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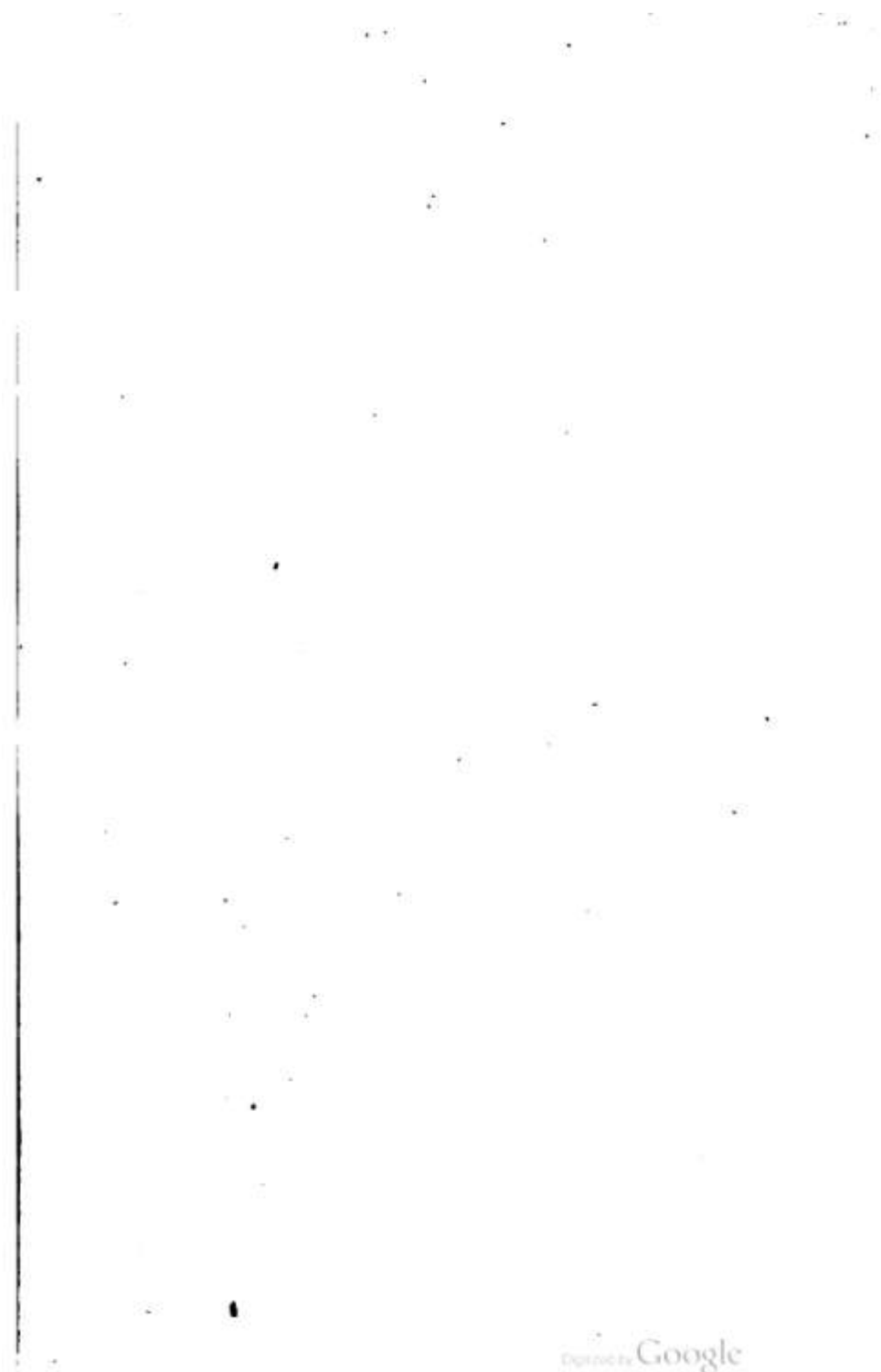
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HENRY MACKENZIE, Esq.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

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i«ai*Go<>J^le

CONTENTS

VOLUME EIGHTH.

.POBTHT.

DnncBDj a Ballad, 1

Eeaneth, a Ballad, 10

Soliloquy, 19

Poetry and Business, a Tale, £4

The Old Bachelor, 34

The Old Msid, 4£

The Vision of Vanity, 5«

Introduction to Gray's Fatel Sisters, 6S

The Pursuits of Happiness, 68

^ilogue to the Tragedy of Tamerlane, acted
by Children, 90

Epilogue to the Tragedy of Runnyinede,.... 04

Epilogue to the Tragedy of Vimonda, 97

lucríploia for a Hut in the Highlands, 100

i«ai*Go<>J^le

P*QE

Another in a Walk at the same Place, 102

Epitaph on Mr Gordon/ 104

Verses, after recovering from a severe Family-Affliction, 106

The Prince of Tunis, a Tragedy, Ill

The Spanish Father, a Tragedy, 203

False Shame, or the White Hypocrite, a Co-

i«ai*Goog[c

DUNCAN.

A rUGHBNT raOM AM OLD SCOTS HAMIIICUPT.

Xhb foUowing ballad was an almost extempore pro-ductioD, written when I was a mere lad, in imitation «f the abrupt and laconic description of the ancient Scottish ballad, some of which had been collected and published about that time. It was sent, under the above fictitious title, to the editor of TSe hmdm CAro-nkle, who published it without any comment ; and such was the state of politics at the tim^ that some of his readers ot^ected to the first line,

" Sav ye the Thae o' ineiUe pride,"

as applying personally to Lord Bute, who used to be known by that appellation. It was afterwards inserted in Clark's Collection of Ancient Scottish Ballads u genuine, though oue should hare thought the imitation was BO inartificial aa might have saved it from the sin of forgery. TOL, VIII. A

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

DUNCAN.

(176«.)

A rUGHBNT PBOX AM OLD SCOTS HANUSCUFTt

" Oaw ye the tbane o' meikle pride^

" Red anger in his ^ef"— *• I saw him'not, nor care," he cry*d,

" Red anger frights na' me.

" For i have atnid whar honour bade, " Though death trade on his heel:

" Mean is the crest tb«it stQops to fear, " Nae sic may Duncan feel."

Hark! hark! or was it but the wind That thiongb the hs* did sing f

Htirk ! hark agun! a wNlike shoat t The black woods round do ring.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

DUNCAK. t

" "Us US for noughtj" bauld Duncan ciyd, *' Sic shoulingB, on the wipd;"

Sjrne up he Btarded frae his seat, A thrang o' Bpears behind.

^ Haite, haste, mj valiant hearts," be sud,

" Aoes mtur to follow me; " Well meet thae ahonters by the bum,

"■ I guess wha they may be."

But wha is he that speeda sae fast, Frae the slaw marching thrangf

Sae frae the mirk cloud shoots a beam Hie sky's blue face alang.

Some messenger it is, mayhap;

Then not of peace I trow:— ^ My master, Duncan, bade me rin,

*' And say these words to you.

" Restore again that bluming rost

" Your mde hand plnckt awa; ** Restore again my Maiy fair,

" Or yon shall rue the fo."

ri':i:.Cc)(>t^lc

Three strides the gallant Duncan toik. And shuik his forward spear;

" Gae tell thy master^ saft-rchin'd youth, " We are na wont to fear:.

" He comes na on a wassel roat

** Of revei, sport, and play; " Our swords gart fame proclaim us
men^

" Lang ere this ruefu' day.

" The rose I pluckt of right was mine;

" Our hearts together grew " IJke twa sweet roses on ae stalk,

" Frae hate to lore she flew."

"Swift as s winged shaft he sped:—•

" Bald Duncap seid in jeer, * Gae tell thy master, saft-cbio'd youthj

' We are na wont to fear:

' He comes na on a wassel root

' Of revel, sport, and play; ' Our swords g^rt fame proclaim us nieiy
' Lang ere this-raefu' day.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

' Tbe rose I plockt of right was mine;
* Oar hearts togelber grew ' like twa Bweet roses on ae stalk,
' f rae hate to love she flew."

He riampt his foot upo' the gronod.

And thus in wrath did say, " God strike my saul, if frae this field
" We baith in life shall gae ("

lie waved his hand, the pipes they play*d/

The targeu clatter'd round; And DOW between tbe meeting fae*
Was little space of ground.—

But wha is she that rins sae ftatt

Her feet nae Btap they find; Sae swiftly rides the milky cloud
Upon the Bummer's wind.

Her face a mantle screen'd before.

She shaw'd of lily hue; Sae frae the grey mist breaks the sail.
To drinic the momiDg dew.

i«ai*Goojj;[c

" Alafce! my friendi, what sight is this i " O stap jour rage," she cry'd;
" Whar love with honey'd lip should be, " Mak not a breach sae wide.

" Cat! then my uncle draw his sword, " My husband's breast to bleed
?

" Or can my sweet lord do to him, " Sic foul and ruthless deed ?

^ Bethink thee, unclcj of the time,

" My gray-hair'd father died; " Frae whar your shriU hom stmik the
wood>

" He sent for you wi' speed.'

' My brother! gtiard my bairn,' fae said,

' She has nae father soon; ' Kegard'her, Donald, as yonr ain,

* I'll ask nae ither boon.'

" Can these brave men, who but of late

" Together chaced the deer, ' Against their comrades bend their bows

" In bluidy hunting here ^

i«ai*Go<>J^le

She spoke, wliile trickling nm the tears

Her bloshing cheek alang; Aad ilence, like a heavy clood,

O^er if tbe wsnian hang.

Then stapt the led-baired Malcoha forth, Hireescore bis years and
thiecj

Yet a' the strength of strongest joutb. In sic an eld liad he.

Kae pitjr was there in his breast.

For war alane he loved; "Hh grey een sparkled at the sight

Of plunder, death, and blaid.

" Wbatj sbaQ our bearts of steel/ hi said,

" Bend to a woman's sang t " Or can her words oar btuour quit,

" For sic dishonest wrang \

" For this did a' thae warriors come,

" To hear an idle tale ? " And o^er our deatb-accustom'd'arms,

" Shall ally tears prevuir

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

» DUNCIN.

They ped a shoat^ their bows they tn timer. They clash'd their steely
swords,

Ijke the loud waves of Barra's shore, There was nae room for words.

A cry the weeping Maiy gied,— " O uncle, hear my prayers !

" Heed na' that man o' blnidy luik"— She had Dae time for mair.

For in the midst anon there came .

A blind unweeting dart, That glanc'd frae aff her Doncaa's targ<^

And strack her to the heart.

A while she 8tagger*d, syne she fell.

And Duncan see'd her fa*; Astound' he stnid, for in his Umbs

There was nae power at a':

The spear he meant at faes to fling,

Stuid fix'd within his hand. His lips, half open, con'd na' speak.

His life was at a stand.

i«ai*Goog[c

Sfte the black stump of some anld aike.

With arms ia triatnph dight, Seemi to the traveller hke a man-;

Catera daunt.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

KENNETH.

The notice attacted by tbe preceding attempt, was n flatteringi as well as asiariud for, as to iDdoce me to briDg out another imitadoB of the same kuA ^iaivc the title of KxHNBTiL

" I weirdj I weird, hard-hearted lord,

" Thy fa* shall soon be seen; " Proud was the lUj of the moro,

" The canld frost nipp'd or e'en.

" ThoQ leugh'st in scom when pair men weep'd,

" And Btrack the lowjy down; " Sae shall nae widow weep for thine,

" When a' th«r joys are flown.

i«ai*Goog[c

* This night ye drink the Bparkly vine,

* I i«dd ye drink your fill, " The morrm's sun stiall drink youi blnid,

" Mote he reach the hill.

" I see dieir anaw-maned horses ride;

•* Their glittering swords they draw, *' Their swords that shall na
gUtter laog

' Till Kenneth's pride shall fa.

" The hlack dog yowl'd; he saw the sight

" Nae man but I could see: " High on fair Margaret's breast her
sheet,*

" And deadly fixed her ee."

Sae spak the Seer; wild in his eea

His frighted spirit gaz'd; Tale were his cheeks, and sUff his hair,
like boary bristles rai^d.

• It is ft well known b[Nmon among believer* in th« w. tmd^ht in the
lEghlands, that the ibade □t' %iue of > penon who ti soon to die,
Bppean to the Seer for soma time preriondr *o ^^ penon'i death,
corered vrith a wind-ing iheet, sDd that die neamen of the event is ia
propor* turn to the height of the (beet upon the figure.

i«ai*GoOJ^Ic

Load, loud in Kenneth's lighted ha*.

The sang of joy waa heard; And monj a cup they filled again.

Before the sun appear'd.

" If my son WiUiam war but here, " He won'd na fdl the pledge"—

Wi' that in at the door there ran A ghasdy-looking page;—

" I saw them, master, O, I saw

" Beneath the thorny brae, " Of black-mail'd warriors mony a rank
!"—

" Revenge," he cried, " and gae."

The youth that bare Lord Kenneth's cup.

The saft smile on his cheek, Frae his white hand let fa' the drink;

Nor could the bauldest apeak.

" Ride, ride and bid Lord William come,

" His father's seir beset;"— " It was Lord William's horse that
neigh'd^ .

" I beard them bar the yate."—

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

KBHlfETn. U

* Welcome, my v^irat son," he md,

" Or should I welcome eay ■" Ih sic aa ill hour when you come,

" To meet your father's fae ?"—

" Curs'd be sic thought," Lord William said,

*' My fathei's faes are mine; " Lang has my breast <rae Kenneth
leam'd

** Sic baby fear to tine."

" O, William, had we kent yestreen !*—

" We ken it, father, now; ■" Let women tell what women wish,"—
Syne three shrill blasts he blew.

Fair Margaret lay on downy bed.

Yet was na sound her rest; She waken'd wi' Lord William's horn.

And down she came in haste.

" What mean youj Kenneth, by sic blast i " I wish my dieams bode gude;

" Uppn a bed of lilies fair, " I dreamt there rain'd red bluid:"—

i«ai*Go<)glc

" My son! my son! may peace be theie " Whar noble William stands!"

" We are the lilies^" answer'd he, " May thdr bloid weit our hands."

" What means my William by ^c word i " Whase btnid voald William spill f

" I thought that bom had blawn in peace, " That shnik the night sae still."

She looked, bat nane dnrst answer ought;.

Till gallant WiEam smd, " Aft has my mother bade ns joy,

" When we to battail gade:

" Agun her bands may work the plaid " For him that foaght ihe best;

" Again may I hing up my targe " Upon the pin to rest.

" But William never lived to flee,

" Nor did his mother hear ** A warrior ciy on William's name,

" That was oa heard for fear.

i«ai*Goog[c

" And if we fa', my gallant friendi,

" We shall na fa' alane; " Some honest hand irill write onr deids,

" Upon the tallest stone."—

^ Haste, Kenneth, haste, for in the field " The fire-e'ed Walter rides;

" His men that come sae thrang wi' haste, ■• For slaw delay he chides."—

" By Mary we will meet him there 1"

The angty WilUam ciy'd; " Thy son will try this lioa-fae,

" Do yoa wi' Moigoret hide."—

" Na, on my faith! the sword of yoaUi

" Thy father yet can wield; " If I shrink back frae fiercest faeg,

" May babies mock my eild!"

Syne forth they rushed ; before the yate

The warriors folded oot; Iiord William smil'd upon their ranks.

They answer'd wi' a ahont.—

i«ai*Goog[c

" Kin, Page, and say to Walter thm;

' What seek thae warriors here i ' Or why the din of fieiy war

* Astoonds the peaceful ear ?

Swift ran the Page :— " Thus Kenneth saji^ ' What seek thae warriors here ^

• Or why the din of fiery war ' Astounds the peaceful ear ?'—

Now thrice he turned his dark blue een« And thrice his big breath drew.

And thrice he luik'd as men are wont At some strange sight to do.

" Gae teU thy master, frae this ann

" Mine answer will I gie; " Remind him of his tyrant deeds^

" And bid him answer me :

" Wha was't that slew my father dear,

" And bar'd my castle wa' i " Wha was't that hade wild niin hmid

" Whar pipes did glad the ha'f

i«ai*GoOJ^Ic

Nor half way had the message sped.

When their tough hows they drew; Bat far attour the warriors' heads
The shafts for aoget flew.

" Sae ever shute Lord Kenneth's faea/

The vaunting William said;

", Wi' thia I war na wi' the wind/

And drew his glittering blade.

Bald Walter sprang frae aff his steid.

And drave bim cross the lee: *' Cors'd be the name of that base
coward^

" That could but think to flee.'*

I^rmly he set his sturdy foot«

And firm his targe be bare ; " Nerer may Walter greet his friends^

" If Kenneth see him mair."^

Multa desunt.

Pair Margaret wi' her maidens sate

Within the painted wa',-She started at ilk breath of wind>

That whistled through the ba' i

VOU Till. B

1., I ,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

tB KENNETH.

** Wha was't that gied the ciy below, " Say, page, does ill betide ?'

" Kenneth and WiUiam baith are staia, " Mak baste, m^ haste, and ride."

Her mtudens screech'd, but ony speech,

Nor whil of wae had she: She bowed her head, and sair she sigb'd.

And cald death clos'd her e'e.^

!ai,i.Goog[c

t •• I

A SOLILOQUY.

This was a production of the same early period with the two fonner, though of a veiy differeat cast from tbenu It has little poetry, but, I think, some feeling; and, it may be, was the produce of moie feeling Ham it speaks; a distinction necessary to be attended to tu that sort of characteristic biography which a young man's early compositions aflbrd. I make thi» remark, with the same apology IW its egotism, as is contained in the introduction to this new editioa of my WoriO.

Hate I not wmetUnes bleued my lowly fate. That gave no conscioas
pang of vice to sUng;

Hiat bade me not be corrupt with the great. Nor wafted weahb upon
diabonour'a wing?

Yet have I wished, (what mortal wishes not i) A little something more
than I possess j

A small addition to my humble lot, Ai\d, Wftuting tfaatj I hold my
little less.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

Perhaps if e'en the moderate wish was givei, A very competence, a
life of ease.

Perhaps the better is the will of Heaven, The less laborious scene
would fail to please.

OA have I seen the nisset-covered hiad. With cheery whistle glad the
early mom;

No anxious forecast presses on his mind. To barren life's
uucbequered prospect bom.

Ambitious aim he envies not or knows. No study weans him from hb
midnight bed;

Content, if health alone its bliss bestows. With honest hands to earn
the coarsest bread.

Say, is not all the pomp of yonthfiil phrase^ ' The swelling hope, the
thiobbingwish of fame. Say, is not all the fireyourfuicies raise, Au
emp^ sound, an unsubstantial name i

See the bold youth to martial deeds aspire^ Wliile keen exjietance
in his bosom glowsj

So caught Pelides all the warrior's fire. When midst the nymphs the
dreaded speat he chose.

i«ai*Goog[c

A SOLILOQUT. SI

Hare we not seen him chace the phantom far. Through every
daoger> ereiy hardship preaa;

ThroDgh all the wasteful ravages of war. His feme the greater, but hb
joys the leui

Have we not seen him by the fickle tide Of courtly favqar,—O
accursed decree!

The dear-woB' honours of bis blood denied. And sunk to care,
obUvioQj porer^ i

Have we not heard him count his perils o'er. And sigh that e'er he left
the blissful shade;

Have we not heard him count each happy hour. And weep that e'er
he left the gentle maid i

The silver bead of stoiy-telling age.

From the foud talk hath blotted manhood'* prime; The joys of
childhood all the tale engage.

When no lean care sat brooding upon time.

" Beneath yon hill,—the hill was beauteous then, . Now lordly
masters have inclosed it round,— How gay we sported in the dowery
glen, Oriightly tripped it o'er the Airy groijod

i«ai*Go<)glc

tff A SOLILOQUT.

•* How busy have we plucked the rushes crop. Where the clear pool reflects the willow green.

While laughing girls gleaned the pearly drop. The May-mom dew upon the daisy seen!"

What then is life i A miserable scene I A dismal compound of the deepest woe«

Where the least active is the least serene. And the least feeling, least of miser; knows.

Would I then wish to check the mirthful hour. Lest after-grief should curse the laughter past.

For others ills no piteous drop to pour. Relieved of fiction's grateful joy to taste i

Scorned be the naean, insensate, dull extreme. The low, the brutish, mere-existent part.

Touched by no spark of that celestial flame. That gives its rapture to the generous heart!

But how resolve f—to do the good we will. Is oft to risk the happiness we have ^

E'en Heaven requites us oft with seeming ill. Nor keeps a record of the ahns we gave.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

A SOU LOQDT. «9

From Abd's murder, to the passing day.

The good here suffered, and the good complaint;

How long will Heaven the redgeful bolt delay. When shew that we are virtuous—not in vain I

Come then. Religion! come, thou smiling maid!

With blue-eyed Peace beneath thy snowy wing: Come where cold
Reason needs a Bench's aid.

To give the soul its own extatic spring.

Prescribe no human bounds to Virtue's flight;

Wide as its wish expand the beam of Joy; And point those regions to
our better self,

Where bliss reigns, without fellow's annoy.

i«ai*Goog[c

POETRY AND BUSINESS,

There are four of those Moral Tales in the Note-Book from which this
was taken. I know not whence I had borrowed their didactic form, for
at that time I had not read Moore's Fables. There is a sort of not-very,
and some observations of tennants, (such as a lad who had seen little
might observe) amidst the prosaic expression and trite morality
which will be readily perceived in this specimen of them.

In this one is feelingly mentioned that bashfulness in which I
have so often suffered myself, and had often seen merit suffer. A
few pages after, in the same Note-Book, are some lines, whether part
of any larger poem, or an independent fragment, I cannot

i«ai*Goog[c

POETRY AND BUSINESS. U

Most certainly recollect, Testimony to the distress which my young man,
under the influence of this feeling, experienced in his approach to, or
intercourse with, persons of high rank or fortune, from their superior rank or fortune,
he has been accustomed to look up with deference and awe; and
contentaining a reproachful philippic against those underling attendants

on greatness, from whose contempt or indifference it is probable I had often suffered in silence.

Come on the foot of that peralclom race. Who Dear to grace Uneai itill
anert b place! Shame on the great, who doUj tame mbrmit To
impudence, that sleala the Dame of wit. While Folly's ihaft*
onireapODed Wixloin noand, And nrike the tnodat merlu to tlK
grooiid .'

Ye little koow, je tokea Mm of pride. Who midit the Idiot Keoe at esK
reride, What tiiflei light to Kme, to reaMHi vain, Bbtd In their
cheekl, and o'er their resion reipb The ipacionl coart, the Mill abode
of itse. The fiant kooockn oa the calDmned gate. The powdered
footman, With a look ailant, That pioadtj matten half hii tancy grant,
— These are the gnardi that wait on grandcur'i leal. And giie their
flattering heaHi a itroi^eT beat: Nor yet theie gnardi alone larronnd
the great. Within, a baser crew of moiala wait i To all the rich the
titled fool reiigiwd, SbtTci to hli nod, and pathict of the mind j

i«ai*Goog[c

POETRY AND BUSINESS.

Tnbed like hif dop to watch their luita'i eye, To fetch awl carrj'
icaiidBl nod a lie Laagh at the jot oo trembling merit throwD, A|fd
add the little m^lce af their own.— Xdow ;e the palo yon give i hit
blnlie* ihew It i^ Ye hsn bo blHibe*, je caa jKrer know it^

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

Poetry

AND

r,si.^3i;,.Co<)t^lc

Aad having penciled oal the soni.

Throws in her blush, and spoils the whole.

This foolish feeling, to say trath,
OR marred the figure of the youth;
And often when he meant to speak.
He felt the censor warn h|s cheeic.
Drew baclcj by foolish fear betrayed.
And laughed at what some idiot smd:
Thought much, nay sometimes he was knowa
To speak most fluently alone;
Pitied a fool, a fop abhorred ;
And bad no patron of a lord.
With this small etock, I blush to tell>
By some strange blunder it befel
He grew a poet, that^s to say,
A poot in a harmless way;
Wrote some few trifles, which somelimei
He took for toleruble rhymes:
For never yet was strain so high.
But some would scorn, and tell yoo why;
And never yet was strmn so low.
That its fond father Uiooght it so.
Him, when he heard some friend relate

The pompous pleasures of the glee^

i«ai*Goog[c

POKTRT AND BUSINESS. S

And tell^ with envious wish> of aorae, Wdome fortune blessed with
halfaflwn^ Him, o'er a glass of mellow ale, I've beard repeat the
following tale :—

It chanced a poet, who had strayed From forth the hallowed grove or
shade. In meditation reckless grown Which way he went, approached
the town. Jnst then a cit, a sober cit, Who laughed at every thing like
wit> Tir'd with the city's morning toil, " Came forth to breathe
himself awhile ; Though 'twas his custom to declare He valued not a
fig the air; Rosnd were his chops, and round his pannch^ He walked
—for stomach to a haunch.

Our youth, whose eyes few objects drew. Was just upon him e'er he
knew; The senior stopped, and touched his hat, And talked of
weather, and all that; Or glanced on same such common things^ 4>
fates of empires, and of kings;

i«ai*Goog[c

Then (as his subjects scarcer grew. And memory failed for something
new,) He spoke of more iraportaot matters. His stock, bis creditors,
and debtors; And summing up the total life, Lugg'd in that great
discount—his wife.

The Bard, who never thought at all How stocks might rise or stocks
might fall. Began with all a poet's jire To talk of Muses and the lyre;
Quoted, and mnch enlarged upon it, The swelling ode, or quainter
sonnet; Then tragic beauties next to shew, Behearsed the melting
Otwaj's woe; Or while the merchant stared and wondered. With
Shakespeare's horrors raved and tfanndeid.

The Cit, by this time half afraid. His strange companion first
surveyed, (Twas far from Moor6elds, and the man Looked calmer
now,) at last began:— " I don't know, sir, how you're inclined^ But, to

Speak plainly, in my mind, I would not give that bit of straw For all
the verse I ever saw;

i«ai*GoOg[c

JPOBTHT AND BUSINESS.

It may be aaii, it may be fine.

But can it help a man to dine i

Or do ita makers starve npon it !

Tbe vety foola themselves will own it.

Give me the Uuff, the staff, good sir!

That makes an old man's spirits stir;

Make me bat warm and snog in tha ^

And all the rest will follow pat:

A neab-huilt litlJe coantry box.

Fitted for sober city folks.

With a small square of grass before.

And turkies gabbling at the door.

So near, that with an easy ride

A man may breakfast in Cheapslde:

Tbis, with a bottle of good wine.

And two or three Sunday's friends to dine.

Is all a man would wish to share.

And be as happy as—a mayor."—

" Ignobly thoughtl" the Bard rejoined:

" O sordid apathy of mind I

Give me, ye Powers 1 a nobler lot.

Than just to mix with earth and rot;

With reason and with vene combined^

To profit and delight mankind^

ri':i:..Clr)(>t^lc

Dying, to leave a deathless namcj

And reap the freshest wreath of fame."—■

The Cit had answered, but between The radiiuit form of Tmth was seen; And turning to the astonished pair> Was heard this sentence to declare:^

" Each thinks aright, except in this. That bis companion thinks amiss. Why should the deaf, because be found No pleasure in the organ's sound. Pronounce bis neighbour fool, who stood To gaze upon some gilded wood i Or why bis neighbour call him sot. Whose unnerved ear received it not f Yon, who with more exalted aim. Would reap the freshest wreath of fame. Why wonder if another thinks Him blest, who better eats and drinks. And, be the future as it may. Obeys the feeling of to-day i Each ID the system of mankind Performs the part by Heaven asdgned. And therefore each baa this reward, Hiotself the happier to regard}

,:i:,Cunt^le

roETRT AMD BDSJNBSS.

For if some cases yaa exclude

Of ill excessive, or of good>

AH bappiaess is as jon take it.

And life the thing yom fancies make ib

i«ai*GoOJ^Ic

t •*)

OLD BACHELOR.

AFnt THB MAMMBK Or IPSMBXB.

llie idea of thii and Uie following portrut vrai probably taken from
Shenatoae'B Sckoolmit^ah publiibed not king before they were
writteii.

I.

Ik FfacebuB' region, while some bsrds there be

That smg of battles and the trumpet'B roar; Yet these, I ween, more
powerfol bards than me>

Above my ken on eagle pinions soar. Haply a scene of meaner view to
scan,

3eneath their lanrel'd praise my verse may give; To trace the features
of unnoticed man;

Deeds, else forgotten, in the verse may lire: Her lore mayhap
instructive sense may teach From deedBofbomblor growth,
witbinmylowly reach.

ri':ri:,Cc)(>t^lc

THE OLD HICHBLOB. »

II.

A wight tb«Fe vas, who, single aad alooe.

Had crept from vigoroai ;ooth to wanliig age, Nor e'et was worth, nor
^er was bean^ known

His heart to captiT^ o* his thought engnge: Some feeble joyaonce
tbongh hia conseions mind

Might female worth or bean^ give to wear. Yet to the nobler sex he
held confined

The genuine gracet of the soul sincere; And well could shew, with
saw, and proverb qwiint. All semblance women's soulj and all her
beauty paint

ni.

In plain attire this wight apparei'd was,

(For much be conn'd of frugal lore and koewj) Nor, till some day of
larger note might cause.

From iroD-bonnil tbert his better garb he drew: But when Uie
Sabbath-day might challenge more.

Or feast or birtb-day should it chance to be, A glossy suit devoid of
staio he wore.

And gold his bottom, glanced so fair to see; Gold clasped his shoon,
by maiden biuihed so sheen. And bis rough beaid he ihaved, and
donn'd his linen clean.

i«ai*Goog[c

W THE OLD BACHELOR.

IV.

But for his common garb, a coat he wore,

A faithful coat, that long its lord had known. That once was black,
but now was black no more,

AtUnge by variouB colours not its own. All from his nostrils was the
front embrowned.

And down the back ran many a greasy line; While here and there his
social moments owned

The generous signet of the purple vine. Brown o'er the bent -of eld
his wig appeared, like trailing tail of fox by hunters sore affeir'd.

One serviug-maid he had, like turtle true,

But not like turtle, gentle, soft, and kind, For many a time her tongue
bewrayed the ehrew.

And in meet words unpacked her peevish mind: Me formed was she
to raise the soft desire.

That stirs the tingling blood in youthfal rein; Ke formed was she to
light the tender fire.

By many a bard ysung in many a strain c Hook'd was her nose, and
countless wrinkles told. What no man durst, J ween, that «he was
waxen old.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

THE OLD BACHBLOIL ST

VI.

WheD the clock told the wonted hour was come

Wbeb from bta nightly cups the wight withdrew^ Right patient
woald she watch iiit wending home,

1^11 at the door his cnatom'd rap she knew. If long his time was past,
and leaden sleep

O'er her tir'd eye^lids gaa bis reign to stretch. Oft would she caise
that men such hooTB should keep.

And many a saw 'gainst drunkenness would preach: Haply if potent
gin had armed her tongue. All on the reeling wight a thundering peal
she nmg.

VII.

For though the blooming queen of Cyprus' iale

O'er her cold bosom long had ceased, to reign. On that cold bosom
still could Bacchus smile;

Such beverage to own if Bacchus deign: Ne mickle wine she loved, for
stronger diink

As med'cine oft a cbolic pain will call, . And for the med'cine's sake
might envy think.

Oft would a cholic-pun her boweb enthrall: Yet mncb the proffer did
she loath, and say. No dram might maid^ taste, and often aoswei'd
nay.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

» Tat OLD BACHELOR.

VHI. So, as in single animalB be joyed.

One cat, and eke one dog, his bouDty fed. The first, the .cat,
devouring mice destroyed.

Thieves heard the last, and from his threshold fled. All ia the soD-
beam basked the lazy cat.

Her mottled l«igth ia coachaot posture lud; On one accustomed chair
while Pompey sat.

And lond he barked should puss his right invade. The human pur oft marked them as they lay. And haply stwnetimes thongbt, like cat and dog were they.

IX. A room he bad, that &ced the southem ray.

Where oft he walked to set his thoughts in tone; Pen^ve he pac^ its length an hour or tway.

All to tbe mteic of his creekiug shoon: And at the end a darkling closet stood.

Where booka he kept, of old research and new. In seemly gnler ranged <hi shelv^ of wood^

And rusty naik aad phials not a few; 'niilk j^ace a row of pegs beseemed well. Of various vulgar, use, unmeet for verse to tell.

,:i:,Coot^ltJ

For atUl ia fonn he phced liU ciMl d«tif^

And mwh wBCMBtcow vooU be bold tbe wi^ That 6*o1 ditpbcad a tiUc, ahait» or ito^-i

And oft ia meet array their isnks be pl^cedj And oft with auefol 17c tbwi E>gtu lerijevcd ;

for Bovel fomu, tbo' madi theK fiMaxti iuA gnced, EUnuelf and aaidso nunvrter etcfaewd.

Oae path be trade, aor ever would declme

A hair^ niyneamwd breadth ftom off <he eytnlinjg.

XI. A clab sdept there waij where Taiions talk.

On TaxkHu cb^der*, petwd the Ut^^iag boqr. And Ihither oft be bent bU evening laiM,

And waiaedio isirljh t^ wioe'i enliymog pw* And oft 4HI pefitica di^
pnashiMnU nn,

V a pipe leot ila tfaonght-begettvg (909 i And oft important matters
would they Rcan,

And, deefk in oouacil, fix a nctiim'H do(W} ' And oft duy .chnolcled
lopd at jeat oc je«r. Or smutty tale the mo*^ thilk mvfik d>*y loved
to

i«ai*Goog[c

XII. For m^ like bun they were, of like consort,

Tbilk macfa&efaoaestMuse mast aeedEcoodemnj Who made of
women's wiles their wanton ^Ktrt, And blessed their stars, that kept
the curse from diem, Ne honest love they knew, ne meeting smiley

That shoots the tcampart to the throbbii^ heart! • Tbilk knew they
not, bnt in a harlot's guile^

Lascivious smiling through the mask of art; And so of women
deemed they, as they knew^ And from a demon's traits an angel's
picture drew.

XIII.

Bat most abhorred they hymeneal rites,

And'Tannted oft the freedom of their fate> Noi vailed, as they
opined, its best delights.

Those ill's to balance, that on wedlock wait< And often would they
tell of ben-^pecked fool,

Sanbbbed by the hard behest of sour-eyed dame. And vowed no
tongue-armed woman's freakish rule

Their mirth dioidd quell, or damp their generous flame; Then
pledged their hands, and toss'd their bumpers o'er. And lo! Bacchus!

swig, and owned no other power<

i«ai*Goog[c

XIV. ir e'er a doubt of softer kind arose

Within some breast of less obdurate frame, Lo! where his hideous
form a phantom shows.

Fall in his view, and Cuckold is his name. Him Scorn attended with a
glance askew.

And scorpion Shame for delicts not his own. Her painted babbles
while Suspicion blew.

And Texed the region round the Cupids' throne-Far be from ns, they
cried, the treacherous bane. Far be the dimply guile, and far the
flowery chain!

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

OLD MAID.

ArrBl THZ (AUG XAKNBB.

I.

QoBBK ofthejtarry train) whose iilrer ray

G]ads the dark bosom of the murky night! Or if thoa lov'st, remote
from realms of day.

Id gloomy Tartarus to (jueoch thy light, Ycleped Proserpina] where
Plato reigns

O'er damned ghosts, hy sister-furies sbent; Or rather. Goddess of the
woodland plains.

That chear'st tby hounds with bow for ever hentl Assist my verse: the
virgin theme is thine; Certes to virgia theme thoa deignest to incline.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

TUB OLD MAID. «

It.

AndtfKNi^OOoddtwl whom, in days of yoi^

PItdge oi the mouidi'B oareusted love. To hdl'e grim Uog the babbling echo bore.

Deep ia ^ cestre of her dwkcit giore^ C<HQe, SeanM! coma! with nod, with wink, orumle.

With half-heard whispw in the listening «ar; Come, roDnd^encircled with thy cobweb-goite

Of frieodly-aeeming doabt, or seeming fear: Lo! Hyson's talk-inspiring tiime ascends I Lo! to the grateful fame the weU-pleas'd GoddeM bends!

m.

Assist m« iboa} for certes thoa hast aeea,

When aU ezchided was the eye profane. In gapi^ circle ranged when maidens been.

And each alternate tongoe proclaim'd thy r^ga. Of her I sing, who, next the sacred vase.

Poured to her friends the warm libation ronnd; And,—tell it. Scandal, to one maiden's praise,—

Her b^ird devoid of flattery was found: No gkising tale, I we^, my verse bestows. To glozing tale, I ween, tho' maids are seldom foes.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

IV. Tho' envious Time had drawn bis lines of grey

Tbro'the brown locks that o'eih^r forebead rose. Yet moot it were, I
wis, for me to say.

If miss or mistress were the aUle she chose. Ab me! bow lose we days
in Fancy's dream!

Besure in dulcet gnise her years bad past; Scarce fif\y seem'd they in
the maiden's deem.

Yet aickerly the sixtieth was her last; NaUiIesB in secret wou'd she
sigh and say. Time been a subtle thief that steals, our youth away!

V.

No gorgeous dress, I ween, she loved to wear,

Tbo' whilom was her youth to shew inclin'd; With former trappings,
now her humbler care,

Her windows curtain'd, or her sofas lin'd And boastful oft she shew'd
the pattern rare,

Which erst her pencil for her needle drew. Then glanc'd a censure on
the modem ft^r.

Whose ill-spent moments no such labour knew. Who pass'd the night
at rerel, rout, or play. And doz'd the precious hours of cbe^rfiil dawn
away.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

VI.

And oft, disdainfnl of the tituel geer.

She mark'd^ as well beseem'd, with boneat rage. What time her
sister-ceoson sate to hear.

The gawdy trappings of the thongbtless age: And much she blam'd
the carriage viun and light.

The tele that towers aloft with borrow'd hiur. And O! pro^e! to catch
Uie wanton sight.

The cross that dangles on the hosom hare: llien told of bett«r days,
when kerchiefs clean. And modest mffi conceal'd what never man
had seen.

VII. Nor less the moral pravily she wui'd,

Hiat spread infectious o'er the yielding times: Where slept die law,
where blinded justice fail'd.

And fashion sanctify'd her fav'rite crimes I Alas to see! Religion's
power was fled, .

Vice walked in triumph o'et a goil^ land! Unblushing matrons stain'd
the nuptial bed, - And frequent murtber bar'd his purple hand ! And
cooth was she, with fearfal note 1 ween. To mark the jud^ng power
tb^t worketb all unseen.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

« TBI OLD lUID.

VIII. Thk is the cawc, if right aredc's the mtai,

Why lag! the gpribg from Winter's chilly rear. And damp-vini^ed
Emus, in bii fogs arrayed.

Taints the yoong verdare oObe genial year; Not ooWf as she was
wont, the mem of May

Leads the toh aephyt o'er the dewy plain; But summer sims emit a
feebler ray.

And withering fogs usorp the iacm's reign. Far other days faiM
yonthftil sports htd seen! Far other yellow fields! far other meadows
green!

IX.

And oft, as meeting fairs engender Same,

WisdffHB she sought in Reason's listed field; Warm tn her favourite
cause, the fearless dame

Maiotainedthepost of doubt,and scorned toyi<M. Dian! by thee (if
maiden powers above .

Suggest resolTe to maiden minds below) Alike inspired in argoment
and love.

Her tongue pronounced the never-yielding No. Nor would she graiU,
till Reason well should scan, By woman aught Opin'd, or aught opin'd
by tlWD.

^n,r,'o?iiCTOOg[c

THtOLDIUID. «

X.

Kot Bite tin wigfat^ in Dido's fertiTe iM,

GiBpfi Sntea, *lwn the tkle of woe RebeanJBg direful deedi, ud
IV«tit'« fidl.

Perforce cmutnuned the briny tear to flow; Thifl patient maid> bb
certei Menwtfa mcet»

From paint egone a present pieaanre drew i And oft' right quaintly
would the tale repeat

To other wighb> who n^er that {deaanre koew. Of Btit^ Or oramp,
or toe&<ache's bamiiig paid. Of night^Bare murdering sleep, or
corns forcbo* ding lain.

XL Yet mncfa the wh^ I laod her hoacat skill.

She shewed the poiaoo, and the onre she gaV^e; So^ have I hesffd,
the venomd aerpenu kill.

Whose beads aSiard the precions stone to sAtc, For much of hetaling
herbs the maiden knew.

And cidled her simples fM their balmy jnioe. From plaioa, where all
unnoticed die they grew^

And pined umiOnscions of a nobler nso. Her books of cniekeiy
taught the healing lore To eare the eoimUcsB ills their sBUocp
omaed bcftite.

i«ai*GoOJ^Ic

« THE OLD IUID.

xn.

Ne yet to het the herald's art unkoown,

Tho' all nnconned the Bhiold-emblazoaed page; Ke better traced
their own sepnlchral stone^

The aDcestiy of maoy a fonner age; And soothly would she mark the
rightfiil liae

That held of ancient names the cbiefest place. And where the
branches partj and where they joiB,

With felice art, I ween^ the dame woold trace; And oft her proper
kindred would explore. And many a couun hailed, that knew his tribe
no more.

XIII. The' ne'er from her embrace had children sprang.

Yet alien imps with kindness would she greet;. And oft with pleasure
heard the hsping tongue.

And gave the promised meed of candied sweet; And of^ the tale of
wonderment she told.

Of Fayses, that gambled o'er the circl'd ground. And birds, that taught
the moral lore o' old.

Then strewed the snowy comf'U alt' aiotm'd; T' b'lk woi-Id she tee
them ^ean with looks of grace, And stroked the flaxen pole, and
blessed the smi' ling face I

„C,,,sle

THE oU> MAID. M

XIV.

A favourite parrot was sbe wont to tendj

More blessed tha' aught created mole beside; And oft he perched
up<m hei lily-band.

And kissed the lips, to man, alas I denied; And oft his prattle would
she teach the bird.

He sloped bis glossy neck, and seemed to bear; Bat, ah I the while
from passing boys be beard

The phrase unseemly for a maiden's ear: Shame on the filthy, rogue ■
the maiden cried; Shame on the Gl'thy rogne > the mimic bird
replied.

XV.

Woe to the maid! a m^d, alas! no more.

Who passed the line untainted virtue draws. Thee, sacred Virtue! did
the dame adore,

The watchfi'l guardian of thy strictest laws! Certes no pity thrilled
her bosom pure,

(Or justice bade that pity to forego,) For her whom Pleasure's syren
strains allure

To drink the poisoned cup of shame and woe. And all too light she
held that woe and shame^ And called her many a wretch, and many
a worse name.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

■ft THE OLD UAID.

XVI.

Aad well I ween, right critique was the dame,

' To note defect in beauty's purest grace. Nor could the age produce a
boasted name

That 'scaped remark on person or on face: Yet, sooth to say, her
praise with better will

Foreran the harsh decree her justice gave; What pity 'twere one little
word should kill.

When half her sentence meant before to save! Close in the rear the
envious but appeared. And blasted all the sweets her milder breath
had reared.

XVII. And fondly oft the taie of youth recalled

(Nor much of past delights her memory lost,) Of hearts that whilom
had her eyes enthralled;—

Belentless she, of cruelty to boast! And shewed on gilded leaves
impassioned rhymes,

(To love I wis the Muse was ever kind,) Tbilk "would the love-sick
youUis of former times

Sigh to the sighing of the summer's wind! And all, forsooth, they told,
the piteous gale Ceased at the sound to blow, and Echo leaint liie
tale.

i«ai*Go<)glc

THE OLD HAIB. ftl

XVIII.

Then would their fancies o'er the garden elnj.

And mark the tints of every flower that blows. Compared with her, if
soothly marked the lay,

The lily lost its white, its blush the rose. Then would they tell of
Cupid's killing dart, lliat glanced, O treacherous softness! from her
eyes. And paint the pang that teaps the bleeding heart.

When Cbloe frowns, alas! and Damon dies. But now of Chloe's
frowns no hards complain; Certea from known repulse they ceased
the bootless strain!

XIX. Ah! glosing barda, ye paint the rose's fane.

The blooming lily with the rose ye twine;— Ne'er did your smooth-set
sonnets warble too

"niat lilies wither, and that roses pine! Myhonest verse, (ye gentle
virgins, hear.

O'er your smooth cheeks when Hebe's dimples play,) Though fearful,
whispers in the youthfal ear, That kingdoms, states, and ^dimples—
mast decay! Afa! thoughtless yooth the harsher troth denies. Nor
beauty mortal thinks, alaa! till beauty dies.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

VISION OF VANITY.

ASDRKSIKD T

The pnndpal ideas and charactera sketched out in the following
Poem, were enlarged, and somewhat more connected, in another,

first published in 1771, but written several years before, intitled. The
Puradtt of Uappi* tttta. — Vid. poUea.

iSoME powei there u above the valgar reach. Which art may tutor,
but can oevcc teach; Some Bobtler essence of the thinking mind.
That leaves the lagging pace of sense behind; That taught a
Shakespeare all his ma^c fire; With Otw^ melted o'ei the melting
Ijie;

iKsiiiGoogIc

THE TIBION OF TASITT. U

With Dryden wandered thro' the Aonian bowersj And culled the
fragrance of their sweetest flowers; That gave the pointed line of
Pope to glow; That frets and kicks at straws with poor Rousseau;
That taught a Collins' raptured eye to gaze Full on her fires, and
drink their fiercest hiaze} Poors from a Mason's harp the flowing lay;
With Shenstone piped, and roves with pensi veGray; To mirth, to
sorrow, or to madness free; LaaghswithaSteme,aod sometimes yawns
vrithme.

Struck by her wand, as late entranced I lay. And thoaght, or seemed
to think, the hour away, Lo! to my view a. beauteotu form appeared;
A female form her soft enchantment reared. On quivering gossamer*
her steps were placed, A shining baldric girt her slender waist,
Wherelightembroidery'sglitteringtextuTeshewed, What on her
favourite sons her smile hetowed; The patriot's coronet, the
courtier's rod. And mitres fbrthe hnmblr men of God. Rednndant
flowed her purple robe behind. And,loosely waving, wooed the
wanton wind;

* A lover may beatrlde the gMutmer, That idlei in the nintoa nimmer
air, Aod jet DOt fall, lo light li laDity.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

O'er her soft checks the dimples held tbeit reign, And s|te«k)Qg;
palses throbbed in every veiD; Fantastic triakets decked her plaited
hair. The heaving whiteness of her bosom, bare! She stroked her eye-

brows, and she toued her head. And amoothed het lips to wtfar a brighter red; Then, with a conacioas smile, she threw asksnee The self-complaisance of a meting giance.

" Mortal!" she said, " at Folly's ^Ided cbrine. If e'er a shaft from Satire's bow was thine. Behold the Power, wbd gave her strength to rue. And point her lazy pinions to the riies. In darkling chaos and primeval sbade^ Unmoved, unprincipled, was Folly laid. Till thwart the gloom I beamed a pi^ng ray. And bade her Haunt it in die face of day; Grin where she gaped, in self-opinion strong. And ever confident of right iii wrong.

" Xiook o'er the deeda> which Tnith or Faticy give. In verse. In statue, or in paint, to live; Reared by day hand, the storied actions spring. And, bnt for me, what wretch would be a king I For me the hero wheels his smoking car. Amidst the purple ranks of fiery war. Then struts a god! and months my better name. Ambition, or the sacred thirst of fame.

ri':i:.Cc)o^le

THE TI8IoN OF VANITT. B5

Foi me, (be coward death itself defies. And conacions like a Cato dies.

"Bot these ait druightg in nature seldom shewn; They paint 'em oftenest^ who have oever known. Search common life, and search it where 70a will, Tis Vani^ impels the action stilJ, Still some gay nothings Home gay nothinga meet. To feed the airy form of self-conceit.

" I gave my lord,—the solace of his life,— Hb handsome snuff-box, and his handsome wife. Alike the rcason, they adorn the great. For both were purchased at a moostront rate.

" For me Pt4)ilio calb hb insect breeds. Ranges his tmtterflies, his maggots feeds; Now points hu tube to Venus' radiant height; Now ogles thrnggh his microscope—a mite.

" Go ^ou, to life in larger views inclioed. And mark the buzzing insects of mankind; See sweet Sir Lappet, with the busiest face. Perform in pi^llots his morning race. From scented toilet to a china sale; To swallow half, and half regotge a tale. Deep in the secrets of the state-machine; And as Important on " an Indian screen;" The things, like thoughts, that jostle in his brain. Rise into k^apfl, and then disadlTe again.

i«ai*Goog[c

M THE VISION OF VANITY.

" Whj, bark'ee, Frank} last night—but mom for

that— You cou'd not keep it"—and he smooths his hat^— " My letters say, Sir John, that there's a talk"— (And shews a brilliant on a hand of chalk.) " The queen of Denmark-^there's a figured bowi— The Manjuis writes me, tJiat the Tuesday's pcdt— What gewgaw thinge— your g)a», my lord—are

these i O, execrably vulgar! dot Chinese!"

" Shut with a cautious hand Pisanio's door. And, trembling, venture on his polished floor; Touch hot his bells, so tremulously hung, A cricket presses, and his bells are rung. Reflective tables tables shew again; And muffled lacqueys lift the shioing plain. Pale in his face his friend that terror views; His friend bad almost failed—to wipe his shoes.

" I tempted Labeo, who of old could tell But just how much brocade was worth the ell. His bard-eamed riches in hia age to waste,— Delusive cbace ! to bunt the Proteus—Taste. O'er the broad lawn behold a Dian reign. To meet yon visto from the neighbouring plain; Here crawls a puddle from its scanty fount; Here Dods a ruin on a aew-raised mount;

i«ai*Goog[c

There stinking shrobs^ from Indian plains coavejed, 'To pine and wither in the torpid shade; While Labeo's gardener plants bim into

fame. Proud of the beauties which he cannot name. Uin all the wondering cities, who range at will On man's Sabba-days from Lndgate Hill, Mimic in little through their spruce abodes. And rifle Hyde-Park-Corner of its gods.

" Even the duU wretch, with girdle-fettered paoacl^^ Who sweats at turtle, or who pants at baunch. Of feelings frugal, just content with one. The grossest pleasure of the brute called Man, Inspired by me> surreys the table round. And boasts of beating Helluo by a pound.

" O'er the soft sex acknowledged power I boast; They feel it oftencst, and enjoy it most. By partial art ^ least to man belong The reason-fathomed deeps of right and wrong; By me the cob-web principles are wrought, That float and waver in a woman's thought Robed in my tints the fleeting objects viewed. But half they reason, and but half conclude; From this to that the fond ideas range. Warm to enjoy, but only blest in change. Contasted banquets pall on their desire. And rising wishes bid retolve expire^

i«ai*Goog[c

But atill, where'er the wanderer's steps ioline. In various shapes the sovereign rule is mine; I weave the texture of her gaudiest dream. Herself the motive, and herself the theme. True to that shrine she betida the suppliant knee. And sometimes kneeb to God—to worship me!

" In Phryle's mirror Phryne's self is fair. Tricked in the charms my pencil pictures there; And Sylvia thinks, while you in blushes sit^ The lovely idiot is a perfect wit.

" Nor yet, by all the graces formed in vain. Nor yet Monimia 'scaped my power's reign. With all that nature gives, refined by art. With all the feelings of the generous heart. The gay to ravish, and the grave to please; By wisdom tutored in the school of ease. Of parts possessed, by heaven assigned to few. She pitied follies which she never knew; Slow to condemn, condemned without a frown. And censure taught a language not its own.

" A youth who loved, (of such himself p The kindred virtues of
Monimia's breast. His honest passion told the beauteous maid. By
the soft feelings of her soul betrayed; A conscious blush with virgin
coyness strove. And colder reason nrged the cfuise of love.

i«ai*Goog[c

THE VISION OF VAKITT. «

In VEun she urged; indigaant I arose, (For I and merit commonly are
foes,} Odious, I whispered, plain Eugenio's wife !— Sbe sighed, aod
took a titled fool for life.

" For me, Blondella talks the liTe-l<mg night; Of moral fitness, and
the rale of right { Then all for Plato's philosophic mind. The pOie
idea, and the love refined i The delicate, the eympatby of soul! And
nameless somethings, that on nothing roll! With what a dying dying
fall she speaks. And leans on two plump arms two purple cheeks. For
not o'er nature Plato's rules prevail. To teach Blondeila Plato's
pensive pale; Nay some there are, as o'er their favourite tea They
sacrifice to scandal and to me. Who say, Blondella feels the common
dome^ And loves as solidly as other dames. And yet <for Pope
informed me long ago. What can we reason but from what we know,)
Perhi^s they err; for them no sacred fire IHd ere the breath of
sapient Greece inspire; And from plain nature, plainly underatood.
They cannot think so ill of flesh and blood.

" Not quite of Epicure's or Plato's school. Not quite a wit, alod just
not quite a fool;

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

m THE VISION OP VANITY.

With pause, and point, and epitfaet to aid,

Daphne for me invokes the tunefnl maid.

With rhyme front Byshe^ and sentiment from Behn,

In deepest pathos Daphne dips her pen;
To weeping rills her sighing shepherds wail.
And sighs are wafted on the aighing gale;
Smooth flows her stream, and soft her zephyr blows.
With ah's bow tender, and how solemn oh's!
Then toils a novelist in virtue's caase.
And joins example to the moral laws;
Virtue and vice their proper meed assigns,
And awful justice speaks her closing lines.
The maze of sentiment and sorrow past.
Each honest girl a hoaband finds at last;
And vice, her long career of mischief run,
Is doomed'to penance in a sober nun.
Yet, ah! the while, insidious powers of love!
Was Daphne tangled in the web she wove:
She feels and pdnts the soft desire by turns.
And midst the flame her fancy kindled bums;
More blessed than Waller,* reaped both love and bays.
And lost her virtue—while she wrote its praise.

* ** I graipcd at Iotr, ind filled m; bud with bayt."

'ffALI.B& of UnMlC

i;oi*Goog[c

Nor yet where all thy boasted reason mas. Thy boasted reason
shields her thinking eoqb. I guide the stoic through the moral page; I
give the cine that leads the poring sage; His book the scholar, or his
studies faint; And, strange! humility itself the sauit: Mine swells the
period from a Johnson's hand ; And famished poets at my altars
stand.

" Even thou by me inspired, without the nine, To try at verse, and
pour the feeble line, Thou onn'st my power; amid the smiling train^
Of wealth, of person, or of title vain, I mark thy bosom swell with
secret pride. To scorn their weakness, to thy scorn allied.

'^Though yet thou darest not wide expand thy sail/ Nor trust the
public for a partial gale; Though ne'er, by earnest friends or me
impelled. Thy flippant verse a miscellany held; Nor scrawled a-top by
some unwilling lord, To court subscription, bangs thy begging board;
There are whose praise indulgent swells thy heart. And speeds the
poison from my rankling dart: Lo! she, of whom are all the virtues
vain. Too dangerous Goodness I she approves thy strmn. And drawn
half smiling, bids thee write again."—

i«ai*Goog[c

« THE VISIOK OP VANITY.

She Bpoke; my bosom felt the ma^c sound. My active spirits danced
a nimbler round. Propitious power!—I preyed, or meuit a prayer; Her
light form faded in the empty air. Yet these she left, and bade to you
belong: I offo her power, if you approve the song.

i«ai*Goog[c

INTRODUCTION

THE FATAL SISTERS,

AN ODBj BY MB GEAY.

This Introduction was written at the desire of a friend, who observed, that the description of the appearance of those divinities (whose song Mr Gray has given in the above-mentioned Ode,) was very susceptible of sublime and terrible images. The supposed place of their appearance was impressed on my imagination, from having visited it not long before these ■tapMB nreie written.

iWAS in £jrin^ fatal day.

Led by Woden's secret band.

Where the danciag waves of Mey*

Speed the current to the land.

- Tbe name of a place on the northcni coait of CsithiiiHi, opposite to OiktKf. The epithet of danciig, applied to tbe

i«ai*Goog[c

Red his eye, that watched the book. Sealed with many a hero's blood.

With bristling locks, aod haggard look. The hoary prophet gazed the flood.

The biting north wind brushed the tide And drove the bickering hail before ;

Shrill the angry mermaid cried. Amidst the bursting billows' roar.

From Stroma's black and ragged brow. Hark to the raven's boding note!

While, 'midst the heaving waves below. The shattered masts of shipwreck float

Big the cloud, on Thules' height, Sailed atliwart the dusky sky.

And, BwelliBg to the distant sight. Far its wreaths were secQ to lie.

wavM, nill seem more proper, when it i> knotni, tbat by the meeting
of certain curreatb, they are trown up on tbat sbore, In a
peipeedicalar direction i end are there termed, troa tbeJT
appearance, or height perhaps, " The Men of Mey."

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

TO THE FATAL SISTERS.

Where the stifled tempests pant, A hollow sound the cavema gsve.

And forky Ughtbiogs shot aslant The glittering tresses of the wave.

Lo! the muttering thunder rolled^ A meteor's steeamy sign was
given!

Purple lids, attiaed with gold, Op'd the azure-eye of beareo I

How, from oat the darker side. Louder thunders strike his ear;

Now, from cot the beamy void, Lo! the giant maids appear !—

" Tatal Sisters! speed your way. Give your foamy coursers rein;

Pass the dancing waves of Mey, Pass the murmur of the main.

" See the leader of the band. Dreaded Hilda! where she past;

See the Uumpet in her baud! Hark! she poors the rattling blast

VOL. Till. ■

i«ai*Goog[c

" Fell Revenge and Fnry spread Their boniing pinions o'er lier brow;

Her eyes, that panic-terrors shed^ Fiercely shoot a crimson glow,

" Iloaad> in mazy circlets, scream The fomished birdsj that watch the
dead.

See a fading spectre gleam! Sygnrd * droops hi« fated head.

" Where to neet the pebbly shore Leans the velret-verdnred hill.

Darts the spear die mmden bore. Mandate of the maiden's will:

" Lo! it Ughtned, as it flew!

Quivering now od earth it stands. Now agaia the blast she blew;

Echoing shook a thousand lands!

• Sjfgnrd.BBriofOTfcoer, killed Id SB expedition to iKhod. rjib Note*
OD Mr On; '* Fomd.

i«ai*Goog[c

TO THE FATAL SISTERS. (

" Labouring with ite fateAiI birA, Heaved the hill od ever; tide:

Lo I the portals of the earth, Barsting, yawned ao entrance wide!

" See the loom is ready laid, ' O'er it see the nsters bent; Seats, that
bear each wondroos maid, Each the rock an earthquake rent

" Hark! beneath the trembling ground, (From Hela's * dark domain it
rose,)

Deeply pealed a solemn sonnd!— Hark! for Hilda caught the
close!"—

' Onis,' she cried, and waved her hand, * Ours, to join the magic
throng;

Sisten! soch our queen's command. Ours to swell the ma^c song.

' Now the storm begins to low'r,' fScc. (as in Mr Gray's Ode

• Hdo, In (be Gothic mjtbolAsj, U the ptUtm of DeaO.

i«ai*Goog[c

PURSUITS OF HAPPINESS.

' msCRIBfiD TO A FBIBND.

Yes, by the phrase of schoolmen nnconfinedi To trace some striking features of the miad; Some wanderiog lines, that mark the rising thought. Ne'er in the depths of tangled study Bought^ These may be mine; below the critic's view To sport with verse, and trust for praise to job.

O'er every beating heart confessed to reign. Pursued by all, by all pursued in vain, The sage's secret, and the poet's dream. Be the wide wish of happiitess my theme.

Come, then, and let us lecture by the hour On these great subjects, Wisdom, Wealth, a/id Power,

ri':i:.Cc)(>t^lC'

The boasted source of every bliss denj, And shew their empty nms, their fountains dry. Alas! from me no learned lectures hope, A simple rhymester^—look for these in Pope. I boast no tnagic verse, no matchless mind. That deep in science leaves the crowd behind. To •*•• leave tt system's pert pretence. Nor, where I cannot fathom, take offence; Some passing figares <MiIy dare to shotf. And give the Mnse's comment as they go.

All, said the Dane,-f have business and desires; AH human kind this touch Promethean fires. By every rank, by every Lemper sought. Something to be, and something to be thought: This on the many's changing will depends. That on our own, uncertain of its ends; To that our tastes affix no certain name. This roves through all the lengthened scale of fame. Tis Vapid's bow, his minuet, his walk. His smiles, that simmer into gentle talk. Fashion in youth, and decency in age; With prudes 'tis honour, prayer-book, and page.

Some fleetmg hope we start, pursue, and miss; Then rouse another, and pronounce it bliss-.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

Yet may not spleen the Bovereign will amugn. Yet may not spleea
believe we run in tud< Tis the pursuit rewards the active mind, And
what in rest we seek, in toil we find.

The friend of Pytrbus bade bim feast and live. Possessed of all the
finished war could give< Vain were his banquets, had not Pyrthos
fongbt; The chace, and not the quarry, Pyrrhus sought.

'Midst all the sweets of Tempe's roseate vale. Where eveiy fragrance
breathes on every gale, Tbe fabled pleasures of Elysian bowers. The
nectar quaffed on beds of blushing flowers. Give all to sense, that
sense coald wi^ to prove. And give immortal, as the joys of Jove, The
soul would sicken 'mid the stagnate air. And wish the ruffian blasts of
human care. Where passive sense, with all her powers, would

miss. The springs of action move the wheels of bliss. Hence, bustling
natures, in a wayward state. And thrown at random on the coil of
fate. Staunch to each purpose, still unwearied press Where dark
misfortuoe low'rs, or beams success. Teach every curse the happiness
it brings. And reap the vintage 'midst the nild of things;

i«ai*Goog[c

Hence Balbas tiinmphs o'er the ills of life. With duns, bad debtors,
lav-suits, and a wife.

Hence vain tlie rule that moral coldness giree^ And bids Lothario
live as Probas lives. " I sit," says Probus, " on the peaceful shore. And
hear the billons round me idly roar; I hear uomovcd. Within my
humble cell The blissful powers of calm contentment dwell. Soft as
the sleep of babes my passions lie."-^ Lothario yawna, and Probus
nronders why— Lothario, swelling with a soul of fire. Winged with
the lighbiing wish, the fierce desire. " Contentment, peace, the
bhssful scenes of ease! The hell your fancies paint were heaven to
these."

If certain bounds the impulsive ardour kept^ Nor maddened joy, nor
melancholy wept. But where, amid the intricate of fate. Our reason

gave to love, and gave to hate; Were the true blissful always understood. And sought alone amidst the wise and good. Sunk in the calm would Virtue's labour cease. And lose her triumphs in the lap of peace; The pulse of active Ufe would cease to beat. No wish to taste, no hope to beat. Unnerved each effort, every power unbent. Lolling in listless apathy. Content.

D.5i«ai*Goog[c

Men must have passions; point them, if you can^ Where less the brute enjoys, and more the man. To combat passion when our reasons rise. Reasons are better passions in disguise. In every climate, and in every age. With poet, priest, philosopher, and sage; Let pedant preachers smooth it as they will. They preach successful to the passions still; Direct the wish to rise, the tear to fall. Give fear to some, and vanity to all.

The world's dull reason, sober, cool, and pure> The world's dull reason is a knave demure. See, fresh from Nature's hand, unfettered youth Romantic friendship boast, romantic truth; With all the mist of fond delusion blind. The venial errors of an honest mind. High beat their hearts with every generous aim. And grasp the golden hope of endless fame: Majestic visions, forms of transport wild. Where bloomed the arts, or hardy valour toiled. Rise from the pictured walks of Greece or Rome, Rise from the past, and point the time to come. But soon, too soon, the airy fabrics fall, And servile Reason lacqueys Interest's call; Now Caution creeps where Virtue stalked before. And cons the battered page of Providence o'er.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

Get wealth, the bell of every idiot chimes; Immoderate wealth, the madness of the times; Get wealth abroad> beneath the furthest sky. Or cheat at home, game, perjure, flatter, and lie. See, at the goal, to tempt the kindling race^ See Stukely's laurels blooming in thy face I Stukely, whose youth the weakling was denied To hide (he would, or desire to hide; (Though in his face, at times, the fiend within Half veils his portrait with a bastard grin,) Plays with my Lord, is favoured by her Grace, Now grasps a title, and obtains a place. Drinks precious

burgundy, is served in plate. And winds their schemes with ministers
of state} Nay, shame to virtue in a woman's shape! Aspasia is his wife
—without a. rape,—

AU this is owned; but prudent men are glad To take mankind as
mankind may be had: Stukely has parts; has gained, from nothing,
clear (Or fame has hed) eight thousand pounds a year, " His virtue!"
cries a sage," my good young man. Leave rhyming, and get money, if
you can ; For Stukely's worth and yours, the world will

scan 'em, Tnut me ^ey will, at just so much per annum."

i«ai*Goog[c

Ilie blnablesa sods of theee degenerate days. Not virtue scorn alone,
but virtue's praise-Yet not the suSrsge of the world bestows The bliss
our vices chase, our virtue knows; The glare, that blazes in a public
shov. The courtier's whisper, and the great man's bow; To dance with
princes, and to dine with lords. These are the joys their envied lot
affords. Yet they, whom gaping crowds with envy see. Have years to
seem, but scarce an hour to be; Set, like some bauble gayly trimmed,
on high. Their hfe, their Aiendship, aiid their love, a lie.

If e'er rededion renders up its trust, The vapid medley rises in
disgust. Without the sparkle, and the gold, remain The Bpaikling
poiton, and the gilded chain; And memory gathers, with unwearied
wing, But thoughts that torture, and but joys that sting.

But far mote solid joys may wealth produce. With those who spend it
not for show, but use; Its decent sober sons, who calmly taste What
riches give, without intemperate waste> Thus honest Balaam—yes,
the title's meet. No rich man is a rogue in Lombard-street—" What!
honest } be, whom orphan minoTB curse. Robbed of their rights to
pamper Balaam's purse;

i«ai*Goog[c

THE PURSUITS OF HA^PINBBS. t»

A suit in clisQC«ry shall set ;ou right"—

A knave! I scorn the word—the man's a knight;

His hoDour's proof I draw from high records.

True, as bis turtle, iu the mouth of lords.

" To lords a bubble, and to wits a sport,

A man of moment (as he says) at court"—

" There, while I breathed a prayer for Britain's

good. The best of princes marked me where I stood. My absence
from the last day's levee chid. And asked. How Lady Balaam's
toothacb did ?' Our friends may Jail us, and onr fortunes fall, Self-
coDsequence alone is true to all: Search where you will, die dullest
herd explore. Where muddy nature seems to roll no more. Who
calmly bear, in business' hackneyed ways, The ItstlesH habitude of
passive days. Who breathe an air, that feels no active spring,
Unfanned by Fancy's ever-vivid wing, Gniltless of thought, who creep
their round of time, Lik« some old orloge, with one drowsy chime.
And 'mongst their whiter notes of memory keep One better dinner,
and one sounder sleep,— Yet there has pride its little objects too, The
wig best powdered, or the blackest shoe;

i«ai*Goog[c

T» , THE PURSUITS Or HAPPINESS.

Hence chandler Gripe his Wife's shrill tongue be-

. labours. For Suke/s flounce isnarrower than her neighbout's; Hence
Pastry Figg, who claims superior pait. Steals half the paper-bottom
from his tarts. And dares the boldest of his Friday's club With doubts
deistical from Father Chubb.

To self-conceit the meanest knowledge swells j Of Lielio's motions
Lfclio's butler tells> The last supply can figure to a sous. And counts
the patriot noses of the house.

Proud of his post his Grace's footman see. As pert, as wicked, and as drunk, as he. With shoes as shining, with as broad a lace. With all his idiot saaciness of face.

The boy, whose bawling merit boasts to sweep The greasy crossings of the ward of Cheap, Who scrapes for farthings plump Sir Pipkin's door. For trade and freedom swells the city roar-Through all her ranks the law's importance runs. And Mansfield's words are mouthed by scrivener sons.

With eyes that keep one vacant point in view. Like pap the sun bad bleached and hardened too. That took some odd fantastic form by chance, Hee milky Lamio, mute and grave advance:

-3l;,.CO<>t^lC

O'er locks that nature gave, but Bolemn lair^ A foe to nature, with aversion saw, A needless peruke's niowy rooiid is thrown. And blanks his face with foUy not its own. His words, in one Ung even tone that drawl. When drowsy Dulneas yawns her opiate call. Let Pity suffer (for she can no more) To mark the weather, or to coant tl^e hour; But should the youth, amid the circling pit, Decide on Shakespeare, and pronounce on wi^ We laugh in scorn—yet Lamio still is blessed; He thinks, poor soul I the rogues have found bis jest Some few there are, who by impartial rules Half find the secret that tbemselvet are fools, Who, never deep in thought, nor mazed in doubt. Can laugh at wisdom, and are blessed without; Who beat, unmoved, the beaten track, to find Each grosser sense, that mocks the reasonUtg mind; Hunt in a squire* an alderman regale. Or swill, a parson, politics, and ale. Others by Dulpesa' brisker efforU made, (For there are fools of feather, as of lead) Are home by pride beyond their native fence. And cheat mankind, the hypocrites of sense.

i«ai*Goog[c

The soft, the delicate Favonius hear Jingling bis baables in my aching ear. So duDj sweet, so pert];* debonnair. Wit with a grin, and wisdom with a stare; Blessed youth! whose skin so white, whose talk so

smart. Wins every male, and every female, heart.

With tags of jests in Brown and Durfey found. With pons that lie in
ambush for a sound. With mottos from the wits of ancient days.
Stolen from the tops of magazine-essays. With painters' names at
print-shops daily sought, With one poor epigram his tutor wrote,
Favonius rose, and all the ladies know it, A wit, a scholar,
connoisseur, and poet; Or, if these titles should not please his ear^
Give him his own—Favonius is a peer.*

" Friendship's the wine of life." I hold at least Folly the nuts and
apples of the feast. That flippant folly, with the jaunty mien. At
midnight balls in Florio's figure seen; Skilled in those little arts that
always please. With pertness fluttering on the wings of ease,

* This couplet borrowed from the original copy.

i«ai*Goog[c

THE pismen or Haranus. «

He wears a smile perpetual in his face. And talks perpetual nonsense
with a grace ; Of which his stars are his a blessing fit. Plays with a fop,
and stumbles upon wit,— Something by fops called wit, that
you may find^ No words describe, for no ideas bind; That, far from
sense, with whim's exotics grew. That much applauds itself, and
laughs at you.

Not Prisons then; he boasts an honest heart. An open soul, that hates
the name of art; With sense unpolished grating on his mind. He
holds perpetual quarrel with human kind. Storms at a fop, is angry at a
fool. And bears good-nature just within a rule. Where ^rant Prisons
scowls his reddening eye. Mirth wares his wing, and all the Cupids
fly: On him what joys of other names await. Blessed with a foe, and
proud to purchase hate. Is this to truth, to wisdom this allied i All
this is nature, or perhaps 'tis pride.

We seldom simply judge of good or ill By genuine laws, or
unperverted will; The means of bliss with you, with me, or him. Are
fixed by narrow codes of partial whim.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

U THE PURSUITS OF HAPPINESS.

But in one passion (sings the bard of nighty* Nor sings he false) all human hearts unite; If from their folds their motives you unbind. Instinctive vanity rules all mankind.

A^d rules it love, my Florio } ask your Chloe, Your last year's channer, she perhaps may show ye; Her Florio once, her Florio to the heart Pierced, and transpierced, by Cupid's golden dart, With many a stolen sonnet to her praise, " And many a vindow scratched with i

But now your Chloe is so changed a creature. These sonnets are the falsest things in nature. By what sad chance are all her beauties lost? She's quite as handsome—but no more a toast; Some newer beauty caught the public eye, And Florio took the faint—to gaze and die.

Alas! so tame our modern love is grown. That dying lovers die in rhyme alone; Harmless its fires, like playhouse lightnings, glarey And each impassioned votary's but a player.

When from the yoke of Afric's tawny son His half-unpeopled land the Spaniard won,

- YoilDf.

i«ai*Goog[c

When midst the Idnely cadtle't eeboing hallj The GiantrCuisses decked the ragged wall, Aod dark Enchantmentj Superstition's child; In midnight mazes walked the howling wild, Komance, wiUi all her fancy-fashioned creed. Saw heroes pine, and desperate lovers bleed. Through circling yearn, the virgin flame confessed, Aud hlazing fiercest when by Fate repressed; The poisoned chalice, and the dagger bare. She taught the tender-bosomed nymph to dare. With magic hand untwined the threads she wovej And poured on virtue all the bliss of love.

But when, her canvas opening to the wind. Had Traffic wafted wealth
from eiUter Ind, Attendant Luxury she wafted too, KeCnment
flourished, and Politeness grew; Then Love was listed in her mimic
train. And Fashion's lip bis ardours taught to feign] Debauched hy
art, he lost his genuine power> And idly frolicked midat the vacant
hour.

*' Tis woman's fault," the surly Priscns says, Degenerate woman in
these waning days; True to no worth; in female bosoms reign,
DesjHte of love, the fickle and the vain j

VOL. Till. r

i«ai*Goog[c

M THE PURSUITS OP HAPPINESS.

Still idly Boaring, with untaught d««re. Squire yields to lord, and
merit to a iquirc."

Tis thtir ambition; lordi ve noUe gane. And mighty minds at mighty
qnarries aim: Thongb tyrant man would ftia monopolize The tbiret of
gloiy aad of great emprize. Yet famala brMits the gensroai ardour
ovn. Their iceptre beas^j and our hearts their throne.

Hei soul unbroken, and imqnenched iti fiame. See yonder reteran in
the lista of fune; See, at the closing of some public ifaoir Canidia,
jostling in its hiadmoH row: (Ti3 but Uie decent mdeoew of her
atate. For simple ladles oome an hour too late,) Canidia, still in
beauty's mcond prime. At sixty beads not to the hand of Time; Time
can but draw bis wrinkles o'er her brow, Tim« cah but spread bes
glossy locks with snow. These are no parts of her—that head-dress
see. Triumphs in youtbfnl Immortality I Eternal bloom—is in the
power of paint. And yet Canjdia's more than half a saint j Constant at
church, for sometimes beaox arcl^ere. And thus, one fasting mom,
she closed a prayer:-^ " And as for death, since die the yoimgeet
mns^ And this fair frame be mouldered in the dust.

„C,,,sle

TBS rvsMvm or BAPPiHtta m

Be all thew erron oF my youth forg;ireii.

And lei me ireat this Demturk-fiy* in heanal"

Bat TBpid bov, like fruit preserved bj art, Canidia's youth ia barmleu to my heart; But seek its power, its native empire seek. Where the blood dftnces in FlavUla's cheeky QlowB in her lip, her panting bcaom warms. And swalls rsdundaitt in a thoUsaod charms. Her winged Noughts, Jram torpid Feasdn fiown^ Flit In a samiy region of their own : Wisdom fo^cto to chide, when Wisdom spies The dear impradence sparkli^ in her eyes; Her eyes, that in their beamy courses roll Iiuzuriaat fceUngs^ aod a waste of sool: Yet wotild be speak, not rtMon's mnsty saw> Would give thy pleaaaie, not tby condnct, lawj For pleaaure*! self, too headlong io the chace, TtefiHa «tifle> with a rade embrace; From life's gay bustle panting and diMi«ssed, And still more feverish in the li^ of retrt^ PursufM the bubble where it glanced before. The bontiRg bubble glaaces now no mi<^e; For know, Flavflta, though it sonod* bot ill, lluki «VeD in folly, seaia i» sometbing stiH.

* A («nic)dsr klnl of ktadilKB.

D.5i«ai*Goog[c

B4 THE PURSUITS OF HAPPINESS.

But In what class Lemira will yon scan. Too grave for woman, and too weak for man; Too dull for whim; too simple mnch for senBe, Her's is the region of indifERENCE. One civil questiouj and one sober sti]e. One decent curtesy, and one settled imile { Discreetly cold, she never soars above. These ail her friendship, these are all her lore) And as for hate, to woman or to man-^ Her lip just pressing on her folded fan! With pulse unqnicken'd, with unreddened cheeks. This cold no-blias is all the bliss she seeks.

Close by her side, her withered lord the while With toothless viaage tries ab awkward smile; So on some moral tombstone sculptors place A death's-head grinning in a cherub's face. Him Folly tempted in

some weaker hour, (For long had Love been foiled, and lost his
 povet^ To covet, in the crazy wane of life. Imputed faoaoor from a
 beauteous wife. With the faint No^ which love interprets Yin The
 nymph had doomed another bnitor's blisa. When this Antonio, like
 the god of old, Came, saw, and conquered, in a shower of gotdt
 I^emira's prudent phlegm had Ume to see. That six in joi|iture fairly
 doubles three.

i«ai*Goog[c

THE PITRStllTS OP HArPINESS. U

Some vcDial errors to the sex allow^ All these cue women:—Lucia,
 what art thou i Thee, gentlest, wisest, nature formed to move The
 wise to wonder, and the soft to love: With all the prodence coldett
 natures know^ The warmth that bids a seraph's bosom glow,
 Homihty to learn, with skill to ^ide, The blush of meekness, yet with
 virtue's pride; Mild with each grace, with reason's strength to soarj,
 Tby heart is woman's, but thy mind is more.

Yet ask the world, has Lucia ne'er a failing? And shall its railers burst
 for want of railing I Lucia, an angelt goddess, what you will,— Sighs
 for a title, and is woman still.

How start my feelings from desires like these! How swells my wonder
 that a sound shoukl please I With Uke surprise the world's gay sons
 would see Thin iancy charm, or musing sadness, me. How would
 they view me from their crowds reUre, To feast on thought beside my
 evening fire! By nature formed to dwell on fancy's themes, With
 sacred faith | hear her wildest dreams; On all her clouds impress a
 livelier glow. And flush the paintbg of her gaudiest bow. Or
 sometimes, stung by virtue's broken rules. Hie pomp of villiuns, and
 the pride of fools,

■|,ri':i:.Cc)(>t^lc

ss IBS tfvuaim or BAPmoaa.

Grown sick of life, a wiBtiul diought I otat

Where thought h*d tcwce begun to guide the put;

Where truth sat broodiag, Uke a white^fJaoied Aove,

O'er iofant fneodibtp, and o'cv infant k)TC;

The fairy btit hj unple state* taU,

And memoiy nuiwig is the itmga o£ old.

One hallowed tatchej atilt rec^a tW boj. The baUow«d satche) dmire
a tear of jojl Oh, g<Jden days! that ae'ef retmna again. When life's
full oamnt ma witho«t a stua; Warm from the heart eadi points with
w«t led^ Without the ccid conclnsioiu of the head. Some littte cares,
that fluttered at they nae. Just sunk again to sweeten oev repose; No
tangled knowledge did iht soul ^sdure, And this waa wisdom, for the
saai was pxae.

Not yet, for all ^ powen of boastfiil ait. Each deeper scteae, each
sublimier part. Did {aide allow «w> would I barter this. The meek-
eyed virtae, with hec peacc&l Utss.

Cease then to chaoe the meteor aa it files, Be humbly happy, and be
humbly wise. To know what nature meaut, what heaven idlowcd^
Too great for vice, too little to be proud. With mirth to chear, with
temper ae'et forgot. This may be ours—'twas Iitatiiliis'a lot

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

THE PURSUITS OF HAPPINBBS. n

BoTD in Aat middle state, which gives to knov What greatneBB ia,
what greatness can't bestow; With moderate wishes, but no cares
that rex; With knowledge jnst to goide, bnt not perplex; Tfa«t ne'er at
truth's plain dictates took offence; That ne'er in snbtilty was knt to
sense; With taste, that knew the pleasing path to strike. Without the
mce dkcemineit of dislike; Warm froei his heart though rirtn^s zeal
arose. Compassion checked the flame, and spared her foei. With
pions awe her jealous sense suppressed. And took the worst of

seemings at the best; Xvea for Uie worst a brother's yearnings kept.
And where his faith condemned, his nature wept.

Free from her proudest good, her direst hBtm, He fled ttom fortune
to an boraUe farm; There sbuened the crowd his virtne ne'er
approved j There saw the better few his virtue kived.

Oh, let Hte oft the blissful scene recal, (While pfond ttmbition's
{^inny vimods iall,) His bam when autumn's yellow booo^ stored.
The modem pabwch o'er his festive hoard! His festive beturd, wUcb
modest nature graced. Nor tortured appetite, md called it Taste;
Where towered no plale, no saocy lacqueys frowoedi But rosy
children satlike cherubs round: .

i«ai*Go<>J^le

There, on the welcome guest, the wife, the child. The ffiend, the
husbsad, and the fsther, stniled ; There, mildly jocund o'er the
temperate bowl, Free rose the mirth that poured his spotless sonl;
And warm good nature roved where pleasure li^ Betwixt the gaily
mad, and dully wise.

Such was his life; a life his death confessed. That gave the saint to
live, the man to rest. Heaven took him at an age, that just bereft If is
keener passions, bat his reason left; That just could feel the present
as it passed. Look o'er hif fonner days, nor fear his last.

Oh, spare his grave, ye proud!—the mooldeiins clod No marble
covers, but a simple god; Near where its withering ajms the ancient
yew X>eans to the east, and drops the hoary dew: There on the
award I saw them rest his bier; (By faith forbidden, starts one human
tear,) Some sons of virtue, now themselves forgo^ Walked, with a
pausing step, the silent spot; On heaven their eyes they cast, their
hopes relied^ Father, thy aill be done! —they said, and sighed.^

Ob, that my verse a memory could give " ^p live for ages, that so ppre
could live |

,.i:,Cc)Ot^le

THE PURSUITS OF HAPPINESS. E

Proud to attempd on virtue's train alongj Mark his untainted life,—and
mend my own. Then should no sigh my wounded bosom tear For
aught Uiat fortune's glittering sons may wear; But reason teach me,
that we idly roam For bUss abroad, which she can find at home—
Placed where no spark of genius dares to riae^ Where dulness scarce
unfolds her leaden eyes. With all th* inextricable maze around. Of
Gothic jargon, and unmeaning sound. Virtue may teach to feel but
half ^e chun. And strew her roses o'er the barren plain. Blessed, if no
crime its shameful wages bring, Nor wealth be wafled on dishonour's
wiog; Gay where I can, nor always loving mirrh. Not Fancy's quite,
nor quite a son of Earth; May I, what wisdom can, what weakness
should, Hannless at least, attempt a little good; And, calmly aotii^
where the pageants end. Smile at the great, and venerate my friend.

cCoot^lc

t » 3 EPILOGUE

TO

THE TRAGEDY OF TAMERLANE.

ACTED BY CHILDREN, 1772>

It maynot be unannwing ftx the principal acUm i« this Tragedy
(brought out as an exercise for declama-Uon to the young pupils of
Mrs Baker, a celebrated actress and teactier of reading in Edinburgh,
at a little occasiooal thetitn ffl the hoese <^ the tben Lord Pretident
Dandaa,) to venritect the objects of their ambiUoo then, compared
v/'iA their tkuatLoas aow. The part of Ta~ vi^lane was played by
Master Kobert Duodas, now Lord Chief Baron of Scotland; that
otBi^azet, by Master Thomas (now General] Maitland; and that of
JHb-neiea, by Lord Maitland, now the Earl of Lauderdale: Sdimas,
the speaker of this Epilogue, was Miss Danda^ then not entered in
her teeua, now Mri Hamilton.

,.i:,Cc)Ot^le

fiPILOOnS TO TAHXKULiB.

Spokm ty Saiauu

And bo, it teeinf, I'm to foi^t my ciying. My grids, my traospcuta, «od my fears of dyiog, (I'm told '^ b11 yoar grows-np players' way,) To laugh with yoa, and talk about die play.

But I can tell yon, there mre fidks befaiod. Shaking their beads, and speaking oat theti mind. They say," At best 'tis but aa idle thing To make a boy palaver like « king; And as for misses, in our wiser days. They noiked tb^r samplers, and oe^er heaid of pUy»."

And yet, ihiakft I, my grave f>ne8,1 can see. That older folks act plays as well as we. ' I have a little fiiead, who writM me down. What yoor fine Ittdiea act in Londm town; Such plays!—I'U teU you, if I don't forget. For I'm not perfect in their titles yet.

First, there's a club of beaux, whose conversation Helps them to act a pta y they e^ Flirtation; They have a strange long uickoame—Let me see— Poh!—it begins with Mac, and tmia with ee.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

And next the ladies, freer than with you. They have their nightly club and tavern too; They can't the Coterie, it la^ all seasoDs, They play with bhcidng-baUi, and treatwith ramat.*

TbeQ there's a place, she says, that beats tbem all^ Tis neither concert, opera, play, nor ball; But there are gods, and goddesses, and graces, Tis—I forget their queer hard names for places— (She wrote the very night it was to be on,) A vast large—Pan—I think they call't—Fanlheon.

Besides all these, there's many a new invention, Naugh^, she says, and which she dares not mention : X fear me, when some great folks act for life. They seldom play Moneses' loving wife; Were they to speak their mind, they'd ciy, " 'twould

please ns To live with Bajazet, and hang Moneses."

But while the number even of harmless plays. Remains for grown-up misses now-a-days.

■ ThCM werethetokcBiorapprobatioDar duKntuedBt the bkloto of tbii female clab, Imtlt nud about the lime tbi* EpU logne wai writtcD, bnt, to the CTcdit of tbe faBhlomble world,

i«ai*Goog[c

EPILOGUE TO TAMERLANBi V.

Grudge not to ns the poefa melting Btrain, Where Tamerlane and virtue hold their reign: Well grow, in time, to follow fashions too, And act the scenes you bigger ladiea do.

i«ai*Goog[c

EPILOGUE

LOGAN'S TRAGEDY OF RUNNYMEDE.

This Epilogue was never uaed; the Koyalty Theatre, at which Runnymede was intended to be brought out, baving been interdicted by authority.

The allusioni were made to the political cant of the time, and the phrases are those of the English law, quoted in vindication of the rights of freemen; but the trifie is not worth a glossary.

TBBOtJOH five long acts, our poet brings to view What men of yore for freedom's sake would do; Allow me, then, a few plain tines to tell. In female bieasta what free-boiQ spirits dwell.

D.5i«ai*Go<>J^le

BPILOGDE TO RDNKTHSDE. U

S&;, bnsbaads, od this tniJ; Britisb theme* I« there b baron but ma; find a feme f

Id distant proviacea, aod conatry wats. Though some plain rural
 no^oi/cs one meetly "Who bear a tyrant Nitnrod's MTereign avaj, '\
 And drudge in household cares their livei away, > Conten tj like
 those of France, tomurmur and obey, J Yet these are few; there's not
 a British land. Whose dames dispute not this unjust command. There
 with this high prerogative at strife, For her dear freedom fights the
 feudal wife; For her dear freedom many a battle tries Of sturdy
 sullens, melting tears, and sighs; Miuntains the war in all its various
 forms. Saps by soft fits, or in hysterics storms; Till, worn with loud
 alarms, and bard-fought fields, The vanquished monarch to her
 prowess yields. And with a half-forced smile, or baffled frown. Allows
 her habeat corput up to town.

Here, for this freedom thrives in London air. She finds her
 Runnymede in Grosvenor-square; Her magna charta —cardd for fifty
 nights, And a long milliner's bill—her bill of rights; The trial by peers
 would gladly undergo, And no attatkme'it bears—but to a beau.

i«ai*Goog[c

W £PILOGUE TO RUNNTHEDE.

IFj after all, even in this liberal air, Prudery may name a few more
 passive fair^ Proud of a wife's, or of a mother's part, A child's
 affection, or a husband's heart, Whate'er their rank, the fashion wont
 go down;-We'll all resist this i^uence of the cnma.

i«ai*Goog[c

t w J

EPILOGUE

MTJONALD^ TRAGEDY OF VIMONDA.

Mbthinss our heroine wns woodroiu weak To let her match a goblin's
 story break; Now, thank our stars! that childish creed is lost. That
 gare such mighty ia6aeiice to a gbott; Nor ever, as in those old-
 fashioned times, " Pertarhed spirits* speak of secret crimes; Except
 when raised by some shrewd swindling braiuj They tbnmp, and

scratch, and vanish in Cock-lane. Ont lovers' spoosals meet with no
delays From phantom visitations qow-a-daya. More solid ban their
tender wishes cross. Deeds to indite, and parchments to ingross;
Settling of jointures, pin-money debates. Weighing of rents, and
wedding of estates:

VOIh Till. •

EPILOGUE TO VIHONDA.

Pale stewards nse, with fate of maoors big.

And lawyers walk^ and shake—a three-tailed wig.

Or sometimes, such frail things are human Ues,

Perturbed spirits qfier wedlock rise;

Spirits of anger, sullenness, and strife.

That blight the genuine sweets of married life;

Passions^ that every esorcism brave.

And cold indifference from affection's grave!

Or should the wife have some familiar sprite*

(Such things there are,) that haunts the house by

night. He, like our bard, if rightly understood. May prove no ghost
perhaps,rbut—flesh and blood. But here, within our mimic
kingdom's bonnde. Still antique ghosts-may walk'tlwir nightly
rounds; May tmncbeoDedHamlets-atatt:, or Banquo's shade Drive
Scotlaad's.tyiant from'his «eat dismayed; Our spirit8.ri8e
ateTeity.opening door. And "'troops of shades" costs bat somC'chalk
the

more. Could but onr magic spells contrive to bind Spirits before the
curtain, as beiiind. Poets no more-ebould'dread the fatal sound Of

harsh and angry^blins rising round. Of those who howl above, or
hiss beneath thej

ground.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

BPILoaUB TO TIHONDA. W

But milder powers should breathe their 'mQaeact

here. And join the Moses* smile, the Muses' tear. If such kind spirits
hither make resort. Weak as we are, we'll not be fnghtened for't; Let
them walk heie, we'll use no charm to cure it. And though owAotoe
be haunted—^we'll endure it

i«ai*Go<>J^lc

INSCRIPTION

FOR A HUT, IN A BEAUTIFUL SITUATION IN THE HIGHLAND&

I had foi^otteD the two following Iiucnptioni, (written for a plac«
which long sJQce changed iu poe8essor,aad baa lost more than half
its beauty,} till they were recalled to my memory by a letter froui a
gentleman in tba Isle of Wight, mentioaing that they were found on
tfae shore of that island, after the shipwreck of a Te»el, of which he
did not mention (or if he did I have fergoU ten) the name, m
circumstances which shewed them to have belonged to one of the
uufortunate passengen. Annexed to the parcel was a note,
mentioning them to be the productions of the author of the " Man of
Feeling." The incident waa ungular, though the subject was trifling. I
endeavoured, but without success to trace by what means it
occurred.

Thou who hast traced the windings of the dell. If haply here thy
wildered steps are led.

i«ai*Goog[c

Read what the Genius of the rural scene. As once upon my raptured
ear he poured The wildest warblings of his oaten reed. Spoke when
he closed the song.

" Not these alone. The woodland bower, or bank with violets dressed
; Not the first smile of meek-eyed mom, that wakes The carol of the
groves; the water's fall, Its murmurs wafting on the gentle gale, Hither
breathes on evening's bosom ; not the gleam Of setting sun, that
gladdens the tufted shade, Nor all the mingled forms of beauty else, Hither
nature's lavish hand hath spread around: Not these alone delight,
save when the soul Congenial meets them, artless, pensive, pure;
Who, following nature in her peaceful walks, Unenvied hears the din
of life arise. Toils of the great, and follies of the gay; And, wrapped in
calm contentment's russet robe, Partake the pageant bliss of half
mankind."

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

INSCRIPTION

FOR A WALK AT THE SAME PLACE, At THE EX-TANCE TO THE
GEOUNDS.

Toss'd with awe the paths around! Tread with awe, 'tis hallowed
ground I For here, in this sequestered dell. Was ye who the guests
that dwell?

Simplicity, whose brows adorn The daisies washed by dewy morn |
And Pity, with a lambkin pressed A dying lambkin, to her breast

And here, beside the babbling stream, Young Fancy winds her
tangled dream. Or on the steep, with eager eye. Gazes wild a waste of
sky.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

INSCRIPTION, &c.

Nor yet forbid they gentle Lore To lose him in the trackless grove;
For oft, I ween, in Virtue's true, Thee, gentle Love they hear

complain.

And sore, with every sister-grace.

That white-iobed vestal haunts the place {

If led by her his steps appear.

The stranger's steps are welcome here.

i«ai*Goog[c

EPITAPH

WILLIAM GORDON, ESQ. OF NEWHALL, IN ROaS-SHIRE. *

"So boastful peacil bids this stone attest

What science crowned bim, or what genius blest;

Yet may it witness, with a purer pride,

How many virtues sunk when Goedon died.

Clear truth, and native nobleness of mind.

Open as day^ that beamed on all mankind;

Warm to shlige, too geuHe to offend.

That never made a foe, nor lost a friend.

Nor yet from fortune's height, or learaing'a shade.

It boasts the tribute to his memory paid;

* Ui GoTdoo WM ODC «f ny Mrilcft ud desrett fricDdt. For a tketch
ofbia charuter,tee theMuBOB,Ho. 90. written by tbe UU Iiord
Abercroniby.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

Bat that aronnd, in gntefnl sorrow iteeped.

The humble tenants of the cottage wept.

Hiose simple hearts that shrink ^m gnodeur's blaze,

Those artless tongues that know not how to pniWi

feel and record the worth that hallows here

A iiiend'a Eemembrance, and a siatei's tear.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

VERSES

ATTBB BECOTBB1NO FBOH THE FIBST ANODISB OF A SETXBB
FAHILT-AFFLICTION.

Ob, sweQ anew tbat solemn strain!

Oh, breathe again that dying sound I That sadly soothes affliction's
pain;

That stilla the throb in sorrow's wound.

Yet would I not forget my woe;

The sad remembrance let me keep; Those sounds that bid my
sorrows flow.

Those soniids can bid their anguish sleep.

ri':i:.Cc)(>t^lc

Thoogh d«ep the sigh, the agfa was dear^ To joys loDg lost reflection
gave;

And sweet to me the conscious tear That drops opon aflectioa's grave
I

And there shall sorrow sit apart.

And watch the turf that wraps their mold; And press their memory to
my heart.

Till that poor drooping heart be cold.

i«ai*Go<)glc

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

DRAMATIC PIECES.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

PRINCE OF TUNIS,

A TRAGEDY.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL OF EDINBDKGB,
1173.

i;,Cc)ot^le

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MRS YATES,

IHE CHAOACTER OF THE GENIUS OF SCOTLAND.

Jnida a mSd romauc icate, the Oemus adeanect to the mmd of
loimm muac

Whsbs yCHider distutt hills majestic Hk, And bare their luowy
bownu to the ddei. In sacred solitude I love to dwell. While the big

torrent fbsms arotuid my cell t GeDioi of Scotland! there aloft I
stand. And view the growlDg glories of the land.

*r?raB there ttw Son af Fingal towered alon^ And, 'midst his
moantain«, roll«d the flood of song; Twas there the heroes of that
soag arose. And Roman eagles foond anvanqoiBbed Ibes; The rugged
clifl; the barren desert, smiled. For I, and bouse-robed Freedom}
walked the wikL

Bat now, beneath a milder planet's leign. No steely pbdanz desolates
the plain;

VOL. Till. H

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

The gentler arta, that polish human Idnd, I Vead the soft lawn, and
leave it blessed behind; . Commerce and peace unlock their stores
uoiuKlf And choral muses sing on dasuc ground.

Late as I merlced, with fimd maternal eyes. On ereiy side my leurdled
sons adM; Deeds, else forgot, that graced the distant age, I saw
immortal in the Scottish page; In Scotland tnmmed, the lamp of
wisdom blaz^ And heard her song that sounds to iiture days; Twas
mine the meed of honoui to bestow. And weave the wreath that
crowns the deathlesa brow.

An humble poet, scarcely known to fame. Stepped doubtful forth,
one little sprig to claim. " From eariiest youth," he said, " be wished
to find Where first the passions nature's robe unbind; For nature's
sqns with artless pencil drew. And walked on tragic ground with ber
in view: If on his native stage his scenes may live. He asks no praise
but what the heut can give."^

Such were bis words; but yours the power to raile The buds of genius
with the dew of praise. With you his cause I leave; his Btory hear;
And, if applause it merits^—shed a tear.

i«ai*Goog[c

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA,
AS BEPBE8BNTBD AT EDIMBDKOH,
IN 177S.

Babbakossa, Mr Inchbitld.

Uauax, J rMr Woods.

! Hbli, > Officen mdtr BorhvnMi. <Mr IMgges.

[SuLADDHi,) CMr Webb.

Zatha, Mr Fleetwood.

ZvuMA, Mrs Yates.

Zbtda, Mist Glauington.

Siaaet, SMiert, tfe.

SCENE—7^ Royal Palace <^ Tuni*.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

i«a'i*Goog[c

E «" 3

PRINCE OF TUNIS.

ACT I.

Zdlima ahnt, Tu done I and Barbarosss is my lord t Ah! my Arassid!
is it lawAil nour For wretched ZuHma to think on flee i Yes: by the
weakness of my sonl betrayed. Though now another claim the
withered love lliat died with him, yet while reflection lires Within
this tortured mind, on the sad thenft Shall sleepless Memory her

musings bend> And, like a miser, at the midnight-honrj Steal from
the world, and count my hoarded woes!

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

Nor yet shall Barbarossa blame my teaig> Shed for the friend his
valoor has revenged.

Enter Zbtda. My Zeyda, thou art Welcome; but for thee This world
were like a desart to my sight, Howling and wild, without one
friendly hand To gnide my steps, or point my thoughts to peace.

Zey. Are these the looks, my Zulima, that brides Wear on their
wedding days i Thy Zeyda's aid. Weak as it was, though from an
honest heart. Is needless now. A conquering soldier's arm. The
valiant Barbarossa's, guards my friend. And mocks the threatening of
her sorrows past.

Zul. Her sorrows past \ —when will her sorrows end f Oh! never,
never, till this swelUng heart Shall beat no more! Zeyda, the
flattering hopes That other wretches, desolate like her. Turn their
faint eyes on with a gleam of comfort. To Zulima are lost; relentless
Fate , Has fixed her doom of wretchedness beyond The wiMest wish
of Fortune to recaL

Zey. Banish those dread reflections &om your mincL Though Zejda
be a partner in yonr woe. Too near a partner; though a sister's teara

i«ai*Goog[c

Mingle with tbiae apou Arsaud's bier; Yet would her friendship hide
them as tbej 6ow, Revolviag years may win our soiTOWS from us.
And dull foi^etfiilne«s, with silent pace. Creep on our souls, and Inll
Uiem into patiencet

Zul. It shall not, Zeyda. Oh! this heart vere vile, If e'er the idle
pi^eaotry of life Could check its virtuous sorrow. I and Sorraw Were
long ere this familiar. When a child. Before my sense could reason on
my tears. My nature abed them. Tbou hast often heard The piteous

tale : when first I lisped out words, Twas but to talk imperfectly of sorrow.

Zof. I cannot grieve for what thy childhood suffered. The Btonn that wrecked thee on our coast has given A friend to Zeyda, and a queen to Tunis.

Zai. A queen to Tunis! How my tboDghts are up. And tranble at themselves! Alas! my Zeyda, There was & time vhea thk fond heart was proud To think of sharing empire with Arassid. At his good father's death, he flew to find me, (It gave a sceptie; yet an honest teai-Stole from his ^e,) " 'Tis now my time," he said, " To place my Znlinla where worth like her's

i«ai*Goog[c

Should bless my kingdom." Bst a litde while I gave to decent grief^ for him whose kindness Made me his child, without the Ue of natare.

&y. Bat, in that interval, far other days Your destinies had measured. Dark^eyed Treaaod, That long in some ambitions chiefs had watched Occau<Hi for its mischief, now arose To open violence.

ZuL Twos at the hour Of silent midnight, pondering on the maze Where Fate had led me, sadden, in my sight, Disguised beneath the habit of a mote, Arassid stood. " Fear not, my love," he said; " Beau^ and innocence, like thine, the Prophet And his beat angels guard. To them, alas! I leave thee now: Rebellion's'on the spur. And hunts me in this form." Aghast I stood. In dumb amazement; with a manly calmness. Stifling his grief,— " Be comforted," he aaid, " The Sultan was my father's stedfast Jiiend; Generous and brave, as fame aloud reports him. He will support hb son. To him I fly." Then, gazing on me, breathed a faint farewell. That was bis last farewell! Then what am I i A wi^tcb, whom Heaven bath punished with a heart

i«ai*Goog[c

In snffeiagB feeble, yet too Btnmg to break I Why waa my iDfancy for this preserved From the iwoln billows of the raging flood! I

should have, died, whea od my gaillees soul Death, like a> sleep, had
&Uen, and given it bliss.

Za/. For deeds of mercy by the aim of Heaven Thy life was rescued.
Flnshed with haughty conquest, When Barbarossa led his savage
bands. O'er the vride waste of streets, that smoked in rain. To
plunder and to cainage, thon couldst stop Destrnction's course; by
thee the thunder lost Its fiercest fire, and spared devoted Tunis,

2ti/. Oh! call not to roy mind that day of horror. Though many a
parent mourned their children slain. Though many a widow wailed
their fallen lords. For me remained more complicated anguish. When
it was rumoured, that the prince was come With Barbarossa, and the
sultan's aid. To drive usurping Treason from his throne. Trembling I
sat to watch the dread event. And breathed unutterable prayers to
Heaven To i^eld his precious life. Around me rose ' The horrid din of
arms, the shouts of battle. Still, as the noise grew louder, did my
heart Beat to the alanim of their clanging trumpets.

i«ai*Goog[c

And, with ihe mingleti fiusb of bope and fear.

My eager eyea stared wildly for Arasud.

Streaked with the purple lines of deathfil war.

At length a soldier entered my apartment.

The oatiTe fierceness of hia look was tempered

With softness ill assumed. He bowed before me.

Bade me forget my fears, and rest secure

In Barbarossa's friendship. Fiunt and breatfalesB,

With terror faltering on my lips, I asked

For my Arasaid< The barbarian turned,

And wept, or seemed to weep.—" The prince," he

said, " lives with the blessed! But Barbarossa's friendship Stretches to all his friends." I heard no more. Would that my Zeyda's caie had th«i forgot me. Nor to a wretch, like me, recalled the life That teems with corses i Nay, I pray thee, weep Dot; I cannot weep!

Z^. My brother!

Zid. Speak, my Zeyda, Speak all hia praise ; it ia the little comfort Tliat yet is left me: though it pierce my heart. Yet will I press the fond remembrance tliere. Till, in some favoured hour, it burst with thiokiag Of what I was.

iKsiiiGoogIc

Z^. Oh! urge it not so &r; live for hb friends, and for the friendi of Timii. Begirt with soldiers foreign to its tate. The valiant Barbaïossaj warm and open. Ma; bear ftome ooiuiBels hortfiil to its peace. Bat thon shalt smooth the nigged hand of power. And teach thy lord the softer sway of mercy.

Zul, Alas! my Zeyda, how that title sounds With Barharossa's name! And must I smile With poor hypocrisy ? chase from my heart The dear remembrance of an honest love, And, fashioning my features into gladness. Crawl on the earth, and prostitute my looks For splendid misery, and titled meanness t My yirtae will not let me, nor my pride; A woman's pride, that fortune cannot vanqnisfa.

Zof, There spoke the Znlma Arasaid loved ! Is tbera no blush upon his sister's cheek. The dangbter of a king i But 111 forget it; Humili^ is a dependant's virtue. And Barbarossa is the lord of Tunis.

Zid. Forgive me, Zeyda; though at times I talk thus. Yet am I weftk and fearful.—Do not hate me!— ■ Wibiesa ihe vows, that, fresh upon my liiw.

i«ai*Goog[c

Have made me Barbarossa's! Ut not ao ? Oh! say I am not, and I'll
bless thy tongue That ^ves me freedom.

Zof. Do not think I blame thee. . I know thy virtues. Tis our sex's
weakness. Perhaps its praise, to want the stem resolve. That arms
unyielding natures: who of women. Forlorn as thou wert, and beset
with perils, Had, in despite of prudence, fiercely scorned The shelter
which she offered i

ZtU. Ah! my Zeyda^ It was not prudence, it was something meaner
My gratitude I owed him for myself; Then^ as Arassid's friend,
mingling his tears In one sad stream with mine, he claimed
my favours. But did not talk of love; till, at the last, He wooed me in
compassion's gentle tone. To chase despair and anguish from his
breast. Worn, as I was, and stupified with sorrow. My soul had lost
the strength, that should have

guarded Her firm relentless faith; and Barbarossa, With ceaseless
importunities, prevailed To give a loveless shadow to his aims. But see,
he comes. Oh' do not leave me long.

i;,Goojj;[c

For thou shouldst hear my grief.

[EnVZBTAA, Why do I tremble i

Metbinks it is pollution to approach him; And somehihiig, with the
chilly hand of Fate's Knocks at my heart, and thrills the blood within
me.

Etaer Babbadossa.

Bar. My Zulima! my bride! "nialname demands A wanner Ipok. Why
turns thy moistened eye From Baibarossa ? he's a suitor still. The
sterner customs of an eastern husband His love foregoes; but Zulima
requites him With unrelenting coldness.

Zui. No ; she feels "Die gratitude that Barbarossa's love. And
Barbarossa's friendship, well demand. She can no more; perhaps her

nature wants The warmth, that glows in more exalted minds.

Bar. For me alone she wants it What conditioa Of love assiduous, of
unwearied service. Can win her smile for me }

Zul. Alas! her cheek. Id sorrow steeped, has lost the power to smile.
Ah! too uDworthy of assiduous Ibve,

i«ai*Goog[c

And mncb too humble for unwearied service. She ooly asks the
privilege of monming.

Bar. Inhuman to herself I Caa ceaseless tean Re-animate the dust of
fallen virtue i Can the loud wuliogs of afflictioD break The fettered
sleep of death ?

2ii/. I know they cannot; But reason may not measure what we
should be. When thns we are. There is some hidden powCT More
forcible than are a thousand reasons. That will not be outpleaded.

Bar. Such power there is. That weans us from our woe. Unheeded
Time Creeps, like some thrifty pilferer, on our thoughtB, Till by
unvalued atoms he has stolen Accumulated sorrows. But for thee He
rolls bis suns in vain; thy cherished grief Mocks every common cure.

Zul Ah ! too uncommon My cause of grief. 'When firstyou found me
weeping O'er the fallen joys my hopes had fondly built. Beyond the
poor proportion of my merit Your favour graced me; but on me that
favour Was ill bestowed; Misfortune's cbiUy blast Had nipped the
budding wisbra of my heart.

i«ai*Goog[c

And withered eveiy passion. This I ni^;ed la answer to joar love, but
urged in Tun, Till in some hour of weakness you o'ercame me. And
triumphed in extorting from my lips The promise, not the will If this
was falsehood, I own it now; spuni this betrayer from yoa. Who
joined her band to thine, but never felt The hallowed sympathy of
meeting sools To make such union blessed.

Bar. I'll bear no more. This is the canker breath of Melancholy, That blights our peace, and tarns the dew of heaven To the rank moisture of a pestilence. Forbear to raise those spectres of the post. That shed such gloom around them; be the mistress Of me and Tunis: new-invented joys Shall court thee to possess them, and thy brow. Losing those dark ungracious lines of sadness, Beam with the light of beauty and of love.

Zul. Alas! you know me not. I am not wont To think so lightly. New-invented joys Will court in vain, when the affection's dead That should have heard them. I had treasured up The little comforts of my soul together In one unsullied bond of virtuous friendship.

i;,Goojj;[c

J« THE PRINCE OF TUKIS.

Let me not blush to own it,—virtuous lore! You cannot frown, my lord; on this confession; For yet you yourself were my Arassid's friend.

Bar. Arassid's friend! And was I not his friend { Zul. You said so then, when first your piety looked Upon the hapless mourner of Arassid. The prince's virtues claimed the noblest friendship; But the soft ties, that linked our souls together. Made friendship poor; for they were formed so early; That, like the first instinctive calls of nature. Our bosoms felt them. When a helpless infant. Thrown by a tempest on his father's coast. The remnant of a shipwreck, where my parents Had met the fate that spared their wretched daughter. With some poor relics of a better fortune. Which the rude storm had left me, the good king Received me like some gift from Heaven, and reared This orphan as his own. Arassid's age Was nearly mine. The innocent delight. That warms the breasts of cherubs to each other. Hated our tender minds, and when at play, Even in the very fashion of our sports. We could not brook another's fellowship. Our childish joys and cares we had in common; And each was like a twin-toned lute, that held

i«ai*Goog[c

A tone no longer than its kindred bosom Made music on that string.
Oh! I could talk> And weaiy ont the sun, on such a theme. Yod'II
pardon me; it moves ;oa.

JBflr. Twas a deed That cries damnation with the vi»ce of ihunder.
Arasaid is in heaven.

Zul. Yea; if virtue ^er claimed its mansionsj there Araasid is.

Bar. And where is Baibarossa ?

Zui. Barbarossa!

Bar, Was it his voice that caUcd me ?—Hush! 'tis gone.— Didst thou
not speak i

Zttl. I did. You much amaze me^ By starting to such question.

Bar. ZuHma!

Zul. What would my lord i Your lip is pale and trembling! Yon are
not well.

Bar. Not well! Soft yon a while.—■ A man! a soldier! fie on't.~Do not
wonder. My Zulima, at this. Once at the Porte, I swallowed poison of
a murderous slave. Whom, in some trifling instance, I had angered,

VOL. VIII.]

i«ai*Goog[c

And though the power of med'cine from my life Withheld its
mischief, yet the banefbl drag LeA this attaint upon my blood, which
now For years I had not feU> and hoped it gone. Tls but a moment's
qnalms; and it were notbiog> But for the note of others. I would talk,
Tis likely, strange, and wild, and charge perhaps My innocent soul
with crimes. You did obseive it f

Zul. I did not, truly.

Bar. It was better not. And thus are noble natures. But I have been.
Where those, who knew me not, would dmw conceits Of horrible
doings, from the wandering phrase Of my distempered fancy.

ZuL Think no more on't. But Hassan comes; I leave you to his care.
What the poor duty of a wretch, like me. Amidst her woes, can give,
my gratitude Commands for Barbarossa. [£rtt Zdliha.

Bar. Ha! my gratitude Commands for Barbarossa! Had she cursed
me, I could have borne't; this is a scorpion's sting. My gratitude!—A
smooth and deep-dyed villun.

Enter Hassan at the opponte tide of the Stage. Has. He's rapt in
something deeply.—Barbarossa!

i«ai*Goog[c

Bar. IVe heard iJiat blood will speak 1—^Arassid's blood! My
gratitude!—'tis hotter in my cheek Than bumiag hell!—^A false
perddioos villain! Ha! [teeing HassamJ thou didst iirge it too; yes«
traitor, thou! Give me Arassid. [Seizing hm,"]

Hat. By the holy prophet, I know not nhat thou meaneBt! I am no
traitor. Had I been false, Arassid might have lived The prince of
Tunis still. I would that all Around us were but half as true ^ I am To
Barbarossa's cause.

Bar. Forgive me, Hasaan. I was entangled in a dream of fancy. And
knew not what I did.

Hat. Dreams may be-well For those, whom peace hath licensed to
indulge Theit spleen at leisure. Conquests hardly won Need wakeful
eyes to keep them.

Bar. By this prologue. There's danger to be told of. What's the
matter?

Has, It is the quality oF boastful courage To scorn suspicion. I am
old:enough To like this squint-eyed niiatress much beyond The

tricked and flaunting honour. I have sounded.

i«ai*Go<)glc

By well-instructed spies^ the hearts of Tunis, And find tliat dangerous mischief is among them. Did but occasion rouse it.

Bar. Thus it will be. If our suspicion dwell on little tales. That zeal may fetch us. Warm unfainkiog minds. In the loose hour of revelry and riot. Will give their tongues the licence of the time. And talk sedition, though they never mean it.

Has. Ay; but these mormnrs have a deeper root. Arassid's death—

Bar. Name not Arassid's death! If thou hadst power to raise the blackest fiend, He could not drive the colour from my cheek Like that bare name.

Hat. Farewell. I came to talk With Barbarossa; I have found a dervise. Who wears his courage in a talisman. And trembles at a sound.

Bar. Hassan, beware; You'll find I have enough of valour left To punish insolence.'

Hat. By Heaven, it galls me. Beyond the patience of a man, to hear My honest counsels for thy safety treated

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

With SDch a coM regard. Say, shall I speak i'

Or shall Conspiracy unquestioned walk.

Till it has strength to beaid la at broad aooa I

Bar. Thy cauUoas mean me well. Speakj I will bear them.

Hat. Arassid's death, that hitherto had passed. On our report, by pestilence occasioned, Some traitor hath divulged. Last night was

held A secret meeting of his former friends; Kevange was hotly talked of; Zeyda's title, ^8 daughter to the king, asserted loudly j And oaths of mutual obligation sworn To fwth and secresy. ^

Bar. How learned you thisf

Hat. A Spanish renegado's was the place Hiey chanced to meet in. An old slave of his. Whom bribes had guned me, overheard in part Their conversatioo. Shall I trace this deeper? Or strike their treason, ere it rise to hurt us i

Bar. No; not so rashly. There's a ripeness wanting To give our measures colour. We might crush them; But from their blood would sprout a thousand foes. That gentler means may win. Assume the boldnera Of injured virtue; teach me to belie The gnawings of this bosom, tmd to lift

i«ai*Goog[c

Mine eye, with folding of the hands togetherj At the false rumoars of Arassid's murder. Double our guardsj but yet in such a seeming As may not shew mistrost; nnbend your looks, Aad hide the scrutiny of your eye heneath The irolic garb of care-deridmg smites.

Has. Why, this is Barbarossa; this the conduct That holds him lord of Tunis. Think it done.

Bar. Thy faith shall be rewarded. Fare thee well. [_Exit Hasbah. Oh! coyfarde guilt!—How iallen is Barbsrossa! Once famed for valour and unvanquished arms; Now, like some paltry villain, skulking basely. Beneath the covert of insidious looks, ■■ Hypocrisy, and falsehood! What to me The pride of empire, or the bliss of love? sun in my cup this spotted adder lies. Taints every draught, that Fortune can bestow, Unsceptres royalty, and blasts enjoyment! [Exit,

i«ai*Goog[c

THE PRINCE OF TUHIS.

ACT II.

Zdlima and Zbtd*. Ztd. Wbt bast thw called me, Zeyda, from my

woei I am in love with sorrows, I could ut The liTe-loDg day, and
luidiDate upon them. Metbioks tbo-e is a dignity io sorrow^ Lord of
its sighs, and ccMiqneror of .the world i What tidiDgs has my fiutbfiil
Zeyda leuaed, llat can be aught to me f they cannot change Ilie colour
of my fortune. Speak, my friend ; Thy look has wonder in't. Reveal it
boldly; It cannot fright me. I am lost alike To hope and fear.'

Zey. Did ever Barbaroiwa Tell thee the manner of my brotber'a death
i By pestilence was it not i

Zul. Ah! why that question i Yet 'tis au honest memory of tby brother.
And I would cherish it. It was, my Zeyda.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

Z^. Was he particular in his tale f

Zul. Alas! But too particular. Yet much I asked; And though it
seemed to hurt him, for his voice Grew fainter as he spoke, I pressed
the subject With eager repetition of my questions. O! had his Zulima
been there to watch him. When all his pale attendants stood aloof. To
read the wishes of his languid eye. And suck the poison from his
quivering lips! The kind infection might have reached my heart; One
commoa .grave had held us, and our souls. Upon some viewless
chariot of the sky, Together reached the blessed abodes of heaven.

Zet/. I know not what to think. Were it not strange To hear Arassid
lived f

Zvl. Arassid lived! Why beats my heart, as if'twere possible f What
dost thou mean f

Z»f. Tis but a little since, As in the windings of the palace-garden
Pensive I walked, I marked a Geor^an slave '^^atering the BaR-
harnt flowers. His look had some* thing

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

Of better days in't. Round, as I approached. He cast his eye, and saw his Fellows distant :~ " Lady," he said, " if rightly I have traced Resembling features to the prince I loved, Thou art Arassid's sister. I alone. Of all the attendants on his flight, remain. When to the Sultan's false pretended friendship, Uis cause he trusted. Know, my honoured lady, Thy brotlier lives, though far removed from Tunis; Within a prison's hateful wails he pines His days in wretchedness."— He would have ended Iliis tale of wonder, when he saw approach The watchfid Hassan. At the sight of him. Sudden he stopped, and whispered:—" Hassan

comes; ! have no time for more; good angeb guard theel Of all the followers of Barbarossa, Heli alone hath virtue to be troBted. Your noble brother knew him."—As he spoke. The haughty chief drew near, and sternly ordered The Georgian to be gone.

Zitl. Araasid living!— How my head swims!—Alive! imprisoned! bal Speak it again. He lives! thy brother lives!— Should this be true 1^— Where is the Georgian now f

i«ai*Go<>J^le

US THE PRINCE OF TUTILS.

Ze^. When the amazement of the words he uttered Had left me power to think, again I sought him; He was not to be found.

Zul. Not to be found I Some circumstances press upon my memoryj With dreadful comments on them. Yet the Sultan's Reported brave and generous.

Zey. I am lost In doubt and wonder! On the death of princes Suspicion ever dwelb, saA babbling rumour. My nature is not jealous; yet the slave Could hardly be deceived.

Zul. Zeyda, to you The thought is guiltless; but to me.' to me!— The wife of Barbarossa! 'tis distraction. *' Heli alone has virtue to be trusted." Knowest thou that Heli I

Zof. I have sometimes seen him. A melancholy man, with thoughtful
pace Measuring the palace-walks. When I had failed To find the
Georgian, I employed a slave To seek this Heli, and conduct him
hither,

Zul. Would he were come!

Zetf. It grates my soul to think So basely of mankind. The Sultan's
noble.

■i«ai*Goog[c

But I have beard, that ia the mindB of priacetj By custom sanctified,
and rales of state, iDhumau maxinu dwell, duclaimed by Tirtne.

Enter a Skice, who ^eah to Zbtda. Slave, X^dy, tbe chief you sought
attends youi

pleasure. Zty. Give him admittance. _Exit Slave.

Ztd. How my bogom throbs!

JSnter HsLi.

Za/. Heli, approach.—Look not so distant on us; We know thy worth,
and hold thee for our friend.

Ztd. Thou wert Arassid's friend; for that I thank thee. Behold tbe
mourners of Arassid's death Implore thy friendship now.

Heli. What I can give. The memory of Arassid may command. Excuse
my boldness; art not thou that fair one. With whom the gentle
prince's heart was twined, Even from his infant years ?

Ztd. Alas ! I am.

HeU. I've beard him talk of thee. His own af-jBictions,

i«ai*Goog[c

Smiling amidst the anguish of his heart.

He suffered bravely; but the nature of Zulima

Undid his patience. He would grasp my hand

In the ecstasy of grief, lift up his eyes

Wildly to heaven, and curse his wayward fate.

That sunk with him the lovely Zulima:

Then, when his gushing tears had calmed his passion.

Kneel down, and pray unnumbered blessings on thee.

Zul. Blessed be the tongue, that talks of my Arassid! Speak, gentle stranger; though it tear my heart, I'll thank thee for the tale.

Z[^]. You loved Arassid; You saw him die.

Hdi. I did not

Zul. Hal You did not;

Hdi. It moves you, lady; think no more of that: You are too tender for a theme so sad.

Zui. No; I would hear it all. I have been used To speak of horrors.

HeH. If Arassid lived,—

Zul. Ha! if he lived!—

Hcfi. Thy grief were torture to him. Try to forget it.

Zul. Thou didst say, he lived !

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

fiS. Would that he didj and these white locks were lud Low in tite
dast as he is!

Zui. la the dost! Arasud is no more, then?

Zof. Check thy transport. And let thy Zeyda question.—^Mark me,
Heli. Tlioagh long undoubted has the tale been held> l^at by
infecttmi, at the Sultan's court, Aiassid died, there are some rumours
now lliat speak a different story. I have heard. That yet he lives,
though Treascm's arm hath cnubed His hope of empire.

HeH. Treason!

Zty. Foulest treason t Treason in friendship's garb.

Hdi, Has this been told?

Zof. It has.

Hdi. Then he, who told it, has deceived you.

ZiU. A Georgian slave, here in the palace-^irden. Who drags out life
in chains, to Zeyda told it. He was Arassid's once.

He^'. To miads, like his. Nothing is so delightful as to wonder; And
hence they ever lend an easy faith

i«ai*Goog[c

To marvellous recitals. But these eyes Saw to the earth Arassid's cold
remains. And wept upon his grave. I Would not wake The memory of
your sorrows.

Zul. Stay and speak thein; Their sting is pleasant, thou canst feci
them too.

Z^. Surrouried by a rude nathinking baadj Whose ruthless trade is
battle, upon ihee We lean for friend^ip, Heli, and protection.

Heli. You see me here, a soldier leagued with soldiers,— And so I am;—but yet I boast a heart. The friend of justice and humanity.

Zul. Stranger, I thank thee. I am not accustomed To judge of men; and seeming fair, I'm told. Will bad men often look; but gentler far Is thy appearance than the fierce associates. Thy master loves. Thine eye has pity in't. And sheds some comfort on a wretch forlorn. Unused to feel it. May the righteous Allah For her requite thee!

Heli. Lady, on the deeds Of virtue and benevolence await Rewards unasked. I have myself been tried With keen adversity; the only bliss

i«ai*Goog[c

That Fortune yet hath left me,—conscious virtue. To-day, with more than wonted care, the guards Are marshalled round the city, Barbarossa Himself eDJoined attention to their leaders; *Fis said, from rumours of a Spanish force Embarked from Atiic. It is now my diarge To view their postx; and Hassan guards the palace. The next command is mine. Then, when the round Of Hassan comes, expect me to return, I may have tidings for your private ear, I'llat much import you ; but his jealous mind Would draw suspicions from our conference. The hour is come. Be counselled by your servant, Beware of Hassan; though a soldier's plainness Swell in his looks, yet, subtle and designing. He marks, unheeded, every smallest note. That shews the heart of unsuspecting natures.

Zitl. Wise was that counsel ; but to me 'twas needtess: My soul abhors him. Barbarous as he is. And trained to horrid war, I yet might bear him; But it was he, whose serpent tongue announced. Amidst his master's desolating conquest. The death of my Arassid. With that form. Dreadfully fierce, and smeared with clotted bloody

i«ai*Goog[c

Still in my dreams he rises to my view. And haunts me with the horrors of the past.

Heli. Look not, as if you marked him with BOS' picion; For Barbarossa—but they come,—farewell.

Zul. Nay; I would shun their presence. Stay and meet them. At the next watch, remember we expect thee.

[Exmnt ZuLiMA and Zbyoa.

Enter Babbakossa and Hassah.

Bar. Was't not the princessf

Hat. Hal and Zuhmaf

Bar. Helij your age is privileged; in another. That interview were ill.

Heli. By chance, my lord, I met the princessj and your beauteous bride.

Bar. Nay, seek not an excuse; you need it qoU I know your virtue, and am glad to find. That Zulima can leave her griefs awhile. To talk with man. In time, she may be won To think of life, of love, and Barbarossa.

Heli. Women are soEl by nature; and of womcsi^ The gentlest she. But now she talked of woe. And lefl me to indulge it.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

THE PRthCE OP tlfKll. lU

Bar. Tis a weakness; But love's unused to chide. My tidings, Heli, Suit not a wotnao's ear. In Dona's gallieSj The Spaniards are embarked.

Heli. Make they for Tanis f

Sar. Aj. Let them find us wakeful.

Has. Haugh^ Charles Thinks Europe narrow for his great ambition}
And now beneath another clime be comes> To scatter desolaUon.

Sar. Let him come. I trust, the followers of my former glory^ With
Tunis and the sultan for our friends. May beard those Christian dogs.
My brother's blood. Whose body, blackened in the burning sun^ The
desert eagles fed on, cries rerenge j And, like the lion from his tufted
den. Awakes the sleeping fury of my soul.

Hat. The Algerine, who, in a light shallop. With some companions
of his slavery, 'scaped, Saw the young monarch, on a fiery steed.
Marshal his shouting troops: beside him stood A reverend priest,
who, with a silver cross Their standards touching, called upon his
Prophet To bless the chosen warriors of the church.

i«ai*Goog[c

And pour destruction on its foes profane.

Bar. Citizens! O those lying priests! their prophetic words, They tell as,
scattered meekness, as they fell; Yet have those hooded slaves, for
ages past. Let loose the havoc of religious war On every human tribe,
whose honest minds Refuse assent to some unmeaning jargon. Some
creed they hallow with their sainted itzings. But talking is no duty of
a soldier. When we shall see those holy ensigns wave On Africa's
parching m, our swords shall try Their benediction's force. Be careful,
Heli; Tunis round is yours. Here, in the lap of ease. Our soldiers lie too
long. In peopled cities, Infectious pleasure blunts the edge of war.
Command your veterans nearer to the palace; Myself will view their
files. The word is, Fortune! Exult, Heli. Hass^, thy looks are dark. Is
Chaiies so mighty, That, by the very sounding of his name. Our eyes
should lose their lustre i I have seen time To hear of perilous deeds
on tip. How stand. And, with your cheeks on fire, bathe the air. With a
brave Imaging for the promised danger.

i«ai*Goog[c

Has. The Christians now at hand, to do it gloriously And the young leader^
in some first one's eyes Who pants to see his boldness break a spear;
But vie, whose beards become vain, know that Tiberius* Witbont its use
and purpose, is but sword. We fight with Spain, while treason, at our

back. Is nursed in safety; nay, its personons btDtid' lives in our ranks, and Borbeiona trusts them^ I fear me^ most nnwisely.

Bar, How is this i

Hat. That Heli, honest Heli; he whose cars Visits our posts, and burnishes our arms^ That ID the lap of peace have rusted vilely^—

Bar. Why, what of him f

Ha*. No mattCT; we are safe. l^e man is virtnoos; 'twere the worst of enV^^ Did Hassan bat suspect himi

Bar. Yonr saspicions Hay stretch too far. I have ta'en note of Heli i He onee had wrongs of me, and bore them mildly; And since I tried to blot them out by favonrj His faith has been approved.

Ha*. He has had wrongs. And home them mildly ! So do wise men e^, When most they mean revenge. The deepest hatred

i«ai*Goojj;[c

Whets, like some foresUboar, its fangs in sCcret; And^ wien it wouada, is mortal. I have marked

him: He is too much id love with melancholj. And sullen thought, soon to forget his nrrongs; Nay, his beat praise, bis virtue, is a foe To Bafbarossa's cause. His virtue told The chiefs of Tunis of Arassid's murder; His virtue, with the sceptre of her fathers. Would grace the hand of Zeyda. Precious virtue! That BarbaroESa thanks it for his ruin. Bar. Arassid's murder! Ha! Did Heli know itf Hat. He did. It is the curse of daring deeda To pause in acting them; but, balf'resolved. Ambition striving with that foolish weakness. That fiaby conscience, that unsinews valour. Yon wished to have this Heli on your side. To sanctify the deed: he saw your purpose. And would not undentand you: it was done By more determined souls. The honest Heli Was silent then, and wept upon his grave, Twas but to-day I tried htm with the mention ; Of young Arasud's death; I marked him closely; The workings of his soul denied him speech; \

His blood made fiery courses on his cheek8>

i«ai*Goog[c

Aad to the heavens he cast a furious toofa^ As if he Tould have borrowed lightning tiience To bloat me with his eye; then turned, and left me. To hide his passion. Bar. Whither wouldst thou lead me i Has. The chiefs of Tunis pay their conrt to.Heli, As if be were their king; to thee they bow> But with'indignant pride, scorning the fear That checks it as it swells. Bat Heli's honest: And did he s&y, you»prince, Arassid, fell By Barbarossa's meaoa, it were but truth; And did be whisper vengeance, it were virtue i I am not much a coward: I can die But once, like other men; but I wsuld fall Warm, like a soldier, in some field of glory. Not sleep, and have my throat cut. Tis unmanly. Bar. Where would\$t Uiou point my purpose i I am changed From wbat 1 have been. Once, these words of thine Had rcattered death where'er suspicion led;. But I am weaiy of that savage prudence. That quenches fear in blood. Fain would I try-The milder safety of indulgent power, That melts tbe hatred of its foes away With generous confidence.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

Has. It will not be. Ambition and rereage are native hen, Tbe passinu of the dime: in other lands They call them vices: Hassui knows them better; Success has made them Tirtues; uid the prince. Who'd rule by gentle means, should be immortal: No gentleness can grow in Afric's soiL

Bar. Yet Afric's soil has reared a Zulima.

Hai. She's but a woman.

Bar, Ay, and such a woman! Thou'st seen me fight (I am no boaster,) bravely; Tis but a tygei's praise. This woman, Hassan, Hath taught me nobler virtaes: there is something Of tender dignity in Zulima, That makes the pride and fierceness of a soldier BextA, like a child, before it: since I saw her, I have been taught to hate my former self. In loving her. This Heli is her friend; But now he left her. Should my

jealous fears Blot the first hours that call her mine, with blood. With
Heli's blood*

Hat. But now did Heli leave hetf Perhaps this Hell had some tale to
tell To make her love his master. ■Bar. Love his master!

i«ai*Go<>J^le

Wit, Women love bntve men ever; be vaa bnve, Wbo sent Arasaïd to
tiie land of peace. Yet courted Znlima.

Bar. Howl how! Anssid!— Coned be his tongue! he durst not tell ber
that

Hai. I know not that he did. We came, 'tis tnie. Somewhat abruptly
on them. Should she weep For her Araasid, Heli is too gentle To talk
on subjects that might grieve a lady. He may be trusted.

Bar. Tlion distract'st my soul 1 I am too young in virtaie to wrtbstand
thee i And yet I will. Tempt me no further, Hassan, Till thoo bast
proof to make my vengeance Just. Be watchful still; and, when
occasion calls. Well strike together, and the proudest treason Siall
shrink before us. We have fought too long In rotten causes: yet has
conquest smiled Upon our valour: in an honest cause, The sword of
Barbarossa shall command it lExeunt.

i«ai*Goog[c

THK PRINCE OF TUNIS.

. ACT III.

Sul. FKibNDof the troubled soul! whose lenient hand Smooths the
dishevelled locks of wild DespBirj And dries the never-ceasing tear of
Woe; Thou rest of sleepless misery, gentle Death 1 Why, in the midst
of gay-iilumined halls^ Where Mirth nnthinking leads her festive
train. Why dost thou pres\$ thy dark and hateful form To dash
untasted howls from Pleasure's lip; Yet oft invoked^ as with a level's
call. Who chides the lazy moments as they pass, Comest thou not,
pardal Power! to hearts, like mine. That woo thee to approach i

Eventful days Of sorrow have I seen; but now, piethiqks, I shudder at existence, as if life Had in its bosom deeper curses left Tbah all the past! My boding fancy sees The storm that gathers round, and yet the grave. The shelter of the wretched, is denied me>.

i«ai*Goog[c

THE PRINCE or TUNIS. tU

Enter Zetoa.

Zey. Tcx> faithfol to tby sorrow \ Thus I said Would Zulima be fouad, whea Barbarossa Pressed me to wean thee from thy ceaseleaa woe. And tell thee of his love.

Ztd. His love! my Zeyda; Tell him how ill returned. Would that his pride Could teach faim to forget me!

Zof. Still unwearied He talks of thee. He aays, he loves thy grief. Thy honest grief. But now he clasped my hand, A tear bedewed his cheek! " Zeyda," he saidj " Perhaps I am unworthy of her love;

Feriiaps I have been but " he stopped, and

heaved A sigh so piteous, that my heart forgot My father's sceptre, and was quite his friend.

Zul. Sorrows, iu long possession of the soul. Without a rival, hold their sullen reign; Else should I sometimes think upon his kindness.

Z^. Iliere is in love a secret charm, that smooths The rougher natures of die tyrant man. Inured to arms, impetuous, fierce, and proud. Was Barbarossa, till he saw my friend; Now, with B tender aad r^pectful eye.

i«ai*Goog[c

JH THE PRUfCB OF TUHIS.

He seems to watch the sentence of your lips. And take his wishes from them.

Zul. Oh! too much. It grates my nature to owe his love Returns I cannot make. How hard the task. That falsehood chooses! Oh! how blessed the paths Of genuine truth and virtue unalloyed! The wife of Baiharossa is a sound, Hith carries treason with it. I'm perplexed In every thought: assist me to subdue The coDscious pride, which ill endures the form Of duty and regard. That cup, it seems,

[Pointing to a Cup, which stands on a Table beside her. Hath custom added to the marriage rites, And joyful brides present it to their lords. The earliest offering of their wedded love.

Zey. Such is the custom; 'tis a quaint resemblance Of sharing life together. Half the draught The bridegroom drinks, and then returns her gift With some rich present graced, and bids her drain The beverage to their loves.

Zul. Ha! is it thus? Thou dost not know, my Zeyda, what my fancy Had started, as you spoke: but thoughts of horror

!;GOOT[C

THE PRINCE OF TUNIS. UW

Are music to my soul. If half the draught, Thine share of wretched Zibina were poison Then might she sleep in quiet.

Za/. Shud, my friend. Those dark imaginations. Though our clouds Her pencil draws them, yet will fancy gaze Upon their forms, till reason falls before them. And horrid actings follow.

Zui. Fear not, Zeyda, I have been tried in grief; what now should come That can fix my soul in Did Heli say,— Yes, Heli said, it rushes on my mind, " I may have tidings for your private ear. That much import you." In the words of doubt Dwell shadowy hopes, and fears without a form! Sure I am fallen beneath the assaults of Fortune And yet I fear again.

Zey. Tme to his hour. Behold 1 the chief approaches.

Enter Hbli.

ZtiL In his brow I mark the dwelling of some tragic tale. That sleeps amidst its gloom.

H^ . lihes may it sleap.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

|H THE PRINCfi OF TONIS.

My lionoured lady. Heli would not add Eveo to the sorrows of his bhterest foe. Tis Dot a woman's tale: it should be told To steely-hearted warriors, whose hot rage Might^ry their tears, and kindle brave revenge.

Zul, And dwells not coarage bat in fields of war ? Heli, the strife of sorrows in the soul Has taught this bosom strength.

HeS. You loved Arassid.

2u/. I did,—thoDgh Barbarossa is my lord,— Why flits that shade of horror o'er thy face i He was Arassid's triend.

Heli. Urge me no farther.

Zul. I charge thee, speak. You pity mein'sileoce; But most unhappy does that silence make me.

flieS. Heli would make thee happy, if he could.

Ztd, Nothing canmake m% happy; butthewretcfaed Delight to know the deepest of their grie^. I am too hard of heart. Could'st thou speak that. Whose magic torpor would benumb my blood. Thou wert the best of frieiKla.

Ze^. Thou see'st before thee Arassid's sister. Was Arassid wronged f She claims thy tale. The memory of the fallen May yet have friends,

and Zeyda knows her duty.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

THE FRIKCB OF TtJHIB; W

Zul. Which of Arasud'a friends revere it more Than ZulimaP But
Heli's colder pnideace Would stifle the remembrance.

Hel. Would'st thou know it,i Think of thy tows [—it touches
Batbarossa.

Zui. I give them to the winds: the laws of virtas Are the first ties of
nature.

Hd. Oh, Arassid! How much were those, were all the sacred bonds Of
friendship, juslicej hospitable faith, Broken to thee t . Zai, Go on.

Hd. The Saltan's conrl^ From treason's fury, with a prince's
welconie, Received Arassid. Open and sincere. The generous prince,
with unsuspecting heut. Revealed the state of Tunis, torn by faction;
Her heroes wasted by internal war. Ambition's easy prey. The crafty
vizir Embraced the smooth occasion, and perverted The Sultan's
purpose from Arassid's cause. To seize himself on Tunis. Then at the
Porte Was Barbarossa; whose renown in war. And stedfast hatred to
the Christian name, Eodeared him to the Sultan. He was chosen

i«ai*Goog[c

To lead the enterpriie. This villaia, Haasaa^—

Ziil. Hassan again I Beneath that name are hid Demons of death and
horror!

Hel. He suggested The hellish scheme; and, to complete its baseness.
Wrought upon Barbarossa'a lost of power^ That feared a rival in the
hapless priDce^ To

Zul. What?

HeL You're moved too much.

Z^. Oh, murderbuB villain!

Zul, Support me, Heli!—Speak, he did net kiU him!

Hel. A ruffian, bribed to execute his purpose. Stole on his sleep, and stabbed him.

Zey. Powers of heaven! Where were the lightnings of your justice then i

Zttl. Soft, I would breathe a moment!—Barba-rossa! My curses blast him!—Is he not my busbaud P The murderer of my love!—See how he glares. And points his wounds; whose purple mouths unfold Their lips afresh, and ciy aloud for veDgetmeel— HaA thoQ no da^er for a hand resolved i

Hel, Hiere may be daggers placed in faithful bands.

i«ai*Goojj;[c

TBB PRINCE OF TtTNIS. U*

WheDJtistice shall demand them.

Z^. Barbarossa Sits on the duooe of Tuois! Barbaroasa, Decked in my brotheFa blood I—Is there no voice That calls foi justice there i

ZuL It shall be done!— Yet spare me, Zeyda; coward as I am. Beset arouid with complicated horrors. Teach me the lage nnqnenchable, that bunu In more determined bosoms!—Yes, he dies I Arassid bids iu

Hd. Let Antsud's friend Presume to couasel. Rush nAgovemed anga Destroys its purpose. Tunis wwits not iiriead^ Deliberate, yet resolved. To me entmst The means of cooler and more certain vengeance.^ [Afloariik of Tnm^eti. But bark, he comes I 'tis Barbarossa's trampeU

ZvL Thus let me meet him, whilst my bosom barst* With speechless wrongs>

Hel. Let me intreat thee, lady. To shun his presence now. By all that's holy, Arasid's memory shall have ample justice!

Zoj. It shall, by heaven it shall! A woman's arm. Weak as it is, despair and reckless rage

i«ai*Goog[c

las THE PRINCE OF JEMI.

Shall teach revenge.

Zul. That yeageance pour on me. No wretch profaned the memory of thy brother Like Zuliina!—How fresh these fingers look. That clasped his murderer's hand! Teach me to curse! That leprosy may scald them till they rot, A monument of horror.—Come, my Zeyda, Support the labouring fury in my breast. Blow all its fires, and point them to revenge!

iExamt.

Enter Hassan.

Htu. Heli> by me has Barbarossa ordered The palace to be private.

Hel I obey.

Hat. The guard is youths. Let none approach his presence. A special envoy, from the Porte arrived, I command his ear in secret— [Ent Heli.

With what indignant eyes he looks upon me, As if, already master of our fate, . He called this enemy of virtue forth To answer for his crimes!

cCoo^le

THE PRINCE OF TUKIS. M1

Enaer Barbakobsa*

Bar. My ftutfafnl Hassan, Where is the Sultan's messenger i

Hat, He comes. Conducted by Snladdin. Whence the reason He holds this cautious secrecy, I know not; But he received me with bis vizor on. And looked as if be doubted my attendants, M^hen be unmasked.

Bar. Tia but a trick of state* -To awe the vulgar with mysterious seeming."— Know you bis name and quali^f

Has. His name Is Zatma; and this writing of the Vizir's, That gives his delegated power in Afric, Names him the friend of Mirza. From our conference, I learned no faitber of him; for be seemed Niggard of talk, and marked me with an eye Of squint snapicion; yet be looks too young To have been versed in man, and draw mistrust From long-experienced falsehood.-r-But be comes.

Sar. His port is noble; there's a claim of favour Which some men's aspect bears, and such has Zabna.

VOL. V1I1. L

ri':i:.Cc)(>t^lc

Us THE PBINCn or Tunis.

SuLADViH mtn mtk Zatma.

5u/. Zatma, my lord; the envoy of tbe Sultaa.

Zat. If I mistake not^ Uiis is Barbuossfu By me tiie Sultan greets him. Fame has talked Loud of fail deeds; andj to the general voio^ The ruler of tibe &ithfu1 adds his own. To crown the praise he merits.

Bar. He o'ei-rates The poor ability I have to serve bim. I hoast a faithfid heart; the rest is fttittiiM^s.

^f.Hekoows,aadvalue8it. The Spaniard Charles, Who proudly stands
Ihs opposite in glory. Sated with blood of Christiana, now collects
His scattered soldiers irom theii: focmer fields. To pour them upon
Airic. But liie Soitaa Relies unmoved on diee, and bnls Joe promise
The speediest succour. Hold the winds bat true. In two dRyi beBce, a
chosen TnildBh band Shall join the strength of Tunis.

Bar. I had hopes To meet those Christians, with an honest Inst In
«ome brave comrades cS my battle* pas^ With Tmiis to unist tfaem;
bat this aid It preci'Ofis, aa it ;^wb the Snhan's fijeaddiip;

i«ai*Goog[c

THE nuNCB or TVina. ua

Hot that alone.—S«laddiii> see the guards

Placed in their different statians'; as for Hdi,

We need him in the palace.—r {Exit SuLADDiir,

Mow we speak

To faithfal ears. This Hassaa, noUe Zatma^

Is but another eopy of myseif^

And knows m; nearest comuels.

Zai. I have hewd Of such a roan; hta yalonr is unqueaticmed; So is
his faith: the friends of Barbaroasa Wish all his fi;^lowers -true and
brave as Hassan.

Bar. Tbea some of diem are doidited i

Zat. No; as yet I hope them faithfuL Bat, in times like these. When
onr best caution is beset with dsi^er, Theze's need of trusty
friendabipa. I hare heard. The chiefs of Tunis bear uowiBtngly The
sway of Barbarossa. Here, in A&ic, Has discontent ne'er muttered
what it wodd J Or ba^ Us murmn never remedied the palace i

Ha. They herre; bat Baxharoasa vodd be aobie Beyond the line of prodence. I have warned him As yet unheeded: tfaosgfa it cornes danger. It flatters nte to fiad my fean confirmed.

Bar, A soldier, Hassan, cannot few too lat«.

i«ai*Goog[c

IU THE PRINCE OF TUNIS.

Has. But mine are past conjecture: I have traced . them; And shortly, if I err not, they will rise To proof undoubted.

Zat. From the Forte I came. Commissioned with assurances of friendship To Barbarossa. Let me aid your search; Young as I am, I have not wanted practice In policy of empire. Should I seem The friend of factious Tunis, hear in secret llie murmurs of her spleen, and promise justice. Even in the Sultan's name, to heal her wrongs; This would mn deeper than a thousand spies To bare the plots of treason.

Bar. Tis a thought That bears the fairest semblance. I would trace Suspicion to its aoarce, nor blindly strike With undistinguished vengeance,

Hasi This is well; But let me point its purpose. There are some Mistrust hath marked with danger, though we rank

them Amongst our friends: The very man who holds His guard upon the palace where we stand,. Is leagued with traitors.

i«ai*Goog[c

Bar. Heli! Ha\$. Yes, if signs Most paipable to reason may be trusted.

Zat. This Heli I have heard of. He is one. Or nimoar has deceived me, who repeats The apothegms of virtue for the rule That guides his actions; temperate in his life.

And cool to passion,

Hat. Therefore he's unsafe. The people love him for that shew of worth; And he, who has not pleasure for a motive. Has some of duker colour.

Zat. I will sound him. He was, if I mistake not, once the friend Of young Arassidf

Bar, Prithee, no more of that; I would not think of that. Zat. Not think of that ■

Bar. No,matter, 'tis no matter.—Once the friend Of young Araasid.

Haa. Yes; I well rememher. When to the Porte Arasaid fied for shelter. Sequestered from the public eye he lived. Nor saw even us, though chosen by the Sultan To lead his cause: in Afric; but this Heli lae TTHB PRincB or Tuna.

To hia most private hours of cloistered tadbess Received admittance.

Zat. That may fnnliBh mean* To draw him from his covert.—Wheo the mght Is farther worn, I'll meet him; let your gnarda Have orders for the parpote> that I pass Unquestioned in my walks.

Bar. This signet guides yon

[Givrng him a Signa. At pleasure through the palace. From the garden A secret passage leads to my apartment> My eunuchs know the seal> and will obey yon.

£Eit. I shall not need their guidance. When a boy, I dwelt some years in Tiinis; by a kinuuan> Whose office bad its station in the palaoe^ I was brought often hither, and the place Still Uves in my remembrance. One thing more^ And I'm instructed. Lives there not In Tunis, Or was the stoty false, a beauteous maid, Arassid loved i Her name was Zulima. Has she no friends, or are they BarbaroBfta'a ?

Hai. Talk not of her. Tbere's something in her name That blunts the honest spirit of a soldier; And BorbaroBsa sighs a warlike Mul

i«ai*Go<>J^le ,

THB PRIKCB OF TDKIi. !«

To Boftness at her feet But sood her beaaty Win satiftte when
poBseseed.

Zat. Ha!

Air. Nay, no more oa't; Tis a weak theme,

Hm, Forgive a soldier's bluntness.— You're thoaghtfiil, sir. [To Zatha.

Zat. I was but just rerolTing The inslnictions yon have ^ven. Iliis
same Hell—

HoM. Is fnll of danger.

Zat. I will search his heart.

Bar. I'd hare it searched. His semblance is a jnat one; And though—I
speak it with a blushing cheek— I have not alwa^ held so fair a
purpose. Vet BOW I would be tender where the course Of purple
vengeance led. The heart's great lord That speaks within ns, ^ough
Ambition's trump May drown his voice a while, will yet be heard:
Upon his Baffin^ s^U the soul depends, Shrrnks At his frown, or
triumphs in his praise.

_Etemt.

i«ai*GoOJ^Ic

THE PRINCE OF TUNIS.

ACT IV.

BARBA.Bo88A and HaSSAM.

Sat. Aod now at last, wheu Hassan's faitb has traced That proof of
treason, bas his master thrown The milky disposition from his breast

That pleads for mercy ?

BaTi I had not believed it. But for this proof. I know the writing well;
*Tis Heli's. ^Pointing to a Paper in Ait Hand.

Has. Yes, the honest, virtuous Heli! Leagued with the villains who betrayed their prince; And now, with pious vengeance for his wrongSj Betray their conqueror. Why, this is man; And Hassan knows him. With the sounds of fame. Of light, of freedom, talking like a god, He bides the baseness of a rotten heart. The slave, who brought me that, engaged ere now To meet me here. I will not trust too much

i«ai*Goog[c

To him whom gold can win. When he retunu^

If he can tell enough to lead my steps

A litUe farther, I will seal his lips:

I have a dagger here, that has no tongue

To speak the service it performs in secret.

Bar. Nay, not so bloodily. With Hell's death Their plot shall wither; and the few, whose names This scrawl has mentioned as the deepest traitors. We will make sure: I pause upoa the reat.

Hot. Did not your plan of clemency restrain him, Hassan would say, that every traitor left Was a new root for treachery to spring from.

Bar. They cannot hurt us. When the stem is lopt, These little branches wither and decay. Besides our proper ministers of power. The Turkish force will bold us doubly safe. Suladdin says, that when his watch was changed. As, by the setting son, he marked the sea, Dim on its level line he saw arise Objects that seemed a fleet, and grew upon him. Till darkness shut them out. If those the gallies Sent by the Sultan, (as I trust they are,) By the first dawning light they land in Tunis.

Hai. And when shall Ueli die i

Bar. I'd strike him boldly;

i«ai*Goog[c

To show that justice waits upon my will

With open visage, and diedaios to use

The secret bow-string. When the mairiE^e-draaght

From Zuliioa is brought me, call for Heli,

And kill him, like a soldier, in his arms.

This letter, in the presence of my guards.

Myself will read, and shew them why he feQ.

Hai. I like not much this ostentatious killing; A daf^er would do better when he sleeps. The soldiers love him.

Bar. And they love Aeir master. We have been fellows in some gloriooB fields; I. fear not them.

Hat. Whatever men may do. The wise aould fear. Each several one among them. For wants relieved, for dangerous duty shared, Regards him as a brother; and I've seen him Fight, like some fabled chief, with counUess nnmben. Till his arm -tired with slaagbter. I wootd slay him With little danger.—Soft! It has been eometinea A mark of honom', from a warlike piince, Upon some fovonrite leader to bestow The bridal beverage. Let tthis simple form Pronounce bis fate; and, while he drinks, my sword Shall search his bosom.

i«ai*Goog[c

Bar. Be it as tboo wilt: I am not wont to look to meani like tthese To strike a foe.—^This is my wedding-night. But the yonng lovei are acsred by thoughts of death; Nor have I co&qnered yet remorse so

much. But that I tremble when I look on her That weeps Aiassid I-
~Bat, I had forgotten, I would not have her seen by Zeyda now:
Zeyda may know too much. Give orders, Hassan, That none, except
the attendants on her person. Hay have access to Zulima.

Enttr a Softer. SM. My lord, there is a slave without, who says He
comes to Hassan. Bar. het bim be admitted. i^^ Soldier.

Enter a Slave. Slave. Health to my lord! his slave awaits his

Hai. Thy tidings are not wont to need a preface; Speak them without
it—Met the chiefs of Tunis i

Slave. To-night they have not; yet 'tis something past Theii wonted
hoar of meeting.

i«ai*Goog[c

Hai, Have you learned The names of tbose asaociatea i

Slave. Those alone Described in Heli's paper. In the oight They come;
their faces muffled; and their cloaks Disguise their persons. I will try
to learn them; Bat they begin to doubt lAe^ from that letter
OfHeU'slost

Has. Then Heti haa been with them ?

Slave. I know not that. I heard them ta]k of him. And boast his
ralour^ and his skill in war.

Has, No matter; go, and swear thy faith unsh^ea. Learn if they meet;
and, if thou canst, retnm. ■ B^ore the Watch of midnight. \Eat Slave.

Bar. Then we wait not For Zatma's search.

Has. I would not trust to Zatma. Young as he is, too subtle for a boy.
And not so firm as man. I saw his face Crossed with some lines, that
showed a wavering

soul Amidst his proffered service.

Bar. Zatma too!— For us mistrust and fear have marked the world!
Why do we bustle for the seats of power.

i«ai*Goog[c

THB PRINCE or TONtS. »S

To sit widi tortore there i Lives there indeed^ Or is it but the dream
of weaker minds. Some genaine bliss, that dwells with humble virtne
i Perhaps there may; for Barbarossa feels. Crowned with its wish, the
toils of vice are vain.

lExeunt.

Enter Hblt. He&. Tis near the time, and expectatitHi throbs In
bmniog bosoms for the sign of action! If yet may reason pause
upon'the deed, Are these the means of virtue i Muffled treason Is not
of virtue's colour. Much I fear. The paths of falsehood, though they
lead tojustice> Are not approved of heaven.—Yet, in this cause,
Arassid bids me strike! I vowed revenge Upon Arassid's grave. The
pride of right Rose in my bosom, when the general voice Called for
the aid of Heli to revenge him. I know not what;—there are some
great events Beyond the search of cool deliberate reason; Bewildered
as I am amidst the toils Of finteful peril, I would hu«h its voice.— Ha
> Zeyda here! She comes to speak her wrongSj And plead for
vengeance too!

i«ai*Goog[c

Enter Zetda.

JSay. Heli alone! Ho (bre to bear tb« voice Of injured Zeyda! yet
withia these w^ Must Zeycia speak by stesltfa i Sbe will not loi^}
IndigoaDt pride will burst the chains of fear. And tell this tyrant,
'midst his marshalled guards. All that my rage can dictate. But from
thee. My siletice learaed a motive,—'tis Tevenge. I come, the
atoQitress of slow reaoWes: Mine is the birthright of my country's
wron^; And mine, Uie t^allenge of a brother's murder.

Heli. They have not been forgotlrai.

Zof. Oh, they cannot. They caooot he forgottea. F»itb and manhood
Would blush to think they should. For three long^

moBths Has Tunis bowed to Barbarossa's power. Whom Heli knew a
aiucderer.

HeS. Speie thy censure; The soul of Heli has bei^ oAen wnt^ To
think of that. To ipiit Anssid's wranga. He blots his Age with treaaeu
to his master.

Ze^. Treasoo-to him is irHtne.

Heli. To the sons '

i«ai*Goog[c

THH FRINGE OV Tifflll. !»

Of bUnd ambiticm, sDcb distinctions heal

The wouodi of cooicieDce; mine can feel it here

BeneaA their corer: BarbaroBsa tnuti me.

Z^. Yes, for a while: His power in Timii yet ViistaUe on its base;
when that ii fixed. The pillars that support it now will fall, And
crumble into dnsL The tyiant't soul Most h(^ antipathy to worth like
thine; While Hassan's envy hovers o'er its prey. And waits the first
occasion to destroy thee.

Hdi. I know his hatred. MaUoe and revenge Dwell in'his savage
bosom uacontronled. And they have narlced me; for my boneit beurt
Disdained aUiance with so finl a villmn. And, when he would have
soothed me with his

£nenddup. Indignant rose, and spurned it proadly frcHB me. I still
icnembered when bis barbaious insult Doomed me to lasting dawns,
to tml for life. Bound to an oar in Barberossa's gall^.— The story is a
loog one.

Zey.T^it» HeU. The t^ of wrongB, of ii^oony, t^iroe. Is bat the unfolding of my tortured thooghts. That whisper it is mioe.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

Hdi. Of woe, indeed, Ig Hell's tsle. Oh, what a heart was his. To nurse, its memory through revolving years. And yet beat healthfiii still!—'Unspotted sonls! My wife! my daughter! thoa whose infant softneas The bursting billows cradled I call'st thou hence. With beckoDtng smiles, from yonder fields of light. The hoary, desolate, and friendless Heli ?— Porgive an old man's tears.

Zey, Tell me their cause. And mine shall mingle with them.

HeU. Eighteen years Have thinned these locks, since I was blessed indeed; Oh, too much blessed! Unwelcome thoughts, diat

paint The fleeting shadows of my former comforts. Away! ye tear my soul! One fateful hour Snatched them at once, and left me dark and wretched. I need not tell each circomstance of sorrow; Know'st thou a father's or a husband's love?— A wife, the pattern of unsullied faith; A child, the loveliest babe that ever smiled In angel-innocDce,— down, down my heart!— One treacherous vessel held. Here, on the coast Of Afric, to the sea's unpitying roar.

i«ai*Goog[c

VfiB PRIKCB OF Ttmia. *ii

I saw that treasure cast; and, baiely fond'

Of niserAble life, when from their arms

The surge had torn me, on a shattered plank

Preserved a being to be dragged in woe.

' Zey. An infant danghter! Ha!—But end tby tale.

Heli. All night I floated on this slender bark. The morning came, and
Barbarossa's galley Received tOe from the waves; hut Hassan's eyfe.
Which ne'er did pity melt, beheld, unmoved. The wriagings of my
heart. Some trifling jewels. That chance bad let me keep, the villaiiii
plundered. And chained me with bis slaves. His master saw it. And
shared the inhuman spoil. But kinder heaven Hestored me freedom^
By aX^hristian galley Attacked and hoarded, with reluctant trust
They gave me arms; and, mindless of my wrongs, I'fought with
reckless valour on their side-We conquered; my reward was liberty;
And since baa Barbarossa tried to witi me. With con6deDce and
favour.

Z^. I have heard thee With more than common wonder.—Eighteen
years 7 Here on the coast of Afric i

Heli. Why those qnestions ?

i«ai*Goog[c

Zty. Look oD tfaii braceleL

[Shoeing Atm a Braedet. Hdi. Obj eternal powers! Art thou my
danghtetf

Zgr* No; but sbe whose arm* Those pearls circled.

Hdi. Oh, she was, she was!— See here the fellow of that futhinl
witness!

ISh^ng another. About her little wrist her mother tied That father's
present.—Prophet of the faithful! Say, does she live i Thou can'st not
say she lives ? Z^. She does indeed; but wretched are her days. Hdi.
Tell me, that I may fly to her relief I— Let me but see her, clasp her in
these arms. And pour a father's soul in transports o'er her!

Zt^. This bracelet was the gift of early Jiiendsbip i The gift of—
Znlma. HeB. Ha! Zulima! His wife!

Z^. The tyrant's wife.—^Why dost tfaon pause f Hdi, Mysterious
fate! A thousand thoughts are pressing Upon my heart.

Zty. Arassid was thy friend;

i«ai*Goog[c

THE PBIHCB OF TUNISi lt«

Lord of thy daughter's vows. This modsler came. This carsed asMssia
reeking in his blood. And, with uDblusbing fslsehood, stole the hand
Hie viJIany had widowed.

HeS. Let me find her! My wounded heart would lean upon her lore.
Seek its lost peace, with big luxurious throbbings. Forget its woes,
and wonder at its bliss.

Zey. Coffie>theo, and see this daughter; sie ber Sunk Low on the
gronnd^and torn with speechless anguish ! And if thy aature Eboold
forget its own, Hiink of her wtoogs, and, if thou caa'st, forgire them.

£iUer SuLADDlH.

Seli. Saladdin!

^ul. Heli, Barbarossd orders. That none, except the attendants on
her person> Sball have access to Zulima.

H^. Wbat, none I Know you the princess f

Sul. There was no exception; My charge was general,

Hdi. This looks suspicion. Heard yoa the cause i

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

Sul. Yoa knon'a soldier's duty; I asked for none. Yet I am Hell's
friend^ And would go somewhat past the line of pradencC To do hill
service. I would hafe thee watchfuL If I am not deceived in my
conjecture^ Distrust is on thy steps, and they are marked With looksj
that cariy danger.

Heli. I am cautioned. I thank tbee for the kindness of thy fear. But
whence arose it i

Sul. "When the Turkish envoy 1 led to Barbarossa, chance detained
me A while within the palace, near the chamber Where they were
met. I could distinctly hear The voice of Hassan nune thee in' a tone
(For Hassan too was there) remote from kindnesli. And league it
with the sound of trattor.-^Thee Coos They menUoned, lady: but I am
BOt perfect la my suspicions.

Zey. IjCI them speak of Zeyda! It is the curse of tyranu to be stung
With jealous fear. It daunts uot me, Suladdin, The dagger reddened
with my kindred blood.

HeH. No'more of that.—Accept our thanks, Su-laddia. ' •.

cCoot^lc

Some darker soul hath clouded Borb&rosia'a; Bnt time shall
mtdeceive him.

Std. You were sought. The Saltan's envoy> as he passed my gnatd,
laquired for Heli, But beware of him; He means, if I o'erheard bim
right, to search thee Por ground erf* accusation 'gainst thyself.
Perhaps I speak too much; but I have known thee For truth and
virtue^ and I trust thee freely.

Jidi. Thou mayst with safety. Has this Turk a name i

Std, His name is Zatma.

Rdi. Zatma! It is well. He shall not fiad me.

Sal. I must leave yon now; Tis near the time when Hassan walks bis
round. Let m^ again remind you to be secret.

HeU, Hold me your Iriepd; nor think so meanly of me: The time may
come when Heli can repay Your confidence. Farewell. {Exit Suladdin.

Tis as it should be now. The lot Is cast. And in some little hours, the
fate of Tuais Shall stand determined! Uaasao's Bubtilty Maj trace the
coyert j bnt be meets, ere long.

i«ai*GoOJ^Ic

lions, that rouse without the hunter's caU.

Z^. Tis bravely spoken! On this point yon sfao d Not to go forward,
when the golf behind Is yawotDg with destruction, were the
weaknesg Of a poor trembling coward>

Heli. So it were. This dread arbitrement is only left me.

Zey. My prayers shall aid thee; but I fear me* Heli, The craft of treacherous Hassan will prevent Thy brave revenge.

HeH. Before his blow descends. The chiefs of Tunis strike. Now they are met, I go to join them. Zulima is here. My long-lost daughter, and a parent's heart Swells in this breast to meet her^—but in vain. Perhaps, amidst the deathful chance of war, Some sword may reach it. Here's a coward thoughtf That woos me back to life 1—to see my child!— To press one parting kiss upon her lips!— Oh! this were much! But yet, if thou survives^ With this memorial of an Uier parent,

[Gives her the bracelet, Cries a father's latest blessing to her. And tells her,—But I would not melt my soul

i«ai*Goog[c

Beneath a warrior's temper. Fare thee well. When thou shalt hear the clash of meeting arms. And the still air of midnight nigh broken With clanging trumpets, and the shout of war. Then think on Heli; for thy brother's wrongs. And thine, he fights. He makes no prayer for life. If he must die, he falls among the brave.— But guide him Piopbet, as becomes a soldier. To fight with justice, and to fall with glory!

i«ai*Goojj;[c

;raB PJIINCE OF TUNIS.

SCENE—The Apartment of Zulima.

Enter Zulima with an Attendant, to whom she gives a Cup. Zui. This, then, to Barbarossa;—'tis the ^f^ Of faithful love ■ What of the draught remains^ Tell him, from her, that Zulima will drain. Even to its latest drop.— Exit Attendant.

He drinks! he dies!

Methinks I see him quivering in the pangs Yon poisoned beverage gives!—Ha! do I tremble? The purposes of horror should be driven On burning wheels, beyond reflection's reach!— Ye ministers of vengeance! Ye who ride On tempests' wings, and point the lightnings' Bpeai! Who split the bosom of the trembling earth! Or from the pinnacles of offended Heaven Fopit its blafsk TWpm on the deathful gale!

i«ai*Goog[c

TUB PRINCE OF TUNIS. I

Inspire my soul with unremitting rage.

And chase the busy fears, that rise upon me

They tell me, 'tis a dreadful thing to die!

They whisper guilt and murder!—Ha! no more!

Is it not treason to my slaughtered love

Away! ye tremblings of a woman's heart,

I come! I come, Arassid! if thy soul

Yet lingers for revenge, receive it now,

An offering from the hands of Zulima.—<-

Some one behind the Scenes.

My love, where art thou?—Hist! my Zulima.

Zul. Angels of mercy guard me! was not that Arassid's voice? If, from the realms of bliss. Thou hear'st the wretched Zulima,—protect me. Ye blessed powers! Arassid! I Shefatnti.}

Enter Zatha, who runs to thwart her.

My Zulima!—Distraction! Speak! She breathes! She breathes again !
—^Tis thy Arassid calls thee!

Zid. Oh! faithful Prophet, are we not in heaven i The drug was
speedy! How the tyrant grinned! These are the bowers of bliss!

Arat. Oh! speak pot thas. Hear me, my loye [

i«ai*Go<>J^le

Zvl. Aramdl

Jrat. Yeg, 'tis he; '

Tis he himself.

Zid. Bat my Aressid's deadj Motdered by—Ha!—stop tthere> and
'scape fmia

Ana. Calm thy vexed aoni, and look apCHi Arasnd. Heavea has
preserved bis life to lore and thee.

Zvl. He lives! he lives! or has my bisin been racked^ Till TeasoD left
ber seat I

Arm. No; let me hold thee Thus to my heart, and tell thee tbid I live!
This one embrace r^ays my sorrows pastj And throws oblmon on my
days of bondage. Hast thou not much to ask i Hien hear it all.—r

Zvl. First let me gaze upon thee! strain my eye^ strings With making
greedy comments on ihy look^ And riot on remembrance! Yes, he
lives !— I do not dream; he lives <—By vrbat blessed power Of
wonders do you live ?

■Atos. Even at the Porte I found one honest man. The treachennii
vinr Had doomed me to destnictionD (smiled, and doomed me.

i«ai*Goog[c

With macli pretended friendship to my cause.

He trained me to the palace. With a prison,
A gilded prison, and a ^ard of mutes.
He honoured, as he said, Uie prince of Tunis.
My own attendants vanished by degrees;
And BarbaroBsa—start not—yes, the fiend.
Who now is lord of Tunis, was commissioured
To buy its sceptre with Arassid's blood.
But my good genius linked the villain's scheme
With one of whiter soul, the virtuous Mirza;
He was the keeper of this helpless prey
Their nets had 'tangled. He would hear me tell
The story of my wrongs, and weep to hear them.
He pitied, loved, and saved me.
Zu! Blessings on him! The blessings of the wretched reach to heaven.

Yes. He was the wretch's friend: with guileful falsehood Deceived
them with a story of my murder; Pretended rites of burial to my
corse; And counterfeited truth so well with semblance, that not a
doubt arose. Clad like a slave, ' I wrought in Mirza's garden. But the
life. His generous care preserved, grew hateful now> Banished from
him and thee. Nor yet alone

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

Did absence give it torture; BarbaroBsa! But half content with
empire, sought for love^ The love of Zuliina.

ZtU. Speak not of that! The theme is dreadful: press tt not upoD me;
It leads to desperation!

^TOs. No; it shall not. When at the Porte, the sullen pride, that wait^
Upon misfortune, bade me not be «eeQ To moay eyes, to
Barbarossa's never. KoT do his followers know me, one except.
Whose soul is honest 'midst surrounding villains. Is gentle 'mid^t the
ruffian hand he leads. Hence, hy another venial artifice. Passed on
the Sultan for a friend of Mirza's, I come his chosen messenger to
Afric, A^d BarbaroBsa trusts me. Is it base To deal in fraud thus ?
For methinks the prince Of injured Tunis should have walked in
light; Armed with the swelling sense of all his wrongs^ Called this
usurper forth, and claimed revenge. Am I a coward i 'tis tor thee, my
lovp; For thee, disguised beneath anotlier's name^ I win this golden
interview by stealth, fo whisper out my vows.

i«ai*Goog[c

Zai. Yon must not love me—

Jrat. Not love tbee!

ZtU. No; yon mnst not, nor forgive me: No; hate me, throw me from
the£. Yet, mediink^ I would not have you hate mei

^ra*. Hate thee! Heavens!

ZuL Thou canat not think how basely I am fallen! Have I no mark of
ugliness about me> To shew how vile I am i

Artu, Ob! thou art lovely Beyond the dreams of heaven!

ZuL It cannot be. I am not what I was: the serpent^s touch Has
turned this flower to poison. Barbarossa-^

Arat. Ha! what of him i He durst not, sure be durst not— Curse on
the monster! did he wrong thy honour?

S^. He did not; bnt—myself have wronged tt vilely— I am bis wife.

Atm. His wife 1

Zad. This fatal mom, 1 vowed myself his wife.

Ara\$. My Zulima!

i«ai*Go<>J^le

HO fHK PJtINCE OF Ttllf 19.

Zul. t(tbou hast pity, change thuit tender look; It te&ra my heart.
Detest me as yoa ought.

jirat. Detest thee! No; the dreadful truth appears. And rushes on my
miad. The villain's art At last preraild, and my pretended death—

Ztd. Oh! seek not to excuse me; I must hide. Where the hot blush
shall bum my cheek no more. Ere the next atin shall Zulima be loir.
And lose her woes, her neakness, in the grave. Tiie malice of her fate
shall chase no longer i Even thou mayest weep, and half forget to
blame The violated faith of her yon loved.

{Skout at a diittince.'. Hark! 'twas the shout of war! Oh! leave a
wretch. Whose presence is infectious with misfortune.

^Shout again. Again ! Oh heavens 1

jira*. I cannot leave you thus: And yet—my heart is bounding at the
thought Of gallant strife.—My sister!

Etaer ZLeyika. Zof. What art thoa. That crossest Zeyda in Arassid's
form l Speak \ ■ I conjure thee<

i«ai*Goog[c

Arm, Tis Arassid's self. Porbear thy woader; for the tale's too long Ai
such a time. Whence that tumaltaous joy, Taa.1 glowed on Zeyda's
cheek?

Z^. First let me clasp thee, Tbiis, to a sister's heart! There wanted
this To close the wonders of an hoor so Messed. He Uves! he lives!
for htm the chiefs of l^mi^ Have fonght, and cooqueied.

Aras. and Sid. Ha!

Zof. I saw them drive The tyrant from these walls; and in the front
The valiant Heli, shouting o'er the dead. Bearing the head of Hassan
for a standard.. Resistless, pour his conquering hands along.

Zfd. Oh! noble Heli!

Artu. Have I found him here ? My friend again!

Za/. Oh! he is more than friend. Knowest thou this braceletf
[ToZdlima.

Zid. Ah! too well I know it; The eariiest comrade of my infant woe.

zey. Look on its twin, iShewa^ (mother^] and know that this was
Heli's: The dear remembrance of a daughter lost.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

Whose arm that other circled.

Zul, Gracious Powers! My head grows dizzy with the tale of wonder.
Then Heli—

Zetf. h thy father.

Jrai. Ha! ber father!

Zul. Spare tne, ye swelling transports! Yet I feel^ There is an icy
weight upon my heart, That will not let it rise! Arassid! Zeyda! Save
me; the tide of fate is rushing on me. I know not what!—Wildered I
api, and weak. Methought I should have slept, and been forgotten.
This, lil<e some strange and busy dream, hath waked

nie> Panting amidst its bustle.

Aras. Fear not, my love! Sure there are days of bliss reserved in heaven. For virtue such as thine. *-

Zetf. But see, thy father!

Enter Heli. Heli, How my heart springs to meet a daughter's grasp. [Embrace her.] Oh! let me gaze upon thee, trace the features Of my lost infant, of her mother lost!

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

Zey. Speech is poor. Let Heaven's silent wonder clothe the scene ^ 6j looking on Arasud.

HeU. Holy Prophet! Arasud living!

Aras. Yes; he lives to thank thee. Thus let him clasp the friend of his DUHfoitures!

f^Embrace Mm. Deceived by Mim> when you wept my death. Heaven saw your tears, and blessed them.

Hdi. It has blessed me To-night indeed. And have we fought for thee? We should have better fought; and yet my followers Did iHBvdy too. "

jlrat. Tell me, my gallant friend. That I may feel the gratitude I owe them.

HiS. I will; though there's a faintness hangs about

That should be ^>seBt bow. My brave a

Had drawn their troops, in secret, near the palace;

And chance had placed some veterans of my band

In posts within it. Bubarossa called me.

He sat, with Hassan standing at his side ^

And wme few guard* aronn4 them. With a nwH

TOLt VIII. M

i«ai*GoOJ^Ic

A smooth deceitful smile, he bade me welcome* Upon a table stood
his marri^;e-cup. Filled with its spicy draught, " Heli," he said, " This
is the gifl of Zulima. In token Of trust and friendship for thy service
past, To thee this nuptial beverage I assign. Drink to my fair one's
fortune." I obeyed; Bat, as I drank—

Zt^. Drank! satd'st thou ?— 'Tis past; and not a blacker curse
remains In yonder heavens.

Hdi. Support her; I grow faint Why dost thou rivet thus thine eyes
upon me, Mj Znlima ? they wring thy father's heart.

ZiA That cup!—Is there no friendly hand to stab me? It should he
spoken only with the breath Of dying pangs!—"Diat cup thy daughter
poisoned!

jirat. and Za/, Poisoned!

Heli. Nay, look not thus amazed, my friends. Dear to thy father still.
—[To Zdi.iua.] 'twas rash—

No more— I feel it sting. Methinks, I should have lived A little longer,
'midst my new-found joys. My friend! my daughter!—Yet I thank
thee, AJIah!

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

I coald not die more blessed.

Enter a Soldier, Sol. Fly] Heli, fly! DestrucUoo's on thy steps. As
Barbarbssa, by thy troops parsued. Pled to the port, upon the instant
landed The Tnrkish gallies: fresh, and warm for battle. Their soldiers
poured to Barbarossa'g aid. And made resistance vain. The chiefs of

Tunis Have fallen bravely. Alid, with a few Remaining forces, guards the palace-gate Some moments, till you 'scape.

Heli. Z shall not 'scs^e. He triumphs now. This is my resting place.

iFedling. Zal. And where is minef Shrinks not the earth from parricide and me!

jiras. A few remaining forces guard the gate. There will Arasstd fall. [[^]Going out.

Hdi. Stay, I conjure thee. Look on my daughter. Thou didst love her once; Support her now.

Aras. Yes, I'm a coward there. Zey, A woman's voice may slop him in his course. Some feeble pity if his boson hgld.

i«ai*Goog[c

And I may touch it.—Soldier, to the gate.

lExit Zeyda, with the Soldier. Zul. [[^]KnteU[^] behind Heli, and at[^]porting himJ\ Canst thoa yet bear this most unballtiwed touch ?

Hdi. Oh! it is sweeter to my parting bohI Thaa hymns of angela!—would these torments let

me— Ruler of heaven, thou seest no common tears Upon these shrivelled cheeks! Oh! let the pangs. That wring them from me, cover from thy wrath One hapless daughter! Oh! my heart's on fire I But—it can bless thee still. Alas! my child. To what dread perils—Prophet of the faillifal, Heai'st thou an old man's prayer, that gasps to

make it! Protect, and—Oh!— [Dies.

Zul. No; let me corse; and, if the thunder sleeps. Awake its hottest holt, and call it here !— I am not Inad; I know I am not mad! This old man was my father 1'—[^]Murdered ! murdered ! [ThTOWing henelfoa the Body (fherFather. Aras. Hear me, my love! The dreadful scene

o'erpowers thee. Tbls signet yet commands th« means of flight. Zid. I will not fly. Have not those lips a voice.

i«ai*Goog[c

Cold as they are, aDfl black with deat^ful ^iften i How my brain burns I-rr-Look there !—my father's

shade! See bon he waves me with his bloodUss hand! He shakes his hoary loc^s I—Again he beckons 1— Thus I obey the summons.
[Stabs hene^.

Aran, What haat thou done! Zul. \ know not what—my bead growB wondrooa dizzy!— Support me, my Arasaid.—^Thou pale cor»e ! My mwdeted father!—But let this atone. This pang that grasps my heart, and—Oh! Arassid— [J>»o. At/u. And dost thou call Ataasid^—

[A >hout is beftrd. Hark ! they come !— [Shoift on the otk^r nde.

Again !—^Encompasaed!—but they shout in vain { Despair shall 'scape them { for Despair can die.

mat h^Mtf.

£tUer, with their Swords drawn, B^BaAKOS^A, ajid Attendants.
Bar. [/n entariag^ Saive \am, I c^ge you, «ive him! By our Pxpphet,
Who strikes Aiaisid ^es! ^^t]& of de,ath.

i«ai*Goog[c

My Znlima!—if yrt a breath remains—

{_iyroppiag his Sword, and throwing himse^Aiwn by ZtJLiHA.
Curse on my conquest!—lifeless, pale, and ctAA \ — Sucfa are the triumphs of this ruthless ann!

Enter Sdladdik haOUy.

SuL Alas I my lord, Arassid—

Bar. What of him t Say, that he lives, and half absolve my crimes.

Sul. He lives no more! Vain was your charge of mercy. With desperate fury on the Turkish band Headlong he rushed, and from a stranger's sword Provoked the death he sought.

Bar. Arassid too!

Murder and I shake hands. Avauat, and leave me.

{To his AUemhaUs.

Slaves, can ye chase this vulture from my heart ?—

Ha! I may yet appease it. [Snatd^ig up the Dagger.

Sul. l^Preiientittg him.^ Gdod, my lord. Let me intreat you.

Bar. Twas that demon Hassin— Tear him in pieces! See the villain writhes On Hell's sword !—Hell! hell! thy fires are cold

i«ai*Goog[c

For sach a deed !—Bnt, bo(^ ! Arassid lives!— Did she not aa.j, he lived!—Hush!—^where is Zcyda i Let her be treated kindly.—Give me room To breathe thb fever off.—I'd give a kiagdom To hear her say, he lived!—•

This is my wedding night!—Where is ber chamberF Lead me to Zulitiar—

What! with these bloody hands?—^No more of that! I'll muffle them in night—^Away! away! _Exit.

Sul. [To the MtendanU.] Attend your master. I will use bis power To smooth the swelling, which this storm has left. Let him be qniet. lExaatt AttendatUs.

Sleep'st thou, lovely maid i Peace to thy memory!—Hapless chief, farewell. More wretched far is he, whose conquering sword Hath

triumphed now in Tunis. Keen remorse Preys On his life, nor anght
that power can boast Avails to soothe it. May I die like yon; And thus
some heart, by truth, by nature wrung. Shed the warm drops of pity
on my bier!

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le



EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MRS WESTON.

Well, I protest, there's do such thing u denliDg; With these starch
poets, with these—Men of Feeling! Said I, Your tngedy ■ ikirly over.
And Zolima lies buried with ber lorer. I twpe your Mom's power
extends no fiirther. Than poisoned bowls, and daggers drenched with
morthor. Kow she has laid her heroes to their rest. She'll leave tu us
oar epilogue and jesL

" Yoor epilog," laid be; " Oh! bane of seme! Blot to the a^e, and
feeling's w6rBt oflence! Where Pity's soft lusurioui tear shoald flow.
Should Passion warm, should couscious Virtue glow; This cliild, of
Folly and of Fashion bom. Laughs every nobler sentiment to scorn.
The poet's nature, and the player's art. Chased by ber voice, forsake
the swelling heart; And where had Fancy formed her visions fair.
This grianing idiot reigns unrivalled there."

i«ai*Go<>J^le

More had be b^ ; bnt here I cut him short. And came to you to craTe
your sanction toi't. What »ay ye ? Shall they bring their plays ia
TOgoe, Without the smart facetious epilogue i And when their fuss of
tragic woe is done. Screw up their mouths, and grudge our bit of fan i
When we hare dried the tears, that Pity shed. Shall vre not take the
living for the dead ? And, when we tire through aaciejit times tu
roam. Hear something clever of (he times at home? And, though
these grave ones say, 'tis oot of season. There's precedent enough to

give it reason. But, hush! he frowns, and beckons me away.—
Farewell! Yoa'll laugh with me some other day.

i«ai*Goog[c

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

SPANISH FATHER,

A TRAGEDY.

«aiiiGoog[c

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

THB

SPANISH FATHER.

Thb idea of tfan tragedy waa Uken from that passage in the history of Spain, which relstes to the iayasion of the Moon, assisted, it is said, by Count Jolian, whose daughter the Spanish moaarch had seduced.

Garrick saw this play, and 1 had sMne conversation mth bam, what accideotally ia London in 1TT5, on th« sulpect. Among other doubts, as to its success in representation, he stated, as the strongest, that which arose from the nature of the catastrophe, which he thought too honid for the stage.

The character which most impressed itself on my imagination in writing this drama, was that of Alphon-zo. In the enthusiasm natural to youth, I had conceiTed it standing on the high ground of heroic virtue and bo-

i«ai*Go<>J^le

fOe THE SI>ANIBi{ FATHBK.

Hour, fierce and Implacable in viiidicatioa of tboee prin-cipleti, yet opea to that humanity aad tender fteling, which I had perceived

frequently to belong to minds of that description, Such a character, in unskilful band^, IB sometimes apt to devlope itaelf in bombastic expression. There was a good deal of such expression in the first copy of this play, which, even at that time, 1 had taste enough to be fteiuible of. I find several passives of that sort, in the scroll now before me, which, though they possessed some poetical beauty, I had stmck ou^ as going beyond the simplicity of natate, and the style appropriate to the situation. Some perhaps still remain open to censure on this score—But I again find, that I am talking of myself. Yet, if there are, in these little notes, in which I venture to speak in my own person, any expressions that seem to savour of conceit or self-impoit-ance, let it be believed, that they have nnwittin^y escaped me, and are, in truth, very foreign from the tone of my mind at this moment. In these little notices, lae-thinks, I am holding a sort of valedictory tutarcoone with my readers; and my real feelings are such as be< come my age and utnation—those of humility and teiv

c, Google

VEBSOm OF THE DRAMA.

Rodriguez, King qf^min. Alvabbz, hitfavouriie lUhuter. Alpbonzo, I,,
- , , .

Pehxz.

Rdzalla, Dmgiter qfA^AoHto. Alhbtda, Friend and Corrpamon ofSnadBa, Elvira, an AttendoTU on RiaaOa. (iffliciT, Gvardi, ifc.

lie Seme, durmg thefir^Aa, Ueiata Seat belonging le A^honsa, near Toledo; thvng the reH f^the Pity, at Toledo.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

i«ai*Goog[c

SPANISH FATHER.

SCENE—2^ Fieldi, with a dittant View of an antique Caath'.

Pebez tmd Savbdba. '

Per. YET'OTice again, Savedra,}etm.« give the« A soldier's welcome to Ms native laad.' Sat, I thatik tbee, from m^soul. The commoD perils We passed togetiier/inake-tbrs greeting warm;-How fares our Doble chief, the brave Alphonzo-

TOIh Vlll. o

i«ai*Goog[c

Per. Even as the warrior should, whose days of danger Have decked his ag;e in honoars hardly purchased. Scarce hath an hour elapsed since here, in safety. He reached the ancient dwelling of his fathers. Yon irfd turrets, beetling o'er the cliff, Mark the rode grandeur of his warlike rac4.

Sav, Conduct my steps to find him.

Per. From the castle. His lovely daughter hither led our search: For, ere we reached it, she forsook her chamber. To taste the freshness of the breathing mom. He left me here, and with ananxions haste Pursues her steps,

Sav. When from my country's shore Its service called me, she was scarcely past The years of childhood; but Ruzalla's name Hath often reached me.

Per. Tis a sound, that carries Health to my frame; mine age hath pleasure in't. As yet a boy, when fortune left me friendless. His father took, and placed me near AJphonzo. Oar ages were alike, our tempers suited. Perhaps I owed dependence; but too ooble To claim returns so mean, he gave me friendship.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

.And ever since we have been linked as brothers. Id wai^s worst danger^ have we stood abreast, And, midst the good or ill of private life. Our joys and griefs were commoa. I have seen His two brave sons, in valour's glorious c Uotimel; fall together. Of his childteo.

This darling daughter now alone remainS] And such thia daughter as
 Alphoazo merits. Her beauty charms all eyes; but that were little:
 Compassion^ sweetness, every tender grace That melts in woman,
 these adorn ituzalla. Yet coouQon observation gives its judgment
 Short of ber worth; for she is formed so gentle, That she doth put her
 very virtues forth, Like buds i'the spring, with fearful modesty. Sav. I
 marvel much, that qualities so rare Should not have sounded louder
 on the tongue Of praise or envy.

Per, She has 'scaped them both. Here baa she grown beneath a
 parent's eye, Unsoiled by common notice; here Alphonzo Throws off
 the rugged war, and smooths his soul To all the soft affections of a
 father; For seldom is he seen to haunt the city. Or list bim in the train
 of smUing courtiers;

i«ai*Go<>J^le

sit THB SPANISH FATHSR.

His rirtnes are not made ibr scsues^Iiks'thoM; Sav. (have DOtbeen
 alacqacT of-theooart-When braver busucM eallcid^Bie; butce{iort- .
 Speaks doubly'oftbe'king^ It speaks bim op>-GeDeroQS, uid
 bra<r&; but rasbaiid onrestiuned -In passion's or in piemnpe'e
 warmcRreer;. . His favourite minieter/tbe lord Alyaraz,. Whose fiery
 spirit in the cause of pleatnuie,. From early youth, hftd
 matediwithbithe'kiii^, ' Is said to mould bis master to bis wilt:

Per. Tis as thou say'st. ImpetooHsas-be is. The youthful sovereign
 doea but play a part. Which ibis man dictates ;• like the fabled god,
 Kuler of storms, even in its wildest' cpuise. He bends the moDaroh's
 passion as be lists.

Sav. And brooks Alphonzo well this minion's

away? Per. Be sure he does not. Who is Spain, that loves His.
 country, can i Bebi4es-tbe geneml hate^ He held in early sCom the
 ^misd: Alvmcz, For that bk:iiname> by favo«r only gracedy-Bearg not
 the stiunp <tf •generous ancestry;' And 'tis a weakness/you might
 note inhrni, To fasten imbndedit^y^olaim'-

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

THE 6PAN1UI FATHER. SIS

From Doble lineage to a noble mind.

Sac. I have observed it.

Per. lis most open in him. Last of a Icmg-ennobled race, that yields,
And scarcely jields,:to xoyalty alone. The purity and honour of his
blood Bear not the least impeachment onreveDged. lliough, in the
gentle beahiigs of his BBtore, Most gnwious to hie firriends, and to
the man Whom fate hath placed below him> or whom fortanne Hath
tried with sorrows, mild and piteous; Touch bat this loidet part, his
family's honour. And'notthe tj^resB, when her foaming cbaps Grind
(mri^e hnnteis speac, hath.deadlier fury.

Sav. Though he is somewhat sparing of complaint. Nor lets his great
soul waste itself in words. Yet have I marked him feel his services But
ill repaid. Tbe conquest Aftic witnessed. Has-Spain fotgot?

Per. Perhaps her monarch did ; Alphonzo's hao^ty spirit never
stoops To make the time hit friend: warm in the right. The voice of
custom, or the rod of power, He-eqnally disdains to court or fear.
Hence, in the obsequious region of the palace.

i«ai*Goog[c

SI4 THE 81'ANISH FATHER.

He is not always welcome.—Bat he comes.

Enter Alphonzo.

Jlph. [To Savedra.] Thus let me clasp my soW dier! {^Emhracing
him.']} Thou hast speeded Beyond the steps of age, and overta'eo me
Somewhat before my hopes.

Sav. The storm, that bore ' Your vessel from its course, onr voyage
missed. And gave ua vantage.

jiiph. 'Twaa indeed a fierce one. But dangers past will serve to furnish out , Ad old man's talk, lliou seest me now retomed^ My term of service out, to claim from Spaia Some days of quiet, and a peaceful grave. But I have placed Savedra in my post. To turn the tide of battle from her shore. And more than fill the void my age hath \eft.

Sav. If Spain shall mark Savedra's deeds with prtuse, 'Twill be to think of him to whom she owes them. Alphonzo's battles taught him bow to fight; Alphnnzo's battles taught him how to conquer.

Jlpk. Ofthatnomore. Butlhavemuchtoaak;—r First of my fellow-soldiers.

i«ai*Goog[c

THE SPANISH FATHER. n»

Sao. On the coast Of bleeding Afric, as your orders bore, I left the troops commanded hy Fraociaco. The rest with me returned to find at home Their coontrj's recompence, for ten years service. Before I left them, in our little camp Had mirth and festival begun to reign. Forth from their villages, with eager looks. The wife, the children of the veteran, came To meet a husband's and a father's smile; While joyous bands, with rural minstrelsy, Duiced round our tents, or chorus'd loud and long The ancieut roundelay.

j4lph. Blessed be their joys! A soldier buys them dear, and feels them warmly. Alphonzo should have shared the jocund scene, . But that his sovereign's mandate called him thence. Ere noon, I must attend him at Toledo; The time between I steal from state and business. To look upon my haunts of early youth, Here, in ^e well-known fields, and meet my child With nature smiling round her,

Sav, Fair Rnzalla Is well, I hope i

Jiph. I have not seen her yet

i«ai*Go<>J^le

SIS THE B|>AIf I8H FA3HBR.

3j dawn of day, it seems^ she iroodered forth Amidst the
ifiifdmga.Qf the wood^ddlj ' And I haye qiissed her path. Botsaj, my
friend, (For the food.pfCtQre> which my fancy catched, Broke
t>ffthy.Bpeechb,) how fan^ yourpiincely captive, , . The brave Ahdalla
i

Sav. Tapgliit .by you, we held him But as anhtHiOAred etrangei io
our camp. Not as a prisoner: from bi»felicw captives. Who sha^d
his,fortiiDe in the fields of war. He chose attendant^ whom
ovcotiirtei^ Freed for his service. i :

J^. That hecame my friends. The van I'd wish to conquer, is the man
Wh9m> conquered, I wou^ iove. Ignoble foes AI^« victory
unboaoured. But tftelst,, Whom chan<^ bad thrown oar cbains. oli,
they are

inftn too;- '

Know them as'such, and treat them with homanitiy.

Sao. I hav^- faieen taught by myown heart, sad you, sir, ~. ''•■

To reverence misfortune in the meanest. Their fetters have sat easy.

Per, So they should do.

i«ai*Goog[c

But die court loxuriegi have aometinieff lodded 'n^e qfaaitu (bat
m^l^fs var itaeV made light When Ifut a Miway file of Moorish
captives Had graced jtior .oonqneBt, by the fciog's connnaodj
Alvarez, and Sopie courtiera of bis traio> Uftd.thep ^Hotted for tbejr
private use, lliou^ \$paiA had prispners languishing in Afrie, Whose
freedooi wfiit^d .theirs. A^A. Tis well remembered. And shall be
talked of. I have other wrwgs To prologue that,—bi^t more of these
hereafter. Perez, attend Savedra to the .castle, And play the host for
me. I'll join you so(mi« And bring a daughter's, smiles :to sweeten
welcome. ££xf?f»f. Savedra and Perez.

The Moorish prisoners. The captives of our valour, won with blood!
And shall ^hey swell the train ^f this Alvarez, Fall on their kna^ to
lift .him to bis stirrup, Or toil to smooth his garden-teiraces ? By
heaven, tbey.sball npt

141 he is goipg <fff', he meets Rdzaila. JKtu. My father!

cCoo^le

Alph. My Ruzalls! let me press Uiee Thus to my heart, and weep its
foadaess o'er thee! Even in the battle's front I thought od thee; Midst
all the hardships of a soldier's life, "Hie image of my darling crossed
my fancy. And smiled iheir force away. Oh! tell me, tell me. All that
my absence missed!—I cannot question— lUs throbbing here—
^Tbou hast been well> and

happy: Hast not, my love ?

Smx. Tranquillity and peace Dwell in my native groves, nor e'er
beyond I strayed to lose them.

Mpk, That was well.—Thou sighest; But woman's very joy should still
be tender. As if it twinned with sorrow. We shall part No more, my
child; Alpbonso's toils are past; Here shall he rest, his coarse of glory
run. And give his closing days to heaven and thee,

Ruz. And shall we be so happy i Ob !.my father!

Alph. Ay; *herefore should we not?

Rvz. I know not why. To see thy safe return, to meet thee thus. Has
been Ruzalla's prayer. Yet now, methinkSf There is an ugly boding at
my heart.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

THE SPANISH FATHER. «!•

That weighs it down.

Afyh. Thiok not so deeply on't. Tis not in augury to trouble virtue.

Suz. Oh! teach my feebl'r mind the strength of virtue. You know not how much weakness hangs about me; How little I am worthy of the fate. That gave me birth from such a sire as thou art.

A[^]. I will not think so; be it thy father's praise. That he has better taught thee. There are fathers. Who treat their daughters, as if nature formed them in some inferior mould, (it to obey. But not to judge; to learn, if they have beauty. The little arts, that teach them how to charm; Or, if they want it, in domestic office To creep this life, and aim at nothing further. But liou has learned the mind's exalted purpose, To feel its powers divine, of thought and reason. And use them as the immortal gifts of Heaven.

Ruz. Such have the lessons of a parent I fear. I owe him more than nature's common debt. And more than common duty should repay him. Heaven knows—but feeling is not eloquent— Silence should better thank you.

A[^]. Tis enough.

Go to, J[^]!

no IKE SPANISH FATHER.

I know thy love, my child, the only good That I would husband life for. My brave boys Fell ere their time, but fell in glory; And other fathers envied me their fall. It was a soldier's.—[^]All may do their duty, But 'tis a privilege, not all enjoy. To die in doing it.

Should not Ranzalla then comfort thee for all? Qb! that she could!

„4[^]h. I know thou wilt, my child. Here have I seen thee Grow up and flourish, with the sweets of nature. To bless thy father's eye, and glad his heart. But now the world expects thee; find thy viaticum Shall shew thee worthiness of thy father's name. To[^]ay I lead thee to Rodrigues' court.

Rut. Rodriguez!

Mph. Wherefore startst thou at-tbe.soiwd ?

Ruz. Did I ?

Alph, Why, ye» i but know, Alphonso's ra«e May look on kings
unmoved. Thy gallant fathers Fought in their cause, and propped
tb«ir trembling

throne. Thither I lead thee, in the hand that strack Embattled Afric
on her burning plains.

i«ai*Goog[c

THE SPANISH FATHER. Si)

For^ve an old manVboasting-^-^hmi artWa pride

too; His fond endtJDg heart uitic^tta The praise and wonder of his
friends arbund thee.

Mtec. Oh! I deserve not praise; indeed I do not. I would shrink backj
and hide from public notice, Within thy armSjif there then wilt
receive me. With ^1 my errors, all my imperfections.

A^. This modesty becomes thee; yet the suffrage Of worth and'virtue
may be fairly wished for. There is indeed a shallow talking race.
Insects the son of royal farour breeds. Whose flattery yon will
hold"but words of fashion, Which Courtesy must hear, but sense
despise. Allow them the observance of civility. But not an eye of
favour; even the freedom. That innocence might take, most be denied
them, For busy tongues might talk on't; and in woman. The sense of
right should ever go beyond The right itself, Metiiiuks my cautions
wrong thee; But thou'rt the treasure of thy father's age. And, like the
miser trembling o'er his hoard. He fears, be knows not why.

.Stiz. Ob ! speak not thus.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

Nor add to all those debts of past indnlgeace. That make a wretched bankrupt of Ruzalle. J^ My two brave bo;8 have fallen for their

country— Peace to their souls! for I have heard lleur fame. ThoD, my RuzaUa, art the single ray. That gilds the evening of thy father's age. Could'st thou but know how dear this bosom hold?

thee— Thou canst not, till tby heart has felt the throb A parent's feels!—Wipe off that falling tear. Amidst the gentleness that suits her sex. Even soft-eyed woman has a proper pride. Revere thyself—the daughter of Alphonzo.

iExeuttt.

ifooi^Goot^le

THE SPANISH FATHER.

SCENE,— A Garden belonging to the Royal Palace at Toledo.

RuzALLA and Almbyoa.

Rux. For^ve my wesknesa, call me not unkind. If 'midst the joy of meeting my Almeyds, An inauspicious tear should force its nay. Tbou knoweat not how much cause I have to weep.

Aim. And should not thy Almeyda know the cause f Have not our souls, since first they knew themselves. Been open to each other i is it now. When most you need a friend, that you deny me My claim of friendship, friend^ip to your sorrows 7

Raz. Yes, Fve an otBce for Almeyda's friendship; To hear my sighs, to see my falling tears. To listen while I tell her 1 am wretched : Yet ask not why I am so. 'TIS some comfort (Ala8> to me denied!) to weep unquestioned. My guilty sorrow dares not meet the light;

i«ai*Goog[c

Mine is the task to wear s. look of ease,

To talk of common things, to smile at trifles.

While my poor breaking heart is torn with anguish.

Jim. Here unload thy bosom; to thy friend The world's
unfeeling wisdom is unknown. She too has weakness, and can pity
thine; Here tell thy griefs, and find a comforter!

Ruz. But shame is mingled with Ruzalla's grief. Even thou wouldst
scorn me, could I dare to tell thee; For thou art pure, for thou art
innocent. Nor does thy spotless soul admit a thought so foul as even
to guess at my dishonour.

Aim. Dishonour!

Ruz. Yes. ,

Almeyda's friend, Alphonso's boasted daughter!— Rodrigue but
thou canst not charge Rodrigue; Curse thy own guilt and folly that
undid thee.

Jim. Thy guilt! thy folly.

Jim. Yes! my throbbing heart Has kept the dark opprobrious story
down, ■ And struggled with its pangs; but, ere my fate- ■ Shall pluck
it thence— for, oh! my boding ■ Foresees detection blaze its
light upon me—

Almeyda, Wilt thou, my ever faithful, ever loved.

Almeyda

THE SPANISH FATHER. t

Wilt thou too cast me from thee?

Almeyda— M; Ruzalla} Thy words distract me! Let thy troubled soul Be
calm again, and know its own Almeyda,

Rvx. I'll tell thee then. When last to Afric's foastj— But promise not to hate me.

Abn. Speak thy griefe; Friendship like mine is poor in words to vouch
iL JRuz. When last to Afric's coast my father led The troops of Spain,
he left me at Montverdo, Thou wilt remember how T wished for thee,
To chear the lonely hours. Had'st thou but known To what
destntctioa then thy abseuce gave me. Scarce had thy duty to a dying
parent Withheld thee from thy friend.

Aim. Destruction, sa/st tliou! I left thee to destructioa

Rux, Yes, Almeyda. But, ah! destruction took an angel's forqij Too
pleasing to be feared.— One fatal day, about my customed hour.
When the mild dawn retired before the sun. Alone 1 wandered
through the wi[idiqg wood. A peaceful silence ruled the Keqe ^rougd,
VOL. VJII. V

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

tM TfiE SPANISH FATHER.

Save the small murmur of the busy brook,
Answeriag the ring-dove's dirge. I sat me down
Upon a cowslip bank, and fancy formed
Her dreams at will, when through the rusUing shade^
Ciad in a hunter's garb, a youth appeared.
Blushing I rose, yet koew not how to Ay;
He bowed before me, and with downcast looks.
And chastened voice, iatreated my forgiveness;
Told me, the chace had led him from his train.

Till through the tangled wood he lost his way,

Unweetingly intrusive.—Oh, my friend.

That stranger was the king. Abn. The king Rodriguez! Ras. Had'st thou not seen him then! His dark brown locks.

Disordered by the chace, curled on his neck;

A modest softness checked his beaming eye.

And smoothed his haughty mien. I looked, and wondered;

He looked like me, and seemed to wonder too.

At last his train appeared; his rank was known;

Towering he stood, and turned on them the king;

But upon me, Almeyda,

Aim. Ah, I fear

Too fatal that humility.

ri':i:..Cc)(>t^lc

THE SPANISH FATHER. MT

Rtz. 'Twas mine!— I led him to the castle^ gave him welcome. As to Alpbottzo's ling his daughter should; His language, too, was only of my father; But, ah! his eyes were eloquent of me. We parted; but my fancy kept behind A too seducing image of Rodriguez; ' And often would my treacherous feet betray me Back to the place where I first seen him first: There would I conjure up his beautiful form. And, though I blushed and trembled, almost wish To see him there again. —I saw him soon. Back to Montverde's groves did he come; For, as he told me, he had thrown aside The garb of king, the pomp of royalty. Once more to look on nature at Montverde; And from ambition's cares, and courtly falsehood. Had ded to peace, to

friendship, and to me. Vain of the dipught, I listened to his words;
And frequent, mi^t the wild romantic scene. Far from the world, and
pleased to think it far. We met each other. When he vowed his
passion. Pleased, not altrmed, I heard him; still unthinking In secret
met him; till, in an hour accursed,—

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

«S THE SPANISH FATHER.

Oh, my Almejda, all the rest is guilt. Is infamy!

Abn, Am I awake to hear thee i My fallen friend !-r-but I am still thy
friend, iitu< Oh, I am lost beyond the reach of friend^

lAiip! Ahu Fain would I flatter thee, and eay tbon art not— Hast thou
not since beheld him f

Rus. From that day. Though I have often wept, and wished to see
him, Angniah, remorse, and some surviving sense Of sullen honour,
kept me from his sight; Till, at the last, my father's near approach
This morning raised my fears above my shame; And at the wonted
hour, and well-known place. Where oft before we met, t tried to find
him. He was not there, bat infamy wag there; The face of nature
seemed to sadden round me; Each silent witness of my former purity
Lowered on my steps, and told me of my crime.

Ahn. Thy crime was love to him. If he but koeir The native worth of
my Ruzalla's soul. He would not judge it by a single error.— I ^st he
loves thee still.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

TffB SPANISH FATHER. «•

Ruz. iDhaman sex I TTiat ruin where they love I

Abn. The power is his To save thee yet;—to wed Uiee.

Ruz. Such was once The hope I fondly cherished; such was once "Hie hope he gave; bat foUen as I an— Even hatefnl to injmeir!—

^bn. Still art thou more, 'Midst all thy wrongs, than common souls con reach. Merit like thine disdains the aid of birth; Or, should it borrow Juatre thence, thy name Is such as monarchs might not blush to own. Rodriguez, fierce and haughty as he is. Will fear to wrong the daughter of Alphonzp.

^z. And should Rodriguez on such terms be mine i Should I accept the leavings of his fear. Without his love i No, we are both above it: He will not give, metbinks I would not take^ The hand that was not offered by his heart.— Protect me, my Almeyda; see, he comes! Let me not wait his coming. [Preparing to go.

Aim. Be thyself; [Stopping her.

And meet him, not nnworthy of his love.— I leave thee to the interview. lExit Almbtda.

i;,Goojj;[c

tM THE SFA11I8H FATBElt.

Enter Rodbiodbz.

Rod. Health to my love, my beautiful RuaaOa! Hay joy like that which now Kodriguez feels. Be ever her'a !—Ha ! dost thou tam and weep ? What should this mean i why for a tedious week Have, cot these eyes beheld theeP—Through the

scenes, Sacred to love and to Ruzalla's steps. Her fond Rodriguez wandered, but in vain. She shunned him ^en; and now his passion meets With those unhallowed tears.

Ruz. Those tears, my Lord, Are the sad portion thou hast leH;
Rnzalla. The joy thou wishqst her, the peace of mind That dwells with innocence, is ber's no more 1

Rod. That dwells with innocence! sad does she tax A love like ours with guilt!—unkind Ruzalla I No, it shall bloom in constancy and trudi. Far from the eye of a misjudging world. And bless us both.

Rue. Oh, it shall never bless us. Within this bosom it has quenched the hope Of fiiture bleaBing.—Such Rodriguez' love.—

THE SPjUIISH father. SSI

Alas, my Lord! if I were made for chiding. Then should my wrongs— But I have wronged myself; I will not charge another.—I have thrown The peace, the c<Hnfort of my soul away. But thou should'st pity me.

Rod. Should pity thee > Thoa dost profane the heavenly power of hean^. Of something more than beauty, that dwells in thee. To talk of pi^. I behold thee still. The idol of my vows, with adoration I

Ruz. Are you sincere, my Lord i Perhaps you are; For I am little qualified to judge Of what dissembling is;—but even thy words Cannot persuade to comfort, nor out-plead The whisper of that stem-reproving monitor. That tells me what a wretch I've made myself.

Bod. Such is the softness that adorns thy sex. Beauteous in weakness, lovely in its fears.— But, trust me, thine are false.—Cast not upon me That altered look; within this bosom dwells -Cnchanged affection, unexUnguished love. Hear then its voice, that bids thee still be happy.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

THE SPANISH FATHER.

Rat. Can it restore the h&ppiness 1 lostf * Ere it sedpced my soal; ere it seduced me From all the blessed serenity of virtue, From all the comforts of a parent's lore.

* Among the panagn itrncoul, (u T havfc imenlioied in the nnic al the beginDing of this drama,) 1 find tbe fbUoviag ipeech of KduIIh t in place of which wai nibBtiluled the Hie linei with tthii^h the Bpeech is cloaed ai it now Kaiida. Tbe change oai nn-doubtedi) B

prnperpnei bat (be pa>u(e tbua eipimged wai of a sort which a jnong
anlbor in DDWiUing to lose, and, accnrdei^l;. In the orlEinal copj, it
wai cllcuinSexed with a query, whctltiT It ODght DDI to be retained.

Give me again the peacefbl dajt I pawed Within m; natire woodi, gaj
aa tbe birda (That carolled on the bought i my breait ai pare, Al were
tlie tiab and dew-itecpd TioieU That decked ny path. With each
retamli^ n^ Arote tlie bealtbftal ii)[<nir of my aoul, And (bed a dawn
of chearfbllncM arODDd me. Or if 1 MnnetlmM wept al talei of woe
The bw; world gave birth to, yet »j (wioir Wu gentle ■* the loft
camplBiiiiig tong The nightingale addTeuet to the Union. Bat DOW
the Bmiliog moni bai liwt iti beauty. The woodland muic deadem on
the breext. And tbe icarce-opening bloawm teeins to languid. At
time* a ihort obllTlon IbiU my loul. Bat loon I ilorl again to
recollection) And when 1 weep, my tean are fboie of guilt. That carry
ai^ulih with IkcM.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

FrcMD all the honour of his spotless name, To inf»my, to anguish t
Rod. Talk not thm ; "Hiy scniie^es wrong as both.—Passion like ours
Bursts the weak ties, the servile forms of custom. Our souls were
joined by sympathetic nature. And heaven, that lighted up their
sacred fires. Witnessed our vows; the rest is pedantry, Tke bond of
frozen minds, by chance or interest Joined, for a life of dnlness or
disquiet,

Ruz. For shame, my Lord 1 am I so lost indeec^ That you should
treat me thus < This is the loose Irreverent langu^e of licentious vice.
—■ I may be most unhappy; I deserve it; But not so wretched quite as
to forget Those sacred laws that privilege mankind.

Sod. Forgive me> my Ruzalla; by thy beauties I swear, I meant not
disrespect to thee. Thou art the bride, the queen of my desires. Look
not so sad, though, on my soul, thy tears Are lovely, even to rapture.
Tell me, tell me. How shall I wipe those tears!

ituz. Let his own honour Answer Rodriguez that. Rod. I understand
thee.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

Would I could shake from me; impatient lore The chains of royalty!
Thou kaoveest a king Is but a splendid servant of the state; Not even
his soul's actions are his own But (evoked policy must dictate to
him And warp the dearest wishes of his bosom.

Ritx, So I have heard uafeehng statesmen judge; But yet, methinks,
vrhere monarchs love tbeir people^ Their people would rejoice to see
Uiem happy. .

Rod, Now, by my throne, I tthink ao< Thpu ^alt teach Ro<lriguez to be blest, and bless bis country. [I will not bear a bargain for mj hand Without my heart.} {^Amde.

Be satisfied, Ruzalla:

Were I not now a king, I now were thine; But, as I am, a little time
will smooth Those obstacles, that state and royalty Impose upon my
will.

Rux. How shall I thank Uiee i And yet, I know not why, I blush to say.
That I should thank thee.-^But Alvarez comes. The state requires
thee, and Ruzalla yields. Farewell.

Rod. Farewell, my love. Alvarez comes to give

i«ai*Goog[c

He monarch back; but thou ^alt we me soon The lover, not the king;
and fear not tjiptl The lover fwthless, or the king uojust.

Alvabsz enters at the t^potite ode i^the Stage,

Alv. Forgive me, sir; perhaps I come iatnusive Upon your privacy.

Rod. It matters not; ''

I have an office for thee. Thou rememb'rest The busineaa that we talked of yesterday.

Mv. Touching your purposed marriage with the Lombard, Astolpho's daughter, beauteous Elazuna i

Rod. Aye; but that marriage must not be, Alvarez.

Ah. Hon! must not be, sir f

Bad. No; and thou sbaltstop This yet unfinished treaty, on what terms Thy best invention may give colour to.

Ah. I would do much to serve the king I love. But never was his service so ungrateful; He bids me taint his honour and my own.

Rod. There is an honour dearer la thy master. Whose dictates he obeya; let thine be silent.

i«ai*Goog[c

«t THE SPANISH FATHER.

And question it no fartheri

^Iv. Tis enough. Thy will precludes a subjects argnmeUU But may I dare to wonder why it is so ?

Bod. Tby counsel only, not affection, promptefl My choice of Elazuna; now my heart Has made ila own election of another.

Ak. Then may I hope that other as deserring A monarch's love>

Rod. That other is Ruzalla. Alvarez, Uiere is something more than womtui About Ruzalla. Of Ruzalla's beauty Possession cloys not: from Ruzalla's mind Beams forth a genUe eham, that makes desire Almost a virtue.

^h. There's an angel form. That women easily contrive ttf wear When they would gain or keep ns; trust me, sii; Beyond that purpose, they are women stiU, Froward, and vain, and weak; Alvarez knows tbenh.

Rod. -And is Ruzalla thus i

Ah. I know not that; Nor do I know what privilege she has Beyond
her sex's charter. Hiou hast fooad her A very wtHoan.

I ;l;,Cc)Ot^le

THE SPANISH FATHER. fST

Rod. Talk Qo more of that; It grates my conscience.

Alv. Make it not a crime. That ihou wert lucky; at that yielding hour
Another might have triumphed.

Rod. Tblink'st thou that t

Jh. I think she was not difficult to win. I have known beauties stand a
siege for months. Whom now your very pages, as they pass. Make
wanton comments on. Yet they had tears. And gentleness, and virtue,
for the fools. Whom conscience made their husbands.— Start not, sir;

Perhaps it is not fair to judge Ruzalla By other women; yet the
solitude In which her father left her, that seclusion From the world's
converse, is the veriest tempter A woman's mind can meet with j
there's a loodenesR In her own fancy, that seduces more Than could
the devil; and the first man she sees. If he but talk of love, is sure to
conquer.

Sod. By heaven, it may be so, Uiough Fve beheld her With eyes of
dotage. Yet, my promise given, I am entangled ther*.—But now she
left me.

i«ai*Go<>J^le.

Assured I should be hers.

Ah. That promiae, sir, I most be bold to tell ;ou, bad been pledged To
me, on the behalf of Elazuoa, And was not yours to give.

Rod. nris shrewdly fancied; But still thou canst not quiet the
remembrance Of how macb wrong I've done her.

Mv. Let her wrongs Have reparation any way but this, That does your crown, your fame, your people, wrong.

Mod. Her father's service too!

Ah. I grant his service. And it has been requited, though indeed He holds it past requital. But to him The story of his daughter is unknown. And should continue so; else he might stir. In the weak minds of the misjudging many. Somewhat of danger. Yet, though he is valiant, Methinks a power, like thine, should hardly fear him.

Rod. Ha! fear him I

Ah. Yes; I would not have it said. The king of Spain was frightened from his purpose. To wed the daughter of the Lord Alphonso.

Bod. I am damnably frightened!

Enter the Countess

Re-enter

THE SPANISH FATHER.

Ah, Pardon the expression; And yet this same Alphonso talked to-day. As if his master durst disoblige him.

Bod. How durst not, say not thus

Ah. Thou didst mark his carriage At your first interview. I had. I marked it not.

Ah. Some loyal sons there were, that did obey it. And warmly too. He threw a look around him. As if his presence did his sovereign honour; And when he mentioned certain Moorish prisoners whom this last battle gained him, with the accent. Of the report; for he touched on the disposal Of some he took before, though it was done By order from himself.

Rod. Why, yes; methinks I do remember that; but 'twas not much. ■

Ah. He did indeed restrain his swelling spirit. Though with a hanghty saving of what else Another time he might say. Some time since, I met bim in the palace: those apartments. Your favour there assigned him, he has iilled With the same moody spirits, that surround Hii table at Montverdo. I observed him

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

fW TUB BPAN18H FATHER.

Amidst tbeir liatening circle, and endeavoored To shun the meeting; but he crossed my way With a fierce oit of menace. He had beard^ I know not faov, your purpose of alliance. Of that he talked at 6rst; called it a traffic. An iguomiuious traffic of your hand To serve some end of mine. When on this theme His passion once had ronsed itself, he used Such terms of outrage 'gainst your government. As it might seem in me, who long have home Alphonzo's bate, invidions to repeat. Bat, iu conclusion, stifling up bis anger To proud contempt, he said, you should be taught; Himself would teach you what yon owed your people. Rod. loBolenl slave! And did he dare to say this i Ah. This, and much more; it is a thing of coBtom Foi him, and his associates, to declaim on* If they shall pass unquestioned, royalty Will grow into derision, and the name Of monarch be a jest. Forgive me, sir. If my zeal words it plainly—now, when this man Sh^l see thee wed his daughter—

Bad. Talk no more on't; I give my idle passion to the wmdi> I am a king aguo.

i«ai*Goog[c

THE SPANISH FATHER. S4I

Ah. Act aa becomes That sacted title, and this hanghty lord Shall bend before thee. It were well, perhaps. If this day's council sbould be held without him. .

Rod, It shall, by heaven!

Ah, Twill put him to the trial. And yet it were not politic to seen>
Neglectful of hia service; let him have That cool indifferent notice,
which his pride Will feel beyond neglect; then, if it bear him The
length I mean it should, the general censure Will fasten upon him.

Mod. I see thy purpose. And, though I am not made for artifice. Yet
thus far thou shalt guide me. Let it but come to fair and open contest.
And then Rodriguez needs not an instructor.

lEiit RODBIOUEZ.

Alvabez alone. So, I have touched him in the very part That pride and
passion wince in ; but Alphonzo, Whose temper suits my scheme,
will gall him there. Even into madness : as for this Ruzalla, His
general estimation of the ses VOL. VIII. g

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

SM TBB SPANISH FATHER.

Win I so aid, by colouring to my puipo^ Her weakneM to himself,
that he shall bold Her beanty at a rate of easy porcbase. Her haughty
sirej like some maligoaat powefj Has checked my growing fate, and
kept it dow; But here> I tmst, be falb, Alvarez then Shall ataad
secure, aqd Spain confess hec lord.

ri':i:.Cc)(>t^lc

THB BPANISa rATHER.

ACT III.

SCENE—^ HaR in the Palace.

Alfhohzo alone. Ti» as the wise bave sud,—Mao's promued bliss
Eludes liis grasp; vaioly we trust to^morroWj For hours of happiness
withheld to-day: To-morrow comes, a very baDkrnpt too. And leaves
us still unpaid 1 I had set down My little portion of remaining life.
For the mild comforts of a daughter's love. To smooth the path, that
leads me to the grave. But now, when I have reached my native land.

And met my child, a sullen influence seems To hover round vs. On
Rnzalla's brow I mark a settled sorrow, though at times Dimly she
strives to smile, and gives the gloom A sickly face of gladness.—
Elvira here ! she may be useful now.

I. '^,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

ftU TUB SPANISH FATHER.

Enter Eltiba.

Come hither, child: I think thoa lovest thy ini»-tresB, And hast some
cause; thou art not mnch a servant, But rather bear'st the office of a
friend. Hast thou observed Ruzalla, in my absence. As well as thou
could'st wish her i

Elv. Well J my lord ?

Alph. Why, yes; methiukg hei look is altered much; Her cheek has
lost the smile it used to meet A father's eye with; where its dimples
played. Sits pale unjoyous thought.

Eh. Of late, my lord. Somewhat of this I marked, and once or twice I
wished to ask the cause; bat fear withheld me.

A/ph. Say'st thou f—

Elv. Her wonted cheerfulness is. gone: Pensive abe sits the live-long
day, nor marks The circling hours^ that wont to portion out The uses
of her time. The little arts. That once she fondly practised, please no
more. Neglected lies the half-embroidered scarf. And the dim
landscape, whch her pencil traced. Stands colourless beside her.
Even the flowers.

THE SPANISH FATHER. MS

She loved bo much to rear, she now beholdsi

Regardless of their beauty; save aloae

One favourite lily, which she visits ol^.

As if it were compaoion of tier sadneBS.—

" And thou shalt die," I heard her.say, " and shed

Thy beauteous leaves; unspotted thou shalt shed

tbem: When shall I fall like thee V and then she raised Its bending head, and looked so very piteous,— Though it was but a flower, in sooth, I wept.

^^lA. So much in love with grief!

Eh. Twas even thus. And sometimes will she bid me fetch my lute: But if I try to win her from her sorrow With mirthful sounds, she chides me for my playing; Then will she take the lute, and touch an air Solemn and sad, while ever and anon She pauses o'er some melancholy sound. And casts upon the strings a wistful look. As if they spoke a language that she loved.

A^h, Indeed ! And has. she long been thus, Elvira?

£fo. I did observe it first about the time Your last dispatches, which Ramirez brought. Arrived from Afric; 'twas about the time

i«ai*Go<>J^le

us THE 8PAHIBH FATUBR.

The king was at Montverdo.

J^h. Ha! the king! Said'st thou the king i —The king was at Montverdo!

Eh. I thought my kdy had already told you.

A^. By heaven, she did act!—How!—Montverdo !—Came be In private thither i —Staid he long, Elvira ?— My daughter was al<me! —^Tell me, I charge thee.

Eh> By chance, my lord, he came; warm in Uie chace. He left his train behind, and lost his way Amidst the winding paths, that cross the wood; Twas there my lady met bim.

Jlph. Was it but this F No more i And ever since thou hast observed her droop. And cherish sadness i

Eh. But I ne'er suspected I^is visit as the cause.

ji^k, I would not have thee. I left Ruzalta guardian of herself.— If thou hast seen a father's weakness in me, (I think thou faast not much,) imagine not I would employ thee, as a spy, to feed My unadvised suspicion. Breathe not a sound To touch my family's honour.

i«ai*Goog[c

tBB SPAKlBR VATlt&tt. Ml

£ft). If iaj trords Unwiuingly offended^ good my lord^ I pray you pardon me. I have a heart. If it could speak^HeaveQ knows the love I bear To thee, and to my lady.

J^. I believe tbee. Prithee forget it, I am tender there> Feifaaps too much,— mo matter, think not oil't. Trust me> I did not mean to doubt Uiy faEtbt This way my daughter comes.—Ko more, but leaVb us, lEsit Eltiba,

Alfbokzo walh a few momentt in lamUig d^rdtf; ■ RoeiLLA trUen. Alfh. Thou comest upon my wish; when there's A thought Within this bosom to accuse my Child, I would not linger long beneath its pressure.]\fethinks, I've used a pEU'ent's privilege. Not to command, but love { aUd joined the nbtee Of friend to that of father: —hav^ I dot i Suz. Thou hast been eVer graddua^^Wherefore, wherefore, That look of sternness now f jtl^ It speaks my heart;

i«ai*Go<>J^le

MS THE SPANISH FATHER.

Ad honest heart, that hates the thought of falsehood,

Ruz. Of falsehood I

Alph. Yes; a falsehood of the mind, To hide Home blushing purpose
from the light. The king 1 Rodriguez!—does the name alarm thee t
Why was his visit to Moatverdo bid. As if It canieH guilt ?—Ha! dost i
thou tremble i By Hearen! thou dnrn'st such pictures to my fear—
Give me to know it alt.

Rux. I will;—hot pity me>— Look not so angrily. I cannot speak— My
father !—

A^. Weep not, t will hear thee calmly.

Ruz. When thou wert absent, I confess, the king Was at Montverdo;
this I should have told. But that my fears—

Mph. Thy fears ! Why shouJd'st thou fearf What brought him hither i

Httz. First by chance he came. Bewildered in the chace.

Alph. Hal 3ay'9lthou,.>fs(? It seems he came n^ain, then P Jtm. Yes.

i«ai*Goog[c

^IjA. And saw thee I Wai it not so ? alone i

Ruz. He did.

^/j>A. And told Thy beauty^ and his lore'

Raz. He talked of love; But in snch tenns of honour and reqwct* Ab
migfat not wrong the daughter of Alphonzo To listen, while he spoke.

^^h. And thou didst hear him i

Ruz. Would that I had not! But fot^re mj weakness. Canst thou
forgive me? Ob [—

^^. Thou geest ine patient. Go on.

Ruz. Tia but a little hour ago. Within these walb again he vowed his passion} Told me with what regret he bore the forms Of state and royalty, that now withheld him From giving, where his heart was fixed, the band That should attend it; that a little time Should make him mine for ever.

Alph. Said he this?

Rm. This, with the fervent language of siaceri^. To-day he told me.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

S» TUE SPAIttSH FATHER.

J^ Mark thy father, then.-^ I charge thee, as thou lovest thy peace of miad j As honour, or as life is dear to thee. To banish him for ever from thy thoughts: His promises are false, bis love perdition.

Rtix. Is it indeed so fatal I then^-

^^. I know it) Delighted thou hast beard him, and dmnk itk The poison of his flattery: but know, ITnthinking girl, the treacherous king betrays thee. That hand, he would have offered, bis base minioa. The cursed Alvarez, has made tiafiic of. He means to wed another.

Ruz. Ha! another! Support me—Wed another t

{^Leaning faint on her FcUher'i Arm.

Alph. My child !—Ruzalla!—Recollect thyself.-^ Strikes it so deep f [She be^ta to reecoet.

How is it with thee now?

Riix. I am myself again. I will forget him. Tis fit I should. Pardon these woman's tears.

Alph, Perdition seize him!—but I will he calm.-^ Once more, I charge thee, tear him from thy heart. Thou know'st,—I think thou dost>-^thy father's kind-

i«ai*Goog[c

THB SPAKUH FATBBK. Mt

But thou rememberest, too> that sacred honour.

Which he haa ever Talued more than life;

Which he mast valne even beyond his lore

To thee^—to thee^ the last remainiDg child.

That heavea has left his age!—

Go, wipe away thy tears, and think of those,

That fret his frinkled cheeks. [Eat RitzalIiA,

Alvhomzo ofoffl. This false ungrateful king I-^-eren at the time When his own battles rested on my sword!— I know him passion's slaire, and yet, by Heaven, I scarce can think him base enough to mean This outrage on her honour!—but he comes. And I shall ease my swelling heart, to tell him The wrongs that he has done me.

Enter Roobiovez and Jttendantt. Rod. [To an Officer ofkii Train.] Tell thou the Moor, that we accept his terms: But for Our prisoners, they must bear their chains Till these conditions, which the peace requires Hieir muster to perform, shall be Adfilled.

[Exit Officer. My Lord Alphonzo, we had uked your presence

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

S6S THE SPANISH FATHER.

To hear those last proposals of the Moor, But that your information guided us, Without that farther tax upon your leisure.

Alphonzo. Perhaps my counsel, sir, had scarcely suited Well your determinations. But that business Hangs not at present on Alphonzo's mind; There is a matter of more deep concern To his particular welfare, which his king, When councils of the state may pause uninjured Will grant a hearing.

Rod. We will hear it now; The state shall wait our pleasure.

Alphonzo. But its nature requires your private ear.

Rod. I will withdraw, and leave you.— Now, we're alone.

Alphonzo. Even in the general cause, A citizen of Spain, whose rank hath placed him Near to thy throne, my duty bids me speak. If e'er thy actions break the sacred bond That links thee to thy people;—but at present, I have a nearer right, a private title To tell my sovereign, (not forgetting what I owe him as my sovereign,) he has wronged me.
Rod. Your speech, Alphonzo, oft assumes a tone.

Alphonzo

THOU FATHER, SM

That scarce becomes a subject; but your life May plead some privilege. Speak.

Alph. Becomes a subject! My speech becomes a freeman.—Thou hast wronged

me, even in the tenderest part, my family's honour; And 'twere to be unworthy of their blood, Did I not guard it, though against a king.

Sad. Bend not that eye of pride upon thy sovereign's reign. Presumptuous lord! He has an honour too. The sacred honour of the Spanish throne, And will maintain it.

A[^]. Did I hear aright?— Presumptuous 1—Yes, I know thou art my
eove[^]

reign. Presumptuous!—For that honour of thy throne This ann has
often fought, this bosom bled. Presumptuous!—But no matter.—Did
it suit The honour of the monarch, or the man. To steal in secret on
my guardless house. And practise on the weakness of my child i

Rod. How! practise!

Jlph. Yea, to seize the yielding hour Pf Jblitude, ia absence of her
father.

,:i:,Cc)Ot[^]le

S5t THE IPANISH FATHEB.

I think thou couldst Dot mean,—[^]I tnut thou cooldit

not,— Nor do I hold her viitue to be won Even bj a monarch's siege {
but to ledace The soft affections of her artless soul. To sport
unfeeling with hei peace of mind. These are ungracious arts. Rod.
Urge me no farther.

A[^]. Dost thoo threaten me i —Urge Uiee no farther! Must I then
stoop, and bear indigni[^]? By Heaven, I will not so betray the rights
Of Jreedom, or of manhood! Thou shalt bear me.

Rod, Shalt hear thee f Dost thou know me ? On thy life— But I
forgive thee for Rosalia's sake. I found her—much less haughty than
her sire.

Mph. Found her!—less haughty—found her!— Speak it again, that I
may tell thee, king [— Thou darest not—

Rod. Darest not, traitor !—Hear it oil then. And let that honour thou
presumest to lifl In proud defiance 'gainst thy sovereign, know
Rodriguez for its lord.—Montverdo's groves

,:i:,Cc)Ot[^]le

TSB BPANI8B FATHEB. SU

Witnessd the joys thy beauteous daughter gave me. Alpk. Tyrant, 'tis false.

Bod. How! villain! [jfrAei Alphonzo.

Alph. It is well. I thank thee thus.

[Denzuf^ hit Sword; Alvabsz and GvArtd nah in, and throw thomdsa betwixt the King (unj Alfhonzo. jth. Forbear, my royal master. And let our faithful swords-^—

Rod. I charge you, hold! Secure the slave unhurt.

ji^ . I am your prisoner; But first—

[Offm to itab himself; they disarm him. Rod. I thank your zeal; [lb the Guonjk] bear that old traitor hence; Chained in a dungeon, let him wait the doom His crime deserves.—^This way with me, Alvarez; Spun shall be taught to reverence her king, Clothed is the terrors, that command obedience.

Exeunt the King, and Alvarsz. A^ . i-4fiet a pause, to one of the Guardt.} I prithee, tell me—thou hast been a plodder—

,i:,Cc)Ot^le

tl>fl THE SPANISH FATHER.

Are these things so? —I think^ I am not so. Though I am old and weak.

Guard. It grieves me much To see thee thus. My duty to my king Makes me a foe to treason^ else a soldier Should be Alphonzo's friend.

jllph. I am Alphonzo. Where is my daughter?

Guard. I will send to tell her. How it has fared with .thee. Her intercession May win the king to mercy.

jil^ . Intercession!— Ruzalla's intercession!—Soft, a moment— Let me remember-» Dishonoured!—Stained 1—Damnation !—

Ovard. Good, my lord, Suit your best courage to the present hardship. And bear it like a man.

jilph, Say'st thou, a man f— Let me look on thee. I have seen thee fight; Tbouknow'stmetoo—bear it!—Art thou afatherf-Oh!—

Guard. I can but pity thee,—But see Alvarez; The king, I hope, relents.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

IHE SPAXmU FATHEK. Sbf

Enter Altabez.

.^.Bearoff your prisoner to the Weatera Tower.— My lord, although I know you love me not, This order hurU me. But let me advise you. Abate the pride, that suits not'^your condition. The king ia generous, and your former service May plead for pardon; bnt it must be sued for. ' lExit Alvabez.

A^. Away, thou parasite of power! my soul ^isd^ns to waste a tbought upon thy meanness. Ob! oh! Ruzalla!—bear me to my prison.-^ 'Age, infamy, and bonds!—shew me the dungeon ' That's dark enough to shut dishonour out. And close the eye of scorn upon Alpbonzo.

{Bxma.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

TBB 9PAN.HB FATBER.

ACT IV.

SCEJJE-^^PfMOB. AtPHpNzodKco«re(JoiCfta«fr litta^ itpoa the Grouad.

4^ sail must I think i Would tb»t die time were corae, Wbea thought should v« no longer ! Pree not oa

EeleaUess inemoiy t

DeiCj in my waaing age, to see the waste

Of hopeless life around me—that were little;—

Pollution! sbame 1—Perdition seize the tyrant!—

Bnt, hark! they come— IStarfiKg up.] that hope it

left me still— The last great hope—to die!

Enter Pbdho. Ped. It is, it is Alphonzo ! J^. Who art thou. That namest me ?

i«ai*Goog[c

Ped. Oh ! my master.

jitph. Ha! that yoice, Methinks, should be remembered—Fedio I

Fed. Yes, Thine ever faithftil Pedro.

^^pA. Hast thou found me^ Even pow, whoi common friendshipB Btand aloof P Bat get tbee hence, my fortmie is coot^ous; It may be fatal to have oerred a traitor.

Fed. Far be that thought from me < Fll follow thee Even in the face of ruin. Blessed be the chance, That placed me here; for, in his hour of need, I still may serve Alphonzo,

ji^k. I remember Tfay faith and honesty. Did I not send thee To my late noble friend the Lord Gsranza } He did provide for thee.

Fed, My honoured lord. Thy name procured me friends, and—may I boast— My service did their favour no disgracct At length, unfit for a more active office, 'Tis now my trust to guard the gloomy strength Of these detested walls. Merciful Heaven! Aad do X see thee here i — imprisoned 1 chained!

, -wGoojjf[c

ate TItE SPANISH FATHER.'

Ji^, Tboa seest me here; tliou seest mj shrivelled limbs Loaded with fetters, and these hoaiy locks Pillowed upon a dungeon's mould; floor.^ Grasp not my hand so hard—it Will unman me.— Thou pitiest me, good fellow.—Oh! these shackles Are light, are easy, to the load that presses 'Diy master's son!! Oh!—

Fed. Why, my good lord. Quivers thy lip, and wherefore dost thou bend Thine eye so wildly on yon horrid cells i Alas! for-pity! that my ^master's age Should ^d no better dwelling! But I hope All win be well again.

^Iph. Thou dost remember her, I know thou dost;

I've sem her sit upon thy knee, and smile >.

At thy rude song; end then thou feignedst to weep>'

Then she wept too, and asked thee what thoi,

ail'd'st.'—

, Was it not so ?

Fed. Means my good lord his daughter. The fairKuzallaf

A^. Daughter!—who—what daughter f— Ruzalla!—Who was't spoke of herf—Ruzalla!— Stained by the tyrant—Curses on thy tongue I

i«ai*Goog[c

THE SPANISH FATJIER. lat

Thou liest-^Alplioazo'B daogbter!—Oh! iny brain J Gape, gape, and hide the blushes of Alpbonzo !

^Throwing himteifon the Ground. >Fed. Be comforted, my lord; I pray you rise. And let the service of a faithful heart. Poor qs it is, be something to its master.

Alph. No; I will grovel here, it siiits my stale. An abject, vile, dishonoured, coward wretch. Crawling in chains, that meanly bears to live A thing for gcorn to point at.—All the plagues Of Heaven's hot wrath o'ertake her!

Fed. I have carried her Oft in these arms, and heard her lisp her words With such a voice of music! Oh! my lord, " You then have.blessed her after. Have I lived To hear ihee pray for curses on Rnzalla f— -I could remind thee of such scenes— ' Jlph. Sayest thop ? —I will be calm.—Speak, my I

good Pedro; I think thou Invest me—Speak.

Ptd. When my good lady, Her mother, died, they took the child away. That her resembling features might not wound Thy suffering soul afresh) nor brought her back ■ '

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

MI THE SPAHUU rATHBS.

Till time had soothed thy sonows.. Twu on the

eve Of that fierce battle, where your valiant sons, AIu! too early, fell. The tnunpetfs soond Had called yoo forth, and round the cattle's gate Your faithful vaasals ranged th«r moony files. Forth in my arms I brought the torelly babe. Who, when she saw thee clad in jointed maU^ Shrunk back, and nesUed fearful in my bosom. Till by caresses, and the soothing words. That children know, I won her from her fears; And, after stealing oft a doubtful look. She smiled in

dimply innocence again, And stretched her little hands, and stroked
thy heard.

J^. Oh!

Fed, Around her, as it chanced, ber nurse had wrapped A silken
scarf, in which her mother's hand Erewhile a golden ornament had
wrought^ The blazon of your honse: this, as you clasped Your
daughter to your boam, caoght your eye; Sudden you started back,
and gave her to me. As if the si^t had stung yon; then, once more,
To-youi big hearing bosom pressed the child.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

rfftH SPANISH PATHBR. «S

And wept aa& gftzed, and gazed and vept again:. At length, with hair-
4ferted lotA, you wared Your hftod^ Id signal for the martial sound,
That bids the soldiers march. The trumpet's claog AroQud OS
echoed; and, with eager strides, The front you gained, and homed
from the Walls.

J^. Prithee, no tuore. Have I not cause to curse ? Had she died tlien,
I were indeed the last Poor withering hraach of a once honoured
race; But infamy had never cankered it. Nor marked it for the scorn
of after times. But 'tis no matter; I shall soon forget it. The tyrant's
wrath will free me from these pangs. And give me death.

Fed. Death ! sayest thou i Oh, my master!

Jlpk. Except revenge, death is my dearest wish.

Fed. Thou shalt not die. My fate baa placed me here The keeper of
thy prison. I will free thee This very night.

Jlph. I thank thee ; hut my life Shall not be purchased at the price of
thine.

P«/. Think not of mine. But we may 'scape together.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

A little westward lies the forest's verge;

I lead you each secret path, and will conduct thee

Safe from the keenest foe. Grant me but Uis—

Mph. No; thou art here in trust, and I thy prisoner; Thy faith the tyrant's outrage hath not cancelled; Nor would I have a thiag, that e'er was mine, 'Touched with disbooni.—Ha! that stings, that

stings;— My curses on her I

Fed. Yet let me intreat thee.— But look, my lord, thy noble friend Savedra; Tidings, I hope, of good.

Enter Sax Etika.

Sav. My friend Alphonzo! And is it here we meet i —Ungrateful Spain!— Turn and behold Savedra. •

Alph. Think no more Of such a wretch; he would not be remembered. If thou would'st speak me comfort, tell me when Shall shame be lost in death ?

Sav. Shame never touched My friend revered ;—thy chains disgrace thy king.

^^. If it be so, why lingers then the doom That gives us both relief?

,i:,Cc)Ot^le

THE SLAVE'S FATHER; tU

Sav. The doom thou meanest, I trust shall never pass,~I tried to gain admittance to Rodriguez, but his guards withheld me from his presence. Young and fiery. His passions break out wild, and scorn restraint; But reason will resume her power again. And ,tell him what he owes thee.

Mph. ,Thiok not that ; For baseness will not bear to be obliged. Those debts are cancelled here,—these are the . ' 1 wreaths [Pointing to kii Chains.

My services haye gained me.

Sat. But Ruzalla, Who now is with him, shall not plead in vain To save a father.

Jlph. With him,- sayest thou ? with him ! R^izalla with him!—Oh, I shall run mad ! Sav. ,Be patient.

Jlph., Patient!—yes, I will be patient. Sav. Thy wrongs are felt, thy wrongs shall be redressed. TTiere's not a heart that's worthy of thy friendship. But is thy friend, and justice shall be done thee.

Jlph. It shall be done me. Tliou hast roused again Alphonzo> better self.—It shall be done me !—

i«ai*Go<>J^le

taa TAB SPANISH PATBSft.

Is vengeance io onr view f

Sav. A choten party, Who long with indignation have bebdd . Rodriguez govemed by a hanghty minitn). Turning at will the tide of royal favour. Thy injuries have rouzed; even now they meet. And wait for me to join them. To the toldiets. Whose van already has apptoached TtAtd^f Perez has carried tidings of their leader.— But, soft—Alvarez here! I'd not be leen f Farewell! iExU «^A Pbdbo.

jilph. By heavens, 'Ub great!—Farewell, my gal* lant friends. My fellow-soldiers!—Tyrant, thou shall tremble.

Enter ALVissz.

Jlv. I come, Alphonzo, to pronounce thy doom. Thy mitigated doom; thy beauteooB daughter Has pleaded for thy life, and has obtained it.

Jiph. Then let me die; 'Us hifaiuy to take What she can plead for.

Alv. I obey my kias, When I declare his will; with thee it shall not His minister to argue.—Thou shalt live. But upon special terms;—exile from Spain,

Google

THE SPANISH FATHER

With me allow me thy Sovereign's grace From thy demesnes to be granted. Farther be nigh thee Instant to quit Toledo; in an hour. If thou art found within these walls, thou diest

Jeph. 'Tis well; I take the gift thy master sends: But mark me, sir, it is not on the terms Of obligation. Tell him, I accept it But for the sake of vengeance; here, in thy presence. Allegiance I forswear, and vow to hold Eternal enmity and deadly hate With him, thy tyrant master!—If I am free. Then let him fear me.

Ah. These are words of phrensy. I will not be unjust even to a foe; Thy answer shall not reach him.—Fare thee well.

[Exit Alvarez.]

Alph. And dost thou brave me? Let security. The dream of fools, be with thee; sport and flatter. On gaudy wing, amidst the buzzing tribe Of insect courtiers. My revenge shall come. Like a fierce whirlwind urged by angry heaven. And sweep thee, shallow minion! from the earth,—

Eater Pedro. My Pedro!

Alv.

THE SPANISH FATHER.

Fed. Let me free thee from these chains.—

[Taking off his Fetters. But look, tn; lord, where a poor suppliant comes.

[^Fointipg to Ike Door, jilpb. Ha J save me, hide me from that sight of shamej

Enter Rozalla, attended by Elvik j. Her Fa' ther stands with his face averted; Ve.av.o at his tide, holding his arm, and looking piteously at

RU2ALLA.

Rut. I know how base and hateful I am groivn. But think not that I come to ask forgiveness; Thou can'st not grant it to offence hke mine. Give, give me misery! aphrud me, hate me! Let me attend thee as the meanest slave. My food the coarsest bread, my bed a dungeon ; But let it be with thee, with thee, my father!— Thou hear'st me not.

jilph. I cannot speak, thou vile one!— Look on these chains!—I cannot, eVen to (Arse

thee!— Off, let mc pass, ITo Pedbo.] it taints me to be near her!

Muz. Thus let me fall before thee; prostrate tfius,

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

Crawl to thy knees, and tell thee I'm thy child. Oh! if my tears would let me, I could wake Such soft remembrances of kindness past!— My father!—

Aiph. Here, here, in the eye of heaven, I cast thee from me; and that bond of nature Abjure for ever!

Ped. Let thy Pedro dare To plead for mercy.

^^, Mercy !-^Pluck this eye out. And bid me bear**, I will.—Forgive her!—

_Pausi7^, and looking fiercely on her. No,

I will not atab thee!—Live to feel the pangs Of infamy and guiit! The ceaseless gnaw Of keen remorse be. on thee, and despair Cling to thy soul, as shame and woe to mine!

_Exit Alphonso^

Ruz, Ijfter looking for some time wild/if ajier her Father.] Ameo, amen ! Despair shall aid Ruzalla.— Hast thou no dagger for me ?— Hear me, hear me!— Gone, gone for ever!

Ped. Take comfort, dearest lady.

Elv, Arise, my much-loved mistress!

Ruz. Hence, and leave me!

i«ai*Go<>J^le

S70 THE, SPANISH FATHER.

Here will I sit; here, oa the pitting esrth! Fed. Do not despair thut; let me lead thee hence. Ruz. And whither would'et thoa lead me i —Ig't

not Pedro f Fed. Thy welUJinowti Pedro; still thy faithful ser-

VMlt.

Ruz. Elvira!

Eh. Here; what would my hoiumred lady i

JRti2. I think thou heaid'st him corse me { didst

thou not i . Elv. A\aa, he spoke in bitterness of anguish. And knew not what be said. Ruz. I think he did not. He was not wont to curse me.—Thou hast known nt In other days, good Pedro!—Give me thy hand;— . , Did I say aught to offend thee i —^I am better. And can weep now.—Yet wherefore did he cane mef F^. Think not eo deeply on't; heaves bleu yon

both! Ruz. I dare not ask it's blessing. But, for my father. Hear me, ye powers of mercy! Visit not His daughter's guilt on him; support his age; Let not affliction bend him to the earth

cCoo^le

Before his time; but when the hour arrives, Marked for his last of life, then hluat the pang That gives him rest, and let his closing-eye Look up in peace, and claim the joys of heaven !

lExemt.

i«ai*Goog[c

THE SPANISH FAXHEO;

ACT V. SCENE—rA< Palace.

RvzALLA and Almbyda.

Raz. Yes, tny Almeyda, I am calmer now; The pangs of miser; will bluat at last Its sense to feel them.—I can hear thee tell me Of hope, of comfort; but it will not be. There is a prophet ■□ Ruzalla's breast, That tells her, she must look for comfort now Only in death; for quiet, in the grave.

Aim. Yield not to these impressions of thy fear. Call up the native vigour of thy soul. And let it speak for thee, that still thou bear'st A mind above the meanness of the guilty. Give not the cruel king this triumph o'er thee; Amidst thy father's hard unpitying honour. And his injustice, vindicate the woman. Whom both have wronged.

i«ai*Goog[c

.S112. Such IB the voice of reaaon and Almeyda} Bnt my poor drooping heart, nek of its gtieh. Cannot be rooaed to hear it. I look roond On all the tangled paths my fate hath left me. And see them leading only to despair E—

Aim. Bnt see Elvira.

Enter Elvira. Rut. Elvira, tell me, tell me, hast thou seen him i Eh. I
 Btaidied in vain, though some uncertain mmonrs PrODOonce him
 still within Toledo's walls. Near to Ute tower he left, a hnzziog crowd
 Darken the streets, and talk of good Alphonzo. And while some
 better voice recites his wroogti, The dnlllest of the audience stands on
 tiptoe. Draws his breath short, and matters indignatioii. Rux. And
 am I then become a public theme. For common tongues to deacant
 oo/ Distraccionl— Go, my Almeyda, go; friendship for me Taints the
 fair form of virtue: Go, and leave me. ^An. Thon knowest I will not
 leave thee; ne'er can virtue Look fairer to the heavens, than thus
 employed In friendship to thy sorrows.—Would that Eiyin VOL* viii.
 a

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

tT4 THE SPANISH FATHEIU

Had found thy father!

Eh. As I eateied here, Close by the wall that flanks the palBce-gate> I
 marked a slave belonging to Savedra; But when I questioned him
 about my lord, Some of the royal train appeared iu view. When
 suddenly he slunk away, and left me Without a perfect answer.

^hn. At Savedra's Myself wilt try to find him: He will hear Almeyda
 plead; he cannot hear in vain The voice of friendship plead the cause
 of nature.

Ruz. Wilt thou indeed f—^Yet, ah! that hope i vain ; The sacrifice to
 honour must be made. But there's a friendly weakness at my heart.
 That will not long endure this war of fate.— Would I were quiet, and
 my name forgotten!

lAbn. Do not despair thus.

Ruz. Thus I wish to think.— When I am gone, Almeyda, and the
 storm My fatal guilt hatb raised is heard no more. Be thou the
 daughter of my father's age. And let him bless Ruzalla in her friend.
 Perhaps, when the dark grave has covered me.

i«ai*Gdog[c

And every tongtie is silent of my shame. He then may bear thee tell
him of his child, Recal the memory of our better days, When she was
innocent, and he was liappy; Then if a soft forgiving tear he sheds.
Tell him I hoped for that, and died contented.

Aim. Talk not of dying; thou sbalt live to Mesa him. Farewell. [-^^
Aluxtda.

Ruz. Elvira, I have wearied thee to-day. But yet I cannot spare thee to
thy rest. In these dread hours of silence, and of night, And my own
busy fears, I'd have thee near me. Not long, perhaps, not long, my
faithful girl. Shall I require thy service !—Get thy beads. And watt me
in my chamber; 111 but pass Some moments here in thought, and
follow thee.— [£ai* Elvira. In thought! and what should be
RuEalla'sthoughbf— When shall this conflict of the soul be past. To
save the pain of thinking 1—Ha, the king!

[Going,

Enter Rodhigdez. Sad. Stay, my Ruzalla, hear me 1

i«ai*GpOg[c

, »IS THE SPANISH FATHBB.

Raz. Dost tboa cimie To triumph o'er me i Sure thou ca&'it not nuke
mc More wretched now!

Rod. 1 come to give thee comfort.-^ Forget thy father's outrage,
iajoied fair one. And claim protectioQ here. , JIuz. And dost thou talk
Of injuries, inhumaii as thou art i — My father, said'it thou f—Ob, I
have ao father!

Rod. tiaak mit of him, but let my love supi^y A parent's place.

Ruz. Give, give me back my fothei!—

iWUdfy. Alone, mnidst the hmrorg of the night. Where does he
wander i —Hark 1 the wind is up. And howls along die beatb!—^nit
he lay down Upon tbe cold damp earth these hoary locks i — See how
be casts his glaring eyes to heaven. And calls for curses on me !— I
will endnre't no longer. [Q^fwg to rutk out.

Rod. Stay. Ruzalla; Where would thy frenzy lead f

Rux. I know not where.— Sa/st thoa I'm mad i—l think Z^ near to
mad-

,i:i:,Cc)Ot^le

THB^PAKUB FATHBS. CIT

Tis ttioQ bast brODght me to't!—

llMokbig on him with afiud wUAuli. Thoa ut Rodriguez; Tbou haat
uDdooe me!

Rod. C&]m ihy troubled soid. And know me better. Fear not for tby
fathei; O'ersfaadowed b; tby bean^, even lebellian Shall find a
sanctuary. Tbea brood no mdie On evik past^ but let us tbink of love
And joy to come.

Ruz. But joy ahall nerer come; Not to Rnzalla I All her fitnre days
Are marked for misery!—I am calm again/ And knoir bow metched,
how forlorn I am. Alas, my Lord! though I may feel myself Unworthy
of your lore, my sufferings claim At iMst your pi^ 1—I would aek>—I
know not,— Some lingering days of dark oblivions sorrow. Till I
could look witii hope to b^vftn^ then close My eyes in peace !

Rod. Away ! thoa shalt not think So poorly of thyself. Has nature
formed &ee So exquisitely fair^ to shut thy charms, Xike age imd
ugliness, in cloistered solitude i It must not, shall not he !—Tbey
fixiXi beam forth.

,i:i:,Cc)Ot^le

The env; of a gazing world srood thee. Spain shall behold thee rule her subject monarch. And bend before thy beauties; circling years Shall crown thy wishes with fresh opening pleasuresj. And never-ending love.

Smz. My Lordj my Lord, Guilty and wretched as I know myself, 1 am notquite so abject. T have tost The pride of honour, not the sense of virtue; The life thy words would point at I disdain,— Leave me to guSer, but insnl't not thus The misery thou hast caused.

Rod. Unkindly said!— lusult thee < Thou hast little known, Rnzalla, The power thou bear'st within ibis throbbing bosom. Look on me still with that transporting tenderness. As once within Montverdo's peaceful groves, ■ ■

An Officer enten haOihf. Ha! this intrusion, slave!

Offi. My royal Lord, Forgive my rudeness from the cause that prompts it. Alvarez sent me on the spur of haste. To give yuu this, [Delicaijig a Paper^ Dow, from a hand- unknown,

i«ai*Goog[c

THE'SPANISH FATHER. S1»

Delivered to thy servant.

Rod. ^Looking on the Paper.] How!— " Conspiracy !— " To vindicate their rights—Alphonzo's injuries— "Ready to burst."—Away, and bid Alvarez Attend our pleasure; he's unfit to reign Whom fear enslaves. —A oamelesB scrawl,—delivered, Say'st thou, by one unknown f—A tale like this Should come on weightier terms to find belief.—■ No matter; hence, well talk on't.— [Exit Officer. My Ruzalla,

I go but to rebuke their groundless fears; Think of my love, and learn to conquer thine.

[Exit RODRIGCKZ.

Ruz. [^lone."] I know not what to hope, or what to fear; But, if the bodings of the heart be true, I shall not long do either. A still voice, Like that of fate, speaks its dread summons here;^—

An Attendant enters. Ha! what would'st thou ? -

Attend, Madam, a stranger, clad in mean attire. Would speak with you in private.

Enter Goatslayer

Enter the Duke.

Ruz. Let him enter.— Would I speak with me that I am not the father of Wond that I were!

Re-enter the Attendant, introducing a Person named Ud

Enter Chalk; Rival. t. A. makes a sign to the Servant

to leave them: He retreats.

Enter. Art thou—my fears would name thee; yet, I know not

Alas. Then know me thus.

{Throaty {^ hii Di^Mt,

Alas. My father!

Alas. There was once a time when I was proud to be thy father. Fallen as thou art, I have not yet forgotten thee. But come, thou muffled in a mean disguise. To show thee what reward for one so lost As is Ruz's.

Ruz. Let me kneel before thee, (Spare me not now, but hear thy wretched daughter,) And tell thee all the miseries I endure,— But yet I will not. Think not of me; My heart shall only pour a fervent prayer For blessing as thee I but no sigh shall escape it For thy unkindness -yet I desire it all—

,:i:,Gc)(it^le

IBB SPAHIIIH FATHER. Ul

And yet I tremble when I «ee thee bend *nMt eje of horror on me!—
Ob, my father!

Alpk. I did but look on her, who was the last Of a long line of parity
sad honour; On whom bad heaven bestowed its dearest gifte So
ricUy^ that it seemed to set her np A pattern for admiring eyes to
gaze on~-Who gave this shrine of beauty, fame, and virtue. For guilt
and loathsome infamy to dwell in.— These are the stains thou
bear'st;—and bow to cleai them;— [AJtar a paute.

Think'st thou of ^at i — ^Here is yet one way left.

Rux. I know it, 'tis to die.

Al^. Thou say'st aright; For pity shrouds the errors of the dead, An^
obloquy's envenomed arrows fait Short of the grave.— ^Thou
would'st not live diAo-noured i

Huz. I have been tittle used to think on death. A parents kindness
made my days so happy. That ray fond heart forgot to meditate On
aught beyond them.

Aiph. Pause a moment then; Breathe oat a prayer of penitence to
heaven To pardon thy offences,—for

i«ai*Goog[c

m THE SPAKiaH FATHER.

Ruz. Alas! Why dost thou stop ?—Oh, speak 1 for those pale

lips. Trembling in horrid silence, chill my blood Beyond what
utteraace could!

^Iph. Then— {Pauting again.'} — I have passed A fatiier's sentence
on thee.

Ruz. Oh !—to kill me !

Jifph. To save ihee from the infamy of living !— Thou sh[^]t not bear about a wretched being, Tlie mark of slutder, and the jest of folly; Nor be the tyrant's property, for hours Of wanton dalliance!—Fogh ! thou art not sunk So very low, to wish for such a life 1-[^]-This dagger

Ruz. Ha!

j[^]lpk. Nay, start not; 'tis to cancel The fool disgraceful sum of all the past. And shade the ruin of Alphonzo's house With something noble yet.

Ruz. Alas! to me Life has indeed no good thing left to hope fort Sorrow and shame bfood o'er the dreary prospect.— Yet still the weakness of my sex betrays me; . The softness that undid me makes me feasM,

r

i«ai*Goog[c

THE SPANISH FATHEO. au

Andj though I wish not life[^] I dread to die !— Yet frown not on me, for I sball not live; Tis but a little while, and this poor heart Shall beat itself to rest, and save my father TTie murder of bis child!—[^]Thou inay'at look down On the cold earth that covers thy Ruzalla, And bid her ashes rest, and be forgotten !

A[^]. That voice has music still!—I see a cherub That bends to hear it .!—Tell me, dost remember Thy mother f

Ruz. I have seen her in my dreams.

A[^]. She died, ere thou could'st weep for losing her. Methiaka I see her now!—Her eye was dim; For life was failing these*. She grasped my hand. And, pnintiag where thy infant innocence Lapped thee in sleep beside ber, gazed upon me, Aod died without a groan!—I will not weep.—■ Thou waked'st, and lisping out thy mother's name.

Which fond solicitude had formed thy tips to, Smiledy as I pressed thee to my bursting heart, And closed thy little eyes to sleep again.— Oh! thou wert then the sweetest innocent. Ere blessed a parent's arms! Thou hast been since The only joy of his declining age I:—

i«ai*Go<>J^le

What then art thou & thy father would inherit. But that unceasing memory/a finger points to where the honours of a spotless lace Lie fallen and withered!—Oh I

Ruz. Ill those tears are dreadful!— Weep not, but stab me!

^^. I had gathered in All my fallen hopes, and joyed to doat upon them;— From the last battles of an honoured arm. Returned to rest, to happiness, and thee; To own myself a foolish fond old man. And pillow these white locks upon thy bosom!— This cuts the little thread of comfort left me. And blasts my age before the fall of nature!— Kod. {Behold the Seena.} Put off doll business to a colder time; I haste to joy, to love, and to Ruzalla.

Alph. Demons of hell! where am I?—What I a slave And common thing!—^Tbns, ^ant, sbalt thou find her! ' I stabb'd my Daughter, as Rodriguez « entering. Kaz. [Facing.] Oh, thou hast cleft my heart! JJod. Eternal powers!—

i«ai*Goog[c

THI SPANISH FATHER. MS

Haste, By, my guards!—Alvarez!—MarderoQS villain! ituz. No power can save me.—I have breath enough Yet left to ask, if now a father's honour

Can pardon Oh! [Dieu

Rod. I dram'd hit Sword."] Thns, traitor, tJus Rodriguez speaks his sorrow. Jph. Tyrant, I meet thee!— [Drawl.

Powers of vengeance look Upon these purple hands, and ud
Alphonzo!—

ITheg^ht; Alphonso it wounded. Curse on m; arm! 'tis withered by
its age. And sinks beneath my purpose !-^

_Fight again; and both are woandtd. It is done !— I fell revenged !
{F^itig,

Shouts are heard at a Distanee. A Soldier enten.

Sold. Haste, haste, my Lord! for treason

{He Ucpa on leang the King, who it leaning faint ^on his sword.
Shmits are heard again. A^. My friends are on the wing!— But this
prevents them—Oh, 'tis great, 'tia noble !—

i«ai*Goog[c

Last of bis race, Alphonzo should slone Revenge Alphonzo, [Dte&

So/d, AlaSj my Lord, you bleed!

Sod. That hoary villain

"Where is Alvarez f

Sold. Perez and Savedra Attacked your guards, your palace is
surrounded,. Alvarez slain.

Rod. No matter, it is past.— Lead me a little.

{Kneeling by the Body of Rvz alls, Tbou fallen sweetness! 'twas my
gniity love Pointed thy father's dagger I—those pale lips Cry, Murder
on me!—hide me from that sight \—

I'fhe Not5e without increatet. The tumult snells; they come 1—lend
me thine arm, Tis nobler to die there!

[Exit Rodriguez, supported by the Sal^r. Repeated Shouts are heard on both sides. Sav. Behold the Scenes. ^ This way, my friends; this way the flying guards have left a passage free.

{Clashing of Swords on that side. [Enter ^.] Haste to the northern gate; the troops of Perez

is coming

THE SPANISH FATE. ACT I

By their white scarfs are known.—

It seems the Bodie. Merciful God!

Alphonso and his daughter!—Murderous tyrant! Could not these hoary locks protect his age— And thou, too, hapless fair one!—

Alas, and Soldiers, enter from the opposite side. Perez, look there!—The ruthless king—

Per. Alas, my friend!—But be his crimes forgot. Their expiation made!—The king's no more. Scarce had we forced a passage through his guards ^ When, in this soldier's arms, whom chance had made A witness of this fateful scene of death, I saw the bleeding monarch breathe his last.— Repeat his tale again.

So ^ . Here, as I entered, was the sound of strife: I saw Alphonso fall; but ere he fell. His sword had reached the king. Ruzalia's blood Her father's dagger stained. The latest words My royal master uttered, dwelt on her with anguish and remorse.

Sav. Ill-fated prince! Revenge herself shall pause. To think on thee I thus, for a subject's wrong.

is coming

■ 88 THE SPANISH FATE.

Fallen like some meteor from its airy height, . Unbowed in thy fall!
—But let it speak To kings unjust the language of reproof. And teach
than how to reign. Monarchs, who rule O'er other land), irtwre
freedom give to the throne Its firmest basis, own this sacred troth;
Their truest glory is their people's welfare. Their truest safeguard is
their people's love.

«ai*Gooj^lc

FALSE SHAME,

OB

THE WHITE HYPOCRITE.

A COMEDY.

«ai*Go<>J^le

«ai*Go<>J^le

FALSE SHAME,

OB

THE WHITE HYPOCRITE. A COMEDY.

This Comedy was written in the winter of 1711; and, in truth, it ■
does, I believe, we do not call it for this stage. It is a Seimi, peihaipa, a Hviki
by my father from LodoD, and the secrecy which I thought it
prudent to hold with regard to its author. Mr Harris shewed every
attention to it, and entertained the most sanguine opinion of its
success ; yet I have been told by some theatrical people, that (owing
probably to the state of Covent Garden theatre at the time) it was ill
cast, as the play-house phrase is, and the principal part (that of
MouU-Jbri) very indifferently played. That character is of a kind
difficult to play; depending on feelings sometimes altogether
suppressed, and often, when expressed in words, expressed in that
short and stifled manner, which, in my idea, suited the situation and

feelings of the ^aker; its representation rather required aid firum the performer, than lent it him in the performance

ri':i:.Cc)(>t^lc

SOf FALSE SHAUE, &c

The geDeral idea of the piece, exhibiting a yoaog man, of the most virtuous dispositions and amiable feeliogii overpowered by a fabe shame, and led into coDdiict nn-woitby of him, certainly admitted of a dramatic repre-■entation, suicepUble both of the lighter and more seti-oiu excellencies of comedy, and capable of a very useful moral efieet; but it must be owned, that this idea is imperfectly brought out. I had once thoughts of re-modelling the piece, and of trying to place some of the characters in more theatrical situations; but I gave up the attempt, afmid of an alteration which might again expose me to a failure which I had once experienced. So 1 give the comedy here as it originally stood, flattering myself, from the opinion of some friends who have read it, that, in the reading, some of its meritawill be better seen, and tome of its defects less itroDf^y fel^ than they were ia the representation.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

PROLOGUE.

Whebb'eb the drama rbsci to »choul the ag«, Tno rival listers walked the comic stage; Of different tempers, though iheir eod the same, To wield, in Virtue's cause, the scourge of shamej To prune the shooting follies of the times. And aid the law to punish lighter crimes. But though of equal praise the family plan. Like other sisters, they're not quite at ooe: "Hie elder, lively, laughiog, frolic, gay; The younger, somewhat uerious, iji her way. The elder some accused as cross and rude, Tiie younger others called a solemn prude. Here, on these boards,—at least the poets say't. Who say strange things,—we've heard them in debate; The elder had a bitter tongue of old. And Sentiment herself can sometimes scold.

" You sister Grave-Airs 1" said the laughing Muse, . " Who stalk with stalely pace on high-heeled shoes. Whose face demure was formed to whine and cry, Vou give o3 precious stuff for comedy.

i«ai*Goojj;[c

SM FROtOGVE.

In fine long words yonr moral truths rehearse, "And turn the Ten Commandmeots into yend." Yoar dramt* from France such sweet heroica teachi ' Make tailors tragediie, and ploughmen preach Yoar tags of tragedy, your aha! and ohs 1 Your fine-spun sentiments, and wire-drawn woe^ Shew US bow comical it is—to weep ! And how diverting—to do what—to sleep '."

" Tis thus," her sister Sentiment replies, "Your ribald jokes aflront the good and wise. Your daubing hniih, that pictures coarsely true. May hold some glaring follies up to Tiew; My pencil draws from manners and the mind. With nicer riiades, and colours more refined; Your satire's shafts may strike the vulgar breast Kaise the loud lauf^tuid prompt the barren jest; On finer souls my gentler arrows play. And melt each folly and each rice away."

To-night our bard,—I praise lus oounge for't^— To either sister tries to pay his court; Some comic characters attempt* to sketch. Some deeper feelings humbly hopes to reach. Your hearts, he Icbows, how quick soe'er to seize True conic mirth, those s^ious feelings please; The tear for worth, trium[duu)t or oppressed. Drops through the flanshine of ike gayest breast} And «ren your critics fisel an honeit pide To pMtlon enws, if onVirtoe'a side.

i«ai*Goog[c

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

Sis GHAtLEs Dobmeh,

Mb Sbdlet.

Captain Wilkins.

LoKD Lapwing.

Db Muhuy.

Tom, a Servant of Sir Clirlea Dormers.

William, a Servant of Mr Sedli^t.

Lady Dobmeh.

Miss Moonti^ibT.

Miss Diana Danbt.

Minikin, I^y Domia'i Maid.

LucR£TiA, an Juendant of Mia Danbg't.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

FALSE SHAME,

THE WHITE HYPOCRITE.

ACT I. SCENE I.—J lAhrary at Sir Charlei Dormer's.

Enter Minikin aadTott.

Tom. Nat, Mrs Mmikio, I can't assist you indeed ; bow should I know how to put a lady's library in order i

Mm. In disorder, yon mean, Mr Thomas; people of genius, like my lady, ai« always found in contusion. Here—^two large folios on this side of the cbur;—put down these little fellows higgle^

i«ai*Goog[c

Ml PALlB eSAME, OR

dy piggledy on the other—so—spread those letters wider, on the right hand side of the table^ this manuscript novel, fay a lady, on the left; and foi a mark Id it, this sketch by a young paioteri for a portrait of Lady Donner ia ^e character of Diana.

Tom. Fray, Mrs Minikin, is that a character your lady ia perfect in P

Min. Why, Mr Thomas, tfaat'd none of my business. For my part, I have always found the best places with ladies that know the world. Your sober, huni'druni, tnetrooly mistresses, give one a cast gown now and then, and reckon it a favour; but when there are little thtags to manage, and little things to conceal^ ilittle letters to deliTcr, little messages to carry, and littl;; lies to invent, a waitiDg-maid mnst be stapid indeedj who does not make a good harvest on'U

Tom. And is yours a wbeaten erDp> tfcat way, Mrs Minikin ?

Min. Pretty well, if I bad it all to myself; bat there is aa interloper in the business, Miss Diana Puiby, my lady's sworn friend aad ccmfidante. I c«D only pick up some tcifltng bosinen within

i«ai*Goog[c

doon; Miss Diana is her secretary for foreign affairs.

Tom. Indeed ! She that talks taOimaa, aa the; call it, so bravely, and spoke t'other day, at dia* Iter, of people's being in love with one anotliers' maidi forsooth, which she had some fine long name for.

Min. Oh yes; she has 6ne names for every thing. Her own name is a line one, of bcr own making; —Diana Danby Boundi much better than Dorothy Dobsoa.

Tom, Dobsoa! What, is she any relation of Ned Dobson's of Broadlands, in our parish i

Min. Hb daughter, who came to London in the waggon, to be put apprentice to a little mantua-maker in the borough. But now she is a poetess aad sentimentaliat, and has an elegant small house in Bemer's-street, where my lady often goes—to visit her library.

Tom. In Berner's-street;—oho!—then I can tell you a secret;—my master sometimes visits her library too; he is fond of reading.

Mm. Well, in these bad times, it is much if man and wife can agree in any thing.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

Tom. But if your lady agrees with Sir Charles, in liking Miss Danl^y's library, why should she trouble herself with any other? why pore over books, and peep through microscopes, with Mr Petal, Dr Mummy, and the reBt^f Even Lord Lapwing, with all his learning, and all his nobility, is hardly worth the trouble of so much study.

Mm. Why, I don't know; my lady has a spirit about her that loves to lead every thing. Then she likes to be talked of, even by Mr Petal and Dr Mommy; and, last of all, (as the best reason generally comes last,) there is a pretty fellow, Tom, who is to be found among those monsters my lady's studies bring about her.

Tom. You mean Mr Sedley, that young relation of mine, who is lately come to town, from the university, for the first time since taking possession of his estate.

Min. Yes, I mean Mr Sedley; young, hand-some, rich, is not he worth studying for?

Tom. Why, he is very well, to be sure; yet, in my mind, he wants something of the air of my master to make him a man for your lady's study[^]

, -K. Goog[c

Mm. She has tried the air of your master so long, that a change of air may please her now, for variety's sake.

Tom. Yes, but he has a sort of awkward college stiffness about him, quite different from those of St James's. He talks so much of virtue.

Jlil«. My lady will teach him to be a little—to talk a little less of virtue by and by.

Tom. But then he is the professed lover of your lady's young friend. Miss Mountfort. Her father, who died some time ago in India, was, it seems, Mr Sedley/a most particular friend, and left him this daughter as a sort of legacy.

Min. But people don't always like such a legacy, especially when their friends, like Mountfort, have left nothing else to go along with it. Yet Sedley, I believe, thinks otherwise at present; he &as not been a fortnight in town.—But, hush! here comes Miss Diana Banby; she has a much better notioa of things. You must not be seen here.

[Exit Tom. Enter Mia Danbt.

Mia Dan. Minikin, is the libraiy as it ought to be i It is jost on the hour of your lady's levee. l^tme see—la! child, the books are so close, and

i«ai*Goog[c

got FAUB SHAHB, OR

fo smooUi—foId down some of the leaves, thii»— and thus.—Good gadons ! wliat a blandering thing you are! Here you have laid down Hoyle in place of 9ir Isaac Newton, and La Egaremem it Caur instead of die Treatise on InBammabtea.

Enter Lord Lapwing.

Lord Lap. What! Miss Daoby, lectoriog oa chemiitry to Mrs Minikio f [£xit Mihikin.

Mia Dan. No, roy loid, chemistry is a science I don't in the smaUest degree pretend to.

Lord Lc^. Tis not, I assure you, a whit too deep for your sex, provided the master be a good OTie. I have a System of Attractions, which I could make any lady nnderstaud in a very short time.

Mix Dan. My lord, I haTe no doubt of yoni lordship's System of Actnictions being understood by the ladies.

Lord Lap. Well said. Miss Dauby, I protest; very well taid. I have always admired the justness of your conceptions, and the readiness of your elocution. But, seriously, I have tanght many fair pupils much more intricate analogies than tboM ef chemlstiy-. Tboogb indeed, now-a-tUysi, BWMt

cCoot^lc

THS WHITS HTPOCBITE. SOB

of the young womea are so giddy, aod \$o forget fi]], aod the current of their panuits runs so eoimte to the depths of science!—were it not for Lady Dormer and myself, the fashionable world would be almost unenlightened.

Mm Dm, But with two soch constellation!, my lord!

Ijord Le^. Do they really call na sof I bare been frequently told indeed, that something has been meoUoned of the sphere of the court being illuminated. Bnt it Looks so like vanity to talk of one's sdf —one can't, however, help other people's tidking; and I know, that some of the iirst, nay, I believe I might say, the very first person is ^e kiogdora, has freqooitly quoted Lord Lapwing, as one of the most universal geniuses. Every body, I believe, will allow that great person's ability to judge in matters of scieoce; did affairs of state •Bow him as much time, (though indeed they take up a great deal of my time too,) be might know as much, or perhaps more, than I do.

Mia Daii. More than yon do, oiy lord !

Lord Lap. Nay, the tfaiog is possible enough, though I have not met with it hitherto. But to change the subject, (for I l)ate egotiimO nbat

cCoo^le

SM FALSE SHAME, OR

men of science do you expect here this mom-ing?

Mitt Dan, Mr Petal, the botanist, has sent bis Horha Skcut before him.

Jjordljap, Tbatman is abundantlydiallow,Miu Danby. He talked Mother day of the Linnsean Bystem, when I was just about to explain mine to him. He may dry plants, I suppose, well enough, but as for the arcana of nature, 'tis not every one who has the good fortune to be- of her cabinet-council. But, as I said before, I .hate egotism. -

Mia Dan. There is Mr DistJch, has promised to bring Lady Dormer the first act of bis tragedy.

Jxtrd Lap. I believe that yoong man has gmins. He applied to me for my remarks on bis last per^ fonnance; but I have been obliged to give up poeby, and indeed almost all the ornamentals; my time is so moch engrossed with more serious studies.

Mia Dan, Then, my lord, Dr Mummy, the antiquarian, wiU suit your disposition for seriousness. A dry, hard, literally brown, study, with the rust of antiquity on his cheeks, and wrinkles, like those' in the picture of Time, on his brow.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

The white hypocrite. ssi .

Lord Zap. He is indeed the first man^ abso-Intely the first man^ in his line, in Europe. He has adopted almost all my alterattuis in his cbro* ndogy, and has displaced half hii own raedab to make room for mine.

Mia Dan. Were yours medalsj my lord,or coins? iJrcbh,.

Lord Lap. Both, both. Miss Danby, and he has arruiged them—as I should have done, had business allowed me leisure. I hays been of some little use to the Doctor, and ^all continue to do bim all the service in my power. There are bat two things I have reason to *be disfdeased with about him:—He has placed the Lapwing family half a

century higher than I gave him any authority for; and he has written a Latin discourse on my medals, in which he has introduced me much too often, contrary to my repeated injunctions. As I said before, egotism is what I would of all things avoid; the world talks enough of my name, my friends should spare it—But here he comes.—My dear Doctor!

Enter Dr M—VTAUY.

Dr M^m. My much honoured lord !

Lord Lap. Is the discourse [^]ne to press, Doc-

,:i:,Cc)Ot[^]le

tor i You remember your promise of sending me the proofs.

Dr Mum. My lord, I have been making some alterations, according to your lordship's suggestions. That passage, which your over-delicacy insisted on my leaving out, I have expunged, in obedience to your commands.

. Lord Lt[^]. \.fVilh an altered cottiitenaitce.2 Why, Doctor, you were perfectly right, perfectly, as to me. I did insist upon it, as you say, positively in^{*} sist upon it, and should still insist upon it/ had I not, OQ reading it over again, been so struck with the Latinity, the Ciceronian Latini[^] of the passage, that I will submit to any thing rather than have such a morsel of laogui[^]e lost to your fame, and to the world.'

Dr M^m, Your lordship rejoices me by the revocation. It shall stand as it was. . Lord Lap. Only for the sake of the Latinity; the Mecanalem mema is charming. Miss Danby, I ask you^F pardon; but though you don't understand Latin, you understand the feelings. '. Even to me[>] who hate flattery, the praise of friendship—

Dr Mum. The voice of gratitude only, my lord/ or rather indeed of justice.

i:,Goojj;[c

Mitt Datt I comprehend it perfectly, mj lord. To delicate feelings,—to that fine-tooted seosibili-ty, which appropriates to itselfj which, as it were, transfuses the soul of sympathy!—like your lordship's, or Lady Dormer's.

Enter Lady Dokueb.

IriK^ Dor. Talking of my feelings, Danby— My lordj your most obedient—they are mon-Btronsly disarranged this morning. I was kept up BO late at Lady Squeeze's> lost my money to I don't know whom; Sedley and his party disappointed me> and did not come; so I was obliged to countermand our philosopherSj Lord Lapwing.

Lord Lap. If your ladyship was so unfortunate, a little philosophy might have been useful.

Lady Dor. No; for putting one in humonr agab, a little flattery does ten times better. So 1 gave orders to let in Dr Honeycomb, when he calls with his dedication,

XonJX^ip. His dedication! of what? to whom?

La^ Dor. To me. The sweetest sermon I Preached to a charity, to which I am a contributor. I gave ten guineas lo .the charity, and am

ri':i:.Cc)o^le

MS FALSE SHAHB. OR

to subscribe ooe hundred to the Hoctor, for twenty copies of bis senoon.—" Wben the eye of beaaty"—^No^ ibat was not it.—Daoby, you can recollect the passi^; something abput beauty.

Mias Dan. Your ladyship has reasons for forgetting it.—" The gem of compassion^" said the Doctor, " in the eye of beauty! the ruby of animated feeling on her cheek!"—

Lord Lap, Yes, yes. Miss Danby, I remember it perfectly. I too am a cWitributor, and sat ia the gallery, opposite to your ladyship.—" When elevated rank," said the Doctor, " serves to iUua< tiate native

dignity of mind I When genius uoitea her honours with those of station, and benignity sheds a radiance on both! When"—

La[^] Dor. [I<ooAJ>[^] in a Mirror."] Daoby, this cap is horridly awry; come, and help me to adjssk it. [[^]Ejeunt lady Dobhek and JVfui Danby.

Xonf Zap. Her ladyship's attention is a Httle dissipated this morning.

Dr Mwn. I am ashamed of the flattery, which men of letters sometimes pay to rank and fortune.

Women of old had their province better assigned, and lel[^] philosophy and science to n understandings, like your Iwdship'st

i«ai*Goog[c

THE WHITE HTPOCBIT£. an

Lord Xop. Why, npv-o-days, saiea[^] ia alntost come to tlie level of the ladies. It eonuats of trifling ezperimenti, paltry facta, which any body faay tuidentuid. No theory that generalizesj no ■ystem that coi}centFate». I gare a ipecinMn, some ye[^]n ago, at Cambridge, of such a system; fud, araoi[^] tboM few, who had abOities to oom-prebend it, it has been a[^]hnired ever since. They called it Lapwingism before I left the nniversity. ■>—But here come Sir Charles Dormer and Mr Sedley. Doctor, shall I set yon down at your lodgiDgs i

Dr Mmn. I btunbly thank yoar lordihip; but I have an appointment at the Museum. Year lEKdship's most obedient hnmbic servanL

_Bmt Dr Mdmmt.

Lord Lap. Sir, yofi' servaaL—That mwi has aq eye for e^^cellence.

£iiter -Sir Charlbs <md Sadlky.

&r Char. Still on ancient groand, my lord! I

tbongbtyou had at last taken compassion on your

contemporaries, and studied something for the

good of the pieaent age.

i«ai*Goog[c

SIO FALSE SHAME, OR

Lord Lof. Sir Charles, I wish thia ^e very well, and do not forget it amidst my admiratioQ of the past. It does produce some men, that will be remembered ; talked of, I believe, when the present time shaU have become the antiquity of future centuries.

Sir Char. I have heard of your lat^ tour; Mr Sedley and I were justspeaking of it,

Sed. Who, I, Sir Charles! what tour?

Lord Lap. Mr Sedley is discreel, I see, and does not talk rashly. Indeed you could have scarce beard of it from any body but the minister. It will be more beard of against the meeting of Parliament. I have a little sketch of ray expedition here— [Ta!dng a Paper from hix Pocket."] No, this b not it; this is a paper of hints for a new tax, if the exigencies of the state should require

Sed. A new tax, my lord ! Upon what article ?

lard Zap. Upon w^i. I have got most of the necessai}' calcalaticMis. I am only a little imperfect in the female braoch, where it will be difficult to prevent smuggling.

Sir Char. Very difficult, my lord; and the Buiw vey will be a matter of some delicacy.

i«ai*Goog[c

THE WHITE HYPOCRITE. all

Lord Jjop. We are aware of that, and sball probably have a clause of compositi^{pn} for the ladies. Gad so! I bad almost passed [Looking bU Watch^ the hour of an appoiDtment; a meeting of some consequence.'—Sir Cbarles, yon will excuse me.— Mr Sedley, yoor most obedient. My friend, Sir Charles, mentioned you to me; I know the pro-mise of your abiliUes, and if you wish for my advice in their direction, I can reftise nothing to Sir Charles and Lady Dormer.

[Exit Lord Lapwiso.

Sir Char. Dost know this lord, Sedley f

Sftl. Hardly at all, though be doep me the honour to offer me his advice.

&> Char. Oh! he offers every body advice; but he asks no fee foi't: on the contrary, I have found bim a wayt-and-tneata vaan to me, with ao other tax than a little tribute to bis vani^ . The world is full of rogues and fools; a wise man must accommodate'himself to both.

Sed. That accommodation I find it difficult to reconcile myself to; yet often, from a silly sort of shame, I submit to it, till a better sort of shame takes me to task for having don^ bo.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

sit FALSE SHAME, OR

Sir Char. That cure of shame is worse than the disease. You must do it on priticiple, my dear Sedlejr. You know how mnch I love you; andj to say truth, I am proud of such a young fellow for my relatiouy—that is, of a young fellow wbc may be made so much of; for at present, Sedley, with your college and country notioBS of prin> ciple, as you

call it, virtue, feeling, and so forth, if it is not to be laughed at, you're absolutely fit for nothing.

Sed. To be laughed at. Sir Charles I

l_fVith (Z mixture aflame and peevisinesi.

Sir Char, Yes, positively to be laughed at. You must excuse me; I am too much interested in you not to spealc plainly. Why, yesterday, now, when some men of the first fashion were here, to whom I introduced you as my relation end particular friend, and when, from my account of you, you had the fairest chance of being acai^ti, how you marred every thing by the most bizarre sort of behaviour

S^. My behaviour. Sir Charles 1

Sir Char. Why, yes. You remember the scene — ^Here stood my lord, with one of liady Dormer's tdescope for a cricket-bat, giving an account of

i«ai*Goog[c

THE WHITE BYPOCRITB. t!S

&e great K«)tub match:—the cololiel, in bis w«y> with bU bat half on; one leg over t'othn, \rith the boot ninipled down, looking at tfaat leg. Mid picking his teeth with a poem of Distich's lolled up fnto a tooth-pick:—while little Helston, pot of pare friendship for me, was entertaining yooj is particular, with a narmtiTe of the last Newmarket meeting, and describing the very spot where big boy jostled Demosthenes:—ryoa got. Lord knows how! among the Grecian common-jvealths, and talked of the genins of Atfaenq, and ihe virtue of Lacedemon.

Std. Why, I got there. Sir Charles, I suppose, as naturally as MrHelston gottO Newqiarket.

iStr Char. Oh I it was Christ-Cburirfa to a degree I But when I had brought you off there, a few minotes after, when uy lord told us of the little opera ^figurante he had bribed from the Connt, you lagged in a

Unwontable story of a girl, a Dorsetshire parson's daughter, for whom a sub-cripp had been set on foot by that ridiculous old man, who makes such a pother with his bene* Tolence, in Portmaasquare—
Had you seen how I bloated for you 1

,:i:,Cont^le

,SI4 FALSE 8HAHB, OR

Sed. 1 — I do remember Bomethia go fit. Bat—* I am not rare if I was the person who desired to be blushed for.

Sir Char. Why, Ned, you blush yet at the le-membrance of it. Oh! believe me, these things are ridiculously hon de place here, they will do very well, if you have a mind to go back into the country to doze on life > the squire of your own parish; to be a pattern for the ie;cttires of the old women, and a test for the sennoDsof the carata; to marry some dowdy, that blows housekeeping, and get a parcel of boobies to devour custard, and fatten on mild ale.

Sed. Spare me, Sir Charles, spare me.

Sir Char. Nay, this is mildness and mercy to what people will think end say of you. I feel it, as your friend, by opticipation.—^You must feel it.

Sed. I have felt it but too often. I own myself the veriest coward to ndicule. I know not how it is,—let me have thought, been coDvinced, and resolved ever so much, the laugh of those around me always beats me out of my ground. What a happy man you are. Sir Chadee, who can look th«

i«ai*Go<>J^le

THE WHITE HYPOCRITE. SIS

world in the iWet without blushing at the sneer of it

Sir Char. Only because I give it no cause for sneering. You have as much^ or more^ in your power than I have. With your family^

figure^ for* tone, every thing is within your reach, that wealth, or fashion, or pleasure, can bestow, if you will but ibake off this dunghill clog, that sUcks about yon from the ridicolous plan of country education, which my good ancle, your father, adopted for you.

Sed. Nay, Sir Charles,^

Sir Char. Don't be afraid; I knew your father, and esteemed him. He too had been a rnoa of the world, and thence drew those qnulties, for which we valued him; but when age h&d damped his spirits, and impaired bis mmd, he peevishly re-flolved to bury you in the country, and gave you a cynic guardian, to abuse that life he himself had become too old to enjoy; that Mountfort, who was killed in India, and lefl bis daughter a sort of rent-charge on bis former pupil, Mr Sedley.

Sed. Twas but a debt I owed him. He had neglected his own aSaXta to lake care of mine; and when iinforeseea accidents, and abased generosity.

cCoo^le

\$t§ FALSE SHAME, OB

bad wKctfld his circumgtances, he wovHd not aor cept of amy aid, which the estate he had nursed for me might have afforded him, but put od that sword again, he bad so long thrown aside, and went to Asia to tiy to repair the wrofigs of fortne to biat^ telf and lus daughter. I were a vilUin not to xe-, member him with gratitude !

Sir Char. Ypu >bBll be as grateful to bim as you please, as the friend of your father^ as the steward of jour estate i but for the model of your manr ners, my dear Sedley, let me iqtreat you to forget him as soon a« you cuu Monntfort, I belieVej, was a very good sort of man, i)> his Vfty; but he vf» not originally of a rank tf> entitle him to judge <^ the conduct of a man of fttsbion. His daughter is a pret^ girl enough, and should b^ taken care of. Wh«) the relation she lived with died, Iddy Do> mer did very right in asking b«r to this borne. Her appearance is wonderful, every thing consiq dered, and may pass any where.

Sed. Pass, Sir Charles! bow you ^peak of her! Methinks I never saw anytbtng more elegant^ mure interestiagy—

Sir Char. But yen baye -not seen ^ite so many women as [have^, Ned* The girl, as I sfiy, it well

i«ai*Go<>J^le

THE WHITE HYPOCRITE. SIT

enough; and there ia a milk-maid limiilicity about her, which a cottatry lad might fall in love with; and, if be were not afraid of being downright ri-diculoiu, might carry his attachment very teriotu lengths indeed.

Sed. And would it be so very ridiculous to be le* nously attached to Miss Moontfort f

•Sir Char. The most ridiculous thing on earth.

Sed. Indeed !—to think of her for a wife i

Sir Char. A wife! Pray what notions have you formed of a wife, Mr Sedley ?

Sed. As of one who is to be a man's compookm for hfe.

Sir Char. Ha ! ba! h«! Yon have never been manried, Ned. A wife is a woman, who is to take a man's name, and may chance, daring the first year or two, to bring an heir to his estate; to do sonetimea the honours of his table, (when the company ia not too good for her;) and to let women, that might otherwise be scrapnlous, come about his hoase. But as for his companion—I don't think I have exchanged a dozen sentences' wiUi Lady Dormer theae three mtmths.

Sed. Indeed! YoD must be a very happy couple. Sir Charles.

i«ai*Go<)glc

na FALSE SHAME. OR

Sir Char. For that very reason; we are never getting with one another. Lady Dormer is a woman of fashion and does her husband no discredit by her appearance or her society. She brought him a fortune that did no discredit to his good sense; and though she has a little more of it than he could wish, yet it is in such a way as does, no discredit to his taste. Had I married a pretty poor, unknown girl, like Julia Montfort,—Oh God I oh God!—I should have hanged myself, at the end of the honey-moon, out of mere shame for my folly. Sed. Would it be so mortifying a connection for Sir Char. Disgraceful beyond measure, believe me. Yet a man may be fond of the girl, in a thoughtless way, and not forfeit his character. He may talk of her, talk to her, flirt with her,—What a grave reproving face you have on, Ned! Come, come, I am answerable for your figure in life, and—reckon me; honour engaged, that you shall come to something worth; of you. You shall dine with me at the club to-day, with men fitted to lead and to enjoy the world. If I did not think there were capabilities about you, I would not venture to introduce you. But put off that moonish look, that

cloud

THE WHITE HYPOCRITE. tit

we may get in without being laughed at, "Death! a fellow of three-and-two, with an estate of seven thousand a year!

Sed. You shall teach me to enjoy it Sir Char. Yes, if you're not afraid of the ghost of Mr Montfort.

Exit.

Enter George

FALSE SHADE, OE

SCENE—(Sir Charles Dobbin's.

Enter Servant. He speaks to a Servant in entering. Miss Montfort is gone out, says.—I am sorry for it; because perhaps I could speak to her now with more ease than ever I did in my life. Why; what is

Julia Mountfort; Uiat Sedley should not speak to her with all the ease in the world. An orphan girl; the daughter of one nobody knew, without friends, fortune or pretensions. Sir Charles is in the right—but then—left, thus by her father who dying, thought of Sadley's honour, his generosity, his gratitude—herself, that gentle, elegant—shaded by affliction, dignified by her sorrows!— {He walks with a known and agitated step.} Why should I be

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THE WBITB HTPOORITE. ni

Ashamed of virtue and of bappiness? I will be a coward thus no longer. I wish I knew where to find her; this champaign is so very good a thing, that I don't see why it should not inspire goodness and generosity, as well as folly and dissipation. I am to dine again at the club to-morrow; my Lord Afodely is to be here, to whom Sir Charles introduced me to-day.—"The best man in wit as in rank," said Sir Charles, "with such a girl for a daughter, Ned! but I had forgot, that you have no eyes for any woman but the little Mountfort."—The little Mountfort!—Let me read the card again, which they brought me at the club; it said something of Mountfort but I had not time to think of him then.—"Captain Wilkins, newly arrived from India, - - - friend of the late Colonel Mountfort, - - - wishes to see Mr Sedley, - - . and will do himself the pleasure of waiting on him."—Does he come to school me, as the pupil of his friend is—I shall be pointed at as only a bigger boy, whom Mountfort is still to govern by his executor.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Sir, there is a gentleman below, enquiring

for Miss Mountfort. He had called and left a

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Slj^ FAUB SHAHB, OR

note for her before. Hu naiqe is Wilkina. He asked where yon were to be found; so I told him, I beheved yon were here. Do you choose me to shew him up i

Sed Certainly. And yet—You expect your master every minute i--~\ had rather see him at my owa house—or stay—I will see him dow. A Cap« tain WilkioB^ you sayf

Tom. So be calls himself, sir; but, from his appearance, and the civility of his manner, I shoidd rallier suppose him a snbaltem.

Sed. A subaltern! And what right has uich a man—

Tom. Sir, if you have the smallest disiDclina-tton to see him, I can dismiss him in a momeq^ He looks like one whom I can treat withoilt any ceremony.

Sed. No, no, shew him np, while I am in the hnmonr -ol seeing him as I ought to do. [Exit ToH.] Now for an exercise in the science of Sir Charles and hb friends. This Wilkins shall see that I am not the vulgar, sober, whiatng thing he may have been taught by Mouutfort to imagine me.—^He comes!—His countenance is one that should be respected, something of Mountfort's

i«ai*Go<>J^le

owa venerableneas about it, I could play the fooT> and b« afraid of ofiending that face—the rement-brance oF Sir Charles, and the spirit of bis champaign assist me! [Tom tnlnxJtfcesWiLKlKs; Sbd^ LBT looh at him, atfint with a cot^acmof, whieh, mmediatdy after, he checks mth an evicted ind^er~ ence and hat^htinea tfmr^ Have you any commands, sir i

WU. [With an agitated vmee-l If I mistake not, sir,—yon are Mr Sedley. Yoo do not know mef

Sed. Sit, I never had the honour of seeing yoo before. Your name is Wilkins, I am told; yott are lately come from India, and bare some bu^ness relating to—to a person I had some acquaint^ •nee with—Mr Monnlfort, I think.

WU, [With a look of surprise.] Yes, sir.—Some acquaintance with !—
Your pardon, sir, I thought he had been on a very intimate footing
with you; the friend of your father, I have heard him say.

Sed. Why, yes, sir; I believe he was an intimate acquaintance of my
father's. My father lived in the country, and had all sorts of acquaintances.

W. I have heard him say so.

W. FALSE SHAME, OR

Sed. I have heard him talk very well of Mr Mountfort

W. I have heard Mr Mountfort talk of you—of you too, sir, if you be
really Mr Sedley. I have heard him often pronounce that name with
the tears of affection in his eyes.

Sed. Did he indeed? Did he talk of Sedley? He—he—he did me
honour.

W. Honour! He loved you as his son. He once was a sort of father to
you; was he not, Mr Sedley?

Sed. He was, he was, sir!—that is, sir—when a boy, I was placed under
his care; a kind of tutor, sir; I was indebted to him for a great deal of
good learning, which now it will cost me nearly as much time to
forget, and a great many good sentiments, which—

W. Which, I presume, sir, you have forgotten already.

Sed. They do not suit me quite so well now as then. A man, in certain
circumstances, Mr Wilkins, must accommodate himself to those
around him. Mr Mountfort was—a very good sort of man in his way,
but not quite fit to model the

W. I am glad to hear of it.

W. I am glad to hear of it. I think of him with all
possible esteem, but—

fVil. He thought of yoQ, MrSedley, with som^ thing more than esteem, in those last momenta, when only those are thought of on whom the bursting heart relies for peace and consolation,

Sed. The bursting heart! The heart of Moont-fort I You saw him die, then! and he remembered me!—I shall forget myself, and be a boy again. [_Jaide. A loud rap U heard at the Door.] Sir Charles!—just in time to relieve me!—Sir, I believe there is company coming to interrupt us. You will be kind enough to signify the business, which has procured me the honour of this Ti»t,

fVil. I should have thought, sir, (pardon me for the mistake,) that merely to have indulged a remembrance of Moontfort^ would have made a visit from his friend a kindness: but mine, sir, (since you will have it so,) is a visit of business. Left by Mr Mountfort a joint gnardian wiUi you of his daughter, I come to ask what is left for my duty to my deceased friend to perform ; in what utnation that daughter is; in what state the business of our trust f

i«ai*Go<>J^le

Sed. Btisineis, sir! I have the misfortane not to uDdentand business. It inay do veiy well for •ome gentlemen; but I have neither time nor iu-clinatiui for iu I fancy^ sir, you are not suflS-ciently acqaaioed with my situation. I am not what I was when your friend Mr Mountfort left England.

Wil. I believe not^ [believe not, sir. Mount-fort left yoo—as he told me,—with every virtue warm in your heartj every talent opening in your mind; with genius and abilities above the insignificance of fashion, the litUeness of grandeur, or the vulgar pride of wealth; with benevolence, generosity, and feeling, to adorn that station which they enabled you to fill, to dignify that fortune which they taught you to enjoy. . Std. You—you talk this well, Mr Wilkins; but yoo will give me leave to tell you, that though this, like his Oreek, may be understood by a lad at college, such as I was when Mr Mountfort left me, yet, for a young man of fortune and fashion, all this is quite out of j^ce. Sir Charles Dormer, I believe, is waiting for me below; if you wiU leaffe your card with the porter, I will send my

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THfe VBTtt HTPOCRITB. Sfl

num. <^ btuineag to talk with you on the affiun of Mr MouDtfoit.

W^. Sir, it ia with yon I would speak of Mr Monotfort, orof MissMountfort rather; a subject too delicate For the interfereDce of a man of bust' Desi. Her dying father recommended her to my care. Unfortunately, I have little but Friendship in my power, my fortune (never a large one,) ha-TiDg been lost in that dieaitrons campaign, ia which Monntfort fell.

Sed. Lost! You return then to England without a fortune ?

Wil, I return with the consciousness of having done nothing a man should blush for to acquire one. I retani, I am proud to own it, a poor man [my virtue, I trust, uuimpeached, my sense of vi^ tue unimpaired. Miss Mountfort shall not blush for her father—Other's friend, who, if he cannot make ber wealthy by a participation of his fortune, may teach her the dignity of honourable poverty by his example.

Sed. Sir, I revere—[ToAifig Att hand.} but, as things are now, sir, I am sorry— I am afraid [LO-ii»g go kia kand."^ your sentiments and example will want the authority, which a little more wealth

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might give them. Aa for Miss Mountfort, bhe shall he tabea care of. Miss MouDtfortia—

Wil. Worthy of her father, I hope, and above dependence on the man who haa forgotten him.

Sed. She is ever; thing that is charming!—that it for a girl of her opportunities; and when she baa improved under the culttue and example of Xady Dormer—

JVil. Of Lady Dormer I

Sed. Yes, Lady Dormer has taken her under her protection since the death of a female relation, 'till her father had left her. When the so-

ty, to which that protection will introduce her, Mr Sedley polished her native attractions, one may, without blushing, be in love with her to desperation.

Wil. And how far, may I venture to ask, would Mr Sedley's love further her? Sed. Why, if he were the silly boy that Mountfort left him, very ridiculous lengths indeed; as he is, he will go as far as any man who knows the world can. He may talk of her, talk with her, flirt with her,—

mi. With her! With Julia Mountfort!

Edmund

Sid. You will excuse me, sir; I have do to quarrel with the score. I leave you to Lady Dormer to satisfy your enquiries about the lady. As to any other business, my agent shall attend you. ^Exit Sedley.
Wilkins enters.

Is this Sedley, and am I Mountfort? or is it a mere play we are acting; I borrowing a name, and he a character? No, no, no! 'tis but the common change which corrupted manhood makes upon amiable youth. The head giddy with the elevation of fortune, the example of the great, the adulation of the low, the heart debased from purity, from virtue, and virtuous feeling, by the grosser luxuries which wealth can buy, and the trivial gaieties which folly and fashion can inspire! I am fortunate in my idea of this assumed name, and will tarry under its cover a little longer. When Sedley has thus changed, what may my child have become? —It is impossible! it is impossible! Yet I will allow a parent's jealousy to overcome for a while a parent's fondness. As Wilkins, I will watch that conduct, which, as Mountfort, I might condemn. If I can command fortitude enough to the deception, the distance of time, the change of

Edmund

habit, as well as look, and the belief of my death, may easily impose—Heaven! she comes!

Enter Julia with a Letter in her Hand. Jul. [After a pause.] This letter, sir, which you were kind enough—pardon me, sir, its contents have too much moved—The recollection of my father!—his friend when dying—entrusted by him!—it is foolish, very foolish; but when I remember!—[She bursts into tears. When she recovers, she sighs, and makes a sign to him to be seated,']—■ Will Madam, I—I feel the reception one of the most interesting to me,—most favourable to you,—such as Mountfort—I mean the friend of Mr Mountfort, the friend of his daughter—

Jul. Sir, I am greatly indebted to you. In truth/ I have need of friendship, of counsel, of protection. Forgive me, sir; I think I speak to my father, while I address myself to you. I pass over the ceremonial of a first interview, and, judging of the nobleness of his representative by what I have been proud to hear of him, I speak at once to the heart from the heart; from a poor, orphan, unfriended girl, to one who can feel—Pardon this freedom. Captain Wilkins—

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Will Speak to me, Miss Mountfort, with the openness, (if I may venture to ask it,) without the reserve, of a daughter; I will look on you with the tenderness of a father, without his authority. I know what, affliction you must have suffered; I know there are distresses, there are embarrassments, which a mind, such as I believe yours to be, would feel, beyond the mere distresses of the situation.

Jul. There are many such. Captain Wilkins> which your delicacy must conceive, for I cannot ^leak them. From, wayward it may be, in my affliction, I have suffered even from friend^ip, from kindness, from compassion. Methinks you seem like one, who could pity, without pity's humiliating look; who could protect, without the dignity of a protector; who could befriend, without putting one in mind how friendless one is!—■ This is too much; but my heart was full, and there was something in your manner. Captain Wilkins, that drew its feelings from it. I am calmer now & can question, «s well

as answer, more methodically. I understand from your letter, that my
fittier left me a charge upon your friendship.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

JSt FALSE SHAME, OR

WU. He did, and I am proud of his choice, let it not wound you
afresh, if I produce one less than a fit. Distant as the period of his
departure for India is, you will not, I fancy, have forgotten the picture
in [Præsenting a Memento].

Jul. Oh! never, never! I have seen him kiss it—thus—and thus,
[and weep while he did so. Then would he press me to
his bosom; tell me it was my mother, (she died, alas! when I was
too young to know her;) look in my face, and fondly find a likeness to
her there; then throwing his swimming eyes upwards, bid me be such
an angel as she was, and bless him. [While she appeared, Wilkin
must have looked on her with tenderness and thrown up his eye to
heaven, as she describes him to have done.'] It moves you, sir! then
what should it mean to me? But I promised to be calm. You had this picture
from my father, I presume, when he—when he was dying?

WU. You will not wonder that the circumstance overcame me. That
picture! It was the only article saved from the rapacity of our
conquerors. This was the cover in which it was wrapped; allow
me to replace it, [Pats it in a paper, and turns it to her.].

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• Jti. Thb, sir! This cover is too valuable for me to accept of. I know
my father's little fortune was lost in the devastation of that savage
army, which he encountered. I have no title to this, Captain Wilkins.

- WU. You havej upon my honour! That note was the property of
your father, and I only deliver it as his executor,

Jid. I know not whether to believe you. I have met with such
generous deception before. The day after my cousin's death, I
received a paper, inclosing a very considerable sum, with a few ill

spelt lines, in a hand that could not be that of the sender, ugoifying it to be a debt, which the writer of the note owed my father. This I keep as a deposit, till I can find out the owner. Is yours of the same sort. Captain Wilkins ? It will not offend you that I ask this. . You know how my father felt, and will judge how his daughter ought to feel

WU, I declare, in the most solemn manner, that this sum was yoar father's. Tts in the way of bn-uoeess merely I deliver it.

Jtd. In my pride alone I suffered in pecuniary laatlers, nnce the death of my relation made

i«ai*Go<>J^le

BtrangerB think of me. Lady Donner, with the kind protection of her bouse, was liberal in het offers of such assistance. Sir Charles too, I sair by his disconrse, was tying for an opportnoity to get the better of my delicacy in that paiticolar. Mr Sedley's own delicacy would not let him try it.

Wil, Mr Sedley's delicacy! Pray, Miss Moant-fort, are Mr Sedley's feelings so delicate on your score?

Jid. On my scoire I I believe them so towards every one.

iVii. When I led him,—when I left Britain, I mean—be was—I was told he was every thing that was honourable and virtuous; when I saw him to-day, I found him every thing that was otherwise.

Jvi. Indeed! You aattuiisb me.

IViL So did he me. I was not prepared for such a change as the acquisition of his fortune, a» the society of the dissipated, I presume of the licentious, of the frivolous, had made upon him« He spoke contemptuously of your father, villain* ously of you; and diough some feeblers remains of better sentimeats seemed now and tbea to risft

i«ai*Goog[c

THE WHITE HYPOCRITE. B»-

npQ bis mind, the depravity and folly> which had become habitual to him, ioaa overcame them.

Jul. Mr Sedley thus! Mr Sedley's mind 1ic<en-tioiiB and depraved!

Wil. Even so: depraved not by passion, hut on ^stem; that despicable, selfish, unfeeling system, in which modem refinement has taught her votaries to triumph. I can make allowance for the wanderings of youth, when levity misleads, or passion impels it} but this cold apathy of vice so chills, so petrifies the heart, that neither returning honour con warm, nor awakened conscience roaae it

Jul. But is Sedley's heart thus ? Good heavens I what a world it is, if this be as you say. Captain Wilkins!

WU. Believe me, it is as I say. In yonr situation. Miss MouDtfort, you cannot be too cautious. Forgive the freedom of my advice; I speak av your father would, were he now alive to speak; I speak with a parents affec^on, and a parent's fear.

Jtd. I am greatly indebted to yon, sir; and yet my good opinion of him was one of the few

i«ai*Go<>J^le

a» FALSE SHAME, OR

comforts left me. I hope yon do not ihake it ntsbly. I am persuaded you do not. I am greatly indebted to yon.

Wii. Your food opinion of snch a man as Sed-ley, is one of the most daBgerona opinions yon cm hold.

Jul, Indeed! I had tboaght of him so differently from others; so differentiy from the yonng men who visit in this house—

JVil. In this honse I

Jti/.Whyyes,sir,iDtbishoase. In spite of Lady Dormer's kindaesB, my residence here is by no means agreeable to me. So much bustle, so much gaiety^—perhaps^ in my igaorance of high life, I might Bay> so littte principle,—Nay, do not look so; I dare say I do Lady Dormer and her company injustice. Tis but the levity of fashion, the gaiety of bappy minds. But to my thoughts, melancholy and depressed as they are, this levity aqd gaiety are so discordant I The hypocrisy with which I am obliged to cover my affliction, is worse than the affliction itself. To weep, with n ^d heart may be borne; but to smile with a sad hea^t 19 terrible t

i«ai*GoOJ^Ic

WiL I shall fall upoa means of placing yoa in a BituatioD more agreeable to you. You must ia-dulge me with a degree of confidence, to which, as a stranger, I am not en^tled.

Jul. Do not call yourself a stranger, Captain Wilkins. The bearer of this!— ILooking on the Miitialure} Yon are my acquaintance, my friend, my parent! You must be all to me. You have— you have taken Sedley from me.

Wil. Tis but for the sake of your happiness and peace. To disguise himself to you b but another crime, which his profligate society may have taught him.

Jai. I am infinitely indebted to you, X am indeed.— _ffith a voke of distress.'] Lady Dormer comes. I would not be seen by her just now; her eye is so inquisitive, and I am so weak ! Farewell, sir; be assured of my warmest, gratitude. You will not fail to find me here. I shan't stir from home, till I see or hear from yon.

_Exit Mitt MouNTPOBT.

WiLXiHs alone.

I see her entanglement with Sedley, and her

tmwillingness to think of him as he deserves. I

VOL. VIII. T

i«ai*Go<>J^IC

aU FAUB SHAME, OR

too bad tangfat myself to believe him socb, that I can scarcely credit the testimony of- my senses against the creed of my affection. My coming here was critical, and my disguise a very fortanate one ; it has discovered Sedley, and may unmask bis ftiends, the Dormers, lo me, if indeed they need nnmasking. But it is probable that, like him, they have not even such a shred of viitne left, as to cover their want of it.

Enter Lady Dormbr.

La^ Dor. Captiun Wilkins, I should have waited on you sooner, bad I not understood that your ward. Miss Mountfort, was with you. Your conversation must have been of a kind toolote-resting for a third person to witness. I hope you found her such, as you would have wi^ed your friend's daughter to be.

Wil. I found her appearance, madam, most engaging ; and what I heard of her sentiments was not unworthy of it. I have more obligations to you. Lady Bonner, on her account, than I will attempt to repay in words.

La^ Dor, Ob ! never talk of obligations, sir; so sweet a girl as Miss Mountfort would do a fa-

i«ai*Goog[c

THE WHITE UTPOCRITE. Stt

Toar to any bouse sbc would receive protection from. We qoite doat on her. Sir Cbarles makes me downright jealous by his attentions to her; and Mr Sedley, who, [am told, is your coUe^ue, as a trustee for her father—

Wil. Mr Sedley, ma'am !

La[^] Dor. Is so much captivated with his fair ward, that no other woman can get a civil word from him. They will certainly spoil the girl among them, if we do not prevent it.

fVil. Is your ladyship serious in this remark?

La[^] Dor. Perfectly serious; I know nothing so dangerous as admiration—to a girl.

Wil. You will oblige me infinitely, by assisting me in preventing its bad effects on Miss Mountfort.

La^{Af} Dor. [Ade[^] So, I may gain credit with this serious gentleman, by preventing its bad effects to myself.

WU. [see your surprise, madam, at my earnestness on this subject, But you know the peculiarity of Miss Mountfort's situation, and you will not wonder at the solicitude of a—of a guardian, to whom her father solemnly bequeathed a charge so precious.

i«ai*Goog[c

am FALSK SHAME, OR

Lad[^]Dor. Sir, you mistake me much; I hold your solicitude, and approve your caution. I believe Captain Wilkings, you have that delicacy and sentiment, which one looks for so often in vain among the men now-a-days.

Wil. I have some old-fashioned niceties. Lady Dormer, on the score of female character.

Jjathf Dor. You look, as if you thought I could not understand them. But people are not always what they seem. One must accommodate to one's society; and the company Sir Charles brings to this house have none of the old-fashioned niceties you mention.

Wil. Will your ladyship excuse me, if I remark, that such company is somewhat dangerous, every thing considered, to my ward?

La[^] Dor. Why, really, I don't know. If there is any one among them, whom I should fear, (entering, as I do, into all your delicate fears,) it would be—

Wil. W[|]io, madam i

La[^] Dor. One perhaps you would last suspect, —Mr Sedley.

Wil. From the character I had heard Mountfort

i«ai*Go<>J[^]le

THE WHITE HYPOCRITE. Ml

l[^]ve of binij he was certainly one of the last I should have snapected.

La[^] Dor, Cbaracters, Captain Wilkins, change with situations. A young man, having talien po»-Bession of a large fortune, with the world of pleasure and fashion newly opened to him, must have an impregnable virtue indeed, if he can withstand the allurements of the one, or the example of the other.

Jfii. Your diacemmenl and good sense. Lady Dormer, exactly anticipate my conciusioo. But there needed no theory for me to build my opinion of Mr Sedley upon; I saw enough of him today, to judge from experience.

Lady Dor, You would find him very different from what you might have expected.

fVii. Very different, indeed !

Ladt^f Dor. But men are not always to be judged of from professions. His conversation would be full of sentiment and virtue.

Wil. His conversation did not contain a particle of either.

Ladt^f Dor. Nay, he has a certain reserve in bis manner, that might not allow him to speak in that style to you at a first interview.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

J

Stf FA.LSE SHAUE, OR

ffil. Reserve, m&dam ! I thick him one of the easiest, most unembarrassed young men I ever met with.

Z^ufy Dor. Sir Charles, indeed, has been doing all he can to cure him of his college preciseneBs.

Wil. Sir Charles's ^ideavours have been woo-derfnlly saccessftil.

Laify Dor. But, with all his sentiment and feeling, he is not the less dangerous to Miss Monnt-fort.

Wil, With his nosentiment and no-feeling, I think him very dangerous. In short, ma'am, we are perfectly agreed on the propriety of his having fewer opportunities of seeing her.

Ladi/ Dor. But, considering his office of joint-guardian of the lady—

Wil. Oh! he is not much disposed lo take any trouble in that office; that difficulty I take upon me to overcome. There is a delicacy, nith regard to your ladyship, which you will allow us to get over, and every thing else may be managed. You must not oppose my taking Mi^ Mountfort from this house.

Ijodif Dor. Oh! you can't be so cruel as to . think of depriving us of her f

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

Wil- It is BO esKnti&l a kindness to her; proper in every respect; bat when Mr Sedley*! intimacy here is considered, absolotely necessary to her peace.

Lady Dor. We will talk of that some other time. Here is somebody to interrupt us. But be assured, that no gratification to myself shall induce me to resist any measure advantageous to Miss Moontfort.

Enter Lord Lapwing.

Lord Lap. My Lady Dormer, I beg your pardon; I should have met you at Lady Hubbub's. I left the club on purpose, punctuality being an absolute duty with people, whose time is generally devoted to momentous concerns. But an unforeseen and embarrassing circumstance occurred to occupy my attention.

Lady Dor. If it is not a state matter, my lord, a woman's curiosity may be allowed to ask what that circumstance was.

Lord Lap. A business of some delicacy; but it is settled now, and may be told to the ladies—an affair of honour, a duel; my mediation was solicited to adjust it.

Lady Dor. Go on, my lord.

SU FALSE SHAME, OR

Lady Dor. A duel! About a game-debt, or a dispute on the merits of a race-horse?

Lord Lap. Not at all; the parties never visit the turf, or the gaming-table. 'Twas on the subject of a lady.

Lady Dor. A lady! I thought you had given up quarrelling about us.

Lord Lap. Dr Muriel had got into a squabble with another antiquarian, which rose to such a height, as to be determined by combat. The subject was the complexion of Queen Mary. The Doctor maintained, that her hair was black; his antagonist, a republican, insisted, that it was red. They met, and had actually measured their ground: I was fortunately apprised of the affair; and with my assistance, the seconds compromised the dispute.—It was agreed that her complexion was auburn.

Z-ady Dor, A very ingenious decision.

Lord Lap. I think so ; the hint was mine.

Wih May I ask, my lord, in what maimer the gentlemen were to decide their difference ?

Lord Lap. ^'ith pistols, sir; they had taken Iheic ground by the time I reached Hyde-Park,

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THE VTHITE HYPOCRITE. S4S

Wil. Because, I thinlc, a dispute of this kind sboulil have been decided by a toumameut

Lord Lap. I protest, sir^ there is much justice in your observation; it would have been more according to the costume. —Will your ladyship do me the favour to introduce me to this very ingenious gentleman i

Ltuh/ Dor. Captain Wilkins, my lord, a gentleman newly arrived from India.

Lord Lap. Sir Charles and Mr Sedley mentioned him, and I was just going to solicit the honour of his acquaintance.—You were taken prisoner, sir, I am told, by Hyder All; and I wished to learn, from one who had seen that great man, Bome particulars concerning him.—Lady Doriner, will you indulge me ?—You have seen him often, Birl

Wil. Rather oflener, my lord, than I could have wished.

Lord Ijop. I am not unacquainted with him neither. There are few personages of note, in any quarter of the world, to whom my enquiries do not reach, I have got some minutes here. [Ta-itng out his Pocket-book.'] It is my way to note down authentic particulars, fVom which I can af«

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terwards speak with certainty and precision. [Looks OH his Pocket-book."} " He was originally of a low rank; Hyder Nag was the name he was called

by-

ffil. I believe it was, my lord. Lord Lap. You will generally find me correct in my facts, sir. {Looks on his Book again.} " Hyder Nag; he was so called from his attachment to horses."

Wil. I believe not, my lord ; he was so called from his original station in the army. Hyder Nag, in the language of Hindostan, means Corporal Hyder.

Lord Lap. Pray, sir, are you deeply skilled in that language i

WU. No, my lord, by no means; I only picked up a little of it in conversation.

Lord Lap. I thought so; you may depend on the justice of my etymology. [Looks at his Book.} " His stature was uncommonly tall."

Wil. I think not; he seemed to me rather short. Lord Lap. You have seen him sitting, sir; doubtless he would sit, when he allowed his prisoners to approach him. \JReads.} "Of a thin active make."

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

THU WHITE HTPOCRITfi. HI

WU. Pardon me, my lord ; he was rather usual!J corporalDL

Lord Lap. He would appear so to your eye, sir, accustomed as it was to the meagre looks of the unfortunate captives, who were almost famished by his severity.

Lady Dor. I hope, my lord, we shall have no deal about Hyder's complexion; but Captain Wil-kJDB and you don't seem quite at one on the subject

Lord Lap, I am infinitely obliged to Captain Wilkins for his information; but there can be no dispute; my intelligence is generally too accurate to admit of that. _Readi^ " His revenues were immense."

WU. Very great, I believe; he found them large, and had increased them by his economy.

Lord Lap. " Three crore, sixty-five lacks, four thousand three hundred and twenty-eight rupees, six anas, four pice."

WU. My information was not so minute; but I imagined his revenue had not been much above a tenth part of that sum.

Lord Lap. My information, sir, is always minute. I had it from a Scotsman^ who had heard

of

in Hyder's family, their master for the English language. { _Rea^,'] " Six anas, four pice. His zenana consisted of three hundred and seventy wives."

Lady Dor. Three hundred and seventy, my lord! Good heavens!

He^il. [Stammering.] My information did not allow him quite so many.

Lord Lap. Mine was particular, and I could not mistake it. The Scotsman was a sort of dry joker^ as most of his country are; he had a poor Caledonian conceit on the subject.—"Three hundred and sixty-five lacks, and as many wives." He called it Hyder's Lament, a lass and a lack a-day!

Lady Dor. Three hundred and seventy wives! that was lamentable indeed!

Lord Lap. We should think so in England, Lady Dormer.

Lady Dor. Your lordship has never ventured upon one.

Lord Lap. There are so few women fit to be companions to a man of talents. Had they all the accomplishments of Lady Dormer—

Lady Dor. Oh] my lord !—^The, man has some discernment, amidst all his vanity. \,Amk,

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

THE WHITK HYPOCRITE. MB

Sjwd Lap. Or the nnderstaDdiog of your pro-t^ie. Miss Mountfort. She has a wonderful dis* cemment foi ooe of her age. She expressed her admiraCioQ of iny knowIei}ge, in teniiv of so mach intelligence, and gave her decision so justly in f»-Tour of my systeia, against the opinion of MrSed-ley—

Lad^ Dor. What a conceited fool he is! X^side.

Lord Lap. By the bye, that young kinsman of yours. Lady Dormer, is not what I should have expected from his education, or his character. H« talked to-day at the club with a degree of confidence, and threw out some opinions so contrary to every thing that is reasonable or just—so contrary to mine,—

Lady Dor, 1 could not have supposed him bold enough for that, my lord.

Lord Lap. I could have excused his want of knowledge ; that is an allowance I ant often obliged to make in my intercourse with mankind: but I expected a purity of principle, a rectitude of sentiment.

fVil. So your lordship, too, found him defective in those qualities i

i«ai*Goog[c

SH FALSE IJUHE, OR '

Lord Lap. AstoDisbiogly so I lliey had dranfe indeed more champaign than perhaps be was ac-cnatomed to.

Wil. Wine (Hil; discOTen the man, not makes him.

Lord Lap, I don't knoiV, I always drink water; my reason is of too mnch value to he sported with. —Lad; Dormer, I must wish you good eTeniog. This hour I commiHily devote to such of the fine arts as more serious studies allow me to unbend with; and one of the first barmonista of the age waits at my house a decision on bis new work — *• "Hie Elements of Euclid set to Mosaic."—Captain Wiikins, I shall he proud of your acquaintance; and when we can spare an hour for the discusaon of India, you will gratify me extremely by a continuance of your information.

lExit Lord Lapwihq. WU. Your lordship will find me a patient hearer of yours.—I will do myself the honour of waiting on your ladyship again, to hare some fiirther conversation on the subject we talked of.

[i!n(WiLKlHs.

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THB WHITE HYPOCRITE. Ul

Lady Dosmbb ahne. There is something nnaccouatable in this old man's jealousy of Sedley; bat it is lucky for my arrangemeota in that quarter. What do tfaey all see in that cream-faced girl i But when Sedley shall have learned a little more of life; when he shall have been taught to nuse that fine, large, downcast eye of his to a woman like Dormer !— But is it quite right in me to draw his eyes that way f* quite ^r to Sir Charles my husband \ —How the deuce now did that word contrive to come across my conscience P the word tft/e, I'll be sworn, never comes across Sir Charleys; and, ss a married woman is fairly entitled to the attentions of one man, if her husband is not that one, may she not try to find such a one for herself? This is what my philosophers call excellent canm-try. As Sedley comes from Oxford, there can he ao harm in hearing him on the subject. {^Exit,

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FALSE SHAME, OR

ACT III.

SCENE—^» before.

Mia Danby aittne. So, this girl takes it into her bead to sngpecC me, and to lecture Lady Dormer on the subject. What is this virtue, that its owners should give themselves such airs! As things go now-a-days —■ end a girl with nothing too! This old-fashioned virtue, like an old-fashioned gown, itaiy be worn by the rich if they please; but when it is the best of the wardrobe, 'twill- be looked on as a cast-off thing, tuid valued accordingly. Bnt I shall be even with her, if my invention and Sir Charles's courage fail not.

Enter Sir Chakles Dormer. Sir Char. Well, Danby, you have seen this'

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THE WHITE RTPOCRITE. SSS

Wilkins, and heard his intelligeoce about Mount* fort?

Mia Dan, I have, air Charles; his intelligence is soch as we expected, such as yon perhaps might wish. It will ^ve you an opportunity to indulge those feelings of generosity, those sensibilitiee—

Sir Char. My dear Danbj, you may spare yoat feelings, and your semibilitia, and proceed- with your narrative. PoltticiaD as you are, you need not speak in cypher to your Jriends. Monntfort b dead, I suppose, as we were told, and has left this girl a beggar.

Mitt Dan. Tis even so. Sit Charies; but I can't immediately put off this cant, which I am obliged to use to the dupes of it By the help of this lugh'flown style, I have got into the good graces of this same Wilkins, who seems to be as honourable and sentimental as the best of us. He told me, that his friend Mountfort had fallen like a soldier, and left his daughter nothing but—the remembrance of his virtues!

Sir Char. "Dia^a a legacy will be very soon spent, if there's nothing more solid to support It. What say you Danby, who know the world {

TOIk Till. Z

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\$H FALSH 8HAMB, OR

Miss Dan. Why, really^ StrCharles, I can't say; it ii a legacy so few people now-Ordays have to leave.

Sir Char. Bat this execntor, this Wilkiiu, what ■ituatiba is he in f

Mia Dan. Poor, I understand, like his boasted fnend Colon^ Mountfort.

Sir Char. So much the better; but h^ he virtues to t>e remembeied too ? or has he, like some other people, forgotten them in India i

Miss Dan. Determinedly honest, I am afraid, at least if I may judge from bis conversaUon witii

Sir Char. If he talks much of honesty, it is three to one against his being hon^t.

Miss Dan, Bat the man, who returns poor from India

Sir Char, Thai's an argument, to be sure; yet there are unlucky fellows, who are poor eveiy .where, I may be of use to him in making another voyage more successfully.

MissDan. I prepared him tothink.well of yon; mentioned your wealth, your inflaeoce, employed m the purposes of generosity.

cCoot^lc

Sir Char. Thaak jou, my good Danby, heartily. And bow did he take this eloge you made of me?

Mia Dan. He said, he bad heard of your kind-nees to Miss Mountfort, aod Felt it gratefully; that ■be had inherited but fev friends from her father^ and some of those few she had lost.

Sir Char. Then, she should get new ones as fast as possible. Did you let him know what all intimate friendship I am willing to cultivate with her?

Mia Dan. I must take some favourable time for that; I durst not, at our first interview^ go farther than I mentioned.

Sir Char. Then find an opportunity soon for a BecM}nd. Tell him, I love the girt to distraction, and will think no terms too high for purchasing her good graces; that, for bis* friendship in the matter, my puree, my interest, shall be devoted to his service. If he is the sentimental fool you say, yon may use an argument I generally reserve for the ladies;—that though early tied to a woman I have long been obliged to hate, the election of my heart is of Miss Mounttbrt atone; and that, if any opportunity should offer of dissolving those

i«ai*Go<>J^le

SH FALSE BHA3IB, OX

ties, she should be my legal wife^ as she is oov th# wife of my affections.

Mitt Dan. Ah! Sir Charles, Sir Charles i hoir many of those wives of affection have you had i

Sir Char. Tot, they are all widows now; the af-fecUon is Icmg since dead and bnrted. But for you, Di, I have a better feeling, friendship and regard unalterable. Make yourself worthy of them her«, and you bind me to you for ever. I need not instruct you farther, who have such talents fot business of this sort. I put myself into your hands to treat for me as you please.

Miti Dan. But I don't like the person I am to treat with: There is something very foreboding of a repulse about that Wilkins. We most set about it somehow, with a retreat in onr power.— Suppose I make the proposition not in your name, bnt in that of young Sedley i

Sir Char. o£Sedley\

Mia Dan. Yes, of Sedley. It will be only making him do what he ought to do, had he the spirit of Sir Charles Dormer. If I see the ground clear, I can posh the advantage for you; if not, it will do one part of yooi bosmesa at least, by ma-

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king an irreparable breach between him and Wil-kins.

Sir Char. Thou art a dear shrewd contri'ing devil!—I see the fineness of the stroke, but how to cover the game will be difficult; and a discovery might lead to something serious.

Mits Dan. You must throw boldly for such a stake as Julia Mountfort. But I think I could bring you off at the worst; and, being a woman, there could be no cutting of throats with me. If Sedley and this East-Indian should cut one another's throats, I suppose you would not die for grief at the loss. But you must prepare Sedley, while I manage Wilkins; keep him up to the tone of their last conversation. A little of your instmc-tion will cure him of his country and college virtues, or> at least, make him hide them so caretVilly, that it will suit our purpose equally well.

Sir Char. Fear not as to him. I have so wrought upon his dread of being laughed at, that I can easily make him proud to seem as wicked as the worst of us, while I can keep his native honesty in petto for my own occasions. He shall bound and curvet like a manege horse, fierce to the eye, but docile to the hand} while I can he as much ft ^

i«ai*Goog[c

pocrite on the other side, and pat on that old-fa-Bhioned cloac of yirtue and feeling which Sedley is ashamed to be seen with in town.— But, hash ! our widgeon is in sight. Get you away to yooz biuinesB with Wilkins.

[Exit Miu Dan BY.

Enter Sbdlet.

Sir Char. My d^ar Sediey, I have not seen you since the dub, to give you joy. What a dil^rent thing yon were tliere from the dull coUege Sedley I found you some weeks ago; so gay, so etffoui, so brilliant! I was proud of my cousin, and prouder of my pupil.

Std. Did I really deserve so much commeada-tioof

Sir Char, Oh, infinite, infinite! By the mere force of your genius, aided only by a little encouragement from me, you reached a point of excellence, which some people labour all their lives in. Vfun to acquire. There was an ease in your manner, a fiow in your conversation, a tone of fashion in your whole deportment, which looked as if you had never kept worse company Uian that which I had th«i the pleasure of introdocing you to. The

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Date Bpoke to me of yon as a prodigy; wondered he had never seen you before; aod begged I would do hbn the favout to bring you to one of hispetits soupen as soon as possible.

Sed. Indeed!

Sir Char. He did, upon my honour! You saw how much he relished your attack upon Lapwing; and, after the first bottle, your story of the monk, in answer to that grave fellow Moitimer, who sometimes gets among us I don't know how, quite de« lighted him. Did you not feel your laurels bloom at that moment^ when the club was in a roar, and Mcertimer blushed, and was silent P

Sed, I felt—that I was a puppy; and yet I was cheered on by the applause of the company, and the spirit of the champaign. I needed both; for I will fairly own to you, Sir Charles, the words often stuck in my throat.

Sir Char, For shame, Ned! never own it again. A man, and a man of fashion! Think of yourself more worthily, and let noUiing stick in your throat.

Sed. Mine is but a false courage, kept up like a bully's, by the backing of my friends. I cwi't muster up the true one for the soul of me.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

SW FALSE 8HAMB, OK

Sir Char. Weie I to tell thisj what a driveU^ they would think you!—What! lay to yonr con-■cieace a few jokes on a solemn prig like Mortimer!

Sed. They were silly enough, it is true; bat u profligate as if they had been wittier.

Sir Char. I believe, Ned, I must give you np in qiite of me; let you go back to college, and pat on yonr cap and starched'band again. Yon have a good welUtoned voice for the Cicerone of old parchments and musty manuscripts, and will shew off in a Bodleian lecture ama»agly.

Sed. A Bodleian lecture!

Sir Char. Yes, yoa may roost at quiet among the fat lazy flock of fellows and pupil-mongers; or, if you ever happen to come out for a peep at the world, like a strange fowl in a long frost, you will be an excellent shot for the raillery of youi former acquaintance ; and, dozing over a bottle of thick port at your return, may preach an admirable sermon on the looseness of manners, and the profligacy of wit.—But come, I see by yonr face that yoa are ashamed of yourself, and I may hope better things of yoa in future.—By the way, I had almost forgot to enquire about your behaviour ia

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

THE WHITE HTPOCRITE. HI

youT chm-acter of guardian to Miss Moflatfort. What a lucky fellow yoa are^ Sedley, to have such a girl drop into your mouth, by the whimsical choice of that strange prig, her father! Have yon seen her since the arrival of this co-adjutor of year's i I suppose you will divide

the business of the trust in our friend Raager's way, "I take her body, you her mitt." "

Sed. If you would keep your proselyte. Sir Charles, you must not speak to me of Julia. There is something of a gentle witchery about her, that overcomes all your raillery; that turns my blush, at your ridicule and the ridicule of the world, into a glow of love, of tenderness, of generosity.—I saw her soon after our last parting. At first I (thought of her as you had made me think, a poor, unconnected, insignificant girl, and had words ready in my mouth to treat her a little differently, as you had tutored me; but no sooner had she spoken, had she looked when she spoke, had she smiled,—one of those smiles of hers that are half made up of tears,—than I melted down again to a fond respectful—fool, you would call it. In short, with Julia Mountfort, laugh at me as you

Charles

Miss Alseba, or

will, I cannot, I cannot be a rascal, for the soul of me!

Sir Char. A rascal! At your time of life, with your opportunities!—believe me, Sedley,—and the women will laugh at you if you don't,—there is no such thing as being a rascal where a woman is concerned. Upon which maxim I must leave you to meditate; Lady Dormer is coming, and it is rather necessary for us to meet at present.

[Exit Sir Charles.]

Enter Lady Dormer.

Lady Dor, Mr Sedley, your servant. You are grown, I find, like other men of the town, a truant to your appointments.

Sed. Sir Charles had engaged me to a party of his friends, and promised to make my apology for not waiting on your ladyship.

Lady Dor. Sir Charles is seldom at the trouble of making any apology to me, either for his own neglects, or those of other people,—Was it

not he who just now left you i

Sed. It was. He said, he thought it unnecessary to stay from business to entertain me«

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when he left me to society so agreeable as Lady Dormer's.

Lady Dor. I would not believe you speak sincerely for yourself, though I am sure you tell a story for him. Sir Charles's value for my society is sufficiently known; 'tis a piece of generosity that don't cost him much to bestow it on his friends.

Sed. You wrong him, madam; I am confident you do. Sir Charles is a man of fashion, and must sacrifice a good deal to fashionable manners, and fashionable company; but his heart

Lady Dor. His heart, Mr Sedley! 'tis not worth the regret of losing; or, to speak more properly, of never having gained. Yet a woman, whose own was made for love, for tenderness, may think with sorrow of having found, in her situation, those feelings blasted by hate, or, what perhaps is worse, chilled by indifference,

Sed. The prospects of life, Lady Dormer, are always gay than the reality. Yet surely you have too much reason to be happy

Lady Dor. To be happy, Mr Sedley! it is impossible you should think so. You have a heart, I am sure, that must tell you how much otherwise

i«ai*Go<>J^le

I am; my heart, like my own, susceptible of attachment, of tenderness. {Looking tenderly at him.

Sed. Madam, you do me only justice; but you wrong Sir Charles; you do indeed. He is, I am persuaded, sensible to those impressions.

La[^] Dor. Not to me, Mr Sedley. Had I met with such a disposition, I was formed by nature for the truest sympathy with it. Had it been my good fortune to have been united to a man of a heart expanded by feeling, of a mind enlarged by knowledge! Do you not pity me then, married (as most women of my rank are) before I knew myself; wedded, not to a man, but to a settle[']ment; a mere alliance of convenience. Tied, for life, to insensibility, to indifference; chained, like ■ Panoe in the fable, to a rock!

Sed. Indeed ! Why then. Lady Dormer,—but you cannot be serious i

Lady Dor. Too serious, Mr Sedley! With some people, methinks,—[^]nith some people I could not jest on these feelings.

[Laid[^] down, and tweeting to bhak*.

Sed. If it be so, I[^]ady Dormer, I—I think so fine a woman as you will have no difficulty[^] «£ finding a Perseus.

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THB VBITB HTPOCBITB. S«

LaA/ Dor. I don't know that, Mr Sedley. I am nice in my choice of friends; and in a notion of BO much delicacy—I have gone already too far; but with you, Mr Sedley[^]—I think, upon such friendship as your's

Sed, Madam, my friendship for Sir Charles,— for you, I mean,—for both

La[^] Dor. Sir Charles is little capable of friendship. But, for myself, I may venture to boast a return of feelings not unworthy of Mr Sedley's.— I know what, with other men, I should risk by the declaration.

Sed. With men, madam, you risk nothing.—I would not be so dishonourable[^]—and yet attractions like your's. Lady Dormer!—

Zrcu^ Dor, I have been flattered with the possession of attractions;
but I heard ^e flatteiy of your sex with little emotion, Tia not with
common-place souls that mine can vibrate. With your's, Mr Sedley,
generous to forgive, and alive

to feel my weakness

[She draws nearer to Am; he rOirei at first, then di^uuet ha
vnetainess, and approach-a again nearer to her.

Std, I—I am unworthy of your confidence, La-

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

am FAUB SHAKE, OR

dy Dormer; I am indeed. Yet if the most sincere—esteem,—if the
warmest—friendshipj—

Ladg Dor. Tis on that, my dear Mr Sedley, I repose. ILa^ htr hand
carekafy on hit,

Sed. I camiot persuade myself, Ziady Dormer, that yon are serions. I
am so little deserving— [Dramng back Air hand.'] —But yet—but yet
so snsceptible of yourkindness—

[_Pranng her hand.

Lady Dor. Susceptible!—Ah, Mr Sedley ■

Sed. Tllink,-madam, of the consequences!^ {^Letting drop her hand-
l —Yet with those eyes for my apology,— {Taktt her hand, and /asset
it.y-~ Ha!

Enter Wilkins.

Wilk. My Lady Dormer!—Mr Sedley!—I ask pardon; 1 CMue back in
quest of Mm Mounts fort.

Xfufy D&r. Why, Captain Wilkins,—Yes, every body comes in quest of Miss Mountfoit —Mr Sedley comes in quest of her too. Ht has so mudi'of the inamoratoiQ bis comtitutioD, that having missed her, he took it into his head to have %-^a, sort of rehearsal with me; and, if you had

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THE WHITE HYPOCRITE. MT

not come io> I really believe he would have made downright love to me!—I leave you to take him to task for it. [Exit Lady Dobhbb.

Wilk. Soj Mr Sedley, this is another part of the system of your new world.

Std. Appearances, Captain Wilkios, are often— Butj—[/fen'tertng.]—after all, what would your old world say to it ?

WWc. Possibly it might have said, that the man who abused the hospitality of his friend, and requited him for all his kindness by an attack upon Hae dearest part of bim, hia honour, was little better than a rascal, Mr Sedley.

S^. As to me. Sir, I declare, opOn my honour,

WUk. The honour of the new worid, I suppose.

jSed. Sir,— [Hedtating agaiB.]~Sir, ance you are BO little acquainted with that world, I must inform you, that, in the creed of us men of fashion, " there b no such thing as being a rascal where a woman is concerned." Upon which maxim. Sir,—Sir, your most obedient. [Exit SENiBT.

WUk. So, this house improves upon me.—And this is the woman who spoke with so much delicacy of Julia's situation; who warned me to much

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against Sedley!—I shall be oneasy till m; ch3d ig oot irom sm0Dg tbem.—"Here she conies ill' a fortanate moment.

Eater Julia.

JtU. Captain Wilkins, I am happj to meet with: yon again so soon. I fear I hurt job by onr last cooTersatioD. I had no title to tax yon with my sorrom; the troable yen have been so kind to take on my behalf/ should not he repaid so> I most make you acquainted with Lady Dormer, whose vivacity may make you amends for my daU nesB.

Wiik. Ob, I have been already made acquainted with Lady Dormer.

Jul. By Mr Sedley, I suppose.

WiBc. Yes, yes, by Mr Sedley; better acquainted with her than I thought I could have been in BO short a time.

Jul, And with himself too, I hope i Yoo know him better than when I saw you last i

WWc. Perhaps I do.

Jtd. And think better of him, I trust.

Wilk. Do you think well of bim. Miss Mooab-forti

i«ai*Goog[c

JtU. Till you gave me some Buspicions of him, I never had any doubts of bis goodness. I have seen him since, and I confess to you I was balf ashamed that ever I had entertained them. Had you been witness to the nobleness of his beh^ vior; had you heard the delicacy of his sentiments!

. tfilk. I have been witness to hia behaviour; I have heard his sentiments. In shortj Miss Mount-fort, I am perfectly satisfied with regard to Mr Sedley, and am grieved, rather than surprised, to find that be has deceived you.

Jul. But is there no possibility of your being deceived with regard to him, Captain Wilkins i

fVilk. I came to England, proud—I should say persuaded—of his virtues; prepared, from my former opinion—I mean the opinion your father had impressed me with—to think him every thing that was generous and worthy. I would have yielded this belief to no evidence less convincing than that of my senses. But when I heard him utter the most determined libertinism; when I saw him making love to the wife of his friend,—to J^{ad} Dormer!—

VOL. Tin. «A

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Sn FALSE SHAHS, OB

Jul. To ImAj Dwmer! Love to Lad; Doimeil

WUk, Most ^{sidntelj} certun, I amire yon. Jul. Iben be ia indeed as onwordij aa jon can think him. But you will for^{re} me if I say I cannot believe it Would Lady Drainer allow sacb— WUk. Lady Doimer[^] like other fine wontm of the modem sdioo), is not, I suppose, easily offen[>] ded by the mnltiplicity of bet admirers. Such being the sitoatitm of matters here, my friendship for yoo mmt be excimd fra- pressing your depaiv ture from this bouse, I noiliiHied in my last note the plan I had formed. A distant female relation of your father's, who came to town to meet me <m my arrival, bos consented to keep house for me ttQ we can settle matters farther; I hope to place you in hands you may consider as parental, far from the oafeeling, the lic«)tions world of far sfaioD.

JuJ. I am infinitely obliged to you; I am indeed. I repay that obligation the only way in my powefi by gratitude and ponfidcnce, I give you confidence. Captain Wilkins, for Aiogs which it pains me to believe; the—the imprudence of I^{ir} dy Dormer i the infi—the iogralitude of Sedl[^],

,«ai*Go<>t^{le}

MPift. I sboald not have anked your confidence (HI slight grounds; but certain as I am of mine, it is of the utmost conieqaence to your peace to trust me. 1 will call on you by and bye^and conduct you to my bouse.

Jul. Whatj without another meeting wHh— Ii&dy Dormer i

Wiik. Iddy Donnei is already apprised of my intention, and approves of it. To say tlie truth, I believe she has motives for that approbation 1 waa not aware of; she was a little jealous of you with tbb same gallant Sedley.

Jul. Then, may not bet jealousy have wronged him?

Wilk. Her jealousy had no concern in the matter; I found them here together.

JW. Found them here together!—But I want no more than your assurance. 1 am convinced, perfectly convinced, of the propriety of the measure yon advise.

Wilk. Believe me, it is of the last importance to you. I have been a father. Miss Moontfott; I am a father.—Will yon pennit me to call myself jour's?

JuL I shall esteem myself happy if yon will al-

i«ai*Go<>J^le

Sn FALSE SHAME, OR

low me the protection of one. Since Mr Sed-ley,—but DO mailer,—I go to prepare myself for my departure. [Exit Jvlia.

If ilk. [Alone.'] This unprincipled boy, I see, has wrought himself into her aHectioos, and she canaot easily be persuaded to suspectbim. I do notwonder at it; I,too, outraged as I am by hb unwortbiness, feel a yearning for bim which it is difficult to cod-quer.—But here comes the lady whom I found so friendly in the morning. Everyone I have

met are my friends; and, like true friends of the fashion, care for nothing less than my happiness.

Enter Miw Danbt.

Mia Dan. I meet you opportunely. Sir. I have been just talking of you and your concerns.

ffilk. Then, Madam, your conversation was on a very insignificant subject. ■ Mia Dan. Pardon, me. Captain Wilkins. Affected as I felt myself in the story of your sufferings, I could not help interesting myself in your situation. You will excuse this freedom in one who is almost a stranger to you. There are souls with whom sympathy anticipates time, and connects us at first sight.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

Wilk..I am much obliged to you. Madam, for your good wishes; but I know not how I have deferred them.

Miu Dan. By your virtue. Sir, and your misfortune,

Wilk. The system is a very generous one; but I cannot brag of my virtue, nor would I chuse to complain of my misfortunes.

Mm Dan. But from others. Sir, I have heard of both. The world, indeed, is seldom just to merit, and often talks least of the most deserving. To you, I understand, it has been unkind : it is the pleasure of generous minds to correct its unkindness.

Wilk. I am afraid it is easier to bear that unkindness, than to correct it.

Miu Dan. As for me, heaven denied me the power, though it was liberal of the inclination. I have some friends who are possessed of both. It has been my business to make them your friends; Sir Charles Dormer and Mr Sedley, for instance.

Wilk. Mr Sedley!

Mitt Dan. Yes, Mr Sedley; on whom blind fortune, for once liberal to worth, and propitious to virtue, :-

i«ai*Goog[c

M* FALSE SBAJIE, OR

Wi&. Blind indeed, if ifae diaoovefs virtue in Mr Sedley.

Mia Dan. Fortune, I say, has given bim the wiſh to discover meit, and tlie al»lity to befrieod it. He has found it in Captain Wilkins.

fViik. Yes,yes; and C^tain WUkins haa food it in bim.

^tit Dan. I tlink he most, if he knew Mr Sedley as well aa I do. But he aball know faim ; kaov bim for his kindness and generosity.

H^lk. What have i to do with his kindness and. generosity f

Mia Dan. llus reserve ia natural. Captain Wilkins. Bat remember, there is an illiberality in an nnwiUii^DesB to be obliged, as well as in aa nowil-lingness to oblige,

fFfft. Why, Madam, your maxims are perfectly just, and yoQ deliver them very gracefnlly. Bot you will pardon me, if I wish a Utile more matter, with somewhat fewer words.

Mia Dan. Tbm it is then. Sir. Mr Sedley kaowB the ill success of your affuis in India, bat he esteems, he reveres the integrity yoa preserved there. He has it in his power to put yon in the way of making another voyage more advanti^e-

i«ai*Go<>J^le

mu\y. Besides ma appoiatment, which be has little doubt of betDg able to obtain for you, if a thousand pounda or two will accommodate your aSaiis, or be of advantage to yom prospects when yon arrive in India> he has them at your service.

Wilk. Indeed! And what am I to do in return for all this generosity i

Mitt Dan. To minds like Mr Sedley's, the consciousness of their own benevolence is the only return that is necessary; but your friendship, your good will he will naturally expect, and I make no doubt will obtain. One little circumstance he hopes for your compliance in; if you leave Eng^{*} land, your ward. Miss Moantfort, will of course be devolved to his care. , Wilk. To his care! Ha I—Well, Ma'am, go on,

Mia Dan. That is, if you, as joint-guardian, have no objection to it.

Wick, No objection to it —But proceed.

Mia Dan. From regard to the young lady, I have been prevailed on by Mr Sedley to agree to her living with me. In my society I may venture to hope she will find some improvement as well as satisfaction, and she will have an opportunity of

improvement

Sl6 PAUB SHAME, OB

seeing company which, in more commodious quarters of that sort, she could not have access to.

Wick, Access to!

Mitt Dan. Yet; I have the honour -of ranking some people of the first distinction and character among my friends; Mr Sedley, Lady Donner,—

Wick. Mr Sedley, Lady Dormer and people of such distinction,—of such character I

Mitt Dan. I flatter myself therefore, you can have no objection to placing her under my protection.

Wick Your protection!

Mitt Dan. Which will, at the same time, confer an obligation on Mr Sedley, and ensure you his interest, his patronage, every good office which his rank or fortune may enable him to afford you.

fVilk. And yon really come with such a proposition to me,—to Moontfort!—I mean Wilkins.

Mitt Dan. I hope you esteem it a friendly one.

WiSc. And you have the effrontery to think—^ but I have no words for infamy like your's. Return to your vile employer. Tell him, that were it not for a sense of my own dignity, I should answer his proposals with a cudgel; and as for his

i.05»Goo'^[c

THB WHITE arPOCRITK. BIT

messenger,—look you. Madam!—if she come* to me again on such an errand, her sex, which her baseness disgraces, shall be no protection to her; she shall go out of the house a shorter way than she entered it.

Mia Dan. Sir, I despise the grossness of your mind, and the scurrility of your language. But as to that part of your abuse which belongs to Mr Sedley, expect the resentment of an injured man of honour.

fVUk. I believe his courage equal to his honour, and fear the one as little as I respect the other. But I thank you for unmasking his villainy, and for the open menace of his resentment. In the dark jungle of your villainous world, I would rather route a tyger than tread on a serpent.

[EnV WILKINS.

Min Dan, So, I guessed what it would come to; I knew the man was a fool, from his poverty. His passion, however, is a fortunate circumstance; if he should meet Sedley, they will have no temper for explanation.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

rAUB SHAHB. OR

Enter Sir Chabli Dobmbb.

Sir Char. Well, Di, what nccess ia yoar em-buss; i HvK you opened .my door for negotiation?

MiuDtm. No door; I was thueatened with ■omething like a window. The mat is mad, abao* lately mad, in a calentore of virtue and hononr. If I bad not used the preGauti<Hi of Sedley's name, yon might hare had your braius knocked out for yonr proposed kindness to his ward. As to me— but I shall find a way to requite bit civilly.

Sir Ckar. Was he so aogty i

Miu Dan. Downright furious! but let his fnry fall on Sedley.—Conld we not manage so, as to let those two virtuous gentlemen knock theii wise heads against one anothei i I can swear to his abuse of Sedley, and put it on grounds which the other will easily beUcTe. You can manage the yonng man's dread of ridicule, so as to make him afraid of not quarrelling.

Sir Char. Hal I understand you.

Miu Dan. I will prepare him for your tuition; I will roDse bis anger, yon shall awaken bis fear of

i«ai*Goog[c

THE WHITS HrPOCRITIt. Wit

shame. I believe he haa courage for aay thing bnt being laughed at.

Sir Char, You women, Di, have do restnunta on youT iacinationas, no qualms to come acroas . you in the progress of tbem. Would not this be going a httle too far, to make them cut one ano> ther's diroats, to mak^ »ajr f6r me to the girl i

Mm Dan. Your love, i find, is not half so sharp set as my reientmenL Bnt you think too deeply of the consequences; they shall bnt scramble on a point of honour, and give yon an opportunity lit rnnning away with the prize in the mean time.

Sir Ckar. Shall I indeed f—that dear, soft, art-lew, bewitching giri 1—
To obtain her, Danby,yo« ihall make me all the rogue you would have
me to be. Tis her faalt to be so bewitching, ehi — If this fotbtdden fnit
will look so very tempting, *tu not all the fettoes that squeamish
morality <ian nise around it, that will hinder men of spirit frtm
hceakiBg into die orchard. [£xnMt

I

i«ai*Go<>J^le

fALSE SHAME, OK

SCENE—><i htfore.

Mitt Danbt alone. Tis past the time Sir Charles should have in«t-Ine.
If he should have repented now, and given tip our design! those men
of fashion are so indifferent about eveiy thing ! But yet he is the more
likely to go on with this; 'tis hot involving this young cousin and
fHeod of bis in a quarrel with a ridiculous old fellow, who should
have died of the bile in India—a bagatelle not worth thinking of.—
Hal here he ia, and with a face of buaneas.— Well, Sir Charles }

• Enter Sir Charles, ^ C^ar. Well/ Danby^ Vajhire eitfaite, and

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

those two hoDOurable men are to come to an ex-planatioD in Hjde-
Park.

Mia Dan. I made my evidence pretty strong, and spoke myself iato a
passion against Wilkins, for his abuse of a gentleman so much his
superior as Mr Sedley: 1 spoke myself into a passion, but I could not
rouse Sedley; be seems to have learned your fashionable
nonchalance, and took pretty coolly all that I repeated, and all that I
invented, of Wilkins's coaversation.—" I believe I behaved to bini like
a rascal," said be, " but one must not be told it." I took him on that
ground, and spoke much of what the world would say, if he bore it
tamely; then left him in a state of preparation for your handling.

'Sir Char. I made use of the opportunity, though it went somewhat against my conscience.

MmDan. Your conscience! I thought yon men of tb^ toa were seldom troubled with-the calls of conscience.

'Sir Char. It will sometimes call oa us, as well as on the vulgar ; but we have the same advantage over them with it, as with other visitors^—we're not at home when it calls.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

an FALS8 RHAMB. OK

JUiw Dan. So jon denied yourself to it oa tb» occasioD, and made a fool of Sedlejj to the length of figbtittg his fellow-guardian i

Sir C/iar* I toM bim how ungratefiil and haw Wilkini had reported him. He said he had heard as mnch from ;on; and, in conaeqnence of jour pemuaion, had writt«i a few linei to Wilkios, ••ktDg an explanation. I owd, i waa afraid of that explanation, and wmdered at your aaggesl-ing it.

Jiftu Dan. Oh ! [knew I had put Wilkina into. too great a passion to explain any thing.

Sir Char. So it turned out; while we spoke, a Tery laconic answer arrived, in such terms as gave me an opportunity, of representing it as a fresh outrage.

Mm Dan. While yon were with him! that was forttooate.

Sir Char. Yes; but after all it cost me a great deal of trouble to bring it the length we wished; he was very uowiUiog to be led so far, and if he had not been a coward—

iiiiit Dan. A coward!

Sir Char. Yes, if be bad noL been a coward, hf would have certainly declined fighting. After ag-

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

THE WHITE HYPOCRITE. tU

gnveUng the offiront, as I told him I had heard it irom you, mi putting in •trong terms the necessity there was for a yoong man just entering into life to get himself a character for spirit.—But then, said he. Sir Charles, 1 am afraid 1 was bo much in the wrong, in the way I tdked to Wil-kins,— " In the wrong," sud I, intermptiog him, " that is just Uie reason, my dear Sedley—There lies the very point of honour with us; and if you don't stand to it bow, you will be shewn about as an overgrown booby, that mast still be whipt into his duty." In short, I fti^tened him so, that he went home as fast as be could, in order to send this cartel to Wilkins. I saw his valet de chambre, with the billet in his hand, enquiring of one of my servants, where the gentleman from India was to be found i

Miii Dan. So then, we have cnt oat employ.i ment for them ; now, Sir Charles, I have laid out employment for you.

Sir Char. Some very himanrable onployment, 111 be sworn.

Miu Dan. If yon don't like the business, yoa play let it alone, that's all. If ^on are an faonourr

i«ai*Go<>J^le

SM FALSE SHAME, OR

able coward, like Sedley, you may perhaps dediDc a private meeting with Julia Mountfort.

Sir Char. How, private! with her, with Julia I ■ where?

Mist Dan- At my house^ if you dare, veuture yourself alone with her.
, Sir Char. At your house!

Miti Dan. Yes; I have discovered an appointment with Wilkins, irho b to come privately in the evening, and take her away from your housed in a hackney coach. The young lady knows nothing of my

quarrel with him, so I can easily contrive to be proxy for her guardian on that occasion; and I have a friend who sometimes borrows a coach for such frolics, who will drive where I bid him. If you can meet her in my parlour at three, we can have a little supper together. But I suppose you are engaged, and can't come.

Sir Charles. Come!—How dear delicious plotter! let me kiss thee for the thought.

Miss Dan. Nay, nay, keep your kissing till there be occasion for it. I will endeavour to prepare the lady for receiving you favourably; but a great deal will depend on yourself. Be sure to put enough of sentiment, and feeling, and honour,

—Exit

THE WHITE HYPOCRITE. Mr

and virtue.—Ha! there is Sedley's old-fashioned footman, who comes only on important messages—Get you away. Sir Charles^ till I—examine him a little. I have got myself mightily into favour with him, by speaking of the good old times at Sedley-Hall, And making him presents of Thomas-a-Riddle, and the Whole Duty of Man, for Sunday's reading in the country.

[Exit Sir Charles.]

Mrs. Dabry, to William, that he may.

Come this way; honest William, here is nobody but I. How is it with you, my good friend?—You look purely.

Will. Much at your service, my good madam; much at your service always.

Miss Dan. How fresh and hale you are! Truly it is with people, who have lived soberly and virtuously in their youth.

Will. Thank God, I keep tolerable health; but this same town does not agree with me. There is such a noise and a bustle, a running here

and a whisking there, a rattling of carriages in the streets, and a-
thundering of knockers at the door, it makes my poor old head dizzy
to hear it.—And

VOL. VIII, 2 B

,.i:,Cc)Ot^le

W FAUE 8BAMB, OR

tttRi tbe lole hom we the wont (^kH— addon at boiliettUt*o or ditee
in-Ae HMwaiagr—aad sonifi-timet' myaiutef is jnst^gfoiD^-to bed.
at th« boor we DKd'to me at Sed1r)^•Hall, wboi I first serred Iiis-
fetlier;> and'Whhhh Iipaw oar aei^bonr ladj Sqneeati^s^ deor at
noeai^ Iiaift laughed at hy halfr »-doz» Issf f6otBi«L7«ffTDt6g
tbeBHWlves aw«ke on the stepi in their t^ppna add papiUota.

Mim Biati Btit jou don't keep these late hours; yon don't sit up for
yosr mttster, sure i hu new travelled -niet de chamUre^ i sbo^
auppos^ ih»dd' have tiat effioa; he ia- youiger, uid more Umdto
tfaebinineaK

Will. Why, so he is; bet I don't koow how, I cannot go* to ekepy till I
aea ray maater sifely come home. And though be chidea me for wait
ingj y^bmethinbihe bbea me about him as w^ aa Jenkins.. JenkisBy
to dohii^jusliGe, is a clever handy lad, and fits oar youfig »aater> for
gmag abKwd, to a nicety. He kndws the town ao well, and looks, so
spruce and; a». neat, and talka Frendv. so-gHUy. Bnt when matter
getsbome, ha takes Bcaaahow' move kmdly to old WiUiam, {4ain
and clnm^- as be be. Jenkini it like hia fine nUc «mt>

,.i:,Cc)Ot^le

THE 'WBtT^ HTrOCKITE. Sir

fiat looln SO ^y and utB m tight. I'ftm ISke ha flaiuiel nigtit^WD,
which is an ilUlookii^ ^uqg to be sore, bat th«i hecim siretiifa
hinneTT in't

Mia Dan. Then, I suppose I like <his'night-^own>
j^ou are his familiar (hes B. Yonwi Uha Tethelieep* mg of his teorete,
William.

tVUL Why, betwixt you and me I believe so; not but that Jraikitu is
tenu^ enODgb> but master osn't be so free with him about some
things.— Twas but t'other day he went to visit a poor family, whook we
had accidentally found out to be in a sad deal of disb^es. The Either
^as an officer t'n half'-pay, and had been arrested for debt He had
a wife, a pretty Bweet-todciagci Vbtufft, mid four as fine children as
ever I clapped eyes im. My tsaiter> as it was a saying, 'well t to Visit
the hide, to spend some relieving her husband. 'Heto MWe £he whook
stoy; but, God forgive hUa^ he let Jenkins believe, diU he went to
see her In a mighty way, and made hint ^t with a hackney-coach ftt
.the end of the street, that it might not be known Wfa^e he came
fVou.

Mm Dan. So Jenkins Will believe him a sort of amtef

i«ai*Go<>J^le

Sn FALSE SHAME, OR .

^tS. Yes if he says, he is too pretty a gentleman, to be TutnoUB. ,
And he Jangled so at me, when I hinted the truth, of the story. He
had gone to the banlcei'a for the oioaey we paid for the poor
gentleman in prison; and Jenkins would have it, that it was to pay
what he called a debt of honour om master owed to A'.gentleman,
whom Sir Charles Dormer had. mftde him acquainted .with.—Bn^
Lord be^ me! how I stand talking, when I should be minding my
business. I have got a letter here from my master, for <Hie Captain
Wilkins; I was told^ I should probably find him here.

^in Z^lcm- I was told Jenkins was asking a Aer turn ^itb anoUier
letter. Was yours written after it? ..

Will. Nay,,for that matter,'tis-the same letter; a^ J^kins should have
been the bearer of it But I changed message with him; because I

wish^ to see this Captain Wilkins, to ask about my poor-dear Mr Mountfort, one of the best friends I. ever had in .the world.

Misi Dan. The gentleman who. died in India i

WiU, AhJ why did he die? He was a dpzen years younger than me. But I thought it itpnld be some comfort to me to talk with this Captaia

i«ai*Goog[c

THE WHITE HYPOCRITB. S8B

Wilkios about him. I remembered liim ia my prayers,—in troth I did. I was praying for him. When he was dead and gone,—for his safe return to England; but he was never to return. Well, he is ia heaven, if ever a good soul went thither i

Enter Tom, who whkpen Mia Danbt.

Mm Dan. ITo Tom, who goa out.'] Shew him

inp, by all means.—Mr William, the gentleman

you seek is below; I have desired Tom to shew

him into this room. You need not mention my

being here.—^Tbe family are not at home to-day,

[Exit Mim Dahby.

ffiS. Yes, yes, old as I am, I have learned to

tell that lie in London with a ttJerable t'ace.

Enter WltKins. WUk. IStarting at aght of miUam.'] Ha < this is unlucky, but perhaps—

WUL I was told, sir, you were Captain Wil-

Wilk. Yes, my name is Wilkins.

fV m. Good gracious!—rtbat voice—speak again, sir.—I am old, but not quite doting yet—that look, too!—If it were possible—^yes, sure it is he—

i«ai*Go<>J^le

m&. ^eak aoAly, my pxiA WiSma, and I will' tell yoa.

W^. Yes, I am William, and you are, ore jaa qot, my own dear good Mr Mountfort i

[TaMag, hkhand, and j^mom^ it.]

Wilk, Hush ! we shall be overheard.

}fttfiT)i«nImaktaot«&UyoaHoimtfi»t?bat— yoa are, yon arc—

Wtik. I am MoDntfortj and the same fnend M yott I ever was.

Wiii, Kesaed' heoren ! you we Mr Moimtfort; alivot and well! Bat tuy; my ^ar good air, bew yoo'are.so. We were told you were killed in In-dj^-^ed to be called WJlhuift'-^PardoD me> I have so mboy things to aik.

fVilk. Yon shall know all another time. But— (there is aobody'M orferhear im^) I have reasooB for wishing t» be unkaowd a very little longer.

Will. Beaaons for being unlf flown! rakknowA tb my mfaater, t» your own boy, Mr Sedley! I remember the time when he used to call yov fii-■ther.

^^.'I'lhoidd'be aahamed tohave hini cdl me

i«ai*Goog[c

THB ^IvaiSB SVPOCKITU. SBl

WiB. Why, to benre, he is grovn quite a vma, aod AS proper a one m
you would iriih.to look OD. Von wouldK»ree Icnw him now.

Wilk. His look ii not mncb altered, Williua; iHit his mind is woefully
cbuiged indeed.

Wm. How!

Wilk. Yea; he has exchanged those prinoiplet <tf virtne, of £gni^j of
bappiness, I had taught him, for the libertiQisin of principle to whieh
ev«yfoed eanaspire, for the profligacy of oon-duct in which the
meanest of mankind can rind him.

Will, Goodness bless me! youdon't lay ab!-» Have you seen him
since you came'bome i

WSk. Several times.

W^. And be did not knowj'oa ^-^ Bless my old eyes! I knew you at
once.—But be was no more liiaM aboy whenyottleft'tbis country;
andyoung folks are so giddy, and so fbi^etful!—And you ue dtered
too'; tbioiie hot countfies so spoil a man.— Alas! we were told you
were dead.

WiSt. So all my ifrieuds 'thought me; i am not sure, Wi>&ali,ifjthaid
not (been better BO. In ray own coontiy, I have foimd litUe ft mtm
^ould

i«ai*Gqoj^lc

ma FALSE SHAIIE, oB

regret to lose; yet, I forgot one blessing; my Jolia u yet mine, and
wortby of me.

JViB. La! she ia indeed, and the sweetest pcetr tiest creature—my
yonng jnaeter doatf OQ UeF. And I had once hopes, that it would
have been a match—they would have made the loveliest couple!—

JVilk. Then you don't think be loves her sp much now i

Will. Why, I don't know; be lore^ her, certaifi sure; but these yonng fashionable fellows, ffant come sometimes about him^ say, a man should not marry the girl be loves.

/Tift. Indeed!

Will. Why, yes; they say iu quite an oat-of-the-way thing for a man oow-a-days to love his own wife.—He must many a woman, that brings him a power of money, which hell never lose the fimcy of, though it be bis own.

W^k. They talk so; Sedley's companions bdk so?

Will. Yea; Sir Charles Donuer, and'the rest. Sir Charles is such a fine jQaD, and has such an aji with vhat he says!

i«ai*Go<)glc

THE WHITB HTPOCRITB. SIS

' Wilk. Ji.j, 'tis tbat air^ that glosa of fashion, which dazzles the ahalloff, and misleads the weakv I had hoped, Sedley was above it. Bat I will think no more of him.-

IViU. Tbiok no more of him! of my dear young master! What has he done to offend yoa i

fVilk. Under thia fortunate disgniae of b borrowed name, I have had oopponilies of seeing him to the bottom. Your innocence and integrity, my good old friend, wonjd not allow you to snppoae what I have found him; the irrerereut way h^ talks of me, and thinks of my daughter.

tVill Is it possible! And can it be true, as Jei)f kins baa often told me, thitt he but diverta himself with me, and pots on a face to deceive mel But I won't believe it of him. I have proof to tbe contrary ; nay, for that matter, you shall have proof too. I have a letter here for you, that will set ^11 to rights, I -onike . no doubt oa't. Before Sir Charles, and such people as Sir Charles, he will talk a little idly sometimes;

but when be is left to himself, it is quite a different thing. Here is the letter; I dare auswet for it of tbe right sort.

[Ones WiLKINs tile Letter.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

MO FAUB tHAMB, OR

IfiOc. [Readiig the Letter.^ H<Hr*stliu! "'Rie libertiet yon have sBoweil yumwlf to lue with te-

gsrd to me, a nuB of boaoor - - - - coofage

to'justify"— Ib this of the right sort, William i A cbaHeage from your master!

WiU. AchaHenge! ftH-whatf

Wsk. For a wrong of that monatrom kind, which be had no other way to viodicate. Those injuries, which neither petwm nor humanity can ex-onse, a man of honour, hke MrSedley, has " coik-iBge to JHilify;" like a detected thief, who bold^ offers to box the passenger, who has found bit buid IB bis pocket

^I'tf. AwTODg teyon! and achidl^ge for that! Coold Mr Sedley do dm t

WtBc, Taking me for the joint-guardian of my daaghter, he had the proffigate impudence to offer me a bribe to coumre at his deernB open her; and, when I returned such an -answer as the proposal deserved, I must «DSwer to his JunoKr far the freedoms I have taken with him,—It waa ■offlething odd to choose you for Ac bearer of ttiis.

ITjiS, I was not the bearer of his chooamg. His valet de dumbie, Jenkins, was charged with that

l-i:iGoOg[C

TBB WBITB BTPoC»I1TB. SM

hOer, and we ezchai^ed eirsotls mi the w^.-~ Bdt there ii ■ome
nuatake ia thiB; I am slue there is.

Wsk. There can be no inistake^-'tiB hu hand^ Xkoow JL

ffm. He co<aId not mean it,—on my life he could Bot

Wiik. Why, William, you do not know these meo-of fashioB.—This is
what they call «e&»» la regla, according to mle. Slight offences may
be atoned many ways,—for very deep injiuies there is bat one
repmatioaj—catting the diroat of him diey hove injured.

Will. Bat I say still, it is imposnble that he «odd mean it.—I have
another paper herCj Mr Monntfort. You shall judge, when you have
look-ed o& itr—Twas but just now he gave it me, with a hxric of
earnestness, and bade me take care of it, . for tfaoBe whom it
concerned. I ought not to mention it; but that letter so vexes me—
{Take\$oia -a Papa:'\ " Bond of annuity to Captain Wilkiu, and for
ten thousand pounds priacipal money to Miss Juhs Monntfort"

WUk. ITaldsag the Pafer^ and loolaag on ff.] " An-maty to me I And
ten thoosutd pounds to Julia I"

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le"

Nt FALBE 8HAH&, OB

Why, tbis i» odd.—An fcimui^tothe niaa he was to kill, and ten
thoniand pounds to the girl he would have ruined!

^iW. Lord, my dear sir! kill you! be could iiot mean to kill you, and
provide for you afterwards. 1—^And as for Miss JnUaj I knotr
smnething as to her, though I was stricUy charged not to tell tt td any
one.

Wilk. Something about her! about Juli%!— Give me to know it
instantly.

JViU, Nay, it is nothing you ne^ be angiy st AAer the report of your
being killed in India, and the death of Miss Julia's aunt, I sent, by Mr

Sedley's order, a large sum to the young lady, with a few lines, telling her it was a debt, which the person sending it owed to her father.

Wilk. Pardon my warmth, honest William; but on the subject of Julia. I am so tender.—It was Sedley, then, who sent that sum to her! She told me she had received it in the manner you say, and keeps it still as a deposit for the owner.

Will, It was my master's sending but he would kill me, if he thought I had said a word of it. He often sends money.

Wilk, Kay, he cannot have conquered liberty

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

THE WHITE RTPOCRITB. »7

there, so as not to have filing left. But it is not parting, with me, which the habits of extravagance have taught them to neglect, that such men to be called humane or generous. Let them forego one favourite indulgence for the sake of humanity; let them sacrifice one selfish passion to the good of others, and then tell us of their benevolence and generosity.

fill. But he is not such a craft as you think—I am sure he is not.—Nay, do not look on that foolish letter,—You don't, my dear Ursula intend to meet him?

Wilk. I do most tiercially.

Will. Sure, sir,—sure Mr Mountfort/you don't mean—

Wilk. Not to fight, I promise you, even were Sedley indifferent to me. He, whose blood is his country's, is not obliged to shed it at the call of every fool at home, who wishes to try his valour on him. But this Sedley I—why can I not forget my former fondness for him—unworthy, unthinking boy!—I will yet save him, if I can { throw off this assumed personage, burst open him in my own name and

form, and try if Mountfort can ,yet: rouse those virtues, which he once taught him to

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

valae waA rerere!— Say not a word, I charge yDa> of who I ua, DOT of joBT hanog deliTered me im UlJet, but denre his valet to acqaaist htm, thai I will aot fail the appoiabnent. [£nt Wilkins. ffiU. But comider, my dear nr,—he is gone. I don't ItiK this apjioiDtmeDt;— my master is warm, and brave; and though I know be is kind and gentle, yet, since he has been in town, I don't know bow it is, he is a^amed to be thoagbt loo moch so. Sappoae I spoke to Snr Charles former f he is what Aey call a man of bononr^ and hisadncs would go far.—But then I dare not tell any body of this challenge, nor of Captain Wiikiia- bang. Mr Moontfort—Ha! here oeraes Sir Cfawles.

Emitr Sir Chablbs.

.Sir Ouw. Honest William, I am heartily glad to see you; we meet mnch seldsnicr bow than wc ■sed to do ta the country.

WiU. Why, hoe, an' please yoor haionr, I am' bat, aa one may say, an awkward piece of ftuni* tura lii the uootcy I was aomethiag; I coald t^yanrboamn' about the plantrag of trees, orlhc laying Amrm of a field, whew yon had the good" oeu to 4enK it.

i«ai*Goog[c

THB WHRB HTFOCRITIf. tm

SUr Char, 1 firand your converaatioa very useful to me, WiUiam; I hare a great regard for yon, and would be happy to hare an opportuiity to oblige yon.

JVm. Would you, indeed t

Sir Ckar, Yon may depend Upon me. Is there any thing yon would ask of me i for yon teem to bare a lequeiL in your face.

mil. PerilapB I hare, Sir Charles.

Sir Char. What is it you would have me to do that you

Will, Not for me; I am old, and shan't live long, and need nothing, thank God I nothing at all— But if you would oblige me. Sir Charles, (don't think it forward in me to ask it,) be a friend to my

Sir Char, Your master, William>t Why, am I not his friend to his neat relation, and his nearest friend; the most sincere one he has in the world - Will. I know it, my good Sir Charles, I know it; but then^ friends have in town I am told— your honour will forgive me—are not like friends in the country. ' ~

Sir Char. I shall hit^.] And of what sort do you take a man's town: first Mr. to he, Will. I am

i., i:, Cc) O t^ le

MS PALSB SnAHB, OR

Will. Whence, I have heard, sir,—I only speak—as I have heard,—that a man's friends here, will eat, and drink, and be merry with him, call him by his Christian name, and profess all the regard for him in the world; yet will borrow his money, and never pay it, or win it at play^ which is a shorter way still; will marry his mistress, or seduce his wife; and if he offers to find fault with any of these things, will ruin him through the body, or shoot him through the head. Your honour won't take it ill—I only speak as I have heard.—No offence, I hope.

Sir Char. None in the world, honest William; I like your description much, and will own, that there are many town lads, whom it suits. Nay, perhaps Mr Sedley is not without such, some of whom I have cautioned him against.

Will. Have you, indeed! It was kindly done of you.

Sir Char. Yes, there are people about town, and some who call themselves gentlemen, and men of honour, who make a prey of young men, like Sedley, who are open, generous, and easily misled: others—there are, idle, dissipated, and profligate, with an air of (honour, whose society is more all— -

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

ring* xad eqaall; dangerous. But I think, if he relies on me, (and I flatter myself, I have some influence with him,) I shall be able to guard him against the practices of the one, and the example of the other.

Will. Heaven grant you may! There is a gentleman,—a very worthy—that is, I am told, a very worthy gentleman, who is joined with Mr Sedley in the guardianship of Miss Mountfort—should some of those idle young people you talk of sow dissension between him and Mr Sedley!—■

Sir Char, Have you heard of any difference between them?

Will. Yes,—no,, not a difference, that is, no particular difference; but I was told, that Mr—I would say Captain Wilkins, had said somewhat about my master, that is, about—about their ward, Miss Julia—that some of those hot-headed young men about town might think was not altogether so proper, and so—

Sir Char. And so you were afraid they might quarrel on that ground. They were not to fight, I hope, about the management of the young lady?

Will. vll. 2 c

cCooj^lc

Will. No, no, not fight; but if you knew how good a man this Captain Wilkins is, that is, as I am told—and, for that part, so is my nephew,—I am sure he is,—I have known him since he was at nurse; and many a time I have carried him in these arms—the sweetest child, the prettiest boy, ■»I love him as my own soul.

Sir Char. We all love him, William; fear nothing on his account; rely on my friendship for him.

Will. I do, I do; Heaven bress you foi^t. [TVifto Au hand, and kisses it."} I am a poor old man, and can make no return for your kindness; but I woald lay down my life, that I would, for my dear young master and bis friends. Heaven bless and ivolet you bo^! lEsit William.

Sir Char. How this old man loves his master! The tears were on bis cheek, and he spoke so from the warmth of his heart, that mine, calloos as it is to such foolery, was smitten, and could scarcely play the hypocrite to him. After alt, there is something in this same virtue, that one can't help feeling now and then in spile of-one. Not all the gold I can bribe my r^cals with, ever- pvr-

i«ai*Goog[c

TRB WBITB HYPOCRITE. «»

chased from them one such tear aa William's. But the time is too busy for moralising,—Sedley!

Eater Seolby. ' Sed. Sir Charles, I was very anxious to meet with you. I wish for your counsel ia aa affair of some delicacy.

Sir Char. What! lo your affair with Wilkins i

Sed. No, no, I will manage that myself.

Sir Char. With the assistance of old WilliaA.

Sed. Of William! What do you meso t

Sir Char, He left nie just now, and I could Bee had been informed of your quarrel, which the old fellow begged of me to prevent any consequences from. Tis not our way here to communicate saeh adairs to the old men and women of our families.

Sed. How! I communicate it to old men and . women f

Sit Char. Nay, perhaps, it might be pmdeDt; but it is not the way witli our young fellows here, and might be laughed at, if they kneW'—

Sed. Laughed at! I will fight him before I sleep.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

«H FALSE GHAHE, OR

Sir Char. Nay, it will be time enuagli to-moF--TOW,—if it is not known and prevented by a peace-warrant before.

Sed. Leave it to me^ I say; and if yoa find I want spirit^ brand me for a coward and a rascal— though perhaps I am a rascal, as it is, and only justify it by being a bully. Bat no matter, let^s talk no more oa't— I have uiother challenge, that puzdes me more.

Sir Char, Another challenge I from whom ?

\$ed. From a lady.

Sir Char, From a lady ■ and does that puzzle you i What a fortunate fellow yoa are, Ned!

Sed. I own I want courage for't.—^But look not so contemptuously till you bear the circumstances

Sir Char. She is old and ugly i

Sed, Neither, neither; but she is married.

Sir Char. So much ihe better; half the puzzle is removed already.

Sed. It would be unfair to give a hint to find her by. But she is the wife of a gentleman—in the country—from whom I have received numberless &Yours.

i«ai*Goog[c

Sir Char. And the lady, like a dutiful wife^ ;vou1d bestow a few more on yuu.

Sed, I have been infinitely obliged to her hns-band.

Sir Char. Then yon must certainly oblige his wife.

Sed. I know, Dormer, my scruples will appear ridiculous to a gay man like you. I was weak enough, or gallant enough, to be ashamed of them, in an interview with the lady; and though I felt them so strongly at the time, that I often wished myself (don't laugh at me,) a thousand miles off; yet, like a poppy as I was, I spoke some of that nonsense, which a man thinks himself obliged to say to a woman who seems to expect it. On the strength of this encouragement—

Sir Char. Encouragement! Ha! ha! Nay, yon must forgive me, my dear Sedley, for laughing; the phrase is so Dovel from a gentleman to a lady! —But I am serious again, and will hear your case stated with the gravity of a bencher. On the faith of this encouragement, as you call it, the lady has sent yon, I suppose, a civil message by

,:i:,Cc)Ot^[e

ber walUng-mud; or challei^ed yon to a party at piquet, at the honae of some conveyeeat friend. '

Sed, She has begged me to meet her this even-ing at such a friend's, to renew our conversation, which (very fortunately^ as I thought,) the inter-^■ won of a third person ^terminated.

Sir Ciar. What a ^iacky dog, I say agtun,' you are,Ned!

Sfd. Bi^t I shan't go, S\t Chariles.

Sir Char. Not go! send me, then, in ymir stead.

Sed. That might not do so well. But are you serious? Should I feel nothing for the injury to a . man, who has been my benefactor and my friend? %ould I make him this return for all his kindness? This my gratitude for his hospitality wid his confidence P

Sir Char. Enjiit (Tmnottr, Ned> gratitude is out of the question.

Sed. Is your fashionable gallantry so selfi^, w remorseless i

Sir Char. Never talk of remorse before hand; you will have time enough to repent ^^rwsrds.

Sed. As to the lady perhap»--~biit have yon no compassion for the innocent husband f

D.5i«ai*Go<>J^le

1

THE WHITE BTPOCRITE. «n

Sir C^har. All the compassion in the iroild^—I am a husband myself. Bat it b ten to one he it an iadiiferQDt fellow, and don't care a faithiDg for bis wife.

Sed. That is very poBsible.

Sir Char. Or perhaps takes his own amusement some other way.

Sed. Not unlikely.

Sir Char. Then he has do title to complain; besides, if the lady and you are discreet enough to keep your own secret, he will not be a halfpeonj the worse.

Sed. You really think so ?

Sir Char. Most sincerely. I know no familiet 3«i ea<y> so comfortable, so happy, as those in which such arrangements take place.

Sed, bideed! You advise me to obey the assignation then i

Sir Char. If you would not have me think yon a ninny. Bat I have an appointment too, [Look' ing at his JVatch."} which I most prepare for. Bon , voyage, Ned. And if you have any scruples re-maioiag to-morrow, come to me, and receive absolution. [Exit Sir Chables.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

Std. Wen I to take him &t bis word now! but I am not yet lo mach a villain as he thinks me. I will meet Lady Donner, bat not in the way Sir Charles would advise. As to Wilkins^ I begin to wish I could be as easily off in that quarter. Bat I am resolved to risk no life in the encoanter but my own. What is thb fashion, that I should obey . it at such expence i and whence is that superiori-ty, that entitles it to laugh at me i Methinka, If the privilege of ridicule were in proportion to this scale of morals, the lan^ should be loudest from the bar of the Old Bailey. But we are dazzled by rank, and deceived by words; and many are proud of gallantry and honour, who woi^ startle at the ■ounds of robbei7 and murder. [-£nft

i«ai*Go<>ylf

THB WHITE HYPOCaiTE.

ACT V.

SCENE—Tiie House of Diana Danbt.

Ladi/ DosMSB, (in a different Drets/rom ahat the teas/ormerly,) and Lucbbtia^ a MaidofDw-sy'h.

La^ Dor. So Miss Danby did not receive my card?

Luc, Ko, my lady, I did not know where to fiend it, and kept it in expectation of her return home.

La^ Dor. That was a little unlucky; but since I have had the good fortune to find you, Mrs Lucy, it does not much signify. It was only to tell her, I should call here according to her re* quest; and that the gentleman, her friend, would probably meet me to concert the business we

i«ai*GoOJ^Ic

talked of jeaterday. On which stxount, it waa as well she should not be at home to any body else.

Luc. Your ladyship might certainly command here, whether my mistress was acquainted with your intentions or not; but she told me of your being to be here this evening.

La[^] Dor. Of my being to be here!

Jmc, Yes; [^]e said, that a lady, meaning your ladyship no doubt, was to sup here this evening, and a gentleman, a near reUtint of hers. I have prepared matters accordingly.

Lady Dor. That is somewhat odd; for the note I told you of was the first intimation of my visit— if indeed she has not happened to meet Mr-[^]-[A single knock U heard at the Door.[^] Hark! some one knocks below.

Luc. I will see who it is; but they will let nobody in except your ladyship's relation.

lExit LuoT.

I[^]([^] Dor, Do I look as I ought? This is the simple modest dress he admired so much in Julia Mountfort—with that blushing sentiment in my face, which he said a woman[^]

i«ai*Go<>J[^]le

THE WHITE HYPOCRITE.

Re-nter Lvct, hastily.

Luc. Madam, madam! did your ladyship know who it was you were to meet here i

La[^] Dor. A relation[^] I told yOu, child.

Luc, But was it so very very near a relation i—~ Your husband. Sir Charles, is below.

Lady Dor. Sir Charles! good heavens!—But he won't come up hither 7

Luc. He is jost coming up, ray lady.—I told him Miss Danby wasn't at home; but he said, he knew she would be at home by and by.—He ia only giving his raan some orders in the lobby.

Ijidy Dor, But you must get him away, my dear Lucy.—I will step into this inner room.— He does not know any thing of tite business your mistress and I were to meet upon—and so you know—you wiU get him away as fast as you can. —Let me in here.

[Going to the Door of the i/mer Room.

Luc. Ia. ! my lady! that room—Sir Charles has a btu'eau with some papers in that room.

Lady Dor. Sir Charles a bureau in that room I

Imc. Yes, my lady, and so he has a key of it himself, and he will certainly go ia there.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

at FALSE SHAHH, OR

Xtufy Dor. What shall I do!—I might perbapl meet him boldly; hut then my appointment—and Sedley too—[^wfe.] Is there no other place i

Jjuc. Bat if you go out upon the stairs, your ladyship will meet him Aill in the Face.—Slay—> There is a mask within.—We sometimes see masks. _Bnnff out a Maik.} Here—if your ladyship will put on thisj and say nothing—

LaAf Dor. Give it me. Lucy, remember I am a guinea in your debt for the use of this mask. I have a little female curiosity to know what brings Sir Charles here. So, Lucy, if he should ask, tell him, the !ady is some friend of Miss Danby's, you don't know who—but—

Enter Sir Charles Dosuer. Lucbetia tehu-pen to him as he entert.
Lady Dobubs's Fact u turned away.

Sir Char. [To Lccbetia.] A lady! Yes, yes, I knew there was a lady. You need not have been so unwilling to admit me—a small party to you—I was one of them. I'll entertain her till your mistress's arrival. [Enter Lucretia. He bows at a distance, then advances a step or two into the

inner room.

Room.] —How! masked! the devil! If Danby has succeeded so far in her preparation, as she called it—it almost takes away my appetite for the adventure. [Lady Dormer walks to the other end of the Room.] It is certainly she/ notwithstanding—Her dress, her air, only a little agitated from the situation. [Aside.] —Madam! Miss Mountfort! [Lady Dormer does not hear.] There is something whimsical, I should rather say amusing, or, perhaps still more properly, compassionate in that mask, when you know what mischief your face does in its natural state. [Lady Dormer looks about again in confusion.] I see your agitation. Miss Mountfort, at this interview. My friends Miss Danby may perhaps have in some degree communicated, though she could not do justice either to their warmth or their purity! Indeed my own language can but very imperfectly express them. [Lady Dormer stops again.] —Something very odd in this; but I will speak on, while she allows me. [Aside.] —I have wished, though with that trembling distrust, which the highest, the most ardent esteem always creates, for an opportunity of explaining my sentiments with regard to your situation and my own. Yours has been un-

known to me.

fortunate perhaps, at least the world will call it so; the world, who does not know those qualities which, in every heart deserving of your friendship, (For Borne, I am afraid there are, who have much abused it,) will find a friend; but my situation, Miss Mountfort, is truly distressing! Formed for the tenderest sympathies of friendship and of love, it has been my misfortune to be joined to one who is perfectly insusceptible of either; who, in the giddiness of fashion, and the tumult of dissipation, has lost all relish for that domestic enjoyment, which, had I been blest with one like you—Nay, do not start at the declaration,—you must have seen, though I was careful to

hide my attachment, you must have seen how much it possessed my heart. There are sonb, which, by an instinctive sort of impulse, invohiatarily attract one another. At this moment, (hough you cruelly hide your face from me, yet thus to be near you, to touch this hand—nay, do not draw it away so hushly,—is such an indescribable pleasure; that if there exists Uiat magnetic tulluence, which some visionaries pretend— {A nolent knocking below,'] Ha!—^Don't be alarmed. Miss Monntfort; don't be uneasy.

cCooj^lc

Wilk. [Below.'] Bdt I know she is here, sad nothing shall preveat my seeing her.

SirCkar. Ha! ItbinkI have heard that voice,— but let it oot diBcompose you, Miss Mountfort.— Yet, as the meeting might be too much for your spirits, be so kind to step in here— [Taka a Key from his Pocket, and opeiu the Door of the Inner iloom.]—till I get rid of this iotrusion. [Hands jMdg DoKHKB m.}—Depend on my protection and support,—my unalterable, my inviolable attachment. [Locks the DooT."] —^This girl is a little nnintelligible; but, though she seemed displeased, she listened to the nonsense I talked, and that is something.—Now for this impertinent intruder. [Goo towards the Door, and meets WilkiNS tntrmg. ,

Wilk. Sir! Sir Charles Dormer!

iSirCAor. Captain Wilkins!—Have you any commands for me, Isirf

Wiik. For you. Sir f Not for you. Sir Charles.— Where is Sedley i Where U Miss Mountfort i

Sir Char. Sedley, and Miss Mountfort!—I knov HQthing of Sedley; and as for Miss Mountfort,— ' I should ask that question of you, who are one of her guardians, and interested in the care of her.

i«ai*Go<>J^le

WHk. I am indeed. Sit Charles; and in virtue of that interest, I come here in quest of her.

Sir Char. Here is a quest of her! I should not think this the most likely place to find her. I suppose she will be found in my house, if you will take the trouble to go thither.

Wilk. Come, come. Sir Charles, this is a business in which I will not be trifled with. I know she is not at your house; I know she is here, and Mr Sedley with her. Your behaviour may be fidelity to him; but, in such a cause as this, it is dishonour to you.

Sir Char. Sir, I declare to you, upon my honour, I know nothing of Mr Sedley.

Wilk. You speak this with such an air of sincerity. Sir Charles, that I, who am not accustomed to deceit, am inclined to believe you. But I know of Mr Sedley, whether you do or not. I know she was seen with him in a hackney-coach not a quarter of an hour ago, and that that coach was ordered to drive hither.

Sir Char. Indeed!—Is it possible that devil Danby could be playing false with me in this?—Are you sure of that, Captain Wilkins?

Wilk. I am sure of it.

Wilk. So sure of it, that I am determined not to leave this house till I find her.

Sir Char. Together, do you say? Were they seen together?—I don't know what to make of this. I am puzzled.

Wilk. I say again. Sir Charles, they were. Sedley may have deceived you, as, I fear, he has deceived her.

Sir Char. If she expected Sedley, her mask may be easily accounted for. She certainly seemed not to expect me. [In a low voice.]

Wilk. You seem surprised. Sir Charles; and, I own, I do not wonder at it.

Sir Char. Surprised, sir!—I have a great mind to discover her, and get to the bottom of this.

Iside.-] WUk. But I trifle here. [Goei to the Door.}— This door is locked; but I come prepared. I shall find a way to open it presently.

Sir Char. Captain Wilkins, I sympathise with your concern for Miss Mountfort, and believe I can assist you in your search for her. There is a lady in that room; and, from what you tell me, I - do suspect her to be Miss Mountfort I should not have ventured to suppose it else.
VOL. VIII, 2 D

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

Wilk. In that room!

Sir Char. Yes. With that sort of gallantly which every man like me must shew to a lad;, I vill own to you. Captain Wilkins, I meant to fa-Tour her concealment there without knowing who she was; hot feeling, as I do, for this young lady, whom Mr Sedley,—but I will accuse nobody^—I should abuse that coafideoce I hope I have hitherto deserved from her friends, not to assist in no-deceiving her. —"niere, [Opens the Door.'\ you will find your ward within.

JVilk. My veard, Sir Charles!—Yes:—Bot the daughter of Mountfort, I am ashamed to think,—
ILaA/ DoBHEK coma out, 9tSi maiked.

How, masked! Julia Monntfort!—Speak to her.

Sir Charles; I cannot.

Sir Char. I am little less astonished than yon. Captain Wilkins, that MrSediey should have contrived this strange suspicious sort of meeting; or that Miss Monntfort shonld have consented to it. [She attemptt to paa them, and go oat.

Wilk. Nay, yon must not pass. It is now the Teiy crisis of your fate, and you must hear to be toW—

Sir Char. Captain Wilkms, let me take the li-

,:i:,Cc)()t^lt

berty of InlercediDg foi Miss Monntfort. There must be Bomething here nbicb caD in a great mea-sare justify her. One, like this lady, guileless herself, and unsuspecting of deceit in others, Sedley'i appearance of virtue and honour might eanl; mislead. She nil! henceforward know her friends better, and learn to value their real regard. She will be taught a salutary BuspicioQ of those, whose pretence of it might be fatal.

WUk, And all this of Julia Mountfort! of h«i to whom, hot a little unc«, T gave such a remembrancer of her father!—b all this really so? or am I come in some carnival time, when minds are in mask as well as faces?—Off with that cover from yonr'sjtfaat I may look on the daughter of— [PvUaa^Ijady Dobheb's Moik

WiBc. and Sir Char. I^dy Dormer I

Lady Dor. Sir Charles, I—I knew this would surprise you, as, I confess, yonr behaviour has a good deal surprised me,—Captain Wilkins, I qan easily account for this situation to yon,

Wilk. Oh, madam, I can easily accoant for it to mysdf.

Sir Char. But yon will be pleased, madato, to accoant for it to me.

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

no FALSE SHAHE, OR

- JjoJ^Dor. I don't see the leastoccasion for that. Sir Charles.

iStr Char. No, madam I — Your Iwing in this

Jjadjf Dor. To meet you. Sir Charles. The magnetic influence you talked of a little ago, £ suppose, drew us here together.

Sir Char. You had better put on your mask again. Lady Dormer; it will save at least the ef-frontei of your behaviour.

La[^] Dor, And it will restore the tenderness of your's; " that
intincHve tenderness, which being near me" you know.—But come,
Sir Charles, seriously, 'don't be out of humour about the business.
Things are a little broken at present; but to-morrow, when there is
temper and time for it, they will be easily cleared, I make no doubt
on't. Till which time. Sir Charles, I must leave you to make the best of
them.—Captain Wilkins, your most obedient. iExit Latbf Dobmeb.

•Sir Char. They are sufficiently clear to me already.

Wilk. But to me. Sir Charles, they are not.— Where is Miss Mountfort
f

,i:,Cc)Ot[^]le

Sir Char. Not in this house; Sir, it would appear.

mik. And Sedley f

Sir Char, Somewhere with her, you say. But I begin to suspect, he
disappointed another lady.— But here he comes to answer for
himself.

Enter Sedley.

Sed. Sir Charles! I did not expect to meet you here.

fWilk. Nor me neither, I suppose, Sir?

■Sir Char. Nor any man, I suppose. Sir?

Sed. You, Sir Charles, know me too well to doubt my satisfying you
on any point.

Ifilk. Satisfy me on the score of Miss Mount-fort.

Sed. Miss Mountfort, Captain Wilkins—Sir,— ^Looking at Sir
Charles.] I have heard. Sir, you have talked rather warmly on that
subject already—

d,...

WUk. Sir, it is a subject I am entitled to talk warmly on.—^Where is the young lady now. Sir ?—

Sed. You will find, I believe. Captain Wilkins— Bat a gentleman, and a man of honour, is not at

,:i:,Cc)Ot^le

Kbertjr to ansffer to interrogatories pat with anch an emphasis.

fViik, My empbaus shall not be abated, yoimg man.

Sed. Young man I

{Putting kit Hand tvmardt hit Sword.

Enter WiULjAU. WiL My dear sir, my dear master, yon knov not who it is yoa speak to.—Yon—I can't bold longer; indeed, I can't; Mr Monntfbrt!—Yes, sir, he is Mr Mountfort, the friend of your lather, the proteotor of your childhood, the best and worthiest, Won't you forgive him, sir ?

Sir Char. How! Monntfortl

Momit. Yes> lost And unworthy boy! I am that Mountfort, who loved yon as a son ; who hoped to find you worthy of being called bo. —Of that no more;—it is past.—But answer to me for Jo-liA} I have now a father's title to question you about her.

fViL She is safe and happy; and ow^ that safety And happinew to Mr Bedley.—'Alas, sir, he is

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Qol what: he has seenied ; and yoa may judge by bis silence what he thinks of having seemed so.

Sed. Monntfort, I am indeed ashamed to look upon you; ashamed to ask your forgiveness. I have yet that honest hluah remaining, for the part which my false shame for the sneer of the world imposed on me. Yet I was bat a sorry player, and the hypocrisy of fashion sat ill upon me.

Mount. Where is my child ?

Wil. We met her io s hackney-coach, with Mri Danby, terrified at finding that she was not to meet with you, sir; in the belief of which she had been inveigled from Sir Charles'?. The proposal that vile woman made to you, she confessed was not from Scdiey, whose name she had the impu* dence to use; bat from another gentleman. My miuter rescued Miss Julia from tlie base hands she had got into, and placed her in safety at Lord Lapwing's.—I go to tell them—Shall I not [Zh Mount.] tell them, that every thing is forgotten (that yon ore friends and happy i [Exit Wj j.,

Mount, That will depend, Mr Sedley,

Sid. Give me your hand; if I oxa andeserving of yoor friendship, yet give it to my joy at seeing yoa; at finding you restored to Ufe, and to your

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country.—Of that feeling, at least, I can boast the siacerity.

So- Char, You will not doubt my satisfsciou in Aat event, Mr Mountforlf

Mount. Since I came here. Sir Charles, I have

had occasion for so many doubts,

Sir Char. Things have appeared, to be sure, a little odd.—If ike time were a less busy one, I should wish to know from Mr Sedley, if he did not, come here to meet Lady Dormer f

Sed. If I came here to meet a lady, it was by advice of Sir Charles Dormer: If I came here with different intentions from what he would have approved of, it was from feelings (old-fashioned feelings he would call them) of my own.—But, in, toy turn, I should wish, at some less busy time, to linow from you. Sir Charles, if you did not come

here to meet

Sir Char. Sir, I believe things may stand as they are, without any questions either on one side or t'other, except a few which I shall take the liberty of discussing with Lady Dormer.

Sed. To her, then, sir, I shall leave-the discussion. I am persuaded she will easily vindicate her

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conduct; her atteatioa to the ease> the comfort, the happiaess of Sir Charles Dormei's family!

Sir Char. I am not at present, Mr Sedley, much disposed for merriment; and, therefore, 1 shall leave you to the exercise of your wit, and the enjoyment of your virtues! [Exit Sir Chas,

Sed. I am ashamed to think that I should bare forfeited that enjoyment for an ambition so silly as the triumph of fashion, or a fear so mean as that of the ridicule of its votaries. Oh, Mount-fort! suffer me to call you again my friend, my guide, my father!—You look still doubtfully upon me; but I will find such a surety—Ziook, where she comes I

Enter Jaiik, XordLAPWiNG,a»f William. Mount. My child! my Julia!

[Embracing her. Jul. My father! Have I then a father f—My head is dizzy to think it.—How could yon, Sir^ hide him so long from me i

Mount. Accident first prompted the dbguise, and circumstances, which 1 wished to develope, afterwards induced me to continue it It served to diew me nothing of my Julia to blame^ except ^

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little teoderoefs (perbapB a sort of hereditary feel* iDg) for one who did Dot altogether deserve it.

Jtd. Did Sedley not deserve it i You told me so already.—I bad forgot; I am afraid I was willisg to forget it.

Sed: To your father, I awo, I acted most an-worthyly. In that perverse bypocnsy hy which I wished to conceal my best feelings, I outraged those that were doe to him. To Julia I could not be that hypocrite; she knows I conid not.

Jul, She knows all the delicacy, the kindness of your conduct towards her.—When my father ia more convinced of it

Mount. Alas! you know not bow mach he wishes to be convinced of ib^—Sedleyl To find one of my children lost!

Sed. Receive him back, sever to stray again.'— This hand ^all guide, (shall it not, my Julia i) and reword my virtue.

3fotf«^ Take it, and be worthy of it.

WiL And play no more,—under favonr, sir,-:-ihe character yon chose of late. Trust me, yon were not made for it

Lord Xap. So it was only in masqaetade, then, that you ventored to contradict msi I thought

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yoa coold Dot be serious. But this new sort of hypocrisy will add a chapter to my system; " The White Hypocrite;"—Yes, that will do.

Apposite and pretty, and not too intelligible. The system of a man of genius should never be too intelligible.

Mount. But tell your white hypocrites, my lord, that the colour of this hypocrisy is apt to grow darker. He who is first such a hypocrite from vanity, or from fear, will be in il&ng« of beoH ming, in truth, the character he personates. A fool in the attempt, he will be a villain in its ao* accomplishment; and will suffer equally in both. Tell them, my lord, liiat to be really good is * much shorter way to be happy;—to procure the only reputation an honest man can value; the only happiness a reasonable one can enjoy.

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EPILOGUE,

THE CHARACTER OF LADY PORMEK.

Well, aAcr all that poeti sajr or lin^ Jiypocrim/'s a very useful thtDg; And howsoever plain blunt folks may take it> The blackest is much whiter than they make it.

Since first the arts uf polished life began To humanize that strange wild beast, called Mau, Hypocrisy was ready in their train To muzzle passions which she could not chain. Hypocrisy, the handmaid of the Graces, If she can't mend onr hearts, caa make our iacesj And seemings witii realities at strife, Fonn the While Hj^writa of modem life.

True to their names, in savage limes of yore Frieod^ip and hate their genuine aspect wore; In each extreme, without the forms of art. They me^ and grappled to each othei*s heart

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J^erce boisterous friendship, in the field or ball.

Then fought, or feasted, at his brother's c^;,

lo joy or danger linked, they rose, or sunk.
Dead in the field, or in the hall—dead dniilc.
White mortal hatred sharpened every snord,
Aod called his mail-clad followers rouad their lord;
Their lord's resentment was so deadly set,
Twould ravish, rob, or murdei all it met.
Our modem foes are so extremely civil.
And with such angel-faces play the devil,
TTiat if one's ruined by a man's ill-will,
^is quite impossible to take it ill!—
Should he go desperate lengths, and cut your tbroEtf)
'Tis a gilt card—" the honour"—and what not.
But in the common gentlemanly way.
He'll only ruiu you by skill at play:
With bonds and judgments sound the law's alarms.
And call—a bailiff's followers to anns.
Pillage—by writ—your house, or seize your rent.
And ravish spouses—only by consent
Without hypocrisy to bring her through. What could our sex, poor
helpless woman, do f Maid, wife, or widow, woman still appears The
thing she is not to your eyes and ears;. Close by the weeping rill, or
murmuring grove. The bashful virgin must conceal her Iopbi And did

not welt-bred hatrtd keep inc(^, Ilwvmany pain would live like cat
and d<^^

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But with this White Hypocrii, a wift Widi a bnile-lord may lead a
toviag life. May plague hia heart out with a smile of ease. And make
him hang himRelf with—" if you please;" Or should he chance, by
wme sncb luckleas fate. To leave the world and hii sad widowed
mate. How iweet beneath a solemn crape's disguise. To Bit and weep
—or laugh—out one's poor eyes! For, decency apart, it pleases more
To shut oue's joy ap in a snug boudoir. There, like a favoured lover,
hide it clos^ While Betty sobs without, and tells of all our woes '.

As for us children of the mimic scene. This is ouF calling, and has
ever been. Whether we love, or hate, or salle, or grten^ Poison, or
stab, 'tis all but maJx believe; One pleasdre only we have left sincere,
— It is to be approvedj applauded here.

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