

ROMEO AND JULIET.

**A
C O M E D Y.**

Written originally in SPANISH by that
celebrated Dramatic Poet,

LOPÉZ DE VEGA,

C O T E M P O R A R Y W I T H

SHAKESPEAR,

A N D

Built upon the same Story on which that greatest
Dramatic Poet of the ENGLISH Nation has
founded his well known Tragedy.

L O N D O N.

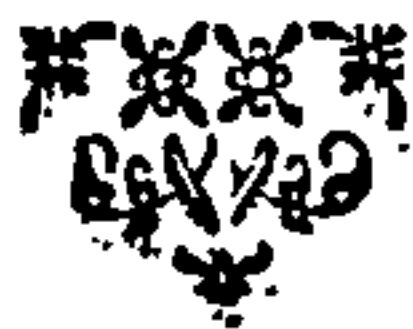
Printed for WILLIAM GRIFFIN, at Garrick's Head,
in Catharine-Street, Strand. 1770.

[Price, 1s.]

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE following piece is printed in *Spanish*, under the title of the CASTELVINI AND MONTESES; the names of the families which in SHAKESPEAR are called MOUNTAGUES and CAPULETS; but, the translator, to render it more familiar to the *English* reader, has printed it under the title of the *English* play, from which it scarcely differs in any thing except the catastrophe, and some scenes that have no manner of connection with the main subject.

THESE scenes, indeed, occur frequently, and for that reason, the editor has not translated the *Spanish* comedy from beginning to end, but contented himself with giving a general plan of LOPES DE VEGA'S piece, and a translation of such scenes only as answer to others in SHAKESPEAR'S tragedy.





ROMEO and JULIET:

A

C O M E D Y.



A C T I.

THOUGH all this act lies in the city of Verona, the scenes are frequently changed: in the first scene, the theatre represents a street, in which is seen the front of a magnificent palace, the residence of Antonio, head of the faction of the Capulets.

Anselmo and Romeo, young gentlemen of the faction of the Montagues, are discoursing about a festival that is given in this palace, where there is a ball and concert; the sound of violins is heard; Romeo testifies a great desire to be one of the party: his friend persuades him from it, by remonstrating to him, that such a rash step will be attended with some ill consequence.

B

“ You

2 R O M E O A N D J U L I E T :

“You are not ignorant,” adds he, “that an implacable hatred for ever separates the Montagues and Capulets: this hatred is hereditary in the two families; we feel it from our cradles, it becomes more rancorous as we grow older, and our mutual discords have an hundred times bathed the fields of Verona. What a project do you meditate? How will you excuse yourself to your father, if he discovers that you have been in an house which he abhors? It is a fault which he will never pardon. Besides, you throw yourself into the power of your most inveterate enemies. Have you not reason to fear their murdering you, or, at least, affronting and insulting you grossly?”

“My dear Anselmo,” replies Romeo, “deign to forget your prudence for a moment; grant me this mark of friendship; I feel a kind of supernatural transport which impels me to enter the house of Antonio. The festival will, no doubt, have collected together the principal ladies of the Capulet faction; we shall see and admire them, and I have formed a very flattering idea; for it seems as if Heaven had been careful to share its gifts equally between their faction and ours: the Montagues have produced men of matchless strength and valour; among the Capulets, have always been seen ladies of such uncommon beauty, that one would imagine Nature had modelled them after
3 some

some divine beauty*. Would to God, that Love might terminate our disputes, and Hymen reconcile both parties! How happy should we be! The most flourishing cities in the universe would have reason to envy the citizens of Verona.”

Anselmo persists in opposing this project, and does not consent to the caprice of Romeo without great difficulty. At last, being both agreed, they resolve to go masked, in order more certainly to gain admittance into their enemy's house. Marino, valet to Romeo, trembles for his master and himself; his fear and discourse render this part extremely comic.

As soon as the three preceding actors make their exit, the decorations of the theatre are changed. The scenes represent a magnificent and spacious garden, in which a number of ladies and gentlemen are sitting, and others walking about as their fancy leads them; a band of musicians is seen at the farther end, who from time to time draw some strokes with their bows. In a word, the scene represents to the eyes of the spectator a grand ball, which is supposed to be in the house of Antonio.

* This expression comes near the Spanish, but softens the idea a little. *Lopez de vega*, says *Mugeres, de tal belleza que burzo la naturaleza ha estampa à los serafines*. This signifies, ladies adorned with so many charms, that Nature to form them stole the model of the beauty of the seraphims.

While the masks amuse themselves with dancing, Octavio makes love to Juliet. Juliet is the daughter of Antonio; and Octavio, the son of Theobald. These two old gentlemen, who are the heads of the Capulet faction, come forward, and declare, they should both be charmed to see their children smitten with each other, because they propose to make a match between them. Things don't succeed quite to their mind. Octavio falls in love with Juliet, but Juliet does not like Octavio, and contents herself with returning him a polite answer.

Anselmo, Romeo and Marino, mix with the rest of the company: all three are masked; Marino, in a grotesque character; the other two in very genteel dresses.

The extreme beauty of Juliet strikes Romeo; he eyes her with looks of tenderness, is confounded, and takes off his mask. Antonio, who immediately knows him, says, in private to Theobald, "What a piece of impudence! Romeo, in my house!"

THEOBALD.

Don't put yourself in a passion; condescend to hear me a moment.

ANTONIO.

What would you have me hear? I am transported with fury.

THEOBALD.

T H E O B A L D.

You ought, yourself, to consider your palace as an inviolable asylum; certainly, Romeo can't come here with an intent to insult you. Doubtless, he had the curiosity to want to see the festival which you give to your family: this noble confidence which he puts in us, by trusting himself in the midst of his enemies, forbids our giving him the least affront. In short, if the step he has taken is a fault, his extreme youth renders it excuseable: for my own part, I should think, that the family hatred to us has not yet taken possession of his heart.

A N T O N I O.

Perhaps, he is armed; perhaps, he meditates some treacherous design.

T H E O B A L D.

This is talking like a man whose passion has got the better of his reason. What treachery can you fear in an assembly where all our force is united?

A N T O N I O.

But, after all, is not my house dishonoured, when I suffer a Montague to be there?

T H E O B A L D.

On the contrary, I think he does you honour, since he trusts himself to your generosity.

A N T O N I O.

I judge otherwise, and I am determined it shall cost him his life.

T H E O B A L D.

6 ROMEO AND JULIET:

THEOBALD.

Don't think that I will be your accomplice in so cruel an action; you are going to light again the torch of our antient discord, and you will precipitate the whole state of Verona into new misfortunes.

ANTONIO.

You are very prudent, my dear Theobald:

THEOBALD.

My age and experience makes me sensible of the value of an happy tranquility.

ANTONIO.

For love of you, I will dissemble my resentment.

During the whole of this dialogue, Juliet and Romeo look at each other tenderly; the fair one, who steps a little on one side, says, admiring the gentleman, "If Jove were to descend among mortals, he would assume the face and mien of this unknown: but what an agitation am I in, how confused am I! Ah! it is Love himself comes to drive all peace from my heart."

On the other hand, Romeo exclaims: "Alas! Why am I born of the blood of the Montagues? Would it have cost Heaven more to have made me a Capulet?"

The confusion which reigns in the assembly, insensibly permits Romeo to join Juliet. Romeo makes

makes a declaration of his love: Juliet hears him without anger; Octavio comes and interrupts their conversation. This does not prevent Juliet from artfully slipping a ring into Romeo's hand, and at the same time appointing an interview in the garden the following night.

As the day begins to close the company separates: the actors retire; and Juliet, with Celia her maid, only remain.

S C E N E IV.

J U L I E T *and* C E L I A.

J U L I E T.

Celia, stay a little, I have something to say to you.

C E L I A.

I have a great many things to tell you too, Madam; and I believe they are of importance to you.

J U L I E T.

Did you remark that young gentleman who talked to me? What a charming youth, my dear Celia, and how happy must the woman be who attaches him to her!

C E L I A.

True, Madam; but do you know his name?

J U L I E T.

I forgot to enquire; I was so confus'd, that I no longer knew myself; his first glance subdued
my

8 R O M E O A N D J U L I E T :

my heart ; and such is my weakness, that, on this occasion, I rather played the part of a gallant, than the character of a young lady who was fearful of acting contrary to her duty.

C E L I A.

Take care of yourself, you are undone if you give yourself up to the passion which I perceive arising in your heart. This young man, so worthy of being loved, is Romeo, Madam ; the son of Fabricius, the sworn enemy of your name and family.

J U L I E T.

What a misfortune ! Tell me no more of it. Just Heavens !

C E L I A.

It is better to acquaint you with it now, than to suffer you to engage yourself further. Advice would come too late, when your passion from time had gained greater hold.

J U L I E T.

It has already taken too deep root, and I feel my flame redouble its violence from the distance which the enmity of our parents places between us. What have I done, wretch that I am ? I have given my hand to Romeo during the ball ; I have repaid his declaration of love with the most flattering hopes ! But how did he presume to enter this house ?

C E L I A.

C E L I A.

Indeed, Madam, he ran a great risque. I observed your father on the point of executing against him the most violent resolutions:

J U L I E T.

Ah! Romeo, Romeo, what was thy design? Why didst thou shew thyself in so dangerous a place? My father will imagine that you came to brave him. I tremble for thy life. Ah! Heavens, how I love him!

C E L I A.

Oh, Madam, resume more command over your heart; consider, the consequences of such an attachment must of course prove unhappy to you.

J U L I E T.

But how can I break off with Romeo? I have answered his passion in a manner that resembled nothing less than hatred. Must I pass, in his opinion for a double dealer, and a deceitful person?

C E L I A.

A few civilities shewn a stranger, are attended with no consequences.

J U L I E T.

But I have made him a present of a ring.

C E L I A.

This is an innocent piece of gallantry, which may escape on a day of festivity.

J U L I E T.

But,——

C

C E L I A

C E L I A.

What! still a but, Madam?

J U L I E T.

Celia, don't distract me; he expects to speak to me this night in the garden; I have promised to meet him there.

C E L I A.

Don't meet him, Madam; he will be piqued at it, and you will see him no more: it is the only method readily to cure your wound.

J U L I E T.

You are right; now I know who he is, I ought to avoid him. I am sensible a second interview would wound my honour, and deprive me of what little tranquility I have still left; you shall go and enquire for him to-morrow; you shall tell him from me—Ah! Heavens! you shall tell him, that the blood from whence he is sprung, places between us an unsurmountable barrier, and, that I beg of him, never to come near our house again.

C E L I A.

Very well! I will obey you. To speak freely, I was very uneasy to see that you took so much pleasure in talking with him during the ball.

J U L I E T.

Why did you not tell me then, that he was the son of a Montague?

C E L I A.

His valet placed himself close to me, and I too had an inclination to hear him.

JULIET.

The valet of Romeo!

CELIA.

Yes, Madam, and I swear to you, that, if the master has merit, his servant does not want his share.

JULIET.

Endeavour to know, by means of this lad, whether Romeo loves any other lady in the city.

CELIA.

What concern is that of yours? You have resolved to forget him.

JULIET.

I forgot my resolution; but, in the main, what harm would there be in it, if you were to enquire whether he pays his respects any where else?

CELIA.

Why will you embarrass yourself? Since he is not to be yours, permit him to love whoever he pleases.

JULIET.

Leave me; you are the most ill-contrived girl I ever met with; and, if I don't chuse he should love any other, are you to pretend to contradict me?

CELIA.

Your pleasure would be a real piece of injustice.

JULIET.

More impertinence!

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CELIA.

C E L I A, *aside.*

She grows angry. Madam, would you please to walk in doors?

J U L I E T.

No.

C E L I A.

But, what would you do here?

J U L I E T.

Nothing.

C E L I A.

Would to God, Romeo was——

J U L I E T.

What?

C E L I A.

Your husband.

J U L I E T.

Don't you see that this is impossible?

C E L I A.

Love performs many more miracles.

J U L I E T.

You deceive me, Celia; but you please me, by deceiving me in so flattering a manner: remember, that when we give ourselves up to love, the true method not to irritate us, is to speak as we like.

The three or four following scenes are not very interesting; they pass alternatively in the house of Fabricius, father of Romeo, and in the street. As they have no connection with the subject, the

author might have retrenched them without injuring his piece.

At length, a night scene appears, which represents the garden of Antonio; and Juliet is seen there, with Romeo, who has climbed over the wall.

S C E N E IX.

J U L I E T *and* R O M E O.

R O M E O.

How happy am I, Madam, to have an opportunity of disclosing to you freely all the love with which you have inspired me!

J U L I E T.

Romeo, hear me; I have reflected on my duty, and on this love which you testify for me. It would lead us both too far; we are already on the brink of a dreadful precipice; let us endeavour to escape it prudently. You are sprung from the blood of the Montagues, and I am a Capulet: what horror, if it should be discovered that I suffer your courtship? I at first saw you with a flattering emotion, which seduced my heart; but, reason now prescribes me other laws. I behold your death certain, my despair and shame inevitable: are not so many fatal objects sufficient to deter us from such a perilous career? Do me then a favour; I don't desire you to return the ring
 2 which

14 ROMEO AND JULIET:

which I gave you; keep it; and looking on it; sometimes say, "The unhappy maid who gave it me, would have made me happy, if my happiness had depended on her only." But, no; forget me rather, and never mention my name; I would not leave you ideas which might disturb the tranquility of your mind. Adieu, Romeo; go, retire. Alas! I tremble, even while I speak to you! Heavens! if my father, or any of my relations, should surprize you in this place——

R O M E O.

Dear enemy! dear soul of my heart! that same Heaven which you call to witness, knows that I would obey you if I could obey you; but the love with which I am penetrated, renders me incapable of so great an effort; nothing frightens me. To lose my life, would be to me far preferable to the being deprived of the happiness of seeing you. From the first moment I saw you, I felt the most sincere and perfect passion, and you are not ignorant how well you deserve it. When, afterwards, I knew your name; when I considered all the disgraces which so dangerous an engagement seemed to promise; I endeavoured to break my chain; it was already too strong: Love is pleased to overcome obstacles; Love levels all difficulties. If he deigns to favour us, we might, charming Juliet——

J U L I E T.

Alas! what hopes could you have?

R O M E O.

R O M E O.

Fair Juliet, if I had your consent, I hope every thing from my courage and fidelity; we might see each other, I shall enjoy your conversation. Grant me permission to do this, my dear Juliet,

J U L I E T.

Stop, Romeo, do not repeat my name so often; I feel an emotion whenever you pronounce it. What enchantment has rendered you master of my heart so soon! But should we continue to see each other, what end would it answer? What is your design?

R O M E O.

To pledge my faith to you privately at the foot of the altar: deign to consent thereto, I shall find means to keep our union an impenetrable secret.

J U L I E T.

What a project! What rashness! I tremble to hear you.

R O M E O.

What should you fear, Madam?

J U L I E T.

A thousand misfortunes.

R O M E O.

[Throwing himself at the feet of his mistress.]

Juliet, dear object of my love, pierce an heart which adores you; shed all the odious blood of the Montagues which flows in my veins, or give me your hand. Consider, that Heaven, perhaps, has
formed

formed us to extinguish the enmity of our parents, and to restore peace to our country.

JULIET.

Ah! cruel one! I had reason to wish not to hear you: the song of the Syrens is less seducing: Away, I conjure thee; my father is conversing with Octavio; perhaps, they may come; they would sacrifice you to their hatred. A mortal fright overpowers all my senses.

ROMEO.

No, I will not leave you. Must I live or die? Speak, what do you determine?

JULIET.

Since such is the will of Fate, I will shut my eyes that I may not see the abyss into which you drag me. Go, I will meet you at church as soon as every thing is ready: depend on my word, and retire; I hear a noise within doors.

ROMEO.

My happiness equals my passion. Adieu, my dear Juliet.

JULIET.

Dear Romeo, adieu.

END of the FIRST ACT:

ACT

A C T III.

DURING the interval between the second and third acts, the father of Juliet has importuned her to consent to marry the Count: she has undergone violent persecutions on this account; she has resisted as far as she could; but, at length, foreseeing that she must yield to force, in a fit of despair, she resolves rather to devote herself to death, than betray Romeo.

Full of this idea, she sends Celia to Aurelio, the priest who married them privately. He does not appear on the stage, but is frequently mentioned in the course of the piece: profound knowledge, a charity always attentive to the wants of the unfortunate, are the out-lines which form his character.

Juliet implores the assistance of this worthy person; and informs him by a note, that if he does not find some method to save her from the misfortune which she dreads, she will avoid it by a voluntary death.

The commencement of the act supposes every thing to have passed which has been related, and the audience is informed of it with a great deal of address; Juliet and her father appear on the stage;

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18 ROMEO AND JULIET:

the theatre represents a large saloon in his palace; Antonio presses his daughter again, she refuses her consent; he threatens her with his utmost indignation, and tells her, for the last time, that if she will not give her consent, he will obtain it by force.

This barbarity constrains Juliet to promise that she will obey him: her father leaves her a prey to the painful reflexion which she makes on her situation; Celia soon enters, who is just come from Aurelio, with whose answer she acquaints her mistress.

S C E N E III.

C E L I A.

Madam, I have seen Aurelio, and have given him your note; I was astonished at the agitation and confusion which appeared in his countenance whilst he, read it; he, from time to time, lifted up his eyes towards Heaven, sighed bitterly, and could not help shedding tears.

J U L I E T.

Well, what has he done, what did he say?

C E L I A.

He retired to his study, where he remained near two hours; at length, he gave me this phial, and ordered me to tell you to drink the liquor which
which

which he sends you, to terminate your misfortunes.

J U L I E T.

What is his opinion, what effects will this liquor produce? Is this all the assistance which I am to expect from him?

C E L I A.

You are not ignorant, that he is one of the wisest and most learned men in the world; he asserts that this liquor will ease your sorrows; put confidence in his word.

J U L I E T.

Aurelio is a great philosopher; the properties of all plants are known to him, and all the secrets of nature. To the most sublime sciences he joins a fund of admirable virtues; he loves me, he loves Romeo, and ever since he married us, he has called us his children; yet, I am afraid lest this liquor should prove a philtre, the effects of which are to make me forget my husband, and constrain me to entertain an inclination for his rival! Ah, Celia! my love for Romeo is precious to me, and I feel that it would be a greater happiness to me to expire with it, than to live in tranquility and change the object of it.

C E L I A.

Excuse me, Madam, if I presume to tell you, that, in my opinion, your suspicions are unjust. Aurelio is too virtuous to wish to inspire you with

a criminal passion; he knows that you are married, and that you neither can nor ought to engage in a second marriage. For my own part, was I in your place, I would shut my eyes and drink the liquor, with a perfect confidence in him.

JULIET.

You are right; my unhappiness is so great, that nothing can augment it; let us resign ourselves entirely to the will of Heaven. Adieu, my dear Celia.

[After these last words, she drinks the liquor in the phial.]

CELIA.

What? My dear mistress, you bid me adieu! Must I see you no more?

JULIET.

What a devouring fire is kindled of a sudden in my breast! Ah, Celia!—What dreadful torture?—I faint.—Ah, Celia!—Just Heavens!—What have you brought me?

CELIA.

What Aurelio gave me. Ah! Madam.—
—Help! she is dying!

JULIET.

Surely he has made a mistake; this liquor is a violent poison; I no longer see you but through a cloudy mist; my bowels are racked.—Ah! great God! you terminate my life and my misfortunes.—Alas!—I cannot breathe.—I feel,

—I feel— an insupportable weight on my heart.

C E L I A.

Horrid treachery! Wretch that I am! Would to Heaven I had never been born, since I am become the instrument of your death! Ah! my dear mistress! compose yourself, I am going to fetch some body to your assistance.

J U L I E T.

Stay, Celia; do not disturb my last moments; I die satisfied, since I have lived faithful to my dear Romeo. When you see him, tell him that I have not in the least dishonoured the name of his wife; tell him, that I carry my love for him with me to the grave; tell him, that I expire pronouncing his name;—may he remember me; but may he console himself;—may he live many happy years.—Ah! Celia!—Adieu, dear Romeo. *

* Unless I am mistaken, this passage is sufficient to show that Lopes de Vega was perfectly acquainted with the passions and nature. Juliet attacked with violent pain, utters at first only broken sentences; when on the point of expiring, she loses sight of the pain, which made her cry out, and thinks of nothing but Romeo: her vigour revives in favour of her love, and she speaks with a surprising rapidity: at last, she falls again into a languid oppressed state, because nature has been exhausted by the effort it has made. All this seems, in my opinion, conducted with great delicacy.

Celia

Celia carries off her dying mistress; immediately the scene changes, and represents a street in Ferrara; two cavaliers, named Rutilio and Fernando, are serenading Sylvia. Sylvia is a lady of this city; she makes her appearance but once in the whole piece, and then is only seen at her window:

The characters of this scene are merely epifodical, and have no connexion with either the Montagues or Capulets: the author introduces them only to give Romeo an opportunity to revenge himself for the supposed infidelity of Juliet. Nothing can be more poor than this passage.

Aurora begins to break through the shades of night; Romeo arrives; the two cavaliers retire for no reason whatever, except, because the poet pleases they should; Romeo makes love to Sylvia, but with such an air and tone, as prove his heart full of another object, and that Juliet is ever mistress of it. In vain would he pretend to change; his vexation deceives him; his first passion is only the more violent for it.

Anselmo, who is just arrived at Ferrara, seeks Romeo, and meets him in the street; Sylvia shuts her window and retires: Romeo learns from Anselmo the adventure of the phial, which makes him tremble with horror; his eyes are opened, he sees how wrong he was to suspect the fidelity of his mistress; his grief forces him to break out into
bitter

bitter complaints, when his friend tells him that Juliet is buried.

“Do not distract yourself,” continues Anselmo coldly, “Juliet is in her tomb, but you shall have the pleasure to see her again; know that the poison which Aurelio sent her, was only a liquor prepared on purpose to throw her into a lethargic sleep; he revealed this important secret to me himself, and by his order I acquaint you with it. You must this very day set out for Verona, and in the night you shall fetch your wife from the dismal place in which her relations have put her, thinking she was dead.”

After this recital, which is drawn out to a great length in the piece, Romeo begins to revive: however, his hope is mixed with uneasiness; he is afraid lest he should arrive too late, or that Juliet awaking should die from the fright; or rather, lest she should expire in the arms of sleep. At length he sets out for Verona; Marino does not take the resolution to attend him without regret; and as to what Anselmo tells him, that there are a great number of bodies in the sepulchre, he maintains reasonably enough, “that, in his opinion, the dead are bad company; that he has no mind to pay them a visit, and that he will content himself with staying at the door.”

It is necessary to observe here, in order that the reader may not be surprized at Romeo's learning
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24 ROMEO AND JULIET:

the adventure of his wife too soon, that the Spanish scenes are often separated from each other by a considerable interval of time, though to consult only the ear and eye, it seems, as if they followed with the same rapidity as on the French stage.

Juliet drinks the sleepy potion in the third scene: three more scenes are hardly elapsed, when her interment is related in Ferrara: this city is, however, no nearer to Verona than a whole day's journey. The French could not fail to find such a circumstance ridiculous, and would readily ask whether Anselmo was in possession of Fortunatus's cap or the arrow of Abaris*, to be capable of performing such a journey in an instant. The Castilians judge of this matter in a different manner; they suppose between the scenes all the time necessary for the duration of the action: they readily comply with the idea of the author, and the thing seems to them very natural, whilst we seek in vain some shadow of probability.

Behold, then, Romeo departed from Ferrara; the decorations of the stage lead the spectator back to Verona, and represent the inside of duke Maxi-

* Abarus, according to fabulous history, was a famous soothsayer: he celebrated the glory of Apollo, and this god as a recompence, gave him an arrow, which had the same property as Fortunatus's cap: if it was darted towards any place, were it the farthest end of the world, it was there in a moment, and the person himself too.

milian's palace; Count Paris is seen in mourning, bewailing his loss of Juliet; the prince in vain endeavours to console him.

Antonio comes; he is sensibly affected with his daughter's misfortune; she was dear to him, and besides, having no heirs, he can't tell to whom he should leave his vast possessions. This consideration induces him to take the resolution to marry Dorothea, his niece, to prevent his great riches from being dispersed among several different families after his death: he asks advice of the duke on this subject, who approves of his intention.

A new scene presents itself to the eyes of the spectator, the burial place of the Capulets, a vast cavern, where nothing but funeral objects are perceived, the sight of which must of course shock in a comedy. Juliet at length awakes; her astonishment, her confusion, her terror and her love, furnish in these dreadful shades a long soliloquy, but which does not want beauty.

Romeo and Marino make their appearance: Marino carries a light; but, as he trembles as he walks, his fear makes him fall down, and the light is extinguished. In this situation his discourse and his action are so comic, that all the horror of the situation vanishes; the audience burst out into loud peals of laughter, though the mournful pomp of death is before their eyes.

26 R O M E O A N D J U L I E T :

At last Romeo joins his dear wife : their reunion is accompanied with the most tender testimonies of love and joy : not knowing where to take refuge, they depart happily from Verona, and go to conceal themselves in a country seat which belongs to the father of Juliet ; where the six last scenes lie.

Juliet, Romeo, Anselmo and Marino, are disguised like peasants ; their design is to stay two or three days in the country seat, till they have procured the necessary conveniencies to carry them further, but Fortune determines otherways.

Antonio comes to his country seat, in order to celebrate there his nuptials with Dorothea ; Theobald, father of this young lady, and several other gentlemen of the Capulet faction, are present at the solemnity : their arrival obliges Romeo and his company to hide themselves in different parts of the house : the countryman has no suspicion who they really are, and they engage him to secrecy by their liberality.

As Juliet is hid in a chamber above that into which her father has retired, she hears him speak, and that nobody is with him : she speaks to him herself, as we may suppose, through a hole, though the author does not take the least notice how : their conversation produces a scene which brings on the catastrophe of the piece.

S C E N E

S C E N E XV.

A N T O N I O *and* J U L I E T.

J U L I E T.

Father!

A N T O N I O.

Where am I? Great God! What voice is this
which strikes my ear?

J U L I E T.

Father!

A N T O N I O.

'Tis Juliet, or my fright deceives me!

J U L I E T.

Cruel father, hear me, if you still possess the
least spark of humanity.

A N T O N I O.

Is it you, my daughter? Ah, Heavens! my
blood freezes in my veins!

J U L I E T.

I come from the dark abode of death to re-
proach thee with thy rigour and injustice.

A N T O N I O.

Alas! my dear Juliet, how hard is it that I can
never see you more!

J U L I E T.

Would you have me appear to you under the
shape which my destiny has obliged me to assume
since our separation?

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A N T O N I O.

ANTONIO.

No, child, I have not courage enough to support thy presence; speak, and be gone.

JULIET.

You have been the occasion of my death.

ANTONIO.

Me; just Heavens!

JULIET.

Yes, you; was not you obstinately determined to marry me contrary to my own consent?

ANTONIO.

My intention was to make you happy.

JULIET.

I acknowledge count Paris merited my hand, but love had already in private joined me to another husband.

ANTONIO.

What do I hear! Why did you not acquaint me of it? I should have forgiven your weakness, and whoever your husband was, should have loved him as my son; the more, because I have reason to think you were incapable of making a bad choice.

JULIET.

My sincerity would only have served to raise your anger to the highest pitch: I have passed two months in the sweets of a marriage which would have rendered my life happy; you have tormented me; you would have made me the
victim

victim of your ambition, and I have sacrificed my life to the husband whom Heaven had given me: this is the doing; this is the fruit of your rigour: I now exhort you never to conspire the ruin of thy son-in-law, but to love and cherish him as if he had been your own choice: be assured, that if you treat him ill, I will continually torment thee; you shall hear me, you shall see me every where; my avenging fury shall not leave thee a quiet moment.

A N T O N I O.

Who then is this husband? Tell me his name, my dear child?

J U L I E T.

He is the conqueror of Octavio, Romeo, the son of the head of the Montague faction: consider that Heaven has formed him to appease the odious discords which have so long desolated our country.

A N T O N I O.

Romeo your husband! Could I have ever thought it? But it does not signify, I consent to make a sacrifice to you of my hatred; I call to witness this day every thing which is most sacred, that Romeo shall in my heart find the real sentiments of a father.

During this scene, Theobald, and the rest of the Capulet party, discover Romeo, Anselmo and Marino,

Marino, who, doubtless, were not well hid: they bring them all three prisoners on the stage, and consult together what kind of death they shall make them suffer.

In this conjuncture Antonio remembers his oath, embraces Romeo, and afterwards relates what has happened to him. The company at first think he has lost his senses, but at last he pacifies them; count Paris, who is present, and piques himself on his greatness of soul, contributes greatly thereto.

To render this sudden conversion more affecting, it is resolved (in order to cement the peace) to marry Dorothea to Romeo. Juliet, who overhears all, appears, and opposes this marriage: at the sight of her, the fright of the company gives way to surprize, and joy succeeds their surprize. At length, when they learn that Romeo has taken her from the arms of death, they judge that he has a lawful right to her; their union is ratified, Anselmo espouses the daughter of Theobald, and the brave Marino receives the hand of Celia, with a thousand ducats, which are made him a present of as her marriage portion.

F I N I S.

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