

**LOVE AND HATE; OR, THE  
COURT OF CHARLES I: AN  
HISTORICAL DRAMA IN  
FOUR ACTS**

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Love and Hate; Or, The Court of Charles I: An Historical Drama in Four Acts by Charles Coghlan

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**CHARLES COGLAN**

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# LOVE AND HATE;

OR,

## THE COURT OF CHARLES I.

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An Historical Drama,

IN FOUR ACTS.

BY

CHARLES COGHLAN.

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LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR AT

11, WELLINGTON STREET NORTH, STRAND.

1857.

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]

FROM  
THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL  
1914  
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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CHARLES I.  
SIR RAYMOND DE TREVERE.  
WALTER TALBOT, *Baron Raycliffe*.  
SIR WILLIAM CREVILLE.  
SIR REGINALD RENFORD.  
DE SHRIVESBY.  
CRAMART.  
RICHARD.  
PRESIDENT OF THE TRIBUNAL.  
A COURTIER.  
A CITIZEN.  
A GAOLEK.  
AN APPRENTICE.  
A PURITAN.  
A GUARD.  
A CLERK.

IRABELLA MONTSFORD, *Baroness of Raycliffe*.  
AGNES CLAIRMONT.  
HENRIETTA MARIA.

*Courtiers. — Musketeers. — Pages. — Citizens. — A Messenger. —  
A Priest. — Two Attendants. — Two Servants. — A Headsman.  
Guards and Members of the Secret Tribunal.*

*etc., etc.*

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COSTUME OF MEMBERS OF THE SECRET TRIBUNAL.

PRESIDENT.—Black Robe edged with Silver.  
DE SHRIVESBY.—Mail Shirt, Tight Scarlet Sleeves, Scarlet Shirt  
fringed with Gold, Armour for Legs, Square Steel Head-piece,  
with Scarlet Curtain, Long Black Cloak.  
CRAMART.—White Shirt Dress edged with Gold, Armour for Legs,  
Steel Head piece with Mail Curtain, Long Black Cloak.  
GUARDS.—Red Shirt Dresses, Armour, Long Black Cloaks,  
MEMBERS.—Black Robes and Masks.

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*The Costume of the remainder of the Characters to be of the Reign of  
Charles I.*

## P R E F A C E.



IN presenting this, my first dramatic production to the public, I am aware that my *début* is made under adverse circumstances; in a word, the play that I now lay before you, has never been performed. If any one, who, on arriving thus far, feels inclined to toss this book from him with a contemptuous "pish" as unworthy to claim even a fleeting moment of attention, I must especially inform him, that to place a drama, whatever may be its degree of excellence, upon the London stage, is, to a young and unknown author, a task of the greatest difficulty; and it was with the object of facilitating its introduction, that this drama has been printed before its representation. Following the usual course, I may say, that out of every ten MSS. left for the approval or non-approval of the manager, upon an average, eight are not even opened; and the remaining two are merely glanced at and rejected. This proceeds chiefly from one cause—the tedious labour of wading through a mass of frequently illegible manuscript; and, further, in this day, a play must be successful indeed, if it succeeds, even though but for the hour, in supplanting those popular favourites—importations from the French. It is impossible, when plays are translated verbatim with impunity, to hope, even for an instant, that an original English play, the offspring of long and wearying labour, can hope to usurp

the place of those dramas that are obtained at little trouble and less cost, though merely piracies. It is certainly humiliating to our national pride, and is expressive of great degeneracy among dramatic literati, when we owe nine-tenths of the most popular dramas to our inventive neighbours; and even were authors to arise who would prove an honour to their country, I question whether less expensive translations would not precede the masterpieces of our countrymen.

Therefore, all those who at present may incline to follow dramatic literature, and labour at restoring the British Drama to the height from which it has fallen, meet with an indifferent reception. It is not to be expected, that a manager will spend more in the purchase of an original play, than he would give to obtain the newest piracies from the French. Yet, where the one is advantage, the other is loss; and it naturally follows, that the most remunerative labour will be the most popular. The productions are thought equal; though the one may be the labour of a few days—the other, the ceaseless toil of months; the one, a miserable translation—the other, a gradually developed conception of the brain: and when the poor author produces, at length, a drama, obtained only by nights of conception, and days of wearying execution, it is placed on an equality with a piece that has cost but the mere labour of translation. While this exists, while the thoughts of foreign authors are thus to be pillaged with impunity, to the exclusion of all native productions, an English drama can scarcely hope to meet with a welcome reception.

Concerning my play itself, I can say but little, and that little must be in excuse. Those events which lost



King Charles I. his crown, and afterwards his life, are but used secondarily, to further the development of the plot; and if, in picturing the flight of the Court from Whitehall, I have departed in some measure, in the minor incidents, from the historical description—though not in such a flagrant manner as to leave the absurdity exposed, even to a superficial observer—I have found it necessary so to do, both for dramatic effect, and the furtherance of the story. Concerning the Secret Society, introduced in the third act, it will suffice to say, that such a tribunal, hidden from the vulgar eye, actually existed in England at that period, bearing a close resemblance, in a romantic point of view, to the *Vehmgericht* of Westphalia. It is believed by some, that Cromwell was an adherent of this Tribunal; and that the germs of that rebellion which later desolated England, first arose among its members. However, be that as it may, a society of that nature suggested itself to me, as the most dramatic means an unprincipled woman could employ to compass the destruction of her rival; and, finding that such a body existed, not only in the unsubstantial realms of imagination, but also in the records of reality, I determined to introduce it, as novel on the stage.

It need hardly be added, that the greater part of the characters in this drama, are fictitious; but, in very few instances, is it possible to construct a drama wholly of persons who have actually existed. Their lives are not sufficiently varied, and rarely combine to work out a common object; though, taken individually, the lives of celebrated characters, whether statesmen, warriors, or poets, may be replete with incident, still it rarely hap-

pens, that others of the same period, who may have themselves handed down their names to posterity, can be, with propriety, introduced as acting in concert, for the furtherance of a dramatic story. Hence the necessity of blending fiction with reality.

Having thus partially explained the motives that have actuated me during the construction of this work, for the rest, let my drama speak for itself. If I have "mistaken my calling," no language can save me from condemnation; but it may serve to palliate the severity of my sentence, when I state, that this is the first attempt in the path of dramatic literature that I have had the temerity to publish. Authors, however, are more frequently mistaken concerning the merits or demerits of their own productions, than would most probably be imagined; therefore, though this drama is the only one to which I have ventured to give publicity, it may not follow, that those before whom it is now humbly laid, may think it, in any way, worthy their approval. If, however, on the contrary, this play, in consideration of the author's youth and inexperience, is permitted to pass the stern portals of public opinion, I shall deem my loftiest ambition realised in attaining even the lowliest position on the records of the drama.

C. C.

OCTOBER 1ST, 1857.

*N.B.—As this Play is copyright, it can only be acted by a written permission, for which apply to the Author, 7, York Street, Covent Garden.*

# LOVE AND HATE;

OR,

The Court of Charles the First.

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## ACT I.

SCENE.—*An Apartment in the Palace of Whitehall. Large Folding-doors at back. The Scene discovers Sir Reginald Renford, Sir William Creville, and several Groups of Courtiers engaged in conversation. Two Musketeers, with Arquebusses, on guard at Folding-doors, opening on a Corridor.*

*Sir Reginald.* I' faith, gentlemen, you wear the looks of men who mourn a kinsman's loss, and not the radiant smiles that should adorn a courtier.

*A Courtier.* You speak lightly, Sir Reginald. Have you not heard the rumours of rebellion?

*Sir Reginald.* Some passing murmurs reached my ears, but I treated them as I would a maiden's sighs of love, truthful while they exist, but soon to fade and be forgotten (*Crosses*).

*A Courtier.* Scandal scatters a report, Sir Reginald, that you prize a woman's love more highly, and several of our fairest ladies can testify its truth.

*Sir Reginald.* False rumours oftimes gain the greatest credence. Regard not the well-oiled, unctuous tongue of slander, but let the force of truth, open thine eyes to all its falsehoods.

*A Courtier.* Rumour, though it often be built on a weak and tottering foundation, in this case is supported by the stern pillars of reality. Our streets are thronged with gloomy and suspicious faces; our courts and palaces are invaded by