## THE LEAGUE'S CONVERT: A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS

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The League's Convert: a Tragedy, in Five Acts by Henry W. Pearson

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HENRY W. PEARSON

# THE LEAGUE'S CONVERT: A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS

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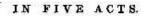
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## LEAGUE'S CONVERT:

A Tragedy,



BY

### HENRY W. PEARSON.

" Feaple now Believe they will be happing with free trade." Act 1. Sc. 1.

LONDON: SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET. 1847.

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"Our bards must walk in other ways than did the bards of yore, Must learn in haunts of toil and care the mysteries of life. And find the blessedness of love, where wrong and pain are rife." ATBENSION.

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" Our dramatic poetry must be co-operative with the daily thoughts and works of those it is written for—must be incorporated with their actual existence, creating warm interest in their life's toil, their individual development, their national greatness, adding a charm to the delights, and being a balm to the sorrows, that alike vary the emotions of the greatest and the most humble.

"Let the stage show forth the ideas-the intellectual and spiritual conditions of society, rather than its plain facts, and anattractive, more material qualities; if ideal subjects be chosen, let them array principles, and be impressed with truths that may assist in expounding the mysteries, developing the faculties, and establishing the rights of humanity; make the drama vital with the life among us, and it will no longer be neglected---no longer despised."

H, W. P.'s LECTURE ON " PROSPECTS OF THE DRAMA."

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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CONBERVOR, King of Cheering Isle. ARISTOR, Leader of the Chiefs. GENEROSUR, a Chief. DEMOCRER, Leader of the People. A CENTURION. THEAL, the King's Daughter. THE MOTHER OF DEMOCRES. An Attendant on TREAL.

Chiefs, Populace, Soldiers, Pages, &c. &c.

SCRMBA, in Cheering Isle.

Acres 1st, 2nd, and 4th,—A Hall in Conservor's Palace. Acre 3rd,—The Public Seat of Judgment. Acre 5th,—Rocks in the Harbour.

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## LEAGUE'S CONVERT.

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### ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.- A Hall in the King's Palace.

Guards and Pages present.

Enter CENTURION.

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CENTURION.

Attend I 'tis council hour. Watch ye the doors. Remainder wait the King. Admit the chiefs ! [ The Chiefs are admitted—the Guards go out.

#### ARISTOS.

We met a crowd upon the palace steps, Among whom stood Democres. Drive him hence.

CENTURION.

Chief, the King sent for him.

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#### THE LEAGUE'S CONVERT.

ARISTOS.

Strange! Noble Chiefs,

[Motions to CENTURION, who goes out.

We must not yield one jot, lest wedges then

Be set to overthrow all we esteem.

In council, as our aims are quite agreed,

Make me your mouthpiece. Hush !- the King !

All bow.

Who are content ? Enough !

Enter KING, with attendants, who retire.

KING.

My noble Chiefs,

You have been summoned to consider themes Of urgency. Throughout our populace Fierce disaffection spreads. The rock, whereon My throne impregnably stood prominent, Shakes to its core, for want of the strong love That anciently, with loud applauses, made My subjects' voices pleasurably sound. Deserted streets echo the martial clang Of regal trumpets heralding my course. Workmen, instead of hurrying from toil, Merely cease whistling, as light thoughtlessness

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#### THE LEAGUE'S CONVERT.

Settles to melancholic, dogg'd reserve, Omening mischief. We are fortified Enow to battle outward foes, though arm'd In panoply subscribed by ev'ry king, Unfriendly to ourselves. But power fails To subjugate covert antagonists. Nor may I free the lightnings of my wrath At crowds, lest friends be hurt; yet, since we must Physic the troubling sickness, ere its gall Canker the body of our guarded state, I bade Democres, who, ye know, is lov'd By many, to attend us.

#### ABISTUS.

#### O great King!

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He must be silenced. Mobs are quickly taught To clamour, like untutor'd infants do, For what would hurt them ; so the people now Believe they will be happier with free trade, Though we know well such licence would revert Corn-fields to dank morasses. If thou wilt Retain our suffrages, receive him not.

#### KING.

My promise must be kept inviolate. Summon Democres! Never think, great Chiefs, 7