

**THE BROKEN LILY; OR, THE
REVOLT OF
NAPLES, AN ORIGINAL
DRAMA, IN FIVE ACTS**

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The Broken Lily; or, The Revolt of Naples, an Original Drama, In Five Acts by Fra. F. Willis

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FRA. F. WILLIS

**THE BROKEN LILY; OR, THE
REVOLT OF
NAPLES, AN ORIGINAL
DRAMA, IN FIVE ACTS**



THE
BROKEN LILY;
OR,
THE REVOLT OF NAPLES.

AN
ORIGINAL DRAMA, IN FIVE ACTS.

BY
FRAS F. WILLIS,

(LATE OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.)



ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL

LONDON:
WILLIAM STRANGE, (ALSO A. BLUE,) 21, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1846.

1675

DEDICATION.

TO

MRS. ELIZABETH SHERREN,

THE LADY OF HENRY SHERREN, ESQ.

OF WINTERBOURNE, DORSET.

MY DEAR MADAM,

IN laying this little work at your feet, I do not do it to trench upon the kindness of your disposition, nor to call into play the knowledge you possess, by travel, of the manners of mankind, to overlook such errors as your kindred feeling may detect: neither do I do it to pour forth upon you that fulsome adulation which, in authors of high character, rather detracts from, in the eyes of sensible people, than adds to the character of the work. Fielding, in his inimitable novel, says "a man without money may as well starve in Leadenhall market as in the Deserts of Arabia." Such is a simile as regarding "friendship" in a large city. I will not rail against the world because I have met with insincere acquaintances;

faithless and unsparing servants, &c.—I look on them as chastisements, to force the open mind to a prudence in the choice of companions, and vigilance in private concerns. But, as regards friendship, a person launched upon the sea of a large city, resembles a bark with “breakers a-head” on “a lee shore,” dark and spiritless, when the life-boat of friendship, as it were, hoving in sight, the joyous ray of hope again illumines the horizon, the heart pulsates as the buoyant vessel rides o’er the waves of a tumultuous life. To record this has been my object. I have received from you, your husband, and all connected with you, such unequivocal marks of friendship, which I had no reason to expect or anticipate, that I could not help endeavouring to erect some little altar to that sacred deity.

When I served a parochial office, I was advised to do some repairs, to have my name emblazoned. I answered, if I write my name, I will endeavour to do it in characters which a brush shall not erase. I have no means of judging how far I may succeed; but if this falls dead from the press, or finds its way into the world, I have to hope that my gratitude, and how much you have deserved it, will form a prominent portion of its history.

Madam, I have too much respect for your good sense to finish this dedication with personal panegyric; one virtue, however, I will record—it is perhaps one of the most valuable to the female character, and the most conducive to a happy home; I mean the kind consideration towards the faults—if indeed they may be so deemed, of our sex. Men, from their position in

nature; from education, habit, knowledge of the world, or necessity of business, may sometimes seem to try the female patience; but the simple, kind word is then doubly kind, and any one enjoying the hospitality of your roof would feel at ease under the urbanity of your sound judgment.

I will only add, I should not have dedicated this to you, had not my friend Russell (to whom I am indebted for my likeness) agreed with me, that an attempt in a high walk of art, even by failure, was not held as a disgrace, but rather a misfortune, to those engaged therein.

In conclusion, may I hope that nature may shower around you her choicest blessings, and that you may ever continue to believe me

Your sincerely devoted,

Obliged, and grateful friend,

FRA^s F. WILLIS.

LONDON, MARCH 19, 1845.

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P R E F A C E.

GENTLE READER,

I had written a long preface to this little attempt, to excuse myself for sending forth a play to the world during the so-called decline of the drama. This cry has, I think, prevailed some time; but, within these few days, I have seen in our suburban theatre, ladies in full dress availing themselves gladly of the gallery—the company of which would not (as far as conduct goes) disgrace aristocratic walls, to witness the representation of works of genius. The cry is answered; the blighting effect of the “star” system seems mouldering at the foundation, and the good sense of the English nation has now proved, it only wanted opportunity. It is true, at present, the mania has not reached higher circles; allowing that, their preference to singing and dancing saves them only the trouble of thinking.

It will perhaps be conceded to me, that a drama professing and being to the best of my knowledge original, has some claims to an unbiassed criticism, as dramatic authors have a wider range of imagination allowed them than other writings will permit of. The