

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

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649410224

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

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

HENRY W. PEARSON

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

THE
LEAGUE'S CONVERT:

A Tragedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.



BY

HENRY W. PEARSON.

"People now
Believe they will be happier with free trade."

Act I. Sc. 1.

LONDON:
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.
1847.

1

" 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."

ATHENÆUM.

" 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 unattractive, 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.

CONSERVOR, *King of Cheering Isle.*

ARISTOS, *Leader of the Chiefs.*

GENEROUS, *a Chief.*

DEMOCRES, *Leader of the People.*

A CENTURION.

TREAL, *the King's Daughter.*

THE MOTHER OF DEMOCRES.

An Attendant on TREAL.

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

SCENES, in *Cheering Isle.*

ACTS 1st, 2nd, and 4th,—*A Hall in Conservor's Palace.*

ACT 3rd,—*The Public Seat of Judgment.*

ACT 5th,—*Rocks in the Harbour.*

THE
LEAGUE'S CONVERT.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the King's Palace.*

Guards and Pages present.

Enter CENTURION.

CENTURION.

Attend! '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.

ARISTOS.

Strange! Noble Chiefs,
Some rumours have been spread of our King's mood—
If true—explaining why the mob comes here:

[*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

Settles to melancholic, dogg'd reserve,
 Omening mischief. We are fortified
 Enow to battle outward foes, though arm'd
 In paucely 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.

ARISTOS.

O great King!

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,