

**FATE: A TRAGEDY,
IN FIVE ACTS**

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Fate: A Tragedy, in Five Acts by Jr. W.

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JR. W.

**FATE: A TRAGEDY,
IN FIVE ACTS**

F A T E :

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS,

BY G. W., JR.

LOUISVILLE:

HULL & BROTHER, PRINTERS, MAIN STREET.

1859.

TO THE READER.

THE Author, feeling that he has made an innovation on an established custom—that of writing works of this kind in heroic verse—deems it to a degree incumbent to remind the reader that he has taken this course, not from a wish to combat formed opinions, but from a desire to be true to persons with whom he would acquaint you.

He is not forgetful of the great capacity which regular metrical arrangement has to give a refined and musical flow to language, nor of its power to suggest, and has therefore, at times, used it. But in a work of this kind regularity in the number and purity of the feet, by imparting a harmonious flow, destroys the force, and oftentimes makes the identity and intention of the speaker obscure. He would remind you of the evident limit of this metrical arrangement as an improvement, and of its being a machine without the faculty of self-adjustment for all work. It is therefore, while for a purpose he has retained the grammatical form, he has allowed the line to be truthful to intention, and to the passionate identity of the character speaking.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

HARRY TRUEMAN,
HORACE TEMPLE,
WILLIAM FELLOWS,
GEORGE MALES,
WESLEY,
MAMMON MELTON,
CHARLES, *A Clerk*,
RICHARD HARLOW,
LUCIUS TEMPLE,
JOHN RATTLER,
ELLI, *A Jew*.

ADA, *An Orphan*,
LUCY TEMPLE,
Mrs. GOSSY,
MARY, *Ada's Maid*.

*Ladies, Officers, Servants,
Priests, etc.*

F A T E.

A C T I.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter HARRY TRUMAN and GEORGE MALEB, meeting.

Tru. Well, well, how thrives it, George,

Ma. Not well, Harry; to-day is ill-fated, and is mad
With bad news for those who least deserve it;
And I am sick to see this world so tumbling round
To curse all save knaves and fools!

Tru. What now! my thoughts are slow to eke
The meaning out. Why, sir, the world is gay—
Has used you well—and wherefore mad at't.
It had not been out of the tricky play of chance,
Had I been at this moody task, venting spleen;
For I have granted such as I the right;—
But you! 'Tis decking Fortune with a mourning-robe,
Else giving to lank, drop-jaw poverty gaudy gew gaws,
To flaunt the air and drown her melancholy prayers
For help.

Ma. You must remember, I live not
For myself alone; I have my friends—noble hearted
Friends—

Tru. That's no rarity; all men have friends,
And even I have mine;—as for the noble hearted,
Are you not one?

Ma. You know it, Harry. Now my mind is puzzled,
Mad, that of all my friends, that one
The last to bear with a merry eye the frown
Of fortune, has the first to meet it.—

Horace Temple. [*Truman not surprised.*]

—Of all—of all, I say, the least deserving of 't,
To-day, as perhaps you know, his father's lands
Were sold; and he is poor, very poor, in all
Save a melancholy fancy,—and I do pity, as I
Must love him, Harry.

Tru. And yet, I know not the right to curse
The world, because Horace Temple is very poor!
Some, it may be, are much poorer, and if not so,
Are worthier to be happier than they are, and
Not so poor! Withal, you should not pity thus.
Be he a man he will dispise you for it, and
If not a man, he is not worthy of it!

Ma. Harry, I did forget—you know him not!
Did you know him, you would not think
So coldly; for in my small reckoning
He is a noble man, and to try the powe'r
You shall know him—that is, if it doth
Please you.

Tru. I should be pleased to know him whom
You so esteem; for even flattery, when sounded, may
A truth beneath the gilt contain, that's worth
The while to deck with labor. And yet I may
Have heard of this so-called noble man! For
If so great and good as you have made him in

My ears, the world is honest, and mayhaps
Proclaims him so—so famous.

Is he not
The lover of the orphan Ada—Harlow's adopted?
It seems to me I've heard that there the famous
Horace found a where to put his head in; and
No force, they say—not I—can move him from
Her when he kneels for favor. That, methinks,
Is noble like. Is he the Temple?

Geo. Ma. He is. But your words are now ill-timed.
He comes, and soon I'll see your cutting tongue
Fall down to praise my friend.

Enter HORACE.

Good morrow, Horace.

Tru. (aside.) 'Tis he! I would he had not come;
This rising here hath power to betray
What must not be betrayed to him of all!
Down, down!—

Tem. A merry greeting, tho' no merry giver,—
How fares my friend!

(to Harry Truman) Sir, Good morrow!

Ma. Not well, not well.—But this is my
Friend, Harry Truman,—

Tem. We have met
Before, friend George;—

Tru. We have;
But yesterday at Richard Harlow's.

Ma. (aside.) So,
This strangeness here! That irony was bitter, and
Has import to my mind!

Tem. George, I
Have been seeking you.—A bit of news!

Not merry, still not sad ; and yet
 It hath made poor weak mortals curse,
 And e'en go mad !

On yesterday my father, Lucius Temple,
 Surrendered to the law his all, to meet the debts
 He honorably contracted—honorably, as they should
 Be met.

To-day he is as poor, as the poor, poor dog
 That howls around the ruin of his master's home,
 Or 'bove the cold marble o'er the dead !—
 And even though estranged in this comparison,
 He is as brave to battle still, as may be
 That poor brute to whine his master back
 Again.

Tru. (aside.) A noble soul, for son compare him thus
 To moaning house dog.

Tem. And she, my sister, has a smile
 Always, and often says 't is happiness to think
 Of field walks at dawn. But, but,
 She sometimes looks at the rich brocades,
 The sparkling necklaces, and sometimes finds
 Our father sad ; when, ah, then, the poetry melts
 Away, and a deep sigh doth come,
 The sad herald of a tear.

Tru. (aside.) 'T is woman-like.

Tem. But, but enough ; the thinking on 't
 Casts shadows on my soul, since it
 Doth omin long delay in speaking
 My soul to her.

Tru. (aside.) A poor, poor dog !
 To whine ere hunger—since his last found bone—
 Can have come upon him.