

**WALTER; OR, THE  
FOUNDLING: A  
DRAMA, IN FIVE ACTS.  
WITH MINOR POEMS**

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Walter; or, The founding; a drama, in Five Acts. With minor poems by G. Warmington

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**G. WARMINGTON**

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WALTER;

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THE FOUNDLING:

A DRAMA, IN FIVE ACTS.

WITH MINOR POEMS.

BY G. WARMINGTON.

AUTHOR OF

"THE FALL OF LEICESTER," "THE ORPHAN,"  
"THE CONTRAST," &c., &c.

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540.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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WALTER .....	<i>A Foundling.</i>
LORD MONTRAVERS .....	
MONTGOMERY .....	<i>A Young Nobleman.</i>
FITZALLAN .....	<i>Nephew of Lady Lovatt.</i>
OSRIC .....	<i>Fitzallan's Confederate.</i>
JOHN .....	<i>Servant of Montravers.</i>

### *Outlaws, Officers, Countrymen, &c.*

LADY LOVATT .....	<i>A Widow.</i>
ISABELLA .....	<i>Her Daughter.</i>
LADY MONTRAVERS .....	
LADY EMMA .....	<i>Daughter of Montravers.</i>
MARY .....	<i>Lady Emma's Attendant.</i>





# WALTER.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I — *Room in Montravers' Mansion.*

LADY MONTRAVERS, MONTRAVERS, and EMMA.

*Montravers.* Entreat no more; your prayers to me are  
vain.

A daughter's greatest virtue is obedience.

[*Exit Montravers.*]

*Emma.* [*Kneeling.*] Then, mother, hear me! hear your  
wretched child!

In mercy, plead for me, or see me perish!

*Lady M.* I plead not for an ingrate. To your room,  
And make your choice of what your father offers.  
Rank, honours, wealth, lie waiting at your feet,  
Which you would forfeit for a beggar's brat,  
Brought up by charity. If you forget  
Your station, and, upon Montravers' house,  
Would bring shame and dishonour, 'tis my duty  
To thwart your schemes, and bring you to obedience.

[*Exit Lady M.*]

*Emma.* [*Rising.*] Say, do I wake? or does some horrid  
dream

Oppress my troubled mind? It cannot be—  
It surely is some fearful phantom weighs  
Upon my breast! Oh, for some friendly hand

To shake it from me! If no hand is near,  
 Then come ye rattling thunders to my aid—  
 Ye howling winds, that from the mountain's brow  
 Uproot the pine, or lay the sturdy oak  
 In wide-spread ruins! Oh, for one dread shake  
 To rouse me, though it were great Nature's self,  
 And in the act, the earth itself should gape!

[*After a pause—recollecting herself.*]

Oh, heaven! oh, earth! and all ye depths below!  
 Do I then live, and what I hear is real?—  
 Is every hope that my fond heart could form  
 Thus crushed for ever? A month—one little month!  
 I shudder at the thought—to wed another—  
 Become the slave of one I cannot love:—  
 Is there no chance, no path for safety left?  
 Must I, then, wed Montgomery, or become  
 An impious blasphemer of our faith?—  
 The one that unto Heaven devotes her days,  
 Should bid the world farewell before she enters  
 The convent's gloomy cloister. Not a thought  
 Of earth, its cares, its fears, its hopes, its loves,  
 Should lurk within her breast: her very breath  
 Should have a heavenly odour, as an angel,  
 Breathing extatic praise, or else her prayers  
 Are blasphemies. And can I, then, expect  
 Peace to my throbbing heart, when all my thoughts  
 Cannot be centred on that power divine  
 Too oft my pater noster would begin—  
 "My Walter!—oh, my Walter!" "*A beggar's brat!*  
*Brought up by charity!*"—could language utter  
 More harsh unfeeling words? His looks, his mien,  
 His very tongue, proclaims his noble birth,  
 Though lost to friends, and reared by Courtney's kindness.

*Enter MARY.*

*Mary.* What ails my honoured mistress? You appear  
 Lost in reflection, and much agitated.  
 Perhaps the thought of your approaching marriage  
 Much occupies your mind?

*Emma.* Mary, it does.

*Mary.* Feel you not happy at the splendid prospect  
Of fortune, titles, honours, that await you ?

*Emma.* Oh, very happy ! so happy, I could weep  
My blood for tears. Yes, happy as the wretch  
That knows the morning calls him to the wheel,  
To perish in the agony of torture ;—  
And yet not quite so, for to him the thought  
Of death approaching blunts the sting of pain ;  
Whilst I am doomed in agony to live,  
Bereft of even the hopes of death to end it !

*Mary.* What means my Lady, that you thus bewail  
A happiness that thousands well might envy ?

*Emma.* Let them, then, be happy, if the glare  
Of tinselled wealth can yield them any pleasure :  
It is not so with me.—I have a heart,  
At least, I had one, that could well despise  
The show of stately pomp. I would have mine  
The man, whose thoughts could soar above this earth,  
And with his mind could grasp the universe,  
As in his span ; one that loves Nature's charms ;  
With a heart to feel for others ; kind, humane,  
Brave, and yet gentle ; one who strongly feels  
For Freedom's cause ; a patriot, but loyal ;  
And if ought else could make man more exalted,  
He should be my choice. Such one I found,  
And now he's lost ; yes, lost to me for ever ;  
And with him gone my heart—my peace—my hope !

[Weeps.]

*Mary.* [Weeping.] Your tears infect me : surely I have  
caught

The will to weep myself ! Do you mean Walter ?

*Emma.* I do. Our love with childhood sprang. Until  
He left to join the Army, I ne'er thought  
'Twas aught, save friendship ; but the parting came,  
And then the truth came too. You know he went,  
And for three years obtained renown in arms.  
Lord Courtnay's wound compelled him to return,  
And Walter came with him. We again have met.  
Whilst, at my feet, he breathed his ardent prayer  
Unto a heart already dotting on him ;  
My father stole upon us—tore him from me,  
And spurned him from these walls. Mary, do you hear ?