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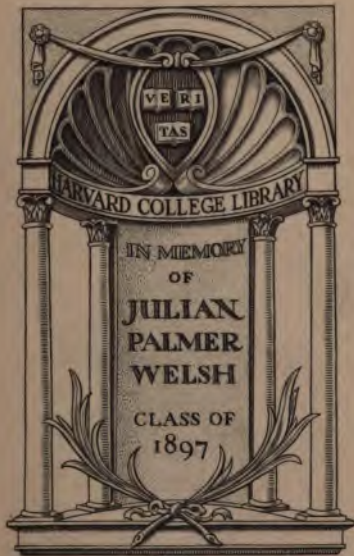
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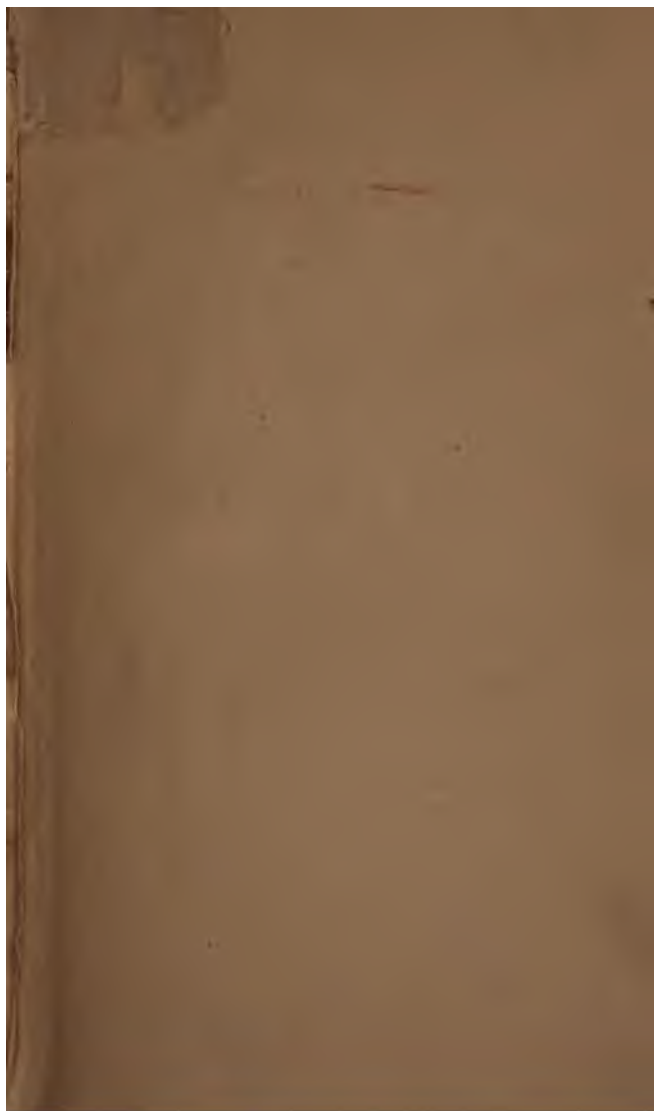
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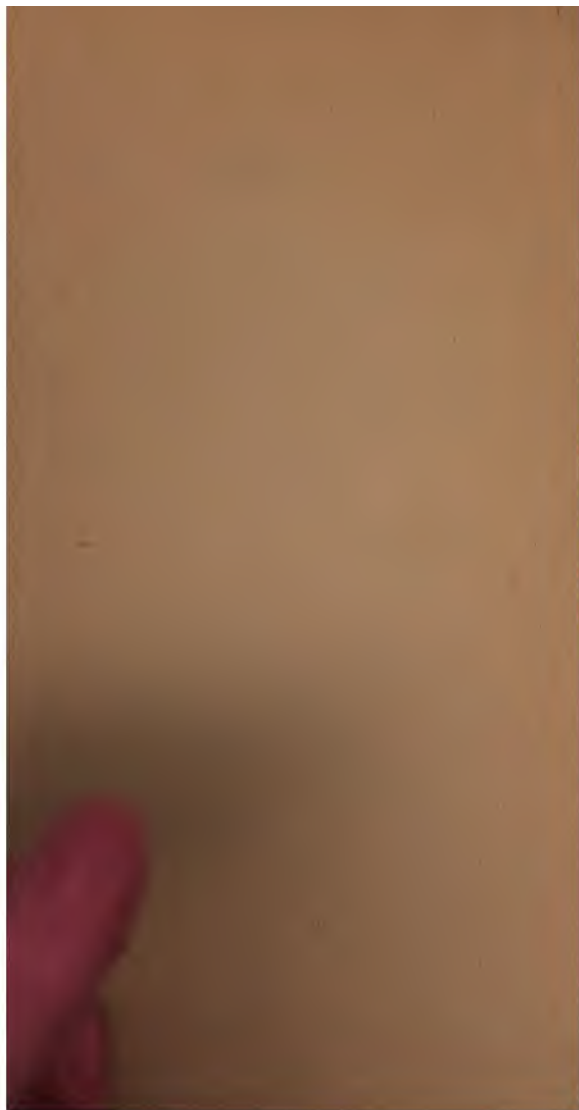


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INCHBALD'S
BRITISH THEATRE.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. MOYES, GREVILLE STREET.

THE
BRITISH THEATRE;

OR,
A COLLECTION OF PLAYS,

WHICH ARE ACTED AT

The Theatres Royal,

DRURY LANE, COVENT GARDEN, HAYMARKET, AND LYCEUM

PRINTED, UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS,
FROM THE PROMPT BOOKS.

WITH
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL REMARKS,
BY MRS. INCHBALD.

A NEW EDITION.
IN TWENTY VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO. 99, CHEAPS
1824.

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(20 vols)

121

Earl of Essex
Tamerlane
George Barnwell
Lady Jane Gray
Distressed Mother
Barbarossa



EARL OF TESSIN.



ACT IV.
SCENE I.

Painted by Howard.

Pub. by Longman & Co. 1851.

Engraved by C. Heath.

THE
EARL OF ESSEX;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY HENRY JONES.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND
BROWN, PATERNOSTER ROW.

EDINBURGH :
Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.

REMARKS.

THIS tragedy was dedicated to the Earl of Chesterfield, who was the author's patron, and who, it is supposed, assisted him in the composition of the work.

There are two tragedies under the title of "The Earl of Essex;" but the following, by Henry Jones, brought upon the stage in 1753, was most favourably received, and became very attractive.

The dramatist, who founds his plot and incidents on history, generally adds, from his invention, those scenes, which best describe the power of love. Here it has been otherwise, at least in the character of the queen; whom every distinguished historian has portrayed as more enamoured of her favourite Essex, than even this play will exhibit.

The character of Essex is sustained with greater accuracy:—the fiery quality of his temper; his alternate pride and humility, daring and servility, in presence of his royal mistress; with all his boisterous vows of loyalty to her; and tender oaths of love to another.

The few characters which compose this drama, all claim an interest with the reader, were it but from their mere names. The great Sir Walter Raleigh is

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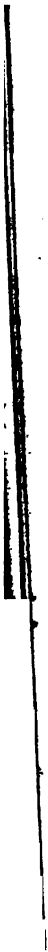
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And England bless him, as her guardian saint,
Such potent instruments I have prepared,
As shall, with speed, o'erturn this hated man,
And dash him down, by proof invincible.

Bur. His day of glory now is set in night;
And all my anxious hopes, at last, are crown'd.
Those proofs against him, Raleigh—

Ral. All arrived.

Bur. Arrived! how? when?

Ral. This very hour, my lord:

Nay more, a person comes, of high distinction,
To prove some secret treaties made by Essex,
With Scotland's monarch, and the proud Tyrone.

Bur. How say'st? to prove them?

Ral. Ay, my lord, and back'd

With circumstances of a stronger nature.
It now appears, his secretary, Cuff,
With Blunt and Lee, were deep concern'd in this
Destructive scheme contrived to raise this lord,
And ruin Cecil. Oh, it is a subtle,
A deep-laid mischief, by the earl contrived
In hour malignant, to o'erturn the state,
And, horror to conceive! dethrone the queen!

Bur. These gladsome tidings fly beyond my hopes!
The queen will listen now, will now believe,
And trust the counsel of her faithful Burleigh.
Dispose them well, till kind occasion calls
Their office forth; lest prying craft meanwhile
May tamper with their thoughts and change their
minds:

Let them, like batteries conceal'd, appear
At once, both to surprise and to destroy.

Ral. His headstrong friend, the bold Southampton,
too,

Now finds his rash endeavours all defeated,
And storms at thee, and the impeaching commons.

Bur. Let him rave on, and rage. The lion, in

The toils entangled, wastes his strength, and roars
In vain; his efforts but amuse me now.—

Enter GENTLEMAN.

Gent. My lord, the Lady Nottingham desires,
With much impatience, to attend your lordship.

Bur. What may the purport of her business be?
Her tender wishes are to Essex tied

In love's soft fetters, and endearing bands.—

Conduct her in. [*Exit GENTLEMAN.*

And you, my Raleigh, watch Southampton's steps;
With care observe each movement of his friends;
That no advantage on that side be lost.—

[*Exit RALEIGH.*

Southampton's Essex' second self;
His daring heart, and bold, ungovern'd tongue,
Are both enlisted in the rash designs
Of this proud lord, nor knows a will but his:
A limb so fix'd, must with the body fall.

Enter LADY NOTTINGHAM.

Not. Thrice hail to rescued England's guiding ge-
nius!

His country's guardian, and his queen's defence!
Great Burleigh, thou whose patriot bosom beats
With Albion's glory, and Eliza's fame;
Who shield'st her person, and support'st her throne;
For thee, what fervent thanks, what offer'd vows,
Do prostrate millions pay!

Bur. Bright excellence,
This fair applause too highly over-rates,
Too much extols, the low deserts of Cecil.

Not. What praises are too high for patriot worth;
Or what applause exceeds the price of virtue?
My lord, conviction has at last subdued me,
And I am honour's proselyte:—Too long
My erring heart pursued the ways of faction;
I own myself t' have been your bitt'rest foe,

And join'd with Essex in each foul attempt
To blast your honour and traduce your fame.

Bur. Though ne'er my wishing heart could call
you friend,

Yet honour and esteem I always bore you;
And never meant, but with respect to serve you.

Not. It is enough, my lord, I know it well,
And feel rekindling virtue warm my breast;
Honour and gratitude their force resume
Within my heart, and every wish is yours.
O Cecil, Cecil, what a foe hast thou!

A deadly foe, whilst hated Essex lives!

Bur. I know it well—but can assign no cause.

Not. Ambition's restless hand has wound his
thoughts

Too high for England's welfare; nay, the queen
Scarce sits in safety on her throne, while he,
Th' audacious Essex, freely treads at large,
And breathes the common air. Ambition is
The only god he serves; to whom he'd sacrifice
His honour, country, friends, and every tie
Of truth and bond of nature; nay, his love.

Bur. The man, that in his public duty fails,
On private virtue will disdainful tread;
And mighty love, who rules all nature else,
Must follow here in proud ambition's train.

Not. Pronounce it not! my soul abhors the sound.
Like death—O, Cecil, will you kindly lend
Some pity to a wretch like me?

Bur. Command,

Madam; my power and will are yours.

Not. Will Cecil's friendly ear vouchsafe to bend.
Its great attention to a woman's wrongs;
Whose pride and shame, resentment and despair,
Rise up in raging anarchy at once,
To tear, with ceaseless pangs, my tortured soul?
Words are unequal to the woes I feel;
And language lessens what my heart endures.

Bur. Madam, your wrongs, I must confess, are great;
 Yet still, I fear, you know not half his falsehood.
 Who, that had eyes to look on beauty;
 Who, but the false, perfidious Essex, could
 Prefer to Nottingham a Rutland's charms?
 Start not—By Heaven, I tell you naught but truth,
 What I can prove, past doubt; that he received
 The lady Rutland's hand, in sacred wedlock,
 The very night before his setting out
 For Ireland.

Not. Oh! may quick destruction seize them!
 May furies blast, and hell destroy their peace!
 May all their nights—

Bur. I pray, have patience, madam!
 Restrain a while your rage; curses are vain.
 But there's a surer method to destroy him;
 And, if you'll join with me, 'tis done—he falls.

Not. Ha! say'st thou, Burleigh! Speak, my genius, speak!
 Be quick as vengeance' self to tell me how!

Bur. You must have heard, the commons have impeached him,
 And we have proofs sufficient for his ruin.
 But then the queen—you know how fair he stands
 In her esteem; and Rutland, too, his wife,
 Hath full possession of the royal ear.
 Here then, my Nottingham, begins thy task:
 Try every art t' incense the queen against him,
 Then step between her and the Lady Rutland:
 Observe Southampton, too, with jealous eye;
 Prevent, as much as possible, his suit:
 For, well I know, he will not fail to try
 His eloquence on the behalf of Essex.

Not. It shall be done; his doom is fix'd: he dies.
 Oh 'twas a precious thought! I never knew
 Such heartfelt satisfaction.—Essex dies!
 And Rutland, in her turn, shall learn to weep.

The time is precious; I'll about it straight.
Come, vengeance, come! assist me now to breathe
Thy venom'd spirit in the royal ear! [Exit.]

Bur. There spoke the very genius of the sex!
A disappointed woman sets no bounds
To her revenge.—Her tamper's form'd to serve me.

Enter RALEIGH.

Ral. The Lord Southampton, with ungovern'd rage,
Resents aloud his disappointed measures.
I met him in the outward court; he seeks,
In haste, your lordship; and, forgetting forms,
Pursues me hither, and demands to see you.

Bur. Raleigh, 'tis well! Withdraw—attend the
queen—
Leave me to deal with this o'erbearing man.
[Exit RALEIGH.]

Enter SOUTHAMPTON.

South. Where is the man, whom virtue calls her
friend?—

I give you joy, my lord!—Your quenchless fury
At length prevails,—and now your malice triumphs.
You've hunted honour to the toil of faction,
And view his struggles with malicious joy.

Bur. What means my lord?

South. O fraud! shall valiant Essex
Be made a sacrifice to your ambition?
Oh, it smells foul, indeed, of rankest malice,
And the vile statesman's craft. You dare not, sure,
Thus bid defiance to each show of worth,
Each claim of honour: dare not injure thus
Your suffering country, in her bravest son!

Bur. But why should stern reproach her angry
brow
Let fall on me? Am I alone the cause
That gives this working humour strength? Do I
Instruct the public voice to warp his actions?

Justice, untaught, shall poise the impartial scales,
And every curious eye may mark the beam.

South. The specious shield, which private malice
bears,

Is ever blazon'd with some public good ;
Behind that artful fence, skulk low, conceal'd,
The bloody purpose, and the poison'd shaft ;
Ambition there, and envy, nestle close ;
From whence they take their fatal aim unseen ;
And honest merit is their destined mark.

Bur. My country's welfare, and my queen's com-
mand,
Have ever been my guiding stars through life,
My sure direction still.—To these I now
Appeal ;—from these, no doubt, this lord's miscon-
duct

Hath widely stray'd ; and reason, not reviling,
Must now befriend his cause.

South. How ill had Providence
Dispos'd the suffering world's oppressed affairs,
Had sacred right's eternal rule been left
To crafty politicians' partial sway !
Then power and pride would stretch the enormous
grasp,

And call their arbitrary portion, justice :
Ambition's arm, by avarice urged, would pluck
The core of honesty from virtue's heart,
And plant deceit and rancour in its stead :
Falseness would trample then on truth and honour,
And envy poison sweet benevolence.

Oh, 'tis a goodly group of attributes,
And well befits some statesman's righteous rule !
Out, out upon such bloody doings !
The term of being is not worth the sin ;
No human bosom can endure its dart.
Then put this cruel purpose from thee far,
Nor let the blood of Essex whelm thy soul.

Bur. 'Tis well, my lord! your words no comment need;
No doubt, they've well explained your honest meaning;
'Tis clear and full. To parts, like yours, discretion
Would be a clog, and caution but incumbrance.
Yet mark me well, my lord; the clinging ivy
With the oak may rise, but with it too must fall.

South. Thy empty threats, ambitious man, hurt not
The breast of truth. Fair innocence, and faith,
Those strangers to thy practised heart, shall shield
My honour, and preserve my friend. In vain,
Thy malice, with unequal arm, shall strive
To tear the applauded wreath from Essex' brow;
His honest laurel, held aloft by fame,
Above thy blasting reach, shall safely flourish,
And bloom immortal to the latest times;
Whilst thou, amidst thy tangling snares involved,
Shalt sink confounded, and unpitied fall.

Bur. Rail on, proud lord, and give thy choleric
vent:
It wastes itself in vain; the queen shall judge
Between us in this warm debate. To her
I now repair: and, in her royal presence,
You may approve your innocence and faith.
Perhaps you'll meet me there. Till then, farewell.

[*Exit.*

South. Confusion wait thy steps, thou cruel monster!—
My noble and illustrious friend betray'd
By crafty faction, and tyrannic power!
His sinking trophies, and his falling fame,
Oppress my very soul. I'll to the queen,
Lay all their envy open to her view,
Confront their malice, and preserve my friend. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Presence Chamber.

*The QUEEN discovered, sitting on her Throne. RAL-
LEIGH, LORDS, and ATTENDANTS.*

Qu. Eliz. Without consulting me! presumptuous man!

Who governs here?—What! am not I your queen?
You dared not, were he present, take this step.

Ral. Dread sovereign, your ever faithful commons
Have, in their gratitude and love for you,
Preferred this salutary bill against him.

Enter BURLEIGH.

Qu. Eliz. You, my Lord Burleigh, must have
known of this.

The commons here impeach the Earl of Essex
Of practising against the state and me.
Methinks I might be trusted with the secret.
Speak, for I know it well, 'twas thy contrivance.
Ha! was it not? You dare not say it was not.

Bur. I own my judgment did concur with theirs.
His crimes, I fear, will justify the charge,
And vindicate their loyalty and mine.

Qu. Eliz. Ha! tell not me your smooth deceitful
story!

I know your projects, and your close cabals,
You'd turn my favour into party feuds,
And use my sceptre as the rod of faction:
But Henry's daughter claims a nobler soul.
I'll nurse no party, but will reign o'er all,

And my sole rule shall be to bless my people :
 Who serves them best, has still my highest favour :
 This Essex ever did.

Enter SOUTHAMPTON.

Behold, Southampton,
 What a base portrait's here! The faithful Essex
 Here drawn at large, associating with rebels,
 To spoil his country, and dethrone his queen!
South. It is not like.—By Heaven, the hand of envy
 Drew these false lines, distorted far from truth
 And honour, and unlike my noble friend
 As light to shade, or hell to highest heaven.
 Then suffer not, thou best of queens, this lord,
 This valiant lord, to fall a sacrifice
 To treachery and base designs; who now
 Engages death in all his horrid shapes,
 Amidst a hardy race, inured to danger;
 But let him, face to face, this charge encounter,
 And every falsehood, like his foes, shall fly.

Qu. Eliz. To me you seem to recommend strict
 justice,

In all her pomp of power. But are you sure
 No subtle vice conceal'd assumes her garb!
 Take heed, that malice does not wear the mask,
 Nor envy deck her in the borrow'd guise.
 Rancour has often darken'd reason's eye,
 And judgment winks, when passion holds the scale.
 Impeach the very man to whom I owe
 My brightest rays of glory! Look to it, lords;
 Take care, be cautious on what ground you tread;
 Let honest means alone secure your footing.
 Raleigh and you withdraw, and wait our leisure.

[*Exeunt* RALEIGH and SOUTHAMPTON.]

Lord Burleigh, stay; we must with you have farther
 Conference.—I see this base contrivance plain.
 Your jealousy and pride, your envy of
 His shining merit, brought this bill to light.

But mark me, as you prize our high regard
 And favour, I command you to suppress it :
 Let not our name and power be embarrass'd
 In your perplexing schemes. 'Twas you began,
 And therefore you must end it.

Bur. I obey.

Yet humbly would entreat you to consider
 How new, unpopular, this step must be,
 To stand between your parliament's enquiry
 And this offending lord.—We have such proofs—

Qu. Eliz. Reserve your proofs to a more proper
 season,

And let them then appear. But once again
 We charge you, on your duty and allegiance,
 To stop this vile proceeding; and to wait
 Till Essex can defend himself in person.
 If then your accusations are of force,
 The laws, and my consent, no doubt, are open.
 He has my strict command, with menace mix'd,
 To end effectually this hated war,
 Ere he presume to quit the Irish coast.

Bur. Madam, my duty now compels me to—

Qu. Eliz. No more! see that my orders be obey'd:

[*Exit* BURLEIGH.

Essex a traitor!—it can never be—
 His grateful and his honest soul disdains it.—
 Can he prove false? so high advanced, so honour'd,
 So near my favour—and—I fear, so near
 My heart!—Impossible.—This Burleigh hates him,
 And, as his rival, therefore would destroy him;
 But he shall find his narrow schemes defeated.
 In vain their fraudulent efforts shall combine
 To shake my settled soul, my firm design;
 Resolved to lift bright virtue's palm on high,
 Support her grandeur, and her foes defy. [Exit.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

An Antichamber in the Palace.

Enter BURLEIGH.

Bur. Essex arrived! Confusion to my hopes!
His presence will destroy me with the queen.
I much suspect he had some private notice,
Perhaps, a punctual order, to return.
He lurks too near her heart.—What's to be done?
Now is the important crisis—
Keep up thy usual strength, my better genius!
Direct my steps to crush my mortal foe.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RALEIGH.

Qu. Eliz. It cannot be! Return'd without my
leave!

Against my strict command!—Impossible!

Ral. Madam, the earl is now at court, and begs
An audience of your majesty.

Qu. Eliz. Amazing!
What! break his trust! desert his high command,
Forsake his post, and disobey his queen!
'Tis false—invented all.—You wish it so.

Bur. Madam, I wish some other rumours false;
Reports, I fear, of great concern to you.

Qu. Eliz. What rumours? what reports? your
frown would much
Denote; your preface seems important.—Speak.

Bur. Some new commotions are of late sprung up
 In Ireland, where the west is all in arms,
 And moves with hasty march to join Tyrone,
 And all his northern clans. A dreadful power!
 Nay, more; we have advices from the borders,
 Of sudden risings, near the banks of Tweed;
 'Tis thought to favour an attempt from Sootland.
 Meanwhile, Tyrone embarks six thousand men
 To land at Milford, and to march where Essex
 Shall join them with his friends.

Qu. Eliz. (Apart.) In league with James!
 And plotting with Tyrone! It cannot be.
 His very pride disdains such perfidy.
 But is not Essex here without my leave!
 Against my strict command! that, that's rebellion.
 The rest, if true, or false, it matters not.
 What's to be done?—admit him to my presence?
 No, no—my dignity, my pride forbid it.
 Ungrateful man, approach me not; rise, rise,
 Resentment, and support my soul! Disdain,
 Do thou assist me—Yes, it shall be so.

Bur. I see she muses deep;
 Tyrone's invasion wakes her fear and anger,
 And all her soul is one continued storm.

Qu. Eliz. For once my pride shall stoop; and I will
 see
 This rash, audacious, this once favour'd man;
 But treat him as his daring crimes deserve.

Enter SOUTHAMPTON.

South. [Kneeling.] Permit me, madam, to approach
 you thus;
 Thus lowly to present the humble suit
 Of the much-injured, faithful Earl of Essex,
 Who dares not, unpermitted, meet your presence.
 He begs, most gracious queen, to fall before
 Your royal feet, to clear him to his sovereign,
 Whom, next to heaven, he wishes most to please.

Let faction load him with her labouring hand,
His innocence shall rise against the weight,
If but his gracious mistress deign to smile.

Qu. Eliz. Let him appear. [Exit SOUTHAMPTON.]

Now to thy trying task,
My soul! Put forth, exert thy utmost strength,
Nor let an injured queen be tame.—Lie still,
My heart, I cannot listen to thee now.

Enter ESSEX and SOUTHAMPTON.

Essex. Forgive, thou injured majesty, thou best
Of Queens, this seeming disobedience. See,
I bend submissive in your royal presence,
With soul as penitent, as if before
The all-searching eye of Heaven. But, oh, that
frown!

My queen's resentment wounds my inmost spirit,
Strikes me like death, and pierces through my heart.

Qu. Eliz. You have obey'd, my lord! you've served
me well!

My deadly foes are quell'd! and you come home
A conqueror! Your country bids you welcome!
And I, your queen, applaud!—Triumphant man!
What! is it thus that Essex gains his laurels?
What! is it thus you've borne my high commission?
How durst you disregard your trusted duty,
Desert your province, and betray your queen?

Essex. I came to clear my injured name from guilt,
Imputed guilt, and slanderous accusations.
My shame was wafted in each passing gale,
Each swelling tide came loaded with my wrongs;
And echo sounded forth, from faction's voice,
The traitor Essex.—Was't not hard, my queen,
That, while I stood in danger's dreadful front,
Encountering death in every shape of terror,
And bleeding for my country—Was't not hard,
My mortal enemies at home, like cowards,
Should in my absence basely blast my fame?

Qu. Eliz. It is the godlike attribute of kings,
 To raise the virtuous, and protect the brave.
 I was the guardian of your reputation ;
 What malice, or what faction, then, could reach you ?
 My honour was exposed, engaged for yours :
 But you found reason to dislike my care,
 And to yourself assumed the wrested office.

Essex. If aught disloyal in this bosom dwells,
 If aught of treason lodges in this heart,
 May I to guilt and lasting shame be wedded,
 The sport of faction, and the mark of scorn,
 The world's derision, and my queen's abhorrence.
 Stand forth the villain, whose envenom'd tongue
 Would taint my honour, and traduce my name,
 Or stamp my conduct with a rebel's brand !
 Lives there a monster in the haunts of men,
 Dares tear my trophies from their pillar'd base,
 Eclipse my glory, and disgrace my deeds ?

Qu. Eliz. This ardent language, and this glow of
 soul,

Were nobly graceful in a better cause ;
 Where virtue warrants, and where truth inspires :
 But injured truth, with brow invincible,
 Frowns stern reproof upon the false assertion,
 And contradicts it with the force of facts.
 From me you have appeal'd, ungrateful man !
 The laws, not I, must listen to your plea.
 Go, stand the test severe, abide the trial,
 And mourn, too late, the bounty you abused.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN ELIZABETH, SOUTHAMPTON, &c.]

Essex. Is this the just requital, then, of all
 My patriot toils, and oft-encounter'd perils,
 Amidst the inclemencies of camps and climes ?
 Then be it so.—Unmoved and dauntless, let me
 This shock of adverse fortune firmly stand.

Enter SOUTHAMPTON.

South. Alas, my lord! the queen's displeasure kindles

With warmth increasing; whilst Lord Burleigh labours

T'inflame her wrath, and make it still burn fiercer.

Essex. I scorn the blaze of courts, the pomp of kings;

I give them to the winds, and lighter vanity;

Too long they've robb'd me of substantial bliss,

Of solid happiness, and true enjoyments.

But lead me to my mourning love; alas!

She sinks beneath oppressing ills; she fades,

She dies for my afflicting pangs, and seeks

Me, sorrowing, in the walks of woe.—Distraction!

Oh, lead me to her, to my soul's desire;

South. Let caution guide you in this dangerous step.

Consider well, my lord, the consequence—

For should the queen (forbid it, Heaven!) discover

Your private loves, your plighted hands, no power

On earth could step between you and destruction.

Enter BURLEIGH.

Bur. My lord of Essex, 'tis the queen's command,

That you forthwith resign your staff of office;

And further, she confines you to your palace.

Essex. Welcome, my fate! Let fortune do her utmost;

I know the worst, and will confront her malice,

And bravely bear the unexpected blow.

Bur. The queen, my lord, demands your quick compliance.

Essex. Go, then, thou gladsome messenger of ill,

And, joyful, feast thy fierce rapacious soul

With Essex' sudden and accomplish'd fall.

The trampled corse of all his envy'd greatness,

Lies prostrate now beneath thy savage feet ;
 But still th' exalted spirit moves above thee.
 Go, tell the queen thy own detested story :
 Full in her sight disclose the snaky labyrinths,
 And lurking snares, you plant in virtue's path,
 To catch integrity's unguarded step.

Bur. Your country has impeach'd, your queen accused you ;

To these address your best defence, and clear
 Your question'd conduct from disloyal guilt.
 What answer to the queen shall I return ?

Essex. My staff of office I from her received,
 And will to her, and her alone, resign it.

Bur. This bold refusal will incense the queen,
 This arrogance will make your guilt the stronger.

[*Exit.*

South. Sustain, my noble friend, thy wonted greatness ;

Collect thy fortitude, and summon all
 Thy soul, to bear with strength this crushing weight,
 Which falls severe upon thee ; whilst my friendship
 Shall lend a helping hand, and share the burden.
 I'll hence with speed, and to the queen repair,
 And all the power of warmest words employ,
 To gain you yet one audience more, and bring
 Her majesty to milder thoughts. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Essex. As newly waked from all my dreams of glory,
 Those gilded visions of deceitful joys,
 I stand confounded at the unlook'd-for change,
 And scarcely feel this thunderbolt of fate.
 The painted clouds, which bore my hopes aloft,
 Alas, are now vanish'd to yielding air,
 And I am fall'n indeed !—

How weak is reason, when affection pleads !
 How hard to turn the fond, deluded heart
 From flatt'ring toys, which sooth'd its vanity !
 The laurell'd trophy, and the loud applause,
 The victor's triumph, and the people's gaze ;

The high-hung banner, and recording gold,
Subdue me still, still cling around my heart,
And pull my reason down.

Enter LADY RUTLAND.

Rut. Oh, let me fly,
To clasp, embrace, the lord of my desires,
My soul's delight, my utmost joy, my husband !
Once more I hold him in my eager arms,
Behold his face, and lose my soul in rapture !

Essex. Transporting bliss ! my richest, dearest treasure !

My mourning turtle, my long-absent peace,
Oh, come yet nearer, nearer to my heart !
My raptured soul springs forward, to receive thee :
Thou heaven on earth, thou balm of all my woe !

Rut. Oh, shall I credit, then, each ravish'd sense ?
Has pitying Heaven consented to my prayer ?
It has, it has ; my Essex is return'd !
But language poorly speaks the joys I feel ;
Let passion paint, and looks express my soul.

Essex. With thee, my sweetest comfort, I'll retire
From splendid palaces, and glitt'ring throngs,
To live embosom'd in the shades of joy,
Where sweet content extends her friendly arms,
And gives increasing love a lasting welcome.
With thee, I'll timely fly from proud oppression,
Forget our sorrows, and be bless'd for ever.

Rut. Oh ! let us hence, beyond the reach of power,
Where fortune's hand shall never part us more !
In this calm state of innocence and joy,
I'll press thee to my throbbing bosom close.
Ambition's voice shall call in vain ; the world,
The thankless world, shall never claim thee more,
And all thy business shall be love and me.

Essex. The queen, incens'd at my return, abandons
me

To Cecil's malice, and the rage of faction.

I'm now no more the fav'rite child of fortune :
My enemies have caught me in the toil,
And life has nothing worth my wish but thee.

Rut. Delusive dream of fancied happiness !
And has my fatal fondness then destroy'd thee ?
Oh, have I lured thee to the deadly snare
Thy cruel foes have laid ?
I dreaded Cecil's malice, and my heart,
Longing to see thee, with impatience listen'd
To its own alarms ; and prudence sunk beneath
The force of love.

Essex. Forbear, my only comfort ;
Oh, tell me not of danger, death, and Burleigh ;
Let every star shed down its mortal bane
On my unshelter'd head : whilst thus I fold
Thee in my raptur'd arms, I'll brave them all,
Defy my fate, and meet its utmost rigour.

Rut. Alas, my lord ! consider where we are,
Oh, 'tis the queen's apartment ;
Each precious moment is by fate beset,
And time stands trembling whilst we thus confer.

Essex. Then, let us hence from this detested place ;
My rescued soul disdains the house of greatness,
Where humble honesty can find no shelter.
From hence we'll fly, where love and greatness call ;
Where happiness invites—that wish of all :
With sweet content enjoy each blissful hour,
Beyond the smiles of fraud, or frowns of power.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter BURLEIGH and LADY NOTTINGHAM.

Not. My lord, I've sought you out with much impatience.

You've had an audience of the queen; what follow'd?

Bur. Soon as I told her, Essex had refused
To yield his dignities, and staff of office,
Against her high command, pronounced by me,
She seem'd deprived of reason for a moment;
Her working mind betray'd contending passions;
She paused, like thunder in some kindling cloud,
Then instant burst with dreadful fury forth:
"And has th' ungrateful wretch defy'd my mandate?
The proud, audacious traitor, scorn'd my power?
He dares not, sure?—He dies—the villain dies!"
I instantly withdrew,

But soon was countermanded, and desired
To bring the Earl of Essex to her presence.
I like it not, and much I fear she'll stand
Between this high offender and the laws.

Not. Is Essex then secured?

Bur. Madam, he is;
And now comes guarded to the court.

Enter GENTLEMAN.

from the queen
and desires to see you.

[Exit.]

Not. I attend her.

Bur. She wants, no doubt, to be advised by you.
Improve this fair occasion, urge it home.

Not. I know her foible. Essex long has had
An interest in her heart, which nothing can
O'erturn, except his own ungovern'd spirit:
It is, indeed, the instrument by which
We work, and cannot fail, if rightly used.

Bur. Madam, the queen expects you instantly.
I must withdraw, and wait the earl's arrival.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II.

The Queen's Closet.

QUEEN ELIZABETH *discovered.*

Qu. Eliz. Ill-fated, wretched man! perverse and
obstinate!

He counterworks my grace, and courts destruction.
He gives his deadly foes the dagger to
Destroy him, and defeats my friendly purpose,
Which would, by seeming to abandon, save him.
Nor will he keep the mask of prudence on
A moment's space.—What! must I bear this scorn!
No: let me all the monarch re-assume;
Exert my power, and be myself again.
Oh, ill-performing, disobedient, heart!
Why shrink'st thou, fearful, from thy own resolve?

Enter LADY NOTTINGHAM.

Thou comest in time; I'm much disturb'd, abused,
My Nottingham, and would complain to thee

Of insolence, neglect, and high contempt.
 Essex presumed to dictate laws within
 My palace gates. How say'st thou, Nottingham?

Not. Surely, my gracious queen, it cannot be!
 His heat and passion never could impel him
 To take so bold a step, to such rash guilt:
 Methinks his very honour should prevent it.

Qu. Eliz. This haughty man has wanton'd with my
 grace,

Abused my bounty, and despised my favours.

Not. His conduct has, I fear, been too unguarded:
 His hasty temper knows not where to stop.
 Ambition is the spur of all his actions,
 Which often drives him o'er his duty's limits;
 (At least his enemies would have it so.)
 But malice, madam, seldom judges right.

Qu. Eliz. Oh, Nottingham! his pride is past en-
 during;

This insolent, audacious man, forgets
 His honour and allegiance;—and refused
 To render up his staff of office, here,
 Beneath my very eye.

Not. Presumptuous man!

Your faithful subjects will resent this pride,
 This insolence, this treason to their queen;
 They must, my gracious sovereign. 'Tis not safe
 To shield him longer from their just resentment.
 Then give him up to justice and the laws.

Qu. Eliz. You seem well pleased to urge severity.
 Offended majesty but seldom wants
 Such sharp advisers—Yet no attribute
 So well befits the exalted seat supreme,
 And power's disposing hand, as clemency.
 Each crime must from its quality be judged;
 And pity there should interpose, where malice
 Is not the aggressor.

Not. Madam, my sentiments were well intended;
 Justice, not malice, moved my honest zeal.

My words were echoes of the public voice,
Which daily rises, with repeated cries
Of high complaint against this haughty lord.
I pity, from my heart, his rash attempts,
And much esteem the man.

Qu. Eliz. Go, Nottingham,
My mind's disturbed, and send me Rutland hither.

[*Exit* LADY NOTTINGHAM,

O vain distinction of exalted state!
No rank ascends above the reach of care,
Nor dignity can shield a queen from woe.
Despotic nature's stronger sceptre rules,
And pain and passion in her right prevails,
Oh, the unpity'd lot, severe condition,
Of solitary, sad, dejected grandeur!
Alone condemn'd to bear th' unsocial throb
Of heartfelt anguish, and corroding grief;
Deprived of what, within his homely shed,
The poorest peasant in affliction finds,
The kind, condoling, comfort of a dear
Partaking friend.

Enter LADY RUTLAND.

Rutland, I want thy timely
Counsel. I'm importuned, and urged to punish—
But justice, sometimes, has a cruel sound.

Essex has,

No doubt, provoked my anger, and the laws;
His haughty conduct calls for sharp reproof,
And just correction. Yet I think him guiltless
Of studied treasons, or design'd rebellion.
Then, tell me, Rutland, what the world reports,
What censure says of his unruly deeds.

Rut. The world, with envy's eye, beholds his
merit:

Madam, 'tis malice all, and false report.

I know his noble heart, 'tis fill'd with honour:

No trait'rous taint has touch'd his generous soul;

His grateful mind still glows with pure affectio ;
 And all his thoughts are loyalty and you.

Qu. Eliz. I grant you, Rutland, all you say, and think

The earl possess'd of many splendid virtues.
 What pity 'tis, he should afford his foes
 Such frequent, sad occasions to undo him !

Rut. What human heart can, unafflicted, bear
 Such manly merit in distress, beset
 By cruel foes, and faction's savage cry ?
 My good, my gracious mistress, stretch, betimes,
 Your saving arm, and snatch him from destruction,
 From deadly malice, treachery, and Cecil.
 Oh, let him live, to clear his conduct up !
 My gracious queen, he'll nobly earn your bounty,
 And with his dearest blood deserve your mercy.

Qu. Eliz. Her words betray a warm, unusual, fervour ;

Mere friendship never could inspire this transport.

[*Aside.*]

I never doubted but the earl was brave ;
 His life and valiant actions all declare it :
 I think him honest too, but rash and headstrong.
 I gladly would preserve him from his foes,
 And therefore am resolved once more to see him.

Rut. Oh, 'tis a godlike thought, and Heav'n itself
 Inspires it. Sure some angel moves your heart,
 Your royal heart, to pity and forgiveness.
 This gracious deed shall shine in future story,
 And deck your annals with the brightest virtue ;
 Posterity shall praise the princely act,
 And ages yet to come record your goodness.

Qu. Eliz. I'll hear no more—Must I then learn
 from you

To know my province, and be taught to move,
 As each designing mind directs ?—Leave me.

Rut. Her frowns are dreadful, and her eye looks
 terror.

I tremble for my Essex. Save him, Heav'n! [*Exit.*
Qu. Eliz. Her warmth has touch'd me home. My
 jealous heart,
My fearful and suspicious soul's alarm'd.

Enter BURLEIGH, RALEIGH, and GENTLEMEN.

Bur. The Earl of Essex waits your royal will.

Qu. Eliz. Let him approach—And now once more
 support

Thy dignity, my soul; nor yield thy greatness
To strong usurping passion—But he comes.

Enter ESSEX and SOUTHAMPTON.

Essex. Permitted thus to bend, with prostrate heart,
 [*Kneels.*

Before your sacred majesty; I come,
 With every grateful sense of royal favour
 Deeply engraved within my conscious soul.

Qu. Eliz. I sent my orders for your staff of office.

Essex. Madam, my envy'd dignities and honours,
I first from your own royal hand received,
 And therefore justly held it far beneath me
 To yield my trophies, and exalted power,
 So dearly purchased in the field of glory,
 To hands unworthy. No, my gracious queen,
 I meant to lay them at your royal feet;
 Where life itself a willing victim falls,
 If you command.

Qu. Eliz. High swelling words, my lord, but ill
 supply

The place of deeds, and duty's just demand.
 In danger's onset, and the day of trial,
 Conviction still on acting worth attends;
 Whilst mere professions are by doubts encumber'd.

Essex. My deeds have oft declared in danger's front
 How far my duty and my valour lead me.
 Allegiance still my thirst of glory fired,
 And all my bravely gather'd, envy'd laurels

Were purchased only to adorn my queen:

Qu. Eliz. Your guilty scorn of my entrusted power,
When with my mortal foes you tamely dally'd,
By hardy rebels braved, you poorly sought
A servile pause, and begg'd a shameful truce.
Should Essex thus, so meanly compromise,
And lose the harvest of a plenteous glory,
In idle treaties, and suspicious parley?

Essex. O, deadly stroke! My life's the destined
mark.

The poison'd shaft has drank my spirits deep.—
Is't come to this? Conspire with rebels! Ha!
I've served you, madam, with the utmost peril,
And ever gloried in th' illustrious danger,
Where famine faced me with her meagre mien,
And pestilence and death brought up her train.
I've fought your battles, in despite of nature,
Where seasons sicken'd, and the clime was fate.
My power to parley, or to fight, I had
From you; the time and circumstance did call
Aloud for mutual treaty and condition;
For that I stand a guarded felon here; a traitor,
Hemm'd in by villains, and by slaves surrounded.

Qu. Eliz. Shall added insolence, with crest audacious,

Her front uplift against the face of power?
Think not that injured majesty will bear
Such arrogance uncheck'd, or unchastised.
No public trust becomes the man, who treads,
With scornful steps, in honour's sacred path,
And stands at bold defiance with his duty.

Essex. Away with dignities and hated trust,
With flattering honours, and deceitful power!
Invert th' eternal rules of right and justice;
Let villains thrive, and outcast virtue perish;
Let slaves be raised, and cowards have command.
Take, take your gaudy trifles back, those baits
Of vice, and virtue's bane.' 'Tis clear, my queen,

My royal mistress, casts me off; nay, joins
With Cecil to destroy my life and fame.

Qu. Eliz. Presuming wretch! Audacious traitor!

Essex. Traitor!

Qu. Eliz. Hence from my sight, ungrateful slave,
and learn

At distance to revere your queen!

Essex. Yes; let

Me fly beyond the limits of the world,
And nature's verge, from proud oppression far,
From malice, tyranny, from courts, from you.

Qu. Eliz. Traitor! villain! [Strikes him.]

Essex. Confusion! what, a blow!

Restrain, good Heaven! down, down, thou rebel pas-
sion,

And, judgment, take the reins. Madam, 'tis well—
Your soldier falls degraded;

His glory's tarnish'd, and his fame undone.

O, bounteous recompence from royal hands!

But you, ye implements, beware, beware,

What honour wrong'd, and honest wrath can act.

Qu. Eliz. What would th' imperious traitor do?
My life

Beyond thy wretched purpose stands secure.

Go, learn at leisure what your deeds deserve,

And tremble at the vengeance you provoke.

[*Exeunt all but Essex and Southampton.*]

Essex. Disgraced and struck! Damnation! Death
were glorious!

Revenge! revenge!

South. Alas, my friend! what would
Thy rage attempt? Consider well the great
Advantage now your rash, ungovern'd temper
Affords your foes. The queen, incensed, will let
Their fury loose.—I dread the dire event!

Essex. Has honest pride no just resentment left?
Nor injured honour, feeling?—Not revenge!
High Heaven shall hear, and earth regret, my wrongs.

Hot indignation burns within my soul.
 I'll do some dreadful thing!—I know not what;
 Some deeds, as horrid as the shame I feel,
 Shall startle nature, and alarm the world.
 Then hence, like lightning, let me furious fly,
 To hurl destruction at my foes on high;
 Pull down oppression from its tyrant seat,
 Redeem my glory, or embrace my fate. [Exit:

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and NOTTINGHAM.

Qu. Eliz. Not taken yet?

Not. No, madam: for the Earl
 Of Essex, leagued with desperate friends, made strong
 And obstinate resistance; till, at length,
 O'erpower'd by numbers, and increasing force,
 He fled for shelter to a small retreat,
 A summer-house, upon the Thames; resolved
 To perish, rather than submit to power.

Qu. Eliz. Oh, where shall majesty bestow its fa-
 vours,
 Since Essex has a traitor proved to me,
 Whose arm hath raised him up to power and great-
 ness;
 Whose heart has shared in all his splendid triumphs,

And feels, ev'n now, his trait'rous deeds with pity ?
 But hence with pity, and the woman's pangs :
 Resentment governs, and the queen shall punish.

Enter BURLEIGH.

Bur. Illustrious queen ! the traitors all are seized,
 Their black debates
 Were held at Drury House. The dire result
 Was this : that Essex should alarm the citizens
 To open mutiny, and bold rebellion.
 Their purpose was to seize your royal palace,
 And sacred person ; but your faithful people,
 As by one mind inform'd, one zeal inspired,
 Rose up at once, and with their virtue quell'd them.

Qu. Eliz. Thanks to their honest, to their loyal
 hearts !

But say, were any persons else concern'd,
 Of high distinction, or of noted rank ?

Bur. Yes, madam, many more ;
 'Mong whom the bold Southampton foremost stands.
 They're now our prisoners, and are safe secured ;
 But Essex, with Southampton, and the rest
 Of greater note, I would not dare dispose of
 Without your royal mandate ; and they now
 Attend without, to know your final pleasure.

Qu. Eliz. Is this the just return of all my care ?
 My anxious toilsome days, and watchful nights ?
 Have I sent forth a wish, that went not freighted
 With all my people's good ? Or have I life,
 Or length of days desired, but for their sake ?
 The public good is all my private care !
 Then could I think this grateful isle
 Contain'd one traitor's heart ? But, least of all,
 That Essex' breast should lodge it ? Call the mon-
 ster,

And let me meet this rebel face to face !
 Do you withdraw, and wait within our call.

[*Exit BURLEIGH and NOTTINGHAM.*

Enter ESSEX.

You see, we dare abide your dangerous presence,
 Though treason sits within your heart enthroned,
 And on that brow rebellion lours, where once
 Such boasted loyalty was said to flourish.
 How low the traitor can degrade the soldier!
 Guilt glares in conscious dye upon thy cheek,
 And inward horror trembles in thine eye.
 How mean is fraud! How base ingratitude!

Essex. Forbear reproach, thou injured majesty,
 Nor wound with piercing looks, a heart already
 With anguish torn, and bleeding with remorse.
 Your awful looks, alone, are arm'd with death,
 And justice gives them terror.

Qu. Eliz. Hapless man!
 What cause could prompt, what fiend could urge
 thee on

To this detested deed? Could I from thee
 Expect to meet this base return? from thee,
 To whom I ought to fly with all the confidence
 That giving bounty ever could inspire,
 Or seeming gratitude and worth could promise?

Essex. Alas! I own my crimes, and feel my trea-
 sons;
 They press me down beneath the reach of pity.
 Despair alone can shield me from myself.

Qu. Eliz. My pride forbids me to reproach thee
 more;

My pity, rather, would relieve thy sorrow.
 The people's clamours, and my special safety,
 Call loud for justice, and demand your life.
 But if forgiveness from an injured queen
 Can make the few short hours you live more easy,
 I give it freely, from my pitying heart;
 And wish my willing power could grant thee more.

Essex. Oh, let me prostrate thus before you fall,
 My better angel, and my guardian genius!

Permit me, royal mistress, to announce
 My faithful sentiments, my soul's true dictates ;
 Vouchsafe your Essex but this one request,
 This only boon—he'll thank you with his last,
 His dying breath, and bless you in his passage.

Qu. Eliz. Rise, my lord !

If aught you have to offer can allay
 Your woes, and reconcile you to your fate,
 Proceed ;—and I with patient ear will listen.

Essex. My real errors, and my seeming crimes,
 Would weary mercy, and make goodness poor :
 And yet the source of all my greatest faults
 Was loyalty misled, and duty in extreme.
 So jealous was my sanguine heart, so warm
 Affection's zeal, I could not bear the least
 Suspicion of my duty to my queen.

This drove me from my high command in Ireland ;
 This, too, impell'd me to that rude behaviour,
 Which justly urged the shameful blow I felt ;
 And this, O fatal rashness ! made me think
 My queen had given her Essex up, a victim
 To statesmen's schemes, and wicked policy.
 Stung by that piercing thought, my madness flew
 Beyond all bounds, and now, alas ! has brought me
 To this most shameful fall ; and, what's still worse,
 My own reproaches, and my queen's displeasure.

Qu. Eliz. Unhappy man ! My yielding soul is
 touch'd,

And pity pleads thy cause within my breast.

Essex. Say, but, my gracious sovereign, ere I go
 For ever from your presence, that you think me
 Guiltless of all attempts against your throne,
 And sacred life. Your faithful Essex ne'er
 Could harbour in his breast so foul a thought.
 Believe it not, my queen. By heaven, I swear,
 When in my highest pitch of glory raised,—
 The splendid noon of Fortune's brightest sunshine,—

Not ages of renown,—could yield me half
The joy, nor make my life so greatly blest,
As saving yours, though for a single hour.

Qu. Eliz. My lord, I would convince you, that I
still

Regard your life, and labour to preserve it;
But cannot screen you from a public trial.
With prudence make your best defence: but should
Severity her iron jurisdiction
Extend too far, and give thee up condemn'd
To angry laws, thy queen will not forget thee.
Yet, lest you then should want a faithful friend
(For friends will fly you in the time of need)
Here, from my finger, take this ring, a pledge
Of mercy; having this, you ne'er shall need
An advocate with me; for whensoever
You give, or send it back, by heaven, I swear,
As I do hope for mercy on my soul,
That I will grant whatever boon you ask.

Essex. Oh, grace surprising! most amazing goodness!

Words cannot paint the transports of my soul!
Let me receive it on my grateful knees,
At once to thank, and bless the hand that gives it.

Qu. Eliz. Depend, my lord, on this—'twixt you
and me,

This ring shall be a private mark of faith

[*Gives the ring.*]

Inviolate. Be confident; cheer up;
Dispel each melancholy fear, and trust
Your sovereign's promise—she will ne'er forsake you.

Essex. Let Providence dispose my lot as 'twill,
May watchful angels ever guard my queen;
May healing wisdom in her councils reign,
And firm fidelity surround her throne;
May victory her dreaded banners bear,
And joyful conquests crown her soldiers' brow;

Let every bliss be mingled in her cup,
And Heaven, at last, become her great reward.

[*Exit.*]

Qu. Eliz. 'Tis done ;
And yet foreboding tremors shake my heart.
Something sits heavy here, and presses down
My spirits with its weight. What can it mean ?
Suppose he is condemn'd ! my royal word
Is plighted for his life ; his enemies,
No doubt, will censure much.—No matter ; let them ;
I know him honest, and despise their malice.

Enter COUNTESS of RUTLAND.

Rut. Where is the queen ? I'll fall before her feet
Prostrate ; implore, besiege her royal heart,
And force her to forgive.

Qu. Eliz. What means this phrensy ?

Rut. Oh, gracious queen ! if ever pity touch'd
Your generous breast, let not the cruel axe
Destroy his precious life ; preserve my Essex,
My life, my hope, my joy, my all, my husband !

Qu. Eliz. Husband !—What sudden, deadly blow
is this !

Hold up, my soul, nor sink beneath this wound.—
You beg a traitor's life !

Rut. Oh, gracious queen !

He ever loved—was ever faithful—brave !
If nature dwells about your heart, oh, spurn
Me not !—My lord ! my love ! my husband bleeds !

Qu. Eliz. Take her away.

Rut. I cannot let you go.

Hold off your hands !—Here on this spot I'll fix—
Here lose all sense. Still let me stretch these arms,
Inexorable queen !—He yet may live.

Oh, give him to my poor, afflicted heart !
One pitying look, to save me from distraction.

Qu. Eliz. I'll hear no more. I'm tortured—take her hence.

Rut. Nay, force me not away.—Inhuman wretches!
Oh, mercy, mercy!—Then to thee, good Heaven,
(My queen, my cruel queen, denies to hear me!)
To thee, for mercy bend.

Melt down her bosom's frozen sense, to feel
Some portion of my deadly grief, my fell
Distraction.—Turn, oh, turn, and see a wife,
A tortured wife——

Qu. Eliz. Why am I not obey'd?

Rut. Nay, do not thus
Abandon me to fell despair. Just Heaven,
That sees my sorrows, will avenge the wrong
This cruel wrong—this barbarous tyranny.

[*Forced off.*]

Qu. Eliz. Wedded to Rutland! Most unhappy
pair!

And, oh, ill-fated queen! Never till now
Did sorrow settle in my heart its throne.
Recall my pledge of safety from his hands,
And give him up to death!—But life or death
To me is equal now.

Unhappy state, where peace shall never come!
One fatal moment has confirm'd my doom—
Turn'd all my comfort to intestine strife,
And fill'd with mortal pangs my future life! [*Exit.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Room in the Tower.

Enter RALEIGH and LIEUTENANT of the TOWER.

Ral. Their peers, with much indulgence, heard
their plea,
And gave them ample scope for their defence;
But naught avail'd—their crimes were too notorious.
They bore their sentence with becoming spirit;
And here's the royal mandate for their deaths.—
The Lady Nottingham! What brings her hither?

Enter LADY NOTTINGHAM.

Not. Lieutenant, lead me to the Earl of Essex,
I bring a message to him from the queen.

Licut. He's with his friend, the brave Southampton,
madam,
Preparing now for his expected fate.
But I'll acquaint his lordship with your pleasure.

[*Exit.*

Ral. What means this message? Does the queen
relent?

Not. I fear she does;
Go you to court, for Cecil there expects you.
I've promised to acquaint him with what passes
'Twixt me and Essex, ere I see the queen.

Ral. Madam, I go.

[*Exit.*

Not. Now, vengeance, steel my heart!

Offended woman, whilst her pride remains,
 To malice only, and revenge, will bow ;
 And every virtue at that altar sacrifice.
 But see, he comes, with manly sorrow clad.
 There was a time, that presence could subdue
 My pride, and melt my heart to gentle pity.
 I then could find no joy but in his smiles,
 And thought him lovely as the summer's bloom ;
 But all his beauties are now hateful grown.

Enter ESSEX.

Essex. Whether you bring me death, or life, I
 know not.

But, if strict friendship, and remembrance past,
 May aught presage to my afflicted heart,
 Sure mercy only from those lips should flow,
 And grace be utter'd from that friendly tongue.

Not. My lord, I'm glad you think me still your
 friend.

I come not to upbraid, but serve you now ;
 And pleased I am to be the messenger
 Of such glad tidings, in the day of trouble,
 As I now bring you. When the queen had heard,
 That by the lords you were condemn'd to die,
 She sent me, in her mercy, here to know
 If you had aught to offer, that might move
 Her royal clemency to spare your life.

Essex. Could any circumstance new lustre add
 To my dread sovereign's goodness, 'tis the making
 The kind, the generous Nottingham its messenger.

Not. 'Tis well, my lord ; but there's no time to
 spare—

The queen impatient waits for my return.

Essex. My heart was wishing for some faithful
 friend,

And bounteous Heaven hath sent thee to my hopes.
 Know then, kind Nottingham, for now I'll trust
 Thee with the dearest secret of my life,

'Tis not long since, the queen (who well foresaw
To what the malice of my foes would drive me)
Gave me this ring, this sacred pledge of mercy;
And with it made a solemn vow to Heaven,
That, whensoever I should give, or send
It back again, she'd freely grant whate'er
Request I then should make.

Not. Give, give it me,
My lord! and let me fly, on friendship's wings,
To bear it to the queen, and to it add
My prayers and influence to preserve thy life.

Essex. Oh! take it then—it is the pledge of life!
Oh! it is my dear Southampton's
Last, last remaining stay! his thread of being,
Which more than worlds I prize!—Oh, take it; then;
Take it, thou guardian angel of my life,
And offer up the incense of my prayer!
Oh, beg, entreat, implore her majesty,
From public shame, and ignominious death,
And from the obdurate axe, to save my friend.

Not. My lord, with all the powers that nature gave
And friendship can inspire, I'll urge the queen
To grant you your request.

Essex. Kind Nottingham!
Your pious offices shall ever be
My fervent theme; and if my doubtful span
Relenting Heaven should stretch to years remote,
Each passing hour shall still remind my thoughts,
And tell me, that I owe my all to thee:
My friend shall thank you too for lengthen'd life.
And now I fly with comfort to his arms,
To let him know the mercy that you bring. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Court.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and* BURLEIGH.

Qu. Eliz. Ha! is not Nottingham return'd?

Bur. No, madam.

Qu. Eliz. Dispatch a speedy messenger to haste her.—

My agitated heart can find no rest.

So near the brink of fate—unhappy man!

Enter LADY NOTTINGHAM.

How now, my Nottingham—what news from Essex?
What says the earl?

Not. I wish, with all my soul,
The ungrateful task had been another's lot,
I dread to tell it—lost, ill-fated man!

Qu. Eliz. What means this mystery, this strange
behaviour?

Pronounce—declare at once; what said the earl?

Not. Alas, my queen! I fear to say; his mind
Is in the strangest mood that ever pride
On blackest thoughts begot.—He scarce would
speak;

And when he did, it was with sullenness,
With hasty tone, and downcast look.

Qu. Eliz. Amazing!
Not feel the terrors of approaching death!
Nor yet the joyful dawn of promised life!

Not. He rather seem'd insensible to both,
And with a cold indifference heard your offer;

Till warming up, by slow degrees, resentment
Began to swell his restless, haughty mind ;
And proud disdain provok'd him to exclaim
Aloud, against the partial power of fortune,
And faction's rage. I begg'd him to consider
His sad condition ; nor repulse, with scorn,
The only hand that could preserve him.

Qu. Eliz. Ha !

What !—Said he nothing of a private import ?
No circumstance—no pledge—no ring ?

Not. None, madam !

But, with contemptuous front, disclaim'd at once
Your proffer'd grace ; and scorn'd, he said, a life.
Upon such terms bestow'd.

Qu. Eliz. Impossible !

Could Essex treat me thus ?—You basely wrong him,
And wrest his meaning from the purpos'd point.
Recall betimes the horrid words you've utter'd :
Confess, and own the whole you've said was false.

Not. Madam, by truth, and duty, both compell'd,
Against the pleadings of my pitying soul,
I must declare (Heaven-knows with what reluctance),
That never pride insulted mercy more.
He ran o'er all the dangers he had past ;
His mighty deeds ; his service to the state ;
Accused your majesty of partial leaning
To favourite lords, to whom he falls a sacrifice ;
Appeals to justice, and to future times,
How much he feels from proud oppression's arm :
Nay, something too he darkly hinted at,
Of jealous disappointment, and revenge.

Qu. Eliz. Eternal silence seal thy venom'd lips
What hast thou utter'd, wretch, to rouse at once
A whirlwind in my soul, which roots up pity,
And destroys my peace !
Let him this instant to the block be led.

[*Exit* NOTTINGHAM.]

Upbraid me with my fatal fondness for him !
 Ungrateful, barbarous ruffian ! O, Elizabeth !
 Remember now thy long-establish'd fame,
 Thy envy'd glory, and thy father's spirit.
 Accuse me of injustice too, and cruelty !—
 Yes, I'll this instant to the Tower, forget
 My regal state, and to his face confront him :
 Confound the audacious villain with my presence,
 And add new terrors to the uplifted axe. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

The Tower.

Enter ESSEX and SOUTHAMPTON.

Essex. Oh, name it not ! my friend shall live—he shall !

I know her royal mercy, and her goodness,
 Will give you back to life, to length of days,
 And me to honour, loyalty, and truth.
 Death is still distant far.

South. In life's first spring,
 Our green affections grew apace and prosper'd ;
 The genial summer swell'd our joyful hearts,
 To meet and mix each growing fruitful wish.
 We're now embark'd upon that stormy flood,
 Where all the wise and brave are gone before us,
 E'er since the birth of time, to meet eternity.
 And what is death, did we consider right ?
 Shall we, who sought him in the paths of terror,
 And faced him in the dreadful walks of war,
 Shall we astonish'd shrink, like frightened infants,
 And start at scaffolds, and their gloomy trappings ?

Essex. Yet, still I trust long years remain of friendship.

Let smiling hope drive doubt and fear away,
And death be banish'd far; where creeping age,
Disease, and care, invite him to their dwelling.
I feel assurance rise within my breast,
That all will yet be well.

South. Count not on hope—

We never can take leave, my friend, of life,
On nobler terms. Life! what is life? A shadow!
Its date is but the immediate breath we draw;
Nor have we surety for a second gale;
Ten thousand accidents in ambush lie
For the embody'd dream.

A frail and fickle tenement it is,
Which, like the brittle glass that measures time,
Is often broke, ere half its sands are run.

Essex. Such cold philosophy the heart disdains,
And friendship shudders at the moral tale.
My friend, the fearful precipice is past,
And danger dare not meet us more. Fly swift,
Ye better angels, waft the welcome tidings
Of pardon to my friend—of life and joy!

Enter LIEUTENANT.

Licut. I grieve to be the messenger of woe,
But must, my lords, entreat you to prepare
For instant death. Here is the royal mandate,
That orders your immediate execution.

Essex. Immediate execution! what, so sudden?—
No message from the queen, or Nottingham?

Licut. None, sir.

Essex. Deluded hopes! Oh, worse than death!
Perfidious queen! to make a mock of life!
My friend—my friend destroy'd! Why could not
mine—

My life atone for both—my blood appease?
Can you, my friend, forgive me?

South. Yes, oh yes,

My bosom's better half, I can.—With thee,
I'll gladly seek the coast unknown, and leave
The lessening mark of irksome life behind.
With thee, my friend, 'tis joy to die!—'tis glory!
For who would wait the tardy stroke of time?
Or cling like reptiles to the verge of being,
When we can bravely leap from life at once,
And spring, triumphant, in a friend's embrace?

Enter RALEIGH.

Ral. To you, my Lord Southampton, from the
queen,

A pardon comes; your life her mercy spares.

Essex. For ever blest be that indulgent power
Which saves my friend! This weight ta'en off, my
soul

Shall upward spring, and mingle with the bless'd.

South. All-ruling Heavens! can this—can this be
just?

Support me! hold, ye straining heart-strings, hold,
And keep my sinking frame from dissolution!

Oh, 'tis too much for mortal strength to bear,

Or thought to suffer!—No, I'll die with thee!

They shall not part us, Essex!

Essex. Live, oh, live!

Thou noblest, bravest, best of men and friends!

Whilst life is worth thy wish—till time and thou

Agree to part, and nature send thee to me!

Thou generous soul, farewell!—Live, and be hap-
py!

And, oh! may life make largely up to thee

Whatever blessing fate has thus cut off,

From thy departing friend!

Lieut. My lord, my warrant
Strictly forbids to grant a moment's time.

South. Oh, must we part for ever? Cruel fortune!

Wilt thou then tear him hence?—Severe divorce!
Let me cling round thy sacred person still,—
Still clasp thee to my bosom close, and keep
Stern Fate at distance.

Essex. Oh, my friend! we'll meet
Again, where virtue finds a just reward!
Where factious malice never more can reach us!
I need not bid thee guard my fame from wrongs:
And, oh! a dearer treasure to thy care
I trust, than either life or fame—my wife!
Oh, she will want a friend!
Then take her to thy care—do thou pour balm
On her deep-wounded spirit, and let her find
My tender helps in thee!—I must be gone,
My ever faithful, and my gallant friend!
I pry'thee, leave this woman's work.—Farewell!
Take this last, dear embrace—Farewell for ever!

South. My bursting breast! I fain would speak,
but words

Are poor—Farewell!—

But we shall meet again—embrace in one
Eternal band, which never shall be loosed. [Exit.

Essex. To death's concluding stroke, lead on, Lieu-
tenant.—

My wife!—Now reason, fortitude, support me!
For now, indeed, comes on my sorest trial.

Enter COUNTESS of RUTLAND.

Oh, thou last, dear reserve of fortune's malice!
For fate can add no more,—
Oh, com'st thou now to arrest my parting soul,
And force it back to life?

Rut. Thou sole delight—
 Thou only joy which life could ever give,
 Or death deprive me of—my wedded lord !
 I come, with thee, determined to endure
 The utmost rigour of our angry stars !
 To join thee, fearless, in the grasp of death,
 And seek some dwelling in a world beyond it !

Essex. Too much, thou partner of this dismal
 hour,

Thy gen'rous soul would prompt thee to endure !
 Nor can thy tender, trembling, heart sustain it.
 Long years of bliss remain in store for thee ;
 And smiling time his treasures shall unfold
 To bribe thy stay !

Rut. Thou cruel comforter !
 Alas ! what's life—what's hated life to me ?
 Alas, this universe, this goodly frame,
 Shall all as one continued curse appear,
 And every object blast, when thou art gone.

Essex. Oh, strain not thus the little strength I've
 left,

The weak support that holds up life ! to bear
 A few short moments more, its weight of woe,
 Its loss of thee ! Oh, turn away those eyes !
 Nor with that look melt down my fix'd resolve !
 And yet a little longer let me gaze
 On that loved form ! Alas ! I feel my sight
 Grows dim, and reason from her throne retires :
 For pity's sake, let go my breaking heart,
 And leave me to my fate !

Rut. Why wilt thou still
 Of parting talk ?
 Oh, that the friendly hand of Heaven would snatch
 Us both at once, above the distant stars,
 Where fortune's venom'd shafts can never pierce,
 Nor cruel queens destroy !

Essex. The awful Searcher, whose impartial eye

Explores the secrets of each human heart,
 And every thought surveys, can witness for me,
 How close thy image clings around my soul!
 Retards each rising wish, and draws me back
 To life, entangled by that loved idea!

Licut. My lord,
 It now grows late.

Essex. Lead on.

Rut. Stay, stay, my love! my dearest, dying lord!
 Ah! whither wouldst thou go? Ah, do not leave me!

[*Faints.*

Essex. Thou sinking excellence! thou matchless
 woman!

Shall fortune rob me of thy dear embrace,
 Or earth's whole power, or death divide us now?
 Stay, stay, thou spotless, injured saint!

Licut. My lord, already you have been indulged
 Beyond what I can warrant by my orders.

Essex. One moment more
 Afford me to my sorrows—Oh, look there!
 Could bitter anguish pierce your heart, like mine,
 You'd pity now the mortal pangs I feel,
 The throbs that tear my vital strings away,
 And rend my agonizing soul.

Licut. My lord—

Essex. But one short moment, and I will attend.
 Ye sacred ministers, that virtue guard,
 And shield the righteous in the paths of peril,
 Restore her back to life, and lengthen'd years
 Of joy! dry up her bleeding sorrows all!
 Oh, cancel from her thoughts this dismal hour,
 And blot my image from her sad remembrance!
 'Tis done.—

And now, ye trembling cords of life, give way!
 Nature and time, let go your hold!—Eternity
 Demands me.

[*Exeunt ESSEX and LIEUTENANT.*

Rut. Where has my lost, benighted soul been
 wand'ring?—

My fame is soil'd to all succeeding times ;
But Heaven alone can view my breaking heart—
Then let its will be done.

From hence, let proud, resisting mortals know
The arm parental, and the indulgent blow.
To Heaven's corrective rod submissive bend ;
Adore its wisdom, on its power depend ;
Whilst ruling justice guides eternal sway,
Let nature tremble, and let man obey.

[*Exeunt,*

THE END.



TAMERLANE



SALAFET. THEN THE WIFE IS RISE.

1875

1875

DESIGNED BY AMIRAL JON PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & CO

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a T[✓]AMERLANE;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS
FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

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REMARKS.

ENGLISH poets have generally been educated for the church or the law. Rowe was called to the bar, but never practised in the profession; for his success, as a dramatist, procured him noble patrons, who bestowed upon him, or rather loaded him with places of honour and emolument. Amongst the number of his occupations were, Under Secretary of State, Land Surveyor of the Customs, Secretary to the Lord Chancellor for the Presentations, Clerk of the Council to the Prince of Wales, and Poet Laureate.

In every department he did honour to the choice of his employer; but in the province of the theatre he alone acquired fame.

“Tamerlane” was the second play he produced; and he always spoke of it as his favourite production. This partiality probably arose from the enthusiastic rapture with which it was received by an audience, who beheld—as the poet had designed they should—their own beloved monarch in the person of the virtuous Tamerlane; and their old enemy, the King of France, in the reprobate Bajazet.

“The fashion of the times,” says Johnson, “was to accumulate upon Louis the Fourteenth all that

could raise horror and detestation; and whatever good was withheld from him, that it might not be thrown away, was bestowed on King William.”

It was the custom, till within a very few years, to perform this tragedy constantly on the 5th of November, in honour of the landing of the Prince of Orange, afterwards King William—but as that political fire, which once gave brightness to its gloomy scenes, no longer blazes, it is now seldom acted, and never with strong marks of approbation.

As Rowe was a good man; a religious man; his chief delight the study of divinity, and ecclesiastical history; with such propensities, and such a capacious mind to improve by them, it is to be deplored that he should hope to compliment a christian king, and strictly pious as William was known to be, by a calumnious representation of his declared enemy:—that title alone should have made the character of his royal adversary sacred.

As the author's most religious and moral intentions are, in this respect, unwarily blemished; so has he, as incautiously, preserved his wicked Bajazet from utter detestation, by endowing him with one endearing quality—he has frankness. This is a virtue so congenial to every Englishman, that, now all the party zeal which once made this tyrant hated has subsided, Bajazet is more favoured by the audience, and every actor would sooner represent him, than the self-approving Tamerlane.

The sorrows of love, in this play, are interesting to read, but childishly insipid in the action. Arpasia

excites admiration, but neither pity nor delight. The Arpsia of Mrs. Siddons has, indeed, the power of inspiring a degree of horrible wonder in the dying scene; when, dropping down dead at the Sultan's feet, she gives, by the manner and disposition of her fall, such assurance of her having suddenly expired, that an auditor of a lively imagination casts up his eyes to Heaven, as if to catch a view of her departed spirit.

Rowe, after sending many a hero and heroine to their graves, by various untimely ends, died himself peaceably in his own bed, in the year 1718, aged forty-five. The following lines, from this tragedy, seem exactly to describe that joyful fortitude which he professed to experience in his dying moments; and which, probably, he anticipated when he wrote them.

“ _____ Nor has my soul
“ One unrepented guilt upon remembrance,
“ To make me dread the justice of hereafter;
“ But standing now on the last verge of life,
“ Boldly I view the vast abyss, eternity,
“ Eager to plunge, and leave my cares behind.”

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	DRURY LANE.	COVENT GARDEN.
TAMERLANE	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>	<i>Mr. H. Siddons.</i>
MONESSES	<i>Mr. Wroughton.</i>	<i>Mr. H. Johnston.</i>
AXALLA	<i>Mr. C. Kemble.</i>	<i>Mr. Brunton.</i>
OMAR	<i>Mr. Caulfield.</i>	<i>Mr. Cory.</i>
STRATOCLES	<i>Mr. Trueman.</i>	<i>Mr. Claremont.</i>
PRINCE OF TANAISS	<i>Mr. Holland.</i>	<i>Mr. Beverly.</i>
MIRVAN	<i>Mr. Wentworth.</i>	<i>Mr. Williams.</i>
ZAMA	<i>Mr. Cooke.</i>	<i>Mr. Curties.</i>
BAJAZET	<i>Mr. Kemble.</i>	<i>Mr. Cooke.</i>
HALY	<i>Mr. Maddocks.</i>	
DERVISE	<i>Mr. Packer.</i>	
SELIMA	<i>Mrs. Powell.</i>	<i>Mrs. H. Siddons.</i>
ARPASIA	<i>Mrs. Siddons.</i>	<i>Mrs. Litchfield.</i>

TAMERLANE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Before TAMERLANE'S Tent.

Enter the PRINCE OF TANAIS, ZAMA, and MIRVAN.

Prince. Hail to the sun! from whose returning
light

The cheerful soldier's arms new lustre take,
To deck the pomp of battle. Oh, my friends!
Was ever such a glorious face of war?
See, from this height, how all Galatia's plains
With nations numberless are covered o'er;
Who, like a deluge, hide the face of earth,
And leave no object in the vast horizon,
But glittering arms, and skies.

Zam. Our Asian world
From this important day expects a lord;
This day they hope an end of all their woes,
Of tyranny, of bondage, and oppression,
From our victorious emp'rour, Tamerlane.

Mir. Hear you of Bajazet?

Prince. Late in the evening,
A slave of near attendance on his person

'Scap'd to our camp. From him we learn'd, the
 tyrant,
 With rage redoubled, for the fight prepares ;
 Some accidental passion fires his breast,
 (Love, as 'tis thought, for a fair Grecian captive)
 And adds new horror to his native fury.
 But see his fate ! The mighty Tamerlane
 Comes, like the proxy of inquiring Heav'n,
 To judge, and to redress. [*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

*Enter TAMERLANE, GUARDS, and other
 ATTENDANTS.*

Tam. Yet, yet a little, and destructive slaughter
 Shall rage around, and mar this beauteous prospect ;
 Pass but an hour, which stands betwixt the lives
 Of thousands and eternity. What change
 Shall hasty death make in yon glitt'ring plain ?
 Oh, thou fell monster, war ! that in a moment
 Lay'st waste the noblest part of the creation,
 The boast and masterpiece of the great Maker,
 That wears in vain th' impression of his image,
 Unprivileg'd from thee.
 Health to our friends, and to our arms success,
 [*To the PRINCE, ZAMA, and MIRVAN.*]
 Such as the cause for which we fight deserves !

Prince. Nor can we ask beyond what Heav'n
 bestows,
 Preventing still our wishes. See, great sir,
 The universal joy your soldiers wear,
 Omen of prosp'rous battle.
 Impatient of the tedious night, in arms
 Watchful they stood, expecting op'ning day ;
 And now are hardly by their leaders held
 From darting on the foe.

Tam. Yes, prince, I mean to give a loose to war.
 This morn Axalla, with my Parthian horse,
 Arrives to join me. He, who, like a storm,
 Swept, with his flying squadrons, all the plain

Between Angoria's walls and yon tall mountains,
That seem to reach the clouds; and now he comes,
Loaden with spoils and conquests, to my aid.

[*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

Zama. These trumpets speak his presence——

Enter AXALLA, who kneels to TAMERLANE.

Tam. Welcome! thou worthy partner of my laurels,
Thou brother of my choice, a band more sacred
Than nature's brittle tie. By holy friendship!
Glory and fame stood still for thy arrival;
My soul seem'd wanting in its better half,
And languish'd for thy absence.

Az. My emperor! My ever royal master!
To whom my secret soul more lowly bends
Than forms of outward worship can express;
How poorly does your soldier pay this goodness,
Who wears his every hour of life out for you!
Yet 'tis his all, and what he has, he offers;
Nor now disdain t' accept the gift he brings,

*Enter SELIMA, MONESES, Prisoners; GUARDS,
MUTES, &c.*

This earnest of your fortune. See, my lord,
The noblest prize that ever grac'd my arms!
Approach, my fair——

Tam. This is indeed to conquer,
And well to be rewarded for thy conquest;
The bloom of op'ning flow'rs, unsully'd beauty,
Softness, and sweetest innocence she wears,
And looks like nature in the world's first spring.
But say, Axalla——

Sel. Most renown'd in war,

[*Kneeling to TAMERLANE.*]

Look with compassion on a captive maid,
Though born of hostile blood; nor let my birth,
Deriv'd from Bajazet, prevent that mercy
Which every subject of your fortune finds,

War is the province of ambitious man,
 Who tears the miserable world for empire ;
 Whilst our weak sex, incapable of wrong,
 On either side claims privilege of safety.

Tam. [*Raising her.*] Rise, royal maid ! the pride
 of haughty pow'r

Pays homage, not receives it, from the fair.
 Thy angry father fiercely calls me forth,
 And urges me unwillingly to arms.
 Yet, though our frowning battles menace death
 And mortal conflict, think not that we hold
 Thy innocence and virtue as our foe.
 Here, till the fate of Asia is decided,
 In safety stay. To-morrow is your own :
 Nor grieve for who may conquer, or who lose ;
 Fortune, on either side, shall wait thy wishes.

Sol. Where shall my wonder and my praise begin ?
 From the successful labours of thy arms ;
 Or from a theme more soft, and full of peace,
 Thy mercy and thy gentleness ? Oh, Tamerlane !
 What can I pay thee for this noble usage,
 But grateful praise ? So Heav'n itself is paid.
 Give peace, ye pow'rs above, peace to mankind ;
 Nor let my father wage unequal war
 Against the force of such united virtues.

Tam. Heav'n hear thy pious wish !

Let thy beauty's safety
 Be my Axalla's care ; in whose glad eyes,
 I read what joy the pleasing service gives him.
 Is there amongst thy other pris'ners aught

[*To AXALLA.*]

Worthy our knowledge ?

Ax. This brave man, my lord,

[*Pointing to MONESES.*]

With long resistance held the combat doubtful.
 His party, press'd with numbers, soon grew faint,
 And would have left their charge an easy prey ;
 Whilst he alone, undaunted at the odds,

Though hopeless to escape, fought well and firmly ;
Nor yielded, till o'ermatch'd by many hands,
He seem'd to shame our conquest, whilst he own'd it.

Tam. Thou speak'st him as a soldier should a
soldier,

Just to the worth he finds. I would not war

[*To* MONESES.

With aught that wears thy virtuous stamp of greatness.
Thy habit speaks thee Christian—Nay, yet more,
My soul seems pleas'd to take acquaintance with thee,
As if allied to thine.

Why art thou, then, a friend to Bajazet ?
And why my enemy ?

Mon. If human wisdom
Could point out every action of our lives,
And say, Let it be thus, in spite of fate
Or partial fortune, then I had not been
The wretch I am.

Tam. The brave meet every accident
With equal minds. Think nobler of thy foes,
Than to account thy chance in war an evil.

Mon. Far, far from that : I rather hold it grievous
That I was forc'd even but to seem your enemy ;
Nor think the baseness of a vanquish'd slave
Moves me to flatter for precarious life,
Or ill-bought freedom, when I swear by Heav'n,
Were I to choose from all mankind a master,
It should be Tamerlane.

Tam. A noble freedom
Dwells with the brave, unknown to fawning sycophants,
And claims a privilege of being believ'd.
I take thy praise as earnest of thy friendship.

Mon. Still you prevent the homage I should offer.
Oh, royal sir ! let my misfortunes plead,
And wipe away the hostile mark I wore.
I was, when not long since my fortune hail'd me,

Bless'd to my wish, I was the Prince Moneses;
 Born, and bred up to greatness: witness the blood,
 Which through successive heroes' veins, allied
 To our Greek emperors, roll'd down to me,
 Feeds the bright flame of glory in my heart.

Tam. Ev'n that! that princely tie should bind thee
 to me,

If virtue were not more than all alliance.

Mon. I have a sister, oh, severe remembrance!
 Our noble house's, nay, her sex's pride;
 Nor think my tongue too lavish, if I speak her
 Fair as the fame of virtue, and yet chaste
 As its cold precepts; wise beyond her sex
 And blooming youth; soft as forgiving mercy,
 Yet greatly brave, and jealous for her honour:
 Such as she was, to say, I barely lov'd her,
 Is poor to my soul's meaning. From our infancy,
 There grew a mutual tenderness between us,
 Till, not long since, her vows were kindly plighted
 To a young lord, the equal of her birth.
 The happy day was fix'd, and now approaching,
 When faithless Bajazet (upon whose honour,
 In solemn treaty given, the Greeks depended)
 With sudden war broke in upon the country,
 Secure of peace, and for defence unready.

Tam. Let majesty no more be held divine,
 Since kings, who are call'd gods, profane themselves.

Mon. Among the wretches, whom that delugeswept
 Away to slavery, myself and sister,
 Then passing near the frontiers to the court,
 (Which waited for her nuptials) were surpris'd,
 And made the captives of the tyrant's pow'r.
 Soon as we reach'd his court, we found our usage
 Beyond what we expected, fair and noble:
 'Twas then the storm of your victorious arms
 Look'd black, and seem'd to threaten, when he press'd
 me

(By oft repeating instances) to draw
 My sword for him : But when he found my soul
 Disdain'd his purpose, he more fiercely told me,
 That my Arpasia, my lov'd sister's fate
 Depended on my courage shown for him.
 I had long learnt to hold myself at nothing ;
 But for her sake, to ward the blow from her,
 I bound my service to the man I hated.
 Six days are past, since, by the sultan's order,
 I left the pledge of my return behind,
 And went to guard this princess to his camp :
 The rest the brave Axalla's fortune tells you.

Tam. Wisely the tyrant strove to prop his cause
 By leaguings with thy virtue ; but just Heav'n
 Has torn thee from his side, and left him naked
 To the avenging bolt, that drives upon him.
 Forget the name of captive, and I wish
 I could as well restore that fair one's freedom,
 Whose loss hangs heavy on thee : yet, ere night,
 Perhaps, we may deserve thy friendship nobler ;
 Th' approaching storm may cast thy shipwreck'd
 wealth

Back to thy arms : till that be past, since war
 (Though in the justest cause) is ever doubtful,
 I will not ask thy sword to aid my victory,
 Lest it should hurt that hostage of thy valour
 Our common foe detains.

Mon. Let Bajazet

Render to his yoke repining slaves by force ;
 You, sir, have found a nobler way to empire,
 Lord of the willing world.

Tam. Haste, my Axalla, to dispose with safety
 Thy beauteous charge, and on the foe revenge
 The pain which absence gives ; thy other care,
 Honour and arms, now summon thy attendance.
 Now do thy office well, my soul ! Remember
 Thy cause, the cause of Heav'n and injur'd earth.
 O thou Supreme ! if thy great spirit warns

My glowing breast, and fires my soul to arms,
 Grant that my sword, assisted by thy pow'r,
 This day may peace and happiness restore,
 That war and lawless rage may vex the world no more.

[*Exeunt TAMERLANE, MONESES, PRINCE OF
 TANAIS, ZAMA, MIRVAN, and ATTENDANTS.*]

Ax. The battle calls, and bids me haste to leave thee;
 Oh, Selima!—But let destruction wait.
 Are there not hours enough for blood and slaughter?
 This moment shall be love's, and I will waste it
 In soft complainings, for thy sighs and coldness,
 For thy forgetful coldness; even at Birza,
 When in thy father's court my eyes first own'd thee,
 Fairer than light, the joy of their beholding,
 Even then thou wert not thus.

Sel. Young and unskilful in the world's false arts,
 I suffer'd love to steal upon my softness,
 And warm me with a lambent guiltless flame:
 Yes, I have heard thee swear a thousand times,
 And call the conscious pow'rs of Heav'n to witness
 The tend'rest, truest, everlasting passion.
 But oh! 'tis past; and I will charge remembrance
 To banish the fond image from my soul.
 Since thou art sworn the foe of royal Bajazet,
 I have resolv'd to hate thee.

Ax. Is it possible?

Hate is not in thy nature; thy whole frame
 Is harmony, without one jarring atom.
 Why dost thou force thy eyes to wear this coldness?
 It damps the springs of life. Oh! bid me die,
 Much rather bid me die, if it be true
 That thou hast sworn to hate me.—

Sel. Let life and death
 Wait the decision of the bloody field;
 Nor can thy fate, my conqueror, depend
 Upon a woman's hate. Yet, since you urge
 A power, which once perhaps I had, there is
 But one request that I can make with honour.

As. Oh, name it! say!—

Sel. Forego your right of war,
And render me this instant to my father.

As. Impossible!—The tumult of the battle,
That hastes to join, cuts off all means of commerce
Betwixt the armies.

Sel. Swear then to perform it,
Which way soe'er the chance of war determines,
On my first instance.

As. By the sacred majesty
Of Heaven, to whom we kneel, I will obey thee;
Yes, I will give thee this severest proof
Of my soul's vow'd devotion;
But is there nothing,
No small return that honour can afford
For all this waste of love?
What! not one kind look?
Then thou art chang'd indeed. [*Trumpets.*] Hark, I
am summon'd,
And thou wilt send me forth like one unblest'd;
Whom fortune has forsaken, and ill fate
Mark'd for destruction.
Nor is life or fame

Worthy my care, since I am lost to thee. [*Going.*]

Sel. Ha! goest thou to the fight?—

As. I do.—Farewell!—

Sel. What! and no more! A sigh heaves in my
breast,

And stops the struggling accents on my tongue,
Else, sure, I should have added something more,
And made our parting softer.

As. Give it way.

The niggard honour, that affords not love,
Forbids not pity—
If it were possible my heart could stray,
One look from thee would call it back again,
And fix the wanderer for ever thine.

Sel. Where is my boasted resolution now?

[*Sinking into his Arms.*

Alas! Axalla, say——dost thou not pity
My artless innocence, and easy fondness?
Oh! turn thee from me, or I die with blushing.

Ax. No, let me rather gaze, for ever gaze,
And bless the new-born glories that adorn thee;

[*Trumpets.*

This envious trumpet calls, and tears me from thee—

Sel. My fears increase, and doubly press me now:
I charge thee, if thy sword comes cross my father,
Stop for a moment, and remember me.

Ax. Oh, doubt not but his life shall be my care;
Ev'n dearer than my own——

Sel. Guard that for me too.

Ax. O, Selima! thou hast restor'd my quiet.
The noble ardour of the war, with love
Returning, brightly burns within my breast,
And bids me be secure of all hereafter.

[*Exeunt, GUARDS following.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The Inside of a Magnificent Tent.

Symphony of Warlike Music.

*Enter TAMERLANE, AXALLA, PRINCE OF TANAIIS,
ZAMA, MIRVAN, SOLDIERS, and other ATTENDANTS.*

Ax. From this auspicious day the Parthian name
Shall date its birth of empire, and extend

Ev'n from the dawning east to utmost Thule,
The limits of its sway.

Prince. Nations unknown,
Where yet the Roman eagles never flew,
Shall pay their homage to victorious Tamerlane;
Bend to his valour and superior virtue,
And own, that conquest is not given by chance,
But, bound by fatal and resistless merit,
Waits on his arms.

Tam. It is too much : you dress me
Like an usurper, in the borrow'd attributes
Of injur'd Heaven. Can we call conquest ours?
Shall man, this pigmy, with a giant's pride,
Vaunt of himself, and say, " Thus have I done this?"
Oh, vain pretence to greatness! Like the moon,
We borrow all the brightness which we boast,
Dark in ourselves, and useless. If that hand,
That rules the fate of battles, strike for us,
Crown us with fame, and gild our clay with honour,
'Twere most ungrateful to disown the benefit,
And arrogate a praise which is not ours.

As. With such unshaken temper of the soul
To bear the swelling tide of prosp'rous fortune,
Is to deserve that fortune.

Enter OMAR.

Omar. Honour and fame [*Bowing to TAMERLANE.*]
For ever wait the emperor : may our prophet
Give him ten thousand thousand days of life,
And every day like this. The captive sultan,
Fierce in his bonds, and at his fate repining,
Attends your sacred will.

Tam. Let him approach.

*Enter BAJAZET, and other Turkish Prisoners, in
Chains, with a Guard of Soldiers.*

When I survey the ruins of this field,
The wild destruction, which thy fierce ambition

Has dealt among mankind, (so many widows
 And helpless orphans has thy battle made,
 That half our eastern world this day are mourners)
 Well may I, in behalf of Heav'n and earth,
 Demand from thee atonement for this wrong.

Baj. Make thy demand to those that own thy pow'r,
 Know, I am still beyond it; and tho' fortune
 (Curse on that changeling deity of fools!)
 Has stript me of the train and pomp of greatness,
 That outside of a king, yet still my soul,
 Fixt high, and of itself alone dependent,
 Is ever free and roval, and ev'n now,
 As at the head of battle, does defy thee:
 I know what power the chance of war has giv'n,
 And dare thee to the use on't. This vile speeching,
 This after-game of words, is what most irks me;
 Spare that, and for the rest 'tis equal all—
 Be it as it may.

Tam. Well was it for the world,
 When on their borders neighbouring princes met,
 Frequent in friendly parle, by cool debates
 Preventing wasteful war:
 Canst thou believe thy prophet, or, what's more,
 That Pow'r supreme, which made thee and thy pro-
 phet,
 Will, with impunity, let pass that breach
 Of sacred faith giv'n to the royal Greek?

Baj. Thou pedant talker! ha! art thou a king
 Possesst of sacred pow'r, Heav'n's darling attribute,
 And dost thou prate of leagues, and oaths, and pro-
 phets!

I hate the Greek (perdition on his name)
 As I do thee, and would have met you both,
 With does human nature, for destruction.
 m. Causeless to hate, is not of human kind:
 savage brute, that haunts in woods remote
 desert wilds, tears not the fearful traveller,
 anger or some injury provoke not.

Baj. Can a king want a cause, when empire bids
Go on? What is he born for, but ambition?
It is his hunger, 'tis his call of nature,
The noble appetite which will be satisfied,
And, like the food of gods, makes him immortal.

Tam. Henceforth I will not wonder we were foes,
Since souls that differ so by nature, hate,
And strong antipathy forbids their union.

Baj. The noble fire, that warms me, does indeed
Transcend thy coldness. I am pleas'd we differ,
Nor think alike.

Tam. No—for I think like man.
Thou, like a monster, from whose baleful presence
Nature starts back; and tho' she fix'd her stamp
On thy rough mass, and mark'd thee for a man,
Now, conscious of her error, she disclaims thee
As form'd for her destruction.—

'Tis true, I am a king, as thou hast been:
Honour and glory too have been my aim;
But, tho' I dare face death, and all the dangers
Which furious war wears in its bloody front,
Yet would I choose to fix my name by peace,
By justice, and by mercy; and to raise
My trophies on the blessings of mankind.

Baj. Prophet, I thank thee:—
Damnation!—Couldst thou rob me of my glory,
To dress up this tame king, this preaching dervise?
Unfit for war, thou shouldst have liv'd secure
In lazy peace, and with debating senates
Shar'd a precarious sceptre, sat tamely still,
And let bold factions canton out thy pow'r,
And wrangle for the spoils they robb'd thee of;
Whilst I, (curse on the pow'r that stops my ardour!)
Would, like a tempest, rush amidst the nations,
Be greatly terrible, and deal, like Alla,
My angry thunder on the frightened world.

Tam. The world!—'twould be too little for thy
pride:

Thou wouldst scale Heav'n——

Baj. I would :—Away ! my soul
Disdains thy conference.

Tam. Thou vain, rash thing,
That, with gigantic insolence, hast dar'd
To lift thy wretched self above the stars,
And mate with pow'r almighty : Thou art fall'n !

Baj. 'Tis false ! I am not fall'n from aught I have
been ;

At least my soul resolves to keep her state,
And scorns to take acquaintance with ill fortune.

Tam. Almost beneath my pity art thou fall'n ;
Say, what had I to expect, if thou hadst conquer'd ?

Baj. Oh, glorious thought ! By Heav'n I will en-
joy it,

Tho' but in fancy ; imagination shall
Make room to entertain the vast idea.

Oh ! had I been the master but of yesterday,
The world, the world had felt me ; and for thee,
I had us'd thee, as thou art to me—a dog,
The object of my scorn and mortal hatred :
I would have taught thy neck to know my weight,
And mounted from that footstool to my saddle :
Then, when thy daily servile task was done,
I would have cag'd thee, for the scorn of slaves,
Till thou hadst begg'd to die ; and even that mercy
I had deny'd thee. Now thou know'st my mind,
And question me no farther.

Tam. Well dost thou teach me
What justice should exact from thee. Mankind,
With one consent, cry out for vengeance on thee ;
Loudly they call to cut off this league-breaker,
This wild destroyer, from the face of earth.

Baj. Do it, and rid thy shaking soul at once
Of its worst fear.

Tam. Hadst thou an arm
To make thee fear'd, thou shouldst have prov'd it
on me,

Amidst the sweat and blood of yonder field,
When thro' the tumult of the war I sought thee,
Fenc'd in with nations.

Baj. Curse upon the stars
That fated us to different scenes of slaughter!
Oh! could my sword have met thee!—

Tam. Thou hadst then,
As now, been in my pow'r, and held thy life
Dependent on my gift—Yes, Bajazet,
I bid thee, live.

Nay more; couldst thou forget thy brutal fierceness,
And form thyself to manhood, I would bid thee
Live, and be still a king.

This royal tent, with such of thy domestics
As can be found, shall wait upon thy service;
Nor will I use my fortune to demand
Hard terms of peace, but such as thou may'st offer
With honour, I with honour may receive.

Baj. Ha! say'st thou—no—our prophet's ven-
geance blast me,
If thou shalt buy my friendship with thy empire.
Thou smooth fawning talker!
Give me again my chains, that I may curse thee,
And gratify my rage: or, if thou wilt
Be a vain fool, and play with thy perdition,
Remember I'm thy foe, and hate thee deadly.
Thy folly on thy head!

Tam. Be still my foe.
Great minds, like Heav'n, are pleas'd in doing good,
Tho' the ungrateful subjects of their favours
Are barren in return:
Virtue still does

With scorn the mercenary world regard,
Where abject souls do good, and hope reward:
Above the worthless trophies men can raise,
She seeks not honours, wealth, nor airy praise,
But with herself, herself the goddess pays.

[*Exeunt all but BAJAZET and OMAR.*]

Baj. Come, lead me to my dungeon; plunge me
down

Deep from the hated sight of man and day,
Where, under covert of the friendly darkness,
My soul may brood, at leisure, o'er its anguish.

Omar. Our royal master would with noble usage
Make your misfortunes light: he bids you hope—

Baj. I tell thee, slave, I have shook hands with
hope,
And all my thoughts are rage, despair, and horror.

[*Exit* OMAR.]

Ha! wherefore am I thus?—Perdition seize me!
But my cold blood runs shiv'ring to my heart,
The rage and fiercer passions of my breast
Are lost in new confusion.—

Enter HALY and ARPASIA.

Arpasia!—Haly!

Haly. Oh, emperor! for whose hard fate our prophet

And all the heroes of thy sacred race
Are sad in paradise, thy faithful Haly,
The slave of all thy pleasures, in this ruin,
This universal shipwreck of thy fortunes,
Has gather'd up this treasure for thy arms:
Nor ev'n the victor, haughty Tamerlane,
(By whose command once more thy slave beholds
thee)

Denies this blessing to thee, but, with honour,
Renders thee back thy queen, thy beauteous bride.

Baj. Oh! had her eyes, with pity, seen my sorrows,
Had she the softness of a tender bride,
Heav'n could not have bestow'd a greater blessing,
And love had made amends for loss of empire.
But see, what fury dwells upon her charms!
What lightning flashes from her angry eyes!
With a malignant joy she views my ruin:

Evenauteous in her hatred, still she charms me,
And awes my fierce tumultuous soul to love.

Arp. And dar'st thou hope, thou tyrant! ravisher!
That Heav'n has any joy in store for thee?
Look back upon the sum of thy past life,
Where lost Arpasia's wrongs stand bleeding fresh,
Thy last recorded crime. But Heav'n has found thee;
At length the tardy vengeance has o'erta'en thee.
My weary soul shall bear a little longer
The pain of life, to call for justice on thee:
That once complete, sink to the peaceful grave,
And lose the memory of my wrongs and thee.

Baj. Thou rail'st! I thank thee for it—Be per-
verse,
And muster all the woman in thy soul;
Goad me with curses, be a very wife,
That I may fling off this tame love, and hate thee.

Enter MONSES.

[*Starting.*] Ha! Keep thy temper, heart; nor take
alarm

At a slave's presence.

Mon. It is Arpasia!—Leave me, thou cold fear.
Sweet as the rosy morn she breaks upon me,
And sorrow, like the night's unwholesome shade,
Gives way before the golden dawn she brings.

Baj. [*Advancing towards him.*] Ha, Christian! Is
it well that we meet thus?
Is this thy faith?

Mon. Why does thy frowning brow
Put on this form of fury? Is it strange
We should meet here, companions in misfortune,
The captives in one common chance of war?
Nor shouldst thou wonder that my sword has fail'd
Before the fortune of victorious Tamerlane,
When thou, with nations like the sanded shore,
With half the warring world upon thy side,

Couldst not stand up against his dreadful battle,
That crush'd thee with its shock. Thy men can
witness,

Those cowards, that forsook me in the combat,
My sword was not unactive.

Baj. No—'tis false;

Where is my daughter, thou vile Greek? Thou hast
Betray'd her to the Tartar; or even worse,
Pale with thy fear, didst lose her like a coward;
And, like a coward now, would cast the blame
On fortune and ill stars.

Mon. Ha! saidst thou, like a coward?
What sanctity, what majesty divine,
Hast thou put on, to guard thee from my rage,
That thus thou dar'st to wrong me?

Baj. Out, thou slave,
And know me for thy lord——

Mon. I tell thee, tyrant,
When, in the pride of power, thou sat'st on high,
When, like an idol, thou wert vainly worshipp'd,
By prostrate wretches, born with slavish souls;
Ev'n when thou wert a king, thou wert no more,
Nor greater than Moneses; born of a race
Royal, and great as thine. What art thou now then?
The fate of war has set thee with the lowest;
And captives (like the subjects of the grave)
Losing distinction, serve one common lord.

Baj. Brav'd by this dog! Now give a loose to rage,
And curse thyself; curse thy false cheating prophet.
Ha! yet there's some revenge. Hear me, thou christian!

Thou left'st that sister with me:—Thou impostor!
Thou boaster of thy honesty! Thou liar!
But take her to thee back.

Now to explore my prison—If it holds
Another plague like this, the restless damn'd
(If Mufties lie not), wander thus in hell;

From scorching flames to chilling frosts they run,
Then from their frosts to fires return again,
And only prove variety of pain.

[*Exeunt* BAJAZET and HALY.]

Arp. Stay, Bajazet, I charge thee by my wrongs!
Stay, and unfold a tale of so much horror
As only fits thy telling.—Oh, Moneses!

Mon. By all the tenderness and chaste endearments
Of our past love, I charge thee, my Arpasia,
To ease my soul of doubts! Give me to know,
At once, the utmost malice of my fate!

Arp. Take, then, thy wretched share in all I suffer,
Still partner of my heart! Scarce hadst thou left
The sultan's camp, when the imperious tyrant,
Soft'ning the pride and fierceness of his temper,
With gentle speech made offer of his love.
Amaz'd, as at the shock of sudden death,
I started into tears, and often urg'd
(Though still in vain) the difference of our faiths.
At last, as flying to the utmost refuge,
With lifted hands and streaming eyes, I own'd
The fraud; which, when we first were made his
pris'ners,

I forc'd thee to put on
Thy borrow'd name of brother, mine of sister;
Hiding beneath that veil the nearer tie
Our mutual vows had made before the priest.
Kindling to rage at hearing of my story,
Then, be it so, he cried: Think'st thou thy vows,
Giv'n to a slave, shall bar me from thy beauties?
Then bade the priest pronounce the marriage rites:
Which he perform'd; whilst, shrieking with despair,
I call'd, in vain, the pow'rs of Heav'n to aid me.

Mon. Villain! Imperial villain!—Oh, the coward!
Aw'd by his guilt, though back'd by force and
power,
He durst not, to my face, avow his purpose,

But, in my absence, like a lurking thief,
Stole on my treasure, and at once undid me.

Arp. Had they not kept me from the means of
death,

Forgetting all the rules of christian suffering,
I had done a desp'rate murder on my soul,
Ere the rude-slaves, that waited on his will,
Had forc'd me to his——

Mon. Stop thee there, Arpasia,
And bar my fancy from the guilty scene!
Let not thought enter, lest the busy mind
Should muster such a train of monstrous images,
As would distract me. Oh, I cannot bear it!
Thou lovely hoard of sweets, where all my joys
Were treasur'd up, to have thee rifled thus!
Thus torn, untasted, from my eager wishes!
But I will have thee from him. Tamerlane
(The sovereign judge of equity on earth)
Shall do me justice on this mighty robber,
And render back thy beauties to Moneses.

Arp. And who shall render back my peace, my
honour,

The spotless whiteness of my virgin soul?
Ah! no, Moneses—Think not I will ever
Bring a polluted love to thy chaste arms:
I am the tyrant's wife. Oh, fatal title!
And, in the sight of all the saints, have sworn,
By honour, womanhood, and blushing shame,
To know no second bride-bed but my grave.
Shortly, oh! very shortly, if my sorrows
Divine aright, and Heav'n be gracious to me,
Death shall dissolve the fatal obligation.
Yes, my Moneses! now the surges rise,
The swelling sea breaks in between our barks,
And drives us to our fate on different rocks.
Farewell!—My soul lives with thee.—

Mon. Death is parting,

'Tis the last sad adieu 'twixt soul and body.
But this is somewhat worse—My joy, my comfort,
All that was left in life, fleets after thee!

[*Excunt, severally.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The Inside of the Royal Tent.

Enter AXALLA and SELIMA.

Ax. Why was I ever blest!—Why is remembrance
Rich with a thousand pleasing images
Of past enjoyments, since 'tis but plague to me?
When thou art mine no more, what will it ease me
To think of all the golden minutes past,
To think that thou wert kind, and I was happy?
But like an angel fall'n from bliss, to curse
My present state, and mourn the heav'n I've lost.

Sel. Hope better for us both; nor let thy fears,
Like an unlucky omen, cross my way.

Ax. But see, the sultan comes!—

Enter BAJAZET.

Baj. To have a nauseous courtesy forc'd on me,
Spite of my will, by an insulting foe!
Ha! they would break the fierceness of my temper,

And make me supple for their slavish purpose.
Curse on their fawning arts!

[SELIMA comes forward, and kneels to BAJAZET:

Sel. My lord! my royal father!

Baj. Ha! what art thou?

What heavenly innocence! that in a form
So known, so lov'd, hast left thy paradise,
For joyless prison, for this place of woe!
Art thou my Selima?

Sel. Have you forgot me?

Alas, my piety is then in vain!
Your Selima, your daughter whom you lov'd,
The fondling once of her dear father's arms,
Is come to claim her share in his misfortunes;

[*Embrace.*

To help to wear the tedious minutes out,
To soften bondage, and the loss of empire.

Baj. Now, by our prophet, if my wounded mind
Could know a thought of peace, it would be now:
Ev'n from thy prating infancy thou wert
My joy, my little angel; smiling comfort
Came with thee, still to glad me. Now I'm curs'd
Ev'n in thee too. Reproach and infamy
Attend the christian dog t' whom thou wert trusted.
To see thee here—'twere better see thee dead!

Ax. Thus Tamerlane to royal Bajazet
With kingly greeting sends: since with the brave
(The bloody business of the fight once ended)
Stern hate and opposition ought to cease;
Thy queen already to thy arms restor'd,
Receive this second gift, thy beauteous daughter:
And if there be aught farther in thy wish,
Demand with honour, and obtain it freely.

Baj. Bear back thy fulsome greeting to thy master;
Tell him, I'll none on't. Can he restore
My fame diminish'd, loss of sacred honour,
The radiancy of majesty eclips'd?
For aught besides, it is not worth my care;

The giver and his gifts are both beneath me.

Ax. Enough of war the wounded earth has known :
Oh, sultan ! by the Pow'r divine I swear,
With joy I would resign the savage trophies
In blood and battle gain'd, could I atone
The fatal breach 'twixt thee and Tamerlane ;
And think a soldier's glory well bestow'd
To buy mankind a peace.

Baj. And what art thou,
That dost presume to mediate 'twixt the rage
Of angry kings ?

Ax. A prince, born of the noblest,
And of a soul that answers to that birth,
That dares not but do well. Thou dost put on
A forc'd forgetfulness, thus not to know me,
A guest so lately to thy court, then meeting
On gentler terms. —

Sel. Could aught efface the merit
Of brave Axalla's name ? yet when your daughter
Shall tell how well, how nobly she was us'd,
How light this gallant prince made all her bondage,
Most sure the royal Bajazet will own
That honour stands indebted to such goodness,
• Nor can a monarch's friendship more than pay it.

Baj. Ha ! know'st thou that, fond girl ? — Go — 'tis
not well,

And when thou couldst descend to take a benefit
From a vile Christian, and thy father's foe,
Thou didst an act dishonest to thy race :
Henceforth, unless thou mean'st to cancel all
My share in thee, and write thyself a bastard,
Die, starve, know any evil, any pain,
Rather than taste a mercy from these dogs.

Sel. Alas ! Axalla !

Ax. Weep not, lovely maid !

I swear,
One sigh from thee has made a large amends
For all thy angry father's frowns and fierceness.

Baj. Oh, my curst fortune!—Am I fall'n thus low!
 Dishonour'd to my face! Thou earth-born thing!
 Thou clod! how hast thou dar'd to lift thy eyes
 Up to the sacred race of mighty Ottoman,
 Whom kings, whom e'en our prophet's holy offspring
 At distance have beheld? And what art thou?
 What glorious titles blazon out thy birth?
 Thou vile obscurity! ha!—say—thou base one.

Ax. Thus challeng'd, virtue, modest as she is,
 Stands up to do herself a common justice;
 To answer, and assert that inborn merit,
 That worth, which conscious to herself she feels.
 Were honour to be scann'd by long descent,
 From ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt
 A lineage of the greatest, and recount,
 Among my fathers, names of ancient story,
 Heroes and god-like patriots, who subdu'd
 The world by arms and virtue, and, being Romans,
 Scorn'd to be kings; but that be their own praise:
 Nor will I borrow merit from the dead,
 Myself an undeserver. I could prove
 My friendship such, as thou might'st deign t' accept
 With honour, when it comes with friendly office,
 To render back thy crown, and former greatness.

Baj. To me give back what yesterday took from me,
 Would be to give like Heav'n, when having finish'd
 This world (the goodly work of his creation)
 He bid his favourite man be lord of all.
 But this——

Ax. Nor is this gift beyond my pow'r.
 Oft has the mighty master of my arms
 Urg'd me, with large ambition, to demand
 Crowns and dominions from his bounteous pow'r:
 'Tis true, I wav'd the proffer, and have held it
 The worthier choice to wait upon his virtues,
 To be the friend and partner of his wars,
 Than to be Asia's lord. Nor wonder then,
If, in the confidence of such a friendship,

I promise boldly for the royal giver,
Thy crown and empire.

Baj. For our daughter thus
Mean'st thou to barter? Ha! I tell thee, Christian,
There is but one, one dowry thou canst give,
And I can ask, worthy my daughter's love.

Ax. Oh! name the mighty ransom; task my pow'r;
Let there be danger, difficulty, death,
T' enhance the price.

Baj. I take thee at thy word.
Bring me the Tartar's head.

Ax. Ha!

Baj. Tamerlane's!
That death, that deadly poison to my glory.

Ax. Prodigious! Horrid!

Baj. And couldst thou hope to bribe me with
aught else?

With a vile peace, patch'd up on slavish terms?
With tributary kingship?—No!—To merit
A recompense for me, sate my revenge.
The Tartar is my bane, I cannot bear him:
One heav'n and earth can never hold us both;
Still shall we hate, and with defiance deadly
Keep rage alive, till one be lost for ever:
As if two suns should meet in the meridian,
And strive in fiery combat for the passage.
Weep'st thou, fond girl? Now as thy king, and father,
I charge thee, drive this slave from thy remembrance!
Hate shall be pious in thee. Come and join

[*Laying hold on her Hand.*

To curse thy father's foes.

Sel. Undone for ever!

Now, tyrant duty, art thou yet obeyed?

There is no more to give thee. Oh, Axalla!

[*BAJAZET leads out SELIMA, she looking back on
AXALLA.*

SCENE II.

TAMERLANE'S *Camp*.

Enter TAMERLANE and a DERVISE.

Tam. Thou brings't me thy credentials from the highest,
From Alla, and our prophet. Speak thy message,
It must import the best and noblest ends.

Der. Thus speaks our holy Mahomet, who has
giv'n thee
To reign and conquer: ill dost thou repay
The bounties of his hand, unmindful of
The fountain whence thy streams of greatness flow.
Thou hast forgot high Heav'n; hast beaten down
And trampled on religion's sanctity.

Tam. Now, as I am a soldier and a king,
(The greatest names of honour) do but make
Thy imputation out, and Tamerlane
Shall do thee ample justice on himself.
So much the sacred name of Heaven awes me,
Could I suspect my soul of harbouring aught
To its dishonour, I would search it strictly,
And drive th' offending thought with fury forth.

Der. Yes, thou hast hurt our holy prophet's honour,
By fostering the pernicious Christian sect:
They are thy only friends. The true believers
Mourn to behold thee favour this Axalla.

Tam. I fear me, thou out-go'st the prophet's order,
And bring'st his venerable name to shelter
A rudeness ill becoming thee to use,
Or me to suffer. When thou nam'st my friend,

Thou nam'st a man beyond a monk's discerning,
Virtuous and great, a warrior and a prince.

Der. He is a Christian; there our law condemns
him,

Altho' he were ev'n all thou speak'st, and more.

Tam. 'Tis false; no law divine condemns the vir-
tuous,

For differing from the rules your schools devise.

Look round, how Providence bestows alike
Sunshine and rain, to bless the fruitful year,
On different nations, all of diff'rent faiths;
And (tho' by several names and titles worship'd)
Heav'n takes the various tribute of their praise;
Since all agree to own, at least to mean,
One best, one greatest, only Lord of all.

Der. Why hold'st thou captive a believing mo-
narch?

Now, as thou hop'st to 'scape the prophet's curse,
Release the royal Bajazet, and join,

With force united, to destroy the Christians.

Tam. 'Tis well—I've found the cause that mov'd
thy zeal.

What shallow politician set thee on,

In hopes to fright me this way to compliance?

Hence! I have found thee.

Der. I have but one resort. Now aid me, prophet.

[*Aside.*

Yet I have somewhat further to unfold;

Our prophet speaks to thee in thunder—thus——

[*The DERVISE draws a concealed Dagger, and
offers to stab TAMERLANE.*

Tam. No, villain, Heav'n is watchful o'er its wor-
shippers, [*Wresting the Dagger from him.*

And blasts the murderer's purpose. Think, thou
wretch!

Think on the pains that wait thy crime, and tremble
When I shall doom thee——

Der. 'Tis but death at last;

And I will suffer greatly for the cause
That urg'd me first to the bold deed.

Tam. Oh impious!

Enthusiasm thus makes villains martyrs.

[*Pausing.*] It shall be so—To die! 'twere a reward—
Now learn the difference 'twixt thy faith and mine:
Thine bids thee lift thy dagger to my throat;
Mine can forgive the wrong, and bid thee live.
Keep thy own wicked secret, and be safe!
If thou repent'st, I have gain'd one to virtue,
And am 'in that rewarded for my mercy;
If thou continu'st still to be the same,
'Tis punishment enough to be a villain.
Hence! from my sight—It shocks my soul to think
That there is such a monster in my kind.

[*Exit* DERVISE.]

Enter MONESES.

Mon. Oh, emperor! before whose awful throne
Th' afflicted never kneel in vain for justice,

[*Kneeling to* TAMERLANE.]

Here let me fall before your sacred feet,
And groan out my misfortunes, till your pity,
(The last support and refuge that is left me)
Shall raise me from the ground, and bid me live.

Tam. Rise, prince,

Speak, as to a king, the sacred name
Where pow'r is lodg'd, for righteous ends alone.

Mon. One only joy, one blessing, my fond heart
Had fix'd its wishes on, and that is lost;
That sister, for whose safety my sad soul
Endur'd a thousand fears——

Tam. I well remember,

When, ere the battle join'd, I saw thee first,
With grief uncommon to a brother's love,
Thou told'st a moving tale of her misfortunes,
Such as bespoke my pity. Is there aught
Thou canst demand from friendship? Ask, and have it.

Mon. First, oh! let me entreat your royal goodness;
 Forgive the folly of a lover's caution,
 That forg'd a tale of folly to deceive you.
 Said I, she was my sister?—Oh! 'tis false;
 She holds a dearer interest in my soul,
 She was the mistress of my vows, my bride;
 By contract mine; and long ere this the priest
 Had ty'd the knot for ever, had not Bajazet——

Tam. Ha! Bajazet!—If yet his pow'r withholds
 The cause of all thy sorrows, all thy fears,
 E'en gratitude for once shall gain upon him,
 Spite of his savage temper, to restore her.
 This morn a soldier brought a captive beauty,
 Sad, tho' she seem'd, yet of a form more rare,
 By much the noblest spoil of all the field;
 Struck with a pleasing wonder, I beheld her,
 Till, by a slave that waited near her person,
 I learn'd she was the captive sultan's wife:
 Straight I forbid my eyes the dangerous joy
 Of gazing long, and sent her to her lord.

Mon. There was Moneses lost. Too sure my heart
 (From the first mention of her wondrous charms)
 Presag'd it could be only my Arpasia.

Tam. Arpasia! didst thou say?

Mon. Yes, my Arpasia.

Tam. Sure I mistake, or fain I would mistake thee;
 I nam'd the queen of Bajazet, his wife.

Mon. His queen! his wife! He brings that holy
 title

To varnish o'er the monstrous wrongs he has done me.

Tam. Alas! I fear me, prince, thy griefs are just;
 Thou art, indeed, unhappy——

Mon. Can you pity me,
 And not redress? Oh, royal Tamerlane! [*Kneeling.*
 Thou succour, of the wretched,
 Let thy justice
 Restore me my Arpasia;

Tam. Unhappy, royal youth, why dost thou ask
 What honour must deny? Ha! is she not
 His wife, whom he has wedded, whom enjoy'd?
 Could thy fond love forget
 The violation of a first enjoyment?—
 But sorrow has disturb'd and hurt thy mind.

Mon. Perhaps it has, and like an idle madman,
 I do a thousand things to shame my reason.
 Then let me fly, and bear my follies with me,
 Far, far from the world's sight.

Tam. Let thy virtue
 Stand up and answer to these warring passions,
 That vex thy manly temper. From the moment
 When first I saw thee, something wondrous noble
 Shone thro' thy form, and won my friendship for thee,
 Without the tedious form of long acquaintance;
 Nor will I lose thee poorly for a woman.
 Come, droop no more; thou shalt with me pursue
 True greatness, till we rise to immortality.
 Thou shalt forget these lesser cares, Moneses;
 Thou shalt, and help me to reform the world.

Mon. Sacred Tamerlane,
 Thy words are as the breath of angels to me.
 But, oh! too deep the wounding grief is fixt,
 For any hand to heal.

Tam. This dull despair
 Is the soul's laziness. Rouse to the combat,
 And thou art sure to conquer. War shall restore
 thee;
 The sound of arms shall wake thy martial ardour,
 And cure this amorous sickness of thy soul,
 The boy, fond love,
 Is nurs'd and bred in sloth, and too much ease;
 Near purling streams, in gloomy shades, he lies,
 And loosely there, instructs his votaries
 Honour, and active virtue to despise

But if the trumpets echo from afar,
On silken winds sublime he cuts the air,
Scar'd at the noise and clangour of the war. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I

BAJAZET'S Tent.

Enter HALY and the DERVISE.

Haly. To 'scape with life from an attempt like this,
Demands my wonder justly.

Der. True, it may;
But 'tis a principle of his new faith;
'Tis what his Christian favourites have inspir'd,
Who fondly make a merit of forgiveness,
And give their foes a second opportunity,
If the first blow should miss.—Failing to serve
The sultan to my wish, and e'en despairing
Of further means t' effect his liberty,
A lucky accident retriev'd my hopes.

Haly. The prophet and our master will reward
Thy zeal in their behalf; but speak thy purpose.

Der. Just ent'ring here I met the Tartar general,
Fierce Omar.

Haly. He commands, if I mistake not,
This quarter of the army, and our guards?

Der. The same.

I learn'd,
That, burning for the sultan's beauteous daughter,
He had begg'd her, as a captive of the war,
From Tamerlane; but meeting with denial
Of what he thought his services might claim,
Loudly he storms, and curses the Italian,
As cause of this affront. I join'd his rage,
And added to his injuries, the wrongs
Our prophet daily meets with from Axalla.
But see, he comes. Improve what I shall tell,
And all we wish is ours.

[*They seem to talk together aside.*]

Enter OMAR.

Omar. No——if I forgive it,
Dishonour blast my name! Was it for this
That I directed his first steps to greatness,
Taught him to climb, and made him what he is?
And am I now so lost to his remembrance,
That when I ask a captive, he shall tell me,
She is Axalla's right, his Christian minion?

Der. Allow me, valiant Omar, to demand,
Since injur'd thus, why right you not yourself?
The prize you ask is in your power.

Omar. It is,
And I will seize it in despite of Tamerlane,
And that Italian dog.

Haly. What need of force,
When every thing concurs to meet your wishes?
Our mighty master would not wish a son
Nobler than Omar. From a father's hand
Receive that daughter, which ungrateful Tamerlane
Has to your worth deny'd.

Omar. Now, by my arms,
It will be great revenge. What will your sultan
Give to the man that shall restore his liberty,

His crown, and give him pow'r to wreak his hatred
Upon his greatest foe ?

Haly. All he can ask,
And far beyond his wish.— [Trumpets.

Omar. These trumpets speak
The emperor's approach; he comes once more
To offer terms of peace. Within,
I will know farther. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

BAJAZET'S Tent.

ARPASIA discovered lying on a Couch.

SONG.

*To thee, O gentle sleep, alone
Is owing all our peace,
By thee our joys are heighten'd shown,
By thee our sorrows cease.
The nymph whose hand, by fraud or force,
Some tyrant has possess'd,
By thee, obtaining a divorce,
In her own choice is bless'd.
Oh, stay ! Arpasia bids thee stay ;
The sadly weeping fair
Conjures thee, not to lose in day
The object of her care.
To grasp whose pleasing form she sought,
That motion chas'd her sleep ;
Thus by ourselves are oft'nest wrought
The griefs, for which we weep.*

Arp. Oh, death! thou gentle end of human sorrows,
 Still must my weary eyelids vainly wake
 In tedious expectation of thy peace?
 Why stand thy thousand thousand doors still open,
 To take the wretched in, if stern religion
 Guard every passage, and forbids my entrance?—
 Lucrece could bleed, and Portia swallow fire,
 When urg'd with griefs beyond a mortal sufferance;
 But here it must not be. Think then, Arpasia,
 Think on the sacred dictates of thy faith,
 And let that arm thy virtue to perform
 What Cato's daughter durst not!—Live, Arpasia,
 And dare to be unhappy.

Enter TAMERLANE.

Tam. Such welcome as a camp can give, fair sul-
 taness,
 We hope you have receiv'd; it shall be larger,
 And better as it may.

Arp. Since I have borne
 That miserable mark of fatal greatness,
 I have forgot all difference of conditions;
 Sceptres and fetters are grown equal to me,
 And the best change my fate can bring is death.

Tam. Oh! teach my power
 To cure those ills which you unjustly suffer,
 Lest Heav'n should wrest it from my idle hand,
 If I look on, and see you weep in vain.

Arp. Not that my soul disdains the generous aid
 Thy royal goodness proffers: but, oh, emperor!
 It is not in my fate to be made happy
 Nor will I listen to the coz'ner, Hope,
 But stand resolv'd to bear the beating storm,
 That roars around me; safe in this alone,
 That I am not immortal.—Though 'tis hard,
 'Tis wondrous hard, when I remember thee,
 Dear native Greece! and you, ye weeping maids,
 That were companions of my virgin youth!

My noble parents! Oh, the grief of heart,
 The pangs, that, for unhappy me, bring down
 Their reverend ages to the grave with sorrow.
 And yet there is a woe surpassing all :
 Ye saints and angels, give me of your constancy,
 If you expect I shall endure it long.

Tam. Why is my pity all that I can give
 To tears like yours ? And yet I fear 'tis all ;
 Nor dare I ask, what mighty loss you mourn,
 Lest honour should forbid to give it back.

Arp. No, Tamerlane, nor did I mean thou shouldst :
 But know, (though to the weakness of my sex
 I yield these tears) my soul is more than man.
 Think, I am born a Greek, nor doubt my virtue ;
 They must be mighty evils, that can vanquish
 A Spartan courage, and a Christian faith.

Enter BAJAZET.

Baj. To know no thought of rest—to have the mind
 Still minist'ring fresh plagues, as in a circle,
 Where one dishonour treads upon another ;
 What know the fiends beyond it?—Ha! by hell,

[*Seeing ARPASIA and TAMERLANE.*

There wanted only this to make me mad.
 Comes he to triumph here ; to rob my love,
 And violate the last retreat of happiness ?

Tam. But that I read upon thy frowning brow,
 That war yet lives, and rages in thy breast ;
 Once more (in pity to the suff'ring world)
 I meant to offer peace.—

Baj. And mean'st thou too
 To treat it with our empress ; and to barter
 The spoils, which fortune gave thee, for her favours ?
 Seek'st thou thus our friendship ?
 Is this the royal usage thou didst boast ?

Tam. The boiling passion, that disturbs thy soul,
 Spreads clouds around, and makes thy purpose dark—
 Unriddle what thy mystic fury aims at.

Baj. Is it a riddle? Read it there explain'd;
 There, in my shame. Now judge me thou, O prophet,
 And equal Heav'n, if this demand not rage!
 The peasant hind, begot and born to slavery,
 Yet dares assert a husband's sacred right,
 And guards his homely couch from violation:
 And shall a monarch tamely bear the wrong
 Without complaining?

Tam. If I could have wrong'd thee,
 If conscious virtue, and all-judging Heav'n,
 Stood not between, to bar ungovern'd appetite,
 What hinder'd, but in spite of thee, my captive,
 I might have us'd a victor's boundless pow'r,
 And sated every wish my soul could form?
 But to secure thy fears, know, Bajazet,
 'This is among the things I dare not do.

Baj. By hell, 'tis false! else wherefore art thou
 present?
 What cam'st thou for, but to undo my honour?
 I found thee holding amorous parley with her,
 Gazing and glutting on her wanton eyes,
 And bargaining for pleasures yet to come:
 My life, I know, is the devoted price—
 But take it, I am weary of the pain.

Tam. Yet ere thou rashly urge my rage too far,
 I warn thee to take heed: I am a man,
 And have the frailties common to man's nature,
 The fiery seeds of wrath are in my temper,
 And may be blown up to so fierce a blaze,
 As wisdom cannot rule. Know, thou hast touch'd me
 Ev'n in the nicest, tend'rest part, my honour;
 My honour! which, like pow'r, disdains being ques-
 tion'd!

Thy breath has blasted my fair virtue's fame,
 And mark'd me for a villain, and a tyrant.

Arp. And stand I here an idle looker-on,
 To see my innocence murder'd and mangled
 By barbarous hands, nor can revenge the wrong?

Art thou a man, and dar'st thou use me thus ?

[To BAJAZET.

Hast thou not torn me from my native country,
From the dear arms of my lamenting friends,
From my soul's peace, and from my injur'd love ?
Hast thou not ruin'd, blotted me for ever,
And driv'n me to the brink of black despair ?
And is it in thy malice yet to add
A wound more deep, to sully my white name,
My virtue ?——

Baj. Yes, thou hast thy sex's virtues,
Their affectation, pride, ill-nature, noise,
Proneness to change, e'en from the joy that pleas'd
them :

So gracious is your idol, dear variety,
That for another love you would forego
An angel's form, to mingle with a devil's.

Arp. Whysought'st thou not from thy own impious
tribe

A wife like one of these ?

Know, I detest, like hell, the crime thou mention'st :
Not that I fear, or reverence, thee, thou tyrant ;
But that my soul, conscious of whence it sprung,
Sits unpolluted in its sacred temple,
And scorns to mingle with a thought so mean.

Tam. Oh, pity ! that a greatness so divine
Should meet a fate so wretched, so unequal.—
Thou, blind and wilful to the good that courts thee,

[To BAJAZET.

With open-handed bounty Heav'n pursues thee,
And bids thee (undeserving as thou art,
And monstrous in thy crimes) be happy yet :
Whilst thou, in fury, dost avert the blessing,
And art an evil genius to thyself.

Baj. No—Thou ! thou art my greatest curse on
earth !

Thou, who hast robb'd me of my crown and glory,
And now pursu'st me to the verge of life,

To spoil me of my honour. Thou, thou hypocrite!
 That wear'st a pageant outside show of virtue,
 To cover the hot thoughts that glow within!
 Thou rank adulterer!

Tam. Oh, that thou wert
 The lord of all those thousands, that lie breathless
 On yonder field of blood, that I again
 Might hunt thee, in the face of death and danger,
 Through the tumultuous battle, and there force thee,
 Vanquish'd and sinking underneath my arm,
 To own thou hast traduc'd me like a villain.

Baj. Ha! Does it gall thee, Tartar? By revenge,
 It joys me much to find thou feel'st my fury.
 Yes, I will echo to thee, thou adulterer!
 Thou dost profane the name of king and soldier,
 And, like a ruffian bravo, cam'st with force
 To violate the holy marriage-bed.

Tam. Wert thou not shelter'd by thy abject state,
 The captive of my sword, by my just anger,
 My breath, like thunder, should confound thy pride,
 And doom thee dead, this instant, with a word.

Baj. 'Tis false! my fate's above thee, and thou
 dar'st not.

Tam. Ha! dare not! Thou hast rais'd my pond'rous
 rage,
 And now it falls to crush thee at a blow.
 A guard there!—Seize and drag him to his fate!

Enter a GUARD, they seize BAJAZET.

Tyrant, I'll do a double justice on thee;
 At once revenge myself, and all mankind.

Baj. Well dost thou, ere thy violence and lust
 Invade my bed, thus to begin with murder:
 Drown all thy fears in blood, and sin securely.

Tam. Away!

Arp. [*Kneeling.*] Oh, stay! I charge thee, by re-
 nown;

By that bright glory thy great soul pursues,
Call back the doom of death!

Tam. Fair injur'd excellence,

Why dost thou kneel, and waste such precious pray'rs,
For one to goodness lost; who first undid thee,
Who still pursues and aggravates the wrong?

Baj. By Alla! no—I will not wear a life,
Bought with such vile dishonour. Death shall free
me

At once from infamy, and thee, thou traitress!

Arp. No matter, tho' the whistling winds grow loud,
And the rude tempest roars, 'tis idle rage:
Oh! mark it not; but let thy steady virtue
Be constant to its temper. Save his life,
And save Arpasia from the sport of talkers.
Think, how the busy, meddling world will toss
Thy mighty name about, in scurril mirth;
Shall brand thy vengeance, as a foul design,
And make such monstrous legends of our lives,
As late posterity shall blush in reading.

Tam. Oh, matchless virtue! Yes, I will obey;
Sultan be safe! Reason resumes her empire,

[*Excunt* GUARDS.]

And I am cool again.—Here break we off,
Lest farther speech should minister new rage.
Wisely from dangerous passions I retreat,
To keep a conquest which was hard to get:
And, oh! 'tis time I should for flight prepare,
A war more fatal seems to threaten there,
And all my rebel blood assists the fair:
One moment more, and I too late shall find,
That love's the strongest pow'r that lords it o'er the
mind.

[*Exit* TAMERLANE.]

Baj. To what new shame, what plague am I re-
serv'd!

Why hast thou forc'd this nauseous life upon me?
Is it to triumph o'er me?—But I will,
I will be free, I will forget thee all;

The bitter and the sweet, the joy and pain,
 Death shall expunge at once, and ease my soul.
 Prophet, take notice, I disclaim thy paradise,
 Thy fragrant bow'rs, and everlasting shades ;
 'Thou hast plac'd woman there, and all thy joys are
 tainted. [Exit BAJAZET.

Arp. A little longer yet, be strong, my heart ;
 A little longer let the busy spirits
 Keep on their cheerful round—It will not be !
 Death is at last my due, and I will have it.—
 And see, the poor Moneses comes, to take
 One sad adieu, and then we part for ever.

Enter MONESES.

Mon. Already am I onward of my way,
 Thy tuneful voice comes like a hollow sound
 At distance, to my ears. My eyes grow heavy,
 'Tis the last office they shall ever do me,
 To view thee once, and then to close and die.

Arp. Alas ! how happy have we been, Moneses !
 Ye gentle days, that once were ours, what joys
 Did every cheerful morning bring along !
 No fears, no jealousies, no angry parents,
 That for unequal births or fortunes frown'd ;
 But love, that kindly join'd our hearts, to bless us,
 Made us a blessing too to all besides.

Mon. Oh, cast not thy remembrance back, Arpasia !
 'Tis grief unutterable, 'tis distraction !
 Here let me kneel, and pay my latest vows.
 Be witness all ye saints, thou Heav'n and nature,
 Be witness of my truth, for you have known it !
 Be witness, that I never knew a pleasure,
 In all the world could offer, like Arpasia !
 Be witness, that I liv'd but in Arpasia !
 And, oh, be witness, that her loss has kill'd me !

Arp. While thou art speaking, life begins to fail,
 And every tender accent chills like death.

Oh ! let me haste then, yet, ere day declines
 And the long night prevail, once more to tell thee
 Moneses is myself ; in my fond heart,
 E'en in my vital blood, he lives and reigns :
 The last dear object of my parting soul
 Will be Moneses ; the last breath, that lingers
 Within my panting breast, shall sigh Moneses.

Mon. It is enough ! Now to thy rest, my soul,
 The world and thou have made an end at once.

Arp. Fain would I still detain thee, hold thee still :
 Nor honour can forbid, that we together
 Should share the poor few minutes that remain.
 I swear, methinks this sad society
 Has somewhat pleasing in it.—Death's dark shades
 Seem, as we journey on, to lose their horror ;
 At near approach the monsters, form'd by fear,
 Are vanish'd all, and leave the prospect clear ;
 Amidst the gloomy vale a pleasing scene,
 With flow'rs adorn'd and never-fading green,
 Inviting stands, to take the wretched in :
 No wars, no wrongs, no tyrants, no despair,
 Disturb the quiet of a place so fair,
 But injur'd lovers find Elysium there. [Exeunt.

Enter BAJAZET, OMAR, HALY, and the DERVISE.

Baj. Now, by the glorious tomb that shrines our
 prophet,
 By Mecca's sacred temple, here I swear,
 Our daughter is thy bride ! and to that gift
 Such wealth, such pow'r, such honours will I add,
 That monarchs shall with envy view thy state,
 And own thou art a demi-god to them.
 Thou hast giv'n me what I wish'd, power of revenge,
 And when a king rewards, 'tis ample retribution.
Omar. Twelve Tartar lords, each potent in his tribe,
 Have sworn to own my cause, and draw their thou-
 sands,

To-morrow, from the ungrateful Parthian's side:
 The leaders of the troops through which we pass,
 Rais'd by my pow'r, devoted to my service,
 Shall make our passage secret and secure.

Der. Already, mighty Sultan, art thou safe,
 Since, by yon passing torches' light, I guess,
 'To his pavilion Tamerlane retires,
 Attended by a train of waiting courtiers.
 All who remain within these tents are thine,
 And hail thee as their lord.—

Ha! the Italian prince,
 With sad Moneses, are not yet gone forth.

Baj. Ha! with our queen and daughter!

Omar. They are ours:

I mark'd the slaves, who waited on Axalla;
 They, when the emperor pass'd out, prest on,
 And mingled with the crowd, nor miss'd their lord:
 He is your pris'ner, sir: I go this moment,
 To seize, and bring him to receive his doom.

[*Exit* OMAR.]

Baj. Haste, Haly, follow, and secure the Greek:
 Him too I wish to keep within my power.

[*Exit* HALY.]

Der. If my dread lord permit his slave to speak,
 I would advise to spare Axalla's life,
 Till we are safe beyond the Parthian's pow'r:
 Him, as our pledge of safety, may we hold;
 And, could you gain him to assist your flight,
 It might import you much.

Baj. Thou counsell'st well;
 And though I hate him (for he is a Christian,
 And to my mortal enemy devoted),
 Yet, to secure my liberty and vengeance,
 I wish he now were ours.

Der. And see, they come!
 Fortune repents; again she courts your side,
 And, with this first fair offering of success,
 She woos you to forget her crime of yesterday.

Enter OMAR, with AXALLA, FOUR MUTES; SELIMA following, weeping.

Ax. I will not call thee villain; 'tis a name
Too holy for thy crime: to break thy faith,
And turn a rebel to so good a master,
Is an ingratitude unmatch'd on earth.
The first revolting angel's pride could only
Do more than thou hast done. Thou copy'st well,
And keep'st the black original in view.

Omar. Do rage, and vainly call upon thy master
To save his minion. My revenge has caught thee,
And I will make thee curse that fond presumption,
That set thee on to rival me in aught.

Baj. Christian, I hold thy fate at my disposal!
One only way remains to mercy open;
Be partner of my flight and my revenge,
And thou art safe. Thy other choice is death.

Ax. Then briefly thus. Death is the choice I make;
Since, next to Heav'n, my master and my friend
Has interest in my life, and still shall claim it.

Baj. Then take thy wish—Call in our mutes!

Sel. My father,

If yet you have not sworn to cast me off,
And turn me out to wander in misfortune;
If yet my voice be gracious in your ears;
If yet my duty and my love offend not,
Oh, call your sentence back, and save Axalla!

Baj. Rise, Selima! The slave deserves to die,
Who durst, with sullen pride, refuse my mercy:
Yet, for thy sake, once more I offer life.

Sel. Some angel whisper to my anxious soul,
What I shall do to save him.

Oh, my Axalla! seem but to consent.—

[*Aside to AXALLA.*

Unkind and cruel, will you then do nothing?
I find I am not worth thy least of cares.

Ax. Oh, labour not to hang dishonour on me!

I could bear sickness, pain, and poverty,
 Those mortal evils, worse than death, for thee.
 But this—It has the force of fate against us,
 And cannot be.

Sel. See, see, sir, he relents, [To BAJAZET.
 Already he inclines to own your cause.
 A little longer, and he is all yours.

Baj. Then mark how far a father's fondness yields.
 Till midnight I defer the death he merits,
 And give him up till then to thy persuasion.
 If, by that time, he meets my will, he lives;
 If not, thyself shalt own he dies with justice.

Ax. 'Tis but to lengthen life upon the rack:
 I am resolv'd already.

Sel. Oh, be still,
 Nor rashly urge a ruin on us both!
 'Tis but a moment more I have to save thee.
 Be kind, auspicious Alla, to my pray'r;
 More for my love, than for myself, I fear;
 Neglect mankind a while, and make him all thy care!

[*Exeunt AXALLA and SELIMA.*

Baj. Moneses,—is that dog secur'd?

Omar. He is.

Baj. 'Tis well—My soul perceives returning greatness,

As nature feels the spring. Lightly she bounds,
 And shakes dishonour, like a burden, from her;
 Once more imperial, awful, and herself.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

BAJAZET'S Tent.

ARPASIA *discovered.*

Arp. Sure 'tis a horror, more than darkness brings,
That sits upon the night!
Not long ago, a troop of ghastly slaves
Rush'd in, and forc'd Moneses from my sight;
Death hung so heavy on his drooping spirits,
That scarcely could he say—Farewell—for ever!
And yet, methinks, some gentle spirit whispers,
Thy peace draws near, Arpasia, sigh no more!
And see, the king of terrors is at hand;
His minister appears.

Enter BAJAZET and HALY.

Baj. [*Aside to HALY.*] The rest I leave
To thy despatch. For, oh! my faithful Haly,
Another care has taken up thy master.
Spite of the high-wrought tempest in my soul,
Spite of the pangs which jealousy has cost me,
This haughty woman reigns within my breast.

Haly. Why wears my lord
An anxious thought for what his pow'r commands?
When, in an happy hour, you shall, ere long,
Have borne the empress from amidst your foes,
She must be yours, be only and all yours.

Baj. On that depends my fear. Yes, I must have her;

I own, I will not, cannot go without her.

Be near to wait my will. [*Exit HALY.*]

When last we parted, 'twas on angry terms;
Let the remembrance die, or kindly think,
That jealous rage is but a hasty flame,
That blazes out, when love too fiercely burns.

Arp. For thee to wrong me, and for me to suffer,
Is the hard lesson that my soul has learnt:
Nor is it worth my leisure to distinguish
If love or jealousy commit the violence;
Each have alike been fatal to my peace,
Confirming me a wretch, and thee a tyrant.

Baj. Still to deform thy gentle brow with frowns,
And still to be perverse, it is a manner
Abhorrent from the softness of thy sex:
Women, like summer storms, a while are cloudy,
Burst out in thunder, and impetuous show'rs;
But straight, the sun of beauty dawns abroad,
And all the fair horizon is serene.

Arp. Then, to retrieve the honour of my sex,
Here I disclaim that changing and inconstancy:
To thee I will be ever as I am.

Baj. Thou say'st I am a tyrant; think so still,
And let it warn thy prudence to lay hold
On the good hour of peace, that courts thee now.
Souls, form'd like mine, brook being scorn'd but ill.
Be well advis'd, and profit by my patience;
It is a short-liv'd virtue.

Arp. Turn thy eyes
Back on the story of my woes, barbarian!
Thou, that hast violated all respects
Due to my sex, and honour of my birth.
Thou brutal ravisher!
Can I have peace with thee?
Impossible! First heav'n and hell shall join;
They only differ more.

Baj. I see, 'tis vain,
To court thy stubborn temper with endearments.
Resolve, this moment, to return my love,
And be the willing partner of my flight,
Or, by the prophet's holy law, thou diest.

Arp. And dost thou hope to fright me with the
phantom,
Death? 'Tis the greatest mercy thou canst give;
So frequent are the murders of thy reign,
One day scarce passing by unmark'd with blood,
That children, by long use, have learnt to scorn it.
Know, I disdain to aid thy treach'rous purpose,
And shouldst thou dare to force me, with my cries
I will call Heav'n and earth to my assistance.

Baj. Confusion! dost thou brave me? But my
wrath
Shall find a passage to thy swelling heart,
And rack thee worse than all the pains of death.
That Grecian dog, the minion of thy wishes,
Shall be dragg'd forth, and butcher'd in thy sight:
Thou shalt behold him, when his pangs are terrible,
Till thou shalt rend thy hair, tear out thy eyes,
And curse thy pride; while I applaud my vengeance.

Arp. Oh, fatal image! All my pow'rs give way,
And resolution sickens at the thought.
Come, all ye great examples of my sex,
Chaste virgins, tender wives, and pious matrons;
Come to my aid, and teach me to defy
The malice of this fiend! I feel, I feel
Your sacred spirit arm me to resistance.
Yes, tyrant, I will stand this shock of fate;
Will live to triumph o'er thee, for a moment,
Then die well pleas'd, and follow my Moneses.

Baj. Thou talk'st it well. But talking is thy pri-
vilege;
'Tis all the boasted courage of thy sex;
Though, for thy soul, thou dar'st not meet the danger.
Arp. By all my hopes of happiness, I dare!——

Baj. This moment is the trial.

Arp. Let it come!

This moment, then, shall show I am a Greek,
And speak my country's courage in my suff'ring.

Baj. Here, mercy, I disclaim thee! Mark me,
traitress!

My love prepares a victim to thy pride,
And when it greets thee next, 'twill be in blood.

[*Exit.*]

Arp. My heart beats higher, and my nimble spirits
Ride swiftly through their purple channels round.

And see, my last of sorrows is at hand;
Death and Moneses come together to me;
As if my stars, that had so long been cruel,
Grew kind at last, and gave me all I wish.

*Enter MONESES, guarded by some MUTES; others
attending with a Cup of Poison and a Bow-String.*

Mon. I charge ye, O ye ministers of fate!
Be swift to execute your master's will:
Bear me to my Arpasia; let me tell her,
The tyrant is grown kind. He bids me go
And die beneath her feet.

Arp. If it be happiness, alas! to die,
To lie forgotten in the silent grave,
To love and glory lost, and from among
The great Creator's works expung'd and blotted,
Then, very shortly, shall we both be happy.

Mon. There is no room for doubt; 'tis certain bliss.
The tyrant's cruel violence, thy loss,
Already seem more light; nor has my soul
One unrepented guilt upon remembrance,
To make me dread the justice of hereafter;
But standing now on the last verge of life,
Boldly I view the vast abyss, eternity,
Eager to plunge, and leave my woes behind me.

Arp. By all the truth of our past loves, I vow,
To die appears a very nothing to me.

This very now I could put off my being
Without a groan! but to behold thee die!—
Nature shrinks in me at the dreadful thought,
Nor can my constancy sustain this blow.

Mon. Since thou art arm'd for all things after death,
Why should the pomp and preparation of it
Be frightful to thy eyes? There's not a pain,
Which age or sickness brings, the least disorder,
That vexes any part of this fine frame,
But's full as grievous. All that the mind feels
Is much, much more.—And see, I go to prove it.

*Enter a MUTE; he signs to the rest, who proffer a
Bow-String to MONESES.*

Arp. Think, ere we part!—

Mon. Of what?

Arp. Of something soft,
Tender and kind, of something wondrous sad.
Oh, my full soul!

Mon. My tongue is at a loss;
Thoughts crowd so fast, thy name is all I've left,
My kindest, truest, dearest, best Arpasia!

[The MUTES struggle with him.]

Arp. I have a thousand, thousand things to utter,
A thousand more to hear yet. Barbarous villains!
Give me a minute. Speak to me, Moneses!

Mon. Speak to thee? 'Tis the business of my life,
'Tis all the use I have for vital air,
Stand off, ye slaves! To tell thee that my heart
Is full of thee; that even at this dread moment,
My fond eyes gaze with joy and rapture on thee;
Angels, and light itself, are not so fair.

Enter BAJAZET, HALY, and ATTENDANTS.

Baj. Ha! wherefore lives this dog? Be quick, ye
slaves!
And rid me of my pain.
Mon. For only death,

And the last night, can shut out my Arpasia.

[*The MUTES strangle MONESES.*

Arp. Oh, dismal! 'tis not to be borne! Ye moralists!

Ye talkers! what are all your precepts now?

Patience! Distraction! Blast the tyrant, blast him,
Avenging lightnings! Snatch him hence, ye fiends!
Love! Death! Moneses!—oh! [*She dies.*

Baj. Can it be possible! Can rage and grief,
Can love and indignation be so fierce,
So mortal, in a woman's heart? Confusion!
Is she escap'd then? What is royalty,
If those, that are my slaves, and should live for me,
Can die, and bid defiance to my power!

Enter the DERVISE.

Der. The valiant Omar sends, to tell thy greatness
The hour of flight is come, and urges haste;
Since he descries, near Tamerlane's pavilion,
Bright troops of crowding torches, who from thence,
On either hand stretch far into the night,
And seem to form a shining front of battle;
Behold, e'en from this place thou may'st discern them.

[*Looking out.*

Baj. By Alla, yes! they cast a day around them,
And the plain seems thick set with stars, as heav'n.
Ha! or my eyes are false, they move this way;
'Tis certain so. Fly, Haly, to our daughter.

[*Exit HALY.*

Let some secure the christian prince, Axalla;
We will begone this minute.

Enter OMAR.

Omar. Lost! undone!

Baj. What mean'st thou?

Omar. All our hopes of flight are lost.
Mirvan and Zama, with the Parthian horse,
Enclose us round, they hold us in a toil.

Baj. Ha! whence this unexpected curse of chance?

Omar. Too late I learnt, that, early in the night,
A slave was suffer'd by the princess' order,
To pass the guard. I clove the villain down,
Who yielded to his flight: but that's poor vengeance!
That fugitive has rais'd the camp upon us,
And, unperceiv'd, by favour of the night,
In silence they have march'd to intercept us.

Baj. My daughter! Oh, the traitress!

Der. Yet we have

Axalla in our power; and angry Tamerlane
Will buy his fav'rite's life, on any terms.

Omar. With those few friends I have, I, for a while,
Can face their force: if they refuse us peace,
Revenge shall sweeten ruin. [Exit.

Enter HALY, with SELIMA, weeping.

Baj. See where she comes, with well dissembled
innocence;

With truth and faith so lovely in her face,
As if she durst e'en disavow the falsehood.—
Hop'st thou to make amends with trifling tears,
For my lost crown, and disappointed vengeance?
Ungrateful Selima! thy father's curse!
Bring forth the minion of her foolish heart!
He dies this moment.—

Haly. Would I could not speak
The crime of fatal love! The slave who fled,
By whom we are undone, was that Axalla.

Baj. Ha! say'st thou!

Haly. Hid beneath that vile appearance,
The princess found a means for his escape.

Sel. I am undone! e'en nature has disclaim'd me!
My father! have I lost you all? My father!

Baj. Talk'st thou of nature, who hast broke her
bands!

Thou art my bane, thou witch! thou infant parricide!
But I will study to be strangely cruel;
I will forget the folly of my fondness;
Drive all the father from my breast; now snatch thee,

Tear thee to pieces, drink thy treacherous blood,
And make thee answer all my great revenge!

Now, now, thou traitress! [*Offers to kill her.*

Sel. Plunge the poniard deep! [*She kneels.*

The life my father gave shall hear his summons,
And issue at the wound—

Since from your spring I drew the purple stream,
And I must pay it back, if you demand it.

Baj. Hence from my thoughts, thou soft relenting
weakness!

Hast thou not given me up a prey? betray'd me!

Sel. Oh, not for worlds! not even for all the joys,
Love, or the prophet's paradise, can give!

Amidst the thousand pains of anxious tenderness,
I made the gentle, kind Axalla swear,
Your life, your crown, and honour should be safe.

Baj. Away! my soul disdains the vile dependence!
No, let me rather die, die like a king!

Shall I fall down at the proud Tartar's foot,
And say, Have mercy on me? Hark! they come!

[*Shout.*

Disgrace will overtake my lingering hand;

Die then! Thy father's shame, and thine, die with
thee. [*Offers to kill her.*

Sel. For Heav'n, for pity's sake!

[*She catches hold of his Arm.*

Baj. Ha! dar'st thou bar my will? Tear off her hold!

Sel. What, not for life! Should I not plead for
life?

Look on my eyes, which you so oft have kiss'd,
And swore they were your best-lov'd queen's, my
mother's:

Behold them now streaming for mercy, mercy!

Oh, spare me! Spare your Selima, my father!

Baj. A lazy sloth hangs on my resolution:

It is my Selima!—Ha! What, my child!

And can I murder her?—Dreadful imagination!

Again they come! I leave her to my foes! [*Shouts.*

And shall they triumph o'er the race of Bajazet!

Die, Selima ! Is that a father's voice ?
 Out, out, thou foolish nature !
 Seize her, ye slaves, and strangle her this moment !

[To the MUTES.

Sel. Oh, let me die by you ! Behold my breast !
 I will not shrink ! Oh, save me but from these !

Baj. Despatch ! [The MUTES seize her.

Sel. But for a moment, while I pray,
 That Heav'n may guard my royal father.

Baj. Dogs !

Sel. That you may only bless me ere I die.

[Shouts.

Baj. Ye tedious villains ! then the work is mine.

[BAJAZET runs at SELIMA with his Sword.

Enter AXALLA, &c. AXALLA gets between BAJAZET
 and SELIMA, and drives BAJAZET and the MUTES
 off the Stage.

Ax. And am I come to save thee ? Oh ! my joy !
 Be this the whitest hour of all my life :
 This one success is more than all my wars,
 The noblest, dearest, glory of my sword.

Sel. Alas, Axalla ! Death has been around me ;
 My coward soul still trembles at the fright,
 And seems but half secure, ev'n in thy arms.

Ax. Retire, my fair, and let me guard thee forth :
 Blood and tumultuous slaughter are about us,
 And Danger, in her ugliest forms, is here ;
 Nor will the pleasure of my heart be full,
 Till all my fears are ended in thy safety.

[Exit AXALLA and SELIMA.

*Enter TAMERLANE, the PRINCE OF TANAI, ZAMA,
 MIRVAN, and SOLDIERS ; with BAJAZET, OMAR,
 and the DERVISE, Prisoners.*

Tam. Mercy, at length, gives up her peaceful
 sceptre,
 And Justice sternly takes her turn to govern ;
 'Tis a rank world, and asks her keenest sword,

To cut up villany of monstrous growth.
 Zama, take care, that with the earliest dawn,
 Those traitors meet the fate their treason merits!
 [Pointing to OMAR and the DERVISE.]
 For thee, thou tyrant! *[To BAJAZET.]* whose op-
 pressive violence

Has ruin'd those thou shouldst protect at home,
 What punishment is equal to thy crimes?
 The doom, thy rage design'd for me, be thine:
 Clos'd in a cage, like some destructive beast,
 I'll have thee borne about in public view,
 A great example of that righteous vengeance,
 That waits on cruelty, and pride, like thine.

Baj. It is beneath me to decline my fate,
 I stand prepared to meet thy utmost hate:
 Yet think not, I will long thy triumph see:
 None want the means, when the soul dares be free.
 I'll curse thee with my last, my parting breath,
 And keep the courage of my life in death;
 Then boldly venture on that world unknown:
 It cannot use me worse than this has done.

[Exit BAJAZET, guarded.]

Tam. Behold the vain effects of earth-born pride,
 That scorn'd Heav'n's laws, and all its pow'r defy'd,
 That could the hand, which form'd it first, forget,
 And fondly say, I made myself be great!
 But justly those above assert their sway,
 And teach ev'n kings what homage they should pay,
 Who then rules best, when mindful to obey.

[Exeunt omnes.]

THE END.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters. The text notes that without clear documentation, it becomes difficult to track expenses and revenues, which can lead to misunderstandings and disputes.

2. The second section focuses on the role of technology in modern record-keeping. It highlights how digital tools and software solutions have revolutionized the way data is stored and accessed. These technologies not only improve efficiency but also enhance the security of information. The document suggests that organizations should invest in reliable digital systems to ensure their records are protected and easily retrievable.

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GEORGE BARNWELL



BARNWELL—TO DARE TRUST YOUR BEAUTY AND
PRESS YOUR HAND INTO MINE BY WISDOM'S
SILENCE. SCENE III.

Painted by Stothard.

Published by Longman & Co. March 1816.

Engraved by C. Heath.

GEORGE BARNWELL;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY GEORGE LILLO.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

**PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-BOW.**

EDINBURGH :
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

REMARKS.

THE author of this tragedy was a tradesman, which might influence his taste for the description of scenes in humble life; beyond which, his acquaintance could not extend but in theory.

The popular ballad of "George Barnwell" furnished him with an excellent subject to gratify his inclination; and its moral tendency did just honour to the writer's character, which was that of worth and probity.

Lillo was born in 1693, and was by profession a jeweller. He lived in London, near Moorgate, in the same neighbourhood where he received his birth: and in the year 1732, having produced this tragedy, he presented it to Mr Theophilus Cibber, then manager of the summer company at the theatre royal Drury Lane.

Mr Cibber eagerly accepted this new species of pathetic drama; but, on announcing it for performance, its well-known title, "The true Story of George Barawell," made a very unfavourable impression upon the refined part of the town, and they condemned the presumption of the author; in hoping to make them sympathize in the sorrows of any man beneath the rank of an emperor, king, or statesman.

On the first night of representation, the greatest part of the audience assembled to laugh, and brought with them the old ballad on the subject, as a token of ridicule; but, as the play proceeded, they became attentive, then interested, and, at length, threw down the ancient ditty, and drew forth their handkerchiefs.

Pope was amongst the distinguished persons who had the curiosity to be present at the first performance of "George Barnwell," and he commended the work. He observed, that the fable was well conducted, and the diction natural; or if, at times, it was elevated something above the simplicity of the characters, it never descended to meanness, or departed from that truth of style calculated to reach the heart.

The play was performed twenty nights successively on its first appearance, nor did it lose its attraction in the winter season, being frequently acted to crowded houses; and warmly patronised by merchants and other opulent citizens.

Revived notions of elegance in calamity have, in later times, reduced this play to a mere holiday performance, to warn apprentices and servantmen against the arts of depraved females; and point out to them the inevitable destruction that must ensue upon the first breach of trust.

In spite of so coarse a moral for refined delinquents, "George Barnwell" is an evening's entertainment worthy of the most judicious admirer of the drama, when C. Kemble performs the character.* Till he

* He appeared in the character when he was not older than Barnwell is described to be.

represented it, the tragedy was fallen into absolute contempt, by the appearance of actors in *Barnwell*, whose persons and ages gave not the slightest resemblance of the bashful youth described; and consequently could excite no mercy towards his crimes, no pity for his sufferings.

The difficulty of representing this tragedy, so as to impress every auditor with its value as a dramatic entertainment, exists in procuring an actor who is young enough to look like the merchant's stripling clerk, and yet performer good enough to paint the tumult of various passions which rend his youthful breast.

In a criticism upon this play, in the "*Biographia Dramatica*," it is alleged, that Dr Samuel Johnson has given his sentiments upon the question, whether tragedies, in which the plots are taken from domestic life, should be written in metre or prose? wholly against the latter; declaring—"that he could hardly consider a prose tragedy as dramatic."

But it should be recollected, that this opinion was delivered to the writer of a tragedy in prose, (Mr Edmund Howard, author of "*The Female Gamester*,") who brought his manuscript for the doctor's judgment on the work; and it was a far more gentle method of pronouncing condemnation on the performance,—to point out one great and fatal mistake in the author's general plan, than to torture him by exposing a multitude of faults in every species.

The author of "*George Barnwell*" died in September, 1739, in the 47th year of his age. On which

occasion, the author of "Tom Jones" printed the following character of him in "The Champion."

"He had a perfect knowledge of human nature, though his contempt of all base means of application, which are the necessary steps to great acquaintance, restrained his conversation within very narrow bounds. He had the spirit of an old Roman, joined to a primitive Christian. He was content with his little state of life, in which his excellent temper of mind gave him an happiness beyond the power of riches; and it was necessary for his friends to have a sharp insight into his want of their services, as well as good inclination, and abilities, to serve him. In short, he was one of the best of men, and those who knew him best, will most regret his loss."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

	DRURY LANE.	COVENT GARDEN.
THOROWGOOD	<i>Mr Powell.</i>	<i>Mr Murray.</i>
UNCLE	<i>Mr Eyre.</i>	<i>Mr Hull.</i>
GEORGE BARNWELL	<i>Mr Elliston.</i>	<i>Mr C. Kemble.</i>
TRUEMAN ¹	<i>Mr Bartley.</i>	<i>Mr Claremont.</i>
BLUNT	<i>Mr Cooke.</i>	<i>Mr Beverly.</i>
JAILOR		<i>Mr Abbat.</i>
JOHN		<i>Mr Curtis.</i>
MARIA	<i>Miss Boyce.</i>	<i>Miss Marriot.</i>
MILLWOOD	<i>Mrs Powell.</i>	<i>Mrs Litchfield.</i>
LUCY	<i>Mrs Sparks.</i>	<i>Mrs Mattocks.</i>

SCENE, — London.

GEORGE BARNWELL.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Room in THOROWGOOD'S House.

Enter THOROWGOOD and TRUEMAN.

True. Sir, the packet from Genoa is arrived.

[Gives Letters.]

Thor. Heaven be praised! the storm, that threatened our royal mistress, pure religion, liberty, and laws, is for a time diverted. The haughty and revengeful enemy, disappointed of the loan on which he depended from Genoa, must now attend the slow returns of wealth from his new world, to supply his empty coffers, ere he can execute his proposed invasion of our happy island. By this means, time is gained to make such preparations on our part, as may, Heaven concurring, prevent his malice, or turn the meditated mischief on himself.

True. He must be insensible indeed, who is not affected when the safety of his country is concerned.—Sir, may I know by what means?—If I am not too bold—

Thor. Your curiosity is laudable, and I gratify it with the greater pleasure, because, from thence you may learn, how honest merchants, as such, may sometimes contribute to the safety of their country, as they do at all times to its happiness; that if hereafter you should be tempted to any action that has the appearance of vice or meanness in it, upon reflecting on the dignity of our profession, you may, with honest scorn, reject whatever is unworthy of it.

Truc. Should Barnwell, or I, who have the benefit of your example, by our ill conduct, bring any imputation on that honourable name, we must be left without excuse.

Thor. You compliment, young man. [*TRUEMAN bows respectfully.*] Nay, I am not offended. As the name of merchant never degrades the gentleman, so by no means does it exclude him. Only take heed not to purchase the character of complaisant at the expense of sincerity.

Truc. Sir, have you any commands for me at this time?

Thor. Only look carefully over the files, to see whether there are any tradesmen's bills unpaid; if there are, send and discharge them. We must not let artificers lose their time, so useful to the public and their families, in unnecessary attendance.

[*Exit TRUEMAN.*]

Enter MARIA.

Well, Maria, have you given orders for the entertainment? I would have it in some measure worthy the guests. Let there be plenty, and of the best, that the courtiers may at least commend our hospitality.

Mar. Sir, I have endeavoured not to wrong your well-known generosity by an ill-timed parsimony.

Thor. Nay, 'twas a needless caution: I have no cause to doubt your prudence.

Mar. Sir, I find myself unfit for conversation; I should but increase the number of the company, without adding to their satisfaction.

Thor. Nay, my child, this melancholy must not be indulged.

Mar. Company will but increase it: I wish you would dispense with my presence. Solitude best suits my present temper.

Thor. You are not insensible, that it is chiefly on your account these noble lords do me the honour so frequently to grace my board. Should you be absent, the disappointment may make them repent of their condescension, and think their labour lost.

Mar. He, that shall think his time or honour lost in visiting you, can set no real value on your daughter's company, whose only merit is, that she is yours. The man of quality, who chuses to converse with a gentleman and merchant of your worth and character may confer honour by so doing, but he loses none.

Thor. Come, come, Maria, I need not tell you, that a young gentleman may prefer your conversation to mine, and yet intend me no disrespect at all. For though he may lose no honour in my company, 'tis very natural for him to expect more pleasure in yours. I remember the time, when the company of the greatest and wisest men in the kingdom would have been insipid and tiresome to me, if it had deprived me of an opportunity of enjoying your mother's.

Mar. Yours, no doubt, was as agreeable to her; for generous minds know no pleasure in society but where 'tis mutual.

Thor. Thou knowest I have no heir, no child, but thee; the fruits of many years successful industry must all be thine. Now, it would give me pleasure, great as my love, to see on whom you will bestow it. I am daily solicited by men of the greatest rank and merit for leave to address you: but I have hitherto declined it, in hopes that, by observation, I should

learn which way your inclination tends; for, as I know love to be essential to happiness in the married state, I had rather my approbation should confirm your choice than direct it.

Mar. What can I say? How shall I answer as I ought, this tenderness, so uncommon even in the best of parents? But you are without example: yet, had you been less indulgent, I had been most wretched. That I look on the crowd of courtiers that visit here, with equal esteem, but equal indifference, you have observed, and I must needs confess; yet, had you asserted your authority, and insisted on a parent's right to be obeyed, I had submitted, and to my duty sacrificed my peace.

Thor. From your perfect obedience in every other instance, I feared as much; and therefore would leave you without a bias in an affair wherein your happiness is so immediately concerned.

Mar. Whether from a want of that just ambition that would become your daughter, or from some other cause, I know not; but I find high birth and titles don't recommend the man, who owns them, to my affections.

Thor. I would not that they should, unless his merit recommends him more. A noble birth and fortune, though they make not a bad man good, yet they are a real advantage to a worthy one, and place his virtues in the fairest light.

Mar. I cannot answer for my inclinations; but they shall ever be submitted to your wisdom and authority. And as you will not compel me to marry where I cannot love, love shall never make me act contrary to my duty. Sir, have I your permission to retire?

Thor. I'll see you to your chamber. [Exit.

SCENE II.

*A Room in MILLWOOD'S House.**MILLWOOD and LUCY discovered.*

Mill. How do I look to-day, Lucy?

Lucy. Oh, killingly, madam! A little more red, and you'll be irresistible.—But why this more than ordinary care of your dress and complexion? What new conquest are you aiming at?

Mill. A conquest would be new indeed.

Lucy. Not to you who make them every day—but to me—Well, 'tis what I'm never to expect—unfortunate as I am—But your wit and beauty—

Mill. First made me a wretch, and still continue me so. Men, however generous or sincere to one another, are all selfish hypocrites in their affairs with us; we are no otherwise esteemed or regarded by them, but as we contribute to their satisfaction. We are but slaves to men. It is a general maxim among the knowing part of mankind, that a woman without virtue, like a man without honour or honesty, is capable of any action, though ever so vile; and yet what pains will they not take, what arts not use, to seduce us from our innocence, and make us contemptible and wicked, even in their own opinion! Then is it not just, the villains, to their cost, should find us so? But guilt makes them suspicious, and keeps them on their guard; therefore we can take advantage only of the young and innocent part of the sex, who, having never injured women, apprehend no injury from them.

Lucy. Ay, they must be young indeed.

Mill. Such a one, I think, I have found. As I have

passed through the city, I have often observed him receiving and paying considerable sums of money; from thence I conclude he is employed in affairs of consequence.

Lucy. Is he handsome?

Mill. Ay, ay, the stripling is well made, and has a good face.

Lucy. About——

Mill. Eighteen.

Lucy. Innocent, handsome, and about eighteen!—You'll be vastly happy. Why, if you manage well, you may keep him to yourself these two or three years.

Mill. If I manage well, I shall have done with him much sooner. Having long had a design on him, and meeting him yesterday, I made a full stop, and gazing wishfully in his face, asked his name. He blushed, and bowing very low, answered, George Barnwell, I begged his pardon for the freedom I had taken, and told him, that he was the person I had long wished to see, and to whom I had an affair of importance to communicate, at a proper time and place. He named a tavern; I talked of honour and reputation, and invited him to my house. He swallowed the bait, promised to come, and this is the time I expect him.—*[Knocking at the Door.]* Somebody knocks—D'ye hear? I am at home to nobody to-day but him. *[Exit Lucy.]* Less affairs must give way to those of more consequence, and I am strangely mistaken, if this does not prove of great importance to me, and him too, before I have done with him.—Now, after what manner shall I receive him? Let me consider—What manner of person am I to receive? He is young, innocent, and bashful: therefore I must take care not to put him out of countenance, at first. But then, if I have any skill in physiognomy, he is amorous; and with a little assistance will soon get the better of his

modesty. I'll e'en trust to nature, who does wonders in these matters.

Enter BARNWELL, bowing very low.—LUCY at a Distance.

Mill. Sir, the surprise and joy——

Barn. Madam!

Mill. This is such a favour—— [*Advancing.*

Barn. Pardon me, madam.

Mill. So unhop'd for! [*Still advances.—BARNWELL salutes her, and retires in confusion.*] To see you here——Excuse the confusion——

Barn. I fear I am too bold——

Mill. Alas, sir, I may justly apprehend you think me so. Please, sir, to sit. I am as much at a loss how to receive this honour as I ought, as I am surprised at your goodness in conferring it.

Barn. I thought you had expected me: I promised to come.

Mill. That is the more surprising: few men are such religious observers of their word.

Barn. All who are honest are.

Mill. To one another; but we simple women are seldom thought of consequence enough to gain a place in their remembrance.

[*Laying her hand on his, as by accident.*

Barn. Her disorder is so great, she don't perceive she has laid her hand on mine. Heavens! How she trembles!—What can this mean? [*Aside.*

Mill. The interest I have in all that relates to you, (the reason of which you shall know hereafter) excites my curiosity; and were I sure you would pardon my presumption, I should desire to know your real sentiments on a very particular subject.

Barn. Madam, you may command my poor thoughts on any subject; I have none that I would conceal.

Mill. You'll think me bold?

Barn. No, indeed,

Mill. What, then, are your thoughts of love ?

Barn. If you mean the general love we owe to mankind, I think no one has more of it in his temper than myself. I don't know that person in the world, whose happiness I don't wish, and would not promote, were it in my power. In an especial manner I love my uncle and my master ; but, above all, my friend.

Mill. You have a friend, then, whom you love ?

Barn. As he does me, sincerely.

Mill. He is, no doubt, often blessed with your company and conversation ?

Barn. We live in one house, and both serve the same worthy merchant.

Mill. Happy, happy youth ! whoe'er thou art, I envy thee. What have I lost, by being formed a woman ! I hate my sex, myself. Had I been a man, I might, perhaps, have been as happy in your friendship, as he who now enjoys it : but as it is— Oh !—

Barn. I never observed woman before ; or this is sure the most beautiful of her sex. [*Aside.*]—You seem disordered, madam—May I know the cause ?

Mill. Do not ask me—I can never speak it, whatever is the cause. I wish for things impossible. I would be a servant, bound to the same master, to live in one house with you.

Barn. How strange, and yet how kind, her words and actions are ! and the effect they have on me is as strange. I must be gone, while I have power to go. [*Aside.*]—Madam, I humbly take my leave.

Mill. You will not, sure, leave me so soon !

Barn. Indeed I must.

Mill. You cannot be so cruel ! I have prepared a poor supper, at which I promised myself your company.

Barn. I am sorry I must refuse the honour you designed me ; but my duty to my master calls me hence. I never yet neglected his service. He is so gentle,

and so good a master, that, should I wrong him, though he might forgive me, I should never forgive myself.

Mill. Am I refused, by the first man, the second favour I ever stooped to ask! Go then, thou proud hard-hearted youth; but know, you are the only man that could be found, who would let me sue twice for greater favours.

Barn. What shall I do? How shall I go, or stay?

Mill. Yet do not, do not leave me. I with my sex's pride would meet your scorn; but when I look upon you, when I behold those eyes—Oh! spare my tongue, and let my blushes—this flood of tears too, that will force its way, declare—what woman's modesty should hide.

Barn. Oh, Heavens! she loves me, worthless as I am. Her looks, her words, her flowing tears, confess it. And can I leave her then? Oh, never, never!—Madam, dry up your tears: you shall command me always; I will stay here for ever, if you would have me.

Lucy. So: she has wheedled him out of his virtue of obedience already, and will strip him of all the rest, one after another, till she has left him as few as her ladyship, or myself. [Aside.

Mill. Now you are kind, indeed; but I mean not to detain you always: I would have you shake off all slavish obedience to your master; but you may serve him still.

Lucy. Serve him still! Ay, or he'll have no opportunity of fingering his cash; and then he'll not serve your end, I'll be sworn. [Aside.

Enter BLUNT.

Blunt. Madam, supper's on the table.

Mill. Come, sir, you'll excuse all defects. My

thoughts were too much employed on my guest, to observe the entertainment.

[*Exeunt BARNWELL and MILLWOOD.*]

Blunt. What! is all this preparation, this elegant supper, variety of wines, and music, for the entertainment of that young fellow?

Lucy. So it seems.

Blunt. How! is our mistress turned fool at last? She's in love with him, I suppose.

Lucy. I suppose not. But she designs to make him in love with her, if she can.

Blunt. What will she get by that? He seems under age, and can't be supposed to have much money.

Lucy. But his master has, and that's the same thing, as she'll manage it.

Blunt. I don't like this fooling with a handsome young fellow: while she's endeavouring to ensnare him, she may be caught herself.

Lucy. Nay, were she like me, that would certainly be the consequence: for, I confess, there is something in youth and innocence that moves me mightily.

Blunt. Yes; so does the smoothness and plumpness of a partridge move a mighty desire in the hawk to be the destruction of it.

Lucy. Why, birds are their prey, and men are ours; though, as you observed, we are sometimes caught ourselves. But that, I dare say, will never be the case of our mistress.

Blunt. I wish it may prove so; for you know we all depend upon her. Should she trifle away her time with a young fellow that there's nothing to be got by, we must all starve.

Lucy. There's no danger of that; for I am sure she has no view in this affair but interest.

Blunt. Well, and what hopes are there of success in that?

Lucy. The most promising that can be. 'Tis true the youth has his scruples; but she'll soon teach him

to answer them, by stifling his conscience. Oh, the lad is in a hopeful way, depend upon't. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

BARNWELL and MILLWOOD *discovered at Supper.*

Music—after which they come forward.

Barn. What can I answer? All that I know is, that you are fair, and I am miserable.

Mill. We are both so, and yet the fault is in ourselves.

Barn. To ease our present anguish, by plunging into guilt, is to buy a moment's pleasure with an age of pain.

Mill. I should have thought the joys of love as lasting as they are great: if ours prove otherwise, 'tis your inconstancy must make them so.

Barn. The law of Heaven will not be reversed, and that requires us to govern our passions.

Mill. Have we passions only to torment us?

Barn. To hear you talk, to gaze upon your beauty, and press your hand, inflames my wishes; my senses all are in a hurry, and I am on the rack of wild desire; yet, for a moment's guilty pleasure, shall I lose my innocence, my peace of mind, and hopes of solid happiness?

Mill. Chimeras all! Come on with me, and prove No joys like woman-kind, no Heav'n like love.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

*A Room in THOROWGOOD'S House.**Enter BARNWELL.*

Barn. How strange are all things round me ! Like some thief, who treads forbidden ground, and fain would lurk unseen, fearful I enter each apartment of this well-known house. To guilty love, as if that were too little, already have I added breach of trust —A thief!—Can I know myself that wretched thing, and look my honest friend and injured master in the face ? Though hypocrisy may a while conceal my guilt, at length it will be known, and public shame and ruin must ensue. In the mean time, what must be my life ? Ever to speak a language foreign to my heart ; hourly to add to the number of my crimes, in order to conceal them ! Sure such was the condition of the grand apostate, when first he lost his purity. Like me, disconsolate he wandered ; and while yet in heaven, bore all his future hell about.

Enter TRUEMAN.

True. Barnwell, Oh, how I rejoice to see you safe ! so will our master and his gentle daughter ; who, during your absence, often enquired after you.

Barn. Would he were gone ! his officious love will pry into the secrets of my soul. [*Aside.*]

Truc. Unless you knew the pain the whole family has felt on your account, you can't conceive how much you are beloved. But why thus cold and silent? When my heart is full of joy for your return, why do you turn away? why thus avoid me? What have I done? how am I altered since you saw me last? Or rather, what have you done? and why are you thus changed? for I am still the same.

Barn. What have I done indeed! [*Aside.*]

Truc. Not speak!—nor look upon me!—

Barn. By my face he will discover all I would conceal; methinks already I begin to hate him. [*Aside.*]

Truc. I cannot bear this usage from a friend; one whom till now I ever found so loving; whom yet I love; though this unkindness strikes at the root of friendship, and might destroy it in any breast but mine.

Barn. I am not well. [*Turning to him.*] Sleep has been a stranger to these eyes since you beheld them last.

Truc. Heavy they look indeed, and swollen with tears; now they overflow. Rightly did my sympathising heart forebode last night, when thou wast absent, something fatal to our peace.

Barn. Your friendship engages you too far. My troubles, whate'er they are, are mine alone; you have no interest in them, nor ought your concern for me to give you a moment's pain.

Truc. You speak as if you knew of friendship nothing but the name. Before I saw your grief, I felt it. E'en now, though ignorant of the cause, your sorrow wounds me to the heart.

Barn. 'Twill not be always thus. Friendship and all engagements cease as circumstances and occasions vary; and since you once may hate me, perhaps it might be better for us both that now you loved me less.

Truc. Sure I but dream! Without a cause would

Barnwell use me thus? Ungenerous and ungrateful youth, farewell; I shall endeavour to follow your advice. [*Going.*] Yet stay, perhaps I am too rash and angry; when the cause demands compassion. Some unforeseen calamity may have befallen him, too great to bear.

Barn. What part am I reduced to act? 'Tis vile and base to move his temper thus, the best of friends and men.

True. I am to blame; pr'ythee, forgive me, Barnwell. Try to compose your ruffled mind; and let me know the cause that thus transports you from yourself; my friendly counsel may restore your peace.

Barn. All that is possible for man to do for man your generous friendship may effect; but here even that's in vain.

True. Something dreadful is labouring in your breast; oh, give it vent, and let me share your grief; 'twill ease your pain, should it admit no cure, and make it lighter by the part I bear.

Barn. Vain supposition! my woes increase by being observed; should the cause be known, they would exceed all bounds.

True. So well I know thy honest heart, guilt cannot harbour there.

Barn. Oh, torture insupportable! [*Aside.*

True. Then why am I excluded? Have I a thought I would conceal from you?

Barn. If still you urge me on this hated subject, I'll never enter more beneath this roof, nor see your face again.

True. 'Tis strange—but I have done; say but you hate me not.

Barn. Hate you! I am not that monster yet.

True. Shall our friendship still continue?

Barn. 'Tis a blessing I never was worthy of; yet now must stand on terms; and but upon conditions can confirm it.

True. What are they ?

Barn. Never hereafter, though you should wonder at my conduct, desire to know more than I am willing to reveal.

True. 'Tis hard; but upon any conditions I must be your friend.

Barn. Then, as much as one lost to himself can be another's, I am yours. *[Embracing.]*

True. Be ever so, and may Heaven restore your peace! But business requires our attendance; business, the youth's best preservative from ill, as idleness his worst of suares. Will you go with me?

Barn. I'll take a little time to reflect on what has past, and follow you. *[Exit TRUEMAN.]* I might have trusted Trueman, and engaged him to apply to my uncle, to repair the wrong I have done my master; but what of Millwood? shall I leave her, for ever leave her, and not let her know the cause? She, who loves me with such a boundless passion! I judge of what she then must feel, by what I now endure. How then can I determine?

Enter THOROWGOOD.

Thor. Without a cause assigned, or notice given, to absent yourself last night, was a fault, young man, and I came to chide you for it, but I hope I am prevented. That modest blush, the confusion so visible in your face, speak grief and shame. When we have offended Heaven, it requires no more; and shall man, who needs himself to be forgiven, be harder to appease? If my pardon or love be of moment to your peace, look up, secure of both.

Barn. This goodness has o'ercome me *[Aside.]* Oh, sir, you know not the nature and extent of my offence; and I should abuse your mistaken bounty to receive it. Though I had rather die than speak my shame; though racks could not have forced the guilty secret from my breast, your kindness has.

Thor. Enough, enough, whate'er it be; this concern shews you're convinced, and I am satisfied. How painful is the sense of guilt, to an ingenuous mind! Some youthful folly, which it were prudent not to enquire into.

Barn. It will be known, and you'll recall your pardon, and abhor me.

Thor. I never will. Yet be upon your guard in this gay thoughtless season of your life; when vice becomes habitual, the very power of leaving it is lost.

Barn. Hear me, on my knees, confess——

Thor. Not a syllable more upon this subject; it were not mercy, but cruelty, to hear what must give you such torment to reveal.

Barn. This generosity amazes and distracts me.

Thor. This remorse makes thee dearer to me than if thou hadst never offended. Whatever is your fault, of this I am certain, 'twas harder for you to offend, than me to pardon. [Exit THOROWGOOD.]

Barn. Villain, villain, villain! basely to wrong so excellent a man. Should I again return to folly!—Detested thought!—But what of Millwood then?—Why, I renounce her:—I give her up—The struggle's over, and virtue has prevailed. Reason may convince, but gratitude compels. This unlooked-for generosity has saved me from destruction. [Going.]

Enter a FOOTMAN.

Foot. Sir, two ladies from your uncle in the country desire to see you.

Barn. Who should they be? [*Aside.*] Tell them to walk in. [Exit FOOTMAN.] Methinks I dread to see them.—Now every thing alarms me.—Guilt, what a coward hast thou made me!

Enter MILLWOOD and LUCY.

Barn. Confusion! Millwood!

Mill. That angry look tells me that here I am an

unwelcome guest. I feared as much; the unhappy are so every where.

Barn. Will nothing but my utter ruin content you?

Mill. Unkind and cruel!

Barn. How did you gain admission?

Mill. Saying we were desired by your uncle to visit, and deliver a message to you, we were received by the family without suspicion, and with much respect conducted here.

Barn. Why did you come at all?

Mill. I never shall trouble you more. I'm come to take my leave for ever. Such is the malice of my fate: I go hopeless, despairing ever to return. This hour is all I have left: one short hour is all I have to bestow on love and you, for whom I thought the longest life too short.

Barn. Then we are met to part for ever?

Mill. It must be so. Yet think not that time or absence shall ever put a period to my grief, or make me love you less. Though I must leave you, yet condemn me not.

Barn. Condemn you! No, I approve your resolution, and rejoice to hear it; 'Tis just——'tis necessary.—I have well weighed, and found it so.

Lucy. I am afraid the young man has more sense than she thought he had. [Aside.

Barn. Before you came, I had determined never to see you more.

Mill. Confusion! [Aside.

Lucy. Ay, we are all out; this is a turn so unexpected, that I shall make nothing of my part; they must e'en play the scene betwixt themselves. [Aside.

Mill. 'Twas some relief to think, though absent, you would love me still; but to find, though fortune had been indulgent, that you, more cruel and inconstant, had resolved to cast me off, this, as I never could expect, I have not learnt to bear.

Barn. I am sorry to hear you blame me in a resolution that so well becomes us both.

Mill. I have reasons for what I do, but you have none.

Barn. Can we want a reason for parting, who have so many to wish we never had met?

Mill. Look on me, Barnwell. Am I deformed, or old? Nay, look again; am I not she whom yesterday you thought the fairest and the kindest of her sex?

Barn. No more: let me repent my former follies, if possible, without remembering what they were.

Mill. Why?

Barn. Such is my frailty, that 'tis dangerous.

Mill. Where is the danger, since we are to part?

Barn. The thought of that already is too painful.

Mill. If it be painful to part, then I may hope, at least, you do not hate me?

Barn. No——no——I never said I did——Oh, my heart!

Mill. Perhaps you pity me?

Barn. I do——I do——Indeed I do.

Mill. You'll think upon me?

Barn. Doubt it not, while I can think at all.

Mill. You may judge an embrace at parting too great a favour——though it would be the last. [*He draws back.*] A look shall then suffice——Farewell——for ever.

[*Exeunt MILLWOOD and LUCY*]

Barn. If to resolve to suffer, be to conquer,——I have conquered——Painful victory!

Enter MILLWOOD and LUCY.

Mill. One thing I had forgot;—I never must return to my own house again. This I thought proper to let you know, lest your mind should change, and you should seek in vain to find me there. Forgive me this second intrusion; I only came to give you this caution, and that, perhaps, was needless.

Barn. I hope it was; yet it is kind, and I must thank you for it.

Mill. My friend, your arm [To Lucy.]—Now, I am gone for ever. [Going.]

Barn. One thing more—Sure there's no danger in my knowing where you go? If you think otherwise—

Mill. Alas! [Weeping.]

Lucy. We are right, I find: that's my cue. [Aside.] Ah, dear sir, she's going she knows not whither; but go she must.

Barn. Humanity obliges me to wish you well; why will you thus expose yourself to needless troubles?

Lucy. Nay, there's no help for it: she must quit town immediately, and the kingdom as soon as possible. It was no small matter, you may be sure, that could make her resolve to leave you.

Mill. No more, my friend; since he, for whose dear sake alone I suffer, and am content to suffer, is kind and pities me, where'er I wander through wilds and deserts, benighted and forlorn, that thought shall give me comfort.

Barn. For my sake!—Oh tell me how, which way am I so cursed, to bring such ruin on thee?

Mill. To know it will but increase your troubles.

Barn. My troubles can't be greater than they are.

Lucy. Well, well, sir, if she won't satisfy you, I will.

Barn. I am bound to you beyond expression.

Mill. Remember, sir, that I desired you not to hear it.

Barn. Begin, and ease my racking expectation.

Lucy. Why, you must know, my lady here was an only child, and her parents dying while she was young, left her and her fortune (no inconsiderable one, I assure you) to the care of a gentleman who has a good estate of his own.

Mill. Ay, ay, the barbarous man is rich enough ; but what are riches, when compared to love ?

Lucy. For a while he performed the office of a faithful guardian, settled her in a house, hired her servants.—But you have seen in what manner she lived, so I need say no more of that.

Mill. How I shall live hereafter, Heaven knows !

Lucy. All things went on as one could wish ; till some time ago, his wife dying, he fell violently in love with his charge, and would fain have married her. Now the man is neither old or ugly, but a good personable sort of a man, but I don't know how it was, she could never endure him. In short, her ill usage so provoked him, that he brought in an account of his executorship, wherein he makes her debtor to him.

Mill. A trifle in itself, but more than enough to ruin me, whom, by this unjust account, he had stripped of all before.

Lucy. Now, she having neither money nor friend, except me, who am as unfortunate as herself, he compelled her to pass his accounts, and give bond for the sum he demanded ; but still provided handsomely for her, and continued his courtship, till being informed by his spies (truly I suspect some in her own family) that you were entertained at her house, and staid with her all night, he came this morning, raving and storming like a madman, talks no more of marriage (so there's no hope of making up matters that way,) but vows her ruin, unless she'll allow him the same favour that he supposes she granted you.

Barn. Must she be ruined, or find her refuge in another's arms ?

Mill. He gave me but an hour to resolve in ; that's happily spent with you—and now I go—

Barn. To be exposed to all the rigours of the various seasons ; the summer's parching heat, and winter's cold ; unhoused, to wander friendless, through

the inhospitable world, in misery and want ! Would'st thou endure all this for me, and can I do nothing, nothing, to prevent it ?

Lucy. 'Tis really a pity there can be no way found out.

Barn. Oh, where are all my resolutions now !

Lucy. Now I advised her, sir, to comply with the gentleman.

Barn. Tormenting fiend, away ! I had rather perish, nay, see her perish, than have her saved by him. I will myself prevent her ruin, though with my own. A moment's patience. I'll return immediately.

[*Exit BARN.*

Lucy. 'Twas well you came, or, by what I can perceive, you had lost him.

Mill. That, I must confess, was a danger I did not foresee ; I was only afraid he should have come without money. You know, a house of entertainment like mine is not kept without expence.

Lucy. That's very true ; but then you should be reasonable in your demands : 'tis pity to discourage a young man.

Mill. Leave that to me.

Enter BARNWELL, with a Bag of Money.

Barn. Here, take this, and with it purchase your deliverance. Return to your house, and live in peace and safety.

Mill. So, I may hope to see you there again ?

Barn. Answer me not, but fly, lest, in the agonies of my remorse, I take again what is not mine to give, and abandon thee to want and misery.

Mill. Say but you'll come !

Barn. You are my fate, my heaven or my hell ; only leave me now, dispose of me hereafter as you please. [*Exeunt MILLWOOD and LUCY.*] What have I done ? Were my resolutions founded on reason, and sincerely made ? Why then has Heaven suffered me

to fall? I sought not the occasion; and, if my heart deceives me not, compassion and generosity were my motives. But why should I attempt to reason? All is confusion, horror, and remorse. I find I am lost, cast down from all my late-erected hope, and plunged again in guilt, yet scarce know how or why.

Such undistinguish'd horrors make my brain,
Like hell, the seat of darkness and of pain. [*Exit.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Room in THOROWGOOD'S House.

Enter THOROWGOOD and TRUEMAN.

Thor. Well, I have examined your accounts; they are not only just, as I always found them, but regularly kept and fairly entered. I commend your diligence. Method in business is the surest guide. He who neglects it frequently stumbles, and always wanders perplexed, uncertain, and in danger. Are Barnwell's accounts ready for my inspection? He does not use to be the last on these occasions.

True. Upon receiving your orders, he retired, I thought, in some confusion. If you please, I'll go and hasten him. I hope he has not been guilty of any neglect.

Thor. I am now going to the Exchange; let him know, at my return I expect to find him ready.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter MARIA, with a Book.—Sits and reads.

Mar. How forcible is truth! The weakest mind, inspired with love of that, fixed and collected in itself, with indifference beholds the united force of earth and hell opposing. Such souls are raised above the sense of pain, or so supported that they regard it not. The martyr cheaply purchases his heaven! small are his sufferings, great is his reward. Not so the wretch who combats love with duty; whose mind, weakened and dissolved by the soft passion, feeble and hopeless, opposes his own desires—What is an hour, a day, a year of pain, to a whole life of tortures such as these?

Enter TRUEMAN.

True. Oh, Barnwell! Oh, my friend! how art thou fallen!

Mar. Ha! Barnwell! What of him? Speak, say, what of Barnwell?

True. 'Tis not to be concealed: I've news to tell of him, that will afflict your generous father, yourself, and all who know him.

Mar. Defend us, Heaven!

True. I cannot speak it. See there.

[Gives a Letter.

Mar. [Reads.] *I know my absence will surprise my honoured master and yourself; and the more, when you shall understand that the reason of my withdrawing, is my having embezzled part of the cash with which I was entrusted. After this, 'tis needless to inform you, that I intend never to return again. Though this might have been known, by examining my accounts, yet to prevent that unnecessary trouble, and to cut off all fruitless expectations of my return, I have left this*

GEORGE BARNWELL.

True. Lost indeed! Yet how he should be guilty of what he there charges himself withal, raises my won-

der equal to my grief. Never had youth a higher sense of virtue. Justly he thought, and as he thought he practised! never was life more regular than his.—An understanding uncommon at his years, an open, generous manliness of temper, his manners easy, unaffected, and engaging.

Mar. This, and much more, you might have said with truth. He was the delight of every eye, and joy of every heart that knew him.

Truc. Since such he was, and was my friend, can I support his loss! See the fairest, happiest maid this wealthy city boasts, kindly condescends to weep for thy unhappy fate, poor, ruined Barnwell!

Mar. Trueman, do you think a soul so delicate as his, so sensible of shame, can e'er submit to live a slave to vice?

Truc. Never, never. So well I know him, I'm sure this act of his, so contrary to his nature, must have been caused by some unavoidable necessity.

Mar. Are there no means yet to preserve him?

Truc. Oh that there were! but few men recover their reputation lost; a merchant never. Nor would he, I fear, though I should find him, ever be brought to look his injured master in the face.

Mar. I fear as much; and therefore would never have my father know it.

Truc. That's impossible.

Mar. What's the sum?

Truc. 'Tis considerable; I've marked it here, to show it, with the letter, to your father, at his return.

Mar. If I should supply the money, could you so dispose of that and the account, as to conceal this unhappy mismanagement from my father?

Truc. Nothing more easy. But can you intend it! —Will you save a helpless wretch from ruin? Oh, 'twere an act worthy such exalted virtue as Maria's: Sure Heaven, in mercy to my friend, inspired the generous thought.

Mar. Doubt not but I would purchase so great a happiness at a much dearer price. But how shall he be found?

Truc. Trust to my diligence for that. In the mean time I'll conceal his absence from your father, or find such excuses for it, that the real cause shall never be suspected.

Mar. In attempting to save from shame, one whom we hope may yet return to virtue, to Heaven and you, the only witnesses of this action, I appeal, whether I do any thing misbecoming my sex and character.

Truc. Earth must approve the deed, and Heaven, I doubt not, will reward it.

Mar. If Heaven approves it, I am well rewarded. A virgin's fame is sullied by suspicion's lightest breath; and, therefore, as this must be a secret from my father and the world, for Barnwell's sake, for mine, let it be so to him. [Exit

SCENE II.

A Room in MILLWOOD'S House.

Enter LUCY and BLUNT.

Lucy. Well, what do you think of Millwood's conduct now?

Blunt. I own it is surprising: I don't know which to admire most, her feign'd or his real passion; though I have sometimes been afraid that her avarice would discover her, but his youth and want of experience make it the easier to impose on him.

Lucy. No, it is his love.—To do him justice, not

withstanding his youth, he don't want understanding; but you men are much easier imposed on, in these affairs, than your vanity will allow you to believe.—Let me see the wisest of you all as much in love with me, as Barnwell is with Millwood, and I'll engage to make as great a fool of him.

Blunt. And, all circumstances considered, to make as much money of him too?

Lucy. I can't answer for that.—Her artifice in making him rob his master at first, and the various stratagems by which she has obliged him to continue that course, astonish even me, who know her so well.

Blunt. But then you are to consider that the money was his master's.

Lucy. There was the difficulty of it.—Had it been his own, it had been nothing. Were the world his, she might have it for a smile; but those golden days are done; he's ruin'd, and Millwood's hopes of farther profits there at an end.

Blunt. That's no more than we all expected.

Lucy. Being called by his master to make up the accounts, he was forced to quit his house and service, and wisely fled to Millwood for relief and entertainment.

Blunt. I have not heard of this before. How did she receive him?

Lucy. As you would expect. She wondered what he meant, was astonished at his impudence, and, with an air of modesty peculiar to herself, swore so heartily that she never saw him before, that she put me out of countenance.

Blunt. That's much indeed! But how did Barnwell behave?

Lucy. He grieved; and at length, enraged at this barbarous treatment, was preparing to be gone; and, making towards the door, showed a sum of money, which he had brought from his master's, the last he is ever likely to have from thence.

Blunt. But then, Millwood——

Lucy. Ay, she, with her usual address, returned to her old arts of lying, swearing, and dissembling; hung on his neck, wept, and swore 'twas meant in jest.— The amorous youth melted into tears, threw the money into her lap, and swore he had rather die than think her false.

Blunt. Strange infatuation!

Lucy. But what followed was stranger still. As doubts and fears, followed by reconciliation, ever increase love where the passion is sincere, so in him it caused so wild a transport of excessive fondness, such joy, such grief, such pleasure, and such anguish, that nature in him seemed sinking with the weight, and the charmed soul disposed to quit his breast for hers. Just then, when every passion with lawless anarchy prevailed, and reason was in the raging tempest lost, the cruel, artful Millwood prevailed upon the wretched youth to promise——what I tremble but to think of.

Blunt. I am amazed! What can it be?

Lucy. You will be more so to hear; it is to attempt the life of his nearest relation and best benefactor.

Blunt. His uncle! whom we have often heard him speak of as a gentleman of a large estate and fair character, in the country where he lives?

Lucy. The same. She was no sooner possessed of the last dear purchase of his ruin, but her avarice, insatiate as the grave, demanded this horrid sacrifice: Barnwell's near relation, whose blood must seal the dreadful secret, and prevent the terrors of her guilty fears.

Blunt. Is it possible she could persuade him to do an act like that?

Lucy. 'Tis true, at the naming of the murder of his uncle, he started into rage; and, breaking from her arms (where she till then had held him with well-dissembled love, and false endearments,) called her cruel, monster, devil, and told her she was born for

his destruction. Then she kneeled, and swore, that since by his refusal he had given her cause to doubt his love, she never would see him more, unless, to prove it true, he robbed his uncle, to supply her wants, and murdered him, to keep it from discovery.

Blunt. I am astonished! What said he?

Lucy. Speechless he stood! but in his face you might have read that various passions tore his very soul. Oft he in anguish threw his eyes towards heaven, and then as often bent their beams on her; then wept, and groaned, and beat his troubled breast; at length, with horror, not to be express'd, he cry'd, Thou cursed fair! have I not given dreadful proofs of love? What drew me from my youthful innocence, to stain my then unspotted soul, but love? What caused me to rob my worthy, gentle master, but cursed love? What makes me now a fugitive from his service, loathed by myself, and scorn'd by all the world, but love? What fills my eyes with tears, my soul with torture, never felt on this side death before? Why, love, love, love. And why, above all, do I resolve, (for, tearing his hair, he cry'd, I do resolve) to kill my uncle!

Blunt. Was she not moved?

Lucy. Yes, with joy, that she had gain'd her point—She gave him no time to cool, but urged him to attempt it instantly. He's now gone; if he performs it and escape, there's more money for her; if not, he'll ne'er return, and then she's fairly rid of him.

Blunt. 'Tis time the world were rid of such a monster.

Lucy. If we don't do our endeavours to prevent this murder, we are as bad as she.

Blunt. I'm afraid it is too late.

Lucy. Perhaps not. Her barbarity to Barnwell makes me hate her. We have run too great a length with her already—I did not think her or myself so wretched, as I find, upon reflection, we are.

Blunt. I would not be involved in the guilt of murder for all the world.

Lucy. Nor I, Heaven knows. Therefore let us clear ourselves, by doing all that is in our power to prevent it. I have just thought of a way that to me seems probable. Will you join with me to detect this cursed design?

Blunt. With all my heart. He, who knows of a murder intended to be committed, and does not discover it, in the eye of the law and reason, is a murderer.

Lucy. Let us lose no time; I'll acquaint you with the particulars as we go, [Exit.

SCENE III.

A Walk at some Distance from a Country Seat,

Enter BARNWELL.

Barn. A dismal gloom obscures the face of day. Either the sun has slipped behind a cloud, or jurnies round the west of heaven with more than common speed, to avoid the sight of what I am doomed to act. Since I set forth on this accursed design, where'er I tread, methinks the solid earth trembles beneath my feet. Yonder limpid stream, whose heavy fall has made a natural cascade, as I pass'd by, in doleful accents seem'd to murmur—*Murder*. The earth, the air, and water seem'd concerned; but that's not strange, the world is punished, and nature feels a shock, when Providence permits a good man's fall! Just heaven! then what should I be! for him that was my father's only brother, and since his death has been to me a father; who took me up an infant and an orphan, reared me with tenderest care, and still indulged me

with most paternal fondness! Yet here I stand his destined murderer—I stiffen with horror at my own impiety—'tis yet unperformed—What if I quit my bloody purpose, and fly the place? [*Going, then stops.*]—But whither, oh, whither shall I fly? My master's once friendly doors are for ever shut against me; and without money, Millwood will never see me more; and she has got such firm possession of my heart, and governs there with such despotic sway—Ay, there's the cause of all my sin and sorrow; 'tis more than love; it is the fever of the soul, and madness of desire. In vain does nature, reason, conscience, all oppose it; the impetuous passion bears down all before it, and drives me on to lust, to theft, and murder. Oh, conscience, feeble guide to virtue, thou only show'st us when we go astray, but wantest power to stop us in our course!—Ha! in yonder shady walk I see my uncle—He's alone—Now for my disguise. [*Plucks out a Mask.*]—This is his hour of private meditation. Thus daily he prepares his soul for Heaven; whilst I—But what have I to do with Heaven? Ha! no struggles, conscience—

Hence, hence remorse, and every thought that's good;

The storm, that lust began, must end in blood.

[*Puts on the Mask, draws a Pistol, and exit.*]

Enter UNCLE,

Unc. If I were superstitious, I should fear some danger lurked unseen, or death were nigh.—A heavy melancholy clouds my spirits. My imagination is filled with ghastly forms of dreary graves, and bodies changed by death; when the pale lengthened visage attracts each weeping eye, and fills the musing soul at once with grief and horror, pity and aversion.—I will indulge the thought. The wise man prepares himself for death, by making it familiar to his mind.

Enter BARNWELL at a Distance.

Oh, death! thou strange mysterious power, seen every day, yet never understood, but by the incommunicative dead, what art thou? The extensive mind of man, that with a thought circles the earth's vast globe, sinks to the centre, or ascends above the stars; that world exotic finds, or thinks it finds, thy thick clouds attempts to pass in vain; lost and bewildered in the horrid gloom, defeated, she returns more doubtful than before, of nothing certain, but of labour lost.

[During this Speech, BARNWELL sometimes presents the Pistol, and draws it back again.

Barn. Oh! 'tis impossible.

[Throwing down the Pistol—UNCLE starts, and attempts to draw his Sword.

Unc. A man so near me! armed and masked!

Barn. Nay then there's no retreat.

[Plucks a Poniard from his bosom, and stabs him.

Unc. Oh! I am slain! All-gracious Heaven, regard the prayer of thy dying servant! bless, with the choicest blessings, my dearest nephew! forgive my murderer, and take my fleeting soul to endless mercy!

[BARNWELL throws off his Mask, runs to him, und, kneeling by him, raises and chafes him.

Barn. Expiring saint! Oh, murdered, martyred uncle! lift up your dying eyes, and view your nephew in your murderer—Oh, do not look so tenderly upon me!—Let indignation lighten from your eyes, and blast me ere you die.—By Heaven, he weeps, in pity of my woes.—Tears, tears, for blood!—The murdered, in the agonies of death, weeps for his murderer.—Oh speak your pious purpose; pronounce my pardon then, and take me with you—He would but cannot—Oh, why, with such fond affection, do you press my murdering

hand?—[*Uncle sighs and dies.*]—Life, that hovered on his lips, but till he had sealed my pardon, in that sigh expired.—He's gone for ever. Do I still live to press the suffering bosom of the earth? Do I still breathe, and taint with my infectious breath the wholesome air?—Let Heaven from its high throne, in justice or in mercy, now look down on that dear murdered saint, and me the murderer, and if his vengeance spares, let pity strike and end my wretched being.—Murder, the worst of crimes, and parricide, the worst of murders, and this the worst of parricides.—This execrable act of mine's without a parallel.—

Oh, may it ever stand alone accurst,
The last of murders, as it is the worst. [Exit.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Room in THOROWGOOD'S House.

Enter MARIA, meeting TRUEMAN.

Mar. What news of Barnwell?

Truc. None; I have sought him with the greatest diligence, but all in vain.

Mar. Does my father yet suspect the cause of his absence?

Truc. All appeared so just and fair to him, it is not

possible he ever should ; but his absence will no longer be concealed. Your father is wise ; and though he seems to hearken to the friendly excuses I would make for Barnwell, yet I am afraid he regards them only as such, without suffering them to influence his judgment.

Mar. How does the unhappy youth defeat all our designs to serve him ? Yet I can never repent what I have done. Should he return, 'twill make his reconciliation with my father easier, and preserve him from future reproach, from a malicious unforgiving world.

Enter THOROWGOOD and LUCY.

Thor. This woman here has given me a sad, and, 'bating some circumstances, too probable an account of Barnwell's defection.

Lucy. I am sorry, sir, that my frank confession of my former unhappy course of life should cause you to suspect my truth on this occasion.

Thor. It is not that ; your confession has in it all the appearance of truth.—Among many other particulars, she informs me, that Barnwell has been influenced to break his trust, and wrong me at several times of considerable sums of money. Now, as I know this to be false, I would fain doubt the whole of her relation, too dreadful to be willingly believed.

Mar. Sir, your pardon ; I find myself on a sudden so indisposed that I must retire.—Poor ruined Barnwell ! Wretched, lost Maria ! *[Aside.—Exit.*

Thor. How am I distress'd on every side ! Pity for that unhappy youth, fear for the life of a much-valued friend—and then my child—the only joy and hope of my declining life ! Her melancholy increases hourly, and gives me painful apprehensions of her loss—Oh, Trueman, this person informs me, that your friend, at the instigation of an impious woman, is gone to rob and murder his venerable uncle.

True. Oh, execrable deed ! I am blasted with the horror of the thought.

Lucy. This delay may ruin all.

Thor. What to do or think, I know not. That he ever wronged me, I know is false; the rest may be so too; there's all my hope.

Truc. Trust not to that: rather suppose all true, than lose a moment's time. Even now the horrid deed may be doing—dreadful imagination!—or it may be done, and we be vainly debating on the means to prevent what is already past.

Thor. This earnestness convinces me, that he knows more than he has yet discovered. What ho! without there! who waits?

Enter a SERVANT.

Order the groom to saddle the swiftest horse, and prepare to set out with speed; an affair of life and death demands his diligence. [*Exit SERVANT.*] For you, whose behaviour on this occasion I have no time to commend as it deserves, I must engage your farther assistance; return, and observe this Millwood, till I come. I have your direction, and will follow you as soon as possible. [*Exit LUCY.*] Trueman, you, I am sure, will not be idle on this occasion.

[*Exit THOROWGOOD.*

Truc. He only, who is a friend, can judge of my distress. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

MILLWOOD'S House.

Enter MILLWOOD.

Mill. I wish I knew the event of his design. The attempt, without success, would ruin him. Well;

what have I to apprehend from that? I fear too much. The mischief being only intended, his friends, through pity of his youth, turn all their rage on me. I should have thought of that before. Suppose the deed done: then, and then only, I shall be secure— Or what if he returns without attempting it at all!—

Enter BARNWELL, bloody.

But he is here, and I have done him wrong. His bloody hands show he has done the deed, but show he wants the prudence to conceal it.

Barn. Where shall I hide me! Whither shall I fly, to avoid the swift unerring hand of justice!

Mill. Dismiss your fears: though thousands had pursued you to the door, yet being entered here, you are as safe as innocence. I have a cavern, by art so cunningly contrived, that the piercing eyes of jealousy and revenge may search in vain, nor find the entrance to the safe retreat. There will I hide you, if any danger's near.

Barn. Oh, hide me—from myself, if it be possible; for while I bear my conscience in my bosom, though I were hid where man's eye never saw, nor light e'er dawned, 'twere all in vain. For, oh! that inmate, that impartial judge, will try, convict, and sentence me for murder, and execute me with never-ending torments. Behold these hands, all crimsoned o'er with my dear uncle's blood. Here's a sight to make a statue start with horror, or turn a living man into a statue!

Mill. Ridiculous! Then it seems you are afraid of your own shadow, or, what's less than a shadow your conscience.

Barn. Though to man unknown I did the accursed act, what can we hide from Heaven's all-seeing eyes?

Mill. No more of this stuff. What advantage did you made of his death? or what advantage may be made of it? Did you secure the keys of his

sure, which, no doubt, were about him? What gold, what jewels, or what else of value, have you brought me?

Barn. Think you I added sacrilege to murder?—Oh, had you seen him as his life flowed from him in a crimson flood, and heard him praying for me, by the double name of nephew and of murderer—(alas, alas! he knew not then, that his nephew was his murderer!)—how would you have wished, as I did, though you had a thousand years of life to come, to have given them all to have lengthened his one hour! But being dead, I fled the sight of what my hands had done; nor could I, to have gained the empire of the world, have violated, by theft, his sacred corpse.

Mill. Whining, preposterous, canting villain! to murder your uncle, rob him of his life, nature's first, last, dear prerogative, after which there's no injury, then fear to take what he no longer wanted, and bring to me your penury and guilt! Do you think I'll hazard my reputation, nay, my life, to entertain you?

Barn. Oh, Millwood!—this from thee!—But I have done. If you hate me; if you wish me dead, then are you happy; for, oh! 'tis sure my grief will quickly end me.

Mill. In his madness he will discover all, and involve me i'n his ruin. We are on a precipice from whence there's no retreat for both—Then to preserve myself—[*Pauses.*]—There is no other way.—'Tis dreadful, but reflection comes too late when danger's pressing, and there's no room for choice.—It must be done. [*Aside. Rings a Bell.*]

Enter a SERVANT.

Fetch me an officer, and seize this villain. He has confessed himself a murderer. Should I let him escape, I might justly be thought as bad as he.

[*Exit SERVANT.*]

Barn. Oh, Millwood! sure you do not, you cannot,

mean it. Stop the messenger; upon my knees, I beg you'd call him back. 'Tis fit I die, indeed, but not by you. I will this instant deliver myself into the hands of justice, indeed I will; for death is all I wish. But thy ingratitude so tears my wounded soul, 'tis worse ten thousand times than death with torture.

Mill. Call it what you will; I am willing to live and live secure, which nothing but your death can warrant.

Barn. If there be a pitch of wickedness that sets the author beyond the reach of vengeance, you must be secure. But what remains for me but a dismal dungeon, hard galling fetters, an awful trial, and an ignominious death, justly to fall unpitied and abhorred! This I could bear, nay, wish not to avoid, had it but come from any hand but thine.

Enter BLUNT, OFFICER, and ATTENDANTS.

Mill. Heaven defend me! Conceal a murderer! Here, sir, take this youth into your custody. I accuse him of murder, and will appear to make good my charge.

[They seize him.]

Barn. To whom, of what, or how shall I complain? I'll not accuse her. The hand of Heaven is in it, and this the punishment of lust and parricide.

Be warn'd, ye youths, who see my sad despair:
 Avoid lewd women, false as they are fair.
 By reason guided, honest joys pursue:
 The fair, to honour and to virtue true,
 Just to herself, will ne'er be false to you.
 By my example, learn to shun my fate:
 (How wretched is the man who's wise
 Ere innocence, and fame, and life be
 Here purchase wisdom cheaply, at my

*[Exit BARNWELL, OFFICER,
 ATTENDANTS.]*

Mill. Where's Lucy? why is she absent at such a time?

Blunt. Would I had been so too! Lucy will soon be here; and, I hope, to thy confusion, thou devil!

Mill. Insolent!—This to me?

Blunt. The worst that we know of the devil is, that he first seduces to sin, and then betrays to punishment. [Exit.

Mill. They disapprove of my conduct then—My ruin is resolved.—I see my danger, but scorn both it and them. I was not born to fall by such weak instruments. [Going.

Enter THOROWGOOD.

Thor. Where is the scandal of her own sex, and curse of ours?

Mill. What means this insolence? Whom do you seek?

Thor. Millwood.

Mill. Well, you have found her then. I am Millwood.

Thor. Then you are the most impious wretch that e'er the sun beheld.

Mill. From your appearance I should have expected wisdom and moderation, but your manners belie your aspect. What is your business here? I know you not.

Thor. Hereafter you may know me better; I am Barnwell's master.

Mill. Then you are master to a villain, which, I think, is not much to your credit.

Thor. Had he been as much above thy arts, as my credit is superior to thy malice, I need not have blushed to own him.

Mill. My arts! I don't understand you, sir; if he has done amiss, what's that to me? Was he my servant or yours? you should have taught him better.

Thor. Why should I wonder to find such uncommon impudence in one arrived at such a height of

wickedness!—Know, sorceress, I'm not ignorant of any of the arts by which you first deceived the unwary youth. I know how, step by step, you've led him on, reluctant and unwilling, from crime to crime, to this last horrid act, which you contrived, and, by your cursed wives, even forced him to commit.

Mill. Ha! Lucy has got the advantage, and accused me first. Unless I can turn the accusation, and fix it upon her and Blunt, I am lost. [*Aside.*]

Thor. Had I known your cruel design sooner, it had been prevented. To see you punished, as the law directs, is all that now remains. Poor satisfaction! for he, innocent as he is, compared to you, must suffer too.

Mill. I find, sir, we are both unhappy in our servants. I was surprised at such ill treatment, without cause, from a gentleman of your appearance, and therefore too hastily returned it; for which I ask your pardon. I now perceive you have been so far imposed on, as to think me engaged in a former correspondence with your servant, and some way or other accessory to his undoing.

Thor. I charge you as the cause, the sole cause, of all his guilt, and all his suffering, of all he now endures, and must endure, till a violent and shameful death shall put a dreadful period to his life and miseries together.

Mill. 'Tis very strange. But who's secure from scandal and detraction? So far from contributing to his ruin, I never spoke to him till since this fatal accident, which I lament as much as you. 'Tis true, I have a servant, on whose account he hath of late frequented my house. If she has abused my good opinion of her, am I to blame? Has not Barnwell done the same by you?

Thor. I hear you; pray, go on.

Mill. I have been informed he had a violent passion for her, and she for him; but till now I did not think it innocent. I know her poor, and

expensive pleasures. Now, who can tell but she may have influenced the amorous youth to commit this murder, to supply her extravagancies?—It must be so. I now recollect a thousand circumstances that confirm it. I'll have her and a man servant, whom I suspect as an accomplice, secured immediately. I hope, sir, you will lay aside your ill-grounded suspicions of me, and join to punish the real contrivers of this horrid deed. *[Offers to go.*

Thor. Madam, you pass not this way: I see your design, but shall protect them from your malice.

Mill. I hope you will not use your influence, and the credit of your name, to screen such guilty wretches. Consider, sir, the wickedness of persuading a thoughtless youth to such a crime.

Thor. I do—and of betraying him when it was done.

Mill. That, which you call betraying him, may convince you of my innocence. She who loves him, though she contrived the murder, would never have delivered him into the hands of justice, as I, struck with horror at his crimes, have done.

Thor. How should an inexperienced youth escape her snares? Even I, that with just prejudice come prepared, had by her artful story been deceived, but that my strong conviction of her guilt makes even a doubt impossible. Those, whom subtilely you would accuse, you know are your accusers; and, which proves unanswerably their innocence and your guilt, they accused you before the deed was done, and did all that was in their power to prevent it.

Mill. Sir, you are very hard to be convinced; but I have a proof, which, when produced, will silence all objections. *[Exit MILLWOOD.*

Enter LUCY, TRUEMAN, BLUNT, OFFICERS, &c.

Lucy. Gentlemen, pray place yourselves, some on one side of that door, and some on the other; watch

her entrance, and act as your prudence shall direct you. This way, [*To THOROWGOOD*] and note her behaviour. I have observed her; she's driven to the last extremity, and is forming some desperate resolution. I guess at her design.

Enter MILLWOOD, with a Pistol—TRUEMAN secures her.

Truc. Here thy power of doing mischief ends; deceitful, cruel woman!

Mill. Fool, hypocrite, villain, man! thou canst not call me that.

Truc. To call thee woman were to wrong thy sex, thou devil!

Mill. That imaginary being is an emblem of thy cursed sex collected. A mirror, wherein each particular man may see his own likeness, and that of all mankind.

Thor. Think not, by aggravating the faults of others, to extenuate thy own, of which the abuse of such uncommon perfection's of mind and person is not the least.

Mill. If such I had, well may I curse your barbarous sex, who robbed me of them ere I knew their worth; then left me, too late, to count their value by their loss. Another and another spoiler came, and all my gain was poverty and reproach. My soul disdained, and yet disdains, dependence and contempt. Riches, no matter by what means obtained, I saw secured the worst of men from both. I found it therefore necessary to be rich, and to that end I summoned all my arts. You call them wicked, be it they were such as my conversation with your sex | furnished me withal.

Thor. Sure, none but the worst of men converse with thee.

Mill. Men of all degrees, and all professions have known, yet found no difference; all we

wicked to the utmost of their power. I know you, and I hate you all; I expect no mercy, and I ask for none; I followed my inclinations, and that the best of you do every day. What are your laws, of which you make your boast, but the fool's wisdom, and the coward's valour, the instrument and screen of all your villainies; by which, you punish in others what you act yourselves, or would have acted, had you been in their circumstances? The judge, who condemns the poor man for being a thief, had been a thief himself had he been poor. Thus you go on, deceiving and being deceived, harassing, plaguing, and destroying one another. But women are your universal prey.

Women, by whom you are, the source of joy,
 With cruel arts you labour to destroy;
 A thousand ways our ruin you pursue,
 Yet blame in us those arts first taught by you.
 O, may from hence, each violated maid,
 By flattering, faithless, barb'rous man betray'd,
 When robb'd of innocence, and virgin fame,
 From your destruction raise a nobler name;
 T' avenge their sex's wrongs devote their mind,
 And future Millwoods prove, to plague mankind!
 [Exeunt.]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Dungeon.—A Table and a Lamp.

BARNWELL reading.

Enter THOROWGOOD.

Thor. There see the bitter fruits of passion's de-

tested reign, and sensual appetite indulged: severe reflections, penitence, and tears.

Barn. My honoured, injured master, whose goodness has covered me a thousand times with shame, forgive this last unwilling disrespect. Indeed I saw you not.

Thor. 'Tis well; I hope you are better employed, in viewing for yourself; your journey's long, your time for preparation almost spent. I sent a reverend divine, to teach you to improve it, and should be glad to hear of his success.

Barn. The word of truth, which he recommended for my constant companion in this my sad retirement, has at length removed the doubts I laboured under. From thence I've learned the infinite extent of heavenly mercy; that my offences, though great, are not unpardonable; and that 'tis not my interest only, but my duty, to believe, and to rejoice in my hope. So shall Heaven receive the glory, and future penitents the profit of my example.

Thor. Proceed. Celestial truths!

Barn. 'Tis wonderful, that words should charm despair, speak peace and pardon to a murderer's conscience; but truth and mercy flow in every sentence, attended with force and energy divine.

Thor. These are the genuine signs of true repentance; the only preparatory, the certain way to everlasting peace.

Barn. What do I owe for all your generous kindness? But, though I cannot, Heaven can and will reward you.

Thor. To see thee thus, is joy too great for words. Farewell.—Heaven strengthen thee!—Farewell.

Barn. Oh, sir, there's something I would say, if my sad swelling heart would give me leave.

Thor. Give it vent a while, and try.

Barn. I had a friend—'tis true I am unworthy—yet methinks your generous example might persuade—

Could not I see him once, before I go from whence there's no return ?

Thor. He's coming, and as much thy friend as ever ; —but I'll not anticipate his sorrow ; too soon he'll see the sad effect of his contagious ruin. This torrent of domestic misery bears too hard upon me. I must retire, to indulge a weakness I find impossible to overcome. [*Aside.*] Much-loved—and much-lamented youth !—Farewell.—Heaven strengthen thee.—Eternally farewell.

Barn. The best of masters and of men—Farewell ! While I live let me not want your prayers.

Thor. Thou shalt not. Thy peace being made with Heaven, death is already vanquished. Bear a little longer the pains that attend this transitory life, and cease from pain for ever. [*Exit THOROWGOOD.*]

Barn. Perhaps I shall. I find a power within, that bears my soul above the fears of death, and, spite of conscious shame and guilt, gives me a taste of pleasure more than mortal.

Enter TRUEMAN.

Trueman !—My friend, whom I so wished to see, yet now he's here, I dare not look upon him.

[*Weeps.*]

True. Oh, Barnwell ! Barnwell !

Barn. Mercy ! Mercy ! gracious Heaven ! For death, but not for this, I was prepared.

True. What have I suffered since I saw thee last ! What pain has absence given me !—But, oh, to see thee thus !—

Barn. I know it is dreadful ! I feel the anguish of thy generous soul—But I was born to murder all who love me ! [*Both weep.*]

True. I came not to reproach you ; I thought to bring you comfort ; but I am deceived, for I have none to give. I came to share thy sorrow, but cannot bear my own. Oh, had you trusted me, when

first the fair seducer tempted you, all might have been prevented.

Barn. Alas, thou knowest not what a wretch I've been. Breach of friendship was my first and least offence. So far was I lost to goodness, so devoted to the author of my ruin, that had she insisted on my murdering thee,——I think——I should have done it.

Truc. Pr'ythee, aggravate thy faults no more.

Barn. I think I should! Thus good and generous as you are, I should have murdered you.

Truc. We have not yet embraced, and may be interrupted. Come to my arms.

Barn. Never, never! are those honest arms and faithful bosom fit to embrace and to support a murderer? These iron fetters only shall clasp, and flinty pavement bear me; [*Throwing himself on the Ground.*] even these too good for such a bloody monster.

Truc. Shall fortune sever those whom friendship joined? Thy miseries cannot lay thee so low, but love will find thee. Here will we offer to stern calamity; this place the altar, and ourselves the sacrifice. Our mutual groans shall echo to each other through the dreary vault; our sighs shall number the moments as they pass, and mingling tears communicate such anguish, as words were never made to express.

Barn. Then be it so. [*Rising.*] Since you propose an intercourse of woe, pour all your griefs into my breast, and in exchange take mine. [*Embracing.*] Where's now the anguish that you promised? You've taken mine, and make me no return. Sure peace and comfort dwell within these arms, and sorrow can't approach me while I am here. O, take, take some of the joy that overflows my breast!

Enter KEEPER.

Keep. Sir.

Truc. I come.

[*Exit* KEEPER.]

Barn. Must you leave me? Death would soon have parted us for ever.

Truc. Oh, Barnwell! there's yet another task behind. Again your heart must bleed for others' woes.

Barn. To meet and part with you I thought was all I had to do on earth. What is there more for me to do or suffer?

Truc. I dread to tell thee, yet it must be known! Maria——

Barn. Our master's fair and virtuous daughter?—

Truc. The same.

Barn. No misfortune, I hope, has reached that maid! Preserve her, Heaven, from every ill, to show mankind, that goodness is your care!

Truc. Thy, thy misfortunes, my unhappy friend, have reach'd her. Whatever you and I have felt, and more, if more be possible, she feels for you.

Barn. This is indeed the bitterness of death!

Truc. You must remember, (for we all observed it) for some time past, a heavy melancholy weighed her down. Disconsolate she seemed, and pined and languished from a cause unknown; till, hearing of your dreadful fate, the long-stifled flame blazed out; and in the transport of her grief discovered her own lost state, while she lamented yours.

Barn. Will all the pain I feel restore thy ease, lovely, unhappy maid? [*Weeping.*] Why did you not let me die, and never know it.

Truc. It was impossible. She makes no secret of her passion for you; she is determined to see you ere you die, and waits for me to introduce her.

[*Exit* TRUEMAN.]

Barn. Vain, busy thoughts, be still! What avails it to think on what I might have been! I now am—— what I've made myself.

Enter TRUEMAN and MARIA.

Truc. Madam, reluctant I lead you to this dismal scene. This is the seat of misery and guilt. Here awful justice reserves her public victims. This is the entrance to a shameful death.

Mar. To this sad place then, no improper guest, the abandoned lost Maria brings despair, and sees the subject and the cause of all this world of woe. Silent and motionless he stands, as if his soul had quitted her abode, and the lifeless form alone was left behind.

Barn. Just Heaven! I am your own; do with me what you please.

Mar. Why are your streaming eyes still fixed below, as though thou'dst give the greedy earth thy sorrows, and rob me of my due? Were happiness within your power, you should bestow it where you pleased; but in your misery, I must and will partake.

Barn. Oh, say not so, but fly, abhor, and leave me to my fate! so shall I quickly be to you—as though I had never been.

Mar. When I forget you, I must be so indeed. Let women, like Millwood, if there are more such women, smile in prosperity, and in adversity forsake. Be it the pride of virtue to repair, or to partake, the ruin such have made.

Truc. Lovely, ill-fated maid!

Mar. Yes, fruitless is my love, and unavailing all my sighs and tears. Can they save thee from approaching death?—from such a death? Oh terrible!

Barn. Preserve her, Heaven, and restore her peace, nor let her death be added to my crimes! [*Bell tolls.*] I am summoned to my fate.

Enter KEEPER.

Keep. Sir, the officers attend you. Millwood is already summoned.

Barn. Tell them, I'm ready. And now, my friend,

farewell. [*Embracing.*] Support and comfort, the best you can, this mourning fair.—No more—Forget not to pray for me. [*Turning to MARIA.*] Would you, bright excellence, permit me the honour of a chaste embrace, the last happiness this world could give were mine. [*She inclines towards him, they embrace.*] Exalted goodness! Oh, turn your eyes from earth and me, to heaven, where virtue, like yours, is ever heard! Pray for the peace of my departing soul. Early my race of wickedness began, and soon I reached the summit. Though short my span of life, and few my days, yet count my crimes for years and I have lived whole ages. Thus justice, in compassion to mankind, cuts off a wretch like me; by one such example, to secure thousands from future ruin.

If any youth, like you, in future times,
 Shall mourn my fate, though he abhors my crimes;
 Or tender maid, like you, my tale shall hear,
 And to my sorrows give a pitying tear;
 To each such melting eye, and throbbing heart,
 Would gracious Heaven this benefit impart;
 Never to know my guilt, nor feel my pain,
 Then must you own, you ought not to complain,
 Since you nor weep, nor shall I die in vain.

Truc. In vain,
 With bleeding hearts, and weeping eyes, we show
 A humane, gen'rous sense of others' woe;
 Unless we mark what drew their ruin on,
 And, by avoiding that—prevent our own.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE END.



LADY JANE GREY



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LADY JANE GREY;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY NICHOLAS ROWE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.



REMARKS.

THE heroine of this drama possessed every grace of person, every adornment of mind, the attraction of youth, and the dignity of royalty.—She was hurled from a throne to mount upon a scaffold; and this lamentable story is here told by one of our most pathetic dramatists; and yet neither reader nor auditor ever sheds a tear for the unhappy fate of Lady Jane Grey!

All surprise will cease, that this illustrious female wants power to move the passions, when it is recollected, that she had no passions of her own with which to affect those of mankind.

The very virtues of Lady Jane seal up the heart against pity. Perfection must be admired, not undervalued by compassion.

Could the dramatic author have descended to paint Jane's childish years, before every tender sensation had been hardened by parental cruelty, and ere patient fortitude had elevated her above her sex's weakness, he then might have made his readers share in her sorrows; for at that early age she was alive to them herself.

The famous Roger Ascham, who was tutor to the Princess, afterwards Queen Elizabeth, relates—that going to the Duke of Suffolk's country seat in Lei-

cestershire, he found the Duke and Duchess, with all their household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, hunting in the park, whilst this, their blooming daughter Jane was shut up in her own chamber, reading "Phædo Platonis," in Greek: and that a conversation upon her love of books and retirement, drew from her the following words:—

"When I am in the presence of either my father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go; eat, drink, be merry or sad; be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing any thing else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, which I will not name, for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell; and fall a weeping when I am called from my studies, because whatsoever I do else but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me."

All this rigour was, no doubt, employed, to form her mind, and fashion her manners, to dignify a throne, which Suffolk and his Duchess had long formed the design to obtain for her. But in all those infantine griefs which the poor Lady Jane, from their ambition, experienced, Providence was, in mercy, fortifying her with strength to relinquish, not to enjoy, a crown; and was preparing her to die with firm-

ness as an usurper, instead of reigning with glory as a lawful sovereign.

Awed by her domestic tyrants, she accepted the title of a queen; and, weary of the slavery exacted by these her subjects, unmoved and undaunted, laid down her regal honours and her forfeited life.

The extreme youth of Lady Jane at the time of her death, her sober propensities, her erudition and philosophic mind, render her one of the most curious women in all history, though not the most interesting. In the similar catastrophe of Mary Queen of Scots, her failings, abating her supposed crimes, endear her to erroneous creatures like herself, and they weep for the misfortunes attending indiscretion, because they are ills which may probably fall upon themselves. But whilst it is scarcely possible to be heroic like Lady Jane, her calm contempt for either living or dying, places her above sympathy; and though she must ever be honoured, she will never be tenderly bewailed.

Rowe, who melted every heart at the sufferings of the low-born and guilty Shore, has not here even touched the strings of commiseration, notwithstanding he has softened the real character of Lady Jane, in hopes of producing that effect.

The approvers, for there can be few admirers, of this Tragedy, prefer the scenes between Guilford and Pembroke, Gardiner's description of the illustrious prisoner on her trial, and her execution scene, to th-

rest. They also prefer the part of Pembroke to that of Guilford.

In comparing one scene and one character with another in this Tragedy, some will, of course, have superiority; but the whole drama, when opposed to any one of the author's present acting plays—sinks into a decided inferiority.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND	<i>Mr. Hull.</i>
DUKE OF SUFFOLK	<i>Mr. Powell.</i>
LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY	<i>Mr. Holman.</i>
EARL OF PEMBROKE	<i>Mr. Farren.</i>
EARL OF SUSSEX	<i>Mr. Thompson.</i>
GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester	<i>Mr. Harley.</i>
SIR JOHN GATES	<i>Mr. Davies.</i>
LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER	<i>Mr. Eoatt.</i>
DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK	<i>Mrs. Rock.</i>
LADY JANE GREY	<i>Mrs. Merry.</i>

LORDS of the COUNCIL, GENTLEMEN, GUARDS, and ATTENDANTS.

SCENE,—London.

LADY JANE GREY.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Court.

*Enter the DUKE of NORTHUMBERLAND, DUKE of
SUFFOLK, and SIR JOHN GATES.*

North. 'Tis all in vain; heaven has requir'd its
pledge,
And he must die.

Suff. Is there an honest heart,
That loves our England, does not mourn for Edward?
The genius of our isle is shook with sorrow,
He bows his venerable head with pain,
And labours with the sickness of his lord.
Religion melts in every holy eye;
All comfortless, afflicted, and forlorn,
She sits on earth, and weeps upon her crown
Weary of man, and his detested crown
Ev'n now she seems to meditate
And wait her angels to the throne

North. Ay, there, my lord, is
loss.

With him our holy faith is doom'd to suffer ;
 With him our church shall veil her sacred front,
 The toil of saints, and price of martyrs' blood,
 Shall sail with Edward, and again old Rome
 Shall spread her banners ; and her monkish host,
 Pride, ignorance, and rapine, shall return ;
 Blind bloody zeal, and cruel priestly power,
 Shall scourge the land for ten dark ages more.

Sir J. G. Is there no help in all the healing art,
 No potent juice or drug to save a life
 So precious, and prevent a nation's fate ?

North. What has been left untry'd that art could
 do ?

The hoary wrinkled Léech has watch'd and toil'd,
 Try'd ev'ry health-restoring herb and gum,
 And weary'd out his painful skill in vain.
 Some secret venom preys upon his heart.

Sir J. G. Doubt not, your graces, but the popish
 faction

Will at this juncture urge their utmost force.
 All on the princess Mary turn their eyes,
 Well hoping she shall build again their altars,
 And bring their idol-worship back in triumph.

North. Good heav'n, ordain some better fate for
 England !

Suff. What better can we hope, if she should reign ?
 I know her well, a blinded zealot is she,
 A gloomy nature, sullen and severe.
 Nurtur'd by proud presuming Romish priests,
 Taught to believe they only cannot err,
 Because they cannot err ; bred up in scorn
 Of reason, and the whole lay world instructed
 To hate whoe'er dissent from what they teach ;
 To purge the world from heresy by blood,
 To massacre a nation, and believe it
 An act, well pleasing to the Lord of Mercy :
 These are thy gods, O Rome, and this thy faith !

North. And shall we tamely yield ourselves to bondage ?

Bow down before these holy purple tyrants,
And bid them tread upon our slavish necks ?
No ; let this faithful free-born English hand
First dig my grave in liberty and honour ;
And though I found but one more thus resolv'd,
That honest man and I would die together.

Suff. Doubt not, there are ten thousand and ten thousand,

To own a cause so just.

Sir J. G. The list, I gave

Into your grace's hand last night, declares
My power and friends at full.

[To NORTHERBERLAND.

North. Be it your care,
Good Sir John Gates, to see your friends appointed
And ready for the occasion. Haste this instant,
Lose not a moment's time.

Sir J. G. I go, my lord. [Exit SIR JOHN GATES.

North. Your grace's princely daughter, Lady Jane,
Is she yet come to court ?

Suff. Not yet arriv'd,

But with the soonest I expect her here.
I know her duty to the dying king,
Join'd with my strict commands to hasten hither,
Will bring her on the wing.

North. 'Beseech your grace,
To speed another messenger to press her ;
For on her happy presence all our counsels
Depend, and take their fate.

Suff. Upon the instant

Your grace shall be obey'd. I go to summon

[Exit

North. What trivial influences hold dom-
O'er wise men's counsel, in the fate of e-
The greatest schemes that can be
Or bold ambition, dars

Depend upon our husbanding a moment,
 And the light lasting of a woman's will ;
 She must be here, and lodg'd in Guilford's arms,
 Ere Edward dies, or all we've done is marr'd.
 Ha ! Pembroke ! that's a bar which thwarts my way !
 His fiery temper brooks not opposition,
 And must be met with soft and supple arts,
 Such as assuage the fierce, and bend the strong

Enter the EARL of PEMBROKE.

Good-morrow, noble Pembroke : we have staid
 The meeting of the council for your presence.

Pem. For mine, my lord ! you mock your servant
 sure,

To say that I am wanted, where yourself,
 The great Alcides of our state, is present.
 Whatever dangers menace prince or people,
 Our great Northumberland is arm'd to meet them :
 The ablest head, and firmest heart you bear,
 Nor need a second in the glorious task ;
 Equal yourself to all the toils of empire.

Norih. No ; as I honour virtue, I have try'd,
 And know my strength too well ! nor can the voice
 Of friendly flattery, like yours, deceive me.
 I know my temper liable to passions,
 And all the frailties common to our nature ;
 Much therefore have I need of some good man,
 Some wise and honest heart, whose friendly aid
 Might guide my treading thro' our present dangers ;
 And, by the honour of my name I swear
 I know not one of all our English peers,
 Whom I would choose for that best friend, like
 Pembroke.

Pem. What shall I answer to a trust so noble ;
 This prodigality of praise and honour ?
 Were not your grace too generous of soul,
 To speak a language differing from your heart,
 How might I think you could not mean this goodness

To one, whom his ill-fortune has ordain'd
The rival of your son.

North. No more ; I scorn a thought
So much below the dignity of virtue.
'Tis true, I look on Guilford like a father,
Lean to his side, and see but half his failings :
But, on a point like this, when equal merit
Stands forth to make its bold appeal to honour,
And calls to have the balance held in justice ;
Away with all the fondness of nature !
I judge of Pembroke and my son alike.

Pem. I ask no more to bind me to your service.

North. The realm is now at hazard, and bold fac-
tions

Threaten change, tumult, and disastrous days.
These fears drive out the gentler thoughts of joy,
Of courtship, and of love. Grant, heav'n, the state
To fix in peace and safety once again ;
Then speak your passion to the princely maid,
And fair success attend you. For myself
My voice shall go as far for you, my lord,
As for my son, and beauty be the umpire.
But now a heavier matter calls upon us ;
The king with life just lab'ring ; and I fear,
The council grow impatient at our stay.

Pem. One moment's pause, and I attend your grace.

[*Exit* NORTHUMBERLAND.]

Old Winchester cries to me oft, Beware
Of proud Northumberland. The testy prelate,
Froward with age, with disappointed hopes,
And zealous for old Rome, rails on the duke,
Suspecting him to favour the new teachers ;
Yet ev'n in that, if I judge right, he errs.
But were it so, what are these monkish quarrels,
These wordy wars of proud ill-manner'd schoolmen,
To us and our lay interest? Let them rail
And worry one another at their pleasure.
This duke, of late, by many worthy offices,

Has sought my friendship. And yet more, his son,
The noblest youth our England has to boast of,
Has made me long the partner of his breast.

Enter LORD GUILFORD.

Oh, Guilford! just as thou wert entering here,
My thought was running all thy virtues over,
And wond'ring how thy soul could choose a partner
So much unlike itself.

Guil. How could my tongue
Take pleasure and be lavish in thy praise!
Thou art the man in whom my soul delights,
In whom, next heav'n, I trust.

Pem. Oh, generous youth;
What can a heart, stubborn and fierce, like mine,
Return to all thy sweetness?—Yet I would,
I would be grateful.—Oh, my cruel fortune!
'Would I had never seen her, never cast
Mine eyes on Suffolk's daughter!

Guil. So would I!
Since 'twas my fate to see and love her first.
But tell me, Pembroke, is it not in virtue
To arm against this proud imperious passion?
Does holy friendship dwell so near to envy,
She could not bear to see another happy,
If blind mistaken chance, and partial beauty
Should join to favour Guilford?

Pem. Name it not;
My fiery spirits kindle at the thought,
And hurry me to rage.

Guil. And yet I think
I should not murmur, were thy lot to prosper,
And mine to be refus'd. Though sure, the loss
Would wound me to the heart.

Pem. Ha! Couldst thou bear it?
And yet perhaps thou might'st; thy gentle temper
Is form'd with passions mix'd with due proportion,

Where no one overbears nor plays the tyrant,
 While mine, disdain'g reason and her laws,
 Like all thou canst imagine wild and furious,
 Now drive me headlong on, now whirl me back,
 And hurl my unstable flitting soul
 To ev'ry mad extreme.

Enter SIR JOHN GATES.

Sir J. G. The Lords of council
 Wait with impatience——

Pem. I attend their pleasure.

This only, and no more then. Whatsoever
 Fortune decrees, still let us call to mind
 Our friendship and our honour. And since love
 Condemns us to be rivals for one prize,
 Let us contend, as friends and brave men ought,
 With openness and justice to each other ;
 That he, who wins the fair one to his arms,
 May take her as the crown of great desert,
 And if the wretched loser does repine,
 His own heart and the world may all condemn him.

[Exit PEMBROKE.]

Guil. Where is that piercing foresight can unfold
 Where all this mazy error will have end,
 And tell the doom reserv'd for me and Pembroke ?
 And see, the mistress of our fate appears !

Enter LADY JANE GREY and ATTENDANTS.

Hail, princely maid ! who with auspicious beauty
 Cheer'st ev'ry drooping heart in this sad place ;
 Who, like the silver regent of the night,
 Lift'st up thy sacred beams upon the land,
 To bid the gloom look gay, dispel our horrors,
 And make us less lament the setting sun.

Lady J. G. Yes, Guilford ; wilt thou compare
 my presence
 'To the faint comfort of the waning moon :

Like her cold orb, a cheerless gleam I bring :
 Silence and heaviness of heart, with dews
 To dress the face of nature all in tears.
 But say, how fares the king ?

Guil. He lives as yet ;

But ev'ry moment cuts away a hope,
 Adds to our fears, and gives the infant saint
 Great prospect of his op'ning heaven.

Lady J. G. Descend ye choirs of angels to receive
 him,

Tune your melodious harps to some high strain,
 And waft him upwards with a song of triumph ;
 A purer soul, and one more like yourselves,
 Ne'er entered at the golden gates of bliss.
 Oh, Guilford ! What remains for wretched England,
 When he, our guardian angel, shall forsake us ?
 For whose dear sake heav'n spar'd a guilty land,
 And scatter'd not its plagues while Edward reign'd.

Guil. I own my heart bleeds inward at the thought,
 And rising horrors crowd the op'ning scene.
 And yet, forgive me, thou, my native country,
 Thou land of liberty, thou nurse of heroes,
 Forgive me, if, in spite of all thy dangers,
 New springs of pleasure flow within my bosom,
 When thus 'tis giv'n me to behold those eyes
 Thus gaze and wonder, how excelling nature
 Can give each day new patterns of her skill,
 And yet at once surpass them.

Lady J. G. Oh, vain flattery !
 Harsh and ill-sounding ever to my ear ;
 But on a day like this, the raven's note
 Strikes on my sense more sweetly. But, no more,
 I charge thee touch the ungrateful theme no more
 Lead me, to pay my duty to the king,
 To wet his pale cold hand with these last tears,
 And share the blessings of his parting breath.

Guil. Were I like dying Edward, sure a touch
 Of this dear hand would kindle life anew.

But I obey, I dread that gath'ring frown ;
And, oh, whene'er my bosom swells with passion,
And my full heart is pain'd with ardent love,
Allow me but to look on you, and sigh ;
'Tis all the humble joy that Guilford asks.

Lady J. G. Still wilt thou frame thy speech to
this vain purpose,
When the wan king of terrors stalks before us,
When universal ruin gathers round,
And no escape is left us ? Are we not
Like wretches in a storm, whom ev'ry moment
The greedy deep is gaping to devour ?
Around us see the pale despairing crew
Wring their sad hands, and give their labour o'er ;
The hope of life has ev'ry heart forsook,
And horror sits on each distracted look ;
One solemn thought of death does all employ,
And cancels, like a dream, delight and joy,
One sorrow streams from all their weeping eyes,
And one consenting voice, for mercy cries ;
Trembling, they dread just heaven's avenging
power.
Mourn their past lives, and wait the fatal hour.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The Court.

*Enter the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND and the
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.*

North. Yet then be cheer'd, my heart, amidst thy
mourning.

Though fate hang heavy o'er us, tho' pale fear
And wild distraction sit on ev'ry face ;
Though never day of grief was known like this,
Let me rejoice, and bless the hallowed light,
Whose beams auspicious shine upon our union,
And bid me call the noble Suffolk brother.

Suff. I know not what my secret soul presages,
But something seems to whisper me within,
That we have been too hasty. For myself,
I wish this matter had been yet delay'd ;
That we had waited some more blessed time,
Some better day, with happier omens hallowed,
For love to kindle up his holy flame.
But you, my noble brother, would prevail,
And I have yielded to you.

North. Doubt not any thing ;
Nor hold the hour unlucky, that good heaven,
Who softens the corrections of his hand,
And mixes still a comfort with afflictions,

Has given to-day a blessing in our children,
To wipe away our tears for dying Edward.

Suff. In that I trust. Good angels be our guard,
And make my fears prove vain. But see! My
wife!

With her, your son, the generous Guilford comes;
She has inform'd him of our present purpose.

Enter the DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK and LORD GUILFORD.

Lord G. How shall I speak the fulness of my
heart?

What shall I say to bless you for this goodness?
Oh, gracious princess! But my life is yours,
And all the business of my years to come,
Is, to attend with humblest duty on you,
And pay my vow'd obedience at your feet.

Duchess S. Yes, noble youth, I share in all thy
joys,

In all the joys, which this sad day can give.
The dear delight I have to call thee son,
Comes like a cordial to my drooping spirits;
It broods with gentle warmth upon my bosom,
And melts that frost of death which hung about me.
But haste! Inform my daughter of our pleasure:
Let thy tongue put on all her pleasing eloquence.
Instruct thy love to speak of comfort to her,
To soothe her griefs, and cheer the mourning maid.

North. All desolate and drown'd in flowing tears,
By Edward's bed the pious princess sits;
Fast from her lifted eyes the pearly drops
Fall trickling o'er her cheek, while holy ardour
And fervent zeal pour forth her lab'ring sighs
And ev'ry sigh is wing'd with pray'rs
As strive with heav'n to save her dying

Duchess S. From the first early day

A gentle band of friendship grew betwixt them ;
 And while our royal uncle Henry reign'd,
 As brother and as sister bred together,
 Beneath one common parent's care they liv'd.

North. A wondrous sympathy of souls conspir'd
 To form the sacred union. Lady Jane
 Of all his royal blood was still the dearest ;
 In ev'ry innocent delight they shar'd,
 They sung, and danc'd, and sat, and walk'd together ;
 Nay, in the graver business of his youth,
 When books and learning call'd him from his sports,
 Ev'n there the princely maid was his companion.
 She left the shining court to share his toil,
 To turn with him the grave historian's page
 And taste the rapture of the poet's song ;
 To search the Latin and the Grecian stores,
 And wonder at the mighty minds of old.

Enter LADY JANE GREY, weeping.

Lady J. G. Wilt thou not break, my heart !——

Suff. Alas ! What mean'st thou ?

Guil. Oh ! speak !

Duchess S. How fares the king ?

North. Say, is he dead ?

Lady J. G. The saints and angels have him.

Duchess S. When I left him,

He seem'd a little cheer'd, just as you enter'd——

Lady J. G. As I approach'd to kneel and pay my
 duty,

He rais'd his feeble eyes, and faintly smiling,
 Are you then come ? he cry'd : I only liv'd,
 To bid farewell to thee, my gentle cousin ;
 To speak a few short words to thee, and die.
 With that he press'd my hand, and oh !——he said,
 When I am gone, do thou be good to England,
 Keep to that faith in which we both were bred,
 And to the end be constant. More I would,

But cannot—There his fault'ring spirits fail'd,
 And turning ev'ry thought from earth at once
 To that best place where all his hopes were fix'd,
 Earnest he pray'd ;—Merciful, great Defender !
 Preserve thy holy altars undefil'd,
 Protect this land from bloody men and idols,
 Save my poor people from the yoke of Rome,
 And take thy painful servant to thy mercy.
 Then sinking on his pillow, with a sigh,
 He breath'd his innocent and faithful soul
 Into His hands who gave it.

Guil. Crowns of glory,
 Such as the brightest angels wear, be on him :
 Peace guard his ashes here, and paradise,
 With all its endless bliss be open to him.

North. Our grief be on his grave. Our present
 duty

Enjoins to see his last commands obey'd.
 I hold it fit his death be not made known
 To any but our friends. To-morrow early
 The council shall assemble at the Tower.
 Meanwhile, I beg your grace would strait inform

[*To the DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK.*

Your princely daughter of our resolution ;
 Our common interest in that happy tie,
 Demands our swiftest care to see it finish'd.

Duchess S. My lord, you have determined well.

Lord Guilford,

Be it your task to speak at large our purpose.
 Daughter, receive this lord as one whom I,
 Your father, and his own, ordain your husband :
 What more concerns our will, and your obedience,
 We leave you to receive from him at leisure.

[*Exit DUKE and DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK, and
 DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.*

Guil. Wilt thou not spare a moment from thy
 sorrows,
 And bid these bubbling streams forbear to flow ?

Wilt thou not give one interval to joy ;
 One little pause, while humbly I unfold
 The happiest tale my tongue was ever blest with ?

Lady J. G. My heart is dead within me, every sense
 Is dead to joy ; but I will hear thee, Guilford,
 Nay, I must hear thee, such is her command,
 Whom early duty taught me still t'obey.
 Yet, oh ! forgive me, if to all the story,
 Though eloquence divine attend thy speaking,
 Though ev'ry muse and ev'ry grace do crown thee ;
 Forgive me, if I cannot better answer,
 Than weeping——thus, and thus——

Guil. If I offend thee,
 Let me be dumb for ever.

What is my peace or happiness to thine ?
 No ; though our noble parents had decreed,
 And urg'd high reasons, which import the state,
 This night to give thee to my faithful arms,
 My fairest bride, my only earthly bliss——

Lady J. G. How ! Guilford ! on this night ?

Guil. This happy night :
 Yet if thou art resolv'd to cross my fate,
 If this my utmost wish shall give thee pain,
 Now rather let the stroke of death fall on me,
 And stretch me out a lifeless corpse before thee :
 Let me be swept away with things forgotten,
 Be huddled up in some obscure blind grave,
 Ere thou shouldst say my love has made thee
 wretched,

Or drop one single tear for Guilford's sake.

Lady J. G. Alas ! I have too much of death already,
 And want not thine to furnish out new horror.
 Oh ! dreadful thought, if thou wert dead indeed,
 What hope were left me then ? Yes, I will own,
 Spite of the blush that burns my maiden cheek,
 My heart has fondly lean'd towards thee long :
 Thy sweetness, virtue, and unblemish'd youth,
 Have won a place for thee within my bosom.

And if my eyes look coldly on thee now,
 And shun thy love on this disastrous day,
 It is because I would not deal so hardly,
 To give thee sighs for all thy faithful vows,
 And pay thy tenderness with nought but tears.
 And yet 'tis all I have.

Guil. I ask no more ;

Let me but call thee mine, confirm that hope,
 To charm the doubts, which vex my anxious soul ;
 For all the rest do thou allot it for me,
 And at thy pleasure portion out my blessings.

Lady J. G. Here then I take thee to my heart for
 ever. [Giving her hand.

The dear companion of my future days :
 Whatever Providence allots for each,
 Be that the common portion of us both ;
 Share all the griefs of thy unhappy Jane ;
 But if good heav'n has any joys in store,
 Let them be all thy own.

Guil. Thou wondrous goodness !
 And, oh ! if, as my fond belief would hope,
 If any word of mine be gracious to thee,
 I beg thee, I conjure thee, drive away
 Those murd'rous thoughts of grief that kill thy quiet,
 Restore thy gentle bosom's native peace,
 Lift up the light of gladness in thy eyes,
 And cheer thy heaviness with one dear smile.

Lady J. G. Yes, Guilford, I will study to forget
 All that the royal Edward has been to me,
 How we have lov'd, even from our very cradles.
 My private loss no longer will I mourn,
 But ev'ry tender thought to thee shall turn :
 With patience I'll submit to heav'n's decree,
 And what I lost in Edward find in thee.
 But, oh ! when I revolve what ruins wait
 Our sinking ~~altars~~ and the falling state :
 Wh~~at~~ land

and ;

How form'd he was to save her from distress,
 A king to govern, and a saint to bless :
 New sorrow to my lab'ring breast succeeds,
 And my whole heart for wretched England bleeds.

[Exit LADY JANE GREY.

Guil. My heart sinks in me, at her soft complaining ;
 And ev'ry moving accent that she breathes
 Resolves my courage, slackens my tough nerves,
 And melts me down to infancy and tears.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. Edward is dead ; so said the great North-
 umberland,
 As now he shot along by me in haste.
 See, my Guilford ! [Speaking to him.
 My friend !

Guil. Ha ! Pembroke ! [Starting.

Pem. Wherefore dost thou start ?
 Why sits that wild disorder on thy visage,
 Somewhat that looks like passions strange to thee,
 The paleness of surprise, and ghastly fear !
 Since I have known thee first, and call'd thee friend,
 I never saw thee so unlike thyself ;
 So chang'd upon a sudden.

Guil. How ! so chang'd !

Pem. So to my eye thou seem'st.

Guil. The king is dead.

Pem. I learn'd it from thy father,
 Just as I enter'd here. But say, could that,
 A fate which ev'ry moment we expected,
 Distract thy thought, or shock thy temper thus ?

Guil. Oh ! Pembroke ! 'tis in vain to hide from
 thee !

For thou hast look'd into my artless bosom,
 And seen at once the hurry of my soul.
 'Tis true thy coming struck me with surprise.

I have a thought——But wherefore said I one ?
I have a thousand thoughts all up in arms.

Pem. Thou know'st thou art so dear, so sacred to me,

That I can never think thee an offender.
If it were so, that I indeed must judge thee,
I should take part with thee against myself,
And call thy fault a virtue.

Guil. But suppose

The thought were somewhat that concern'd our love.

Pem. Speak then, and ease the doubts that shock my soul.

Guil. Suppose thy Guilford's better stars prevail,
And crown his love —————

Pem. Say not, suppose : 'tis done.

Thou hast prevaricated with thy friend,
By underhand contrivances undone me :
And while my open nature trusted in thee,
Thou hast stept in between me and my hopes,
And ravish'd from me all my soul held dear.
Thou hast betray'd me —————

Guil. How ! betray'd thee, Pembroke ?

Pem. Yes, falsely, like a traitor.

Guil. Have a care.

Pem. But think not I will bear it long.

My injur'd honour,
Impatient of the wrong, calls for revenge ;
And tho' I love thee——fondly——

Guil. Hear me yet,

And Pembroke shall acquit me to himself.
Hear, while I tell how fortune dealt between us,
And gave the yielding beauty to my arms——

Pem. What, hear it ! Stand and listen to thy triumph !

Thou think'st me tame indeed. No, hold, I charge thee,

Let I forget
Lest, in the
I run at our

Guil. Thou warn'st me well ; and I were rash as thou art,

To trust the secret sum of all my happiness
With one not master of himself. Farewell. [*Going.*]

Pem. Ha ! art thou going ? Think not thus to part,
Nor leave me on the wreck of this uncertainty.

Guil. What wouldst thou further ?

Pem. Tell it to me all ;

Say thou art marry'd, say thou hast possess'd her,
And rioted in vast excess of bliss ;

That I may curse myself, and thee, and her.

Come, tell me how thou didst supplant thy friend ?

How didst thou look with that betraying face,

And smiling plot my ruin ?

Guil. Give me way.

When thou art better temper'd, I may tell thee,
And vindicate at full my love and friendship.

Pem. No, I will have it now, this moment from thee,

Or drag the secret out from thy false heart.

Guil. Away, thou madman ! I would talk to winds,
And reason with the rude tempestuous surge,
Sooner than hold discourse with rage like thine.

Pem. Tell it, or by my injur'd love I swear,

[*Laying his hand upon his sword.*]

I'll stab the lurking treason in thy heart.

Guil. Ha ! stay thee there ; nor let thy frantic hand
[*Stopping him.*]

Unsheath thy weapon. If the sword be drawn,

If once we meet on terms like those, farewell

To ev'ry thought of friendship ; one must fall.

Pem. Curse on thy friendship ! I would break the band.

Guil. That as you please—Beside, this place is sacred,

And must not be profan'd with brawls and outrage.

You know I dare be found on any summons.

Pem. 'Tis well. My vengeance shall not wait long.

Henceforward let the thoughts of our past lives
Be turn'd to deadly and remorseless hate.
Here I give up the empty name of friend,
Renounce all gentleness, all commerce, with thee,
To death defy thee, as my mortal foe ;
And when we meet again, may swift destruction
Rid me of thee, or rid me of myself.

[*Erit* PEMBROKE.]

Guil. The fate I ever fear'd is fall'n upon me ;
And long ago my boding heart divin'd
A breach like this from his ungovern'd rage.
Oh, Pembroke! thou hast done me much injustice,
For I have borne thee true, unfeign'd, affection ;
'Tis past, and thou art lost to me for ever.
Love is, or ought to be, our greatest bliss ;
Since ev'ry other joy, how dear soever,
Gives way to that, and we leave all for love.
At the imperious tyrant's lordly call,
In spite of reason or restraint we come ;
Leave kindred, parents, and our native home.
The trembling maid, with all her fears he charms,
And pulls her from her weeping mother's arms :
He laughs at all her leagues, and in proud scorn
Commands the bands of friendship to be torn ;
Disdains a partner should partake his throne,
But reigns unbounded, lawless, and alone. [*Erit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

*The Tower.**Enter PEMBROKE and GARDINER.*

Gar. Nay, by the rood, my lord, you were to blame,
 To let a hair-brain'd passion be your guide,
 And hurry you into such mad extremes.
 Marry, you might have made much worthy profit,
 By patient hearing; the unthinking lord
 Had brought forth ev'ry secret of his soul;
 Then when you were the master of his bosom,
 That was the time to use him with contempt,
 And turn his friendship back upon his hands.

Pem. Thou talkst as if a madman could be wise.
 Oh, Winchester! thy hoary frozen age
 Can never guess my pain; can never know
 The burning transports of untam'd desire.
 I tell thee, reverend lord, to that one bliss,
 To the enjoyment of that lovely maid,
 As to their centre, I had drawn each hope,
 And ev'ry wish my furious soul could form;
 Then, to be robb'd at once, and unsuspecting,
 Be dash'd in all the height of expectation!
 It was not to be borne.

Gar. Have you not heard of what has happen'd
 since?

Pem. I have not had a minute's peace of mind,
 A moment's pause, to rest from rage, or think.

Gar. Learn it from me then : But ere I speak,
 I warn you to be master of yourself.
 Though, as you know, they have confin'd me long,
 Gra'mercy to their goodness, pris'ner here ;
 Yet as I am allow'd to walk at large
 Within the Tower, and hold free speech with any,
 I have not dreamt away my thoughtless hours,
 Without good heed to these our righteous rulers.
 To prove this true, this morn a trusty spy
 Has brought me word, that yester ev'ning late,
 In spite of all the grief for Edward's death,
 Your friends were marry'd.

Pem. Marry'd ! who ?——

Gar. Lord Guilford Dudley, and the lady Jane.

Pem. Curse on my stars !

Gar. Nay, in the name of grace,
 Restrain this sinful passion ; all's not lost
 In this one single woman.

Pem. I have lost
 More than the female world can give me back.
 I had beheld even her whole sex, unmov'd,
 Look'd o'er them like a bed of gaudy flowers,
 That lift their painted heads, and live a day,
 Then shed their trifling glories unregarded ;
 My heart disdain'd their beauties, till she came,
 With ev'ry grace that Nature's hand could give,
 And with a mind so great, it spoke its essence
 Immortal and divine.

Gar. Your state is not so bad as you would make
 it ;
 Nor need you thus abandon ev'ry hope.

Pem. Ha ! Wilt thou save me, snatch me from
 despair,
 And bid me live again.

Gar. She may be yours.

What if Lord Guilford falls ?

Pem. O water !

Gar. Ma

These gossellers have had their golden days,
 And lorded it at will; with proud despite
 Have trodden down our holy Roman faith,
 Ransack'd our shrines, and driv'n our saints to exile.
 But if my divination fail me not,
 Their haughty hearts shall be abas'd ere long,
 And feel the vengeance of our Mary's reign.

Pem. And wouldst thou have my fierce impatience
 stay;

Bid me lie bound upon a rack, and wait
 For distant joys, whole ages yet behind?
 Can love attend on politicians' schemes,
 Expect the slow events of cautious councils,
 Cold unresolving heads, and creeping time?

Gar. To-day, or I am ill-inform'd, Northumber-
 land,

With easy Suffolk, Guilford, and the rest,
 Meet here in council on some deep design,
 Some traitorous contrivance, to protect
 Their upstart faith from near approaching ruin.
 But there are punishments—halters and axes
 For traitors, and consuming flames for heretics;
 The happy bridegroom may be yet cut short,
 Ev'n in his highest hope—But go not you;
 Howe'er the fawning sire, old Dudley, court you;
 No, by the holy rood, I charge you, mix not
 With their pernicious counsels.—Mischief waits
 them,

Sure, certain, unavoidable destruction.

Pem. Ha! join with them! the cursed Dudley's
 race!

Who, while they held me in their arms, betray'd me;
 Scorn'd me for not suspecting they were villains,
 And made a mock'ry of my easy friendship!
 No, when I do, dishonour be my portion,
 And swift perdition catch me;—join with them!

Gar. I would not have you—Hie you to the city,
 And join with those that love our ancient faith.

Gather your friends about you, and be ready
 To assert our zealous Mary's royal title,
 And doubt not but her grateful hand shall give you
 To see your soul's desire upon your enemies.
 The church shall pour her ample treasures forth too,
 And pay you with ten thousand years of pardon.

Pem. No; give me vengeance:
 Give me to tell that soft deceiver, Guilford,
 Thus, traitor, hast thou done, thus hast thou wrong'd
 me,
 And thus thy treason finds a just reward.

Gar. But soft! no more! the lords o'the council
 come.

Al! by the mass, the bride and bridegroom too!
 Care with me, my lord; we must not meet them.

Pem. 'Tis they themselves!
 Haste, Winchester, haste! let us fly for ever,
 And drive her from my very thoughts, if possible.
 Oh! Jove, what have I lost! Oh, reverend lord!
 Pity this fond, this foolish weakness in me!
 Methinks, I go like our first wretched father,
 When from his blissful garden he was driven:
 Like me he went despairing, and like me,
 Thus at the gate stopp'd short for one last view!
 Then with the cheerless partner of his wo,
 He turn'd him to the world that lay below:
 There, for his Eden's happy plains, beheld
 A barren, wild, uncomfortable field;
 He saw 'twas vain his ruin to deplore,
 He try'd to give the sad remembrance o'er;
 The sad remembrance still return'd again,
 And his lost paradise renew'd his pain.

[*Exeunt PEMBROKE and GARDINER.*

Enter LORD GUILFORD and LADY JANE.

Guil. What shall I say to thee? What power divine
 Will teach my tongue to tell thee what I feel?
 To pour the transports of my bosom forth

And make thee partner of the joy dwells there?
 For thou art comfortless, full of affliction,
 Heavy of heart as the forsaken widow,
 And desolate as orphans. Oh! my fair one!
 Thy Edward shines amongst the brightest stars,
 And yet thy sorrows seek him in the grave.

Lady J. G. Alas! my dearest lord! a thousand
 griefs

Beset my anxious heart: and yet, as if
 The burden were too little, I have added
 The weight of all thy cares; and, like the miser,
 Increase of wealth has made me but more wretched.
 The morning light seems not to rise as usual,
 It draws not to me, like my virgin days,
 But brings new thoughts and other fears upon me;
 I tremble, and my anxious heart is pain'd,
 Lest aught but good should happen to my Guilford.

Guil. Nothing but good can happen to thy Guil-
 ford,

While thou art by his side, his better angel,
 His blessing and his guard.

Lady J. G. Why came we hither?

Why was I drawn to this unlucky place,
 This Tower, so often stain'd with royal blood?
 Here the fourth Edward's helpless sons were mur-
 der'd,

And pious Henry felt by ruthless Glo'ster:
 Is this the place allotted for rejoicing?
 The bower adorn'd to keep our nuptial feast in?
 Methinks suspicion and distrust dwell here,
 Staring with meagre forms thro' grated windows
 Death lurks within, and unrelenting punishment:
 Without grim danger, fear, and fiercest power
 Sit on the rude old towers, and Gothic battlements;
 While horror overlooks the dreadful wall,
 And frowns on all around.

Guil. In safety here,
 The lords o' th' council have this morn decreed

To meet, and with united care support
 The feeble tottering state. To thee, my princess,
 Whose royal veins are rich in Henry's blood,
 With one consent the noblest heads are bow'd :
 From thee thy ask a sanction to their counsels,
 And from thy healing hand expect a cure,
 For England's loss in Edward.

Lady J. G. How ! from me !

Alas ! my lord—But sure thou mean'st to mock me ?

Guil. No ; by the love my faithful heart is full of !
 But see, thy mother, gracious Suffolk, comes
 To intercept my story : she shall tell thee ;
 For in her look I read the lab'ring thought,
 What vast event thy fate is now disclosing.

Enter the DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK.

Duchess S. No more complain, indulge thy tears
 no more,

Thy pious grief has giv'n the grave its due :
 Let thy heart kindle with the highest hopes ;
 Expand thy bosom, let thy soul enlarged,
 Make room to entertain the coming glory !
 For majesty and purple greatness court thee ;
 Homage and low subjection wait : a crown,
 That makes the princes of the earth like gods ;
 A crown, my daughter, England's crown attends,
 To bind thy brows with its imperial wreath.

Lady J. G. Amazement chills my veins ! What
 says my mother ?

Duchess S. 'Tis heaven's decree ; for our expiring
 Edward,

When now, just struggling to his native skies,
 Ev'n on the verge of heav'n, in sight of angels,
 That hover'd round to waft him to the stars,
 Even then declar'd my Jane for his successor.

Lady J. G. Could Edward do this ? could the dy-
 ing saint
 Bequeath his crown to me ? Oh ! fatal bounty !

To me ! but 'tis impossible ! We dream.
 A thousand and a thousand bars oppose me,
 Rise in my way, and intercept my passage.
 Ev'n you, my gracious mother, what must you be,
 Ere I can be a queen ?

Duchess S. That, and that only,
 Thy mother ; fonder of that tender name,
 Than all the proud additions pow'r can give.
 Yes, I will give up all my share of greatness,
 And live in low obscurity for ever,
 To see thee rais'd, thou darling of my heart,
 And fix'd upon a throne. But see : thy father,
 Northumberland, with all the council, come
 To pay their vow'd allegiance at thy feet,
 To kneel, and call thee queen.

Lady J. G. Support me, Guilford ;
 Give me thy aid ; stay thou my fainting soul,
 And help me to repress this growing danger.

*Enter SUFFOLK, NORTHUMBERLAND, LORDS, and
 others of the PRIVY COUNCIL.*

North. Hail, sacred princess, sprung from ancient
 kings,
 Our England's dearest hope, undoubted offspring
 Of York and Lancaster's united line ;
 By whose bright zeal, by whose victorious faith,
 Guarded and fenc'd around our pure religion,
 That lamp of truth which shines upon our altars,
 Shall lift its golden head, and flourish long ;
 Beneath whose awful rule, and righteous sceptre,
 The plenteous years shall roll in long succession ;
 Law shall prevail, and ancient right take place,
 Fair liberty shall lift her cheerful head,
 Fearless of tyranny and proud oppression ;
 No sad complaining in our streets shall cry,
 But justice shall be exercised in mercy.
 Hail, royal Jane ! behold, we bend our knees,
 [They kneel

The pledge of homage, and thy land's obedience ;
With humblest duty thus we kneel, and own thee
Our liege, our sovereign lady, and our queen.

Lady J. G. Oh, rise,

My father, rise !

[*To SUFF.*

And you, my father, too !

[*To NORTH.*

Rise, all, nor cover me with this confusion. [*They rise.*

What means this mock, this masquing show of
greatness ?

Why do you hang these pageant glories on me,
And dress me up in honours not my own ?

North. The daughters of our late great master,
Henry,

Stand both by law excluded from succession.

To make all firm,

And fix a power unquestion'd in your hand,

Edward, by will, bequeath'd his crown to you :

And the concurring lords in council met,

Have ratify'd the gift.

Lady J. G. Are crowns and empire,
The government and safety of mankind,
Trifles of such light moment, to be left
Like some rich toy, a ring, or fancy'd gem,
The pledge of parting friends ? Can kings do thus,
And give away a people for a legacy ?

North. Forgive me, princely lady, if my wonder
Seizes each sense, each faculty of mind,
To see the utmost wish the great can form,
A crown, thus coldly met : A crown, which slighted,
And left in scorn by you, shall soon be sought,
And find a joyful wearer ; one, perhaps,
Of blood unkindred to your royal house,
And fix its glories in another line.

Lady J. G. Where art thou now, thou parting
my cares ?

[*Turning to GUNTER.*

Come to my aid, and help to bear this burden :

Oh ! save me from this sorrow, this misery

Which in the shape of gorgeous greatness

To crown, and make a wretch of me for

Guil. Thou weep'st, my queen, and hang'st thy
drooping head,
Like nodding poppies, heavy with the rain,
That bow their weary necks, and bend to earth.
See, by thy side, thy faithful Guilford stands,
Prepar'd to keep distress and danger from thee,
To wear thy sacred cause upon his sword,
And war against the world in thy defence.

North. Oh! stay this inauspicious stream of tears,
And cheer your people with one gracious smile.
Nor comes your fate in such a dreadful form
To bid you shun it. Turn those sacred eyes
On the bright prospect empire spreads before you.
Methinks I see you seated on the throne;
Beneath your feet, the kingdom's great degrees
In bright confusion shine, mitres and coronets,
The various ermine, and the glowing purple;
Assembled senates wait with awful dread,
To 'firm your high commands, and make them fate.

Lady J. G. You turn to view the painted side of
royalty,
And cover all the cares that lurk beneath.
Is it, to be a queen, to sit aloft,
In solemn, dull, uncomfortable state,
The flatter'd idol of a servile court?
Is it to draw a pompous train along,
A pageant, for the wond'ring crowd to gaze at?
Is it, in wantonness of power to reign,
And make the world subservient to my pleasure?
Is it not rather, to be greatly wretched,
To watch, to toil, to take a sacred charge,
To bend each day before high heav'n, and own,
This people hast thou trusted to my hand,
And at my hand, I know, thou shalt require them?
Alas, Northumberland!—My father!—Is it not
To live a life of care, and when I die,
Have more to answer for before my Judge,
Than any of my subjects?

Duchess S. Ev'ry state,
 Allotted to the race of man below,
 Is, in proportion, doom'd to taste some sorrow,
 Nor is the golden wreath on a king's brow
 Exempt from care ; and yet, who would not bear it ?
 Think on the monarchs of our royal race,
 They liv'd not for themselves : how many blessings,
 How many lifted hands shall pay thy toil,
 ' for thy people's good thou happ'ly borrow
 ome portions from the hours of rest, and wake
 'o give the world repose !

Suff. Behold, we stand upon the brink of ruin,
 And only thou canst save us. Persecution,
 That fiend of Rome and hell, prepares her tortures ;
 See where she comes in Mary's priestly train !
 Still wilt thou doubt ; till thou behold her stalk,
 Red with the blood of martyrs, and wide wasting
 O'er England's bosom ? All the mourning year
 Our towns shall glow with unextinguish'd fires ;
 Our youth on racks shall stretch their crackling
 bones ;

Our babes shall sprawl on consecrated spears ;
 Matrons and husbands, with their new-born infants,
 Shall burn promiscuous ; a continu'd peal
 Of lamentations, groans, and shrieks, shall sound,
 Through all our purple ways.

Guil. Amidst that ruin,
 Think thou behold'st thy Guilford's head laid low
 Bloody and pale —————

Lady J. G. Oh ! spare the dreadful image !

Guil. Oh ! would the misery be bounded there,
 My life were little ; but the rage of Rome
 Demands whole hecatombs, a land of victims.
 With Superstition comes that other fiend,
 That bane of peace, of arts and virtus. T
 That foe of justice, scorner of all, is
 That beast, which thinks mankind
 And made by heav'n to be a man

That heaviest curse of groaning nations' tyranny.
 Mary shall, by her kindred Spain, be taught
 To bend our necks beneath a brazen yoke,
 And rule o'er wretches with an iron sceptre.

Lady J. G. Avert that judgment, heav'n!
 Whate'er thy providence allots for me,
 In mercy spare my country.

Guil. Oh, my queen!

Does not thy great, thy generous heart relent,
 To think this land, for liberty so fam'd,
 Shall have her towery front at once laid low,
 And robb'd of all its glory? Oh! my country!
 Oh! fairest Albion! empress of the deep,
 How have thy noblest sons, with stubborn valour,
 Stood to the last, dy'd many a field in blood,
 In dear defence of birth-right and their laws!
 And shall those hands which fought the cause of
 freedom,

Be manacled in base unworthy bonds:
 Be tamely yielded up, the spoil, the slaves
 Of hair-brain'd zeal, and cruel coward priests!

Lady J. G. Yes, my lov'd lord, my soul is mov'd
 like thine,

At ev'ry danger which invades our England;
 My cold heart kindles at the great occasion,
 And could be more than man in her defence.
 But where is my commission to redress?
 Or whence my pow'r to save? Can Edward's will,
 Or twenty met in council, make a queen?
 Can you, my lords, give me the power to canvas
 A doubtful title with king Henry's daughters?
 Where are the rev'rend sages of the law,
 To guide me with their wisdoms, and point out
 The paths which right and justice bid me tread?

North. The judges all attend, and will at leisure
 Resolve you ev'ry scruple.

Lady J. G. They expound;

But where are those, my lord, that make the law?

Where are the ancient honours of the realm,
The nobles, with the mitred fathers join'd ?
The wealthy commons solemnly assembled ?
Where is that voice of a consenting people,
To pledge the universal faith with mine,
And call me justly queen ?

North. Nor shall that long
Be wanting to your wish. The lords and commons
Shall, at your royal bidding, soon assemble,
And with united homage own your title.
Delay not then to meet the general wish,
But be our queen, be England's better angel.
Nor let mistaken piety betray you
To join with cruel Mary in our ruin :
Her bloody faith commands her to destroy,
And yours forbids to save.

Guil. Our foes, already
High in their hopes, devote us all to death :
The dronish monks, the scorn and shame of manhood,
Rouse and prepare once more to take possession,
To nestle in their ancient hives again :
Again they furbish up their holy trumpery,
Relicks and wooden wonder-working saints
Whole loads of lumber and religious rubbish,
In high procession mean to bring them back,
And place the puppets in their shrines again :
While those of keener malice, savage Bonner,
And deep designing Gard'ner, dream of vengeance ;
Devour the blood of innocents, in hope ;
Like vultures, snuff the slaughter in the wind,
And speed their flight to havoc and the prey.
Haste then, and save us, while 'tis given to save
Your country, your religion.

North. Save your friends !

Suff. Your father !

Duchess S. Mother !

Guil. Husband !

Lady J. G. Take me, crown me.

Invest me with this royal wretchedness ;
 Let me not know one happy minute more ;
 Let all my sleepless nights be spent in care,
 My days be fix'd in tumults and alarms !
 If only I can save you, if my fate
 Has mark'd me out to be the public victim,
 I take the lot with joy. Yes, I will die
 For that eternal truth my faith is fix'd on,
 And that dear native land which gave me birth.

Guil. Wake ev'ry tuneful instrument to tell it,
 And let the trumpet's sprightly note proclaim
 My Jane is England's queen ! Let the loud cannon
 In peals of thunder speak it to Augusta ;
 Imperial Thames, catch thou the sacred sound,
 And roll it to the subject ocean down :
 Tell the old deep, and all thy brother floods,
 My Jane is empress of the wat'ry world !

Lady J. G. Oh, Guilford ! what do we give up
 for glory !

For glory ! that's a toy I would not purchase ;
 An idle, empty bubble. But for England !
 What must we lose for that ? Since then my fate
 Has forc'd this hard exchange upon my will,
 Let gracious heav'n allow me one request :
 For that blest peace in which I once did dwell,
 For books, retirement, and my studious cell,
 For all those joys my happier days did prove,
 For Plato, and his academic grove ;
 All that I ask, is, tho' my fortune frown ;
 And bury me beneath this fatal crown ;
 Let that one good be added to my doom,
 To save this land from tyranny and Rome. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

*The Tower.**Enter PEMBROKE and GARDINER.*

Gar. In an unlucky and accursed hour
Set forth that traitor duke, that proud Northumber-
land,

To draw his sword upon the side of heresy,
And war against our Mary's holy right :
Ill fortune fly before, and pave his way
With disappointments, mischief, and defeat ;
Do thou, O holy Becket, the protector,
The champion, and the martyr of our church,
Appear, and once more own the cause of Rome :
Beat down his lance, break thou his sword in battle,
And cover foul rebellion with confusion.

Pem. I saw him marching at his army's head ;
I mark'd him issuing thro' the city gate
In harness, all appointed, as he pass'd ;
And (for he wore his beaver up) could read
Upon his visage, horror and dismay.
No voice of cheerful salutation cheer'd him ;
None wish'd his arms might thrive, or bid God
speed him ;

But through a staring ghastly looking
Unhail'd, unbless'd, with heavy head
As if his traitor father's haggard
And Somerset, fresh bleeding
On either hand had usher'd,

Gar. Nor shall the holy vengeance loiter long.
 At Farmingham, in Suffolk, lies the queen,
 Mary, our pious mistress : where each day
 The nobles of the land, and swarming populace,
 Gather, and 'list beneath her royal ensigns.
 The fleet, commanded by Sir Thomas Jerningham,
 Set out in warlike manner to oppose her,
 With one consent have join'd to own her cause :
 The valiant Sussex, and Sir Edward Hastings,
 With many more of note, are up in arms,
 And all declare for her.

Pem. The citizens,
 Who held the noble Somerset right dear,
 Hate this aspiring Dudley and his race,
 And would upon the instant join t'oppose him ;
 Could we but draw some of the lords o'th' council
 T' appear among them.
 For that purpose,
 To thee, as to an oracle, I come.

Gar. Since the proud duke set out, I have had
 conference,
 As fit occasion serv'd with divers of them,
 The Earl of Arundel, Mason, and Cheyney,
 And find them all dispos'd as we could ask.
 By holy Mary, if I count aright,
 To-day the better part shall leave this place,
 And meet at Baynard's castle in the city ;
 There own our sovereign's title, and defy
 Jane and her gospel crew. But hie you hence !
 This place is still within our foes' command,
 Their puppet-queen reigns here.

Enter an OFFICER with a GUARD.

Offi. Seize on them both.

[GUARDS seize PEMBROKE and GARDINER.]
 My lord, you are a pris'ner to the state.

Pem. Ha ! by whose order ?

Offi. By the queen's command,
Sign'd and deliver'd by Lord Guilford Dudley.

Pem. Curse on his traitor's heart!

Gar. Rest you contented :
You have loiter'd here too long ; but use your pa-
tience,
These bonds shall not be lasting.

Offi. As for you, sir, [To GARDINER.
'Tis the queen's pleasure you be close confin'd :
You've us'd that fair permission was allow'd you,
To walk at large within the tower, unworthily.
You're noted for an over-busy meddler,
A secret practiser against the state ;
For which, henceforth, your limits shall be straiter.
Hence, to your chamber!

Gar. Farewell, gentle Pembroke ;
I trust that we shall meet on blither terms :
Till then, amongst my beads I will remember you,
And give you to the keeping of the saints.

[*Exeunt part of the GUARDS with GARDINER.*

Pem. Now, whither must I go ?

Offi. This way, my lord. [Going off.

Enter GUILFORD.

Guil. Hold, captain ! ere you go, I have a word
or two
For this your noble pris'ner.

Offi. At your pleasure :
I know my duty, and attend your lordship.

[*The OFFICER and GUARDS retire to the far-
thest part of the stage.*

Guil. Is all the gentleness that was betwixt us
So lost, so swept away from thy remembrance,
Thou canst not look upon me ?

Pem. Ha ! not look !
What terrors are there in the Dudley's race,
That Pembroke dares not look upon and scorn ?

And yet, 'tis true, I would not look upon thee;
 Our eyes avoid to look on what we hate,
 As well as what we fear.

Guil. You hate me, then!

Pem. I do.

Guil. And yet; as sure as rage disturbs thy reason,
 And masters all the noble nature in thee,
 As sure as thou hast wrong'd me, I am come
 In tenderness of friendship to preserve thee;
 To plant ev'n all the power I have before thee,
 And fence thee from destruction with my life.

Pem. Friendship from thee! But my just soul
 disdains thee.

Hence! take the prostituted bauble back,
 For none but fools will praise the tinsel toy.
 But thou art come perhaps to vaunt thy greatness;
 To let me know that Guilford is a king,
 That he can speak the word, and give me freedom,
 Oh, short-liv'd pageant! hadst thou all the pow'r
 Which thy vain soul would grasp at, I would die,
 Rot in a dungeon, ere receive a grace,
 The least, the meanest courtesy, from thee.

Guil. Oh, Pembroke! but I have not time to talk,
 For danger presses, danger unforeseen,
 And secret as the shaft that flies by night,
 Is aiming at thy life. Captain, a word!

[*To the OFFICER.*]

I take your pris'ner to my proper charge;
 Draw off your guard, and leave his sword with me.
 [*The OFFICER delivers the sword to LORD
 GUILFORD, and goes out with his GUARD—
 LORD GUILFORD offering the sword to
 PEMBROKE.*]

Receive this gift, ev'n from a rival's hand;
 Oh, take thy sword; and let thy valiant hand
 Be ready arm'd to guard thy noble life:
 The time, the danger, and thy wild impatience,

Forbid me all to enter into speech with thee,
Or I could tell thee——

Pem. No, it needs not, traitor !

For all thy poor, thy little arts are known.
Thou fear'st my vengeance, and art come to fawn,
To make a merit of that proffer'd freedom,
Which, in despite of thee, a day shall give me.
Nor can my fate depend on thee, false Guilford ;
For know, to thy confusion, ere the sun
Twice gild the east, our royal Mary comes
To end thy pageant reign, and set me free.

Guil. Ungrateful and unjust ! Hast thou then
known me

So little, to accuse my heart of fear ?
Hast thou forgotten Musselborough's field ?
Did I then fear, when by thy side I fought,
And dy'd my maiden sword in Scottish blood ?
But this is madness all.

Pem. Give me my sword. [*Taking his sword.*]

Perhaps, indeed, I wrong thee. Thou hast thought ;
And, conscious of the injury thou hast done me,
Art come to proffer me a soldier's justice,
And meet my arm in single opposition.
Lead then, and let me follow to the field.

Guil. Yes, Pembroke, thou shalt satisfy thy ven-
geance,

And write thy bloody purpose on my bosom.
But let death wait to-day. By our past friendship,
In honour's name, by ev'ry sacred tie,
I beg thee ask no more, but haste from hence.

Pem. What mystic meaning lurks beneath thy
words ?

What fear is this, which thou wouldst awe my soul
with ?

Is there a danger Pembroke dares not meet ?

Guil. Oh, spare my tongue a tale of
horror :

Trust me this once : believe me when I

Thy safety and thy life is all I seek.

Away.

Pem. Curse on this shuffling, dark, ambiguous phrase!

If thou wouldst have me think thou mean'st me fairly,
Speak with that plainness honesty delights in,
And let thy double tongue for once be true.

Guil. Forgive me filial piety and nature,
If thus compell'd, I break your sacred laws,
Reveal my father's crime, and blot with infamy
The hoary head of him who gave me being,
To save the man, whom my soul loves, from death,
[Giving a paper.]

Read there the fatal purpose of thy foe,
A thought which wounds my soul with shame and
horror!

Somewhat that darkness should have hid for ever,
But that thy life—Say, hast thou seen that character?

Pem. I know it well; the hand of proud North-
umberland,

Directed to his minions, Gates and Palmer.

What's this?

[Reads.] *Remember, with your closest care, to observe those whom I named to you at parting; especially keep your eye upon the Earl of Pembroke; as his power and interest are most considerable, so his opposition will be most fatal to us. Remember the resolution was taken, if you should find him inclined to our enemies. The forms of justice are tedious, and delays are dangerous. If he fallers, lose not the sight of him till your daggers have reached his heart.*

My heart! Oh, murd'rous villain!

Guil. Since he parted,
Thy ways have all been watch'd, thy steps been
mark'd;

Thy secret treaties with the malcontents
That harbour in the city; thy conferring
With Gard'ner here in the Tower; all is known;

And, in pursuance of that bloody mandate,
A set of chosen ruffians wait to end thee :
There was but one way left me to preserve thee ;
I took it ; and this morning sent my warrant
To seize upon thy person — But begone !

Pem. 'Tis so—'tis truth—I see his honest heart—

Guil. I have a friend of well try'd faith and courage,
Who, with a fit disguise, and arms conceal'd,
Attends without to guide thee hence with safety.

Pem. What is Northumberland ? And what art
thou ?

Guil. Waste not the time. Away !

Pem. And can I leave thee,
Ere I have clasp'd thee in my eager arms,
And giv'n thee back my sad repenting heart ?
Believe me, Guilford, like the patriarch's dove,

[*Embracing.*

It wander'd forth, but found no resting place,
Till it came home again to lodge with thee.

Guil. What is there that my soul can more desire,
Than these dear marks of thy returning friendship ;
The danger comes—If you stay longer here,
You die, my Pembroke.

Pem. Let me stay and die :
For if I go, I go to work thy ruin.
Thou know'st not what a foe thou send'st me forth,
That I have sworn destruction to the queen,
And pledg'd my faith to Mary and her cause :
My honour is at stake.

Guil. I know 'tis given.
But go—the stronger thy engagements there,
The more's thy danger here. There is a Power
Who sits above the stars ; in him I trust ;
All, that I have, his bounteous hand bestow'd ;
And he, that gave it, can preserve it to me.
But fly ! begone !

Pem. Yes, I will go—for, see ! behold who
Oh, Guilford ! hide me, shield me from her sight

Every mad passion kindles up again,
 Love, rage, despair—and yet I will be master—
 I will remember thee—Oh, my torn heart!
 I have a thousand thousand things to say,
 But cannot, dare not, stay to look on her.

[*Exeunt GUILFORD and PEMBROKE.*]

Enter LADY JANE, reading.

Lady J. G. 'Tis false! The thinking soul is somewhat more

Than symmetry of atoms well dispos'd,
 The harmony of matter. Farewell else
 The hope of all hereafter, that new life,
 That separate intellect, which must survive,
 When this fine frame is moulder'd into dust.

Enter GUILFORD.

Guil. What read'st thou there, my queen?

Lady J. G. 'Tis Plato's Phædon;
 Where dying Socrates takes leave of life,
 With such an easy, careless, calm indifference,
 As if the trifle were of no account,
 Mean in itself, and only to be worn
 In honour of the giver.

Guil. Shall thy soul
 Still scorn the world, still fly the joys that court
 Thy blooming beauty, and thy tender youth?
 Still shall she soar on contemplation's wing,
 And mix with nothing meaner than the stars;
 As heaven and immortality alone
 Were objects worthy to employ her faculties?

Lady J. G. Bate but thy truth, what is there here
 below

Deserves the least regard? Is it not time
 To bid our souls look out, explore hereafter,
 And seek some better sure abiding place;
 When all around our gathering foes come on,
 To drive, to sweep us from this world at once?

Guil. Does any danger new——

Lady J. G. The faithless counsellors
Are fled from hence to join the Princess Mary.
The servile herd of courtiers, who so late
In low obedience bent the knee before me ;
They, who with zealous tongues, and hands uplifted,
Besought me to defend their laws and faith ;
Vent their lewd execrations on my name,
Proclaim me trait'ress now, and to the scaffold
Doom my devoted head.

Guil. The changeling villains !
That pray for slavery, fight for their bonds,
And shun the blessing, liberty, like ruin.
But wherefore do I loiter tamely here ?
Give me my arms : I will preserve my country,
Ev'n in her own despite. Some friends I have,
Who will, or die, or conquer in thy cause,
Thine and religion's, thine and England's cause.

Lady J. G. Art thou not all my treasure, all my
guard ?
And wilt thou take from me the only joy,
The last defence is left me here below ?
Think not thy arm can stem the driving torrent,
Or save a people, who with blinded rage
Urge their own fate, and strive to be undone.
Northumberland, thy father, is in arms ;
And if it be in valour to defend us,
His sword, that long has known the way to conquest,
Shall be our surest safety.

Enter the DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Suff. Oh, my children !

Lady J. G. Alas ! what means my father ?

Suff. Oh, my son,
Thy father, great Northumberland, on whom
Our dearest hopes were built——

Guil. Ha ! What of him ?

Suff. Is lost ! betray'd !

His army, onward as he march'd, shrunk from him,
 Moulder'd away, and melted by his side ;
 Like falling hail thick strewn upon the ground,
 Which, ere we can essay to count, is vanish'd,
 With some few followers he arriv'd at Cambridge ;
 But there ev'n they forsook him, and himself
 Was forc'd, with heavy heart and wat'ry eye,
 To cast his cap up, with dissembled cheer,
 And cry, God save queen Mary. But, alas !
 Little avail'd the semblance of that loyalty :
 For soon thereafter, by the Earl of Arundel,
 With treason he was charg'd, and there arrested ;
 And now he brings him pris'ner up to London.

Lady J. G. Then there's an end of greatness : the
 vain dream

Of empire, and a crown that danc'd before me,
 With all those unsubstantial empty forms :
 Waiting in idle mockery around us ;
 The gaudy masque, tedious, and nothing meaning,
 Is vanish'd all at once—Why, fare it well.

Guil. And canst thou bear this sudden turn of fate,
 With such unshaken temper ?

Lady J. G. For myself,
 If I could form a wish for heav'n to grant,
 It should have been, to rid me of this crown.
 And thou, o'erruling, great, all knowing Power !
 Thou, who discern'st our thoughts, who see'st them
 rising

And forming in the soul ! Oh, judge me, thou,
 If e'er ambition's guilty fires have warm'd me,
 If e'er my heart inclin'd to pride, to power,
 Or join'd in being a queen. I took the sceptre
 To save this land, thy people, and thy altars :
 And now, behold, I bend my grateful knee,

[*Kneeling*

In humble adoration of that mercy,
 Which quits me of the vast unequal task.

Enter the DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK.

Duchess S. Nay, keep that posture still and let us join,

Fix all our knees by thine, lift up our hands,
And seek for help and pity from above,
For earth and faithless man will give us none.

Lady J. G. What is the worst our cruel fate ordains us ?

Duchess S. Curs'd be my fatal counsels, curs'd my tongue,

That pleaded for thy ruin, and persuaded
Thy guiltless feet to tread the paths of greatness !
My child— I have undone thee !

Lady J. G. Oh, my mother !

Should I not bear a portion in your sorrows ?

Duchess S. Alas, thou hast thy own, a double portion,

Mary is come, and the revolting Londoners,
Who beat the heav'ns with thy applauded name,
Now crowd to meet, and hail her as their queen.

Sussex is enter'd here, commands the Tower,
Has plac'd his guards around, and this sad place,
So late thy palace, is become our prison.

I saw him bend his knee to cruel Gardiner,
Who, freed from his confinement, ran to meet him,
Embrac'd and bless'd him with a hand of blood ;
Each hast'ning moment I expect them here,
To seize, and pass the doom of death upon us.

Guil. Ha ! seiz'd ! Shalt thou be seiz'd ? and shall I stand,

And tamely see thee borne away to death ?
Then blasted be my coward name for ever.

No, I will set myself to guard this spot,
To which our narrow empire now is shrunk ;
Here I will grow the bulwark of my queen,
Nor shall the hand of violence profane thee,
Until my breast have borne a thousand wounds,

Till this torn mangled body sink at once
A heap of purple ruin at thy feet.

Lady J. G. And could thy rash distracted rage do
thus ?

Draw thy vain sword against an armed multitude,
Only to have my poor heart split with horror,
To see thee stabb'd and butcher'd here before me ?
Oh, call thy better nobler courage to thee,
And let us meet this adverse fate with patience ?
Greet our insulting foes with equal tempers,
With even brows, and souls secure of death :
Here stand unmov'd ; as once the Roman senate
Receiv'd fierce Brennus, and the conquering Gauls,
Till e'en the rude barbarians stood amaz'd
At such superior virtue. Be thyself,
For see the trial comes !

Enter SUSSEX, GARDINER, OFFICERS, and SOLDIERS.

Suss. Guards, execute your orders ; seize the traitors :

Here my commission ends. To you, my lord,

[*To GARDINER.*]

So our great mistress, royal Mary, bids,
I leave the full disposal of the pris'ners !
To your wise care the pious queen commends
Her sacred self, her crown, and what's yet more,
The holy Roman church ; for whose dear safety,
She wills your utmost diligence be shown,
To bring rebellion to the bar of justice.
Yet farther, to proclaim how much she trusts
In Winchester's deep thought, and well try'd faith,
The seal attends to grace those rev'rend hands ;
And when I next salute you, I must call you
Chief minister and chancellor of England.

Gar. Unnumber'd blessings fall upon her head,
My ever-gracious lady ! to remember
With such full bounty her old humble beadsman !
For these, her foes, leave me to deal with them.

Suss. The queen is on her entrance, and expects me :

My lord, farewell.

Gar. Farewell, right noble Sussex ;
Commend me to the queen's grace ; say her bidding
Shall be observ'd by her most lowly creature.

[*Exit SUSSEX.*]

Lieutenant of the Tower, take hence your pris'ners :
Be it your care to see them kept apart,
That they may hold no commerce with each other.

Lady J. G. That stroke was unexpected.

Guil. Wilt thou part us ?

Gar. I hold no speech with heretics and traitors.
Lieutenant, see my orders are obey'd. [*Exit GAR.*]

Guil. Inhuman, monstrous, unexampled cruelty !
Oh, tyrant ! but the task becomes thee well ;
Thy savage temper joys to do death's office ;
To tear the sacred bands of love asunder,
And part those hands which heav'n itself hath join'd.

Duchess S. To let us waste the little rest of life
Together, had been merciful.

Suff. Then it had not
Been done like Winchester.

Guil. Thou stand'st unmov'd ;
Calm temper sits upon thy beauteous brow ;
Thy eyes, that flow'd so fast for Edward's loss,
Gaze unconcern'd upon the ruin round thee ;
As if thou hadst resolv'd to brave thy fate,
And triumph in the midst of desolation.
Ha ! see, it swells ; the liquid crystal rises,
It starts, in spite of thee,—but I will catch it ;
Nor let the earth be wet with dew so rich.

Lady J. G. And dost thou think, my Guilford, I
can see
My father, mother, and ev'n thee my husband,
Torn from my side without a pang of sorrow ?
How art thou thus unknowing in my heart !
Words cannot tell thee what I feel. There is
An agonizing softness busy here,

That tugs the strings, that struggles to get loose ;
And pour my soul in wailings out before thee.

Guil. Give way, and let the gushing torrent come ;
Behold the tears we bring to swell the deluge,
Till the flood rise upon the guilty world,
And make the ruin common.

Lady J. G. Guilford, no :

The time for tender thoughts and soft endearments
Is fled away and gone : joy has forsaken us ;
Our hearts have now another part to play ;
They must be steel'd with some uncommon fortitude,
That, fearless, we may tread the path of honour ;
And, in despite of fortune and our foes,
Ev'n in the hour of death, be more than conq'rors.

Guil. Oh, teach me ! say, what energy divine
Inspires thy softer sex, and tender years,
With such unshaken courage ?

Lady J. G. Truth and innocence ;
A conscious knowledge rooted in my heart,
That to have sav'd my country was my duty.
Yes, England, yes, my country, I would save thee ;
But heav'n forbids, heav'n disallows my weakness,
And to some dear selected hero's hand
Reserves the glory of thy great deliverance.

Lieut. My lords, my orders——

Guil. See ! we must—must part.

Lady J. G. Yet surely we shall meet again.

Guil. Oh ! Where ?

Lady J. G. If not on earth, among yon golden
stars,

Where other suns arise on other earths,
And happier beings rest on happier seats :
Where with a reach enlarg'd, our souls shall view
The great Creator's never-ceasing hand
Pour forth new worlds to all eternity,
And people the infinity of space.

Guil. Fain would I cheer my heart with hopes like
these ;

But my sad thoughts turn ever to the grave ;
 To that last dwelling, whither now we haste ;
 Where the black shade shall interpose betwixt us,
 And veil thee from these longing eyes for ever.

Lady J. G. 'Tis true, by those dark paths our
 journey leads,

And through the veil of death we pass to life:
 But what is there in death to blast our hopes ?
 Behold the universal works of nature,
 Where life still springs from death. To us the sun
 Dies ev'ry night, and ev'ry morn revives :
 The flow'rs, which winter's icy hand destroy'd,
 Lift their fair heads, and live again in spring.
 Mark, with what hopes upon the furrow'd plain,
 The careful plowman casts the pregnant grain ;
 There hid, as in a grave, a while it lies,
 Till the revolving season bids it rise ;
 Till nature's genial pow'rs command a birth ;
 And potent call it from the teeming earth :
 Then large increase the bury'd treasures yield,
 And with full harvest crown the plenteous field.

[*Exeunt severally with GUARDS.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Tower.

*Enter GARDINER, as Lord Chancellor, and the LIEU-
 TENANT OF THE TOWER. SERVANTS with lights
 before them.*

Lieut. Good morning to your lordship ; you rise
 early.

Gar. Nay, by the rood, there are too many sleepers ;
Some must stir early, or the state shall suffer.
Did you, as yesterday our mandate bade,
Inform your pris'ners, Lady Jane and Guilford,
They were to die this day ?

Lieut. My lord, I did.

Gar. 'Tis well. But say, how did your message
like them ?

Lieut. My lord, they met the summons with a
temper

That show'd a solemn, serious sense of death,
Mix'd with a noble scorn of all its terrors.
In short, they heard me with the self-same patience
With which they still have borne them in their prison.
In one request they both concurr'd ; each begg'd
To die before the other.

Gar. That dispose
As thou think fitting.

Lieut. The lord Guilford only
Implor'd another boon and urg'd it warmly :
That ere he suffer'd he might see his wife,
And take a last farewell.

Gar. That's not much ;
That grace may be allow'd him. See you to it.
How goes the morning ?

Lieut. Not yet four, my lord.

Gar. By ten they meet their fate. Yet one thing
more.

You know 'twas order'd that the Lady Jane
Should suffer here within the Tow'r. Take care
No crowds may be let in, no maudlin gazers
To wet their handkerchiefs, and make report
How like a saint she ended. Some fit number,
And those too of our friends, were most convenient :
But, above all, see that good guard be kept :
You know the queen is lodg'd at present here,
Take care that no disturbance reach her highness.

And so good morning, good master Lieutenant.

[*Erit* LIEUTENANT.]

How now ! What light comes here ?

Ser. So please your lordship,
If I mistake not, 'tis the Earl of Pembroke.

Gar. Pembroke !—"Tis he : What calls him forth
thus early ?

Somewhat he seems to bring of high import ;
Some flame uncommon kindles up his soul,
And flashes forth impetuous at his eyes.

Enter PEMBROKE ; a PAGE with a light before him.

Good-morrow, noble Pembroke ! What importunate
And strong necessity breaks on your slumbers,
And rears your youthful head from off your pillow,
At this unwholesome hour ?

Pem. Oh, rev'rend Winchester ! my beating heart
Exults and labours with the joy it bears :
The news I bring shall bless the breaking morn.

Gar. What happiness is this ?

Pem. 'Tis mercy, mercy,
Mary, our royal, ever-gracious mistress,
Has to my services and humblest prayers
Granted the lives of Guilford and his wife ;
Full and free pardon !

Gar. Ha ! What said you ? Pardon !
But sure you cannot mean it ; could not urge
The queen to such a rash and ill-tim'd grace ?
What, save the lives of those who wore her crown
My lord, 'tis most unweigh'd, pernicious counsel,
And must not be comply'd with.

Pem. Not comply'd with !
And who shall dare to bar her sacred pleasure,
And stop the stream of mercy ?

Gar. That will I ;
Who will not see her gracious disposition
Drawn to destroy herself.

Pem. Thy narrow soul

Knows not the godlike glory of forgiving :
 Nor can thy cold, thy ruthless heart conceive,
 How large the power, how fix'd the empire is,
 Which benefits confer on generous minds.

Gar. These are romantic, light, vain-glorious
 dreams,

Have you consider'd well upon the danger ?
 How dear to the fond many, and how popular
 These are whom you would spare ? Have you forgot,
 When at the bar, before the seat of judgment,
 This Lady Jane, this beauteous trait'ess, stood,
 With what command she charm'd the whole assembly ?
 With silent grief the mournful audience sat,
 Fix'd on her face, and list'ning to her pleading.
 Her very judges wrung their hands for pity,
 Their old hearts melted in them as she spoke,
 And tears ran down upon their silver beards.
 Ev'n I myself was mov'd, and, for a moment
 Felt wrath suspended in my doubtful breast,
 And question'd if the voice I heard was mortal.
 But when her tale was done, what loud applause,
 Like bursts of thunder, shook the spacious hall !
 At last, when sore constrain'd, th' unwilling lords
 Pronounc'd the fatal sentence on her life ;
 A peal of groans ran through the crowded court,
 As ev'ry heart was broken, and the doom,
 Like that which waits the world, were universal.

Pem. And can that sacred form, that angel's voice,
 Which mov'd the hearts of a rude ruthless crowd,
 Nay, mov'd ev'n thine, now sue in vain for pity ?

Gar. Alas, you look on her with lover's eyes :
 I hear and see through reasonable organs,
 Where passion has no part. Come, come, my lord,
 You have too little of the statesman in you.

Pem. And you, my lord, too little of the church-
 man.

Is not the sacred purpose of our faith
 Peace and good-will to man ? The hallow'd hand,

Ordain'd to bless, should know no stain of blood.
 'Tis true, I am not practis'd in your politics ;
 'Twas your pernicious counsel led the queen
 To break her promise with the men of Suffolk,
 To violate, what in a prince should be
 Sacred above the rest, her royal word.

Gar. Yes, and I dare avow it : I advis'd her
 To break through all engagements made with heretics,
 And keep no faith with such a miscreant crew.

Pem. Where shall we seek for truth, when ev'n
 religion,
 The priestly robe and mitred head, disclaim it ?
 But thus bad men dishonour the best cause.
 I tell thee, Winchester, doctrines like thine
 Have stain'd our holy church with greater infamy
 Than all your eloquence can wipe away.

Gar. Nay, if you rail, farewell. The queen must be
 Better advis'd, than thus to cherish vipers,
 Whose mortal stings are arm'd against her life.
 But while I hold the seal, no pardon passes
 For heretics and traitors. [*Exit GARDINER.*]

Pem. 'Twas unlucky
 To meet and cross upon this froward priest :
 But let me lose the thought on't ; let me haste,
 Pour my glad tidings forth in Guilford's bosom,
 And pay him back the life his friendship sav'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

*The LADY JANE kneeling, as at her devotion ; a light
 and a book placed on a table before her. Enter
 LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER, LORD GUILFORD,
 and two female ATTENDANTS.*

Lieut. Let me not press upon your lordship farther,
 But wait your leisure in the antichamber.

Guil. I will not hold you long. [*Exit LIEUTENANT.*]

I Wom. Softly, my lord !
 For yet; behold she kneels. Before the night
 Had reach'd her middle space, she left her bed,
 And with a pleasing, sober cheerfulness,
 As for her funeral, array'd herself
 In those sad solemn weeds. Since then her knee
 Has known that posture only, and her eye,
 Or fix'd upon the sacred page before her,
 Or lifted, with her rising hopes, to heav'n.

Guil. See, with what zeal those holy hands are
 rear'd !

Mark her vermilion lip, with fervour trembling ;
 Her spotless bosom swells with sacred ardour,
 And burns with ecstasy and strong devotion ;
 Her supplication sweet, her faithful vows
 Fragrant and pure, and grateful to high heaven,
 Like incense from the golden censer rise ;
 Or blessed angels minister unseen,
 Catch the soft sounds, and with alternate office,
 Spread their ambrosial wings, then mount with joy,
 And waft them upwards to the throne of grace.
 But she has ended, and comes forward.

[*LADY JANE rises, and comes towards the front
 of the Stage.*]

Lady J. G. Ha !

Art thou my Guilford ? Wherefore dost thou come
 To break the settled quiet of my soul ?
 I meant to part without another pang,
 And lay my weary head down full of peace.

Guil. Forgive the fondness of my longing soul,
 That melts with tenderness, and leans towards thee :
 Though the imperious, dreadful, voice of fate
 Summon her hence, and warn her from the world.
 But if to see thy Guilford give thee pain,
 'Would I had died, and never more beheld thee :
 Though my lamenting discontented ghost
 Had wander'd forth unblest by those dear eyes,
 And wail'd thy loss in death's eternal shades.

Lady J. G. My heart had ended ev'ry earthly care,
 And offer'd up its pray'rs for thee and England,
 And fix'd its hopes upon a rock unfailing ;
 While all the little bus'ness, that remain'd,
 Was but to pass the forms of death and constancy,
 And leave a life become indifferent to me.
 But thou hast waken'd other thoughts within me ;
 Thy sight, my dearest husband and my lord,
 Strikes on the tender strings of love and nature :
 My vanquish'd passions rise again, and tell me,
 'Tis more, far more than death to part from thee.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. Oh, let me fly, bear me, thou swift impatience,
 And lodge me in my faithful Guilford's arms !

[*Embracing.*

That I may warm his gentle heart with joy,
 And talk to him of life, of life and pardon.

Guil. What means my dearest Pembroke ?

Pem. Oh, my speech

Is chok'd with words that crowd to tell my tidings !
 But I have sav'd thee—and—Oh, joy unutterable !
 The queen, my gracious, my forgiving mistress,
 Has given not only thee to my request,
 But she, she too, in whom alone thou liv'st,
 The partner of thy heart, thy love is safe.

Guil. Millions of blessings wait her!—Has she—
 tell me,

Oh, has she spar'd my wife ?

Pem. Both, both are pardon'd.

But haste, and do thou lead me to thy saint,
 That I may cast myself beneath her feet,
 And beg her to accept this poor amends
 For all I've done against her—Thou fair excellence,

[*Kneeling.*

Canst thou forgive the hostile hand that arm'd
 Against thy cause, and robb'd thee of a crown ?

Lady J. G. Oh, rise my lord, and let me take
 your posture.

Life and the world are hardly worth my care,
 But you have reconcil'd me to them both ;
 Then let me pay my gratitude, and for
 This free, this noble, unexpected mercy,
 Thus low I bow to heav'n, the queen, and you.

Pem. To me ! forbid it goodness !
 All discord and remembrance of offence
 Shall be clean blotted out ; and for your freedom,
 Myself have underta'en to be your surety,

Enter LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER.

Lieut. The lord chancellor
 Is come with orders from the queen.

Enter GARDINER and ATTENDANTS.

Pem. Ha ! Winchester !

Gar. The queen, whose days be many,
 By me confirms her first accorded grace ;
 But, as the pious princess means her mercy
 Should reach e'en to the soul as well as body,
 By me she signifies her royal pleasure,
 That thou, Lord Guilford, and the Lady Jane,
 Do instantly renounce, abjure your heresy,
 And yield obedience to the see of Rome.

Lady J. G. What ! turn apostate ?

Guil. Ha ! forego my faith !

Gar. This one condition only seals your pardon :
 But if, through pride of heart, and stubborn obstinacy
 With wilful hands you push the blessing from you,
 And shut your eyes against such manifest light,
 Know ye, your former sentence stands confirm'd,
 And you must die to-day.

Pem. 'Tis false as hell :

The mercy of the queen was free and full.
 Think'st thou, that princes merchandize their grace,
 As Roman priests their pardons ? Do they barter,
 Screw up, like you, the buyer to a price,
 And doubly sell what was design'd a gift ?

Gar. My lord, this language ill beseems your nobleness ;
 Nor come I here to bandy words with madmen. ,
 Behold the royal signet of the queen,
 Which amply speaks her meaning. You, the pris'ners,
 Have heard, at large its purport, and must instantly
 Resolve upon the choice of life or death.

Pem. Oh! inhuman—But wherefore do I loiter here ?

I'll to the queen this moment, and there know
 What 'tis this mischief-making priest intends. [*Exit.*]

Gar. Your wisdom points you out a proper course!
 A word with you, Lieutenant.

[*Talks with the LIEUTENANT aside.*]

Guil. Must we part then ?
 What are those hopes that flatter'd us but now ;
 Those joys that, like the spring, with all its flow'rs,
 Pour'd out their pleasures ev'ry where around us ?
 In one poor minute gone ; at once they wither'd,
 And left their place all desolate behind them !

Lady J. G. Such is this foolish world, and such
 the uncertainty
 Of all the boasted blessings it bestows -
 Then, Guilford, let us have no more to do with it ;
 Think only how to leave it as we ought ;
 But trust no more, and be deceiv'd no more.

Guil. Yes, I will copy thy divine example,
 And tread the paths are pointed out by thee :
 By thee instructed, to the fatal block
 I bend my head with joy, and think it happiness
 'To give my life a ransom for my faith.
 From thee, thou angel of my heart, I learn
 That greatest, hardest task, to part with thee.

Lady J. G. Oh, gloriously resolv'd ! heaven is my
 witness,
 My heart rejoices in thee more ev'n now,
 Thus constant as thou art, in death thus faithful,

Than when the holy priest first join'd our hands,
And knit the sacred knot of bridal love.

Gar. The day wears fast ; Lord Guilford, have
you thought ?

Will you lay hold on life ?

Guil. What are the terms ?

Gar. Death, or the mass, attend you.

Guil. 'Tis determin'd :

Lead to the scaffold.

Gar. Bear him to his fate.

Guil. Oh, let me fold thee once more in my arms,
Thou dearest treasure of my heart, and print
A dying husband's kiss upon thy lip !

Shall we not live again, ev'n in those forms ?

Shall I not gaze upon thee with these eyes ?

Lady J. G. Oh, wherefore dost thou sooth me
with thy softness !

Why dost thou wind thyself about my heart,
And make this separation painful to us ?

Here break we off at once ; and let us now,

Forgetting ceremony, like two friends

That have a little business to be done,

Take a short leave, and haste to meet again.

Guil. Rest on that hope, my soul—my wife—

Lady J. G. No more.

Guil. My sight hangs on thee—Oh, support me,
heav'n,

In this last pang—and let us meet in bliss !

[GUILFORD is led off by the GUARD.]

Lady J. G. Can nature bear this stroke !

1 *Wom.* Alas, she faints !

[Supporting.]

Lady J. G. Wilt thou fail now !—The killing
stroke is past,

And all the bitterness of death is o'er.

Gar. Here let the dreadful hand of vengeance
stay ;

Have pity on your youth, and blooming beauty ;

Cast not away the good which heav'n bestows ;

Time may have many years in store for you,
All crown'd with fair prosperity. Your husband
Has perish'd in perverseness.

Lady J. G. Cease, thou raven,
Nor violate, with thy profaner malice,
My bleeding Guilford's ghost—'Tis gone, 'tis flown :
But lingers on the wing, and waits for me.

[*The Scene draws, and discovers a scaffold hung
with black, EXECUTIONER and GUARDS.*

And see my journey's end.

1 *Wom.* My dearest lady ! [Weeping.

2 *Wom.* Oh, misery !

Lady J. G. Forbear, my gentle maids,
Nor wound my peace with fruitless lamentations ;
The good and gracious hand of Providence
Shall raise you better friends than I have been.

1 *Wom.* Oh, never, never !—

Lady J. G. Help to disarray,
And fit me for the block : do this last service,
And do it cheerfully. Now you will see
Your poor unhappy mistress sleep in peace,
And cease from all her sorrows. These few trifles,
The pledges of a dying mistress' love,
Receive and share among you. Thou, Maria,

[*To 1 WOMAN.*

Hast been my old, my very faithful servant :
In dear remembrance of thy love, I leave thee
This book, the law of everlasting truth :
Make it thy treasure still ; 'twas my support,
When all help else forsook me.

Gar. Will you yet
Repent, be wise, and save your precious life ?

Lady J. G. Oh, Winchester ! has learning taught
thee that :

To better truth for life ?

Gar. Mistaken folly !
You toil and travel for your own perdition,
And die for damned errors.

Lady J. G. Who judge rightly,
And who persist in error, will be known,
Then, when we meet again. Once more farewell.

[*To her WOMEN*

Goodness be ever with you. When I'm dead,
Entreat they do no rude, dishonest wrong
To my cold, headless corpse; but see it shrouded,
And decent laid in earth.

Gar. Wilt thou then die?
Thy blood be on thy head.

Lady J. G. My blood be where it falls; let the
earth hide it;

And may it never rise, or call for vengeance.
Oh, that it were the last shall fall a victim
To zeal's inhuman wrath! Thou, gracious heaven,
Hear and defend at length thy suffering people;
Raise up a monarch of the royal blood,
Brave, pious, equitable, wise and good,
In thy due season let the hero come,
To save thy altars from the rage of Rome:
Long let him reign, to bless the rescu'd land,
And deal out justice with a righteous hand.
And when he fails, oh, may he leave a son,
With equal virtues to adorn his throne;
To latest times the blessing to convey,
And guard that faith for which I die to-day.

[*LADY JANE goes up to the scaffold. The
Scene closes.*

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. Horror on horror! Blasted be the hand
That struck my Guilford! Oh, his bleeding trunk
Shall live in these distracted eyes for ever!
Curse on thy fatal arts, thy cruel counsels!

[*To GARDINER.*

The queen is deaf, and pitiless as thou art.

Gar. The just reward of heresy and treason
Is fallen upon them both, for their vain obstinacy;

Untimely death, with infamy on earth,
And everlasting punishment hereafter.

Pem. And canst thou tell? Who gave thee to explore

The secret purposes of heaven, or taught thee
To set a bound to mercy unconfin'd?

But know, thou proud, perversely-judging Winchester!

Howe'er your hard, imperious censures doom,
And portion out our lot in worlds to come,
Those, who, with honest hearts, pursue the right,
And follow faithfully truth's sacred light,
Tho' suff'ring here, shall from their sorrows cease,
Rest with the saints, and dwell in endless peace.

[*Exeunt.*

THE END.



DISTRESSED MORTGAGER



ACT III. SCENE I.
THE DO NOT SIR, I HAVE AN OTHER WAY
TO GET MY MONEY.

Designed by Howard.

Published by Longman & Co.

Engraved by Gibson.

THE
DISTRESSED MOTHER;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By **AMBROSE PHILIPS.**

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS
FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY **MRS. INCHBALD.**

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND
BROWN, PATERNOSTER ROW.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

REMARKS.

THIS tragedy is a translation from Racine, a French poet of the highest celebrity, who lived in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth; and who, in the possession of wealth, and the enjoyment of fame, died of chagrin, occasioned by the king's displeasure at a memorial he addressed to his majesty, written with infinite eloquence, upon the miseries of the people.

Ambrose Philips, the translator of this favourite play, has been more successful than dramatic translators generally are. The French and the English stages differ so essentially, that every drama requires great alteration, before it can please a London audience, although it has previously charmed the audience of Paris.

The gloomy mind of a British auditor demands a bolder and more varied species of theatrical amusement than the lively spirits of his neighbours in France. The former has no attention, no curiosity, till roused by some powerful fable, intricate occurrences, and all the interest which variety creates—whilst the latter will quietly sit, absorbed in their own glowing fancy, to hear speeches after speeches, of long narration, nor wish to see any thing performed, so they are but told, that something has been done.

“The Distressed Mother” partakes of the common quality of French dramas in this respect—much more is described to the audience than they see executed: but every recital is here in the highest degree interesting; and the dignity of the persons introduced on the stage seems to forbid all violence of action, which might endanger their respective grandeur.

The mere falling on the knee, by *Andromache*, when she exclaims to her victor—

“Behold how low you have reduced a queen!”

is perhaps more affecting, more admirable, in the character of a mother, haughty, like the queen of the Trojans, than any event which could have occurred in the play, than any heroic deed, which, either in grief or in rage, she could have performed.

The love of *Hermione* for *Pyrrhus*, founded on ambition, is, again, as natural a representation of that love, which but too often governs the heart of woman, as could be given; and *Orestes*, dotting with fondness, the more he finds she, whom he loves, loves another, is equally as true a picture of this well-known passion, as it rules over the heart of man.

Frequently as this tragedy has been acted, and much as it has been approved by an English audience, it will still gain more favour with a reader than a spectator. Imagination can give graces, charms, and majesty, to *Hector’s* widow, and all the royal natives of Troy and Greece, which their representatives cannot always so completely bestow; and, as the work

is chiefly narrative, reading answers the same purpose as to listen.

The attraction of this play, on its first appearance in England, was, by some critics, ascribed to the exertions of the translator's friends. Steele, who wished well to Philips, devoted a whole paper of his "Spectator" to the praise of the piece, even before it was acted; and continued his encomiums afterwards, to the no small reputation of the English author.

This Ambrose Philips was a gentleman well known for having a number of warm friends and implacable enemies; and it is supposed, that the imprudent eulogiums of the one often did him as much injury as the malicious animadversions of the other. The writers in "The Spectator" were, however, of too judicious a class to praise him into ridicule without intending it; and, no doubt, they aided the popularity of his play.

But with all the reputation Mr. Philips acquired by "The Distressed Mother," and two other tragedies, of which he was the original author, his name is better known to the world as a pastoral poet, than as a dramatist. He is still more remembered as the pretended rival of Pope in his rural poetry; and as a man whom Pope hated, even beyond his ordinary bounds of pettish spleen.

The paper war, which Mr. Ambrose Philips held, through life, with his literary antagonists, did not, however, shorten his days; for he survived every effort of his enemies to make his existence burthensome, till the age of seventy-eight,—and died in 1749.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	DRURY LANE.	COVENT GARDEN.
PYRRHUS	<i>Mr. D. Fisher.</i>	<i>Mr. C. Kemble.</i>
ORESTES	<i>Mr Kean.</i>	<i>Mr. Kemble.</i>
PYLADES	<i>Mr. Barnard.</i>	<i>Mr. Brunton.</i>
PHŒNIX	<i>Mr. Ley.</i>	<i>Mr. Chapman.</i>
HERMIONE	<i>Mrs. West.</i>	<i>Mrs. Siddons.</i>
ANDROMACHE	<i>Mrs. Glover.</i>	<i>Mrs. Litchfield.</i>
CLEONE		<i>Mrs. Beverley.</i>
CEPHISA		<i>Mrs. Humphries.</i>

OFFICERS and SOLDIERS.

SCENE.—*The Court of PYRRHUS, at Buthrotos, the capital City of Epirus.*

THE
DISTRESSED MOTHER.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Palace of PYRRHUS.

ORESTES, PYLADES, and ATTENDANTS.

Ores. O Pylades! what's life without a friend!
At sight of thee my gloomy soul cheers up,
My hopes revive, and gladness dawns within me.
After an absence of six tedious moons,
How could I hope to find my Pylades,
My joy, my comfort, on this fatal shore!
Even in the court of Pyrrhus! in these realms,
These hated realms, so cross to all my wishes!
Oh, my brave friend! may no blind stroke of fate
Divide us more, and tear me from myself!

Pyl. Oh, prince! Oh, my Orestes! oh, my friend!
Thus let me speak the welcome of my heart.

[*Embracing,*
Since I have gain'd this unexpected meeting,
Bless'd be the powers that barr'd my way to
And kept me here! e'er since the unhappy d

When warring winds (Epirus full in view)
Sunder'd our barks on the loud stormy main.

Ores. It was, indeed, a morning full of horror!

Pyl. A thousand boding cares have rack'd my soul
In your behalf. Often, with tears, I mourn'd
The fatal ills, in which your life's involved;
And grudged you dangers which I could not share.
I fear'd to what extremities the black despair,
That prey'd upon your mind, might have betray'd you;
And lest the gods, in pity to your woes,
Should hear your prayers, and take the life you loath'd;
But now with joy I see you — The retinue,
And numerous followers, that surround you here,
Speak better fortunes, and a mind disposed
To relish life.

Ores. Alas, my friend! who knows
The destiny to which I stand reserved!
I come in search of an inhuman fair;
And live or die, as she decrees my fate.

Pyl. You much surprise me, prince! — I thought
you cured
Of your unpitied, unsuccessful passion.
Why, in Epirus, should you hope to find
Hermione less cruel than at Sparta?
I thought her pride, and the disdainful manner
In which she treated all your constant sufferings,
Had broke your fetters, and assured your freedom:
Ashamed of your repulse, and slighted vows,
You hated her; you talk'd of her no more:
Prince, you deceived me!

Ores. I deceived myself.
Do not upbraid the unhappy man that loves thee.
Thou know'st I never hid my passion from thee;
Thou saw'st it, in its birth, and in its progress;
And when, at last, the hoary king, her father,
Great Menelaus, gave away his daughter,
His lovely daughter, to the happy Pyrrhus,
Th' avenger of his wrongs, thou saw'st my grief,

My torture, my despair.

Oh, Pylates ! my heart has bled within me,
To see thee, press'd with sorrows not thy own,
Still wand'ring with me, like a banish'd man,
Watchful, and anxious for thy wretched friend,
To temper the wild transports of my mind,
And save me from myself.

Pyl. Why thus unkind ?

Why will you envy me the pleasing task
Of generous love, and sympathizing friendship ?

Ores. Thou miracle of truth !—But hear me on.
When, in the midst of my disastrous fate,
I thought how the divine Hermione,
Deaf to my vows, regardless of my plaints,
Gave up herself, and all her charms, to Pyrrhus ;
Thou may'st remember, I abhorr'd her name,
Strove to forget her, and repay her scorn.
I made my friends, and even myself, believe
My soul was freed. Alas ! I did not see,
That all the malice of my heart was love.
Triumphing thus, and yet a captive still,
In Greece I landed, and in Greece I found
The assembled princes all alarm'd with fears,
In which their common safety seem'd concern'd.
I join'd them : for I hoped that war and glory
Might fill my mind, and take up all my thoughts ;
And that my shatter'd soul, impair'd with grief,
Once more would reassume its wonted vigour,
And ev'ry idle passion quit my breast.

Pyl. The thought was worthy Agamemnon's son !

Ores. But see the strange perverseness of my stars,
Which throws me on the rock I strove to shun !
The jealous chiefs, and all the states of Greece
With one united voice complain of Pyrrhus ;
That now, forgetful of the promise given,
And mindless of his godlike father's fate
Astyanax he nurses in his court ;
Astyanax, the young, surviving hope

Of ruin'd Troy ; Astyanax, descended
From a long race of kings—great Hector's son.

Pyl. A name still dreadful in the ears of Greece !
But, prince, you'll cease to wonder, why the child
Lives thus protected in the court of Pyrrhus,
When you shall hear that bright Andromache,
His lovely captive, charms him from his purpose :
The mother's beauty guards the helpless son.

Ores. Your tale confirms what I have heard ; and
hence

Spring all my hopes. Since my proud rival woos
Another partner to his throne and bed,
Hermione may still be mine. Her father,
The injured Menelaus, thinks already
His daughter slighted, and the intended nuptials
Too long delay'd. I heard his loud complaints
With secret pleasure ; and was glad to find
Th' ungrateful maid neglected in her turn,
And all my wrongs avenged in her disgrace.

Pyl. Oh, may you keep your just resentments
warm !

Ores. Resentments ! oh, my friend, too soon I found
They grew not out of hatred. I am betray'd :
I practise on myself, and fondly plot
My own undoing. Goaded on by love,
I canvass'd all the suffrages of Greece ;
And here I come, their sworn ambassador,
To speak their jealousies, and claim this boy.

Pyl. Pyrrhus will treat your embassy with scorn.
Full of Achilles, his redoubted sire,
Pyrrhus is proud, impetuous, headstrong, fierce ;
Made up of passions : will he then be sway'd,
And give to death the son of her he loves ?

Ores. Oh, would he render up Hermione,
And keep Astyanax, I should be bless'd !
He must ; he shall : Hermione is my life,
My soul, my rapture !—I'll no longer curb
The strong desire that hurries me to madness :

I'll give a loose to love ; I'll bear her hence ;
I'll tear her from his arms ; I'll—O, ye gods !
Give me Hermione, or let me die !—

But, tell me, Pylades, how stand my hopes ?
Is Pyrrhus still enamour'd with her charms ?
Or dost thou think he'll yield me up the prize,
The dear, dear prize, which he has ravish'd from me ?

Pyl. I dare not flatter your fond hopes so far :
The king, indeed, cold to the Spartan princess,
Turns all his passion to Andromache,
Hector's afflicted widow. But in vain,
With interwoven love and rage, he sues
The charming captive, obstinately cruel.
Oft he alarms her for her child, confined
Apart ; and, when her tears begin to flow,
As soon he stops them, and recalls his threats.
Hermione a thousand times has seen
His ill-requited vows return to her,
And takes his indignation all for love.
What can be gather'd from a man so various ?
He may, in the disorder of his soul,
Wed her he hates, and punish her he loves.

Ores. But tell me, how the wrong'd Hermione
Brooks her slow nuptials, and dishonour'd charms ?

Pyl. Hermione would fain be thought to scorn
Her wavering lover, and disdain his falsehood ;
But, spite of all her pride and conscious beauty,
She mourns in secret her neglected charms,
And oft has made me privy to her tears ;
Still threaten to be gone, yet still she stays,
And sometimes sighs, and wishes for Orestes.

Ores. Ah, were those wishes from her heart, my
friend,

I'd fly in transport— [Flourish within.

Pyl. Hear ! The king approaches
To give you audience. Speak your embassy
Without reserve : urge the demands of Greece ;
And, in the name of all her kings, require

That Hector's son be given into your hands.
 Pyrrhus, instead of granting what they ask,
 To speed his love, and win the Trojan dame,
 Will make it merit to preserve her son.
 But, see : he comes !

Ores. Meanwhile, my Pylades,
 Go, and dispose Hermione to see
 Her lover, who is come thus far, to throw
 Himself, in all his sorrows, at her feet.

[*Exit* PYLADES.]

Enter PYRRHUS, PHŒNIX, and ATTENDANTS.

Before I speak the message of the Greeks,
 Permit me, sir, to glory in the title
 Of their ambassador ; since I behold
 Troy's vanquisher, and great Achilles' son :
 Nor does the son rise short of such a father :
 If Hector fell by him, Troy fell by you.
 But what your father never would have done,
 You do. You cherish the remains of Troy ;
 And, by an ill-timed pity, keep alive
 The dying embers of a ten years' war.
 Have you so soon forgot the mighty Hector ?
 The Greeks remember his high brandish'd sword,
 That fill'd their state with widows and with orphans ;
 For which they call for vengeance on his son.
 Who knows what he may one day prove ? Who knows
 But he may brave us in our ports, and, fill'd
 With Hector's fury, set our fleets on blaze ?
 You may, yourself, live to repent your mercy.
 Comply, then, with the Grecians' just demands ;
 Sate their vengeance, and preserve yourself.

Pyr. The Greeks are for my safety more concern'd
 Than I desire. I thought your kings were me
 On more important counsel. When I heard
 The name of their ambassador, I hoped
 Some glorious enterprise was taking birth.
 Is Agamemnon's son despatch'd for this ?

And do the Grecian chiefs, renown'd in war,
 A race of heroes, join in close debate,
 To plot an infant's death?—What right has Greece
 To ask his life? Must I, must I alone,
 Of all her scepter'd warriors, be denied
 To treat my captive as I please? Know, prince,
 When Troy lay smoking on the ground, and each
 Proud victor shared the harvest of the war,
 Andromache, and this, her son, were mine;
 Were mine by lot. And who shall wrest them from
 me?

Ulysses bore away old Priam's queen;
 Cassandra was your own great father's prize:
 Did I concern myself in what they won?
 Did I send embassies to claim their captives?

Ores. But, sir, we fear for you, and for ourselves.
 Troy may again revive, and a new Hector
 Rise in Astyanax. Then think betimes——

Pyr. Let dastard souls be timorously wise:
 But tell them, Pyrrhus knows not how to form
 Far-fancied ills, and dangers out of sight.

Ores. Sir, call to mind the unrivall'd strength of
 Troy,
 Her walls, her bulwarks, and her gates of brass;
 Her kings, her heroes, and embattled armies!

Pyr. I call them all to mind; and see them all
 Confused in dust; all mix'd in one wide ruin;
 All but a child, and he in bondage held.
 What vengeance can we fear from such a Troy?
 If they have sworn to extinguish Hector's race,
 Why was their vow for twelve long months deferr'd?
 Why was he not in Priam's bosom slain?
 He should have fall'n among the slaughter'd heaps,
 Whelm'd under Troy. His death had then been just,
 When age and infancy, alike in vain,
 Pleaded their weakness; when the heat of conquest,
 And horrors of the fight, roused all our

And blindly hurried us through scenes of death.
 My fury then was without bounds; but now,
 My wrath appeased, must I be cruel still?
 And, deaf to all the tender calls of pity,
 Like a cool murderer, bathe my hands in blood?
 An infant's blood?—No, prince—Go, bid the Greeks
 Mark out some other victim; my revenge
 Has had its fill. What has escaped from Troy
 Shall not be saved to perish in Epirus.

Ores. I need not tell you, sir, Astyanax
 Was doom'd to death in Troy; nor mention how
 The crafty mother saved her darling son.
 The Greeks do now but urge their former sentence:
 Nor is't the boy, but Hector they pursue;
 The father draws their vengeance on the son—
 The father, who so oft in Grecian blood
 Has drench'd his sword—the father, whom the Greeks
 May seek e'en here—Prevent them, sir, in time.

Pyr. No! let them come; since I was born to
 wage
 Eternal wars. Let them now turn their arms
 On him who conquer'd for them. Let them come,
 And in Epirus seek another Troy.
 'Twas thus they recompens'd my godlike sire;
 Thus was Achilles thank'd. But, prince, remember,
 Their black ingratitude then cost them dear.

Ores. Shall Greece, then, find a rebel son in Pyrrhus?

Pyr. Have I, then, conquer'd to depend on Greece?

Ores. Hermione will sway your soul to peace,
 And mediate 'twixt her father and yourself.
 Her beauty will enforce my embassy.

Pyr. Hermione may have her charms, and I
 May love her still, though not her father's slave.
 I may, in time, give proofs that I'm a lover,
 But never must forget that I'm a king.
 Meanwhile, sir, you may see fair Helen's daughter:

I know how near in blood you stand allied.
That done, you have my answer, prince. The Greeks,
No doubt, expect your quick return.

[*Exeunt ORESTES and ATTENDANTS.*]

Phæn. Sir, do you send your rival to the princess?

Pyr. I am told that he has loved her long.

Phæn. If so,

Have you not cause to fear the smother'd flame
May kindle at her sight, and blaze anew,
And she be wrought to listen to his passion?

Pyr. Ay, let them, Phœnix, let them love their fill;
Let them go hence; let them depart together:
Together let them sail for Sparta; all my ports
Are open to them both. From what constraint,
What irksome thoughts should I then be relieved!

Phæn. But, sir—

Pyr. I shall, another time, good Phœnix,
Unbosom to thee all my thoughts—For, see,
Andromache appears. [*Exeunt PHŒNIX and GUARDS.*]

Euter ANDROMACHE and CEPHISA.

May I, madam,
Flatter my hopes so far as to believe
You come to seek me here?

Andr. This way, sir, leads
To those apartments where you guard my son.
Since you permit me once a day to visit
All I have left, of Hector and of Troy,
I go to weep a few sad moments with him.
I have not yet to-day embraced my child;
I have not held him in my widow'd arms.

Pyr. Ah, madam! should the threats of Greece
prevail,
You'll have occasion for your tears, indeed!

Andr. Alas! what threats? What can all
Greeks?

There are no Trojans left.

Pyr. Their hate to Hector

Can never die: the terror of his name
Still shakes their souls, and makes them dread his son.

Andr. A mighty honour for victorious Greece
To fear an infant, a poor friendless child!
Who smiles in bondage, nor yet knows himself
The son of Hector, and the slave of Pyrrhus.

Pyr. Weak as he is, the Greeks demand his life,
And send no less than Agamemnon's son
To fetch him hence.

Andr. And, sir, do you comply
With such demands?—This blow is aim'd at me.
How should the child avenge his slaughter'd sire?
But, cruel men! they will not have him live
To cheer my heavy heart, and ease my bonds.
I promised to myself, in him, a son,
In him a friend, a husband, and a father.
But I must suffer sorrow heap'd on sorrow,
And still the fatal stroke must come from you.

Pyr. Dry up those tears; I must not see you weep;
And know I have rejected their demands.
The Greeks already threaten me with war;
But, should they arm, as once they did for Helen,
And hide the Adriatic with their fleets;
Should they prepare a second ten years' siege,
And lay my towers and palaces in dust,
I am determin'd to defend your son,
And rather die myself than give him up.
But, madam, in the midst of all these dangers,
Will you refuse me a propitious smile?
Hated of Greece, and press'd on every side,
Let me not, madam, while I fight your cause,
Let me not combat with your cruelties,
And count Andromache amongst my foes.

Andr. Consider, sir, how this will sound in Greece!
How can so great a soul betray such weakness?
Let not men say so generous a design
Was but the transport of a heart in love.

Pyr. Your charms will justify me to the world.

Andr. How can Andromache, a captive queen,
 O'erwhelm'd with grief, a burden to herself,
 Harbour a thought of love? Alas! what charms
 Have these unhappy eyes, by you condemn'd
 To weep for ever?—Talk of it no more.—
 To reverence the misfortunes of a foe;
 To succour the distress'd; to give the son
 To an afflicted mother; to repel
 Confederate nations, leagu'd against his life;
 Unbribed by love, unterrified by threats,
 To pity, to protect him; these are cares,
 These are exploits worthy Achilles' son.

Pyr. Will your resentments, then, endure for ever?
 Must Pyrrhus never be forgiven?—'Tis true,
 My sword has often reek'd in Phrygian blood,
 And carried havoc through your royal kindred;
 But you, fair princess, amply have avenged
 Old Priam's vanquish'd house; and all the woes
 I brought on them fall short of what I suffer.
 We both have suffer'd in our turns, and now
 Our common foes shall teach us to unite.

Andr. Where does the captive not behold a foe?

Pyr. Forget the term of hatred, and behold
 A friend in Pyrrhus. Give me but to hope,
 I'll free your son—I'll be a father to him:
 Myself will teach him to avenge the Trojans.
 I'll go in person to chastise the Greeks,
 Both for your wrongs and mine. Inspired by you,
 What would I not achieve? Again shall Troy
 Rise from its ashes: this right arm shall fix
 Her seat of empire, and your son shall reign.

Andr. Such dreams of greatness suit not my con-
 dition;

His hopes of empire perish'd with his father.
 No; thou imperial city, ancient Troy,
 Thou pride of Asia, founded by the gods!
 Never, oh, never, must we hope to see
 Those bulwarks rise, which Hector cou'd

Sir, all I wish for is some quiet exile,
 Where, far from Greece removed,
 I may conceal my son, and mourn my husband.
 Your love creates me envy. Oh, return,
 Return to your betrothed Hermione!

Pyr. Why do you mock me thus? you know I
 cannot;

You know my heart is yours—my soul hangs on you;
 You take up every wish: my waking thoughts,
 And nightly dreams, are all employ'd on you.
 'Tis true, Hermione was sent to share
 My throne and bed; and would, with transport, hear
 The vows which you neglect.

Andr. She has no Troy,
 No Hector to lament; she has not lost
 A husband by your conquests. Such a husband,
 (Tormenting thought!) whose death alone has made
 Your sire immortal! Pyrrhus and Achilles
 Are both grown great by my calamities.

Pyr. Madam, 'tis well!—'Tis very well! I find
 Your will must be obey'd; imperious captive,
 It shall. Henceforth, I blot you from my mind;
 You teach me to forget your charms:—to hate you:
 For know, inhuman beauty, I have loved
 Too well to treat you with indifference.
 Think well upon it; my disorder'd soul
 Wavers between th' extremes of love and rage:
 I have been too tame; I will awake to vengeance!
 The son shall answer for the mother's scorn.
 The Greeks demand him, nor will I endanger
 My realms, to pleasure an ungrateful woman.

Andr. Then he must die!
 He has no succour left, beside
 His mother's tears, and his own innocence.

Pyr. Go, madam, visit this unhappy son;
 The sight of him may bend your stubborn heart,
 And turn to softness your unjust disdain.
 I shall once more expect your answer. Go:

And think, while you embrace the captive boy,
Think that his life depends on your resolves.

[*Exeunt* PYRRHUS and his ATTENDANTS.]

Andr. I'll go; and in the anguish of my heart
Weep o'er my child—If he must die, my life
Is wrapp'd in his; I shall not long survive,
'Tis for his sake that I have suffer'd life,
Groan'd in captivity, and outlived Hector.
Yes, my Astyanax, we'll go together!
Together, to the realms of night, we'll go!
There to thy ravish'd eyes thy sire I'll show,
And point him out among the shades below.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter HERMIONE and CLEONE.

Her. Well, I'll be ruled, Cleone—I will see him;
I have told Pylades that he may bring him;
But, trust me, were I left to my own thoughts,
I should forbid him yet.

Cleo. And why forbid him?
Is he not, madam, still the same Orestes?
Orestes, whose return you oft have wish'd?
The man whose sufferings you so late lamented,
And often praised his constancy and love?

Her. That love, that constancy, so ill requited,
 Upbraids me to myself. I blush to think
 How I have used him, and would shun his presence.
 What will be my confusion, when he sees me
 Neglected and forsaken like himself!
 Will he not say, is this the scornful maid,
 The proud Hermione, that tyrannised
 In Sparta's court, and triumph'd in her charms?
 Her insolence at last is well repaid.
 I cannot bear the thought!

Cleo. You wrong yourself
 With unbecoming fears. He knows too well
 Your beauty and your worth. Your lover comes
 not

To offer insults, but repeat his vows,
 And breathe his ardent passion at your feet.
 But, madam, what's your royal father's will?
 What orders do your letters bring from Sparta?

Her. His orders are, if Pyrrhus still delay
 The nuptials, and refuse to sacrifice
 This Trojan boy, I should with speed embark,
 And, with their embassy, return to Greece.

Cleo. What would you more? Orestes comes in
 time

To save your honour. Pyrrhus cools apace:
 Prevent his falsehood, and forsake him first.
 I know you hate him, you have told me so.

Her. Hate him! My injured honour bids me hate
 him.

The ungrateful man! the man I loved so dearly!
 The man I doted on! Oh, my Cleone!
 How is it possible I should not hate him?

Cleo. Then give him over, madam. Quit his court,
 And, with Orestes—

Her. No; I must have time
 To work up all my rage!—To meditate
 A parting full of horror! My revenge
 Will be but too much quicken'd by the traitor.

Cleo. Do you then wait new insults, new affronts?
To draw you from your father! Then to leave you!
In his own court to leave you for a captive!
If Pyrrhus can provoke you, he has done it.

Her. Why dost thou heighten my distress? I fear
To search out my own thoughts, and sound my heart,
Be blind to what thou see'st; believe me cured;
Flatter my weakness; tell me I have conquer'd;
Think that my injured soul is set against him,
And do thy best to make me think so too.

Cleo. Why would you loiter here then?

Her. Let us fly!

Let us begone! I leave him to his captive;
Let him go kneel, and supplicate his slave.
Let us begone!—But what if he repent?
What if the perjured prince again submit,
And sue for pardon? What if he renew
His former vows? But, oh, the faithless man!
He slights me—drives me to extremities!—However,
I'll stay, Cleone, to perplex their loves;
I'll stay, till, by an open breach of contract,
I make him hateful to the Greeks. Already
Their vengeance have I drawn upon the son;
The second embassy shall claim the mother;
I will redouble all my griefs upon her.

Cleo. Ah, madam! whither does your rage trans-
port you?

Andromache, alas, is innocent!
A woman plunged in sorrow—dead to love;
And, when she thinks of Pyrrhus, 'tis with horror.

Her. 'Would I had done so too! But, alas!
I made no secret of my passion to him,
Nor thought it dangerous to be sincere.
My eyes, my tongue, my actions, spoke my heart.

Cleo. Well might you speak without reserve to one
Engaged to you by solemn oaths and treaties.

Her. His ardour, too, was an excuse to mine.

With other eyes he saw me then.—Cleo,
 Thou may'st remember every thing conspired
 To favour him : my father's wrongs avenged ;
 The Greeks triumphant ; fleets of Trojan spoils ;
 His mighty sire's, his own immortal fame ;
 His eager love—all, all conspired against me !
 But I have done—I'll think no more of Pyrrhus.
 Orestes wants not merit, and he loves me.
 My gratitude, my honour, both plead for him ;
 And, if I've power o'er my heart, 'tis his.

Cleo. Madam, he comes.

Her. Alas, I did not think
 He was so near ! I wish I might not see him.

Enter ORESTES.

How am I to interpret, sir, this visit ?
 Is it a compliment of form, or love ?

Ores. Madam, you know my weakness. 'Tis my
 fate

To love unpitied, to desire to see you,
 And still to swear each time may be the last.
 My passion breaks through my repeated oaths,
 And every time I visit you I'm perjured.
 Even now I find my wounds all bleed afresh ;
 I blush to own it, but I know no cure.
 I call the gods to witness I have tried
 Whatever man could do, but tried in vain
 To wear you from my mind. Through stormy seas,
 And savage climes, in a whole year of absence,
 I courted dangers, and I long'd for death.

Her. Why will you thus indulge the mournful
 tale ?

It ill becomes the ambassador of Greece
 To talk of dying and of love. Remember
 The kings you represent ; shall their revenge
 Be disappointed by your ill-timed passion ?

Discharge your embassy—'tis not Orestes
The Greeks desire should die.

Ores. My embassy
Is at an end: for Pyrrhus has refused
To give up Hector's son. Some hidden power
Protects the boy.

Her. Faithless, ungrateful man! [*Aside.*

Ores. I now prepare for Greece; but, ere I go,
Would hear my final doom pronounced by you—
What do I say?—I do already hear it;
My doom is fix'd—I read it in your eyes.

Her. Will you then still despair?—be still sus-
picious?

What have I done?—wherein have I been cruel?
'Tis true, you find me in the court of Pyrrhus;
But 'twas my royal father sent me hither.
And who can tell but I have shared your griefs?
Have I ne'er wept in secret?—never wish'd
To see Orestes?

Ores. Wish'd to see Orestes?
O joy! O ecstasy! My soul's entranced!
O charming princess! O transcendent maid!
My utmost wish!—Thus, thus let me express
My boundless thanks! I never was unhappy—
Am I Orestes?

Her. You are Orestes;
The same unalter'd, generous, faithful lover;
The prince whom I esteem, whom I lament,
And whom I fain would teach my heart to love.

Ores. Ay, there it is! I have but your esteem,
While Pyrrhus has your heart.

Her. Believe me, prince,
Were you as Pyrrhus, I should hate you!

Ores. No!
[I should be bless'd—I should be loved, as he is!
Yet, all this while, I die by your disdain,
While he neglects your charms, and courts

Her. And who has told you, prince, that I'm neglected?

Has Pyrrhus said—Oh, I shall go distracted!

Has Pyrrhus told you so? or is it you

Who think thus meanly of me?—Sir, perhaps,

All do not judge like you.

Ores. Madam, go on—

Insult me still; I'm used to bear your scorn.

Her. Why am I told how Pyrrhus loves or hates?

Go, go, and arm the Greeks against the rebel;

Let them lay waste his country, raze his towns,

Destroy his fleets, his palaces—himself!

Go, go, and tell me then how much I love him!

Ores. To hasten his destruction, come yourself;
And work your royal father to his ruin.

Her. Meanwhile, he weds *Andromache*?

Ores. Ah, princess!

What is't I hear?

Her. What infamy for Greece,

If he should wed a Phrygian, and a captive!

Ores. Is this your hatred, madam?—'Tis in vain
To hide your passion—every thing betrays it;
Your looks, your speech, your anger,—nay, your
silence;

Your love appears in all; your secret flame
Breaks out the more, the more you would conceal it.

Her. Your jealousy perverts my meaning still,
And wrests each circumstance to your disquiet;
My very hate is construed into fondness.

Ores. Impute my fears, if groundless, to my love.

Her. Then hear me, sir—Obedience to a father
First brought me hither; and the same obedience
Detains me here, till Pyrrhus drive me hence,
Or my offended father shall recall me.

Tell this proud king that Menelaus scorns
To match his daughter with a foe of Greece:
Bid him resign *Astyanax*, or me.

If he persists to guard the hostile boy,
Hermione embarks with you for Sparta. [Exit.

Ores. Then is Orestes bless'd! My griefs are fled!
Fled like a dream!—unlook'd-for joy!
Never let love despair;—the prize is mine!
Be smooth, ye seas, and ye propitious winds,
Breathe from Epirus to the Spartan coasts!
I long to see the sails unfurl'd.—But see!
Pyrrhus approaches in a happy hour!

Enter PYRRHUS and PHŒNIX.

Pyr. I was in pain to find you, prince. My warm
Ungovern'd temper would not let me weigh
The importance of your embassy, and hear
You argue for my good.—I was to blame.
I since have poised your reasons, and I thank
My good allies;—their care deserves my thanks.
You have convinced me that the weal of Greece,
My father's honour, and my own repose,
Demand that Hector's race should be destroy'd.
I shall deliver up Astyanax,
And you yourself shall bear the victim hence.

Ores. If you approve it, sir, and are content
To spill the blood of a defenceless child,
The offended Greeks no doubt will be appeas'd.

Pyr. Closer to strain the knot of our alliance,
I have determin'd to espouse Hermione.
You come in time to grace our nuptial rites:
In you the kings of Greece will all be present,
And you have right to personate her father,
As his ambassador and brother's son.
Go, prince, renew your visit; tell Hermione
To-morrow I receive her from your hands.

Ores. [*Aside.*] Oh, change of fortune! Oh, undone
Orestes! [Exit.

Pyr. Well, Phœnix! Am I still a slave to love?
What think'st thou now? Am I myself again?

Phœn. 'Tis as it should be; this discovers Pyrrhus;

Shows all the hero : now you are yourself—
 The son, the rival of the great Achilles !
 Greece will applaud you, and the world confess,
 Pyrrhus has conquer'd Troy a second time !

Pyr. Nay, Phoenix, now I but begin to triumph ;
 I never was a conqueror till now ;
 Believe me, a whole host, a war of foes,
 May sooner be subdued, than love. Oh, Phoenix !
 What ruin have I shunn'd ! the Greeks, enraged,
 Hung o'er me like a gathering storm, and soon
 Had burst in thunder on my head : while I
 Abandon'd duty, empire, honour, all,
 To please a thankless woman !—One kind look
 Had quite undone me !

Phœn. Oh, my royal master !

The gods, in favour to you, made her cruel.

Pyr. Thou saw'st, with how much scorn she
 treated me !

When I permitted her to see her son,
 I hoped it might have work'd her to my wishes.
 I went to see the mournful interview,
 And found her bathed in tears, and lost in passion ;
 Wild with distress, a thousand times she call'd
 On Hector's name : and, when I spoke in comfort,
 And promised my protection to her son,
 She kiss'd the boy, and call'd again on Hector :
 Does she then think that I preserve the boy,
 To soothe, and keep alive, her flame for Hector ?

Phœn. No doubt she does, and thinks you favour'd
 in it ;

But let her go, for an ungrateful woman !

Pyr. I know the thoughts of her proud, stubborn
 heart ;

Vain of her charms, and insolent in beauty,
 She mocks my rage ; and when it threatens loudest,
 Expects 'twill soon be humbled into love.
 But we shall change our parts, and she shall find
 I can be deaf like her, and steel my heart.

She is Hector's widow ; I, Achilles' son !
 Pyrrhus is born to hate Andromache.

Phœn. My royal master, talk of her no more ;
 I do not like this anger. Your Hermione
 Should now engross your thoughts. 'Tis time to see
 her ;

'Tis time you should prepare the nuptial rites,
 And not rely upon a rival's care :
 It may be dangerous.

Pyr. But, tell me, Phœnix,
 Dost thou not think the proud Andromache
 Will be enraged, when I shall wed the princess ?

Phœn. Why does Andromache still haunt your
 thoughts ?

What is't to you, be she enraged or pleased ?
 Let her name perish—think of her no more.

Pyr. No, Phœnix ;—I have been too gentle with
 her,

I have check'd my wrath, and stifled my resentment ;
 She knows not yet to what degree I hate her.

Let us return—I'll brave her to her face :
 I'll give my anger its free course against her.

Thou shalt see, Phœnix, how I'll break her pride !

Phœn. Oh, go not, sir !—There's ruin in her eyes !
 You do not know your strength ; you'll fall before
 her ;

Adore her beauty, and revive her scorn.

Pyr. That were, indeed, a most unmanly weakness !
 Thou dost not know me, Phœnix.

Phœn. Ah, my prince !
 You are still struggling in the toils of love.

Pyr. Canst thou then think I love this woman still ?
 One who repays my passion with disdain !

A stranger, captive, friendless and forlorn ;
 She and her darling son within my power ;
 Her life a forfeit to the Greeks : yet I
 Preserve her son—would take her to my throne ;

Would fight her battles, and avenge her wrongs ;
And all this while she treats me as her foe !

Phœn. You have it in your power to be revenged.

Pyr. Yes—and I'll show my power ! I'll give her
cause

To hate me ! her Astyanax shall die—
What tears will then be shed ! How will she then,
In bitterness of heart, reproach my name !
Then, to complete her woes, will I espouse
Hermione—'Twill stab her to the heart !

Phœn. Alas, you threaten like a lover still !

Pyr. Phœnix, excuse this struggle of my soul ;
'Tis the last effort of expiring love.

Phœn. Then, hasten, sir, to see the Spartan prin-
cess,

And turn the bent of your desires on her.

Pyr. Oh, 'tis a heavy task to conquer love,
And wean the soul from her accustom'd fondness !
But, come—A long farewell to Hector's widow !
'Tis with a secret pleasure I look back,
And see the many dangers I have pass'd.
The merchant, thus, in dreadful tempests toss'd,
Thrown by the waves on some unlook'd-for coast,
Oft turns, and sees, with a delighted eye,
Midst rocks and shelves, the broken billows fly ;
And, while the outrageous winds the deep deform,
Smiles on the tumult, and enjoys the storm. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter PYLADES and ORESTES.

Pyl. For Heaven's sake, sir, compose your ruffled
mind,

And moderate your rage.

Ores. No, Pylades!

This is no time for counsel.—I am deaf.

Talk not of reason! I have been too patient.

Life is not worth my care.—My soul grows desperate.

I'll bear her off, or perish in the attempt.

I'll force her from his arms—By Heaven, I will!

Pyl. Well, 'tis agreed, my friend—We'll force her
hence,

But still consider—we are in Epirus.

The court, the guards, Hermione herself,

The very air we breathe, belongs to Pyrrhus.

Good gods! what tempted you to seek her here?

Ores. Lost to myself, I knew not what I did—

My purposes were wild. Perhaps, I came

To menace Pyrrhus, and upbraid the woman

Pyl. This violence of temper may prove ~~¶~~

Ores. I must be more than man, to bear
shocks,

These outrages of fate, with temper.

He tells me that he weds Hermione,

And will, to-morrow, take her from

My hand shall sooner tear the

Pyl. Your passion blinds you, sir; he's not to blame.
 Could you but look into the soul of Pyrrhus,
 Perhaps you'll find it tortured, like your own.
 Take my advice—Think not to force her hence;
 But fly yourself from her destructive charms.
 Her soul is link'd to Pyrrhus.

Ores. Talk no more!

I cannot bear the thought! She must be mine!
 Did Pyrrhus carry thunder in his hand,
 I'd stand the bolt, and challenge all his fury,
 Ere I resign Hermione—By force
 I'll snatch her hence, and bear her to my ships!
 Have we forgot her mother, Helen's rape?

Pyl. Will then Orestes turn a ravisher,
 And blot his embassy?

Ores. Oh, Pylades!

My grief weighs heavy on me—'twill distract me!
 Oh, leave me to myself!—
 Mine be the danger, mine the enterprise,
 All I request of thee is to return,
 And, in my place, convey Astyanax
 (As Pyrrhus has consented) into Greece.
 Go, Pylades.

Pyl. Lead on, my friend; lead on!
 Let us bear off Hermione! No toil,
 No danger, can deter a friend—Lead on!
 This very night we'll carry her on board.

Ores. Thou art too good—I trespass on thy friendship:

But, oh! excuse a wretch, whom no man pities,
 Except thyself; one, just about to lose
 The treasure of his soul! whom all mankind
 Conspire to hate, and one, who hates himself.
 When will my friendship be of use to thee?

Pyl. The question is unkind.—But now, remember
 To keep your counsels close, and hide your thoughts;
 Let not Hermione suspect—no more—
 I see her coming, sir.

Ores. Away, my friend ;
I am advised ; my all depends upon it.

[*Exit* PYLADES.]

Enter HERMIONE and CLEONE.

Ores. Madam, your orders are obey'd ; I have seen
Pyrrhus, my rival ; and have gain'd him for you.
The king resolves to wed you.

Her. So I am told ;
And, farther, I am inform'd, that you, Orestes,
Are to dispose me for the intended marriage.

Ores. And are you, madam, willing to comply ?

Her. What can I do ? alas ! my faith is promised ;
Can I refuse what is not mine to give ?
A princess is not at her choice to love ;
All we have left us is a blind obedience :
And yet you see how far I had complied,
And made my duty yield to your entreaties.

Ores. Ah, cruel maid ! you knew—but I have done.
All have a right to please themselves in love.
I blame you not. 'Tis true, I hoped—but you
Are mistress of your heart, and I'm content.
'Tis fortune is my enemy, not you.

But, madam, I shall spare you farther pain
On this uneasy theme, and take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Her. Cleone, could'st thou think he'd be so calm ?

Cleo. Madam, his silent grief sits heavy on him.
He is to be pitied. His too eager love
Has made him busy to his own destruction.
His threats have wrought this change of mind in
Pyrrhus.

Her. Dost thou think Pyrrhus capable of fear ?
Whom should the intrepid Pyrrhus fear ? The Greeks ?
Did he not lead their harass'd troops to conquest,
When they despair'd, when they retired from I
And sought for shelter in their burning f
No, oh, Cleone, he is above constraint :
He acts unforced ; and where he weds,

Cleo. Oh, that Orestes had remain'd in Greece!
I fear to-morrow will prove fatal to him.

Her. Wilt thou discourse of nothing but Orestes?
Pyrrhus is mine again!—Is mine for ever!
The bold, the brave, the godlike Pyrrhus!
Oh, my Cleone, I am wild with joy!

Cleo. Madam, conceal your joy—I see Andromache.
She weeps, and comes to speak her sorrows to you.

Her. I would indulge the gladness of my heart!
Let us retire—Her grief is out of season.

Enter ANDROMACHE and CEPHISA.

Andr. Ah, madam! whither, whither do you fly?
Where can your eyes behold a sight more pleasing
Than Hector's widow, suppliant and in tears?
I come not an alarm'd, a jealous foe,
To envy you the heart your charms have won—
The only man I sought to please, is gone;
Kill'd in my sight, by an inhuman hand.
But, oh, I have a son!—And you, one day,
Will be no stranger to a mother's fondness:
But Heaven forbid that you should ever know
A mother's sorrow for an only son,
Her joy, her bliss, her last surviving comfort!
When every hour she trembles for his life!
Your power o'er Pyrrhus may relieve my fears.
Alas, what danger is there in a child,
Saved from the wreck of a whole ruin'd empire!
Let me go hide him in some desert isle:
You may rely upon my tender care
To keep him far from perils of ambition:
All he can learn of me will be to weep!

Her. Madam, 'tis easy to conceive your grief:
But it would ill become me to solicit
In contradiction to my father's will:
If Pyrrhus, madam, must be wrought to pity,
No woman does it better than yourself.

If you gain him, I shall comply, of course.

[*Exeunt* HERMIONE and CLEONE.

Andr. Did'st thou not mind with what disdain she spoke ?

Youth and prosperity have made her vain ;
She has not seen the fickle turns of life.

Ceph. Madam, were I as you, I'd take her counsel :
I'd speak my own distress : one look from you
Will vanquish Pyrrhus, and confound the Greeks—
See where he comes—Lay hold on this occasion.

Enter PYRRHUS and PHŒNIX.

Pyr. Where is the princess ?—Did you not inform me

Hermione was here ?

[*To* PHŒNIX.

Phæn. I thought so, sir.

Andr. Thou see'st what mighty power my eyes
have on him !

[*To* CEPHISA.

Pyr. What says she, Phœnix ?

Andr. I have no hope left !

Phæn. Let us begone—Hermione expects you.

Ceph. What do you, madam ? break this sullen silence.

Andr. My child's already promised !—

Ceph. But not given.

Andr. No ! no ! —my tears are vain !—His doom
is fix'd !

Pyr. See if she deigns to cast one look upon us !
Proud woman !

Andr. I provoke him by my presence.

Let us retire.

Pyr. Come, let us satisfy
The Greeks, and give them up this Phrygian boy.

Andr. Ah, sir, recall those words—What have you
said !

If you give up my son, oh, give up
You, who so many times have sworn—
Oh, Heavens ! will you not look with

Is there no hope? Is there no room for pardon?

Pyr. Phœnix will answer you—My word is past.

Andr. You, who would brave so many dangers for me—

Pyr. I was your lover then—I now am free.
To favour you, I might have spared his life;
But you would ne'er vouchsafe to ask it of me.
Now, 'tis too late.

Andr. Oh, sir, excuse

The pride of royal blood that checks my soul,
And knows not how to be importunate.
You know, alas! I was not born to kneel,
To sue for pity, and to own a master.

Pyr. No, in your heart you curse me! you disdain
My generous flame, and scorn to be obliged!
But I shall leave you to your great resentments.
Let us go, Phœnix, and appease the Greeks.

Ceph. Oh, madam—

Andr. What can I do more? The tyrant
Sees my distraction, and insults my tears.

[To CEPHISA.

—Behold, how low you have reduced a queen!
These eyes have seen my country laid in ashes,
My kindred fall in war, my father slain,
My husband dragg'd in his own blood, my son
Condemn'd to bondage, and myself a slave;
Yet, in the midst of these unheard-of woes,
'Twas some relief to find myself your captive;
And that my son, derived from ancient kings,
Since he must serve, had Pyrrhus for his master.
When Priam kneel'd, the great Achilles wept:
I hoped I should not find his son less noble:
I thought the brave were still the more compas-
sionate.

Oh, do not, sir, divide me from my child!
If he must die—

Pyr. Phœnix, withdraw a while. [Exit PHŒNIX.
Rise, madam—Yet you may preserve your son.

I find, whenever I provoke your tears,
 I furnish you with arms against myself.
 I thought my hatred fix'd before I saw you.
 Oh, turn your eyes upon me, while I speak !
 And see if you discover in my looks
 An angry judge, or an obdurate foe.
 Why will you force me to desert your cause ?
 In your son's name, I beg we may be friends.
 Let me entreat you to secure his life !
 Must I turn suppliant for him ?
 Think, oh think,
 'Tis the last time—you both may yet be happy !
 I know the ties I break, the foes I arm ;
 I wrong Hermione ; I send her hence,
 And with her diadem I bind your brows.
 Consider well, for 'tis of moment to you !
 Choose to be wretched, madam, or a queen.
 I leave you to your thoughts. When I return,
 We'll to the temple—There you'll find your son ;
 And there be crown'd, or give him up for ever. [*Exit.*
Ceph. I told you, madam, that in spite of Greece,
 You would o'er-rule the malice of your fortune.
Andr. Alas, Cephisa, what have I obtain'd !
 Only a poor short respite for my son !
Ceph. You have enough approved your faith to
 Hector ;
 To be reluctant still would be a crime.
Andr. How !—would'st thou give me Pyrrhus for
 a husband ?
Ceph. Think you 'twill please the ghost of your
 dead husband,
 That you should sacrifice his son ? Consider,
 Pyrrhus once more invites you to a throne ;
 Turns all his power against the foes of Troy ;
 Remembers not Achilles was his father ;
 Retracts his conquest, and forgets his hatred.
Andr. But how can I forget it ?—how can I
 Forget my Hector, treated with dishonour ;

Deprived of funeral rites, and vilely dragg'd,
 A bloody corpse, about the walls of Troy!
 Can I forget the good old king, his father,
 Slain in my presence—at the altar slain!
 Which vainly, for protection, he embraced
 Hast thou forgot that dreadful night, Cephisa,
 When a whole people fell! Methinks I see
 Pyrrhus enraged, and, breathing vengeance, enter
 Amidst the glare of burning palaces:
 I see him hew his passage through my brothers,
 And, bathed in blood, lay all my kindred waste!
 Think, in this scene of horror, what I suffer'd!
 This is the courtship I received from Pyrrhus;
 And this the husband thou would'st give me!—No,
 We both will perish first! I'll ne'er consent.

Ceph. Since you resolve Astyanax shall die,
 Haste to the temple, bid your son farewell.

Andr. O Cephisa!
 Thou hast awaken'd all the mother in me.
 How can I bid farewell to the dear child,
 The pledge, the image, of my much-loved lord!
 But, oh! while I deliberate, he dies!
 No, no, thou must not die, while I can save thee:
 Oh, let me find out Pyrrhus!—Oh, Cephisa!
 Do you go find him.

Ceph. What must I say to him?

Andr. Tell him, I love my son to such excess—
 But, dost thou think, he means the child shall die?

Ceph. Madam, he'll soon be here—resolve on
 something.

Andr. Well then, assure him——

Ceph. Madam, of your love?

Andr. Alas, thou know'st that is not in my power!
 Oh, my dead lord! Oh, Priam's royal house!
 Oh, my Astyanax! at what a price
 Thy mother buys thee!—Let us go.

Ceph. But whither?
 And what does your unsettled heart resolve?

Andr. Come, my Cephisa, let us go together
 To the sad monument, which I have raised
 To Hector's shade ; where, in their sacred urn,
 The ashes of my hero lie enclosed.
 There let me weep, there summon to my aid,
 With pious rite, my Hector's awful shade :
 Let him be witness to my doubts, my fears ;
 My agonizing heart, my flowing tears :
 Oh, may he rise, in pity, from his tomb !
 And fix his wretched son's uncertain doom. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

*The Palace.**Enter HERMIONE and CLEONE.*

Cleo. This unexpected silence, this reserve,
 This outward calm, this settled frame of mind,
 When such wrongs and insults, much surprise me !
 That before could not command your rage,
 But kindly on his captive ;
 That he should wed her,
 And you should fill ?

Cleo. Madam, I have—his love is too impatient
Not to obey with speed the welcome summons.
His love-sick heart o'erlooks his unkind usage :
His ardour's still the same.—Madam, he's here!

Enter ORESTES.

Ores. Ah, madam, is it true? does then Orestes
At length attend you by your own commands?
What can I do?—

Her. Orestes, do you love me?

Ores. What means that question, princess?—Do I
love you?

My oaths, my perjuries, my hopes, my fears,
My farewell,—my return—all speak my love.

Her. Avenge my wrongs, and I'll believe them all.

Ores. It shall be done—My soul has catch'd th'
alarm;

We'll spirit up the Greeks—I'll lead them on :
Your cause shall animate our fleets and armies.
Let us return—let us not lose a moment,
But urge the fate of this devoted land :
Let us depart—

Her. No, prince, let us stay here!

I will have vengeance here :—I will not carry
This load of infamy to Greece, nor trust
The chance of war, to vindicate my wrongs.
Ere I depart, I'll make Epirus mourn.

If you avenge me, let it be this instant ;
My rage brooks no delay :—haste to the temple,
Haste, prince, and sacrifice him !

Ores. Whom ?

Her. Why, Pyrrhus.

Ores. Pyrrhus! Did you say, Pyrrhus?

Her. You demur—

Oh fly! begone! give me not time to think—
Talk not of laws—he tramples on all laws—
Let me not hear him justified—away!

Ores. You cannot think I 'll justify my rival.
 Madam, your love has made him criminal.
 You shall have vengeance—I 'll have vengeance too :
 But let our hatred be profess'd and open.
 Let us alarm all Greece, denounce a war ;
 Let us attack him in his strength, and hunt him down
 By conquest—Should I turn base assassin,
 'Twould sully all the kings I represent.

Her. Have not I been dishonour'd ; set at nought ;
 Exposed to public scorn ?—And will you suffer
 The tyrant, who dares use me thus, to live ?
 Know, prince, I hate him more than once I loved him.
 The gods alone can tell how once I loved him ;
 Yes, the false perjured man, I once did love him ;
 And, spite of all his crimes and broken vows,
 If he should live, I may relapse—who knows
 But I to-morrow may forgive his wrongs ?

Ores. First let me tear him piece-meal—he shall die.—

But, madam, give me leisure to contrive
 The place, the time, the manner of his death :
 Yet I'm a stranger in the court of Pyrrhus ;
 Scarce have I set my foot within Epirus,
 When you enjoin me to destroy the prince.
 It shall be done this very night.

Her. But now,
 This very hour he weds *Andromache* !
 Begone, *Orestes*—kill the faithless tyrant ;
 My love shall recompense the glorious deed.

Ores. Consider, madam—

Her. You but mock my rage !
 Think you to merit by your idle sighs,
 And not attest your love by one brave action ?
 Go, with your boasted constancy ! and leave
Hermione to execute her own revenge.
 I blush to think how my too easy faith
 Has twice been baffled in one shameful hour !

Ores. Hear me but speak!—you know I 'll die to serve you!

Her. I 'll go myself—I 'll stab him at the altar ;
Then drive the poniard, reeking with his blood,
Through my own heart.

Better to die with him, than live with you !

Ores. That were to make him blest, and me more wretched.

Madam, he dies by me—Have you a foe,
And shall I let him live? My rival too!
Ere yon meridian sun declines, he dies !
And you shall say, that I deserve your love.

Her. Go, prince ; strike home! and leave the rest to me ;—

Let all your ships stand ready for our flight.

[*Exit* ORESTES.

Cleo. Madam, you 'll perish in this bold attempt.

Her. Give me my vengeance, I'm content to perish.
Oh, would Orestes, when he gives the blow,
Tell him he dies my victim !
Haste, my Cleone! haste, and tell him,
My revenge is lost, if Pyrrhus knows not
That he dies by me !

Cleo. I shall obey your orders—But I see
The king approach—Who could expect him here?

Her. Fly! O fly! and bid Orestes
Not to proceed a step before I see him.

[*Exit* CLEONE.

Enter PYRRHUS and PHŒNIX.

Pyr. Madam, I ought to shun an injured princess:
Your distant looks reproach me; and I come
Not to defend, but to avow, my guilt.
Pyrrhus will ne'er approve his own injustice,
Nor form excuses, while his heart condemns him.
Discharge your anger on this perjured man !

For I abhor my crime ! and should be pleased
 To hear you speak your wrongs aloud : No terms,
 No bitterness of wrath, nor keen reproach,
 Will equal half the upbraidings of my heart.

Her. I find, sir, you can be sincere : you scorn
 To act your crimes like other men.

A hero should be bold ; above all laws ;
 Be bravely false, and laugh at solemn ties.
 To be perfidious, shows a daring mind !
 And you have nobly triumph'd o'er a maid !
 To court me—to reject me—to return—
 Then to forsake me for a Phrygian slave—
 To lay proud Troy in ashes—then to raise
 The son of Hector, and renounce the Greeks,
 Are actions worthy the great soul of Pyrrhus !

Pyr. Madam, go on ; give your resentment birth,
 And pour forth all your indignation on me.

Her. 'Twould please your queen, should I upbraid
 your falsehood :

I should o'erflow with tears, and die with grief,
 And furnish out a tale to soothe her pride ;
 But, sir, I would not overcharge her joys.
 If you would charm Andromache, recount
 Your bloody battles, your exploits, your slaughters,
 Your great achievements in her father's palace.
 She needs must love the man, who fought so bravely,
 And in her sight slew half her royal kindred !

Pyr. With horror I look back on my past deeds !
 I punish'd Helen's wrongs too far ; I shed
 Too much of blood. But, madam, Helen's daughter
 Should not object those ills the mother caused.
 However, I am pleased to find you hate me—
 I was too forward to accuse myself—
 The man, who ne'er was loved, can ne'er be false.
 Obedience to a father brought you hither ;
 And I stood bound by promise to receive you.
 But our desires were different ways inclined ;
 And you, I own, were not obliged to love me.

Her. Have I not loved you, then, perfidious man?
 For you I slighted all the Grecian princes;
 Forsook my father's house; conceal'd my wrongs,
 When most provoked; would not return to Sparta,
 In hopes that time might fix your wavering heart.
 I loved you when inconstant; and even now,
 Inhuman king! that you pronounce my death,
 My heart still doubts, if I should love or hate you—
 But, oh! since you resolve to wed another,
 Defer your cruel purpose till to-morrow,
 That I may not be here to grace her triumph!
 This is the last request I e'er shall make you—
 See, if the barbarous prince vouchsafe an answer!
 Go, then, to the loved Phrygian; hence! begone!
 And bear to her those vows, that once were mine.
 Go, in defiance to the avenging gods!
 Begone! the priest expects you at the altar—
 But, tyrant, have a care I come not thither. [*Exit*

Phæn. Sir, did you mind her threats? Your life's
 in danger:

There is no trifling with a woman's rage.
 The Greeks, that swarm about the court, all hate
 you;

Will treat you as their country's enemy,
 And join in her revenge—Besides, Orestes
 Still loves her to distraction.—Sir, I beg—

Pyr. How, Phœnix, should I fear a woman's
 threats?

A nobler passion takes up all my thoughts:
 I must prepare to meet Andromache.
 Do thou place all my guards about her son:
 If he be safe, Pyrrhus is free from fear. [*Exit.*

Phæn. Oh, Pyrrhus! Oh, what pity 'tis, the gods,
 Who fill'd thy soul with every kingly virtue,
 Should leave thee so exposed to wild desires,
 That hurry thee beyond the bounds of reason!

[*Flourish.*

But see, the queen,

Magnificent in royal pride, appears !
I must obey, and guard her son from danger. [*Exit.*]

Enter ANDROMACHE and CEPHISA.

Ceph. Madam, once more you look and move a queen.

Your sorrows are dispersed, your charms revive,
And every faded beauty blooms anew.

Andr. Yet all is not as I could wish, Cephisa.

Ceph. You see the king is watchful o'er your son ;
Decks him with princely robes—with guards surrounds him.

Astyanax begins to reign already.

Andr. Pyrrhus is noble-minded ; and I fain
Would live to thank him for Astyanax :
'Tis a vain thought.—However, since my child
Has such a friend, I ought not to repine.

Ceph. For Heaven's sake, madam, let me know
your griefs !

If you distrust my faith——

Andr. That were to wrong thee.

Know, then, the secret purpose of my soul :
Andromache will not be false to Pyrrhus,
Nor violate her sacred love to Hector.
This hour I 'll meet the king ; the holy priest
Shall join us, and confirm our mutual vows.
This will secure a father to my child :
That done, I have no farther use for life :
This pointed dagger, this determined hand,
Shall save my virtue, and conclude my woes.

Ceph. Oh, never think that I will stay behind
you !

Life is not worth my care, when you are gone.

Andr. I must commit into thy faithful hands
All that is dear and precious to my soul ;
Live, and supply my absence to my child.

All that remains of Troy ; a future progeny
Of heroes, and a distant line of kings,
In him, is all entrusted to thy care.

Ceph. Oh for a spirit, to support my grief!—
Is there aught more, before you go for ever ?

Andr. Oh, my Cephisa ! my sworn heart is full !
I have a thousand farewells to my son—
But tears break in—Grief interrupts my speech!—
My soul o'erflows in fondness!—Let him know
I died to save him :

Season his mind with early hints of glory ;
Make him acquainted with his ancestors ;
Trace out their shining story in his thoughts ;
Dwell on the exploits of his immortal father ;
And, sometimes, let him hear his mother's name.
He must be taught to stifle his resentments,
And sacrifice his vengeance to his safety.
Should he prove headstrong, rash, or unadvised,
He then will frustrate all his mother's virtue,
Provoke his fate, and I shall die in vain.

[*Flourish within.*

Hark, how the trumpet, with its sprightly notes,
Proclaims th' appointed hour, and calls us hence !
Hector, I come, once more a queen, to join thee !
Thus, the gay victim, with fresh garlands crown'd,
Pleased with the sacred fife's enlivening sound,
Through gazing crowds, in solemn state proceeds ;
And, dress'd in fatal pomp, magnificently bleeds.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

*The Palace.*HERMIONE *alone.*

Her. What have I done! Where am I? Where is
Pyrrhus?
Ye gods! what mean these horrors?—I'm undone!
My soul is on the rack! I cannot bear it!
Why do I wander, like some guilty ghost?
What brought me to this place? What keeps me
here?
The court of Pyrrhus has no room for me!
Do I still doubt, if I should love or hate him?
Hard-hearted man! how unconcern'd he left me!
Did he once sigh? bestow one pitying look?
Once shed a tear? or speak one soft, kind word?
Did he so much as feign one moment's sorrow,
To calm my grief, and mitigate his falsehood?
Why am I still thus anxious for his life?
Why do I start at his impending fate?
Shall he then live? Shall the base traitor live,
To laugh at my distress? No, let him perish!
Be quick, Orestes!—Execute my orders!
Oh, gods—my orders! Oh, preposterous guilt!
Was it for this I left my father's court?
Have I then cross'd so many realms and seas,
To murder Pyrrhus?

Enter CLEONE.

Oh, Cleone, help me!

What have I done?—Is Pyrrhus yet alive?

What say'st thou?—Answer me—Where is the king?

Cleo. Madam, I saw the cruel prince set forward,
Triumphant in his looks, and full of joy.
Still as he walk'd, his ravish'd eyes were fix'd
On the fair captive; while through shouting crowds
She pass'd along, with a dejected air,
And seem'd to mourn her Hector to the last.

Her. Insulting tyrant! I shall die with rage!—
But say, Cleone, didst thou mark him well?
Was his brow smooth? Say, did there not appear
Some shade of grief—some little cloud of sorrow?
Did he not stop? Did he not once look back?
Didst thou approach him? Was he not confounded?
Did he not—Oh, be quick, and tell me all!

Cleo. Madam, the tumult of his joy admits
No thought but love. Unguarded, he march'd on,
Midst a promiscuous throng of friends and foes;
His cares all turn upon Astyanax,
Whom he has lodged within the citadel,
Defended by the strength of all his guards.

Her. Enough!—He dies!—The traitor!—Where's
Orestes?

Cleo. He's in the temple with his whole retinue.

Her. Is he still resolute? Is he still determin'd?

Cleo. Madam, I fear—

Her. How! Is Orestes false?

Does he betray me too?

Cleo. A thousand doubts

Perplex his soul, and wound him with remorse;
His virtue and his love prevail, by turns.
He told me Pyrrhus should not fall ignobly—
Pyrrhus, the warlike son of great Achilles!
He dreads the censure of the Grecian states;
Of all mankind, and fears to stain his honour

Her. Poor tim'rous wretch!
 Am I bright Helen's daughter?
 To vindicate her wrongs, all Greece conspired;
 For her, confederate nations fought, and kings were
 slain;
 Troy was o'erthrown, and a whole empire fell.
 My eyes want force to raise a lover's arm
 Against a tyrant, that has dared to wrong me!

Cleo. Madam, like Helen, trust your cause to
 Greece.

Her. No! I'll avenge myself—I'll to the temple!
 I'll overturn the altar—stab the priest!
 I'll hurl destruction, like a whirlwind, round me!
 Stand off! hold me not! I am all distraction!
 O Pyrrhus! tyrant! traitor! thou shalt bleed!

Enter ORESTES.

Ores. Madam, 'tis done—your orders are obey'd:
 The tyrant lies expiring at the altar.

Her. Is Pyrrhus slain?

Ores. E'en now, he gasps in death.
 Our Greeks, all undistinguish'd in the crowd,
 Flock'd to the temple, and dispersed themselves
 On every side the altar; I was there;
 Pyrrhus observed me with a haughty eye,
 And, proud to triumph over Greece, in me,
 From his own brows he took the diadem,
 And bound it on the temples of his captive.
 Receive, said he, my crown; receive my faith;
 Mine, and my people's sovereign, reign for ever!—
 From this bless'd hour, a father to your son,
 I'll scourge his foes—henceforward, be he styled
 The Trojan king.
 His subjects, with loud acclamations, shook
 The spacious dome: Our Greeks, enraged, cried out
 Revenge! revenge!—broke through the thronging
 press,
 And rush'd, tumultuous, on the unguarded king.

Pyrrhus, a while, opposed their clashing swords,
 And dealt his fatal blows on every side
 With manly fierceness; till, oppress'd by numbers,
 Streaming with blood, all over gash'd with wounds,
 He reel'd, he groan'd, and at the altar fell.—
 Haste, madam, let us fly! haste to our ships!
 They lie unmoor'd—Our friends attend us there.

Her. What have they done!

Ores. Madam, forgive their rage.

I own your vengeance had been more complete,
 Had Pyrrhus fallen by me; and had he known
 Hermione chastised him by my arm.

Her. Peace, monster, peace!—Go, tell thy horrid
 tale

To savages, and howl it out in deserts!

Oh, fell barbarian!

What had he done? What could provoke thy mad-
 ness

To assassinate so great, so brave a man?

Who set thee on?

Ores. Oh, grant me patience, Heaven!

With your own lips did you not curse the tyrant,
 Pronounce his death, and urge me to destroy him?

Her. Oh, gods!

My heart, though full of rage, was free from malice;
 And all my anger was excess of love.

Ores. Hear me but speak—Heaven knows, against
 my will—

Her. What had your rash officious Greeks, dire
 bloodhounds!

To do with my revenge?

You saw the struggles of my soul; you heard me
 rave—

Are these the fruits of your detested love?

Avaunt! begone!

And leave me in Epirus.—I renounce

My friends, my country, Greece, and all mankind:

But chiefly I renounce thee! monster, thee! [Exit.

Ores. Am I awake? where am I? Soft, my soul;
 Be not too rash.—Was that Hermione?
 Why should her anger thunder against me?
 Was not this blood shed all by her command?—
 I am, indeed; a most outrageous monster!
 A ruffian, murderer, a base assassin!
 And all to please a false ungrateful woman.
 Henceforward, let the laws of nature cease;
 And let the pale, that severs right and wrong,
 Things sacred and profane, be broken down;
 Gods in their temples, kings upon their thrones,
 Are not in safety while Orestes lives.
 Oh, never more shall my torn mind be heal'd,
 Nor taste the gentle comforts of repose!
 A dreadful band of gloomy cares surround me,
 And lay strong siege to my distracted soul!

Enter PYLADES, attended by GREEKS.

Pyl. Haste, prince! let us begone! 'tis death to stay.

Andromache reigns queen: she gives the alarm,
 And vows revenge upon the foes of Pyrrhus.
 The people arm and muster in the streets:
 Our Greeks will not be able long to guard
 The palace gates, and to secure our flight.
 We must be speedy, sir.

Ores. You may depart,
 My friends—Hermione and I remain.
 Her cruelty has quite undone me!

Pyl. Alas, unhappy princess! she's no more!

Ores. Hermione no more!—Oh, all ye powers!

Pyl. Full of disorder, wildness in her looks,
 With hands expanded, and dishevell'd hair,
 Breathless and pale, with shrieks she sought the
 temple;

In the mid-way she met the corpse of Pyrrhus;
 She startled at the sight; then, stiff with horror,

Gazed frightful! Waken'd from the dire amaze,
 She raised her eyes to heaven with such a look
 As spoke her sorrows, and reproach'd the gods;
 Then plunged a poniard deep within her breast,
 And fell on Pyrrhus, grasping him in death.

Ores. I thank you, gods!—I never could expect
 To be so wretched!—You have been industrious
 To finish your decrees; to make Orestes
 A dreadful instance of your power to punish:
 I'm singled out to bear the wrath of Heaven.

Pyl. You hazard your retreat by these delays.
 The guards will soon beset us. Your complaints
 Are vain, and may be fatal.

Ores. True, my friend:
 And therefore 'twas I thank'd the bounteous gods.
 My fate's accomplish'd—I shall die content.
 Oh, bear me hence—Blow winds!

Pyl. Let us begone.

Ores. The murder'd lovers wait me—Hark! they
 call!

Nay, if your blood still reeks, I'll mingle mine:
 One tomb will hold us all.

Pyl. Alas! I fear
 His ravings will return with his misfortunes.

Ores. I am dizzy!—Clouds!—Quite lost in utter
 darkness!

Guide me, some friendly pilot, through the storm.
 I shiver! Oh, I freeze!—So—Light returns;
 'Tis the grey dawn—See, Pylades! behold!—
 I am encompass'd with a sea of blood!—
 The crimson billows!—Oh! my brain's on fire!

Pyl. How is it, sir?—Repose yourself on me.

Ores. Pyrrhus, stand off!—What would'st thou?—
 How he glares!

What envious hand has closed thy wounds?—Have
 at thee.

It is Hermione that strikes—Confusion!

She catches Pyrrhus in her arms.—Oh, save me!
How terrible she looks!—She knits her brow;
She frowns me dead! She frights me into madness!
Where am I?—Who are you?

Pyl. Alas, poor prince!

Ores. This is most kind, my Pylades—Oh, why,
Why was I born to give thee endless trouble?

Pyl. All will go well—He settles into reason.

Ores. Who talks of reason? Better to have none
Than not enough.—Run, some one, tell my Greeks
I will not have them touch the king—Now—now!
I blaze again!—See there—Look where they come!
A shoal of furies!—How they swarm about me!
My terror!—Hide me!—Oh, their snaky locks!
Hark, how they hiss!—See, see their flaming
brands!

Now they let drive at me!—How they grin,
And shake their iron whips!—My ears! what yel-
ling!

And see, Hermione!—she sets them on—
Thrust not your scorpions thus into my bosom!
Oh!—I am stung to death!—Despatch me soon!
There—take my heart, Hermione!—Take it out!
Disjoin me!—kill me!—Oh, my tortured soul!

Pyl. Assist me, friends, to bear him off. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter PHOENIX, attended by GUARDS.

Phoen. All, all are fled!—Orestes is not here!—
Triumphant villains!—
The ambassador's escape
Declares his guilt.—Most bloody embassy!
Most unexampled deeds!—Where, where, ye gods,
Is majesty secure, if, in your temples,
You give it no protection!—See, the queen!

[*A flourish of Trumpets.*]

*Enter ANDROMACHE and CEPHISA, with
ATTENDANTS.*

Andr. Yes, ye inhuman Greeks! the time will
come,

When you shall dearly pay your bloody deeds!
How should the Trojans hope for mercy from you,
When thus you turn your impious rage on Pyrrhus;
Pyrrhus, the bravest man in all your league;
The man whose single valour made you triumph?

[A dead march behind.]

Is my child there?—

Ceph. It is the corpse of Pyrrhus;
The weeping soldiers bear him on their shields.

Andr. Ill-fated prince! too negligent of life,
And too unwary of the faithless Greeks!
Cut off, ev'n in the prime of life; thy triumphs new,
And all thy glories in full blossom round thee!
The very Trojans would bewail thy fate.

Ceph. Alas, then, will your sorrows never end?

Andr. Oh, never, never!—While I live, my tears
Will never cease; for I was born to grieve.—
Give present orders for the fun'ral pomp:

[To PHENIX.]

Let him be robed in all his regal state;
Place round him every shining mark of honour;
And let the pile that consecrates his ashes,
Rise like his fame, and blaze above the clouds.

[Exit PHENIX.—A flourish of Trumpets.]

Ceph. The sound proclaims th' arrival of the prince.

Andr. With open arms I'll meet him!—Oh, Cephisa!

A springing joy, mix'd with a soft concern,
A pleasure which no language can express,
An ecstasy that mothers only feel,
Plays round my heart, and brightens up my sorrow,
Like gleams of sunshine in a low'ring sky.

Though plunged in ills, and exercised in care,
Yet never let thé noble mind despair.
When press'd by dangers, and beset with foes,
The gods their timely succour interpose ;
And when our virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
By unforeseen expedients bring relief

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

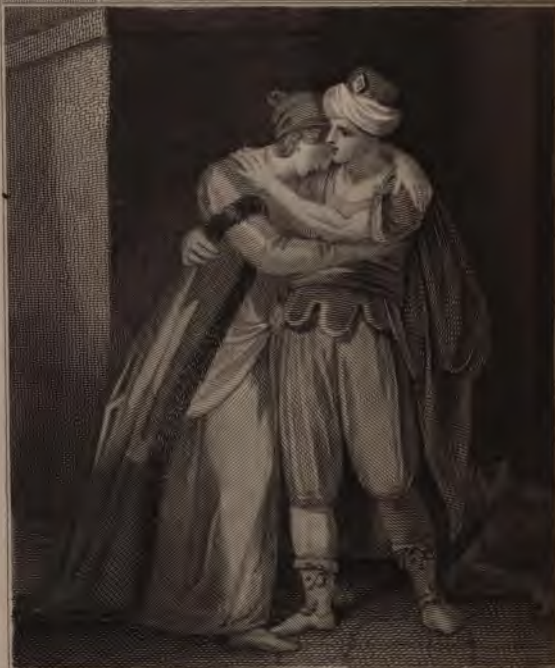
THE END.

LONDON;

PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.



BARBAROSSA



SAPHIRA — MY VIRTUOUS SON
HOW SHALL I REPAY THEE — THY VIRTUOUS LOVE? —
ACT V SCENE III

Painted by Woodcock.

Published by Longman & Co March 1816

Engraved by C. Smith

BARBAROSSA;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY DOCTOR BROWN.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

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REMARKS.

It is a painful task to record the calamities which befall the human race. The wants, the difficulties, the vicissitudes of pain and sorrow, in an author's life are proverbial: but the unhappy author of this Tragedy, in the fate to which he was destined, renders the ills of all other poets comparatively small—he became a suicide.

Dr. John Brown was born at Rothbury, in the county of Northumberland, in 1715. His father was a native of Scotland, and curate of Rothbury; and afterwards collated to a vicarage in Cumberland. Here his son received his earliest education, and was then sent to St. John's College, Cambridge.

Mr. Brown gained high reputation in the University, and made choice of divinity for his profession. His first preferment was to a minor canonry and lectureship at Carlisle, where he remained in obscurity till the rebellion in the year 1745, when he united the valour of the soldier to the piety of the ecclesiastic, and entering the army a volunteer, acted with distinguished bravery at the siege of Carlisle castle. He was now presented to the living of Moreland, in Westmoreland.

On the death of Pope, Mr. Brown first appeared as

an author, by publishing his Essay on Satire, addressed to Dr. Warburton, by whose interest Lord Hardwicke bestowed on him the living of Great Horkesley, in Essex. He now took his degree of Doctor.

In 1755 this Tragedy was produced, and with success. The year following a second tragedy, called "Athelstan," appeared, by the same author; but with a less kind reception.

Dr. Brown now published his most celebrated work, "An Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times:" and the next year was presented to a vicarage in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. He was also appointed one of the Chaplains in Ordinary to the King. Here his clerical preferments rested; which is supposed to have wounded his ambitious mind.

Some coolness having taken place between Dr. Brown and the two great patrons upon whom all his hopes of advancement in the church depended, (Hardwicke and Warburton,) the Doctor accepted an invitation from the Empress of Russia, to superintend a grand design she had formed of extending civilization throughout her vast empire. He prepared for his journey—but, perchance, some lingering affection to his native land—some irresistible horror at the prospect before him, might depress or agitate his spirits to that insanity, which instigated him to prefer an ignominious death, to a life of misery.

It is well for the literary reputation of this Author that he produced other works besides dramas. The

Tragedy of *Barbarossa* does not confer much honour upon a man of his extensive learning and imputed abilities. He has evidently borrowed from various dramatic productions his fable, and also the best of his characters, at least their corporeal parts; for the spirit of those personages is left behind.

Garrick, in *Achmet*, and Mossop, in the tyrant, are supposed to have contributed to the success of this play, by their skill in acting, as much as the Author did himself, by his art of writing. It appears, that Garrick had more anxiety than usual upon such occasions, that "*Barbarossa*" should be a favourite with the town; for he wrote both the Prologue and Epilogue, and even delivered the first himself. His civility was not, however, repaid by the Author's gratitude; for, having made an allusion in his Epilogue to the old jest, an author's poverty and hunger, Dr. Brown thought such misfortunes degrading to a clergyman; and chose to be considered in the quality of a modern, rather than a primitive minister of the gospel.

This is the drama, in which Master Betty made his first appearance on a London stage. Curiosity to see him, was equalled by admiration on beholding him. His beauty and grace were like that of a seraph.

Of his genuine talents as an actor, no greater number of persons can perhaps judge than can estimate the true value of a painting—and they are few indeed.

To argue the question upon matter of fact, rather than on the disputed claims of correct taste, which

every party conceive they possess—these are the facts : A great majority of the audience thought young Betty a complete tragedian—yet he failed in that power over their hearts, which ought to have ended the argument in demonstration.

Bursts of laughter were excited from the audience in divers parts of this Tragedy on his first appearance, which could not have occurred from any adventitious burlesque or ludicrous event whatever, had the minds of the auditors been once inwrapt, and not left vacant, for the quick reception of every trait of ridicule.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ACHMET	<i>Master Betty.</i>
BARBAROSSA	<i>Mr. Hargrave.</i>
OTHTMAN	<i>Mr. Murray.</i>
SADI	<i>Mr. Creswell.</i>
ALADIN	<i>Mr. Chapman.</i>
YUSEF	<i>Mr. Abbot.</i>
HASSAN	<i>Mr. Atkins.</i>
OFFICERS—	<i>Messrs. L. Bologna, Goodwin, Jefferies,</i>
	<i>Lee, Lewiss, Powers, Sarjant, Trueman.</i>
ZAPHIRA	<i>Mrs. Litchfield.</i>
IRENE	<i>Miss Brunton.</i>
SEMIRA	<i>Mrs. Gaudry.</i>

SCENE,—*The Royal Palace of Algiers.*

BARBAROSSA.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter OTHMAN and a SLAVE.

Oth. A stranger, say'st thou, that inquires of Othman ?

Slave. He does : and waits admittance.

Oth. Did he tell

His name and quality ?

Slave. That he declin'd :

But call'd himself thy friend.

Oth. Where didst thou see him ?

Slave. Ev'n now, while twilight clos'd the day, I spied him

Musing amid the ruins of yon tower

That overhangs the flood.

Oth. What can this mean ?

Conduct the stranger to me.

[*Exit SLAVE.*

Perhaps some worthy citizen, return'd

From voluntary exile to Algiers,

Once known in happier days.

Enter SADI.

Ah, Sadi here!
My honour'd friend!

Sadi. Stand off—pollute me not :
These honest arms, tho' worn with want, disdain
Thy gorgeous trappings, earn'd by foul dishonour.

Oth. Forbear thy rash reproaches : for beneath
This habit, which to thy mistaken eye
Confirms my guilt, I wear a heart as true
As Sadi's to my king.

Sadi. Why then beneath
This cursed roof, this black usurper's palace,
Dar'st thou to draw infected air, and live
The slave of insolence !
O shame to dwell

With murder, lust, and rapine ! did he not
Come from the depths of Barca's solitude,
With fair pretence of faith and firm alliance ?
Did not our grateful king, with open arms,
Receive him as his guest ? O fatal hour !
Did he not then with hot, adult'rous eye,
Gaze on the Queen Zaphira ; Yes, 'twas lust,
Lust gave th' infernal whisper to his soul,
And bade him murder, if he would enjoy !
Yet thou, pernicious traitor, unabash'd
Canst wear the murd'rer's badge.

Oth. Mistaken man !
Yet still I love thee :
Still unprovok'd by thy intemperate zeal,
Could passion prompt me to licentious speech,
Bethink thee—might I not reproach thy flight
With the foul names of fear and perfidy ?
Didst thou not fly, when Barbarossa's sword
Reek'd with the blood of thy brave countrymen ?
What then did I ?—Beneath this hated roof,
In pity to my widow'd queen——

Sadi. In pity ?

Oth. Yes, Sadi! heav'n is witness, pity sway'd me.
With honest guile I did inroll my name
In the black list of Barbarossa's friends :
In hope that some propitious hour might rise,
When heav'n would dash the murd'rer from his throne,
And give young Selim to his orphan'd people.

Sadi. Indeed! canst thou be true?

Oth. By heav'n, I am.

Sadi. Why then dissemble thus?

Oth. Have I not told thee?

I held it vain, to stem the tyrant's pow'r,
By the weak efforts of an ill-tim'd rage.

Sadi. I find thee honest : and with pride
Will join thy counsels.

Can aught, my friend, be done?

Can aught be dar'd?

Oth. We groan beneath the scourge.

This very morn, on false pretence of vengeance
For the foul murder of our honour'd king,
Five guiltless wretches perish'd on the rack.

Sadi. O my devoted country!

But say, the widow'd queen—my heart bleeds for her.

Oth. If pain be life, she lives : but in such woe,
As want and slavery might view with pity,
And bless their happier lot.

Hemm'd round by terrors,
Within this cruel palace, once the seat
Of ev'ry joy, thro' seven long tedious years,
She mourns her murder'd lord, her exil'd son,
Her people fall'n : the murd'rer of her lord,
Returning now from conquest o'er the Moors,
Tempts her to marriage; but, with noble firmness,
Surpassing female, she rejects his vows,
Scorning the horrid union. Meantime he,
With ceaseless hate, pursues her exil'd son;
Ere this, perhaps, he bleeds. A murd'ring ruffian
Is sent to watch his steps, and plunge the dagger
Into his guiltless breast.

Sadi. Is this thy faith !
Tame to witness to such deeds of horror !
Give me thy poignard ; lead me to the tyrant.
What tho' surrounding guards——

Oth. Repress thy rage.
Thou wilt alarm the palace, wilt involve
Thyself, thy friend, in ruin. Haste thee hence ;
Haste to the remnant of our loyal friends,
And let maturer councils rule thy zeal.

Sadi. Yet let us ne'er forget our prince's wrongs.
Remember, Othman, (and let vengeance rise)
How in the pangs of death, and in his gore
Welt'ring, we found our prince !
His royal blood,
The life-blood of his people, o'er the bath
Ran purple ! Oh, remember ! and revenge !

Oth. Doubt not my zeal. But haste, and seek our
friends.

Near to the western port Almanzor dwells,
Yet uneduc'd by Barbarossa's power.
He will disclose to thee, if aught be heard
Of Selim's safety, or (what more I dread)
Of Selim's death. Thence best may our resolves
Be drawn hereafter.

Sadi. I obey thee.
Near to the western port, thou say'st ?

Oth. Ev'n there.
Close by the blasted palm-tree, where the mosque
O'erlooks the city. Haste thee hence, my friend.
I would not have thee found within these walls.

[*Flourish.*
And hark—these warlike sounds proclaim th' approach
Of the proud Barbarossa, with his train.
Begone——

Sadi. May dire disease and pestilence
Hang o'er his steps !—Farewell—Remember, Othman,
Thy queen's, thy prince's, and thy country's wrong.

[*Exit SADI.*

Oth. When I forget them, be contempt my lot !
Yet, for the love I bear them, I must wrap
My deep resentments in the specious guise
Of smiles, and fair deportment.

Enter BARBAROSSA, GUARDS, &c.

Bar. Valiant Othman,
Are these vile slaves impal'd ?

Oth. My lord, they are.

Bar. Did not the rack extort confession from them ?

Oth. They died obdurate : while the melting crowd
Wept at their groans and anguish.

Bar. Curse on their womanish hearts !
But why sits that sadness on thy brow :
While joy for my return,
My sword victorious, and the Moors o'erthrown,
Resounds through all my palace.

Oth. Mighty warrior !
The soul, intent on offices of love,
Will oft neglect or scorn the weaker proof
Which smiles or speech can give.

Bar. Well : Be it so.
To guard Algiers from anarchy's misrule
I sway the regal sceptre.
But 'tis strange
That, when with open arms, I would receive
Young Selim, would restore the crown which death
Reft from his father's head—he scorns my bounty,
And proudly kindles war in foreign climes
Against my power, who sav'd his bleeding country.

Enter ALADIN.

Aladin. Brave prince, I bring thee tidings
Of high concernment to Algiers and thee.
Young Selim is no more.

Oth. Selim no more !

Bar. Why that astonishment ?
He was our bitterest foe.

Oth. So perish all thy causeless enemies !

Bar. How died the prince, and where ?

Aladin. The rumour tells

That, flying to Oran, he there begg'd succours
From Ferdinand of Spain, t' invade Algiers.

Bar. From Christian dogs !

Oth. How ! league with infidels !

Aladin. And there held council with the haughty
Spaniard,

To conquer and dethrone thee ; but in vain :
For in a dark encounter with two slaves,
Wherein the one fell by his youthful arm,
Selim at length was slain.

Bar. Ungrateful boy !

Oft have I courted him to meet my kindness ;
But still in vain ; he shunn'd me like a pestilence :
Nor could I e'er behold him, since the down
Cover'd his manly cheek.—How many years
Number'd he ?

Oth. I think, scarce thirteen when his father died,
And, now, some twenty.

Bar. Othman, now for proof

Of undissembled service.—Well I know,
'Thy long experienc'd faith hath plac'd thee high
In the queen's confidence :

Othman, she must be won.

Plead thou my cause of love :

Make her but mine,

And such reward shall crown thy zeal,

As shall outsoar thy wishes.

Oth. Mighty king,
Where duty bids, I go.

Bar. Then haste thee, Othman,

Ere yet the rumour of her son's decease

Hath reach'd her ear ;

Tell her, I come, borne on the wings of love !—

Haste—fly—I follow thee.

[Exit OTHMAN

Now Aladin,

Now fortune bears us to the wish'd for port.
 This was the rock I dreaded. Dost not think
 Th' attempt was greatly daring ?

Aladin. Bold as needful.

What boot'd it to cut the old serpent off,
 While the young adder nested in his place ?

Bar. True : Algiers is mine
 Without a rival.

Yet I wonder much,
 Omar returns not : Omar, whom I sent
 On this high trust. I fear, 'tis he hath fall'n.
 Didst thou not say two slaves encounter'd Selim ?

Aladin. Ay, two ; 'tis rumour'd so.

Bar. And that one fell ?

Aladin. By Selim's hand ; while his companion
 Planted his happier steel in Selim's heart.

Bar. Omar, I fear, is fall'n. From my right hand
 I gave my signet to the trusty slave ;
 And bade him send it, as the certain pledge
 Of Selim's death, if sickness or captivity,
 Or wayward fate, should thwart his quick return.

Aladin. The rumour yet is young ; perhaps foreruns
 The trusty slave's approach.

Bar. We'll wait th' event.

Mean time give out, that now the widow'd queen
 Hath dried her tears, prepar'd to crown my love
 By marriage rites ; spread wide the flatt'ring tale :
 For if persuasion win not her consent,
 Pow'r shall compel.

This night my will devotes to feast and joy,
 For conquest o'er the Moor. Hence, Aladin ;
 And see the night-watch close the palace round.

[*Exit ALADIN.*]

Now to the queen. My heart expands with hope.
 Let high ambition flourish ; in Selim's blood
 Its root is struck : from this, the rising stem
 Proudly shall branch o'er Afric's continent,
 And stretch from shore to shore.

Enter IRENE.

My wayward daughter—still will thy folly thwart
Each purpose of my soul?—When pleasures spring
Beneath our feet, thou spurn'st the proffer'd boon
To dwell with sorrow.—Why these sullen tears?

Irene. Let not these tears offend my father's eye;
They are the tears of pity. From the queen
I come, thy suppliant.

Bar. What wouldst thou urge?

Irene. Thy dread return from war,
And proffer'd love, have open'd ev'ry wound
The soft and lenient hand of time had clos'd.
If ever gentle pity touch'd thy heart,
Urge not thy command
To see her; her distracted soul is bent
To mourn in solitude. She asks no more.

Bar. She mocks my love. How many tedious years
Have I endur'd her coyness!—Had not war,
And great ambition, call'd me from Algiers,
Ere this my pow'r had reach'd what she denies.
But there's a cause which touches on my peace,
And bids me brook no more her false delays.

Irene. Oh, frown not thus!
But look more kindly on me,
Let thy consenting pity mix with mine,
And heal the woes of weeping majesty.
Unhappy queen!

Bar. What means that gushing tear?

Irene. Oh never shall Irene taste of peace,
While poor Zaphira mourns.

Bar. Is this my child!
Perverse and stubborn! as thou lov'st thy peace,
Dry up thy tears. What! damp the general triumph
That echoes through Algiers! which now shall pierce
The vaulted heav'n, as soon as fame shall spread
Young Selim's death, my empire's bitt'rest foe.

Irene. O generous Selim!

[Weeps.]

Bar. Ah! there's more in this.

Tell me, Irene—on thy duty tell me,
Why, at this detested name of Selim,
Afresh thy sorrow streams ?

Irene. Yes, I will tell thee,
For he is gone, and dreads thy hate no more ;
My father knows, that scarce five moons are past
Since the Moors seiz'd, and sold me at Oran,—
A hopeless captive in a foreign clime.

Bar. Too well I know, and rue the fatal day.
But what of this ?

Irene. Oft have I told thee,
How midst the throng a youth appear'd : his eye
Bright as the morning star.

Bar. And was it Selim ?
Did he redeem thee ?

Irene. With unsparing hand
He paid th' allotted ransom : at his feet I wept,
Dissolv'd in tears of gratitude and joy.
But when I told my quality and birth,
He started at the name of Barbarossa ;
Yet with recovery mild,
“ Go to Algiers,” he cried ; “ protect my mother,
And be to her what Selim is to thee.”
Ev'n such my father, was the gen'rous youth,
Who, by the hands of bloody, bloody men,
Lies number'd with the dead.

Bar. Amazement chills me !
Was this thy unknown friend conceal'd from me ?
False—faithless child !

Irene. Could gratitude do less ?
He said thy wrath pursu'd him ; thence conjur'd me
Not to reveal his name.

Bar. Thou treacherous maid,
To stoop to freedom from thy father's foe !

Irene. Alas, my father,
He never was thy foe.

Bar. What ! plead for Selim !
O coward ! trait'ress to thy father's glory !

Thou should'st have liv'd a slave, been sold to shame,
 Been banish'd to the depths of howling deserts,
 Been aught but what thou art, rather than blot
 A father's honour by a deed so vile.
 Hence from my sight! hence, thou unthankful child!
 Beware thee;—shun the queen: nor taint her ear
 With Selim's fate.—Yes, she shall crown my love;
 Or, by our prophet, she shall dread my pow'r.

[Exit BARBAROSSA.]

Irene. Unhappy queen!
 To what new scenes of horror art thou doom'd!
 She but entreats to die
 In her dear father's tent; thither, good queen,
 My care shall speed thee, while suspicion sleeps.
 What tho' my frowning father pour his rage
 On my defenceless head; yet innocence
 Shall yield her firm support! and conscious virtue
 Gild all my days. Could I but save Zaphira,
 Let the storm beat; I'll weep and pray till she,
 And heav'n, forget my father e'er was cruel. [Exit

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Another apartment.

ZAPHIRA discovered.

Zaph. When shall I be at peace?—O righteous
 heav'n
 Strengthen my fainting soul, which faint would rise

To confidence in thee!—but woes on woes
 O'erwhelm me! first my husband—now my son!
 Both dead!—both slaughter'd by the bloody hand
 Of Barbarossa! what infernal power
 Unchain'd thee from thy native depth of hell
 To stalk the earth with thy destructive train,
 Murder and lust! to wake domestic peace
 And every heart-felt joy!

Enter OTHMAN.

O faithful Othman!
 Our fears were true;—my Selim is no more!

Oth. Has then the fatal secret reach'd thine ear?
 Inhuman tyrant!

Zaph. Strike him, heav'n, with thunder!
 Nor let Zaphira doubt thy providence.

Oth. 'Twas what we fear'd. Oppose not heav'n's
 high will,

Nor struggle with the ten-fold chain of fate
 That links thee to thy woes! oh, rather yield,
 And wait the happier hour, when innocence
 Shall weep no more. Rest in that pleasing hope,
 And yield thyself to heaven—my honour'd queen,
 The king——

Zaph. Whom styl'st thou king?

Oth. 'Tis Barbarossa.——

Zaph. Does he assume the name of king?

Oth. He does.

Zaph. O title vilely purchas'd! by the blood
 Of innocence! by treachery and murder!
 May heav'n, incens'd, pour down its vengeance on him;
 Blast all his joys, and turn them into horror,
 Till phrensy rise, and bid him curse the hour
 That gave his crimes their birth! my faithful Oth-
 man,

My sole surviving prop! can'st thou devise
 No secret means, by which I may escape
 This hated palace! with undaunted step

I'd roam the waste, to reach my father's vales
Of dear Mutija ! can no means be found
To fly these black'ning horrors that surround me ?

Oth. That hope is vain ! the tyrant knows thy
hate.

Hence, day and night, his guards environ thee.
Rouse not then his anger ;
Let soft persuasion and mild eloquence
Redeem that liberty, which stern rebuke
Would rob thee of for ever.

Zaph. An injur'd queen
To kneel for liberty ! and, oh ! to whom !
Ev'n to the murd'rer of her lord and son !
O, perish first, Zaphira ! yes, I'll die !
For what is life to me ? my dear, dear lord !
My hapless child !—yes, I will follow you.

Oth. Wilt thou not see him, then ?

Zaph. I will not, Othman ;
Or if I do, with bitter imprecation,
More keen than poison shot from serpents' tongues,
I'll pour my curses on him !

Oth. Will Zaphira
Thus meanly sink in woman's fruitless rage,
When she should wake revenge ?

Zaph. Revenge ?—O tell me—
Tell me but how ? what can a helpless woman ?

Oth. Gain but the tyrant's leave, and reach thy
father :

Pour thy complaints before him : let thy wrongs
Kindle his indignation, to pursue
This vile usurper, till unceasing war
Blast his ill-gotten pow'r.

Zaph. Ah !—say'st thou, Othman ?
Thy words have shot like lightning thro' my frame ;
And all my soul's on fire !—Thou faithful friend !
Yes—with more gentle speech I'll sooth his pride—
Regain my freedom ;—reach my father's tents ;
There paint my countless woes. His kindling rage

Shall wake the vallies into honest vengeance :
 The sudden storm shall pour on Barbarossa,
 And ev'ry glowing warrior steep his shaft
 In deadlier poison, to revenge my wrongs.

Oth. There spoke the queen.—But as thou lov'st thy
 freedom,

Touch not on Selim's death. Thy soul will kindle,
 And passion mount in flames that will consume thee.

Zaph. My murdered son!—Yes, to revenge thy
 death,

I'll speak a language which my heart disdains.

Oth. Peace, peace! the tyrant comes: Now, in-
 jur'd queen,

Plead for thy freedom, hope for just revenge,
 And check each rising passion. [Exit OTHMAN

Enter BARBAROSSA.

Bar. Hail, sovereign fair! in whom
 Beauty and majesty conspire to charm!
 Behold the conqu'ror.

Zaph. O Barbarossa!

No more the pride of conquest e'er can charm
 My widow'd heart! With my departed lord
 My love lies bury'd!
 Then turn thee to some happier fair, whose heart
 May crown thy growing love with love sincere;
 For I have none to give.

Bar. Love ne'er should die:

'Tis the soul's cordial; 'tis the fount of life;
 Therefore should spring eternal in the breast:
 One object lost, another should succeed,
 And all our life be love.

Zaph. Urge me no more:—Thou might'st with
 equal hope

Woo the cold marble, weeping o'er a tomb,
 To meet thy wishes! But if gen'rous love
 Dwell in thy breast, vouchsafe me proof sincere:

Give me safe convoy to the native vales
Of dear Mutija, where my father reigns.

Bar. Oh, blind to proffer'd bliss! what, fondly quit

This pomp

Of empire, for an Arab's wand'ring tent!

Where the mock chieftain leads his vagrant tribes

From plain to plain, and faintly shadows out

The majesty of kings!—Far other joys

Here shall attend thy call.

Submissive realms

Shall bow the neck; and swarthy kings and queens,

From the far distant Niger and the Nile,

Drawn captive at my conqu'ring chariot wheels,

Shall kneel before thee.

Zaph. Pomp and pow'r are toys,

Which ev'n the mind at ease may well disdain;

But, ah! what mockery is the tinsel pride

Of splendour, when the mind

Lies desolate within;—Such, such, is mine!

O'erwhelm'd with ills, and dead to every joy:

Envy me not this last request, to die

In my dear father's tents!

Bar. Thy suit is vain—

Zaph. Thus kneeling at thy feet.

Bar. Thou thankless fair!

Thus to repay the labours of my love!

Had I not seiz'd the throne when Selim died,

Ere this, thy foes had laid Algiers in ruin:

I check'd the warring pow'rs, and gave you peace.

Make thee but mine,

I will descend the throne, and call thy son

From banishment to empire.

Zaph. Oh, my heart!

Can I bear this?—

Inhuman tyrant! Curses on thy head!

May dire remorse and anguish haunt thy throne,

And gender in thy bosom fell despair!

Despair as deep as mine!

Bar. What means Zaphira?

What means this burst of grief?

Zaph. Thou fell destroyer!

Had not guilt steel'd thy heart, awak'ning conscience

Would flash conviction on thee, and each look,
Shot from these eyes, be arm'd with serpent horrors,
To turn thee into stones!—Relentless man!
Who did the bloody deed? Oh, tremble, guilt,
Where'er thou art!—Look on me; tell me, tyrant!
Who slew my blameless son?

Bar. What envious tongue

Hath dar'd to taint my name with slander?
Thy Selim lives: Nay more, he soon shall reign,
If thou consent to bless me.

Zaph. Never! Oh, never—Sooner would I roam
An unknown exile through the torrid climes
Of Afric, sooner dwell with wolves and tigers,
Than mount with thee my murder'd Selim's throne!

Bar. Rash queen, forbear! think on thy captive state;

Remember, that within these palace walls
I am omnipotent:—Yield thee then:
Avert the gath'ring horrors that surround thee,
And dread my pow'r incens'd.

Zaph. Dares thy licentious tongue pollute mine ear

With that foul menace!—Tyrant. Dread'st thou not
Th' all-seeing eye of Heav'n, its lifted thunder,
And all the redd'ning vengeance which it stores
For crimes like thine?—Yet know, Zaphira scorns
thee.

Tho' robb'd by thee of every dear support,
No tyrant's threat can awe the free born soul,
That greatly dares to die.

[*Exit ZAPHIRA.*]

Bar. Where should she learn the tale of Selim's death?

Could Othman dare to tell it ! If he did,
My rage shall sweep him, swifter than the whirlwind,
To instant death !

Enter ALADIN.

O Aladin!

Timely thou com'st, to ease my lab'ring thought,
That swells with indignation and despair.

This stubborn woman—

Aladin. What, unconquer'd still ?

Bar. The news of Selim's fate hath reach'd her ear.

Whence could this come ?

Aladin. I can resolve the doubt.

A female slave, attendant on Zaphira,
O'erheard the messenger who brought the tale,
And gave it to her ear.

Bar. Perdition seize her !

Nor threats can move, nor promise now allure
Her haughty soul : Nay, she defies my pow'r ;
And talks of death, as if her female form
Inshrin'd some hero's spirit.

Aladin. Let her rage foam.

I bring thee tidings that will ease thy pain.

Bar. Say'st thou?—Speak on—O give me quick
relief !

Aladin. The gallant youth is come, who slew her
son.

Bar. Who, Omar ?

Aladin. No ; unhappy Omar fell
By Selim's hand. But Achmet, whom he join'd
His brave associate, so the youth bids tell thee,
Revend'g his death by Selim's.

Bar. Gallant youth !

Bears he the signet ?

Aladin. Ay.

Bar. That speaks him true.—Conduct him, Aladin.

[*Exit ALADIN.*]

This is beyond my hope. The secret pledge
Restor'd, prevents suspicion of the deed,
While it confirms it done.

Enter SELIM disguised as ACHMET, and ALADIN.

Selim. Hail, mighty Barbarossa! As the pledge
[*Kneels,*

Of Selim's death, behold thy ring restor'd :—
That pledge will speak the rest.

Bar. Rise, valiant youth ;
But first, no more a slave—I give thee freedom
Thou art the youth, whom Omar (now no more)
Join'd his companion in this brave attempt ?

Selim. I am.

Bar. Then tell me how you sped.—Where found ye
That insolent ?

Selim. We found him at Oran,
Plotting deep mischief to thy throne and people.

Bar. Well ye repaid the traitor.—

Selim. As we ought.

While night drew on, we leapt upon our prey.
Full at his heart brave Omar aim'd the poignard,
Which Selim shunning, wrench'd it from his hand,
Then plung'd it in his breast. I hasted on,
Too late to save, yet I reveng'd my friend :
My thirsty dagger with repeated blows
Search'd every artery : They fell together,
Gasping in folds of mortal enmity ;
And thus in frowns expir'd.

Bar. Well hast thou sped :

Thy dagger did its office, faithful Achmet !
And high reward shall wait thee.—One thing more—
Be the thought fortunate !—Go, seek the queen.
For know, the rumour of her Selim's death
Hath reach'd her ear : Hence dark suspicions rise,
Glancing at me. Go, tell her, that thou saw'st
Her son expire ;—that with his dying breath,

He did conjure her to receive my vows,
And give her country peace.

Enter OTHMAN.

Most welcome Othman,
Behold this gallant stranger. He hath done
The state good service. Let some high reward
Await him, such as may o'erpay his zeal.
Conduct him to the queen; for he hath news,
Worthy her ear, from her departed son,
Such as may win her love—Come, Aladin;
The banquet waits our presence;—festal joy
Laughs in the mantling goblet; and the night,
Illumin'd by the taper's dazzling beam,
Rivals departed day.

[*Exeunt BARBAROSSA and ALA*

Selim. What anxious thought
Rolls in thine eye, and heaves thy lab'ring breast?
Why join'st thou not the loud excess of joy
That riots thro' the palace?

Oth. Dar'st thou tell me
On what dark errand thou art here?

Selim. I dare.
Dost thou not perceive the savage lines of blood
Deform my visage? Read'st not in mine eye
Remorseless fury?—I am Selim's murd'rer.

Oth. Selim's murd'rer

Selim. Start not from me.
My dagger thirsts not but for regal blood—
Why this amazement?

Oth. Amazement!—No—'tis well:—'tis
should be—

He was indeed a foe to Barbarossa.

Selim. And therefore to Algiers:—Was it not
Why dost thou pause: What passion shakes thy fir

Oth. Fate, do thy worst! I can no more
semble;
Can I unmov'd behold the murd'ring ruffian,

Smear'd with my prince's blood !—Go, tell the tyrant,
 Othman defies his pow'r ; that, tir'd with life,
 He dares his bloody hand, and pleads to die.

Selim. What, didst thou love this Selim ?

Oth. All men lov'd him.

He was of such unmix'd and blameless quality,
 That envy, at his praise stood mute, nor dar'd
 To sully his fair name. Remorseless tyrant !

Selim. I do commend thy faith. And since thou
 lov'st him,

I'll whisper to thee, that with honest guile
 I have deceiv'd this tyrant Barbarossa.

Selim is yet alive.

Oth. Alive !

Selim. Nay, more——

Selim is in Algiers.

Oth. Impossible !

Selim. Nay, if thou doubt'st, I'll bring him hither,
 straight.

Oth. Not for an empire !

Thou might'st as well bring the devoted lamb
 Into the tiger's den.

Selim. But I'll bring him

Hid in such deep disguise, as shall deride
 Suspicion, tho' she wear the lynx's eyes.
 Not even thyself couldst know him.

Oth. Yes, sure :—too sure to hazard such an awful
 trial.

Selim. Yet seven revolving years, worn out
 In tedious exile, may have wrought such change
 Of voice and feature, in the state of youth,
 As might elude thine eye.

Oth. No time can blot

The mem'ry of his sweet majestic mien,
 The lustre of his eye ! besides, he wears
 A mark indelible, a beauteous scar,
 Made on his forehead by a furious pard,
 Which, rushing on his mother, Selim slew.

Selim. A scar!

Oth. Ay, on his forehead.

Selim. What, like this? [*Lifting his turban.*]

Oth. Whom do I see?—am I awake.—my prince!
[*Kneels.*]

My honour'd, honour'd king!

Selim. Rise, faithful Othman:

Thus let me thank thy truth! [*Embraces him.*]

Oth. O happy hour!

Selim. Why dost thou tremble thus? Why grasp
my hand?

And why that ardent gaze? Thou canst not doubt
me?

Oth. Ah, no! I see thy sire in ev'ry line.—

How did my prince escape the murd'rer's hand?

Selim. I wrench'd the dagger from him; and gave
back

That death he meant to bring. The ruffian wore
The tyrant's signet:—"Take this ring," he cried,
"The sole return my dying hand can make thee:
For its accurst attempt; this pledge restor'd,
Will prove thee slain: Safe may'st thou see Algiers,
Unknown to all."—This said, th' assassin died.

Oth. But how to gain admittance, thus unknown?

Selim. Disguis'd as Selim's murderer I come:
Th' accomplice of the deed: the ring restor'd,
Gain'd credence to my words.

Oth. Yet ere thou cam'st, thy death was rumour'd here.

Selim. I spread the flatt'ring tale, and sent it hitner;
That babbling rumour, like a lying dream,
Might make belief more easy. Tell me, Othman,
And yet I tremble to approach the theme,—
How fares my mother? does she still retain
Her native greatness?

Oth. Still:—in vain the tyrant
Tempts her to marriage, tho' with impious threats
Of death or violation.

Selim. May kind Heav'n
Strengthen her virtue, and by me reward it !
When shall I see her, Othman ?

Oth. Yet, my prince,
I tremble for thy presence.

Selim. Let not fear
Sully thy virtue : 'tis the lot of guilt
To tremble. What hath innocence to do with fear ?

Oth. Still my heart
Forebodes some dire event :—O quit these walls !

Selim. Not till a deed be done, which ev'ry tyrant
Shall tremble when he hears.

Oth. What means my prince ?

Selim. To take just vengeance for a father's blood,
A mother's sufferings, and a people's groans.

Oth. Alas, my prince ! thy single arm is weak
To combat multitudes.

Selim. Therefore I come,
Clad in this murd'rer's guise—Ere morning shines,
This, Othman !—this—shall drink the tyrant's blood.

[Shows a dagger

Oth. Heav'n shield thy life—Let caution rule
Thy zeal !

Selim. Nay, think not that I come
Blindly impell'd by fury or despair ;
For I have seen our friends, and parted now
From Sadi and Almanzor.

Oth. Say—what hope ?
My soul is all attention—

Selim. Mark me, then ;
A chosen band of citizens this night
Will storm the palace : while the gluttoned troops
Lie drench'd in surfeit, the confederate city,
Bold thro' despair, have sworn to break their chain
By one wide slaughter. I, mean time, have gain'd
The palace, and will wait th' appointed hour,
To guard Zaphira from the tyrant's rage
Amid the deathful uproar.

Oth. Heav'n protect thee——
'Tis dreadful——what's the hour ?

Selim. I left our friends
In secret council. Ere the dawn of night,
Brave Sadi will report their last resolves.—
Now lead me to the queen.—

Oth. Brave prince, beware !
Her joys or fear's excess would sure betray thee.
Thou shalt not see her till the tyrant perish !

Selim. I must.—I feel some secret impulse urge me.
Who knows that 'tis not the last parting interview
We ever shall obtain ?

Oth. Then, on thy life,
Do not reveal thyself.—Assume the name
Of Selim's friend ; sent to confirm her virtue,
And warn her that he lives.

Selim. It shall be so.—I yield me to thy will.

Oth. Thou greatly daring youth ! May angels
watch,

And guard thy upright purpose ! That Algiers
May reap the blessings of a virtuous reign,
And all thy godlike father shine in thee !

Selim. Oh, thou hast rous'd a thought, on which
revenge

Mounts with redoubled fire !—Yes, here, even here,—
Beneath this very roof, my honour'd father
Shed round his blessings, till accursed treach'ry
Stole on his peaceful hour ! O, blessed shade !

[*Kneels.*

If yet thou hover'st o'er thy once lov'd clime,
Now aid me to redress thy bleeding wrongs !
Infuse thy mighty spirit into my breast,
Thy firm and dauntless fortitude, unaw'd
By peril, pain, or death ! that, undismay'd,
I may pursue the just intent, and dare
Or bravely to revenge, or bravely die.

[*Exeunt*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

*The palace.**Enter IRENE.*

Irene. Can air-drawn visions mock the waking eye?
 Sure 'twas his image!—
 Thus way, sure he mov'd.
 But, oh, how chang'd—he wears no gentle smiles,
 But terror in his frown. He comes—'tis he;—
 For Othman points him thither, and departs.
 Disguis'd, he seeks the queen; secure, perhaps,
 And heedless of the ruin that surrounds him.
 O, generous Selim! can I see thee thus;
 And not forewarn such virtue of its fate!
 Forbid it gratitude!

Enter SELIM.

Selim. Be still, ye sighs!
 Ye struggling tears of filial love, be still.
 Down, down, fond heart!

Irene. Why, stranger, dost thou wander here?

Selim. Oh, ruin! [*Shunning her.*]

Irene. Bless'd is Irene! blest if Selim lives!

Selim. Am I betray'd!

Irene. Betray'd to whom? to her
 Whose grateful heart would rush on death to save
 thee!

Selim. It was my hope

That time had veil'd all semblance of my youth.
Am I then known ?

Irene. To none, but love and me—
To me, who late beheld thee at Oran ;
Who saw thee here, beset with unseen peril,
And flew to save the guardian of my honour.

Selim. Thou sum of ev'ry worth ! thou heav'n of
sweetness !

How could I pour forth all my soul before thee,
In vows of endless truth !—it must not be !—
This is my destin'd goal !—the mansion drear,
Where grief and anguish dwell ! where bitter tears,
And sighs and lamentations choke the voice,
And quench the flame of love !

Irene. Yet virtuous prince,
Though love be silent, gratitude may speak.
Hear, then, her voice, which warns thee from these
walls.

Mine be the grateful task, to tell the queen,
Her Selim lives. Ruin and death inclose thee.
O, speed thee hence, while yet destruction sleeps.

Selim. Would it were possible !

Irene. What can prevent it ?

Selim. Justice ! fate, and justice !
A murder'd father's wrongs !

Irene. Justice, said'st thou ?
That word hath struck me, like a peal of thunder !
Thine eye, which wont to melt with gentle love,
Now glares with terror ! thy approach by night—
Thy dark disguise, thy looks and fierce demeanour,
Yes, all conspire to tell me, I am lost !
Ah ! prince, take heed ! I have a father too !
Think, Selim, what Irene must endure,
Should she be guilty of a father's blood !

Selim. Come on, then. Lead me to him. Glut thine
eye

With Selim's blood——

Irene. Was e'er distress like mine !

O, Selim, can I see my father perish!
 Heav'n will ordain some gentler, happier means,
 To heal thy woes ! thy dark attempt is big
 With horror and destruction ! generous prince !
 Resign thy dreadful purpose, and depart !

Selim. May not I see Zaphira, ere I go ?
 Thy gentle pity will not, sure, deny us
 The mournful pleasure of a parting tear ?

Irene. Go, then, and give her peace. But fly these
 walls,

As soon as morning shines :—else, though despair
 Drives me to madness ;—yet—to save a father !—
 O, Selim ! spare my tongue the horrid sentence !—
 Fly ! ere destruction seize thee ! [Exit *IRENE.*

Selim. Death and ruin !
 Must I then fly ?—what !—coward-like betray
 My father, mother, friends ! vain terrors, hence !
 Danger looks big to fear's deluded eye :
 But courage, on the heights and steeps of fate,
 Dares snatch her glorious purpose from the edge
 Of peril.—Now to the queen.—
 How shall I dare to meet her thus unknown !
 How stifle the warm transports of my heart,
 That pants at her approach !—who waits the queen ?
 Who waits Zaphira ?

Enter SEMIRA.

Selim. Tell the queen, I come
 On message from her dear, departed son ;
 And bring his last request. [Exit *SEMIRA*
 O, ill dissembling heart !—my ev'ry limb
 Trembles with grateful terror !
 Some look, or starting tear,
 Will sure betray me—honest gule, assist
 My falt'ring tongue !

Enter ZAPHIRA.

Zaph. Where is this pious stranger ?

Say, generous youth, whose pity leads thee thus
To seek the weeping mansions of distress ?
Didst thou behold in death my hapless son ?
Did he remember me ?

Selim. Most honour'd queen !
Thy son,—forgive these gushing tears that flow
To see distress like thine !

Zaph. I thank thy pity !
'Tis generous thus to feel for others' woe !—
What of my son ? say, didst thou see him die ?

Selim. By Barbarossa's dread command I come,
To tell thee, that these eyes alone beheld
Thy son expire.

Zaph. Relentless fate !—that I should be denied
The mournful privilege to see him die !
To clasp him in the agony of death,
And catch his parting soul ! Oh, tell me all,
All that he said and look'd ; deep in my heart
That I may treasure ev'ry parting word,
Each dying whisper of my dear, dear son !

Selim. Let not my words offend.—What if he said,
Go, tell my hapless mother, that her tears
Have stream'd too long : then bid her weep no more :
Bid her forget the husband and the son,
In Barbarossa's arms !

Zaph. O, basely false !
Thou art some creeping slave to Barbarossa,
Sent to surprise my unsuspecting heart !
Vile slave, begone !—my son betray me thus !—
Could he have e'er conceiv'd so base a purpose,
My griefs for him should end in great disdain !—
But he was brave, and scorn'd a thought so vile !
Wretched Zaphira ! how art thou become
The sport of slaves !—

Selim. Yet hope for peace, unhappy queen ! thy
woes
May yet have end.

Zaph. Why weep'st thou, crocodile ?

Thy treacherous tears are vain.

Selim. My tears are honest.

I am not what thou think'st.

Zaph. What art thou then?

Selim. Oh, my full heart!—I am—thy friend, and
Selim's

I come not to insult, but heal thy woes—

Now check thy heart's wild tumult, while I tell thee—
Perhaps—thy son yet lives.

Zaph. Lives! oh, gracious heav'n!

Do I not dream! say, stranger,—didst thou tell me,
Perhaps my Selim lives?—what do I ask!

Wild, wild, and fruitless hope!—what mortal pow'r
Can e'er reanimate his mangled corse,
Shoot life into the cold and silent tomb,
Or bid the ruthless grave give up its dead!

Selim. O, pow'rful nature! thou wilt sure betray
me! *[Aside.]*

Thy Selim lives: for since his rumour'd death,
I saw him at Oran.

Zaph. O, generous youth, who art thou?

Selim. A friendless youth, self-banish'd with thy son;
Long his companion in distress and danger:
One who rever'd thy worth in prosp'rous days,
And more reveres thy virtue in distress.

Zaph. O, gentle stranger!—mock not my woes,
But tell me truly,—does my Selim live?

Selim. He does, by heav'n!

Zaph. O generous heav'n! thou at length o'er
pay'st

My bitterest pangs, if my dear Selim lives!
And does he still remember
His father's wrongs, and mine?

Selim. He bade me tell thee,
That in his heart indelibly are stamp'd
His father's wrongs, and thine: that he but waits
Till awful justice may unsheath her sword.
That, till the arrival of that happy hour,

Deep in his soul the hidden fire shall glow,
And his breast labour with the great revenge !

Zaph. Eternal blessings crown my virtuous son !

Selim. Much honour'd queen, farewell.

Zaph. Not yet,—not yet;—indulge a mother's love!
In thee, the kind companion of his griefs,
Methinks I see my *Selim* stand before me.
Depart not yet. A thousand fond requests
Crowd on my mind. Wishes, and pray'rs, and tears,
Are all I have to give. O, bear him these !

Selim. Take comfort then ; for know, thy son, o'er-
joy'd

To rescue thee, would bleed at ev'ry vein !——

“ Bid her,” he said, “ yet hope we may be bless'd !

Bid her remember that the ways of heav'n,
Though dark, are just : that oft some guardian pow'r
Attends, unseen, to save the innocent !

But if high heaven decrees our fall !—oh, bid her
Firmly to wait the stroke, prepar'd alike
To live or die !” And then he wept as I do.

Zaph. O, righteous heaven !

Protect his tender years !

Be thou his guide through dangers and distress ;
Soften the rigours of his cruel exile,
And lead him to his throne !

[*Exit.*

Selim. Now swelling heart,

Indulge the luxury of grief ! flow tears !
And rain down transport in the shape of sorrow !
Yes, I have sooth'd her woes ; have found her noble :
And, to have giv'n this respite to her pangs,
O'erpays all pain and peril !—pow'rful virtue !
How infinite thy joys, when even thy griefs
Are pleasing !—thou, superior to the frowns
Of fate, canst pour thy sunshine o'er the soul,
And brighten woe to rapture !

Enter OTHMAN and SADI.

Honour'd friends !

How goes the night ?

Sadi. 'Tis well nigh midnight.

Oth. What ! in tears, my prince !

Selim. But tears of joy : for I have seen Zaphira,
And pour'd the balm of peace into her breast :
Think not these tears unnerve me, valiant friends ;
They have but harmoniz'd my soul ; and wak'd
All that is man within me, to disdain
Peril, or death.—What tidings from the city ?

Sadi. All, all is ready. Our confed'rate friends
Burn with impatience till the hour arrive.

Selim. What is the signal of th' appointed hour ?

Sadi. The midnight watch gives signal of our meet-
ing :

And when the second watch of night is rung,
The work of death begins.

Selim. Speed, speed ye minutes !
Now let the rising whirlwind shake Algiers,
And justice guide the storm.
Let your zeal hasten on the great event :
The tyrant's daughter found, and knew me here,
And half suspects the cause.

Oth. Too daring prince,
Retire with us ; her fears will sure betray thee.

Selim. What ! leave my helpless mother here a prey
To cruelty and lust—I'll perish first ;
This very night the tyrant threatens violence ;
I'll watch his steps ; I'll haunt him through the
palace ;

And, should he meditate a deed so vile,
I'll hover o'er him like an unseen pestilence,
And blast him in his guilt !

Sadi. Intrepid prince !
Worthy of empire !—yet accept my life,
My worthless life ; do thou retire with Othman ;
I will protect Zaphira.

Selim. Think'st thou, Sadi,
That when the trying hour of peril comes,

Selim will shrink into a common man !
 Worthless were he to rule who dares not claim
 Pre-eminence in danger. Urge no more :
 Here shall my station be ; and if I fall,
 O, friends, let me have vengeance !—tell me now,
 Where is the tyrant ?

Oth. Revelling at the banquet.

Selim. 'Tis good. Now tell me how our pow'rs art
 destin'd ?

Sadi. Near ev'ry port a secret band is posted ;
 By these the watchful centinels must perish ;
 The rest is easy ; for the gluttoned troops
 Lie drown'd in sleep ; the dagger's cheapest prey.
 Almanzor with his friends, will circle round
 The avenues of the palace. Othman and I
 Will join our brave confederates (all sworn
 To conquer or to die,) and burst the gates
 Of this foul den. Then tremble, Barbarossa .

Selim. Oh, how the approach of this great hour
 Fires all my soul ; but, valiant friends, I charge you,
 Reserve the murd'rer to my just revenge ;
 My poignard claims his blood.

Oth. Forgive me, prince !

Forgive my doubts ;—think—should the fair Irene—

Selim. Thy doubts are vain. I would not spare the
 tyrant,

Though the sweet maid lay weeping at my feet ;
 Nay, should he fall by any hand but mine,
 By heav'n, I'd think my honour'd father's blood
 Scarce half reveng'd ! my love, indeed, is strong ;
 But love shall yield to justice.

Sadi. Gallant prince,
 Bravely resolv'd.

Selim. But is the city quiet ?

Sadi. All, all is hush'd. Throughout the empty
 streets,

Nor voice, nor sound ; as if the inhabitants.
 Like the presaging herds that seek the covert

Ere the loud thunder rolls, had inly felt
And shunn'd th' impending uproar.

Oth. There is a solemn horror in the night, too,
That pleases me ; a general pause through nature ;
The winds are hush'd—

Sadi. And as I pass'd the beach,
The lazy billow scarce could lash the shore ;
No star peeps through the firmament of heav'n—

Selim. And, lo ! where eastward, o'er the sullen
wave,

The waning moon, depriv'd of half her orb,
Rises in blood ; her beam, well nigh extinct
Faintly contends with darkness— [Bell tolls.
Hark !—what meant
That tolling bell ?

Oth. It sounds the midnight watch.

Sadi. This was the signal—
Come, Othman, we are call'd ; the passing minutes
Chide our delay ; brave Othman, let us hence.

Selim. One last embrace !—nor doubt, but crown'd
with glory,

We soon shall meet again. But, oh, remember—
Amid the tumult's rage, remember mercy ;
Stain not a righteous cause with guiltless blood !
Warn our brave friends, that we unsheath the sword,
Not to destroy, but save—nor let blind zeal,
Or wanton cruelty, e'er turn its edge
On age or innocence ; or bid us strike
Where the most pitying angel in the skies,
That now looks on us from his bless'd abode,
Would wish that we should spare.

Oth. So may we prosper,
As mercy shall direct us !

Selim. Farewell, friends !

Sadi. Intrepid prince, farewell !

[*Exeunt OTHMAN and SADI.*

Selim. Now sleep and silence
Brood o'er the city.—The devoted centine!

Now takes his lonely stand, and idly dreams
 Of that to-morrow he shall never see.
 In this dread interval, O busy thought,
 From outward things descend into thyself—
 Search deep my heart; bring with thee awful con-
 science,

And firm resolve; that, in th' approaching hour
 Of blood and horror, I may stand unmov'd;
 Nor fear to strike where justice calls, nor dare
 To strike where she forbids.

Witness, ye pow'rs of heav'n,
 That not from you, but from the murd'rer's eye,
 I wrap myself in night.—To you I stand
 Reveal'd in noon-tide day.—Oh, could I arm
 My hand with pow'r! then, like to you, array'd
 In storm and fire, my swift-avenging thunder
 Should blast this tyrant. But since fate denies
 That privilege, I'll seize on what it gives;
 Like the deep-cavern'd earthquake, burst beneath him,
 And wrench his throne, his empire, and himself,
 In one prodigious ruin. [Exit.]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

An apartment in the palace.

Enter IRENE and ALADIN.

Irene. But didst thou tell him, Aladin, my fears
 Brook no delay.

Aladin. I did.

Irene. Why comes he not !

Oh, what a dreadful dream !—'tis surely more
Than troubled fancy ; never was my soul
Shook with such hideous phantoms.—Still he lingers !
Return, return ; and tell him, that his daughter
Dies, till she warn him of his threat'ning ruin.

Aladin. Behold, he comes. [Exit ALADIN

Enter BARBAROSSA and GUARDS.

Bar. Thou bane of all my joys !

Some gloomy planet surely rul'd thy birth.
Ev'n now thy ill-tim'd fear suspends the banquet,
And damps the festal hour.

Irene. Forgive my fear.

Bar. What fear, what phantom hath possess'd thy
brain ?

Irene. Oh, guard thee from the terrors of this night ;
For terrors lurk unseen.

Bar. What terror 'speak.

Say what thou dread'st, and why ! I have a soul
To meet the blackest dangers undismay'd.

Irene. Let not my father check, with stern rebuke,
The warning voice of nature. For ev'n now,
Retir'd to rest, soon as I clos'd mine eyes,
A horrid vision rose—methought I saw
Young Selim rising from the silent tomb :
Dreadful he shook a dagger in his hand.
By some mysterious pow'r he rose in air ;
When, lo ! at his command, this yawning roof
Was cleft in twain, and gave the phantom entrance.
Swift he descended with terrific brow,
Rush'd on my guardless father at the banquet,
And plung'd his furious dagger in thy breast.

Bar. Wouldst thou appal me by a brain-sick vision ?
Get thee to rest.

Irene. Yet hear me, dearest father.

Bar. Provoke me not.—

Irene. Merciful heav'n, instruct me what to do !

Enter ALADIN.

Bar. What means thy looks ?—why dost thou gaze so wildly ?

Aladin. I hasted to inform thee, that ev'n now, Rounding the watch, I met the brave Abdalla, Breathless with tidings of a rumour dark, That young Selim is yet alive—

Bar. May plagues consume the tongue That broach'd the falsehood !—'tis not possible— What did he tell thee further ?

Aladin. More he said not : Save only, that the spreading rumour wak'd A spirit of revolt.

Irene. O gracious father !

Bar. The rumour's false—and yet, your coward fears

Infect me—what !—shall I be terrified By midnight visions—I'll not believe it.

Aladin. But this gathering rumour— Think but on that, my lord.

Bar. Infernal darkness Swallow the slave that rais'd it !—hark thee, Aladin See that the watch be doubled ; Find out this stranger, Achmet ; and forthwith Let him be brought before me. [*Exeunt two GUARDS*

Irene. O my father ! I do conjure thee, as thou lov'st thy life, Retire, and trust thee to thy faithful guards— See not this Achmet.

Bar. Not see him ! forthwith bring the slave before me ; If he prove false,—if hated Selim live, I'll heap such vengeance on him—

Irene. Mercy ! mercy !

Bar. Mercy—to whom ?

Irene. To me—and to thyself ;

To him—to all.—Thou think'st I rave; yet true
My visions are, as ever prophet utter'd
When heaven inspires his tongue.

Bar. Ne'er did the moon-struck madman rave with
dreams

More wild than thine.—Get thee to rest; ere yet
Thy folly wakes my rage. Call Achmet hither.

Irene. Thus prostrate on my knees:—O see him
not,

Selim is dead:—indeed the rumour's false,
There is no danger near;—Or, if there be,
Achmet is innocent.

Bar. Off, frantic wretch!

This idiot dream hath turn'd her brain to madness.
Hence to thy chamber, till returning morning
Hath calm'd this tempest—on thy duty, hence!

Irene. Yet hear the voice of caution. Cruel fate!
What have I done!—heav'n shield my dearest father!
Heaven shield the innocent—undone Irene!

Whate'er the event, thy doom is misery. [*Exit IRENE.*]

Bar. Her words are wrapt in darkness.—Aladin,
Forthwith send Achmet hither.—Then with speed,
Double the centinels. [*Exit ALADIN*
Infernal guilt!

How dost thou rise in ev'ry hideous shape,
Of rage and doubt, suspicion and despair,
To rend my soul. Why did I not
Repent, while yet my crimes were delible;
Ere they had struck their colours thro' my soul,
As black as night or hell—'tis now too late.
Take me all,
Unfeeling guilt! oh, banish, if thou canst,
This fell remorse, and ev'ry fruitless fear.

Enter SELIM and two GUARDS.

Come hither, slave;
Hear me, and tremble. Art thou what thou seem'st,
Selim. Ha!—

Bar. Dost thou pause?—by hell, the slave's confounded.

Selim. That Barbarossa should suspect my truth.

Bar. Take heed! for by the hov'ring pow'rs of vengeance,

If I do find thee treach'rous, I will doom thee
To death and torment, such as human thought
Ne'er yet conceiv'd. Thou com'st beneath the guise
Of Selim's murderer.—Now tell me :—is not
That Selim yet alive ?

Selim. Selim alive !

Bar. Perdition on thee ! dost thou echo me ?

Answer me quick, or die ! [Draws his dagger.]

Selim. Yes, freely strike—

Already hast thou given the fatal wound,
And pierc'd my heart with thy unkind suspicion ;
Oh, could my dagger find a tongue to tell
How deep it drank his blood!—but since thy doubt
Thus wrongs my zeal,—behold my breast—strike
here—

For bold is innocence.

Bar. I scorn the task, [Puts up his dagger.]

Time shall decide thy doom :—guards, mark me
well.—

See that ye watch the motions of this slave ;
And if he meditates t' escape your eye,
Let your good sabres cleave him to the chine.

Selim. I yield me to thy will, and when thou
know'st

That Selim lives, or see'st his hated face,
Then wreak thy vengeance on me.

Bar. Bear him hence.—

Yet, on your lives, await me within call.—

[Exeunt SELIM and GUARDS.]

Call Zaphira.

[Exit a SLAVE.]

If Selim lives—then what is Barbarossa ?
My throne's a bubble, that but floats in air,
Till marriage rites declare Zaphira mine.

I will not brook delay.—By love and vengeance,
This hour decides her fate.

Enter ZAPHIRA.

Well, haughty fair!—
Hath reason yet subdu'd thee?—Wilt thou hear
The voice of love?

Zaph. Why dost thou vainly urge me?
Thou know'st my fix'd resolve.

Bar. Can aught but phrensy
Rush on perdition?

Zaph. Therefore shall no pow'r
E'er make me thine?

Bar. Nay, sport not with my rage:
Know, that thy final hour of choice is come.

Zaph. I have no choice.—Think'st thou I e'er will
wed

The murderer of my lord?

Bar. Take heed, rash queen!
Tell me thy last resolve.

Zaph. Then hear me, Heav'n!
Hear, all ye pow'rs, that watch o'er innocence!
Angels of light! And thou dear honour'd shade
Of my departed lord: attend, while here
I ratify with vows my last resolve.
If e'er I wed this tyrant murderer,
If I pollute me with this horrid union,
May ye, the ministers of Heav'n, depart,
Nor shed your influence on the guilty scene!
May horror blacken all our days and nights!
May discord light the nuptial torch! and rising fiends
in triumph howl
Around th' accursed bed!

Bar. Begone, remorse!—
Guards do your office: Drag her to the altar—
Heed not her tears or cries.—

[GUARDS go to seize ZAPHIRA.]

Zaph. O spare me!—Heav'n protect me!—O my son,
Wert thou but here, to save thy helpless mother!—
What shall I do?—Undone, undone Zaphira!

Enter SELIM, and Guards.

Selim. Who call'd on Achmet?—Did not Barbarossa
Require me here?

Bar. Officious slave, retire!

I call'd thee not.

Zaph. O kind and gen'rous stranger, lend thy aid!
O rescue me from these impending horrors!
Heav'n will reward thy pity!

Selim. Pity her woes, O mighty Barbarossa!

Bar. Rouse not my vengeance, slave!

Selim. O hear me, hear me! [Kneels.]

Bar. Curse on thy forward zeal!

Selim. Yet, yet have mercy.

[Lays hold of BARBAROSSA's garment.]

Bar. Presuming slave, begone! [Strikes SELIM.]

Selim. Nay, then,—die, tyrant!

[Rises and aims to stab BARBAROSSA, who wrests his dagger from him.]

Bar. Ah, traitor! have I caught thee?

Hold—forbear. [to Slaves, who offer to kill SELIM.]

Kill him not yet—I will have greater vengeance.

Perfidious wretch, who art thou?—Bring the rack:

Let that extort the secrets of his heart.

Selim. Thy impious threats are lost! I know, that death

And torments are my doom.—Yet, ere I die,
I'll strike thy soul with horror.—Off, vile habit!

If thou dar'st,

Now view me!—Hear me, tyrant!—while, with voice

More terrible than thunder, I proclaim,

That he, who aim'd the dagger at thy heart,

Is Selim!

Zaph. O Heav'n! my son! my son! [*Faints.*]

Selim. Unhappy mother! [*Runs to embrace her.*]

Bar. Tear them asunder. [*GUARDS separate them.*]

Selim. Barb'rous, barb'rous ruffians!

Bar. Slaves, seize the traitor.

[*They offer to seize him.*]

Selim. Off, ye vile slaves! I am your king!—Retire,

And tremble at my frowns! That is the traitor—
That is the murd'rer—tyrant ravisher! Seize him,
And do your country right.

Bar. Ah, coward dogs!

Start ye at words?—or seize him, or by hell,
This dagger sends you all—— [*They seize him.*]

Selim. Dost thou revive, unhappy queen!
Now arm my soul with patience.

Zaph. My dear son!

Do I then live, once more to see my *Selim.*

But oh—to see thee thus!—

Selim. Canst thou behold
Her speechless agonies, and not relent?

Bar. At length revenge is mine! slaves, force her
hence!

Selim. Lo, Barbarossa! thou at length has con-
quer'd!

Behold a hapless prince, o'erwhelm'd with woes,
[*Kneels.*]

Prostrate before thy feet!—not for myself
I plead—Yes, plunge the dagger in my breast!
Tear, tear me piecemeal! But, oh, spare *Zaphira!*
Yet—yet relent! force not her matron honour!
Reproach not Heav'n.

Bar. Have I then bent thy pride?
Why, this is conquest ev'n beyond my hope!—
Lie there, thou slave! lie, till *Zaphira's* cries
Arouse thee from thy posture!

Selim. Dost thou insult my griefs?—unmanly
wretch!

Curse on the fear, that could betray my limbs,

[Rising.]

My coward limbs, to this dishonest posture.

Long have I scorn'd, I now defy, thy pow'r.

Bar. I'll put thy boasted virtue to the trial.—

Slaves, bear him to the rack.

Zaph. O spare my son!

Sure filial virtue never was a crime.

Save but my son!—I yield me to thy wish.

What do I say?—The marriage vow—O horror!—

This hour shall make me thine!—

Selim. What! doom thyself

The guilty partner of a murd'rer's bed,

Whose hands yet reek with thy dear husband's blood!

To be the mother of destructive tyrants—

The curses of mankind!—by Heav'n, I swear,

The guilty hour, that gives thee to the arms

Of that detested murderer, shall end

This hated life!

Bar. Or yield thee, or he dies!

Zaph. The conflict's past.—I will resume my greatness;

We'll bravely die, as we have liv'd,—with honour!

[Embracing.]

Selim. Now, tyrant, pour thy fiercest fury on us:

Now see, despairing guilt, that virtue still

Shall conquer, tho' in ruin.

Bar. Drag them hence:

Her to the altar:—Selim to his fate.

[Guards seize them.]

Selim. One last embrace!

Farewell! Farewell for ever!

[GUARDS struggle with them.]

Zaph. One moment yet!—Pity a mother's pangs!

O Selim!

Selim. O my mother!

[Exit SELIM, ZAPHIRA, and GUARDS]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Palace

Enter BARBAROSSA, ALADIN, and GUARDS.

Bar. Is the watch doubled? Are the gates secur'd
Against surprise?

Aladin. They are, and mock th' attempt
Of force or treachery.

Bar. This whisper'd rumour
Of dark conspiracy
Seems but a false alarm. Our spies, sent out,
Affirm, that sleep
Has wrapp'd the city.

Aladin. But while Selim lives,
Destruction lurks within the palace walls.

Bar. Right, Aladin. His hour of fate approaches.
How goes the night?

Aladin. The second watch is near.

Bar. 'Tis well;—Whene'er it rings, the traitor dies.
So hath my will ordain'd—I'll seize the occasion
While I may fairly plead my life's defence.
Yet first the rack shall rend
Each secret from his heart.
Haste seek out Othman:

Go, tell him, that destruction and the sword
 Hang o'er young Selim's head, if swift compliance
 Plead not his pardon. [Exit ALADIN.
 Stubborn fortitude !
 Had he not interposed, success had crown'd
 My love, now hopeless.—Then let vengeance seize
 him.

Enter IRENE.

Irene. O night of horror!—Hear me, honour'd
 father !

If e'er Irene's peace was dear to thee,
 Now hear me !

Bar. Impicus ! dars't thou disobey !
 Did not my sacred will ordain thee hence :
 Get thee to rest ; for death is stirring here.

Irene. O fatal words ! By ev'ry sacred tie,
 Recal the dire decree.—

Barb. What would'st thou say ?
 Whom plead for ?

Irene. For a brave unhappy prince,
 Sentenc'd to die.

Bar. And justly !—But this hour
 The traitor half fulfill'd thy dream, and aim'd
 His dagger at my heart.

Irene. Wouldst thou not love the child, whose
 fortitude

Should hazard life for thee ?—Oh, think on that —
 The noble mind hates not a virtuous foe :
 His gen'rous purpose was to save a mother.

Bar, Damn'd was his purpose ; and accurst art
 thou

Whose perfidy would save the dark assassin,
 Who sought thy father's life.—Hence, from my sight.

Irene. Oh, never, till thy mercy spare my Selim !

Bar. Thy Selim ? Thine ?

Irene. Thou know's't—by gratitude
 He's mine—Had not his gen'rous hand redeem'd me,

What then had been Irene? Oh! but spare the
gen'rous youth,
Who sav'd me from dishonour.

Bar. By the pow'rs
Of great revenge, thy fond entreaties seal
His instant death.—In him I'll punish thee.—
Away!

Irene. O Selim!—gen'rous youth!—how have my
fears

Betray'd thee to destruction!
Inhuman father!—Generous, injur'd prince!
Methinks I see thee stretch'd upon the rack,
Hear thy expiring groans:—O horror! horror!
What shall I do to save him!—Vain, alas!
Vain are my tears and pray'rs—At least, I'll die.
Death shall unite us yet! [Exit IRENE.]

Bar. O torment! torment!
Ev'n in the midst of pow'r!—the vilest slave
More happy far than I!—the very child,
Whom my love cherish'd from her infant years,
Conspires to blast my peace!—O false ambition,
Whither hast thou hur'd me!
Ev'n to this giddy height; where now I stand,
Forsaken, comfortless, with not a friend,
In whom my soul can trust.

Enter ALADIN.

Now, Aladin,
Hast thou seen Othman?
He will not, sure, conspire against my peace?

Aladin. He's fled, my lord. I dread some lurking
ruin.

The centinel on watch says, that he pass'd
The gate, since midnight, with an unknown friend:
And, as they pass'd, Othman in whisper said,
Now farewell, bloody tyrant!

Bar. Slave thou liest.
He did not dare to say it; or, if he did,

Why dost thou wound my ear
By the foul repetition?
What's to be done? Some mischief lurks unseen.

Aladin. Prevent it then—

Bar. By Selim's instant death—

Is the rack prepar'd?

Aladin. 'Tis ready.

Along the ground he lies, o'erwhelm'd with chains
'The ministers of death stand round; and wait
Thy last command.

Bar. Once more I'll try to bend
His stubborn soul.—Conduct me forthwith to him;
And if he now refuse my proffer'd kindness,
Destruction swallows him! [Exeun.]

SCENE II.

A prison in the palace.

SELIM discovered in Chains, EXECUTIONERS, OFFICERS, &c. and rack.

Selim. I pray you, friends,
When I am dead, let not indignity
Insult these poor remains; see them interr'd
Close by my father's tomb. I ask no more.

Offi. They shall.

Selim. How goes the night?

Offi. Thy hour of fate,

The second watch, is near.

Selim. Let it come on:
I am prepar'd.

Enter BARBAROSSA.

Bar. So—raise him from the ground.

[*They raise him.*]

Perfidious boy! behold the just rewards

Of guilt and treachery ! didst thou not give
Thy forfeit life, whene'er I should behold
Selim's detested face ?

Selim. Then take it, tyrant.

Bar. Diddst thou not aim a dagger at my heart ?

Selim. I did.

Bar. Yet heav'n defeated thy intent ;
And sav'd me from the dagger.

Selim. 'Tis not ours
To question heav'n. Th' intent and not the deed
Is in our pow'r ; and therefore who dares greatly,
Does greatly.

Bar. Yet bethink thee, stubborn boy,
What horrors now surround thee—

Selim. Think'st thou, tyrant,
I came so ill prepar'd ?

He who can bravely dare, can bravely suffer.

Bar. Yet, lo, I come, by pity led, to spare thee
Relent, and save Zaphira ;—for the bell
Ev'n now expects the centinel to toll
The signal of thy death.

Selim. Let guilt like thine
Tremble at death : I scorn its darkest frown.
Hence, tyrant, nor profane my dying hour.

Bar. Then take thy wish. [Bell tolls

There goes the fatal knell.
Thy fate is seal'd.—Not all thy mother's tears,
Nor pray'rs, nor eloquence of grief, shall save thee
From instant death.

Yet, ere the assassin die
Let torment wring each secret from his heart.
The traitor, Othman, is fled ;—conspiracy
Lurks in the womb of night, and threatens ruin.
Spare not the rack, nor cease, till it extort
The lurking treason. [Exit BARBAROSSA.

Selim. Come on, then. [They bind him.
Begin the work of death—what ! bound with cords
Like a vile criminal !—O valiant friends,

When will ye give me vengeance ?

Enter IRENE.

Irene. Stop, O, stop !
Hold your accursed hands !—on me, on me
Pour all your torments.—How shall I approach thee.

Selim. These are thy father's gifts !—yet thou art
guiltless ;
Then let me take thee to my heart, thou best
Most amiable of women !

Irene. Rather curse me,
As the betrayer of thy virtue !

Selim. Ah !

Irene. 'Twas I,—my fears, my frantic fears, betray'd
thee !
Thus, falling at thy feet, may I but hope
For pardon ere I die !

Selim. Hence to thy father.

Irene. Never, O never !—crawling in the dust,
I'll clasp thy feet, and bathe them with my tears ;
Tread me to earth ! I never will complain ;
But my last breath shall bless thee !

Selim. Lov'd Irene !
What hath my fury done ?

Irene. Canst thou, then,
Forgive and pity me ?

Selim. I do, I do.

Irene. On my knees
Thus let me thank thee, generous, injur'd prince !
O earth and heav'n ! that such unequall'd worth
Should meet so hard a fate !—that I—that I—
Whom his love rescu'd from the depth of woe,
Should be th' accurst destroyer !—strike, in pity,
And end this hated life !

Selim. Cease, dear Irene.
Submit to heaven's high will.—I charge thee live ;
And, to thy utmost pow'r, protect from wrong
My helpless, friendless mother !

Irene. With my life
I'll shield her from each wrong.—That hope alone
Can tempt me to prolong a life of woe!

Selim. O my ungovern'd rage!—to frown on thee!
Thus let me expiate the cruel wrong, [Embracing.
And mingle rapture with the pains of death!

Offi. No more—prepare the rack.

Irene. Stand off, ye fiends! here will I cling.
No pow'r on earth shall part us,
Till I have sav'd my Selim.

[A shout. Clashing of swords.

Offi. Hark! What noise
Strikes on mine ear! [Shouts.

Selim. Again!

Aladin. [Without.] Arm, arm!—Treach'ry and
murder! [Executioners go to seize SELIM.

Selim. Off, slaves!—or I will turn my chains to
arms,
And dash you piece-meal!

Enter ALADIN.

Aladin. Where is the king?
The foe pours in.

Offi. Death and ruin!
Follow me, slaves, and save him.

[Exeunt ALADIN, OFFICER, and GUARDS.

Selim. Now, bloody tyrant! Now, thy hour is come!

Irene. Whom dost thou mean? my father?

Selim. Yes: thy father,
Who murder'd mine!

Irene. Is there no room for mercy?
Must he then die?

Let me but see my father ere he perish!
Let me but pay my parting duty to him.

[Clash of swords.

Hark! 'twas the clash of swords! heav'n save my
father!

O cruel, cruel Selim!

[Exit IRENE.

Selim. Curse on this servile chain, that binds me fast
In pow'rless ignominy ; while my sword
Should haunt its prey, and cleave the tyrant down !

Oth. [*Without.*] Where is the prince ?

Selim. Here, Othman, bound to earth !
Set me but free ;—O cursed, cursed chain !

Enter OTHMAN and party, who free SELIM.

Oth. O my brave prince !—heav'n favours our de-
sign. [*Embraces him.*]
Take that :—I need not bid thee use it nobly.

[*Giving him a sword.*]

Selim. Now, Barbarossa, let my arm meet thine :
'Tis all I ask of heav'n. [*Exit SELIM.*]

Oth. Guard ye the prince— [*Part go out.*]
Pursue his steps.—Now this way let us turn,
And seek the tyrant. [*Exeunt OTHMAN, &c.*]

SCENE III.

A court in the palace.

Enter BARBAROSSA.

Bar. Empire is lost, and life : yet brave revenge
Shall close my life in glory.

Enter OTHMAN.

Have I found thee,
Dissembling traitor ?—Die !—

[*They fight.—BARB. falls.*]

Enter SELIM and SADI.

Selim. The foe gives way : sure this way went the
storm.
Where is the tiger fled ?—What do I see !

Sadi. Algiers is free !

Oth. This sabre did the deed !

Selim. I envy thee the blow!—yet valour scorns
To wound the fallen.—But if life remain,
I will speak daggers to his guilty soul—
Hoa! Barbarossa! tyrant, murderer!
'Tis Selim, Selim calls thee.

Bar. Off, ye fiends!
Torment me not!—O Selim art thou there!—
Swallow me, earth!
Oh, that I ne'er had wrong'd thee!

Selim. Dost thou then
Repent thee of thy crimes?—He does, he does!
He grasps my hand—see the repentant tear
Starts from his eye!—dost thou indeed repent?
Why then I do forgive thee: from my soul
I freely do forgive thee!—and if crimes,
Abhorr'd as thine, dare plead to heav'n for mercy,—
May heav'n have mercy on thee.

Bar. Gen'rous Selim!
Too good—I have a daughter.—Oh! protect her!
Let not my crimes— [Dies.

Oth. There fled the guilty soul!

Selim. Haste to the city—stop the rage of slaughter.
Tell my brave people, that Algiers is free;
And tyranny no more. [Exeunt GUARDS.

Enter ZAPHIRA.

Zaph. What mean these horrors?—wheresoe'er I
turn

My trembling steps, I find some dying wretch,
Welt'ring in gore!—And dost thou live, my Selim!

Selim. Lo, there he lies!

Zaph. The tyrant slain! O righteous heav'n!

Selim. Behold thy valiant friends,
Whose faith and courage have o'erwhelm'd the pow'r
Of Barbarossa. Here, once more, thy virtues
Shall dignify the throne, and bless thy people.

Zaph. Just are thy ways, O heav'n!—vain terrors,
hence!

Once more Zaphira's blest !—my virtuous son,
 How shall I e'er repay thy boundless love !
 Thus let me snatch thee to my longing arms,
 And on thy bosom weep my griefs away !

Selim. O happy hour !—happy, beyond the flight,
 Ev'n of my ardent hope !—look down, blest shade,
 From the bright realms of bliss !—behold thy queen
 Unspotted, uneduc'd, unmov'd in virtue.
 Behold the tyrant prostrate at my feet !
 And to the mem'ry of thy bleeding wrongs,
 Accept this sacrifice.

Zaph. My generous Selim !

Selim. Where is Irene ?

Sadi. With looks of wildness, and distracted mien,
 She sought her father where the tumult rag'd.
 She pass'd me, while the coward Aladin
 Fled from my sword ; and as I cleft him down,
 She fainted at the sight.

Oth. But soon recover'd ;
 Zamor, our trusty friend, at my command,
 Convey'd the weeping fair one to her chamber.

Selim. Thanks to thy generous care :—come, let us
 seek

Th' afflicted maid.

Zaph. Her virtues might atone
 For all her father's guilt !—Thy throne be her's :
 She merits all thy love.

Selim. Then haste, and find her.—O'er her father's
 crimes
 Pity shall draw her veil ; nay, half absolve them,
 When she beholds the virtues of his child !
 Now let us thank th' eternal pow'r : convinc'd,
 That heav'n but tries our virtue by affliction ;
 That oft the cloud, which wraps the present hour,
 Serves but to brighten all our future days !

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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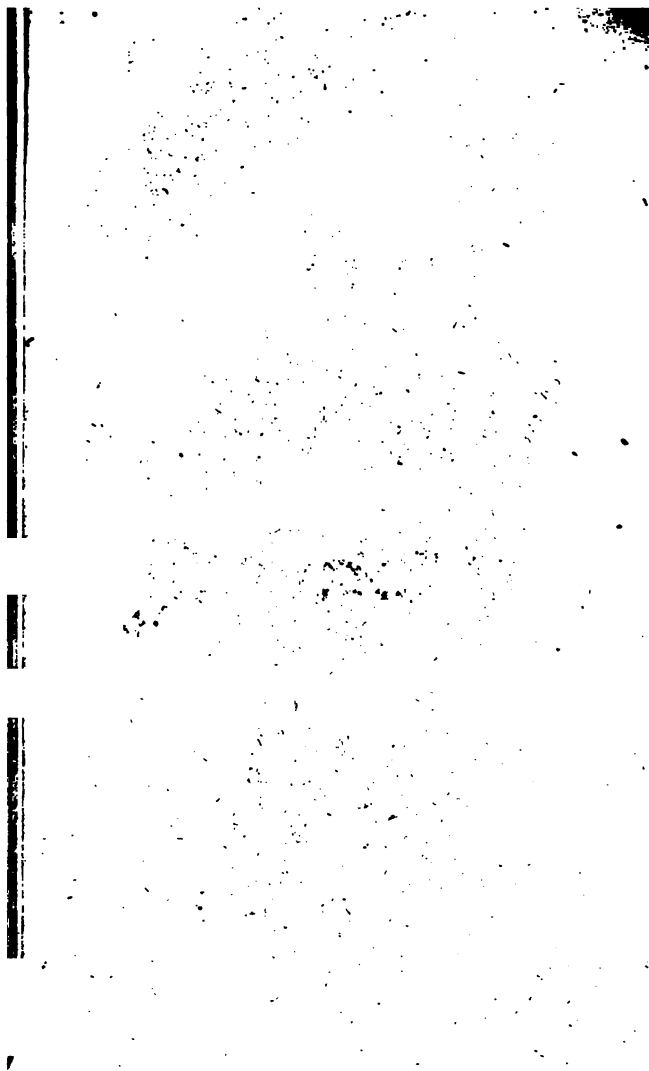
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