

COUNTESS FREBERG I am not a fool, not to have seen full well, 70  
 That thy best pleasure in o'errating so  
 This lofty stranger is to humble me,  
 And cast a dark'ning shadow o'er my head.  
 Aye, wherefore dost thou stare upon me thus?  
 Art thou ashamed that I have thus surprised thee? 75  
 Well may'st thou be so!

FREBERG True; thou rightly say'st.  
 Well may I be ashamed; not for the praise  
 Which I have ever openly bestowed  
 On Monfort's noble sister; but that thus, 80  
 Like a poor mean and jealous listener,  
 She should be found, who is Count Freberg's wife.

COUNTESS FREBERG (*pretending to faint*) Oh I am lost and ruined! hated,  
 scorned!

FREBERG Alas, I've been too rough!  
 (*Taking her hand and kissing it tenderly*)  
 My gentle love! my own, my only love!  
 See she revives again. How art thou, love? 85  
 Support her to her chamber, good Theresa.  
 I'll sit and watch by her. I've been too rough.  
*Exeunt, Countess Freberg supported by Freberg and Theresa*

# LOVERS' VOWS

A PLAY, IN FIVE ACTS

by  
 ELIZABETH INCHBALD

## PREFACE

It would appear like affectation to offer an apology for any scenes or passages omitted or added, in this play, different from the original: its reception has given me confidence to suppose what I have done is right; for Kotzebue's *Child of Love*° in Germany, was never more attractive than *Lovers' Vows* has been in England.

I could trouble my reader with many pages to disclose the motives which induced me to alter, with the exception of a few commonplace sentences only, the characters of Count Cassel, Amelia, and Verdun the Butler—I could explain why the part of the Count, as in the original, would inevitably have condemned the whole play—I could inform my reader why I have portrayed the Baron in many particulars different from the German author, and carefully prepared the audience for the grand effect of the last scene in the fourth act, by totally changing his conduct towards his son as a robber—why I gave sentences of a humorous kind to the parts of the two Cottagers—why I was compelled, on many occasions, to compress the matter of a speech of three or four pages into one of three or four lines—and why, in no one instance, I would suffer my respect for Kotzebue to interfere with my profound respect for the judgment of a British audience. But I flatter myself such a vindication is not requisite to the enlightened reader, who, I trust, on comparing this drama with the original, will at once see all my motives—and the dull admirer of mere verbal translation, it would be vain to endeavour to inspire with taste by instruction.

Wholly unacquainted with the German language, a literal translation of the *Child of Love* was given to me by the manager of Covent Garden Theatre° to be fitted, as my opinion should direct, for his stage. This translation, tedious and rapid as most literal translations are, had the peculiar disadvantage of having been put into our language by a German—of course it came to me in broken English. It was no slight misfortune to have an example of bad grammar, false metaphors and similes, with all the usual errors of feminine diction, placed before a female writer. But if, disdainful of the construction of sentences, the precise decorum of the cold grammarian, she has caught the spirit of her author—if, in every altered scene, still adhering to the nice propriety of his meaning, and still keeping in view his great catastrophe°—she has agitated her audience with all the various pas-

sions he depicted, the rigid criticism of the closet will be but a slender abatement of the pleasure resulting from the sanction° of an applauding theatre.

It has not been one of the least gratifications I have received from the success of this play, that the original German, from which it is taken, was printed in the year 1791;° and yet, that during all the period which has intervened, no person of talents or literary knowledge (though there are in this country many of that description, who profess to search for German dramas) has thought it worth employment to make a translation of the work. I can only account for such an apparent neglect of Kotzebue's *Child of Love*, by the consideration of its original unfitness for an English stage, and the difficulty of making it otherwise—a difficulty which once appeared so formidable, that I seriously thought I must have declined it even after I had proceeded some length in the undertaking.

Independently of objections to the character of the Count, the dangerous insignificance of the Butler, in the original, embarrassed me much. I found, if he was retained in the *Dramatis Personae*,° something more must be supplied than the author had assigned him: I suggested the verses I have introduced; but not being blessed with the Butler's happy art of rhyming, I am indebted for them, except the seventh and eleventh stanzas in the first of his poetic stories, to the author of the prologue.

The part of Amelia has been a very particular object of my solicitude and alteration: the same situations which the author gave her remain, but almost all the dialogue of the character I have changed: the forward and unequivocal manner in which she announces her affection to her lover, in the original, would have been revolting to an English audience: the passion of love, represented on the stage, is certain to be insipid or disgusting, unless it creates smiles or tears: Amelia's love, by Kotzebue, is indelicately blunt, and yet void of mirth or sadness: I have endeavoured to attach the attention and sympathy of the audience by whimsical insinuations, rather than coarse abruptness—the same woman, I conceive, whom the author drew, with the self-same sentiments, but with manners adapted to the English rather than the German taste; and if the favour in which this character is held by the audience, together with every sentence and incident which I have presumed to introduce in the play, may be offered as the criterion of my skill, I am sufficiently rewarded for the task I have performed.

In stating the foregoing circumstances relating to this production, I hope not to be suspected of arrogating to my own exertions only, the

popularity which has attended *The Child of Love*, under the title of *Lovers' Vows*—the exertions of every performer engaged in the play deservedly claim a share in its success; and I most sincerely thank them for the high importance of their aid. 80

## Prologue

Written by John Taylor, Esq.°

Spoken by Mr Murray°

Poets have oft declared, in doleful strain,  
 That o'er dramatic tracks they beat in vain,  
 Hopeless that novelty will spring to sight;  
 For life and nature are exhausted quite.  
 Though plaints like these have rung from age to age, 5  
 Too kind are writers to desert the stage;  
 And if they, fruitless, search for unknown prey,  
 At least they dress *old game a novel way*;  
 But such lamentings should be heard no more,  
 For modern taste turns Nature out of door; *Hand on string* 10  
 Who ne'er again her former sway will boast,  
 Till, to complete her works, *she starts a ghost*.°  
 If such the mode, what can we hope to-night,  
 Who rashly dare approach without a sprite?  
 No dreadful cavern, and no midnight scream, 15  
 No rosin flames, nor e'en one flitting gleam.°  
 Nought of the charms so potent to invite  
 The monstrous charms of terrible delight.  
 Our present theme the German Muse supplies,°  
 But rather aims to soften than surprise. 20  
 Yet, with her woes she strives some smiles to blend,  
 Intent as well to cheer as to amend:  
 On her own native soil she knows the art  
 To charm the fancy, and to touch the heart.  
 If, then, she mirth and pathos can express, 25  
 Though less engaging in an English dress,  
 Let her from British hearts no peril fear,  
 But, as a STRANGER, find a welcome here.°

## THE CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY°

### MEN

Baron Wildenhaim  
Count Cassel, [*suitor to Amelia*]  
Anhalt, [*a clergyman*]  
Frederick, [*Agatha's son*]  
Verdun, *the butler*  
Landlord  
Cottager  
Farmer  
Countryman  
[Gentleman in Waiting]  
Huntsmen  
[Gamekeepers]  
[Sportsmen]  
Servants

### WOMEN

Agatha Friburg  
Amelia Wildenhaim, [*the Baron's daughter*]  
Wife of the Cottager  
Country Girl

SCENE: GERMANY

TIME OF REPRESENTATION: ONE DAY

### 1.1

*A high road, a town at a distance—A small inn on one side the road—A cottage on the other*

*The Landlord of the inn leads Agatha by the hand out of his house*

LANDLORD No, no! no room for you any longer—It is the fair today in the next village; as great a fair as any in the German dominions. The country people with their wives and children take up every corner we have.

AGATHA You will turn a poor sick woman out of doors who has spent 5  
her last farthing in your house.

LANDLORD For that very reason; because she *has* spent her last farthing.

AGATHA I can work.

LANDLORD You can hardly move your hands. 10

AGATHA My strength will come again.

LANDLORD Then *you* may come again.

AGATHA What am I to do? Where shall I go?

LANDLORD It is fine weather—you may go anywhere.

AGATHA Who will give me a morsel of bread to satisfy my hunger? 15

LANDLORD Sick people eat but little.

AGATHA Hard, unfeeling man, have pity.

LANDLORD When times are hard, pity is too expensive for a poor man. Ask alms of the different people that go by.

AGATHA Beg! I would rather starve. 20

LANDLORD You may beg, and starve too. What a fine lady you are! Many an honest woman has been obliged to beg. Why should not you?

*Agatha sits down upon a large stone under a tree*

For instance, here comes somebody; and I will teach you how to begin. 25

*A Countryman, with working tools, crosses the road*

Good day, neighbour Nicholas.

COUNTRYMAN (*stops*) Good day.

LANDLORD Won't you give a trifle to this poor woman?

*Countryman takes no notice, but walks off*

That would not do—the poor man has nothing himself but what he

gets by hard labour. Here comes a rich farmer; perhaps he will give you something. 30

*Enter Farmer*

Good morning to you, sir. Under yon tree sits a poor woman in distress, who is in need of your charity.

FARMER Is she not ashamed of herself? Why don't she work?

LANDLORD She has had a fever.—If you would but pay for one dinner— 35

FARMER The harvest has been but indifferent, and my cattle and sheep have suffered by a distemper.

*Exit [Farmer]*

LANDLORD My fat, smiling face was not made for begging: you'll have more luck with your thin, sour one—so, I'll leave you to yourself. 40

*Exit [Landlord]. Agatha rises and comes forward*

AGATHA Oh providence! thou hast till this hour protected me, and hast given me fortitude not to despair. Receive my humble thanks, and restore me to health, for the sake of my poor son, the innocent cause of my sufferings, and yet my only comfort. (*Kneeling*) Oh, 45 grant that I may see him once more! See him improved in strength of mind and body, and that by thy gracious mercy he may never be visited with afflictions great as mine. (*After a pause*) Protect his father too, merciful providence, and pardon his crime of perjury to me! Here, in the face of heaven (supposing my end approaching, 50 and that I can but a few days longer struggle with want and sorrow), here, I solemnly forgive my seducer for all the ills, the accumulated evils which his allurements, his deceit, and cruelty, have for twenty years past drawn upon me.

*Enter a Country Girl with a basket*

AGATHA (*near fainting*) My dear child, if you could spare me a trifle— 55 COUNTRY GIRL I have not a farthing in the world—But I am going to market to sell my eggs, and as I come back I'll give you threepence—And I'll be back as soon as ever I can.

*Exit [Country Girl]*

AGATHA There was a time when I was as happy as this country girl, and as willing to assist the poor in distress. 60

*[Agatha] retires to the tree and sits down. Enter Frederick—He is dressed in a German soldier's uniform, has a knapsack on his shoulders, appears in high spirits, and stops at the door of the inn*

FREDERICK Halt! Stand at ease! It is a very hot day—A draught of good wine will not be amiss. But first let me consult my purse.

(*Takes out a couple of pieces of money, which he turns about in his hand*) This will do for a breakfast—the other remains for my dinner; and in the evening I shall be at home. (*Calls out*) Ha! Halloo! Landlord! (*Takes notice of Agatha, who is leaning against the tree*) 65 Who is that? A poor sick woman! She don't beg; but her appearance makes me think she is in want. Must one always wait to give till one is asked? Shall I go without my breakfast now, or lose my dinner? The first I think is the best. Aye, I don't want a breakfast, for dinner time will soon be here. To do good satisfies both hunger 70 and thirst. (*Going towards her with the money in his hand*) Take this, good woman.

*Agatha stretches her hand for the gift, looks steadfastly at Frederick, and cries out with astonishment and joy*

AGATHA Frederick!

FREDERICK Mother! (*With amazement and grief*) Mother! For God's sake what is this! How is this! And why do I find my mother thus? 75 Speak!

AGATHA I cannot speak, dear son! (*Rising and embracing him*) My dear Frederick! The joy is too great—I was not prepared—

FREDERICK Dear mother, compose yourself: (*leans her head against his breast*) now, then, be comforted. How she trembles! She is fainting. 80

AGATHA I am so weak, and my head so giddy—I had nothing to eat all yesterday.

FREDERICK Good heavens! Here is my little money, take it all! Oh mother! mother! (*Runs to the inn*) Landlord! Landlord! (*Knocking violently at the door*)

*[Enter Landlord]*

LANDLORD What is the matter? 85

FREDERICK A bottle of wine—quick, quick!

LANDLORD (*surprised*) A bottle of wine! For who?

FREDERICK For me. Why do you ask? Why don't you make haste?

LANDLORD Well, well, Mr Soldier: but can you pay for it?

FREDERICK Here is money—make haste, or I'll break every window 90 in your house.

LANDLORD Patience! Patience!

*[Landlord] goes off*

FREDERICK (*to Agatha*) You were hungry yesterday when I sat down to a comfortable dinner. You were hungry when I partook of a good supper. Oh! why is so much bitter mixed with the joy of my 95 return?

AGATHA Be patient, my dear Frederick. Since I see you, I am well.

But I *have been* very ill: so ill, that I despaired of ever beholding you again.

FREDERICK III, and I was not with you? I will, now, never leave you more. Look, mother, how tall and strong I am grown. These arms can now afford you support. They can, and shall, procure you subsistence.

*Enter Landlord out of the house with a small pitcher*

LANDLORD Here is wine—a most delicious nectar. (*Aside*) It is only Rhenish; but it will pass for the best old Hock.

FREDERICK (*impatiently snatching the pitcher*) Give it me.

LANDLORD No, no—the money first. One shilling and twopence, if you please.

*Frederick gives Landlord money*

FREDERICK This is all I have.—Here, here, mother.

*While Agatha drinks Landlord counts the money*

LANDLORD Three halfpence too short! However, one must be charitable.

*Exit Landlord*

AGATHA I thank you, my dear Frederick—Wine revives me—Wine from the hand of my son gives me almost a new life.

FREDERICK Don't speak too much, mother.—Take your time.

AGATHA Tell me, dear child, how you have passed the five years since you left me.

FREDERICK Both good and bad, mother. Today plenty—tomorrow not so much—And sometimes nothing at all.

AGATHA You have not written to me this long while.

FREDERICK Dear mother, consider the great distance I was from you!—And then, in time of war, how often letters miscarry.—Besides—

AGATHA No matter now I see you. But have you obtained your discharge?

FREDERICK Oh, no, mother—I have leave of absence only for two months; and that for a particular reason. But I will not quit you so soon, now I find you are in want of my assistance.

AGATHA No, no, Frederick; your visit will make me so well, that I shall in a very short time recover strength to work again; and you must return to your regiment when your furlough is expired. But you told me leave of absence was granted you for a particular reason.—What reason?

FREDERICK When I left you five years ago, you gave me everything you could afford, and all you thought would be necessary for me.

But one trifle you forgot, which was, the certificate of my birth from the church-book.—You know in this country there is nothing to be done without it. At the time of parting from you, I little thought it could be of that consequence to me which I have since found it would have been. Once I became tired of a soldier's life, and in the hope I should obtain my discharge, offered myself to a master to learn a profession;° but his question was, 'Where is your certificate from the church-book of the parish in which you were born?' It vexed me that I had not it to produce, for my comrades laughed at my disappointment. My captain behaved kinder, for he gave me leave to come home to fetch it—and you see, mother, here I am.

*During this speech Agatha is confused and agitated*

AGATHA So, you are come for the purpose of fetching your certificate from the church-book.

FREDERICK Yes, mother.

AGATHA Oh! oh!

FREDERICK What is the matter?

*Agatha bursts into tears*

For heaven's sake, mother, tell me what's the matter?

AGATHA You have no certificate.

FREDERICK No!

AGATHA No.—The laws of Germany excluded you from being registered at your birth—for—you are a natural° son!

FREDERICK (*starts—after a pause*) So!—And who is my father?

AGATHA Oh Frederick, your wild looks are daggers to my heart. Another time.

FREDERICK (*endeavouring to conceal his emotion*) No, no—I am still your son—and you are still my mother. Only tell me, who is my father?

AGATHA When we parted five years ago, you were too young to be entrusted with a secret of so much importance.—But the time is come when I can, in confidence, open my heart, and unload that burden with which it has been long oppressed. And yet, to reveal my errors to my child, and sue for his mild judgment on my conduct—

FREDERICK You have nothing to sue for; only explain this mystery.

AGATHA I will, I will. But—my tongue is locked with remorse and shame. You must not look at me.

FREDERICK Not look at you! Cursed be that son who could find his mother guilty, although the world should call her so.

AGATHA Then listen to me, and take notice of that village, (*pointing*)

of that castle, and of that church. In that village I was born—in that church I was baptized. My parents were poor, but reputable farmers.—The lady of that castle and estate requested them to let me live with her, and she would provide for me through life. They resigned me; and at the age of fourteen I went to my patroness. She took pleasure to instruct me in all kinds of female literature and accomplishments, and three happy years had passed under her protection, when her only son, who was an officer in the Saxon service, obtained permission to come home. I had never seen him before—he was a handsome young man—in my eyes a prodigy; for he talked of love, and promised me marriage. He was the first man who had ever spoken to me on such a subject.—His flattery made me vain, and his repeated vows—Don't look at me, dear Frederick!—I can say no more.

*Frederick, with his eyes cast down, takes Agatha's hand, and puts it to his heart*

Oh! oh! my son! I was intoxicated by the fervent caresses of a young, inexperienced, capricious man, and did not recover from the delirium till it was too late.

FREDERICK (*after a pause*) Go on.—Let me know more of my father.

AGATHA When the time drew near that I could no longer conceal my guilt and shame, my seducer prevailed on me not to expose him to the resentment of his mother. He renewed his former promises of marriage at her death;—on which relying, I gave him my word to be secret—and I have to this hour buried his name deep in my heart.

FREDERICK Proceed, proceed! Give me full information—I will have courage to hear it all. (*Greatly agitated*)

AGATHA His leave of absence expired, he returned to his regiment, depending on my promise, and well assured of my esteem. As soon as my situation became known, I was questioned, and received many severe reproaches: but I refused to confess who was my undoer; and for that obstinacy was turned from the castle.—I went to my parents; but their door was shut against me. My mother, indeed, wept as she bade me quit her sight for ever; but my father wished increased affliction might befall me.

FREDERICK (*weeping*) Be quick with your narrative, or you'll break my heart.

AGATHA I now sought protection from the old clergyman of the parish. He received me with compassion. On my knees I begged forgiveness for the scandal I had caused to his parishioners; promised

amendment; and he said he did not doubt me. Through his recommendation I went to town; and, hid in humble lodgings, procured the means of subsistence by teaching to the neighbouring children what I had learnt under the tuition of my benefactress.—To instruct you, my Frederick, was my care and my delight; and in return for your filial love I would not thwart your wishes when they led to a soldier's life: but I saw you go from me with an aching heart. Soon after, my health declined, I was compelled to give up my employment, and, by degrees, became the object you now see me. But, let me add, before I close my calamitous story, that—when I left the good old clergyman, taking along with me his kind advice and his blessing, I left him with a firm determination to fulfil the vow I had made of repentance and amendment. I *have* fulfilled it—and now, Frederick, you may look at me again.

*Frederick embraces Agatha*

FREDERICK But my father all this time? (*Mournfully*) I apprehend he died.

AGATHA No—he married.

FREDERICK Married!

AGATHA A woman of virtue—of noble birth and immense fortune. Yet, (*weeps*) I had written to him many times; had described your infant innocence and wants; had glanced obliquely at former promises—

FREDERICK (*rapidly*) No answer to these letters?

AGATHA Not a word.—But in the time of war, you know, letters miscarry.

FREDERICK Nor did he ever return to his estate?

AGATHA No—since the death of his mother this castle has only been inhabited by servants—for he settled as far off as Alsace,° upon the estate of his wife.

FREDERICK I will carry you in my arms to Alsace. No—why should I ever know my father, if he is a villain! My heart is satisfied with a mother.—No—I will not go to him. I will not disturb his peace—I leave that task to his conscience. What say you, mother, can't we do without him? (*Struggling between his tears and his pride*) We don't want him. I will write directly to my captain. Let the consequence be what it will, leave you again I cannot. Should I be able to get my discharge, I will work all day at the plough, and all the night with my pen. It will do, mother, it will do! Heaven's goodness will assist me—it will prosper the endeavours of a dutiful son for the sake of a helpless mother.

AGATHA (*presses him to her breast*) Where could be found such another son? 255

FREDERICK But tell me my father's name, that I may know how to shun him.

AGATHA Baron Wildenhaim.

FREDERICK Baron Wildenhaim! I shall never forget it.—Oh! you are near fainting. Your eyes are cast down. What's the matter? Speak, mother!

AGATHA Nothing particular.—Only fatigued with talking. I wish to take a little rest. 260

FREDERICK I did not consider that we have been all this time in the open road.

[*Frederick*] *goes to the inn, and knocks at the door*

Here, landlord!

*Enter Landlord*

LANDLORD Well, what is the matter now? 265

FREDERICK Make haste, and get a bed ready for this good woman.

LANDLORD (*with a sneer*) A bed for this good woman! ha, ha, ha! She slept last night in that pent-house,<sup>o</sup> so she may tonight.

*Exit [Landlord,] shutting the door*

FREDERICK You are an infamous—

[*Frederick*] *goes back to Agatha*

Oh! my poor mother— 270

[*Frederick*] *runs to the cottage at a little distance, and knocks*

Ha! halloo! Who is there?

*Enter Cottager*

COTTAGER Good day, young soldier.—What is it you want?

FREDERICK Good friend, look at that poor woman. She is perishing in the public road! It is my mother.—Will you give her a small corner in your hut? I beg for mercy's sake—Heaven will reward you. 275

COTTAGER Can't you speak quietly? I understand you very well. (*Calls at the door of the hut*) Wife, shake up our bed—here's a poor sick woman wants it.

*Enter Wife*

Why could not you say all this in fewer words? Why such a long preamble? Why for mercy's sake, and heaven's reward? Why talk about reward for such trifles as these? Come, let us lead her in; and welcome she shall be to a bed, as good as I can give her; and to our homely fare. 280

FREDERICK Ten thousand thanks, and blessings on you! 285

WIFE Thanks and blessings! Here's a piece of work indeed about nothing! Good sick lady, lean on my shoulder. (*To Frederick*) Thanks and reward indeed! Do you think husband and I have lived to these years, and don't know our duty? [*To Agatha*] Lean on my shoulder. 290

*Exeunt into the cottage*



## 2.1

*A room in the cottage*

*Agatha, Cottager, his Wife, and Frederick discovered—Agatha reclined upon a wooden bench, Frederick leaning over her*

FREDERICK Good people, have you nothing to give her? Nothing that's nourishing?

WIFE Run, husband, run, and fetch a bottle of wine from the landlord of the inn.

FREDERICK No, no—his wine is as bad as his heart: she has drank 5  
some of it, which I am afraid has turned to poison.

COTTAGER Suppose, wife, you look for a new-laid egg?

WIFE Or a drop of brandy, husband—that mostly cures me.

FREDERICK Do you hear, mother—will you, mother?

*Agatha makes a sign with her hand as if she could not take anything*

She will not. Is there no doctor in this neighbourhood?

WIFE At the end of the village there lives a horse-doctor. I have never 10  
heard of any other.

FREDERICK What shall I do? She is dying. My mother is dying—Pray for her, good people!

AGATHA Make yourself easy, dear Frederick, I am well, only weak— 15  
Some wholesome nourishment—

FREDERICK Yes, mother, directly—directly. (*Aside*) Oh where shall I—no money—not a farthing left.

WIFE Oh, dear me! Had you not paid the rent yesterday, husband—

COTTAGER I then, should know what to do. But as I hope for mercy, I 20  
have not a penny in my house.

FREDERICK Then I must—(*aside, coming forward*)—Yes, I will go, and beg.—But should I be refused—I will then—[*To Cottager and Wife*] I leave my mother in your care, good people—Do all you can for her, I beseech you! I shall soon be with you again. 25

[*Frederick*] goes off in haste and confusion

COTTAGER If he should go to our parson, I am sure he would give him something.

*Agatha, having revived by degrees during the scene, rises*

AGATHA Is that good old man still living, who was minister here some time ago?

WIFE No—It pleased providence to take that worthy man to heaven 30  
two years ago.—We have lost in him both a friend and a father. We shall never get such another.

COTTAGER Wife, wife, our present rector is likewise a very good man.

WIFE Yes! But he is so very young.

COTTAGER Our late parson was once young too. 35

WIFE (*to Agatha*) This young man being tutor in our Baron's family, he was very much beloved by them all; and so the Baron gave him this living<sup>o</sup> in consequence.

COTTAGER And well he deserved it, for his pious instructions to our young lady: who is, in consequence, good, and friendly to 40  
everybody.

AGATHA What young lady do you mean?

COTTAGER Our Baron's daughter.

AGATHA Is she here?

WIFE Dear me! Don't you know that? I thought everybody had known 45  
that. It is almost five weeks since the Baron and all his family arrived at the castle.

AGATHA Baron Wildenhaim?

WIFE Yes, Baron Wildenhaim.

AGATHA And his lady? 50

COTTAGER His lady died in France many miles from hence, and her death, I suppose, was the cause of his coming to this estate—For the Baron has not been here till within these five weeks ever since he was married. We regretted his absence much, and his arrival has caused great joy. 55

WIFE (*addressing her discourse to Agatha*)<sup>o</sup> By all accounts the Baroness was very haughty; and very whimsical.

COTTAGER Wife, wife, never speak ill of the dead. Say what you please against the living, but not a word against the dead.

WIFE And yet, husband, I believe the dead care the least what is said 60  
against them—And so, if you please, I'll tell my story. The late Baroness was, they say, haughty and proud; and they do say, the Baron was not so happy as he might have been; but he, bless him, our good Baron is still the same as when a boy. Soon after Madam had closed her eyes, he left France, and came to Wildenhaim, his native country. 65

COTTAGER Many times has he joined in our village dances. Afterwards, when he became an officer, he was rather wild, as most young men are.

WIFE Yes, I remember when he fell in love with poor Agatha, 70

Friburg's daughter: what a piece of work that was—It did not do him much credit. That was a wicked thing.

COTTAGER Have done—no more of this—It is not well to stir up old grievances.

WIFE Why, you said I might speak ill of the living. 'Tis very hard indeed, if one must not speak ill of one's neighbours, dead, nor alive.

COTTAGER Who knows whether he was the father of Agatha's child? She never said he was.

WIFE Nobody but him—that I am sure—I would lay a wager—no, no, husband—you must not take his part—it was very wicked! Who knows what is now become of that poor creature? She has not been heard of this many a year. Maybe she is starving for hunger. Her father might have lived longer too, if that misfortune had not happened.

*Agatha faints*

COTTAGER See here! Help! She is fainting—take hold!

WIFE Oh, poor woman!

COTTAGER Let us take her into the next room.

WIFE Oh poor woman!—[*To Cottager*] I am afraid she will not live. [*To Agatha*] Come, cheer up, cheer up. You are with those who feel for you.

*Cottager and Wife lead Agatha off*

## 2.2

*An apartment in the castle*

*A table spread for breakfast—Several Servants in livery disposing the equipage—Baron enters, attended by a Gentleman in Waiting°*

BARON Has not Count Cassel left his chamber yet?

GENTLEMAN No, my lord, he has but now rung for his valet.

BARON The whole castle smells of his perfumery. Go, call my daughter hither.

*Exit Gentleman*

And am I after all to have an ape° for a son-in-law? No, I shall not be in a hurry—I love my daughter too well. We must be better acquainted before I give her to him. I shall not sacrifice my Amelia

to the will of others, as I myself was sacrificed. The poor girl might, in thoughtlessness, say yes, and afterwards be miserable. What a pity she is not a boy! The name of Wildenheim will die with me. My fine estates, my good peasants, all will fall into the hands of strangers. Oh! why was not my Amelia a boy?

*Enter Amelia. She kisses the Baron's hand*

AMELIA Good morning, dear my lord.

BARON Good morning, Amelia. Have you slept well?

AMELIA Oh! yes, papa. I always sleep well.

BARON Not a little restless last night?

AMELIA No.

BARON Amelia, you know you have a father who loves you, and I believe you know you have a suitor who is come to ask permission to love you. Tell me candidly how you like Count Cassel?

AMELIA Very well.

BARON Do not you blush when I talk of him?

AMELIA No.

BARON No—(*Aside*) I am sorry for that. [*To Amelia*] Have you dreamt of him?

AMELIA No.

BARON Have you not dreamt at all tonight?

AMELIA Oh yes—I have dreamt of our chaplain, Mr Anhalt.

BARON Ah ha! As if he stood before you and the Count to ask for the ring.°

AMELIA No: not that—I dreamt we were all still in France, and he, my tutor, just going to take his leave of us for ever—I woke with the fright, and found my eyes full of tears.

BARON Psha! I want to know if you can love the Count. You saw him at the last ball we were at in France: when he capered° round you; when he danced minuets; when he—. But I cannot say what his conversation was.

AMELIA Nor I either—I do not remember a syllable of it.

BARON No? Then I do not think you like him.

AMELIA I believe not.

BARON But I think proper to acquaint you he is rich, and of great consequence: rich, and of consequence; do you hear?

AMELIA Yes, dear papa. But my tutor has always told me that birth and fortune are inconsiderable things, and cannot give happiness.

BARON There he is right—But what if it happens that birth and fortune are joined with sense and virtue—

AMELIA But is it so with Count Cassel?

BARON (*aside*) Hem! Hem! [*To Amelia*] I will ask you a few questions on this subject; but be sure to answer me honestly—Speak truth.

AMELIA I never told an untruth in my life.

BARON Nor ever *conceal* the truth from me, I command you.

AMELIA (*earnestly*) Indeed, my lord, I never will.

BARON I take you at your word—And now reply to me truly—Do you like to hear the Count spoken of?

AMELIA Good, or bad?

BARON Good. Good.

AMELIA Oh yes; I like to hear good of everybody.

BARON But do not you feel a little fluttered when he is talked of?

AMELIA (*shaking her head*) No.

BARON Are not you a little embarrassed?

AMELIA No.

BARON Don't you wish sometimes to speak to him, and have not the courage to begin?

AMELIA No.

BARON Do not you wish to take his part when his companions laugh at him?

AMELIA No—I love to laugh at him myself.

BARON (*aside*) Provoking! [*To Amelia*] Are not you afraid of him when he comes near you?

AMELIA No, not at all.—(*Recollecting herself*) Oh yes—once.

BARON Ah! Now it comes!

AMELIA Once at a ball he trod on my foot; and I was so afraid he should tread on me again.

BARON You put me out of patience. Hear, Amelia! (*Stops short, and speaks softer*) To see you happy is my wish. But matrimony, without concord, is like a duetto badly performed; for that reason, nature, the great composer of all harmony, has ordained, that, when bodies are allied, hearts should be in perfect unison. However, I will send Mr Anhalt to you—

AMELIA (*much pleased*) Do, papa.

BARON —He shall explain to you my sentiments. (*Rings*) A clergyman can do this better than—

*Enter Servant*

Go directly to Mr Anhalt, tell him that I shall be glad to see him for a quarter of an hour if he is not engaged.

*Exit Servant*

AMELIA (*calls after Servant*) Wish him a good morning from me.

BARON (*looking at his watch*) The Count is a tedious time dressing.— Have you breakfasted, Amelia?

AMELIA No, papa.

*Baron and Amelia sit down to breakfast*

BARON How is the weather? Have you walked this morning?

AMELIA Oh, yes—I was in the garden at five o'clock; it is very fine.

BARON Then I'll go out shooting. I do not know in what other way to amuse my guest.

*Enter Count*

COUNT Ah, my dear Colonel!° Miss Wildenheim, I kiss your hand.

BARON Good morning! Good morning! though it is late in the day, Count. In the country we should rise earlier.

*Amelia offers the Count a cup of tea*

COUNT Is it Hebe herself, or Venus,° or—

AMELIA Ha, ha, ha! Who can help laughing at his nonsense?

BARON (*rather angry*) Neither Venus, nor Hebe; but Amelia Wildenheim, if you please.

COUNT (*sitting down to breakfast*) You are beautiful, Miss Wildenheim.—Upon my honour, I think so. I have travelled, and seen much of the world, and yet I can positively admire you.

AMELIA I am sorry I have not seen the world.

COUNT Wherefore?

AMELIA Because I might then, perhaps, admire you.

COUNT True;—for I am an epitome of the world. In my travels I learnt delicacy in Italy—hauteur, in Spain—in France, enterprise—in Russia, prudence—in England, sincerity—in Scotland, frugality—and in the wilds of America, I learnt love.

AMELIA Is there any country where love is taught?

COUNT In all barbarous countries. But the whole system is exploded° in places that are civilized.

AMELIA And what is substituted in its stead?

COUNT Intrigue.°

AMELIA What a poor, uncomfortable substitute!

COUNT There are other things—Song, dance, the opera, and war.

*Since the entrance of the Count the Baron has removed to a table at a little distance*

BARON What are you talking of there?

COUNT Of war, Colonel.

BARON (*rising*) Aye, we like to talk on what we don't understand.

COUNT (*rising*) Therefore, to a lady, I always speak of politics; and to her father, on love.

BARON I believe, Count, notwithstanding your sneer, I am still as much of a proficient in that art as yourself.

COUNT I do not doubt it, my dear Colonel, for you are a soldier: and since the days of Alexander,<sup>o</sup> whoever conquers men is certain to overcome women. 125

BARON An achievement to animate a poltroon.

COUNT And, I verily believe, gains more recruits than the king's pay.

BARON Now we are on the subject of arms, should you like to go out a shooting with me for an hour before dinner? 130

COUNT Bravo, Colonel! A charming thought! This will give me an opportunity to use my elegant gun: the butt is inlaid with mother-of-pearl. You cannot find better work, or better taste.—Even my coat of arms is engraved. 135

BARON But can you shoot?

COUNT That I have never tried—except, with my eyes, at a fine woman.

BARON I am not particular what game I pursue.—I have an old gun; it does not look fine; but I can always bring down my bird. 140

*Enter Servant*

SERVANT Mr Anhalt begs leave—

BARON Tell him to come in.—I shall be ready in a moment.

*Exit Servant*

COUNT Who is Mr Anhalt?

AMELIA (*with warmth*) Oh, a very good man.

COUNT 'A good man'. In Italy, that means a religious man; in France, it means a cheerful man; in Spain, it means a wise man; and in England, it means a rich man.—Which good man of all these is Mr Anhalt? 145

AMELIA A good man in every country, except England.

COUNT And give me the English good man, before that of any other nation. 150

BARON And of what nation would you prefer your good woman to be, Count?

COUNT (*bowing to Amelia*) Of Germany.

AMELIA In compliment to me? 155

COUNT In justice to my own judgment.

BARON Certainly. For have we not an instance of one German woman, who possesses every virtue that ornaments the whole sex; whether as a woman of illustrious rank, or in the more exalted character of a wife, and a mother?<sup>o</sup> 160

*Enter Anhalt*

ANHALT I come by your command, Baron—

BARON Quick, Count.—Get your elegant gun—I pass your apartments, and will soon call for you.

COUNT I fly.—Beautiful Amelia, it is a sacrifice I make to your father, that I leave for a few hours his amiable daughter. 165

*Exit [Count]*

BARON My dear Amelia, I think it scarcely necessary to speak to Mr Anhalt, or that he should speak to you, on the subject of the Count; but as he is here, leave us alone.

AMELIA (*as she retires*) Good morning, Mr Anhalt.—I hope you are very well. 170

*Exit [Amelia]*

BARON I'll tell you in a few words why I sent for you. Count Cassel is here, and wishes to marry my daughter.

ANHALT (*much concerned*) Really!

BARON He is—he—in a word I don't like him.

ANHALT (*with emotion*) And Miss Wildenheim— 175

BARON I shall not command, neither persuade her to the marriage—I know too well the fatal influence of parents on such a subject. Objections to be sure, if they could be removed—But when you find a man's head without brains, and his bosom without a heart, these are important articles to supply. Young as you are, Anhalt, I know no one so able to restore, or to bestow those blessings on his fellow-creatures, as you. 180

*Anhalt bows*

The Count wants a little of my daughter's simplicity and sensibility.<sup>o</sup>—Take him under your care while he is here, and make him something like yourself.—You have succeeded to my wish in the education of my daughter.—Form the Count after your own manner.—I shall then have what I have sighed for all my life—a son. 185

ANHALT With your permission, Baron, I will ask one question. What remains to interest you in favour of<sup>o</sup> a man, whose head and heart are good for nothing? 190

BARON Birth and fortune. Yet, if I thought my daughter absolutely disliked him, or that she loved another, I would not thwart a first affection;—no, for the world, I would not. (*Sighing*) But that her affections are already bestowed, is not probable. 195

ANHALT Are you of opinion that she will never fall in love?

BARON Oh! no. I am of opinion that no woman ever arrived at the age of twenty without that misfortune.—But this is another subject.—

Go to Amelia—explain to her the duties of a wife and of a mother.—If she comprehends them, as she ought, then ask her if she thinks she could fulfil those duties, as the wife of Count Cassel. 200  
 ANHALT I will.—But—I—Miss Wildenhaim—(*confused*) I—I shall —I—I shall obey your commands.

BARON Do so. (*Gives a deep sigh*) Ah! so far this weight is removed; but there lies still a heavier next my heart.—You understand me.— 205  
 How is it, Mr Anhalt? Have you not yet been able to make any discoveries on that unfortunate subject?

ANHALT I have taken infinite pains; but in vain. No such person is to be found.

BARON Believe me, this burden presses on my thoughts so much, that many nights I go without sleep. A man is sometimes tempted to commit such depravity when young.—Oh, Anhalt! had I, in my youth, had you for a tutor;—but I had no instructor but my passions; no governor but my own will. 210

*Exit Baron*

ANHALT This commission of the Baron's in respect to his daughter, I am—(*Looks about*)—If I should meet her now, I cannot—I must recover myself first, and then prepare.—A walk in the fields, and a fervent prayer—After these, I trust, I shall return, as a man whose views are solely placed on a future world; all hopes in this, with fortitude resigned. 215  
 220

*Exit*

*Concern with patrician + paternal identity → Prussia  
 Krotowanka during??*

## 3.1

*An open field*

*Frederick alone, with a few pieces of money which he turns about in his hands*

FREDERICK To return with this trifle for which I have stooped to beg! return to see my mother dying! I would rather fly to the world's end. (*Looking at the money*) What can I buy with this? It is hardly enough to pay for the nails that will be wanted for her coffin. My great anxiety will drive me to distraction. However, let the consequence of our affliction be what it may, all will fall upon my father's head; and may he pant for heaven's forgiveness, as my poor mother— 5

*At a distance is heard the firing of a gun, then the cry of 'Halloo, halloo'—Gamekeepers and Sportsmen run across the stage—Frederick looks about*

Here they come—a nobleman, I suppose, or a man of fortune. Yes, yes—and I will once more beg for my mother.—May heaven send relief! 10

*Enter the Baron followed slowly by the Count. The Baron stops*

BARON Quick, quick, Count! Aye, aye, that was a blunder indeed. Don't you see the dogs? There they run—they have lost the scent.

*Exit Baron looking after the dogs*

COUNT So much the better, Colonel, for I must take a little breath. *Count leans on his gun—Frederick goes up to him with great modesty*

FREDERICK Gentleman, I beg you will bestow from your superfluous wants something to relieve the pain, and nourish the weak frame, of an expiring woman. 15

*Enter the Baron*

COUNT What police is here!° that a nobleman's amusements should be interrupted by the attack of vagrants.

FREDERICK (*to the Baron*) Have pity, noble sir, and relieve the distress of an unfortunate son, who supplicates for his dying mother. 20

BARON (*taking out his purse*) I think, young soldier, it would be better if you were with your regiment on duty, instead of begging.

FREDERICK I would with all my heart: but at this present moment my sorrows are too great.— 25

*Baron gives something*

I entreat your pardon. What you have been so good as to give me is not enough.

BARON (*surprised*) Not enough!

FREDERICK No, it is not enough.

COUNT The most singular beggar I ever met in all my travels. 30

FREDERICK If you have a charitable heart, give me one dollar.°

BARON This is the first time I was ever dictated by a beggar what to give him.

FREDERICK With one dollar you will save a distracted man.

BARON I don't choose to give any more. Count, go on. 35

*Exit Count—as the Baron follows, Frederick seizes him by the breast and draws his sword*

FREDERICK Your purse, or your life.

BARON (*calling*) Here! here! seize and secure him.

*Some of the Gamekeepers run on, lay hold of Frederick, and disarm him*

FREDERICK What have I done!

BARON Take him to the castle, and confine him in one of the towers. I shall follow you immediately. 40

FREDERICK One favour I have to beg, one favour only.—I know that I am guilty, and am ready to receive the punishment my crime deserves. But I have a mother, who is expiring for want—pity her, if you cannot pity me—bestow on her relief. If you will send to yonder hut, you will find that I do not impose on you a falsehood. For her it was I drew my sword—for her I am ready to die. 45

BARON Take him away, and imprison him where I told you.

FREDERICK (*as he is forced off by the Gamekeepers*) Woe to that man to whom I owe my birth!

*[Exeunt Frederick and Gamekeepers]*

BARON (*calls another Gamekeeper*) Here, Frank, run directly to yonder hamlet, inquire in the first, second and third cottage for a poor sick woman—and if you really find such a person, give her this purse. 50

*Exit Gamekeeper*

A most extraordinary event!—and what a well-looking youth! something in his countenance and address which struck me inconceivably!—If it is true that he begged for his mother—But if he did—for the attempt upon my life, he must die. Vice is never half so dangerous, as when it assumes the garb of morality. 55

*Exit*

## 3.2

*A room in the castle*

AMELIA (*alone*) Why am I so uneasy; so peevish; who has offended me? I did not mean to come into this room. In the garden I intended to go. (*Going, turns back*) No, I will not—yes, I will—just go, and look if my auriculas° are still in blossom; and if the apple tree is grown which Mr Anhalt planted.—I feel very low-spirited— something must be the matter.—Why do I cry?—Am I not well? 5

*Enter Anhalt*

Ah! good morning, my dear sir—Mr Anhalt, I meant to say—I beg pardon.

ANHALT Never mind, Miss Wildenhaim—I don't dislike to hear you call me as you did. 10

AMELIA In earnest?

ANHALT Really. You have been crying. May I know the reason? The loss of your mother, still?—

AMELIA No—I have left off crying for her.

ANHALT I beg pardon if I have come at an improper hour; but I wait upon you by the commands of your father. 15

AMELIA You are welcome at all hours. My father has more than once told me that he who forms my mind I should always consider as my greatest benefactor. (*Looking down*) And my heart tells me the same. 20

ANHALT I think myself amply rewarded by the good opinion you have of me.

AMELIA When I remember what trouble I have sometimes given you, I cannot be too grateful.

ANHALT (*aside*) Oh! Heavens!—(*To Amelia*) I—I come from your father with a commission.—If you please, we will sit down. 25

*Anhalt places chairs, and he and Amelia sit*

Count Cassel is arrived.

AMELIA Yes, I know.

ANHALT And do you know for what reason?

AMELIA He wishes to marry me. 30

ANHALT (*hastily*) Does he? But believe me, the Baron will not persuade you—No, I am sure he will not.

AMELIA I know that.

ANHALT He wishes that I should ascertain whether you have an inclination— 35

AMELIA For the Count, or for matrimony do you mean?  
 ANHALT For matrimony.  
 AMELIA All things that I don't know, and don't understand, are quite indifferent to me.  
 ANHALT For that very reason I am sent to you to explain the good and the bad of which matrimony is composed. 40  
 AMELIA Then I beg to be acquainted with the good.  
 ANHALT When two sympathetic hearts meet in the marriage state, matrimony may be called a happy life. When such a wedded pair find thorns in their path, each will be eager, for the sake of the other, to tear them from the root.° Where they have to mount hills, or wind a labyrinth, the most experienced will lead the way, and be a guide to his companion. Patience and love will accompany them in their journey, while melancholy and discord they leave far behind.—Hand in hand they pass on from morning till evening, through their summer's day, till the night of age draws on, and the sleep of death overtakes the one. The other, weeping and mourning, yet looks forward to the bright region where he shall meet his still surviving partner, among trees and flowers which themselves have planted, in fields of eternal verdure. 45  
 AMELIA You may tell my father—I'll marry. (*Rises*)  
 ANHALT (*rising*) This picture is pleasing; but I must beg you not to forget that there is another on the same subject.—When convenience, and fair appearance joined to folly and ill-humour, forge the fetters of matrimony, they gall with their weight the married pair. Discontented with each other—at variance in opinions—their mutual aversion increases with the years they live together. They contend most, where they should most unite; torment, where they should most soothe. In this rugged way, choked with the weeds of suspicion, jealousy, anger, and hatred, they take their daily journey, till one of these *also* sleep in death. The other then lifts up his dejected head, and calls out in acclamations of joy—'Oh, liberty! dear liberty!' 50  
 AMELIA I will not marry.  
 ANHALT You mean to say, you will not fall in love. *make a*  
 AMELIA Oh no! (*Ashamed*) I am in love. *Penck*  
 ANHALT Are in love! (*Starting*) And with the Count?  
 AMELIA I wish I was.  
 ANHALT Why so?  
 AMELIA Because *he* would, perhaps, love me again.  
 ANHALT (*warmly*) Who is there that would not? 55

AMELIA Would you?  
 ANHALT I—I—me—I—I am out of the question.  
 AMELIA No; you are the very person to whom I have put the question. 80  
 ANHALT What do you mean?  
 AMELIA I am glad you don't understand me. I was afraid I had spoken too plain. (*In confusion*)  
 ANHALT Understand you!—As to that—I am not dull.°  
 AMELIA I know you are not—And as you have for a long time instructed me, why should not I now begin to teach you? 85  
 ANHALT Teach me what?  
 AMELIA Whatever I know, and you don't.  
 ANHALT There are some things I had rather never know.  
 AMELIA So you may remember I said when you began to teach me mathematics. I said I had rather not know it—But now I have learnt it gives me a great deal of pleasure—and (*hesitating*) perhaps, who can tell, but that I might teach something as pleasant to you, as resolving a problem° is to me. 90  
 ANHALT Woman herself is a problem.  
 AMELIA And I'll teach you to make her out. 95  
 ANHALT You teach?  
 AMELIA Why not? None but a woman can teach the science of herself: and though I own I am very young, a young woman may be as agreeable for a tutoress as an old one.—I am sure I always learnt faster from you than from the old clergyman who taught me before you came. 100  
 ANHALT This is nothing to the subject.  
 AMELIA What is the subject?  
 ANHALT —Love.  
 AMELIA (*going up to him*) Come, then, teach it me—teach it me as you taught me geography, languages, and other important things. 105  
 ANHALT (*turning from her*) Psha!  
 AMELIA Ah! you won't—You know you have already taught me that, and you won't begin again.  
 ANHALT You misconstrue—you misconceive everything I say or do. 110  
 The subject I came to you upon was marriage.  
 AMELIA A very proper subject from the man who has taught me love, and I accept the proposal. (*Curtsyng*)  
 ANHALT Again you misconceive and confound me.  
 AMELIA Aye, I see how it is—You have no inclination to experience with me 'the good part of matrimony': I am not the female with whom you would like to go 'hand in hand up hills, and through 115

labyrinths'—with whom you would like to 'root up thorns'; and with whom you would delight to 'plant lilies and roses'. No, you had rather call out, 'Oh liberty, dear liberty'.

ANHALT Why do you force from me, what it is villainous to own?—I love you more than life—Oh, Amelia! had we lived in those golden times, which the poets picture, no one but you—But as the world is changed, your birth and fortune make our union impossible—To preserve the character, and more the feelings of an honest man, I would not marry you without the consent of your father—And could I, dare I propose it to him?

AMELIA He has commanded me never to conceal or disguise the truth. I will propose it to him. The subject of the Count will force me to speak plainly, and this will be the most proper time, while he can compare the merit of you both.

ANHALT I conjure you not to think of exposing yourself and me to his resentment.

AMELIA It is my father's will that I should marry—It is my father's wish to see me happy—If then you love me as you say, I will marry; and will be happy—but only with you.—I will tell him this.—At first he will start; then grow angry; then be in a passion—In his passion he will call me 'undutiful': but he will soon recollect himself, and resume his usual smiles, saying 'Well, well, if he love you, and you love him, in the name of heaven, let it be'.—Then I shall hug him round the neck, kiss his hands, run away from him, and fly to you; it will soon be known that I am your bride, the whole village will come to wish me joy, and heaven's blessing will follow.

*Enter Verdun*

AMELIA (*discontented*) Ah! is it you?

VERDUN Without vanity, I have taken the liberty to enter this apartment the moment the good news reached my ears.

AMELIA What news?

VERDUN Pardon an old servant, your father's old butler, gracious lady, who has had the honour to carry the Baron in his arms—and afterwards with humble submission to receive many a box o'the ear from you—if he thinks it his duty to make his congratulations with due reverence on this happy day, and to join with the muses in harmonious tunes on the lyre.

AMELIA Oh! my good butler, I am not in a humour to listen to the muses, and your lyre.

VERDUN There has never been a birthday, nor wedding-day, nor christening-day, celebrated in your family, in which I have not

joined with the muses in full chorus.—In forty-six years, three hundred and ninety-seven congratulations on different occasions have dropped from my pen. Today, the three hundred and ninety—eighth is coming forth;—for heaven has protected our noble master, who has been in great danger.

AMELIA Danger! My father in danger! What do you mean?

VERDUN One of the gamekeepers has returned to inform the whole castle of a base and knavish trick, of which the world will talk, and my poetry hand down to posterity.

AMELIA What, what is all this?

VERDUN The Baron, my lord and master, in company with the strange Count, had not been gone a mile beyond the lawn, when one of them—

AMELIA What happened? Speak for heaven's sake.

VERDUN My verse shall tell you.

AMELIA No, no; tell us in prose.

ANHALT Yes, in prose.

VERDUN Ah, you have neither of you ever been in love, or you would prefer poetry to prose. But excuse (*pulls out a paper*) the haste in which it was written. I heard the news in the fields—always have paper and a pencil about me, and composed the whole forty lines crossing the meadows and the park in my way home. (*Reads*)

*Oh Muse, ascend the forkèd mount,<sup>o</sup>  
And lofty strains prepare,  
About a Baron and a Count,  
Who went to hunt the hare.*

*The hare she ran with utmost speed,  
And sad, and anxious looks,  
Because the furious hounds indeed,  
Were near to her, gadzooks.<sup>o</sup>*

*At length, the Count and Baron bold  
Their footsteps homeward bended;  
For why, because, as you were told,<sup>o</sup>  
The hunting it was ended.*

*Before them straight a youth appears,  
Who made a piteous pother,  
And told a tale with many tears,  
About his dying mother.*



The youth was in severe distress,  
And seemed as he had spent all,  
He looked a soldier by his dress;  
For that was regimental.

The Baron's heart was full of ruth,  
While from his eye fell brine oh!  
And soon he gave the mournful youth  
A little ready rhino.

He gave a shilling as I live,  
Which, sure, was mighty well;  
But to some people if you give  
An inch—they'll take an ell.

The youth then drew his martial knife,  
And seized the Baron's collar,  
He swore he'd have the Baron's life,  
Or else another dollar.

Then did the Baron in a fume,  
Soon raise a mighty din,  
Whereon came butler, huntsman, groom,  
And eke the whipper-in.

Maugre this young man's warlike coat,  
They bore him off to prison;  
And held so strongly by his throat,  
They almost stopped his whizzen.

Soon may a neckcloth, called a rope,  
Of robbing cure this elf;  
If so I'll write, without a trope,  
His dying speech myself.

And had the Baron chanced to die,  
Oh! grief to all the nation,  
I must have made an elegy,  
And not this fine narration.

#### MORAL

Henceforth let those who all have spent,  
And would by begging live,  
Take warning here, and be content,  
With what folks choose to give.

AMELIA Your muse, Mr Butler, is in a very inventive humour this morning.

ANHALT And your tale too improbable, even for fiction. 235

VERDUN Improbable! It's a real fact.

AMELIA What, a robber in our grounds at noonday? Very likely indeed!

VERDUN I don't say it was likely—I only say it is true.

ANHALT No, no, Mr Verdun, we find no fault with your poetry; but don't attempt to impose it upon us for truth. 240

AMELIA Poets are allowed to speak falsehood, and we forgive yours. *KEY*

VERDUN I won't be forgiven, for I speak truth—And here the robber comes, in custody, to prove my words.

*Verdun goes off, repeating, 'I'll write his dying speech myself'.* 245

AMELIA Look! as I live, so he does—They come nearer; he's a young man, and has something interesting in his figure. An honest countenance, with grief and sorrow in his face. No, he is no robber—I pity him! Oh! look how the keepers drag him unmercifully into the tower—Now they lock it—Oh! how that poor, unfortunate man must feel! 250

ANHALT (*aside*) Hardly worse than I do.

*Enter the Baron. Amelia runs up to him*

AMELIA A thousand congratulations, my dear papa.

BARON For heaven's sake spare your congratulations. The old butler, in coming up stairs, has already overwhelmed me with them. 255

ANHALT Then, it is true, my lord? I could hardly believe the old man.

AMELIA And the young prisoner, with all his honest looks, is a robber?

BARON He is; but I verily believe for the first and last time. A most extraordinary event, Mr Anhalt. This young man begged; then drew his sword upon me; but he trembled so, when he seized me by the breast, a child might have overpowered him. I almost wish he had made his escape—this adventure may cost him his life, and I might have preserved it with one dollar: but, now, to save him would set a bad example. 260

AMELIA Oh no! my lord, have pity on him! Plead for him, Mr Anhalt! 265

BARON Amelia, have you had any conversation with Mr Anhalt?

AMELIA Yes, my lord.

BARON Respecting matrimony?

AMELIA Yes; and I have told him—

ANHALT (*very hastily*) According to your commands, Baron— 270

AMELIA But he has conjured me—

ANHALT I have endeavoured, my lord, to find out—

AMELIA Yet, I am sure, dear papa, your affection for me—  
 ANHALT You wish to say something to me in your closet, my lord?  
 BARON What the devil is all this conversation? You will not let one 275  
 another speak—I don't understand either of you.  
 AMELIA Dear father, have you not promised you will not thwart my  
 affections when I marry, but suffer me to follow their dictates?  
 BARON Certainly. 280  
 AMELIA Do you hear, Mr Anhalt?  
 ANHALT I beg pardon—I have a person who is waiting for me—I am  
 obliged to retire.  
*Exit [Anhalt] in confusion*  
 BARON (*calls after Anhalt*) I shall expect you in my closet. I am going  
 there immediately.  
*The Baron retires towards the opposite door*  
 AMELIA Pray, my lord, stop a few minutes longer: I have something of 285  
 great importance to say to you.  
 BARON Something of importance! to plead for the young man, I sup-  
 pose! But that's a subject I must not listen to.  
*Exit [Baron]*  
 AMELIA I wish to plead for two young men—For one, that he may be  
 let out of prison: for the other, that he may be made a prisoner for 290  
 life. (*Looks out*) The tower is still locked. How dismal it must be to  
 be shut up in such a place; and perhaps—(*Calls*) Butler! Butler!  
 Come this way. I wish to speak to you. [*Aside*] This young soldier  
 has risked his life for his mother, and that accounts for the interest I  
 take in his misfortunes. 295  
*Enter Verdun*  
 Pray, have you carried anything to the prisoner to eat?  
 VERDUN Yes.  
 AMELIA What was it?  
 VERDUN Some fine black bread; and water as clear as crystal.  
 AMELIA Are you not ashamed! Even my father pities him. Go directly 300  
 down to the kitchen, and desire the cook to give you something  
 good and comfortable;° and then go into the cellar for a bottle of  
 wine.  
 VERDUN Good and comfortable indeed!  
 AMELIA And carry both to the tower. 305  
 VERDUN I am willing at any time, dear lady, to obey your orders; but,  
 on this occasion, the prisoner's food must remain bread and  
 water—It is the Baron's particular command.  
 AMELIA Ah! My father was in the height of passion when he gave it.

VERDUN Whatsoever his passion might be, it is the duty of a true and 310  
 honest dependant to obey his lord's mandates. I will not suffer a  
 servant in this house, nor will I, myself, give the young man any  
 thing except bread and water—But I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll  
 read my verses to him.  
 AMELIA Give me the key of the cellar—I'll go myself. 315  
 VERDUN (*gives the key*) And there's my verses—(*Taking them from his  
 pocket*) Carry them with you, they may comfort him as much as the  
 wine.  
*Amelia throws them down. Exit Amelia*  
 VERDUN (*in amazement*) Not take them! Refuse to take them—  
*Verdun lifts them from the floor with the utmost respect*  
*'I must have made an elegy,  
 And not this fine narration.'* 320

*Exit*

4.1

*A prison in one of the towers of the castle*

FREDERICK (*alone*) How a few moments destroy the happiness of man! When I, this morning, set out from my inn, and saw the sun rise, I sung with joy.—Flattered with the hope of seeing my mother, I formed a scheme how I would with joy surprise her. But, farewell all pleasant prospects—I return to my native country, and the first object I behold, is my dying parent; my first lodging, a prison; and my next walk will perhaps be—oh, merciful providence! have I deserved all this?

*Enter Amelia with a small basket covered with a napkin.—She speaks to someone offstage*

AMELIA Wait there, Francis, I shall soon be back.

FREDERICK (*hearing the door open, and turning round*) Who's there?

AMELIA You must be both hungry and thirsty, I fear.

FREDERICK Oh, no! neither.

AMELIA Here is a bottle of wine, and something to eat. (*Places the basket on the table*) I have often heard my father say, that wine is quite a cordial<sup>o</sup> to the heart.

FREDERICK A thousand thanks, dear stranger. Ah! could I prevail on you to have it sent to my mother, who is upon her death-bed, under the roof of an honest peasant, called Hubert! Take it hence, my kind benefactress, and save my mother.

AMELIA But first assure me that you did not intend to murder my father.

FREDERICK Your father! heaven forbid.—I meant but to preserve her life, who gave me mine.—Murder your father! No, no—I hope not.

AMELIA And I thought not—Or, if you had murdered anyone, you had better have killed the Count; nobody would have missed him.

FREDERICK Who, may I enquire, were those gentlemen, whom I hoped to frighten into charity?

AMELIA Aye, if you only intended to frighten them, the Count was the very person for your purpose. But you caught hold of the other gentleman.—And could you hope to intimidate Baron Wildenhaim?

FREDERICK Baron Wildenhaim!—Almighty powers!

AMELIA What's the matter?

FREDERICK The man to whose breast I held my sword—(*trembling*) 35  
AMELIA Was Baron Wildenhaim—the owner of this estate—my father!

FREDERICK (*with the greatest emotion*) My father!

AMELIA Good heaven, how he looks! I am afraid he's mad. Here! Francis, Francis.

*Exit [Amelia], calling*

FREDERICK (*all agitation*) My father! Eternal judge! thou dost not slumber! The man, against whom I drew my sword this day, was my father! One moment longer, and provoked, I might have been the murderer of my father! My hair stands on end! My eyes are clouded! I cannot see any thing before me. (*Sinks down on a chair*). 45  
If providence had ordained that I should give the fatal blow, who would have been in most fault?—I dare not pronounce—(*After a pause*) That benevolent young female who left me just now, is, then, my sister—and I suppose that fop, who accompanied my father—

*Enter Anhalt*

Welcome, sir! By your dress you are of the church, and consequently a messenger of comfort. You are most welcome, sir. 50

ANHALT I wish to bring comfort and avoid upbraidings; for your own conscience will reproach you more than the voice of a preacher. From the sensibility of your countenance, together with a language, and address superior to the vulgar, it appears, young man, you have had an education, which should have preserved you from a state like this. 55

FREDERICK My education I owe to my mother. Filial love, in return, has plunged me into the state you see. A civil magistrate will condemn according to the law—A priest, in judgment, is not to consider the act itself, but the impulse which led to the act. 60

ANHALT I shall judge with all the lenity my religion dictates: and you are the prisoner of a nobleman, who compassionates you for the affection which you bear towards your mother; for he has sent to the village where you directed him, and has found the account you gave relating to her true.—With this impression in your favour, it is my advice, that you endeavour to see and supplicate the Baron for your release from prison, and all the peril of his justice. 65

FREDERICK (*starting*) I—I see the Baron! I!—I supplicate for my deliverance!—Will you favour me with his name?—Is it not Baron— 70

ANHALT Baron Wildenhaim.

FREDERICK Baron Wildenhaim! He lived formerly in Alsace.

ANHALT The same.—About a year after the death of his wife, he left Alsace; and arrived here a few weeks ago to take possession of this his paternal estate. 75

FREDERICK So! his wife is dead;—and that generous young lady who came to my prison just now is his daughter?

ANHALT Miss Wildenhaim, his daughter.

FREDERICK And that young gentleman, I saw with him this morning, is his son? 80

ANHALT He has no son.

FREDERICK (*hastily*) Oh, yes, he has—(*recollecting himself*)—I mean him that was out shooting today.

ANHALT He is not his son.

FREDERICK (*to himself*) Thank heaven!

ANHALT He is only a visitor.

FREDERICK I thank you for this information; and if you will undertake to procure me a private interview with Baron Wildenhaim—

ANHALT Why private? However, I will venture to take you for a short time from this place, and introduce you; depending on your innocence, or your repentance—on his conviction in your favour, or his mercy towards your guilt. Follow me. 90

*Exit [Anhalt]*

FREDERICK (*following*) I have beheld an affectionate parent in deep adversity.—Why should I tremble thus?—Why doubt my fortitude, in the presence of an unnatural parent in prosperity? 95

*Exit*

## 4.2

*A room in the castle*

*Enter Baron and Amelia*

BARON I hope you judge more favourably of Count Cassel's understanding since the private interview you have had with him. Confess to me the exact effect of the long conference between you.

AMELIA To make me hate him.

BARON What has he done? 5

AMELIA Oh! told me of such barbarous deeds he has committed.

BARON What deeds?

AMELIA Made vows of love to so many women, that, on his marriage

with me, a hundred female hearts will at least be broken.°

BARON Psha! do you believe him? 10

AMELIA Suppose I do not; is it to his honour that I believe he tells a falsehood?

BARON He is mistaken merely.

AMELIA Indeed, my lord, in one respect I am sure he speaks truth.

For our old butler told my waiting-maid of a poor young creature who has been deceived, undone; and she, and her whole family, involved in shame and sorrow by his perfidy. 15

BARON Are you sure the butler said this?

AMELIA See him, and ask him. He knows the whole story, indeed he does; the names of the persons, and every circumstance. 20

BARON Desire he may be sent to me.

AMELIA (*goes to the door and calls*) Order old Verdun to come to the Baron directly.

BARON I know tale-bearers are apt to be erroneous. I'll hear from himself, the account you speak of. 25

AMELIA I believe it is in verse.

BARON (*angry*) In verse!

AMELIA But, then, indeed it's true.°

*Enter Verdun*

AMELIA Verdun, pray have not you some true poetry?

VERDUN All my poetry is true—and so far, better than some people's prose. 30

BARON But I want prose on this occasion, and command you to give me nothing else.

*Verdun bows*

Have you heard of an engagement which Count Cassel is under to any other woman than my daughter? 35

VERDUN I am to tell your honour in prose?

BARON Certainly.

*Verdun appears uneasy and loath to speak*

Amelia, he does not like to divulge what he knows in presence of a third person—leave the room.

*Exit Amelia*

VERDUN No, no—that did not cause my reluctance to speak. 40

BARON What then?

VERDUN Your not allowing me to speak in verse—(*holding up a paper*) for here is the poetic poem.

BARON How dare you presume to contend with my will? Tell in plain language all you know on the subject I have named. 45

BUTLER Well then, my lord, if you must have the account in quiet prose, thus it was—Phoebus, one morning, rose in the East, and having handed in the long-expected day, he called up his brother Hymen—°

BARON Have done with your rhapsody.

BUTLER Aye; I knew you'd like it best in verse—

*There lived a lady in this land,  
Whose charms made the heart tingle;  
At church she had not given her hand,  
And therefore still was single.*

BARON Keep to prose.

BUTLER I will, my lord; but I have repeated it so often in verse, I scarce know how.—Count Cassel, influenced by the designs of Cupid in his very worst humour,

*Count Cassel wooed this maid so rare,  
And in her eye found grace;°  
And if his purpose was not fair,*

BARON No verse.

VERDUN *It probably was base.*

I beg your pardon, my lord; but the verse will intrude in spite of my efforts to forget it. 'Tis as difficult for me at times to forget, as 'tis for other men at times to remember. But in plain truth, my lord, the Count was treacherous, cruel, forsworn.

BARON I am astonished!

VERDUN And would be more so if you would listen to the whole poem. (*Most earnestly*) Pray, my lord, listen to it.

BARON You know the family? All the parties?

VERDUN I will bring the father of the damsel to prove the veracity of my muse. His name is Baden—poor old man!

*The sire consents to bless the pair,  
And names the nuptial day,  
When lo! the bridegroom was not there,  
Because he was away.*

BARON But tell me—Had the father his daughter's innocence to deplore?

BUTLER Ah! my lord, ah! and you *must* hear that part in rhyme. Loss of innocence never sounds well except in verse.

*For ah! the very night before,  
No prudent guard upon her,  
The Count he gave her oaths a score,  
And took in charge her honour.*

85

## MORAL

*Then you, who now lead single lives,  
From this sad tale beware;  
And do not act as you were wives,°  
Before you really are.*

90

## Enter Count

BARON (*to Verdun*) Leave the room instantly.

COUNT Yes, good Mr Family Poet, leave the room, and take your doggerels with you.

VERDUN Don't affront my poem, your honour; for I am indebted to you for the plot.

95

*'The Count he gave her oaths a score  
And took in charge her honour.'*

## Exit Verdun

BARON Count, you see me agitated.

COUNT What can be the cause?

100

BARON I'll not keep you in doubt a moment. You are accused, young man, of being engaged to another woman while you offer marriage to my child.

COUNT To only *one* other woman?

BARON What do you mean?

105

COUNT My meaning is, that when a man is young and rich, has travelled, and is no personal object of disapprobation, to have made vows but to one woman, is an absolute slight upon the rest of the sex.

BARON Without evasion, sir, do you know the name of Baden? Was there ever a promise of marriage made by you to his daughter? Answer me plainly: or must I take a journey to enquire of the father?

110

COUNT No—he can tell you no more than, I dare say, you already know; and which I shall not contradict.

115

BARON Amazing insensibility! And can you hold your head erect while you acknowledge perfidy?

COUNT My dear Baron—if every man, who deserves to have a charge

such as this brought against him, was not permitted to look up—it is a doubt whom we might not meet crawling on all fours. 120

*The Count accidentally taps the Baron's shoulder*

BARON (*starts—recollects himself—then in a faltering voice*) Yet—nevertheless—the act is so atrocious—

COUNT But nothing new.

BARON (*faintly*) Yes—I hope—I hope it is new.

COUNT What, did you never meet with such a thing before? 125

BARON (*agitated*) If I have—I pronounced the man who so offended—a villain.

COUNT You are singularly scrupulous. I question if the man thought himself so.

BARON Yes he did. 130

COUNT How do you know?

BARON (*hesitating*) I have heard him say so.

COUNT But he ate, drank, and slept, I suppose?

BARON (*confused*) Perhaps he did.

COUNT And was merry with his friends; and his friends as fond of him as ever? 135

BARON Perhaps (*confused*)—perhaps they were.

COUNT And perhaps he now and then took upon him to lecture young men for their gallantries?°

BARON Perhaps he did. 140

COUNT Why, then, after all, Baron, your villain is a mighty good, prudent, honest fellow; and I have no objection to your giving me that name.

BARON But do you not think of some atonement to the unfortunate girl?

COUNT Did *your* villain atone? 145

BARON No: when his reason was matured, he wished to make some recompense; but his endeavours were too late.

COUNT I will follow his example, and wait till my reason is matured, before I think myself competent to determine what to do. 150

BARON And till that time I defer your marriage with my daughter.

COUNT Would you delay her happiness so long? Why, my dear Baron, considering the fashionable life I lead, it may be these ten years before my judgment arrives to its necessary standard.

BARON I have the headache, Count—These tidings have discomposed, disordered me—I beg your absence for a few minutes. 155

COUNT I obey—And let me assure you, my lord, that, although, from the extreme delicacy of your honour, you have ever through life

shuddered at seduction; yet, there are constitutions, and there are circumstances, in which it can be palliated. 160

BARON (*violently*) Never.

COUNT Not in a grave, serious, reflecting man such as *you*, I grant. But in a gay, lively, inconsiderate, flimsy, frivolous coxcomb, such as myself, it is excusable: for me to keep my word to a woman, would be deceit: 'tis not expected of me. It is in my character to break oaths in love; as it is in your nature, my lord, never to have spoken anything but wisdom and truth. 165

*Exit [Count]*

BARON Could I have thought a creature so insignificant as that, had power to excite sensations such as I feel at present! I am, indeed, worse than he is, as much as the crimes of a man exceed those of an idiot. 170

*Enter Amelia*

AMELIA I heard the Count leave you, my lord, and so I am come to enquire—

BARON (*sitting down, and trying to compose himself*) You are not to marry Count Cassel—And now, mention his name to me no more.

AMELIA I won't—indeed I won't—for I hate his name.—But thank you, my dear father, for this good news. 175

*[Amelia] draws a chair, and sits on the opposite side of the table on which he leans.—After a pause—*

And who am I to marry?

BARON (*his head on his hand*) I can't tell.

*Amelia appears to have something on her mind which she wishes to disclose*

AMELIA I never liked the Count.

BARON No more did I. 180

AMELIA (*after a pause*) I think love comes just as it pleases, without being asked.

BARON (*in deep thought*) It does so.

AMELIA (*after another pause*) And there are instances where, perhaps, the object of love makes the passion meritorious. 185

BARON To be sure there are.

AMELIA For example; my affection for Mr Anhalt as my tutor.

BARON Right.

AMELIA (*after another pause*) I should like to marry. (*Sighing*)

BARON So you shall. (*A pause*) It is proper for everybody to marry. 190

AMELIA Why, then, does not Mr Anhalt marry?

BARON You must ask him that question yourself.

AMELIA I have.

BARON And what did he say?

AMELIA Will you give me leave to tell you what he said? 195

BARON Certainly.

AMELIA And what I said to him?

BARON Certainly.

AMELIA And won't you be angry?

BARON Undoubtedly not. 200

AMELIA Why, then—you know you commanded me never to disguise or conceal the truth.

BARON I did so.

AMELIA Why, then he said—

BARON What did he say? 205

AMELIA He said—he would not marry me without your consent for the world.

BARON (*starting from his chair*) And pray, how came this the subject of your conversation?

AMELIA (*rising*) I brought it up. 210

BARON And what did you say?

AMELIA I said that birth and fortune were such old-fashioned things to me, I cared nothing about either: and that I had once heard my father declare, he should consult my happiness in marrying me, beyond any other consideration. 215

BARON I will once more repeat to you my sentiments. It is the custom in this country for the children of nobility to marry only with their equals; but as my daughter's content<sup>o</sup> is more dear to me than an ancient custom, I would bestow you on the first man I thought calculated to make you happy: by this I do not mean to say that I should not be severely nice<sup>o</sup> in the character of the man to whom I gave you; and Mr Anhalt, from his obligations to me, and his high sense of honour, thinks too nobly—

AMELIA Would it not be noble to make the daughter of his benefactor happy? 225

BARON But when that daughter is a child, and thinks like a child—

AMELIA No, indeed, papa, I begin to think very like a woman. Ask *him* if I don't.

BARON Ask him! You feel gratitude for the instructions you have received from him, and you fancy it love. 230

AMELIA Are there two gratitudes?

BARON What do you mean?

AMELIA Because I feel gratitude to you; but that is very unlike the gratitude I feel towards him.

BARON Indeed! 235

AMELIA Yes; and then he feels another gratitude towards me. What's that?

BARON Has he told you so?

AMELIA Yes.

BARON That was not right of him. 240

AMELIA Oh! if you did but know how I surprised him!

BARON Surprised him?

AMELIA He came to me by your command, to examine my heart respecting Count Cassel. I told him that I would never marry the Count. 245

BARON But him?

AMELIA Yes, him.

BARON Very fine indeed! And what was his answer?

AMELIA He talked of my rank in life; of my aunts and cousins; of my grandfather, and great-grandfather; of his duty to you; and endeavoured to persuade me to think no more of him. 250

BARON He acted honestly.

AMELIA But not politely.

BARON No matter.

AMELIA Dear father! I shall never be able to love another—Never be happy with any one else. (*Throwing herself on her knees*) 255

BARON Rise, I command you.

*As Amelia rises, enter Anhalt*

ANHALT My lord, forgive me! I have ventured, on the privilege of my office, as a minister of holy charity, to bring the poor soldier, whom your justice has arrested, into the adjoining room; and I presume to entreat you will admit him to your presence, and hear his apology, or his supplication. 260

BARON Anhalt, you have done wrong. I pity the unhappy boy; but you know I cannot, must not forgive him.

ANHALT I beseech you then, my lord, to tell him so yourself. From your lips he may receive his doom with resignation. 265

AMELIA Oh father! See him and take pity on him; his sorrows have made him frantic.

BARON Leave the room, Amelia. (*On Amelia's attempting to speak, Baron raises his voice*) Instantly.— 270

*Exit Amelia*

ANHALT He asked a private audience: perhaps he has some confession to make that may relieve his mind, and may be requisite for you to hear.

BARON Well, bring him in, and do you wait in the adjoining room, till our conference is over. I must then, sir, have a conference with you. 275

ANHALT I shall obey your commands.  
*Anhalt goes to the door, and re-enters with Frederick. Anhalt then retires at the same door*

BARON (*haughtily to Frederick*) I know, young man, you plead your mother's wants in excuse for an act of desperation: but powerful as this plea might be in palliation of a fault, it cannot extenuate a crime like yours. 280

FREDERICK I have a plea for my conduct even more powerful than a mother's wants.

BARON What's that?

FREDERICK My father's cruelty.

BARON You have a father then? 285

FREDERICK I have, and a rich one—Nay, one that's reputed virtuous, and honourable. A great man, possessing estates and patronage in abundance; much esteemed at court, and beloved by his tenants; kind, benevolent, honest, generous—

BARON And with all those great qualities, abandons you? 290

FREDERICK He does, with all the qualities I mention.

BARON Your father may do right; a dissipated, desperate youth, whom kindness cannot draw from vicious habits, severity may.

FREDERICK You are mistaken—My father does not discard me for my vices—He does not know me—has never seen me—He abandoned me, even before I was born. 295

BARON What do you say?

FREDERICK The tears of my mother are all that I inherit from my father. Never has he protected or supported me—never protected her. 300

BARON Why don't you apply to his relations?

FREDERICK They disown me, too—I am, they say, related to no one—All the world disclaim me, except my mother—and there again, I have to thank my father.

BARON How so? 305

FREDERICK Because I am an illegitimate son.—My seduced mother has brought me up in patient misery. Industry enabled her to give me an education; but the days of my youth commenced with hardship, sorrow, and danger.—My companions lived happily around

me, and had a pleasing prospect in their view, while bread and water only were my food, and no hopes joined to sweeten it. But my father felt not that! 310

BARON (*to himself*) He touches my heart.

FREDERICK After five years' absence from my mother, I returned this very day, and found her dying in the streets for want—Not even a hut to shelter her, or a pallet of straw—But my father, he feels not that! He lives in a palace, sleeps on the softest down, enjoys all the luxuries of the great; and when he dies, a funeral sermon will praise his great benevolence, his Christian charities. 315

BARON (*greatly agitated*) What is your father's name? 320

FREDERICK —He took advantage of an innocent young woman, gained her affection by flattery and false promises; gave life to an unfortunate being, who was on the point of murdering his father.

BARON (*shuddering*) Who is he?

FREDERICK Baron Wildenheim. 325

*The Baron's emotion° expresses the sense of amazement, guilt, shame, and horror*

FREDERICK In this house did you rob my mother of her honour; and in this house I am a sacrifice for the crime. I am your prisoner—I will not be free—I am a robber—I give myself up.—You shall deliver me into the hands of justice—You shall accompany me to the spot of public execution. You shall hear in vain the chaplain's consolation and injunctions. You shall find how I, in despair, will, to the last moment, call for retribution on my father. 330

BARON Stop! Be pacified—

FREDERICK —And when you turn your head from my extended corpse, you will behold my weeping mother—Need I paint how her eyes will greet you? 335

BARON Desist—barbarian, savage, stop!

*Enter Anhalt, alarmed*

ANHALT What do I hear? What is this? Young man, I hope you have not made a second attempt.

FREDERICK Yes; I have done what it was your place to do. I have made a sinner tremble. 340

[*Frederick*] *points to the Baron, and exit*

ANHALT What can this mean?—I do not comprehend—

BARON He is my son!—He is my son!—Go, Anhalt—advise me—help me—Go to the poor woman, his mother—He can show you the way—make haste—speed to protect her— 345

ANHALT But what am I to—



BARON Go.—Your heart will tell you how to act.

*Exit Anhalt*

(*Distractedly*) Who am I? What am I? Mad—raving—no—I have a son—A son! The bravest—I will—I must—oh! (*With tenderness*) Why have I not embraced him yet? (*increasing his voice*) why not pressed him to my heart? Ah! see—(*looking after him [through a window]*)—He flies from the castle—Who's there? Where are my attendants? 350

*Enter two Servants*

Follow him—bring the prisoner back.—But observe my command—treat him with respect—treat him as my son—and your master. 355

*Exeunt*

## 5.1

*Inside of the cottage (as in 2.1)*

*Agatha, Cottager, and his Wife discovered*

AGATHA Pray look and see if he is coming.

COTTAGER It is of no use. I have been in the road; have looked up and down; but neither see nor hear anything of him.

WIFE Have a little patience.

AGATHA I wish you would step out once more—I think he cannot be far off. 5

COTTAGER I will; I will go.

*Exit [Cottager]*

WIFE If your son knew what heaven had sent you, he would be here very soon.

AGATHA I feel so anxious— 10

WIFE But why? I should think a purse of gold, such as you have received, would make anybody easy.

AGATHA Where can he be so long? He has been gone four hours. Some ill must have befallen him.

WIFE It is still broad daylight—don't think of any danger.—This evening we must all be merry. I'll prepare the supper. What a good gentleman our Baron must be! I am sorry I ever spoke a word against him. 15

AGATHA How did he know I was here?

WIFE Heaven only can tell. The servant that brought the money was very secret. 20

AGATHA (*to herself*) I am astonished! I wonder! Oh! surely he has been informed—Why else should he have sent so much money?

*Enter Cottager*

AGATHA Well!—not yet!

COTTAGER I might look till I am blind for him—but I saw our new rector coming along the road; he calls in sometimes. Maybe he will this evening. 25

WIFE He is a very good gentleman; pays great attention to his parishioners; and where he can assist the poor, he is always ready. 30

*Enter Anhalt*

ANHALT Good evening, friends.

COTTAGER and WIFE Thank you, reverend sir.

*Cottager and Wife run to fetch Anhalt a chair*

ANHALT I thank you, good people—I see you have a stranger here.

COTTAGER Yes, your reverence;° it is a poor sick woman, whom I took in doors.

ANHALT You will be rewarded for it. (*To Agatha*) May I beg leave to ask your name?

AGATHA Ah! If we were alone—

ANHALT Good neighbours, will you leave us alone for a few minutes?

I have something to say to this poor woman.

COTTAGER Wife, do you hear? Come along with me.

*Exeunt Cottager and his Wife*

ANHALT Now—

AGATHA Before I tell you who I am, what I am, and what I was—I must beg to ask—Are you of this country?

ANHALT No—I was born in Alsace.

AGATHA Did you know the late rector personally, whom you have succeeded?

ANHALT No.

AGATHA Then you are not acquainted with my narrative?

ANHALT Should I find you to be the person whom I have long been in search of, your history is not altogether unknown to me.

AGATHA 'That you have been in search of!' Who gave you such a commission?

ANHALT A man, who, if it so prove, is much concerned with your misfortunes.

AGATHA How? Oh, sir! tell me quickly—Whom do you think to find in me?

ANHALT Agatha Friburg.

AGATHA Yes, I am that unfortunate woman; and the man who pretends to take concern in my misfortunes is—Baron Wildenhaim—he who betrayed me, abandoned me and my child, and killed my parents.—He would now repair our sufferings with this purse of gold. (*Takes out the purse*) Whatever may be your errand, sir, whether to humble, or to protect me, it is alike indifferent. I therefore request you to take this money to him who sent it. Tell him, my honour has never been saleable. Tell him, destitute as I am, even indigence will not tempt me to accept charity from my seducer. He despised my heart—I despise his gold.—He has trampled on me—I trample on his representative.

*[Agatha] throws the purse on the ground*

ANHALT Be patient—I give you my word, that when the Baron sent this present to an unfortunate woman, for whom her son had supplicated, he did not know that woman was Agatha.

AGATHA My son? what of my son?

ANHALT Do not be alarmed—The Baron met with an affectionate son, who begged for his sick mother, and it affected him.

AGATHA Begged of the Baron! of his father!

ANHALT Yes; but they did not know each other; and the mother received the present on the son's account.

AGATHA Did not know each other? Where is my son?

ANHALT At the castle.

AGATHA And still unknown?

ANHALT Now he is known—an explanation has taken place;—and I am sent here by the Baron, not to a stranger, but to Agatha Friburg—not with gold! his commission was—'do what your heart directs you'.

AGATHA How is my Frederick? How did the Baron receive him?

ANHALT I left him just in the moment the discovery was made. By this time your son is, perhaps, in the arms of his father.

AGATHA Oh! is it possible that a man, who has been twenty years deaf to the voice of nature, should change so suddenly?

ANHALT I do not mean to justify the Baron, but—he has loved you—and fear of his noble kindred alone caused his breach of faith to you.

AGATHA But to desert me wholly and wed another—

ANHALT War called him away—Wounded in the field, he was taken to the adjacent seat of a nobleman, whose only daughter, by anxious attention to his recovery, won his gratitude; and, influenced by the will of his worldly friends, he married. But no sooner was I received into the family, and admitted to his confidence, than he related to me your story; and at times would exclaim in anguish—'The proud imperious Baroness avenges the wrongs of my deserted Agatha.' Again, when he presented me this living, and I left France to take possession of it, his last words before we parted, were—'The moment you arrive at Wildenhaim, make all enquiries to find out my poor Agatha.' Every letter I afterwards received from him contained 'Still, still, no tidings of my Agatha.' And fate ordained it should be so, till this fortunate day.

AGATHA What you have said has made my heart overflow—where will this end?

ANHALT I know not yet the Baron's intentions: but your sufferings

demand immediate remedy: and one way only is left—Come with me to the castle. Do not start—you shall be concealed in my apartments till you are called for.

AGATHA I go to the Baron's?—No.

ANHALT Go for the sake of your son—reflect, that his fortunes may depend upon your presence. 115

AGATHA And he is the only branch on which my hope still blossoms: the rest are withered.—I will forget my wrongs as a woman, if the Baron will atone to the mother—he shall have the woman's pardon, if he will merit the mother's thanks—*(After a struggle)*—I will go to the castle—for the sake of my Frederick, go even to his father. But where are my good host and hostess, that I may take leave, and thank them for their kindness? 120

ANHALT *(taking up the purse which Agatha had thrown down)* Here, good friend! Good woman! 125

*Enter Cottager and his Wife*

WIFE Yes, yes, here am I.

ANHALT Good people, I will take your guest with me. You have acted an honest part, and therefore receive this reward for your trouble.

*Anhalt offers the purse to Cottager, who puts it by, and turns away*

ANHALT *(to the Wife)* Do you take it.

WIFE *(taking it)* I always obey my pastor. 130

AGATHA Goodbye. *(Shaking hands with Cottager and Wife)* For your hospitality to me, may ye enjoy continued happiness.

COTTAGER Fare you well—fare you well.

WIFE If you find friends and get health, we won't trouble you to call on us again: but if you should fall sick or be in poverty, we shall take it very unkind if we don't see you. 135

*Exeunt Agatha and Anhalt on one side, Cottager and his Wife on the other*

## 5.2

*A room in the castle*

*Baron sitting upon a sofa.—Frederick standing near him, with one hand pressed between his—the Baron rises*

BARON Been in battle too!—I am glad to hear it. You have known hard

services, but now they are over, and joy and happiness will succeed.—The reproach of your birth shall be removed, for I will acknowledge you my son, and heir to my estate.

FREDERICK And my mother— 5

BARON She shall live in peace and affluence. Do you think I would leave your mother unprotected, unprotected? No! About a mile from this castle I have an estate called Weldendorf—there she shall live, and call her own whatever it produces. There she shall reign, and be sole mistress of the little paradise. There her past sufferings shall be changed to peace and tranquillity. On a summer's morning, we, my son, will ride to visit her; pass a day, a week with her; and in this social intercourse time will glide pleasantly. 10

FREDERICK And, pray, my lord—under what name is my mother to live then? 15

BARON *(confused)* How?

FREDERICK In what capacity?—As your domestic°—or as—

BARON That we will settle afterwards.

FREDERICK Will you allow me, sir, to leave the room a little while, that you may have leisure to consider *now*? 20

BARON I do not know how to explain myself in respect to your mother more than I have done already.

FREDERICK My fate, whatever it may be, shall never part me from her. This is my firm resolution, upon which I call heaven to witness! My lord, it must be Frederick of Wildenhaim, and Agatha of Wildenhaim—or Agatha Friburg, and Frederick Friburg. 25

*Exit [Frederick]*

BARON *(calling after Frederick)* Young man! Frederick!—Hasty indeed! would make conditions with his father. No, no, that must not be. I just now thought how well I had arranged my plans—had relieved my heart of every burden, when, a second time, he throws a mountain upon it. Stop, friend conscience, why do you take his part?—For twenty years thus you have used me, and been my torture. 30

*Enter Anhalt*

Ah! Anhalt, I am glad you are come. My conscience and myself are at variance. 35

ANHALT Your conscience is in the right.

BARON You don't know yet what the quarrel is.

ANHALT Conscience is always right—because it never speaks unless it is so.

BARON Aye, a man of your order can more easily attend to its whispers, 40

than an old warrior. The sound of cannon has made him hard of hearing.—I have found my son again, Mr Anhalt, a fine, brave young man—I mean to make him my heir—Am I in the right?

ANHALT Perfectly.

BARON And his mother shall live in happiness—My estate, Welden-  
dorf, shall be hers—I'll give it to her, and she shall make it her  
residence. Don't I do right? 45

ANHALT No.

BARON (*surprised*) No? And what else should I do?

ANHALT (*forcibly*) Marry her. 50

BARON (*starting*) I marry her!

ANHALT Baron Wildenheim is a man who will not act inconsis-  
tently.—As this is my opinion, I expect your reasons, if you do  
not.

BARON Would you have me marry a beggar? 55

ANHALT (*after a pause*)<sup>o</sup> Is that your only objection?

BARON (*confused*) I have more—many more.

ANHALT May I beg to know them likewise?

BARON My birth! 60

ANHALT Go on.

BARON My relations would despise me.

ANHALT Go on.

BARON (*in anger*) 'Sdeath! are not these reasons enough?—I know no  
other.

ANHALT Now, then, it is my turn to state mine for the advice I have  
given you. But first, I presume to ask a few questions.—Did  
Agatha, through artful insinuation, gain your affection? or did she  
give you cause to suppose her inconstant? 65

BARON Neither—but for me, she was always virtuous and good.

ANHALT Did it cost you trouble and earnest entreaty to make her  
otherwise? 70

BARON (*angrily*) Yes.

ANHALT You pledged your honour?

BARON (*confused*) Yes.

ANHALT Called God to witness? 75

BARON (*more confused*) Yes.

ANHALT The witness you called at that time was the Being who sees  
you now. What you gave in pledge was your honour, which you  
must redeem. Therefore thank heaven that it is in your *power* to  
redeem it. By marrying Agatha the ransom's made: and she brings  
a dower greater than any princess can bestow—peace to your con- 80

science. If you then esteem the value of this portion, you will not  
hesitate a moment to exclaim, 'Friends, wish me joy, I will marry  
Agatha'.

*Baron, in great agitation, walks backwards and forwards, then  
takes Anhalt by the hand*

BARON 'Friend, wish me joy—I will marry Agatha'. 85

ANHALT I do wish you joy.

BARON Where is she?

ANHALT In the castle—in my apartments here—I conducted her  
through the garden, to avoid curiosity.

BARON Well, then, this is the wedding-day. This very evening you  
shall give us your blessing. 90

ANHALT Not so soon, not so private. The whole village was witness of  
Agatha's shame—the whole village must be witness of Agatha's re-  
established honour. Do you consent to this?

BARON I do. 95

ANHALT Now the quarrel is decided. Now is your conscience quiet?

BARON As quiet as an infant's. I only wish the first interview was over.

ANHALT Compose yourself. Agatha's heart is to be your judge.

*Enter Amelia*

BARON Amelia, you have a brother.

AMELIA I have just heard so, my lord; and rejoice to find the news  
confirmed by you. 100

BARON I know, my dear Amelia, I can repay you for the loss of Count  
Cassel; but what return can I make to you for the loss of half your  
fortune?

AMELIA My brother's love will be ample recompense. 105

BARON I will reward you better. Mr Anhalt, the battle I have just  
fought, I owe to myself: the victory I gained, I owe to you. A man of  
your principles, at once a teacher and an example of virtue, exalts  
his rank in life to a level with the noblest family—and I shall be  
proud to receive you as my son. 110

ANHALT (*falling on his knees, and taking the Baron's hand*) My lord,  
you overwhelm me with confusion, as well as with joy.

BARON My obligations to you are infinite—Amelia shall pay the debt.

*[Baron] gives Amelia to Anhalt*

AMELIA Oh, my dear father! (*embracing the Baron*) what blessings  
have you bestowed on me in one day. (*To Anhalt*) I will be your  
scholar still, and use more diligence than ever to please my *master*. 115

ANHALT His present happiness admits of no addition.

BARON Nor does mine—And yet there is another task to perform that

will require more fortitude, more courage, than this has done! A trial that!—(*Bursts into tears*)—I cannot prevent them—Let me—  
let me—A few minutes will bring me to myself—Where is Agatha? 120

ANHALT I will go, and fetch her.

*Exit Anhalt at an upper entrance*°

BARON Stop! Let me first recover a little.

*Baron walks up and down, sighing bitterly—looks at the door through which Anhalt left the room*

That door she will come from—That was once the dressing-room of my mother—From that door I have seen her come many times—  
have been delighted with her lovely smiles—How shall I now behold her altered looks! Frederick must be my mediator.—Where is he? Where is my son?—Now I am ready—my heart is prepared to receive her—Haste! haste! Bring her in. 125

*Baron looks steadfastly at the door—Anhalt leads on Agatha—The Baron runs and clasps Agatha in his arms—Supported by him, she sinks up a chair which Amelia places in the middle of the stage—The Baron kneels by Agatha's side, holding her hand*

BARON Agatha, Agatha, do you know this voice? 130

AGATHA Wildenhaim.

BARON Can you forgive me?

AGATHA (*embracing him*) I forgive you.

[*Enter Frederick*]

FREDERICK (*as he enters*) I hear the voice of my mother!—Ha! mother! father! 135

*Frederick throws himself on his knees by the other side of Agatha—She clasps Frederick in her arms.—Amelia is placed on the side of the Baron attentively viewing Agatha—Anhalt stands on the side of Frederick with his hands gratefully raised to heaven. The curtain slowly drops*°

## Epilogue°

Written by Thomas Palmer, Esq. of the Temple°

Spoken by Mr Munden°

Our drama now ended, I'll take up your time  
Just a moment or two, in defence of my *rhyme*—  
'Though I hope that among you are *some* who *admired*  
'What I've hitherto said, dare I hope none are tired?  
'But whether ye have, or have not heard enough, 5  
'Or whether nice critics will think it all stuff;°  
'To myself *rhyme* has ever appeared, I must own,  
'In its nature a sort of *philosopher's stone*.°  
'And if Chymists would use it, they'd not make a pother,°  
'And puzzle their brains to find out any other.' 10  
Indeed 'tis most strange and surprising to me  
That all folks in *rhyming* their int'rest can't see;  
For I'm sure if its use were quite common with men,  
The world would roll on just as pleasant again.  
'Tis said, that while Orpheus was striking his lyre,° 15  
'Trees and brutes danced along to the sound of the wire;  
'That Amphion to walls soon converted the glebes,  
'And they rose, as he sung, to a city called Thebes;°  
'I suppose *they* were *butlers* (like me) of that time,  
'And the tale shows our sires knew the wonders of *rhyme*.' 20  
From time immemorial, your lovers, we find,  
When their mistresses' hearts have been proud and unkind,  
Have resorted to *rhyme*; and indeed it appears  
That a *rhyme* would do more than a bucket of tears.  
Of love, from experience, I speak—odds my life!° 25  
I shall never forget how I courted my wife:  
She had offers in plenty; but always stood neuter,  
Till I, with my pen, started forth as a suitor;  
Yet I made no mean present of *ribbon* or *bonnet*,  
My present was caught from the stars—'twas a *sonnet*. 30  
'And now you know this, sure 'tis needless to say,  
'That prose was neglected, and *rhyme* won the day—  
'But its potent effects you as well may discover  
'In the *husband* and *wife*, as in *mistress* and *lover*;

'There are some of ye here, who, like me, I conjecture, 35  
 'Have been lulled into sleep by a good *curtain lecture*.<sup>o</sup>  
 'But that's a mere trifle; you'll ne'er come to blows,  
 'If you'll only avoid that dull enemy, *prose*.  
 'Adopt, then, my plan, and the very next time,  
 'That in words you fall out, let them fall into *rhyme*; 40  
 'Thus your sharpest disputes will conclude very soon,  
 'And from jangling to jingling you'll chime into *tune*.  
 'If my wife were to call me a *drunken old sot*,  
 'I should merely just ask her, what butler is not?  
 'And bid her take care that she don't go to pot. 45  
 'So our squabbles continue a very short season,  
 'If she yields to my *rhyme*—I allow she has reason.'  
 Independent of this I conceive *rhyme* has weight  
 In the higher employments of church and of state,  
 And would in my mind such advantages draw, 50  
 'Tis a pity that *rhyme* is not sanctioned by law;  
 'For 'twould *really* be serving us all to impose  
 'A capital fine on the man who spoke prose.'  
 Mark the pleader who clacks, in his client's behalf,<sup>o</sup>  
 His technical stuff for three hours and a half; 55  
 Or the fellow who tells you a long stupid story,  
 And over and over the same lays before ye;  
 Or the member who raves till the whole house are dozing.<sup>o</sup>  
 What d'ye say of such men? Why, you say they are prosing.<sup>o</sup>  
 So, of course, then, if *prose* is so tedious a *crime*, 60  
 It of consequence follows, there's *virtue* in *rhyme*.  
 The best piece of prose that I've heard a long while,  
 Is what gallant Nelson has sent from the Nile.<sup>o</sup>  
 And had he but told us the story in *rhyme*,  
 What a thing 'twould be; but, perhaps, he'd no time. 65  
 So, I'll do it myself—Oh! 'tis glorious news!  
 Nine *sail* of the line! Just a ship for each Muse.  
 As I live, there's an end of the French and their navy—  
 Sir John Warren has sent the Brest fleet to Old Davy.<sup>o</sup>  
 'Tis in the *Gazette*, and that, everyone knows,<sup>o</sup> 70  
 Is sure to be truth, though 'tis written in prose.

## THE TWO FOSCARI

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY

by  
LORD BYRON

The *father* softens, but the *governor's* resolved.  
CRITIC<sup>o</sup>

- 51 S.D. *knocking . . . offstage*: another reminiscence of *Macbeth*, after the murder of Duncan: Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, 2.2.55-72 and 2.3.1-19.
- 87-8 *If . . . I've seen it*: the syntax is awkward but expressive.
- 4.3.88 *look me*: look at me.
- 91 S.D. *dashing his head . . . falls upon the floor*: in Christopher Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great, Part I*, 5.1.304, Bajazeth 'brains himself' against his cage, as does his wife Zabina (5.1.318); Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus and Other Plays*, ed. David Bevington and Eric Rasmussen (Oxford, 1995), 62-3.
- 5.1.23 *fact*: deed; crime.
- 5.2.1-22 *Oh that I had ne'er known . . . Oh would I could*: this speech contains several reminiscences of Claudio's fears of death in Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, 3.1.118-32, but unlike Claudio, De Monfort does not lament death.
- 44 S.D. *accents*: tones of voice.
- 65 *stay*: support.  
*lowers*: to lower is to 'appear dark, stormy, and gloomy; to be clouded' (SJ).
- 84-91 *Death's stroke . . . the soul recoils*: further reminiscences of Claudio's fear of death, Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, 3.1.118-32; and also of Hamlet's, Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, 3.1.58-90. Now De Monfort does fear death, in the shape of separation from Jane.
- 109 S.D. *to herself*: inaudibly.
- 133 *do not offer*: copy-text reads 'do not after', but this was changed in the 1799 edition and subsequent editions to 'do not offer', which is clearly right. 'Offer' here means 'try to effect'.
- 5.3 In the 1802 edition of *A Series of Plays*, Baillie replaced this with a new scene (numbered 5.5) in which the nuns are replaced by monks; Thomas and Bernard share in the narration of De Monfort's illness and death.
- 27 *ruddy-tide*: blood (De Monfort is haemorrhaging).
- 5.4.30 *move*: i.e., move as, in motion as, alive as.
- 57 *grizzly*: Baillie writes 'grisly' (horrible) which suits the atmosphere, but the context demands 'grizzly' (grey). When the words are spoken, both senses can be in play.
- 66 S.D. [*covering the bodies*]: someone must cover the bodies again, because they are covered when Jane examines them in the next S.D. Though Bernard's 'draw back' is an indication to the others to move away from the bodies, he might also suitably cover them while speaking these words.
- 80 *mean*: humble; low-born (not here derogatory).

- 91 '*The wretched have no friends*!': the words are Antony's, in John Dryden, *All for Love* (1692), 3.1.83; in *John Dryden: Four Tragedies*, ed. L. A. Beaurline and Fredson Bowers (Chicago, 1967), 237.
- 92 *sensible*: sympathetic, sensitive.
- 113 *how died he?*: copy-text reads 'how died?' which leaves the line metrically complete; but the 1799 edition of *A Series of Plays* has 'how died he?' which is the reading of all later editions and seems preferable for sense.
- 113 S.D. *repressing*: restraining.
- 141 *pedestal*: in the edition of 1800, Baillie inserted the following note: 'Note. — The last three lines of the last speech are not intended to give the reader a true character of *De Monfort*, whom I have endeavoured to represent throughout the play as, notwithstanding his other good qualities, proud, suspicious and susceptible of envy, but only to express the partial sentiments of an affectionate sister, naturally more inclined to praise him from the misfortune into which he had fallen.' A further note was added at the very end of the play: 'Since this edition was given to the press, the Tragedy of DE MONFORT has been brought out at Drury-Lane theatre, adapted to the stage by Mr. Kemble. I am infinitely obliged to that Gentleman for the excellent powers he has exerted, assisted by the incomparable talents of his sister, Mrs. Siddons, in endeavouring to obtain for it that publick favour, which I sincerely wish it had been found more worthy of receiving.'

## Lovers' Vows

- Preface 4** *Kotzebue's Child of Love*: August Friedrich Ferdinand von Kotzebue, 1761-1819 (the ennobling 'von' was added in 1785). The German play was called *Das Kind der Liebe* (1790). Kotzebue's sentimental melodramas, of which he wrote an enormous number, were very popular with the audiences of revolutionary Europe; eight plays based on his work were performed in the London season of 1798-9 alone. *Menschenhass und Reue* (1789), adapted by Benjamin Thompson as *The Stranger*, opened at Drury Lane on 24 March 1798, providing Sarah Siddons with one of her best roles (she was once again cast opposite her brother John Philip Kemble in the Drury Lane production of 1798: see *LS*, 2053). The play held the stage for much of the nineteenth century.
- 25 *manager of Covent Garden Theatre*: Thomas Harris, with whom Inchbald had many not altogether amicable dealings; see Cecil Price, 'Thomas Harris and the Covent Garden Theatre', in *The Eighteenth-Century Stage*, ed. Kenneth Richards and Peter Thomson (London, 1972), 105-22.

- 37 *catastrophe*: see note to *The Mysterious Mother*, Postscript, l. 26.
- 39 *sanction*: recommendation.
- 43 1791: it had been performed in 1790.
- 55 *Dramatis Personae*: 'persons of the drama', the list of characters normally given at the start of a printed text.
- Prologue** *John Taylor, Esq.*: miscellaneous writer, theatre critic, and journalist, 1757–1832; supplied Inchbald with a number of other prologues and epilogues.
- Spoken by Mr Murray*: Charles Murray, who played Baron Wildenheim in the original production.
- 12 *starts a ghost*: the vogue for Gothic plays replete with spectres was just beginning: Matthew Lewis's *The Castle Spectre* (1797) was a recent runaway success at Drury Lane (see further Jeffrey N. Cox (ed.), *Seven Gothic Dramas 1789–1825* (Athens, Oh., 1992)).
- 16 *rosin*: solid derived from turpentine, used in the theatre for ghostly lighting effects.
- 19 *Muse*: one of nine goddesses of the arts in Greek mythology; here, figuratively, standing for poetry.
- 28 *STRANGER*: 'Hamlet' [original note]. See Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, 1.5.165.
- The Characters of the Play**: The play was first performed at Covent Garden, London, on Thursday 11 October 1798, with the following cast: Baron Wildenheim, Charles Murray; Count Cassel, Thomas Knight; Anhalt, Henry Erskine Johnston; Frederick, Alexander Pope; Verdun, Joseph Shepherd Munden; Landlord, James Thompson; Cottager, Sparks Powel; Farmer, Thomas David Rees; Countryman, Mr Curties; Agatha, Mrs Elizabeth Johnson; Amelia, Mrs Nanette Johnston; Cottager's Wife, Mrs Mary Ann Davenport; Country Girl, Miss Anna Maria Leserve. See *LS*, 2116. A print of Mrs Johnston as Amelia was published by Vernor and Hood in 1805; it is reproduced in R. W. Chapman's edition of Jane Austen's *Mansfield Park* (3rd edn.: Oxford, 1943), opposite p. 481.
- 1.1.140–1 *master . . . profession*: Frederick offered himself as an apprentice to a master in an unspecified guild of craftsmen in return for tuition in that craft.
- 155 *natural*: illegitimate.
- 239 *Alsace*: region which is now French territory, much disputed between France and Germany over the centuries.
- 268 *pent-house*: 'A shed hanging out aslope from the main wall' (SJ).
- 2.1.38 *living*: clergyman's post in a particular parish.
- 56 S.D. (*addressing . . . Agatha*): rather than giving the neutral indication 'to

- Agatha*' here, Inchbald seems to wish to indicate a stronger level of private speech—perhaps a kind of gossiping which the Cottager is not meant to overhear.
- 2.2 S.D. *Gentleman in Waiting*: a servant with the duty of personal attendance on the Baron.
- 5 *ape*: fop; fashion addict.
- 30 *ask for the ring*: i.e., in the process of conducting the marriage ceremony between the Count and Amelia.
- 35 *capered*: danced ludicrously.
- 94 *Colonel*: the precise rankings of baron and count are not easy to establish in this context, but by referring to the Baron as 'Colonel' the Count seems to intend an assertion of his own rank against the Baron's.
- 97 *Hebe . . . Venus*: Hebe, the handmaiden to the Greek gods, associated with perpetual youth; Venus, Roman goddess of beauty and love.
- 112 *the whole system is exploded*: the processes of love are treated with contempt. 'System' indicates a kind of artificiality in the Count's notion of love wholly foreign to Amelia's conception of it.
- 115 *Intrigue*: secret liaison or illicit sexual affair, of a kind often found in the world of restoration comedy—from which the Count seems an old-fashioned refugee in this company.
- 126 *Alexander*: Alexander III, the Great, king of Macedonia and conqueror of much of the known world, 356–323 BC.
- 157 *one German woman . . . mother?*: a topical compliment to the then queen of England, Charlotte-Sophia of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.
- 184 *sensibility*: delicacy of feeling.
- 190 *interest you in favour of*: make you look favourably on.
- 3.1.8 S.D. *Halloo*: 'a word of encouragement when dogs are let loose on their game' (SJ), though Frederick uses it in his first speech in 1.1.64.
- 13 S.D. *Exit Baron looking after the dogs*: i.e., watching them as he goes.
- 18 *What police is here!*: the Count complains that the forces of law and order have failed to protect him. 'Police' means 'the regulation and government of a city or country, so far as regards the inhabitants' (SJ).
- 31 *dollar*: 'a Dutch and German coin of different value, from about two shillings and sixpence to four and sixpence' (SJ).
- 3.2.4 *auriculas*: i.e., *Primula Auricula* or 'Bear's Ear', an alpine plant naturalized in European gardens from the seventeenth century and a favourite show and breeding plant.
- 46 *tear them from the root*: uproot those thorns.
- 83 *dull*: stupid.
- 93 *resolving a problem*: solving a set mathematical question.



- 153 *lyre*: stringed instrument of the harp family, associated with classical Greek poets (or 'lyrists').
- 180 *forkèd mount*: Mount Parnassus, home of the Muses, has two peaks.
- 187 *gadzooks*: a mild expletive, corrupted from 'God's Hooks' or possibly 'gadso' (penis); here comically archaic.
- 190 *for why, because*: comically archaic and redundant formulation to introduce the reason for the Baron's return home.
- 223 *dying speech*: it was the custom (in England) for condemned prisoners to make a speech at the scaffold; printed versions (or fabrications) of such 'Last Dying Speeches' were often hawked at the execution.
- 302 *comfortable*: sustaining.
- 4.1.15 *cordial*: 'a medicine that increases the force of the heart, or quickens the circulation' (SJ).
- 4.2.9 *a hundred female hearts will at least be broken*: the force of 'at least' is probably with 'a hundred' rather than 'broken'.
- 27-8 *verse . . . true*: playing on the connection between poetry and truth often disputed for comic effect in Shakespeare: see for example *As You Like It*, 3.2.86-390, and *The Winter's Tale*, 4.4.257-82.
- 49 *Phoebus . . . Hymen*: Phoebus, an epithet of the Greek god Apollo, especially in his role as sun-god; Hymen, Greek god of marriage, more often seen as a son of Apollo by a Muse.
- 61 *found grace*: found favour (of a sexual kind).
- 90 *act as*: behave as if.
- 139 *gallantries*: seductions; love affairs.
- 218 *content*: happiness; contentment (accented on second syllable).
- 221 *nice*: 'accurate in judgement to minute exactness; superfluously exact. It is often used to express a culpable delicacy' (SJ).
- 326 S.D. *The Baron's emotion*: the phrase appears tautologous, but may indicate a specifically theatrical sense of 'emotion', i.e., the 'acting of emotion' through facial expression, gesture, and so on. See George Taylor, "'The Just Delineation of the Passions': Theories of Acting in the Age of Garrick", in *The Eighteenth-Century Stage*, ed. Kenneth Richards and Peter Thomson (London, 1972), 51-72.
- 5.1.34 *reverence*: 'title of the clergy' (SJ).
- 128 S.D. *puts it by*: refuses to accept it.
- 5.2.17 *domestic*: household servant.
- 56 S.D. *after a pause*: while, presumably, Anhalt considers his own situation as a 'beggar' seeking to marry the noble Amelia.
- 122 S.D. *upper entrance*: one of the doors in front of the proscenium arch.

- 135 S.D. *curtain slowly drops*: the reprint of the play in the series *The British Theatre* (xxiii, 1808), which was supervised by Inchbald, has a frontispiece illustrating this scene just before the final 'tableau'; it is reproduced in R. W. Chapman's edition of Jane Austen's *Mansfield Park* (3rd edn.: Oxford, 1943), opposite p. 475.
- Epilogue* 'The lines between inverted commas are not spoken' (original note); i.e., in performance the Epilogue was cut.
- Thomas Palmer, Esq. of the Temple*: Thomas Palmer is possibly the son of John Palmer of Bath, a man with theatrical interests in Bath and Bristol; the son entered Trinity College Cambridge in 1793 and went on to train as a lawyer at Lincoln's Inn in 1794; he is not otherwise known to have written anything. The Inner Temple and Middle Temple were Inns of Court, where lawyers trained.
- Spoken by Mr Munden*: i.e., Joseph Shepherd Munden (1758-1832), in his character as the rhyming butler, Verdun. Munden excelled at broad comic roles, though he was sometimes criticized for caricature. Charles Lamb praised his inventiveness highly; see his 'On the Acting of Munden', in *Lamb as Critic*, ed. Roy Park (London, 1980), 72-4.
- 6 *stuff*: worthless nonsense.
- 8 *philosopher's stone*: 'stone dreamed of by alchemists, which, by its touch, converts base metals into gold' (SJ).
- 9 *Chymists*: alchemists.
- 15 *Orpheus*: legendary pre-Homeric poet, credited with the power to charm beasts and move trees and rocks by the music of his lyre.
- 17-18 *Amphion . . . Thebes*: in Greek mythology, Amphion built with his brother Zethus the city of Thebes, using lyre music to charm the stones into place. 'Glebe' land is sometimes technically land belonging to a clergyman but is here used as a poetic term for 'field'.
- 25 *odds my life!*: mild expletive, corrupted from 'God's my life!'.
- 36 *curtain lecture*: 'a reproof given by a wife to her husband in bed' (SJ).
- 54 *pleader*: lawyer pleading a cause in court.
- 58 *member*: member of parliament (the 'house' of the same line).
- 59 *prosing*: talking tediously.
- 63 *Nelson . . . Nile*: Viscount Horatio Nelson (1758-1805); the victory over Napoleon's fleet on the Nile occurred on 1 August 1798 and made Nelson a national hero. The 'piece of prose' is presumably the dispatch which brought news of the victory, though it was also of course much described in the newspapers.
- 69 *Sir John Warren . . . Brest fleet . . . Old Davy*: Admiral Sir John Borlase Warren, 1753-1822, defeated a French fleet of 5000 men on their way to Ireland in October 1798. Brest was a fortified seaport in north-west

France. 'Old Davy' is a nickname for the Devil, but also has connections with 'Davy Jones's Locker', the ocean floor.

- 70 *Gazette*: the *London Gazette* was the official government newspaper for the publication of proclamations and announcement of promotions and appointments.

## The Two Foscari

Byron appended to the edition of 1821 extracts from *L'Histoire de la République de Venise par P. Daru de L'Académie Française. Tom. II* and from *L'Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du Moyen Age. Par J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi. Tom. X*. Rather than reprinting these in full, I refer to them in these notes as the major sources of the play, in my own (EB's) translation. Page references in the notes to Daru and Simonde de Sismondi are to this appendix of 1821.

John Julius Norwich's *A History of Venice* (Harmondsworth, 1982) has been used as a source of historical information, and Hugh Honour's *The Companion Guide to Venice* (Collins, 1965) for topographical and architectural facts.

*CRITIC*: a slightly misquoted line from the burlesque play *The Critic* (1781), by Byron's late friend Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751–1816). Sheridan's is 'The father softens—but the governor | Is fix'd!' (*The School for Scandal, and Other Plays*, ed. Michael Cordner (Oxford, 1998), 2.1. 399–400).

**The Characters of the Play Memmo**: this role is expanded from a passing mention in the sources; 'Le doge ayant remarqué parmi les conseillers qui lui portèrent cet ordre, un chef de la quarantie qu'il ne connoissait pas, demanda son nom: "Je suis le fils de Marco Memmo," lui dit le conseiller.—"Ah! ton père était mon ami," lui dit le vieux doge, en soupirant' (Simonde de Sismondi, 323). (The doge having noticed, among the councillors who conveyed that order to him, a chief of the Forty whom he did not recognize, asked his name: "I am the son of Marco Memmo," the councillor told him.—"Ah!—Your father was my friend," the old man replied, sighing. EB.) Byron, in the two scenes he adds, makes the character conformist and careerist. The council, or court, of the Forty (*Quarantia*) dated from the late twelfth century (pre-dating the Ten); it later became solely a judicial body. Francesco Foscari had been President of the Forty himself.

**Barbarigo**: in the sources a state inquisitor; 'A l'instigation de Loredano, Jérôme Barbarigo, inquisiteur d'état, proposa au conseil de dix, au mois d'Octobre 1457, de sommer Foscari à une nouvelle humiliation . . . Barbarigo demanda qu'on nommât un autre doge' (Simonde de Sismondi, 322). (At the instigation of Loredano, Jerome Barbarigo, a state inquisitor, proposed to the Council of Ten, in October 1457, that Foscari

be submitted to a new humiliation . . . Barbarigo asked that another doge be nominated. EB.) Byron develops the (unhistorical) idea of Barbarigo as Loredano's accomplice throughout the play, without making clear the source of Loredano's power over him.

*a doctor . . . Signory*: in his own *Dramatis Personae* Byron gives up after *Attendants*, and simply adds *Éc. Éc.*, a favourite formula of his. Here, the effect of aristocratic insouciance is compounded in the text by a vagueness about the comings and goings of the silent characters. See also notes on those figures as they appear.

**WOMAN**: like 'MEN', this is Byron's unconventional label for the convention of gender-classified cast lists. It emphasizes both Marina's sex and her isolation, especially as the non-speaking male roles are listed under 'men' rather than after her name; the inclusion of her silent attendant under modern conventions somewhat occludes Byron's intent.

**Marina**: Jacopo's wife historically was Lucrezia Contarini; Marina was the name of Francesco's wife, the *Dogaressa*. She is nowhere mentioned in the play, but the historical *Dogaressa* accused the council of mockery in their granting Foscari a state funeral in terms transferred in the final moments of the play to Byron's Marina. The change of name, reversed in Verdi's operatic adaptation *I due Foscari*, may well be prompted by Byron's wish to suggest the sea in connection with the character (in Italian *mare*, and in Latin the name means 'woman of the sea'—for further thoughts on this see Introduction, p. xxix); 'sa veuve, qui de son nom était Marine Nani, déclara qu'elle ne le souffrirait point; qu'on ne devait pas traiter en prince après sa mort celui que vivant on avait dépouillé de la couronne' (Daru, 316). (His widow, whose own name was Marina Nani, said that she would in no way allow it; that he was not to be treated as a prince after his death who, before it, had been stripped of his crown. EB.)

1.1.2 *The Question*: much of the emphasis on torture in accounts of Venetian history derives from propaganda disseminated by Bonaparte to justify the French destruction of the republic in 1797. Daru, Simonde de Sismondi, and Byron continue this emphasis. Historically, Jacopo and the servants found carrying his letters were spared torture at the first trial, though it was inflicted—without any success in forcing a confession—at the second, on the most tenuous of the accusations, the attack on Ermalao Dona, whom Byron, following Daru, calls 'Almoro Donato' (see note at 1.1.304 on Nicolas Erizzo, the man to whom Byron and his sources assign guilt for this crime). This is conflated by Byron into the third and final trial, at which again, historically, no torture was used.

The 'question' was the use of the *strappado*, 'in which' according to the *OED*, 'the victim's hands were tied across his back and secured to a pulley; he was then hoisted from the ground and let down half way with a