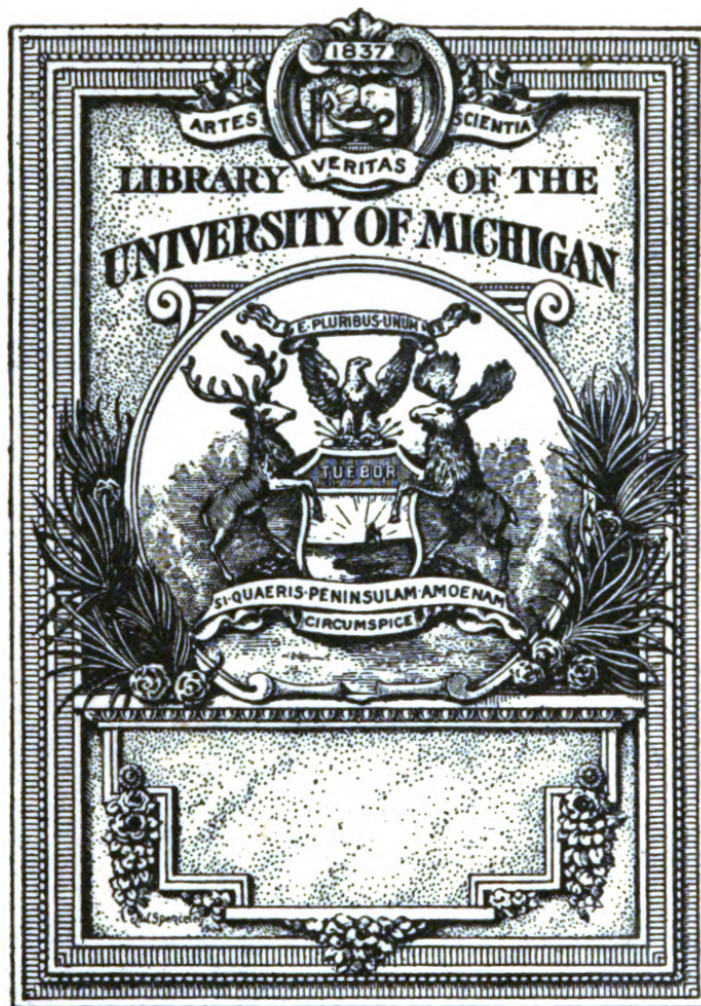


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**Isabella.**



*Isab.* If husbands go to heaven,  
Where do they go that send them?—This to try—  
(*he rises—she shrieks*)

*Act V. Scene 2.*

21V-83

# ISABELLA;

OR,

## THE FATAL MARRIAGE!

A Tragedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

THOMAS SOUTHERN,

*Author of Oroonoko, Loyal Brother, Disappointment, Sir Antony  
Love, Wives' Excuse, Maid's Last Prayer, Fate of Capua,  
Spartan Dame, Money the Mistress, &c., &c., &c.*

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WITH AN ILLUSTRATION

AND REMARKS BY D. G.

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THOMAS HAILES LACY,

THEATRICAL PUBLISHER,

LONDON.





## REMARKS.

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### Isabella.

**THE** genius of Southern must be estimated by his *Oroonoko* and *The Fatal Marriage*. His other pieces have long since passed into oblivion, and will only be remembered as emanating from the author of those beautiful and pathetic tragedies. *Oroonoko* is now entirely banished from the stage—why, we know not; for it is by far the tenderest and most noble composition of the two. For both plots Southern is indebted (nor does he fail to make a candid acknowledgment of his obligation) to Mrs. Behn. *Oroonoko* is borrowed from that lady's novel of the same name; and the tragical portion of *Isabella* is taken from "*The Nun, or the Fair Vow-Breaker*;" while the incident of Fernando being persuaded to believe that he had been dead, buried, and in purgatory, is adopted from Fletcher's "*Little Thief*." In both instances has Southern polluted his affecting scenes with low ribaldry, to please a dissolute age—a violation of decency and good taste that he lived to repent. But, from what we can learn of his character, his muse was excited less by the desire of fame than of profit. Though a great poet, he was a still greater economist: he practised all the arts that might insure his works an ample remuneration; nor, in his love of gain, did he scruple to sacrifice Apollo at the shrine of Mammon. We give full credit to his assertion, that the ribald stuff which disfigures *Oroonoko* and *Isabella* was introduced for no other reason but to insure them a favourable reception with the public. It forms no part of the real plot; and the strongest proof we can offer is, that when, in compliance with a better taste, it is altogether expunged, no one that is not acquainted with the original would suspect that even a line had been omitted. An interesting picture is given of the author in his old age by Oldys, and the poet Gray. The former, in his MS. notes upon Langbaine, says, that he remembered Mr. Southern, "a grave and venerable old gentleman. He lived near Covent Garden, and used to frequent the

evening prayers there, always neat and decently dressed, commonly in black, with his silver sword and silver locks; but latterly, it seems, he resided at Westminster." And the latter, in his letter to Mr. Walpole, dated from Burnham, in Buckinghamshire, September, 1737, remarks—"We have old Mr. Southern at a gentleman's house a little way off, who often comes to see us. He is now seventy-seven years old, and has almost wholly lost his memory; but he is as agreeable an old man as can be—at least, I persuade myself so, when I look at him, and think of *Isabella* and *Oroonoko*." He died May 26, 1746, at the patriarchal age of eighty-six. For many years before his death he lived in respectability and independence, and, for a poet, he died rich.

The story of *The Fatal Marriage* is purely domestic; it involves few improbabilities; the characters are not lifted above middle life; and the interest is deep and intense, gathering strength in its progress, and terminating in a catastrophe than which anything more affecting can hardly be imagined. Hence, the grief and distraction of *Isabella* awaken greater sympathy than the majestic sorrows of *Oroonoko*. What, indeed, can be more pathetic than her parting with her wedding-ring, with the accompanying injunction—

"Take it, nurse;  
Twill stop the cries of hunger for a time.  
Take care of it;  
Manage it as the last remaining friend  
That would relieve us."

The language is marked with a homely pathos, a touching simplicity, characteristic of this author.—There are no extravagant flights—nothing of hyperbole or bombast; there is the dignity of tragedy with the truth and fervour of passion. Among the many passages of great beauty, the following is conspicuous:—

"Sooner or later, all things pass away,  
And are no more. The beggar and the king,  
With equal steps, tread forward to their end;  
The reconciling grave  
Swallows distinction first, that made us foes;  
Then all alike lie down in peace together.  
When will that hour of peace arrive for me?  
In heaven I shall find it;—not in heaven,  
If my old tyrant father can dispose  
Of things above. But *there* his interest  
May be as poor as mine, and *want a friend*  
As much as *I* do here!"



It has been justly observed by a contemporary critic, that posterity can have no idea of the excellence of Mrs. Siddons in *Isabella*. We may fairly place it by the side of her *Belvidera*, which is the highest praise we can bestow. The fearful interval that ensues between the presentation of the ring and the recognition of Biron, in the disguised stranger, by his distracted yet innocent wife, was almost insupportable, from the wild anxiety, the agonizing suspense, the terror that it excited. Her eye glancing fearfully at the stranger—her haggard smile, when, with labouring breath, and in a half-suppressed whisper, she exclaims—

“ My fears were woman’s ! ”—

and her shriek when the well-remembered voice of Biron strikes upon her ear, were transcendant. Nor less so was the scene where Biron discovers her with the dagger, and her horror-stricken look and tone in the soliloquy—

“ What’s to be done ?—for something must be done.  
Two husbands!—Married to both,  
And yet a wife to neither! Hold, my brain ! ”

Her distraction and death were so awful, that we never witnessed the latter scenes of this tragedy without interruption, from the too-strongly excited feelings of the audience.

☞ D—G.

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## Costume.

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**COUNT BALDWIN.**—Green shirt, crimson velvet arm-hole cloak, with sleeves to hang under, edged with white fur, and richly embroidered, red stockings and yellow shoes.

**BIRON.**—Green Hussar dress, cap and feather, pelisse trimmed with fur, yellow boots.

**BIRON'S SON.**—Black tunic, black hose and shoes; second dress, green tunic, trimmed with silver, pink sash, white silk hose, white shoes.

**VILLEROY.**—Crimson and gold doublet and breeches, trimmed with blue satin, blue satin sash, white silk hose, white shoes, black velvet cap, and white plumes; second dress, buff cassimere dress same shape, richly trimmed with silver, white satin sash, white shoes and roses.

**CARLOS.**—Puce cloth doublet, sleeves slashed with blue satin, and slashed with the same down the front, large breeches to match, the dress trimmed all over with button-holes of silver, blue satin sash, white silk hose, yellow boots, large drab beaver hat, blue band, rose and feathers.

**MAURICE.**—Buff doublet and breeches, puffed with scarlet, and trimmed with silver, sash, white hose, yellow shoes.

**BELFORD.**—Scarlet doublet and breeches, trimmed with silver, and puff'd with white, sash, yellow boots.

**SAMPSON.**—Blue livery, puff'd with yellow, porter's robe, with knots; second dress, purple livery, crimson puffs, and silver lace, to match Villeroy's servants.

**SHERIFFS' OFFICERS.**—Black gowns with knots.

**BRAVOS.**—Dark shape dresses.

**ISABELLA.**—Black velvet dress, black veil; second dress, white satin, trimmed with silver; third dress, white muslin.

**NURSE.**—Blue and white broad striped cotton gown, white apron.

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### *Cast of the Characters as performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, 1824.*

<i>Count Baldwin.</i>	.....	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Biron.</i>	.....	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Biron's Son.</i>	.....	Master Boden.
<i>Carlos.</i>	.....	Mr. Bennett.
<i>Villeroy.</i>	.....	Mr. Cooper.
<i>Maurice.</i>	.....	Mr. Henry.
<i>Belford.</i>	.....	Mr. Claremont.
<i>Officer.</i>	.....	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Sampson.</i>	.....	Mr. Meadows.
 <i>Isabella.</i>	.....	 Mrs. Sloman.
<i>Nurse.</i>	.....	Mrs. Pearce.

# ISABELLA.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*A Street.*

*Enter VILLEROY and CARLOS. R.*

*Car. (R. C.)* This constancy of yours will establish an immortal reputation among the women.

*Vil. (L. C.)* If it would establish me with Isabella—

*Car.* Follow her, follow her: Troy town was won at last.

*Vil.* I have followed her these seven years, and now but live in hopes.

*Car.* But live in hopes! Why hope is the ready road, the lover's baiting place; and, for aught you know, but one stage short of the possession of your mistress.

*Vil.* But my hopes, I fear, are more of my own making than her's; and proceed rather from my wishes, than any encouragement she has given me.

*Car.* That I can't tell: the sex is very various: there are no certain measures to be prescribed or followed, in making our approaches to the women. All that we have to do, I think, is to attempt them in the weakest part. Press them but hard, and they will all fall under the necessity of a surrender at last. That favour comes at once; and sometimes when we least expect it.

*Vil.* I shall be glad to find it so. [*Going L.*] I'm going to visit her.

*Car. (c.)* What interest a brother-in-law can have with her, depend upon.

*Vil. [Turns.]* I know your interest, and I thank you.

*Car.* You are prevented; see the mourner comes: She weeps, as seven years were seven hours; So fresh, unfading is the memory

Of my poor brother's, Biron's death :  
 I leave you to your opportunity. [*Exit VILLEROY, L.*  
 Though I have taken care to root her from our house,  
 I would transplant her into Villeroy's—  
 There is an evil fate that waits upon her,  
 To which I wish him wedded—only him :  
 His upstart family, with haughty brow,  
 (Though Villeroy and myself are seeming friends,)  
 Looks down upon our house ; his sister too,  
 Whose hand I ask'd, and was with scorn refused,  
 Lives in my breast, and fires me to revenge. —  
 [*Looking L.*

They bend this way. —  
 Perhaps, at last, she seeks my father's doors ;  
 They shall be shut, and he prepared to give  
 The beggar and her brat a cold reception.  
 That boy's an adder in my path. [*Going, R.*] They  
 come,  
 I'll stand apart, and watch their motions. [*Exit, R.*

*Enter VILLEROY and ISABELLA, with her Child, L.*

*Isa.* [*With her Child on her R.*] Why do you follow  
 me ? you know I am  
 A bankrupt every way ; too far engaged  
 Ever to make return : I own you have been  
 More than a brother to me, my friend :  
 And at a time when friends are found no more,  
 A friend to my misfortunes,  
*Vil.* (L. c.) I must be  
 Always your friend.  
*Isa.* I have known, and found you  
 Truly my friend ; and would I could be yours.  
 But the unfortunate cannot be friends  
 Pray begone,  
 Take warning, and be happy.  
*Vil.* Happiness !

There's none for me without you. —  
 What serve the goods of fortune for ? To raise  
 My hopes, that you at last will share them with me.

*Isa.* I must not hear you.

*Vil.* Thus, at this awful distance, I have served  
 A seven years' bondage. Do I call it bondage,  
 When I can never wish to be redeem'd ?  
 No, let me rather linger out a life  
 Of expectation, that you may be mine,  
 Than be restored to the indifference



Of seeing you, without this pleasing pain :  
I've lost myself, and never would be found,  
But in these arms.

*Isa.* Oh, I have heard all this !

——But must no more——the charmer is no more :

My buried husband rises in the face

Of my dear boy, and chides me for my stay :

Canst thou forgive me, child ? *[Embracing Child.*

*Vil.* What can I say !

The arguments that make against my hopes

Prevail upon my heart, and fix me more ;

When yet a virgin, free, and undisposed,

I loved, but saw you only with mine eyes ;

I could not reach the beauties o' your soul :

I have since lived in contemplation,

And long experience of your growing goodness :

What then was passion, is my judgment now,

Through all the several changes of your life,

Confirm'd and settled in adoring you.

*Isa.* Nay, then I must begone. If you are my  
friend,

If you regard my little interest,

No more of this.

I'm going to my father : he needs not an excuse

To use me ill : pray leave me to the trial.

*Vil.* I'm only born to be what you would have me,

The creature of your power, and must obey,

In every thing obey you. I am going :

But all good fortune go along with you.

*[Exit L.*

*Isa.* I shall need all your wishes——

*[Crosses to COUNT BALDWIN'S house R.—Knocks.*

Lock'd ! and fast !

Where is the charity that used to stand

In our forefathers' hospitable days

At great men's doors,

Like the good angel of the family,

With open arms taking the needy in,

To feed and clothe, to comfort and relieve them ?

Now even their gates are shut against the poor

*[Knocks again.*

*SAMPSON opens the door and comes out.*

*Samp. (R.)* Well, what's to do now, I trow ? You  
knock as loud as if you were invited ; and that's more  
than I heard of ; but I can tell you, you may look twice

about for a welcome in a great man's family, before you find it, unless you bring it along with you.

*Isa.* (R.) I hope I bring my welcome along with me : Is your lord at home ?

*Samp.* My lord at home !

*Isa.* Count Baldwin lives here still ?

*Samp.* Ay, ay, Count Baldwin does live here : and I am his porter ; but what's that to the purpose, good woman, of my lord's being at home ?

*Isa.* Why don't you know me, friend ?

*Samp.* Not I, not I, mistress ; I may have seen you before, or so ; but men of employment must forget their acquaintances ; especially such as we are never to be the better for. *[Going to shut the Door.]*

*NURSE appears at the door.*

*Nurse.* Handsomer words would become you, and mend your manners, Sampson : do you know who you prate to ?

*Isa.* I am glad you know me, Nurse.

*Nurse.* *[Coming out.]* Marry, Heav'n forbid, madam, that I should ever forget you, or my little jewel : pray go in *[Isabella goes in with her Child.]* Now my blessing go along with you, wherever you go, or whatever you are about. Fie, Sampson, how could'st thou be such a Saracen ! A Turk would have been a better Christian, than to have done so barbarously by so good a lady.

*Samp.* *[Both c.]* Why, look you, Nurse, I know you of old : by your good will, you would have a finger in every body's pye, but mark the end on't : if I am called to account about it, I know what I have to say.

*Nurse.* Marry come up here ; say your pleasure, and spare not. Refuse his eldest son's widow and poor child the comfort of seeing him ? She does not trouble him so often.

*Samp.* Not that I am against it, Nurse, but we are but servants, you know ; we must have no likings, but our lord's, and must do as we are ordered. But what is the business, Nurse ? You have been in the family before I came into the world : what's the reason, pray, that this daughter-in-law, who has so good a report in every body's mouth, is so little set by by my lord ?

*Nurse.* Why, I tell you, Sampson, more or less : I'll tell the truth, that's my way, you know, without adding or diminishing.

**Samp.** Aye, marry, Nurse.

**Nurse.** My lord's eldest son, Biron by name, the son of his bosom, and the son that he would have loved best, if he had as many as king Pyramus of Troy—this Biron, as I was saying, was a lovely sweet gentleman, and, indeed, nobody could blame his father for loving him: he was a son for the king of Spain; Heaven bless him, for I was his nurse. But now I come to the point, Sampson; this Biron, without asking the advice of his friends, hand over head, as young men will have their vagaries, not having the fear of his father before his eyes, as I may say, wilfully marries this Isabella

**Samp.** How, wilfully! he should have had her consent, methinks.

**Nurse.** No, wilfully marries her; and which was worse, after she had settled all her fortune upon a nun-nery, which she broke out of to run away with him. They say they had the church's forgiveness, but I had rather it had been his father's.

**Samp.** Why, in good truth, I think our young master was not in the wrong but in marrying without a portion.

**Nurse.** That was the quarrel, I believe, Sampson; upon this, my old lord would never see him: disinherited him; took his younger brother, Carlos, into favour, whom he never cared for before; and, at last, forced Biron to go to the siege of Candy, where he was killed.

**Samp.** Alack-a-day, poor gentleman!

**Nurse.** For which my old lord hates her, as if she had been the cause of his going there.

**Samp.** Alas, poor lady! she has suffered for it; she has lived a great while a widow.

**Nurse.** A great while indeed, for a young woman, Sampson.

**Samp.** Gad so; here they come; I won't venture to be seen. [*They retire and confer in the back ground.*]

*Enter from the door* COUNT BALDWIN, *followed by*  
ISABELLA *and her Child.*

**C. Bald. (c.)** Whoever of your friends directed you, Misguided and abused you—There's your way:  
[*Pointing L.*]

What could you expect from me?

**Isa. (r. c.)** Oh, I have nothing to expect on earth!

B



But misery is very apt to talk :  
I thought I might be heard.

*C. Bald.* What can you say ?  
Is there in eloquence, can there be in words,  
A recompensing pow'r, a remedy,  
A reparation of the injuries,  
The great calamities, that you have brought  
On me and mine ? You have destroyed those hopes  
I fondly raised, through my declining life,  
To rest my age upon ; and most undone me.

*Isa.* I have undone myself too.

*C. Bald.* Speak it again ;  
Say still you are undone ; and I will hear you,  
With pleasure hear you.

*Isa.* Would my ruin please you ?

*C. Bald.* Beyond all other pleasures.

*Isa.* Then you are pleased—for I am most undone.

*C. Bald.* I pray'd but for revenge, and Heav'n has  
heard,

And sent it to my wishes : these grey hairs  
Would have gone down in sorrow to the grave,  
Which you have dug for me, without the thought,  
he thought of leaving you more wretched here.

*Isa.* Indeed I am most wretched—

lost with Biron all the joys of life :

But now its last supporting means are gone.

All the kind helps that Heav'n in pity raised,

In charitable pity to our wants,

At last have left us : now bereft of all,

But this last trial of a cruel father,

To save us both from sinking. Oh, my child !

Kneel with me, knock at nature in his heart :

[*Both kneel to him.*]

Let the resemblance of a once-loved son

Speak in this little one, who never wrong'd you,

And plead the fatherless and widow's cause.

Oh, if you ever hope to be forgiven,

As you will need to be forgiven too,

Forget our faults, that Heaven may pardon yours !

*C. Bald.* How dare you mention Heaven ? Call to  
mind

Your perjured vows ; your plighted, broken faith  
To Heav'n, and all things holy ; were you not  
Devoted, wedded to a life recluse,  
The sacred habit on, profess'd and sworn,  
A votary for ever ? Can you think

The sacrilegious wretch, that robs the shrine,  
Is thunder-proof?

*Isa.* There, there, began my woes.  
Oh! had I never seen my Biron's face,  
Had he not tempted me, I had not fall'n,  
But still continued innocent and free  
Of a bad world, which only he had pow'r  
To reconcile, and make me try again.

*C. Bald.* Your own inconstancy  
Reconciled you to the world:  
He had no hand to bring you back again,  
But what you gave him, Circe, you prevail'd  
Upon his honest mind; and what he did  
Was first inspired by you.

*Isa.* Not for myself—for I am past the hopes  
Of being heard—but for this innocent—  
And then I never will disturb you more.

*C. Bald.* I almost pity the unhappy child:  
But being yours—

*Isa.* Look on him as your son's;  
And let his part in him answer for mine.  
Oh, save, defend him, save him from the wrongs  
That fall upon the poor!

*C. Bald.* It touches me—  
And I will save him—[*Snatches the child's hand.*]  
—But to keep him safe,  
Never come near him more.

*Isa.* What! take him from me?  
No, we must never part;—[*Pulls the child away from him*]  
—'tis the last hold  
Of comfort I have left; and when he fails  
All goes along with him: Oh! could you be  
The tyrant to divorce life from my life?  
I live but in my child,  
No, let me pray in vain, and beg my bread  
From door to door, to feed his daily wants,  
Rather than always lose him.

*C. Bald.* (R.) Then have your child, and feed him  
with your prayers. Away!

*Isa.* Then Heaven have mercy on me!

[*Exit, with child, L.*]  
*C. Bald.* You rascal slave, what do I keep you for?  
How came this woman in?

*Samp.* [*Both advance.*] Why, indeed, my lord, I  
did as good as tell her before, my thoughts upon the  
Subject. (?)

*C. Bald.* Did you so, sir? Now then tell her mine: Tell her I sent you to her. There's one more to provide for. Begone, go all together. Take any road but this to beg or starve in, but never, never see me more. [*Exit into his house.* *SAMPSON and NURSE remain a short time at c. then exeunt, L. weeping.*

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*The Street.*

*Enter VILLEROY, R. and CARLOS, L. meet at c*

*Vil.* My friend, I fear to ask—but Isabella—  
The lovely widow's tears, her orphan's cries,  
Thy father must feel for them?—No, I read,  
I read their cold reception in thine eyes—  
Thou pitiest them—though Baldwin—but I spare him  
For Carlos' sake; thou art no son of his.  
There needs not this to endear thee more to me.

[*Embrace.*]

*Car.* My Villeroy, the fatherless, the widow,  
Are terms not understood within these gates—  
You must forgive him; sir, he thinks this woman  
Is Biron's fate, that hurried him to death—  
I must not think on't, lest my friendship stagger  
My friend's, my sister's mutual advantage,  
Have reconciled my bosom to its task.

*Vil. (R. c.)* Advantage! think not I intend to raise  
An interest from Isabella's wrongs.  
Your father may have interested ends  
In her undoing; but my heart has none;  
Her happiness must be my interest,  
And that I would restore.

*Car. (L. c.)* Why, so I mean.  
These hardships, that my father lays upon her,  
I'm sorry for, and wish I could prevent;  
But he will have his way. Since there's no hope  
From her prosperity, her change of fortune

May alter the condition of her thoughts,  
And make for you.

*Vil.* She is above her fortune.

*Car.* Try her again. Women commonly love  
According to the circumstances they are in.

*Vil.* Common women may.

No, though I live but in the hopes of her,  
And languish for th' enjoyment of those hopes ;  
I'd rather pine in a consuming want  
Of what I wish, than have the blessing mine,  
From any reason but consenting love.  
Oh ! let me never have it to remember,  
I could betray her coldly to comply :  
When a clear gen'rous choice bestows her on me,  
I know to value the unequall'd gift :  
I would not have it, but to value it.

*Car.* Take your own way ; remember, what I offer'd  
Came from a friend.

*Vil.* I understand it so. [Crossing to L.  
I'll serve her for herself, without the thought  
Of a reward. [Exit, L.

*Car.* Agree that point between you.  
If you marry her any way, you do my business.  
I know him—What his generous soul intends  
Ripens my plots—I'll first to Isabella.—  
I must keep up appearances with her too. [Exit, R.

### SCENE II.—A Room in ISABELLA'S House.

ISABELLA sitting, and NURSE discovered. ISABELLA'S  
Son at play on her R.

*Isa.* Sooner, or later, all things pass away,  
And are no more. The beggar and the king,  
With equal steps, tread forward to their end ;  
The reconciling grave  
Swallows distinction first, that made us foes ;  
Then all alike lie down in peace together.  
When will that hour of peace arrive for me ?  
In Heav'n I shall find it. Not in Heaven,  
If my old tyrant father can dispose  
Of things above. But there his interest  
May be as poor as mine, and want a friend  
As much as I do here. [Weeping.]

*Nurse.* Good madam, be comforted

*Isa.* [Rises.] Do I deserve to be this outcast wretch,

Abandon'd thus, and lost? But 'tis my lot,  
 The will of Heav'n, and I must not complain:  
 I will not for myself: let me bear all  
 The violence of your wrath; but spare my child:  
 Let not my sins be visited on him.  
 They are; they must; a general ruin falls  
 On every thing about me: thou art lost,  
 Poor Nurse, by being near me.

*Nurse.* I can work, or beg, to do you service.

*Isa.* Could I forget  
 What I have been, I might the better bear  
 What I am destined to. Wild hurrying thoughts  
 Start every way from my distracted soul,  
 To find out hope, and only meet despair.  
 What answer have I?

*Enter SAMPSON, L.*

*Samp.* Why, truly, very little to the purpose: like  
 a Jew as he is, he says you have had more already  
 than the jewels are worth: he wishes you would  
 rather think of redeeming 'em, than expect any more  
 money upon 'em. *[Exit SAMPSON, L.]*

*Isa.* So:—poverty at home, and debts abroad!  
 My present fortune bad; my hopes yet worse!  
 What will become of me!  
 This ring is all I have left of value now;  
 'Twas given me by my husband; his first gift  
 Upon our marriage: I've always kept it  
 With my best care, the treasure next my life:  
 And now but part with it to support life,  
 Which only can be dearer. *[Takes off the ring.]* Take  
 it, Nurse,  
 'Twill stop the cries of hunger for a time;  
 Take care of it:  
 Manage it as the last remaining friend  
 That would relieve us. *[Exit NURSE, L.]* Heav'n can  
 only tell  
 Where we shall find another *[goes back and sits.]* My  
 dear boy' *[Embraces him.]*  
 The labour of his birth was lighter to me  
 Than of my fondness now; my fears for him  
 Are more than, in that hour of hovering death,  
 They could be for myself—He minds me not,  
 His little sports have taken up his thoughts:  
 Oh, may they never feel the pangs of mine! *[Rises.]*  
 Thinking will make me mad: why must I think,

When no thought brings me comfort?

*Enter NURSE, L.*

*Nurse. (L.)* Oh, madam! you are utterly ruined and undone; your creditors of all kinds are come in upon you; they have mustered up a regiment of rogues, that are come to plunder your house, and seize upon all you have in the world: they are below. What will you do, madam?

*Isa.* Do! nothing! no, for I am born to suffer.

*Enter CARLOS, L. hastily.—NURSE goes back.*

*Car. (L. c.)* Oh, sister! can I call you by that name,  
And be the son of this inhuman man,  
Inveterate to your ruin?  
Do not think I am akin to his barbarity.  
I must abhor my father's usage of you.  
Can you think  
Of any way that I may serve you in?  
But what enrages most my sense of grief,  
My sorrow for your wrongs, is, that my father,  
Foreknowing well the storm that was to fall,  
Has ordered me not to appear for you.

*Isa. (R. c.)* I thank your pity; my poor husband fell  
For disobeying him; do not you stay  
To venture his displeasure too for me.

*Car.* You must resolve on something *[Exit, L.]*

*Isa.* Let my fate  
Determine for me; I shall be prepared.  
The worst that can befall me is to die.  
Hark, they are coming: let the torrent roar:  
It can but overwhelm me in its fall;  
And life and death are now alike to me.

*[Exit, R.—NURSE follows, leading the Child.]*

### SCENE III.—Antichamber in Isabella's House.

*Enter CARLOS and VILLEROY, with Officers, L.*

*Vil. (c.)* No farther violence —  
The debt in all is but four thousand crowns.  
Were it ten times the sum, I think you know  
My fortune very well can answer it.  
You have my word for this: I'll see you paid.

*Off. (L.)* That's as much as we can desire: so we  
have the money, no matter whence it comes.

*Vil.* (L. c.) To-morrow you shall have it.

*Car.* Thus far all's well—

And now my sister comes to crown the work.

*Isa.* [*Without, R.*] Where are these rav'ning blood-  
hounds, that pursue  
In a full cry, gaping to swallow me?

*Enter ISABELLA, NURSE, and CHILD, R.—NURSE and  
CHILD stand R. a little back.*

I meet your rage, and come to be devoured;  
Say, which way are you to dispose of me;  
To dungeons, darkness, death?

*Car.* (c.) Have patience.

*Isa.* (R. c.) Patience!

*Off.* (L.) You'll excuse us, we are but in our office.  
Debts must be paid.

*Isa.* My death will pay you all. [*Distractedly*

*Off.* While there is law to be had, people will have  
their own.

*Vil.* 'Tis very fit they should; but pray be gone.  
To-morrow certainly— [*Exeunt OFFICERS, L.*

*Isa.* What of to-morrow?

Must I be reserved for fresh afflictions?

*Vil.* For long happiness of life, I hope.

*Isa.* There is no hope for me.

The load grows light, when we resolve to bear:  
I'm ready for my trial.

*Car.* Pray, be calm,  
And know your friends.

*Isa.* My friends! Have I a friend?

*Car.* A faithful friend; in your extremest need,  
Villeroy came in to save you—

*Isa.* Save me! How?

*Car.* By satisfying all your creditors.

*Isa.* Which way? for what?

*Vil.* (L.) Let me be understood,  
And then condemn me: you have given me leave  
To be your friend; and in that only name  
I now appear before you [*C. CARLOS goes L.*] I could wish  
There had been no occasion of a friend,  
Because I know you hate to be obliged;  
And still more loth to be obliged by me.

*Isa.* 'Twas that I would avoid—

*Vil.* I'm most unhappy that my services  
Can be suspected to design upon you;

[*Aside.*



I have no farther ends than to redeem you  
 From fortune's wrongs ; to shew myself at last,  
 What I have long profess'd to be, your friend :  
 Allow me that ; and to convince you more,  
 That I intend only your interest,  
 Forgive what I have done, and in amends  
 (If that can make you any, that can please you)  
 I'll tear myself for ever from my hopes,  
 Stifle this flaming passion in my soul,  
 And mention my unlucky love no more.

*Isa.* This generosity will ruin me. [Aside.

*Vil.* Nay, if the blessing of my looking on you  
 Disturbs your peace, I will do all I can  
 To keep away, and never see you more. [Going, l.

*Car.* [Stopping him.] You must not go.

*Vil.* (L.) Could Isabella speak  
 Those few short words, I should be rooted here,  
 And never move but upon her commands.  
*Car.* [Goes to her, R. C.] Speak to him, sister ; do  
 not throw away

A fortune that invites you to be happy.  
 In your extremity he begs your love ;  
 And has deserved it nobly. Think upon  
 Your lost condition, helpless and alone.  
 Though now you have a friend, the time must come  
 That you will want one ; him you may secure  
 To be a friend, a father, a husband to you.

*Isa.* A husband !

*Car.* You have discharged your duty to the dead,  
 And to the living ! 'tis a wilfulness  
 Not to give way to your necessities,  
 That force you to this marriage.

*Nurse.* [Leading forward the Child.] What must  
 become of this poor innocence ?

[To the Child.]

*Car.* He wants a father to protect his youth,  
 And rear him up to virtue : you must bear  
 The future blame, and answer to the world,  
 When you refuse the easy, honest means  
 Of taking care of him.

*Isa.* Do not think I need  
 Your reasons to confirm my gratitude.—  
 I have a soul that's truly sensible  
 Of your great worth, and busy to contrive,  
 If possible, to make you a return. [To VILLEROY

*Vil.* Oh, easily possible !

*Isa.* It cannot be your way : my pleasures are  
Buried, and cold in my dead husband's grave ;  
And I should wrong the truth, myself, and you,  
To say that I can ever love again.  
I owe this declaration to myself :  
But as a proof that I owe all to you,  
If, after what I have said, you can resolve  
To think me worth your love—[*VILLEROY advances*  
*to her.* ]—Where am I going ?  
You cannot think it ; 'tis impossible.

*Vil.* Impossible ! [ *CARLOS crosses towards L.*

*Isa.* You should not ask me now, nor should I grant ;  
I am so much obliged, that to consent  
Would want a name to recommend the gift :  
'Twould show me poor, indebted, and compelled,  
Designing, mercenary : and I know  
You would not wish to think I could be bought.

*Vil.* Be bought ! where is the price that can pretend  
To bargain for you ? Not in Fortune's power.  
The joys of Heav'n, and love, must be bestowed ;  
They are not to be sold, and cannot be deserved.

*Isa.* Some other time I'll hear you on this subject.

*Vil.* Nay, then there is no time so fit for me.  
[ *Following her.*

Since you consent to hear me, hear me now ;  
That you may grant : you are above [ *Takes her hand.*  
The little forms which circumscribe your sex ;  
We differ but in time, let that be mine.

*Isa.* You think fit  
To get the better of me, and you shall ;  
Since you will have it so—I will be yours.  
[ *CARLOS exults apart, L.*

*Vil.* I take you at your word.

*Isa.* I give you all,  
My hand : and would I had a heart to give :  
But if it ever can return again,  
'Tis wholly yours.

*Vil.* Oh ecstasy of joy !  
Leave that to me. If all my services,  
If all that man can fondly say or do,  
Can beget love, love shall be born again,  
Oh, Carlos ! now my friend and brother too :  
And, Nurse, I have eternal thanks for thee.

[ *Exeunt NURSE and Child, R.*  
This night you must be mine.

Let me command in this, and all my life  
Shall be devoted to you.

*Isa.* On your word,  
Never to press me to put off these weeds,  
Which best become my melancholy thoughts,  
You shall command me.

*Vil.* Witness, Heaven and earth,  
Against my soul, when I do any thing  
To give you a disquiet.

*Car.* [*Goes to c.*] I long to wish you joy.

*Vil.* You'll be a witness of my happiness?

*Car.* For once I'll be my sister's father,  
And give her to you.

*Vil.* Next my Isabella,  
Be near my heart : I am for ever yours.     [*Exeunt, R.*]

END OF ACT II.

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### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—*Count Baldwin's House.*

*Enter* COUNT BALDWIN, R. and CARLOS, L.

*C. Bald.* (c.) Married to Villeroy, say'st thou?

*Car.* (c.) Yes, my lord.

Last night the priest perform'd his holy office,  
And made them one.

*C. Bald.* (L. c.) Misfortune join them !

And may her violated vows pull down

A lasting curse, a constancy of sorrow

On both their heads.

*Car.* (R. c.) Soon he'll hate her ;

Though warm and violent in his raptures now,

When full enjoyment palls his sicken'd sense,

And reason with satiety returns,

Her cold constrain'd acceptance of his hand

Will gall his pride, which (though of late o'erpower'd

By stronger passions) will, as they grow weak,

Rise in full force, and pour its vengeance on her.

**C. Bald.** Now, Carlos, take example to thy aid ;  
 Let Biron's disobedience, and the curse  
 He took into his bosom, prove a warning,  
 A monitor to thee, to keep thy duty  
 Firm and unshaken.

**Car.** [*Kneels.*] May those rankling wounds,  
 Which Biron's disobedience gave my father,  
 Be heal'd by me.

**C. Bald.** With tears I thank thee, Carlos—

[*Raises him.*]

And may'st thou ever feel those inward joys,  
 Thy duty gives thy father—but, my son,  
 We must not let resentment choke our justice ;  
 'Tis fit that Villeroy know he has no claim  
 From me, in right of Isabella.—Biron,  
 (Whose name brings tears) when wedded to this wo-  
 man,

By me abandon'd, sunk the little fortune  
 His uncle left, in vanity and fondness :  
 I am possess'd of those your brother's papers,  
 Which now are Villeroy's, and, should aught remain,  
 In justice it is his ; from me to him  
 You shall convey them—follow me, and take them.

[*Exit C. BALDWIN, L.*]

**Car.** Yes, I will take them ; but ere I part with  
 them,

I will be sure my interest will not suffer  
 By these his high, refined, fantastic notions  
 Of equity and right.—What a paradox  
 Is man ! My father here, who boasts his honour,  
 And even but now was warm in praise of justice,  
 Can steel his heart against the widow's tears,  
 And infant's wants : the widow and the infant  
 Of Biron ; of his son, his fav'rite son.  
 'Tis ever thus weak minds, who court opinion,  
 And dead to virtuous feeling, hide their wants  
 In pompous affectation—Now to Villeroy—  
 Ere this his friends, for he is much beloved,  
 Crowd to his house, and with their nuptial songs  
 Awake the wedded pair : I'll join the throng,  
 And in my face, at least, bear joy and friendship.

[*Exit, R.*]

SCENE II.—*A Ball Room in VILLEROY's House,  
and music across back ground, with MAURICE,  
and other Friends of VILLEROY, R. and L.*

*Enter a SERVANT, R,*

*Maur. (L. c.)* Where's your master, my good friend?

*Serv. (R. c.)* Within, sir,

Preparing for the welcome of his friends.

*Maur. (L. c.)* Acquaint him we are here; yet stay.

*[Exit SERVANT, R]*

The voice of music gently shall surprise him,

And breathe our salutations to his ear.

Strike up the strain to Villeroy's happiness,

To Isabella's—But he's here already.

*Enter VILLEROY, R,*

*Vil. (R.)* My friends,

Welcome all——

What means this preparation? *[Seeing the Music.]*

*Maur.* A slight token

Of our best wishes for your growing happiness.——

You must permit our friendship——

*Vil.* You oblige me——

*Maur.* But your lovely bride,

That wonder of her sex, she must appear,

And add new brightness to this happy morning.

*Vil.* She is not yet prepared; and let her will,

My worthiest friend determine her behaviour;

To win, and not to force her disposition,

Has been my seven years task. She will anon

Speak welcome to you all. The music stays.

*[VILLEROY and his Friends seat themselves, R.]*

### EPITHALAMIUM.

*Woman.* Let all, let all be gay,  
Begin the rapturous lay,  
Let mirth, let mirth and joy,  
Each happy hour employ  
Of this fair bridal day.

*Vil. [Rises, and stands c.]* I thank you for this proof  
of your affection:

I am so much transported with the thoughts  
Of what I am, I know not what I do.  
My Isabella!——but, possessing her,

c

Who would not lose himself?—

Where's Carlos now?

Methinks I am but half myself without him.

*Maur.* This is wonderful! married, and yet in raptures.

*Vil.* Oh! when you all get wives, and such as mine,  
(If such another woman can be found)

You will rave too, dote on the dear content,

And prattle in their praise out of all bounds.

I cannot speak my bliss! 'Tis in my head,

'Tis in my heart, and takes up all my soul—

The labour of my fancy.—

*Enter ISABELLA and Child, R.*

My Isabella! Oh, the joy of my heart,

That I have leave at last to call you mine!

But let me look upon you, view you well.

This is a welcome gallantry indeed!

I durst not ask, but it was kind to grant,

Just at this time: dispensing with your dress

Upon this second day to greet our friends.

*Isa.* (c.) Black might be ominous:

I would not bring ill luck along with me.

*Vil.* (c.) Oh! if your melancholy thoughts could  
change

With shifting of your dress—Time has done cures

Incredible this way, and may again.

*Isa.* I could have wish'd, if you had thought it fit,

Our marriage had not been so public.

*Vil.* Do not you grudge me my excess of love;

That was a cause it could not be conceal'd:

Besides, 'twould injure the opinion

I have of my good fortune, having you;

And lessen it in other people's thoughts.

*Enter CARLOS, R.*

*Vil.* My Carlos too, who came in to the support

Of our bad fortune, has an honest right,

In better times, to share the good with us.

*Car.* I come to claim that right, to share your joy;

To wish you joy; and find it in myself;

For a friend's happiness reflects a warmth,

A kindly comfort, into every heart

That is not envious.

[*Leads the Child R. and appears to fondle him.*]

*Vil.* He must be a friend indeed,  
Who is not envious of a happiness  
So absolute as mine : there is the cause ;  
Thank her for what I am, and what must be :

[*Music flourish.*]

I see you mean a second entertainment,  
My dearest Isabella, you must hear  
The raptures of my friends ; from thee they spring ;  
Thy virtues have diffused themselves around,  
And made them all as happy as myself.

*Isa.* I feel their favours with a grateful heart,  
And willingly comply.

[*VILLEROY, ISABELLA, CARLOS, and CHILD sit R.  
attendants stand at their backs.*]

### EPITHALAMIUM.

*Man.* Ye love-wing'd hours, your flight,  
Your downy flight prepare,  
Bring every soft delight  
To sooth the brave and fair.  
Hail, happy pair, thus in each other bless'd ;  
Be ever free from care, of ev'ry joy possess'd !

### DUETT.

Take the gifts the gods intend ye ;  
Grateful meet the proffer'd joy ;  
Truth and honour shall attend ye ;  
Charms that ne'er can change or cloy.

Oh, the raptures of possessing,  
Taking beauty to thy arms !  
Oh, the joy, the lasting blessing,  
When with virtue beauty charms !  
Purer flames shall gently warm ye ;  
Love and honour both shall charm thee.

*Car.* You'll take my advice another time, sister.

[*ISABELLA droops—all rise.*]

*Vil.* What have you done ? A rising smile  
Stole from her thoughts, just redd'ning on her cheek,  
And you have dash'd it.

*Car.* I'm sorry for't.

*Vil.* My friends, you will forgive me, when I own,  
I must prefer her peace to all the world !  
Come, Isabella, let us lead the way :  
Within we'll speak our welcome to our friends,  
And crown the happy festival with joy.

[*Exeunt, R.—Scene closes.*]



## SCENE III.—A Room.

*Enter SAMPSON and NURSE, R. laughing.*

*Samp.* Ay, marry, nurse, here's a master, indeed! He'll double our wages for us! If he comes on as fast with my lady, as he does with his servants, we are all in the way to be well pleased.

*Nurse.* He's in a rare humour; if she be in as good a one——

*Samp.* If she be, marry, we may e'en say, they have begot it upon one another.

*Nurse.* Well; why don't you go back again to your old Count? You thought your throat cut, I warrant you, to be turned out of a nobleman's service.

*Samp.* For the future, I will never serve in a house where the master or mistress of it lie single: they are out of humour with every body when they are not pleased themselves. Now, this matrimony makes every thing go well. There's mirth and money stirring about when those matters go on as they should do.

*Nurse.* Indeed, this matrimony, Sampson——

*Samp.* Ah, nurse! this matrimony is a very good thing——but what, now my lady is married, I hope we shall have company come to the house: there's something always coming from one gentleman or other upon those occasions, if my lady loves company. This feasting looks well, nurse.

*Nurse.* Odso, my master! we must not be seen.

[*Exeunt, L.*]

*Enter VILLEROY, with a letter, and ISABELLA, R.*

*Vil.* I must away this moment—see his letter, Sign'd by himself: alas! he could no more; My brother's desperate, and cannot die In peace, but in my arms.

*Isa.* So suddenly!

*Vil.* Suddenly taken, on the road to Brussels, To do us honour, love: unfortunate! Thus to be torn from thee, and all those charms, Though cold to me and dead.

*Isa.* I'm sorry for the cause.

*Vil.* Oh! could I think, Could I persuade myself, that your concern For me, or for my absence, were the spring, The fountain of these melancholy thoughts,

My heart would dance, spite of the sad occasion.  
And be a gay companion in my journey ;  
But—

*Enter CARLOS, R.*

My good Carlos, why have you left my friends ?

*Car. (R.)* They are departed home.

They saw some sudden melancholy news  
Had stolen the lively colour from your cheek—  
You had withdrawn, the bride, alarm'd, had follow'd :  
Mere ceremony had been constraint ; and this  
Good-natured rudeness—

*Vil.* Was the more obliging.

There, Carlos, is the cause. *[Gives the letter.*

*Car.* Unlucky accident !

Th' Archbishop of Malines, your worthy brother—  
With him to-night ? Sister, will you permit it ?

*Vil.* It must be so.

*Isa.* You hear it must be so.

*Vil.* Oh, that it must !

*Car.* To leave your bride so soon !

*Vil.* But having the possession of my love,  
I am the better able to support  
My absence in the hopes of my return.

*Car.* Your stay will be but short ?

*Vil.* It will seem long !

The longer that my Isabella sighs :  
I shall be jealous of this rival grief,  
It takes so full possession of thy heart,  
There is not room enough for mighty love.

*Enter SERVANT, boms, and exit, L.*

My horses wait : farewell, my love ! You, Carlos,  
Will act a brother's part, till I return,  
And be the guardian here. All, all I have  
That's dear to me, I give up to your care.

*Car.* And I receive her as a friend and brother.

*Vil.* Nay, stir not, love ! for the night air is cold,  
And the dews fall—Here be our end of parting ;  
Carlos will see me to my horse. *[Exit with CARLOS.*

*Isa.* Oh, may thy brother better all thy hopes !  
Adieu.

A sudden melancholy bakes my blood !  
Forgive me, Villeroy—I do not find  
That cheerful gratitude thy service asks :  
Yet, if I know my heart, and sure I do,

'Tis not averse from honest obligation.  
I'll to my chamber, and to bed: my mind,  
My harass'd mind is weary.

[*Exit, L.*]

END OF ACT III.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The Street.*

*Enter BIRON and BELFORD, M. D.*

*Bir.* The longest day will have an end; we are got home at last.

*Bel.* We have got our legs at liberty: and liberty is home, where'er we go; though mine lies most in England.

*Bir.* Pray, let me call this yours: for what I can command in Brussels, you shall find your own. I have a father here, who perhaps, after seven years absence, and costing him nothing in my travels, may be glad to see me. You know my story—How does my disguise become me?

*Bel.* Just as you would have it; 'tis natural, and will conceal you.

*Bir.* To-morrow you shall be sure to find me here, as early as you please, this is the house, you have observed the street.

*Bel.* I warrant you: your directions will carry me to my lodgings.

*Bir.* Good night, my friend. [*Exit R.*]

The long-expected moment is arrived!  
And if all here is well, my past sorrows  
Will only heighten my excess of joy;  
And nothing will remain to wish or hope for!

[*Knocks.*]

*Enter SAMPSON, L. D.*

*Samp.* Who's there? What would you have?

*Bir.* Is your lady at home, friend?

*Samp.* Why, truly, friend, it is my employment to answer impertinent questions : but for my lady's being at home, or no, that's just as my lady pleases.

*Bir.* But how shall I know whether it pleases her or no ?

*Samp.* Why, if you'll take my word for it, you may carry your errand back again : she never pleases to see any body at this time of night, that she does not know ; and by your dress and appearance I am sure you must be a stranger to her.

*Bir.* But I have business ; and you don't know how that may please her.

*Samp.* Nay if you have business, she is the best judge whether your business will please her or no : therefore I will proceed in my office, and know of my lady whether or no she is pleased to be at home or no—  
[*Going.*]

*Enter NURSE, L. D.*

*Nurse.* Who's that you are so busy withal ? Methinks you might have found an answer in fewer words : but, Sampson, you love to hear yourself prate sometimes, as well as your betters, that I must say for you. Let me come to him. Who would you speak with, stranger ?

*Bir. (c.)* With you, mistress, if you could help me to speak to your lady.

*Nurse. (c.)* Yes, sir, I can help you in a civil way : but can nobody do your business but my lady ?

*Bir.* Not so well ; but if you carry her this ring, she'll know my business better.

*Nurse.* There's no love-letter in it, I hope ; you look like a civil gentleman. In an honest way, I may bring you an answer.  
[*Exit.*]

*Bir.* My old nurse, only a little older ; they say the tongue grows always : mercy on me ! then her's is seven years longer since I left her. Yet there is something in these servant's folly pleases me ; the cautious conduct of the family appears, and speaks in their impertinence. Well, mistress—

*NURSE returns, L. D.*

*Nurse.* I have deliver'd your ring, sir ! pray Heaven, you bring no bad news along with you !

*Bir.* Quite contrary, I hope.

*Nurse.* Nay, I hope so too ; but my lady was very

much surprised when I gave it her. Sir, I am but a servant, as a body may say ; but if you'll walk in that I may shut the doors, for we keep very orderly hours, I can show you into the parlour and help you to an answer, perhaps as soon as those that are wiser

[*Exit* L. D.

*Bir.* I'll follow you——

Now all my spirits hurry to my heart,

And every sense has taken the alarm

At this approaching interview !

Heavens ! how I tremble !

[*Exit*, L. D.

# SCENE II.—A Chamber.

*Enter* ISABELLA. R.

*Isa.* (c.) I've heard of witches, magic spells, and charms,

That have made nature start from her old course :

The sun has been eclipsed, the moon drawn down

From her career, still paler, and subdued

To the abuses of this under world !

Now I believe all possible. This ring,

This little ring, with necromantic force,

Has raised the ghost of pleasure to my fears ;

Conjured the sense of honour, and of love,

Into such shapes, they fright me from myself :

I dare not think of them——

*Enter* NURSE, L.

*Nurse.* Madam, the gentleman's below.

*Isa.* I had forgot, pray let me speak with him ;

[*Exit* NURSE.

This ring was the first present of my love

To Biron, my first husband : I must blush

To think I have a second. Biron died

(Still to my loss) at Candy ; there's my hope.

Oh, do I live to hope that he died there ?

It must be so ; he's dead, and this ring left,

By his last breath, to some known faithful friend,

To bring me back again ;

That's all I have to trust to——

*Enter* BIRON, and stands L. ISABELLA looking at him.

My fears were woman's—— I have view'd him all :

And let me, let me say it to myself,

I live again, and rise but from his tomb.

*Bir.* Have you forgot me quite ?

*Isa.* Forgot you !

*Bir.* Then farewell my disguise, and my misfortunes,  
My Isabella !

*[He goes to her, she shrieks, and faints.]*

*Isa.* Ha !

*Bir.* Oh ! come again :

Thy Biron summons thee to life and love ;  
Thy once-loved, ever-loving husband calls——  
Thy Biron speaks to thee.

Excess of love and joy, for my return,  
Has overpower'd her——I was to blame  
To take thy sex's softness unprepared :  
But sinking thus, thus dying in my arms,  
This ecstasy has made my welcome more  
Than words could say. Words may be counterfeit,  
False coin'd, and current only from the tongue,  
Without the mind ; but passion's in the soul.  
And always speaks the heart.

*Isa.* Where have I been ? Why do you keep him  
from me ?

I know his voice : my life, upon the wing,  
Hears the soft lure that brings me back again ;  
'Tis he himself, my Biron.

Do I hold you fast,  
Never to part again ?  
If I must fall, death's welcome in these arms.

*Bir.* Live ever in these arms.

*Isa.* But pardon me,  
Excuse the wild disorder of my soul ;  
The joy, the strange surprising joy of seeing you,  
Of seeing you again, distracted me——

*Bir.* Thou everlasting goodness !

*Isa.* Answer me ;

What hand of Providence has brought you back  
To your own home again ?

O, tell me all,  
For every thought confounds me.

*Bir.* My best life ! at leisure, all.

*Isa.* We thought you dead : kill'd at the siege of  
Candy.

*Bir.* There I fell among the dead ;  
But hopes of life reviving from my wounds,  
I was preserved but to be made a slave ;  
I often writ to my hard father, but never had  
An answer ; I writ to thee too——

*Isa.* What a world of woe  
Had been prevented but in hearing from you !

*Bir.* Alas ! thou could'st not help me.

*Isa.* You do not know how much I could have done ;  
At least, I'm sure I could have suffer'd all ;  
I would have sold myself to slavery,  
Without redemption ; given up my child,  
The dearest part of me, to basest wants——

*Bir.* My little boy !

*Isa.* My life but to have heard  
You were alive.

*Bir.* No more, my love ; complaining of the past,  
We lose the present joy. 'Tis over price,  
Of all my pains, that thus we meet again——  
I have a thousand things to say to thee——

*Isa.* 'Would I were past the hearing ! *[Aside.]*

*Bir.* How does my child, my boy, my father, too ?  
I hear he's living still.

*Isa.* Well, both, both well ;  
And may he prove a father to your hopes,  
Though we have found him none.

*Bir.* Come, no more tears.

*Isa.* Seven long years of sorrow for your loss,  
Have mourn'd with me——

*Bir.* And all my days to come  
Shall be employ'd in a kind recompense  
For thy afflictions—Can't I see my boy ?

*Isa.* He's gone to bed : I'll have him brought to you.

*Bir.* To-morrow I shall see him ; I want rest  
Myself, after this weary pilgrimage.

*Isa.* Alas ! what shall I get for you ?

*Bir.* Nothing but rest, my love ! To-night I would  
not

Be known, if possible, to your family :  
I see my nurse is with you ; her welcome  
Would be tedious at this time ;  
To-morrow will do better.

*Isa.* I'll dispose of her, and order every thing  
As you would have it. *[Exit, r.]*

*Bir.* Grant me but life, good Heaven, and give the  
means

To make this wond'rous goodness some amends ;  
And let me then forget her, if I can !  
O ! she deserves of me much more than I  
Can lose for her, though I again could venture  
A father, and his fortune, for her love !



You wretched fathers, blind as fortune all !  
 Not to perceive, that such a woman's worth  
 Weighs down the portions you provide your sons :  
 What is your trash, what all your heaps of gold,  
 Compared to this, my heart-felt happiness ?  
 What has she, in my absence, undergone !  
 I must not think of that ; it drives me back  
 Upon myself, the fatal cause of all.

*Enter ISABELLA, R.*

*Isa.* I have obey'd your pleasure ;  
 Every thing is ready for you

*Bir. (R.)* I can want nothing here ; possessing thee,  
 All my desires are carry'd to their aim  
 Of happiness : there's no room for a wish,  
 But to continue still this blessing to me :  
 I know the way, my love. I shall sleep sound.

*Isa.* Shall I attend you ?

*Bir.* By no means :  
 I've been so long a slave to others' pride,  
 To learn, at least, to wait upon myself ;  
 You'll make haste after——

*Isa.* I'll but say my prayers, and follow you—

*[Exit BIRON, R.]*

My prayers ! no, I must never pray again,  
 Prayers have their blessings, to reward our hopes,  
 But I have nothing left to hope for more.  
 What Heav'n could give I have enjoy'd ; but now  
 The baneful planet rises on my fate,  
 And what's to come is a long life of woe ;  
 Yet I may shorten it——

I promised him to follow—him !  
 Is he without a name ? Biron, my husband—  
 My husband ! ha ! What then is Villeroy ?  
 Oh, Biron, hadst thou come but one day sooner !

*[Weeping.]*

—What's to be done ?—for something must be done.  
 Two husbands ! married to both,  
 And yet a wife to neither ! Hold, my brain——  
 Ha ! a lucky thought  
 Works the right way to rid me of them all ;  
 All the reproaches, infamies and scorns,  
 That every tongue and finger will find for me.  
 Let the just horror of my apprehensions  
 But keep me warm—no matter what can come.  
 'Tis but a blow—yet I will see him first——

Have a last look, to heighten my despair,  
And then to rest for ever.—

[*Going.*]

*BIRON meets her.*

*Bir.* Despair and rest for ever ! Isabella !  
These words are far from thy condition ;  
And be they ever so. I heard thy voice,  
And could not bear thy absence ; come, my love !  
You have stay'd long, there's nothing, nothing sure  
Now to despair of in succeeding fate.

*Isa.* I am contented to be miserable,  
But not this way ; I've been too long abused,  
Let me sleep on, to be deceived no more.

*Bir.* Look up, my love, I never did deceive thee,  
Nor ever can ; believe thyself, thy eyes  
That first inflamed, and lit me to my love,  
Those stars, that still must guide me to my joys.

*Isa.* And me to my undoing : I look round,  
And find no path, but leading to the grave.

*Bir.* I cannot understand thee.

*Isa.* If marriages  
Are made in Heaven, they should be happier :  
Why was I made this wretch ?

*Bir.* Has marriage made thee wretched ?

*Isa.* Miserable, beyond the reach of comfort.

*Bir.* Do I live to hear thee say so ?

*Isa.* Why, what did I say ?

*Bir.* That I have made thee miserable.

*Isa.* No : you are my only earthly happiness :  
And my false tongue belied my honest heart,  
If it said otherwise

*Bir.* And yet you said,  
Your marriage made you miserable.

*Isa.* I know not what I said :  
I've said too much, unless I could speak all.

*Bir.* Thy words are wild ; my eyes, my ears, my  
heart,  
Were all so full of thee, so much employ'd  
In wonder of thy charms, I could not find it ;  
Now I perceive it plain——

*Isa.* You'll tell nobody——

*Bir.* Thou art not well.

*Isa.* Indeed I am not ; I knew that before ;  
But where's the remedy ?

*Bir.* Rest will relieve thy cares ; come, come, no  
more ;  
I'll banish sorrow from thee.

*Isa.* Banish first the cause.

*Bir.* Heaven knows how willingly!

*Isa.* You are the only cause.

*Bir.* Am I the cause? the cause of thy misfortunes?

*Isa.* The fatal innocent cause of all my woes.

*Bir.* Is this my welcome home? This the reward  
Of all my miseries, long labours, pains,  
And pining wants of wretched slavery,  
Which I've outlived, only in hopes of thee;  
Am I thus paid at last for deathless love;  
And call'd the cause of thy misfortunes now?

*Isa.* Inquire no more; 'twill be explain'd too soon.

[*Going off, L.*

*Bir.* What! canst thou leave me too?

*Isa.* Pray let me go;

For both our sakes, permit me——

*Bir.* Rack me not with imaginations  
Of things impossible——Thou canst not mean  
What thou hast said——Yet something she must mean.  
—'Twas madness all——Compose thyself, my love!  
The fit is past; all may be well again:  
Let us to bed

*Isa.* To bed! You've raised the storm  
Will sever us for ever.

*Bir.* Nothing shall ever part us.

*Isa.* Oh! there's a fatal story to be told;  
Be deaf to that, as Heaven has been to me!  
When thou shalt hear how much thou hast been  
wrong'd,  
How wilt thou curse thy fond believing heart,  
Tear me from the warm bosom of thy love,  
And throw me like a poisonous weed away!  
All things have their end.

When I am dead, forgive and pity me. [Exit, L.

*Bir.* Stay, my Isabella!

What can she mean? These doubtings will distract  
me:

Some hidden mischief soon will burst to light;  
I cannot bear it——I must be satisfied——  
'Tis she, my wife, must clear this darkness to me.

She shall—if the sad tale at last must come,  
She is my fate, and best can speak my doom.

[Exit.

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## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber.**Enter BIRON and NURSE, L.*

*Bir.* I know enough : th' important question  
Of life or death, fearful to be resolved,  
Is clear'd to me : I see where it must end :  
And need inquire no more—Pray, let me have  
Pen, ink, and paper : I must write a while,  
And then I'll try to rest—to rest for ever !

*[Exit NURSE, L.]*

Poor Isabella ! now I know the cause,  
The cause of thy distress, and cannot wonder  
That it has turn'd thy brain. If I look back  
Upon thy loss, it will distract me too.  
Oh, any curse but this might be removed !  
But 'twas the rancorous malignity  
Of all ill stars combined, of Heaven and fate——  
Hold, hold my impious tongue—Alas ! I rave :  
Why do I tax the stars, or Heav'n, or fate ?  
My father and my brother are my fates,  
That drive me to my ruin. They knew well  
I was alive. Too well they knew how dear  
My Isabella——Oh ! my wife no more !  
How dear her love was to me—Yet they stood,  
With a malicious silent joy, stood by,  
And saw her give up all my happiness,  
The treasure of her beauty to another ;  
Stood by, and saw her married to another ;  
Oh, cruel father, and unnatural brother !  
I have but to accuse you of my wrongs,  
And then to fall forgotten——Sleep or death  
Sits heavy on me, and benumbs my pains :  
Either is welcome ; but the hand of death  
Works always sure, and best can close my eyes.

*[Exit BIRON, R.]**Enter NURSE and SAMPSON, R.*

*Nurse.* Here's strange things towards, Sampson :  
what will be the end of 'em, do you think ?

*Samp.* Nay, marry, Nurse; I can't see so far: but the law, I believe, is on Biron, the first husband's side.

*Nurse.* Yes; no question, he has the law on his side.

*Samp.* For I have heard, the law says, a woman must be a widow, all out seven years, before she can marry again, according to law.

*Nurse.* Ay, so it does; and our lady has not been a widow altogether seven years.

*Samp.* Why then, Nurse, mark my words, and say I told you so,—the man must have his wife again, and all will do well.

*Nurse.* But if our master, Villeroy, comes back again—

*Samp.* Why, if he does, he is not the first man that has had his wife taken from him.

*Nurse.* For fear of the worst, will you go to the old Count, and desire him to come as soon as he can; there may be mischief, and he is able to prevent it.

*Samp.* Now you say something: now I take you, Nurse; that will do well, indeed; mischief should be prevented, a little thing will make a quarrel, when there's a woman in the way. I'll about it instantly.  
[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber.*—BIRON *asleep on a couch.*

*Enter ISABELLA, L.*

*Isa.* Asleep so soon! Oh, happy! happy thou.  
Who thus can sleep! I never shall sleep more—  
If then to sleep be to be happy, he,  
Who sleeps the longest, is the happiest:  
Death is the longest sleep—Oh, have a care?  
Mischief will thrive apace. Never wake more.

[*To BIRON.*]

If thou didst ever love thy Isabella,  
To-morrow must be doomsday to thy peace.  
—The sight of him disarms ev'n death itself,  
And pleasure grows again  
With looking on him—Let me look my last—  
But is a look enough for parting love?  
Sure I may take a kiss — Where am I going?  
Help, help me, Villeroy! Mountains and seas  
Divide your love, never to meet my shame.  
Hark!

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What noise was that? A knocking at the gate!  
It may be Villeroy—No matter who.

*Bir.* Come, Isabella, come.

*Isa.* Hark! I'm call'd!

*Bir.* You stay too long from me.

*Isa.* A man's voice! in my bed! How came he there?

Nothing but villainy in this bad world.  
Here's physic for your fever.

[*Draws a dagger, and goes backward to the couch.*

If husbands go to Heaven,

Where do they go that send them!—This to try—

[*Going to stab him, he rises, she shrieks. Both come forward.*]

What do I see?

*Bir.* Isabella, arm'd!

*Isa.* Against my husband's life!

*Bir.* Thou didst not think it?

*Isa.* Madness has brought me to the gates of hell,  
And there has left me.

*Bir.* Why dost thou fly me so?

*Isa.* I cannot bear his sight; distraction, come,  
Possess me all.

Shake off my chains, and hasten to my aid;—

Thou art my only cure— [Running out, L.]

*Bir.* Poor Isabella, she's not in a condition

To give me any comfort, if she could;

Lost to herself—as quickly I shall be.

To all the world—Horror comes fast around me;

My mind is overcast—the gathering clouds

Darken the prospect—I approach the brink,

And soon must leap the precipice! Oh! Heav'n!

[*Kneels.*

While yet my senses are my own, thus kneeling,

Let me implore thy mercies on my wife;

Release her from her pangs; and if my reason,

O'erwhelm'd with miseries, sink before the tempest,

Pardon those crimes despair may bring upon me.

[*Rises.*

*Enter NURSE, L.*

*Nurse.* Sir, there's somebody at the door must needs  
speak with you; he won't tell his name.

*Bir.* I come to him

[*Exit NURSE, L.*

'Tis Belford, I suppose; he little knows

Of what has happen'd here; I wanted him,

Must employ his friendship, and then—

[*Exit, L.*

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

*Enter CARLOS, PEDRO, and three RUFFIANS, R.  
RUFFIANS conceal themselves, L. U. E.*

*Car.* A younger brother! I was one too long  
Not to prevent my being so again.  
We must be sudden. Younger brothers are  
But lawful bastards of another name,  
Thrust out of their nobility of birth  
And family, and tainted into trades.  
Shall I be one of them—Bow, and retire,  
To make more room for the unwieldy heir  
To play the fool in? No——  
But how shall I prevent it?—Biron comes  
To take possession of my father's love—  
Would that were all! there's a birthright too  
That he will seize. Besides, if Biron lives,  
He will unfold some practices, which I  
Cannot well answer—therefore he shall die;  
This night must be disposed of: I have means  
That will not fail my purpose. Here he comes.

*Enter BIRON, L.*

*Bir.* Ha! am I beset? I live but to revenge me.

*[They rush forward and stab him, VILLEROY enters R. with two SERVANTS; they rescue him;  
CARLOS and his party fly.]*

*Vil.* How are you, sir? Mortally hurt, I fear  
Take care and lead him in.

*Bir.* I thank you for this goodness, sir: though 'tis  
Bestow'd upon a very wretch; and death,  
Though from a villain's hand, had been to me  
An act of kindness, and the height of mercy—  
But I thank you, sir.

*Vil.* Take care and lead him in. *[He is led off L.]*

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber.*

*Enter ISABELLA, R.*

*Isa. (c.)* Murder my husband! Oh! I must not dare  
To think of living on; my desperate hand,  
In a mad rage, may offer it again;  
Stab me any where but there. Here's room enough  
In my own breast to act the fury in,  
The proper scene of mischief.

*[Going to stab herself, VILLEROY runs in R. and  
prevents her, by taking the dagger from her.]*

*Vil.* Angels defend and save thee !

Attempt thy precious life !

Lay violent hands upon thy innocent self !

*Isa.* Swear I am innocent, and I'll believe you.  
What would you have with me ? Pray let me go.

—Are you there, sir ? You are the very man  
Have done all this. You would have made  
Me believe you married me ; but the fool  
Was wiser.

*Vil.* Dost thou not know me, love ?

'Tis Villeroy, thy husband.

*Isa.* I have none ; no husband—  
Never had but one, and he died at Candy.  
Speak, did he not die there ?

*Vil.* He did, my life.

*Isa.* But swear it, quickly swear.

*Enter BIRON, bloody, leaning upon his Sword.*

Before that streaming evidence appears ;

In bloody proof against me—

[*She seeing BIRON, swoons ; VILLEROY helps her to a couch.*

*Vil.* Help there !

[*Sees BIRON.*

*Biron* alive ?

*Bir.* (L.) The only wretch on earth, that must not  
live.

*Vil.* (R.C.) *Biron* or *Villeroy* must not, that's de-  
creed.

*Bir.* You've saved me from the hands of murderers :  
Would you had not, for life's my greatest plague—  
And then, of all the world, you are the man  
I would not be obliged to—*Isabella* !

I came to fall before thee : I had died

Happy, not to have found your *Villeroy* here :

A long farewell, and a last parting kiss. [*Kisses her.*

*Vil.* A kiss ! confusion ! it must be your last.

*Bir.* I know it must—Here I give up that death  
You but delay'd : since what is past has been  
The work of fate, thus we must finish it.

Thrust home, be sure.

[*Falls.*

*Vil.* Alas ! he faints ! some help there.

*Bir.* 'Tis all in vain, my sorrows soon will end—  
Oh, *Villeroy* ! let a dying wretch entreat you  
To take this letter to my father. My *Isabella* !



Couldst thou but hear me, my last words should bless thee

I cannot, though in death, bequeath her to thee.

[To VILLEROY.

But could I hope my boy, my little one,

Might find a father in thee—Oh, I faint—

I can no more—Hear me, Heav'n! Oh! support

My wife, my Isabella!—Bless my child!

And take a poor unhappy—

[Dies.

Vil. He's gone—

My care of her is lost in wild amaze.

Who waits there?

[Exit, R.

Isa. [Recovering.] Where have I been?—Methinks,  
I stand upon

The brink of life, ready to shoot the gulph

That lies between me and the realms of rest,

But still detain'd, I cannot pass the strait;

Deny'd to live, and yet I must not die;

[Rises.

Doom'd to come back, like a complaining ghost,

To my unbury'd body—Here it lies—

[Comes forward and throws herself by BIRON's Body.

My body, soul, and life. A little dust

To cover our cold limbs in the dark grave—

There, there we shall sleep safe and sound together.

Enter VILLEROY, with SERVANTS, L.

Vil. Poor wretch; upon the ground! She's not herself:

Remove her from the body.

[SERVANTS going to raise her.

Isa. Never, never—

[Clings to the Body.

You have divorced us once, but shall no more—

Help, help me Biron—Ha!—bloody and dead!

Oh, murder! murder! you have done this deed

Vengeance and murder!—bury us together—

Do any thing but part us.

Vil. Gently, gently raise her.

She must be forced away

[They carry her off R.

Isa. Oh! they tear me! Cut off my hands—

Let me leave something with him—

They'll clasp him fast—

Oh, cruel, cruel men!

This you must answer one day.

[NURSE follows her.

Vil. Send for all helps: all, all that I am worth,

Shall cheaply buy her peace of mind again.

[To a SERVANT.

*Enter* COUNT BALDWIN, CARLOS, BELFORD, MAURICE,  
EGMONT, *with* SERVANTS, L.

*C. Bald.* O, do I live to this unhappy day !  
Where is my wretched son ?

*Car.* Where is my brother ?

[*They see him, and gather about the Body.*]

*Vil.* I hope, in heav'n.

*Car.* Can'st thou pity him ?

Wish him in heav'n, when thou hast done a deed,  
That must for ever cut thee from the hopes  
Of ever coming there ?

*Vil.* I do not blame you—

You have a brother's right to be concern'd  
For his untimely death.

*Car.* Untimely death, indeed !

*Vil.* (R.) But yet you must not say I was the cause.

*Car.* (L.) Not you the cause ! Why, who should murder  
him ?

We do not ask you to accuse yourself ;  
But I must say, that you have murder'd him ;  
And will say nothing else, till justice draws  
Upon our side, at the loud call of blood,  
To execute so foul a murderer.

*Bel.* Poor Biron ! is this thy welcome home ! .

*Maur.* Rise, sir ; there is a comfort in revenge,  
Which is left you. [To C. BALDWIN.]

*Car.* Take the body hence. [BIRON carried off.]

*C. Bald.* (c.) What could provoke you ?

*Vil.* Nothing could provoke me  
To a base murder, which, I find, you think  
Me guilty of—I know my innocence ;  
My servants too can witness that I drew  
My sword in his defence, to rescue him.

*Bel.* Let the servants be call'd.

*Eym.* Let's hear what they can say.

*Car.* What they can say ! Why, what should servants  
say ?

They are his accomplices, his instruments,  
And will not charge themselves. If they could do  
A murder for his service, they can lie.  
Lie nimbly, and swear hard to bring him off.  
You say you drew your sword in his defence :  
Who were his enemies ? Did he need defence ?  
Had he wrong'd any one ? Could he have cause  
To apprehend a danger, but from you ?  
And yet you rescued him !—

No, no, he came  
Unseasonably, (that was all his crime)  
Unluckily, to interrupt your sport :  
You were new marry'd—marry'd to his wife ;  
And therefore you, and she, and all of you,  
(For all of you I must believe concern'd)  
Combined to murder him out of the way.

*Bel.* If it be so——

*Car.* It can be only so.

*C. Bald.* The law will do me justice ; send for the  
magistrate.

*Car.* I'll go myself for him —

[*Exit. L.*

*Vil.* These strong presumptions, I must own indeed,  
Are violent against me ; but I have  
A witness, and on this side heav'n too.  
——Open that door.

[*M. D. Opens, and PEDRO is brought forward by  
VILLEROY'S Servants.*]

Here's one can tell you all.

*Ped.* All, all ; save me but from the rack, I'll con-  
fess all.

*Vil.* You and your accomplices designed  
To murder Biron ?—Speak.

*Ped.* We did.

*Vil.* Did you engage upon your private wrongs,  
Or were employ'd ?

*Ped.* He never did us wrong.

*Vil.* You were set on then ?

*Ped.* We were set on.

*Vil.* What do you know of me ?

*Ped.* Nothing, nothing :

You saved his life, and have discover'd me.

*Vil.* He has acquitted me.

If you would be resolved of any thing,

He stands upon his answer.

*Bel.* (r. c.) Who set you on to act this horrid deed ?

*C. Bald.* I'll know the villain ; give me quick his  
name,

Or I will tear it from thy bleeding heart.

*Ped.* I will confess.

*C. Bald.* Do then.

*Ped.* It was my master, Carlos, your own son.

*C. Bald.* Oh, monstrous ! monstrous ! most unna-  
tural !

*Bel.* Did he employ you to murder his own brother

*Ped.* He did ; and he was with us when 'twas done

**C. Bald.** If this be true, this horrid, horrid tale,  
It is but just upon me; Biron's wrongs  
Must be revenged; and I the cause of all;

**Maur.** What will you do with him?

**C. Bald.** Take him apart——  
I know too much [Exit PEDRO, guarded.]

**Vil.** I had forgot—Your wretched, dying son,  
Gave me this letter for you. [Gives it to C. BALDWIN.]  
I dare deliver it. It speaks of me,  
I pray to have it read.

**C. Bald.** You know the hand?

**Bel.** I know 'tis Biron's hand.

**C. Bald.** Pray read it. [BELFORD reads the Letter.]

“ Sir,

I find I am come only to lay my death at your  
door. I am now going out of the world, but cannot  
forgive you, nor my brother Carlos, for not hindering  
my poor wife, Isabella, from marrying with Villeroy;  
when you both knew, from so many letters, that I was  
alive. “ BIRON.”

**Vil.** How! Did you know it then?

**C. Bald.** Amazement all!

*Enter CARLOS, with OFFICERS, L.*

Oh, Carlos! are you come? Your brother here,  
Here in a wretched letter, lays his death  
To you and me—Have you done any thing  
To hasten his sad end?

**Car.** Bless me, sir, I do any thing! who, I?

**C. Bald.** He talks of letters that were sent to us.  
I never heard of any—Did you know  
He was alive?

**Car.** Alive! Heaven knows, not I.

**C. Bald.** Had you no news of him, from a report,  
Or letter, never?

**Car.** Never, never, I.

**Bel.** That's strange, indeed: I know he often writ  
To lay before you the condition [To C. BALDWIN.]  
Of his hard slavery: and more I know,  
That he had several answers to his letters.  
He said they came from you; you are his brother?

**Car.** Never from me.

**Bel.** That will appear.

The letters, I believe, are still about him;  
For some of them I saw but yesterday.

*C. Bald.* What did those answers say?

*Bel.* I cannot speak to the particulars;  
But I remember well, the sum of them  
Was much the same, and all agreed,  
That there was nothing to be hoped from you;  
That 'twas your barbarous resolution  
To let him perish there.—

*C. Bald.* Oh, Carlos! Carlos! hadst thou been a brother—

*Car.* This is a plot upon me. I never knew  
He was in slavery, or was alive,  
Or heard of him, before this fatal hour.

*Bel.* There, sir, I must confront you.  
He sent you a letter, to my knowledge, last night;  
And you sent him word you would come to him—  
I fear you came too soon.

*C. Bald.* 'Tis all too plain.—  
Bring out that wretch before him.

[*PEDRO produced, M. D.*

*Car.* Ha! Pedro there!—Then I am caught, indeed.

*Bel.* You start at sight of him;  
He has confess'd the bloody deed.

*Car.* Well then, he has confessed,  
And I must answer it.

*Bel.* Is there no more?

*Car.* Why!—what would you have more? I know  
the worst,  
And I expect it.

*C. Bald.* Why hast thou done all this?

*Car.* Why, that which damns most men has ruined  
me;

- The making of my fortune. Biron stood  
Between me and your favour; while he lived,  
I had not that; hardly was thought a son,  
And not at all akin to your estate.  
I could not bear a younger brother's lot,  
To live depending upon courtesy—  
Had you provided for me like a father,  
I had been still a brother.

*C. Bald.* 'Tis too true;  
I never loved thee as I should have done:  
It was my sin, and I am punish'd for't.  
Oh! never may distinction rise again  
In families: let parents be the same  
To all their children; common in their care,

And in their love of them.—I am unhappy,  
For loving one too well.

*Vil.* You knew your brother lived; why did you  
take

Such pains to marry me to Isabella?

*Car.* I had my reasons for't.—

*Vil.* More than I thought you had.

*Car.* But one was this—

I knew my brother loved his wife so well,  
That if he ever should come home again,  
He could not long outlive the loss of her.

*Bel.* If you rely'd on that, why did you kill him?

*Car.* To make all sure. Now you are answer'd all.  
Where must I go? I am tired of your questions.

*C. Bald.* I leave the judge to tell thee what thou  
art;

A father cannot find a name for thee.

Take him away—

[CARLOS led off, l.]

Grant me, sweet Heav'n! the patience to go through  
The torment of my cure—Here, here begins  
The operation. Alas! she's mad.

*Enter ISABELLA, R. distracted; and her Child running from her.*

*Vil.* My Isabella, poor unhappy wretch!  
What can I say to her?

*Isa.* Nothing, nothing; 'tis a babbling world—  
I'll hear no more on't. When does the court sit?  
I have a cause to try.

Will you not hear it? Then I must appeal  
To the bright throne—Call down the heav'nly powers  
To witness how you use me.

*C. Bald.* Pray, give her way. She'll hurt nobody.

*Isa.* What have you done with him? He was here  
but now;

I saw him here. Oh, Biron, Biron! where,  
Where have they hid thee from me? He is gone—  
But here's a little flaming cherubim—  
Will nothing do? I did not hope to find  
Justice on earth; 'tis not in heav'n neither.  
Biron has watch'd his opportunity—  
Softly; he steals it from the sleeping gods.  
And sends it thus—Ha! ha! ha!— [Stabs herself.  
Now, now I laugh at you, I defy you all,  
You tyrant murderers.

*C. Bald.* Oh, thou most injured innocence! Yet live,

Live but to witness for me to the world,  
How much I do repent me of the wrongs,  
The unnatural wrongs, which I have heap'd on thee  
And have pull'd down this judgment on us all.

*Vil.* Oh, speak, speak but a word of comfort to me!

*C. Bald.* If the most tender father's care and love  
Of thee, and thy poor child, can make amends—  
Oh, yet look up and live!

*Isa.* Where is that little wretch? [*They raise her.*  
I die in peace, to leave him to your care.  
I have a wretched mother's legacy,  
A dying kiss—pray let me give it him,  
My blessing; that, that's all I have to leave thee.  
Oh, may thy father's virtues live in thee,  
And all his wrongs be buried in my grave! *¶ Dies.*

THE END.

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Printed by THOMAS SCOTT, Warwick Court, Holborn.

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