

**MIRANDOLA.
A TRAGEDY**

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Mirandola. A Tragedy by Barry Cornwall

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BARRY CORNWALL

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M I R A N D O L A

A TRAGEDY

BY

BARRY CORNWALL.

LONDON

JOHN WARREN, OLD BOND STREET.

MDCCCXXI.



LONDON:
SHACKELL AND ARROWSMITH, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE fact of a father having married the lady betrothed to his son, occurred in the case of Philip the 2nd of Spain, and of D'Este, one of the Dukes of Ferrara. This fact I have borrowed, as well as the circumstance of the father condemning his son to death. In other respects, the Tragedy is, as far as I know, original. The character of the sensitive *Mirandola*, more particularly, is unborrowed.

That the Tragedy has succeeded so well must be ascribed, no doubt in a material degree, to the great exertion of the performers; and the pleasant task remains to me of saying how much I am sensible of the really masterly delineation which Mr. Macready gave of the

varying and difficult character of *Mirandola*, and of the high and perfectly admirable portrait which Mr. C. Kemble embodied of the son. Indeed I owe my best thanks to ALL concerned in the representation of the Tragedy, to Mrs. Faucit, Miss Foote (the beautiful representative of *Isidora*) Mr. Abbott, Mr. Egerton, and Mr. Conner; for *all* were most zealous, and exerted their talents with the greatest possible effect.

I must not let this opportunity pass of saying that I owe much to Mr. Macready, whose kind and valuable suggestions induced me to concentrate the incidents in the latter part of the play more than I had originally intended to do. He will, I hope, be content with this sincere but very inadequate acknowledgement of the friendly interest which he has evinced throughout all the progress of the play.

B. C.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. CHAPMAN.

(WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.)

THOUGH, for two hundred years, the stage has been
A varying story, shifting scene by scene
From wit to ribaldry, as veered the age,
'Till both were lost in one wide sea of rage ;
Yet, for a time, a crowd of mighty men
Flourished in Britain, their sole arms—the pen,
The Poet's pencil, dipp'd in living light,
That flowed from beaming day or starry night ;
Their music such as sprang from winds or floods,
Their colours those which hung the waving woods,
The rocks, the vailles, and the circling sky ;
Their spirit the same which has thro' years gone by
Lived—oh ! and still, as fair as in its youth,
Survives,—immutable, immortal TRUTH ;
Their words—(no heavy coinage of the brain,
Wrought with dull toil and uninspired pain,)
Came from the gently-stricken heart's rebound,
Like natural echoes from some pleasant sound.

Of late some Poets of true mind have writ
Lines that have relished of the ancient wit :
To-night, another, not unknown—yet one
Who feels that much is to be lost—and wou,
Comes with a few plain words, honestly told,
Like those his mightier masters spoke of old,
And anxious that his story may by you
Be found to every answering feeling true.—
On no huge sounding words he rests his fame ;
No mighty sentences his pride proclaim :
To woo you—win you,—as they did of yore,
In better times, he asks—and asks no more.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOHN, Duke of MIRANDOLA . . .	Mr. MACKREADY.
GUIDO, his Son	Mr. C. KERBEL.
HYPOLITO, Son of Isabella . . .	Miss BODEN.
CASTI, } Friends of Guido	Mr. ABBOT.
JULIO, }	Mr. CONNOR.
GHERALDI, a Monk	Mr. EGERTON.
CURIO	Mr. COMER.
MARCO, an Innkeeper	Mr. ATKINS.
PESARO, ANDREA, PIERO, Nobles, Servants, &c.	
ISIDORA, Duchess of MIRANDOLA .	Miss FOOTE.
ISABELLA, Sister of the Duke . .	Mrs. FAUCIT.
BEATRICE, Wife of Marco	Miss SHAW.

SCENE—At and near Mirandola, in Italy.

MIRANDOLA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The outer yard of an Inn on the road to Mirandola.

BEATRICE enters from the Inn.

Bea. I thought I heard the trampling of horses. Marco!—There are so few travellers who pass this road, that really we must make the most of all who come. Hark! that was certainly a horse's step.—Marco!—There, again: somebody is certainly coming. (*She listens.*)

MARCO enters.

Marco. By Saint Peter, this will be a rare day to go to sleep in. There'll be nothing awake to-day but the sun, and my wife. Why, Beatrice, what's the matter? Are you bent double before your time? She looks like Fine-ear, in the Fairy tale, who listens to hear the grass grow. Beatrice!

Beatrice. Hark! don't you hear?

Marco. Hear? no; and yet—Ha! I do hear some-