

Landesbibliothek Oldenburg

Digitalisierung von Drucken

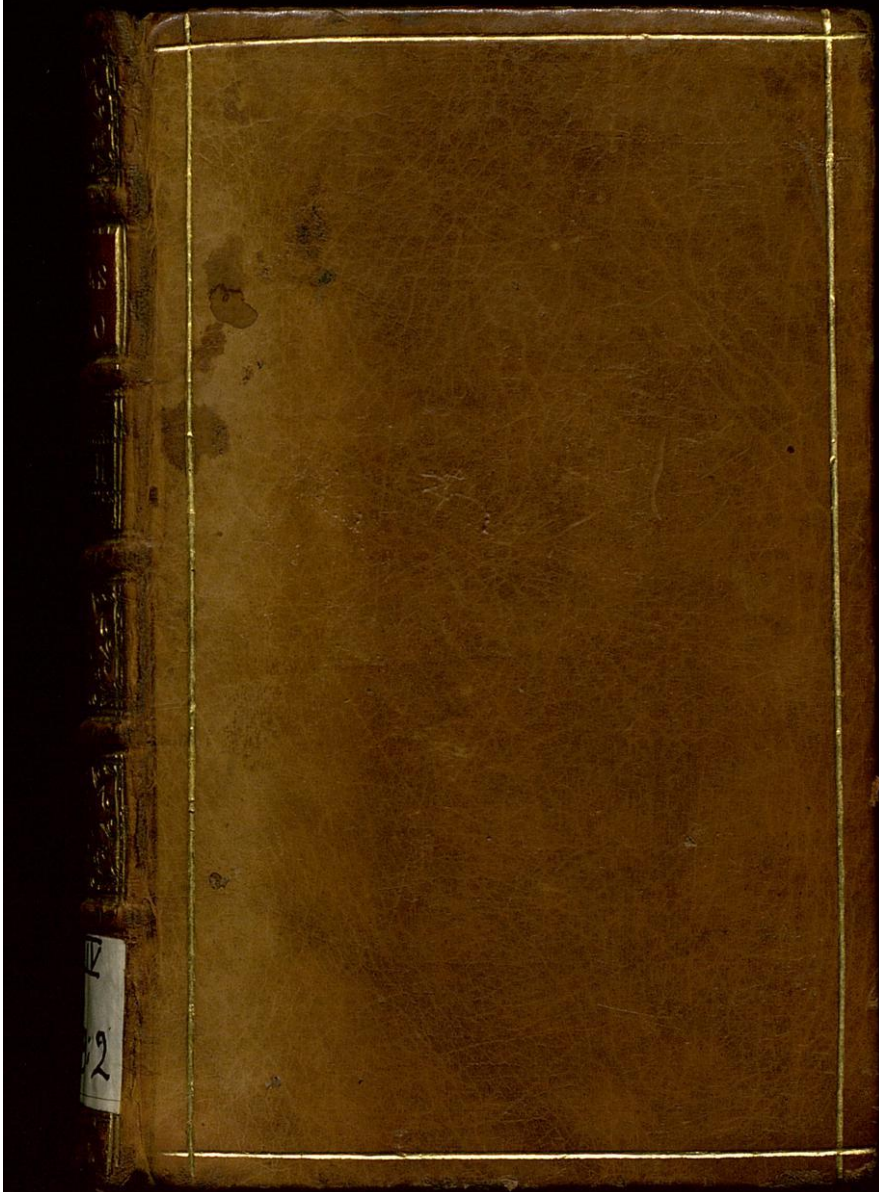
The Works Of Mr. George Lillo; With Some Account Of His Life

Containing, The Fatal Curiosity. A Tragedy. Marina. A Tragedy. Elmerick. A Tragedy. Britannia And Batavia. A Masque. And Arden Of Feversham. A Tragedy

Lillo, George

London, 1775

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-2387



THE
WORKS
OF
LILLO

VOL. II

Spr XIV
3
189:2



Farbkarte #13

Centimetres

Inches

Blue

Cyan

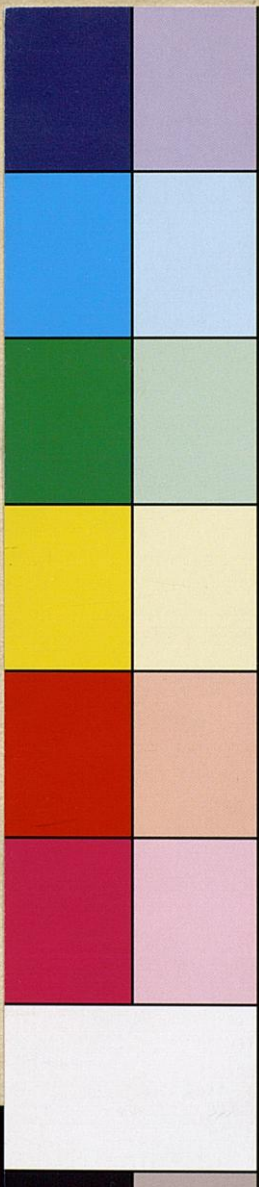
Green

Yellow

Red

Magenta

White



Sp. XIV. 3.

189.



THE
WORKS
OF

MR. GEORGE LILLO;

WITH
SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING,

THE FATAL CURIOSITY.
A Tragedy.

MARINA. A Tragedy.

ELMERICK. A Tragedy.

BRITANNIA AND BATA-
VIA. A Masque.

AND

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.
A Tragedy.

LONDON:

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

M DCC LXXV.



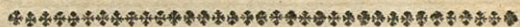
CONTENTS.

VOL. II.

FATAL CURIOSITY	-	■	3
MARINA	■	■	55
ELMERICK	■	-	129
BRITANNIA AND BATAVIA	-		200
ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM	-		221

EX BIBLIOTHECA
OLDENBURGENSI.





THE
FATAL CURIOSITY.



PROLOGUE.

Written by HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. ROBERTS.

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

*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;
Tho' 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 seat of friendship, or of love.*

VOL. II.

B

DRA-



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Old Wilmot.
Young Wilmot.
Eustace.
Randal.

Mr. *Roberts.*
Mr. *Davis.*
Mr. *Wooburn.*
Mr. *Blakes.*

W O M E N.

Agnes, Wife to old Wilmot.
Charlot.
Maria.

Mrs. *Charke.*
Miss *Jones.*
Miss *Karver.*

Visitors Men and Women.

SCENE, PENRYN in Cornwall.



FATAL CURIOSITY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in WILMOT's House.

OLD WILMOT alone.

THE day is far advanc'd; the chearful sun
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 their dusky orbs,
Cheers them with heat, and gilds them with his
brightness.

Yet man, of jarring elements compos'd,
Whoposts 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 no-
thing!

Meer contradiction all! A tragic farce,
Tedious tho' short, and without art elab'rate,
Ridiculously sad—

Enter RANDAL.

Where hast been, Randal?

R A N D A L.

Not out of Penryn, sir; but to the strand,
To hear what news from Falmouth since the storm
Of wind last night.

B 2

OLD



FATAL CURIOSITY.

OLD WILMOT.

It was a dreadful one.

RANDAL.

Some found it so. A noble ship from India,
 Ent'ring into the harbour, run upon a rock,
 And there was lost.

OLD WILMOT.

What came of those on board her?

RANDAL.

Some few are sav'd, but much the greater part,
 'Tis thought, are perish'd.

OLD WILMOT.

They are past the fear
 Of future tempests, or a wreck on shore;
 Those who escap'd are still expos'd to both.

RANDAL.

But I've heard news, much stranger than this ship-
 wreck

Here in Cornwall. The brave Sir Walter Raleigh,
 Being arriv'd at Plymouth from Guiana,
 A most unhappy voyage, has been betray'd
 By base Sir Lewis Stukely, his own kinsman,
 And seiz'd on by an order from the court;
 And 'tis reported, he must lose his head,
 To satisfy the Spaniards.

OLD WILMOT.

Not unlikely;

His martial genius does not suit the times.
 There's now no insolence that Spain can offer,
 But to the shame of this pacifick reign,
 Poor England must submit to—Gallant man!
 Posterity perhaps may do thee justice,
 And praise thy courage, learning and integrity,

When



FATAL CURIOSITY.

5

When thou'rt past hearing: thy successful enemies,
Much sooner paid, have their reward in hand,
And know for what they labour'd.—Such events
Must, questionless, excite all thinking men,
To love and practise virtue!

R A N D A L.

Nay, 'tis certain,
That virtue ne'er appears so like itself,
So truly bright and great, as when oppress'd.

O L D W I L M O T.

I understand no riddles.—Where's your mistress?

R A N D A L.

I saw her pass the high-street t'wards the minister.

O L D W I L M O T.

She's gone to visit Charlot—She doth well.
In the soft bosom of that gentle maid,
There dwells more goodness than the rigid race
Of moral pedants e'er believ'd, or taught.
With what amazing constancy and truth,
Doth she sustain the absence of our son,
Whom more than life she loves! how shun for him,
Whom we shall ne'er see more, the rich and great!
Who own her charms more than supply the want
Of shining heaps, and sigh to make her happy.
Since our misfortunes, we have found no friend,
None who regarded our distress, but her;
And she, by what I have observ'd of late,
Is tired, or exhausted—curst condition!
To live a burden to one only friend,
And blast her youth with our contagious woe!
Who that had reason, soul, or sense, would bear it
A moment longer!—then this honest wretch!—
I must dismiss him.—Why should I detain
A grateful, gen'rous youth to perish with me?

B.3

His



6 FATAL CURIOSITY.

His service may procure him bread elsewhere,
Tho' I have none to give him. — Prithee, Randal,
How long hast thou been with me?

R A N D A L.

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 his eyes.*

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

O L D W I L M O T.

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

R A N D A L.

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.

O L D W I L M O T.

No more of that : thou'lt 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 pimper'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 the ruin they had help'd to make,
That you, more good than wife, refus'd to leave me.

R A N D A L,

Nay, I beseech you, sir! —

O L D

FATAL CURIOSITY.

7

OLD WILMOT.

With my distress,
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.

R A N D A L.

Heaven forbid!
Shall I forsake you in your worst necessity?—
Believe me, sir, my honest soul 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.

R A N D A L.

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

OLD WILMOT.

Down, down my swelling 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.

R A N D A L.

'Tis true, I'm young,
And never try'd my fortune, or my genius:
Which may perhaps find out some happy means,
As yet unthought of, to supply your wants,

B 4

OLD

OLD WILMOT.

Thou'rt tortur'd 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.

R A N D A L.

Be not offended, sir, 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! [Going.

OLD WILMOT.

Farewel—stay—

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'st thus, I shall proceed no farther.
Dost thou aspire to greatness, or to wealth,
Quit books and the unprofitable search
Of wisdom there, and study human kind:
No science will avail thee without that;
But that obtain'd, thou need'st 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.

R A N D A L.

You mock me, sure

OLD WILMOT.

I never was more serious.

R A N -



FATAL CURIOSITY.

9

R A N D A L.

Why should you counsel what you scorn'd to practice?

O L D W I L M O T.

Because that foolish scorn has been my ruin.
I've been an idiot, but would have thee wiser,
And treat mankind, as they would 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.*]

R A N D A L.

Amazement ties my tongue.
Where are your former principles?

O L D W I L M O T.

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.*]

R A N D A L.

Is this the man I thought so wise and just?
What teach, and counsel me to be a villain!
Sure grief has made him frantick, or some fiend
Assum'd his shape — I shall suspect my senses.
High-minded he was ever, and improvident;
But pitiful and generous to a fault:
Pleasure he lov'd, but honour was his idol.
O fatal change! O horrid transformation!
So a majestic temple sunk to ruin,
Becomes the loathsome shelter and abode



10 FATAL CURIOSITY.

Of lurking serpents, toads, and beasts of prey:
And scaly dragons hiss, and lions roar,
Where wisdom taught, and musick charm'd before.
[Exit.

SCENE II.

A Parlour in CHARLOT's House.

CHARLOT AND MARIA.

CHARLOT.

What terror and amazement must they feel
Who die by shipwreck!

MARIA.

'Tis a dreadful thought!

CHARLOT.

Ay, is it not, Maria! to descend,
Living and conscious, to that wat'ry tomb?
Alas! had we no sorrows of our own,
The frequent instances of others woe
Must give a gen'rous mind a world of pain.
But you forget you promis'd me to sing.
Tho' chearfulness and I have long been strangers,
Harmonious sounds are still delightful to me.
There is in melody a secret charm
That flatters, while it adds to my disquiet,
And makes the deepest sadness the most pleasing.
There's sure no passion in the human soul,
But finds its food in musick—I wou'd hear
The song compos'd by that unhappy maid,
Whose faithful lover 'scap'd a thousand perils
From rocks, and sands, and the devouring deep;
And after all, being arriv'd at home,
Passing a narrow brook, was drowned there,
And perish'd in her sight.

SONG.



FATAL CURIOSITY.

11

SONG.

Mar, *Cease, cease, heart-easing tears ;
Adieu, you flatt'ring fears,
Which seven long tedious years
Taught me to bear.*

*Tears are for lighter woes ;
Fear no such danger knows,
As fate remorseless shows,
Endless despair.*

*Dear cause of all my pain,
On the wide stormy main,
Thou wast preserv'd in vain,
Tho' still ador'd ;*

*Had'st thou died there unseen
My blasted eyes had been
Sav'd from the horrid'st scene
Maid e'er deplor'd.*

[Charlot finds a letter.

CHARLOT.

What's this ? — a letter superscrib'd to me !
None could convey it here but you, Maria.
Ungen'rous, cruel maid ! to use me thus !
To join with flatt'ring men to break my peace,
And persecute me to the last retreat !

MARIA.

Why should it break your peace, to hear the sighs
Of honourable love, and know th' effects
Of your resistless charms ! — This letter is —

CHARLOT.

No matter whence — return it back unopen'd :
I have no love, no charms but for my Wilmot,
Nor would have any,

MARIA.



MARIA.

Strange infatuation!
Why should you waste the flower of your days
In fruitless expectation—Wilmot's dead;
Or living, dead to you.

CHARLOT.

I'll not despair.
Patience shall cherish hope, nor wrong his honour
By unjust suspicion. I know his truth,
And will preserve my own. But to prevent
All future, vain, officious importunity,
Know, thou incessant foe of my repose,
Whether he sleeps secure from mortal cares,
In the deep bosom of the boist'rous main,
Or tost with tempests, still endures its rage;
Whether his weary pilgrimage by land
Has found an end, and he now rests in peace
In earth's cold womb, or wanders o'er her face;
Be it my lot to waste, in pining grief,
The remnant of my days for his known loss,
Or live, as now, uncertain and in doubt.
No second choice shall violate my vows:
High heaven, which heard them, and abhors the per-
jur'd,
Can witness, they were made without reserve;
Never to be retracted, ne'er dissolv'd
By accidents or absence, time or death.

MARIA.

I know, and long have known, my honest zeal
To serve you gives offence—but be offended—
This is **no** time for flattery—did your vows
Oblige you to support his gloomy, proud,
Impatient parents, to your utter ruin—
You well may weep to think on what you've done.

CHARLOT.



CHARLOT.

I weep to think that I can do no more
For their support - what will become of 'em!—
The hoary, helpless, miserable pair!

MARIA.

Then all these tears this sorrow is for them.

CHARLOT.

Taught by afflictions, I have learn'd to bear
Much greater ills than poverty with patience.
When luxury and ostentation's banish'd,
The calls of nature are but few; and those
These hands, not us'd to labour, may supply.
But when I think on what my friends must suffer,
My spirits fail, and I'm o'erwhelm'd with grief.

MARIA.

What I wou'd blame, you force me to admire,
And mourn for you, as you lament for them.
Your patience, constancy, and resignation
Merit a better fate.

CHARLOT.

So pride would tell me,
And vain self-love, but I believe them not:
And if by wanting pleasure I have gain'd
Humility, I'm richer for my loss.

MARIA.

You have the heavenly art, still to improve
Your mind by all events—But here comes one,
Whose pride seems to increase with her misfortunes.

Enter AGNES.

Her faded dress unfashionably fine
As ill conceals her poverty, as that
Strain'd complaisance her haughty, swelling heart.
Tho' perishing with want, so far from asking,

She



14 FATAL CURIOSITY.

She ne'er receives a favour uncompell'd,
And while she ruins, scorns to be oblig'd:
She wants me gone, and I abhor her fight.

[Exit MARIA.]

CHARLOT.

This visit's kind.

AGNES.

Few else would think it so:
Those who would once have thought themselves much
honour'd

By the least favour, tho' 'twere but a look,
I could have shewn them, now refuse to see me.
'Tis misery enough to be reduc'd
To the low level of the common herd,
Who, born to begg'ry, envy all above them;
But 'tis the curse of curses, to endure
The insolent contempt of those we scorn.

CHARLOT.

By scorning, we provoke them to contempt;
And thus offend, and suffer in our turns:
We must have patience.

AGNES.

No, I scorn them yet.
But there's no end of suff'ring: who can say
Their sorrows are compleat? my wretched husband,
Tir'd with our woes, and hopeless of relief,
Grows sick of life.

CHARLOT.

May gracious heaven support him

AGNES.

And, urg'd by indignation and despair,
Would plunge into eternity at once,
By foul self-muder: his fix'd love for me,

Whom



Whom he would fain persuade to share his fate,
And take the same, uncertain, dreadful course,
Alone withholds his hand.

CHARLOT.

And may it ever!

AGNES.

I've known with him the two extremes of life,
The highest happiness, and deepest woe,
With all the sharp and bitter aggravations
Of such a vast transition—such a fall
In the decline of life!—I have as quick,
As exquisite a sense of pain as he,
And wou'd do any thing, but die, to end it;
But there my courage fails—death is the worst
That fate can bring, and cuts off ev'ry hope.

CHARLOT.

We must not chuse, but strive to bear our lot
Without reproach, or guilt: but by one act
Of desperation, we may overthrow
The merit we've been raising all our days;
And lose our whole reward—and now, methinks,
Now more than ever, we have cause to fear,
And be upon our guard. The hand of heaven
Spreads clouds on clouds o'er our benighted heads,
And wrapt in darkness, doubles our distress.
I had, the night last past, repeated twice,
A strange and awful dream: I would not yield
To fearful superstition, nor despise
The admonition of a friendly power
That wish'd my good.

AGNES.

I've certain plagues enough,
Without the help of dreams, to make me wretched.

CHAR-



CHARLOT.

I wou'd not stake my happiness or duty
 On their uncertain credit, nor on ought
 But reason, and the known decrees of heaven.
 Yet dreams have sometimes shewn events to come,
 And may excite to vigilance and care,
 In some important hour, when all our weakness
 Shall be attack'd, and all our strength be needful,
 To shun the gulph that gapes for our destruction,
 And fly from guilt, and everlasting ruin.
 My vision may be such, and sent to warn us,
 Now we are try'd by multiply'd afflictions,
 To mark each motion of our swelling hearts,
 And not attempt to extricate ourselves,
 And seek deliverance by forbidden ways:
 But keep our hopes and innocence entire,
 Till we're dismiss'd to join the happy dead
 In that blest'd world, where transitory pain
 And frail imperfect virtue is rewarded
 With endless pleasure and consummate joy;
 Or heaven relieves us here.

AGNES.

Well, pray proceed;
 You've rais'd my curiosity at least.

CHARLOT.

Methought I sat, in a dark winter's night,
 My garments thin, my head and bosom bare,
 On the wide summit of a barren mountain;
 Defenceless and expos'd, in that high region,
 To all the cruel rigours of the season.
 The sharp bleak winds pierc'd thro' my shiv'ring
 frame,
 And storms of hail, and sleet, and driving rains
 Beat with impetuous fury on my head,

Drench'd



FATAL CURIOSITY.

17

Drench'd my chill'd limbs, and pour'd a deluge
round me.

On one hand, ever gentle Patience sat,
On whose calm bosom I declin'd my head;
And on the other, silent Contemplation.
At length, to my unclos'd and watchful eyes,
That long had roll'd in darkness, and oft rais'd
Their chearless orbs towards the starless sky,
And sought for light in vain, the dawn appear'd;
And I beheld a man, an utter stranger,
But of a graceful and exalted mien,
Who press'd with eager transport to embrace me.
—I shunn'd his arms—but at some words he spoke,
Which I have now forgot, I turn'd again,
But he was gone—And oh! transporting sight!
Your son, my dearest Wilmot! fill'd his place.

AGNES.

If I regarded dreams, I should expect
Some fair event from your's: I have heard nothing
That should alarm you yet.

CHARLOT.

But what's to come,
Tho' more obscure, is terrible indeed.
Methought we parted soon, and when I sought him,
You and his father—Yes, you both were there—
Strove to conceal him from me: I pursued
You with my cries, and call'd on heaven and earth
To judge my wrongs, and force you to reveal
Where you had hid my love, my life, my Wilmot!—

AGNES.

Unless you mean t' affront me, spare the rest.
'Tis just as likely Wilmot shou'd return,
As we become your foes.

VOL. II.

C

CHAR-



CHARLOT.

Far be such rudeness
From Charlot's thoughts: but when I heard you name
Self-murder, it reviv'd the frightful image
Of such a dreadful scene.

AGNES.

You will persist! —

CHARLOT.

Excuse me; I have done. Being a dream,
I thought, indeed, it cou'd not give offence.

AGNES.

Not when the matter of it is offensive! —
You cou'd not think so, had you thought at all;
But I take nothing ill from thee — adieu;
I've tarried longer than I first intended,
And my poor husband mourns the while alone.

[Exit AGNES.]

CHARLOT.

She's gone abruptly, and I fear displeas'd.
The least appearance of advice or caution
Sets her impatient temper in a flame.
When grief, that well might humble, swells our
pride,
And pride increasing, aggravates our grief,
The tempest must prevail till we are lost.

When heaven, incens'd, proclaims unequal war
With guilty earth, and sends its shafts from far,
No bolt descends to strike, no flame to burn
The humble shrubs that in low valleys mourn;
While mountain pines, whose lofty heads aspire
To fan the storm, and wave in fields of fire,
And stubborn oaks that yield not to its force,
Are burnt, o'erthrown, or shiver'd in its course.



SCENE III.

*The Town and Port of Penryn.**Young WILMOT and EUSTACE in India habits.*

YOUNG WILMOT.

Welcome, my friend! to Penryn: here we're safe.

EUSTACE.

Then we're deliver'd twice; first from the sea,
And then from savage men, who, more remorseless,
Prey on shipwreck'd wretches, and spoil and murder
those

Whom fatal tempests and devouring waves,
In all their fury, spar'd.

YOUNG WILMOT.

It is a scandal,

Tho' malice must acquit the better sort,
The rude unpolisht people here in Cornwall
Have long lain under, and with too much justice:
Cou'd our superiors find some happy means
To mend it, they would gain immortal honour.
For 'tis an evil grown almost inveterate,
And asks a bold and skillful hand to cure.

EUSTACE.

Your treasure's safe, I hope.

YOUNG WILMOT.

'Tis here, thank heaven!

Being in jewels, when I saw our danger,
I hid it in my bosom.

EUSTACE.

I observ'd you,

And wonder'd how you cou'd command your
thoughts,

In such a time of terror and confusion.

C 2

YOUNG



YOUNG WILMOT.

My thoughts were then at home—O England!
England!

Thou seat of plenty, liberty and health,
With transport I behold thy verdant fields,
Thy lofty mountains rich with useful ore,
Thy numerous herds, thy flocks, and winding streams:
After a long and tedious absence, Eustace!
With what delight we breath our native air,
And tread the genial soil that bore us first.
'Tis said, the world is every wise man's country;
Yet after having view'd its various nations,
I'm weak enough still to prefer my own
To all I've seen beside—You smile, my friend,
And think, perhaps, 'tis instinct more than reason:
Why be it so. Instinct preceded reason
In the wisest of us all, and may sometimes
Be much the better guide. But be it either;
I must confess, that even death itself
Appear'd to me with twice its native horrors,
When apprehended in a foreign land.
Death is, no doubt, in ev'ry place the same;
Yet observation must convince us, most men,
Who have it in their power, chuse to expire
Where they first drew their breath.

EUSTACE.

Believe me, Wilmot,
Your grave reflections were not what I smil'd at;
I own their truth. That we're return'd to England
Affords me all the pleasure you can feel
Merely on that account: yet I must think
A warmer passion gives you all this transport.
You have not wander'd, anxious and impatient,
From clime to clime, and compass'd sea and land
To purchase wealth, only to spend your days

In

In idle pomp, and luxury at home :
I know thee better ; thou art brave and wise,
And must have nobler aims.

YOUNG WILMOT.

O Eustace ! Eustace !

Thou knowest, for I've confest to thee, I love ;
But having never seen the charming maid,
Thou can'st not know the fierceness of my flame.
My hopes and fears, like the tempestuous seas
That we have pass'd, now mount me to the skies ;
Now hurl me down from that stupendous height,
And drive me to the center. Did you know
How much depends on this important hour,
You wou'd not be surpriz'd to see me thus.
The sinking fortune of our ancient house,
Which time and various accidents had wasted,
Compell'd me young to leave my native country,
My weeping parents, and my lovely Charlot ;
Who rul'd, and must for ever rule my fate.
How I've improv'd, by care and honest commerce,
My little stock, you are in part a witness.
'Tis now seven tedious years, since I set forth ;
And as th' uncertain course of my affairs
Bore me from place to place, I quickly lost
The means of corresponding with my friends.
— O ! shou'd my Charlot, doubtful of my truth,
Or in despair ever to see me more,
Have given herself to some more happy lover—
Distraction's in the thought !— Or shou'd my parents,
Griev'd for my absence and oppress'd with want,
Have sunk beneath their burden, and expir'd,
While I too late was flying to relieve them ;
The end of all my long and weary travels,
The hope, that made success itself a blessing,
Being defeated and for ever lost ;
What were the riches of the world to me ?

C 3

EUSTACE.



EUSTACE.

The wretch who fears all that is possible,
Must suffer more than he who feels the worst
A man can feel, who lives exempt from fear.
A woman may be false, and friends are mortal;
And yet your aged parents may be living,
And your fair mistress constant.

YOUNG WILMOT.

True, they may;
I doubt, but I despair not — No, my friend;
My hopes are strong and lively as my fears,
And give me such a prospect of my happiness,
As nothing but fruition can exceed:
They tell me, Charlot is as true as fair,
As good as wife, as passionate as chaste;
That she with fierce impatience, like my own,
Laments our long and painful separation;
That we shall meet, never to part again;
That I shall see my parents, kiss the tears
From their pale hollow cheeks, hear their sad hearts,
And drive that gaping phantom, meagre want,
For ever from their board; crown all their days
To come with peace, with pleasure, and abundance;
Receive their fond embraces and their blessings,
And be a blessing to 'em.

EUSTACE.

'Tis our weakness:
Blind to events, we reason in the dark,
And fondly apprehend what none e'er found,
Or ever shall, pleasure and pain unmixt;
And flatter, and torment ourselves, by turns,
With what shall never be.

YOUNG WILMOT.

I'll go this instant
To seek my Charlot, and explore my fate.

EUSTACE.



EUSTACE.

What in that foreign habit!

YOUNG WILMOT.

That's a trifle,

Not worth my thoughts.

EUSTACE.

The hardships you've endur'd,
And your long stay beneath the burning zone,
Where one eternal sultry summer reigns,
Have marr'd the native hue of your complexion:
Methinks you look more like a sun-burnt Indian,
Than a Briton.

YOUNG WILMOT.

Well, 'tis no matter, Eustace;
I hope my mind's not alter'd for the worse;
And for my outside - But inform me, friend,
When I may hope to see you.

EUSTACE.

When you please:
You'll find me at the inn.

YOUNG WILMOT.

When I have learnt my doom, expect me there.
'Till then, farewell.

EUSTACE.

Farewell; success attend you. [*Exit* EUSTACE.]

YOUNG WILMOT.

"We flatter and torment ourselves by turns,
"With what shall never be." Amazing folly!
We stand expos'd to many unavoidable
Calamities, and therefore fondly labour
T' increase their number, and inforce their weight,
By our fantastic hopes and groundless fears.

C 4

For



For one severe distress impos'd by fate,
What numbers doth tormenting fear create?
Deceiv'd by hope, Ixion like, we prove
Immortal joys, and seem to rival Jove;
The cloud dissolv'd, impatient we complain,
And pay for fancied bliss substantial pain.



ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

CHARLOT'S House.

Enter CHARLOT thoughtful; and soon after MARIA from the other side.

M A R I A.

M ADAM, a stranger in a foreign habit
Desires to see you.

C H A R L O T.

In a foreign habit——

'Tis strange, and unexpected—but admit him.

[Exit MARIA.]

Who can this stranger be? I know no foreigner.

Enter young WILMOT.

—Nor any man like this.

Y O U N G W I L M O T.

Ten thousand joys——

[Going to embrace her.]

C H A R L O T.

You are rude, sir—pray forbear, and let me know
What business brought you here, or leave the place.

Y O U N G W I L M O T.

She knows me not, or will not seem to know me.

[Aside.]

Perfidious maid! am I forgot or scorn'd?

C H A R L O T.

Strange questions from a man I never knew!

Y O U N G



YOUNG WILMOT.

With what aversion, and contempt she views me!
My fears are true; some other has her heart:
—She's lost——my fatal absence has undone me.

[Aside.

—O! cou'd thy Wilmot have forgot thee, Charlot!

CHARLOT.

Ha! Wilmot! say! what do your words import?
O gentle stranger! ease my swelling heart
That else will burst! canst thou inform me ought—
What dost thou know of Wilmot?

YOUNG WILMOT.

This I know,
When all the winds of heaven seem'd to conspire
Against the stormy main, and dreadful peals
Of rattling thunder deafen'd ev'ry ear,
And drown'd th' affrighten'd mariners loud cries;
While livid lightning spread its sulphurous flames
Thro' all the dark horizon, and disclos'd
The raging seas incens'd to his destruction;
When the good ship in which he was embark'd,
Unable longer to support the tempest,
Broke, and o'erwhelm'd by the impetuous surge,
Sunk to the oozy bottom of the deep,
And left him struggling with the warring waves;
In that dread moment, in the jaws of death,
When his strength fail'd, and ev'ry hope forsook him,
And his last breath press'd towards his trembling lips,
The neighbouring rocks, that echo'd to his moan,
Return'd no sound articulate, but Charlot.

CHARLOT.

The fatal tempest, whose description strikes
The hearer with astonishment, is ceas'd;
And Wilmot is at rest. The fiercer storm

Of



FATAL CURIOSITY.

27

Of swelling passions that o'erwhelms the soul,
And rages worse than the mad foaming seas
In which he perish'd, ne'er shall vex him more.

YOUNG WILMOT.

Thou seem'st to think he's dead; enjoy that thought;
Persuade yourself that what you wish is true,
And triumph in your falshood—yes, he's dead;
You were his fate. The cruel winds and waves,
That cast him pale and breathless on the shore,
Spar'd him for greater woes—to know his Charlot,
Forgetting all her vows to him and heaven,
Had cast him from her thoughts—then, then he died;
But never must have rest. Ev'n now he wanders,
A sad, repining, discontented ghost,
The unsubstantial shadow of himself,
And pours his plaintive groans in thy deaf ears,
And stalks, unseen, before thee.

CHARLOT.

'Tis enough——
Detested falshood now has done its worst.
And art thou dead?—and wou'dst thou die, my
Wilmot!

For one thou thought'st unjust?—thou soul of truth!
What must be done?—which way shall I express
Unutterable woe? or how convince
Thy dear departed spirit of the love,
Th' eternal love, and never-failing faith
Of thy much injur'd, lost, despairing Charlot?

YOUNG WILMOT.

Be still, my flutt'ring heart; hope not too soon:
Perhaps I dream, and this is all illusion.

CHARLOT.

If, as some teach, the mind intuitive
Free from the narrow bounds and slavish ties

Of

Of fordid earth, that circumscribe its power
 While it remains below, roving at large
 Can trace us to our most conceal'd retreat,
 See all we act, and read our very thoughts;
 To thee, O Wilmot! kneeling I appeal,
 If e'er I swerv'd in action, word or thought
 From the severest constancy of truth,
 Or ever wish'd to taste a joy on earth
 That center'd not in thee, since last we parted;
 May we ne'er meet again, but thy loud wrongs
 So close the ear of mercy to my cries,
 That I may never see those bright abodes
 Where truth and virtue only have admission,
 And thou inhabit'st now.

YOUNG WILMOT.

Assist me, heaven!

Preserve my reason, memory and sense!
 O moderate my fierce tumultuous joys,
 Or their excess will drive me to distraction.
 O Charlot! Charlot! lovely, virtuous maid!
 Can thy firm mind, in spite of time and absence,
 Remain unshaken, and support its truth;
 And yet thy frailer memory retain
 No image, no idea of thy lover?
 Why dost thou gaze so wildly? look on me;
 Turn thy dear eyes this way; observe me well,
 Have scorching climates, time, and this strange habit
 So chang'd, and so disguis'd thy faithful Wilmot,
 That nothing in my voice, my face, or mien,
 Remains to tell my Charlot I am he?

[After viewing him some time. She approaches weeping, and gives him her hand; and then turning towards him, sinks upon his bosom.]

Why dost thou weep? why dost thou tremble thus?
 Why doth thy panting heart and cautious touch

I.

Speak

FATAL CURIOSITY. 29

Speak thee but half convinc'd? whence are thy fears?
Why art thou silent? canst thou doubt me still?

CHARLOT.

No, Wilmot! no; I'm blind with too much light:
O'ercome with wonder, and oppress'd with joy,
The struggling passions barr'd the doors of speech;
But speech enlarg'd affords me no relief.
'This vast profusion of extreme delight,
Rising at once, and bursting from despair,
Defies the aid of words, and mocks description:
But for one sorrow, one sad scene of anguish,
That checks the swelling torrent of my joys,
I cou'd not bear the transport.

YOUNG WILMOT.

Let me know it:
Give me my portion of thy sorrow, Charlot!
Let me partake thy grief, or bear it for thee.

CHARLOT.

Alas! my Wilmot! these sad tears are thine;
They flow for thy misfortunes. I am pierc'd
With all the agonies of strong compassion,
With all the bitter anguish you must feel
When you shall hear your parents——

YOUNG WILMOT.

Are no more.

CHARLOT.

You apprehend me wrong.

YOUNG WILMOT.

Perhaps I do:
Perhaps you mean to say, the greedy grave
Was satisfied with one, and one is left
To bless my longing eyes — but which, my Charlot!
—And yet forbear to speak, till I have thought —

CHAR-

CHARLOT.

Nay, hear me, Wilmot!

YOUNG WILMOT.

I perforce must hear thee.
 For I might think till death, and not determine,
 Of two so dear which I cou'd bear to lose.

CHARLOT.

Afflict yourself no more with groundless fears:
 Your parents both are living; their distress,
 The poverty to which they are reduc'd,
 In spite of my weak aid, was what I mourn'd;
 And that in helpless age, to them whose youth
 Was crown'd with full prosperity, I fear,
 Is worse, much worse than death.

YOUNG WILMOT.

My joy's compleat!
 My parents living, and possess'd of thee!—
 From this blest hour, the happiest of my life,
 I'll date my rest. My anxious hopes and fears,
 My weary travels, and my dangers past,
 Are now rewarded all: now I rejoice
 In my success, and count my riches gain.
 For know, my soul's best treasure! I have wealth
 Enough to glut ev'n avarice itself:
 No more shall cruel want, or proud contempt,
 Oppress the sinking spirits, or insult
 The hoary heads of those who gave me being.

CHARLOT.

'Tis now, O riches, I conceive your worth:
 You are not base, nor can you be superfluous,
 But when misplac'd in base and sordid hands.
 Fly, fly, my Wilmot! leave thy happy Charlot!
 Thy filial piety, the sighs and tears
 Of thy lamenting parents call thee hence.

YOUNG



YOUNG WILMOT.

I have a friend, the partner of my voyage,
Who, in the storm last night, was shipwreck'd with me.

CHARLOT.

Shipwreck'd last night!—O you immortal powers!
What have you suffer'd! How was you preserv'd!

YOUNG WILMOT.

Let that, and all my other strange escapes
And perilous adventures, be the theme
Of many a happy winter night to come.
My present purpose was t'intreat my angel,
To know this friend, this other better Wilmot:
And come with him this evening to my father's:
I'll send him to thee.

CHARLOT.

I consent with pleasure.

YOUNG WILMOT.

Heaven's! what a night!—how shall I bear my joy!
My parents, yours, my friends, all will be mine,
And mine, like water, air, or the free splendid sun,
The undivided portion of you all.
If such the early hopes, the vernal bloom,
The distant prospect of my future bliss,
Then what the ruddy autumn!—what the fruit!—
The full possession of thy heavenly charms!

The tedious, dark, and stormy winter o'er;
The hind, that all its pinching hardships bore,
With transport sees the weeks appointed bring
The cheerful, promis'd, gay, delightful spring;
The painted meadows, the harmonious woods,
The gentle zephyrs, and unbridled floods,
With all their charms, his ravish'd thoughts employ,
But the rich harvest must compleat his joy.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Street in Penryn.

R A N D A L.

Poor! poor! and friendless! whither shall I wander,
 And to what point direct my views and hopes?
 A menial servant!—no—what shall I live,
 Here in this land of freedom, live distinguish'd,
 And mark'd the willing slave of some proud subject,
 And swell his useless train for broken fragments;
 The cold remains of his superfluous board?—
 I wou'd aspire to something more and better—
 Turn thy eyes then to the prolific ocean,
 Whose spacious bosom opens to thy view:
 There deathless honour, and unenvied wealth
 Have often crown'd the brave adventurer's toils.
 This is the native uncontested right,
 The fair inheritance of ev'ry Briton
 That dares put in his claim—my choice is made:
 A long farewell to Cornwall, and to England.
 If I return—But stay, what stranger's this
 Who, as he views me, seems to mend his pace?

Enter YOUNG WILMOT.

YOUNG WILMOT.

Randal!—the dear companion of my youth!
 Sure lavish fortune means to give me all
 I could desire, or ask for this blest day,
 And leave me nothing to expect hereafter.

R A N D A L.

Your pardon, sir! I know but one on earth
 Cou'd properly salute me by the title
 You're pleas'd to give me, and I would not think,
 That you are he—that you are Wilmot—

YOUNG

FATAL CURIOSITY. 33

YOUNG WILMOT.

Why?

RANDAL.

Because I cou'd not bear the disappointment
Shou'd I be deceiv'd.

YOUNG WILMOT.

I'm pleas'd to hear it:
Thy friendly fears better exprefs thy thoughts
Than words cou'd do.

RANDAL.

O! Wilmot! O! my master!
Are you return'd?

YOUNG WILMOT.

I have not yet embrac'd
My parents---I shall see you at my father's.

RANDAL.

No, I'm discharg'd from thence---O fir! such ruin---

YOUNG WILMOT.

I've heard it all, and hasten to relieve 'em:
Sure heaven hath blest'd me to that very end:
I've wealth enough; nor shalt thou want a part.

RANDAL.

I have a part already---I am blest
In your success, and share in all your joys.

YOUNG WILMOT.

I doubt it not---but tell me dost thou think,
My parents not suspecting my return,
That I may visit them, and not be known?

RANDAL.

'Tis hard for me to judge. You are already
Grown so familiar to me, that I wonder

VOL. II.

D

I knew



34 FATAL CURIOSITY.

I knew you not at first: yet it may be;
For you're much alter'd, and they think you dead.

YOUNG WILMOT.

This is certain; Charlot beheld me long,
And heard my loud reproaches and complaints
Without rememb'ring she had ever seen me.
My mind at ease grows wanton: I wou'd fain
Refine on happiness. Why may I not
Indulge my curiosity, and try
If it be possible by seeing first
My parents as a stranger, to improve
Their pleasure by surprize?

RANDAL.

It may indeed
Enhance your own, to see from what despair
Your timely coming, and unhop'd success
Have given you power to raise them.

YOUNG WILMOT.

I remember
E'er since we learn'd together you excell'd
In writing fairly, and cou'd imitate
Whatever hand you saw with great exactness.
Of this I'm not so absolute a master.
I therefore beg you'll write, in Charlot's name
And character, a letter to my father;
And recommend me, as a friend of her's,
To his acquaintance.

RANDAL.

Sir, if you desire it—

And yet—

YOUNG WILMOT.

Nay, no objections—'twill save time,
Most precious with me now. For the deception,

If



If doing what my Charlot will approve,
'Cause done for me and with a good intent,
Deserves the name, I'll answer it myself.
If this succeeds, I purpose to defer
Discov'ring who I am till Charlot comes,
And thou, and all who love me Ev'ry friend
Who witnesses my happiness to-night,
Will, by partaking, multiply my joys.

R A N D A L.

You grow luxurious in your mental pleasures :
Cou'd I deny you aught, I wou'd not write
This letter. To say true, I ever thought
Your boundless curiosity a weakness.

Y O U N G W I L M O T.

What canst thou blame in this?

R A N D A L.

Your pardon, sir!

I only speak in general : I'm ready
T' obey your order.

Y O U N G W I L M O T.

I am much thy debtor,
But I shall find a time to quit thy kindness.
O Randal! but imagine to thyself
The floods of transport, the sincere delight
That all my friends will feel, when I disclose
To my astonish'd parents my return ;
And then confess, that I have well contriv'd
By giving others joy t' exalt my own.

As pain, and anguish, in a gen'rous mind,
While kept conceal'd and to ourselves confin'd,
Want half their force ; so pleasure when it flows
In torrents round us more extatic grows. [*Exeunt.*]

D 2

S C E N E



SCENE II.

A Room in OLD WILMOT's House.

OLD WILMOT AND AGNES.

OLD WILMOT.

Here, take this Seneca, this haughty pedant,
 Who governing the master of mankind,
 And awing power imperial, prates of patience;
 And praises poverty possess'd of millions:
 — Sell him, and buy us bread. The scantiest meal
 The vilest copy of this book e'er purchas'd,
 Will give us more relief in this distress,
 Than all his boasted precepts — Nay, no tears;
 Keep them to move compassion when you beg.

AGNES.

My heart may break, but never stoop to that.

OLD WILMOT.

Nor wou'd I live to see it---but dispatch.

[Exit AGNES.]

Where must I charge this length of misery,
 That gathers force each moment as it rolls,
 And must at last o'erwhelm me; but on hope,
 Vain, flattering, delusive, groundless hope;
 A senseless expectation of relief
 That has for years deceiv'd me?---Had I thought
 As I do now, as wise men ever think,
 When first this hell of poverty o'ertook me,
 That power to die implies a right to do it,
 And shou'd be us'd when life becomes a pain,
 What plagues had I prevented?---True, my wife
 Is still a slave to prejudice and fear---
 I would not leave my better part, the dear [Weeps.
 Faithful companion of my happier days,

To

To bear the weight of age and want alone.
— I'll try once more. —

Enter AGNES, and after her YOUNG WILMOT.

OLD WILMOT.

Return'd, my life, so soon!--

AGNES.

The unexpected coming of this stranger
Prevents my going yet.

YOUNG WILMOT.

You're, I presume,
The gentleman to whom this is directed.

[Gives a Letter.]

What wild neglect, the token of despair,
What indigence, what misery appears
In each disorder'd, or disfurnished room
Of this once gorgeous house? what discontent,
What anguish and confusion fill the faces
Of its dejected owners?

OLD WILMOT.

Sir, such welcome

As this poor house affords, you may command.
Our ever friendly neighbour---once we hop'd
T' have call'd fair Charlot by a dearer name---
But we have done with hope---I pray excuse
This incoherence---we had once a son. *[Weeps.]*

AGNES.

That you are come from that dear virtuous maid,
Revives in us the memory of a loss,
Which, tho' long since, we have not learn'd to bear.

YOUNG WILMOT.

The joy to see them, and the bitter pain
It is to see them thus, touches my soul
With tenderness and grief, that will o'erflow.

D 3

My



My bosom heaves and swells, as it wou'd burst;
 My bowels move, and my heart melts within me.
 ---They know me not, and yet, I fear, I shall
 Defeat my purpose, and betray myself. [*Aside.*]

OLD WILMOT.

The lady calls you here her valu'd friend;
 Enough, tho' nothing more shou'd 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 enrich
 You with herself, and end her fruitless sorrow
 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,
 Who only favours youth, as feeble age
 Were not her offspring or below her care,
 Has seal'd our doom: no second hope shall spring
 From my dead loins, and Agnes' sterile womb,
 To dry our tears, and dissipate 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 fiends,
 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



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 count, when you escap'd, how many perish'd;
 And draw your inference 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 curiosity betray'd me
 Into superfluous pain! I faint with fondness;
 And shall, if I stay longer, rush upon 'em,
 Proclaim myself their son, kiss and embrace 'em
 Till their souls, transported with the excess
 Of pleasure and surprize, quit their frail mansions,
 And leave 'em breathless in my longing arms.
 By circumstances then and slow 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

D 4

The



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 since I have slept; 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 some incumbrance to me
[Takes a casket out of his bosom 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.

Doubt it not :

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

[Exit.]

YOUNG WILMOT.

Merciless grief !

What ravage has it made ! how has it chang'd
Her lovely form and mind ! I feel her anguish,
And dread I know not what from her despair.
My father too—O grant 'em patience, heaven !
A little longer, a few short hours more,
And all their cares, and mine, shall end for ever.

How near is misery and joy ally'd !
Nor eye, nor thought can their extremes divide ;
A moment's space is long, and light'ning slow
To fate descending to reverse our woe,
Or blast our hopes, and all our joys o'erthrow.

[Exeunt.]

ACT

FATAL CURIOSITY.

41

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The Scene continued.

Enter AGNES alone, with the Casket in her hand.

WHO shou'd this stranger be?—and then this
casket—

He says it is of value, and yet trusts it,
As if a trifle, to a stranger's hand—
His confidence amazes me—Perhaps
It is not what he says—I'm strongly tempted
To open it, and see—no, let it rest.
Why should my curiosity excite me,
To search and pry into th' affairs of others;
Who have t'employ my thoughts, so many cares
And sorrows of my own?—With how much ease
The spring gives way!—surprizing! most prodigious!

My eyes are dazzled, and my ravish'd heart
Leaps at the glorious sight—How bright's the lustre,
How immense the worth of these fair jewels!
Ay, such a treasure wou'd expel for ever
Base poverty, and all it's 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 scorn, or more provoking pity
Of an insulting world—Possess'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 sure it was a happiness to think,

Tho'



Tho' but for a moment, such a treasure mine.
 Nay, it was more than thought—I saw and touch'd
 The bright temptation, and I see 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 misery and want?—
 To rob myself and court so vast a loss;—
 —Retain it then But how?—There is a way—
 Why sinks 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 OLD WILMOT.

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 misfortunes,
 May be maintain'd, and cherish'd to the last.
 To live without reproach, and without leave

To

FATAL CURIOSITY. 43

To quit the world, shews sovereign contempt,
And noble scorn of its relentless malice.

AGNES.

Shews sovereign 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 chace a shadow, when the setting sun
Is darting his last rays, were just as wise,
As your anxiety for fleeting life,
Now the last means for its support are failing:
Were famine not as mortal as the sword,
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;
Theft, sacrilege, treason, and parricide,
When flatt'ring opportunity intic'd,

And



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 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 could 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 desire
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 snare.
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 what means?

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

OLD WILMOT.

Why, what a fiend!—
How cruel, how remorseless 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 dawn 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



That ever crown'd a groaning mother's pains!
 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'lt 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 he reclin'd him on the fatal couch,
 From which he's ne'er to rise, took off the sash,
 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 sash.

If you make use of that I can assist.

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.

[Exit AGNES.

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.

OLD WILMOT.

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

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

AGNES.

Nay, for shame,
 Shake off this panick, and be more yourself.

OLD WILMOT.

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



48 FATAL CURIOSITY.

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 wrong 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. [*Exit.*]

AGNES.

O softly! softly!

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 remorse!—
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!

---Yet



FATAL CURIOSITY. 49

—Yet hold thy hand---inconstant, wretched woman!
What doth my heart recoil, and bleed with him
Whose murder was contriv'd---O Wilmot! Wilmot!

*Enter CHARLOT, MARIA, EUSTACE, RANDAL
and others.*

CHARLOT.

What strange neglect! the doors are all unbarr'd,
And not a living creature to be seen.

Enter WILMOT and AGNES.

CHARLOT.

Sir, we are come to give and to receive
A thousand greetings—Ha! what can this mean?
Why do you look with such amazement on us?
Are these your transports for your son's return?—
Where is my Wilmot? has he not been here?
Wou'd he defer your happiness so long,
Or cou'd a habit so disguise your son,
That you refus'd to own him?

AGNES.

Heard you that?

What prodigy of horror is disclosing,
To render murder venial!

OLD WILMOT.

Prithee, peace:

The miserable damn'd suspend their howling,
And the swift orbs are fixt in deep attention.

YOUNG WILMOT *groans.*

Oh! Oh! Oh!

EUSTACE.

Sure that deep groan came from the inner room.

RANDAL.

It did; and seem'd the voice of one expiring.
Merciful heaven! where will these terrors end?

VOL. II.

E

That



That is the dagger my young master wore;
And see, his father's hands are stain'd with blood.

[YOUNG WILMOT *groans again*,

EUSTACE.

Another groan! why do we stand to gaze
On these dumb phantoms of despair and horror?
Let us search farther: Randal, shew the way.

CHARLOT.

This is the third time those fantastick forms
Have forc'd themselves upon my mental eyes,
And sleeping gave me more than waking pains.
O you eternal pow'rs! if all your mercy
'To wretched mortals be not quite extinguish'd,
And terrors only guard your awful thrones,
Remove this dreadful vision—let me wake,
Or sleep the sleep of death.

[*Exeunt* CHAR. MARIA, EUST. RANDAL, &c.

OLD WILMOT.

Sleep those who may;
I know my lot is endless perturbation.

AGNES.

Let life forsake the earth, and light the sun,
And death and darkness bury in oblivion
Mankind and all their deeds, that no posterity
May ever rise to hear our horrid tale,
Or view the grave of such detested parricides.

OLD WILMOT.

Curse and depredations are in vain:
The sun will shine and all things have their course,
When we, the curse and burthen of the earth,
Shall be absorb'd, and mingled with its dust,
Our guilt and desolation must be told,
From age to age, to teach desponding mortals,

2

How

FATAL CURIOSITY. 51

How far beyond the reach of human thought
Heaven, when incens'd, can punish—die thou first.
[Stabs AGNES.]

I dare not trust thy weakness.

AGNES.

Ever kind,

But most in this.

OLD WILMOT.

I will not long survive thee.

AGNES.

Do not accuse thy erring mother, Wilmot!
With too much rigour when we meet above.
Rivers of tears, and ages spent in howling
Cou'd ne'er express the anguish of my heart.
To give thee life for life, and blood for blood,
Is not enough. Had I ten thousand lives,
I'd give them all to speak my penitence
Deep and sincere, and equal to my crime. [Dies.]

Enter CHARLOT led by MARIA, and RANDAL;
EUSTACE, and the rest.

CHARLOT.

Welcome, despair! I'll never hope again—
Why have you forc'd me from my Wilmot's side?
Let me return—unhand me—let me die.
Patience, that till this moment ne'er forsook me,
Has took her flight; and my abandon'd mind,
Rebellious to a lot so void of mercy
And so unexpected, rages to madness.
—O thou! who know'st our frame, who know'st
these woes
Are more than human fortitude can bear,
O! take me, take me hence, ere I relapse:
And in distraction, with unhallow'd tongue,
Again arraign your mercy.

E 2

[Faints.]

EUSTACE.



EUSTACE.

Unhappy maid! this strange event my strength
 Can scarce support; no wonder thine shou'd fail.
 —How shall I vent my grief! O Wilmot! Wilmot!
 Thou truest lover, and thou best of friends,
 Are these the fruits of all thy anxious cares
 For thy ungrateful parents?—cruel fiends
 To use thee thus!—To recompence with death
 Thy most unequal'd duty and affection.

OLD WILMOT.

What whining fool art thou, who wou'd'st usurp
 My sovereign right of grief? was he thy son?
 Say! canst thou shew thy hands reeking with blood,
 That flow'd, thro' purer channels, from thy loins?

EUSTACE.

Forbid it heaven! that I shou'd know such guilt:
 Yet his sad fate demands commiseration.

OLD WILMOT.

Compute the sands that bound the spacious ocean,
 And swell their number with a single grain;
 Increase the noise of thunder with thy voice;
 Or when the raging wind lays nature waste,
 Assist the tempest with thy feeble breath;
 Add water to the sea, and fire to Etna;
 But name not thy faint sorrow with the anguish
 Of a curst wretch who only hopes for this

[Stabbing himself.]

To change the scene, but not relieve his pain.

RANDAL.

A dreadful instance of the last remorse!
 May all your woes end here.

OLD WILMOT.

O would they end
 A thousand ages hence, I then shou'd suffer

Much

Much less than I deserve. Yet let me say,
You'll do but justice, to inform the world,
This horrid deed, that punishes itself,
Was not intended as he was our son ;
For that we knew not, 'till it was too late.
Proud and impatient under our afflictions,
While heaven was labouring to make us happy,
We brought this dreadful ruin on ourselves.
Mankind may learn—but—oh !— [Dies.

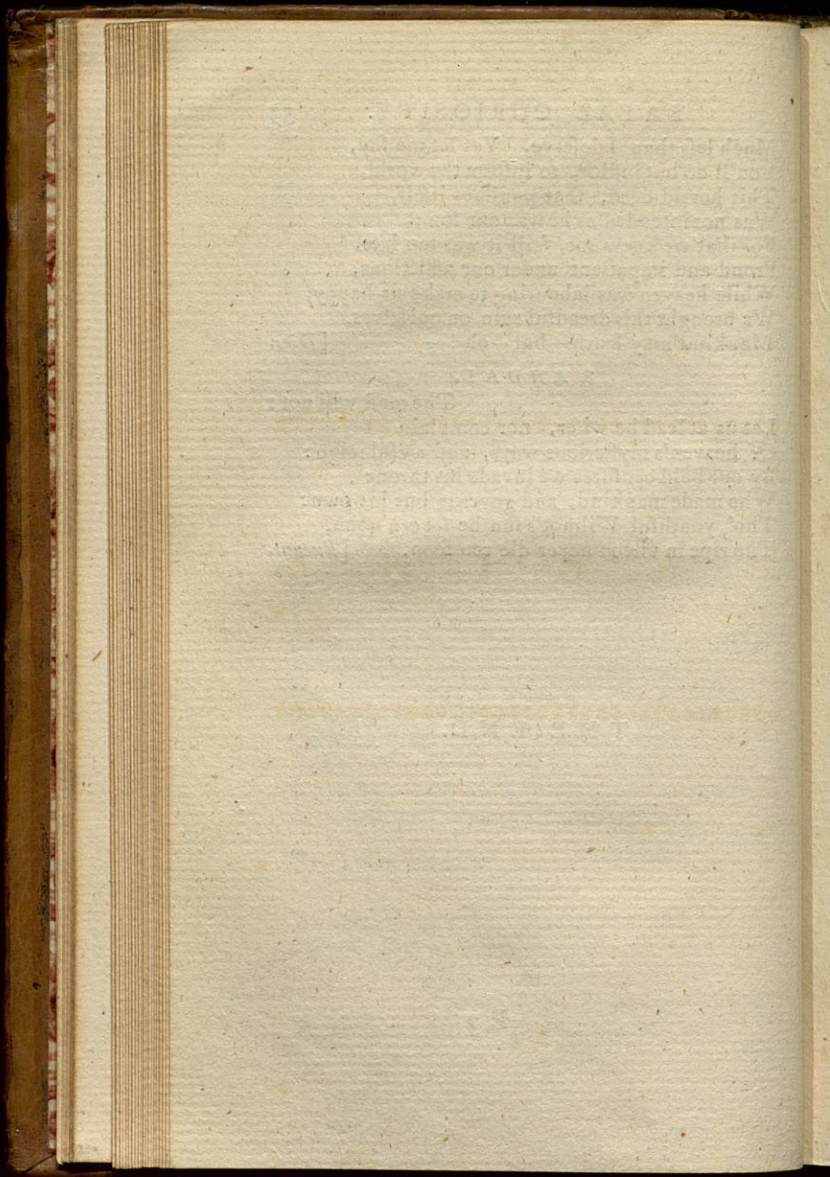
R A N D A L.

The most will not :

Let us at least be wiser, nor complain
Of heaven's mysterious ways, and awful reign :
By our bold censures we invade his throne
Who made mankind, and governs but his own :
Tho' youthful Wilmot's fun be set ere noon,
The ripe in virtue never die too soon. [Exeunt.

T H E E N D.

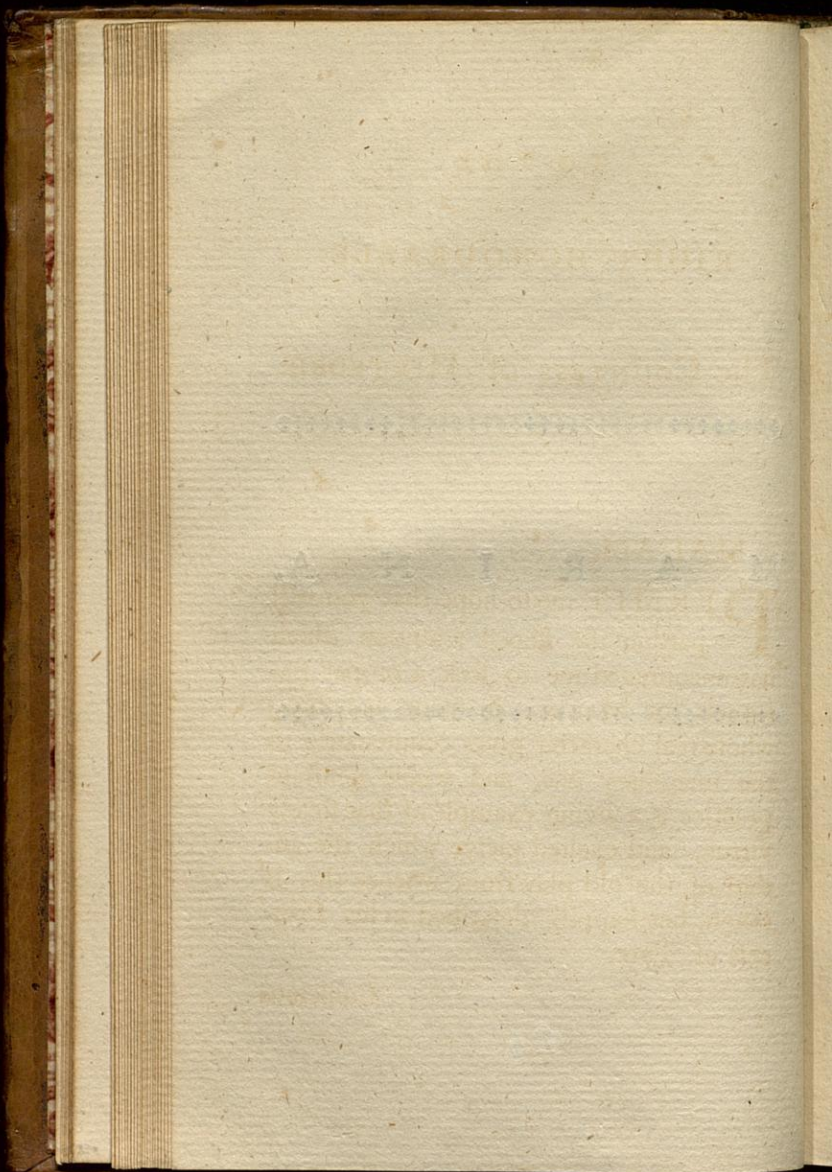




M A R I N A.

E 4





TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
The COUNTESS of HERTFORD.

MADAM,

PERMIT me to hope that you will pardon the honest ambition which has encouraged me to seek a proper patroness for MARINA in your ladyship; whose real character gives countenance to the imaginary one, and whose constant practice is a living example of that steady virtue, and exalted piety, which the author of the old play from whence this is taken, has happily described in his Princess of Tyre.

Conscious



DEDICATION.

Conscious of no mean views, and secured by the universal acknowledgement of your merit from the imputation of flattery, I approach your ladyship, though a stranger, and without any previous application, with the less diffidence: If this Play should appear on perusal to be designed to promote something better than meer amusement, that will effectually recommend it to the favour of the Countess of Hertford.

To place merit in the gifts of fortune, and happiness in what an hour may, and a few years certainly will bring to an end, is the folly and misery of too many who are reputed wise and great. To be truly so is with your ladyship to regard the finest understanding, the most fruitful invention, the happiest elocution, talents far superior to wealth and dignity, but as they subserve the interest of truth and virtue, and render the possessors of them, in the midst of affluence, moderate even in the use of lawful pleasures, humble in the
most



DEDICATION.

most exalted stations, and capable of living above the world, even in the possession of all it can bestow. I am afraid and unwilling to offend. But as universal benevolence is the perfection of virtue, your ladyship must suffer your own to be spoken of, however painful it may be to you, that others may not want a pattern for their encouragement or reprehension, as they shall improve or neglect it. A truly great mind discovers itself by nothing more than by a benign and well placed condescension; of which your ladyship's known esteem for the late excellent Mrs. Rowe, is a noble instance, and an undoubted proof, amongst many others which you daily give, of the goodness of your heart and understanding, and cannot be mentioned but to your honour.

I can affirm, and I hope I shall be thought sincere, that what I have said doth not proceed from custom as a dedicatory, but from a mind fully convinced of its truth in every circumstance, and a heart



DEDICATION.

heart touched with a character so very amiable.

That you may long live an ornament and a support of those excellent principles which you profess and practice, and that your influence and example may do all the good that you yourself can wish, is the earnest desire of,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient

Humble servant,

GEORGE LILLO.



P R O L O G U E.

*HARD is the task, in this discerning age,
 To find new subjects that will bear the stage;
 And bold our bards, their low harsh strains to bring
 Where Avon's swan has long been heard to sing;
 Blest parent of our scene! whose matchless wit,
 Tho' yearly reap'd, is our best harvest yet.
 Well may that genius every heart command,
 Who drew all nature with her own strong hand;
 As various, as harmonious, fair and great,
 With the same vigour and immortal heat,
 As thro' each element and form she shines: [lines.
 We view heav'n's hand-maid in her Shakespeare's
 Though some mean scenes, injurious to his fame,
 Have long usurp'd the honour of his name;
 To glean and clear from chaff his least remains,
 Is just to him, and richly worth our pains.
 We dare not charge the whole unequal play
 Of Pericles on him; yet let us say,
 As gold though mix'd with baser matter shines,
 So do his bright inimitable lines.
 Throughout those rude wild scenes distinguish'd stand,
 And shew he touch'd them with no sparing hand.
 With humour mix'd in your fore-fathers way,
 We've to a single tale reduc'd our play.
 Charming Marina's wrongs begin the scene;
 Pericles finding her with his lost queen,
 Concludes the pleasing task. Shou'd as the soul,
 The fire of Shakespeare animate the whole,
 Shou'd heights, which none but he cou'd reach, appear,
 To little errors do not prove severe.
 If, when in pain for the event, surprize
 And sympathetic joy shou'd fill your eyes;
 Do not repine that so you crown an art,
 Which gives such sweet emotions to the heart:
 Whose pleasures, so exalted in their kind,
 Do, as they charm the sense, improve the mind.*



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

PERICLES, King of Tyre.	-	Mr. <i>Stephens.</i>
LYSIMACHUS, governor of Ephesus.	-	} Mr. <i>Hallam.</i>
ESCANES, chief attendant on Pericles.	-	
LEONINE, a young lord of Tharfus.	-	} Mr. <i>Shelton.</i>
VALDES, captain of a crew of pirates.	-	
BOLT, a pandar.	-	Mr. <i>Bowman.</i>
		Mr. <i>Penkethman.</i>

WOMEN.

THAISA, queen of Tyre.	-	Mrs. <i>Marshall.</i>
PHILOTEN, queen of Tharfus.	-	Mrs. <i>Hamilton.</i>
MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.	-	} Mrs. <i>Vincent.</i>
MOTHER COUPLER, a bawd.	-	
		Mr. <i>W. Hallam.</i>

Gentlemen, Two Priestesses, Ladies, Officers,
Guards, Pirates, and Attendants.

MARINA.

M A R I N A.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Grove, with a Prospect of a calm Sea, near the City of Tharsus.

PHILOTEN AND LEONINE.

QUEEN.

THY oath remember, thou hast sworn to do it.
'Tis but a blow which never shall be known,
Kind nature hath been bounteous to thy youth;
Thy graceful person, language and address,
Are almost peerless, and thy sterile fortune
Our favour shall improve. But let not conscience,
Which none who hope to rise in courts regard,
Disarm your hand, nor her bewitching eyes
Inflame your amorous bosom.

LEONINE.

I have promis'd,
And will perform. Yet she's a goodly creature.

QUEEN.

The fitter for the gods.—I, while she lives,
Am not a queen. This poor, this friendless daughter
Of Pericles, the wretched prince of Tyre,
Whom my fond parents from compassion foster'd,
Is more belov'd, more reverenc'd in Tharsus
Than I their sov'reign. And when foreign princes,
Drawn by the fame of my high rank and beauty,
As suitors, throng my court; let her appear
(Such is the force of her detested charms)
And I am straight neglected; and their vows

And



And adorations all transferr'd to her.
 Here she comes, weeping for my mother's death:
 She had good cause to love her. Let not pity,
 Which women have cast off, defeat your purpose:
 There's nothing thou canst do, live e'er so long,
 Shall yield thee so much profit.

LEONINE.

I'm determin'd.

Enter MARINA with a Wreath of Flowers.

MARINA.

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

QUEEN.

Why, sweet Marina,
 Will you consume your youth in fruitless grief,
 And choose to dwell 'midst tombs and dreary graves?
 You harm yourself, and profit not the dead.
 Give me that wreath, who have most cause to mourn,
 And let your heart take comfort. I will leave you
 To the sweet conversation of this lord,
 Who has the art of dissipating sadness.

MARINA.

Pray, let me not bereave you of his service:
 I choose to be alone.

QUEEN.

Q U E E N.

You know I love you
 With more than foreign heart, and will not see
 The beauty marr'd that fame reports so perfect.
 Shou'd your good father come at length to seek you,
 And find his hopes, and all report so blasted,
 He may repent the breadth of his great voyage,
 And blame our want of care.

M A R I N A.

You may command,
 But I have no desire to tarry here.

Q U E E N.

Once more be chearful, and preserve that form
 That wins from all competitors the hearts
 Of young and old. 'Tis no new thing for me
 To walk alone, while you are well attended.

M A R I N A.

I hope you're not offended.

Q U E E N.

Nothing less.
 Farewell, sweet lady. Sir, you will remember---

L E O N I N E.

Fear not, she ne'er shall vex your quiet more.
 [Exit QUEEN.]

M A R I N A.

I know no cause, yet think the gentle queen
 Went hence in some displeasure. Is she well?
 What are your thoughts?

L E O N I N E.

That she's nor well nor gentle.

M A R I N A.

I'm sorry for't. Is the wind westerly?

VOL. II.

F

LEONINE.



LEONINE.

South-west.

MARINA.

When I was born the wind was north.

LEONINE.

The wind was north you say. I should not hear her,
 Left I relent. The queen's enamour'd of me.
 She prais'd my blooming youth, and good proportion:
 And shall I lose a crown for foolish pity?

MARINA.

My father, as Lychorida hath told me,
 (My nurse that's dead) did never fear; but then,
 Galling his kingly hands with haling ropes,
 And chearing the faint sailors with his voice,
 Endur'd a sea, that almost burst the deck.

LEONINE.

And when was this?

MARINA.

I said when I was born.
 Never were waves nor winds more violent.
 This tempest, and my birth, kill'd my poor mother,
 I was preserv'd, and left an infant here.
 Now do you think I e'er shall see my father?

LEONINE.

Never. Come, say your prayers.

MARINA.

What do you mean?

LEONINE.

If you require a little space for pray'r,
 That I'll allow you; pray, be not tedious:
 The gods are quick of ear and I'm in haste.

M A R I N A .

Why will you kill me, fir ?

L E O N I N E .

T' obey the queen.

M A R I N A .

Why will she have me kill'd ? I never wrong'd her.
In all my life I never spake bad word,
Nor did ill turn to any living creature :
By chance I once trod on a simple worm,
But I wept for it. How have I offended ?

L E O N I N E .

I'm not to reason of the deed, but do it.

M A R I N A .

You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well favour'd, and your looks bespeak
A very gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good footh, it shew'd well in you : do so now :
If the queen seeks my life, come you between,
And save poor me the weaker.

L E O N I N E .

I have sworn,

And will dispatch.

M A R I N A .

Yet hear me speak once more.

[Kneeling.]

O do not kill me, though I know no cause
Why I should wish to live who ne'er knew joy,
Or fear to die who ever fear'd the gods ;
But 'tis, perhaps, the property of youth
To doat on its new being, and depend,
Howe'er deprest, on pleasures in reversion.
You are but young yourself : then, as you hope

F 2

To



To prove the fancy'd blifs of years to come,
Spare me, O spare me now.

LEONINE.

You plead in vain,
Commit your soul to heaven.

MARINA.

Can you speak thus!
O can you have compassion for my soul;
Yet, at the instant, by a cruel deed,
That heaven and earth must hate, destroy your own?

Enter PIRATE, and interposes.

FIRST PIRATE.

Hold, villain. Fear not, fair one, I'll defend thee.

LEONINE.

Slave! how doth her defence belong to you?
Who, and what are you?

FIRST PIRATE.

A man, fool. Alexander the great was no more.
You are a poltron, a coward, and a rascal, to draw
cold iron on a woman.

LEONINE.

I want not courage, base intruding villain,
To scourge thy insolence. [Fight

MARINA.

You gracious gods!
Must I behold, and be the cause of murder?

Enter second, and then third PIRATE.

SECOND PIRATE.

A prize! A prize!

THIRD PIRATE.

Half part, mate, half part.

FIRST

FIRST PIRATE.

What, are they quarrelling about my booty?
Hold, fir.

LEONINE.

With all my heart.
If you increafe so fast, 'tis time to fly.
I know them now for pirates. [Exit LEONINE.

FIRST PIRATE.

Hands off. I found her first.

SECOND PIRATE.

That's no claim amongst us.

THIRD PIRATE.

No, none at all. Every man is to have his share
of all the prizes we take.

FIRST PIRATE.

Nay, if you come to that, she belongs to the
whole ship's company.

SECOND PIRATE.

Who denies that? But I will not quit my part
in her to the captain himself: sink me if I do.

THIRD PIRATE.

Nor I, by Neptune.

FIRST PIRATE.

This is no place to dispute in. We shall have
the city rise upon us: therefore we must have her
aboard suddenly.

OMNES.

Ay; bear a hand, bear a hand.

FIRST PIRATE.

Come, sweet lady.



SECOND PIRATE.

None shall hurt you.

THIRD PIRATE.

We'll lose our lives before we'll see you wrong'd.

M A R I N A.

You sacred powers ! who rule the rudest hearts,
Protect me whilst among these lawless men
From loath'd pollution, violence and shame ;
And bold blasphemers, who shall hear the wonder,
Shall own you are, and just.

FIRST PIRATE.

A rare prize, if a man cou'd have her to himself.
A pox of all ill-fortune, say I. [Exit.]

Re-enter LEONINE.

LEONINE.

These pirates serve the daring ruffian Valdes.
A desperate crew they are. There is no fear
Marina will return. They'll, doubtless, have
Their pleasure of her first ; and then, perhaps,
According to a custom long us'd by 'em,
Sell her where she will ne'er be heard of more :
Then I may take the merit of her death,
And claim the whole reward. It shall be so.
I'll swear to the fond queen, I have dispatch'd
And thrown her in the sea.—A rare device !
These rogues have sav'd me from a hellish deed,
And a fair wind attend them. [Exit LEONINE.]

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

A House in Ephesus.

BAWD AND BOLT.

B A W D.

Sad times, Bolt.

B O L T.

Ay, very sad times, mistress.

B A W D.

This new order, so much talk'd of, for suppressing publick lewdness, will be the ruin of us. All our business will fall into private hands. I must shut up my doors, I must quit my house, unless we can find some way to evade it.

B O L T.

Whip bawds and pandars! fine doings! rare magistrates! Let 'em whip their own lubberly sons and dough-bak'd daughters for their idleness, and not punish people for their industry and service to the publick.

B A W D.

Nay, nay, if they will turn iniquity out of the high-ways, they must expect to find it in their families. Let them keep their wives and daughters honest if they can. The necessities of gentlemen must be supply'd.

B O L T.

There are abundance of foreign merchants, and travellers here in Ephesus, that us'd to be our customers.

B A W D.

And old bachelors.

F 4

BOLT.



B O L T.

And younger brothers.

B A W D.

And difconsolate widowers.

B O L T.

And husbands that have old wives.

B A W D.

And philosophers, lawyers, and foldiers that have none at all; and all thefe muft be ferv'd.

B O L T.

And will, while women are to be had for money, love, or importunity.

B A W D.

Ay, let the citizens, who spirited up this profecution againft our useful vocation, think of the confequence, and tremble.

B O L T.

Yet, after all, thefe threats may come to nothing. You have weather'd many fuch a ftorm, Mother Coupler.

B A W D.

Ay, Bolt, I have had my ups and my downs—no woman more—but I will not be discourag'd, I will not neglect bufinefs for a rumour neither. The mart will fill the town, and we are but meanly furnifh'd.

B O L T.

Never worfe. Three poor wenches are all our ftore, and they can do no more than they can.

B A W D.

Thou fay'ft true. And thofe fo ftale, fo funk, and fo difeas'd, that a ftong wind would blow 'em all

all to pieces. I must have others, whatever they cost me.

B O L T.

Shall I search the slave market?

B A W D.

Those we buy there are mostly half worn out before we have them. There was the little Transylvanian you bought last, did not live above three months, and never brought in half the money she cost.

B O L T.

Ay, she was quickly made meat for worms. But there are losses in all trades, and ours not being honest—

B A W D.

Marry come up; I pray, what trades are honest as they are us'd? we are no worse than others.

Enter VALDES, and other PIRATES, with MARINA.

V A L D E S.

Where's Mother Coupler? where are you, bawd?

B A W D.

Why, how now, roister? how now, captain thief? use your tarpaulin language to thy own natural mother; do, brawn and bristle, do, ironface.

V A L D E S.

Let any one be judge, whether my chin, somewhat black and rough I must confess, or thine, that's cover'd with grey down, like a goose's rump, be the more comely. Thy face is a *memento mori* for thy own sex, and to ours an antidote against the sin you live by. But, see what we have brought you: here's a paragon.

B O L T.



BOLT (*aside to the Bawd.*)

Mark the colour of her hair, complexion, shape and age.

B A W D.

I have noted them all. When nature form'd this piece, she meant me a good turn.

V A L D E S.

Here's that will repair your decay'd arras, and set you up for a bawd of condition.

B A W D.

I was just saying, what stale, worn out creatures are daily brought to market; and those who buy of pirates, must expect as bad, or worse: and then I have choice enough, and those not blown on.

V A L D E S.

Nay, nay, use your pleasure: you have the first proffer of her. If she's not for your turn, there's no harm done: she's any one's money.

B A W D.

You don't consider the dulness of the times. If men were as they have been—

V A L D E S.

A virgin too.

B A W D.

A likely matter, coming from the hands of such a lawless crew!

V A L D E S.

You are deceived. We have laws amongst ourselves, or I would not have parted with her. However we are distinguish'd by titles and office, each man hath a right to his proportion of every prize we take; which all claiming on the sight of her,
and

and refusing to compound with, or give place to any other, there ensued such jealousy, such fury and contention, that we were obliged, by common consent, to leave her untouch'd, and dispose of her, as soon as possible, to prevent the cutting of one another's throats.

B A W D.

Well, what's your price?

V A L D E S.

What do you mean ready rigg'd? she has excellent cloaths you see.

B A W D.

If I deal for her, I take her altogether.

V A L D E S.

I won't bate one doit of a thousand pieces.

B A W D.

What shall I give you for your conscience, Valdes?

V A L D E S.

Your honesty, Mother Coupler: we won't differ for a trifle.

B A W D.

Five hundred pieces, sir.

V A L D E S.

Four times told, Madam.

B A W D.

Why, what the devil! you said but a thousand e'en now.

V A L D E S.

I thought you cou'dn't hear but by halves, and was willing to come up to your understanding.

B O L T.



B O L T.

You'll stand haggling till you lose her.

V A L D E S.

Look you, I am at a word. But for the reason
I just now spoke of you shou'd not have had her
for twice the sum.

B A W D.

Follow me, and you shall have your money.
Bolt, take care of my purchase.

B O L T.

Never fear, mistress, never fear.

[*Exeunt VALDES, BAWD and PIRATES.*]

M A R I N A.

Immortal gods! to what am I reserv'd?

B O L T.

Come hither, child. You are but young, and
may want some instructions. Tho' she who has
bought you, your mistress and mine, knows as
much as a woman can know; yet there's nothing
like a man to teach you the practical part of busi-
ness, take my word for it.

M A R I N A.

What are you, sir?

B O L T.

A middle aged person, as you see; and in per-
fect health, that you may depend upon,

M A R I N A.

Is your mind sound?

B O L T.

She's mighty simple. Ay, ay, as sound as my
body.

M A R I N A.

M A R I N A.

The gods preserve it so. Yet you talk strangely.

B O L T.

I thank you heartily for your good wishes. Nay, I am the principal person in this family, after our mistress: it may be well worth your while to make a friend of me.

M A R I N A.

I know not, but I'm sure I want a friend.
I am of maids most wretched.

B O L T.

I'll quickly ease you of the wretchedness of being a maid. Yet you must pass for one, and often.

M A R I N A.

I understand you not.

B O L T.

Such things are common here. But of that and other needful arts in our profession, my mistress will inform you. *[Lays hold of her.]*

M A R I N A.

Why do you rudely lay your hands upon me?
I am not to be touch'd.

B O L T.

Not to be touch'd! Ha, ha, in troth a pretty jest, and will do rarely with some young gulls. To seem most fearful when you are most willing, and weep as you do now, will move the pity of your inamoratos, and strain their purses to shower down gold upon you. Your striving will not save you: this is no place for squeamish modesty: we live by lewdness here, and you were brought to carry on the trade.

M A R I N A.



M A R I N A.

Hence, thou detested slave! thou shameless villain!

[*Breaking from him.*]

Enter BAWD.

You powers that favour chastity, defend me.

B A W D.

Why how now? what's the matter here? what have you been doing with her?

B O L T.

Nothing, mistress, and I am afraid there is nothing to be done with her. She fights like a she-tiger.

B A W D.

Out, you rascal. Is this a morsel for your chaps?

B O L T.

Why not? do you think I'll serve up a delicate dish without tasting it?

B A W D.

In your turn, sirrah, in your turn. Let your betters be serv'd before you.

B O L T.

Ay, but a bit of the spit, you know—

B A W D.

About your business, and let gentlemen know how we are provided for their entertainment. [*Exit Bolt.*] Don't cry, pretty one: he shall be made to know his distance and his time. While you behave discreetly, child, you shall be reserv'd for the better sort of men only. You are fallen into good hands, depend upon it.

M A R I N A

M A R I N A.

O why was Leonine so slack, so slow!
Wou'd he had us'd his sword, and not his tongue!
Or that the pirates, not enough barbarians,
Had thrown me in the sea to seek my mother.

B A W D.

Come, come, my rose bud, my sprig of jessamin,
you are all beauty and sweetness—you have no
cause to grieve—heaven has done its part by you.

M A R I N A.

I accuse not heaven.

B A W D.

Here you may live, and shall.

M A R I N A.

The more's my grief
T'have scap'd his hands, who wou'd have given me
death.

B A W D.

And live with pleasure.

M A R I N A.

No.

B A W D.

You shall not want variety: you shall have men,
and men of all complexions.,

M A R I N A.

Are you a woman?

B A W D.

A woman! pray, what do you take me for, ma-
dam? I have been thought a woman, and an hand-
some woman in my time.

M A R I N A.



M A R I N A.

Of this I'm sure, you are not what you shou'd be;
A woman shou'd be honest.

B A W D.

O the devil!

M A R I N A.

And modest, and religious.

B A W D.

You're a sapling to talk so to one of my experience. Honest, modest, and religious, with a por to you! I'll make you know, before I've done with you, that I won't have any such thing mentioned in my house.

M A R I N A.

The gracious gods defend me!

B A W D.

What, do you offer to say your prayers in my hearing! is this a place to pray in? don't provoke me, don't. I find I shall have something to do with you. But you shall bend or break, I can tell you that for your comfort.

Enter BOLT.

B O L T.

Mistress, here's the lean French knight, he that cowers in the hams, and the fat German count.

B A W D.

In good time. Here, take this stubborn fool, and carry her to them.

B O L T.

To which of them?

B A W D.

B A W D.

To him that will give most first, and to the other afterwards. She cost me a round sum, but don't refuse money. Her blushes must be quench'd with present practice: she is good for nothing as she is.

M A R I N A.

Diana, aid my purpose.

B O L T.

Come your ways. What have we to do with Diana?

B A W D.

Ay, troop, follow your leader. We'll teach you honesty, modesty, and religion with a vengeance.

M A R I N A.

If fire be hot, steel sharp, or waters deep,
Unstain'd I still my virgin fame will keep.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*An Apartment adjoining to a Temple at the Court of
Tharsus.*

QUEEN AND LEONINE.

LEONINE.

TO bury kneaded earth for dead Marina
Was a most quaint device. The cheated
Tharsians

Pierc'd heaven with their howlings ; but suspicion,
As if death clos'd her busy prying eyes
When the fair Tyrian died, still slumbers on.
The monument of Parian marble wrought,
And epitaph in characters of gold,
Were my contrivance too, and now are finish'd.
I have done all that your resentment ask'd,
And well secur'd your safety and your fame:
'Tis more than time you listen'd to my suit.

QUEEN.

Can nothing but my person and my crown
Reward your service?

LEONINE.

I deserve them both.

QUEEN.

Were I sole mistress of the spacious world,
I'd give it all this murder were undone.
The very wrens of Tharsus will betray it
To Pericles, who now comes to demand her.

LEONINE.

That's only in my power : give me your promise
To be my bride, and seal my lips for ever.

QUEEN

Q U E E N.

What! wed a murtherer!

L E O N I N E.

Who made me so?

Resolve in time ere ruin overtake you,
O'ertake us both. Your flatt'ries drew me in,
You taught me to be bloody and ambitious,
And I will now partake your throne, or perish---
But not alone. You know how popular
The injur'd prince of Tyre is here in Tharsus.
This city, now the seat of wealth and plenty,
Whose towers invade the clouds, which never stranger
Beheld but wonder'd at, as all acknowledge,
Had but for Pericles been desolate,
Forfaken, or the grave of its inhabitants,
A den for bats to build and wolves to howl in.
How many thousands, living now, remember,
When, famishing with hunger, prince and people
Sat down and wept for bread; when tender mothers
Fed on their new born babes, and man and wife
Drew lots who first shou'd die and furnish food
To lengthen out the life of the survivor.
This our distress brought Pericles from Tyre;
Who, bravely scorning to improve th' advantage,
And make a conquest of a prostrate land,
Did with a lib'ral hand supply our wants,
And turn our dying groans to songs of joy.
For this the Tharsians love him as a father,
And as a God adore him.

Q U E E N.

Be it so:

I'm still their queen, and hold 'em in subjection,

L E O N I N E.

Yes, while they please: as we have seen a lion
Held with a thread, until some accident,

G 2

Or



Or his rash keeper's folly, rous'd his fury.
 They've some regard for the good line you came of,
 And yet are thereby hardly held from outrage:
 So hateful have the pride and other vices,
 Notorious in you, made you to the million.
 But shou'd they hear, or have the least suspicion
 Of your foul dealing with the much lov'd daughter
 Of royal Pericles, like flames let loose,
 They'd in an instant make this lofty dome
 Your fun'ral pile, and give the winds your ashes:
 Or having torn you in ten thousand pieces,
 With honest scorn, cast out your loath'd remains
 For kites and crows to feed on.

QUEEN.

'Tis too true:

Shou'd this dark deed takeligh, my reign were ended.
 I fee I must comply. She who has us'd
 A wicked agent in a shameful act,
 Must thenceforth be his slave. You have my word.
 Now your ambition's serv'd, teach me to answer
 The king of Tyre when he demands his child.

LEONINE.

Say she dy'd suddenly, as what's more common?
 That you wept o'er her hearse, and mourn her yet;
 Then show the monument and epitaph
 Procur'd at your expence; and her griev'd fire
 Shall curse the cruel fates that still pursue him
 With plague on plague, but ne'er suspect that you
 Have been their instrument.

QUEEN.

The deed's not mine.—

[*Trumpets.*

Pericles comes, and I must seem content:
 The traitor's in the toils, and cannot 'scape me.

Enter

Enter PERICLES, ESCANES, Guards and Attendants.

QUEEN.

Welcome, great Pericles, to mourning Tharsus.
My royal parents and your faithful friends,
Cleon and Dionysia, are no more.

PERICLES.

Ent'ring the port I met the fatal news.
The hot salt tears this unthought loss drew from me,
Are yet wet on my cheeks. O two such friends! —
But I'm a man born to adversity;
No land e'er gave me rest. and winds and waters,
In their vast tennis-court, have, as a ball,
Us'd me to make them sport. — But to my purpose.
'Tis more than twice seven years since I beheld thee
With my Marina, both were infants then.
Peace and security smil'd on your birth;
Her's was the rudest welcome to this world
That e'er was prince's child: born on the sea,
Hence is she call'd Marina, in a tempest,
When the high working billows kiss'd the moon,
And the shrill whistle of the boatswain's pipe
Seem'd as a whisper in the ear of death:
Born when her mother dy'd. That fatal hour
Must still live with me—O you gracious Gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? the waves receiv'd
My queen. A sea-mate's chest confin'd her corpse;
In which she silent lies 'midst groves of coral,
Or in a glitt'ring bed of shining shells.
The air-fed lamps of heaven, the spouting whale,
And dashing waters, that roll o'er her head,
Compose a monument to hide her bones,
Spacious as heaven, and lasting as the frame
Of universal nature.

G 3

ESCANES.



E S C A N E S.

Royal fir,

This sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
So long carest, shou'd now be cast aside.

P E R I C L E S.

O never, never: do not interrupt me.
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
When grief shou'd seem to sleep, a welcome guest,
She fills my anxious thoughts and broken slumbers
With the lov'd image of my lost Thaïsa,
And prompts me to rehearse the oft-told tale
Of her disastrous end: and chiefly now
I come to seek the phoenix that took life
From her dead ashes—But I've almost done—
We left my princess in her wat'ry tomb,
And, as the winds gave way, arriv'd at Tharfus.
Here to your royal parents I committed
(Whose love I had experienc'd and deserv'd)
My only child, to give her education
Suiting her rank, and in some sort supply
Her pious mother's loss. And this the rather,
For that the peace of Tyre was sorely broken
By foreign foes, and treasons bred at home:
For I have drunk the dregs of all misfortunes.
I vow'd too then, though it shou'd wilful in me,
That all unfister'd shou'd this heir of mine
Remain till she were marry'd. Those commotions,
That long embroil'd me, being now compos'd;
I'm come to pay my thanks, and claim my daughter.

Q U E E N.

Unhappy prince! wou'd hea'vn have heard my
pray'rs,
Thy sweet Marina now by my lov'd side
Had bless'd thy longing eyes; but wretched mortals
In vain oppose the powers that rule above 'em:



Shou'd we rage loud as did the winds and seas
 When she was born, things wou'd be as they are.
 Unfold those doors, and let the care-worn king
 Behold the testimony of our love
 To our fair foster sister, and our grief
 For her untimely fate.

*The SCENE draws, and discovers a Temple with a
 Monument.*

PERICLES *reading.*

“ Here lieth interr'd
 “ Marina, daughter to the prince of Tyre.”
 O thou who gav'st me reason and reflection,
 Eternal Jove, rebuke these swelling thoughts,
 That wou'd dispute your goodness or your being:
 Bind them in walls of brass: let me remember
 I hold my powers from thee, that earthly man
 Is but a substance made for your high pleasure:
 Teach me, as fits my nature, to submit
 To your thrice kindled wrath.

ESCANES.

Let those who think
 They cou'd endure his woes, speak comfort to him;
 My soul is faint with terror to behold 'em.

PERICLES.

Fire, water, earth, and air in loud combustion
 Herald my lost Marina to the light;
 But dumb and speechless sorrow shall attend
 Her timeless passage to the realms of death.
 From this curst hour I'll never speak again,
 To mock with words unutterable grief;
 But make my manners savage as my fortunes,
 And be as wretched as the Gods wou'd have me.
 Sable shall be the ship henceforth that bears me;

G 4

No



No steel shall touch my face, no water cleanse it,
 Nor comb be us'd to part my matted hair.
 If e'er I change my raiment, galling sackcloth,
 Instead of royal robes, shall gird my loins,
 And ashes be my crown. I'll ne'er return,
 Ne'er view thy spires again, renowned Tyre;
 But wander through the world a wilful vagrant,
 And ne'er taste comfort more till death relieve me,
 Or Jove restore to my unhoping eyes
 What his vindictive hand hath taken from me.
 What I have been I'll study to forget:
 Do you so too. Tell who I was to no man;
 What I am now, a wretch by heav'n devoted
 To all distress and by himself abandon'd,
 Shall evidence itself. Come, my Escanes.

E S C A N E S.

O woful, woful hour! where shall we go?

P E R I C L E S.

I care not, let blind fortune be our guide:
 Shun Tyre, and ev'ry other place is equal.
 Fair queen, adieu. Your kindness to my child
 The Gods return you double. Yet consider
 And view the frailty of your state in me.
 Once princes sat, like stars, about my throne,
 And veil'd their crowns to my supremacy:
 Then, like the sun, all paid me reverence
 For what I was, and all the grateful lov'd me
 For what I did bestow; now not a glow-worm
 But in the chearless night displays more brightness,
 And is of greater use, than darken'd Pericles.
 Be not high minded, queen, be not high minded:
 Time is omnipotent, the king of kings,
 Their parent and their grave. Beware, beware—
 Let those who drink of sweet prosperity
 In flowing cups, mingle their draughts with pity;
 And

And think when they behold th' afflicted's tears,
The misery of others may be theirs.

[*Exeunt* PERICLES, ESCANES, &c.]

QUEEN.

Unhappy queen! detested Leonine!
O had I tarry'd but a little longer,
Marina had been gone without my guilt:
Or had you put me by this one bad thought,
In which perhaps I ne'er shou'd have relaps'd,
I might have bless'd you as my better genius;
But now must curse you as a cruel wretch,
Who seeing me unguarded, seiz'd that moment
To blast my fame, and ruin me for ever.

LEONINE.

Were this repentance true, 'tis now too late:
But if, as I suspect, 'tis but assum'd
(Your purpose being serv'd) to veil your falshood
(Pretending conscience for your breach of faith)
The cheat's too gross, and you may rest assur'd,
I shall see through and scorn the thin disguise.

QUEEN.

Then here I cast it off. Shall I, who cou'd not bear
The unmeant rivalry of sweet Marina,
Resign my crown, and live a slave to thee?
A wretch whom I detest, a venal villain,
One whom I fix'd on as the worst of men,
For the worst purpose.

LEONINE.

Base, ungrateful queen!
Is this all the reward I'm to expect?

QUEEN.

Such a reward as such vile instruments
As you deserve, a murderer's reward,
Thou hast already.

LEONINE.



LEONINE.

Hah!

QUEEN.

Yes, thou art poison'd.
 The subtle potion working in thy veins
 Is a more certain remedy for talking,
 Than all my wealth, or the rich crown of Tharsus.
 Not that I fear, now Pericles is gone,
 The utmost of thy malice could'st thou live,
 As 'tis most sure thou can'st not.

LEONINE.

Curst harpy!
 The loathsome grave is better than thy bed,
 And death a lovelier paramour than thee.
 O! I am sick at heart.

QUEEN.

The venom works.
 How wild he looks? I will be kind, and leave him.

LEONINE.

Assist my feeble arm, ye righteous Gods!
 Though I've offended, do not fail me now.
 This cause is yours—'tis well—my hand is arm'd—
 Now guide my weapon's point to her false heart,
 And we shall both have justice.

QUEEN.

Thoughtless wretch!
 Where are my guards? I shall be murder'd here.

LEONINE.

As sure as you contriv'd Marina's death,
 As sure as you've betray'd and murder'd me.
 I fall, but fall reveng'd. Now triumph, fury.

*[Stabs her.]**Enter*

Enter Guards and Ladies.

QUEEN.

You come too late: the slave has pierc'd my heart.

LEONINE.

To wound it deeper, know, Marina lives.
The death intended her by you and me,
By heaven is justly turn'd upon ourselves.
To will or act is one at that strict audit,
Where we must soon appear—O Rhadamanthus—
[Dies.]

QUEEN.

Tear out his tongue, let not the traitor speak.

GUARD.

It need not, madam; he has spoke his last.

QUEEN.

I shall not long survive him—bear me hence—
Thou art the care of heaven, virtuous Marina;
Its out-casts we. The Gods are just and strong;
And none who scorn their laws e'er prosper long.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A House in Ephesus.

BAWD AND BOLT.

BAWD.

Where are the gentlemen?

BOLT.

Gone.

BAWD.

Gone!

BOLT.



B O L T.

Ay, gone away, and left her untouch'd. With her holy speeches, kneeling, prayers, and tears, she has converted 'em to chastity.

B A W D.

The devil she has!

B O L T.

They vow never to enter a bawdy-house again, but turn religious, and frequent the temples: they are gone to hear the vestals sing already.

B A W D.

What will become of me? O the wicked jade, to study the ruin of a poor gentlewoman! [*Weeping.*] I'd rather than twice the worth of her she had never come here.

B O L T.

She's enough to undo all the pandars and bawds in Ephesus.

B A W D.

Pox of her green sickness.

B O L T.

Ay, if she wou'd but change one for the other, there were some hopes of her. But I have good intelligence that the lord Lyfimachus will be here presently.

B A W D.

The governor?

B O L T.

Ay, but he's a great persecutor of persons of our profession.

B A W D.

B A W D.

Pho, those are our best customers and surest friends in private. If the peevish baggage wou'd but hear reason now, we were made for ever. Fetch her. We'll try once more. [*Exit BOLT.*] She must be marble if she don't melt at the sight of so great, so rich, so young and handsome a man as the lord Lysimachus.

Enter L Y S I M A C H U S.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Well, thou grave planter of iniquity,
Whose just returns are full grown crops of shame,
Are you supply'd with new and found temptations?
Such as an healthy man may venture on,
And fear the loss of nothing—but his soul.

B A W D.

I'm proud to see your lordship here, and glad your honour is so chearfully dispos'd. Venus forbid a gentleman shou'd receive an injury in my house. No, sir, we defy the surgeons. And for temptation, I have such an one, if she wou'd but——

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Prythee what?

B A W D.

Your honour knows what I mean well enough.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Well, let me see her.

B A W D.

Such flesh and blood, sir!—for red and white——
well, you shall see a flower, and a flower she were
indeed, had she but——

L Y S I-



L Y S I M A C H U S.

Why dost not speak? what is there wanting in her?

B A W D.

O, fir, I can be modest.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

When such as these pretend to modesty,
They are then most impudent.*Enter BOLT, forcing in MARINA.*

B A W D.

Now, fir, what do you think of her? wou'dn't
she serve after a long voyage?—Ay, fir—

L Y S I M A C H U S.

I'm lost in admiration—here's your fee:
Away, be gone and leave us. I came hither,
O who wou'd trust his heart, bent to detest
And punish these bad people; but when sin
Appears in such a form, the finest virtue
Dissolves to air before it.

B A W D.

I pray your honour let me have a word with her:
I'll have done presently.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Do, I beseech you.

B A W D.

First I wou'd have you take notice that this is a
man of honour.

M A R I N A.

Grant, heaven, I find him so!

B A W D.

And next, that he's a great man and governor of
this country; and lastly, one I'm bound to.

M A R I N A.



M A R I N A.

If he's greatly good
And governs well, you're bound to him indeed.

B A W D.

Pray use him kindly, or—

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Have you yet done?

B A W D.

I'm afraid your lordship must take some pains with
her, but there's nothing to be done with these un-
experienc'd things without it. Come, we'll leave
his honour and her together.

[Exeunt BAWD and BOLT.]

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Thou brightest star that ever left its sphere
(For sure you once shone in a higher region)
For low pollution and the depth of darkness,
How long hast thou pursu'd this devious course?

M A R I N A.

What course d'ye mean, my lord?

L Y S I M A C H U S.

I dare not name it:

For, loving, I am fearful to offend.

M A R I N A.

I cannot be offended at the truth.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

How long have you been what you now profess?

M A R I N A.

E'er since I can remember.

L Y S I-



LYSIMACHUS.

Gods! what pity!

Were you a prostitute so very young?

MARINA.

I ne'er was other — if I am so now.

LYSIMACHUS.

You are proclaim'd a creature set to sale
By being here.

MARINA.

And do you know this house
A place of such resort, yet venture in it?
I've heard you are of honourable rank,
And govern here.

LYSIMACHUS.

O, you have heard my pow'r,
And therefore stand aloof, but without cause;
For my authority shall here be blind,
Or look with kindness on thee. I've now learnt
What once seem'd strange, why rich men grasp at
pow'r,
And the poor murmur at restrictive laws.
Passion wou'd have the means to work its ends,
And the fierce tumult of intemp'rate blood
Rages the more the more it is resisted.
I must and will, in spite of vain remorse
And what I have been, feast each aking sense
On thy luxurious charms. Why dost thou shun me?
Blushing I speak it, thou shalt never find
Amongst the herd whose only joy is lewdness,
A more devoted slave. Is wanton pleasure
What you affect? my youth, yet unimpair'd
By riot or disease, shall meet your wishes.
Art thou ambitious? power and pomp attend thee.
Or if the love of gold, that cursed bait

That

That ruins half thy sex, possesses thy heart;
 I will descend to gratify a passion
 I should detest in any but thyself.

M A R I N A.

Cou'd you do thus! O you immortal powers,
 What is your influence on the heart of man,
 If ev'ry slight temptation wins him from you?
 Shall painted clay, shall white and red, less pure
 Than that which decks the lily and the rose,
 Seduce you from the bright unfading joys
 Your goodness yields! for sure your speech imports,
 And I well hope, you have not yet renounc'd it.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Thou art so fair, so exquisitely fair,
 And plead'st against thyself with so much art,
 That had I known thee sooner—what a thought!—
 But fully'd as thou art I must possess thee,
 Whate'er the purchase cost.

M A R I N A.

To think me, sir,
 A creature so abandon'd, yet pursue me,
 Is sure as mean and infamous, as wicked.
 What! waste your youth in arms that each lewd
 russian
 Who pays the price, may fill; lavish your wealth,
 And yield your sacred honour to the hand
 Of an improvident and wasteful wanton,
 Who does not guard her own!

L Y S I M A C H U S.

True, I came hither,
 With thoughts like these—but lead me to some place
 Private and dark—Alas, why dost thou weep?

M A R I N A.

Dare not come near me.

VOL. II.

H

LYSI-



L Y S I M A C H U S.

By the raging flame
Thy eyes have kindled here, I must enjoy thee.

M A R I N A.

Then view my last defence. [*Draws a dagger.*]

L Y S I M A C H U S.

What dost thou mean!

M A R I N A.

To die if you pursue your hated purpose,
Vain, rash, mistaken man.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

O hold thy hand :

By Jove she doth amaze me. Rest assur'd
I will not offer violence again
Be who or what thou wilt—but let me seize
This threatening steel, that fill'd my soul with terror
While levell'd at thy breast.

M A R I N A.

O mighty sir,

If you were born to honour show it now ;
If put upon you, make that judgement good
That thought you worthy of it.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

She's in earnest.

Here is some mystery I cannot fathom. [*Aside.*]

M A R I N A.

Have pity on a maid, a friendless maid,
By fortune forc'd to this detested sty ;
Where since I came diseases have been sold
Dearer than physick. Wou'd the gracious gods
But set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies in the pure air, I shou'd be happy.

L Y S I.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Conviction rises with each word she speaks.
 She's all a miracle, as chaste as fair. [*Aside.*
 He must indeed have a corrupted mind,
 Whom thy speech cou'd not alter. Here's gold
 for thee:

Still persevere in the clear way thou goest,
 And the gods strengthen thee. As for myself,
 The short liv'd error which thy beauty caus'd,
 Thy goodness and thy wisdom have corrected.

M A R I N A.

Now you're a true and worthy gentleman,
 The gracious gods preserve you.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Fare thee well.

If I shou'd take thee hence licentious tongues
 May wrong my fair intentions, and thy fame.
 Thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not
 But that thy birth and training both were noble.
 A curse upon him, die he, like a thief,
 That shall again attempt to wrong thy honour.
 If thou hear'st from me, as thou may'st expect it,
 And quickly too, it shall be for thy good.

Enter BOLT.

B O L T.

I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Avaunt, thou damn'd-door keeper, pandar hence.
 Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
 Wou'd sink, and overwhelm you. [*Exit LYSIM.*

B O L T.

I see we must take another course with you; or
 your peevish chastity, which is not worth a break-

H 2

fast



fast in the cheapest country in the universe, will undo a whole family. Come your ways.

Enter BAWD.

B A W D.

How now! what's the matter?

B O L T.

Worse and worse, mistress. She has been talking religion to my lord Lyimachus.

B A W D.

O abominable!

B O L T.

She makes our profession stink, as it were, in the nostrils of all who come near her.

B A W D.

Marry hang her.

B O L T.

My lord wou'd have us'd her as a lord shou'd use a gentlewoman, for I overheard 'em; but she sent him away as cold as a snow ball, saying his prayers too.

B A W D.

Take her away: use her at your pleasure.

M A R I N A.

Hark, hark, you gods!

B A W D.

She's at her pray'rs again. Away with her. I wish she had never enter'd into my doors.

[Exit BAWD.]

B O L T.

Come, mistress, you shall along with me.

M A R I N A.

M A R I N A.

O whither wou'd you have me?

B O L T.

Into the next room, to take from you by force
the jewel you are so unwilling to part with.

M A R I N A.

Pray tell me one thing first.

B O L T.

Propose your question.

M A R I N A.

What wou'd you wish to your worst enemies?

B O L T.

Why I wou'd wish 'em as infamous as my mis-
tresses.

M A R I N A.

And yet that wretch is not so bad as thou art,
Since she's thy better as she doth command thee.
The place thou hold'st is such that Cerberus
Wou'd not exchange his reputation with thee,
The filthy groom, door-keeper to a brothel.
Then to the chol'rick fist of ev'ry villain
Thy ear is liable. Thy food is such
As hath been breath'd on by infectious lungs.

B O L T.

What wou'd you have me do? go to the wars!
where a man may serve seven years for the loss of
a leg, and not have money enough in the end to
buy him a wooden one.

M A R I N A.

Do any kind of thing but this thou dost:
Empty receptacles of common filth,
Serve by indenture to the common hangman,

H 3

Or



Or herd with swine, or beg from door to door:
 The worst of these is far to be preferr'd
 To what you practise. If no sense of shame,
 No fear of laws, no reverence of the gods
 Come near thy heart; let that which doth persuade
 Millions to evil, bribe thee to be good:
 Touch not my honour, help me to escape
 This house of shame, and take the shining gold.
 The good lord gave me.

B O L T.

Nay, I don't see why a man mayn't as well do a
 good deed as a bad one, especially when he's paid
 for it. And to say the truth, I think you wou'd
 freeze the blood of a satyr, and make a puritan
 of the devil, if they were to cheapen a kifs of
 thee. Come, give me the money.

M A R I N A.

No, first conduct me to some place of safety.

B O L T.

But shall I have it then?

M A R I N A.

If I deceive you, take me home again,
 And prostitute me to the vilest groom
 That doth frequent your house.

B O L T.

Well, I'll trust you. I'll see you plac'd —

M A R I N A.

But among honest women.

B O L T.

Troth, I've but little acquaintance amongst
 them. But there is one who is known to all Ephe-
 sus by fame, the holy priestess of Diana's temple:
 she

M A R I N A. 103

she will be proud of such a chaste companion, and has besides the power to protect you.

M A R I N A.

O the good gods direct me how to find her!

B O L T.

But, hark, I hear my mistress. We must be gone: this way we may avoid her.

M A R I N A.

Jove's virgin-best-lov'd daughter, bright Diana, Who shar'st with Sol the skies, chaste queen of night, Defend my virtue, and direct my flight.

[*Exeunt* MARINA and BOLT.]

Enter BAWD.

B A W D.

Bolt, Bolt, where are you? secure Marina. The governor's officers are searching the house for her: we shall have her forc'd away. Why Bolt—O the devil! the back door is open: the villain is run away with my slave, and all the money I paid for her will be lost.

Enter OFFICERS,

FIRST OFFICER.

She's no where to be found.

B A W D.

No, no, she's gone. My man had stole her away before you came, a pox confound him and you too: I am likely to be brought to a fine pass betwixt you.

O F F I C E R.

Then we must execute our other orders, which are to turn this beldame out of doors, and then shut up the house.

H 4

B A W D.



B A W D.

Turn me out of doors! how must I live?

O F F I C E R.

Do you take care of that. It is a favour, and a great one too, that you are not sent to prison.

B A W D.

Such governors are enough to make a woman do what she never thought of.

O F F I C E R.

Ay, do—work—that's what I dare be sworn you never thought of.

B A W D.

No, nor ever will. A gentlewoman, and work! I'll see you all hang'd first.

O F F I C E R.

Chuse, and be hang'd yourself: you have long deserv'd it.

B A W D.

Have I so, scoundrel? and yet you have been glad of a cast of my office before now. While such as you are trusted with authority, as sure as thieves are honest, strumpets chaste,

Or priests hate money; this same sinful nation
Is in a hopeful way of reformation.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T



A C T III.

S C E N E I.

A Street in Ephesus.

B A W D.

IF I could but recover Marina, and 'make her pliable, I shou'd do very well still: I could make a handsome living of her in any ground in Asia.

Enter BOLT singing.

B O L T.

Hah, Mother Coupler! how is it with thee, old flesh-monger? thou quondam retailer of stale carrion, and propagator of diseases. What, quite broke! no private practice! I know you hate to be idle—Though your house is shut up, you have some properties, I hope. Why, you'll make a good strolling bawd still. What never a new vamped up wench, just come out of an hospital, to accommodate a friend with?

B A W D.

Villain, traitor, thief, runaway, how dare you look me in the face?

B O L T.

I am too well acquainted with your face to be afraid of it—ugly as it is.

B A W D.

You have the impudence of old nick.

B O L T.

Then I did not converse with you so long without learning something.

B A W D.



B A W D.

You seduced my slave.

B O L T.

That's a lye; for she seduced me.

B A W D.

You deserve to be hang'd for robbing me of my property. What have you done with her?

B O L T.

If I had done with her what you wou'd have had me, we shou'd both have been hang'd: so take the matter right, and you are oblig'd to me.

B A W D.

Not at all: for though it happen'd as you say, you intended me no good.

B O L T.

And pray whom did you ever intend any good to?

B A W D.

Where have you put Marina?

B O L T.

No where: she was taken from me before we had gone the length of the street by the governor's servants.

B A W D.

This is your praying lord, plague rot him for a cheating hypocrite. And so after all my cost and pains about her to no manner of purpose, he has her for nothing.

B O L T.

No, he hasn't her neither.

B A W D.



B A W D.

That's some comfort yet: then perhaps I may have her again.

B O L T.

When she turns strumpet, and you repent.

B A W D.

Where is she?

B O L T.

Where the air is as disagreeable to a bawd, as the air of a bawdy-house is to her—in the Temple of Diana.

B A W D.

I'm a ruin'd woman.

B O L T.

You can never be long at a loss for a living: it is but removing your quarters, and beginning your trade again where you are n't known—if you can find such a place.

B A W D.

You're a sneering rascal. But I hope you did not let Marina go off with the money the governor gave her?

B O L T.

No, no, I took care to lighten her of that burthen.

B A W D.

And where is it?

B O L T.

Very safe, very safe.

B A W D.

Why, you don't intend to cheat me of that too?

B O L T.



B O L T.

I don't well understand what you mean by cheating, but am sure I shou'd deceive you most egregiously if I were to part with a single stiver. No, no, I shall take care of myself: I shall keep what I have got, depend upon it.

B A W D.

But what a conscience must you have in the mean time!

B O L T.

Don't you and I know one another, Mother Coupler? measure my conscience exactly by your own, and you'll find its dimensions to the breadth of a hair.

B A W D.

If I ben't reveng'd, may I die of the pip without the comfort of an hospital to hide my shame and misery from the world.

B O L T.

Or the pleasure of deserving it.

[Exeunt different ways.]

S C E N E II.

*The Temple of DIANA with her Statue and Altar.
Near them THAISA is discover'd, sleeping; two
Priestesses attending, who come forward.*

F I R S T P R I E S T E S S.

Sleeps the high priestess yet?

S E C O N D P R I E S T E S S.

If the suspension
Of sense without the benefit of rest
Be sleep, she sleeps: she's greatly discompos'd.

FIRST PRIESTESS.

Yet trouble in her irritates devotion.
Hence day and night, before her sacred shrine,
She seeks with ardour the celestial maid,
Or watching waits her will; as if by chance
She slumbers, 'tis, as now, beneath her altar.

SECOND PRIESTESS.

You must have known her long?

FIRST PRIESTESS.

E'er, since that morning,
When from the troubled bosom of the deep
The billows cast her, breathless, on the beach,
That fronts this holy temple. I was present
When the good father of Lyfimachus
(And my kind uncle) by his art restor'd her
From her most death-like trance.

SECOND PRIESTESS.

This, though long since
And a known truth, is still the theme of wonder.

FIRST PRIESTESS.

I remember, when all suppos'd her dead,
This learned lord did from the first affirm,
That death might for some hours usurp on nature,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erprest spirits: and she liv'd to prove it.

SECOND PRIESTESS.

'Tis strange none e'er discover'd who she is.

FIRST PRIESTESS.

From the rich robe she'd on, and gems found with
her,
We judg'd her royal: all she wou'd disclose
Was that she lost a husband, and with him
All hopes and all desires of earthly joys.

And



And choosing to devote her future days
 To chastity and grief, she here retir'd;
 And took with me, who then was just prepar'd
 To be profest, the habit Argentine.
 The sacred dignity she now sustains
 Was much against her will conferr'd upon her,
 When sage Euphrion dy'd.

SECOND PRIESTESS.

Did you not mark
 How in an instant sorrow overwhelm'd her,
 When news was brought from Cyprus of the death
 Of the good king Simonides?

FIRST PRIESTESS.

I did.
 Her fortune's teeming with some great event.

SECOND PRIESTESS.

The perfect likeness too there is between
 Herself and sweet Marina, much amaz'd her.

FIRST PRIESTESS.

And must do all that see them. But allow
 The difference time must make, and they're the
 same:

Just what Marina is, Thaïsa was
 When I beheld her first.

THAÏSA.

O Pericles!

FIRST PRIESTESS.

Did she not speak? attend.

THAÏSA.

Art thou restor'd
 To the long widow'd arms of thy Thaïsa! —
 Ha! *[Rises and comes forward.]*

FIRST

M A R I N A.

III

FIRST PRIESTESS.

Madam, how fare you?

T H A I S A.

'Twas but a dream,
A flattering dream. And what is life itself,
Being justly weigh'd, but a meer fleeting shadow?
Most like these visions now so frequent with me—
I am troubled and trouble you, my friends.

SECOND PRIESTESS.

Cou'd our best service help you, we were happy.

FIRST PRIESTESS.

I fain wou'd hope your present perturbation
May prove the prelude to your lasting peace.

T H A I S A.

The lasting'ft peace is death : and that, perhaps,
Is what my dreams portend.

FIRST PRIESTESS.

The gods forbid.

T H A I S A.

The gods do all their will : I've long been learning
A perfect resignation to their pleasure.
My dream was this. Attending on the altar,
The goddesses seem'd to animate her statue ;
And, as I view'd the prodigy with terror,
Took from my brow the crescent and tiara,
The symbols of my office, and then struck
The smoking censor from my trembling hand,

FIRST PRIESTESS.

'Twas wond'rous strange.

T H A I S A.

And with a radiant smile
Consign'd me to the arms of my lov'd lord,

Who



Who stood confest and living to receive me.
With the surprize I wak'd.

FIRST PRIESTESS.

A fair presage.

Our goddess's visits you as a reward
For your true piety: this dream's from her.

T H A I S A.

We doubtless think ourselves of more importance
Than the wise gods allow us.

SECOND PRIESTESS.

Sacred madam,

The lord Lysimachus—

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

T H A I S A.

He's ever welcome.

LYSIMACHUS.

Hail, holy priestess, whose celestial mind
Adds whiteness to the silver robe you wear:
Have you yet learnt ought of the birth and fortunes
Of that sweet virgin I commended to you?

T H A I S A.

No, my good lord. Whene'er I question her
Who and from whence she is, she answers not,
But sits her down and weeps.

LYSIMACHUS.

I wish I knew.

T H A I S A.

Time may reveal it. She's a miracle:
My eyes ne'er saw her peer.

LYSIMACHUS.

O gracious Lady,
She's such a one that were I well assur'd

Came

Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,
I'd wish no better choice.

Enter GENTLEMAN.

GENTLEMAN.

Most honour'd Sir,
There is a ship arriv'd of strange appearance;
The hull, sails, streamers, tackle, all are black;
From whence is in a chaloupe come on shore
A person of a great but mournful mien,
Whose chief attendant asks to be admitted
To see our governor. What is your will?

LYSIMACHUS.

That he have his: I pray you greet him fairly.

[Exit GENTLEMAN.]

Enter ESCANES; and others after him, bearing
PERICLES.

LYSIMACHUS.

Hail, reverend Sir: the gracious gods preserve you.

ESCANES.

And you, t'out-live the age that I am now,
And die as I wou'd wish.

LYSIMACHUS.

You greet me well.

ESCANES.

Our vessel is of Tyre, our business here,
T' implore Diana's aid for one distress'd;
And such an one as in his happier days
Never forgot his duty to the gods,
Nor let th' afflicted sue to him in vain.

LYSIMACHUS.

And may she prove propitious.



E S C A N E S.

Sir, we thank you;
And further wou'd intreat that for our gold,
Your people may supply us with provisions,
Whereof we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

'Tis a courtesy
Which if we shou'd deny, the most just gods
For every graft wou'd send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province. But inform me,
Who is that melancholy gentleman.

E S C A N E S.

He is of note (I may reveal no more)
And was a goodly person, ere disasters,
Too great for human suff'rance, sunk him thus.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Upon what ground is his distemperance?

E S C A N E S.

It would be now too tedious to repeat;
But his main grief springs from the timeless loss
Of a beloved wife and only child.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Good Sir, all hail: the gods preserve you, hail.

E S C A N E S.

'Tis all in vain, my lord; he will not speak
To any one, nor takes he sustenance
But to prolong his grief.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Yet I durst wager,
We have a maid in Ephesus wou'd win
Some words from him.

T H A I S A.



T H A I S A.

'Tis well bethought, my lord.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,
And other choice attractions, would allure him,
And melt his fix'd resolves: she is most happy
In form and att'rance.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Say, we wish to see her.

[Exit GENTLEMAN.]

E S C A N E S.

Sure all's effectless: yet we'll omit nothing
That bears recov'ry's name.

Enter MARINA.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

This is the virgin.

Thrice welcome, fair one.

E S C A N E S.

She's a gallant lady.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Lovely physician of distemper'd minds,
We did send for thee to exert thy skill,
And matchless goodness on a noble patient;
View this majestick ruin, and then judge
By what remains how excellent a pile
Grief hath defac'd: absent to all things else,
And self resign'd to silence and despair,
See, he appears his own sad monument.
Now, if thy heav'nly art, so prosperous
In all attempts, can win him to attention,
And draw him but to answer thee in aught;
Thy sacred physick shall receive such thanks
As thy desires can wish.

I 2

M A R I N A.



M A R I N A.

You over-rate me.
But I will use my uttermost endeavours
For his recovery.

T H A I S A.

Succeed them, heaven !
What strange unlikelihood assaults my mind !
My wild, ungovern'd fancy wou'd persuade
My memory to find some traces there,
In that marr'd face, yet unobliterated,
Of my long dead, long drowned Pericles. [*Aside.*]

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Mark, she will try the force of musick first.

S O N G.

M A R I N A.

*Let those who are in favour with their stars,
Of publick honour and proud titles boast ;
While we whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Seek joy in virtue that we honour most.*

*Great princes favourites their fair leaves spread,
But as the marygold at the sun's eye;
While ruin in their pride but hides its head :
For at a frown their flatt'ring glories die.*

*The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd.*

*Then let us bear the malice of our stars,
And make our noble sufferance our boast ;
Tho' fortune ev'ry other triumph bars,
Seek joy in virtue that we honour most.*

T H A I S A.

THAISA.

Mark'd he your musick?

MARINA.

No, nor look'd upon me.

LYSIMACHUS.

She'll speak to him.

MARINA.

Sir, lend me your attention,
And behold me. Indeed I am a maid
Who ne'er before invited ears or eyes;
But have been sought to like an oracle,
And gaz'd on like a comet. Sir, she speaks,
Who, may be, hath endur'd calamities
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd—
Alas! he heeds me not. I wou'd give o'er,
But something whispers in my ear, go on.

PERICLES.

What syren have they found to force attention?
I'll steal a look, but not a word shall 'scape
From forth my lips. — [*Rises.*] O you immortal gods!

MARINA.

Why do you gaze so eagerly upon me?
Why spreads that burning crimson o'er your face
But now so pale? If you did know me, sir,
You wou'd not do me harm.

PERICLES.

I do believe thee.
Nay, turn thy eyes upon me — O how like —
Such things I've heard — inform me what thou art.

MARINA.

I am what I appear, a simple maid.



P E R I C L E S.

My long pent sorrow rages for a vent,
 And will o'erflow in tears. Such was my wife,
 And such an one my daughter might have been.
 My queen's square brows, her stature to an inch,
 As wand-like straight, as silver voic'd, her eyes
 As jewels like, in pace another Juno:
 And then, like her, she starves the ears she feeds,
 And makes them crave the more, the more she speaks.
 Where were you born? and how did you achieve
 Endowments, that you make more rich by owning?

M A R I N A.

If I shou'd tell my story it won'd seem
 Like lyes, disdaining the disguise of truth,
 And found in the reporting.

P E R I C L E S.

Prithee, speak.

Thou seem'st a palace for crown'd truth to dwell in:
 No falsehood can come from thee. Sweet, begin,
 And I will make my senses give credit
 To points that seem impossible. I think,
 Thou said'st thou had'st been tofs'd from wrong to
 wrong,
 And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
 If both were open'd.

M A R I N A.

Some such thing I said,
 And said no more than what I thought was likely.

P E R I C L E S.

Rehearse what thou hast borne: if that consider'd
 Prove but the thousandth part of my endurance,
 I will forego my sex, thou art a man,
 And I have suffer'd like a girl. Yet thou
 Dost look like patience, gazing on kings graves,
 And wooing with her smiles resolv'd extremity,

To

To spare himself, and wait a better day.
My most kind virgin, come and sit down by me.
Recount, I do beseech thee, what's thy name.

M A R I N A.

My name, sir, is Marina.

P E R I C L E S, *rising*.

P E R I C L E S.

O! I'm mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither,
To make the world laugh at me.

M A R I N A.

Nay, have patience,
Or here I'll cease.

P E R I C L E S.

I will, I will have patience.

M A R I N A.

That name was giv'n me by a king and father.

P E R I C L E S.

How! a king's daughter too! and call'd Marina!

M A R I N A.

Did you not say you wou'd believe me, sir?
But not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

P E R I C L E S.

But are you flesh and blood?

Have you a working pulse? are you no spirit? —
Substance and motion — Well, where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?

M A R I N A.

I was born

At sea, and from that circumstance so nam'd.



P E R I C L E S.

Hold, hold awhile. This is the rarest dream,
That e'er dull sleep did mock sad fool withal.
How shou'd this be my child?—buried and here,
Living and dead at once—it cannot be.

M A R I N A.

'Twere best I did give o'er.

P E R I C L E S.

Yet give me leave.

Where were you bred? how came you to the separks?

M A R I N A.

The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me,
Till Philoten, the queen, fought to destroy me;
And having won a villain to attempt it,
A crew of pirates came and rescu'd me,
Who brought me here.

P E R I C L E S.

You gods! if I'm deceiv'd

Ne'er let me wake again—Marina!—O!

[*Takes her band.*]

M A R I N A.

Why do you wring my wrist? wherewou'd you draw
me?

Why do you weep, good sir? what moves you thus?
In sooth, I'm no impostor, but the daughter
Of good king Pericles.

P E R I C L E S.

I'll praise the gods,

Their power and goodness, ever while I breathe.
I've been a sinful man; but from this hour,
In darkness and distress I'll wait their mercy,
And ne'er distrust them more.

T H A I S A.

T H A I S A.

You mighty gods!

Whose boundless goodness fill delights to triumph
O'er our demerits and confirm'd despair,
And evidence the wisdom of your counsels,
By shewing man the folly of his own;
What are you doing now to raise our wonder!
That voice and person grow familiar to me.
Doth my lord live! hath Pericles a daughter!
It cannot, cannot be. Then who are these?
I'm deeply int'rested, yet know not how.
Some god, instruct me what to hope or fear,
To ask or deprecate. Stupid amazement
Obstructs my powers--when will these clouds disperse,
And day break in on my benighted mind?

P E R I C L E S.

But one thing more: tell me, who was thy mother?

M A R I N A.

She was the daughter of the king of Cyprus.

T H A I S A.

O let me hear the rest.

M A R I N A.

Her name Thaisa:

Who, as Lychorida oft told me weeping,
Did end the very moment I began.

P E R I C L E S.

You gods! you gods! your present kindness makes
All my past mis'ries sport—
I'm Pericles of Tyre.

M A R I N A.

My royal father!—

[*Kneels; he raises her.*]

T H A I S A.

T H A I S A.

You gracious gods! if now you take me hence,
I shall not taste the joys of your elysium. [*Faints.*]

L Y S I M A C H U S.

What! ho! help here: the holy priestess dies:

M A R I N A.

The heavenly powers forbid.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

She did observe
The progress of this strange discovery,
With strong emotions and unusual transports.

P E R I C L E S.

I pray who is this lady?

L Y S I M A C H U S.

A miracle of goodness, sent by heav'n
To make this land most happy. In her bloom,
After a tempest, in the which 'twas thought
All her companions perish'd, she was cast
Here on our coast.

P E R I C L E S.

Near it I lost the mother

Of my Marina.

T H A I S A.

Hark, what music's that!

P E R I C L E S.

These very hands did cast into those seas
The treasure of my soul.

T H A I S A.

I know it now:
It is the harmony the spheres do make——
Nay do not weep—I am but overjoy'd—
I shall recover straight.

P E R I C L E S.

P E R I C L E S.

Pray, how long since
Was this strange chance you speak of?

L Y S I M A C H U S.

'Tis, I've heard,
About as many years as your fair daughter
Seems to be old.

P E R I C L E S.

I do begin to doat;
And yet the gods are mighty as they're good.
How was she found?

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Cloſe in a ſailor's coffer.
She ſeem'd a breathleſs corſe; but my good father,
(Now with the gods) by his ſuperior ſkill
Did find it was not ſo, and by his art,
Which equall'd his humanity, reſtor'd her
To health and vigour.

T H A I S A.

Where, O where's my lord?

P E R I C L E S.

Thaiſa's voice!

T H A I S A.

Yet let me look again:
If he be none of mine, my ſanctity
Shall guard me ſtill from his licentious touch——
I'll none but Pericles.

P E R I C L E S.

Her face, her ſtature,
That beauty that nor time nor grief cou'd change——
It is, it can be, none but my Thaiſa.

T H A I S A.

But dare we truſt?——

P E R I C L E S.



P E R I C L E S.

By Jove, I'd not be kept
A moment longer absent from thy bosom,
Tho' I were sure as I did press thy lips,
My high wrought spirits wou'd dissolve to air,
And leave me cold and lifeless in thy arms.

T H A I S A.

You sons and daughters of adversity,
Preserve your innocence, and each light grief
(So bounteous are the gods to those who serve them)
Shall be rewarded with ten thousand joys.

M A R I N A.

My heart bounds in me, and wou'd fain be gone
Into my mother's bosom.

P E R I C L E S.

See who kneels there, thy child and mine, Thaisa,
Bought almost with thy life.

T H A I S A.

And cheaply purchas'd.
Blest and my own! thou mak'st my joy compleat.

E S C A N E S.

Hail, royal master.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Happy monarch, hail.

P E R I C L E S.

O good Escanes, strike me, noble sir,
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joy rushing upon me,
O'erbear the bounds of frail mortality,
And sweetness be my bane. O come, come both:
Thou whom the boundless ocean gave me back,
O let me bury thee a second time,
And hide thee in my heart; and thou who gav'st
Him

Him life who did beget thee, come thou too:
 There's endless space, and as replete with love
 As the great deep with waters. Wou'd our voices
 Rise with our thoughts, we'd thank the holy gods
 As loud as their high thunder threaten'd us,
 When thou wast born, and thou did'st seem to die.
 This tribute paid not to our will but power,
 I do resolve for Tharsus; there to strike
 Th' inhospitable queen.

LYSIMACHUS.

I have advice,
 My lord, that she is slain by Leonine,
 One who was poison'd by her.

MARINA.

That's the wretch
 She hir'd to murder me.

LYSIMACHUS.

'Tis added too,
 She dy'd in evil fame and unlamented.
 Then, mighty sir, repose yourself awhile
 After your weary griefs, and make our court
 Proud with your presence.

PERICLES.

You're a noble host,
 And sue to purchase trouble with expence;
 Enjoy thy wish.

LYSIMACHUS.

Herein I'm highly honour'd.
 But, royal sir, I've yet a bolder suit.

PERICLES.

Your princely fire preserv'd Thaisa's life,
 And you are master of as gracious parts
 In mind and form, as any I e'er noted;
 You shall prevail, be it to wooe my daughter.

LYSI-



L Y S I M A C H U S.

Thanks, royal sir. If she accept my vows,
I am the very happiest of mankind.

T H A I S A.

And she, sweet maid, most happily bestow'd.
O my dear lord, he has been noble to her;
But that and all we've prov'd since our sad parting,
We will rehearse at leisure. I have had
From sure intelligence the heavy news
Of my good father's death, and that our subjects
In peace and loyalty do wait our coming.

P E R I C L E S.

Heav'n make a star of him. Yet here, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials; and ourselves
Will in fair Cyprus spend our future days;
And to our children leave the crown of Tyre.

To cast new light on truth, in us is seen,
Tho' long assail'd with fortunes fierce and keen,
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heav'n, and crown'd with joy at last.

T H E E N D.

EPILOGUE.

*W*HEN to a future race the present days
 Shall be the theme of censure or of praise,
 When they shall blame what's wrong, what's right allow,
 Just as you treat your own fore-fathers now,
 I'm thinking what a figure you will make,
 No light concern, sirs, where your fame's at stake.
 I hope we need not urge your country's cause,
 You'll guard her glory, and assert her laws,
 Nor force your ruin'd race, mad with their pains,
 To curse you as the authors of their chains.
 We dare not think, we wou'd not fear, you will;
 For Britons, though provok'd, are Britons still.
 Yet let not this kind caution give offence:
 The surest friend to liberty is sense.
 How that declines the drooping arts declare;
 Are your diversions what your fathers were?
 At masquerades, your wisdom to display,
 You make the stupid farce for which you pay.
 Musick itself may be too dearly bought,
 Nor was it sure design'd to banish thought.
 But, sirs, whate'er's your fate in future story,
 We'll have the British fair secur'd their glory.
 When worse than barbarism had sunk your taste,
 When nothing pleas'd but what laid virtue waste,
 A sacred band, determin'd, wise, and good,
 They jointly rose to stop th'exotick flood,
 And strove to wake, by Shakespeare's nervous lays,
 The manly genius of Eliza's days.

Be it an omen of returning sense,
 Others adopt our softness and expence:
 Well pleas'd such harmless insults we may bear,
 Those follies lost we've numbers yet to spare;
 Unquestion'd let 'em rob us of our shame —
 We need but ask our treasure and our fame.



RECEIPT

THIS RECEIPT IS GIVEN BY THE
SACRED COLLEGE OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
TO THE
HONORABLE
THE LORDS OF THE
TREASURY OF THE
COMMONS
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED
FOR THE
SUM OF
ONE HUNDRED
POUNDS
STERLING
PAID TO
THE
SACRED COLLEGE OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
FOR THE
PURCHASE OF
BOOKS
AND
MANUSCRIPTS
FOR THE
LIBRARY OF THE
SACRED COLLEGE OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
IN THE
YEAR OF OUR LORD
ONE THOUSAND
SEVEN HUNDRED
AND
EIGHTY
FOUR
AND
IN THE
SEVENTH
YEAR OF THE
REIGN OF
HIS MOST
EXCELLENT
MAYESTY
KING
GEORGE
THE
THIRD

IN WITNESS WHEREOF
THE
SACRED COLLEGE OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
HAS CAUSED
THIS RECEIPT TO BE
SIGNED BY
THEIR
VICE-CHANCELLOR
AND
COUNSELLORS
AND
SEALLED WITH
THEIR
COMMON SEAL
THIS
TENTH
DAY OF
MAY
IN THE
SEVENTH
YEAR OF THE
REIGN OF
HIS MOST
EXCELLENT
MAYESTY
KING
GEORGE
THE
THIRD



E L M E R I C K:

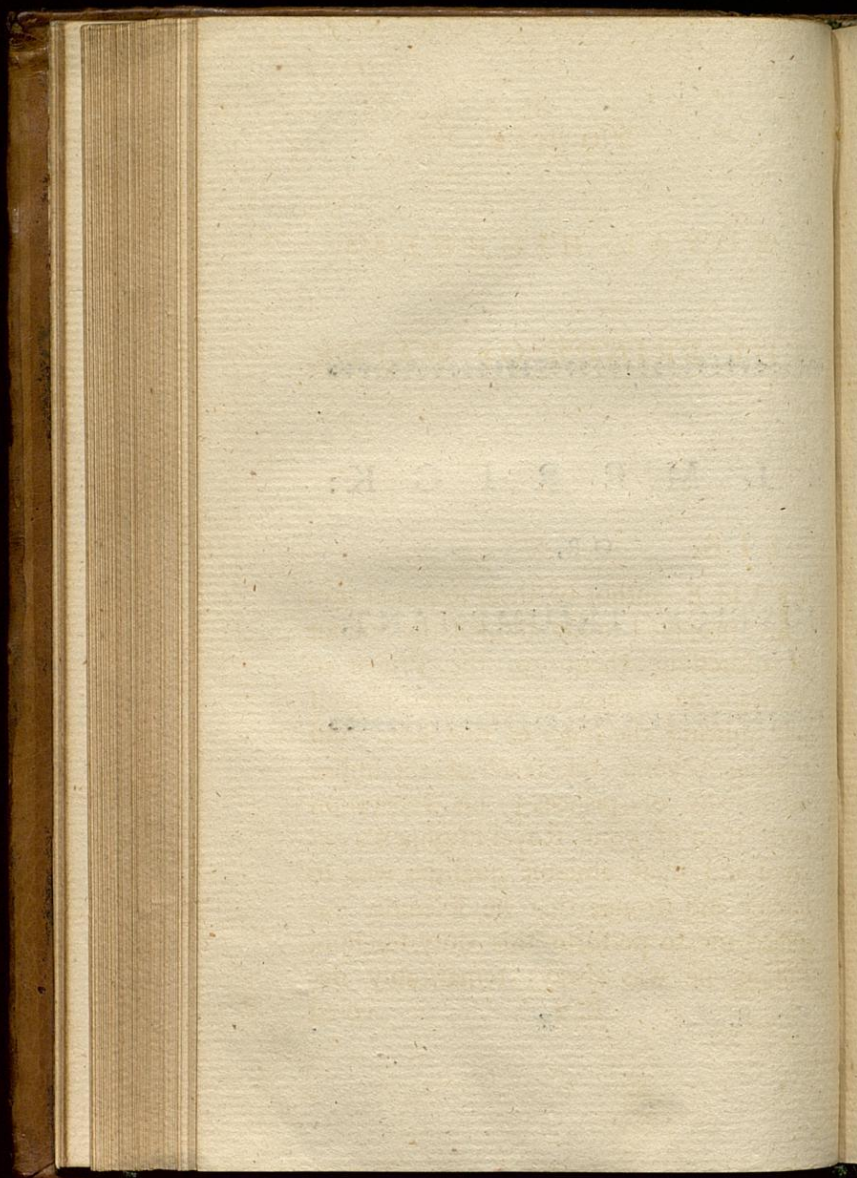
O R,

JUSTICE TRIUMPHANT.

Vol. II.

K





TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

S I R,

THE author of these scenes always proposed to do himself the honour of addressing them to the Prince of Wales: and when he perceived himself just quitting the stage of this life, and retiring beyond the reach of the smiles or frowns of princes; his veneration even then of your Royal Highness's exalted and most amiable qualities was so intense and strong, that he solemnly enjoined me to perform this duty for him. For as he was always remarkably de-

K 2

voted



DEDICATION.

voted to the cause of liberty and justice, (for the advancement of which the following piece was written) he thought it would be a kind of injury, not to consecrate it to the most illustrious patron of justice, heroick virtue, and the rights of mankind. Your Royal Highness's great condescension in permitting me to execute the will of my departed friend, and in patronizing his orphan play, is a circumstance that is very glorious to him, and gives a sanction to his fame.

All true Englishmen in general, as well as the friends of Mr. Lillo in particular, have great reason to congratulate one another on the protection which your Royal Highness was graciously pleased to afford this piece during the performance of it: for to see the heir apparent of these kingdoms so generously countenancing a tragedy, in which the character of a righteous king, who founds all his glory on the liberty and happiness of his subjects, is drawn in such strong and lively colours, must



DEDICATION.

must give a very sensible pleasure to the whole nation; it serves to keep alive the hopes which the publick has long since conceived, and is an undoubted pledge of many future blessings from your auspicious influence.

Your elegance of taste, and illustrious virtues render you the most generous protector and the noblest theme of all who cultivate the politer arts; as the continual overflowings of your bounty towards all objects of distress daily endear you to every heart that has any feelings of humanity: this your princely heavenly disposition is universally felt and acknowledged, and considered with all its circumstances without a parallel.

That your Royal Highness may long continue the munificent encourager of arts and letters, an example to princes of public spiritedness, humanity, and condescension, is the ardent wish of every honest Briton: for notwithstanding all

K 3

our



DEDICATION.

our divisions, the voice of the whole nation is unanimous in praying for your life, honour, and prosperity: and this we should do from motives of interest and self-love, were we not impelled to it by gratitude and duty. I am,

S I R,

Your Royal Highness's

Most devoted

Humble servant,

JOHN GRAY.



P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. QUIN.

*N*O labour'd 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 passion's force, and as he felt he wrote.
His BARNWELL once no critick's 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 fame to save,
And bid one laurel grace his humble grave.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

ANDREW II. king of Hungary: commonly called Andrew of Jerusalem.	} Mr. <i>Mills</i> .
CONRADE, prince of Moravia.	Mr. <i>Millward</i> .
ELMERICK.	Mr. <i>Quin</i> .
BATHORI, father to Ismena.	Mr. <i>Wright</i> .
BELUS, secretary to Elmerick.	Mr. <i>Winstone</i> .

WOMEN.

MATILDA, queen of Hungary.	Mrs. <i>Butler</i> .
ISMENA, wife to Elmerick.	Mrs. <i>Mills</i> .
ZENOMIRA, attendant on the queen.	} Miss <i>Bennet</i> .

Lords, Deputies, and Guards.

SCENE *the King's Palace at BUDA.*



ELMERICK.

ACT I. SCENE I.

ISMENA's Apartment in ELMERICK's House.

ISMENA alone.

WHEN we are blest'd even to our utmost wish,
Is it the nature of the restless mind
To work its own disquiet, and extract
Pain from delight? O Elmerick! my life,
My lord, my husband! when I count with transport
Thy amiable virtues, when I think
How fair a treasure I possess in thee,
I'm lost in scenes of soft, bewild'ring bliss;
Yet fear, I know not why, some fatal change
May rob me of my happiness.

Enter BATHORI.

BATHORI.

So melancholy, and alone, my daughter!

ISMENA.

My lord is with some nobles of the states.

BATHORI.

You shou'd remember 'tis the greatest honour
To be so oft consulted, so rever'd
By men who stand the foremost in their country.

ISMENA.

Remember too, how dear a sacrifice
My Elmerick made, when he forsook retreat,
And chang'd our solid peace for courts and senates.
We knew no want, no avarice, no ambition:

In-



Intruding business and corroding cares,
 Though hid beneath the pomp of wealth and power,
 Must take from our felicity; who find,
 Each in the other, what the world besides
 Is much too poor to give.

BATHORI.

You must not weigh
 Your single quiet with the good of millions.
 Your noble husband's rank and high abilities
 Have destin'd him the servant of his country:
 For Elmerick has every gift of heaven
 That renders publick care a debt to virtue,
 And soft retirement poor, unmanly baseness.

ISMENA.

Still you forget the graces that have made
 Your only child, your lov'd Ismena, happy.

BATHORI.

Thou dearest comfort of thy father's age!
 My heart is pleas'd that thou art mindful of them.
 Your well plac'd love, this tender gratitude,
 Are proofs you merit, what you justly boast of,
 To have the hand and heart, to be the wife
 Of Elmerick—I cannot praise thee higher.

ISMENA.

The highest praise my vainest wish aspires to,
 Is that my ardent love bears some proportion
 To its exalted object.

BATHORI.

Both are happy;
 And heaven preserve you so!—I judge that now
 The states may be assembling in the palace,
 As summon'd by the king. He has not met them
 Since they elected Elmerick their palatine,
 Pursuant to the grant he gave his people.

He



He means this morning to appoint a regent,
Then to set forth for Palestine.

I S M E N A.

What dangers
He generously meets!

B A T H O R I.

For me, I own,
I ne'er approv'd this rash, romantick war,
Begot by hot-brain'd bigots, and fomented
By the intrigues of proud, designing priests.
All ages have their madness, this is ours.
The king is wise, benevolent and brave,
But covetous of glory to excess;
And if he steer amiss, 'tis in a torrent
That bears down all before it.

I S M E N A.

His fair queen,
No doubt, will greatly mourn so long an absence.

B A T H O R I.

Perhaps she may.—Yet—I cou'd wish, Ismena,
(I speak in confidence and with concern)
The queen were wise, and gentle like thyself.

I S M E N A.

My place and near attendance on her person
Have given me means to know her, and 'tis sure,
To nature none owes more.

B A T H O R I.

Yes, I confess,
Matilda wants not charms, sharp female wit,
And dignity of form; but her warm passions,
And the wild eagerness with which she follows
Each gust of inclination, may, I fear,
Prove dangerous to herself, the king and realm.

I S M E N A.



I S M E N A.

Detraction cannot say she e'er transgress'd
The strictest bounds of virtue.

B A T H O R I.

Suppose her chaste, 'tis pride, not virtue in her.
Can she be virtuous, who beheld unmov'd
The treacherous arts of her licentious brother
To tempt your virgin honour, while he stay'd
To grace his sister's nuptials, and stain'd Buda
With his Moravian riot?

I S M E N A.

I reveal'd

Her thoughtless conduct, which indeed amaz'd me,
Only to you, my father. — Let it die:
Be all her errors mended and forgot,
Her worth improv'd and honour'd.

B A T H O R I.

Nay, I wish it:

Wou'd I cou'd add, with truth, I hop'd it too! —
Thou dearest pleasure of my ebbing life,
With thee conversing, I forgot the hours
Were passing on — I go: the states demand me.

[*Exeunt separately.*]

S C E N E II.

The Assembly of the States.

F I R S T L O R D.

That the king means this day to join the army
Is then no longer doubted?

E L M E R I C K.

No, my lord.

F I R S T

FIRST LORD.

May health and safety wait upon his person!

SECOND LORD.

May fortune never cross his generous labours,
But victory and triumph bring him home!

ELMERICK.

So please just heaven! 'tis the devoutest wish
Of every honest heart in Hungary.

To them enter KING, BATHORI, Attendants.

KING taking a seat of state.

KING.

You nobles, and you deputies of Hungary,
And you confederate states that own our scepter,
Know, I this day depart for Palestine:
Where like a mourning matron, by her sons
Neglected or forgot in her distress,
Lies sacred Sion, captiv'd and profan'd.
But ere I name the regent of my kingdoms,
Which you shall witness, and, I trust, applaud;
I greet, with heart-felt joy, your wise election
Of Elmerick, first palatine of Hungary:
The conservator of your laws and rights,
Guardian of liberty, and judge of power.
His manly virtues answer my big thought,
And give full vigour to the awful title:
Wisdom consummate in the fire of youth,
The hardest valour join'd with soft compassion,
And justice never to be brib'd or aw'd—

ELMERICK.

My life's poor labours never can deserve
My country's favour, or my sov'reign's praise.
And, O perpetual source of bounteous virtue,
Who but a king, whose wide expanding heart

Feels

Feels a whole people's bliss, humanely great,
 Wisely ambitious, ere, benignant, plan'd,
 In his high soaring thought, so large a gift;
 Gave to a subject right to judge his acts,
 And say to sov'reign power—here shalt thou stay!

K I N G.

What we have thought of regal government,
 Its bounds and end, I hope our reign has witness'd,
 To make a people wretched, to entail
 The curse of bondage on their drooping race,
 Can add no joy to sense, can sooth no passion
 That hath its seat in nature—may reproach
 Sound through the loathing world his guilty name
 Who dares attempt it—what can be his motive,
 Whom long descent, or a free people's love,
 Has rais'd an earthly God, so to degrade
 Himself, and take the office of a fiend!—
 Too foul mistake!—Let me aspire to glory
 By glorious means! to have my reign illustrious,
 The theme of loud-tongued fame and echoing nations,
 May it give birth to an eternal æra,
 And be the happy date when publick liberty
 Receiv'd its last perfection!

B A T H O R I.

Matchless king!
 How shalt thy subjects pay this God-like gift!

K I N G.

Defend it as your lives—said I your lives?
 That's poor, and far unworthy its importance;
 Defend it as you wou'd your fame and virtue.
 And if, hereafter, some ill judging monarch
 Invade your rights with bold oppressive power;
 Under the conduct of your palatine,
 Repel by legal force the known injustice,
 And place the sacred crown of holy Stephen,

Thus

Thus forfeited and impiously profan'd,
On some more worthy head. [*Pauses*]—All gracious heaven!

Affection melts their hearts—there's not an eye
But swells with tears in all this great assembly.
The active warmth of youth, the cool experience
Of venerable age, the statesman's wisdom,
And hardy soldier's courage, overcome
By obligation, melt to infant softness,
And speechless tears.

BATHORI.

O gracious monarch!

FIRST LORD.

Father!

ELMERICK.

*Glory, and guardian angel of our country!

KING.

Why, let the envious call this flattery,
Unmanly art! to which unhappy slaves
Are forc'd to form their lips—You need it not——
My last, just care has made it useless to you.

ELMERICK.

When gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart,
And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise
For benefits receiv'd; propitious heaven
Takes such acknowledgement as fragrant incense,
And doubles all its blessings.

KING.

'Tis enough——

The powerful theme had sway'd my glowing thought
From the important business of this day,
Which claims your high attention—I shall now
Repose the sov'reign power in proper hands,
During the war I wage in Palestine.

ELMERICK.



ELMERICK.

May heaven direct your choice!
 For what is law more than the breathless form
 Of some fall'n hero, spiritless and cold,
 To be dispos'd and trampled on at pleasure
 By every bold offender; unless steady
 And vig'rous execution give it life.

KING.

'Tis justly urg'd, my lord, and you yourself
 Shall in my absence guard it from contempt
 By vig'rous execution. Take the sword,
 And bear it not in vain.---Shou'd any dare,
 Presuming on their birth or place for safety,
 Disturb my subjects peace with bold injustice;
 Let no consideration hold your hand,
 As you shall answer it to me and heaven:
 Think well how I wou'd act, or ought to act,
 Were I in person here, and do it for me.

ELMERICK.

An awful trust, my liege, and strongly urg'd:
 And while I rule your realm, shou'd some bold
 crime
 Demand the righteous rigour you enjoin;
 May heaven deal with me, as I shall discharge
 With faithfulness and courage, or neglect,
 Through treachery or fear, the painful duty.

KING.

Unblest'd a king, whose self-reproaching heart
 Ne'er calm reposes on a subject's virtue!
 Thank heaven, I am not such: I taste the safe,
 The generous joys of confidence well plac'd.
 With you, brave Elmerick, the states have lodg'd
 Their noblest right, and I dare trust my crown.
 But there is yet a dearer, tenderer charge,

And

And let me recommend, ere I dismiss you,
 [Turning to the states.
 More than my crown, my queen to your affections.
 I go, once more, to take my last adieu,
 Then lead my hallow'd banners to the east.
 [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

QUEEN AND ZENOMIRA.

QUEEN.

To stoop beneath a constant weight of cares
 To purchase ease for others!—poor and senseless!
 Injurious to himself, and base to me!

ZENOMIRA.

The king is held by all most wise and just.

QUEEN.

For me, I cannot think so—then this start
 To Palestine, this warlike pilgrimage,
 This holy madness will bear no excuse.
 Need he regard whether the line of Baldwin,
 Or Saladin, be victors in a clime
 So far remote, who might enjoy repose
 And pleasure here? I tell thee, Zenomira,
 I'm not, by far, so happy as Ismena.
 For Elmerick, the theme of every tongue,
 Can love: and to our sex, love crowns all merit.

ZENOMIRA.

Madam, the king——

QUEEN.

He comes to take his leave. Ungrateful man!
 He merits not my heart, who vainly dares
 To rate his pride above it. [Exit ZENOMIRA.

VOL. II.

L

Enter



Enter KING.

K I N G.

The urgent business of this day, Matilda,
How has it robb'd me of thy dear society !

Q U E E N.

You will have constant business, sir—The camp
Detains you from me now, and now the senate;
And when your court receives you, restless still,
And fir'd with some bright phantom of ambition,
You mix with hoary heads, and plan new glories.

K I N G.

If, faithful to the trust impos'd by heaven,
I oft have born with grief thy painful absence;
O think me not less thine, my lov'd Matilda,
But pity my sad duty.

Q U E E N.

Said you duty?—

Your idol honour rather—that you worship—
That sends your banners to the distant east,
To fruitless wars, and visionary triumphs.

K I N G.

Honour's a duty, madam, and the noblest;
And ardent I pursue the powerful impulse.
There are (with shame I speak it) those who loiter
In this religious warfare. The emperor
Cannot unite his Germans; France delays:
Grim death has forc'd the slaught'ring battle-axe
From Cœur de Lion's strong unerring hand;
And John of England, his unthrifty brother,
Repell'd abroad, prepares his luckless sword
To wound the liberties, rescind the laws,
And sheath it in the bowels of his kingdom.
Our troops are ready: Sion's mournful cries
Call loud for instant succour—and I go.

2

Q U E E N.



Q U E E N.

Then I must learn to bear my king's neglect,
And endless solitude.

K I N G.

No, my Matilda;

The time will come when war's rough labours ended
Shall give me up devoted to thy beauties,
And all our days to come shall blended flow
In one pure stream of calm, unruffled love.

Q U E E N.

Our days to come
Are dark uncertainties; and doating age,
Shou'd we attain it, painful or insipid.

K I N G.

Do not distract me, call back these reproaches.
Urge not, my queen, thy soft'ning power too far,
But think thy husband's triumphs will be thine.—
Mean-time, to soften my unwilling absence
Thy brother comes, the partner of thy heart:
Each day my court expects him from Moravia.
His sprightly temper, his engaging converse,
Will steal all sorrow from thee.

Q U E E N.

In my brother
I still have found a friend; and friendship now
Is all the good my widow'd heart must hope for.—
But in your absence, sir, the sovereign power
To whom intrust you? whom must I obey?

K I N G.

Lord Elmerick, as you know was my fix'd purpose,
I have appointed regent of my kingdoms.

Q U E E N.

The world talks loud of Elmerick's fair merits,

L 2

And



And I, unus'd to think on such grave subjects,
Congratulate your choice.—

K I N G.

You're just and kind;
To crown with your auspicious praise the man
Whom I so love and honour.—May I hope
That all those lips have dropt less gentle to me,
Was but the tender fears of love alarm'd?
Oh say but this! and I will think it kinder
Than all th' endearments of affected fondness.

Q U E E N.

Think what will please you best, and that I said it,—
And may the shining fame you seek so far
Pay your long labours!

K I N G.

One embrace, Matilda!
May heaven on all thy days shed sweetest comfort,
And peace with angel wings o'er shade thy slumbers!
Eager for fame, and zealous to chastize
The foes of heaven, I thought I cou'd resist
This heart-invading softness—Fond mistake!
Call'd to begin the task by leaving thee,
I find my fancy'd heroism vain,
And all the feeble tender man returns.—
I must not give it way.—Once more, farewell.

[Exeunt separately.]

A C T



A C T II.

S C E N E I.

QUEEN AND ISMENA.

QUEEN.

Y E S, I resent the king has left me thus! —
Thus in the bloom of youth to be forsaken! —
I'll have revenge.

ISMENA.

Forgive your servant, madam;
Grief and impatience interrupt your reason :
You think not what you speak, or will not think it.
When time shall give you leisure to reflect,
The king, howe'er in this —

QUEEN.

Excuse him not;

I never lov'd him, and now never will. —
You seem amaz'd! is it so very strange,
A lady shou'd not love the man she weds?

ISMENA.

My happy fortune, madam, makes me think so,
Nor wou'd I lose that thought to be a queen.

QUEEN.

I wou'd I were no queen! — at least not here!
When in Moravia, at my father's court,
The only daughter and the darling joy
Of my fond parents love; officious fame
Proclaim'd me as a miracle of beauty:
Justly or not is now of small importance,
'Twas then thought true, and princes came in crowds
To love and be refus'd. The noblest triumphs
Our sex can boast, charm'd my aspiring thoughts;

L 3

And



And constant revels, feasting, mirth and music
 Sooth'd every sense. No grave grimace, that's call'd
 Religion here; no visionary schemes
 To set the rabble free, and fetter kings;
 No anxious cares for what regards not us,
 Remote posterity; obscur'd the lustre,
 Or damp'd the joys of Olmutz' gallant court:
 Soft am'rous sighs were all the mournful sounds,
 And deep intrigues to gain some haughty fair
 Were all the business of that happy place
 I left for this proud solemn seat of dulness,
 This pompous grave of pleasure, hated Buda.

I S M E N A.

What wit and charms has education marr'd! [*Aside.*]

Q U E E N.

Then judge, Ismena,
 Who know'st this formal court, and sober king,
 My hopeless, lost condition.

I S M E N A.

May I hope
 Your majesty's forgiveness, shou'd I ask,
 The absence of your royal lord excepted,
 What more cou'd kind, indulgent heaven bestow?
 Power, wealth, and honour wait upon your will.

Q U E E N.

Power, wealth and honour feed man's high ambition;
 But for our humbler sex, we're true to nature,
 And rest content with pleasure. But to me
 Pleasure's impossible, whilst my grave master
 More than forbids it by his wise example.
 And then this last injurious flight has mov'd me
 Beyond the power to pardon.

I S M E N A.



ISMENA.

Shou'd my lord
Have left me thus, I might, I must have griev'd—
I think to death; but sure no angry thought
Had ruffled my sad bosom.

QUEEN.

You, Ismena,
Are a rare instance of felicity,
A happy, marry'd woman.

ISMENA.

'Tis true, my lord,
Or I am partial, has not many equals:
The manly beauty of his pleasing face,
His perfect symmetry and noble mien,
His tender language, and his soft address—

QUEEN.

I am no stranger to them—wou'd I were! [*Aside.*]

ISMENA.

But then the matchless beauty of his mind—
Ne'er were the great and tender so united
As in the soul of Elmerick.

QUEEN.

Rash creature! [*Aside.*]

ISMENA.

How happy were our sex if more were like him!

QUEEN.

Why was not I reserv'd for such a lover?
My passions must have vent. [*Aside.*] Gentle Ismena!
Wait for me near the fountain in the garden.

[*Exit ISMENA.*]

When murmur'ing at my fate, to set before me,
And in so full a light, those very graces
That long have charm'd me! vain officious woman!—

L 4

Why



Why have you, heaven, so form'd this heart for love,
With no more reason, than you must foresee,
Subservient to that love, will make me wretched?

Enter ELMERICK.

E L M E R I C K.

Hail to the queen! and may the news I bear,
Prove a glad omen of my future service
From this auspicious hour! your royal brother,
The valiant Conrade, is arriv'd at Buda.

Q U E E N.

Now by the joys my soul has long been lost to,
This kind, this gen'rous haste to bring relief
To a forsaken solitary queen,
Does justice to your character. My thanks—
But that's a poor reward, current at courts
For want of something better.—I wou'd find
Some solid favour to engage your service,
Worthy of me, and worthy your acceptance.

E L M E R I C K.

Is there a man so venal or so vain,
As not to think the happiness to serve
So good and great a queen, a full reward
For all he can perform?—and then the honour
Done to my wife!—your favour to Ismena
Exceeds all gratitude.

Q U E E N.

Gall, gall and poison. [*Aside.*]

E L M E R I C K.

Madam, I take my leave. The prince is ent'ring.

Q U E E N.

My lord, when our first interview is over,
We shall expect your presence.

[*Exit* ELMERICK.
Enter

Enter CONRADE.

CONRADE.

My Matilda!

Long let me press thee to my joyful breast,
 I who have often mourn'd thy tedious absence,
 Thou dear, dear object, both by choice and nature,
 Of my fond love, my sister and my friend!

QUEEN.

And was it tedious? did you think it long?
 Why shou'd I doubt it? when was you not kind?
 When did thy active genius let me want
 New pleasures to repel intruding thought,
 And lash the lazy minutes into swiftness?
 Our parents —

CONRADE.

Are well. There is no sorrow in Moravia
 But from the want of thee.

QUEEN.

I have not known,
 Till now, a joyful moment since I left it.

CONRADE.

We have been happy: and shou'd fortune prove
 Once more propitious to me, those gay fires
 That shone so bright at Olmutz, may revive
 And blaze at Buda.

QUEEN.

What, my dearest Conrade,
 Has Hungary to give worth thy desiring?

CONRADE.

Forgive, Matilda, while I own my heart.
 Though I have ever lov'd and fondly love thee,
 I had, besides the joy of seeing thee,

Another



Another powerful hope that fir'd my soul,
And wing'd my haste to Buda.

QUEEN.

You surprize me!

CONRADE.

When first I led you here to warlike Buda,
And gave you blooming to your royal husband,
You must remember, during my short stay,
I saw and lov'd the daughter of Bathori.

QUEEN.

I know it well, and all her rigors to you;
But thought your am'rous and inconstant heart
(Lost often, and as many times retriev'd
Since I beheld you last) had not retain'd
The least impression of Ismena's charms.

CONRADE.

Not all the gaudy pleasures I once courted,
Can cure the rooted passion, raging still,
Invincible as ever. It has cost me,
While distant from her charms I pin'd in absence,
A sickness almost fatal to my life;
Which though my youth recover'd, the soft poison
Still preys upon thy brother's heart, Matilda,
And makes me hate my being: - I will die,
Or find relief. And therefore am I come,
Determin'd, to attempt my fate once more:
My state cannot be worse. - That she is wedded
To Elmerick, I know: yet he's a subject;
And were he more, his greatness shou'd not awe me.

QUEEN.

This favours my design on Elmerick's heart, -
If he shou'd gain Ismena, Elmerick's mine. [*Aside.*
Let me dissuade you from a wild attempt,
Your rashness must defeat. Lord Elmerick,

Who



Who now resides, as regent, in the palace,
Must soon perceive your love, and will find means
To guard his honour, and secure Ismena
From bold solicitation.

CONRADE.

I'm convinc'd
That course were wrong, do you direct me better,
Or see me die the victim of despair.

QUEEN.

How, Conrade! can you think I wou'd assist
In such a purpose?—But were virtue silent,
A cloud of difficulties rise before me:
Lord Elmerick is palatine and regent—
Terms must be kept with him. And then Ismena,
Fond of her lord, and vain of such a choice,
Will hear you with disdain. For happy Elmerick
Fills all her tender wishes, all her heart.—
Yet should some accident disturb their loves,
There might be hope: for she who once has lov'd,
May love again. The softness in our frame,
That has dispos'd us first to the fond passion,
Is ready to betray us ever after.

CONRADE.

This distant glimpse of hope, this poor reverſion,
To one that loves as I do, is despair—
But 'tis from her alone, who rules my fate,
That I can learn my doom. Where may I find her?

QUEEN.

I gave her charge to wait me in the garden,
And soon will meet her there.

CONRADE.

Unkind Matilda,
Cou'dst thou know this, and yet detain me here?
I wou'd

I wou'd not lose the present, lucky moment
For ages in reversion. [Exit CONRADE.

QUEEN.

Yes, my Conrade,
Though you was ever dearly welcome to me,
I now behold you with unusual transport.
O! may your sighs, your vows, your importunities
Subdue Ismena's heart; as Elmerick,
Without their pleasing aid, has conquer'd mine:
At least divide, break, and confound their peace:
Raise storms of jealousy, and fill their souls
With darkness and despair: till in the tempest
Love be for ever lost, and the wild wreck
Compel abandon'd Elmerick to seek
For shelter in some near and friendly port,
And find the blest asylum in my arms.

[Exit QUEEN.

SCENE II.

A Garden.

CONRADE AND ISMENA.

CONRADE.

Her charms are still the same, and at her sight
Love burns with double fury: yet I want
My former resolution: I am aw'd,
And scarce have courage left me to approach her. [Aside.

— Be not surpriz'd, adorable Ismena,
To see me here, and see me still your slave:
Yes, those all-powerful beauties, that subdu'd
My ranging heart to constancy and truth,
Still hold the binding charm: to love Ismena
Is, as I feel too well, to love for ever.

ISMENA.

ISMENA.

As you are brother to my royal mistress,
I'm not surpriz'd to see you here, prince Conrade;
But as I'm wife to noble Elmerick,
To hear you hold this language does surprize me.

CONRADE.

Nor time, nor absence, nor the last despair,
For I have prov'd them all, can cure my passion,
A mortal passion, that must soon consume me,
Unless you bid me live.

ISMENA.

Live, and be wise;
Live, and be noble: break your vassalage
To passions that debase the name of prince,
While that of man is forfeited and lost.

CONRADE.

This high disdain, this counsel urg'd in scorn,
Is cruel and unjust.—Too haughty fair!
Wilt thou ne'er learn compassion? never melt
At my long tender sorrows? Let me hope——

ISMENA.

What have I done to raise your vanity
To this presumptuous height?

CONRADE.

O call it love,
And I'll confess it soars to all the heights
Of fond, distracted passion.

ISMENA.

Impious trifles!
Are these the arts by which false man betrays?—
Unhappy woman! do they yield to guilt
Because a madman raves, a traitor flatters?—
I thought, vain prince, I had been better known;
And

And that your rash attempt when here before,
At least, had taught you wisdom.

CONRADE.

I confess
My love was then to blame, so to expose
Your virgin honour: you have now a husband—

ISMENA.

You sink beneath my scorn—I have a husband—
And such an one as loose incontinence
Would want the will to wrong. Sir, if I bear
This insult unreveng'd, 'tis to my prudence,
Not to your birth and name, you owe your safety.

CONRADE.

My safety!—Hell!—let the proud palatine
But dare to threaten thus—

ISMENA.

Take my advice,
And dare not to provoke him. Thus far, prince,
I judge my scorn sufficient.

CONRADE.

Oh! 'tis too much, and all that I can fear:—
I'll conquer it or perish.

ISMENA.

Since your reason
Is wholly lost in this impetuous phrenzy,
To shun your madness shall be all my care.

CONRADE.

Fly where you will, honour, as well as love,
Compels me now for ever to pursue you.

ISMENA.

The light, vain libertine grows formidable!—
His influence may lay a scene of ruin,
That chills my blood with horror but to think on.

CONRADE.

CONRADE.

Her cynick father! — there's another champion.
What with her innate pride and high alliances
She makes a strong resistance; and my passion,

Enter BATHORI.

By opposition irritated, burns
More fiercely to attempt the noble conquest.
[*Exit* CONRADE.]

BATHORI.

Prince Conrade just now leaves you?

ISMENA.

Let him go.

BATHORI.

You seem disorder'd.

ISMENA.

Howe'er misplac'd by fortune, nature form'd me
For the domestick joys of calm retreat:
I'm sick of court already.

BATHORI.

For what cause?

You know your lord, by his high trust compell'd,
Here must reside: it cannot be dispens'd with.

ISMENA.

'Tis true, and all our happy days are past:
For insolence and Conrade still pursue me.
Then judge when this shall reach my husband's ear,
As soon it must, how will his soul endure
This outrage on my virtue and his honour?
Shall I not see his hands stain'd with the blood
Of the queen's brother, or the noble Elmerick
(A thousand, thousand deaths are in the thought)
Bleed by the rage of impious, desperate Conrade?

BATHORI.

BATHORI.

Unheard of insolence! he shall be taught
The difference between the passive slaves
Of loose Moravia, and our free Hungarians.
Your lord must never learn this daring insult:
For know my child, I hold myself sufficient
To shield my daughter from this princely libertine,
And awe him into silence and respect.

ISMENA.

You know him not: he is not to be aw'd:
There is but one, one onely way to shun him:
Let me forsake the court, with you retire
Till Conrade quits the kingdom.

BATHORI.

Rightly judg'd.
Thy prudence is thy guard; safer in that
From being made the theme of busy rumour,
Ever injurious to a woman's fame,
Than in an army rais'd for thy defence.
My house and arms are ready to receive thee.

[Exeunt.]

ACT



ACT III.

SCENE I.

QUEEN AND ZENOMIRA.

QUEEN.

BE dumb, vain, busy wretch : because thou'rt
trusted,
Dost thou presume to offer thy advice?
Wou'd'st thou be hated too?

ZENOMIRA.

Think, royal Madam,
To whom I, undeserving, owe my fortune.
My gratitude—

QUEEN.

A servant's gratitude!—

Consider well your interest and your safety.
Remember I, who made you what you are,
Can make you more or speak you into nothing.
If Elmerick return the love I proffer,
I shall employ you often : shou'd he not,
(Do not my eyes dart ruin while I speak it?)
My first command in this shall be my last.
Seek him now,
And bring him hither.—No, I see my brother :
Wait in the anti-chamber till he's gone,
Then do as I directed. *[Exit ZENOMIRA.]*

Enter CONRADE.

CONRADE.

Curst be the hour,
When, sated with delight, I quitted Olmutz,
Where all my vows were heard with extasy,
Vol. II. M And



And beauty took its value from my breath,
 To meet contempt, despair and death at Buda,
 Ismena at this instant leaves the court:
 No hope is left, no patience—I'm distracted.
 The subtle tyrant love, who led me long
 Through flow'ry paths, and spread elysium round me;
 Whose fires, till now, serv'd but to heighten pleasure,
 And quicken it to transport; has betray'd me
 To plagues and torments not to be supported.
 Ismena is essential to my being. O Matilda!
 Assist me with your counsel or I'm lost.

QUEEN.

Alas! he knows not it too much imports me.

[Aside.]

Do not abandon hope, but leave despair
 To fools and cowards. Know, exalted souls
 Have passions in proportion violent,
 Refrless, and tormenting: they're a tax
 Impos'd by nature on preheminece,
 And fortitude and wisdom must support them.

CONRADE.

Who but Matilda e'er cou'd flatter misery,
 And prove superior merit from our weakness?
 At thy awak'ning voice my hope revives.
 Cou'd'st thou but stop Ismena's purpos'd flight
 (And nothing is too hard for wit like thine)
 I yet may triumph o'er her pride and virtue.

QUEEN.

By stratagem to keep Ismena here
 Can serve no end: when she perceives the fraud,
 She'll fly more irritated than before.

CONRADE.

But I shall see her first;

QUEEN.



QUEEN.

What can you hope
 From such an interview? while Elmerick
 Continues kind, he'll prove too strong a rival.
 Her pride and virtue are meer accidents:
 She chanc'd to marry where she chanc'd to like;
 But should he, touch'd with some new flame, ne-
 glect her,
 As time is fruitful of more strange events,
 Her pride wou'd make her hate him.--You must wait.

CONRADE.

You talk of ease whole ages hence to one
 Stretch'd on the rack of violent desire.
 By heav'n I will pursue to her retreat,
 And bear her thence in spite of father, husband,
 And every sword that dares oppose my purpose.
 She shall return to court, she shall behold
 And hear my raging love, she shall be mine.

QUEEN.

Forbear such wild and unbecoming thoughts:
 The palatine is regent, you a stranger,
 And I, perhaps, have reasons of my own
 To keep his good opinion. If to see her
 Within this palace, with the due respect
 You owe her birth and rank, may satisfy
 For once your present ardour, I'll assist you.
 Love may perhaps inspire your soothing tongue
 With eloquence to soften, and persuade
 The melting fair to break her resolution,
 And hear at least, if not return your love:
 The firmest purpose of a woman's heart
 To well-tim'd, artful flattery may yield.



CONRADE.

And shall I see again my lov'd Ismena?
Oh say what pow'r, what art can bring her hither?

QUEEN.

Belus, chief secretary to the regent,
Shall be, unknowingly, a proper agent:
He has been Zenomira's lover long —
But see she comes, she must not see you now:
Trust in a sister's love, and wait th' event.

[Exit CONRADE.]

Enter ZENOMIRA.

ZENOMIRA.

Madam, my lord the regent will attend you.

QUEEN.

Is Belus still thy lover, Zenomira?

ZENOMIRA.

So he professes, madam.

QUEEN.

Then shou'd you feign a message from his lord,
He'd not distrust you?

ZENOMIRA.

His believing passion
Ne'er yet has seem'd to doubt whate'er I utter'd.
What must I say?

QUEEN.

Say that her lord intreats
Ismena, some time hence, to meet him here.
I think she has conceiv'd some slight disgust
Which I wou'd fain remove. This artifice
I shall so well account for when I see her,
You and your lover shall incur no blame.

ZENOMIRA.



ZENOMIRA.

What dangers wou'd I meet, cou'd I improve
Your friendship for that lady ! may I hope
Your thoughts of Elmerick are chang'd already ?

QUEEN.

The plague of confidents !—do as directed.

[Exit ZENOMIRA.]

And yet this wretch, this little busy wretch,
Whose love, whose care and counfel I despise,
Is infinitely wiser than Matilda !
I've sent for Elmerick—but let me think
Ere yet my sliding feet forego the shore,
That quitted once can never be recover'd
In what a boundless ocean am I plunging,
With only one uncertain light to guide me !
If that should fail, I sink o'erwhelm'd for ever.—
But shou'd the grateful Elmerick stretch forth
His saving hand, and snatch me from the billows,
Love will return a thousand solid joys
For every transient pain.—But O the hazard !—
A woman and a queen to offer love,
And hear herself refus'd !—'Tis misery !
'Tis everlasting shame ! 'Tis death and hell !
I will not think so poorly of my fate,
Myself, or Elmerick—My present lot
Is cheerless and forlorn—impetuous gusts
Of stormy passions drive me through the gloom,
Unsteady and uncertain. All before me
Is the profound, unfathomable deep ;
And all behind a dark and boundless waste—
But he appears, the star that must direct me
To peace and joy—or light me to my ruin.

Enter ELMERICK.

I fear, my lord, this importunity



May interrupt your labours for the publick,
I shall become your trouble.

ELMERICK.

I serve the king,
I serve the publick, madam, serving you:
My pride and joy is to attend your person.

QUEEN.

And are you pleas'd, most noble Elmerick,
To hear a woman's talk, and soothe my cares?
But you are wond'rous good: and let me boast
That I've a heart susceptible of kindness,
In all its various forms, ev'n to a fault.

ELMERICK.

How infinitely bountiful is nature!
Giving such softness to the pleasing sex,
As well rewards the toils she lays on ours.
If we excel, 'tis when the glorious hopes
Of serving or delighting you inspire us:
And to obtain your smiles is to be happy.

QUEEN.

If happiness be in our pow'r to give,
'Tis hard to want the blessings we bestow:
To love and to be lov'd is to be happy.

ELMERICK.

Your sex by nature form'd to merit love,
Can rarely want it.

QUEEN.

Possibly the brave,
Who hate ingratitude, wou'd not despise
A lady who renounc'd her native pride,
The painful'st proof our sex can give of love.

ELMERICK.

ELMERICK.

A generous man must think it double grace,
When love and virtue condescend to chuse him:

QUEEN.

My lord, shou'd fate reduce some hapless woman,
Trembling and almost dying with confusion,
To make an offer of her love to you;
And such a love as instant death or madness
Were certain to ensue, shou'd you refuse it?
How wou'd you act? how treat a suppliant heart,
Whose weakness you had caus'd?

ELMERICK.

Your pardon, madam;
'Tis what I can't suppose; and asks no answer.

QUEEN.

Why not suppose? is it impossible?
Say—I—shou'd love; and trusting to your honour,
Have laid this fair occasion in your way
To break my fall, and spare me half my shame.

ELMERICK.

What vanity
Have I betray'd, what baseness, what presumption,
To need so strange a trial? if you doubt
My loyalty, and think I entertain
Designs injurious to my sovereign's honour,
And your fair virtue —

QUEEN.

'Tis too much, my lord,
This diffidence, this cold reserve—you urge me
To what I wou'd avoid, beyond the bounds
I had prescrib'd myself: yes, I cou'd die
Ere speak more plain; but must not have you think
I wou'd betray you. Heavens! what feign a passion

M 4

My



My soul ne'er knew! No, rather let me bear
Your utmost cruelty, your scorn and hatred,
For what I am, a lost unhappy queen,
Than once be thought so mean and so perfidious.

ELMERICK.

Confounded and amaz'd, my fault'ring tongue
Scarce does its office.—Whither wou'd you urge me?
'Tis too severe a proof!—as you are fair;
As charms like yours may warm the coldest heart,
And shake the most resolv'd; what if my senses
Should mutiny against my weaker reason,
And tempt me to betray you—horrid thought!—
To sure and endless ruin!

QUEEN.

What do you see
That looks like ruin here?

ELMERICK.

Guilt:—that is ruin.

QUEEN.

Why be it so, your love shall make it glorious.

ELMERICK.

No, shame and just remorse must still pursue
Foul, trust-betraying love. And shou'd I say
Ev'n that were in my power, I must deceive you.
Shou'd wild desire, in an unguarded moment,
Rifle your charms, and lay your virtue waste;
The first return of thought wou'd bear me back
To her, who claims me by the dearest ties
Of virtuous, grateful love. Oh then return,
With recollected powers o'ercome this weakness,
And rise more glorious from this short decline.

QUEEN.

This short decline!—no, let victorious love
Here end a queen's confusion, or your scorn

Sink



Sink my despairing and indignant soul
Where calm repose and hope shall never find it,
And your repentance come too late to save me.

ELMERICK.

I must assert your honour and my own.
Remember who I am, my trust, and office—
Almighty Power! shall I, who bear the sword
To punish bold offenders, break the laws
Your Providence has call'd me to defend?
Doth the least subject look to me for justice,
And shall my king, my ever gracious master,
In recompence for his unbounded favour,
Receive the highest, most opprobrious wrong
A king or man can suffer?

QUEEN.

Shame and ruin!

ELMERICK.

Not to deceive you, madam, not to flatter
Views so unworthy of yourself and me:
I must avow the ample power I hold,
Each thought, each toil, my life, devoted all
To gratitude and justice.

QUEEN.

Enough, my lord—your gratitude has charm'd me—
Who shall oppose your justice? here display it:
Rise by my ruin to the height of glory,
And let fame deafen the astonish'd world
With your triumphant virtue.

ELMERICK.

I wou'd triumph,

But o'er your weakness, not your peace and fame:
So you may triumph too.—oh hear me, queen—

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

I have heard too much,
 I've heard my lover refus'd. — Death, horror! — shame,
 And burning indignation! — pierce my heart,
 Dispatch me, give me death. Is that too much? —
 Is pity to the wretched, is compassion
 Of every kind among the hateful crimes
 The gen'rous, valiant Elmerick abhors?
 Then give me this, afford the means of death,
 And leave me to apply them. [*Going to seize his sword.*]

ELMERICK.

Heavens! what frenzy
 Possesses you! — yet hear me —

QUEEN.

Off, be gone,
 And let me die!

ELMERICK.

Safe as my soul the secret
 Shall be preserv'd.

QUEEN.

What! be oblig'd to you! —
 Owe my precarious honour to your silence! —
 But keep your sword, I shall not want ev'n that —

ELMERICK.

She is not to be trusted with her life —
 Royal, unhappy fair, what can I say
 To calm this raging tempest in your bosom?
 For though I dare not be, what you must hate,
 False to my trust and sovr'n reign; I wou'd die
 To save your life and honour, to restore
 Your peace of mind, and raise declining virtue —

Enter CONRADE.

Shame and confusion! — Madam, see, the prince —

CONRADE.



CONRADE.

Well may'st thou start, proud lord: the queen's
disorder,
And your confusion, must import some rudeness.

QUEEN.

Rudeness! — that word suggests an happy thought —
Yes, let despair and shame give way to vengeance.
[*Aside.*]

O brother! if I dare to call you brother
After the vile indignity I've suffer'd;
That wretch, presuming on his boundless power,
Has talk'd to me of love.

ELMERICK.

What can I answer?

When accidents concur with calumny,
Her pois'nous breath obscures the brightest fame,
And conscious virtue only can support us.

CONRADE.

I saw and heard too much. The traitor's life
Is a mean sacrifice.

ELMERICK.

To plead my cause

Before a judge like thee, were mean and vain;
Yet be advis'd, young prince, nor rashly draw
A sword that can't avail you.

QUEEN.

Will you hear him?

Think on the affront done to our royal house: —
Remember who he is, think on Ismena:
Who, if he 'scapes your sword, is lost for ever.

[*To CONRADE.*]

CONRADE.

Then love inspire me.

[*They fight.*]

QUEEN.



QUEEN.

Ah! my brother!—
Elmerick has the advantage. [CONRADE *disarm'd*

ELMERICK.

Take your life,
Young prince. The false appearance that misled you,
Withholds my hand from punishing your rashness;
But as the king's authority lives in me,
It may be fatal to repeat these insults,
Which nor my spirit nor my place will bear.
Remember you are warn'd. For you, proud queen,
I pity and forgive your groundless hatred,
And still have that attention to your happiness,
To wish, ev'n from my soul, you wou'd review,
With an impartial eye, our different conduct.
Wou'd you atone for error, make it short;
Reproach yourself, and use this as a motive,
That he, whom you have wrong'd, scorns to re-
proach you.

[Exit ELMERICK.]

QUEEN.

Most exquisite! Legions of plagues and curses!
Has heaven nor hell no vengeance in reserve,
No bolts to strike, no light'ning to consume
This overbearing traitor; who has dar'd
To talk of wrongs, reproach, and teach us fear!

CONRADE.

Vain of th'advantage fortune gave him o'er me,
He us'd me with the last indignity,
Gave me my life in scorn, check'd, rated, threaten'd,
But may my sword ne'er do me right in battle,
May I be blasted with a coward's name,
If I forget to pay him this foul outrage
With double weight of vengeance.

Enter



Enter ZENOMIRA.

ZENOMIRA.

Madam, Ismena—

QUEEN.

Ha! Ismena, say'st thou!—

Say, Zenomira, that her lord expects her.

[*Exit ZENOMIRA.*]

CONRADE.

Ismena in my power! O fortune, fortune!
From this blest hour I'll worship none but thee.
I might have rack'd my thoughts in vain for ages,
And ne'er have found the thousandth, thousandth
part
Of this complete, this most luxurious vengeance.

QUEEN.

Revenge, thou com'st too sudden;
And risest to my view in such a form,
So shocking, so tremendous, that my soul
Shrinks back with horror now I thou'd embrace thee.
—I justify thy scorn, proud Elmerick,
By this degenerate pity.—Let it be—
The haughty regent's heart shall know such anguish,
That his complaints shall move ev'n fiends to pity,
And vengeance to repent.—Retire, my Conrade,
And watch till I have sent Ismena hence.

[*CONRADE retires.*]

I am so lost, that only horror, ruin,
Can cover my disgrace.

Enter ISMENA looking round.

ISMENA.

Lord Elmerick not here!—

Have my unheeded steps mistook their way—

The queen!—and deep in thought!

QUEEN.



QUEEN.

She has not wrong'd me—
But misery is cruel and remorseless.

ISMENA.

Forgive me, gracious queen, if I am rude,
In vent'ring thus to press on your retirement;
I was inform'd Lord Elmerick was here.

QUEEN.

Yes, —no, —he was — Good heavens! how shall I
frame

My tongue to this vile office.

[*Aside.*]

ISMENA.

Are you well? —

Pray, heaven preserve the queen! — You're strangely
alter'd —

The blood forsakes your cheeks — you start and
tremble.

QUEEN.

You'd see your lord, seek him in those apartments.

ISMENA.

For that I came; but dare not leave you thus.

QUEEN.

It was a short disorder, and 'tis past —

Go, you're expected —

[*Exit ISMENA.*]

She is gone, and ruin,

Inevitable ruin meets her there.

The mean, perfidious, barb'rous task is done.

My heart is adamant, or heaven-born pity

Had melted my resentments. Poor Ismena!

To be so plac'd by fate, that love or vengeance

Cou'd find no passage to the stubborn breast

Of Elmerick, but through thy breaking heart,

A C T

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

BELUS AND ZENOMIRA.

BELUS.

THEN you confess that I've been made the tool
Of some vile purpose, that my lord ne'er sent
The message you deliver'd?-- faithless woman!
How shall I meet my lord's just indignation,
Or make my conduct clear?

ZENOMIRA.

Prepare to curse,
Prepare to kill me, Belus; or my fears
Will quickly end me, and prevent your justice.

BELUS.

False woman! you've betray'd me into ruin.

ZENOMIRA.

O we are both betray'd, and both are ruin'd:
Both made t'assist in such a villainy
As hell would blush to own, and heav'n and earth
Must join to see reveng'd. O cruel queen!
Curst Conrade! lost Ismena!

BELUS.

Conrade!--queen!

ZENOMIRA.

I say the Queen, and Conrade, and Ismena.
I saw her pass to the queen's own apartment,
And curst Conrade follow her soon after.
The rooms were bar'd.---But O the dismal cries,
The lamentations and the shrieks that followed!--

BELUS.



B E L U S.

O lost Ismena! O unhappy lord!——
 Yes they become thee well, these gushing tears——

Z E N O M I R A.

But danger presses on us—What's our duty
 In this extreme?

B E L U S.

To be both just and cautious :
 Not rashly to proclaim what we have heard,
 But boldly dare to evidence the truth,
 And justify ourselves, whenever call'd on---
 But see, Ismena comes. Merciful heav'ns!
 Who that beholds her now, can doubt her sufferings!

Z E N O M I R A.

Heart-breaking spectacle!

B E L U S.

She thinks us guilty :
 We must avoid her sight. [*Going.*] Her father's here!

Enter at opposite doors BATHORI and ISMENA.

O what a woful greeting! now! by heaven,
 I know not which demands compassion most.

[*Exeunt BELUS and ZENOMIRA.*]

B A T H O R I.

The regent sent to see Ismena here?—
 Perhaps, then.—

I S M E N A.

Oh!——

B A T H O R I.

From whence that mournful sound!

I S M E N A.

Since life is but a witness of my shame,
 Why do I longer bear it?

BATHORI.

Some sad child
Of sorrow and despair, hiding her face,
And bending t'wards the earth, seems to bewail,
In bitterness of soul, some dire misfortune.

ISMENA.

Why is the grave, the hospitable grave,
The silent seat of darkness, clos'd to me?
Almighty power! [*Raising her face.*] My father! ha!—
[*Seeing* BATHORI.]

BATHORI.

Impossible:—
Art thou Imena?—Let me doubt it still—
To see thee thus, and know thee for my child,
Must split my brain with horror.

ISMENA.

Since my woes
Renounce all cure, and, told, must blast the hearer;
O let me pour them out to wilds and deserts,
Shun all mankind but chiefly those I love!

BATHORI.

Come, my Ismena, to my shelt'ring bosom—
Close, closer still---and while I thus weep o'er thee,
Tell me, my child—I know 'twill break my heart,
But let it break—come, tell me all thy suff'rings.

ISMENA.

Think where I am, remember what I told you
Of the detested rage of brutal Conrade.

BATHORI.

Then art thou ruin'd, past redemption ruin'd!

ISMENA.

Past, past redemption! every other ill
May be reliev'd by hope, or born with patience;
Vol. II. N Here



Here hope's impossible, and patience guilt.

BATHORI.

Then the last sacred business is revenge—

ISMENA.

Look down, all-pitying heaven, on these my woes,
Woes undeserv'd, and guiltless misery:
They plead my cause, the cause of innocence,
An injur'd, violated, matron's cause;
And shall they plead in vain?

BATHORI.

Yes, my dear child,
In whom thy father's secret soul rejoic'd;
Whose goodness and whose happiness was such,
He found old age delightful; let thy foes,
Those kindred-fiends, to this thy just appeal
Plead their high rank, and try its weight with heaven.

ISMENA.

Or Elmerick, whose wrath perhaps they fear
Much more than heaven's.

BATHORI.

And therefore may avoid.
This asks some thought——
For who can answer for thy husband's transport,
Wife as he is, when he shall hear thy wrongs?

ISMENA.

O what a scene of horror have you rais'd!
He'll rush, unarm'd, on our insidious foes,
Fall in their toils, and perish. Yes, my woes,
My miseries, enormous as they are,
Admit of aggravation.

BATHORI.

His danger wou'd be great. Some hand less fear'd
May make revenge more certain. Nay, 'twere kind
To

To spare thy lord such anguish and despair.

ISMENA.

O heaven! and earth! to whom shall I complain,
Where pour my sorrows forth, if not to him?

BATHORI.

Think you expose his life.

ISMENA.

Death seal my lips!

BATHORI.

Retire and trust our vengeance to my prudence.
Compose thyself, and when thou feest thy lord—

ISMENA.

Madness will seize me,
Or raging grief disclose the horrid secret. [*Exit.*]

BATHORI.

Suspense was ease to this confirm'd despair.
Would thou wert dead, Ismena!—O my child!
Thou art so lost beyond the reach of hope,
That love itself compels thy wretched father
To wish thee dead; and in the bitterness
Of anguish mourn that ever thou wert born.
May one kind grave soon hide thy woes and mine.
Ismena!—oh!—But while I weep thy wrongs,
Thespoiler lives—Those are the queen's apartments,
And, doubtless, there her brutal brother lurks.
Nor courts, nor shrines and altars shall protect him,
What, ho! within! prince of Moravia! Conrade!
If thou'rt a man, stand forth, appear and answer.

Enter CONRADE.

CONRADE.

What insolence is this!—Ismena's father!—

N 2

BATHORI,



BATHORI.

Yes, impious prince, the father of Ismena.

CONRADE.

Forbear, rash man; this foul reproach I pardon.
 Somewhat, I grant, is due to thy first transports
 Of jealous honour, and much more from me
 To fair Ismena's father.

BATHORI.

Yes, thy blood.

CONRADE.

Yet hold; I've that to say may calm thy fury.

BATHORI.

Coward!

CONRADE.

I smile, old man,

And will be heard. Your daughter has been wrong'd,
 But most by her ungrateful, faithless lord;
 Whose rude attempt upon the queen, my sister,
 Makes what I've done a just, though bold, reprisal.
 Let him atone his treasonous presumption,
 Which, be assur'd, he answers with his life;
 And let me perish, if I not restore
 The injur'd honour of your lov'd Ismena
 With vast increase, and seat her on a throne.

BATHORI.

I'd rather see her in the arms of death
 Than reigning o'er the universe with thee.
 Mark thy progression,
 From rape to subornation, thence to murder.
 Long-suffering heaven, whose patience thou hast
 tir'd.
 Calls loud for vengeance on thee. [Draws.

CONRADE.

CONRADE.

Frantick man !

Enter QUEEN, LORDS, and Guards, who interpose.

QUEEN.

You lords of Hungary, behold this sight,
 And vindicate your hospitality.
 Is this fit treatment for a royal guest ?
 Will you endure this more than barb'rous outrage,
 And share the guilt of him and his confed'rates ?
 Who twice this day, and for a cause too vile
 For me to name, have sought my brother's life.

FIRST LORD.

How shall we reconcile what we have seen
 With your known wisdom, and consummate virtue ?

BATHORI.

Believe me, friends, there is, there is a cause
 For what you saw, for what I fain wou'd hide,
 These eyes still swelling with unmanly tears ;
 Which when you know, you'll join with me to curse
 The chance that brought you, to prevent my justice.

FIRST LORD.

The great, good man ! so long, so often prov'd
 The fearless advocate of injur'd innocence,
 Wou'd he shed tears,
 And call for justice when no wrong was done him ?
 Judge others as they please, I will not think it.

SECOND LORD.

Nor I.

THIRD LORD.

Nor I.

FOURTH LORD.

Why is that wrong conceal'd ?

N 3

BATHORI.



BATHORI.

For most important reasons: Though I fear
It will too soon be known.

FOURTH LORD.

'Till then, my lord.

Excuse me, if I think our country's honour
Must suffer by your conduct.

FIFTH LORD.

That's my judgment.

BATHORI.

If your knowledge of me cannot gain
Some credit to my word, at least suspend
Your hasty censures.

[Going.]

FIRST LORD.

We accept your word,
And vow to share your counsels and your fortune.

BATHORI.

You're truly noble. And be well assur'd
That 'tis an honest cause, and worth espousing.

[Exeunt BATHORI, 1, 2, 3 Lords.]

QUEEN.

Unmanner'd traitors!
From you, my lords, who think and act more nobly,
What may insulted majesty expect?

FOURTH LORD.

All that becomes good subjects, who will guard
The venerable rights of hospitality.

FIFTH LORD.

Bathori, whose rash conduct we condemn,
At our joint charge, shall answer to the regent
His bold attempt.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

The regent! —
His daughter's husband! his confederate! —

FIFTH LORD.

No kindred, madam, will prevail with Elmerick
To stop the course of justice.

QUEEN.

Left to him,
Whose daring insolence has been the source
Of these fierce discords! Lords, if you regard
The publick safety, if you love the king,
Ordare defend your queen from foulest insult;
Go find him now, attack him unprepar'd,
Stand not on forms, the least delay is fatal.

FOURTH LORD.

Your pardon, madam —

FIFTH LORD.

Our zeal shall never make assassins of us.

QUEEN.

Nor men, tame lords. You who have seen my brother

Assaulted with a murderous intent,
Is this your boasted loyalty and honour?

FOURTH LORD.

These bind us to respect the character,
The dignity and person of the regent.

FIFTH LORD.

If you, my queen, or you, great prince are wrong'd,
The king will do you justice. [Exeunt LORDS.]

CONRADE.

Canting traitors!
They go to join our foe, and swell his power:

N 4

This



This shrub of one day's growth, this idol regent
Attracts their ready worship.

QUEEN.

Let them go.
Now by the burning rage that drinks my blood
The fools spoke true: the king shall do us justice.

CONRADE.

Elmerick,
His influence—

QUEEN.

We will accuse him first.
The king has not yet reach'd Alba-Regalis,
You soon will overtake him. What you saw
Of Elmerick's base purpose strongly urg'd,
Join'd with the earnest letters I shall write,
Will so alarm and prepossess the king,
That all complaints of their Ismena's sufferings
Will be regarded as an after feint,
A mean device to screen her guilty lord.
What are your thoughts?

CONRADE.

That thou wast born to triumph.
This traitor, when unmask'd, shall fall unpitied
By all mankind, and hated by Ismena.

QUEEN.

Still your Ismena!

CONRADE.

O my best Matilda!
The hopes that freed by death from her false husband,
And of his crimes convinced, she then may deign
To bless my vows, and share my future throne,
Are more than safety, life, or vengeance to me.
My blind impetuous passion once desir'd



Those charms alone which violence cou'd gain;
But now the avarice of love aspires
To mutual blifs, and more refin'd diffdains
Th' imperfect pleasure which her will deny'd.

QUEEN.

She may be wholly and for ever your's.
You mark'd with how much care the cautious fire
Preserv'd the secret of his daughter's wrongs.

CONRADE.

Oh may I live to make her reparation
By gentlest love for wrongs which now my soul
Detests, and sickens at the vile remembrance.

QUEEN.

Live and be blest'd. I do not hate Ismena:
Cut off, that source of both our wrongs, her husband,
And my tormenting thirst of vengeance ceases.

CONRADE.

Prepare your letters. I'll be instant ready.

[Exit CONRADE.]

QUEEN.

Yes, I will humble that exalted mien,
And teach this new made regent's pride submission.
He is secure, and let him be so still;
Till my revenge, a slighted queen's revenge,
Burst forth, and blast him with unthought of ruin.

[Exit QUEEN.]

SCENE



S C E N E II.

ISMENA's Apartment.

Enter ELMERICK running to embrace her.

E L M E R I C K.

Thou hast too long been absent, my Ismena!
 A thousand anxious cares have fill'd my heart
 Since I beheld thee last. But thou art found,
 Who ne'er appear'd to my desiring eyes
 But peace and comfort and delight came with thee.
 O take me to thy arms, and quite extinguish
 The memory of pain.

I S M E N A.

O misery!

[Refusing to embrace him.]

Unequal'd misery! I am excluded
 For ever from those arms.

E L M E R I C K.

All-gracious heaven!

What mean these broken thoughts, this lab'ring
 anguish,
 My soul, thou sum of all my joys, my wife!

I S M E N A.

Thou hast no wife.

E L M E R I C K.

Distraction!

I S M E N A.

I'm a wretch

Without a name, and fain wou'd quit my being.

E L M E R I C K.

Protect me, heaven! Ismena! what dire thought
 Shakes thy sweet soul with such tempestuous agony!
 What ill so sudden, since we parted last,

Preventing

Preventing e'en my fears, has burst upon thee?
Say, tell me —

ISMENA.

No, I cannot, dare not tell you:
You cannot bear it. Though I ne'er conceal'd
A thought before, I must be silent now.

ELMERICK.

What can this mean? and yet I dread to know —
Perhaps the envious queen has wrong'd my truth,
Can you suspect my love?

ISMENA.

You love too well:
O that 'twere in your power to love me less!

ELMERICK.

Nay, then I'm lost indeed — pronounce my doom;
But let me hear it folded in thy arms.

ISMENA.

Avoid me, fly, and think of me no more.

ELMERICK.

What! shun my arms, Ismena!

ISMENA.

There's my misery
I must for ever shun 'em — Now, my father,
Where is your prudence? must I seem a monster,
Ungrateful, false to Elmerick; or bring
— Detested thought — pollution to his arms?

ELMERICK.

Pollution! madness!

ISMENA.

I have been betray'd,
Basely betray'd to infamy and ruin,
Render'd unworthy of thy chaste embraces.

That

That execrable fiend, that monster Conrade
Has robb'd me of my honour.

ELMERICK.

Hear me, heaven!
Let not this whirlwind of o'erwhelming passion
Tear up my being — let me live whole ages
Though raging with despair, rather than die
And leave her unreveng'd.

ISMENA.

Had not religion
Withheld my hand, whose law forbids self-murder,
(That short and easy cure for shame and anguish)
These sorrows ne'er had reach'd you.

ELMERICK.

Talk not thus,
Talk not of dying; thou art innocent,
Thy mind unstain'd; thy wrongs shall be reveng'd,
And thou still blest my days.

ISMENA.

It cannot be:
My power to bless is lost. I am the blot,
The only blot of Elmerick's fair honour. —
O! why was it committed to the charge
Of one so heedless, so improvident,
Guardian unworthy of a trust so noble?

ELMERICK.

O my Ismena!

ISMENA.

O my dearest lord!
Alas you weep — I cannot bear your tears,
They melt my firmest purpose — but farewell —
One last embrace, as on a dying friend,
It will not stain your glory to bestow
On your undone Ismena —

ELMERICK.



E L M E R I C K.

To my bosom

With tenderer fondness did I never press thee.
Here rest, my love, awhile, and lose thy woes.

I S M E N A.

The greatness of my woes will make 'em short :
I feel my vital powers decay apace.
To part with thee, was all that e'er appear'd
Dreadful to me in death—that's past already—
And all to come is ease and soft repose.
When I'm no more, remember, Elmerick,
My reverend father ; comfort and support him
The best you can : my loss will touch him nearly.
I see you burn for vengeance, but beware ;
The cruel, treach'rous queen conspir'd with Conrade.

E L M E R I C K.

Alike remote from rashness and from fear,
I'll trace this hellish mystery to its source,
And deal to each, with an inflexible
And equal hand, the portion they deserve :
I'll weigh it as the action of my life
That must give name and value to the whole ;
And raise a monument to thee and justice
Shall strike exalted wickedness with terror,
And freeze the boiling blood of future Conrades.
Farewell, be patient, and expect th' event.

[Exeunt.]

A C T



A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Q U E E N.

TO recollect and judge our actions past,
 May yield instruction I approve my caution,
 And bless the fortune that conceal'd my weakness
 For the proud regent, even from my brother.
 My seeming innocence preserves respect,
 And gives him life and vigour to pursue
 My daring scheme to crush the man I hate.
 Shou'd it succeed, secure from all reproach,
 Life may be worth my care.

Enter ZENOMIRA.

I had forgot—
 This woman knows too much—her lover too—
 They may be dangerous—that too shou'd be thought
 on,
 And shall be so hereafter—What's your business?

Z E N O M I R A.

Madam, the regent asks to be admitted.

Q U E E N.

Why shou'd I be alarm'd?—No, 'tis not fear
 That gives this sudden sickness to my heart:
 This tremor, these convulsive starts proceed
 From strong aversion only—I condemn him. [*Apart.*
 Yes, let him enter. [*Exit ZENOMIRA.*

I'll enjoy his anguish
 Safe in my sex and dignity, I'll tell him,
 That 'tis my pride and glory to have made him
 The very wretch he is.

Enter



Enter ELMERICK and ZENOMIRA.

Z E N O M I R A.

Madam, the regent—

E L M E R I C K.

I've orders, madam, from your lord and mine
Fit only for your ear.

Q U E E N.

What gloomy grandeur he assumes!
What insolent tranquillity he bears!
You may withdraw. [*Exit ZENOMIRA.*]

E L M E R I C K.

I hear, Conrade is fled.

Q U E E N.

You've bad intelligence, the state must suffer
While you're no better serv'd: he scorns to fly,
And will confront you soon.

E L M E R I C K.

Till then, let guilt
And fear attend, and keep the villain waking.

Q U E E N.

You come to rail: begin, I stand collected,
Nay, will assist you. You refus'd my love,
And in my turn, I have undone Ismena.

E L M E R I C K.

You do confess it then?

Q U E E N.

I glory in it.
To wound you where I knew you most secure,
To taint your heaven, to curse you in Ismena,
Was my contrivance: Conrade's desperate passion,
Subservient to my vengeance, wrought her ruin.

E L M E R I C K.



ELMERICK.

This I had charg'd you with; but, self-convicted,
My pains are spar'd, and here your process ends.

[A pause.]

Thou awful power, whose bright tremendous sword
Rules heaven and earth, while hell resists in vain,
Inexorably firm, eternal justice;
Fearless I offer up this high 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.

QUEEN.

Dost thou presume, the subject of our throne,
To menace me with justice?

ELMERICK.

You're no sovereign,
Your king's authority resides in me.

QUEEN.

Not to assassinate his queen. Help. Treason. [Calls.]

ELMERICK.

Cease your vain clamour, and prepare to die:
I've taken measures not to be prevented.

QUEEN.

Traitor, think who I am, respect my rank.

ELMERICK.

That you shou'd have respected.
The blackest aggravation of your guilt
Is from your rank, and other benefits
Receiv'd from heaven: not to have done much good
With your advantages, forfeits them all,
And leaves you debtor to a vast account;
But their abuse——

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

And who shall judge of that?

ELMERICK.

All may, and must, who feel and suffer by it;
But I've a double right to judge and punish.
The ignominy of a bar and scaffold,
Which our strict laws, and your high crimes demand;
For the king's honour, here I take upon me
At my own peril to remit, and make
Myself your only judge, and this your scaffold.
If you've not sin'd beyond the hopes of pardon,
But wou'd in pray'r and penitential tears
Employ a few short moments, they are yours—
The utmost of my mercy.

QUEEN.

So determin'd!

The king's arrival yet wou'd change our fates.

[*Aside.*

Cruel man!

Blame your own scorn for what I've rashly done,
And let us now exchange mutual forgiveness.

[*Weeps.*

ELMERICK.

I have not gone thus far without consulting
Reason and justice, with the extent and end
Of that great power and trust impos'd upon me:
No, had the wrong you've basely done my wife,
Been done the meanest peasant's wife in Hungary,
Nor rank, nor vain intreaties shou'd protect you.

QUEEN.

Conrade is gone t' accuse you to the king—
You know how well the strong appearance won
My brother's credit to th' imputed crime;
My death wou'd be so full a confirmation

VOL. II.

O

Of



Of all I charg'd you with, that certain ruin,
And everlasting infamy, must follow.

ELMERICK.

And do you thus atone for your offences?
Is this the use you make of my indulgence,
To boast new crimes?

QUEEN.

To warn you of your danger.
I tell you once again, you dare not kill me.

ELMERICK.

I dare not let you live, for that's injustice,
The only thing I fear: and had you fear'd it,
You had been safe and happy. Enter now
Ye ministers of justice: do your office.

Enter the Executioners. While they prepare to strangle her, she speaks.

QUEEN.

Is there no help then? must I fall his victim?—
Almighty power, who gav'st me my existence,
And with it strong affections and aversions,
Why hast thou dealt so very hardly with me?
If you have mercy— [*They pull her into the recess in the
back scene and strangle her.*]

ELMERICK.

O let her life atone for all its errors!—
Thus I supply the interrupted pray'r
That death breaks off, and may it find acceptance!
The fiercest anger in the human mind
Shou'd reach but to the grave.—Belus.

Enter BELUS.

BELUS.

What is your pleasure?

My lord,

ELMERICK.

ELMERICK.

We must seek the king.

BELUS.

'My lady's father, and th' assembled peers —

ELMERICK.

'Tis true, I had forgot. Behold within there.

[Pointing to the recess in the back scene.]

BELUS.

Alas! my lord! — *[Seeing the Queen.]*

ELMERICK.

At what are you surpriz'd?

BELUS.

The queen is dead!

ELMERICK.

She is, and by my sentence.

Have I done ought unjust?

BELUS.

I dare not say it,
Yet stand astonish'd at the rigorous deed.

ELMERICK.

So do not I that wickedness abounds,
When justice is a wonder. Seek the peers,
And bring 'em to behold what thou hast seen.

BELUS.

You wou'd not have this known?

ELMERICK.

Not have it known!

The business of my life is to proclaim it.

[Exit BELUS.]

O thou impartial, universal power,
Wise nature's eldest law, wrote by herself

O z

Upon



Upon the heart of man, eternal justice;
 Inspir'd by thee, with one determin'd blow,
 I have redrest my poor Ismena's wrongs,
 (As far as wrongs like her's can be redrest'd)
 And wip'd dishonour from my house and name:
 And now if I am call'd to be thy martyr,
 My race will end with glory.

Enter BATHORI and Lords.

BATHORI.

I have declar'd
 To these right noble lords, as you commanded,
 The queen and Conrade's most inhuman guilt.

ELMERICK.

Then judge, my lords, whether this dreadful act
 Merits reproach or praise. [*Pointing to the queen.*]

FIRST LORD.

Speak he that can.

SECOND LORD.

Astonishingly bold—

THIRD LORD.

But righteous vengeance:
 Unprecedented justice!

BATHORI.

Yes, this transcends example. Gracious heaven!
 May I but live to see her brother thus!—

FIRST LORD.

Sir, your interest
 May make you partial: not that we condemn
 Or justify the regent: to the king
 We must refer his sentence.

ELMERICK.

ELMERICK.

'Tis but just.

And so may heaven deal with my soul hereafter,
When I shall stand at that all-seeing bar;
As I will render up a strict account,
Urge to the king himself his queen's misdoing,
And seek my judge with his wife's blood upon me.

FIRST LORD.

Heard you that trumpet? [*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

SECOND LORD.

See, the king appears.

Enter KING, CONRADE, and Attendants.

KING.

Where is this patriot who defies all law,
And uses our authority for treason?
I ask for Elmerick.

ELMERICK.

Your loyal subject,
The palatine and regent of your kingdom,
Who bears that name, is here.

KING.

Doth not the presence of thy king confound thee?

ELMERICK.

I burnt with strong impatience till I saw him.

KING.

Where is Matilda? go and call the queen:
Let her appear, and strike the traitor dumb.
—What means this gloomy silence? are you motion-
less?

Why am I not obey'd?

O 3

ELMERICK.



ELMERICK.

I pray, give back—
Behold, unhappy king, to what my justice
Has brought thy guilty queen.

KING.

Heavenly powers!
Matilda! am I come, though on the wings
Of love, too late to save thee?

[Runs to the body in the recess.]

CONRADE.

O my sister!
Are these our promis'd joys? is this our triumph?

ELMERICK.

Suspend the husband, and exert the king.

KING.

Inhuman wretch! I will exert the king,
And give new majesty and double terror
To that important name, for thy destruction.

ELMERICK.

Sir, I resign my life without reluctance;
Take, if you please, my head. But know, your fame
Is in the balance, and your conduct now
Must fix your character to all posterity;
Must place you in the list of lawless tyrants,
Or kings, whose virtue dignify'd the office,
And honour'd human nature. If you think
The abject fear of death, not a regard
To your yet spotless virtue and renown,
Inspires my tongue, you've my compassion, sir.
Monarchs are men—I've said—and use your pleasure.

KING.

I thought I knew thee well: hence my amazement
Is equal to my grief and indignation.

Had'st



Had'st thou the tongue of angels, cou'dst thou hope
To clear thyself of my Matilda's death?

ELMERICK.

Nor was it e'er my purpose to attempt it;
But I've a right to justify myself
If innocent, and to be heard with patience.
But if thro' passionate and blind prevention
You do refuse to hear, I had rather die
Than bear the unavailing name of palatine,
First guardian of the rights of freeborn Hungary,
And live a witness to an innovation
So fatal to my country.

KING.

Thou hast touch'd
My inmost soul. I'd rather thou shoud'st 'scape,
Than fix a precedent which may be urg'd
Hereafter, to suppress the voice of truth;
Lose the benignant character of king.
And change my glories for a tyrant's shame.
You shall be heard: A seat—O my Matilda
Forgive this short delay. Let the rash man,
Endeavouring to defend, convict himself,
And fall the more abhorr'd.

ELMERICK.

You may remember, sir,
When you appointed me your substitute,
You did pronounce, in presence of your states,
The worst abuse of law and all just power,
Is when the great offend and pass unpunish'd.
This you injoin'd me strongly not to suffer,
Nor bear the sword in vain. You've been obey'd—
The queen transgress'd—and I have done my duty.

KING.

Your duty, sir! dare you affirm the queen—

O 4

ELMERICK.



E L M E R I C K.

Deserv'd the death I gave her. Hear me out.
 If, with deep fore-thought and delib'rate malice,
 To plot and to effect a matron's ruin,
 To give her up to a lewd spoiler's rage,
 By laws divine and human, be pronounc'd
 A crime deserving death, the guilty queen
 Drew on herself the justice I inflict.
 Her wicked agent Conrade, her vile brother,
 Who stain'd the purity of my Ismena,
 Is left to prove your justice. [KING rises.

K I N G.

Can it be!

Thy lovely, chaste Ismena!

E L M E R I C K.

She, my wife.

Lovely she was, and chaste; and not less worthy
 That just regard the meanest may pretend to,
 I trust, for being mine.

C O N R A D E.

Evasive traitor!

Say for what cause, with impious profanation,
 You dar'd attempt your master's sacred bed;
 And I may deign to answer to your charge.

K I N G.

Is this the court of Buda? this vile stage
 Of lewdness, death, and black recrimination?
 Of what a sudden growth is rank corruption?
 That, during my short absence, hath infected
 My house and throne, those I most lov'd and trusted.
 —But bring the clearest proof of this foul charge
 Against my queen and brother, or expect
 The self-same mercy thou hast shewn to her:

2

Whom,



Whom, if thy accusation be unjust,
Thou'lt basely murder'd twice.

ELMERICK.

I have the strongest proofs,
My wife's accusing tears, who cou'd not forge
To her own ruin and to my dishonour
A tale so full of shame. But more, the queen,
The queen herself, triumphant in her malice,
Confess'd it to my face and glory'd in it.

KING.

And will Ismena vouch it?—I think highly
Of your wife's truth;—so did I of Matilda's—
I'll not condemn her on a single witness:
Ismena is but one, thy word is nothing.

ELMERICK.

I have yet farther proofs. Peruse this scroll,
[*Giving the king a paper.*
This full avowal of the hellish deed,
Witness'd by these who both were actors in it,
[*Pointing to BELUS and ZENOMIRA.*
Without designing ill, which I produce
With strong reluctance, as it speaks a weakness
Of the lost queen, which I wou'd fain conceal.

KING.

Why shou'd I tremble thus? let truth appear,
And shame light where it will. Madness and death!
[*Reads.*

Confess a guilty passion for the regent! —
Can these things be!—that dignity of spirit,
That high demeanour stoop to such dishonour! —
How shall I credit—what I can't reject?
How root out fixt ideas from a heart
Matilda fill'd, and bend it to conviction? —

O Elmerick!



O Elmerick! I see the pois'nous source
Of our united woes.

E L M E R I C K.

Her will refus'd,
She offer'd at her life---

C O N R A D E.

This claims attention. [*Aside.*]

E L M E R I C K.

Which while I strove to save, her brother enter'd;
And, by her art deceiv'd, attempted mine:
The rest that paper speaks.

C O N R A D E.

Too fatal truth!
'Twas gallant in him then not to accuse her.
I see my fate, and am prepar'd to meet it. [*Aside.*]

K I N G.

You do acknowledge, and confirm for truth
All that is here contain'd? [*To BEL. and ZEN.*]

B O T H.

So heaven deal with us.

K I N G.

'Tis all too plain: her lawless love, fierce malice,
Conrade's foul rage, and poor Ismena's ruin—
To find her guilty, is to find her hateful:
And I wou'd hate—what once I dearly lov'd.
No blood - but tears, and those too weakly shed,
Must stream o'er thy dishonourable hearse,
Unhappy, false Matilda!—but no more.—
I will dismiss this weak unworthy softness.
Let Elmerick go weep.—Ismena's wrongs
May call forth tears that manhood may be proud of,
To weep Ismena is to feel for virtue.

How

How is it with her sorrows? from this hour
My tenderest care shall be to give them comfort.

ELMERICK.

I fear her sorrows ne'er will taste of comfort.
But see, the messenger I sent returns.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

I come, my lord ———

ELMERICK.

Be brief: how fares my wife?

MESSENGER.

As angels fare,
With whom she now inhabits. When you sent me,
I found her in the arms of her attendants —
Fainting she seem'd — but when I told my message
She rais'd her head, and lifting up her eyes,
'Till then just clos'd, propitious heaven! she cried,
Defend this noblest pattern of your justice,
Nor let his matchless love go unrewarded.
Then with an heavenly smile address me thus. —
Assure my lord I die without reluctance.
My soul, that melts with gratitude, presages
Unequal'd blessings shall attend him here,
While I enjoy — and then her speech forsook her,
And she, without one painful sigh, expir'd.

KING.

Too sure a testimony hast thou given
Of thy foul wrongs, Ifmena — Elmerick! —
Quite speechless and o'erwhelm'd! — her father too!
Turn not away — I do not offer comfort —
I mean but to mourn with you.

ELMERICK.



ELMERICK.

So to die! —

Her delicately chaste and heavenly soul
 Forsook its earthly temple when profan'd
 Without the steel or poison's lawless aid —
 And lives the man who wrong'd me in Ismena?
 Hear then, O righteous king, my high appeal
 To thee, and to the law of warlike Hungary.
 Give me to meet this impious prince in battle;
 There, in the crowded hills, dread scene of justice,
 There only can I sue for retribution,
 Wrong'd as I am, without a soldier's shame.
 And thou, Ismena, from thy fainted seat,
 Where high thou sit'st crown'd with the starry wreaths
 That angels weave for purity like thine,
 Look down propitious on me, and accept
 This high, this second sacrifice of vengeance.

CONRADE.

Then I have murder'd thee, ador'd Ismena.
 These mourn thy fate with tears, but what's the sorrow

That streaming eyes can utter and relieve!
 Though thou disdain'st my grief, yet learn this truth

[Turning to ELMERICK,
 From him thou most abhor'st: — the innocent
 Are not the fittest objects of compassion:
 O there's no pain, no misery like guilt —
 Nor do I fall thy sacrifice, for know,
 Had I been plac'd above the power of vengeance;
 Ismena's fate, th' effect of my rash love,
 Had been lamented thus, and thus reveng'd —

[Stabs himself.]

KING.

This is t'atone one error by another.

CONRADE

CONRADE.

Nothing but error: I was born to err:
The willing slave of every youthful passion.
'Tis now too late to learn — my day is past —
'Tis night — Ismena — oh! [Dies.

E L M E R I C K.

Unerring power! whose deep and secret counsels
No finite mind can fathom and explore;
It must be just to leave your creatures free,
And wise to suffer what you most abhor:
Supreme and absolute of these your ways
You render no account—we ask for none.
For mercy, truth, and righteous retribution
Attend at length your high and awful throne.
Ismena is aveng'd—let me be wretched!

K I N G.

Our sorrows must be felt. Yet, O! brave Elmerick,
Let not the publick suffer! thou'st done greatly.
Still hold the sov'reign power till I return
From Jordan's sacred stream and holy Sion;
My substitute till then, my friend for ever.
The face of justice as she shines in heaven,
In native purity, unclouded splendor,
Alone can charm beyond thy virtuous daring.
That be thy praise—that I approve it mine.

T H E E N D.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by MR. MILWARD.

*YOU, who supreme o'er ev'ry work of wit,
 In judgement here unaw'd, unbiass'd sit,
 The palatines and guardians of the pit;
 If to your minds this merely-modern play,
 No useful sense, no gen'rous warmth convey;
 If fustian here, thro' each unnat'ral scene,
 In strain'd conceits sound high, and nothing mean;
 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;
 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.*

BRITANNIA AND BATAVIA.

A

M A S Q U E.

Written on the Marriage of the PRINCESS ROYAL.
with his Highness the PRINCE of ORANGE.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Ithuriel.
Eliphas.
Britannia.
Batavia.
Liberto.
Tyranny.
Superstition.
Chorus of Country Lads and Lasses.
Chorus of Sailors and their Lasses.
Landlady.
Chorus of Spectators.

Mutes

{ *The Procession.*
Slavery and Poverty, Attendants on Ty-
ranny.
Pride and Cruelty, Attendants on Super-
stition.



BRITANNIA AND BATAVIA:

SCENE I.

A Pleasant Country.

BRITANNIA *asleep under a small, but rich Pavilion;*
her Savord and Shield lying by her. ITHURIEL
her guardian Angel with a drawn Sword, leaning
on a Cloud, and suspended in the Air near her.

ITHURIEL.

SLEEP, fair Britannia, sleep secure;
Thy own Ithuriel, happy in his charge,
Thy guardian angel wakes.

AIR I.

*Rest is the recompence of toil,
The noblest fruit of conquest, peace;
Learn but content, high-favour'd isle,
And nothing can your bliss increase.*

What splendqr rises in the east,
Now when the sun has measur'd half the day?
Some alien spirit sure —

Descends, and stands before BRITANNIA in a posture
of defence. ELIPHAS, *the guardian angel of*
BATAVIA, descends with an Olive Branch in his
Hand.

Eliphas, as I think,
The vigilant protector of Batavia.

VOL. II.

P

ELIPHAS.



210 BRITANNIA AND BATAVIA.

ELIPHAS.

Exalted seraph, powerful and benign,
Thou judgest right, I am indeed Eliphas.

ITHURIEL.

Distinguish'd as thou art,
Prudent, and brave, and of approv'd integrity,
Thou can'st not doubt thy welcome:
Yet let me wonder, high and friendly guest,
Why thou hast left thy charge.

ELIPHAS.

Not so, bright chief;
Unable to defend her
From proud Hispania's fierce and cruel power,
I've brought her here,
To seek protection from Britannia's arms.

ITHURIEL.

For others dangers
I may not interrupt her calm repose;
Her peace and safety are my care,
Her virtue is her own.

A I R H.

El.	<i>'Tis great to succour the distress!</i>
Ith.	<i>Britannia's bounty stands confess'd,</i>
	<i>Unequal'd and alone.</i>
El.	<i>Can lost Batavia sue in vain?</i>
Ith.	<i>Must Britain endless wars maintain</i>
	<i>For causes not her own?</i>

ELIPHAS.

Behold the mourning fair.

Enter



BRITANNIA AND BATAVIA. 211

*Enter BATAVIA in mourning, supported; her hair
dishevel'd, and her coronet falling.*

BATAVIA.

Ah! me, ah! wretched, wretched, lost Batavia!

BRITANNIA *wakes.*

BRITANNIA.

Whoe'er thou art, thy groans have wak'd Britannia.

BATAVIA *kneeling.*

Thou great and just defender of th'oppress'd,
See at your feet poor and distress'd Batavia:
Her cities ras'd, her sacred rights destroy'd,
Her nobles slaughter'd, and her sons enslav'd.

A I R III.

*O whither shall I turn me, whither fly,
If you refuse your aid?
By friends forsaken,
By my foes betray'd,
There's not on earth so lost a wretch as I.
O whither, &c.*

BRITANNIA.

Arise, afflicted fair my sister, rise;
Believe, I feel and will redress thy wrongs;
Deceitful bloody Rome, and haughty Spain,
Shall be compell'd to render back their prey.

A I R IV.

*Brit. Let Tyranny devour,
And build in blood her throne;
Britannia holds her power
For righteous ends alone.*

P 2

Bat.



12 BRITANNIA AND BATAVIA.

Bat. *While heaven refers to you the fate
Of Europe; while you hold the scale,
And may dispense the casting weight,
Justice and virtue must prevail.*

[Both repeat the first Stanza.]

End of the first serious Interlude.

Enter a Chorus of Country Lads and Lasses.

A I R V. (Under the Greenwood Tree.)

1st Lad. *Let envious faction call me slave,
I know and feel I'm free.*

1st Lafs. *'Tis well, brisk fir, that you're so brave;
I thought you bound to me.*

1st Lad. *Such lovely eyes*

1st Lafs. *Must tyrannize,
And you their captive be.*

1st Lad. *Love's chains alone,
True Britons own,
Nor wou'd from them be free.*

Chorus. *Love's chains alone, &c.*

Dancing suitable to the occasion. [Exeunt.]

SCENE



SCENE *A Palace.*

BRITANNIA *on a Couch in a Posture expressive of Distress.* On her Right Hand, TYRANNY attended with SLAVERY and WANT; on her Left, SUPERSTITION attended with CRUELTY and PRIDE. ITHURIEL *at a distance weeping.*

BRITANNIA.

Surpriz'd! betray'd! no help, no succour near!
O most undone! O ruin'd, lost Britannia!

TYRANNY.

Stubborn, ungrateful fair,
Blinded by error will you ever scorn
The friendly hand that offers at your cure?
Behold thy foul's physician.

SUPERSTITION.

Taste of this cup, and be enlighten'd:
Thou hast lost no freedom,
Except the fatal liberty to err;
And riches are but snares;
Those we'll remove:
But in return the church
Shall pour forth all her benedictions on thee:
Thou shalt abound in grace.

BRITANNIA.

Detested Superstition! bloated monster!—
Drunk with the blood of nations— from my sight.
I'll have no more to do with thy enchantments.
Hence, forcerer, hence, and let me die in peace.

SUPERSTITION.

Consult not reason, close the eye of sense;
So shall you judge aright, and see the better.
We are your friends.



BRITANNIA.

I know and I abhor you.

SUPERSTITION.

Poor wand'ring soul!
She must be driven back into the fold:
Wholesome severities may set her right,
And save her from destruction.

TYRANNY.

I trust your pious skill.

SUPERSTITION.

Whips, chains and racks,
These gentler methods,
May first be tried;
If these shou'd seem too mild,
You must impute it to our tender mercy.

ITHURIEL.

Now, Batavia, if thou hast gratitude,
Assert it now, and save distressed Britannia.

[Aside and exit.]

SUPERSTITION.

Herefy is indeed a rank disease,
But then the fire's a never failing cure.

TYRANNY.

Take your own way.

SUPERSTITION.

Nay, nay, I but advise;
The church expects that you shou'd do her justice:
She but condemns — she never deals in blood —
She damns, 'tis true, the wretch who spares her foes;
But begs, by me, your mercy
For this poor heretick relapsed.
Touch not her life, singe not a single hair,
Nor shed one drop of blood.

TYRANNY.



BRITANNIA AND BATAVIA. 215

TYRANNY.

I understand the church, and know my duty.
Seize her, and bind her strait. [*To his Attendants.*]

AIR VI.

Brit. [Kneeling.] *Just heaven! if e'er
The wretched's prayer
I heard, and eas'd his pain;
Now in return,
Let me not mourn,
Nor ask relief in vain.*

*Loud Shouts without, mixt with martial Musick,
cries of Liberty, &c. Scene changes to the Prospect
of a calm Sea with a Fleet of Ships at Anchor.
Enter ITHURIEL, ELIPHAS, and BATAVIA,
 ushering in LIBERTO, richly habited and attended.
At whose Appearance, TYRANNY, SUPERSTITION,
and their Followers run off in Confusion.
LIBERTO unbinds BRITANNIA.*

BRITANNIA.

Grateful Batavia! generous Liberto!
Bounteous heaven! O how shall I express
My wonder, or my thanks?

LIBERTO.

Fair queen of Isles,
Guardian of liberty and sacred truth,
In saving you we are preserv'd ourselves:
Our interest is the same.

BRITANNIA.

Most godlike prince! O how shall I reward thee!

LIBERTO.

To serve Britannia is its own reward.



216 BRITANNIA AND BATAVIA.

BRITANNIA.

— It shall be so—

Prudence and gratitude demand it of me—

He best can guard the freedom he restor'd,

And well deserves to wear the crown he sav'd. [*Aside.*]

What think'st thou of me, prince?

LIBERTO.

All must confess your charms:

Fair and majestick, happy in your offspring.

Europe sees few so great, and none so blest:

Freedom, and wealth and power are in your hand.

BRITANNIA.

Then here I place them all. [*Giving her hand.*]

LIBERTO.

And I with joy accept 'em.

[*Kissing it.*]

'Twere folly to refuse so great a blessing.

Whether ambition or the love of virtue,

Sway most with me, my actions must declare.

BRITANNIA.

By me you are not doubted, brave Liberto:

And let inveterate malice do her worst,

Grateful posterity shall clear your fame.

BATAVIA.

O happy change! O glorious revolution!

A I R VII.

Lib. *To conquer without blood;*

Brit. *To reign for others good;*

Bat. *Lost freedom to restore;*

Brit. *This is the hero's praise;*

Bat. *For this we temples raise,*

Lib. *And justly heav'n adore.*

All three. *To conquer, &c.*

End of the second serious Interlude.



A Chorus of Sailors.

AIR VIII. (When the Stormy, &c).

1 Sail. *You terror of Britannia's foes,
 Whose valour does maintain
 Her power, where'er the ocean flows,
 Or stormy tempests reign;
 For liberty restor'd,
 Now let your joys o'erflow:
 As on the shore
 The billows roar,
 When the stormy winds do blow.*

Enter LANDLADY, followed by a train of young women.

AIR IX.

Land. *Well fare your hearts, my jovial boys,
 You ranting, roaring sons of noise,
 See who are come to aid your joys,
 And hail you safe to shore:
 See here the treasure of our isle,
 Here reap the fruits of all your toil,
 And all your future cares beguile,
 With fal, lah, &c.*

Chorus. *See here, &c.*

[Dancing.]

SCENE



SCENE *a magnificent Monument in the Front of the Stage. At the Foot of which BATAVIA is discovered, leaning on an Urn.*

AIR X.

Bat. *Tho' hopeless I must ever languish:
Nor time, nor fate can ease my anguish,
Still adoring,
Still deploring
Lost Liberto: endless grief!
Will the cruel grave return him?
Can I ever cease to mourn him?
Will my sorrows bring relief?*

Enter ELIPHAS.

ELIPHAS.

Arise, Batavia, and with wonder hear
How generous Britannia has devis'd
To pay her tribute to Liberto's fame,
And make her gratitude, like that, immortal.
She on the princely youth,
In whom Liberto's name
Must live or be extinguished,
Does wisdom, beauty, majesty bestow,
Domestick happiness, wealth, fame, and power;
To sum up all that may be said or thought
She gives --
The first-born princess of her royal house,
Replete with ev'ry virtue, for his bride.
Her joyful sons
With acclamations rend the skies;
Assist, Batavia, and increase their joys:

.1

Now



BRITANNIA AND BATAVIA. 219

Now prove how you regard your princely charge,
And what you owe Liberto,
Pay to his dear remains.

A I R XI.

*Hark, from Britannia's shore
The cannons loudly roar ;
The horizon how bright ?
Ten thousand piles of fire,
Waving to heaven aspire,
And turn to day the night.*

[Chorus of Spectators.

SCENE *the Procession of the Marriage of the
Princess Royal with his Highness the Prince of
Orange in the same Order, and as near as possible
with the same Magnificence, as it was really per-
formea.*

A I R XII.

Spec. *Ten thousand joys
Attend the princely pair,
Whilst ev'ry grateful Briton
Applauds his sovereign's care ;
Who on Nassau bestows,
(A name to Britons dear,
Whence ev'ry blessing flows,
And we with transport bear)
Anna, that royal dame,
Our blessings to insure ;
That freedom like his fame,
May evermore endure.*

Chorus. *Ten thousand, &c.*

THE END.





ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.



1800

1801

1802

1803

1804

1805

1806

1807

1808

1809

1810

1811

1812

1813

1814

1815

1816

1817

1818

1819

1820

1821

1822

1823

1824

1825

1826

1827

1828

1829

1830

1831

1832

1833

1834

1835

1836

1837

1838

1839

1840

1841

1842

1843

1844

1845

1846

1847

1848

1849

1850

1851

1852

1853

1854

1855

1856

1857

1858

1859

1860

1861

1862

1863

1864

1865

1866

1867

1868

1869

1870

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

1877

1878

1879

1880

1881

1882

1883

1884

1885

1886

1887

1888

1889

1890

1891

1892

1893

1894

1895

1896

1897

1898

1899



PROLOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

Spoken by MR. HAVARD.

*THE piece is Lillo's—He, long since in dust:
Criticks far hence; or spare his urn's sad trust.
Kind to his muse, and to his memory just.*

*His muse resembles him, and knows no art;
She speaks not to the head, but to the heart.
The artless maid, by no false seal impress'd,
Bears but an honest copy of his breast:
And every eye has own'd, his natural lay,
Sprung from the heart, wings to the heart it's way.*

*The tragic bard apes not the epic fire,
On fancy's wing still aiming to aspire:
In nature's palace, simple, great, and plain,
Inrich'd and crowded ornament were vain:
Embellishment does but distract the mind,
Which art should never to minuteness bind.
Tho' honey'd language she from Hybla steal,
Your ears applaud—your hearts no ardours feel.
With labour'd art tho' the sad tale be told,
The melting tear, mean while congeal'd, grows cold.
When Passion speaks immediate to the soul,
Parts she o'erlooks, to grasp at once the whole.*

*To night, your bard, from your own annals, shows
A dreadful story of domestic woes:
From facts he draws (his picture's from the life)
The injur'd husband, and the faithless wife,
Doom'd all the train of bosom pangs to prove,
Pangs, which must always wait on lawless love.*

*Ye generous who feel for others woe,
Ye fair, whose tears for injur'd virtue flow,
In justice to yourselves, applaud his plan,
And judge the poet, as ye lov'd the man.*

DR.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

The mayor of Feversham.	Mr. <i>Burton</i> .
ARDEN, a gentleman of Feversham.	Mr. <i>Havard</i> .
FRANKLIN his friend.	Mr. <i>Scrase</i> .
MICHAEL, Arden's servant.	Mr. <i>Wignell</i> .
GREEN.	Mr. <i>Packer</i> .
MOSEY.	Mr. <i>Bransby</i> .
BRADSHAW.	Mr. <i>Johnstone</i> .
BLACK WILL,	} Ruffians. {
GEORGE SHAKESBAG.	
Lord CHEYNEY.	Mr. <i>Philips</i> .
ADAM FOWL, an inn-keeper.	Mr. <i>Vaughan</i> .
Officers, &c.	
A servant to Arden.	

W O M E N.

ALICIA, wife to Arden.— <i>A young Gentlewoman.</i>	
MARIA, sister to Mosby.	Miss <i>Barton</i> .

S C E N E, Feversham, in Kent.



ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street before ARDEN's House.

MOSBY *alone.*

THE morning's dark, and horrid, as my purpose.—
Thrice have my snares been laid for Arden's life,
And thrice hath he escap'd.—I am not safe:
The living may revenge.—Oh! cou'd I win
Alicia to conspire her husband's fall,
Then might I say, security, thou'rt mine,
And laugh at all to come. For other instruments,
There's Green: he bears him hard about this suit
For th' abbey lands, to which the hot youth pleads
Some fancy'd right. Michael, the trencher-fav'rite,
A bastard, bred of Arden's charity;
He has been privy to our secret joys,
And, on that trust presuming, loves my sister—
Winks at adultery, and may at murder.
Maria is his price. I've plac'd her here,
Companion of my sweet Alicia's hours,
To spread her charms for ever in his eye:
To her are all my visits. But Alicia—
She must, she shall comply: when to my arms
Her honour she resign'd, her fond reluctance whif-
per'd,
She cou'd deny me nothing.—This to try.

[Exit into ARDEN's House.]

VOL. II.

Q

SCENE



SCENE II.

*A Chamber.**ARDEN in his night-gown.*

Unhappy Arden, whither canst thou wander
 To lay thy heavy load of sorrows down!
 Will change of place relieve th' afflicted mind,
 Or does all nature yield a balm to cure
 The pangs of slighted love and broken faith?
 Ungrateful, false Alicia! false with Mosby,
 The vile dependent of my foe profess'd,
 Lord Clifford's full-fed flatt'rer!—O damn'd!—
 Come, Franklin, come: Arden, thy friend, invites
 thee;

And let me pour my griefs into thy bosom,
 And find in friendship what I've lost in love.

Enter ALICIA.

ALICIA.

Why, Arden, do you leave your bed thus early?
 Have cold and darkness greater charms than I?
 There was a time when winter-nights were short,
 And Arden chid the morn that call'd him from me.

ARDEN.

This deep dissembling, this hypocrisy,
 (The last worst state of a degen'rate mind)
 Speaks her in vice determin'd and mature. [*Aside.*]

ALICIA.

What maid, that knows man's variable nature,
 Wou'd sell her free estate for marriage bonds?
 From vows and oaths, and every servile tye,
 The tyrant man at pleasure is set free;
 The holy nuptial bond leaves him at large;

Yet

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM. 227

Yet vests him with a power that makes us slaves.
'Tis heav'nly this—

ARDEN.

To stop my just reproach
Art thou the first to tax the marriage state?

ALICIA.

Are you not jealous? do you not give ear
To vain surmises and malicious tongues,
That hourly wound my yet untainted fame?

ARDEN.

And wou'dst thou make me author of the shame
Thy guilt has brought on us?—I'll bear no longer.
The traitor Mosby, curs'd, detested Mosby,
Shall render an account for both your crimes.

ALICIA.

What do I hear!

[*Aside.*

ARDEN.

That base mechanic slave
Shall answer with his blood.

ALICIA.

O hear me speak.

ARDEN.

No, I am deaf: as thou hast ever been
To fame, to virtue, and my just complaints.

ALICIA.

Thus on my knees.

ARDEN.

Adult'res! dost thou kneel,
And weep, and pray, and bend thy stubborn heart
(Stubborn to me) to sue for him?—away,
Away this instant, lest I kill thee too.

[*Recovering himself.*

Q 2

No



No—not the hell thou’st kindled in this bosom
Shall make me shed thy blood.

ALICIA.

I do not hope it.

ARDEN.

For me, be as immortal as thy shame.

ALICIA.

I see your cruel purpose : I must live,
To see your hand and honour stain’d with blood.
Your ample fortune seiz’d on by the state,
Your life a forfeit to the cruel laws.
O Arden, blend compassion with your rage,
And kindly kill me first.

ARDEN.

Not for my sake
Are all thy tears (then had you felt them sooner,)
Plead not the ruin you have made ; but say
Why have you driven me to these extremes ?
Why sacrific’d my peace, and your own fame,
By corresponding with a menial slave ?

ALICIA.

Thou canst not think, that I have wrong’d thy bed ?

ARDEN.

Wou’d I cou’d not !

ALICIA.

By heav’n !—

ARDEN.

No perjuries.
But now, as you lay slumb’ring by my side,
I still awake, anxious and full of thought,
(For thou hast banish’d sleep from these sad eyes)
With gentle accents thrilling with desire,

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM. 229

You call'd on Mosby ; love made me doubt my ears,
And question if the dark and silent night
Conspir'd not with my fancy to deceive me :
But soon I lost the painful pleasing hope ;
Again you call'd upon your minion Mosby.
Confirm'd, I strove to fly your tainted bed,
But, wanting strength, sunk lifeless on my pillow.
You threw your eager arms about my neck,
You press'd my bloodless cheeks with your warm
lips,

Which glow'd, adult'refs, with infernal heat ;
And call'd a third time on the villain Mosby.

A L I C I A.

A dream indeed, if I e'er call'd on him.

A R D E N.

Thy guilty dreams betray thy waking thoughts.

A L I C I A.

I know I'm simple, thoughtless, and unguarded ;
And what is carelessness, you construe guilt.
Yet were I weak as those fantastic visions,
Sure I cou'd never have condemn'd you, Arden,
On circumstances and an idle dream.

A R D E N.

But such a dream,—

A L I C I A.

Yet was it but a dream,
Which, tho' I not remember, I abhor ;
And mourn with tears, because it gives you pain.
Arden, you do not wish me innocent,
Or on suspicions cou'd you doom me guilty ?

A R D E N.

Not wish thee innocent ! do sinking mariners,
When struggling with the raging seas for life,

Q 3

With



230 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

With the assistance of some friendly plank?
'Tis that, and that alone, can bring me comfort.

ALICIA.

O jealousy! thou fierce remorseless fiend,
Degen'rate, most unnatural child of love;
How shall I chace thee from my Arden's bosom?

ARDEN.

There is a way, an easy way, Alicia.

ALICIA.

O name it—speak.

ARDEN.

What's past may be forgotten.
Your future conduct—

ALICIA.

You distract me, Arden.
Say, how shall I convince you of my truth?

ARDEN.

I ask but this: never see Mosby more. [*He starts.*
By heav'n, she's dumb!

ALICIA.

O how shall I conceal
My own confusion, and elude his rage? [*Aside.*

ARDEN.

Thou'rt lost, Alicia!—lost to me—and heav'n.

ALICIA.

Indeed I'm lost, if you unkindly doubt me.

ARDEN.

Wilt thou then ne'er converse with Mosby more?

ALICIA.

If e'er I do, may heav'n, and you, forsake me!

ARDEN.



ARDEN.

You'll keep your word, Alicia!—prithee say—

ALICIA.

You'll break my heart.

ARDEN.

I'd rather break my own.

Then thou art innocent, and lov'st me still.

ALICIA.

And ever will.

ARDEN.

Give me thy hand—thy heart,

O give me that!

ALICIA.

That always was your own.

ARDEN.

Thou flatterer—then whence this cruel strife?
Still art thou cold: nor warm are thy embraces,
Nor sparkle in thine eyes the fires of love:
Cold, cold, and comfortless.

ALICIA.

Indeed you fright me.

ARDEN.

'Tis possible,—

ALICIA.

What?

ARDEN.

That thou may'st yet deceive me.

ALICIA.

O! I am wretched!

Q4

ARDEN.



232 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

ARDEN.

Both perhaps are so.
But if thou ever lov'dst, thou'lt not despise me,
And wilt forgive me, if indeed I've wrong'd thee,
As I've forgiven thee—Pity, I'm sure, I need.
[Exit ARDEN,

ALICIA.

Thou hast it, Arden, ev'n from her that wrongs
thee.
All, all shall pity thee, and curse Alicia.
Can I feel this, and further tempt the stream
Of guilty love! O whither am I fallen!

Enter MARIA.

MARIA.

An happy day, Alicia—and may each morn
Of coming life be usher'd with like joy.
Franklin, from court return'd, has brought the
grant
Of the abbey lands confirm'd by the young king,
To Arden for his life: nor will deliver
But to himself the deed.

ALICIA.

A worthy friend!
The grant is not more welcome to my husband,
Than Franklin's company.

MARIA.

He's flown to meet him.

Enter a servant.

SERVANT.

Madam, your brother Mosby—

ALICIA.

Where is Mosby?

SERVANT



ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM. 233

SERVANT.

He waits below. —

ALICIA.

O haste, and lead me to him.

SERVANT.

Madam, he but desires to see his sister.

ALICIA.

His sister! what! did he not ask for me?

MARIA.

Perhaps —

ALICIA.

Pray, give me leave—looks he in health?

SERVANT.

He seems in health —

ALICIA.

Here, and not ask for me!

Seems he or angry then, or melancholy? —

Answer me, stock, stone. —

SERVANT.

Truly, I can't say.

ALICIA.

Thou canst say nothing—get thee from my sight.

Yet stay—no matter. I'll myself go seek him.

[*Exeunt ALICIA and servant.*]

MARIA.

Where reason is, can passion thus prevail!

[*Exit MARIA.*]

SCENE



SCENE III.

*A Parlour in ARDEN's House.**Enter ALICIA meeting MOSBY.*

ALICIA.

Mosby, that brow befits our wayward fate.
 The evil hour, long fear'd, is fallen upon us,
 And we shall sink beneath it. Do not frown—
 If you're unkind, to whom shall I complain!

MOSBY.

Madam, it was my sister I expected——

ALICIA.

Am I forgotten then! ungrateful man!
 This only cou'd have added to my woes.
 Did you but know what I have borne for you,
 You wou'd not thus, unmov'd, behold my tears.

MOSBY,

Madam, you make me vain.

ALICIA.

Insult not, Mosby.
 You were the first dear object of my love,
 And cou'd my heart have made a second choice,
 I had not been the object of your scorn:
 But duty, gratitude, the love of fame,
 And pride of virtue, were too weak t'erase
 The deep impresson of your early vows.

MOSBY.

Therefore you kindly chose to wed another.

ALICIA.

Reproach me not with what I deem'd my duty.
 Oh! had I thought I cou'd assume the name,

And

And never know the affection of a wife,
I would have died ere giv'n my hand to Arden.

MOSBY.

You gave him all.—

ALICIA.

No, no, I gave him nothing:
Words without truth—an hand without an heart.
But he has found the fraud—the slumb'ring lion
At length hath rous'd himself.

MOSBY.

And I must fall

The victim.

ALICIA.

No, he knows not yet his wrongs.

MOSBY.

But quickly will.

ALICIA.

That, that's my greatest fear.

MOSBY.

Then, branded with a strumpet's hated name,
The cause abhor'd of shame, of blood, and ruin,
Thou'lt be expos'd and hooted thro' the world.

ALICIA.

O hide the dreadful image from my view!
Chaste matrons, modest maids, and virtuous wives,
Scorning a weakness which they never knew,
Shall blush with indignation at my name.

MOSBY.

My death—but that—tho' certain——

ALICIA.

Labour not

To drive me to despair. Fain wou'd I hope—

MOSBY.



236 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

MOSBY.

You may—and be deceiv'd. For me I know
My fate resolv'd—and thee the instrument;
The willing instrument of Mosby's ruin.
Inconstant, false Alicia!

ALICIA.

False indeed,
But not to thee, cruel, injurious Mosby!

MOSBY.

Injurious! false one! might not all these dangers,
That threaten to involve us both in ruin,
Ere this have been prevented?

ALICIA.

Ha!—say on.

MOSBY.

And not preventing, art thou not the cause?

ALICIA.

Ah! whither, Mosby--whither wou'dst thou drive me?

MOSBY.

Nay, didst thou love, or wou'dst secure thy fame,
Preserve my life, and bind me yours for ever;
'Tis yet within your power.—

ALICIA.

By Arden's death!
Mean'st thou not so? speak out, and be a devil.

MOSBY.

Yes, 'tis for thee, I am so. But your looks
Declare, my death wou'd please you better, madam.

ALICIA.

Exaggerating fiend! be dumb for ever.
His death! I must not cast a glance that way.

MOSBY.



ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM. 237

MOSBY.

Is there another way? O think, Alicia.

ALICIA.

I will, for that will make me mad: and madness
Were some excuse. Come, kind distraction! come,
And Arden dies—my husband dies for Mosby.

[Scrieks, and runs to MOSBY.]

Enter ARDEN and FRANKLIN.

He's here! O save me! tell me, did he hear?

ARDEN *starting*.

Franklin, support your friend. I shake with horror.

FRANKLIN.

What moves you thus?

ARDEN.

See—Mosby—with my wife!

MOSBY.

But, madam, I shall spare you farther trouble!
In happy time behold my neighbour here.

[As taking leave of ALICIA.]

ALICIA.

Mischief and wild confusion have begun,
And desolation waits to close the scene.

[Exit ALICIA.]

MOSBY.

Sir, I wou'd gladly know, whether your grant
Of the rich abbey-lands of Feversham
Be yet confirm'd or not?

ARDEN.

What if I tear

Her faithless heart, ev'n in the traitor's sight,
Who taught it falsehood.

[Aside.]
FRANKLIN.



238 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

FRANKLIN.

He is lost in thought.

But I can answer that: it is confirm'd—
I brought the deed, with the great seal annex'd,
Sign'd by our pious Edward, and his council.

MOSBY.

I'm satisfied.——

ARDEN.

So am not I—by hell,
There's justice in the thought. I'm strangely
tempted. [Aside.]

MOSBY.

My friend seems wrapt in thought—I came to advise him,
That Green, by virtue of a former grant
His father long enjoy'd——

ARDEN.

For my estate
The law, and this good seal is my security;
To them I leave Green and his groundless claim.
But my just right to false Alicia's heart,
(So dearly purchas'd with a husband's name,
And sacred honour of a gentleman)
I shall assert myself, and thus secure
From further violation. [Draws.]

MOSBY.

Her known virtue
Renders the injury your fancy forms,
A thing of air.

FRANKLIN.

Impossible to thought.
Whence, Arden, comes this sudden madness on thee,
That

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM. 239

That your Alicia, ever dear esteem'd,
And deeply lov'd —

ARDEN.

Out on the vile adult'refs!
But thou demure, insinuating slave,
Shalt taste my vengeance first. Defend thyself.

MOSBY.

I scorn to take advantage of your rage.

ARDEN.

A coward too! O my consummate shame!

MOSBY.

This I can bear from you.

ARDEN.

Or any man.

Why hangs that uselefs weapon by thy side,
Thou shame to manhood?—draw.—Will nothing
move thee? *[Strikes him.]*

FRANKLIN.

Hold. Whither wou'd your mad revenge trans-
port you?

ARDEN.

Shall shameful cowardice protect a villain?

MOSBY.

You chuse a proper place to shew your courage!

ARDEN.

Go on. I'll follow to the ocean's brink,
Or to the edge of some dread precipice,
Where terror and despair shall stop thy flight,
And force thy trembling hand to guard thy life.

MOSBY.

What I endure to save a lady's honour!

[To Franklin.]
FRANKLIN.



240 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

FRANKLIN.

Your longer stay will but incense him more;
Pray quit the house.

MOSBY.

Sir, I shall take your counsel.

[Exit MOSBY.]

ARDEN.

He hath escap'd me then—but for my wife—

FRANKLIN.

What has she done?

ARDEN.

Done!—must I tell my shame?
Away, begone—left from my prey withheld
I turn, and tear th'officious hand that lets me.
Soft! art thou Franklin? pardon me, sweet friend;—
My spirits fail—I shake—I must retire.

FRANKLIN.

To your Alicia.

ARDEN.

To my lonely couch;
For I must learn to live without her, Franklin.

FRANKLIN.

Pray heaven forbid!

ARDEN.

To hate her, to forget her—if I can:
No easy task for one who doats like me.
From what an height I'm fallen! Once smiling love
Of all its horrors robb'd the blackest night,
And gilt with gladness ev'ry ray of light,
Now tyrant-like his conquest he maintains,
And o'er his groaning slave with rods of iron reigns.

ACT



ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Street.

GREEN AND MOSBY.

GREEN.

You pity me, and know not my estate.
I'm ruin'd, Mosby; thoughtless and ill advis'd,
My riotous youth will leave my age a beggar.
These abbey lands were all the hopes I'd left;
My whole support.

MOSBY.

Base and ungen'rous Arden!
To force a man, born equal to himself,
To beg, or starve.

GREEN.

By heaven, I will do neither:
I'll let the proud oppressor know —

MOSBY.

How blind is rage!
Who threatens his enemy, lends him a sword
To guard himself. —

GREEN.

Robb'd of the means of life,
What's life itself! an useless load, a curse:
Which yet I'll dearly sell to my revenge.

MOSBY.

You mean to kill him then?

GREEN.

I do, by heaven.

VOL. II.

R

MOSBY.



MOSBY.

Suppose you fail—

GREEN.

I can but lose my life.

MOSBY.

Then where is your revenge, when he, secure,
Riots unbounded in his ill-got wealth?

GREEN.

What can I do?

MOSBY.

'Tis plain you wish him dead.

GREEN.

Each moment of his life is to my soul
A tedious age of pain; for while he lives,
Contempt and all the ills a lazar knows,
Must be my wretched lot, and lengthen out
The miserable hours. What groveling wretch
Wou'd wish to hold his life on such conditions?

MOSBY.

But change the scene: suppose but Arden dead,
Your land restor'd, and fortune in your pow'r;
Honour, respect, and all the dear delights
That wait on wealth, shall wing the joyful hours,
And life contracted seem one happy day.
I hate this Arden, and have stronger motives
Than any you can urge to wish his death;
He has accus'd, insulted, struck me,
Nay, his fair virtuous wife, on my account—

GREEN.

If fame speaks true, you're to be envy'd there.

MOSBY.

MOSBY.

The world will talk—but be that as it may,
I want not cause, nor will, nor means, nor friends—

GREEN.

Nor opportunity shall long be wanting.

MOSBY.

Enough: his fate is fixt—See! Bradshaw's here.

Enter BRADSHAW.

BRADSHAW.

Save, save you, gentlemen.

MOSBY.

We thank you, neighbour.

But whither in such haste?

BRADSHAW.

To the isle of Shippey,

To wait on good Lord Cheyney. As he holds
In high esteem our worthy townsmen Arden,
I shall first call on him.—'Tis well I met you,
For yonder two were but bad road-companions.

GREEN.

They seem of desp'rate fortunes.

MOSBY.

Have they names?

BRADSHAW.

One I know not: but judge him from his comrade.
The foremost of the two I knew at Boulogne,
Where in the late king's reign I serv'd myself.
He was a corporal then, but such a villain—
Beneath a soldier's name.—A common cut-throat,
That preys on all mankind, and knows no party.

R 2

MOSBY.



244 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

MOSBY.

An horrid character you give him, Bradshaw.

BRADSHAW.

No worse than he deserves.

MOSBY.

[*Aside.*] (An useful hint:
He shall not want employment :) What's his name?

BRADSHAW.

Black Will. His family name I never heard.

MOSBY.

A word—write you a letter to Alicia :
Disguise your hand.—this honest fool may bear it.
Hint at these men.—In case her courage fail,
She will be glad to shift the deed on them.

GREEN.

I am instructed.

Enter BLACK WILL *and* SHAKEBAG.

BLACK WILL.

What, comrade Bradshaw! how fare you,
man? S'blood! dost not remember honest Black
Will? Why thou'rt grown purse-proud, sure.

BRADSHAW.

Why you're not easily forgotten, Will. But prithee, what brings thee to Feversham?

BLACK WILL.

A foldier, you know, is at home wherever he comes. *Omne solum forti patria.* There's Latin—Give's a tetter.

BRADSHAW.

In time of peace we should apply to some honest creditable business, and not turn the name of foldier into vagabond.

BLACK



BLACK WILL.

Yes, as you have done. I'm told you keep a goldsmith's shop here in Feversham, and, like a mechanical rogue, live by cheating. I have more honour.

BRADSHAW.

Wou'd thou hadst honesty.

BLACK WILL.

Where do our honesties differ? I take a purse behind an hedge, and you behind a counter.

BRADSHAW.

Insolent slave!

BLACK WILL.

You *cent. per cent.* rascal! I may find a time to teach you better manners.

BRADSHAW.

Go, mend thy own.

BLACK WILL.

Thou wert always a sneaking fellow, Bradshaw, and cou'dst never swear, nor get drunk. Come, shall I and my comrade Shakebag taste your ale?

BRADSHAW.

My house entertains no such guests. Farewel, gentlemen.

MOSBY.

Along with Bradshaw,
And leave the management of these to me.
[*Aside to Green.*]

GREEN.

It shall be done.—Bradshaw, a word with thee.

R 3

BRADSHAW.



BRADSHAW.

Your pardon, gentlemen.

[Exeunt GREEN and BRADSHAW.]

BLACK WILL.

He was a cadet in the last French war, like other
 soldiers then; but now he has got a nest, and fea-
 ther'd it a little, he pretends to reputation. S'blood!
 had this been a fit place, he had not scap'd me so.
 You have survey'd us well *[to Mosby]* How do
 you like us?

MOSBY.

Methinks I read truth, prudence, secrecy, and
 courage writ upon your manly brows.

BLACK WILL.

What hellish villainy has this fellow in hand,
 that makes him fawn upon us? *[Aside.]*

MOSBY.

I fear the world's a stranger to your merit.
 If this may recommend me to your friendship—
[Gives a purse.]

BLACK WILL.

Of what damn'd deed is this to be the wages?

SHAKEBAG.

Haft ever an elder brother's throat to cut?

BLACK WILL.

Or an old peevish father to be buried?

MOSBY.

Neither of these.

SHAKEBAG.

A rival then mayhap—

MOSBY.

There you come nearer to me.

SHAKEBAG.



SHAKEBAG.

Then speak out.
We're honest, fir.

BLACK WILL.

Trusty, and very poor.

MOSBY.

Metal too fit for me. [*Aside.*] Then hear me, fir.
But you must both, ere I disclose my purpose,
Promise and bind that promise by your oaths—
Never—[*They both laugh.*] Why this unseasonable
mirth?

BLACK WILL.

You'd have us swear?—

MOSBY.

Else why did I propose it?

BLACK WILL.

There's the jest. Are men who act in despite of
all law, honour, and conscience; who live by
blood (as it is plain you think we do); are we free-
thinkers, like silly wenches and canting priests, to
be confin'd by oaths?

SHAKEBAG.

Wou'd you bind us, let the price equal the pur-
chase, and we'll go to hell for you with pleasure.

MOSBY.

Horrid! they shock ev'n me who wou'd employ
'em. [*Aside.*]

I apprehend—the business then is this:
In Feverham there lives a man, call'd Arden;
In general esteem, and ample means;
And has a wife the very pride of nature.
I have been happy long in her affections,

R 4

And,



And, he once dead, might with her share his fortunes.

He's jealous too of late, and threatens me.
Love, int'rest, self-defence, all ask his death—

BLACK WILL.

This man you'd have dispatch'd?

MOSBY.

I wou'd.

BLACK WILL.

Rich, you say?

MOSBY.

Immensely so.

BLACK WILL.

And much belov'd?

MOSBY.

By all degrees of men.

BLACK WILL.

George! this will be a dang'rous piece of work,

SHAKEBAG.

Damn'd dangerous. A man so known; and of his reputation too.

BLACK WILL.

And then the power and number of his friends must be consider'd.

MOSBY.

What! does your courage shrink already, sirs?

SHAKEBAG.

No.

BLACK WILL.

This is ever the curse of your men of true valour; to be the tools of crafty cowardly knaves,



ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM. 249

who have not the heart to execute what their heads have projected. It is a damn'd ungrateful world—What money have you more about you?

MOSBY.

Ten pieces.

BLACK WILL.

I've had as much for stealing a dog.

MOSBY.

I give you that as a retaining fee:
When the deed's done, each shall have twice that sum,
And a good horse to further his escape.

BLACK WILL.

Sir, will you have him murdered in a church?

SHAKEBAG.

Or on the altar? say the word, and it shall be done.

MOSBY.

Some safer place, the street, highway, or fields,
Will serve my turn as well.

SHAKEBAG.

Just as you please.

MOSBY.

Where may I find you, gentlemen?

BLACK WILL.

At Adam Fowl's, the Flower-de-luce.

MOSBY.

I have confederates in this design;
When we've contriv'd the manner of his death,
I'll send you word.

BLACK



250 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

BLACK WILL.

You'll find us always ready.

MOSBY.

And determined.

BLACK WILL.

Ay, fear it not. Farewell. [*Exeunt several ways.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in ARDEN's House.

Enter ALICIA with a letter.

He doubts me; yet he dares not tell me so,
But thus, by Green, whets my unsettled mind. [*Reads.*
"Strike home, or not at all. In case you fail,
"We have found instruments by means of Bradshaw."
He shall not find me undetermin'd now.
Hark! — Michael's on the watch. — If Arden sleeps,
(For so he seem'd dispos'd,) he'll bring me word.
That, that's the safest time. This promis'd marriage
With Mosby's sister, has remov'd his qualms.

Enter MICHAEL.

Why dost thou break upon me unawares?
What of your master?

MICHAEL.

He's scarce sunk to rest,
But full of meditated rage 'gainst Mosby.

ALICIA.

He'll sleep in peace ere long. —

MICHAEL.

Think not on that.
O did Maria bless me with her smiles,
As you do Mosby, had I twenty lives,
I'd risque 'em all to win her to my arms.

ALICIA.



ALICIA.

I prithee leave me, Michael. [*Exit MICHAEL.*]

What is nature!

There is a pow'r in love, subdues to itself
All other passions in the human mind.

This wretch, more fearful than the lonely murderer,
Whom with inquiring eyes some stranger views,
Wou'd meet the king of terrors undismay'd,
For her he loves, and dare him to the combat.

And shall not I preserve my Mosby's life,
And shall not I—A husband!—What's a husband?

I have a soul above th'unnatural tie,
That tells me I'm his right, and only his,
Who won my virgin heart.—Ye tender parents,
Whose cruel kindness made your child thus wretched,
Turn not your eyes towards earth to view this scene;
'Twill make you sad in heav'n. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Another Room. ARDEN sleeping on a Couch.

Enter ALICIA with a dagger in her hand.

ALICIA.

See!—Jealousy o'erwatch'd is sunk to rest,
While fearful guilt knows no security,
But in repeated crimes. My weary eyes,
Each moment apprehensive of his vengeance,
Must seek for rest in vain till his are clos'd.
Then for our mutual peace, and Mosby's love—

[*Approaching to stab him, starts.*]

He wakes—Defend me from his just revenge!
And yet he sees me not, nor moves a finger
To save his threaten'd life. Then whence that voice,
That pierc'd my ears, and cry'd, Alicia, hold!
Can mimic fancy cheat the outward sense,

4

And



252 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

And form such sounds? If these heart-racking thoughts
 Precede the horrid act, what must ensue?
 Worse plague I cannot fear from Arden's death,
 But from his life—the death of him I love.
 Perish the hated husband.—Wherefore hated!
 Is he not all that my vain sex cou'd wish?
 My eyes, while they survey his graceful form,
 Condemn my heart, and wonder how it stray'd.
 He sighs—he starts—he groans. His body sleeps,
 But restless grief denies his mind repose.
 Perhaps he dreams of me; perhaps he sees me.
 Thus like a fury, broke from deepest hell,
 Lust in my heart, and murder in my hand——

[ALICIA drops the dagger. ARDEN starts up.

ARDEN.

Her dagger, Michael——seize it, and I'm safe.
 How strong she is!—Oh! what a fearful dream!
 Before me still! speak, vision—art thou Alicia,
 Or but the coinage of my troubled brain?

ALICIA.

O Arden—husband—lord——

ARDEN.

Art thou my wife?
 Thou'rt substance—I am wrap'd in wonder—hence
 —Hast lost all sense of fear, as well as shame,
 That thou durst haunt me thus, asleep and waking,
 Thou idol, and thou torment of my soul?

ALICIA.

My bleeding heart——

ARDEN.

Away, begone and leave me:
 Left, in the transports of unbounded rage,
 I rush upon thee, and deface those charms,
 That first enslav'd my soul; mangle that face

Where



ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM. 253

Where, spite of falshood, beauty triumphs still;
Mar that fair frame, and crush thee into atoms.
Avoid me, and be safe—Nay, now you drive me
hence. [ALICIA kneels, he turns away.

Cruel and false as thou hast been to me,
I cannot see thee wring thy suppliant hands,
And weep and kneel in vain.— [Exit ARDEN.

ALICIA.

This, this is he

I came prepar'd to murder. Curse Alicia!

[Takes up the dagger.

In thy own bosom plunge the fatal steel,
Or his, who robb'd thee of thy fame and virtue—
It will not be—fear holds my dastard hand:
Those chaster pow'rs that guard the nuptial bed
From foul pollution, and the hand from blood,
Have left their charge, and I am lost forever. [Exit.



ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

A Road or Highway near Feversham.

BLACK WILL AND SHAKEBAG.

SHAKEBAG.

DAMNATION! posted as you were, to let him 'scape!

BLACK WILL.

I pray thee, peace.

SHAKEBAG.

Green and I beheld him pass carelessly by within reach of your dagger. If you had held it but naked in your hand, he would have stabbed himself as he walk'd.

BLACK WILL.

I had not power to do it; a sudden damp came over me;—I never felt so in my life—A kind of palsy seized me.

SHAKEBAG.

Palsy! when you are upon your duty! go, go and sleep, or drink away your fears. You tremble still.—

BLACK WILL.

I tremble! my courage was never yet call'd in question, villain. When I fought at Boulogne under the late king, both armies knew and feared me.

SHAKEBAG.

That might be, because they did not know you. Dog, I'll shake you off to your old trade of filching
in

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM. 255

in a throng—Murder's too genteel a business for your capacity.—Sirrah, I have taken more gold at noon-day, than ever you filch'd copper by candle light.

BLACK WILL.

Cowardly slave, you lye.

SHAKEBAG.

A coward! s'blood! that shall be proved. Come on.

BLACK WILL.

To thy heart's blood.

SHAKEBAG.

To thine.

[*They fight.*]

Enter GREEN.

GREEN.

What! are you mad! for shame, put up your swords.

SHAKEBAG.

Not till I have had his life.

BLACK WILL.

Fool, guard thy own.

GREEN.

Pray hear me, gentlemen.

BLACK WILL.

Stand farther off.

SHAKEBAG.

Away.

GREEN.

This broil will ruin all.

SHAKEBAG.

He begun it.

BLACK



256 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

BLACK WILL.

Ay, and will end it too.

GREEN.

Arden, you know, returns, and will you let him escape a second time?

SHAKEBAG.

Who did the first?

GREEN.

No matter, that may be repaired.

BLACK WILL.

Brand me with cowardice!

GREEN.

Come, come, you're both to blame. Speak, will you lay aside this senseless broil?

BLACK WILL.

Nay, let him speak.

SHAKEBAG.

Why, rather than lose this opportunity——

[Puts up his sword.]

BLACK WILL.

Ay—We'll defer it till Arden's dead. I am for doing business first, and then for play——

SHAKEBAG.

Challenge me when thou darest.

GREEN.

The night draws on. Are you resolv'd?

SHAKEBAG.

We are.

GREEN.

Enough.—See where he comes. I must withdraw;
But when you've done the deed, and sent his soul——

No



No matter where—I'll come to you again.

[Exit GREEN.]

BLACK WILL.

Something rises in my throat—I can scarce breathe—I'd rather poison half a dozen cardinals, than kill this honest man, but—I'll do't, for my reputation.

SHAKEBAG.

He comes. Retire a little. Let him advance, then bury your dagger in his heart. If you fail, I'll second you.

BLACK WILL.

Stand further off, I shall not need your aid.

SHAKEBAG.

Now strike——

Enter ARDEN first, and then Lord CHEYNEY attended.

BLACK WILL.

Again prevented! ten thousand devils take them all!

LORD CHEYNEY.

Arden, well met. You're to the ill of Shippey Grown quite a stranger. Shall we see you there?

ARDEN.

I purpos'd soon t'have waited on your lordship.

LORD CHEYNEY.

Well, will you sup with me to night at Shorlow?

ARDEN.

Franklin, my lord, who is my guest at present, Expects me at my house.



258 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

LORD CHEYNEY.

Then will you dine with me tomorrow?

ARDEN.

I'll not fail your lordship.

LORD CHEYNEY.

Believe me, worthy friend, I'm glad to see you.
Walk you towards Feversham?

ARDEN.

So please your lordship.

[*Exeunt Lord CHEYNEY and ARDEN.*]

BLACK WILL.

Just as I'd taken aim too!—S'blood I could kill
myself for vexation.

Enter GREEN.

GREEN.

Well, Arden is at last dispatch'd?

SHAKEBAG.

Yes, safe to Feversham.

GREEN.

Safe, say you! his good fortune mocks us all.
These strange escapes have almost stagger'd me;
But thinking of my wrongs, I'm more confirm'd.

BLACK WILL.

Well said, my man of resolution! A gentleman commits a murder with double the satisfaction for such a heart.—We must lay our snares more cunning for the future.

GREEN.

We should consult with Michael, Arden's man.—
The pigmy-hearted wretch, though long ago
He swore his master dead, acts with reluctance.

SHAKE-



SHAKEBAG.

The coward must be spurr'd.—He does it, or he dies.

GREEN.

I wonder at his absence, as he knew
Of this attempt, and promis'd to be here.

Enter MICHAEL.

MICHAEL.

I saw my master and lord Cheyney pass,
And my heart leap'd for joy. [*Apert.*]

BLACK WILL.

What says the villain?

MICHAEL.

Wou'd I were gone. [*Aside.*] Sir, if I give of-
fence— [*Going.*]

GREEN.

Michael, come back, you must not leave us so.

MICHAEL.

What is your pleasure?

GREEN.

Why, we understand
You are in love with Mosby's beauteous sister.

MICHAEL.

Suppose I am.

BLACK WILL.

You deal too mildly with the peasant. You
swore to kill your master, villain. Be an honest
man of your word, and do't then, white liver.

MICHAEL.

Sir, I repented.

S 2

BLACK



BLACK WILL.

Repented! what's that? dog, know your rank,
and act as we command, or your heart's blood—

MICHAEL.

What must I do?

[*Frighted.*]

BLACK WILL.

Do! you must shew us the house, appoint the
time and place, and lure your master thither—
We'll take care of him without your trouble.

GREEN.

So shall you purchase noble Mosby's friendship,
And by his friendship gain his sister's love.

MICHAEL.

They'll murder me too, shou'd I not comply—

[*Aside.*]

GREEN.

Think on your love, your interest.

BLACK WILL.

Or your death.

MICHAEL.

To-night, soon as the abbey-clock strikes ten,

[*Trembling.*]

Come to his house: I'll leave the doors unbarr'd:
The left-hand stairs lead to my master's chamber;
There take him, and dispose him as you please.

GREEN.

This cannot fail.

SHAKEBAG.

Unless this love-sick coward thinks to deceive us.

MICHAEL.

I will not, by heaven!

BLACK

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM. 261

BLACK WILL.

I believe thee ; for by hell thou dar'st not.

[*Exeunt.*]

MICHAEL.

Master, thy constant love and daily bounty
Deserve more grateful offices from Michael.

[*Exit weeping.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in ARDEN's House.

ALICIA *alone.*

When vice has spread her poison thro' the soul,
How lifeless, slow, confus'd, and insincere
Are our resolves in the pursuits of virtue !
What wonder then heaven shou'd refuse its aid
To thoughts, that only blossom for a time ;
Look blooming to the eye, but yield no fruit,

Enter MOSBY.

MOSBY.

I come, Alicia, to partake thy griefs ;
For fire divided burns with lesser force.

ALICIA.

I know thee : thou art come to fan the flame,
Thy breath hath kindled here, till it consume us.
But tears and sighs shall stifle in my heart
The guilty passion —

MOSBY.

—Is heroic love,

That form'd the bright examples of thy sex,
Made their lives glorious and their fame immortal,
A crime in thee ? Art thou not mine by oaths,
By mutual sufferings, by contract mine ?

S 3

ALICIA.



ALICIA.

Why do you urge a rash, a fatal promise,
 I had no right to make, or you to ask?
 Why did you practise on my easy heart?
 Why did I ever listen to your vows?
 In me 'twas foolish guilt and disobedience;
 In you 'twas avarice, insolence, and pride.

MOSBY.

'Twas love in me, and gratitude in you.

ALICIA.

'Twas insolence in you, meanness in me,
 And madness in us both. My careful parents,
 In scorn of your presumption and my weakness,
 Gave me in marriage to a worthy gentleman,
 Of birth and fortune, equal to my own.
 Three years I liv'd with him without reproach,
 And made him in that time the happy father
 Of two most lovely children. I too was happy;
 At least I liv'd in hopes I might be so:
 For time and gratitude, and Arden's love,
 I hop'd might quench my guilty flame for you,
 And make my heart a present worthy him.

MOSBY.

And dost thou glory in thy perjuries?
 In love, inconstancy alone's a crime.
 Think on the ardor of your youthful passion,
 Think how we play'd with love; nor thought it
 guilt,
 Till thy first falsehood (call it not obedience)
 Thy marriage with this Arden made me desperate;
 Think on the transports of our love renew'd,
 And——

ALICIA.



ALICIA.

Hide the rest, lest list'ning winds should hear,
And publish to the world our shameful tale.
Here let remembrance of our follies die.

MOSBY.

Shall our loves wither in their early bloom?

ALICIA.

Their harvest else will be to both our flames.
Hast thou not made a monster of me, Mosby?
You shou'd abhor me, I abhor myself.
When unperceiv'd I stole on Arden's sleep,
(Hell steel'd my heart, and death was in my hand)
Pale anguish brooded on his ashy cheek,
And chilly sweats stood shivering on his brow.
Relentless murder, at a sight so sad,
Gave place to pity; and as he wak'd, I stood
Irresolute, and drown'd in tears.

MOSBY.

She's lost,
And I in vain have stain'd my soul with blood.
[*Aside.*

ALICIA.

Give o'er in time; in vain are your attempts
Upon my Arden's life; for heaven, that wrested
The fatal weapon from my trembling hand,
Still has him in its charge.

MOSBY.

Little she thinks,
That Arden's dead ere now.—It must be so;
I've but that game to play, ere it be known. [*Aside.*

ALICIA.

I know our dang'rous state; I hesitate;
I tremble for your life; I dread reproach.
But we've offended, and must learn to suffer.

S 4

MOSBY.



MOSBY.

Then Arden live in his Alicia blest,
And Mosby wretched. Yet should chance or nature

Lay Arden gently in a peaceful grave,
Might I presume to hope? Alicia, speak.

ALICIA.

How shall I look into my secret thoughts,
And answer what I fear to ask myself?

[A long pause.]

MOSBY.

Silence speaks best for me. His death once known,
I must forswear the fact, and give these tools
To public justice—and not live in fear *[Aside.]*
Thy heart is mine. I ask but for my own. *[To her.]*
Truth, gratitude, and honour bind you to me,
Or else you never lov'd.

ALICIA.

—Then why this struggle?

Not lov'd! O had my love been justly plac'd,
As sure it was exalted and sincere,
I shou'd have gloried in it, and been happy.
But I'll no longer live the abject slave
Of loose desire—I disclaim the thought.

MOSBY.

I'll ask no more what honour shou'd deny;
By heaven, I never will.

ALICIA.

Well then remember,
On that condition only, I renew
My vows. If time and the event of things
[Giving her hand.]
Shou'd ever make it lawful, I'll be yours.

MOSBY.



MOSBY.

O my full joys!—

ALICIA.

Suppress thy frantic transports,
My heart recoils, I am betray'd, O give me back
My promis'd faith.

MOSBY.

First, let the world dissolve.

ALICIA.

There is no joy, nor peace for you, or me:
All our engagements cannot but be fatal.

MOSBY.

The time may come when you'll have other thoughts,
Till then, farewell.—[*Aside.*] Now, fortune, do
thy worst. [Exit.

ALICIA.

Mosby, return—He's gone, and I am wretched
I shou'd have banish'd him my sight for ever.
You happy fair ones, whose untainted fame
Has never yet been blasted with reproach,
Fly from th'appearance of dishonour far.
Virtue is arbitrary, nor admits debate:
To doubt is treason in her rigid court;
But if ye parley with the foe, you're lost. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Another Room in ARDEN's House.

ARDEN and FRANKLIN sitting together on a
couch ARDEN thoughtful.

FRANKLIN.

Nay, wonder not.—Tho' ev'ry circumstance
Thus strangely met to prove the lady false,

And



266 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

And justify the husband's horrid vengeance;
Yet it appears to ev'ry honest eye,
(Too late for the poor lady) she was wrong'd.

ARDEN.

Is't possible?

FRANKLIN.

— Ay very possible:

He lives that proves it so. Conceal'd from justice,
He pines with ceaseless sorrow for his guilt,
And each hour bends him lower towards his grave.

ARDEN.

I know thy friendship, and perceive its drift.
I'll bear my wrongs — for sure I have been wrong'd.
Do I but think so then! what fools are men,
Whom love and hatred, anger, hope, and fear,
And all the various passions rule by turns,
And in their several turns alike deceive?

FRANKLIN.

To cast away, and on suspicion only,
A jewel, like Alicia, were to her
Unjust, and cruel to yourself. Good night,
[Clock strikes ten.

The clock has stricken ten.

ARDEN.

I thought it more.

FRANKLIN.

I thought it not so much.

ARDEN.

Why, thus it is:

Our happy hours are few, and fly so swift,
That they are past ere we begin to count 'em:
But when with pain and misery oppress'd,
Anticipating time's unvarying pace,
We think each heavy moment is an age.

FRANKLIN.



FRANKLIN.

Come, let's to rest. Impartial as the grave,
Sleep robs the cruel tyrant of his power,
Gives rest and freedom to the o'erwrought slave,
And steals the wretched beggar from his want.
Droop not, my friend, sleep will suspend thy cares,
And time will end them.

ARDEN.

True, for time brings death,
The only certain end of human woes.
Sleep interrupts, but waking we're restor'd
To all our griefs again. Watching and rest
Alternately succeeding one another,
Are all the idle business of dull life.
What shall we call this undetermin'd state,
This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless oceans,
That whence we came, and that to which we tend?
Is it life checker'd with the sleep of death?
Or death enliven'd by our waking dreams?
But we'll to bed. Here, Michael, bring the lights.

Enter MICHAEL with lights.

Heaven send you a good repose.

[Gives FRANKLIN a Candle.]

FRANKLIN.

The like to you.

MICHAEL.

Shall I attend you, sir?

FRANKLIN.

No, no, I choose to be alone. Good night.

[Exit FRANKLIN.]

*[MICHAEL attends his master with the other
light, and returns.]*

MICHAEL.



MICHAEL.

I, who shou'd take my weapon in my hand,
 And guard his life with hazard of my own,
 With fraudulent smiles have led him, unsuspecting,
 Quite to the jaws of death—But I've an oath.
 Mosby has bound me with an horrid vow,
 Which if I break, these dogs have sworn my death.
 I've left the doors unbarr'd. — Hark! 'twas the latch,
 They come—I hear their oaths, and see their daggers
 Insulting o'er my master's mangled body,
 While he for mercy pleads.—Good master, live:
 I'll bar the doors again. But shou'd I meet 'em—
 What's that?—I heard 'em cry, where is this coward?

Arden once dead, they'll murder me for sport.
 Help—call the neighbours—master—Franklin—
 help.

*Enter ARDEN and FRANKLIN, undress'd, at
 several doors.*

ARDEN.

What dismal outcry's this?

FRANKLIN.

What frights thee, Michael?

MICHAEL.

My master!—Franklin!

ARDEN.

Why do'st tremble so?

MICHAEL.

I dream'd the house was full of thieves and murderers.
 [Trembling.]

ARDEN.

Dream'd! what, awake! are all the doors made fast?

MICHAEL.

MICHAEL.

I think they are.

ARDEN.

I'll go and see myself. [*Exit ARDEN.*]

FRANKLIN.

You made a fearful noise.

MICHAEL.

Did I? —

ARDEN *within.*

Why Michael!

FRANKLIN.

You tremble still. — Has any one been here?

MICHAEL.

No, I hope not. My master will be angry.

Enter ARDEN.

ARDEN.

This negligence not half contents me, sir:
The doors were all left open.

MICHAEL.

Sir —

ARDEN.

To bed,

And as you prize my favour be more careful.

[*Exit MICHAEL.*]

FRANKLIN.

'Tis very cold. Once more, my friend —

ARDEN.

— Good night.

[*Exit ARDEN.*]

Scene



270 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

*Scene changes to the Street before ARDEN's Door,
the Door shut.*

Enter BLACK WILL and SHAKEBAG.

BLACK WILL.

Zounds! Michael has betray'd us—

The doors are fast. Away, away—disperse.

[Exeunt.]



ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

An Inn, the FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

MOSBY AND MICHAEL.

MICHAEL.

THO' I with oaths appeal'd to conscious heav'n,
That Arden rose and shut the doors himself,
Yet, but for Green, these bloody rogues had kill'd
me.

We must desist—Franklin and sweet Maria
Have promis'd, at Alicia's own request,
To interfere—

MOSBY.

—Such ever be the employ
Of him I hate.

MICHAEL.

The mourning fair, all chang'd,
By me conjures you, (and with tears she spake it)
Not to involve yourself and her in ruin,
By seeking to renew a correspondence,
She has renounc'd for ever.

MOSBY.

How! confusion!

MICHAEL.

And hopes, as heaven, in answer to her prayers,
Hath reconcil'd her duty and affection:
You will approve her resolution—

MOSBY.

Doubtless!

MICHAEL.

MICHAEL.

And learn by her example, to subdue
Your guilty passion—

MOSBY.

Ha, ha, ha, exquisite woman!
So! rather than not change, she'll love her husband!
But she will not persevere.

MICHAEL.

Yes, sure, she will.

MOSBY.

Have I then slighted her whole sighing sex,
Bid opportunity and fortune wait;
And all to be forsaken for an husband!
By heaven, I'm glad he has so oft escap'd,
That I may have him murder'd in her sight.

Enter GREEN.

GREEN.

How strange a providence attends this man!
'Tis vain to strive with heaven—let's give it o'er.

MOSBY.

No: when I do, may I be curs'd for ever,
Hopeless to love, and hate without revenge:
May I ne'er know an end of disappointment,
But prest with hard necessity, like thee,
Live the contempt of my insulting foe.

GREEN.

I scorn the abject thought—had he a life

[To MICHAEL.]

Hung on each hair, he dies—If we succeed,
This very night Maria shall be thine.

MICHAEL.

I am a man again.

MOSBY.

274 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

That us'd to gladden each beholder's heart,
 Now wash the flinty bosom of the earth.
 Her troubled breast heaves with incessant sighs,
 Which drink the purple streams of life, and blast
 Her bloom, as storms the blossoms of the spring.
 But sure her prayers must quickly reach high heav'n,
 Relenting Arden kindly footh her sorrows,
 And her lost peace restore.

FRANKLIN.

Their mutual peace, Maria!
 For his can ne'er be found but in Alicia.
 Asham'd to view the face of man or day,
 As Mosby's name was written on his brow,
 He cheerless wanders; seeks the darkest gloom
 To hide his drooping head, and grieve alone.
 With a full heart, swollen eyes, and faltering tongue,
 He sometimes, seeking to beguile his grief,
 Begins a mournful tale: but straight a thought
 Of his imagin'd wrongs crossing his memory,
 Ends his sad story ere the half be told.
 O may our pains with wish'd success be crown'd!

Enter ARDEN.

ARDEN.

No, Franklin, no; your friendly cares are vain
 Were I but certain she had wrong'd my bed,
 I then might hate her, and shake off my woes;
 But thus perplex'd, can never taste of comfort.

FRANKLIN.

O jealousy! thou bane of social joys!
 Oh! she's a monster made of contradictions!
 Let truth in all her native charms appear,
 And with the voice of harmony itself
 Plead the just cause of innocence traduc'd;
 Deaf as the adder, blind as upstart greatness,
 She sees nor hears. And yet let slander whisper,
 Or

Or evil-ey'd suspicion look oblique,
Rumour has fewer tongues than she has ears;
And Argus' hundred eyes are dim and slow,
To piercing jealousy's.—

ARDEN.

—No more, no more—

I know its plagues, but where's the remedy?

MARIA.

In your Alicia.

FRANKLIN.

She shall heal these wounds.

ARDEN.

She's my disease, and can she be my cure?
My friends shou'd rather teach me to abhor her,
To tear her image from my bleeding heart.

MARIA.

We leave that hateful office to the fiends.

FRANKLIN.

If you e'er lov'd, you'll not refuse to see her:
You promis'd that.

ARDEN.

Did I?

FRANKLIN.

Indeed you did.

ARDEN.

Well then, some other time.

FRANKLIN.

No, see her now.

ARDEN.

Franklin, I know my heart, and dare not see her.
I have an husband's honour to maintain,
I fear the lover's weakness may betray.

T 2

Let



276 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

Let me not do what honour must condemn,
And friendship blush to hear.

FRANKLIN.

That Arden never will.

MARIA.

Did you but know her grief—

ARDEN.

Am I the cause?

Have I, just heaven, have I e'er injur'd her!

Yet I'm the coward—O prepos't'rous fear!

See where she comes—Arm'd with my num'rous
wrongs,

I'll meet with honourable confidence

Th' offending wife, and look the honest husband.

FRANKLIN.

Maria, we'll withdraw—even friendship here

Wou'd seem impertinence.—

[*Exeunt FRANKLIN and MARIA.*]

ARDEN.

Be still my heart.

ALICIA enters, not seeing ARDEN.

ALICIA.

How shall I bear my Arden's just reproaches!

Or can a reconciliation long continue,

That's founded on deceit! can I avow

My secret guilt!—No—at so mean a thought

Abandon'd infamy herself wou'd blush.

Nay, cou'd I live with public loss of honour,

Arden wou'd die to see Alicia scorn'd.

He's here, earth open—hide me from his sight.

ARDEN.

Guilt chains her tongue. Lo silent, self-condemn'd,

With tearful eyes and trembling limbs she stands.

ALICIA.

ALICIA.

Fain wou'd I kifs his footsteps – but that look,
Where indignation seems to strive with grief,
Forbids me to approach him.

ARDEN.

Who wou'd think
That anguish were not real?

ALICIA.

I'm rooted here.

ARDEN.

Those tears, methinks, even if her guilt were cer-
tain,
Might wash away her pains.

ALICIA.

Support me, heaven!

ARDEN.

Curse on the abject thought. I shall relapse
To simple dorage. She steals on my heart,
She conquers with her eyes. If I but hear her voice,
Nor earth nor heaven can save me from her snares.
O! let me fly – if I have yet the power.

ALICIA.

O Arden! do not, do not leave me thus.
[Kneels, and holds him.]

ARDEN.

I pray thee loose thy hold.

ALICIA.

O never, never.

ARDEN.

Why shou'd I stay to tell thee of my wrongs,
To aggravate thy guilt and wound thy soul?
Thyself, if all these agonizing struggles

T 3

Of



278 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

Of tears, of sighs, of groans, of speechless sorrow,
Be but sincere — thyself will do it better.
One thing I'll tell thee, for perhaps 'twill please thee,
Thou'st broke my heart, Alicia.

ALICIA.

Oh! [*She falls to the ground.*]

ARDEN.

And canst thou,
Can woman pity whom she hath undone?
Why dost thou grasp my knees? what wou'dst thou
say,
If thou cou'dst find thy speech?

ALICIA.

O! mercy, mercy!

ARDEN.

Thou hast had none on me, let go my hand:
Why dost thou press it to thy throbbing heart,
That beats — but not for me?

ALICIA.

Then may it ne'er beat more.

ARDEN.

At least, I'm sure it did not always so.

ALICIA.

For that my soul is pierc'd with deep remorse,
For that I bow me to the dust before thee,
And die to be forgiven. O Arden! Arden!

ARDEN.

Presumptuous fool! what business hast thou here?
Did I not know my weakness, and her power!
Rise—rise—Alicia.

ALICIA.

No: here let me lie

On the bare bosom of this conscious earth,

Till

Till Arden speak the words of peace and comfort,
Or my heart break before him.

ARDEN.

O Alicia,

Thou inconsistent spring of grief and joy,
Whence bitter streams, and sweet alternate flow,
Come to my arms, and in this too fond bosom
Disburden all the fulness of thy soul.

ALICIA.

Let me approach with awe that sacred temple,
Resume my seat, and dwell for ever there.

ARDEN.

There ever reign, as on thy native throne,
Thou lovely wanderer.

ALICIA.

Am I at last,
In error's fatal mazes long bewilder'd,
Permitted here to find my peace and safety!

ARDEN.

Dry up thy tears; and tell me, truly tell me:
Has my long-suffering love at length prevail'd,
And art thou mine indeed?

ALICIA.

Heaven is my witness,
I love thee, Arden; and esteem thy love
Above all earthly good. Thy kind forgiveness
Speaks to my soul that peaceful calm confirm'd,
Which reason and reflection had begun.

ARDEN.

Thou'rt cheaply purchas'd with unnumber'd sighs,
With many a bitter tear, and years of patience,
Thou treasure of more worth than mines of gold.

T 4

I will



280 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

I will not doubt my happiness. Thou art,
Thou wilt be mine, ever, and only mine.

ALICIA.

I am, I will. I ne'er knew joy till now.

ARDEN.

This is our truest, happiest nuptial day.
To-night, thou know'st according to my custom,
Our yearly fair returning with St. Valentine,
I treat my friends. I go to countenance
Their honest mirth, and cheer them with my bounty.
Till happy night farewell. My best Alicia,
How will our friends rejoice, our foes repine,
To see us thus!

ALICIA.

Thus ever may they see us!

The wandering fires that have so long misled me,
Are now extinguish'd, and my heart is Arden's.
The flow'ry path of innocence and peace
Shines bright before, and I shall stray no longer.
Whence then these sighs, and why these floods of
tears?

Sighs are the language of a broken heart,
And tears the tribute each enlighten'd eye
Pays, and must pay, for vice and folly past.
And yet the painful'st virtue hath its pleasure:
Tho' dangers rise, yet peace restor'd within,
My soul collected shall undaunted meet them.

Tho' trouble, grief, and death, the lot of all,
On good and bad without distinction fall;
The soul which conscious innocence sustains,
Supports with ease these temporary pains;
But stung with guilt and loaded by despair,
Becomes itself a burden none can bear. [Exeunt.]

SCENE



SCENE IV.

The Street. People at a Distance as at a Fair.

Enter ARDEN on one Side, and BLACK WILL and SHAKBAG on the other, GREEN directing them.

BLACK WILL.

Shakebag, you'll second me—S'blood, give the way.
[*Joſſes ARDEN.*]

SHAKBAG.

May we not paſs the ſtreets?

ARDEN.

I ſaw you not.

BLACK WILL.

Your fight perhaps is bad, your feeling may be better.
[*Strikes him.*]

ARDEN.

Infolent villains!

[*Draws.*]

BLACK WILL.

Come, we'll teach you manners.

ARDEN.

Both at once! barb'rous cowards!

Enter MOSBY.

MOSBY.

O bloody dogs! attempt a life ſo precious!—

BLACK WILL.

This is a fury, George.

[*BLACK WILL and SHAKBAG beaten off.*]

SHAKBAG.

I've pink'd him tho'—

ARDEN.



282 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

ARDEN.

Villains come back, and finish your design.

MOSBY.

Shall I pursue them, sir?

ARDEN.

Not for the world—
Mosby! amazing generosity!

MOSBY.

I hope you are not hurt.

ARDEN.

Pierc'd to the heart---

MOSBY.

Forbid it, heaven! quick, let me fly for help.

ARDEN.

With sharp reflection:—Mosby, I can't bear
To be so far oblig'd to one I've wrong'd.

MOSBY.

Who wou'd not venture life to save a friend?

ARDEN.

From you I've not deserv'd that tender name.

MOSBY.

No more of that---wou'd I were worthy of it!

ARDEN.

I own my heart, by boiling passions torn,
Forgets its gentleness—yet is ever open
To melting gratitude. O say what price
Can buy your friendship?

MOSBY.

Only think me yours.

ARDEN.



ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM. 283

ARDEN.

Eafy indeed. I am too much oblig'd.
Why wreak'd not your good fword its juftice on me,
When mad with jealous rage, in my own houfe,
I urg'd you to my ruin?

MOSBY.

I lov'd you then
With the fame warmth as now.

ARDEN.

What's here! you bleed.
Let me bind up your wound.

MOSBY.

A trifle, fir—

ARDEN.

Your friendship makes it fo.—See, Franklin, fee!

Enter FRANKLIN.

The man I treated as a coward, bleeding,
Wretch that I am! for his defence of me.
Look to your wound. And, Mosby, let us hope
You'll fup with me. There will be honeft Bradshaw,
And Franklin here, and—

MOSBY.

Sir, I will not fail.

FRANKLIN.

I fhall not come.

ARDEN.

Nay, Franklin, that's unkind.

Prithee—

FRANKLIN.

Nay, urge me not.—I have my reafons.

MOSBY.



MOSBY.

Avoids my company! — So much the better.
His may not be so proper. [*Aside.*] — An hour hence,
If you are not engag'd, we'll meet at Fowl's.

ARDEN.

I will be there.

MOSBY.

Till then I take my leave. [*Exit Mosby.*]

ARDEN.

How have I been mistaken in this man!

FRANKLIN.

How are you sure you're not mistaken now?

ARDEN.

No doubt he loves me; and I blush to think
How I've suspected him, and wrong'd Alicia.

FRANKLIN.

May you be ever happy in your wife;
But —

ARDEN.

Speak — But what? let's have no riddles here.
Can she be innocent, and Mosby guilty?

FRANKLIN.

To speak my thoughts, this new officious fondness
Makes me suspect: — I like him worse than ever.

ARDEN.

Because I like him better. What a churl!

FRANKLIN.

You're credulous, and treat my serious doubts
With too much levity. You vex me, Arden. [*Exit.*]

ARDEN.

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM. 285

ARDEN.

Believe me, friend, you'll laugh at this hereafter.

[Exit the other way.]

[Mosby having watch'd FRANKLIN out, re-enters with GREEN.]

MOSBY.

The surly friend has left him — as I wish'd —
You see how eagerly the foolish fool
Flies headlong to our snare: now to inclose him.
At eight the guests are bidden to his banquet,
And only Michael, of his numerous train,
Keeps home with his Alicia. He'll secure
The keys of all the doors, and let you in
With my two trusty blood-hounds. Alicia seems
Averse at present —

GREEN.

She'll not dare betray us.

MOSBY.

Not when the deed is done. We know too much.
She'll be our prisoner, and shall be observ'd.
Towards evening, then, upon a slight pretence
To pass an hour at draughts (a game he loves)
I'll draw this husband home. You'll be prepar'd
In th' inner room (Michael will shew it you)
Till at a signal given, you'll all rush forth,
And strangle him.

GREEN.

Good — 'tis a death that leaves
No bloody character to mark the place.

MOSBY.

Howe'er, come all provided with your daggers,
Do you seek Michael, I'll instruct the rest.

GREEN.



286 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

GREEN.

What shall the signal be?

MOSBY.

These words in th' game,

I take you now.

GREEN.

Arden! thou'rt taken now indeed.

MOSBY.

His body, thrown behind the Abbey-wall,
Shall be defcried by th' early passenger
Returning from the fair.— My friend, thy hand—
[*Shakes it.*]

Be firm, and our united strength
With ease shall cast dead Arden to the earth.

GREEN.

Thanks to his foolish tenderness of soul.

MOSBY.

True, he who trusts an old invet'rate foe,
Bares his own breast, and courts the fatal blow.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT



ACT V.

SCENE I.

ARDEN'S House.

ALICIA alone.

WHAT have I heard! is this the house of Arden!

O! that the power which has so often fav'd him,
Wou'd send his guardian angel to him now,
To whisper in his ear his present danger!
Fly, Arden, fly, avoid this fatal roof,
Where murder lurks, and certain death awaits thee:
Wander—no matter where—turn but from hence,
Thou canst not miss thy way.—The house is theirs.—
I am suspected—Michael guards the door—
And ev'n Maria's absent. Bloody Mosby,
These are the fruits of thy detested lust.
But hark, the fiends approach.—Green had hu-
manity.

Enter GREEN, BLACK WILL, SHAKEBAG, and
MICHAEL.

Cou'd I prevail on him!—O fir—

[Talks apart with GREEN.

BLACK WILL.

What a fair house! rich furniture! what piles of
massy plate! and then yon iron chest. Good plun-
der, comrade.

SHAKEBAG.

And madam Arden there—a prize worth them
all to me.

BLACK



288 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

BLACK WILL.

And shall that fawning, white liver'd coward,
Mosby, enjoy all these?

SHAKEBAG.

No doubt he wou'd, were we the fools he thinks us.

GREEN.

Had he as many lives as drops of blood,
I'd have them all.— [To ALICIA.

ALICIA.

But for one fingle night—

GREEN.

I'd not defer his fate a fingle hour,
Tho' I were fure myself to die the next.
So, peace, irrefolute woman — and be thankful
For thy own life.

ALICIA.

O mercy, mercy —

GREEN.

Yes,

Such mercy as the nurfing lionefs,
When drain'd of moisture by her eager young,
Shews to the prey that first encounters her.

BLACK WILL.

Who talks of mercy, when I am here?

GREEN.

She wou'd prevent us; but our fteady courage
Laughs at her coward arts.

[Knocking gently at the Gate.
Why, Michael!

MICHAEL.

Sir!

GREEN.

GREEN.

Thou blundering coward, what dost tremble at?
Dost thou not hear a knocking at the gate?

[Exit MICHAEL.]

Mosby, no doubt. How like a fly adulterer,
Who steals at midnight, and with caution gives
Th' appointed signal to his neighbour's wife.

BLACK WILL.

Which is the place where we're to be conceal'd?

GREEN.

This inner room.

BLACK WILL.

'Tis well.—The word is, *now I take you.*

[Knocking louder than before.]

GREEN.

Ay, there's authority. That speaks the master.
He seems in haste: 'twere pity he shou'd wait,
Now we're so well prepar'd for his reception.
[GREEN, BLACK WILL, and SHAKEBAG, go in
to the inner Room.]

ALICIA remains alone.

ALICIA.

Now whither are they gone?—the door's unbar'd,
I heard the sound of feet. Shou'd it be Arden,
And Mosby with him—I can't bear the doubt,
Nor wou'd I be resolv'd. Be hush'd my fears,
'Tis Mosby, and alone.

Enter MOSBY.

Sir; hear me, Mosby.

MOSBY.

Madam, is this a time?

VOL. II.

U

ALICIA.



290 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

ALICIA.

I will be heard,
And mark me, when I swear, never hereafter,
By look, word, act—

MOSBY.

Be damn'd—your husband—

ALICIA.

Ha!—

[*She screams.*]

Enter ARDEN and MICHAEL.

ARDEN.

Am I a monster, that I fright thee thus?

[*To MICHAEL.*]

Say, what has happen'd since I left the house?
Thou look'st, Alicia, as if wild amazement
Had chang'd thee to the image of herself.

ALICIA.

Is Frankland with you?

ARDEN.

No.

ALICIA.

Nor Fowl, nor Bradshaw?

ARDEN.

Neither, but both expected.—

ALICIA.

Merciful heaven!

ARDEN.

I meant to dedicate this happy night
To mirth and joy, and thy returning love.

[*She sighs.*]

Make me not sad, Alicia: for my sake
Let discontent be banish'd from your brow,

And

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM. 291

And welcome Arden's friends with laughing eyes.
Amongst the first let Mosby be enroll'd.

ALICIA.

The villain!

ARDEN.

Nay, I am too well convinc'd
Of Mosby's friendship and Alicia's love,
Ever to wrong them more by weak suspicions.
I've been indeed to blame, but I will make thee
A large amends, Alicia.—Look upon him,
As on the man that gave your husband's life.

ALICIA.

Wou'd take my husband's life!—I'll tell him all,
And cast this load of horror from my soul:
Yet, 'tis a dreadful hazard. Both must die.
A fearful thought! Franklin may come, or Brad-
shaw—

O let me not precipitate his fate! [Aside.

MOSBY.

I see my presence is offensive there. [Going.

ARDEN.

Alicia! No—she has no will but mine.

MOSBY.

It is not fit she shou'd:—and yet—perhaps—
'Twere better, sir—permit me to retire.

ARDEN.

No more—our friendship publicly avow'd
Will clear her injur'd virtue to the world.

MOSBY.

Something there is in that—

U 2

ARDEN.



292 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

ARDEN.

It is a debt
I owe to both your fames, and pay it freely.

MOSBY.

For her sake then, not for my own.

ALICIA.

O damn'd dissembler! [*Aside.*

ARDEN.

Come, take your feat; this shall not save your
money.

Bring us the the tables, Michael—[*They sit and play.*

ALICIA.

O just heaven! [*Aside.*

Wilt thou not interpose?—how dread this pause!
Ten thousand terrors crowd the narrow space.

ARDEN.

Your thoughts are absent, Mosby.

BLACK WILL.

Blood! why don't Mosby give the word?

MICHAEL.

Give back, the game's against him.

ALICIA.

Fly, Franklin! fly, to save thy Arden's life.
Murder herself, that chafes him in view,
Beholding me starts back, and for a moment
Suspends her thirst of blood. [*Apart.*

ARDEN.

Come, give it up; I told you I shou'd win. [*Rises.*

MOSBY.

No, I see an advantage; move again.

ARDEN.



ARDEN.

There.

MOSBY.

Now I take you.

[BLACK WILL throws a scarf over ARDEN's head, in order to strangle him; but ARDEN disengages himself, wrests a dagger from SHAKEBAG, and stands on his defence, till MOSBY getting behind and seizing his arm the rest assassinate him.]

ALICIA.

O Pow'r omnipotent! make strong his arm,
Give him to conquer. Ha! my prayers are curses,
And draw down vengeance where they meant a
blessing.

ARDEN.

Inhospitable villain!

ALICIA.

O! he dies.

ARDEN.

O hold your bloody—Mosby too! Nay then [*Falling*.
I yield me to my fate. — Is this, Alicia,
This the return for my unequal love?

ALICIA.

Or death, or madness, wou'd be mercies now,
Therefore beyond my hopes.

ARDEN.

O Mosby, Michael, Green,
Why have you drawn my blood upon your souls?

MOSBY.

Behold her there, to whom I was betroth'd,
And ask no further—

U 3

GREEN.



294 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

GREEN.

Think on thy abbey-lands
From injur'd Green.

ARDEN.

You are now your own judges,
But we shall meet again where right and truth —
Who—who are these? But I forgive you all.
Thy hand, Alicia —

ALICIA.

I'll not give it thee.

ARDEN.

O wretched woman! have they kill'd thee too?
A deadly paleness, agony, and horror
On thy sad visage fit. My soul hangs on thee,
And tho' departing—just departing—loves thee:
Is loth to leave, unreconcil'd to thee,
This useless mangled tenement of clay.
Dismiss her pleas'd, and say thou'rt innocent.

ALICIA.

All hell contains not such a guilty wretch.

ARDEN.

Then welcome death! tho' in the shape of murder.
How have I doated to idolatry!
Vain foolish wretch, and thoughtless of hereafter,
Nor hop'd, nor wish'd a heaven beyond her love.
Now, unprepar'd, I perish by her hate.

ALICIA.

'Tho' blacker and more guilty than the fiends,
My soul is white from this accursed deed.
O Arden! hear me—

ARDEN.

Full of doubts I come,
O thou Supreme, to seek thy awful presence.

My



ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM. 295

My soul is on the wing. I own thy justice.
Prevent me with thy mercy. [Dies.

ALICIA.

Turn not from me:

Behold me, pity me. survey my sorrows.
I who despis'd the duty of a wife,
Will be thy slave. — Spit on me, spurn me, fir,
I'll love thee still. O couldst thou court my scorn,
And now abhor me, when I love thee more,
If possible, than e'er thou lov'dst Alicia.

MOSBY.

Mad fool, he's dead, and hears thee not.

ALICIA.

'Tis false——

He smiles upon me, and applauds my vengeance.
[Snatches a dagger, and strikes at MosBY.
——A knocking at the gate,

MOSBY.

Damnation!—

BLACK WILL.

'Sdeath! we shall leave our work unfinish'd,
and be betray'd at last.—Let's hide the body.

MOSBY.

Force her away.

ALICIA.

Inhuman bloody villains!

[She swoons, as she is forced from the body,

Enter MARIA,

MARIA.

Mosby here!——

My sliding feet, as they move trembling forwards,

U 4

Are



296 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

Are drench'd in blood. O may I only fancy
That Arden there lies murder'd —

MOSBY.

How fares Alicia? —

ALICIA.

As the howling damn'd: and thou my hell —

MARIA.

Unhappy brother!

If thou hast done this deed, hope not to 'scape;
Mercy herself, who only seeks for crimes,
That she may pardon and reform the guilty,
Wou'd change her nature at a fight like this.

Enter MICHAEL.

MICHAEL.

The guests are come—the servants all return'd.

MOSBY.

Alicia, be thyself; and mask thy heart

[Mosby *lifts up* ALICIA.
From ev'ry prying eye with courteous smiles.

ALICIA.

Thou canst not think me mean enough to live.

MOSBY.

You wou'd not choose an ignominious death?

ALICIA.

That's all I dread—Might but the silent grave,
When it receives me to its dark abode,
Hide, with my dust, my shame!—O might that be,
And Arden's death reveng'd.—'Tis my sole prayer.
If not, may awful justice have her course.

[*Exit* ALICIA.

MOSBY.

Sister! our lives are thine—

MARIA.



ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM. 297

MARIA.

Tho' Mosby has shook off humanity, I can't be
his accuser. *[Exit MARIA.]*

MOSBY.

Follow them, Green, and watch Alicia's conduct.

GREEN.

I will, but cannot answer for my own.

O Arden! Arden! cou'd we change conditions!
[Exit GREEN.]

BLACK WILL.

Why what a crew of cowards!
In the same moment murdering and repenting.

MOSBY.

Give me the ring that is on Arden's finger.

SHAKEBAG.

There. Will you have his purse too?

MOSBY.

No, keep that.

BLACK WILL.

Thanks for our own: we shou'd have kept the ring,
Were it not too remarkable.
But how must we dispose of the body?

MOSBY.

Convey it thro' the garden, to the field
Behind the abbey-wall: Michael will shew the way.
The night is dark and cloudy—yet take heed—
The house is full of company.

BLACK WILL.

Sir, if you doubt our conduct, do't yourself.

MOSBY.

Nay, gentlemen—

2

SHAKEBAG.



298 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

SHAKEBAG.

Pretend to direct us!

MOSBY.

For your own sakes—Arden will soon be miss'd.

SHAKEBAG.

We know our business, sir.

MOSBY.

I doubt it not.

There's your reward. The horses both are saddled,
And ready for your flight.

BLACK WILL.

Use them yourself:

I hope we're as safe as you.

MOSBY.

Why, gentlemen—Arden, I us'd thee worse. [*Aside.*]

BLACK WILL.

We shall take care however for our own sakes.

MOSBY.

'Tis very well—I hope we all are friends.

So—softly—softly—Michael, not that door——

[*MICHAEL going out at the wrong door.*]

So—make what speed you can: I'll wait you there.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Hall in ARDEN's House.

MOSBY *alone.*

They must pass undescry'd: gardens and fields
Are dreary deserts now. Night-fowls and beasts of
prey

Avoid the pinching rigour of the season,
Nor leave their shelter at a time like this.

And yet this night, this ling'ring winter night,



Hung with a weight of clouds that stops her course,
 Contracts new horrors, and a deeper black,
 From this damn'd deed.—Mosby, thou hast thy wish.
 Arden is dead; now count thy gains at leisure.
 Dangers without, on every side suspicion;
 Within, my starting conscience mark such wounds
 As hell can equal, only murderers feel. [*A pause.*]
 This, this the end of all my flatt'ring hopes!
 O! happiest was I in my humble state:
 Tho' I lay down in want, I slept in peace:
 My daily toil begat my night's repose,
 My night's repose made day-light pleasing to me.
 But now I've climb'd the top-bough of the tree,
 And fought to build my nest among the clouds:
 The gentlest gales of summer shake my bed,
 And dreams of murder harrow up my soul.
 But hark!—Not yet:—'Tis dreadful being alone.
 This awful silence, that unbroken reigns
 Thro' earth and air, awakes attention more,
 Than thunder bursting from ten thousand clouds:
 S'death!—'tis but Michael—Say—

Enter MICHAEL.

MICHAEL.

Dead Arden lies

Behind the abbey—'tis a dismal sight!
 It snow'd apace while we dispos'd the body.

MOSBY.

And not as you return'd?

FRANKLIN.

No, sir—

MOSBY.

That's much—

Shou'd you be question'd as to Arden's death,
 You'll not confess?

MICHAEL.



300 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM,

MICHAEL.

No, so Maria's mine.

MOSBY.

She's thine, if all a brother can—

MICHAEL.

What's if?

I bought her dear, at hazard of my soul,

And force shall make her mine—

MOSBY.

Why, how now, coward!

Enter MARIA.

MARIA.

The guests refuse to take their seats without you.

Alicia's grief too borders on distraction.

Thy presence may appease—

MOSBY.

Increase it rather.

MARIA.

Michael, your absence too has been observ'd.

MOSBY.

Say we are coming.

[Exit MARIA.]

MICHAEL.

One thing I'd forgot. *[Returning.]*

Soon as the company have left the house,

The ruffians will return.

MOSBY.

What wou'd the villains?

MICHAEL.

They mutter'd threats and curses,

And seem'd not satisfied with their reward.

[Exit MICHAEL.]

MOSBY.

MOSBY.

Let them take all. Ambition, av'rice, lust,
That drove me on to murder, now forsake me.
O Arden! if thy discontented ghost
Still hovers here to see thy blood reveng'd,
View, view the anguish of this guilty breast,
And be appeas'd. [Exit.

SCENE III.

A Room in ARDEN's House. A Table spread for Supper.

GREEN, BRADSHAW, ADAM FOWL,
ALICIA, MARIA, &c.

BRADSHAW.

Madam, be comforted.

ADAM FOWL.

Some accident, or business unforeseen,
Detains him thus.

BRADSHAW.

I doubt not of his safety.

ALICIA.

I thank you, gentlemen; I know you lov'd
My Arden well, and kindly speak your wishes.

Enter MOSBY.

MOSBY.

I am asham'd I've made you wait: be seated.

GREEN.

Madam, first take your place.

ALICIA.

Make me not mad

To me henceforth all places are alike. [Sits.

MOSBY.



302 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

MOSBY.

Come, since we want the master of the house,
I'll take his seat for once.

ALICIA.

Dares he do this? [*Aside.*]

MOSBY.

I'm much afflicted that he stays so late;
The times are perilous.

GREEN.

And he has enemies,
Tho' no man, sure, did e'er deserve them less.

MOSBY.

This day he was assaulted in the street.

GREEN.

You sav'd him then.

MOSBY.

Wou'd I were with him now!

MARIA.

She starts, her looks are wild. [*Aside.*] How fare you,
madam?

ALICIA.

I'm lost in admiration of your brother.

MARIA.

I fear her more than ever. [*Aside.*] Madam, be merry.

MOSBY.

Michael, some wine. Health and long life to Arden.
[*Drinks.*]

ALICIA.

The good you wish, and have procur'd for Arden,
Light on thyself. [*Rising.*]

MARIA



ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM. 303

MARIA.

For heaven's sake——

ALICIA.

Give me way.

[*Comes forward.*

Let them dispatch and send me to my husband:

[*All rise.*

I've liv'd too long with falshood and deceit.

[*Knocking at the gate.*

ADAM FOWL.

What noise is that?

[*Exit MICHAEL.*

BRADSHAW.

Pray heaven, that all be right.

MOSBY.

Bar all the doors.

Enter MICHAEL.

MICHAEL.

We are discover'd, sir. [*To MOSBY.*

The Mayor with officers and men in arms.

Enter MAYOR, &c.

MAYOR.

Go you with these, and do as I directed.

[*Exeunt officers and others.*

I'm sorry that the duty of my office

Demands a visit so unseasonable.

MOSBY.

Your worship doubtless were a welcome guest

At any hour; but wherefore thus attended?

MAYOR.

I have received a warrant from the council

To apprehend two most notorious ruffians;

And



304 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

And information being made on oath,
That they were seen to enter here to-night,
I'm come to search.

GREEN.

I'm glad it is no worse. [*Aside.*

MOSBY.

And can they think that Arden entertains
Villains like those you speak of? Were he here,
You'd not be thank'd for this officiousness.

MAYOR.

I know my duty, sir, and that respect,
So justly due to our good neighbour's worth—
But where is Arden?

ALICIA.

Heavens! where indeed!

MARIA.

Alicia, for my sake—

[*Aside.*

ALICIA.

If I were silent,

Each precious drop of murder'd Arden's blood
Wou'd find a tongue, and cry to heaven for vengeance.

MAYOR.

What says the lady?

MOSBY.

Oh! sir, heed her not.

Her husband has not been at home to-night,
And her misboding sorrow for his absence,
Has almost made her frantic.

MAYOR.

Scarce an hour,

Since I beheld him enter here with you.

MOSBY.



MOSBY.

The darkness of the night deceiv'd you, sir;
It was a stranger, since departed hence.

MAYOR.

That's most surprizing. No man knows him better.

FRANKLIN *without.*

Within there—ho——bar up your gates with care,
And set a watch——Let not a man go by——

[FRANKLIN *and others enter with lights—*

And ev'ry tongue, that gave not its consent
To Arden's death, join mine and cry aloud
To heaven and earth for justice. Honest Arden,
My friend—is murder'd.

MAYOR.

Murder'd!

GREEN.

How?

MOSBY.

By whom?

FRANKLIN.

How shall I utter what my eyes have seen!
Horrid with many a gaping wound he lies
Behind the abbey, a sad spectacle!
O vengeance! vengeance!

MAYOR.

Justly art thou moved.

Passion is reason in a cause like this.

FRANKLIN.

Eternal Providence, to whose bright eye
Darkness itself is as the noon-day blaze,
Who brings the midnight murd'rer and his deeds

Vol. II.

X

T.



306 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

To light and flame, has in their own security
Found these.

MAYOR.

Here seize them all—— this instant :

[ALICIA faints.

Look to the lady. This may be but feign'd.
Your charge but goes along with my suspicions,

BRADSHAW.

And mine.

ADAM FOWL.

And mine.

FRANKLIN.

First hear me, and then judge,
Whether on slight presumptions I accuse them.
These honest men (neighbours and townsmen all)
Conducted me, dropping with grief and fear,
To where the body lay ;— with them I took these
notes,

Not to be trusted to the faithless memory.

“ Huge clots of blood and some of Arden's hair

“ May still be seen upon the garden-wall ;

“ Many such rushes as these floors are strew'd with,

“ Stick to his shoes and garments : and the prints

“ Of several feet may in the snow be trac'd,

“ From the stark body to the very door.”

These are presumptions he was murder'd here,

And that th' assassins having borne his corpse

Into the fields, hither return'd again.

MOSBY.

Are these your proofs?

GREEN.

These are but circumstances,
And only prove thy malice.

FRANKLIN.



ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM. 397

FRANKLIN.

And this scarf,
Known to be Arden's, in the court was found,
All blood.—

MAYOR.

Search 'em.—

MICHAEL.

I thought I'd thrown it down the well. *[Aside.]*

MAYOR.

Enter that room and search the lady there;
We may perhaps discover more. *[To an Officer.]*
*[Officer goes out and re-enters, in the mean time
another officer searches MOSBY and GREEN.]*

FIRST OFFICER.

On Arden's wife I found this letter.

SECOND OFFICER.

And I this ring on Mosby.

MAYOR.

Righteous heaven!
Well may'st thou hang thy head, detested villain:
This very day did Arden wear this ring,
I saw it on his hand.—

MOSBY.

I freely yield me to my fate.

Enter another Officer.

OFFICER.

We've seiz'd two men behind some stacks of wood.

MAYOR.

Well, bring 'em in.—

[BLACK WILL and SHAKEBAG brought in.]

They answer the description:

X 2

But



308 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

But let them wait till I have done with these.
Heavens! what a scene of villany is here!

[Having read the Letter.

BLACK WILL.

Since we're sure to die, tho' I cou'd wish 'twere
in better company (for I hate that fawning rascal,
Mosby) I'll tell the truth for once. He has long
been engaged in an affair with Arden's wife there,
but fearing a discovery, and hoping to get into his
estate, hir'd us to hide him.—That's all.

MAYOR.

And you the horrid deed perform'd?

SHAKEBAG.

We did, with his assistance, and Green's and Michael's.

MAYOR.

This letter proves Alicia, from the first,
Was made acquainted with your black design.

BLACK WILL.

I know nothing of that: but if she was, she re-
pent-ed of it afterwards. So, I think, you call that
a change of mind.

MAYOR.

That may avail her at the bar of heav'n,
But is no plea at our's. Bear them to prison;

[ALICIA brought in.

Load them with irons, make them feel their guilt,
And groan away their miserable hours,
Till sentence of the law shall call them forth
To publick execution.

ALICIA.

I adore
Th' unerring hand of justice; and with silence



Had yielded to my fate, but for this maid,
Who, as my soul dreads justice on her crimes,
Knew not, or e'er consented to this deed.

MAYOR.

But did she not consent to keep it secret?

MOSBY.

To save a brother, and most wretched friend.

MAYOR.

She has undone herself—Behold how innocence
May suffer in bad fellowship.—And Bradshaw,
My honest neighbour Bradshaw too—I read it
With grief and wonder.

BRADSHAW.

Madam, I appeal

To you; as you are shortly to appear
Before a Judge that sees our secret thoughts,
Say, had I knowledge, or—

ALICIA.

You brought the letter,

But well I hope you knew not the contents.

MAYOR.

Hence with them all, till time and farther light
Shall clear these mysteries.

ADAM FOWL.

If I'm condemn'd,

My blood be on his head that gives the sentence.
I'm not accus'd, and only ask for justice.

FRANKLIN.

You shall have justice all, and rig'rous justice.
So shall the growth of such enormous crimes,
By their dread fate be check'd in future times.
Of avarice, Mosby a dread instance prove,
And poor Alicia of unlawful love.



E P I L O G U E.

By a FRIEND.

Spoken by the young Gentlewoman who performed
ALICIA.

*AN ancient bard, vers'd in dramattick laws,
Has said (and well he knew to gain his cause) }
" The seasoning of a play is the applause *."
Within these walls, this truth no doubt will bear,
Without such seasoning, there's no 'biding here.—
First for our author: for his play, I mean;
(For he's beyond the reach of critick spleen)
If he has touch'd your hearts, your tears will shew it,
And your hands echo back, you acquit the poet.
Next, our performance; there, we've done our best:
And where ought's wanting, you'll supply the rest:
I know you will, you must; from hence I spy
Good-nature sparkling in each generous eye.
Last for my humble self---thus low I sue; [Curtfying.
Do not too rigid give me all my due:
What's wanting, pardon: and if ought appears,
That may be ripen'd by theatric years,
Kindly protect the plant, your smiles now raise;
Be mine, obedient thanks; yours, all the praise.*

* Ben Johnson's Volpone.

THE END OF VOL. II.



BOOKS printed for T. DAVIES, in
RUSSEL-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

LADY's Travels into Spain, 2	1.	s.	d.
Vols. 12mo. a new Edition,	0	7	0
with Improvements			
Granger's Biographical History, with	3	0	0
the Supplement, 5 Vols. in boards			
The same Book bound	3	10	0
Goldsmith's Grecian History, 2 Vols.	0	12	0
8vo. bound			
—History of England, abridged, with	0	3	6
Cuts, in one neat Vol. 12mo.			
—Roman History, abridged, 12mo.	0	3	0
Miscellaneous and Fugitive Pieces, 3	0	12	0
Vols. by Dr. Johnson, the Rev.			
Dr. Franklin, Mr. Colman, Dr.			
Goldsmith, and Mr. Thornton, &c.			
Lives of Lilly and Ashmole, 8vo. bound	0	7	0
Eachard's Works, with his Life, 3 Vols.	0	9	0
12mo.			
Edward, a Novel, 2 Vols. 12mo.	0	6	0
Bolingbroke's Idea of a Patriot King,	0	4	0
8vo.			
Ditto. — Crown 8vo.	0	3	0
Bolingbroke's Dissertation on Parties,	0	6	0
with his Life, by Dr. Goldsmith,			
8vo. bound			
Bishop Burnet's Lives of Sir Matthew	0	4	0
Hale, Wilmot Earl of Rochester,			
and Queen Mary			



DIRECTIONS to the BINDER.

TAKE the half Sheet of Dedication here annexed (Signature *H 3) and place it immediately before the Prologue to **GEORGE BARNWELL**.



