness to the Princess of Saxe-Gotha.

We learn from Mr. Gray's dedication of EL-MERICK, that the Prince of Wales interested himself in the success of this tragedy by honouring it with his presence, and it is but reasonable to believe that the play was acted at Drury-Lane Theatre through the influence of the same royal

patron.

The fuccess was much greater than was expected from a tragedy written on so simple a plan, and with so antiquated, though so excellent a moral, as the necessity of universal and impartial justice.—It had novelty at least to recommend it: it was bold as well as hazardous in the poet, to introduce a scene where the man intrusted by his prince with the government of a kingdom, makes use of his delegated power against the consort of his royal master, and puts her to death for an injury committed against his own wise.

There could not have been a more proper actor chosen for the part of Elmerick than Quin: unacquainted as he was with passion, and incapable to express it, he always gave weight and dignity to sentiment, by his look,

voice, and action.

When Elmerick, in the following invocation to Heaven, offers up the queen to justice, the audience felt with awe the force of Quin's elocution.

" Thou

Mr. GEORGE LILLO.

"Thou awful power, whose bright tremendous fword

Rules heaven and earth while hell refifts in vain;
Inexorably firm eternal justice!
Fearless I offer up this great delinquent,
To you and to Ismena: deign t'accept
No common sacrifice, and may it prove
A solemn lesson and a dreadful warning,
T'instruct and to alarm a guilty world."

It is not generally known that Mr. Hammond interested himself in the success of Elmerick; but I have authority from a gentleman, who stands foremost in the first class of living authors, to affirm that Mr. Hammond wrote the prologue and epilogue to that tragedy, and it plainly appears from them, that the success of the play was not a matter of indifference to him; and it may farther be reasonably supposed that his interest with the Prince of Wales was employed to the advantage of Elmerick.

I am persuaded that I shall give pleasure to the reader, by inserting here these genuine productions of so elegant a writer as Mr. Hammond, who did not long survive the generous regard which he paid to the remains of Lillo.

The judgment past on the works of our author, by a man whose good taste in literature has alway been unquestioned, will be a powerful sanction of his worth, and more than counter-balance the absurd attacks of illiberal criticism.

PRO-

PROLOGUE TO ELMERICK,

By Mr. HAMMOND.

"NO laboured scenes to-night adorn our stage, Lillo's plain sense wou'd here the heart engage. He knew no art, no rule; but warmly thought From passions force, and as he felt he wrote. His Barnwell once no criticks test could bear, Yet from each eye still draws the natural tear. With generous candour hear his latest strains, And let kind pity shelter his remains. Deprest by want, afflicted by disease, Dying he wrote, and dying wish'd to please. Oh may that wish be now humanely paid, And no harsh critic vex his gentle shade. 'Tis yours his unsupported same to save, And bid one laurel grace his humble grave."

EPILOGUE.

By the SAME.

"YOU, who supreme o'er ev'ry work of wit In judgement here unaw'd, unbias'd fit, The palatines and guardians of the pit; If to your minds this merely-modern play, No useful sense, no gen'rous warmth convey; If sustian here, thro' each unnat'ral scene, In strain'd conceits sound high, and nothing means If lofty dulness for your vengeance call; Like Elmerick judge, and let the guilty fall. But if simplicity, with force and fire, Unlabour'd thoughts and artless words inspire;

Mr. GEORGE LILLO.

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If, like the action which these scenes relate, The whole appear irregularly great; If master strokes the nobler passions move, Then, like the king, acquit us, and approve."

I have heard from Roberts, an old comedian, who was well acquainted with Mr. Lillo, that his tragedy of Arden of Feversham was written before the year 1736. How it came to lie dormant till 1762, when it was first acted in the summer season, I have not been able to learn. I have already observed, that it was the sate of this writer to have several of his plays acted to disadvantage. Arden is a strong instance of it; for excepting the principal character of the play, which was acted with great judgment by my friend Mr. Havard, we cannot say that much justice was done to this pathetic tragedy by the actors.

The part of Alicia was given to a raw young actress, unacquainted with the stage, and utterly incapable of comprehending, much less of representing a character which required the strongest expression of violent and consisting

paffions.

The writer of The Companion to the Theatre, in the life of LILLO, does justice to ARDEN, and speaks with rapture of the effects produced by the representation of it, but at the same time he has absolutely omitted this tragedy in his Dictionary or Lift of Plays. However it is

certain

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certain that ARDEN, though much applauded,

was acted but one night.

The story of Arden's murder is not an improper subject for the stage, and many scenes of this play are happily written, in which the passions of love and jealously, revenge and lust, of rage and remorse, are fully and faithfully delineated.

But, perhaps, in adhering too strictly to our old chronicles, the writer has deprived himself of advantages which he might have obtained by a slight deviation from them.—The poet says,

Ficta, voluptatis causa, sunt proxima veris.

I think we may go yet farther, and venture to affirm, that a probable flory, well contrived, and artfully conducted, will give more pleafure in dramatic poetry, than a too close representation of real fact.

Such actions as will not bear to be feen, may yet be related to advantage. Detefled characters, the perpetrators of low villainy, murderers and affaffins, should be sparingly introduced upon the stage: The diabolical ministers of vengeance should be just seen and dismissed; though they may be spoken of with propriety. An audience will not long endure their company.

It is greatly to be lamented that some friend of the author had not applied to Mr. Garrick



to revife, correct, and amend this play; a few alterations by a gentleman who is fo great a judge of Dramatic Poetry, and who has often shewn his skill in reviving plays with success, would have rendered it a lasting entertainment to the public.

I have now finished my cursory review of

LILLO's plays, and have little else to add.

Mr. Hammond more than infinuated in his prologue to ELMERICK, that LILLO died oppressed with want. The story of his poverty has been propagated upon this respectable au-

thority.

But furely it was not very credible, that a man who was in the practice of a reputable and generally profitable bufiness, such as the art of jewelling; and who besides, in the space of seven years, had accumulated by his plays a sum not much less than 8001. could possibly die surrounded with distress; especially if we take into this account, what was certainly true, that the man was very temperate, and addicted to no one vice or extravagance!

By great good fortune I was directed to a person who has justified my doubts upon this matter, and has, very politely, surnished me with some materials which farther illu-

strate our author's character.

This gentleman was formerly partner in the fame bufiness with Mr. Lillo; he now lives at Chelsea, and in an advanced age has retired from the satigues of business.

From

From him I learn, that GEORGE LIELD was the fon of a Dutch jeweller, who married an English woman; that he was born fome. where near Moorfields, and brought up to his father's business; that he himself was his partner in the fame trade feveral years; that Lillo was a most valuable and amiable man; that in his moral conduct, and in the candour, generofity, and openness of his temper, he resembled the character of Thorowgood in his own BARNWELL; that, fo far from being poor, he died in very easy circumstances, and rather in affluence than want; that he bequeathed feveral legacies, and left the bulk of his fortune to Mr. John Underwood his nephew, in which was included an estate of 60l. per annum *.

This story of LILLO's distressed fortune, which Mr. Hammond inadvertently gave rise to, and which has been believed and repeated by others, may perhaps owe its rise to a particularity in our author's conduct, which this gentleman, his partner, communicated to me.

Towards the latter part of his life, Mr. Lillo, whether from judgment or humour,

deter-

^{*} Mr. Underwood, a jeweller in the city, fon of Mr. John Underwood, favoured me with a fight of Mr. Lillos will; by which it appears that besides the estate of 600, per annum bequeathed to Underwood the father, subject to certain payments to different persons, he died possessed for everal effects by no means inconsiderable.

Mr. GEORGE LILLO. xlvii

determined to put the fincerity of his friends, who professed a very high regard for him, to a trial.

In order to carry on this defign, he put in practife an odd kind of ffratagem; he afked one of his intimate acquaintance to lend him a confiderable fum of money, and for this he declared that he would give no bond, nor any other fecurity, except a note of his hand; the perfon to whom he applied, not liking the

terms, civilly refused him.

Soon after, LILLO met his nephew, Mr. Underwood, with whom he had been at variance for some time; he put the same question to him, defiring him to lend him money upon the fame terms. His nephew, either from a fagacious apprehension of his uncle's real intention, or from generofity of spirit, immediately offered to comply with his request. LILLO was fo well pleafed with this ready compliance of Mr. Underwood, that he immediately declared that he was fully fatisfied with the love and regard that his nephew bore him; he was convinced that his friendship was entirely difinterested, and assured him that he should reap the benefit fuch generous behaviour deferved. In consequence of this promise, he bequeathed him the bulk of his fortune.

I should have observed that LILLO was a Differenter, but not of that sour cast which distin-

guishes some of our secturies,

In

xlviii THE LIFE OF, &c.

In his person he was lusty, but not tall, of a pleasing aspect, though unhappily deprived of the fight of one eye.

I have no authority for putting the Life of SCANDERBEG among the works of LILLO—It has been usually bound up with his plays, and advertised with the Christian Hero.

T. D.

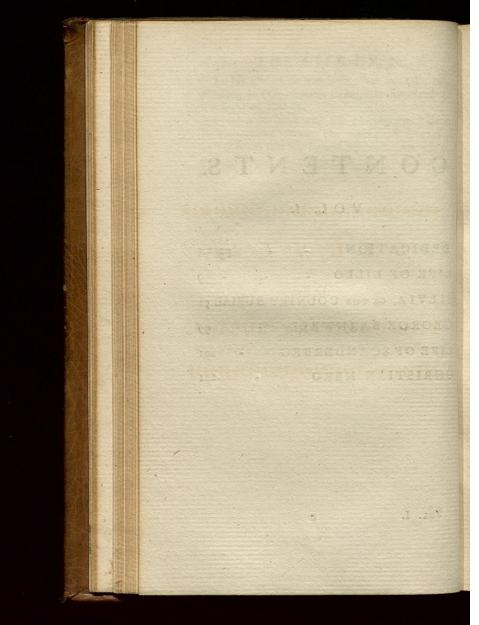
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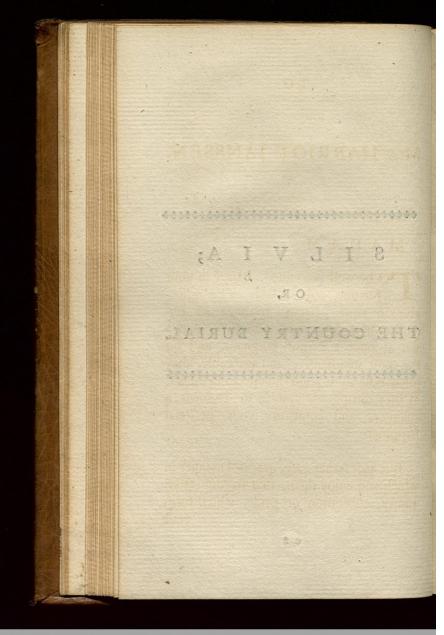


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SIL VIA;

OR,

THE COUNTRY BURIAL.



Mrs. HARRIOT JANSSEN.

MADAM

MADAM

To be well descended, happy in your fortune, nobly allied, to be agreeable in your person, to have an understanding solid and extensive, and a wit at once the most poignant, and yet the most innossensive and agreeable, may justly raise admiration and esteem in others, as they distinguish you in so eminent a manner, and constitute your personal happiness.

But as it is that easy, graceful manner in which you enjoy them, that freedom from yanity, affectation or pride, which form your

DEDICATION.

your real character; fo the use you make of your fortune, interest, and good sense, renders them a general blessing to all who have the happiness of being within the reach of their influence.

MADAM,

Your generofity and condescension in permitting this address, is an instance of both, so much to my advantage, that I find it impossible to suppress either my pride, or gratitude, on this occasion; especially when I consider that it is an honour, that many before have solicited in vain.

That the conversation and friendship of a lady of your accomplishments, should be highly esteemed by persons of the first rank both for dignity and virtue (not to mention the Noble Lord to whom you are so happily allied) is no more a wonder, than that there should be among the nobility, those who are as eminent for their

DEDICATION.

their good fense and fine taste, as their high stations.

That you may still continue the ornament of your own sex and the admirator of ours, must be the sincere wish of all who are any ways acquainted with your merit, but of none more than of,

MADAM,

Your grateful and obliged

Humble fervant,

GEORGE LILLO.

DEDICATION.

their good tenle and fine raffe, as their high itations.

That you may full continue the ornament of your own fex and the admiraof ours, mult be the hoeste with of all two are any ways acquainted with your ment, but of nonemore than or

MADAM,

Your grateful and obligad

Thumble fervant,

GEORGE IILLO, .

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DRAMATIS PERSON Æ.

MEN.

Sir John Freeman, Welford, Timothy Stitch, Gaffer Gabble, Ploughshare, Jonathan, Sexton, Mr. Walker. Mr. Hulett. Mr. Laguerre. Mr. Hall. Mr. Salway. Mr. Hippelley. Mr. Ray.

WOMEN.

Silvia,
Dorothy Stitch,
Lettice Stitch,
Goody Bufy,
Goody Gabble,
Goody Coffive,
Betty,

Mrs. Cantrel.
Mrs. Kilby.
Mrs. Vincent.
Mrs. Martin.
Mrs. Rice.
Mrs. Forrester.
Mrs. Egleton.

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

In the Dramatis Persona to BARNWELL, for Witherbile read Wetherilt, for Clarke read Charke, p. 184, l. 24, for not read nor.

VOL. II.

In the Dramatis Personae to the FATAL CURIOSILY, for Davis, read Davies, for Wooburn read Woodburn, p. 50. l. 21, for depredations read imprecations.

SILVIA;

OR, THE

COUNTRY BURIAL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in WELFORD's House.

WELFORD.

OW, now's the very crisis of our fate—
On this important hour depends the happiness, or ruin, of my dear and only child, and all my future peace.—Why am I thus alarm'd! The event must sure be happy! I have long, with pleasure, beheld their mutual love.—The end of all my hopes and fears is near—This happy marriage will restore my long-lost peace of mind—After marriage, shou'd he prove false, or unkind—what means are lest—what power on earth can do her justice then!—Now my pains return! thus joy and anguish alternately possess my breast, as hope or sear prevails.

13

A I R I. (Since all the World's in Strife.)

The man, by foes furrounded,
Whilst with himself at peace,
Dauntless, and unconfounded,
Beholds their rage increase.
But oh! the torturing pain.
That racks his heart and brain,
Who, hourly with himself at war,
The foe does in his bosom bear!
Shall this tempest in my breast
E'er cease, and I have rest?
E'er cease, and I have rest?

SCENE II. WELFORD AND JONATHAN.

WELFORD.

Jonathan, Sir John tarries long.

JONATHAN.

That is not to be wonder'd at, when he is in fuch good company. I know my mafter never thinks himself so happy as when he is with your fair daughter.

WELFORD.

Jonathan, I have observed, of all Sir John's servants, that you, who, indeed, seem best to deserve it, have the greatest share in his considence and favour: now you are not ignorant of my friendship for your master, nor of his pretensions of love to my Silvia; both which must interest me nearly it every thing that relates to him. I have lately heard some reslections on his conduct, that much alarm me.

me. You, if you will, can fatisfy my doubts, without prejudice to your own fidelity, or your master's honour.

JONATHAN.

Ay, dear Sir, I know that any discoveries which I might make to you, wou'd be as fafe as in my own bosom, and all the use you wou'd make of 'em, wou'd be to improve 'em, if possible, to my master's advantage, and not at all to my prejudice. What a wicked censorious world do we live in! My master is certainly the most virtuous, sober; modest gentleman in the country; and, to say truth, we are a mighty regular family. For my part, I am daily edify'd by his good example.

WELFORD.

This fellow mocks me. [Afide] The business of my farm, and the care of my flocks call me hence. Farewel. My best respects and service to Sir John.

SCENE III.

JONATHAN.

Ha, ha, ha! a pretty jest truly! discover my master's secrets for nothing!—when I'm so well paid for keeping 'em.

A I R II. (Gami'orum.)
The ferwant that betrays his trust,
Who's imploy'd in search of beauty,
To his master and himself unjust,
Has neither sense nor duty.
Priests and lawyers, by the throng,
Are well paid for their pratting;
What sool then wou'd use his tongue,
Who loses by his tasling.

Gami—'orum, &c. [Exit singing.
B 2 SCENE

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in d

SILVIA; OR,

SCENE IV.

Another Room in WELFORD's House.

SIR JOHN FREEMAN AND SILVIA.

SILVIA.

Urge me no further—I have faid too much. How have you drawn from me the fond confession?

SIR JOHN.

Merely to fay you wou'd obey your father! is that too much to pay whole years spent in adoration of your charms!

SILVIA.

What can you ask, or what can I say more?

SIR JOHN.

Can ardent love be fatisfied with duty? You might have faid as much to any other man, who shou'd have gain'd your father's approbation. You have not yet, my charming fair, confess'd you love.

SILVIA.

Why will you press me to pass the bounds of modesty and prudence? you know my father does not force my will.

SIR JOHN.

Why then this needless caution and referve? your cruel coldness chills me to the heart. You never felt love's animating fire; some other motive, in which love has no part, must influence you to admit of my addresses.

SILVIA.

Your fuspicions are as groundless as unkind. There may be men false, designing, cruel and unjust,

just, who court and flatter only to deceive: wou'd it be therefore just to charge the crimes of some on all? and, for your constant love, truth and sincerity, return you doubts, suspicions and unjust reproaches? There may be women too, who, for wealth or power, wou'd give their hands where they refuse their hearts. If you think me such a one, for my sake, and your own, desist at once: for love, that is not founded on esteem, can never yield true satisfaction, or continue long.

SIR JOHN.

Pardon, my dearest Silvia, a fault, caus'd only by excess of love—Thou art so great a blessing, 'twere presumption to be too secure. Long we suspect, and hardly are convinc'd that the treasure, on which our happiness depends, shall ever be attain'd. But now my fears are husht, and all my doubts are sled.

AIR III. (Blithe Jockey young and gay.)

Sweet are the joys of love,

When doubts and fears are past:

Sil. Virtue does love improve;

Truth makes it ever laft.

Sir John. All virtues in thee shine. Sil. Whate'er I am is thine.

Both. Hearts, thus united, prove

Earth bas no joy like love.

SIR JOHN.

When love's fincere and conflant, how does it bless and how improve mankind? yet, ambitious statesmen, and foolish meddling priests, wou'd bind in fetters the noble free-born passion. Vain attempt!

tempt!—Marriage ne'er yet kindled a mutual flame, where it was not, but often has extinguish'd it where it was; love is itself its own security, and needs no other bonds.

SILVIA.

This idle talk, this common place raillery on marriage, I think, at any time is best omitted; but fure, Sir John, 'tis most improper now. You can't expect that a maid, who is not weary of her condition, will take upon her the defence of a cause in which she is not concern'd: yet, to pleasure you, who, I presume, delight to hear me talk, tho' I thereby discover my own simplicity, this I will say, the world owes its order, kingdoms their peaceful regular succession, and private families their domestick happiness to marriage.

SIR JOHN.

The prejudice of education only makes you reafon thus. I must instruct you better.

SILVIA.

Sir John, I understand you not-

SIR JOHN.

You shall join with me, by our example to convince the world, that love can subsist without the marriage tye.

SILVIA.

Sir John Freeman, I have known you long, bred up under one roof from infancy together. I don't remember when I knew you not. The innocent friendship, contracted in our childhood, in you improv'd to love, or you have been a thousand times forsworn. If I have been deceiv'd, when may

may a virgin fafely believe a man? I wou'd not wrong your honour by unjust suspicions—but if you have abus'd me—

SIR JOHN.

If I love thee not, or if I ever cease to love thee, may I become the most wretched and most accurst of men-may I——

SILVIA.

Imprecate no more, wave this difcourse, and I am satisfy'd.

SIR JOHN.

'Tis time, my Silvia, to compleat our joys. [Takes her by the hand.] You must now quit your father's humble roof, and shine with me. My wealth, great as it is, shall be exhausted to support thy pleasures. Love, only Love, shall be the priest to join us. Enjoyment shall be our marriage: [She firuggles.] Each day I shall a happy bridegroom be, and you a bride. Mahomet's Paradise shall be verify'd in us; and all our long lives shall be but one continued transport.

SILVIA.

Let go my hand.

SIR JOHN.

And lest you shou'd think I mean to deceive and to forsake you, no proud heires, that brings a province for her portion, shall be jointur'd as you shall be. Half my estate shall be settled on thee.

SILVIA.

With brutal force to compel me to hear thy hated proposals, is such insolence.—Thy breath is blasting, and thy touch insectious. Oh that my strength

B 4

was equal to my indignation! I'd give my hand a ransom for my body. [Breaks from bim.

SIR JOHN.

Stay, my charming angry fair, and hear me fpeak.

SILVIA.

Wou'd I had never heard you. Oh that 'twere possible to fly where I might never hear the voice of mankind more — What, set a price on my immortal foul and spotless fame? Know, thou ungenerous man, I ne'er was influenced by thy wealth to hearken to thy vows; for notwithstanding my humble birth, and fortune, I ever fcorn'd riches, when compar'd to love, as now I do love and thee, compar'd to virtue. She, who capitulates on terms like these, confesses an equivalent may be had for innocence and same, and thereby forfeits both,

AIR IV. (Tweed Side.)

By our weakness we help the deceit,
If our wirine we balance with gold.
When dishonour's propos'd, if we treat,
We're to ruin and infamy sold.
The bird, that beholds the snares laid,
Yet presumptuously plays with the bait,
By its rashness and folly betray'd,
Repents, and grows wifer too late.

SCENE V.

SIR JOHN FREEMAN.
Jonathan.

SCENE

THE COUNTRY BURIAL.

SCENEVI.

SIR JOHN FREEMAN AND JONATHAN.

JONATHAN.

Sir.

SIR JOHN.

Order the groom to bring the horses to the gate.

SCENE VII.

SIR JOHN FREEMAN.

I have made a bold, but unsuccessful attempt, and by it, perhaps, have loft her for ever-perhaps. not. - I wou'd fain fee her once more, methinks .-And yet there is but little likelihood of our coming. to an agreement. I am refolv'd never to marry ; and the feems as much refolv'd never to comply without it. Whatever is the meaning of it, I find myself more asham'd than angry at the disappointment; tho' 'tis certain that I never did, nor ever can, love any other woman half fo well. I feel a strange palpitation here [Sighing.] I am not fure that I don't like her the better for refusing me-I. am fure of nothing-but that I won't marry - I must. e'en have recourse to the general remedy in these cases, a less scrupulous female. For tho' that won't remove the cause, yet it is an admirable opiate, and relieves the symptoms to a miracle.

A I R V. (Charming is your Face.)

Wounded by the scornful fair,
Since she dooms me to despair,
Let me sly to seek for rest
On some softer gentler breast,
Whose free soul no forms enslave,
But kindly heals the wounds she gave.
SCENE

SCENE VIII.

A Country Village.

The Funeral attended by TIMOTHY STITCH as chief Mourner, LETTICE, PLOUGHSHARE, GAFFER GABBLE, GOODY BUSY, GOODY GABBLE, GOODY COSTIVE, &c. crosses the Stage. The Sexton remains.

SEXTON.

A very pretty fancy this of being buried in her cloaths. If it were once a fashion, a fexton might get as much as an overfeer of the poor. Every man is for making the most of his place. But then there is no comparison between starving the living and robbing the dead, for what shou'd dead folks do with cloaths? - But the truth of it is, in these healthy countries the poor live fo shamefully long that parish officers get little now, besides good eating and drinking. - But I have heard that formerly fuch as were past their labour used to be provided for at the expence of the sheriff-For then, if persons were likely to become chargeable to the parish, the whole neighbourhood wou'd swear that they were witches or wizards; and so they were decently hang'd up to fave charges. But in London, and other your great towns, an industrious man of my business may make a good penny of it still-for there they steal bodies and all, but here we're forc'd to let them rot in their graves, because we can't tell what elfe to do with them.

AIR

A I R VI. (There was a jovial Beggar-man.)

Strange tales some lying travellers tell,
How men on men have fed;
Of public shambles, where they sell
For food their friends when dead.
The moral of the fable thus
Men, that are wise, unfold;
No matter so you fill your purse,
Tho' living and dead be sold.

SCENE IX.

A Church Yard.

DOROTHY STITCH in the Grave; TIMOTHY STITCH, PLOUGHSHARE, GAFFER GABBLE, LETTICE, GOODY BUSY, GOODY GABBLE, GOODY COSTIVE, SEXTON, &C.

AIR VII. (Bell chimes)

Tim. Neighbours all, behold with forrow, Whereunto we all must come;
As she to-day, so we to morrow May arrive at our long home.

G. BUSY.

Ah, poor Dorothy Stitch! Rest her soul! She was the handsomest woman in all our parish. But beauty is but skin deep, as the saying is; and you see, neighbours, what we must all come to.

TIMOTHY.

Oh, my dear wife! my dear wife!

LETTICE.

Oh, my dear mother! my dear mother!

PLOUGH-

PLOUGHSHARE.

Don't cry so, Lettice; you'll spoil your pretty-face.

LETTICE.

What's that to you?

PLOUGHSHARE.

'Tis very well, Mrs. Lettice Stitch!

LETTICE.

So it is, Mr. Ned Ploughshare. I ben't afraid of your telling my mother now. [Goes from bim.

G. BUSY.

Good Timothy Stitch, don't take on fo. We did not all come together, nor must we all go together; and our loss is her gain, as we all knowneighbours.

OMNES.

Ay, ay, to be fure.

G. BUSY.

Since we must live by the living, and not by the dead, you ought to thank heaven, and be contented.

A I R VIII. (Oh, ho, I've lost my love.)

Tim. Whom cruel death does sever, Hum, hum. Dreadfulthought! they part for ever. Hum, hum.

G. Busy. Yet berein still fortune kind is, Fara-lall. When one's gone, more left behind is, Tara-lall.

A poor woman, who has lost one husband, and is unprovided of another, has, indeed, cause enough of grief. For tho' she be ever so much asraid to lie alone, she can't, for very shame, ask a man to be her bed-fellow.

THE COUNTRY BURIAL. 13

G. GABBLE.

Ay, ay, 'tis very true, Goody Bufy; tho' 'tis, indeed, a very hard cafe. But neighbour Stitch, here, need but ask and have.

G. BUSY.

She is in the right of it. Timothy Stitch, we all know what a good husband you was to your last wife. Here's Goody Costive herself is a widow. But I say no more; spare to speak, and spare to speed, all the world over.

AIR IX. (John of Bow.)

Ploughshare. While you neglect the living,
For the dead thus grieving,
Your forrows are encreas'd.
Joy to flight for anguish,
Fondly thus to languish,
Is fasting at a feast.
You well deserve
To pine and starve,
Who eat not when you may:
Each woman right,
Or dull, or bright,
Can give delight;
For, in the night,
Sure ew'ry cat is grey.

TIMOTHY.

How cou'd you name another wife to me? where shall I find another like my first? Twenty winters did we live in love together, and never quarrell'd once in all our lives.

G. BUSY.

C. BUSY.

What he fays is very true, neighbours; but he may thank himself for that. For let her fay or do whatever she wou'd, he wou'd never quarrel with her. Not but that the woman was a very good woman in the main.

OMNES.

Yes, yes; a very good woman in the main.

G. GABBLE.

Tho' I can't but fay she had an ugly way with her, of abusing every body.

G. COSTIVE.

Ay, ay; we all know that she was the greatest scold in the parish.

G. CABBLE.

And that she swore like a trooper.

G. COSTIVE.

And then she wou'd run in every body's debt, and pay nobody, by her good-will; —as if she had been a gentlewoman.

G. BUSY.

Yet, for all that, the woman was a good woman in the main.

OMNES.

O yes! a very good woman in the main.

G. BUSY.

Tho' she was proud.

G. GABBLE.

And lazy.

G. COSTIVE.

And thievish.

FIRST

FIRST WOMAN.

And impudent.

SECOND WOMAN.

And whorish.

THIRD WOMAN.

But, above all, a fad drunkard.

G. CABBLE.

Ah, poor creature! that was her death, for we all know she died in her drink.

G. COSTIVE.

Ah, poor foul! we all lov'd her, to be fure; and wou'd not fpeak any harm of her for the world.

G. BUSY.

Oh, no! to be fure; for it wou'd be a wicked thing of us to speak ill of the dead, that cannot answer for themselves.

GAFFER GABBLE.

O yes; a very wicked thing, to be fure. Tho' they do fay it is all the fashion in London; the more shame for 'em, I think.

A I R X. (Hunt the Squirrel.)

G. Busy. The gentlefolks of London,
Infamy scattering,
Neighbours bespattering,
Care not who are undone,
But blast both liwing and dead.

Gaff. Gab. On high and low They scandal throw:

Wou'd

5

Wou'd you the reason find?
'Tis,' cause they sear
Themselves t'appear
The worst of human kind.

The moon is rising, 'tis time to be going home. Let the Sexton fill up the grave.

TIMOTHY.

Let the grave remain uncover'd; I'll take care of that: for here I mean to tarry 'till the morning. Neighbours, I thank you all: Adieu.—I wish you well to your several homes.—Good night.

GAFFER GABBLE.

Stay here in the cold church-yard all night, with thy dead wife!—Why, you are diffracted, furely.

G. GABBLE.

If he ben't, that were enough to make him fo.

TIMOTHY.

Nay, never go about to perfuade me, for here I willflay, come life, come death. Therefore, neighbours, all go home and leave me to myfelf.

A I R XI. (Hey ho! who's above.)

Gaff. Gab. Hey hol the man is mad!
G. Bufy. Troth, if he is not, he's as bad.
Gaff. Gab. Thou'lt die, ere morning, too I fear.
G. Bufy. Leave off thy fooling, and don't ftay here.
Tim. No, no.

Gaff. Gab. \ Why, why?

Tim. I'drather ftay here with my Dolly, and die.

G. BUSY.

G. BUSY.

This is the strangest vagary, to pretend to stay here with his wife, when she's dead; when there are so few men who care for their wives company, while they are alive!

TIMOTHY.

My resolution may seem stranger than it is; I will therefore tell you the reason of it. Some time ago, my wife was very sick (that cursed geneva often made her so) then I fell sick with grief, but she soon recovering, I recover'd too. On this occasion, she told me, if I dy'd first, that she should break her heart. Yet, she is dead, and I, hard hearted and ungrateful wretch, am here alive to speak it.

G. BUSY.

Poor heart! he weeps like any rainy day. But, good Timothy, go on with your tale.

TIMOTHY.

Let me but dry my eyes, and then I will. She faid that she had heard of people that had been buried alive, and being troubled with sits, thought, perhaps, that might be her case.

G. COSTIVE.

Ay, ay; we all know what fort of fits she was troubled withal—But, mum for that. [Aside.

TIMOTHY.

And defir'd me, if I out-liv'd her, to let her be buried in her best cloaths, and to watch the grave the first night all alone, nor to let the body be cover'd till the morning. I promis'd to grant her request, and now will keep my word. Nay, tho' the ghosts of all those whose bodies have been buried Vol. I.

here, should rise to drive me hence, I wou'd not leave the place till morning.

G. BUSY.

O terrible! I shake like an old barn in a windy day, to hear him talk of it.

AIR XII. (Oh that I was, and I wish that I were.)

Tim. Darkness and death no fear alarms,
In them who light and life despise.
Will life restore her to my arms,
Or light reweal her to my eyes?
Then, Oh that I were, and I wish that I were.
In the cold grave where my true love lies.

G. GABBLE.

This is downright madness.

GAFFER GABBLE.

And we shall be as mad as he, to let him have his will. Therefore, fince persuasion won't do, force must.

OMNES.

Ay, ay; let us carry him home by force.

GAFFER GABBLE.

Here, fome of you help to hold him, while others fill up the grave.

TIMOTHY.

Hold, hold, neighbours, and hear me speak; if you fill up the grave, and force me hence before I have perform'd my promise, I will never eat, drink, or sleep more.

LETTICE.

Oh dear! why that will be the death of him.

G. COS-

G. COSTIVE.

To be fure.

GAFFER GABBLE.

Nay, then I'll have no hand it.

G. GABBLE.

Nor I.

G. COSTIVE.

Nor I.

G. BUSY.

Perhaps we may bring ourselves into trouble about it.

G. GABBLE.

I think we are in a worfe quandary now than we were before.

G. COSTIVE.

What must we do in this case?

G. BUSY.

Pray you now hear me fpeak.

OMNES.

Ay, ay, let us hear Goody Bufy fpeak.

G. COSTIVE.

Ay, ay, she's a notable woman, and a midwife, and knows what's fit, as well as any woman in the parish.

G. BUSY.

I fay it is dangerous playing with edg'd tools—and we ought to do as we would be done by—and it is ill meddling between a man and his wife—and every honest man is as good as his word—and the

the will of the dead ought to be perform'd.—Therefore let us leave him to keep his promife to his wife.

. G. COSTIVE.

Ah, dear heart! there are not many like him. More is the pity.

OMNES.

Good night, Timothy. Heaven preserve you!

LETTICE.

O my dear father! my dear father! let me stay with you.

TIMOTHY.

No body shall stay with me. Lettice, be a good girl, and go home. [Kiffes her.

PLOUGHSHARE.

Come, you will let me lead you home, fure.

LETTICE.

No fure, but I won't. I'll have nothing to fay to you, nor shall you have any thing to do with me. My father won't make me marry you, for he always us'd to fay that it was pity a good-natur'd girl should be forc'd.

AIR XIII. (The Bells shall ring.)

Gaff. Gab. The fair and young who figh alone, Yet are fill denying,

Were busbands all so constant grown, Wou'd be more complying.

G. Busy. Priss, Cis, Sue, Marg'ry and Nan,
In the morning early,

With us shall come to chear the man, Who low'd his wife sincerely.

Chorus.

THE COUNTRY BURIAL.

Chorus. The bells must ring,
And the clerk must sing,
And the good old wives must wind us.
You and I,
And all must die,
And leave this world behind us.

SCENE X.

TIMOTHY.

Now from the fields the labourers homeward go; each one to kifs his wife, with fweet content. A good warm fupper, and a loving fpouse, make his house blest as mine, while Dolly liv'd. My house is now like the forsaken barn, where the blind howset perches all the day.—The open air, cold ground, on which I sit, with none to talk to but the speechless dead, is all my comfort now. I hate my own warm thatch, slock-bed and neighbour's chat, since Dolly, the flower of all my joys, is gone.—Oh, how wretched is the state of man!

A I R XIV. (The State of Man.)

A feeble life with pain began,
Expos'd to great and numerous woes:
Such is the infant state of man,
And with his strength his sorrow grows.
Till his short yet tedious glass be run;
Then he ends with grief, who with pain begun.

DOROTHY.

Oh!

[Groans in the grave.

TIMOTHY.

Mercy on me!—what noise was that?—Sure I heard fomething.—I think I did—perhaps I may C 3 hear

hear it again—No, no—nothing at all.—All is still—It was only my fancy.—I'll return to my post.—[Dally upright in the grave] O dear, O dear! what can be the meaning of this! why do you frighten a body so?—Was I not a good husband to you while living, and am I not performing my promise to you now you are dead? Why don't you lie still in your grave—What is't you'd have?

DOROTHY.

Hickup-Not a drop more if you love me.

TIMOTHY.

It moves - and talks - What will become of me?

DOROTHY.

I'm very cold.—Where am I?—Sure this is a church-yard.—This is a grave too. How came I here?

TIMOTHY.

O dear, O dear!

DOROTHY.

Who's that!-Timothy!-Come, help me out.

TIMOTHY.

No, I thank you, you are dead, and a grave is the fittest place for you.

DOROTHY.

I don't believe that. - How came I dead!

TIMOTHY.

Why you dy'd with drinking, and was buried to-night.

DOROTHY.

I don't know any-thing of the matter; but, if I was dead, I am alive again.

TIMOTHY.

TIMOTHY.

I wish you were.

DOROTHY.

I tell you I am. Come hither and feel me. If you wou'd but feel me once, you wou'd be fatisfy'd.

TIMOTHY.

She was always given to lying—I dare not trust her.—Yet if she shou'd be alive again—I have a good mind to venture. [Aside, going towards the grave.]—Oh, she has me, she has me!

DOROTHY.

The devil have you for a cowardly, cabbaging rogue as you are.—What, are you afraid of your own wife, firrah?

TIMOTHY.

Nay, now I am fure 'tis my Dolly herfelf, and alive. My dear, dear jewel, don't be angry. It was only my fear.

DOROTHY.

Yes, yes, you wou'd have had me dead. You were only afraid I shou'd be alive again.

A I R XV. (The 23d of April.)

So unkind, and so unwilling to receive me again. Tim. To my heart the blood sthrilling, to hear thee complain.

Dol. Will you love me? Tim. For ever.

For ever. Can you doubt me?

Dol. No never.
Amb. Oh the pleasure and pain!

C 4 DORO-

DOROTHY.

I've had a strange escape! If you hadn't stay'd here, where shou'd I have been by this time! I can't tell indeed; but I believe 'tis better as it is.

TIMOTHY.

O my dear, how can you suspect my love? I had rather have thee again than be lord of the manor.

DOROTHY.

I wou'd not forfake my Timothy, to be made a lady.

TIMOTHY.

Will you go home with me, and love, and live in peace; and drink no more drams, to fright me fo?

DOROTHY.

Are you as glad as you feem to be? are you willing to take me again?

A I R XVI. (I live in the Town of Lynn.)

Tim. The bark in tempests tost,
Will the despairing crew

Land on some unexpected coast?

Dol. Ay marry, and thank you too.

The maid who dreamt by night

Sh' had left her love so true, Will she awake to him and light?

Tim. Ay marry, and thank you too.
O thou art my happy coast;

Dol. And thou art my love fo true!

Tim. Return my joy;
Dol. Take me late lost;

Amb. Ay marry, and thank you too.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

LETTICE.

Mercy on me! I'm frighten'd out of my wits! I dropt the company going home, and came back again to fee how my father did, and, as fure as any thing, I faw my mother's ghost go over the style; and but that I know that my father's alive and here, I cou'd have fworn that I had feen his too .- What shall I do? My father will be very angry if he shou'd know that I am here; and yet I must speak to him. father, father! - Bless me, he is not here. I'm frighten'd worse now than I was before. Sure he is not fallen into my mother's grave. The moon shines so directly into it, that I can fee him if he be [looks into the grave, and (brieks.] Dear, dear! there's neither father nor mother !- But let me think a little .- If my mother shou'd be alive, after all .- Ay marry, that wou'd fright me worse than seeing twenty ghosts, for she'll force me to marry Ned Ploughshare. I hate work, poverty and confinement; and if I marry him, I shall have all three.

A I R XVII. (As I fat at my spinning Wheel.)

How bappy is that woman's life, Who, fair and free, has wealth in store! But ab, bow wretched is the wife, That's doom'd to work, and fill be poor : To wash, to brew, to card or reel, Or still to turn the Spinning wheel?

SCENE

SCENE XII.

SIR JOHN, JONATHAN, AND LETTICE.

JONATHAN.

Sir, you may be as merry as you please with my cowardice, but I think still we had better have kept on our horses backs, and have ventur'd our necks thro' the sloughs, than to have come thro' this plaguy church-yard at this time o'th' night.

SIR JOHN.

Ha, ha, ha!—What, you're afraid of the dead?

JONATHAN.

I don't like their company.—Ah, laud, a ghoft, a ghoft!

SIR JOHN.

Get up, you cowardly rafcal, or-

JONATHAN.

O dear Sir, I can't, I can't, I'm frighten'd to death.

SIR JOHN.

Nay, if that be the case—you, and the ghost, if there be one, may be better acquainted presently. I'll not spoil good company. Farewel.

JONATHAN.

O lud, that's worse than t'other. Pray don't leave me, and I will get up.

SIR JOHN.

Sure this fellow's folly has infected me too; for I think I fee fome body yonder in white. - Take your hands from before your eyes, you dog, or I'll cut 'em off.

JONA-

THE COUNTRY BURIAL.

JONATHAN.

I will, I will. O dear, dear fir, there 'tis again.

SIR JOHN.

Ceafe your impertinence, you puppy, and let us observe it. It seems to me to be a woman; if so, she must be in distress. I'll go and speak to her.

JONATHAN,

O dear fir, don't offer it. 'Tis certainly the devil, who knowing your conflictation, has turn'd himself into this shape, on purpose to draw you into his clutches.

SIR JOHN.

Away, fool.

[Goes to ber.

JONATHAN.

Poor Sir John!—Poor Jonathan! When the devil has run away with the whore-mafter, what will become of the pimp! I have follow'd this mafter of mine to the devil, and there will leave him to go the rest of his journey with his new acquaintance, and try to repent and save one.

A I R XVIII. (The Oxfordshire Tragedy.)

My master's pimp and favourite too, In liv'ry dress of various bue, In wanton pride my days I've spent, But now, alas! I must repent.

Methinks I do it very scurvily. If I was sure I was out of the devil's reach now, I am afraid the remembrance of my past sins wou'd give me more pleasure than pain. And now I look again, it does not appear so frightful as it did. They are very close. My master has it by the hand. If it shou'd

shou'd be a woman after all—as it certainly is-I have made a' fine piece of work on't truly. Now will they firike up a bargain without me, and I shall lose my fee for extraordinary services, my place as pimp in ordinary, and my reputation for ever. Ay, ay, 'tis fo-thus it goes.

A I R XIX. (You love and I love.)

In a man's voice. Charming lovely woman, I am in love with thee;

In a woman's. Nay fir, pifb fir, fye fir, fure that ne'er can be.

In a man's. You're fo fair and charming, In a woman's. You're so kind and free,

Alternatively. You love, and I love, and you love, And I am in love with thee.

They are at it still. He palms her, she fuffers it; he fwears, she lies; he storms, she yields; Victoria, Victoria, huzza!

SIR JOHN.

I fee and pity your distress; but, unless you confent to go along with me, how can I relieve you?

LETTICE.

O dear fir, you are the kindest gentleman, I shall never have it in my power to make you amends.

SIR JOHN.

To ferve any person in distress, much more a woman, rewards itself. And if you are but half fo kind as you are fair, you'll always have it in your power to lay me under the greatest obligations in the world.

LET-

LETTICE.

I don't know what you mean by that, but I shall be very willing to be instructed, for I hate ingratitude.

SIR JOHN.

I hope you are fingle, for it is a principle with me, never to ask any favour of a married woman. For he who pays his liberty for a woman, deferves to have her to himself.

LETTICE.

Nay, for that matter, I think the fools that are married are fit for nobody but one another. For my part, I do, and always did, hate the thoughts of a husband.

SIR JOHN.

The most beautiful woman, with the best natur'd principles, that ever I met with in the whole course of my life.

LETTICE.

How he squeezes my hand! I understand him.—He is a fine gentleman.—But I must not seem too forward neither.

[Aside.

AIR XX. (Young I am, and yet unikill'd.)

Young I am, and fore afraid:
Will you hurt a harmless maid?
In this place I fear to stay,
Fear with you to go away.
Tell me, kind sir, tell me true,
What you will, and I must do:
How shall I say, Yes or no?
Can I stay, can I stay, or dare I go?

AIR

A I R XXI. (Flocks are sporting.)

Sir John.

Faint denying
's half complying;
Whilft the strife 'twist love and shame
Fans the fire
Of desire,
Fans the fire
Of desire,

'Till it crowns the lover's flame, 'Till it crowns the lover's flame.

JONATHAN.

What shou'd you be afraid of, madam? If you and my master shou'd break a commandment together, there's no manner of harm done; for Sir John has a right to fin scot free himself, and make his neighbours pay for it, as he's a justice of peace.

LETTICE.

JONATHAN.

Bear up, fir, and I warrant we carry her off be-

SIR JOHN.

But what shall we do with her? let us get off as fast as we can, for it is certainly the devil, who, knowing my constitution, assumes this shape, as the most likely way to draw me into his clutches.

JONATHAN.

Pox on his memory.

[Afide.

SIR JOHN.

Give me leave to lead you to the flyle at the end of the church-yard, where my horses wait, and then—

JONATHAN.

Mount, whip, fpur and away. Ha, fir!

O dear fir!—What am I doing? whither am I going? well, well, carry me where you will, and do with me what you please, for sure you are a civil gentleman.

AIR XXII. (Once I lov'd a charming Creature.)

O shou'd wanton fancies move you,
Should you prove a naughty man,
I shall think you never lov'd me;
I shall hate you — if I can.
But for my down, down, derry down,
But for my down, down, derry down.

Sir John. Shou'd your charming beauty move me,
'Twou'd but prove that I'm a man.
You shou'd believe I better lov'd you:
Try, then hate me if you can.

Jon. Then for her down, down, derry down, Hey for her down, down, derry down.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Grove.

SILVIA.

A I R XXIII. (O the charming Month of May.)

SILENT night yields no repose,
Silent night my anguish knows:
And the gay morning,
Now neturning,
Only lights me to new woes.
Tim. within. Only lights me to new woes.
Silent wight wields no water.

Sil. Silent night yields no repose. Tim. within. Silent night yields no repose.

SILVIA:

Sure echo's grown enamour'd with my forrows, that thus she dwells upon the plaintive found.

Tim. within. Silent night yields no repose.

SILVIA.

Ha, this is fomething more! perhaps fome wretched maid, like me by love undone, has chofe you gloomy thicket to complain in; and kindly joins her fympathizing notes with mine. I'll try again.

Long must I this torture bear, Long must I love and despair; What life denies us. Death supplies us;

Tim, within. Friendly death, come end my care.
Sil. Long must I this torture bear.

Tim. Long must I, &c.

It

It feems indeed the voice of one complaining; but one of that false, deceitful fex, which only feems unhappy, when it wou'd make ours so indeed. Perhaps some busy prying wretch has stole, unheeded, on my forrows, and with scornful repetitions mocks my real woes.

SCENE II. TIMOTHY AND SILVIA.

TIMOTHY.

Forgive, fair maid, an unhappy man, who has wandered all the long night, not knowing where he went, nor where to go. Tir'd with my mifery and fruitless labour, unable to go farther, I laid me down in yonder thicket to complain. But, hearing your voice, I have with much difficulty crept hither to enquire of you after my lost daughter; as I must of all I meet, 'till I have found her.

SILVIA.
Is it a child you have loft?

TIMOTHY.

A dearly beloved and a loving child.

SILVIA.

That is a loss indeed.

TIMOTHY.

My wife was buried last night, and came to life again, and while I went home with her, my daughter was carried away.

SILVIA.

Your flory's very flrange. Vol. I. D

Тимотну.

TIMOTHY.

But very true.

SILVIA.

I only faid that it was strange, not that it was not true. I have heard of people, who, seeming to be dead, have yet reviv'd. That may have been her case.

TIMOTHY.

I cant't tell—It may be fo—My daughter is about your age, but not fo tall—have you heard of any fuch person?

SILVIA.

No, indeed.

TIMOTHY.

She's loft for ever, and I am the most miscrable man in the world.

A I R XXIV. (Parson upon Dorothy.)

To lowe my wife, to lose my wife,
To find my wife again,
Was peace and strife,
Was death and life,
Was pleasure and was pain.
In hopes, and fears,
In smiles, and tears,
Our days inconstant slow;
But no end I see
Of my misery,
Since fortune proves my soe.

SILVIA.

You apprehend your mifery much greater than it is; for, if she be virtuous and prudent, she will find the means to return.

TIMOTHY.

TIMOTHY.

She may be kept by force. She's very handsome—What may she not be forc'd to?

SILVIA.

Fear it not. Innocence is the care of heaven. Virtue will give her resolution to resist temptation, and strength to oppose violence should it be offer'd: duty will teach her such artistices as will be sufficient to break thro' all difficulties and dangers, that fraud or force can raise to obstruct her in her return. — How fare you, friend? Your colour changes, and you look not well.

TIMOTHY.

Indeed I'm very fick and faint.

SILVIA.

Alas, poor man! lend me your arm, and let me lead you to yonder bank; there you may repose yourself a while: my father, who lives at a farm hard by, will soon be here, who will, I'm sure, affist you with any thing that his poor house affords, or power commands.

TIMOTHY.

This kindness to a stranger, heaven will reward.

SILVIA.

Acts of humanity reward themselves.

TIMOTHY.

I give you too much trouble.

SILVIA.

They shew themselves unworthy of their kind, who, seeing their fellow-creatures in distress, take

D 2

not a pleasure in relieving them. Are not all expos'd to time and chance? there's oft not the distance of an hour betwixt the height of happiness and depth of mifery.

A I R XXV. (Polwart on the Green.)

Sil. The sweet and blushing rose Soon withers and decays. Tim. Short are the joys life knows, And few our happy days. Sil. The fairest day must set in night; Tim. Summer in winter ends : Ambo. So anguish still succeeds delight, And grief on joy attends.

SCENE III.

To them, WELFORD and Servant.

SILVIA.

Here is my father. A good morning to you, Sir .- Your bleffing.

WELFORD.

Heaven blefs my child.

SILVIA.

Sir, here is an object that claims your pity and affistance. An honest man distrest; so sick and weak he is, that it would be too much trouble to him now to repeat the tale of his misfortunes.

WELFORD.

'Tis enough that you, my Silvia, think he needs my pity, to command all that's in my power. Come, friend, accept of this lad to guide and affift you THE COUNTRY BURIAL.

you—I'll follow prefently—you shall find a hearty welcome, and all the affistance I, or my family can lend you.

TIMOTHY.

With many thanks I accept your kindnefs.

SCENE IV.

WELFORD AND SILVIA.

WELFORD.

Silvia, your lover tarried late last night-I have not seen you since till now. Nay, never blush, and turn away—he proposed marriage, did he not?

SILVIA.

O father, why did you ever fuffer him to talk of love, or me to hear him?

WELFORD.

There is no shame in virtuous love. The most modest virgin may hear, and may return it too, without a blush.

SILVIA.

Oh!

WELFORD.

Why weeps my child? What mean these fighs, and all these agonies of grief, as if thy heart would burst?

SILVIA.

O, I have cause to weep, despair, and die; for I have heard from the man, who swore a thousand times he lov'd me, the man I lov'd, the man you bid me love, such vile proposals.

D 3

WELFORD.

WELFORD.

O! I am all on fire-fay, Silvia, what did he propose?

SILVIA.

What is not fit for you to hear, nor me to speak.

WELFORD.

Then the villain has dared to attempt thy innocence and virtue?

AIR XXVI. (Now, now comes on the glorious Year.)

When tempting beauty is the prize,
Intemperate youth, rash and unwise,
Laws human and divine despise,
Not thinking what they're doing;
But did they make the case their own,
A child, or sister thus undone,
With horror struck, they sure would shun,
Nor tempt such dreadful ruin.

SILVIA.

Vain of his wealth, and his superior birth, with bold, licentious freedom he rail'd on marriage; then talk'd to me of love, enjoyment, and eternal truth; endeavouring, by imposing on my simplicity, to render me vile as his own ends. More he talk'd of estates and settlements, and I know not what; and more he would have talk'd; but I, with just indignation fired, slew from his hated presence.

A I R XXVII. (One Evening as I lay.)

Ahme! unhappy maid,
How wretched is my fate!
Deceiw'd thus, and betray'd,
To love where I should hate.

When

When hope has fled our breaft, Why should defire remain? To rob us of our rest, And give incessant pain.

WELFORD.

I will revenge thee, thou excellent maid; I will revenge thee on him, myfelf, and all that ever wrong'd thee.

SILVIA.

Alas! Sir, I want no revenge; or if I did, what could you do against a man so powerful? - the attempt would prove your ruin .- Let me not fee him -let him not infult me with his prefence-by that means to be fecur'd from new injuries, is all the vengance I defire.

WELFORD.

He never shall, unless he comes with deep remorfe and humble penitence to ask your pardon, - and make you reparation.

SILVIA.

Let him not come at all. The man, who takes advantage from a maid's mean condition to attempt her virtue, can never make her reparation.

WELFORD.

I fear you hate him then.

SILVIA.

Why should you fear it? You methinks should wish it rather. 'Twas long before my heart was taught to love him, and by the pain his cruelty gives me I fear 'twill be much longer ere it will learn to hate him.

D 4

WELFORD.

WELFORD.

I'll go and give orders that care be taken of the flranger, and then I'll fee this mighty man, who, by a vile abuse of his power, has dared to wrong me thus. Thou'st reason indeed for thy anger; but grieve not, my Silvia. I can and will defend thee.

AIR XXVIII. (At Rome there is a terrible Rout.)

For poultry and flocks we oft break our repose, To defend them from foxes and kites, their known foes; We our children must guard from worse wermin than those,

Which nobody can deny, &c.

SCENE V.

SILVIA.

My father bid me not to grieve - happy for me could I in that obey him. In all the height of his passion he never commanded me to hate the injurious author of my woes. Indulgent parent! He knows that 'tis not in my power, and wou'dn't impose on me a task impossible. Answer his kindness then with equal fortitude, and bear, without reproach, those ills thou canst not cure. To affert the dignity of injur'd virtue, tho' in an humble state, be then my care, and leave the rest to heaven,

A I R XXIX. (Fond Echo.)

As wretched and mean we despise
The vicious, their wealth, and high state;
The lowest, in virtue, may rise,
'Tis virtue alone makes us great.

The

THE COUNTRY BURIAL. 4

The hoarse peacock, tho' gaudy and gay, Sweeps the earth with his train, tho' so bright; While the lark, in his humble array, Soars warbling to regions of light.

SCENE VI.

A Room in Sir John's House.

Enter Betty.

BETTY.

Sir John lies beyond his usual hour—he likes his new bed-fellow. O the impudence of some people! Here, in his own house—under my nose, as 'twere, to bring his trollops. Nay, to oblige me to wait upon her too—warm the bed for 'em!—What, make a bawd of me?—O, I could fire the house, to be made a bawd of at these years. The impudent creature too—to lie with a man the first time he ask'd her.—I wonder Sir John isn't asham'd of himself!—to take up with such a forward drab—At first, I'msure he did not find me so easy.—Well, I've been a fool;—but if it was to do again—

AIR XXX. (Young Philander woo'd me long)

Harmless maids, of men beware,
When they're tempting you to ewil;
Tho' their flatt'ries charm the ear,
To be for faken is the devil.
Un-wed, ne'er consent to do it;
Trust no false designing fellow:
Virgins pluckt, like other fruit,
Lose their relish, and grow mellow.

SCENE

SCENE VII.
To her, JONATHAN.

BETTY.

O Jonathan! Sir John is a barbarous man to me; but you remember, I hope, before you know what passed, you bid me fear nothing, for you were ready to marry me at any time.

JONATHAN.

Ay, ay, very likely, child, but did Sir John promise nothing before you know what pass'd, but what he has since perform'd?

BETTY.

Yes, he did, to be fure.—He promis'd to love me always. But, what o'that? if he be a gentleman, and above keeping his word, I hope that it is no shame for poor people to be hones?

JONATHAN.

The greatest in the world, child. Why, it would be downright impudence in us to pretend to be wifer than our betters. Besides you are mine o'course, and must not pretend to talk of terms now.—I have an equal right to my master's cast cloaths and mistresses.—You are part of my perquisites.

AIR XXXI. (Great Lord Frog, and Lady Mouse.)

At table thus my master feeds;
'Till he has done, I look on;
When the second course succeeds,
The first is left, like you.
As I in love my master serve,
Sure, I don't so ill deserve,
Tho' enough remains, to starve?
I seize you as my due.

BETTY.

BETTY.

O Jonathan, fure you won't use me as my master has done!

JONATHAN.

I can't tell; I'll use you as well as I can; perhaps you may have no reason to repent of the exchange.

BETTY.

Because I've been my master's fool, do you think I'll be your's?

JONATHAN.

Yes.

BETTY.

You're impudent, and --

JONATHAN.

You like me the better for't.

BETTY.

Now I'm down-right angry with you.

AIR XXXII. (Dear Pickaninny.)

Betty. Be gone, Sir, and fly me.

Jon. How can you deny me?

Be kind, and once try me.

Betty. Be kind, and once try me Ne'er talk of it more.

Jon. Come, grant my desire.

Betty. Iyou r rudeness admire.

Jon. To your chamber retire. Betty. Sir, there is the door.

[They fing the following stanza together.]

Jon. Come, grant my defire. Betty. I'll not grant your defire.

Jon.

44 SILVIA; OR,

Jon. I your beauth admire.
Betty. I your rudenes admire.
Jon. To your chamber retire.
Betty. By your felf, pray, retire.
Jon. Love, there is the door.
Betty. Sir, there is the door.

[Exit Betty, on one fide, shutting the door upon Jonathan who goes off on the other.]

SCENE VIII.

LETTICE.

AIR XXXIII. (Mrs. Le Gard's Dance in Perseus and Andromeda.)

Let. When youthful May adorns the year,
The earth is gay, the heav'ns are clear,
And the long days scarce yield to night:
The groves with wernal musick ring,
Beneath our feet sweet odours spring,
All nature revels in delight:
In life youth is the bloom of May;
We laugh, we sing, we sport, we play;
And every rolling hour supplies,
Some new and some untasted joys,
And all the various scenes are bright.

How fine I am! all over lace, and holland, and filk and filver! - How pretty I look, too! Nay, I always thought myfelf too good for a taylor's daughter. And fince I find what my favours are worth, I'll be cunning, and get as much for 'em as I can, that I may never work, nor be poor again.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

To her, Sir John.

SIR JOHN.

Don't you wonder at your own beauty? dress'd, or undress'd, night, or day, you're always charming.

LETTICE.

Let me alone: Why do you stare upon a body fo? I can't bear to see you, I am so asham'd.

SIR JOHN.

Kind innocent, yet charming creature, that has the art to please beyond all her sex, that I ever knew, yet seems to know nothing of it. Last night—ye wanton rogue—

LETTICE.

Oh! you're a fad man.

'AIR XXXIV. (Alas! what mean I, foolish Maid.)

O fye! how could you ferve me so? You naughty man, pray, let me go, That from you I may run; But should I go, I fear 'twere vain, For soon I should return again, To be by you undone.

SIR JOHN.

Never were tempers better fuited. This girl is as much a libertine in the affairs of love, as myfelf; only she don't feem so well acquainted with her own constitution, as to be able to give any account of the matter.—It's pure nature in her; like some lucky

Iucky quacks, who, tho' they know nothing of the theory, yet practice with furprizing fuccess.

AIR XXXV. (Mufing, I late on Windfor Terrace fat.)

The lovely, blooming creature,
Charming in ev'ry feature;
Loving, moving,
Joys improving,
When she yields to nature:
But O! the pleasing smart,
That thrills thro' ev'ry part,
When possessing, ressing,
Kising, pressing,
Passion's improv'd by art.

SCENEX.

To them, JONATHAN.

JONATHAN.

Sir, your honour's tenant, farmer Welford, is come to wait upon you.

SIR JOHN.

Ha! I might well expect him, indeed - I am strangely shock'd - Yet I must see him. — Tell him, I am coming down.

SCENE XI. SIR JOHN AND LETTICE.

SIR JOHN.

My dear, my affairs force me to leave you for the present; in the mean time my servants shall attend you—Your servants they are now, and as such command them,

LETTICE.

LETTICE.

But, will they obey me?

SIR JOHN.

Ay, or you shall change them for such as will.

LETTICE.

Then I shall be a mistress indeed.

SIR JOHN.

Thou art the mistress of my life and fortune; for a moment, dear creature, farewel.

LETTICE.

Dear Sir, good by t'ye.

SCENE XII.

LETTICE.

I'm now a lady indeed. A fine house, fine cloaths, and servants to command. And this Sir John is the finest, handsomest gentleman.—Not that I care for him, any more than I should for any body else, that would but make a gentlewoman of me. But I must take care never to let him know that, for it is for my interest that he should love me. Besides, now I am a gentlewoman, I find, I should like mightily to be admir'd by every body, and care for nobody.

A I R XXXVI. (When Cloe we ply.)

We women appear
Now kind, now sewere,
As interest for either doth call;
If we stay, and comply,
If we sty, and deny,
It is all artistice, all; "tis artistice, artistice ass."

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

LETTICE AND BETTY.

BETTY.

Madam, breakfast is ready for you.

LETTICE.

Is it fo, Mrs. Minks? but how do you know whether I am ready for that?

BETTY.

I suppose Sir John knows, Madam. He order'd me to get it ready as soon as I could.

LETTICE.

Where is it? How did you know but that I would have had it here in my own chamber?

BETTY.

Nay, if that be all, Madam, I can foon fetch it, for that matter.

LETTICE.

Come back; where is the wench going? You're mighty ready to obey without orders, and to run without being fent.

SCENE XIV.

BETTY.

My chamber !—and Minks !—How the aukward trapes takes upon her already! Sir John acts like a gentleman, truly.— To fuffer me to be huff'd, and abus'd by this—I don't know what to call her bad enough. I'll not bear it, that's poz. I have let farmer Welford know what a life my mafter leads.—That'll make pure mifchief; for he loves the daughter fo well, that he dares not disoblige

the father. Ay, there's a girl, who, tho' but the daughter of a poor farmer, by her prudence in keeping the fellows at a diffance, has as many admirers as there are gentlemen in the county. Upon that fingle point turns the happiness or misery of a woman's life. But how few of us have the wit to find this out till it is too late!

A I R XXXVII. (Room, room for a Rover.)

Frail's the bliss of woman, Fleeting as a shade; While we pity no man, Goddesses ave're made: If our favours wanting, To their wants we're kind; Ruin'd by our granting, We no favour find. Birds, for kind complying, Love their females more; We're lov'd for denying, Scorn'd when we implore. While on ev'ry tree, Cherry, cherry, fing the small birds; Terry, terry, fing the black-birds; Happier far than we.

SCENE XV.

SIR JOHN AND WELFORD.

WELFORD.

Sir John, tho' from your late behaviour I'm convinc'd that you look upon me as a wretch, whom, in the wantonness of your wealth and power, you may injure without danger, yet, I must tell you, You. I. E that

that 'tis base to wrong a poor man, merely because he is so; and not always so safe as you may imagine.

SIR JOHN.

I little expected fuch an accusation from any man, much less, Welford, from you; whatever other faults I may have, pride and cruelty, I thank heav'n, are strangers to my nature. If you are uneasy that your lease is unrenew'd, the fault is in yourself; you might have had it done at any time, upon your applying to me.

WELFORD.

It is not that which I complain of; the your refufing it be the ruining me and my whole family, yet, as it is a matter of courtefy, not right, you are at your liberty.—But that is not what I now come to fpeak of.

SIR JOHN.

My love of pleasure has not so far wasted my estate, or debauched my principles, as to tempt me to wrong any man, much less the poor. The less they have a right to, the greater necessity there is of preserving them in the quiet possession of that right.

WELFORD.

Are not our children the best and dearest part of our properties? Is there a monarch in the universe that does not esteem an heir to his crown dearer than the crown he wears? Nature is alike in all. The meanest wretch who daily labours for the bread with which he feeds his poor offspring, loves them as much as the greatest king can his.

AIR

A I R XXXVIII. (On yonder high Mountain.)

The powerful law of nature
Doth lawage tygers bind;
What fierce or cruel creature,
But to its young is kind?
By hunger strong oppress'd,
They forego their needful prey;
Lowe confessing,
Still caressing:
Shall man do less than they?

Sir John, I have a daughter.

SIR JOHN.

You have, a fair one.

WELFORD.

True, she is fair, but her beauty is her least perfection.

SIR JOHN.

In the bloom of youth she hath wisdom, prudence, and modesty, beyond what I have observ'd in the most venerable old age.

WELFORD.

And to crown all, an inflexible virtue, that fets her as much above temptation from flattery, wealth, or power, as they are beneath her true value.

SIR JOHN.

She is, indeed, the phonix of her fex.

WELFORD.

'Tis no boasting, but modest truth in a father to fay she is. Then where is your judgment, or gratitude? have I not preferr'd you to many gentlemen E 2

SILVIA: OR,

of superior merit and fortune, in your addresses to my Silvia?

SIR JOHN.

I own the obligation, and, but that I am refolv'd never to marry—

WELFORD.

Not marry, fir! why 'tis a debt due to your ancestors—you are the medium 'twixt them and pofterity, which in you must fail unless prevented by a prudent and timely choice; and an ample estate, obtain'd by their industry, be posses'd by strangers to their blood.

SIR JOHN.

As to my ancestors, they have had their time, as I now have mine; they liv'd to please themselves, and so will I. As to posterity, I shall not trouble myself about what I know nothing of, and which may, or may not be, notwithstanding all the care we can take about it.

WELFORD.

Since I find, what I hop'd had been only the warmth of youth, to be principles with you, you are justly accountable for their consequences.

SIR JOHN.

Notwithstanding your present circumstances, I look upon you as a gentleman. In your youth, as a soldier of fortune, you had opportunities of knowing the world beyond most men; which join'd to your good sense and just observation, qualifies you to give advice the best of any man I know. And I appeal to your own experience, whether marriage be not a state of life, attended with innumerable cares, disappointments, and inquietudes?

WELFORD.

WELFORD.

'Tis true I have found it so: and you, by your sliving so many years in my house in your youth, was frequently an eye-witness of this sad truth: And I further confess that my secret troubles (which were the greater for being so) far exceeded all that ever were visible; but those are not essential to a married state, but might have been prevented by a more prudent choice. But as it was, one darling child not only made them easy, but far o'erpaid them all. [Tho' heaven knows that child is now my greatest trouble.]

SIR JOHN.

It is not the lot of every man to be father to a Silvia. The ill conveniences of marriage are certain, the advantages precarious, therefore I determine to persevere in my freedom.

A I R XXXIX. (A Country Life is fweet.)

Free from confinement and strife,
I'll plow thro' the ocean of life,
To feek new delights,
Where beauty invites,
But ne'er be confin'd to a wife.
The man that is free,
Like a wessel at sea,
After conquest and plunder may roam;
But when either's confin'd,
By wife, or by wind,
Tho' for glory design'd,
No advantage they find,
But rot in the barbour at home.

E 3

WELFORD.

WELFORD.

How falfly do you reason? lewdness is a gulf which swallows up the lives and fortunes of all who venture into it. And fuch will be your fate, if you purfue the course you are now engag'd in.

SIR JOHN.

I shall run the hazard, spite of your wise admonitions.

WELFORD.

At your own peril be it then. Have I suppress'd my just refertment thus long, to expostulate with thee for this? you would be thought a man of humanity and honour-was not your late villainous attempt upon my daughter's virtue a notorious inflance of both? nay, fir, you may flart, and frown, and bite your lips, if you please-I repeat it again, your villainous attempt.

SIR JOHN.

Confidering who I am, and what you are, fuppofing I had been to blame, 'twou'd have become you to have cloath'd your complaints in fofter language.

WELFORD.

No words are firong enough to express your baseness and my wrongs.

SIR JOHN,

Had the worst you feem to apprehend been accomplish'd-

WELFORD.

Confound thy profane tongue for fuch a fuppolition.

SIR

SIR JOHN.

Your infolence and outrage would tire the patience of an angel. Is not your daughter virtuous and chaste as ever?

WELFORD.

The excellency of her virtue, whom you would have ruin'd, but aggravates thy guilt.

SIR JOHN.

The mighty ruin you talk of was but to have devoted my life and fortune to her pleasure, which sure was sufficient to have kept her from contempt, and her beauty would still have been as much admir'd as ever.

WELFORD.

After the loss of virtue, beauty and fortune, like a fair and fumptuous monument erected upon a bad man's grave, serve only to perpetuate infamy, and make it more extensive.

SIR JOHN.

What is it that you'd wish your daughter?

WELFORD.

I wish her innocence, peace, fortune, with fame on earth, and everlassing happiness hereafter; but you'd make them all impossible to her.

SIR JOHN.

She may still be happy.

WELFORD.

And shall, in spite of thee. Fond fool that I was! I thought to have made you the happy instrument to have advanced her to that lustre and rank in life her merit claims; but you have rentered.

der'd yourself unworthy of that happiness and honour; and notwithstanding all my dotage on thee, you now force me to curse the parent that beget thee, the womb that bore thee, and the hour that gave thee to the light; for thou hast added to the wrongs of Silvia, hast pierc'd her heart with new unthought of forrows I have seen her slowing tears, heard her sad sighs and soft complaints for thy ingratitude, unworthy as thou art.

SIR JOHN.

O Welford! father! did she weep and sigh for me? O let me sly to throw me at her seet! I cannot bear to hear her sorrows told. But oh! to see her—surely I shall die with tenderness before her! I could not have thought I had been so happy, or so wretched.

AIR XL. (Draw, Cupid, draw.)

Reign, Silvia, reign.
The rebel quits his arms:
Your power's compleat,
And I fubmit
To your wickerious charms.
The pleasing pain,
The gentle chain,
That constant hearts unite,
Such joy bestows,
That freedom knows
No such sincere delight.

I friver, and I burn,
I triumph, and I mourn,
I faint, I die,
Until I fly
Her passion to return;

But

But O, I fear,
Too fierce to bear
The mighty joy will be,
And love's keen dart,
Fixt in my heart,
Prove that of death to me.

WELFORD.

Whither would you go?

SIR JOHN.

Whither but to Silvia? to Silvia much wrong'd, but more belov'd; to the loving, mourning Silvia.

WELFORD.

To what end?

SIR JOHN.

To implore her pardon, to expel her griefs, to vow eternal love, eternal truth.

WELFORD.

And if the confents to ratify those vows by marrying—Ha! he starts; a crimson blush o'erspreads his guilty face. Wouldst thou again abuse my fond credulity? I here renounce all friendship with thee, and forbid all future converse with my Silvia. If by my consent you ever see her face again, may heaven renounce me; if to revenge her wrongs and punish you, I spare myself, may—

SIR JOHN.

O stop thy imprecations, thou rash old man; for know, I cannot, will not live without my Silvia's sight. Unsay what thou hast sworn - I never will again abuse my trust - never again will I repeat my offence.

WEL-

WELFORD.

With me you've finn'd past all forgiveness.

SIR JOHN.

Tho' I ever lov'd thy charming daughter, yet till this hour I never knew how much. Make me not desperate, for if you do, by all the pains I feel, there's no revenge so cruel, but I'll pursue, to make thy misery, if possible, to equal mine; eject thee from thy farm; expose thee to want, and wretchedness, and—

WELFORD.

Ha, ha, ha!

SIR JOHN.

Fury and madness! my submission rejected! my pains insulted! and my just resentment laugh'd at!

A I R XLI. (Gillian of Croydon.)

Since you despise my power,
Tho' doubly press'd with want and age,
I'll make you curse the fatal bour,
You scorn'd my lowe, and urg'd my rage.
Shall I to my vassal bend?
When the weak with the strong contend,
On his own head he plucks the ruin;
So I my just revenge pursuing,
Will crush you, before I end.

A I R XLII. (Hey Boys up go we.)

Wel. In vain you from, and threaten high;

He's weak, whose cause is wrong:

When we your boastive power shall try,

You'll find that right is strong.

A vir-

A wirtuous maid,
Wrong'd and betray'd,
Sball thy deftruction prove;
There's no defence,
Like innocence,
Nor curfe like lawlefs love.

SCENE XVI. SILVIA AND BETTY.

BETTY.

Nay, for that matter, I've told your father already, and he feem'd fo little concern'd at it, that it put me out of all patience. So thought I, perhaps hewon't tell Mrs. Silvia, and, just as I thought, fo it happen'd; fo thought I, I'll e'en go and tell Mrs. Silvia myself.

SILVIA.

BETTY.

Oh!

[Afide.

Madam.

SILVIA.

Alas!

BETTY.

What did you fay?

SILVIA.

Did I fay any-thing?

BETTY.

I thought you did.

SILVIA.

Not that I know of. Oh, how shall I conceal my tortures from this busy, prying creature! [Aside.

BETTY ..

BETTY.

But Mrs. Silvia, don't you think this Sir John a horrible fort of man?

SILVIA.

All appear such to me, who fall from virtue.

BETTY.

Virtue! why he minds me no more than we do an old fweetheart, when we have got a new one.

SILVIA.

The tirefome impertinent! when shall I have freedom to complain? [Afide.

BETTY.

And then he's fo fond of her-Madam must have this, and madam must have that, and madam must have t'other; and this isn't good enough, and that isn't fine enough, and t'other isn't rich enough for her. Oit would make one distracted to see it! the impudent strumpet—I could tear her eyes out.

A I R XLIII. (Young Corydon and Phillis.)

My rage is past conceiving;
I storm and curse my face,
To think she's still receiving
Such wealth and pleasures great,
And something else, but what I dare not,
What I dare not, what I dare not name.

But our Jonathan, by the way, is as bad as his mafter; —O there's a precious couple of 'em!—but as I was faying, our Jonathan, who is Sir John's cabinet-counfellor, fays my mafter loves no body from

from his heart but you; and therefore the best of it is, her reign is like to be but short.

SILVIA.

When women do those things, for which upon reflection they ought to hate themselves, they can't expect that men will love them long.

BETTY.

Why as you fay, Mrs. Silvia, that woman that a, a—(I don't very well understand her tho', but I suppose that means that Sir John should love no body but herself). [Aside.]—But what were you saying, Mrs. Silvia?

SILVIA.

That she who parts with her virtue, parts with the only charm that makes a woman truly lovely; and she may well expect, for she deserves, to be despised.

BETTY.

She fpeaks plain enough now truly. [Alide] — Yes, as you fay, one can't hate that impudent creature too much.

SILVIA.

If she be such, as you have describ'd her, she is miserable, and, whatever she may deserve, as such I sincerely pity her.

A I R XLIV. (Strephon, when you fee me fly.)

Where can gentle pity meet
So fit a subject for her grief?
Sure that misery's compleat,
When time and death yields no relief.
Death from lesser ills may save;
Shame extends beyond the grave.

BET-

BETTY.

Well, I'll flay no longer; she's enough to put one out of conceit with ones self. [Afde] Mrs. Silvia, I hope you believe that what I have told you is nothing but the truth.

SILVIA.

Wou'd I cou'd not.

[Afide.

BETTY.

But I beg you to take no manner of notice.

SILVIA.

You may be assured I neverwill. May it ever remain unknown; if they are guilty, they may yet repent; which if they do, heaven innocent and gracious will forgive; the equally guilty world never will; if they are innocent, what injury shall I do, what guilt contract, by propagating salshood?

BETTY.

Yes, yes, as you fay—befides I should be turn'd out of doors; and you know 'twou'd vex a body to lose one's place for such a, a, a—but I've told you what she is, and so Mrs. Silvia your fervant.—What a way she has of talking? the gives one such rubs, and yet does not seem to know it neither. I don't like her; but if she does but hold her tongue I'm safe enough. I've made a pure deal of mischief, I don't doubt, for I'm sure she's nettled, for all her gravity.

A I R XLV. (A wealthy Merchant's Son.)

She who, when she'd please, Finds she's mistaken, Others pain gives her ease, The' she's for saken.

Since

Since he disdains my love, New beauties courting, His lasting plague I'll prove, Ill spoil his sporting.

SCENE XVII.

SILVIA.

She's gone, the bufy impertinent is gone, whose painful presence check'd my struggling griefs; and now my swoln heart, and ready eyes, may burst with sighing, and o'erslow with tears! O Freeman, Freeman! I thought thy former baseness, thy vile attempt upon my injur'd honour, had giv'n me all the pains you could instit, or I endure; but jealously, that burning caustic to a mind wounded by love and injuries before, to torture adding torture, pain to pain, gives agonies never to be conceiv'd till they are felt.

A I R XLVI. (Whilft I gaze on Chloe.)

Still to figh, to pine, and languish,
Still to weep and wish in wain,
Still to bear increasing anguish,
Ewer hopeless to complain!
Thus to forrow newer ceasing,
I a hopeless wistim prove;
Ever full, and still increasing,
Are the pains of jealous love.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Grove.

SILVIA AND WELFORD.

A I R XLVII. (Midfummer Wish.)

Sil. TITHE N flatt'ring love, and ftern despair, At once invade the wirgin's breaft, The meeting tides raise tempests there, The rolling form defroys her reft. Bright innocence, unerring guide, Lead me where peace ferenely reigns; If gloomy death her mansions bide, I'll feek ber there, to lofe my pains.

WELFORD.

Still fighing !- Still in tears !- In foft and gentle murmurs still complaining! vet she, innocent even in thought of any guilt, that might deferve a punishment so fevere, accuses not the heavens, nor me, nor him, the cruel author of her woes. No florm of rage ruffles her lovely face; no thought of vengeance swells her beating breaft; virtue, love, and grief, fo amply fill her mind, there is no room for any ruder guest. Never did passion in a female breast run with so deep, so strong, so smooth a ftream.

SILVIA.

My father here!

WELFORD.

Weeping, my Silvia! could'st thou think how deep thy forrows wound me, I know thou would'it endeavour to fubdue them.

SILVIA

I did not know you was so nigh. I had not else indulg'd this burst of grief: it adds to my unhappiness, to assist so tender and so good a father.

WELFORD.

Thy more than child like duty and affection, thy yielding fweetness, and determin'd virtue, of which each hour you give me fresh examples, do so affect me, that I am torn 'twixt joy and wonder, forrow and remorse, whene'er I look upon thee. I, I, wretched as I am, have contributed to all the wrongs you suffer.

SILVIA.

My dearest father, do not thus aggravate our common grief; let not your affection for me cause you to wrong yourself. If you have permitted me to love, and I have been deceiv'd, were not you deceiv'd too?

WELFORD.

Indeed I was; but all shall yet be well; shortly you shall be convinced, that ne's so far unworthy of your love, that gentle peace and joy shall fill your breast, and he be scorn'd at first and soon forgot.

AIR XLVIII. (How happy are young Lovers.)

On some rock, by seas surrounded,
Distant far from sight of shore;
When the shipwreek dewretch, consounded,
Hears the bellowing tempests roar;
Hopes of life do then for sake him,
When in this deplor dewream,
Then his ownloud shrieks awake him,
And he finds it all a dream.

Vol. I. F Such

Such are your afflictions; and they, from their exceffive greatness, shall, like some dreadful vision, find their end.

SILVIA.

Good man! he knows not that all has been discover'd to me already. [Afide.] Shall I deceive the best of fathers, and by hypocrify make that my crime, which is but my misfortune? No. Whatever discovery you make of his faults, forgive me, if I say, that I must love him fill. True, virtue forbids all converse with him, and I—obey; his crimes I hate; his fall from virtue I lament; his person, tho' I never see, nor wish to see again, 'tis still certain I must ever, ever love.

A I R XLIX. (One Night, when all the Village flept).

You happy maids, who never knew
The pains of constant love,
Be warn'd by me, and never do
The ling'ring torture prove.
Wisdom, here, brings no relief,
And resolution's wain;
Opposing, we increase our grief,
And safter bind the chain.

SCENE II.

GOODY BUSY, GOODY COSTIVE, &c.

G. BUSY.

A good day to you, Mr. Welford; I have brought with me all my neighbours, as you requested; and hearing you were here, with your daughter, I left them at your house, and chose with Goody Costive

Coffive and Goody Gabble, to come to you, that we might have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Silvia.

WELFORD.

'Tis kindly done of you; there is my daughter; I'll leave you with her, and go and bid your friends welcome.—You may follow at your leifure.

SCENE III.

SILVIA, GOODY BUSY, GOODY COSTIVE, &c.

G. BUSY.

Do fo, do fo; I must have a little talk with her. It is some years ago since I saw her,—never since she was christened, as I remember. It is a great way, and I (heaven help me) grow old, I don't use to be so sparing of my visits else. Dost not know me, pretty one?

SILVIA.

I don't remember to have feen you before; but as my father's friend, I am pleased to have the opportunity to know you now.

G. BUSY.

Pretty sweetness! thou'rt grown out of my knowledge too, to be sure; but we have been better acquainted; I was thy mother's midwife. Let me see—you will be eighteen come the time, and not married yet! now out upon thy father, for a naughty man! it must have been his fault, for you are so pretty, that you must have had offers enow.

SILVIA.

It is foon enough to know care and trouble.

G. Busy.

G. BUSY.

Now out upon it! we have never had any good times fince people talk'd fo.—Was not I young myfelf? and don't I know that the most troublesome and careful part of a woman's life, is from the time that she is fit for a husband, till she has got one? Our greatest care and trouble is over then, for the men, who seldom take any before, are bound to do it then.

AIR L. (A Dame of Honour.)

A maid, the beautiful and chafte, Like a cypher stands alone; Man, like a figure by her plac'd, Makes her worth and value known.

The tyrant, man, fast bound for life, To rule she takes upon her; Whene'er a maid is made a wise, She becomes a dame of honour.

G. COSTIVE.

Goody Bufy, you are always talking to people in praise of marriage; now I suspect you, being a midwife, do it for your own ends.—

G. BUSY.

Suppose I did Goody Cossive, where is the harm of that? I am sure, times are so bad, that what with one thing, and what with another, an honest woman, in my way of business, can hardly get bread; and I never expect to see it otherwise, while matrimony is so much despised as it is; why, the men are grown so horrible cunning, that sew of them will marry at all; and the women are grown

fo forward, that they won't flay till they are married - But you are melancholy, Mrs. Silvia.

SILVIA.

A little thoughtful; I hope you'll excuse me.

G. GABBLE.

Why truly, neighbour Bufy, these must needs be great hardships upon you; for no marriages, no lyings-in.

G. BUSY.

It is not that which I complain of; for to fay the truth, I don't find but that fingle people have as many children as those that are married; but then they are such infidels, as to let their children die without christening, and what signifies to the midwife, a lying-in, without a christening?—I had once fome thoughts of going to London, but I am informed that it is worse there than here; for there are, it seems, a number of women who get their livelihood by being naught with any man that will pay them for it, and yet never have any children at all.

SILVIA.

I can't guess what my father designs by sending for these people. [Aside.

G. COSTIVE.

Good lack-a-day! then they have no need of a midwife, for certain.

G. BUSY.

No, no; the furgeons do all their bufiness.

F 3

SCENE

SCENE IV.

SILVIA, GOODY BUSY, GOODY COSTIVE, GOODY GABBLE, AND JONATHAN.

SILVIA.

Jonathan! what comes he for?

JONATHAN.

Madam!

SILVIA.

To me?

JONATHAN,

Yes, Madam; Sir John Freeman, by me, begs your perusal of this Letter.

SILVIA.

I am forry Sir John has given himself the trouble, fince I am under the necessity of refusing it.

JONATHAN.

My matter commanded me to tell you, that it concern'd the happiness of your father.

SILVIA.

Since fuch is the case, I'll this instant to my father, and acquaint him of this important letter—wait you here my return.

SCENE V.

JONATHAN, GOODY BUSY, GOODY COSTIVE, &c.

JONATHAN.

Well, she's an agreeable lady, faith. I wonder what Sir John means, by employing me in this affair; if his defign be honourable, he knows I can

can be of no manner of use to him, 'tis quite out of my way; and if he has any other thoughts of her, he has less sense than I imagin'd he had—But who have we here! my old acquaintance, and former neighbour Goody Busy!

G. BUSY.

Bless me, Mr. Jonathan! is it you! why you are firangely grown; almost out of my knowledge. But I am glad to see thee, with all my heart.

JONATHAN.

I beg your pardon, but I must salute you.

G. BUSY.

'Tis what we are us'd to at christenings.—Pray let it go round.

JONATHAN.

With all my heart.

[Kifes the reft.

G. COSTIVE.

A pretty civil young man truly. I have known fome fqueamish ill-bred fellows refuse to do their duty by a woman, because she was in years.

G. BUSY.

But where hast been all this while; and what business dost follow?

JONATHAN.

As you fee, I ferve a gentleman.

G. BUSY.

Are you married?

JONATHAN.

My master is a single man, and won't keep any body that is married in his family.

F 4

G. Busy.

G. BUSY.

Ay, shame take these gentlefolks; they would have every body as bad as themselves. That must be a sad house, that has never an honest woman in it.

JONATHAN.

We live as they do in most batchelors families, very lovingly. While my master is entertaining the house-keeper in his chamber, I am as civil to the cook-maid in the garret.

G. BUSY.

O fad, O fad! what pity it is that young men should spend their time unfruitfally with naughty women; when, were they honestly married, they might in a lawful way do much good in their generation. If you have any thoughts of marriage, I have a widow in my eye, that would do very well for you. She has something to bring you to, and is under thirty I affure you. While her husband was in health, she brought him a child every year; but I don't know how it fell out, he grew weary of her, and, as it is suppos'd, thought to have kill'd her with kindness: but as it always happens in those cases, he did his own business instead of hers, he fell into a consumption—and dy'd about a month ago.

JONATHAN.

No, Goody Bufy, that will never do for me; a wanton young widow for a wife, and a skittish horse for a long journey, are two the most troublesome thing sa man can meet withal.

G. BUSY.

G. BUSY.

Perhaps you would rather have a maid. Truly they are ticklish things, and I don't much care to meddle or make with 'em. But I do know of a farmer's daughter, that will set you to a hair. Her father is a sufficient man, and will stock a farm for you. 'Tis true, indeed, she has had one child; for I am a woman of integrity, and would not deceive any body in these matters for the world. They did not marry her soon enough. But she'll make an excellent stirring wife, I'll warrant her.

JONATHAN.

A maid that has had a child, is worfe than a widow that's past it. I don't like any body that you have propos'd half so well as yourfelf.

G. BUSY.

Now out upon you, for an idle pack. Why thou naughty, wanten, young knave, what would'ft thou do with me? heaven help me, I am old, and fit for nothing.

JONATHAN.

Let me ask you a few questions, and you'll find you are fit for every thing.

G. BUSY.

Well, come on then.

A I R LI. (Canst thou not weave Bonelace.

Jon. Thou canst do housewise's work!
G. Busy. Yea, by'r lady, that I can.
Jon. Whip and stitch with a jerk?
G. Busy. Yea, as well as any one.

Jon.

3

SILVIA; OR,

Jon. Canst thou not bake and brew?
G. Busy. Yea, by'r lady that I can.
Jon. And do the other thing too?
G. Busy. Out, you're naughty: get you gone.
Jon. Thou canst break jests, and sing?
G. Busy. Yea, by'r lady that I can.
Jon. Caper and dance with a spring?
G. Busy. Yea, as well as any one.

SCENE VI.

WELFORD, SILVIA, JONATHAN, G. BUSY, G. COSTIVE, &c.

G. BUSY.

Come neighbours, our friends at farmer Welford's expect us.—There is fomething of confequence to be done; he woud'n't fend for us for nothing.—A wedding, I hope; old folks drop off apace, but if the young ones would marry, and be industrious, the world might still be increasing.

By honest love alone the world's upheld, Death can't destroy so fast as love can build.

SCENE VII.

WELFORD, SILVIA, AND JONATHAN.

SIL VIA.

I have obtained my father's leave to receive the letter you have brought. Whether the contents may require or deferve an answer, I shall take time to consider. I have no more to say.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

WELFORD AND JONATHAN.

[Silvia gives the Letter to Welford who reads it.]

WELFORD.

See, my Silvia, the picture of a mind struggling betwen a sense of virtue, and the love of vice. Yet he entreats to see thee in such terms, as might move weak minds to pity him. [Gives ber the Letter.

SILVIA.

If pity be a weakness, I am, sure, the weakest of my sex; but yet I fear to see him.

WELFORD.

His base attempt on thee, his avow'd aversion to marriage, and the ruin of the daughter of that honest stranger whom we entertain'd, all shew the justice of thy sear.

SILVIA.

That men should know vice to be an evil, by the pain it gives, and yet cherish the monster that destroys their peace.

WELFORD.

I have fworn never to expose thee to be again infulted by that licentious man. Yet I cannot but wish he had not render'd himself utterly unworthy of thee. But I have given him up. You shall have ample satisfaction for all the wrongs you have fuster'd.

SILVIA.

If you can entertain a thought of vengeance, how are you chang'd, my father!

WELFORD.

WELFORD.

Hereafter thou wilt know me better.

SILVIA.

Whither have you fent the stranger and his wife? whither are you going with the people that you sent for? O, sir, forgive my fears. Urg'd by your love for me, you rush on to certain ruin.

WELFORD.

Whatever becomes of me, you are the care of heaven. [Exit.

SILVIA.

I never knew him transported thus before. He's going to Sir John, and will certainly provoke him to his undoing. Infruct me, heaven, what I shall do to save him.

A I R LH. (When Flora fhe had deck'd.)

O gracious beaven, lend a friendly ray,
To guide my steps, in darkness lost;
From virtue's precept, never let me stray,
But guide me safely thro' this dreary coast.
My love betray'd,
My duty paid,
A spotless maid,

Let me refign
My useless breath into the Bands of deaths
For while I live there is no grief like mine.

SCENE IX.

A Room in SIR JOHN'S House. SIR JOHN reading at a Table.

'Tis hard a rooted love to disposses;
'Tis hard, but you may do it ne'ertheless.

In

77

In this your fafety does confift alone: If possible, or not, it must be done.

A poem on a dwarf! what strange stuff is here! hey ho!

SCENE X.

SIR JOHN AND BETTY.

BETTY.

There he fits, poring o'er a book, which he no more minds, than he does me.—Sir, did you call?

[Sir John throws the Book away.

SIR JOHN.

Who's there; Betty? come lither. Why you look very amiable to-day, Betty.

BETTY.

O laud, fir, you make me blufh.

SIR JOHN.

Betty, fill me fome wine. The large glass, and fill it up.

BETTY.

Yes, fir.

SIR JOHN.

My love to you, Betty.

BETTY.

Thank you, fir.

SIR JOHN.

Fill yourself, and pledge me.

BETTY.

He's coming about again, I fee. — Your health, fir.—If he would but drink a few more bumpers; for

78 - 8 I L V I A; O R,

for when he had drank moft, he always took moft notice of me.

[Afide.

SIR JOHN.

Leave me; and fend the lady that came home with me last night.

BETTY.

Sir, cou'dn't I - I - I

SIR JOHN.

What is it you would fav !

BETTY.

Why, fir, that, that, -I don't know where to find her.

SIR JOHN.

Must I be plagu'd with your impertinence too! go, fend her to me, or leave the house yourself.

BETTY.

O fathers! I can't bear it! I would I could fend the devil to fetch you both. Afide.

SCENE XI.

SIR JOHN.

AIR LIII. (In Kent, fo fam'd of old.)

In vain, in vain I rove, Wine, wit, and women prove, My anguish to remove, I'm still a lover. And if, to ease my pains, I put on marriage chains, Love, that constraint disdains, Will foon be over.

SCENE

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SCENE XII.

SIR JOHN AND JONATHAN.

JONATHAN.

Sir, I delivered your letter to Mrs. Silvia.

'Tis well.

SCENE XIII.

SIR JOHN, JONATHAN, AND BETTY.

SIR JOHN.

You need give yourfelf no further trouble to look for the lady. I'll go and find her myfelf.

SCENE XIV.
JONATHAN AND BETTY.

BETTY.

How, Jonathan here! this fool loves me however. I'll divert myfelf, by teazing him.—So Sir.

JONATHAN.

So Madam.

BETTY.

Captain, methinks you look very fcurvily after your last defeat.

JONATHAN.

Now I think you look like a dealer in fecond hand goods, who having outflood your market, repents, and would fain be turning the penny at any rate.

BETTY.

BETTY.

Ha, ha, how vex'd he is! but it would fret any man, who going with flying colours to take posfession of a fort, should find the gates shut against him.

JONATHAN.

Now you want to be attack'd, only for an excuse to surrender. But you may keep your tottering tenement till it tumbles about your ears, for Jonathan.

BETTY.

Poor fellow! I see he's horrible uneasy. But what woman can deny herself the pleasure of tyrannizing, when she has it in her power? To be sure, Jonathan, you can never forget your last disappointment.

A I R LIV. (There was a Knight was drunk with Wine.)

He feiz'd the lass, trembling all o'er, On storming bent, no doubt, Sir; But she slipt herself within the door, And the fool was shut without, Sir;

Jon. But foon repents shee'er faid nay,
And finds berself the fool, Sir,
For she that wou'd not when she may,
She shall not when she wou'd, Sir. Going.

Betty. But Jonathan, Jonathan.

Jon. But she that wou'd not when she may, She shall not when she wou'd, Sir.

Betty. Sure you be'nt in earnest.

But she that wou'd not when she may,

She shall not when she wou'd, Sir.

SCENE

SCENE XV.

BETTY.

O the impudent, pert, conceited puppy! to leave me before he has had me! why he's worfe than Sir John. I am like to have a fine time on't truly, between 'em both!

AIR LV. (The Sun was just fetting.)

How kind was I us'd, ere this Lettice came here! But to be refus'd, fure no woman can bear. By the master for saken, I'm scorn'd by the man; How was I mistaken in trusting Sir John!

For he kis'd me, I grumbled, He pres'd me, I stumbled, He push'd me, I tumbled, But still he pushed on.

But fince that flut's coming I'm left and undone. But fince, &c.

But if I don't plague him for serving me so, May I be worse tumbled, worse push'd, and worse jumbled,

Where-ever, where-ever I go.

SCENE XVI.

Another Room in Sir John's House.

SIR JOHN, TIMOTHY, PLOUGH-SHARE, AND DOROTHY.

SIR JOHN.

Perhaps it mayn't be agreeable to the lady, to be expos'd to gratify your curiofity.

TIMOTHY.

Sir, the happiness of our lives depends on finding our child. And, as we are inform'd, she's here.

Vol. I. G SCENE

SCENE XVII.

SIR JOHN, TIMOTHY, PLOUGHSHARE, DOROTHY, and LETTICE finging.

LETTICE.

My father, mother, and Ploughshare here! what will become of me!

SIR JOHN.

Stay, child; whither are you going?

LETTICE.

O dear, dearsir!-

TIMOTHY.

Ay, here she is; and no doubt but all the rest we have been told is as true.

PLOUGHSHARE.

Ah Lettice, Lettice, what have you been doing? you've fpun a fine thread truly. We shall have the whole parish ring of you shortly.

TIMOTHY.

O child, you'll break my heart.

DOROTHY.

Will she? but I'll break her neck first.

LETTICE.

O dear Sir John, save me, save me, or I shall be torn to pieces.

PLOUGHSHARE.

How fine the flut is! and how familiar with the justice!

DOROTHY.

Ay, ay, 'tis certainly fo. Oh you impudent carrion, I'll be the death of you.

TIMOTHY.

THE COUNTRY BURIAL.

TIMOTHY.

To find my girl ruin'd, is worfe than never to have found her at all.

A I R LVI. (Hear me weep and wail.)

Welcome endless grief,
Farewell my goose and sheers for ever, ever.
Can I find relief? no never, never.
For grief, from shame arising,
New pains is still devising:
Allarts must fail,
Distraction prevail,
My brain'tis now surprizing—prizing.

SIR JOHN.

Friends have patience. What's past can't be recalled, but I'm ready to make you any satisfaction that's in my power.

DOROTHY.

Look ye, Sir, you have utterly ruin'd the wench. The blame and shame must now fall all upon her own head; whereas, had she been married, you know 'twould have fall'n upon her husband's.

PLOUGHSHARE.

But who do you think will have her now ?

AIR LVII. (Send home my long-ftray'd Eyes.

Cou'd you return her true and chaste,
I'd meet her with a bridegroom's haste;
But since, from you, she's learn'd such ill,
To hate her spouse,
Or arm his brows,
Keep her, for me, Sir, keep her still.

G 2

LETTICE.

LETTICE.

O dear! what must I do? My father will break his heart; my mother will beat my brains out; and that monster, Ned Ploughshare, will make me the May-game of the whole parish.

PLOUGHSHARE.

Don't call me monfter: I'm none of your hufband: fo keep your tongue to yourfelf.

LETTICE.

I won't; 'tis all along of you that this has happen'd. You always knew that I hated you, and yet you would have had me whether I would or no.

DOROTHY.

Yes, huffy, he would have made an honest woman of you; but you must be a gentlewoman, must you?

A I R LVIII. (A Nymph of the Plain.)

So true, and so kind,
To whate'er you inclin'd,
To whate'er you inclin'd,
He had never deny'd;
But with joy had comply'd,
To have made you his wife,
And obey'd all his life;

In a manner so soft, so engaging, and sweet, As well might persuade you his passion to meet.

TIMOTHY.

Wife, I never approved of your forcing the girl's inclinations, and now you fee what it's come to.

SIR

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SIR JOHN.

Friend, you feem an honeft inoffenfive man, which aggravates my remorfe for having wrong'd you.

A I R LIX. (Young Philoret and Celia met.)

Let. Regard my tears, dispel my fears, I'll ne'er offend you more.

Tim. The fimple groom, the feed being gone, So shuts the stable door.

Let. Pity my pain.
Tim. My pity's vain.
Let. My folly I deplore.

Tim. Fame that's loft, and time that's paft,

Let. What power can restore?

Ambo. Fame that's loft, and time that's past, What power can restore?

SIR JOHN.

What good-natur'd man, that was but a spectator in this scene, but must be mov'd? I thought, till now, the general love of women consistent with generosity, honour, and humanity.—False and destructive principle! By this single act of mine, how many innocent persons have I injur'd! the woman, too—the easiness with which she gave up her honour, makes her, tho' pitied, yet despis'd, even by me the author of her ruin.

SCENE XVIII.

To them, JONATHAN; whispers SIR JOHN.

SIR JOHN. Ha! Silvia, faid you? fure you mistake!

G 3

JONATHAN.

JONATHAN.

No, Sir; she's in the next room, and defires to fee you.

SIR JOHN.

Fly then, and conduct her in.—Good people, an affair of confequence obliges me to beg you would leave me for the present. If you please to wait in the next room, when that's dispatch'd, I'll fend for you again.

SCENE XIX. SIR JOHN AND SILVIA.

SIR JOHN.

She's here, whom most I wish to see; and yet, such is the power of guilt, I dare not look upon her. Could I have thought her sight wou'd ever give me pain?—But, like a wretch remov'd at once from impenetrable darkness into the midday blaze, I sicken at the cheerful light, and sain would shun a brightness that glads all eyes but mine.

SILVIA.

O Sir! pardon and pity an unhappy maid: had heaven required me to have dy'd, to have shewn my duty to the best of parents, the pain had been far less; but filial piety commands me to live, and interpose between your power, and the weakness of my good, but incens'd father.

A I R LX. (I'm Ormond the brave.)

Your heaviest refentment, ah! let me, let me bear.
In pity to his age, my reverend father spare:
Toil, want, and all you can instict, I will not shun;

But when I think that he may be, for wretched me, undone,

Ob, ob!

SCENE

SCENE XX.

SIR JOHN, SILVIA, AND WELFORD.

O Silvia! never, till now, had I cause to blush for any act of thine.—Rife, nor offer that incense to an idol, which heaven alone is worthy of, and which, were he not lost to shame, as well as honour, he might blush to receive.

SILVIA.

Condemn me not; can any submission be too low to save from ruin such a parent? still let me kneel.

WELFORD.

Heaven, and all that's just on earth, forbid it.

SIR JOHN.

Confounded and amaz'd, I had not power to raise her from the earth. — O Silvia!—Welford! cou'd you see my heart! how deep my contrition! how sincere my forrow! you would no longer fear, [To Silvia.] nor you be angry, [To Welford.] Vice in all its genuine deformities, I've just beheld. Virtue, in all its charms, I see in you—Receive a returning prodigal to your arms; forgive, and make me happy.—Let the priest, by honourable, holy marriage, give me a just possession of thy charms, and join me to virtue, and to thee, for ever.

SILVIA.

I came to beg your favour for my father, not a husband for myfelf. You once thought, me mean enough to barter my innocence and virtue, for your wealth; should I now consent to marry you, might it not be justly suspected that my former reaches the featment of 4

fentment was not from the love of virtue and contempt of riches, but artifice, to make the better terms? Virtue is heaven's best gift: nor have they more than the appearance of it, who submit to the least imputation on their fame, for wealth, or power, or love, more tempting to a generous mind. Think it not pride in me, to refuse an obligation to the man who would have robb'd me, of all that distinguish'd me from the vilest of her sex.

SIR JOHN.

To have my love and admiration increas'd, by what gives me despair, is a punishment (tho' just) that is insupportable.

AIR LXI. (Minuet.)

With pity gracious heav'n possess'd, Taught mortals how'twould be address'd: Celestial fair,

O footh my care!

And, as my heaven on earth I view thee; Lovely creature,

Pride of nature,

Teach me (like heaven) how to woo thee.

SILVIA.

I pardon, pity, and I love thee ----

SIR JOHN.

O charming founds !-So heaven chears a defpairing finner, with the fweet voice of mercy.

SILVIA.

But heaven, when it pardons, appears above reward, by conferring obligations. That is not in my power.—To refuse them is, and in that I am determined. Farewell for ever.—'Tis hard--but virtue, prudence and my fame require it. Therefore,

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fore, farewel for ever. If your return to virtue be fincere, you have a mistress who will ne'er forsake you; but, ever blooming, crown your days and nights with joy—when I am dust.

SIR JOHN [Falling on Welford's neck.]

O Welford, Welford! must I lose her? You lov'd me once. Is there no remains of pity lest? Can you behold mesinking, and yet resuse a friendly hand to save me?

WELFORD. [Embracing bim.]

Heaven forbids me not to pity, love, and in the anguish of my foul, weep o'er thee, my now dearer than ever, tho' too unhappy son.

SIR JOHN.

Did not you call me fon? O that I were! to be your fon, is all the happiness my foul aspires to.

WELFORD.

Too foon you'll find that name includes the worst of miseries, certain despair.—But, to the business of my coming.

SCENE XXI.

SIR JOHN, SILVIA, WELFORD, G. BUSY, G. COSTIVE, JONATHAN, BETTY, &c.

WELFORD.

Goody Bufy, and the rest of my friends who came with me, pray, walk in. Now let all here attend and witness to the truths I am about to utter; and you, unhappy youth, prepare to bear the most surprizing change of fortune, like a man.—You are not whom you seem, and whom you think yourself, Sir John Freeman, Baronet, and rightful possessor of a fair estate, but an innocent impossor, and

90 SILVIA; OR, and ufurper of another's right, and my unhappy on indeed.

SILVIA.

What can my father mean?

G. BUSY.

This is the strangest story that ever I heard of.

SIR JOHN.

Welford, to invent a tale fo vile, and so absurd, to make me despair of Silvia, as being her brother, is unworthy of your good sense and former probity.

WELFORD.

I will not thank you for your affent to the truth of what I affirm. This excellent lady is not my daughter, but the much wrong'd Angelica Freeman, the fole furviving child of the late Sir John Freeman, and heirefs to his large estate.—I read wonder and surprize in every face.—You look for proofs.—Goody Busy, you serv'd Sir John Freeman's lady, and my wife, as midwife.

G BUSY.

That I did, to be fure.

WELFORD.

How many children had each ?

G. BUSY.

Two, a fon and a daughter, I shall never forget it: they lay-in both times together, and your wife nursed both Sir John's children?

WELFORD.

All this is true; but was there any thing remarkable upon the body of Sir John's fon when born?

G. BUSY.

No, but yours was mark'd under the left break with a bunch of grapes, the fruit, leaves, and flaks,

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stalks, all in their proper shape and colour, as if they had been growing on the vine.

SIR JOHN. [Opening his breaft.]

Here is the indelible mark, visible and fair, as when the seal of heaven impress it first, to distinguish the impostor from the rightful heir.

WELFORD.

Too well I know it.

SILVIA.

If this gentleman be your fon, how could his birth have been conceal'd fo long?

WELFORD.

That - with my own shame I am now to discover. -My wife, while unmarry'd, attended on the mother of this lady, then a virgin, and so far was fhe honour'd with her confidence, that she liv'd with her rather as a fifter or companion than a fervant; after her marriage to Sir John, and my wife's to me, the honour of their friendship was continu'd; for I was happy in Sir John's, as my wife was in his lady's. - That we had the fame number of children and of the same age and sex, and that my wife was entrusted with the care of theirs, you have heard already .- Soon after the birth of this lady, a war breaking out, Sir John, who had an honourable post in the army, went for Flanders: I attended him thither, and (as I had formerly done) ferv'd under him as a volunteer.-In this our abfence, a fever made dreadful ravage in this part of the country.-Of it dy'd Sir John's lady, and quickly after his fon, (who was then at my house) and my daughter .- My wife taking the advantage of the lady's death, and our absence, reported that the son who dy'd was ours; and the furviving one (truly ours)

ours) was Sir John's -- Our daughter who dy'd was buried as his; and his, this lady, was reputed and educated as our own-The fraud was never fo much as suspected by Sir John, nor any other person, myfelf excepted - I indeed, by observations, which none else had opportunity to make, soon found it out, and charg'd my wife with it; she confess'd it, and to my shame prevail'd upon me to conceal what I could never approve. - She dy'd before Sir John, and never liv'd to fee her fon possess'd of the honour and wealth, which she by such wicked means had endeavour'd to procure for him. - Thro' heav'n's mercy I hope she rests in peace. But what have been my tortures ever fince I confented to conceal the guilty fecret ! - Stung hourly with remorfe, I attempted to do her justice and conceal my shame, by effecting a marriage between her and my fon; but heaven, that refus'd the imperfect fatisfaction, and condemn'd the fraud, has, you fee, made vain the fond attempt, nor would fuffer her to receive that as another's gift, which is her own proper right.

SIR JOHN.

And long may the enjoy it.—I have not so ill profited by her bright example, as to repine at a change of fortune, so just, and so much to the advantage of this wondrous pattern of all that's excellent in womankind.

SILVIA.

Your justice, and the moderation of your fon, affects me more than these unthought of, undesired riches: can I ever forget your more than paternal kindness and affection?

WELFORD.

WELFORD.

Spare me the confusion, that your goodness gives me; look not so tenderly, nor speak so kindly, but treat me as your injuries and my crimes deserve.

SILVIA.

The crime was another's.—Your former tenderness and present justice, tho' to the disadvantage of your son, is all your own.—If you forsake me now, I am indeed an orphan—Riches have snares, and youth without a guide is expos'd to many dangers —be still my father.

WELFORD.

Thy own worthy father, were he living, could never love thee more.—But to be thy father is impossible.

SILVIA.

This is your fon.—Let me be his, and you are fill my father.

SIR JOHN.

Do I indeed behold her heavenly face, all clad in fmiles, and kindly bent on me? do I indeed hear her harmonious voice pronounce me happy? —Or does my flatt'ring fancy, to footh despair, form images that have no real existence?

WELFORD.

Bless her, bless her, heaven! and as you have made her the best, make her the happiest of her fex.—Never did I taste joys sincere till now.

SILVIA.

This furprizing discovery unmade—had I confented to have been yours—the disinterestedness of my love and virtue could never have been known.

—Heaven has made our duty and our interests one.

one. I may now without reproach give my hand, where before I had given my heart. [Betty weeps.

JONATHAN.

What, in tears, Betty!

BETTY.

What have I lost for want of reflecting sooner? I'd rather have that lady's virtue, than her beauty and estate.

JONATHAN.

Poor girl!—Why this is to have it.—I remember on a certain occasion I made you a promise of marriage; if you think it worth claiming, give me your hand.

BETTY.

There it is; if you can forget what's past, you shall have no reason to complain of my conduct for the future.

AIR LXII. (Ah how fweet's the cooling Breeze.)

Sir John. Oh how fweet,
All over charms,

To bless my arms,

Sil. Thy generous virtue all vice defeating.
All compleat and pure's my joy,

Without alloy;

With transport unusual my bosom is beating.

Sir John.

Dearest treasure!
Sil.

O joy beyond measure!
Sir John.

This truly is pleasure

This truly is pleasure. Ye follies adieu.

Both. O dearest!

All compleat and pure's my joy,

Without alloy;
With transport unusual my bosom is beating.

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Sil. Love gently firing,
And foftly inspiring,

Sir John. Panting, defiring, I'll virtue pursue.

Both. Ob dearest!

All compleat and pure's my joy;

Without alloy;

White hours approach, and the black are retreating.

G. BUSY.

Ay, this is as it should be —I could even cry for joy, to see that there is so much honest love left in the world.

SIR JOHN.

Reclaim'd by your virtue, and restored to fortune by your generosity, I hope you'll take it as a proof of my sincerity, that I confess myself concern'd for the distress brought upon an honest man and his family by my folly.

SILVIA.

Your concern is just and generous, like the man I hope ever to find you—But have I given myself to you, and not my fortune? all is yours; dispose of it as you please.

SIR JOHN.

Jonathan, fend Lettice and her friends hither.— O madam, the longest life wou'd be too short to pay my obligation.

SCENE XXII.

SIR JOHN, SILVIA, WELFORD, G. BUSY, G. COSTIVE, &c. TIMOTHY, LETTICE, DOROTHY, &c.

SIR JOHN.

Unhappy girl, I wish it was in my power to make you ample satisfaction for the injury I've done you; but but fince that is impossible, I will fettle fomething on your father, in trust for you, that, managed with prudence, may fecure you from the fears of poverty, the rock on which you split before.—You, Sir, I hope will continue with us.—The farm lately tenanted by my father, with your consent, madam, I bestow on this honest man, for the purposes before mentioned.

SILVIA.

And may it answer your intentions, which if it does, we may hereafter give 'em further proofs of our regard for their welfare.

TIM. DOR. LET.

Heaven bless you both.

SIR JOHN.

Lettice, as I shall never see you more, take this advice with you.—Keep this lady's example in view, and you may yet excel in virtue many of your sex, who having never err'd in the manner you have done, look on your fault as unpardonable.—Nor shall you, Betty, or Jonathan, be forgot.

JONATHAN.

Sir, if you approve of it, Betty and I have refolved to take one another for better for worfe.

SIR JOHN.

That I do approve it, you shall find by the handfome provision I'Il make for you.

WELFORD.

Son, not foreseeing this happy event, I fent for the tenants to attend, that upon making the discovery they might be ready to pay their duties to this lady, upon her taking possession of her estate.

SIR

CI BORINE.

SIR JOHN.

Madam, what think you of inviting 'em in, to partake of the general joy?

SILVIA.

By all means.

A DANCE.

A I R LXIII. (Dutch Skipper.)

Gaff. Gabb. Such virtue possessing, Includes ev'ry blessing, Ev'ry blessing

Our mortal state can know.

Wel. Such bright examples firing, Each gen'rous foul inspiring, Inspiring,

We forn the world below.
With pleasure while we gaze,
Transform'd, our fouls we raise,
For wirtue beheld the mind renews.

Tim. So the fun, for ever bright,
Communicates his light,
And adorns everyobje Et that he views.

CHORUS.

Since truth to the mind her own likeness reflects,
Makes known our defects, makes known our defects;
Since truth to the mind her own likeness reflects,
Let none the just mirror despise.
What wirtue so bright but reflection improves,
Or folly so stubborn, but what it removes?
Reflect, be happy, and wise.

THE END.

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13 This

If This opera appearing in rehearful too long for one night's entertainment, some scenes have been shorten'd and airs omitted.

N. B. Act. III, Page 61. for Scene IX, X, XI, XIII, read as follows:

A Room in Sir John's House, Sir John discover'd at a table, reading.

'Tis hard a rooted love to disposses;
'Tis hard, but you may do it ne'ertheless.
In this your safety does consist alone:
If possible, or not, it must be done.

A poem on a dwarf! what strange stuff is here! Hey ho!—This Welford's daughter has taken so strong hold of my mind, that books are useless to me. [Lays asset the book.] O Silvia, Silvia! thou hast too strongly possess'd my heart, ever to be dislodg'd.—The possession of other beauties only sires my imagination with those joys thou alone art capable to impart.—I have made thee an ungrateful return to a disinterested passion, and made thee suffer for what I ought to adore thee. That virtue, which I endeavour'd to subdue, has made me captive; and I know not if the grace of beauty, or the most shining ornament of thy sex, influences most.—I have wronged thee and—am unjust. But I'll acknowledge and repair my fault.

Jon. Sir, I have delivered your letter.

SIR JOHN. And what answer?

Jon. Her eyes deliver'd the greater part ; but her

tongue faid it requir'd none.

SIR JOHN. Ha?—Whither am I going?—whither but to Silvia; the lovely, mournful Silvia; to implore her pardon, to expel her griefs, to vow eternal love, eternal truth.

A I R XL. Draw, Cupid, draw, &c. Reign, Silvia, reign, &c. as in page 46. [Exit.

THE

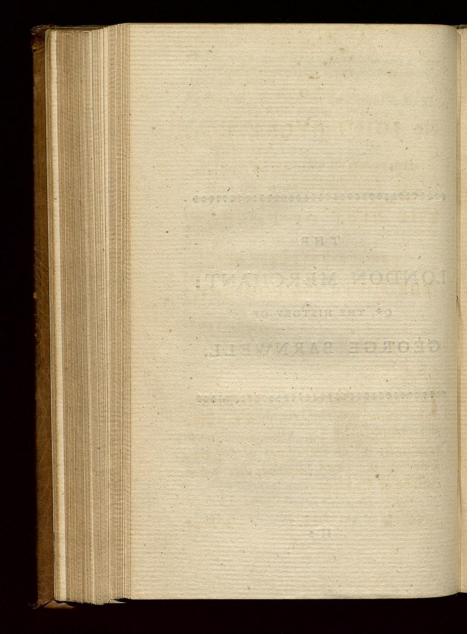
LONDON MERCHANT:

OR, THE HISTORY OF

GEORGE BARNWELL:

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Hz



SIR JOHN EYLES, BART.

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR, AND ALDERMAN OF,

THE CITY OF LONDON,

AND SUB-GOVERNOR OF

THE SOUTH-SEA COMPANY.

SIR,

If Tragick Poetry be, as Mr. Dryden has fomewhere faid, the most excellent and most useful kind of writing, the more extensively useful the moral of any tragedy is, the more excellent that piece must be of its kind.

Vol. I. * H 3 I hope

I hope I shall not be thought to insinuate that this, to which I have presumed to prefix your name, is such; that depends on its fitness to answer the end of tragedy, the exciting of the passions, in order to the correcting such of them as are criminal, either in their nature, or through their excess. Whether the following scenes do this in any tolerable degree, is, with the deference that becomes one who would not be thought vain, submitted to your candid and impartial judgment.

What I would infer is this, I think, evident truth; that tragedy is fo far from losing its dignity, by being accommodated to the circumstances of the generality of mankind, that it is more truly august in proportion to the extent of its influence, and the numbers that are properly affected by it: as it is more truly great to be the instrument of good to many, who stand in need of our affishance, than to a very small part of that number.

If princes, &c. were alone liable to misfortunes arifing from vice, or weakness in themselves, or others, there would be good reason for confining the characters in tragedy to those of superior rank; but since the contrary is evident, nothing can be more reasonable than to proportion the remedy to the disease.

I am far from denying that tragedies founded on any instructive and extraordinary events in history, or well invented fables, where the perfons introduced are of the highest rank, are without their use, even to the bulk of the audience. strong contrast between a Tamerlane and a Bajazet may have its weight with an unfleady people, and contribute to the fixing of them in the interest of a prince of the character of the former, when, through their own levity, or the arts of defigning men, they are rendered factious and uneafy, though they have the highest reason to be fatisfied. The fentiments and example of a Cato may inspire his specta-* H4

tors with a just sense of the value of liberty, when they fee that honest patriot prefer death to an obligation from a tyrant, who would facrifice the constitution of his country, and liberties of mankind, to his ambition or revenge. I have attempted, indeed, to enlarge the province of the graver kind of poetry, and should be glad to fee it carried on by some abler hand. Plays, founded on moral tales in private life, may be of admirable use, by carrying conviction to the mind with fuch irrefiftible force as to engage all the faculties and powers of the foul in the cause of virtue, by stifling vice in its first principles. They who imagine this to be too much to be attributed to tragedy must be strangers to the energy of that noble species of poetry. Shakefpeare, who has given fuch amazing proofs of his genius, in that as well as in comedy, in his Hamlet, has the following lines.

ss And

[&]quot; Had he the motive and the cause for passion

[&]quot; That I have, he would drown the stage with tears,

- " And cleave the general ear with horrid speech
- " Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,
- " Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
- " The very faculty of eyes and ears."

And farther in the fame speech,

- " I've heard, that guilty creatures at a play
- " Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
- " Been fo struck to the foul, that prefently
- "They have proclaim'd their malefactions.

Prodigious! yet strictly just. But I shall not take up your valuable time with my remarks: only give me leave just to observe, that he seems so sirmly persuaded of the power of a well-written piece to produce the effect here ascribed to it, as to make Hamlet venture his soul on the event, and rather trust that than a messenger from the other world, though it assumed, as he expresses it, his "noble" father's form," and assured him, that it was his spirit. "I'll have," says Hamlet, "Grounds more relative."

"Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

Such



Such plays are the best answers to them who deny the lawfulness of the stage.

Confidering the novelty of this attempt, I thought it would be expected from me to fay fomething in its excuse; and I was unwilling to lose the opportunity of faying fomething of the usefulness of tragedy in general, and what may be reasonably expected from the farther improvement of this excellent kind of poetry.

Sir, I hope you will not think I have faid too much of an art, a mean specimen of which I am ambitious enough to recommend to your favour and protection. A mind conscious of superior worth, as much despites flattery, as it is above it. Had I found in myself an inclination to so contemptible a vice, I should not have chosen Sir John Eyles for my patron. And indeed the best written panegyrick, though strictly true, must place you in a light much inferior to that in which you have

have long been fixed, by the love and efteem of your fellow citizens; whole choice of you for one of their representatives in parliament has fufficiently declared their fense of your merit. Nor hath the knowledge of your worth been confined to the city. The proprietors in the South-Sea company, in which are included numbers of persons as considerable for their rank, fortune, and underflanding, as any in the kingdom, gave the greatest proof of their confidence in your capacity and probity, by chufing you fub-governor of their company, at a time when their affairs were in the utmost confusion, and their properties in the greatest danger. Nor is the court infenfible of your importance. I shall not therefore attempt your character, nor pretend to add any thing to a reputation fo well eftablished.

Whatever others may think of a dedication, wherein there is fo much faid of other

other things, and so little of the person to whom it is addressed, I have reason to believe, that you will the more easily pardon it on that very account.

I am,

SIR,

Your most obedient

Humble fervant,

GEORGE LILLO.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. CIBBER, Jun.

THE Tragick Muse, sublime, delights to show
Princes distrest, and scenes of royal woe;
In aweful pomp, majestick to relate
The fall of nations, or some hero's fate:
That scepter'd chiefs may by example know
The strange vicissitude of things below:
What dangers on security attend;
How pride and cruelty in ruin end:
Hence Providence supreme to know; and own
Humanity adds glory to a throne,

In ev'ry former age, and foreign tongue, With native grandeur thus the goddels fung. Upon our ftage, indeed, with wish'd success, You've sometimes seen her in an humbler dress; Great only in distress. When she complains In Southern's, Rowe's, or Otway's moving strains, The brilliant drops that fall from each bright eye, The absent pomp, with brighter gems, supply.

Forgive us then, if we attempt to show, In artless strains, a tale of private woe. A London prentice ruin'd is our theme, Drawn from the fam'd old song that bears his name. We hope your taste is not so high to scorn; Which for a century of rolling years, Has fill'd a thousand thousand eyes with tears.

If thoughtles youth to warn, and shame the age From wice destructive, well becomes the stage; If this example innocence insure, Prewent our guilt, or by restection cure; If Milwood's dreadful crimes, and sad despair, Commend the wirtue of the good and fair; Tho' art be wanting, and our numbers fail, Indulge the attempt in justice to the tale.

H

DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Thorowgood.
Barnwell, Uncle to George.
George Barnwell.
Trueman.
Blunt.

Mr. Bridgwater. Mr. Roberts. Mr. Cibber, Jun. Mr. W. Mills. Mr. R. Witherbile.

WOMEN.

Maria. Millwood. Lucia. Mrs. Cibber. Mrs. Butler. Mrs. Clarke.

Officers with their Attendants, Keeper, and Footmen.

SCENE, LONDON, and an adjacent Village.

THE

LONDON MERCHANT:

OR, THE HISTORY OF

GEORGE BARNWELL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in Thorowgood's House.
THOROWGOOD AND TRUEMAN.

TRUEMAN.

SIR, the packet from Genoa is arrived.
[Gives Letters.

THOROWGOOD.

Heaven be prais'd! The florm that threaten'd our royal mistress, pure religion, liberty, and laws, is for a time diverted; the haughty and revengeful Spaniard, disappointed of the loan on which he depended from Genoa, must now attend the flow return of wealth from his new world, to supply his empty coffers, ere he can execute his purpos'd invasion of our happy island; by which means time is gain'd to make such preparations on our part, as may, heav'n concurring, prevent his malice, or turn the meditated mischief on himfels.

TRUEMAN.

He must be insensible indeed, who is not affected when the safety of his country is concern'd. Sir, may I know by what means?—if I'm too bold—H 4



THOROWGOOD.

Your curiofity is laudable; and I gratify it with the greater pleasure, because from thence you may learn, how honest merchants, as such, may sometimes contribute to the safety of their country, as they do at all times to its happiness; that if hereaster you should be tempted to any action that has the appearance of vice or meanness in it, upon resecting upon the dignity of our profession, you may, with honest scorn, reject whatever is unworthy of it.

TRUEMAN.

Shou'd Barnwell or I, who have the benefit of your example, by our ill conduct, bring any imputation on that honourable name, we must be left without excuse.

THOROWGOOD.

You compliment, young man-[Trueman bows Nay, I'm not offended. respectfully.] name of merchant never degrades the gentleman, fo by no means does it exclude him; only take heed not to purchase the character of complaisant at the expence of your fincerity. -- But to answer your question. The bank of Genoa had agreed, at exceffive interest, and on good security, to advance the king of Spain a fum of money, fufficient to equip his vast armado; of which our peerless Elizabeth (more than in name the mother of her people) being well informed, fent Walfingham, her wife and faithful fecretary, to confult the merchants of this loyal city; who all agreed to direct their feveral agents to influence, if possible, the Genoese to break their contract with the Spanish court. 'Tis done; the state and bank of Genoa, having maturely weighed, and rightly judged of their true interest, prefer the friendship of the merchants of London GEORGE BARNWELL.

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London to that of a monarch, who proudly flyles himself king of both Indies.

TRUEMAN.

Happy fuccess of prudent councils! What an expense of blood and treasure is here saved! excellent queen! O how unlike those princes, who make the danger of foreign enemies a pretence to oppress their subjects by taxes great and grievous to be born.

THOROWGOOD.

Not fo our gracious queen, whose richest exchequer is her people's love, as their happiness her greatest glory.

TRUEMAN.

On these terms to defend us is to make our protection a benefit worthy her who confers it, and well worth our acceptance.—Sir, have you any commands for me at this time?

THOROW GOOD.

Only look carefully over the files, to fee whether there are any tradefmens bills unpaid; if there are, fend and discharge em. We must not let artificers lose their time, so useful to the publick and their families, in unnecessary attendance. [Exit Trueman. Enter Maria.] Well, Maria, have you given orders for the entertainment? I would have it in some measure worthy the guests. Let there be plenty, and of the best; that the courtiers may at least commend our hospitality.

MARIA.

Sir, I have endeavour'd not to wrong your well-known generofity by an ill-tim'd parfimony.

THOROW-

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THOROWGOOD.

Nay, 'twas a needless caution; I have no cause to doubt your prudence.

MARIA.

Sir, I find myself unfit for conversation; I should but increase the number of the company without adding to their satisfaction.

THOROWGOOD.

Nay, my child! this melancholy must not be indulged.

MARIA.

Company will but increase it; I wish you would dispense with my absence; solitude best suits my present temper.

THOROWGOOD.

You are not infensible that it is chiefly on your account these noble lords do me the honour so frequently to grace my board; shou'd you be absent, the disappointment may make them repent their condescension, and think their labour lost.

MARIA.

He, that shall think his time or honour lost, in visiting you, can set no real value on your daughter's company, whose only merit is, that she is yours. The man of quality, who chooses to converse with a gentleman and merchant of your worth and character, may confer honour by so doing, but he loses none.

THOROWGOOD.

Come, come, Maria, I need not tell you that a young gentleman may prefer your conversation to mine, yet intend me no disrespect at all; for tho he may lose no honour in my company, 'tis very natural

GEORGE BARNWELL.

natural for him to expect more pleasure in yours. I remember the time, when the company of the greatest and wifest man in the kingdom would have been insipid and tiresome to me, if it had deprived me of an opportunity of enjoying your mother's.

MARIA.

Your's, no doubt, was as agreeable to her; for generous minds know no pleafure in fociety but where 'tis mutual.

THOROWGOOD.

Thou know'ft I have no heir, no child but thee: the fruits of many years fuccefsful industry must all be thine: now it would give me pleasure, great as my love, to see on whom you would bestow it. I am daily solicited by men of the greatest rank and merit for leave to address you; but I have hitherto declin'd it, in hopes that, by observation, I shou'd learn which way your inclination tends; for, as I know love to be effential to happines in the marriage state, I had rather my approbation should consirm your choice, than direct it.

MARIA.

What can I fay? how shall I answer, as I ought, this tenderness, so uncommon, even in the best of parents? but you are without example; yet had you been less indulgent, I had been most wretched. That I look on the crowd of courtiers that visit here, with equal esteem, but equal indifference, you have observed, and I must needs confess; yet had you afferted your authority, and insisted on a parent's right to be obey'd, I had submitted, and to my duty sacrifice my peace.

THOROW-

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THOROWGOOD.

From your perfect obedience in every other inflance, I fear'd as much; and therefore would leave you without a biass in an affair wherein your happiness is so immediately concern'd.

MARIA.

Whether from a want of that just ambition that wou'd become your daughter, or from some other cause, I know not; but I find high birth and titles don't recommend the man, who owns them, to my affections.

THOROWGOOD.

I would not that they should, unless his merit recommends him more. A noble birth and fortune, tho' they make not a bad man good, yet they are a real advantage to a worthy one, and place his virtues in the fairest light.

MARIA.

I cannot answer for my inclinations; but they shall ever be submitted to your wisdom and authority; and as you will not compel me to marry where I cannot love, love shall never make me act contrary to my duty—Sir, have I your permission to retire?

THOROWGOOD.

I'll fee you to your chamber.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

A Room in MILLWOOD'S House.

MILLWOOD at her Toilet. Lucy waiting.

MILLWOOD.

How do I look to-day, Lucy?

LUCY.

LUCY.

O, killingly, madam! A little more red, and you'll be irrefiftible!—But why this more than ordinary care of your drefs and complexion? what new conquest are you aiming at?

MILLWOOD.

A conquest would be new indeed!

LUCY.

Not to you, who make 'em every day - but to me-Well! 'tis what I am never to expect—unfortunate as I am! - But your wit and beauty -

MILL WOOD.

First made me a wretch, and still continue me so.

Men, however generous or sincere to one another, are all selfish hypocrites in their affairs with us. We are no otherwise esteemed or regarded by them, but as we contribute to their satisfaction.

LUCY.

You are certainly, madam, on the wrong fide in this argument: is not the expense all theirs? and I am fure, it is our own fault if we han't our share of the pleasure.

MILLWOOD.

We are but flaves to men.

LUCY.

Nay, 'tis they that are flaves most certainly; for we lay them under contribution.

MILL WOOD.

Slaves have no property; no, not even in themfelves. All is the victor's.

LUCY.

You are strangely arbitrary in your principles, madam. Mill-

MILLWOOD.

I would have my conquest compleat, like those of the Spaniards in the new world; who first plunder'd the natives of all the wealth they had, and then condemn'd the wretches to the mines for life, to work for more.

LUCY.

Well, I shall never approve of your scheme of government: I should think it much more politic, as well as just, to find my subjects an easier employment.

MILLWOOD.

It's a general maxim among the knowing part of mankind, that a woman without virtue, like a man without honour or honefty, is capable of any action, tho' never fo vile: and yet what pains will they not take, what arts not use, to seduce us from our innocence, and make us contemptible and wicked, even in their own opinions? Then is it not just, the villains, to their cost, should find us so? but guilt makes them suspicious, and keeps them on their guard; therefore we can take advantage only of the young and innocent part of the fex, who having never injur'd women, apprehend no injury from them.

LUCY.

Ay they must be young indeed.

MILLWOOD.

Such a one, I think, I have found.—As I've passed thro' the city, I have often observ'd him receiving and paying considerable sums of money: from thence I conclude he is employ'd in affairs of consequence.

LUCY.

LUCY.

Is he handsome?

MILLWOOD.

Ay, ay, the stripling is well made, and has a good face.

LUCY.

About -

MILLWOOD.

Eighteen.

LUCY.

Innocent, handsome, and about eighteen!—you'll be vastly happy.—Why, if you manage well, you may keep him to yourself these two or three years.

MILLWOOD.

If I manage well, I shall have done with him much sooner. Having long had a defign on him, and meeting him yesterday, I made a full stop, and gazing wishfully on his face, ask'd him his name; he blush'd, and bowing very low, answer'd, George Barnwell. I beg'd his pardon for the freedom I had taken, and told him, that he was the person I had long with'd to see, and to whom I had an affair of importance to communicate, at a proper time and place. He nam'd a tavern; I talk'd of honour and reputation, and invited him to my house: he swallow'd the bait, promis'd to come, and this is the time I expect him. [Knocking at the Door.] Some body knocks;—d'ye hear, I am at home to no body to-day, but him. [Exit Lucy.] Less affairs must give way to those of more confequence; and I am strangely mistaken if this does not prove of great importance to me and him too before I have done with him. - Now after what manner

manner shall I receive him? let me consider—what manner of person am I to receive? he is young, innocent, and bashful: therefore I must take care not to put him out of countenance, at sirst.—But then, if I have any skill in physiognomy, he is amorous; and, with a little assistance, will soon get the better of his modesty.—I'll e'en trust to nature, who does wonders in these matters.—If to seem what is not, in order to be the better lik'd for what one really is; if to speak one thing, and mean the direct contrary, be art in a woman—I know nothing of nature.

Enter BARNWELL, bowing very low. Lucy at a distance.

MILLWOOD.

Sir! the furprize and joy!

BARNWELL.

Madam!-

MILLWOOD.

This is fuch a favour !-

[Advancing.

BARNWELL.

Pardon me, madam!

MILLWOOD.

So unhop'd for. [Still advances. [BARNWELL falutes her, and retires in confusion.

MILLWOOD.

To fee you here - Excuse the confusion! -

BARNWELL.

I fear I am too bold.-

MILLWOOD.

Alas, Sir! I may justly apprehend you think me fo. - Please, Sir, to sit. -I am as much at a loss how

GEORGE BARNWELL.

how to receive this honour as I ought, as I am furpriz'd atyour goodness in conferring it.

BARNWELL.

I thought you had expected me: I promis'd to come.

MILLWOOD.

That is the more furprizing; few men are fuch religious observers of their word.

BARNWELL,

All, who are honest, are.

MILLWOOD.

To one another; but we fimple women are feldom thought of confequence enough to gain a place in your remembrance.

[Laying her hand on his, as by accident.

BARNWELL.

Her disorder is so great, she don't perceive she has laid her hand on mine.—Heavens! how she trembles!—What can this mean!

[Aside.

MILLWOOD.

The interest I have in all that relates to you, (the reason of which you shall know hereaster) excites my curiosity; and, were I sure you would pardon my presumption, I should defire to know your real sentiments on a very particular subject.

BARNWELL.

Madam, you may command my poor thoughts on any fubject:—I have none that I would conceal.

MILLWOOD.

You'll think me bold.

VOL. I.

I

BARN-

BARNWELL.

No, indeed.

MILLWOOD. .

What then are your thoughts of love?

BARNWELL.

If you mean the love of women, I have not thought of it at all. My youth and circumstances make such thoughts improper in me yet; but if you mean the general love we owe to mankind, I think no one has more of it in his temper than myself. I don't know that person in the world, whose happiness I don't wish, and wou'dn't promote, were it in my power. In an especial manner I love my uncle, and my master; but above all my friend.

MILLWOOD.

You have a friend then whom you love?

BARNWELL.

As he does me fincerely.

MILLWOOD.

He is, no doubt, often blefs'd with your company and converfation.

BARNWELL.

We live in one house, and both serve the same worthy merchant.

MILLWOOD.

Happy, happy youth! whoe'er thou art, I envy thee, and so must all who see and know this youth. What have I lost by being form'd a woman! I hate my sex, myself.—Had I been a man, I might perhaps have been as happy in your friendship, as he who now enjoys it: but as it is,—oh!—

BARN-

BARNWELL.

I never observ'd women before, or this is sure the most beautiful of her sex. [Aside.] You seem disorder'd, madam! may I know the cause?

MILL WOOD.

Do not ask me—I can never speak it, whatever is the cause. I wish for things impossible. I wou'd be a servant bound to the same master, to live in one house with you.

BARNWELL.

How strange, and yet how kind her words and actions are; and the effect they have on me is as strange.—I feel desires I never knew before. I must be gone while I have power to go. [Aside.] Madam, I humbly take my leave.

MILL WOOD.

You will not fure leave me fo foon!

BARNWELL.

Indeed, I must.

MILLWOOD.

You cannot be fo cruel! I have prepar'd a poor supper, at which I promis'd myself your company.

BARNWELL.

I am forry I must refuse the honour you defign'd me; but my duty to my master calls me hence. I never yet neglected his service: he is so gentle, and so good a master, that should I wrong him, tho' he might forgive me, I never should forgive myself.

MILLWOOD.

Am I refus'd, by the first man, the second favour I ever stoop'd to ask? go then thou proud hard-hearted youth—But know, you are the only man

that cou'd be found, who wou'd let me sue twice for greater favours.

BARNWELL.

What shall I do! how shall I go or stay!

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MILLWOOD.

Yet do not, do not leave me. I with my fex's pride wou'd meet your fcorn: but when I look upon you, when I behold those eyes—Oh! spare my tongue, and let my blushes—(this flood of tears to that will force its way) declare—what woman's modesty should hide.

BARNWELL.

Oh, heav'ns! she loves me, worthless as I am. Her looks, her words, her flowing tears confess it. And can I leave her then? Oh never, never. [Aside.]—Madam, dry up your tears. You shall command me always; I will stay here for ever if you'd have me.

LUCY.

So! the has wheedled him out of his virtue of obedience already, and will firip him of all the reft, one after another, till the has left him as few as her ladythip, or myfelf.

[Afide.

MILLWOOD.

Now you are kind, indeed: but I mean not to detain you always: I would have you shake off all slavish obedience to your master; but you may serve him still.

LUCY.

Serve him still!—Ay, or he'll have no opportunity of fingering his cash, and then he'll not serve your end I'll be sworn.

[Aside.

Enter

Enter BLUNT.

BLUNT.

Madam, fupper's on the table.

MILLWOOD.

Come, fir, you'll excuse all defects. My thoughts were too much employ'd on my guest to observe the entertainment.

[Exeunt BARNWELL and MILLWOOD.

BLUNT.

What's all this preparation, this elegant supper, variety of wines, and music, for the entertainment of that young fellow?

LUCY.

So it feems.

BLUNT.

What is our mistress turn'd fool at last? she's in love with him, I suppose.

LUCY.

I suppose not—but she designs to make him in love with her, if she can.

BLUNT.

What will she get by that? he seems under age, and can't be suppos'd to have much money.

LUCY.

But his mafter has; and that's the fame thing as fhe'll manage it.

BLUNT.

I don't like this fooling with a handsome young fellow; while she's endeavouring to ensnare him, she may be caught herself.

1 3

Lucy.

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LUCY.

Nay, were she like me, that would certainly be the consequence; for, I confess, there is something in youth and innocence that moves me mightily.

BLUNT.

Yes to does the smoothness and plumpness of a partridge move a mighty desire in the hawk to be the destruction of it.

LUCY.

Why birds are their prey, as men are ours; though, as you observ'd, we are sometimes caught ourselves: — But that, I dare say, will never be the case with our mistress.

BLUNT.

I wish it may prove so; for you know we all depend upon her: should she trifle away her time with a young fellow, that there's nothing to be got by, we must all starve.

LUCY.

There's no danger of that; for I am fure she has no view in this affair but interest.

BLUNT.

Well, and what hopes are there of fuccess in

LUCY.

The most promising that can be.—'Tis true, the youth has his scruples; but she'll soon teach him to answer them, by stifling his conscience.—O, the lad is in a hopeful way, depend upon't. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE draws and discovers BARNWELL and MILLWOOD at supper. An entertainment of musick and singing. After which they come forward.

BARNWELL.

What can I answer? - All that I know is, that you are fair and I am miserable.

MILLWOOD.

We are both fo, and yet the fault is in ourfelves.

BARNWELL.

To ease our present anguish by plunging into guilt, is to buy a moment's pleasure with an age of pain.

MILL WOOD.

I should have thought the joys of love as lasting as they are great; if ours prove otherwise, 'tis your inconstancy must make them so.

BARNWELL.

The law of heav'n will not be revers'd; and that requires us to govern our passions.

MILL WOOD.

To give us fense of beauty and defires, and yet forbid us to taste and be happy, is a cruelty to nature. Have we passions only to torment us?

BARNWELL.

To hear you talk, tho' in the cause of vice; to gaze upon your beauty; press your hand, and see your snow-white bosom heave and fall; enslames my wishes; my pulse beats high; my senses all are in a hurry, and I am on the rack of wild desire.—Yet for a moment's guilty pleasure, shall I lose my innocence, my peace of mind, and hopes of solid happiness?

1 4

MILL

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MILLWOOD.

Chimeras all! come on with me and prove No joys like woman-kind, no heav'n like love.

BARNWELL.

I wou'd not—yet must on.—Reluctant thus, the merchant quits his ease, And trusts to rocks, and fands, and stormy seas; In hopes some unknown golden coast to find, Commits himself, tho' doubtful, to the wind, Longs much for joys to come—yet mourns those left behind.

[Exeunt.]



ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Room in THOROWGOOD'S House.

BARNWELL.

TOW strange are all things round me! like fome thief, who treads forbidden ground, and fain wou'd lurk unseen, fearful I enter each apartment of this well known house .- To guilty love, as if that were too little, already have I added breach of trust -A thief! - Can I know myfelf that wretched thing, and look my honest friend and injur'd master in the face? tho' hypocrify may awhile conceal my eguilt, at length it will be known, and public shame and ruin must ensue. In the mean time, what must be my life? ever to speak a language foreign to my heart; hourly to add to the number of my crimes, in order to conceal 'em .- Sure fuch was the condition of the grand apostate, when first he loft his purity: like me difconsolate, he wander'd; and, while yet in heav'n, bore all his future hell about him.

Enter TRUEMAN.

TRUEMAN.

Barnwell! Oh how I rejoice to fee you fafe! fo will our master and his gentle daughter; who, during your absence, often enquir'd after you.

BARNWELL.

Wou'd he were gone; his officious love will pry into the fecrets of my foul.

[Afide.

TRUE-

TRUEMAN.

Unless you knew the pain the whole family has felt on your account, you can't conceive how much you are belov'd: But why thus cold and filent? When my heart is full of joy for your return, why do you turn away? why thus avoid me? what have I done? how am I alter'd fince you saw me last? Or rather, what have you done; and why are you thus chang'd? for I am still the same.

BARNWELL.

What have I done indeed?

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[Afide.

TRUEMAN.

Not speak ! - nor look upon me ! -

BARNWELL.

By my face he will discover all I would conceal; methinks already I begin to hate him. [Aside.

TRUEMAN.

I cannot bear this usage from a friend; one whom till now I ever found so loving, whom yet I love; tho' this unkindness strikes at the root of friendship, and might destroy it in any breast but mine.

BARNWELL.

I am not well [Turning to him.] Sleep has been a stranger to these eyes since you beheld them last.

TRUEMAN.

Heavy they look indeed, and fwoln with tears; —now they o'erflow; —rightly did my fympathizing heart forebode last night, when thou wast absent, fomething fatal to our peace.

BARNWELL.

Your friendship engages you too far. My troubles, whate'er they are, are mine alone; you have

GEORGE BARNWELL.

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no interest in them, nor ought your concern for me to give you a moment's pain.

TRUEMAN.

You fpeak as if you knew of friendship nothing but the name. Before I saw your grief, I selt it. Since we parted last I have slept no more than you, but pensive in my chamber sat alone, and spent the tedious night in wishes for your safety and return: e'en now, tho' ignorant of the cause, your forrow wounds me to the heart.

BARNWELL.

'Twill not be always thus Friendship and all engagements cease, as circumstances and occasions vary; and since you once may hate me, perhaps it might be better for us both, that now you lov'd me less.

TRUEMAN.

Sure I but dream! without a cause would Barnwell use me thus?—ungenerous and ungrateful youth, farewell; I shall endeavour to follow your advice.—[Going.] Yet stay, perhaps I am too rash, and angry when the cause demands compassion. Some unforeseen calamity may have befaln him too great to bear.

BARNWELL.

What part am I reduced to act? 'Tis vile and base to move his temper thus, the best of friends and men.

TRUEMAN.

I am to blame, pr'ythee forgive me, Barnwell. Try to compose your russed mind, and let me know the cause that thus transports you from yourself; my friendly counsel may restore your peace.

BARN-

BARNWELL.

All that is possible for man to do for man, your generous friendship may effect; but here even that's in vain.

TRUEMAN.

Something dreadful is lab'ring in your breaft; O give it vent, and let me share your grief; 'twill ease your pain should it admit no cure, and make it lighter by the part I bear.

BARNWELL.

Vain supposition! my woes increase by being observ'd; should the cause be known, they would exceed all bounds.

TRUEMAN.

So well I know thy honest heart, guilt cannot harbour there.

BARNWELL.

O torture insupportable!

[Aside.

TRUEMAN.

Then why am I excluded? have I a thought I would conceal from you?

BARNWELL.

If fill you urge me on this hated subject, I'll never enter more beneath this roof, nor see your face again.

TRUEMAN.

"Tis strange, - but I have done, say but you hate me not.

BARNWELL.

Hate you !- I am not that monfter yet.

TRUEMAN.

Shall our friendship still continue?

BARN-

BARNWELL.

It's a bleffing I never was worthy of, yet now must stand on terms; and but upon conditions can confirm it.

TRUEMAN.

What are they?

BARNWELL.

Never hereafter, tho' you should wonder at my conduct, defire to know more than I am willing to reveal.

TRUEMAN.

'Tis hard, but upon any conditions I must be your friend.

BARNWELL.

Then, as much as one lost to himself can be another's, I am yours. [Embracing-

TRUEMAN.

Be ever fo, and may heaven restore your peace.

BARNWELL.

Will yesterday return?—We have heard the glorious sun, that till then incessant roll'd, once stop'd his rapid course, and once went back: the dead have risen; and parch'd rocks pour'd forth a liquid stream to quench a people's thirst: the sea divided, and form'd walls of water, while a whole nation pass'd in safety thro' its sandy bosom: hungry lions have refus'd their prey; and men unhurt have walk'd amidst consuming slames; but never yet did time once past return.

TRUEMAN.

Tho' the continued chain of time has never once been broke, nor ever will, but uninterrupted must keep

keep on its course, till lost in eternity it ends there where it first began; yet as heaven can repair whatever evils time can bring upon us, we ought never to despair—but business requires our attendance; business the youth's best preservative from ill, as idleness his worst of snares—Will you go with me?

BARNWELL.

I'll take a little time to reflect on what has paft. and follow you. [Exit Trueman.] I might have trufted Trueman, and engaged him to apply to my uncle to repair the wrong I have done my master: but what of Millwood! must I expose her too? ungenerous and base! then heaven requires it notbut heaven requires that I forfake her. What ! never fee her more! Does heaven require that?-I hope I may fee her, and heaven not be offended. Prefumptuous hope !- dearly already have I prov'd my frailty; should I once more tempt heav'n, I may be let fall, never to rife again .- Yet shall I leave her, for ever leave her, and not let her know the cause? she who loves me with such a boundless passion! - Can cruelty be duty? I judge of what she then must feel, by what I now endure, The love of life, and fear of shame, oppos'd by inclination frong as death or shame, like wind and tide in raging conflict met, when neither can prevail, keep me in doubt: how then can I determine?

Enter THOROWGOOD.

THOROWGOOD.

Without a cause assign'd or notice given, to absent yourself last night, was a fault, young man, and I came to chide you for it, but hope I am prevented. That modest blush, the confusion so visible in your face, speak grief and shame: when we

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have offended heaven, it requires no more; and shall man, who needs himself to be forgiven, be harder to appease?—If my pardon or love be of moment to your peace, look up secure of both.

BARNWELL

This goodness has o'ercome me. [Afide.] O fir, you know not the nature and extent of my offence; and I shou'd abuse your mistaken bounty to receive it. Tho' I had rather die than speak my shame; tho' racks could not have forc'd the guilty secret from my breast, your kindness has.

THOROWGOOD.

Enough, enough; whate'er it be, this concern shews you're convinc'd, and I am satisfied. How painful is the sense of guilt to an ingenuous mind! some youthful folly, which it were prudent not to enquire into.—When we consider the frail condition of humanity, it may raise our pity, not our wonder, that youth should go astray; when reason weak at the best opposed to inclination, scarce form'd, and wholly unassisted by experience, faintly contends, or willingly becomes the slave of sense. The state of youth is much to be deplored; and the more so, because they see it not, being then to danger most expos'd, when they are the least prepar'd for their desence.

BARNWELL.

It will be known, and you recall your pardon and abhor me.

THOROWGOOD.

I never will. Yet be upon your guard in this gay thoughtles feason of your life; when the sense of pleasure's quick, and passion high, the voluptuous appetites, raging and serce, demand the

ffrongest curb; take heed of a relapse: when vice becomes habitual, the very power of leaving it is lost,

BARNWELL.

Hear me, on my knees, confess-

THOROWGOOD.

Not a fyllable more upon this fubject; it were not mercy but cruelty, to hear what must give you fuch torment to reveal.

BARNWELL.

This generofity amazes and distracts me.

THOROWGOOD.

This remorfe makes thee dearer to me than if thou hadft never offended; whatever is your fault, of this I'm certain; 'twas harder for you to offend than me to pardon.

[Exit Thorowgood.

BARNWELL.

Villain! villain! villain! basely to wrong so excellent a man. Shou'd I again return to folly?—detested thought!—but what of Millwood then?—Why, I renounce her;—I give her up.—The struggle's over, and virtue has prevail'd. Reason may convince, but gratitude compels. This unlook'd for generosity has sav'd me from destruction. [Going.

Enter a Footman.

FOOTMAN.

Sir, two ladies from your uncle in the country defire to fee you.

BARNWELL.

What show'd they be? [Aside.] Tell them I'll wait upon 'em. [Exit Footman.] Methinks I dread to see 'em.—Now every thing alarms me.—Guilt, what a coward hast thou made me? [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Another Room in THOROWGOOD'S House.
MILLWOOD and LUCY discovered.

Enter FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN.

Ladies, he'll wait upon you immediately.

MILL WOOD.

'Tis very well .- I thank you. [Exit FOOTMAN.

Enter BARNWELL.

BARNWELL.

Confusion! Millwood!

MILLWOOD.

That angry look tells me that here I'm an unwelcome gueft; I fear'd as much;—the unhappy are fo every where.

BARNWELL.

Will nothing but my utter ruin content you?

MILLWOOD.

Unkind and cruel! lost myself, your happiness is now my only care.

BARNWELL.

How did you gain admission?

MILLWOOD.

Saying we were defir'd by your uncle to visit and deliver a message to you, we were receiv'd by the family without suspicion, and with much respect conducted here.

BARNWELL.

Why did you come at all?

Vol. I.

MILL-

MILLWOOD.

I never shall trouble you more: I'm come to take my leave for ever. Such is the malice of my fate. I go hopeless, despairing ever to return. This hour is all I have left. One short hour is all I have to bestow on love and you, for whom I thought the longest life too short.

BARNWELL.

Then we are met to part for ever?

MILLWOOD.

It must be so. Yet think not that time or abfence shall ever put a period to my grief, or make me love you less; tho' I must leave you, yet condemn me not.

BARNWELL.

Condemn you? no, I approve your refolution, and rejoice to hear it; 'tis just—'tis necessary—I have well weigh'd and found it so.

LUCY.

I'm afraid the young man has more fense than she thought he had. [Asids.

BARNWELL.

Before you came, I had determin'd never to see you more.

MILL WOOD.

Confusion!-

[Afide.

LUCY.

Ay! we are all out; this is a turn fo unexpected, that I shall make nothing of my part; they must e'en play the scene betwirt themselves. [Aside.

MILL.

MILLWOOD.

'Twas some relief to think, tho' absent, you would love me still; but to find, tho' fortune had been indulgent, that you, more cruel and inconstant, had resolved to cast me off—This, as I never cou'd expect, I have not learnt to bear.

BARNWELL.

I am forry to hear you blame in me a resolution that so well becomes us both.

MILLWOOD.

I have reason for what I do, but you have none.

BARNWELL.

Can we want a reason for parting, who have so many to wish we never had met?

MILLWOOD.

Look on me, Barnwell; am I deform'd or old, that fatiety fo foon fucceeds enjoyment? nay, look again; am I not she whom yesterday you thought the fairest and the kindest of her sex? whose hand, trembling with extasy, you prest and moulded thus, while on my eyes you gazed with such delight, as if desire increas'd by being sed.

BARNWELL.

No more; let me repent my former follies, if possible, without remembring what they were.

MILL WOOD.

Why?

BARNWELL.

Such is my frailty that 'tis dangerous.

MILLWOOD.

Where is the danger, fince we are to part?

K 2

BARN-

BARNWELL.

The thought of that already is too painful.

MILL WOOD.

If it be painful to part, then I may hope at least you do not hate me?

BARNWELL.

No-no-I never faid I did-O my heart!-

MILLWOOD.

Perhaps you pity me?

BARNWELL.

I do -I do -indeed I do.

MILLWOOD.

You'll think upon me?

BARNWELL.

Doubt it not while I can think at all.

MILLWOOD.

You may judge an embrace at parting too great a favour—though it would be the last. [He drazer back.] A look shall then suffice—farewell—for ever. [Exeunt Millwood and Lucy.

BARNWELL.

If to refolve to fuffer be to conquer—I have conquer'd.——Painful victory!

Re-enter MILLWOOD and LUCY.

MILLWOOD.

One thing I had forgot; —I never must return to my own house again. This I thought proper to let you know, lest your mind should change, and you shou'd seek in vain to find me there. Forgive me this second intrusion; I only came to give you this caution, and that perhaps was needless.

BARN-

BARNWELL.

I hope it was, yet it is kind, and I must thank you for it.

MILLWOOD.

My friend, your arm. [To Lucy.] Now I am gone for ever. [Going.

BARNWELL.

One thing more—fure there's no danger in my knowing where you go? if you think otherwise—

MILLWOOD.

Alas!

[Weeping.

LUCY.

We are right I find; that's my cue. [Afide.] Ah! dear fir, she's going she knows not whither; but go she must.

BARNWELL.

Humanity obliges me to with you well; why will you thus expose yourfelf to needless troubles?

LUCY.

Nay, there's no help for it: fhe must quit the town immediately; and the kingdom as soon as possible; it was no small matter, you may be sure, that could make her resolve to leave you.

MILLWOOD.

No more, my friend; fince he for whose dear fake alone I suffer, and am content to suffer, is kind and pities me. Whene'er I wander through wilds and deserts benighted and forlorn, that thought shall give me comfort.

BARNWELL.

For my fake! O tell me how; which way am I fo curs'd as to bring fuch ruin on thee?

K 3

MILL-

MILL WOOD.

No matter, I am contented with my lot.

BARNWELL.

Leave me not in this incertainty.

MILLWOOD.

I have faid too much.

BARNWELL.

How, how am I the cause of your undoing?

MILLWOOD.

To know it will but increase your troubles.

BARNWELL.

My troubles can't be greater than they are.

og Jud , redient for L U C Y.

Well, well, fir, if she won't fatisfy you, I will.

BARNWELL.

I am bound to you beyond expression.

MILLWOOD.

Remember, fir, that I defir'd you not to hear

BARNWELL.

Begin, and ease my racking expectation.

LUCY.

Why, you must know, my lady here was an only child; but her parents dying while she was young, left her and her fortune (no inconsiderable one, I assure you) to the care of a gentleman, who has a good estate of his own.

MILLWOOD.

Ay, ay, the barbarous man is rich enough; but what are riches when compar'd to love?

LUCY.

LUCY.

For a while he perform'd the office of a faithful guardian, fettled her in a house, hir'd her servants—Bu+ you have seen in what manner she liv'd, so I need say no more of that.

MILLWOOD.

How I shall live hereafter, heaven knows.

LUCY.

All things went on as one cou'd wish; till, some time ago, his wife dying, he fell violently in love with his charge, and wou'd fain have marry'd her: now the man is neither old nor ugly, but a good personable fort of a man, but I don't know how it was, she cou'd never endure him; in short, her ill usage so provok'd him, that he brought in an account of his executorship; wherein he makes her debtor to him——

MILLWOOD.

A trifle in itself, but more than enough to ruin me, whom, by this unjust account, he had strip'd of all before.

LUCY.

Now she having neither money, nor friend, except me, who am as unfortunate as herself, he compell'd her to pass his account, and give bond for the sum he demanded; but still provided handfomely for her, and continued his courtship, till being inform'd by his spies (truly I suspect some in her own family) that you were entertain'd at her house, and stay'd with her all night, he came this morning raving and storming like a madman, talks no more of marriage; so there's no hopes of making up matters that way, but vows her ruin, unless she'll allow him the same favour that he supposes she granted you.

K 4

BARN-

BARNWELL.

Must stre be ruin'd, or find her refuge in another's arms?

MILLWOOD.

He gave me but an hour to refolve in; that's happily spent with you--and now I go---

BARNWELL.

To be expos'd to all the rigours of the various feafons; the fummer's parching heat, and winter's cold; unhous'd, to wander, friendlefs, thro' the unhospitable world, in mifery and want; attended with fear and danger, and purfu'd by malice and revenge; wou'dst thou endure all this for me, and can I do nothing, nothing to prevent it?

LUCY.

'Tis really a pity there can be no way found out.

BARNWELL.

O where are all my refolutions now? like early vapours, or the morning dew, chas'd by the fun's warm beams they're vanish'd and lost, as tho' they had never been.

LUCY.

Now I advis'd her, fir, to comply with the gentleman, that wou'd not only put an end to her troubles, but make her fortune at once.

BARNWELL.

Tormenting fiend away - I had rather perifh; nay, fee her perifh, than have her fav'd by him. I will myfelf prevent her ruin; tho' with my own. A moment's patience---I'll return immediately.

Exit BARNWELL.

LUCY.

LUCY.

'Twas well you came; or, by what I can perceive, you had lost him.

MILL WOOD.

That, I must confers, was a danger I did not foresee; I was only afraid he should have come without money. You know a house of entertainment, like mine, is not kept without expence.

LUCY.

That's very true; but then you should be reasonable in your demands; 'tis pity to discourage a young man,

MILLWOOD.

Leave that to me.

Re-enter BARNWELL with a Bag of Money.

BARNWELL.

What am I about to do? now you, who boaff your reason all-sufficient, suppose yourselves in my condition, and determine for me; whether it's right to let her suffer for my faults, or, by this small addition to my guilt, prevent the ill effects of what is past.

LUCY.

These young sinners think every thing in the ways of wickedness so strange — But I cou'd tell him that this is nothing but what's very common: for one vice as naturally begets another, as a father a son:--But he'll find out that himself, if he lives long enough.

[Aside.

BARNWELL.

Here, take this, and with it purchase your deliverance; return to your house, and live in peace and safety.

MILLWOOD.

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MILLWOOD.

So I may hope to see you there again?

BARNWELL.

Answer me not, but fly, lest, in the agonies of myremorse, I take again what is not mine to give, and abandon thee to want and misery.

MILLWOOD.

Say but you'll come.

BARNWELL.

You are my fate, my heaven, or my hell; only leave me now, dispose of me hereafter as you please. [Exeunt MILLWOOD and LUCY.] What have I done? - Were my resolutions founded on reason. and fincerely made? why then has heaven fuffer'd me to fall? I fought not the occasion; and if my heart deceives me not, compassion and generosity were my motives. Is virtue inconfistent with itself, or are vice and virtue only empty names? or do they depend on accidents beyond our power to produce, or to prevent; whereinwe have no part, and yet must be determin'd by the event ?- But why should I attempt to reason? All is confusion, horror and remorfe. I find I am loft, cast down from all my late erected hopes, and plunged again in guilt, yeticarce know how or why:

Such undistinguish'd horrors make my brain, Like hell, the seat of darkness and of pain.

[Exit.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Room in THOROWGOOD'S House.

THOROWGOOD AND TRUEMAN.

THOROW GOOD.

METHINKS I wou'd not have you only learn the method of merchandize, and practife it hereafter merely as a means of getting wealth; 'twill be well worth your pains to fludy it as a fcience, to fee how it is founded in reason, and the nature of things; how it promotes humanity, as it has open'd and yet keeps up an intercourse between nations, far remote from one another in stuation, customs and religion; promoting arts industry, peace and plenty; by mutual benefits diffusing mutual love from pole to pole.

TRUEMAN.

Something of this I have confider'd, and hope, by your affiftance, to extend my thoughts much farther. I have observed those countries, where trade is promoted and encouraged, do not make discoveries to destroy, but to improve mankind; by love and friendship to tame the sterce, and polish the most savage; to teach them the advantages of honest traffick by taking from them, with their own consent, their useless superfluities; and giving them, in return, what, from their ignorance in mutual arts, their situation, or some other accident, they stand in need of.

THOROW GOOD.

'Tis justly observ'd. The populous East, luxuriant, abounds with glittering gems, bright pearls, aromatick

aromatick spices, and health-restoring drugs: the late found western world's rich earth glows with unnumber'd veins of gold and filver ore. On every climate, and on every country, heaven has bestowed some good peculiar to itself. It is the industrious merchant's business to collect the various bleffings of each foil and climate; and, with the product of the whole, to enrich his native country .- Well ! I have examin'd your accounts : they are not only just, as I have always found them, but regularly kept, and fairly enter'd .- I commend your diligence. Method in bufiness is the furest guide. He who neglects it frequently stumbles, and always wanders perplex'd, uncertain, and in danger. Barnwell's accounts ready for my inspection? he does not use to be the last on these occasions.

TRUEMAN.

Upon receiving your orders he retir'd, I thought in some confusion.—If you please, I'll go and hasten him.—I hope he hasn't been guilty of any neglect.

THOROW GOOD.

I am now going to the Exchange; let him know, at my return, I expect to find him ready. [Excunt.

Enter MARIA with a book, fits and reads.

MARIA.

How forcible is truth! the weakest mind, infpir'd with love of that, fix'd and collected in itfelf, with indifference beholds the united force of earth and hell opposing: such souls are rais'd above the sense of pain, or so supported, that they regard it not. The martyr cheaply purchases his heaven; small are his sufferings, great is his reward: Not so the wretch that combates love with duty; when

GEORGE BARNWELL. 141

the mind, weaken'd and diffolv'd by the foft paftion, feeble and hopeless, opposes its own defires.— What is an hour, a day, a year of pain, to a whole life of tortures, such as these?

Enter TRUEMAN.

TRUEMAN.

O Barnwell! -O my friend! how art thou fallen!

MARIA.

Ha! Barnwell! what of him? fpeak, fay, what of Barnwell!

TRUEMAN.

'Tis not to be conceal'd: I've news to tell of him that will afflict your generous father, yourfelf, and all who know him,

MARIA.

Defend us heaven !-

TRUEMAN.

I cannot speak it .- See there.

[Trueman gives a letter; Maria reads.

"I KNOW my absence will surprize my ho"nour'd master, and yourself; and the more,
"when you shall understand that the reason of my
"withdrawing, is my having embezzled part of
"the cash with which I was entrusted. After this,
"'tis needless to inform you that I intend never

"to return again: though this might have been known, by examining my accounts; yet to pre-

" vent that unnecessary trouble, and to cut off all "fruitless expectations of my return, I have lest

" this from the lost

"GEORGE BARNWELL."

TRUE-

TRUEMAN.

Loft indeed! yet how he should be guilty of what he there charges himself withal, raises my wonder equal to my grief. Never had youth a higher sense of virtue; justly he thought, and as he thought he practifed: never was life more regular than his; an understanding uncommon at his years; an open, generous manliness of temper; his manners easy, unaffected and engaging.

MARIA.

This and much more you might have faid with truth. He was the delight of every eye, and joy of every heart that knew him.

TRUEMAN.

Since fuch he was, and was my friend, can I support his loss?—See the fairest and happiest maid this wealthy city boasts, kindly condescends to weep for thy unhappy fate, poor ruin'd Barnwell!

MARIA.

Trueman, do you think a foul fo delicate as his, fo fensible of shame, can e'er submit to live a slave to vice?

TRUEMAN.

Never, never. So well I know him, I'm fure this act of his, fo contrary to his nature, must have been caused by some unavoidable necessity.

MARIA.

Is there no means yet to preserve him?

TRUEMAN.

O! that there were.—But few men recover reputation lost, a merchant never. Nor wou'd he, I fear, tho' I should find him, ever be brought to look his injur'd master in the face.

MARIA.

MARIA.

I fear as much, and therefore would never have my father know it.

TRUEMAN.

That's impossible.

MARIA.

What's the fum?

TRUEMAN.

'Tis confiderable: I've mark'd it here, to shew it, with the letter, to your father at his return.

MARIA.

If I should supply the money, cou'd you so dispose of that, and the account, as to conceal this unhappy mismanagement from my father?

TRUEMAN.

Nothing more easy.—But can you intend it? will you save a helpless wretch from ruin? Oh! 'twere an act worthy such exalted virtue as Maria's—Sure heaven, in mercy to my friend, inspired the generous thought.

MARIA.

Doubt not but I would purchase so great a happiness at a much dearer price:—but how shall he be found?

TRUEMAN.

Trust to my diligence for that. In the mean time, I'll conceal his absence from your father, or find such excuses for it, that the real cause shall never be suspected.

MARIA.

In attempting to fave from shame, one whom we hope may yet return to virtue, to heaven, and you,

you, the only witnesses of this action, I appeal, whether I do any thing misbecoming my sex and character.

TRUEMAN.

Earth must approve the deed, and heaven, I doubt not, will reward it.

MARIA.

If heaven fucceeds it, I am well rewarded. A virgin's fame is fullied by suspicion's lightest breath: and therefore as this must be a secret from my father and the world, for Barnwell's sake, for mine, let it be so to him.

SCENE II.

A Room in MILLWOOD'S House.

Enter LUCY AND BLUNT.

LUCY.

Well! what do you think of Millwood's conduct now?

BLUNT.

I own it is furprizing: I don't know which to admire most, her feign'd or his real passion; tho' I have sometimes been asraid that her avarice wou'd discover her; but his youth and want of experience make it the easier to impose on him.

LUCY.

No, it is his love. To do him justice, notwithflanding his youth, he don't want understanding: but you men are much easier impos'd on, in these affairs, than your vanity will allow you to believe. Let me see the wisest of you all as much in love with me, as Barnwell is with Millwood, and I'll engage to make as great a fool of him.

BLUNT.

And all circumstances consider'd, to make as much money of him too?

LUCY.

I can't answer for that. Her artifice in making him rob his master at first, and the various stratagems, by which she has obliged him to continue that course, assonish even me, who know her so well.

BLUNT.

But then you are to confider that the money was his master's.

LUCY.

There was the difficulty of it. Had it been his own it had been nothing. Were the world his she might have it for a smile: but those golden days are done; he's ruin'd, and Millwood's hopes of farther profits there at an end.

BLUNT.

That's no more than we all expected.

LUCY.

Being call'd by his master, to make up his accounts, he was forc'd to quit his house and service, and wifely slies to Millwood for relief and entertainment.

BLUNT.

I have not heard of this before! How did she receive him?

LUCY.

As you would expect. She wonder'd what he meant, was aftonish'd at his impudence, and with an air of modesty peculiar to herself, swore so heartly, that she never saw him before, that she put me out of countenance.

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BLUNT

That's much indeed: but how did Barnwell behave?

LUCY.

He griev'd, and at length, enrag'd at this barbarous treatment, was preparing to be gone: when, making towards the door, he show'd a sum of money, which he had brought from his master's, the last he's ever likely to have from thence.

BLUNT.

But then Millwood?

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LUCY.

Ay, she, with her usual address, return'd to her old arts of lying, swearing and dissembling: hung on his neck, wept, and swore 'twas meant in jest; 'till the amorous youth melted into tears, threw the money into her lap, and swore he had rather die than think her false.

BLUNT.

Strange infatuation!

LUCY.

But what follow'd was stranger still. As doubte and fears follow'd by reconcilement ever increase love where the passion is sincere; so in him it caus'd so wild a transport of excessive sondness, such joy, such grief, such pleasure, and such anguish, that nature in him seem'd sinking with the weight, and the charm'd soul dispos'd to quit his breast for hers—just then, when every passion with lawless anarchy prevail'd, and reason was in the raging tempest lost, the cruel, artful Millwood prevail'd upon the wretched youth to promise—what I tremble but to think on.

BLUNT.

I am amaz'd! what can it be?

LUCY.

You will be more fo, to hear it is to attempt the life of his nearest relation, and best benefactor .-

BLUNT.

His uncle! whom we have often heard him speak of as a gentleman of a large estate, and fair character in the country, where he lives.

LUCY.

The fame. She was no fooner possessed of the last dear purchase of his ruin, but her avarice, infatiate as the grave, demanded this horrid facrifice. - Barnwell's near relation, and unfuspected virtue must give too easy means to seize the good man's treasure: whose blood must seal the dreadful fecret, and prevent the terrors of her guilty fears.

BLUNT.

Is it possible she cou'd persuade him to do an act like that? he is by nature honest, grateful, compassionate and generous: and tho' his love and her artful perfuafions, have wrought him to practife what he most abhors; yet we all can witness for him, with what reluctance he has still comply'd: fo many tears he shed o'er each offence, as might, if possible, fanctify theft, and make a merit of a crime.

LUCY.

'Tis true, at the naming the murder of his uncle, he started into rage; and breaking from her arms, where she'till then had held him, with well dissembled love and false endearments, call'd her cruel, mon-L 2

fter.

ster, devil, and told her she was born for his destruction—she thought it not for her purpose to meet his rage with rage, but affected a most passionate sit of grief; rail'd at her fate, and curs'd her wayward stars, that still her wants should force her to press him to act such deeds as she must needs abhor, as well as he; but told him necessity had no law, and love no bounds; that therefore he never truly lov'd, but meant in her necessity to forfake her;—then kneel'd and swore, that since, by his refusal, he had given her cause to doubt his love, she never wou'd see him more; unless, to prove it true, he rob'd his uncle to supply her wants, and murder'd him, to keep it from discovery.

BLUNT.

I am aftonish'd! what said he?

LUCY.

Speechlefs he flood; but in his face you might have read, that various passions tore his very foul. Oft he, in anguish, threw his eyes towards heaven, and then as often bent their beams on her; then wept and groan'd, and beat his troubled breaft; at length, with horror, not to be express'd, he cry'd, thou curfed fair! have I not given dreadful proofs of love? what drew me from my youthful innocence, to stain my then unspotted foul, but love? what caufed me to rob my worthy gentle master, but curfed love? what makes me now a fugitive from his fervice, loath'd by myfelf, and fcorn'd by all the world, but love? what fills my eyes with tears, my foul with torture, never felt on this fide death before? why love, love, love, And why, above all, do I resolve (for tearing his hair he cry'd I do refolve) to kill my uncle?

BLUNT.

Was she not moved? It makes me weep to hear the fad relation.

LUCY.

Yes—with joy, that she had gain'd her point.— She gave him no time to cool, but urg'd him to attempt it instantly. He's now gone; if he performs it and escapes, there's more money for her; if not he'll ne'er return, and then she's fairly rid of him.

BLUNT.

'Tis time the world were rid of fuch a monster.

LUCY.

If we don't do our endeavours to prevent this murder, we are as bad as she.

BLUNT.

I'm afraid it is too late.

LUCY.

Perhaps not. Her barbarity to Barnwell makes me hate her. We have run too great a length with her already.—I did not think her or myself so wicked as I find, upon resection, we are.

BLUNT.

'Tis true, we have all been too much fo.—But there is fomething fo horrid in murder, that all other crimes feem nothing, when compared to that. —I wou'd not be involv'd in the guilt of that for all the world.

LUCY.

Nor I, heaven knows;—therefore let us clear ourselves, by doing all that is in our power to prevent it. I have just thought of a way, that to me L 3 feems

feems probable. Will you join with me to detect this curs'd defign?

BLUNT.

With all my heart. He who knows of a murder intended to be committed, and does not discover it, in the eye of the law, and reason, is a murderer.

LUCY.

Let us lose no time; I'll acquaint you with the particulars as we go. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Walk at Jome Distance from a Country Seat.

BARNWELL.

A dismal gloom obscures the face of day; either the fun has flipt behind a cloud, or journeys down the west of heaven, with more than common speed, to avoid the fight of what I am doom'd to act. Since I fet forth on this accurs'd defign, where'er I tread, methinks the folid earth trembles beneath my feet. Yonder limpid stream, whose hoary fall has made a natural cascade, as I pass'd by, in doleful accents feem'd to murmur - Murder. earth, the air, and water feem'd concern'd; but that's not strange, the world is punish'd, and nature feels a shock, when Providence permits a good man's fall !- Just heaven! Then what should I be! for him that was my father's only brother, and fince his death has been to me a father, who took me up an infant, and an orphan; rear'd me with tenderest care, and still indulged me with most paternal fondness; -yet here I stand avow'd his deftin'd murderer :- I stiffen with horror at my own impiety; -'tis yet unperform'd.-What if I quit

quit my bloody purpose, and flythe place! [Going, then flops.]-But whither, O whither shall I fly! -My master's once friendly doors are ever shut against me; and without money Millwood will never see me more, and life is not to be endured without her: - She's got fuch firm possession of my heart, and governs there with fuch despotic sway -Ay, there's the cause of all my fin and forrow: -'Tis more than love; 'tis the fever of the foul, and madness of defire. - In vain does nature, reafon, conscience, all oppose it; the impetuous pasfion bears down all before it, and drives me on to luft, to theft and murder .- Oh conscience! feeble guide to virtue; thou only shew'st as when we go aftray, but wantest power to stop us in our courie. -Ha! in yonder shady walk I see my uncle - He's alone. - Now for my disguise - [Plucks out a vizor.] This is his hour of private meditation. Thus daily he prepares his foul for heaven-whilst I-But what have I to do with heaven! ha! no ftruggles, conscience -

Hence! hence, remorfe, and ev'rythought that's good; The storm that lust began, must end in blood.

[Puts on the vizor, draws a Pistol, and [Exit.

SCENE IV. A close Walk in a Wood.

UNCLE.

If I were superstitious, I shou'd fear some danger lurk'd unseen, or death were nigh. A heavy melancholy clouds my spirits; my imagination is fill'd with ghastly forms of dreary graves, and bodies chang'd by death; when the pale lengthen'd visage attracts each weeping eye, and fills the mu-L 4 fing

fing foul at once with grief and horror, pity and aversion. I will indulge the thought. The wife man prepares himself for death, by making it familiar to his mind. When strong reflections hold the mirror near, and the living in the dead behold their future selves, how does each inordinate passion and defire cease, or ficken at the view? the mind fearce moves; the blood, curdling and chill'd, creeps flowly thro' the veins: fix'd, still, and motionless we fland, so like the solemn object of our thoughts, we are almost at present-what we must be hereafter; till curiofity awakes the foul, and fets it on enquiry. [Enter GEORGE BARNWELL at a distance.] O death, thou strange mysterious power; feen every day, yet never understood but by the incommunicative dead, what art thou? the extensive mind of man, that with a thought circles the earth's vaft globe, finks to the centre, or ascends above the stars, that worlds exotic finds, or thinks it finds, thy thick clouds attempt to pass in vain: lost and bewilder'd in the horrid gloom, defeated she returns more doubtful than before; of nothing certain-but of labour loft.

[During this speech, BARNWELL sometimes prefents the pistot, and draws it back again.

BARNWELL.

Oh, 'tis impossible! [throwing down the pistol. Uncle starts and attempts to draw his sword.—

UNCLE.

A man so near me, arm'd and masqu'd!-

BARNWELL.

Nay, then there's no retreat.
[Plucks a poniard from his bosom and stabs him.

UNCLE

UNCLE.

Oh! I am flain! all gracious heaven regard the prayer of thy dying fervant: blefs, with the choicest blefings, my dearest nephew: forgive my murderer, and take my fleeting foul to endless mercy.

[BARNWELL throws off his Mask, runs to him, and kneeling by him, raises and chases him.

BARNWELL.

Expiring faint! Oh, murder'd, martyr'd uncle! lift up your dying eyes, and view your nephew in your murderer .- O do not look fo tenderly upon me-Let indignation lighten from your eyes, and blast me ere you die. - By heaven he weeps in pity of my woes .- Tears - Tears, for blood .- The murder'd, in the agonies of death, weeps for his murderer .- O! speak your pious purpose; - pronounce my pardon then, and take me with you,-He wou'd but cannot .- O why, with fuch fond affection, do you press my murdering hand? - What! will you kisme? [BARNWELL kiffes his Uncle, who groans and dies.] Life, that hover'd on his lips but till he had feal'd my pardon, in that kifs expir'd. He's gone for ever, - and oh! I follow - [Saucons away upon his Uncle's dead body.] Do I still live to press the suffering bosom of the earth? - Do I still breathe, and taint with my infectious breath the wholesome air?-Let heaven, from its high throne, in justice or in mercy, now look down on that dear murder'd faint, and me the murderer; and, if his vengeance spares, let pity strike and end my wretched being .- Murder the worst of crimes, and parricide the worst of murders, and this the worst of parricides. Cain, who stands on record from the birth of time, and must to its last final period, as accurs'd, flew a brother favour'd above him: -Detefted

Detested Nero, by another's hand, dispatch'd a mother, that he fear'd and hated: but I, with my own hand, have murder'd a brother, mother, father, and a friend; most loving and belov'd.—This execrable act of mine's without a parallel.—O may it ever stand alone, the last of murders, as it is the worst.

The rich man thus, in torment and despair, Preser'd his vain, but charitable prayer. The fool, his own soul lost, wou'd fain be wise For others good; but heaven his suit denies. By laws and means well known we stand or fall; And one eternal rule remains for all.



ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Room in THOROWGOOD'S House.

MARIA.

HOW falfly do they judge, who censure or applaud, as we're afflicted or rewarded here? I know I am unhappy, yet cannot charge myself with anycrime, more than the common frailties of ourkind, that should provoke just heaven to mark me out for sufferings so uncommon and severe. Falsly to accuse ourselves, heaven must abhor; then is it just and right that innocence should suffer, for heaven must be just in all its ways.—Perhaps by that we are kept from moral evils, much worse than penal, or more improv'd in virtue: or may not the lesser ills that we sustain be made the means of greater good to others? might all the joyless days and sleepless nights that I have past, but purchase peace for thee.

Thou dear, dear cause of all my grief and pain, Small were the loss, and infinite the gain; Tho' to the grave, in secret love I pine, So life and same, and happiness were thine.

Enter TRUEMAN.

What news of Barnwell?

TRUEMAN.

None. I have fought him with the greatest diligence but all in vain.

MARIA.

Does my father yet suspect the cause of his absence?

TRUE-

TRUEMAN.

All appear'd so just and fair to him, it is not possible he ever shou'd; but his absence will no longer be conceal'd. Your father's wise; and tho' he seems to hearken to the friendly excuses I wou'd make for Barnwell; yet, I am afraid, he regards them only as such, without suffering them to insuence his judgment.

MARIA.

How does the unhappy youth defeat all our defigns to ferve him! yet I can never repent what we have done. Shou'd he return, 'twill make his reconciliation with my father easier, and preserve him from future reproach, from a malicious unforgiving world.

Enter THOROWGOOD AND LUCY.

THOROWGOOD.

This woman here has given me a fad, and (bating fome circumstances) too probable account of Barnwell's defection.

LUCY.

I am forry, Sir, that my frank confession of my former unhappy course of life should cause you to suspect my truth on this occasion.

THOROWGOOD.

It is not that; your confession has in it all the appearance of truth. [To them.] Among many other particulars, she informs me that Barnwell has been influenced to break his trust, and wrong me, at several times, of considerable sums of money; now, as I know this to be false, I wou'd fain doubt the whole of her relation—too dreadful—to be willingly believ'd.

MARIA.

MARIA.

Sir, your pardon; I find myfelf on a fudden fo indifpofed, that I must retire.—Providence opposes all attempts to fave him.—Poor ruin'd Barnwell!—Wretched lost Maria!

[Afide. Exit Maria.

THOROWGOOD.

How am I distress'd on every side! Pity for that unhappy youth, fear for the life of a much valued friend—and then my child—the only joy and hope of my declining life!—Her melancholy increases hourly, and gives me painful apprehensions of her loss—O Trueman! this person informs me, that your friend, at the instigation of an impious woman, is gone to rob and murder his venerable uncle.

TRUEMAN.

O execrable deed! I am blafted with the horror of the thought.

LUCY.

This delay may ruin all.

THOROWGOOD.

What to do or think I know not; that he ever wrong'd me, I know is false; the rest may be so too; there's all my hope.

TRUEMAN.

Trust not to that; rather suppose all true than lose a moment's time; even now the horrid deed may be a doing — dreadful imagination!—or it may be done, and we be vainly debating on the means to prevent what is already past.

THOROWGOOD.

This earnestness convinces me that he knows more than he has yet discover'd. What, ho? without

without there? who waits? [Enter a ferwant.] Order the groom to faddle the fwiftest horse, and prepare to set out with speed: an affair of life and death demands his diligence. [Exit Servant.] For you, whose behaviour on this occasion I have no time to commend as it deserves, I must engage your farther affistance. Return and observe this Millwood 'till I come. I have your directions, and will follow you as soon as possible. [Exit Lucy.] Trueman, you I am sure will not be idle on this occasion. [Exit Thorowsoon.

TRUEMAN.

He only, who is a friend, can judge of my diffress.

SCENE II.
MILLWOOD'S House.

MILL WOOD.

I wish I knew the event of his defign; — the attempt without success would ruin him — Well! what have I to apprehend from that? I fear too much. The mischief being only intended, his friends, in pity of his youth, turn all their rage on me. I should have thought of that before.—Suppose the deed done – then, and then only, I shall be secure; or what if he returns without attempting it at all. [Enter Barnwell bloody.] But he is here, and I have done him wrong; his bloody hands shew he has done the deed, but shew he wants the prudence to conceal it.

BARNWELL.

Where shall I hide me? whither shall I sly to avoid the swift unerring hand of justice?

MILLWOOD,

MILLWOOD.

Difmis your fears: tho' thousands had pursued you to the door, yet being enter'd here, you are safe as innocence. I have such a cavern, by art so cunningly contriv'd, that the piercing eyes of jealousy and revenge may search in vain, nor find the entrance to the safe retreat; there will I hide you if any danger's near.

BARNWELL.

O hide me – from myself, if it be possible; for while I bear my conscience in my bosom, tho' I were hid where man's eye never saw, nor light e'er dawn'd, 'twere all in vain. For oh! that inmate, that impartial judge, will try, convict and sentence me for murder, and execute me with never ending torments. Behold these hands all crimson'd o'er with my dear uncle's blood! Here's a sight to make a statue start with horror, or turn a living man into a statue.

MILLWOOD.

Ridiculous! Then it feems you are afraid of your own shadow; or, what's less than a shadow, your conscience.

BARNWELL.

Tho' to man unknown I did the accurfed act, what can we hide from heaven's all feeing eye?

MILLWOOD.

No more of this fluff;—what advantage have you made of his death; or what advantage may yet be made of it? Did you fecure the keys of his treasure? those, no doubt, were about him; what gold, what jewels, or what else of value have you brought me?

BARN-

BARNWELL.

Think you I added facrilege to murder? Oh! had you feen him as his life flowed from him in a crimfon flood, and heard him praying for me by the double name of nephew and of murderer: (alas, alas! he knew not then that his nephew was his murderer) how wou'd you have wish'd as I did, tho' you had a thousand years of life to come to have given them all to have lengthen'd his one hour! but being dead, I fled the sight of what my hands had done; nor cou'd I, to have gain'd the empire of the world, have violated, by thest, his facred corpse.

MILL WOOD.

Whining, preposterous, canting villain! to murder your uncle, rob him of life, nature's first, last, dear prerogative, after which there's no injury; then fear to take what he no longer wanted, and bring to me your penury and guilt! Do you think I'll hazard my reputation; nay, my life, to entertain you?

BARNWELL.

O Millwood! - this from thee! - but I have done - If you hate me, if you wish me dead, then are you happy - for oh! 'tis sure my grief will quickly end me.

MILLWOOD.

In his madness he will discover all and involve me in his ruin; we are on a precipice from whence there's no retreat for both—then to preserve myself—[Pauses.]—There is no other way—'tis dreadful—but reflection comes too late when danger's pressing—and there's no room for choice.—It must be done. [Aside. Rings a bell. Enter a servant.] Fetch me an officer and seize this villain, he has

GEORGE BARNWELL.

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confess'd himself a murderer; should I let him escape, I justly might be thought as bad as he.

[Exit Servant.

BARNWELL.

O Millwood! fure you do not, cannot mean it. Stop the meffenger, upon my knees I beg you'd call him back. 'Tis fit I die indeed, but not by you. I will this inftant deliver myfelf into the hands of juffice, indeed I will; for death is all I wish: but thy ingratitude fo tears my wounded foul, 'its worfe ten thoufand times than death with torture.

MILLWOOD.

Call it what you will; I am willing to live, and live fecure, which nothing but your death can warrant.

BARNWELL.

If there be a pitch of wickedness that seats the author beyond the reach of vengeance, you must be secure. But what remains for me, but a disfinal dungeon, hard galling setters, an awful trial, and an ignominious death—justly to fall unpitied and abhor'd.—After death to be suspended between heaven and earth, a dreadful spectacle, the warning and horror of a gaping crowd.—This I cou'd bear, nay wish not to avoid, had it but come from any hand but thine.

Enter BLUNT, Officer and Attendants.

MILL WOOD.

Heaven defend me! conceal a murderer! here, Sir, take this youth into your cuftody. I accuse him of murder, and will appear to make good my charge.

[They seize him.

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BARNWELL.

To whom, of what, or how shall I complain? I'll not accuse her. The hand of heav'n is in it, and this the punishment of lust and parricide. Yet heaven, that justly cuts me off, still suffers her to live; perhaps to punish others;—tremendous mercy! so siends are curs'd with immortality, to be the executioners of heaven.

Be warn'd, ye youths, who fee my fad defpair,
Avoid lewd women falfe as they are fair;
By reason guided, honest joys pursue;
The fair to honour, and to virtue true,
Just to herself, will ne'er be false to you.
By my example, learn to shun my fate,
(How wretched is the man who's wise too late!)
Ere innocence, and same, and life be lost,
Here purchase wisdom, cheaply, at my cost.

[Exeunt Barnwell, Officer and Attendants.

MILLWOOD.

Where's Lucy? why is she absent at such a time?

BLUNT.

Wou'd I had been fo too. Lucy will foon be here; and, I hope, to thy confusion, thou devil!

MILL WOOD.

Infolent! This to me?

BLUNT.

The worst that we know of the devil is, that he first seduces to sin, and then betrays to punishment.

[Exit BLUNT.

MILLWOOD.

They disapprove of my conduct then, and mean to take this opportunity to set up for themselves.—My

My ruin is refolv'd; - I fee my danger; but form both it and them; I was not born to fall by fuch weak inftruments.

[Going.

Enter THOROWGOOD.

THOROWGOOD.

Where is the scandal of her own fex, and curse of ours?

MILLWOOD. '

What means this infolence? Who do you feek?
THOROWGOOD.

Millwood.

MILLWOOD.

Well, you have found her then .- I am Mill-wood.

THOROWGOOD.

Then you are the most impious wretch that e'er the sun beheld.

MILLWOOD.

From your appearance, I shou'd have expected wisdom and moderation, but your manners bely your aspect. What is your business here? I know you not.

THOROWGOOD.

Hereafter you may know me better; -I am Barn-well's master.

MILLWOOD.

Then you are master to a villain; which, I think, is not much to your credit.

THOROWGOOD.

Had he been as much above thy arts, as my credit is superior to thy malice, I need not have blush'd to own him.

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MILLWOOD.

My arts!—I don't understand you, Sir! if he has done amis, what's that to me? was he my fervant, or yours?—You shou'd have taught him better.

THOROWGOOD.

Why shou'd I wonder to find such uncommon impudence in one arrived to such a height of wickedness? when innocence is banish'd, modesty foon follows. Know, forceress, I'm not ignorant of any of thy arts, by which you first deceiv'd the unwary youth: I know how, step by step, you've led him on, (reluctant and unwilling) from crime to crime, to this last horrid act, which you contriv'd, and by your cursed wiles even forced him to commit.

MILLWOOD.

Ha! Lucy has got the advantage, and accused me first; unless I can turn the accusation, and fix it upon her and Blunt, I am lost.

[Aside.

THOROWGOOD.

Had I known your cruel defign fooner, it had been prevented; to fee you punish'd as the law directs is all that now remains. Poor fatisfaction! for he, innocent as he is, compar'd to you, must suffer too. But heaven, who knows our frame, and graciously distinguishes between frailty and presumption, will make a difference, tho' man cannot; who sees not the heart, but only judges by the outward action.

MILLWOOD.

I find, Sir, we are both unhappy in our fervants. I was furpriz'd at fuch ill treatment, without cause, from a gentlemanof your appearance, and therefore

GEORGE BARNWELL.

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fore too hastily return'd it: for which I ask your pardon. I now perceive you have been so far impos'd on, as to think me engaged in a former correspondence with your servant; and, some way or other, accessary to his undoing.

THOROWGOOD.

I charge you as the cause, the sole cause of all his guilt and all his suffering; of all he now endures, and must endure, till a violent and shameful death shall put a dreadful period to his life and miseries together.

MILLWOOD.

'Tis very strange; but who's secure from scandal and detraction? So far from contributing to his ruin, I never spoke to him till since that satal accident, which I lament as much as you: 'tis true I have a servant, on whose account he has of late frequented my house; if she has abus'd my good opinion of her, am I to blame? hasn't Barnwell done the same by you?

THOROWGOOD.

I hear you; pray go on.

MILL WOOD.

I have been informed he had a violent passion for her, and she for him; but till now I always thought it innocent; I know her poor, and given to expensive pleasures: now who can tell but she may have instructed the amorous youth to commit this murder, to supply her extravagancies? it must be so. I now recollect a thousand circumstances that confirm it: I'll have her and a man servant, that I suspect as an accomplice, secured immediately. I hope, Sir, you will lay aside your ill-grounded suspicions of me, and join to punish the real contrivers of this bloody deed.

[Offers to go.

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Thorow-

THOROWGOOD.

Madam, you pass not this way: I fee your design, but shall protect them from your malice.

MILLWOOD.

I hope you will not use your influence and the credit of your name, to skreen such guilty wretches. Consider, Sir, the wickedness of persuading a thoughtless youth to such a crime.

THOROWGOOD.

I do -and of betraying him when it was done.

MILLWOOD.

That which you call betraying him, may convince you of my innocence. She who loves him, tho' she contriv'd the murder, would never have delivered him into the hands of justice, as I, struck with horror at his crimes, have done.

THOROWGOOD.

How shou'd an unexperienc'd youth escape her snares? the powerful magick of her wit and form might betray the wisest to simple dotage, and fire the blood that age had froze long since Even I, that with just prejudice came prepar'd, had by her artful story been deceiv'd, but that my strong conviction of her guilt makes even a doubt impossible. [Aside. Those whom subtlely you wou'd accuse, you know are your accusers; and (which proves unanswerably their innocence and your guilt) they accus'd you before the deed was done, and did all that was in their power to prevent it.

MILL WOOD.

Sir, you are very hard to be convinc'd; but I have fuch a proof, which, when produced, will filence all objections.

[Exit Millwood.

Enter

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Enter Lucy, Trueman, Blunt, Officers, &c.

LUCY.

Gentlemen, pray place yourfelves, some on one side of that door, and some on the other; watch her entrance, and act as your prudence shall direct you. This way [To Thorowgood] and note her behaviour: I have observed her, she's driven to the last extremity, and is forming some desperate resolution. I guess at her design.

Re-enter MILLWOOD with a Piftol. TRUEMAN fecures her.

TRUEMAN.

Here thy power of doing mischief ends, deceitful, cruel, bloody woman!

MILL WO OD.

Fool, hypocrite, villain - Man! thou canst not call me that.

TRUEMAN.

To call thee woman were to wrong thy fex, thou devil!

MILLWOOD.

That imaginary being is an emblem of thy curfed fex collected. A mirror, wherein each particular man may fee his own likeness, and that of all mankind.

THOROWGOOD.

Think not by aggravating the faults of others to extenuate thy own; of which the abuse of such uncommon perfections of mind and body is not the leaft.

MILLWOOD.

If fuch I had, well may I curse your barbarous fex, who rob'd me of'em, ere I knew their worth;

M 4 then

then left me too late, to count their value by their lofs. Another and another spoiler came, and all my gain was poverty and reproach. My soul disdain'd, and yet disdains dependence and contempt. Riches, no matter by what means obtained, I saw secur'd the worst of men from both; I sound it therefore necessary to be rich; and to that end I summon'd all my arts. You call 'em wicked; be it so, they were such as my conversation with your fex had furnish'd me withal.

THOROWGOOD.

Sure none but the worst of men convers'd with thee.

MILL WOOD.

Men of all degrees and all professions I have known, yet found no difference, but in their feveral capacities; all were alike wicked to the utmost of their power. In pride, contention, avarice, cruelty, and revenge, the reverend priesthood were my unerring guides. From fuburb-magistrates. who live by ruin'd reputations, as the unhospitable natives of Cornwall do by shipwrecks, I learn'd that to charge my innocent neighbours with my crimes was to merit their protection; for to skreen the guilty, is the less scandalous, when many are fuspected; and detraction, likedarkness and death, blackens all objects, and levels all diffinction. Such are your venal magistrates, who favour none but fuch as, by their office, they are fworn to punish: with them not to be guilty, is the worst of crimes; and large fees, privately paid, are every needful virtue.

THOROW GOOD.

Your practice has fufficiently discovered your contempt of laws, both human and divine; no wonder

GEORGE BARNWELL.

wonder then that you should hate the officers of

MILLWOOD.

both.

I know you, and I hate you all; I expect no mercy, and I ask for none; I follow'd my inclinations, and that the best of you do every day. All actions feem alike natural and indifferent to man and beaft; who devour, or are devour'd, as they meet with others weaker or stronger than themselves.

THOROW GOOD.

What pity it is, a mind fo comprehensive, daring and inquisitive, shou'd be a stranger to religion's fweet and powerful charms!

MILLWOOD.

I am not fool enough to be an atheift! tho' I have known enough of men's hypocrify to make a thousand simple women so. Whatever religion is in itself, as practis'd by mankind, it has caused the evils, you fay, it was defign'd to cure. War, plague, and famine, have not destroyed so many of the human race, as this pretended piety has done; and with fuch barbarous cruelty, as if the only way to honour heaven, were to turn the present world into hell.

THOROWGOOD.

Truth is truth, tho' from an enemy, and spoke in malice. You bloody, blind, and fuperstitious bigots, how will you answer this?

MILLWOOD.

What are your laws, of which you make your boaft, but the fool's wisdom, and the coward's valour? the instrument and skreen of all your villainies; by which you punish in others what you act yourselves, or wou'd have acted, had you been in

their circumftances. The judge, who condemns the poor man for being a thief, had been a thief himself had he been poor. Thus you go on deceiving, and being deceived, harassing, plaguing, and destroying one another; but women are your universal prey.

Women, by whom you are the fource of joy, With cruel arts you labour to destroy A' thousand ways our ruin you pursue, Yet blame in us those arts first taught by you. Oh! may, from hence, each violated maid, By slatt'ring, saithless, barb'rous man betray'd; When robb'd of innocence, and virgin same, From your destruction raise a nobler name; To right their sex's wrongs devote their mind, And suture Millwoods prove to plague mankind.



ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Room in a Prison.

Enter THOROWGOOD, BLUNT and LUCY.

THOROW GOOD.

I HAVE recommended to Barnwell a reverend divine, whose judgment and integrity I am well acquainted with; nor has Millwood been neglected, but the, unhappy woman, still obstinate, refuses his assistance.

LUCY.

This pious charity to the afflicted well becomes your character; yet pardon me, Sir, if I wonder you were not at their trial.

THOROW GOOD.

I knew it was impossible to fave him; and I and my family bear so great a part in his distress, that to have been present wou'd but have aggravated our forrows without relieving his.

BLUNT.

It was mournful indeed. Barnwell's youth and modest deportment, as he pass'd, drew tears from every eye. When placed at the bar, and arraigned before the reverend judges, with many tears and interrupting sobs he confess'd and aggravated his offences, without accusing, or once reflecting on Millwood, the shameless author of his ruin; who dauntless and unconcern'd stood by his side, viewing with visible pride and contempt the vast affembly, who all with sympathizing forrow wept for the wretched youth. Millwood, when called upon to answer, loudly insisted upon her innocence, and made

made an artful and a bold defence; but finding all in vain, the impartial jury and the learn'd bench concurring to find her guilty, how did she curse herself, poor Barnwell, us, her judges, all mankind; but what cou'd that avail? she was condemn'd, and is this day to suffer with him.

THOROWGOOD.

The time draws on; I am going to visit Barnwell, as you are Millwood.

LUCY.

We have not wrong'd her, yet I dread this interview. She's proud, impatient, wrathful, and unforgiving. To be the branded infruments of vengeance, to fuffer in her shame, and sympathize with her in all she suffers, is the tribute we must pay for our former ill-spent lives, and long confederacy with her in wickedness.

THOROWGOOD.

Happy for you it ended when it did. What you have done against Millwood I know proceeded from a just abhorrence of her crimes, free from interest, malice, or revenge. Profelytes to virtue should be encouraged; pursue your proposed reformation, and know me hereafter for your friend.

LUCY.

This is a bleffing as unhop'd for as unmerited; but heaven, that fnatched us from impending ruin, fure intends you as its instrument to secure us from apostasy.

THOROWGOOD.

With gratitude to impute your deliverance to heaven is just. Many, lefs virtuously dispos'd than Barnwell was, have never fallen in the manner he has done;—may not such owe their fafety rather

GEORGE BARNWELL.

to Providence than to themselves? With pity and compassion let us judge him. Great were his faults, but strong was the temptation. Let his ruin learn us dissidence, humanity and circumspection; for we, who wonder at his fate, perhaps had we, like him, been tried, like him we had fallen too.

SCENE II.

A Dungeon, a Table, and Lamp. BARNWELL reading.

Enter THOROWGOOD at a distance.

THOROW GOOD.

There fee the bitter fruits of passion's detested reign and sensual appetite indulg'd, severe reflections, penitence and tears.

BARNWELL.

My honour'd injur'd mafter, whose goodness has cover'd me a thousand times with shame, forgive this last unwilling disrespect; indeed I saw you not.

THOROWGOOD.

'Tis well, I hope you were better employed in viewing of yourfelf; your journey's long, your time for preparation almost spent. I sent a reverend divine to teach you to improve it, and should be glad to hear of his success.

BARNWELL.

The word of truth, which he recommended for my conflant companion in this my fad retirement, has at length remov'd the doubts I laboured under. From thence I've learn'd the infinite extent of heavenly mercy; that my offences, tho' great, are not unpardonable; and that 'tis not my interest only, but my duty to believe and to rejoice in that hope

hope: fo shall heaven receive the glory, and future penitents the profit of my example.

THOROWGOOD.

Proceed.

BARNWELL.

'Tis wonderful that words should charm despair, speak peace and pardon to a murderer's conscience; but truth and mercy flow in every sentence, attended with force and energy divine. How shall I describe my present state of mind? I hope in doubt, and trembling I rejoice; I feel my grief increase, even as my fears give way. Joy and gratitude now supply more tears, than the horror and anguish of despair before.

THOROWGOOD.

These are the genuine signs of true repentance, the only preparatory, the certain way to everlasting peace .- O the joy it gives to fee a foul form'd and prepar'd for heaven; for this the faithful minister devotes himself to meditation, abstinence and prayer, shunning the vain delights of sensual joys, and daily dies that others may live for ever. For this he turns the facred volumes o'er, and fpends his life in painful fearch of truth. The love of riches, and the lust of power, he looks upon with just contempt and detestation; who only counts for wealth the fouls he wins; and whose highest ambition is to serve mankind. If the reward of all his pains be to preferve one foul from wandering, or turn one from the error of his ways, how does he then rejoice, and own his little labours over-paid?

BARNWELL.

What do I owe for all your generous kindness? but though I cannot, heaven can and will reward you.

THOROW-

THOROWGOOD.

To fee thee thus is joy too great for words. Farewell—Heaven firengthen thee.—Farewell.

BARNWELL.

O! fir, there's fomething I would fay, if my fadfwelling heart would give me leave.

THOROWGOOD.

Give it vent a while, and try.

BARNWELL.

I had a friend—'tis true I am unworthy—yet methinks your generous example might persuade—Cou'd I not see him once, before I go from whence there's no return?

THOROWGOOD.

He's coming, and as much thy friend as ever; but I'll not anticipate his forrow; too foon he'll fee the fad effect of his contagious ruin. This torrent of domestic mifery bears too hard upon me, I must retire to indulge a weakness I find impossible to overcome. [Aside] - Much lov'd — and much lamented youth - Farewell—heaven strengthen thee — Eternally farewell.

BARNWELL.

The best of masters and of men-farewell——While I live let me not want your prayers.

THOROWGOOD.

Thou shalt not; - thy peace being made with heaven, death's already vanquish'd; bear a little longer the pains that attend this transitory life, and sease from pain for ever. [Exit Thorowsood.

BARNWELL.

Perhaps I shall. I find a power within that bears my soul above the fears of death, and, spite of conscious

conscious shame and guilt, gives me a taste of pleafure more than mortal.

Enter TRUEMAN and KEEPER.

KEEPER.

Sir, there's the prisoner.

Exit KEEPER.

BARNWELL.

Trueman!—My friend, whom I so wish'd to see, yet now he's here I dare not look upon him.

[Weeps.

TRUEMAN.

O Barnwell! Barnwell!

BARNWELL.

Mercy! mercy! gracious heaven! for death, but not for this, I was prepared.

TRUEMAN.

What have I suffer'd since I saw you last? - what pain hath absence given me? - But, Oh! to see thee thus!-

BARNWELL.

I know it is dreadful! I feel the anguish of thy generous foul—but I was born to murder all who love me.

[Both weet.]

TRUEMAN.

I came not to reproach you;—I thought to bring you comfort—but I'm deceiv'd, for I have none to give;—I came to share thy forrow, but cannot bear my own.

BARNWELL.

My fense of guilt indeed you cannot know; 'tis what the good and innocent, like you, can ne'er conceive; but other griefs, at present, I have none, but what I feel for you. In your forrow I read you love

love me still; but yet, methinks, 'tis strange, when I consider what I am.

TRUEMAN.

No more of that; I can remember nothing but thy virtues, thy honest, tender friendship, our former happy state and present misery.—O had you trusted me when first the fair seducer tempted you, all might have been prevented.

BARNWELL.

Alas! thou knowest not what a wretch I've been. Breach of friendship was my first and least offence; so far was I lost to goodness, so devoted to the author of my ruin, that had she insisted on my murdering thee—I think—I shou'd have done it

TRUEMAN.

Prithee, aggravate thy faults no more.

BARNWELL.

I think I shou'd! - Thus good and generous as you are, I shou'd have murder'd you!

TRUEMAN.

We have not yet embraced, and may be interrupted. Come to my arms.

BARNWELL.

Never, never will I tafte such joys on earth; never will I so footh my just remorse! Are these honest arms and faithful bosom sit to embrace and to support a murderer? these iron fetters only shall class, and slinty pavement bear me; [throwing himself on the ground.] even these too good for such a bloody monster.

TRUEMAN.

Shall fortune fever those whom friendship joined!
thy miseries cannot lay thee so low, but love will
Vol. I. N find

find thee.—Here will we offer to stern calamity;—this place the altar, and ourselves the sacrifice.—Our mutual groans shall echo to each other thro' the dreary vault;—our sighs shall number the moments as they pass, and mingling tears communicate such anguish, as words were never made to express.

BARNWELL.

Then be it fo. [Rifing.] Since you propose an intercourse of woe, pour all your griefs into my breast, and in exchange take mine. [Embracing.] Where's now the anguish that you promis'd? you've taken mine, and make me no return. Sure peace and comfort dwell within these arms, and sorrow can't approach me while I'm here. This too is the work of heaven; which, having before spoke peace and pardon to me, now sends thee to consirm it.—O take, take some of the joy that overslows my breast!

TRUEMAN.

I do, I do. Almighty Power, how hast thou made us capable to bear, at once, the extremes of pleasure and of pain!

Enter KEEPER.

KEEPRR.

Sir

TRUEMAN.

I come.

[Exit KEEPER.

BARNWELL.

Must you leave me?—Death would soon have parted us for ever.

TRUEMAN.

O my Barnwell! there's yet another task behind:

Again your heart must bleed for others woes.

BARN-

BARNWELL.

To meet and part with you I thought was all I had to do on earth. What is there more for me to do or suffer?

TRUEMAN.

I dread to tell thee, yet it must be known. Maria-

BARNWELL.

Our master's fair and virtuous daughter?-

TRUEMAN.

The fame.

BARNWELL.

No misfortune, I hope, has reach'd that lovely maid! Preferve her, heaven, from every ill, to shew mankind that goodness is your care.

TRUEMAN.

Thy, thy misfortunes, my unhappy friend, have reach'd her. Whatever you and I have felt and more, if more be possible, she feels for you.

BARNWELL.

I know he doth abhor a lye, and would not triffe with his dying friend.—This is indeed the bitterness of death.

[Aside.]

TRUEMAN.

You must remember, for we all observed it, for some time past, a heavy melancholy weighed her down; disconsolate she seem'd, and pin'd and languish'd from a cause unknown; till hearing of your dreadful fate, the long stifled slame blaz'd out, she wept, she wrung her hands, and tore her hair; and, in the transport of her grief, discovered her own lost state, while she lamented your's.

N 2

BARN

BARNWELL.

Will all the pain I feel restore thy ease, lovely, unhappy maid? [Weeping.] Why did you not let me die and never know it?

TRUEMAN.

It was impossible;—she makes no secret of her passion for you, and is determined to see you ere you die;—she waits for meto introduce her.

[Exit TRUEMAN.

BARNWELL.

Vain, bufy thoughts be still!—what avails it to think on what I might have been?—I now am—what I've made myself.

Enter TRUEMAN with MARIA.

TRUEMAN.

Madam, reluctant I lead you to this difmal fcene: this is the feat of mifery and guilt.—Here awful justice referves her public victims.—This is the entrance to shameful death.

MARIA.

To this fad place, then no improper gueft, the abandon'd lost Maria brings despair, and see the subject and the cause of all this world of woe. Silent and motionless he stands, as if his soul had quitted her abode, and the lifeless form alone was lest behind; yet that so perfect, that beauty and death, ever at enmity, now seem united there.

BARNWELL.

I groan, but murmur not.—Just heaven I am your own; do with me what you please.

MARIA.

Why are your ftreaming eyes fill fix'd below? as tho' thoud'ft give the greedy earth thy forrows, and

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rob me of my due. Were happiness within your power, you should bestow it where you pleas'd; but in your misery I must and will partake.

BARNWELL.

Oh! fay not fo, but fly, abhor, and leave me to my fate—Confider what you are;—how vast your fortune, and how bright your fame:—have pity on your youth, your beauty, and unequalled virtue; for which so many noble peers have figh'd in vain—Bless with your charms some honourable lord—adorn with your beauty, and, by your example, improve the English court, that justly claims such merit: so shall I quickly be to you—as tho' I had never been.

MARIA.

When I forget you, I must be so indeed. Reafon, choice, virtue, all forbid it.—Let women, like Millwood, if there are more such women, smile in prosperity, and in adversity forsake.—Be it the pride of virtue to repair, or to partake, the ruin such have made.

TRUEMAN.

Lovely, ill-fated maid! was there ever fuch generous diffress before? how must this pierce his grateful heart, and aggravate his woes!

BARNWELL.

Ere I knew guilt or shame, when fortune smil'd, and when my youthful hopes were at the highest; if then to have raised my thoughts to you, had been presumption in me, never to have been pardon'd, think how much beneath yourself you condescend to regard me now.

N 3

MARIA.

MARIA.

Let her blush, who proffering love invades the freedom of your fex's choice, and meanly sues in hopes of a return.—Your inevitable fate hath render'd hope impossible as vain.—Then why shou'd I fear to avow a passion so just and so disinterested?

TRUEMAN.

If any should take occasion from Millwood's crimes to libel the best and fairest part of the creation, here let them see their error. The most distant hopes of such a tender passion from so bright a maid might add to the happiness of the most happy, and make the greatest proud. Yet here 'tis lavish'd in vain: tho' by the rich present the generous donor is undone, he, on whom it is bestow'd, receives no benefit.

BARNWELL.

So the aromatick spices of the east, which all the living covet and esteem, are, with unavailing kindness, wasted on the dead.

MARIA.

Yes, fruitless is my love, and unavailing all my fighs and tears. — Can they save thee from approaching death? — from such a death? — O terrible idea! — What is her misery and distress, who sees the first last object of her love for whom alone she'd live, for whom she'd die a thousand, thousand deaths, if it were possible, expiring in her arms? ——Yet she is happy, when compar'd to me.—Were millions of worlds mine, I'd gladly give them in exchange for her condition. — The most consummate woe is light to mine. The last of curses to other miserable maids, is all I ask for my relief, and that deny'd me.

TRUE-

TRUEMAN.

Time and reflection cure all ills.

MARIA.

All but this;—his dreadful catastrophe virtue herself abhors.—To give a holiday to suburb slaves, and passing entertain the savage herd; who, elbowing each other for a sight, pursue and press upon him like his sate.—A mind with piety and resolution arm'd may smile on death—but publick ignominy—everlasting shame—shame the death of souls—to die a thousand times, and yet survive even death itself, is never dying infamy—Is this to be endured?—Can I, who live in him, and must each hour of my devoted life feel all these woes renew'd—can I endure this?—

TRUEMAN.

Grief has so impair'd her spirits, she pants, as in the agonies of death.

BARNWELL.

Preserve her heaven, and restore her peace, nor let her death be added to my crimes. [Bell tolls.] I am summon'd to my fate.

Enter KEEPER and Officers.

KEEPER.

Sir, the officers attend you; -Millwood is already fummon'd.

BARNWELL.

Tell 'em I'm ready.—And now my friend, farewell. [Embracing.] Support and comfort the best you can this mourning fair.—No more—forget not to pray for me.—[Turning to Maria.] Would you, bright excellence, permit me the honour of a chaste embrace, the last happiness this world cou'd N 4 give

give were mine. [She inclines towards him ; they embrace.] Exalted goodness! __O turn your eyes from earth, and me, to heaven, where virtue, like yours, is ever heard .- Pray for the peace of my departing foul. Early my race of wickedness began, and foon I reach'd the fummit !- Ere nature has finish'd her work, and stamp'd me man, just at the time that others begin to flray, my courfeis finish'd. Though short my span of life and few my days; yet count my crimes for years, and I have liv'd whole ages. Thus justice, in compasfion to mankind, cuts off a wretch like me; by one fuch example to fecure thousands from future ruin. Justice and mercy are in heaven the fame': its utmost feverity is mercy to the whole; thereby to cure man's folly and prefumption, which elfe wou'd render even infinite mercy vain and ineffectual.

If any youth like you, in future, times Shall mourn my fate, the abhor my crimes; Or tender maid, like you, my tale shall hear, And to my forrows give a pitying tear:

To each such melting eye, and throbbing heart, Would gracious heaven this benefit impart, Never to know my guilt, not feel my pain, Then must you own you ought not to complain, Since you nor weep,—nor shall I die in vain.

[Exeunt BARNWELL and Officers.

SCENE

SCENE THE LAST,

The place of execution. The gallows and ladders at the farther end of the stage. A crowd of spectators.

BLUNT and LUCY.

LUCY.

Heavens! what a throng!

BLUNT.

How terrible is death when thus prepar'd!

LUCY.

Support them, heaven; thou only can support them; all other help is vain.

OFFICER within.

Make way there; make way, and give the prifoners room.

LUCY.

They are here: observe them well. How humble and compos'd young Barnwell seems! but Millwood looks wild, ruffled with passion, confounded and amazed.

Enter BARNWELL, MILLWOOD, Officers and Executioners.

BARNWELL.

See, Millwood, see our journey's at an end. Life, like a tale that's told, is past away; that short but dark and unknown passage, death, is all the space 'tween us and endless joys, or woes eternal.

MILLWOOD.

Is this the end of all my flattering hopes? were youth and beauty given me for a curfe, and wifdom only to infure my ruin? they were, they were.

Heaven

Heaven, thou hast done thy worst. Or if thou hast in store some untried plague, somewhat that's worse than shame, despair and death, unpitied death, confirm'd despair and soul-confounding shame; something that men and angels can't describe, and only siends, who bear it, can conceive; now, pour it now on this devoted head, that I may feel the worst thou canst inslict and bid desiance to thy utmost power.

BARNWELL.

Yet ere we pass the dreadful gulph of death, yet ere you're plunged in everlasting woe, O bend your stubborn knees and harder heart, humbly to deprecate the wrath divine. Who knows but heaven, in your dying moments, may bellow that grace and mercy which your life despised!

MILLWOOD.

Why name you mercy to a wretch like me? mercy's beyond my hope; almost beyond my wish. I can't repent, nor ask to be forgiven.

BARNWELL.

O think what 'tis to be for ever, ever miferable; nor with vain pride oppose a power, that's able to destroy you.

MILLWOOD.

That will destroy me: I feel it will. A deluge of wrath is pouring on my foul. Chains, darkness, wheels, racks, sharp stinging scorpions, molten lead, and seas of sulphur, are light to what I feel.

BARNWELL.

O! add not to your vast account despair: a fin more injurious to heaven, than all you've yet committed.

2

MILL-

MILLWOOD.

O! I have fin'd beyond the reach of mercy.

BARNWELL.

O fay not so: 'tis blasphemy to think it. As you bright roof is higher than the earth, so and much more does heaven's goodness pass our apprehension. O what created being shall presume to circumscribe mercy, that knows no bounds?

MILLWOOD.

This yields no hope. Tho' mercy may be boundless, yet'tis free: and I was doom'd, before the world began, to endless pains, and thou to joys eternal.

BARNWELL.

O! gracious heaven! extend thy pity to her: let thy rich mercy flow in plenteous fiteams to chase her fears and heal her wounded foul.

MILLWOOD.

It will not be. Your prayers are lost in air, or else returned perhaps with double blessing to your bosom, but me they help not.

BARNWELL.

Yet hear me, Millwood!

MILL WOOD.

Away, I will not hear thee: I tell thee, youth, I am by heaven devoted a dreadful inflance of its power to punish. [BARNWELL feems to pray.] If thou wilt pray, pray for thyself not me. How doth his fervent soul mount with his words, and both ascend to heaven! that heaven, whose gates are shut with adamantine bars against my prayers, had I the will to pray - I cannot bear it - sure 'tis the

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worst of torments to behold others enjoy that blis that we must never taste.

OFFICER.

The utmost limit of your time's expired.

MILLWOOD.

Incompassed with horror whither must I go? I wou'd not live—nor die—That I cou'd cease to be!
—or ne'er had been!

BARNWELL.

Since peace and comfort are denyed her here, may she find mercy where she least expects it, and this be all her hell.—From our example may all be taught to sly the first approach of vice; but if o'ertaken

By firong temptation, weakness, or surprize, Lament their guilt and by repentance rise. Th' impenitent alone die unforgiven! 'To sin's like man, and to forgive like heaven.

Enter TRUEMAN.

LUCY.

Heart breaking fight! O wretched, wretched Millwood!

TRUEMAN.

How is she disposed to meet her fate?

BLUNT.

Who can describe unutterable woe?

LUCY.

She goes to death encompassed with horror, loathing life, and yet afraid to die; no tongue can tell her anguish and despair.

TRUEMAN.

TRUEMAN.

Heaven be better to her than her fears; may she prove a warning to others, a monument of mercy in herself.

LUCY.

O forrow insupportable! break, break my heart.

TRUEMAN.

In vain

With bleeding hearts, and weeping eyes we show A humane gen'rous sense of others woe; Unless we mark what drew their ruin on, And by avoiding that—prevent our own.

THE END.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE.

Written by Colley Cieber, Efq; Poet Laureat.

Spoken by Mrs. CIBBER.

SINCE fate has robb'd me of the haples youth, For whom my heart had hoarded up its truth; By all the laws of love and honour, now, I'm free again to choose,—and one of you.

But soft;—with caution first I'll round me peep; Maids, in my case, should look before they leap: Here's choice enough of various sorts, and hue, The cit, the wit, the rake cock'd up in cue, The fair spruce mercer, and the tawny Jew.

Suppose I search the sober gallery; no,
There's none but prentices—and cuckolds all a row;
And these, I doubt, are those that make e'm so.
[Pointing to the boxes.

'Tis very well, enjoy the jeft :— But you, Fine powder'd sparks;—nay, I'm told'tis true, Your happy spouses—can make cuckolds too. Twixt you and them, the diff'rence this perhaps, The cit's asham'd whene'er his duck he traps; But you, when madam's tripping, let her fall, Cock up your hats, and take no shame at all.

What if some savour'd poet I cou'd meet? Whose love wou'd lay his laurels at my feet. No—Painted passion real love abhors—His slame wou'd prowethe suit of creditors.

Not to detain you then with longer paufe, In short, my heart to this conclusion draws, I yield it to the hand that's loudest in applause.

A

BRIEF ACCOUNT

OFTHE

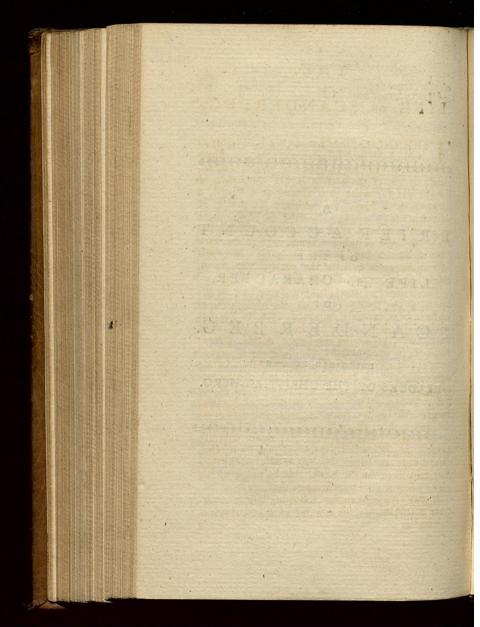
LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

SCANDERBEG.

INSCRIBED TO THE

READERS OF THE CHRISTIAN-HERO.



THE

LIFE OF SCANDERBEG.

THOUGH the life of Scanderbeg is certainly as full of the most surprizing events, his actions as wonderful, and his character as perfect and exalted, as any of the ancient heroes of Greece or Rome; yet for want of a Homer or a Virgil, a Plutarch or a Livy, to celebrate his praise, or write his life in a manner worthy of him, there are great numbers, who are conversant with the classic as well as other writers, who know very little of Scanderbeg, besides his name: so necessary to the same even of the greatest men, is an

elegant poet, or faithful historian.

The tragedy of the Christian Hero, now in rehearfal at the theatre royal in Drury Lane, is, as we have been credibly informed, founded on that wonderful and important circumstance in the life of Scanderbeg, his raifing the fiege of Croia, after it had been invested near fix months by the numerous troops of the Turkish Sultan, Amurath the Second: who died, after infinite vexation and disappointment, of grief and rage, under the walls of the city. We judge it therefore necessary at this time to give the public fome account, collected from the most authentick authors, of the life and character of this excellent prince; that those, who are as yet unacquainted with the story, may by reading this, besides the instruction and entertainment they may find in it, be the better able to judge of the play, when it shall appear upon the stage.

It may give light to the following history to obferve that Albania, the country of Scanderbeg, is Vol. I. O

in that part of Greece which lies between Dalmatia and Achaia, on the Adriatick and Ionian feas; and includes in it fome parts of the ancient kingdoms of Epirus and Macedon, and of the provinces of Liburnia, Dalmatia and Illyria, and is supposed to have taken its present name, which is but modern, from a colony of Albanians, a people of Asia; who coming into Europe and settling there, in time communicated their name to the country.

After the conquest of Greece by Paulus Æmilius and others, Albania, though not then known by that name, was incorporated with some adjacent countries, and so became part of a Roman province under the government of the præsesus prætorio of Illyrium, At the division of the Empire it was allotted to the emperors of Constantinople, and so remained till the decline of their power; when the government of it fell to the family of the Castriots, who were generally called kings of Epirus, as a country of the greatest antiquity and same, but Albania was certainly the most powerful and wealthy part of their dominions, and Croia, its metropolis, the feat of their residence.

John Castriot and Voisava, a prince and princes celebrated by the historians of that age for their uncommon perfections of mind and body, were the parents of our hero. They had besides him three sons and five daughters. The untimely fate of the three elder sons, whose names were Reposius, Stanissa and Constantine, we shall mention hereafter: of the daughters we find little more recorded than that they were married to Christian princes and noblemen suitable to their rank. George Castriot, or Scanderbeg, which last name was given him by the Turks, and is the same

by which Alexander the great is known amongst them, the fourth and youngest son, was born at

Croia, in the year 1405.

The overthrow of Bajazet by Tamerlane seemed for a time to have put an end to the spreading empire of the Ottomans; but after the death of that victorious prince, Mahomet the Second, the fon of Bajazet, recover'd his father's kingdom, which his fon Amurath the Second vaftly increased by his conquests both in Asia and Europe. He was a prince of courage enough, and fet no bounds to his ambition; but upon the least disappointment exceeding fretful and impatient, especially in his old age; zealous in his religion, a profound politician, a commander of great experience, and for the most part successful in his enterprizes; the most beloved by his subjects, and the most faithful observer of his word, of any of the Turkish sultans either before or after him; not that he was always a flave to it (his perfidiousness to the Castriots is a notorious inflance of the contrary.) No, that was not to be expected from an arbitrary prince and an orthodox Mahometan, as Amurath was. The bigot and the tyrant, how good foever the natural disposition may be, will fometimes get the better of the man.

Amurath, in the beginning of his reign, met with some opposition; first from an impostor who pretended to be Mustapha, the son of his grand-father Bajazet; and soon after from his own younger brother of the same name. But his courage and good fortune having put an end to these domestick troubles by the death of both the Mustaphas, he quickly convinced the neighbouring princes, who had affisted his competitors, that he was not to be offended with impunity. The Mahometan king of Caramania in Asia paid his life for his temerity;

fo did the Christian prince of Smyrna; which city, with it's district, Amurath conquered and added to his other acquisitions in Asia. Greece next felt the effects of his refentment, or rather of his ambition, which incessantly urged him to seize all advantages to enlarge his dominions. His numerous troops with almost incredible celerity subdued Achaia, Thessaly and Macedon. Athens, perhaps unprepared for refistance, tamely submitted to the intolerable yoke of Turkish bondage; and Thesfalonica, after a brave defence, being taken by fform, fuffered all the mifery that an enraged and barbarous enemy, licenfed to plunder, massacre and enflave, could possibly inflict. John Castriot, king of Epirus and Albania, who faw with grief the supineness of the Greek emperor, resolved to guard against surprize. He knew Amurath was preparing to attack him, and prudently chose rather to meet him on the borders of Macedon. than to wait for him in Albania. This wife conduct not only preferved his dominions from being the feat of war, but enabled him to annoy the enemy with little loss on his part; the mountains, which part Macedon from Epirus, being a very happy fituation for that purpose. Amurath, foon weary of a war that was likely to prove fo tedious and expensive, and which in the mean while puta stop to the career of his victories, was easily induced to hearken to terms of accommodation, and yielded at length to leave Castriot the free and quiet possession of his crown and kingdom, and to make a perpetual peace with him; conditions not to be refused by a prince comparatively so weak as the king of Epirus, and which the haughty Sultan would certainly have denied to the emperor of Constantinople. There was but one difficulty to over-

come, and that to a prince lefs generous than Castriot had been insuperable. Amurath demanded his four fons as hostages. It is easy to judge how bitter this proposal must be to an affectionate father: but confidering what he owed to his brave and loyal subjects, whom the least misfortune would have exposed to inevitable ruin, and trusting to the Sultan's honour, who though known to be a vindictive and implacable enemy, was nevertheless esteemed an inviolable regarder of his word, the afflicted king complied. Amurath received the royal pledges, and ending the war carried them with him to Adrianople. We do not find that Castriot had any difference with the Sultan afterwards, and must therefore conclude that these princes, during the life of their father, were used with all the respect and honour due to their rank and characters.

George Castriot, though not above eight years of age when he came to Adrianople, was quickly diftinguished and admired by the Sultan, and the whole feraglio. His extraordinary beauty, majeftic deportment, wit, vivacity and greatness of mind charmed all who had the opportunity of being acquainted with him. Amurath, pleafed with his promifing genius, appointed him a retinue, a table and tutors to instruct him, in the same manner as his own fons, in the Mahometan religion, and all the sciences as far as they were known in the Turkish court; and being determined, as it afterwards appeared, never to part with him, he forced him to fubmit to circumcifion, and gave him the magnificent name of Scanderbeg, or Alexander: hoping no doubt, confidering his tender age, by these means to extinguish in him the very memory of the Christian religion, his father's house and native country.

country. Scanderbeg's improvement, especially in martial exercises, so pleased the Sultan, that having wars in Natolia, he took him with him, where he gave such proofs of his wisdom and courage, that, at nineteen years of age, Amurath gave him the command of five thousand horse, and soon aster the title of Bassa. Returning himself into Europe, he left him to command all his troops in the Lesser Asia; which he did with so much success, that from thence Amurath used frequently to call him his right eye, his right hand, his defence, and the augmenter of his dominions.

Scanderbeg, in his return to Adrianople, killed a gigantic Tartar, efteemed invincible, in fingle combat; and fome time after, being with Amurath at Burfia in Bithynia, he encountered two Perfian champions, famous for their strength and courage, and who had publickly challenged any two men in the Sultan's army, with the same successions.

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However pleasing to a youthful, courageous and high spirited prince, honour and fame may be, yet Scanderbeg's love of truth was superior to these temptations. He was conflantly attended, when in the field, by some Christian soldiers, natives of Albania, by whom he was fecretly instructed and confirmed in the Christian religion: the maintaining of which and the civil liberty of his country was his governing principle, during the whole course of his laborious and important life. It is no wonder therefore, that being fent with a numerous army against the Hungarians he avoided all occasions of giving them battle. He behaved however with fuch prudence and circumspection, that he lost no reputation, nor drew upon himself the least suspicion from the subtle and mistrustful Sultan. Soon

Soon after Scanderbeg's return from the Hungarian war, Amurath received an account of the death of John Castriot, the father of our hero; upon which he dispatched Sebalia, a Bassa of great courage and experience, with a powerful army into Albania; who immediately took possession of the whole kingdom, telling the people, who were furprized and without a leader, that he came as a friend by the Sultan's order only to prevent innovations, and secure the country for the interest of the hostage prince, on whom the succession was devolved; and to whom, on his arrival, which they were shortly to expect, it should be fafely delivered. In the mean time Amurath, who intended nothing lefs, caused the three elder brothers of Scanderbeg to be fecretly destroyed by poison, and reduced this Christian kingdom to the miserable condition of a Turkish province. The liberty which this brave people had fo long enjoyed under the paternal care of their native princes, feemed now to be loft for ever; their churches were turned to mosques, their laws subverted, and their estates and persons become the property of the barbarous and foreign tyrant. It is much easier to imagine than describe the grief and indignation of Scanderbeg on this occasion; which, great as they were, he was fo much mafter of himfelf as to conceal. He knew Amurath too well to express the least resentment whilst he was in his power, and wifely referved himself till time should give him an opportunity to free his country and revenge the injuries done to himself and his family. Amurath, who really loved him, and was therefore unwilling to take his life, vainly imagined by heaping new honours on him at prefent, and promifing him more and greater proofs of his favour hereafter, to extinguish the memory of his wrongs,

wrongs, or make him think that those done to his brothers and his country were none to him. He was not however absolutely free from suspicion. He would sometimes talk to Scanderbeg of restoring him to his father's kingdom, to discover whether he entertained any such hopes; but all to little purpose: for Scanderbeg, who knew the success of his designs depended on their secrecy, was not to be over-reached.

The war between the Turks and Hungarians being renewed with greater violence than ever, the Sultan, notwithstanding his fair speeches and seeming confidence in Scanderbeg, did not think it proper to trust him with the fole command of his army, but fet over him the baffa of Romania. The Christian army under the command of the great Hunniades, meeting the Sultan's near the Moravia, a river fo called, a fierce and bloody battle ensued; wherein victory declared for the Christians. The Turks loft forty thousand men. In this battle Scanderbeg, with his countrymen the Epirots, to whom he had before communicated his defign (contrary to their custom) were the first who fled, which so discouraged the Turkish army, that the rout soon became univerfal. In this confusion Scanderbeg and his followers feized the Turkish secretary, and having bound and conveyed him to a private place, compelled him to write an order, as from the Sultan, to the governor of Croia, to deliver to Scanderbeg, now appointed governor, the charge of that city. Their own preservation compelled them to dispatch the fecretary; after which they fet forward with all possible expedition, towards Albania. As soon as they arrived there, Scanderbeg fent his kinfman Amasie, a young prince of an enterprising genius (though afterwards a traitor and an apostate) with his counterfeit

counterfeit credentials to the governor of Croia; who without fuspicion quitted the city, of which Scanderbeg immediately took possession. But though the Turkish governor was gone, the garrison remained. Scanderbeg therefore gave fecret orders to those who had followed him from Hungary, to enter the city by fmall numbers at a time, to prevent suspicion; who in the dead of the night, being joined by the citizens, fell with fuch fury on the Turks, that in a few hours the whole garrison was cut off, except some few who submitted to the government of Scanderbeg and embraced the Chrif-

tian faith.

Croia being thus happily recovered, messengers were dispatched to all parts of the kingdom to proclaim the king, and excite the people to take arms for the recovery of their liberty: but fame had already filled all parts of the country with Scanderbeg's return and the reduction of Croia. The Epirots, who had long wished for such a day, were every where in arms afferting their right and taking vengeance of their oppressors; and that with such fury, that in a few days there was not a Turk to be found in Epirus, except in a few garrifons, all which were foon fubdued. Amurath heard of Scanderbeg's revolt and fuccess with the utmost rage and indignation, but being embarraffed with the Hungarian war, affected to make light of it, and for the present spoke of it as a matter of little confequence.

Scanderbeg being now at leifure, in an affembly convened for that purpose, restored the civil government of his kingdom to its former order; and foon fettling its tranquillity began to think it time to annoy his enemies; and entering Macedon, where he met with little opposition, he made the Sultan's

Sultan's subjects pay for the depredations his own had fuffered, during their mafter's usurpation of his country. The news of this fo enraged Amurath, that though the Hungarian war was not yet ended; he ordered Alibeg, a baffa, of whose conduct and courage he had a high opinion, to invade Epirus with forty thousand men, to bring Scanderbeg to him either alive or dead, and to reduce the whole country once more to his subjection. The Epirots, who juffly feared falling a fecond time into the hands of the Turks, and terribly alarmed at the preparations, flocked from all parts of the country to their king at Croia; who entertained them with his usual chearfulness and affability, but without the least fign of fear. The Epirots, who were afterwards better acquainted with their prince's conduct and intrepidity, were furprized to fee him behave in a manner fo very improper, as they thought, confidering the present danger that threatened himself and people. But how was their wonder increased, when they faw that out of the multitude that attended and offered to ferve him, flrangers as well as Epirots, he took only eight thousand horse, and feven thousand foot, (when he might have had twice that number) and dismissed the rest. With this fmall army he marched to the lower Dibra, on the borders of Macedon, about eighty miles from Croia; where, in a narrow pass, defended by mountains on one hand, and a wood on the other, he encamped and waited for the Turkish army; upon its approach, he ordered Amasie, with three thousand men, to conceal himself in the wood till the armies should be engaged, and then, as opportunity offered, to attack the Turks in the rear. The baffa did Scanderbeg the justice to admire the order of his little army, but confiding in his

his numbers, came on with great resolution and affurance of fuccess. Scanderbeg, at the head of his troops, with invincible courage fuffained the attack; and beginning the battle himself with his own hand made terrible flaughter amongst the Turks. His foldiers following the example of their leader, the Turks were foon put to a fland. Alibeg, feeing this, retreated, in hopes that Scanderbeg would have followed him into the open country, where he might by his numerous army eafily have encompassed and destroyed him: but being disappointed by the prudence of Scanderbeg, the Turks returned with greater fury than before: upon which, Scanderbeg retreated in his turn, which drew his enemy into the streight as he designed; where being attacked by Amasie behind, and Scanderbeg before, their great numbers were not only useless, but hastened their destruction by trampling one another to death. Upon this every one began to shift for himself. The baffa and some few others escaped with much difficulty, and left behind him twenty two thousand slain, two thousand prisoners, twenty-four standards, with all his ammunition, tents, and baggage. This glorious victory cost the Christians but three hundred men. Scanderbeg having mounted his feven thousand foot, with horses taken from the Turks, entered the Sultan's dominions: which having plundered, and with the fpoils greatly enriched his followers, without referving anything for himfelf, he returned triumphantly to Croia.

The loss of this battle, with that before mentioned, gained by Hunniades, so reduced the power of Amurath, that he was forced, though with great reluctance, to sue to the Hungarians for a peace; which they upon terms, that seemed indeed advantageous

tageous enough for themselves, too easily granted; and thereby lost an opportunity which has never fince returned nor perhaps ever will: for had they affisted Scanderbeg with all their forces, instead of making peace with Amurath, as in justice and policy they ought to have done, the Turks might in all probability have been utterly driven out of Europe, and all the miferies they have fince brought upon the Christian world been prevented. A peace was however made and folemnly fworn to by Ula. dislaus king of Hungary on the Evangelists, and by Amurath on the Koran. The old Sultan, ever melancholy and impatient, grew weary of the world upon these disappointments, and after revenging himself on the king of Caramania, who had taken the advantage of his troubles to endeavour to throw off his yoke, he refigned his crown to his fon Mahomet, and retired to Magnefia. Julian, Cardinal St. Angelo, the pope's legate at the court of Hungaria, being informed that the Turkish affairs were in the utmost confusion under the government of the young Sultan, perfuaded Uladiflaus to break the peace, and abfolved him from the oath given to Amurath; or, in other words, gave him a dispensation to be perjured. Scanderbeg's affistance was asked; who being under no obligation to the contrary, and having refolved to omit no opportunity of distressing the common enemy, raised an army of thirty thousand men, a greater than he ever broughtinto the field, either before or after; defignng to march them through Servia in order to join the Hungarians; but Providence, that purposed, as it afterwards appeared, to vindicate its justice and make that faithless king an instance of its severity, prevented Scanderbeg from coming to his affistance. The despot of Servia, whose daughter Amu-

Amurath had married, denying him a passage, a dispute arose, in which the despot was a sufferer; vet so much time was lost, that the battle of Verna was fought whilft Scanderbeg was on the borders of Servia. These dangers roused Amurath from his stupidity. He quitted Magnesia, and re-assumed the government; and passing over from Asia to Europe with a numerous army, joined his bassa, and marched to feek the Hungarians. The two armies met near the city of Verna in Bulgaria, where a terrible battle enfued, in which Amurath proved victorious; Uladiflaus, the king of Hungaria and Poland, loft his life, with two thirds of his army and the flower of his nobility. Hunniades, the valiant prince of Transilvania, sometime after king of Hungaria, very hardly escaped; and the pope's legate, the impious promoter of this perfidious war, after being ftripped and wounded, and enduring the utmost indignities and reproaches from fome of those whom he had feduced, justly perished in the storm that he had raised.

The following circumstance from Knowles's account of this battle is too remarkable to be omitted. Amurath seeing the great slaughter of his men, who were forced to retreat, and even ready to fly, took the writing out of his bosom, wherein the late league was comprised, and holding it in his hand with his eyes raised towards heaven, said; "Behold, thou crucified Christ, this is the "league thy followers have, in thy name, made with me; which without cause they have vio"lated: now if thou art God, as they say thou "art, revenge the wrong done to thy name and "me; shew thy power upon this perjured people, "who in their deeds deny thee." Amurath, who was observed after this battle to be as gloomy and

discontented as ever, being asked the cause, answered, that he desired no more victories at such a price: and indeed it cost him the greatest part of

his numerous army.

Having given orders for the government of his empire, he once more retired to Magnefia; but his reftless mind, and thirst of revenge on Scanderbeg, foon made him weary of this unactive life; he quitted his devotions, and returning to Adrianople, took the management of the publick affairs again into his own hands, to the no small mortification of his ambitious fon, to whom he had a fecond time committed them. Intent on the de-Aruction of Scanderbeg, and hoping to ruin him by a fallacious peace, he fent Ayradin, a man of great fubtlety, as his ambassador, to Croia. He carried with him letters from Amurath full of cruel reproaches, threats, flattery, promifes and artful infinuations; calculated to work upon all the paffions, especially ambition and terror; promifing him, on condition he would return to his obedience and embrace the Mahometan faith, his eternal friendship, with a vast accession of wealth and power; but threatening him and his, if he refused, with utter ruin and extirpation. Scanderbeg, who detested and despised these proposals and him that fent them, difmiffed the ambaffador with an answer that became his own courage and the juftice of his cause. The Sultan reading it was so provoked, that stroaking his white beard according to his custom when he was angry, he cryed out; "Thou defireft, vain wretch, an honourable death; " well, take thy wish; I will attend the funeral " of my foster-son: yes, though unbidden, I will " honour in person the funeral pomp of the great " king of Epirus."

To

To keep Scanderbeg employed and wafte his firength by degrees, Amurath fent Ferises with nine thousand horse to the borders of Epirus, while he himself prepared to follow him with his whole force. Scanderbeg had difmiffed his army raised for the Hungarian war, and had with him only his usual complement, which was one thousand five-hundred foot and two thousand horse. Ferifes attacked him with a great deal of vigour; and hoping to gain immortal honour and end the war at once bythe death of Scanderbeg, with more courage than prudence, fought for him (where he was always to be found) in the front of the battle; Scanderbeg met and dispatched him by a fingle blow with his fabre in the fight of both armies; which so disheartened the Turks that they took to their heels, but were fo closely purfued by the Epirots, that few of them escaped to carry the news to Adrianople.

The Sultan, who imputed the overthrow of Ferifes to his own rashness, sent Mustapha, a commander not less valiant but more prudent, with a fresh supply of troops to the borders of Epirus ; but charged him not to hazard a battle on any occasion whatever, but only to harass the frontiers, and conflantly retire upon the approach of Scanderbeg; telling him he should take it for good service if he should hear, that "the trees and fruits of Epirus "had felt the effects of his anger." Mustapha so well observed his orders, that having strongly intrenched his army on the mountains that part Macedon from Epirus, he from thence by fmall parties fent forth from time to time grievoully infested the country; burning the villages, destroying the vineyards, and doing all the mischief in their power. Scanderbeg

derbeg had too much love for his fuffering people, as well as regard for his own honour, to hear of these devastations with patience. He did every thing that policy could fuggest to draw them from their entrenchment; but finding all attempts of this kind ineffectual, he refolved, if possible, to drive them out by force; which he thus effected. Scanderbeg observing a small party of Turks foraging, according to their daily practice, at some distance from their camp, furprized them with four thousand horse and one thousand foot, and drove them to their trenches; which his troops entering with the fugitives, the whole camp was instantly filled with terror and confusion. The Christians, provoked with the ruin of their country, made dreadful havock of the Turks. Mustapha, seeing all was lost, escaped by the port nearest to Macedon. Five thousand Turks fell on the spot, and the rest sled; many of whom being afterwards found in Epirus were either killed or made prisoners.

Notwithstanding these triumphs, Scanderbeg had, like other great and good men, his portion of affliction. Amasse, his kinsman, seduced by the slattery of Amurath and his own ambition, deserted his cause and sled to Adrianople; where he embraced Mahometanism, and was ever after a concealed traitor or an open enemy to Scanderbeg. Lech Zachary, who possessed a small territory in Albania under the protection of Scanderbeg, who was by covenant to succeed him if he died without is succeed him if he died without is succeed him if he died without is succeed him is unnatural kinsman, Lactucagne; the Venetians, upon some frivolous pretences, claimed part of this inheritance, and seizing upon the city Dayna, which lay convenient for them, fortisted it against Scanderbeg.

Upon this a war enfued, in which Scanderbeg had greatly the advantage. He fubdued almost the whole province of Scutaria, and defeated an army of the Venetians near the river Dryne, took many prisoners, and amongst them some of great eminence, but shed as little blood as possible. As this was a war into which he was forced against his inclination, and in which conquest itself gave him no pleasure, he was ever ready to end it upon honourable terms; which he did as soon as they were offered.

During the war Mustapha obtaining another army of the Sultan, returned into Epirus and met with worse success than before. He now lost ten thousand men, with his own liberty and that of twelve principal officers, whose ransom cost Amurath twenty sive thousand ducats and many valuable presents; which with the plunder of the Turkish camp and the contributions raised in Macedon, greatly enriched the Epirots. This victory cost Scanderbeg

only three hundred men.

Amurath having again defeated Hunniades, in a battle which lasted three days, on the plains of Coffova, refolved to go against Scanderbeg in perfon, and execute the vengeance with which he had fo long threatened him; for this purpose he affembled an army at Adrianople of one hundred and fixty thousand men. Scanderbeg, who had early information of his proceedings, and forefaw where the storm would fall, prepared for his defence. He ordered those who lived in the open country in farms and villages to quit their habitations and take with them every thing that was moveable; the rest he entirely destroyed, that the enemy, on their arrival, might have nothing to subfift on. The women and children, VOL. I. and

and fuch as infirmities and old age had rendered useless, were sent into fortified places in the remotest parts of the kingdom; or into the Venetian or other neighbouring Christian dominions, where they remained till the danger was over. This, however necessary, was very grievous to the Epirots. It was a moving scene to see aged parents taking leave of their children and affectionate wives of their husbands, almost despairing ever to see them again: fo terrible were their apprehensions of the Sultan's power. They had now long enjoyed, under their indulgent and fortunate king, liberty, fafety and prosperity: he indeed had perpetual wars, but wars more advantageous to his people than peace itself. All these blessings they thought must now be lost; some perhaps feared for themfelves, but all trembled for their king and country. Scanderbeg alone was himfelf on this occasion: he laboured for their prefervation without partaking of their fears; he ordered the fortifications of Croia to be repaired and improved; and fending thence all who might be useless or burthensome, he supplied it with provisions and ammunition for twelve mouths, added one thousand three hundred men to the inhabitants for its defence, and appointed Uranaconties governor, a man every way equal to fo important a trust. Of all that were able to bear arms he chose only ten thousand men, with which fmall army he remained in the open country and fent the rest to defend the cities, and other defensible places in his dominions. Amurath, who travelled flow by reason of his great age, fent forty thousand light horse before him to befiege Setigrade on the borders of Macedon, the fecond city for strength in Epirus; whilst he himself followed with the bulk of his army. The

Turks were no fooner encamped before that city, but Scanderbeg cut off two thousand of them, to give them atalie of what entertainment they were to expect in Epirus. A few days after Amurath arrived and befieged the city with his whole force, but with no appearance of fuccess, being repulsed with great loss in all his attacks. At length a villain poisoned the fountain which supplied the whole city with water, which obliged the garrison to surrender. Amurath, as he promised, bountifully rewarded the traitor, but had him secretly made

away with foon after.

The Sultan, having once more recruited his army, prepared for the fiege of Croia; not doubting but that the reduction of the capital would be followed by the submission of the whole kingdom. Croia is fituated on an afcent in the plain of Tyranna, and in two places only accessible, being everywhere elfe defended by impregnable rocks. The numerous troops of Amurath not only blocked up the city, but covered the plains to the mountains of Tumenestra, where Scanderbeg lay with his forces to observe the enemy. The Sultan. who knew his vigilance, first took care to fortify his own camp and then fummoned the city: but receiving a resolute answer from the governor, he mounted his cannon and battered the walls with fuch fury, that a breach was foon made. Encouraged by this fuccess he commanded his troops to an affault, but was forced, after the lofs of eight thousand Janissaries, to retreat with shame and confusion to oppose Scanderbeg, who had entered the trenches, fired the camp in feveral places, and with dreadful havock and confusion drove all before him. The old Sultan, being deeply affected with the distractions of his people, gave himself

up a prey to melancholy. The whole army was dispirited: the council and officers, more anxious for their master's life than the success of the war, neglected every thing but the care of his person. His fon Mahomet only, who gave early proofs of his favage disposition, drove the unwilling soldiers to the breach, where they were flaughtered on heaps without gaining the least advantage, and many received their death from the hand of that cruel prince for flying to avoid it. Scanderbeg, who never flept above two hours at a time during this fiege, and even then armed, with his horse and weapons by him, gave the Turks no rest night or day, but, by affaulting them fometimes in one place and fometimes in another, kept them in perpetual fear. Mahomet burning with rage left the trenches with a great number of troops, refolving at all events to afcend the mountains, and engage his enemy there. Scanderbeg, who never failed of the best intelligence, being informed of this, left five hundred men with an able officer to guard the passage, which they did so effectually that Mahomet spent a great deal of time and lost abundance of men to no purpose. Scanderbeg in the mean while with eight thousand men marched round to the opposite side of the Turkish camp, where he was least expected, and forcing their trenches made fuch terrible flaughter of the enemy that their former losses seemed nothing in comparifon to this. Mahomet, who had no reason to boast of his fuccess, hearing this returned with his troops to oppose Scanderbeg and fave the rest of the camp, being purfued by the five hundred Epirots to his very entrance into the trenches; which Scanderbeg then quitted, having prevented Mahomet's defign, destroyed a vast number of his enemies, and plundered their camp without the loss of one fingle man on his own fide. The least alarm, or even he name of Scanderbeg, which the Epirots frequently made use of in their attacks to terrify their enemies, was now fufficient to strike a panick through the Ottoman army and put the whole camp into confusion. Instead of battering the city, they placed their cannon on the lines that encompassed their camp to defend themselves; but this availed them little, for Scanderbeg continued to infest and destroy them almost at his pleasure. To add to their misfortunes, their provisions began to fail them. To remedy this evil, Amurath fent to Defia, a city of the Venetians; where for his money his agents were furnished with a great quantity of provisions; but Scanderbeg intercepted the convoy and fent it all to his own camp, leaving the Sultan to supply himself from his own dominions or where else he could. Amurath, to leave no means unattempted to make himself master of Croia, ordered it to be undermined; but the rock on which the city was founded, could not be fufficiently penetrated. He then tried to corrupt the governor, or raife a mutiny in the city by the force of his bribes; but being disappointed in both, he was prevailed upon to offer peace, defiring only a small yearly tribute to fave his honour: but Scanderbeg absolutely refusing, he abandoned himself to despair, tore his white beard and curfed his deftiny, that had referved him to this shame in his old age. He would fometimes boaft of his former glory, and count over the battles he had fought and the victories he had gained, and fo aggravate his prefent miseries by the memory of his past triumphs. Finding himself near his end he sent for his son and the chief officers of his army, to whom he complained bitterly, and with many tears, of his hard fortune in being

being compelled to refign his breath in an obscure country and in the fight of an enemy; and turning towards his fon, intreated him to revenge his death. After which being speechless he struggled for some time in extreme agonies, and so expired. The Sultan's fate determined the fiege of Croia. Mahomet with his broken and dejected troops took the shortest way out of Epirus; but being closely pursued by Scanderbeg, who treated them after his usual manner, that miferable army was much more reduced before they entered their new mafter's dominions. What thankfgiving to the Giver of Victory, what praises of their king's wisdom and magnanimity, what mutual congratulations on their deliverance filled the mouths and hearts of the Epirots on this occasion we need not describe: the thoughts of every reader, who knows the value of liberty, will more than supply that omission.

Scanderbeg, now at leifure, to the great joy of his subjects, married the daughter of Aranthes Conino, prince of Durazzo; a lady of incomparable beauty, and adorned with every possible virtue in its highest perfection. After which, accompanied with his fair queen, he visited every part of his kingdom to comfort and glad the hearts of his people, whose delight he justly was, after their afflictions. In his progress he administered justice with mercy; and indeed so prudent was his government at all times, that during his whole reign, except when the Turks infested the country, persons loaded with gold might have travelled from one end of Epirus to the other without being molested. He was fo far from oppressing his subjects, that it became a proverb amongst the neighbouring princes, that the Turks dominions are Scanderbeg's revenues.

Maho-

Mahomet, who fucceeded his father, proved a very victorious but a very impious prince. His mother, the daughter of the Despot of Servia, was a Christian; and it was thought by some, that he would be a favourer of that religion, but he deceived their expectations and professed Mahometanism, but was secretly a contemner of both. Ambition was his God, and his practice was fuitable to his faith. He conquered the two empires of Constantinople and Trapezond, twelve kingdoms, and five hundred cities, and was therefore called Mahomet the Great. And yet this mighty conqueror, during the life of Scanderbeg, could never fubdue Epirus, nor any part of it, nor even keep the city of Setigrade, which was recovered from the Turks foon after the death of Amurath, Not that he was wanting in his endeavours; he had nothing more at heart: all his acquisitions cost him less perhaps than his unsuccessful attempts upon this little kingdom. After he was established in his throne he had almost continual wars with Scanderbeg: he tried flattery as well as force, and invited that prince to his court under pretence of love and admiration of his person and courage, and a defire to fee him and renew their former acquaintance. He twice invaded Epirus in perfon, each time with two hundred thousand men; but was both times forced to return with infinite shame and loss. Nay he descended to the meanest and worst of villanies; he hired two traitors to affaffinate Scanderbeg, who, to the eternal infamy of their abettors, were discovered and juftly punished.

If any thing can be more wonderful than the actions of this great man's life, it is that he should be preserved amidst so many dangers to which his own courage and the malice of his enemies conti
P 4 nually

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nually exposed him, to die in peace. Being with his wife and fon at Lyssa, he was attacked with a violent fever; and apprehending it to be mortal, he recommended to the princes his confidents, and the Venetian ambassador, unanimity and the care; of his fon, who was then in his minority, and to whom he gave much excellent advice: but above all things charged him, if he should live to undertake the government of his kingdom, so to rule as to be rather beloved than feared by his subjects: whose fidelity to himself he praised, and for whom he expressed the greatest affection. While Scanderbeg was thus fetting his house in order and preparing for death with the piety of a Christian, and the refolution of a hero; news was brought him that the Turks had entered the dominions of the Venetians. Upon which, dying as he was, he rose and called for his armour; but the strength of his body not answering the vigor of his mind, he fainted, and was by his weeping attendants carried again to his bed. Recovering his speech he bid his officers haften to the affiftance of his friends, and tell the Turks, that " he was detained for the " present at Lyssa, but that he would be with them " to-morrow." These words of Scanderbeg, spoken in his weakness before he had recovered the perfect use of his reason, being reported by his officers, reached the Turkish camp that evening, and filled it with fuch terror, that expecting every moment to be attacked, the whole army remained all night under arms, and at the approach of day quitted their flation and fled as if Scanderbeg had been indeed at their heels, to the mountains of Scutaria, where the greater part of them miserably perished. While the Turks were flying when none pursued, with fervent devotion and perfect refignation

tion to the divine pleasure Scanderbeg died. His afflicted kingdom and Christian confederates suftained this irreparable loss on the 17th of January 1467, in the 63d year of his age. He was interred with great magnificence in the cathedral church of St. Nicholas at Lyssa. This city about nine years after was taken by the Turks; who, though they hated him living, with much reverence took up his bones; which with great contention (every one striving for a part though ever so small) they divided amongst them; and after every one had set his portion in silver or gold, and adorned it with jewels according to his fancy or ability, they superstitutely were them as facred charms or amulets against cowardice and ill fortune.

Scanderbeg was of a fair complexion; his features regular, and his countenance manly and majestic. In short, his face was perfectly handsome without the least unbecoming foftness. His stature was high, his limbs proportionably large and exquifitely well made. His conflictution naturally good, was foimproved by temperance and exercise. that he could bear the extremest vicissitudes of heat and cold and the greatest labour without any apparent inconveniency. His strength was wonderful: of which we have in feveral authors many furprifing instances: as his cutting two men afunder with a fingle stroke of his scimitar; his cleaving a man at one blow from head to chine; his cutting through head pieces of iron; his killing a wild boar at one stroke, and cutting off the head of a wild and fierce buffalo at another, &c. Mahomet the Great, hearing of these and other instances of the like nature, defired to fee Scanderbeg's scimitar, imagining there must be fomething extraordinary in it; but finding it like others, he complained that Scanderbeg had deceived him, who had fent him word,

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word, that "he was ready at any time to convince him of the goodness of his weapon, but then it must be in his own hand, which he could not yet

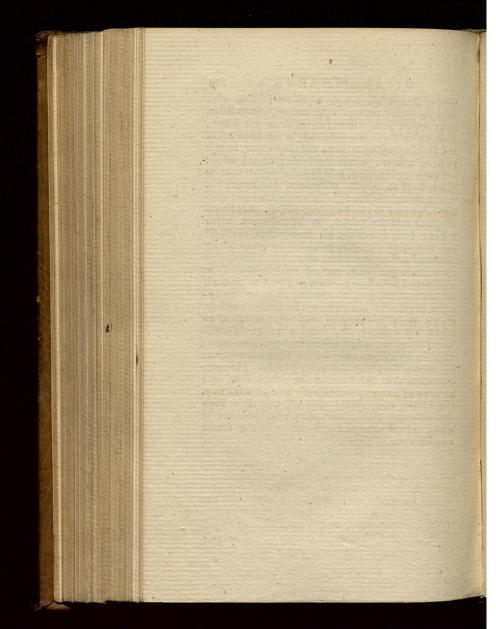
" fpare from the defence of himself and his coun-

" try."

The excellency of his mind, his furprizing genius and exalted virtue, are so visible not only in the whole course but almost every action of his life, that it is only repetition to fay he was pious, wife, liberal, just and merciful, cautious, not soon offended and eafily appealed. Of his forgiving temper take this inflance. A kinfman of his, who had basely betrayed his counsels and joined with his enemies the Turks, after fome time returned; and with a halter about his neck threw himself at his feet: Scanderbeg not only raifed him from the ground and embraced him with great tenderness, but immediately restored him to his former command and share in his considence and favour. That his judgment was perfect in his youth without the help of experience, witness his conduct under Amurath and his artful recovery of his native dominions: and that time did not in the least abate the ardor of his courage, we have the strongest proof from his behaviour when in the article of death. It is afferted from the undoubted evidence of those who ferved under him, that in his wars with the Turks he killed above three thousand of them with his own hands, and that his troops were never defeated in any battle in which he was prefent. He did not use to say to his foldiers, go on, but follow me. In battle he exerted himfelf with fuch violence, that the blood has been feen to burst from his mouth and other parts of his face. He was never known to retreat from a fingle adversary but once; and that in the following manner. Scanderbeg giving fome

fome orders to his army, a private foldier, with more petulance perhaps than malice, contradicted him; which he fo refented as to draw his fabre; upon which the fellow rode away as fast as he could and Scanderbeg after him, till they came to the brink of a river; when the foldier turned about and drawing his fabre, told Scanderbeg "that he " was forry to oppose his prince, but nature bid " him defend his life :" This respectful but resolute behaviour fo charmed Scanderbeg, that he retired and told the foldier, " he had much rather " have fuch a man for his friend than enemy," and returning with him to the camp immediately advanced and esteemed him ever after. Prosperity never made him vain, nor adverfity dejected: he had learned both how to want and how to abound. He had no ambition, no avarice, no luxurious appetite to gratify: he fought not for power but liberty; he spoiled his enemies to humble them, and to fubfift his own people, not to enrich himfelf. When his affairs would permit he kept a sumptuous table for his officers and friends; but he himfelf eat but once a day, and that but sparingly. He never flept more than five hours in the twenty-four, and in times of danger would fatisfy himself with two. His foldiers were richly habited, but their king generally very plain, but upon proper occasions he would appear dreft and attended with the utmost magnificence.

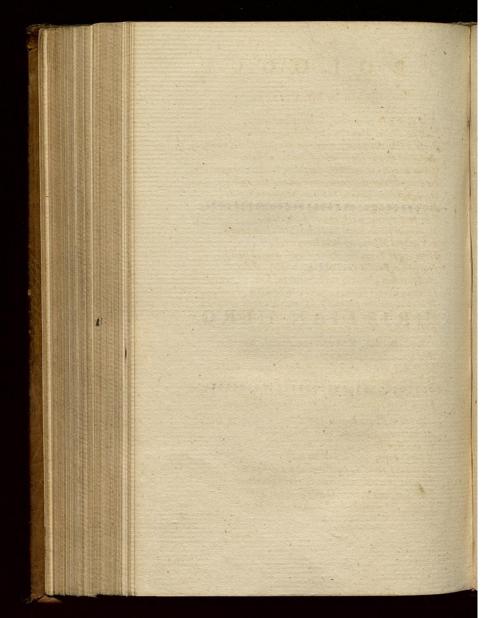
THE



THE

CHRISTIAN HERO.





PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. CIBBER.

CACRED to virtue, liberty and truth, The Muses bloom in everlasting youth. Pres'd like the palm, they rife beneath their weight, And foar above the reach of time, or fate. When brass, or marble, faithless to their trust, No longer bear the name, nor guard the dust Of kings, or beroes, to their charge confign'd, But yield to age, and leave no track behind; The poet's pen, with never dying lays, Preserves their fame and celebrates their praise. Let artful Maro, or bold Lucan tell, How regal Troy, or Rome, more awful fell; Nations destroy'd revive, lost empires shine, And freedom glows in each immortal line. In vain would faction, war, or lawless power, Which marr the patriot's scheme, his fame devour; When bards, by their superior force, can save From dark oblivion and defeat the grave.

Say, Britons, must this art forsake your isle, And leave to vagrant apes her native soil? Must she, the dearest friend that freedom knows, Driven from her seat, seek resuge with her soes? Forbid so great a shame, and save the age From such reproach, you patrons of the stage.

Since well we know, there's not a theme so dear,
As wirtuous freedom, to a British ear;
T' indulge so just a taste, to night we sing
A pious hero, and a patriot king;
By nature form'd, by Providence design'd
To scourge ambition, and to right mankind:
Such Castriot was. O might it but appear.
That he retains the least resemblance here!

Should

Should but the smallest portion of that sire, Which fill d his ample breast, our scenes inspire, The abject slave, to his reproach shall see, That such as dare deserve it, may be free: And conscious tyranny confess with shame, That blind ambition wanders from her aim; While wirtue leads her votaries to same.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TURKS.

Amurath.
Mahomet.
Helena.
Offmyn.
Kifler Aga.
Cleora.

Mr. Quin. Mr. W. Mills. Mrs. Thurmond. Mr. Berry. Mr Hewit. Mrs. Pritchard.

CHRISTIANS.

Scanderbeg.
Aranthes.
Althea.
Amafie.
Paulinus.

Mr. Milward. Mr. Mills. Mrs. Butler. Mr. Cibber. Mr. Winfton.

Guards, Mutes, Eunuchs, and Attendants.

SCENE. The Plain and Mountains near CROIA, the Metropolis of ALBANIA.

CHRISTIAN HERO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Royal Pavilion. Hellen A on a Sofa in a melancholy Posture. Cleor A attending near her. Eunuchs, Mutes, Singers and Dancers.

SONG.

'The regent of night with her beams
Had chequer'd each valley and grove,
And swell'd with her influence the streams,
When Fatima, pining for love,
To the ocean, despair for her guide,
Repair'd for relief from her pain;
Where plunging, receive me, she cry'd,
I'm fair, young and royal in vain.

HELLENA rifes and comes forward.

HELLENA.

O more, Cleora! I accept thy love, But thy officious kindness is in vain. It is not musick, nor the sprightly dance, The harmony of motion, or of sound, That can assuage my grief.

CLEORA.

Let all retire.

[Exeunt Eunuchs, &c.

How long, my royal mistres, will you footh
This secret, pining gries? how long averse,
To ev'ry dawn of joy, thus seek retirement;

Vol. I.

And

And shun the gay delights, the pomp and power, That ever wait the daughter of our sultan, And first of womankind?

HELLENA.

How long shall love
And torturing despair, like ling'ring severs,
Feed on the springs of life and drink my blood?
How long shall Amurath, my awful father,
Tho' press'd and overwhelm'd with disappointments,
Provoke the malice of his adverse stars,
And urge his own destruction; whilst in vain
With unrelenting hatred he pursues,
Whom heav'n protects, th'ever victorious hero
Of Epirus?

CLEORA.

Thus do you always talk,
Of love and death, despair and the Epirot.
Why will you ever strive to hide the cause,
The cruel cause of all this mighty anguish?
Believe me, princess, 'tis better to intrust
A faithful slave, than keep the secret thus
To rack your breast; 'twill ease those pains—

HELLENA.

That death

Alone can cure: but yet, my best Cleora,
Such is thy truth, thy tenderness and love,
I can deny thee nought. Yes, thou shalt know
All thou desir'st, and share the very heart
Of sad Hellena.—You must think I love.
What else cou'd make thy princess far more wretched
Than the meanest slave, and who but Castriot
Cou'd merit so sublime a stame as mine?

CLEORA.

'Tis as I fear'd: fhe's loft beyond redemption. [Afide.

HE L-

The

HELLENA.

A royal hostage to my father's court When young he came, who lov'd him as a fon; I as a brother; fo I fondly thought, Nor found my error, till the fatal flame, That now confumes me, cherish'd by my weakness, Was grown too great, too fierce to be controll'd. O matchless prince! who can display thy worth? Thou favourite of heaven, and first of men! In courts more foft, more levely, more attractive Than those fair youths who with eternal bloom Enjoy the fragrant mansions of the bleft; In council wifer than a whole divan; In anger awful; and in war as fierce As those bright ministers, whom heav'n sends forth To punish the prefuming fons of men; In justice th' image of that facred power, Whom he still ferves with most unfeign'd devotion; Like him in mercy too, in bounty like him; Excelling in magnificence the princes Of th' East, yet temperate and felf-denying As a Dervise. - Who know, and love thee not, Avow their malice and contempt of virtue.

CLEORA.

Think, princefs, think what 'tis you fay; of whom It is you speak. Can he, that cruel christian, That enemy t'our prophet and your father, Deferve such praise from you?

HELLENA.

Unjust Cleora!

To call him cruel—But thou know'st him not;
Or fure thy gentle nature wou'd abhor
To wrong him thus. And wherefore dost thou urge
His diff'rent faith to me? Love busies not
Himself with reconciling creeds, nor heeds

The jarrings of contentious priests: from courts To shades, from shades to courts he slies To conquer hearts, and overthrow distinction, Treating alike the monarch and the slave; But shuns the noisy school, and leaves the race Of proud, litigious men to their own folly; Who wise in words alone, consume their days In sierce debate, nor know the end of life.

CLEORA.

Now I no longer wonder you contemn'd Amasie and his slame.

HELLENA.

O name him not,
The most detested traitor! who, tho' next
In blood, and late the dearest friend of his
Indulgent prince, without a cause renounc'd
His faith, his country, and his vow'd allegiance.

CLEORA.

Say not without a cause, his love to you-

HELLENA.

Infolent flave! ambitious bloody traitor!
To claim my love for cruelty and fraud!
Must I have been a recompence for murther!
For regicide, the murther of his king!
But his defeat has freed me from that danger:
My father now retracts his former promise,
And treats him with aversion and contempt.

CLEORA.

May treason ever meet the like reward.

But see the man we speak of comes this way.

HELLENA.

I wou'd avoid him, do thou hear his message; His name is hateful, but whene'er I see him,

My



My blood runs back, my finews all relax, And life itself seems ready to forsake me.

Exit HELLENA.

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Enter AMASIE.

CLEORA.

What wou'd you, prince?

AMASIE.

I am inform'd the fultan Past this way, and came in hopes to have found him With the princess.

CLEORA.

Your hopes deceiv'd you, Sir.

AMASIE.

May I not fee

The princess?

CLEORA.

No.

AMASIE.

I bring her happy news.

CLEORA.

Nor happiness, nor truth can come from thee; For ev'ry word, and ev'ry thought of thine Are full of deep deceit, and threaten mischief.

AMASIE alone.

Seen and avoided!—rated by her flave!—
Suspected by the sultan!—scorn'd by all!—
Is this the gratitude of Turkish courts?
This my reward for heav'n and honour lost?——
Soul poisoning envy, eldest born of hell,
Thou sin of devils, and their torment too,
To what contempt, what mis'ryhast thou brought me?

O 2

Ill-tim'd reflection!—I shall still succeed——
Love and ambition, hatred and revenge——
There's not a wish my restless soul has form'd,
Butshall be quickly crown'd—then whence this anguish?

Sure stis much harder to attain perfection In ill, than to be truly good.—The fultan!——.

Enter AMURATH and VISIER.

AMURATH.

Away; my fame is loft; my laurels won With pain and toil, and water'd with my blood, That well I hop'd wou'd flourish o'er my grave When I that planted them shou'd be but dust, Are wither'd all. O! wherefore did I tempt, In the declining winter of my age, The vigour of a youthful rebel's arms? Whose curst success, 'gainst such prodigious odds, Makes credibility doubt what she sees, And truth appear like falsehood.

AMASIE.

Mighty fultan! -

AMURATH.

What woud'ft thou, flave! Thou renegade, thou foy!

Hence from my fight: avaunt, perfidious traitor.
VISIER.

My ever gracious lord, you wrong the prince; None can be more devoted to your fervice.

AMURATH.

'Tis false. Did he not lead my spahies forth With hate profest, and boasts of sure revenge On Scanderbeg; then leave my gallant troops

To

To swell the triumph, and to glut the rage Of that damn'd, damn'd destroyer of the faithful?

VISIER.

O righteous heav'n! when will thy judgments cease? For fix revolving moons have we in vain Befieg'd you city, proud, imperious Croia; With famine, pestilence, and Scanderbeg More terrible than both, like threat'ning meteors, Hov'ring o'er our heads. Our strengths confum'd: By painful watchings and inceffant toils Do not our numbers ev'ry hour decrease? Are we not all devoted to deffruction? Those that escape the plague, of hunger die; Or fav'd from famine, perish by the sword. Yet to behold you thus, burning with rage, And tortur'd by despair, afflicts us worse Than all our other griefs. Why will you still refuse The only help your present state admits, That fov'reign balm for minds like yours difeas'd, And cure for ev'ry ill - all healing patience?

AMURATH.

Name patience again while th' Epirot lives
And lives victorious, and thou art thyfelf
A base, insulting traitor. Hear me, Allah,
If thou art ought beside an empty name,
If thou dost still exist, as priests assirm,
Decree our fate, and govern all below,
Behold, and aid a cause so much your own.
To slaves, to subjects and to priests give patience,
But if it be within your power to grant
Ought that is worthy of a monarch's prayer,
Give me revenge, or I'll renounce thy worship.

Ha! whence those loud, those joyful acclamations?

Q4

AMASIE.

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AMASIE

But that it pleas'd my lord to strike me dumb, I had ere this inform'd him of the cause. Just heav'n, at length indulgent to your wishes, Has blest you with the power to end our woes, Or wreck your vengeance on the man you hate.

AMURATH.

Ha! what fay'ft thou? take heed thou triflest not:
A second time thou'ft rais'd my expectation;
If thou deceiv'ft it now, as at the first,
Death is the lightest ill thou hast to sear:
But if, beyond my hopes, thou tell'st me truth,
Thou shalt no longer droop beneath our frown,
(Your service slighted, and your love despis'd;)
Our former lavish grant shall be renew'd,
And my Hellena be thy rich reward,

AMASIE kneeling.

Bounty immense! thus let-

AMURATH.

Rife, and proceed;
Make it appear that vengeance may be had;
Let it be merely possible—O Allah!
I ask no more—and leave the rest to me.

AMASIE.

Ever invincible, you're not to learn That Aranthes, prince of Durazzo, who derives His high descent from Charlemagne, that most Illustrious Frank, Santon and king, has long Approv'd himself aspiring Castriot's friend, And firm ally. His wisdom, wealth and power May well indear him to that haughty rebel; But yet a tie much stronger binds their friendship: The fair Althea, daughter to Aranthes, Beholds the youthful conqueror her slave: Nor are his ardent yows preser'd in vain;

With confcious virtue, join'd with true affection, With majesty and mildness sweetly temper'd, The charming maid (for all who see her must Confess her charms,) returns his constant slame. This friend and mistress, the partner and hoped Reward of all his toils, are in your power.

AMURATH.

Prophet, thou'rt just; where are his conquests now? Anguish has left my foul to live in his. Perhaps ere this the news has reach'd his ears. His promis'd joys are come to swell my heart; I have 'em all, but doubled by his pain. Haste and inform us by what means, Amasie, These precious pledges came into our hands.

AMASIE.

This morning from Durazzo they fet forth, Slightly attended for the christian camp, Fearing no danger; for they knew your army Had been for months immur'd within these plains; The neighb'ring mountains being all possest By their rebellious minion's conquering troops. Of this inform'd, not daring to approach Your facred presence, I inform'd your son, Your empire's second hope, the brave prince Mahomet.

Strait with two thousand horse guided by me, Who, as a native here, best knew the route The little troop must take; he left the trenches: The soe was quickly found; tho' few in number They yet resisted long, and dearly fold Their liberty or lives: Aranthes last Yielded himself and daughter to our power.

Shouts.

Enter

Enter MAHOMET, ARANTHES, ALTHEA, Lords and Ladies in Chains.

MAHOMET.

Long live great Amurath, my royal father; O may his days for ages yet roll on, And ev'ry day encrease his same like this!

AMURATH.

Rise to my arms; thou bring'st me life and same, And what my soul much more desir'd, revenge. When from the womb they brought thee to these arms, The sirst dear fruit of my Maria's love And heir to all my kingdoms; ev'n then I clasp'd thee with less joy, than at this moment.—But let us view the captives thou hast brought. Now by our prophet's head, a noble troop; A fairer purchase never grac'd my arms. This must be Aranthes, and this his daughter. They seem to scorn their fortune: conscious majesty Frowns on his brow, and beauty smiles on hers. Proud christian, now where is your prophet's power?

ARANTHES.

Where it was ever, fultan ;-in himself.

AMURATH.

If it be fuch as vainly you suppose, Why art thou fallen thus beneath my power? Whose eyes ne'er pitied, and whose hand ne'er spar'd The followers of his sect.

ARANTHES.

Prefumptuous man!
Shall finite knowledge tax eternal wisdom?
Or shameless guilt dare, with invidious eyes,
To search for spots in purity itself,
And call impartial justice to account?

Impious

Impious and vain! it is enough we know Such is his will, who orders all things right, To make ev'n thefe thy chains, infulting king, Eafy to us; and well content we bear 'em.

AMURATH.

Ill doth it fuit with your reputed wisdom T'abet a rash rebellious boy.

ARANTHES.

Rebellious!

By the heroic virtue of the youth, And more th' eternal justice of our cause, I must retort the charge. Since first the angels By their ambition fell; the greatest rebels, The most accurs'd, perfidious and ungrateful, Are those, who have abus'd the fovereign power. Why shines the fun, why do the feafons change, The teeming earth lavish her yearly store, And all to bless the sons of men in vain? O! is it not that tyranny prevails, And the true end of government is loft; That those, who shou'd defend each in his right, Betray their trust, and seize upon the whole? This, this is to rebel against that power, By which kings reign, and turn the arms of heaven Against itself. Then take the rebel back. A virtuous prince, the patron of mankind, With just contempt may hear a lawless tyrant Arraign that conduct, which condemns his own.

AMURATH.

'Tis hard to fay whether thy infolence, Who tho' in chains dar'ft brave me to my face, Or the unprincely meanness of thy foul, Who wou'd by law restrain the will of kings, Amaze me most. Let Scanderbeg and you

Like

Like fools contend, and shed your blood in vain, While subjects reap the harvest of your toil; O'ercome, that you may live the slave of slaves; I fight to reign, and conquer for myself.

ARANTHES.

A gen'rous flave wou'd fcorn the abject thought, What shou'd a king do then?

AMURATH.

Think like a king,

Whose glory is his power.

ARANTHES.

Of doing good.

AMURATH.

Of doing what he will; the other's none.

ARANTHES.

Has heav'n no power because it doth no ill?

AMURATH.

Were these the thoughts of other christian princes, Wou'd they stand neuter and unmov'd behold Th' Epirot and thyself sustain this war; Norlend you their assistance?

ARANTHES.

Foul dishonour! they unite,

O everlasting shame! wou'd they unite,
Assisted Europe wou'd no longer groan
Beneath your yoke and mourn her freedom lost:
Nor Verna's nor Basilia's fatal sields
Somke with the blood of christians unreveng'd:
But to the scandal of our holy faith,
Some such there are, who owe their very lives,
Their peace and safety to the blood of others,
Yet think themselves born for themselves alone.

AMU-

AMURATH.

'Tis time to quit a cause so ill supported; And your missortunes may inform your friend, What sure destruction waits the desp'rate wretch, That tempts his wrath, who rules o'er half mankind, And strikes the rest with terror at his name.

ARANTHES.

Cease thy vain boasts, and by example learn The frail uncertain state of human greatness. Where are now th' Assyrians, where the Medes; The Persians and their conquerors, the Greeks; Or the stupendous power of ancient Rome? Has not the breath of time blasted their pride, And laid their glory waste?

AMURATH.

I need not boast
T'assert my power o'er thee. And yet perhaps
On Scanderbeg's submission we may grant
Your freedom, and vouchfase to give him peace.

ARANTHES.

If hy submission vainly you design Dishonourable terms, a shameful peace, Give up such thoughts; those his great soul must foorn:

Nor wou'd we be redeem'd at fuch a price: Hope not to triumph over him in us.

AMURATH.

Where is the majesty that us'd to awe
My trembling slaves? art thou in love with death?

ARANTHES.

No; nor with life, when purchas'd at th'expence Of others happiness, or my own honour.

AMU-

AMURATH.

Behold this maid, this comfort of thy age. I, as a father, know what 'tis to love A child like this-I have been deem'd a man, A brave one too-The fair, facred to peace, Have never yet been number'd with my foes: But if prefumptuoufly thou doft dispute Thy own and daughter's ranfom on my terms; Or teach thy pupil to oppose my will, Renounce me, heav'n, if like thy bloody priests, Those consecrated murtherers of thy feet, I cast not off all bowels of compassion, All pity, all remorfe-Her tender fex, Her youth, her blooming beauty shall not save her. Away ; I'll hear no more. Prudence may yet Instruct you to avoid th'impending ruin. Amafie, we commit him to your charge.

ALTHEA.

O my father! tho' torn from your embraces, Your precepts, your example shall be ever Present with Althea; in doubts my guide, In troubles my support.

ARANTHES.

This wounds indeed.
'Tis hard to part and leave her thus expos'd;
But heav'n must be obey'd. [Aside.] Farewell my child!
Tho' reason and religion teach us patience,
Pain will be felt and nature have her course. [Aside.
[Exit Aranthes.]

AMURATH.

Mourn not, bright maid; you can have nought to fear: A father and a lover rule your fate.

ALTHEA.

ALTHEA.

I fee and fcorn your arts, infidious king:
And for your threats, purfue 'em when you dare;
Your pride to fee your cruelty despis'd,
Shall give you greater pain than you inflict,
And turn your rage to shame. O prince belov'd!
O my affianc'd lord! let not my danger
One moment stop the progress of your arms:
I have my wish if dying I may share
In your renown, and justify your choice.

AMURATH.

Ofmin, attend the lady to Hellena. [Exeunt Amurath, &c.

VISIER.

Fair princess, you shall know no more restraint. Than what is common to the fex with us.

ALTHEA.

Lead me to instant death, or let me groan Whole years in chains—dispose me as you please—Tho' my lov'd fire and lord no more I see, You hope in vain to conquer them in me.



ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Plain the whole Length of the Stage. One Side lined with Christian, the other with Turkish Soldiers.

VISIER AND PAULINUS.

VISIER.

A LREADY has the trumpet's lofty found From either camp twice echo'd thro' the plain; At the third fummons both the kings appear. May gracious heaven, in pity to mankind, Incline their breafts to sheath the sword, to stop The tide of blood, and give the world repose.

PAULINUS.

What may we not expect from such a treaty? And yet the caution us'd on either side To guard against surprize, betrays distrust.

VISIER.

A thousand injuries, suppos'd or real, With keen resentment whet each jealous chief, And seem to urge suspicion.

PAULINUS.

Scipio,
And the fierce African, whom he fubdu'd,
With greater ardor never firove t'attain
For Rome, or Carthage, univerfal fway;
Than your great fultan to impose the yoke
Of arbitrary power and make men flaves;
Or our brave prince to guard their liberties,
Or break their chains and purchase freedom for 'em-

VISIER.

VISIER.

Then their known zeal for their respective faith Must yet much farther alienate their minds.

PAULINUS.

'Tis hardly to be thought a youthful hero, With victories replete, will stoop to take Abject conditions from a beaten foe.

VISIER.

Or that an artful prince will fail t'improve Ev'ry advantage to increase his power.

PAULINUS.

Fortune stands neuter, and impartial heaven Holds with an equal hand the trembling beam: Superior wisdom, fortitude, and courage Must turn the scale (Trumpets.) But see their guards appear.

The great intelligencies that inform
The planetary worlds, if such there be,
With all their vast experience might attend
This interview, and pass improved away.

Enter Amurath, Scanderbeg, Mahomet, Aranthes, Amasie, &c.

AMURATH.

Doth it not swell thy fond, ambitious heart? Dost thou not burst with pride, vain boy, to see The majesty of hoary Amurath, Whose numerous years are fewer than his conquests, Reduc'd to terms, and stoop to treat with thee?

SCANDERBEG.

With gratitude and wonder I confess
Myself th' unworthy instrument of heaven,
To seourge thy falshood, cruelty and pride,
Vol. I. R

And free a virtuous people from thy chains. With pity I behold your fierce impatience, Your arrogance and fcorn; ev'n while the hand Of righteous heaven is heavy on thy crimes, And deals thee forth a portion of those woes, Which thy relentless heart, with lawless lust And never fated avarice of power, Has spread o'er half the habitable earth.

AMURATH.

And must I answer to thy bold impeachment? Thou inside relaps'd! thou very christian! Without distinction and without a name But what implies thy guilt. In vainthy flatt'rers Proclaim thee king of Macedon, Epirus, Illyria, Albania and Dalmatia; Gain'd by surprize, by treachery and fraud; What art thou but the more exalted traitor?

SCANDERBEG.

Let abject minds, the flaves of mean ambition, Affect vain titles and external pomp! And take the shadow for substantial glory. Superior birth, unmerited success, The name of prince, of conqueror and king, Are gifts of fortune and of little worth. They may be, and too often are, possel By fordid souls who know no joy but wealth; By riotous fools, or tyrants drench'd in blood; A Cræsus, Alexander, or a Nero. The best are sure the greatest of mankind. Our actions form our characters. Let me Approve myself a christian and a soldier, And flatt'ry cannot add, or envy take Ought that I wish to have, or fear to lose.

AMU-

AMURATH.

Canst thou behold unmov'd, thou steady traitor. Thy most munificent and loving patron, Prest with the weight of more than fourscore years, With feeble hands compell'd to reassume The stubborn reins of power, and taste again, When appetite is pall'd, the bitter fweets Of fovereign command? shou'd I descend To reason with thee, what cou'dst thou reply? Have I not been a father to thy youth? Did I not early form thy mind to greatness, And teach thy infant hands the use of arms? Tho' the unerring maxims of our state (The only rule of right and wrong in courts) Had mark'd thee for destruction; still I spar'd thee. Trusted, belov'd, advanc'd thou hast betray'd me: First seiz'd the provinces you call'd your own, Then join'd my foes to rob me of my fame; The perjur'd Uladiflaus, fierce Hunniades, And the Venetians, who have fince for fook thee. Tho' to remote Magnefia I retir'd, Quitting the toils of empire to my fon, To feek for rest and find a peaceful grave ; Yet there the cries and clamours of my flaves, Who fled the terrors of thy dreadful name, Forbad their old o'erlabour'd king repose; Forc'd me once more in hostile steel to clothe These weary limbs, and rouse to their defence, But that thy foul is loft to all remorfe, Thy black ingratitude must fright thyself.

SCANDERBEG.

Can all your kingdoms bribe the voice of truth? Which, while you speak, pleads for me in your breast; Or rage essace the mem'ry of your guilt, More than ten thousand witnesses against thee?

But

But flander, like the loathfome leper's breath, Infects the healthful with its poisonous steams, Unless repell'd, and bids me guard my fame. My ancestors for ages fill'd this throne, A brave, a virtuous, legal race of princes. No arbitrary tyrants; the same laws, That made them kings, declar'd their people free. My royal father, fam'd for his fuccess In war and love of peace, had govern'd long; When with refiftlefs force your conquering troops Pour'd like a deluge o'er the realms of Greece: To fave his people from impending ruin, At your request, the pious gen'rous prince Gave up his fons as hostages of peace. He died-the best of kings and men. O Castriot! I were unworthy of thy race and name Cou'd I unmov'd remember thou'rt no more-I wou'd have faid, he died in firm reliance On your promise given, your faith and honour; But fure the memory of fuch a loss May well o'er-bear, and drive me from my purpose. 'Twas then in fcorn of ev'ry obligation, Of truth and justice, gratitude and honour, Of noblest trust and confidence repos'd: You like a lawless, most perfidious tyrant, Amidst her griefs, seiz'd on his widow'd kingdom: And to fecure your lawlefs acquifition -Oh! how shall I proceed!-My bleeding heart Is pierc'd anew, new horrors wound my foul At every pause; whenever I rehearse, Whene'er I think upon thy monftrous crimes-O Reposio! Stanissa! Constantine! My slaughter'd brothers, whose dear blood still cries Aloud to heaven --- your wrongs shall find redress. Justice defer'd deals forth the heavier blow.

AMU-

AMURATH.

Shall the great monarchs of our sublime race Cut off their brothers, when they mount the throne.

Yet spare the lives of christians they suspect? Their death was wife, and I approve it yet, But curse my folly that preserv'd thy life.

SCANDERBEG.

What was then my life? debarr'd of my right, And kept t'augment the number of your flaves. The only benefit you e'er confer'd, Was that you train'd me to the ufe of arms: You had my fervice and was overpaid; Yet those whom I oppos'd were, like yourfelf, Tyrants, who made a merchandize of men; And propagate religion by the sword. Ever determin'd not to stain my hands With christian blood, when you commanded me To turn my arms against th' Hungarian king, I purpos'd from that hour, by heaven's assistance, At once t'avoid the guilt and free my country.

AMURATH.

O traitor! dost thou glory in thy shame? Think not I have forgot thy vile declension. Yes, on that fatal, that detested day, When deep Moravia's waves, dyed with the blood Of forty thousand of my faithful slaves, Losing their azure, slow'd in purple tides; Too well I know, thou didst forsake thy charge; And ere the news of thy revolt arriv'd, Surpriz'd my bassa that commanded here; Drove outmy garrisons, and ravish'd from me This fair and fertile kingdom.

R 3

SCAN-

245



SCANDERBEG.

False aspersion!
The charge impos'd was ne'er accepted by me.
I arm'd my subjects for their common rights;
The love of liberty, that fired their souls,
That made them worthy, crown'd them with success.
I did my duty——'Twas but what Low'd
To heaven, an injur'd people and myself.

AMURATH.

You will be justified in all that's past:
But I shall bend thy stubborn temper yet.
I know the worth of those dear pledges now
Within mypower. Thou know'st me too-then think,
And yield in time, while mercy may be had.

SCANDERBEG.

I know your mercy by my brother's fate.

AMURATH.

Then you may judge the future by the past.

SCANDERBEG.

Tho' pity be a stranger to your breast, Your present dangerous state may teach you sear.

AMURATH.

Danger and I have been acquainted long; Full oft I ave mether in the bloody field, And drove her back with terror on my foes: Your other phantom, fear, I know her not; Or in thy vifage I behold her now.

SCANDERBEG.

I fear not for myfelf.

AMURATH.

Yet still thou fear'st. Confess thyself subdu'd and sue for favour.

SCAN

SGANDERBEG.

When I fubmit to guilt, I'll own your conquest.

Think on your friends.

S C A N D E R B E G.
Afflictions are no crimes.

AMURATH.

SCANDERBEG.

Yes; on any terms,
That honour may permit, and justice warrant.

A M U R A T H.

Hear the conditions then.

SCANDER BEG.

Why finks my heart?
Why do I tremble thus? when at the head
Of almost twice a hundred thousand souls
I with a hundred charg'd this fierce old chief,
Thou art my witness, heaven, I fear'd him not.
[Aside.

AMURATH.

When I look back on what you were before Your late revolt, charm'd with the pleafing view, I wish to see those glorious days restor'd; When I with honour may indulge my bounty, And make you great and happy as you're brave.

SCANDERBEG.

Flattery! - Nay, then he's dangerous indeed! [Afide.

AMURATH.

Renounce the errors of the christian fect, And be instructed in the law profest By Ishmael's holy race; that light divine, R 4

That

That darts from Mecca's ever facred fane, T'illuminate the darken'd fouls of men, And fill 'em with its brightness.

SCANDERBEG.

. O A I A I O O Althea! [Afide.

Afide.

AMURATH.

Break your alliance with the christian princes, And let my foes be thine.

SCANDERBEG.

That follows well;
Th' abandon'd wretch, that breaks his faith with
[heav'n,

Will hardly stop at any future crime.

AMURATH.

Forego th' advantage that your arms have won, Give up this little part of spacious Greece, Its cities and its people to my power: And in return reign thou my substitute O'er all my conquer'd provinces in Europe, From Adrianople to the walls of Buda.

SCANDERBEG.

Affist me, heav'n! affist me to suppress.
The rising indignation in my breast,
That struggles, heaves and rages for a vent—
Aranthes! Althea! how shall I preserve you? [Afide.

VISIER.

He's greatly mov'd, his vifage flames with wrath.

AMASIE.

Just so he looks when rushing on the soe, The eager blood starts from his trembling lips.

AMURATH.

I wait your resolution.

SCAN-

SCANDERBEG.

Three days the truce concluded is to last: That space I ask to answer your demands.

AMURATH.

'Tis well; enjoy your wish - but yet remember Honour and int'rest, gratitude and love Bleed while you paufe, and prefs you to comply. Farther, to favour you in all I may, Aranthes shall attend you to your camp: Confuit, refolve, your interests are the same; Althea justly claims the care of both.

[Exit AMURATH, &c.

SCANDERBEG.

O thou, who art my righteousness and strength, Diffres'd and tempted, still in thee I trust: The pilot, when he fees the tempest rife, And the proud waves infult the low'ring skies. Fix'd to the helm, looks to that power to lay The raging form, whom winds and feas obey. . [Exit SCANDERBEG, Gc.

AMASIE alone.

Shou'd he comply, as fure he's hardly press'd: Reftor'd to favour, where is my revenge? He's but a man - less tempted I fell worse; But I'm not Scanderbeg - fay, he refuses; It follows that the fultan, in his rage, Murthers the captives, tho' we all shou'd perish. Which fide foe'er I view, I like it not. There is no peace for me, while Castriot lives; Plagued and diffres'd, he foars above me still; Infults my hate, and awes me with his virtue. His virtue! ha! how have I dreamt till now, How scap'd the thought? his virtue shall betray him. Hypocrify, that with an angel's likeness

May

May well deceive the wisdom of an angel, Shall re-instate me in his gen'rous heart: Which if I fail to pierce, may all the ill I ever wish'd to him fall on myself.—
Th'amorous prince—I know his haughty foul Ill brooks his subtle father's peaceful schemes. He loves Althea, and depends on me T'affist his slame.

Enter MAHOMET.

M A H O M E T.

Amafie, what fuccess?
You faw the captive princess—

AMASIE.
Yes, my lord.

MAHOMET.

Curse on the jealous customs of our court:

Why is that privilege deny'd to me?

A M A S I E.

You know why I'm indulg'd.

MAHOMET.

'Tistrue, but fay, What hast thou done that may advance my hopes?

AMASIE.

I've thought, my lord

MAHOMET.

What tell'st thou me of thoughts!

Hast thou not spoke?—what says the charming fair?

— Shall I be blest?

AMASIE.

Spoke, what? alas! my prince! How little do you know that haughty christian? Bred in the rigid maxims of her sect,

Chafte as its precepts, most severely virtuous, Althea wou'd treat me with the last contempt, Shou'd I but name your gen'rous passion to her; And proudly term it shameful and unjust.

MAHOMET.

Now as you wou'd avoid a prince's hatred,
That must one day command you; or expect
E'er to attain my fister's love, the scope
Of your ambition, aid me with your counsel.
My blood's on fire, and I will quench the slame,
Tho' universal ruin shou'd ensue.
By heaven I will; I'll plunge in seas of bliss,
And with repeated draughts of cordial love,
Expell the raging sever from my veins.

AMASIE.

Glorious mischief! - [Aside.] If I judge right her will Is ne'er to be subdu'd, you can't possess Her mind, my lord—and without that you know—

MAHOMET.

Her mind! a shadow! give me solid joys,
And let her christian minion take the rest.
I love her for myself; my appetite
Must be appeas'd, or live my constant plague.
Let me but class her in my longing arms,
Press her soft bosom to my panting breast,
And crown my wishes; tho' attain'd by force,
Tho' amidst strugglings, shrieks and gushing tears;
Or while she faints beneath my strong embrace,
And I have all my raging passions crave.

AMASIE.

Already I've conceiv'd the means to ferve you, But time must give th' imperfect embryo form, And hail th' auspicious birth.

MAHOMET.

MAHOMET.

She's justly mine, The purchase of my sword. Our prophet thus, By manly force all prior right destroy'd; Power was his claim; he conquer'd and enjoy'd: Beauty and same alike his ardor mov'd; Fiercely he fought, and as he fought he lov'd.



ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Christian Camp.

SCANDERBEG AND ARANTHES.

ARANTHES.

And thinks already the has liv'd too long; Since living the protracts the tyrant's fate, And clouds the matchless lustre of your arms.

SCANDERBEG.

Justice herfelf would here suspend her sword; Nor with one undiscriminating blow, Blind as she is, destroy both friends and foes.

ARANTHES.

It is appointed once for all to die:
Then what am I, or what a child of mine,
Weigh'd with the honour of the christian name,
To bid the cause of liberty attend,
While gravely you debate those very trisses,
The time and circumstances of our death:
As justly nature might suspend her course
To wait the dissolution of an insect.
—No, let me bear desiance to the sultan;
Tell him, that you already are determin'd;
And dare his worst.

SCANDERBEG.

Not for ten thousand worlds
Wou'd I so tempt the fretful tyrant's rage.
The pangs of death are light to those of absence;
Then who can bear eternal separation?
Trans-

Transported as you are with pious zeal, Look inward, fearch your heart, and then confess The love of heav'n excludes not facred friendship. Think if my task were your's, how you wou'd act. Wou'd you not pause, conclude, retract, and pause

again
To the last moment of the time prefixt?
Wou'd you not count it virtue to contend,
Tho' against hope, and struggle with despair?
I know you wou'd; for tho' your tongue be mute,
Spite of yourself, your streaming eyes confess it.

ARANTHES.

My weakness is no precedent for you.

SCANDERBEG.

If thus the friend, what must the lover suffer? Think good Aranthes, if you ever lov'd, What I endure: think on Althea's charms, And judge from thence the greatness of my pain.

ARANTHES.

Why will you dwell upon the dang'rous theme? The firength of Sampson prov'd too weak for love; David's integrity was no defence; The king, the hero and the prophet fell Beneath the same inevitable power: The wisdom of his son was folly here; And he that comprehended all things else Knew not himself, till dear experience taught Him late repentance, anguish, grief and shame. Then think no more but give us up at once; Give up Althea; heaven demands it of you; For while she lives, your virtue is not safe.

S C A N D E R B E G.

Is this a father's voice?

ARAN.

ARANTHES.

Wou'd I had died,

Ere I was honour'd with a father's name;
Or that my child had been lefs good and fair.
What was my greatest joy, is now my grief:
Ev'ry perfection wrings my heart with pain.
For all her charms are now so many snares,
Which you must break, or be undone for ever.
—Still unresolv'd—forgive me if I think,
You have the weakness now of other men.

SCANDERBEG.

If to rejoice when virtue is rewarded; Or mourn th' afflictions of the good and brave, Who mourn not for themselves; if love and friend-

Denote me weak, I wou'd be weaker still. He who disclaims the softness of humanity, Aspiring to be more than man, is less. Yet know, 'my father, rev'rend good Aranthes! Whatever tender fentiments I feel; Tho' as a man, a lover and a friend, I fear the fultan's cruelty and malice; Yet as a christian, I despise'em both. 'Tis not for man to glory in his strength; The best have fallen, and the wifest err'd. Yet when the time shall come, when heaven shall by Its providence declare, this is my will, And this the facrifice that I demand, Why who can tell, but full of that fame energy, Which swells your breast, I may reply ev'n so, Thy will be done.

> ARANTHES. How have my fears deceiv'd me?

> > SCAN-

SCANDERBEG.
The careful gard'ner turns the limpid stream,
This way, or that, as suits his purpose best.
The wrath of man shall praise his maker's name;
The residue, restrain'd, rest on himself.
Let us not rashly antedate our woes.
Tho' I deser the sentence of your death,
Tho' I cou'd die ten thousand times to save you,
I do not, nay I dare not bid you live.

Excellent man! why did I ever doubt thee?

Your zeal's no less, your wisdom more than mine, My time's expir'd; illustrious prince—farewel!

SCANDERBEG.
My father! my Althea!—

ARANTHES.

O my fon!

Our part is little in this noble conflict,

The worft is death; your's harder, but more glorious,

To live and fuffer. Heaven infpire thy foul

With more than Roman fortitude and courage:

They poorly fled to death, t'avoid misfortunes;

May christian patience teach thee to o'ercome 'em.

[Exit Aranthes.

SCANDERBEG alone.

In this extremity shall I invoke
Thy awful genius, O majestick Rome;
Or Junius Brutus, thine; who facrificed
To public liberty, paternal love:
The younger Brutus; or the Greek Timoleon;
Of self-denial great examples all:
But all far short of what's required of me.
These patriots offer'd to an injur'd world
But guilty wretches, who deserv'd their fates.
Would

257 Wou'd they have given up the best of men, And the most perfect of the gentler fex To death, to worse than death, a tyrant's rage? No, nature unaffifted cannot do it. To thee I bow me then, fountain of life, Of wisdom and of power, Who know'ft our frame, and mad'ft us what we are; I ask not length of days, nor fame, nor empire: Give me to know and to discharge my duty, And leave th' event to thee - Amafie here!

Enter AMASIE, who kneels and lays his sword at SCANDERBEG'S feet.

AMASIE.

Well may you turn away, justly difdain To cast one look upon the lost Amasie. Constant as truth, inflexible as justice, Above ambition, and the joys of fense, You must abhor the wretch, whose fatal weakness Betray'd him to fuch crimes, as make him hateful To heaven, to all good men and to himfelf.

SCANDERBEG. What com'st thou for, what can'st thou hope from me?

AMASIE.

I come for justice.

SCANDERBEG. Justice must condemn thee.

AMASIE.

AMASIE.

I have condemn'd myfelf; but dare not die, Till you, the proper judge, confirm the fentence.

SCANDERBEG.

When first you fell, I deeply mourn'd your loss; But from that moment gave you up for ever. Vot. I.

AMASIE.

Still you're my prince! my native rightful prince, SCANDERBEG.

Then what art thou?

AMASIE.

The blackest, worst of traitors.

SCANDERBEG.

Be that thy punishment.

AMASIE.

Dreadful decree! 'Tis more than I can bear-leave me not thus. Is not the blood, that runs in either's veins, Deriv'd from the same source? was I not once, Howe'er unworthy, honour'd with your friendship, Nam'd your successor? so belov'd, so trusted, That all the envious pin'd, and all the good Look'd up with wonder at the glorious height, To which your partial friendship had advanc'd me.

SCANDERBEG.

Ill judging man, thou aggravat'ft thy crimes.

AMASIE.

That cannot be; Ibut excite your justice. Behold my guilty breaft; strike and maintain The honour of our house, wipe out this stain Of its illustrious race and blot of friendship.

SCANDERBEG.

If your ambition were to fall by me, You shou'd have met me in the front of battle With manly opposition, and receiv'd The death thou feek'ft for in the rage of war. My fword descends not on a prostrate foe.

The

Tho' you've deserv'd to die, I've not deserv'd To be your executioner.

AMASIE.

Just heaven!
Are you a christian prince, and will you spare
A black apostate?

SCANDERBEG.

Heaven can right itself Without my aid, nor do I know on earth So great, so just an object of compassion. Live and repent.

AMASIE.

I have and do repent,
But cannot live. The court of Amurath
Abhors a christian; ev'ry christian court
Detests a traitor.

SCANDERBEG. Miserable man!

[Afide.

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AMASIE.

We're taught that heav'n is merciful and kind.

SCANDERBEG.

What wretch dares doubt of that?

AMASIE.

Deny'd to fue for peace and pardon there, Since I must never nope for them on earth?

SCANDERBEG.

Have I the feeds of frailty in my nature? Am I a man, like him, and can I fee, Unpitying and unmov'd, the bitter anguish, The deep contrition of his wounded soul? It will not be —O nature take your course,

S 2

I'll

I'll not refiff your tenderest impressions. [Aside. Suppress the tumult of your troubled mind; You have o'ercome; I feel and share your forrows.

AMASIE.

O be less good, or I shall die with shame.

SCANDERBEG.

I have been too flow to pardon.

[Embracing.

AMASIE.

O my prince !

My injur'd prince!

SCANDERBEG.

Thy friend, thy friend, Amafie.

AMASIE.

How have you rais'd me from the last despair? And dare you trust this rebel, this apostate?

SCANDERBEG.

'Tis heaven's prerogative alone to fearch
The hearts of men, and read their inmost thoughts:
I wou'd be circumspect, not over wise;
Nor for one error, lose a friend for ever.
No, let me be deceiv'd ere want humanity.

AMASIE.

The wisdom and beneficence of heaven Flow in your words and bless all those who hear'em.

[Trumpets found a parley.

SCANDERBEG.

What means this fummons to a fecond parley?

AMASIE.

The fultan's haste anticipates my purpose. [Aside. Something that much concerns your love and honour, I have to say; but must defer it now,

4

And once more join his council; if I'm feen, I lose the only means that's left to ferve you.

SCANDERBEG.

You will return ---

AMASIE.

As certain as the night; About the which you may expect me.

SCANDERBEG.

You'll find me in my tent; the word's, Althea.

Enter Officer.

OFFICER.

The Visier, with the princess of Durazzo, Demands an audience.

SCANDERBEG.

Fly, and introduce 'em.

Can this be true?

AMASIE.

Most true. The sultan hopes That your Althea's eyes will conquer for him: Heaven guard your heart. Farewell—at night expect me.

He's well deceiv'd: Hypocrify, I thank thee.
Dark and profound as hell, what line canfathom,
Or eye explore the fecret thoughts of men?
Yet once I fear'd I shou'd betray myself,
And be indeed the penitent I feign'd;
So much his virtue mov'd me. Curse his virtue!
He ever will excell me—Let him die,
Tho' all my peace die with him—wretched man!
When shall I rest from envy and remorse? [Aside.

[Exit AMASIE.

S 2

SCAN

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SCANDERBEG.

I shall once more behold Althea then.
So wretches are indulg'd the fight of heaven
To sharpen pain, and aggravate their loss.
The blended beauties of the teeming spring,
Whate'er excells in nature's works besides,
Are vile to her, the glory of the whole.
Flowers fade and lose their odours, gems their bright-

nefs,
And gold its estimation in her presence.
But see, she comes—Sure such a form betray'd
The first of men to quit his paradise,
And all the joys of innocence and peace,
For those he found in her; yet had the lovely,
Alas! too lovely parent of mankind,
Posses'd a mind, as much superior to
Her outward form, as my Althea doth;
Mankind had never fell.

Enter Visier, Althea, &c. Scanderbee kneels and kisses ber band.

SCANDERBEG.

O my princess !

ALTHEA.

My ever honour'd lord !

SCANDERBEG.

To be your flave,

A captive to your charms, is more than to Belord of human kind.

ALTHEA.

The Visier, prince—
[SCANDERBEG rifes.

VISIER.

Far be it, noble Scanderbeg, from me To intercept my royal master's bounty,

Who

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Who wills you to enjoy freedom of speech,
Uninterrupted, with the christian princess.
I'll with the guards retire and wait your leisure.

[Exit VISIER, &c.

SCANDERBEG.

O my Althea!

ALTHEA. Speak, I'm all attention. SCANDERBEG.

O who can raise his thoughts to the occasion? Or doing that, reduce such thoughts to words?

ALTHEA.

I will affift you-we must part for ever.

SCANDERBEG.

Is that, is that so easy? righteous heaven!
It doth amaze me, and confound my reason
To hear thee, thus calm and serene, pronounce
The dreadful sentence.

ALTHEA.

Is it not determin'd?

SCANDERBEG.

To give thee back to slavery and chains!
To bear the malice of a bloody tyrant,
Enrag'd by my refusal!—O Althea!
Tho' heaven must be obey'd, something is due
To virtuous love. We may, we must confess
A sense of such unutterable woe.
When in return of my incessant vows,
You deign'd to crown my love, when expectation
Of the long sigh'd for bliss had rais'd my joys
To that exalted pitch, that I look'd down
With pity on mankind; and only griev'd
To think they stood expos'd to disappointment,
S 4
Mis'ry

Mis'ry and pain, while I alone was happy— Then, then to lofe thee—

ALTHEA.

O complain no more.
You move a weakness here, unworthy her,
Who would aspire to deserve your love.
I wou'd have died like the mute sacrifice;
Which goes as chearful and as unconcern'd,
To bleed upon the altar, as to sleep
Within its nightly fold.

SCANDERBEG.
Coud'st thou do this!

ALTHEA.

Had I not seen you thus, I think I shou'd: But at your grief my resolution fails me: I'm subdued: the woman, the weak, fond woman, Swells in my heart, and gushes from my eyes.

SCANDERBEG.

What have I done? the greatness of thy foul,
Not to be comprehended but by minds
Exalted as thy own, stagger'd my reason;
And what was prudence and superior virtue,
I thought a wrong to love. Rash, thoughtless man!
To force a tenderness thou can'st not bear,
That stabs the very soul of resolution,
And leaves thee without strength to stem a torrent,
That asks an angel's force to meet its rage.

ALTHEA.

To combat inclination, to subdue
Our own desires, and conquer by submission;
Are virtues, prince, no angel ever knew.
While these are your's, shall I indulgemy grief?

The storm is o'er, and I am calm again.

sinker that to a regre both tant Se A-N-

S C A N D E R B E G.
O thou eternal fource of admiration!
What new wonder hast thou prepar'd to charm
My ravish'd foul? where didst thou learn the art
To stop the tide of grief in its full flow,
And triumph o'er despair?

ALTHEA.

In you I triumph.
The rack'd and torn with more than mortal grief,
Amidft the pangs of difappointed love
And fuff'ring friendship, do I not behold thee,
Still constant as the sun, that keeps its course,
The storms and tempests vex the nether sky,
And low'ring clouds a while obscure his brightness?

SCANDERBEG.

Excellent, heavenly maid! thou rob'ft thyfelf, And attribut'ft to me thy own perfections.

ALTHEA.

Have you once question'd whether you should part With two the dearest things to man on earth, A friend and mistress, or renounce your faith, The int'rest of mankind and cause of virtue?

SCANDERBEG.

That were to purchase ev'n thee too dear: That were a misery beyond thy loss: That were, my princess! to deserve to lose thee.

ALTHEA.

That gracious power that wrought you for this purpose,
That made you great to struggle with adversity,
And teach luxurious princes, by example,
What kings shou'd be, and shame 'em into virtue;
Beholds, with pleasure, you discharge the trust,
And act up to the dignity you're form'd for.

SCAN-

SCANDERBEG.

O whither wou'd thy dazzling virtue foar? Is't not enough we yield to our misfortunes, And bear afflictions, tho' with bleeding hearts? Wou'd'ft thou attempt to raise pleasure from pain, And teach the voice of mourning, songs of joy?

ALTHEA.

Small is my part and fuited to my ffrength. What is dying? a wanton Cleopatra Cou'd fmile in death and infants die in fleep. What tho' my days are few and fill'd with forrow! Cou'd vain profperity to hoary age Afford a happiness to be compar'd Todying now in such a glorious cause? Lamented and belov'd by thee, the best And greatest of mankind—Then let us haste And close the scene.—You, good Paulinus, let The Visier know, I'm ready to return. Why are you pale, why do gusting tears Blot the majestick beauty of your face? Why is the hero in the lover lost?

SCANDERBEG.

Let angels who attend in crowds to hear thee;
Let all the fons of liberty and fame;
Those, who still wait, and those who have obtain'd
The end of all their labours; heaven and earth;
Angels and men, the living and the dead;
Behold and judge if ever man before
Purchas'd the patriot's name, or sav'd his country,
His faith and honour, at a price so dear.

Enter VISIER.

VISIER.

Well prince, may we not hope that those bright eyes Have charm'd your foul to peace? who wou'd resist, When

When honour's gain'd by being overcome?
To yield to beauty, crowns the warrior's fame.

SCANDERBEG.

I'm not to learn how to esteem the princes;
But know the sultan over-rates his power,
When he presumes to barter for her love.
Her mind is free and royalas his own;
Nor is she to be gain'd by doing what
Wou'd forfeit her esteem. And I must think
This haste to know my mind, is fraud or fear.
What needs there more? the truce is unexpired:
If your proud master wishes for a peace,
We yet may treat on honourable terms.
In the mean time receive the princes back.

VISIER.

Think what you do, great fir.

SCANDERBEG.

I know my duty.

ALTHEA.

Farewell, my lord!

SCANDERBEG.

Farewell !—protect her heaven !
ALTHEA.

Now let the fretful tyrant florm and rage,
The only danger we cou'd fear is past.

[Exeunt Althea and Visier.

SCANDERBEG.

T'encounter hosts of foes is easier far, Than to sustain this innate, bosom war; This one unbloody conquest costs me more Than all the battles I e'er won before.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The outward Apartment in the Womens Tent. A Guard of Eunuchs.

Enter KISLER AGA.

AGA.

2 IS as I thought: our master is betray'd. Who ever knew a renegade sincere? This dog's a christian still!

Enter AMASIE.

AMASIE.

The victim's prepar'd.

If lust holds on her course, and revels yet
In the hot veins of rash, luxurious youth,
This christian heroine, this second Lucrece,
In Mahomet shall find another Tarquin,
As cruel and remorseless as the first.

If I shou'd fail in my attempt to night,
And Scanderbeg survive – Althea ravish'd—
He'll wish himself, I had succeeded better. [Aside.
Dismiss your useless train of prying slaves;
I've business that requires your ear alone.

[Exeunt Eunuchs.

A Grecian chief, who owns our master's cause, Must be admitted to the captive princess. 'Tis of importance to the sultan's service, That he shou'd enter and depart unknown: I'll introduce him, while you watch without That none approach to give him interruption.

AGA.

This I conceive; but why he mov'd the lady

401.

To

To the remotest part of the pavilion I cannot comprehend.

Afide.

AMASIE.

You know your duty : Your life shall answer for the least neglect.

AGA.

I shall take care - (Exit AMASIE.) to ruin thee, thou traitor.

SCENE II.

Another Apartment; Stage darken'd; Table and Lamp. ALTHEA discovered.

ALTHEA.

Is this a time and place for virtuous love? This is the wanton's hour: now she forfakes Her home, and, hid in darkness, watches for her prey: The foul, whom heaven abhors, falls in her fnares; And pierc'd with guilt, as with an arrow dies. You fickly lamp, that glimmers thro' my tears, Faintly contending with prevailing darkness, Spreads o'er the place a melancholy gloom, That fooths the joyless temper of my mind. So a pale meteor's dull and beamless flame To the bewilder'd traveller appears, And adds new horrors to the cheerless night. - Is error then the lot of all mankind? It is, it is-for Scanderbeg is fallen .-O!! what cou'd move him to the rash attempt? If he shou'd perish, as the danger's great, How will th' infulting infidels rejoice ? How will the foe with fcornful triumph fing, As a fool dies, fo died this mighty chief; His hands unbound, no fetters on his feet, But as an idiot by his folly falls, So fell the champion of the christian cause. 223

Enter

Enter MAHOMET drest like SCANDERBEG, fastening the door on the inside.

He's come, and all my forrows are compleat. Are you pursued?—O my prophetick fears! If undiscover'd you have enter'd here, This caution's needless; if betray'd, in vain.

MAHOMET.

Of fuch a prize who can be too fecure?

ALTHEA.

"Tis not his voice—defend me, O defend me, All gracious heaven!

MAHOMET.

Dost thou not know me, princess?

ALTHEA.

Alas! too well! (Aside.) Sure you've mistook your way,
Or came perchance to seek some other here;

Or came perchance to feek some other here Howe'er that be, permit me to retire.

MAHOMET.

Mistaken fair! or is this ign'rance feign'd?
'Tis you alone I feek. Impetuous love,
'That will not be resisted, brought me here
To lay my life and fortune at your feet.

ALTHEA.

Then I'm betray'd, basely betray'd; just heaven! Expos'd, perhaps devoted to a ruin, From which the grave itself is no retreat, And time can ne'er repair—be gracious, Sir, To an unhappy maid!---Or I'm deceiv'd, Or you, my lord, were pleas'd to mention love; Of that, alas! I am forbid to hear; Compassion better suits my humble state.

That

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That I intreat; have pity on me, prince, Dispel my fears, and send me from your presence.

MAHOMET.

Grant what you ask; I need compassion too:
Your beauty's necessary to my peace:
Then yield, in pity to yourself and me,
What else I'll take by force: consent to make me
Happy, and in return, when time shall give
The scepter to my hand, I'll make thee queen
Of half the conquer'd globe.

ALTHEA.

Know, impious prince! If one loofe thought wou'd buy the whole, I'd fcorn It at that price.

MAHOMET.

Then rifled and abandon'd, Live thou the scorn both of the world and me. You have your choice; I came not here to talk.

ALTHEA.

O! what were all my former woes to this? Under the pain of absence, hard captivity And my late sears, patience and fortitude Were my support; patience and fortitude Are useles now. Shame and dishonour are Not to be borne. Father! Aranthes! haste, And like Virginius preserve your daughter. Come Castriot, come, Althea calls thee now To certain death, to save her from pollution,

MAHOMET.

Call louder yet; your idols do not hear.

ALTHEA.

Tho' none shou'd hear, yet forrow must complain,

MAHO-

MAHOMET.

Your moving fortness fans my am'rous flame — No help can reachthee-all thy friends are absent; Wisely comply, and make a friend of me.

ALTHEA.

All are not absent; he whose presence sills
Both heaven and earth; he, he is with me still;
Sees my distress, numbers my flowing tears,
And understands the voice of my complainings,
Tho' forrow drowns my speech.

MAHOMET.

I'll wait no longer; Nor afk again for what I've power to take. Now you may strive, as I have beg'd, in vain.

ALTHEA.

O thou, whose hand sustains the whole creation; Who cloth'st the woods, the vallies and the fields; Who hear'st the hungry lion, when he roars; And feed'st the eagle on the mountain's top; Shut not thine ear—turn not away thy face; Be not as one far off, when danger's near; Or like an absent friend to the distress'd—Assist me, save me—Only thou canst save me—Olet me not invoke thy aid in vain.

AMURATH without.

Force, force an entrance.

MAHOMET.

Ha! who dares do this?

[The door burst open.

Enter Amurath, Visier, Kisler Aca and Guards
MAHOMET.

Sham'd and prevented! O my curfed fortune!

ALTHEA.

ALTHEA.

My prayers are heard; let virtue ne'er despair.

VISIER.

Guard well the passage.

AGA.

Who fecures his fword?

VISIER.

Scanderbeg yield! thou canst not hope t'escape.

AMURATH.

To fall fo meanly after all thy wars—Well may'ft thou hide thy face.

VISIER.

Blinded by love,

My lord, he miss'd his way.

AMURATH.

True, Ofmyn, true:
'That poor excuse for madness, vice and folly,
Is all this mighty here has to plead.

—A fair account of life and honour lost.
I hoped not triumph---Prophet, 'tis too much—I ask'd but vengeance—bring him to my tent.
When mirth declining calls for something new,
We'll think upon the manner of his death.

MAHOMET.

Away, you dogs! confusion, death and hell! [Exit.

ALTHEA.

They fland aghast. Deliverance waits the just, But short's the triumph of deceitful men.
Turn'd on themselves, their own devices cover
Them with shame. (Aside.) [Exit.

VOL. I.

T

VISIER.

VISIER.

-I'm lost in admiration !

It is the prince Mahomet.

AMURATH.

Wonder, rage And disappointment drive me to distraction. Kisler Aga, expect to answer this.

A G.A.

Let not my lord condemn his flave unheard. Amasie, whom I ever thought a villain, Going this evening to the captive princess; I follow'd unperceiv'd, and so dispos'd me As to o'erhear him: who, with many oaths, Assur'd Althea, Scanderbeg was come; Conceal'd by night, and in his faith secure, Once more to see her and repeat his vows. Of this I thought myself in duty bound T'inform my royal master.

AMURATH.

You are clear.

AGA.

The caution us'd to introduce the prince, Seem'd to confirm the truth of what I heard.

AMURATH.

Leave us---enough; your conduct merits praise.

[Exit Kisler Aga.

VISIER.

Th' affrighted fair is fled to her apartment.

AMURATH.

Degenerate boy! thou art my witness, Allah, Not so I spent my youth and won his mother; Tho' much I lov'd, and long I sigh'd in vain. 'Tis vile and base to do a private wrong:

When kings, as kings, doill; the office then Must justify the man.

VISIER.

A believing monarch, Obedient to the messenger of heaven, Can never err.

AMURATH.

Our prophet, by the fword, First taught the stubborn Arabs to believe, And write his laws in blood.

VISIER.

He knew mankind. Nay, yet the priests of all religions teach, Whate'er is done to propagate the faith, Must, from its end, be good.

AMURATH.

Thus do I stand
Acquitted to myself; and Scanderbeg,
Tho' by assassing in the standard of the

VISIER.

Guard, righteous heaven, thy great vicegerent's health.

AMURATH.

The body sympathifes with the mind; As that with what we love. My languor may Be the effect of my Hellena's grief; I live in her. My pleasures are improv'd,

T 2

My

My pains forgot, when I behold her face; The tendereft, fondest, most belov'd of children.

VISIER.

O! what has happen'd, fir?

His person and defign.

AMURATH.

This evening, Ofmin, When I commanded her to love Amasie, And look upon him as her future lord, An ashy paleness spread o'er all her face, And gusting tears bespoke her strong aversion: But when t'inhance his merit I disclosed The purpos'd murder of his native prince; Had I pronounc'd the sentence of her death, Sure less had been her terror and surprize. Kneeling, she call'd on heav'n and earth to witness Her utter detestation of the fact, And everlassing hatred of Amasie,

VISIER.

Unhappy princess!
To be compell'd to marry where she hates.

AMURATH.

O! she abhors him, loaths his very name;
Yet still her still piety prevail'd;
She hung upon my neck; pray'd for my life,
My honour, my success; and took her leave
In such endearing strains, as if she never
Had been to see me more. Her moving softness
Melted my old tough heart - I kiss'd her—sigh'd,
And wept as fast as she. Our mingled tears
Together flow'd down my shrunk wither'd cheeks,
And trickled from my beard - O! shou'd my thirst
Of vengeance kill my child; shou'd she, t'avoid
Amasse, shy to death - what cou'd support me?

[Execunt.]

SCENE III.

A Wood, thro' which is feen the Christian Camp. Enter Hellena and Cleora in Mens Apparel

CLEORA.

Where are we, princess! whither will you wander?

HELLENA.

We've gain'd the utmost summit of the mountain. I hear the neigh of horses - See'st thou not Those lights that glimmer thro' the trees, Cleora? The Christian camp's before us.

CLEORA.

Righteous Allah! the Christian camp!-

HELLENA.

"Tis thither I am bound.

CLEORA.

Distraction!

HELLENA.

I am determined.

CLEORA.

Hear me, princess!
Once take the counsel of your faithful flave,
And yet return before our flight be known.

HELLENA.

O! no, Cleora! I must ne'er return.

CLEORA.

Then in your father's empire let us feek
Some far remote and unfrequented village;
Where thus difguis'd, you may remain unknown
To all, but me; till death shall end your forrows.
Why are you come to find new dangers here?
Alas! I thought you only fled Amasie.

HEL

HELLENA.

Why shou'd I sly from him? in his despite
I cou'd have died, ev'n in my father's arms.
Death, ever at my call, had been a sure
Desence from his more loath'd embraces. Gentle
maid.

Think it not hard, that I've conceal'd from thee My real intention, till 'twas past thy power, Had'st thou the inclination to prevent it.

CLEORA.

Break, break my heart, for I have liv'd too long, Since I'm suspected by my royal mistress.

HELLENA.

I fear'd thy fond affection wou'd have weigh'd Each danger with too fcrupulous a hand. I know 'twill firike thee with the last amazement To hear I've left the bosom of a father, Howe'er severe to others kind to me, To seek his mortal foe.

CLEORA. Your reason's lost.

HELLENA.

No; I remember well the terrors past,
And count on those to come: both worse than death.
Conscious of my weak sex, with all its sears,
To pass by night thro' camps of hostile men,
And urge the presence of that awful prince,
My soul in secret has so long ador'd—
When I shall see him, shou'd his piercing eye
Trace me thro' my disguise!—O my Cleora!
Will not my falt'ring tongue, my crimson cheeks,
My panting heart and trembling limbs betray me?
What think'st thou! say; shall I not die with shame
When I wou'd speak, and leave my tale untold?

CLEORA

CLEORA.

These and a thousand difficulties more Oppose your purpose; then in time retire.

HELLENA.

No more; away; my refolution's fixt.

The glory and the danger's both before me,
And both are mine—you were necessary
To my escape—that's past—'Tis true, indeed,
Your service has by far excell'd my bounty:
Here take these jewels, and go seek thy safety:
I can pursue my purpose by myself.

Enter PAULINUS, with a guard; who come from the farther part of the stage to the front, and stand listening for some time.

CLEORA.

O how have I deferv'd this cruel usage?

If I've discover'd any signs of fear,
'Twas never for myself—Go where you please,
I'll follow you to death.

HELLENA

Kind, faithful maid Wherefore shou'd I involve thee in my ruin?

CLEORA.

"Tis ruin to forfake you.

HELLENA.

Mine is certain; Thou may'ft have many happy years to come.

PAULINUS.

Stand, there. - Who are you ? -- Answer to the guard.

T 4

MEL-

HELLENA.

Fatal furprize! what must we answer?

CLEORA.

Friends.

PAULINUS.

Make it appear—this inftant—give the word.
—Silent—Some spies sent from the Sultan's camp.
Lest, favour'd by the darkness of the night,
The traitors shou'd escape, guard ev'ry passage.

[Guards furround them.

HELLENA.

Scanderbeg must die.

OFFICER.

Not by thy hand;
If mine can aim aright, thou bloody villain!
[Wounds Hellena. She falls.

HELLENA.

Untimely fate!

- N

CLEORA. Where are you?

HELLENA.

Here on the earth.

CLEORA.

You're wounded then?

HELLENA.

Alas! to death, Cleora,

CLEORA.

Prophet, I do not charge you with injustice; But I must grieve, and wonder things are thus.

HEL-

HELLENA.

Too hasty death, cou'dst thou not stay a little, Little longer; the business of my life Had soon been done, and I had come to thee.

PAULINUS.

Moving founds! I fear you've been too rash.
Ill fated youths, who are you, and from whence?
What dire misfortune brought you to this place?

HELLENA.

It matters not, who, or from whence we are: But as you prize your royal master's life, Conduct me to him strait: mine ebbs apace, Yet on its short duration his depends.

PAULINUS.

Your adjuration is of fuch a force, His own commands wou'd fcarce oblige me more. Sir, I'll attend you.

HELLENA.

All you fleeting powers, Sight, speech and motion; O! forfake me not So near my journey's end; assist me to Perform this only task, and take your slight for ever.

SCENE IV.

SCANDERBEG'S Tent.

SCANDERBEG.

Degenerate Rome! by godlike Brutus freed
From Cæsar and his temporary chain,
Your own ingratitude renew'd those bonds,
Beneath whose galling weight you justly perish'd.
If freedom be heaven's universal gift,
Th' unalienable right of humankind,
Were all men virtuous, there wou'd be no slaves.

Despotic

Despotic power, that root of bitterness, That tree of death, that spreads its baleful arms Almost from pole to pole; beneath whose cursed shade

No good thing thrives, and ev'ry ill finds shelter; Had found no time for its detested growth, But for the follies and the crimes of men. In ev'ry climate, and in ev'ry age, Where arts and arms and public virtue flourish'd, Ambition, dangerous only to itself, Crush'd in its infancy, still found a grave Where it attempted to erect a throne.

Enter Hellena, Supported by Paulinus and Cleora; Guards following.

HELLENA.

My blood flows faster, and my throbbing heart Beats with redoubled force, now I behold him; O take me to thy arms—I die, Cleora! [Swoons.

PAULINUS.

He faints; support him, while we fearch his wound.

CLEORA.

Away; and touch him not - O gracious prince! If ever pity moved your royal breaft, Let all depart except yourfelf and us.

SCANDERBEG.

Let all withdraw. [Exit Paulinus, &c. Now, gentle youth, inform me, Why you oppose th' assistance of your friend?

CLEORA.

She's gone, she's gone: O heavens! she's past affistance.

SCAN=

SCANDERBEG.

Think what you fay, and recollect your reason.

CLEORA.

O mighty prince! we are not what we feem, But hapless women.

SCANDERBG.

Ha!

CLEORA.

Women; and fure The most distress'd, and wretched of our sex. T'increase your admiration, view this sace.

SCANDERBEG.

Sure I have known those lovely features well; But when, or where, my recollection fails me.

CLEORA.

And well it may. O! who cou'd know thee now? Never enough deplor'd, unhappy princess.

SCANDERBEG.

Fearful fuggestion! fure my eyes deceive me! Forbid it heaven, that this shou'd be Hellena.

HELLENA.

Who was it call'd upon the lost Hellena?

SCANDERBEG.

Ha! she revives; fly instantly for aid.

HELLENA.

It was his voice—false maid, thou hast betray'd me. Stay—whither woud'st thou go? I'm past all aid: The friendly hand of death will quickly close These ever streaming eyes, and end my shame. O prince! the most distinguish'd and belov'd By righteous Allah, of his works below; You see the daughter of relentless Amurath,

Sunk with her father's crimes, o'erwhelm'd with thame.

Expiring at your feet. My weakness stands Confess'd, but be it so, I will no more Lament my painful, hopeless, fatal slame, Since heaven ordain'd it for your preservation.

SCANDERBEG.

When will my wonder and my anguish cease?

HELLENA.

I'm come to fave you, prince, from falling by A vile affaffin's arm; the false Amasie
Has deeply sworn your death; ev'n now he comes
To plunge his bloody poniard in your breast.

SCANDERBEG.

Fatal mistake! what base detractor has Traduc'd my friend; and wrought thee, gen'rous Princes,

To thy ruin?

HELLENA.

Doth not the traitor come Here by appointment?

SCANDERBEG. Ha!

HELLENA.

Whence learnt I that?
Be not deceiv'd, but guard your precious life;
Or I shall die in vain. For me this bloody
Enterprize was form'd; my feeble charms,
That wound but where I hate, the motive to
This crime.

S C A N D E R B E G.
Just heaven! that I cou'd longer doubt it!

CLE-



CLEOR A.

Alas; she's going, raise her, gently raise her.

HELLENA.

My head grows dizzy.

SCANDERBEG.

Lean it on my breaft.

HELLENA.

This is indeed no time to fland on forms.

SCANDERBEG.

The pains, the agonies, of death are on her; And yet the fuffers lefs, much lefs, than I. What generous heart can bear it?

HELLENA.

Do not grieve:

And yet methinks your pity fooths my pain.

SCANDERBEG.

Why wou'dst thou give thy life to ransom mine? Wou'd I had died, or yet cou'd die, to save thee.

HELLENA.

I'd not exchange my death, lamented thus And in your arms, for any other's life — Unless Althea's.

SCANDERBEG.

Were Althea here, She wou'd forget her own fevere diffress, And only weep for yours.

HEILENA

HELLENA.

May she be happy!
Yet had you never seen her, who can tell,
You sometimes might, perhaps, have thought on me.

SCAN-

SCANDERBEG.

He in my place who cou'd refrain from tears, Unenvied let him boast of his brutality. I'm not asham'd to own myself a man.

HELLENA.

Farewel, Cleora! - weep not, gentle maid; I recommend her, fir, to your protection.

And, O victorious prince! if e'er hereafter Conquest shou'd give my father to your sword — Then think on me — suspend your listed arm, And spare—O spare his life—forget your wrongs; Orthink them punish'd in his daughter's loss. [Dies.

SCANDERBEG.

Her gentle foul is fled; she rests in peace; While we, methinks, like gratitude and grief, Form'd by the sculpture's art to grace her urn; Moving, tho' lifeless; eloquent, tho' dumb; Excite incurious mortals to explore, Virtues so rare, and trace the shining store, That cou'd a life so short so well supply; Yet mourn with us such excellence shou'd die.



ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Christian Camp.

Enter Scanderbeg: Amasie in chains, Paulinus, &c.

SCANDERBEG.

OULD love, that fills each honest generous breast,
With double ardor to excel in virtue,
Conclude, thou wretch! what malice first begun,
And finish thee a villain? thou wou'dit die—
We'll disappoint thee—Live tortur'd with guilt,
A terror to thyself: or let the sultan,
The vile abestor of thy crimes, reward thee;
We know no punishment to fuit thy guilt.
This is a Christian land. Our laws were made
For men, not monsters.—Take him from my fight.

[Exit Amasse.

'Tis needless to repeat that by hostility,
Of the worst kind, our faithless enemies
Have broke the truce. We're now again prepar'd
Once more to prove the fortune of our arms;
And try by honest force, seeing all treaties
With such persidious men are vain, to free
Our captive friends, and drive these fierce destroyers
From Epirus. Paulinus with your squadrons
Attack the trenches westward of the city,
'T' amuse the foe, and draw their force thatway;
Then Fill, with the remaining troops, assault
Th' east; where doubly intrench'd the royal tents,
The prison of Althea and her father,
Raise their aspiring heads. I need not say,
Acquit

Acquit yourselves like men; I know youwell;
Nor spur you on with hopes of promis'd wealth. I have no useless stores of hoarded gold.
My revenues, you know, have been the spoils Of vanquish'd foes; these I have shar'd amongst you. Wou'd you have more? Our enemies have enough: Subdue your foes, and satisfy yourselves.
Let each commit himself to that just power, Who still has been our guide and sure defence. Be valiant, not presumptuous. Seek his aid, Who by our weakness magnifies his strength.
Now follow me, my fellow-soldiers, and remember [Drawing his sword.]

You fight the cause of liberty and truth, Your native land, Aranthes and Althea.

ALL.

Huzza! Liberty! Justice! Aranthes and Althea!

SCENE II.

The Sultan's Tent.

AMURATH, K. AGA, and an Officer.

AMURATH.

Amasie's not return'd—shou'd he betray me
And join with Scanderbeg to free the captives!—
That officer's his creature—Mustapha!
Resign Aranthes to the Kisler Aga—
Conduct him to Althea. Let Amasie,
That unauspicious slave, be true or false,,
Succeed or perish, they shall surely die:
So tell the father—hence, you slaves, be gone.
Now let me think—there must have been a change,
A revolution in the source of things.
The former chain of beings is dissolv'd:
Effects roll backward, and direct their causes,
And

And nature is no more. Thou hoary wretch, Tear thy white locks, abandon ev'ry hope, Renounce humanity and all its tyes. Duty and virtue, gratitude and love, Forfook the world, when my Hellena fled. May order ne'er return to blefs mankind; Let difcord rage, ne'er let affections meet; But parents curfe, and children difobey; Or either's kindness be repaid with hate. Till ev'ry child, and ev'ry sire on earth, Be in each other curs'd, as me and mine.

Enter VISIER.

VISIER.

Not yet at rest?

A M U R A T H.
A parent and at reft!—

VISIER.

The christians have storm'd the trenches toward the west;

Unless our presence animate the troops All will be lost.

A MURATH. Hellena's lost already!

VISIER.

Sure Amasie has fail'd, and Scanderbeg Is come upon us to revenge th' attempt.

AMURATH.

'Tis well. Wak'd from my lethargy of grief, I yet may reach his heart.

VISIER.

Regard your health,
And leave the bufiness of this night to us;
A burning fever rages in your blood.
Vol. I.

AMU-

AMURATH.

Fame calls me forth. Again I hear her voice; Earth shakes, and heaven reverberates the found. Affrighted night fits trembling on her throne; like Tumult has driven silence from her consines, And half her empire's lost. When glory calls, Shall age or sickness keep me from the field? No; in spite of both I'll die like Amurath yet, Like what I've liv'd, a soldier and a king. [Exit.

VISIER.

He's desperate and will not be oppos'd.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

Turkish Camp.

Alarm, Soldiers flying.

SOLDIERS WITHIN. Fly, fly; Scanderbeg, Scanderbeg; fly, fly.

Enter Amurath and Visier, meeting the Rout.

AMURATH.

Turn back you flaves.

SOLDIERS WITHIN.

Fly, fly; Scanderbeg, fly!

AMURATH.

Ah! cowards, villains! doth his name affright you? Are there such terrors in an empty found? And is my rage contemn'd? but you shall find Death is as certain from my arm as his.

VISIER.

O spare your faithful slaves! what can men do Against a power, invincible, like heaven's?

AMU-

AMURATH.

And must it be, like heaven's, eternal too?

VISIER.

Retire, my lord, into the inner camp, And there fecurely wait a better hour: For this is the Epirot's.

AMURATH.

Slave, thou lyest!
This hour is mine: I'll triumph o'er him yet.
This hour his friend and mistress both shall die.
The royal brute, tho' in the hunter's toils,
Pierc'd with a thousand wounds is still a lion;
Dreadful in death and dang'rous to the last.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

ALTHEA'S Apartment.

ALTHEA.

Was ever night like this? what terrors have I pass? and, O! what terrors yet surround me? A loud deaf ning sound, that feem'd the voice Of a chas'd multitude, or many waters Vex'd to a storm, first spread thro' all the camp; Then shrieks and cries and yellings of despair; Mix'd with the shouts of victory and joy. Sure sleep has left all eyes, as well as mine. Fate is at work; I sink beneath my fears. Since I have known a danger worse than death My courage has forsook me.

Enter ARANTHES.

Ha! who comes
At this late hour? protect me, righteous heaven!
ARANTHES.

. Why, my Althea! doft thou fly thy father?

ALTHEA.

ALTHEA.

Sure 'tis his voice! O gracious heaven! it is, It is my father. — Most unlook'd for joy!

ARANTHES.

Do I once more behold thee, my Althea!

ALTHEA.

To whose bless'd bounty do we owe this meeting?

ARANTHES.

Thou dearest earthly bliss, this moment's ours,
No matter how attain'd; I have thee now
In my fond arms, and wou'd indulge my joy,
Nor think how foon 'twill end. Why shou'd poor
mortals,

To trouble born, anticipate their pains?

ALTHEA.

I can't conceal my fears: if you again Must leave me here, the sun in all its course Sees not a wretch so lost as poor Althea.

ARANTHES.

Alas! why will you urge me to disclose What wou'd, tho' I were filent, soon be known? The wrathful sultan has pronounc'd our death. Yes, I am come to die with thee, my child!

ALTHEA.

Then we shall part no more.

My soul's at peace—Forgive, O righteous heaven,
My weak distrust of thy almighty power,
Thy kindness and protection. O my father!
I wish'd t'have died alone; yet at your death,
I must not, dare not murmur or complain;
Since heaven with you permits me to descend,
Pure and unspotted to the peaceful grave.

ARAN-

ARANTHES.

Heroic maid! O most exalted virtue!

[Afide weeping.

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ALTHEA.

Why do you hideyour face, why turn you from me? Be not furpriz'd, nor charge me with unkindness. There is, my dearest father! one calamity, Tho' fure but one, by far more dreadful Ev'n than thy death—O speak, speak to me, fir!

ARANTHES.

Good heaven! my joy's too great; — I cannot fpeak. Tears must relieve me, or my heart will burst. I thank thee, heav'n! I have not liv'd in vain. This happy hour o'erpays an age of forrow. My child! my life! my foul! my dear Althea! Thy bright example fires my emulation; Thou hast the start, but must not bear away The victor's palm alone, and shame thy father. No, my Althea! to that bounteous hand Which made thee what thou art, and made thee mine, Without the least reluctance, I'll resign thee.——And see the trial comes.

Enter KISLER AGA and Mutes.

AGA.

Forgive, fair princess, a devoted slave, [Kneeling. Who knows no will, but his imperial lord's; No merit, but obedience. Cou'd my tears Have mov'd the sultan, I had been excus'd This fatal visit.

ALTHEA.

Kisler Aga, rise;
Spite of thy office, thou hast a human soul.
What are thy master's orders? art thou come
A second time to my deliverance?
U 3

AGA.

AGA.

If

Death, fudden, violent and immature, Be a deliverance; you will foon be free.

ALTHEA.

To minds prepar'd, death strip'd of all its terrors, In any form, at any hour is welcome.

AGA.

Whether the fultan, raging for the lose Of his lov'd daughter, thinks that other's pain, In the same kind, wou'd mitigate his own; Or from some other cause, I cannot say; But he has order'd that the lady first Shou'd suffer death, her father being present.——I see you're mov'd.

ARANTHES.

I am — but 'tis with fcorn Of your proud master's impotence and malice. Alas! I'm not to learn my child is mortal.

AGA.

These eager blood hounds growl at my delay, And will, perhaps, accuse me to the sultan.

ALTHEA.

Obey the tyrant, let them do their office.

AGA.

I must; but heaven can tell with what reluctance. The only favour in my power to grant,
Is the sad choice of dying by the bowstring,
The fatal poniard, or this pois' nous draught.

ALTHEA.

Give me the bowl. Death this way feems less frightful, Than from the hands of rude and barbarous men.

ARAN

ARANTHES.

Farewel, my child!

ALTHEA.

Assist me with your prayers.

ARANTHES.

My prayers have been inceffant as thy own, And both are heard—fear not—thy crown's prepar'd; And heav'n, with all its glories, lies before thee: Millions of angels wait to guard the passgae; Thou can'st not miss thy way.

ALTHEA.

Shou'd heav'n preferve you —
Shou'd you live to fee him---commend me to
My lord—tell him, that I die his—that heaven,
Which calls me now, is only lov'd beyond him.—
That I'm not lost - that we shall meet again—
Bid him not grieve.—
[Alarm.

Enter Scanderbeg, &c. He flies to Althea,

SCANDERBEG.

Away you facrilegious flaves—fhe lives—
I have her warm and panting in my arms—
Liftup thy eyes, dearer to mine than light.—
O let me hear the mufick of thy voice,
Lest I shou'd doubt I come too late to fave thee,
And discord seize my foul.

ALTHEA.

Surprize is dumb.

So fudden a transition who can bear?

My thoughts were all just reconcil'd to death,
But thou hast call'd them back. The love of life,
That seem'd extinguish'd in me, now returns.

O! if there is a happiness on earth,
Here I must find it, here and only here.

U 4

SCA

SCANDERBEG.

Aranthes too !- he lives !- confummate joy !

ARANTHES.

And lives by thee, thou glorious happy youth—
O let me prefs thee in my longing arms—
My child too!—my Althea!

ALTHEA.

O my father!

ARANTHES.

Compleat felicity!

ALTHEA.
O dangerous blifs!

[Weeps.

SCANDERBEG.

Why weeps my life?

ALTHEA.

Some have their portion here: Flatt'ring prosperity has ruin'd thousands, Whom death with all its terrors cou'd not shake.

SCANDERBEG.

Thy pious fears shall guard us from that danger,

ALTHEA.

Is not the glory of both worlds too much For frail, imperfect mortals to expect?

SCANDERBEG.

Our happiness, tho' great, is far from perfect;
Since she, the fair unfortunate Hellena,
To whom, next heaven we owe it, is no more.
I cannot blame your tears; this is no time
To tell the mournful tale, that must whene'er
Remember'd, make me sad, tho' crown'd with,
victory,

And

And in thy arms. Croia, reliev'd, expects us: My grateful subjects will for thy deliv'rance Express more joy, than that their soes are sled.

Enter PAULINUS and the SULTAN, prisoner.

PAULINUS.

Hail glorious king! your conquest is compleat; Behold ambitious Amurath your captive.

SCANDERBEG.

Take off his chains.

A MURATH.
What pageantry is this?

SCANDERBEG.

Sound a retreat; fince none refift, let war And flaughter ceafe. It grieves my foul to think The crimes of one shou'd cost mankind so dear.

PAULINUS.

Sir, how will you dispose the cruel tyrant?

SCANDERBEG.

Give him his liberty, and leave him here Till he shall think it proper to retire. Such of his subjects as attend him now, Or shall repair hither to do him service, Shall all be safe. His lovely, virtuous daughter, Worthy a betterrace and happier sate, Preserv'd my life.

AMURATH.

Dogs! slaves! will none dispatch me? Must I hear this yet be compell'd to live?

SCANDERBEG.

Unhappy man! how will he bear the rest?
When justice strikes let guilty mortals tremble,
And all revere her power, but none insult
The

The miserable. Her impartial sword Scorns to assist man's selfish, low revenge: T'avoid her anger let us shun the thought. Be witness, heaven! I pity and forgive him.

[Exeunt SCAN. ARAN. & ALTHEA.

AMURATH.

Can this be true! am I cast down from that Majestic height, where like an earthly god, For more than half an age, I sat enthron'd, To the abhor'd condition of a slave? A pardon'd slave! what! live to be forgiven! And all this brought upon me by Hellena! Shou'd our prophet return to earth and swear it, I'd tell him to his face that he was perjur'd. Hell wants the power and heaven wou'd never curse. To that degree a doating, fond, old man.— What make my child! my loving, gentle child! The instrument and author of my ruin!

Enter VISIER, Officers, and AMASIE.

VISIER.

Beg them to halt; blast not a parent's eye With such a sight.

AMURATH.

What fight? but 'tis no matter; There's nothing left for me to hope or fear.

VISIER.

A mourning troop of christians from their camp In solemn pomp's arriv'd; who, bath'd in tears, (What en'my could refrain?) attend a chariot, That bears Hellena bleeding, pale and dead.

AMURATH.

False Mahomet!

[Savoons.

OFFICER.

OFFICER.

Our royal master's dead!

VISIER.

No! he revives; alas! he's not fo happy!

AMURATH.

I saw Amasie.

VISIER.

Here the traitor stands, By Scanderbeg committed to your mercy,

AMASIE.

Hellena did prevent me. -

AMURATH.

Damn'd apostate!
I've heard enough and have no time to lose.—
See him impal'd alive; we'll let him know
As much of hell as can be known on earth,

[Exit AMASIE,

And go from pain to pain. Where is my fon?

VISIER.

Fled towards Adrianople.

AMURATH.

He doth well:

Death has o'ertook me here. Lord of fo many
Fair, spacious kingdoms, in a hostile land,
Oppress'd with age, misfortunes, grief and shame,
Amurath breathes his last; and leaves his bones
To beg from foes an ignominious grave.
False or ungrateful prophet! have I spread
Fell devastation over half the globe,
To raise thy crescent's pale, uncertain light!
Above the christians glowing, crimson cross,
In hoary age to be rewarded thus
When the Hungarian king had broke his faith;

Diffres'd, to his own prophet I appeal'd,
A firanger, and an enemy; he did me right;
Restor'd lost vict'ry to my flying troops,
And gave the perjur'd monarch to my sword.
But I have done - Cou'dst thou repent, there's nothing

In thy power worth my acceptance now.
Glory, to thee I've liv'd, but pining grief
Robs thee of half the honour of my death.
Ofmin, and you my other faithful chiefs,
The poor remains of all the mighty hoft
I brought to this curs'd fiege, this grave of my renown,

If you return, and live to see my son, Bid him remember how his father fell; Bid him ne'er sheath the sword, 'Till my diminish'd same shine forth and blaze a-new In his revenge—revenge me - Oh! revenge. [Dies.

VISIER.

Eclips'd and in a florm our fun is fet:
And now, methinks, as when our prophet fled,
Terror fhou'd feize on each believing heart.
Let some inform the king—this was his fate;
'Tis ours to be left without a guide.
Disperse, wander, away; our shepherd's lost.

[Exeunt.

SCENE THE LAST.

Enter Scanderbeg, Aranthes, Althea, Paulinus, and Guards.

SCANDERBEG.

That you are free and happy I rejoice. If I have faithfully discharg'd my trust I'm well rewarded here.

PAU-

O royal fir !

Your happiness is ours; this virtuous princess An equal bleffing to yourself and people.

SECOND OFFICER.

To fay each subject loves you as himself, Is less than truth: we love you as we ought; As a free people shou'd a patriot king.

SCANDERBEG.

This is to reign, this is to be a king.
Who can controul his power, who rules the will
Of those o'er whom he reigns? or count his wealth,
Who has the hearts of subjects that abound?
Was ever prince so absolute as I?

PAULINUS.

Or ever subjects so intirely free? Whose duty's interest, and obedience choice.

SCANDERBEG.

For this alone was government ordain'd;
And kings are gods on earth but while, like gods,
They do no ill, but reign to blefs mankind.
May proud, relentlefs Amurath's misfortunes
Teach future monarchs to avoid his crimes.
Th' impious prince, who does all laws difown,
Yet claims from heaven a right to hold his throne,
Blasphemesthat power, which righteous kings obey;
For justice and mercy bound ev'n th' Almighty's
fway.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. C L I V E.

THE serious business of the night being over, Pray, Ladies, your opinion of our lover? Will you allow the man deferves the name, Who quits his mistress to preserve - his fame? And what was fame in that romantic age? -But sure such whims ne'er were but on the stage. A statesman rack his brains, a soldier fight-Merely to do an injur'd people right .-What! Serve his country, and get nothing by't! Why, ay, lays Bays, George Castriot was the man; 'Tis a known truth - believe him those who can. Not but we've patriots too, tho' I am told, There's a wast diff'rence'twixt the new and old: Say, theirs cou'd fight, I'm sure that ours can scold But to the giory of the present race, No stubborn principles their worth debase; Patriots when out, are courtiers when in place. So, vice versa, turn a courtier out, No weather-cock more fwiftly veers about. His country now, good man ! claims all his care. -Who'd see it plunder'd ? - that's deny'd his share.

Since courtiers and anti-courtiers both have shewn That by the publick good they mean their own; What if each Briton, in his private station, Should try to bilk those who embroil the nation; Quit either faction, and, like men, united: To do their king and injur'd country right: Both have been wrong'd: prevent their guilty joy, Who wou'd your mutual amity destroy.

Wou'd

EPILOGUE.

Wou'd you preserve your freedom? guard his throne, Who makes your peace and happiness his own.
Wou'd you be grateful? let your monarch know Which way you wou'd he best, and make him so.
But soft! methinks, I hear some sops complain;
Who came prepar'd to give the ladies pain,
That they have dress'd and spent—Gad's curse—
three hours in vain.

No hints obscene, improved by their broad stare, Have given confusion to the tortur'd fair. We own the charge. Let Monsieur Harlequin And his trim troop your loose applauses win: Too much already has each modest ear Been there insulted; we'll protect them here.

END OF VOL. I.

