

***NICHOLAS
ROWE***

JANE SHORE

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Nicholas Rowe

Jane Shore

A Tragedy

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A Tragedy, IN FIVE ACTS;

BY NICHOLAS ROWE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL. With Remarks.

London

REMARKS

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JANE SHORE.

ACT THE FIRST.

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BOOKS

BAUDRY'S

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REMARKS

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It has been observed, that Rowe seldom moves either pity or terror, but often elevates the sentiments; he seldom pierces the breast, but always delights the ear, and often improves the understanding. This excellent tragedy is always acted with great applause, and will, in one instance at least, prove the author's power to excite a powerful effect: consisting chiefly of domestic scenes and private distress, the play before us is an affecting appeal to pity, especially in the parting of Alicia and Hastings, the interview between Jane Shore and Alicia, and in the catastrophe. In the plot, Rowe has nearly followed the history of this misguided and unhappy fair one, and has produced an impressive moral lesson.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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	As originally acted in 1713.	Covent Garden, 1814.
Lord Hastings	Mr. Booth.	Mr. C. Kemble.
Duke of Gloster	Mr. Cibber.	Mr. Egerton.
Belmour	Mr. Mills.	Mr. Claremont.
Sir Richard Ratcliffe	Mr. Bowman.	Mr. Treby.
Sir William Catesby	Mr. Husband.	Mr. Creswell.
Shore	Mr. Wilks.	Mr. Barrymore.
Jane Shore	Mrs. Oldfield.	Miss O'Neil.
Alicia	Mrs. Porter.	Mrs. Fawcett.

Lords of the Council, &c.

JANE SHORE.

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ACT THE FIRST.

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SCENE I. THE TOWER.

Enter the Duke of Gloster, Sir Richard Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

Glos. Thus far success attends upon our councils,

And each event has answer'd to my wish;

The queen and all her upstart race are quell'd;

Dorset is banish'd, and her brother Rivers,

Ere this, lies shorter by the head at Pomfret.

The nobles have, with joint concurrence,
nam'd me

Protector of the realm: my brother's children,

Young Edward and the little York, are lodg'd

Here, safe within the Tower. How say you, sirs,

Does not this business wear a lucky face?

The sceptre and the golden wreath of royalty

Seem hung within my reach.

Sir R. Then take 'em to you,

And wear them long and worthily: you are

The last remaining male of princely York,

(For Edward's boys, the state esteems not of
'em,)

And therefore on your sov'reignty and rule

The commonweal does her dependence
make,

And leans upon your highness' able hand.

Cates. And yet to-morrow does the council
meet

To fix a day for Edward's coronation.

Who can expound this riddle?

Glos. That can I.

Those lords are each one my approv'd good
friends,

Of special trust and nearness to my bosom;

And, howsoever busy they may seem,

And diligent to bustle in the state,

Their zeal goes on no further than we lead,

And at our bidding stays.

Cates. Yet there is one,

And he amongst the foremost in his power,

Of whom I wish your highness were assur'd.

For me, perhaps it is my nature's fault,

I own I doubt of his inclining much.

Glos. I guess the man at whom your words
would point:

Hastings—

Cates. The same.

Glos. He bears me great good will.

Cates. 'Tis true, to you, as to the lord
protector,

And Gloster's duke, he bows with lowly
service:

But were he bid to cry, God save king Richard,

Then tell me in what terms he would reply.

Believe me, I have prov'd the man, and found
him:

I know he bears a most religious reverence

To his dead master Edward's royal memory,

And whither that may lead him, is most plain.

Yet more—One of that stubborn sort he is,

Who, if they once grow fond of an opinion,
They call it honour, honesty, and faith,
And sooner part with life than let it go.

Glos. And yet this tough, impracticable, heart,
Is govern'd by a dainty-finger'd girl;
Such flaws are found in the most worthy
natures;

A laughing, toying, wheedling, whimpering,
she,
Shall make him amble on a gossip's message,
And take the distaff with a hand as patient
As e'er did Hercules.

Sir R. The fair Alicia,
Of noble birth and exquisite of feature,
Has held him long a vassal to her beauty.

Cates. I fear, he fails in his allegiance there;
Or my intelligence is false, or else
The dame has been too lavish of her feast,
And fed him till he loathes.

Glos. No more, he comes.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Lord H. Health, and the happiness of many days,

Attend upon your grace.

Glos. My good lord chamberlain,

We're much beholden to your gentle friendship.

Lord H. My lord, I come an humble suitor to you.

Glos. In right good time. Speak out your pleasure freely.

Lord H. I am to move your highness in behalf
Of Shore's unhappy wile.

Glos. Say you, of Shore?

Lord H. Once a bright star, that held her place
on high:

The first and fairest of our English dames,