





THE

LIFE AND TRANSACTIONS

OF

Mrs. Jane Shore,

*Concubine to King Edward IV.*

Containing,

An Account of her Parentage; Wit and Beauty. Her Marriage with Mr. Shore. The King's Visits to her;— her going to Court, and leaving her Husband. Her great distress and misery after the King's death.

ALSO,

THE LIFE OF RICHARD III.



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OF  
Mrs. JANE SHORE.

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MRS. JANE SHORE was daughter to Mr. Mr. Thomas Wainstead, a citizen of good repute, who lived in Cheapside by trade a mercer. She being the only child of her parents, was brought up with all the care and tenderness imaginable, not wanting any education that was proper for her; and her natural temper, which was very airy, being joined to her education, and that degree of pride, which, as it is natural, some make necessary for the female sex, helped to set her off to the best advantage. Fine feathers always make fine birds; and if the birds are fine without them, doubtless they make them doubly so.

This lovely woman was the delight of her father, who clothed her richly, adorning her with jewels; and, his trade lying among the court-ladies, he often carried her with him to shew her the pastimes which were made frequently there, to divert the queen, &c.; which gave her an early longing after a greater gentility than she had ever yet attained to, or her city-breeding was fit to produce.

When she grew to the age of fifteen, her competent stock of beauty and good carriage, caused

many to fall in love with her; and some great lords fixed their eyes upon her, to get her for a mistress, which her father perceiving, sent her to his sister at Northampton, where she remained about a year, till he supposed the inquiry after her was over; and that she might return without any hazard of being further tempted to lewdness. Yet, she was no sooner returned, than a plot was laid one night to have her carried away by Lord Hastings, who, after the death of King Edward, took her for his concubine. as will appear in the close of this history — But, the maid he had bribed to get her abroad, repenting of such treachery to her master, gave timely notice, and so prevented it.

Her father perceiving, that, unless he took some speedy course, her great stock of beauty would be her ruin, resolved to marry her. so that having surrendered her virginity, and being in the arms of an husband, those that sought to crop her virgin rose, would not regard her, but give over their pursuit.

And, among those that courted, and earnestly sought her, in way of marriage, was one Matthew Shore, a very rich goldsmith in Lombard-street, whom her father pitched upon as a fit husband, and acquainted his fair daughter with his intention to marry her to him, but she appeared very averse to it, alleging sometimes disproportion of years, he being above thirty. at other times, his being disfigured with the small pox, and many other exceptions she made. However, her father's positive commands, and the rich presents her lover made her, won her consent, or seemingly she yielded to the match, and

so married they were in great pomp; many of the court, as well as the city, being invited to the wedding, which was kept with great feasting many days.

The wedding being over, and the bridegroom having enjoyed his charming bride, grew exceedingly fond of her, even to dotage, which sickened and palled her love toward him; and he perceiving it, strove to wind himself the more into her affections; and to this end he clothed her very richly, and adorned her with jewels, denying her nothing she desired, or that he thought would tend to her satisfaction or delight.

It was not long before Lord Hastings heard the unwelcome tidings, that his fairest Jane was married; which, however, did not make him give over his purpose of enjoying her fair body; so that often he resorted to see her, treating her at home, and her husband abroad; often inviting them both to court, and took his opportunities to pour out many amorous discourses, endeavouring, by all means, to make her defile the marriage-bed. And one time, intending to try his utmost efforts, he threw her on a bed when they were alone; but she got from him, and ran to her husband, telling him plainly how rude Lord Hastings had been; which angering Shore, he modestly rebuked him, and forbade him his house, which made him go away in great heat, but resolving to be revenged.

This Lord, being Chamberlain to King Edward the IV., having frequently his ear; and finding he was much inclined to fine women though he was married to Lady Elizabeth Grey, took an opportunity to tell him of Jane Shore.

beauty, extolling her wit above her features, which made the King hearken to this new adventure, and he resolved to go to Shore's shop in disguise to see her.

The King, whose thoughts still ran on his intended mistress, delayed not long to pay her a visit; and in order to it, attired himself like a merchant, and withdrew privately from court, being only attended by his page. And coming into Shore's shop, then the richest in all Lombard street, he found the good man employed in his business; and, waiting till he was a little at leisure, he desired to see some plate, which being shewn him, he, under a pretence of carrying it beyond sea, soon agreed for a considerable quantity. But yet no wife appeared, which made him delay the time with discourse, of what was then transacting in England, and places abroad, where he said he had travelled.

This delighted Shore mightily, so that he ordered his man to fetch up a bottle of wine, and they drank merrily; the good man beginning with a health to the King, which the King pledged him in. So when some other healths had passed, the King asked, if there was not a mistress to so fair a house? otherwise, he could help him to a wife, rich, young and beautiful.

For this offer, Shore thanked him, but told him, he was already married to such a one as he described, whom he loved entirely. This discourse made the King more desirous to see her ere he departed, and asked if he could have a sight of her. Shore, little thinking what was intended for his ruin, and proud of his wife's beauty, soon yielded to his request, and ordered her

to be called down; who came, attired in a sky-coloured morning gown, flowered with gold, embroidered with pearls and spangles, her head attired with curious lace, under which her hair flowed wantonly; and her blushes made her appear still more beautiful.

The King no sooner saw her, but he stepped forth and saluted her coral lips, impressing on them many balmy kisses.—Then she, by her husband's desire, sat down, and the King drank to her; she pledged him and passed it to her husband. Then much discourse ensued, in which she appeared so witty, that the King resolved to have her at any rate, and so presented her with some curious things. He paid for his plate, which the good man would have sent home, but he refused it, ordering his page to carry it; and with many kisses, he took leave of the charming fair one for that time.

The King had no sooner departed, but Jane asked her husband, who that gentleman was, that had been so liberal to her? He told her, that he said he was a merchant, but he knew him not. Ah! said she, I rather take him for some Lord in disguise; therefore, dear husband, if he should come again, tell him that I am sick, or any thing you can feign to disappoint him.

Mr. Shore was greatly pleased at her conduct, and more discourse had passed, but people coming into the shop about business, she retired.

The King soon arrived at court, where he had been missed by his nobles, soon changed his apparel, and came amongst them with a very cheerful countenance; and though others were ignorant, Hastings well perceived where he had been,



and the satisfaction he had received ; and no sooner were they in private, but the King said, Well, Hastings, thou hast very good judgment in fine women ; I have seen Shore's wife, and she excels the praises you gave her ? I like her well, and must enjoy her, but how must I bring it about ? to court her in her husband's presence, as a private person, I shall be served as you was ; and to do it as a King, will look too low for me. I will not force her from his arms, for that would cause a murmuring among my subjects, who would fear the like by their wives and daughters ; but I must have her, and with her own consent.

Hastings smiling, immediately said, take no care, for this shall be easy to your Majesty ; there is one Mrs Blague, your lace-woman, has a house near Shore's, and is very intimate with his wife. This woman is very fond of money, to such a degree, that money would make her do any thing. Her will I engage to do this matter, and trust me she will bring it to pass to your satisfaction. The King liked this device, and it was agreed that he should see her at Mrs Blague's, and have freedom to court her, but she should not know that he was the King, till he thought proper to have it discovered.

Lord Hastings was not idle in promoting his master's happiness, but, with gifts and large promises, soon made the lace-woman pliable, so that many meetings were made at her house, the King coming in disguise as her friend ; and, though Mrs. Blague often left them alone, and the King courted her with all his rhetoric, yet she appeared averse to his love, and often blamed him sharply for persuading her to defile her hus-

bend's bed; and then she would chide Mrs. Blague for suffering such a rude man to come to her house, telling her the design he had on her chastity; she seemed surpris'd at it, but entreated her to be at ease, for she would not suffer him to come there again any more.

This pacified her, but the plot was still deeper laid for her ruin, and at Christmas-time she got leave of Mr. Shore for his wife to accompany her to the court, to see the ball there, to which he consented with some unwillingness. And soon after she was introduced, a man of very comely port entered, with a mask on; and Mrs. Shore heard the ladies whisper,—‘That’s the King;’—who, looking round through his mask, fixed his eyes upon her, and immediately stepping to her seat, took her out to dance along with him. At this she blushed, but not to be unmannerly, she complied; and the dance being ended, he took her to a single light, and pulling off his mask to salute her, she perceived it was the same man whom she had seen at her own shop, and at Mrs. Blague’s house; and putting a letter into her hand, he retired. She then coming up to Mrs. Blague, desired to go home; to this she consented, and then read the letter, which was to this purpose:—

“*My lovely Jane,*

“*Your beauty has enthralled my heart.*

“*’Tis a King sues; you will be kind to him, and,*

“*by a line, tell him so to his comfort.*”

When she read this letter, she left Mrs. Blague abruptly, judging she had a hand in the matter.

All this night the fair Jane was restless: her husband enquired the cause, but could not learn it. As soon as she got up she went to Mrs. Blague, to consult what she must do in this strait, well knowing the King's humour.

Mrs. Blague seeing her thus pensive, said,  
 "Come, my dear, you must not be coy, nor  
 "deny the King's request. You will glitter so  
 "near a throne, and enjoy a gallant bed-fellow,  
 "I find he is resolved to have you for a mistress,  
 "and therefore it is best for you willingly to sub-  
 "mit to him."

At this discourse she trembled, yet considering, from the many attempts her beauty had caused, that it was not made to be enjoyed by one, in a fatal hour she consented; and instead of writing an answer to the King's letter, it was agreed that very night she should take her apparel, and put herself into the hands of the King. This being concluded, Mrs. Blague sent the King notice, who sent a chariot for them; and in the mean time her clothes were conveyed away to Mrs. Blague's. However, she supped with her husband, when on a sudden somebody came on a feigned errand, and said, her mother was taken ill, and desired to speak with her. He would have gone with her, but she put it off; and giving him the last kiss he ever was to receive from her, she left him; and coming where the chariot stood ready, she and Mrs. Blague got into it, and were conveyed to the King's secret apartment, where they found him in his closet. He welcomed them, but it being late, Mrs. Blague departed, and they went to bed.

Mr. Shore sitting up late, and his wife not re-

turning, was very much troubled; and went to his mother-in-law's, but they had not seen her, nor was her mother ill, so that her absence troubled the whole family. The next day was spent in seeking for her amongst her relations and friends, but found her not. Mrs Blague protested that she had not seen her, and dropped some dissembling tears, so that her husband was almost distracted, and at last concluded that she was taken away by some courtier. Three days after, a lady informed them that she was with the King. This added more to their grief: they knew not what course to take; and they knew if they went to cross the King it would be their ruin.

They made inquiry, indeed, if it was her voluntary act; and finding it was, and she quite unwilling to leave her new lover, they lost all hope of recovering her, so that Mr Shore growing melancholy, sold off all he had, and went abroad; but, having spent his fortune, he returned in poor condition, and practised clipping and filing gold coin to maintain himself; for which he suffered death in the latter end of King Henry VIIIth's reign.

Jane Shore having rendered up her chastity to the king, pleased with the glittering of a court, and endeared by a monarch's love, was admired by the vulgar, towards whom she behaved in a most courteous manner.

Her power was so great with the king, that when his courtiers durst not intercede for the poor and miserable that lay under his displeasure, she, with her wit, would so abate his anger, that she saved the lives of very many, both poor and

rich. And though she could in a manner do all with him, yet it was never known she used her influence to the prejudice of any. And both in London, and the progresses she made in the country, she would cause poor people to be sought for, and relieve their necessities, inducing and persuading others, who expected any good offices from the king by her means, to do the same, never selling her favours; and by her ready wit, she so baffled the court ladies, who envied her aspiring, that they found themselves unable to repartee.—And though the king had another mistress before her, namely Lady Bessy, yet he preferred our heroine much above her, and would often merrily say, I have two mistresses, of quite different tempers, one the most religious, and the other the merriest in England: and indeed she was had in great favour all the reign of the king, having crowds of petitioners waiting at her chamber door, or at the chariot side, when she was to ride abroad, whose suits, to the utmost of her power, she preferred. As for Mrs. Blague, who least deserved of her, she procured of the king a stately house and manor, worth 280*l.* a-year. The Romish priests much spited her, because she sheltered many from their rage and fury, after they had burned John Huss for an heretic.

As no worldly pomp nor greatness is of long continuance, so now her glory was ended, and her days of inexpressible misery began; for, the king dying at Westminster, in the fortieth year of his reign, no sooner was he buried in the chapel of his own founding, at Windsor, but crook-backed Richard, his brother, who murder-

ed Henry VI. and Prince Henry, his son, aspiring to the throne, though Edward had left two sons behind him, viz. Edward and Richard, and several daughters, all lawfully begotten with the queen; he quarrelled with Lord Hastings, (who after the death of the king had taken Jane Shore for his concubine, as now free) because he would not assist him in his wicked project, of making away with his two nephews, whom he afterwards caused to be murdered in the tower, alleging that the queen and Shore's wife had bewitched him, shewing his withered arm, which all knew had been so from his cradle; and, that lord thinking to excuse them, said, "If they had done so, they ought to be punished." Richard furiously replied, "Thou traitor, dost thou serve me with *i/s*? I say, it is a truth very well known to thee, that they have done so, and that I will make good on thy body; wherefore I arrest thee, Lord Hastings, for high treason." And, soon after, he caused his head to be cut off in the tower.

Jane Shore had no sooner notice of the death of Lord Hastings, her paramour, but she perceived a storm was falling on her own head; therefore, she thought it necessary to provide in time, and so she carried her jewels to her old confidante, Mrs. Blague, entreating her to conceal them for her; but she, like a faithless woman, when Jane came and asked for them, not only denied them, but when, in the greatest need, she came to crave alms of her, she thrust her out of doors, threatening to have her whipped for her impudence.

Richard by means aforesaid, having got to the crown, and to make himself seem fair by others

sins, though he was a monster by nature, publicly declaring his mother to be a whore, his brother and his children to be bastards; caused his queen to be poisoned, and would have wedded his niece. He ordered our Jane Shore to be apprehended, stripped of all she had and done penance, by several times walking in a white sheet, and then walk barefooted and bare-headed in her shift before the procession, with a cross and wax taper in her hand, through Cheapside, which she did, looking so lovely in her blushes, that many a one pitied her; he also stripped all her friends and relations of whatever they had, pretending they had got it all by her means from the crown in king Edward's reign: which, with the disgrace their only daughter was fallen into, caused her parents' death.

Richard, not content with this, put out a severe proclamation to this effect: That on the pain of death and confiscation of goods, no one should harbour her in their houses, nor relieve her with food or raiment; so that she went wandering up and down to find her food upon the bushes, and on the dunghills, where some friends she had raised would throw bones with more meat than ordinary, and crusts of stale bread, in the places where she generally haunted. And a baker, who had been condemned to die for a riot in King Edward's reign, and saved by her means, as he saw her pass along, in gratitude for her kindness, would tundle a penny loaf after her, which she thankfully received, and blessed him with tears in her eyes; but some malicious neighbour interfering against him, he was taken up and hanged for disobeying King Richard's proclamation,

which so terrified others, that they durst not relieve her with any thing; so that, in miserable rags, almost naked, she went about a most shocking spectacle, wringing her hands, and bemoaning her unhappy fate.

Thus she continued till the battle of Bosworthfield, where Richard was slain by Henry Earl of Richmond, who succeeded him by the name of Henry the VII; in which reign she hoped for better days; but fortune raised her another adversary, for he married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward IV. and King Edward's Queen, who mortally hated her, then bearing a great sway, another proclamation was issued to the same effect; and so she wandered up and down in as poor and miserable a condition as before, till growing old, and utterly friendless, she finished her life in a ditch, which was from thence called Shore's Ditch, adjoining Bishop'sgate-street.

Thus you may see the rise and fall of this once stately, and then unhappy woman, with whose dying lamentation I shall conclude.

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THE DYING LAMENTATION

OF

Mrs. JANE SHORE.

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*Good People,*

**T**HOUGH by the rigour of the law you are forbidden to give me any relief, yet you may pity my unhappy state, for the Scripture



saith, 'That to the miserable pity should be shewn.' I am now putting a period to a miserable life: a life that I have been long weary of. Nor, would I desire to live in the splendour, pomp, and glory of Edward's court. No. I am happier now on the dung-hill, than ever I was in his arms. For, oh! it was an adulterous bed indeed. Oh, wretch! that King Edward! that ever I was betrayed by him! What floods of sorrow have my sins occasioned? Oh! learn from me, good people, to beware of vain delights; though they promise fair, they leave bitter silngs behind them. Alas! you know my punishment is grievous in this world, and so it is, for I have endured a thousand deaths in one; but now, my dying moments are come, I rejoice. Sincere repentance has secured my happiness above. But, O, where repentance is not given, what seas of torment rack the soul! O happy dung-hill, how do I embrace thee! From thee my pardoned soul shall soar to heaven, though here I leave this filthy carcass.

O that the name of Shore may be an antidote, to stop the poisonous and foul contagion of raging lust for ever.

END OF JANE SHORE.

## LIFE OF RICHARD III.

IN 1483, never was there in any country an usurpation more flagrant, or more repugnant to every principle of justice and humanity, than that of Richard: His title was never acknowledged by any national assembly, scarcely even by the lowest of the populace; and the murder of the young and innocent princes, Edward, prince of Wales, and Richard, duke of York, could not but excite sentiments of detestation in every bosom. Such was become the general sense of the people. The duke of Buckingham, disappointed in his expectations from Richard, was easily induced to espouse the cause of this party, and to endeavour the restoring of it to its ancient superiority. Morton, bishop of Ely, a zealous Lancastrian, whom the king had imprisoned, and had afterwards committed to the custody of Buckingham, encouraged these sentiments; and by his exhortations, the duke cast his eye towards the young earl of Richmond, as the person who could dethrone the usurper.

Henry, earl of Richmond, (a descendant from the houses of Lancaster and Tudor,) had been carried into Brittany by his uncle, the earl of Pembroke, after the battle of Tewkesbury, where he had resided until now. It was suggested by Morton, to Buckingham, that the best method of overturning the present government, would be to contract a marriage between the earl of Richmond and the princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of king Edward, and thereby blend the

families, which had so long been the source of intestine wars. The countess-dowager of Richmond, and the queen-dowager, readily acceded to this scheme; and the latter, secretly borrowing a sum of money in the city, sent it over to the earl, requiring his oath to celebrate the marriage with her daughter as soon as he should arrive in England; advised him to levy as many foreign troops as possible; and promised to join him, on his first appearance, with all the friends and partisans of her family.

The plan being thus laid, it was secretly communicated to the principal persons of both parties in all the counties of England. Richard soon received intelligence that his enemies, headed by the duke of Buckingham, was forming some design against his authority. He immediately levied troops in the north, and summoned the duke to appear at court. But that nobleman, well acquainted with the treachery of Richard, replied only by taking arms in Wales.—Unfortunately, at that very time, (October) there happened to fall such heavy rains, that the Severn swelled to a height which prevented Buckingham from marching into the heart of England to join his confederates. The Welchmen, moved by superstition, fell off from him; and Buckingham, finding himself deserted, took shelter in the house of an old servant of his. Being detected in his retreat, he was instantly beheaded. The other conspirators immediately dispersed.

In the year 1485, the earl of Richmond, having collected an army of 2000 men, set sail from Harfleur in Normandy, and after a navigation of six days landed at Milford-haven, in Wales.—

Richard, who knew not in what quarter he might expect the invader, had taken post at Nottingham, in the centre of the kingdom, to fly on the first alarm to the place exposed to danger. The earl, advancing towards Shrewsbury, received every day some reinforcement; and the appearance of men of distinction in his camp, made his cause already wear a favourable aspect. The two rivals at last approached each other at Bosworth in Liecestershire, (August 22d) Henry at the head of 6000 men, Richard with an army of double that number; and a decisive action was every hour expected between them. Lord Stanley, who commanded a body of 7000 men, posted himself at Atherston, not far from the hostile camps; and he made such a disposition as would enable him, on occasion, to join either party.

Soon after the battle began, lord Stanley appeared in the field, and declared for the earl of Richmond. This measure, which was unexpected to the men, though not to the leaders, had a proportional effect on both armies. It inspired unusual courage into Henry's soldiers; it threw Richard's into dismay and confusion — The intrepid tyrant, sensible of his desperate situation, cast his eyes around the field, and, descriing his rival at no great distance, he drove against him with fury, in hope that either Henry's death or his own would decide the victory. He killed, with his own hands, Sir William Brandon, standard-bearer to the earl, and was now within reach of Henry himself, who declined not the combat; when Sir William Stanley, breaking in with his troops, surrounded Richard, who, fighting bravely to the last moment, was overwhelmed by num-

bers, and perished by a fate too honourable for his multiplied and detestable enormities. His men every where sought for safety by flight.—There fell in this battle about 4000 of the vanquished: and, among these, the duke of Norfolk, and Sir Robert Brackenbury.—Sir William Catesby, a great instrument of Richard's crimes, was taken, and soon after beheaded, with some others, at Leicester. The loss was inconsiderable on the side of the victors. The body of Richard was found in the field covered with dead enemies, and all besmeared with blood. It was thrown carelessly across a horse; was carried to Leicester, amidst the shouts of insulting spectators; and was interred in the Gray-Friars' church of that place.

The historians who favour Richard (for even this tyrant has met with partisans among the later writers) maintain that he was well qualified for government, had he legally attained it; and that he was guilty of no crime but such as were necessary to procure him possession of the crown; but this is a poor apology for injustice, cruelty, and murder. Richard was of a small stature, humpbacked, and had a hard disagreeable countenance; so that his body was no less deformed than his mind.

## SCENE,

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF JANE SHORE.

*Enter JANE SHORE, her hair hanging loose on her shoulders, and barefooted.*

*Jane.* Yet, yet endure, nor murmur, O my soul!  
For are not thy transgressions great and numberless?

Do they not cover thee like rising floods,  
And press thee like a weight of waters down?  
Wait then with patience, till the circling hours  
Shall bring the time of thy appointed rest,  
And lay thee down in death,  
And hark! methinks the roar, that late pursu'd  
me,

Sinks like the murmurs of a falling wind,  
And softens into silence. Does revenge  
And malice then grow weary, and forsake me!  
My guard, too, that observ'd me still so close,  
Tire in the task of their inhuman office,  
And loiter far behind. Alas! I faint,  
My spirits fail at once—This is the door  
Of my Alicia—Blessed opportunity!  
I'll steal a little succour from her goodness,  
Now while no eye observes me. [*knocks at the door*  
*Enter Servant.*

Is your lady,  
My gentle friend, at home? Oh! bring me to her.

*Serv.* She is ill at ease, and will admit no visitor.

*Jane.* But tell her,  
'Tis I, her friend, the partner of her heart,  
Wait at the door and beg—

*Serv.* 'Tis all in vain,—  
Go hence, and howl to those that will regard you.

*Enter Alicia.*

*Ali.* And dost thou come to me, to me for bread?  
I know thee not—Go—hunt for it abroad,

*Jane.* And yet there was a time, when my Alicia  
Has thought unhappy Shore her dearest blessing.

*Ali.* Ha! say'st thou! Let me look upon thee  
well—

Thou hast undone me—murder! oh, my Hastings!  
See his pale bloody head shoots glaring by me!  
Avaunt; and come not near me—

*Jane.* To thy hand

I trusted all; gave my whole store to thee,  
Nor do I ask it back; allow me but  
The smallest pittance, give me but to eat,  
Lest I fall down and perish here before thee.  
Oh! for mercy.

*Ali.* Mercy! I know it not—for I am miserable.  
A waving flood of bluish fire swells o'er me;  
And now 'tis out, and I am drown'd in blood.  
Ha! what art thou! thou horrid headless trunk?  
It is my Hastings! see he wafts me on!  
Away! I go! I fly! I follow thee! *(runs off.)*

*Jane.* Alas! she raves; her brain, I fear, is  
turn'd.

I can no more—*(lies down)*—receive me, thou  
cold earth,

Thou common parent, take me to thy bosom,  
And let me rest with thee.

*Enter Belmour and Shore.*

*Bel.* Upon the ground!

Thy miseries can never lay thee lower.  
Look up, thou poor afflicted one! thou mourner,  
Whom none has comforted!

*Jane* Speak, tell me! Which is he? And *etc!*

what would

That dreadful vision ! See, it comes upon me—  
It is my husband— Ah !

[*she swoons.*]

*Shore.* She faints ! support her !

*Bel.* How fare you, lady ?

*Jane.* My heart is thrill'd with horror—

*Bel.* Be of courage—

Your husband lives ! 'tis he, my worthiest friend.

*Jane.* Still art thou there !—Still dost thou hover round me !

O save me, Belmour, from his angry shade !

*Bel.* 'Tis he himself—he lives ! look up—

*Jane.* I dare not !

Oh ! that my eyes could shut him out for ever—

*Shore.* Am I so hateful then, so deadly to thee,  
To blast thy eyes with horror ? Since I'm grown  
A burden to the world, myself and thee,  
Would I had ne'er surviv'd to see thee more !

*Jane.* Oh ! thou most injur'd—dost thou live,  
indeed !

Fall then, ye mountains, on my guilty head !  
Hide me, ye rocks, within your secret caverns !  
Cast thy black veil upon my shame, O night !  
And shield me with thy sable wing for ever.

*Shore.* Why dost thou turn away ?—

Why tremble thus ?

Why thus indulge thy fears ? and, in despair,  
Abandon thy distracted soul to horror ?

Cast every black and guilty thought behind thee,  
And let 'em never vex thy quiet more.

My arms, my heart, are open to receive thee,  
To bring thee back to thy forsaken home,  
With tender joy, with fond forgiving love,  
Let us haste.

Now, while occasion seems to smile upon us,



Forsake this place of shame, and find a shelter.

*Enter Catesby, with a guard.*

*Cat.* Seize on 'em both as traitors to the state.

*Bel.* What means this violence?

*Cat.* Have we not found you,  
In scorn of the Protector's strict command,  
Assisting this base woman, and abetting  
Her infamy?

*Shore.* Infamy on thy head!

Thou tool of power, thou pander to authority!  
I tell thee, knave, thou know'st of none so virtuous,  
And she that bore thee was an Æthiop to her.

*Cat.* You'll answer this at full—away with them.

*Shore.* Is charity grown treason to your court?  
What honest man would live beneath such rulers?  
I am content that we should die together—

*Cat.* Convey the men to prison; but for her,  
Leave her to hunt her fortune as she may.

*Jane.* I will not part with him—for me!—for  
me!

Oh! must he die for me!

*Shore.* Inhuman villains!

Stand off! The agonies of death are on her—  
She pulls, she gripes me hard with her cold hand.

*Jane.* Was this blow wanting to complete my  
ruin?

Oh! let me go, ye ministers of terror:  
He shall offend no more, for I will die,  
And yield obedience to your cruel master.  
Tarry a little, but a little longer,  
And take my last breath with you.

*Shore.* Oh, my love!

Why dost thou fix thy dying eyes upon me,  
With such an earnest, such a piteous look?  
As if thy heart were full of some sad meaning

Thou could'st not speak?—

*Jane.* Forgive me!—but forgive me!

*Shore.* Be witness for me, ye celestial host,  
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul  
Accords to thee, and begs of Heaven to show thee,  
May such befall me at the latest hour,  
And make my portion bless'd, or curs'd for ever!

*Jane.* Then all is well, and I shall sleep in peace.  
'Tis very dark, and I have lost you now—  
Was there not something I would have bequeath'd  
you?

But I have nothing left me to bestow—  
Nothing but one sad sigh. Oh!—mercy,—Hea-  
ven! [Dies.

*Bel.* There fled the soul,  
And left her load of misery behind.—

*Shore.* Oh, heavy hour!  
Fare thee well—— [kissing her.  
Now execute your tyrant's will, and lead me  
To bonds or death, 'tis equally indifferent.

*Bel.* Let those, who view this sad example,  
know,  
What fate attends the broken marriage vow;  
And teach their children, in succeeding times,  
No common vengeance waits upon these crimes,  
When such severe repentance could not save  
From want, from shame, and an untimely grave.

FINIS.



