





— THE KENTISH BARONS: a play, in three acts, interspersed with songs, by the Honble. Major North, beautifully written manuscript on 118 pages, with a list of *The Dramatis Personæ*. 8vo, calf gilt (*binding broken and front cover loose*), £2 5s circa 1791

A note at the beginning of the volume states that *The Kentish Barons* was acted ten times at the Haymarket Theatre in 1791. The action of the play is supposed to take place during the reign of Edward III. or Richard II.



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North

Play p
#2/5L

Hay - 1791

Hebrew Parsons -

acted 10 times -
This play is supposed to take
place in the time of Edward 3^d
or Richard 2^d

North

THE

KENTISH BARONS

A

PLAY,

IN THREE ACTS.

INTERSPERSED with SONGS

BY

THE HONOURABLE MAJOR NORTH.

BRITISH MUSEUM

1851

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

CLIFFORD.....	MR. WATERHOUSE.
BERTRAM.....	MR. RYDER.
GAM.....	MR. BANNISTER Jun ^r .
OSBERT.....	MISS. RYDER.
WILLIAM.....	MR. CHAPMAN.
WALTER.....	MR. EVATT.
MORTIMER.....	MR. BENSLEY.

WOMEN.

ELINA.....	MRS. KEMBLE.
SUSAN.....	MRS. WEBB.
BEATRICE.....	MRS. TAYLOR.

SERVANTS & SOLDIERS.

(1)

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Clifford Castle

CLIFFORD & BERTRAM

Clifford.

Is she then gone for ever? Oh, my Bertram.
My Joys which yesterday were fair and blooming
Fresh as the ^{best} lively Verdure of the Spring
This Morn some Deamon, envious of my Happiness
Has blighted the gay bud of Expectation
And choaked the rising Harvest of my Hopes.

Bertram.

Say not so,
While jocund Health and sprightly Youth remain
There's ample room for Hope, nay when old age
Slackens the Sinews, and un-nerves the mind
In the last dregs of life, when Memory fails,
Still flattering fancy like the Western Sun,
Brightens the short remains of day light left.
Extinguish Hope!

Clifford.

Prithce

(Prithce no more, my Friend.)

Bid me not Hope, 'twas Hope alone destroy'd me!
 The Doubts, the Fears I felt, were little pangs
 Were light, were trivial, when compar'd to hope,
 Hope! thou deceitful Host, who but invit'st
 The soft credulity of Man to Taste
 Thy specious Banquet, poison'st all the Dainties
 And when the Soul is Revelling in Bliss
 Secure and thoughtless, easy full of pleasure
 Wilt in a moment quit the chearful Guest
 And yield thy Empty Seat to dark Despair,
 Talk'st thou to me of Hope, thou good old Man!
 Of Hope! O Heavens! when Elina is fled.

Bertram.

Alas! Lord Cliford

Thy Grievs as yet are fresh, all Council's harsh,
 When time has stol'n the green-ness from thy Sorrow,
 Reason and Patience will effect thy Cure.
 'Tis somewhat strange that Elina, that she
 Who seem'd so good, so modest, and so mild

She

She half seduc'd e'en me, to think her Honest—
 No, 'tis not strange to those who know the Sex
 Their Whims, Caprices, Nonsense, Affectation.
 Which make them seem to loath what most they long for.
 Yet on the Eve of her Approaching Nuptials
 To leave a gay Young Lover, had it happen'd
 After the Marriage, ten, or twelve Months hence
 Or even as many Weeks, I should not then —
 Clifford.

Restrain thy peevish Tongue
 And by our Mutual Friendship, dearest Bertram:
 Spare lovely Elina, thy keen Reproaches.
 Her melting Form, is far too soft and tender
 To bear the churlish Blast of thy rough breath,
 What, has the Snow, just sprinkled o'er thy Temples
 Congel'd thy Heart and made it dead to Beauty!
 No sure, a Mind Susceptible as thine,
 So warm to Friendship, once was warm to Love!

Bertram.

'Tis true indeed, that Age has somewhat cool'd

The

(IV)

The Hey day in my Blood, but in my Youth
The little Uchin took his Aim at me
And pierc'd my rugged Bosom with his Shaft,
But Time, Reflection, Pleasure, Wine, and War;
And Laura's Falshood freed me from his Bondage.

SONG. (Bertram.)

No, Clifford, no, for Six long Years
I knew a Lovers Hopes and Fears.
The raging Frenzy now is past
Peace dawns upon my Heart at last.

II.

Think not that I'd inconstant prove
Where once I vow'd eternal Love
My Breast had still felt all it's flame
Had beautiful Laura's felt the same.

III.

Doom'd Absence longing pangs to try
I found a Transport in each sigh
My Lot was happy though severe
And Pleasure mingled in each Tear.

IV.

In vain I tried each honest Art
 To fix her Foolish fickle Heart
 But since she's gone, why let her go,
 I'll sigh no more, no, Clifford, no.

Clifford.

Come to my Arms my Bertram, nearer now
 Than ever to my Heart, if thou hast felt
 The pangs, the Extasy's which thou describ'st
 Thou sure must Fly.

Bertram.

I'll do more, I'll cure you
 Set me be your Physician, trust me Friend
 You'll find my Regimen not too Austere.
 With Wine and Mafsel, crown your festive Board,
 With Mirth and Music, shake your Castle Walls.
 (Cast off this Lethargy that hangs upon you)
 Spur the proud Courser o'er your Kentish Hills
 And chase this dull Stagnation in your Blood:
 But O; Beware the Sex; in little minds

Where

Where Love, a slender, doubtful Empire holds
Variety has prov'd an Antidote;

But in a Noble Soul like yours, Lord Clifford,
Where Sentiment combines with fond desire;
Each Deviation from the Path of Virtue
May for an instant gratify the Passions,
Yet dire Remorse with all her scorpion Stings
Will lash the Heart to Madness.

Clifford.

Fear me not;
Think'st thou while Elina Reigns here, I ever
Could be inconstant to her, even in Thought.

Bertram.

When did you see her?

Clifford.

Not four days are past,
Since the false fair one coyly own'd she lov'd me.
O such a Colour ran thro' all her Veins
As when Aurora tips the Mountains Top,
And blushes day to an admiring World

This very moment should have made me happy
Last night as if the Tyrant had delay'd
My Tortures but to render them the Tormentor
She left her Castle.

Bertram.

How! was she alone?

Clifford.

Her Confidante, her favourite Beatrice.

She whom I thought devoted to my Service,
Who when I woo'd her dear ungrateful Mistress
Feign'd such a tender Interest in my Passion
Dispell'd my Fears, and fed my Heart with hope
Who next to Elina; and thee my Bertram
I thought my truest Friend— She, only She,
Was privy to her Flight.

Bertram.

It cannot be

That one so gently bred, without some Lover—

Clifford

Oh! there's the Curse.

Oh

Oh Bertram, Bertram, thou hast touch'd th' String
 Which quite untunes my Soul, Another Youth
 Less faithful, but more Fortunate than I.
 Has in a Moment snatch'd the glorious Prize
 Which I so long was lab'ring to obtain.

Oh! leave me Bertram, I beseech thee leave me
 Let me in Solitude indulge my Sorrows.
 And give a loose to Tears! (Ex^t Ber) Oh! Elina.

AIR. (Clifford)

Equal to all the Gods is he
 Who's favour'd by one Smile from thee
 That Accent sweet, that tender Air
 Would Conquer death and calm Despair
 Ah! now I feel the subtil Flame
 Which shoots like Lightning thro' my frame
 And blasted by the Heavenly Fire
 Without one murmuring sigh expire.

Exit.

(IX)

SCENE II.

A Garden belonging to Clifford Castle

GAM. Discover'd Working in the Garden

AIR. (Gam)

Oh dear! dear! dear! I sure shall die

Poor Gam with Sorrow is so dry

Oh! how I'd weep if every Tear

Wou'd turn from Water into Beer.

Oh dear, dear, dear.

II.

Oh! I was once so plithe and merry

I frisk'd and jump'd like uncork'd Perry

I'm now grown languid, dull, and dumb

I've no more Liquor left, but — Hum.

ENTER SIR BERTRAM.

Gam.

May I never taste Brandy again if it ben't Sir Bertram

Servant your Honour, bless your Noble Worship,

Terrible dry Weather your Honour, No Moisture,

No, no, no, O dear, O dear, O dear, parch'd to a Cinder.

Heaven!

(X)

Heaven send us a little Wet; bad Season for Hops

Bertram.

Boy bring the Wine into the Orchard here.
See it be cool.

Gam.

Oh! Oh! Oh! to be sure, to be sure, don't ye,
don't ye shake it. Master Sewing Man. Oh Lud!
Oh lud! Oh lud! it will be all upon the fret.

Bertram.

Out of the way you Puppy, or you'll put me upon
the fret.

Gam.

Oh! — sure; why don't your Honour know I?
Oh! I'm terribly fin'd down since I seed your
Honour last, No-body left your Worship, — sure
your Honour must remember poor, honest, Sober
Gam.

Bertram.

Oh. Master Gam.

Why thou art chang'd indeed, my Honest fellow.
What

(XL)

What makes thee thus disguis'd in Sobriety,
You drunken Knaves you.

Gam.

Ah! there it is now, what does I get by being
Sober? nothing but Reproaches for my Drunkenness,
Why when I'm Sober in a Morning your Honour
My Wife comes with her Bitters, Oh! your Worship
O dear, I have scarce one dram of Comfort left
O Sir Bertram, I'm quite an Alter'd man;
Your Honour don't know how I loaths, hates,
And detests a Drunkard; but the Wine your Honour
The Wine!

Bertram.

Good well thought of
Step in and hurry them. (Exit Gam.)
I will indulge this fellow in his Humour.
It may perhaps divert the Melancholy.
Which preys upon my Mind.

RE ENTER GAM With the Wine.

Gam.

Oh.

Oh Mercy. — Oud! Your Honour!

Bertram.

What's the matter with the Fool
Put down the Wine.

Gam.

Oh your Worship, such a coil
Such a Spot of Work, O dear, a sad change
A sad change, there's the Butlers Cheeks running
down with Water, I never seed the like afore;
None of the Sewing Men will Eat, or Drink, they must
be very sad, very sad indeed, dear your Worship;
pray what is the matter? they say poor Lord Clifford
is quite broken Hearted, What is the matter with
him your Honour.

Bertram.

I don't know Gam, there, Drink, Drink,
Why Man he has lost his Wife; I don't know. —
Drink, Gam, Drink.

Gam.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Bertram.

Bertram.

Grounds what do you laugh at.

Gam.

Oh dear your Honour don't be angry;
I can't help laughing to think that a Man
Should be sorrowful for the loss of his Wife
Oh 'Sue! 'Sue!' I ha' never laugh'd till now.
Since my Friends clap'd me on the Shoulder
And told me, I was a happy Man.

Bertram.

Ha! ha! ha! What made you marry her.

Gam.

Oh your Honour there is no resisting
As our Chaplain us'd to say to Predestination
When Lord Auberville turn'd, or rather kick'd
Me out of his Service; I had not so much as
A drop of drink to my throat — Sue for certain
Was neither Young, nor handsome, nor rich —
But she kept an Ale house your Honour.

Bertram.

Ha!

Ha! Ha! Ha!

Gam.

Here's your Honour's good Health; but what
Undid me your Worship was a Cask of Strong Beer
Upon Tap, which she promis'd to settle upon me.
Oh lud! lud! before the end of the Honey Moon
My Fortune was all drunk out, and she reserv'd
the Key of the Ale Cellar in her own hands.

Bertram.

That was confounded hard Gam.

Gam.

Ah! want it, your Honour? the poor Liquor
took it so to heart, that all died in a Month
I did my Duty by it, I bury'd all I could.
Well, your Worship, I determin'd to ask Lady Elinor
to pray the Old Lord to take me again into his
Service but he died suddenly; went off in an
Apoplexy—poor, your Honour, for all the World.
Like the drawing of a cork.

Bertram.

That

That was a pity; for Lady Elina
 Was always her Fathers Favourite,
 I've heard the Earl. Never lov'd his other Children.

Gam.

He never cou'd abide Lord William, because he
 Lov'd Music, and Dancing, and Poetry, and drank
 Nothing but Water, which my old Lord, us'd to say
 Wasn't fit for a Man; Well your Worship; He went into
 France with the Prince, where he died; with the Black
 Prince your Honour, who first brought Claret into
 England, Heavens bless him, but my old Master
 deoted upon Lord Reginald, who was stol'n at
 three years old, and han't been heard of since.
 He was as like the Earl as two drops of Sherries,
 I never saw him so crabbed as he was for
 half a Year, Sud a Mercy your Honour, He was
 as low as Small Beer after a Thunder Storm.
 Here is your Worships good Health.

Bertram.

Thank you, Gam: but have there never been

any

Any tidings of Lord Reginald?

Gam.

Never from that time, though Sue, who was his Nurse says She should know him among a thousand He had a large Mark on his left Arm, for all the World like the Stain of Red Wine on a Table Cloth.

ENTER a SERVANT hastily

servant.

Sir, my Lord, entreats your Presence.

Bertram.

I'll attend him instantly. (Exit Serv.^t) How Fellow
There is a Dollar for you to buy Raiment
Get home to your scolding Wife and dead Siquor.

(Exit Bert.^m)

Gam (Solus)

Aye, if my Wife was as dead as my Siquor, he, he, he!
Go home! what with Money in my Pocket;
No, no, Sir Bertram, Buy Raiment a'faith!
No, no, Back and Sides go bare; go bare, (going out. Returns)
I thought I had forgot something. (takes the bottle and drink's)

SONG

(XVII)

SONG

What care I if my Wife should scold
When drunk I cannot hear her
When warm'd with Siquor I'm so bold
Egad I never fear her.

II.

If Susan furious then shou'd rave
I manfully abuse her
Or if she should a favour crave
I scornfully refuse her.

III.

I know if I
Shou'd once comply
Her Tongue wou'd run the quicker
What can subdue
So curs'd a Snew
Why Siquor! Siquor! Siquor!

Exit.

(XVIII)

SCENE III

An Appartment in Mortimer Castle

Mortimer.

How disappointment loves to plague the Heart
Of that poor Idiot Man, who vainly thinks
His Reason given to direct and guide him,
The happy Brutes who follow instincts Laws
Enjoy the Blessings of the present Hour.

Their daily tasks perform'd, they lay them down
And never Dream that the approaching morn
Shall wake them to new Labours; Man alone
Looks thro' a flattering and deceitful Glass
And vainly strives to view Futurity.

Nature has wisely hid it from his Sight
But purblind Reason, curious and inquisitive,
Just sees enough to dazzle and mislead him.

ENTER OSBERT

Osbert!

Osbert

My Lord!

Mortimer

Mortimer.

Well, you have seen this vain imperious fair one
This Phoenix of her Sex, whose polish'd form
Contains a Heart of Flint — Clifford alone
The gay young stripling, Clifford; He it seems,
Hath found the Art to draw forth all its Fire.
To me 'tis cold and hard; the haughty Maid
Stubborn and Obdinate remains unmov'd
Alike by Prayers or Threats. — What thinkst thou best?

Osbert

Might I presume my Lord.

Mortimer

Well, Boy, what then?

Osbert.

It were to use no force
Her mind, tho' mild is resolute, and sure
Should you succeed by any means but Love.
Slow and unwilling she'd be dragg'd a Victim
Not led a Triumph to your Couch.

Mortimer.

Enough

Enough! Place her but there.

A Victim, or a Triumph; how you talk
Think you that Love, that silly Deity
Can bend my steady nature, Overt, no.

A brighter, grander Passion, now inflames me.
One which takes root in noble minds alone,
The soft and common Soil of vulgar Souls,
Could never rear it, 'tis a great Revenge.

What thou turn'st pale, and tremblest at it's name
And well thou may'st boy, fifteen tedious Years
It has lain Dormant, smother'd in my Prison
But now it wakes, and blazes, nor shall sink
Till all my Toes have perish'd in it's Flame.

Overt.

Is't possible? can she have ever wrong'd you?

Mortimer.

All her House have wrong'd me.

The race of Auberville, and Mortimer,
Ere since the Norman Tyrants Cong'ring Arms
Reduc'd to slavery this Madlike Isle.

Have

Have borne each other fierce and deadly hate
 Near thirty Years are past, since the late Earl
 The Father of this proud disdainful Elina
 Made overtures of Peace; we then were both
 In lifes gay Spring, and budding into Manhood.
 Our Ages, Passions, Pleasures were the same
 Our Enmity wore off, and Ardent Friendships,
 Succeeded to our dire Hostilities;

But scarce Twelve Moons were waked when the Fates
 Which doom'd our Houses ever to be Foes
 Kindled in both our Breasts, a fiercer discord
 A more inveterate Malice.

Osbert.

What new Fury
 What Foe to Peace and Concord could dissolve
 A League which seem'd so firm.

Mortimer

What Fury think ye!
 What Fury but a Woman could effect
 So deep a Mischief; 'twas a Woman Osbert

Yes

Yes, yes, Alicia, thou shalt find me just
 The disappointment which thou mad'st me feel
 Shall fall with tenfold Vengeance on thy Daughter.
 My Heart yet unsubdu'd by Love or Beauty
 Became her Captive; She disdain'd my Offers
 And in a little Month she gave her hand
 To Auberville, Oh Hell is in the Thought!
 To him, my Ancient Foe, I sing to the Quick
 And grown too desperate for a cool revenge.
 I challeng'd him to meet me in the Lists —
 (Within two days of our intended Duel)
 The King forbid the Combat, and confin'd me
 Close Pris'ner, Osbert, in these Castle Walls
 For nine long Winters — did he think to Conquer.
 Weak, Vain attempt — The Soul of Mortimer
 By Solitude and vile Imprisonment.
 'Tis true, my Anger took a different turn
 And grew more deeply Rooted by Reflection
 But to cut short my Tale, Alicia's Death
 At length Releas'd me.

Osbert

(XXIII)

Osbert.

Oh! my Lord, my Lord.

And does your Anger still Survive.

Mortimer.

It does.

With well dissembled Tears I met my Foe,
Deceiv'd the easy Fool by feign'd Contrition
And ask'd forgiveness for my Former fault
His Heart then softened by a recent loss
Took like the Melting Wax, what e'er Impression.

I chose to Stamp upon it, He believ'd me

As true a Friend as I imagin'd him

When his Alluring form and specious Words
Basely seduc'd the false Alicia from me.

Oh Happy Auberville, thy Sorrows past

While I am doom'd to drag a painful being

And groan beneath this anxious load of Thought.

Show my Successful Rival Sleep'st Securely

Within the Peaceful Grave.

Osbert.

Oh!

Oh! there, Sir, bury
 Your Anger, and your griefs, Oh good, my Lord,
 Where Love and Friendship cease, Envy and Hate
 May find repose.

Mortimer.

No, never, Osbert, never.

Never while Elina remains; no, never,
 While there's one Branch of that accursed Tree
 Alive and Flourishing, my restless Spirit,
 Shall like a Mildew kill the Wholesome Blossom.
 Why think'st thou Osbert that I brought her hither,
 Think'st thou 'twas only to enjoy her Person
 That were but poor revenge; I had rather blast
 The fame of that detested House, than take
 Venus away'd in all the fancy'd Beauties
 With which the Poets deck the fickle Goddess
 Kind! warm, and yielding to my ardent bosom
 'Tis fifteen years, (where does my passion drive me)
 No, let me keep that Secret bury'd here
 Yet fear not Boy she shall escape me either

What

What, think'st thou that no threats can terrify,
 No soft persuasion bend her to my Wishes?
 Art must be us'd then. —

Osbert.

Be assur'd, my Lord,
 No threats can shake, no Eloquence can move
 No Art can undermine her steady Virtue.

Mortimer.

Come hither Boy.

Osbert, I know she likes thee, I've observ'd
 That she Esteems thee far above thy Fellows.
 Nor do I blame her for it, Mark me well:
 Behold this Vial, it contains a Liquid,
 Which soon as swallow'd numbs the Faculties
 And Seals the Senses in Oblivious Sleep.
 Within these two days, dost thou mark me well.
 Infuse it in her Drink. —

Osbert.

Oh pause a moment.
 For Heavens sake pause, Sir, sure so damn'd a deed

One so replete with cruelty and honor.

Ne'er shook the Front of Mar, I cannot do it.

Mortimer

Damnation Slave

What dost thou say, not do what I command!

What art thou Mad, Speak such another word.

Osbert.

Oh spare me, spare me.

Oh Sir, relent, take pity on yourself.

When from this dreadful Slumber she awakes

Think how her frantic Shriek will rend your Heart

Oh Heavens! I see her dash her desperate head

Against the stony Pavement; Friends of Hell

At such a sight as this would melt in Tears.

Forget their Pangs, and join in pitying hers.

I will not do it. —

Mortimer.

Quick, within there, ho!

This Moment is thy last.

Osbert.

Oh!

Oh! mercy! mercy!

Give me the cursed Phial, let me die.

I will not do it; Stay, a moment, stay.

Must I obey you.

Mortimer

Durst thou hesitate
Within this two hours, Slave, Obey my Orders.

And to the utmost Point, or, by my Soul,

The ling'ring Rack shall tear thee Limb from Limb.

Within these two hours, Osbert. Dost thou mark me. (Exit)

Osbert (SOLUS)

Oh! ye soft Spirits who reside above,

And look with Pity down on Mans Calamities

Protect and Guard me, Oh! what fault of mine

What Crime have I committed, that my Fortune

Should urge me on to such a deed as this.

What can I do? O Shameful! Shameful Nature;

Why wilt thou plead for life, for guilty life

Which proves a Burthen to the Wretch that bears it.

Yet who can in the Morning of his Days.

Look

Look without trembling on the Night of Death
 Ye Powers, who take delight in Innocence
 Direct me in the Path I'm forc'd to tread
 Preserve my life, and save my youth from guilt.

Exit.

SCENE IV.

An Appartment in Mortimers Castle

ELINA & BEATRICE

SONG. (Elina)

Alas! Alas! my faithful Friend
 My Sorrows! but with Life can end
 Oh! Clifford! I wou'd not complain
 Did I alone feel all the Pain.

II.

Did Grief this Broom send alone
 My Constant Heart wou'd scorn to moan
 Not for myself now flows the Tear
 It falls for one that's far more dear

III.

Full

Full well I know thou generous Youth
Thy Honour Constancy and truth
My Minds from base Suspicion Free
While thine is rack'd with Jealousy.

Beatrice

Why my dearest Lady
Why waste the Time in Empty Vain Complaining.

Eliana.

Oh cease to persecute me Beatrice
What ray of Hope— what Shaw remains to catch at
Oh Clifford! Clifford! wou'd that I were laid
Deep in the Silent Grave, that Grief my Love
Though bitter to thee, Time at length might lessen
But Oh! the Thought, the sad Heart-breaking thought
Of Eliana's of my deceiving thee.

May force thee to a Deed so dark and horrible.
That Nature Shudders at the bare Suggestion.

Beatrice.

Why will you raise imaginary terrors
Why weaken your sad mind, too much depress'd

With

With Fantoms as delusive as they're dreadful.
 There still is Comfort left— all pitying Heaven
 Has sent a Friend, I dare be Sworn a true one
 In faithful Obedit.

Elina

Gentle Youth, Alas!

I feel for him, he seems to bear a mind
 Above the meanness of his low Condition
 And had not Grief, and thy dear Image, Cliford
 Effac'd all lesser objects from my Memory
 I cou'd recall some Features I once lov'd
 Which much resembled his, it moves my wonder,
 That one so mild and Affable should please
 So harsh a Master.

Beatrice.

There is a fascinating Charm in gentleness,
 That wins the Love of all Men— I have heard;
 The hungry Lion will cast off his Nature
 And lick an Infants feet, The Virgins Tear
 Would melt the Heart of any Brute but Mortimer

And

And even he, could you descend to sooth him
And feign a kind Compliance with his Wishes.

Elina.

Feign a Compliance
No Beatrice, my Abject Fortune never,
Never shall sink me in my own esteem

ENTER OSBERT.

Osbert.

Time wears apace, and every passing minute
Drives me the nearer to the Precipice
Whence I must leap, and plunge in Sin for ever
My breast which hitherto has been serene
Calm and unruffled as the Summer Sea
Now heaves distracted with a Murderers Thought
Oh Heavens! a Murderer, ~~and~~ ~~Light~~ ~~Angel~~.
~~My own, I am to die.~~

Beatrice.

How fares it Osbert?

I fear you are not well.

Osbert.

Well,

Well, very well.

Oh Torture, 'torture, 'torture! (Oh I cannot
I dare not look upon her) Oh! one glance
From her bright Eyes, will penetrate my bosom
And find the treachery which lies lurking there.
Madam, My Lady Elinor.

Elinor.

What say'st thou?

Thy Tongue denies its Office, a faint dew
Stands on thy Brow, Convulsions shake thy Limbs
What is it Osbert Labouring in thy Soul
Some horrid Fancy.

Osbert.

Have you then discover'd.

Elinor.

Discover'd what?

I'm truly griev'd your Youthful Bosom Osbert
Should harbour any thought that dreads Discovery
Come give it vent; I'll be your Confessor
A frank Avowal of your fault shall gain you

My

My Abolution, do not sigh so piteously
His looks strike Terror to me, Oh! I fear
I fear this faithful Friend— Should he prove false
We are indeed undone— I cannot bear it
Oh my head turns, a sudden horror chills me
Sure 'tis the Hand of Death.

Osbert. (ASIDE)

Oh! would it were,
Would for her sake she'd died— Stay, she recovers
How are you Madam?

Beatrice.

Give her a little Air— 'twill shortly pass.
Be not alarm'd, Repose will soon restore her
Rally your Spirits, be assur'd this lowness
Proceeds from want of Rest.

Osbert. (ASIDE)

Now, now is the Time.
Madam,— how can I say it— I've a liquid
Of Sovereign Remedy. (Offers the Phial.)

Elina.

Good Youth, I thank thee.

I surely wrong'd thee by my hard suspicions
Thou Osbert seem'st thyself to need a Cordial
I'll not deprive thee of it. — (taking the Phial)

— Yes, I'll take it — Osbert declares
'Twill cure me, and I think he'd not deceive me.
(Putting the Phial to her lips)

Osbert.

Stop! — Oh Stop. — Oh! Oh! Oh! (Faints)

Elina

Gracious Heaven! — He faints

Call for some help — Stay Beatrice — He moves
Oh it was kind! 'twas generous in the Boy
To give that Aid to me, he so much wanted

Osbert.

Where am I? Sure in Hell. — Ah — is she there
Oh save me, save me, save me.

Elina (taking his hand)

Fear not Osbert,

I come no Fiend, to Torture, but an Angel.

To breathe soft peace and Comfort to your Soul
Do you not know me? —

Osbert.

Aye too well, too well.

For I have murder'd thee, the Cursed Phial.

Elina.

The Phial, say'st thou! — I've not tasted it.

Osbert.

Not tasted it, No no, you surely smock me.

Oh do not, do not, it is cruel in you

(turns and sees the Phial)

'Tis true, 'tis true! Oh! all ye heavenly Powers!

And thou my Guardian Angel; Set me kneel

Devote my Life, my Soul, my all to serve you

ENTER MORTIMER. WILLIAM.

& SERVANTS.

Mortimer:

Horror! Confusion! What is't I see

Slave thou hast da'rd to disobey my Orders

Osbert.

Do not frown Sir,
For I have serv'd you nobly; Kneel with me
And worship here my Lord.

Mortimer

How's this, you Villain!
Dare you to bandy Words with me; what means
This Crest erect, this Haughty bold Deposition?
Is this the Wretch who not Two hours ago
Crept at my Feet, and howl'd aloud for pity.

Osbert.

I will confess, my Lord, before I knew
The honest Pride, the Dignity of Virtue
My Coward Heart shrunk at the Thought of Death
But for a Thousand, Thousand Years of Life,
I'd not have done that deed, which Providence
So happily prevented — Now my Lord
Now act your pleasure; for escap'd from guilt
I do not fear to die.

Mortimer.

Don't thou brave me Boy.

Bring

(XXXVII)

Bring forth the Rack. (Exit Serv^t)

(Will^m & Jone Serv^t holding Osbert)

Elina. (kneeling)

Oh Sir, behold me prostrate at your Feet.
Me whom your threats could never yet dismay
I'd scorn to kneel thus humbly for myself
If ever gentle pity touch'd your Soul
O Spare that Youth.

Mortimer.

Madam, I am not us'd
To grant my Favours without some return
You Lady, know the means to save his Life
Do you be merciful and spare him.

Elina.

Oh!

My Heart! my bursting Heart— Hear me, my Lord.
I swear within these three Days, if no help
No friendly aid should free me; to be yours.

Mortimer.

Release the Slave

Strip

(XXXVIII)

Strip off the gaudy Trappings he now bears
And in a Habit Sordid as his mind
Turn forth the Misch to Starve, You'll keep your word.

Exit

Osbert.

Why wou'd you make so hard, so rash a Vow:
Oh it were better far that I were dead
Than that ----- my Sweet Deliverer

Elina.

Osbert! Osbert!

A Word in private — Can it be contriv'd.

Osbert.

My fellow Servants we have liv'd together
Like Friends and Brothers — Set me then intreat ye
Before we part for ever, but to grant me
One small Request.

William.

What wou'd you Osbert.

Osbert.

William Besecch thee

Leave

Leave me one Moment with this Lady.

William

Ah! (Pauses)

'Tis at the utmost Hazard of my Life
But still I can't refuse you, Yet Remember
Your Conference must be short.

Exit W^m, BEATRICE following

Elina.

A glimmering ray
Begins to Dawn upon my darken'd Soul.
Hie thee good Osbert with thy utmost Speed
To Clifford Castle. it lies West from hence
Some half days Journey, tell my faithful Love
The fate of his poor Mistress, bid him haste
(But he'll not want ^{thy} bidding) to her rescue
This purse will furnish thee with means, farewell.
My worthy Osbert. —

Osbert.

Noble! Noble Lady. —

I feel myself so honour'd in your Service

I cannot Speak! Accept these heartfelt Tears.
Adieu, and doubt not of Success.

DUETT.

Os^r. Weep not dear Lady—now I go,
To bring you comfort in distress

Elina. To snatch me from this place of woe
And end my Miseries by Success.

To snatch ^{me} _{thee} from this place of woe
And end ^{my} _{thy} Miseries by Success

Os^r. Dispell these mournful Shades of grief
Let Joy her brighter beams impart

Elina. To-morrow's Sun may bring relief

Os^r. And Cliford press thee to his Heart.

To-morrow's Sun may bring relief

And Cliford press ^{me} _{thee} to his Heart

Exeunt.

END of ACT I.

(XLI)

ACT II. SCENE I.

Inside of an Ale-house.

SUSAN ENTERS to *GAM* who is lying
on a Bed. the whole Room in disorder, Pots, Pans &c.
lying about.

Susan.

Mercy! Mercy! what a Hog Stye
Whore's Gam! what a bed Still
Why Gam! Gam! Gam!

Gam (waking)

Who's there? What Sue, my dear,
You need'nt make a noise, I'm broad awake
You'll not disturb me. — (Snores)

Sue.

This is too much! but he shan't sleep I'm determin'd!
If he gives me no Pleasure, I'll give him no rest
Why Drunkard, Villain, Lot. Gam! Gam! Gam! I say.

Gam.

I understood you before my Charmer.
O dear, dear, now if you know how much

Pleasure

Pleasure this gives me — that's a good Wench,
why, he! he! he! he! You make as much noise
as the Devil in the Wine Cellar, as the saying is.
Lud! lud! you are for all the World —

Sue.

Do you laugh at me you Rogue, Devil, and Wine Cellar
indeed. Ah! Gam! Gam! Your Head is always running
in the Wine Cellar.

Gam. (half asleep)

You Lye, you Lye, it's the Wine Cellar that's always
Running in my Head.

Sue (weeping)

Was there ever faithful Constant Young Woman thus
Us'd; O you base Man; what did you marry me for.

Gam. (half asleep.)

For the Strong Beer upon Tap.

Sue.

O Villain! Villain! Is it out then

Gam.

Heighs! O dear! dear! it has been out this Eleven Years.

Sue

(XLIII.)

Sue.

Gam! You Vile Gam; Will you hear me?

Gam.

Hear ye! why I've heard nothing Else since we've been married. — On you go always in the same tone, Rattle, Rattle, ding, ding, for all the world like Shot at the Bottom of a Rattle.

Sue.

Don't talk to me, don't talk to me; You prejudic'd Whetch of your Rattles and your Shots, you terrify me out of my Senses, a poor weak Woman a Woman in my Situation.

Gam. (Start'ing)

Hey! what's that? what's that? — What Situation?

Sue.

Hem! Hem! Why Married to an Idle, Drunken Infamous. —

Gam.

Oh lud! Oh lud! Oh lud! is that all. (Snores)

Sue.

Is that all! Aye and enough too.

You Tiger, — You Wolf — You Butcher, you, you
you'll break my Spirit. — You will — you will
you will — (Stamps and roars Violently)

Garr.

He! he! he! — that's good a' faith
My Spirit! — Lud a Mercy — I verily believe
thou hast more than the Old Pierce of Brandy
at the Benedictine Convent hard by.

Sue.

Do you mock me, Am I become your
Laughing Stock, but I'll bear it no longer
With my Nails, I'll —

Garr. (getting out of Bed.)

Paws off Sue! — Paws off. — Offer to Scratch
and may I never get Drunk again if I don't —
(offers to strike her.)

Sue.

Oh Garmel, Garmel! is this Usage for me who refus'd
so many noble Offers for you, who gave you my
Heart

Heart, Beast, when I was in my prime.

Garn.

Don't lye, Sue; don't lye, You know it was your
Second Vintage; Old Humphrey, your late Husband
might for what I know have you meat as Imported
but you were adulterated when you came to me.

Adulterated with the damnable Spirit of Contradiction.

Sue.

Adulterated indeed! by the Mass I defy thee.

Thou shalt stand in the Church in a white Sheet for
this, this is downright Reformation you Villain.

Garn.

In a White Sheet! with all my heart, I shan't been
in a White Sheet these Six Months, and as for
Reformation d—n me I never had a thought of it
Mounds, Sue, the Wine I drank last night, — Yes, Wine,
You Wench — has made me confounded thirsty;

do now my Love — do my dearest, my pretty, young
little dainty Sue. do now, one cup, one Cup of Ale!

Sir Beotram gave me a Dollar, and I've brought all

home

home to you my dear.

Sue.

Ah! good Gam, dear Gam, where is it? — You shall have the Ale directly, where is it?

Gam. (Striking his head)

Where is it; why here to be sure; where the devil shou'd it be.

Sue.

Oh you Drunkard, you Drunkard, You vile Abominable Man, not a Drop, not a drop, tho' your whole inside —

Gam.

Don't be in a Passion, Sue; consider your Youth, my Love; indeed for one of your tender Years the Care of the Ale Cellar is too weighty, too laborious a Charge, it's fitter for a Person Advanc'd in life, One who's Experienc'd in them Matters — One who is grown Mellow. (Hiccups) by Age.

Sue.

No, no, I'll keep my Fortune in my own Hands;

I'm

I'm no such Chicken neither,

Gam.

Well then be mov'd, be mov'd my dear Old Hen.

Sue.

Old Hen! Old Hen indeed.

Gam.

Why the Devils in you, Sue; Can nothing please
you, why you'll neither be old, nor young; will you
be middle Aged then.

Sue.

Middle Aged, M^r. Gamel.

Gam.

Lud! Lud! if you an't more obstinate than Peter
Potchaway the Cobler, who'd neither drink Strong beer
nor mix'd Beer, nor small Beer. (Kneeling to her)

One Cup, one Cup of Ale, it shall be the last Sue.

SONG. (Gam.)

Twelve Years ago, I went to woo
The Comfort of my Life, my Sue,
I then was thirty Eight, and you

My

(XLVIII)

My pretty Chick — were forty two. (Piano.)

forty two

forty two.

My pretty Chick — were twenty too. (Pianissimo Forte)

II.

Runs time as glibly as of yore

You must be verging on threescore

But Women now grow old no more

And Susan blooms at fifty four. (Piano.)

And Susan blooms at thirty four fifty four.

And Susan blooms at thirty four. (Pianissimo)

III.

'Tis strange as some wise folks would say

That one so old should be so gay

'Tis stranger far as I grow Grey

My Wife grows greener every day.

every day

every day.

My Wife grows greener every day.

Sue.

Sh.

(XLIX)

Ah Gam! you wheedling Rogue you.

Osbert (without)

Holloa! within there! be quick,

Be quick, what do you mean good People
To keep me in the Rain all day.

Gam.

Mercy on us, who's that? O Sue! Sue!

I wish it mayn't be the Peace Officer come with
a Warrant against us for the Fare! Oh Sue!

You'll be whipp'd Sue; and I shall be. —

Sue.

Never mind that,

Osbert. (without)

What are you all asleep.

Holloa! Holloa! Come instantly I say,

I'll break the door down.

Gam.

It must be an Officer by his Manners;

Sud! Sud! Sud! what is to be done; where shall

we hide us? Can't we creep into the Empty Cask there?

Sue.

(L)

Sue.

Aye, aye, Oh Fackins, there is only room for one.

Gam.

Give me the Key of the Ale Cellar; I'll hide in
the Butt below.

Sue.

It's full, it's full, you'll be drown'd.

Gam.

Quick, quick give me the Key, I warrant you; I'll
Drink myself into my Depth— In good Sue,
In, In.

Osbert. (Breaking open the Door)

I'll delay no longer.

What are you dead. (ENTERING)

Gam. (bowing very low.)

No please your Worship, nor drunk neither

Osbert.

Prithee my good fellow bring me a Chair,
I'm worn almost to death.

Gam. (to Sue)

I

I don't believe he is an Officer; He is so condescending
 best be civil tho'

Sue.

Please your Worship, I hope your Worship will take
 Compassion upon us, tho' we are poor, we are honest,
 We have many Enemies your Worship. my Husband,
 an. Please your Reverence, is a sober, hard working
 Man, and I a quiet Laborious Woman, your Honour,
 hopes for the Matter of the Place which he chanc'd
 to pick up in the High Road, as your Honour is
 an Officer.

Osbert.

Ha! ha! Dismiss your fears, I'm no officer.

Sue.

Not an Officer; How dare you then break down
 poor Peoples Doors in this hee manner; get out you
 impudent, vile, good for nothing Vagabond. —

Osbert. (turns to her.)

Sue. (Screams)

Mercy! Mercy! It is! — It is! — It is!

(LII)

Gam.

Is it! Oh Sue! Sue! — An please your Worship

Sue.

A Ghost! a Ghost! a Ghost! it is, I can take my Bible Oath on't, it is my Old Master.

Gam.

Mercy on us! it's as like him as ever it can stare
(falls on his knees) Bless your Lordship; Oh dear
your Lordship, forgive me, forgive me, Heaven is
my Witness, my Lord; I never robb'd you of nothing
but sheer drink, as for the Silver Spoon, as I hope for
mercy it was all a Lye trump'd up by Robert the
Butler; Sued a mercy, I am so glad to see your
Lordship; Your Lordship never look'd so well in your
born days, as since your Death.

Osbert.

What are you mad, or, do you mean to mock me
With this distracted Folly? I your master, You Fools
I am little better than yourselves; Was born
Some dozen Miles from hence, and never was here before.

Sue.

(LIII)

Sue.

Oh! don't be angry, your Lordship: I'm sure you are
the young Lord Reginald who was Stolen — I'm
Confident it is he. O my Child! my dear Child!

(throws her Arms about his neck and Kisses him)

Osbert.

Woman, Stand off. —

No more or you shall smart for this impertinence

Sue. (Weeping.)

My Lord! my Lord! answer me one question.

Do my dear, dear, Lord — Have you a —

Garn.

A mark, your Lordship, a large red mark
On your Lordships left Arm.

Osbert. (Starting violently)

Gracious Heaven! is't possible

Ever since my Birth, I've borne upon my Arm

A mark, and such a one as he describes.

Come further both of you; See ye this Spot.

Sue (almost fainting)

Oh!

Oh! 'tis the same, 'tis the same; I'll take my corporal
Oath on't, before any Justice of the Peace in England.

Gam.

Oh! it's the same, it's the same! Huzza! Huzza!
I'll swear to it, tho' I never saw it in my life.

My young Lord is found again; Oh such rejoicings,
Such Bonfires, such Suminations, such roasted Aces,
such Dogheads of ale. I'll never be sober again in
my life! Huzza! Huzza!

Osbert.

My Friends, restrain this wild Excess of Joy.
You seem to know the Mystery of my Birth
unfold it.

Gam & Sue.

Yes, yes, yes, my Lord.

Sue.

Hold your peace. That Black of yours will be eternally
Running; Sure I must know the most of the matter.

I who suckled his Lordship — Well then my Lord about
~~eight~~^{se}teen years ago — I can't for the life of me recollect the day.

Gam.

(LV)

Gam.

It was on the third of January, my Lord's Birth Day.
He was three years old that very day. my Lord, Your
Old Father, my late Master, Lord Auberville as was —
Osbert.

Lord. Auberville! Good Heavens!
Proceed! Proceed!

Gam.

My Lord as I was saying
My Lord Auberville gave a great Dinner that day.
I shall never forget it. We were all in our best Liveries,
Osbert.

Damn your Liveries.

I'm on the Rack man.

Gam.

My old Master to a hair (Aside)

Sue.

Sud Gam, what signifies the Liveries.

Gam.

Why yes it does signify; my Lord your Boots

must

must be Wet, and your Throat must be dry —
 Run Sue and make a fire in the Kitchen — (Ex^t. Sue)
 Sure, my Lord, you must be tri'd — if your Lordship
 will descend so far as to walk into the Kitchen,
 over a Cup of Ale, I'll tell you the whole Tote
 of the matter in as Concise and Circumstantial
 a Manner as Possible.

Osbert.

Well, be it so.

I'm much fatigu'd and wish for some Refreshment.
 Come Man. come quickly. Exeunt.

SCENE II.

An Appartment in Mortimers Castle.

ENTER MORTIMER & WILLIAM.

Mortimer:

Well did he whine and wail and beat his Breast
 Nurs'd here in Ease, and bred in Luxury
 He'll find the Pangs of Hunger insupportable.
 Too slight a Punishment for Slaves and Vassals
 Who dare presume to think and disobey

The

The Mandates of their Master. Did he howl?

William.

No, my Lord, I never
Beheld in such a Youth so firm a Spirit
He press'd me by the Hand, and Smiling said
Farewell, good William; with my Eyes I follow'd him,
And saw him bound fleet as the Mountain Dove
Over the Hill, which to the Westward lies
Some hundred Paces.

Mortimer.

Ah! what did he smile!
Smile say you? did he smile. — I like not that
He has seen Elina; I have remark'd,
Instead of weeping for her favourites Absence
A Sullen kind of Triumph seems to sit
Upon her Brow which Menaces some Evil
What can I fear? Observe me William
Tell me, and as your Life shall answer it.
Did the base Traitor e'er he left the Castle
See Elina alone.

William

William. (frightned.)

My Lord! My Lord!

Mortimer.

You seem surpris'd; I'll take another method;
Nay fear not William, tho' I did not wish
That he should see her; Yet I'm not so cruel
As to blame thee, good fellow, did he see her.

William.

No, my Lord, he did not.

Mortimer.

Not sure of William, come, come, tell the Truth
For shame. Man, do not lye, I'm not angry,
Damnation! do you mutter? Speak the Truth
Or I will — Speak the truth my honest William.

William.

I assure you, my Lord,

He did not see her.

Mortimer.

All's safe I hope then, Yet I do not like
That Smile of Osberts; Why did he escape me

Would I had made him sure when in my Power.
 If ever soft Compassion or that Weakness
 Call'd pity touch'd my Heart, it was that Boy
 That Osbert, that ungrateful, timid Osbert.
 Found out the frailty, I'm almost ashamed
 To own e'en to myself how much I lov'd him.

No more of that; within three Days, Elina
 Has promis'd, should no friendly Aid arrive,
 To wed me; O insatuated Girl.

Who baits the Hook, when he has caught the Fish
 Unless some friendly Aid — Psha! 'tis impossible;
 Hence you vain Dreams, you foolish Fancies hence.

I will be happy, spite of all your strugglings —

No, I will not be cruel, I'll not drag you
 Unwilling to the Altar, No, no, Priest.

No hated Priest shall join our hands together
 Whose hearts cou'd never part; Yet I'll deceive her,
 What a feign'd Marriage, Good; it shall be so
 The live long night, I'll Revel in her Beauties
 And in the Morning, tell her she's undone

Ha! William, why you knave, you grow so puffy
 So indolent, so fond of ease and pleasure
 Thou lik'st a Wench, I see it in thy Face
 Sure nature form'd thee Fellow for a Friar.

William.

I'm glad to see your Lordship grown so merry
 I was a Churchman once, Sir.

Mortimer.

Went thou William

Thou shalt be so again e'er long — go in.

Go in most Reverend Father. Count thy Beads.

And mumble o'er thy Prayers. (Exit Will^m) Merry! Merry!

O thou poor fellow, little dost thou know

What passes here; how wretched is the Man

Who builds upon Deceit, tho' fraud and Artifice

May for a while support the tottering Fabric

Tho' it seem fair and beautiful to the Eye

Yet all is grief and Wretchedness within

And tho' by Nature bold, he feels a Horror

A dread of something which he strives in vain,

So

To banish from his mind that spoils the Harmony.
And mares the Heavenly music of the Soul
But the plain, honest, man, fears no Detection
Secure he ventures on life's open Sea,
And Steers directly to his destin'd Port;
Tho' hostile winds may shatter his stout Bark
He keeps his Steady course, and ne'er can founder
While the main Timbers of his Heart are sound.

ENTER BEATRICE

Ah! Beatrice, come hither Beatrice.

How fares your lovely Mistress?

Beatrice.

Sure your own feelings might Inform your Lordship,
How my poor Mistress fares; dragg'd from her Friends
Torn from the Man she loves, and now betroth'd
To him, whom most on Earth. —

Mortimer.

She execrates.

May never mince the matter. What art sad:
Do not despair, I'll find thee out a Husband

You

You pretty, witty Wench.

Beatrice

Oh! no, my Lord!

Could I but see my Mistress once more happy
I wou'd n't wish to change my State. O no!

SONG. (Beatrice)

I wou'd surely argue want of Wit
Should I my Lord, a Courtier go
Shall I my much lov'd. Mistress quit
And seek a tyrant Husband — no.

II.

Oh Cupid! do not vengeful prove
He! spare me from thy fatal bow
Alas! I've known too much of love
To wish to taste it's Joys — O no!

III.

If e'er I give my heart to man
My Passion from Esteem shall flow
But still I'll keep it if I can
Nor risk my peace of mind — No, no.

ENTER

(LXIII)

ENTER ELINA

Mortimer

Oh! what a pleasure wou'd your presence give me.
Did Sportive Smiles Adorn that heavenly face
Oh! do not, weep, I cannot, cannot bear it
Unhappy Mortimer, art thou the Cause—

Elina.

Forbear, my Lord, forbear, and do not add
Insult and mockery to the injuries
Which you've already done me; Can you ask
If you're — the Cause; my Lord, you know too well,
You are alone the Cause of all my Woe

Mortimer.

Oh do not be unjust, I'm but the Agent
Love is the mighty Cause, I own my weakness
Nor should you blame a fault fair: Elina:
Which Love has forc'd me to commit.

Elina.

For shame!

Do not profane it's Sacred name, my Lord,

O do not call a wild licentious Passion
 A base, a brutal Inclination, Love.
 Love softens Nature, elevates the mind.
 Creates a feeling in the hardest breast —

Mortimer.

What breast more hard than mine, till gentle Love
 And your all powerful Charms subdu'd my Heart
 My rigid Temper ne'er relax'd till now —
 Till now I never —

Elina.

Must thou then relent.

O heaven be prais'd; Yes, I forgive thee Mortimer
 Forgive and pity thee.

Mortimer.

Oh! 'tis too much

And do you pity me, why then delay
 Our Marriage, for so long, — to night —

Elina.

What mean you?

Mortimer.

Do not revoke your pity, 'twere unkind
To night—my Love, to—night.

Elina.

Base Tyrant no

My Word is pledg'd 'tis true, but not to night
I swear no force shall drag me.

Mortimer.

Do not frown.

Kill me not with your Anger; well my Angel
I will consent then to postpone my bliss
But don't forget your Promise, two days hence,
My Elina, my Goddess, will be mine
I see you pity me; I'll leave you Lady
Indulge the generous feeling of your Soul,
Farewell my Elina. **Exit.**

Elina.

Nature could never form so harsh a Friend
So barbarous and inhuman, whose delight
Whose only pleasure centers in the Pain
He can inflict on Others.—sure ere this

Good

Good Robert is arriv'd — Yes Beatrice
Still I will fondly hope.

Beatrice.

Your Hopes, ere night
Has thrown her dusky mantle o'er you Still,
Shall all be chang'd to Certainties.

Elina.

Oh! Beatrice.

SONG (Elina)

Ah why! Ah why! ye Heavenly powers
Why in my Lifes more early day
Strew'd ye my easy path with flowers
To make more Sharp this Thorny way.

II

Yet still will I invoke thy Aid
Still list to ye my fervent pray'r
Take pity on a helpless maid
And turn her footsteps from Despair.

Exeunt

(LXVII)

SCENE III.

Outside of Clifford Castle.

ENTER OSBERT.

Osbert.

Where is this Loitering Fellow. Helloa Gam; —
How wond'rous strange this Mystery of my Birth —
Where is this Gam. — She — Elina my Sister
Whom I see lately — Heaven how I tremble
To think upon the Danger I've escap'd.

ENTER GAM.

Os. 'are you there.

Gam. You've been a pretty Guide.

Gam.

Os. Yes, your Lordship, yes,

To be sure, for the first quarter of a Mile,

The path winds like a Corkscrew, but when

You are once in the Road, it is as Strait

As the neck of a Bottle.

Osbert

What you've been tripping in some Alehouse now?

Gam.

Tippeling! I never Tipples as folkes say
 Sometimes Drinks as much as does me good
 I don't go for to deny it, but I scorn to Tipple,
 Ale house, your Honourable Lordship, it was no
 Ale house, it was a house where you goes,
 and gets your Liquor, and pays your Money,
 No, upon my Soul it was no Ale house.

Osbert.

Have a care, you have been talking Gam.

Gam.

Who! I talk, no, my Lord, I never talks
 No, no, i'fackins, I have been too long us'd to
 Drink, to be Seaky in my Cups, besides d'ye see
 my Lord, I claps this Rye into my Mouth, d'ye see
 by way of a Spigot for fear any thing shou'd run out.

Osbert.

Enough! Enough!—Well, are we near the Castle.

Gam.

The Castle, the Castle, the Castle! Oh! ho! ho!
 Lord Bless you, No, we be seven miles from it.

Osbert.

Osbert.

What do you mean? why but just now you said
We were not twenty Paces.

Gam.

Did I — I was drunk then, Auberville Castle —

Osbert.

Auberville Castle; pshaw! No! give me Patience —
No Clifford Castle.

Gam.

Oh lud! lud! lud! why it is hard by, you may be
there in the drinking of a dram; Lord'a'mercy,
how main passionate you great People be — Passion
as our Chaplain us'd to say is for all the world like —

Osbert.

Never mind the Chaplain. Is that the House?

Gam.

Oh! my Old! my Old Master; he never cou'd abide
the Chaplain, Let's see, let's see, Yes, yes, yes; that's
the House sure enough, — No it be'n't — I don't see
The Smoke coming out of the Kitchen Chimney

Damme!

Damme what makes the Trees so merry
Why they Dance like. —

Osbert.

Pshaw! — Is this the Door?

Gam.

Why to be sure it is, Why you must be Tipsey
Don't you know a Door when you see it.

He! he! he!

Osbert (Seizing him by the Collar & striking him)

Curse on you Rascal!

Gam! take care, take care,

I am not in a mood to trifle Gam.

Get Home this Moment, or I'll —

Gam.

My Old Lord! — No, no, no, that's not like my
Old Lord; He always struck as hard as he could
first, and threaten'd afterwards — Damme,
I believe he is but a bye blow.

Osbert.

What shall I do with him. (ASIDE)

Go to the Ale house, Gam. Do my good Gam
Gam.

My Lord! — I'll go to the Ale house; or I'll go any
where but Home, Oh Lord! Lord! it goes so against
My Stomach, My Lord, I'll go to the Ale house.

Osbert. (Offering to strike him)

Go to the Devil — any where.

Gam.

Yes, yes, yes, Oh lud! He is main passionate
No, no; He is no bye Blow — I'm a going;
I'm a going — Hold! hold! Don't you see
I'm a going; — My Old Master; — My Old Master.
He is no Bye Blow. (Exit. GAM)

Osbert.

Oh I cou'd weep from Anger and Vexation (Knocks hard)
Will no one hear. I'll Enter tho' I die for't
I will! I will come in. (Knocks very hard at Door.)

ENTER BERTRAM

Bertram.

Why what's all this,

You

You will come in, why who are you? Hey, Sirrah?
 Why what means all this Noise, your Haughty words
 Agree not with your Habit. Who are you?

Osbert.

One, Sir, not us'd to such a rough behaviour
 Delay no time now every moment's precious
 Upon my Knees I beg you let me enter.

Bertram (ASIDE)

By the Rood

A pretty Boy, I should be loth to hurt him
 And see, he weeps, it grieves me to refuse him
 Lord Clifford can't be seen, let that content you.

Osbert.

Hear me! hear me!

I bring him tidings will rejoice his Soul.
 Do not deny me, I intreat you do not
 I see compassion glistering in your Eye
 Oh! let it fall on me.

Bertram.

What are your Tidings?

Osbert.

Oh, Sir, Excuse me, they are of a Nature
I can't Reveal with Honour.

Bertram.

Not Reveal them.

Why then you cannot Enter here, why Boy
I am, Lord Clifford's Friend, His Counsellor
One who knows all his Secrets; Tell me Youth
What are the News you bring.

Osbert.

Good, Sir, I must not
Tho' you're Lord Clifford's friend, I dare not do't;
Sir, my Injunctions are to speak with him
I cannot trust another.

Bertram.

Cannot trust me

Well, keep thy Secret to thyself: Good morrow (going into
the House.)

Osbert.

Oh! Stay and hear me.
Why should I come here, wherefore shou'd I suffer
Such base Indignities, I pray you think

Why.

Why I should wish to see Lord Clifford, Sir,
 I know him not. I've nought to ask from him
 I am no Thief, Or If I were a Thief
 What cou'd he fear from a poor youth like me.
 Oh! if your City grant not my Request—
 Consult your Reason; sure you won't refuse me
 Oh! if you are his Friend

Bertram.

If I'm his Friend—dare but to doubt it—

Osbert.

Good Sir, be pleas'd

Oh let me in, in truth you'll not Repent it.

Bertram.

The Boy speaks well

He wou'd not trust me tho'—ah! let me see.

Where can he come from? Stay! a thought occurs
 Come you not from a Woman, Ha! you blush
 Come, come, you know you do. —

Osbert.

I can't deny it.

Bertram.

Bertram.

You can't deny it, Well then what's her Name

Osbert.

The Question's somewhat blunt

He, who's intrusted with a Lady's Secret

Shou'd keep a Padlock fix'd upon his Lips

And throw away the Key; we trifle time.

I pray Conduct me.

Bertram.

Who! What! I conduct you?

Boy! do you take me for a Sewing Man

A Lacquey, one who runs on Messages.

I am a Soldier, Boy, a Rough Old Soldier

A very testy, Touchy, Crabbed Fellow

Can you deny that.

Osbert.

He were prone indeed

To Argument, and fond of Controversy

Who wou'd dispute a Fact so clear and palpable

Bertram.

Ha!

Ha! ha! ha!

Give me your Hand my Boy, I like your frankness

Give me your Hand— Well you shall see Lord Clifford

But prithee tell me now, who sent thee hither

Was it the rich Old Widow Margaret

Or Dame Elizabeth, her wanton Cousin.—

Then there's one Elina a flaunting Hussey

A Flaring Jilt, a—

Overt

Hold! Damnation!— hold

'Tis false as Hell; her sweet ingenious Face

Is but the Index of her Power mind

Thou say'st not well, Old Man.

Bertram.

I am glad to hear it.

Let me Embrace the Rogue; Com'st thou from her.

I see thou dost, and with good Tidings, Hey!

Is she then safe and Honest?

Overt.

Yes, Sir, yes.

Conduct me instantly. — I ask your Pardon.

Bertram.

Conduct you? by my Holy dame, I will.

I'm in good Humour now, but you Young Fellows
Waste such a cursed deal of Time in Talking

You run from one Extreme into the other

You're either Sharp, and Sour as a Crab

Or Sweet and luscious as a Sugar Plum.

You fret, and laugh, and Swear, and Kifs, and Scold,

And then are Friends again, and always Chattering

You never go directly to the Point.

And lose the Hour for Action in Debate.

And then you're so confus'd — What was I saying?

Osbert.

Oh never heed it now, Come, good Sir, Come.

Bertram.

Thou art a Pretty Boy, but too loquacious

While you are prating here, the Time slips by

Come let us in, What would you talk all day

For shame, let's in I say.

Osbert.

Osbert.

Thank Heaven at last.

Exeunt

SCENE. IV. Gams house

Sue.

Why Gams a main long time a coming from the castle
 He promis'd, so he did, to return directly, but he never
 keeps his word, Heigho! — well, now, my Lord is
 come back I hope he'll do somewhat for me, and my
 Babes: If I am made a Lady, I'll be parted from Gam,
 and look out for a mild, quiet, Sober Husband, of a
 Temper and Disposition like my own. Oh! Gam! Gam!
 Gam! I could tear your Eyes out, so I could.

SONG Sue.

What a terrible life
 Has a Drunken Man's Wife
 I'd rather be tied to a Log
 When Drunk he'll so beat her
 And cruelly treat her
 When Sober he's sick as a Dog.

II.

He

He comes Home at night
 In so hideous a Flight
 Poor Wife must go sleep all alone
 Oh then how he burns
 But when Morning returns
 Alas! he's as cold as a Stone, a Stone
Alas! he's as cold as a Stone.

ENTER GAM.

Gam.

Hip! hip! Halloo! Sue! my Comfort, my Plague
 My Vexation, my Darling, my Torment, Pick up,
 Pick up: dont forget the ale Sue! Oh lud! Oh lud!
 I am damnably sick! Oh! I shall die, Sue, I shall die,
 Have you got a drop of nothing good in the house.
 I shall die, I shall die.

Sue.

Ah! you always says so, You do it on purpose to
 plague and disappoint me - How are you, you Villain
 How do you do? How do you do? (loud as Possible.)

Gam.

Very.

Very ill, I thank you Sue, I hope you are the same
with all my Soul, Pack up, Sue, Pack up.

Sue.

Why you Monster you, Inhuman Monster, you
have left me nothing to pack up: What shall I
pack up. What do you say? What do you say, you.

Gam.

Nothing.

Sue.

Nothing! Oh you unfeeling Wretch! Nothing!
Not a word of comfort for your poor wife. Oh! O! O!
Nothing. — I can't bear it, I can't bear it.

Gam.

Oh! ho! ho! What you are going to set up your
Pipes, well, with all my Heart — But Sue! Sue! Sue!
Now if you would but be quiet, Since nothing
offends you so cursedly, I'll tell you something.

Sue (Stamping)

Quiet! Quiet! Why an't I always Quiet,
Did you ever hear me any thing but quiet.

Gam.

Gam.

Why if you were quiet, I shou'd never hear you at all. We were to become great Folks, Sue.

Sue.

Great Folks! as how, Gamr, as how?

Gam.

Why we are to Travel.

Sue.

Travel.

Gam.

Aye! why don't all your great folks Travel:
We are to have a Horse, Sue, You shall ride first
You shall hold the Reins, Egad, you are us'd to that
And I'll Ride like a Bottle at your back; you must
not look behind you, Sue, now we're in the Road
To fortune, you must look forward! Oh Sude! Sude!
Sude! How I will Teague the Ale. (ASIDE)

Sue.

Is not this all a Lie now, Sinah?

Gam.

True

True! Sue; True, as two Pints make a Quart.

We be to go to Lord, there; I forgot his name's Castle
 All in the Night time, but dont ye be afraid Sue.
 I never was afraid of Spirits in all my life, but
 you went like it, Sue. for you must not Talk.

Sue.

Not Talk; but I will talk — that's what I will

Garn.

Why so said I. — Says I, Sue will Talk.

Sue.

Did you? why then you said a Lie, for I won't talk
 I'll not be forc'd to talk, Nothing shall make me
 talk, I won't, I won't; but Garn, Garn, how did
 you hear all this?

Garn.

Why Sue, if you would but talk; I'd tell you;
 but while you are silent; I can't get in a word —
 Why from the Butler who was order'd to keep it a
 Secret; so as soon as he know'd it, He runs
 down the Ale house, and Taps the whole of the

Matter

Matter. Come Sue, Lets Go;

Sue.

I won't go.

Garn.

Won't you, my dear, dear Sue. (Runs & kisses her)

Sue.

Yes, but I will go, and you shan't hinder me;
I'll tell, my Lord, you wanted to prevent me;
I'll complain to the Vicar; I'll indict you for stealing
the Hare; I'll, — I'll — I'll —

DUETT.

Garn. What means now all this noise and strife

Sue. 'Tis you that loves to bicker

Garn You're the Torment of my life

Garn. Looks I've a mind to kick her.

II.

Sue. I'll not endure it by this light

I'll run and tell the Vicar

What makes you get drunk every night

Garn. Why Siquor! Siquor! Siquor.

Sue

(LXXXIV)

Sne. (Runs out.)

Cam. follows her 3 or 4 paces
then turns about & runs out the other way

SCENE.V.

An Apartment in Clifford Castle.

ENTER CLIFFORD & OSBERT.

Osbert.

Talk not to me of Gratitude, my Lord.
This kindness, if I may presume to call it so.
Is as a Drop of Water in the Ocean
Compar'd with the immeasurable Favour
Which lovely Elena's confer'd on me.

Clifford

Oh! she was born to bless the human Race
To make mankind as happy as she's fair
The tender hand of pity fram'd her Heart
Where every generous Virtue loves to dwell.
Angelic Mansion, happy, happy Clifford.

Osbert.

It grieves me much to interrupt your Transports
Think

Think where she is, and scarce a day Remains
To gain the Treasure which your Heart so pants for
Here comes, Sir Bertram.

ENTER BERTRAM.

Bertram.

Well, we must set forward
Some half Hour hence; all is prepar'd my Lord
Except our plan. The last thing which your Boys
Ere think of.

Clifford.

Well, my Honest Soldier
Shall we by force Attack the Tyrant's Castle
And drag him from his Den.

Bertram.

Ay, ay, by Force

Osbert.

We lay aside all thoughts of force, my Lord
The Castle's strong, the Baron's brave and vigilant
If we succeed — Yet still the Helpless Elinor
Remains the Victim of his brutal Passion

It sure were best by Art to gain admittance.

Clifford.

Show Counselst well, but say what Stratagem
What art can lull asleep the Matchful Dragon
That we may seize the Golden Fruit and bear it
Far from his reach for ever.

Osbert.

I've bethought me.

I know each path and bye way to the Castle
Do you, Sir Bertram, place our little Band
In a deep Glenn due East, myself will lead them
Thro' the thick covert of a lofty Wood.

Whose Foliage will conceal them from the Sight
Of any Passengers. We, my good Lord,
Must think of some Disguise.

Bertram.

Disguise! — I hate it.

Clifford.

Bertram, be advis'd.

Set the Wretch blush that puts it on for Malice

But

But he who wears it in a Cause like ours,
 To punish Villany and Rescue Vertue.
 When he casts of his Cloud, shews like the Sun
 More Radiant from his late Obscurity.

Overt.

We shall arrive upon the very Eve
 Of his Projected Marriage; All his Servants
 Will be preparing for the Festival
 The Baron, tho' his Heart is fierce and Arrogant
 Has yet a Soul for Harmony, when Passion
 Would like a Whirlwind tear his frantic Bow
 Oft have I sooth'd him to a sullen Calm
 By touching of my Lute, he'd sit for hours
 And heave such Sighs, nay down his rugged Cheek
 A Silent Tear would steal against his Will.
 Which he'd dash from him with a haughty Air
 And curse his Weakness; then he'd sink in Thought
 And meditate new Mischiefs, even in Music.
 Yourself, my Lord, are Skillful in the Art.
 Let us, like Minstrels at the close of day

Approach.

Approach the outward ~~Gate~~ Gate, and crave Admittance.

Clifford.

'Tis well conceiv'd; What think you Bertram?

Bertram.

Sir.

To say the honest Truth, I like it not.

Make me a Minstrel, Sic a Hurdy, Gurdy.

About my Neck, I'd rather Sic a Rope there.

Clifford.

Nay, check this peevish Humour. I beseech thee.

Either adopt this Plan, or form some other.

More likely to succeed.

Bertram.

No, Sir, not I.

I have no Taste for Tricks, but to serve you

I will consent for once to play the Fool

Besides my Boys, 'tis possible this Trick

May end in broken Heads, on Second Thoughts

I don't so much dislike it, gentle Osbert,

Excuse my Freedom.

Osbert.

Obert.

Oh! Sir! say no more

He has a sickly Superficial Eye
That can't discern a Diamond thro' its Roughness
Clifford.

To horse, to horse;
My Soul is all on Fire.

Bertram.

Sir, by your leave, tho' I am little read
I well remember that the Ancient Greeks
Before they went to Battle, fortified
Their Stomachs with Rich food, and good old Wine
~~And good old Mince.~~
I have prepar'd a Bowl, Boy—
Bring it in.

TRIO.

Clifford.

'Tis Love that now my Bosom fires.

Bertram.

'Tis Mine which now my Soul Inspires

Obert.

(XC)

Obert.

*Friendship and Gratitude shall prove
At least a Match for Wine and Love.*

All three

*Then let us hail the League Divine
Of Love, of Friendship, and of Wine.*

Clifford.

Fortune our Virtuous Schemes shall bless

Bertram.

'Twere cowardly to doubt Success

Obert.

Whose Friendship leads

Bertram.

Whose Wine Inspires

Clifford.

And ardent love the Bosom Fires.

All three

*Then let us hail the League Divine
Of Love, of Friendship, and of Wine.*

END of ACT. II.

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Mortimer Castle.

Mortimer: (ALONE)

Two Days are past, the third declines apace
I now am near the Summit of my Wishes.

My Soul will soon be gladd'ed with the Suxury
It has so long been thirsting for revenge.

But yet I am not happy, why base nature

Why did'st thou fix so deeply in my Breast
The bitter Root of Envy, from thee Spring
Pride, Falsehood, Hatred, all the Noxious Seeds.

Which choke and over run the idle Soil

Where pity, Love, and Truth are thinly scatter'd

But wherefore, Nature, wherefore blame I thee.

Oh! had I listen'd to thy gentle Voice

Had I not stifled all thy infant Strugglings

I ne'er had felt the pangs I now endure

But I've perverted thee, have chang'd thy course

Poison'd the genial Springs which feed the Heart

And turn'd thy wholesome Waters into Gall.

ENTER

ENTER SEVERAL SERVANTS with
WILLIAM.

Come, bustle, bustle, Fellows, you're so tardy
Spare neither pains nor cost my trusty William.
To please the Eye, and gratify the Palate.

William.

O be content, Sir; I've prepar'd a Banquet
Would more than satisfy some twenty Cardinals

Mortimer.

Why that's well said; let shallow silly Fools
Censure your Order for Hypocrisy
You Priests not only teach men how to live
But live well to yourselves. Peace, tis my Love
(Exit W^m)

ENTER ELINA & BEATRICE

To come thus unolicited my Angel.
As kind indeed, Oh! may my future life—

Elina.

Be different from the past, I truly wish it
Nay, for your sake I wish it; why my Lord.
Why will you force me to this hated Marriage

I frankly own that I can never love you
 Each day I pass within these horrid Walls
 Will but increase my——

Mortimer:

Fear not gentle Lady
 Time and the kind Attentions of a Husband
 A Loving Husband will dispell your Anguish.
 When Pluto seiz'd on Ceres fairest Daughter
 And bore her off triumphantly to Hell
 The Modest Nymph disdain'd the gloomy God
 But Time and soft Complacency subdu'd
 Her tender Mind, till by Degrees she lov'd him
 Became accusom'd to the Infernal Palace
 Grew fond of Darknes, and at last prefer'd it
 To the bright Splendor of the Gaudy day.

Elina.

Will you from Fables strive to Justify
 Your most Atrocious Acts; for Shame, my Lord.
 If you must take Example from the Gods
 Could none but Pluto—— but you've chosen well

He

He is indeed the God you most resemble.

Mortimer.

'Tis not the Fable that I wou'd inculcate
But yet the Moral, Madam's worth the Notice
Love me, or Love me not, you must be mine
You now are in my Power; you may subdue me
And bend me to your Will, but Oh! 'beware
Beware rash Maid how you excite my Anger.

Elina

Full well, my Lord, I know your Cruel Temper
The unrelenting Fierceness of your Nature
Yet Mortimer I swear, by Heaven I swear
I'd rather meet your Anger than your Love

Mortimer.

Well Madam, I'll be cool; Why will you Lady;
Why will you, since you know my mind's Infirmary
Instead of Quenching by a Mild Demearnor
The Vivid Spark that burns within my Breat
Why will you blow it to a Flame, whose Fury
Once kindled may consume us both, O think

Since

Since you must Wed me Madam; it were better
To Wed me as your Slave than as your Tyrant

Elina.

I should despise you equally as either
Blush and remember how you brought me hither
When I receiv'd you, as a favour'd Guest
My Castle Gates which wou'd have mock'd your stay
New open'd, as I vainly, vainly thought,
To a dear friend, One, who profess'd himself
My Fathers Friend, a Friend to all our House
In the dead Hour of night, the fittest Season
To perpetrate a Deed so dark and Villainous
When all but Friends, and guilty Spirits seek
The Blessing of Repose; this mighty Mortimer
His proud Imperious Baron, deign'd to Bribe
My Kinds and Vassals, to betray their Mistress.

Mortimer.

Rail on, Rail on; In Love, and War, dear Lady
All Stratagems are Honest, He's no Soldier
Who uses force, where Art can more avail him.

Clifford.

(XCVI)

Clifford (within)

Then vaulted on his Milk White Steed.

The thrice Renowned Palamede

Fitz Osborn's Sance he burst in twain

Which had the proud Fitz Allen slain

Elina.

O Beatrice 'tis he

'Tis Clifford's Voice — My Lord, I pray you speak not.

Beatrice

Be not so earnest, Madam.

Clifford (Sings again)

In his right hand a Sword he bore

By Adrophel a Fairy made

Its hilt with Stars was studded o'er

And like the Lightning flash'd its blade.

Mortimer

Madam, this Musick seems to give you Pleasure

Hint but your Wishes, shall they play the while

We sit at Table.

Elina.

Give

Give them instant Entrance.

Mortimer.

Ha! I'm rejoiced

To find within this Castle's horrid Walls

There's something can beguile you of your Grief

Pluto himself was mov'd by Musick's power

When honest Orpheus as the Poets feign

Went down to Hell to seek his lost Eurydice

He by the Magic of his Harmony

Sooth'd the grim Monarch and redeem'd his Bride.

ENTER WILLIAM

William.

Please you, Sir, three Minstrels

Morn with fatigue and toil entreat Admittance.

Mortimer.

Prepare the Banquet William; Let them Enter.

ENTER CLIFFORD, BERTRAM, & OSBERT

DISGUISD as MNSTRELS.

Mortimer.

Set you down good Fellows.

Give

(XCVIII)

Give 'em a Bowl of Wine, ye seem Fatigu'd
Clifford.

My Lord, we have Journey'd far.

Elina.

It is his Voice, it is, it is my Clifford

Mortimer

Sing me a Love Song
And let it be impassion'd, such a one
As may besit a Sprightly Bridegroom
Clifford.

Sir,

I've one about me, but 'tis soft and Plaintive
My Partners are both ignorant of the Music
If I cou'd find a Female Voice

Mortimer.

My Love!

Clifford.

His Love! I can't endure it — I shall burst —

Bertram.

For shame, for shame, ~~my Lord~~, I say
Controul

Controul this Passion —

Mortimer:

Well Fellow!

Clifford.

'Tis, my Lord, a simple Ditty
Which speaks the Language of a Heart in Love
It was compos'd long since; a Nobleman
Woo'd a fair Maiden, whose fond heart he won.
But her stern parent never wou'd Consent
The Love-sick Youth sunk into deep despair
At length he rous'd him; in a mean Attire
He sought the Castle where the Beauteous Emma
Was held a Captive.

Elina.

Sing, Minstrel, Sing.

Clifford. (Sings)

Say Lovely Emma, do your Eyes
Reveal me under this Disguise
Or does my Voice inform your Ear,
Your Love, your fond Deliverer's near.

Elina.

(c.)

Elina

Yes Gallant Youth, I know thee well
But tell me Love! O Prithce tell
How from this Castle I may fly
With Edward live, with Edward die.

Clifford

The hopes which swell my Anxious breast
In accents true, though faint suggest
That from this Castle I may fly
With Emma live, with Emma die. —

Mortimer

I like it not, 'tis discord to my Soul
Break off the Song, I say, I like it not
'Tis late, 'tis late, Retire my Elina.

This is the last time Beatrice shall be
Your Bed fellow — I am not pleas'd: Retire

(Exeunt. Mortimer. Beatrice & Elina)

William

Well, my good Masters, shall we drink a round?
No — why to Bed then — that way lies your Chamber.

Exeunt Clifford & Bertram

(CI)

William.

I faith I'm tired and must refresh awhile
When there's good Cheer, I'm little prone to Sleeping
Ha! say'st thou Boy? Well, sit thee down I welcome.

Osbert.

William, — I say.

William (Starting)

Ha!

Osbert.

William do you know me?

William.

Oh! I'm undone, I'm ruin'd; should the Baron.
I'll raise the Castle — Why were you so rash,
But since it is so! You must suffer — Walter!
Edmund Ha! Francis.

Osbert.

Peace I say this Instant.
Speak not above thy Breath! Ah! then thou diest.
(Pulling out a Dagger)

William.

Defend

Defend me, Mercy.

You wou'd not kill me, Osbert, wou'd you kill
Your old, and faithful William. Oh Good Osbert
~~Oh good Osbert~~, put up the Dagger.

Osbert.

Not yet William — say —

Know you this Lady, whom the cruel Baron
Hold's here in Custody — Thou'rt safe, man; speak?

William.

I know her name is Glina, and ne'er
Beheld so fair a Creature. ^{it} don't become me
To pry into the Secrets of my Master.
But I suspect foul play.

Osbert

Suspect it! Oh

You know it but too well, yourself were prory
To the Damr'd Treachery that brought her here
Thou'rt kind by Nature, and 'twas fear alone
Fear of that cursed Fiend, who cow'd us all
Forc'd thee to do —

William.

William.

Indeed 'tis true good Osbert.
Indeed I've pity'd the Poor helpless Lady.
And wish'd 'twere in my Power. —

Osbert

To release her
Wouldst thou then William?

William.

What Release her — No.
I would not betray my Master.

Osbert

Betray thy Master,
But I will not blame thee.
Yet think what thou betray'st. Humanity
Truth, Honour, Virtue and Benevolence
Ah William! canst thou pity so much goodness
And yet, when now the Means are in thy Power
Refuse assistance to the Radiant Angel
Thou canst not help adoring. Ha! thou weep'st
Be not ashamed, the Tear which trickles down

The

The good man's Cheek shou'd not be wip'd away
 Like Vulgar drops— But wilt thou only weep
 No— thou ~~wilt~~ do more.

William.

You move me strangely Osbert,
 Alas what means have I—

Osbert.

What means hast thou? who keeps the Castle Keys?
 Say who can bid yon Masly Gate fly open?
 Why thou, thou only William.

William.

Oh! I dare not,

I dare not Osbert; shou'd the furious Baron
 Suspect me, He would tear my mangled Body
 Into a Thousand Atoms; if by flight
 I should escape his Anger. I must Starve.

Osbert.

Starve! Fear not that, good William
 I'll find thee out a better, kinder Master.
 Or if thou art averse: from Slavery

Thou

(CV)

Thou shalt be free as air.

William.

How can I serve you

Your words have melted me, what e'er you wish
I'll do, tho' Death itself —

Osbert

Wilt thou be Secret.

William.

As the Grave good Osbert.

Osbert.

Come to my Heart! and now I Sheath my Dagger

No force shall drive thee William to do good

We have been faulted, but it was thro' fear

Whilst we were bare we both were towards William

But Virtue now directs us, walk secure

We cannot fall in her plain open Road

Let us thank Heaven than William, tho' we've stumbled

Yet e'er our Strength was gone our better fate

Has push'd us backward from the dreadful Gulph

Which yawn'd to Swallow us; Within there, Richard.

ENTER

(CVI.)

ENTER BERTRAM

Bertram.

What would you Brother Arthur.

Osbert.

We are all Friends,

*Now stand we on the very wheel of Fortune
And every minute leads us on to happiness
Or drives us to despair. William, is with us,
You'll find him Honest.*

Bertram.

If he is Honest, Osbert;

I'm proud to call him Friend.

If he is a Rogue, He must be Bertram's foe.

Osbert.

(to Will^m;) Go with that Gentleman,

Success attend you; Clifford and myself

Will stay here in the Castle, Should our Plot

Miscarry, we are enow to fall the Victims

To Mortimer's fell Rage, and by some signal

May either hasten you to Succour us

Or

Or warn you to Retreat. Farewell to both. (Retires)

Exeunt WILL.^m & BERTRAM

ENTER ELINA & BEATRICE

Elina.

'Alas! canst thou, cruel!'

Deny me, after six days painful Absence

To see my Clifford. 'Oh! good Beatrice

For the last time Perhaps — the dreadful thought

In spite of every effort casts a gloom

Across the light of Joy, which cheers my heart

Wou'd the next hour were past — Who's there?

'Ha Osbert! — He'll not refuse me —

Pry thee gentle Osbert indulge a Woman's Weakness

And conduct me, where I may View. —

Osbert.

Beware. — We are undone. —

Shou'd any of the Servants in the Castle

See where you are, but e'er we Part, permit me

To ease my Loaded Bosom, Oh too ~~full~~ full

For Words to give it Vent.

Elina

Elina.

What say you? Her

Osbert

Oh let my Tears,

Let those instruct my Elina

That Osbert is; — But I am too Abrupt —

Had you a Brother?

Elina.

Why do you ask the Question

I had two Brothers in my Infancy

The Elder dy'd, the Younger, O poor Youth

Unhappy Reginald —

Osbert

Stand now before you
In Osbert you behold the long lost Reginald.

Elina.

Altho' I won't suspect thee of Deceit,

This is so strange — My Brother Reginald

Bore on his Arm a Mark; I've often seen it.

And tho' I was but Young it sunk so deep

Into

Into my mind. —

Osbert

Quick, then convince your Sight
View well my Arm; See you this Mark my Elinor.
My Sister now.

Elinor.

Good heaven, it is the same
Osbert, my Brother, let me, let me, Osbert
Embrace thee, fold thee in a Sisters Arms.
I cannot love thee better than I did
When thou wert Poor and Humble, but I joy
That one so honest should be great and Happy.

Osbert.

If we succeed this Night, I shall be Happy
And Oh! believe me Elinor, believe me
I feel more proud in calling thee my Sister,
In being near allied to so much Virtue,
Than in the Ancient Name of Auberville
Retire, I hear a Step — by Hell 'tis Mortimer.

Exeunt.

ENTER

ENTER MORTIMER.

Mortimer.

*I cannot sleep— And dost thou foolish Heart
Dost thou then faint, so near thy Journey's End
No, thou shalt not, tho' all thy Springs should crack
How weak, how vain is man, why wilt thou fancy
Why wilt thou conjure up these airy Phantoms
Which shake me like an Ague— William! ho!*

ENTER SERVANT.

Where's William, Sirrah?

Servant.

*Good my Lord, I know not
I'll seek him instantly.*

Mortimer.

Stay, stay awhile

Is Anthony arriv'd? Is he prepar'd?

With all the Holy tumpory of the Church.

Say is he come.

Servant

My Lord, he is within

Please

Please ye that I should send him to you.

Mortimer.

Age —

No, — stay, it is no matter, let me think

Yes, yes 'tis better so — She has oft ^{on} seen ^{have the line cross} William.

Besides I have remark'd that fellow

Is of a Yielding Temper, Ah! what's that.

Didst thou not hear a Noise — Hark! it advances.

Stand back, stand back. (they retire.)

ENTER CLIFFORD.

Clifford.

I can delay no longer, tho' an Age
Of Happiness should be the bright reward
I cou'd not now resist the Sweet Temptation
Which leads me on, No I must speak to her.

Mortimer. (ASIDE)

Speak to Her! Ha!

Clifford.

This is the Door I think — My love, my life!

Dost thou not hear me? Oh! my Elina

Arise

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Arise! Arise! it is thy Clifford calls thee.

Mortimer. (ASIDE)

Clifford! Confusion! Devils!

ENTER ELINA

Elina.

Who's there? my Clifford! Oh! my faithful Clifford!

Why would you venture.

Clifford.

Do not fear, my Love.

*All's hush'd as Death, the unsuspecting Tyrant
Securely Sleeps, and dreams upon to-morrow
He little thinks what danger now awaits him.*

*That the Right Hand of the Avenging Deity,
Is rais'd to Strike him.*

ENTER SERVANT.

Mortimer.

*Here Walter, William, Edmund, Seize the Traitor,
Drag him to Instant Death.*

Elina.

Oh! hear me; hear me!

He

He never injur'd you, spare, spare his life
I will be yours.

Mortimer.

You will be mine, indeed, 'tis kind in you.
Now to comply, now the avenging Deity
Raises his Hand to strike me; Now no longer
You're in my Power, the Gallant Clifford now
Has freed you from my Thralldom, be content
He shan't die yet, no he shall live to see
The unsuspecting Tyrant, He who sleeps
And dreams upon to morrow, now. this moment
Married to his dear Constant Elinor
Drag forth the other Slaves; Bring the Priest here,
Here let him join us.

BERTRAM & SOLDIERS burst in behind
OSBERT brought in on the other side.
with WILLIAM between two SERVANTS.

Bertram.

Hold! break off I say
Unhand your Prisoners, or, by this good Sword
I'll

I'll chop you all to mince Meat.

Mortimer.

Ha! What's that?

Oh! William, are you there! O Villain! Villain!

William.

I've serv'd you now, my Lord, for near Ten years
And in that Time, Altho' I blush to own it
This is the only Action I've committed
For which I have not merited that name.

Mortimer.

How, am I fallen then —

Osbert.

To sink thee lower

Know Tyrant that the hand which weighs thee down
Is Auberilles.

Mortimer.

Damnation Reginald! *

Oh let me pluck my Heart out, ne'er till now
Did I despair, Even malice now forsakes me
Oh! I did Hope (Fool that I was to spare thee
That

* Elina. Ha Reginald! my Brother, Heavens.
Mortimer. Distraction Oh let me &c, &c.

That thou at least wou'd have felt all my Vengeance
 But if thy soul is noble, Boy, Revenge thee.
 Insult me not with words; be merciful
 Be merciful, and kill me.

Overt.

Mortimer,

I will not tarnish this day's happiness
 By any Drop of Blood; Live and Repent thee.
 When I was in thy Power, thou sparedst my life
 Take thine than in Return.

Mortimer:

Rash foolish Youth.

Thou weak young Man, will no Experience teach thee
 I spar'd thy life; behold the Consequence
 Oh! had I crush'd thee, all this damned mischief
 Had been prevented. When thou wert an Infant
 I stole thee from thy Father's, brought thee here
 And bred thee up; a Slave. I cou'd n't kill thee,
 It was the only weakness I e'er felt
 And I'm severely punish'd — Boy be wise

Seize

Seize on the glorious Opportunity
To rid thee of a Foe, whom nought but death
Can render Tranquil.

Exeunt MORTIMER, & GUARDS
Clifford.

Oh. Auberville

My Friend, my Brother, now, my dearest Elina.
Art thou then mine at last.

Elina.

For ever Clifford

Bertram.

Osbert. Auberville,

What is your Name, Sir; If a Soldiers Friendship
An honest ones, tho' I am bold to say so.

Is worth your taking — Why accept of mine
We'll make the Cellar groan; What say you Gam?

Gam.

Oh yes, yes, yes, 'Oh lud.' 'Oh lud.' 'Oh lud.
What a sensible Man your Honour is when you
are in a good Humour; The old Sherries,
Your

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Your Honour in the left hand Bin,
Oh! Oh! Oh! — But it must be all gone;
Be it all gone, Madam.

Bertram.

Peace blockhead, how should she know.

Gam.

Oh for shame! for shame! for shame
(ASIDE) Oh! I wish I was her Butler!
Oh, shocking, shocking! my old Master
know'd every bottle of Wine in the Cellar —
He Visited them as often, and lov'd them
As well as if they had been his own
Children.

Auberville.

William, Kneel there
And plead for pardon.

Elina.

Spare your pains
It is already granted, and I add
My friendship and my thanks.

Auberville.

Auberville.

Gam, I'll take care of thee. Now are all blest
 Save him who caus'd our Misery, my friends
 We will not think on Vengeance, let us leave him
 To his own Mind, to disappointed Malice
 That will inflict a far severer Torture
 Than Man can use to Man; Revenge is sweet
 To little minds alone. The noble Soul
 Pities the fallen Foe, and finds a Source
 Of purest Pleasure in a brave Forgiveness.

FINALE.

Set Cupid shake his Sportive Wings
 While round the Loves and Graces fly
 Appollo touch the Trembling Strings
 And Hymen lift his Torch on high.

Set Bacchus fill the festive Bowl
 More sparkling than the Indian Mine
 To animate the noble Soul
 Or drown its anxious cares in Wine.

To

To taste the Pleasures of the Bowl
My tender youth did ne'er incline
Till Cupid shall subdue my Soul,
Let Friendship and Content be mine.

Garr.

Cupid, great folks, I leave to you
Appollo and his Graces mine
Ye Gods but take away my Sue
And give me Cyder, Ale, and Wine.

Elina & Clifford.

Our fears are gone, the Tempest past
Here adverse winds no more annoy
Our Vessel safely moor'd at last
Casts Anchor in the Port of Joy.

(CXX.)

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